



WINNIPEG

CANADA

# THE TORCH

1943



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**ST. JOHN'S HIGH SCHOOL**  
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★ ★ ★

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GOVERNMENT HOUSE  
WINNIPEG

I have much pleasure in joining with the teachers and pupils of St. John's High School in sending a message of good wishes to the ex-students of the school who are now on active service.

We are living in one of the greatest periods of history. Civilizations have risen to great heights in the course of history and then have fallen, mainly because the character of the people which made their civilization was lost in times of success and ease. A generation ago our young men were challenged to say whether they still had the character that had made our nation great and they answered it in no uncertain voice. Once again the challenge has come to another generation of youth and again they have given an answer that is the most heartening and convincing event in Canada's history.

To the men and women who have taken upon themselves the burden of defending all that we in this country value most highly, we join in sending a message of appreciation, a wish for success, and hope for their safety.

*R. F. McWilliams*  
Lieutenant-Governor.



Dedicated  
*To*  
*Our Boys In*  
Service



**MR. G. J. REEVE, M.A.**

**PRINCIPAL**

# F O R E W O R D

‘Blood and Tears, Toil and Sweat’ are still the portion of those who fight for World Freedom.

On far-flung battle fronts our airmen daily give their lives. In Britain, two hundred thousand of our soldiers stand poised for the fateful attack on the Continent. Every day we turn on the radio with a catch at our hearts lest we hear that the holocaust has begun.

More than a thousand of our own boys are on Active Service. Forty-four of them have already made the supreme sacrifice. The rest stand ready to offer themselves, all they have and are, in the line of duty.

What are we doing on the Home Front? Are we making commensurate sacrifices? Are we living as though we, too, were in the Front Line? Are we really putting the War first in our thoughts, words, and deeds?

And when our boys come back, what shall we have for them to come back to?

Admirable schemes for rehabilitation, social security, and national health exist on paper. But they will be pigeon-holed or, at best, put into effect in a niggardly, narrow and self-seeking spirit, unless we, the people, insist that our country deal generously with those who have risked their lives in its defence.

We must get a thorough knowledge of these plans. The Marsh Report on Social Security, the Percival Report on National Health and Education, should be as familiar on our tongues as the newest Liberty Four-Star film, or the latest Bob Hope programme.

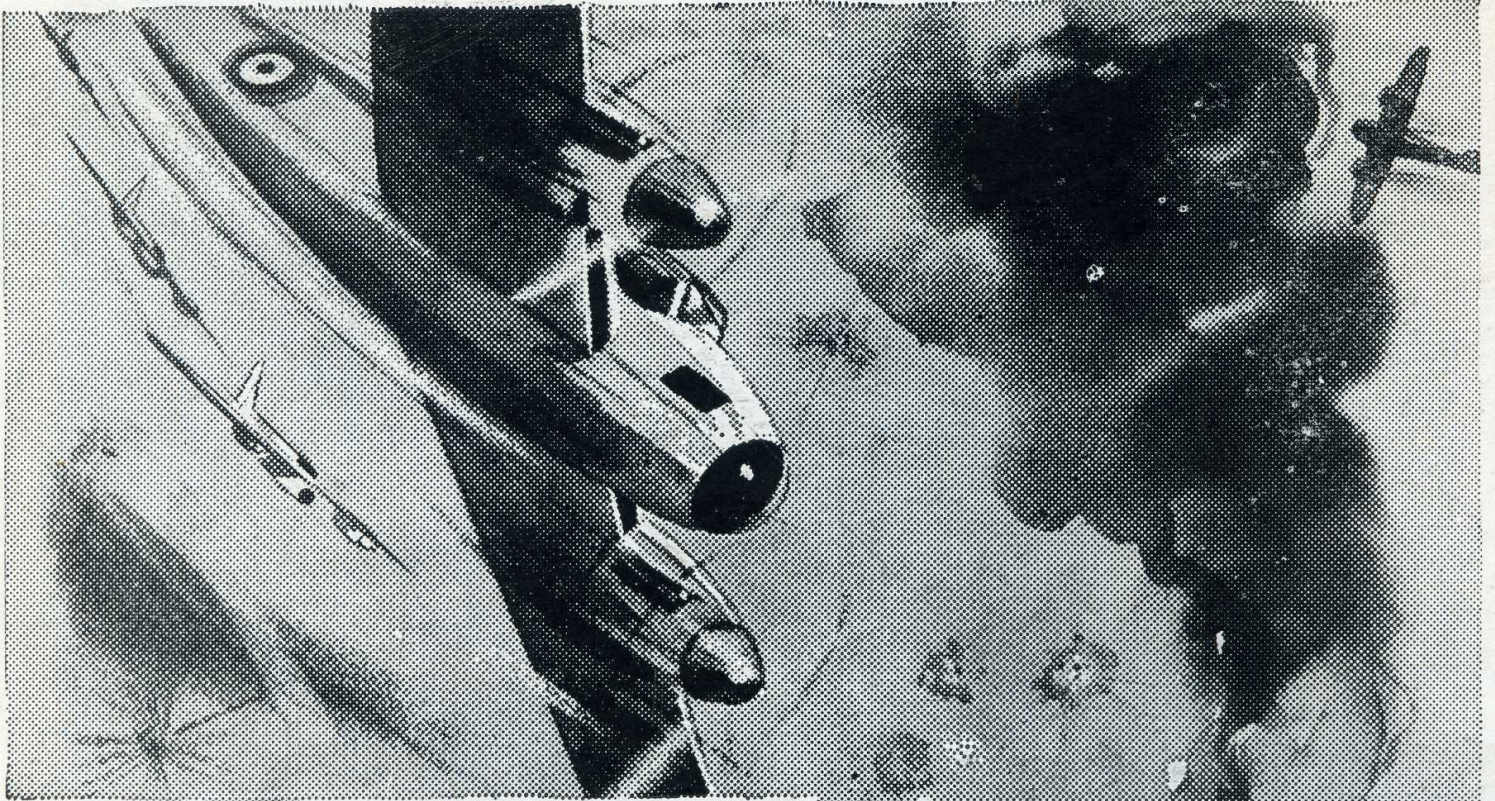
We should remind ourselves that this year Canada is raising five and one-half billion dollars as her contribution to the winning of the War. Canadian citizens are suffering minor restrictions, it is true, but essentially it is boom-time throughout the whole land.

Is it unreasonable, in the face of these conditions, to insist that in the years that follow the War, Canada can raise just as much revenue as she is now raising? And with the money thus raised, the spectres of fear, of want, of ill-health, can be laid for ever for every citizen of this Canada of ours.

Dare we offer less than this to the men who bore the burden and the heat of the day when our existence was at stake?

*G. J. Reeve*





*Clear the skies  
FOR VICTORY...*

BONDS build planes: BONDS train pilots: BONDS load the guns, shoot the enemy from the skies; the first step in the big attack, The more bonds you buy the bigger the margin our boys will have. Back them for all you're worth. Do without to give them plenty. They're risking their lives. You're *lending* your money. Lend it *now*. Back the Attack with War Bonds.

BUY THE



**VICTORY LOAN**

... AND BACK THE ATTACK

*This Page Sponsored by Torch Staff  
St. John's High School*

# E D I T O R I A L

Last year at this time, a depressed Canadian folk gazed gloomily into a future darkened by the fate-drawn shades. What lay ahead, no one knew; but the average fellow was pessimistic of the outcome of local battles and even the general fortune of the war. Now, one year later, the Allied armies have at last scored decisive triumphs over the "invincible" army of the Reich. In personal combat, the United Nations have proved beyond any doubt, that man-for-man, a free citizen is worth much more than an enslaved satellite.

Freedom breeds courage and determination — determination to put down tyranny and cruelty. We in St. John's are fortunate that the freedom afforded us by a wise principal has instilled such a spirit in our minds. We have in this school, a completely democratic system — operated by an all-powerful student council, elected by an informed student body.

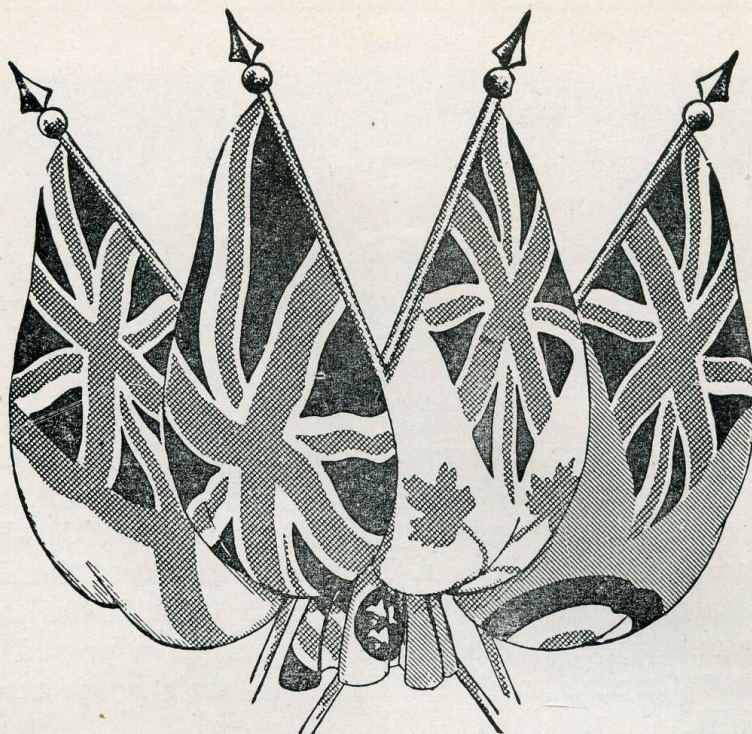
Why is this body thus informed? The reason is self-evident. The student of St. John's, when given his ballot to mark, takes upon himself for the first time, a responsibility to prove that he is capable of brushing aside all petty prejudice and ill-feeling, for the subordination of his own interest to that of the school. This responsibility has produced the fine specimen of manhood and womanhood associated with a graduate from St. John's High.

This school, situated as it is in Ward Three, caters to the most diversified community of Winnipeg. Here we find Cohen linked with Kelly; Krawchuck with MacIntosh. Here we can prove as utterly false the propaganda issued by the Axis gangsters, that the United Nations cannot co-operate in harmony.

Yes, this harmonious feeling has produced most gratifying results in every field the school has entered, which requires team-work. In our war effort, which demands the utmost co-operation of every student, we have shown that St. John's will never accept a runner-up position. Nor have we lagged behind in sports—witness our rugby, soccer and basketball titles.

We are imbued with the spirit which has entered every person that has come into close contact with the school. We are indeed grateful for this valued gift for we are now armed with a courage and determination that will destroy forever that which had threatened us with everlasting misery.

*Harry L. Rachlis*



# ON ACTIVE SERVICE

## A

Abra, John ..... Army  
 Abramovitch, Israel ..... Army  
 Abramovitch, Morris ..... Army  
 Abramson, Max ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Acheson, Glen ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Adams, Sol. .... Army  
 Ahoff, Ernie ..... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Ahlbaum, M. G. .... R.C.A.F.  
 Albert, John ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Allen, Hugh ..... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Anderson, Bill ..... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Anderson, Carl ..... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Anderson, Len ..... Army  
 Anderson, R. J. .... Army  
 Angle, Sam ..... Army  
 Anstruther, Alex. ... R.C.A.F.  
 Anstruther, Jim ..... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Antenbring, Stanley R.C.A.F.  
 Arsenych, Myron ... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Arsenych, Paul ..... Army  
 (Prisoner of War)  
 Ash, Nathan ..... Army  
 Ashton, Bill ..... Army  
 Atkinson, Harold ..... Army  
 Atnikov, Bill ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Audrain, Laurie ..... Army

## B

Babson, Eric ..... Army  
 Bachman, Gerhardt ..... Army  
 Badams, Harry ..... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Bailey, Harry E. .... Army  
 Baker, David ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Baker, Philip ..... Army  
 Ballentine, George ... R.C.A.F.

Ballentine, Herbert ..... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Barclay, Jack ..... Army  
 Barlin, Herb. .... R.C.A.F.  
 Barnes, Norman J. .... Army (U.S.A.)  
 Barr, Lawrence M. ... R.C.A.F.  
 Barr, Robert B. .... R.C.A.F.  
 (Prisoner of War)  
 Barrett, Vince ..... Army  
 Barsky, Leonard ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Baskerville, John ..... R.A.F.  
 (Killed in Action)  
 Basovsky, Joe ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Bass, Eddie ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Bassman, Aaron ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Baswich, Sandy ..... Army  
 Bate, Bill ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Bater, Harvey ..... Army  
 Bates, Jack ..... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Bates, Jim ..... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Baxter, David ..... Army  
 (Prisoner of War)  
 Beattie, Don. .... R.C.A.F.  
 (Missing)  
 Beckett, Claude ..... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Beckett, Fred ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Beckwith, Harry ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Belcher, Bill ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Belcher, Kathleen ..... Army  
 Bell, Thomas ..... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Bellan, Reuben C. ... R.C.A.F.  
 Belsham, Chas. Gordon Army  
 (Prisoner of War)  
 Benaron, Thos. .... Army  
 Bender, Eddie ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Bennett, W. W. .... Army

Benzie, Jack ..... R.C.A.F.  
 (Killed in Action)  
 Berlin, Yale ..... Army  
 Bernstein, A. H. .... Army  
 Bernstein, M. .... Army  
 Bespolka, J. .... Army  
 Betts, Harry ..... Army  
 Bieber, Andy G. .... Army  
 Bieber, Carl ..... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Bieber, Eddie ..... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Bieber, Gordon ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Bieber, Harold ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Birkett, George Allan Army  
 (Killed in Action)  
 Birley, Vernon ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Birt, Fred C. .... Army  
 Birt, William ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Bishop, Dennis C. ... R.C.A.F.  
 Bishop, Leonard ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Blankstein, Fred ..... Army  
 Blatt, Louis ..... Army  
 Bleeks, Cherry K. ... Army  
 Bliss, Donald ..... Army  
 Blonski, Stanley ..... Army  
 Bolan, Bill ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Bookbinder, Harold ..... Army  
 Boroditsky, Sam I. ... Army  
 Boscawitch, Mike ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Bowes, Kenny ..... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Brass, Abie ..... Army  
 Bridges, Edward ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Bridges, Robt. W. ... R.C.A.F.  
 Britton, Ken ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Brook, Joe ..... Army  
 Brown, A. T. .... Army  
 Brown, Bruce ..... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Brown, Harold ..... R.C.N.V.R.

Brown, Jack R.C.A.F.  
 Brown, James R.C.N.V.R.  
 Brown, William R.C.N.V.R.  
 Brownie, J. M. R.C.A.F.  
 Brownstone, Ben R.C.A.F.  
 Brownstone, Jack R.C.A.F.  
 Brownstone, W. R.C.A.F.  
 Brygyder, Adam,  
 D.C.M. Army  
 Bubis, Morris R.C.A.F.  
 Buchanan, Wilf. R.C.A.F.  
 Burke, Brian R.C.A.F.  
 Burnett, Phil. J. R.C.A.F.  
 Burr, Joe Army  
 Butler, L. S. R.C.A.F.  
 Butterworth, Arthur R.C.A.F.

C

Caithness, Bill R.C.A.F.  
 Caldwell, Jim R.C.A.F.  
 Call, Geoffrey R.C.A.F.  
 Callan, Harry R.C.A.F.  
 Calnitsky, David R.C.A.F.  
 Cameron, Douglas R.C.A.F.  
 Campbell, Bruce R.C.N.V.R.  
 Campbell, H. A. Army  
 Campbell,  
 Hugh C. R.C.N.V.R.  
 Campbell,  
 Ronald B. R.C.A.F.  
 (Killed in Action)  
 Capelle, William Army  
 Carberry, Jas. C. Army  
 Carberry, Samuel S. Army  
 (Killed in Action)

Carter, Walter J. R.C.N.V.R.  
 Cassidy,  
 Clifford J. R.C.N.V.R.  
 Cassidy, Earl J. R.C.A.F.  
 Castling, Bob R.C.N.V.R.  
 Cattley, John E. R.C.A.F.  
 Cerat, Marguerite  
 Army (U.S.A.)  
 Chaikin, Ben Army  
 Chapman, C. Gerald Army  
 Chapman, John A. R.C.N.V.R.  
 Chapman, Kenneth R.C.A.F.  
 Chappell, Dave R.C.A.F.  
 Chappell, Doug. Army  
 Chappell,  
 Frank Merchant Marine  
 Chappell, Phil. Army  
 Chappell, Sid. R.C.A.F.  
 Charleton,  
 J. H. M. R.C.N.V.R.  
 Chechik, Max R.C.A.F.  
 Chernick, Ben R.C.A.F.  
 Cherry, Douglas R.C.A.F.  
 Chess, Jim R.C.A.F.  
 Child, Stanley Army  
 Chochinov, Jack Army  
 Chodirker, Morris Army  
 Chomiak, Myron Army  
 Christie, James Army  
 Churchill, E. Army  
 Churchill, Gordon M. Army

Civkin, Sidney Army  
 Claman, Ben Army  
 Clark, Alvin B. Army  
 Clark, Roy....  
 Clasper, Robt. R.C.A.F.  
 Cleland, David  
 Coghill, George R.C.N.V.R.  
 Cohen, J. Army  
 Cohen, Lawrence Army  
 Cohen, Ralph Army  
 Colborne, L. C. R.C.A.F.  
 Collins, Ernest R. Army  
 Colvin, B. A. Army  
 Condie, James R.C.N.V.R.  
 (Lost at Sea)

Connon, F. U. Army  
 Connon, G. B. Army  
 Connon, J. D. Army  
 Cooper, David R.C.A.F.  
 Cooper, Ed. H. Army  
 Cooper, William K. Army  
 Copeland, Elma Army  
 Coppinger, John R.C.A.F.  
 Coppinger, Stephen Army  
 Corkan, Tom R.C.A.F.  
 Corley, William Army  
 Coulter, W. Edwin R.C.A.F.  
 Cowley, H. E. R.C.N.V.R.  
 Craig, Gordon H. Army  
 Crawford, Jack N. B. Army  
 (Prisoner of War)  
 Creighton, John O. Army  
 Creighton, William Army  
 Czay, Larry R.C.A.F.

D

Dack, John E. R.C.A.F.  
 Darnell, William E. R.C.A.F.  
 Dart, Andrew S. R.C.A.F.  
 Davidson, C. R. Army  
 Davidson, Fred S. R.C.A.F.  
 Davidson, John Army  
 Davies, Geoffrey Army  
 Davies, Ronald M. Army  
 Dehod, Frank R.C.A.F.  
 Delaney, Robt. N. Army  
 DeKoven, Percy Army  
 Denike, Emerson R.C.A.F.  
 DePencier, Charles Army  
 DePencier, Ed. L. Army  
 DePencier, Harry R.C.N.V.R.  
 Devins, M. R.C.A.F.  
 Dewinter, Jack A. Army  
 Diamond, Ernest Army  
 Diamond, Maurice R.C.N.V.R.  
 Diamond, Mitchell R.C.A.F.  
 Diamond, Nathan R.C.A.F.  
 Diamond, Percy R.C.A.F.  
 Diamond, Sam R.C.A.F.  
 Diamond, Sid. Army  
 Dickie, Jack R.C.A.F.  
 Dinicol, Joe Army  
 Dixon, Jack R.C.N.V.R.  
 Doig, Jas. Army  
 Donaldson, Thos. R.C.A.F.  
 Donnett, Allan R.C.N.V.R.  
 Donnett, J. S. R.C.N.V.R.

Donnett, R. C. Army  
 Douglas, Jas. U. R.C.A.F.  
 Dowling, D. K. Army  
 Dowling, G. W. Army  
 Doyle, R. E. Army  
 Dozar, Harold R.C.A.F.  
 Drinkwater, A. Army  
 Dryden, Edgar R.C.N.V.R.  
 Dubovsky, Harry R.C.A.F.  
 Dudeck, Jack R.C.A.F.  
 Duff, Andrew R.C.A.F.  
 Dunn, Kenneth R.C.A.F.  
 Dunn, Robert R.C.A.F.  
 Dunwell, W. Raymond Army  
 Durnin, Cecil R.C.A.F.  
 Durnin, William R.C.A.F.  
 Dvorchik, Sam Army  
 Dyson, H. Arthur Army  
 Dyson, Chris. Army

E

Edmonston, R. Army  
 Edmonston, Jim Army  
 Eddie, Lawrence R.C.A.F.  
 Edy, Allen, D.F.C. R.C.A.F.  
 (Killed in Action)  
 Edy, J. Harrington R.C.A.F.  
 Elhatton, Leslie, G. Army  
 Elhatton, Norman Army  
 Elwick, Neville R.C.N.V.R.  
 English, Herb. W. R.C.N.V.R.  
 Eppler, E. R. Army  
 Etkin, Jack R.C.A.F.

F

Fache, Richard R.C.A.F.  
 Fader, Sid. R.C.A.F.  
 Fainstein, Harry Army  
 Fedirchyk, Michael R.C.A.F.  
 (Killed in Action)  
 Fee, William R.C.A.F.  
 Feldman, Gertrude Army  
 Feldman, Philip Army  
 Feldman, Philip R.C.A.F.  
 Felstead, Clive Army  
 Fenson, Les. R.C.A.F.  
 Fenson, Morley R.C.N.V.R.  
 Ferley, Boris Army  
 Ferley, J. Army  
 Ferley, Nestor R.C.N.V.R.  
 Ferley, Zenon Army  
 Ferns, Don Army  
 Fetherstonhaugh,  
 Chas. Brian R.C.A.F.  
 (Missing, Believed Killed)  
 Fieldbloom, Moses Army  
 Fingold, Nathan R.C.A.F.  
 Finkle, Harry Army  
 Fletcher, Art Army  
 Fleishman, E. H. R.C.A.F.  
 Flint, Eleanor R.C.A.F.W.A.  
 Fochuk, Walter R.C.A.F.  
 Fogel, Lou R.C.A.F.  
 Fogel, Sidney Army  
 Forgie, H. A. R.C.A.F.  
 Forrest, Harry Army

Fradkin, Aaron R.C.A.F.  
 Franke, James Barrie  
 Frederick, Walter R.C.A.F.  
 Freedman, David Army  
 Freedman, Max Army  
 Fuller, Gordon R.C.A.F.  
 Fulton, Robt. Army

G

Gallant, Joseph R.C.A.F.  
 Gallimore, G. H. Army  
 Gallimore, Robt. F. R.C.A.F.  
 Gershuny, Phil. Army  
 Gerstein, Nathan Army  
 Gibson, Dave R.C.A.F.  
 Gidlow, Roy  
 Gillespie, Alfred R.C.A.F.  
 Gillespie, Bill R.C.A.F.  
 Gillies, Wilfred R.C.A.F.  
 Gillson, Campbell R.C.A.F.  
 Ginsburg, Sam Army  
 Gitterman, Allan R.C.A.F.  
 Glass, Dave R.C.A.F.  
 Glenn, J. E. R.C.N.V.R.  
 Glinka, Alex. Army  
 Glinka, Walter Army  
 Globerman, A. A. Army  
 Globerman, Morley R.C.A.F.  
 Gold, Al R.C.A.F.  
 Goldberg, E. Army  
 Golden, David Army  
 (Prisoner of War)  
 Goldin, Max R.C.A.F.  
 Goldstein, Issie Army  
 Goluboff, Nathan R.C.A.F.  
 Gonick, Sidney R.C.A.F.  
 Goodman, Art Army  
 Goodman, Sam Army  
 Goodman, Sid Army  
 Goorevitch, S. R.C.A.F.  
 Gorbovitsky, Morley R.C.A.F.  
 Gorbovitsky, Sam R.C.A.F.  
 Gordon, A. G. R.C.A.F.  
 Gordon, Louis R.C.A.F.  
 Grabowski, Eddie Army  
 Graham, Alex. H. Army  
 (Prisoner of War)  
 Grainger, Fred Army  
 Grand, Alan R.C.A.F.  
 Grand, Morris R.C.A.F.  
 Granovsky, Albert Army  
 Green, M. R.C.A.F.  
 Green, R. B. R.C.A.F.  
 Greenberg, Hymie Army  
 (Killed in Action)  
 Greenberg, Louis R.C.A.F.  
 Greenberg, Silas Army  
 Greenway, John R.C.A.F.  
 Gresham, A. B. Army  
 (Killed in Action)  
 Grey, E. Army  
 Griffith,  
 Allan George R.C.A.F.  
 (Missing, Believed Dead)  
 Grimes, Warren Army  
 Gunn, Alfred R.C.A.F.  
 Gunn, Douglas R.C.A.F.

Guthrie, Lindsay R.C.A.F.  
 Guthrie, Wm. R.C.A.F.  
 Gutkin, Isadore R.C.A.F.

H

Hall, Gary R.C.A.F.  
 Halparin, Norman Army  
 Halparin, Wm. R.C.A.F.  
 Hamill, Art R.C.A.F.  
 (Killed in Action)  
 Handkamer, P. J. R.C.A.F.  
 Hardesty, Benet R.C.A.F.  
 (Believed Killed)  
 Hares, Leo Army  
 Harlow, Ed. R.C.A.F.  
 Harris, Jack R.C.A.F.  
 Harris, Norman R.C.A.F.  
 Harrod, Harry Army  
 Harrop, Albert R.C.A.F.  
 Harrop, David R.C.A.F.  
 Harrop, Frank S. R.C.A.F.  
 Hatten, Ed. R.C.N.V.R.  
 Hatton, Art  
 (Killed in Action)  
 Hauser, Jack R.C.A.F.  
 Havelock, Wm. Army  
 Haverstock, George Army  
 Hay, J. L. G. Army  
 Hay, Walter Army  
 Hayes, Chas. R.C.N.V.R.  
 Hembroff, Durward R.C.A.F.  
 Henderson, Bill R.C.N.V.R.  
 Henderson, Bob R.C.N.V.R.  
 (Killed in Action)  
 Henderson,  
 James W. R.C.N.V.R.  
 Henderson,  
 Ralph R.C.N.V.R.  
 Henderson,  
 Wilfred Donald R.C.N.V.R.  
 Herscovitch,  
 Reuben R.C.A.F.  
 Herstein, Archie Army  
 Hesp, Wm.  
 (Killed in Action)  
 Hicks, Horace A. Army  
 Hilton, Everett R.C.N.V.R.  
 Hodge, Wilfred Army  
 Hodges, Jack R.C.A.F.  
 Holloway, Dave R.C.A.F.  
 Holyk, Peter Army  
 Hooper, George C. R.C.A.F.  
 (Presumed Dead)  
 Horne, Alex R.C.A.F.  
 Horne, George Army  
 Horne, Jas. T. R.C.A.F.  
 Horne, Leslie R.C.N.V.R.  
 (Killed in Action. Cited  
 for Bravery)  
 Hornstein, Gordon R.C.A.F.  
 Hornstein, Harold R.C.A.F.  
 Hourd, Wilbert R.C.A.F.  
 Howlett, Jack M. Army  
 Hubar, B. Army  
 Hughes, George R.C.A.F.  
 Hughes, Sidney R.C.N.V.R.  
 Hughes, W. Woodrow Army

Hunter, J. C. Army  
 Hunter, Willson R.C.A.F.  
 (Prisoner of War)  
 Hunter, W. A. R.C.A.F.

I

Israel, H. Army  
 Itzkow, Wm. R.C.A.F.  
 Ivens, Milton  
 Army (U.S.A.)  
 Iverach, John R.C.A.F.

J

Jacobsen, Eddie R.C.A.F.  
 Jacobsen, Garnet R.C.A.F.  
 Jacobsen, W. L. R.C.A.F.  
 (Prisoner of War)  
 Jacobson, Charlie R.C.A.F.  
 Jenkin, D. W. R.C.A.F.  
 (Prisoner of War)  
 Jenkin, T. M. R.A.F.  
 Jenkyns, Ken D. R.C.N.V.R.  
 Jenkyns, Stanley F. R.C.A.F.  
 Johnson, D. Army  
 Johnson, S. M. D. Army  
 Jones, Frank, R.C.N.V.R.  
 Jones, Harry (Bud) Army  
 Jones, Lloyd J. R.C.A.F.  
 Jordan, D. W. G. Army  
 (Prisoner of War)  
 Juzak, A.  
 Juzak, E. R.C.A.F.  
 Juzak, F. R.C.A.F.  
 Juzda, W. R.C.A.F.

K

Kamensky, Ralph  
 Army (U.S.A.)  
 Kaplan, M. Max R.C.A.F.  
 Katz, Leon Army  
 Keddie, Robt. J. Army  
 Keddie, G. A. Army  
 Keele, Donald M. Army  
 Keele, Wallace H. Army  
 Kennedy, Jim R.C.A.F.  
 Keseluk, G. R.C.A.F.  
 Keslinsky, Sam Lee Army  
 Kettner, M. E. Army  
 Kibbens, Mike Army  
 Kimak, Louis R.C.A.F.  
 King, Arnold R.C.A.F.  
 (Killed in Action)  
 Kirby, J. Army  
 Klempner, Harold R.C.A.F.  
 Klempner, Jack R.C.A.F.  
 Knowles, Fred. Army  
 Knowles, Jack Army  
 Kobrinsky, Sam Army  
 Kobrinsky, Taffy Army  
 Kobrinsky, Tubber Army  
 Kolomic, J. P. R.C.A.F.  
 Kolomic, Paul R.C.N.V.R.  
 Komus, Joe Army  
 Kopanski, Thos. Army  
 Korody, Edward R.C.A.F.  
 Kosteniuk,  
 Demetrius R.C.A.F.

Koster, Alex. \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Kowall, David \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Kowalsky, Clifford \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Kowalsky, T. \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Krindle, Harold \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Krivoshea, Morley \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Kruger, G. M. \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Kucera, Joseph \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Kucharsky, Walter \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Kushner, Arthur \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Kushner, Bernard \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Kushner, David \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Kushner, Eddie \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.N.V.R.

L

Labow J. L. \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Laidlaw,  
 Kenneth \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.N.V.R.  
 Lancaster, Wm. \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Landa, Lewis \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Lank, Joe \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Laudinsky, Harold \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Lavey, Paul \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Lavitt, Jack \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Lavitt, Joe \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Lavitt, Lenny \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Law, Jim \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Law, Fred \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Law, Wilson \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.N.V.R.  
 Lebanksy, Joe \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Lechowicz, Ted \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Lerner, Alex. \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Lerner, Arthur \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Lerner, Sam \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Levadie, Myer \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Lewis, Richard \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.

(Killed in Action)

Liberson, Albert \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Liberson, David \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Liebl, Izzie \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Lindquist, Paul \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Lloyd, Fred D. \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Lloyd, Herbert J. \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Logan, A. E. \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Logan, Patrick \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Logan, R. W. \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Low, George \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.

(Missing)

Lucki, Albin \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 (Presumed Dead)  
 Ludwig, George \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Lyons, Robt. N. \_\_\_\_\_ Army

M

MacGregor, Larry \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 MacKay, W. W. \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.N.V.R.  
 MacKellar, Alex. \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 (Killed in Action)  
 MacKidd, Geo. A. T. \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 (Prisoner of War)  
 McLaughlin,  
 Kenneth \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 (Killed in Action)  
 MacLean,  
 John T. \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.N.V.R.  
 MacLeod, Fanny \_\_\_\_\_ Army

Maconnell, Douglas R.C.A.F.  
 (Killed in Action)

Main, John \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Mainster, R. \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Malkin, Ben, \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Mallin, Sidney \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Mamott, Morley \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Manby, J. Del \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Manby, Phil. \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Manko, Peter B. \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Mann, George B. \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Margolies, S. \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Martin, Burnett J. \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 (Killed in Action)  
 Martin, John \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Martin, Norman \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Martin, Raymond \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Martin, Stanley \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.N.V.R.  
 Matas, I. J. \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Matheson, Stewart \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Matthews, Clarence \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 McCallum, T. V. \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 McClure, Alex. \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 McConkey, Robt. T. \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 McConnell, Grant \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 McCreedy, Albert J. \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 McDonald, Edward \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 McDonald, Milton \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.

(Killed in Action)

McDonald, Steve \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 McDonnell, Gordon \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 McDougall, J. \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 McIntosh, Charles \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 McIntosh, Fergus \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 McIvor, K. M. \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 McKay, Donald \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.N.V.R.  
 McKay, Robt. H. \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 McKay, William \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 McKenzie, Ken. \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 McKeown,  
 Douglas \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.N.V.R.  
 McKeown, Edgar \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.N.V.R.  
 McKinley, R. Scott \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 McLaren, Gordon \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 McLaren, John \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 McLaughlin, J. J. \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.N.V.R.  
 McLean, Nelson \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 McLennan,  
 Dan P. \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.N.V.R.

McMurray,  
 Douglas \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.N.V.R.  
 McMurray, George \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 McMurray, Jack \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.N.V.R.  
 McMurray,  
 Raymond \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.N.V.R.  
 McTavish,  
 Douglas \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.N.V.R.  
 McTavish, John \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 McTavish, Ken R. \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 McTavish,  
 William \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.N.V.R.  
 McWhannel,  
 Douglas \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.N.V.R.  
 Meder, Charles M. \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Melnick, John \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Melnyk, Walter \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Meltzer, Herbert \_\_\_\_\_ Army

Merritt, Ivan J. \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Merritt, J. S. \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Metcalfe, Garth \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Metcalfe, Kenneth \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Millar, Archie \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Millar, Thos. A. \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Millard, R. F. \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Miller, Art \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Milroy, Andrew \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Miltchin, Murray \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Minorgan, Gilbert \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Minuk, H. \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.N.V.R.  
 Mitchell, Eric \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Mitchell, Murray \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.N.V.R.  
 Mittleman, Max \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Mochoruk, R. \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Moglove, Sam R. \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Molyneux, L. T. \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Monk, L. H. \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Montgomery,  
 Lloyd J. \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.N.V.R.  
 Moody, Bud \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 (Prisoner of War)  
 Moody, Roy \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Moore, Alan S. \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Moscovitch, Ed. S. \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Mowat, Bill \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Muir, G. A. \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Muldrew, Cecil \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Mullan, James \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Mundell, Wm. \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Murkar, Clark \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Murray, Jim \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.N.V.R.  
 Mussell, Mervyn A. \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.

N

Nash, Culver \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Naskar, Ben \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Nemerovsky, Archie \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Nicholson, Don \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Nicholson, Gordon \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Nitikman, Herbert \_\_\_\_\_ Army

O

Ogroskin, David \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Olson, Alvin \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 (Missing)  
 Olson, Fred R. \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Olson, Jack \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Olson, Robert \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Olson, R. C. \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Ormerod, Albert \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Osborne, Wm. \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Ostrow, Jack \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Owen, Bob \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Owens, Wesley \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.N.V.R.

P

Palatnick, Sam \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Panar, Howard \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Park, D. A. \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Parker, C. H. \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Parkinson, Roy \_\_\_\_\_ R.C.A.F.  
 Parris, Leonard \_\_\_\_\_ Army  
 Passman, A. H. \_\_\_\_\_ Army

Paul, Art ..... Army  
 Penn, Harold ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Penn, Lloyd ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Penner, Norman ..... Army  
 Penner, Roland .....  
 Penner, Ruth ..... C.W.A.C.  
 Penwarden, Reg. .... Army  
 Percy, J. .... Army  
 Perlmutter, Martin ... Army  
 Peters, Don ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Peters, Lloyd ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Peters, Orville B. ... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Peterson,  
   Lawrence H. .... R.C.A.F.  
   (Missing)  
 Peterson, Sidney G. ... R.C.A.F.  
 Peterson, Warren ... R.C.A.F.  
 Petrowski, Walter ... R.C.A.F.  
 Picken, Hugh S. .... Army  
 Pickering, James H. ... R.C.A.F.  
 Platson, Paul ..... R.C.A.F.  
   (Killed in Action)  
 Pollock, Joe ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Porth, Wilfred A. ... R.C.A.F.  
 Pound, Thos. .... R.C.A.F.  
 Preston, G. H. .... Army  
 Preston, Harry ..... Army  
 Preston, Randolph A. ... Army  
 Prost, F. .... Army  
 Prost, G. J. .... R.C.A.F.  
 Prost, J. M. .... Army  
 Pura, Paul ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Purchase, G. T. .... R.C.A.F.

Q

Query, Alda ..... C.W.A.C.  
 Quinn, Robt. T. .... R.C.A.F.

R

Raber, Ben ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Rachlis, Jack ..... Army  
 Rachlis, Morris ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Ramsay, A. Douglas ... R.C.A.F.  
 Randal, Allan A. P. ... Army  
 Ranson, Gordon ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Ranson, Jim ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Rawluk, Mike ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Reeve, Jack ..... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Reeve, Peter E. .... Army  
 Reeves, William ..... R.C.A.F.  
   (Killed in Action)  
 Reid, W. .... R.C.A.F.  
 Rempel, Walter ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Repa, Stan. .... R.C.A.F.  
 Restall, Jack ..... Army  
 Reynolds, Jeff S. .... Army  
 Reynolds, Les. ....  
 Rhodes, G. H. Ellis ... R.C.A.F.  
 Riddell, Stanley ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Rittiburg, Dan ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Robertson, Dave ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Robertson, W. S. .... Army  
   (Prisoner of War)  
 Robinson, Bill ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Robinson, Curran ... R.C.A.F.  
   (Killed in Action)

Robinson, Harold ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Robinson, Julian ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Rodin, E. .... R.C.A.F.  
 Romanov, A. .... Army  
 Rooke, Norman ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Rosen, Bernard ..... Army  
 Rosenbaum, I. L. .... Army  
 Rosenberg, Bernard ... R.C.A.F.  
 Rosenberg, Isaac ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Rosenberg, Leo ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Rosenblatt, Morris ... Army  
 Rosenthal, Jack ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Ross, Helen ..... Army  
 Ross, James ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Rotstein, Isadore ... R.C.A.F.  
 Roytenberg, Abe ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Rumberg, Joe ..... Army  
 Rusen, Charles ..... Army  
 Rusen, Sam D. .... Army  
 Ruskin, Allan ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Ruskin, George J. ... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Russel, K. A. .... R.C.A.F.  
 Russell, Norman ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Ruthig, Leonard ..... Army  
 Rykiss, H. .... Army

S

Sadwick, Jim ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Saltzman, I. .... R.C.A.F.  
 Saltzman, Leo ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Sanderow, Errol ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Saunders, R. M. .... Army  
 Saunders, Vernon B. ... Army  
 Savory, Robt. .... Army  
 Scanlon, Richard ... R.C.N.V.R.  
   (Lost at Sea)  
 Scarth, Art .....  
   (Killed in Action)  
 Scarth, J. R. .... R.C.A.F.  
 Scarth, R. C. .... R.C.A.F.  
 Scholes, Raymond I. ... R.C.A.F.  
 Scholes,  
   Kenneth J. .... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Scholey, Jack P. .... Army  
 Schwartz, Ben ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Scott, Robt. .... R.C.A.F.  
 Searle, A. .... Army  
 Seatter, Ronald ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Secter, A. .... Army  
 Secter, Jack ..... Army  
 Secter, John ..... R.A.F.  
 Secter, M. B. .... Army  
 Segal, Gerald ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Shanas, Bert S. .... Army  
 Shanas, Messalah N. ... Army  
 Shankman, Allan ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Shannon, R. A. .... R.C.A.F.  
 Shantz, Gilbert ..... Army  
 Shantz, Russell ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Shave, Harry ..... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Shaw, Beatrice ..... Army  
 Sheidow, E. A. .... Army  
 Sherk, D. W. .... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Sherk, W. G. .... R.C.A.F.  
 Shibley, J. .... R.C.A.F.  
 Showler, Jack ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Shuster, Izzy ..... R.C.A.F.

Silver, Dave ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Silver, Jack ..... Army  
 Silver, Joe ..... Army  
 Silver, Myer ..... Army  
 Silverberg, Harry ..... Army  
 Silverman, Sidney ..... Army  
 Simpson, Robt. L. ... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Sinaisky, S. .... R.C.A.F.  
 Sinclair, Wm. G. .... Army  
 Slipetz, B. .... Army  
 Smith, A. .... Army

(Prisoner of War)

Smith, Durward S. ... R.C.A.F.  
 Smith, Kenneth ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Smith, Wm. M. .... R.C.A.F.  
 Smithen, Harold ..... Army  
 Sochaski, Nick ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Sokol, Mike ..... Army  
 Sokol, William ..... R.C.A.F.  
   (Killed in Action)

Solomon, M. .... Army  
 Spack, Mike ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Spector, Joe ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Spector, Walter ..... Army  
 Spohr, Richard ..... Army  
 Spohr, Wally, ..... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Stainger, Gordon ... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Stalker, Chas. .... R.C.A.F.  
 Stannard, Les. .... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Stannard, R. .... Army  
 Steiman, M. T. .... Army  
 Stein, Archie ..... Army  
 Stein, Arthur E. .... Army  
 Steinberg, Sam ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Stendahl,  
   Douglas ..... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Stern, Max ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Stoffman, Nathan ... R.C.A.F.  
 Stolback, Jack ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Stoller, H. .... R.C.A.F.  
 Stone, Joe ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Stoykewich,  
   Raymond ..... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Strange, Henry S. .... Army  
 Strange, Jack ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Streifler, Nathan ... R.C.A.F.  
 Strobel, Chas. .... R.C.A.F.  
 Sturrey, Leo. .... R.C.A.F.  
 Sucharoff, Max ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Sutherland, Ben ... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Sutherland, Wm. .... Army

T

Tait, G. C. .... Army  
 Tarbath, Lyle T. .... Army  
   (Killed in Action)  
 Temple, Albert ..... R.C.A.F.  
   (Killed in Action)  
 Temple, Victor ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Thomas, Eric A. ... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Thomas, Ivor ..... Army  
 Thomson,  
   Howard ..... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Thomson, Lorne ..... Army  
 Thomson, Malcolm ... R.C.A.F.  
 Thorne, Leslie ..... Army  
 Thould, Jim ..... Army

Thurston, George ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Tisdale, Stanton ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Toal, Arthur V. .... R.C.A.F.  
 Tolchinsky, J. .... R.C.A.F.  
 Tough, W. J. .... R.C.A.F.  
 Townes, Leonard ..... Army  
 Townsend, Jack ..... Army  
 Travis, Larry ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Troughton, Frank ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Troughton, J. .... R.C.A.F.  
 Troughton, R. R. ... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Twells, Jim ..... R.C.N.V.R.

## U

Uhryniuk, Eugene ..... Army  
 Uhryniuk, W. .... Army

## V

Vanderlip, E. A. .... Army  
 VanVliet, W. .... R.C.A.F.  
 (Died)  
 Varnum, G. S. .... R.C.A.F.  
 Veale, E. .... R.C.N.V.R.

## W

Wachnow, M. E. L. .... Army  
 Walder, A. .... Army  
 Waldman, Morley ... R.C.A.F.  
 Walker, G. H. M. ... R.C.A.F.  
 Walker, J. M. .... Army  
 Walker, Lavergne ... R.C.A.F.  
 Walker, Wilfred ... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Wall, Bert ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Wall, Joe ..... Army

Wall, Maurice ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Ward, Leslie, .....  
 Warnick, Bill ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Watson, Fred S. .... R.C.A.F.  
 (Killed in Action)  
 Watson, Jack ..... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Watson, James C. ... R.C.A.F.  
 (Presumed Dead)  
 Watt, Ian ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Watt, Wm B. .... R.C.A.F.  
 Webb, Horace ..... R.C.N.V.R.  
 (Lost at Sea)  
 Webster, George H. ... R.C.A.F.  
 (Presumed Dead)

Weir, H. R. .... Army  
 Werier, George J. ... R.C.A.F.  
 Werier, Val ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Wertleb, Ben ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Westmacott, T. S. ... R.C.A.F.  
 White, J. .... R.C.A.F.  
 White, Stan. H. .... R.C.A.F.  
 Wickberg, Howard ... R.C.A.F.  
 Wilder, Edmund ..... Army  
 Wilder, Emmanuel ... Army  
 Wiley, L. W. .... Army  
 Williams, Don. .... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Williams, Reg. .... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Williamson, R. D. ... Army  
 Willie, Ray ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Wilson, Wm. .... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Winegratsky, Bill ... Army  
 Winiarz, Ed. .... R.C.A.F.  
 Winnik, Joe ..... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Winrob, S. .... R.C.A.F.  
 Winter, Bill ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Wodlinger, L. .... Army

Wolch, Theo ..... R.C.A.F.  
 (Killed in Action)  
 Wolfson, Arnold ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Wolinsky, Sam ..... Army  
 Woodfield, A. A. .... Army  
 Woodfield, Fred ... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Woods, Edward ... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Woodward,  
 Margaret B. ... R.C.A.F. W.D.  
 Workman,  
 Willard D. .... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Worton, Gilbert A. ... Army  
 Wright, Walter ..... Army

## Y

Yeo, Jack L. .... R.C.A.F.  
 (Killed in Action)  
 Yudell, Isador ..... R.C.A.F.  
 (Missing)

## Z

Zack, Esau ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Zacour, Norman ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Zacour, Wally ..... R.C.A.F.  
 Zaidman, Fred ..... Army  
 (Prisoner of War)  
 Zamick, Morris B. ... Army  
 Zelickson, Ralph B. ... Army  
 Zickerman,  
 Carter ..... R.C.N.V.R.  
 Zipursky, Max ..... Army  
 Zlotnick, H. .... R.C.A.F.  
 Zlotnick, L. .... Army





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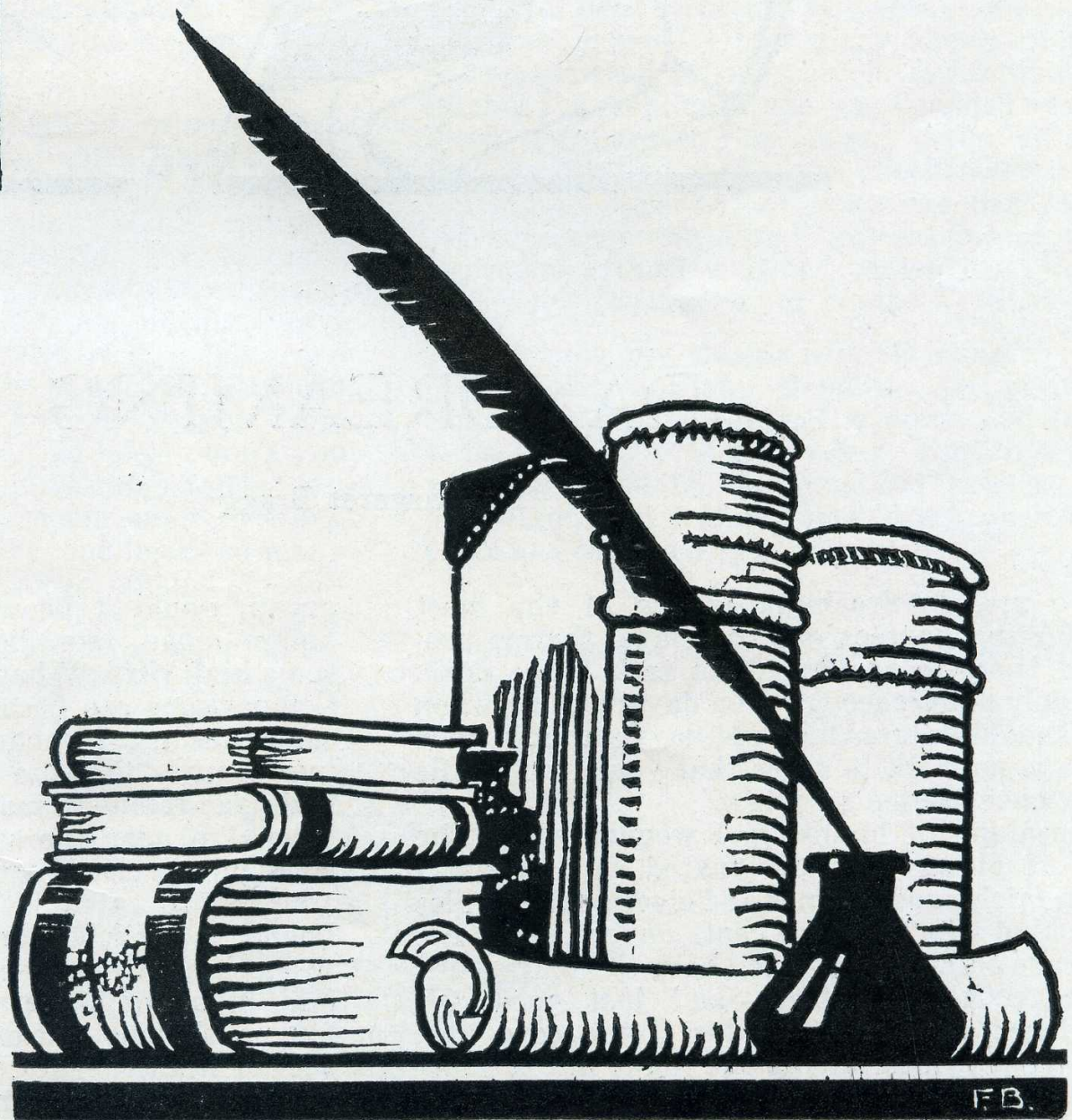


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# LITERARY



# LITERARY CONTEST

*The Literary Editors wish to express their warmest appreciation for the kind assistance given them by the judges, Miss Garland of William Whyte School, and Miss Wilson of Machray School, and by the English Chairman of our own school, Miss Horner.*



First Prize

## DAYDREAMING

By Margaret Bragg

To me, daydreaming is one of the most fascinating hobbies one can have, that is provided there is no immediate task to be done. The only difference between daydreaming when you should be working, and daydreaming when there is no work to do, is that your nasty little conscience begins to gnaw.

Speaking of haunting, I wonder where the idea of ghosts first originated. By ghosts I mean fairies and gnomes and elves and brownies (the kind who tuck five cents under the pillows of brave children who keep back the tears when their teeth are pulled)—and just good old-fashioned ghosts. I wonder if the cave man was transformed during the night into a shaking, terrified piece of humanity by the vision of a long-deceased ancestor, wandering through the forest in his animal-skin night-shirt and uttering blood-curdling groans. And, if he did

groan, would it be wild and shrill, or just a hollow moan, like the roll of the sea against some high cliff. What a ridiculous comparison! Comparisons can become so involved that they sound absurd. I wonder now, can a "man moaning" sound "like the sea"? This does seem a little far-fetched; maybe I'll try it sometime when I'm near the sea. I really should do it when no one else is around, but it would be very amusing to catch looks of pity or perchance horror on my fellow creatures' faces. How utterly shocking it would seem to them to see a fellow man standing aimlessly by the sea, groaning for no obvious reason and apparently in the best of health! They would naturally conclude, of course, that my mental state required immediate treatment. And, this being the case, why in heaven's name wasn't I in an asylum for the mentally unsound? I'd like to visit such an

asylum, not to laugh at the inmates, but to discover the causes of their mental incompetency. Psychiatrists must have a difficult time analyzing the feelings and thoughts of a man who imagines himself to be Napoleon. I often wonder—did Napoleon know that he was losing the Battle of Waterloo, and did he ever realize the utter desperation of his position? He must indeed have felt trapped, just as a mouse feels when cornered by a cat. Now I can never stretch my imagination quite far enough to see a mouse held at bay by a beautiful, fat, furry, quiet, peace-loving Persian cat. By the way, do Persian cats really come from Persia? Some day I'd like to visit Persia, not just to see if they have cats there, but to find out how much of the mysticism stressed by so many writers is true. Persia seems to be a very exotic, languorous place, and for no reason at all calls to my mind "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow". Rip Van Winkle is really a character every one should know. I wonder what his wife was like when she was a young girl? Certainly not the "Elsie Dinsmore" type. Elsie Dinsmore now! Why is it that young people are so impressed by the "Elsie" books? I know that in my younger days I used to read these books over and over again, and weep copiously every time my heroine did something looked on as "naughty" by her "dear, darling papa". Now, I look on them with scorn, and sneer at anyone who still sympathizes with the virtuous Miss Dinsmore.

But, why should I laugh at others, when only a few days ago I cried when I heard, over the radio, the happy ending of that greatest of all fairy tales, "Cinderella". Isn't radio a wonderful thing—especially for the advertisers? In the morning you awaken to the throaty, wheedling voice of Aunt Jemima, urging everyone to try her pancakes with rich, golden corn syrup. (What syrup? Try to get it!) At noon the Happy Gang laugh heartily at you from the loudspeaker: "Why . . . ha-ha . . . don't you try . . . ho-ho . . . Palmolive Soap today . . . ha-ha-hoaaa!" All afternoon and evening, especially from four to five, one hears so many of those charming little songs about "Mason's 49," "Fitch's Shampoo", "Dentyne Chewing Gum, Dentyne Chewing Gum, You ought to try some," and a host of others. The last thing at

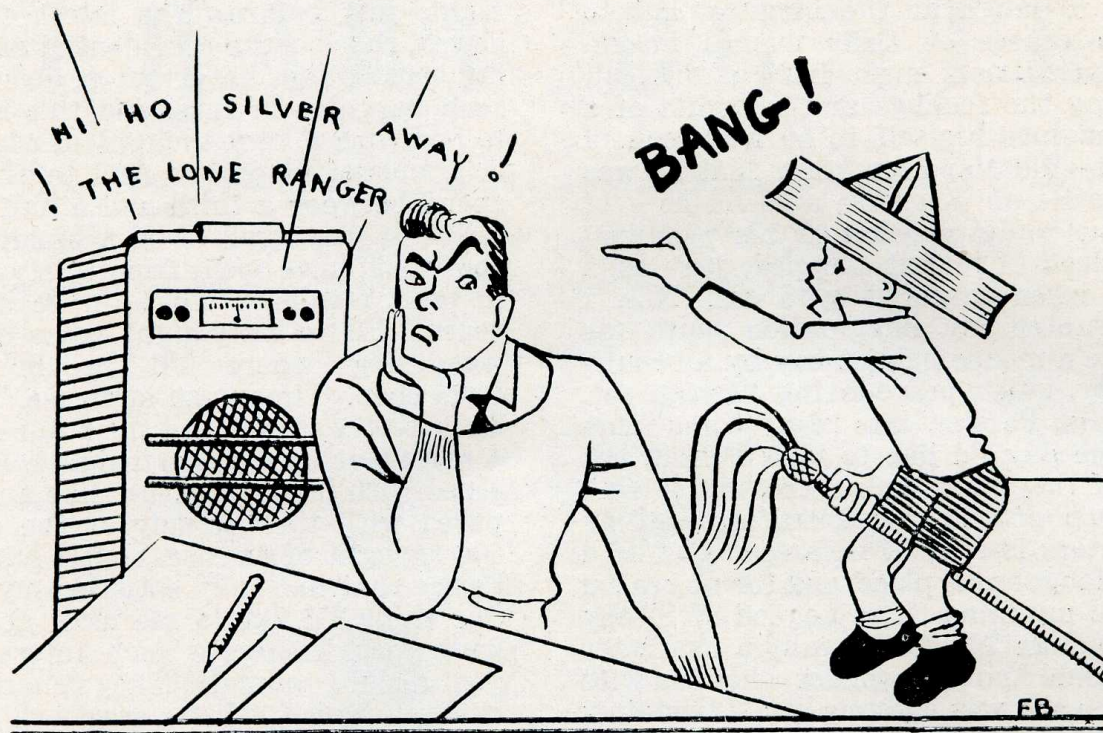
night, just before "The latest edition of the news", there is the confidential and awe-inspiring verdict that never before has Hurtig's had such bargains in furs, and this sends you off to bed with a very thoughtful expression. Bed is a wonderful place! And to think that you spend between a third and a half of a lifetime in it! If you lived to be a hundred years old, you would have spent from thirty to fifty years in bed. I wonder what I'll be doing in fifty years? I'll be sixty-eight years old! Probably wondering where I'll be in fifty years from then. Time is so immense. It makes you dizzy to try to see into the future and infinity. A mere person seems so insignificant when compared with infinity, rather like a molecule compared with the fat lady of the circus. I love the thought of circuses, but I have never been to one that has fully satisfied my imagination. One thing I'd like to see most at a circus is a kangaroo. They are such interesting, intelligent-looking animals. They remind me of Walt Disney's fanciful little creations which are so lovable. Walt Disney must be a splendid man to know. Only a man with much understanding of both human nature and Mother Nature could put such life on blank paper. Wouldn't it be interesting to know who was the first person to create something which resembled paper? I wonder how many sheets of paper altogether have ever been created? And speaking of sheets of paper, I wonder how many sheets of paper have been read by one person, my composition teacher? I wonder if she has finished reading these incoherent ramblings, given a sigh, shaken her head, and put a check mark at the top of the paper? Perchance she has read it over, and then ejaculated, "My goodness! What a piece of artistic writing! Magnificently written! What feeling! What depth!"—PERHAPS.

But now my imagination is running completely riot, and my thoughts are becoming chaotic. I should now settle down and try to write an essay that is an essay. But, in spite of all this nonsense, daydreaming can be very delightful, and I think that every one should relax and indulge in it occasionally.

★ ★ ★

(All opinions expressed are necessarily those of the writer only.)





Second Prize

## THE STORY OF A COMPOSITION

By Arnold Rogers

Tomorrow is the last day compositions for this month's assignment will be accepted. This I discover by reading, for the first time, the month's composition assignment. Just such discoveries are my monthly nemesis. Once again assignment day has rolled around, and here I am, as usual, "assignmentless". The only solution, aside from copying, is to sit down and to toss off lightly some pen picture that will satisfy two requirements, three hundred words and my conscience.

Now that I have reached this decision, that perennial bugaboo, what to write about, rears its ugly head. It isn't that my mind is so firmly set on the question that certain distractions aren't willingly pursued. After the first five minutes of fruitless labor, the telephone rings and for the next half-hour work is completely forgotten. This, though, is only a minor time waster compared to the fellow next door. Just at that crucial moment when thoughts and words are beginning to crystallize, in he sweeps, spouting gossip and good humour. After listening to him for ten minutes or so, I find that all words are vanishing to the land of misty thoughts from whence they came. When he leaves, and when once again I prepare to buckle down to work, a stentorian voice rings out, "The Lone Ranger rides again!" Murmuring imprecations under my breath, I finally hit on a plan for household peace. I tell Mother that there is a nylon stocking sale at the department store. My success exceeds my fondest expecta-

tions. Little "Butch" is dragged unwillingly away from Tonto and Silver to accompany Mother on her march to the store. The moment they leave, I quickly bar the door, utter a sigh of relief, and then reseal myself, mind athrob with the birth of a composition.

At this stage I discover I have no topic. Usually this catastrophe is not discovered until my composition is finished. This time the gods are favorable and even before beginning, I realize what I am up against. In desperation, I open a book of Stevenson's and glance enviously at some of his shorter essays. But no, the difference in styles is too obvious to leave the faintest doubt as to the ultimate discovery of copying. Finally, a suggestion in the assignment strikes a responsive chord in my mind; the topic is chosen. Even though it has been worked to death by many others, I still decide to follow up the topic and to discover where it leads me.

The topic set down at the head of a clean sheet of paper, I find that the words that are to adorn this bare page come hesitatingly to mind. They fail and falter. Pen in hand, I stare vacantly at a wall as blank as my mind. But wait! Here is a word, there's a phrase! Why they are tumbling so quickly from my mind that the pen cannot keep pace with the thoughts. The ensuing feverish pen scratchings that might be heard, however, soon come to an abrupt end. A dry pen with no ink in the house forces me to desist from this literary master-

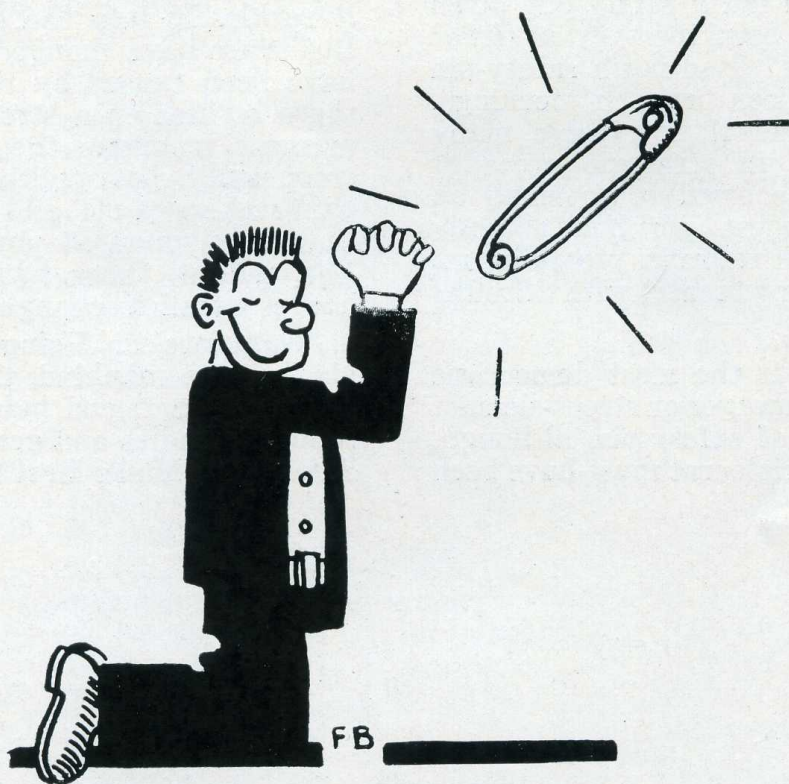
piece. With a muttered curse, I dash to the store to buy a bottle of ink, and rush back to my desk, only to find that the fount of inspiration has dried up. Finally, however, by dint of much laborious effort, a rough composition takes form on paper.

As it would never do to leave the composition in such a state, I scan it carefully for purposes of polishing a lack-lustre effort to a brilliant sheen. I add similes and metaphors freely, sprinkle comparisons and contrasts round about, and finally season with coherence, transition, and emphasis. This done, I write the composition out neatly. After compositional troubles, a finished work is set down on a fresh sheet of paper.

The next day the composition reaches its destination, the teacher's desk. Two weeks later

all compositions are returned, ablaze with red pencilled criticisms. Mine is no exception. The first object to catch my eye is a lurid D across the top of the page. This, however, is not my greatest sorrow. The simile I was most proud of, the simile I labored most over, has been eliminated. Comment there is "irrelevant and immaterial". Further down, near the bottom of the page, a split infinitive, heavily corrected, stands out like a sore thumb. How it ever slipped by the final polishing I'll never know. The concluding remarks rather ironically say that this effort would nearly pass on the final. Life is sad.

What's this? The end of April already! Time has rolled by again and once more assignment day is near. Slowly picking up my pen, I gaze with a familiar gesture at the blank wall. What is there to write about now?



Third Prize

## MAN'S BEST FRIEND

By Rose Blinder

Since the very first day of its invention, man has overlooked one of his oldest and truest friends, the humble safety-pin. Have not a multitude of important things hinged upon the safety-pin, and was not my own impending doom postponed by the gallant rescue of that same safety-pin? Yes, at that crucial time in a student's life when he looks at himself in the mirror and says, "Twelve years of your life

spent in a classroom, and you can't think of a topic for an essay! You're a complete failure!" At that crucial moment, I say, the trusty pin saved me from my own branding thoughts.

As I stood before my own reflection, pyjama-clad and ready for bed, a little safety-pin peeped shyly out from behind a fold, as if to say, "What about me?" At that moment an intolerable weight rolled off my mind, and I knew

that I was saved. There was the topic for my essay lurking in the folds of my multi-colored, polka-dot pyjamas. Like one pure moonbeam lingering awhile amid the chaotic flares which pierce the velvety blackness of a battlefield, that cool, metallic pin rested amidst the vivid hues which bespeckled the navy background of my pyjamas. To my weary eyes it caught the light from the lamp, and reflected it in a myriad of colours. I was fascinated by an object so small, and yet so big. Why, this mere pin might well be considered one of those "Tremendous Trifles" about which G. K. Chesterton writes so dramatically and so amusingly.

Now my whole being was imbued with that overwhelming feeling of smallness and humility which one invariably feels when in the presence of incomprehensible, portentous things. Here was I, who, thus far in life, had merely "taken" everything, in the closest possible contact with an object which, from time immemorial, had asked only to lend help and assistance to poor, helpless mankind! Had not a safety-pin, down through the long ages, been the very keystone of an infant's wardrobe? Had not a safety-pin served as a liaison officer between stockings, vest and trousers? Had it not, these many years, blockaded gaps in strategic areas of defence? So much was owed to so small an object! Why this modest pin had actually blazed the trail in social reforms, providing us, from the day it first drew breath, with "Cradle-to-Grave" security.

Now the safety-pin is the most democratic of objects. For either dowager or street-cleaner, there is only one kind of safety-pin, although, no doubt, some gilded aristocrat must have been

deeply incensed when she failed to find a single diamond-studded safety-pin to buy. And now that the war has caused a shortage of this priority article, it must be exerting a very unifying effect on the various classes. What profound satisfaction a serving-maid must feel when, in a moment of emergency, her Ladyship asks to borrow a safety-pin! Like gas rationing, food shortages and all other misfortunes due to war, the scarcity of safety-pins is contributing much towards the breaking down of class barriers. Just as it serves as a link between one garment and another, it is now serving as a link between one class and another.

So, we have our good friend, the safety-pin, time-saver, labour-saver, embarrassment-saver and democracy-saver, now coming into its own. It is again causing the sensation it must have caused the first time it faced this harried world and raised its head to help worried humanity. It has passed through trying times of complacency, when it was so much taken for granted that people kicked it, stepped on it, and crushed it ruthlessly into the earth with their heels. But times have changed! Nowadays near riots have been caused by the discovery of one of these rarities on a street-corner. After a few dynamic moments the exhausted pedestrians creep away, bedraggled as the basement bargain-seekers of old, and muttering incoherently that time-honoured phrase "C'est la guerre". Yes, indeed, times have changed, and it behooves us all to change with them.

Therefore, do I sing of the humble safety-pin, boon to mankind, time-saver, and my own life-saver—a friend indeed to a friend greatly in need! Ladies and gentlemen, I give you The Safety-pin, Man's Best Friend!

I set out one day  
Upon a search for inspiration.  
Prodded on by staff and class  
I tried my best  
And failed.

To want to write—  
To feel that spirit  
Deep inside  
And then to write . . .  
This.

Reva Schacter, XII B

# W A L K I N G

By Betty Corkan

Have you ever watched people walking in, at, and around, school? It is a most interesting, and often amusing, way to pass time. A discussion on walking invariably leads to talk of other things, such as "those darling shoes I saw", and "the new Easter dress I'm getting". To return to the subject of walking . . .

There are many different types of walking, dependent on your mood and your shoes. Mood, however, is the more influential factor of the two. Of course, your mood is sometimes dependent on your shoes; again, your shoes are dependent on your circumstances; your circumstances are often dependent on the mood you were in when you applied for the job, and your mood dependent on your shoes, and so on in a bewildering circle. To resume the discussion of walking once again . . .

You notice several different kinds of walking outside school. Your attention is attracted to the slow, reluctant step of the student on a lovely spring or autumn day, or to the quick bustle on a cold, crisp winter day. The summer dawdle is almost indescribable. Nor can you omit to mention the twelve o'clock walk of the student on his way home, and noon-hour amble of those students who remain at school.

In school, many unique gaits are used. The in-between-classes variety belongs entirely to the student body. The speed depends, of course, on which class you are going to; if you like the class, you are sure to reach the room in the allotted three minutes. During examinations you observe the stealthy, tip-toe walk of the pupil who does not wish to interrupt his classmates. Of course, there is always the student who does not care about the others.

In a joyous or excited mood, your steps are small and quick. This is the typical walk when you take home a report card with no E's or F's. When disappointed or dejected, you invariably take longer, slower strides. Could this have any connection with your thoughts at such a time, which are also slow, even reluctant?

Shoes play an important part in the walk of the student in charge of the study room. Each time the steel tips of his shoes tap the floor, no doubt a sense of reassurance and authority flows through him. His courage rises as his feet descend . . . He hands out a late slip.

There are many other styles of walking. Only a few types have been mentioned here. The writer sincerely hopes the reader is not too bored. If so, perhaps a good walk would be the best cure.

Time . . .  
 I must have time,  
 To think;  
 To let the thoughts of ages  
 Wander through my mind,  
 To let the world drift on unheeded,  
 Drift . . . while I  
 Think . . .

Time . . .  
 I must have time,  
 To dream;  
 Little dreams that comfort,  
 Whisps of fancy seeking for the stars,  
 Visions, vague and but half-understood;  
 I must have time,  
 To dream . . .

Time . . .  
 To wonder;  
 Wonder at the perfect, careless flower,  
 Wonder at the lace of shadowed twigs  
 Against a velvet sky;  
 Wonder at the universe, the delicate balance  
 Of its immensity;  
 I must have time,  
 To wonder . . .

I must have  
 Time . . .



# REMINISCING IN TEMPO

By Reva Schacter

Last night for the first time I became conscious of a habit which has developed over a period of years, in fact over a period of twelve years. It dates back, I believe, to about the middle of my sixth year when I first learned the joy of taking down a book from the shelf and looking into it. True enough, at that time I skimmed through all manner of volumes, not for the pleasure of enjoying the contents, but for the purpose of recognizing those few words I knew at sight. But gradually a slight interest in the thought expressed by the words, and the sound of the words themselves began to develop within me. I read poetry of all varieties, understanding none, attempting to understand none, merely enjoying the fact that I was reading poetry, and reading it faster than adults could. Occasionally, of course, a descriptive phrase would appeal to my senses, and I would repeat it over and over to myself, enjoying all those visions which it conjured up in my mind. But on the whole I just read, as I very often do now, forgetting that such things as philosophies, deep meaning and insight exist. I read, scanning swiftly page after page, looking only for a word, a phrase, a line or two that would strike my fancy.

Last night I realized how this habit had affected me. I sat at my desk, attempting to keep a clear mental picture of the state of affairs in the Balkans, trying to pigeon-hole in my mind each fact, reason and detail of my History lesson. I came across a word whose meaning I did not know, and set off in search of the dictionary. I found it at last on the bottom shelf of my brother's book-case, and for convenience sat down cross-legged on the floor in order to pursue my studies with greater ease and comfort. I looked up the word, it is true. But my eyes had already begun to wander back and forth across the shelves of books before me. Unconsciously I reached for a book, and without realizing what was beginning to

happen to me, bent over it and began looking for a few favorite parts. I found myself re-reading the last chapter of the Brothers Karamazov, an article in the Manitoba Arts Review, one of Damon Runyon's short stories, a favorite selection from the Jewish Caravan, Wolfe's thoughts of time and the river, a glance through the University Telephone Directory, a few pages from Samuel Pepys, a peep at my favorite passages from King Lear, an episode from Saroyan's The Man on the Flying Trapeze, and an infinite variety of snatches of almost anything. And then with the pleasure that comes with knowing that my mind was open to any and every type of literature, and that I had been waiting subconsciously for this moment, I took down two heavy books and placed them beside each other on my lap. I enjoyed to the fullest degree the delicious indecision of choosing between modern American and classical English poetry. I picked up one and then the other. I skimmed through the index of one to see what lay in store, and without having definitely made up my mind, I found myself being rapidly drawn deeper, farther into the book. I had to read the "Lotos Eaters" to savor and taste each morsel of its sweetness and delicacy. I had to read "To a Skylark" to feel myself carried away by "Hail to thee, blithe spirit!"; and I had to glance through "On Looking Into Chapman's Homer" to hear the words resound "Silent upon a peak in Darien". I had to re-read "The Kingfisher" to feel the loveliness and haunting quality of the lines "And as her mother's name was Tears, so runs it in thy blood to choose for haunts the lonely pools, and keep in company with trees that weep." I had to feel and roll on my tongue the sound of "When lilacs last in the dooryard bloomed". I had to see how "The fog comes on little cat feet". I had to go on forever, it seems, re-discovering those lines which kept popping into my mind with their welcome invitations to come, to read, and to linger.

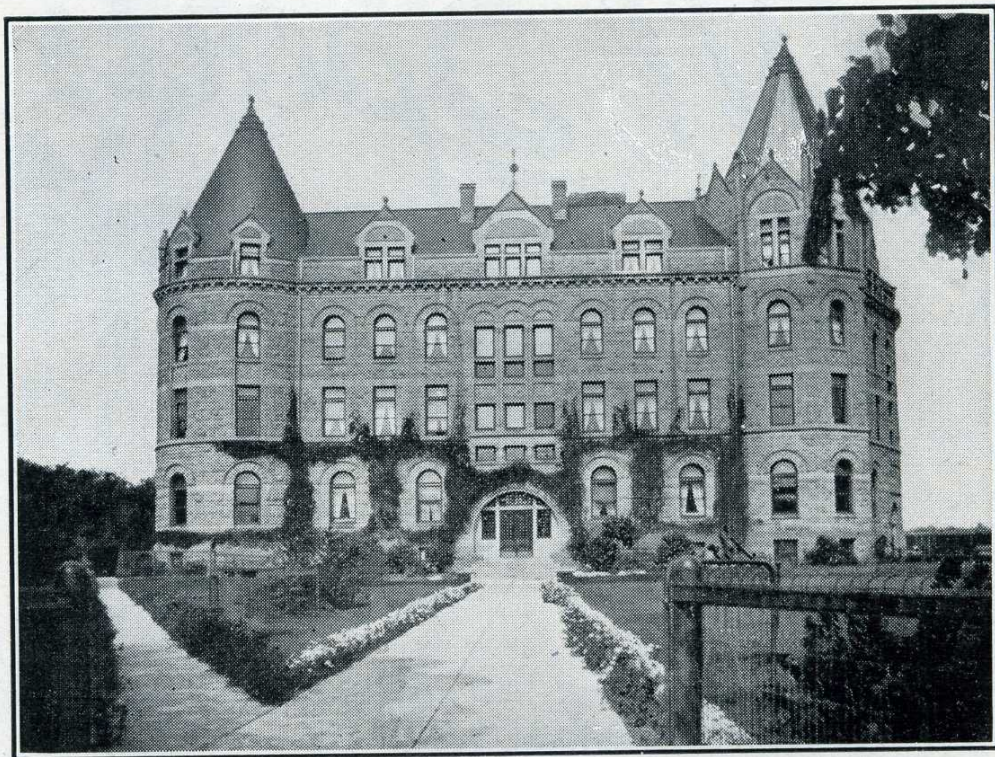
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 If we print jokes, people say we are silly;  
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 We are too lazy to write it down ourselves;  
 If we don't, we are stuck on our own stuff.  
 If we stick close to the job all day,  
 We ought to be out getting advertising.  
 If we print where we print, then . . .

We get a bum job, while elsewhere;  
 It's too expensive.

If we don't print contributions,  
 We don't appreciate true genius,  
 If we do the magazine is "padded."  
 If we make a change in a fellow's write-up,  
 We are too critical;  
 If we don't, we are asleep.  
 Now, like as not, someone will say  
 We swiped this from some other paper.  
 WE DID.



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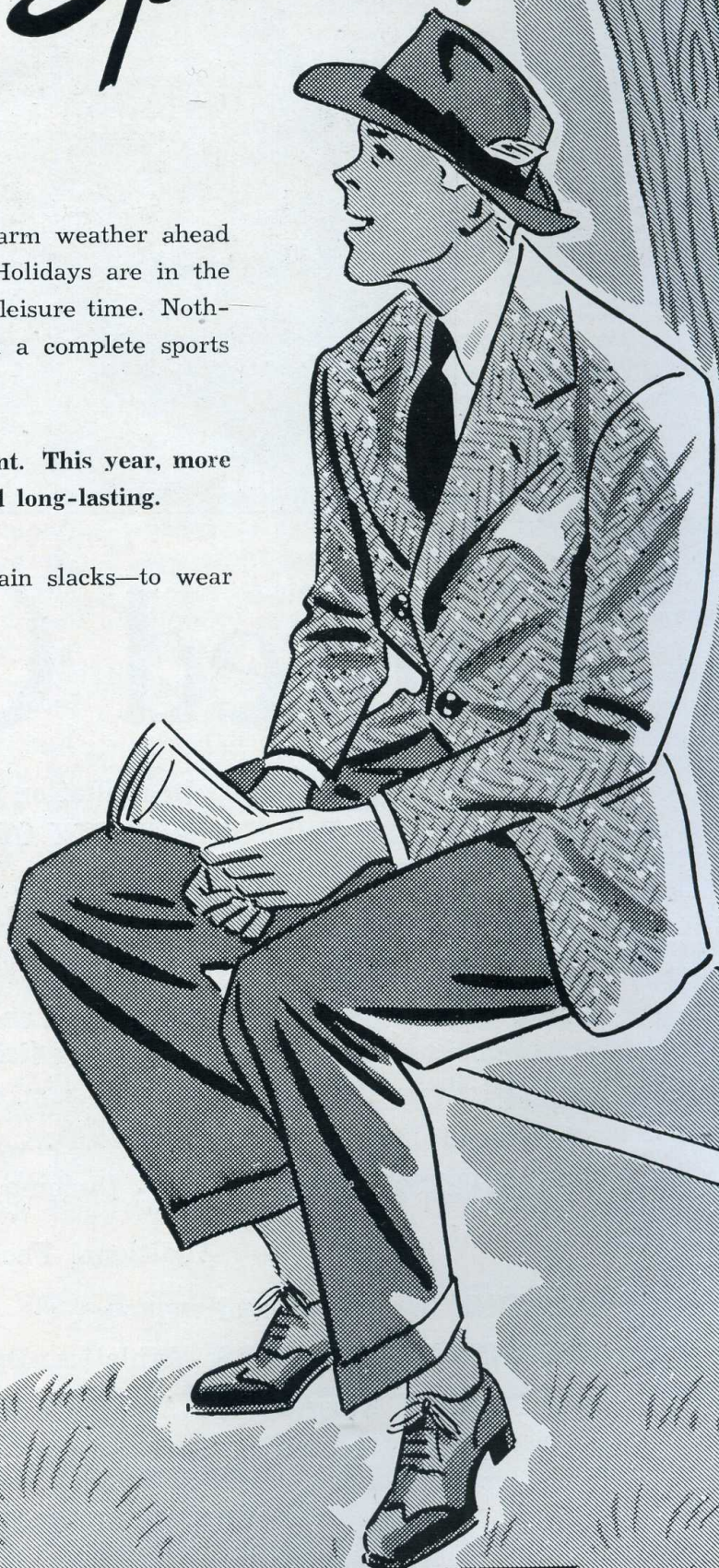
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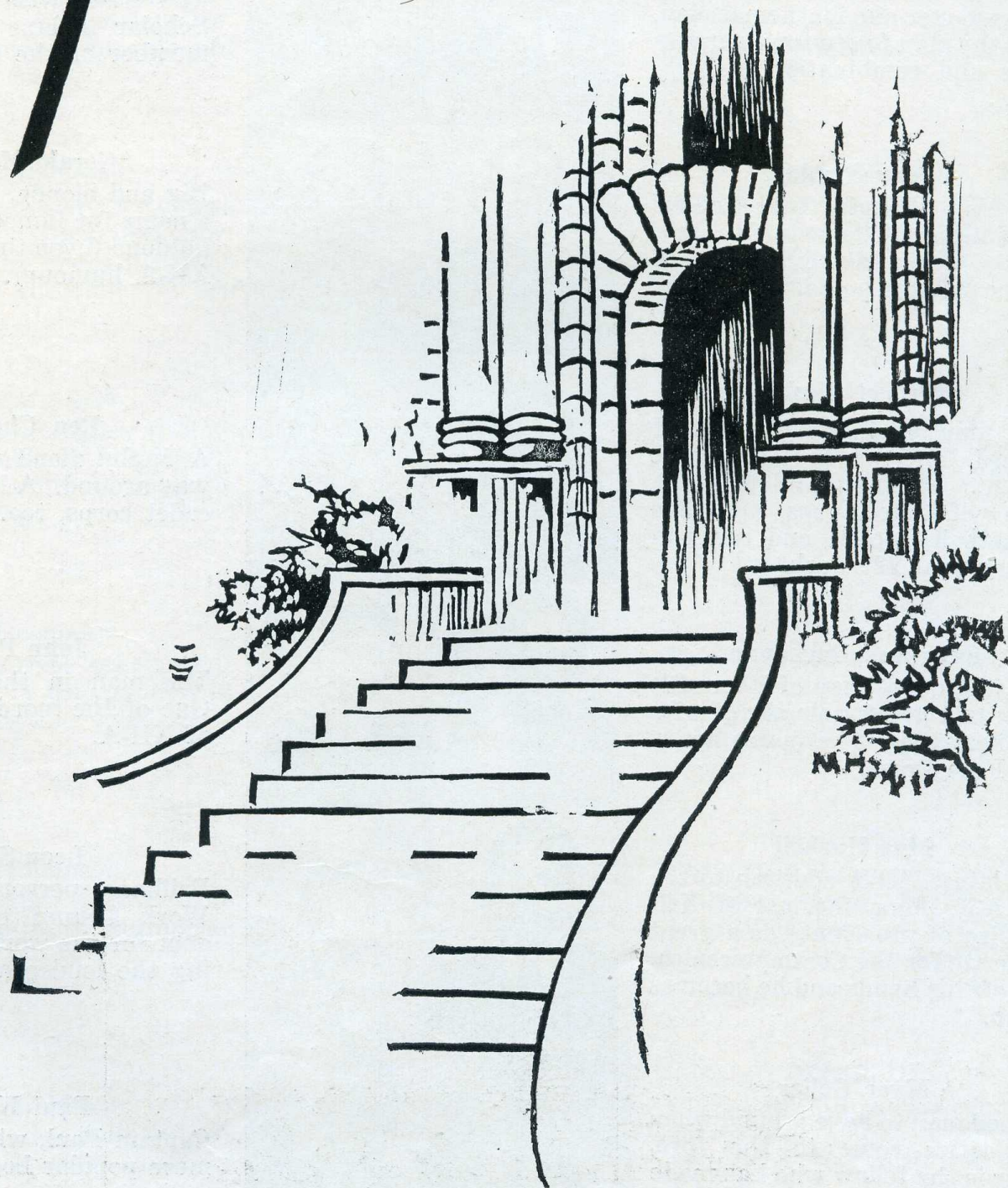
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# The GRADUATES



# XII-A

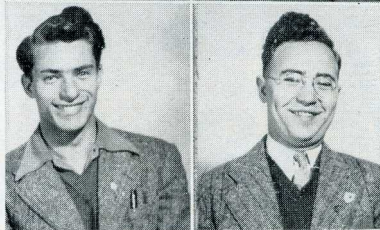
## Tom Sirbovan

Genial former President of St. John's. Tommy excels in athletics — rugby, basketball, track. XII-A's lieutenant.



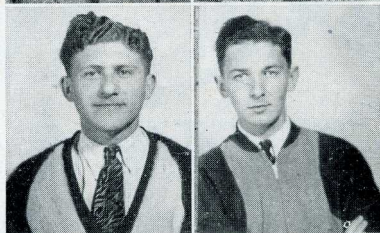
## Irvine Dubovsky

The little wavy-haired fellow who knows everybody, and who everybody knows and likes.



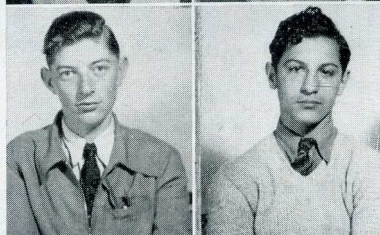
## Ben Mandell

Hard-working Ben has a brilliant sense of humor—so Shike thinks. Side-lines — soccer, basketball, rugby.



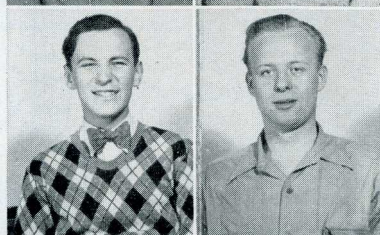
## Ralph Kaminsky

Chess-player and mathematician. He's the man to see for permutations and combinations.



## Alex Symko

XII-A's "Laugh for Today" columnist. A masterful wit, Alex's main attribute is an aroma of corn.



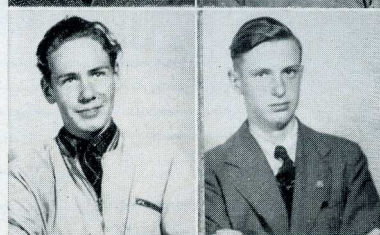
## Herbert Shubin

The man who won the Staff Award. Why? Editor of '42 Torch, Valedictorian of '42, Major of Cadet Corps, '43, plays basketball, soccer, and can run a very neat 220 dash.



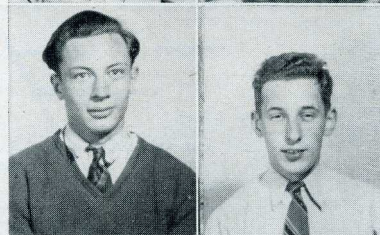
## Lawrence Buchanan

The tall, quiet chap of Room 31, Buck is a great collector of 97's in Chemistry. The mainstay of the Free Press.



## Max Haskell

The latest XII-A addition to the R.C.A.F. Max, the last of XII-A's line of presidents, is a great advocate for the Commonwealth. Cut off his hands and he becomes dumb.



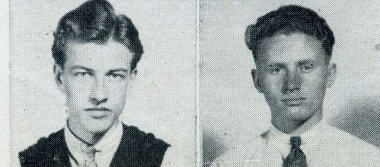
## Myer Geller

A good man to have around when scholastics come to the fore, Myer is the fellow who has made the Reserve Army what it is today.



## Meryn Kowtun

Fencer deluxe, Meryn visibly shakes when that certain maths teacher calls "Cow-toon".



## Morley Zipursky

The drive behind the War Work Committee, Zip also contributed greatly to the school's triumph in the Schools' Rugby League.

## Nathan Divinsky

The double-chinned wizard of XII-A who led the school chess club to its three triumphs in the City Tournament.

## Sid Perlmutter

First Citizen "Shike" excels in jumping and soccer. Should learn to hurdle those maths problems. Captain Perlmutter on the parade ground.

## Les Cera

The wise, wise boy of XII-A. Scholar deluxe and another member of the Chess Club.

## Gerald Mensforth

Big and blonde, Jerry has made a name for himself in rugby and humour (even though it's typical XII-A humour).

## Ben Chochinov

A rugby fiend who knows his way around. A lieutenant in the cadet corps, too.

## John Procter

The man in the supply room. One of the more studious chaps of XII-A.

## Leon Shanas

Brilliance personified. The War Work Committee owes him a debt for the work he did in wiring the loudspeakers.

## Paul Kettner

Captain Paul, who is one of the more popular boys of the room.

## Otto Fritz

"Jascha" Fritz can really handle a fiddle. And how!

## XII-A

### Charles Schwartz

Quiet and retiring. Maybe he's got a police record.

### Percy Shnier

"Poicy" with that unassuming grin forever on his face, is Mr. Durnin's idea of a perfect student.

### Nathan Freedman

A red-haired photography genius.

### Max Duchon

Poster painter for the War Work Committee whose sense of humour is inversely proportional to his size. A human dynamo on the basketball court.

### Harold Richman

Joe Miller's successor. A typical XII-A scholar. Work tires him so much that he keeps his eyes closed most of the time.

### Bob Margolese

The quiet chap who goes around with his Tommy gun holding up XII-A'ers for contributions to the Penny Fund.

### Sid Kosatsky

Surprise! Another scholarship student of XII-A who dabbles in public speaking and debating.

### Max Robinson

"Pinky" is the fellow who wouldn't shave until Stalingrad was liberated.

### Isaac Goldman

Goldman is a good man to have around at assignment time.

### Sam Kaplan

A winning smile, a resonant voice, a charming personality. Whattaman!



## XII-B

### Minnie Goldman

First-rate student — History whiz. "But why can't Norma and I sit together?"

### Menora Gorvich

She leaves a trail of chalked initials behind her. Famed for her little dances. "Her voice was ever soft and low . . ."

### Gloria Guld

"I hate men!" Who are we to doubt her word? Hobby—collecting pennies—for the Red Cross, of course.

### Genevieve Hudon

We're proud of our Governor-General Medalist — Fencing champ. — Member of the War Efforts Committee. Energy personified.

### Betty Watson

She keeps the tangles out of our roll-call. Usually in a financial frenzy. How does she manage to do good work on the side?

### Sara Rosenberg

To be found in a back seat any study-period. Favorite remark "Naturally I got an 'A' in Maths".

### Mary Neufeld

Think of the energy she must use cycling to school every day. A regular supporter of XII-B's lunching club.

### Betty Corkan

With Corky's genius, we could probably make XII-B rhyme with War Savings Stamps. A little girl with great ability.

### Mamie Dana

Class Pet. A little red-head from out of this town. A source of sweetness — "Pass the candy, Mamie".

### Rose Blinder

The room r-r-rings with her humour and alarm clocks. Badminton fiend. "Hey, wait for me, Pat."

# XII-B

## Marian Karbachinsky

A newcomer from Melville. She wishes she had a two-wheeled car (but who doesn't?). A conscientious student.



## Vera Katz

Can usually be found at Marilyn's side. Quiet and industrious—or nearly so.

## Eileen Del Begio

Tall, blonde — recognizable by peasant skirts and pin-curls. A weakness for New-Z'ies and Aussies.



## Florence Toal

Popular Sports Captain. (Popular, period.) Splendid athlete. Study period's "voice from the gallery". A favorite with us all.

## Perle Soudack

Council rep., 'cellist, pianist par excellence—War Efforts Committee—Most frequent remark "Dinty, zie a mentch".



## Betty Ullman

Her intelligence, sincerity, warm personality and friendly manner account for her popularity among us. An honors student.

## Pearl Silverman

Good all around student. The girl with the vocabulary and a voice that helps us start the day off singing.



## Gloria Shingleton

A sunny personality with hair to match. Her willingness and ability will guarantee her success in her future career.

## Reva Schacter

Ambition: to spend the rest of her life avoiding work. "How did I get roped into this?"



## Margaret Norrie

The bane of Miss Thompson's life—but the mirror remains on the wall. Favorite pastime — avoiding teachers' glances.

## Seemah Wilder

Now you see her, now you don't. Favorite haunt—the lobby. Her theme song "I'm in love with—Vienna".



## Goldie Himelfarb

In class, generally known as the "silent member". But after! Goldie, are you still looking for the trans-Siberian railway?

## Estelle Feldman

She knows her facts and figures. Uninhibited. Can usually be found wandering around "with her head tooked underneath her arm".



## Donna Lauder

She has no obvious reason for taking a back seat in classes, for she's a good student. Active in choir and dramatics.

## Lenora Klassen

Flaxen pig tails — "Lenora, where's your report?" — And why the plus-regular attendance at German classes?



## Mary Bednarek

Friendly and well-liked. With her conscientiousness, she's sure to be successful in whatever she undertakes.

## Peggy "Don't-forget-the-war-effort" Bragg

Able First Citizen. Tireless salvage collector. Good sport. Best of luck, Peggy.



## Mary Plosker

A realist to the core—and what a sense of humour! Favorite remark—"What are you telling me? I told you that story."

## Marilyn Silver

Well-liked. She'll soon be fulfilling her ambition of teaching school. Good luck to you!



## Edith Raber

She spends her time enlivening her corner of the room. Is it her fault that some teachers just don't agree with her?

## XII-B

### Ann Platner

Dark-haired and petite. Some day she's liable to talk in class and be caught up.

### Bessie Luffman

She always looks as if she never knows quite where she's going—then she gets there first.

### Norma Cooperband

Miss Sophistication — complete with gorgeous black hair and equally gorgeous red sweater. Don't let this mislead you—she's a student.

### Eleanor Bridges

Our first term sports captain. Athletic and scholastic whiz. Majors in basketball, English and Doug.

### Viola Fingler

Tall, blonde and statuesque. One of our suburban students. Her usual calm is interrupted only by an occasional giggle.

## XII-C

### Morris "Moe" Chochinov

The world trembles at his step. (Army boots.) Is always bright in English class and even gets good marks.

### Glen Hutchison

Red-headed, long-legged jitter-bug. Ambition—to remain in English class for more than one week at a time.

### Peter Werstiuk

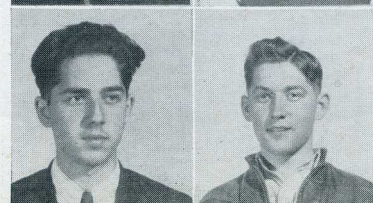
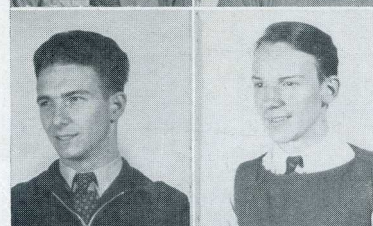
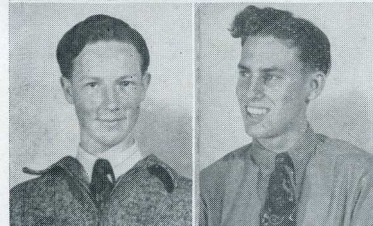
Hockey player and light bulb collector deluxe. Ambition is to obtain a driver's licence for his father's car (and then an A/A).

### Manuel "Zoot" Fink

Better known as Sgt. Major Fink, "the voice that commands the obedience of Room 38". Intends to study law.

### Sid "Ya-ah" Chernick

Second term secretary. Helps English teacher conduct class. Ambition—to become a senator in "the White House".



## XII-C

### Bill "Apple-cheeks" Shindle

His interests in Physics is paralleled only by his interest in a good joke (which he punk-tuates with his ever present "Yeah, go on").

### Alf Guthrie

Second term President of Room 28. A rugged rugby player as well as an earnest student. Ambition—to grow sideburns.

### Jim Baker

Mischievous high scorer in Mathematics and hockey.

### Jim Shaw

A newcomer with a natural tendency towards "African Dominoes".

### Myer Dimentberg

The maths worker (in English period) who gets A's in History.

**Arnold "Greaseback" Gisbrecht**  
Room 28's singin' fool. Is sweet, quiet, and a lady-killer.

### Doug. Sproul

Cheerful (at any cost). Turned in a good job as secretary for the first term. Is the backbone of the school cadet band.

### Murray "Ya-gotta-know-the-angles" Kaplan

Second term sports captain and Sousaphone player. (You should see him tap-dance.)

### Jack "Harry James" Mowat

His hobby of treating the class to trumpet solos in study period even has the teachers talking.

**Martin "That's Right" Malcovich**  
Mechanically inclined. Is the central figure in Winnipeg Junior Hockey League.



## XII-C

### Eugene "Women-swoon-at-his-very-breath" Rodko

The Charles Boyer (?) of Room 28. Is Miss Thompson's pride and joy.

### Saul Silver

A studious chap. Slogan—"Come up and 'Syma' sometime".

### Jim Speirs

Our bagpiping, first citizen. Hobby: Cherchez les femmes.

### Bill Mico

Easygoing "Mercury" of Room 28. Fast at school but slow getting there. Hobby: Collecting late slips.

### Nick "Marcelle" Sawitzki

(Oops! Dropped a hairpin.) Quiet, studious and clever in English.

### Russell "Why-don't-you-come-in-at-night" Surtees

Takes time off from star-gazing to do French homework (?).

### Leon "Pennies-from-heaven" Kemp

Leon is out of this world. Collects pennies without a rake. An able student.

### Albert "Kristy" Kristjanson

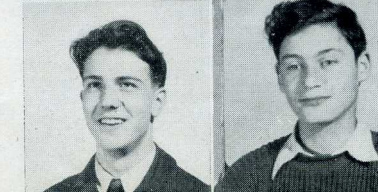
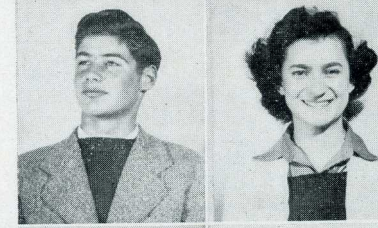
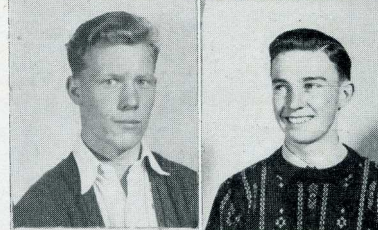
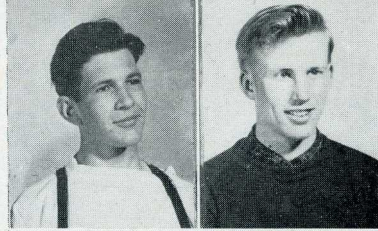
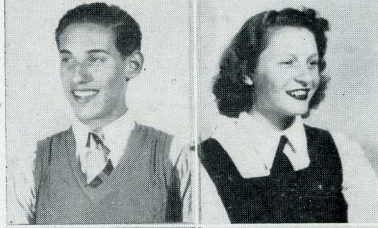
The "Blonde Bomber" of Room 28. Objective—the sweet stuff that isn't rationed. Ambition—to pass Grade XII.

### Rod "Leave-that-truck-alone" Morrison

Ambition: to be an auto wrecker (and he's just the guy who can do it).

### Theo "I-was-only-a-passenger" Wilkie

Room 28's 1st term president. Hobby—gaudy-colored Model T Fords.



### Robert "Gabby" Watson

Short, dark and squattish. The spark of Room 28's hockey team. Quiet, likeable, pleasant.

## XII-D LIBRARY

### Veda Bishop

Veda Bishop, tall and slim, Full of fun, loads of vim, Seems to think a dark boy swell, Could his name begin with 'L'?

### John Graham

In half-miles John's an ace, Shorthand makes him pull a face, O.P. also makes him frown, Running never gets him down.

### Fred Luce

Freddie L. we call him Ferd, Only grins, says not a word. His auburn hair and freckles match, Mm! Mm! Mm! He's quite a catch!

### Olga Zalkowski

Olga Z., blonde and cool, 90 blocks she comes to school, She is our penny collector, When she starts, we need a protector.

### Joyce Carter

Our able president Joy, Excels in sports, just like a boy. Happy and joyous the livelong day, Her smile chases anyone's blues away.

### Frances Waldman

Frances Waldman, really smart, Never likes her work to start, Although shorthand's not so fine, Bookkeeping's right in her line.

### Boris Boyko

Boris Boyko, blonde and shy, In B.K. he comes quite high, Shorthand outlines aren't his tools, Boris: "Everyday new rules!"

## XI-A

### Gordon Bermak

The late-room Don Juan who displays his medical capabilities in reviving the more wearied of XI-A.

### Mordy Brownstone

Buddy, the talkingest man in the world, is frequently seen around town in his two-seater. (So help me, I can't get more than two in.)

# XI-A

## Franklin Buchanan

Buck is our super-duper cartoonist who believes in Darwin's Theory of Evolution (and looks it).

## Marcel Burka

Mickey, the tall, dark and Censored chap of XI-A, who can always be depended upon in a pinch. Ouch!

## Jack Chisvin

Our star centre who isn't slow even when not on skates.

## Sam Coval

Cadet Sergeant and XI-A point-getter on Field Day.

## Edward Derback

Tall, blonde bulwark of defence, who chases everything from pucks to . . . pucks.

## Paul Gold

"Two Hundred Dollars" Gold is that steel wool-topped associate editor of the "Torch".

## Bob Halparin

Bobby, XI-A's walking sports encyclopedia, who can tell you who came in seventh in the 1922 Kentucky Derby.

## Max Herscovitch

Who wants a poster? Go to Herscovitch. Who wants a section cut? Go to Herscovitch. Who wants an assignment? Say, where's Levene?

## Ted Jacob

First Citizen Ted is the blue-eyed chap with the blonde hair. A confirmed bachelor, he is the cause of many a young maiden's swoon.

## Ralph Levene

Room p r e s i d e n t, presidents' president, war effort committee chairman, scholar deluxe, rugby star, chess player, hockeyist, valedictorian — in short, Ralph Levene.



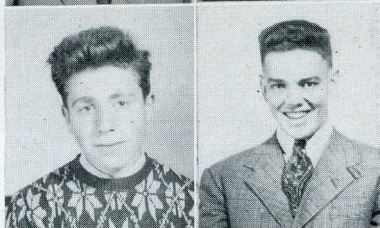
## Manly Levin

Another of XI-A's many scholarship students, Manly has broken the class's fundamental regulation — he gets down to work as soon as he enters the classroom.



## Ronald MacIntosh

Our wisecracker who is endowed with a rare sense (scents) of Scottish humour.



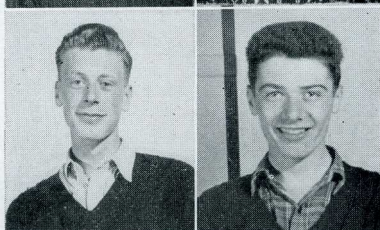
## Archie McMullan

The proverbial Irishman who is as wild as they come (and they come pretty wild down here).



## Harvey Mitchell

Literary Editor of the "Torch", Harvey is our worldly man of six-cylinder words.



## Yale Nerman

The captain who led XI-A to their triumph at the platoon inspection.



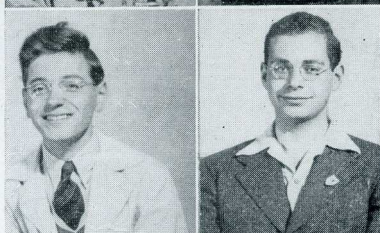
## Dave Peterson

Inter-High Field Day, 1942 — Peterson establishes new record for half-mile. Inter-High Field Day, 1943 — Peterson breaks previously established record for half mile. Inter-High Field Day, 1944 — Well, Dave?



## Harry Rachlis

Editor of this darn Mag. Harry is a man of iron except for one fear. What means it "Deadline?"



## Alvin Rodin

One of the more mysterious of XI-A's, who is always seen studying.



## Arnold Rogers

One of the many Scholarship students who clutter up XI-A. Arnold has one pet peeve — a certain 98 in Chemistry.



## Jack Shapira

When you look at the magnificent photography in this book, chalk up another one for Jack.

# XI-A

## Sid Shiffman

The Zoot Suit Hero. He likes among other things, water, cokes and Sherry.

## Max Shore

The model cadet who is usually the only one in step (so he thinks).

## Bob Siddall

Bob, a fine hockey player and excellent curler, really knows how to hit those algebra problems low.

## Harry Smith

Potential thin man for the side-show, who always gets in the last blast in the band.

## Joe Steinberg

Our absentee classmate . . . Now you see him; now you don't

## Boris Symchych

Boris, the huge fellow, (huger of skates) whose only weakness is the Irish.

## Lawrence Werier

Lawrence will have you know he is the one who single-footedly won our first place in the primary relay.

# XI-B

## Dan Anstruther

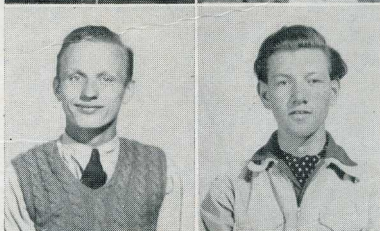
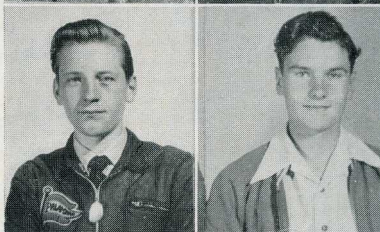
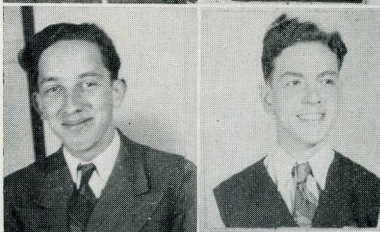
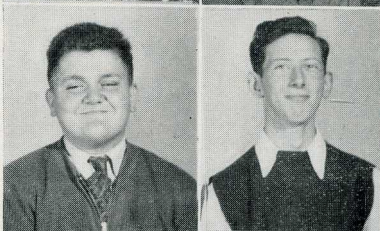
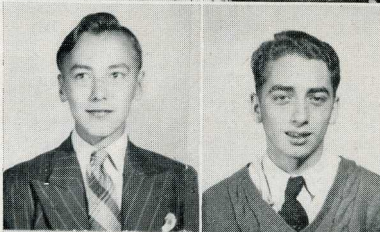
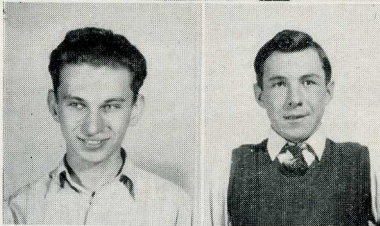
Dan ("Legsy") Anstruther is one of the not so modest members of class XI-B. Excelling in bowling, rifle-shooting and hockey, "Crack-shot" Dan is a confirmed bachelor. (Ha?)

## Walter Bohush

XI-B's proud contribution to Field Day, "laughing" Walter did not let the room down. We hear Gundar Haegg has challenged him; but after all, Walter can't take on everybody.

## Ray Brown

Dashing, daring, debonaire, "Blondy" is one good geometrician (a five-dollar word). By-line—war chart artist of XI-B.



## Bill Chipka

Secretary-treasurer of XI-B, Bill first acquired a roadster and then a new bicycle (no gas). He also dabbles in hockey.

## Clifford Epler

Cliff is also in the financial field, having the responsibility of the penny fund. He is never broke. Another room hockeyist.

## Will Goldberg

Gum-chewer extraordinary, Will devotes his time to studying chemistry and girls. Great things are expected of Willy this summer—at summer school.

## Abraham Gorin

"Honest Abe" tolerates school—in its place, of course. Favorite program: "Abie's Irish Rose". Exercises his mind—with chess?

## Ernest Guld

Erny, a typical example of the XI-B type of student, gets very good marks. Did I say typical?

## George Halayko

George, the serious-minded sage of XI-B, is always in deep thought. He has very regular school attendance, too — two days a week, every week.

## Ray Hatton

Ray has been considering our post-war problems of late and has come out with the Hatton Plan. He advocates the need for eight spares a day.

## John Jestadt

Johnnie, better known as Romeo, is something of a Casanova from what we hear. Also does a bit of hockeying.

## Samuel Kare

Sam, the assiduous "Torch" salesman, is a firm believer that education is a good thing but should not interfere with one's social life.

## Ray Keddie

Ray is one of the frailer lads of the class; in fact, he was just frail enough to make the school rugby team,

# XI-B

## Maurice Kohut

Maurice is a great admirer of nature — trees and flowers and bees and girls.

## Jim McKay

First Citizen Jim designs aeroplanes and is even now bargaining with government representatives about terms for his newest model. (I mean plane.)

## Jim McKinley

Answer to a maiden's prayer. With Apolonian facial structure, wavy hair, pleasant smile and a radiant personality, Jim is shy of girls. Horrible isn't it?

## Gerald Nicholson

Gerald has such really beautiful dreams in some periods. They shall remain unmentioned. His theme song is "Sleepy La-goon".

## Bernard Rubin

Tall, dark and handsome (one man's opinion — Bernard's), Rubin has recently allowed his affections to wander southwards. Didn't you all, honey chile?

## Leo Sawchuk

Red-blooded (stab him and find out) Leo has displayed fervid patriotism in his recent suggestion that all school buildings should be torn down for scrap.

## Maurice Schwartz

Maurice has developed a superb technique with women. Say, how do you get that extra sugar?

## George Shaw

George, an air-cadet sergeant, is a top aeroplane identifier. Ambition: to get the editor of this rag back into his flight.

## Norm. Spigelman

XI-B's kind-hearted, understanding, soft-tongued cadet sergeant. Spig. also played on the room hockey team. (So they say.)

## Don Stay

Hard as nails, hater of women, drinker of only the best (namely Coca-Cola), Don has the typical XI-B characteristics. Another hockey player.



## Gordon Surtel

The boy with the perpetual hangover and just as permanent smile, Gordon holds that life begins at 4 p.m.

## Bob Sutton

Mechanically - minded Bob (the War Savings Stamp man of XI-B) has recently devised a new invention—school work without wastage of brain power.

## Svein Sveinson

One of the more studious type in direct contrast with his fellow XI-B'ers, Svein has recently come out with that scandalous suggestion of working in school.

## Melvin Wolfson

XI-B's most worthy president, cadet sergeant - major, All-Star snap, Mike is also interested in hockey and in studying to a limited extent. (Say about an hour a week.)

# XI-C

## Jack Basovsky

Jack Basovsky is fine in basketball, in rugby he's quite professional. He takes hardships with a grin, His competitors in blondes—take Asperin.

## Morley Bell

Morley Bell shouts like ---  
As his snappy squad turns pell-mell.  
But we don't mind for he is kind  
And in his pocket, war stamps you'll find.

## Coleman Bloomfeld

Cole Bloomfeld, slick and neat, Rhumbas with most graceful feet.  
War stamps come regular to him,  
His dark hair is always prim.

## Louis Bernstein

Louis Bernstein weighs two-o-four,  
The rugby players feel a lot more.  
His nimble feet and dance technique  
Cause heliotropism in girls that are meek.

## Edward Bodner

A perfect ad for brilliantine  
We're sure you know just who we mean,  
Bodner, our Matric House Cap.—  
Come on, you kids, give him a clap.

## Sidney Brenner

Sid Brenner, our Pres. walks firm  
Thickly spread humor on the term  
He mimics teachers, apes and actors;  
These talents are merely few factors.

### Abe Chamish

Chamish—Known as honest Abe,  
Admires silk stockings on a babe.  
His wit is shrewd, his humor  
keen,  
And has no trouble with the  
dean.

### Morris Chapnick

Morris Chapnick will be on the  
plane  
For an air-frame mechanic he  
will train.  
His manners good, and smiles  
wide  
Bring to his work some pride.

### Alvin Cooper

Alvin is an all-around guy  
But the girls make him quite shy  
He's a swell shot at the range  
Keep it up, kid! Don't ever  
change.

### Bruce Davis

Tho' Bruce Davis is quite small  
He is the brainiest of them all.  
His work is always up-to-date,  
Assignments never come in late.

### Les Diamond

Les Diamond is so cool,  
His brain is often in a pool  
Of thoughts, distant from the  
school.  
He very seldom breaks a rule.

### Lennie Greenberg

Len Greenberg has an intelligent  
bean  
With broad interests we have  
seen.  
He studies Literature from A  
to izzard;  
In time he will become a wizzard.

### Myer Gilfix

Myer Gilfix is our comedian of  
mirth.  
Our room upon this earth  
Would be a morgue without his  
gags,  
For his humour never sags.

### Lawrence Kalef

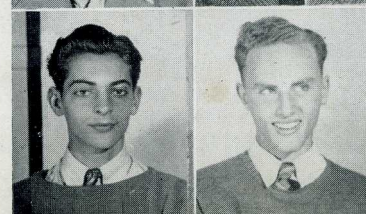
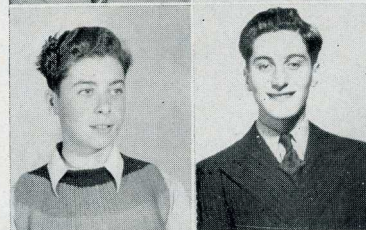
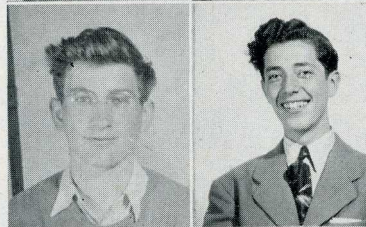
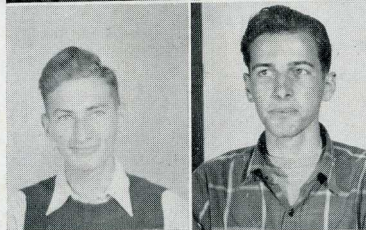
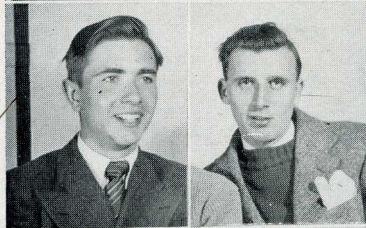
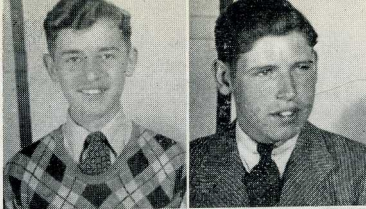
So long, Kalef. You'll sure be  
missed. -----  
You will always head our list.  
Tho' you're in another town  
We will never let you down.

### Walter Krawchuk

Walter Krawchuk enjoys photog-  
raphy,  
Exquisite lands of dreams we  
see.  
Nature gifted him an eye for art.  
Could he do it from the start?

### Peter Lorimer

Pete Lorimer—profiled by Egypt-  
tian style,  
Writes in 'glyphics from the Nile.  
He's no mummy as you can see  
But has a philanthropic policy.



### Easton Lexier

Easton Lexier — Sec. collects  
dough  
Enough to build a fast Mosquito.  
He toots der Fuehrer out of tune  
But we already are all immune.

### Andrew Lutz

Andy blows a mean trombone,  
Has some swell technique and  
\_\_\_tone.  
As a photographer he's A-1,  
We're sure that he is rivalled by  
none.

### Abe Maltz

Abe Maltz is short but tough as  
T.N.T.  
To friends he's warm, to foes  
keep free.  
Upon his face there's a tint of  
cheer.  
He's quite happy throughout the  
year.

### Bill Minuk

Bill Minuk is in the Reserve.  
Much too lazy you will observe.  
Time is perpetual he said today  
As he yawned the clock away.

### Keith McBean

A countenance serene has Keith  
McBean,  
Who is in the Reserve Army  
team.  
His work is fair and smiles not  
rare.  
A preacher waits for him to pair.

### Bernie Ostry

Bernie Ostry is business man-  
ager,  
For the Red Cross he collects  
silver.  
He's a Sarge in the corps and has  
Stripes that aren't from Alca-  
traz.

### Victor Poleschuk

Vic. Poleschuk—a drummer of  
grace,  
Marches ahead to keep pace.  
He'll be overseas soon, and there-  
in,  
Lead us proudly through Berlin.

### Gordon Pullan

Always happy, loads of fun,  
He's a pal to everyone.  
Wanders up and down the hall,  
No care in the world at all.

### Harry Rosenberg

Harry Rosenberg takes life easy,  
Gets exemptions without being  
busy;  
Of stamps he has his share, and  
more.  
Girls say he's cheerful and no  
bore.

### Jack Rubin

Jack Rubin ticks in the rugby  
team.  
Boy, can he ever catch 'em clean.  
He listens to the symphony  
And enjoys a verse of poetry.

### Saul Shrom

Saul Shrom will bear it and grin  
 When marks from his exams  
 come in.  
 You'd think he was a captain in  
 bloom  
 For the time he spends in the  
 orderly room.

### Archie Telpinstern

Archie Telpinstern reads Homer  
 by the day,  
 A literati you see in every way.  
 He plans to write a book some-  
 time  
 And let it through centuries  
 climb.

### Albert Thomson

Albert Thomson of sinewy steel  
 Runs as smooth as a slippery eel.  
 Plays all day at basketball  
 And hardly drops a calorie at all.

### Roy Walby

Roy Walby is quite lanky and  
 fair,  
 He walks with a majestic air.  
 Of laziness he is the height,  
 To see him work would be a  
 sight.

## XI-D

### Dorothy Anderson

Of course we wouldn't like to  
 say anything, but Miss Anderson  
 has that certain gleam in her  
 eye. Could it be spring?

### Mary Archuk

Mary is a grand gal. Our girl's  
 sports captain, who knows her  
 sports and more besides.

### Mary Boychuk

Mary keeps the sports captain  
 company, but I think she is good  
 company for more than the  
 sports captain.

### Isabelle Brownstein

She's the girl who looks after  
 the attendance. No more head-  
 aches about skipped periods.  
 (She hopes.)

### Hazel Carlson

Our little blonde bombshell who  
 keeps company with one of the  
 members of the Junior Basket-  
 ball squad.

### Bessie Clowes

Bessie, the girl with all the  
 bounce, is our second term  
 president.



### Freda Corley

After her friends had left school,  
 Freda did not have to wait long  
 to find that schoolwork wasn't  
 so hard after all.

### Lewis Coulter

The teachers all love that sweet  
 little boy, but we know better.

### Dorothy Dewald

The quiet member of our class  
 who is always there when you  
 want a shoulder to cry on

### Jim Gray

The lad who informs us when  
 the answers in the back of the  
 book are wrong.

### Allan Greenberg

The fellow who broke his arm  
 patting himself on the back.  
 Claims he broke it playing rugby.

### Jim Guralnick

Joined our class after Christmas.  
 Jim is always talking about Tor-  
 onto. What's that city got?

### Ben Handleman

This fellow has other interests  
 besides playing hockey, basket-  
 ball and soccer.

### Ray Harris

Ray has his reasons for hanging  
 around Room 38.

### Bernice Mackay

Our faithful secretary who stars  
 in basketball and volleyball.

### John Melnick

'Tis quite an honor to have the  
 School President in our class.

**Barney Nurgitz**

Thinks you go to school to participate in sports. Took part in Junior basketball and track.



**Elsie Odowichuk**

A new-comer to Tech has made herself right at home by capturing the hearts of many young swains.



**Adeline Offrowich**

The girl of giggles is our little Adeline. Just a word will set her off for a giggling spell.



**Esther Pietracci**

She's our Home Economics girl whose ambition is to become a teacher.



**Fred Sebastian**

Sugar's his name, you'd think he was sweet, When he plays the accordion with a boogie beat.



**Nena Shames**

Curiosity killed the cat, but evidently Nena doesn't believe it. Who was she anyway?



**Winnifred Townsend**

A lover of art is our Winnie. Is it art that attracts you to Room 24, Winnie?



**Betty Stupak**

That blonde wizard at typing whose speed is sixty. She thinks you have to do no more.



**Beth Waldie**

A little stick of dynamite, and can she explode. Basketball and volleyball are just a sideline.



**Paul Zamick**

Besides doing his work, Paul takes part in soccer, hockey, basketball and track.



**Betty Zilberman**

A salvage fanatic whose greatest ambition is to persuade the XI-E girls that "Women's Home Companion" is not exactly the type of magazine popular with the armed forces.

**Cecille Margolis**

Another of XI-E's glamour girls whose ability as a knitter possibly explains the predominance of sweaters in her wardrobe.

**Isabel Serkin**

XI-E's fleet-footed sport's captain who comes through in both sprinting and examinations with flying colors.

**Mona Green**

Room 37's blossoming poet and future Dickens. Her interests seem to waver between corned beef and medicine.

**Beatrice Checkik**

Student conspicuous both by her beautiful blue eyes and the frequency with which her name appears on the absentee list.

**Undine Gant**

Efficient and good humoured, Undine owes her sunny disposition to her lively participation in all phases of school life.

**Natalie Goldberg**

XI-E's hard-working and able "First Citizen" who hurdles with the same efficiency and swiftness with which she collects money and organizes salvage collections.

**Luba Pleskow**

Luba is the perfect example of a female with both beauty and brains.

**Shirley Stall**

Shirley, our hard-working glamour girl, dresses to please a certain young rugby star. She is also XI-E's Red Cross representative.

**Patsy Mednick**

Room 37's future designer who, despite her airy ambitions, can still be found at the down to earth occupation of working geometry problems.

### Freda Flam

Her oratorical ability, her strong political views and her hackneyed sense of humour combine to form an unusual personality.



### Evelyn Zinger

Evelyn is one of our room's most popular girls. She was an important cog in XI-E's basketball team.



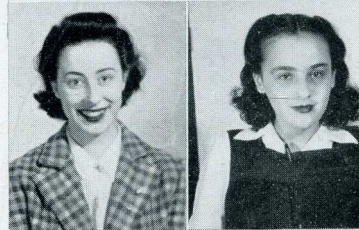
### Pat Cooper

One of those quiet souls who believes implicitly in the age-old adage "Silence is golden" — except when there's something funny to giggle at.



### Peggy Metcalfe

Identification — a giggle; appearance—stunning; pet hate—working; pet love — singing; home girl?



### Marjorie Busch

Marjorie is our neat scholar who may always be depended upon to have her assignments complete.



### Sylvia Knelman

Busy, busy, busy all day long—how many scholarships can one girl get? Room 37's academic star and scholarship candidate.



### Pat Waterman

Artist — glorified; hurdler — magnificent; geometrician—par excellence; councillor — indispensable. All in all, Pat's a grand girl.



### Mary Falk

A good example of a truly all around gal. Her bird-like soprano voice; her brilliant scholastic ability; her activities in all athletic circles; her . . . 'nuff said.



### Lottie Schachter

A musician only equalled by Heifitz, who is noted not only for her hurdling ability but also for her original opinions—perhaps she is developing into a politician.



### Kinneret Dirnfeld

XI-E's prize package who graces the school council. She has a lovely voice and is high in scholastic ability.



### Fanny Loffman

An ideal student — plenty of scholastic ability with a like quantity of athletic accomplishment plus a luxurious crop of fair curls makes Fanny an outstanding personality.

### Jean Simpson

Jean is fleet of foot and adds to XI-E's bevy of beauties. She works very hard at avoiding work of all kinds.

### Bessie Fiterman

Isaac Newton's gift to St. John's. Bessie has a contagious smile and there are many who wish to be contaminated.

### Naomi Civkin

Well versed in pianistic and literary fields, dark-eyed Naomi could be called a brunette bombshell.

### Norma Binder

XI-E's prize giggler, Norma wishes to become a modern Florence Nightingale.

### Lucy Standil

XI-E's capable penny collector. Lucy attributes her success to her childhood ambition to be a dentist.

### Shirley Lev

Quiet, modest Shirley is our idea of a swell kid. Her most outstanding characteristic: patience (mostly with this stuff).

### Ruth Promislow

The gal with the sparkling smile, Ruth is the able tutor of Latin, Maths, etc. She ably supports our relay team and choirs.

### Ruby Felbein

Ruby, one of our nightingales, is the present dark-haired president of XI-E.

### Marjorie Campbell

Marjorie is the blonde, quiet young lady who is Associate Editor of the Torch. She is one of the ladies with lovely voices.



**Frances Klassen**

Flaxen-haired member of the War Efforts Committee. Frances employs her nimble fingers in knitting sweaters and socks for the Red Cross.



**Bessie Dolgoy**

Quiet and shy is our Bessie, but a grand kid. When maths assignments have to be in, Bess is one of the most sought after girls in the class.

**Nancy Lipen**

Another member of XI-E's War Effort Committee, Nancy uses her "strong voice" in her daily urging to her fellow students for light bulbs and razor blades.



**Doreen Dolgoy**

Doreen is our historian. She's usually quiet but that doesn't mean she can't give you an argument on any subject.

**Sylva Carter**

Field Day representative from XI-E, Sylva is the one whose permanent smile never breaks unless she opens her mouth to sing beautifully.



**Kay Dowad**

Kay is one of our quiet newcomers. Black hair and flashing dark eyes! 'Nuff said.

**Bernice Zivot**

XI-E's corny humorist, Bernice's jokes are now being seriously considered by the government for their consistent habit of laying eggs.



**Doris Finkle**

She's always reading or writing letters. The answer to any boss' dream (as secretary, of course).

**Gertrude Mallin**

Petite yet energetic war savings representative who can certainly explain why class officers turn gray.



**Marjorie Freed**

Margy is one of XI-F's artists. She doodles all day long. One of these days Margy will "dood it" right into fame.

**Gladys Pullan**

XI-E's blonde bomber whose daily dialogue with one of the recent additions to St. John's teaching staff is a constant source of amusement to her fellow pupils.



**Goldie Guttman**

Goldie is our Algebraic and Geometric genius. She has to wear a pitcher's helmet at exam time; how those girls do rush her!

**XI-F**

**Shirley Antel**

Five foot two with eyes of blue, Shirley is one of XI-F's bevy of beauties.



**Jocelyn Gold**

That eternally patient Literary Editor who is tireless in re-writing, and has a smile on her face in all situations.

**Eva Billinkoff**

Eva is one of our quietest girls, but seat her at a typewriter and she puts a tommy gun to shame.



**Judy Wolk**

Judy is one of our redheads. She is a very enthusiastic camera fiend.

**Celia Chisick**

Celia has schoolaphobia, but when she does come she keeps the room laughing with her giggle. She also believes in conserving material.



**Claire Zamick**

Claire is definitely a treat for the eyes. Her favorite occupation is singing torch songs.

**Lilian Dobruskin**

Lilian is our Red Cross representative. She turns out those woollen garments by the dozens. Even the sweater girls can't keep up with her.



**Sylvia Loeb**

Another redhead, Sylvia is one of our Quiz Kids. The questions she asks would stump any expert.

### Helen Markusoff

Helen has big brown eyes and dark hair. She has kept us laughing all year.



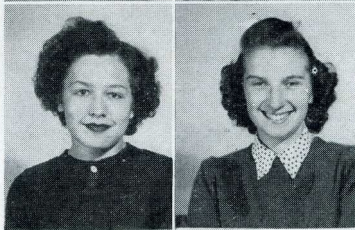
### Ruth Jones

"Jonesy" is liked by everyone. An all-around girl, she excels in both sports and school work. In addition she kept us in fits of laughter all year.



### Lucy Kanovsky

Lucy is also a newcomer to XI-F. Always prompt with her assignments, Lucy boosted our scholastic standing.



### Natalka Kurdydyk

Natalka is that wide-eyed lass who always managed to get a laugh from us. She's always popping in with her favorite expression "Oh fish".



### Miriam Labovitch

"Lovely to look at, delightful to know", should be Miriam's theme song. A swell person, Miriam is liked by everyone.



### Thelma Markoff

One of our lovelies, Thelma is strictly a sweater girl. Now we know why they're so popular.



### Tasha Rubinfield

Tasha is so tiny it's difficult to find her. She's got a tremendous sense of humour and is always laughing.



### Joan Saunders

Joan, our president, is a grand all-around girl. She excels in sports and also holds her own in the academic world. She helps to swell our crop of many lovely femmes.



### Agnes Semeniuk

Tall and blonde, Agnes is definitely not hard on the eyes. Add this characteristic to the fact that she is excellent in both scholastic ability and sports and you have something.



### Betty Silver

Our blushing rose, Betty, one of our beautiful blondes, blushes at any provocation. Betty would make a gracious hostess in a gracious home.



### Mitzi Green

Our energetic "First Citizen", Mitzi has been giving us pep talks all year but to no avail.

### Eleanor Gutkin

Dark hair, blue eyes, Eleanor is a perfect example of feminine pulchritude. She has a great future in store for her. Don't rush, boys.

### Jean Hatmenenko

Jean is as quiet as they come but has one prevailing ambition—hold everything, she wants to be a detective.

### Neta Greengarten

One of XI-F's unusual personalities, a quiet redhead, Neta is always ready for a party. Her favorite expression is "not so fast".

### Eileen Jacobsen

A cute redhead, Eileen is a very welcome newcomer to XI-F. Her specialty is drawing girls in bathing suits, but she should draw self portraits very nicely.

### June Miller

A blonde damsel who is absolutely "icky". She's hep to all jive and get her in an algebra class and even Euclid would start jitterbugging.

### Annis Oman

Annis is our sophisticated lady. Literature is her meat and her knowledge of it isn't rationed.

### Fay Parks

"Better late than never" seems to be Fay's motto. She's always creeping in at the unearthly hour of 9.30. Those buses will break down.

### Freda "Ricky" Priesel

Ricky is small and cute. She is one of our athletes and one of our entries to Field Day.

### Ettie Rosenberg

Ettie is one of our most conscientious students. She knits with a will for the Red Cross. Ettie would make a very efficient secretary.

### Evelyn Spegal

Evelyn is the answer to a teacher's prayer. She always has her assignments ready on time. Her special weakness is airmen.

### Shirley Sussman

Shirley is our chief donator to the Red Cross for gum-chewing. Our little curly head is a swell kid and another conserver of materials.

### Jean Taggart

Pretty as a picture, Jean is our faithful sports captain. Another one of XI-F's all-around girls.

### Evelyn "Lynne" Urdang

Lynne is a great lover of music. Add this to her appreciation of good literature and you have an artistic personality.

## XI-G

### Donna Barnes

Donna's a regular girl. She clicks every time being the room's official score keeper and a keen basketball and badminton enthusiast.

### Polly Brodsky

One of our most enthusiastic Red Cross workers, Polly knits reams of articles for the armed services. If they could see her eyes they would appreciate it even more.

### Evelyn Bermack

Evelyn always seems to give the wrong answer tho' she knows the right one. Slow but sure seems to be her motto.

### Mavis Chaikin

Silent but sweet. A very studious girl is Mavis and it seems to pay her too. She doesn't say much but she's missed when absent.

### Esther Dolgin

No. 1 citizen—No. 1 girl. Yes, a great girl is Esther—always ready with her helping hand. Her greatest contribution to the Council meetings are her jokes.

### Pearl Friesen

I hear she's a natural at writing letters. Pearl is always active—champ at hurdling. How about teaching the rest of us, Pearl?



### Donnel Farbrother

The room screwball—at any rate she keeps everybody in stitches. However, Donnel is just as smart as she is funny. German is her specialty.

### Barbara Gray

Tall and talented; fair and frivolous, is Miss Gray. She knows all the answers, original ones too.

### Clara Gunn

Her favorite pastime—chewing gum. Her feet keep time to her chewing as she's quite a dancer. Brains and beauty seem to go together in her case.

### Corinne Gordon

Better known as Corky. Big blue eyes and real curly hair—what more could you ask? And when she turns that innocent look on you—Woo, Woo,—better run boys.

### Rose Hanesiak

Quaint and quiet, short and shy, but with a smile that outshines any movie star. She can roll her eyes too. Rosie's our little lady.

### Jenny Husko

Jenny is quite a girl. She's a star in athletics and a gem on any musical programme. Her smile lights even a schoolroom.

### Betty Hechter

Darling dimples are her asset, and clear sweet voice no one can mistake.

### Helen Mittleman

A faithful little student. She knows French and probably can talk it in her sleep. She takes an active part in all socials.

### Shirley Mainer

An all-round girl with an all-round nature. She's a badminton ace with a wicked serve and good at academic work, except geometry.

### Pauline Nisenholt

She's forever doing somebody's geometry or showing somebody an algebra question. She never bothers anybody, it's usually vice-versa.

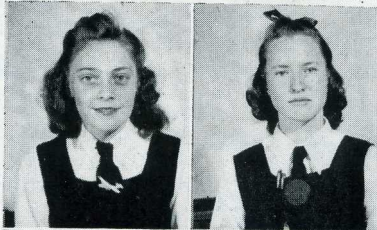
### Betty Nan Peterkin

Another girl of Room 39. Betty has charm and dimples. She's at her best in the gym or on the dance floor.



### Thelma Ross

Thelma is our "War Savings Girl". She never complains about the work, just smiles. A modest girl with a heart of gold.



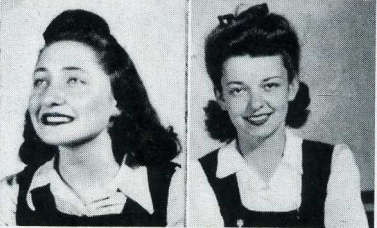
### Lillian Riddell

The unusual, a scholar with a sense of humour. She can Parley-vous Francais, string off propositions, figure out equations, all in all she's a whiz.



### Rose Steiman

Rosie the Rivetter—Her tongue works as hard as Rosie rivets. A swell kid, full of fun but forever late. She catches up on her sleep in school.



### Shirley Schwartzman

Always has a nice compliment for somebody — but never collects any quarters. A friendly girl who tries hard at everything she does.



### Dorothy Toyer

She's the doingest girl. Either singing, dancing, running, or talking. A gal everybody likes! Favorite habit: spending her lunch hours in the hall.



### Irene Zukowski

Five foot three of sunshine. Singer extraordinary. Does well in sports too. She loves moron jokes and popular songs. A swell girl we won't forget.



### Evelyn Zelinski

She collects razor blades — but for the salvage. A whiz in chemistry, a genius in geometry. Evelyn is a good P.T. student.



### Judy Zolf

Last on roll call but first on anybody's list. She makes a swell president. Enjoys joke even if it's on her.



### Viola Sutherland

Competition for the Happy Gang's joke pot. We expect to see her name up in lights on the sports field. (She's a terrific shot at the basket.)



### Miriam Romanovsky

She's small and quiet but always happy and smiling. Her greatest pleasure in life seems to be in helping others.

## XI-H

### Noreen Allen

"Auguries of Innocence." Our War Stamp Rep.—lest we forget. She sings of birds, flowers and trees.

### Adeline Atamanchuk

"Believe me if all those endearing young charms." Take it from us she makes an A1 President. Adeline takes an active part in all school activities.

### Shirley Basson

"Favour is deceitful and beauty is vain." Never a school activity without Shirley. She's always busy as a BZZ! bzz! bee—that's the impression we get anyway.

### Wilma Beiber

"We caught the tread of dancing feet." But dancing is not the only way her feet are talented. She bagged nine points at our Field Day and six at Inter-High.

### Lillian Bradley

"Thoughts that breathe and words that burn." Presenting Mr. Th---'s problem child. Lillian is athletically inclined. She was on the hurdling team which placed at the Inter-High.

### Evelyn Dyson

"A few strong instincts and a few plain rules." Eve is our room secretary. Lucky be the employer who gets her. She can also teach you a thing or two about high jumping.

### Muriel Rayson

"The larger heart, the kindlier hand." Consult her for the recipe of "How to make friends and influence people". She's a member of the school council.

### Betty Rosenberg

"An honest man's word is as good as his bond." It's not her fault if she forgets sometimes. But better late than never. Ask our War Stamp Rep.

### Enid Shreiber

"He that repeateth a matter separateth friends." How could the penny fund exist without Enid; and where would Enid be without her comb?

## XII-A

### Gerald Krawitz

Gerald is the tall, begoggled young gentleman whose alarm clock broke months ago.

### Isadore Wittenberg

Izzy of the wavy hair, is one of the top track stars in the school. This year, he cleaned up in the primary division in the Inter-Room Field Day, obtaining four firsts, a second, and a third.

### Lyall Powers

A handsome, unassuming chap, who excels in English.

## XII-B

### Laurane Greenberg

Our afternoon visitor. Top rating as a pianist and humorist. Keen judge of character. Ouch!

### Jean Speirs

Class President. Vivacious red-head. Excellent student. Superlatives were created just for her.

### Pat Scorer

Badminton President and Red Cross Rep. A girl with an "explosive" sense of humor. Pat is one of the best liked girls in the room.

### Etta Melmed

Frequent comment: "Library periods are just made for writing letters." Enthusiastic—generally absent.

## XII-C

### Joe Pachinko

Quiet and likeable — a budding artist with a fine future ahead of him.

### Frank Vaughan

A good all around student and hockey player. His ambition is to design aeroplanes.

### Meyer Coval

Athletically inclined. Is interested in basketball and school work. Unusual combination.

### Sam "Egg Sandwiches Again" Meyers

The builder of the Maths teacher's morale. We hear he is collaborating with Einstein. Ambition — to join the army on July 1st.

### Bill Corbett

Room 28's member of the School Council. He's quiet at times, witty, and an able half-miler. He is actively interested in the Sea Cadets.

### Fred "Shiek" Bradley

Has practiced all winter and now can lift two pounds without any effort. Ambition — to join the army.

### Ben Adelman

An ardent hockey fan and player. Devotes his study periods to refereeing hockey games.

### Nolan "Little Jack Horner" Helgerson

Will undoubtedly make good use of the knowledge acquired through his private reading.

### Paul "What his hat goes through for him" Saunders

The most enthusiastic worker on the School Salvage Committee. Ambition — to write a series of novels entitled "Department Examinations".

### Peter "Fleet Foot" Derkuch

Our fair-haired sportsman whose hobby is coaching the East Kildonan Girls' Basketball Team.

### Henry Willms

Call him Hank — is one good reason why English teachers have nervous breakdowns. XII-C's theatre ticket Wholesaler.

## XII-D

### Mildred Mohr

Mildred is dark and tall,  
Cleverest student of us all.  
Leaving for the U.S.A.,  
All we wish is that she'd stay.

### Helen Mitchell

Teeny with the auburn hair,  
For poetry she has a flare.  
She's often here but often not,  
By that I mean she's away a lot.

## XI-A

### Chilo Burko

Drug store cowboy and cheerful wit of XI-A.

### Jack Feldman

Einstein to you! This modest classmate wields a mean pen in the Geometry room.

### Syd. Garfinkle

The sixty-four dollar question — Why does such a big boy make so little noise?

### Arthur Nitikman

A flash in the world of angles, propositions, and figures (Geometry).

### Sam Stern

The not-so-big chap who sure makes his presence known in Chemistry periods.

## XI-C

### Sidney Bagel

Bagel never makes a noise,  
How different from the other boys.  
Quiet and pleasing, out of trouble,  
Always betting on the double.

### Steve Bashucky

Steve Bashucky can roll the dice,  
Upon his head he has a price.  
His bankroll has gone up high,  
But we'll get it back by and by.

### **Arnold Cooper**

With his homework always done,  
He's in demand by everyone.  
With a grin from ear to ear,  
Arnold's description is now quite clear.

### **George Plaxton**

George Plaxton is a one-man team;  
On skates he's like a cloud of steam.  
Baseball slows him down,  
Sniffs grounders like a hound!

### **Mero Kostecki**

Mero is the classroom's poet,  
Judging by this write-up you'd never know it.  
That beautiful head of golden curls  
Makes him the envy of all the girls.

### **John Weir**

John Weir, a bar bell boy tough,  
His physique is somewhat quite enough,  
He croons the melodies like Bing,  
And passes the basketball with a sting.

### **XI-D**

#### **Norval Brownell**

Our crooner whose answers never coincide  
with those of the teachers.

#### **Louis Buim**

He's the little man who wasn't there when  
it comes to Literature periods.

#### **Jack Chesley**

A little fellow whose volume of noise will  
amaze you.

#### **Dorothy Cole**

The girl whose heart is true to only one.  
Wonderful—the Air force.

#### **John Grant**

Does he make the ladies weep!

#### **Paul Gutnick**

A bundle of brains in a small package. Our  
faithful corporal.

#### **Bill Harris**

All around sportsman who excels in hockey,  
soccer, and the funnies.

#### **Dick Mattern**

The Jekyll-Hyde of our class. In class, quiet;  
but get him out of it and see what happens.

#### **Ruth Porth**

Little Ruthie has a large share in the giggling  
honors of XI-D.

### **XI-E**

#### **Ruth Brook**

A student whose attendance at school seems  
to bear contradiction to the proverb "Better  
late than never"; as for Ruth it's "Better never  
than late".

#### **Judy Calof**

Brilliance personified, Judy is one of the  
more popular of the XI-E girls.

### **Avivah Liftman**

St. John's dark-haired visitor from New  
York.

### **XI-F**

#### **Elsie Semeniuk**

Elsie is one of our smiling girls. She's a  
whiz at a typewriter and would grace any office.

#### **Louise Winegratsky**

Louise plays games with us.—Hide-and-go-  
seek.

### **XI-H**

#### **Victoria Charnecki**

"There is sweet music here that softer falls."  
Where she gets all her cheerfulness remains a  
mystery. Vickie can really swing a mandolin.

#### **Christine Burdenie**

"Silent when glad, affectionate though shy."  
No mystery about the giggles coming from her  
corner of the room. Chris. likes to putter around  
in the garden.

#### **Stephie Dakun**

"That which her slender waist confined."  
Slender is the word for Stephie. An ardent  
enthusiast of roller skating.

#### **June Hominsky**

"Whose yesterday looks backward with a  
smile." This young lady could show you a dandy  
wardrobe.

#### **Helen Kashmark**

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"As to Democracy, fellow citizens . . ."  
Minnie is an authority on politics.

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"When to the Session of Sweet Silent  
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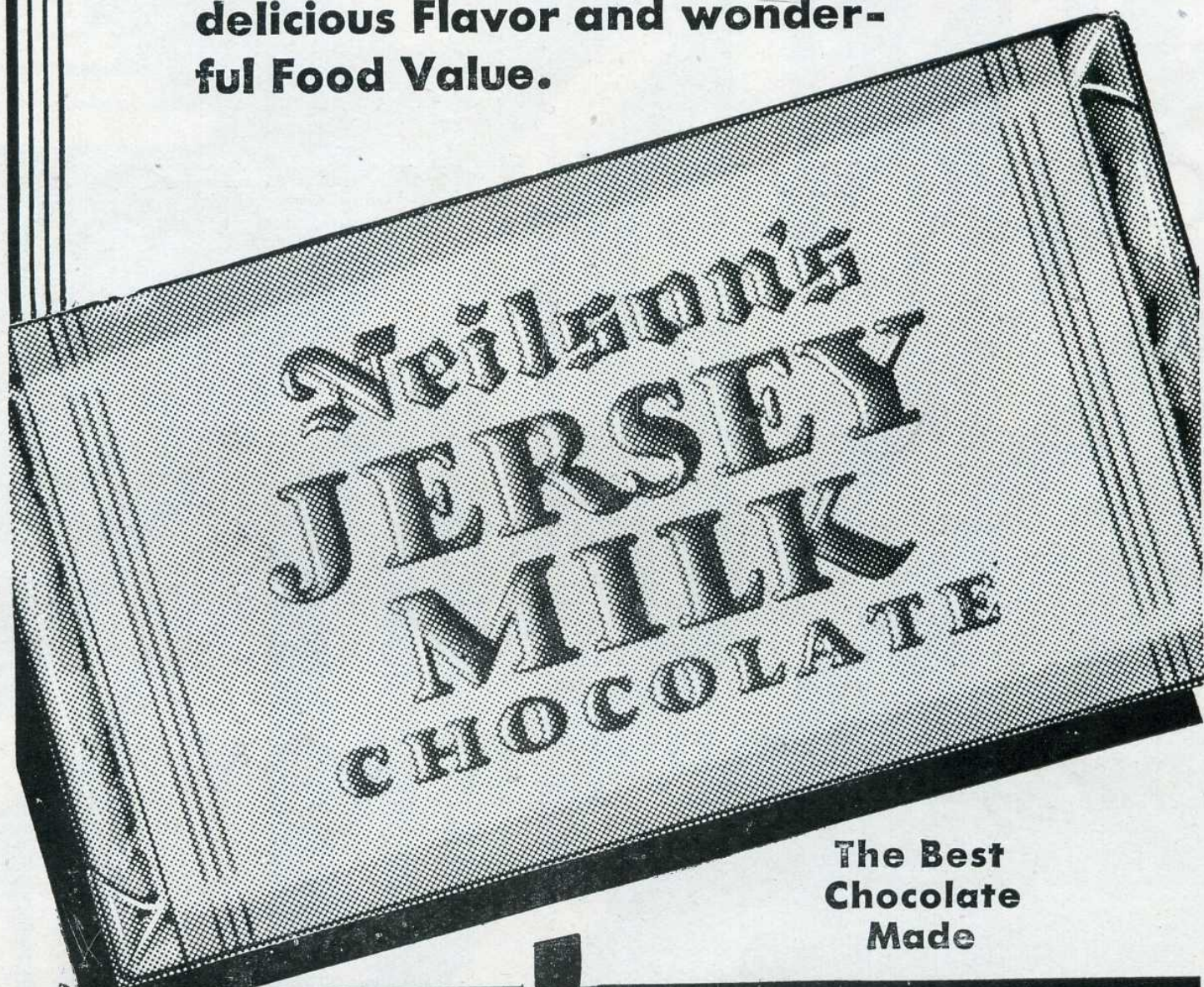
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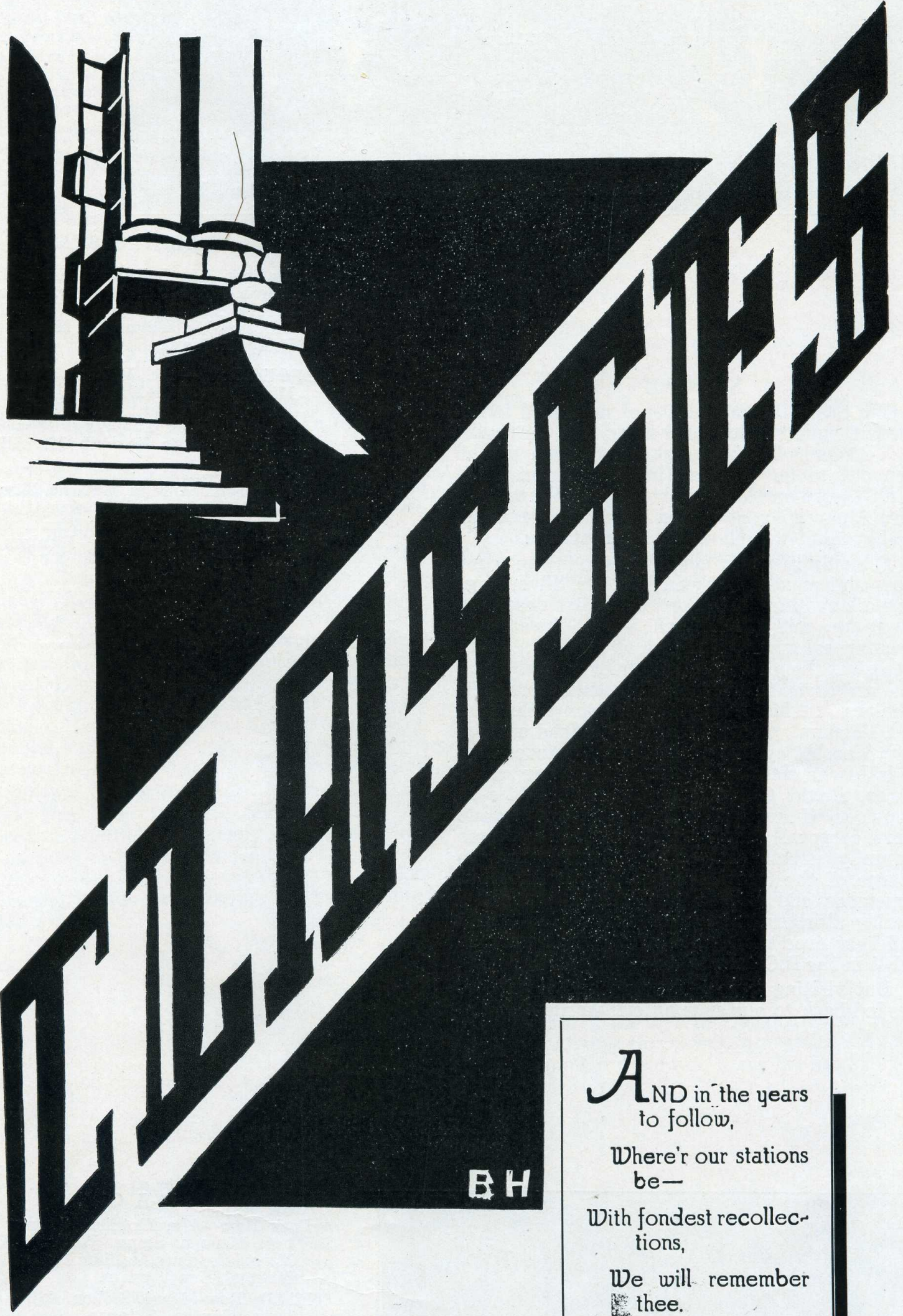
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AND in the years  
to follow,

Where'r our stations  
be—

With fondest recollec-  
tions,

We will remember  
thee.



### TEACHING STAFF

Back Row—Mr. Gallimore, Mr. Duffin, Mr. Storch, Mr. Silverberg, Mr. Dotten, Mr. Thiery, Mr. Durnin, Mr. Newfield, Mr. Burrows, Mr. Blount, Mr. Hutchison, Mr. Ross, Mr. Heys.

Middle Row — Mr. Holmes, Miss Avery, Miss Gauer, Miss MacLean, Miss Welton, Miss McKerchar, Miss Owens, Miss Cadwell, Miss Cumming, Miss Snider, Mr. Bailey, Mr. Korchik, Mr. Allison.

Front Row—Miss Horner, Miss Thompson, Miss Scholes, Miss McCord, Miss Collisson, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Reeve (Principal), Mr. Grusz, Mr. Beer, Miss Pettingell, Miss Cumming, Miss Nicolson, Miss MacDougall.

### X-A ONE

One thing the School Board neglected to do when it built St. John's, was to pad the walls of X-A One. They thought that Tech would turn out to be quite an institution but they didn't figure on the sort that would house X-A One. A psychologist turned loose in this bedlam would make the following observations:

The only mentally sound person in the room is our able mentor and guardian, Mr. Silverberg. As we leave him, we approach a vast desert of ignorance, and come upon Wilf Schwartz, a stocking salesman when not at school. . . . He sure gives the girls a run for their money. Then like an oasis in this desert, stand our top scholars . . . Moser (take your pick), Klassen, and Varnam. Over yonder is our sad mental case, Harold Seychuck, who firmly believes that he is Jascha Heifetz. Beside him are our tragic wards, David Cohen, who thinks that he is Napoleon (I knew they shouldn't have made him a corporal), and Frank Moser, who became mentally unbalanced when he was placed in charge of the class. Ah yes! We cannot but remember one gallant member of the class, Morley Gorbortvitzky, who spread his wings and flew over the barbed-wire topped walls to enlist in the R.C.A.F.

But visiting time is now up and slowly we are led back to our cells by our warden.

### 10-A ONE

Back Row—Abe Zlotnick, Sydney Shreiber, Mervyn Stone, Walfred Klassen, Harold Seychuk, William Moser, Vincent Mehmel, Ken Varnam.

Middle Row—David Cohen, Allan Greenberg, Gordon Skinner, Sam Plattner, Isadore Barsky, Don Hendin, Wilfred Schwartz, Dave Permack, Allan Glazerman.

Front Row—Saul Morantz, Jerry Pinto, Sheldon Cherry, Mr. Silverberg, Frank Moser (President), Sam Roitman, Jack Bermack.

Missing—Gerald Burton, Martin Kleiman.



## 10-A TWO

Back Row—Stuart McColl, Jim Sisler, Bill Derechin, Alex Tomcej, Jack Horowitz, John Murrell, Sam Feldman, Roy Allen.

Third Row — Frank Hamata, Henry Manchulenko, Harvey Chochinov, Walter Kolteck, Don Waldman, Morley Rosenfield, Morris Deshell, Cy Saltzman.

Second Row — Howard Karasick, Sydney Stoller, Ernest Swatiuk, Mr. Johnson, Philip Maltz, Harry Plattner (President), Harold Kosatsky.

Front Row—Jerry Kalef, Harry Yanofsky, Bernard Cheratnik, Harvey Kalef, Paul Divinsky, Barry Shtatleman, Morris Burke.

Missing — Leo Kahana, Joseph Kettner, Harvey Klasser,



## X-A TWO MEMORIES

A lunatic who by chance wandered into Room 40 during Mr. Johnson's absence, rushed out screaming, "I can't stand it! It's inhuman! It's fiendish!"

Partially responsible is our class president, expansive Harry Plattner, shouting vainly into a megaphone, "Please keep quiet!" — (five minutes later) — "SHUT UP!"

In the corner we find 5' Harvey Kalef bullying 6' 4" Stuart McColl into submission while "Maishe" Rosenfield stands on his desk massaging McColl's cranium with an "Atlas of the World — 4325 pages — all illustrated". Meanwhile pessimist Chochinov quietly demoralizes innocent Leo Kahana who bites his nails and tears his hair at the same time. (Mr. McGenius the 2nd.) Hanging from the light fixtures with his teeth and heaving coat racks, we observe Karasick the Great, doing his daily calisthenics.

Suddenly everything falls (including Karasick)! Our able teacher, Mr. Johnson, has entered. Rosenfield is forcibly restrained while McColl goes to his seat to plan his campaigns. Thanks to Mr. Johnson's capability all is bliss and serenity and your roving reporter quietly sneaks away.

## 10-B

Back Row — Con Genik, Russel Kowall, Sam Kleiman, Jeff Cohen, Dave Silvert, Morton Nemy, Ralph Lenoff, Irvin Mael.  
Fourth Row — Chester Goretzki, Clifford Basler, Harold Miloff, Morley Chess, Jack Levitt, George Sedun, Harry Roytenberg.

Third Row—Tom Chmielewski (President), William Kluner, Bob Thomas, Mr. Burrows, Jack Gutkin, Michael Bolitsky, Auby Cherniak, Clifford Poidevin.

Second Row—Manly Potter, Sam Stedman, George Tomcej, Harry Lazer, Harry Richards, Bob Ferguson, Marshall Wilder, Arnild Nydis.

Front Row—Morley Gorback, Elliot Lander, Myer Cohen, Alvin Mantell, Osher Chaikin, Elliot Dowbiggan.

Missing — Lawrence Cohen, Coleman Hershberg, Ronnie Karpiuk.



## X-B

The time was 1:20 and two bells had sounded,  
And to their seats the scholars all bounded.  
President Tom at the head of his band,  
Rules the room with an iron hand.  
First Citizen Myer in vain pleaded with us,  
But we wouldn't listen so he started to cuss.  
An Orderly Sergeant is Elliott D.,  
Who claims he's a Sergeant Major to be.  
Our potential jitterbug, Manly P.,  
Is also Sergeant Major of Company D.  
But the military mind of all X-B,  
Belongs to R.S.M. Poidevin, you see.  
Gorback and Gutkin can never agree,  
With Mr. Silverberg on Algebra, that you can see.

Elliot Lander, our Mr. Five by Five,  
Is a master of French but isn't hep to the jive.  
To Librarian Hershberg we send our best wishes,  
For even in the Air Force you have to wash dishes.

"Jasha" Sedun with hair like Samson,  
Plays his violin with expression so handsome.  
Arnold Nydis is making a name;  
In artistic ability, he puts Rembrandt to shame.  
We have Stedman and Lazer alike for sports,  
Who are most ardent hockey players, we hear from reports.

Still another celebrity of Class X-B,  
Is Captain of the Matric. House, George Tomcej.  
And in closing this poem, we would like to try,  
To thank Mr. Burrows, a reg'lar guy.



### 10-C

Back Row—Abe Perman, Eddy Shell, Ted Kurszelnicki, Harold Lyon, Jerry Bermack, Walter Zatorski.

Third Row — Sidney Tolstoy, Walter Baryla, Betty Crosbie, Miss Cadwell, Doreen Allen, Manly Geller, Raymond Faiad.

Second Row — Dorothy McLaughlin, Luba Kay, Betty Polonsky, Belle Fradkin, May Ludwig, Rebecca Kaminsky, Jean Matthews, Florence Watters.

Front Row — Doreen Henderson, Sheila Rowse, Myna Shinelwald, Doreen Cohen, Estelle Warhaft, Cecelia Nelson, Peggy Bookbinder.

Missing — Eugene Arnson, Ronald Faiad, Leonard Gennick, Peter Gurski, Ray Hall, Frances Proskan, Jim Russell, John Silverman, Andrew Spack, Perry Walsh, Frank Woodmass, Margaret Young.

### THE FAMILY ALBUM OF X-C

Hunting through the attic, we come across the X-C Family Album. As we dust off its withered cover and turn over the yellow pages we see many familiar "characters". Turning the leaves at random we stop at a faded photograph of President Faiad in his 'teens. Even as a boy, Ray wanted to be president (of X-C?). Beaming up from page two, is "Junior" Gennick who, as a mere child, mauled toothpicks at a crunch (Superman?). As we delve further into the aged book we come across the "bell" of the nineties, loquacious Peggy Bookbinder. Another colorful member who is brought to light, is that sharpshooter, "Arizona Joe" Geller, who sometimes hits a barn door at twenty feet. Of the blanks on the next page the most notable are Jerry Bermack, who could give "Gable" a run for his money, and Super-salesman Eddie Shell. The last face to welcome us, is that of Miss Cadwell, whose kindly nature compensates for all the hardships endured. To Miss Cadwell we extend our thanks and deep appreciation for a pleasant and enjoyable year.

### X-D

Come one, come all! Here is the most sensational side-show to be found anywhere in the world! I am, of course, referring to the extraordinary freaks of X-D — non-existent in any other part of the universe.

Here we have Frank McLash, another of those Supermen who touch their toes with both feet off the ground and grab themselves by the hair to hold themselves at arm's length.

Of course, we wouldn't like to forget dear old Ray Middleton, the able cadet who, while on guard duty, challenged the incoming officer, "Halt, Major Shubin! Who goes there?"

Then there is Allan Zipursky, the lad who pats a sunburnt fellow consolingly on the back! Quite a lad, eh what?

Well, well, well! If it isn't that cheerful four-footed President, Sandy Gibb! You know — the fellow who is usually seen either breaking track records or kicking soccer balls into goals.

Last, but not least, (where have I heard that before?) there is that super-human ringmaster, Mr. Allison, the man who needs all his capabilities to control those temperamental freaks of X-D.

### 10-D

Back Row — Walter Steel, Ray Clasper, Erwin Weiss, Ray Mackie, Mike Ostafchuk, Peter Call.

Third Row — Bernard Dyma, Frank McLash, Clifford Schmeichel.

Second Row—Ed Pidek, Harvey Sirulnikoff, Chris Reid, Mickey Chambers, Allan Zipursky, John Ingram, George Procter, Mervin Couley.

Front Row — George Romanson, Charlie Fremming, Sandy Gibb (President), Mr. Allison, Neil Graham, Charlie Arnold, George Krestanovich.

Missing—Dennis Beardsley, Nick Boychuk, Keith Hall, Harvey McGhie, Ray Middleton, William Senek.



### 10-E

Back Row — Walter Hickaway, Lawrence Supeene, Sidney Rosenberg, Udelle Herman, Meyer Silverstein, Paul Liska, Willie Wolfman, Harry Stein.

Middle Row — Barry Levene, John Waks, Bert Willie (President), Mr. Newfield, Don Miller, Bill Borthwick, Allen Rouse,

Front Row — Harold Gordon, Victor Zamick, Edward Kessiloff, Ralph Howell, Morley Tadman, Paul Harris, Peter Liska.

Missing—Bryan Adams, Albert Cheratnik, Charles England, Louis Gordon, Pat McMullan, Gordon Quinn, John Schultz, Ronald Sinclair, John Trager.



### X-E

Sauntering along the Hall of Fame one day, I came upon a black sheep-bordered photo with the legend, "X-E" inscribed below it. Looking closely I discovered the reason for this curious ornamentation.

First of all, there in the midst of the picture sat Eddie Kessiloff with the usual blank expression on his face. I was reminded of the time he threw open the window and jumped down three floors to crack the cement sidewalk. That was the first fire-drill we ever had.

Then, there beside Eddie, was Ralph Howell, who with Viv Zamick and Gordon Quinn, used to go around kicking everyone's brains out. (They got like that after playing soccer so much.)

Next to Ralph was one of the special inmates of the class. That was (and I know you've guessed it) — Morley Tadman. Moron stories were made to measure for Morley. Once when he was ordered to report to the Orderly Room, he marched in smartly, halted, raised his right arm and cried, "Heil —!". Have you ever noticed the place where his head was stitched on again?

One thing I've never figured out is how Mr. Newfield and Bert Willie ever got into the picture. Oh well, there had to be a couple of white ones among all the black sheep.

### X-F

Chalk flying around; desks being ripped apart; boys running up and down the aisles. That, my friend, is class X-F. Besides drawing much fame for the above, this class is also noted for its excellent showing in hockey and soccer, in which sports their stars were Riddolls, Russell, Kraychuk, Ziola and Ingram.

But talking of sports, our notable entry in the annual school track meet, Ben Muryn, ran a spectacular race, coming in first in the half-mile with yards to spare.

Another success for X-F was the bazaar in November, which, as everybody knows, was purely a X-F affair. I am sure that our tremendous effort in metal work (under Mr. Gallimore) and wood work (under Mr. Ross) put over the whole event.

During the winter, the class took on the task of publishing a paper every Friday afternoon under Mr. Newfield's guidance. This venture proved to be both educational and entertaining.

Well, all good things must end, and as such, class X-F bids you a gentle (am I kidding?) adieu.

### 10-F

Back Row—Jim Collopy, John Andrachuk, Ben Muryn, Oscar Cantor, Norman Mowat, George Bodrug, Frank Ziola, Tom Walinits, Morris Ingram.

Middle Row — John Hlady, Bill Otto, Ronald Lord, Raymond Russell, Theo Zydyk, Eddie Wallace, Stanley Bilyk, Walter Waldick.

Front Row—Bill Pankewick, Joe Slusarenko, John Karwacki, Mr. Korchik, Russel Kraychuk (President), Bert Brennan, Joe Cantor.

Missing—Arthur Barrett, Harvey Elmhirst, Bob Fraser, Robert Kashton, Joseph Kowarchuk, Clifford Nunn, Ted Piasetzky, Harold Riddolls, Joe Slaboda, Victor Tymchyshyn.







## 10-G

Back Row — Jean Pachkowski, Helen Uhryniuk, Joan Reeve, Frances Fern, Rita Temple, Marjorie Mazur, Margaret White, Myna Rashcovsky, Joyce Schwartz.

Middle Row — Marjory Bickell, Norma Dryden, Marjory Hicks, Adelaide Goldberg, Bubbles Fingard, Phyllis Cantor, Ruby Bregman, Idell Nitikman, Maxine Cohen, Alice Fogel, Ann Slatkewich.

Front Row — Anne Rundio, Joan Calof, Doris Levitt, Shaindelle Manishin, Miss McCord, Lorelei Filkow, Shirley Johnston, Zita Waldman, Gertie Pierce.

Missing—Rita Ashkin, Rose Bobbie, Lily Halparin, Shirley Kasloff, Clarice, Marantz (President), Alice Pudavick, Sylvia Rosenbeck, Betty Joyce Winograd, Donna Grescoe, Elizabeth Wetton.

## X-G

### SCHOOL-DAZE ON PARADE

Presenting a brief preview of that all-star drama, "The Girls from X-G" or "Wow-- --!!"

This romantic - music - c o m e d y, mystery drama was made on stage twenty-six, second floor lot, at S.J.H. Studios. The play was under the direction of that lovable producer-director, Miss McCord, whose ingenuity and capability smoothed over many a rough spot in the plot. The script deals with various matters such as History, Mathematics, English, Foreign Languages and Sciences. The dialogue is fast-moving and is skilfully handled by such box-office winners as Miss Scholes of "Whispering in History" fame; Mr. Silverberg, star of "What's the Angle?"; Miss Thompson, last seen in "A Blue Dress with White Buttons", and Miss M. Cumming, academy award winner of "Latin — Killer of Boys and Girls".

The plot calls on its players for every emotion from slapstick comedy (April 1) to deepest tragedy (at the end of June). Starred in one of the leading roles is Clarice Marantz, the class president—a real trouper if there ever was one.

It is a great show, superbly cast, finely acted and marvellously directed and produced—quite the finest to be found at S.J.H. in a long time. Don't miss "The Girls from X-G!"

## X-H

Come with us sight-seeing on the yellow cog of X-H crew.

The old cog is sweetly running,  
 Captained by our dear Miss Cumming.  
 Helping her out with worry and despair  
 Are Mona and Anne, our officers fair.  
 On the bridge handing out pay  
 Are Lucille Scorer and Marsha K.  
 On the deck we find so merry  
 Jean, Joyce, Beryl and Gerry.  
 Learn to dance shouts Rose K.,  
 Take lessons from Gloria and May.  
 Celia, Helen, Pat and June  
 Could really show Crosby how to croon.  
 Gladys, Ann, Paullee and Goldie  
 Don't let songs get sour and mouldy.  
 Sylvia, Shirley and Marjorie  
 Wander about in soliloquy.  
 Sylvia L. has short, dark curls,  
 While Gladys and Grace are golden-haired girls.  
 Will you stroll about with me?  
 Ida choruses to Frances C.  
 Have you seen Aileen B?  
 She's on sick leave chants Judith S.  
 Vilma says to charming Pat,  
 I can sing as high as B flat.  
 Thus we end our charming crew,  
 So Sylvia and Marjorie say adieu.  
 All is now quiet and without any fuss,  
 We thank you all for visiting us.

## 10-H

Back Row — Vilma Behrnes, Marjorie Drucker, Doreen Beaudry, June Howard, Sylvia Lipkin, Sylvia Winrob, Rose Kanovsky.

Fifth Row—Beryl Hibner, Patricia Melsome, May Garfinkel, Judith Sokolov, Gladys Higgins.

Fourth Row — Thelma Krempkin, Lucille Scorer, Aileen Bass, Pat Molyneux, Joyce Murray, Jean Gruz, Gerry Ames.

Third Row — Grace Linnie, Ida Maltz, Goldie Meyers, Anne Globberman, Barbara Schatz, Shirley Blumberg, Sylvia Wener, Marjorie Marcoe, Celia Thompson, Miriam Rodin.

Second Row—Gladys Young, Helen Crawford, Eva Cirulnikov, Ann Lypka, Miss Cumming, Mona Karr (President), Marsha Kershner, Phyllis Szewczyk, Reva Gelmon.

Front Row—Paulee Dudeck, Gloria Kobrinsky, Aileen Higgins.

Missing—Frances Craig, Adelle Soloway.



## 10-J

Back Row—Irene El-Hatton, Gloria Billings, Shirley Belcher, Betty Hrynchuk, Grace Etterman, Olga Dmytriw, Katherine Scherer, Irene Anderson, Joan Cumming.

Third Row—Kay Bean, Lila McNamara, Gladys Bassington, Phyllis Branan, Alice Serbin, Sonya Nelko, Emily Tisch, Jean Williams, Sadie Walder.

Second Row—Helen Loch, Evelyne Nydis, Steffie Kacinek, Doreen Silvert, Edna Clark, Audrey Wikeem, Ruth Levi, Annette Kunein, Sara Gutmacher, Marjorie Jones, June Corley.

Front Row—Alice Kowal, Audrey Link, Audrey Mikush, Ruth Russell (President), Miss Nicolson, Shilamus Choslovsky, Eileen Hoski, Connie Razzell.

Missing—Ann Brisky, Marie Buckley, Sadie Butler, Gertrude Freed, Olga Serediuk, Mary Skene, Maureen Swann.



## X-J

**Olga D. and Sunny N; Gertie F. and Alice K.**—preserve your voices, for in the “Met” you’ll be first choices.

**Annette K.**—loves da spaghetti, his Commando tactics she no forgetti.

**Shirley B., Grace E., Sara G.**—are the greatest pals, and three of the class’s nicest gals.

**Ruth L., Evelyne N.**—who think Dinah Shore really grand, have Harry James as their favorite band.

**Edna C., Audrey Wickeem**—“Friendship Forever” is their favorite theme.

**Audrey L., Connie R.**—quiet as mice and are very nice.

**Ruth R., Betty H., Gloria B.**—who trust in fate, go for fellows in Room 28.

**Eileen H., Jean W.**—who told the class about Rudolph Hess, may one day be reporters of the press.

**Shilamus C.**—with practice in play, another Beethoven will be some day.

**Kay S. and Audrey M.**—always combing their lovely hair, are forever welcome everywhere.

**Kay B.**—is a real nice gal; she is everybody’s pal.

**Irene A. and June C.**—brunette and blonde, of boys in Room 36 they’re very fond.

**Lila M. and Gladys B.**—real nice friends, on them you really can depend.

## X-K

In the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and forty-two and nineteen hundred and forty-three, there befell this peaceful and utterly blameless school the misfortune of housing X-K. The job of controlling and teaching this class (which shouldn’t happen to a dog) fell to Miss Avery.

The first task of this zoot-skirted mob of girls, was to organize themselves into a self-governing body—and this they did. They chose quickly and wisely the following girls as their class officers: Margaret Negladiuk, President; Miriam (Mickey) Shore, Secretary; and Irene Archuk, Sports Captain.

Having thus truly established themselves as a class, the girls soon got into the regular swing of school life. There followed the elevation of one of the X-K girls to the Vice-captaincy of the Commercial House. Good work, Evelyn!

During the year, many of the girls found that school was not all drudgery and became quite popular as dates for Friday evening dances—witness the bags under Joyce’s and Edith’s eyes.

At the conclusion of the year, Vera showed us what a girl can really do at Field Day and established herself as an Individual Winner.

Well, the candle light is flickering, so I’ll take this opportunity to say “Adios”!

## 10-K

Back Row—Gloria Fainblit, Evelyn Zipursky, Audrey Bernstein, Lorraine Shore, Irene Konzelman, Vera Isaac, Marguerite Robson.

Fourth Row—Joyce Elmhurst, Eleanor Hilderman, Olga Danyluk, Betty Olshansky, Norma Anbinder, Violet Lloyd.

Third Row—Molly Sitner, Sara Kneller, Pat Smart, Frances Jablonski, Bernice Glowacki, Marge Dennett, Mary Syrnyk, Pauline Plexman.

Second Row—Evelyn Gunchansky, Norma Granovsky, Bernice Aberbom, Anne Wise, Miss Avery, Sallyann Herman, Phyllis Duboff, Lucy Stupack, Evelyn Gevoga.

Front Row—Esther Wolovick, Edith Brownstone, Irene Archuk, Margaret Negladiuk (President), Miriam Shore, Bella Breitman, Norah Bennett, Marjory Lewington.

Missing—Diana Brodsky, Rosalie Heler, Molly Ludwig, Marguerite Robson, Dorris Shefflin, Sarah Sirkis, Evelyn Gevoga.





### 10-M ONE

Back Row—Gertie Lank, Vera Krist, Vera Shebaylo, Miss McKerchar, Florence Narvey, Pauline Sorokan, Elsie Procopchuk.

Front Row—Lillian Gojan, Olga Yaremych, Florence Nisen, Molly Glow, Helen Krist, Mary Stefanko, Kay Shrutwa, Nora Freedman.

Missing—Peggy Kelso, Morna Veters.

### X-M ONE

Today, in my official capacity as inspecting gremlin of St. John's, I peek into Room 21. Startled by the maze of dazzling beauties before my eyes, I stop to fully inspect all ranks.

My eyes first meet Molly Glow, the room's capable President, and Lillian Gojan, energetic Sports Captain, who is urging the girls to do more exercise for their figures. Vera Shebaylo, hard-working Secretary and First Citizen, is figuring out some way to boost the war effort. Sitting in a corner, is Helen Krist with a dreamy look in her eyes. Is he in 12A, Helen? Over in the other corner, Vera Krist is sketching, and Florence Narvey beside her, designing more of her creations. Nora and Morna are comparing pin collections, while Kay and Mary discuss plans for the future. Gertie, knitting a sweater meant for a four-year-old, who always turns out to be a two-year-old, is entertained by Florence N. throwing questions at her. Paulie and Elsie come strolling in late. I'll have to check and see what the cause is. Olga is the mystery of the room . . . "Is she quiet or is she not quiet?"

The inspection is over. As I make my way to the next room, I cannot help but think that Miss McKerchar must be given a vote of thanks for so ably controlling this heterogeneous crowd of girls.

### X-M TWO

The write-up has to be in tomorrow. Well, I better get started at it. Shall we go by alphabetical order and see how we make out? (The ayes have it.)

Curly, blonde-haired, Irene Beer is the first on the list. Next is "quiet" Mary Beitz—get her out of school—well, that's another story. Angela Bilinsky, whose strength lies in school work and her weakness in Johnny. The bookworm of our class is Molly Bogach—she knows all the answers. Do you hear music? I do too. It's Agnes "Nan" Fraser, our Scottish lassie, doing the Highland Fling. Our dark French beauty, Marie Gaultier, waits patiently for her letters from Bill. Marjorie Glennie is the girl who takes top honors for us in high jumping. Nell Mandzuk is the gal whose pet sport is hockey and whose pet hate is shorthand. Margaret Semotiuk is patiently waiting for her summer holidays, so that she can go to see Orval. Bernice Stockmall, our shorthand and typing whiz, is also our gifted Class President. Last, but not least, is Erna Zoller, who's still wondering whether it's the Air Force or the Navy.

As I get ready for bed I realize that Miss Pettingell, our class teacher, helped make our year both enjoyable and prosperous.

### 10-M TWO

Back Row—Mary Beitz, Angela Bilinsky, Erna Zoller, Agnes Fraser, Margaret Semotiuk.

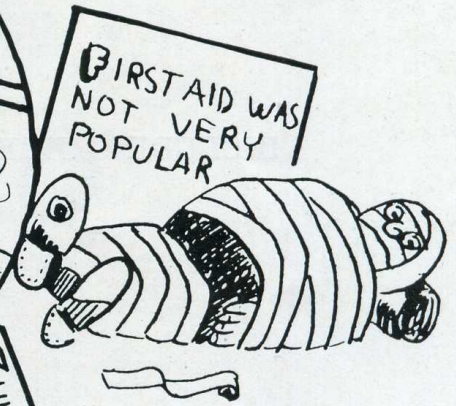
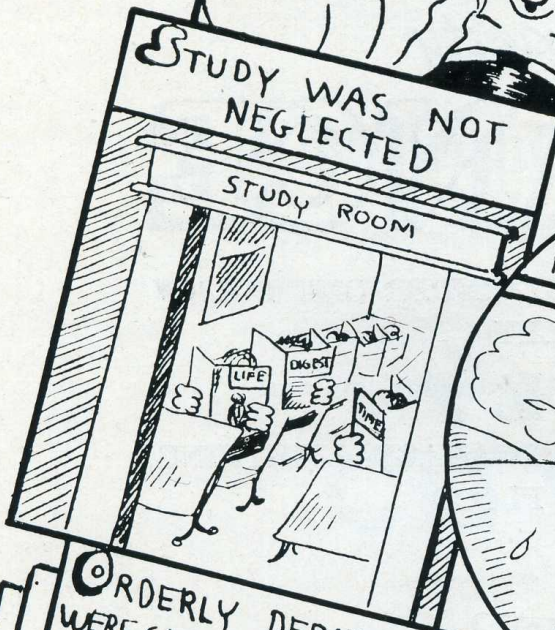
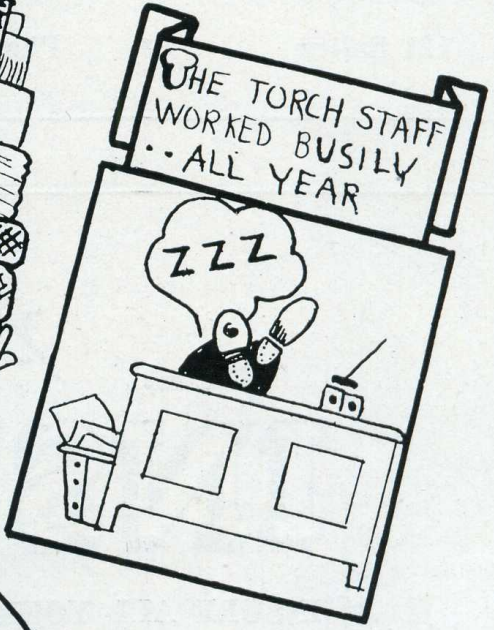
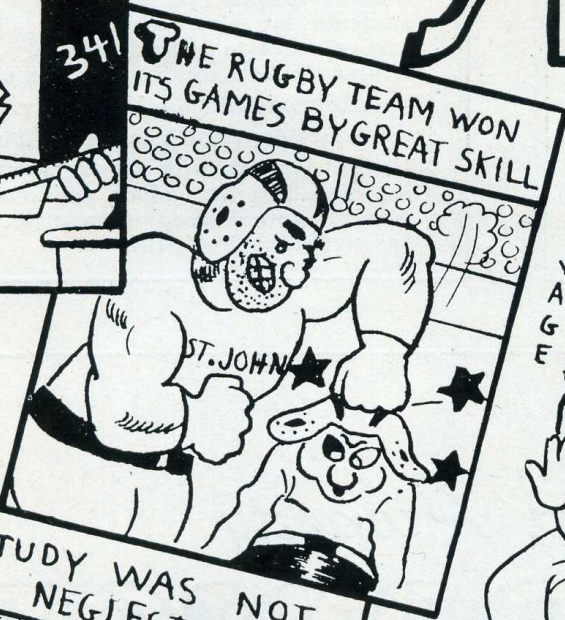
Front Row — Marjory Glennie, Marie Gaultier, Miss Pettingell, Bernice Stockmall (President), Nell Mandzuk.

Missing—Irene Beer, Mary Bogach.



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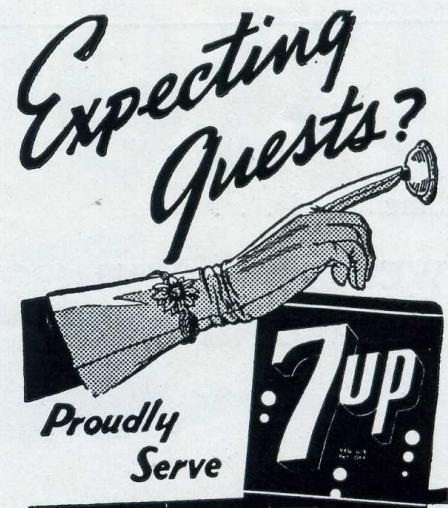
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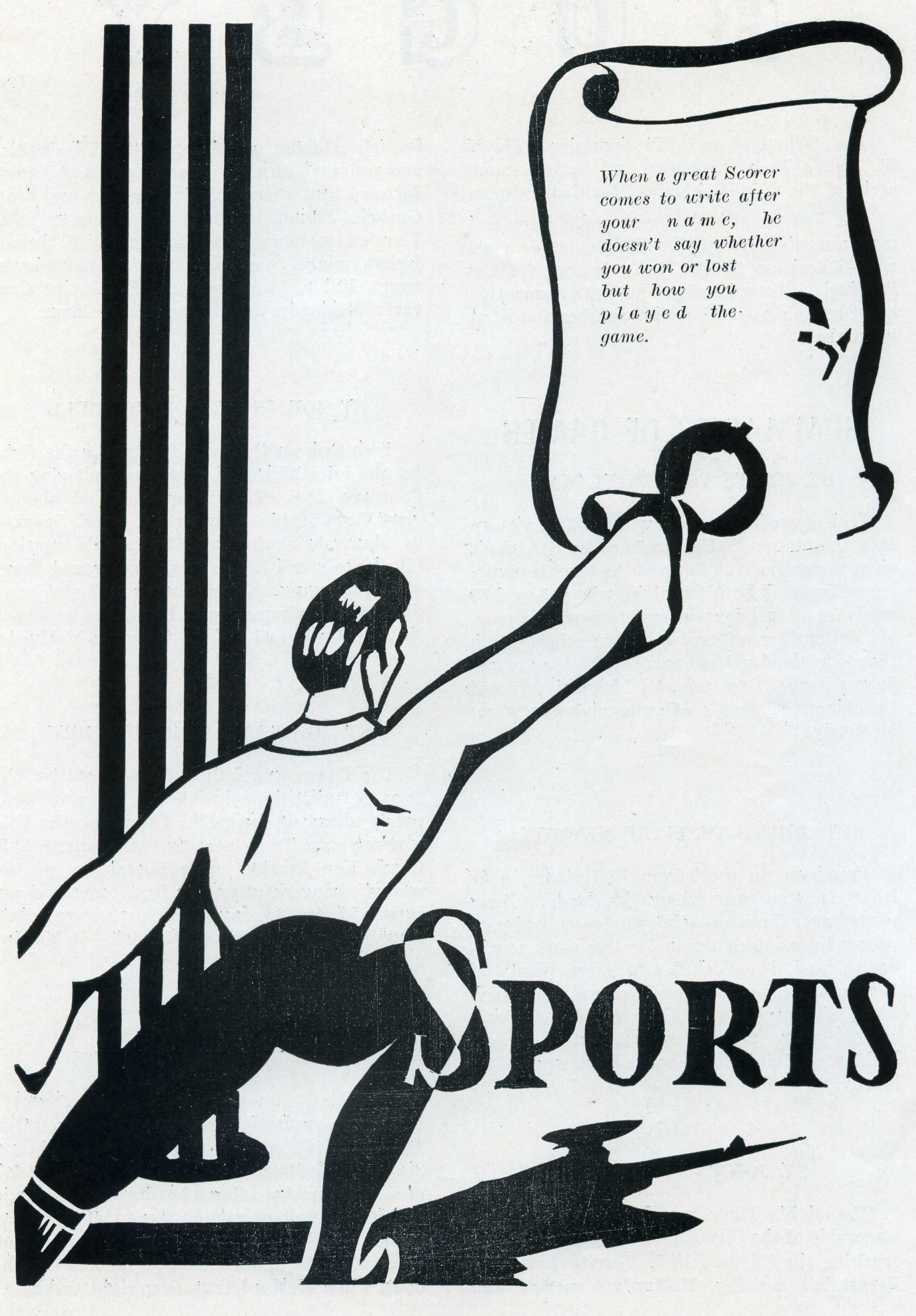
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*When a great Scorer  
comes to write after  
your name, he  
doesn't say whether  
you won or lost  
but how you  
played the  
game.*

# SPORTS



# R U G B Y

The "Winnah" and still champion! That's St. John's Tech—unbeaten and untied—monarchs of the City High School Football League.

The Provincial league was a different and most annoying story. The Tech squad dropped a 12-5 decision to St. Paul's College for the Provincial Championship. We will blame this heart-breaking defeat on the weather and let it go at that.

Rubin's catching, paved the way for Tech's third successive victory. Outstanding in the Tiger's forward wall were Wolfson, Brownstone, King, Guthrie, Shindle, Corbett and Zipursky. The Tiger's force charging tactics stopped all threats Kelvin might have had. Scoring touchdowns were: Rubin, Chochinov and Bernstein. Convert: McMurdy. Safety touch; Wolfson.

## SUMMARIES OF GAMES

### ST. JOHN'S VS. DANIEL MAC

Tech opened the season with a 22-11 victory over the Maroons. Featured in the St. John's victory was the Tech line and the terrific plunging of Fullback Lou Bernstein, who galloped 89 yards for a touchdown after intercepting a pass. Sid Perlmutter suffered a broken collarbone in the second half and had to retire. Scoring touchdowns were: Bernstein, 2; McMurdy, 1, and Chochinov, 1. Points after touchdowns were: McMurdy, 2.

### ST. JOHN'S VS. ISAAC NEWTON

Prominent in the Tigers 17-6 victory over Isaac Newton was Doug McMurdy. Doug plowed over for one touchdown, tossed end-zone passes to end Jack Rubin for two more touchdowns, and drop-kicked two extra points to figure in every one of the 17 points. The Tech line again excelled with their brilliant blocking and tackling. Scoring were: Rubin, 2, and McMurdy. Points after touchdown were: McMurdy, 2.

### ST. JOHN'S VS. KELVIN

The mighty Tigers marched into undisputed leadership of the City High School League after crushing the Clippers 18-2. Terrific line play, Bernstein's running, McMurdy's passing and

### ST. JOHN'S VS. GORDON BELL

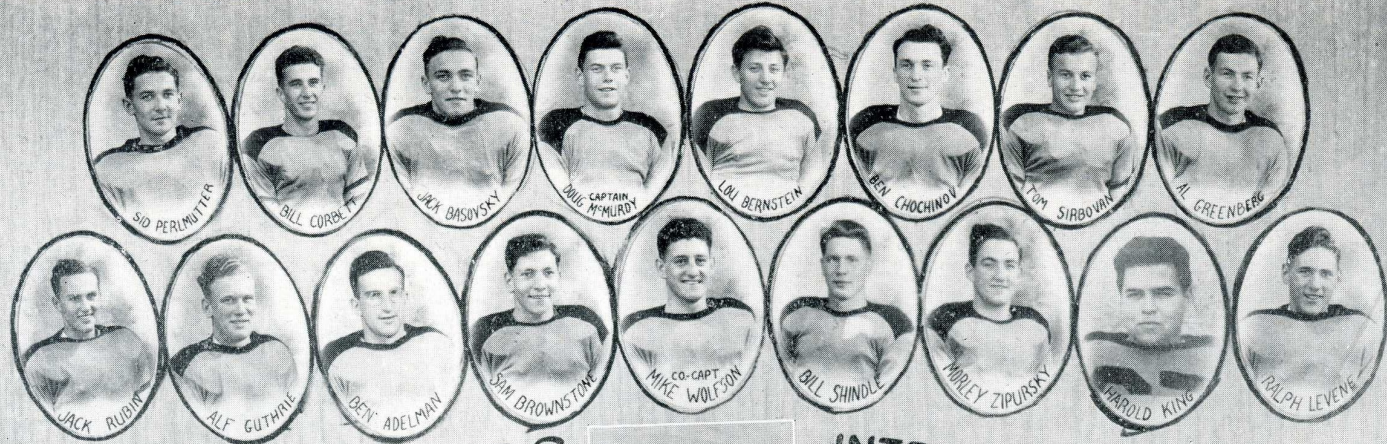
Tech took another step forward in the fight for the inter-high grid crown by walloping the Panthers 29-6. The Tiger backfield showed great form in this all-important game. Sparked by Basovsky's blocking, McMurdy's passing, Chochinov's and Sirbovan's running and Bernstein's plunging, the Tech backs really let loose. Scoring touchdowns were: Bernstein, 2; Basovsky, McMurdy and Rubin. Convert: McMurdy.

### ST. JOHN'S VS. LORD SELKIRK

The Tigers scored their fifth successive victory to finish the schedule in first place four points ahead of the field. They took the title without playoffs by beating the Pioneers 22-0. Coach Ken Preston made liberal use of the second stringers after the first team had assured victory. Scoring touchdowns were: Basovsky, 2; McMurdy and Mandell. McMurdy: 2 converts.

### ST. JOHN'S VS. ST. PAUL'S

"Fumbles, fumbles, fumbles . . . jeepers!" That's all coach Ken Preston could say after Tech's defeat on the snow-covered Osborne Stadium. The Tigers were on the "wrong side" of a 12-5 decision after a hard fought struggle which saw fumbles galore. Due to wintery conditions Tech's famed passing attacks were not successful. St. John's nabbed its lone touchdown when McMurdy ran over right tackle.



# ST. JOHN'S TIGERS

1942



# INTER HIGH CHAMPIONS

1942



SHAPIRAS

# PUNTS *and* PASSES

## **JACK BASOVSKY—Quarterback, 2nd Year**

High-flying Jake was one of Tech's "triple threats". His crisp-blocking, hipper-dipper running and consistent kicking made Jack a valuable man to have around. He was one reason why St. John's achieved a second championship.

## **MIKE WOLFSON—Centre, 2nd Year**

Mike was an "All-Star" as a tackle last season, and gained similar recognition at centre this year. Due to his dazzling tackling and blocking, Melvin earned the nick-name of the "Rock of Gibraltar". He was the kind of lineman that is the answer to a coach's prayer.

## **SAM BROWNSTONE—Guard, 2nd Year**

Sam was chosen "All-Star" guard for his brilliant blocking and spirited defensive play. His tackling at the centre secondary position was another big feature in the Tiger team's great unbeaten season. "Brownie" possessed a great competitive spirit, and is a team man through and through.

## **JACK RUBIN—End, 2nd Year**

Experienced football observers rate the "glue-fingered" Rubin as one of the finest ends scholastic competition has ever produced. He won his position as "All-Star" end for his sensational pass-catching ability and his deadly tackling. Among other things, he was the league's high-scoring linesman.

## **BILL MINUK—Centre, 1st Year**

An honest, hard-working ball player, William was a good all-round man. He was a smart centre and proved his ability at scrimmage.

## **HAROLD KING—Guard, 2nd Year**

Harold was given the chance to shine this year and fulfilled all expectations. His steady playing earned him honorable mention on the "Manitoba All-Star" team. He is now with the R.C.A.F. — "Happy landings!"

## **BARNEY KLEINFELD—Quarterback 1st Year**

Barney, one of Tech's best auxiliary backs with his consistent kicking and running, was forced to the sidelines early in the season with a shoulder injury. Barney was known for his great team work, and is now with the greatest team of all—the R.C.A.F.

## **JERRY MENSFORTH—Guard, 1st Year**

Although Jerry played sparingly this season, he proved himself to be a capable and reliable guard. If Jerry took to football as he does to "his women" he'd be a star.

## **BILL CORBETT—Blocking-back, 2nd Year**

Bill was known on the field as the "Tiger Tar". The converted lineman was outstanding in his defensive and offensive play and deserved all the credit given him. Bill will be in the R.C.A.F. in September.

## **MORLEY ZIPURSKY—Tackle, 2nd Year**

"Zip", with his solid blocking and dynamic tackling, terrorized his opponents. He played with his heart as well as his body and was really an "ideal player". Morley impressed Coach Ken with being one of the league's top linemen.

## **MORRIS CHOCHINOV—Centre, 2nd Year**

Moe was known as the auxiliary lineman on the team. He could play any position up front but specialized in the up-side-down position (centre). Although Moe was a sub, he saw a great deal of action. His all-round playing was continually up to par.

## **JACK SPELLER—Centre, 2nd Year**

Jack being a freshman was out for experience and really received it with Tech's great line. He showed that he has what it takes to be a good lineman. Next season Jack will help form another strong Tech line.

## **RAY KEDDY—Blocking Back, 1st Year**

This was Ray's first year at football, and he showed great enthusiasm for the game. Ray played cleverly at his position where his build and speed were important factors.

## **LOUIS BERNSTEIN—Tailback, 2nd Year**

Lou, the converted end, was the surprise package of the year. His terrific plunging astonished the spectators as well as the opponents. He was Tech's best fullback, and his driving tactics pulled the Tigers out of many serious situations.

## **RALPH LEVENE—End, 1st Year**

Ralph proved himself to be as consistent an end as he is a scholar (average 90). His steady tackling and blocking at left end aided Tech in retaining its reputation for its fine tacklers. He played "heads-up" ball all season.

## **ALLAN GREENBERG—End, 2nd Year**

"Chatterbox" provided Coach Ken Preston with one of the hardest tackling ends in the league. No matter how brilliantly he played at this position he was unable to score any touchdowns. Nevertheless, he must be given credit for "talking the opponents out of the game".

**DOUG McMURDY—Tailback, 2nd Year**

Douglas, the "passing end" of the famed "passing attack" — McMurdy to Rubin, was voted "All-Star" halfback for his second successive year. Quoting Bob Fritz, "Doug throws that ball about like a man", which is a most concise description of his powers at "passing". His drop kicking (and slip-walking) were second to none.

**MORTON NEMY—Tackle, 1st Year**

Morton didn't see much action due to the experience of the regulars, but should be a valuable factor in next year's team.

**SID PERLMUTTER—Tailback, 1st Year**

Sid showed a lot of promise as a speedy backfielder, but due to a broken collar-bone sustained in the first game, he was sidelined for the remainder of the season. His lengthy gains against D.M.C.I. proved that with this casualty Tech lost a valuable player.

**WALTER BOHUSH—End, 1st Year**

Walter, in our estimation, is enthusiasm personified. He proved this not only on the rugby field but also at our field day events. No matter how little action he saw he could be depended upon to attend practices regularly. The net result was that he turned out to be a steady blocker and tackler.

**MYER GILFIX—End, 1st Year**

Myer was a steady ball player both on the offence and defence. He provided the team with some fine tackling and blocking. An all-round player, he shared in many of Tech's touchdown drives.

**TOM SIRBOVAN—Tailback, 2nd Year**

Versatile Timmy was as reliable a player as could be found on any high school team. An all-round back for Tech, Tom was successful at any task he undertook. His kicking, passing, blocking, and other duties were carried out to perfection.

**ALFRED GUTHRIE—Tackle, 1st Year**

Alf's furious charging earned him the nickname of "sixth man in the opponents' backfield". He proved very emphatically to be a vicious tackler and blocker. His team play brought back memories of his great great grandfather "Alfred the Great". In Guthrie Tech found the missing link which decided the strength of the Tiger line.

**MANLY POTTER—Guard, 1st Year**

A Freshman at Tech, Manly showed up well at practices. Next year he should help to mould another strong "front line" with his size and weight which he carries about so well.

**MARSHALL WILDER—Guard, 1st Year**

A newcomer to Tech, Marshall had the vim and the vigor which tends to build up a championship team. Next year he will definitely prove to be a deciding factor in shaping out another threatening team.

**BEN ADELMAN—Tackle, 2nd Year**

Tough, hard-hitting Ben was a rugged tackler and blocker. His defensive ball-playing was really great, and he formed a stout part of Tech's great line. Ben's driving tactics had the opposing linemen always backing up.

**BILL SHINDLE—Guard, 2nd Year**

Too much cannot be said about Bill's valuable work at guard. His brilliant tackling and blocking helped the Tech cause no end. Bill's fierce charging stopped all plays coming his way. His valuable work earned Bill honorable mention on the "All-Star" team.

**BEN CHOCHINOV—Flanker, 2nd Year**

Benny amazed his opponents when he started out on his famed reverse. No one knew who had the ball until Ben stepped over the touch-line. Ben's dazzling end-runs brought the fans to their feet many times.

**BEN MANDELL—Tailback, 1st Year**

"Snake-hips" Mandell ripped off many lengthy gains through his rabbit-like running. He came into his own in the "hard" Selkirk game where he scored his lone touchdown. Benny's change of pace made him a tricky runner.

**LEONARD GENNICK—Tackle, 1st Year**

Len, although being a first year man, showed plenty of ability and spirit. If he keeps up his steady work, Leonard will be invaluable to the Tech squad next year.

**MANUEL FINK—Flanker, 2nd Year**

Manuel served the team by being known as "Johnny on the Spot". His beautiful broken-field running and timely tackling pulled Tech out of many tight spots.

Mr. Silverberg and Mr. Burrows did splendid jobs in managing the team, and the sports staff on behalf of the rugby team wish to express their thanks.

Sid Shiffman — We also wish to thank Sid who did a good job as trainer of the team.

## ∞ OUR COACH ∞

He may not have taught us how to solve geometry problems; he may not have taught us how to speak French, but he did teach us "how to play the game". Ken left with us something that we do not get from studying History or Chemistry. It would be hard to express in words exactly what he did leave with us, but if you are interested, ask any one of the sixty boys he coached at Tech during his two years with us. Ken knew how to handle boys. "Soft-spoken" Ken guided us through two successful years which saw us take two inter-high grid titles. Shortly after our final game this year, Ken left for Gordon Head to seek a commission in the army. I am sure that I am expressing the wish of all the boys who knew him when I say, "Good Luck Ken—and thanks".



### SENIOR SOCCER

Back Row — John Weir, Herbert Shubin, Mr. Heys, Gordon Quinn, John Graham.  
 Front Row — Neil Graham, Sandy Gibb, Vic Zamick, Ralph Howell, Sid Perlmutter, Steve Bashucky, Paul Zamick.

### SENIOR SOCCER

The St. John's entry in "A" Division of the Inter-High Soccer League won the city championship. They earned this title by defeating Kelvin in the final game after a very successful season. The Tech boys lost only one game to Kelvin and tied one against Isaac Newton.

Outstanding on this championship team was the powerful forward line composed of the might mites, the Zamick brothers, Quinn, Rouse and Howell. Protecting the goal, well guarded by McClusky, were Wier, Bashucky, Graham, Gibb, Graham and Shubin.

Five of the boys on this team were good enough to make a senior soccer team in the city league and are now lining up with the Scottish Football Club.

The team was coached by Mr. Heys, who did an excellent job of directing the boys and moulding them into a smooth-working outfit. Congratulations to Mr. Heys and to the team for a very fine showing.

Line-up: McClusky, Wier, J. Graham, Bashucky, Shubin, Gibb, Graham, Quinn, Howell, Rouse, V. Zamick, P. Zamick, Perlmutter.

### JUNIOR SOCCER

Th St. John's entry in the "B" Division was a bit overshadowed by the job done by their senior comrades, nevertheless they still gave a very good account of themselves. The Tech boys defeated Daniel once during the schedule, but this worthy team came back to beat Tech in their second meeting. This caused a play-off in which the Maroons won the championship and St. John's the runner-up spot.

Leading the Juniors to second place was the all-around play of Harris, Peterson, Handleman, Lazer and Palatnick.

The Juniors were coached by Mr. Storch and Mr. Ross who had the boys on their toes and playing hard all the time.

The line-up was: Ingram, Mitchell, Hykaway, Perman, Harris, Stedman, Biuim, Arnold, Lazer, Palatnick, Handleman, Peterson, Cowly.

### JUNIOR SOCCER

Back Row—Walter Hykaway, Louis Biuim, Mr. Ross, Karl Arnold.  
 Front Row—Ben Handleman, Dave Peterson, Mr. Storch, Sam Stedman, Harry Lazer.



### SENIOR VOLLEYBALL

Adeline Offrowitch, Shirley Basson, Mary Archuk, Evelyn Zelinsky, Dorothy Toyer, Viola Sutherland, Florence Toal, Bernice McKay, Eleanor Bridges.



### SENIOR VOLLEYBALL

Under the helpful leadership of Miss Gauer, the volleyball girls proved what St. John's can really do. The Senior Girls came out with flying colors by winning every game. They got great competition from the other schools which made the games more exciting. The co-operation among the players was excellent and their passing was the key to all the games. Special credit should be given to a few of the outstanding girls who were Joyce Carter, Eleanor Bridges, Bernice McKay and Yearly Bushko.

Senior Team: Joyce Carter, Florence Toal, Shirley Basson, Dorothy Toyer, Lillian Bradley, Eleanor Bridges, Yearly Bushko, Eleanor Burt-nick, Bernice McKay, Dorothy Russell, Mary Archuk, Adeline Offrowitch, Helen Gordash.

### JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL

The Junior Girls showed some very fine playing. They tried very hard to win every game, but only managed to capture one. Although they were not placed at the head of the list, their playing showed true sportsmanship and upheld the name of St. John's. There were some very good spikers on the Junior team this year and we hope they will keep it up so that St. John's will win the title next year.

Junior Team: Ruth Russell, Gloria Billings, Ann Brisky, Margaret Young, Cecilia Nelson, Marjorie Mazer, Marjorie Hicks, Olga Serediuk, Jean Pachkowski, Irene Archuk, Marjorie Dennett, Irene Elhatton.

### JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL

Back Row — Ann Brisky, Gloria Billings, Ruth Russell, Marjory Dennett, Jean Pachkowski.  
 Front Row—Marjory Young, Cecilia Nelson, Phyllis Branam, Marie Buckley, Marjory Mazer.





### SENIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL

Top—Ben Mandell, Jack Basovsky, Herbert Shubin, Mr. Dotten, Max Haskell, Tom Sirbovan, Ron MacIntosh.

### SENIOR BASKETBALL

"'Tis better to have played and lost than never to have played at all." This revised proverb voices the sentiment the Seniors feel when speaking of their rather unsuccessful season. They did their best and so it is not wise for us, their comrades, to belittle their opponents and chalk up our defeats to mere misfortune.

The effect of recording the scores of these rather one-sided affairs, would be to rub salt into these still smarting wounds; so let it suffice to say that the team lost first to D.M.C.I.; second to United College (although the decision was later altered in their favour on account of an over-aged player with United); third to Isaac Newton; fourth to St. Paul's; won their fifth against Kelvin; lost their sixth to Gordon Bell; completed their season by defeating Ravenscourt.

#### Glimpses Thro' the Hoop

Max Haskell, Right Guard—Proved to be one of the mainstays in keeping the enemies' scores low.

Ben Mandell, Left Guard — Conscientious, always serious, Ben puts all he has into the game.

Arthur Wittenberg (Captain) Right Wing—High scorer with 53 points to his credit. The best player in the school, judging by these points.

Jack Basovsky, Centre—Second to none but Wittenberg. A good all-around player.

Herbert Shubin, Left Wing—Hard Working player who is a "good soldier". Sideline: Major of the Cadet Corps.

Abe Yentin, Left Wing—First year in organized basketball and Abe has made a fine job of it.

### JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Like their Senior brethren, the Juniors did not do as well as they expected. They started off quite well by defeating Isaac Newton 38-21. In the next game they turned back St. Paul's 26-24, but lost the deciding game to Kelvin 18-12. Good sportsmanship was shown by the Tech squad in allowing the postponement of their game with Kelvin due to a wave of sickness which hit the Academy Road team. If they had taken this postponed game by default, they could have entered the finals.

#### Glimpses Thro' the Hoop

Ben Handleman, Right Guard — The high scoring guard who never misses a practice.

Barney Nurgitz, Left Guard—Steady, reliable player. Invaluable in snaring rebounds off the backboards.

Andrew Spack (Captain), Right Wing — Following in his brother's footsteps. High scorer.

Dave Peterson, Centre—Plays a hard game. Good defensive player. (Ed.'s note: The writer is a bit too modest.)

Jack Bermack, Left Wing—Deadly near the basket. Watch for him next year.

Paul Zamick, Left Wing—An able sub. Following in the family tradition.

Jim Sisler, Centre—Competent player, but couldn't finish the schedule due to illness.

Ray Harris, Right Wing—Latecomer. The man with the fancy shots.

Max Duchon, Left Guard—An able substitute in any position. Advertising Manager for Junior vs. Senior games.

### JUNIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL

Back Row — Ray Harris, Dave Peterson, Mr. Korchik, Andrew Spack, Jack Bermack, Barney Nurgitz.

Front Row — Paul Zamick, Ben Handleman.



### SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Shirley Basson, Jennie Husko, Wilma Bieber, Lillian Bradley, Viola Sutherland, Florence Toal, Eleanor Bridges, Betty Nan Peterkin, Gloria Shingleton.



### GIRLS' SENIOR BASKETBALL

In the inter-high basketball loop, the girls' team found the season greatly successful under the able supervision of their mentor, Miss Gauer.

The Senior Girls played their four games in a superb manner, coming through at the head of the list. The much vaunted competition of Isaac Newton, as well as that of United College, proved no obstacle to the fine playing of St. John's. However, in stiff contests with Kelvin and Daniel McIntyre, the road to the championship was studded with rocks. Nevertheless our girls remained undefeated, thus exhibiting the superb prowess common to St. John's teams. Joyce Carter was the high scorer, having a total of forty-four points to her credit for the four games. Close runners-up were Eleanor Bridges with a total of thirty-eight, and Florence Toal with a total of sixteen. Honorable mention should go to Betty Nan Peterkin, whose outstanding playing in the backfield, combined with the forward line of Eleanor Bridges, Joyce Carter and Florence Toal, helped bring the team to its final victory.

Senior Team: Joyce Carter (Captain), Eleanor Bridges, Florence Toal, Betty Nan Peterkin, Wilma Bieber, Gloria Shingleton, Shirley Basson, Lily Bradley, Viola Sutherland, Jennie Husko.

### JUNIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Back Row — Cecilia Nelson, Ann Brisky, Gloria Billings, Ruth Russell.

Front Row—Audrey Link, Connie Razzell, Rebecca Kaminsky, Marjory Mazer, Jean Pachkowski.

### GIRLS' JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Success avoided the Junior League team this season. The girls, for their mighty effort, finished in second place. However, they received some reward. Daniel McIntyre, twice trounced by St. John's, is no doubt still nursing this defeat. Also our team gave Kelvin a run for their money. However, Kelvin's team was too powerful for the greatest effort of our girls. Nevertheless, as this is a Junior team, it will obtain a second chance next year to exhibit their skill.

Our outstanding players who gave promising performances were Gloria Billings, Ruth Russel, Ann Brisky and Marjory Mazor. We sincerely hope the girls obtain the championship next year.

Junior Team: Ruth Russell (Captain), Gloria Billings, Olga Serediuk, Beryl Hiebner, Lillian Gojan, Marjorie Mazor, Irene Archuk, Cecelia Nelson, Jean Pachkowski, Audrey Link, Rebecca Kaminsky.





## BADMINTON

Although a bit late in getting started, the Badminton Club was finally organized in late November and proceeded to enjoy a highly successful year. This was inevitable as the turnout was inspiring, the total membership standing at sixty-four. These girls were soon introduced to that healthy sport, Badminton—healthy in many ways. For instance, they were forced to keep regular hours as they had to carry on their slaughter of the totally blameless shuttle-cock in the small and dark hours of the morning and evening. Nevertheless, the shuttle-cock received a fair amount of pounding and so molted all its feathers, refusing to “fly” any more. But this was no great drawback as the “cock” did not have to go very high to find one of the many holes in the rather worn net. The situation was remedied insofar as the school donated a new net.

Later in the year, the girls ran off their school tournament and encountered a rather hectic time (when sixty-four girls get together, anything can and did happen). The smoke gradually clearing, these results were soon visible to the public eye:

1. Pat Scorer; Rose Blinder.
2. Eleanor Bridges; Genevieve Hudon.
3. Polly Brodsky; Donna Barnes.

Well, the tournament ended the season and all that can be said in closing is that the Badminton Club tenders its sincere and heartfelt thanks to that helpful organizer, Miss McDougall.

## FENCING CLUB

“A lunge in time saves nine (parries).” This truly uninspiring and certainly corny proverb makes an excellent introduction to this Fencing write-up. Besides, I’m too tired to start revising it. Again I have found that the months have slipped by unknowingly and once more it is time to hand in my contribution to the “Torch”.

Now, where do I start? — No prompting from the audience, please! Ah yes — it is obvious that without one man, there could never have been a Fencing Club this year or any other year. That man is Mr. Birley, the patient and enthusiastic organizer of the Club.

At the beginning of the term, this able mentor took in hand the motley crew that turned out and began to teach them the fundamentals of fencing. Officers being required, Mr. Birley singularized the aforementioned noun (ninth word back — not counting the comma), and appointed Mr. Dotten honorary president. The organization part taken care of, the club got down to serious business and by the time the annual bouts rolled around, all the members had been whipped into shape. (Don’t take me literally.)

At the end of the bouts it was found that Dave Peterson took top honors which he certainly deserves. He’s terrific; he’s tremendous; he’s colossal; he’s paying me five dollars. Joan Reeve was the runner up.

These bouts closed the season and a fine one it was. The members wish to thank Mr. Birley again and wish the Fencing Club next year as much success as it has enjoyed this year.





### INDIVIDUAL WINNERS INTER-HIGH FIELD DAY

Top Row — Gloria Billings, Wilma Bieber, Joyce Carter, Helen Uhryniuk.  
 Bottom Row—Barney Nurgitz, Isadore Wittenberg, Victor Poleschuk, Sydney Perlmutter.

# INDIVIDUAL WINNERS

#### Vic. Poleschuk

The drummer-boy proved himself to be capable in other fields by copping the Senior honors with a total of nine points. Vic. joined the navy and is leaving at the conclusion of his exams to start training. "Good Luck, Vic."

#### Sid. Perlmutter

A fine display of athletic prowess was shown by Sid Perlmutter in capturing first place in intermediate competition with a total of 14 points. "Shike" also took first place in the Inter-High high-jump, coming one inch short of the record.

#### Arthur Wittenberg

For the last two years you have read this column and found Wittenberg's name. This year one again "Izzy" proved his remarkable athletic abilities by taking top honors in the primary class with a total of 15 points. Needless to say, Art represented "Tech" in the Inter-High Field Day, and besides taking first in the running broad jump, he broke his own record in the 100-yard dash.

#### Barney Nurgitz

Another individual champion, Barney copped a good share of the Junior honors, taking the broad jump, half-mile, hop-step, and coming a close second in the hundred, and two-twenty.

All in all, Barney earned a total of 15 points for his room—a notable achievement.

#### Joyce Carter

One of the outstanding athletes on Field Day, Joyce obtained a first in the high jump, in the ball-throw, and in the sprint, giving her the "A" championship. She also performed brilliantly in the basketball and volley ball teams.

#### Gloria Billings, Vera Isaac and Margaret Young

All of "B" Class, figured prominently in their performances. Each proudly captured a first place: Gloria in the sprint; Vera in the high jump, and Margaret in the ball-throw. Gloria, playing centre, brought in many a point for the Junior basketball team, and also did her bit for the volleyball team.

#### Wilma Bieber

Champ for the second successive year, Wilma showed that she could hold her title despite stiff competition from opponents from Grade X. She came through with flying colors, winning three firsts in the sprint, high jump and ball-throw—a well earned nine-point total.

#### Helen Uhryniuk

Was champ of "D" class, with a first in the high jump, and a second in the sprint. Although a new-comer at Tech, Helen is an old-timer at sports. Watch for her next year!



### BOYS' TRACK TEAM

Back Row—Saul Morantz, Meryn Kowton, Harold Miloff, Morley Tadman, Irvin Mael, Allan Rouse.  
Third Row—Gordon Pullan, Willie Goldberg, Sam Kare, Jack Bermack, Yale Nerman, Harry Lazer, Ralph Feldman.  
Second Row—Jack Chisvin, Barney Nurgitz, Sandy Gibb, Harvey Kalef, Lawrence Werier, Mervyn Stone, Sam Coval, Jerry Pinto.  
Front Row—Louis Bernstein, Izzy Wittenberg, Archie McMullan, Jack Basovsky, Melvin Wolfson.

# Boys' Inter-Class Field Day

## 100-YARD DASH

	1	2	3
Senior	Sirbovan	Mael	Rubin
Intermediate	Gibb	Perlmutter	Middleton
Junior	Powers	Nurgitz	Handleman
Primary	Wittenberg	Thompson	Muryan

## 220-YARD DASH

	1	2	3
Senior	Shubin	Rubin	Mael
Intermediate	Gibb	Perlmutter	Middleton
Junior	Powers	Nurgitz	Peterson
Primary	Wittenberg	Thompson	Muryan

## HOP, STEP AND JUMP

	1	2	3
Senior	Poleschuk	Basovsky	Shubin
Intermediate	Perlmutter	Stone	Moser
Junior	Nurgitz	Handleman	Spack
Primary	Wittenberg	Thompson	Zamick

## RUNNING BROAD JUMP

	1	2	3
Senior	Poleschuk	Sirbovan	Shubin
Intermediate	Gibb	Perlmutter	Derchuk
Junior	Nurgitz	Powers	Peterson
Primary	Wittenberg	Thompson	Pinto

## HIGH JUMP

	1	2	3
Senior	Corbett	Poleschuk	Sirbovan
Intermediate	Perlmutter	Sinclair	Supeene
Junior	Coval, S.	Peterson	Nurgitz
Primary	Coval, M.	Miloff	Wittenberg

## SHOT PUT

	1	2	3
Senior	Bernstein	Chochinov	Sirbovan
Intermediate	Graham	Perlmutter	Gibb
Junior	Handleman	Kare	Coval
Primary	Zamick	Wittenberg	Rosenberg

## HALF-MILE

	1	2	3
Senior	Corbett	Mico	Poleschuk
Intermediate	Graham	Kowton	Rosenberg
Junior	Peterson	Handleman	Nurgitz
Primary	Thompson	Brenner	Werier

## MILE

	1	2	3
Senior	Mico	Corbett	Bohush
Intermediate	Nurgitz	Handleman	Rosenberg

## ROOM STANDINGS

- XII-A
- XI-C
- XI-D

## SHUTTLE RELAYS

- Grade XII ..... XII-A  
 Grade XI ..... XI-E  
 Grade X ..... X-A1



### GIRLS' TRACK TEAM

Back Row — Clarice Marantz, Rebecca Kaminsky, Dorothy McLaughlin, Florence Waters, Irene Konzelman, Marguerite Robson, Pat Smart, Vera Isaac, Viola Sutherland.

Middle Row — Rita Temple, Estelle Warhaft, Joan Reeve, Helen Uhryniuk, Evelyn Zelinski, Marge Dennett, Mary Syrnyk, Ruth Promislow, Pauline Plexman, Norah Bennett, Irene Archuk, Miriam Romanovsky, Jennie Husko.

Front Row — Dorothy Toyer, Shirley Basson, Lillian Bradley, Evelyn Dyson, Cecelia Nelson, Sheila Rouse, Margaret Young, Doreen Allen.

# Girls' Inter-Class Field Day

## 75-YARD DASH

	1	2	3
"A" Class	Joyce Carter	Olga Zalkowski	Joyce Elmhurst
"B" Class	Gloria Billings	Dorothy Toyer	Idel Nitikman
"C" Class	Wilma Bieber	Margaret Dennett	Jean Grusz
"D" Class	Shilamus Choslovsky	Helen Uhryniuk	Shirley Johnston

## HIGH JUMP

	1	2	3
"A" Class	Joyce Carter	Florence Toal Bernice McKay	
"B" Class	Vera Isaac	Judith Sokolov Margaret White	
"C" Class	Wilma Bieber	Evelyn Dyson	Lily Bradley
"D" Class	Helen Uhryniuk	Gladys Young Marjorie Glennie	

## BALL THROW

	1	2	3
"A" Class	Joyce Carter	Gloria Shingleton	Bernice McKay
"B" Class	Margaret Young	Anne Briski	Rose Bobbi
"C" Class	Wilma Bieber	Jean Grusz	Marge Dennett
"D" Class	Cecelia Nelson	Marie Buckley	Rebecca Kaminsky

## SHUTTLE RELAY

<b>Senior</b>	1. XI-H	2. XI-E	3. XI-G
<b>Junior</b>	1. X-G	2. X-H	3. X-J

## HURDLE RELAY

Senior	Junior
1. XI-H	Heat 1
2. XI-E	1. X-G
3. XI-G	2. X-C
	3. X-K
	Heat 2
	1. X-H
	2. X-J

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1. What is the average street car fare in Winnipeg and in United States cities?
2. What Canadian city has the most trolley buses?
3. How often does a street car pass Portage & Main between 5 p.m. and 6 p.m. weekdays?

ANSWERS — Look above the double line first.

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2. Winnipeg, with 22.
3. Every 40 seconds.

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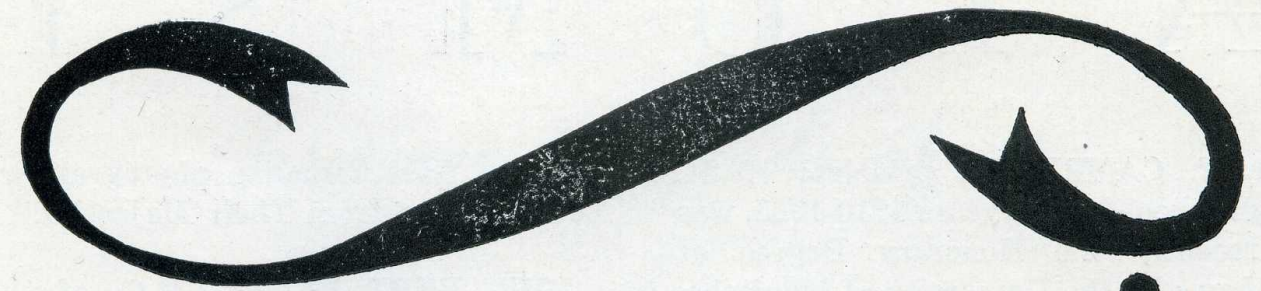
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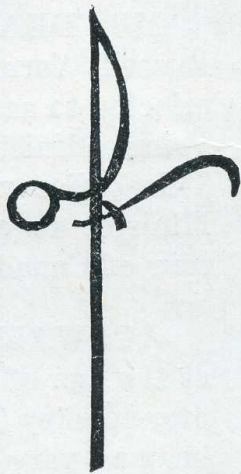
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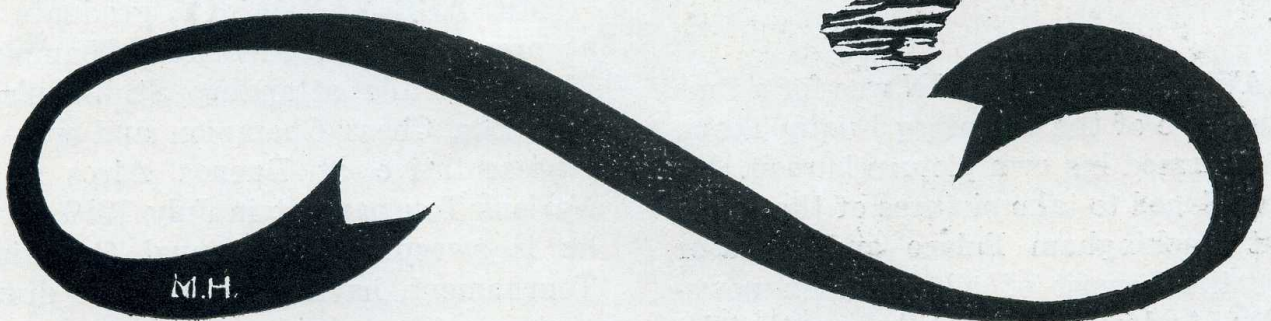
(Pres. 1929)



Alumni



ST JOHN'S



# A I L U M N I

**MR. A. C. CAMPBELL**, principal of St. John's High school for the years 1910-1925, was awarded recently the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws by the University of Manitoba. He was born in Ontario and was educated at Cornwall High School and Harbord Street Collegiate Institute, Toronto. After a university course at Toronto, where he specialized in Mathematics and Science, he came west and received his normal training in Winnipeg. In 1902 he was awarded the post of science master at Portage Collegiate Institute. Four years later he was appointed Inspector of Public Schools. In 1910 Mr. Campbell was made principal of St. John's, which post he held for 15 years, and in 1926 he was awarded the principalship of Daniel McIntyre Collegiate.

**MISS GOLDIE BELL** graduated from St. John's in 1940, after which she went to Toronto where she concluded an eventful year of study with the distinguished Canadian artist Kathleen Parlow, of the Toronto Philharmonic Orchestra. She has also participated in many radio broadcasts, quartet work and trios. This year she had the honor of being concert mistress of the Toronto Conservatory Senior Orchestra.

**CAPT. DAVID GOLDEN**, graduate of 1935, is at present a prisoner of war at Hong Kong. A graduate lawyer of the University of Manitoba, he won the Rhodes Scholarship for Manitoba in 1941. While attending U. of M. he was an instructor in the C.O.T.C. At the close of his studies there, he joined the Winnipeg Grenadiers and was unable to attend his own graduation because he was training in Toronto. Upon his return to the city he was sent to Jamaica where he remained for several months. Dave returned to Winnipeg and was then transferred to Hong Kong, where, after the fall of this base, he was taken prisoner by the Japanese.

**MR. LAWRENCE AUDRAIN** was for a time on the executive of the Winnipeg Rugby Team. In 1938 he formed his own picture bureau. He was commissioned to take pictures of the Royal Family at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle for the benefit of all Canadian newspapers. Mr. Audrain can proudly say that he

was the first Canadian photographer to have such sittings from Their Majesties.

**MR. BERT PEARL**, M.C. of the Happy Gang, left St. John's in 1930, where, in Grade XI he obtained a scholarship awarded to Grade XI students with the highest averages in the city. He entered the University as a medical student, but circumstances necessitated a try in radio. Bert broadcast from Winnipeg from 1932 till 1936, when he left for Toronto and made his debut on C.B.C.'s "Up to the Minute" program. At present he is vocalist, pianist, script-writer, arranger and master of ceremonies for the Happy Gang. Bert, who recently visited Winnipeg to assist in Canada's Fourth Victory Loan, expects to join the R.C.N.V.R. very soon.

**MR. DEAN H. RUSSELL**, son of H. J. Russell, former teacher of St. John's, was selected to act as stenographic secretary in the Prime Minister's office on the Royal Train. This office was set up to enable the Prime Minister to carry on his business during his tour of Canada with Their Majesties.

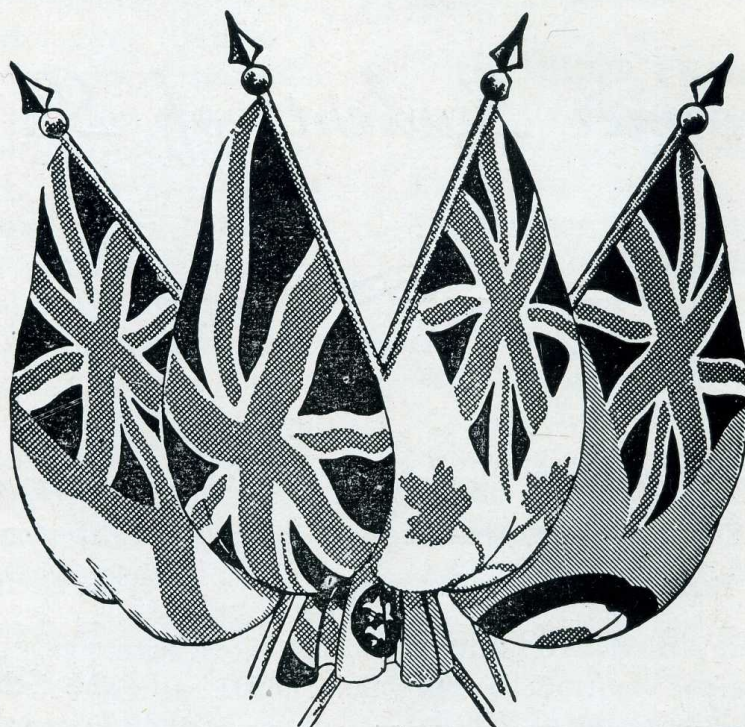
**AC1 WALLY STANOWSKI**, graduate of '37, at the age of 21 made the Canadian Press All-Star Hockey Team. While attending St. John's he was very active in all sports. His career began with play-ground hockey at the age of 11. In 1938 he played with the St. Boniface Seals who won the Dominion Championship that year. When he was 20 years old, he was signed up by the Toronto Maple Leafs, and in his second season with them he was chosen as the All-Star left defence. Wally joined the Air Force in 1941 and was voted the most valuable player of the R.C.A.F. Bombers, who were eliminated from the Western Allan Cup finals by the Victoria Army Team.

**MR. ABE YANOFSKY**, graduate of '40, is at present North American Champion Chess Player. While attending St. John's he was Manitoba Chess Champion and was Canada's representative at Buenos Aires in the All Nations Tournament in July 1939. At present he is sweeping the annual Canadian Chess Tournament, having no losses or draws as we go to press.

*Greetings to Grads of '43*  
*from former Students of St. John's*



Ida Levitis Albert	H. Greenberg, M.D.	J. Rosove
C. J. Bermak, M.D.	S. Greenberg	Hector Ross
Frank Billinkoff, B.A., LL.B.	Sam Z. Grower	I. D. Rusen, LL.B.
A. R. Birt, M.D.	Jos. Halprin	H. Schulman, B.A., LL.B.
M. Brookler	C. S. Hershfield, M.D.	M. Schnier
Ald. E. A. Brotman, M.A., LL.B.	Harry H. Hershfield, M.D.	A. Shaw
A. E. Cantor	P. Hutzulak	Mindel C. Sheps
J. J. Cohen, B.A., LL.B.	M. Kanchier	S. Sheps
Allan Cooper	C. N. Kushner	S. G. Sheps
E. Diamond	Charles Krupp	B. A. Shuckett, B.A., LL.B.
M. Y. Diamond	Lewis Landa	H. Sokolov, LL.B.
Irwin Dorfman, B.A., LL.B.	W. D. Lawrence	Earl Solomon, B.A., LL.B.
S. J. Drach	Nell Litvak	Mickey Solomon
B. Dyma, M.D.	Bert Malchikoff	M. Steinkoff
Sam Easton, M.D.	Archie R. Micay, LL.B.	Lawrence E. Tapper
Sylvia Feldman	Henry E. Michel	David Tass
Freedman	S. Richard Miles	O. Wiede, LL.B.
Fanny Costell Gold	Ben Pascoe	Harry Walsh, B.A., LL.B.
M. Goldberg	Lillian Peikoff	Wolch
F. M. Golden	S. S. Peikoff, M.D.	Max Wolinsky
N. B. Golsof, LL.B.	B. Plottel	E. Wineberg
H. G. Goodman, B.A., LL.B.	D. L. Rachlis	H. Yaffe, M.D.
A. T. Gowron, M.D.	Lt. J. L. Rachlis	C. A. Zeal
	L.A.C. M. N. Rachlis	Meyer Zolf
	J. M. B. Ratner	Joseph Zuken

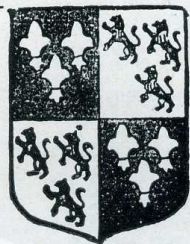


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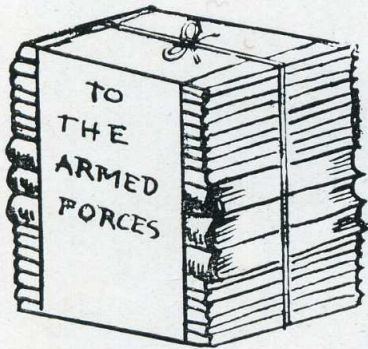
## In Memoriam

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John Baskerville  
Jack Benzie  
George Birkett  
Ronald Campbell  
Sam Carberry  
Jim Condie  
Allen Edy  
Charlie Fetherstonhaugh  
Michael Fedirchyk  
Hymie Greenberg  
Burt Gresham  
Allan Griffith  
Art Hamill  
Benet Hardesty  
Art Hatton  
Bob Henderson  
Bill Hesp



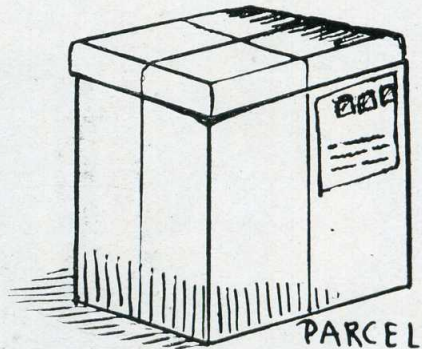
George Hooper	Milton McDonald
Leslie Horne	Paul Platson
Arnold King	William Reeves
Dick Lewis	Curran Robinson
Albin Lucki	Richard Scanlon
Alex McKellar	Art Scarth
Kenneth McLaughlin	Bill Sokol
Douglas Maconnell	Lyle Tarbuth
Burnett (Bud) Martin	Albert Temple
	Wilbur Van Vliet
	Leslie Ward
	Fred Watson
	James Watson
	Horace Webb
	George Webster
	Theodore Wolch
	Jack Yeo



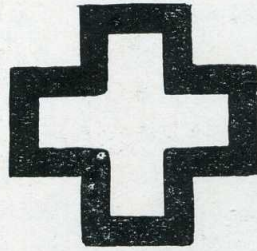
MAGAZINES



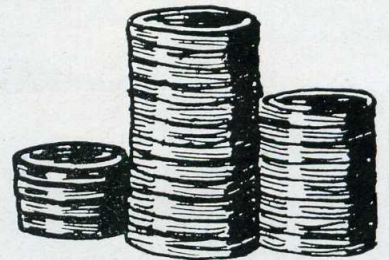
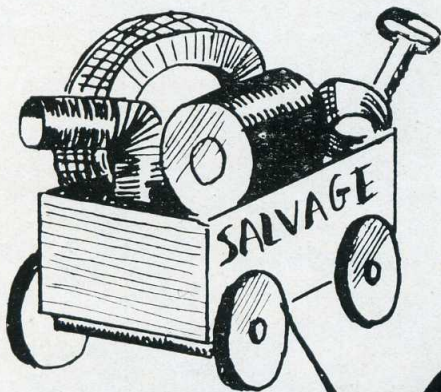
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# WAR EFFORT



### CADETS

1. Captain Nerman. 2. A Sergeant's Nightmare. 3. Col. Graham takes the salute. 4. Officials' table at cadet display. 5. Our Battalion's Banner. 6. On guard. 7. Cadet Battalion. 8. Bugle Band. 9. The Bar Bell Boys. 10. A perfect physical specimen.

# ST. JOHN'S CADET CORPS

Victims of guns and bombs of today's war, are not only soldiers, but also civilians and school children many miles from the battle fronts. Realizing this no one can question the dire necessity of the cadet corps as an important phase in school life. The cadet corps moulds these undefended and helpless civilians into soldiers who in time of danger can defend themselves and assist the armed forces in defending their homeland. But what of the years to follow when our men from the front return, bringing

with them victory? Will the cadet corps survive or be shelved for another war? Apart from being a weapon of defence, the cadet corps trains the youth of today and tomorrow in leadership and comradeship so needy in community life. The cadet corps prepares for defence today, for good citizenship tomorrow.

### BATTALION INSPECTION

Inspection day saw the culmination of a year's hard work for the instructors and offi-

cers. Colonel Graham (O.C. Reserve Army 38th Brigade) and Captain Cummings (Cadet district officer) were the inspecting officers. Major Shubin started the proceedings by ordering a "General Salute" and the band played "O Canada". The battalion "open order" marched ready for the Inspection group which included Col. Graham, Capt. Cummings, Mr. Reeve and Mr. Beer. The cadets marched past the saluting base first in column of platoon, then in column of route. Col. Graham received the salute from the cadets as they marched past in an amazingly flawless fashion. The battalion then formed mass. The color party, bearing the cadet flag and the Union Jack, carried authentic rifles in a very efficient manner. The battalion formed a square. Each company in turn had its display. A sparkling display of company drill, led by Capt. Yale Nerman, of Company A, started the show. Squad drill was next on the program with each platoon of Company B, under Capt. Sidney Perlmutter, completing perfect movements. A very smart and fine display of arms drill by Company D, under the leadership of Capt. Ed. Bodner, followed. Col. Graham spoke to the cadets and congratulated them on their magnificent showing. He gave special praise to the officers for their fine commands and general appearance. Company C, led by Capt. Stuart McColl, put on a keen display of physical training to terminate the Company exhibitions. The corps bore fruit for the labors of the instructors and officers.

### CLASS DRILL INSPECTION AT MCGREGOR ARMOURIES

Squad drill, bar bells and fencing were the main events of the Class Drill Inspection held at the McGregor Armouries on the afternoon of March 29th. A splendid show of squad drill was displayed by each of the classes. The smartness and alertness of each cadet was a credit to the cadet officers and instructors. Right turns, wheels, about turns and right dresses were a few of the perfected movements. During intervals the cadet band, under the leadership of Mr. Bailey, played very enjoyable selections. At the half-way mark a Bar Bell class, instructed by Mr. Birley, sparked the show with an excellent display of co-ordination of muscle and balance. The boys and Mr. Birley drew a great hand from the guests and cadets. A keen fencing display between Cadet Lieut. Peterson and Cadet Kowtun was next on the program; Kowtun was victorious. After the fencing display the remainder of the squads went through their movements. At the termination of the show, Major Walford presented the winning plaque to Capt Yale Nerman, the officer in charge of XI-A. The guests were impressed by the fine show of the cadets and one of our alumni, Major Grant, said that he was always proud of "Tech",

but that he was never prouder of it than at that moment. The battalion was dismissed after the guests left.

### PRESENTATION OF COLORS

In spite of sleet and showers the proud St. John's Cadet Corps received their colors on November 4th with the blessing of Rev. A. B. Simpson. The stateliness and solemnity of the ceremony were accentuated by the wonderful behaviour of the Cadets. The battalion fell in on parade and was inspected by Capt. Cummings. The color party carrying our flag—a torch against a white background—and the Union Jack, marched out in a stately fashion placing the two flags on the drums. Mr. Reeve and Rev. Simpson stepped forward to begin the ceremony. The cadets were told to carry the flag proudly and to respect it. After the ceremony the cadets marched to the front of the school where the Honorable R. F. McWilliams, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, presented the flag to our corps.

### CADET SUBJECTS

Our signallers attained great heights this semester. Out of a class of 24 signallers, 20 passed the M.D. 10 test. Mr. Johnson and Mr. Grusz were well rewarded for their efforts by the progress and ability of the boys.

Each cadet looked forward to the morning when he would go to the rifle ranges at the McGregor Barracks. The smell of the powder, the rifle report and the tenseness at the firing point thrilled the boys. The thought of missing two or three periods also added to their enjoyment. The marksmen of our corps entered the I.O.D.E. competition but the results as yet have not been issued.

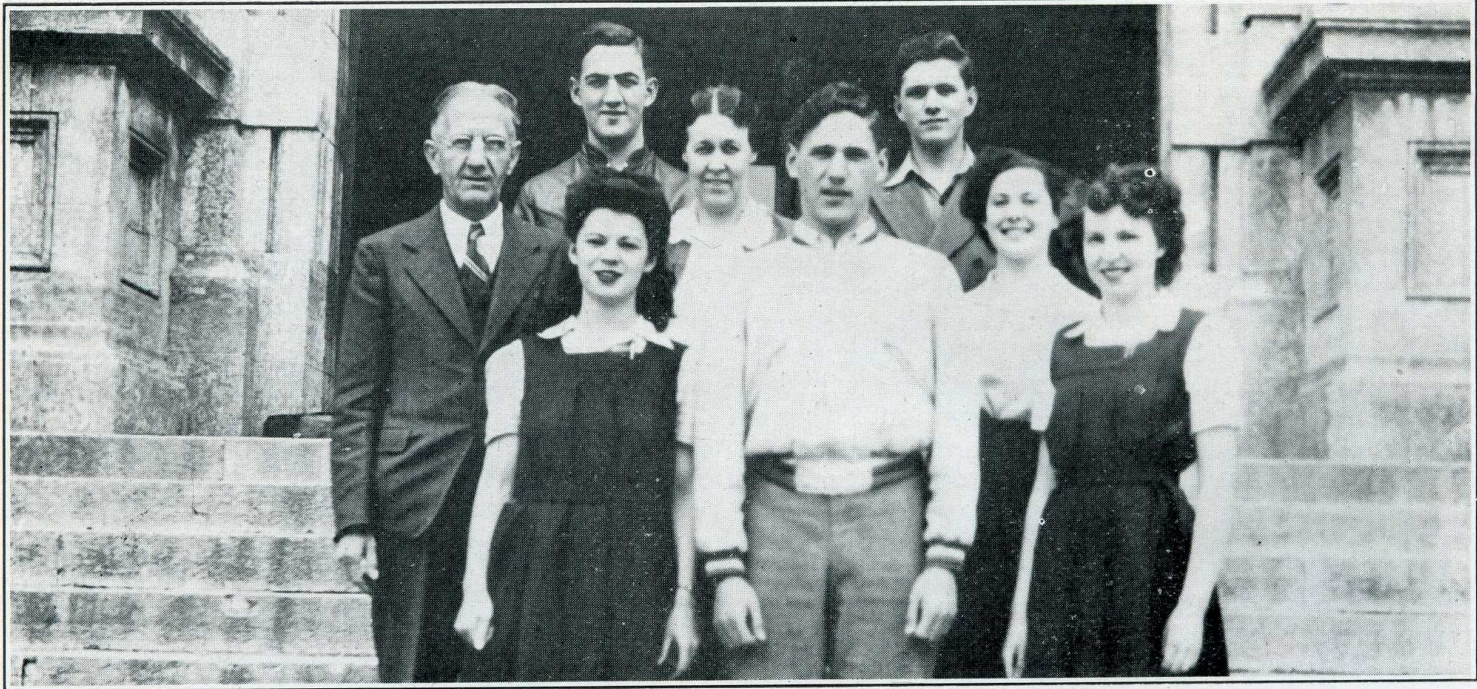
A course of Arms under the instruction of Mr. Beer, Mr. Neufield, Mr. Burrows and Mr. Holmes, was taken by a few classes. The different mechanisms and theoretical study of the 22 B.S.A. rifle were the main topics. The boys did very well in their exams as they had enjoyed the course.

First Aid was taken by a few classes under the leadership of Mr. Neufield, Mr. Holmes and Mr. Korchik. The course covered treatment for shock, fractures, bites, sprains, wounds, dislocations, bleeding, gas poisoning, and a host of other ghastly things. Many cadets received their certificates for junior and senior work.

Map reading was another interesting course. Among other things the boys distinguished contours and different topographical terms.

The course on aircraft identification under the instruction of Mr. Burrows, completes this account of the Cadet subjects.





### WAR WORK COMMITTEE

Back Row—Morley Zipursky, Edward Bodner. Middle Row—Mr. Reeve, Miss Owens, Perle Soudack. Front Row—Genevieve Hudon, Ralph Levene (Chairman), Adeline Attamanchuk.

# ST. JOHN'S WAR WORK

Metal crashing, magazines rustling, students crowding — “Yes, it’s another Friday at St. John’s.” Today, as every Friday, students from every class are checking in the salvage which they have collected during the previous week.

How did it all start? Where did these unique Friday afternoons originate? It all began last November when St. John’s war effort became strikingly conspicuous by its absence. As a result, the Presidents’ Council met and elected a St. John’s War Work Committee which was to galvanize St. John’s into action. The Committee immediately set to work and based its action on a war effort plan which had been used with great success in another high school.

January was to see the Committee’s first plunge into the unknown. From November to January, the policy of the school war effort was created. The Committee was to be supervised by a chairman, while the school’s war effort was to be centrally directed from this Committee. Six projects were chosen — War Stamps, Pennies, Magazines, Light Bulbs, Scrap Metal, and Razor Blades, each of which was placed under the direct supervision of one of the Committee members. A quota in each project was assigned for each student and each room’s quota was proportional to its enrollment. Each room had a special representative, “First Citizen,” whose responsibility it was to co-ordinate the war effort in each room with the central council.

Then came that fateful plunge—the opening day, Friday, January 22. Instructions had been issued and everything was in readiness. At 1.20 the project managers were waiting eagerly in the lower hall. At 1.30 quiet reigned. Then suddenly, from all sides poured forth a “Symphony in Salvage”. The Assembly Hall shook with old stoves, boilers, pipes; the hall creaked under the tramping of more than a hundred students who had volunteered to take in their room’s salvage. Thus, literally, did the St. John’s new war effort plan start with a bang.

After the first two experimental weeks in January, the first report was made to the student body in a special war effort auditorium period. XI-C became the first class to win the Victory Shield, a professional work of art, done by our own amateurs in the machine shops. The second, third, fourth and fifth awards were no less prized as they were the works of one of our noted artists.

During the next month, the amount of salvage brought in, grew by leaps and bounds until a peak was reached — this peak being attained by our patriotic friends of XI-C who took top honors with the highest average ever made in the school. At this time we must also remember how the illustrious XII-A’ers were aroused from the blank stupor in which they had lain, to a policy of vigorous action which resulted in a stupendous increase the following month.

By that time, the penny fund had reaped the benefits of the preceding three months and it was decided to give our first donation. As a result, a hundred and twenty-five dollars was sent to the Aid for Russia Fund.

March exceeded February in war work results. Car chassis, boilers, etc., were brought in rapid succession to build up a total scrap metal result of eighteen thousand pounds. Classes contributed also very generously to the penny fund which was then endeavoring to raise a large sum for the giant Red Cross Drive then in progress. After the smoke of battle had cleared, X-B was seen to be the victorious room.

During April, the main object was to complete the drive for three hundred dollars, a quota set for a donation to the Red Cross. Time was limited as exams loomed large in the distance. Therefore, the committee set to work to launch a tag day at school. The combined effort of tags and twenty-five pretty girls, made the pennies, nickels and quarters roll into the treasury in a continuous stream which

ended only when fifty dollars more was chalked up. Another successful scheme was the girls' physical training display which netted one hundred and twenty-seven dollars. The total donation to the Red Cross came to three hundred and twenty-five dollars, a highlight in war effort achievement.

Since May was to be the last phase of this year's war effort, it was decided to conclude with a war stamp drive. Feverish activity raised St. John's weekly average of stamps from four hundred to seven hundred, a truly colossal figure, when all the calls on a student's pocket book at that time are taken into consideration.

In conclusion, we may feel justly proud of the work and co-operation of students and teachers which has brought forth such an enviable war work record. We hope that this year's achievements will be the basis for a similar war effort program next year, which will see the smashing of all previous records.

—RALPH LEVENE.

---



## FROM THE BOYS "OVER THERE"

Very many of our boys wrote acknowledging their parcels in terms of the warmest appreciation. They spoke of their pleasure in receiving the parcels, in sharing them, and best of all, in being remembered by the "OLD SCHOOL."

We, too, had our pleasures in planning the parcels, sending them, and, best of all, in receiving letters of "Old Boys" all over the world.

The following are typical of the many letters we received.

R. E. McCord.

★ ★ ★

L22297 Cpl. H. Panar,  
2 Cdn. Div. Troops Coy. R.C.A.S.C.,  
Cdn. Army, Overseas.

Dear Faculty and Students:

This is a somewhat belated reply to all the nice things I have received from your hands.

I don't know how much you really know about things on this side, but the parcel must have been selected by an expert. Need more be said?

The two-year-old Year Book told me Miss Alberta Thompson is still on the line-up. I remember her tracing the Royal Route through London for the Coronation, or was it the Silver Jubilee. Well, she ought to see it now.

And if Miss McCord thinks her French lessons did any good, she is due for a big disappointment. The French boys in this unit don't know one verb from another. Furthermore, I doubt if 80% of their conversation could be found in any High School dictionary.

Not knowing who is actually going to read this, it is pretty hard to keep to generalities.

Maybe the elder Mr. Ridd can help fathom the penmanship. He used to be pretty good at it.

To complement the vicious Canadian Winter, we enjoyed, I think, what must have been the mildest winter and spring going back to 1066, and all that.

But I would have put up with it all, just to see the old town and stand on Portage and Main and watch the world go by.

Well, thanks again for remembering and—  
Keep the Torch high and brilliant.

Sincerely yours,

Howard Panar.

★ ★ ★

R110779 LAC W. B. Watt,  
No. 7 Q. T. S.,  
Saskatoon, Sask.

To the Staff and Students of St. John's:

I arrived the day before yesterday on posting from "Somewhere in Alaska" to Saskatoon. The day before leaving I had the very heart-warming

surprise of receiving your grand parcel. I want to thank you very sincerely for your kind thought.

The parcel as I have said, arrived just before I left and I will tell you just what become of it.

On my last night we "rounded up" the gang and took the parcel over to the mess hall. They made us up a cup of coffee and we had a sort of "farewell party."

I can assure you it was appreciated, and better than by myself alone; there were eight men who that night said "Thanks" to St. John's Tech.

Particularly on what we term "isolated stations" a parcel brings infinitely more cheer than just "something to eat" (although that in itself is appreciated). It brings the satisfaction that the people "back home" remember, and appreciate what we are trying to do.

So, for the gang up north and from myself, once more, thanks a million. I hope you all enjoy a very Merry Christmas and a New Year filled with happiness.

Very sincerely,  
Bill Watt.

★ ★ ★

Can. R125639, LAC Hornstein, G.,  
R.C.A.F., Overseas,  
January 6, 1943.

Dear Mr. Reeve:

It is my wish to express my thanks to all concerned for the lovely parcel you sent me. The parcel arrived safe and sound on the last day of the old year and, needless to say, it was sincerely appreciated. You get the happiest feeling to know that the school has not forgotten you even though you are thousands of miles away, and mere words cannot express my gratitude to you all.

Everything in the parcel showed the usual good taste of St. John's Tech., but the part that struck home was the card enclosed therein. The symbol of the Torch held high brings back memories of days gone by which no person who graduates from St. John's can forget. When I saw that Torch, I immediately recalled the pep-talks we used to get from Mr. Reeve before Field Days, telling us to carry the Torch on high and above all to play fair, (I am sure that, if the Germans would have had those same talks once in a while, we would not be over here now doing our part to bring peace and victory to the world).

Being in England makes one of my school-day dreams come true. It is really a thrilling adventure to cross the ocean and finally get to see all the places and things you have studied and read about in history books and seen pictures of in news-reels. Being able to walk around London and see places like Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, Buckingham Palace and Trafalgar Square was worth the trip

over here itself. Of course most of the places bear scars in some way or another of the "Battle of Britain" but they are still there to see and gape at. The best part of any leave, though, comes when you visit a Service Club and run into a friend from home or a former school mate. Inevitably you get together with someone and start reminiscing of former days and find out what has become of so many of your class mates. The usual remark when you finish your talk is always "Them were the days — oh to have the chance to get back again." We were warned at school by the teachers that we wouldn't appreciate school until we left it and we're finding that to be true right now.

Once again, let me thank you for the parcel and kindly convey my best wishes and regards to all concerned.

Yours truly,  
Gordon Hornstein.

★ ★ ★

England, 5/1/43.

St. John's Tech. High School,  
Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Friends:

It's rather hard to know just how to address a letter like this one. After all, a pleasant surprise like having your old school remember you, even after fourteen years, really gives one a marvellous feeling. Before I rattle on, I want to really and very sincerely thank you for the lovely parcel you sent me and I can assure you it has been put to the very best of usage. I imagine if there are any of my former instructors still in the school who should happen to remember me from 1928, they would say that time has still left my writing as terrible as ever and well I can remember how they used to beg me to improve it.

It's rather a coincidence but I happened to be with my brother when he received his parcel from Tech. and I said that the old so-and-sos hadn't remembered me at all and then when I got back to my own Squadron there was one for myself, so I felt rather a heel but I hope you'll forgive my remarks as I really hadn't imagined you kept records that far back.

Well, I guess that this is about all just now as most of the news I have is forbidden news. So please convey my deepest thanks and say hello for me to the Staff and Pupils of good old St. John's Tech.

Cheerio,  
Artie.

P/O A. H. Lerner,  
J11233,  
199 Sqdn.,  
Attached R.A.F.,  
Overseas.

*Our Congratulations to*  
**THE GRADS OF '43**

*Your Parents and your School have set you  
on the path of life that will lead you  
to great achievements*



This year we had the great privilege of producing your Year Book and we sincerely hope that it will fully measure up to your expectations.


## *When Selecting a Printer*

In most cases when a Printer is chosen merely because he quoted the lowest price, then the kind of job you may expect in return, is one in keeping with the price. For highest quality choose....

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Out of this combat, with the flower of all nations giving their all for what they deem right, --- on the one side, a lust to over-rule with tyranny, --- on the other, a wish for a lasting and just peace. The outcome of this world strife has only one answer, "Peace and good will to all people."

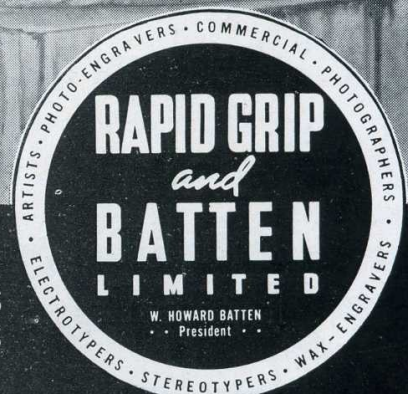
This peace will be maintained through education, not only in the sciences, but by the tolerance of one nation toward the other. This heritage will be passed on to our youth to maintain. "May they be worthy and keep the trust"

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**DAVE "BUTCH" DVERIS**

Thanks Tech Students for Your Patronage

Good Luck, Grads of '43

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B.H.

*A*s the wind is Nature's instrument and the bow Music's servant . . . the same is the human soul . . . the mind and hand the instruments of our daily expressions.



# PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST

This contest was open to anyone in the school except members of the Torch Staff. The judging was based not only on the finished picture, but also on the negative. The reason for this was that everyone was given a fair chance, irrespective of the type of finish which had been applied to the picture. The originality of title, subject, etc., was also taken into consideration.

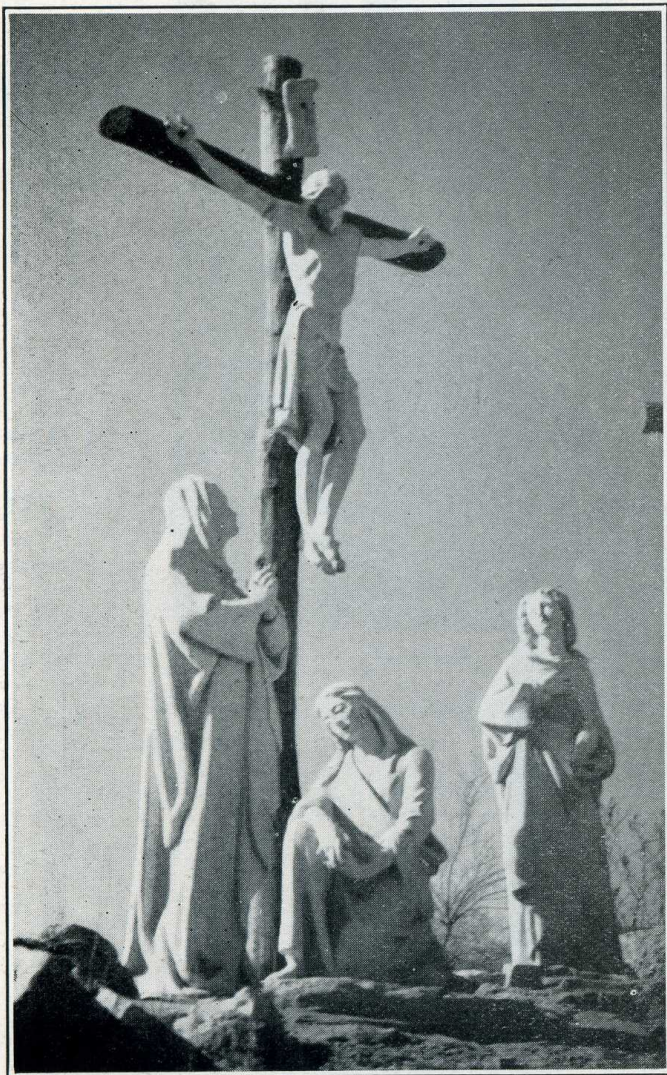
## PRINT CRITICISMS

First prize—Peace on Earth, Goodwill Towards Men—Andrew Lutz, XI-C. An excellent print containing all characteristics of good photography. The toning of the print is good and the low angle gives the desired angelic effect. The subject matter is well placed and the title well chosen. A great deal of credit

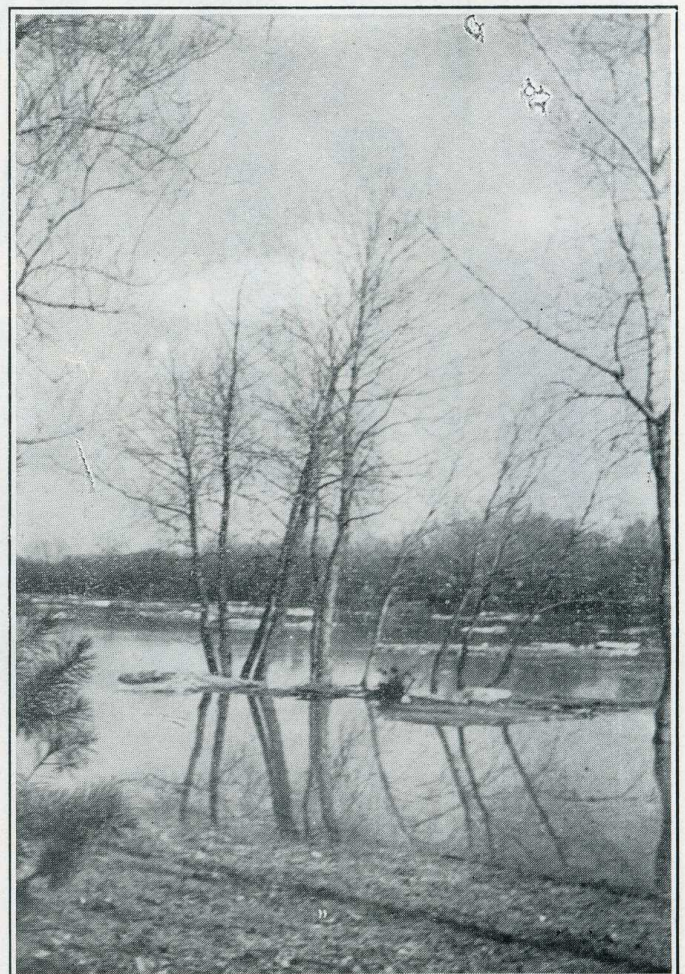
is due to the way the photo-finisher made the print.

Second Prize — Spring Scene — Sam Stern, XI-A — This print is also an example of good photography, but on looking at the negative it is found that the print does not do justice to the negative. Better results would have been obtained if a different finish, matte, for example, had been used as in the First Prize picture. There are excellent possibilities for this negative if applied correctly.

Third Prize—Young Love—Celia Thompson, X-H — The subject matter of this picture is the whole composition. It creates a joyous and novel impression. The tone of the print is excellent with its warm blue-blackness. This looks like a candid shot but nevertheless is a good print. The only thing that should have been avoided was the background which was poorly chosen.



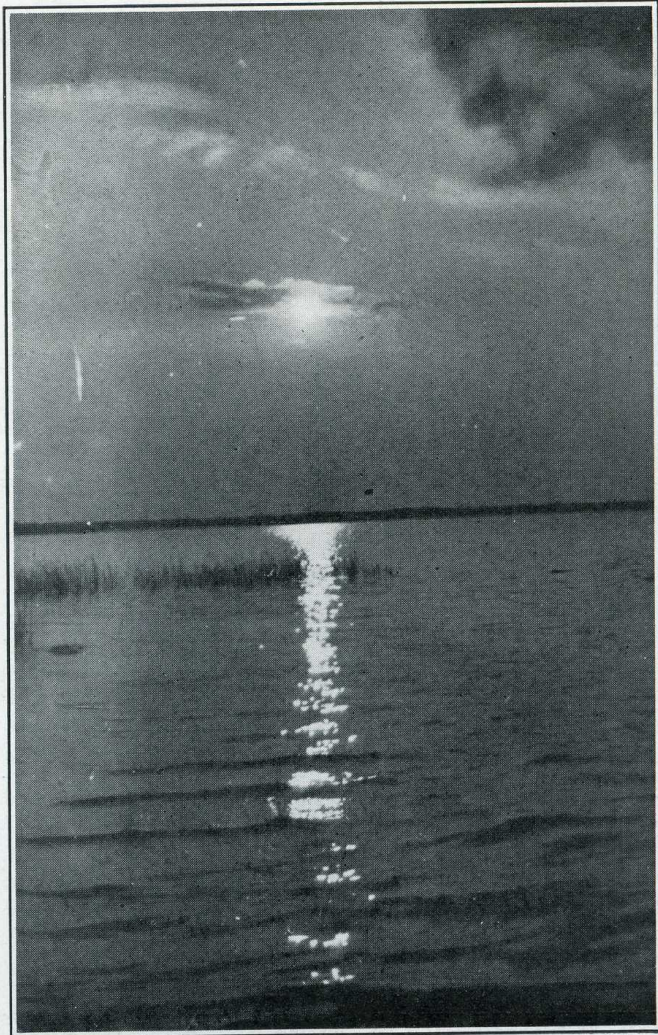
First Prize—PEACE ON EARTH, GOODWILL TOWARDS MEN—Andrew Lutz



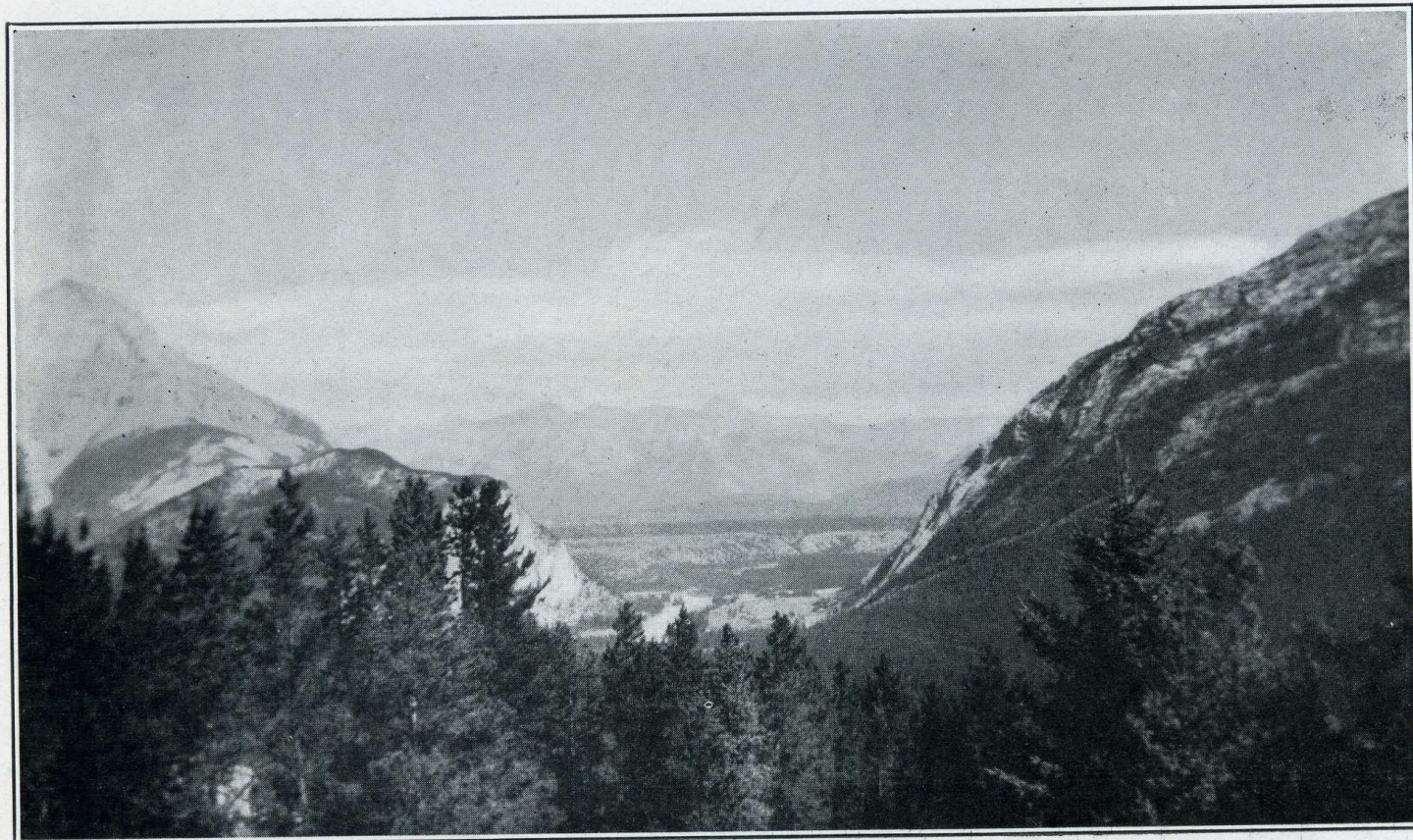
Second Prize—SPRING SCENE—Sam Stern



Third Prize—YOUNG LOVE  
Celia Thompson



SUNSET—Jack Shapira



MOUNTAIN GLORY—Bernie Ostry

# ART CONTEST

There are only a small number of people who can recognize and appreciate good art. Here in Canada, art is just beginning to sprout, and it will take many years before any Canadian names can rank with those famous European names in the realm of art. There will be a limited number of young Canadians who will contribute to Canada's art, but all of us can help out in boosting art by learning to appreciate the good work done in this field.

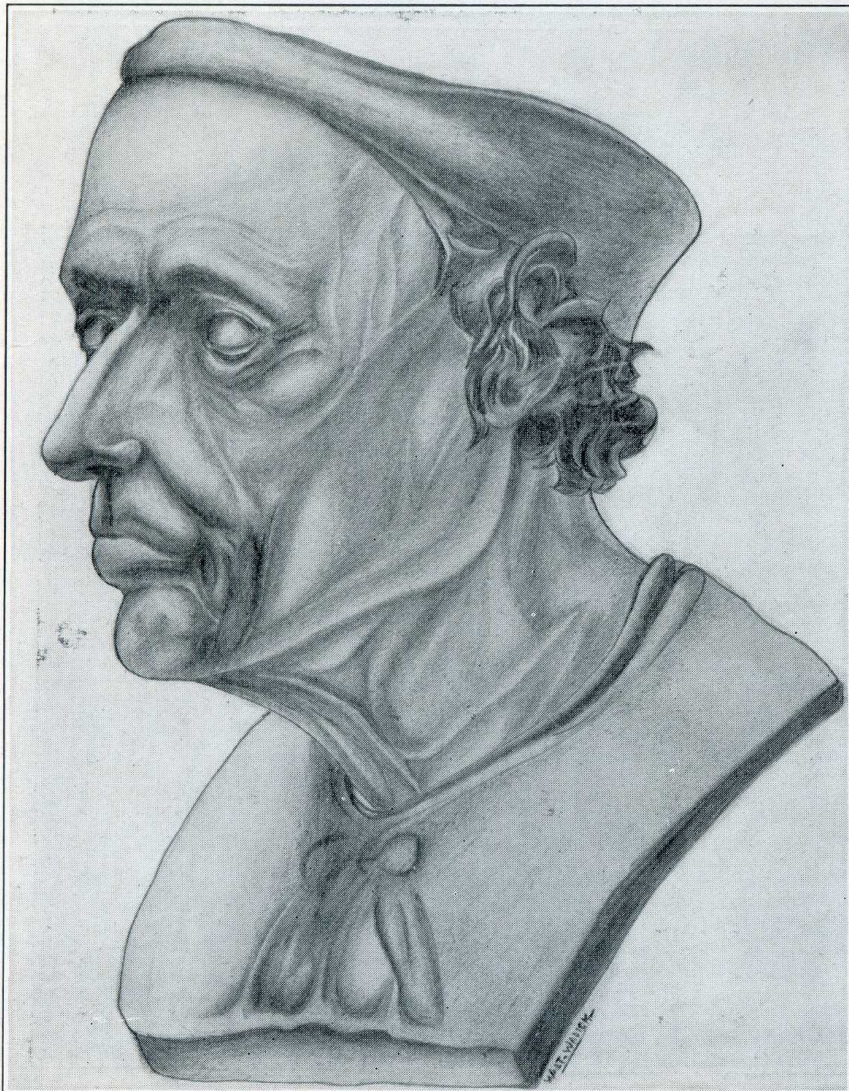
If we ever wish to produce great names we must first make Canada art conscious. This is where our high schools come in. How much knowledge of art do our high school students know? How many students (excepting those few taking the art course) have ever visited the art room and seen some of the work done there? How many students know anything of the work done by the famous European painters? What is known in the school of the new movement in art right here by Canadian artists? Art appreciation has been shamefully neglected in our high schools.

The art-editor wishes to give grateful acknowledgment to Mr. Jones, a former St. John's teacher who came down to judge the contest; to Mr. Bailey, without whose kind help and good advice this contest might not have concluded so successfully, and to all those students who entered the contest and so helped make it a success.

The art contest is a comparatively new feature of the Year Book, but is a welcome and interesting section of the book. The work done in the art room might be entirely unknown by the majority of the students if this contest did not bring these fine specimens of art to light. The art students co-operated well with the Torch staff in submitting their entries and a moderate number of entries was received.

All drawings submitted for the contest had to be original and no copies were accepted; that is, models had to be pictured in the imagination, taken from statues, or actual life.

The best five entries are reproduced here, but all entries were extremely well done.



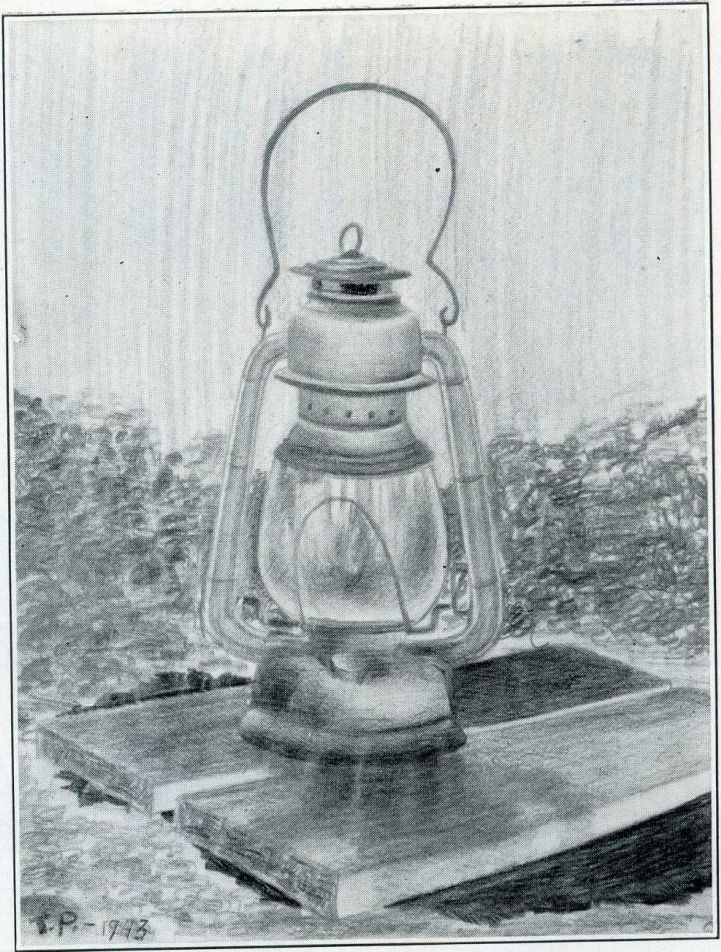
First Prize—Walter Waldick



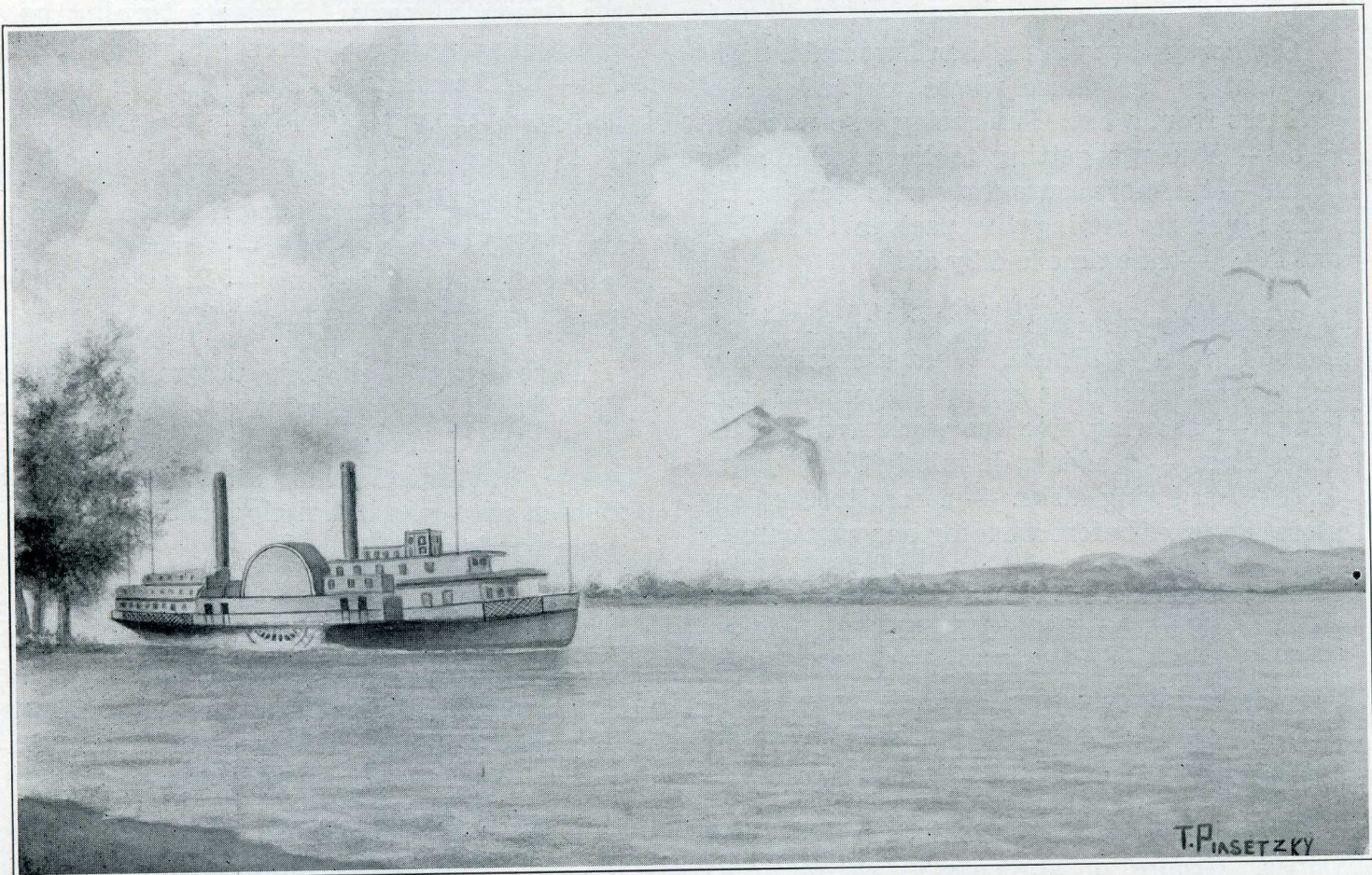
Second Prize—Joe Pachinko



Third Prize—Pat Waterman



Honorable Mention—Ted Piassetzky



Honorable Mention—Ted Piassetzky

# ST. JOHN'S SOCIALS



Well, no more school—at least not for a few months. What to do — what to do — guess I'll straighten my bureau drawer. What have we here? It's my box of souvenirs. The drawer can wait, should be fun looking through them again.

Oh, here's that pink ribbon I wore the night we went to the dance where we had picked partners from a hat. Fun seeing who was with who — students getting to know each other better — the more courageous ones starting the year right by setting the pace in both Gym and Aud. — fine time had by all.

Here's my miniature rugby ball. Reminds me of the Rugby Dance. What a success that dance was. Ferocious rugby players meek as lambs — showing fine footwork even on the dance floor — students definitely "hep" jiving to the best swing disks. — across to the drug store for cokes before wending our way home.

Here is a snap of me in my ski suit — same one I wore to the Tramp. Perfect night for a tramp — students frolicking along the road — snow falling lightly (mostly down my neck) — back to school for usual, but well loved hot dogs and cokes — dancing and games.

Here is my Torch — reminds me of Torch Dance. Groups of students in every corner listening to enthusiastic members of the Torch

Staff giving out with the sales talk — gaily dressed jitterbugs — entertainment — teachers joining in fun.

Here is the heel off my shoe. Lost that at the Grade XI party. Students turning up to dance evening away — small crowd but lots of fun—Mr. Beer in Zoot Suit—Grey in students' hair could mean the approach of exams.

Here is a pressed lilac. Got that on the way to the Spring Frolic. Spring in the air — dewy look on everyone's face — smooth dancing taking the place of swing — Brenner and Bell panicking them with their act.

Here is my Field Day program. Went to Field Day dance that evening — kids tired but happy (am I kidding?) — slow dancing compulsory because of a thing called muscles — the fashion note was definitely white (and we do mean bandages).

The last souvenir, but not the least, is my corsage. Graduation Dance — excitement of the receiving line — students looking as if they had just stepped out of Vogue — sweet music — lovely floral decorations — unwilling farewells — last look at good old Tech.

Well, that's the last one; guess I'll put back the cover and start cleaning again. Gosh, what a grand year we had . . .

# MONKEY



# SHINES

Here's to the greatest gambler of all time, Lady Godiva. She put everything she had on a horse.

Hickory, dickory, dock,  
Two mice ran up the clock.  
The clock struck,  
And they couldn't get supplies for a week.

The dimmer the porch light the greater the scandal power.

Women are not much, but they are the best other sex we have.

LOST: A lead pencil by Jennie Weems, blonde, blue eyes, five feet four inches, good dancer. Finder please call h-7394 between seven and eight p.m.

She: Oh Harold why have you turned out the light?  
He: I just wanted to see if my pipe was lit.

Sh-h-h-h-h! Quiet everyone, Homer's telephoning. Listen:

Hello.

Hello (soft music please).

Uh-er-ah guess I'm supposed to take you to the Pumpkin Ball huh?

Guess so.

It starts at nine o'clock. Er-ah-at what time shall I call?

Any time between then and midnight.

Uh — what house is it?

Fifth from the corner.

You can get the car can't you?

What car? We have no car.

W-h-h what? A-er, pardon me, must have the wrong number. G'bye.

Doctor: The best thing you can do is give up liquor, cigarettes and women.

Patient: What's the next best thing?

Mr. Allison: Will you gentlemen at the back of the room please stop exchanging notes.

Bell: Them ain't notes. Them's dollar bills. We're shooting craps.

Mr. Allison: Oh, pardon me.

Oft-heard phrase these days:

"Well, I'll make it up in September."

Mr. Thiery: I'm letting you out ten minutes early today. Please leave quietly so as not to waken the other classes.

Drunk, in telephone booth, "Number, hell, I want my peanuts."

What's the difference between a snake and a flea?

A snake crawls on his own stomach, but a flea is not so particular.

Both beautiful and dumb  
Must my true love be.  
Beautiful so I'll love her,  
And dumb so she'll love me.

"But he's not a real crook. He's editor of the Torch."

The little dog ran all over the street.  
Along came a steam roller—  
The little dog ran all over the street.

Advertising man's child: "Give us this day our daily GoldenCrust Slowbaked sliced whole wheat bread."

"What can it be, doctor? I always see spots before my eyes."

"Maybe you need glasses."

"What? So I can see the spots better?"

A columnist is worth his wit in gold. Ling Po.

Eenie, meeny, miny, mo,  
I pick my favorite girl-friends so:  
Perhaps in days to some I'll know  
As nice a way to let them go.

## Correspondence Department

Dear V. C. J.:

I do not like dogs, yet they love me. When I walk down the street they follow me and jump up and lick my hands. How can I prevent this?

Yrs. trly.,

Robert Andpolice.

Dear Mr. Andpolice:

Try eating with a knife and fork.

Yrs. repcflly,

V. C. J.

"Let's skip this class."

"Can't, I need the sleep."

# MUSICAL ACTIVITIES



## THE ORCHESTRA

Like all unessential organizations, the St. John's Orchestra has suffered a manpower shortage . . . due not to the draft but to lack of co-operation and interest in the student body. With so fine a conductor as Mr. F. Hubble however, the orchestra has made a commendable showing. Our first public appearance was at the Home and School Association meeting in November, when the orchestra played the "Sailor's Dance" by Grieg, and "Marche Heroique" by Schubert. This initial attempt was successful and therefore a concert was presented to the school during an auditorium period.

We have some prominent people in our

group: Otto Fritz, who distinguished himself by giving solos at a Home and School meeting and an auditorium period, and by taking part in the University Orchestra. Prominent also in the musical life of the city is our 'cellist, Perle Soudack, winner of the Intermediate Trophy in the Festival and an indispensable member to our group. The pianists, Zeta Waldman and Helen Uhryniuk, and the trombonist, Andrew Lutz, are all worthy of mention for their conscientious work.

For the second year we have been fortunate in having Mr. Hubble as conductor, and his patience, will, and steady encouragement have inspired the entire orchestra.



## THE CHOIRS

Enough excitement, even for St. John's students, was made possible this year by the great amount of choir work organized by Miss Horner. There were choruses of all descriptions — a large choir, smaller groups, and an ensemble. The quality of their work retained the prestige already established in previous years in the field of music in the school. This can be attributed to Miss Horner's skilled leadership and unerring sense of perfection as well as to the enthusiasm and industry of the students. No other school activity has attracted as many students nor resulted in as much co-operation, satisfaction, and enjoyment.

The largest choir in the school, consisting of almost one hundred voices, was the greatest undertaking of the year. Many of the girls were beginners in this three-part vocal work, but all did splendidly. The goal and climax was the Musical Festival held in April, which all eagerly awaited. The great moment finally

arrived. Nervous and anxious the girls mounted the platform, all resolved to do their best, and they really did sing beautifully. In fact, Dr. Staton praised them highly for their fine standard of work in the songs, "Clouds" and "The Lord Is My Shepherd".

But this was not the only choir entered in the Festival. A group singing "Ash Grove" also did well as did the class-room choirs. XI-E and XI-G were competitors and XI-E won out by only one mark. According to the boys, their choir was the most successful. We must admit that the boys really outdid themselves as they sang "Waltzing Matilda". The most select group, made up of the best voices in the school, was the girls' ensemble. This group sang "Light Is My Heart" and "To Music" and both were sung delightfully. Theirs was a marked success.

As a result of their fine work in the Festival, some of the girls sang over the radio on the Junior Musical Club program. Musical activi-

ties in the school, however, were not limited to Festival work alone. The students sang in Auditorium periods as well as at Home and School meetings during the year and also had the honor of singing at the Youth Sunday Service.

Unlike previous years, St. John's did not present an opera, but this was compensated by these musical attempts. We do, however, intend to present operas in the future and we are sure that this year's work will be of great benefit for those productions.



### CADET BAND

Back Row—Ben Mandell, Marshall Wilder, Gordon Pullan, Coleman Bloomfield, Morton Nemy, Walter Zatorsky.

Third Row—Mr. Bailey, Max Herscovitch, Barry Levene, Sidney Stoller, Udelle

Herman, Murray Kaplan, Doug Sproul, Jack Mowat, Vic Poleschuk (Sergeant).

Second Row — Andy Lutz (Corporal), Norman Mowat, Harry Smith, Walter Baryla, Easton Lexier, Sam Kaplan, Eddy Kessiloff, Jack Rubin.

# THE CADET BAND

The members of the Cadet Band, more affectionately known as "Bailey's Boys", have this year surpassed all former triumphs. As usual, Mr. Bailey trained new players to blow and pound the assorted instruments, but in an unusually short period of time they became a smooth part of the band.

The band, by steady practice, became an organization of which the school can indeed be proud. Their reputation of fine playing was upheld at the two concerts given to the assembled student body in the auditorium. The applause which greeted these performances could not repay the work put into arranging for the concerts but it certainly indicated that the student body realized and appreciated their efforts.

They were again called upon to play before an audience when the Cadet Platoon Inspection

was held at McGregor Barracks. They certainly brightened the moments of intermission and upheld the school's record of good musical ability.

Another success was scored at the girls' Physical Display in the school gym where the band played the opening Grand March and again in the intermission.

So wide had their fame travelled by this time, that the Luxton Cadet Corps, at their annual inspection, considered themselves deeply honoured to have the St. John's Cadet Band, under the direction of Cadet Band Sergeant Poleschuck and Corporal Lutz.

Nothing remains now but an acknowledgment to Mr. Bailey for his unselfish devotion in making the band an outfit of which any Cadet Corps would pride itself.





## CHESS CLUB

Back Row—Arnold Rogers, Buddy Brownstone, Max Herscovitch, Max Robinson, Frank Moser, Jack Feldman, Percy Shnier.

Middle Row—Arthur Nitikman, Ted Jacob, Ruth Promislow, "Tuzie" Divinsky (President), Les Cera, Willie Moser, "Doody" Cohen.

Front Row—Joe Steinberg, Sid Perlmutter, Ralph Kaminsky, Leo Kahana.

## THE CHESS CLUB

This year, this little known school organization brought to St. John's as much credit as did any other project in the school. By sweeping the City Clubs Tournament in the "B", "C" and "D" divisions, the St. John's Chess Club (a member of both the Manitoba and Canadian Chess Federations) proved what young talent could do against the old established clubs.

The stars in this tournament were Ralph Kaminsky, (undefeated); Nathan Divinsky, (4½ wins out of 6), and Willie Moser (undefeated).

A club tournament was also held this season with President Divinsky taking all laurels and a cup besides. This cup, donated last year by R. Moser, is given to the winner of the "A" Division and is symbolic of the most superior player of the club.

A Rapid Transit and Problem Solving competition completed the season with Divinsky and Feldman triumphant.

At the start of the term, the Club's meetings were held in the school library, but due to circumstances beyond their control, they had to adjourn to Mr. Grusz's domain in Room 35½. There, influenced by the renowned, sacred atmosphere of this room, the Club got down to work and concluded a most successful semester. Best of luck to the followers of Lasker, Capablanca, etc., next year.

## THE PUBLIC SPEAKING CLUB

As usual, a Public Speaking Club was organized for the school semester. The officers of the Club had two prime objectives in view. These were: to promote the cultivation of our powers of thought by discussion on events of great importance; and to enable each member to secure greater confidence in his speech.

The first of these objectives was obtained by discussion on such topics as "Anti-Semitism", "A Curfew in Winnipeg", "The World is a Much Better Place to Live in than One Hundred Years Ago". These talks succeeded in settling many of our doubts on the subjects.

It is very interesting to watch the progress of certain speakers. Good speech was developed by the reading of plays to voice expression; impromptu and prepared speeches to inspire confidence; debates and discussions to develop the mind. The boy that entered with a stammering voice now speaks without a tremor; the timid girl has achieved confidence. We all have benefitted from the course immensely.

Several social functions helped to bring the members closer together, and as we leave St. John's, we feel confident we have made many good friends. We feel that the Club was a success in every respect and we members would like to see the formation of such a Club next year and wish all success to future members.

Officers for the season were: President, Gordon Bermak; Secretary, Clarice Morantz; Treasurer, Bessie Fitterman.

## PUBLIC SPEAKING CLUB

Back Row — Marcel Burka, Alvin Rodin, Gordon Bermak (President), Jack Bermack, Mervin Stone, Ken Varnam.

Front Row—Clarice Marantz, Shirley Kasloff, Mona Karr, Bessie Fitterman, Joan Calof, Idell Nitikman.





### STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Back Row—Morley Zipursky, Mr. Reeve, Tom Sirbovan.  
 Middle Row—Mr. Dotten, George Tomcej, Edward Bodner, Joe Cantor, Miss Owens.  
 Front Row—Perle Soudack, Muriel Rayson, John Melnick (President), Joan Reeve, Evelyn Zipursky.

# THE SCHOOL COUNCIL

Of a Thursday afternoon, if your heart so desires, you may witness a council meeting in session. But first you must possess these three characteristics. You must have intelligence, courage and patience.

Intelligence!—Wherefore intelligence? Life is full of problems and so is the thorny road to a council meeting. The first obstacle is: The whereabouts of the council meeting and of the council members. We really have two problems rather than one, for the council meeting is very seldom found in the same place as are its members. (But that isn't your problem. It's the problem of the president.)

After one has traversed the entire school, (and sometimes one even wanders outside the school to look—for the meeting of course) one usually gives up in despair. But you who are clever might think of a remote corner of the school basement—Room 3, I believe they call it. But I say you must be clever enough to think of it yourself for no one will tell you. The council believes in self-development.

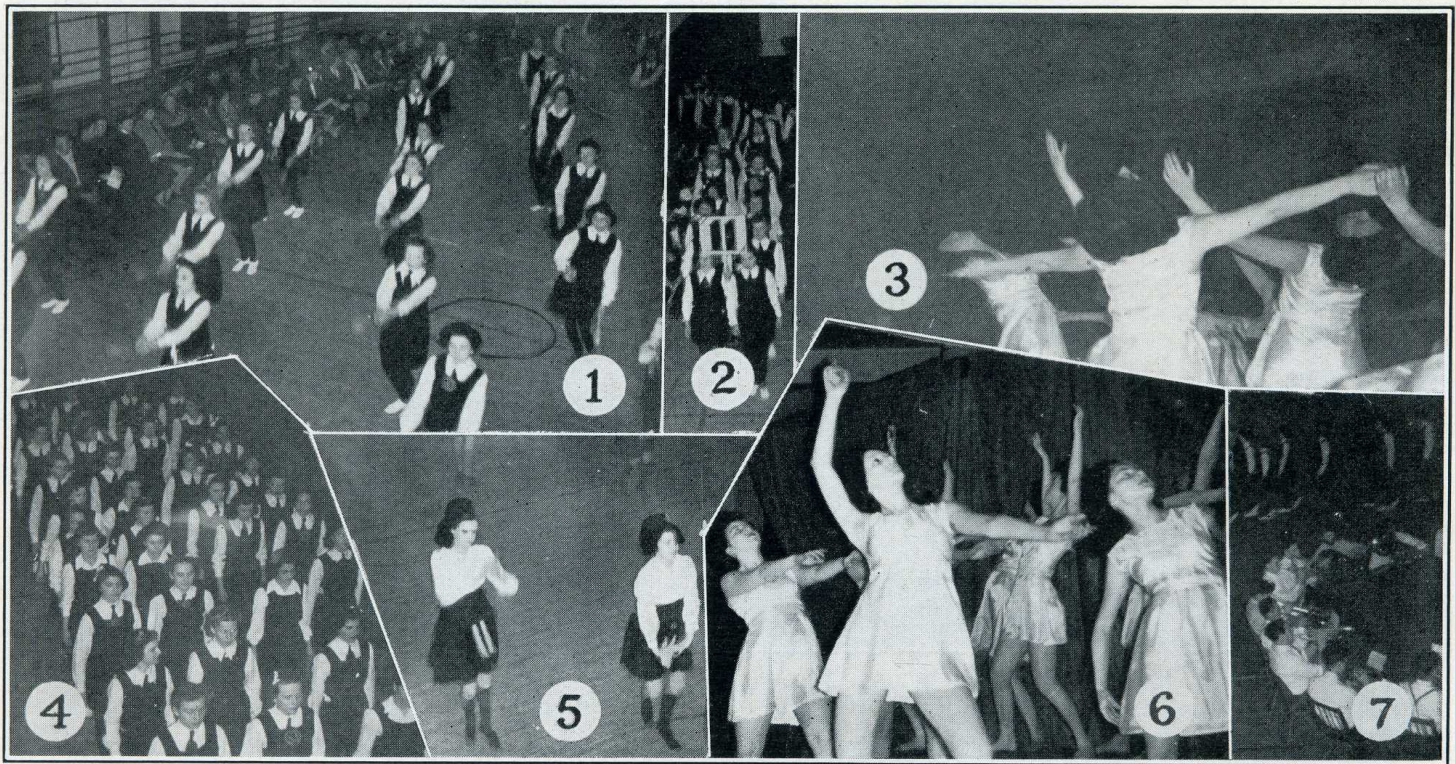
And so you stand undaunted in front of Room 3 with a light heart (if you are not a member of the council). But whoever you are, the next step requires moral courage. If you are a council member you will of course be late and will inevitably be greeted with glances of scorn and triumph by those who have preceded

you by thirty seconds and even now sit panting in their seats. If you are just an ordinary run-of-the-mill student you must have moral courage and spiritual fortification. Of course you will not be late since you are not loaded with the worries and responsibilities that accompany the administrators of the school.

Be prepared to be treated first with indifference. After you have stated the nature of your mission you will be treated either warmly or coldly—this of course being decided by the nature of the mission. If you have come with a plan that will add to the council funds you will immediately be befriended by all. They might even ask you to join the council. However, if you have come to ask for funds—beware! Beware!! At this point, again your intelligence will help you out. The council treasurer really doesn't know much about the council funds and if you are clever enough to convince her that the council possesses more than she thinks, you could probably get a few dollars if your cause is a worthy one. (In plain English—if one of the council members is interested in it.)

Since it isn't polite to leave before the meeting adjourns you must sit through to the end. John has called the meeting to order and Perle has read the minutes to which everyone has agreed—so the agenda is taken up. First comes

(Continued on Page 109)



### GYM DISPLAY

1. Club Swinging. 2. The Grand March. 3. Natural Movements. 4. Junior Exercises. 5. Highland Fling—XI-E. 6. Doesn't she look like a Greek goddess? 7. Band accompanying Grand March.

# THE GIRLS' DISPLAY

"Gee whiz!" — "Holy smoke!" — "I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't seen it." — Such were the rather profane but expressive remarks heard by this overawed person at the Girls' Display on April 2. Similar remarks came from the crowd in general, and the St. John's boys in particular, who were astounded (wowed to you, chum) by the precise and intricate movements performed so gracefully by our girls.

Yes, everyone was talking about "our girls". We were really proud of them. Of course, the whole affair would have been a failure without the band—so two trumpeters informed me as they jabbed their .45's in my ribs. Seriously though, they did extremely well in whiling away the time before the "Grand March", and I have seldom heard our national anthem played so well. After "O Canada", came the first item on the program—the "Grand March". We men were unpleasantly surprised to find that our gal pals could swing their arms, mark time, wheel, etc., so well; in fact there were ugly rumors going around that the girls would supplant us at the inspection. But this is digressing. Next came the Senior exercises which were done very well, and we might add, quite roundly applauded. The club swingers did their bit and kept the audience swinging along with them all the way. Then the file leaders gave us a re-

view of their general activities. Among these were high jumping, basketball, hurdling and jumping horses. We thought the Juniors gave an especially fine performance of their exercises.

Next, the dances of the nations were performed with color and feeling. We were shown dances from Scotland by the XI-E girls who really flung the fling. Ireland was represented by the "Waltz Clog", "Waves of Tory" and "Irish Lilt" of XI-G and X-M classes. The Russian "Peasant and Two Step" dances of X-G and XI-F were stirring dances of old romantic Russia. The XII girls danced a typical highland fling known as the "Sword Dance" which appeared very realistic as the lasses skipped about in their plaid kilts. Then the X-J's "swung it" for us in Mexican style. This was followed by tricky Bavarian and interesting French dances. Splendidly finishing up the dances were X-M, XI-D and XI-H with their show of the English "Folk Dance" and "Sailor's Hornpipe".

The Seniors completed a very fine program with their "Grouping with Movement" which left everyone open-eyed and gaping for more.

All the girls did their share to make the display a great success and wish to thank Miss Gauer without whose untiring efforts the display would not have been possible.

# Programme

MARCH OF THE GRADUATING CLASSES—*March Heroique*.....Schubert  
(The audience will remain standing during the march)

O CANADA

Omnes

THE PASSING YEAR.....THE PRINCIPAL

THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA—

*Adagio*.....Godard

*Capriccio*.....Haydn

ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATING CLASSES.....E. M. HOWSE, Esq., D.D.  
(Minister of Westminster United Church)

GREETINGS FROM ST. JOHN'S HOME AND SCHOOL

ASSOCIATION.....A. E. CANTOR, Esq.  
(President)

PRESENTATIONS.....The Principal, MR. F. C. GRUZ

Governor-General's Medal, Genevieve Hudon

Staff Award, Herbert Shubin

VOCAL ENSEMBLE—

*The Ash Grove*.....Traditional

*The Graceful Swaying Wattle*.....Frank Bridge

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.....RALPH LEVENE

GIRLS' CHOIR—

*The Lord's My Shepherd*.....Gordon Jacob

*I Vow to Thee My Country*.....John Vine

READING OF THE HONOUR ROLL.....CADET MAJOR SHUBIN

THE PASSING OF THE TORCH.....  
{ School President, JOHN MELNICK  
{ School Vice-President, JOAN REEVE

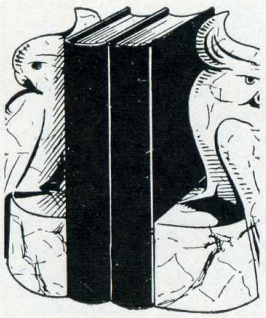
## JERUSALEM

And did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountains green?  
And was the Holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pasture seen?  
And did the Countenance Divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here  
Among those 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.

THE KING

# V A L E D I C T O R Y



Mr. Reeve, Dr. Howse, fellow members of the graduating classes, ladies and gentlemen.

Today at our 1943 graduation ceremonies, we look about us realizing with regret that our days at St. John's are well nigh at an end. All too soon shall we

enter into a new sphere of life where we shall have but memories of our high school days wherein lie many of our happier moments, many of our most cherished experiences. For the past two years St. John's has been the hub round which our very existence has revolved. During these years we have forged many lasting ties—ties of endeavor and achievement—ties of understanding and friendship which will forever bind us to the school. Today, therefore, we pause, unwilling to take our leave, reluctant indeed to sever these enduring ties.

And as we say farewell, scenes of our high school days flash before us in a glorious panorama, each new scene in its turn calling up a host of vanished details. Picture after picture, comic and serious looms up. How eagerly amidst the confusions and turmoil of the opening weeks did we look forward to the coming school year. With what pride did we cheer a championship rugby team on its triumphant march to victory. With what mingled emotions of anticipation and trepidation did we prepare ourselves for our first high school exams! Once again we feel ourselves "elbowing" our way through crowded throngs of students at some festive school dance, or struggling merrily through a crisp snow drift on some school tramp. We call up memories of inspection day with its awesome silence as we stood rigidly to attention; and the thunderous clamour as we cheered our King and Country. Memories too of field day with its hard-fought competition as each class strove for honors; and inter-high field day where new track stars were born and new records established. Such memorable scenes from the past two years have imprinted themselves indelibly upon our minds.

Apart from these highlights which assuredly "will never pass into nothingness" the most pleasant, the most cherished recollections are the little things of our own personal experiences, happenings which at that time we thought of profound importance and portentous significance. Now they afford us merely pleasant reminiscences over which we can chuckle quietly to ourselves. Those spontaneous classroom episodes—the unique prank of high school — treasured moments of success or

achievement—all these make us feel that we have left St. John's in body, not in spirit.

The past two years, however, have not only left us with memories but have also prepared us for the future. Many of us are leaving the sheltered harbor of High School life to venture forth on the uncharted seas of the world. A world wherein bigotry and injustice still exist; a world wherein the powers of oppression and hate are still rampant. For such a future we have been well prepared through the principles taught to us at school. Throughout these years we have been indeed fortunate to have as our leader, Mr. Reeve, a man who is determined that we, the citizens of tomorrow, shall know how to follow the Democratic way of life. Through the establishment of student government we have been instilled with these Democratic ideals not only in theory but also in practice. Time can only strengthen our belief that this early training has schooled us well for the responsibilities that soon will be ours. We leave behind a friend and counsellor; we take with us the glowing example of his sound judgment and deep responsibility.

There are many others whose toil and patience have exerted a lasting influence on our lives. It is with genuine regret that we bid farewell to the men and women of the St. John's staff. We shall be forever indebted to them for the world of wealth they have given us in the form of sound education. To them we shall always feel grateful for their friendly advice which has enabled us to cope adequately with the problems that beset a High School student. More recently have they furthered their invaluable aid through the medium of the Home and School Association which represents the combined effort of school and community. But now the play is done; the curtain falls. They have indeed rehearsed us well to play our part on the world's greater stage.

Not the least valuable of our High School experiences are the essences of understanding and friendship. We have been taught tolerance. By our close association with many different types of races and creeds we have learned to respect and understand our fellow student of today—our fellow citizen of tomorrow. We take with us the happiness and warmth of the friendships we have formed. When memories of field day and inspection day have grown dim these true friendships will shine on. Finally we have been taught sportsmanship; we have been shown how "to play the game". Such rudiments of tolerance, understanding and fellowship may well guide and serve us in later life.

Today in the grim struggle for existence,

when our way of life is threatened with extinction, each one of us is called upon to bear his part. In the past year, the outstanding success of our bazaar; our scrap metal collections, and our penny fund have brought signal honor to St. John's as landmarks of achievement. Such an enviable record of success has been established only through the close co-operation of students and teacher, and through our willingness to sacrifice for victory. Yet our sacrifices at school are as nothing compared with those we are called upon to make in this world of chaos and confusion we now enter. To us belongs the task not only of winning the war but also of winning the peace! Let us ally ourselves with the youth of the world in a continuance of this unselfish co-operation and willingness to sacrifice. Let us not underestimate the task; let us redouble our efforts.

Soon we shall be at the parting of the ways. Some of us will enlist in our country's armed forces; others will adventure further into the realms of knowledge; still others will enter into the various war industries. Although many of us will seem to take different paths as we seek the "untraveled world" of tomorrow, we are in reality journeying together in one wide clear road. For beyond the horizon this road leads to the common goal of happiness. To reach the goal we must tread steadily on cobblestones of perseverance, cross joyously the bridges of understanding and pass happily through the archways of friendship. Neither must we fall by the wayside of dissension, nor stumble in the ruts of uncertainty. Let us chart our course for the future by lessons taught to us at school. Let us not look down but let us look up—"usque ad astra"—to the stars themselves.



## SCHOOL COUNCIL (CONTINUED)

a heated monologue on war work. Everyone agrees that "we must get even better results" and leaves it to the War Efforts Committee. Joe Cantor proceeds to report on the last dance and to ask about the next one. Evelyn, who attends most of the dances, has something to say about the social success of the dance—or otherwise. What would naturally follow this is the treasurer's report of the dance, but Kinneret has forgotten to have one made up. She'll have it next week, certainly—or next month. Morley, the Grade XII boys' representative, and Ed, the Boys' Matriculation Captain, try to hide their indignation. Upon John's request they proceed to report the reaction of their House to the question of the hour. It may be—"Single or Double Tickets?," "Outsiders to Graduation?," or "Should girls invite boys to the Sadie Hawkins Dance?," etc. Reports are heard from

Muriel, Captain of Girls' Commercial House, and from Joan, school vice-president. Then some brave soul makes a motion and George seconds it. Such progress! After the vote is taken all eyes turn searchingly to our advisers—Mr. Reeve, Miss Owens and Mr. Dotten. The decision is then adopted—one way or the other.

But before you receive the impression that our council does not function efficiently and does not accomplish anything, let me assure you, as an unbiased observer, of the true facts. Under the direction of John Melnick, our devoted president, and under the wise guidance of Mr. Reeve and the staff members, with the co-operation of the students on the council, the School Council has tried to serve the school as best it could. May next year's council be twice as good!

KINNERET DIRNFIELD.

# Home and School Association



Two years ago, due to the earnest and energetic efforts of Mr. Reeve, and also partly due to the students of St. John's, there came into being a Home and School Association. This Association, embracing teachers, students, and parents, in short, the whole community, has for its purpose the welding together of the two major factors in a child's life. And it is not only the welfare of the students, which is the interest of the Association, but the eventual betterment of the community as a whole.

This year has seen both achievements and disappointments. The crowning success of the year's work was the Fair, held on November 7, 1942, to send parcels to our graduates in the Armed Forces Overseas. Opened by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, it was carried out in good old-fashioned style, with nothing lacking; everything from hot-dogs to fortune telling and from a grocery sale to a hand-made penny-pitch. The spirit with which the \$3,000 objective was reached may be expressed in the words of one of the contributors, who, on finding the price of an article on sale lower than the retail price, insisted on paying the full amount, remarking "I came to give, not to get." The Fair was an example of what can be done by enthusiastic, united effort. Great satisfaction was derived from the chagrin of the sceptics who predicted that we had aimed too high. The letters of thanks from our boys, coming as they did from all over the world, were praise and reward enough.

This initial success encouraged the Home and School (as it is familiarly called) to strengthen the organization and increase membership. The three groups, the Educational, the Guidance, and the Social, introduced discussions on such timely topics as "Self-Government in the school", "The Assignment System", and "Re-adjustment of the curriculum to suit present-day needs". Several of these discussions were carried over to the large general meetings. At one of these, a memorable one insofar as attendance and enthusiasm were concerned, Mr. Grusz and Miss Pettingell led the discussion on: (1) Why does a student fail; should he be helped?

(2) Is the student in the right course? (3) What should the school do in the way of social training?

At other meetings during the course of the term, the Home and School had occasion to greet such distinguished guests as the Hon. Ivan Schultz, Dr. Crossley Hunter and four representatives from the School Board.

Another feature of this program was the Psychology Group, the lectures being delivered by Professor C. E. Smith, of the University of Manitoba. The professor's extensive knowledge and tact made these evening features very popular.

In spite of all these successes, for a time interest and enthusiasm lagged. Attendance dropped and even Mr. Reeve doubted whether the Association should carry on. When put to a vote the decision was a decisive "yes". Prospects grew brighter as telephone calls and mail to the parents produced results.

It was at this time that attention centred on the Scholarship and Bursary fund, the aim being to assist financially the worthy students who would otherwise be unable to continue their education. Mrs. Gray directed the making of thirteen quilts, twelve of which were raffled off for the fund, the other being donated to the Red Cross.

The year's work was reviewed by President Alistair Stewart in his report presented at the last meeting. He said that it was due to the influence of the Home and School that a commercial Grade XII had been established at St. John's. He expressed the hope that the purpose and enthusiasm on which the Association was founded would carry it through to its ultimate goal. It was at this meeting also that the following executive was elected for the coming year. President, Mr. Alex. Cantor; Vice-President, H. C. Proctor; Executive, Mrs. Alex. Werier, Mrs. W. J. L. Gray, Mrs. B. Dyma, Mrs. I. Zipursky; Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. J. Manson; Associate Secretary-Treasurer, Miss C. K. McLean.

# In Acknowledgment

## Sam Kare, Morley Bell

I wish first to acknowledge the invaluable help given to me by my staff in general and by these two boys in particular. Sam and Morley spent much of their time and leather in pounding up and down town pavements in search for ads. The money gained therein has set the "Torch" up financially for the second consecutive year.



Miss MacLean

A friendly smile, a willing, helping hand, an efficient office worker — need more be said about that unselfish personage in the office who will ever look up the location of rooms and teachers at the drop of the word? The "Torch" is indeed indebted to Miss MacLean for the most urgent aid which she cheerfully afforded the staff at all times.

## Mr. Newfield, Mr. Burrows, Miss Collisson

This trio of hard-working staff advisors most certainly deserve some acknowledgment for the large quantity of time and patience given unreservedly to the staff. Without Mr. Newfield's supervision of the "Torch" books and other financial matters; Mr. Burrow's interest in the literary end of the Year Book; or Miss Collisson's large contribution in the form of typists; I must certainly admit that the "Torch" would not be the book that it is.

## Mr. Adamson, Mr. Birley, Mr. Sinclair

A few sincere words are long over-due to our industrious caretakers. When the staff was organized in February, the first of many difficulties that presented itself to myself and my associates, was the acquisition of some room in which the "Torch" business and affairs could be conducted. We literally found ourselves a corporation without an office. But this difficulty was solved when by the kind permission of the men mentioned above, we were presented this room, their own private abode, as our own special "Torch" room. This unselfish donation, together with the help given us at the "Torch" Dance, presents us with a debt that cannot be paid by mere words.

## Joe Cantor

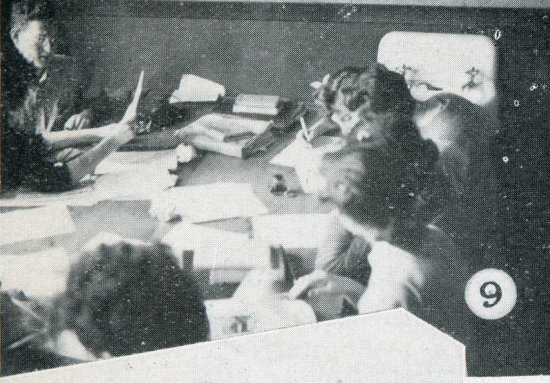
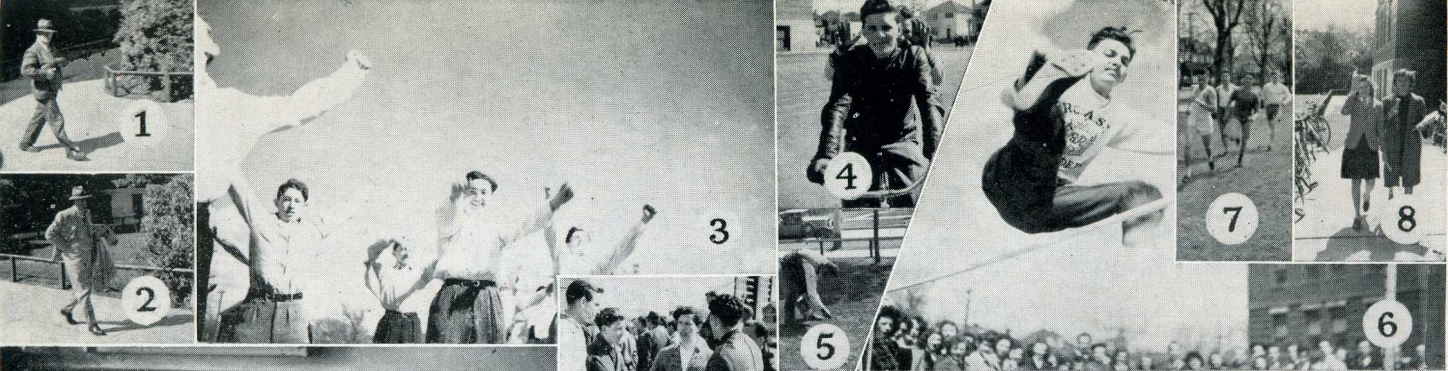
This very helpful and willing chap is the person who put up all the lights and decorations at the "Torch" Dance. Without him, I am afraid, no ornaments or music would have been seen or heard.

## Miss Horner

Let it not be said of this year's staff that they allow any hard and meritorious work go by unnoticed. Miss Horner has been deeply engrossed in extra-curricular work from the start of the term, and much credit is due her for the willingness in which she agreed to aid the staff in revising the Literary Section.

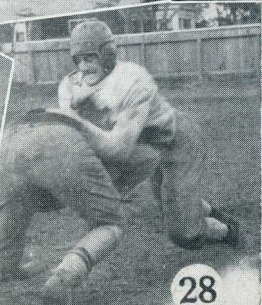
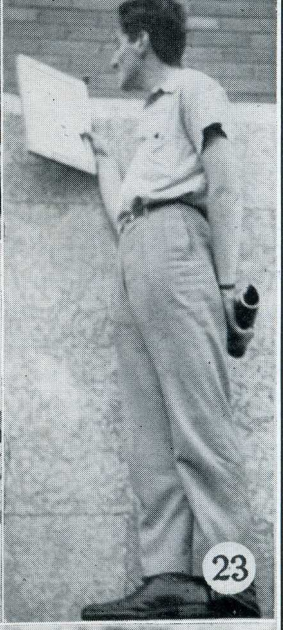
"Persons we delight to honor."  
The Editor.





### CANDID SHOTS

1. Stick 'em up!
2. I got 'cha covered!
3. O.K., we surrender.
4. Look out behind you!
5. 1-2-3- Hike.
6. What H<sub>2</sub>O can do.
7. Guess why we're running.
8. Refreshment after the chase.
9. Only the editor can face it.
10. Talk about girls catting.
11. Fugitives from the scrap pile.
12. Before exams.
13. I wonder who they're chasing.
14. They've got the right thiery there.
15. The trusting soul.
16. Cats.
17. Cats.
18. And more cats.
19. After exams.
20. Genii of Maths.
21. Genii of \_\_\_\_\_.
22. He pushed the first valve down . . .
23. The great profile?
24. St. John's infantry and mobile corps.
25. The end.
26. Gidd-y-up!
27. Who raised the bar?
28. Bull fight.
29. Explaining a spiral stair case.





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**CANDID SHOTS**

1. A colonel and a nut.
2. There were four little sisters . . .
3. And four little brothers.
4. Good old Tech!
5. There's plenty to see at St. John's . . .
6. Such as . . .
7. Or . . . !
8. You tell him, Bernie!
9. Better late . . .
10. The flag party.
11. There are always other things to see at Field Day.
12. Our sturdy stalwarts.
13. So I flunked, so what!
14. Dave burning up the stretch.
15. We sometimes work, too.
16. XI-A plus Captain Nerman.
17. Turn around, Vic.
18. Waiting for Lefty.
19. Come on, Dinky!
20. I'd rather write it out.
21. Sometimes I see double.
22. After a hard day's work (Ha!).
23. . . . with the greatest of ease.
24. Working hard, Ed?
25. Who's the girl-friend, Mr. Allison?
26. Mama, buy me one ob dose!
27. Wooing the muse
28. Als fur das "Torch"!
29. B.O.?
30. I like this view.
31. Why so serious, Ray?

SALTER  
SODA BAR • PRESCRIPT

23

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## Going to University next year?

If so, it's wise to get some of your books during the summer. The Book Department is owned and operated by the University for the college students of Winnipeg.

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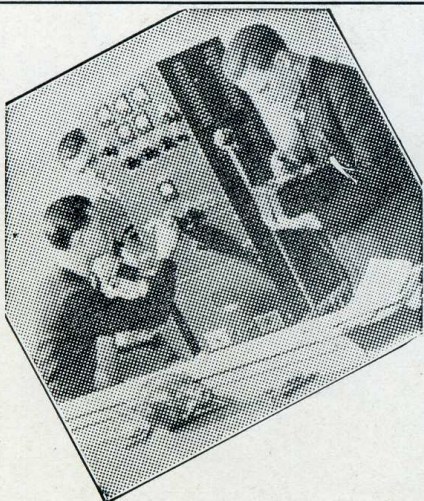
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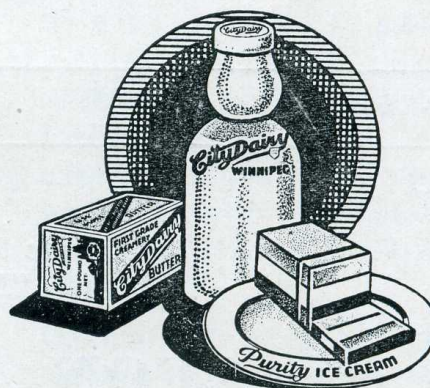
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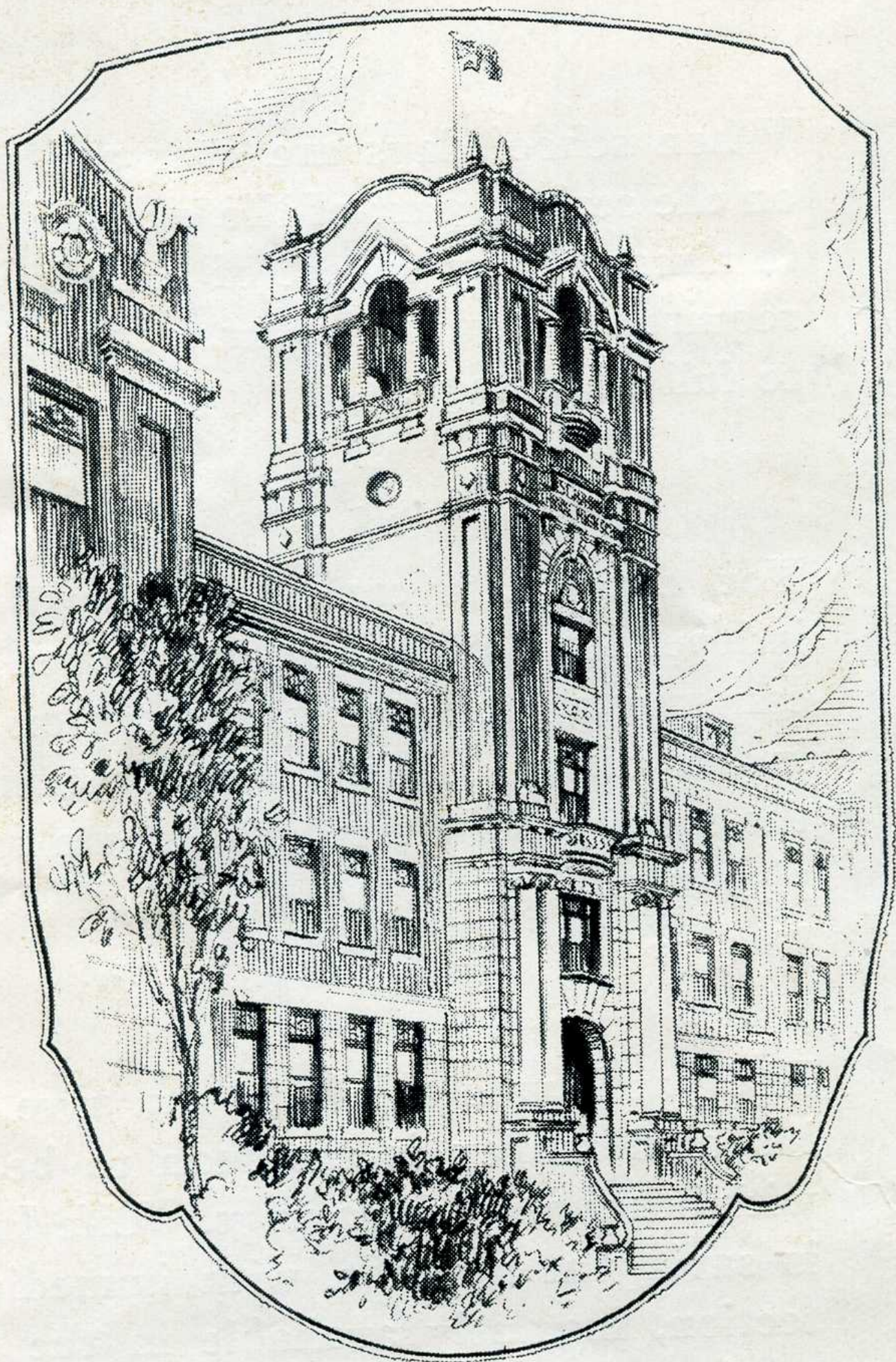
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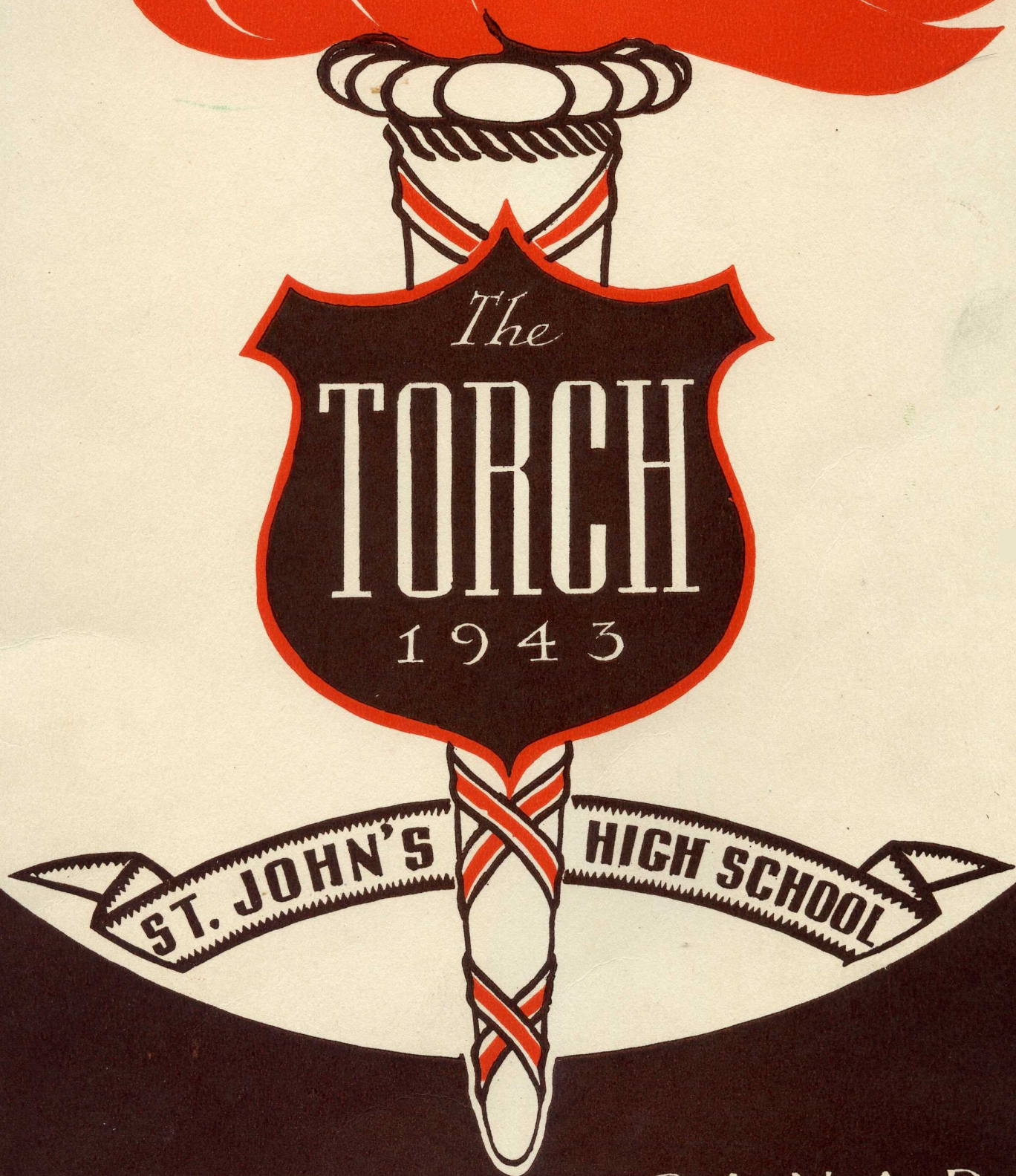
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