



The

TORCH

30TH ANNIVERSARY

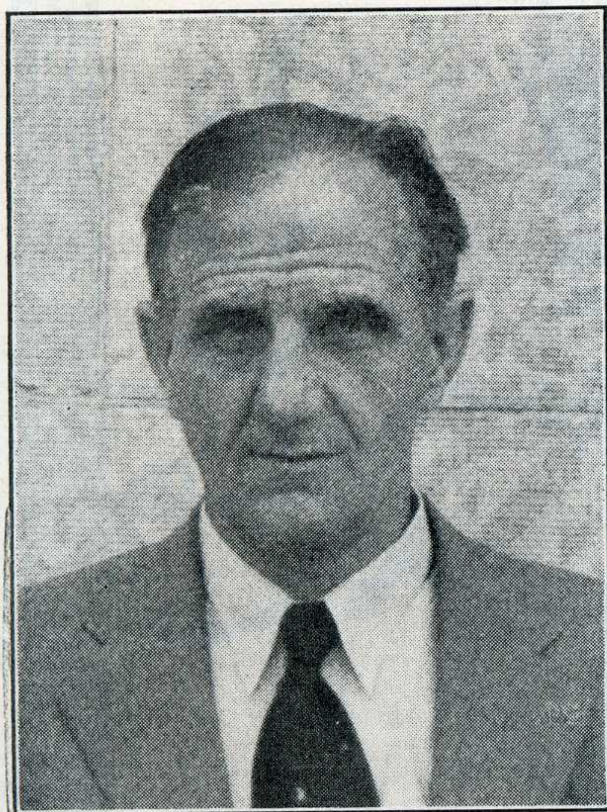
1910-1940

**St. John's High School
Winnipeg**



The *Torch*

St. John's High School
Winnipeg, Manitoba



G. J. REEVE
Principal

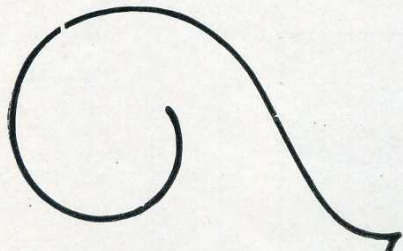
foreword...

The passing year has been, on the whole, one of steady progress, studded with not a few noteworthy successes.

A larger measure of student participation in the administration of the school is gradually bringing new concepts of responsibility to the student body. Generous additions to the Library, and an ample and well-run study room, are providing facilities for a better type of work. More school productions and more school clubs are affording wider opportunities for self-development. St. John's boys won Field Day. And so on

Over in Europe, the existence of civilization is at stake. Men who, in war, bomb open towns and drive tanks over refugees, who, in peace, by rubber truncheon and concentration camp, crush every form of liberty, made with lust of power, fasten their fangs on our brothers.

It is our part to bear witness to our faith: to the death, if need be. In any case, it is our part so to develop ourselves that when the time comes we may take a worthy share in upholding this civilization of ours.



THE linking of the British Commonwealth of Nations has come about naturally, through a period of evolution and development, rather than through any deliberate design. The legal divisibility of the Crown, even on the issue of peace and war, has long been taken as established. No member-nation of the British Commonwealth had the right to commit its partners to war.

Now, at this critical time, the Empire is being both demonstrated and tested. In September, 1939, Canada and her sister dominions readily accepted the challenge. The allegiance of the constituent parts of the Empire to the Crown may be attributed solely to the virtues which the Crown enshrines.

King George VI may be described as the tenant of the Imperial Crown; the symbol of the unity of the British Empire. Ordinarily, the King's place is taken in the Dominions by his personal representative, the Governor-General. Much more important than these constitutional legalities, as a durable cement between the Empire and the Crown, is our personal regard for our King and our loyalty to the Crown he personifies.

Even if the Crown were overthrown, the nations of the Commonwealth, without any great effort of political construction, could remain in association much as they are today, and the Commonwealth would remain a reality. We are fighting to vindicate the principle "that small nationalities are not to be crushed, in defiance of international good faith, by the arbitrary will of a strong and overmastering master." Now that the stark test has come, let us bear in mind Swinburne's immortal verse:

*"Bear us witness: come the world against her,
England yet shall stand."*



His Majesty King George the Sixth



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Editorial

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

Imagination. My imagination took hold of the situation. "God created the heavens and the earth."

In the pupil of my imagination I could see The Creation. I could see a majestic Figure rise over a tremendous globe. In one awe-inspiring motion he slowly raised his arms, and from his hands poured forth particles of dust—white dust, black dust, brown dust, red dust and yellow dust.

But the particles fell together in their respective groups. He smiled for He knew that the winds of exploration would some day whip the dust into one body. Then a worried look came into His eyes. Could these particles of dust live together in harmony?

The answer was soon forthcoming.

Why did the white group consider itself better than the colored groups?; He did not know. Why did the white mound of dust grow so quickly and why did the white mound break up into so many small mounds? He did not know. Why did men become separated in their beliefs just because one man worshipped in the way which he considered correct? He did not know.

On through the years the particle of dust that was man fought his brother. Man had risen from his savage state to a state of civilization. But man had developed hate, prejudice, ambition, lust; all the base qualities which degraded all that He had planned—man had become civilized.

Ambition had bred men like Caesar, Napoleon, Frederick the Great, Bismarck, Kaiser Wilhelm, and now there was on the face of the earth a man whose ambition and lust for power eclipsed anything the world had known before. Man had become shackled. His will had been bent under the strain of a maniac.

All this was seen by One Figure. Instead of a worried smile, He now showed a sad countenance. The particle of dust he had created, Man, was no longer a creature of volition. His mind had become stagnated. Progress was at a standstill. Buildings which had taken years to build had been destroyed in a few hours. Majestic cities whose construction had taken centuries had been razed to the ground in one day. Man's retrogression was taking him back to the days of his savagery.

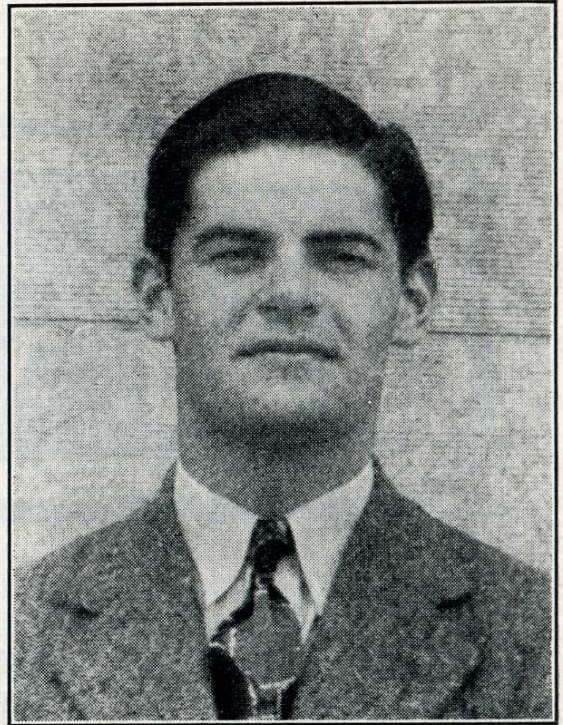
In the midst of all this blackness a solitary light shone. The light was not as bright as it had once been. It flickered intermittently. The light of democracy was the only clear spot in a world of darkness.

Democracy which went hand in hand with a broad civilization would not be allowed to perish. If democracy perished—the world would end—not literally but figuratively. A world without freedom? . . . a world in which the pursuit of happiness was extinct? . . . a world?

We are entering a new phase in our lives. Most of us are leaving school. We must do our best to preserve our ideals and principles. We must be open minded to all things. But first we must win our struggle for existence. The fight for democracy is our struggle for existence. In the words of Shakespeare, "Cassius from bondage shall deliver Cassius," there is the concentration of the spirit of democracy. A freeman will never become a slave. We must win. We shall win.

The cause of democracy shall remain triumphant.

"It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."



—Jack Ludwig.



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HARRY PRESTON	W.L.I.	WALTER WILLIAMS	R.C.A.F.
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		EDDIE WESTLAKE	R.C.A.F.
		LAVERGNE WALKER	R.C.A.F.
		NORMAN ZACOUR	R.C.A.F.
		LOUIS ZACOUR	R.C.A.F.

† Missing.



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WINNIPEG

Affiliated with the University of Manitoba

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WARDEN

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

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BACK ROW—Mr. G. J. Reeve, Lyall Powers, Alan Woodfield, Doug. Baxter, Walter Rempel, Harry Lexier, Tom Forzley, Mr. J. E. Ridd.

STUDENT COUNCIL

Central body of student authority in St. John's is the Student Council, elected from among the room presidents by the student body early in the year. As was the case last year, the Council was responsible for social activities and ticket sales for the opera and the play.

A pleasing innovation of this year's group was the School Council Bulletin, edited by Lyall Powers, Grade X Matriculation House representative. In an informal manner it presented notices and reports of school clubs sponsored by the council, and served its purpose as a medium of communication between students and the council they elected.

Probably most successful of all the clubs fostered by the Student Council was the Bowling Club, which operated every Saturday morning throughout the year. Other bodies which operated 'neath the sheltering wing of the council were the fencing, debating and badminton groups, which also enjoyed scintillating success during the term.

In order to improve the calibre of the hoofing at the school stumps, classes were instituted with pretty females as teachers to instruct the boys in "tripping the light fantastic." So pleased was the council with the results of the dances and so optimistic were they, that they had a loud-speaker perman-

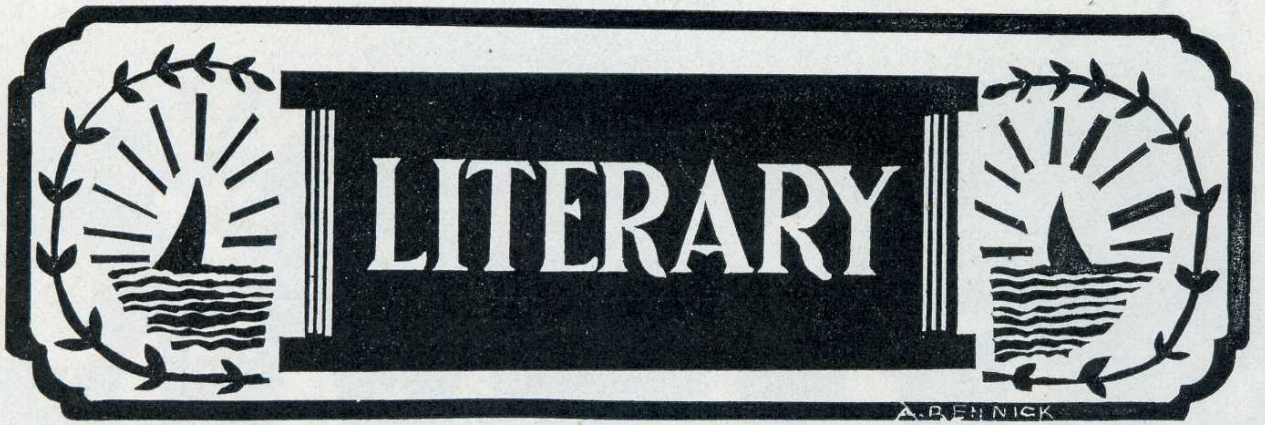
ently installed in the Gym, connecting it with the record player in the Auditorium. However, it turned out that they were not overly expectant, as the crowd at the Field Day dance, the first one at which the new equipment was used, managed to fill both halls.

All in all, there were six dances, discounting the house parties and the school tramps, and each one succeeded financially as well as socially.

As you may have noticed, the Student Council has occupied itself mainly with social events and organizing of clubs. There is, however, something to say of their administrative accomplishments.

The group was selected by the school parliament to act as the cabinet of that organization, with Jim Reeve as Prime Minister. The cabinet appointed Leon Dorfman to the post of Speaker, and Margaret Porter as Clerk of the House. The parliament in its abbreviated though stormy sessions drew up a constitution for future regulation of student participation.

With the graduation services and dance, the council's year was officially closed. Although this year was one of successful enterprise the members of the council are looking forward to next year, which they are confident will be even better than the one which has just passed.



ESSAY CONTEST — Judged by Miss Kay Wilson

This Funny World—First Prize

“It’s a queer world.” How aged and worn is this humble comment, yet how true! We live in a world of ever-crossing paths and conflicting ideas. On one hand we have a small but powerful wealthy class, while on the other we have an ever-growing poor class who have yet to learn their power. Thousands of children suffer from malnutrition and pellagra while coffee, oranges and potatoes are dumped into the ocean. Science discovers a wonderful machine for the cure of cancer, but also a greater, costlier mechanism for the murder of peace-loving men.

One marvels when one looks upon the wonderful work these men can do when at peace. Chimneys belch smoke in all corners of the globe in the universal race to produce. Millions of tons of fruit and vegetables are put into cans to be sent to all corners of the world. The chemurgist has found hundreds of uses for the oil of the lowly peanut. Glass is processed to appear in shop windows as the latest in evening gowns. From the forest comes the pulp used in the millions of pairs of ladies’ stockings. These products are turned out in huge factories and here again we see the great powers of man. He constructs skyscrapers that pierce the clouds. His cities are a display of miraculous engineering feats. So great is his will to produce and to improve that he builds World’s Fairs, a tribute to his progress. Yet man does not stop at that low pedestal. He seeks loftier levels.

Man has smashed the atom. His driving will to explore and to understand has sent his giant telescopes scanning the heavens. Knowledge once buried in mystery and superstition has been uprooted by the hand of science. Sound and light can be transmitted across vast space. First came the radio, in itself a source of wonder, but now we can enjoy the miracle of television. We live indeed in a world of scientific progress, for not only can we improve on dead matter about us but upon life itself.

The world of medicine has advanced immensely. A surgeon can actually mend a broken bone by nailing together the two parts. With his scalpel, needle and thread as his chief instruments, a doctor can improve upon nature itself. The mending of some ill-functioning organ results in not only a more healthy human, but often in one with a clearer, brighter mental view of the future.

In the age of ignorance plagues killed off millions of defenceless people. Now medicine has almost conquered disease. Through inoculations, blood tests, medicine and an understanding of the simple rules of hygiene, we are protected from the dread maladies which once annihilated our ancestors. It would thus seem that man has devoted his entire life effort to the preservation and betterment of his fellow creature. Surely this advanced age could now know no other aim. But no. Man is ever threatened by a giant of destruction and death, a grim prophecy of his downfall. This self-inflicted evil is war.

War is a symbol of what civilization has been combating for centuries, yet what she has never succeeded in destroying. There is no greater enemy to humanity and progress. All that civilization has spent centuries in constructing, magnificent bridges, majestic cathedrals and entire cities, are with one swift blow crushed into useless ruins. The greatest architectural achievements, the most loved masterpieces of art, the very landmarks of civilization, are ruthlessly destroyed. Worst of all, millions of humans—men, women and bewildered children, are ruthlessly slaughtered before they even learn for what cause or ideal they are at war.

Progress builds up, war tears down. Medicine spends years to make men live, while war spends years to make men die. Is it not a queer world?

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN FICTION

The character whom I have liked best throughout my entire reading is D'Artagnan: a gentleman, scholar and adventurer, created by the pen of artistic Dumas.

Once, on a rainy day, I decided to read a book which I had seen on the bookshelf. As I thumbed listlessly through the pages, it seemed to me that the book had too many pages to be interesting. For the want of something to do, I read the book.

Although at first I began to read with indifference, soon my indifference changed to profound interest. Consequently, I did not go to bed that night until I had finished the whole book. What an exciting experience it was to have found this wonderful character with his adventurous spirit and light-hearted ways! That very night I promised myself to read as much as I could on my new hero.

For a long time after reading the first of my newly-found treasures, I hounded the library for more and still more books about D'Artagnan. It seemed as though I could not obtain enough to read about him. An entire unknown world was beckoning to me, and I yearned to explore it. Although now the books seem rather juvenile, yet at the time I felt that nothing like this had ever been written before. I can see myself laughing joyously over D'Artagnan's victories and weeping bitterly over his misfortunes. In this way I followed him through seven books, and when at last I came to the end and found that D'Artagnan had died, I wept. I must confess that I did not weep because D'Artagnan had died but because there were no more books to read about him.

I consoled myself by turning to Dumas in the hope that I could find other gems like the ones I had just read. How amazed I was to find other stories that seemed as full of beauty and adventure as my stories of D'Artagnan had been. D'Artagnan had introduced me to Dumas and for this I was grateful. Also, the stories of D'Artagnan had made me realize how little I knew about the world. The result was that I began to read extensively. What a great deal I owe to this dashing hero!

Several years had elapsed when I heard that D'Artagnan was to appear on the screen. My excitement was unbounded. When I finally saw the picture, I was not disappointed. Here, in flesh and blood, was my brave D'Artagnan, re-enacting the precious tales from the pen of beloved Dumas. Since then there have been several movies about him, and at each I felt that it was even a greater adventure to see D'Artagnan than to read about him.

Poor D'Artagnan! What he has done for me he will never know. If he did, however, I am sure that this chivalrous hero would sweep off his hat and, bowing low, would say, "Madam, it was a pleasure!"

Riva Secter

BRITAIN'S CONTROL OF THE SEAS

Time and time again, Britain's navy has proved its supremacy in defensive warfare. In 1588, the haughty king of Spain, possessor of the finest army in the world, decided to transport his crack troops over the seas to humble the English in their own land. Alas for the king of Spain! The destination of his huge vessels, built specially for the transporting of troops, was never reached. Attacked in mid-ocean by the smaller English vessels, the Spanish men-o'-war suffered a crushing defeat. Almost three centuries later, when Napoleon was ravaging Europe in an attempt to dominate the world, he met his master at Trafalgar. That day, Napoleon fought the British fleet under Lord Nelson; we all remember Nelson's inspiring words: "Britain expects every man to do his duty." After another lapse of one century, when the entire world was thrown into terrible chaos by the imperialistic aims of the Kaiser of Germany, Britain's navy again proved her supremacy. At the Battle of Jutland the British navy overwhelmed the German navy, and those few ships which did escape the Britons were forced to stay in neutral ports for the duration of the war. Britain is indeed worthy of the title "Mistress of the Seas."

Britain's powerful navy, however, was built not to conquer the world but to protect her shores. The British Isles, as the name implies, are islands, free from attacks by land but vulnerable to attacks by sea. For example, Rome ruled the British Isles because of the inability of the British to prevent the Roman legions from landing. Alfred the Great, who first realized Britain's urgent need for power of the seas, was largely responsible for the building of the navy. We have another reason for the maintenance of the navy. The British Empire, constituting one-fifth of the entire world, is (for the most part) at a considerable distance from Britain; therefore Britain must keep a large navy not only to protect her own shores, but also to protect the shores of her colonies. Thus we see that, unlike other nations who build great war machines for the purpose of destruction, Britain has built a great war machine for the purpose of protection.

Britain must have a great merchant marine because she is a great distance away from countries with whom she trades extensively. Loads of goods are transported from one country to another by the merchant marine; Britain, because of its progressive nature (the

first country to feel the effects of the Industrial Revolution), has ships of varying sizes. The ships range in size from small freighters of a few hundred tons to the huge liners Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth. The Queen Elizabeth, for example, cost close to \$29,000,000, weighs 83,000 tons and is approximately five-eighths of a mile in length! Another factor in the building of boats such as these is the fact that Britain controls the seas; thus the shipping companies are assured of safe shipping lanes between the countries. Not only does the merchant marine carry goods in trade, but it also hastens communication and engenders good will between nations. This shows that the merchant marine is instrumental in bringing about a permanent world peace.

One chilly autumn day in September of 1939, Britain's hope of a permanent world peace was shattered. Adolf Hitler, the German chancellor, a man of insane ambition and imperialistic aims, did not heed the combined warnings of Britain and France and thus provoked a war. War—the scourge of mankind—was again upon us! Britain speeded up her plan of re-armaments and is even now turning out one new warship per week. The combined airplane output of Britain and France has surpassed that of Germany. At the beginning of the war, German submarines were taking heavy toll of British shipping. This has now been cut down by the formation of convoys, the arming of merchant ships and the sinking of the dreaded submarines. Germany devised a new, ingenious weapon of sea warfare—the magnetic mine. A little over a month ago the British sent their giant liner the Queen Elizabeth scurrying across the waters to New York. On the arrival of the Elizabeth, an announcement was put forth to the effect that the British had perfected a device which rendered the magnetic mine useless. Besides cutting down the toll of shipping through submarine and magnetic mine, the navy effectively combats German airplanes which are attempting to duplicate the feat of the submarine. The British navy has not been wasting time; it has been doing its work in defeating the madman Hitler and establishing peace.

Some people may say "True, the British navy has saved us in the past, but can the British navy save us in the present war?" As yet, in this war, there has been but one sea battle of any importance, the forced sinking of a huge German ship of death and destruction by three much smaller British ships. There have been other cases, but of minor importance because as soon as the Germans on a German ship would sight a British ship coming towards them, the captain would give the order to scuttle the ship and avoid capture by the British. Britain's navy is an instrument vital in achieving a permanent world peace, and maintaining our democratic institutions through its control of the seas.

Hart Rusen, XI-A

POETRY CONTEST

Judged by Prof. Watson Kirkconnell

First Prize

THE SIMPLE THINGS

The things that God has given free
 We rarely prize:
 The rippling brook, a leafy tree,
 The summer skies,
 A valued book, an easy chair,
 A loyal friend—
 We seldom realize how rare
 A charm they lend.
 In yearning for the bigger things
 We lose the small,
 The perfumed rose, the bird that sings,
 We miss them all.
 Be this my wish and this my prayer:
 When I am old,
 To know I left the baubles there
 And took the gold.

Joan Hetherington

Second Prize

GIRLS

Here's a message for all females,
 Whose lot is not to be males,
 Especially adolescents of the Tech:
 You are mostly much too snooty,
 Think of naught but facial beauty,
 Such procedure true romance would surely
 wreck.

I suppose you think I'm joking,
 But your attitude's provoking
 And I think it should be changed without
 delay;
 For it's nothing short of silly
 When you act aloof and chilly—
 You should learn to treat us boys the proper
 way.

You've some most annoying habits,
 And like all potential rabbits
 You just hop along and leave us in your
 wake;
 For a moment we quite please you,
 Then, just because we tease you,
 You depart, nor care how many hearts you
 break.

I'm not fond of criticizing,
 But it's devilish tantalizing,
 When a fellow tries to show you how he
 feels;
 If he tells you that he likes you,
 Wants to know just how it strikes you,
 You pretend you haven't noticed his
 appeals.

But, if we criticize you,
 We boys all realize you
 Are the only things that make this life worth
 while;
 So if we tease, don't mind us,
 For underneath you'll find us
 The same old victims of each dazzling
 smile.

Deryk Hetherington.

Projection into the Infinite—First Prize

It all started back at that night when Sir A - - -, world-famous physicist, delivered his lecture on "Cosmic Influences in Dimensional Planes." At least, it was then that the seed was sown. As I look back now, well do I remember how strangely the address had affected Hardrick. I had paid no attention to his queer behavior at the time, putting it down rather to overwork or lack of sleep. We had just finished a rather stiff set of examinations and all of us were more or less bent under the strain, and as a result Hardrick's strange actions passed off unnoticed in the general excitement. However, I was soon to know better . . .

It was some weeks after the lecture. I had not seen or heard from Hardrick for several days. I had called him on the telephone several times, but each time I had been duly informed that "Mr. Hardrick is in the laboratory." Knowing Hardrick as I do, I had decided that he had had another one of his brain-waves, and I knew that nothing could force him out of his laboratory until he had either perfected his idea or had proved himself wrong. The last time it had required nothing short of a terrific explosion, in which he was BLOWN out of the laboratory; and even then he had insisted that "The blamed thing would have worked if only . . ." But that is another story.

As I said before, it was some weeks after that apparently uneventful lecture. I had just finished my dinner and, having little better to do, I had decided to relax for a while and read a book. However, hardly had I settled myself comfortably when "Br-r-r-ing!" I was startled out of my well being by the shrill voice of the telephone. Laying aside my book, I hastened to answer the insistent summons.

"Hello?"

"I say, is that Mr. Collins?" It was the excited voice of Hanning, Hardrick's man. I answered in the affirmative and he continued:

"I say, sir, something dreadful seems to have happened, sir. Mr. Hardrick's gone and disappeared! It's rather difficult to explain over the telephone, sir, but . . ."

"Right-o, Hanning," I broke in, "I'll be over at once!"

Hardrick disappeared! A thousand explanations flashed through my head as I hurried to Hanning's summons. "Perhaps he . . . or . . . maybe . . ."

"Now, Hanning, what seems to be the trouble?" I had arrived at last. Hanning had met me at the door, impatiently awaiting my arrival.

"Well, sir," he began, "I can't find any trace of Mr. Hardrick, sir. I haven't seen him since this morning, when he came to me and said—and these are his very words, sir—he said, 'Hanning, I am on the verge of a great discovery and I need your co-operation.' Well, sir, I naturally promised to give him my full assistance, his being the head around here and all. I fancy . . ."

"What did he want you to do?" I interrupted, bringing him back to the present.

"I was coming to that, sir," he continued in an injured tone. "He told me that he had switched off all the electric power in the house and said for me to turn it on again at nine o'clock sharp. Then, sir, he gave me this note and told me to give it to you if he did not return within twelve hours. I—I've looked all over for him, sir; he's not in his laboratory and i-it's more than twelve hours since." I took the note that Hanning handed me. Nervously I unfolded it, dreading the worst yet desperately anxious and hopeful that we might learn something of Hardrick's fate. The report was addressed to me; I recognized Hardrick's handwriting.

"My dear Collins," it began, "when you read this I shall be somewhere in the universe exploring the fourth dimension! You remember that big bug who gave us that lecture a few weeks ago? Well, he started me on the right track. Remember what he said about light rays and how electricity and magnetism influence them? I began to experiment and yesterday I finally got everything prepared. You'll find all my notes and data in the lab."

I glanced at Hanning and together we made our way to the "lab."

This "lab" of Hardrick's is a queer place. It started out as a guest room but gradually worked its way up through progressive stages as a den, then a store-room and then an aquarium, all depending upon Hardrick's whim.

As we opened the door a strange odor as of burnt cotton greeted us. In the middle of the room was a huge curved screen facing a large desk. On this desk was a queer contraption that looked like a cross between the engine of a car and a film projector. It was from this came the odor of burning, and on closer inspection I saw that some insulation from certain wires had been burnt off. On the desk was cluttered a large number of books, papers and electrical apparatus. I picked up one of the books, "Electro-dynamics"; another, "Molecular Projection." I then examined the screen and saw that it was coated with a thin layer of silver. Then, at the foot of the screen I noticed a little slip of paper with writing on it. Picking it up, I saw that it, too, was addressed to myself.

"Hello, Collins! Did you get my other note? I'll wager you're biting your nails trying to find out how this thing works and where I am. Well, you see that machine on my desk—I call it Hardrick's Converter. It controls the range of certain light-waves. Electro-magnetic forces influence the rays of white light passing through it from the carbon arc at the back. The forces lengthen the wavelength of the ray. I then focus this elongated wave of light on the silver screen which resists it, step in its path and am bombarded by the ray into the fourth dimension. When Hanning turned on the electricity he set everything into motion. After a certain time the machine will burn itself out and then? . . ."

"And then? . . ." I looked at Hanning, who waved his arms helplessly.

"If I had known, sir . . ." he began, but I interrupted him.

"It's not your fault, Hanning," I reassured him, "but what are we to do?"

What, indeed, was to be done? We faced a blank wall: Hardrick somewhere out in infinity leaving little notes behind; the butler dumbfounded and entirely at a standstill. The silence in the room was loud in its recrimination against our helplessness. Hanning stirred uneasily and stared at me. I stared back. Visions flitted through my mind of Hardrick's nebulous spirit flitting in the ether; I thought of the police, the inevitable questions and search. I . . .

Then:

"I say, old chaps, what's all this gloom about?"

I glanced up. There, standing in the doorway, as large as life, grinning stupidly, was Hardrick! I sank slowly into a chair as he continued:

"I say, did you get my notes? Awf'ly stupid of me to leave them lying around! I forgot about them in the excitement. Reminded myself after . . ."

"Do you mean to say that you never were 'in the fourth dimension'?" My relief was now giving way to anger.

"Why, no. I couldn't get this blamed mess to work, so I went to 'drown my sorrows in drink'! But I've got another idea now." He pointed to a package under his arm.

"Films. This Converter that I have invented will make a new type of film projector. Why, it will revolutionize the whole cinema industry. The . . ."

I sank down again, exhausted.

Sid Warhaft, XII-A, Room 40

Third Prize

SPRING

Listen to the rain-drops falling

From the cloudy skies.

With their pattering they are calling,

Bidding spring arise.

She will clear the snow that lingers

Heavy in the way,

And let snowdrops' purest whiteness

Greet a new spring day.

She will nurture, warm and cherish

Every blade of green,

Till the tender grass appearing

From the earth is seen.

When spring breathes the cold winds vanish

For a short delay,

And warm breezes blow about her

Filled with scent of May.

Then she pins the buds to branches

On each arched bough,

Soon the white and purple lilacs

Will be waving now.

Listen to the raindrops falling

From the cloudy skies.

Listen to each minute calling:

Spring, arise! arise!

Stella Rychlik, XII-B, Room 23

Second Prize

LONDON, 1655

". . . God doth not need

Either man's work or His own gifts: who best Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best:

His state

Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed

And post o'er land and ocean without rest:—

THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND
AND WAIT."

Such was the severity of Anthony Brent's accident that all the best-known physicians in London, and these included the renowned William Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood, had been unable to save his eyesight. All his riches had not sufficed to keep Anthony Brent from becoming a blind man. It was over six months now since the accident and he had recovered as fully as he was ever going to recover.

In such vein ran the thoughts of that same Anthony Brent as he sat on a narrow bench in one of the London parks. He had dismissed his guide and had been sitting there for some time, thinking of the bitterness of his lot and of the futility of further existence.

"Blind! Those ignorant leeches! Better had they let me die. Had I but known that it would be like this, helpless like a child in deepest darkness, dependent as a newborn babe. Are my riches of such little moment that in my need they fail me? Am I to go forever stumbling in this darkness?"

He was speaking aloud now, forgetting himself in his emotion.

"Of what worth is it to me, or anyone, that I should continue to live? My usefulness in this world is at an end—I am nothing but a blinded wretch for whom there is no hope. I—"

"You are wrong, my friend; there is hope." A slow, sad voice broke into Brent's thoughts. Involuntarily he turned his head in the direction of the voice, as if striving to see the speaker. The voice continued:

"I have been listening to you for some time now. Do you mind if I sit here awhile and talk with you?"

Anthony felt the bench creak as the man seated himself beside him. He tried to form some kind of mental picture of the man, a picture that would blend with the voice, and he found the result not unpleasing. He imagined a tall, smooth-shaven Puritan, with long hair and deep eyes which looked serenely out from under shaggy brows. He wondered who he was and why he had stopped to talk to him. Then the man spoke again and his speech was slow and his words were well chosen:

"I repeat, my friend, there IS hope. Mankind has not been placed on earth without some definite object in view, nor has each individual man been placed on earth without a reason. For every happening there is

motive behind it. Do you think that you have—have been deprived of your seeing without a reason? No. Every being has a specific role to fill; whether it be ours to fulfill it actively or passively is not for us to question.

"It's all very well for you to talk. You don't know what it is to be . . ."

"Wait. I can understand your feelings: At the present time all may seem hopeless to you. You are stunned, plunged suddenly into a world of night and shadows; but soon, yes, very soon, there will be light. Matters will begin to clear themselves for you: your other senses will come to your aid, you will find new fields to explore and conquer. The——"

Anthony broke in bitterly. "New fields to explore and conquer. I, a sightless wretch, helpless and forgotten——"

"No, not yet helpless and not quite forgotten. You must be brave, my friend. You must learn to accept things and try to understand them, for when this understanding comes you will never be helpless. Helplessness is a feeling born of fear and self-deception, a feeling overcome by understanding and determination. We—you must attempt to cultivate yourself. In the great realm of thought still open to you you will find much that is interesting. Lose yourself in this great field, strive for great things and you will be happy. Be thou like Samson, the blind champion of Israel, preserving a noble ideal to the end."

Anthony then heard the man rise and he was about to thank him when he heard something that struck him dumb. The tap-tap of a cane sounded down the walk accompanied by the man's footsteps. A great suspicion smote Anthony. Raising his head, he called in the direction of the tapping, "But I don't even know who you are. What is your name?"

And the man's voice drifted back to him. "My name? It is John. John Milton."

Sid Warhaft, XII-A, Room 40

Honorable Mention

"WHAT'S IN A NAME"

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." In the opinion of Napier Moore, William Shakespeare was moved to this utterance by his inability to remember names. Mr. Moore, like so many of us, finds names a constant source of embarrassment. There are few situations more embarrassing than that of meeting a person whose face is as familiar as your brother's and yet whose name is completely lost to you. Everyone has that certain family pride that makes him object strongly to having his name misspelt or mispronounced. But it is even more disconcerting for him to be greeted with a name entirely foreign to

him. How fortunate are those who can remember names! Many of us lack this priceless gift and often find ourselves in the most uncomfortable positions.

It is a pity that we who are unable to remember names cannot muster enough courage to say, "I am sorry, but I have forgotten your name." But people are sensitive about such things. No one likes to be forgotten. There are many ways suggested to overcome this forgetfulness. I have tried them all but I have found none efficient. Some claim that going through the alphabet will help you to remember. Just imagine the situation! One day when on a shopping trip with a friend you suddenly meet an acquaintance whose name you have completely forgotten. Your friend and the "Forgotten Man" stand in silent discomfort while you are incoherently muttering, "A, B, C, D." Indubitably this plan would never work. You could, of course, always try saying, "Jane, have you met . . ." At this point you go into a paroxysm of coughing and you continue "whooping it up" and sneezing into your handkerchief until the "Forgotten One" comes to your rescue. Another fact in favor of this method of concealment is that your blushes of confusion are hidden in your handkerchief. There is a neighbor of mine whom I meet daily on his way home from work. It is very evident that he does not remember my name for always in answer to my cheery "Hello, Mr. Wilson," he calls, "Hello there." This is another way of hiding your weakness but, after two or three years, the salutation becomes a trifle monotonous. The association method may only complicate matters. Suppose you meet a Miss Gale. Immediately you associate her name with the disturbed elements. The next time you see her you insult her by saying "Good morning, Miss Storm" or "Miss Tempest." Naturally she thinks that you are trying to be funny.

A very effective plan for the abolition of such embarrassing situations has been found by the Mexicans. If you were a Mexican out walking with a friend and you met a second acquaintance of yours, you would simply say, "My friend, meet my friend." Then each of your friends tells the other his or her name. It would simplify matters greatly if Canadians would adopt this policy.

To add to the discomfort of those suffering from this lamentable failing there is the hostess who speaks indistinctly when making introductions. She says sweetly, "Of course, Miss Gurrumph, you have met Mr. Oogleumph," and then hurries off to attend to her other guests, leaving the two alone and perplexed.

Perhaps, some day, I will learn a remedy for this unhappy state of affairs and be able to call all my acquaintances by name. But, until that time, I will continue with my plans for moving to Mexico.

—BERNICE LAUDER, Room 39 XI-H.



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JERUSALEM

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

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

Honorable Mention

THE STARRY HEAVENS

As a little child I often stared with a wondering gaze at the starry skies above. On nights when not a solitary cloud was roaming across the dark heavens my view was like a first glimpse of Paradise. I often watched the stars' appearance in the skies and when they brought with them the large round harvest moon, my pleasure knew no bounds. God was near me on those occasions. I felt His presence in my thoughts. They were a child's thoughts of heaven, perhaps, but in them I found more pleasure than in my educated thoughts of later years.

As I grew older, a change was wrought in my attitude towards those same stars. At first I was confused and sought an explanation. Was all that I was hearing correct? Were stars but earthly things after all or did they have some deeper spiritual meaning I soon found the answer in other men's thoughts. But although I learned that I had been deceived in my childhood thoughts, I still turned to the stars for consolation. Again, as in my childhood, the sapphire-studded skies lapped me in a very peaceful and consoling blanket of thoughts.

As the stars helped me in my moments of unhappiness, they also have been an aid to many others. Out into the dark beyond the stout mariners of old sailed, aided only by the position of the stars above. Where Hesperus led, the discoverers of new lands followed. The starry heavens had much to do

with the courage that those sailors possessed. Many a navigator owes his life to the stars as they led him home from the dangers of the open sea.

Unfortunately, not all men put the stars to good use. The astrologers, with cunning minds, lured superstitious folk into their foul dens in an attempt to forecast the poor unfortunate's future. Royalty as well as common people were amongst those duped. Many a monarch had his crafty sorcerer who reaped profits through the foul use of the heavenly bodies. The practice was carried down from generation to generation, so that even at the present time it is possible to secure a forecast of your future. However, as man became older he turned to a scientific study of the stars. Unlike the prattle of the astrologers, the advice that may be procured from the stars today is founded on a rather detailed and difficult study of the stars. Yet to this present day we do find some who still practice on the superstition of uneducated people, thus using the stars to an ignoble purpose.

The astronomers, who with high aims are seeking out the truth of the stars, give us a fine conception of man. To them, man and his earth does not maintain the high position they used to hold. Our little world is very insignificant when we look at it in the light of recent discovery. Perhaps, some day I may come to realize how selfish my childhood thoughts were.

TOM GILLESPIE, Class XI-B.

Honorable Mention

THE BLESSING OF LAUGHTER

A laugh is just like sunshine:
It freshens all the day,
It tips the peak of life with light,
And drives the clouds away.
The soul grows glad that hears it,
And feels its courage strong;
A laugh is just like sunshine
For cheering folks along.

A laugh is just like music:
It lingers in the heart,
And where its melody is heard
The ills of life depart,
And happy thoughts come crowding
Its joyful notes to greet;
A laugh is just like music
For making living sweet.

It has been said, "Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together." Considering this statement, we readily understand our emotions on the eve of our departure from St. John's. We understand our gratitude for the generosity that forms "the golden chain" connecting us to St. John's. We regret the necessity of severing that bond. However, we anticipate our entrance into a new life, wondering what the future holds for us.

Today we fully realize the importance of our graduation. It signifies to us our departure from St. John's and the subsequent dissolution of past relationships. It means the fracture of intimate association, the parting of friends. Through the simple process of graduation, we completely alter our mode of life. All former supports are withdrawn. We leave high school as individuals, self-reliant in thought and action. Reluctantly we part from our friends, from the happy experiences of the past, and from our sheltered life at St. John's. Hopefully we depart along an unchartered path leading into the unknown. Soon our school life will be a memory hidden in a remote corner of our minds.

Still we can never completely forget our experiences at St. John's. We shall forever cherish their memory as the last remaining link connecting us to the happy hours of our school life. Our ambitions, our achievements, our friendships of the past year, have contributed in some measure to our individual happiness. The ideals and guidance we have acquired within the walls of St. John's shall aid us in our attempt to pursue a normal and well directed existence. Furthermore, during the past year we have come to realize the importance of the principles of interdependency and co-operation. Armed with the moral rules we have learned to respect,

we shall have greater power to contribute to the common good of mankind.

The activities of our final high school year have been striking examples of the value of co-operation. The cast, the orchestra and several of our teachers shouldered the burden of making our annual opera a great success. Our dramatists worked together to give us very entertaining performances. Through a united effort of our standard-bearers we have once again triumphed in the inter-high field day. Perhaps the most important has been the co-operation of the staff and every member of St. John's in the attempt to establish at St. John's the perfect system of student self-government.

While the seed of Democracy has been perishing on rocky ground in a great many localities, it has found fertile soil at St. John's. The establishment of a self-governing school emphasizes its growth. As students of "the self-governing school," we have had the unique privilege of dwelling in a community founded on the principles of freedom and self-reliance but guided by the wise directions of a benevolent protector. Our principal, filling that role, has carefully granted us the keys of our inner self, in order to bring into the light our best qualities. Mr. Reeve's generosity and understanding have made him the friend of all who have had the privilege of spending their high school years with him.

Our teachers are deserving of the highest praise for their efforts of the past year. Words are inadequate tokens of our gratitude. To them we owe a debt that it is impossible to repay. They have taught us how to "play the game." They have shown us the true meaning of the spirit of school; the spirit that has made great men in the past, and will make us, if not great, proud of our association with

it. We shall forever remember them for their generosity in sacrificing their time to ensure success to our extra-curricular activities. Their sagacious instructions and friendly advice have made our final high school year a period of preparation for the tasks confronting us. We thank them from the bottom of our hearts for their efforts.

We are leaving all this behind us now to take our places in the world. The words of a great poet fittingly and sincerely express our farewell thoughts:

“But in our spirits will we dwell,
And dream our dream and hold it true;
For tho’ our lips may breathe adieu,
We cannot think the thing farewell.”

However the struggle of life commands our immediate attention, we take up our individual responsibilities not as a burden but as a challenge. We shall remember the motto of St. John’s: “Usque ad Astra”—Reach to the Stars—and we shall sincerely strive to equal or excel the achievements of our predecessors. But there is a greater responsibility awaiting us. It is too great to be borne by one man or one woman. It is too large for a group. It requires the efforts of a united people with

confidence in their ideals, and in their ability to protect them. With the torch of everlasting confidence glowing in our hearts we stand ready to accept this responsibility. We are prepared to struggle shoulder to shoulder, to do our utmost to fulfil our task.

In closing, I should like to quote Oliver Wendell Holmes’ well-known poem “The Sculptor Boy”:

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy
With his marble block before him,
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed o’er him.

He carved that dream, on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision;
In heaven’s own light the sculptor shone—
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we as we stand
With our lives uncarved before us;
Waiting the hour—when at God’s command
Our life dream passes o’er us.

Let us carve it, then, on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision;
It’s heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives—that angel vision.





On December 7 and 8 the Bard of Avon once more took possession of St. John's High School. On this memorable occasion the Johnian Thespians chose for their vehicle "Twelfth Night" or "What You Will." The play had a lot to live up to after the success which had greeted the presentation of "Hamlet" the year previous.

To direct the destinies of our Shakespearean artists fell to the lot of Mr. Geo. M. Newfield and Miss M. J. Cadwell. The assignments of the parts having been made and the lines of the actors having been learned, rehearsal began. Into the picture stepped the aforementioned artists, Newfield and Cadwell, under whose experienced hands the rough material of the cast gradually took shape and was finally transformed into a beautiful piece of work. Because "Twelfth Night" was studied by the Grade X's in connection with their Literature course, the cast with little exception with composed of Grade X students.

After weeks of hard work, the play was ready for presentation. A managing committee was quickly organized. Mr. V. Dotten was stage manager and he was helped by Sid Warhoft, Garth Metcalfe, Walter Rempel and Bob McConkey. Miss M. Cumming took care of costumes. Mr. W. P. Johnson was in charge of all properties. Stage settings were under the generalship of Mr. J. Jones and Co. Mr. L. G. Robinson was first vice-president in charge of blue or red ink—in short, business manager. Miss A. A. C. Thompson and her legion of make-up artists took charge of the slap-on and rub-off department. As was the case last year, the school council looked after ushers.

As some fine music was needed for the presentation, Ronald Gibson organized an instrumental quintet composed of Goldie Bell, Bea Shipman, Gertrude Rifkin, Charles Dobjack and Ada Elwich. Walter Rempel was instituted as the Jester's "Voice." Hans Dobuck was in charge of the "spot."

The group assembled and last minute instructions were handed out by Coaches Cadwell and Newfield.

"Speak clearly."

"Distinctly . . ."

"Watch your enunciation . . ."

"Watch your pronunciation . . ."

"Watch yourself . . ."

"You don't have to get into character so quickly Mr. Bliss."

"Pick your stockings up, Malvolio."

"Line up ran . . ."

"Be perfectly palm . . ."

"Places everybody . . ."

"N-n-nervous, d-don't be silly."

"O.K. Get out there and fight."

With the plaudits of the multitudes ringing in their ears our Shakespearean ham—er ah—our artists step out on the stage. After the fifth act is completed they step off the stage, weary but triumphant. They have had their debut.

Outstanding performers were Jack Leipsic as Sir Toby Belch, Abe Roytenberg as Malvolio, Kathleen White as the Countess Olivia, Jacqueline Prescott as Maria, and Dorothy Lewington as Viola.

ST. JOHN'S HIGH SCHOOL

December 7th and 8th, 1939

at 8 p.m.

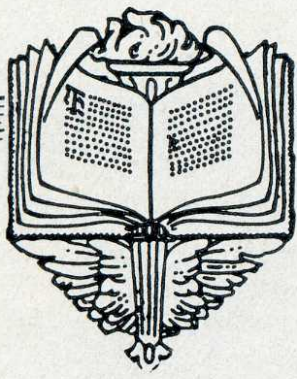
Twelfth Night
or
What You Will

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ORSINO, <i>Duke of Illyria</i>	Morris Soudack
SEBASTIAN, <i>brother of Viola</i>	George Gershman
ANTONIO, <i>a sea captain, friend to SEBASTIAN</i>	Morton Slusky
A Sea Captain, <i>friend to VIOLA</i>	Fred. Townsend
VALENTINE } CURIO } <i>gentlemen attending on the Duke</i>	{ Israel Shuster { Lawrence Rubin
SIR TOBY BELCH, <i>uncle to OLIVIA</i>	Jack Leipsic
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK	Louis Kurzer
MALVOLIA, <i>steward to OLIVIA</i>	Abe Roytenberg
FABIAN } FESTE, } <i>servants to OLIVIA</i>	{ Max Goldberg { Donald Bliss { Walter Rempel a clown }
OLIVIA, <i>a countess</i>	Kathleen White
VIOLA	Dorothy Lewington
MARIA, <i>OLIVIA'S woman</i>	Jacqueline Priscott
Priest	Phillip Kravetzky
Lady Attendant	Ruth Churchill
Lord	Mayer Levadie
Sailors and Officers	{ Bill Lazer { Clarence Graham { Fred. Townsend

SCENE: ILLYRIA

*An instrumental quintet conducted by Mr. Ronald Gibson
(Goldie Bell, Bea Shipman, Gertrude Rifkin, Chas. Dojack,
Ada Elwick) provided music at interludes, etc.*



CONGRESS

The Scene—Gordon Bell High School.

The Time—April 27, 28, 29, 1940.

Dramatis Personae—200 Eager High School Students.

This was the setting of the Third Annual High School Congress, attended by elected delegates from all the High Schools in Winnipeg.

Thanks to the newly formed Inter-High School Council, aided by the Greater Winnipeg Youth Council, three most interesting sessions were held. Your reporter was impressed by the high level of the discussion, and particularly by the great number of outstanding speakers.

When dealing with Student and High School problems, the delegates had more to discuss than time permitted. At this session it became more evident to me how fortunate St. John's students are to have student self-government. A certain student from Daniel McIntyre got up and made loud protests that their School Council could never get anything they wanted—especially a leap year dance. Up came a Kelvin student with the complaint that his school didn't even have a School Council. As you have already guessed, everyone favored student government. All agreed also that there should be more study of current questions, geography, civics and public speaking. (To avoid overcrowding the course it was suggested that there be less "ancient history.")

At the second session it was a case of "who got up first." The discussion (more argument than discussion) was on Youth's Place in the

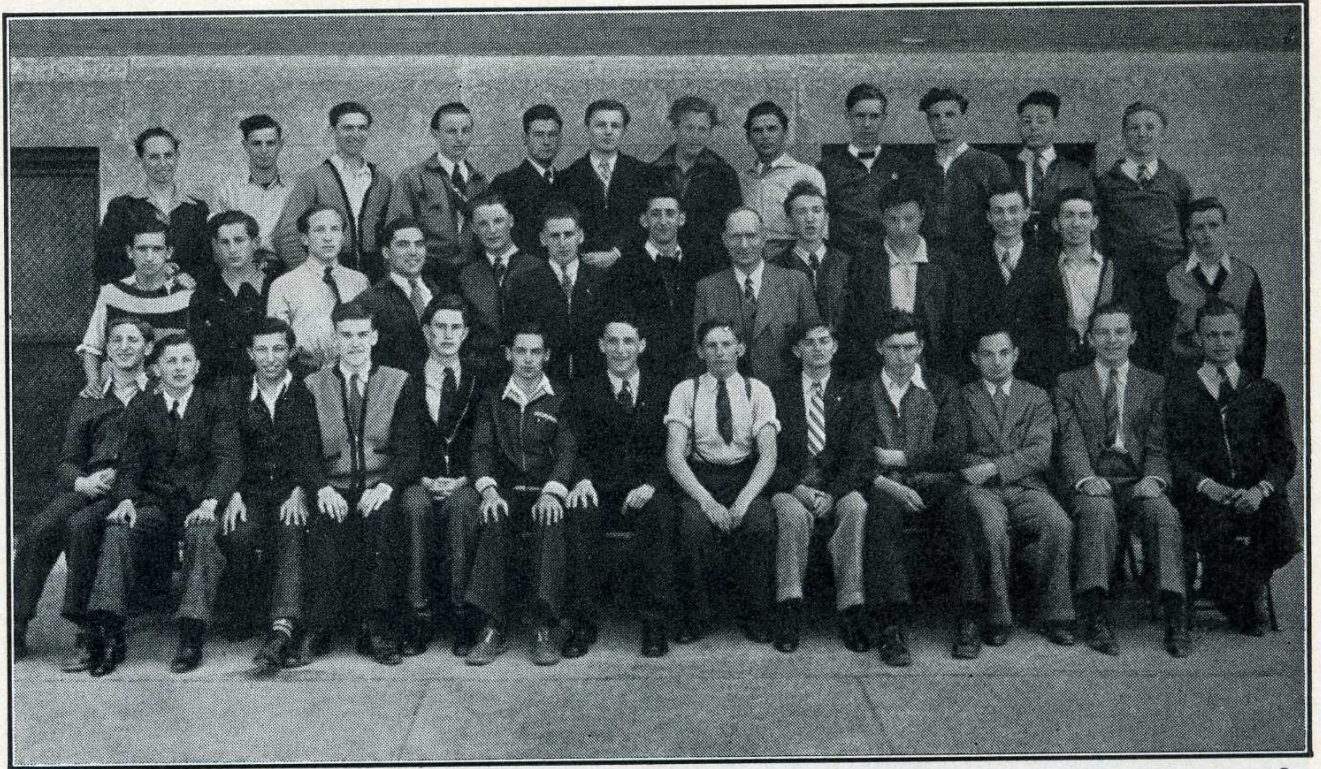
Outer World. One student expressed an interesting opinion that the League of Nations was betrayed rather than that it failed. A revival of the League, plus an international police force, seemed to be the best means of preserving peace. It was felt by some that the Defence of Canada Regulations were too drastic to have a place in a democratic country. Conscription of wealth before manpower was the students' answer to the conscription problem. That we might become better citizens, it was decided that we should participate more in civic affairs.

The next problem was Employment. Most students felt that young people should be advised more on the tactics of obtaining a position. One young gentleman asked what any one of the students would do if he or she suddenly inherited a hundred thousand dollars. Young people should be taught how to invest money profitably. It was agreed that a sort of employment bureau in the school for needy students would be of great benefit. There should also be a vocational counsellor in each school.

Again, as the year before, a continuations committee was set up at the last session. St. John's members of this committee are: Grade XI, Caroline Freedman, Jack Ludwig; Grade X, Gertrude Ullman, Manly Levitt.

These are, I think, the highlights of the congress. I am sure that the delegates felt grateful that they were living in a country where they were given the right to speak freely. Good luck to next year's congress!

—LILY GILMORE.



BACK ROW—Hector Ross, Abe Shecter, John Warywoda, Jack Peterson, Herbert Blackman, Frank Lone, Cecil Durnin, Bill Symbaluk, Ernest Ashton, Jack Sklover, Phil Schachter, Edward Neih

SECOND ROW—Ben Schwartz, Meyer Zolf, Sam Steinberg, Dave Silver, Alex. Serny, Hymie Stoller, Cecil Baker, Mr. W. P. Johnson (teacher), Harry Karalnick, Ben Kosidoy, Max Mittleman, Ted Gonick, Ed. Harlow.

FRONT ROW—Cecil Yan, Morris Settler, Max Bakalinsky, Bill Berry, Garth Metcalfe, Eddy Bass, Walter Rempel, Meyer Brownstone (pres.), Sid Warhaft (sect.), Rubin Simkin (sports captain), Israel Pinchuk, Andrew Zaharchuk, Larry Travis.

Missing—Robert McConkey, Abe Roytenberg, Richard Dobesch.

XII-A

A. S. H. R.

You'll find them in the halls, staring longingly out of the window. You'll find them in the drugstore, staring longingly at the "cokes." In that class there is everything from itinerant moochers to long lost visitors. Let that be a warning to you, Mac.

I decided one day to take a walk into the XII-A classroom and see what the place looked like. I suppose I would have seen a lot more of the boys if I had decided to take a walk in the halls. Anyway, here is what met my eyes:

Sid Warhaft and Garth Metcalfe with the ghost of McConkey, walking arm-in-arm, and talking about their proposed visit to the public links.

Walter Rempel, humming some ditty from "H.M.S. Pinafore," meanwhile adjusting his spikes in preparation for whatever you use spikes for.

Frank Lone and Andy Zaharchuk writing away industriously, muttering to themselves, "exam-pass-fail."

Eddy Bass and Cecil Baker cooking up yet another scheme whereby Baker's ability in basketball and Bass's penchant for the (finer) arts might let Mr. Johnson take a more broad-minded view of their predicament.

Max Mittleman and Sid Gonick, in between games of chance, figuring the possibilities of a chemical lab for Max and a course in French for Sid.

Ernie Ashton and John Warywoda discussing the latest in men's fashions and pondering the unsolved riddle of male beauty.

Cecil Yan and Larry Travis whispering to each other about that hundred yards that Cecil ran—the one that got away—also about Travis's mania for pants that don't match, shoes that don't match ties.

Sam Steinberg and Jack Peterson preparing for a rendezvous—a rendezvous with one of the staff.

Cecil Durnin and Richard Dobesch messing around with physics in the lab, seeing visions of parallelograms of force, going up in smoke.

Meyer Brownstone and Rubin Simkin with their hearts on the stopwatch and their eyes on the tape, running to beat the band or going—I don't know which.

Ben Kosidoy, mumbling to himself tales of the Bible, in imagination scaling the heights of oratory (shades of Moses!).

Meyer Zolf in between aforementioned games of chance, perusing tomes, immersing himself in Dos Passos, Hemingway, et al—Who is Dos Passos anyway?

Ben Schwartz and yours truly skipping rope (not periods) and training for that all-important event, the running flop.

Mr. Johnson, pulling an ear here, answering a question there, and lording over the rest of us, much as a spider lords over a fly, splendid discipline, splendid teaching, splendid man.

That's what I saw. The rest of the pupils must have been absent or something.

By the way, XII-A took the school basketball championship, came second in the school football affair, won the inter-room field day, etc. What else do you want?



BACK ROW—Elsie Gopko, Anne Tate, Donald Levi, Rubin Sirkis, Leon Dorfman, Dan Kurdydyk, George Bevan, Johnny Podwysoki, Paul Kurtz, Nestor Ferley, Michael Spack, Catherine Gannon, Norma Somner, Ruth Werier.

SECOND ROW—Leona Smolak, Ruth Popeski, Athalie Zamphir, Lillian Lenoff, Helen Galdsinzka, Stella Rychlik, Minnie Kavalic, Evelyn Sarnier, Lila, Green, Irene Willms, Edythe Gilman, Peggie McTavish, Betty Bereskin, Celia Nick.

FIRST ROW—Jennie Kereluk, Rose Waffe, Pearl Sures, Eva Lev, Peggy Sutter (pres.), Miss I. Cumming (teacher), Constance Krajcarski, Ilene Meder, Annie Karp, Elsie Dressler, Victoria Murunchak. Missing—Sarah Schwartz, Tillie Smith, Pauline Kachynowski.

XII-B

Hello! You're not busy? Well, then, come with us on a tour of the Town XII-B, which has in the period of one year sprung into the lead both intellectually and athletically. The main reason for this success being that the girls have brains as well as beauty.

Let us go down Main Street first. This imposing building, the City Hall, is the home of our City Council. Our mayoress, Peggy Sutter, presides over the Council meetings with dignity, uncommon in one so young. Connie, our secretary, is well known for her capability in all fields. Council members include: Pearl Sures, Eva Lev, Ilene Meder, Leon Dorfman, renowned for his radio work and his scholastic ability, and Mike Spack, outstanding figure in the sports world and junior champion of the Field Day. We are now coming to "Historic Heights."

In an empty lot we notice Dan K. He seems to be bending over—well, he is either digging for ancient relics of the stone-age or else he is practising some of the fine snapping he does on the rugby team. Irene W. Daniel, Mac's contribution to the historical world, lives next door.

Why, what's all the noise? We must be coming to "Chatterbox Court." Here we see Edie and Sookie eagerly discussing their latest victims. Evelyn sits quietly thinking about that cute dress pattern in the Vogue, while curly-topped Betty, Eva and Peggy stroll along, arms entwined, enthusing over that handsome half-back.

Now we have "Binomial Blvd." occupied by the mathematical geniuses, Athalie, Pauline,

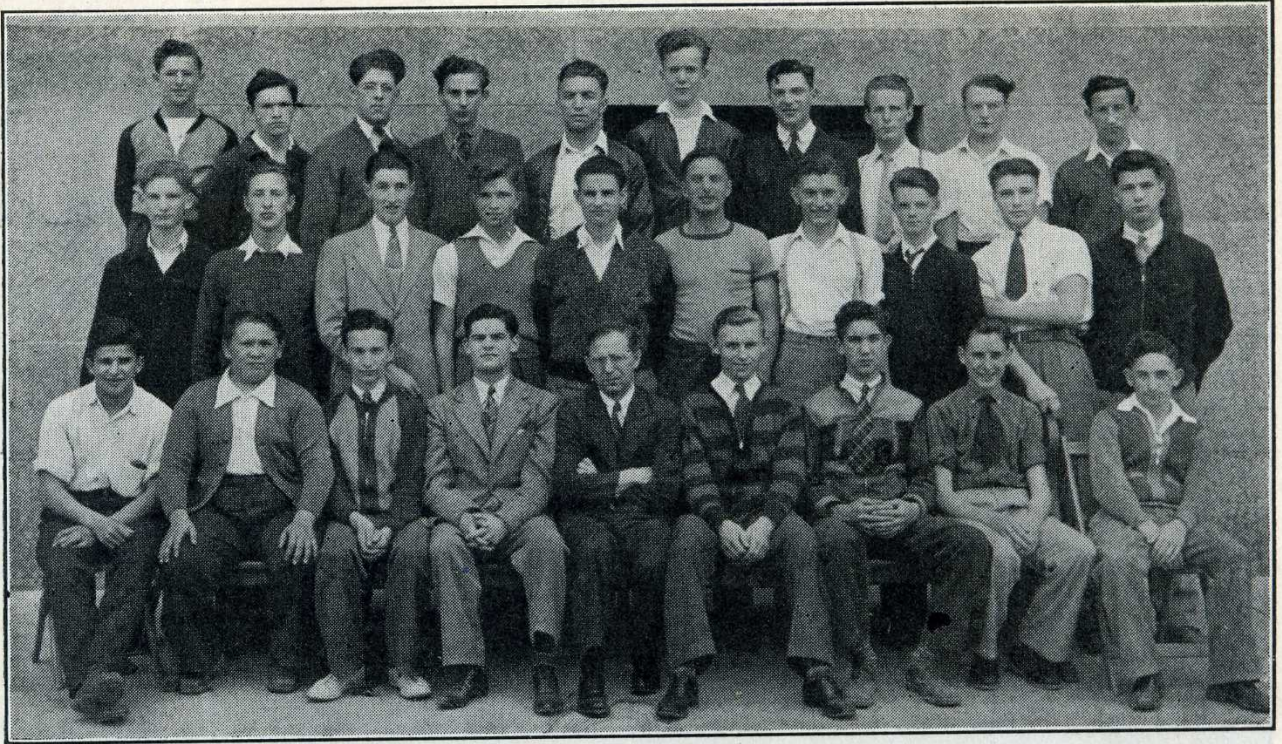
Tillie and Helen—these girls, alas! dream only of finding a conic curve. Chief position on Athletic Ave., is filled by Ilene M., sports captain and punner extraordinaire; next is Elsie, all-round athlete, and Kay, specializer in hurdling.

A peculiar smell assails our nostrils. Can it be H₂S? It is, for this is Chemistry Crescent. Jennie, who insists she doesn't know anything but somehow manages to get an A average, lives here, and so does Lillian.

To be fully appreciated, this next street should be viewed in moonlight. it is Flirtation Walk. Peggy M., she of the glamorous eyes, and Pearl Sures, closest rival to Ann Sheridan, wouldn't live anywhere else. Reluctantly we tear ourselves away and proceed to Aristocratic Street. Here lives one of the finest boys in XII-B, quiet, efficient, Johnny-on-the-spot Putter. Now we come to our gifted scholar, not only a scholarship candidate but also a fine athlete—we present George Bevan. Next we have Vickie (spell my name right) Marun, a blossoming poet. As a relaxation Minnie skips through Ancient History, Greek Classics and Shakespeare. She considers comic books and mysteries trash—tut! tut!

On the outskirts of XII-B lives Cookie, who is a tap dancer, ballet dancer, blues singer, actress and Gilbert and Sullivan opera star, to mention but a few of her outstanding traits. These all combine to form a rather unusual type of person, as many can testify.

And now we take leave of XII-B, but not before we mention our Lieutenant-Governor, Miss I. Cummings, a real pal.



FIRST ROW—Bill Shinoff, Boris Margolis, Leonard Greenberg, Jack Ludwig, Mr. F. C. Grusz, Art Pitzek, Hart Rusen, George Gant, Sid Baker.

SECOND ROW—Leonard Pullan, Charley Greenberg, Murray Messner, Albert Kaplan, Herb Nemish, Harry Kosidoy, Nick Zunick, Victor Thiessen, Alex. Marshall, Leon Capp.

THIRD ROW—Louis Osipov, Sol Goldin, Albert Black, Edwin Kimelman, Harry Winrob, Bob Davidson, Ted Cohen, Alex. Horne, Orest Krett, Sam Kreger.

MISSING—Sam Hendin, Ed. Naskar, Sid Miller, George Sisler, Israel Herstein, Ernest Chandorn, Barry Short, Alan Shankman, Arthur Frankel.

XI-A

During the course of the year, XI-A was represented in several school activities. These activities were carried out under the guidance of the class council, which was elected early in September. The council consisted of: President, Jack Ludwig; Secretary, Art Pitzek; Sports Captain, Harry Winrob; Councillors, Charlie Greenberg, George Sisler and Leonard Pullan.

In athletics, members of XI-A first saw service on the two football elevens. Taking part were Short, Winrob and Colson. Winrob was the only member of the class who participated in inter-high rugby. Then, with the advent of winter, came the long-awaited inter-room hockey series. The room team, led by Alan "Boomie" Shankman, was a strong contender for the title but was defeated in a close struggle by XI-D.

Simultaneous with the hockey schedule, the inter-room basketball contests were staged. XI-A floored a good team but too many good teams floored XI-A and consequently they finished in the cellar. Winter gone, the Tech school grounds were the scene of the inter-class field day; XI-A's aggregate of 23 points placed them well above any other Grade XI class. Principal pointmakers of the room were Kosidoy, Osipov, Pitzek, Baker and L. Greenberg, who will all bear the school colors in the inter-high field day.

In the arts as well as in athletics XI-A showed color. Included in the cast of *Prunella* were Hart Rusen, Harry Winrob and Orest Krett. Sidney Miller ably filled an executive position in the Debating Club. Talent from XI-A found its way into the opera. Jack Ludwig and Alex. Horne performed admi-

rably in the roles of Dick Dead-Eye and Ralph Rackstraw, respectively, while Charlie Greenberg, Leonard Pullan and Herb Nemish supported in the chorus and Ed Naskar and Leonard Greenberg acted as marines. To George Sisler, Ed Naskar, Israel Herstein, Sam Hendin, Orest Krett and Sidney Miller, the six scholarship candidates from XI-A, do we wish success in the venture. So much for the class.

"Character" Sketches

Jack Ludwig—Versatile one who attends classes(?) in the intervals between opera practices, work on the Youth Congress and duties on the Torch.

Ed Colson—So practical that often have we seen him cutting the end off an automobile blanket and sewing it on the other end to make it longer.

Hart Rusen—Youth takes a fling—upward.

Art Pitzek—That very popular president of XI-A, who specializes in the distances—voice and all.

Izzy Sitner—The gentleman whose life is modelled after the clock—a slow clock. He trusts implicitly in the wisdom of the ancients as set forth in the quotation "Better late . . ."

Israel Herstein—A reactionary whose chemical inclinations are surpassed only by his strong affinity for the late room.

And now the Master.

Fortunate indeed are we who during the past two years have been closely associated with Mr. Grusz. He has given us invaluable aid in our work and has taken a keen interest in our progress; but above all, he has been a friend. To him we extend our sincere thanks for the past and well-wishes for the future.



BACK ROW—Herbert Ringrose, Sidney Parks, John Dill, Alex. Wilson, Herbert Copeland, Deryck Hetherington, Bob McLaughlin, Bill Phillips, Jim Reeve, John Cristie, Wilbert Lees, Nathan Isaacovitch.

THIRD ROW—Theodor Schwartz, Paul Grosney, Rankin Hicks, Eddy Moscovitch, Leonard Gelfand, Harry Fergie, Harry Dvore, Eric Omerad, Frank Creran, Conrad Shefrin, Harry Gelfand, Cecil Muldrew.

SECOND ROW—Monty Guberman, Bud Martin (council), Bill Mowat (council), Lawrence Henne (secretary), Don Peters (pres.), Mr. Robinson (teacher), Tom Gillespie (sports captain), Roland Penner, Sidney Webber, George Ostry.

FIRST ROW—Don Williams, Douglas McTavish, Archie Levine, Bill Fee, Harry Niznick.

Missing—Arnold Klegh, Bob Shannon, James Third.

XI-B

Among the most exalted personalities of XI-B, '40 are Jim Reeve and Mr. Robinson. Jim was the class president until he resigned in lieu of a larger job as school president. Perhaps you remember our election campaign! Mr. Robinson is, as you know, that driving Maths. teacher who is never to be found at leisure.

In the musical section, Paul Grosney rings high. He's the fellow that makes the trumpet talk. With him in the school orchestra are Harry Gelfant, saxophonist, and Deryck Hetherington and Leonard Gelfant, violinists.

Of course, we have our rugby players. Rankin Hicks and Bill Mowat both put in a fine season. Eric Omerod, Archie Levine and Harry Dvore also made a great showing at the soccer games.

Not only Sports Captain, but also Valedictorian and in company with Harry Niznick class representative to the Youth Congress is Tom Gillespie, the fellow that's been rolling off the A's.

In the field of dramatics, Cecil Muldrew takes the cake for his part of the "naughty boy" in *Prunella*. Other *Prunella* artists were Harry Niznick and Eddie Moscovitch. Our bathtub tenors and baritones in the school opera, *H.M.S. Pinafore*, were Alex.

Wilson, Don Williams, Archie Levin, Herb Copeland, Deryck Hetherington, John Dill, Lawrence Henne and Herb Ringrose. The last three also represented XI-B at the musical festival.

XI-B's representative in the R.C.A.F. is LaVergne Walker, who has been accepted as armorer instructor. The lads in the naval reserve are Don Williams and Doug. McTavish. Of course we can't forget Abe Yanofsky, our chess representative in Buenos Aires, who has made a fine impression the world over.

Harry Dvore and George Ostry put the shot at Field Day. Dvore took first place in the seniors, and Ostry took first place in the primary. Among the startling discoveries in the field of impromptu relays is our relay team, which took second at Field Day. Among the torch-bearers were Bob Shannon, Rankin Hicks, Willie Lees, Bud Martin, Don Peters, Bill Mowat, Bill Fee, Sydney Parks and Monty Guberman.

The class council at present consists of Don Peters, that elegant Romeo of XI-B, president; Tom Gillespie, hockey addict, sports captain; Lawrence Henne, suspected embezzler of room funds, secretary; and Bob Shannon, Bill Mowat and Bud Martin—the three bad boys reformed—councillors.



FRONT ROW—Lawrence Meyers, Robert Halford, Nick Boychuck, Harry Garfinkel, Isaac Chamish, Paul Chudnow, Bill Beattie.

SECOND ROW—Iser Portnoy, Max Levitt, Norman Cheraknick, Ole Anderson, Mr. Burrows, Brian Burke (sports captain), Martin Schwartz, Bob de Pencier, Walter Scrapneck, Wilfred Mindess.

THIRD ROW—Norman Leslie, Claude Beckett, Jim Speed, Myrslow Copot, Jim McKay, Leslie Maxwell, Jim Condie, George Hayward, Ralph Mindess, Lawrence Czaik.

BACK ROW—Jim Tettamanti, Percy Diamond, Harold Jackson, Sam Freedman, Ray McColl, Frank Neydly, Herschel Nitickman, Norman Greenstone, Louis Belinkoff, Martin Tettleman.

Missing—George Hughes (president), Dave Holloway (secretary), Abie Marantz, Abe Schwartz.

XI-C

Clear the way—XI-C has broken loose from Cell Block XV. The motto that the room models its existence after is “Stone walls do not a prison make—but they sure help.”

This unruly group is under the jurisdiction of a board consisting of George Hughes and Dave Holloway, and any teacher who may be present at the time.

On making our rounds we first come to a rugby game taking place in the prison yard. We find Brian Burke tearing holes in the guards’ line, while the opposition in desperation have almost given the situation up as hopeless. Dave Holloway is running a mean 2:20 but couldn’t manage enough speed when they came for him.

As we pass through the threshold of this happy institution we enter the recreation hall. We are at once greeted by H.M.S. Pinafore

in stripes done by Ole Anderson, Ray McColl and Martin Swartz. Then we pass on to the dramatic department. Here we find Isaac Chamish and Iser Portnoy engaged in final rehearsals for that epic on prison life “Prunella.” In another department we see those two capable apprentices to the rogues gallery photography department, Isaac Chamish and Norman Cheratnik. The boys are serving a sentence for having stolen Olympus’ banner, the Torch.

The field of science is not left untouched by our “home-loving” little group. Herschel “Stratosphere” Nitickman has just drawn up plans for a new plane which will carry him high over these walls he knows so well.

Well, we conclude a happy day and, in the words of “Congo” Freedman, “We’ll see you all again when we get out.”



BOTTOM ROW—Jack Novak, Jim Thould, John Hickey, Herb English, Jack Flatt, Bob Stevens, Bill Fymchuck, Walter Kiwarchuck.

SECOND ROW—Paul Kolomic, Mike Salewich, Mike Boseko, Willie Capp, Mr. Thierry, Wilbour Hourd, Nick Stefanko, Larry Czay, Bill Olemick.

THIRD ROW—Otto Arnst, Eddie Fenske, Doug. Cherry, Jack Talbot, Fred Nichols, Joe Levine, Bill Huffman, John Roth, Charlie Hayes, Frank Troughton, Mike Kibbins.

BOTTOM ROW—Boris Paseniak, Norm. Slessor, Doug. Sparks, Murray Campbell, John Radons, Herb Hutchinson, George Walker, Julian Winiarz.

Missing—Walter Kucharski, Ken Brittan, Cam Sharman, Donald Howie, Les Osland and Harry McKenzie.

XI-D

Congratulations, XI-D! Well do we deserve the proverbial "pat on the back," for no other room in Grade XI can boast a higher Torch sales record—47 year book orders out of a class of 42. Not only do we excel in salesmanship, but we also share honors in athletics. At the beginning of the school year, Kolomic, Fenske and Wolfe, husky rugby representation of Room 36, were in there slugging for good old St. John's. Hockey is one of our most popular sports, and consequently we emerged from the inter-class hockey schedule with the crown of victory. About half of the St. John's Fencing Club is made up of boys of Room 36. Right now, however, basketball and football take up much of our time.

In between sports periods we often find time for extra-curricular work. In September, under the supervision of Mr. Thierry, we elected our class council. Les Osland was elected president; George Walker, secretary-treasurer; Anton Wolfe, sports captain; and a council of three members made up of Ken Britton, Doug. Cherry and Cam Sharman.

If you see any talent scouts snooping around send them up to XI-D during one of our study periods. We often put on amateur programs where the boys sing, play an instrument, or entertain in some other manner. We always have a great time.

Nor is our social life neglected with such co-operative rooms as XI-M; we've had many enjoyable roller-skating parties and wiener roasts. One of the boys described one of the less successful adventures. A group of boys (need we mention the names?) had a fine place to go to, so they got a car and went to get wood. They collected quite a load of wood and piled it up nice for the next night. It rained the next day, and the wood is still there.

As to student self-government, the students are equally for and against the new system. In examinations there have been the odd few that have done very well, but the others—well! Now that we have hastily scanned a very enjoyable past we will close with well wishes for the future for all our classmates.



BACK ROW—Steve Zoppa, Harry Martens, Alex. Omansky, Murray Campbell, Albert Juzak, Jack Harris, Bill Caithness, Peter Kowal, Don Howie, Arthur Grunsten, Harry Shaffer.

THIRD ROW—Irvin Shpeller, Bill Lutz, Abe Gonor, Don Watson, Charles Kraitberg, Morris Rosenberg, John Kowal, Milton Keseluk, Nathan Streiffer.

SECOND ROW—Leon Rabinovitch, Meyer Milstock, Allan Katz, Harvey McRae (pres.), Mr. Bailey (teacher), Raymong McMurray, Alex. Spalding, Adolphe Bay, Jack Ruben.

FRONT ROW—Doug, Stendahl, Norman Coodin, Gordon Hogg, Victor Sczombroki, James Chapman.

Missing—Dick Olson, Bob Clasper, Lawrence Molyneaux, Leonard Jacobson, Doug. Baxter, Alan Gilbert, Walter Moroz, Ernie Nilko, Dave Saper, Irvin Ruvinski.

XI-E

As we gaze into the keyhole of Room 16 we are at once attracted by a class busy at work. Looking across the room, our eyes first settle on Saper, very(?) hard at his work. Going up the first row, we find Gonor, our fiery orator, discussing the critical international situation, and right behind him our industrious president, Harvey McRae, trying to subdue him.

Now, as we are disturbed by a noise at the front, we see Lutz, our story-teller, quarreling with Mr. Bailey, while behind him we find our jester, Rosenberg, cutting capers. What, what a coincidence!—right behind him sits XI-E's prize scholar, Shaffer. Are you looking for Juzak? He lives in the Art room.

At the front of the next row we are attracted to Sczambroki, hard at work at usual, and behind him is Rabinovitch, our conspirator, trying to get the students to sign his new petition. Moroz, our salesman, is com-

fortably seated at the back row studying the latest catalogues.

If you see someone with a folder in his hand, that's Nelko, trying to sell a Tribune to the teachers, while Grunsten, our Circulation Manager, is trying to interest teacher in the Torch. A heated argument is in progress close behind as Katz and Milstock discuss the World Series. Katz is also our running champ. The Kowal brothers are looking over the last history assignment with a very noticeable lack of interest. In the midst of all this Omansky silently sits at work.

And now we see Zoppa, our industrious secretary, having a hard time making out the attendance slip. Baxter, our star mile runner, is worrying about exemptions. Martens, our blond Dutchman, is noisily trying to organize a gang. Last but not least, there's Harris, who won out in the Field Day senior high jump. He usually wins out with the "gals" too.

That's all, folks—XI-E in a "nut" shell.



BACK ROW—Barbara Daly, Lily VanUlar, Phyllis Hampsen, Mavis Cherry, Winnie Sulkers, Olga Bolush, Margaret Agnew, May McRob, Victoria Hutch, Dorothy Bruce, Irene Sands, Luba Cyrulnikov, Ruth Minuk.

MIDDLE ROW—Margaret Lyhowchuck, Tina Nester, Lily Shulman, Dolly Rabinovitch, Irene Burns, Muriel Gutkin, Olga Stokovitch, Jean Krawchuk, Isabel Tennant, Mary Kindzyski, Frances Weiss, Kay Hyde, Mary Hilton.

FRONT ROW—Margery Borthwick, Gloria Malchicoff, Joyce Stavely, Edith Ebbitt, Anna Konyk, Miss Scholes, Betty Moscovitch, Ruth Miner, Molly Siligman, Elaine Broadley.

Missing—Ivy Queen.

XI-F

Third floor, please. Room 37 at the end of the hall. My, what a sunny room! A cozy place to study in, and with such a charming teacher, too! Miss Scholes is her name and she very very seldom scolds us. As she glances towards the class, likely her keen look pictures little Ruth Minuk, who can be seen only in front seats. It needs more than one glance to capture Ruth's vivacious manner and spirited laugh. As our eyes rove around the room, a startling shock of hair reflects towards us. It is gay Lily Van Ular, who competes for higher standing in academic subjects. A beautiful color scheme catches every appreciative look in Mary Kindzyski. Poised and well-informed on most subjects, she is everybody's friend. Who is that girl with the imp in her eye? Behind that innocent-looking air we find barrels of fun. This is no other than fun-loving and side-splitting Anna Konyk, the class president and future hair dresser of 1941. As close to her as bread to butter is blond Frances Weiss, possessor of a great many nicknames as well as a grand sense of humor. Pop goes the weasel! You will have to ask a certain boy in XI-D about that.

An efficient bookkeeper and mathematician to any employer is auburn-haired Mavis S.

Cherry. We would like to know what that initial is for, but have been unsuccessful thus far.

A shot! They are off! And Ivy Owen comes in! The best sprinter St. John's has seen for a long time, if we have anything to say.

Of course, if we left Barbara Daly out of this, we could always consult a mental doctor. This is our ray of sunshine, even though the dose is rather strong at times. Mr. Bailey sees her in the light of a scampering rascal though and she does need water many times. You know, she is an opera star.

As competent in secretarial office as well as in athletic undertakings, we find Joyce Stavely fills the bill. She is a capable money collector, even though we bring no money, and is a dependable secretary.

Kay Hyde has more unusual characteristics than most girls. She has a heart-breaker's reputation and has almost everyone bending down to her every whim. She has an insane desire for tripping and then a means of torture by her Red Cross First Aid. To end this short reflection I only want to say our class is composed of good sports, brain waves, dunces, funsters and the best lookers.



BACK ROW—Bella Roitman, Francis Izenstein, Olga Pastuch, Anne Ushy, Alice Malcovich, Nellie KKachulak, Bernice Link, Margery Douglas, Mary Beattie, Martha Hiebert.

THIRD ROW—Lucy Waldman, Miriam Herman, Doris Dvorak, Shirley Neaman, Adaline Leitch, Ilys Branigan, Alice McLean, Henriette Brunger, Joan Hetherington, Phyllis Smith, Mary Jackson.

SECOND ROW—Sonya Rodin, Vera Rosen, Dorothy Gray, Ida Patterson (secretary), Miss Collisson (teacher), Anna Cleland (sports captain), Beatrice Cramer, Audrey Buckwold.

FIRST ROW—Sylvia Feldman, Monica Pound, Jeanette Siwek, Arthur Stannard, Francis Stone, Ehtel Platner, Doris Huffman.

Missing—Dorothy Greenstone (pres.), Myra Sarmatiuk, Lillian Dressler, Margaret Porter, Betty Warren.

XI-G

The shades are drawn, the lights are out, and the show is on! For we are going to see a day at school with the XI-G's.

Miss Collisson, a stern expression on her face, hiding the twinkle in her eyes, is at the head of the class, about to begin with the roll call, when suddenly a terrific commotion is heard. As usual, it is caused by Sylvia Feldman making a frantic dash into the room at thirty seconds to 9 a.m. Not far behind is Joan Hetherington, who, by the way, was the winner of the Torch Poetry Competition.

The class is now ready to sing "O Canada." It is very well sung, too, for many members of the class participated in the Opera and Ensemble (Jeanette Siwek, Doris Dvorak, Betty Warren, Miriam Herman, Martha Hiebert, Lucy Waldman).

Now for lessons. While the students are earnestly working, the camera will point out some of our outstanding personalities. The scene shifts to a corner of the room where we see our charming President, Dorothy Greenstone, who is continually thinking up ideas which will benefit the class.

An arm is seen waving frantically at every question asked. It belongs to our class genius, Adeleine Leitch, our A plus girl.

The lens turns to a corner in the far end of the room, where we see a group of girls each of whom deserves an introduction—intellectual Marjorie Douglas, for her original opinions; Bernice Link, for her typing; and

Mary Jackson, for her athletic as well as scholastic achievements.

But who is this dashing in front of the camera? Surprise! It's the lone boy of the class, Arthur Stannard, interrupting to make his daily contribution of silver paper for the Red Cross.

Our attention is drawn to a girl busily working. At last, a student! A close-up of Betty Warren, however, reveals the awful truth: She is merely sketching as usual.

Lessons are continued thusly till Study Period. Vera Rosen, our Red Cross representative, interrupts to make an announcement. Throughout the period we see our very busy and very capable secretary, Ida Patterson, who not only devotes her time to the class but was able to take the part of Little Buttercup in our opera "H.M.S. Pinafore." Monica Pound, another one of our songbirds, took the role of Sir Joseph Porter's haughty cousin Hebe, and played it very convincingly.

The scene changes to the outdoor P.T. period. Our Sports Captain, Anna Cleland, certainly needs no introduction. Our attention is drawn to our champion hurdler, Sonja Rodin, and our excellent runner, Henrietta Brunger. Audrey Buckwold and Ilys Branigan are our dependables, for they excel in all sports.

Later in the classroom as we glance at the watch we see that it is five minutes to four. "God Save the King" is sung, and school is out. The lights go on and the picture is over.



BOTTOM ROW—Shirley Bromberg, Mimi Brody, Demorah Lerner, Estelle Mindess, Shirley Koffman, Nancy Shepherd, Alexander Zayulak.

SECOND ROW—Laila Barsky, Sarah Grubert, Ruth Lanin, Martina Gusberti, Riva Sectar, Miss Macdougall, Helen Zulkowski, Caroline Freedman, Bernice Lander, Marian Greenberg.

THIRD ROW—Ruth Penner, Mona Werier, Ann Wilson, Lily Gilmore, Olivia Horozick, Irene Gunn, Helen Rabkin, Goldie Bell, Evelyn Arnold, Dorothea Duncan, Eva Levitt.

LAST ROW—Sylvia Kobrinsky, Goldie Bookhalter, Kay Wolfman, Joyce Gilchrist, Margaret Ellsworth, Sheila McPetridge, Evelyn Tanuck, Vera Kare, Francis Klasz, Leya Lauer.

MISSING—Freida Brickman, Mona Zailig, Eleanora Pope.

XI-H

We in Room 39 pride ourselves in being quite versatile.

We have one of the few room papers in the school (surely you have heard of the "XI-H School Daze"?) and in our midst we have some brilliant students. (Although we are not quite sure, we think that somebody in our room passed in chemistry.)

Some of the dainty Grecian nymphs who danced at the Teachers' Convention demanded that their charming accomplishments be mentioned. (What could we do? It was six nymphs against one person.)

You may have noticed when you attended the performance of "Prunella" that the maids, the aunts and several of the main characters were members of XI-H. Take a bow Pierrot (Mona Werrier) and Pierrette (Shirley Bromberg). In the cast of "H.M.S. Pinafore" nine of the twenty-four chorus girls whom you thought were the most beautiful were also members of our class.

Our proudest possession is Caroline Freidman, vice-president of the school, and without any doubt one of the best speakers in all the school. She is charming and, therefore, well liked. Her efforts at the Student Congress are praiseworthy.

If, during any of the times you have listened to the school orchestra, and have heard

golden violin notes floating around, we in Room 39 would have you know that they are the personal property of Goldie Bell.

One of the less fortunate members of our class is Helen Zulkowski, who has been our secretary for two years. Poor Helen is always being bothered about dance tickets, attendance slips, Torch subscriptions and so many other details that sometimes we find it amazing that she can attend to so many things.

Well liked by our girls is Martina Gusberti, our all-around sports captain. Even in marks she has only one rival and that's Goldie Bookhalter.

Our president, Riva Sectar, chooses fencing as her hobby. Last year she picked up a cup for her activities in this sport. (We claim she stole it.)

On the school field, if you noticed during the "D" sprint several girls chasing one lone girl down the track, you'll know now that the whizz out in front was Sylvia Kobrinsky.

Not to be forgotten in our list of personalities is Vera Kare, the very merry editor of "XI-H School Daze" and who is identified by a giggle and a flash of red hair.

As you look around the room with us now you'll agree that we're even better than we said we were in the first place.



FRONT ROW—Jane McGurk, Sarah Cohen, Ada Elwick, Mary Aikman, Muriel Mould (secretary), Miss McCord, Hazel Watters (president), Jean Ransom, Dorothy Cooper, Estelle Sodomsky.

SECOND ROW—Pamela Thomas, Pearl Margolis, Jean Mussell, Grace Bayne, Jean Sutherland, Surella Stall, Ceceli Kwaite, Ressa Romanovsky, Ellen Donaldson.

THIRD ROW—Betty-Jean Shand, Rita Shenkarow, Harriet Drewe, Norah Morrow, Bertha Sarner, Myrna Bermack, Edna Strand, Jean Pidstawka, Grace Trager, Phyllis Craig.

Missing—Erma Dickson (sports captain), Minnie Ratner, Thelma Goldstein, Vera Novak, Earlene Keel, Marjorie Quistberg, Edith Shannon, Florence Shest, Kathleen West.

XI-J

At this time, ladies and gentlemen, we would like to bring you a news broadcast from Room Twenty-six of St. John's High School.

Our broadcast is a summary of the year's activities, and is one of happiness and accomplishment. Under the leadership of Miss McCord, assisted by President Hazel Watters and Secretary Muriel Mould, our stock of knowledge soared to new heights, undisturbed by any crisis.

Under the able direction of our sports captain, Erma Dickson, we captured the inter-class field day, and with pride we hung our shield on the wall of Room Twenty-six. Volleyball? Well, we helped the other team to win. Basketball?—We placed a pretty close third, bowing down to XI-L and XI-F. Some of the XI-J girls' pocket-books were enlarged recently by prize money received for their first class bowling.

Did you notice who was the accompanist at the annual opera this year?—Why Ada

Elwick, of course. Who took the leading role of Josephine?—Why Betty-Jean Shand, of course. Ellen Donaldson, also of this modest room, played Hebe. Five members of the opera chorus tripped from within the walls of "26."

We will leave you now to await with pleasure, of course, the good old June exams.

"FLASHES" FROM XI-J

It is reported—with official confirmation—that a deciding factor in the winning of the girls' inter-room field day was the tireless effort and excellent organization of Erma Dickson.

A report reaches us that Betty-Jean has been spotted by a talent scout. Simultaneously comes news from Hollywood that Deanna Durbin has begun to worry.



FRONT ROW—Freda Fradkin, Muriel Stevenson, Margaret Prosikow, Doreen Shaw (councillor), Joyce McKimm.

SECOND ROW—Dorothy Reeves, Isabel Gouldin, Mary Castling, Bea Shipman (president), Mr. Jones, Margaret McKee (secretary), Margaret Shidow, Mary Borodkin.

THIRD ROW—Ruth Beiber, Mary Shidloski, Ethel Nasberg, Eva Isenberg, Peggy Duberley, Shirley Deering, Ruth Ziriowsky, Jessie Yacabosky, Esther Priestal.

FOURTH ROW—Pauline Tarnova, Mary Demels, Eleanor Kelsh, Phyllis Ullman, Rose Karlow, Teenie Plett, Florence Smith, Olive Forbes, Beulah Cann, Gertrude Finkleman, Doris Williams.

XI-K

In the Arts Branch of the St. John's Campus we find Eleven K. The president of our room is musical Bea Shipman, a member of the school orchestra. Our competent secretary, Margaret McKee, must be gratefully thanked for fulfilling the duties of her office. Blonde Margaret Sheidow, very athletic herself, has helped to develop the sport interest in this room very much. The Class Council members changed every month and so they are too numerous to name. Although we are in the Art room there are no real artists among us, but with Mr. Jones' assistance we did pretty well. Mary Shidloski, our musical prima donna, had the part of Josephine in "H.M.S. Pinafore" and did very well. The room was well represented in the chorus by Betty Kabe, Bea Shipman, Isabel Goldin, Teenie Plett, and Mary Borodkin. Doreen Shaw placed first in the dash at the High School Field Day, but due to a bad start did not place in the Inter-High Field Day. Eleanor Kelch, in the "C"

class high jump, placed third in High School Field Day and tied for third in Inter-High. Margaret Sheidow, Mary Castling, Ruth Bieber did their very best in the shuttles. Two of our girls—Mary Casling and Joyce McKimm—helped greatly to win first in the girls' unlimited skating class. A rare sight in the Commercial room is to be found in XI-K, where three girls rack their brains over French verbs. Cooking and sewing is where our girls really shine, meaning that we make food fit for the King and clothes fit for the Queen. Rose Corlo never fails to come into the room last, but then of course there are many of us who have to rush to get there on time. Our talkative girls are many, so I will not attempt to name them. On behalf of our girls I wish to extend our appreciation to all the teachers, especially Miss Avery and Miss Owens, for their assistance in teaching us the essential points of stenography. We close the door on this not too quiet room.



BOTTOM ROW—Lenore Hugut, Marian Malby, Jean Lawrie, Laura Lawry.

SECOND ROW—Mary Pankiew, Mary Bodrug, Thelma Paul, Jean Martin, Margaret Paterson, Audrey Brewer, Irene Main, Helen Walker.

THIRD ROW—Margaret Clark, Teenie Gosnoko, Norma Moodie, Doreen Metson, Phyllis Metson, Miss Robson, Helen Karhusz, Alice Rudnisky, Kay Piseski.

FOURTH ROW—Adella Rolski, Jeanne Saskow, Marguerite Pitton, Ethel Anderson, Irene Kerr, Joyce Smith, Phyllis Hiskling, Dorothy McAuliffe, Mary Lenz, Gladys Papineau.

Missing—Pat Thompson, Eleanor Walker, Betty Watt.

XI-L

CLASS COUNCIL

President—Margaret Paterson
Secretary—Irene Main

Vice-President—Audrey Brewer
Sports Captain—Jean Martin

Get on your mark, get set, go . . . we started at the X.L. starting point—ran one year round '38-'39 and finished the last lap 1939-40 at XI.L., room 22. Yes, that's us—room 22, XI.L., the girls who have enjoyed our years at St. John's in such fine style. We greatly enjoyed having as our teacher Miss Robson, who kindly helped and guided us over our difficulties.

The students chose as their class council the following: President, Margaret Paterson, who was also our president in grade X and successfully fulfilled this position once more; vice-president, Audrey Brewer, who did her share at contributing and selling tickets for school activities; secretary, Irene Main, who has kept our room minute book up to perfection; sports captain, Jean Martin, who handled the class sports in the sport fashion. These girls, with the help of Miss Robson and the rest of the class, co-operated in making our class A-1.

Our years at St. John's have been filled with excitement in every way. Our class was well represented in the school activities. Irene Kerr, who very successfully portrayed the character of Josephine in the school operetta, "H.M.S. Pinafore," upheld her vocal talents by also taking part in the school ensemble which took first place. The setting of this operetta was complete with the girls who took part in the chorus: Lenore Huguet, Jean Lawrie, Betty Watt, Helen Walker, Margaret

Clarke, Marguerite Pitton, and Gladys Papineau. When it comes to swinging a song, Jeanne Laskaw takes a bow. We were proud to be one of the classes who sold the most tickets for this operetta and thus as a result we saw the dress rehearsal.

In sports we do excel. We have enjoyed the bowling games that commenced every Saturday morning and we have some good bowlers in our class. Congratulations were sent to the girls of our class who took part in winning the basketball shield. The team consisted of Jean Martin, Thelma Paul, Jean Lawrie, Helen and Eleanor Walker. We did not win the baseball title as we did in grade X, but were the runners up and put up a strong fight. Our "room sport star" was Eleanor Walker, who won first place in Class C in the ball-throw and high-jump. Nice work, Eleanor! Ethel, our sprinter, took part in the inter-school field day and gave us a fine display.

In sewing and cooking we made the grade finer than we expected. Two graduation dresses were made in our class; the other dresses were street-length party or afternoon. All being very pretty though. No ill effects were secured through our cooking, which makes us "grade A" in the domestic way.

We enjoyed taking over the "noon-duty." We hope that the classes coming up enjoy this
(Continued on Page 94)



BACK ROW—Dorothy McKay, Flora McNicol, Beryl Watkins, Edna Collins, Jean Elzyn, Bernice Selby, Dorothy Eger, Josephine Cousins, Joan Gray, Elsie Mudry, Aileen Zipp, Velma Stople.

SECOND ROW—Helen Andrychuk, Barbara Baker, Eleanor Orink, Louise Zimmerman, Margaret Spencer, Audrey Wood, Beryle Moore, Julia Mayer, Ruth Harris, Joan Chester, Violet Taylor.

FIRST ROW—Kathleen Hunter, Fay Cross, Nellie Robb, Aida Duncan (pres.), Miss Avery (teacher), Ruth Douglas (secretary), Margaret Robb (sports captain), Joyce Blair, Ella Lockhart, Kathleen Guile.

Missing—Irene Gillespie.

XI-M

You're not leaving XI-M out of the Torch, are you? No, indeed, and here are some reasons why you must not:

Under the guidance of our able presidents, Joyce Blair and Aida Duncan, we have tried to add something to the school, but, oh well—

We can boast that we have the Torch secretary in our room, no one else but Fay Cross, and even if it does mean missing a few periods it has been worth it, hasn't it?

Going 'way, 'way back methinks there were some faithful attendants of the rugby games from this room. In fact, they yelled so loud and hard that they utterly ruined their voices for the opera.

In spite of this we had a few lassies whose talents ran to operatic squawks, namely Ella Lockhart, Aileen Zipp, Louise Zimmerman and Nellie Robb. Dear me, don't tell me I've neglected to mention that auburn-haired gal Irene Gillespie, who plastered make-up on for this affair and also the play, as that would never do.

Two sports captains, and good ones, too, have been our lot during the year. Audrey Wood and Margaret Robb are really good sports all round. Audrey made the school basketball team and Margie plays baseball,

basketball, runs and jumps and dear knows what all, and what is more she does it well.

And we have one girl who goes in for fencing, debating, badminton, basketball, running, the Camera Club and make-up classes. My, what a busy woman! Page Ruth Harris!

School parties and dances have been well attended by our class, and I think a few girls still carry bruises from the school tramps. Perhaps that is why a few girls stayed home with Red Cross knitting for a while, or did they really consider it their duty? As well as attending the school shindigs we have had some of our own, including weenie roasts, roller-skating, tobogganing and, just recently, what about the girls who pedalled furiously out to Lockport and, on account of the strong south wind, had to walk all the way home? Tut! Tut!

The Field Day entries for this room included one for the ball throw, one hurdle team, a shuttle team and one high-jumper. What happened to the rest of the jumpers, I wonder.

Of course, this only touches lightly on our year's activities, but we can't fill the whole Torch with XI-M's doings even if we'd like to. We want to send along the best wishes of the whole class to the XI-M's of next year and wish them the best of luck in all their enterprises.



BACK ROW—Vera Balicky, Leona Melnyk, Beatrice Petrovick, Olga Glover, Gloria Fochuk, Anne Diamond, Alexandra Kraychuk, Mary Kowalchuk, Minnie Diachun.

FRONT ROW—Mary Duchnicki, Elizabeth Wlasiuk, Stella Pretula (secretary), Margaret Green (president), R: Kernaghan, Mary Zemliduk, Olga Turkviech, Pauline Krawchuk (sports captain).

XI-R

Time: 9:01.

Just after the second bell rings, Leona Melnyk rushes in—alas! one minute late. She is greeted by a giggle from Minnie Diachan.

“Giggle, giggle, giggle.”

Leona, in a complete nervous state, flops exhausted into her seat.

The class, reluctantly leaving their favorite teacher, Miss Kernaghan, slowly shuffle to the History class. Your roving playwright catches several of the class in characteristic moods. We catch Pauline Krawchuk, our genial sports captain, in a melancholy mood, as she bemoans the fact that on such a beautiful day she must attend a History class. Margaret Green, in accordance with her duties as class president, vainly attempts to console Pauline in her grief. In our further wanderings we come across Gloria Fochuk,

absently reciting her lines as Prunella. Vera Balicki and Alexandra Kraychuk go into a huddle over last night's events.

The scene shifts to the hall:

Little Mary Diechnicki succeeds in threading her way through the ranks of the tall girls in a vain search for the attendance slip. Vain, because Stella Prytula, our competent secretary, is well on her way to the History class—with the attendance slip.

A number of the girls are grouped about Elizabeth Walasiuk, who is explaining her long absence from school. Mary Zimliduk, the round bundle of laughter, links arms with Elizabeth and drags unwilling feet towards the History class. Quite Mary's opposite is Mary Kowalchuk, who rushes pell-mell down the hall to the History class; clutched in her hand are the ever-present late slips.

Thus time goes in the XI-R class.



FRONT ROW—Albert Harrop, Tom Forzley, Mr. Hutchinson, Paul Handkamer (council), Peter Iwanko.

SECOND ROW—Milton Bermack (council), Pierre Escaravage, Edward Tysowsky (secretary), Bill Spekula, Lavey Paul, Frank Kafun.

BACK ROW—Stanley Ther, Walter Worby, Richard Herring, Charlie Blair (council), Richard Purdy, Nick Bacala (sports captain), Roy Marks.

Missing—Benet Hardesty (vice-president), Jim Baker (president), F. Harrop, Gerald Sedo, Bill Dusko, Joe Fabbri, Garry Flock, Jack Sneesby, Ernie Ahoff.

XI-Q

The home of 11-Q is the bottom floor of the school. We are the Machine Shop boys. Our able friend and teacher is Mr. H. Hutchinson. Our room council changed quite a few times and our first room president was Tom Forzley. Incidentally, Thomas was a member of the school council and a valuable member of the school junior basketball team. Ernie Ahoff succeeded Tom as president and could be seen outside of school with his pipe after school hours. He is also a member of the navy. Finally, Jim Baker took charge to the end of the term. He ran the mile in the field day and made a creditable showing. The secretary, Eddy Tysowski, managed to survive in this office for the whole term. He is the cheerful, hard-working student of the room. The sports captain was none other than Nick Balaca, who was a shot-putter on the track team. A serious fellow Nick. His bosom pal is Ray Marks, lanky six-footer of the room. Charles Blair, the dusky bruiser of the rugby team, added dignity to the room although he spent more time out of the room than he did in it. Alert Albert Harrop was another contribution to the room. He was the trainer of the St. John's rugby team, and what a trainer! Then comes Ben "Soup" Hardesty, another star of the rugby team. He really worked on the team and in the

winter in his spare time he was a hockey referee. Little Paul Hankeimer or "Snooks" is the imp of the room. Peter Iwanko is the man who really appreciates the machines as he is always seen standing beside one. A little fellow with plenty of brains is Milton Bermack, who is the speed-ball of the room. Pierre Escaravage is a real Frenchman and took care of the late room most of the year, and always left the late room at ten past four. Bill Specula is the real Romeo of the room and has a very nice lady friend, or perhaps friends would be more appropriate. Lavey Paul is a newsboy in his working time and a good machinist all the time. Franke Kafun is a friendly chap and works when he can; he is also an electrical genius. Stan Ther is also an electrical genius and he specializes in crystal sets. Walter Worby is the jitterbug of the room and the direct opposite to him is Richard Herring, who would rather study his lessons or play around at home with the neighbors' little mongrel pup. Richard is another machine worker and he really enjoys this type of work. Jim Frankil, Gerald Sedo, Gary Flock were very impressive. 11-Q had more social activities than most other rooms and its parties at the Royal Dukes will always be remembered. They also contributed to the sports and school activities as a real room.



FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1940

WINNIPEG TRIBUNE

MONDAY, MAY 27, 1940

St. John's Listed Second

The most fantastic finish in the history of local scholastic track and field competition left possession of the Winnipeg Public School Board shield and senior high school boys' championship in doubt today as officials planned a probe of technicalities that cropped up in Thursday's championships.

A crowd of 5,000 left Wesley Stadium believing Kelvin the winner, but a discovery of varying rulings on ties for second and third places in certain field events forced Robert Jarman, director of physical education, to call a meeting with G. S. Halter, official referee, and Wray Youmans of the Manitoba branch, Amateur Athletic Union of Canada, Saturday, when the case will be discussed.

The situation occurred following the intermediate shot put in which Ken Crowley, D.M.C.I., and W. Olenick, St. John's Tech, were ordered to take an extra try to decide second place. In other ties the points for second and third place had been split.

The aggregate standing left Kelvin leading with 64½ points and St. John's second with 64. Daniel McIntyre Collegiate had 37; Gordon Bell 26½; Isaac Newton 12; Cecil Rhodes 10, and Lord Selkirk 2.

While Kelvin must wait to see if official rulings change the boys' point standing, the Cherry and Grey legions had the satisfaction of retaining the . . .

Kelvin Listed Second

Revision of aggregate point standings in the boys' section of the senior high school field day has given the championship to St. John's Tech. Announcement that the Tiger athletes had replaced Kelvin at the head of the aggregate list followed a probe by Robert Jarman, director of physical education, Wray Youmans and G. S. Halter, official referee, into varying rulings on deadlocks for second place in certain events, today.

The revised standing:

St. John, 65½; Kelvin, 65; Daniel McIntyre Collegiate, 35; Gordon Bell, 26½; Isaac Newton, 12; Cecil Rhodes, 10; Lord Selkirk, 12.

Kelvin previously had led the standing with 64½ points, one-half point ahead of St. John's.

Changes in results gave W. Olenik, St. John's, second place in the intermediate shot put and K. Crowley, Daniel McIntyre, third place instead of second. The change was made on basis of the second best performance. In the field day they had been given an extra trial, which was contrary to official rules.

Kelvin lost another half-point in the intermediate hop, step and jump where Jim McGuinness had been given a share in a second place with Ken McKenzie, Gordon Bell. On basis of having the second best effort, McKenzie was awarded second place and McGuinness third. Kelvin gained a point, however, in the . . .

1
2



BACK ROW—Stan Bobowski, Sam Freedman, Vic Dotten (mgr.), Cecil Baker, Charlie Blair, trainer.
 FRONT ROW—John Putter, Steve Zoppa, George Bevan, Rube Simkin, Paul Kawal, Mike Spach (captain).
 Missing—Bill McKechnie.

St. John's Wins Senior Basketball Title

The old axiom "He who gets in the first punch is a sure winner" does not hold good as far as the St. John's Senior basketeers are concerned.

The squad lost its first game to Isaac Newton, but from there on they were winners every time. Sparking the climb were Spack, Putter and Simkin. In the final, St. John's (minus John Putter) met Isaac Newton in what turned out to be the finest game of the

year. In the absence of Coach Dale, John Putter took over the mentor's post and made a success of it.

When the last ball had come through the hoop the Tigers marched off the floor victors by a five-point margin, the final score being 30-25.

The team was coached by Dale, who was assisted by Spack and Putter and managed by Mr. V. Dotten.

THUMBNAIL SKETCHES

Mike Spack (Captain)—High scorer for this season or any other season; in his spare time Mike played for Isaac Newton Grads in the Y.M.C.A. Senior League.

John Putter—Second contribution of the company of Spack and Putter to St. John's champion hoopsters. It is beyond everyone how such a stout-hearted fellow could have a weak heart. When John was forced to leave the squad his absence was keenly felt.

Ruben Simpkin — One of the steadiest guards in the league—deadly around the basket.

Bill McKechnie—May look lazy in the main but has speed to burn on the basketball floor.

Paul Kowal—One of the leading scorers of the team; has another year of high school basketball.

George Bevan—Second year as centre on the Senior team; is reliable as can be; look for him in a scramble!

Cecil Baker—Out of the line-up most of the season due to injuries; a fast-cutting forward with an accurate shot.

Stan Bobowski — Good playmaker and a dangerous man to let loose.

Steve Zoppa—Noted for the way he sinks baskets from impossible angles.

ACCENT ON SPEED

In what was the most thrilling game of the year, Captain Mike Salewich, of XI-D, led his team to victory over X-C, the winners of the Junior Division of St. John's Inter-Class Hockey League. For dazzling, speedy hockey the "sudden-death" playoff game eclipsed any other witnessed this season. Play was rough, but cleanly rough, with only seven penalties being handed out, and the score ended at 4 to 3.

The stonewall blocking of the goalies in the opening period was punctured by English on a pass from Salewich, but in the second period both goalies were forced to concede a goal apiece, Hickey getting the Senior's and Hancharyk bagging the Junior's.

In the third and last period Hickey brought the score up to 3-1 when he grabbed a rink-wide pass from Salewich and split the Juniors' defence and outguessed McClusky on a low, hard shot. Retaliating, Ernie Hancharyk again took over the limelight when he drew Hourd out of his net and sank a backhand shot, reducing XI-D's lead to 3-2.

The hard-working string of Capp, Slessor and Cherry ganged the Juniors' net continually and were rewarded for their effort when Slessor, accepting a pass from Cherry via Capp, ranged the right upper corner, offering little chance to McClusky.

With five minutes left to play, the Juniors' first string—Bobowski, Cleghorn and Laubenstein—swept through the XI-D team, and on a brilliantly set-up play whipped the puck back and forth and finally scored on behalf

was fast and smart hockey as a result. The Juniors started a sifting offensive at the close of Laubenstein. The following minutes of the game were scoreless but by far the best. With concentrated attacks by both teams, it of the last period, an offensive which had no equal previous in the game, but the Seniors were right at home and there was "no sale" for X-C. All but their goalie were up the ice, and they only returned to break up attempted attacks of the Junior forwards.

Wolfe and Kolomic, Bulk Nos. 1 and 2, each played a 60-minute game on defence for XI-D.

The bell ended the game and all hockey this season for St. John's. The schedule, drawn up by Mr. J. E. Ridd, was carried through without any hitches. There were eight teams in the Grade X division, XI-D having a second team in it, which finished X-C and X-S in first and second places, respectively; and five teams in the Grade XI division, XI-D taking first place with XI-E five points behind, taking second.

Line-ups of winning teams:

XI-D—	X-C—
Hourd.....	GoalMcClusky
Wolfe.....	DefenceHancharyk
Kolomic.....	DefenceNunn
Hickey.....	ForwardsSalewich, A.
English.....	ForwardsBobowski
Salewich, M.....	ForwardsCleghorn
Capp.....	ForwardsKowal
Cherry.....	ForwardsColyer
Boskovitch.....	ForwardsHatton

INTER-ROOM SOCCER

After an absence of one year from the school's athletic curriculum, inter-room soccer came back with a bang, X-A winning the championship. In the final game X-A won an unexpected victory over the highly favored XII-A footballers. On their way to the final X-A overcame such sturdy opposition as X-B, X-C, while XII-A provided a stunning upset by defeating XI-B in one semi-final game.

XII-A entered the finals as overwhelming favorites but as soon as the game began, any hope of an easy win was soon dispelled. Led by the accurate toe of Oscar Nerman, the X-A team quickly found the range and began bombarding Goalie Walter Rempel with a barrage of shots. During the first half, with the strong wind against them, the XII-A team managed to hold their opponents to one goal, a lovely drive by Oscar Nerman. At half time, while the teams were changing ends, certain XII-A players were heard to mutter dire threats about what would happen if "those pesky juniors came near again!" Now XII-A had the wind with them and they began a determined assault on X-A's citadel,

but the attack fell back on the first line of defence, a certain Mr. Nemerovsky. Shot after shot rained on the goal but none got past the goalie. Toward the end of the game X-A broke away and George Gershman scored a goal that was disputed loud and long. Soon afterward the game ended with X-A on the long end of a 2-0 score. For XII-A Schecter, Rempel and Bevan were outstanding, while for the winners Nerman, Gershman and Burke were the players largely responsible for their team's win.

The game was well handled by a certain dusky gent whose initials are Charles Blair. In fact, he refereed such a good game that Chas. was nearly run out of town when the game ended and the teachers had gone. The line-ups:

XII-A—Rempel, Durnin, Symboluk, Srynnyk, Schecter, Brownstone, McConkey, Warhaft, Bevan, Metcalf, Simpkin.

X-A — Nemerovsky, Kanterovich, Wittenburg, Gladstone, Nerman, Slusky, Mutchnick, Wener, Burke, Gershman, Milchen.

TRACK TEAM



FIRST ROW—Izzy Swartzman, Isadore Solomon, Irving Nisenholt, James Chapman, Eddie Moscovitch, Izzy Shuster, Alan Katz, Lyall Powers, Alfred Mutchniko, B. Braunstein, David Holloway, Abe Swartz, and Paul Kawal.

SECOND ROW—Alan Woodfield, H. Hofer, Len Greenberg, Abie Collerman, Leon Tessler, Willie Wiseman, Sid Baker, Wiseman, P. Glass, Isaac Chamish, George Ostrey, and Mike Spack.

THIRD ROW—Isodore Rothstein, Bob Shannon, J. Cohen, Herb Ringrose, George Gershman, Luis Osipov, Alvin Shinoff, Ernie Hancharyk, Artie Pitzek, Doug. Baxter, Oscar Nermen, Meyer Brownstone and Donald Bliss.

FOURTH ROW—Mr. V. Dotten (coach), Perry Lexier, Eddie Kling, Harry Smith, Harry Dvore, Harry Kosidoy, Murray Milchin, Jack Harris, Reuben Simkin (captain), Sam Kanterovitch, Steve Zoppa, Ole Anderson, Rankin Hicks, Wilbert Lees, Brian Burke, Harry Winrob, Ed. Harlow and Charlie Blair (trainer).

INTER-ROOM FIELD DAY

BOYS' EVENTS

Event	Primary	Junior	Intermediate	Senior
100 Yards	1. Katz (11E) 2. Coodin (11E) 3. Daien (10Q)	1. Osipov (11A) 2. Powers (10B) 3. Collerman (10D)	1. Holloway (11C) 2. Brownstone (12A) 3. Nerman (10A)	1. Simkin (12A) 2. Yan (12A) 3. Bevan (12B)
220 Yards	1. Katz (11E) 2. Baker (11A) 3. -----	1. Collerman (10D) 2. Osipov (11A) 3. Chapman (11E)	1. Holloway (11C) 2. Lexier (10P) 3. Brownstone (12A)	1. Simkin (12A) 2. Winrob (11A) 3. Yan (12A)
Half Mile	1. Daien (10Q) 2. Brownstein (10D) 3. Schwartz (10B)	1. Spack (12B) 2. Mutchnik (10A) 3. Powers (10B)	1. Lexier (10P) 2. Woodfield (10D) 3. Brownstone (12A)	1. Harlow (12A) 2. Pitzek (11A) 3. Bevan (12B)
Shot Put	1. Ostry (11B) 2. Brownstein (10D) 3. Schwartz (10B)	1. Spack (12B) 2. Warhaft (12A) 3. Shinoff (10B)	1. Kowal (10C) 2. Putter (12B) 3. Nerman (10A)	1. Dvore (11B) 2. Bacala (11C) 3. Vaughan (10S)
Hop, Step & Jump	1. Hoffer (10C) 2. Shell (10A) 3. Glass (10D)	1. Spack (12B) 2. Collerman (10D) 3. Warhaft (12A)	1. Lexier (10Q) 2. Clark (10E) 3. Brownstone (12A)	1. Kanterovich (10A) 2. Kosidoy (11A) 3. Zoppa (11E)
Run. High Jump	1. Hoffer (10C) 2. Katz (11E) 3. Zamick (10E)	1. Spack (12B) 2. Greenberg (11A) 3. Powers (10B)	1. Woodfield (10D) 2. Walker (11D) 3. Kowal (10C)	1. Harris (11E) 2. Bevan (12B) 3. Vaughan (10S)
Run. Broad Jump	1. Daien (10Q) 2. Baker (11A) 3. Glass (10D)	1. Collerman (10D) 2. Spack (12B) 3. Mutchnik (10A)	1. Lexier (10P) 2. Milchin (10A) 3. Burke (10A)	1. Bevan (12B) Kosidoy (11A) 3. Zoppa (11E)
Shuttles	Grades XI and XII Grade X	1. XII-A 1. X-A	2. XI-B 2. X-D	3. XI-A 3. X-B

GIRLS' EVENTS

Event	"A"	"B"	"C"	"D"
75 Yards Dash	1. Doreen Shaw (24) 2. R. Sector (39) 3. Ann Cleland (34)	1. Isobel Vince (17) 2. M. Manos (21) 3. H. Drewe (26)	1. Ivy Owen (12) 2. H. Daniuck (12) 3. Irene Meder (28)	1. S. Kobrinsky (39) 2. E. Schoor (25) 3. M. Sheidow (12)
High Jump	1. Joyce Stavelly (37) 2. P. Krawchuk (11) 3. E. Shannon (26)	1. Isobel Vince (17) 2. H. Drewe (26) 3. Joyce Carter (25)	1. Eleanor Walker (22) 2. Ilene Meder (28) 2. Kelsch (24)	1. Alice Connon (23) 2. Phyllis Arnold (23) 3. Esther Siefred (32)
Ball Throw	1. P. Krawchuk (11) 2. E. Krawchuk (12) 3. W. Sulkers (37)	1. Joyce Carter (25) 2. M. Manos (21) 3. Vince (17)	1. E. Walker (22) 2. N. Daniuk (12) 3. Groch (25)	1. T. Goldstein (26) 2. V. Kare (39) 3. Schoor (25)
Hurdles	1. XII	2. XI-M	3. 1X-H	
Shuttles	1. XI-J	2. XI-H	3. XI-J	

Boys' Individual Champs

Primary	Katz
Junior	Spack
Intermediate	Lexier
Senior	Bevan

Room Champs

1st	XI-E
2nd	XI-A
3rd	XI-D

Girls' Individual Champs

"A"	Pauline Krawchuk
"B"	Isobel Vince
"C"	Eleanor Walker
"D"	Sylvia Kobrinsky

Mile	Intermediate: 1. Lexier (10P) 2. Baker (11Q)
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Senior: 1. Baxter (11D) 2. Pitzek (11A) 3. Kosidoy (11A)
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Alice Connon
Thelma Goldstein
E. Schoor

RUGBY TEAM



FRONT ROW—Dan Kundydyck, Arnold Klegh, John T. Podwysocki, John Kolomic, Brownie Krochak, Bill Mowatt, Michael J. Spack (Capt.), Tony Wolfe, Perry Lexier, Montague Guberman, Isadore Rothstein, Benett Hardesty, Albert Harrop.

SECOND ROW—Isador Ruvinsky, Meyer Brownstone, Harold Moglove, Harry Winrob, Bill McKechnie, Brian Burke, Paul Hooper, Adam Chewanski, Ernie Ahoff.

THIRD ROW—Mr. Newfield, Mr. Hutchinson, Eddie Fenske, George Haverstock, Alan Passman, Charlie Blair, Wayne Sheley (Coach), Mr. Reeve, Les Lear (Coach), Paul Kolomic, Andy Wolfe, Doug. Baxter, Sid Slonin, Rankin Hicks, Mr. Burows, Mr. J. E. Ridd.

RUGBY

By BILL MOWAT

In the quest for Inter-high rugby honors this year, the St. John's team did not meet with much success.

It seemed that nothing could go right for the Tiger squad this season. They earned the reputation of being the most unpredictable team in the league. One game they could do nothing wrong and the next game they could do nothing right.

The season opened with a victory for St. John's over Daniel McIntyre by a score of 7-0. This game, however, had to be cancelled and was later replayed with the outcome rather different.

Then came one of the team's "bad" nights in which St. John's was badly outclassed by a much heavier Isaac Newton club. This wasn't the worst news, however, for it was afterwards found that George Hooper, one of the team's ace backfielders, was no longer eligible to play. Therefore St. John's victory over Daniel McIntyre had to be replayed. Then, as if that weren't enough, it was found that Ernie Ahoff, one of St. John's first string linemen, had broken his arm and would be out for the rest of the season.

In the third game St. John's defeated Kelvin 13-0, but again the injury problem invaded the Tiger's camp. Eddie Specula, brilliant Tech. end, was lost to the team for the rest of the season due to a broken leg, and Johnny Kolomic was forced to the sidelines for a few games after sustaining a severe blow on the head.

The next game turned out to be a real heart-breaker for St. John's. The league-leading Gordon Bell Panthers were out to win their fifth straight game, but St. John's, with only one defeat behind them, were just as determined to down the Gee Bees. Shortly after the opening kickoff Gordon Bell scored. For three quarters St. John's battled against the heavy Panther line and finally slender Brian Burke, St. John's ace backfielder, terminated a field long push by going through off-tackle to score. This made the score 7-7, for both touchdowns had been converted and two previous scores had been made on kicks to the deadline. Again St. John's pressed hard and almost pulled the game through with a last-minute attempt at kicking to the deadline, which went too far.

The Tiger's first game in the second half of the league schedule will probably go down in history. St. John's absorbed a 38-1 drubbing at the hands of a renovated Daniel McIntyre squad which had hitherto been known in high school grid circles as the "winless wonders." The touchdowns, field goals, and points after touchdown were really too numerous to relate here. On the first play of the game McIntyre's powerhouse halfback, Alex.

Corbett, ran 72 yards for a touchdown. It was converted. Then the Maroons scored a field goal. By the time the first half ended, the score was 21-1. None of the St. John's players remember much of what happened after that. The real climax of the game, in my opinion, came when, during the last quarter, one of the Daniel McIntyre backs (a third stringer I believe he was, and a slow one at that) had the ball snapped to him, dropped it, then picked it up and ran about 60 yards, straight through the Tiger line, to score a touchdown.

In practice a few days later more bad news cropped up. Doug Baxter and Perry Lexier bumped into each other. Both were removed to the hospital, Baxter to get five stitches in his forehead and Perry was examined for a possible concussion. The loss of Lexier was a great blow for he was sorely needed as a replacement for St. John's two tailback men, Brian Burke and Mike Spack.

The second Kelvin-St. John's meeting was a real thriller. St. John's led 11-0 at the end of the first half and looked good enough to double this score. Early in the third quarter Kelvin scored two touchdowns and converted both to make the score 12-11 for the Katies. However, St. John's, led by Spack and Krochak, advanced to the one-yard line where Kelvin took the ball on downs and attempted to kick out of danger. The ball came out to the thirty, but a penalty for "no yards" put the ball on the twenty-yard line in a good scoring position. This time no mistake was made and finally Spack drove over on last down from the two-yard line.

In the next game the Tigers really got their own back at the Isaac Newton squad which had so badly outclassed St. John's earlier in the season. The final score was 13-6, and it was one of the easiest games played by St. John's all season. Injury to Joe Mazik, of the Isaac Newton team, early in the game served to cripple the Nor'-Wester attack severely.

St. John's followed this up with another victory, this time over Gordon Bell, who needed only a win or a draw to win the city championship. The final score was 10-6. Again as in the first meeting, the Gee Bees had the advantage of a very early score before the Tigers could get organized. But St. John's fought back and their efforts were finally rewarded when Brian Burke crossed the Panther line to score. It was converted. This made the score 6-6. Shortly afterwards, St. John's scored on a field goal and a kick to the deadline by Bill Mowat. The game was featured by two great goal line stands in the dying minutes of the game when the Gee Bees twice had less than five yards to make and three downs to make it, but were thrown back both times. St. John's took the ball on downs both times and kicked out of danger. The game ended at mid field with the Panthers

INTER-HIGH SOCCER

SENIOR

frantically pitching passes, all of which were knocked down.

In the final game of the "39" season, the Tigers lost to Daniel Mac in the replay of their first contest. The game was hard fought, but the Maroons were just a little bit too good. Final score was 29-11.

Standouts for St. John's throughout the season were Rankin Hicks, Paul Kolomic, Mike Spack, Bill Mowat, Brian Burke, Brownie Krochak and Perry Lexier.

A lot of credit for any success the team had was due to the coaches—Wayne Sheley and Les Lear, who put a great deal of time and effort into training the boys.

At the end of the season a banquet was held in the dining room of the T. Eaton Co. Players from all schools in the city league attended. Motion pictures of one of the Blue Bomber games were shown. The event was highlighted by a very interesting speech from Reg. Threlfall, coach of the Blue Bombers.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Although not as successful as their Senior brethren, the Junior Tigers nevertheless came quite close to gaining a berth in the league final. The league this year was composed of seven teams and of their six games the Tigers won four and lost two.

The team got off to a flying start with a smashing 27-5 win over the hapless Ravenscourt team. All indications pointed to another Junior championship for St. John's but alas! it could not be, for in their very next game St. John's dropped an exciting tilt to St. Paul's by a 32-31 score. This game was the best of the schedule with the lead changing hands several times, and the issue hung in doubt until the last whistle. Ahead at half-time, the Juniors became disorganized under the heavy pressure that St. Paul's exerted in the second half. Toward the end of the game St. Paul's scored what proved to be the winning basket. St. John's lost their next game, another close one, this time to Daniel Mac, and finished the season strongly with a string of three wins over Isaac Newton, Gordon Bell and Kelvin. The team ended the season in third place, just one rung out of the play-offs. Outstanding for the team during the season were Walker, Maday, Warhaft and Caithness. The team was coached by Spack and Putter, and managed by Mr. V. Dotten.

Line-up:

Guards—Walker, Warhaft, Anderson.

Forwards—Mazo, Maday, Caithness, Cherniak.

—G. BEVAN.

Handicapped by the loss of nearly all of last year's team due to graduation, the Seniors failed to carry on in the footsteps of their victorious predecessors. The team started the schedule like champions, winning their first two starts against Gordon Bell and Daniel Mac, and tying the next game against Kelvin. Then disaster in the form of four straight losses struck the team. With all chance of a championship gone, the team played the final game of the season against Kelvin and managed to hold them to a tie. This division of points enabled Isaac Newton to gain a tie for first place in the league standings. In the subsequent play-off Kelvin came out on top. During the course of the schedule some of the outstanding players were Levine, Radley, Ormerod and Colson.

The line-up:

Marshall, Holloway, McClusky, Hancharyk, Birdshall, Levine (Captain), Radley, Pauk, Ormerod, Colson, Harris. The team was coached by Mr. D. N. Ridd.

JUNIORS

As for the Juniors, they fared much better than the Seniors and entered the final game of the season undefeated. Needing but one point to win the championship, the team played its last game against its closest opponent, Cecil Rhodes. The game was played in an extremely high wind with Cecil Rhodes having the advantage of this wind in the first half. The boys from Weston managed to score a goal in the first half and left the field at half-time leading by a 1-0 score.

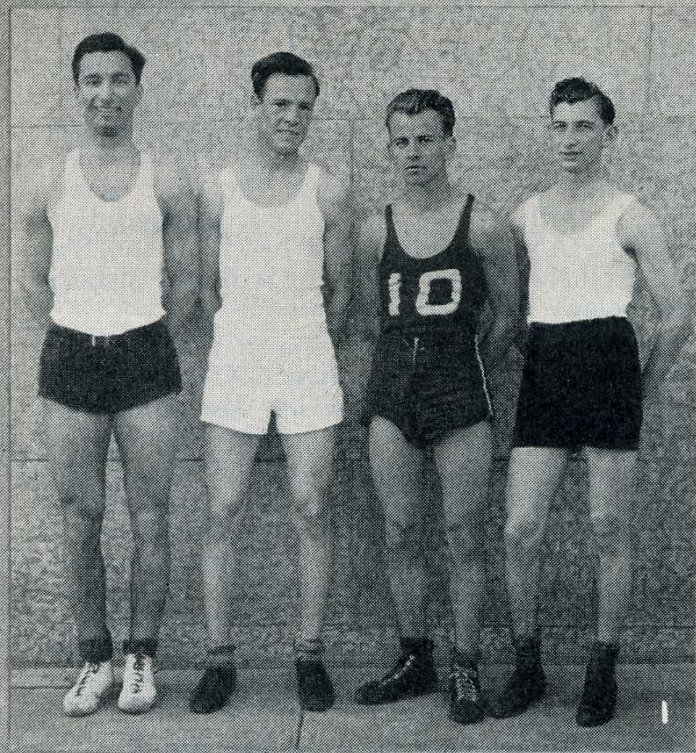
In the second half with the win in their favor the Tigers began a steady attack on the 'Cecil Rhodes' goal. It seemed certain that St. John's would tie it up and win the series, but somehow or other the tremendous pressure they exerted was unsuccessful and Cecil Rhodes emerged as league champions.

Nerman, Cleghorn and Dvore played leading roles in the team's success.

Line-up:

Katz, Watson, Nunn, Klein, Dvore, Lexier, Mutchnik, Cleghorn (Captain), Nerman, Short, Powers. The team was coached by Mr. Kahana.

—G. BEVAN.



1. Individual Field Day Winners—Bevan, Lexier, Spack, Katz.

2. Boys' Speed Skating Team.

3. "A" Soccer Team.

4. "B" Soccer Team.

5. Junior Basketball.

INTER-ROOM FIELD DAY

The gods must have smiled on St. John's on the day of the Inter-room Track Meet because the contestants were favored with excellent weather and a good track. This year St. John's returned to its original policy of having its track meet in the spring after trying fall track meets for two years. The meet was well conducted by the teaching staff of the school and the events were run off quickly yet efficiently. Competition was stiff and the meet was highlighted by several outstanding individual performances. Mike Spack's feat of winning four firsts and a second, and Perry Lexier's running of the Intermediate half mile and mile races will be remembered for a long time.

There were several close fights for individual honors in all divisions except Junior, which Spack of XII-B cleaned up 14 points to finish far out in the front of his nearest opponents. In the Primary division Allan Katz of XI-E captured first place with a total of 10 points, while in the Intermediate section Perry Lexier piled up a total of 11 points. Competition was keenest in the Senior class, where several athletes were closely grouped at the finish. Winner was George Bevan, who led his class for the second straight year. This marks the first time in the school's history that any boy has captured the individual championship two years running.

In the Senior shuttles, XII-A scored an easy victory, winning by 80 yards over XI-B and XI-A, who ran second and third, respectively. As for the Junior relay, X-A scored a similar win over X-D and X-B.

Room results were as follows:

First—XII-A—48 points.

Second—XI-A—23 points.

Third—X-D—22 points.

BOWLING CLUB

Several of the St. John's students decided upon bowling as an extra-curricular activity. Consequently they held a meeting to organize all those who were interested in the sport. These prospective "bowlers" next chose their executive in the person of:

President, Cam Sharman.

Vice-President, George Walker.

Secretary, Ken Brittan.

There were three representatives chosen from the girls, namely, Erma Dickson, Anna Cleland and Shirley Bromberg. The executive having been chosen, they arranged for bowling every Saturday morning from 9.00 to 12.00.

Saturday morning saw a group of sleepy people gathered at Central Bowling Alleys awaiting their turn to bowl. In the group there were a few excellent bowlers, some very good and some—oh well!

During the second school semester, the St. John's feminine bowlers proved their worth by defeating the Daniel McIntyre girls. An air of friendship and sportsmanship pervaded throughout the successful bowling season and it is with pleasure that we look forward to another year of this enjoyable sport.

INTER-ROOM BASKETBALL

The return of Grade XII to St. John's worked wonders on the Inter-Room Basketball League, changing what would otherwise have been a mediocre schedule into an exciting nip-and-tuck struggle for first place honors. Both Grade XII rooms reached the final, the A's by virtue of a bye, and the B's by dint of a win over a surprisingly strong X-C team.

The final game of the season was by far the best of the schedule, with XII-A finally coming out on top. Led by Metcalfe and Warhart, the A's built up a nine-point lead by half-time. At half-time Captain Mike Spack certainly worked wonders on the B's, because the team started the second half like a whirlwind and soon wiped out that big lead. For the remainder of the game there was never more than one point difference in the score. Toward the end, XII-A rallied and Warhaft scored the winning basket with but two minutes left to play. The close checking of XII-A team foiled a desperate last-minute attempt by XII-B (Spack) to tie up the game, and the final score was 26-25.

Some of the features of the game were Spack's brilliant feat of scoring 21 out of his team's 25 points, and the manner in which Putter was kept in check.

Line-ups and scoring summary:

XII-A — Baker. Bevan (2), Brownstone, Metcalfe (6), Simkin (4) Warhaft (8), Yan 6. Total—26.

XII-B—Dorfman (2), Levi, Kurdydyk, Putter (2), Spack 21. Total—25.

FENCING

In the month of October, a group of fellows in St. John's decided to organize a fencing club. They sent a delegation to Mr. J. C. Ridd and it was decided that there should be a meeting of all those interested. The meeting met with great success and our officers were at once chosen. Those elected were: President, George Walker; vice-president, Ken Brittan; secretary, Wilburt Hourd. Mr. Ridd was our honorary president, while Mr. Birley acted as coach. The name of the club was next to be decided upon. This offered no problem. The group unanimously chose "St. John's Fencing Club" as the name.

At the same meeting an order for supplies was made up. Foils, blades and other necessities of fencing were listed. This list was sent all over Winnipeg, but the order could not be filled due to the shortage of steel just after the declaration of war. Finally, the goods were obtained from New York.

As soon as the supplies were received the fundamentals of fencing were taught. Correct stance, correct gripping and proper thrusting and parrying were all taught by Mr. Birley.

After several months of practice the club organized a tournament. After all preliminary eliminations, Bob McLaughlin emerged victorious with the title of school champion.

INTER-HIGH FIELD DAY

For the first time in ten years St. John's boys won the Inter-High Track Meet which was held at Wesley Stadium on May 23rd. Well over 20 points behind Kelvin, who were in the lead, with the meet barely half over, Tech's chances certainly weren't very bright. Kelvin, following a custom set several years ago, again captured first place in all four shuttle races and on top of this gained twenty out of a possible twenty-four points in the sprints. This didn't leave St. John's with much hope for the title, but that do-or-die spirit of the boys triumphed in the end. The Tigers staged a whirlwind finish to just barely nose out the Cherry and Grey. In fact, the finish was so close that the final decision and the winner were not announced until four days after the meet had concluded.

Although no records were broken in the boys' events, it fell to the lot of a St. John's boy to be the only one who tied a record with Perry Lexier, equalling the time of 2 min. 10 sec. in the Intermediate half-mile. Mike Spack carried on from where he left off in the school field day, winning firsts in the Junior shot-put and half mile. Walter Rempel established a precedent by winning the Intermediate hop, step and jump for the third successive year. Walter also took second in the broad jump. Sydney Baker's efforts were well rewarded when he captured a first in the primary hop, step and jump, and a second in the broad jump. Dave Holloway succeeded in taking second place in both the Intermediate 100- and 220-yard dashes, an accomplishment equalled by no St. John's sprinter for quite a while.

WINNERS IN BOYS' EVENTS

100 Yards—	Points	High Jump—	
P. Katz	1	I. Greenberg	2
J. Osipov	1	I. Howie	2
I. Holloway	2	S. Harris	3
220 Yards—		Broad Jump—	
J. Osipov	1	P. Baker	2
I. Holloway	2	J. Collerman	2
Half Mile—		Mutchnik	3
P. Daien	1	I. Rempel	2
J. Spack	3	S. Bevan	1
I. Lexier	3	Hop, Step—	
S. Harlow	3	P. Baker	3
Mile—		J. Schwartz	2
I. Lexier	1	I. Rempel	3
S. Pitzek	2	S. Kosidoy	3
Shot-Put—		Kanterovich	2
P. Webber	3	Shuttles—	
J. Spack	3	Junior	1
I. Kowal	3	Intermediate	1
Olnick	1½	Senior	3

FINAL STANDING

St. John's	Points	Isaac Newton	Points
Kelvin	65½	Cecil Rhodes	12
Daniel McIntyre	65	Lord Selkirk	10
Gordon Bell	35½		2
	26½		

GIRLS' TRACK TEAM



FRONT ROW—Jean Ransome, Bernice Proudfoot, Irene Schoor, Elaine McKay, Nellie Daniuk, Ruth Popeski, Bertha Nelson, Viola Weisner, Margaret Sheidow, Phyllis Arnold, Audrey Walker, Alice Connor, Olga Besser, Pat Jackson, Pauline Cormack.

SECOND ROW—Sylvia Feldman, Sylvia Kobrinsky, Bella Roitman, Sonya Rodin, Isabel McRobb, Peggy Sutter, Margaret Robb, Rose Watt, Ruth Penner, Minnie Ratner, Bertha Sarner, Esther Seifred, Anne Bakalinsky, Lena Litsky, Rose Vuckets, Betty Hutter, Helen Walker, Ruth Knowles.

THIRD ROW—Ilene Meder, Gloria Gould, Mary Groch, Olga Bendyk, Mary Geist, Mary Castling, Doreen Shaw (captain), Ethel Anderson, Ivy Owen, Mary Jackson, Irene Sand, Harriet Drew, Phyllis Craig, Irma Dickson, Thelma Goldstein, Pauline Krawchuck, Emily Krakchuck.

FOURTH ROW—Jane McGurk, Lila Davidson, Edith Globerman, Barbara Baker, Mabel Weir, Betty Bernstein, Isabel Vince, Margaret Gerak, Sophie Stosiuk, Francis Weiss, Helen Galdzinska, Ilys Brannigan, Mary Aikman, Audrey Wood, Edith Shannon, Anna Cleland.

FIFTH ROW—Elsie Dressler, Beryl Watkins, Barbara Daley, Elaine Broadley, Mary Hilton, Ruth Beiber, Joyce Carter, Jean Kindzyrski, Winnie Sulkers, Connie Krajcarski, Gloria Maltchicoff, Joyce Staveley, Edith Ebbit, Hinda Fleishman, Rose Sarner, Marguerite Manos.

GIRLS' SPORT

ANNA CLELAND

You will find in this sports review not just an attempt to catalogue events, but a sincere effort to bring you a cavalcade of girls' sports, with events and personalities, so that, as you read, it may serve to recall memories of good sportsmanship, carefree camaraderie, and enjoyment of your high school days at St. John's.

We start the parade—the scent of a baseball diamond early in October, where, amid the screams of the crowd and excitement of battle, X-J with Audrey Walker pitching, and ably supported by her teammates, went down in a hard struggle before the tricky pitching of Eileen Schoor, supported by a strong outfield of such stalwarts as Bertha Nelson and Joyce Carter. This win gave X-H the right to meet XI-L, undisputed senior champions. To the dismay and righteous wrath of all senior supporters, X-H came through to down XI-L, battling their way to victory in spite of the steady hurling of Jean Martin. So hail the victors! These juniors carried away all the honors and took a fine hold on the School Baseball Championship. If hard play, steady batting and enthusiasm mean anything, they certainly carried that day.

X-H Players — Bertha Nelson (captain), Eileen Schoor, Joyce Carter, Elaine Davey, Mary Groch, Joyce Parker, Elsie Eremco, Margaret Platsko, Helen Matthams, Margaret Waslyk.

At this point I would like to mention the sports captains' meeting, at which Audrey Wood was elected School Captain.

Scene shifts—volley ball in the school gym. The "Games Club" was organized. Through the efforts of Miss Gauer, Miss Collisson and Miss Kernaghan, friendly games after school hours proved the popular support given the club by the girls. Girls selected for the Inter-High teams practiced in conjunction with the Games Club. The experience gained in these games made the Inter-Room schedule keenly competitive and worth while.

In the Junior Division of the Inter-Room volley ball schedule X-R and XI-R, X-H and X-J finished in a three-way tie for top honors, while Grade XII and I-G were tied in the Senior Division. In the final analysis X-R and XI-R, winners of the Juniors, showed their superiority over XI-G to win the School Championship. This latter game was a good one, but an early spurt kept the Juniors well in advance all the way to the final whistle. The final score was 29-24.

X-R and XI-R Players — Pauline Krawchuk (captain), Emelie Krawchuk, Nellie

Daniuk, Gloria Fochuk, Molly Melnyk, Mary Kawalchuk.

When both Senior and Junior teams can go through their schedules without a defeat, to capture city honors in volley ball, there is nothing more revealing of the calibre and efficiency of the girls and of their coaching. Faithful practice and keen enthusiasm marked their success.

Seniors — Pauline Krawchuk (captain), Eleanor Walker, Helen Walker, Kay Hyde, Constance Krajcarski, Ilene Meder, Audrey Buckwold, Ruth Douglas, Jessie Yakobowski, Jennie Kereluk, Isobel Goldin, Anna Cleland.

Juniors—Bertha Nelson (captain), Margaret Waslyk, Eileen Schoor, Joyce Carter, Emelie Krawchuk, Jean Bidoski, Audrey Walker, Nellie Daniuk, Lena Litsky, Isobel McRobb, Eileen McKay.

Basketball now occupies the spotlight and Miss Cumming put the squad through their paces. The Games Club continued the good work, and basketball, that looked something like basketball, finally emerged from the melee. Inter-room games were played and finally X-D ranked best among the Juniors. XI-L had a struggle to eliminate XI-F, the deciding game between the two was well on the way to becoming a private "series" all their own, before they were through punishing each other. In the final these Seniors were victorious

XI-L Players — Jean Martin (captain), Eleanor Walker, Helen Walker, Thelma Paul, Jean Lawrie, Lenore Huget.

In the Inter-High loop our Juniors finished second to Kelvin, who defeated them in a game played at Kelvin by the score of 12-10. This was their only defeat. The Seniors finished in a three-way tie for the cellar position, so perhaps the less said the easier explained. The Seniors played and won two invitation games with Gordon Bell and Daniel McIntyre. I don't know how the Seniors won that game played against the Juniors, because a bad attack of the giggles raised havoc in the ranks during the last quarter.

Seniors—Kay Hyde (captain), Jean Martin, Eleanor Walker, Helen Walker, Elaine Bradley, Joyce Staveley, Doreen Shaw, Mary Hilton, Jean Lawrie, Erma Dickson, Anna Cleland.

Juniors—Bertha Nelson (captain), Margaret Waslyk, Eileen Schoor, Joyce Carter, Dixie Elhatton, Audrey Walker, Norma Chudleigh, Isobel Vince, Alice Connon, Eileen McKay.

Off to the rink we go to marshal our Speed-skating talent. Don't mistake me—there was

any amount on hand. Finally, teams were selected and they proved worthy speedsters. The Grade X team lived up to their reputation and made no mistake about bringing back all the honors, winning both their City and Invitation Final Meets. Grade XI placed second in the City Meet and third in the Invitation Final. In the Unlimited Event St. John's carried the day. Congratulations to the skaters and their coach, Mr. Newfield.

Grade X Team—Marguerite Manos, Isobel Vince, Bertha Nelson, Joyce Parker.

Grade XI Team — Joyce McKimm, Edith Ebbitt, Mary Castling, Nellie Robb, Ruth Knowles.

Unlimited Team—Marguerite Manos, Joyce McKimm, Edith Ebbitt, Mary Castling.

Inter-Room Field Day loomed over the horizon with its inevitable trials and eliminations (the tribulations came afterwards in a variety of forms—stiffness, limps and the ever-present smell of liniment). XI-J amassed the highest number of points, and ever since their sports captain, Erma Dickson, excelled herself in organizing the room effort, the rest of us have had to bear up under the strain of sweet condolences. Individual honors went to Pauline Krawchuk, Isobel Vince and Eleanor Walker.

SHUTTLE RELAY

1—XI-J—Erma Dickson, Edythe Shannon, Mary Aikman, Phyllis Craig, Jane McGurk, Jean Ranson, Jean Mussell, Harriet Drewe.

2—XI-H—Riva Sexter, Evelyn Arnold, Bernice Sander, Irene Gunn, Eleanora Pope, Vera Kare, Martina Gusberti, Sylvia Kobrinsky.

HURDLE RELAY

1—XII—Elsie Dressler, Peggy Sutter, Helen Galdzinska, Connie Krajcarski, Jennie Kerekuk, Kay Gannon, Ruth Popeski.

2—XI-M—Margaret Robb, Audrey Wood, Barbara Baker, Fay Cross, Flora McNicol, Elsie Mudry, Beryl Watkins. Helen Andryluk, Kay Gannon, Ruth Popeski, Minnie Kavalec.

The highlight of High School sports, really the climax of Inter-School competition, came with Field Day, held this year at Wesley Park. The Ball Throw competition, held at a preliminary meet at Sargent Park, was rather disappointing for St. John's, since only one second and one third place, in D and C classes, respectively, came our way. The meet itself was well attended, and from the

cheering and general high spirits it was evident that the crowd, as well as the competitors, were enthusiastic and thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

The girls of St. John's amassed 25 points, second to Kelvin's 34 points. Our relay teams did quite well, but we lacked sufficient individual stars. Our most successful individual special mention; but I do not want to create the impression that I am forgetting those who worked so hard and did not gain individual recognition. It is much easier to be a good winner than a good loser, so congratulations to those who did their best and came competitor was Sylvia Kobrinsky, who showed her heels to the pack in the D class sprint. I felt that her achievement was worthy of through smiling.

For this little scene we gather together some bouquets to be handed out to various people who deserve special mention for their work and help throughout the season. Miss Gauer, our ever-enthusiastic and encouraging instructor, will ever be remembered by those who worked and played under her. I am sure her friendly smile and cordial manner won a place in all our hearts. Miss Cumming, too, comes in for her just share of praise; her free and easy manner and frank comment made the time spent with her thoroughly enjoyable. She will be remembered as one who strove to make the girls think and act on their own behalf. Valuable service rendered to the Games Club by Miss Collisson. Miss Cadwell, Miss Kernaghan and Miss Thompson is duly appreciated and hereby expressed. Miss Harms' demonstration and pictures, given one Thursday morning, met with an enthusiastic reception, and I am sure all those present benefited by the opportunity of viewing work of this kind, as it has been developed in larger centres.

I have expressed the girls' appreciation of the work the school has done for the girls in sports, but true appreciation can only come from the girls themselves. If they cannot do so by taking an active part in sports, they can be going forward and carrying into life beyond the school walls that spirit of sportsmanship and the joy of playing the game for the game's sake. There is no doubt in my mind that the Juniors of this year, who gave us such grand competition and more than carried their share, will carry on the tradition and prove worthy successors. And so I close this cavalcade with the time-honored phrase: Good Luck! Good Sportsmanship! And may the best team win!

WINNERS OF GIRLS' EVENTS

High Jump—	Points	Shuttle Relay—	
B—Harriet Drewe	2	Class A	5
Sprints—		Class B	3
D—Sylvia Kobrinsky	3	Class D	1
Ball Throw—		Hurdle Relay—	
C—Mary Groch	1	Class A	3
D—Eileen Schoor	2	Class C (tied for first)	4
		Class D	1



1. Individual Field Day Winners.
2. Speed Skating Teams.
3. Junior Volleyball.

4. Senior Volleyball.
5. Senior Basketball.
6. Junior Basketball.



FRONT ROW—Clarence Herman, Hymie Cohen, Ralph Boonov, Henry Waisman, Isadore Solomon, Steve Sumka, Ben Shell, Murray Atnikov.

SECOND ROW—Raphael Wittenberg, Morris Smith, Albert Wener, Bill Gladstone, Lee Cantor, George Gershman (secretary), Mr. D. N. Ridd, Ben Burke (president), Morley Shuckett, Izzy Halpern, Henry Promislow.

THIRD ROW—Oscar Nerman, Sidney Spivak, Walter Kowton, Saul Koz, Walter Kozak, Morton Slusky, Manly Levitt, Zalman Selchen, Bill Lazar, Isadore Victor, Jack Mazo, Sam Meyers.

FOURTH ROW—Joe Gallant, Harry Wiseman, George Hardy, Murray Milchin, Bob Ross (vice-president), Julius Karlinsky, Sam Kanterovech, Bert Nemerovsky, Morley Cohen, Mayer Levadie, Sam Block, Alfred Mutchnik.

X-A

“Plenty of scholastic ability, with a like quantity of athletic accomplishment, plus a fair amount of boyish boisterousness. a dash of verve and vivacity, and a decided flair for the ladies.” Put them all together and what have you but X-A, the class in Room 18?

Our class council, headed by our able president, Ben Burke, has proved to be one of the most successful councils in the school. Aided by Mr. D. N. Ridd, our class teacher, the group has ably fulfilled its purpose as an instrument of student expression and self-regulation. Besides President Burke, members of the council were:

First Term—Vice-president, Murray Atnikov; Secretary, Bill Gladstone.

Second Term—Vice-president, Bob Ross; Secretary, George Gershman.

By virtue of a decisive victory over XII-A in the final game of the inter-room football competition, the X-A team won the shield annually awarded for this activity. Captain of the victorious team was Oscar Nerman. Among those who succeeded in making places on the school soccer teams were Oscar Nerman, Alfred Mutchnik and Albert Wener.

Continuing in the line of sport, our basketball team put up a good fight in every game they played and managed to place second in the Grade X competition, losing out in a close game to the eventual winners of the school title. Our hockey team also put up a valiant effort, and finished the season near the top of the league standing.

Not only in sporting activities did X-A shine, but also provided excellent support for educational ventures. Our eagerness for

knowledge is well portrayed by our holding of the attendance shield throughout the year.

“Twelfth Night,” and the “Opera,” received able assistance from the dramatically and vocally inclined stalwarts of X-A. Parts in the play were taken by George Gershman, Morton Slusky, Bill Lazer and Mayer Levadie. George also took part in the opera, along with Sam Kanterovech.

Three musical members of X-A contributed their bit to the effort of the school orchestra, and probably made as much noise as all the rest of the orchestra. These budding geniuses were Mayer Levadie, Ben Burke, and Sam Kanterovich.

A fitting finish to the year’s effort was X-A’s field day success. The members of the class earned eighteen points, losing out by a very narrow margin in the Grade X standings. The class relay team won their contest by almost half a lap. Three of our class gained places on the school team in individual events besides many others who qualified for the relay teams. Individual point-getters at the Field Day were: Kanterovech 3, Mutchnik 3, Nerman 2, Miltchin 2, Shell 2, and Burke 1.

Any chronicle of X-A’s doings in the past year would be incomplete without the inclusion of a note of appreciation for our class teacher, Mr. D. N. Ridd, who by his personal example has stirred the class on to great efforts. We will remember him not only as a teacher but also as a friend.

In conclusion we express the fervent wish that next year will see our class in as prominent a position as it has been throughout this year.



FRONT ROW—Jerry Dorfman, Bernard Klein, Izzy Schwartz, Murry Serkin, Joseph Zuzanski, Leonard Portnoy, Albert Presky.

SECOND ROW—Tom Wiginton (vice-president), Willie Fainblit, Johnny Kolomnic (council), Willie Sterin, Gordon Sinaiski, Ted Penn (council), Jack Scrymgeour, Lyall Powers (president).

THIRD ROW—Alvin Shinoff, Rubin Cherniak, Sam Potter, Irvin Labow (council), Mr. Leavens, Max Haskell, Teddy Szkolnicki, Ralph Sotolov, Saul Feldman.

BACK ROW—Ken Smith (secretary), Nelson Gutnick, Bernard Derback, Paul Greenfield, Jack Roberts, Herman Schuetze, Bill Jex, Barry Meyers, Arnold Spohr, Leon Tessler, Rudolph Anderson.

X-B

As the year drags on towards vacation time we find ourselves reminiscing over the happenings of the year. We of X-B have had a year full of memorable incidents as we have a roomful of unique "characters."

Shall we begin with our president and secretary, Tom Wiginton and Ken Smith? These gentlemen have a sincere appreciation of the more virile sports and equally of the fairer sex. Oft is seen with these two Johnny Kolomic, our contribution to Tech's rugby 12. We believe Johnny has a weakness for the fairer sex also—he plays hockey too.

Next the prime physicist of X-B, Saul Khahana-Max Haskell, of the well developed vocal organs, and Leonard Portnoy, Beau Brummel of X-B, who goes on barefooted escapades in the mud via the school-room window at noontime.

Sam Potter, who is one of the toilers in Latin class; Rube Cherniak, and Irvin Lahow, who also despise the Romans, are to be seen sauntering down the halls discussing the possibility of raising three spades to three no trump on a hand "like that."

We have our share of camera fiends—Willie Sterin and Don Bliss—who, by the way, personifies the converse of that time-worn proverb, "Ignorance is Bliss!" Albert Presky also dabbles in photography between scratches of Les Contes Dramatiques.

Herman Schuetze, our nominee for Lil Abner, seems to know all the answers from Physics to Twelfth Night.

Then Jack Scrymgeour and Gordy Sinaisky, who continually dig up "the corn" to extract a few painful snickers from our students.

We present now Mr. Harvey Goldin, who hopes in time to be a diplomat, and who doubtless will regard this write-up as "vile propaganda with utterly no foundation, gnash-gnash!"

Our basketball exponent is flaxen-haired Rudy Anderson, who has that skin you love to touch.

Brawny-armed Willie Fainblit may be seen in his favorite periods—in room 29—wistfully eyeing the bevy of pulchritude that is always to be found in that nook of study.

As noon arrives and pupils gush forth from every exit we notice among them numerous cogs in that renowned wheel of X-B (kaff, kaff!). Jack Roberts and Nelson Gutnick, for instance, are seen demurely tripping home for some refreshment other than the drab offerings to which they have been exposed during the morning session.

Surrealist Al Webster causes intermittent guffaws from our "matriculating strugglers" as his voice is heard droning some question about Charles I's scalp. etc. Webster's two "buzzom buddies," Jeff Call and Frank Young, our "dead-end kids," are oft to be seen meandering down the halls—frequently between periods—and directing their melancholy gaze toward the nearby window.

Will Chisolm, another X-B dreamer, is a lover of the finer arts and we come upon him

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FIRST ROW—Frank Seller, Alex. Anstruther, Allan Laobenstein, William Waisman, Jim Razzel, Les Williams, Bill Bawden.

SECOND ROW—Alec Salewich, Ernie Hancharyk, Steve Olenick, Vernon Birley, Stan Bobowski (president), Mr. Kahana, Lindsay Cleghorn (secretary), Allan Restall, Allan Ghittermann, Arnold Hoffer, Tom Hanaway.

THIRD ROW—Fred Bradley, Ed. Nunn, Jack Gannon, Isadore Rothstein, Bob Reinhardt, Harry Werier, Morris Soudack, Jack Steel, Noman Kleyh, Ed Hatton, Wilfred McClusky, Joe Maday.

FOURTH ROW—Harold Klassen, Bill Osborne, Borley Blankstein, Jack Leipsic, Nathan Bogosch, Glen Eastwood, Morley Woovich, Harry Nykaruk, Ray Palmer, Joe Hay, Syd Shnier, Paul Kowel, Clarence Graham.

X-C

It came. The fatal day when all youth's revelry vanished. On September 1st, 1939, war was declared. We received letters informing us where to report. I enlisted in the regiment X-C, better known as the "Fighting 38." Under the leadership of the amiable General Kahana, assisted by Sergeant-Major Bobowski, we began training immediately. Our esteemed (ahem) General showed us a few "angles" that would help us in future struggles.

But it was not all work and no play. X-C has a successful basketball team, but lost out in the final. The hockey team was sensational! It was colossal! We had only one goal scored against us during the whole season, but alack and alas, we met XI-D and our hopes were shattered along with our hockey sticks.

We left the broken sticks on the ice and returned to the barracks to prepare for an expected combat. The boys barricaded their posts, polished and primed their weapons, and

waited for the gruelling struggle. Twice we had been attacked, at Christmas and at Easter, but we fought valiantly to defeat our merciless enemies.

Between the two conflicts we were entertained by a play called "Twelfth Night," one of Shakespeare's comedies. The wit and drama was supplied by X-C in the form of Jack Leipsic and Morris Soudack. "The Fighting 38" was later invited to a wiener roast by X-H and had a grand time.

We soon forgot about our enjoyment when we learned that we were going "over the top" in the middle of June. A few of the boys who had made outstanding names for themselves in the last two battles were honorably discharged and went home covered with victory medals. The majority remained to endure the tortures and terrific hardships that the combat had to offer. A few were mortally wounded and remained to uphold the tradition of the "Fighting 38" while the rest happily left in triumph.



FRONT ROW—Edna Schmidt, Mary Wilkanski, Sophie Stassiuk, Margaret Gerak, Eileen Meaney, Jack Olin.

SECOND ROW—Jack Scott, Rose Vickets, Elsie Kinnock, Adeline Domick, Alice Cotton (secretary), Miss Owens, Jim Davie (president), Joan Alexander, Betty Hunter, Rose Sarrer, Max Goldberg.

THIRD ROW—Leon Kurtz, Irwin Nisenholt, Stuart Lord, Harry Levine, Arthur Matrick, Andrew White, Morris Bruin, Harry Braunstein, David Glass, Alan Collerman, Philip Kravetsky.

BACK ROW—Barney Kohm, Ken Harris (sports captain), Tony Pytlak, Wallace Wakeham, Alan Woodfield, Elliot Kobilnitsky, Edwin Klein, Ralph Finley, Bill Shingleton, Harry Smith, Slawko Stoykewich, Roy Hofley, Oscar Katz.

THE "X-D CLIPPER"

"We float through the air with the greatest of ease; this is where I get off, stop the plane, please." We land on a far corner of the St. John's landing field from where we wheel our plane into hangar No. 23.

Squadron Leader Owens assembles us together to give us our orders for the day. She first takes roll-call in order to learn that "no one is absent."

Wing Commander Woodfield is oiling his tonsils in preparation for a special naval concert, "H.M.S. Pinafore." Mr. Woodfield will play the part of Captain Corcoran.

Leading Aircraftsman Max Goldberg and Phillip Kravetzky, who are taking a post-graduates' course in Shakespearean drama, are assembled in their respective guises of Fabian and the priest. All this from "Twelfth Night."

Gunner Hofley, who also works in the intelligence, is practising to make Napoleons out of the less-ambitious flyers. The Gunner has a complete kit of plastic materials, rouge,

dyes, etc., which he uses with the skill of a make-up artist.

Mechanics Collerman and Brownstein are keeping in trim for the annual Air Armada Field Day. Rose Sarrer and Alice Cannon are also saving their strength for that event.

Co-Pilot Cannon is dispatched with the hard task of tabulating all "goings-on" in hangar 23. She is also cursed with the task of collecting "dues."

Pilot Harry Levine is drumming out a fast beat with his fingers as he whisks them over the ivory keys. Who does this fellow Eddy Duchin think he is?

Wing Commander Owens signals that instructions are complete. The ground crew wheels the clipper ship X-D out on to the runway. The doors are swung closed on hangar 23.

Ground crew man Nisenholt calls "Contact" and is answered by the "Go 'head" signal of the pilot. The plane is in motion, it rises and is soon a mere speck in the distance.



FRONT ROW—Ernie Eppler, Max Zamick, Carter Zickerman, Art Hammond, Fred Butterworth, Art Smith, Jack Dudeck.

SECOND ROW—Don Howie, Stan Starink, Lawrence Rubin, George Coghill, Mr. Newfield, Bill Lapka, Louis Kurzer, Donald Clark, Aaron Goldman, Joe Mazurik.

THIRD ROW—Jack Watson, Murray Campbell, Jack Ryland, Herbert Scarth, Israel Shuster, Russell Smuchilla, John Piasetsky, Steve Strobl, Wally Zacour, George Hauston, and Norman Margolis.

LAST ROW—Fred Lloyd, Robert Palay, Harold Elsasser, Sid Slonim, Sam Luffman, Jim Hill, Jack Farnava, and Jack Stern.

X-E

X-E, which is located on the first floor, is tucked away in a corner, or wouldn't the hubbub let you know! The lads in our room have a great affinity for the other pupils in the school, especially those who are in the girls' classes.

The first gentleman of our class is Bill Lapka, our estimable president, who has contributed a great deal to the social life of the X-E "students."

Next in line comes George Coghill, one of the most efficient secretaries in the school—and handsome, too.

Carter Zickerman, our sports captain, is a regular fellow and well liked by all.

In sporting circles, Carter Zickerman, Aaron Goldman, Jack Dudeck and Ernie Eppler, were standouts, with Bill Dinicol, Harold Elsasser and Murray Campbell also prominent.

The following composed our basketball squad: Bill Lapka, Art Smith, Ernie Eppler, Harold Elsasser, Stan Starink and Wally Zacour.

Our soccer squad contained: Bill Dinicol, Murray Campbell, Don Howie, Fred Townsend, Harold Elsasser, Max Zamick, Donald Clark, Sid Slonim, Fred Butterworth, Jack Dudeck, Aaron Goldman, Jack Watson and

Israel Shuster, the latter two also played on the school team.

Rob Palay, X-E's gift to the speed-skating teams of St. John's, was a member of the squad which placed second in the City High School tournament and third in the Manitoba finals.

Sid Slonim, who does not look too different from Ben Hatskin to make a great deal of difference in his rugby playing, contributed to the school rugby team. Sid also showed up well as a curler and as a bowler.

Our gentlemen of literary letters, Don Clark and Max Zamick also copped points for us in Field Day.

Murray Campbell took the role of Captain Corkoran in the Glee Club's production of "H.M.S. Pinafore." In the orchestra pit we had John "Just call me Heifetz" Piasetzky.

Lawrence Rubin, Israel Shuster, Louis Kurzer and Fred Townsend performed as Curio, Valentine, Sir Andrew Aguecheek and the Sea Captain, respectively. All this from "Twelfth Night," ably directed by our class teacher, Mr. Newfield.

We, the class of X-E, wish to take this opportunity to thank all our teachers for the patience and kindness they have shown during our first year at St. John's. We doff our hats to Mr. Newfield and Mr. Thierry, and bow to Mr. Reeve.



FRONT ROW—Esther Globerman, Ruth Churchill, Gertrude Robb.

SECOND ROW—Ruth Rusen, Sarra Tulchinsky, Magdalena Zunic (sports captain), Norma Chudleigh (president), Miss Thompson, Emma Weber (vice-president), Anne Gray, Shayna Granovsky, Ruth Miloff.

THIRD ROW—Anne Shankman, Marian Glassman, Gloria Guld, Marion Gilbert, Lily Pravis, Marjorie Kay, Florence Trepel, Bernice Papik, Winnie Kowalski, Annette Zaretsky.

FOURTH ROW—Loggia Klaus, Seema Moscovitch, Isobel McRobb, Jennie Fedun, Mildred Marek, Isobel Vince, Ruth Moser, Ruth Fainstein, Shirley Morantz, Lorene Miller, Lillian London, Alice Taylor.
Missing—Selma Waldman, Helen Stebnick, Eileen Goldberg, Doris Tapper.

X-F

'Tis nine in the morning,
And all through the school
Not a creature is stirring—
At least, that's the rule.
But a sudden disturbance,
A scream! A laugh!
And where does it come from?
Why, of course—Ten AFF.

Ten F—a veritable harem of frothy females. We're not really so bad, but what is a teacher to think when he walks in and finds the room pervaded by enthusiastic jitterbugs? Oh well, live and learn! We'll never do that again, I fervently hope. We can't blame the teachers for forming bad opinions of us. I wouldn't think much of Ruthie Churchill either, if I didn't know that every time she talks she does it because it's very important, and she just has to tell somebody before she forgets. I know, for I've had that feeling myself. And if Mr. Kahana knew what Anne Gray, Ruth Miloff, Tiny Mitchell and Lillian London are always laughing at in the corner, his sense of humor would certainly get the better of him. However, Norma Chudleigh and Emma Weber keep the effervescing suds of merriment from bubbling over, and Doris Tapper somehow manages to keep our class affairs in order.

You know, there's one thing about school life in X-F: It's never dull. The morning hours are brightened regularly by Ruth Churchill, Gertrude Robb, Shayna Gronovsky and Ruth Rusen, who come dashing in at two minutes to nine and go bursting back out again for late slips.

Hark! Is that an angel or is it Florence Trepel practising her scales? It's Florence—but wait! Now it's a choir, composed of Anne Shankman's clear contralto, Mildred Marek's sweet mezzo, Florence's soprano and Marion Gilbert's contra-basso, with Ruth Rusen at the piano. But speaking of music, Isobel Vince, that star of sports and sprinting, blushes furiously as she listens to loud praise of her flute-like soprano, but she loves it and deserves it.

Lorene Miller, oratorical winner of the Starikoff Memorial Trophy, also distinguished herself in class by unrehearsed and entirely impromptu(?) speeches. Shirley Morantz is her appreciative audience, always ready to substitute for Lorene when she loses her breath. Occasionally Shirley and Lorene are rude enough to disturb the intimate discussions of Lily Pravis and Marjory Kay, "les amies pour toujours," but they are usually forgiven. Now that pretty well rounds off the circle which creates the daily rumpus. We have some trouble—but do we have fun!



BOTTOM ROW—Evelyn Kornberger, Betty Margolis, Anne Seminick, Muriel Walton, Eileen Douthwaite, Louis Genesloff, Amelia Zurick, Dixie Elhatten.
SECOND ROW—Miriam Stein, Evelyn Newman, Shirley Morrose, Frances Bookbinder (sports captain), Miriam Kopel (president), Dr. Triggerson, Dyllis Whittaker (secretary), Jessie Liss, Razie Tenanbaum, Sarah Berstein.
THIRD ROW—Eileen Boyd, Miriam Cohen, Blumie Polinsky, Naomi Bortnick, Mary Olinyk, Cecelia Rutman, Bessie Olenick, Sylvia Peker, Diana Hcifitz, Ruth Stein.
FOURTH ROW—Dora Wilson, Irene Olson, Clara Miles, Lily Mittleman, Anne Miles, Kathleen White, Phyllis Duncan, Gertrude Weinberg, Ruth Dale, Ida Leonard, Kathleen Chorney.
Missing—Gertrude Ullman (vice-president), Clara Rosh, Beatrice Kershner, May Mindess, Marian McKenzie, Edith Rubenenko.

X-G

The 9 o'clock bell is ringing and peace reigns once again in Room 31. Suddenly a scurrying is heard in the hall, a frantic thumping begins on the door and when the door is opened in rushes X-G crying in unison, "Am I late?" Roll call is called from nine to four, inclusive. And now classes begin!

Dozing quietly in the Literature Period, the class is rudely awakened by the shout of "Fool! Fool" (Clara Miles' characterization of Malvolio.) A few minutes pass and sleep is resumed. Again we are awakened, this time by a knocking at the door. A notice has come from the office. Miss Nicolson reads, "All contributions to the Torch are to be handed in Tuesday study period." Sarah B. pipes up meekly, "Is there a Torch this year?" Sarah is saved by the bell!

Exhausted by the weary labors of the past period, Frances and Blumie seem to have lost their sense of direction; or have they? For instead of going directly next door to the French room, they wander down to the main floor. Meanwhile in the German room:

Mr. Beer — "Diana, translate the next sentence."

Diana (smiling sweetly) — "I don't know how."

Mr. Beer—"That smile won't get you anything but a man, and I want you to get your German."

At this time the other portion of the class is taking French. In this room Dixie displays her great knowledge of the language by

answering "oui" to everything. That's about all her limited vocabulary includes.

And now off to the Geometry room. Here a much harassed teacher presides; for, though there is much talk of figures we regret to say they are not geometrical. Well, after working our brains to a frazzle over the latest proposition, up we trot to the Biology room. Here one can hear more gossip and scandal than anywhere else. Wandering around the room, one goes from group to group listening for the latest news! One notices, too, Lilian M. and Miriam C. looking forlornly at the clock and lamenting on how hungry they are. At the first move of the clock, Miriam shouts ecstatically, "Only 34 minutes, 6½ seconds to go." Claire R. and Edith R. are gaily discussing a formal and what "he" said. Strange, but that word "he" is predominant in all groups. But what's this immense crowd? Moving closer, one hears, "Gertie, can I borrow your . . .?"; "Gertie, if you've finished . . ."; ". . . I lend your . . .?" Needless to say, Gertrude Ullman, that "Ace Saga of Education," is the centre of this crowd and we find her frantically handing out her work as fast as the hands can take them. All other circles are quietly discussing "that" party and how nice "he" was. And then—the bell! The only spark of life we see in X-G is when the bell rings. Then everyone rushes out as she came in and quiet reigns for the short interval of the dinner hour.

Well, the lunch hour is up and the pupils walk in slowly with the satisfied look of those
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FIRST ROW—May Warkov, Bernice Proudfoot, Margaret Wasylak, Ruth Carson, Rose Ostrow, Eleanor Cooke, Pauline Cormack (council), Grace Benn, Viola Weisner, Sybil Gussin.

SECOND ROW—Dorothy Papineau, Rose Piscun, Bertha Nelson, Joyce Carter (president), Miss Cumming, Elaine Davey (secretary), Anna Weiman (vice-president), Joyce Moon, Doreen Aylward.

THIRD ROW—Margaret Platsko, Evelyn Mullin, Sally Masters, Phyliss Freedman, Dora Spegal, Jennie Bay, Lila Davidow, Gertrude Ott, Mary Groch, Pat Miles, Vita Reznick.

FOURTH ROW—Elsie Eremko, Jessie Starkowsky, Helen Labman, Pearl Speller, Betty Davies, Joyce Parker, Helen Matthams, Dorothy Basler, Rose Silver, Esther Lerner.

Missing—Eileen Schoor.

X-H

Doreen Aylward, an amiable lass,
Is the champion hurdler of our class.
Dorothy Basler with her charming smile
Is one person that makes life worth while.
If the fates are kind to Jenny Bay
A Hedy Lamarr she will be some day.
Grace Benn, nicknamed "Benny,"
Her admirers number one to twenty.
Ruth Carson, when doing P.T.,
Is as graceful a dancer as one can be.
Joyce Carter, our president tall,
Is an excellent centre at basketball.
Working together for the Boys and Girls Fair
Are Elaine and Helen, an inseparable pair.
Mary Grach, "Tubber" is her name,
As a news reporter will climb to fame.
Sybil Gussin is often late,
Does she act the same when she has a date?
Walking together, we always see
Elsie Eremko and Margaret P.
Bertha Nelson, our problem child,
Manages to get all teachers riled.
Rose Ostrow is our opera star,
Like Deanna Durbin she will go far.
Anna Weinman, a dark-haired lass,
Is the vice-president of our class.
A fair-haired girl is Eleanor Cook—
She always reads a library book.
Husky-voiced is Pauline C.,
You will often see her with Dorothy P.
Another pair we often see
Is Helen Labman and Rosie P.

Leila Davidow as Pierette
Played a part we will never forget.
Eileen Schoor in sports excels,
How she does it she never tells.
The tinymites of our room, you see,
Are Margaret Wasylak and Bernice P.
In the lower hall near Room 18
Viola Weisner is often seen.
To roller skate on Friday night
Is Rose Selver's great delight.
Joyce Moon is our fairy queen,
Homework is something she's never seen.
A laughable person is Esther L.,
Where she gets her jokes she'll never tell.
Evelyn Mullen, a dark-haired lass,
In music you hear her top our class.
Sally Masters with curly locks,
'Tis very seldom that she talks.
Gertrude Ott and Betty D.
Scholarship students are sure to be.
Vita Resnik, a comely lass,
In typewriting will probably top our class.
Joyce Parker, an Irish colleen,
For all types of sports she is keen.
Our two German students are Dora and Mae,
That's why we miss them a period a day.
Though Jessie is near the end of our list,
She is one person that would be missed.
Now we are done with exception of two,
Patsy and Pearl bow to you.
Last, but not least, is our teacher dear,
Hail to Miss Cumming, the queen of the year.



BOTTOM ROW—Louis Landa (secretary), Micky Shaffer, Jack Mallin, Emil Harik, Passey Kahanoff, Anne Bakalinsky, Andrey Walder (sports captain), Phylis Arnold.

SECOND ROW—Harry Dubovsky, Frances Leach, Esther Seifred, Anne Simovitch, Jack Hatmanenko (president), Dr. Allison, Mabel Weir (vice-president), Margaret Stuart, Elvira Winnik.

THIRD ROW—Sidney Kliffer, Myrtle Thiebot, Olga Bessar, Elaine McKay, Freda Gusen, Beatrice Posner, Sarah Wolfen, Doris Stern, Elizabeth Dehod, Lucy Thomas.

FOURTH ROW—George Forzley, Sidney Gorensdein, Alex. McMullen, Adam Chawanski, Jack Klempner, Clinton Baynack, Morris Schwartz, Bert Hunter, Lloyd Peters, Bill Restall, Eddie Kling (sports captain), Irving Nacht.

X-J

All aboard the good ship X-J bound once more for July. In the stormy port of September, just before the voyage began, the "press-gang" was elected in the persons of: President, Jack Hamenenko; Vice-President, Freda Gussin; Secretary, Louie Landa.

The crew having been rounded up, it was found necessary to appoint two members to supervise the sports: Girls' Sports Captain—Audrey Walker; Boys' Sports Captain—Eddie Kling.

After having elected the sports captains, the captain and rest of the crew became determined to do something to earn their passage. Then things began to happen. Allan Chomanski was persuaded to give up his "sea-legs" to join the St. John's rugby team. Then the girls of the good ship got together a basketball team which, in competition with the other girls' room teams, placed third. Audrey Walker and Elaine McKay played on both the St. John's basketball and volley ball teams.

En route the crew was entertained by an opera in which Alex. McMullen stepped from his post as stoker into the role of a singer.

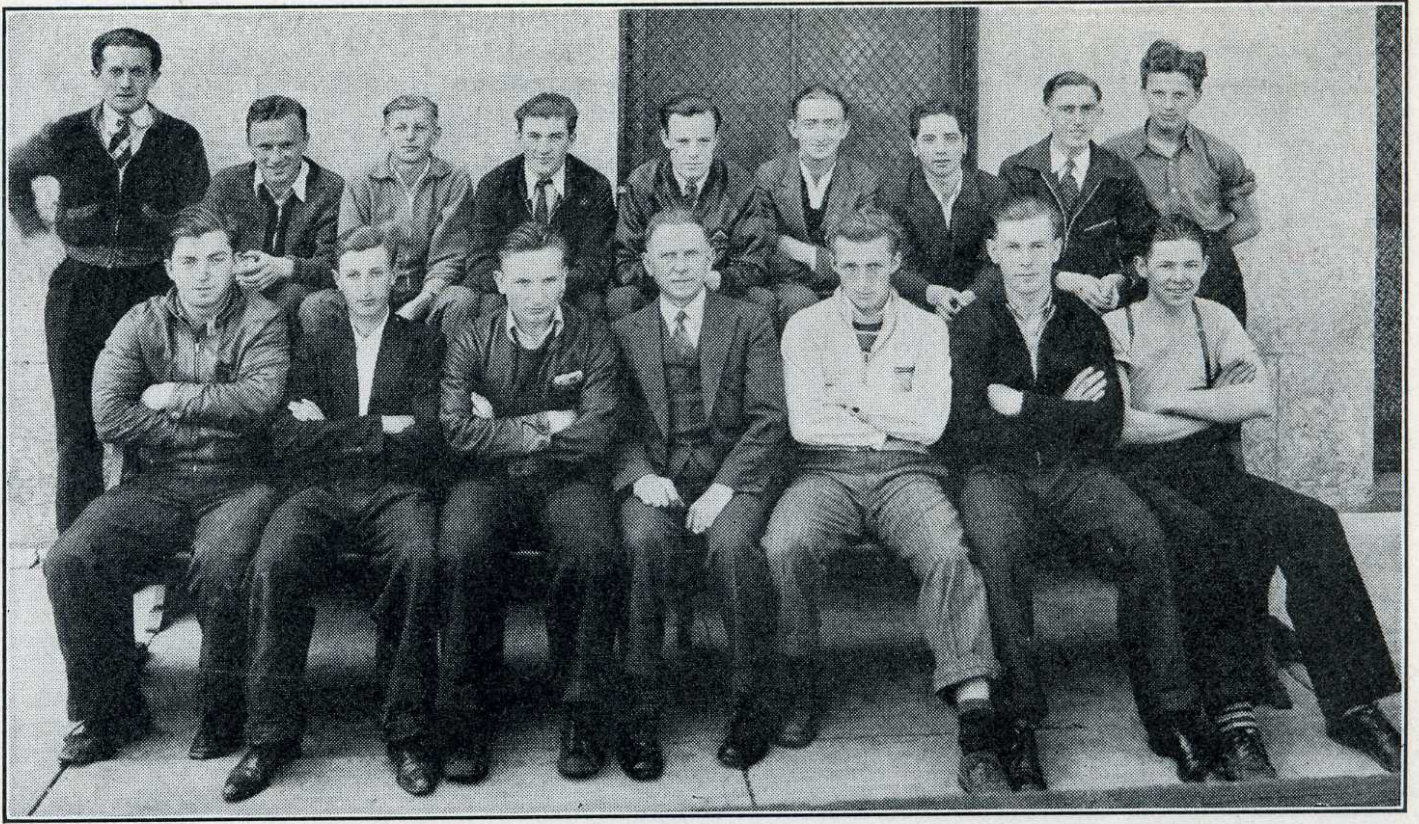
Winter came and the seas were frozen over. The boys continued in athletics, however, by devising that new game called ice hockey. Then the boys entertained the girls by taking them ice skating on "Drewry's Sea."

During the frigid months of winter three members of the crew used their spare time lifting weights.

Spring came and the frozen seas were thawed out. Now the passengers on board were compelled to look to other quarters for sports and amusement. Fortunately, St. John's was holding a field day and eight members of our crew were found good enough to take part in this event.

Four of the "sailors" entertained four of the female passengers in the form of a bicycle hike. On the return trip these "sailors" heard the call of the sea so they got off their bikes at Birds Hill and swam out to the ship.

A word for the captain, Mr. David Allison. We, the crew and passengers of X-J, would like to express our thanks to him and to wish him the best of luck in the years to come.



TOP ROW—Sharlet, Sadich, Smith, Sola, Lexier, Colochay, Poyarsky, Mowody, Shuhat.
 BOTTOM ROW—Molotsky, Slater, Bodnar, Mr. Blount, Reigle, Kupara, Mytruk.

X-P

The future members of the Amalgamated Electricians' Union are to be found in X-P. The head of our shop is Mr. Blount, who is a capable electrician as well as a friendly teacher. The days spent with Mr. Blount have been very profitable and we have learned a great deal in the short time we associated with him. The most famous member of our class is Harry "Perry" Lexier. In the fall, Perry was elected president of our room. This honor entitled him to become the Junior P.A. Representative on the school council as he was elected at a meeting of the P.A. House. Perry was a soccer star before coming to St. John's, but when he entered St. John's he went in for the rugby squad. He attained a reasonable degree of success as a rugby player. Came the spring and Perry cleaned up in the

intermediate class at field day. In the inter-high field day he won the intermediate half-mile (tying the record) and came third in the mile. Perry then won the Gardiner Memorial trophy with a record-breaking time of 4:58 1-10. To cap off his achievements Perry went to Portage la Prairie and on a muddy track broke the high school record for both city and province in the half mile with a time of 2:08.

Eddie Riegle, our capable secretary, is also a renowned hockey star. Ed. played for East Kildonan Bisons until his hand was fractured.

We now leave X-P and proceed to Grade XI, where we will carry with us the experience we gathered in Grade X.



BOTTOM ROW—Earla Scott, Jean Kindzysky.

SECOND ROW—Rose Wacks, Helen Dalli, Gladys Silversides, Dorothy Mizena, Nan Meaney, Lena Litsky, Jean Hathowski, Reta McBurney, Nettie Gymac, Lily Bostram.

THIRD ROW—Jacqueline Prescott, Ruth Milne, Shirley Davis, Helen Amor, Patsy Jackson, Jean Bidoski, Mary Basuiak, Katherine Kimak, Victoria Sochaski, Peggy Adamson, Jean Dombraska, Marian Ruden.

FOURTH ROW—Kathleen Martin, Alice Toyer, Luelyn Musker, Catherine Suttle, Helen Sachowski, Miss McKerchar, Anne Heintz, Jennie Kaminska, Helen Bruce, Sylvia Huggens, Phyllis Mizera, Dorothy Lewington.

Missing—Ann Borodosky, Shirley Wienerman, Marguerite Manos, Olga Tysowski.

X-L

President—Anne Heintz.

Secretary—Kathleen Martin

Sports Captain—Jean Bidoski.

Come enter Room 21, the happy domicile which houses the girls of X-L. Miss Mc-Kerchar will introduce you to her thirty-nine bright pupils. You will naturally ask what these girls have done in their first term at St. John's. You will know by the jumble of eager voices that their year has not lacked in participation of school activities.

First you will meet their able president, Anne Heintz, and Kathleen Martin, their secretary. They will remark on the wonderful showing of the class at the Silver Tea, giving credit to Miss McKerchar and members of the council.

Next you will learn how their two clever actresses, Jaqueline Prescott and Dorothy Lewington, brought honors to their room by taking part in "Twelfth Night."

Meanwhile Rose Wachs and Anne Borodosky take the floor and give us a sample of

the dancing at the teachers' convention at the Royal Alexandra Hotel.

Last but not least, our sports captain rises and tells us how she fought unflinchingly when she tried to win some honors in every sport, but to no avail. Then she introduces Marguerite Manos, the speed skater, who brought victory to our room in that field.

A roller skating party was held at the Winnipeg Roller Rink, in which a good time was enjoyed by all.

Jaqueline Prescott, an honor student, portrayed the part of Maria.

We are justly proud of our famous athletic star, Marguerite Manos, who excelled in speed skating and track; Sylvia Huggens, who keeps Miss Maclean busy printing late forms and also never has her assignments done.

At this time we would like to express our appreciation to Miss McKerchar, who has helped us very much throughout the year.



BOTTOM ROW—Alice Gordon, Clarice Sussman, Sally Callen, Grace Ross, Jeanette Krawitz, Marcia Duboff.

SECOND ROW—Pearl Ferdman, Minnie Goldman (vice-president), Pearl Rozenberg (president), Sarah Borodkin (secretary), Miss Cadwell, Ruth Knowls (sports captain), Shirley Shatz, Olga Bendyck.

THIRD ROW—Gladys Travis, Anna Dorfman, Minnie Gordon, Sylvia Love, Rita Nisenbaum, Polly Kuzmick, Murriel Murrel, Annie Martenick, Mary Gurst, Eva Karisick.

LAST ROW—Mildred Spigel, Shirley Rosenheck, Betty Bernstien, Helene Felotick, Hedwig Goretzki, Nancy Galpern, Adeline Chapel, Irene Winebender, Lottie Rice.

X-K

A friendly, energetic and thoroughly congenial group of girls constitute X-K. It is very satisfying to belong to a unit comprised of amiable, genial girls headed by a competent and efficient class teacher, Miss Cadwell.

Our year in Grade 10 has included and embraced many divergent emotions, some happy, some sad. For instance, we were much relieved, fortunately, when we discovered we had been given a fine set of teachers. We weren't so happy when we viewed our new and rather bewildering assignments and our exam papers. But we took all of it in our stride and came out on top. It has been very gratifying to have an efficient and able Class Council which has endeavored and succeeded in its difficult task. Having a capable president in the person of Pearl Rosenberg, and a hard-working secretary, Sarah Borodkin, both ably assisted by the members of council, has been a great benefit to the room, for people who are qualified to lead and do so efficiently are essential to the well being of any group. It has been a complete year for all of us, not only the Council, for we have all worked hard.

Miss Gauer has picked Helen Felotick, Alice Gordon and Olga Bendyck to dance for

her. Who knows? Some day, maybe, they will look back upon this as the start of a great career. Miss Horner has singled out two girls to sing in her choir, Grace Ross and Polly Kuzmick. Good luck and more power to them! Our athletic group is slightly larger; it is headed by Ruth Knowles, Mary Geist, Olga Bendyk, Jeanette Krawitz and a very fleet-footed miss in the person of Betty Bernstein. We also harbor a very competent and attractive member of the School Council, Irene Weinbender. We have a fine set of teachers headed by Miss I. J. Cumming, who has a strong constitution and a lot of courage and strength, which is proved by the fact that she has borne up nobly under a barrage of quips and queries from us. Miss Cadwell has been subjected to the same treatment, but it's been a lot of fun for us.

Yes, Grade X has been a memorable and enjoyable year for X-K, and we want to wish the next X-K just as much fun and satisfaction in Grade X as we have had. We go on to Grade XI carrying on the fine traditions that have been instilled in us by everybody we have come in contact with at Tech. The noble doctrines have been so impressively imbued in us that X-K will always carry the Torch, symbol of honest and upright doctrines and principles.



FRONT ROW—Stackiw, Herb Daien, Roadley, Mr. Beer, Nayman, Meyens, Bartzler.
 SECOND ROW—Moody, Dombrowski, Drawson, Maydayk, Batulla, Zradicka, Mack.
 THIRD ROW—Wlasiuk, Thomson, Rieger, Dirr, Hryniewiecki, Bortoluzzir, Hubor, Nickel.

X-Q

PresidentBill Radley
 Vice-PresidentWillie Wlasiuk
 SecretaryFrank Sitka
 Sports CaptainStan Baitzer

As our school days in St. John's High are nearing an end, we truthfully say that we have enjoyed our first senior year.

We have had our ups and downs with our work and teachers, but we sincerely trust that our instructors will think as much of us as we do of them.

On entering the first senior year, we felt strange, but the teachers being friendly toward us and helping us in difficult problems, we soon became at home. So I now take the opportunity of expressing our sincerest thanks to our teachers, who have aided us so well through our term. We also wish to express gratification to our jovial friend and class teacher, Mr. Beer, for his sincere efforts in guiding us along the unbroken trail.

Sports

We have some good hockey players, and our football team nearly captured the inter-class championship. We have also an excellent baseball team, and a few good basketball players.

Our Personalities

Herbert Daien—Came in first in the inter-class field day for the half mile. He also came in third in the field meet at Wesley Park for the half mile. Herbert is like others in the room, very fast on his feet.

Then we have an excellent singer or crooner, who is busy singing all day. His name, Benny Hubar. We call him Crooner Hubar. We also have some boys who are very popular with the girls, like Bob Meyer, Stan Baitzer, Jim Thompson, Ray Moody.



BOTTOM ROW—Anne Losiak, Katie Tymchuk, Beatrice Slugoske (president), Miss Garrow, Jean Howerstok (secretary), Betty Farquhar, Sophie Eskow.

SECOND ROW—Anne Slibodam, Doris Sym, Margaret Hescott, Ruby Atherton, Kate Schwean, Joyce Harrison, Emilie Krawchuk (sports captain), Molly Metnyk (vice-president), Kathleen Karwacki, Nellie Daniuk.

Missing—Olga Boychuk Bertha McLean, Belma Mahood, Edith Thornquist.

X-R — SOPHIE ON THE TELEPHONE . . .

Hello-o-o-w-w! Is that you, Belma? Yeh-h this is me. What, again? That Joyce Harrison—she's just like a football—yeh, she's always getting kicked out of class! (giggle). Before I forget. Belma, you should have seen the letter Margaret got from her boy friend in England. He's a real corporal, you know . . . Yeh, me too . . . But, Belma, you know I just hate gossiping—nice people don't . . . You don't say! Well, I always said she was the prettiest in the room. I kinda made up a poem about her. It's original like. Listen—

“Mirror, mirrow on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all—
Edith Thornquist, my Lady Queen.”

I thought it was good too . . . You were cooking today? A beef stew? Well, no one makes a better stew than Katie Tymchuck. I bet that in a few years she'll be cook at the Royal Alexandra Hotel. . . Who? Oh, sure! I heard her serenade “him” on the guitar last

night. She's a clever gir— now, Belma, I tell you I was just passing by—(giggle). The next thing you hear of they'll be teaching Arthur Murray how to jitterbug. I like Molly and Emily though.— Ah-h, cho-o! — it sounds like a cold to me. . . No, Bertha had hay fever. She's been taking treatments from a doctor and she still isn't cured. . . Did Nellie Metnyk win again? She'll be an Olympic star some day. . . But the neatest girl in our room is Olga Boychuk. She's “neat as a pin” (isn't that cute?). Oh, before I forget, an awfully officious-looking person stopped me in the hall today and asked who was in our class council. So I spoke right up and told him—Beatrice Slugoski is our president. She's swell! And Jean Howerstock is our secretary. I was flustered so I couldn't remember any more. . . Oh! I like her too! I think Miss Garrow is one of the best teachers we ever had. . . What? The milk! Okay, I'll seeyouagaininschool! S'long!



BACK ROW—Herman Klann, Peter Boslovitch, David Lovalls, Stan McKimm, Emil Cross (vice-pres.), John Boslovitch, David Cathro, Peter Saydak.

SECOND ROW—Bruce Barr, Mike Puznicki, John Marinchuk, Ernie Kozogovits, Harvey Fitch, Albert Strack (councillor), Dennis Lloyd, Steve Komarnicky.

FIRST ROW—Eddy Strachan (treasurer), Herbert Ogren, Fred Thom, Jack Mehner, Mr. Gallimore (teacher), Mike Rawluk (pres.), Bert Rafferty, Arthur Coleman, Eugene Buckman (secretary).

Missing—Harvey Tallman, John Vaughn, Ray Cunningham.

X-S

Most of the boys from X-S came to this school from Lord Selkirk. At first we found the intricacies of student participation a little too profound for the athletically inclined students of X-S. However, as we went on, we learned more of its workings and were completely won over to its cause.

We inaugurated a successful year with class elections. Those chosen were:

- President: Mike Rawluk.
- Vice-President: Emile Crass.
- Secretary: Eugene Buckman.
- Treasurer: Eddie Strachan.
- Sports Captain: Ernie Kozogovits.
- Council: Albert Strack.

The boys of X-S have taken part in numerous activities. Besides our school work we have found time for athletics and extra shop-work. Our specialty is hockey, consequently we finished second in the inter-room hockey series. Our team was composed of:

Goal, Joe Kokran; coach, Harvey Fitch; defence—John Vaughan, Emile Crass; forwards—Ernie Kozogovits, Eddie Strachan, Jack Melnec, Arty Coleman, Mike Rawluck.

The class thanks Bert Rafferty for applying his talents in keeping them posted on all coming events. Our burdens have been greatly lightened by Mr. Gallimore's kind cooperation. His help during the course of the year has been invaluable in assisting the boys in their work. The boys greatly appreciate his help and to him we extend our sincerest thanks.

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STAGE SETTING FROM "H.M.S. PINAFORE"

Evolution of an Opera

• Len "Darwin" Pullan

It was late October, and war, recently declared, cast a depressing shadow on all recreational activities. Already rumors were being spread that Tech would not put on an opera this year. Thus it was with a sigh of relief we learned that the old school hall would again seat capacity houses of Gilbert and Sullivan fans. St. John's would present the popular "H.M.S. Pinafore."

Immediately a thorough systematic search for talent was organized. For the next few days various interpretations of "John Brown's Body" and "All Through the Night" flowed out of Room 14 as hundreds of boys and girls from both grades were tested. Finally, after many trials, the cast was complete. Practices were scheduled so as to interfere as little as possible with school work — during study periods for the entire cast and after school hours for the principals. Again, as in the past four years, production was to be under the excellent guidance of Miss Marjorie Horner, musical conductor, assisted by Miss Gauer and Miss McCord. Miss Ada Elwick, untiring little trouper of last year's "Mikado," would again be at the keyboard.

Progress at first was slow as the budding amateurs learned their music mostly by ear and constant repetition. At first the boys' and

girls' choruses practised separately, but later assembled to test the part-singing in soprano, alto, tenor, baritone and bass voices.

In time, the first act was sufficiently advanced to try out some of the scenes on the school stage. After learning some tricky movements from the Sailor's Hornpipe, the lads and lasses joined for group dancing; step by step, the cast learned to co-ordinate singing, acting, and dancing into one flowing tempo.

Progress now was marked, and the youthful "potentials" were feeling unduly satisfied. Their lofty spirits took a lower level when from three corners of the auditorium orders began to fly.

Miss McCord demanded more emphasis and clearness in the libretto.

"Stronger, baritones, stronger," called Miss Horner.

"Use those handkerchiefs, girls," Miss Gauer urged.

"Come on, cast, show some life!"

Three weeks before the opening night found the staff hard at work preparing for the big event. Reminding the students that the three rooms with the highest returns would be honored guests at the dress rehearsal, the Sales Department constantly urged ticket sales.

Miss McKerchar was busily taking costume measurements. Make-up classes were formed for certain evenings, with Miss Thompson and professional "Bill" Fletcher instructing. The art students taking this course "made up" the cast on all four nights. Rushed for time, the last three Saturday mornings were taken up in hours of practice.

At last the day of trial had arrived. It was the afternoon of March 25th and excitement ran high in the dressing rooms. The boys glowed as they strutted about the halls in their spotless sailor suits and bright orange complexions. The "Bo-Peep" bonnets and the gaudy sweeping frocks set the maidens a-flutter. As eight bells sounded the Staff hastily gathered their flock to deliver their last-minute instructions.

The opening curtain rose with a flourish, only to descend again most unceremoniously. The rope had snapped! At the beginning of the second act, again the curtain offered a stubborn resistance. Murray Campbell, usually in pleasing baritone voice, unfortunately suffered a sore throat.

The climax had yet to come. Late in the last act Ralph and the Captain were supposed to execute an extremely quick change of costumes, to appear on the stage together—Ralph (Jim Chess) as the new Captain and the Captain (Allan Woodfield) as Ralph. Their cue was given, but neither appeared. For one awkward minute the silence was deafening. Finally Jim hustled in, hastily adjusting his new uniform, while through the other entrance shuffled Allan, a sheepish grin on his face. His own sailor's uniform had been mislaid and in its place he wore "Little Jim's" suit. With his finger tips barely peeping out of his sleeves and his trousers rapidly obeying the law of gravity, his entrance was far from dramatic.

The audience could restrain itself no longer, and soon the hall was rocking with laughter. From a performance viewpoint, the dress rehearsal was a failure.

Maybe that was a good omen. You know, there is an old stage superstition that holds that a poor dress rehearsal is almost invariably followed by a successful first-night performance. With this in mind, those who attended on Tuesday night can vouch for its success. Monday's mistakes were corrected in a final practice, and each performance was an improvement on the last. When the final night arrived, every character on the stage already had the experience of a night before a live audience. The cast could now give its best.

Mr. Gibson brought the overture to an impressive finish and the curtain went up revealing a crew of sailors, busily at work on the "H.M.S. Pinafore." The lively opening chorus, "We Sail the Ocean Blue," followed, and the show was off to a good start.

The auditorium echoed a deep "Oh!" when Walter Rempel, bedecked in an elaborate blue admiral's uniform, made his majestic entrance. Sir Joseph adjusted his monocle, stroked his beard, and pompously began to inform his

listeners of what a great fellow he was. His songs, "I Am the Monarch of the Sea" and "When I Was a Lad," were one of the high-lights of the evening.

The second act opened with the beautiful "Fair Moon to Thee I Sing," sung by Captain Corcoran. The eager listeners enthusiastically acclaimed "The Bell Song," a frolicsome trio by the graceful Josephine, the Captain and Sir Joseph Porter. The duet, "Kind Captain, I've Important Information," was sung by the lusty-lunged villain Dick-Deadeye and the respectable Captain Corcoran. Because of the wicked tale-telling of the "three-corner'd one," our unlucky wooer was condemned to prison. In his grief, he sings his touching "Farewell, My Own." When all appeared black and hopeless, Little Buttercup brought the story to a dramatic climax with her revealing legend "A Many Years Ago." Any remaining complications were dispelled by prospects of matrimonial "bliss," and the curtain rang down on a gay group, robustly singing the last chorus of "Oh Joy! Oh Rapture Unforeseen."

Did they like it? Before we could ask anyone, the stage was attacked by "autograph hounds" and "candid camera" addicts. A few of the more aggressive lads and lasses, still in paint and costume, mingled boldly with the crowd.

"It was great" was the most frequent remark. Perhaps the most encouraging comment, and sincerest compliment, was voiced by Mr. Robert Jarman, head physical instructor of the Winnipeg schools:

"... the sailors were superb; one of the best bits of high school entertainment I've seen in a long while."

Sidelights:

Probably Friday's most beautiful duet was "Refrain, Audacious Tar," sung by Betty Shand and Jim Chess. Spurred on by his "messmates" backstage, Jim ended the sentimental piece with an original "touch" of his own, much to the delight of the spectators in the front row . . .

. . . The two marines gave a smart, realistic performance in regular military style, thanks to Durward Smith, veteran "soloist" of the last year's "Mikado." . . Outstanding soloists were Mary Shidloski, Jim Chess, Alex. Horne, Betty Shand, Ida Patterson, Irene Kerr, Murray Campbell, Ole Anderson, Ray McColl, Monica Pound, Ellen Donaldson, Don Williams, and Allan Woodfield. . .

. . . Truly outstanding performances were given by Ruth Popeski, Walter Rempel and Jack Ludwig. . . They tell of the bright young critic in the audience who thought the sailors "weren't quite in character." That may be true, as the psychologists tell us marines get their "sea legs" only after their knees have stopped knocking. . .

. . . The cast wishes to thank again Miss Gauer, Miss McCord, and Miss Horner for their untiring efforts in making the opera the success it was.

H. M. S. PINAFORE

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

BUTTERCUP	{ IDA PATTERSON RUTH POPESKI
JOSEPHINE	{ BETTY SHAND IRENE KERR MARY SHIDLOSKI
RALPH RACKSTRAW	{ ALEX. HORNE JIM CHESSE
HEBE	{ ELLEN DONALDSON MONICA POUND
CAPTAIN CORCORAN	{ ALAN WOODFIELD MURRAY CAMPBELL
SIR JOSEPH PORTER	WALTER REMPEL
DICK DEADEYE	JACK LUDWIG
BO'SUN	{ OLE ANDERSON RAY MCCOLL
CARPENTER'S MATE	DON WILLIAMS

GIRLS' CHORUSES

1ST CHORUS

Barbara Daley
Sylvia Kobrinsky
Helen Rabkin
Sheila McFetridge
Dorothea Duncan
Pearl Margolis
Jean Ranson
Nellie Robb
Louise Zimmerman
Phyllis Hampson
Pearl Smith
Betty Moscovitch
Nancy Shepherd
Bernice Lauder

Frances Klasz
Riva Sexter
Hazel Watters
Jane McGurk
Ella Lockhart
Marion Greenberg
Lenore Huget

2ND CHORUS

Lucy Waldman
Gladys Papineau
Jeanette Siwek
Betty Warren
Martha Hiebert
Betty Kabe

Doris Dvorak
Mary Borodkin
Margaret Clark
Marguerite Pitton
Pearl Smith
Betty Watt
Bea Shipman
Aileen Zipp
Jean Lawrie
Teenie Plett
Mariam Herman
Helen Walker
Isobel Golden
Estelle Mindess
Marjorie Quistberg

BOYS' CHORUSES

TENORS

Sam Kantorovech
George Gershman
Alex. Wilson
Herbert Copland
Fred Nichols
Irvin Ruvinsky
Allan Collerman
John Dill
Herb. Ringrose

BASSES

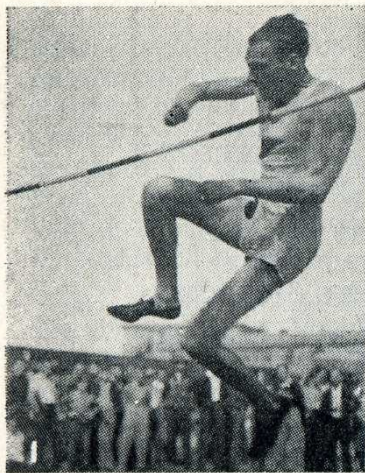
Martin Swartz
Deryk Hetherington
Lawrence Henne
Charles Greenberg
Leonard Pullan
Charlie Hayes
Archie Levin
Alex. McMullan
Herbert Nemish

MARINES	{ LEONARD GREENBERG EDWARD NASKAR
---------------	--------------------------------------

Accompanist: ADA ELWICK

ORCHESTRA: Sheldon Allman, Goldie Bell, Ben Burke, Bernard Derback, Leonard Gelfand, Morley Globerman, Paul Grosney, Sam Kantorovech, Harry Karalnick, Bernard Klein, Ben Kosidoy, Jean Krawchuk, Mayer Levadie, Bill Lutz, Bob McConkey, Sophie Melnichuk, John Piasetski, Gertie Rifkin, Stella Rychlik, Ben Schwartz, Bea Shipman, Douglas Sparks, Florence Trepel, Ruth Werier.

The whole of the action takes place within twenty-four hours on board H.M.S. Pinafore, which is lying off Portsmouth Harbour.



1. Harris takes off,
 2. He nears the bar,
 3. A great effort—
 4. Over!!!
 5. Pretty good time, eh?
 6. Stretch it, Sam.

7. Coaches Sheley and Lear.
 8. Harlow wins!
 9. Another record, Mike?
 10. Make it good, Jean.
 11. Made it!
 12. Some form—hmm.

ALUMNI NOTES

Each year "The Torch" staff reserves a section of the school year book for those students who have graduated from St. John's and who have distinguished themselves in various walks of life.

Now, at a time when our democratic nations are engaged against the forces of tyranny, it is proper that this thirtieth volume of "The Torch" be dedicated to those graduates of the school who have answered duty's call. Already over two hundred ex-students have offered their services to the country. That number is increasing hourly.

May God guide our boys in their fight for freedom, and may He bless them always.

"The Torch" honors reverently those who fell in performance of their duty.

"A Winnipeg war bird was believed forced down, Tuesday, during the mass bombings of the German fortified island of Sylt."

The flier is **Flight Lieutenant John E. Baskerville**, 25-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. William F. Baskerville, of 254 Lansdowne Ave. Mr. Baskerville, father of John, is a teacher at St. John's High School.

John himself graduated from St. John's in 1931, going to Wesley College from here. While at St. John's, he was active in church work, and later took an active interest in the Manitoba Tuxis Boys' Parliament, holding a seat in the cabinet.

After two years' training at Stevenson field, during which he obtained his pilot's license and his commercial license, he went to England and enlisted in the Royal Air Force. He had been with the R.A.F. about four years when war was declared.

Although he did not hold any executive positions at St. John's, John was always the leader of his class in general attitude. Teachers say of him, "A good student, a loyal friend, and one of the finest boys ever taught."

A graduate of Champlain and St. John's Technical High School, 25-year-old **Pilot Officer Jack Benzie** was injured after Royal Air Force action. During his school years he was a member of the Cameron Cadets and was attached to the Camerons for about six

months. Jack is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Benzie, 380 Polson Avenue. In February, 1939, he left Winnipeg to join the air force in England, and since the outbreak of war has been attached to the All-Canadian squadron.

Teachers and friends of Officer Benzie at St. John's were happy when they learned that the missing flier had been found.

When news reached St. John's that **Curran Robinson** was missing, his many friends at the school began hoping that he would turn up. To date no further news has reached us as to his whereabouts. Curran Robinson, who graduated from St. John's in 1932 after going through Luxton School, was well known and well liked as a humorist and adventurer. After his graduation, Curran obtained work as a salesman out west, where he met a friend, and together they travelled overseas in a cattle boat. They wandered through England, France, and Belgium. In England, Curran picked fruit before he joined the R.A.F. "The Torch" expresses its sincerest wishes that Curran Robinson's whereabouts will be discovered soon.

Paul J. Wolinsky: Has been awarded an \$1,800 Social Science Research Council fellowship from the University of Chicago. Paul, a graduate of St. John's, where he won a gold medal for oratory, and a graduate in Arts of the University of Manitoba, plans spending the next year in New York, where he will study psychiatry and psychoanalysis. During the past year, he has been a Marshall Field fellow in the department of sociology in the University of Chicago, and for the past three years has been associated in research work with Professor E. W. Burgess of the same University.

Wilbur Van Vliet

When he left Winnipeg for England shortly after the outbreak of this war, Wilbur held the responsible position of Squadron Leader for the Western Division of the Royal Canadian Air Force. His services overseas, however, were of such merit that he was recently made "Wing Commander." At present, Van Vliet is attached to the 110th Squadron. Mrs. (Continued on Page 94)



Livingstone—How did you get past all the natives?

Stanley—I talked myself black in the face.

* * *

“Why, Jane,” protested the mistress. “that cake is as black as a cinder. Did you cook it according to my instructions?”

“Well, no mum,” replied the culprit. “It’s one of me own cremations.”

* * *

“I represent the Mountain Wool Company, ma’am. Would you be interested in some coarse yarns?”

“Gosh, yes! Tell me a couple.”

* * *

Lady (to window-cleaner)—Will you have a cup of tea or a glass of beer?

Window-cleaner — Beer’s best, ma’am. I finds it gives a better polish when I breathes on the glass.

* * *

Passenger—Do boats like this often sink?

Captain—No; only once.

* * *

“Do you approve of tight skirts?”

“No! I think women should not drink.”

* * *

G-Man—He got away, did he? Didn’t you guard the exits?

Constable—Yes, but he must have gone out one of the entrances.

* * *

“This transfer has expired, madam.”

“Well, no wonder, with the air so bad in here.”

* * *

Henpecked Husband—I wish you wouldn’t knit at meals, my dear. I can’t tell where my spaghetti leaves off and your sweater begins.

* * *

She—Can you drive with one arm?

He—Yes, you bet!

She—Have an apple, then.

* * *

“Oh, Fred, the baby has swallowed the matches! What shall I do?”

“Here, use my cigarette lighter.”

* * *

“Mamma,” said Willie at the movie, “when is the Indian coming out again?”

“Hush, my dear; there are no Indians in this picture.”

“Then who scalped these men in front of us?”

G. Wright—Who was that peach I saw you with last night?

S. Witson—That was no peach; that was a fruit salad. She was as sour as a lemon, as slippery as a banana, and when I squeezed her she hit me in the eye like a grapefruit.

* * *

Fortune Teller—I see a tall, stout woman following your husband.

Client—I’m sorry for her, then. He’s a postman.

* * *

Coed—I don’t think I should get zero on this exam!

Prof—Neither do I. But that’s the lowest mark there is.

* * *

“There’s only one thing wrong with me, blondie. I’m color blind.”

“Yo-all sho’ mus’ be. mistah.”

* * *

A nudist is a person who goes coatless and vestless and has pants to match.

* * *

Little Audrey and her boy friend were out drinking cocktails one night and when she got home to bed she looked up and saw the ceiling going round and round, but she just laughed and laughed. She knew the ceiling was plastered.

* * *

“Wuz dat yo’ bes’ girl fren’?”

“Oh, no; jes’ necks bes’.”

* * *

Woman (learning to drive) — But I don’t know what to do.

Husband—Just imagine I’m driving.

* * *

“I think all this talk about a college man’s life being all wine, women and song is exaggerated.”

“It certainly is; you never hear any singing in a dormitory.”

* * *

Student—Am I handling this plane right?

Instructor—Yeah. Just keep it up.

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BOTTOM ROW—Irene Gunn, Goldie Bookhalter, Shirley Bromberg, Mona Werier, Gloria Fochuk, Vera Kare, Freda Brickman, Ruth Lanin.

SECOND ROW—Mr. Reeve, Cecil Muldrew, Laila Barsky, Minnie Ratner, Sylvia Feldman, Margery Douglas, Luba Sirulnikoff, Isaac Chamish.

LAST ROW—Harry Niznick, Hart Rusen, Garth Metcalfe, Harry Winrob, Iser Portnoy, Orest Krett, Eddie Moscovitch.

“PRUNELLA”

On the afternoons of April 4th and 5th “Prunella” was presented by a group of Grade XI students. As the play is on the Grade XI curriculum, it gave both the performers and the audience a greater understanding of the story.

Under the very capable direction of Mr. Reeve the play was well presented. Great credit is due him for his untiring efforts, as he willingly gave up much of his time to make the play a success.

The leading parts were taken by Gloria Fochuk and Shirley Bromberg as naive, modest Prunellas; Mona Werier as the frivolous, love-making Pierrot; and Iser Portnoy as Pierrot’s lower nature—Scaramel.

The players were all well cast, particularly Goldie Bookhalter as Aunt Prude, Cecil Muldrew as the boy, Garth Metcalfe as Mouth, and Freda Brickman as Quaint.

The presentation was enjoyed by both the performers and the audience.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Prunella	} Gloria Fochuk
Prunella	} Shirley Bromberg
Pierrot	Mona Werier
Aunt Prude	Goldie Bookhalter
Aunt Privacy	Irene Gunn
Aunt Prim	Vera Kare
First Gardener	Isaac Chamish
Second Gardener.....	Orest Krett
Third Gardener	Harry Niznick
Boy	Cecil Muldrew
Scaramel	Iser Portnoy
Queer	Ruth Lanin
Quaint	Freda Brickman
Love	Margery Douglas
Doll	Minnie Ratner
Coquette	Laila Barsky
Romp	Sylvia Feldman
Tawdry	Luba Sirulnikoff
Kennel	Eddie Moscovitch
Callow	Harry Winrob
Mouth	Garth Metcalfe
Hawk	Hart Rusen

Auditorium Events

Some excellent films have been presented in the Auditorium this year, and we must congratulate Miss Horner on conducting an educating and interesting year of entertainment. Miss Owens, who was secretary for these Auditorium periods, put in much effort in connection with this work and deserves our heartiest thanks. Mr. Johnson, who directs the presentation of the films, was excellent, and the installation of a public address system enabled him to secure many reels of film with sound track, which proved to be much more interesting than the silent films. The pupils seemed to appreciate the Auditorium periods this year more than in the past, and seemed to find the periods all too short. The films, besides being very entertaining, were most educational and dealt with subjects studied in the school.

Besides the films, many interesting periods were spent with speakers. Some of the most famous St. John's graduates returned to speak to the class of '40 and '41. David Golden brought along an interesting film on university life. Mr. Sam Freedman spoke to a very responsive audience, who reacted splendidly to the best speech of the year. Canon Jackson, Rev. Martin and many others spoke to the pupils. All in all the year was very successful for Auditorium periods.

The films presented:

OVERSEAS LEAGUE FILMS

Happy Altitudes (New Zealand), silent—fair.
The Golden Lure (New Zealand), silent—poor.
Around the Village Green (England), sound—good.
The Manufacture of Steel Plates, silent—fair.
Diamet Steels, silent—fair.
Steelcraft (Parts 1, 2, 3, 4), silent—excellent.
Electricalities, sound—good.
Farspeaking, sound—good.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

The Radiant Rockies, color (two reels, silent)—excellent.
From Sea to Sea, sound (one reel).
The Royal Tour (one reel).
Coronation (one reel).

DOMINION TEXTILE CO.

Cotton (three reels)—good.

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

The Monarch Butterfly, silent—poor.
How We Hear, silent (100 ft.)—poor.
The Human Heart, silent (100 ft.)—poor.
Amoeba, silent—poor.
Nature's Jewel, silent (100 ft.)—fair.
Interdependence, silent—fair.
Autumn and Winter in Japan, silent—poor.
When Spring is in the Air, sound—good.

IMPERIAL OILS LIMITED

Safari on Wheels (1,600 ft., sound)—excellent.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

A Modern Zeus, sound—fair.
The Electric Ship, sound—poor.
The Conquest of the Cascades, sound—fair.
The Life of Thomas A. Edison, sound—very poor.
Excursions in Science No. 1, sound—good.
Excursions in Science No. 2, sound—good.
Excursions in Science No. 3, sound—good.
Excursions in Science No. 4, sound—good.
Excursions in Science No. 5, sound—good.

THE HUDSON PAPER COMPANY

Split Second Selling, sound (800 ft.)—very good.

THE MID-WEST PAPER COMPANY

The Making of Progress Bond, silent (three reels)—good.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Jasper National Park, silent, color (1,600 ft.)—excellent.

DEPARTMENT OF MINES AND NATURAL RESOURCES

Grey Owl's Strange Guests, sound—good.
Health and Recreation in P.A. National Park, silent—good.
Stalking Big Game, silent—fair.
Warriors of the Deep, silent—good.
Nipigon, silent—good.
Prairie Land to Fairy Land, silent—good.
In the Shadow of the Assiniboine—good.
Playgrounds of the Prairies—good.

W. L. MACKENZIE CO.

The Story of Salmon, sound (800 ft.)

(Note—No films which rated less than fair were shown the student body.)

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A Word of Appreciation

WHEN all the work which constitutes a year book is co-ordinated; when all the material which makes a good year book is chosen; when all the year book has been printed—our work on the material of the Torch is over.

“The Torch is completed,” a simple phrase but behind it lie hours, days, and months of co-operative planning and execution. There are so many people to whom we must extend our sincerest appreciation.

To Miss K. Wilson, Prof. Watson Kirkconnell and Prof. Arthur L. Phelps, who judged our literary contests, we say thank you for a thorough piece of work.

To Harry Steele, Augustus H. May and “Jimmy” Coe, who picked the winners in our photography contest, we express our appreciation of your valuable service and time.

To Mr. Reeve, Miss Nicolson, Miss Owen, Mr. Thierry, Mr. Beer and Mr. Burrows, whose advisory counsel was ever sought and eagerly attended, we bow in grateful and humble recognition of services rendered.

To Miss Collisson, Miss Snider and Mr. Newfield, to whom was instilled the terrifying task of reading and typing the material which seemed ever flowing—in all directions—we render our thanks.

To Mr. Johnson, whose time was spent in photographing groups of giggling, wriggling and uneasy lads and lassies, we express words of gratification.

To Mr. Jones and his associates, Alex. Rennick and Albert Juzak, who conducted all art work for the year, we say thanks for a job well done. A special word for Alex. Rennick, who designed the cover and all headings and then made cuts in linoleum of his designs.

To Mr. J. E. Ridd, who assembled our Active Service list, we doff our hats.

Also bouquets to Miss Gauer, Mr. Grusz, Mr. Newfield, and especially Mr. Dotten, for their co-operation in assembling sports news.

Finally, I would like to express appreciation to all the members of the Torch staff. These girls and boys have worked hard to make this book something—something of which they can be proud. I think they have succeeded.

THE EDITOR.

PERSONALITIES

Roytenberg: Yon Roytenberg "has a lean and hungry look; he thinks too much. Such men are dangerous." Let me have men about me who do not break records, who do not act in Shakespeare, who do not write poetry, who do not debate, who do not speak French, who do not . . . who do not . . . who do not . . .

Ludwig: A beetle-browed basso-profundo, all-star stool-pigeon from "Pinafore." That Dick Dead Eye who tattled meanly on Josephine, roared obtrusively in Congress, and finished off (as editor of this rag) by yelling for more copy, howling for more news and generally cursing loudly at all mankind. The price of fame is indeed exacting.

Reeve: (Familiar name, what?). A sterling proof of our beloved mentor's inculcatory abilities. As president of the Student Council, Jim has been kept busy this year directing and supervising.

Spack 'n' Putter: (Nutten less dan a pome fur dese mugs.)

As basketeers these men are fine,
Their playing and passing is divine;
In ruggar, too, they both do shine,
Linked as one in the light of lime.

Next comes our glorious field-day time;
Again we find they are sublime,
In running, jumping, and "putting" prime;
Spack 'n' Putter: the world is thine.

Sisler: A fine "upstanding" lad this, with a name that does him justice. Hear him "sizzle 'r" something at exam time. Yes, siree! Just watch Georgie steer that barnacled (scholar) ship.

Caroline Freedman: "Busy, busy, busy, busy, all day long I'm in a whoil,

Busy, busy, busy, busy, heaven help da woiking goil."

Which means Caroline, who has been busy, busy, all year as:

- Vice-president of Student Council;
- Delegate to the Student Congress;
- Councillor of the Debating Club;
- And general looker-after of things.

Woodfield: St. John's Ginger Punch:

- 2 quarts good red blood;
- 1 cup sugar;
- 1 cup excellent ginger;
- 1 inimitable Alan Woodfield.

Warm the good red blood. Place as treasurer on Student Council. Add sugar to sweeten voice and place as Capt. Corcoran in "Pinafore." Some months later add ginger and stir well. Then place on track and field. Observe excellent results.

Bevan: Perform a genuflexion for George "S" Bevan, that proceritous, fuliginous and concinnous senior basketball player and individual champ. George, ut forma popularis volat, has many heterogeneous, numismatical complots whereby the mozuma is attributed.

Pitzik: That harmonious, easy-going president of XI-A, seen all winter chasing himself, mile after mile, hour after hour, in the gym. Artie likes running so:

"By thirty hills he'd hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges
By twenty thorpes, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges."

By the way, are you still dieting, Art?

Rempel: (Anudder pome)

The place is hushed, the lights are low,
The breathless crowd awaits his "doh,"
With comic mien, and glorious flow
In "Pinafore" this star doth glow.
And then, with jump of record "go,"
In field-day he doth steal the show.

Burke: Burke brings home the bacon. Button, button, who's got the button? Boy, oh boy, what a game! But better, the button become's a ball, borne by Brian Burke and besought by twelve big bruisers who beg to batter our beloved Brian. But Brian baffles the bums and brings the ball from the battle unharmed. (How did that word get in here?) However, kidding aside, this Burke is some quarterback.

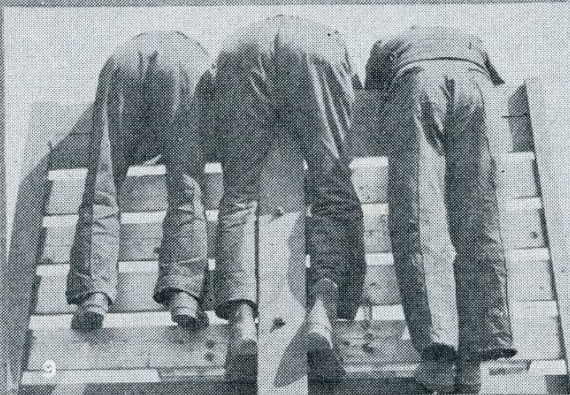
Ada Elwick: The most renowned "forgotten" artiste in Tech, that diminutive "pianiste extraordinaire," who accomplished the unheard of feat of tickling the horse teeth for four consecutive nights in "Pinafore" without one error. Where have you heard that before?

Lexier: (Harry "Perry" Lexier, as the knife-cuts in our desks tell us) and the man for whom veni-vidi-vici was cut out for. He came. It was not long before he saw, and there, as rugby player, record-breaking distance runner and individual winner he conquered. (His constitution is stronger than that of the U.S.A.)

Sylvia Kobrinsky: Say, this is Sylvia coming, wasn't it? Who is Sylvia? Sylvia is the girl who sped in ahead of all other "D" classers in Field Day. Swish!—that was Sylvia!

Ralph Kaminsky

At present Ralph Kaminsky is in Chicago studying voice and violin. Besides winning a scholarship in singing, Ralph won a gold medal in violin, presented by the Royal Schools of London. In 1938 he won a joint scholarship with Leon Samatini.



1. Gee, I'm shy.
 2. After ten years—
 3. We won!
 4. Another day has ended.
 5. The school tramp and dance . . .

6. Pass it, please.
 7. The school's tramps dance.
 8. The feet are familiar but I can't place the face.
 9. Field day "hangover."
 10. Now look what you've done."



For years Room 24 has been the school art centre. Under the exacting instruction of Mr. Jones the students have not only gained skill and knowledge in routine work, such as still life, but also in designing, linoleum cutting and show-card writing. Such good men as Harry Provisor, Joe Popiel, Len Thornquist and Frank Juzak (who judged our art contest) received their first real training behind Mr. Jones' easels. Talent which might have been left to stagnate is sought out and developed along the most promising lines. However, the teacher often finds that his pupils lack the patience and drive necessary to sit down and produce something worth while. Only through the supplying of some incentive, some goal, do they muster this will. With this view in mind, and with the desire to develop to the utmost the artistic talents of the students the "Torch" sponsored the art contest.

First Prize—Alex. Rennick, 19, Room 24.

At first glance this painting appears to be a well touched up photograph. Although the subject is one of the plants in the art room, the picture is not a direct copy. The form of the leaves, the texture and the colors are the same, but the arrangement of these leaves and colors has been changed to suit the artist. By making these changes the picture has been given an essential quality necessary in good art-composition.

Second Prize—Jerry Ustaniak, 18, Room 24.

This black and white wash was done on a huge sheet of rough water-color paper. Jerry spent two months tediously observing and recording every wrinkle and shadow from the famous "Winged Victory" cast. His time was

well spent for not only did he win "Torch" recognition, but he also won first prize in the Class D division of the Y.M.C.A. Boys' and Girls' Fair. Only criticism made was that the highlights down the left side of the figure should have been more accented.

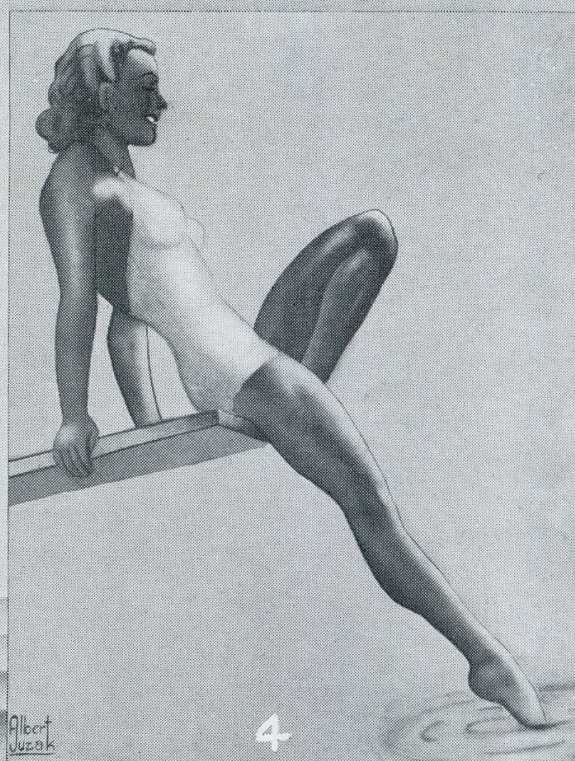
Third Prize—Alex. Rennick.

Like figure number two, this head was done on the same rough paper. In both cases the black background has been painted. The excellent technique employed, which brought out such subtle variations in tone and such smoothness in texture, won for this black and white wash its particular distinction. In the lion's mane we notice the delicate handling of light and shade. An excellent piece of work.

4. Honorable Mention—Albert Juzak, 18, Room 24.

Implying no reflection on Albert's fertile imagination, we must confess this delightful study was inspired by the distinctively styled "Petty Girl." Although Albert lacked the air-brush* which gives the American dream girl that extra bit of unexplainable something, he has succeeded in giving his figure the necessary grace of line fitting the subject. However, some criticism was offered. The hand lacks form and is anatomically defective. You notice, too, that the left leg is considerably darker than its shapely twin. This is due to the difference in time when the picture was painted. The colors for the extended leg were mixed by daylight; for the other by artificial light. Hence the difference.

*The artistic background of the art page is an excellent example of decorative air-brush work.



1. 1st Prize—Still Life—ALEX. RENNICK.
2. 2nd Prize—Still Life—JERRY USTANIUK.
3. 3rd Prize—Still Life—ALEX. RENNICK.

4. Honorable Mention—Still Life! !—ALBERT JUZAK.



LORD TWEEDSMUIR

In perfect honor, perfect truth,
And gentleness to all mankind,
You trod the golden paths of youth,
Then left the world and youth behind.
Ah, no! 'tis we who fade and fail —
And you, from Time's slow torments free,
Shall pass from strength to strength and scale
The steps of immortality.

*Fratri Dilectissimo, W.H.B.
Stanza 5.*



FIRST ROW—Bea Shipman, Florence Trepel, Goldie Bell, Ronald Gibson (conductor), Ada Elwick, Ruth Werier, Stella Rychlik.

SECOND ROW—Bernard Kline, Leonard Gelfand, Harry Karalnik, Morley Globerman, John Piasetzki, Ben Kosidoy.

LAST ROW—Bernard Derback, Sam Kantorovich, Sheldon Allman, Eddie Lutz, Meyer Levadie, Ben Burke.

MUSICAL NOTES

"One-two-three! One-two-three! You're not together! Watch my beat!" These everlasting words of Mr. Gibson's are imprinted in the minds of the orchestra members. Indeed, this year St. John's has been fortunate in having as its conductor Ronald Gibson, capable and well-known musician.

The orchestra embodies a group of 25 students many of whom have distinguished themselves as individual soloists in the city festivals. They include:

Goldie Bell, concert mistress of the orchestra, who is also concert mistress and soloist of the Manitoba Junior Symphony Orchestra, of which Ronald Gibson is also conductor.

Ruth Werier, pianist of our orchestra, was chosen as guest soloist with the Manitoba Junior Symphony Orchestra at its annual concert in the Auditorium.

Ada Elwick, pianist for the orchestra, is also accompanist for the Manitoba Junior Symphony.

Bernard Klein, Bea Shipman, Sam Kanterovitch, Florence Trepel, and Gertie Rivkin are all members of both orchestras. The members of the orchestra have also performed at the various school functions. They played at the opera and accompanied the March of the Graduates at the graduation exercises.

High praise for our orchestra and its conductor was given by Adjudicator Bernard Naylor at the recent Musical Festival.

In the full orchestra and string groups in the Senior High School Orchestra class, St. John's was the sole entry in each class. Despite the lack of competition, St. John's was credited with two marks—86 and 88 respectively. A still higher honor was bestowed on them. They were requested to play at the final concert of selected winners of the festival.

The school is proud of the orchestra's achievements this year. It is our sincere wish that the orchestra may continue to grow, not only in size, but also in quality.

Chorus Work

The girls' ensemble, directed by Miss Horner, topped the ensemble class in the Musical Festival to gain 87 and 84 marks. The girls sang beautifully and deserved all honors accorded them. They were also chosen to sing in the final concert of the Festival. The adjudicators were somewhat more restrained in their praise of the boys' choir. To demonstrate how one of their songs, "Silent Worship," should have been sung, Adjudicator John Gosz delivered an undoubtedly original version of the beautiful Handel number. The boys tied for second place.

To Miss Horner the music lovers of St. John's express their appreciation and gratitude for her sincere efforts in seeking out and developing the school's musical talent. No other teacher has done so much in raising the standard of music at St. John's.



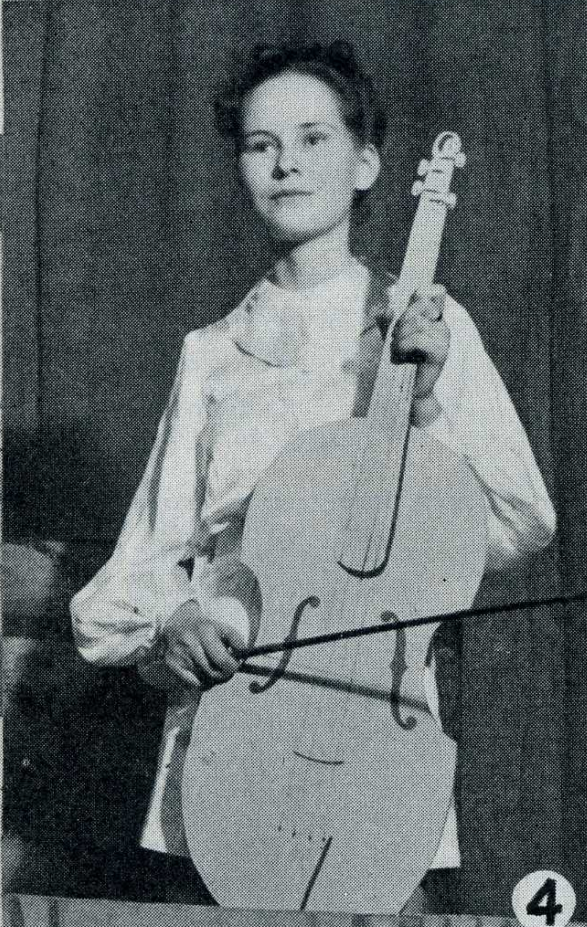
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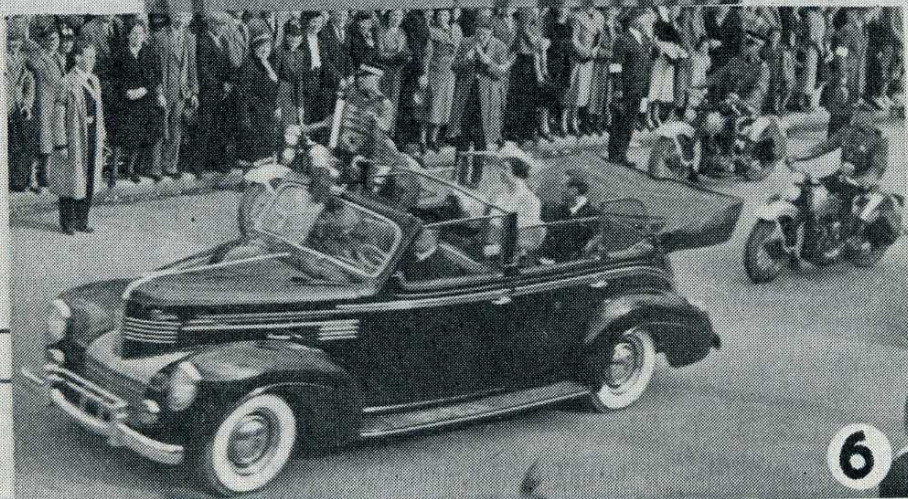
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4.



5.



6.

ALBERT JUZAK

1. *Girl Studying*—3rd Prize—SELIGMAN.

2. *Summer Scene* — Honorable Mention — LODGIA KLAUS.

3. *Sir Joseph Porter*—2nd Prize — LEONARD GELFAND.

4. *Love*—1st Prize—CHAMISH & CHERATNIK.

5. *Buttercup*—Honorable Mention—LEONARD GELFAND.

6. *Remember?* — Honorable Mention — BILL GLADSTONE.

EXCHANGE

Delta Lampadian, Delta Collegiate Institute, Hamilton, Ont.

A very excellent publication. The abundance of pictures, clever layout and the special articles by John Barbirolli and Lionel Conacher combine to make your book one of the fines on our exchange list.

The Echoes, Peterborough Collegiate and Vocational School, Peterborough, Ont.

A good book. The poetry is of excellent calibre. We found your novel presentation of form news very interesting. An improvement, however, could have been made in the art department.

The Patrician Herald, St. Patrick's High School, Quebec City, P.Q.

The cover is a very pretty shade of green.

The Bugle, Crescent Heights High School, Calgary, Alta.

A fine magazine. Not enough space allotted to the literary section. A most unique and attractive cover.

Vantech, Vancouver Technical High School, Vancouver, B.C.

An extraordinary year book. A fine variety in subject matter. The excellent layout and the perfection in the art department gives your magazine a decidedly professional quality.

Takapuna, Grammar School, New Zealand.

Interest is not sustained throughout due to the lack of pictures. May we suggest that you have more special features and less form news?

West Ward Ho, Western Technical Commercial School, Toronto, Ontario.

A fine product. Excellent layout. The wide variety of subject matter and many fine pictures produce a readable school chronicle.

Kelvin High School, Winnipeg, Man.

Do you not think Tom Lawson's mural is deserving of a full page reproduction?

The Breezes, Daniel McIntyre Collegiate Institute, Winnipeg, Man.

Received.

The Year Book, Commissioner's High School, Quebec, P.Q.

A well proportioned book. May we suggest that you insert a page of candid camera shots.

Gordon Bell High School, Winnipeg, Man.

Received.

Newtonian, Isaac Newton High School, Winnipeg, Man.

Received.

Annual 1940, High School of Quebec.

The school news and special articles are choicely blended. We found *The Tatler* a delightful surprise.

GRADUATION DAY

Friday, June 7th, found the graduating students of St. John's High School alert and ready for a full day of outstanding events. The day which was to complete their public school life, Graduation Day, had finally come. Even Mr. Weatherman realized the significance of this date and stopped the apparently intended shower.

Every minute of the day was being used to advantage. At 9 o'clock Miss Horner was already rehearsing with the choir and ensembles. At 10.45 classes assembled in the school auditorium and the gymnasium for the presentation of Athletic and Torch awards.

Miss Caroline Freedman very ably presided at the girls' assembly. The Sports Captains of all the girls' classes also were on the platform, which was beautifully decorated with plants.

Mr. Reeve opened the program by presenting the Junior and Senior Inter-High Volley Ball Cup, and then gave the chair to Caroline Freedman. In turn, Miss Freedman introduced the teachers, who made the various presentations.

Miss McCord, Miss Collison, Miss Kernaghan and Miss Cadwell awarded the field day ribbons. Then the captains of the champion inter-class teams—X-H Baseball, XI-R Volley Ball, XI-L Basketball and XI-J Field Day—were called to the platform and received various awards from Miss Snider, Miss Thompson, Miss Cumming and Miss Avery, respectively.

Mr. Newfield, when presenting the skating crests to the winners, informed us that this year the St. John's girls had won more points than had ever been won before by one school in the skaters' division.

Miss Macdougall, who gave gifts to the two winning badminton teams, also had some sincere words of appreciation to offer to the girl who had kept the schedule running smoothly during the year—Kay Wolfman.

Crests for the teams who had most faithfully kept to their uniforms during the physical training periods were awarded by Miss Gauer. XI-M was outstanding here, for one class had a perfect record and the others were not far behind.

Hazel Dale and Erma Dickson received tokens of appreciation from the school for their splendid work in preparing equipment and for being great helpers-in-general during physical training periods. Miss Gauer also mentioned the co-operative spirit in which the Sports Captains had worked.

After all the Athletic awards had been distributed, Miss Nicholson came to the platform with the Literary awards. As expected, a Hetherington won the first prize in the poetry

division. This time it was Joan of XI-G. Brother Deryk took second prize. Riva Sector received the second prize for her essay entitled "D'Artagnan."

Martina Gusberti concluded the program with a note of thanks for the teachers who had so kindly co-operated with the students, and led in three cheers. The girls were dismissed and many of them were seen running to their hairdressers to be prepared for graduation. At the school many hair nets had already been seen.

While the girls' awards were being made in the Auditorium, the boys arrayed on the Gymnasium floor listened attentively to their teachers, who were in their best "after-dinner" speaking form.

Mr. D. N. Ridd served capably in his role of master of ceremonies. His repartee with the other teachers was greatly enjoyed by the lads. The first award on the program was made by Mr. T. O. ("I played soccer with Mr. Ridd 25 years ago") Durnin, who presented the inter-room soccer shield to Oscar Nerman, captain of the champion X-A eleven.

Mr. F. C. Grusz presented the inter-room basketball trophy to George Bevan, acting captain of the XII-A quintet.

The hockey trophy was awarded to Captain Mike Salewich of the XI-D champions by M. J. E. Ridd.

Mike Spack received the trophy emblematic of the city basketball championship from Mr. Victor Dotton and the inter-high school shield from Mr. Reeve.

Field Day awards were made by Mr. D. N. Ridd, Mr. Dotton, and Mr. Reeve, and the Boys' Individual Field Day champs, Allan Katz, Mike Spack, Perry Lexier, and George Bevan, were introduced to the boys. Perry Lexier also received the Major Gardiner Memorial Trophy for his record-breaking time of 4:58 1-10 for the handicap mile.

Mr. George Newfield presented speed skating penants to the champion skaters.

Leonard Pullan, Sid Warhaft, Deryk Hetherington and Hartly Rusen received literary awards from Jack Ludwig, who also gave art awards to Alex. Rennick and Jerry Ustaniuk.

Meyer Brownstone, who received the inter-school track shield on behalf of XII-A, presented the photography prizes to Leonard Felfand and Isaac Chamish.

The program ended with three cheers for the champion track team.

The Graduation Exercises were held this year at Grace Church. Although not as conveniently situated as St. Giles, it was found more suitable because of its large accommo-

(Continued on Page 95)

Programme

MARCH OF THE GRADUATES

It is requested that the audience remain standing during the march.

O CANADA - - - -
OMNES

1. GIRLS' CHOIR:

The Lord is My Shepherd - - - - Brother James

2. THE PASSING YEAR - -

THE PRINCIPAL

3. VOCAL TRIO:

Where'er You Walk - - - - - Handel

ANN TATE, RUTH POPESKI, WALTER REMPEL

4. ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATES -

E. K. WILLIAMS, ESQ., K.C.

5. ORCHESTRA:

(a) Minuet from Sonatina - - - - Schubert

(b) Ballet Music from Rosamunde - - - - Schubert

(c) Marche Heroique - - - - Schubert

6. PRESENTATION of Governor-General's Medal to WALTER REMPEL by Mr. D. N. RIDD.

7. CHOIRS:

(a) Flow Gently, Sweet Afton - - - - Traditional

(b) You Gentlemen of England - - - - Arr. Thos. Dunhill

8. VALEDICTORY - - - -

TOM GILLESPIE

9. GIRLS' ENSEMBLE:

(a) Mists Before the Sunrise Fly - - - - Arne

(b) Pastorale - - - - Carey

10. PASSING OF THE TORCH -

JIM REEVE TO IRENE WEINBENDER

JERUSALEM - - - -
OMNES

THE KING

ACCOMPANISTS: ADA ELWICK, RUTH WERIER, RONALD W. GIBSON



St. John's High School, June 8, 1940.

Dear Sue:

You certainly missed a lot of fun this year and won't be able to tell me a thing about socials when you do get back to Winnipeg. St. John's doesn't take second in social events to any school.

The Rugby Dance started things off with a bang as usual. There was a nice turnout and I think the store of Rugby equipment could have been pretty well replenished with the proceeds. Wayne Sheley, our handsome Rugby coach, was among the guests that evening, and undoubtedly attracted the most attention.

Hallowe'en came along before we knew it and with it the Hallowe'en Dance. There were more costumes seen this year than usual, as prizes were awarded for the best ones. I happened to have missed this dance, but I did enquire about the winning costume. "There wasn't very much to it," was the reply I received. Miss Esther Sohn, as a Spanish senorita, was awarded the second prize, while Donald Bliss, adorned with a monocle and mustache, and acting in quite his usual manner, carried off the first prize in the gentlemen's division. The Gymnasium and the Auditorium were also decorated in the spirit of the occasion. Balloons of every color and shape formed the decorations for as long as they lasted.

November 17th marked the date of our annual silver tea. Miss E. M. Collisson and Miss Kernaghan are to be congratulated for their splendid work in arranging it. The other teachers and the girls co-operated generously, each helping to make this tea both a financial and a social success.

The Commercial House Party was held in November. There were novelty dances to give the gals and guys a chance to get acquainted and refreshments were served. The Matriculation House didn't lose much time either. We had a perfectly grand party. There was an unexpectedly large turnout, not all Matric students I admit, and yet it was a nice friendly affair. The friendly atmosphere was disturbed only when refreshments were served, but that part of the evening does not belong in a social report.

We had a stiff set of Christmas exams which didn't exactly leave us refreshed and ready to go. But the dance which followed made us forget the strain we had been through. Many thanks to the orchestras of Marsh Phimister and Johnny Bering, and also to a few other people whom I need not mention. The financial result of this social was used by the Rugby Club to pay for the

medical care which had unfortunately been required during the Rugby season. Thus two birds were killed with one stone again at St. John's.

I was up at our annual Tramp and Dance as well, and it was by no means an evening wasted. We chose a mild February evening, and although snow had not been over-abundant here this year, we found enough to annoy each other with. We were all very tired when we returned to the school, but not too tired to make a frantic dash for the domestic science room, where, with some difficulties, we managed to get cold hot dogs and warm cokes. They really tasted good at the time, too.

The music, supplied by a wurlitzer, was in full swing by the time the refreshments were consumed, and in the dance that followed, really, even Prunella would have had an enjoyable evening.

As usual, the highlight of the year was our presentation of a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. This year it was "H.M.S. Pinafore." In the following week a tea was given in honor of the cast, orchestra, and the cast of "Twelfth Night," which was presented earlier in the year. The School Council also attended.

The members of our School Council deserve a great deal of credit, and we thank them for our extraordinary list of social successes. We owe, however, the greatest thanks to the teachers who so kindly co-operated with the Student Council, acting as chaperones, and being in so many ways a great help in making St. John's more than just an educational institution.

Once more we celebrated Easter with a party. This time it preceded the examinations, which also has its point. After those exams I wouldn't have had the strength to dance. This affair, like all the others of the year, was very pleasantly informal. There were no dance cards.

Another dance was held on May 23rd, the evening of our Inter-High Field Day. This was quickly followed by a banquet and dance given by the Torch Staff. 11G, 11D, 10F, and 10A, the classes who bought the largest numbers of year books, were guests at the dance. But this isn't all! Many classes had their individual farewell parties. And then as a grand finale was Graduation.

The closing exercises were held on June 7, and on that very evening we were High School students no longer. As if by magic we had been transformed into ladies and gentlemen at a formal prom.

A crowd was gathered outside of the building to see our gowns and many of them were really worth seeing. Inside we were met by the reception committee, which consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Reeve, Miss Avery, Mr. J. E. Ridd, Miss Caroline Freedman and Jim Reeve.

It was an evening never to be forgotten!

I must close the letter now, for besides social and sports, St. John's also provides us with assignments and examinations. So goodbye, Sue, until my next letter and more news about good old St. John's.

VERA.



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often in the summer evenings in the park enjoying nature with some companion—yes, “some” companion.

Speaking of finer arts, we have our musicians also. Bernard Derback and Bernard Klein, who are accomplished fiddlers, pardon, violinists as they say in the “haute monde”; of course we have our gift to the field in Alvin Shinoff, who can be seen any time after four o'clock putting the shot.

As I further proceed with “My Memoirs of X-B” I find being recalled again to my mind the picturesque days of Latin class—gulp—and with that thought comes memory of our ladies' man—Leonard Marcoe, Esq., who became quite proficient at that decaying double-talk after receiving frequent, shall we say reprimands, from our Latin teacher, Miss M. Cumming.

I have neglected to mention two of our lesser members—Issie Schwartz, the mad Russian, who enlightens us with frequent stories in which he plays the part of a self-styled Gildersleeve of radio fame, and Joe Zuzanski, who may always be seen speeding from period to period humming the strains of some popular song like “The Bells of St. Mary's.”

So much for our Latin students, poor things, except one who also toils with the language of der Feuhrer—Leon Tessler. We don't see much of Leon except at P.T. periods when he shares the great outdoors with us.

Our room article would not be complete, as you all know, without the inclusion of our teacher, about whom little may be said except that he has a real interest in the activities of the boys, their soccer, hockey, basketball, etc., games—most of which he attended. Mr. Leavens also has a passion for ejecting hopeless offenders who leave with a groan or a sigh, depending upon whether we had been enjoying a lecture about Samuel Pepys or merely writing the causes of the War of the Roses. But we can sum things up by saying Mr. Leavens is a “reg'lar guy.”

This windy conglomeration was concocted by Lyall Powers.

Editor's Note—The very modest gentleman responsible for this article, Lyall Powers, neglected to mention that he was the original president of X-B. Lyall is also a member of the school council and was responsible for the council bulletins. Also a fine athlete, Lyall served on the school soccer squad and was a star in field day.

“Webster says that taut means tight.”

“Well, well! I guess I was taut a lot in school, after all.”

* * *

Police Sergeant—A college student, eh?

Prisoner—Yes, sir.

Patrolman—It's a stall. I searched his pockets and found money in them.

who have just eaten. Again we find our groups chatting gaily and then—(who said the age of miracles is past?)—in saunters May Mindess yawning condescendingly because of her great exertion of coming to school. Doc. Triggerson leaves the room on business with the Grade Twelves and we are free to do as we please. Hark! Was that a knock? It can hardly be heard above the din of voices. Ah! a notice. Dilys, our conscientious secretary, tries vainly to be heard above the noise. Reading the notice, she enquires at the top of her voice, “Are there any taking part in the field day?” No response. “Are there any who want tickets for the dance?” she resumes. Silence. Naomi pipes up, “Who needs tickets?” Our secretary, hoping for at least one answer, puts in her last question, “Is there anyone going down to the orchestra practice?” Again silence. Another speaker takes the floor. It is Miriam Kopel, our beloved president, desperately trying to be heard. “Children,” she begins. “What do you mean ‘children’?” asks grown-up(?) Louise indignantly. “All right,” Miriam begins again. “We have been asked about a party,” she states. Immediately the room is as quiet as a morgue, for what subject interests X-G more than a party? Now, girls, what kind of party? A babble of voices fills the air. Just then the bell rings and the girls file out, while Miriam is left pleading for suggestions.

And so to the History room. Here the wanderings of Ruth Dale in New York, Chicago and all points east are gone over while the rest try to look intelligent.

But we also must sing, so down we go to the first floor to appreciate Gilbert and Sullivan. Though our intentions are honorable, our voices do not justify our efforts. What is the booming we hear in the background? Is it the surf? No, it is just Raizie, off pitch again.

Hoarse from our melodious endeavors, we go across to the cooking room. Yes, X-G can cook. (But that ain't the way I heard it.) Burnt cookies, spilt water and dirty dishes surround us. And finally after staying till the school closes, our bedraggled girls hurry home to tell mother they can cook—and so another day has passed.

“Is your insomnia improving any?”

“Oh, yes. Sometimes my foot goes to sleep.”

* * *

Chinese Patient (on telephone) — Doctor, what time you fixee teeth for me?

Dentist—Two-thirty all right?

Chinese—Yes, tooth hurtee all light, but what time you fixee?

* * *

Cannibal Cook—Shall I boil the missionary?

Cannibal Chief—No, you fool, that's a Friar.

ALUMNI NOTES

(Continued from Page 74)

Van Vliet, of 720 Broadway, mother of Wilbur, tells us that "Flying is his very life."

Wilbur Van Vliet has been in the air force since he was 21. Even while studying at the University of Manitoba, he spent his summers training at Camp Borden. Everywhere his skill and daring have been admired.

Wilbur, St. John's is proud of you!

David Golden

A graduate of St. John's 1935 class. He won an Isbister scholarship in first, second, and third year Law during his study at the University of Manitoba. David was president of the University Debating Union, and had the honor of being selected one of the inter-provincial debaters. He was also chairman of the Public Relations Committee. In addition, David is a well-known public speaker and has taken an active part in community life.

Benny Malkin

Benny was a very promising journalist, on the staff of the Winnipeg Free Press, before he went to England as a lance-bombardier. Now he is attached to the first division of the Royal Canadian Artillery. Benny left with the first division just before Christmas in order to "defend the democracies."

Lydia Illingworth—While at St. John's, Lydia was editor-in-chief of *The Torch*, a brilliant student, and an accomplished athlete. She graduated from here in 1933, obtaining a position shortly afterwards as assistant manager of an advertising department of a mill. Later, Lydia went to Northern England, where she was in some way connected with an important branch of the Searchlight Brigade. During this time she was in uniform, and did half-time stenographic work at the barracks, where she stayed. Now Lydia is doing a special form of private detective work in England.

Max Freedman: Max was on the editorial staff of the *Edmonton Bulletin* for four years. Last summer he was guest lecturer in contemporary history at the University of Al-

berta summer school He is secretary-treasurer of the Edmonton branch of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, as well as being chairman of the branch's study group. He was guest speaker at the annual convention of the Alberta Weekly Newspapers Association, also at the Western Canada conference of the B'nai Brith in Regina. Well known public speaker and twice delegates to conventions (Canadian Institute of International Affairs) at Ottawa. Recently enlisted in the 2nd Division Royal Canadian Engineers. Done office work so far.

XI-L

(Continued from Page 37)

and do their utmost in helping Mr. Reeve make the school a better one than ever. We have the honor of having our own Gladys Papineau as secretary of the St. John's Junior Red Cross Committee.

We have taken a delight in all the past school activities, which included the fall tea, dances, rugby games, inter-room baseball, basketball and volley-ball games, and our final moment, Graduation Exercises. In saying farewell, we wish to convey our best wishes to future XI-L classes and say: "May your year be as happy as ours."

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GRADUATION DAY
(Continued from Page 88)

dition. The program was scheduled to begin at 2 o'clock. At a quarter to 2 we were all assembled behind our class banners waiting to begin the opening march.

The exercises were very impressive. Mr. Reeve summarized the year's events in his speech, "The Passing Year." This was followed by an excellent arrangement of "Where Ere You Walk," sung by Anne Tate, Ruth Popeski, and Walter Rempel.

We were very fortunate this year in having as our guest speaker Mr. E. K. Williams, K.C., who gave a very moving address.

Another highlight of the afternoon was the presentation of the Governor-General's medal to Walter Rempel. We all like Walter and we are glad that this honor was bestowed upon him.

The music, directed by Miss Horner and Mr. Ronald Gibson, proved very entertaining and appropriate.

The climax of the afternoon's proceedings was reached when Tom Gillespie delivered his valedictory address. His words on a subject so close to everyone's heart expressed the feelings of the entire graduating class.

The ceremonial custom, the Passing of the Torch, was carried out by Irene Weinbender and Jim Reeve. The Passing of the Torch signified an addition to the long list of St. John's graduates.

With the singing of "Jerusalem and "God Save the King" the service was ended.

In the evening the beautiful coiffeurs of the girls came from behind the camouflage of hair-nets. The girls were attired in their beautiful flowing gowns. The boys were dressed in their "very best." The orchestras in attendance were Marsh Phimister and his band in the Auditorium and Joe Jampol and his Jumpin' Jivers in the Gymnasium. In front of St. John's was assembled a group or rather a mob which rivalled any assembly seen at a Hollywood premiere. The appearance of new gowns was greeted by a chorus of "ahs!!" and cheers for everyone.

After the dance the lads and lassies progressed to the various fashionable dining spots, from where the evening started and in some cases ended. In a truly hackneyed phrase, "A good time was had by all."

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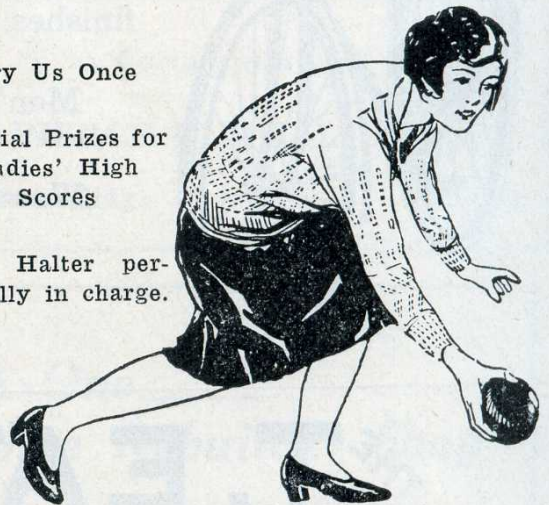
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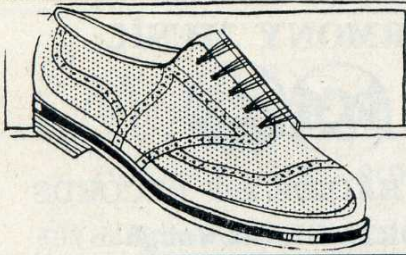
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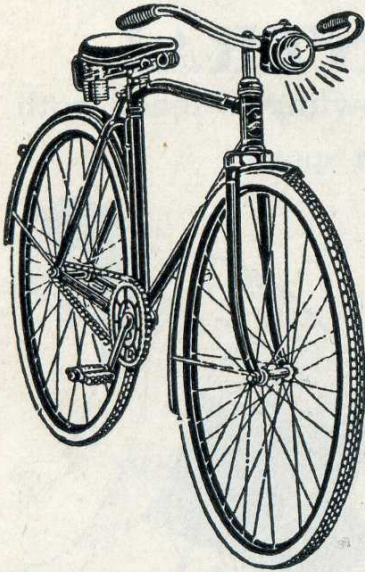
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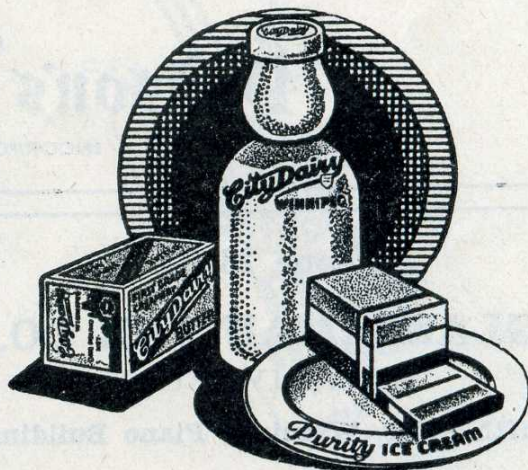
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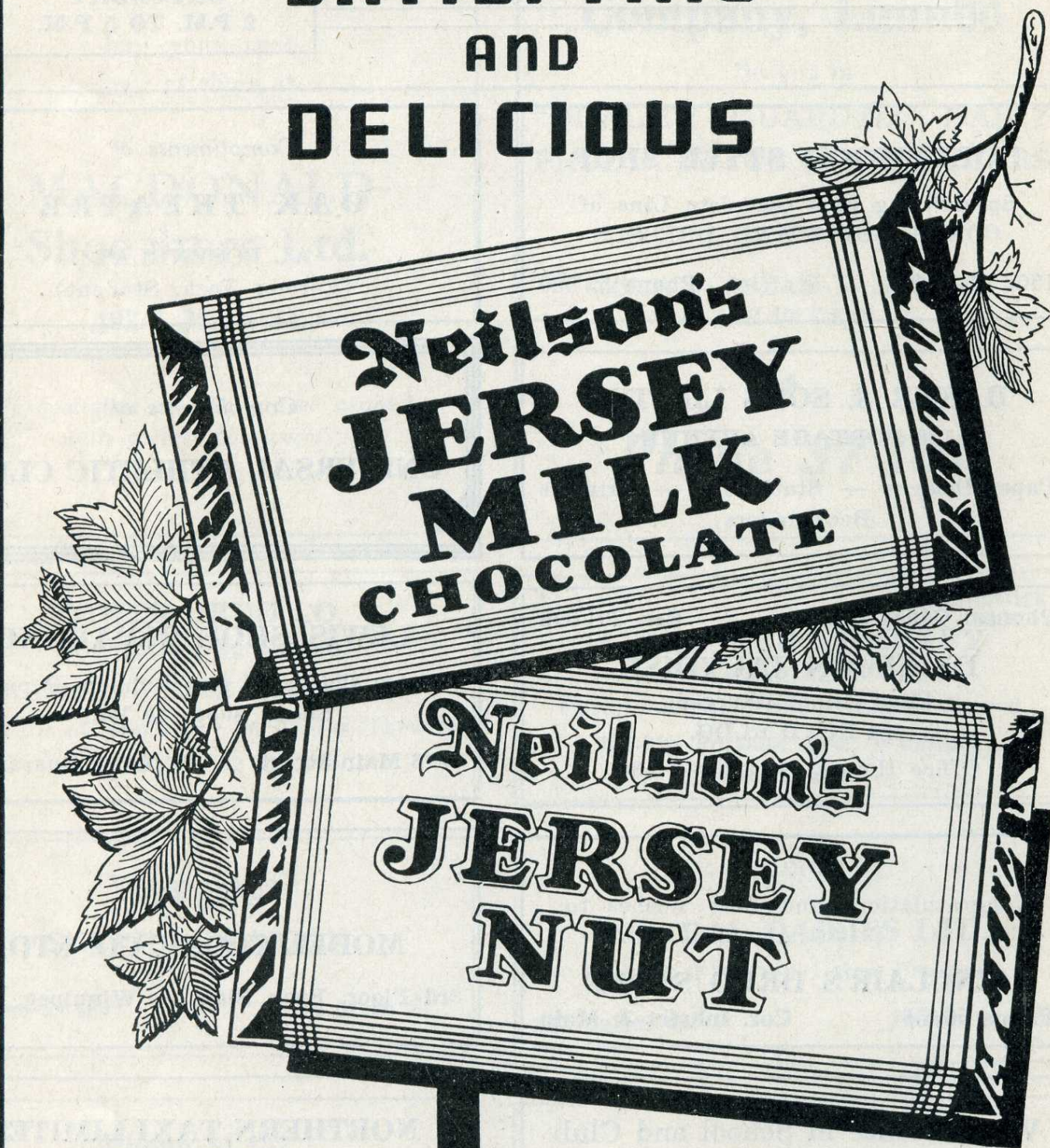
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