

# WEST HILL HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL



1936

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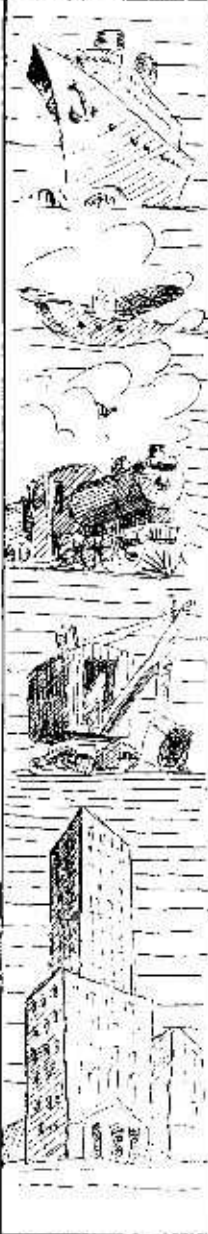
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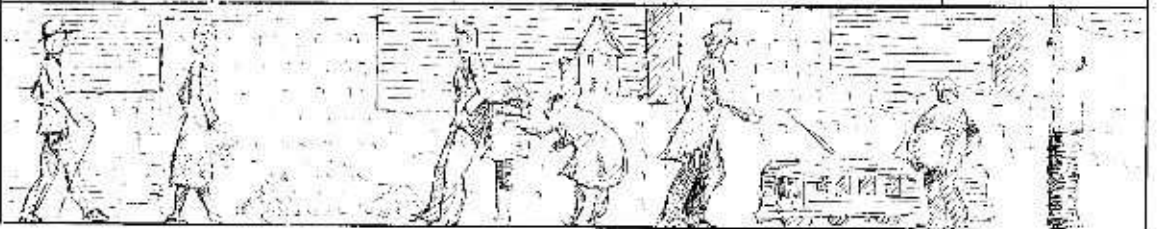
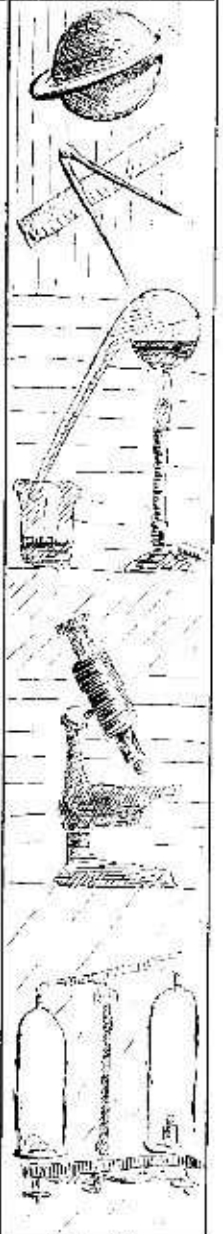
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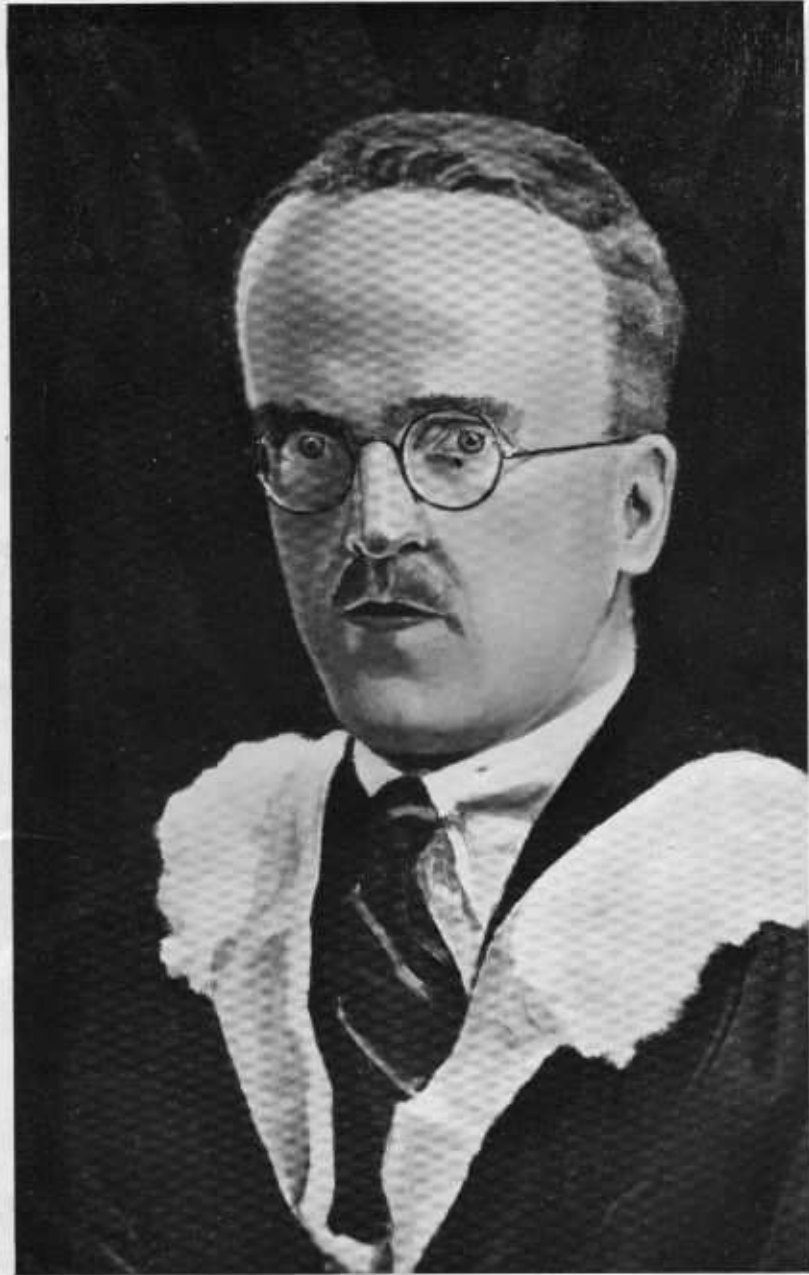
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*From an oil painting by  
Robert Esdaile, XI-B.*

*To the  
Memory  
of*

JOHN CHRISTOPHER JONES HODGSON, B.A.

*Author and Teacher*

This IXth volume of the  
West Hill High School  
Annual is dedicated

"Gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche"



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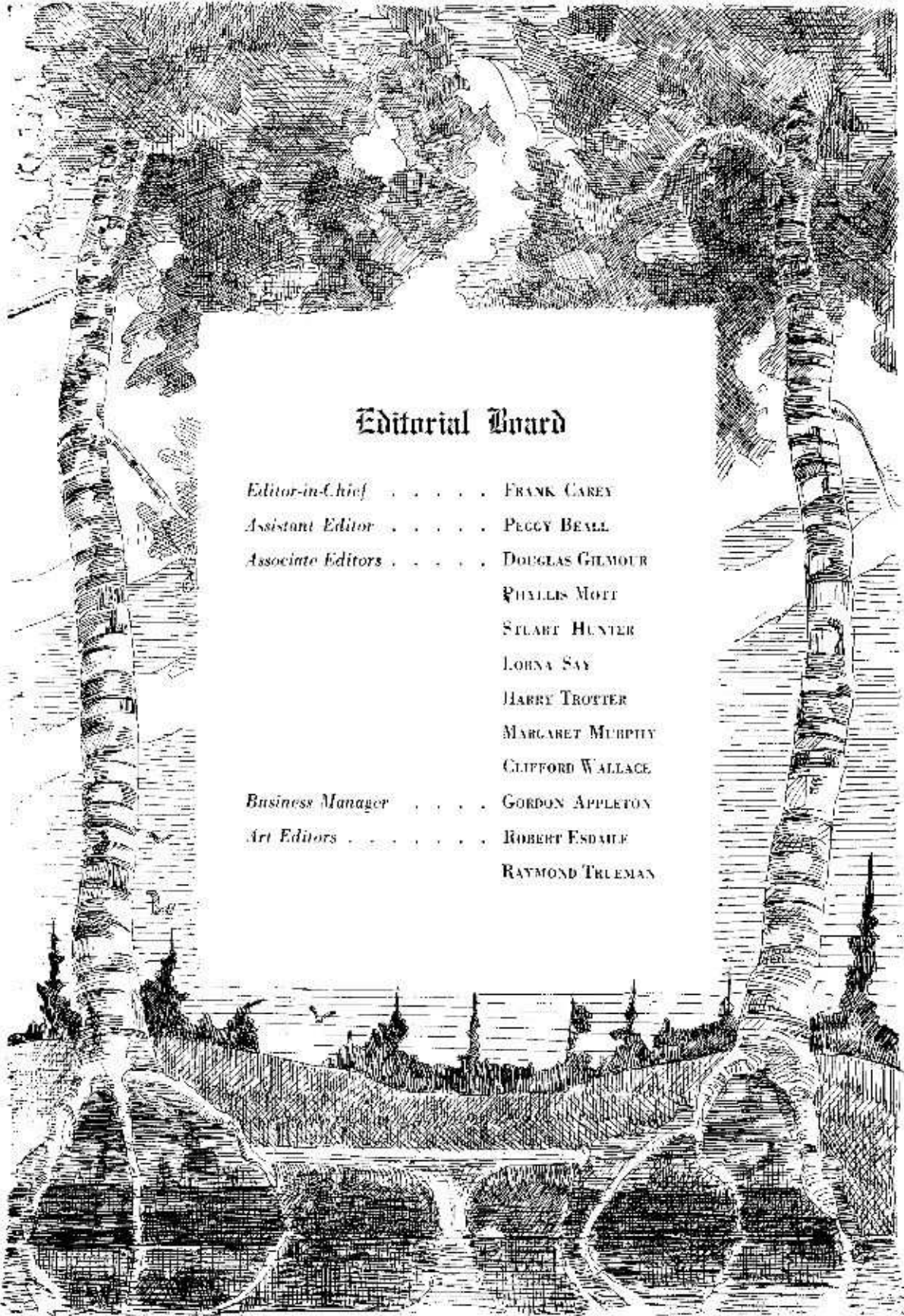
*Act well your part  
there all the honor lies."*

?

We pen these lines to you  
of the Graduating Class ...  
Bear them always in mind  
for whether your objective  
be the world of commerce,  
finance or further academic  
study, ever will they stand  
you in good stead.







### Editorial Board

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## EDITORIAL

**I**N common with the whole Empire, in this, the ninth West Hill High School Annual, we pay tribute to the memory of our beloved sovereign, King George V. To his successor, His Majesty, King Edward VIII, we tender our loyalty and allegiance. We trust that the gracious influence of his father's life will continue to be an inspiration and example to him and the whole British Empire. We join with all in the toast, "The King! God bless him".

This year has been particularly fruitful in outstanding achievements by the school. In sport her athletes played the game for the game's sake and brought home to West Hill two city championships and one divisional. In dramatics the reputation gained last year was augmented until West Hill has become a by-word in high school dramatics throughout Eastern Canada. Her fame in the realm of music was equally noteworthy. More students have taken part in school activities than ever before in the history of this institution.

It is befitting that such an array of attainments be recorded in a school annual. Here may be found, in addition, a representative display of the talent of the school with pen and brush, literary, poetical and artistic.

To all contributors, whose hearty co-operation and keen endeavours have made this annual possible, the Editors extend their sincere appreciation.

We trust that the contents of these pages will contain for you hours of pleasure in the present, and in the future, when high school days are far behind, memories of happy days, well-spent.

## A KING PASSES TO REST

*Written After Seeing The Picture of The Funeral of King George V.*

The crowds are hushed, and silence reigns  
Save for music's subdued strains,  
There in the street with arms reversed,  
The soldiers of England, deep immersed  
In sorrow, march in silent awe,  
For him who lived and moved and saw  
And now lies dead on yonder gun.  
The full length of the course he's run:  
The Abbey bell with sadness rings  
As King is borne to King of Kings,  
See where the men in navy blue  
Carry the man they served so true,  
Behind, a group of kings does walk,  
His ship has reached the landing dock,  
Beside his hearse in silent line  
His stalwart guardsmen clothed so fine,  
March with sorrow-laden feet  
Along the margin of the street,  
A look of grief is on each face  
As a king is borne to his resting place.  
In contrast to those coats of brown,  
The royal sceptre and the crown  
He'd worn and wielded for our good,  
And now lies shrouded in yon hood,  
A noise like thunder fills the air,  
The nation's guns boom in despair,  
Wherever England's banner's furled,  
The same is heard throughout the world,  
And men and nations silent stood  
In memory of King George the Good.

R. W. HERRING, Grade XII.

## TO MR. HODGSON

A robin sings a doleful melody  
 Over his grave, from on yon bushy spray,  
 While I, who loved him more than ought can say,  
 Have not a way to show my sympathy.  
 Oft have we walked in shade of blooming tree,  
 When Spring o'er all the world held queenly sway,  
 Oft has he helped me on my weary way  
 With some kind thought, in warmest amity,  
 No more shall he, in icy winter's cold,  
 Or in some warmer locale, talk with me,  
 No more shall I his smiling face behold,  
 Or cringing from his inculcation flee,  
 For he has passed away, and may his soul,  
 In Heaven with his Maker, happy be.

RALPH ABERCROMBY, N-B

## MR. J. C. J. HODGSON, B.A.—A TRIBUTE

T. SOMMERVILLE, M.A.

*Rector Montreal High School*

ON Tuesday, September 4th, 1923, there gathered in the Staff Room at West Hill High School five men, representatives of the four countries comprising the British Isles, an Englishman, an Irishman, a Welshman and two Scotsmen. These men, strangers to each other before that date, were to be the male teaching staff of the school for the session.

What an intimate group that was! How all our national prejudices were removed by the happy comradeship that came into being, a comradeship that has been dissolved in part by the translation of four members of the group to other responsibilities and activities, and by the passing-on of one member, Mr. Hodgson.

All his friends were inexpressibly shocked to hear of Mr. Hodgson's death on February 4th. While he had been ailing for some months, and latterly had been unable to attend to his duties in school, none of us realised how ill he was. When we visited him during this time, he invariably met us with such a show of cheerfulness and genuine pleasure, that we were deceived into thinking his sickness was less serious than it was. This fortitude was characteristic of the man.

Now we have only our memories of him, mem-

ories of his pawky North-of-England humour, of his racy, war anecdotes, of his many pithy criticisms of men and affairs, of his preferred enthusiasms for social and educational reform, all of which were part and parcel of the man and endeared him to us who were his colleagues.

Mr. Hodgson was a gifted writer, with a decided facility for happy expression, and a definite urge to put pen to paper. His first novel had just been published and very favourably reviewed. He wrote many articles on Education and Social Reform for weekly papers, and magazines. His contribution to the School Annual was always a literary feature, and it is eminently fitting that this year's publication should contain a tribute to the 'man and his work'.

An able scholar and teacher, Mr. Hodgson merits the enduring gratitude of the community for his work during the twelve years he was among us. His ideal of education was not the mere imparting of knowledge for the successful passing of Examination, but the ideal contained in the wish he often expressed to me—How he would like to see carved above the main doorway of the school the words "Here we build character"—.

The judgment of his fellow teachers is that the life of the school is the poorer with his passing, the judgment of his pupils will be that they have lost a sympathetic teacher and interested friend.

## CHANGES IN THE STAFF

**T**HIS year marked several changes in the personnel of the teaching staff at West Hill. The majority of these changes were among the masters and were largely due to promotion and redistribution of classes caused by the departure of several teachers.

To the great regret of all who knew him, Mr. J. G. S. Brash was forced by ill-health to retire for a year, and is at present visiting in Scotland. The eleventh years in particular miss his industrious services and we hope he will be fully recovered and back with us next year.

Another vacancy was created among the eleventh year masters by the short illness and sad death of Mr. J. C. J. Hodgson, beloved author-teacher.

These two vacancies resulted in a general promotion in all grades. Several new teachers were brought in the eighth year in the persons of Messrs. Racey and Trudel. On the unfortunate death of the latter early in the term, Mr. Davidson was sent to replace him.



T. SOMMERVILLE, M.A.



D. B. WILSON, B.A.

It was with great pleasure, yet with a sense of loss, that we heard of the promotion of Mr. Thomas Sommerville, genial vice-principal, to the position of head-master of Montreal High. We are confident that he will win the affection and respect of all, there as here. To fill the post of vice-principal, now vacant, Mr. D. B. Wilson, popular eleventh year French teacher, was appointed and has done yeoman service all year.

In addition, Mr. Self has been with us this year, filling in and taking over an extra eighth year class that was formed in January.

Among the lady teachers Miss Parker returned to the school after a year's sick-leave and has been solely responsible for the superb organization in the Library this year.

Miss Ryan, who was on loan from Baron Byng last year, returned there and was replaced by Miss Marsters. Miss Lindsay also came over from Rosedale to teach eighth year.

FRANK CAREY, XI-B.





### COMPOSITIONS

USUALLY, my method of writing the bi-monthly contribution to the realm of literary art is as follows. On waking up at the end of the composition period, I get the list of subjects from some exemplary student, who has used the period to add to his store of knowledge, and determine to write, for once, a composition that will really do me justice. Unfortunately, by the time the fifteen minutes which I set aside for homework every night (week-ends excluded) arrives, my will has weakened, and I excuse myself by saying it would be disastrous to attempt a masterpiece when not in the mood. This process of putting off continues until the day of reckoning is at hand. As on previous occasions, I feel devoid of all inspiring thoughts (others would tell you this is not unnatural) but I am faced by the fact that I can no longer avoid this by now unpleasant task, so I run my eye down the list of assigned titles and pick the easiest. In this season, Spring would doubtless be one topic, so we will take it as an example. After several false starts, I begin to think that this essay might not be as bad as my usual ones, and my first real attempt reads something like this:

Spring! Everybody, near the end of winter, must feel something stirring within his innermost self. That soon the lush countryside will be tinted in soft pastoral shades, that trees will be budding, flowers blooming, birds singing with gay abandon, and immediately one's outlook begins to brighten. As the renowned bard Shelley says:

"If winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"

Browning, in Italy, felt these same emotions when he wrote:

"Oh to be in England now that April's there."

At about this juncture I read what I have written and easily see that my language is a little high-sounding. On reading it a second time, I realize that it is mostly tripe! I could never think that about Spring while in full possession of my senses. Thus I decide to go to the other extreme, keeping in some quotations which always go over well, and my next effort goes somewhat in this fashion:

Spring is once more here, bringing with her slushy streets, rains, windy days, and other such-like plagues. Browning, the poet, wrote: "Oh to be in England now that April's there." It is noteworthy that he wrote this when in Italy, and thus did not appreciate the muddy and flooded countryside, the fog and sleet, the epidemics of colds and the discomforts of sore throats.

When I have covered several pages in this strain, I realize, on reading it, that it is a bit too jaundiced, and it follows my first attempt into the wastepaper basket. Thus, on my third and last try, I merely set down my thoughts about Spring, which by now are unprintable. Defeated, I remove the damp towel from my fevered brow and fall into bed. Next morning I read my fellow sufferer's effusions. At noon, I hastily scribble a well-nigh meaningless page of others' ideas, which I hand in, and duly expect the usual fifty. However, next time, I promise myself, I shall write a composition that will really do me justice.

D. THACKER, XI-B.

### "OUR ANNUAL"

We hear another knock upon the door,  
 And look, that boy is here again;  
 He comes to urge us on and to explain  
 Just what it is he wants—no less, no more.  
 We look at him, the ceiling, then the floor,  
 He's sure, he says, that it won't cause us pain  
 To write some article that's short and plain:  
 And so he leaves, hoping we'll do our chore.  
 Now here it comes from weeks of work and toil,  
 So filled with valiant deeds of West Hill's sport,  
 All dressed up in her colours, Red and Grey,  
 A book we're proud of and we're sure won't  
 spoil,

A book we'll gladly send from port to port,  
 So here it is, let's give a cheer, hurray!

NORMA ROBINSON, X-C.

### SCHOOL IN INDIA

EVERY year about the middle of February a tragic scene took place at Howrah Station in Calcutta, India. At least it was tragic to those taking part, though, no doubt, to the spectators it was rather amusing. It was the occasion of our departure for the hills for school, a procedure which divided our family for eight months since Dad had to stay in Calcutta to work. And so every year our family was together for about four months.

This method of getting an education may seem very queer to North Americans but it is very necessary. The summer months on the plains where Calcutta is situated are extremely hot and very trying, especially to children. And so for these months it was our habit to go for our schooling to the foothills of the Himalayas, 7,500 feet above sea level.

The schools in the hills are mostly American mission schools attended by the children of American missionaries. At one school, my brother and I were the only British children; at another, there was one Canadian girl. The teachers are sent out from the States expressly to teach. To get the full amount of work done, there is school on Saturday mornings except the last Saturday of the month which is a whole holiday. And how the pupils wait for that day!

But though the children are up there to study, they thoroughly enjoy themselves. Every afternoon after school was over, a crowd of us used to race around playing wonderful games among the rocks and trees. I have never found such an

ideal play-spot as the hill-station where we spent four successive summers. The houses were built on the top of a high ridge—one side looking down upon a lake, the other across to the snow-covered Himalayas. Where our house was built, the ridge was just a little wider than the length of a tennis court. Nearby, there were the most exciting paths to follow, the most thrilling places to explore. It was the kind of country to thoroughly captivate a child.

And so, in spite of the sorrowful partings which these trips caused, our school-days in the hills were really the happiest days of our lives.

PEGGY BEALL, XI-A.

### DE SIEGE OF DE BAKER CAR

De place we find she's West Hill School  
 One good fine place say me  
 Le temps de deuxième period,  
 Ou non maybe t'was t'rec.

De bell for come recess she sound,  
 By golly he's a sight,  
 For boy and girl dey go around  
 And do like bull-mads fight.

Den down de stair dey all do go,  
 At whippet race-dog pace.  
 Until de garçon up in front  
 Is push and fall on face.

He's get up wis a 'ollow groan,  
 But not for sight can stop,  
 His pants dey too will have be sewn  
 De're split from end to top.

For why ces animals say you,  
 Avec such vitesse run?  
 De girl dey go, dey yell hard too,  
 Wis argent for buy bun.

De Baker car he is besiege,  
 De man his sous he take,  
 One voice in thiek of crowd she say,  
 "Your foot he's in mon cake."

So dere my friend de reason is,  
 For all de rush-ful row,  
 I say she much bologne is,  
 Peut-être I hear. "And how?"

Dere are of several school I know  
 Dat do to lessons take,  
 Dis school would up dere lessons throw  
 For cookie, pie and cake.

C. D. WALLACE, XI-B.

## THE MINISTER OF JUSTICE

CHIEF-of-police David Smythe placed the money neatly in his black leather wallet, shook hands with the manager and left the bank with a tune on his lips. Eight hundred dollars with which to buy a new car, a thing which up till now had existed only as a desire.

Smythe strolled along the boulevard, taking a round-about way home in order that he might admire the latest models at the Annual Automobile Show. He left the Show some forty minutes later, still undecided as to whether green or blue was more preferable. He had chosen the car he wanted. In fact, the over-anxious salesman had suggested that Smythe pay for the car and decide afterwards just what shade would be more favourable. But Smythe had not paid for the car—that was not his way of doing business.

The Chief reached his house still wondering. He was about to ascend the steps when shouts nearby drew his attention. He stepped hastily across the street where two men were engaged in fistic combat. One he recognized as the minister who held the door for him as he left the bank. The other was a young man not more than twenty. Between gasps the elderly gentleman explained that he had been walking along when he had been attacked by the youth. Smythe said he would take the assailant in hand, and would have done so had not the minister intervened—"Wait, just a minute! We can't arrest him. He is only a boy!" The youth was quite pale and glanced nervously at the other two. The minister stepped closer and proceeded to relate a story concerning a young man who had done exactly what this boy had done, and who was eventually led to murder. The minister addressed the boy as he would a congregation and closed by giving him a small black book. He cast a significant glance at Smythe who quietly left the scene.

Slowly the chief entered the house, took off his cap and tunic, and walked into the living room. "It's a funny thing what can be done with just a few words, if they're the right kind," he mused. "That kid has probably learned his greatest lesson— not by the firm hand of the law by honourable justice."

About to retire Smythe put his hand in his pocket. He jumped up—it was gone! "Impossible," he thought, yet ran to the window just in time to see a car turn the corner. He could just discern the figure of a 'minister' at the wheel and beside him a young man. The Chief paled.—"Wheew! Eight hundred dollars!"

WILLIAM WHELAN, IX-B.



## THE ROAD'S SCHOLAR

The blisters on my hands are large,  
My feet are tired and sore,  
For I am on the snow gang now,  
I go to school no more.

Last Spring I passed through open gates,  
My spirits seem to fly,  
Alas! against me were the fates,  
And now I can but sigh.

In Summer time I sought a job,  
"No work here" read the sign,  
I shrugged my shoulders, whistled hard,  
I saw the long bread line.

I trod the busy city street,  
I searched but all in vain,  
Through blinding hail, through sticky sleet,  
Through snow and driving rain.

I hate the cold, the winter's blast,  
The snow piled in the street;  
I look at my poor bruised hands,  
And rub my aching feet.

But let's not sing this mournful dirge,  
Instead let us be gay,  
And try our best to find a job,  
To earn three meals a day.

DOUGLAS GILMOUR, XI-B.

## PRELUDE TO ROMANCE

FROM a borrowed deck-chair he watched her approach the stern rail, lean over, and gaze dreamily at the path of outraged water the Empress had cut in the serenity of the star-lit St. Lawrence. This was his moment, he realized; everyone else seemed to be dancing; the deck was deserted, the very pensiveness of the girl seemed to invite companionship; if ever he was to speak, this was the time.

Walking over deliberately, he planted his elbows beside hers and said, softly: "It is beautiful, isn't it?"

Startled, she turned to him quickly, looked at him frankly for a moment, then uttered a dignified little "Yes". With a breath of relief he delivered a few preliminary speeches he had prepared; the worst, most terrifying moment had passed. He had been so afraid that, in spite of her obvious youthfulness, her frank interest in things, and the expression in her eyes that had seemed to say: "I'll take your dare, Sir!" she might dismiss his first speech with a tilt of her pretty chin and walk away. But she hadn't. He was saying now: "Seems a pity we get this weather only the last night, doesn't it? We reach Quebec before morning, I understand".

"Yes," she agreed. Then, after a pause, she volunteered: "This is the first night I've been on deck since we left the English Channel."

"So it got you too, did it?" he commented sympathetically. "Anyway, you're not the only one. I was all right going over but I surrendered for a day and half this time."

"You must be a good sailor," she returned. "I've been in my cabin so much I've come to hate the sight of it. Apart from Dad I've scarcely met a soul this trip." She smiled at him. "I'm sure I haven't seen you around, for instance, although there's something about you that seems familiar."

"I recognized you at once," he astounded her by saying. "You're Julia Price, aren't you?"

"Yes, but how—?"

"You must remember Lady Summer—in London—and that party of hers—"

"Lady Summer's party? Yes, Yes, of course. But you, you weren't—"

"You don't remember meeting me? Well, I don't blame you. You must have met so many people that night."

She looked away in bewilderment for a moment or two, then turned back to him apologetically: "That must be it. I'm awfully sorry, really; I ought to remember . . ."

"I'm Roger Blakeney," he told her, "from Montreal, too." He might have added that the "Montreal" he had discovered opposite her name in the Cabin List, but he didn't.

"Will you be glad to get home?" she asked him, to change the subject.

"In a way, I have to start to work next week—my first job: so that ought to be a bit exciting."

"I should think so," she agreed. "But didn't you find it a pull to say good-bye to London, or were you there a long time?"

"I scarcely went anywhere else. It has so much to offer. Did you come to know it well?"

"Dad and I explored it together for about a month," she told him.

"A month!" he echoed. "You were lucky. I had only ten days. But I saw some things I shall never forget, like the Science Museum, and the Thames Embankment at night, and travelling in tubes, and the most marvellous old bookshop, with first editions and everything."

"It wasn't Josiah Smith's by any chance, was it?" she asked.

"Smith's! Yes, that's the one. Did you find it too?"

"Dad took me there. We were able to get a Rupert Brooke first edition."

"Don't tell me you got that? Say, isn't that the funniest thing! You see, I was looking at that Brooke one day—it was the only one they'd had in two years, the chap said—but it was over two pounds, so—well, I thought I couldn't afford it. Then I decided I just had to have it, even if I starved until the Empress sailed, so I went back for it the next day. The old fellow told me he had sold it not more than an hour before."

"Oh, too bad we were up so early that morning. Never mind, maybe I'll . . . Anyway, you'll have to blame your friend Lady Summer for sending us there. She's a peach, don't you think?"

"Oh, yes, a great old sport," he hastily agreed.

"You wouldn't call her *old*, would you?"

"No, I didn't mean old, but—er—she's had a most interesting life, don't you think?"

"I don't know, has she? Tell me about it," she urged. Roger hesitated. In desperation he stammered: "Well, I mean . . . being there during the war . . . er . . . and all that, you know."

"Oh, I see. About that party of hers—I didn't dance with you that night, did I?"

"No, you didn't," he replied, "though I asked you to. Don't you remember that either?"

The girl turned on him mockingly: "Roger Blakeney, you're amusing me frightfully! Really, you know, I can't see why you're doing it, mak-

(continued on page 53)



A GIRL STAG AT A WEST HILL  
TEA DANCE

Monday

Did you hear about the dance on Friday?

Yes, are you going? I can't make up my mind.

Neither can I. I'll go if you will.

And so on until Friday at noon:

Are you going to the dance?

I haven't yet made up my mind. Let's not wear our uniforms, then we can decide this afternoon.

At 3.30

Well, are you going?

Shall we go downstairs and see who's there?

They go downstairs:

I dare you to go in.

I will if you will.

Just a minute, I've got to comb my hair.

They go into the locker-room, and then look into the gym again:

Are you all ready? I'm going.

Oh, gosh. I left my purse with my quarter in it upstairs.

They go back to the class-room and again arrive at the ticket-taker.

Wait a second, my lip-stick is all off.

They enter the locker-room. . . Then without further ado, they pay their quarters and enter the gym.

Would you say there are three or four times as many girls as boys here?

Don't exaggerate, there are only about twice as many.

Stop pushing. I wonder what the dance-floor looks like?

Here I go—Whew! Well, here we are in the front row. How did you survive?

Here, do up my collar. I think someone grabbed it as I went by.

After the dance:

Hello, how did you fare?

Promise not to tell? I had five dances. I think. Boy, were you lucky. I was stuck with some "cluck" who walked all over my feet. Come on! Let's go before he gets a chance to wait at the door.

Monday morning their class-mates inquire:

What was the dance like? Did you have a good time?

I had a grand time. I even had an escort home. Pretty good for a stag, eh?

And was the floor ever good? You girls missed the treat of your life.

MAVIS BARWICK, N.A.

LIFE IS A SONG!

**B**OULEVARDIER from the Bronx' and 'Little Rose of the Rancho' met 'One Night in Monte Carlo'. 'The West Wind' blew 'After Dark' 'That Never-to-be-Forgotten Night'. "Madonna Mia" he said, "Let's Face the Music and Dance' 'Check to Check'." 'Quicker Than You Can Say Jack Robinson' she replied "I'd Rather Lead a Band' but 'You've Gotta Know How to Dance' so 'Let Yourself Go'."

He answered that with: "I'd Just Love to Take Orders from You' but 'I'd Rather Listen to Your Eyes' because 'I'm the Fellow Who Loves You'." To which she said: "If You Love Me' 'Let's Go' 'Rolling Along', you know 'Life Begins When You're In Love'."

But the dance was 'Short and Sweet' and 'After the Ball Was Over' 'Red Sails in the Sunset' carried him away and she was left 'Alone' 'Underneath a Western Sky' thinking: "I was 'Building Up To An Awful Letdown', I should have known 'Anything Can Happen'." Often one could see her 'Alone at a Table For Two' ordering "Dinner For One, Please, James."

But in his 'Solitude' he was 'Tormented' by 'Memories' of that 'Beautiful Lady in Blue', so they were reunited to the tune of 'Here Comes The Bride' in 'The Little Old Church in The Valley' and then they 'Shuffled Off to Buffalo'.

Now they're living on 'Love and a Dime' and planning 'Every Day' to pawn poor old "Grandfather's Clock in the Hallway'.

DOROTHY KYDD, XI-A.



## LEARNING HOCKEY BY RADIO

YESTERDAY evening while perusing the column "Radio Features" of "The Montreal Daily Star" in search of an evening's entertainment, I chanced to come upon an item reading "Hockey Broadcast". This sounded interesting and as a natural consequence the radio was turned on by that magic switch at the end of the cabinet, which brings forth music, sweet or otherwise. The following are some of the impressions I formed while listening to that game.

The game was just about to begin and every person in the crowd was doing his best to shout louder than his neighbour.

The announcer told us that the referee was facing the puck. I still don't think that it makes any difference whether he faces the puck or turns his back to it.

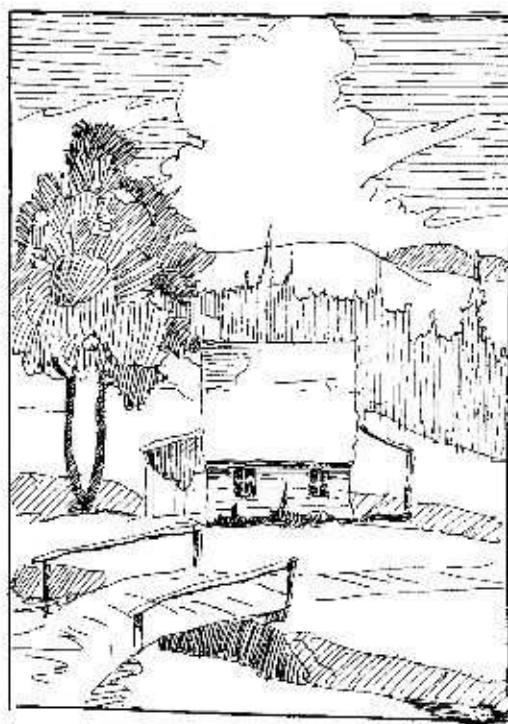
I was soon made certain that the game was played on ice by the fact that every once in awhile the announcer would shout, "He's coming up the ice." If he was coming up the ice, the ice must have been on a slant. The next problem was to find out which way the ice slanted because the players seemed to "come up" the ice from both ends. I eventually concluded that the ice was balanced similar to a seesaw.

The only people, other than the crowd, who seemed to be making much noise were the referees. They had evidently bought some toy whistles some where, and were making as much noise as they possibly could. The referees didn't seem to be very popular because the crowd was always making uncomplimentary remarks about them.

The announcer referred quite often to something called the blue lines. I quickly decided that these blue lines marked the edge of the rink because if the player was over one of these blue lines he was off side which I supposed meant off the side of the ice.

When a player had done a great many things too intricate to follow, he shot the puck. I hoped that pucks were not some poor defenceless things that could not shoot back. After some very concentrated thought, I decided that "puck" was just another name for a target.

The goaler sometimes made what the announcer called "heroic saves". I pondered on this idea of "making saves" for quite awhile before I arrived at what seemed to me to be a solution to this rather knotty problem. The goaler was



evidently a person who looked behind the puck to see if anyone was in the way. If there was anyone there he would immediately rush back and warn the person, about to shoot, of the danger: thus saving the life of the person behind the puck and making himself a hero.

Sometimes however, the player could not be persuaded to refrain from shooting and he scored a goal. I had heard elsewhere that a goal was made by tying several pieces of string to some iron posts. This seemed to me a rather complicated thing to do by the mere shooting of a gun, so I decided that scoring a goal meant an altogether different thing than making a goal. The only possible solution, then, was that the player scored what is usually termed a bull's-eye by hitting the centre of the puck when he shot.

The announcer also made reference to the fact that the player was "tearing up the ice." This seemed nonsensical until I decided that he was making a hole in the ice in front of his fellow player, who was about to shoot, so that he would not slip on the ice and thus spoil his aim.

You can just imagine the pride with which I shall strut up to my classmates to-morrow morning, confident that I will be able to converse freely with them in the language of, and on the topic of that fascinating game called hockey.

D. DUNWODD, IX-B.

## THE AMBIGUOUS PLACE

Cavern dark and O, so gloomy,  
 Place of call for all unkind,  
 There's many a man who's seen thy best,  
 And many a man who's seen thy worst;  
 There's many a man by whom you're blest,  
 And many more by whom you're curst,  
 Two fathoms square, two fathoms deep,  
 Two mortals there a vigil keep,  
 Found midway in a lower hall,  
 Where many a man has met his fall:  
 And many a fearful deed's been done  
 In there by Mr. Atkinson.

JOHN McDONALD, X-D

## A MOMENTOUS DECISION

SHE stood outside the closed door, glancing nervously about her. Time after time she made a false start towards the door, but she could go no further. Her eyes shifted, her lips quivered, her whole face worked convulsively. Someone passed, her hand fluttered to her face and she pressed her clenched fist to her lips. Then, the transformation! There had been tears in her eyes, but now inspiration brought sudden light to them. Hope glowed like the golden embers of a dying fire. Now fully composed, she put her hand to her mouth, and extracted something. This she wrapped in a piece of paper which she placed in her pocket. Heaving a sigh of relief, she made her way to the classroom door, saying as she went "Now I can finish it later. Boy, Wrigley's is swell!"

KATHLEEN SMITH, IX-B

## MEMORIES

Four years have passed. The time has flown  
 As sparrows when a stone is thrown.  
 Among them, separate years have seemed to be  
 Chapters in life's history.  
 Every precious page contains  
 Treasured memories, knowledge gained,  
 By which the tender mind was trained:  
 Chapters which when e'er we please  
 We may muse upon and see  
 Our happiest days; familiar places  
 Made dearer still by loving faces,  
 Years have passed and not in vain  
 For with me memories will remain  
 Until my span of life is run,  
 Until my work on earth is done.

EILEEN LILLEY, XI-C

## AGE

She is so old that passion, hope, and pain,  
 With their attendant ills, have passed her by:  
 She knows no one; all faces look the same  
 To her dim eyes—another world is hers.  
 A world of dreams. See how she gently smiles  
 And pats an unseen head, or on her arm  
 Cradles a ghostly child, and softly hums  
 A little tuneless air of lullaby.  
 Nay, spare your pity! She is happy so—  
 Far happier now than when she too was young—  
 Only good dreams are left, no bad dreams come.

A. L. F.

## GHOSTS

A long, drawn-out wail came to my ears on the crest of a cold, north wind. I stopped but the strange sound was not repeated. The ruins of the old barn were close at hand, looming up out of the blackness of the clearing. Clumps of alder and hazel brushed by me as I hurried on. It was cold, and there was a penetrating dampness. A mist, enshrouding the country-side, added to my discomfort. The light of the bleak moon filtered through the sere boughs above me. I passed a quivering aspen whose leaves trembled as if it too sensed the excitement in the air— or perhaps it was just cold, like I was. An eerie silence descended, and all was still save for the wail of the wind as it whipped through the spectral trees. As I stepped along cautiously, something brushed my head! I gasped, but it was only a dead branch still hanging by its tough bark, and swaying in the wind. I stepped into the moon-lit clearing. The cry came again: now it was rather raspy and thick: it seemed to come from the depths of the rotting barn. I crept closer—looked through one of the many gaping holes in the wall. The straw-strewn floor inside was bathed in ghostly moonlight, which came through a rent in the thickly cob-webbed roof. Looking closely I saw something move in the shadows of one corner; my spine prickled: I could make out a large white body with a ghastly white face. This terrifying monster had two devilish horns. It made a crunching noise, and as I watched, petrified, the thing moved and walked slowly, but deliberately, into the light of the moon. It was our cow Betsy, contentedly chewing her cud!

H. W. PATTERSON, XI-B.



### NEMESIS

**H**IS mind had known no rest now, for four years. Ever since Jack Mills had crashed back in the fall of '36, he had been troubled. It was not so much that he feared some living person would discover what he had done, he had been too careful for that, but rather a superstitious fear that Mills would come back to avenge himself.

He and Mills had enrolled at the same time at Pine Brook and both had done well at flying. However, he had always felt that he was slightly inferior. Nothing came of this until the tryout for that pilot's job Associated Airways had offered at the school. He wanted that job, wanted it so badly that the same spirit, that he had tried to curb so many times before, broke out again.

It was after the main check over that he managed to tamper with Mill's plane and he knew for certain that no one had seen him. Of course he hadn't expected things to happen as they had. All he had wanted was to spoil Mill's chances for the job. Later he saw the wreckage, heard the reports how, after Mills had vainly tried to complete the loop, he came down upside down, motor roaring full speed, wires shrieking in the wind, to crash into a bloody pulp. It wasn't the sight of the wrecked plane that bothered him nor was it the smell of the dried blood and the gasoline that did it; he had seen other

crashes before and they didn't bother him. It was rather a fear of the supernatural. He recalled vividly how they had talked together about returning to the earth from the next world, of ghosts and of ghost planes.

Four years later Peter Bourne, still a successful pilot for Associated Airways, was flying his own plane in the vicinity of Pine Brook. He had not been here for some time, and, with the realization of where he was, his thoughts instinctively turned back to the past. He looked at his watch—the hour was ten. He tried to turn his thoughts elsewhere, but, however hard he tried they always reverted to Mills and the return of the dead. Then he saw it coming at him out of one corner of the darkened sky, he tried to avoid it. Then he heard the roar of its engine, the shriek of its wires in the wind and felt its crash. What was left of his plane drifted slowly to earth and fell in a clump of trees. Of the other plane there was no sign. When they found him, he was raving of ghost ships and men, returned from the dead.

The next day the newspapers carried the report that Peter Bourne died, following a crash caused by a meteor striking his plane. At last his mind knew rest.

PAUL GREENBAUM, XI-D.

### THE FAILURE

If I should fail, think only this of me  
That there's some corner of a seventh year  
room  
That is forever mine. There shall be  
In that dull room, a duller mind concealed.  
A mind which West Hill bored, shaped without  
care,  
Her teachers gave to love, her aisles to roam,  
Washed by the fountain, blessed by morning  
prayers,  
And think this heart all knowledge shed away,  
A scholar in the eternal grade, no less  
Gives somewhere back the thought by West Hill  
given.  
Her girls and boys dream all the five-long day  
And hooky learned of friends, and awkward-  
ness,  
In hearts at play under the Red and Grey.

ARTHUR KIRSCHE, XI-B.

## A SEA VOYAGE

The tugboats whistle shrilly,  
Frightened horses give a snort,  
And sad good-byes are taken.—  
A ship is leaving port.

Picture a crowded dock in the harbour at Montreal. The funnel of a large liner is belching forth great clouds of smoke. On board ship the holiday-makers, sailing to distant lands, are bidding last farewells to their friends. A steward, blowing a bugle, gives warning to those who are not sailing that their time is up. On shore there is something of a commotion as a feverish figure, sprinting like a Percy Williams, grasps the gang-plank at the last minute and scurries up it. At length the liner's whistle is sounded, the dock-hands cast off the ropes, the little tugs work frantically, and thus the liner, with gaily-coloured streamers blowing in the breeze, starts its trip down the majestic St. Lawrence.

O magnificent St. Lawrence!  
Of all Canadian streams,  
The bluest of the blue,  
Panorama of one's dreams.

The St. Lawrence is one of the most beautiful rivers in the world. On either bank lie the quaint, white cottages of the French habitants, with their little strips of land stretching back into the distant woods. At Montreal, the river is spanned by the magnificent Jacques Cartier bridge and, at Quebec, by the more magnificent Quebec bridge.

Quebec, the rocky fortress,  
To the eye presents a sight;—  
A diamond of the morning,  
A shadow of the night.

Quebec City affords a great delight to the incoming traveller. Situated on a rocky promontory, crowned by an ancient citadel and the lovely Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, with its straggling streets and sleepy French atmosphere, stands as a silent guardian of the St. Lawrence.

Gradually the scenery becomes more rugged and bleak. The brisk wind from the Gulf carries with it a tang of the sea. The water is choppy and a slight drizzle of rain makes life on deck rather unpleasant. Standing on deck, one beholds the barren coasts of Labrador and Belle Isle, while straight ahead lies the great Atlantic hiding countless secrets.

The sea air is most invigorating. The ship has

a rolling motion, caused by the action of the land on the sea. A brisk walk around the deck after a delicious meal puts one in a very pleasant mood. To those who suffer from the greatest tragedy of the sea—*mal-de-mer*—alas! what can one say? How pleasant it is to stand at the bow of the liner and watch it cut the foaming seas! How restful to lie in a deck-chair and behold an occasional sea-gull, swooping down from the skies to snatch from the water the refuse thrown out by the ship's chef! How exciting to be on board ship when angry waves, sweeping over the decks, toss it around as if it were paper! How wonderful to see a flaming sunset when the Atlantic is still! Only a slight swell is to be seen as if the ocean's bosom were heaving in the divine light of Heaven!

The heart of the traveller lights up when he catches the first glimpse of land. True, 'tis only the rocky, barren coast of Ireland but 'tis land. Gradually the scenery becomes softer and the luscious green for which Ireland is famous is noticed in the pasture-land. To the Scottish passengers on board, the sight of the Mull of Kintyre throws them into frenzies of delight. A short sail up the beautiful Clyde brings one to Glasgow, where the same busy scene, which took place at Montreal, is re-enacted.

There is hurry, there is bustle  
The traveller's joy obtained;  
The captain gives the orders,  
The home port has been gained.

DOUGLAS GILMOUR, XI-B.

## A STUDENT'S PLEA

We hear it trembling, growing pale,  
It strikes us dumb, we only wail  
When told the next morn we shall hail  
One more exam.

The light burns out before the dawn,  
We are so tired, can't even yawn,  
We drag to school, haggard and wan,  
For that exam.

We lift the pen, smile fades to frown,  
Despair takes hold of us all round,  
We find we took ten hours to down  
The wrong exam.

Oh teachers! have ye just compassion,  
Don't break youth's health in this cruel fashion,  
Oh! make us die—c'en by starvation,  
Not by exams.

BETTY KOBAYASHI, XI-A.

## MARGARET

O come where bloom the roses fair,  
Margaret,  
Whose perfume scents the evening air,  
Margaret,  
Phoebus long has gone to rest  
Behind the mountains of the west:  
The pale moon shines at thy behest,  
Margaret,  
The arbour, bathed in moonlight, lies,  
Margaret,  
Secluded from all other eyes,  
Margaret,  
The nightingale his love-song sings:  
The bat flits by on noiseless wings:  
Tranquillity the still night brings,  
Margaret,  
Come walk with me, thy hand in mine,  
Margaret,  
I want no other love but thine,  
Margaret,  
Thy head upon my shoulder lay,  
For joy lives but from day to day,  
And I would love thee while I may,  
Margaret,  
So, heart to heart, we'll stroll along,  
Margaret,  
For life is sweet, and we are young,  
Margaret,  
Wide seas of glory lie beyond:  
Our feet not fettered to the ground:  
New hope I gained when thee I found,  
Margaret.

FRANK CAREY, M.B.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF  
HAMPTON COURT

**I**N 1515 Cardinal Wolsey built the largest and probably the finest Royal Palace in England—Hampton Court Palace. He lived here in great splendour, often receiving Henry VIII and Catherine of Aragon at banquets, and once entertaining the French ambassador, who brought with him a retinue of four hundred gentlemen. He later presented it to his sovereign as a gift.

After Wolsey's fall, Henry VIII had it enlarged, only to have it destroyed by William III, with the exception of the Great Hall which still stands.

It was in Hampton Court that the Duke of Somerset and Edward VI received protection from their enemies. The Duke escaped to Windsor but was soon captured and sent to the Tower of London.

It was here also that Queen Mary spent her gloomy honeymoon with her Spanish husband,

King Philip. Here Mary was reconciled to Elizabeth, her sister, who later, during her reign, did most of her entertaining in this Palace.

During James I's reign Shakespeare and his company of actors gave several performances in the Great Hall. The authorized version of the Bible was compiled in Hampton Court under the King's supervision.

Here Charles I spent his happiest and later his saddest days. Cromwell was established here during the period that he was in power. Charles II and William and Mary spent much of their time at the Court. In fact, it was in the park of the Palace that William met his death when his horse threw him.

"The Rape of the Lock" took place in Hampton Court during Queen Anne's reign. This became the subject of Pope's famous poem.

It was during the reigns of the three Georges that the Palace was first divided into suites which were allotted to nobles. Even to-day many of these apartments are given to the families of men who have in some way earned the gratitude of England.

Queen Victoria opened the Palace to the public, and for ninety years or more people from all over the world have been able to visit this monument of English History.

NANA MASON, M.C.



The Grand Canal and the DOGE'S PALACE

VENICE

### AN INCIDENT OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR

You all do know that bloody war,  
That year of awful strife,  
When towns and fields were red with gore,  
Shed for a Nation's life,  
That year of death, Verdun, Sedan,  
France drained her last resource  
To best her foe, the Prussian,  
With bayonet, gun and horse.

In the valley down by Sevres,  
Among the poplars green,  
Spied Capitaine Lefebvre  
A small stone cottage mean.  
"Ho Jean, my friend", the Captain said,  
"See where yon cottage lies,  
With walls of stone and roof of red,  
Blow it to the skies."

The cannon roared its howl of death,  
The cottage disappeared.  
Old Jean drew in a gasping breath,  
The Captain gaily cheered.  
"Good Jean, you never miss your mark,  
Within that house they're dead,  
Around, I see men stiff and stark,  
You're my best shot," he said.

The gunner slowly bowed his head,  
And uttered a low moan,  
"My wife and child, they're gone, they're dead,  
It was my little home".  
Then suddenly as there he stood,  
He muttered, "C'est la guerre."  
He sprang erect, cried "It is good,  
Monsieur, Vive L'Empereur."

R. W. HERBING, XII.

### THE VACANCES AESTATIS

THE purpose de cet article non est facere everyone tired of working and les faire wish for l'été Oh no! It is to cheer up unnes, les montrant qu'nestas non est far away. Ita pensez of the summer holidays et eritis très heureux.

Our cottage d'été est dans les montes et pres d'un lake. Habemus a canoe et un scapham. Nous avons fait a tennis court for ipsis, so nous ne sommes nunquam "stuck for something to do". Sic est comment we spend le jour.

Nous nous levons early in the morning et row or paddle trans le lac pour prendre nostrum lac-tum from a nearby agricola. Alors, quand nous revertimus, we eat a hearty déjeuner on a magno



screened-in porch. Après, we wash the dishes, facimus the beds, and plan nostrum diem.

First, nous jouons tennis paucas horas. Then, we nageons dans the Lake, et lie in sole until dinner-time. Postea, imus for a hike along les chemins des montagnes. En route, hack home, nous arrêtons at la seule "hot dog stand". Quand nous attingimus domum, we rest a little while, et jouons cum nostra tame squirrel, feeding it les noix. Then we decide to swim rursus. Habemus a competition pour voir quis potest swim the farthest. Un garçon magno naso et magnis pedibus wins. Après our swim, we paddle circum the lake, cantantes des chansons. Notre souper is a picnic one, quem we mangeons on the verandah. Vesperi, populi de les trois nearby cottage convocant at a jolly big bonfire, ubi nous roast peanuts and marshmallows until tempus idoneum est pour aller au lit.

CHRISTINE PALMER, X-C.

### HOLDING HANDS

O now 'tis spring when love is prime,  
The swallow idly soars above  
The place where lovers love to love,  
On mossy banks amidst sweet wild thyme,  
O spring, O beauteous spring, the time  
When lovers stop to watch the dove  
And silently avow their love,  
Or while the lover lays his claim in rhyme,  
Though some have thrilled to kiss her lips  
divine,  
Their thrill was naught compared with mine:  
When I just held that hand last night  
I scarce believed I'd seen aright,  
That hand made hope within my bosom spring  
That super hand, four aces and a king.

ELSON CUNNINGHAM, X-F.



### THE TRAIL OF THE WILD HORSE

**T**HE wild horses of America have a curious and interesting history which begins in the early part of the 16th century. At this time the first Spanish adventurers sailed to the newly discovered America, and their boats landed on the shores of the Panama isthmus.

The leader of this first venture was Hernando Cortez, who brought cavalry to help fight the natives for their great hordes of gold. These Spanish horses which he brought, were the first to set hoof on New America. After the conquest of Mexico, other adventurers came, bringing with them a great many more horses. These horses formed the main body from which sprang the horse of North America.

The horses, which had been lost or had broken away from the various expeditions, multiplied rapidly. They spread up over Mexico into Texas, and the passing of three centuries saw great bands roaming by the thousands all over the West, even across what is now the Canadian line into the caribou country of British Columbia.

Due to in-breeding and the hardships of their new environment, such as having to dig down in dry river beds with their fore-hoofs for water during the summer droughts, having to paw under the snow for grass in the winter, and having to face the perils of the mountain-lion, wolves, and bears, these wild horses became smaller in stature. They made up for this loss in size, however, by their keen instinct, sharper intelligence and alertness.

Towards the middle of the 19th century when the cattle industry was at its height, horses and rangeland were in great demand. The wild horses, however, due to their small size, were worthless to the rancher as saddle-stock and they were grazing over a great deal of range required for cattle, who had a higher market value. To prevent this, the ranchers banded together

to exterminate and slaughter the wild-horses for their hides. The best of the wild horses were caught, tamed, and then cross-bred with imported "Morgan" and "Coach" stock. This cross resulted in a horse with a larger stature and better appearance, but at the same time retaining the hardiness, instinct and keener intelligence of its wild fore-bearers.

This development of the wild horse, when properly "broken," became a valuable asset to the ranchers as "cow ponies", and are used by the cowpunchers for "cutting-ponies", "circle herding", and general riding purposes. Many are also shipped east to be used as polo ponies. When improperly "broken" or treated, these high-spirited horses turn into what is called the "outlaw-bronc" or "killer-horse", and are of no use except for exhibitional purposes, such as rodeos.

Although great herds do not now roam the West as in the old days, there will always be, in some places, the wild, free mustangs, clattering through canyons, neighing their challenge to the wild; and the "outlaw-bronc" will still buck "high, wide and handsome", while Man sits in the saddle, grim-faced, tight-lipped, struggling in a primitive fight for mastery.

STEWART PALMER, XI-C.

### MIDNIGHT MURDER

**I**T WAS night. The stars were clouded in a veil of mist. A dark canopy o'ercubing the world. The vivid lightnings flashed and shook their fiery darts upon the earth. The deep-toned thunder rolled along the vaulted sky. The elements were in wild commotion. The storm spirits howled in the air. Then the murderer sprang from his sleepless couch with vengeance on his brow, hatred in his heart, and the fell instrument of destruction in his hand.

The storm increased. The lightning flashed with brighter glare. The thunder growled with deeper energy. The winds whistled with a wilder fury. The confusion of the hour was congenial to his soul, and the stormy passions which raged in his bosom. He clenched his weapon with a tighter grasp. A demonic smile gathered on his lips. He grated his teeth, raised his arms, and sprang with a yell of triumph upon his victim, and relentlessly killed—the mosquito!

GIBBY RUSSELL, XI-D.



## TO THE MOON

Thou golden orb of gentle amber light,  
 That makest lovers to each other dear,  
 Changest the gloom to glowing brightness clear,  
 And sweetest from the air the ebon Night,  
 Thy ghostly beams are lovely as the sight  
 Of primrose, blooming wild in Nature's care,  
 Which withers 'neath the sun's more ardent  
 stare.  
 But flourishes nightly in thy lovely light,  
 And when the glowing red of sunset's part,  
 I watch thee, from a cloud bank slowly rise  
 And grandly ride across the heavens vast,  
 Until thy light doth vanish from the skies.

HARRY HARRISON, X-B.

## FILEZ, O MON NAVIRE

*(From the original French)*

Upon the swaying foremast, high above the  
 foaming sea,  
 A little negro cabin-boy was singing tenderly,  
 While from the shelter of the sail  
 These words came floating on the gale:  
 "O mother mine, thou'rt waiting where the  
 jungle shadows creep,  
 And for thee my heart is yearning as I sail  
 across the deep!  
 Return, return, my ship so fair,  
 For happiness awaits me there.  
 My mother said on parting, 'You will sail 'neath  
 other skies,  
 And the beauties of your homeland soon will  
 fade before your eyes.  
 If only you had learned to read,  
 I'd write the words of cheer you need.  
 For some in scorn will taunt you for the colour  
 of your skin,  
 But though your face is black as night, your  
 soul is white within;  
 While those who show such heartlessness,  
 No soul of any kind possess.'"  
 And so upon the foremast, while below him  
 raged the foam,  
 With heart filled nigh to bursting, sang the  
 cabin-boy of home:  
 When suddenly the captain said,  
 "A port there is, not far ahead;  
 As soon as we arrive there, put this misery  
 behind,  
 And instead go seek the country where more  
 grateful hearts you'll find;  
 And in your mother's arms again,  
 Her sympathy will ease your pain."

FRANK CAREY, M-B.

## SONNET ON SPRING

Once more the spring with warmth and beauty's  
 here:  
 Gone is the snow and all the world is gay,  
 The sun above with brightness shines all day,  
 And spreads abroad a feeling of good cheer,  
 The warbling birds upon the trees appear,  
 And their bright plumage to the world display,  
 And cause the laughing children at their play  
 To pause and through the leafy branches peer,  
 And in the fresh green grass upon the ground  
 Which, but a short time since, was white with  
 snow,  
 A million little insects may be found,  
 Whose drowsy hummings, ever soft and low,  
 Give evidence that the great world around,  
 With all the joys of spring does overflow.

W. MITTON, X-B.

## KISMET

WHAT I am about to relate is a true incident which occurred in England about the time of our great-grandmothers.

In a suburb of London there lived a young girl about seventeen. Her hobby was collecting curios, and so she saved her spare money with which she bought them.

One day she set out for London to see what she could find to add to her collection. As she passed by the window of a little curio shop, a quaint figure caught her eye. It was a vase in the shape of an elf and, in another corner of the window, she saw its twin. What a dear pair they made! She immediately entered the shop to inquire as to the price of the vases. She found that she only had enough money for one of them so she decided to buy it, and then to return and purchase the other when she had saved sufficient money. It never occurred to her that it might be sold by then. When the required amount was obtained she again visited the shop but found to her great disappointment that the remaining vase was gone.

Years went by. The girl had reached womanhood and the missing vase had been forgotten. When she was married, she found amongst her husband's possessions the remaining elf. She questioned her husband and learned that the vase had been purchased in the same shop as her own. As the shopkeeper had had only the one pair, this was, therefore, the twin to her own. Thus at last the vases were reunited—such is the work of Fate!

DOROTHY J. CAREY, X-A.

## ALONG THE YUKON TRAIL

FOR weeks I had anticipated this wonderful trip but it was only after Prince Rupert's picturesque harbour had faded astern that I realized the fact that we were on our way to the Land of the Midnight Sun.

Our boat was filled to capacity, for we had on board two hundred and twenty-five passengers, mostly Americans representing almost every state; and it was a jolly crowd who later enjoyed the delicious luncheon and dinner served.

At about ten o'clock that night we reached our first Alaskan port of call, Ketchikan, or "town under the eagle". It was a thriving fishing and mining centre with a population of about five thousand. On the queer streets we met the papoose-laden Indian squaws with their impassive faces and black, beady eyes. We saw hulking giants of lumbermen and trappers, leaning against grotesquely-carved totems. We noticed especially the "Johnston" and "Kyan", two splendid examples of totem poles.

The powerful roar of the ship's siren echoed through the mountains as we scampered on board.

As it was late, we did not watch the dancers but sought our berths, and were soon lulled to sleep by the swish of the waves, heard against the porthole.

During the night, the captain changed our course in order to avoid a fog, and just before dawn, we passed through some very rough waters. However, we soon gained our sea-legs and thoroughly enjoyed the rest of the voyage.

The scenery was beautiful. To our right the mountain goats grazed peacefully on the steep slopes. To our left, now and again, a whale sent up its "spout".

As the day advanced we began to meet huge pieces of ice and knew we were approaching the famed Taku Glacier. One and a half miles long and two hundred feet high it extends back fifteen miles. Shall I ever forget the sight of that mighty rampart of ice soaring like a colossal jewel out of the sea! The setting sun made it appear like so many rainbow-hued fairy castles. As we watched, at a safe distance, our siren roared again and again. Presently huge tons of violet ice shivered off and crashed into the sea. Although the temperature had dropped to nearly fifty degrees below zero we were loth to leave such majestic beauty.

Later we enjoyed the thirty-two mile round trip across Gold Creek to Mendenhall Glacier and

Auk Lake. This glacier is the only one in Alaska to the face of which one may drive in an automobile. It is a most magnificent sight. From an ice cave of deepest amethyst blue issues a rushing torrent of milky water, the product of melted glacial ice; and I was able to take some wonderful snaps although it was eight-thirty in the evening. We passed many desirable country homes, summer cottages, fur farms, dairies and ranches.

On our return we visited the Alaska Historical Museum. Here we saw thousands of examples of Indian and Eskimo art and handicraft, the work of the very aborigines themselves: pots of stone, knives of bone, Eskimo costumes of every class, and a real bag of flour, grown, ground and milled in the Tahanna district.

When our steamer docked at Skagway, "The Home of the North Wind", the following morning, we had reached the northern end of the sea voyage. Some of our number decided to remain in port for the two days and enjoy the exquisite gardens which flamed with blooms, the envy of the tropics. Others visited the haunts of Soapy Smith, the famous bandit slain in a gunfight with Deputy Sheriff Reid. The remainder of us chose to take the rail trip over the White Pass and Yukon Railway to Whitehorse, the head of the Yukon River transportation. The train runs on narrow gauge tracks and has the most comical-looking little engines. But they can travel!

Twenty miles up we had climbed three thousand feet to Inspiration Point, following the "Trail of '98", over which many thousand foot-sore "chechaquos" had struggled. Here and there a rude cross marked the spot where the lure of gold had claimed its victim. Before we reached the summit we had expected to be hurled down that terrible canyon to the jagged boulders below. From then on we breathed more easily, and began to enjoy the grandeur. For lunch we stopped at Carcross Hotel, along the way. Eskimo waitresses served us with caribou steak, vegetables, mosherry pie, and coffee. In half-an-hour the conductor shouted, "All aboard", and away we went. We passed through the barren Lewes Lake country.

Towards evening we reached Whitehorse, the end of the track, one hundred and eleven miles from Skagway. After a dinner of roast mountain sheep, vegetables, delicious native raspberries and cream, hot rolls and coffee, we went out to explore the town. We visited the place where one hundred mounties had been stationed in

the gold rush days. We saw the handwriting of Robert Service in the minute book of the little log church, in the vestry of which many of his poems were composed. We also saw the natural airport, a broad plateau, across the river from here.

We went down to the shipyard and saw the stern-wheeler boats before they left for Dawson. We climbed upon two old derelicts, "Bonanza King" and Klondike Queen", all overgrown with moss and barnacles. Back we came to the cheery fireplace at the Inn just in time to meet our friends with a wonderful catch of graylings, which we enjoyed the next morning for breakfast, as well as a "stack o'hots", as the waitress called our order for sourdough pancakes.

At nine o'clock we boarded our train for the return journey and were informed that we would have a twenty minute stop for lunch at Bennett which is on the edge of a beautiful lake. It was here that the scows and flat-bottomed boats were built to serve the miners' needs.

Having partaken of dinner, we had to hurry for we dared not miss the boat at Skagway. Once more on board, our ship's bow was turned south, three farewell blasts were sounded, and our homeward journey had begun.

On our southern trip, a new port of call was Wrangell, famous for its aeroplane spruce mill, its salmon, crab, and shrimp factories. It has a population of twelve thousand, mostly Indians. Squaws were squatted about everywhere, with great displays of beaded cushions, moccasins and so forth, while little Indian boys offered for sale garnets and walrus teeth.

After leaving Wrangell, we called again at Ketchikan. At last our own port was seen in the distance. After bidding farewells we descended the gang-plank, with only one regret— that we had not seen Dawson.

Among the beautiful pictures  
That hang on Mem'ry's wall,  
Methinks my trip to Yukon  
Seems quite the best of all.

EVELYN WATT, VIII-G.

### SUCCESS

When stodgy business-man tilts back in his chair,  
Reposing in his plumpness, thumbs in vest:  
"I have my wealth and fame; I've done my  
best". —

Supremely satisfied, he has no care,  
When bright-conductor, bowing, greets you there  
At tram-stops, helps you on with comic jest,  
Flashes his ready smile with equal zest,

"Good-morning, Sir! Some tickets? How's the air?"

We wonder which of these has won success.

We're here to make the world a better place.

The first imagines he has happiness:

The second gives it, reaping more apace:

This service rendered gladly's called—"Success".

Oh serve! and yours is joy, peace, friendship,  
grace.

BETTY KOBAYASHI, XI-A.

### KNITTING CLUB

The West Hill Knitting Club held its first meeting on April 21st under the supervision of its originator, Miss Sutherland. The purpose of the Club is to knit garments which are to be distributed among the pupils of other schools who are unable to attend because of lack of clothing. The following officers have been elected for this year: president, Jean Owen; treasurer, Vera Allerton; secretary, Phyllis Johnston. The club consists of about twenty members and any girls who are interested in knitting are urged to join and help this worthy cause.

PHYLLIS JOHNSTON, X-C.





Graduates



# WEST HILL

# HIGH SCHOOL

# GRADE XI-A ROOM 12

1935  
1936



DOROTHY LEE



ERIC WHITE



HELEN NELSON



ELLEN TYALSON



FLORENCE GUNNAR



LIDA ABEL



PHYLLIS THORSEN



NORMA LILWITT



SHIRLEY HENNEL



NATALIE HANSSON



PEGGY REAS  
PRESIDENT



PHYLLIS MOE



MARJORIE DEROSA



MARJORIE MOE



MARGORIE LARSON



DOROTHY KIED



ENEBELE MORRISON



JEAN RYDER



ELIZABETH OLSON



KATHLEEN PAYNE



MARIA NICOL



BETTY LOMBARDI



BETTY HOFFMAN



DORA INOVEN



LOIS BRALLEY



HILDA SKILLE



GORD JONES



DORIS CORBETT



BERNICE LIND



PAULINE DILL



FAY GRUBER



MARGARET FLINN



HELEN W. STEER



BERNICE FERHINKOK

## ABER, SARA.

*At your service, Madam.*  
 Fav. Exp.—"Shirley dear, may I borrow my comb and mirror!"  
 Pet Avers.—Being called Sara "AW-her."  
 Fav. Past.—Listening to everybody's troubles and trying to lend a helping hand.  
 Ambition—To be the answer to a young man's prayer.  
 Activities—Watching the clock (Look out, you'll get "clock-eyed!")

## BEALL, PEGGY.

*If I had a Million Dollars.*  
 Fav. Exp.—"Two Phays!"  
 Pet Avers.—People who talk loud on the street car.  
 Fav. Past.—Going to the "Y". (We wonder "Y").  
 Ambition—An English millionaire.  
 Activities—Class Basketball '33, '34, '35, '36; School Basketball '36; Class Badminton '36; Class Baseball '34, '36; Track and Field '33, '34; Massed Choir '31; Mikado '35; Yeomen of the Guard '36; Romeo and Juliet '36; Hi-Y '36; Class Captain '33; Class President '34, '36.

## BOYD, MADELEINE.

*My Heart is an Open Book.*  
 Fav. Exp.—"Was my face red?"  
 Pet Avers.—Being told to stop blushing.  
 Fav. Past.—Talking to her Bon-Anni in the corridors.  
 Ambition—Social worker.  
 Activities—Class Baseball '35, '36; School Baseball '35; Romeo and Juliet '36; Library Orderly '36.

## BOURDON, EDABELLE.

*Edie Was a Lady.*  
 Fav. Exp.—"Those biographers don't know anything about me!"  
 Pet Avers.—Being called "Edible."  
 Fav. Past.—Trying to get a seat in the library.  
 Ambition—To create a new kind of rain-water that won't "let her down" as far as hair is concerned.  
 Activities—School Baseball '31; Class Baseball '31, '35, '36; School Badminton '34, '36; Class Badminton '33, '34, '35, '36; Mikado '35; Yeomen of the Guard '36; Library Orderly '36; Librarian '35.

## BRADLEY, DORIS.

*Our little girl.*  
 Fav. Exp.—"I wish I'll never be any bigger!" (Wails).  
 Pet Avers.—Peanut butter sandwiches.  
 Fav. Past.—Making herself seen.  
 Ambition—To grow a little.  
 Activities—Class Basketball '33; Massed Choir '34; Hi-Y '36.

## CAMERON, MARGE.

*I'm shooting high.*  
 Fav. Exp.—"Hey, you know what . . .?"  
 Pet Avers.—Boys under six feet.  
 Fav. Past.—Talking on the phone (who could it be?)  
 Ambition—To model for Malvieux.  
 Activities—Class Basketball '33, '34, '35; Class Baseball '33, '34, '35; Track and Field '33, '34; Massed Choir '34; Lieutenant '34.

## CORBETT, DORIS.

*My goddess!*  
 Fav. Exp.—"My goddess!"  
 Pet Avers.—Being told that her hair looks nice down.  
 Fav. Past.—Talking over the telephone ("R you there?")  
 Ambition—To get her matrix.  
 Activities—Class Basketball '33; Massed Choir '34; Mikado '35.

## DERRICK, BERNICE.

*Lovely to look at.*  
 Fav. Exp.—"Mon Dieu!"  
 Pet Avers.—Being told that her favorite expression is "Mon Dieu."  
 Fav. Past.—Shining her shoes (She at least is a shining example).  
 Ambition—To be able to see her face in her shoes.  
 Activities—Class Basketball '33; Massed Choir '34; Mikado '35; Class Badminton '36.

## FREEMAN, EUNICE.

*Footloose and fancyfree.*  
 Fav. Exp.—"O.K. I gotta go!"  
 Pet Avers.—Having sealed notes delivered to the door.  
 Fav. Past.—Drawing—and it's not conclusions.  
 Ambition—To be a second Gladys Parker.  
 Activities—Taking off her shoes (Tsk, tsk, tsk.)

## GILBERT, FAY.

*Where did you get those eyes?*  
 Fav. Exp.—"No Kidding."  
 Pet Avers.—People who don't like Bing Crosby.  
 Fav. Past.—Writing letters—could it be to Toronto?  
 Ambition—To go to Hawaii.  
 Activities—Massed Choir '34; Class President '35; Class Treasurer '36; Class Biographer '36 and mailing letters.

## GOULD, FLORENCE.

*A Little Bit Independent.*  
 Fav. Exp.—"Did I tell you about my operation?"  
 Pet Avers.—Having people count the freckles on her nose.  
 Fav. Past.—Writing poetry during Latin lessons.  
 Ambition—To have sextuplets.  
 Activities—Massed Choir '34; Class President '34.

## HARRISON, KATHLEEN, (Kay)

*I wake up too soon.*  
 Fav. Exp.—"It's colossal!"  
 Pet Avers.—Arriving at school early.  
 Fav. Past.—Thinking about the weekends.  
 Ambition—To write a book (a good one!)  
 Activities—Mikado '35; Massed Choir '34; Romeo and Juliet '36.

## JONES, DORIS.

*My Very Good Friend the Milkman.*  
 Fav. Exp.—"What's it to you?"  
 Pet Avers.—Collecting milk bottles at recess.  
 Fav. Past.—Eating her yeast cake in the last period every morning. (Wonder if that's why she's become so BIL.LIONS recently?)  
 Ambition—To have the skin you love to touch.  
 Activities—Class Basketball '33, '34, '35, '36; School Basketball (Sub) '36; Class Badminton '31, '36; Class Baseball '33, '34; Massed Choir '31; Mikado '35; Yeomen of the Guard '36; Class Biographer '36.

## KYDD, DOROTHY.

*I've got my fingers crossed.*  
 Fav. Exp.—"Does anybody want to read a good book?"  
 Pet Avers.—Having to carry home books she's lent out—so she lends them out again.  
 Fav. Past.—Crossing her fingers.  
 Ambition—To have Phyl at the corner on time just now!  
 Activities—Writing out words of popular songs for a couple of our cronies.

## KERNER, SHIRLEY.

*Dancing Lady.*  
 Fav. Exp.—"Oh, never mind!"  
 Pet Avers.—Being called to the 'phone while listening to the radio.  
 Fav. Past.—Dancing.  
 Ambition—To see Robert Taylor in person.  
 Activities—Massed Choir '31.

## KOBAYASHI, BETTY.

*Sleepy Head.*  
 Fav. Exp.—"Fu so—(Yawns) ti-rod!" (More yawns.)  
 Pet Avers.—Having to get up for school in the morning.  
 Fav. Past.—Talking to Hilda in Algebra period.  
 Ambition—To be able to sleep in class without interruption.  
 Activities—Class Basketball '33, '34; Class Badminton '31, '35; Class Baseball '33, '34; Track and Field '33, '34; Athletic Representative '34, '35, '36; Massed Choir '34; Class Treasurer '33; Hi-Y '35, '36; Debating Society '35.

## LAPIN, HANNAH.

*She's a Lepin from Manhattan.*  
 Fav. Exp.—"I wouldn't know."  
 Pet Avers.—Practical jokers.  
 Fav. Past.—Skipping grades.  
 Ambition—To have hair long enough to sit on.

## LEE, DOROTHY.

*You're a Heaven-lee Thing.*  
 Fav. Exp.—"Aw Gee!"  
 Pet Avers.—Being told she's pleasingly plump.  
 Fav. Past.—Looking for her coat in the lockers.  
 Ambition—To win a prize in an art competition.  
 Activities—Mikado '35.

## LEDSAY, MARJORIE.

*It's Easy to Remember.*  
 Fav. Exp.—"But I haven't got a favorite expression!"  
 Pet Avers.—Being called Alison.  
 Fav. Past.—Studying.  
 Ambition—To be a scholar at McGill and not a student.  
 Activities—Mikado '37; Class Secretary '36.

## LIVIER, JEAN.

*Everything is Okay-Dokay.*  
 Fav. Exp.—"Okay-Dokay!"  
 Pet Avers.—Hurrying.  
 Fav. Past.—Making comments on current events.  
 Ambition—To be able to dictate to Hitler and Mussolini.  
 Activities—Mikado '35; Class Badminton '36; Massed Choir '34; Hi-Y '35, '36.

## MCKEOWN, EILEEN.

*Love is the Sweetest Thing.*  
 Fav. Exp.—"Girls, please get into line!"  
 Pet Avers.—Poor dancers.  
 Fav. Past.—Curling her hair round her fingers.  
 Ambition—To play "Juliet".  
 Activities—Class Basketball '33, '34; Massed Choir '34; Romeo and Juliet '36; Class President '33; Class Captain '35, '36.

## MORRIS, MARGARET.

*I'm just an ordinary hamon.*  
 Fav. Exp.—She hasn't got one.  
 Pet Avers.—Being told to stay in for being late for lines.  
 Fav. Past.—Watching the clock.  
 Ambition—To be a kindergarten teacher.  
 Activities—Class Basketball '33; Class Badminton '34, '35, '36; Class Baseball '34; Massed Choir '34.

## MOTT, PHYLLIS.

*Take it easy—Lazybones.*  
 Fav. Exp.—"Did anybody do their homework last night?"  
 Pet Avers.—Being detained for coming to school late.  
 Fav. Past.—Doing geometry exercises during scripture reading.  
 Ambition—To arrive at school at six minutes to nine in the morning.  
 Activities—Class Basketball '33, '34, '35, '36; School Basketball '30; Class Baseball '33, '34, '36; Massed Choir '34; Mikado '35; Yeomen of the Guard '36; Hi-Y '35, '36; Library Orderly '36.

## NELSON, HELEN. (Atom)

*When I grow up.*  
 Fav. Exp.—"I'm just dying for some peanuts!"  
 Pet Avers.—Sharing her father's umbrella with Emil.  
 Fav. Past.—Trying to make over old hats.  
 Ambition—To grow at least two inches more.  
 Activities—Class Basketball '33; Massed Choir '34; Mikado '35; Yeomen of the Guard '36.

## NICOL, NAIDA.

*I'm living in a great big way.*  
 Fav. Exp.—"Oh, I know but . . ."  
 Pet Avers.—Studying.  
 Fav. Past.—Copping all the high marks in Chemistry.  
 Ambition—To live in a great big way.  
 Activities—Talking to Helen.

## ORLEN, ELIZABETH (Liz)

*Love thy Neighbour.*  
 Fav. Exp.—"WHOWIE!"  
 Pet Avers.—Being asked questions about the United States.  
 Fav. Past.—Waiting for the postman (?) to pass her door at 8 in the morning—Howie funny!  
 Ambition—To get the initials of everyone in the class on her kernel of popcorn.  
 Activities—Passing popcorn around for the girls to autograph.

## PAINE, KATHLEEN. (Kay)

*Smilin' Thru.*  
 Fav. Exp.—"Snoony, eh?"  
 Pet Avers.—Listening to Fay talking about Bing Crosby on Friday mornings.  
 Fav. Past.—Having snapshots taken—odd snapshots!  
 Ambition—To be suitable dressed when said snapshots are taken.  
 Activities—Class Basketball '33; Class Badminton '36; Massed Choir '34.

## PERCHANOK, RENE.

*Take a lesson from the lark.*  
 Fav. Exp.—"Oh Help!" (with a "P")  
 Pet Avers.—Ripped stockings.  
 Fav. Past.—Reading the books in the library.  
 Ambition—To become a great singer.  
 Activities—Librarian '33, '34; Library Orderly '35, '36.

## PROVEN, DORA.

*Saving It.*  
 Fav. Exp.—"Right-O".  
 Pet Avers.—Rushing to get badminton courts at noon.  
 Fav. Past.—Eating lunch (when she could be playing badminton).  
 Ambition—World's Badminton Champ.  
 Activities—Class Basketball '33; Class Baseball '34; Class Badminton '33, '34, '35, '36; School Badminton '34, '35, '36; Badminton Doubles Championship '34, '35; Badminton Junior Champion '35; Badminton School Champion '36; Badminton Representative '36; Massed Choir '34; Mikado '35; Yeomen of the Guard '36; Romeo and Juliet '36; Library Orderly '36.

## STEWART, NORAH.

*Carry me back to the Lone Prairie.*  
 Fav. Exp.—"You know in Calgary . . ."  
 Pet Avers.—Mentreal.  
 Fav. Past.—Writing to people in Calgary.  
 Ambition—To live in Calgary again.  
 Activities—Class Basketball '36; Class Lieutenant '36.

## SPROTT, ENID (Sprottie).

*You're so darned charming.*  
 Fav. Exp.—"Oh cow!"  
 Pet Avers.—Lots of all descriptions.  
 Fav. Past.—Eating peanuts.  
 Ambition—To cultivate a musical laugh.  
 Activities—Class Basketball '33, '34; Class Baseball '34; Massed Choir '34; Mikado '35; Yeomen of the Guard '36.

## THOMSON, PHYLLIS.

*Sailor Beware.*  
 Fav. Exp.—"Gee Yee got to write that letter!"  
 Pet Avers.—Having Thomson spelled with a "n".  
 Fav. Past.—Writing to that sailor in San Diego.  
 Ambition—To visit San Diego.  
 Activities—Class Basketball '33, '34; Class Baseball '33; Massed Choir '34; Mikado '35; Class Treasurer '33.

## WINTER, HELEN.

*Dust off that old piano.*  
 Fav. Exp.—"Oh, dear!"  
 Pet Avers.—Sitting still.  
 Fav. Past.—Badminton and more badminton.  
 Ambition—To be a great musician.  
 Activities—Class Basketball '33; Class Baseball '33, '34, '35; Class Badminton '33, '34, '35, '36; School Badminton '35, '36; Badminton Doubles Championship '35; Massed Choir '34.

## WITTE, HILDA.

*Conversation for two.*  
 Fav. Exp.—"He-he-he—he!"  
 Pet Avers.—Being told that she's late for school.  
 Fav. Past.—Talking to Betty in Algebra periods.  
 Ambition—To be able to distribute all copies of High School News before she's told to put them away.  
 Activities—Inter-school Debating '35; "The Bride" '35; President French Club '36; Romeo and Juliet '36.



WILLIAM THOMAS



MURRAY LAW



WILLIAM SMITH



ROBERT SMITH



STUART SMITH



HAROLD SMITH



ARTHUR SMITH



ARTHUR SMITH



MARTIN SMITH



FRANK SMITH



CLIFFORD MORSE  
PRESIDENT



ROBERT SMITH



ARTHUR SMITH



HOWARD SMITH



WILLIAM SMITH



FRANK SMITH



HENRY SMITH



ROBERT SMITH



CLIFFORD SMITH



FRED SMITH



JESS SMITH

# HIGH SCHOOL 1935-36



JOSEPH SMITH



WILLIAM SMITH



ALLEN SMITH



DONALD SMITH



ART SMITH



KENNETH SMITH



OLAN SMITH



ARTHUR SMITH



ROBERT SMITH



ROBERT SMITH



LOUIS SMITH



PETER SMITH



ARVID SMITH



OSCAR SMITH



ERIK SMITH



## BALINSKY, HERBERT.

*"He that hath a beard is more than a youth  
And he that hath not a beard is not yet a man."*

Herb is afflicted with a very refractory beard. However, he had enough energy left after battling with it to play a most effective game of rugby and basketball for West Hill. In the latter especially, he was a standout.

Herb manages to fulfill the purpose for which his parents send him to school and we wish him good luck in June.

Activities—Class Basketball '33, '34, '35, '36; Junior Basketball '34; Inter. Basketball '35; Senior Basketball '36; Class Rugby '33; Junior Rugby '34; Inter. Rugby '35; Senior Rugby '36 (Champs); Manager Inter. Hockey '35; Class Volleyball '35, '36; Menorah Club '35, '36.

## CAMPBELL, ALEXANDER.

*"A youth, light-hearted and content  
I wander through the world."*

Sandy, as he is affectionately (?) called, is Curry's headlarbe. His perverted sense of humour brings down the righteous wrath of that luckless individual with surprising regularity. But still he goes the even tenour of his ways, undisturbed by teachers, knowledge or other instruments of annoyance.

His chief delight is to sit arm in arm with Thacker and discuss vivaciously the latest cat fight in the back yard.

Sandy's pet pastime is inventing new geometrical solutions.

## CAREY, FRANK.

*"His high and mighty intellect  
Doth overawe us all."*

Frank's scholastic abilities are so profound that at this stage of the game, it looks as if this son of West Hill may lead the province in matriculation standing. Furthermore, he is possessed of such muscular qualities as to enable him to obtain a position on the soccer and basketball teams.

Unfortunately, he is possessed of an unholy propensity for puns and, on account of this dubious quality, he is an active member of the Nut Brothers.

Activities—Class Basketball '33, '34, '35, '36; Inter. Basketball '35; Class Rugby '34; Class Volleyball '35; Junior Soccer '34; Senior Soccer '35 (Div. Champs), '36 (Div. Champs); Cercle Francais '35 Sec'y-Treas. '36; Hi-Y Club '35, Secretary '36; Treasurer of Athletic Ass'n. '36; Class Biographer '36; Annual Editor '36.

## COHEN, JESS.

*"He, convinced against his will,  
Is of the same opinion still."*

Every class has its voracious readers and exponents of argument. Jess occupies such a position in our class. His nimble tongue incessantly gets him into hot water. Generally he is the last person to see the humour of his in-sufficiency. In spite of this, his knowledge of history is probably more extensive than that of any other member of the class.

Activities—Class Basketball '33; Class Rugby '33; Menorah Club '35, '36; Royal Life Saving Society '35.

## DANSKY, JOSEPH.

*"That foster-child of silence and slow time."*

Joe's ambition is to establish an all-time record for the longest, unbroken speechless period, and he bids fair to do so. It is a pleasure to have a person so quiet sitting beside one and yours truly envies his fortunate neighbour. Be that as it may, Joe is well liked, gentlemanly and a fair basketball player.

Activities—Class Basketball '34, '35; Class Volleyball '35.

## HASHIM, WILLIAM.

*"Still waters run deep."*

William spends his time conversing with Balinsky but when he makes himself heard to the class, he is worth listening to. Self-contained and retiring, he helps maintain the superior standard of the Latin class.

Activities—Class Basketball '33, '34.

## DUNPHY, DONALD.

*"The dear Lord made him as he is,  
And never made another."*

Don has a disarming grin which marks him at once as harmless. He is the long-suffering object of Law's attentions but preserves his equanimity through it all. The target of much wise-cracking, no amount of leg-pulling rouses him one bit from the calm lethargy into which he is usually sunk.

His chief assets (?) seem to be a slouch hat and a consistent 45 per cent.

Activities—Class Basketball '32, '34; Class Rugby '34; Class Treasurer '33.

## DUNPHY, ROBERT.

*"A proper man as one shall see on a summer's day."*

Bob is Cliff's affliction (or vice versa). Besides being great friends, they have many qualities in common, such as athletic ability and social popularity. Unfortunately they engage in puerile combat in class too frequently for it to be entertaining. Whether it is for exercise or exhibition, we have not yet found out. Nevertheless, we live in hope that some day they'll grow up.

Bob has a deep aversion to female admirers' applause while he is playing any game.

Activities—Class Basketball '33, '34, '35, '36; Inter. Basketball '36; Class Rugby '33; Junior Rugby '34; Inter. Rugby '36; Class Volleyball '35, '36; Hi-Y Club '36; Cercle Francais '35, '36.

## ESDALE, ROBERT.

*"A mighty man was he  
With large and sinewy hands."*

This aptly describes Bob. He is one of the strongest fellows in the class but withal very good-natured and peaceable. Those big paws of his did sterling service on the rugby field many a time.

Bob's chief attainments have been in the field of art. Besides decorating his books and other possessions with sketches, he has produced some exceedingly fine work.

Activities—Class Basketball '35; Inter-Rugby '36; Editorial Board '36.

## GILMOUR, DOUGLAS.

*"A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard  
In springtime."*

Doug has been blessed (?) with a strong and melodious voice and he made full use of it in "The Yeoman of the Guard". Fortunately, he refrains from serenading us in class. However, this is not his only asset. He manages to coax tunes from a piano and even dances with a sort of grace. He has his fair share of brains and brawn and, when not gossiping with Harry, is quite a sensible chap.

Activities—Class Basketball '33, '34, '35, '36; Class Rugby '33, '34, '35; Manager Inter-Rugby '36; Class Volleyball '35; "As You Like It"; "Yeomen of the Guard"; Cercle Francais '35; Editorial Board '36.

## GROSSMAN, EDWARD.

*"The smile that was child-like and bland."*

This genial personality has a yen for chemistry and nothing delights him better than to delve into the mysteries of a chemistry text. Nevertheless, he is not a book-worm but on the contrary, is one of the school's best basketball players. His cheerful disposition is the mainstay of Balinsky's cheerless existence.

Activities—Class Basketball '33, '34, '35, '36; Junior Basketball '33, '34; Inter-Basketball '35; Senior Basketball '36; Class Rugby '33, '35; Junior Rugby '34; Class Volleyball '36; Menorah Club '36.

## HAMMOND, CLIFFORD.

*"A gentle youth of noble mien,  
Whose toes are few and far between."*

Cliff is a friendly lad, on excellent terms with all his classmates. He shares the library with Varney during Latin period; but, outside of that, serves out his allotted period of confinement in the classroom—is the typical average high school student.

Activities—Class Basketball '34; Class Rugby '35.

## HAGEN, VICTOR.

*"A man of letters he,  
Not lacking in originality."*

Vic is one of the unlucky victims of Kirsch's humour. Nevertheless, he doesn't seem to have lost any weight over it. He is quite a busy lad and is the avenging spirit of all luckless wretches who do not join the A.A.A. He is well known for his prowess in basketball and has also been a mainstay of the soccer team for the past three years.

Activities—Class Basketball '34, '35, '36; Junior Basketball '35, '36; Senior Basketball Manager '35, '36; Class Rugby '33; Junior Soccer '34; Senior Soccer '35 (Div. Champs); '36 (Div. Champs); Class Volleyball '35.

## HUNTER, STUART.

*"The course of true love never did run smooth."*

Stuart has numerous acquaintances among the fairer sex and out of these inevitably rise difficulties. However, he does not reveal the agony he endures and his troubles have not turned his hair gray. He manages to do quite a bit of work in and out of school. One of the erstwhile Nut Brothers, he is the fountain of wisdom (?) from which comes refreshment to the weary minds of Simpson, Smardon and Turley.

Activities—Class Basketball '34, '35; Class Rugby '35; Class Volleyball '35, '36; Swimming '34, '35; Water Polo '35; "A: You Like It"; Cricket '33; Editorial Board '36.

## KIRSCH, ARTHUR.

*"He draws out the thread of his verbosity  
Finer than the staple of his argument."*

Arthur was once an actor, and never lets us forget it. His manipulation of polysyllables is astounding. Unfortunately, they are not always used in the right place. However, this difficulty may be outgrown (we hope).

His favourite pastime is convulsing Hagen, Wolfe and himself with his witticisms and, being of a generous nature, often gives the class a sample. He belongs to the ranks of would-be humourists but even his humour does not make knowledge come easier.

Activities—Class Rugby '33, '34; Golf '35, '36; "A: You Like It."

## LAW, MURRAY.

*"Stately and tall, he moves through the hall,  
The chief of a thousand for grace."*

Murray is the best looking fellow in the class but curiously enough and in spite of this, he is tremendously shy with regards to the fairer sex.

A good athlete, he has played basketball and rugby for school teams and distinguished himself.

We are not sure yet whether his so-called humour is the result of McLammet's influence or McLammet's a result of his.

His pet aversion (to Mr. Wilson's secret exultation) is reading French aloud.

Activities—Class Basketball '33, '34, '35; Inter-Basketball '35; Senior Basketball '36; Class Rugby '33, '34; Senior Rugby '36 (Champs).

## LAWSON, VICTOR.

*"A slumber did my spirit seal."*

Vic is one living, pulsating dream—the unsolved problem of Room 33. His soaring mind spurns the trivialities of scholastic life and he lives in a world of his own. Unfortunately, teachers will ask questions and, but for the helping hands of his neighbours, he might get into difficulty. Besides this, he has shattered all existing records for late-for-lines.

## NORTON, HOWARD.

*"A youthful, easy-going lad,  
By nature sober, never sad."*

Howard is one of those silent ornaments which every class possesses. His conduct is everything that could be desired and he prefers to be seen and not heard. He sticks strictly to work and does not mingle much in school activities.

Activities—Cricket '33.

## MORSE, CLIFFORD.

*"None but the brave deserve the fair."*

Cliff is the outstanding athlete in the class. He played rugby and basketball for the school and is also one of the best tennis players in West Hill. His abilities are far from limited to athletics.

He is quite a social man and as well has great business and organizing powers as was shown by the fine work he did on the "Y" campaign this year.

He is exceedingly popular because of his cheery, friendly manner.

Activities—Class Basketball '32, '33; Inter-Basketball '35; Senior Basketball '36; Class Rugby '32; Junior Rugby '33; Inter-Rugby '35; Senior Rugby '36 (Champs); Junior Hockey '34; Inter-Hockey '35; Ski Team '36; Badminton '35; Class President '31, '35, '36; Hi-Y Club '35; Treasurer '36; Cercle Francais '35; President '36; Vice-President of Athletic Association '36.

## PAINE, FRED.

*"From the crown of his head to the sole  
of his foot he is all wirth."*

When Fred laughs he shakes like a bowl of jelly. He possesses a certain un-guided wit with which he afflicts his neighbours. His mathematics would put a science student to shame. Philately is his hobby (although he wouldn't understand you if you used that word).

Activities—Like the inert gases, strictly inactive.

## PATTERSON, HENRY.

*"Heard melodies are sweet  
But those unheard are sweeter."*

Henry's mellifluous voice was heard to great effect in "The Yeomen of the Guard". He, too, knows when to afflict us with his dulcet accents and when not to. Just the same, we wonder what sort of operatic bellman his home must be when he gets going. However, he also appears to advantage on the tennis courts where he is one of the school's ranking players. In school he enjoys the fellowship of the amiable Mr. Smardon.

Activities—Class Basketball '33, '34, '35, '36; Class Rugby '33, '34, '35; Class Volleyball '35, '36; Senior Soccer '35 (Div. Champs); "Yeoman of the Guard"; Tennis (Runner-up) '35; Manager Senior Basketball '36.

## ROTHMAN, MARTIN.

*"He never haunts the midnight oil  
In quest of useless knowledge."*

Martin seems to labour under the delusion that he is the class Beau Brummell. In fact, his chief interest is in the ladies. His attire is the last word for flash and at times shrieks. In spite of this, he takes time off from his absorbing pursuits to act as President of the Menorah Club, which office he fills ably.

Activities—Class Basketball '34; Cercle Francais '35; Menorah Club '35 President '36.

## RUBIN, BASH.

*"A six years' Darling of a piggy size."*

Basil has a most amazing propensity for collecting lines, which is the wonder of all who know him. Always remembering that Napoleon too, was a small man, Basil takes it all with a smile. His pointless remarks never fail to afford amusement when the lesson is lagging. His pet aversion seems to be Cousin Billy.

Activities—Class Volleyball '35, '36; Menorah Club '35, '36; Cercle Francais '35, '36.

## RUBIN, WILLIAM.

*"I gazed and gazed, but little thought"*

Bill occupies the pew behind the urbane Mr. Balinsky and suffers accordingly. He is very easy going and jovial, and so is the unwitting butt of many sly digs. His ample form has appeared to advantage on several occasions as usher at school functions. This and all other tasks, he performs ably and smoothly. His chief aversion is being taken for Basil's brother.

Activities—Class Basketball '33, '34, '35, '36; Class Rugby '31, '35, '36; Class Volleyball '35, '36; Menorah Club '35, '36.

## SIMFSON, ROBERT.

*"For thou art long and loath and brown."*

Bob pays for a seat in class but manages, owing to his massive proportions, to occupy a fair amount of floor space as well. He is a very quiet fellow, seldom disturbs anyone except Hunter. His chief interest lies in the field of aviation. A becoming blush under scrutiny is one of his chief assets.

Activities—Class Basketball '33, '34, '35.

## SMARDON, ALLAN.

*"Be it ill, be it well, be I bond, be I free  
I am as I am and so will I be."*

Introducing VE2JO (otherwise, Allan Smardon): As you may have gathered, Allan is a radio enthusiast of the first water. He operates his own amateur station and is prominent in radio circles in the community. We believe his stay in our venerable institution is being profitable and we hope he may be able to leave it in June.

Activities—Class Basketball '33, '34; Class Rugby '32, Hi-Y Club '36; Radio Club '36.

## STARKEY, KENNETH.

*"Mens aequa in arduis."*

Kenneth is another upholder of the honour of NIB on the tennis court. His dancing is the joy of all damsels fortunate enough to have experienced it. Unfortunately illness forced him to withdraw from school shortly after the commencement of the second term. However, we hope he will be well on the road to recovery soon.

## STATTNER, LEWIS.

*"Genius is the ability to avoid work."*

The noble art of racket pushing has a dauntless exponent in Lewis. He won the Senior Clumpship this year, defeating all comers. So far the demoralizing influence of Hunter and Company has not seriously affected him and we hope that he will overcome the matrix, with ease.

Activities—Class Basketball '33, '34, '36; Junior Basketball '33, '34; Inter Basketball '36; Class Rugby '33, Junior Soccer '34; Senior Soccer '36 (Div. Champions); Tennis Junior Champion '33, Senior Champion '36; Class Volleyball '36; Menorah Club '36 (Vice-President).

## STEWART, DOUGLAS.

*"Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie."*

Doug basks in the glow of Esdalle's warm personality and in spite of the close proximity of Tremblay, manages to absorb a fair amount of knowledge. He is best known as a purveyor of classic music, at which art he excels. A modest, unassuming chap, but pleasant and good humoured.

## THACKER, DENNIS.

*"I was alone  
And seemed to be a trouble to the peace."*

Dennis believes that all forms of work are unnecessary and proceeds to act accordingly. He alternates his continuous daily discourse between Campbell and Trueman, Campbell, his crony, enjoys it, Trueman does not. Dennis' probable destiny is tester of Beauty Rest mattresses in the Simmons factory. His one aversion is labour, mental or physical, much to the despair of the worthy Mr. Hewson.

Activities—Class Basketball '33, '34; Class Rugby '33, '34, '35; Cercle Francais '35.

## TREMBLAY, PETER.

*"In this man doth lurk  
Ability to work."*

Pete is the enterprising leader of an orchestra, whose activities are city wide. He has nursed it from an insignificant local hill-billy band to an orchestra with a fair reputation. Perhaps some day West Hill will be proud to have produced another Lombardo or Waring in the person of Pete.

His time in school is fairly well occupied counteracting Law's flow of wit, and preserving the congenial atmosphere of the immediate vicinity.

Activities—Class Basketball '33, '34, '35; Class Rugby '34.

## WOLFE, NATHAN.

*"For men may come and men may go  
But I talk on forever."*

Nathan has a most menacing scowl. This becomes apparent usually when he is on the receiving end of one of Mr. Hewson's innuendos. Albeit, his looks are harmless and he soon regains his composure. He, too, is somewhat of a shiek and seldom lacks a female companion. His activities outside of school are, for the most part, shrouded in mystery.

## TROTTER, HARRY.

*"All so learned and so wise  
And deserving of a prize."*

Harry was produced somewhere in the hinterland of Ontario and is not bad as Ontario folk go. His imposing form has been a bulwark on school soccer teams for three years and his name has ranked high in scholastic attainments. Of late he has been developing at an amazing rate along the social line. His pet aversion (and no wonder) is Basil.

Activities—Class Basketball '35; Junior Basketball '35; Manager Senior Basketball '36; Junior Soccer '33, '34, '35; Senior Soccer '36 (Div. Champions); Class Volleyball '35; Class Rugby '35; Editorial Board '36; Dance Committee '36.

## TRUEMAN, RAYMOND.

*"From my course I'll ne'er depart,  
But pledge my soul to that of art."*

Raymond was very quiet for some years but lately has shown signs of action. He always manages to maintain a high standing every year without undue effort. He is the other artistic genius of the class and divides his time between beautifying his books with sketches and trying to absorb the meaningless murrain of Thacker's incessant chatter.

Activities—Class Basketball '34, '35; Cercle Francais '35, Editorial Board '36.

## TURLEY, HUNTLY.

*"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."*

The silent partner of Hunter & Company. Huntly is keenly interested in mechanics, especially in aeronautics. He can tell you all the latest developments in aircraft and what he doesn't know about model building isn't worth knowing. Sad to relate he is very reticent and seldom imparts his knowledge unless asked for.

Activities—Class Basketball '33, '34.

## VARNEY, KEN.

*"The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind."*

Ken appeared in West Hill last September hailing from a place called Windsor Mills, somewhere south of the St. Lawrence. His rustic mind seemed a bit wiced at first by the wonders of this great metropolis and of West Hill, but that has worn off. Now he sleeps as peacefully in class as any case-hardened West Hillian.

In some mysterious fashion he gets a kick out of Bob Dumphy's sage remarks, and when he is not dreaming serenely of rat hunting in the wilds of Windsor Mills, he is laughing hysterically at Dumphy's witticisms.

Activities—Hi-Y Club '36.

## WALLACE, CLIFFORD.

*"A merrier boy  
Within the limit of becoming mirth  
I never spent an hour's talk withal."*

Cliff is a very likeable chap who, when he is not opening or closing the door or lockers, manages to do a little studying. In the hidden recesses of his brain lies a wealth of knowledge which he often dishes out disguised as puns. In fact he was one of the most enterprising members of the three Nut Brothers until the eagle eye of the master broke up this interesting combination. Nevertheless, Cliff is sure to bolster the class' per cent in June so here's wishing him good luck.

Activities—Class Basketball '34; Class Rugby '35; Junior Rugby '34; Editorial Board '36.

## WILSON, JAMES.

*"A brainy boy, and bound for fame,  
In future years you'll hear his name."*

James arrived "trae wild Scotland" early in January and was at once the target of much attention. His genuine Glasgow accent intrigued such simple souls as Paine, but we soon discovered that he "had the goods." He is already causing headaches to several scholarship pupils in the class and is a serious threat to Canadian supremacy.



(Errata: EILEEN LILLEY should read AUDREY LOOKER and vice versa.)

## KUEBLER, LOUISE.

*"A dancing shape, an image gay,  
To haunt, to startle and waylay!"*

Fav. Exp.—"Hurry up, Say!"

Fav. Past.—Darning.

Pet Avers.—An unmirthful person.

Ambition—It's a secret.

Prob. Dest.—A convalescent home for teachers.

Activities—Captain '33; President '34, '35.

## BENTLEY, PEGGY.

*"Genius is the ability to avoid work."*

Fav. Exp.—"Jeez!"

Fav. Past.—Waiting from one Thursday to another for the Kraft Music Hall.

Pet Avers.—Anyone who is not an ardent admirer of Bing's.

Ambition—A cheese dealer for Kraft.

Prob. Dest.—A governess to Gary Evan (Bing's son).

## SAY, LORNA.

*"Where'er she went  
She was the Queen of merriment."*

Fav. Exp.—"What, wrong again!"

Fav. Past.—Giving wrong answers to questions.

Ambition—To write like other girls.

Pet Avers.—Caterpillars.

Prob. Dest.—A joint owner of a gasoline station.

Activities—Inter-Class Basketball '32, '33, '35; Tennis '35; Team Captain '36; President '36.

## GOLDSTEIN, ROSALIE.

*"Where'er she goes, she leaves a smile behind."*

Fav. Exp.—"I dunno!"

Fav. Past.—Borrowing Eileen's nail file.

Ambition—To be a second Florence Nightingale.

Pet Avers.—Being called "Rosie."

Prob. Dest.—To marry a doctor.

## GROVES, JEAN.

*"She has two eyes so soft and brown,  
Take care."*

Fav. Exp.—None, she just looks.

Fav. Past.—Waiting for that phone call.

Ambition—Everything in general, nothing in particular.

Pet Avers.—People who talk and talk and talk.

Prob. Dest.—Second Adrian.

## BROWN, LAURNA.

*"Her eyes are sapphires, set in snow,  
Resembling heaven by every wink."*

Fav. Exp.—"Hey! D'you want me to tell you something?"

Fav. Past.—Waiting for Shummy.

Pet Avers.—Waiting for Shummy.

Ambition—To know all about the mystery called Chemistry.

Prob. Dest.—That job that's waiting for her.

## ALEXANDER, RUTH.

*"And I have laboured somewhat in my time,  
And not been paid profusely."*

Fav. Exp.—"Skip it."

Fav. Past.—Going to the show.

Pet Avers.—Studying.

Ambition—To do something that doesn't require work.

Prob. Dest.—Death from overworking.

## MASON, NAIDA.

*"To be merry best becomes you."*

Fav. Exp.—"Well, we won't go into that."

Fav. Past.—Arriving late.

Ambition—To run a roadster.

Pet Avers.—Umbrellas.

Prob. Dest.—An artist's garret.

## MONTGOMERY, JEAN.

*"Like the lily of the field, she toils not,  
neither does she spin."*

Fav. Exp.—"Oh sh . . . oots!"

Fav. Past.—Talking to Thorn.

Ambition—To own a red car.

Pet Avers.—People who make puns.

Prob. Dest.—Wrapped up in blankets in a wheel chair.

Activities—Tennis Team '33, '34; Badminton '34, '35; Pres. of A.A.A. '35, '36; Class Basketball '33; Class Badminton '34, '35.

## GOLDENBURG, MYRA.

*"Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn  
To think how modest worth neglected lies."*

Fav. Exp.—"Oh Yea!"

Fav. Past.—Arguing.

Pet Avers.—Being called "Lover" by Sara.

Ambition—To be a second "Paton."

Prob. Dest.—Drawing cartoons.

Activities—Mikado '35.

## MURPHY, MARGARET.

*"I would love thee, work, so much,  
Loved I not pleasure more."*

Fav. Exp.—"Nothing else to tell me?"

Fav. Past.—Long distance phone calls.

Ambition—To cool the fevered brow.

Pet Avers.—People who talk in theatres.

Prob. Dest.—It's a secret.

## FLEMING, RUTH.

*"She never burnt the midnight oil  
In search of useful knowledge."*

Fav. Exp.—"Gee I haven't done my History yet."

Fav. Past.—Borrowing her own ink.

Ambition—To be an interior decorator.

Pet Avers.—Homework.

Prob. Dest.—Breeding prize scotch terriers.

## McCORD, KATHLEEN (Kay).

*"A carefree laughing girl, a sport, a friend,  
In short a girl on whom you can depend."*

Fav. Exp.—"Oh—have a heart."

Fav. Past.—Softball.

Ambition—To have a radio program of her own.

Pet Avers.—Algebra.

Activities—Class Basketball '32, '33, '34, '35, '36, Class Baseball '32, '33, '34, '35, School Baseball '32, '34, '34, '35, School Basketball '31, '35, '36, Class Representative A.A. '34, '35, Class Captain '32, '36.

## REID, GORDON.

*"He never burnt the midnight oil,  
In search of useless knowledge."*

Ambition—To be a second Einstein.

Fav. Exp.—Go—away.

Fav. Past.—Studying in the library.

Prob. Dest.—Librarian.

Activities—Class Volleyball '36.

## PALMER, STEWART.

*"From my cause I'll ne'er depart,  
I'll pledge myself to that of art."*

Ambition—A second Reynolds.

Fav. Exp.—Don't ask me.

Fav. Past.—Keeping silent.

Prob. Dest.—Supervisor of an Indian reserve.

Activities—Class rugby '31; Jr. rugby '32, '33; Int. rugby '35.

## HASSAM, HAROLD.

*"His thoughts were combinations of disjointed  
things."*

Ambition—To be a sports announcer.

Fav. Exp.—O—Kay.

Fav. Past.—Playing badminton in free periods.

Prob. Dest.—Peanut and popcorn vendor at Stadium.

Activities—Class Basketball '33, '34, Sr. Soccer '33, '34, '35, Class Volleyball '36.

## MEAD, JOHN.

*"I can't resist that urge to speak."*

Ambition—To be a mounted policeman.

Fav. Exp.—But, Sir.

Fav. Past.—Asking questions in French periods.

Prob. Dest.—Stable boy at "Blue Bonnets."

Activities—Class Volleyball '36.

## ANDERSON, KENNETH.

*"A youthful, easy going lad,  
By nature sober, never sad."*

Fav. Exp.—"Neither will I."

Fav. Past.—Cracking gum in class.

Ambition—To make a lot of money.

Prob. Dest.—Metropolitan Opera.

"That's what he thinks."

Activities—Jr. Hockey '32, '33; Int. Hockey '33, '34; Int. Hockey '31, '35; Sr. Hockey '35, '36; Class Volleyball '36; Class Rugby '31; Class Basketball '34, '33.

WILSON, BERNICE (Bunny).

*"The merry twinkle in her eye, foretells her disposition."*

Fav. Exp.—"So What."

Fav. Past.—Laughing at Lorna.

Pet Avers.—French Compositions.

Ambition—To be able to write one French composition by herself.

Prob. Dest.—A tester for a laughing gas company.

Activities—Class Treasurer '31, '32; Class Captain, '33, '34; Athletic Representative '35; Junior Basketball '35; Dance Committee '36; Class Basketball '35.

SOMERS, SYLVIA.

*"A jewel in a ten times barred up chest  
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast."*

Fav. Exp.—"Been waiting long Beverlee? or I dunno."

Fav. Past.—Being different.

Pet Avers.—Being on time.

Ambition—To dance with Astaire.

Prob. Dest.—Broadway.

Activities—"A Midsummer Night's Dream" '31; "As You Like It" '35; "Romeo and Juliet" '35; "Yeomen of the Guard" '36.

SHUM, JEAN.

*"The hand that made you fair, hath made you good."*

Fav. Exp.—Oh—I'm so sorry I'm late.

Fav. Past.—Catching flies in the Lab. for her Lizards.

Pet Avers.—Being on time.

Ambition—To be on time just once.

Prob. Dest.—To be late for her own funeral.

BUDGE, DOROTHY.

*"Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,  
That I to womanhood am arrived so near."*

Fav. Past.—Studying (?).

Pet Avers.—English Periods.

Ambition—To tour Canada.

Prob. Dest.—Nursing.

Activities—Class Badminton '34, '35, '36; Swimming.

LILLEY, EILEEN.

*"Haste thee nymph and bring with thee  
Just, love and youthful jollity."*

Fav. Exp.—Moly Hoses.

Pet Avers.—Dead flies on the windowsill.

Fav. Past.—Throwing out remarks at random.

Ambition—To catch all the 49's she phases.

Prob. Dest.—Teaching the three R's in public school.

Activities—Class Badminton and Basketball '33, '34, '35, '36; "Yeomen of the Guard".

WARD, DOROTHY.

*"She let the legions thunder past  
And plunged in thought again."*

Fav. Exp.—For goodness sake.

Pet Avers.—Chemistry.

Fav. Past.—Talking with Eileen.

Ambition—To find a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

Prob. Dest.—Cooling fevered brows.

LOOKER, ALDREY.

*"Her sights and sounds, dreams happy as her day  
And laughter leant of friends and gentleness."*

Fav. Exp.—By jingo.

Pet Avers.—She won't talk.

Fav. Past.—Grooming at puns.

Ambition—To bring air-mail in on schedule.

Prob. Dest.—Selling aeroplanes in toxicville.

Activities—Class badminton and basketball '34, '35, '36; "Yeomen of the Guard".

MELDRUM, VIVIEN.

*"My hoarding days fly on with full career,  
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th."*

Fav. Exp.—"Good Heavens."

Fav. Past.—Loafing.

Pet Avers.—Short people.

Ambition—To go camping with Skina.

Prob. Dest.—To die from hard work.

Activities—Class Badminton '34, '35, '36; Swimming.

YOUNG, MARJORIE.

*"Oh keep me innocent, make others great."*

Fav. Exp.—"Gee Christmas!"

Fav. Past.—Waiting for Merg.

Ambition—To be able to "parler français."

Pet Avers.—Waiting for people.

Prob. Dest.—French specialist.

Activities—Treasurer of A. A. '36.

\*JUDE, FRANK.

*And to show his great renown,*

*They moved a street after him in town.*

Ambition—President of C.N.R.

Fav. Exp.—"What? Hippo again?"

Fav. Past.—Imitating Dick Powell.

Prob. Dest.—Janitor in Bonaventure Station.

Activities—Jr. Hockey '32, '33; Int. Hockey '33, '34; Sr. Hockey '34, '35; Sr. Hockey '35, '36; Class Basketball '32, '33, '34; Class Rugby '32; School Swimming Team '32; Class Volleyball '36; Sr. Single Badminton Champ '36.

GUNNINGHAM, HAROLD.

*In tiresome toil he took no part,  
Avoiding labour is an art.*

*In this his genius shone.*

Ambition—To make school intermediate hockey team.

Fav. Exp.—Gosh you're ignorant.

Fav. Past.—Talking of everything but himself.

Prob. Dest.—Professional bum.

Activities—Jr. Soccer '32; Sr. Soccer '32; Sr. Soccer '33, '34, '35; Class Rugby '32; Int. Hockey '32.

BOSTON, ALLENBY.

*I never felt the kiss of love,  
Nor a maiden's hand in mine.*

Ambition—To be a concert pianist.

Fav. Exp.—Oh—Shut up.

Fav. Past.—Cleaning his glasses.

Prob. Dest.—Ivory pounder in a nickelodian.

SPARROW, FRANK.

*And this grey spirit yearning to desire,  
To follow knowledge like a shining star,*

Ambition—To join the navy.

Fav. Exp.—Dan! be so dumb Smith.

Fav. Past.—Always ready to argue.

Prob. Dest.—Potato peeler on a freighter.

Activities—Jr. Soccer '33, '34; Sr. Soccer '35; Class Volleyball '36; Class Rugby '33.

GORDON, MARGARET.

*Sweetly with dumb endeavour,  
A poet now or never?*

Fav. Exp.—Ah Shurks.

Fav. Past.—Writing so-called poetry.

Pet Avers.—Shabby shoes.

Ambition—To do something perfectly.

Prob. Dest.—It's hard to say in this case.

Activities—Attending school games and dances.

GIBSON, HILDA.

*"Sweet personality  
Full of essentiality."*

Fav. Exp.—"Yeah—sure!"

Pet Avers.—Work of all kinds.

Fav. Past.—Just talking.

Ambition—Lacking.

Prob. Dest.—Time alone will tell.

Activities—Class Baseball '33, '34, '35.

McCRINDLE, GLADYS.

*"When first we met, she seemed a quiet and  
stately maiden.*

*But after, oh! I soon found out I was mis-  
taken."*

Fav. Exp.—"Isn't that duckie?"

Fav. Past.—Walking long distances.

Hobby—Y.M.C.A.

Ambition—To pass a chemistry exam.

Prob. Dest.—None.

Pet Avers.—Chemistry.

SMITH, ERIC.

*"Be not conscious of thy size,  
Were there giants but half as wise."*

Ambition—To make seven feet.

Fav. Exp.—Shut up, or I'll poke you.

Fav. Past.—Getting thrown out of class.

Prob. Dest.—Circus tall man.

Activities—Class Volleyball '36; Class Basketball '33, '34.



DOUGLAS T. ALLEN



CHARLES H. BALLOU



WILLIAM T. BALLOU



ALLAN CONINGTON



EDMUND E. BRIGHT



PAUL M. GINN



EDWIN E. NELSON



WILLIAM E. BROWN



GERALD WRIGHT



ROBERT G. SISSETT



WEST HARK



BILL HOWELL



WILLIAM DOW



WILLIAM F. BARBER



WILLIAM H. GINN



KENNETH H. HALL



JOHN A. MILLER



HAROLD H. WHITE



ROBERT W. HOWELL



HARRY C. JONES



KEITH B. KINSLAND



HOWARD E. BROWN



EDWARD G. MILLER



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HOWARD E. BROWN



EDWARD G. MILLER



WILLIAM E. BROWN



WILLIAM E. BROWN



ROBERT W. HOWELL



NATHAN CLARK



KENNETH H. HALL

1935 1936  
WEST HILL  
HIGH SCHOOL  
GRADE XI ROOM 34

APPLETON, GORDON (Sci. Class Pres.),

*"Work and worry have killed many,  
So why should I take a chance?"*

Fav. Exp.—"That's what you think."

Fav. Past.—General class manager.

Ambition—To graduate.

Activities—Hi-Y '34-'35, '35-'36 (Vice-Pres.) Class Basketball '33-'34, Bus. Man. Annual '36, Dance Committee '36.

BARR, WEST (Gen. Class Pres.),

*"I am monarch of all I survey."*

Fav. Past.—Ragging school spirit.

Fav. Exp.—"Aw Nuts!"

Ambition—Canadian Amateur Golf Champ.

Hobby—Golf.

Activities—Int. Rugby '34-'35 (Champs), Sr. Rugby '35-'36 (Champs), Hi-Y '35-'36.

BARRIE, W.M. (Bill),

*"And though he is but little, he is fierce."*

Fav. Past.—Gabbing with Buckland.

Pet Avers.—Being asked why he is so small.

Ambition—To be a school teacher.

Prob. Dest.—A second Mr. Gregg.

Activities—Jr. Hockey '33-'34, Jr. Basketball '33-'34, Class Rugby '34-'35, Class Basketball '34-'35, Sr. Soccer '34-'35 (Div. Champs), Sr. Soccer '35-'36 (Div. Champs).

BLACK, DESMOND,

*"My kingdom for a horse."*

Fav. Exp.—"I catchem plenty puppoo!"

Ambition—To go on a month's spree.

Fav. Past.—Spending his afternoons at Bernice's.

Hobby—Dancing and collecting phonograph records.

BUCKLAND, KEITH,

*"Oh what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,  
So haggard and so woe begone?"*

Fav. Exp.—"If I can only make it."

Pet Avers.—Waiting at the corner for Wallace and Palmer.

Hobby—Golf.

Ambition—Runner up to Barr.

BROWN, RUSSELL,

*"Laugh, Glenn, laugh!"*

Fav. Exp.—"Oh Yea?"

Fav. Past.—Laughing and clowning.

Ambition—To be a tap-dancer.

Prob. Dest.—See next year's annual.

BROWNRIGG, HOWARD,

*"I Can't resist that urge to talk."*

Ambition—To arrive at school on time.

Fav. Past.—Looking for ink during Math periods.

Hobby—Friday Night Revivals.

Activities—Class Rugby '33-'34, Class Basketball '33-'34, Sr. Hockey '35-'36.

CLARK, ALLAN,

*"Open my heart and you will see,  
Graved inside of it, "History."*

Pet Avers.—History topics.

Fav. Past.—Tossing coppers with Dow and losing.

Ambition—To grow up.

Prob. Dest.—Your guess is as good as mine.

CORBETT, LAWRENCE,

*"For e'en though vanquished he would argue still."*

Pet Avers.—Being called Roselud or Creampuff.

Fav. Past.—Promoting school dances.

Fav. Exp.—"What's that crack?"

Prob. Dest.—R.A.F.

Activities—Glee Club '33-'34, Int. Rugby '34-'35 (Champs), Sr. Rugby '35-'36 (Champs), Yeomen of the Guard '36, Dance Committee '36.

DARLINGTON, ALLAN,

*"His voice ever soft, gentle and low."*

Fav. Exp.—"Aw shucks!"

Fav. Past.—Stopping packs.

Ambition—To make the big league.

Activities—Sr. Soccer '32-'33, '33-'34 (Capt.), '34-'35 (Div. Champs), '35-'36 (Div. Champ. & Capt.), Int. Hockey '34-'35, '35-'36, Hi-Y '35-'36.

DOW, W.M.,

*"I'll not the ladies be afear'd of this lion."*

Fav. Exp.—"Now if I had a million..."

Pet Avers.—A certain 11th year student who crumps his style.

Fav. Past.—Making paper aeroplanes.

Hobby—Taking the car apart.

Activities—Jr. Rugby '34-'35, Jr. Hockey '31-'32, Int.

Rugby '32-'33, Sr. Rugby '33-'34, '34-'35.

GREENHAUM, PAUL,

*"I am grown peaceful as old age tonight."*

Fav. Past.—Studying (?) in the library.

Pet Avers.—History topics.

Hobby—Scouting.

HAYES, KENNETH,

*"I must to the barbers go, for methinks  
I am marvellous hairy about the face."*

Fav. Past.—Borrowing school paper.

Ambition—To play that sax.

Prob. Dest.—Skipper on a cattle boat.

Hobby—Ping Pong.

HOWELL, BILL,

*"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined!"*

Fav. Exp.—"Now down in the States!"

Ambition—Baton Swinger à la Vallée.

Fav. Past.—Laughing at anything.

Hobby—Dancing and swimming.

Activities—Water-Polo '34-'35, '35-'36 (Champs) Swimming team '34-'35, '35-'36.

JOHNS, KENNETH,

*"Silence is of the gods,  
Only monkeys chatter!"*

Fav. Past.—Fighting with Wright or Harpo.

Pet Avers.—Harpo's puns.

Ambition—Chemist (Don't forget the Trig.)

Activities—Jr. Rugby '32-'33, Class Rugby '33-'34, Hi-Y '35-'36.

KEYFITZ, ISRAEL,

*"If he had half the brains he thinks he has,  
He'd be a genius!"*

SHUPL.

Fav. Exp.—"Yeah?" or "Hey Gordie!"

Fav. Past.—Getting in everybody's hair.

Pet Avers.—Being squashed.

Ambition—First in the Province.

McJANNET, JACK (Harpo),

*"The light and insidious curls,  
That make his forehead like a rising sun."*

Fav. Past.—Making puny puns.

Pet Avers.—Being called "Harpo".

Prob. Dest.—Hair waving expert.

Activities—Class Rugby '33-'34, Class Basketball '33-'34, Int. Rugby '35-'36, Int. Hockey '35-'36.

McNALLY, CARLISLE (Eggie),

*"These delights if thou canst give,  
Mirth, with thee I mean to live."*

Pet Avers.—Changing his seat every French period.

Fav. Past.—Out "Binging" Crosby.

Fav. Exp.—"Let's have it!"

Activities—Jr. Hockey '31-'32, Int. Rugby '33-'34 (Champs), Int. Hockey '34-'35, Sr. Rugby '34-'35, Sr. Rugby '35-'36 (Champs), Sr. Hockey '35-'36.

McWILLIAM, RALPH,

*"Clear me a way for an army with banners."*

Fav. Exp.—"Shut up Russell!"

Pet Avers.—Being told that he talks more than Russell.

Ambition—To play the mouth organ. (He's been trying for months).

Activities—Jr. Hockey '31-'32, Int. Rugby '33-'34 (Champs), Int. Hockey '34-'35, Int. Basketball '34-'35, Sr. Rugby '35-'36 (Champs), Sr. Hockey '35-'36.

MINSHALL, WILFRED (Minch),

*"I'll speak in a monstrous little voice."*

Fav. Past.—Mumbling answers to questions.

Hobby—Tennis.

Ambition—To find one.

Prob. Dest.—Silent partner of a vaudeville team.



## MOULDEN, RONALD.

*"Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep."*  
 Fav. Past.—Sleeping in class.  
 Fav. Exp.—"I don't know."  
 Ambition—Acroplane pilot.  
 Prob. Dest.—Successor to Rip Van Winkle.

## MURPHY, FRANCIS.

*"Why man, he doth bestide the narrow world  
 Like a Colossus."*  
 Pet Avers.—Co-Eds.  
 Fav. Exp.—"Putting on the act."  
 Hobby—Rugby.  
 Ambition—All Canadian rugby team.  
 Activities—Jr. Hockey '31-'32, Jr. Hockey '32-'33, Jr. Rugby '32-'33, Jr. Basketball '32-'33, Sr. Rugby '33-'34, Sr. Hockey '33-'34, Int. Basketball '33-'34, Sr. Rugby '34-'35, Sr. Hockey '34-'35, Sr. Basketball '34-'35, Sr. Rugby '35-'36 (Champs), Hi-Y '35-'36.

## NIXON, GEORGE.

Pet Avers.—Peace Conferences.  
 Fav. Past.—Chomping with D. W.  
 Prob. Dest.—Metropolitan Opera.  
 Ambition—To replace Lawrence Tibbett.  
 Activities—As You Like It '31-'32, Mikado '31-'32, Special Choir '34-'35, Romeo and Juliet '35-'36, Yeomen of the Guard '35-'36, Hi-Y '35-'36.

## PARKER, WM. (BILL).

*"Enshrined within the hearts that thou hast won,  
 A Nicholas and W excesses in one."*  
 Fav. Past.—Anything but school work.  
 Pet Avers.—Having to Walk to Mt. West.  
 Hobby—Dancing with Evelyn.  
 Activities—Hi-Y '34-'35, '35-'36, Dance Committee '36.

## PENDER, DRUMMOND.

*"As he looks, he is!"*  
 Hobby—Stamps.  
 Prob. Dest.—Owner of a stamp emporium.  
 Pet Avers.—Geometry theorems.  
 Fav. Past.—Grabbing that front seat.

## ROSENSTEIN, HERBERT.

*"His eye begets occasion for his wit  
 For every object that the eye doth catch,  
 The other turns to a mirth-mocking jest."*  
 Fav. Exp.—"You can call me Herbie!"  
 Pet Avers.—"Dow" eating his candy during art class.  
 Fav. Past.—Imitating Henry Armetta.  
 Prob. Dest.—The stage, Up one side and down the other.  
 Activities—Jr. Rugby '32-'33, Jr. Basketball '32-'33, Sr. Rugby '34-'35, Sr. Rugby '35-'36 (Champs).

## RUSSELL, GILBERT.

*"Here is my bed, sleep give me all thy rest."*  
 Pet Avers.—Shaving.  
 Fav. Past.—Talking to anyone that will listen.  
 Ambition—To play every musical instrument.  
 Hobby—Boxing.  
 Activities—Int. Rugby '33-'34 (Champs), Sr. Rugby '34-'35, Sr. Hockey '33-'34, '34-'35, '36, West Hill Billies '34-'35, '35-'36, Hi-Y '34-'35, '35-'36.

## RUSSELL, GORDON.

*"Genius is the ability to avoid work."*  
 Fav. Exp.—"I thought I knew it, Sir!"  
 Hobby—Chemistry.  
 Ambition—Not much of anything.  
 Activities—Jr. Rugby '33-'34, Int. Rugby '34-'35 (Champs), Sr. Rugby '35-'36 (Champs).

## SPENCER, HARRY.

*"Oh sleep it is a gentle thing,  
 Belov'd from Pole to Pole."*  
 Pet Avers.—Anyone belittling Ottawa.  
 Hobby—Locomotives.  
 Ambition—To sleep, to dream, and ne'er to wake.  
 Activities—Class rugby '33-'34, Hi-Y '34-'35, '35-'36.

## STEVENS, R. MERRITT.

*"He talks little, but thinks a lot."*  
 Fav. Past.—"Shouting" the teachers.  
 Hobby—Radio.  
 Ambition—Anything scientific.  
 Activities—Hi-Y '35-'36.

## TOZER, DOUGLAS.

*"I never felt the bliss of love,  
 Nor maiden's hands in mine."*  
 Hobby—Scouting.  
 Fav. Exp.—"Crumb."  
 Fav. Past.—Thinking of other things during History or French periods.  
 Activities—Class Rugby '33-'34, Int. Rugby '34-'35 (Champs), Sr. Rugby '35-'36 (Champs), Hi-Y '34-'35, '35-'36.

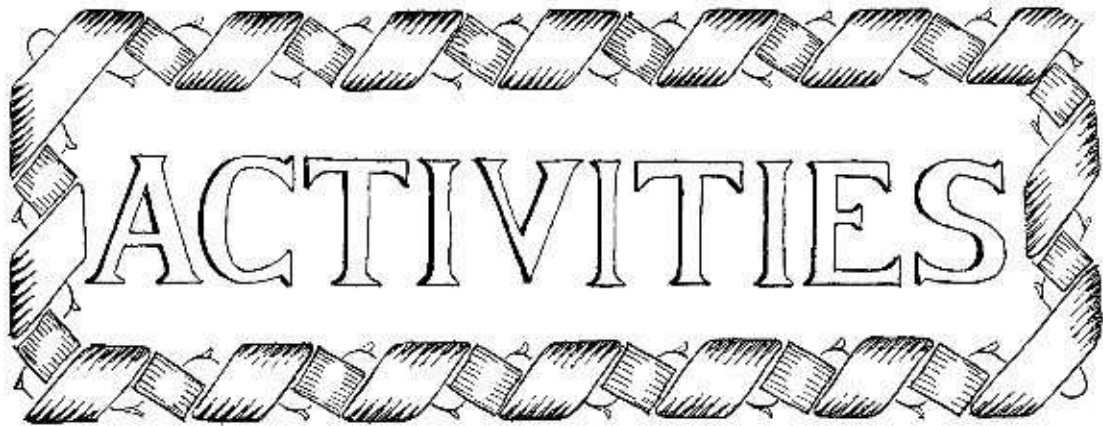
## WALLACE, BRUCE.

Fav. Exp.—"You think so, eh?"  
 Ambition—Indoor Ping Pong Champion.  
 Fav. Past.—Talking to Russell.  
 Hobby—Ping Pong.

## WRIGHT, MEADE.

*"The dear Lord made him as he is,  
 And never made another."*  
 Fav. Exp.—"I don't see that, Sir."  
 Pet Avers.—A certain red head in the Jr. grades.  
 Fav. Past.—Asking "most useless" questions.  
 Activities—Class Rugby '33-'34, Swimming Team '34-'35, Water-Polo '35-'36 (Champs).

The End



# ACTIVITIES

## THE BOYS' WEST HILL HI-Y CLUB

The Boys' West Hill Hi-Y Club has completed its sixth year in the school under the capable advisorship of Messrs. H. C. Atkinson (Honorary President), G. K. Gregg (Staff Advisor), J. M. C. Duckworth (Y.M.C.A. Advisor). The student officers of the executive were Bob Shiells (President), Gordon Appleton (Vice President), Frank Carey (Secretary), and Cliff Morse (Treasurer).

The Hi-Y is a group of fellows, thirty in number, chosen by the help of the staff and the fellows themselves, to unite under a common purpose and platform in furthering the welfare of the school and the community.

The programme is drawn up by the executive after the club as a whole decides and plans the type and nature of it at the commencement of each term. During the past year some of the more important items on the programme were as follows:

- 1 interesting reels on the U.S.S.R.
- A reunion of the "Old Boys" of the club of the past 6 years.
- A discussion on School problems.
- An address on "How to keep fit" by Mr. Van Wagner.
- An informal talk by George Mooney on The Inner View of Politics.
- A Supper meeting at Central "Y" to hear F. Z. Koo.
- An address and discussion on "Liquor Problems" led by C. H. Dickinson.
- An address by Dr. Fisher on "The Meaning of the Birth of Christ."
- "What to Do About War" by Rev. J. Lavell Smith.
- Demonstration of Planetarium by A. N. Beer.
- Illustrated Lecture on Reproduction.
- Discussion on Life Investment.

Rev. R. P. Stafford—"Importance of Making Christian Decisions.

Supper Meeting at Westmount Y.M.C.A. to hear Dr. Kagawa.

Discussion on Personal Problems.

"Speech Night" at which Frank Carey was awarded the cup which Mr. Duckworth and Mr. Brash donated for the best impromptu speech each year.

One of the notable events of the year was the induction of the Verdun Hi-Y by the West Hill club. Several socials and dances were held during the year. The Annual Hi-Y Bridge also took place and delegates from the club attended the Older Boys' Conference at the Central "Y".

The executive for the coming year has been elected as follows:

*President* ..... BOB SHIELLS  
*Vice-President* ..... GEORGE STARKEY  
*Secretary* ..... JOHN RETALLACK  
*Treasurer* ..... BILL STEVENS

ROBERT SHIELLS, X-F.

## GIRLS' HI-Y CLUB

The West Hill Girls' Hi-Y Club is now completing its second successful year of existence. The Club started in 1934 with six members, but soon its membership was more than doubled. The programme for the year has consisted of vocational trips, speakers, discussions, debates, impromptu speeches and last but not least, social events. Although the Club expects to lose its executive, including the President, Peggy Beall, Vice-President, Dorothy Kydd, Secretary, Betty Kobayashi and Treasurer, Naida Mason, as well as several of its prominent members this June, it hopes to carry on and make the Club bigger and better in following years.

JEAN OWEN, X-A.

### THE MENORAH CLUB

THE Menorah Club was organized at Westmount High School eleven years ago, and its success led to the formation of a similar chapter at West Hill. At the end of the sixth year of its existence, the Menorah Club of West Hill High School still continues to carry out the ideals which prompted its inauguration. The purpose of the club is to promote a better understanding among the pupils, and to encourage a keener interest in school life. "Menorah" signifies the seven branched candelabrum of Hebrew ritual.

At the meetings during the past session the programmes were varied and interesting. Discussions were held on current topics of universal interest. Both prepared and impromptu debates took place. The club lays much stress on the development of self-expression, and mediums which further this art are fostered.

During the year the club was privileged to have as guest speakers the late Mr. John Hodgson, and Mr. Edgar Davidson. It is appropriate to mention here that for six successive years Mr. Hodgson responded willingly when invited to address the Menorah Club. This is exemplary of the interest he showed in school activities. Mr. Davidson, a member of the West Hill staff, gave a most interesting account of present day international problems. Each of these lectures was followed by an open forum.

The season was closed by a gala meeting held in conjunction with the Westmount Menorah Club.

At the gala meeting the David Sabbath Memorial Cup was presented to Arthur Schwartz. This cup, an annual award to be held each year by the student considered the most active member, was donated by the 1935-36 members of the West Hill Menorah Club. The late David Sabbath, West Hill '32, charter member of the club, was accidentally killed last year.

The executive for the year was as follows:

President .....	MARTIN ROTHMAN
Vice-President .....	LOUIS STAYNER
Secretary .....	SIDNEY PAPPENHAIM
	EDGAR HOROWITZ, X-F.

### STAMP CLUB

In October 1935, a stamp club was formed at West Hill. It consisted of eight girls, but what they lacked in numbers they made up for in enthusiasm. Every Thursday this little club held

their meetings in the Library under the supervision of Miss MacDiarmid. Later on though, these were held in Room 15.

Since the Club was such a new one, and so small, its activities outside of the regular meetings were few. Mr. Vincent, however, addressed the Club, and told it some interesting facts about Stamp-collecting. Then, the boys of a Montreal High Stamp Club invited the girls down to a meeting of their Club to discuss plans for a joint exhibition. This exhibition was held at Montreal High March 25 to 27, and at West Hill March 30 to 31.

HELEN KALLMEYER, N.A.

### THE DANCES OF THE SEASON

During the past season the West Hill gymnasium has been the scene of a number of entertaining dances.

The Commencement Dance, West Hill's first social event of the year, was attended by some four hundred graduates and friends. The hall was tastefully decorated in the school colours and refreshments were served in the Art Room to the proud diploma holders. The orchestra under the direction of Jack Cook, a former West Hill graduate, was at its best.

The two tea dances held in December proved to be popular events. Dancing commenced at 4 o'clock and continued until 7 o'clock. The third tea dance, taking place in February, was made especially enjoyable by the serving of refreshments, a new departure in West Hill's afternoon entertainments. An orchestra under the leadership of Harrison Jones was in attendance at these dances.

The final and possibly most successful dance of the season took place on the night of April 3rd. Over three hundred and fifty persons patronized the dance, chiefly West Hill graduates and students of the senior grades, as well as twenty invited guests. The hall was elaborately decorated in red and gray with clusters of gaily coloured balloons in every nook and corner. Refreshments were served in the Girls' recreation Hall. The music, supplied by the "Knights of Knote", was all that could be desired.

MARGARET GORDON, N.C.



STREET SCENE

ROMEO  
AND  
JULIET



BALLROOM SCENE



TOMB SCENE

## ROMEO AND JULIET

**D**URING 1936 West Hill established its position as one of the foremost producers of amateur plays in Montreal by its presentation of "Romeo and Juliet." Critics who are much more accustomed to writing words of caustic comment upon any and all dramatic productions used up their store of superlatives in their respective columns the next day.

"What is quite probably the best production of a Shakespeare play done here in the last ten years was seen at West Hill High School last night, when 'Romeo and Juliet' was staged by students of that institution under the direction of Charles Rittenhouse . . . It was the kind of legitimate theatre seldom seen nowadays." (*Gazette*).

"One has no hesitation in recording that 'Romeo and Juliet' was a joy to behold . . . This production is a great credit to the school . . . for it is a lesson on how to stage—and act—Shakespeare."—(*Star*).

"For many of us it will remain a model performance, a thing of beauty, the like of which we may never see again. In any case, the characters of Shakespeare's lovers have been painted in an unforgettable way."—(*Gazette*).

"'Romeo and Juliet' is not an easy play to enact; it demands careful timing, sound grouping, and above all, ability to read the Shakespearean line. All these features were evident in the West Hill performance, and others that nobody has any right to expect from a school group . . . There are quite a number of amateur organizations in this city and district who could follow the example of West Hill and try their hands at Shakespeare. If they can do half as well, they will have something to be proud of."—(S. Morgan-Powell, *Star*).

Such extravagant praise from hardened and noteworthy critics is something for the pupils of the school to contemplate and appreciate. It is in no small way due to the directing genius and untiring leadership of Mr. Charles Rittenhouse, one of the masters of the school, who gave his

time and ability towards producing a play which has placed West Hill on the top of the Amateur Dramatic world of Montreal.

West Hill's "Romeo and Juliet" cannot be mentioned without bringing Betty Taylor's "Juliet" and Ivor Francis' "Romeo" immediately to mind. Their performances were such that critics raved, for here was something for them to wax almost poetic about, and many a hand brushed away a tear when Romeo or Juliet cried "for it was not a stage cry, but such crying as children often engage in when they feel that all the world is against them."

It is hard to write about performances of such high calibre, but "D.M.L." describes them very adequately in the "Montreal Star."

"There was about Miss Taylor's performance a gentle poise, a clarity of expression, and a depth of feeling which robbed her delineation of the slightest suggestion of a mere studied reading. Indeed, this complete absence of theatricality, and the manner in which she went from strength to strength left one with no alternative but to conclude that here is a young actress to the manner born. Here was a Juliet skilfully, beautifully limned.

"The Romeo of Ivor Francis seldom suffered by comparison. Especially in the balcony scene did Mr. Francis deliver himself of an understanding interpretation, playing to Miss Taylor's Juliet not as a performer so much as a very real full-bodied Romeo."

Nor did any of the lesser portraits suffer by contrast. Louis Burggraf as Mercutio; William Whelan as Friar Lawrence; Frank Clark as Benvolio; Hilda Witte as the nurse; Albert Cunningham as the nurse's servant; George Nixon as Lord Capulet; Douglas Buchanan as Paris; Harry Harrison as Tybalt; and Beverly Fairclough as Lady Capulet all helped to lend gripping conviction to the presentation.

Such was West Hill's production of "Romeo and Juliet". It will go down in the archives of the school as one of its major claims to fame.

STUART HUNTER, M.B.





FULL CHORUS AND CAST

## The Yeomen of the Guard



COMES THE PRETTY YOUNG BOYS



WITCH A WHOLE 'ERE A-WHOLE

### "THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD"

WEST HILL'S production of "The Yeomen of the Guard" added greatly to her rapidly-growing musical and dramatic reputation. A marked improvement over last year's very fine presentation of "The Mikado" it showed that the artists put much work and study into "The Yeomen."

Mr. Duncan MacKenzie, well-known music critic, stated, "It is the peppiest and best school opera I have yet seen or heard".

The newspaper reporters were very much impressed by the pupils' singing and acting ability.

"In its production of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Yeomen of the Guard", West Hill High School lived up pretty much to the unusually high standard it set for itself for theatre work earlier in the year. It was a definite contribution dramatically as well as musically. These young people can act as well as sing." (Gazette)

"West Hill has long had an enviable reputation in the field of scholastical theatrics and once again the home of the Red and Grey has presented another hit." (High School News)

"The setting has probably not been equalled in its field so far as Savoy productions locally are concerned. The lighting was also discreet and effective." (Gazette)

When we come to individual performances, it is practically impossible to choose a single star, for every part, large or small, was played to perfection. In fact, there was such a small difference between the leading roles that the critics were divided in their choice.

"Helen Tuddenham as Phoebe and Douglas Gilmour as Sergeant Merryll were two of the best singers and acted well." (Star)

"Louis Burggraf made an uncommonly fine impression as Jack Point. Betty Allam, who is also completely at home on the stage and is, moreover, delightful to the eye, was the charming Elsie Maynard."

"One admired Pinkus Rosenbaum's determined effort to make Colonel Fairfax a convincing figure. George Nixon drew the necessary humour out of the woeful Shadbolt. Helen Reid did her best with the part of Dame Carruthers. Henry Patterson was properly dignified as the Lieutenant of the Tower and Pierce Gould did well as Leonard Meryll." (Gazette)

The chorus and yeomen sang their parts to great satisfaction. The orchestra was under the capable direction of Mr. Irvin C. Cooper, who also handled the chorus and singers, and was the guiding genius of the production.

STUART HUNTER. XI-B.

### THE LIBRARY

*"A good book is the best of friends;  
the same to-day and forever."*

—TUPPER.

THE library this year contains two thousand volumes. The classification of this large number is a long and arduous task, but it is slowly being completed. The system used is the "Dewey Decimal Classification System," which is in force in many large libraries, McGill included. One thousand six hundred of these volumes are at present in the library, the rest are in the office and are gradually being transferred.

Up to last September, four hundred and fifty books had been lost through faulty checking of cards. Then Miss Parker at once enforced the rules governing the borrowing of books and the loss dropped back to almost nothing. Books may be taken out for ten days if the card is left at the desk bearing the date, name of borrower, and room number. After ten days a fine of two cents a day is levied. In this way about twenty dollars has been collected since September. This went towards the purchase of five hundred and sixty new books.

The proportion of subjects in the library is well balanced. Only three hundred of the total number is fiction; fifty-five are French; three hundred are Literature, other than fiction; three hundred and fifty are History, Geography, Travel, and Biography; one hundred and sixteen are Science, and five hundred and eighty-three are miscellaneous, including twelfth year books and encyclopaedias.

The suggestions of pupils as well as teachers are welcomed as to the purchase of new books or magazines. A new magazine was subscribed to this year, namely "Short Wave Craft". New novels have been obtained, including the work of John Buchan, Lloyd C. Douglas, and others.

Recently there has been a very noticeable change in favour of reading non-fiction. A great deal more reference work has been done this year. Two hundred to three hundred books of all descriptions are always out. Teachers encourage pupils to read more and occasionally bring their whole class down for a library period in which reference books are consulted on various subjects, literature predominating. Often as many as two hundred people will use the library

between 8.45 a.m. and 4.15 p.m. At noon hour the library is always full.

A great many pupils of the higher grades have the use of the library for certain study periods. Each pupil registers in the attendance book and in this way a count is kept of the numbers of those who use the library. The library is always occupied by teachers and scholars, studying and consulting reference books.

The magazines have proven themselves very popular this year. The "Illustrated London News" is by far in the greatest demand with the "National Geographic" second. Among the magazines may be listed "Time", "Literary Digest", "Maclean's", "Canadian", and many others.

Pupils who show special interest in the library become library orderlies and these, using it, encourage others to do so. The library has been a great success this year and great credit is due to Miss Parker for reorganizing it and placing it foremost among the activities of West Hill High School.

*"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested."*—FRANCIS BACON.

PIERCE GOULD, N.D.

### LAUGHTER

Some think a hearty laugh should never take  
Our time, but we to earnest work should tie  
Ourselves. "What good does laughter do", they  
cry,

"That ye should leave industry for its sake?  
What answer do ye then intend to make,  
Who thus have let your precious time slip by?  
Do let us know at once the reason why,  
Since life is short, your labour ye forsake."

"Oh, laughter is the way of sure relief  
From care and worry, which upon us throng;  
It has the power to dispel doubt and grief,  
So surely to indulge it is not wrong!"  
Shout all who know, "Its charm is past belief".  
So, here's to Laughter, ringing clear and long.

BRYL MCGROVE, N.C.

### LA SOCIÉTÉ FRANÇAISE

Mesdames et Messieurs:

C'est la poste française qui vous parle. Votre annonceuse est la présidente de la Société Française, formée cette année sous la direction de Mlle. Edson. Les soirées ont eu lieu tous les quinze jours. Nous les avons passées en parlant autant de français que possible. Un de nos membres a suggéré que chaque fois que nous parlions anglais nous devions payer une amende d'un sou; comme il n'y a pas un millionnaire entre nous Mlle. Edson n'a pas exigé cette peine. Nous avons lu des journaux français et quelques histoires françaises à nos réunions dans la bibliothèque. Nous avons aussi joué des jeux qui nous ont aidés à augmenter notre vocabulaire. Parmi les activités de la société se sont trouvés le jeu de "bridge" et les discours sur les sujets variés. Le programme fixé dans la langue française pour la onzième année est longue et le français oral occupe une place très importante. Alors je veux dire que nous apprécions, toutes, l'effort de Mlle. Edson pour nous aider dans nos études.

HILDA WITTE, XI-A.

### LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

LE Cercle Français de l'école West Hill n'a eu que quatre réunions cette année parce qu'il manquait d'intérêt parmi les élèves de l'école, particulièrement les élèves de la onzième année. A deux des quatre réunions on a lu ensemble des journaux français et a discuté des sujets intéressants aux membres. M. Wilson a parlé au cercle au sujet des auteurs français modernes. Il a donné un résumé très intéressant de "Thérèse Desquevroux" par Mauriac. M. Ford nous a raconté une petite histoire des fermiers canadiens-français à Chambly.

Les officiers du cercle étaient: Président—Clifford Morse; Trésorier-secrétaire—Frank Carey.

FRANK CAREY, XI-B.

### SPRING

Lightly o'er the sleeping sod  
Spring now glides and drops a tear:  
As by magic every clod  
Bursts in bloom—and Spring is here!

Spring is coming! The whole wide world throbs with joy at the thought. Spring is coming! Already the broad expanses of hitherto unbroken white are dotted with little mounds and patches of brown and green. Already ice-locked rivers and streams, responding to the challenge of Spring, are relentlessly breaking the steel-like

bonds of winter that bind them. In the air is the subtle touch of Spring, in the heart renewed youth and exhilaration. Spring is here! The mountains and forests echo it, the sun beams it in his benignant smile, the milkman on his round reveals it in his cheery song. It is written in the quickening step, the lightened heart, the happy smile and soaring exuberance of everyone in sight.

"I heard a thousand blended notes." Thus the poet expresses the symphony of Spring. And such a symphony! The throaty warble of the thrush, the sweet song of the robin, and the myriad ethereal melodies of other birds are the violins in the Spring symphony. The deep boom of the frogs forms the blending bass of the mellow viol. High overhead is heard the rasping clash of the cymbals—the hoarse caw of the crow. While throughout it all, the gentle sigh of the breeze provides the hidden melody and blends the great eternal music of nature into a jubilee of song. Even the brooks and streams gurgle their joy in a steady murmur and overflow their banks in sheer happiness.

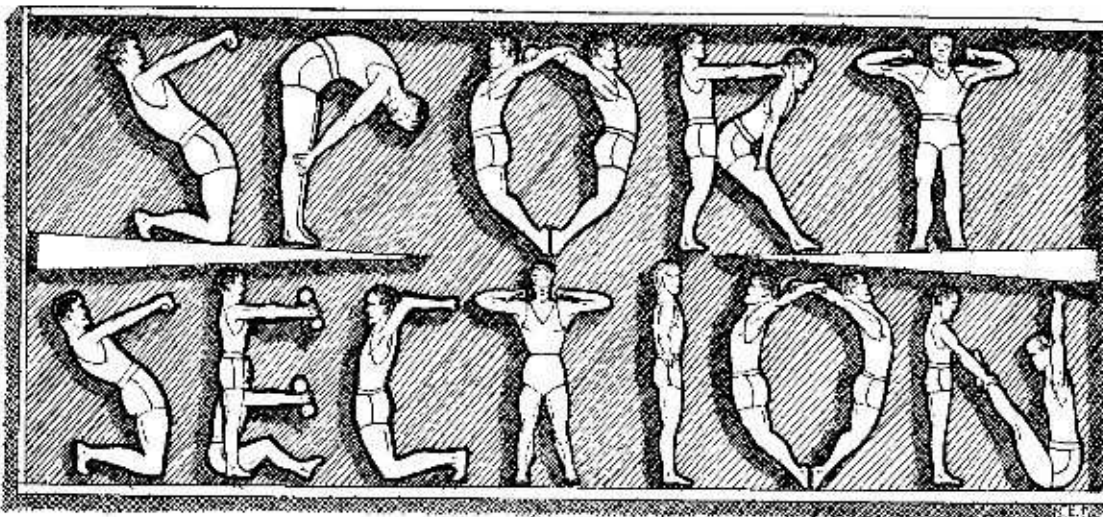
Far and wide, with gay abandon  
And with lavish hand, the Spring  
Brightens up the dreary landscape  
With her gentle colouring.

The colours of spring are the most beautiful and restful of all the year. Even the autumn with its kaleidoscopic blaze of colour, even the summer with its dazzling hues in flower and field cannot compare with the soothing tones of springtime. At no other season of the year is the shade of green in the trees so delicate and gentle. It is pleasing yet restful. Its myriad shades offer variety without losing the soothing quality which is peculiar to spring alone. The grass is a rich green carpet—too soon to lose its richness beneath the rays of the hot summer sun. Golden dandelions break the monotony and form bright islets of colour in a sea of green. The dome of heaven, stretching into infinity, is a deep and matchless blue. The variety, the restfulness and delicacy, yet withal the complete harmony of the spring colours calls forth a response and deep feeling that no other season can.

God, when He the autumn gives us  
Shows His matchless touch of art.  
And in summer's peerless beauties,  
Gives of Eden's vale a part.  
But when He the springtime sends us,  
Priceless jewel from His crown,  
In the gentle vernal glories,  
Sends a bit of heaven down.

FRANK CAREY, XI-B.





### THE YEAR IN SPORT

During the past months West Hill achieved greater honour in the realm of sports than in previous years. The school produced four great teams in the rugby, water-polo, hockey and soccer sections of the inter-school league.

The rugby team, although it shared the honour with Westmount, nevertheless held the coveted Wilf Wallace Memorial Trophy, emblematic of the city championship, for the first half of the year.

The water-polo team, despite many hard struggles, managed to emerge as city champions.

The hockey team, unable to obtain a championship put up a good struggle throughout the year. It was very popular with the school, as was shown by the great support given at the final game of the season at the Forum, against Westmount.

The soccer team achieved considerable credit for itself by playing its entire schedule without losing a game, and then by giving Verdun a strong fight for the city championship.

Undoubtedly the great success of all these teams was in a large measure due to the voluntary coaching given by the various masters. Although championships cannot be won in every line of sport, sportsmanship can be and is shown

in every activity in which "The Red and Grey" takes part.

H. TROTTER, XI-B.

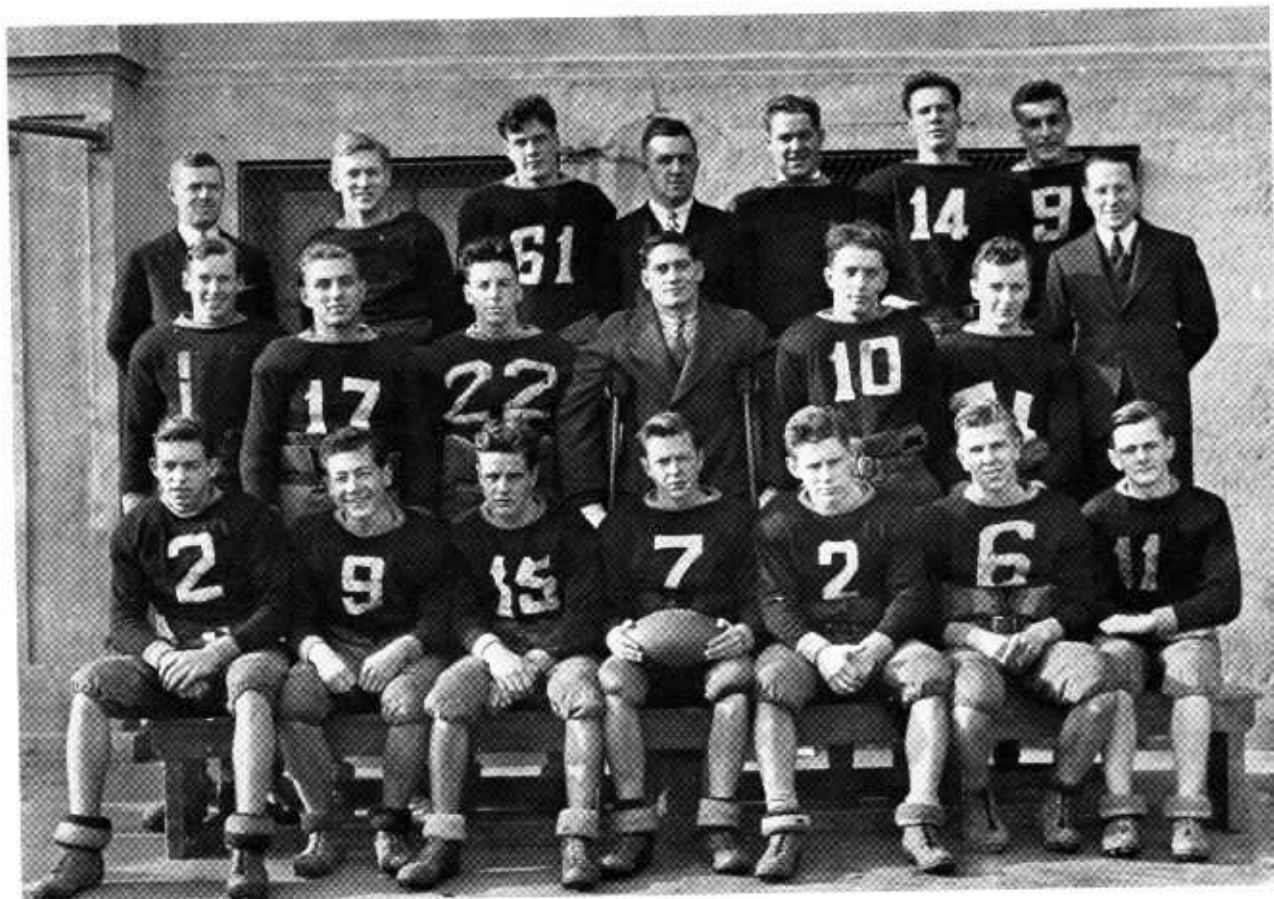
### THE WILFRED WALLACE MEMORIAL TROPHY

In the year 1919 there entered the Westmount Academy, as it was then called, a boy destined to become known as one of the greatest athletes the school has ever turned out. He played on the junior, intermediate and senior teams in both hockey and football, and set many new records on the track. In 1915 he left the school to go to France as a soldier, and there he made the supreme sacrifice of giving his life for his country.

This boy was none other than Wilfred Wallace, in whose memory some of the old boys of Westmount High contributed in order to purchase a fitting memorial. This tribute took the form of the Wilfred Wallace Memorial Trophy, which is symbolical of high school supremacy in football, and which is held this year by both West Hill High School and the Westmount High School. The beautiful trophy will long serve to perpetuate the memory not only of the athletic prowess of Wilf Wallace, but also that of his fine, noble and independent character.

JULIAN C. SMITH,

*Editor of Westmount High Annual.*



### WEST HILL HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR RUGBY TEAM (City Champions)

*Back Row*—Mr. H. C. Atkinson, D. Tozer, Noseworthy, Mr. Roy Chesley, J. Rayside, C. Eccles, I. Koren. *Middle Row*—M. Law, G. Lessard, W. Barr, F. Murphy, H. Balinsky, L. Corbett, Mr. L. Unsworth. *Front Row*—H. Dunn, H. Rosenstein, S. Wright, R. McWilliam, C. McNally, C. Morse, G. Russell.

### THE SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM

The West Hill senior football team did exceptionally well this year. The team went through its regular schedule without suffering a single set-back, and also decisively defeated Brockville High School, Lower Canada College and Strathcona Academy in exhibition games. Even in the play-offs West Hill remained unbeaten, although not victorious, for Westmount with a mighty effort succeeded in tying the score. As a result the teams agreed to share the championship honours, each school displaying the Wallace Trophy for six months.

The team functioned smoothly, like a well-oiled machine. Captain Frank Murphy was by far the most valuable player; indeed West Hill without Murphy would be like Argos without Tommy Burns. Other factors that aided the team in attaining its high standing were Dunn's fast broken-field running, Noseworthy's fine kicking and passing, McWilliam's good receiving and

quick thinking, Eccles' perfect snapping, Rayside and Tozer's powerful plunging, and last but not least the savage tackling and excellent receiving of McNally, Morse, Wright, Russell, Rosenstein and Barr.

However the man directly responsible for the success of the team is Mr. Roy Chesley. With only three players left from last year's squad, Mr. Chesley built up one of the most powerful teams West Hill has ever had. He is also the man who put out West Hill's Intermediate championship teams of 1935 and 34. In his three year career as a football coach at West Hill, Mr. Chesley has not lost a single game. This is a remarkable record and we hope that he will continue to add to it. Besides the players mentioned above the team was composed of the following: K. Chase, Pete Cuttle, L. Corbett, M. Law, I. Koren, H. Balinsky, G. Lessard and Bill Dow. R. Donald was manager.

H. BALINSKY, XI-B.

## GOLF

Golf was continued this year at West Hill and many took advantage of the opportunity to get some pre-season practice. The basement was used as a practice room and a net was strung across the pillars to afford those who practised driving a chance to use real balls. Soft cloth balls were, however, used for the most part. A long mat, and an elevated hole was also available to those who wished to practise putting.

HOWARD KELLY, X-B.

## SENIOR LEAGUE BASKETBALL

This year's team, composed of last season's Intermediates, performed creditably. If they had had more practice at working together they would have been a better machine. However they put up a stiff fight finishing the six game schedule tied for third place with Commercial High. Baron Byng led the league, with Montreal High second. W.H.H.S. opened the season at home against M.H.S. They lacked sufficient scoring punch and lost 29-18. The next game was played in Commercial's 20 ft. by 30 ft. gym. This game was hotly contested. Score W.H.H.S.—29, C.H.S.—26. Next we visited B.B.H.S. We lost a close tussle, 26-19, in the dying moments. Then at home we faltered badly losing to B.B.H.S. 37-15. Commercial scored an upset in our next game trimming us 21-16. Then came the not quite glorious finale. Our weakened team lost to a powerful M.H.S. squad at M.H.S. 28-7. We are hoping for better things next year but it's the game that counts.

H. W. PATTERSON, XI-B.

## SKIING

Under the careful supervision of Mr. Davidson, West Hill was able to enter two teams in the Inter-Scholastic ski meet. Although the school in no way captured any honours, the meet, nevertheless brought to light many up and coming young ski experts.

Untiring efforts were spent by Mr. Davidson in attempting to form a good ski team. There is little doubt that in a few years, West Hill will put forth a very strong team.

CLIFFORD MORSE, XI-B.

## HOCKEY

The West Hill Hockey teams under the capable handling of Messrs. Pitcairn and Brasford had quite a successful year. Mr. Brasford's seniors garnered 3th place after losing three hard games. They defeated the Champion L.C.C. team twice and with a little luck would have finished in a better position. West Hill had a real net minder in "Gib" Russell, and Noseworthy, Lamb and Brownrigg formed a strong rearguard. The forward lines consisted of Anderson, Clark and Thorpe; McNally, Jude and McWilliam. The West Hill team suffered a great loss when three of last year's stars were lost to them: Cattle, Murphy and big Clay Birchfield. The intermediates had a fine, fast team and under strong coaching by Mr. Pitcairn finished second.

K. CLARK, X-E.

## TENNIS

Much interest was displayed in the Senior tennis tournament this season. About 75 enthusiasts entered and the winner could not easily be picked although Stattner looked very promising. After the preliminary eliminations had taken place, the semi-final brackets showed H. Patterson vs. H. Cummings and J. Bryant vs. I. Stattner. Patterson lost to Cummings after a hard battle, and Bryant went down fighting before the drives of Stattner. Then Cummings and Stattner matched skill, strength, and speed and Stattner, showing plenty of power was not forced to extend himself, although Cummings threatened at times. As Patterson and Stattner are in the "grad" class and as Cummings is leaving town, the tournament should be wide open this fall.

Tennis in W.H.H.S. is definitely progressive and popular.

Great interest was shown in the Junior Singles. The first rounds were run off in quick succession with the stronger players advancing to the quarter finals and then to the semi-finals. The final round was left unplayed, so a champion was not declared. The finalists may meet this spring. The brand of Junior Tennis shown was exceptional this year and will probably be even better next year.

H. W. PATTERSON, XI-B.



**WEST HILL HIGH SCHOOL WATER POLO TEAM (City Champions)**

*Back Row*—Mr. Ford, M. Wright, R. Shiells, J. Retallack, Mr. H. C. Atkinson.  
*Front Row*—R. Howell, W. Howell, R. Ritchie.

### WATER POLO

For a second time within the last three years, the West Hill senior Water Polo team proved to be invincible. At the beginning of the season, prospects did not look so bright, as there were only three players who had previously played on a team. The team was composed of these and three recruits. The players were Ross Ritchie, Bob Shiells, Dick Howell, John Retallack, Meade Wright and Bill Howell. W. Howell, and R. Howell, the three veterans, were the chief scorers.

The team owed much of its success to Mr. Ford, who acted as their coach. The practices under his supervision, which were held twice a week, did much to strengthen the players. Also with his patience and guidance, the team progressed by leaps and bounds.

The league consisted of Westmount, Baron Byng, Montreal High, and West Hill. The first named proved to be our greatest rival, as might have been expected.

West Hill was successful in winning the championship, although one of the games with Westmount was not played, due to the fact that one of the West Hill players had chicken pox. Nevertheless, if it had been played, Westmount could not have obtained sufficient points to even tie West Hill for first place.

MEADE WRIGHT, XI-D.

### SWIMMING

Despite the limited facilities for swimming in the school, West Hill was well represented in the High School swimming circles this year. In the Wallace Caven Trophy Meet, West Hill captured third place with 15 points. The winner of the meet only had 21 points. In the Interscholastic Meet, the school finished in second place, although they failed to finish in first place, nevertheless the spirit behind the team showed the increased interest in West Hill's swimming.

One factor of West Hill's swimming team throughout the past years seems to be becoming a tradition. In the last three years, West Hill's relay team has been unbeatable: last year's team set a record yet to be beaten by any High School team. This year's team, composed of B. Derry, D. Howell, D. Derry and B. Howell proved again the fact that West Hill's swimmers are always a threat. Others who starred for the school were B. Shields and B. Mander.

B. HOWELL, XI-D.

### INTERMEDIATE RUGBY TEAM

This year, West Hill's intermediate team though not of championship calibre, provided stiff opposition for the other teams in the league. A general inexperience on the part of many of the players caused the weakness in the team. Unfortunately West Hill has not had junior teams for several years and thus, those trying out for the team had little previous experience.

Again, practically the whole intermediate team of the previous year moved up into the senior ranks. With the material on hand Mr. Brasford, hardworking sports master did a very fine job.

Several of the players will be ready for the senior team next year. The team featured a heavy line and a fairly fast back field. Bob Dunphy, Laing, and Parker, though perhaps not the stars, played good hard football throughout the season. Indeed the team as a whole held high the standard of the "Red and Gray."

D. GILMOUR, XI-B.

### BADMINTON

This year more and more students turned out to participate in badminton and enjoy the fun which it offers them. As a result of this, the senior and junior tournaments were able to be run off. The junior tournament was played first and many hard fought games were seen. In the junior singles Simpson and Smith battled their way to the finals. After a rousing battle Smith beat Simpson 15-12, 15-12 to take the title. In the doubles the team of Smith and Kendall won out against the Kelly - Epps duo after a hard fought match.

In the senior play, more competition was seen but no real upsets were scored until the final rounds of play. In the singles Frank Jude played Jack Smith in the finals. This was a long, tiring match and Jude finally won out by the score of 4-15, 15-11, 15-6. In the doubles the team of Brasford and Eaton smashed their way to the final round where they met the pair of Simpson and Miller. This match went into an extra game, but the team of Brasford and Eaton finally emerged victorious.

HOWARD KELLY, X-B.

### INTER-CLASS SPORTS

Intersclass sports at West Hill this year provided much entertainment for those boys unable to make the interscholastic teams. The leagues were arranged and looked after by various masters, and proved very popular with the boys.

The inter-class rugby with Mr. Lunan in charge was finally won by Room 24, later Room 36, with Room 19 the runner-up.

The conquerers of the basketball league arranged by Mr. Brasford, were the boys of Room 25, with Room 24 the challenger to their supremacy.

Room 10, later Room 24, showed their superiority in the volleyball and soccer sections, by garnering first place.

Room 19 were victors in the inter-class hockey, which was carried on at the 'Y' rinks.

H. TROTTER, XI-B.

### HOWLERS

Matrimony is where souls suffer for a time on account of their sins.

Achilles was dipped in the river Styx until he became intolerable.

The Mediterranean and Red Seas are connected by the Sewage Canal.

The dome of St. Pauls is supported by 8 peers, all of which are unfortunately cracked.

An octopus is a person who hopes for the best.

D-'s History is a veritable millstone on the road to learning.

General Smnts are the names given to the different black races of Africa.



#### WEST HILL HIGH SCHOOL SOCCER TEAM (Divisional Champions)

*Back Row*—A. Darlington (Capt.), M. Markell. *Middle Row*—Lloyd M. Thomas, W. Barrie, F. Sparrow, H. Cunningham, H. Hussum, Mr. J. C. J. Hodgson. *Front Row*—F. Carey, H. Trotter, W. Gill, V. Hagen, K. Ambrose, L. Stattner.

#### SENIOR SOCCER

The team was unfortunate in the loss of last year's coach, Mr. Muschamp, but the late Mr. Hodgson ably filled the breach, and led the team through to a Divisional Championship and the City Finals. Here, however, they went down fighting before a superior team, Verdun. Nevertheless this year's team was one of which West Hill could be proud and was unbeaten in all its regular schedule. Outstanding during the year were Billy Gill in goal and Cunningham at centre-half. West Hill was fortunate in having two members of the team chosen for the all-star game against McGill in the persons of Cunningham and Carey.

FRANK CAREY, XI-B.

#### INTERMEDIATE BASKETBALL

The intermediate basketball team was the most successful of the three school basketball teams this year. Due to a poor start, they lost two games to Baron Byng by a narrow margin. By the end of the season the team was functioning smoothly as one unit, thanks to the able coaching of Messrs. Brasford and Gregg. Much of the success of the team was due to the high scoring of the forward line led by Bob Jackson, whose work at centre was outstanding, and the fine defensive work of Dunphy, Stattner and Seveigny. The forwards were Jackson, Kelly, Carey, Carstairs, Cranfield, Eccles, Mitchell, Cohen and Wilson.

FRANK CAREY, XI-B.



*(Continued from page 14)*

ing up all these lies . . . You know you weren't at Lady Summer's party, it was an afternoon affair, a hen-party as you might call it. And then about Lady Summer, you seem to have forgotten that she was in Canada all during the War. But do go on, I'm just dying to hear how you'll explain it all!"

Roger hung his head, overwhelmed. Then he looked at her and grinned: "You win: I'm sorry I—I lied about it—but I wanted to speak to you and I thought . . . well, I had to talk about someone you knew, didn't I?"

"You certainly started off very well. I still don't know how you happened to pick on Lady Summer, and her party, and my name, how did you know that?"

He looked at her very humbly, "If you will promise to forgive me," he said, "I shall tell you just how it happened."

"I'm so curious to know," she confessed, "that I think I shall have to."

"It was your voice that drew my attention to you first. I heard you talking in the British Museum; your voice made me home-sick at once—you were all Canada to me. You were speaking to an older lady whom you called Lady Summer, and you told her how much you had enjoyed her party, and all her friends. I naturally thought it had been a dance. A minute or two later she introduced you to someone, so I heard your name."

"And you remember it," she added, "How sweet of you."

"Who wouldn't!" he declared, "Imagine my surprise when I saw you coming aboard at Southampton. I've been looking for you almost every night since."

"Oh! . . . Why only at night?"

"Well, . . . er . . . you see . . . I'm not supposed to be up on this deck. I'm travelling third. I earned this passage by working in the kitchen on the way over, so . . . er . . . well, I only come here at night because the officers aren't so likely to spot me, then."

"How exciting! What do you propose to do if an officer does notice you?" she asked, archly.

"You don't suppose anyone will interfere with

me while I'm talking to a young lady, do you?"

"I think I'll go and make up to the Chief Engineer right now and tell him about you," she teased.

"You just couldn't be so cruel."

"One of my teachers last year used to warn us about the danger of talking to strange young men."

"Must have been a stuffy old school, which was it?"

"The best school in Montreal, Sir—Trafalgar!"

"Humph! A girl's school. Can't come up to West Hill."

"Oh! Were you at West Hill?"

"Yes. Graduated from there last June."

"I went there once last winter to see them do 'Penrod.' It was awfully well done."

"Oh, thanks. You see, I was Penrod."

"You were? Why, of course. That must be why I thought I knew your face."

"So I'm not really a stranger after all, am I?" he urged.

"You were Penrod . . . Funny! I went away that night feeling I'd like to know Penrod."

"And now you're terribly disappointed in Roger?" he quizzed.

"Well, Penrod would have been more gallant. He would have asked me to dance long before this," she mocked, looking out over the river.

"Why, I didn't dare," he defended himself.

"Penrod was awfully daring, don't you think?" she asked, softly.

"Lady! Penrod isn't a patch on Roger. He's only an old make-believe. Just watch Roger!" he warned her, linking his arm in hers and leading her towards the music.

"I shall be thrilled to," she smiled at him, her happiness floating musically across the deck and over the dark water, where it lost itself in the blackness and the interminable river sounds.

The End.

LLOYD HUTCHISON, X-B.



#### W.H.H.S. CHAMPIONS INTER-SCHOOL BADMINTON

*Back Row*—Jean Owen, Marjorie Chaplin, Evelyn Barton, Elsie Hott, Ruth Corbett.  
*Front Row*—Lillian Skinner, Helen Winter, Mary Gill, Grace Hurst, Una Phillips,  
 Dora Proven. *Insets: (Left)*—Margaret Patrick. *(Right)* Edabelle Bourdon.

#### BADMINTON

This was a very successful year in Badminton at West Hill. Our team won the Inter-School City Championship, when they won 16 out of a possible 18 games, in the Western Section, and 4 out of 6 games in the play-off. This is the third consecutive year that our team has won this honour.

During the season a series of Inter-Class Tournaments took place in which X-E and X-G won the senior section, and IX-K and VIII-G won the junior. In the play-off X-E and X-G won the Inter-Class Championship. In addition the girls on the team enjoyed a match played with the teachers, and one which Miss Bell arranged at the M.A.A.A. against the junior girls of that Club.

Girls, interested in learning how to play Badminton, were instructed by Miss Macdiarmid.

Miss Macnaughton, Miss Marsters, and Miss Bell at a weekly Beginners Class.

There was a large entry in the Singles Tournament which was won by Dora Proven, when she defeated Evelyn Barton 11-7, 11-5. The Doubles Tournament was won by Marjorie Chaplin and Margaret Patrick, when they defeated Elsie Hott and Jean Owen, in a very close, and hard-fought match. 15-12, 17-15.

Members of the team were:

1. Dora Proven and Grace Hurst.
2. Helen Winter and Elsie Hott.
3. Marjorie Chaplin and Mary Gill.
4. Edabelle Bourdon and Evelyn Barton.
5. Una Phillips and Lillian Skinner.
6. Margaret Patrick and Ruth Corbett.

Substitute: Jean Owen.

DORA PROVEN, XI-A.



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### SCHOOL TENNIS CHAMPIONS

*Left*—Lillian Menzies, Senior Champ.  
*Right*—Evelyn Barton, Junior & School Champ.

### TENNIS

Last season could hardly be called a successful one for the girls' tennis team. In spite of all efforts to the contrary, we lost all games to our everlasting rival, Westmount.

In the school tournament, Lillian Menzies won the Senior cup and Evelyn Barton, the Junior. The runners-up were Lorna Say and Barbara Miller, respectively. In the play-off for the school singles cup, Evelyn Barton won out against Lillian Menzies. The inter-class doubles were won by Jean Owen and Evelyn Barton with Betty Kirkpatrick and Lillian Menzies runners-up.

EVELYN BARTON, X-A.

### SWIMMING

The girls have been fortunate in having swimming on Tuesday afternoons during the fall and spring months at the N.D.G. Community Hall.

A school team, consisting of the best swimmers and divers of the school, was entered in the inter-school swimming meet. West Hill took third place. Montreal High and St. Lambert capturing first and second places.

Everybody seemed to enjoy it and will be looking forward to it next fall.

NORMA ROBINSON, X-C.

### BASKETBALL

This year a new system of toss-in was adopted by the various high schools. Two girls, one from each team, received the ball alternately from the referee, who tossed it into centre from the side-lines. This system proved very satisfactory.

Our Junior team lost only one game which was to Westmount, who won both junior and senior championships. The senior team had a hard time starting out but they succeeded in winning the remaining four matches.

Junior team — Dorothy Higgins, Bernice Wilson, Beverly Fairclough, Phyllis Mott, Peggy Beall, Marjorie Carby, Jean Owen (Captain).

Senior team — Marjorie Chaplin, Mary Gill, Norma Robinson, Grace Hurst, Dorothy Lowles and Kay McCord (Captain).

Subs.—Margaret Brown, Lillian Menzies, Beatrice Rowe, Doris Jones, Mary Howe, Dorothy Hall, Doris Maegillivray, Helen Kallmeyer, Dorothy Pope, Helen Tuddenham, Nancy Drury.

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#### SCHOOL BADMINTON CHAMPIONS

*Left*—Evelyn Barton, Runner up. *Right*—Dora Proven, School Champ, also City & District League Junior Champ. & Murray League Junior Champion.

#### SKIING

Skiing, one of West Hill's popular winter sports, was carried on in full swing this winter. The girls, and Miss Bell, our popular gym instructress, had many a jolly excursion on Mount Royal.

Then came the long-looked-for time when we were packed off for the day to Shawbridge. At 10.15 we arrived at our destination and immediately we started off for the hills (and falls!). We would be going through a fairyland of snow-laden fir trees and then suddenly we would shoot upon a plain where only a few distinguishable ski trails pointed the way home. By noon-time we were famished, and our eyes lit up at the lovely dinner laid for us. During the rest of the afternoon we went over to the big hill to watch the finish of the boys' races. The day

passed all too quickly and we soon found ourselves on the train, bound for the city. Tired, but happy, we voted it the best day ever.

LOIS M. COCHRANE, IX-A.

#### GIRL'S INTER-CLASS BASKETBALL

This winter inter-class basketball was well supported by girls from all classes. There were fifteen Senior teams and twelve Junior. Of the former X-A carried off the honours, while in the latter VIII-G proved to be the champs.

The girls of IX-K were champions of the ninth grades, but were defeated by X-A.

Thus ended a most successful year in girl's inter-class basketball.

AUDREY LOOKER, XI-C.



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## Boys' Track and Field Meet

The eleventh annual track meet was held at the McGill Stadium on May 14th. During the day two records fell when McWilliam won the Senior mile in 5.04 4-5 min. and Loudon pole vaulted 8 feet.

The results were as follows:

### SENIOR

100 yards: Laing, won; Cohen, second; Dunphy, third. Time, 11 2-5.

220 yards: Laing, won; Wright, second; Cohen, third. Time, 25 2-5.

440 yards: Barrie, won; Wright, second; Laing, third. Time, 1.01.

One mile: McWilliam, won; Retalack, second; Cunningham, third. Time, 5.04 4-5. (New record).

One mile relay: IX-L, won; IX-M, second; XB, third. Time, 3.51 1/2.

120-yard hurdles: Morse, won; Russell, second; Caldwell, third. Time, 17 2-5.

Pole vault: Andrews, won; Morse, second; McNally, third. Height, 7 feet, 2 inches.

Discus throw: R. Dunphy, won; Noseworthy, second; McNally, third. Distance, 85 ft., 4 ins.

Javelin throw: Russell, won; Howell, second; McWilliam, third. Distance, 132 feet, 3 inches.

Eight-pound shot putt: Murphy, won; Noseworthy, second; Howell, third. Distance, 46 feet, 11 1/4 inches.

Running broad jump: McNally, won; McWilliam, second; Cranfield, third. Distance, 18 feet.

Running high jump: Moncaster, won; Jackson, second; Laing and Andrews, third (tie). Height, 5 feet, 4 inches. (Equals record)

### INTERMEDIATE

100 yards: Carstairs, won; Loudon, second; Munro, third. Time, 11 1-5.

140 yards: Loudon, won; Newsom, second; Wood, third. Time, .59.

880 yards relay: IX-B, won; VIII-B, second; VII-M, third. Time, 1.52 1-5.

120-yard hurdles: Carstairs, won; Newsam, second; Munro, third. Time, 17.3.

Pole vault: Loudon, won; McKenzie, second; Newsam, third. Height, 8 ft. (New record).

Running broad jump: Loudon, won; Wood, second; Carstairs, third. Distance 18 ft. (Equals record).

Running high jump: Carstairs, won; Newsam, second; Grearson, third. Height, 4 ft. 9 1/4 in.

Eight-pound shot put: Munro, first; King, second; Yossen, third. Distance, 34 ft. 4 in.

### JUNIOR

75 yards: Carby, won; Maruen, second; Wilson, third. Time, 9.2.

220 yards: Carby, won; Wilson, second; Dray, third. Time, 28.3

440-yard relay: VIII-D, won; VIII-B, second; VIII-F, third. Time, 1.00.

Running broad jump: Steinhouse, won; Marue, second; Christie, third. Distance, 14 ft., 10 ins.

Running high jump: Wilson, won; Sampson, second; McCullough, third. Height, 4 ft., 4 1/2 ins.

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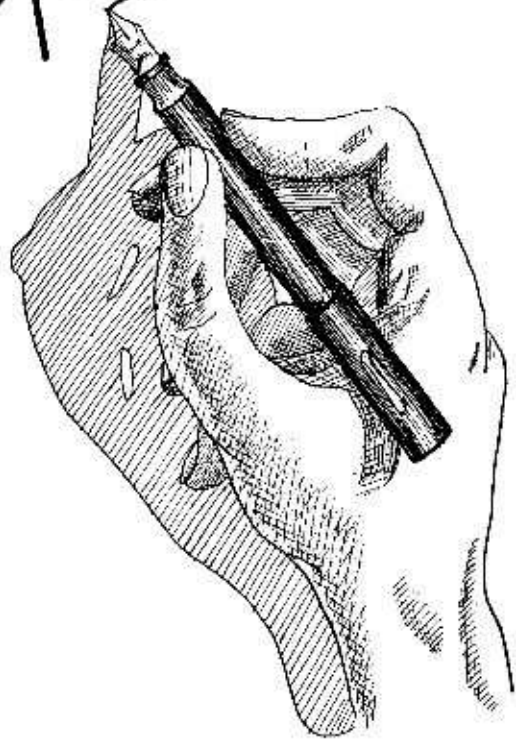
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