

St. John's High School

1939





ST. JOHN'S; FRIENDS OF FRIENDS

Honorable Mention

I wandered past the silent school
That softly slept in shadows cool
Beneath the growing dusk,
Her weary face grown kind did show,
While over all, the hush and glow
Of early eventide,
And o'er my very heart and soul
A loving tender feeling stole
For this wise aged friend.

Oh, long I gazed and long I thought
As half-forgotten dreams were brought
From out the long ago,
Ambitions great throughout the years,
The happiness, the hopes, the fears,
That youth alone can know,
As sounds of tripping foot-steps dear
And children's voices high and clear
Were borne on magic wings.

'Twas only then and there I knew
How very wise, sincere and true
This friend of friends had been
How short the time till I must part
From this kind friend, and once more
start
Upon another road!

—Selena Butler.

FOREWORD

Usque ad Astra

The usual translation of "Usque ad Astra" is "to the stars." This is not a very good translation for it fails to bring out the full significance of "usque." "Even unto the stars," "to the very stars," "to the stars themselves;" any one of these does greater justice to the original which connotes a sense of struggle, an upward urge, resistless, triumphant.

It is well for us to remind ourselves at times of this, the full significance of our School Motto, for there is nothing vague or half hearted about its clear call for conscious, disciplined, determined effort that will command success.

And the stars towards which we strive? They are many, for no sooner have we set foot upon one star there appears ahead a yet more glorious star, till that moment wholly beyond our ken. What can we do but set out anew with firm heart and joyous step to conquer the new world that unrolls itself before our eyes?

Such a new star now appearing on our horizon is the "Self Governing School." We are taking tentative steps towards it over very difficult terrain. The way will be long, but the end is sure if, like Ulysses, we determine "to seek, to strive, and not to yield."

Usque ad Astra

G. J. REEVE.



The King and Queen Visit Canada

NO RULERS in the world enjoy the prestige and the esteem accorded the monarchy of England. The source is two-fold; first, in the majesty, dignity and importance of the Empire over which they rule; and secondly in the high personal tradition of leadership to which the royal family must and does conform.

The monarchy is the head of the constitution state based on the rule of the law. Thinking of the English monarchy makes one think of the Empire. England represents the impalpable virtues of peace abroad, freedom at home. The English crown their Majesties wear is a symbol of the unity of the Empire.

More than mere symbols, however, their Majesties King George and Queen Elizabeth are loved because they are themselves worthy monarchs. Their purity of character, their unselfish, charming personalities have endeared them to thousands. There is nothing austere, distant or remote about them.

It is hard to think of King George VI as a monarch set over the people. Rather he is of the people; and to the average British subject the picture of King George that most naturally comes to the mind is not that of a ruler of a throne, but of a man in football togs, playing on the football field; or of a man in miner's clothes, working through the mines at Wales; or of a husband and father, at home with his dear ones, amid surroundings that tell him of domestic bliss.

What is the importance to Canadian young people of the visit of their Majesties? When we have forgotten the many dates and battles of the Napoleonic Wars, when we have forgotten the various propositions in Geometry, and the conjugations of French and Latin verbs, we will recall May 24th, 1939. When we watched the parade which was headed by their Majesties in person. The picture of the King and Queen, smiling serenely, and greeting their subjects gaily, is one that will long live in mind's eye. For it is the kind of memory that will never die.



VALEDICTORY

THE TIME HAS COME FOR US TO SAY FAREWELL

By SID WARHAFT

WHAT a wealth of meaning is contained in that one word "Farewell." To us, today, it embodies not only a leave-taking but a new phase in our life. It represents a branch in the road, a turn of the page or a spin of the eternal wheel; it represents the breaking of our past associations and the partings of friends; it represents undefinable feelings of regret, reluctance and anticipation; it represents our last days at St. John's, Reluctantly, unwillingly we look about us, not wanting to believe that we are about to sever our past relations and that we are about to bid farewell to one another, our teachers and our school. Memories are revived, past experiences are recalled and past pleasures return once more to make this parting "sweet sorrow." Sweet, in that we can still retain our memories, sorrowful, in that tomorrow they will be nothing but memories.

However, there remains with us the comforting thought that, no matter where our future may lie, these same memories will serve as a bond, uniting us and keeping us close to the years spent at St. John's. Thus we cannot be completely severed from everything that our school has upheld, and from everything that we have accomplished under its roof. Our experiences in this school, our associations, relations and guidance have all left their mark upon us and have become so rooted into our very beings that no parting or farewell could possibly affect their powerful influences. There will always remain in us a little of St. John's and there will always remain in St. John's a little of us. Physically we shall be separated; spiritually we shall be together.

Still, as we stand on the tiptoe of expectation, gazing towards the horizon of our existence, some inner prompting causes us to look back and review that which is past. Immediately there flashes across our mental screen a multitude of visions. School personalities, classroom anecdotes, the routine of our lessons, the banter in the halls, all are mirrored there in one huge panorama. We see again the Opera, with its color, excitement, music; we behold once more Shakespeare personified by our dramatists; we thrill anew at the cheering and acclamation of spirited efforts, at the fluttering of pennants and at the hustle and hubbub of Field Day.

We see behind us the lane of our memories, we see before us the path of our future.

Today, by the simple step of Graduation, we are to leave our High School days behind and assemble ourselves upon the stage of the world. This Graduation marks the fall of the curtain upon the opening scenes of our life's play; soon the lights will again be dimmed as Time awaits our reappearance in the second act.

Act one was not long. At first our role appeared difficult and the play infinite but we have surmounted all barriers and our years at St. John's come as a fitting finale to this first act. In our High School life we have abode under the same conditions as those which we are about to meet. We have experienced there a counterpart of life, "the glass of fashion, the mould of form." We have created there the building of our education. Many hands have contributed to the erection of this building. The years of St. John's have helped to construct a solid foundation and a weather-proof framework; the plaster of determination, mixed with the sand of initiative has been applied to the walls with the trowel of independence. The processes of Time will add the finishing touches and worldly experience will apply the necessary coats of polish. The girders of our success will be held together by the rivets of our personality.

This factor of personality is an important force in our lives. At St. John's no efforts have been spared to make it complete. Our education has been of the best. The system under which we have studied is different from that practised in other schools; different, not only in its methods of teaching but also in the principles it emulates. It has taught us perseverance, independence of decision, self-reliance and, above all, self-expression. We have been allowed to participate in all activities of the school, curricular or extra curricular. All our experiences at St. John's have helped to fill the chamber of our character.

In our principal we find a most judicious keeper of the keys for this chamber who has excluded from its portals only those elements which were not desirable. To all of us he has been a sympathetic confidant and a respected director of school affairs and everyone of us feels that, in leaving St. John's, we are leaving behind us a friend, Mr. Reeve.

(Continued on Page 90)

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AS you turn these leaves, you, like some magnificent crystal gazer, shall peer into the past school-session. These pages are a token of remembrance, which I hope will kindle your recollections and warm your heart when school days to you are but a distant dream. Within this "Torch" the events of your year at St. John's High School have been recorded.

There have been many great events this year—the Christmas Dance, The Tramp, The Graduation Exercises, and the Rugby Season. But, the greatest achievement of all is the completion of your High School Course. After school your lives lie with the future. Some will go on to University; some to special jobs; and some will drift as the sand of the Sahara. Whatever you become, a leader or a drifter, remember that you are, now, after your school training more capable of dealing with the world and its problems of life. Remember that no matter how long and dark the road, that your goal in life can be accomplished by good logic, good citizenship, and good hard work.

Soon the school doors will be closed to us unless there is a Grade XII. If this extra period of schooling is not forthcoming we shall have to separate from our friends and surroundings as the robins do when autumn comes. But, like the robins, let us hope we shall meet again some time in the future. To the Students who have passed into the eleventh grade and have yet to complete their school course, I say, "Tighten your harness and forge ahead," To those students, and teachers who have made this year book a possibility, I wish to extend my sincere thanks. Without their help and support this book would not be what it is. To these people and to all other students of the school, I propose this toast. "Good luck and happy landings!"

—By D. W. Gunn.



SCHOOL COUNCIL

Seated—Stan Mitchell, Lillian Daum, Miss Snider, Walter Rempel (President), Mr. Robinson, Helen Stokel, Jack Ludwig.
Standing—Doug. Baxter, Cecelia Kwaite, Pauline Tarnava, Mr. Reeve, Sybil Houston, Margaret Patterson, Jim Bates.

STUDENT COUNCIL

AS THE pages of the calendar are thrust before us, we review the social activities which were successfully planned and carried out by the twelve trusty members elected.

They inaugurated their term of office by holding a Hallowe'en Dance. As a result a new lift was given the heads of the council members. They now had a bank account. Did they sit back and watch the world go by? No, they did not. They proceeded to gather new laurels with a Christmas Dance for the two local newspapers Christmas funds. Then came the Annual Tramp and Dance which is the jolliest affair in the school's social agenda. After tramping in the snow, dancing on the floor, and eating to their stomachs content, the lads and lassies left for home—wary but happy. The Annual Field-Day Dance was held on the 23rd of May, and the victorious and vanquished mingled together in the happy atmosphere of the school. Topping off the season was the Graduation Dance, for which all Senior pupils have waited since September 5th. Mr. Reeve, Sybil Houston and Walter Rempel received the guests at the door. It proved to be the social event, the social success of the year. Mingled with the large

affairs and events were the Rugby Dance, the House Parties, the Easter Dance and the lessons in dancing for the Grade X males.

But the council didn't stop at social events. Pins, rings, and buttons were ordered. These presented the school symbol, "The Torch," in silver with a border of orange and brown enamel. After months—all right then, weeks—they were distributed to the student body. After this, the council's next duty was to appoint an editor and a business manager for "The Torch." Doug. Gunn and Morley Kare were chosen, the former as editor and the latter as business manager.

One day a member introduced two motions which were destined to make history in St. John's. The first provided for a "Clean-Up" campaign, the like of which has never been seen in the school. The second introduced "Self-government." This, undoubtedly, is the greatest undertaking of any Student Council.

Soon the seniors will leave the school. The Juniors will fill their positions and new blood will be injected to fill the posts of the Junior Councillors.

May the Council of 1939-40 equal or surpass the achievements of the 1938-39.

—JACK LUDWIG.



TORCH STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Doug. Gunn
Assistant Editor	Mae Bell
Business Manager	Morley Kare
Assistant Business Manager	Sam Steinberg
Circulation Manager	Stuart Matheson

EXECUTIVE

Mr. Reeve
 Mr. Jones
 Mr. Beer
 Miss Nicolson
 Miss Macdougall
 Mr. Burrows

Mr. Thierry
 Doug. Gunn
 Mae Bell
 Morley Kare
 Jack Ludwig

ASSOCIATE DEPARTMENTS

Advertising — Morley Kare, Iser Portnoy.

Photography — Meyer Brownstone, Erving Goffman, Judy Serebrin, George Ostry.

Art — Albert Juzak, Judy Serebrin.

Athletics (Boys) — Bill Mowat, Les Thorne, George Bevan.

Athletics (Girls) — Helen Smith, May McCaine, Connie Shewfelt.

Mikado — Jack Ludwig.

Humour — Art English, Morley Kare, Jack Hodges.

Secretary — George Sisler.

Hamlet — Louise Gallinger.

Debating — Leon Dorfman.

Social — Meyer Brownstone, Leon Dorfman, Roxy Siddall, Erving Goffman, Edna Bieber.

Personalities — Sid Warhaft, Jack Ludwig, Abe Roytenberg, Morley Kare.

Orchestra — Lovie Hubicki.

Students' Council — Sybil Houston, Jack Ludwig.

Circulation — Stuart Matheson, Eddie Unger.

Literary — Jack Ludwig, Louise Gallinger, Lovie Hubicki, Abe Roytenberg, Leon Dorfman, Deryck Hetherington, Mae Bell.

RUGBY

FOR the first time in a number of years St. John's entered a team in the high school Rugby League. The St. John's boys did exceptionally well, winning the city championship, and barely losing the Provincial Crown. The highlights of the season were, the semi-final game against Gordon Bell and the final against St. Paul's College.

In the semi-final game against Gordon Bell, the Tigers gained a surprising, yet very decisive victory. The final score was 23-4, for St. John's. Gordon Bell's highly touted Panthers were never even in the game. Right from the beginning St. John's had the game on ice. It was most certainly an off-night for the Gee Bees for they couldn't seem to do anything right. At the end of the first quarter St. John's led 6-0, on a touchdown by Brannigan, McMurdy kicking the point. Early in the second quarter, McMurdy kicked a beautiful field goal from about forty-two yards out. Then he kicked to the dead line for a single. Late in the second quarter, the west-enders made their bid, which resulted in Bill Juzda being rouged. The first half ended with the ball close to the Panther's goal line and the score 16-1 for St. John's. The Tigers started the fourth quarter well by scoring on the second play. Again it was Brannigan who went over, with Juzda running across to score the extra point. The remainder of the game was fairly even, with Gordon Bell scoring a field goal and McMurdy launching a sensational 70-yard punt for a single, which ended the scoring.

The St. John's team was, however, not so fortunate in their game with St. Paul's College. It was a hard fought battle all the way, but St. Paul's finally came out on top. They outweighed the Tigers in both the line and in the backfield. The icy ground and also the nine man line strategy, employed by St. Paul's marred the effectiveness of the fast stepping Tech. backfield considerably. The first two quarters were closely fought with neither team scoring and neither team holding much advantage. In the third quarter, St. Paul's gained their first touch and they really deserved it. The convert failed and the quarter ended with the score 5-0 for St. Paul's. Midway in the fourth quarter, St. John's received their first real break. One of the Crusaders' backfielders fumbled the ball and Neville Winograd, high-scoring end, dribbled the ball over for a touchdown. McMurdy converted and the Tigers led 6-5. From this time onward St. Paul's pressed

incessantly and finally were rewarded. An unfortunate fumble was picked up and one of the Crusader linesmen turned it into a major score. The convert was blocked and the game ended with St. Paul's College winning by a score of 10-6.

St. Paul's were worthy champions, for, although St. John's had held a one point lead, the opposition really had the edge on the play. It must be taken into consideration that each team scored one touchdown on fumbles that would probably never have happened had it not been for the icy conditions.

Throughout the season the entire team performed in a manner which was a credit to the school. Yet there were a few boys on the team whose brilliant play and all-round good sportsmanship made them standouts. Most prominent among these were Allan McMurdy (capt.), Bill Juzda, Andy Brannigan, Mike Spack, and Dave Kushner. Others who deserved honorable mention were Gordon McCaine, Nev. Winograd, Ab Gordon, Paul Linquist, and Putter. Wayne Sheley made a fine job of coaching the team.

HITTING THE TEN PINS

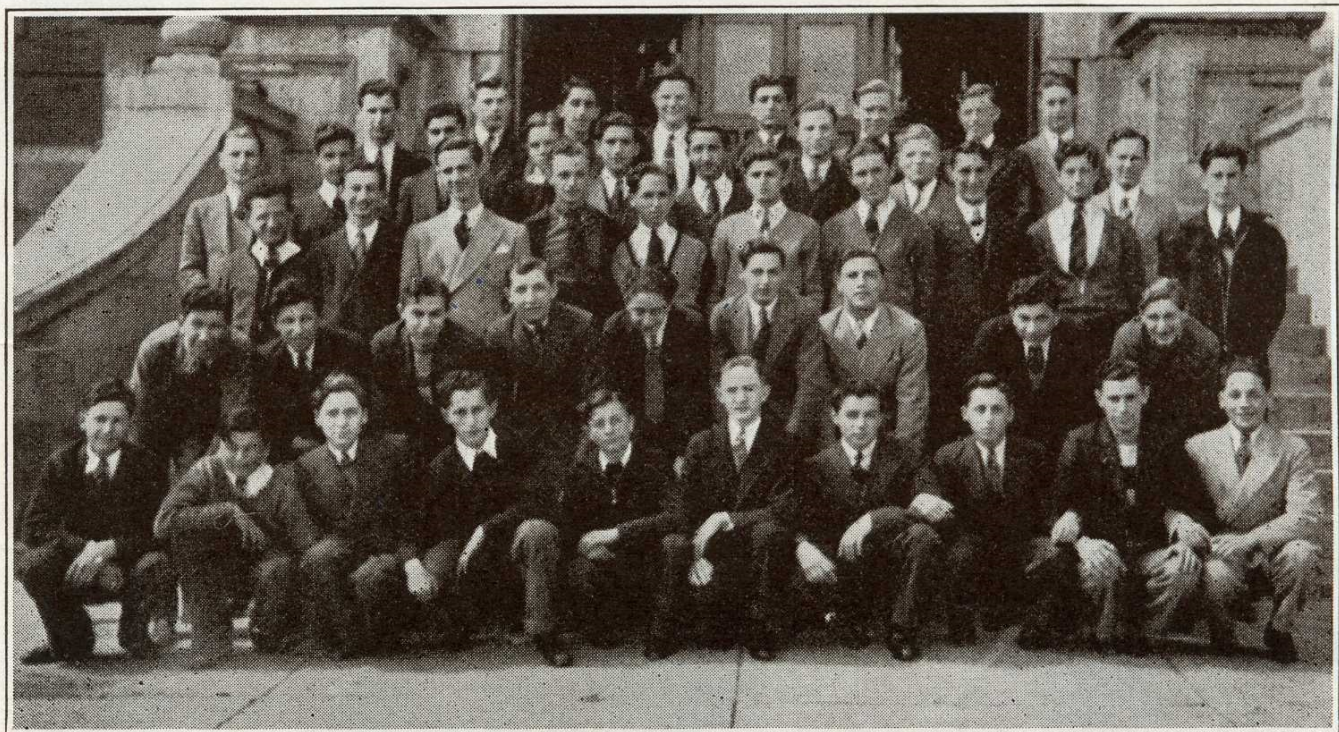
The High School Ten Pin Tournament held last February 3, on the Recreation Alleys, proved itself a great success with the High School students. Mr. Scott, a well known bowler in the Baker's League donated the handsome cup, put up for annual competition. The name of Daniel McIntyre will be placed on the Scott's trophy, emblematic of the High School Tournament. Gordon Bell finished second with St. John's right on their heels to be a close third, and Kelvin came in fourth. Despite their bad start, the St. John's boys made a great fight of it. They went further in arrears as a result of their No. IV team slipping down, but the other three teams turned in a brilliant performance. R. Thorne was leading scorer of St. John's followed closely by B. Maulta, C. Sharman, and R. James. The reason why Daniel McIntyre finished with a good lead on the other schools is because, preceding the tournament, they had just finished up their league. Next year the schools are looking forward to keener competition because of the newly formed High School League. It was a fine attraction worthy of support by bowlers as an annual event and the response shown in the first tournament speaks for itself.

Never admit you're discouraged — even to yourself.



TEACHERS

- Bottom Row**—Mr. J. P. Duffin, Mr. D. N. Ridd, Mr. W. T. Whiteford, Mr. G. Gallimore, Mr. J. Blount, Mr. G. M. Newfield, Mr. L. G. Robinson, Mr. F. C. Grusz, Mr. D. Allison.
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- Third Row**—Mr. H. Hutchison, Miss C. McLean (Secretary), Miss I. Robson, Miss E. Gauer, Miss R. E. McCord, Miss J. M. Avery, Miss M. Cumming, Mr. G. J. Reeve (Principal), Miss M. J. Cadwell, Miss H. A. Nicolson, Miss M. E. Owens, Dr. C. J. Triggerson, Mr. W. P. Johnson.
- Fourth Row**—Mr. V. S. Dotten, Mr. M. W. Thierry, Miss M. L. McKerchar, Mr. W. F. Baskerville, Mr. T. O. Durnin, Mr. G. M. Churchill, Mr. J. E. Ridd, Mr. J. Jones, Mr. C. J. Burrows, Mr. O. E. Holmes.
- Last Row**—M. Woods, Mr. J. W. Beer, Mr. A. Bailey.



ELEVEN A

- Bottom Row**—Murray Thompson, Nestor Ferley, Albert Bloomenfeld, Meyer Zolf Morris Settler, Arthur Anhalt, Max Chisick, Sam Boroditsky, Abie Simkin, Leon Dorfman (Secretary).
- Second Row**—Sidney Gonick, Max Bakalinsky, Barney Seetner, Mitchell Gershuny, Bernard Short, Eddy Bass, Sydney Chapman, Jack Goltzman (Councillor), Cecil Yan.
- Third Row**—Lawrence Greenstone, Max Mittleman, Ralph Berman, Larry Travis, Hector Ross, Sid Warhaft (Councillor), Paul Kurtz, Walter Rempel (President), Neville Winograd, Garth Metcalfe (Councillor).
- Fourth Row**—Frank Lone, Jack Sklover, Ben Karasick, Allen Killey, Bennie Schwartz, Morley Globberman, Sam Diamond, Donald Levi, Mr. D. N. Ridd.
- Last Row**—Willie Karlinsky, Bill Murrell, Abe Roytenberg (Vice-President), Lawrie Ludlow, Harold Bookbinder, Lawrence Barr, Richard Gishbrecht, Bob McConkey.
- Missing**—Jacob Burshtein, David Silver.



ELEVEN B

- Bottom Row**—Sam Steinberg, Laverne Brown, Phil Beyer, Edward Otto, Allan Selig, Gerald Gurvitch, Abe Silverstein, Eddie Unger (Sports Captain), Sam Blank, Sol Kreger, Asher Horowitz, Bernard Schwartz.
- Second Row**—Morris Magid, Ben Kosidoy, Walter Hucul, Henry Dietz, Duward Hembroff, Bill Berry, Mel Goldenberg, Art Hatton, Victor Holob (Councillor), Joe Spector.
- Third Row**—Walter Spector, Harry Karalnick, Melvin Bloome, Alfred McKinna, Allan Sair (Councillor), Mickey Solomon, Dave Greengarten, Joe Holob, Julius Starck (President).
- Fourth Row**—Glen Acheson, Bob Shannon (Secretary), Mickey Diner (Vice-President), Meyer Brownstone, Julian Robinson, Gordon Tomlinson, Jack Peterson, Bryan Chudleigh, Art Fletcher, Mr. D. Allison.
- Last Row**—Morley Kare, Bob Owen, Rubin Simkin, Frank Eades, Durward Smith, Walter Stocki, Phil Schachter.



ELEVEN C

- Bottom Row**—Alex Burnett, Errol Sanderson, Irving Goffman, Andrew Zaharchuk, Percy Abramsky (Councillor), John Podwysocki (Councillor).
- Second Row**—Bruce Brown (Vice-President), Donald Beattie, Melvin Guberman, Gordon Bell, Bernard Bales, Brian Fetherstonhaugh, Mr. L. G. Robinson, Jack Hodges, Hugh Campbell, Joe Burr (Secretary), Milk Spack (President), Dan Kurdydyk.
- Third Row**—Walter Henderson, Jim Third, Barney Gilfix, Saul Blumberg (Councillor), Joe Le Bansky (Councillor), Art Stein (Councillor) Billy Gunn, Bob Bridges, Bert Merrett, Lloyd Newson.
- Last Row**—Jim Gardiner, David Hamberger, La Vergne Walker, Doug LeMoine, John Bahrey, Stan Sproul, Andrew Dart, Bill Henderson, Jim Johnston, Lloyd Strome, Jim Grisdale.
- Missing**—George Beven (Sports Captain), Brian Burke, Doug. Gunn, Archie Kowalson, Sol Ogroskin.



ELEVEN D

Bottom Row—Stan Mitchell (President), Mendall Platt, Morton Stanger, Phil Pascal (Councillor), Mike Sawchyn, Teddy Korsunsky, Izzy Pinchuk, Bud Garbutt.
Second Row—Bill Winter, Paddy Stone, Jack Bender, Nick Kosowich, Herby Swartzman, Sid Palay, Arnold Wolfson, Morley Hanaway, Allan Zelickson, Randolph Preston.
Third Row—Ed. Woods, Alec Korchynski (Sports Captain), Art Kendall, Art Paul, Abe Gray, Sid Peterson, Jim Donnett, Irving Harris, Mr. V. S. Dotten.
Last Row—Jack Lang—Dave Cooper (Councillor), Asher Mantell, Dave Kushner, Ken Russell, Alan McMurdy, Albin Vazza, Nathan Ash, Ben Wertleb.
Missing—Stuart Matheson (Vice-President), Gil Worton (Secretary), Hubert Cowley, Laivy Paul.



ELEVEN E

Bottom Row—Jack Peebles, Mike Myhera, Tom Corkan, Bill Leeder, Jack Zamick, Jerry Spivak, Harvey Bater, Irvin Jacobs.
Second Row—Harry Bender, Humphrey Hogg (Sports Captain), Eddie Gray (President), Clarence Dirr, Morris Lypka, Everett Starink, Arthur Murray, Henry Baron, Ted Lenoski.
Third Row—Eddy Bender, Helmut Reich, John Rauch, Russell Thompson, Bill Anderson, Gordon Belsham, Bob Simpson, Wilf Purdy (Councillor).
Fourth Row—Mr. G. M. Churchill, Neil Finley, Jack Atcheson, Abe Granovsky, Don Fergus, Wilf Porth Toby Saunders, Ken Dunn.
Last Row—Ronald Seatter, Jack Harris (Councillor), Lloyd Sinclair, Bill Juzda (Councillor), Arthur English (Vice-President), Jim Dickie, Elmer Winiarz, Walter Metz (Secretary).
Missing—Sam Carberry, Bill McDowell, Roy Thorne, Tom Westmacott, Bob Castling, Vic McCallum, Robert Opitz.



ELEVEN F

Bottom Row—Joe Kulik (President), Bob Robertson, Maurice Menzies, Les. Thorne (Vice-President), Mitchell Raber, Alan Grant, Frank Shrutwa, Mr. Newfield.

Second Row—Adam Niessner, Eddie Stevens (Councillor) Jack Williams, Jack McMurray (Sports Captain), Peter Marowitch, Jim MacNutt, Cecil Watt, Alex Duncan .

Third Row—Paul Krawchuk, Bill Wilsno, Ronald Cumming, Glen Tait, Norman Smith, Leo Saltzman, Walter Tomiuk, Louis Stasiuk.

Fourth Row—Ed Forzley (Councillor), Steve Lapka (Secretary), Ronald Srogen, Jack Wolodarsky, Bill Tkachuk, George Forzley, Victor Harris.

Last Row—Ken Kilby, Norman O'Bryan, Nick Sochaski, Paul Kereluk, Ray McDonald.

Missing—Paul Arsenych, Gerhart Backmann, Ted Weaver (Councillor), Peter Whitehall.



ELEVEN G

Bottom Row—Walter Carter, Edna Bieber, Murielle Jearum, Alice Deshell, Norma Sommer, Marion Glassman, Becky Stern, (Sports Captain), Ruth Popeski, Charlotte Kaufman, Bill Wilson Councillor).

Second Row—Athalie Zamphir, Myrna Zeal, Mary Herscovitch, Rena Finkle, Sybil Houston (President), Miss McCord, Nathalie Friedman, Patty Pierce, Pearl Sures, Alberta Farler (Secretary).

Last Row—Leonard Hartman, Eleanor Seller, Mary Diakun, Dave Herstein, Rebecca Zalik, Frema Tannenbaum, Kay Gannon, Clara Stedman, Nellie Kachulak, Eva Lev, Marjorie Gunner, Shirley Fainstein, Winnie Dalzell (Councillor), Joan Varnam (Vice-President), Margaret Hebb, Jasmine Davis, Jack Robertson, Anne Sair, Norman Friedman.

Missing—Homer Manos, Paul Lindquist, Joe Hechter, Anne Gobuty, Zenovia Sawchuk, Betty Thorpe.



ELEVEN H

Bottom Row—Judy Serebrin, Emily Romanow, Bernice Scrapneck, Celia Nick, Annie Karp, Peggy Sutter, Dorothy Widler, Gertrude Dietz, Eileen Morin, Phyllis Randal, Edith Nelson (Sports Captain) Rose Rosenbaum.

Second Row—Clara Herson, Bernice Manishen (Councillor), Lottie Lentz, June Chamberg (Secretary), Miss Scholes, Stella Kozak (President), Joyce Presch (Vice-President), Eleanor Matlin, Rose Yaffe, Rose Zolf.

Third Row—Elaine Ferns, Peggy McTavish, Anne Tate, Lila Green, Stella Rychlik, Lovie Hubicki, Bety Rehihan, Anne Park, Rebecca Promislow, Frances Terrell, Vivienne Cowlshaw, Margaret Miller, Gertrude Diamond, Fay Barsky, Sarah Shwartz, Edie Gilman.

Last Row—Dolly Baker, Marion Suppes (Councillor), Winnifred Savage, Frances Geller, Lillian Rosen.



ELEVEN J

Bottom Row—Doris Silver, Minerva Steele, Jenny Whitehead, Betty Bereskin, Norma Mattson, Elvira Klassen, Lola Levine, Nelly Shebyst, Ilene Meder (Sports Captian), Myra Inkster.

Second Row—Gladys Mayfield, Kathleen Robertson (Councillor), Elsie Lavender (Vice-President), Eva Sarner (Councillor), Helen Nicol (President), Miss M. Cumming, Roxy Siddall (Secretary) Gloria Remis (Councillor), Elsie Sopko, Cynthia Guberman, Edith Mico.

Last Row—Mildred Smith, Malca Browstone, Agnes Manns, Helen Galdzinska, Bertha Davis, Roberta Johnson, Iris Eisler, Rhoda Evans, June Empey, Emma Kuhule, Zena Magid, Gertrude Smith, Ruth Smith, Helene Winston, Edythe Mindell, Elsie McDonald.

Missing—Dolly Posner, Rose Prystanski.



ELEVEN K

Bottom Row—Sylvia Reisenberg, Noel Blackwell, Victoria Mutter (Sports Captain), Olga Wallinis, Nellie Rojecki.

Second Row—Norma Nelson, Agnes Stewart, Esther Gold, Winnifred Clark, Kay Sutherland, Miss Gauer, Katherine Lincoln, Josephine Ebbitt, Myrtle Rose, Violet Jentsch.

Third Row—Kay Waysluck, Lillie Zurawell, Inez Parks, Verna Ladell, Gladys Darnell, Elsie Robold, Muriel Richardson (Councillor), Connie Marshall (Councillor), Irene McLean, Iris Borrow (Secretary).

Last Row—Margaret Hand, Shirley Scholes, Margaret Harrison, Muriel Levant, Shirley Levant, Rosaline Labovitch (Councillor), Elva Christie, Margaret Porter, Audrey Shaw (President), Monia Shultz.

Missing—June Anderson, Naomi Landa, Bernice Shatsky.



ELEVEN L

Front Row—Olga Felotick, Lena Unger, Hazel Dale, Gertie Karminsky, Ruth Pfeifer.

Second Row—Verna Shevechick, Viola Luster, Aster Reckseidler, Peggy Duberly, Elsie Eppler, Esther Graeb, Gerry Goulding, Irene Levene, Syma Palovsky, Beth Stoneham (Councillor), Louise Heuchert, Lily Fiterman.

Third Row—Agnes Stancove, Helen Stokell (President), Lorraine Gunn (Secretary), Irene Lutz, Elaine Kroetch, Miss Owens, Florence Osman, Norma Miller, Dorothy McCall, Gloria Silverman, Rose Brodsky, Gwen Plaxton.

Last Row—Jean Sallstrom, Bernice Bachinski (Councillor), Emfa Weitzel, Bertha Morganstern, Dena Leibl, Sedel Freedman, Jean Amborski, Stella Stroski, Anne Eichorne, Mary Dalenger, Florence Dart.

Missing—Muriel Toyer (Sports Captain), Alice Ferley, Gladys Goodwin, Irene Smith, Janet Miller, Helen Prescott, Maisie Reid.



ELEVEN M

Bottom Row—Bessie Shafran, Krissy Smith, Phyllis Kilby, Margaret Forbes, Doreen Farrier, Helen Morrow (President), Minnie Procyk, Clara Luchik, Lillian Smith, Eunice Shackell (Councillor).

Second Row—Frances Ritchie, Kay Laird, Jean Berry, Miss I. Cumming, Helen Smith (Sports Captain), Connie Schwfelt (Vice-President), May McCaine, Patricia Lyford, Helen Milne, Amelia Rogers (Vice-President).

Last Row—Kay Karpo, Kay Smith, Mary Allan, Milly Maxwell, Mary Taylor, Doris Tait, Vivian Stack (Councillor), Annie Pidlaski, Eileen Burgess (Secretary), Vera MacMillan, Pat Slaneff, Annie Kobylansky, Olga Zeebric, Ruth Pfeifer.

Missing—Lillian Glassman, Jeanne-Main, Florence Resky, Ettie Wail.



ELEVEN N

Bottom Row—Peggy Keele, Irene Gladu (Councillor), Mae Norton, Peggy Banford, Janet Winnik.

Second Row—Reva Hendler, Jean Fredrick, Geraldine Huguet, Esther Kaplan, Aileen Scorer (Secretary), Isabelle Cormack (Councillor), Miss Thompson, Lillian Daum (President), Dorothy McDonald (Councillor) Louise Gallinger (Vice President).

Third Row—Martha Weger, Marjorie Carberry, Anne Rudnisky, Ida Klock, Queenie Hughes, Georgina Fuller, Olga Zurick, Bertha Podborsky, Mae Balkwell, Ruth Shapiro.

Last Row—Evelyn Mozersky, Gertie Corman, Minnie Altman, Olga Ereniko, Theresa Bartl, Mary Kimak, Evelyn Bates, Sophie Rouble, Eileen Samson, Lylla Hunter (Sports Captain).

Missing—Grace McCook, Jean Karakola, Clara Kopel.



BOYS' SPORTS



FOOTBALL

With apparently very little effort, the St. John's representatives in the "A" division of the High Schools Soccer League, captured the city championship. They went through their entire schedule without a defeat. The only team that gave them any trouble at all was the team from the Daniel McIntyre Collegiate. The Tigers deserved to win the championship as they had a good defence, splendid half-backs, and excellent forwards, who all worked together. Although the final game was not played due to weather conditions, St. John's as winners of the A division was naturally declared the winners over the Daniel McIntyre "B" division squad.

Throughout the year the team was sparked

by such stars as Phil Pascal (capt.), Allan McMurdy, Dotg Baxter, Steve Gunter, and Archie Levin.

The "B" division team which was not nearly so strong, was eliminated early in the season, losing out to Daniel McIntyre. Stand-outs for the "B" team were, Harry Winrob (capt.), Jim Dickie and Nathan Ash.

Line-up, "A" team: Boychuck, Bevan, McMurdy, A. Paul, Baxter, Donnet, Juzda, Gunter, Pascal Levine, Zamick. McDonald.

Lineup, "B" team: Freedman, Ash, Ormerond, Sawchin, Holob, Winrob, Guberman, Dickie, Haverstock, Wolfe, Speller, Teckchuk, Chapman, Short, Bereznick.

BOYS' SPEED SKATING

There were three teams from St. John's Tech. entered in the Senior High School City Speed Skating races this year: Grade XI boys, Grade X boys and a boys' unlimited team composed of the best skaters of the other teams. The boys practised hard, but met with indifferent success, the only team to place being the Grade XI boys who came in third.

Even though the boys didn't win any championship, yet they do deserve our congratulations for their attempts. A vote of thanks should also be given to Mr. Newfield

for the time and effort he put into the organizing and coaching of these teams.

TEAMS

Grade XI Boys: Benton Smith, Sid Pallay, Stuart Matheson, Hubert Cowley, Ted Weaver.

Grade X Boys: Iser Portnoy, Sid Webber, Harry Gelfant, Jim Lawrence, Harold Mogglove.

Boys' Unlimited: Hubert Cowley, Jim Lawrence, Stuart Matheson, Syd Pallay.

—Les Thorne.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

CONGRATULATIONS are certainly in order for the St. John's Junior Basketballers. The Junior Tigers this year proved to be one of the best groups of players ever seen in High School competition. They gave one of the best displays of precision, accuracy, and co-ordination that this writer has ever had the pleasure of seeing. The diminutive stars led by Spack and Putter swept through the opposition as a knife cuts through butter. In no one game were they forced to go all out to win; on the contrary, it seemed to the spectators that the Tigers regarded their games as practices and played accordingly.

During the course of the season the Juniors broke just about all the High School scoring records, including most points scored

by a team in one minute. Against Gordon Bell the Tigers piled up an impressive 78-21 victory, and against Kelvin a 75-6 win. In a pre-season game St. John's beat the highly favored Isaac Newton Senior Champions. The same Isaac Newton team later became Senior Champions.

In the six scheduled games the Tigers averaged 51 points per game, while holding their opponents to 20.

The high-scorers for the team were: Mike Spack, John Putter, Jack Zamick and Forzley. The team was coached by Dale and managed by Mr. V. D. Dotton.

Lineup:

Guards: Spack, Putter, Zopka, Harris.

Centres: Walker, Gunther.

Forwards: Zamick, Freedman, Forzley.

The fellow who stops on the ten yard line to congratulate himself never makes a touchdown.

SENIOR BASKETBALL

Unlike their colleagues, the juniors, the St. John's Senior Basketballers fared very poorly in the Senior Inter High Basketball league. This can be readily understood when one considers the fact that all last year's seniors were lost through graduation.

The league this year was composed of eight teams, Wesley and Ravenscourt making their debut into the league. Although St. John's did not win or even come close to winning the Harry T. Watson Memorial Trophy, emblematic of the Senior Inter-High Basketball Championship, they, at least, succeeded in forcing their opponents to go all out to beat them.

In the course of the schedule St. John's lost close games to Isaac Newton, Kelvin, Ravenscourt, Daniel McIntyre, Wesley, and St. Paul's. Their lone victory came at the expense of Gordon Bell.

Leading scorers for the team were Ogradnick, Forzley, and Bevan. The team was coached by Mike Zubick and Mike Spack.

Lineup:

Guards: Forzley, Ogradnick, Simkin.

Forwards: Thorne, Stasiuk, Krochak, Ferguson and Bevan.

HOCKEY

It was a very surprised St. John's hockey team that found itself eliminated from the High Schools' Hockey League this winter. Tech. had a powerful squad and was highly favored to win the provincial title. It turned out, however, that they didn't even win the City League. Failure to do so may have been due to the fact that every player on the team played organized hockey in the Midget, Junior, or Juvenile Leagues. They usually played as much as 4 games a week which might have caused weariness.

This weariness, however, was not in evidence throughout the entire season, for the Tigers played and won some very good games. They defeated Gordon Bell 2-0, Isaac Newton 5-1, and they piled up the highest score of the year by defeating Kelvin 10-1.

The team was dotted with such stars as "Humphy" Hogg, cool netminder, one of the best in High School Hockey, Bill Juzda, hard-hitting defenseman, and "Scotty" Sinclair and Art Kendall, two very dangerous forwards.

Lineup:

Hogg, Juzda, McMurdy, Korchynski, Baxter, McKechnie, Sinclair, Kendall, Russell, Resch, Gunther, and Anderson.

SENIOR HOCKEY

All was quiet in the Olympic rink except for the sound of skates as they cut the ice and the clash of wood against wood as two teams battled for the Grade XI Inter-Room Hockey Championship. Under these unusual circumstances, for it is not very often that a championship game is played before an empty house, XIE defeated XID to win the championship for the second successive year. The score was 6-5, "Scotty" Sinclair bagging the all-important goal in the dying minutes of the game. Bill Juzda and "Scotty" Sinclair were standouts for XIE while Allan McMurdy and Art Kendall of XID were a continual worry to Roy Thorne in the nets for XIE. These two teams stood in first and second place throughout the whole of the schedule, XIF holding down third place and XIC and XIP in fourth and fifth place. XIF had a small but fighting team, and they always gave XIE and XID considerable trouble throughout the schedule. XIC never seemed to get properly organized or they might have risen to greater heights. XIP fought all the way, but they just didn't seem to have the scoring punch.

—L. Thorne.

INTER-ROOM FIELD DAY

The inter-class field day was held again this year in September. XIA took all the honors, running up a grand total of 82 points, which is a very nice afternoon's work. XIE their closest rivals (and they weren't very close) ran up a total of 29 points to take second place and XIC took the third position with a total of 22 points.

Little Jack Zamick of XIE won the individual honors in the primary class with a total of 13 points to his credit. Abe Roytenbers of XIA ran and jumped his way to win the individual honors in the Junior class with a total of 15 points. In the Intermediate class Walter Rempel of XIA, our genial president, led the field with a total of 11 points. George Bevan cleaned up in the senior class gaining a total of 12 points.

The Grade XI boys' relay race was won by XIA, with XID in second place and XIF in third.

The Grade X boys' relay race was won by XA, XD taking second place and XC in third place.

The inter-class field-day showed some fine prospects and we will probably hear more from some of these fellows when the Inter-High Field Day rolls around.

—L. Thorne.

A good sport never makes an alibi.



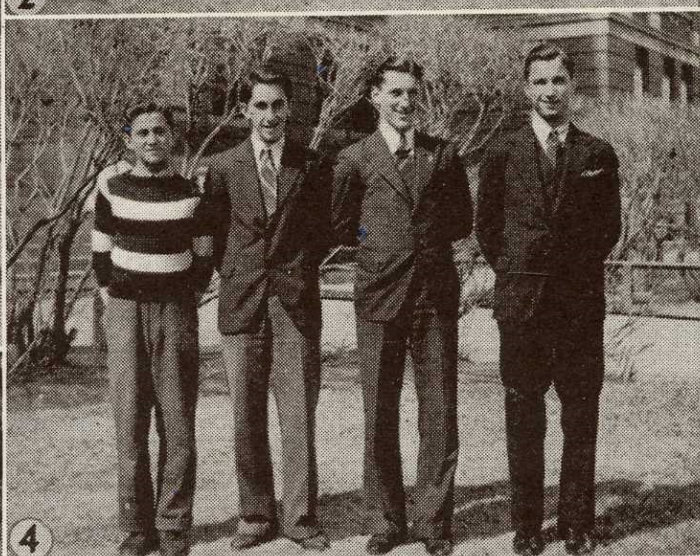
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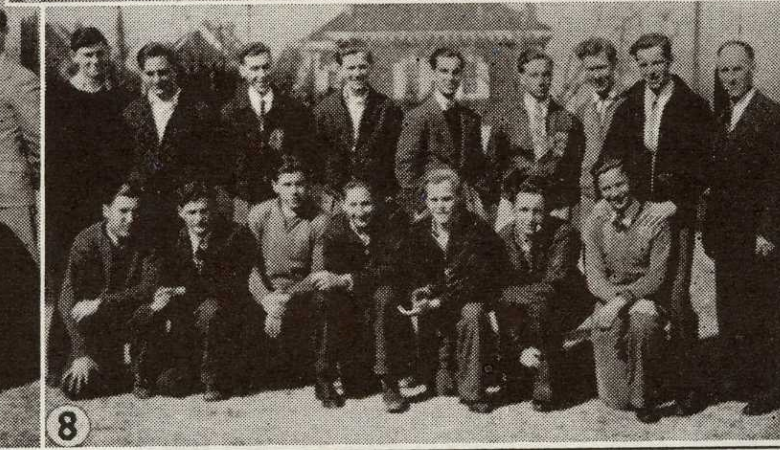
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(1) JUNIOR BASKETBALL.

(2) SPEED SKATING.

(3) SENIOR BASKETBALL.

(4) INDIVIDUAL FIELD DAY WINNERS.

(5) RUGBY TEAM.

(6) SOCCER TEAM (B)

(7) SOCCER TEAM (A)

(8) HOCKEY TEAM.

GRADE X HOCKEY

After a season in which they were forced to extend themselves to the limit, XE finally emerged victorious in the Grade X inter-room hockey this winter. The boys from room 36 wound up a fine season, in which they were never defeated, by trouncing XA, 5-2. Although XA played courageously throughout, it was a losing battle and the better team won.

Leading scorers for the victors were Mike Salewich and Frank Resch with two apiece. Ken Taylor bagged the other goal. Greenberg and Anderson starred for XA. The whole team played exceedingly well and received a royal welcome from the rest of the class when they returned to the school.

Lineup: Fred Tindall, Anton Wolfe, Murray Campbell, Mike Salewich, Ken Taylor, Paul Hooper, Mike Boskowitch, Eddie Tersky, Frank Resch, and Paul Kolomic.

—C.Mowat.

INTER-ROOM BASKETBALL

Under the careful supervision of Mr. Grusz, ably assisted by Mr. Holmes, the inter-room basketball schedule was run off with dual success. From the start XIC showed they were the team to beat, but though the other teams made it pretty hot for them several times, they went through the regular schedule without a defeat. P. A. P. were the winners of the Grade X and P.A. series and thus earned the right to meet XIC for the school championship.

The final game was keenly contested and Mr. Holmes did a very excellent job of refereeing. But Mike Spack and Johnny Podwysocki were too large an assignment for the P.A.P. team to cover and they went down to defeat by the score of 27-21. John "Butch" Ogradnick stood out like a sore thumb for the losers and gave the XIC aggregation some worried moments. XIC thus went through the regular schedule and the finals without a single loss and are now the rightful holders of the shield emblematic of victory.

Lineup: Spack, Putter, Campbell, B. Gunn, D. Gunn, Art Stein, G. Bevan, Blumberg, "Butch" Fetherstonhaugh, Dart.

—L. Thorne.

* * *

"Willie, where's Johnnie?"

"If the ice is as thick as he thinks it is, he's skating; but if it is as thin as I think it is, he's swimming."

A CHAMPION COMES TO ST. JOHNS

ON THURSDAY, May 18, the Commercial students had the pleasure of seeing a typewriting demonstration given by Miss Irma Wright, five times Canadian Champion Typist, and also former World's Amateur Champion Typist. Miss Wright is not only a marvellous typist but also an attractive person, with a charm and personality that completely captivated everyone who witnessed her demonstration. This tall young lady, dressed in a very smart outfit, was introduced to us first by Miss Snider and then by a gentleman from the Underwood Typewriter Company.

First, Miss Wright told us a little about herself. She had gone to a high school in Toronto and had taken up the ordinary commercial course. She always liked typewriting and she practised very hard while at school. Said Miss Wright, "I knew I would have to earn my own living so I tried to become as good as I possibly could." When she finished school she was able to type 70 words a minute. Telling us about her first position she said, "The first day was a nightmare," because everything was new to her and she was so very inexperienced, but she soon learned just as we all will when we get out into the business world. Miss Wright regards her extraordinary speed in typewriting as no miracle. "It took years of steady practising and special coaching," before she gained such perfect control of her fingers and of the typewriter. "I went through all the trials and tribulations that you go through, in learning to type." this wonderful typist assured us.

In her demonstration Miss Wright showed us the correct posture for typing well, and carefully explained that we must always type with our fingers curved. Rhythm also, is a very essential factor in gaining speed. Whether we do 30 words a minute or 80 words a minute we must type with rhythm and with a firm, even, staccato touch. While typing for us Miss Wright did 138 five-stroke words a minute for 30 minutes, but when she is at her best she has done more than 150 words in a minute.

What really brought out the "ohs" and "ahs" from the students was her demonstration finger exercises done at 16 strokes per second. This was indeed thrilling to witness. Miss Wright also brought a bit of humor into her demonstration by imitating students who didnt type correctly. She showed us how silly it looked when pupils back-spaced all the time, or kept moving their eyes from their copy to their typewriter. She proved

(Continued on Page 80)

Ideas are not worth anything unless they are used.

GIRLS' SPORTS

Our inter-room field day went off with a bang this year, due to several weeks' hard work on the part of students and teachers. The sports captains of each room arranged try-outs for each event and chose their very best contestants.

In the sprints Muriel Toyer and Anna Cleland did especially well in their respective classes. Ettie Wail, the Inter-High record breaker, showed her usual excellence in the ball throw and Pauline Krawchuck was not far behind her. In class C, Eleanor Walker was much better than any of her rivals in the ball throw but was disqualified for being over the starting line. Eleanor was also a standout in her class for the high jump and

will give the other high schools good competition in the field day in May. The XI-L girls were victorious in both the shuttle and hurdle relays, but were mighty worried about the XI-M's in the shuttle. In the junior shuttle the X-L's were the leaders with X-H close behind.

The shield for the best room will again be awarded to the XI-L's for the highest points. Their score was 24 and the best that any of the other girl's rooms could do was to run up a score of 9½. Congratulations.

The winners of each class and event are given below:

Winners of the Grade X's were X-C with 11 points, and X-J with 10.

INTER-ROOM FIELD DAY RESULTS

SPRINTS

Class A:

1. Muriel Toyer, XI-L
2. Emma Weitzel, XI-L

Class B:

1. Anna Cleland, X-C
2. Lillian Palowsky, XI-O

Class C:

1. Eleanor Sullivan, XI-R
2. Eleanor Walker, X-L

Class D:

1. Sylvia Kobrinsky, X-G
2. Noel Blackwell, XI-K

High Jump

Class A:

1. Emma Weitzel, XI-L
2. Betty McKenzie, XI-O

Class B:

1. Anna Cleland, X-C
2. Winnie Sulkers, X-J

Class C:

1. Eleanor Walker, X-L
2. Hazel Dale, XI-L

Class D:

1. Aster Rechseidler, XI-L
2. Noel Blackwell, XI-K

Shuttle Relay

1. XI-L

- Hazel Dale
Muriel Toyer
Alice Ferley
Emma Weitzel
Anne Eichorn
Olga Felotick
Irene Smith
Florence Osman

2. XI-M

- Connie Shewfelt
May McCaine
Kay Smith
Olga Zeebric
Vivian Stack
Patricia Lyford
Krissy Smith
Doris Tait
Helen Smith

BALL THROW

Class A:

1. Ettie Wail, XI-M
2. Pauline Krawchuck, XI-R

Class B:

1. Winnifred Sulkers, X-J
2. Roxy Siddall, XI-J

Class C:

1. Victoria Mutter, XI-K
2. Isabel Goldin, X-J

Class D:

1. Vera Kare, X-G—
1. Helen Morrow, XI-M—
Tied for First Place

HURDLES—Senior

1. Class XI-L

- Hazel Dale
Alice Ferley
Irene Lutz
Emma Weitzel
Aster Reckeidler
Beth Stoneham
Muriel Toyer
Irene Smith

2. Class XI-M

- Kay Smith
May McCaine
Helen Smith
Margaret Forbes
Doreen Farrier
Eunice Shackell
Olga Zeebric
Jean Berry
Kay Laird
Helen Morrow

HURDLE—Junior

1. X-L

- Doreen Metson
Helen Walker
Kay Pachinko
Patsy Thomson
Margaret Green
Marjorie Dawes
Margaret Roos
Rose Wachs

2. X-H

- Ada Elwick
Bertha Sarner
Florence Geist
Hazel Watters
Mary Castling
Ethel Anderson
Audrey Brewer
Erma Dickson

Individual Winners

- Class A: Emma Weitzel
Class B: Anna Cleland
Class C: Eleanor Walker
Class D: Noel Blackwell

Handle the hardest job first.

INTER-HIGH BASKETBALL

The Basketball team put in a very successful year under Miss Cumming's supervision. They were defeated in their first game by Kelvin in a very fascinating game. The play was close and as every Kelvin lass kept a very close check it was very hard to break away for a basket. The girls retaliated, however, against Gordon Bell by defeating them by one basket. This was the closest game in the schedule and proved thrilling both to the audience and players. The final game against Daniel McIntyre proved to be very fast, but St. John's finished victorious and therefore placed themselves in a three-way tie for first place.

The Grade 10 girls too had a very smart team. They defeated Gordon Bell in a lively game. They also placed themselves in a three-cornered tie with Kelvin and Daniel McIntyre. The three most outstanding players were the Walker twins and Kay Hyde.

The players are as follows:

SENIOR

Muriel Toyer
Ettie Wail
Victoria Mutter
Alice Ferley
Anne Eichorn
Hazel Dale
Emma Weitzel
Roseline Labovitch
Connie Shewfelt
Edith Nelson
Becky Stern
Ruth McIntyre
Betty McKenzie
Roxy Siddall
Mabel Wells

JUNIOR

Eleanor Walker
Helen Walker
Kay Hyde
Lorna Young
Jean Martin
Margaret Green
Joyce Stavely
Doreen Shaw
Mary Hilton
Elaine Broadly
Evelyn Delaney
Jean Lawrie
Audrey Buckwold
Sonja Rosin
Phyllis Hampson
Pearl Britt

INTER-HIGH VOLLEYBALL

Under the skilled eye of Miss Gauer the Volleyball girls proved what St. John's can really produce. The Grade XI girls were defeated by Kelvin and Isaac Newton. The Newtonians put up a very strenuous fight to maintain a two-point lead. This did not discourage the "Tigerettes" for they came back strong by defeating Gordon Bell and Daniel in two exciting games. They did not place at the head of the list but the games they played showed their true sportsmanship and upheld the name of St. John's.

The Grade X girls followed the example of the Grade XI girls by making a thrilling finish in their schedule. They defeated Daniel

and Gordon Bell in very hard fought battles and placed themselves in a three-way tie with Kelvin and Isaac Newton. There were some very good spikers on our team this year and we all want them to finish with St. John's on top next season. Good Luck, Girls! Congratulations Miss Gauer!

Senior: Muriel Toyer, Ettie Wail, Alice Ferley, Anne Eichorn, Hazel Dale, Victoria Mutter, Emma Weitzel, Roseline Labovitch, Josephine Ebbitt, Ida Klock, Connie Shewfelt, Helen Morrow, Roxy Siddall, Ilene Meder, Eleanor Sullivan, Helen Smith, Edith Nelson, Olga Wallinis, Becky Stern, Jean Salstrom, Eileen Scorer, Betty McKenzie, Margaret Porter, Eva Sarner, Noel Blackwell.

Junior: Eleanor Walker, Helen Walker, Anna Cleland, Kay Hyde, Margaret Paterson, Rose Wacks, Martina Gusberti, Helen Zulkoski, Selena Butler, Pauline Krawchuck, Sonja Rodin, Audrey Buckwold, Margaret Sheidow, Jeanette Siwek, Elaine Bradley, Mary Hilton, Isabel Goldin, Bertha Sarner, Adella Rolski, Teenie Plett, Jessie Yocabovoki.

BASEBALL

THIS YEAR, due to our fine weather, St. John's again lived up to its usual code by starting off the baseball season with a bang. Every room was equally represented. Every student was out to cheer her team on to victory. It is no wonder that the games went along so smoothly and excitedly, the girls fighting for all their worth.

The Seniors, especially XI L, were out to keep their old record of last year's champs, but were rather disappointed (?) to find they had met their equal in XI M's fighting, energetic team. The XI M's became senior champs, showing their speed and energy throughout every game, but alas and alack, when the day came for them to meet X L, they were completely played out, and were beaten by the junior's champion team, X L.

This game was one of the best games of the year, with X L giving a beautiful performance of good pitching and excellent catching.

X L PLAYERS

Eleanor Walker—Captain
Helen Walker Thelma Paul
Jean Marlin Marjorie Davies
Rose Wacks Lenore Huget
Irene Main Margaret Green
Margaret Paterson

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.



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(1) INDIVIDUAL WINNERS.
(2) JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL.
(3) SENIOR VOLLEYBALL.
(4) SPEED-SKATING.

(5) BADMINTON.
(6) JUNIOR BASKETBALL.
(7) SENIOR BASKETBALL.

SPEED SKATING

Another skating season is over and again St. John's brought home the banners. From the fine showing made by the girls, it was evident that many stiff hours of practice were put in. The Grade X lassies came home victorious in the city final and placed third in the invitation.

The Grade XI girls also were victorious in the city finals, finishing nearly a lap ahead of their nearest rivals, the Kelvin quartette. They placed second in the invitation race.

The unlimited team had one of their skaters injured, but finished third with the MacIntyre girls first.

Great praise must be given to the coach, Mr. Newfield, and to Mr. Jones who assisted at the starting line.

We look for equal success in the coming years.

Grade XI: Connie Shewfelt, Josephine Ebbitt, Alice Ferley, Muriel Toyer, Olga Wal-linus.

Grade X: Edith Ebbitt, Lorna Young, Anna Cleland, Joyce McKimm, Mary Castling.

Unlimited: Connie Shewfelt, Anna Cleland, Joyce McKimm, Muriel Toyer.

INTER-ROOM VOLLEYBALL

On completion of the baseball schedule, we commenced our volleyball. The schedule provided many very interesting games for both grade X and grade XI. The entire list of games proved to be very successful and their memories will long linger in the minds of the girls.

The games were played during the noon hours. A girl from a room that was not playing refereed the games. The grade X girls played against each other and the XI's against each other. Then the winners of each played off for the school championship.

Class X-L won out in the junior section and the XI-L for the seniors. The latter showed much more practice and experience than did the juniors, and the result was that the juniors were well beaten, but congratulations must be given to the grade X's as well as to the XI's for their efforts.

CLASS XI-L

Muriel Toyer (captain)	Anne Eichorn
Hazel Dale	Emma Weitzel
Alice Ferly	Jean Salstrom

INTER-ROOM BASKETBALL

All the Sports Captains co-operated and picked teams from their rooms to compete in the inter-room schedule which was drawn up by Miss Cumming. Some of the teams did not do as well as others, but they showed great sportsmanship by sticking it right through to the end of the schedule.

Two of the most evenly matched teams were XI-L and XI-M. They played a sudden death game for the Grade XI final with the L's being victorious. It was a very hard fought battle and played the L's right out, as they only won by a two-point lead. The determined M's challenged them but again lost, thus proving that the XI-L girls were a wee bit better in their passing.

X-L was successful in the Grade 10 schedule. They had to put up a very hard game against X-J to hold the lead. They too, were challenged by X-J who defeated the L's by a large majority. X-L and XI-L played off for the high school final and of course the XI-L's were victorious once again. The XI-L had a very good team and have played together for two consecutive years, and have not been defeated yet. Congratulations girls!

CLASS XI-L

Muriel Toyer	Hazel Dale
Alice Ferley	Emma Weitzel
Anne Eichorn	

BADMINTON

This year a new sport, that of badminton, has been added to the school's curriculum. During the year fifty girls joined the badminton club.

The problem of securing racquets was overcome when Miss Cumming, Miss Gauer, Mr. Reeve, and Miss McCord, each donated one. The task of making new schedules and keeping everything going smoothly was done by May McCaine.

During the season we had two exhibition games played for us. The first one was in November with Mr. Reeve, Mr. D. N. Ridd, Mr. J. E. Ridd, and Mr. Churchill, as participants. The second one was in March with Miss Cumming and Miss Gauer versus three of our own teams. Both of these games served to give pointers to the students.

Our social activities included a roller-skating party in November, an Ice-skating party in January, and at the end of the season a Badminton Party.

We feel deeply grateful to those teachers who have provided this additional pleasure during our school year.

(Sports—Continued on Page 80)

Unfortunate; Those who did it but never thought, and those who thought but never did it.



DEBATING CLUB

Seated—Harold Bookbinder, Mr. J. E. Ridd, Leon Dorfman, Mr. Reeve Jack Ludwig.
Standing—Sid Warhaft, Frank Lone.

Debating

Debating, this year, was carried on in a different manner from that of previous years. Meetings were held at the school every Wednesday at 7.30 p.m., and all students interested in public speaking were asked to participate. Under the guidance of Mr. J. E. Ridd as Honorary President, the club was a great success.

The club was named "The St. John's Oral and Debating Club," and there were many features other than debating among its activities. Some of these were Forums, impromptu speeches, and lectures by guest speakers. Of the thirty students who generally attended the meetings all took part in some event, and many made a great improvement in oratorical ability.

Discussion groups were led by Mr. Ridd and various members. The favorite topic was Education, particularly the Assignment System. Political discussions also caused many heated arguments, but were not as popular because of the controversial viewpoints of the members.

Mr. J. W. Beer and Mr. D. N. Ridd addressed the club on two occasions. Both spoke on Education, and the club gained new and interesting ideas from their speeches. The lectures were followed by informal discussions and were enjoyed by all.

The question of Inter-High Debating was considered, but the idea was dropped because too much opposition was met with.

The executive of the club consisted of:

Honorary President, Mr. J. E. Ridd; President, Leon Dorfman; Secretary, Harold Bookbinder; Treasurer, Sid Warhaft; Councillors, Jack Ludwig, Frank Lone.

Thanks to the efforts of the Executive and the enthusiasm of the members of the club, public speaking at St. John's experienced another successful year.

The Executive hope that in the years to come, the school will have a bigger and better Debating Club, and that the idea of Inter-High Debating will materialize.

L.M.D.

"Do it today" is a good motto, but a better one is "Did it yesterday."

INTER-HIGH FIELD DAY

Another Inter-High Field Day has come and gone. Again Kelvin reigns supreme, with St. John's a close second. As usual it was Kelvin's relay teams which did the trick, netting twenty points among the boys alone.

Despite the fact that they won the field day, Kelvin did not account for any of the records which were broken. Out of a total of eight, St. John's broke six, three for the boys, three for the girls.

In the senior shot-put, Bill Juzda, our strong-arm track captain, bettered the old record by over a foot.

Walter Rempel, school president, came through with a new record in the running-broad jump. He also got a first in the hop-step-and-jump.

Sam Boroditsky made a new record in Primary hop-step, and also gained a second in the 100 yard dash.

POINT-GETTERS

PRIMARY

Boroditsky ... 5 2nd in 100 yards. New record in hop-step—37 ft., 10½ ins.
 Rayman 1 ½ mile.
 Burnett 4 2nd in shot and high jump.
 Zamick 4 1st in broad and 3rd in high jump.

JUNIOR

Spack 3 shot.
 Pudysoki 2 shot
 Beattie 3 high jump.
 Roytenberg ... 6 broad and hop-step.

SENIOR

Simpkin 2 ½ mile.
 Cooper 1 1 mile
 Juzda 4 new record in shot, 43 ft.
 Kushner 1 shot.
 Harris 3 high jump.

INTERMEDIATE

Gunn 1 100 yards.
 Carter 2 high jump.
 Rempel 6 record in broad jump of 20 ft, ¾ ins.; also hop-step.
 Zoppa 3 2nd in broad and 3rd in hop-step.

RELAYS

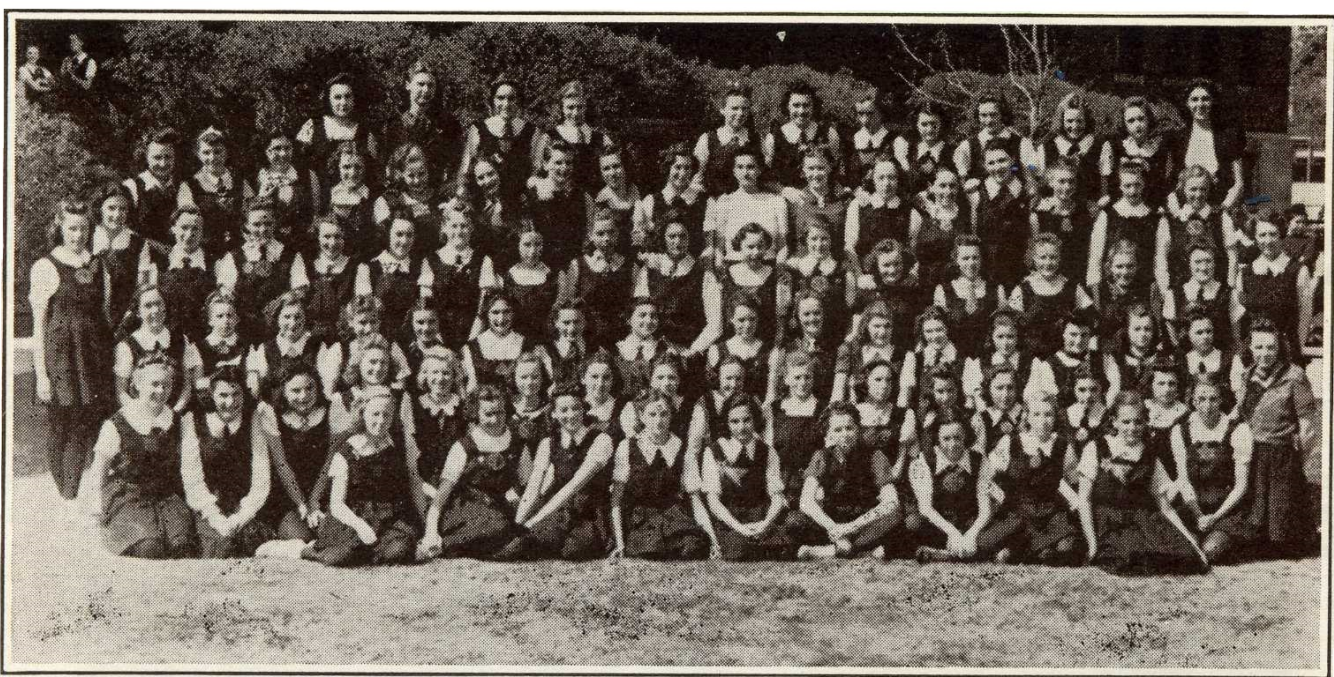
Primary 3
 Junior 1
 Intermediate 3
 Senior 1

STANDING

Kelvin 67
 St. John's 58
 Gordon Bell 30
 Daniel McIntyre 25
 Isaac Newton 25
 Cecil Rhodes 5
 Lord Selkirk 1



When Duty whispers low, "Thou must," the Youth replies, "I can."



GIRLS' TRACK TEAM

- Bottom Row**—Irene Sand, Emma Weitzel, Hazel Dale, Sylvia Kobrinsky, Laila Barsky, Peggy Banford, Ruth McIntyre, Margaret Sheidow, Peggy Clavin, Ethel Anderson.
- Second Row**—Myra Inkster, Ruth Harris, Ruth Popeski, Joyce Presch, Elsie Durr, Iris Ebert, Peggy Sutter, Ruth Beiber, Mary Castling, Martha Eichorn, Jenny Whitehead, Aileen Meder, Connie Shewfelt, Helen Morrow, Aster Reckseidler, Margaret Porter.
- Third Row**—Grace Austin, Krissy Smith, Kay Smith, Bertha Sarner, Minnie Ratner, Eleanor Matlin, Patty Pierce, Esther Kaplan, Dorothy MacDonald, Iris Cadle, Gladys Treadwell, Peggy Keele, Shirley Rodin, Eleanor Kelsch, Phyllis Ullman, Pat Lyford.
- Fourth Row**—Betty McKenzie, May McCane, Miss Gauer, Helen Smith, Helen Milne, Martina Gusberti, Helen Zalkolsky, Rose Rosenbaum, Eleanora Pope, Riva Sectar, Ida Klock, Erene Smith, Helen Walker, Patty Thompson, Eleanor Walker, Pearl Britt, Kay Laird, Miss Cumming.
- Fifth Row**—Clara Luchik, Lillian Poloviski, Joyce, McKimm, Winnie Dalzell, Jeanette Winnik, Judy Serebrin, Margart Prosekiew, Jessie Yokabavski, Irene Swan, Victoria Mutter, Noel Blackwell, Irma Dickson, Isabel Gouldin, Rosaline Labovitch, Anne Park, Vivienne Colishaw, Edith Nelson.
- Last Row**—Muriel Toyer, Helen Galdzinska, Bertha Davis, Phyllis Craig, Sylvia Feldman, Lillian Rosen, Kay Gannon, Florence Geist, Joyce Staveley, Doreen Shaw, Kay Hyde, Winnifred Sulkers.



BOYS' TRACK TEAM

- Bottom Row**—Bob Shannon, Ronald Seatter, Dave Cooper, Morris Settler, Bernard Shwartz, Peter Musyk, Tom Forzley, Lawrence Barr, Meyer Milstock, Paul Handkomer, Gordon Hogg, Alan Katz, Neil Finlay, James, Chapman, Dave Kushner, Bill Juzda, Bernie Maluta, Norman Coodin.
- Second Row**—Meyer Brownstone, Les Oland, Hector Ross, Harry Winrob, Abe Roytenberg, Donald Beattie, Joe Rayman, Sam Boroditsky, Harold Bookbinder, George Bevan, Mickey Solomon, Mitchell Rayber, Sid Warhaft, Bian Burke, Leon Dorfman, Walter Rempel, Harold Zelbovitch, Tony Scrubailo, Steve Zoppa.
- Third Row**—Rubin Simkin, Archie Hammond, Abie Schwartz, Art Pitzek, Doug Baxter, Leon Saltzman, Joe Lebansky, Abe Gonor, Chicky, Zamick, Herb Kleiner, Sol Goorevitch, Martin Schwartz, Walter Tomiuk, Willie Lees, Ed Otto, Glen Tait, Ray Holloway, Roy McDonald, Albert Kaplan, Louis Osipov.
- Fourth Row**—Ken Britton, Rankin Hicks, Charlie Greenberg, Jim Grisdale, Bruce Brown, Alex Burnett, Jack Goltzman, Abie Simkin, Bill Wilson, Walter Carter, Alfred McKinna, George Astry, Bernard Short.
- Last Row**—Copol, Irvin Jacob, Harvey Bater, Charlie Blair, John Putter, Cecil Yan, Julius Starck, Jack Harris, Walter Metz, Harry Devore, Bud Shave, Murray Campbell.

GIRLS' FIELD DAY

ST. JOHN'S SHUTTLE TEAMS

By JOYCE PRESH

After weeks of extensive and interesting practices, the St. John's Shuttle Teams were ready to compete with all the other schools at the Inter-High Field Day. The teams were in tip-top shape. This was evidenced by the fact that Class A and B placed first, A class breaking the record and B Class tying the record.

Those forming the winning teams were:

A—Helen Smith (capt.), Anne Park, Lillian Rosen, Audrey Shaw, Doreen Shaw, Irene Smith, Irene Swan, Ida Klock, Lena Unger and Lilian Pauloski.

B—May McCaine (capt.), Elsie Durr, Riva Sectar, Joyce Presch, Martina Gusbertie, Ruth Harris, Lovie Hubicki, Margaret Roskew, Helen Zulkoski and Jessie Yocabovski.

HIGH JUMP

By MAY McCAINE

St. John's finished this year with several girls making places. Emma Weitzel placed second in Class A. Hazel Dale, the girl who smashed the previous record, came first, with Eleanor Walker placing third in Class C. Aster Recksiedler placed first in Class D. Martha Eichorn, also of Class D, and a Gordon Bell student tied for third position. It should be noted that three of the five girls that placed, namely, Emma, Hazel and Aster are all XI-L girls.

SPRINTS

By HELEN SMITH

In Class A sprint, Muriel Toyer had a poor start but showed great speed in overtaking all the sprinters except the lass from Kelvin. In Class D, Sylvia Kobrinsky had the honor of showing just what type of runners are trained at St. John's by placing second and giving the Kelvin sprinter as much competition as did Murel Toyer. Total points from the sprinters were: Muriel, 2; Sylvia, 2; making 4 points.

GIRLS' STANDING

Kelvin	52
St. John's	35½
Daniel McIntyre	29½
Gordon Bell	12½
Isaac Newton	12½

The fellow who goes to the bottom of things usually lands on top.

HURDLES

"Are we in it? Well, I guess!" This isn't the half of it. The Hurdle Teams all placed in their events and the Class A team broke the previous record with a time of 55 seconds flat. All the races were fast and closely contested, but the A team showed them all up.

There were no accidents and not as many drops as last year. All the girls ran their very best as shown by results:

Class A	First	Class C	Third
Class B	Second	Class D	Third

THE TEAMS ARE AS FOLLOWS:

Class A	Class B
Marjorie Gunner	Kay Hyde
Helen Milne	Erma Dickson
Winnie Dalzell	Kay Gannon
Betty MacKenzie	Gladys Tredwell
Mary Kimak	Mary Costling
Joyce McKinim	Helen Galdzinska
Iris Cadle	Rose Rosenbaum
Janet Winnick	Florence Geist

Spares	Spares
Bertha Davies	Joan Godfrey
Phillis Craig	Eleanor Pope

Class C—Alice Ferley, Patty Pierce, Kay Laird, Sonja Rodin, Connie Shewfelt, Ruth MacIntyre, Mira Inkster, Esther Kaplan.

Spares—Irene Sands, Anne Walker.

Class D—Peggy Banford, Peggy Sutter, Vivienne Cowlshan, Judy Serebrin, Phyllis Ullman, Pearl Britt, Eleanor Matlin, Margaret Sheidow.

Spares—Eleanor Kelsch, Laila Barsky.

BALL THROW

All the ball throwers were out at Sargent Park on Thursday May 18th, damp but "raring" to go. It rained all morning but turned out to be a splendid afternoon for the field day events.

Eleanor Walker placed second in the C Class, Helen Morrow third in the D Class. Congratulation, girls! Your throws were worth the energy. The competition was very stiff and therefore all the throws were the girls' best. All the losers were good sports about it, which furthers the name of St. John's in that respect.



HAMLET CAST

Bottom Row—Ruth Popeski (Player Queen), Mickey Solomon (Clown), Edith Egnell (Ophelia), Abie Roytenberg (Polonius), Sam Steinberg (Priest, Francisco), Meyer Brownstone (Clown).
Second Row—Abe Simkin (Horatio), Mr. D. N. Ridd (Director), Kay Robertson (Lady-in-Waiting), Mr. Holmes (Director), Helen Nicol (Queen), Mr. Newfield (Director), Sidney Chapman (King).
Last Row—Abe Silverstein (Rosencrantz), Sid Warhaft (Hamlet), Frank Lone (Player King), Paul Grosney (Trumpeter), Garth Metcalfe (Marcellus), Bob McConkey (Bernardo), Willie Karkinski (Ghost), Julian Robinson (Ambassador), Jack Goltzman (Guildenstern).
Missing—Homer Mannos (Laertes), Morley Kare (Osric), Melvin Guberman (Prologue King).

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

CLAUDIUS, <i>King of Denmark</i>	Sidney Chapmam		
HAMLET, <i>Son of the former King, and Nephew to the present</i>Sidney Warhaft		
HORATIO, <i>Friend of HAMLET</i>	Abe Simkin		
POLONIUS, <i>Lord Chamberlain</i>	Abe Roytenberg		
LAERTES, <i>his Son</i>	{ Homer Manos Israel Abramovitch		
VOLTIMAND } ROSENCRANTZ } GUILDENSTERN } OSRIC } Courtiers	{ Julian Robinson Abe Silverstein Jack Goltzman Morley Kare	
MARCELLUS } BERNARDO } Officers	{ Garth Metcalfe Robert McConkey	
FRANCISCO, <i>a Soldier</i>	Sam Steinberg		
REYNALDO, <i>Servant to POLONIUS</i>	Frank Lone		
A Priest	Sam Steinberg		
<i>Ghost of HAMLET'S Father</i>	Willie Karlinski		
<i>Two Clowns, Grave-diggers</i>	{ Mickey Solomon Meyer Brownstone		
GERTRUDE, <i>Queen of Denmark and Mother to HAMLET</i>	Helen Nicol		
OPHELIA, <i>Daughter to POLONIUS</i>	Edith Egnell		
Player King	Frank Lone	Third Player	Melvin Guberman
Player Queen	Ruth Popeski	Lady attendant	Kay Robertson
and other attendants.			

HAMLET

ON THE evening of December 8th and 10th, "Hamlet" was presented by a group of students. The presentation was especially interesting because of the popularity of "Hamlet" on the New York stage at the time and also because the play was on the Grade XI curriculum.

Great credit is due Messrs. Holmes, D. N. Ridd and Newfield for their untiring efforts to make the play the success that it was. They willingly gave up their time after four o'clock each night for practices.

The stage settings by Mr. Jones were very appropriate, especially that of the graveyard scene, in which the impression of the coffin being lowered into the grave was very realistic.

Misses I. Robson, M. Cumming and G. McKerchar were in charge of costumes. Fencing instruction was given by Mr. E. Birley. Messrs. Beer and Thierry were in charge of publicity and business. Mr. W. P.

Johnson was in charge of properties. Frema Tannenbaum provided piano music at interludes.

The leading parts were taken by Sidney Warhaft as the melancholy Dane, Abe Roytenburg as the crafty courtier Polonius, and Edith Egnell as the gentle Ophelia. Edith Egnell was excellent, especially in the mad scene. She portrayed the part so vividly that no one in the audience could ever forget that tragic scene. Sidney Warhaft was also outstanding in the soliloquies and various other scenes that required great skill. Abe Roytenburg as the king's adviser, was perfectly cast. He was greeted with laughter in every scene in which he appeared. He was Polonius in person, boastful and pompous, garrulous and foolish.

The presentation was a tribute to those who participated, and it will be difficult to surpass the performance given by this term's students.

GEOGRAPHY

AN attempt was made this year to supplement the Geography Course with a well organized program of visual education. Although there was considerable difficulty at first in getting films related to the work on our Assignments, it was possible to arrange for twelve films which were definitely integrated with the work taken up in Geography at the time. Among the most valuable of these films were the following:

The Story of Wheat.

The Tea Plantations.

From Sheep to Wearer.

National Parks of Canada.

Cotton.

Fishing.

The arrangement, whereby each Geography Class enjoyed one film, two formal lessons, and two informal lessons per week was seemingly much appreciated by the students. It is hoped that this method of supplementing formal instruction will be made possible in other departments of our school.

As secretary of a committee on Visual Education, Mr. Newfield is gathering data, and he hopes to have for September 1, 1939, a complete schedule of available films integrated with the Grade X and XI Geography course.

"We need a good machine, a few good operators, a class-room reserved for showing films, and a time-table so that each class may see one film per week on the work taken up. The rest is simple," Mr. Newfield claims.

ON INDIA

DURING one of our auditorium periods, a description of her visit to India was given by Miss Irwin, a former teacher of St. John's. It proved fascinating and enlightening. The talk was on many topics—the high mountains from which could be seen the clouds and glaciers a hundred miles away, glittering and sparkling in the sun; the universities of India, as modern as our own; the clothes of the women and peasants; the common means of transportation, which was by mule-drawn carts or automobile; the houses with the low thatched roofs; and the parliament where the men wore the colorful garments of their own castes.

What a picture they must have made! The party in power squatted on the floor on one side, and the opposition on the other, their dark, shining faces topped with bright towerings turbans, their loose garments tied with wide sashes. It is a contrast to our own parliament, as you can see.

Another subject was the magnificence of the beautiful buildings. Here were temples, cut out of solid rock, ornamented with intricate carvings. Many had bath houses on whose walls battle scenes were depicted. In front of one of the temples there stood, carved out of solid rock, a huge elephant and its driver. All these things add to the richness of India. The most beautiful building is the Tah Mahal, a spacious tomb built by a fabulously wealthy prince for his wife.

Such an impressive picture remains stamped on one's memory for a long time.

—Olga Zeebric.

Fear nothing except laziness.



“INJUSTICE AVENGED”

Prize-Winning Story

DONALD was sure that he had no conscience. “Sissy stuff,” he called it, “Sissy stuff.” His teacher had punished him for a misdemeanor; he was searching for revenge. Already in his small brain, plans were being formulated, mulled over, considered and invariably discarded. Each succeeding plan was more fantastic in outline, more incredible in intricacy than the preceding, yet each had as its fundamental detail some cunning by which he might be avenged, some *ruse de guerre* which resulted in the overthrow of the enemy, his teacher. Although he had been told that not all “injustice” must be avenged, he refused to kiss the rod that smote him, and proceeded in his plotting. Even in his innermost being, Donald would not admit that the idea of retribution frightened him. He did not even know the meaning of the word and, as for conscience . . . Pah!!

Time passed. The young schemer had arrived at no definite conclusion for a line of action although his promptings towards revenge still tarried with a strange and unnatural persistence. Each passing moment seemed to add fuel to the hot flame which pervaded his whole being with a strange and poignant warmth. The flame gave forth no light nor did it cast any shadows but burned steadily, exciting his emotions with its unaccustomed heat. Donald responded to its tingling touch with an unnatural fervour which urged him on to his purpose . . . but still no feasible plan presented itself.

The final bell rang and Donald, oblivious of the joyous shouts of release of the other pupils, of the shining warmth of the sun, of the playful breeze which rumbled his short blond curls, heeding only his inner prompt-

ings, walked out of the one-roomed school. Slowly he made his way across the school yard, over the mud road and onto the grass bordering a little wood. Here he paused for a moment in indecision. Then he slowly plodded along through the velvet green, through the shimmering fields and onto the bridge which spanned a deep silent stream. Again he stopped; and gazed at its secret depths. He leaned over the rail and saw his face mirrored indistinctly in the ever restless waters. How strange his features looked as the water rippled gently around the supporting beams! He picked up a stone and let it fall to his mocking image. There was a small splash, his reflection danced grotesquely and leered back at him while the little ripples, set in motion by the stone, kissed the rounded rocks with a sigh, lingered, and finally merged into obscurity with the surrounding expanse of water. Donald was fascinated by the unruffled tranquillity of the movements which offered such a sharp contrast to his turbulent emotions. He sat down against the side of the bridge . . . and was lulled into slumber by the muted sounds of the river.

At last, as in a dream, he appeared to wake and glance around. Only then did he realize how long he had lingered on the bridge; the breeze which had fanned his forehead had now died down, the long grass no longer whispered its sweet mystery to him and the rustling in the trees was stilled. The sun had lowered itself below the nearby woods and now, only occasionally could he see it as it glimmered through the trees like candle light gleaming through a lace curtain. Shadows threw their eerie mantles over the sombre ground. As he turned towards the stream he was struck by some subtle change

Luck has a habit of favouring those who use their brains.

in its aspect. It no longer flowed silently but now gurgled by with a sinister sound. The lilted water had exchanged its gleeful song for a dirge. Donald shrugged his shoulders and was about to start for home when suddenly he noticed somebody coming along through the woods. He peered into the deepening gloom, attempting to make out the figure which, he vaguely perceived, was that of a woman. Without a sound he crouched behind a tree and waited. The figure advanced slowly, passing so close to his hiding place that he could see how some dried leaves on the path were disturbed by the little currents and gusts of air set up by her movements. It was his teacher! He watched her closely as she shuffled along, ignorant of his presence, engrossed probably in her thoughts of the next day's lessons. She came to the bridge, was half way across when by some queer quirk of fate, she stopped to look over the side. Donald realized that here was the chance for which he had been waiting! Stealthily he crept out from behind the tree, onto the wooden planking of the bridge and behind the motionless woman.

In all his twelve years of life Donald had never considered the idea of death, nor was he able to visualize such a state in which there was a total cessation of physical being. To him life was merely in the present, there being no thoughts of the future; no . . . death.

He reached forward and, with a ridiculously simple shove, pushed her into the waiting waters! One startled scream rent his ear drums, echoed and re-echoed in the deepening gloom, deriding him in its persistent mockery until finally, it faded away into nothingness. His reflection laughed and whirled fiendishly back at him as he bent for one fleet moment over the railing. Then, as her head appeared above the water, he turned and fled with a derisive jeer of exultant satisfaction.

He ran and ran, until, out of breath, he sank down on the roadside and considered his deed. He felt no remorse as he visualized the sodden figure up to her waist in water, wading desperately towards the bank. He chuckled as he thought of her, trodding homeward, a pathetic forlorn figure with her bedraggled hair straggling wetly down her shoulders. He told himself that it served her right. "She had no right to punish me, anyway," he thought as he picked himself up from the grass and proceeded on his way homeward.

Home at last Donald sat down to a hearty supper, untroubled by any prickings or promptings of conscience, but thinking all the while of the clever little trick which, he con-

cluded, had been furnished by Providence itself. He swelled as he realized what a hero he would be to his school mates. He already heard himself telling his tale with a patronizing air, while they, awed into silence by his audacity, stood back and gaped. Already he was laying the plot for his story, inspired in his anticipation. At last, satisfied both in body and soul he rose from the table and made his way to bed.

Donald woke early next morning. He lazed in bed, thinking, thinking of his breakfast and of his "revenge." He wondered if his teacher had succeeded in cleaning herself to perfection or whether he would find that, on arriving at school, some traces of the venture still remained. Finally, he crawled out of bed, and, having dawdled longer than was traditional, he gathered up his books and left for school.

He came to the bridge and stopped to peer over the side. No sign, no suggestion, remained of the incident. He smiled silently and continued on his way. As he neared the little school house the door opened, and, to his surprise, the principal himself appeared to ring the bell. Donald trooped into the classroom with the rest of the pupils, taking no notice whatsoever of their presence. He sat in his seat puffed up with his own ego and listened condescendingly to the principal.

For a while he did not grasp the full significance of what the principal was saying; then, as some physical blow, it struck him with a stunning force. Amazement, concern, misapprehension and dread were mirrored in quick succession on his countenance. He became weak and deflated. He could not see clearly.

" . . . and so school will be closed as a mark of respect to her memory. I trust that . . . "

Then . . .

Donald woke to find himself seated on the side of the bridge. Wildly he glanced about him. Had he dreamed it all? He shivered as he realized that it had been nothing but the coinage of his brain. Thankfully he picked himself up and hurried home, overflowing with a new found knowledge; he knew now that never would he be able to carry out any act of revenge against authority because, he knew, he had a conscience.—Sid Warhaft.

* * *

"I never felt a piece of felt the same as that felt felt when first I felt the piece of felt that my felt hat was made from."

MY FUTURE VOCATION AND WHY I CHOOSE IT

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY

HAVE people ever felt that playwrights were related to those strange beings who wander about performing with puppets, to the delight of their audiences? My greatest ambition has always been to be a playwright. Probably I shall never be great. At least, I shall feel that I have made an effort to increase the happiness of humanity.

A playwright does serve humanity. He has the power to enchant people and carry them off into a second world of strange happiness and sorrow. People need diversion from the daily turmoil of living. Where can they lose themselves and forget their worries? Only in a darkened theatre can they live in a world of imagination which obliterates the drabness and sordidness of their surroundings. Plays are a boon to trouble-laden minds for they represent characters who are placed in almost similar predicaments, as living people themselves. The results are usually satisfying, and the people leave the theatre with lighter and gayer hearts. Should a playwright have a new world, or put before them a reflection of their own lives, he will have achieved a great task.

Of course, a playwright should have an ingenious imagination. But he should train this quality to conform to the certain rules of writing plays. Besides this, a playwright, with a knowledge of human nature would use the characteristics of living persons to portray his own imaginary character. These persons, probably, would never discover that they had contributed to the formation of those characters. This is certainly an achievement in itself.

Plays have contributed very much to the lives of people. For instance, they are able to touch the chords of human emotions, and thus allow the innermost feelings of an audience, to escape. For the most part, people, because of necessity, must control their emotions to a great extent. In plays, however, the characters give vent to emotional expressions, and thus create the required atmosphere for the presentation of the play. Alas! Convention does not permit the open expressions of extreme anger or joy. Only on the stage can such emotions evoke approval and even admiration. Also, without plays, people find little romance in their everyday life. Everyone finds pleasure in gazing upon beautiful and breathtaking scenes. The wealthier people compare these magnificent scenes to their own domiciles, thus finding a mutual interest in these plays. On the other hand, the other people lacking these fineries, are

only too glad to leave the world of reality and live, for one evening, in a whirl of gaiety and riches. The task of pleasing everyone is a difficult one. The more widespread the writer's appeal, the greater he is.

The plays of a great playwright are universal in spirit. He must present life as it always is differing from age to age, only in costumes, scenery and speech. A playwright attempts during his career, to produce both comedies and tragedies. Only a few, such as Shakespeare, have become renowned for both comedies and tragedies. Most playwrights, however, excel either in tragedy or comedy. If I were to attempt to excel in writing plays, I should choose tragedies, for they provide people with excitement, suspense, mystery, terror and horror. Tragedy appears so realistic, that people imagine themselves in the same situation as the characters in the play, are placed. Therefore, plays have the power to stir people's imaginations and create a world of new thoughts and ideas.

To be successful, a playwright must possess certain qualities. These are: sympathy (to gain the sympathy of his audience), humor (to provide relief after dramatic scenes), creative ability (to form plots and characters, resembling present-day life) expressive language (either to strengthen or weaken the powers of a character), dramatic power (to provide drama and excitement), and above all, a deep understanding of human nature (to produce characters which appeal to the audience). Through his plays, a playwright strives to instil his audience with a better more thorough, understanding of life. For these reasons, I feel, that in writing plays, I shall reach the height of my ambition.

By Goldie Bookhalter, Rm. 18.

MEDAL WINNER

Last year's winner of the Governor General's Medal for outstanding athletic and scholastic achievement was Maurice Zamick. Because of his acting ability Maurice took the part of The Duke of Plazatora in the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta "The Gondoliers." His athletic proficiency won him a place on the St. John's relay team in the inter-high field day. Moreover his scholastic record for the year was one of the best in the school. It is to be hoped that many more students in St. John's will have records of achievements equal to that of Maurice Zamick.

Ambition has no rest.

THE LIFE OF A MOUNTIE

SECOND PRIZE ESSAY

IT HAS been said that it is hard to get into, and easy to get out of The Royal Canadian Mounted Police Force. The first part of this at least is true. The recruit has to have high mental and physical qualifications. He must have finished and complete a high school education in either the English or the French language. Five feet eight inches is the minimum height for an applicant, and he must have no physical defects. He should be a man of high general intelligence, quick to learn, and always ready to adapt himself to any situation. Another necessity is that the recruit must be ready to obey, promptly and willingly, all orders and commands. Thus it may be seen that only the finest and the best young men are chosen to wear the red coat.

The training of the recruit is done quickly, yet proficiently. If he has not already studied first aid, he is given a complete course on that subject, so that as a mountie, he will be able to help himself and others medically, in time of need. One of the most important parts of his training is the acquiring of a thorough knowledge of the laws he must enforce. In earlier times, recruits were taught how to care for animals, as horses and dogs were much used. Nowadays, however, only a few branches of the force employ animals; the others using cars or aeroplanes, in the use of which the recruits are instructed. Military training, and instruction in the use of firearms are also included in their course of training. The applicants must pass examinations on all of these subjects before they may commence their duties as policemen.

In the villages and small towns of Canada the law is enforced by the Mounties. As well as keeping peace and order in their own rural district, they co-operate with the rest of the force in times of emergency. Mounted police cars patrol the main public highways across Canada, and see that traffic laws are obeyed. The Mounted Police act as bodyguards for travellers who need protection while crossing our country. They may be called to guard banks in special cases, and are regular guards in government offices such as our parliament buildings. Fighting forest fires may at times add more thrill to their already exciting lives. Mounted Police launches patrol the coasts to see that marine laws are kept, and to stop smuggling. In Northern Canada the Mounties rule the Eskimos, trappers, and Indians by themselves, acting as governors, doctors, advisors,

and protectors. Many tales have been told, and many stories have been written about the daring and unselfish deeds of these kings of Canada's North.

In deciding upon promotions, the most important factor considered is the Mountie's record as a constable. Men who are trustworthy and quick-thinking, and who have qualities of leadership are chosen to be promoted. Lance corporals, corporals, and sergeants are promoted from the ranks. For the officers above the sergeants—inspectors and commissioners, men are appointed by the government and receive commissions much the same as militia officers. Mounties who start as constables have little chance of becoming commissioned officers, but if they do their work honestly and well, they have a good chance of becoming non-commissioned officers. It is no disgrace not to be promoted, for each man must do his duty in his own capacity if a strong and unified force is to be maintained.

As all Royal Canadian Mounted Police branches work from a central control, they are not swayed by any local influences. Thus they are more likely to deal more fairly with all cases. Another advantage of their central control is that they have freedom to act in any province and may pursue criminals through any part of Canada, while provincial police may act in one province only. Since these officers who enforce and administer our laws are so carefully chosen, so thoroughly trained, and so rigidly disciplined, it is not surprising that Canada, as a whole, is a peaceful, law-abiding country.

—By George Sisler, Rm. 35.



What we are to be, we are now becoming.

How to Lose Friends and Alienate People

Third Prize Essay

It is really a very simple thing to lose friends and alienate people if you set about doing so in the right way. It is also encouraging to find how quickly this can be accomplished.

A good beginning would be to show other people they don't amount to much. Show them up to all their friends because naturally they want everybody to have a good opinion of them. Then you must scoff and laugh at all their ideas before other people and you'll work wonders.

Another method, and I think a very good one, is to arrange other people's lives for them. Some people have the silly notion they want to live their life according to their own plans. Your job is to tell them that they are botching things up pretty badly and that they are going to make a mess of things if they don't follow your instructions. Be sure to enforce your advice, for after all, it isn't your life, and you won't suffer if things go wrong.

One of the surest and shortest ways to unpopularity is to find small faults; the effects are tremendous. You know, always make little remarks such as, "Your hair is a mess;" "You look so awkward when you run;" "You are going about that job in altogether the wrong way." A peck here, a peck there, and you will find your friends won't be calling on you so often.

In the whole art of losing friends and alienating people one of the most effective ways is to talk about yourself all the time. Of course you yourself are aware that you are a remarkably wonderful person. The question is, does everybody else know about you. Your duty then is to see that they do. If by any chance in any of your conversations the topic turns to the other person you must switch it back to where it belongs and bring yourself in the spotlight.

One of the guaranteed methods to lose friends is to argue. Argue about everything, religion, politics, school systems, things you know something about and above all, things you know nothing about. Try to give the impression that you are an authority on every possible subject. May I remind you, although I'm sure you know, to always have the last word in any argument. The result from faithfully practising this simple rule is astonishing.

Do you like people who have to be coaxed? I don't, so there you are. Never do anything that is requested of you willingly. If the

crowd wants to go cycling don't be foolish enough to consent to go right away, wait till you are coaxed and begged. Then finally consent but let them know that you are being a martyr to the cause.

Now if you will honestly practice these few simple rules for just a little while and no matter where you are, I guarantee you will get results. In no time you will have no friends hanging around you, taking up all your worthy time. And you, my friends, will have to live alone and like it.

—Leya Lauer, Rm. 18.

HONORABLE MENTION

Dear, Dear, Hamlet:

They say you are dead—you are not really dead, are you? You cannot be; to me you are too real. Everyday you, Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, are the subject of discussion, by students of high schools, colleges, directors, actors—you know—those who try to interpret you—ah, as if that were possible!

You, Hamlet, are the cause of my sleepless nights, and I doubt if I shall ever be able to understand you. I cannot make up my mind if you are the most completely insane person, and just pretending that you are sane, or if you are really sane and acting insanelly, by putting on your "antic disposition" (whew, what a mix-up).

I am only one of many high school students who discuss you every day—why—I should like to know? Why is it we have to memorize things you said?—"To be or not to be, that is the question"—and if we do not memorize your soliloquies we lose a grading—stupid senseless soliloquies. Or is it that these soliloquies are so stupendous and so wise in their import that they are worth remembering? I really have not made up my mind.

Hamlet, do you know, you remind me greatly of myself, and yet, I guess you remind many people of themselves. Perhaps that is why I cannot make up my mind whether you are a fool or a genius for I am comparing you to myself. You seem a coward for you are always running away from things, or putting them off—ha, Don't we all? Do you want to know something else—you are conceited. You think you are deep and silent and mysterious—don't you, and what is more, everyone agrees with you. I do not. I think you are superficial and selfish. You are so busy thinking of yourself and your thoughts, that you do not think of anyone

(Continued on Page 75)

No gain without pain.

Hints for Applicants

MISS KERR, who has charge of the training of sales people in one of our large department stores, gave the Commercial and Practical Art girls some pointers on "getting and keeping" a position in the business world.

The one essential for the girl graduate looking for a position is—Courage. Because of the scarcity of jobs and the number of available people to fill them, you need all the courage you can possibly have, to keep on trying. On leaving school it is wise to know the firms that employ girls of our age in Junior positions.

When you are granted an interview, remember that your appearance, the way you walk, your voice, your actions, all speak as loudly as your written qualifications. The interviewer is impressed by how you look—dress, face, hair, hands. Neatness and simplicity in dress should be noted. Make-up should be applied lightly and well. Your hair should be carefully arranged and remember that curls are best for evening wear. Your hands play an important part, also. If they look well-cared-for it is a sign of personal neatness. The way you walk depends greatly on the type of shoe you wear. High heels are out of place in an office. Comfortable walking heels that are straight and trim are the best. Uncomfortable footwear will often have a bad effect on your temper and facial expression. Voice, today, plays an important part. Telephone conversations, meeting the public, etc., are in the daily routine of a stenographer—a pleasant voice is therefore an essential. When you have been granted an interview do not fuss, or fidget while talking. Give your undivided attention and stand or sit upright. Answer all questions and think of what you have to offer, and be ready with your qualifications. If you have to fill in an application, also answer the questions to the best of your ability and add any extra things that you have at your command. When you have gone, the employer has only the application to judge you by—it must speak well for you. Writing counts in this manner of applying for a job.

School subjects are related to your work in many ways. In speaking to a prospective employer your English is brought into use. Composition is always needed in an office.

If you have a position remember that you may not like all your work. Because you do not like your employer, or manager do not take a dislike to the work. Learn to

adapt yourself to people. If you do not agree with your fellow workers you will not get along well in your work. In working for some other person you must learn to discipline yourself. You must learn to work as well when the boss is there as when he is absent. This fits in with the self-governing scheme now set up in the school, as it is teaching us Self-Discipline.

You should be able to take criticism of your work, from your employer. Girls are very apt to cry, and tears are strictly taboo in an office. If you are crying you will not hear what your employer has to say, and your tears will only make him nervous. The person in charge is not criticising you, he is criticising your work, and if he were not trying to help you he would not bother to tell you; he would simply get someone else to do the job.

If you are working with other people—do not be a grouch. A grouch is contagious and a person who has one is never popular and you will generally find that they are job hunting. You must pull together in an office, and understand the other person's viewpoint. Do your share of the work, and a little extra if you can, because sometime you will want someone to help you.

Adaptability is a very good quality to have in your work as well as in making friends. If you can do a different job, do it, and do not complain that it is not your work. The little extra you do may lead to something better, something you never thought you could do, or hope to do. Take things as they come and take them in your stride. Use the adaptability you have. Think for yourself.

In seeking advancement in your position do your work well and finish things once you have started them; then you are in line for the next best position.

Courtesy is naturally expected of all employees, and if you are courteous you will be liked all the more.

If you are looking for work, if you have a position, or if you want to advance yourself, remember:

"It is not what we know. It is what we do about what we know that counts."

—Vivian Stack.

Two miners were enviously looking at the glittering display in a jeweller's window.

"Wouldn't you like to 'ave yer pick among that lot?" said one.

"I'd sooner 'ave me shovel," came the reply.

Never give up; 'tis the secret of glory.

My Travels to the Orient

THE beginning of my memorable experience took place in the St. John's High School Library. I received a phone call instructing me to report for duty as a bridge messenger on the R.M.S. Empress of Asia, which sails to Japan, China, and the Philippine Islands. The next day found me on a C.P.R. west-bound train for Vancouver. On Friday I signed up and received my instructions from the chief-officer.

The following morning we left Vancouver at 11 A.M. Five hours later, having passed through the inland sea amid scenic beauty which only B.C. weather can maintain, we arrived at the capital, Victoria. At 6.30 P.M., head and stern lines were cast off and our ship headed for the expansive Pacific. During the following hour, ninety-five Chinese sailors and bosuns prepared the ship for sea, by battening hatches down and lashing derricks and booms in place.

As darkness fell, the grey shoreline of Vancouver Island slipped below the horizon, the navigating officers laboured over nautical charts, and a stiff breeze washed salty sprays over the forecastle. The 10-day ocean voyage had begun without any noticeably interesting incidents. Of course, there were a number of people who were seasick, but being lucky, I was sick for only four days. On the fifth day out we were some 80 miles south of the Aleutian Islands.

An S.O.S. was received from a Polish freighter which was having difficulty with its steering gear, but as we were some four hundred miles away, we were unable to give assistance. We lost a day because of the Meridian (International date line). I went to bed Wednesday night and woke up Friday morning. On the morning of the next Wednesday we sighted the Japanese coast, having covered the 4,210 miles from Victoria to Yokohama in 10 days. The harbor at Yokohama is an inlet 15 miles long. All the way we were escorted by Japanese pursuit planes and destroyers. In places along the Inlet, Japanese naval bases could be seen—places that swarmed with activity and that were literally crowded with battleships, cruisers, and other water craft, ready to take the trip to China. At 11.15 A.M. heaving lines were cast ashore and we tied up at the Oambushi docks, after being thoroughly examined by Japanese doctors and customs officials. At 4 P.M. I changed clothes and was greatly relieved when once again I could "Punch gravel" among the bicycles, autos, and pedestrians crowding the narrow streets.

Ridley Haeves, (another messenger), and I took a taxi to Isezakciho Dori St., (don't try pronouncing it; you'll become tongue-tied), where we saw school girls marching in columns carrying their native emblem, the "Rising Sun." The scarcity of men and boys was noticeable, and all the children's toys were imitations of war machines which tended to create a patriotic spirit. From Isezakciho Dori we went to the German Bakery on Bentendori St. for supper, and after that to the "Bar Moon," (don't get me wrong!) These bars are the only place where you can get a soft drink. On returning to the ship I went on duty at midnight until 4 A.M. From the bridge of the ship I could see through a telescope the glimmering lights of Tokio, the proud city and capital of Japan. Thursday morning we left Yokohama for Kobe, a distance of 350 miles which we made in 22 hours. Orders were given by the Staff-Captain to change into our white uniforms.

The ship docked badly on arrival at Kobe, 6 A.M. Friday because of a strong tide. On Motomachi St. we went into the Restaurant Beehives where I walked off with an ash-tray and forgot to pay for it (?). At 2 P.M. we left for Nagasaki, leaving behind beautiful flowers and evergreen forests that lined the shoreline. In this country where the weather is always warm, poisonous insects and disease are numerous; many people are subject to ailments, and I was no exception. My feet became infected with a disease called "Hong Kong Foot." The next morning we entered the "Inland Sea," and passed Locki Sacki Prison, Japan's Alcatraz. Sharks practically outnumbered the jellyfish in the water surrounding the small island, where the inmates are occupied in manufacturing brass. At 5 P.M. we moored at two buoys in Nagasaki harbor after having broken two wire hawsers each 4 inches in diameter. Here the ships are coaled by Japanese men, women and children by using a chain system. The coal is put into small straw baskets and passed from the coal barges to the ship. Nagasaki is noted for its huge coal excavations which are greatly coveted by the Japanese. All the oil tanks that dot the shore are painted in different bright colors to act as a camouflage. In the tender that took us to and from the ship, we passed an iron factory, where two new cruisers were being built.

On Sunday morning at 8 A.M. we left Nagasaki for Shanghai. Later in the afternoon we ran into a very dense fog. By 12 P.M. the fog was as thick as pea soup and

Always keep your boots polished; you can shine at one end if not at the other.

we narrowly missed colliding with a German ship. The next day, having made a tiresome journey up the Yangtze Kiang and Whangpoo rivers, we arrived in Shanghai, once the "Queen of China." British, American, Italian, French and numerous Japanese warships cluttered up the Whangpoo river, off Hunt's wharf. On every trip the Empress of Asia makes between Shanghai and Hong Kong, there is a general migration of Chinese peasants, and before leaving Shanghai the following morning at five-thirty, we had taken on 700 Chinese. Although the ship docks in China proper, a tender takes the passengers to the International Settlement. Here articles are sold very cheaply as Chinese labor has a low value. The Canadian dollar is worth six dollars in Shanghai currency. Tuesday, May the 30th, we left Shanghai with the 700 Chinese on board, along with 13 Hong Kong Policemen (mostly Russians), who were stationed at strategic points on the ship such as the bridge, wireless room, engine room, in case of piracy among the Chinese crew while passing along the Chinese Coast line.

Hong Kong, the next port of call, can be compared in scenic beauty with Victoria. There are mountains of lower altitude than in Canada, but they surpass them in grandeur of shape and evergreen-sloping sides. Places of interest for English-speaking visitors include the Y.M.C.A., Peninsula Hotel and the Fang Ling golf course. Eucalyptus trees divide the road from the paddy rice fields. These fields are flooded constantly and are set in a manner similar to a flight of steps so that the lower ones receive water from the fields higher up. At intervals, small cylindrical pots appear in various numbers along the sides of the mountains, white clay pots that are clouded in mystery—Chatty Pots. In these airy objects corpses are stuffed after a burial ceremony of highest Chinese religious rites. On top of a deceased person all their worldly wealth is placed, any person removing the lids is ultimately cursed for life—a queer Chinese superstition.

Turning our thoughts back to the harbor, we find no fewer than nineteen British Naval Crafts surrounding the island of Hong Kong. From the decks of the Empress of Asia, docked at Kowloon, other modern features attract the eye. To the left the China Clipper takes off for San Francisco, via Manilla. Across the harbor an electric cable-car picks its way up the side of the mountain to the Typan Settlement. This sky-high dwelling is at the top of a mountain, and is populated by people (mostly English), of fairly wealthy means.

Thursday evening our ship left for Manilla,

Phillipine Islands and American possessions. The two day journey was uneventful except for the increasingly hot weather and the regular routine.

The first sight of Manilla gave me the impression of a very beautiful Americanized city. The pier outshone the fine piers of Vancouver, and the green grass, the swaying palm trees and the tanned faces, added a splendour that could only be found in such places. At night, the dance halls at Santa Anna Cabaret and the Le Gaspi Hotel swarmed with American gobs and the infantrymen. By the use of a long rubber band we were able to knock the crawling Chameleons off the ancient walls surrounding the city. Manilla is enclosed by a huge wall, erected by the Spaniards in 1503 and has since been given the name "The Walled City." The Manilla Cathedral re-erected at the same time has been temporarily demolished at intervals by two tornadoes and three cyclones, only to be rebuilt each time. In the streets the forms of transportation vary from a water-buffalo and cart to a present day stream-lined automobile. Mangoes, Lychees, and promoloes take the place of Canadian oranges, apples and bananas. As is the nature of different people, the Phillipinos have peculiar habits. When a ship is leaving port and persons wish to attract the attention of passengers they do not call them by name as is the custom in Canada, but they make hissing sounds which, when blended, sound like a dozen steam-rollers going up hill.

Because of lack of time I am unable to relate the discovery of a stowaway in Nagasaki; the two water spouts at Kobe, a very rare sight; the rescue of a Chinaman 150 miles at sea off the coast of Swatow; the war-torn country of Woo Sung, adjacent to Shanghai; the burial of an engineer at sea; and various other occurrences that make the trip so exciting and interesting.—H.C.C.

JERUSALEM

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the Holy Lamb of God on
England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the Countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark, Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear, O clouds unfold
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In this our green and pleasant land.

Poverty is often just a state of mind created by the neighbour's new car.

POETRY

WANDERER'S THOUGHTS

First Prize

The pulse of spring's astir today,
From out the heart of dawn,
And echoes of her laughing song
Still softly linger on,
I hear the call of happy winds
On wings that sweep and soar,
And every thought that leaps within
Turns back to home once more.

I know an eager rambling road
That wanders at its will,
And when the twilight fades to dusk
It climbs a gentle hill;
I know a secret sky-filled pool
Where shadows frisk and chase
And every mellow sunbeam weaves
A web of tangled lace,
And in the evening silences
As nature takes to rest,
The little weary wistful ones
She gathers to her breast;
I know the dearest winding path
Where drifts of wild bloom sway,
And all the soul of joy and light
And childhood fancies play;

The old forgotten dreams and myths
Like loving finger-tips
Seal soft the yearning misted eyes,
And close the trembling lips,
The song of spring is filled with tears,
The strange notes rise and soar,
And every thought that leaps within
Turns back to home once more.

—Selena Butler.

COMPARISON

Second Prize

My lady fair with stately grace
Walks in the tall trees' shady lace,
But she does not notice nor cares to see
The poppies perfect symmetry.
Her heart has never in time kept beat
With the frightened footsteps of woodland
feet,
She cares not for the seeding sod
Nor the yellow glory of the golden-rod;
And tho' my lady may walk with grace
She has an empty heart and a soulless face.

She passed—and then I chanced to spy
A ragged gypsy dancing by,
Her beauty could not with my lady's compare

And yet a mystical radiance was there;
I watched her caress a flower's sweet lip
With the sensitive touch of her finger tip
She knows the secret of the willows that
quiver
As they murmur gently to the river;
She lives with the flowers and forest folk
wild
And, a lover of nature, she is nature's own
child.

So gypsy and lady passed on their way
And I was left richer in thought on that day.

—Ron Srogen, Class 11F.

YOUTH

Third Prize

What does a fellow long to do,
After his schooling days are through,
After he's left the daily grind
Of trying to educate his mind.
All the fun of the football game,
And winning the cup for High School fame,
Of rushing home with an "A" report,
Or dragging step and an average of "Naught,"
Of learning to give and learning to take,
And the best of a difficult job to make,
To be generous when "up," to be fair when
"down,"

To take his own blame or wear his own
crown.

I'm asking—when all of these tasks are
through—

What does a fellow long to do?

Does he dream fame awaits him just over the
rim,

With all the world's plaudits resounding for
him?

Does he long for adventures in the air, on
land, or sea,

Or hope that some day an explorer he'll be?
Does he dream of the love of a wife and a
son,

A harbor of "Home" when adventuring's
done?

Will he give the experience in other lands
bought,

His knowledge, whatever his wanderings
have taught,

All that he gathered of good and of gain,
For the use of Mankind, thus returning again,
Back to the world what the world gave to
him?

Is this what a fellow is longing to do
After his schooling days are through?

Deryck Hetherington, XD.

When you are up to your neck in water, think of the kettle and sing.

FREE

I long to cast my burdened ties,
To free my surging soul,
To let it fly high to the skies,
Untouched by humans' weary sighs,
To seek my wanted goal.

Where would my errant footsteps turn,
What is this goal I seek?
What longing in my heart doth burn
That tends all common things to spurn?
List and my soul doth speak.

I long to rush, to plunge, to break
The Ocean's mighty wave,
Its turbulence with pleasure take,
Its mem'ry never to forsake—
The gladness that it gave.

I long to rove a sandy shore,
And hearken to the mermaids' song,
As rising from the Ocean's floor,
Her tune will echo evermore,
Where e'er I drift along.

These fettered garments let me shed,
Let freedom lead me on,
The earth's green grasses cool to tread,
Pearled with the dew and vastly spread—
The Sun's warm cloak to don.

And when the stilly night will fall—
Perhaps a mist of rain,
My hungry ears will hear the call
Of Philomel; o'er treetops tall
Will float the silver strain.

And how my heart will soar and sing,
As in God's land I roam,
Perhaps I'll find a friend who'll cling,
We'll let the flight of Freedom wing,
Until we're led to Home.

—Irene Levene, Room 23, XI-L.

THE FOREST

Oh, come to the cool green forest,
Oh, come, I'll lead the way,
To the prettiest spot in New Zealand,
Where tree ferns bend and sway.

Oh, come to the cool green forest,
Where the air is sweet with flowers,
Where sepals light from clematis white,
Fall to the earth in showers.

Oh, come to the cool green forest,
Come eat of the berries so sweet.
The karaka yellow, the tawa
Fall, tempting you to eat.

Oh, come to the cool green forest,
Oh, come, I'll lead the way,
Where the kauri, the rata, and rimu,
Sweepingly bend and sway.
—Joy McKimm.

THE SUN STEPS OUT

The sun is like a ball of gold,
I'm sure he must be very old,
His dancing rays are bright and hot,
Oh yes, he's bright but I am not,
For here I lie, a lazy form
That dear old Sol is keeping warm.
He's had his job for many years,
I'm sure at times he's bored to tears,
Perhaps that's why it sometimes rains,
We don't appreciate his pains
Is what he thinks from day to day,
What's more he never gets his pay
To spend on Lady Moon at night.
Yes, he deserves a day or two,
As jobs like his are hard to do,
For years and years he's shone, you see,
On lazy people just like me.

—E. Stoneham, Room 23.

A DREAM

All yesterday I was spinning—
Sitting alone in the sun
A dream so deep and entrancing
That it lasted all day long.

I took the threads for my spinning
From the perfumed summer air,
And a golden ray of sunlight
Was woven in here and there.

The shadows grew darker and darker
The evening wind blew by,
And the purple splendour of sunset
Flooded the western sky.

But I could not leave my spinning
For so fair my dream had grown.
I heeded not the evening
Nor how silent the day had flown.

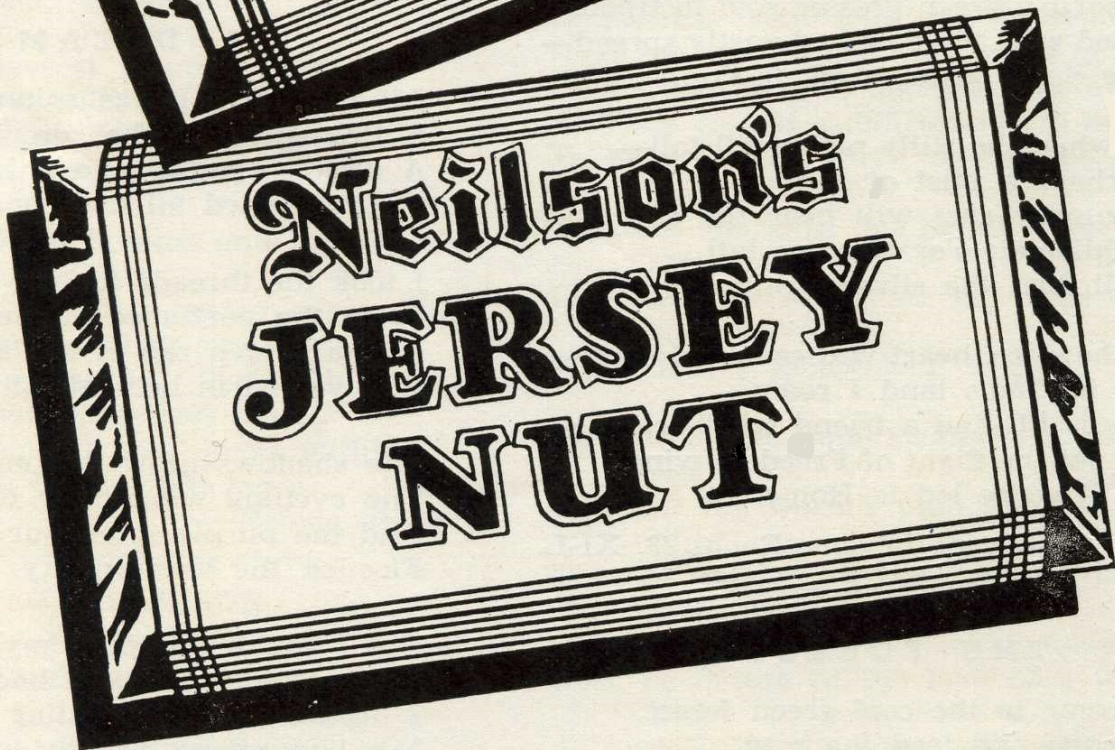
At last the shadows fell around me
And the night came dark and chill.
I rose and ran down the valley
And left my dream on the hill.

I went up again in the morning
To where my spinning lay,
But only the glistening dew-drops
Remained of my dream today.

—Stella Rychlik, Room 34, XI H.

Stick together—Every time a banana leaves the bunch it gets skinned.

Enjoy -



Neilson's

THE BEST MILK CHOCOLATE MADE

PEACE?

Honorable Mention

Just twenty years ago this year we swore
that war was through,
To settle national differences we knew what
we would do,
We formed a League of Nations where each
country could discuss
All international quarrels with the minimum
of fuss.

But right at the beginning, almost 'ere the
League began,
United States got peeved, withdrew, and
nearly spoiled the plan.
So with this fine beginning, is it any wonder
why
The League does almost nothing now, but
hem and haw, and sigh?

When that upstart Mussolini, with the
promontory chin,
Made war on Ethiopia, the League should
have stepped in
And, using tact and firmness, and if neces-
sary force,
Have called his bluff and made him climb
right down from his high horse.

But the League took no such action, simply
looked the other way,
At each meeting talked of sanctions, but
adjourned until next day.
This went on until Il Duce had Selassie well
in line
Then the League clamped down with sanc-
tions saying "Things would turn out
fine."

Though the League was almost useless in
this war Il Duce won,
Good old Britain tried to stop it, doing all
that could be done,
But the other "Powers" did nothing, only
sat upon the fence
And wondered where Great Britain would
get any recompense.

Then came the war in China with the brutal
Nipponese
With their infantry and aircraft came across
the China Seas
And on Chinese soil their banners of the
Rising Sun unfurled,
For Japan was grabbing China in defiance
of the world.

To make things still more horrible, there
came the Spanish war
Which each side did its best to make more
dreadful than before;

Then that dictator Hitler took advantage of
this row
To subdue the Czechs and Slovaks—no one
seems to know just how.

And yet despite these awful facts, we're arm-
ing now apace,
For war which may exterminate the entire
human race.
I wonder if we'll ever learn our foolish scraps
to cease—
Forget our feuds and live at last in universal
peace.

—Deryck Hetherington.

IN MOMENTS OF SORROW

Honourable Mention

In moments of sorrow when darkness prevails
When mankind is weary with pain,
God! help me to banish the grief and the
strife
And fill me with love once again.

In moments of sorrow when justice has fled,
When Hatred and Cruelty reign,
Lord! help me to conquer the evil, the false,

In moments of sorrow when falters my soul
Where tears of the wide world have lain,
God! show me the beauty, the goodness of life
And fill me with love once again.

Aye, strengthen me Lord, with Thy wisdom
and faith,
Let courage my frail heart retain,
That I may embrace with a warm loving soul
Thy world with its sorrow and pain.

—Selena Butler.

JEALOUSY, A SONNET

Honourable Mention

Thou cursed, venom'd snake that sends the
soul
From Eden out into the blackest night.
Thou slinking, slithering messenger of blight,
Worming slowling inward towards thy goal.
Foul serpent! Blight not thou my wretched
soul.

I am aware of thee and know thy might;
Poison not me with thine accursed bite.
Thou asketh from me far too great a toll.
Let not my being harbour thee in aught,
I will not have thee! Go thy wretched way
In blackness. Against thee my heart hath
sought

To emerge triumphant, holding thee at bay.
My gleaming sword of FAITH thy fangs has
fought,

And thou hast been defeated in the fray.

—Sam Steinberg.

Some get bent with toil and some go crooked trying to avoid it.



Torchy Goes To The Opera

TUESDAY, February 28th, is the time—St. John's Auditorium is the place—the event is the presentation by the St. John's Musical Club of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado." The orchestra plays the overture. The packed auditorium is quiet as the "first nighters" wait for the curtain to rise. The overture ends and an expectant hush falls over the auditorium.

A figure enters from the wings to be greeted by a wave of applause. It is Miss Marjorie Horner directing her fourth consecutive Gilbert and Sullivan opera. She raises her baton, signals to pianist Ada Elwick and the opening chord is struck. As the curtain rises Miss Gauer watches the actions of the performers and Miss McCord shapes every word of the libretto with her lips. Nothing must go wrong!

The first act is over! Your reporter is asked the same question over and over again, "How did it sound?"

"It's wonderful," I answered and I'm telling the truth.

The "veterans" hastens to assure all that the second act will be "still better." The director rushes around to give pointers to the various performers.

The second act opens with "Braid the Raven Hair" and from that point everything runs smoothly.

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday are replicas of Tuesday's performance. Thursday night the performers reach the "peak" of perfection.

SIDELIGHTS. After every performance the audience, making for the exits, could be

heard whistling or humming the catchy tunes of the opera: "A Wandering Minstrel," "Miya Sama," "The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring," "A More Humane Mikado," "Tit-Willow," etc. . . The love scene between Katisha and Ko-Ko stopped the show every night. The audience went wild when Ko-Ko ("Prexy" Rempel) mingled a little "trucking" in with the number "Derry-Down-Derry" . . . Wednesday's show had a pause which Gilbert and Sullivan never intended it to have, due to Paul "Pooh-Bah" Lindquist's too conspicuous garters . . . Another "scriptless" move occurred Tuesday when Ruth "Katisha" Popeski shook "Ko-Ko's" wig loose and only a quick movement by the "executioner" reversed the popular impression of a "be-header" by keeping a "head" on instead of taking it off . . . Between acts and after the performance the future "Carusos" and "Galli Curcis" were besieged by "autograph hounds" . . . A young lady who deserves great praise is diminutive Ada Elwick, "pianiste extraordinaire" who accomplished the feat of four consecutive performances without one error . . . Mr. Bailey's unorthodox method of conducting his excellent orchestra was very amusing to the audience . . . Orchestral solos were handled admirably by Estelle Aursoy, Paul Grosney and Alvin Sprintz . . . Other operatic soloists who stood out were Eunice Shackell, Marion Suppes, Pat Lyford, Ilene Meder, Phyllis Randall, Eva Lev, Julius Starck, Jim Chess and Roy McColl . . . Truly outstanding performers were Ruth Popeski, Ann Tate, Betty Thorpe, Paul Lindquist and Walter Rempel.

Some people do not seem to grasp why they were given two ears and one tongue.

CAST

MIKADO RAY MCCOLL
 NANKI-POO (Son of Mikado, disguised as a wandering
 minstrel, in love with Yum-Yum) JULIUS STARCK
 PISH-TUSH (A Noble Lord) JIM CHESSE
 KO-KO (Lord High Executioner of Titipu) WALTER REMPEL
 POOH-BAH (Lord High Everything Else) PAUL LINQUIST

YUM-YUM }
 PEEP-BO } Three Sisters, wards of Ko-Ko }
 PITTI-SING } { ANNE TATE, BETTY THORPE
 { PATRICIA LYFORD, ILENE ME-
 { DER, PHILLIS RANDAL, EUNICE
 { SHACKELL, MARION SUPPES

KATISHA (an elderly lady, in love with Nanki-Poo) EVA LEV, RUTH POPESKI
 JAPANESE SOLDIERS JAMES THIRD, BRIAN FETHERSTOHAUGH

The whole of the action takes place in the town of Titipu
 in the vicinity of Ko-Ko's residence.

GIRLS' CHORUS

Peggy Banford, Noel Blackwell, Doreen Farrier, Olga Felotick, Elaine Ferns, Edie Gilman, Lorraine Gunn, Geraldine Huguet, Murielle Jearum, Lottie Lentz, Patricia Lyford, Doris MacLean, Norma Mattson, Phyllis Randal, Kae Robertson, Myrtle Rose, Jean Sallstrom, Verna Shevechick, Jenny Whitehead, Rose Yaffe, Elsie Durr, Iris Ebert, Alberta Farler, Lovie Hubicki, Helen Galdzinski, Stella Kozak, Betty MacKenzie, Rose Prystanski, Nellie Rojecki, Emily Romanow, Betty-Jean Shand, Bernice Shatsky, Ruth Shapera, Joan Varnam.

BOYS' CHORUS

Glen Acheson, Lawrence Barr, Harold Bookbinder, Andrew Dart, Jack Hodges, Alex. Horne, Paul Kurtz, Jack Peterson, Jeff. Reynolds, George Bevan, Bob Castling, Dave Cooper, Richard Gisbrecht, Edward Otto, Don Williams, Cecil Yan, Ralph Berman, Walter Metz, Phillip Schachter, Durward Smith.

ACCOMPANIST—ADA ELWICK

STUDENT SELF-GOVERNMENT

AN innovation was introduced into St. John's this year in the form of an experiment in student self-government. On April 21 a plan was presented to the school council by an organization committee consisting of Helen Stockell, Sybil Houston, Walter Rempel and Jack Ludwig, who with the assistance of Mr. Reeve were responsible for the adoption of this scheme. The plan was accepted, and here it is in operation.

The experiment was to run for a week starting May 8, and if successful to continue for a longer period. At the time this is being written the experiment has completed one-and-a-half weeks and is still going strong, which fact indicates that it is succeeding.

The students are largely in favour of this system, as evidenced in the voting taken throughout the school; about two-thirds of the students voted for a continuation. The staff, too, are favourably impressed, and feel that in many classes work has increased and improved, while "skipping periods" has been cut down to an almost negligible amount.

And so, congratulations to the school council and the student body for a worthy experiment carried out in a worthy manner.

The governing body of the whole school was constituted as in a Federal Parliament. Mr. Reeve held the office of Governor General, and the staff formed the Senate. The House of Commons consisted of two elected representatives from each class, while the school council formed the Cabinet, and Walter Rempel in his capacity as school president acted as Prime Minister.

In the individual classes, the councils were to act as a provincial legislature with the teacher as Lieutenant Governor. The class councils were to have the responsibility of controlling the conduct and the attendance in their respective classes.

On Friday, May 5, the Federal Legislature met in the Auditorium to draw up a code of laws for the school as a whole. Leon Dorfman was elected Speaker of the House, and following as closely as possible the proper parliamentary procedure, the representatives of the student body agreed upon a set of rules for the school.

The plan was expertly organized, and the various committees of students operated

(Continued on Page 80)

Never put your wishbone where your backbone ought to be.



ELEVEN O

Bottom Row—Edna Porter, Jean Cox, Grace Austin, Nora Guile, Kathleen Houston, Elsie Durr, Betty McKenzie.

Second Row—Stella Kropo (Vice-President), Stella Hussey (Councillor), Evelyn Russell (President), Miss Avery (Secretary), Ruth McIntyre (Secretary), Margaret Moody (Councillor), Iris Ebert, Mabel Wells, Beatrice Nisinholt.

Last Row—Bertha Lipson, Iris Cadel, Irene Gillespie, Doris McLean, Evelyn Coodin, Gloria Harris, Fanny Rosenstock, Sonia Donin, Pearl Sussman, Carol Espinosa, Joyce Warrenner, Lillian Paulosky, Dorothy Cartman.

Missing—Hazel Bieber, Olga Rozik, Gladys Tredwell, Violet Gemzik, Esther Silvert.



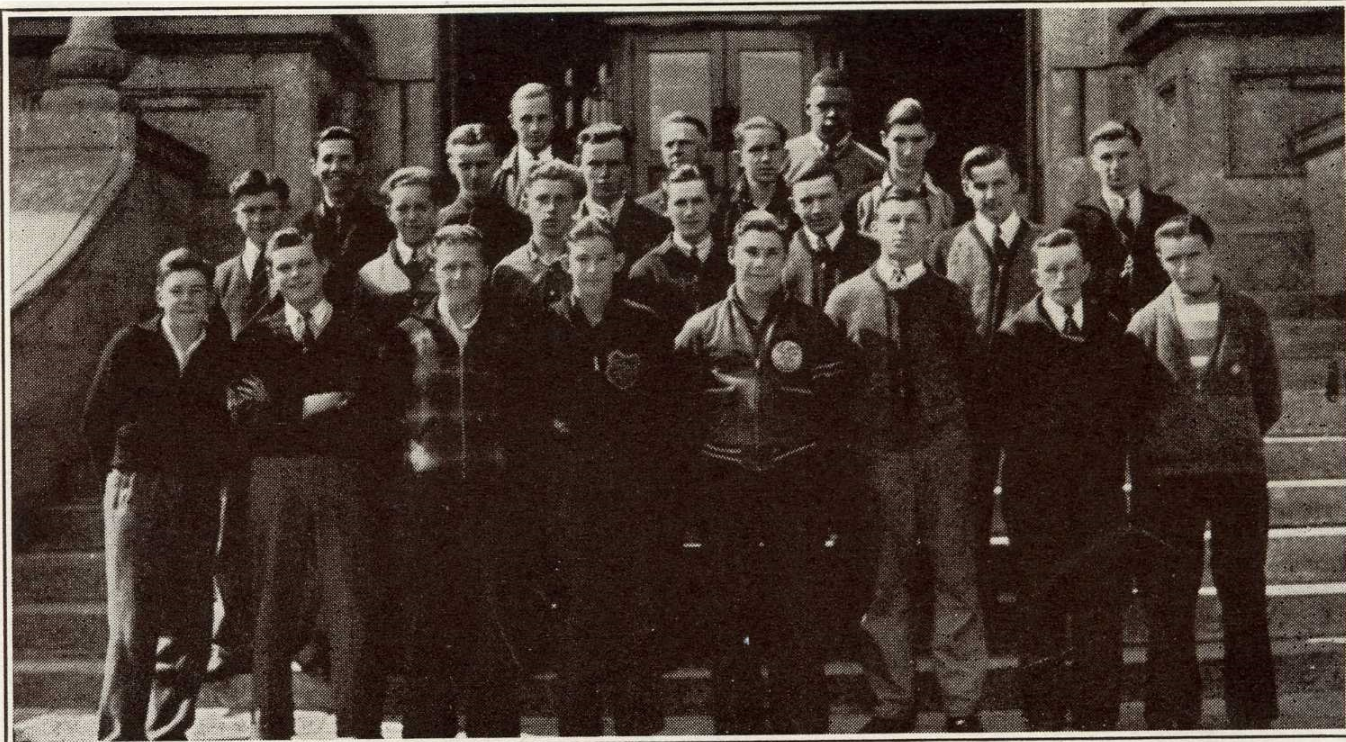
ELEVEN P

Bottom Row—Joe Rayman, Eugene Boychuk (President), Wallace Zielinski, James Keir (Councillor), Doug. Maconnell (Councillor), Frank Gunter.

Second Row—Bill Corley, Jack Anderson, Ernie Elsasser, Mike Mandziuk (Vice-President), Mike Lusanko, Stanley Yakobowsky (Secretary), Bill Rybka.

Third Row—Adolph Novak, Russell Pallick, Bill Gillespie, Mr. Bailey, Mike Semochuk, John Ogradnick.

Missing—Bernard Blonski, Joe Dinicol, Stanley Ingham, Herbert Lloyd, Russell Mochoruk (Councillor), Benton Smith.



ELEVEN Q

Bottom Row—Jim Thomson, Alex Ullman (Councillor), Edward Tysowski, Ralph Henderson (Sports Captain), Frank Prost (Councillor), Frank Vitt, Peter Muzyk (Vice-President), Alec Park (Secretary), Eddie Lasota, Ernest Bucko, Arthur Scarth, Peter Manko.

Second Row—Joe Brygidyr, Nick Cornick, George Haverstock (President), Alfred Knoll, Bill McCaine.

Last Row—John Hinziuk, Mr. Blount, Charlie Blair.

Missing—Tom Forzley (Councillor), Bert Janik, Charlie Karhusz, James McGrath, Don McLellan, Mike Shalapata, Eddy Zimmerman, John Vitt.



ELEVEN R

Bottom Row—Winnifred Lees (Secretary), Anne Walker (President), Kay Zemliduk (Councillor), Millie Weinbender, Eleanor Sullivan (Sports Captain), Mona Rosenblatt (Councillor), Edith Egnell, Jennie Libzynski.

Last Row—Toby Nachman, Jean Barchuk, Steffie Maycher, Miss Peggingell, Irene Stefanson (Vice-President), Jean Chekosy, Verna Frunchak.



TEN A

Bottom Row—Victor Thiesen, Edward Naskar, Bill Shinoff, Louis Osipor, Sidney Baker, Ed. Colson, Sam Kreger, Maurice Stern, Leonard Greenberg, Harry Garfinkel.
Second Row—Iser Portnoy, Bob Davidson, George Grant, Sidney Miller, Archie Levin, Alex Horne, Art Pitzek (Secretary), Lawrence Mayers, Mr. Grusz, Willie Lees.
Third Row—Arnold Kleyh, Herschel Nitikman, Ole Anderson (Sports Captain), Doug McTavish, Leonard Pullan, George Sisler, Orest Krett, Jack Ludwig (President), Boris Margulis, Ernest Chandonet.
Fourth Row—Frank Neydli, Charlie Greenberg (Councillor), Leon Copp, Nick Zumi, Barry Short, Harry Winrob, Ben Rykiss, Edwin Kimelman.
Last Row—Ray McColl (Councillor), Izzy Sitner, Murray Messner, Sam Gilman, Jim Tettamanti, Hart Rusen, Laurence Saik, Rankin Hicks, Lorne Mackie.
Missing—Israel Herstein, Irwin Zeavin.



TEN B

Bottom Row—Ab Schwartz, Bob Halford, Roland Penner, Frank Creran, Eric Omerod, Bob McLaughlin.
Second Row—Isaac Chamish, Wilfred Mindess, Sammy Freedman, Donald Peters (Councillor), Walter Kurtz, Sid Webber, Harry Gelfant, Bob de Pencier (Secretary), Martin Swartz, Conrad Sheffrin, David Herson, Porky Gordon (President).
Third Row—Harry Niznick, Ralph Mindess, Percy MacMaster, Bernard Cowall, Harold Waldman, C. J. Burrows, Harold Moglove (Vice-President), Art Toal, George Hayward, Sheldon Owen, Sam Freedman, Martin Tatelman.
Last Row—Jim Brown, George Hughes, George Green, Jim Candie, Percy Diamond, Jim Speed, Jeff Call, Harold Jackson, Myroslow Copot, Bud Martin (Councillor), Dave Hollaway, Frank Williams.
Missing—Herb Kleiner (Sports Captain), Bill Flock, Bill Ramalis, Saul Goorevitch (Councillor), Archie Hammonel, Walter Scrapneck.



TEN C

- Bottom Row**—Paul Chudnow, Anne Ushy, Olga Pastuch, Joan Hetherington, Sylvia Feldman, Bella Roitman, Sonya Rodin, Abie Marantz.
- Second Row**—Frances Izenstein, Frances Stone, Lucy Waldman, Dorothy Greenstone (Councillor), Myra Sarmatiuk, Anne Bashuk, Freda Perman, Audrey Buckwold, Ethel Platner, Doris Dvorak, Ida Patterson (Councillor), Mary Jackson, Mary Beattie, Olivia Post.
- Third Row**—Dora Spegal, Shirley Neaman, Anna Cleland (Sports Captain), Jeanette Siwek (Secretary), Miss E. Collisson, Lillian Dressler, Vera Rosen, Miriam Herman, Adeline Leitch, Olga Chihosky, Abie Yanofsky.
- Last Row**—Max Levitt, Norman Cheratnik, Leonard Gelfand, Sydney Parks, Jim Chess, Jim Reeve (President), Don Williams (Councillor), Norman Greenstone, Bill Beattie, Joe Levine.
- Missing**—Monica Pound, Bernice Link, Betty Warren.



TEN D

- Bottom Row**—Neil Braidwood, George Ostry, James Chapman, Alfred Isman, Ben Orlinki, Cecil Muldrew (Councillor), Gordon Hogg, Alan Katz, Meyer Milstock, John Kowal, Nathan Isaacovitch.
- Second Row**—Arnold Steele, Nick Boychuk, Arthur Grunsten, Harry Werier, Abe Gonor, Davé Nepon, Bud Shaye, Harry Nykoruk, Lawrence Henne, Victor Sczambroki, Doug. Baxter (President), Harry Shaffer.
- Third Row**—Saul Goldin, Sam Yampolsky, Leo Rabinovich, Peter Kowal, Morris Rosenberg, Irven Radinovsky, Monty Guberman, Paul Grosney, Bill Mowat (Secretary), Herbert Nemish, Ken Britton (Councillor), Allan Smith (Sports Captain), Alex Marshall.
- Last Row**—Mr. Holmes, Irvin Speller, Stan Bobowski, Harry Dvore, Arthur Frankel, Deryck Hetherington (Councillor), Ted Cohn, Albert Kaplan, Les. Osland (Vice-President).
- Missing**—Bill Phillips, Albert Schwartz.



TEN E

Bottom Row—Harry Fogel Bill Tymchuk, Edward White, Paul Hooper, Nick Stefanko (Councillor), Norman Coodin, Walter Kowarchuk, Mike Bosckawich, Norman Shiffman, Albert Juzak (Secretary).

Second Row—Otto Arnst, Eddie Fensky, Walter Moroz, Bernie Maluta, George Hooper (Councillor), Larry Czay (Vice-President), Jim Murray, Anton Wolf, Mike Salewich, Boris Pasichniuk, Billie Lapka.

Last Row—Murray Campbell, Fred Ladell, Gordon Potter, Paul Kolomic (President), Charlie Hayes, Julian Winiarz, Mr. Beer, Alan Gilbert, Bill Caithness, Israel Olin, Jerry Pudavick, Tony Golibowski, Walter Kucharski, Bob Clasper, Bill Olnick, Jack Harris.

Missing—Don Howie, Frank Resch, Walter Schneeberger, Max Shneir, Stanley Starink (Sports Captain), Ken Taylor.



TEN F

Bottom Row—Campbell Sharman (Captain), Jack Novak, Jack Rubin, Walter Thorne, Bill Huffman, Milton Keseluk, Bill Lytz, Adolph Bay, Lewis Nahrgang, Douglas Stendahl, Myron Zegarchuk.

Second Row—Irvin Ruvinsky, George Walker (Secretary), Harry Martens, Steve Zoppa (President), Cyril Santavy, Alex Omansky, Charles Dick, Bill McKechnie (Sports Captain), Alvin Sprintz, Brownie Krochak, Ernest Nelko, Harold Zelbovitch (Sports Captain).

Last Row—Mr. Woods, Matthew Shiller, Charlie Kraitberg, Douglas Fairbairn, Dave Saper, Max Spector (Councillor), Malcolm Kuenstler, Bob Keddie, Dick Olson, Lawrence Molyneux, Eddie Schmidt, Nathan Streifer, Douglas Sparks.

Missing—Richard James, George Robertson (Vice-President), Percy Chaikin.



TEN G

Bottom Row—Beatrice Cramer, Florence Shest, Deborah Lerner, Sarah Cohen, Sylvia Kobrinsky, Laila Barsky, Dorothy Kaplan, Shirley Bromberg, Peggy Clavin, Phyllis Smith.
Second Row—Mimi Brody, Sara Grubert, Caroline Freedman (Councillor), Martina Gusberti (Sports Captain), Helen Zulkoski (Secretary), Miss Macdougall, Vera Kare (President), Ruth Penner (Councillor), Ann Wilson (Councillor), Helen Rabkin, Bernice Launder, Ruth Lanin (President).
Third Row—Sophie Melinchuck, Marion Greenberg, Goldie Bookhalter, Martha Heibert, Beatrice Sucharov, Estelle Mindess, Irene Gunn, Lily Gilmore, Frances Klasz, Olivia Brozick, Mona Werier, Evelyn Tanuck, Leya Lauer, Dorothea Duncan, Eva Levit, Kay Wolfman, Nancy Shepherd.
Last Row—Goldie Bell, Mona Zailig, Eleanora Pope, Riva Sector, Shiela McFetridge, Margaret Elsworth.



TEN H

Front Row—Luba Cirulinkov, Dorothy Cooper (Councillor), Irma Dickson, Estelle Sodormsky, Mary Bodrug, Mary Castling.
Second Row—Florence Geist, Ethel Anderson, Myrna Bermack, Minnie Ratner, Miss Nicolson, Sybil Silvert, Beulah Cann, Gwen Horne, Pat Grainger, Gladys Papineau, Beatrice Shipman.
Third Row—Gertrude Finkleman, Audrye Brewer (Sports Captain), Kathleen West, Cecelia Kwaite (President), Grace Bayne, Hazel Waters, Rita Shankerow, Surella Stall, Selina Butler (Councillor), Ada Elwick, Muriel Mould.
Last Row—Mary Pankiw, Teenie Gosnoko, Jean Pistakwa, Ellen Donaldson, Rose Corlow, Thelma Goldstein, Pearl Margolis, Pamela Thomas, Betty-Jean Shand, Phyllis Craig (Secretary).
Missing—Bertha Sarner.



THE MUSICAL STAFF

IT IS October, 1938. In the school auditorium a band of young musicians are frowning and puzzling over a new score which has just been distributed. Mr. Bailey, the leader of this promising organization, taps his stand and demands the attention of all. The first attempt at the unfamiliar piece of music, one confesses, is far from good—it is smeared, jagged, far from tuneful.

The scene fades away. Another appears. It is February 28, 1939. In the school auditorium, the same band of musicians sits ready with instrument on knee for their conductor's signal. An audience attends eagerly the performance of the "Mikado." At last, Mr. Bailey raises his baton and the opening chord of the overture is struck.

Is this the same piece of music that once caused so many groans, worried aspects and unmelodious sounds? Indeed it is. And well-deserved is our praise for the work of these enthusiastic instrumentalists! For weeks, under the able leadership of their cheerful conductor, they strove to build up this overture, and to apply to it, earnestly, their best musical abilities.

Thus another year of Senior High School passes in which the orchestra has fulfilled its part.

THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Violins: Goldie Bell, Barney Seetner, Sam Boroditsky, Sam Diamond, Ben Schwartz, Arthur Anhalt, Gertrude Rifkin, Bea Shipman, June Chamburg, Leonard Gelfand, Bernice Lauder, Deryk Hetherington, Harry, Karalnyk, Dorothea Duncan, Stella Rychlik, Clara Herson.

Saxophone: Stella Hussey.

Clarinets: Alvin Sprintz, Russell Mochoruk.

Trumpets. Eugene Boychuk, Paul Grosney.

Drums: Hubert Cowley, Norman Freedman.

Pianist: Frema Tannenbaum.

THE SCHOOL MANDOLIN ORCHESTRA

Mandolins: Theresa Bartel, Olga Eremko, Jean Krawchuk, Mary Shidlouski, Anne Shworak, Helen Fox, Joyce Smith.

Piano Accordion: Ben Wertleb, Jack Lang.
Spanish Guitar: Les Osland.

SHARPS AND FLATS

(a) Goldie Bell, concert mistress of the Manitoba High School Symphony Orchestra as well as of our own orchestra, is the holder of three medals of the London Associated Board of Music.

(b) This year the orchestra is actually made up of two smaller orchestras—the string and wind orchestra and the mandolin orchestra—in all, numbering thirty-four. Besides appearing at the performance of the "Mikado," the orchestra supplied some delightful numbers during the annual tea, and admirably filled part of the graduation program.

(c) Barney Seetner, promising young violinist and member of the orchestra, topped the Senior Solo Class in the recent Manitoba Musical Festival with the marks—83 and 85.

(d) The choruses of the "Mikado" by no means sang their last notes on the final night of the operetta. During Easter Week they had the honour of singing at the Civic Auditorium at the evening session of the Manitoba Teacher's Association. The singing of four selections from the "Mikado" certainly brought back memories and made everyone wish those nights could be relived.

(e) A chorus of 500 mixed voices has been practising every Saturday morning at the Concert Hall of the auditorium for nine successive weeks. The object of their earnest and enthusiastic work is a program of four well-chosen and beautiful selections to be

"Res non verba"—Work not words.



sung before their Royal Majesties during their visit to Winnipeg on May 24th. An opportunity of this kind seldom happens once in a lifetime and one can well imagine the happiness and pride felt by the students of St. John's who took part in this glorious enterprise.

One never realizes how musically-minded some of the St. John's students are until some great European or American artists arrive at Winnipeg to appease the music lovers. Such was the case upon the matinee performance of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. St. John's students filled a large section of the main floor of the Civic Auditorium. It was remarkable to note the change in some of the

more loquacious students who sat entranced by the celestial music. Never had an audience seen a pair of hands more dramatic and expressive than those of Dimitri Metropolis.

(g) In the recent Musical Festival, Anne Tate and Betty Thorpe entered the Junior Soprano Solo Class and won high praise from their adjudicator, Mr. George Dodds.

(h) An ensemble of the principals of this year's "opera cast" sang selections from the Mikado at several musicals. The occasions were: the Junior Musical Club and the morning session of the Teacher's Convention. On the latter occasion the ensemble illustrated a talk on Gilbert and Sullivan operettas given by our music director, Miss Horner.



St. John's College

WINNIPEG

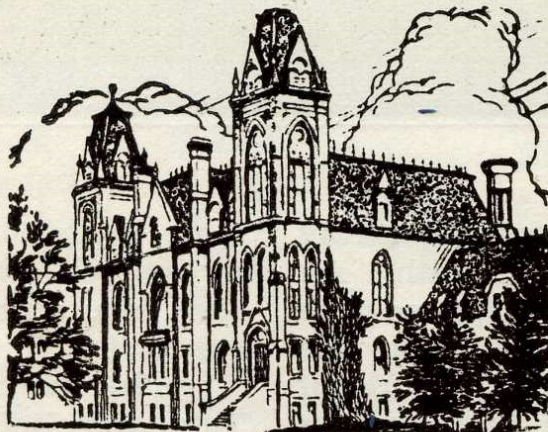
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CHANCELLOR

The Most Reverend, The Archbishop of Rupert's Land, D.D.

WARDEN

The Reverend Canon W. F. Barfoot, M.A., D.D.



Originating in a School founded in 1820, St. John's College was re-organized in 1866 and became one of the foundation Colleges incorporated in the University of Manitoba in 1877. University classes are conducted in a modern, well-equipped building which also contains common rooms, library, chapel and accommodation for thirty resident students. St. John's College offers:

COURSES IN ARTS AND THEOLOGY

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are offered from time to time to students of ability who wish to proceed to University courses. Foundation Scholarship, Bursaries, etc., are also awarded on the basis of merit by the College and the University.

GRADE XII CLASSES

will be conducted in 1939-40 in English, Algebra, Analytical Geometry, Trigonometry, Latin, French, German, History, Physics, and Chemistry.

For information regarding Courses, Fees, Scholarships, etc., apply Reverend Thomas Boon, B.A., Registrar.

"The main function of a University is to set and maintain standards of learning, judgment and conduct."



TEN J

Bottom Row—Marjorie Borthwick, Betty Moscovitch (Councillor), Doreen Shaw (President), Joan Godfrey, Irene Sand, Goldin Joyce, Joyce Steveley (Secretary).

Second Row—Elaine Broadley, Olga Stoykewich, Mary Hilton, Ruth Beiber, Clara Kesseloff, Irene Burns, Molly Seligman, Freda Fradkin, Pearl Britt, May Demals, Margaret Lukoschuk, Dorothy Reeves, Anna Konyk (Councillor).

Last Row—Louise Stewart, Pearl Smith, Esther Priesel, Bernice Wisniewski, Dorothy Bruce, Kay Hyde (Sports Captain), Margaret Watson, Ethel Nasberg, Mr. Johnson, Olive Forbes, Jean Krawchuk, Victoria Uhutch, Frances Zelbovitch, Phyllis Hampson (Councillor), Frances Weiss, Helen Becenko, Tina Nestor, May McRobb, Iva Isenberg.

Missing—Annette Blanck, Evelyn Delaney, Olga Maryk, Becky Rosenberg, Florence Scammell.



TEN K

Bottom Row—Margaret McKee, Irene Vogt, Alice Connon, Eleanor Kelsch, Ruth Minuk, Gloria Malchikoff, Lily Rose, Mavis Cherry, Jean Satkowski, Jean Turk, Margaret Sheidow, Lily Shulman.

Second Row—Fanny Globerman, Alice Espinosa, Margaret Agnew (Councillor), Lily Vanular, Ruth Harris, Miss Cadwell, Ruth Miner, Mary Borodkin, Esther Sohn (Councillor), Pauline Tarnava (President), Jessie Yokabowski, Olga Bohush.

Last Row—Mary Shidloski, Phyllis Ullman, Mary Kellock, Shirley Deering, Adella Rolski, Edith Ebbitt, Irene Swann, Ruth Zwirkoski, Teenie Plett, Margaret Proskiw, Mary Kindzyski, Betty Kabe (Secretary), Florence Smith, Isobel Tennant, Dolly Rabinovitch, Evelyn Steinman.

Missing—Muriel Gutkin, Sara Rosenberg, Thelma Ketchin (Vice-President), Muriel Stevenson (Sports Captain), Helen Fuchs.



TEN L

Bottom Row—Reta McBurney, Pat Evans, Kay Pachinko, Lillian Barnes, Polly Tymac, Joyce Smith, Helen Walker (Councillor), Patsy Thomson, Alice Rudinsky, Eleanor Walker (Sports Captain), Mary Lenz.

Second Row—Betty Johnstone, Joyce McKim, Helen Karhusz, Thelma Paul (Councillor), Jeanne Laskow, Margaret Paterson (President), Miss Robson, Lorna Young (Secretary), Phyllis Metson, Dorothy McAuliffe, Doreen Metson, Kay Piseski.

Last Row—Margaret Roos, Phyllis Hickling, Margaret Clark, Irene Kerr, Dorothy Mizero, Marjorie Darves, Irene Main, Jean Martin, Margaret Green, Norma Moodie, Jean Lawrie, Laura Lowry, Marian Melby, Lenore Huget, Marguerite Pitton (Councillor), Betty Watt, Edna Treger.

Missing—Beatrice Herman, Doris Kostynuk, Gertrude Rifkin, Rose Zarysky.



TEN P

Bottom Row—Lloyd Montgomery, Albert Bassington, Alex Sydor, Joe Fabbri (Vice-President), Walter Nickol, George Kleyh, Steve Terleski, Mike Puznicki.

Second Row—Ted Lechowicz, Walter Peternaith, Richard Purdy (Secretary), Mr. Gallimore, Milton Bermack (Councillor), Lavey Paul, Frank Berznicki, Leonard Ruthig, Stanley Ther.

Last Row—Garry Flock, Richard Herring, Jim Bates (President), Fred Pope, Myron Chomiakiewick, Walter Stocki, Paul Schlechter (Councillor), Paul Beaudoin, Frank Miller.

Missing—Albert Devorski, Warren Grimes, Alex Kizuk, Brownie Michasiw, Zane Mochoruk (Councillor).



TEN Q

Bottom Row—Nick Bacola, Gerald Sedo, Tony Scribailo, Paul Handkamer, Jack Sheesby, Jim Frank (Councillor), Jim Baker.

Second Row—Bill Reid, George Pfeifer, John Korolyk, Bill Spikula, Peter Worobec, Bill Belcher, Peter Escaravage, Roy Marks.

Last Row—Ernie Ahoff (Councillor), Walter Netrovich (President), Bill Dusko, Walter Worbey (Secretary), John Novak, Glen Smyrl, Henry May, Eric Streigh (Sports Captain).

Missing—Mike Adamchuk, Benet Hardesty (Councillor), Sandy Baswick, Steven Naften, Fred Powers, Carol Stachowicz.



TEN R

Bottom Row—Mary Duchnicki, Olga Glover, Gloria Fochuk (President), Ann Shwarak (Councillor), Stella Pretula, Alexandra Kravchuk (Councillor), Frances Winnik (Secretary), Olga Turkveich, Elizabeth Wlasiuk, Mary Zemliduk.

Last Row—Mary Kwalchuk, Leona Melnyk, Very Balicky, Miss McKerchar, Pauline Krawchuk (Sports Captain), Minnie Diachun, Minnie Leibl.

Missing—Betty Rogalin, Molly Shapiro, Beatrice Petrovich.

The Only Way

● TO CHOOSE A BUSINESS COLLEGE is by the proven quality of its instruction

For four consecutive years, 1935, 1936, 1937 and 1938, "Manitoba" surpassed all others in the biggest open competitions held in Canada for clerks and stenographers.

The following percentages of passes are based on results published in the Canada Gazette.

	MANITOBA Commercial College	ALL OTHER Winnipeg Candidates	MANITOBA Students Obtained
1935—Stenographers	87%	34%	First Place
1936—Census Clerks	30%	8%	
1937—Stenographers	93%	40%	First and Second Places
1938—Regular Clerks	60%	27%	
	<hr/>	<hr/>	Two First Places
Four years' average	67.5%	27.25%	

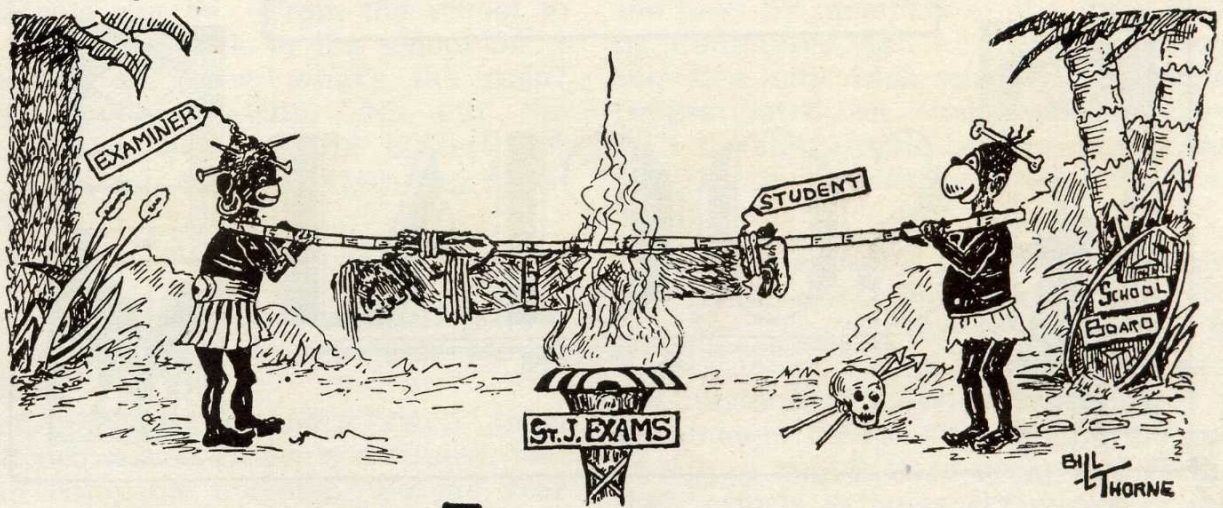
NOTE—These examinations should not be confused with the relatively small Provincial Examinations.

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President
F. H. BROOKS,
B.A., S.F.A.E.



IS THIS A TIME FOR humor?

A chicken is a most useful animal—You can eat it before it is born and after it's dead.

* * *

Mr. Allison: "You talk too much. Go stand by the wall. Practise being a wall-flower."

* * *

Mr. Grusz: "You can't add! What's two cows and three cows?"

Student: "Five cows."

Mr. Grusz: "What's two cows and two boys?"

Student: "Two cows and two boys."

Mr. Grusz: "Oh, I thought you'd get two cowboys."

* * *

One way to overcome yawning is to fall asleep.

* * *

The only person who can succeed by letting things slide, is the trombone player.

* * *

Mr. Ridd: "I'm a little stiff from bowling."

Mr. Burrows: "Where did you say you came from?"

* * *

Mr. Johnson: "What is ordinarily used as a conductor of electricity?"

Goffman: "Why-er-r."

Mr. Johnson: "Correct, and what is the unit of electric power?"

Goffman: "The what?"

Mr. Johnson: "That will do, very good."

* * *

Professor, (to bright freshman): "How would Shakespeare have said, 'I see a bow-legged man.?'"

Freshie: "Ah! what is this I see? 'Tis a man walking in parentheses."

* * *

Christians are allowed one wife. This is called monotony.

All brutes are imperfect animals. Man alone is a perfect brute.

* * *

Going down the street, Robert saw some young puppies at the dog-dealers.

"Oh, Mr. Brown," he asked the man, "how much do you want for those puppies?"

"They're two dollars apiece."

"Oh, but I don't want a piece; I want a whole dog."

* * *

Judge to Defendant: "What is your name and address?"

"My name is James Volt and I live on Watts Street," came the reply.

Judge: "What is your occupation?"

Defendant: "I am an electrician."

"What is the charge?" asked the Judge.

Defendant: "Attempted assault and battery."

Judge: "Well, throw him in the dry cell for thirty days."

* * *

First Pig: "I never sausage heat."

Second Pig: "Yes, I'm nearly bacon."

* * *

A monologue is a conversation between two people such as husband and wife.

* * *

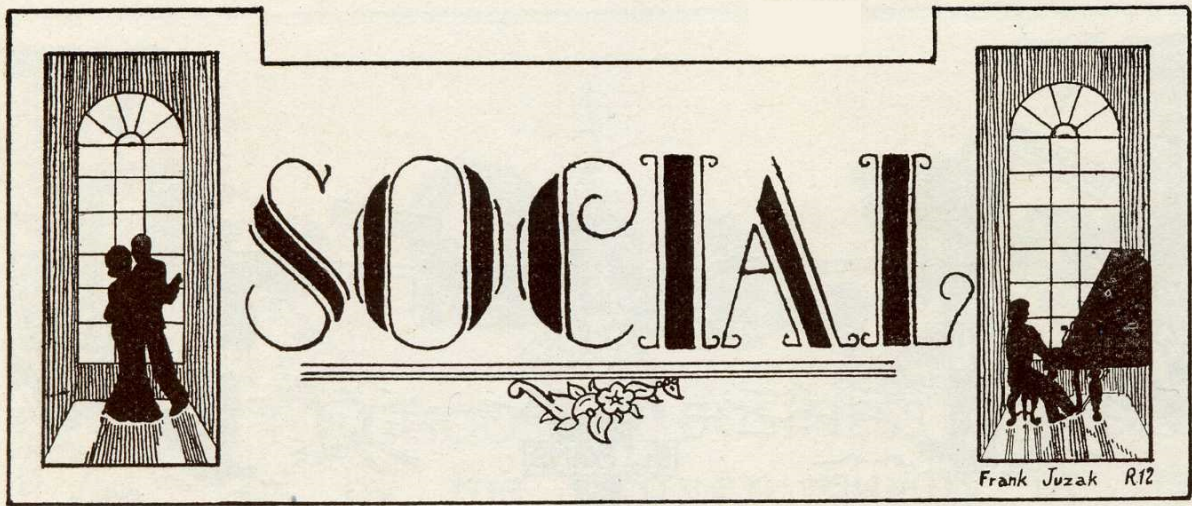
When you breathe you inspire: when you do not breathe you expire.

* * *

This noble English speech of ours
'Tis noble, tho' we oft abuse it,
Is always called the mother tongue
For father gets no chance to use it.

* * *

Motorist: "How far is it to the next town?"
Yokel: "Well sir, it seems further than it is, but it ain't."



HALLOWE'EN DANCE

St. John's High School, Fri day, October 28th, at 8.15

TWO orchestras begin their down beats and blare into a riot of waltzes and fox trots as five hundred eager students swing and sway in time to these melodious offerings. The annual Hallowe'en Masquerade Dance is in full swing and the students of St. John's are out to strut their terpsichorean talents before the watchful eyes of escorts and teachers. Notably lacking are costumes. By a careful search only two costumes were spotted. After two hours of dancing, an interim was called to allow tired feet to be rested and parched throats to be wetted.

Then the gentlemen (?) hunt for their ladies, the fiddlers for their bows, the drummer for his drums, and the dance proceeds with new life and new vigour. Gradually, however, teachers begin to peer at the clock. At 11.45 the music finally dies out, and the seemingly tired dancers protest loudly, but all to no avail. At midnight everyone rushes for his coat and his lady and as the crowd leaves the school one can hear, "The best dance ever;" "I can hardly wait for the next one." "Why does it end so soon?"

—By Roxy Siddall, Room 25.

CHRISTMAS CHEER FUND DANCE

AFTER a week of frantic cramming and burning of midnight oil, the tired, exam-ridden students of St. John's were freed from the much feared Christmas Exams.

Once more the students were given a chance to help their unfortunate neighbours by their patronage of the Christmas Dance. To this yearly duty our pupils and guests responded nobly, for six hundred fun-seekers crammed into our auditorium and gymnasium to help the worthy cause and to enjoy themselves thoroughly at the same time.

The fun started at 8.15 after the girls and boys had filled their dance cards. At approximately the same time the already large crowd was reinforced by our Shakesperian tragedians as the cast and producers of the school play "Hamlet" had just completed an hour of feasting and speech-making. Soon they too were absorbed in the crowd, and the crowd in their turn became absorbed in the dancing. The floors were so crowded that the staff in charge of the dance under our able George Haverstock had to shut the doors.

For the first time in many years St. John's had a "full house," and a wild, happy full house it was. The noble males swung their fair ladies hither and thither over the floor, bumping into others, apologizing, and dancing on. The syncopated rhythm of two orchestras floated down to the ears of the dancers and the happy chatter and laughter of the satisfied listeners floated back to the orchestra. This happy atmosphere continued till the weary dancers' feet begged for rest, till the trumpeters' cramped lungs refused to "give out," till the clock struck twelve. A tired, and happy crowd made a last dash for their coats and filed slowly out; the more enthusiastic towards later rendezvous, the tired towards a well-earned rest. The quiet peaceful Christmas atmosphere settled around the empty school.—By Edna Beiber, Room 39.

ANNUAL TRAMP AND DANCE

Setting: February 24th, a mild mid-winter evening, Halls and entrances of the school filled with snowy figures.

Action: What action! Showering snowballs

"10% inspiration; 90% perspiration."

and flying figures showed how energetic we "lazy" students can be. From the school to Kildonan Park and back to the school for a snack. Hurry up! Aw, what's the rush? You won't get a late-slip. No, but I'm hungry! Drinks, weiners, and busters appease the appetite. Then the Gym and Auditorium . . .

On with the dance! ! Let the joy be unconfined.

No sleep till morn . . . or not till 12 o'clock anyhow, the inevitable closing hour for all school affairs.

Boys and girls together had a "swell" time.

About five hundred students attended, and all had an enjoyable evening. So the year book records another successful school affair.

—By Leon M. Dorfman. (XIA).

TORCHY GOES TO THE OPERA PARTY

Friday, March 11th and the opera party is in progress—Alas! Miss McCord is ill with a bad cold. Her letter to the "Citizens of Titipu" brings her spirit to the party . . . Flowers are presented to Miss Horner, Miss Gauer, Miss Ada Elwick and a scarf to Mr. Bailey . . . Miss McCord's flowers have to be sent to her . . . Speeches are made by Miss Horner, Miss Gauer, Mr. Bailey and Mr. J. Ridd and then—EATS—Oh, yes! Paul Lindquist also made a—ah—should I say speech? . . . Dancing 'til twelve brought to an end a thoroughly enjoyable evening which was marred only by the absence of Miss McCord and Mr. Reeve.

—By Jack Ludwig.

RUGBY BANQUETS

The rugby season was climaxed by two very enjoyable banquets. The first was given by the school, at the Princess Tea Rooms, in honor of our victorious team. Following a delightful meal, toasts were proposed by Mr. Reeve, Mr. J. E. Ridd, Mr. D. N. Ridd, Mr. Burrows, and Coach Les Lear. Informal replies to these toasts were given by the graduating members of the rugby team. The squad was then congratulated on its achievements by Mr. J. Sheps of the Y.M.H.A. and Mr. B. McCreedy of the Roamers Rugby Club.

To conclude this most interesting evening, those present returned to the school for the Matriculation House Dance.

A week later, all five High School rugby teams were the guests of the Inter-High Rugby Committee, at a banquet in the Hudson's Bay Store. Among the special guests present were such well known sportsmen as Reg. Threlfall, Joe Ryan, and W. A. Kennedy. Dr. Pincock acted as chairman for the evening.

After the meal, short talks were given to the boys by members of the Inter-High Rugby Committee, and also by the principals of the five city high-schools. The boys were congratulated on their sportsmanlike conduct throughout the season and the speakers stressed the benefit to be obtained from such an attitude.

These talks were followed by speeches given by Messers Ryan, Kennedy, and Threlfall. Mr. Threlfall then showed some films of Blue Bomber rugby games, commenting on the outstanding plays. This concluded the entertainment for the evening and the gathering of future rugby stars broke up, feeling that their efforts to make rugby one of the foremost sports on the Inter-High athletic schedule had been worth while.—N.W. and G.B.

OTHER PARTIES

OTHER dances held this year were the Rugby Dance, Matriculation and Commercial House Parties and the Easter Dance. The music at all these dances was supplied by Wurlitzers. The Rugby Dance was held in September to raise funds for our football team. The House Parties held in December proved to be very popular with the students. Due to the proximity of the exams, the Easter Dance was not successful from an attendance standpoint, but was very successful from an entertainment standpoint. Prizes were awarded at the dance for prize waltzing and spot waltzes. This venture was new to student dances but it was a very novel idea and aroused much interest.—Editor.

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Teacher: "You must sing louder than that."

Pupil: "But I'm singing as loud as I can."

Teacher: "But let yourself go; open your mouth and throw yourself into it."

A friend is he who knows all about you and loves you just the same.



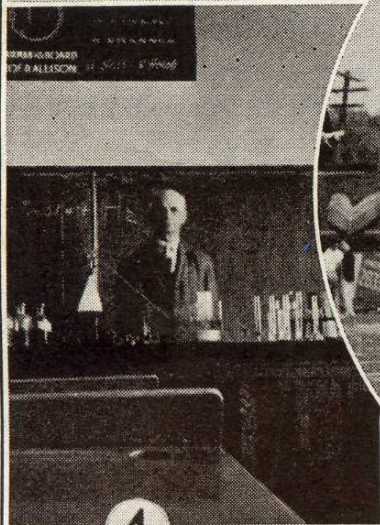
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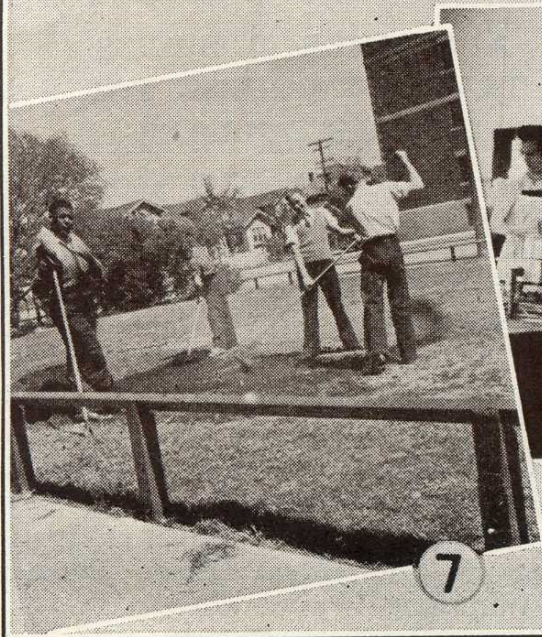
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(1) MACHINE SHOPS.

(2) LOOKING FOR SOMETHING, DAVE?

(3) ST. PAUL LEGION BAND.

(4) SCIENCE, MARCHES ON!

(5) HIGH-HO, HIGH-HO, A-SCRUBBING HELEN GOES.

(6) "SHOT-PUT JUZDA BREAKS THE RECORD.

(7) HOW ABOUT SOME ACTION CHARLEY?

(8) M-M-M! SMELLS GOOD!

(9) AH! AT LAST SCHOOL'S OUT.

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THE FASHION PARADE

XI-N has spent every Thursday morning in the Household Arts Department preparing for their spring parade. Was it fun? Certainly it was fun to make our dresses, blouses, etc.; to see how they would turn out, to see if the garments would suit us; and of course the clothes always fit because Miss Wilcox is our Chief Instructor and Dress Fitter.

Theresa Bartle and Peggy Banford will be right in "Swing Time" for they will swing out in their swing skirts topped off with embroidered blouses. Ah, but whom have we here inside those pretty dresses? Why it's the rest of the class from Room 37. Don't you know them? Well then, I will introduce them to you.

First I would like you to meet red-headed Lylla Hunter in her black sheer dress, surrounded by her friends Peggy Keele and Mae Balkwill in their printed creations, and Marge Carberry in her rust tailored dress—cute, isn't it? Brightening up the parade are Irene Gladu and Olga Eremco who have chosen red-print and red taffeta. Blending in with these dresses are others of a more sober type made of black crepe—Jean Frederick's dress cut on a princess line is very chic with white accessories. Then Pinky Daum with her girdle style (of cor-sets pretty). These

colors are set off with Isabel Cormack's nature's impression of black tulip. Contrasting with Isabel's dress we see Queenie Hughes in a more sophisticated type of Royal Blue to celebrate the visit of the King and Queen. Speaking of blue, we see Evelyn Bates ascending the steps in her light turquoise bolero (modestly admitting that she made it herself).

The next girl to prove that she really was worthy of her talents is Georgina Fuller, in her dusky-pink silk dress which fits neatly to make her look "fuller." Ah, and who is this young lady looking so stately and tall in her grey fitted suit, made effective by a raised floral design on the jacket? It is set off with an ascot of old rose. Why, it's Louise Gallinger. With every suit must go a blouse, so we have Gerry Huguet with her quaint embroidery, worked very neatly on the lemon yellow background of voile. Last, but not least, we present for your inspection Reva Hendler in a blouse of crepe material, the color—egg-shell, a really lovely piece of work. Enough said?

Now the parade is over, the band has ceased to play, and our bright costumes fade into the distant scene.

—Lillian Daum, Mae Balkwill.

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HONORABLE MENTION—4, George Ostry; 5, Lawrence Greenstone.

ORDERS IS ORDERS



During the course of an examination of a patient with a stomach ulcer the question was asked: "Are you belching?"

"No," replied the patient, "I'm Italian."

* * *

Teacher: An awful lot of girls fall for me.
 Haverstock: They must be an awful lot.

* * *

My girl calls me maple sugar because I'm such a refined sap.

* * *

Only that religion is good which makes its possessors good.

* * *

If a man is the worse for his religion he had better change it.

* * *

A man in an insane asylum sat fishing over a flower bed. A visitor wishing to be friendly, walked up and asked, "How many have you caught today?"

"You're the ninth," said the nut.

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DOMESTIC SCIENCE

WHEN I decided to take Domestic Science as an optional subject I firmly believed that at last I would learn how to cook. I thought, "When I learn to cook I'll show that snooty Virginia that she's not the only one who can bake a cake all the boys get excited about." Soon I learned that this course did not teach only cooking but also other valuable things. In a short time I was lording it over Virginia for applying the knowledge I had learned in Domestic Science, I could tell my friends what kind of food they should eat and in what proportions. As one boy told me, "Gosh, it's swell to know what food to eat to lose enough weight to make the basketball team, or what food to eat to gain enough weight to make the rugby team." But I still haven't explained the other valuable things we learned besides cooking

We took various units such as Nutrition, Family Relationship, Baby Care and Budgeting. They were all very interesting and instructive. The first unit we studied was Nutrition. We learned how to plan various abnormal diets for underweight, overweight, anaemic and tubercular people. Each week we studied a different diet. We then made our own diets for each type. The best and most tempting diet was chosen. The

owner was called upon to act as hostess at the next luncheon whose menu was to be the one she had made. The girl was in complete charge of the luncheon. She made her market order, arranged for the cooking, setting the table, cleaning the room before and after the meal, and allotting the work to the different girls.

I well remember one delicious luncheon, for the dessert was my favorite fruit salad with whipped cream. This was our first luncheon and our hostess was rather shy and frightened at entertaining a teacher. We each had our own worries. Was the table set correctly? Was the tomato soup seasoned enough? Were the cookies sweet enough? and most important, what impression were we leaving with Miss Pettingell? Soon all our worries and fears were dispelled, for Miss Pettingell had us all interested in a discussion of a new book or a good way to season gravy. Our first unit was studied with the greatest enjoyment and pleasure.

In our Family Relationship group we discussed the relationship between the various members of a family, and the harmony or discord in which a family lived. Major questions such as a problem sister, a stubborn parent or a domineering, inquisitive relative

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were discussed. A solution was found for all these questions and when the girls applied them at home, they discovered that the solution to their individual problems was a very practical one. Minor questions such as the use of make-up, escorts at a public dance, and clothes were also discussed. This study gave us a wider outlook on life and a more broadminded view.

Preparing food for a baby, we soon learned, was not as easy as it sounded. We set up daily menus for a child of from six months to one year of age. It surprised us to see how little a baby was fed. We girls with our hearty appetites for steak and potatoes, could hardly believe that once, we too, got along on only milk and orange juice. It was too bad we didn't have a real baby, for it would have been far more interesting to play nursemaid to a one year old child than to seventeen year old girls, as we had to do. We also prepared meals for the pre-school and school child. This course taught us the various foods that are brought into the child's menu at different phases of its life.

I speak for the XI-J Class when I say "Thank you Miss Pettingell for making our Grade XI year so much brighter by teaching us such a highly instructive and interesting subject—Domestic Science.

By Rose Prystanski, Room 25, XIJ.

ART ROOM

UPON entering the well-lighted Art Room, Room 12, you can see for yourself how fully equipped it is. Shelves running

the width of the room, are covered with clay statuettes, models, wooden blocks and metal forms, all of which are used by the teacher in the training of the pupils who attend his classes.

The boys and girls who frequent the classes, presided over by Mr. Jones, a popular member of the school staff, are thoroughly trained in the intricacies of all forms of Art. The girls study decorative designs, while the boys follow the commercial side of the profession. During the year, the pupils learn the tricks of shading with pencil and brush. In this the girls appear to have a slight edge.

In the usual run of work, however, both boys and girls show promise in their respective pursuits. The girls excel in floral design and stencil work which they use to their own advantage. The boys, on the other hand, specialize in perspective, lettering, and other essentials for a future in commercial art.

The climax of the year in the Art Room is reached when the annual plays are produced. The scenery and posters for these productions are prepared by the outstanding students of the room. The banners for graduation, crests for girls tunics and field day are also designed in the Art Room.

As a whole, an astonishing difference between the work done at the beginning of the term and that done at the end, can readily be seen when a comparison is made; all of which testifies to the efficiency and capability of Mr. Jones and his effective method of instruction.—AL/HL.

Best Luck to the "Torch" . . .

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The Freedom of the Press

HONORABLE MENTION

Since the invention of the printing press by John Gutenberg around 1450, newspapers or similar typed material have played a very important part in the development of democracy. However, in England and Europe where printing firms were being readily established, the value of the press was not clearly seen. The chief reason for this fact was that the majority of the people could not read and many of those who could read were unable to pay the enormous prices asked for these books. Gradually, better presses were perfected and as the cost of production was lowered, so was the price of reading material. Newspapers were being printed daily, and in 1814 the first steam printing press was used by the London Times. Today, practically every home has access to one or more papers which carry the very latest in round-the-world news.

Newspapers had many obstacles to overcome before freedom of the press became an actual fact. Today, those of us who are living in democratic countries enjoy this freedom. However, this condition was not reached overnight. In England in the olden days, the Church took charge of the press, aided and abetted by the State. Nothing whatsoever could be printed without the King's license. Censorship hindered the publishers to such an extent that freedom of the press as we know it today was unknown.

But is our press wholly free? Recently, Mr. Harold Ickes, a well-known American statesman, declared that newspaper advertisers were seriously interfering with the freedom of the press. For instance, a demand may be made by a firm spending large sums on advertising that certain news derogatory to itself should not be printed, and at the same time threatening to withdraw its business. Withdrawal of this business would mean a great loss to the newspaper and it has been suggested that news has been withheld from the public because of this pressure. It is doubtful though, if a newspaper could afford to risk the goodwill of the public by catering to one or more advertisers. A newspaper's influence lasts only so long as its readers believe in its integrity.

Then, we may hear of a certain newspaper being the organ of this or that political party. How then, can it be altogether free when its

news is more or less restricted by its political views?

In a country ruled by a dictator the press is a huge megaphone held in the hands of a privileged few of its leaders. Vital information is withheld, and the only news allowed to be printed is thoroughly censored by propaganda ministers. In totalitarian states, the liberty of the individual has been submerged under the tyrannical will of a government whose first act on attaining power was to abolish the freedom of the press. People living in these countries are often left completely unaware of important happenings, both at home and abroad.

Fortunate indeed, are we who live in a democratic land, under a flag which protects our personal liberty, tolerates our religious beliefs, and through the medium of a free press gives a measure of justice to all.—D. Beattie.

SCHOOL SONG

USQUE AD ASTRA

St. John's, St. John's, our motto old,
Usque ad astra!
Throughout the ages, true and bold,
Usque ad astra!
Has led men on towards the light,
To live for all, to dare the right,
And ever strive in life's rough fight
Usque ad astra!

On pillars firm St. John's shall stand
Usque ad astra!
Importing strength to mind and hand,
Usque ad astra!
Then let us on with joyous heart,
In all that's worthy take our part,
With this, our motto, our life's chart,
Usque ad astra!

SCHOOL YELL

Ki-yi Ki-yi Ki-yi yip,
St. John's, St. John's, zip zip zip,
Are we in it? Well I'll guess,
St. John's, St. John's, yes yes yes,
O for orange, B for brown,
St. John's, St. John's, beat them all around,
S-T. J-O-H-N-S, St. John's!

Keep your temper; nobody else wants it.

**ATTENTION ALL GRADUATES
OF ST. JOHN'S!**

WHETHER you are just leaving the school this year or whether you graduated in 1911, please note, graduates: there is going to be a St. John's High School Alumni Association and we want every one of you to support this association with your membership and your whole-hearted interest.

A group of graduates are working very hard at organizing this Alumni club, and they have made plans for its inauguration in September, 1939. Graduates of different years have been approached and they all think the formation of such an association would benefit everyone. We already have the support of many prominent men and women of Winnipeg but we also need your support.

There will be no difficulty in obtaining the use of the school and its facilities for the organization. We can have divisions in the club for earlier and later graduates, and there will be many different activities for everyone. We can have debating, dramatic and discussion groups, an orchestra, a choir, gym classes and various athletic activities, and all kinds of socials, but we do need your co-operation.

The first meeting of the club will be held some time in September. There will be plenty of information about this meeting in the local newspapers, but until September, don't forget to discuss the formation of this Alumni Association with other graduates and work up a great enthusiasm for this club. If you have any suggestions or ideas that may help the Organization Committee, please write to The St. John's Alumni, c/o St. John's High School, or to Mae Bell, organization secretary, at 291 Boyd Ave., and the committee will be more than grateful to you.

Remember: Watch the newspapers about September 1, 1939, (especially The North-End) for information about the first meeting of the St. John's High School Alumni Association.

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E N G R A V E R S

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TRAIN STORIES

By HERBERT LLOYD, XI P

The "Iron Horse" of today is vastly different both in size and construction from the wheezy old locomotives of forty years ago. In the days when railroads were young about twenty or thirty cars were about all that a locomotive could pull over washboard track. Today, freight trains having as many as a hundred loaded cars and running on schedules rivalling the speed of passenger trains, is a commonplace occurrence. All this has been brought about by the steady change in Locomotive Design and construction.

To meet the demands made of them by faster schedules, modern locomotives must have their main dimensions in proportion to one another, cylinders with drive wheels and boiler size with working pressure. An engine built for either speed or power alone is not desired by the up-to-date railroad, or the railroad with good roadbed and heavy service. Engines of thirty and forty years ago could very easily keep pace with our modern giants, as far as speed went, but they failed to keep up this speed and carry a heavy load at the same time. Locomotives of today are constructed for the purpose of being able to handle a heavy load at a swift pace and attain that pace easily and quickly.

To attain speed a locomotive must have drive wheels of sufficient size, and a boiler large enough to supply steam to the cylinders at a fast enough rate. The purpose of high drivers is to reduce piston speed and cut down on the strain and pound of the reciprocating parts. This strain is more done away with by the use of light-weight rods and valve assembly and also the new disc-type drive wheels. These wheels have no spokes, are practically solid and therefore keep in true longer.

Freight and heavy-duty locomotives on the other hand, have somewhat smaller drivers and their weight is distributed closer to the rails, thus giving it more grip or tractive effort. They are by no means the slow, plodding pieces of machinery that they were some years ago, but can be used successfully on our fast passenger trains, if necessary.

Scene In A Railway Yard

By HERBERT LLOYD, XI P

The freight yards appear deserted. From the north come chill winds. Overhead, black clouds form, foretelling a stormy night. The pale, silvery light of the autumn moon filters through the lowering sky. On number five

track, a long line of loaded and sealed box cars stand ready to continue their long journey to the coast. Vague shapes seem to flit here and there in the darkness.

In the roundhouse, the final touches are being given to the monster engine that will soon be pulling the cars on their way. Two sharp blasts from the whistle and the engine emerges, its headlight casting a long gleam of light down the darkened yards. Slowly it comes, every part gleaming and clean; the turbine gives off a faint whine above the rising wind. On reaching number five track the engine backs down to the cars, and with a series of bumps and jars, is finally coupled. Eighty-five car lengths down the track, the faint glow of the caboose markers can barely be distinguished. Here and there along the train, the lanterns of the train crew can be seen, bobbing and poking under and between the cars.

To a stranger, this scene would appear very mysterious, but to the railroadmen it is just routine. "Time freight No. 404 Westbound," is all the timetable has to say. The railroaders, those bluff, genial men who would tell you what monotonous lives they lead, but would not exchange their jobs as engineers, firemen or wipers in the roundhouse, for all the pleasures in the world.

One long blast from the locomotive. A faint murmuring comes and goes in the shadows. The sigh of released air, the hiss of escaping steam and the long line of cars starts moving. Vague shadows steal out from the night and attach themselves to the slowly moving train. These men form what is known as the Legion of the Lost—The Forgotten Man.

The train is moving rapidly now; the clack of wheels beat on ever-increasing tempo on the rail joints. A pulsating, throbbing roar comes from the engine as it tears onward past the yard limits. With a whisk the red markers of the caboose flash by and rapidly grow fainter and smaller, to be finally swallowed up by the darkness. From afar, the last distant wail of the whistle floats down to us on the wind.

Once again the yards are deserted and silent save for the mournful music of the wind. But not for long; it has started to snow from out of the night, Number Two's whistle comes to us. From where we stand beside the track a small luminous spot appears in the darkness, growing larger and brighter by the second. Number Two's engine rolls past, silent save for the whine of the turbine, a faint

(Continued on Page 74)

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Plotzlich einen Morgen hat man mir gesagt: "Du musst eine Geschichte schreiben."

"Warum?" habe ich gefragt.

"Wir brauchen eine kleine Geschichte für 'Die Fackel'," war die Antwort.

"Aber ich weiss nicht, wovon zu schreiben."

"Scheibe, wovon du willst."

Ich habe gedacht und gedacht. Schöne Geschichten kann ich nicht auf Englisch schreiben und überhaupt nicht auf Deutsch. Und auch alles, was ich schreibe, ist nicht interessant. Aber ich musste etwas tun.

Da habe ich zu mir gesagt. "Was ist jetzt für jeden interessant? Die Reise des Königs und der Königin! Aber man liest schon alles von ihnen in der Zeitung. Deswegen werde ich nur schreiben, was ich von ihrer Reise nach Winnipeg denke."

Ich habe von Salterstrasse den König und die Königin gesehen. Sie waren spät gewesen und hatten sehr schnell gehen müssen, und ich habe sie nur eine halbe Minute gesehen. Das ist aber wert, obgleich ich zwei Stunden gewartet habe. Die Königin hat so schon in ihrem blauen Kleid ausgesehen. Sie hat zu allen gelächelt und gewinkt. Der König sah sehr freundlich aus. Jeder, der sie gesehen hat, wird sie nie vergessen. Für die meisten

Menschen ist das die einzige Gelegenheit gewesen, ihren König zu sehen. Für mich war das unvergesslich.

—FRANCES GELLER.

TRAIN STORIES

(Continued from Page 73)

clank from a side-rod and a whispering hiss of steam from a leaking joint. High up in the darkened cab a muffled hail from the engineer as he greets us. Then comes the brightly lighted mail and express cars, followed by the coaches with sleeper lights turned low. Finally we are left alone with the two red markers of the observation car fading into the darkness.

"Man overboard," came the hoarse shout.

Boats were lowered and a search made. Later the ship's company was lined up and the roll-call read over. The mystery deepened for no one was missing. At last a very scared A.B. stepped forward and addressed the officer of the watch.

"I think sir as 'ow the man who went overboard must 'ave been me sir," he said. "I went over sir, but managed to grab the anchor chain and climb in again."

"Then why on earth didn't you say so before?"

"Very sorry sir, but being on the lifeboat crew I 'ad to go and look for the man overboard."

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HONORABLE MENTION

(Continued from Page 36)

else. You are so immersed in your own analytic self. At times I hate you! Why did you not marry Ophelia? You say you really loved her. You protested to her brother that you loved her more than he, and that you would gladly die with her. Why then, did you not prove this love, and die for her? It was you who drove her insane, who sent her to her death. It was you who killed her father, and now that I come to think of it, you are heartless besides being mindless (that means out of your mind). You had no mercy on your own mother. What if she did make a mistake? It was her own life she was leading, and besides do we not all make mistakes? You should know.

I guess I really have been "piling it on thick," but that was just the letting off steam I have been feeling ever since I have been studying you. I am going to contradict myself now, but I truly hope all the things I think about you are true. Perhaps you really are a master mind, a super-genius, or whatever way you will have it. I guess the strain of the workings of your brain was a bit too much for you. Yours is certainly a high temperament and a secretive nature. Perhaps as a result of all your suffering you have lost all your faith in human natures—poor fool, to live without that is merely to exist.

Oh well, I do not see why I should go on writing when you will never read this letter. Sad, is it not? I do not believe in ghosts, and now that I come to end my letter, "from me to you" I still do not see that I am any clearer on your character than I was at the beginning of this epistle. However, I shall close now, thanking you for giving me food for thought, praying that your ghost will not come to haunt me, and grateful to you for giving me the privilege of writing to a royal prince—the first and last prince I shall ever write to, you, Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

"Since I may never see your face
And never shake you by the hand,
I send my soul through time and space
To greet you. You will understand."

A high school student (1939).

—Jerry Goulding, XII.

* * *

To curtail drunkenness is not to destroy it.

* * *

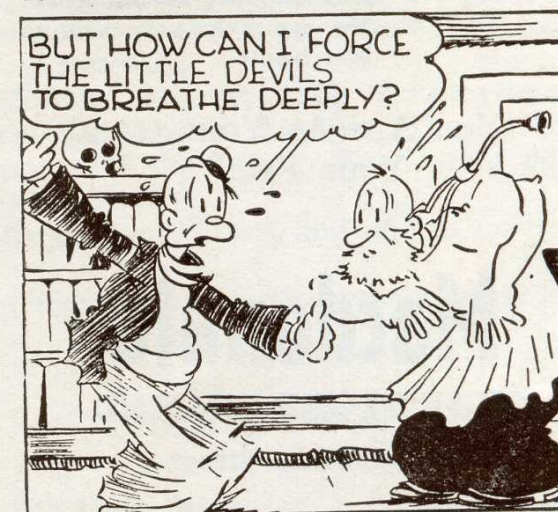
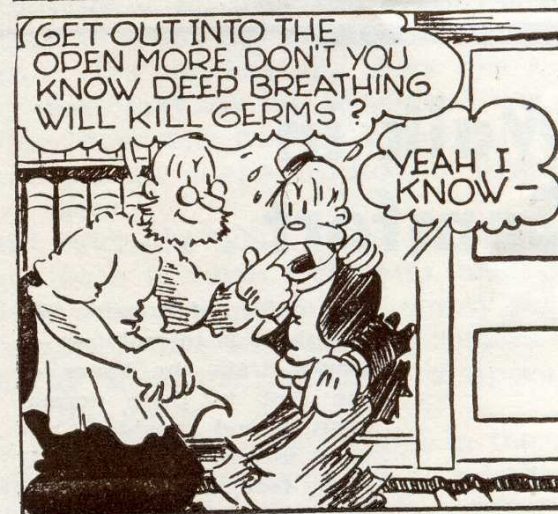
Persecuting sinners will never make them saints.

* * *

It is easy to find fault; it is hard to do better.

* * *

Religion is not much use until it gets into the heart.



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* * *

Harsh words always hurt the speaker.

* * *

Adverse criticism often is merely jealousy.

* * *

Mean people always expect most generosity.

* * *

Some folk find happiness in being unhappy.

* * *

No man ever realized fully his potentialities.

* * *

It is easier to excuse our bad habits than to overcome them.

* * *

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CLEAN-UP WEEK

HURRAY for "Clean-Up Week." I wonder how many good Winnipeg citizens are carolling these words. I wonder, also, how many St. John's students are joining in the chorus. St. John's, you see, is having a little clean-up spree of its very own. In Winnipeg during "Clean-Up Week," everyone bustles about cleaning houses inside and out. Gardens are being cleaned up too, and all the scraps put into neat piles in the lanes for some poor unsuspecting soul like myself to trip over. St. John's is no exception to the clean-up rule. In other years the students have participated in this campaign, but never as vigorously as this year. The girls have been assigned the work of cleaning up the inside of the school, and right well they have done so. In the past few days the whole place has been a hive of activity, water, soap-suds and dust, but now that the turmoil has died down a little, you can see that it has taken effect. Desks have been scrubbed until you can scarcely believe there is such a being as an untidy St. John student. Even the window sills have received their share of soap and water.

But enough of the inside. Now let me tell you about the outside, and about the boys. Ah! the boys—these hardy perennials have been assigned the task of cleaning up outside. They supply the tools and also the man-power. There has not been such a splurge of energy shown all year, or any other year as far as we know, inside or outside of the school. Even more activity is shown here than at the field-day, for then it is all over in a day, with all the glory going to the victorious high-jumpers, sprinters, hurdlers, and so on. This activity does not come all at once, oh no, it lingers over the days, and the only glory here is the aches and pains that follow. These

Stoics have, however, applied themselves with a zeal they will appreciate both now, because they like the work, and later, because they worked so hard. Years from now they will look back at their schooldays and think of the time when they ached for St. John's.

—E. M. S. Room 23.

HUMOR

On Saturday night I decided to go
To see a famous movie show,
I left with quite an early start,
So I could see the interesting part.
After bumping people, treading on feet,
I finally secured my well earned seat;
When to my disgust I found galore,
Peanut shells all over the floor.
A lady in front has now sat down
With a very tall hat, she looks like a clown.
Why don't they ask her to take off her steeple
So the show may be seen by all people?
While peanut shells cracked, I strained my
neck

I just catch the point of the play by heck!
When back to earth I come to meet,
A lady who thought me an empty seat.
I became aware of a passing remark
And by then the lady has disappeared in
the dark.

The hero, I believe gets killed in the end,
While he tries to rescue his fair lady friend.
Oh! why can't people keep concealed
The part of the play which has not been
revealed.

Mother, (teaching son arithmetic): "Now take the Smith family. There's momma, poppa and the baby. How many does that make?"

Bright Son: "Two, and one to carry."

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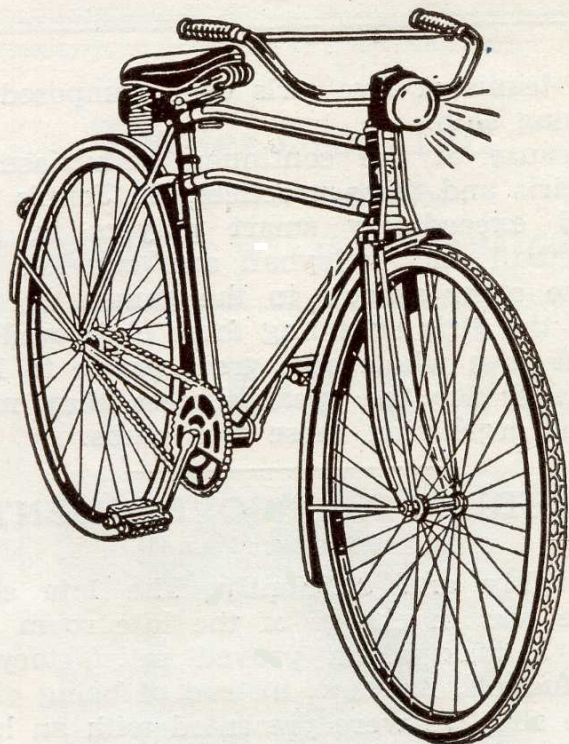
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that typing in such a manner is a great strain on us, and would never enable us to become speed typists. "The four important things in gaining speed in typewriting," concluded Miss Wright, "are correct posture, perfect rhythm, absolute accuracy and keen concentration."

With Miss Wright, there was another typist, Mr. Fred Jarritt, a former Canadian champion and now an official of the Gregg Co. The presence of Mr. Jarritt gave the commercial boys more confidence and made them feel that they could someday be champion typists as well as the girls.

All in all, this typing demonstration was a great success, and we're sure that because of it our students will become much better typists. As a matter of fact, as we were leaving the typing room we heard quite a few of the students remark: "In a few years I'm going to be a champion typist!" Well, good luck to you future champions. You can be sure St. John's High School will be very proud when it learns that one of their students has gained such a distinction.—M.B.

GAMES CLUB

Thursday! My, the time has passed quickly since last practice! This is the day on which all the Senior girls who wish to try out for the Inter-high teams set the alarm a little earlier and do their utmost to get to school at 8 a.m. Most of the girls seemed very enthusiastic about these clubs and the majority of them were there every practice. All other Senior girls came Thursday at four o'clock.

The Junior practices on Tuesday were arranged on the same basis. There were always about 40 to 50 girls at the club at 4 o'clock.

Four teams of five girls each composed the morning club.

Because of the continued enthusiasm of the girls and these practices, St. John's produced exceedingly smart players in both basketball and volleyball and equalled any of the other schools in the games.

All the girls attending these clubs and the school as a whole owe great praise to Miss E. Gauer for the great success they made out of organizing these two clubs.

STUDENT SELF GOVERNMENT

(Continued from Page 45)

thoroughly and efficiently. The late committee was in charge of the late room and lates, a task which proved satisfactory to the students, for now, instead of being given a late slip, we were presented with an hour by a smiling student. The library committee conducted library periods. The attendance committee punished students caught "skipping" or playing "hookey." The noon committee was responsible for cleaning the school at noon time. The judicial committee, consisting of school council-members and some teachers had a rather large responsibility. They had to punish misdemeanors, such as disobeying the marshalls, "skipping" too often or playing "hookey," defacing the building, using abusive language, etc.

The marshals constituted a very conscientious "police force." They too were elected, two from each class. Two marshals were on duty in each floor every period. Their duty was to stop loitering and insure proper conduct of all students in the halls, and very effectively they carried out these tasks. The use of corridor passes helped greatly in this respect.

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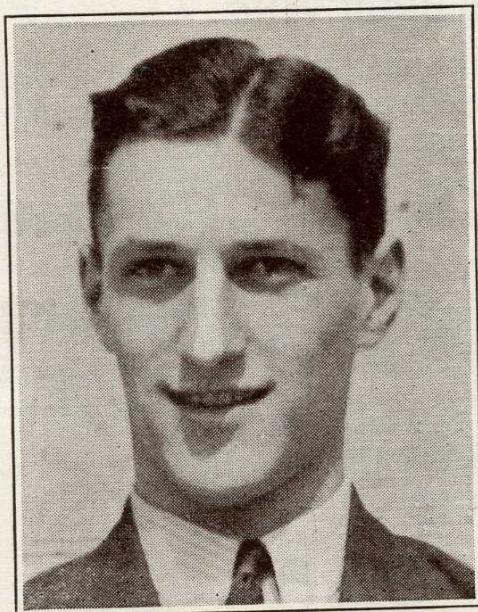
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PERSONALITIES



WALTER REMPEL. Our able and athletic President of St. John's is accomplished in every sphere. We cannot sing his praises too highly; as Ko-Ko in the Mikado he was delightfully refreshing, as individual field-day winner, Manitoba champion in the hop-step-and-jump and brilliant scholar, Walter is the answer to anybody's prayer.

GEORGE HAVERSTOCK.

"We seek him here, we seek him there,
We students seek him everywhere,"
Who? Why George Haverstock, a rare specimen of the *homo sapiens* tribe known familiarly as "schoolus treasuris," which has the

uncommon ability of making himself scarce whenever needed—which is often.

JACK LUDWIG. Double breasted terror who worked untiringly to prevent the Juniors from sinking deep into oblivion. As president of X A and as active member of the School Council, Jack has carried a great deal of the burden of school affairs on his capable shoulders.

HELEN NICOL. The coolly capable, quietly composed and comely queen of Hamlet, who has under a frigid exterior, a heart of gold with heart beats of silver. Sophisticated but talented. Helen is a worthy exponent of the ancient art of repartee.

HELEN STOKELL. Efficiency personified, artist glorified, executrix exemplified: in brief, the perfect secretary; in truth, our school secretary; in reality, Helen Stokell. Need more be said?

ART KENDALL.

"Shots and flash

And lots of dash . . ."

This term applies perfectly to little Artie Kendall, right winger par excellence of the Tiger Hockey team. To many of his opponents Art has been the cause of "defence-man phobia"*—a rare disease which has been absent from Tech since the days of Stanowski and Pratt.

*"Phobia"—a disease which effects defence-men and makes them seem to see two or three men where there is only one.

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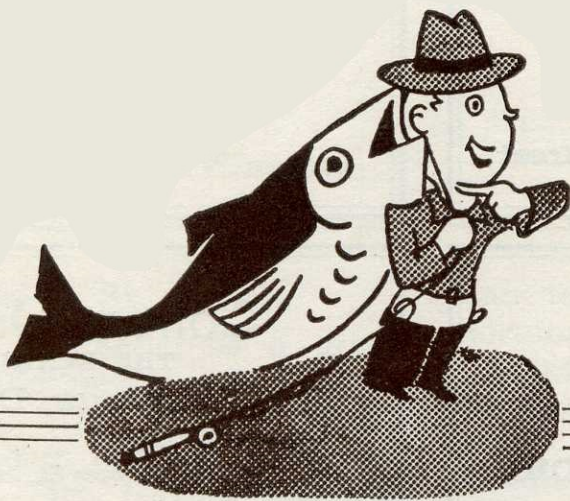
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PERSONALITIES

ABIE YANOFSKY. This year we have in our school a very unusual person. He is Abie Yanofsky, Manitoba Champion Chess Player, who has been appointed to represent Canada at Buenos Aires in the forthcoming All Nations Tournament this July. Abie, though only fifteen can more than hold his own with Canada's ablest veterans of this game that requires infinite thought and keen concentration. Our Chess champion has been playing chess since he was nine years old and his record of achievement is really extraordinary. Bernard Freedman, treasurer of the Canadian Federation is confident that Abie will some day be a world chess master. St. John's may well be proud to have Abie Yanofsky in their midst.

EVELYN RUSSEL. "Lovely to look at and delightful to know." She is a most tactful class president and a loyal St. John's student. Evelyn is also a member of the school badminton club.

PAUL LINDQUIST. An excellent interpreter of the infinitive "to sing" who is noted for a certain rendition of "Pooh Bah," the name of the opera being the Mikado. Incidentally, this boy did a nice job of blocking and tackling for our school rugby team.

SID WARHAFT. If you can give a laudable performance of Hamlet in the play of the same name . . . if being treasurer of the St. John's Debating Society doesn't bring on head aches . . . if you are capable of placing in five events on track and field . . . if you can pun till all those about you are half-dead, then you are Sid Warhaft, my son. (With the compliments of Rudyard Kipling.)

ABE ROYTENBURG. A morbid, morose, melancholy, mournful, misleading Polonius who, when not out on the track breaking records and making new ones, is inside composing poetry or spouting Shakespeare by the yard. Alas, Mad. Well and truly mad.

BILL JUZDA. The whirling Willie of High School rugby is "Juzda," a kid named Bill. He holds the Manitoba record for the shot-put, is an all-round track-man, a star in hockey and a member of the school soccer team. Oh, Bill, if you could only cook.

SPACK 'N' PUTTER. Inseparable companions of the basketball court, these two boys present a formidable front to all comers. Clicking perfectly, like the cogs in a well-oiled machine, they have established something like a record in their field. Tech. bows twice to this never-to-be-forgotten combination which has established a precedent long to remain unequalled.

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PERSONALITIES

SYBIL HOUSTON. A toast to Sybil Houston, Vice-President of the Student Council and staunch supporter of the Honor System at Tech. Sybil took a prominent part in the School Council as Vice-President and was the Council's representative on the Torch staff.

DOUG GUNN. Pending Epitaph of one "Dog-gone," who has temporarily "Gunn" mad.

"I sing of arms and the hero who, first exiled by becoming editor, was increasingly buffeted about on every hand by powers. But at last "the long enduring Gunn held sway over every shore," and presented the Torch. (With apologies to Virgil who also knew how hard it was to publish a paper.)

MURIEL TOYER.

A cloud of dust, the track is smoking,
A winning smile: the records broken,
In crowds the people stand to gape
Field-day honors around her drape.

NEVILLE WINOGRAD. Found: Five or six stray inflated pigskins floating around football field. Will owner please apply to Neville Winograd, Room 26, Right End Bldg., Rugby Boulevard. For appointments phone the "Here-it-is-under-me," Stadium.

ALLEN McMURDY. A pigskin floats high in the air, don't tell us—McMurdy kicked it; a puck catches the corner of the net, don't tell us—McMurdy shot it; an examination paper gets 40, don't tell us—McMurdy wrote it.

AULLY ROZIK. We present the 1938 Individual "C" class girl's champion. Aully's favorite game, however, is basketball, and she certainly has proved her ability in this fast and popular game.

JACK ZAMICK. Cheeping cheerily from the Tech. Hatcheries little "Chickie" Zamick hops high unto the proverbial ladder. Little old St. John's has good cause to remember this native son for his accomplishments in basketball, track and field.

ASHER HOROWITZ. Palestine's academic contribution to St. John's, noted authority on the workings of humanity, ambitious, self-styled realist.

STELLA HUSSEY. Straying aimlessly into the Aud. during orchestra practice our wondering columnist perceived a strange sight.. Peering from behind a huge saxophone, was our school symbol. Prompted by patriotic dictates he investigated further and found that this strange apparition belonged to the head of Stella Hussey. Stella still insists she's never played "swing"!

RIVA SECTER. Watch how you treat this "lady of the lance." Riva won the championship of Manitoba for fencing and all the girls of our room are very proud of her. She is a clever scholar. From now on, since her great victory, the teachers should watch their step, also.

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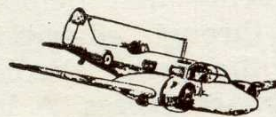
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Parliament

SOMETHING has happened in high school annals, something which will have a tremendous influence on students. Dear "Torch" reader, I am speaking of the High School Students' Congress, concluded recently.

From a reporter's point of view, it was all talky, talky. Action seemed to be conspicuous by its absence. But then, what's a congress for?

After four tough sessions, your reporter emerged with a dazed expression and a number of muddled impressions. He would like to pass some of them on to you.

First of all, what did the congress decide in the matter of "Youth and Education?" On this, there was much controversy, especially about changes in the curriculum. It was generally felt that courses should be altered so as to concentrate more and more on up-to-date subjects. Vocational guidance and training were also stressed. At this point, I can't help recalling a statement made by a certain delegate, who, in all earnestness stated that "composition" was "overdid" in the high schools. There was also intense discussion on the matter of scholarships with the results that it was decided to work toward increasing their number. Extra curricular activities seemed to be a popular topic with the students, affairs, especially social.

On the subject, "Youth's Place in the Outer World," there was a long discussion. Most of the students agreed that in the event of a war, involving Great Britain, Canada should have the right to decide on her own participation. It was agreed that because of her vast resources and influence, she should have that right. She should also do her part towards admitting refugees. Many students also expressed themselves on democracy, and freedom of the press, the general consensus of opinion being that democracy should be maintained through education of the people, and that the press should be free but not to the point of excess. A larger number of high school students should take part in civic affairs.

The students then dug their teeth into "Youth and Employment." Vocational training was again brought up, as was also vocational guidance. The decision was unanimously in favor of both. After a short debate, the delegates decided that grade twelve be re-instated. Civilian training camps and military training for the unemployed youth were rejected by most of the delegates. There seemed to be a grievance on the part of a

few suburban students. They felt that those attending city schools should not be compelled to pay the six dollar monthly fee. All agreed with them, and it was decided that action be taken on the matter.

At this session of the Congress, a "Continuation Committee" was elected from among the students to carry on the work of the congress, publish the resolutions passed, supervise the election of delegates to a Canadian Youth Congress, and finally to see to it that an Inter-School Council, from among all high school students, be elected. This committee had four representatives from each high school except Cecil Rhodes and Lord Selkirk, who elected one representative each. The committee was to exist until such time as the election of an inter-school council, and then it was to break up automatically.

Well, your reporter has tried hard to give you the "inside dope" on the congress. There's nothing much more to say except to stress its significance to the students. It would well be in our interest if we stood solidly behind the congress and the Continuation Committee, if we took a greater interest in student problems. In this way, we would come closer than ever towards solving the pertinent questions effecting all of us.

Chinaman: "Will you tell me, please, where the railroad station is?"

Stranger: "What's the matter, are you lost?"

Chinaman: "No, me here; station lost."

* * *

"You seem to be rather unlucky."

"Unlucky? Why if I was perishing with hunger in a sandy desert, and it came on to rain soup, there would be me with only a fork to eat it."

* * *

Jones chugging along comfortably in his two seater, was overtaken and passed by Smith, who was driving a sports model at a terrific speed.

Half an hour later the two met in the street.

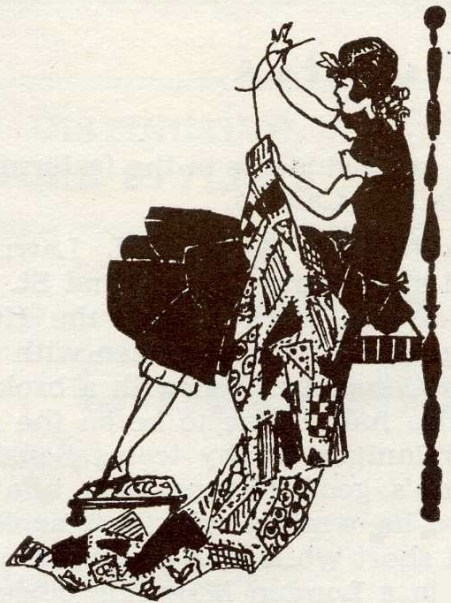
"Hullo, said Smith, "why the bandages? Have an accident?"

"Yes," was the reply. "You passed me at such a speed that I thought I had stopped; so I got out."

* * *

"What should I take when I am run down, doctor?"

"The number of the car, of course."



Household ARTS.

WHAT memories arise when I recall its charming informality. Here is a huge trunk which looks as though it contains lovely old-world dresses. In a corner is a wash basin, around which forbidden little groups gather. In a discreet section of the room a screen shields the blushing violet from the prying eyes of fellow students. But from behind this screen at about eleven-thirty in the morning issues forth a delicious aroma of baked potatoes, spaghetti or soup. Many times there have been fierce arguments about the kind of soup. On the window-sills of the crisply curtained windows are the well-tended plants. Under the windows there is a long radiator behind which countless patterns have been lost. Miss McKerchar's desk is fascinating. On it there is everything one

can possibly desire in the stationery line. Yes, the Household Arts Room is different.

But how friendly is the atmosphere in the room. Someone comforts the poor soul who has just sewn her sleeve on inside out. Someone gently swears as she pulls at an obstinate knot. Always there are our smartly appalled teachers to help and advise us.

The sewing machines whizz and purr contentedly. Now and then a student declares that her machine "won't work." She is tactfully told that it is not threaded correctly. There is almost nothing that can make a student happier than an up-to-date notebook. Other students gasp with enviable awe at the articles, "What Teen-Age Girls Should Wear," or "Silk-Worms in the Home." But what an unutterable bliss there is when you hear the murmurs of appreciation of your "finished garment." Yes, the household Arts room is a wise room, for by its friendliness it will always be remembered.

—Helene Winston.

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Our Graduates

BERT PEARL. The master of ceremonies, vocalist, pianist, script-writer and arranger for the Happy-Gang program in Toronto, is a former student of St. John's. During his years there, he was always at the top of his class, and in 1929-30 he won a sixty dollar scholarship awarded to grade eleven students obtaining the highest averages in the city. In 1931 he commenced Medical Arts course at the University of Manitoba, but soon entered the world of entertainment, and played his first radio program on CKY in 1932. He made his debut in Toronto on CBC's "Up to the Minute" program, and since then has starred on such programs as "Sing Unlimited," "Song and Patter," "Canada's Cheerful Little Earful," and the "Happy Gang." The Happy Gang program won the award for being the best program on the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's network in 1938. At one time Bert Pearl had hoped to be a brain specialist but has now abandoned the idea in order to work to keep his reputation as one of the foremost entertainers in radio. His favorite composer is Jerome Kern. He likes modern music, cigarettes, motoring, bachelor life and corn-on-the-cob.

CAVEN ATKINS. A recent article by Graham McInnes in the "Toronto Saturday Night," contained the following: "If you want to see a fresh, firm, and vital exhibition, go to Caven Atkins current show at the Picture Loan Society. Mr. Atkins has something important to say, and says it well, and that is enough to make him someone to be reckoned with among the younger Canadian artists." Mr. McInnes continued, sincerely praising Caven Atkins for his exhibition of still-life and landscapes. His concluding words are noteworthy. I wish I could write more about this show for I'm convinced Mr. Atkins is an important person.

AARON GUSEN. Aaron is a scholarship graduate of 1933. During his study of engineering at the University of Manitoba, he won a scholarship given by the Winnipeg Royal Air Force, and another given by the Engineering of Canada Pride. Last year he was the representative of the Engineering Faculty on the University Brown and Gold Year Book. This year he is the treasurer of the University of Manitoba Engineering Society. He has taken an active part in inter-faculty debating. Aaron also won a scholarship offered by the Association of Provincial Engineering for Manitoba Schools. To top these achievements, Aaron was the winner of a scholarship offered by the Sigma Alpha Mu Fraternity

open to all students in the fraternity in United States and Canada.

LAWRENCE AUDRAIN. Lawrie was educated at Machray School, and St. John's High School. He worked with the Hudson's Bay Company in Winnipeg, then with the National Trust Company, then with a brokerage firm. He also found time to be on the executive of the Winnipeg Rugby team. Some time later, Lawrie's good fortune took him to London. There he worked with a financial firm, and for a short while was employed as a research man in a London Magazine office.

Lawrie's fame, however, was achieved in a unique way. One year ago he decided to form his own picture bureau; and found that his work was bringing excellent results. In view of the royal visit to Canada, Lawrie was one of the Canadian photographers commanded to take pictures of the royal family at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle for the benefit of all Canadian Papers. Lawrence Audrain can proudly say that he was the first Canadian photographer ever to have sittings from their Majesties.

BILL CAVE. A graduate of St. John's 1933 class. He distinguished himself at the University, where he occupied a position of leadership. Bill was active in the work of the University Debating Union. He participated in the debate with an Eastern team, sponsored by the National Federation of Canadian University Students. He reached the highest position in student self-government when he was elected president of the University of Manitoba Students Union. A career of merit and distinction was fittingly crowned by his selection as Rhodes Scholar for Manitoba. He leaves this fall for Oxford.

DEAN H. RUSSELL, a St. John's High School graduate and son of H. J. Russell, formerly Commercial Master at St. John's was one of the fortunate young men selected to act as stenographic secretary in the Prime Minister's office on the Royal Train. This office was set up to enable the Prime Minister to carry on the business of the country during his journey with Their Majesties. Dean was active in Boy Scout work in North Winnipeg, and was a member of the Winnipeg Canoe Club. After passing the Provincial Government Civil Service examination he received an appointment in the Provincial Government Service. He then wrote the Dominion Stenographic Civil Service examinations and was called to Ottawa to the Department of Fisheries.

(Continued on Page 90)

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THE DAWN PATROL

Thundering northward across the sky,
The enemy lines our goal;
With never a backward glance we fly,
The planes of the Dawn Patrol.

Over the pock-marked earth we flew,
Beneath us Archies blazed;
We had to keep formation true
So not a plane was grazed.

Out of the mist of the early morn,
A Fokker formation came;
Saw us, banked, and at us flashed,
Their Spandaus spitting flame.

Our leader signalled in command
To dive among the foe,
We dove, our clutching hands were hot;
(Perhaps to death we go.)

Diving, twisting, tumbling forms,
Across my sights did fly,
And through the misty morn we fought,
To conquer them or die.

I climbed behind an Albatross,
I pulled the trigger tight,

The other plane did weave and toss,
And went on its last flight.

Other forms appeared in front,
Two Spads had gone to rest,
A Fokker came at me to hunt
Another victorious guest.

Holes appeared in front of me,
Bullets sang and hummed,
I twisted, dived, nor wished to be
Next victim for the Hun.

I looped and tightened the circle broad,
And sat upon his tail,
And from a distance, scarce a rod,
Put "Finis" to his tale.

Our leader signalled to homeward fly,
As fast the enemy fled,
And with us took our memoirs sad,
Of comrades added to the dead.

Thundering southward across the sky,
The Allied 'drome our goal,
Sadly depleted in numbers we fly,
The planes of the Dawn Patrol.

—Lawrence Henne, XD.

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JACK GALLAGHER. Graduate of 1932. Jack graduated in Geology at the University of Manitoba. He then left for a position in California, where for six months he was employed in the services of the Shell Oil Company. Jack's work in California was of such merit that he was recently transferred to Egypt. He now holds the responsible position of geologist for the Shell Oil Co. of Egypt. Jack's headquarters are in distant Cairo, where he will remain for at least three years.

BOHDAN HUBICKI, Winnipeg violinist, who has been studying in the London Royal Academy of Music, for the past five years, played twice over the air last year, to Canada especially, and once to Australia.

EDITH BORODKIN, our petite folk dancing accompanist, won great merit in the Musical Festival when she came first in two classes—namely the Concert Group of Three Pieces and the Senior Pianoforte Bach Solo.

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To our teachers we owe our eternal gratitude. Through their patient understanding and unflinching insight they have fully contributed towards our progress at St. John's. Their task was not easy and, without their co-operation and interest our sojourn at this school, would not have been the happy and profitable venture that it was. Their advice and axioms will be of untold value to us when we assume our places on the course of life.

It is a course sown with the seeds of dissension and overrun with the pernicious weed of egotism. It is for us, as Graduates of St. John's, to try and rid the wayside of these cancers, using as our instruments those principles of fairness and co-operation which

governed our schools: honour, purity and unselfishness; never forgetting, always conscious and proud of the fact that we have been students of St. John's. With our heads held high and our shoulders squared we shall walk along the Highway of Reality, carrying in our hands the school symbol, the Torch, carrying in our hearts the school motto "Usque ad Astra."

EUGENE NEMISH, the talented violinist, who has been studying in London, England, for six years, returned to Winnipeg last fall to visit his parents and, to the immense thrill of the Grade XI students, Mr. Nemish gave a recital of several beautiful selections in the school auditorium.

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Practical Arts

THROUGH the efforts of Mr. Baskerville, Practical Arts House Captain, the P.A. boys and girls have come through the past term with flying colors. During the year we have had many pleasant hours with the teachers; they have all been jovial fellows, ready to hear a joke and exchange one.

The '39 term has seen the inauguration of a new type of work, namely Bookbinding. Here, the damaged books are taken in, sewn, and bound, to be turned out as new. Due to the splendid co-operation of Mr. McDill, former draughting instructor, the work has progressed favorably, and if continued, will certainly play a most important part in the school curriculum.

The following comments by our shop instructors are, in themselves, ample proof that the work and character of the boys during the past term, has been of a high calibre. Mr. Baskerville of the Woodworking shop was very high in his praise of the students and the work.

Mr. Blount, that well liked gentleman of the Electrical Room, has this to say, "Many a student in the Industrial Arts classes begins to comprehend that which in other classes was incomprehensible, to express that which

up to then had been to him or her, inexpressible."

"To my way of thinking, the P.A. students have been more keenly interested in learning to do things, than in actually making a project," states Mr. Gallimore of the Forge Room.

Mr. Duffin, the jolly Scotsman of the Woodturning shop finds time to say that the P.A. classes as a whole are eager to learn, and when they apply themselves, do good work.

Mr. Whiteford of the Draughting Room says, "The work of the P.A. students has been splendid in every respect during the past term."

Mr. Hutchison, our beloved Machine Shop instructor, has an excellent philosophy to pass on. "The knowledge that becomes a part of us by our own activities, is far more valuable and useful than that which comes by mere precept; it surpasses the knowledge of the reader of books of travel."

And last but certainly not the least, Mr. J. Whittingham, the jovial and well liked caretaker has been quoted as saying, "The co-operation and good fellowship of the boys of the Practical Arts can be placed second to none in my estimation."—B. Smith.

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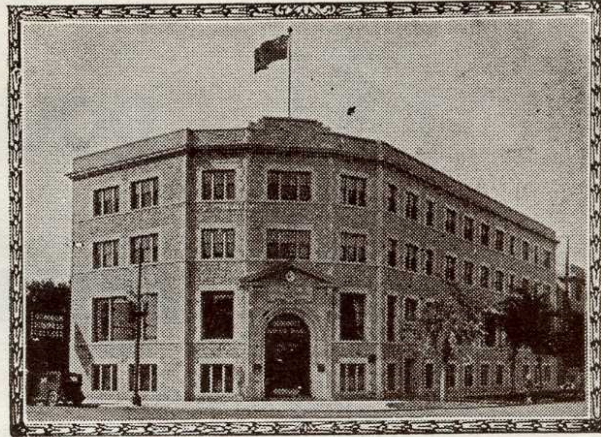
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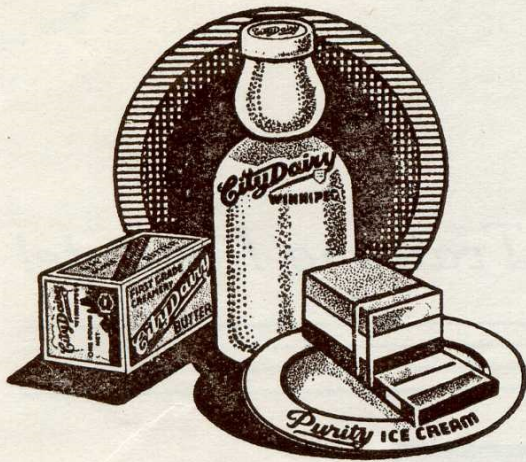
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CONTENTS

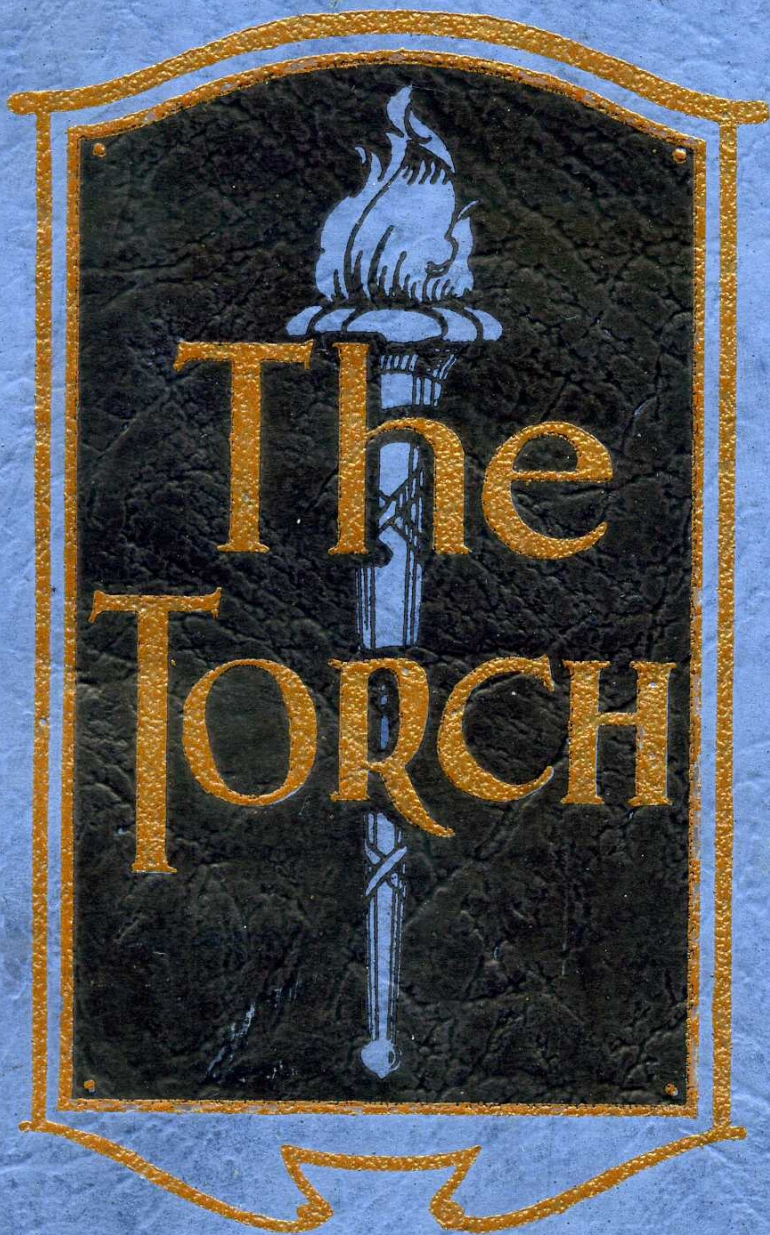
	Page
Activity Page	62
Autograph Page	92
Classes	11-46-55
Clean-Up Week	77
Editorial	7
Hamlet	30
Humor	59
Inter-High Field Day	27
King and Queen	4
Literary Section	32
Mr. Reeve's Foreword	3
Musical Activities	52
Opera Cast	44
Our Graduates	88
Our School	2
Parliament	86
Personalities	81
Photograph Contest	65
Social	60
Sports	18
Staff Signatures	78
St. John's, Friends of Friends	78
Student Council	8
Student Self-Government	45
The Staff	11
Torch Staff	9
Train Stories	73
Valedictory Address	5

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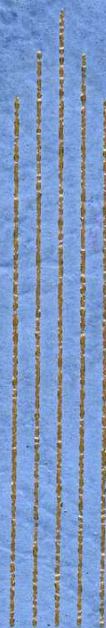
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MORLEY KARE,
Business Manager.

Alcone's Fur	70	Magel and Katz Garage	67
Angus School of Commerce	64	Machray Grocery	67
Aronovitch and Leipsic, Ltd.	77	Manitoba Telephone System	71
Baldy Northcott	83	Macdonald Shoe Store	76
Baker and Sons, Ltd.	80	Morgan Nicholson Ltd.	80
Brathwaite's, Ltd.	63	Maroon Athletic Club	81
Blossom Florists	66	Manitoba Commercial College	58
Bliss and Cohen, Ltd.	66	Neilson's Chocolates	42
Burrows Drug Store	66	Northern Taxi, Ltd.	74
Blackhurst Bros.	83	Perth's Dye Works	66
Blue Ribbon, Ltd.	83	Polson Service Station	81
Bibby's Confectionery	87	Picardy's Ltd.	91
Bell's Bottling Co.	94	Pollock's Hardware	84
College Drug Store	81	Pop Inn Confectionery	87
Central Press	63	People's Co-operative Asso.	91
Crescent Creamery	71	Robert S. Ramsay	68
College Theatre	77	R. Lewis	90
Cinderella Beauty Salon	89	Success Business College	6
Curries School Equipment	91	St. John's College	54
City Dairy	94	Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons	79
C. Falconer & Co.	94	Speed Service Station	81
Dr. Hugh K. Henderson	84	Sommer's Upholstering	83
Doner's Drug Store	87	Shana's Drug Store	77
Doug. Gunn and Morley Kare	94	St. John Photo Studio	94
Dr. D. Young	63	St. John Model Shop	85
Dale's	67	Sinclair Drug Store	83
De Luxe Theatre	76	Smitty's Snack Shop	84
Educational Book Service Asso.	68	Toronto Ladies' Wear	84
Elias Reich & Co. Ltd.	80	The Moffat Grocery and Baking Co.	87
Economy Drug Store	85	The Arcade Kosher Restaurant	87
Five Roses Flour	83	The New College Shop	89
George Allen	89	The S. Bereskin Store	94
Grand Motor Service Ltd.	74	The Chocolate Shop	68
Hollywood Style Shop	63	20 Century Bowling	67
Harmony Music	63	The Nut House	66
Hudson's Bay Co.	68	Tower Theatre	63
Herbert Winston	80	T. Eaton Co. Ltd.	79
King's Confectionery	77	Tessler Bros. Ltd.	81
Laurence Bicycle Shop	74	T. G. Blight	83
Les Gibson	83	United College	71
Lewis Shoe Repairing	91	Universal Athletic Club	94
Lightfoot Tally-Ho	87	W. Patch	74
Misha Style Shop	84	Winnipeg Photo Studio	84
Mayfair Dress	90	Walker Ryan Barber Shop	85
McLean Printers	94	Winnipeg Map and Blue Print	85
McKenzie Clay & Co.	70	Winnipeg Typewriter Exchange	89
Main St. Confectionery	67	Zenith Printing	82



The End



St. John's High School

1939

