

THE

TORCH



1936-'37

The

# TORCH



Coronation Number

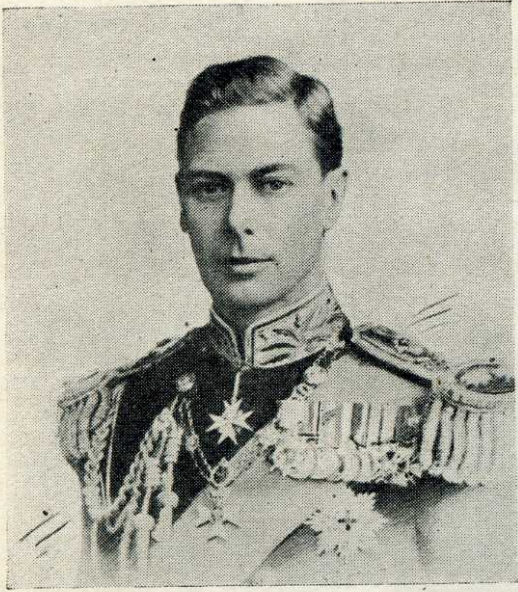
St. Johns High School

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•  
*May this book be a lasting pleasure and  
source of retrospect to all its readers.*

THE STAFF.



## Long May They Reign

**D**IFFERING from other British Kings since 1272, George VI ascended the throne, not on the day his predecessor died, but when Edward, his brother, abdicated. This, however, did not detract from the solemnity and significance of the moment, when, with a glittering throng filling the ancient Abbey, the Archbishop of Canterbury “reverently placed upon the King’s head” the crown of St. Edward the Confessor, “at sight of which the people, with loud and repeated shouts, cried “God Save King George VI.”

While vast throngs watched the royal procession, only eight thousand privileged beings packed the ancient church to witness a ceremony unequalled in the world—the actual coronation.

First in the procession up the nave were the royal guests from other lands—now vastly diminished by the forces of Fascism and Communism—followed by the princes and princesses of the royal house.

Leading the grand procession, which had the King in its midst, were the deans and chaplains of Westminster, followed by the splendidly robed officers of arms and knighthood. The comptroller and treasurer of the household came next, followed by standard bearers. More officers came after this, preceding the archbishops, whose jewelled crosses were borne before them, Queen Elizabeth with her retinue followed up.

Noblemen and gentlemen came next bearing the regalia of St. Edward with which the King was invested. First were the St. Edward’s staff and

sceptre, with the cross containing a piece of the huge Cullinan diamond. The golden spurs followed and after them came the three swords—the pointless sword of mercy and those symbolic of spiritual and temporal justice.

Then four abreast walked the knights of arms—Norroy, Clarenceuz, Lyon, and Ulster. Followed the Lord Mayor of London, gorgeously arrayed, bearing his crystal mace. Then the Lord Great Chamberlain walked alone, followed by an Earl carrying the sword of state and accompanied by the young Duke of Norfolk, hereditary Earl Marshal of England, in charge of Coronation arrangements. With them was the Lord High Constable of England. Pages attended these great officers of state.

Noblemen followed bearing the sceptre with the dove, St. Edward's crown, and the orb, and preceding three bishops who carried the paten, Bible, and chalice. Immediately after the latter came the King himself in crimson robe of state, collar of the Garter, and the cap of state. His train was carried by eight nobles and gentlemen who were closely followed by the Bishops of Durham and of Bath and Wells. Twenty gentlemen at arms and officers of the King's household followed.

The Archbishop of Canterbury received the King, turning said to the congregations: "Sir, I present unto you King George, anointed King of this realm; wherefore all you who are come this day to do homage and service, are you willing to do the same?" The King turned to the four points of the compass as the question was asked four times, the people acclaiming each time "God Save King George VI."

Followed a prayer, communion service, gospel, and sermon. Then the King took the Coronation oath.

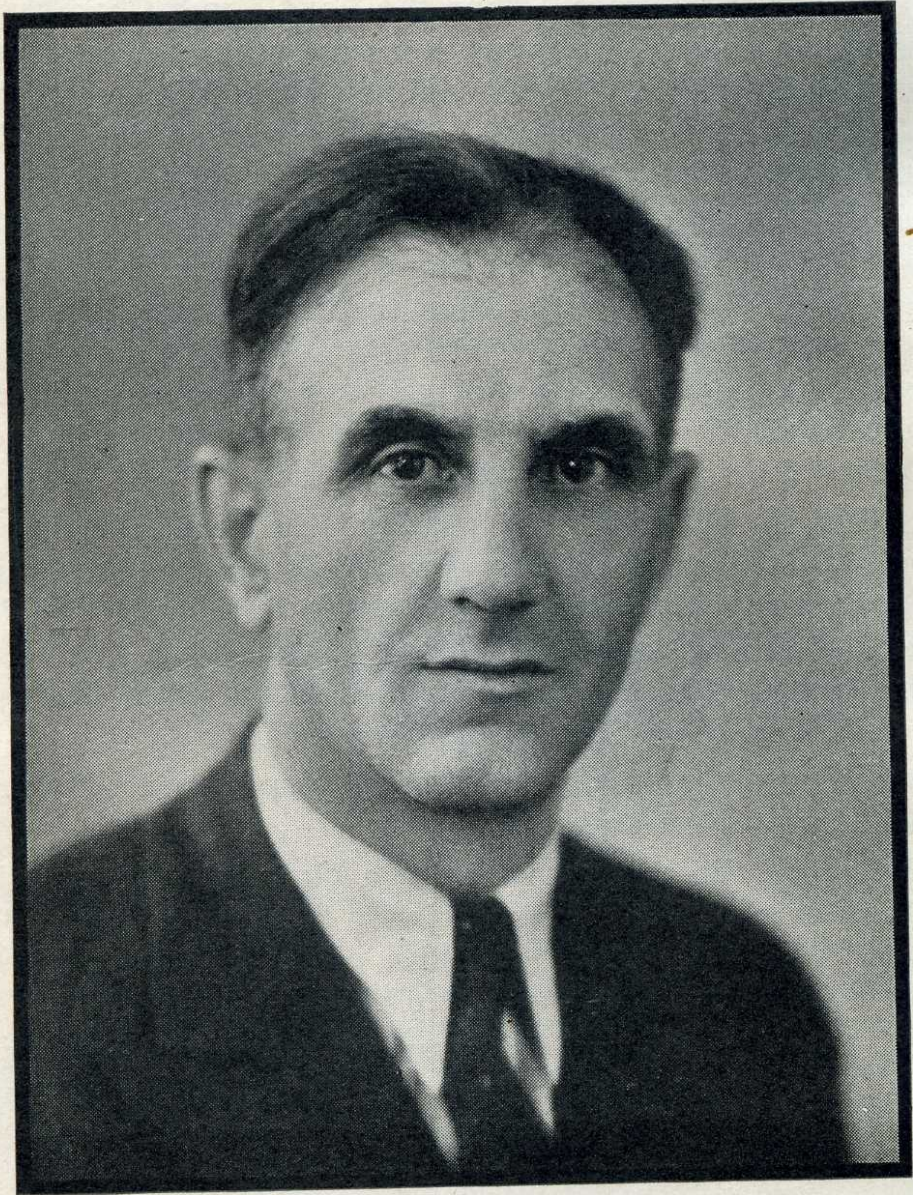
Concealed from the congregation by a cloth of gold curtain the King sets aside his robes of state. The Archbishop then anointed with consecrated oil the King's forehead, breast, and the palms of his hands. The King then donned a linen robe and a cloth of gold tunic.

He, then being a consecrated monarch, received the regalia of St. Edward. He took the sword and spurs, offered the sword at the altar, and redeemed it with 100 shillings, and then was invested with the stole and imperial mantle. The orb in his right hand, he received the ring and sceptre, symbolizing knightly power, and the rod with the dove, representing equity and mercy.

The crown, which the Dean of Westminster brought from the altar, was placed, by the Archbishop, on the Sovereign's head. The peers then assumed their coronation cornets and caps, while outside guns roared and bells pealed.

The King received the Bible and a benediction, after which he was lifted to the throne. After receiving the homage of his peers, making his communion, and changing to a purple velvet mantle, he left the Abbey by the west door, wearing his crown and carrying the sceptre in his right hand, the orb in his left. He drove from there to Buckingham Palace in the gilded coach.

(Courtesy of "Westward Ho!")



G. J. REEVE, *Principal*

# FOREWORD

ANOTHER year of your lives has passed away. Forty weeks, the school year 1936-37, have come and gone, gone beyond recall. What have you done with them?

This is an urgent question for each one of you. That these weeks will never again be at your service is not the only ground of their importance in your lives. There is the added consideration that what you have done, what you have been, in these weeks will have its effect on all the years of life that lie ahead of you.

What answer, then, can you as an individual give to the vital question of how you have used this time?

The school as a whole can claim with justice that it has made good use of the year that is ending. There has been definite improvement in the calibre of work done by the Practical Arts, the Commercial and the Extension classes. We have had, in addition, two of the strongest Matriculation classes that have come our way in years. On the whole, then, the standard of work throughout the year has been above average.

The school, too, has been slowly but surely forging ahead in the direction of certain quite definite objectives of primary importance in the "good life."

The importance of independent work is year by year receiving added stress. "Think straight! Think independently! Think courageously!"—these watch-words of the school are being cried aloud with ever-increasing emphasis.

The school, too, is developing an adequate technique in the matter of providing for individual differences in students. Rigid curricula and large classes are unfavorable to this development, but they are not insurmountable obstacles to it. Assignments to meet the needs of students at three differing levels of ability are fast becoming typical.

Lastly, the school is setting out to impress upon the students the supreme importance of adjusting themselves to life. In other words, the school is recognizing that character-training is its essential function, that a correct attitude of life is far more important than an A in English or History. It is recognizing, too, that character-training is a long, slow, laborious process, calling for the exercise of eternal vigilance, supernal patience and immense wisdom by the teacher. And too often all in vain! But here, too, the school is on the move. To a greater degree than in any former year have classes shown that they can, at need, look after themselves. Never before have class councils been so active; never have their activities been productive of such good results. It is true that there is yet much to accomplish in this field, but it is also true that a definite advance has been registered.

On the whole, then, the school has made good use of the year now closing. Did you, as an individual, make equally good use of your time?

G. J. REEVE, *Principal.*

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## EDITORIAL

WE ARE living in a history-making era. During the past year alone, while we have been attending high school at St. John's, incidents of major importance affecting the whole world have taken place—the abdication of Edward VIII,—the Coronation of George VI,—the fight for Democracy in Spain,—the re-election of President Roosevelt, and many others.

We who are graduating will either go on to University, Normal School, Grade XII or go out into the world and seek work with the recommendation of a high school education. Hundreds of us are leaving the school—never to return.

We are leaving St. John's richer by far than the day—two years ago—when we first entered the school. We are not leaving under false misapprehensions, unaware of what the future has in store for us. We have gained the required knowledge enabling us to appreciate to a certain extent the significance of the world before us. We realize the position we are in. We have some knowledge of the economical condition of our country. We have some idea of our abilities.

For all of this we have the faculty to thank. They have given of their knowledge, experience and time to the best of their ability.

On behalf of the student body, *The Torch staff*, and on my behalf, I wish to extend to Mr. Reeve and the staff of teachers most sincere thanks for their efforts. You have done your part—the rest depends entirely upon ourselves.

We can only hope that we live up to your expectations of us and that, in the future, we may once more have the pleasure of meeting you,—not as teacher to student, but as “man to man.”

BARNEY BAY.



## STUDENT COUNCIL



Standing—Ed. Winiarz, John Calder, Miss Owens, Mr. Reeve, Mr. Wherett, Frank Marlyn.  
Seated—Minnie Binder, Beth Bragg, Ed. Cooper, Grace Doylend, Hannah Brownstone.

### STUDENT COUNCIL

**W**HAT is all the excitement? the hum of excited voices? the patter of excited feet? Yes, elections are on!

After the many "Mr. Reeve, members of the Staff—I thank you's," which you will recognize as election speeches, the successful candidates were declared members of the Student Council for 1936-37, with Ed Cooper, President, and Beth Bragg, Vice-President. Grace Doylend, of the Extension Class, was

as soon as the term began and several questions were brought up for discussion. Among these was the question: Would the various clubs in the school be independent clubs? After a long discussion it was finally decided that all the activities around the school, namely, Students Review, Debating Club, Girls' Games Club, elected Secretary-Treasurer, and, to say the least, she has fulfilled her duties to the best of her ability.

The Council buckled down to work

(Continued on page 39)

*The best way to get service is to give it.*

## ST. JOHN'S REVIEW



Back Row—Harold Cohen, Harry Freedman, Miss McCord, Israel Freedman, Sadie Isaacovitch, Larry Porter, Matt Saunders, Beatrice Heifitz, Minnie Keenberg, Hannah Brownstone, Wilfred Suttle, Mildred Shanas, Vera Genoff, Mr. Reeve.  
Seated—Saul Grand, Helen Maluish, Frank Marlyn, Anne Trepel, Norman Penner.

**T**HERE is something luring and pulsating in publishing a newspaper; something which the reader, cynic that he is, can never quite understand. You see, I have a reason for writing so slowly, so sadly in silence. I know I can never express that impression which I feel in writing articles. I know that this article will inevitably end up as a fact list. Do you blame me for feeling like a diver about to plunge into icy water. But I must.

The complete policy of the Student Review was determined at the first staff meeting. There it was decided to discard the title, "The Times," and to assume one more preferable for a monthly publication which reviewed student activities. The size

of the paper was discussed and the most suitable chosen. The policy and lay-out of the paper were settled.

It was decided to publish the first issue more in a newspaper than a pamphlet style, and with that in mind the work began.

The editors were quite in agreement on the new policy, writing the front page entirely in news item fashion with headlines for the more important news. The feature page, even among such humble and self-reserved members of the staff as Sol Grand and Norman Penner, was commended. It contained an interview with Arch. Dale and was illustrated with one of his cartoons.

There was a very well written

(Continued on page 25)

*There is only one way to be happy and that is to make someone else so.*

# Editorial Staff OF THE TORCH



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S. GRAND  
*Circ. & Bus. Manager*



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MISS. TURNER



MR. J. JONES



MR. T. O. DURNIN



MR. L. THIERRY

Frank Juzak



MR. F. C. GRUSZ

*Editor in Chief:* BARNEY BAY

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MILDRED SHANAS  
SOL GRAND  
ED. COOPER

*The backbone of every job is found in its difficulties.*

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Toby Duboff  
Una Young  
John Calder

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*Debating:*

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*Humor:*

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Frank Marlyn

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Clarence Williamson  
Dave Johnson

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Mike Pidlubny  
Harry Freedman, Jr.

*Pinafore:*

Anne Trepel

*Music Club:*

Anne Trepel

## ROOM WRITE-UPS

*Matriculation, Boys:*

XI-A—Ben. Lucow  
XI-B—Israel Freedman  
XI-C—Coppinger & Watt  
X -A—Albert Kushnerov  
X -B—Art Dyson  
X -C—Harry Freedman, Jr.  
X -D—Jim Twells

*Commercial Boys:*

XI-D—Eric Mitchell  
XI-E—Wilf. Suttle  
XI-F—Allan Gold  
X -E—Joe Prystash

*Matriculation Girls:*

XI-G—Betty Lavender  
XI-H—Agnes Ross  
X -G—Francis Galdzinski  
X -F—Mildred Shanas  
X -H—Joan Lydiard

*Extension:*

Dave Johnson

*Commercial Girls:*

XI-J—Margaret Birch  
XI-K—Nellie Sharp  
XI-L—Marjorie Millard  
XI-M—Ann Yarish

*Commercial Girls (Cont.):*

X-J—Lillian Lipkin  
X-B—Bernice Lindquist  
X-L—Irene Powell

*Practical Arts, Girls:*

P.A.E.—Angela Zukor

*Practical Arts, Boys:*

P.A.A.—Walter Stanowski  
P.A.C.—Fred Hawryluk  
P.A.D.—Bill Hamulka



*There is no harm in dreaming as long as you get up and hustle when the alarm clock goes off.*

ST. JOHN'S HIGH SCHOOL

Presents

"H. M. S. PINAFORE"

or "The Lass that Loved a Sailor," by W. S. Gilbert and Sullivan  
in the SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

on the nights of March 4th, 5th and 6th  
commencing at 8:15 o'clock

CAST:

The Right Hon. Sir. Joseph Porter, K.C.B. .... Monte Syme  
First Lord of the Admiralty

Ralph Rackstraw ..... Lorne Betts

Captain Corcoran ..... Ralph Kamensky

Dick Deadeye ..... { Sam Segelman  
Saul Weinstein

Bill Bobstay, The Boatswain ..... Tom Millar

Bo'sun's Mate ..... Douglas McQuillan

Josephine ..... { Patricia Brown  
Kathleen Whitridge

Hebe ..... { Lily Chapman  
Edna Walker

Little Buttercup ..... Ruth Ebert

Marines ..... { Stanley Child  
Peter Reeve

Sisters and cousins and aunts of Sir Joseph ..... Girls' Chorus

Margaret Birch, Gertrude Claxton, Donna Danzinger, Norma Faintuch, Bernice Harrison, Jessie Harrow, Betty Johnston, Mary Kozlowski, Marguerite Kinghorn, Mavis Lauder, Bernice McGregor, Doris Nicolson, Edith Shackell, Kathleen Belcher, Jeanette Cave, Janet Hamilton, Nellie Holyk, Lily Kaplan, Ruth Levine, Edith Quinn, Ida Steele.

Crew of H.M.S. Pinafore ..... Boys' Chorus

Cy. Brownstone, Harry Driben, Norman Harris, Ernest Kurtz, Tom Milroy, Hudson Rea, Clinton Shewfelt, Leonard Wodlinger, Norman Zacour, Jack Cotton, Abe Gold, Frank Green, Louis Kalesky, Haldor Parker, Ivor Thomas, Ed. Winnik.

Scene: Quarterdeck of H. M. S. Pinafore, off Portsmouth.

Act I: Noon; Act II: Night.

Accompanists: Edith Borodkin, Beatrice Rogers, Ruth Werier.

Instrumental Ensemble: Anne Trepel, Mike Symski, Harvey Dryden, Alex. Platsko, Hans Dobesch.

*There is always two sides to every question—the wrong side and our side.*

## "H. M. S. PINAFORE"

THE audience sat motionless in the crowded St. John's auditorium. It was opening night and everyone was listening to the beautiful baritone voice of Captain Corcoran (Ralph Kamensky) as it floated over the footlights bringing to the delighted listeners the exquisite solo "Fair Moon." This was truly an excellent rendition and 'Ralph's portrayal of the gallant captain will certainly never be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to see the opera.

This was only one of many delightful scenes. Monty Syme's characterization of that fussy personage Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., was also a very creditable performance. Throughout the opera the audience was continually kept in fits of laughter by his hypocritical antics. All

leading performers took their parts very well indeed. However in commenting upon the excellence of the performance, we certainly cannot overlook the boys' and girls' choruses. The boys were the sailors of the Pinafore and the girls were Sir Coseph Porter's "sisters, cousins and aunts."

We must most heartily congratulate Miss M. Horner, Miss E. Gauer, Mr. J. W. Beer, and Mr. D. Yeddeau for their splendid efforts. It was truly a success.

On the first night Miss Horner and Miss Gauer were presented with bouquets of flowers and Mr. Beer was presented with a "button hole."

Shortly before Easter, all those connected with the opera were present at an informal gathering at the Princess Tea Rooms. Dinner was served and was followed by dancing and speeches.



*Opportunity comes often to the man who is ready for it.*

# St. John's College

## WINNIPEG

*Affiliated with The University of Manitoba*

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CHANCELLOR:

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

WARDEN:

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

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### ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS

Competitive Entrance Scholarships open to Grade XI students, are offered for session 1937-38.

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*For information regarding Courses, Fees, and Scholarships, apply to Thos. Boon, B.A., Registrar, St. John's College, Winnipeg.*

## DEBATING



Back Row—Matt Saunders, Mr. Blount, Dave Korn, Albert Kushnerov, Roy Matas, Charles Malkin, Frank Marlyn, Barney Bay.

Sitting—Miss Thompson, Minerva Keenberg, Norman Penner, Beatrice Heifitz, Hannah Brownstone.

JUST as the Romans never tired of their gladiator battles and the Spaniards of their bull fights, so have Tech. students considered annual contest of wit and words an activity of first importance, and this year was no exception.

The Debating Club aroused more interest among the students than in former years because it was different, and novelty always appeals to them. The policy adopted by the executive concerned itself with giving the debaters experience rather than with running an elimination series and declaring a winner. Accordingly every debater that entered was given two debates and the schedule closed. All topics chosen were from an approved list drawn up by

the University of Alberta.

The most noteworthy achievement, however, was in the field of new endeavor. For years Tech. has been trying to negotiate inter-collegiate debating series, but has failed. This year we were partially successful. We held a debate with Daniel Mac. and one of our teams, consisting of Roy Matas and Albert Kushnerov, was victorious.

The club craved discussions of current topics and instead of limiting that to debates, we invited prominent speakers who addressed large and interested audiences. Among these speakers were Trevor Lloyd, prominent youth leader in Pacifist work in Winnipeg, and Bill Ross and

(Continued on page 73)

*Knowing half your subject doesn't mean much—it is the other half you need.*



## MUSIC CLUB



Standing—Mike Symsky, Louis Sotolov, Ruth Werier, Miss Horner, Margaret McKay, San Seetner, Monte Syme.

Seated—Kay Whitridge, Anne Trepel, Beatrice Rogers, Gertrude Claxton.

**T**HE St. John's Music Club has now been in existence for two years. This year has been a most successful one. A much larger membership and a very fine executive and supervisor are the main reasons.

Many of the members achieved high honors in the recent Musical Festival. Beatrice Rogers took first place in the senior piano solo and Grade A Bach competitions. Ruth Ebert won the Crescent Creamery trophy and Ralph Kamensky did exceedingly well in the Grade B baritone solo. A St. John's Music Club trio consisting of Kay Whitridge, Pat Brown, and Ruth Ebert also won

first place in its class. It must also be remembered that the whole cast of the "H.M.S. Pinafore" including the instrumental ensemble, with perhaps a few exceptions, were members of the Music Club.

During the course of the year a number of very enjoyable programmes were put on. The last meeting of the season was held on May 7 and was followed by a dance.

Next year the club will continue its interesting work and hopes to have an even larger membership than was had this past year.

Congratulations, Music Club!

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



PRIZE SHORT STORY

## "DEATH WAS AT THE DOOR"

By Ralph Browne, XI-C

**A**FRICA . . . the bake-oven of the rolling desert . . . continent of the jungle! The jungle, cruel and mysterious, almost naked Nature in itself. The jungle, a harboring place for beast, reptile and the uncivilized native. Hard, you had to be, to live in a country like this . . . only the hardiest survived.

Robert Preston, a young American trader, shivered as he entered his cabin. His young wife, against all his protests, had come to live with him in a hovel eighteen miles from the nearest British outpost, an unexplored section of the country where sacrifices and witchcraft still endured. A brave woman, but a foolish one.

Inside the cabin he found comfort. Vera had performed miracles with the once dreary rooms.

Supper was almost ready when his

two friends entered. They nodded to his wife. The elder was John Cull, an American trader who feared no beast and laughed at all men. His companion was Harvey Handstrop, an Englishman, known informally as "H.H."

Vera brought out the scotch, an excellent African appetizer, and placed it before the three men.

John Cull took a drink, then murmured, "Bob, I don't like it! Your wife here, and these natives, a half-crazy milling mob waiting for the full moon."

"H.H." interrupted, "Now, as I see it . . ."

"Supper's ready," called Mrs. Preston.

Dusk, like the panther, crept slowly through the jungle. Within the cabin a card game was going on.

*There is plenty of room at the top without pushing anyone off.*

Conversation drifted into different channels . . . Paris, politics and the inevitable jungle.

The beating of tom-toms interrupted their game. Preston strode to the door.

"The moon is beginning to rise," he informed.

"Trouble?" queried Vera.

Harvey laughed, "My dear lady, no . . . Ha! . . . I've heard those tom-toms beat time after time . . . It usually ends with the natives falling exhausted from their mad dance."

Two soft thuds caused Bob to turn. He started back! On either side of the steps there was a gleaming, ghoulish skull resting on the head of a spear. Death was at the door!

John Cull rushed on to the verandah. An automatic was snuggled in his hand. He could not shoot what he could not see.

"This is really bad," commented Preston.

Vera came swiftly to his side. "Tell me Bob, tell me what is the trouble? What do those skulls mean? Are we going to die? Please tell me the truth."

His hand slid around her waist. "There is a full moon coming up over the horizon . . . a blood moon . . . an evil moon. As the moon rises the tom-toms will beat faster . . . the natives will become more frenzied . . . their witch-doctors will drive them on. When the moon is high in the sky they will satisfy their lust by killing . . . some of their weak . . . and perhaps . . . perhaps . . ."

"Yes," she breathed.

"Perhaps others."

"Couldn't we make the outpost?"

"Not all of us, but, one man who knew the way might be able to."

Cull and Handstrop tossed up. Cull

won. The American inspected his rifle. It was his closest friend. His reputation as a marksman was known throughout the jungle. Many of the natives feared him . . . loved him . . . honored him . . . a cruel man . . . a kind man . . . a fearless man.

He bid farewell to his friends, flipped away a cigarette and stepped out into the night air. The silent group watched him go.

Boom . . . Boom . . . Boom . . . The tom-toms were beating faster. Now and then the scream of a native could be heard.

Inside the cabin silence reigned. Vera was very pale, but she showed no signs of hysterics. Her husband cradled a 30-30 in his lap. Facing the door, he could still see the two gleaming skulls—a portender of death.

Harvey leaned against a table. He gulped a glass of whiskey. His automatic rested loosely in its holster. Perspiration streamed down his face.

Boom . . . Boom . . . Boom . . . Boom . . . faster and faster the tom-toms beat.

The bottle at Handstrop's hand was empty. His eyes were bloodshot. He tried to light a cigarette . . . his hand shook . . . his last match went out. He heard a fiendish scream. His mind tormented him with boom . . . boom . . . boom . . .

"I can't stand it!" he screamed, "Me, die in a shack, and at the hands of these filthy natives! . . . I won't! ! . . . Do you hear me? . . . I won't! . . . I won't! . . . I won't!" He rushed out the door.

"Stop!" shouted Preston.

Handstrop heard not, he disappeared into the jungle.

The couple within the cabin said

*Progress begins with getting a clear view of obstacles.*

nothing. Robert Preston gazed into the night. As he watched, a half-dozen or so natives were creeping up to the cabin. He could see the glimmer of a shielded torch. It could only mean one thing . . . fire! /

His gun-arm flipped. The gun belched death for the dark invaders.

The incessant beating of the tomtoms was taking effect upon his jangled nerves. The high-powered rifle jammed. He struggled feverishly, almost fiendishly, at the jammed shell. It was immovable. He flung the gun and the small knife he had been using to the floor.

"Damn! The irony of it! Trapped in a cabin with enough shells to blow up Gibraltar and a . . . a . . . a worthless gun!"

Vera approached him, "Please, Bob," she pleaded, "don't let your nerves get the better of you. Things may not be as bad as they seem. John," she hesitated, "might have got through to the Post," then in a tone over-brimming with confidence, "I remember reading of a man who took the powder out of his shells to make bombs."

"Listen, honey, this is Life. We're living it, not reading it . . . Ha! . . . Life, a whirlpool of romance, hope and desires." He laughed. "We'll drink a toast to that! All the whiskey gone? No, no, no, you stay here and I'll bring the drinks in."

The young trader looked around the kitchen. "What, no liquor?" he shouted.

"There is some in the medicine cabinet," she replied.

He opened the cabinet and took out a bottle. He hesitated, then reached over to pick up a little case. Haphazardly he opened it and ex-

tracted a dark-colored tube. In bold red print was, "MORPHINE."

Preston's hand wavered as he poured out the liquor. Sort of crude, he thought, but should crudity be considered when compared with the benefits of mercy?

He whispered a silent prayer as he opened the tube. His hand was shaking more convulsively now. Several of the little white pellets rolled across the floor.

"What's keeping you?" his wife hysterically shouted, "I need company to enjoy this jungle rhythm . . . My kingdom for a grass skirt!"

The young husband straightened his shoulders and walked into the living room.

The glasses clinked. The young couple were laughing. It seemed to be a reincarnation of the day they met.

Preston set his glass on the table and walked to the door. He could see the natives flittering among the trees; hear their fiendish screams as they wavered in the fire-light in rhythm to their wildly beating tomtoms. It was evident that they were coming . . . coming . . . coming on a fruitless errand.

"Bob?"

Preston turned and came to her side.

"Oh dearest," she murmured, "take me in your arms . . . please. I am so tired . . . I don't want to go to sleep . . . I guess I'm like the little girl . . . who . . ." her eyes closed.

Her husband held her close. "Vera?" he softly said.

Her eye-lids flickered, "Yes?"

"Darling, I want you to rest . . . sleep. You'll awaken to find it's all a dream." There were tears in his

*The perfect man died yesterday, another will not be born until tomorrow.*

eyes. Why, perhaps, tomorrow we will leave . . . No! . . . We'll leave Africa now!"

"I'm so glad," she whispered, "but the natives, won't they . . ."

"Don't worry, darling, it's all over now," he breathed.

"Kiss me, Bob!" her voice trembled.

He kissed her tenderly. She was limp in his arms, in a sort of a daze. He laid her on the sofa and softly kissed both of her eyes.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

A regiment of British soldiers had left the outpost. In single file they rode down the jungle path. Cull was among them.

Preston poured a glass of whiskey. He could taste the morphine.

"Morphine! That's a laugh! I'm dying on my own medicine!"

There was determination in his eyes. He walked over to the sofa.

"I'll be with you soon, Vera," he mused, "I am leaving Africa, now

and forever." A sarcastic laugh, a gesture of the arms and, "Farewell, Africa! . . . I've had a tough time here . . . I guess I can't take it any more . . ."

His chest heaved. There seemed to be a shroud over his eyes. He slid to the floor.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

He raised his automatic to his temple . . . "One . . . two . . . th . . ."

Anderson, chief director of Miracle films, waved his hand. The cameras stopped grinding. He had finished his greatest production.

Michael Frant, the star, hurried to his dressing room. He could hardly wait to tell his wife that his contract had been renewed. Within a week his picture, "Death Was At the Door," would be on Broadway.

The young actor's spirits ran high. After all, he thought, life IS a whirlpool of romance, hope and desires.

THE END.

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## HONORABLE MENTION

### THE STRANGER

Betty Lavender, XI-G

THE beach lay lonely and deserted but for ourselves. Only the faintly mournful sound of the waves on the shore's edge broke the peaceful quiet of the evening. Along the skyline the slowly dying sun still left traces of rosy color. Our talk was easy and inconsequential as befits a group of people free, for a while, from the stress and cares of the business world. At some point or other in this casual chatting we realized that a stranger was approaching us, and turned, idly enough to see him as he drew near.

He must have come around the point at the end of the beach, for we had not seen him descend by the path to the shore. Perhaps he did not become aware of us till he was close by, for he paused uncertainly a few yards from us as though surprised. Yet he did not pass on. With some remark about its being a fine evening he joined in our conversation, and within a few minutes (I scarcely knew how), he had become one of our party. It is a common enough characteristic of people on a holiday, that they seem endowed with a happy

*A ray of sunshine has a right to penetrate anywhere.*

knack they never possess at home, of striking up acquaintances. We found that our companion was a middle-aged man with a dark, rather haggard face, and, as we at once noticed, his left arm was missing. He had a friendly, pleasant way of speaking, yet through it all we sensed a constraint which set us wondering. It seemed something forced on his nature rather than any feeling of reticence among strangers. The sunset glow had now completely left the sky and the water stretched a luminous silvery-grey in the twilight. The stranger seemed to become suddenly out of patience with the talk and gazed moodily across the lake. In spite of ourselves conversation languished as though stilled by his silence.

Suddenly from some cottage above the shore came the sound of music clearly and sweetly borne down to us on the still air, with all the jarring imperfections of a beach gramophone mellowed by distance. It was the immortal "Liebestraum" and we listened in unbroken silence throughout all its exquisite length till the last notes had died away. There is something that is not of this world in its ending, and for a moment no one seemed willing to break the spell of it by speaking. Then, "By Jove, what a god-like feeling it must give a man to have composed a piece of music like that!" exclaimed the old Doctor in a sort of reverent awe. We all murmured assent but the stranger looked at him almost fiercely and exclaimed with strange vehemence, "What about the interpretative artist? Doesn't he feel as deeply as any composer the passions and sorrows and unspeakable beauties of music?" We looked at him in some

surprise. Up till now he had been so reserved that such an outburst was rather startling.

The Doctor's friend, a jovial but unthinking fellow, nodded agreement. "Yes, I suppose you're right. Forgive me for mentioning it but I see you've lost an arm and it reminds me of an item I read in the paper some time ago. About M——, the violinist. I suppose you've heard about it. He got blood-poisoning, or some such thing, and had to have his arm amputated. They say he went half insane when he realized he could never play again. His violin was practically priceless but after what had happened he couldn't bear the sight of it and in a fit of bitterness or passion he picked it up and smashed it. Apparently the moment he'd done this, the madness of such an act came home to him. He said he felt like a murderer when he saw his violin, with which he'd thrilled countless audiences, lying in ruins at his feet. These musical geniuses are a queer lot," he finished meditatively.

His wife, a brisk young woman with an unfortunate faculty for saying the wrong thing, looked over at the stranger and said in the cheering tones of the determined optimist, "Well, at any rate, it's your left arm you've lost. It's so much worse when it's the right arm."

The moon had risen above the trees on the shore, a great honey-colored globe. He looked up at it for a moment as though weighing his reply. Then turning to her he answered quickly, "Unfortunately, Madame, the loss of my left arm is equally disastrous. I am the violinist of whom your husband spoke."

*Think it out before you speak it out.*

PRIZE ESSAY

## THE HUMBLE TIE

D. G. Johnson

THE cravat, in the words of Monsieur Francois Cohen, has emerged from within the deep shadows of a shirt front to become the flaming emblem of personality. No more is it a plain neck-cloth worn to conceal mediocre shirt buttons. No more is it a dull lifeless rag with no beauty or color. Verily the once lowly tie is now the virtual fluoroscope of character, the standard coat-of-arms of the well-dressed male.

An individual is no longer judged by the contours of his physiognomy. His tie is the first test. This Croation masterpiece must first pass the inspection of the dissecting female. But at least the reflection from the modern tie illuminates the face of the popular wearer. Truly it may be said that this season's creation is "the light of thy countenance."

Tartans, stripes, polka dots, figures and the interwoven spectra bedeck the manly chest in a fantasy of brilliancy. The tie-rack of the youthful swain resembles the paint-rag of a modern artist. Vivid colors are intermingled in dashes, dots, streaks and splatterings. Red, green, orange, yellow, blue, pink, and so on, are matched in a combination giving you an impression of what a sign-painter would see in a nightmare. But don't get the impression that it resembles a horse blanket.

The gaudy fashion seems to please the fairer sex. Have you ever heard this conversation. "Oh, gee, Mabel, look at the classy tie Bill's got on. Boy, is it a honey? Gee, he has classy ties. He's what I'd call a classy

dresser. I could go for him in a big way." And more than likely the glamorous, much-discussed William hasn't a decent suit to his name. It matters little if your shoes are unpolished, your pants baggy, or your shirt collar dirty—if your tie passes the test you are a well-dressed man about town.

The poor tie used to be a very handy implement of torture. Remember how the girls used to get a death grip on your tie and proceed to run around the May pole till you gave in? They would pull and jerk till they had won their point. You were half strangled and your tie resembled a street-car strap. But the fashions and the times have changed. The girl has become a lover of beauty and so hesitates to touch the fragile garment in the form of the boy friend's tie and admires and praises it at a respectful distance.

I suppose the ancient Croats had no idea how their new mode of fashion would develop when they first began wearing a fancy neck-cloth. In my estimation these gentlemen should be listed upon the roll of honor. They are the unsung heroes in the art of dress. They have contributed a fashion which has never become extinct and which is gaining in popularity year by year. Small and infinitesimal as it seems, the tie is one of the greatest assets to the apparel of the twentieth century gentleman. A toast to the Croats—discoverers of the simple and once humble tie.

*It is more important to observe a good rule than it is to have one.*

## SALUTE TO THE CITIES

Leon Zlotnick, Room 40.

**C**ITIES and towns in the United States are often named after cities that flourished long ago in Greece, Egypt or the Roman Empire. Possibly this is due to Biblical influence, for we should remember that these American cities were given names by the Puritan citizens of 150 and 200 years ago.

It is possible that you know by reputation many such cities, or else can recall their names. Much as I dislike quoting lists, I cannot resist the temptation to show off my vast knowledge of Grade IX geography. You are, however, under no obligation, and may turn over a new leaf.

Everyone has heard of Troy, and also of Helen, and the big wooden horse with the soldiers in it; so it will not surprise you that due to the efforts of our hustling Yankee friends, this city is now flourishing in New York State. All the city fathers couldn't use Troy, however, and some poor fellows were forced to use names without a past, such as Cairo, Syracuse, Memphis, and Kalamazoo. Others, however, went them one better and obtained for their exclusive use: Bethlehem, Athens, Ithica, Carthag, and Cincinatti.

When these names, in the course of time, ran out, most village fathers were "sore beset," and "in sorry straits," as an ancient chronicler puts it. It is then that they were reduced to using such names as San Pedro, Hoboken, Yankton, Davenport, and Albuquerque (pronounced Alby Kurky). Down in Iowa the local council must have been up against it when they chose the name Council Bluffs!

In our own country we were not quite so original, but we had infinitely better results. Here we merely took an Indian name, turned it around, added a Latin prefix, if the fancy took us, and served it straight from the shoulder.

There is a place on Lake Winnipeg where the shores are so close together that when the wind blows across the lake a ghostly, moaning whistle is heard. The Indians called this the Great Spirit Narrows, which in Cree language is *Manitu Waba*. The white man contracted this to one word and spelled it "Manitoba"; but how it came to be used as the name for our province, I don't know. They didn't tell me in Grade IV!

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### A FORMAL PERIOD

- I sit and think and wonder why,  
And the Voice drones on.
- I twiddle my thumbs and blink my eyes,  
And the Voice drones on.
- I stretch my bored and weary limbs,  
And the Voice drones on.
- I yawn and blink as my neighbor grins,  
And the Voice drones on.
- Then Morpheus comes to envelope my limbs,  
With open arms I welcome him,  
And leave my friends to endure the whims  
Of that toneless, droning Voice.  
—Fogel and de Koven.

*When you get to the end of your rope, tie a knot and hang on.*



## Poetry

### THE SPIRIT OF ST. JOHN'S

---

St. John's for 'riginality, mentality  
and personality,  
St. John's is in reality a school hard  
to surpass.

We know that we are capable of  
holding up that name;  
We know that we'll be able to always  
play the game.  
But when if we should lose in any  
way at all,  
Then always shall we choose a way  
to play the ball.  
We're fair in all our dealings, can  
take any defeat;  
We never bear hard feelings, and do  
not care to cheat.

St. John's for 'riginality, mentality  
and personality,  
St. John's has popularity; yea, St.  
John's has some class.

And when it comes to working, then  
never do we rest;  
We never stop for shirking, we try  
for what is best.  
But when we see we're falling, and  
that we won't succeed,  
We hasten to start calling for a little  
extra speed.  
For courage is our password, and  
study is our key;  
Our knowledge is the last word, on  
that we all agree.

St. John's for 'riginality, mentality  
and personality,

St. John's is in reality a school hard  
to surpass.

Hart Faintuch.

---

### MEMORIES OF MY SCOTTISH HOME

---

Where Tweed's fair stream meander-  
ing,  
Sings aye its murmuring plea,  
There would I fain be lingering  
Again, dear heart, with thee.

The Eildons call me home again,  
Those towering crests that touch  
the sky.  
When gloaming dims the misty plain  
And evening shadows die.

The days of youth in burn, in glen;  
The winding path where wildings  
grew,  
Where oft we roamed that summer,  
when  
My heart first yearned for you.

Far down the years the borders  
rhyme  
Sweet ballad notes: while wizard  
themes  
Of elfin lore on wings of time  
Still reach me in my dreams.

And Tweed's song sweetly murmur-  
ing  
By fields of waiving grain,  
Aye to the breeze is whispering—  
Dear heart, come home again!

—Margaret Davy, X-F.

*A big man is usually a little man who took advantage of his  
opportunities.*

**OUR WISH FOR OUR MAJESTIES**

May our noble King and Queen be  
 loved by one and all,  
 And may our Empire ever rise and  
 never, never fall.  
 As other realms have vanished ne'er  
 more to appear  
 O'er the lands and oceans that were  
 once their hostages to fear.

Our Queen she is of Scottish birth,  
 so stately and so right,  
 And as a mother always good it is  
 a lovely sight.  
 Our King he is a righteous man in  
 everything he does,  
 He'll try to show the world he is the  
 King his father was.

And then our Empire's Sweethearts,  
 our great land holds them dear,  
 They're just like other children  
 scattered far and near.  
 They're not like those in fairy tales  
 so often spoilt you know,  
 But kind and loving little ones whom  
 everyone loves so.

And so we welcome all of them unto  
 our British throne,  
 May all their lives be happy ones  
 until they are called home.  
 God help them with their wondrous  
 task of ruling us each day  
 To carry on their heavy load along  
 life's arduous way.

Margaret Davy, X-F.

**FAIRY SNOWFLAKES**

As I looked into the forest  
 Where the snow came dancing  
 down,

*The surest way to get somewhere is to know where you are going.*

I seemed to see the tiny fairies  
 Who a wonder world had found.  
 They danced in circles round their  
 leader,  
 The lovely fairy queen,  
 Who stood so still and fair above  
 them,  
 A stately evergreen.

These little nymphs of nature  
 Came floating on the wind,  
 And rested, when exhausted,  
 In a magic fairy ring.

And then the vision vanished,  
 All the fairies flew afar,  
 And on the queen there glittered  
 A million sparkling stars.  
 Oh, the wonders that are nature—  
 Fairies, snowflakes, stars,  
 Come to us and whisper  
 Of a dreamland near, yet far.

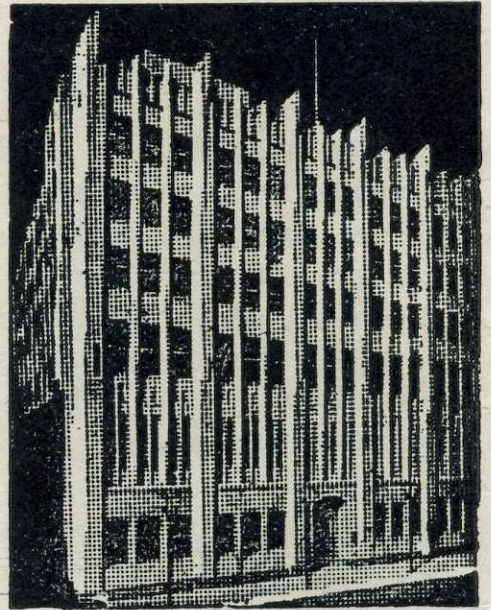
By Frances Gilman,  
 Extension Class.

**ST. JOHN'S REVIEW**

(Continued from page 9)

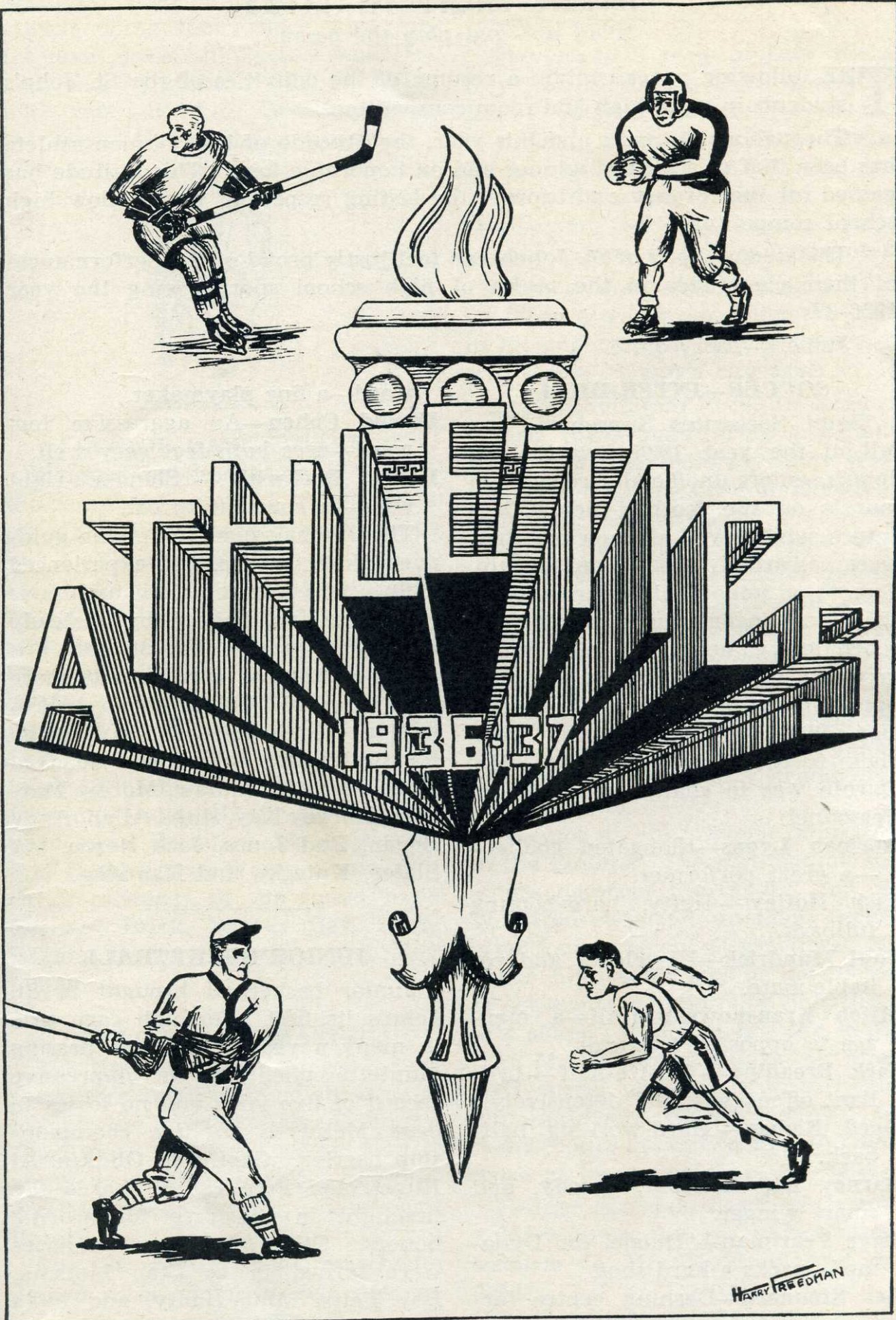
sports page and the clubs around the school column covered the school news. The editorial page was rather something new in St. John's publications. It was noted that many students were not over enthusiastic at its appearance. Yet the editorial board as a whole believed then and still believe that current topics and discussions should form part of a school paper. Even though students might stand in the hallways and flatly decry its virtue, the editors of the paper in unison would just quote Mr. Cabell and say, "You may be right, and certainly we will not go so far as to say you are wrong, but at the same time . . . !"

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HARRY FREEDMAN

*Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle.*

## INTER - HIGH HI - LITES

*"Play up—and play the game."*

THE following pages contain a resume of the activities of the St. John's students in inter-high and room competition.

Throughout the past, and this year, the attitude of the Johnian athlete has been that of a modest winner and an honorable loser. This attitude has gained for the "orange and brown" the lasting respect of their fellow high school competitors.

The student body of St. John's can feel justly proud of the performances of their classmates in the realm of high school sport during the year 1936-37.

Juniors—carry on! !

### **SOCCER—INTER-HIGH**

"Saint Soccerites Supreme"—The fall of the year 1936 saw the St. John's seniors unofficially regain top laurels on the football field. McIntyre, who played all their matches, were awarded the championship. Due to a minor misunderstanding, the Tigers engaged in only half their scheduled games (including McIntyre), in which they swept aside all opposition with workmanlike precision, decisively confirming their claim to the title, Champions! Mr. Durnin was in charge of the team. Personnel:

**Norman Lyons**—Elongated goalie—  
—a great performer.

**Jack Hofley** — Hefty, hard-booting  
fullback.

**Paul Mundrick**—His clever and re-  
liable mate.

**Mitch Kransnowski**—Half—a men-  
ace to opposing forwards.

**Jack Broadley** — Centre-half — bril-  
liant offensively and defensively.

**Gord Bieber** — Hard-working half-  
back.

**Barney Bay**—Smooth, speedy, and  
smart winger.

**Dave Pearlman**—"Dutsie, the Dyna-  
mo"—packs a hard shot.

**Les Stennard**—Dashing centre for-

ward—a fine playmaker.

**Harold Cohen**—An aggressive for-  
ward—uses both feet very well.

**Harry Beckwith** — Slender right  
wing—a constant threat.

The Junior squad, under the guid-  
ance of Mr. Woods, also experienced  
a fine soccer season. An ambitious  
attacking line, backed by a steady  
rearguard, proved that St. John's is  
quite capable of turning out more  
than one outstanding soccer aggre-  
gation. Those boys who saw action  
for the Junior Johnians were Tom  
McQuade, Alf Laidlaw, Morley Mar-  
golis, Harvey Kay, Hugh Allan, Andy  
Rogan, Bud Jones, Jack Nezon, Vic  
Slater, Kutecki, and Hamulka.

### **JUNIOR BASKETBALL**

Junior basketball brought to St.  
John's its first inter-high cage title  
in many a year. This fast passing  
quintette piled up an impressive  
record of five wins and no losses to  
beat McIntyre to the champion-  
ship barrier. Capt. Ted Olinkin, Al  
Huget, and Pete Holyk shared the  
limelight in the race for scoring  
honors. Other fine performances  
were turned in by Stan Motruik,  
Issy Pelts, Mike Hanty, and Mike

*When you play, play hard; when you work, don't play at all.*

Shidloski. Seeing little action, but always doing their share while on the floor, were Bill Sych, Frank Dehod, and Al Malkin. Mr. D. Ridd, with the aid of J. Broadley, was in charge of the Junior titlists.



### SENIOR BASKETBALL

Stripped by graduation of almost the complete personnel of last year's team, the Senior hoopers managed to win a fair share of their encounters. Coached by F. Grusz and captained by Jack Broadley, the Johnians flashed fine form in defeating St. Paul's, Wesley, and Kenora Collegiate. They dropped an exciting match to the champion Newton team. Other conquerors of the hard-fighting Tigers were Bell, McIntyre, and Kelvin. Outstanding during the year were Broadley, Dave Harrop, Bob Pundyk, and Walter Stanowski. Other members of the squad were Bernard Brick, Barney Bay, Andy Rogan, Harry Beckwith, and Roy Matas.

### BOY'S SPEED-SKATING

The flashing blades of St. John's speedsters again chipped showers of ice into the faces of their opponents. Once more the Tiger roared in triumph as skating laurels were captured to grace the walls of the school library.

The St. John's speed merchants gained three victories, two seconds

and a third, in the annual inter-high championships.

The Grade X team of Don Keele, Roy Thorne, Harvey Dryden, and Ed Karody placed second best in the city final after a thrilling battle. Thus qualifying for the Suburban Invitation Race, they proceeded to win this event, easily downing their former victors and the suburbanites.

Anchor man Doug. Cameron snatched a lead from under the nose of his opponent on the last corner to win Grade XI boy's city final.

In the Invitation Race, the Seniors gained third place after a valiant fight. Team members were Roy Walton, Ben Knazan, Clinton Shewfelt, and Doug. Cameron.

Doug. McKenzie, Clarence Williamson, and Dave Herstein gained a long lead in the Extension Race, and Dave Johnson romped home an easy first. Once more the sweep of the Tiger paw was felt.

The all-star Unlimited team of Keele, Karody, Cameron, and Johnson finished second to a strong Kelvin quartette.

But not all the orchids should go to the skaters. The man behind the scenes deserves the credit. Mr. A. W. Muldrew gave up many hours after four to be out at practices. He began his work early in the season to get teams together and whip them into shape for the races. We know that Mr. Muldrew thinks his time well spent, when he can turn out winning teams for St. John's. So many thanks are due to him, and may more of his teams skate to victory.

George Keseluk deserves honorable mention for his valuable assistance to Mr. Muldrew and St. John's.

*Well done is better than well said.*

## HOCKEY

**Christmas Tournament**—St. John's, providing very stiff opposition, captured their group title by nosing out a smart Newton team. In the semi-final tussle, the Tigers fought valiantly before losing a thrilling 2-1 decision to McIntyre. This loss automatically eliminated the "orange and brown" from further competition.

**Inter-High**—In the Inter-High League, the smooth skating Tiger pucksters experienced a truly "tough" season. The breaks were decidedly against them. Although dominating the whole play in the match against Bell, the Tigers just couldn't get Old Dame Fortune to swing the issue. Though gaining but a solitary win, Tech. fought valiantly throughout their schedule, always upholding the honor of their school. Messrs. Ridd and Wherret again rendered their valuable services as manager and coach of the team.

Personal:

Beckwith—An able performer.

Laidlaw—Daring, alternate goalie.

### Defense—

Stanowski—Dynamic and dangerous—a pleasing performer.

Williamson — A fast breaking, smart rearguard.

McQuade—A good blocker.

Ames—A very rugged player.

Irvin—A hard-working alternate.

### Forwards —

Chipka—A fine skater and play-maker.

Keele — An opportunist, very smooth.

Mundrick — Very deceptive — and what a bullet shot!

Probe—Diminutive centre—a tireless worker.

Krasnowski—A clever puck ragger.

Paton—A sweet stick-handler.

Stewner—Has a flair for stick-handling.

Dryden — Long-legged winger — quite fast.

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## ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL YEAR

**A**NOTHER successful year in athletics has been completed by the girls of St. John's. This past season has seen a greater number of girls than ever before, participating in sports, which included the usual activities of games, track and field, and an outstanding Physical Display. The success of all activities is due not only to the enthusiasm of the girls themselves, but to the capable assistance and supervision rendered by Miss Gauer and Miss I. Cumming. May the sportsmanship and interest of the girls continue to keep the torch of St. John's ever on the top!

### SPEED-SKATING

Under the experienced eye of Mr. A. W. Muldrew, the St. John's feminine speed-skaters had a banner season. If the old saying, "Practice makes Perfect," rings true, one may judge from the results of the inter-high speed meet that the girls put in many hours of hard practice. Af-

ter many closely contested struggles they succeeded in bringing home the banners. The Grade X lassies came very close to victory, and missed first place only by an unfortunate injury to their anchor skater. The Grade XI speedsters were more fortunate, as they annexed first place in both

(Continued on page 73)

*Do not tell others how to act unless you can set a good example.*



Frank Juzak

Top Centre—Gym Display.  
Upper Left—XI-L Basketball Champs.  
Upper Right—Senior Basketball  
Mid Centre—X-G Junior Volleyball.

Lower Left—Junior Soccer.  
Lower Right—XI-M Baseball Champs.  
Lower Centre—Games Club.



## GAMES' CLUB

The athletic-minded girl of St. John's found life exceedingly pleasant when they joined the Games Club, and were allowed the use of the gym after school hours. To Miss Gauer and Miss Cumming much credit is due for the organization and supervision of this club, which fostered volleyball and basketball. The newly devised method of dividing the girls into teams of equal strength was found to offer more excitement and enthusiasm, as well as encouragement to the weaker

players. Each girls was given at least one game every day. Miss Gauer was in charge of volleyball, and carried out her duties as coach admirably. Every girl who played volleyball was allowed to participate in at least one inter-high match, as there was no chosen inter-high team. Miss Cumming followed this same plan in basketball. Although our girls, when competing against the "picked" teams of the other schools, did not carry off the trophies, they played with a fine school spirit and practically assured the future Games' Clubs of lasting success.

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## GIRLS' BASKETBALL

### Junior

In the Junior division of the inter-high basketball series, St. John's emerged with but a single win, nosing out Kelvin 10-8 in a thrilling, overtime struggle. The popular Games Club was responsible for allowing each girl to participate in at least one game. The inter-high series provided much pleasure for the girls and will be remembered by all who took part.

### Senior

The Senior basketballers did not fare very well in inter-high competition. St. John's could not field their best squad, as the rules of the Games Club stated that "each girl be allowed to take active part in one game." Although defeated in every encounter, the girls showed a true Tiger spirit, fighting it out to the end.

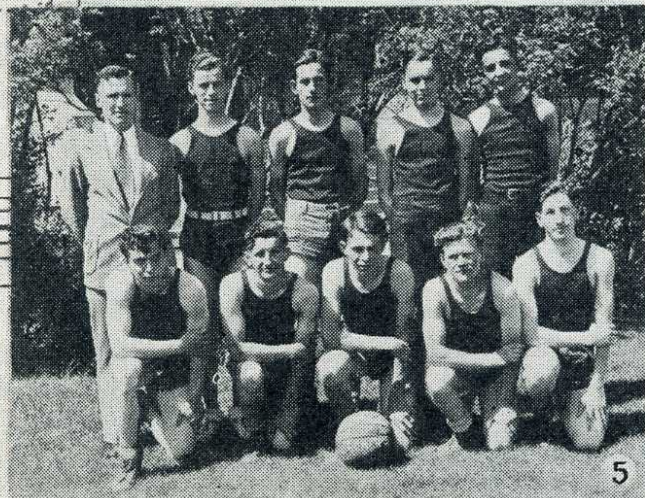
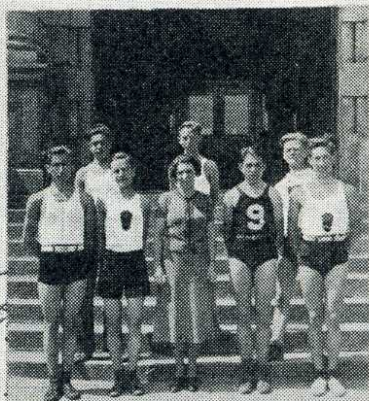
Tribute should be paid to Misses Gauer and Cumming for giving so generously of their time and effort in the coaching of the girls.

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## INTER-HIGH VOLLEYBALL

In the inter-high volleyball series this term, St. John's were not very successful in reaching the point of victory. As in former years, there was not a picked school team. Instead, the teams comprising the Games' Club participated. Naturally a larger number of girls had the opportunity of playing for St. John's, and this seemed to arouse a greater feeling of interest in the game. Games were played against Daniel McIntyre, Kelvin, and Gordon Bell, but neither the Junior nor the Senior teams were successful in gaining wins. In defeat, however, they offered strong opposition to all other schools, and derived a great deal of pleasure and enthusiasm by playing for the Games' Club.

*Be wiser than other people, but do not tell them so.*



(1) Girls' Individual Field-Day Champs. (2) XI-M Girls' Inter-Room Volleyball Champs. (3) XI-D Boys' Inter-Room Volleyball Champs. (4) X-H Girls' Inter-Room Feld-Day Champs. (5) Boys' Junior Basketball Team. (6) Boys' Inter-Room Soccer Champs.

## INTER-ROOM REVIEWS

### HOCKEY (INTER-ROOM)

P.A.A. led by Stanowski and Mundrick, attained the inter-room hockey championship for the second successive year. Competition was of the highest quality as was shown by the large attendance every noon hour. Considering the inexperience of many of the competitors, the brand of hockey displayed was exceptionally good. Again the league was divided into three houses—Practical, Commercial, and Matriculation. P.A.A., Extension, and XI-B were the respective house winners. In the semi-final, the Practical hockeyists decisively defeated Extension 6-0, and went on to school honors by submerging XI-B under a 11-0 score. Members of the house winners follow:

P.A.A.—Hill, Stanowski, Lyons, Dowling, McQuade, Kutecki, Waters, Duborsky, Mundrick and Grenywich.

Extension — Parker, Goodman, Ames, Broadley, Cohen, Winiarz, Johnson, McQuillan, Knowles, and Pundyk.

XI-B — Pekar, Brown, Anderson, Bieber, Seifred, Kay, Pearlman, MacTavish, and Shidloski..

### SOCEER (INTER-ROOM) ....

High spots of the noon hour during the fall season were many interesting inter-room football struggles. P.A.A. and a staunch X-E team were successful in reaching the final bracket, with top honors going to the heavier and more experienced boys from P.A.A. Members of the winning team: Lyons, Mundrick, Paige, Stannard, Taylor, Schultz, Dowling, McQuade, Waters Kutecki, and Stanowski. X-E: Motriuk, Tait, Workman, Hooper, Campbell, Keele, Allen, Beck, Wales and Spiers.

### VOLLEYBALL

Service! Spike it, fella! Ball's out! Words such as these rang out every noon hour as the inter-room volleyball schedule was carried through under the direction of Mr. F. Grusz. Matches were always exciting, especially the final of Schedule "A," which resulted in an extremely thrilling 22-21 victory for XI-D over their senior rivals, Extension.

XI-D—N. Fingold, R. Braunstein, T. Olinkin, D. Sturrey, S. Repa, and L. Katz.

Extension—D. Parker, H. Cohen, D. McQuillan, F. Zalinsky, J. Broadley, and B. Pundyk.

In Schedule "B," P.A.C. emerged victorious after a neck-and-neck struggle with XI-B.

P.A.C.—V. Martin, A. Guidolin, P. Sutherland, G. Elendiak, P. Germaine, and F. Hawryluik.

XI-B—J. Pekar, J. Rosenberg, J. Levin, I. Freedman, S. Grand, and B. Tait.

### BASKETBALL (INTER-ROOM)

When the smoke of basketball had cleared, it was found that the XI-D contingent had carried the day. Boasting such super-snipers as Olinkin and Huget, along with Hodgson, Holyk, Braunstein, and Hodges, the XI-D lads showed little mercy for P.A.D., whom they met in battle for the school cage crown, mowing them down by a tremendous score. Against Miss Cadwell's hoop-ers, P.A.D. threw Hanty, Sych, Collins, Slater, Juzda, Smith, and Skibitski, but it was of no avail. The breech was too large to hold, and P.A.D. were forced to give up all hopes of attaining the highly-coveted trophy.



Frank Juzak

(1) P. A. A. Inter-Room Hockey Champs. (2) Girls' Inter-High Speedskaters. (3) Senior Soccer Team. (4) Boys' Individual Field-Day Champs. (5) Inter-High Hockey Team. (6) Boys' Inter-High Speedskaters. (7) XI-A Inter-room Field-Day Champs.

## INTER-ROOM FIELD DAY

OL' MAN weather was anything but favorable to the annual inter-class field meet held May 14, on the school campus. The wind was high. Every once in a while it caught up a handful of stinging dust and threw it at the many excited spectators who had gathered to witness the 1937 array of Tiger track and field aspirants. Naturally the troublesome wind prevented all chances of record breaking. However, competition and rivalry was at a fever pitch throughout, providing thrills aplenty for the fans.

XI-A, with fifty-six well-earned points, attained the highly coveted athletic shield, emblematic of inter-class supremacy. Represented by such outstanding speedsters as Harold Schwartz, Barney Bay, and Charlie Malkin, the A lads proved themselves worthy winners by downing XI-D in the senior relay, and gaining valuable points in all classes. Bay, senior champion, chalked up three smash victories in the 100 yards, broad jump, and hop, step and jump. Schwartz and Malkin, last year co-holders of the junior title, again met in friendly battle for junior laurels. Schwartz managed to nose out his rival, who whirled to victory in the 220 yards, and finished second in the 100 yards and half mile. Others who contributed to Room 31's aggregate were Al Malkin, runner-up in the intermediate class, and wee Kenny McKenzie, who thrilled the crowd with a sweet victory over his class-mate, Hart Faintuck, in the primary half mile.

XI-D, winners of two inter-class trophies, finished in the No. 2 position. Lorne Katz and Stanley Repa, primary and intermediate champs, added their many points to the "typists'" total in a fine effort to dethrone XI-A, who had won the shield in 1936, as representatives of X-A. The quiet Katz was perhaps the outstanding star of the day. He rang up four firsts and a second to

romp home an easy winner of the primaries. Repa shone brilliantly in the field events by winning the shot, hop, step, and high jump.

Diminutive Henry Arnst was the whole show for XI-E, leaping to triumphs in the primary high and broad jumps.

The feature events of the meet were the half mile. Slender Steve Coppinger, XI-C's pride and hope, ran a beautifully surprising race to score against Malkin in the junior class. In the intermediate section bespectacled Rube Braunstein bested Al Wilson, XI-C, while lanky Jack Cooper won a clean-cut victory over Wally Stanowsky in the senior division.

In the gruelling intermediate mile race, Wilson and Coppinger, XI-C room-mates, ran side by side till the last 50 yards, with honors falling to the fair-haired Wilson. The crowd rose on its toes to watch a thrilling senior mile. Again Cooper displayed magnificent form in beating Sam Donaldson, XI-A, and Braunstein to the tape.

### Relays:

- 1. XI-A; 2. XI-D; 3. XI-D—Senior.
- 1. X-A; 2. P.A.C., 3. X-E—Junior.

### Individual Champions:

- Primary—Lawrence Katz.
- Junior—Harold Schwartz.
- Intermediate—Stanley Repa.
- Senior—Barney Bay.

*Folly oft bringeth continued sorrow.*

On May 28 the annual Gardner mile and handicap was held. A large crowd was in attendance to witness the best milers in the school fight it out in a "tough" battle. Jack Cooper, scoring his third distance victory of

(Continued on page 73)

### INTER-CLASS VOLLEYBALL

With many of the teams evenly matched, keen rivalry was shown throughout the entire inter-class volleyball schedule. XI-M and X-G stood out remarkably well among the top teams. X-G, after a close struggle, annexed the Junior title. In the Senior division, the Extension girls gave the XI-M group a hard fight

before they submitted to defeat by a single point. The final brought together the two group winners. Although the Junior champs put up a strong battle to overcome XI-M, they were no match for their more experienced "Senior sisters." By winning this game with the score reading 21-5, XI-M proved themselves worthy holders of the inter-class volleyball crown.

XI-M—Dorothy Stoneham, Bernice McGregor, Adele Wuckert, Pearl Silver, Dora Cunningham, Vivian LeClair.

X-G—May England, Nancy Halford, Hope Reid, Anne Campbell, Clementine Lang, Elsie Weitzel, and Ettie Wail.

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## INTER-HIGH FIELD DAY

Ki-Yi; Ki-Yi; Ki-Yi-Yip,  
 St. John's, St. John's, Zip, Zip, Zip!  
 Are we in it? Well I 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.

**T**HE long awaited inter-high track meet, May 25, turned out to be a drab, listless day, which failed to reflect the enthusiasm displayed at Osborne Stadium. Although a hesitant rain fell at odd intervals, yet there was no hesitation in the Tiger ranks as the girls upheld the tradition in gaining top honors, while the boys strove valiantly, finishing a close third.

### "Femmes" Flash Fine Form

In regard to track and field, the girls of St. John's have made it a habit of winning the Dingwall Shield, emblematic of premier laurels in athletic achievement. This year was no exception. The great accomplishment of the day was the winning of 18 out of a possible 20 points in the shuttles. Thunderous were the cheers

as the A, C, and D classes finished well ahead of the field, while the B group were runners-up in their division.

Setting an example for their school mates, Chris Murray and Anita Belsham took first places in their respective events. Christine jumped gracefully over the quivering bar to head the A class; Anita displayed the best

*Don't put things off; put them over.*



ball-throwing form of the meet when she tossed the leather 152 ft. 9 in. Elsie Weitzel made two points in the A high jump.

The 75-yard dash saw many upsets and a few disappointments, but our lassies obtained a large share of the spoils. In the A, Gladys Hilton was second to snap the tape. Mona Johnson was inches behind the winner to place second in the C, while in the D, Emma Plexman ran a nice race, gaining a pair of points.

### Boys

The outstanding individual of the day was slim Jack Broadley, who shattered two almost permanent records. Firstly, he broke a twenty-year mark in the broad jump, his magnificent leap measuring 20 feet 7 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches. Later at the hop, step and jump pit, Broadley soared high in the air and with an inspired jump established a new senior record of 44 feet 2 inches.

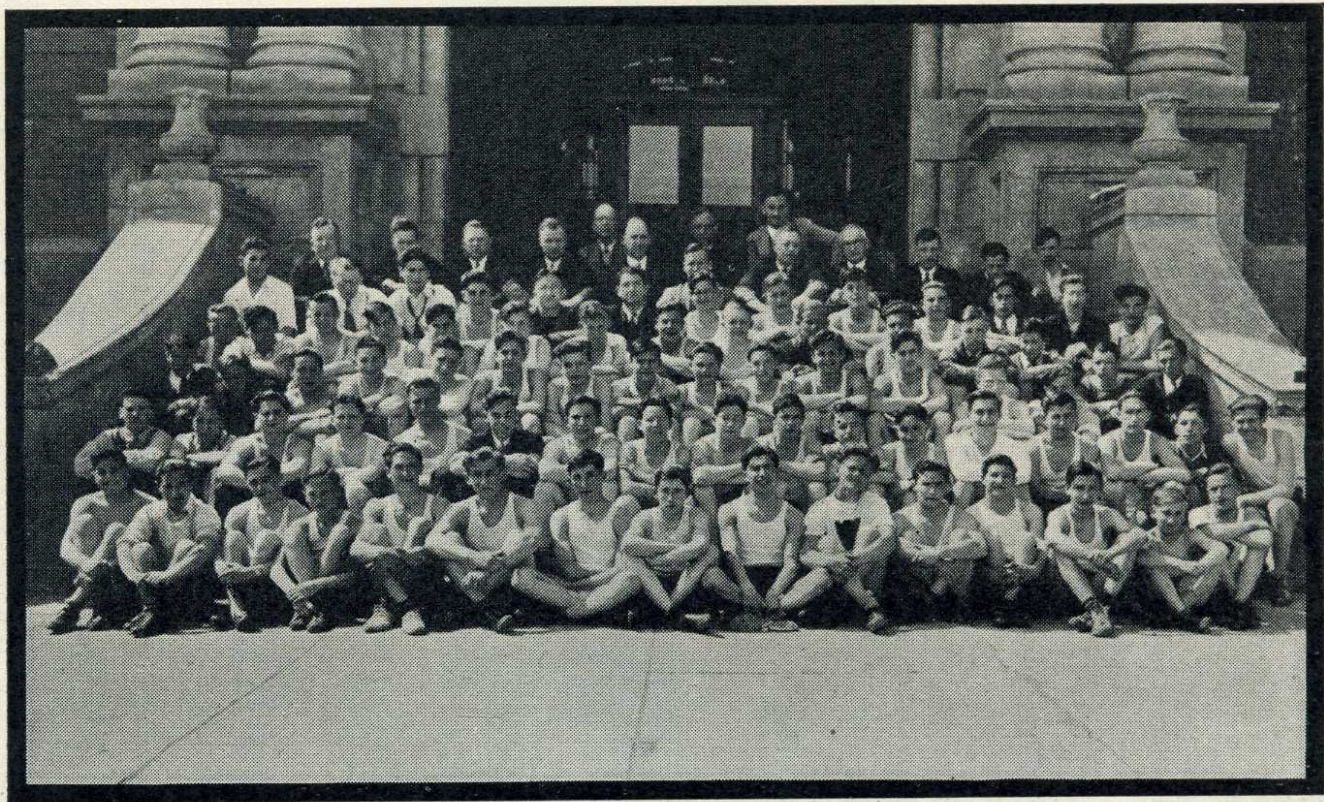
Laurence Katz, diminutive primary star, added five valuable points to the Tiger aggregate. Placing second in the 100 yards and winning the shot put, Katz proved himself one of the finest competitors of the meet.

In the senior mile, Jack Cooper outfought Sam Donaldson to win first place and the mile cup. In the int. division, Steve Coppinger, running with enviable ease, placed second, nosing out Rube Braunstein.

The smiling Braunstein displayed an enormous stride as he finished second in the int. half mile. Little Harry Klamer ran a smart race, placing No. 3 in the primaries.

St. John's showed her greatest strength in the broad jump. Henry Arnst and Mike Grapko gained first and third places respectively in the 112-lb. group. Broadley and Barney Bay did likewise in the senior section. Harold Schwartz hurtled himself over 19 feet, an undisputed victor in the junior class.

*Satisfaction lies in a job done well.*



A powerful trio of Stan Repa, Lloyd Colborne, and Jack Hodges was also prominent in point getting. Repa showed true Grecian form, winning the int. shot; Colborne triumphed in the senior high-jump, and Hodges obtained two seconds in the sprints.

The athletes of St. John's acquitted themselves nobly at the 1937 inter-high field day. It is unfortunate that too little attention was given to the relays where the boys made a meagre 2 out of 20 points. But we are content; we retained a championship, we showed a true spirit of sportsmanship and tried our best—a highly commendable policy.

### STUDENT COUNCIL

(Continued from page 8)

in the "Council Room" (Room 39½) were to report their activities to the Council, so that the whole school would be kept together with the

Student Council as a centre point.

This question was brought up at a meeting held with the presidents of the various classes and the idea was taken up enthusiastically. The meetings with the presidents have greatly helped in keeping the Council in direct contact with the students.

During the year the Council sponsored two special "weeks," namely, "Courtesy Week" and "Clean-up Week." These two "weeks" aroused much enthusiasm for improvement in and around the school.

We extend our thanks to Miss Owens and Mr. Wherrit, the Faculty Advisors, for the great assistance they gave the Council in making this year a successful one. Great credit is also due to the student body for their splendid co-operation throughout the whole year. To them we can only say, "Thank you, and may you keep it up."

*Heroism is endurance for one moment more.*

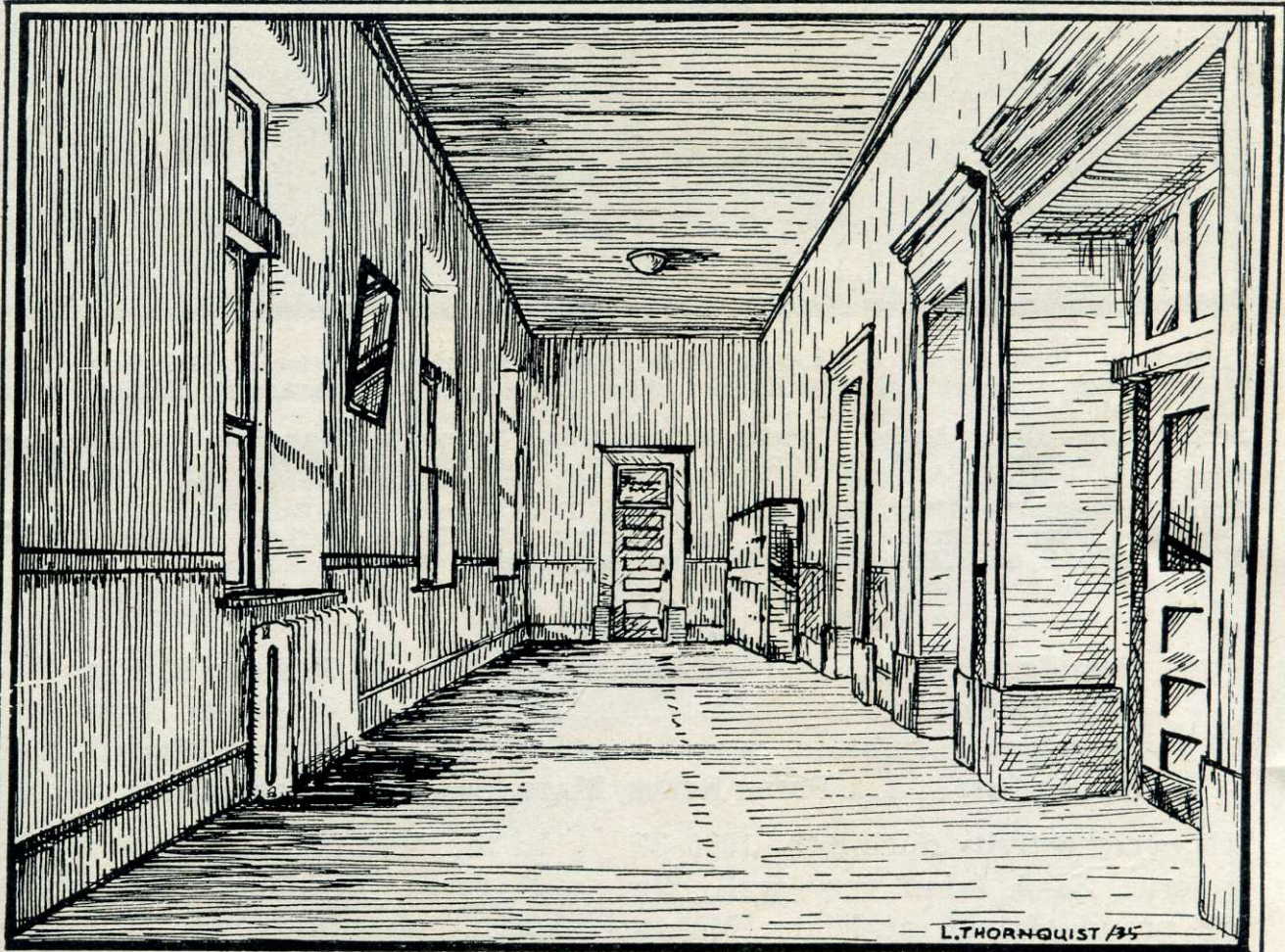


JACK BROADLEY,  
breaking the Senior  
Broad Jump Record  
in the Inter-High  
Field Meet.



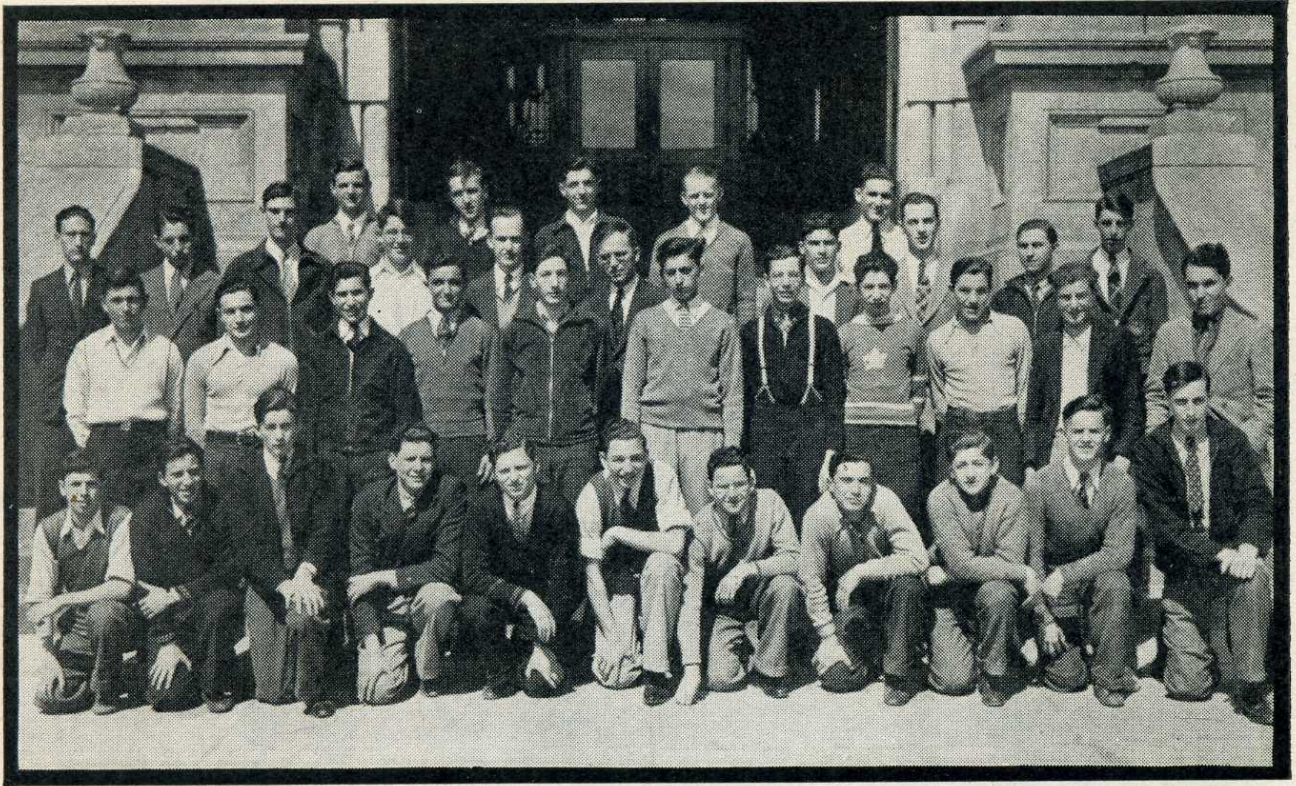
Below:  
LLOYD COLBOURNE,  
winner of Senior  
High Jump.





**CLASSES**

*You must have sand if you expect to make the grade.*



First Row—Hart Faintuch, Isadore Peltz, Ken Mackenzie, Lester Parks, Ben Raber, Gordon Hornstein, Harry Klamer, Alex. Malkin, Murray Krasnoff, Halder Parker, Adolf Frankel.  
 Second Row—Harry Bailey, Charles Malkin, Oscar Schwartz, Louis Sotolov, Dave Korn, Bernie Atnikov, Matt Saunders, Sidney Miller, Sam Koslofsky, Nathan Vanular, Louis Kalesky.  
 Third Row—Barney Bay, Matt Abramovitch, Pete Reeve, Sam Donaldson, Bob Killey, Don Ferns, Gerald Varnam, Roy Walton, Mr. Grusz, Earl Rose, Max Kettner, Monte Syme, Dick Knox, Sam Seetner, George Horne.

## ELEVEN A

President .....	BARNEY B. BAY
Vice-President .....	DAVID KORN
Secretary .....	CHARLES MALKIN
Councillors .....	PETER REEVE, MATT. SAUNDERS, ALEX. MALKIN

**I**N every activity during the 1936-37 term, XI-A fared very well. We are proud of our musicians. Monty Syme played one of the leading parts in the "H.M.S. Pinafore," with Hal-dor Parker and Louis Kalesky in the chorus. Sam "the Maestro," Seetner, composed a school song, and Hart Faintuck wrote the words. And, of course, there is Sotolov and his violin.

Our debaters, too, have won some renown in the school. David Korn, Barney Bay, and Charlie Malkin talk fast—fast enough to come out on top in debates.

In the field of journalism we find our room president editing the "Torch," Matt Saunders on the staff of the "Students' Review," and Ben Lucow, the proud editor of our room paper, "The Reporter," published bi-monthly under the watchful eye of Mr. Grusz.

Our intellectuals are many. Bob Killey, closely followed by Max Kettner, leads the party of five from XI-A who are seeking scholarships

In the field of sport, XI-A was well represented. Alex. Malkin, Isadore Peltz, and Dave Korn, were mem-

(Continued on page 72)

*An obstinate man does not hold opinions—they hold him.*



Back Row—Len Anderson, Roy Matas, Tom Milroy, Stan Tait.

Third Row—John McTavish, Harry Altman, Bernard Brick, Richard Palmer, Jack Brown, Gord. Beiber, Bernard Shest, Gord. Peterson, Norman Penner.

Second Row—Sid Fogel, Jim Peker, Mike Shidloski, Victor Temple, Sam Segalman.

First Row—Ivor Thomas, Hymie Block, Jack Levine, Joe Rosenstock, Tom Millar, Miss McCord, Israel Freedman, Bernard Rosenberg, Ab Omerod, Henry Seified, Harvey Kay, Saul Grand.

Front Row—Norman Zacour, Howard Donner, Jack Pierce, Ruben Sirkus, Saul Weinstein, Aubrey Greene, Harold Simovitch, Dave Perlman, Frank Marlyn, Len Twaidichly, Al. Tadman.

## ELEVEN B

**T**HERE is no mystery surrounding the origin of this class. It all started when the celestial powers ordained that XI-B was to be under new management, whose policy it was to allow into the class only those boys who had hitherto been leaders in various fields of scholastic enterprise. This policy led to enviable results and the venture in general is highly commendable.

The Cheerio Club was formed to see if co-operation could be practiced as well as preached. The result was that Miss McCord was greeted every morning by the sweet strains (no question mark) of

“Good Morning to You.” Uncle Clark Matas presided at our official meetings, which were conducted in a parliamentary manner (“I have the floor, you have the nerve”), but pandemonium reigned at our “Musical Section, where Sid Fogel and Jack Brown acquired names quite different from the ones designated to them.

We sent Norman Penner to organize a debating society where successful feats were culminated in the re-establishment of Inter-High School Debating. And that was not all. We made Frank Marlyn editor of “The Student Review” and a mem-

(Continued on page 72)

*Take care of the little things and the big things will take care of themselves.*



First Row—Frank Dill, Ben Brownstone, Abe Greenberg, Louis Chess, Walter Phillips, Fred Wikeem, Ted Weston, Billy Dressel, Jim Robb.  
 Second Row—Jim Irvin, Sidney Waldman, Jack Margolis, Steve Coppinger, Mr. J. E. Ridd, Nick Shrader, Harry Perry, Fred Joyce, Edward Winnik.  
 Third Row—Ted Jankiewicz, Bill Dodds, Max Brooks, Earnest Rudolph, Jack Cotton, Fred Austin, Allen Wilson, Dave Harrop, George Rogers.  
 Fourth Row—Ben Krasnowski, Dave Gibson, Bill Watt, Alf Johnson, Jack Knowles.  
 Missing—Ralph Browne, Ralph Kamensky.

## ELEVEN C

LET us now introduce you to XI-C. Here, during the past year, much was attempted and not a little accomplished. Here you may have found a variety of natures and abilities. Here, too, you may have found our able president and vice-president "Alf" Johnson and "Jim" Irvin, and our energetic secretary, "Jack" Margolis. Led by such an efficient executive XI-C conducted itself, for the most part, along the orthodox lines of a good class-room.

Of the room's part in school activities during the year, no single thing outshone the performance of its representatives in the production of the "H.M.S. Pinafore." The deservedly well-received singing of the talented Ralph Kamensky—let us commend

him—had much to do with the success of the opera, also ably filling their parts were, "Jack" Cotton and "Ed" Winick.

In athletics the class took an active, enthusiastic part and though not successful competitively, it was certainly so in gaining the true end of such activity. However, had there been an inter-class lacrosse tournament, XI-C would have been "right in there" with such men as Gibson, Irvin, Harrop, Johnson, Dodds, and Robb. Then Harrop and Irvin shone as members of the school basketball and hockey teams, respectively.

How glad we were, how fortunate we feel, we have been, in having had none other than Mr. J.

(Continued on page 66)

*A diamond is a lump of coal that stuck to its job.*



First Row—Dave Sturrey, Bill Backman, Jim Law, Forbes Milne, George Lowry, Stan Repa, Rube Braunstein, Nathan Fingold, Jack Hodges, Nathan Goody.  
 Second Row—Norman Hodgson, Lawrence Katz, Harry Callan, Pete Holyk, Harry Driben, Miss Cadwell, Oscar Nasberg, Jim Ranson, John Paton, Earnest Kurtz.  
 Third Row—Chris. Preisentanz, Eric Mitchell, Al Huget, Culver Nash, Jim Christie, Anton Werbin.  
 Missing—Teddy Olinkin, Tom Manko.

## ELEVEN D

AS the number of days grows smaller, and the hours become fewer, we, the the boys of XI-D, drearily await the day when we shall leave our studies at St. John's forever and face the difficulties of this wide world. However, our sad faces brighten as we glance over the high standard we set in all the social and recreational activities in which we participated.

The boys of our class carried off a good share of honor in sports. The basketball team, composed of Olinkin, Holyk, Huget, Braunstein, Hodgson, and Hodges, won the school championship. Olinkin, Huget, and Holyk were successful in gaining a place on the school Junior basketball team. The volleyball team, made up

of Fingold, Sturrey, Katz, Holyk, Braunstein, Repa, and Olinkin, also took the school championship. The hockey and football teams did not fare so well, but they did their best and that is all that is expected of them. Our star winger, John Paton, easily made a place on the school hockey team.

In our room we had four tenors who took part in the school opera, "H.M.S. Pinafore." They were, Harry Driben, Ernest Kurtz, Leonard Wodlinger, and Cy Brownstone. They all did their share towards making the opera a great success.

Eleven D was also prominent in school debating. We had two very eminent orators in Harry Driben and

(Continued on page 66)

*If you can't win make the one ahead of you break the record.*



First Row—Allan Barton, Harold Robinson, Lawrence Quinn, Henry Arnst, Alfred Mohr, Oswald Smith, Harley Talbot, Benny Mitchell, Frank Dehod, Harry Beckwith.  
 Second Row—Garry Hall, Bill Robertson, Jack Sedo, Jack Scholey, Louis Gordon, Vince Barrett, Norman Litvak, Mr. Beer, Stan Motriuk, Benny Levine.  
 Third Row—Bill Tough, Wilfred Suttle, Lawrence Brune.

## ELEVEN E

AS the bugle played a farewell call to arms, the shock troops of XI-E mustered for inspection. Although XI-E was not a very industrious class, they were renowned as the "cream of the school" and gained the admiration and respect of every teacher—we hope.

Leading the parade of stalwart, stern and studious looking individuals is Harry Beckwith, star rugby player and president of our unique class. Near him stands Justice Brune, who honored the room by presiding at our far-famed court trials. Further along the line and standing out as a typical member is Jack Scholey, friend of all, especially the women. Also shining in our midst is that creator of poems and stories, Norman Litvak, the "Tennyson of Tech." Standing beside one another can be

seen those two gentlemen, Louis Gordon and Vance Barrett. They are A plus in social activities and fair in their studies. Next comes the quartette of Norm Scrymgeour, Jack Sedo, Bill Tough, and Garry Hall, four of the most lively boys in the room, all of them members of the Room Orchestra. Now we see that hard working secretary, Wilf Suttle, who strained his memory trying to remember the absentee list. We must not forget to mention the two bundles of dynamite, Ossie Smith and Alfie Mohr. There are others who would be outstanding in any other class, Stan Mottruik, the basketball player; Eight-Ball Fingold, the pool shark; the Three Fred Astaires—Henry Arnst, Bennie Mitchell, and Frank Dehod, all of whom contributed

(Continued on page 80)

*Lasting happiness is found only in constructive work.*



First Row—Abe Gold, Henry Kendall, Fred Rosnagle, Walter Sayko, Jack Henderson, Clifford Fox, Ernie Schaeffer, Jim Wilson, Leo Probe.

Second Row—Walter Patasnyk, Tom Crook, Ivan Andres, Clinton Shewfelt, Warren Peterson, Leonard Bishop, Lloyd Colbourne, Boris Kozanchenko, John Arondus.

Third Row—Alex. Logan, Albert Smith, Cliff Patterson, Joe Butchard, Jim Gray, Mr. Thierry, Elwood Thompson, Chris. Sands, Leo Sturrey, Ed. Cooper.

Missing—Sydney Hughes, Bill Kozak, Bill Pawluck, John Breen.

## ELEVEN F

AS THE whistle sounds ending the last half, II-F, although not the winner in scholarships, is second to none as the best all-round class in the school. Tops in his line is Ed Cooper, capable School President and all-round athlete. Our room president, Warren ("Fat") Peterson, is a fast-stepping, quick starting fellow with an abundance of brain, kind of uncertain at rolling over the high jump, but he keeps the class well under control at all times. John Arondus, the sports captain and shorthand expert, is a sure one in any emergency, be it hockey, basketball, or bookkeeping. The room's hockey star is the one and only Leo Probe, our very efficient councillor. Along with him and Johnny

Arondus comes the flash of the lacrosse field and expert of the ice—Chris. Sands, ladies' man of the class, is the fellow with the handsome profile and a fast, sure pass with a lacrosse or a hockey stick. Joe Butchard and John Breen, the two debators and top-notch orators, are always arguing heatedly about nothing. Boris K. is our "big leaguer," while Leonard Bishop, manager and coach for everything the class did, will some day be a politician or a pilot. Jim Wilson is the class poet, while Abe Gold, the class dictionary, is an expert at shot-putting. Jim Grey always seems to be fighting with Ivan Andres and Ernie Schaeffer. Alex. Logan can be found anytime from 4 to 5 in the late room.

(Continued on page 72)

*Personality to the man is what perfume is to the flower.*





First Row—Bessie Abbit, Sylvia Rosove, Etta Rabovsky, Betty Johnson, Sylvia Rosenberg, Mary Cyhanewich, Jessie Harrow, Lena Balzer, Mary McQuay, Clara Shuster, Dorothy Keddie.

Second Row—Bernice Harrison, Ruth Moscovitch, Lily Wiseman, Edith Shackells, Helen Woods, Lorna Body, Betty Baker, Mary Boyd, Maris Lauder, Anne Trepel, Beatrice Rogers, Connie Smith.

Third Row—Louie Crease, Beth Lorimer, Hilda Crease, Merle Bates, Betty Lavender, Miss Cumming, Beth Bragg, Vera Genoff, Eileen Morris, Marjory Dector, Helen Hudon.

Fourth Row—Iona Busch, Marjory Boxer, Katie Wineberg, Bessie Kreger, Rose Rabinovich, Janet Gorowski, Bernadine Roe, Anita Belsham.

Fifth Row—Marion Oddy, Eleanor Kare, Helen Rothstein.

## ELEVEN G

IT IS generally agreed that in leaving school-life behind, we remember personalities rather than incidents. If such is the case, XI-G has some varied personalities to be remembered.

First, there is the council group with our gay president, Connie Smith, at its head, winning co-operation from both class and council by her engaging grin and winning personality; Beth Lorimer, our secretary-treasurer, managing her numerous duties with serene efficiency; and our councillors, Beatrice Rogers, Dorothy Keddie, and Louie Crease. Through the Council's and Miss

Cumming's efforts, self-discipline has been brought about in the class.

In the sports realm we inevitably think of such famous young athletes as Louie Crease, our sports captain, always abounding in health and good spirits, and of her equally vivacious sister, Hilda; of Merle Bates, Bernice Harrison, and Janet Gorowski. These and others have won laurels for the class in more than one branch of school sports.

XI-G shines scholastically as well as athletically. Chief among the brilliants are Mary Boyd, Lily Wiseman, the versatile Anne Trepel, and

(Continued on page 82)

*Dishonesty is the densest form of ignorance.*



First Row—Adassa Speller, Edith Hutchison, Margaret Hebert, Beatrice Carter, Bessie Sector, Eileen Lezak, Ruth Levine, Norma Faintuck, Betty Holloway, Margaret Albrecht.

Second Row—Minnie Keenberg, Donna Danzinger, Esther Vanular, Beatrice Heifitz, Mona Wiseman, Una Young, Helen Kwaite, Isabel Reece, Ruth Ebert, Agnes Ross, Nancy Pachekowsky.

Third Row—Lily Nitikman, Irene Darling, Joan Gibb, Frances Silversides, Shirley Anderson, Miss Scholes, Jeanette Cave, Jean Stark, Dorothy Corbett, Lilian Ebbitt.

Fourth Row—Jane Hamilton, Katherine Moran, Minnie Sures, Katherin Ross, Molly Shurer, Marion Wiseman, Muriel Boyd.

## ELEVEN H

President .....	ISABELLE REECE
Vice-President .....	AGNES ROSS
Secretary .....	MARGARET ALBRECHT
Sports Captain .....	DONNA DANZINGER
Councillors .....	HELEN KWAITE, RUTH EBERT

UNDER the able guidance of Miss Scholes, our class teacher, the XI-H girls were competently piloted through their last school year, and have gathered many sound ideals as well as happy memories which, we know, will help us along the road to success.

A weiner roast started the ball of congenial comradeship rolling. This was followed by much studying (?), a courtesy campaign, a round of

baseball, volleyball, basketball, debating, singing, and general good-fellowship.

Besides giving us a thorough grounding in Canadian history, Miss Scholes also took us for several enjoyable flights into the realm of current British history, e.g., The Duke of Windsor, Stanley Baldwin . . . .

Dr. Triggerson won our highest esteem by taking us safely through

(Continued on page 80)

*Ruts are made by people who stick to the beaten path.*



First Row—Stella Keseluk, Lillie Kaplan, Doris Ratner, Edna Walker, Marguerite Kinghorn, Eleanor McKay, Lily Chapman, Toby Chorney, Leah Belman, Ursula Milner, Mary Gordon, Joyce Simpson.  
 Second Row—Minnie Binder, Olga Chambers, Mona Johnson, Beatrice Urdang, Evelyn Yarmar, Miss Avery, Sylvia Herman, Lorna Skinner, Bertha Johnson, Edith Quinn, Ruby Berry, Kay Belcher, Mabel Seifred.  
 Third Row—Steffie Bradkowski, Eva Kirson, Vera Olson, Margaret Birch, Leah Kuentler.

## ELEVEN J

President .....	SYLVIA HERMAN
Vice-President .....	KATHLEEN BELCHER
Secretary .....	EDNA WALKER
Sports Captain .....	ELEANOR MCKAY
Councillors .....	URSULA MILNER, LORNA SKINNER

**W**HAT are you most interested in: Sports, music, honor students, or personalities? In this room we have all of them.

First, we shall introduce you to quiet, efficient Miss Avery, our class teacher. Her popularity is predominant among her students.

If you prefer them short, meet Mona Johnson, our track star, or if you prefer them tall, meet "Mar-nie" Birch, our champion typist.

Over in this corner we have a generous contribution to the opera.

Pat Brown, Lily Chapman are principals, and also five members of the chorus.

Here are our sports enthusiasts—Lorna, Stephanie, and Eleanor, who intend to hurdle their way to fame. We won't interrupt their discussion for her comes Minnie Binder, an energetic member of our class who has a seat in the school council. I know you want to meet Kay, Ursula, and Ruth, our honor students. Look at their graphs and cast a

(Continued on page 82)

*Faith is a fog, knowledge is seeing.*



First Row—Peggy Meikle, Margaret Wilson, Kay Gibson, Nellie Sharp, Bessie Klasser, Norma Fireman, Katie Shinoff, Bernice Geisler, Jean Rea.

Second Row—Freda Rathgeber, Rose Kilby, Clara Kaven, Miss Thompson, Mary Levi, Eileen McMillan, Sadie Rabkin, Ruth Innes.

Third Row—Gertrude Cox, Frances Gerak, Dorothy White, Margaret Potter, Dora Walker, Maureen Maxwell, Bertha Schultieiss.

## ELEVEN K

**A**NOTHER year is ending; a year which many of the members of XI-K will long recall as being one of the most successful and most pleasant of all.

In connection with scholastic abilities, all students obtained fair marks. The two most brilliant scholars in our room, however, were Bernice Geisler and Jean Rea.

Our sports captain was Bertha Shulteiss and along with an able team made our room known in the realm of sport. The two most active members in this respect were Ruth Innes and Bernice Geisler, both conscientiously putting all they had into the games.

The one social function which our room had was a toboggan party.

After tobogganing, we went to the home of Frances Gerak. Here we served refreshments, and then followed dancing and other sorts of recreation.

Ruth Innes, our President, had the faculty of performing her duties with leadership and initiative. She predominated in sports. Ruth also possessed a cheery smile and a keen sense of humor, making her an A1 president.

Margaret Wilson was our Secretary—a really efficient one too. She took part in sports and along with this, was a good singer. Her smile was always charming and a valuable asset to her personality.

So, with fond memories we leave our last year at St. John's.

*Common sense is very uncommon.*



First Row—Alda Query, Vera Keith, Ann Shulman, Rena Brussels, Anne Bermack, Millie Udovitch, Nellie Holyk, Alice Miller, Mitzie Newmark.

Second Row—Anne Bronstein, Miriam Pergamit, Ruby Cramer, Lucy Jackson, Annette Milstock, Myrna Hershfield, Edith Posner, Dorothy Robbins, Molly Snider, Kathleen Golovitch, Chrissie Murray.

Third Row—Irene Coulter, Harriet Davidson, Syma Herman, Eva Olnick, Anne Kaslofsky, Doris Pedeschuk, Elaine Shave.

Fourth Row—Marjorie Millard, Dorothy Cartilage, Miss Collison, Helen Maluish, Gertrude Klagh.

## ELEVEN L

THE art room with its slanted easels and artistic designs looked like a bazaar that day. Not that the scene was as happy as a bazaar but because the room was filled with excited girls who were all talking at once. It was the last day at school and we had all gathered to say good-bye.

I thought of Miss Collison, who was standing by the window talking to a group of girls. She had done much to prepare us for our future both by her disposition and her teaching.

The council was a good one. It was not extraordinary but it had performed its duties reasonably well.

This room was a sports enthusiast's room. Chrissie Murray goes racing across the basketball floor—she scores! We came through the basketball series OK, but there's no telling how we did it. I might mention the names of the girls who come to mind in this connection: Chrissie Murray, Dorothy Cartledge, Helen Maluish, Anne Bermack, Gertrude Klayh, and Marjorie Millard.

One is always pleased to know that his or her room has personalities in it. What kind of personalities is another matter. Our verbal earwashers Edith and Anne Bermack came out of the Debating Club after a little

(Continued on page 80)

*Well-timed silence is more eloquent than speech.*



First Row—Florence Palsky, Ann Yarish, Rose Orland, Goldie Gelfand, Dorothy Stoneham, Adele Wuckert, Bernice McGregor, Dora Cunningham, Vivian Leclair, Marjory Hodge, Rosemary Sturgeon.

Second Row—Florence Tyderkil, Ellen Stuart, Ann Litvin, Janet Martin, Margaret Lang, Gladys Purdy, Miss Owens, Cassie Tregiboff, Nellie Coodin, Nollina Robertson, Gwen Collins, Pearl Silver.

Missing—Doris Nicholson.

## ELEVEN M

COME enter the happy domicile which houses the girls of Room 23. Miss Owens will welcome you and introduce you to her twenty-three bright pupils. While you look around you ask what these girls have done in the past year that is worthy of recognition. The answers come swift and sure. And from the jumble of eager voices you are able to gather that these girls have had a share in every possible school activity.

Firstly Dorothy Stoneham rises to defend her really sensational team that brought home honors in both the baseball and volleyball series, defeating all competitors for the title.

Next, you learn, but not through Rose Orland, that she brought vic-

tory to our room in the debating series (what unflinching courage!).

Meanwhile the two musically minded lassies, Doris Nicolson and Bernice McGregor, take the floor and give us a sample of the beautiful singing that helped to make H.M.S. Pinafore a great success.

Then there is a silence as Gladys Purdy, President of the room, majestically rises to join in the song of praise. She appreciatively remarks on the wonderful showing at the Silver Tea, giving full credit to Miss Owens and to the happy-go-lucky but capable council including Marjorie Hodge, Margaret Lang, Ann Yarish, Adele Wuckert and Jeanette Martin.

*Be careful of your thoughts; they may break into words.*



First Row—Simon Wittenberg, Messola Shanas, Earl Pashkovsky, Dave Levine, Albert Kushnerov, Leon Rubin, John Cattley, Ben Knazan, Dave Herstein, Clarence Williamson, Harvey Dryden.

Second Row—Harry Harris, Leo Moser, Hymie Malotsky, Leonard Karr, Bill Osborne, Bernard Panar, Charles Colson, Paul Kligman, Edward Harlow, Larry Porter.

Third Row—Fred Blankstein, Alex. Isenstein, Izzy Moser, Dave Jones, Bert Wall, Abie Posen, Allan Shankman, Alex. Platsko, Gordon McKay.

Fourth Row—Victor Parnass, Tom Olenik, Vernon Robinson, Oscar Dector, Nathan Coop, Jack Klempner, Howard Wickberg, Jim Kay, Sydney Granovsky, Mr. J. A. S. Gardner.

## TEN A

X-A, the ideal conception of one happy family," is now taking stock of its achievements.

Clarence Williamson (what a man!) as a member of the school team has ably represented this class in hockey, and together with several others has held X-A banners high in the speed skating meet.

With regard to scholarships, XA may with just pride boast of several students of high calibre. Who knows but that Dave Levine may blossom into a future Einstein in physics, while Les Moser may flower into a Euclid in Geometry. Then, too, Earl Pashkovsky, with his incessant A plus in English, may one day become one

of our literary prodigies.

Now a glance at our political group, under the head Larry Porter, president; Harvey Dryden, vice-president; and Leonard Karr, secretary. As in a truly democratic state they attempted to serve the majority and strongly advocated a policy of domestic peace.

Yet, despite our many achievements this year, we all look forward to the coming one, as a period of still finer things, greater successes, and more lasting achievements for the school as a whole, and for every individual within its walls. May the coming year be brighter in every respect.

*Reputation is a jewel that nothing can replace.*



First Row—Tom Taylor, Hymie Sirkus, Dave Chapelle, Joe Basovsky, Leo Fenson, Bruce Campbell, Hans Dobish, Arthur Konusiewich, Morris Zamick, Paul Lindquist.  
 Second Row—Bill Scholey, Elgin Ferguson, Tom Kovnatz, Sam Moser, Max Stern, Tom White, Ray Willy, Ronnie Glassman, Jack Walker.  
 Third Row—George Fidler, George Ballentine, Jack Troughton, John Main, Ernest Zado, Toby Duboff, Jack Knazan, Bob Stewner.  
 Fourth Row—Morris Burke, Bill Pickett, Gilbert Warton, Mr. Muldrew, Zeke Zabinsky, Frank Eades, Dick Scanlin.  
 Fifth Row—Sydney Hendin, Arthur Dyson, Leslie Hatton, Eddy Webber, Dave Greenberg. Missin—Joe Rosenbaum, James Agnew, Bob Skidmore, Charlie Stroble.

## TEN B

**T**HE first year is over. Can we, the students of X-B, look back over the year with a feeling of satisfaction? Most of us can.

The Class Council for the year was:

- President—Paul Lindquist.
- Vice-President—Morris Zamick.
- Sec.-Treasurer—Arthur Dyson.
- Councillors—Dave Greenberg,  
Ernest Zado,  
Ed Webber.

Turning to X-B's sporting activities we find that they reached the football finals with Paul Lindquist and Bob Stewner well to the fore. The volleyball team was invincible, Paul Lindquist represent us on a

school speed skating team, and that handsome person Robert Stewner played hockey for the school and the room. Those active in sport were: Les Elhatton, Dave Greenberg, Bruce Campbell, George Ballentine, Bob Stewner, Tom Taylor, Maurice Zamick, Paul Lindquist.

X-B is also musically inclined, which can be proved if you wish to attend a class at which the teacher is absent. Seriously, we have a radio vocalist, Morris Zamick, alias Tommy Bell, and a 'cellist, Hans Dobsch. Leo Fenson and Sam Moser joined the debating club which proved to be very interesting.

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*Courage is the lamp of adversity.*





First Row—Leonard Peck, Walt. Carter, Stan. Riddell, Art Vogt, Ed. Unger, Mike Grapko, John Zakowsky, Harry Freedman, Martin Swarek, John Podwyssocki, Vic. Dirks.  
 Third Row—Sam Steinberg, Bill Uhryniuk, Julius Rosen, Raymon Manusow, Harold Ruben, Abie Omnitsky, Walter Stasiuk, Irving Callan.  
 Second Row—George Keseluk, Kindsay Guthrie, Sydney Rosove, Harry Freedman, Sr., Jack Anderson, Dave Baxter, Lou Sirulnikoff, Max Leibl, Abram Berbrayer.  
 Fourth Row—Paul Arsenyck, Hal Thompson, Jim Ross, Mr. Allison, Max Jacobson, Aron Rovinski, Irving Orloff, Walter Fochuk.

## TEN C

President ..... CARL REMBLE  
 Vice-President ..... HARRY FREEDMAN, JR.  
 Secretary ..... HARRY FREEDMAN, JR.  
 Councillors..... STANLEY RIDDELL, HAROLD THOMPSON, EDDY UNGER

**I**N the annals of the various X-C's of St. John's history, the class of 1936-37 will stand out like a student who hands in his assignment on time. The reason for this is not scholastic or sports' achievements, but . . .

. . . On a warm sunny day early in September a group of about forty boys walked into Room 31. They resolved to adapt themselves to new conditions, for they knew they had ten months of it ahead of them. Who will ever forget how Bill Uhrniuk and Paul Arsenyck took turns

at going to the library in Mr. Grusz's periods . . . those four basketball stars, Grapko, Bodwyssocki, Swarek, and Zukowski . . . the two Harry Freedmans, senior and junior . . . those geometry sharks Omnitsky and Rubin, whose marks added to 10.

It has been an enjoyable year, and although we didn't, perhaps, shine in our examinations, we succeeded in proving two things: first, that barking dogs do bite and, second, that all good things don't come to Room 32.

*Thou art master of the unspoken word.*



First Row—Douglas Head, Mac Oddy, Lawrence Cohen, John Allen, Milton Barnes, John Calder, Percy DeKoven, Andy Rogan, Jim Twells, John Greenaway.  
 Second Row—Martin Devins, Zenon Sawchuk, Ray Parkinson, William Boland, Vernon Tatham, Frank Boyd, Ray Martin, Bill Borger, John Martin.  
 Third Row—Clive Ellor, Jeff Reynolds, Harry Cristall, Alex. Myers, Bob Farr, Alfred Croll.  
 Fourth Row—Stanley Childs, Mr. Wherret, Paul Makarenko, Morley Margolis, Andrew Conik.

## TEN D

President ..... JOHN ALLEN  
 Vice-President ..... JOHN CALDER  
 Secretary ..... ANDREW ROGAN  
 Councillors ..... CLIVE ELLOR, ALFRED KRAL, LLOYD PENN

**X**-D! A room of wonders! The task which we must direct our energies today is to get together a mass of evidence necessary to convince posterity and ourselves that we are and always shall be the best class in the school, namely, X-D. First we shall inform you at what room this famous class met and the class's various achievements, so that the generations to come may do homage to the memory of so wonderful a class.

This room has been capably steered through the year by Mr. Wherret and the class Council. Some of the

members of our Council have excelled in other fields. John Calder was elected to the School Council. Alfred Kral, our sports captain, led our sports activities throughout the year and has made a fine job of it. Andrew Rogan, our secretary, was the only X student on the Senior Basketball team. We were most happily endowed with opera stars in the persons of Frank Green and Stanley Child.

This has been a successful year for the boys of X-D. May our last year in St. John's be just as outstanding and happy.

*He only is exempt from failure who makes no effort.*



First Row—Joe Silver, Ray Hitchcock, Ed. McDonald, Marcus Tessler, Julius Glowacki, Hymie Gilbert, Harry Zlotnick, Bill Lear, Mike Symski.  
Second Row—Ray Thorne, Norman Roller, Charley Rothman, Leo Rosenberg, Louis Cohen, Joe Prystack, Arnold Dolstom, Dick Bodain.  
Third Row—Mr. Bailey, Jim Motriuk, Gerald Rozick, Jack Knezon, Mike Chipka, Mike Antonick.  
Fourth Row—Bill Casselman, Sam Moglove, Jim Wales, Jim Beck.

## TEN E

**M**AY I present to you the most unique boy's commercial class in the whole school—behold XE!

Nearly all of XE is devoted to sports, and we have a large collection of students who have brought honor to our class in that field. Mike Chipka "Chip," who is our president, is also one of our best players in that gentle sport called hockey. Willard Workman acts as our vice-president, and is also a valuable asset to our basketball team. Norman Depoe, our dependable secretary, comes next. He takes care of the absentee list and gets all our graphs marked. Assisting our class teacher are the following council members: Sam Moglove, who has something about him that makes him popular with

everybody; Wilbur Speirs, who is most interested in radios and funerals; and Jerold Rozik, who was a candidate for the Grade 10 school presidency. Under the capable leadership of our sports captain, Donald Keil, our football team brought home many victories. Roy Thorne represented the Grade 10 boys of the school in the speedskating competition at the Amphitheatre. In the gym room we have such students as Julius Glowacki and Jim Beck, who have mastered many of the difficult exercises. We have many other athletes who have made it possible for XE to accomplish so much in sport.

Mike Symski is our one and only musician. He is a member of the

(Continued on page 66)

*The smallest minds harbor the biggest grouches.*



Kneeling—Gladys Peterson, Elizabeth Dallinger, Irma Katz, Ruth Marantz, Ruth Werier, Rose Prystanski, Fanny Solomon, Nadia Novak, Emma Plexman, Lee Raechy, Dorothy Bernstein, Roslyn Wiseman, Evelyn Mayer, Margaret Morton.  
 Second Row—Esther Rosenberg, Adele Pearlman, Edith Kobrinsky, Hannah Brownstone, Reavelle Olenick, Minnie Isenberg, Mildred Shanas, Sylvia Greenberg, Lucille Sheps, Marian Earn, Mary Salewich, Zelda Bograd, Byrtha Tulchinsky.  
 Third Row—Lilian Hugo, Mildred Chisolm, Marjory Peters, Miss McDougall, Francis Goldin, Marjory Newish, Simma Schom, Rhoda Kirkpatrick, Margaret Davy, Sara Boroditsky.  
 Fourth Row—Margaret Stoller, Laura Daley, Constance Hackford, Betty Moscolsky, Lilian Rosenfield, Pearl Selver, Betty McLaughlin, Elaine Currie, Maceta Kirson, Anne Mitchell.

## TEN F

“ALL the world’s a stage.” So said Shakespeare, and he was probably right. But XF is really a three-ring circus. Would you like to meet some of the performers? Come with us to the dressing tent, Room 18, and let us introduce them.

First, meet our ringmaster (or should it be ringmistress?), Miss J. L. Macdougall. It is mainly through her efforts that the circus has been kept running smoothly. Miss Macdougall does not sport the regulation black whip, but prefers to direct the circus through appeal to the performers. This method has succeeded, for every

members of the troupe now pulls together for the good of dear old XF.

We have among us a group who profess to have dramatic ability. They presented the sub-plot for Shakespeare’s “Twelfth Night” to an entirely feminine audience, on January 29th. Sally Barman directed the play. Outstanding in the cast was Betty McLaughlin, whose “Sir Andrew” delighted the audience.

For an entire season, the XF circus has worked and played together in perfect unity. It is their ardent hope that next season will see them reunited under the big top of another school-room circus.

*Genius is partly inspiration, but mostly perspiration.*



First Row—Linda Smith, Clementine Lang, May England, Ann Hykawy, Belle Batowsky, Ettie Wail, Leah Gold, Becky Kunin, Rosalie Bicks, Kay Daley, Ethel Hunter.

Second Row—Doris Minuk, Ruth Rosenblat, Ruth Beck, Marguerite Henne, Francis Galdzinsky, Miss Turner, Hope Reid, Freda Orloff, Thelma Hardy, Phyllis Stedman, Mary Radchuk.

Third Row—Erica Thiessen, Jean Watson, Mary Knox, Kay Mann, Nancy Halford, Fradla Slobinski, Clare Levee.

Fourth Row—Ruth Kiam, Bertha Welch, Edna Forbes, Adeline Kulson, Ruth Reckielar, Helen Sharek, Violet Stromski.

Fifth Row—Bertha Schwartzkopf, Elsie Weitzel, Helen Craig, Edith Taylor, Ann Negraiff. Missing—Eva Singer.

## TEN G

TALK about fun—that's all we've had all year.

Our first big event was a weiner roast,

That it was a success we can all truly boast.

The tramp we had went off with a bang,

We romped, and played, and danced, sang.

The Hallowe'en School Dance was widely attended

By XG in costumes, new and mended.

At the dance at Christmas there could also be seen

Many of the members of Room Seventeen.

X-G certainly has had its share of prizes this year. In baseball the series was won, but with Elsie Weitzel pitching, Hope Reid fielding, and a team with Anne Campbell, Ettie Wail, Marguerite Henne, Ethel Hunter, Clementine Lang, Bertha Schwartzkopf, Nancy Halford, and May England, how could we help but win.

And so we bid you good-bye and good cheer and hope we shall meet you again next year.

*A clock watcher never becomes the man of the hour.*



First Row—Ida Steele, Evelyn Margulius, Nora Jex, Eleanor McGown, Violet Gillis, Evelyn Wright, Vivian Fuller, Lilian Lenoff, Kathleen Stepnick, Anne Singer, Thelma Williams.  
 Second Row—Esther Hochman, Lucille Bell, Marjorie Meder, Nancy Pingle, Doris Wolodorsky, Semma, Tenenbaun, Joan Lydiard, Lily Steiman, Iris Eisler, Josephine Sapko.  
 Third Row—Ruth Parks, Shirley Feldman, Shirley Gerlovin, Helen Shore, Marguerite Malcolm, Nora White, Eleanor Higinton.  
 Fourth Row—Eleanor Wolinis, Zonovia Holowaty, Fannie Gornstein, Miss K. Kaffner, Adele Gilman, Annete Solotsky, Daisy Knox.

## TEN H

President .....	ESTHER MESBUR
Vice-President .....	ELEANOR MCGOWAN
Secretary .....	EVELYN WRIGHT
Sports Captain .....	VIVIAN FULLER
Councillors .....	NORA JEX, VIOLET GILLIES

**W**ALK into the school and turn to your right. What do you find? None other than Room 15, the well-known hideout of the XH's, a room of forty-three smart girls, including such notables as Eleanore Wolanis, alias Shirley Temple; Annette Salodky, our debating champ; Ruth Parks and Shirley Feldman, enterprising poets; Ida Steele, our operetta song-bird; the mischief-makers, Anne Singer and Iris Eisler, and last, but not least, our capable Esther Mesbur, who can be seen walking through the halls with a certain

Dorothy (not Cunningham, is it?) just behind her.

In the sport field, X-H did not lack enthusiasts. Under the supervision of our sports captain, Vivian Fuller, we have turned out splendid teams, notably in basketball. Some of our brightest inter-high stars are Josephine Golebrowski, Vivian Fuller, Violet Gillies, Zenovia Holowatz, and Eleanore Wolonis.

Time is ever moving and before we realize it, another year has just past. As the end of the term draws near,

(Continued on page 82)

*It takes quite a while to size up a quiet man.*



First Row—Gertrude Claxton, Ellen Westman, Ann Archuk, Sylvia Beckman, Charlotte Katz, Jennie Basovsky, Bella Dollar, Mildred Gorovitch, Annette Myers, Betty Thorpe.

Second Row—Hazel Tooke, Eileen McGregor, Evelyn Travis, Evelyn Shell, Pearl Rothstein, Sara Schwartz, Bessie Paul, Rosalind Moscovitch, Lena Warenzak, Blanche McDonald, Helen Julius.

Third Row—Dora Lomow, Gertrude Berg, Miriam Nemerovsky, Evelyn Mazo.

Fourth Row—Mary Nestor, Olga Klasz, Florence Dart, Florence Wolovitch, Grace Charach, Kay Whitridge, Nellie Ogston, Marjorie Bell, Doris Ogston.

Fifth Row—Lilian Lipkin, Miss Gauer, Mary Adelman, Olga Bahotchuk.

## TEN J

**J**UST yesterday it seems, we were all excitedly entering High School. Everything was so new, so different. One thought occupied our minds, "Would St. John's live up to our ex-

At the beginning of the term we elected Clare Hestrin, who was popular among all the girls, president. When she had to leave in the middle of the term, Eileen McGregor took her place and filled it very capably, assisted by Hazel Tooke, vice-president; Jeanette Basofsky secretary, and councillors Helyne Julius, Gertrude Bergand, and Blanche McDonald.

The girls were not very successful in the inter-class baseball series, but were very successful with volleyball. We are very proud to have the speed demon on skates, Blanche McDonald, in our room.

"H. M. S. Pinafore" turned out to be a very great success and 10-J can be proud of its representation in its cast. Wasn't our room represented by Kathleen Whitridge, who was the heroine "Josephine," and Gertie Claxton in the chorus?

Our year at St. John's has been very successful. We have not been disappointed. We all hope to have Miss Gauer as class teacher again.

*It's easier to get facts than to face them.*



First Row—Dorothy Daley, Helen Scarfe, Ruth McMillan, Dorothy Paul, Helen Roast, Mary Pidlubny, Barbara Bamber, Dolly Schaefer, Ethel Maslofsky, Dorothy Oakley, Margaret Prost.  
 Second Row—Norma Smallenburg, Edith Kay, Florence Golden, Thelma Desser, Miss Cumming, Norma Homewood, Rose Weizel, Almina Smith, Elsie Egner, Gertrude Weinerman, Bernice Lindquist.  
 Third Row—Gladys Goodwin, Isabel Semenyk, Norma Waysburn, Lila Karlinsky, Ruth Harrison, Helen Wickburg, Dorothy Homewood, Margaret Cleland, Flo. Crerar.

## TEN K

*There once was a class named "X-K,"  
 Of whom the teachers all would say:  
 "Their faults, they are many,  
 Their talents—aren't any!  
 It's a most trying class this X-K."*

BY THE above it will be seen that X-K is a very modest class you know, the kind that hides its talents, which "take dust like Mistress Molls' picture."

Despite this, their very able Council has enabled X-K to achieve a very enjoyable year. The Council consisted of: Mary Pidlubny, president; Helen Roast, vice-president; Dorothy Paul, secretary, and Hazel Dale, Barbara Bamber, and Ruth McMillan, councillors.

In sports X-K held its own with

the rest. Some games they won, some they lost, but with charming Hazel Dale as their sports captain they took their defeats jovially.

And now, as the year draws to a close, they awake to the fact that out of the years of their lives, one more has been taken for the pursuit of knowledge, and they are that much nearer the completion of their education. In the following year—as in the past—this thought shall be the uppermost in their minds:

"'Tis the coward says, 'It is better so,'  
 But I go forward to seek and know."

*A short speech maketh a merry audience.*





First Row—Lilian Glassman, Rose Mazerovsky, Winsome McLeod, Joyce Brown, Kay Meaney, Rose Tansowny, Betty Reesenberg, Elsie Vivian, Grace Quinn.

Second Row—Lilian Metcalfe, Leatha Steeves, Lilian Stevenson, Beatrice Whalley, Miss Nicholson, Irene Powell, Joan Musgrave, Pat. Shingleton, Ella Tyserosky.

Third Row—Alexina Mills, Anne Ewick, Jean Tarnava, Millie Nestor, Adele Campbell, Margaret Stewart, Bessie Tansowny.

Missing—Joyce Arnold.

## TEN L

OUR first year began right because we were blessed with excellent teachers. Under the careful guidance of Miss Nicolson, our class teacher, we were carried over many a difficulty. To her and to all our other teachers we would like to give our thanks for their help in our studies. At the same time we would like to thank our class council who put us ahead in all activities.

Among the many notables that grace our fair class we have: Evelyn Dixon, who alone saved Miss Cumming from complete despair in history period; Lillian Metcalfe, our able sports captain, who inspired us to "play up and play the game"; Bet-

ty Leisenberg, who rarely beat the nine o'clock bell by more than a split second; Myrtle Brady, our team mascot, who was always on hand to chalk up the scores; Irene Powell, well known in all school sports—basketball, volleyball, field day; Kathleen Meany, a most efficient carrier of the absentee list; and last, but by no means least, our president, tiny Joyce Brown, who was continually "shushing" us.

All in all, we have had a very enjoyable year together. We have worked and played with true class spirit. And now, as we close our books until September, our hope is that we may all be together next year.

*Keep your temper, nobody else wants it.*



Back Row—Abie Marmar, Earl Riddolls, George Kendall, Steve Batrenchuck, Esau Zack.  
 Second Row—Harry Gilfix, Jim Watters, Harold Schultz, Jack McLellan, Mr. Galimore,  
 John Lypka, Douglas Dowling, Kasmer Lesniak.  
 Third Row—Howard Hill, Paul Mundrick, Stan Paige, Jack Triethart, Leslie Stannard,  
 Teddy Grynewitch, Joe Bass, Carl Dobrowolski.  
 Missing—Walter Stanowski, Paul Ashorne, Jim Taylor.

## P. A. A.

President ..... W. STANOWSKY  
 Vice-President ..... T. MCQUADE  
 Secretary-Treasurer ..... E. ZACK  
 Council ..... LES. STANNARD, S. PAIGE, J. McLELLAN

AS OUR senior year draws to a close, we wish to take this opportunity of extending our sincere thanks to Mr. Reeve, our Principal; Mr. Johns, our Housemaster; Mr. Gallimore, our class teacher, and all the teachers with whom we have come in contact for their co-operation and assistance throughout the term.

P.A.A. has done very well in academic studies and shop work. In the latter, the new idea introduced by Mr. Johns—the shop note book—provided an interesting aid to better work.

Besides this, we have gained recognition in the field of sports. The inter-room hockey cup is in our possession, as well as the inter-room football trophy.

On the school hockey team we have placed such outstanding players as P. Mundrick, T. McQuade, W. Stanowski. The school football team boasts four P.A.A. students—P. Mundrick, T. McQuade, N. Lyons and Les Stannard. We also contributed W. Stanowski to the school basketball team.

(Continued on page 82)

*When a mule kicks he can't pull.*

P. A. B.



Front Row—Bert Zulkoski, George Lloyd, Shenack Freeman, Wilfred Monford, Frank Kopindurk, Walter Melnyk, Michael Andrick.  
Second Row—Michael Pidlubny, Michael Krasnovski, Earnest Buffy, Mr. Blount, Harold Hoskin, Doug. Cameron, Jack Hoffley.  
Third Row—Nick Slupsky, Joe Shriper, Dave Dveris, Lord Coupioski, Zane Beyger.  
Missing—T. Willis.

ELEVEN C

(Continued from page 44)

E. Ridd as our class teacher! He commanded our attention, not with injunctions, but with the quiet appeal of his personality. We shall all fondly remember him long after we have said farewell.

ELEVEN D

(Continued from page 45)

Leonard Wodlinger.

Summing up all that we have accomplished, you must come to the same conclusion as we: that this year was a record year for XI-D, and we feel quite sure in predicting a brilliant future for all its members.

TEN B

(Continued from page 55)

X-B was ably guided by the following staff of competent teachers: Miss A. E. Turner, Miss K. E. Haffner, Miss Scholes, Mr. W. Johnson, Mr. D. N. Ridd, Mr. Allison, and last, but decidedly not least, our own class teacher, that superb mathematician, Mr. A. W. Muldrew.

TEN E

(Continued from page 58)

school orchestra and that is probably one reason why the "H.M.S. Pinafore" was such a great success.

All in all XE has had a lot of fun and we wish to thank all our teachers who have patiently worked with us and helped us through the whole term.

*The man who can wait for opportunity can do without it.*



Third Row—Steve Hardy, John Winnik, Peter Sutherland, Wilson Law, Mr. Johns, George Elendric, Bob Anderson, Mike Donner.

Second Row—Harold Dozar, Albert Guidolin, Joe Sauthuk, Fred Hawryluk, Hymie Finberg, Victor Martins, Dave Logan.

Front Row—Irvin Tobin, Earl Lewis, Bud Jarvis, Harold Sym, Eddy Korody, Peter Dobush, Joe Krawchuk, Fred Slyfield.

Missing—Paul Germaine, Earnest Schaeffer.

## P. A. C.

P. A. C. are no exceptions when it comes to supporting our school undertakings. Our headquarters are situated in Room 3 with the jovial Mr. Johns as our class teacher. We have taken as our motto part of Mr. Johns' philosophy, "Learn by Doing."

We'd like to mention some of the outstanding pupils. Heading the list is Ed. Korody, known as "El Korado," our president, poet, speed-skater and fencer; Knobby Ellenuik is our crooner and future Rudy Valee; Pete Sutherland is our boxer, and Vic. "Trapper" Martens our humorist. "Professor" Winnick is perhaps our most brilliant student, while others like Joe Sawchuk, Scotty Dobish, Harold Sym, Fred Slyfield,

Dave Logan, of the Logan boys, are among those who are not to be forgotten.

In academic work there are a few who shine above the average student. In shop work, however, this changes, "None better, good workers, very satisfactory, are but a few remarks passed regarding our work.

The group as a whole are becoming fairly good orators, because each morning some pupil makes a five-minute talk on any interesting subject pertaining either to shop or academic work.

P. A. C. must not forget that most of our success may be attributed to Mr. Johns.

*He is fit to command who learns to obey.*



Third Row—Bill Hamulka, Cliff Mecklin, Jack Cooper, Gordon Luff, Mr. Baskerville, Bert Fright, Joe Kowal, Roy Stanger.  
Second Row—Gordon Stanger, Frank Kelter, Ben Wilkonski, Peter Skibitsky, Orest Chavaloboga, Bill Roman, Carl Francis, Stan Collie.  
Front Row—Mike Copp, John Kowal, Alec Petele, Vic Slater, Alex. Chuyko, Bill Sych, Leo Shore, Andrew Smith.

### P. A. D.

WE'D like you to meander around with us for a few moments and meet a real bunch of swell fellows. We're Section D of the Practical Arts House with Mr. Baskerville as our class teacher. Our room is the wood-working room but we spend most of our time elsewhere.

Entering, perhaps you'd like to be introduced to our President, "Bill" Hamulka, better known as "Ham" for his everlasting "Ohh Yeaah." Next we have Roy "Juice" Stanger, who is our Secretary and mama's little boy. The council consists of Mike Capp, Vic Slater, and Stanley Collie.

Now, we would like you to meet some other regular fellows of our room—those who stand up like sore

thumbs. Benny Wilkonski is a chap who comes to school because it is a place to spend time. Even at that he spends most of his time in the hospital mending sore ribs. (Not taking a liking for nurses, are you Benny?) As our "brain wave" we have Alex Pitel, while Bill Jubda, known as "Pepka," is our strong arm man. Peter Skyler is our "man-about-town," while Jack Cooper is our only hope for the field day. Bill Roman is quite well known for his art work.

Bill "Ham," Vic Slater, and Gordon Perches were on the Junior football team, while Bill Sych belonged to the school basketball team.

In taking leave from you we'd like to say this, "We're not really so bad as we were painted. We are just one grand happy family."

*Life may be a gamble, but you play your own cards.*



Back Row—Angela Zukor, Olga Kucher, Freda Hallmuth, Marie Bendyk, Miss B. Lightcap, Pauline Melnyk, Ann Klym, Verna Onuliak, Beatrice Stein, Dorothy Talpinsterin, Ann Holack.

Front Row—Nellie Pack, Anne Mowdy, Leona Penson, Lorraine Slutchuk, Eleanor Herschfield, Stephanie Jonoski, Ann Scritailo.

## P. A. E.

THE girls of Practical Arts "E" have fully enjoyed their Senior year in St. John's

Our room affairs were capably guided by our class teacher, Miss B. L. Lightcap, and by the class council which consists of cheerful President, Freda Helmuth; Stephanie Jonaski, our Vice-President, who would have enjoyed school much more if she were able to skip Mathematic periods. Secretary — Pretty Marie Bendyk, who never failed to produce the absentee list. Our Councillors were: Lorraine Slutchuk, beautiful and bashful (she spoke to every second boy in the school when walking down the hall); Olga Kurcher, who besides trying a new coiffure,

sometimes attended school; and Penona Penionzek, our singing Nightingale, who frequently beat Mr. Durnin to the front door by a second.

Our girls had also been active in sports, with Volleyball and Basketball our chief delights. Our Basketball team was comprised of Verna Onuliak, the mischievous captain; Angela Zukor, our Eddie Duchin at the piano; Nellie Pack, whose encouragement was much appreciated at the games; Pauline Melnyk, who groaned "O Death, Where Is Thy Sting?" at the mere mention of Mathematics; and Anne Mowdy.

In bidding farewell let us hope that all future P.A.E. classes will enjoy their year as much as we enjoyed ours.

*You can't make a hit with the bat on your shoulder.*



Front Row—Hilma Thornquist, Marion Russell, Sadie Isaacovitch, Laura Edwards, Ann Keller, Jean Kazane, Pearl Rosnyk, Mary Forbes.  
Second Row—Eleanor Raddins, Lena Odnack, Sheila Moore, Katie Kaowal, Ann Welen, Steffi Hayward, Bertha Davis, Mary Koslowski.  
Third Row—Lulu Shoemaker, Miss Pettingell, Frances Plokowska.

### SCHOLARSHIP CANDIDATES



Standing—Robert Killey, Frank Marlyn, Dave Korn, Sam Kaslefsky, Matt Saunders, Max Kettner.  
Seated—Mary Boyd, Lily Wiseman, Mr. Reeve, Bernadine Roe, Jessie Harrow.



First Row—Mary Wozny, Helen Stuart, Helen Weisner, Margaret Porter, Margaret McKay, Margaret Fache, Mary Meany, Martha Thiessen.  
 Second Row—Fred Knowles, Ann Shuster, Aileen Haddad, Dough Parker, Francis Gilman, Gladys Lawrie, Grace Doyle, Sydney Goodman.  
 Third Row—Dave Johnson, Ed. Winiarz, Dough McQuillan, Leon Zlotnick.  
 Fourth Row—Frank Zalinsky, Mr. Johnson, Jack Broadley.  
 Missing—Sam Schwartz, Minnie Rabkin, Harold Cohen, John Ames, Margaret Hay.

## EXTENSION

IN both scholastic and sports the Extension Class held a prominent berth in the history of 1936-37. Upon the honor roll may be found names vivid in the minds of every member of the school. There is Jack Broadley, proficient in football, basketball and field day events; John Cuthbert Ames, President and widely known as a hockey and rugby player; Helen Weisner, a petite basketball star and who along with Gertie Feldman is a capable assistant to Miss Gauer; Leon Zlotnick, electrical wizard; Helen Stuart, who is blossoming into an efficient secretary; Douglas McQuillan, Bosun's mate; Hudson Rea, member of the Pinafore cast; and the

two charming members of the Student Council, Grace Doyle and Edward Winiarz.

The Sports Editor of the Torch, Harold Cohen, composed many of his comments on school athletics before Mr. Johnson's watchful eyes. Perhaps this accounts for the success of his articles.

On the whole the Extensionists have enjoyed a very happy year in St. John's. To our Principal and the teachers in our department who worked so hard to give us an interesting and beneficial course and did succeed, the boys and girls upon leaving their school at the end of their final year wish to extend a hearty and sincere vote of thanks.

*Bad taste is just bad education.*



## ELEVEN A

(Continued from page 42)

bers of the school Junior basketball team. Barney Bay played on both the Senior football and Senior basketball teams. In the inter-room competitions, XI-A was a stumbling block to every team they met—and just missed out for the Matric. house hockey championship.

But whether or not we of XI-A win further glory in any other field of activity, we shall find it hard to leave Room 31 and Mr. Grusz in June. They have meant a lot to us and we will not soon forget them.

## ELEVEN B

(Continued from page 43)

ber of the School Council. Then, when Tom Millar, Sam Segalman, and Saul Weinstein gave starring performances in "H.M.S. Pinafore," the impression was complete—we were capable of being serious.

The Council recently sent a telegram to Celestial Powers, Inc., reporting on our year's work. Besides the technical details was the fact that our class members have decided to hold reunions and will diligently look forward to looking back.

## ELEVEN F

(Continued from page 47)

Lloyd Colbourne, the yodeling cowboy, seems to attract the girls. Henry Kendall, the secretary, Fred Rossnagel, and Alber Smith are future big league stars. Along with these come Walter Potasnyk, Leo Sturry, Elwood Thompson, Walter Sayko, Doug. Park, Tom Crook, Bill Kozack, Jack Henderson, Bill Pawluck, Clifford Fox, and Clinton Shewfelt, who are all regular fellows and helped keep up the class standard. Mr. Thierry, one of the best, is always ready with a joke and at heart is one of the boys.

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DEBATING

(Continued from page 15)

Bill Scraba, youngest of members of the School Board.

All was not so smooth in our machinery, however. We had to contend with unreliable students who on the last moment withdrew their names and kept the exasperated executive members hard at work. This shortcoming was overcome by arranging Oxford style debates where every member of the audience could take part.

The executive this year: Norman Penner, chairman; Minerva Keenberg, secretary; Beatrice Heifitz, Frank Marlyn, Barney Bay, Charles Malkin, Dave Korn, Matt. Saunders, Albert Kushnerov, Hannah Brownstone and the teachers, Miss Thompson and Mr. Blount.

We wish to thank all those who contributed to the success of the club. To Miss Thompson, Mr. Blount for the work they gave and the time they spent; and to the teachers and Mr. Reeve for their splendid co-operation.

Here's hoping the Debating Club of 1937-38 even more success!

SPEED-SKATING

(Continued from page 30)

the city and invitation races. The Unlimited girls were far superior to their rivals, and romped home an easy first. Although the Extension girls entered a team, lack of competition forced them to take no active role in the inter-high speed-skating meet. Teams were:

XI—Hilda Crease, Merle Bates, Gladys Hilton, Louie Crease, Lil Ebbit.

X—Marjorie Peters, Elsie Wietzel, Helen Julius, Blanche McDonald, Doris Ogston.

Unlimited—Hilda Crease, Merle Bates, Blanche McDonald, Louie Crease.

Extension—Helen Wiesner, Janet Gorowski, Chris Murray, Lil Ebbit.

INTER-HIGH FIELD DAY

(Continued from page 39)

the season, annexed the Gardner trophy and medal. Rube Braunstein and Steve Coppinger both received handicap medals as a result of their tie for second place.

Outstanding running and jumping ability was displayed by the girls in the fight for inter-class glory.

X-H, with 20 points, made a fine start in their junior year at St. John's by winning the girls' athletic shield. XI-J and X-G wound up in a tie for second place, ten points short of the champions.

Individual winners:

Class A—Elsie Weitzel.

B—Vi Fuller.

C—Mona Johnson.

D—Emma Plexman.

XI-M outsped XI-J and won the senior relay. The champion X-H group were far superior to all rivals and breezed in an easy first in the junior shuttles.

The only double winner of the meet was Mona Johnson. This XI-J lass scored victories in the C 75 yards and high jump.

Chris Murray and Helen Maluish upheld the XI-L banner, winning the A and B high jumps.

X-H, represented by the two Vi's, Misses Gillies and Fuller, were successful in the B 75 yards and ball throw respectively.

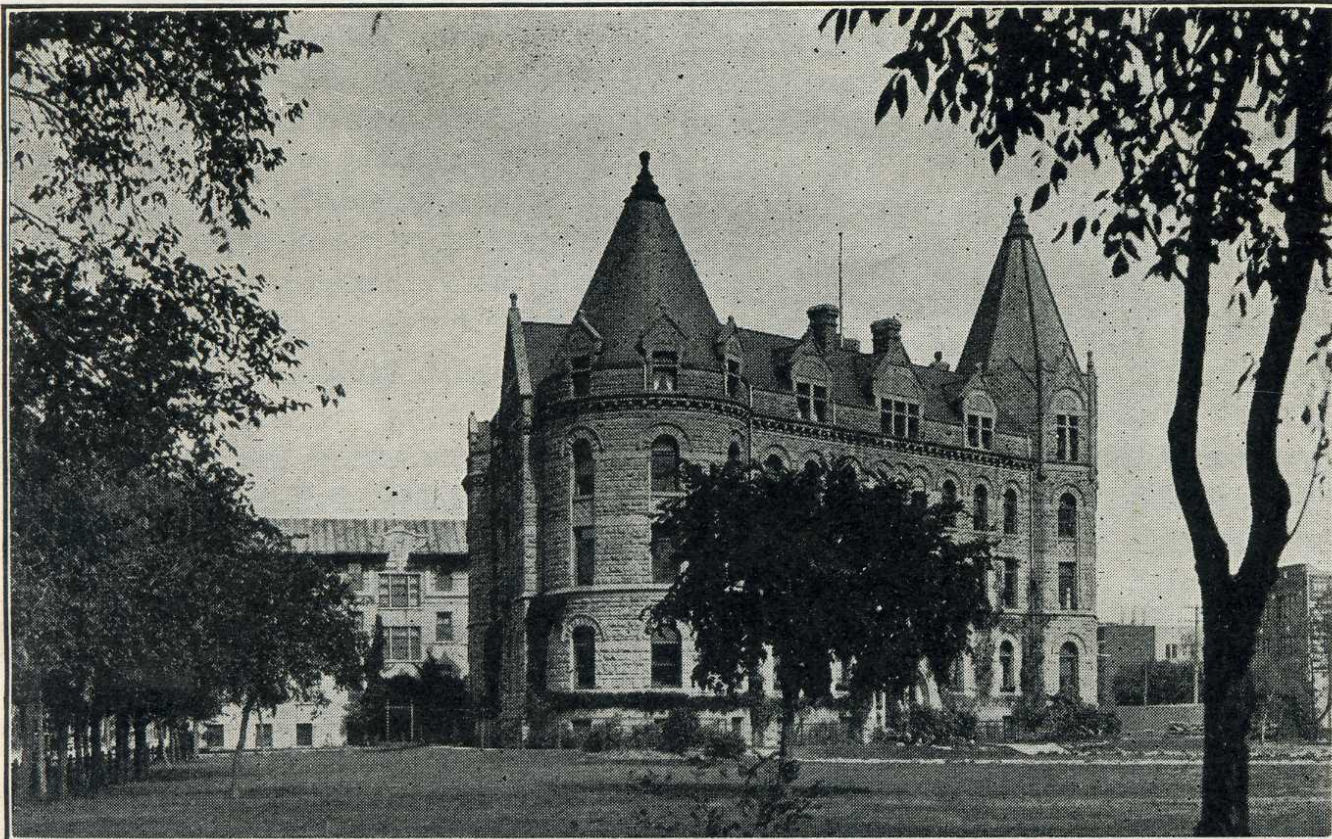
XI-G also had a pair of winners. Anita Belsham in the A ball throw and Louie Crease in the D high jump were responsible for these victories.

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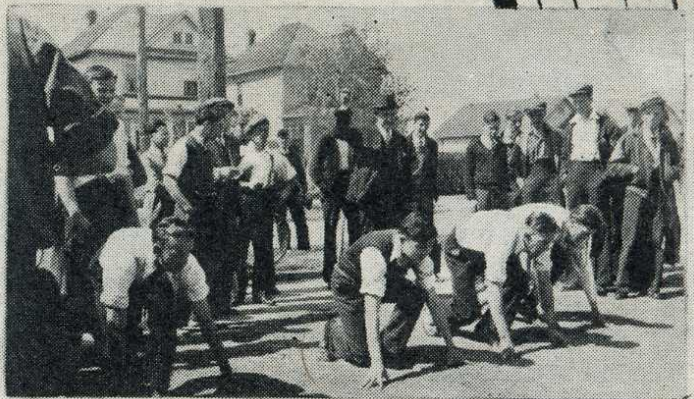
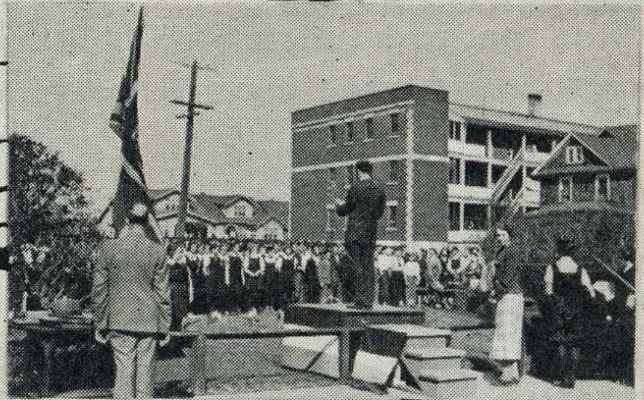
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## VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

Mr. Reeve, Dr. Pincock, Mr. Hyman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

FIRST of all I thank the students for choosing me as their valedictorian. It is an honor that I appreciate deeply.

There is something, I am sure, that all of us—the graduates of St. John's this year—realized and appreciate. The fact that these past two years have been the most instructive and valuable two years of our school life. It is fortunate for St. John's that it has such an able principal as Mr. Reeve. Under his able supervision new methods of teaching were emphasized which have helped to develop our latent talents and potentialities. This is no spoon-feeding type of education. Whether or not we gained all that was possible from our school life depended mainly on ourselves. And it was this self-dependence that instilled in us the qualities of self-reliance and initiative; the qualities that make success possible.

We graduates should leave school prepared for life. We have been taught the use of tools necessary for the breaking down of the obstacles in our path. We have been taught the fundamentals necessary for the gaining of individual happiness.

All this we have learned, not only through books and academic work, but also through training in character and personality. Admirable as it is, book knowledge does not begin to play as an important part in adult life as personality,—that quality of being able to interest and influence people. In business, in government, in social relations, knowledge is tremendously handicapped unless it is accompanied by personality. We have to interest someone in order to get a position, a raise in salary, to make and to keep friends. And we get this priceless quality from actual participation in games, social events and extra-curricular activities. The boy or girl who joins a music class, plays basketball, is active in school circles, is building up a personality that will prove invaluable to him in later life. Not only this, but he is also making provision for the spending of his spare time.

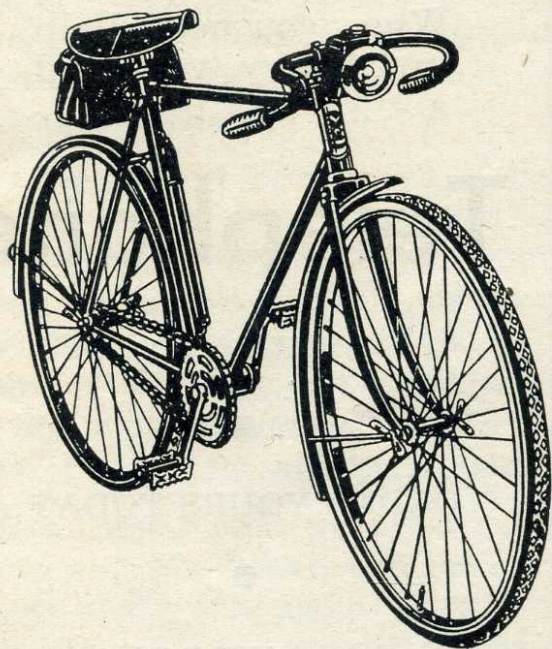
At St. John's these past two years there has been a number of events that helped to aid, use and maintain the student's interest in profitable enterprise. For the artistically inclined, there was the Music Club. A valuable beginning was given to those who took advantage of the opportunities that might have been obtained from joining the club. An operetta, successful artistically, musically and, best of all, financially, was presented. Practical training was obtained by the art students who designed and painted the scenery and background.

Then there was, for our potential politicians, the Debating Club, where speaking in all its forms was practised and perfected. The value of this type of training can be easily seen, for, just as the craftsman requires the finest possible tools for the completion of his work, so the graduate will require the finest possible tools of speech for the attainment of his goal. It was in the Debating Club that the students have received the lessons in speaking.

Then, too, there were the athletics—football, basketball, the Inter-High Field Day, the Gynasium Display, and a number of other events that gave all students the chance to enjoy the exercise and sport. No personality is quite complete until the student has learned to play at some game. However, at St. John's we are most proud of our school library. There we had the opportunity to absorb the teachings of masters both old and new. There new worlds were opened to our eyes, new ideas presented to our minds. Books on travel and fiction, historic biographies, all were there combined to teach us much we otherwise might never have learned. All this, and more, has tended to give the students of St. John's the fully rounded personality

(Continued on page 79)

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(Continued from page 67)

we seek. It is the most practical form of education we could have received. A solid foundation has been given us. For the rest we must depend on ourselves.

To the Seniors of next year, may we offer this advice. Do not neglect your studies, but do not tie yourselves up in them. Some day you may forget your rules of Latin or axioms of Geometry, but once learned you will never forget the axioms and rules of character and personality.

With these words we say a good-bye to you, Mr. Reeve, and teachers, and we thank you again for all you have done on our behalf to make us worthy graduates of St. John's.

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ARTS AND GRADE XII  
GRADES IX, X, XI

## ELEVEN E

(Continued from page 46)

much to the pleasantness of the room.

Early in the year XI-E demonstrated that they were an extraordinary class. Under the supervision of Alf Laidlaw, they successfully organized a silver tea in aid of the Empty Stocking Fund. It was a noble undertaking and the boys who worked hard to make it a success are deserving of the highest praise.

Father of XI-E was Mr. Beer, the genial and eloquent Socrates who ruled in a generous and understanding manner. We will always remember Mr. Beer as one of the best friends and advisers we have ever had. We hope that all the friendships made during our term at St. John's will not be terminated by the closing of school.

## ELEVEN H

(Continued from page 49)

the fogs of chemistry without the use of gas masks.

Here the class divided to parlez vous and sprechen Deutsch, or did they? You'll have to ask Miss McDougal and Miss Haffner.

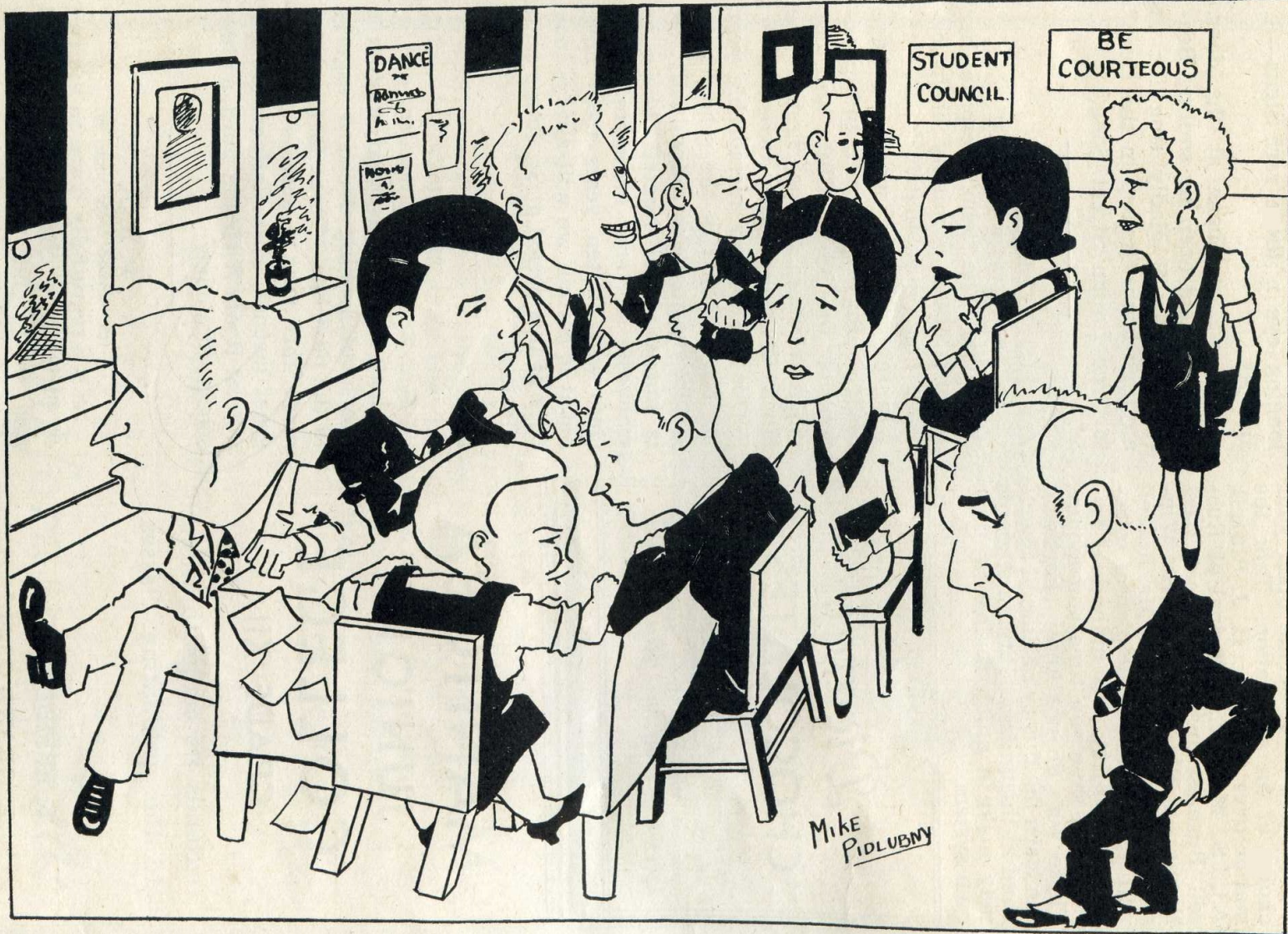
Many of the girls took part in the presentation of "H.M.S. Pinafore." Ruth Ebert portrayed the role of Buttercup.

## ELEVEN L

(Continued from page 52)

while. Helen Maluish was on the sports staff of the "Student Review." Harriet Davidson, our Socialite (not on the register); Alice Miller, Mary Newmark, Molly Shnider, Dorothy Robbins, our A students in everything. Nelly Holyk sang in the opera.

Our year was a happy one because every girl did her share to make it more enjoyable for the rest of the girls.



WHAT SHALL I BE?

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ELEVEN J

(Continued from page 50)

longing eye n those rare signs—A, and A\*.

Here we are back at the door, which is held open by smiling Beatrice, who will gladly sing for us anytime from "Asleep in the Deep" to "The Italian Street Song."

ELEVEN G

(Continued from page 48)

Bernadine Roe who, despite her serenity, hides a mighty brain beneath her sunny thatch.

In the sphere of music we have Beatrice Rogers, pianist and president of the Music Club, and our violin virtuoso, Anne Trepel, the Music Club's secretary-treasurer.

This has been a memorable year for the students in the school as a whole, and for each individually. It is impossible to foretell where or what the scattered members of our class will be ten years from now, but it is certain we will always look back at this period at St. John's with affection.

TEN H

(Continued from page 61)

we look over the past year, sorry it is over, but looking forward eagerly to the next one. Three factors have made this year a success: First, a great teacher, Miss Haffner; second, a great Room X-H, and third, a great school, St. John's.

P. A. A.

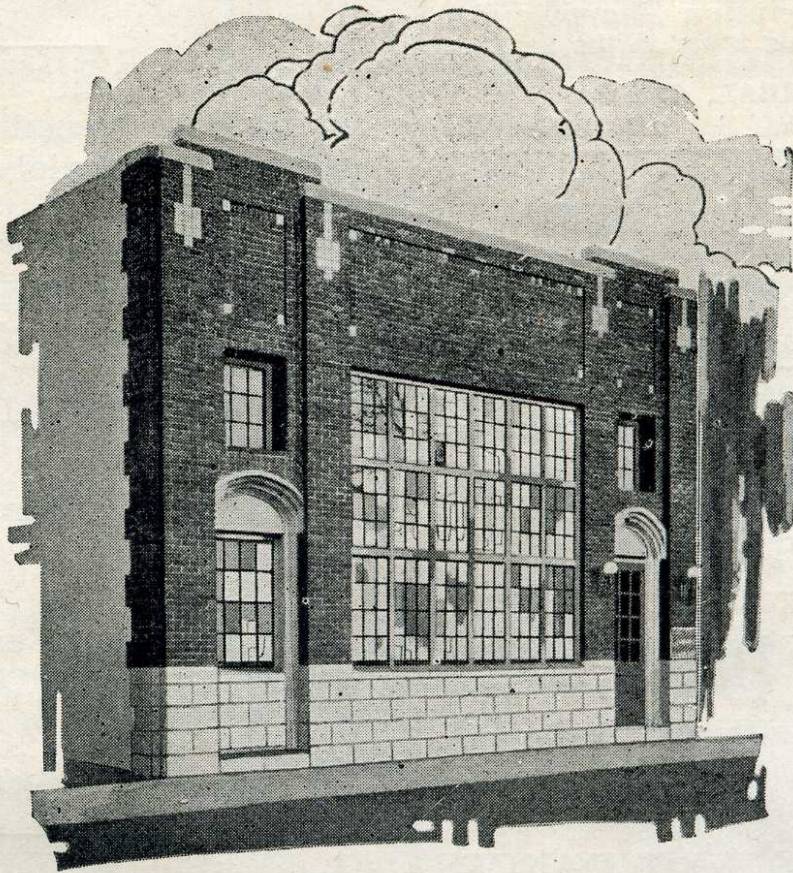
(Continued from page 65)

As we regretfully come to the end of our term at St. John's, we would like to extend to the graduating classes our best wishes for good luck and success in their future life, and to the others, as happy a time as we have had in Grade XI.

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ming."

Miss Cumming: "Translate it."

Grand: "The soldiers left their  
booties in the forest."

\* \* \*

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

Mr. Johnson: "Where did you say  
you were from?"

\* \* \*

Miss McCord: "Fermez la porte."

Gordon Bieber: "Wee, wee." (And  
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cule for its name's sake.

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the presence of mine enemies.

Yea, though I run through the Val-  
leys, I am towed up the Hills.

I fear much evil while it is with me.

Its rods and its engine discomfort  
me.

It anointeth my face with oil.

Its tank runneth over me.

Surely to goodness the darn'd thing  
won't follow me all the days of  
my life, or I shall dwell in the  
house of the insane forever.

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will soon find a match.

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# *Interesting Facts !*

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- 1.** Grace Moore's secretary was a student of the Dominion Business College just two years ago!
- 2.** Two "D. B. C." graduates have recently secured positions in the Parliament Buildings, Winnipeg!
- 3.** Three "D. B. C." graduates have recently received telegrams requesting them to proceed at once to Ottawa for employment in the Parliament Buildings there!
- 4.** A student of the Dominion Business College was awarded second place for Canada in the speed typing contest conducted by the Toronto Exhibition, 1936!
- 5.** At the last Civil Service examinations held here first place out of 166 candidates was awarded to a graduate of the Dominion Business College!
- 6.** Last year a young man advised us he had a position as assistant PURSER ON ONE OF THE OCEAN GOING STEAMERS, provided he could learn typing in ten days! We put him to work and in ten days he could type letters accurately at fifteen words per minute—not very fast, but it secured him his desired employment.
- 7.** IT PAYS TO ATTEND THE . . .

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