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This, the 1937 edition
 of
 The West Hill High School
 Annual Magazine,
 Is Respectfully Dedicated
 to
 Their Most Gracious Majesties,
King George VI
 and
Queen Elizabeth
 on the occasion of
 Their Coronation



ANNUAL BOARD EXECUTIVE

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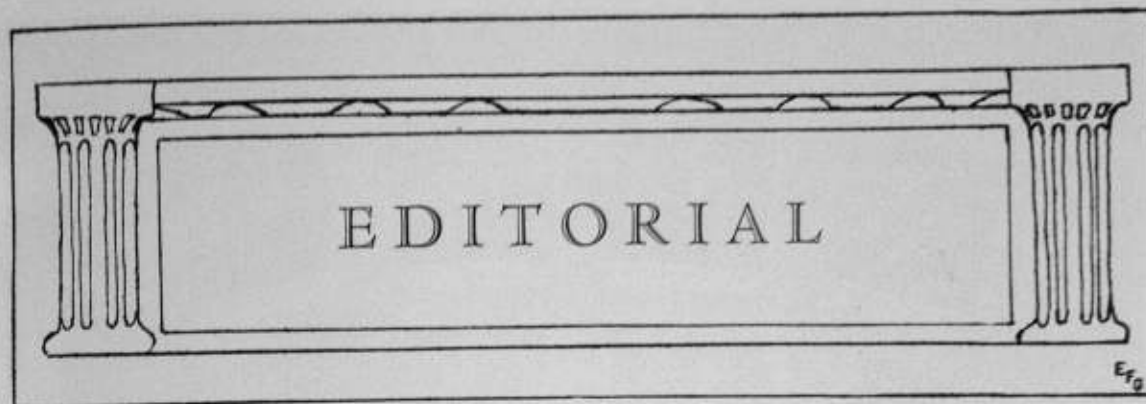
Advertising: Norman Retallack, Manager; Robert Flitton, Assistant.

Circulation: John Friedlander, Manager; George Hay, Melvin Burge, Frank Clark, Assistants.

The Annual Board is indebted to a large number of girls who very kindly rendered their services for secretarial work.

Cover design by John Retallack.

We are very grateful to numerous members of the school staff for their kind assistance, especially Mr. Harris, for composites of teachers' pictures, Mr. Oxley, for group photographs, and above all, Mr. Brash, for supervision of teachers' photographs and invaluable editorial advice.



ANOTHER school year is rapidly drawing to a close, leaving behind it an old trail of stories, told in a new way, about life at West Hill and those who animate that life. Not only have the old traditions in the various fields of work and play been held up as high as ever, but numerous changes and additions have been made which mark the contributions of another group, passing through West Hill's halls, to the spirit and honour of the School. The 1937 Edition of the West Hill High School Annual Magazine now makes its appearance, attempting to justify its existence to its school by presenting in a permanent form a cross-section of the accomplishments in playing the game of work and play at West Hill.

In the pages that follow, you will find, most probably, just what you expect. There will be literary work of the students, pictures of budding graduates with their brief and simple biographies, a faithful reporting of the years' activities, notes on former graduates, and the School's story in the field of sport. These, the old standbys, still hold their old interest. The same story is told again, this time with only the changes that are brought about with the passing of the years.

If we are to tell all the West Hill story for the year, let us not forget the story the Annual has to tell. It could not be fairly said that West Hill is lacking in talent, means or

opportunity to produce a successful magazine. It is recognized that such success rests on three factors: namely, harnessing the talent in the School for good material, publishing in a manner to assure financial success while maintaining the policy of fine workmanship and continual improvement, and arranging the work so that the students may have the necessary time to do it all without impairment to their studies. We believe that this year's Annual has lived up to these three requirements and so it is presented to you for your judgment by the editors and their staff with a genuine feeling of accomplishment and of work well done.

Modern times have brought many changes to our world and these are reflected in the growth of our school to the position of the largest high school in the province. As such, its numerous clubs and activities are motivated by school spirit and by ambition to maintain and develop its prestige. The members participating in these organizations have by individual and organized effort, accomplished much for the common good. But much still remains to be done. Whether you are playing the game in sports, in your clubs or societies, in your school productions, or further out in life, seek "Labore et Honore" to help to guide West Hill for distant horizons. If this be the common aim, your School will forever ride proudly on the crests of the waves.



SCHOOL STAFF



SCHOOL STAFF

WEST HILL HIGH SCHOOL

THE SCHOOL STAFF

DURING the past year West Hill has seen a number of changes in the teaching staff. Unfortunately the school has lost the services of Mrs. Potter, Mr. Unsworth and Mr. Latham; three teachers who were well liked and much respected.

However, this year Mr. J. G. S. Brash returned from his year's leave of absence, much to the joy of those who know him, and as the year has progressed many students are glad that they have made his acquaintance.

There is much to be said concerning a number of new members to the staff this year. With the addition of these, West Hill has much to look forward to, and we know that with their help, great things will be done in the future. We salute Misses Collie and Khaner, and Messrs. Jardine, Storr, Snodgrass and Jones.

There has been floating through the proud halls of West Hill a rumour that Mr. C. B. Rittenhouse may leave the school sometime in the near future. We hope that this is not so and we feel that we cannot express our appreciation in words sufficiently fitting for the most marvelous work he has done in connection with dramatics and teaching in West Hill.

THE CORONATION

EVERYONE is looking forward to the Coronation and for the most part wishing that they might see this wonderful event.

Although we cannot attend the Coronation, it is possible to gain, through the school, a very good idea of what it is all about. Mr. R. H. Ford has gone to the trouble to prepare a special Coronation program to be held during the week of May the third to May the seventh. This program will be given to enlighten the youth of West Hill as to what the Coronation really means.

Several speakers will give addresses on such topics as where the Coronation will take place, the ceremony itself, the regalia and its significance, the historical development of kingship and the music accompanying the celebration.

West Hill, however, will be represented at the Coronation by two of its students; their names are Brenda Becker Wilson and Charles Kenneth Ward. May they carry with them the thought that the students of West Hill, as loyal British subjects, are with them in spirit, and pay their respects to George VI, King of Great Britain and Ireland, Ruler of all the British Dominions beyond the seas, and Emperor of India. God save the King!

THE OTTAWA TRIP

ON the thirty-first of March, thirty-two pupils of the eleventh grade were the guests of W. Allen Walsh, Member of Parliament for Mount Royal, at Ottawa. A luncheon was served in the House of Commons at which time several Members of Parliament addressed the group. Mr. Walsh arranged a very interesting program for the afternoon. The party was shown through the National Research Council building and had the opportunity to visit both the House of Commons and the Senate while in session. Three members of the staff were in charge of the party and the trip was made by autobus.

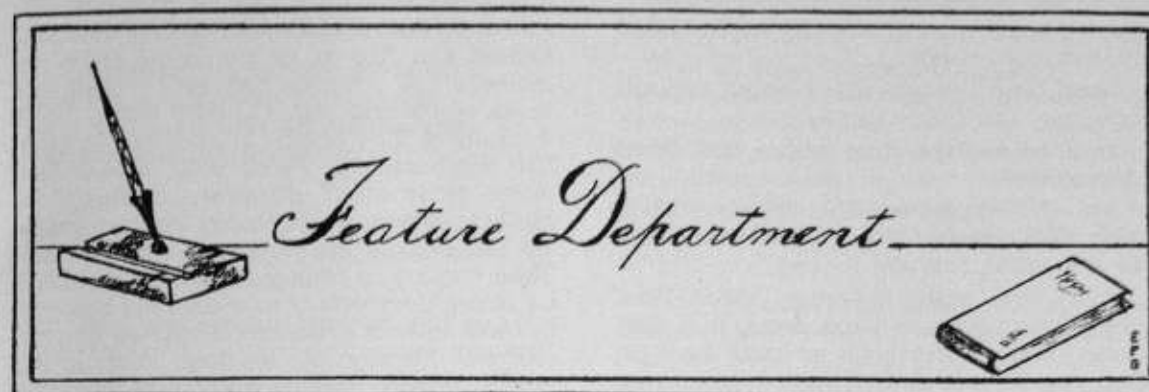
SCHOLARSHIPS

MANY of the pupils of West Hill are still perplexed concerning scholarships awarded by the Protestant Board of School Commissioners of the City of Montreal. To banish any possible doubt is the object of this short, but authoritative article.

Pupils of Eighth, Ninth and Tenth years, who have spent not more than twelve months in their respective grades, who have been in attendance (at the schools of the Board) for at least the ten months immediately preceding the final tests, who, during the last five months of their course, have not been suspended or punished corporally and who have had a satisfactory record as to conduct, may compete for the Board of School Commissioners Scholarships and Medals, provided they have taken 75% of the total marks attainable in the final tests and in the subject of English. Also, they must obtain not less than 68% of such marks in each and every subject in Eighth and Ninth years, and not less than 65% in Tenth year.

The Commissioners' Silver medals are awarded to the head boy and the head girl in Grade Eleven. The head boys and girls in Grades Eight, Nine and Ten receive Commissioners' Bronze medals.

At the time of writing, there is no scholarship awarded at the end of Eleventh year, entitling the head boy or girl to free tuition at some accepted College or University. However, this year the Graduates are attempting to provide a fund, whereby the highest ranking pupil or pupils will receive a scholarship valued at two hundred dollars.



THE LAST LANDING-FIELD

THE plane was losing altitude rapidly now, and Bob fully expected that at any moment it would go into that dive which would forever end his hopes of victory. As he frantically worked the controls, the cold perspiration broke out in large beads on his forehead, and his tightly clenched teeth made the veins stand out clear and distinct on his throbbing temples. The motor sputtered, gave one or two more sickly coughs, and then stopped altogether. Bob felt the plane slipping slowly to one side, and he strove desperately to level it off again, but it was too late. A grim smile passed over Bob's handsome face as he realised that it was all up with him now. The light plane tilted suddenly forward, and began to gather speed. Faster and faster it went hurtling through space towards certain destruction, while the wind, whistling through the wings, sounded like the shrieks of tormented souls. From between tightly compressed lips, Bob muttered a silent prayer, awaiting with breathless expectancy that sickening crash. It came. With a roar as of thunder in his ears, Bob felt himself being hurled through the air. The last thing he remembered was hearing a terrific explosion, and then all was peace and quietness.

Bob looked about him in profound interest. Where was he? Was he alive or dead? He pinched himself to make sure. No, he was alive all right, but, where was he? He did not have the foggiest notion of his whereabouts.

He was standing, as he could make out, on the smooth run-way of an air-drome, beside a trim little monoplane which somehow looked familiar to him. On closer examination, he discovered, to his great amazement, that it was his plane, his own "Maid of the Morning." This startling discovery only added to his perplexity. At one end of the landing-field, he could see a

cluster of low buildings, and several larger hangars and, in the latter, he could clearly make out a number of air-craft of all makes and sizes, from small planes like his own to large bi-motored transports.

When he tried to recall what had happened, at first he could remember nothing. However, as he stood there, gazing about on the scene, it all came back to him in a flash.

He remembered everything now. He had not wanted to take part in that race; he had known perfectly well that his plane could not stand the strain, but she had refused to listen to him. She had, either in jest or in earnest, told him that he was afraid, had accused him of cowardice. He had grown angry, and, like a madman, he had rushed up to the flying field. The mechanic there had warned him that his plane was in no fit condition to attempt the race, but, there had been no time left then to repair it. Then had come that mad take off, that feeling of joy as his plane forged ahead of all the others, and then, that coughing in his motor, and finally, that crash, that sickening crash, followed by that deafening, rending explosion.

Bob laughed bitterly to himself as he remembered it all. He had been a fool to have grown angry just because she had called him a coward, and he did not know yet whether she had meant it or not. He laughed again, but this time out loud.

"What is there to laugh at around here?" asked a gruff voice behind him.

Bob started, whirled about on his heel to face the speaker. He was a tall, gaunt figure of a man, with hollowed cheeks and dark sunken eyes. His closely cropped black hair and bristling moustache gave him a ferocious appearance. As Bob's eyes met the stranger's face, he was struck dumb with surprise, and a feeling of weakness came over him, till he was obliged to clutch the

side of the plane for support. Trembling a little, he stood staring stupidly at the silent figure in front of him.

"Good God!" he gasped at length through white lips, "It's Bill Duggan."

"Yes," replied the other with a nod, "that is my name."

"But,—," stammered Bob drawing back a little, "Bill's dead; he was killed three years ago in a crash over the Rockies."

"That's true," came the reply, "I was killed three years ago, and I am dead, but, that doesn't matter, everyone around here is dead, you, myself, and all those fellows over there, and the peculiar thing about it is that we were all killed in plane crashes."

As he spoke, he pointed towards one of the long low buildings at the end of the field. Bob followed the direction of his finger and saw, standing before one of the houses, a group of men who were staring at him intently, not moving so much as an eyelid, or uttering a sound. As Bob scanned each silent figure in turn, a new feeling of mingled fear and astonishment stole over him. He knew them all, or rather, he had once known them, but they had all been killed in one way or another. There was George Barkley whose plane had crashed during the big storm of last June, and there was Captain Gordon Ivers of the R.C.A.F., who had been lost in the far north while on a rescue expedition, and there were many others whose faces he knew well. As he recognized each in turn, his fear increased, and he was seized with the desire to run away, to fly from those silent, staring figures. At last, with a hoarse cry, he turned upon the man by his side.

"Where am I?" he cried shrilly, "Why am I here? How did I come here? Why are they here; Why don't they speak, and why do they stare like that?"

"You are here with us; you are one of us; you had to come here; this is your last landing-field, and here you must stay."

"But," shouted Bob, "I don't want to stay. I want to get away from here."

"Where will you go?" asked Duggan with a sad, weary smile.

"I don't know," replied Bob, "but I'll go anywhere, do anything rather than stay here with you. You're all dead, you're all phantoms! Let me go! I say, let me go!"

While he had been speaking, Duggan had stretched out one of his long, thin hands, and clutched him by the arm. With an effort Bob wrenched himself free, and turning, he began to run swiftly in a desperate effort to escape that group of silent, staring figures by the house. He ran straight ahead, not

daring to look back. As he raced blindly forward, he could hear heavy footfalls behind him. Try as he would, he could not increase the distance between himself and those on-coming feet. On they came. Thud, thud, thud, they began to beat on his brain like trip-hammers. Thud, thud, would they never grow tired? He was growing tired; his breath was now coming in short gasps. He felt that he could not go much further. Then came that rolling stone. He stumbled, he strove desperately to regain his balance, but was unable to do so. He pitched forward and fell heavily. A moment later strong hands grasped him by both arms and held him down so that he could hardly move. He struggled vainly to free himself, but the more he struggled the tighter did those strong hands seem to grasp him. An impenetrable gloom seemed to encircle him, and out of that darkness, he heard a soft reassuring voice speaking to him. It was a woman's voice, and it was saying:

"Yes, yes, lie quiet, please. It's all over now. Everything will be all right in a little while."

Bob ceased to struggle, and a calmness seemed to steal over him, and he remembered nothing else.

Bob lay between the clean white sheets, and smiled up at the girl who was standing at the bedside. She was slim and graceful, with large blue eyes, and a mass of shining black hair. As she looked down on the man in the bed a wistful expression came into her face.

"Oh Bob," she whispered, "Can you ever forgive me? You cannot know how I hate myself for having caused you to attempt that race. I was only teasing when I called you a coward, and I did not mean it. I was frantic when they told me that you had really gone, and, when they brought you in that night, looking so pale and still, I thought that you were dead. And then, you frightened me, for you took so long to regain consciousness, and all the time you were unconscious, you spoke of nothing but dead men, staring figures and aeroplane crashes."

Bob smiled up at her again, and, stretching out his hand, he took her small white one in his own large rough one. He drew her down closer to him, until he was looking into the deep blue depths of her eyes.

If a casual visitor had chanced to open the door and look into that trim hospital room a short time later, it would not have been very difficult for him to see that all, as well as having been forgiven, had also been forgotten.

L. A. McCLINTOCK, XI-B.

TO A STUDENT OF WEST HILL A THOUSAND YEARS HENCE

"I who am dead a thousand years,
And wrote this sweet archaic song,
Send you my words for messengers
The way I shall not pass along."

I care not if you realize
We who have gone before do pay;
But there down noisy halls, Time cries,
Win "Labore et Honore."

But have you masters staunch and true,
Like those of mine, though changed the day?
Forever may they implant in you,
Win "Labore et Honore."

How shall you conquer? Be like men,
Remember this to be the way,
It will not harm to tell again,
Win "Labore et Honore."

O friend unseen, without a name,
Though I'll be gone yet this I'll say,
Play up! Play up! And play the game!
Win "Labore et Honore."

"Since I can never see your face,
And never shake you by the hand,
I send my soul though Time and Space
To greet you. You will understand."

JOHN GRANT, XI-B.

SPRING

THE last vestige of winter has passed, and the glorious uncertainty of an April day comes as a welcome change, gentle showers bring nature to life,—young tender tendrils of green poke their heads bravely above the sodden earth; the trees, so long bereft of their leafy garments, flourish forth with buds for a new cloak.

A few of the early spring bulbs have awakened. Rows of proud daffodils, defiant narcissi, and groups of striking crocuses wave their heads in the breeze. As the iris is opening her beauty to the world, the odd red tulip dances in the sunlight. The stately, aristocratic lily stands, an object of admiration. Triliums and violets supply the woods with a colorful carpet.

The sky, lately dulled by wintry clouds, becomes a vivid blue, dotted here and there with snow white tufts. Sunset becomes a glorious spectacle, rays of brilliant light bursting forth from the heavens; as the ball of fire sinks below the horizon it splashes the clouds with glittering red and glowing shades of purple. To let us know that the

warm weather is approaching the moon dons a coat of fiery red.

The squirrel, ground-hog, and bear—awakening from their long winter sleep, the deer—lean-flanked and dejected, the young buck—no longer aggressive, sally forth from their haunts to sun themselves luxuriously. After their long exodus to the North, the birds bead the air with liquid melody.

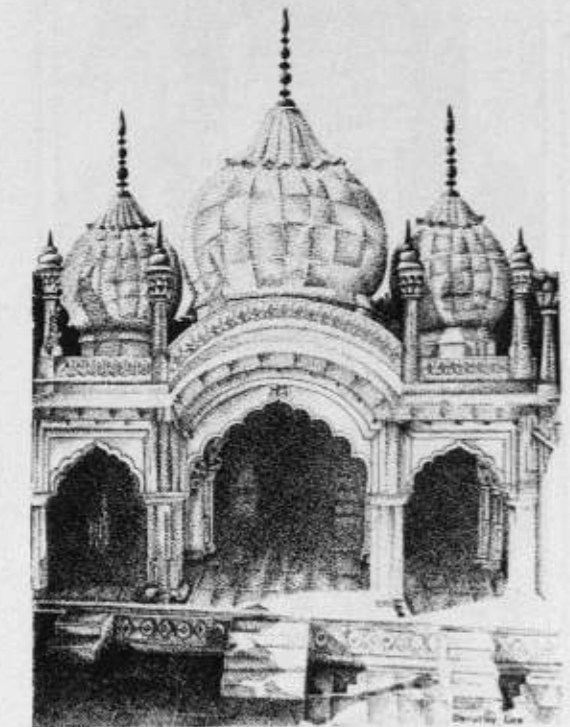
It is no wonder that such a season as this, this ancient miracle of a world reborn, should thrill the heart of youth with new exultation and hope.

JOHN FRIEDLANDER, XI-E.

DRAMBUS CLASSORUM

Masterbus enterbus eum classorum
Catchibus boyibus throwing inkorum
Stridibus downibus ad eum deskorum
Grabibus culpritus by eius pantorum
Leadibus ladibus out to hallorum
Restibus pupilis hearum smackorum
Ofibus strapibus on eum palmorum
To thisibus poemum there is a lessorum
Throwibus inkibus if you wishorum
But dontibus letibus teacher catchorum.

DERRICK CROSSEY, XI-B.



WHAT IS THE WORLD COMING TO???

AS I was wandering through a downtown departmental store one day, I stopped to examine something, when I heard two old ladies talking in an animated manner, and then I heard them mention West Hill. I stopped to listen and this is what I heard:

"Well, Melissa, I certainly am glad I met you here today, because I have something very important to tell you; it is something concerning our conversation the other day about the younger generation.

"The other night, I guess it was Saturday night, Pa and I went out to Notre Dame des Graces to West Hill High School to see that play called "The Turning of the Screw" in which our Jane's girl took part. She was just splendid e'en though she didn't get a chance to say anything. I tell ye, Melissa, some scandalous things took place during that play. Why! they let in a raving, drunken old fool who staggered around fearfully and certainly became much worse as the play went on until he was cavorting down in front of the audience and even all over the stage. He did some of the silliest antics I ever saw, but worst of all he kept interrupting the play to such an extent that I thought

somebody would tend to put him out so that those young people could continue with their play. At last he went so wild he ran the whole length of the hall and up on to the stage. Believe me, Melissa, the police should have been called. I'm sure Mr. Shakespeare, a respectable man, would not want any such disturbances to take place at any of his shows.

"But that's not all; other scandalous things happened. You ought to have seen the terrible rage that a real pretty girl in a red dress displayed. She bit and scratched and slapped and stamped and then a young fellow in a most preposterous costume picked her up in a most outrageous manner and hustled her off the stage.

"Now Pa and I had seen quite enough, and we jest grabbed our hats and coats and hurried out of that place and we're not goin' to any more of those plays unless Mister Shakespeare sees that they are properly conducted."

RICHARD DELVIN, XI-B.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

'Twas a nice October morning last September in July,
The moon was shining brightly and the mud showed in the sky,
The flowers were singing sweetly and the birds were in full bloom
As I went down the cellar to sweep an upstairs room.

The time was Tuesday morning at Wednesday just at night,
I saw, a thousand miles away, a house just out of sight,
The walls projected backwards and the front was 'round the back'
It stood between two more and it was whitewashed black.

On this balmy summer's evening, the snowflakes filled the sky,
As I stood on the Desert island and watched the trains go by,
I stood in the open doorway of the house on the vacant lot,
And saw a fair-skinned Negro boiling snowballs in a pot.

Up walked a skinny cat fish with a pen behind its ear,
I awoke with a splitting headache—Boy,
I'm off this home-brew beer.

ARTHUR DIAMOND, X-D.



MY FIRST LOVE

SHE had grey eyes. Her hair was a beautiful, silken, blue-black. Kind, friendly, gentle, loving, she was all a man could ask. Full of high spirits, she knew just how much she could do to my heart. She was a little heart-breaker. If you had occasion to scold her she would look at you mournfully, with her beautiful soul showing through her expressive eyes. She had a lovely figure, and when she died I thought that I would die too. She was the finest Shetland pony I had ever seen.

JESS COHEN, XII.

THE PAINTING

THE owner of a local department store, which had just opened an art department, was sitting in his office one morning when an untidily dressed young man entered. The young man presented an original oil painting which he called "Reapers at Dawn", and which he wished to sell. The painting looked as though it had been done by a child. But after consideration the proprietor made him an offer.

"We'll take it on a commission basis," he said. "If we sell the painting we'll take five per cent. How much are you expecting for it?"

"Five hundred dollars," said the poorly dressed young man. The proprietor gasped, "Impossible! Two hundred at the most." The young artist agreed unwillingly.

"Reapers at Dawn" hung in the art department for a week without any offers having been made. It appeared in the paper that an eminent Italian artist would be in the city to judge an art exhibition. The following day, this gentleman, with many young admiring artists of the city around him, came into the store and wished to see the pictures for sale. He glanced around the art department as though he saw nothing that pleased him until he came to "Reapers at Dawn". His face lighted up and a look of satisfaction came over him.

"Signor—where did you get it?" The proprietor began explaining, but was cut short. "It's wonderful, magnificent. Is it for sale? I would give anything to possess it—how wonderful."

The proprietor, recovering his self-control, began, "Well, we-we're holding it for a customer—a connoisseur." Remembering the circumstances, he continued, "Of course it's for sale but it's rather expensive."

"I do not care! I shall pay a thousand—two thousand—anything, I will pay."

The proprietor was nonplussed, he reached for a bill-pad and began to scribble. But the visitor interrupted him, "Forgive me, I am unprepared. I never expected to find such a masterpiece. Will you keep it for me until tomorrow morning, and I shall come for it."

"Of course," said the proprietor. The gentleman having left, he began a search for the young man. At last he saw the young artist approaching him. The young man raised his hand, and said, "Do not tell me—I withdraw the painting, you received no offers, no one would buy it. I no longer wish to sell. I am ashamed that I offered it for sale—my masterpiece—the thing for which I have starved."

"But listen," said the proprietor, "I have an offer of two thousand dollars." The young man remained expressionless.

"Lies, lies! No, give it back to me, never again shall I part with it."

"I'll give you five hundred dollars—cash!"

"I have told you," said the young man, "I want it back."

The amount was raised but he still refused. At last the proprietor bought the painting for twelve hundred dollars cash. The young artist left heart-broken.

In the morning the proprietor learned that eminent art critic had left town the previous night, accompanied by a poorly dressed young man. When the proprietor took "Reapers at Dawn" to city specialists, the most they said he could get for it was thirty-five cents. He was out just eleven hundred and ninety-nine dollars and sixty-five cents.

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, XI-B.

SPRING

Lovely Spring is surely coming,
I can feel it everywhere,
As I walk to school each morning,
Lovely Spring is in the air.

Robin red breast sweetly singing
On the branch so far above,
Sent his message to me ringing,
Spring is here, and Spring means love.

Violets through the ground are peeping
Their lovely heads of white and blue,
Seem to say to me, while passing,
"We are here, so winter's through".

Yes, dear Spring, we're glad you're coming
With your dress so fresh and bright,
The birds and flowers and people humming
Say, "Welcome, Spring, you're our delight."

AUDREY LONEY, VIII-L.

"THE CHAIR"

FOR two hours now, he had waited in suspense, two long, tiresome hours. If only he had done what they had told him on his last visit here. . . . They had warned him that he would not be let off so easily next time.

He shifted uneasily on the hard wooden bench. Many others had waited the same punishment in this small room, he wondered. . . . Well, in any case, he would take it like a man. . . . He had promised over and over again that he would not cry out when he was led away to the chair. . . . They had said it would not hurt, just a few seconds, and it would be all over, but he was so young—so young.

He glanced around the cell-like room. How stuffy it was, or was that merely his imagination. . . . Footsteps—could it be, by some chance of fate, a release from this? . . . No, he had long since given up hope of that. They were coming for him. . . . But no, the footsteps passed on, and once more all was silent.

His gaze wandered to the door. Any minute now it would open, and—well, why think about it? . . . They had been kind to him, he must admit that, but why did they not come and get it over with, why did they keep him waiting. . . . If only his mother was here, but she could not come, he must suffer alone.

Footsteps again. . . . This time they paused in front of the door, and in a few seconds he was being led away. Down a long hall they went, and into a room. His heart was throbbing, Yes—there was the dreaded chair, his time had come. He was led over to it and nervously he sat down. A man approached and bending over him, said:

"Now, sonny, just open your mouth wide, and I'll have those two teeth out before you know it."

R. ABERCROMBY, XI-B.

BESIDE MY WINDOW

They perch outside my window
Every morning, in a row;
And practise scales and turns and trills;
Their voices soar and then drop low.

They chant their rhythmic lessons,
Though the day be hot or cool;
Each morning, near my window,
These English sparrows come to school.

MARY BREMNER, VIII-L.

"FILM TALK"

GOOD morning, 'Camille'; where are you heading for?"

"I have an appointment with the 'Libelled Lady,' if it is anything to you!"

"Now, listen here! Just because you were 'Born to Dance' you can't go giving me the high hat!"

"Oh! is that so, you 'Old Hutch'? Well, you're no 'One in a Million' and, in case I forget to tell you, I have a date tonight with your 'Beloved Enemy'."

"Uh! that 'Gay Desperado' 'Lady be careful', that freak is only an 'Imitation of Life.'"

Is that so? He is a 'Society Doctor'."

"Yeah, but he is still a 'Menace'. To hear you talk, anyone would think he was the 'Count of Monte Cristo'."

"Indeed? Well, whenever he spends 'A Night at the Opera', he at least wears a 'Top Hat'; that's more than some people do."

"Well, all I can say is, I pity the poor girl when that 'Farmer takes a Wife'. The first week will seem like 'A Midsummer Night's Dream', but the rest of the time she will think it's the 'Last Days of Pompeii'."

"Well, so long, 'Chatterbox', I have to get to my appointment."

"So long, 'Suzy', I'll see you again sometime."

WM. M. PHIPPS, XI-B.



"D'ETRE DEHORS"

Two birds flew over West Hill High,
Nor passed they there unseen.
A lonely schoolboy drew a sigh,
And envied what he'd seen.

This lonely boy had been put out,
To guard the second floor,
To blame the master and to pout,
And think his evils o'er.

He realized he'd not been good,
He knew he'd talked too soon,
He knew his work, and so he should,
He'd learned it all last June.

Alone he paced the corridor;
He drank from the fountain;
He'd been out many time before,
Too many times to count them.

The birds passed on from West Hill High,
Another land to view,
The schoolboy lingered in his sigh,
He had his future too.

But when the master beckoned him,
And bade him come inside,
He swore repentance with a grin,
I guess he still had pride.

JOHN McDONALD, XI-E.

TREACHEROUS STEEL

HARD work may be rewarded in many ways. Had I not persisted in cleaning the sword, I might never have heard about Mme. d'Quinésie.

This ancient and rusty sword hung in my brother's room. He had bought it some years ago in a second-hand shop, as he had a love for collecting anything military, ancient or modern.

It was not as easy a task as I had expected. I had worked for nearly an hour on it, before the shining surface showed through. Then, while cleaning the back of the blade, I noticed what seemed to be scratches. However, it turned out that these scratches were really the inscription, "Mme. d'Quinésie, St. Etienne, Mai 1777."

Who was Mme. d'Quinésie? Why should she have her name on the sword? What was her story? The cleaning cloth dropped from my hands, as I sat gazing down at the sword in my lap.

I could see a gaily lighted ballroom. The orchestra was playing a minuet, as the couples swung gracefully through the intricate steps of the dance, their costumes reflected in the polished floor. At one end of the room, French windows opened out on

a wide stone balcony. There Mme. d'Quinésie, whose husband had been killed in a peasant revolt the previous year, was speaking to a young lieutenant.

"Monsieur, I cannot help you. What can these people do? We are rich; they have nothing, no army and no leaders. Our soldiers could subdue them easily. Come, I have not the time to listen to you."

"Pardon, Madame, but there you are wrong. They have leaders. Your husband, who knew too much about their plans, was put to death by one of their leaders. Please do not be so obstinate."

Mme. d'Quinésie smiled sadly, "You are brave to speak to me in that manner. If it will make you so very happy, I shall help you. What is it you want?"

"Your husband's sword," the eagerness in the young man's voice seemed rather out of place, in regard to his request.

"My husband's sword!" Madame looked astonished. "Do you mean the one that I gave to him?"

"Yes, that is the one that I mean. And there is a good reason for my peculiar request, believe me, Madame," he cried, fearful lest she would refuse.

"Very well, Monsieur, you may come for it to-morrow," she laughed good naturedly as she turned back to the festive room.

The next day the sword fell into the hands of the most radical conspirators of the coming revolution, and was carefully concealed with many other objects which had belonged to the nobility.

Ten years later, the whole family of d'Quinésie of St. Etienne were tried and sentenced to the guillotine on the evidence found written on a note discovered in the scabbard of that very sword.

I woke with a start. The sword clattered noisily to the floor upsetting the cleaning fluid but I did not care. What is a little work compared to the drama that I had just witnessed!

KATHLEEN SMITH, X-C.

"A SUMMER'S DAY"

Tis dawn, and in the east the clouds are tinted,
Which but a minute since were hid from sight.

Still stay the ragged ends of earth's black mantle,

Soon to be swept aside by coming light.
The sparrows, glad to see another morning,
Twitter and chirp, forgetful of the night.

'Tis morn; from every blade the sun, arising,
Shadows, a hand's length, throws along the
ground.

A startled crane flies threshing from the
bushes;

Weary, the badger sits upon his mound,
Then vanishes to bed as up the pathway
Quietly moves a skunk to look around.

'Tis noon; the blazing sun is high in heaven,
Warming the earth. The humming bumble-
bee

On business flits from goldenrod to thistle
Swaying the long stalks unconcernedly.
The heart of nature lies secure and peaceful,
Lulled to content, and thus 'twill ever be.

'Tis eve; the crimson sun is far receding;
Fades fast the day, the land's in haze like
smoke.

Cool breezes fan the fields and rolling
uplands;

Over her shoulders draws the earth her
cloak

Blotting out light. The beasts of day are
sleeping;

Only an owl hoots from a shadowy oak.

JAMES H. LINDSAY, XI-B.

A VISIT TO THE DENTIST

THE doctor will be ready in a minute,
Miss," said the smiling young nurse.
"How you can smile, I wish I could," thought
the poor patient. A minute doesn't last very
long especially when you're waiting for
something you don't want, and this wasn't
an exception for the suffering young lady.
The minute was up, and before she knew
what was happening she found herself in
the dentist's chair. Not a bad chair, if only
it didn't have all those awful instruments
around it. The girl thought frantically of her
pretty mouth. It must be at least one inch
wider. Whatever will happen if it is kept
open for another five or ten minutes? She
now had other things to think about, the
drilling had begun. Oh why were all
dentists so cruel to her! This was about the
tenth one she'd tried in a few months, and
each seemed as bad as the others, although
this one was quite good looking. In fact he
might even be called handsome. About five
minutes were spent in speculating on the
dentist's looks. His noise was a little bit too
long, but his eyes were almost as blue—
"ouch!"—as she felt at that moment. "Well,
Miss, that's all for to-day. When would you
like your next appointment to be?" "Never,"
she thought, but aloud, "Next week at this
same hour will do."

MIRIAM HOFFMAN, VIII-L.

SONNET TO CANADA

Oh Canada! "My Lady of the snows,"
As once a poet wrote of thee, whose soil
Is rich with buried treasure for man's spoil,
How great will be thy future, no one knows,
Perhaps the tide of time which onward flows,
And thy brave sons' and daughters' cease-
less toil,

Who by thy side stand ever true and loyal,
Will earn thee friends and guard thee from
thy foes.

From blots of shame, keep thine escutcheon
free,

Let truth and virtue be thy noble aim,
Strive not with clash of arms on land and
sea,

To 'stablish on this earth thy temporal fame,
With fairness thou shalt grow and ever be,
A country with a pure and honoured name.

LLOYD A. McCLINTOCK, XI-B.

ATLANTIC NOCTURNE

The silver-crested clouds creep past the moon
A slender lamp hung in the gathering gloom;
The last pink blushes of the sunset fade
And sea and sky become a darker shade;
The untamed waves fling salt spume to the
sky

While graceful gulls in widening circles fly,
Then one by one the stars break through
That canopy of deepest blue;
And night descends on tranquil deep
Enfolding all in peaceful sleep.

NANCY BOWIE, XI-C.

SONNET TO FATE

Oh unkind fate, who rules the destiny
Of man, how cruel thou art. And yet, we
know,

No matter how our Suns may come or go,
Thy course is shaped by powers more than
thee.

Tho' we poor mortals on this earth be free,
To plan, to build, and reap the fruit we sow,
Yet our lives which daily ebb and flow,
Are planned by an Almighty Deity.

Yet we with our lot may be content,
And on this earth find peace and happiness,
By helping those who with life's toils are
spent.

Our kind deeds, tho' small, may none the less,
Shine forth like gems, serene and radiant,
And win God's love, who will our efforts
bless.

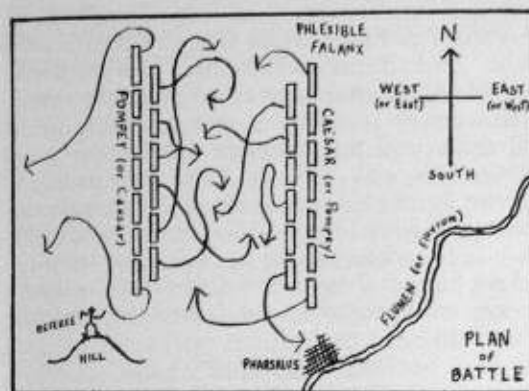
LLOYD A. McCLINTOCK, XI-B.

A SHORT HISTORY (OR MYSTERY) OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

Chap. I

CAESAR

The Roman Empire was invented by
Joolyus Caesar on account of his memorable
victory over Pompeii at Forsaless. This vic-
tory was no doubt due to the strict diet of
Caesar's men who were fed on roots and
barks of trees. Pompeii, being merely "formed
for a corporal", was utterly vanquished.
This was definitely a good thing.



His rebus constitutis, Caesar was top man
at Rome and made lots of reforms and things.
Nevertheless however, he was murdered by
three and twenty stabs from the daggers of
his enemies. According to Shakespeare, when
he saw his friend, Brutus, among them, he
said in fine Latin style, "Tu Brute" (you
brute).

Chap. II

OCTAVIUS (OR AUGUSTUS)

Caesar having been dispensed with,
Octavius (or Augustus) and Antony fought
it out for top dog. Thus occurred the Battle
of Axiom in which Antony got Cleopatra
and Octavius (or Augustus) got Rome. This
was also a good thing on account of he
opened the gates of Janus, and found Rome
brick and left it marble. Octavius (or Augus-
tus) was also very fond of poetry, and this
age is known as the "Disgustan Age" of
Latin literature. One day when M. T. Cicero
wrote a specially good essay, he brought it
to Octavius (or Augustus) to read. Octavius
(or Augustus) did not seem to like it much as
his only comment was, "Some essay,
phooey." The Romans, of course, spelled it
"sum, esse, fui," which accounts for the dis-
turbirg irregularity of said Latin verb.

Chap. III

MORE EMPERORS

After Octavius (or Augustus) came several
emperors, memorably, Tiberius, Nero, Cali-
gula, Claudius, Nero, Vespasian, Caligula,
Domitian, Nero, etc.

Claudius was gloomy and morose and
therefore a bad emperor.

Next came Caligula who spent most of
his time gathering sea-shells, and is notable
for having fed his horse wine from golden
goblets.

After Caligula came Claudius who was
thoroughly immemorable, and whom we
may dispense with a lion, (The Romans
probably did.)

Nero followed Claudius. He is notably
memorable for having fiddled while Rome
burned, which was definitely a bad thing.

Chap. IV

FIVE GOOD EMPERORS

After assorted emperors (good, bad, and
indifferent) came the Five Good Emperors



who were thus good emperors.

The first two, Nervus (or Nervous) and
Trojan (or Trajan) were good but not memor-
able, except for the building of an occa-
sional arch or column to decorate the city.

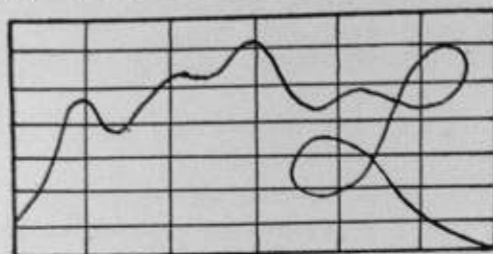
After these came Hadrian whose policy
was to build walls, more walls, and still more
walls. They finally built one around him and
called it Hadrian's Tomb. (Some historians
maintain that he was buried there, but this
is a matter of opinion.)

Next came Antjemimas Pius who bet 2,000
sesterces on **Equanimity** in the last race. This
closed his reign and led to Marcus Aurelius
who was a good emperor in a bad time, and
was confronted by many baffling problems
such as, barbarians, plagues, Christians,

plagues, etc., but by letting $\frac{a}{b} = \frac{c}{d} = k$
he solved them all without difficulty.

The Roman Empire was now tops, but it

eventually hit the skids (see chart), which is described in the sequel to this enlightening opus, Gibbon's Decline and Fall etc.



RISE + DECLINE OF ROM. EMP.

ARNOLD RUSSELL, XI-B

JE NE SAIS PAS

My long face tells the tale of woe,
As French words come, and French words
go.

And though I sweat it seems my fate
To answer when it's just too late.

"Why did you not your homework do?"
My teacher asks as she looks me through,
Then as I sigh she warns me curtly,
"Pay me a visit at three-thirty—!"

An hour's French homework I have to do,
Translation of pages without any clue
So at last in despair I throw up my hands;
With a thump on the floor my hated book
lands.

Self-confident next day, I stand up in the
class,
With a clear conscience, a bright little lass!
Sure of my lesson, without any flaw,
But all I can say is, "Je ne sais pas."

MIRIAM HOFFMAN, VIII-L.

"LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES"

WHEN John J. Citizen ambles up to the box office of his favourite motion picture theatre, shoves a dollar bill through the opening and says: "Two downstairs, please," he probably never stops to think to what extent the business of entertaining the public in Canada has grown.

In 1935 (the latest year for which figures are available) there were 856 motion picture houses in Canada, with a total of 116,976,500 paid admissions, exclusive of amusement tax. These paid admissions totalled the not insignificant sum of \$27,173,400, and the average price of admission, exclusive of the tax, was 23.2 cents.

The 856 theatres had a seating capacity of 525,317, so that there is an average of one motion picture theatre for every 12,800 persons, and one seat for every 21 persons.

To operate the 856 theatres the services of

6,025 employees were needed, 4,571 of which were male and 1,454 were female, and their combined wages totalled \$4,826,600.

Theatres differed greatly in size, the number of complete programs given per day and the number of days per week operated. 32.6% of the theatres showed two shows a day; 23.5% gave only one performance a day; 17.8% gave three programs per day, 11.2% of the total number, or 96 theatres, gave four shows a day, but these accounted for 31% of the total receipts. Only twenty-one theatres gave five or more shows a day.

The average per capita expenditure on moving pictures in 1935 was \$2.48. The average expenditure in the Province of Quebec was \$1.88, while that in Ontario was \$3.18, and British Columbia, the highest, was \$4.14, all exclusive of amusement taxes.

The average seating accommodation is 640 seats and the average number of paid admissions was 223, or 35%. The ratio is highest in large cities, such as Montreal and Toronto, being about 71%, and the lowest, 18%, is found in places of 10,000, or less.

And John J. Citizen, having read the foregoing, will probably be heard to remark: "So what!"

ALFRED T. HOLLAND, XI-E.

SUNSET MAGIC

Did you ever sit on a turf-covered mound
At the close of day, when there isn't a
sound?

Not a soul is stirring, the birds are still,
And the sun's disappearing behind a hill,
Going to rest in a gleaming haze,
And the sunbeams entwine in a knotted
maze.

There's every colour you'll find anywhere,
Orange and red and yellow so fair,
It takes you back a year or two,
Now, before you, your life is unfurled,
And you feel completely at peace with the
world.

The sun disappears, and slips from sight,
Leaving you alone in the misty twilight.

DERRICK CROSSEY, XI-B.

FORTUNE'S FOOL

THE prison was situated in the same, slightly hilly, sparsely-populated district which had been the man's birthplace thirty years before, and his home ever since. His offense against the law had been more humane than criminal, but, life imprisonment had been the sentence imposed upon him by the stern-visaged judge, whose bitter

words of condemnation still haunted his memory.

What lies closest to the heart remains freshest to the mind, and the memory of his young wife shadowed his brain like an omnipresent veil which had the power of keeping his own recollections smouldering within, and the distraction of other interests without. However, flames of mad desire burst forth from his tortured mind at the sight of a jailor, causing his muscles to twitch, and wild excitement to course through his veins. The keys, which hung at his keeper's side, symbolised freedom and home to the prisoner, and in his desperation he was willing to do anything, even commit murder, to have them in his possession.

Plans began to formulate in his brain, and soon there emerged the one that seemed most adaptable to his position. It was fast approaching night, and the keeper was just beginning to make his accustomed rounds. The intermittent scraping of his heavily shod feet, as he inspected the different cells, grew louder and louder in the prisoner's ears. Standing at the bars, he waited, his nerves almost breaking under the mental strain. Then a human form cast a shadow on the floor of his cell. The jailor was in front of him, peering in from the other side of the bars. Quickly, the prisoner stepped forward, and mumbled through twitching lips, "Time, please?" The jailor turned, with his back to the cell, holding the watch, which was on his wrist, to the light coming from the roof of the corridor. His head was touching the bars. Snapping into action, the prisoner slipped the strong leather shoelace, from off his prison boot, which he had undone a few minutes previous, through the bars, and around the jailor's neck. Grasping both ends in one hand and clapping the other over his keeper's mouth he pulled madly on the leather thong, and in his madness, not noticing the lifeless slump of his victim, he continued to exert pressure on the jailor's neck till sobriety returned, and with it the awful realization that he had committed murder.

Nevertheless, reaching for the key he inserted it in the lock, and turning it, he pushed ajar his cell door, and crept down the corridor to where an exit opened into the night and freedom.

Racing against time, and his own ultimate capture, he sped towards his wife and homestead. Arriving there breathless and exhausted, he found the place empty, but by the signs of recent habitation in evidence, he concluded that his wife would be home shortly.

He had no sooner settled himself before

the fire, when he heard footsteps on the stairs leading to the front door. Starting in fear, he watched the door open. Then his fear changed to ecstatic bliss, as he viewed the familiar features of his wife. But his joy was short-lived, for the expression on his wife's face at the sight of him, caused an agonizing cry, after the meaning of it, to burst from his lips. Slowly, and with deliberation that suggested one who talks in a trance, she replied, "I've just come from the reading of your pardon. You were to be released to-morrow."

R. H. HARRISON, XI-B.

YOU

I HAVE prepared a description of the five best-known girls at West Hill, or any other school for that matter, and will present it here. It may be slightly pessimistic "but as it is, it greets you."

First there is the popular girl. She is the one who comes to school with an army of boys—well—maybe one or two. She's very pretty and sweet but the girls throng about her because they hope to get an introduction to "him". The cat says, "I know she's nice, but—er—don't you think her wrist-bone sticks out too much?"

Then comes the athlete. She's the living exponent of the Darwin theory. What that girl can't do with a rope is not worth mentioning. She jumps over it and runs under it; climbs up it and slides down it, and swings from one wall to the next whooping out her exuberance and joie-de-vivre, which forces us to classify her with Tarzan's mate.

The bright girl comes next—you know, the type that you don't like because she puts you completely in the dark in scholastic matters. She's the one who argues that Pythagoras' theorem is all wrong, and the works of Aeschylus are amateurish.

There is also the madcap, a happy-go-lucky type that trucks down the hall at 9.02 A. M.; and hums the "Organ-grinder's Swing" at devotional exercises. But when she looks apologetically at a teacher in afternoon detention she's promptly forgiven all her sins.

Last but not least is the girl who keeps the school going. Without her there would be no school. She attends all inter-school hockey matches (to see a certain forward), joins all the societies, rushes about hither and yon with an important look on her face.

Do you recognize yourself in one of these groups?

RUTH GARMAISE, X-A.

HOW SMART ARE YOU?

Question (1)

Mr. Smith and his family were taking their usual Sunday afternoon drive and had invited Mr. Brown, their next-door neighbour. Everything was going fine but at the intersection of Decarie and Sherbrooke Streets they were involved in a bad accident with a huge truck. When the two machines came to a stop, the passengers of the car jumped out and began to accuse the truck driver of being responsible. Mr. Brown, the guest, however, took no part in such accusations. Why not? Was this because he thought (a) that it was none of his business (b) that the truck had had the right of way (c) that Mr. Smith was going too fast for the road conditions?

Answer: Mr. Brown was lying unconscious in an ambulance.

Question (2)

Jack's boss had discovered that he had been stealing small sums of money from the till. He was unwilling to press charges and thus had fired him. Jack's girl, hearing of this, had jilted him and married another suitor. Disgraced and feeling he had nothing to live for, Jack decided to end it all. He slowly walked out to the end of the pier, and summoning up his nerve, hurled himself into the black depths. Rising to the surface he found he could not bring himself to commit suicide. What do you think caused this? Was it because (a) he determined to start all over again (b) he was afraid of death by drowning (c) he saw the folly of his efforts?

Answer: He had cork legs.

Question (3)

On the deck of the S.S. Transatlantic stood a beaming man, waving goodbye to his friends on shore. This man, Mr. Jones, by name, was fulfilling a life dream, namely to take an ocean voyage. On the first day he had made many friends and had enjoyed the new experience immensely. On the second day, however, he seemed wrapped up in his thoughts and looked very glum. Although he was always a hearty eater, when dinner was announced, he stayed on deck. What was the cause of this conduct? (a) Had he received notice that his business was losing sales? (b) Had his stocks gone too many points? (c) Was he just feeling a trifle sea-sick?

Answer: Mr. Jones had lost his only pair of false teeth.

ELLIOTT CAMPBELL, XI-B.

SUMMER IS OVER

We leave the glorious Summer
And the flowers by the brook;
We leave the fragrant clover
Which the bees have long forsook.

For Autumn is approaching
With foliage, red and gold,
In the woods where we go walking
On days so bright and cold.

Little squirrels scamper 'round
Seeking nuts, which they will store
To eat, when snow is on the ground
And lovely Autumn is no more.

BARBARA TINDALL, VIII-L.

WHILE THE HUSBAND WAITS

SCENE:—A street corner at 7 P.M. An extremely vexed husband stands under a lighted lamp post smoking innumerable cigarettes and glancing from time to time with fuming impatience at his wrist-watch.

At another corner a few blocks away, Mrs. Wife is conversing animatedly with Mrs. Neighbour. Mrs. Wife is speaking:

"No, I hadn't heard—Why, how ghastly!—Positively awful—I thought she—Oh, her poor husband—Served her right—Indeed (sniff) no, I never associate with that type—Dreadful Oh well,—Why, Yes, I'd love to—tomorrow at four. Toodle-oo, my dear, I simply must rush—my husband you know—"

The scene reverts to Mr. Husband's street corner. He speaks:

"At last! I was wondering if I should go to the 'Bureau of Missing Persons'. You know, you **did** say six-thirty." Then with a knowledge born of previous similar instances, he asks, "Whom did you stop to speak to this time?"

A little taken aback, his wife replies, "I met that horrid Mrs. Neighbour and—"

"What could you possibly speak about that would keep you so long?"

"Nothing whatever, dear; you know what a bore she is. I just stopped to say 'Hello', and then came right here.

LUCILLE STERN, X-C.

WHEN—

When people give tips of big amounts,
And don't have overdrawn accounts,
And never need bother to count their change,
And don't have budgets to arrange,
When the instalment plan is a thing of the past,

Then, the depression will be over, at last.

LOIS AFFLECK, IX-C.

TO OMAR KHAYYAM

The bird of time has but a little way to fly,
Then we must die.
Too soon shall come the harvest and the fall of leaf;
Our stay is brief.
"Then should we not," says Omar, "fill the cup of fun,
Ere life is done?
Should we not heed alone the pleasures of today?
Dream life away?"

Nay, rather, life being short, there is not time to waste;
We must make haste
To find some use for life in any way we can,
Within our span.

"Be nothing, thou shalt not be less". But if thou couldst
Be more, thou wouldst.
Our bodies perish, but our memories may live on
When we are gone,
If making aught from nothing spites the powers, that do,
And mock them too;

For if life tempting mocks you, mock temptations all;
Disdain to fall,
And climb the rugged path of duty in the van,
Man's guide to man.

JAMES H. LINDSAY, XI-B.

THE BIRD-BRAINED GENIUS

"Oh boy! at last, it's invented. Why, this new glass-disintegrator will revolutionize jewel-snatching! Think of it! those old-fashioned snatchers bashing windows with bricks and bringing half the cops in Omega on their neck, and me boring a neat little hole without so much as a sound,—how! The boss ought to pay me big for this.—Hope he lets me use it on the first job."

And so, with his prized invention stuffed safely in his pocket, "Dopey" Nelson made for Pete's Pool Room to present same to "the boss," or Gus Pasquali, Omega's Public Enemy No. 1.

The invention, it may be said, was welcomed by "the boss", who demanded a demonstration. A sheet of glass was set up.



Dopey trained his gun-shaped instrument on it. Now there was glass,—now there wasn't—truly remarkable.

Gus agreed to send Dopey on the first job. Schtulzenheimers, Onega's biggest jewelers, were displaying several rings of various stones, diamonds, amethysts, sapphires, etc., in their show window on Platt St. Dopey, with the aid of his glass-disintegrator was to remove a piece of the window and make off with as much loot as he could.

Came the hour, 3.00 A.M. of a Sunday morning. Our hero crept along stealthily in the shadows of Platt Street. Stopping in front of a display window behind which a display of gems glittered in the faint rays of the street lamp, he pulled the glass-disintegrator from his pocket.

"Boy, some hoops! Those sparklers ought to bring a fortune.—Well, here goes."

Silently a hole appeared in the glass. Hastily Dopey reached in, gathered a handful, was about to gather another, when he heard footsteps. Quick as a flash he rounded a corner and hid up a dark alleyway. The footsteps passed, and Dopey, scared stiff, did not bother to go back for more loot, but returned to the gang's headquarters at top speed, where he reported his pint-sized haul.

"Holy smokel exploded Gus, "what kind of a jewel-lifting job do you call this?—a mere handful of hoops.—Hey, what's this? There ain't no sparklers in 'em!"

"What?"

"You heard me, there ain't no sparklers in these hoops. Your so-and-so glass-disintegrator has dissolved 'em."

"B—but my invention only disintegrates glass."

"So what, you hopeless specimen of a brainless thimble-wit. You were on the wrong side of the street. That wasn't Schtulzenheimers's you pilfered,—it was the five-and-ten-cent store!"

R. A. RUSSELL, XI-B.

DO YOU KNOW?

THAT West Hill is the largest high school in the Province of Quebec?

That the school was opened on February 1st, 1919?

That the pupils of this school use more than fifty gallons of ink annually?

That to heat the building it takes two hundred tons of coal annually?

That there are five different nationalities among the members of the staff?

That the money used by the pupils of this school in one year for "refreshments" at

recess would be sufficient to put eight boys through high school?

That there are five hundred steps in West Hill?

That the amount of foolscap paper used by this school every year, would cover Monkland Avenue from Girouard to the School?

That the combined weight of the pupils of this school is over sixty-five tons?

That the average attendance at school ranges from 95% to 98%?

That there are over 10,000 panes of glass in West Hill High School?

That in 1927, there was a 100% pass in the June Matriculation Examinations at West Hill?

R. ABERCROMBY, XI-B.
A. T. HOLLAND, XI-E.

AUTUMN

The rustle of the fallen leaves
Beneath the trees now greets the ear.
The swallows' nests left in the eaves,
Are now deserted, lone and drear.

Gone the freshness of the summer
Gold and crimson now appear.
The grapes in all their purple glory,
The trees their scarlet dresses wear.

The days are quickly growing shorter,
The frost appears upon the hills,
Tracing beauty with its silver,
And freezing all the little rills.

HAZEL MODLER, VIII-L.



Line cut — John D. ...

LACKING NERVE

WITH his hand strumming nervously on the telephone Ben Peterson hesitated. His frightened eyes swung again to the automobile in the moonlight on the top of a hill beyond his humble abode. This car was a large Packard sedan, and a thick, heavy-set man was dangling over the steering wheel. He was dead. Ben knew that the dead man had travelled for some distance with that bullet in his chest, for the car was covered with dust. And it was fortunate he had lived long enough to sound his horn outside the farmhouse. Ben's gaze had been attracted to the back seat, for there was a worn suitcase filled with bundles of bank notes. Thousands, tens of thousands of dollars for the taking. Just then his wife Martha came in after viewing the horrible scene.

"Why don't you phone to the troopers, Ben?"

"I ain't so sure I want to," replied Ben.

"What are you talking about? We've got to! When a man drives up and dies at our door—"

Ben's tone suddenly became harsh.

"Some radio reporter said some fellow robbed a bank near New York of one hundred thousand dollars in cash this morning. One of the bank tellers claimed he had wounded the holdup man but evidently it didn't stop him from escaping with the money. With all that money and the bullet in his chest, reckon he's the one all right!"

"Then why don't you phone the troopers?" said Martha in bewilderment.

"What? With one hundred thousand dollars waiting outside for us to pick?"

"Ben!"

His lips tightened and he continued, "I could easily drive him up to the lake. Its only a short distance from where the road curves around the shore. I could let the car run over the bank with him in it. They'll find it in the morning, of course. But they'll figure he drove till his wound got him, and rather than be caught, ended up in the lake."

Weakly, shaking a bit, Martha Peterson sat down. "But Ben," she stammered, "we can't do a thing like that! Why it—it would be—" He didn't listen for he made straight for the door. She tried to stop him but her pleading was fruitless. He didn't look at his wife now. "I'll be back in half an hour." Nor could Martha's protests stop him. He refused to hear them. He even shook off her hand. When he was gone, she sank back upon the chair. She wished that Ben hadn't done it. She wished she had protested more desperately. She rose to go upstairs, when suddenly she heard the drone of an oncoming car, and she sprang to her feet. She uttered a cry—and saw the same black sedan. It jerked to a stop.

"Ben," she gasped, "what in the heaven's name—?"

Ben Peterson stepped out of the sedan and came slowly towards the house, looking strangely at his wife.

"I didn't have the nerve," he said. "Reckon I'm just plain yellow. I drove down to the lake and stopped, and just sat there motionless. I couldn't do it."

Martha's eyes brightened miraculously.

"Oh Ben." She found her breath and ran across the room towards the telephone. He offered no protest as she phoned the troopers.

Outside they could hear the drone of a motorcycle. Ben rushed to the door. It was impossible for the state troopers to have sent a man so soon. The trooper went to the sedan and investigated it and immediately came over to Ben and Martha.

"This man's dead!"

"Yeah," Ben answered. "Yeah. We just telephoned the troopers about it. There was a valise full of money in the back. We brought it inside. Come in and I'll show you it."

"By heaven," he whispered, "you two are lucky! There'll be a reward for the recovery of that money."

"Yeah," Ben Peterson muttered huskily. "Yeah, we—we're lucky, all right!"

R. G. RANKINE, XI-B.



Graduates

GRADUATES

RALPH ABERCROMBY
 "Peasblossom"
 "Undisturbed by stress or hurry
 Inclined to work, but not to
 worry."
 Fav. Exp.—"Who has my nail-
 file? (To Gross.)"
 Fav. Past.—Fooling with Keary.
 Pet Avers.—People who borrow
 his nail-file.
 Ambition—Just to graduate.
 Prob. Dest.—Pen-pusher in a
 local bank.
 Activities—Class Sports '34-'37,
 "A Midsummer Night's
 Dream", Glee Club, Tennis
 '33-'37.



DERRICK CROSSEY
 "I never felt the kiss of Love,
 Nor maiden's hand in mine."
 Fav. Exp.—"I hate 'em all."
 Fav. Past.—Getting out of
 trouble.
 Pet Avers.—Blondes, Redheads,
 Brunettes (hence Fav. Exp.)
 Ambition—To be a gay bache-
 lor.
 Prob. Dest.—A Hobo.

JACK BRYANT "Gene Raymond"
 "Farewell a long farewell to
 all my greatness."
 Fav. Exp.—"Hi Chatwood" (To
 Ross.)
 Fav. Past.—Socking Ross.
 Pet Avers.—Ross.
 Ambition—Bryant, M.D. (Men-
 tally Deficient.)
 Prob. Dest.—Pencil sharpener in
 a butcher shop.



RICHARD DELVIN "Herky"
 "A six year's darling of a pigmy
 size."
 Fav. Exp.—"I beg your pardon."
 Fav. Past.—Imitating pigeons.
 Pet Avers.—Being called
 "Devlin."
 Prob. Dest.—Selling umbrellas
 on the Sahara.

ALEX CAMPBELL
 "The labour we delight in
 physics pain."
 Fav. Exp.—"Waah!" (Dis-
 gustedly.)
 Fav. Past.—Closing windows for
 Mr. Brash.
 Pet Avers.—Chiselers.
 Ambition—Pennies from
 anywhere.
 Prob. Dest.—Window washer.



ERIC GARRETT
 "Tall, dark and?"
 "A gentle youth of noble mien
 Whose toes are few and far
 between."
 Fav. Exp.—"Gee its a thrill."
 Fav. Past.—Walking two girls
 to school.
 Pet Avers.—Being a snowball
 target.
 Ambition—To be a struggling
 young daddy.
 Prob. Dest.—Tooth-pick sales-
 man.
 Activities—Class Sports '33-'37.

ELLIOTT CAMPBELL
 "Lawson Little"
 "Thou eye among the blind."
 Fav. Exp.—"Shut up Greason."
 Fav. Past.—Listening to Bryant.
 Pet Avers.—Greason's melo-
 dies(?) crooning.
 Ambition—To "out-Lawson"
 Little.
 Prob. Dest.—A stooge on Jack
 Benny's program.



JOHN GRANT "Bob Burns"
 "Why man! he doth bestride
 the narrow world like a
 Colossus."
 Fav. Exp.—"Hello Please."
 Fav. Past.—Imitating Bob Burns.
 Pet Avers.—Being called pet
 names.
 Ambition—To be twice as suc-
 cessful as he will be.
 Prob. Dest.—Not known yet but
 we have hopes.
 Activities—Int. Rugby '35, Int.
 Hockey '37, Hi-Y.

GRADUATES

EMERY GREARSON

"Joe E. Brown"
"He never burnt the midnight oil
In quest of useless knowledge."
Fav. Exp.—"Hey Silverman, lend me a nickel?"
Fav. Past.—Patronizing the baker at recess.
Pet. Avers.—Campbell telling him he can't sing.
Ambition—To "out Bing" Bing.
Prob. Dest.—C.H.L.P.



JOHN HORNBACK

"Just a student"
"Ah, happy years! Once more, who would not be a boy!"
Fav. Exp.—"For crying out loud."
Fav. Past.—Arguing.
Pet. Avers.—Work of any kind.
Ambition—A rich widow.
Prob. Dest.—A waiter in Childs.
Activities—Jr. Hockey '33-'34, Int. Hockey '35-'36.

JACK GROSS

"Einstein"
"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument."
Fav. Exp.—"Shut up Crosey."
Fav. Past.—A redhead.
Pet. Avers.—Someone beating him to a geometry solution.
Ambition—Brain Surgeon.
Prob. Dest.—Veterinary.
Activities—Annual Board, Pres. Menorah Club, Debating.



ALVIN JACOBS

"House fly"
"Be not conscious of thy size
Were there giants but half as wise."
Fav. Exp.—"Aw, keep quiet, Weissman."
Fav. Past.—Losing marks in maths.
Pet. Avers.—Having to dodge chalk.
Ambition—To study law.
Prob. Dest.—Defending Weissman—a full-time job.
Activities—Menorah Club, Volley Ball '33-'34, Class Sports '33-'34.

GORDON GUESS

"Puck"
"Small in stature, great in guile
Mischievous lurks in every smile."
Fav. Exp.—"What did you say, Sir?"
Fav. Past.—Collecting phone numbers (Boys?)
Pet. Avers.—People who say "Guess what."
Ambition—To be a Santa Claus.
Prob. Dest.—A tailor in the South Seas.



GORDON KARN

"Just a fish"
"A brainy boy, and bound for fame;
In future years you'll bear his name."
Fav. Exp.—"Gee sir, that's a GYP."
Fav. Past.—Joking with Garrett.
Pet. Avers.—Stag Parties.
Ambition—To finish college in less than 15 years.
Prob. Dest.—Communist leader in Iceland.
Activities—Int. Water Polo '35-'37, Class sports '33-'37.

HARRY HARRISON

"Simone Simon"
"The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of a king."
Fav. Exp.—"Shut up Crosey."
Fav. Past.—Pretending to work.
Pet. Avers.—Redheads.
Ambition—To rectify some a "Shrew."
Prob. Dest.—Hen-Pecked husband.
Activities—Senior Rugby '36, Int. Rugby '36, "Taming of the Shrew."



JACK KEAY

"Ellsworth Vines"
"And e'en tho' vanquished he could argue still."
Fav. Exp.—"Latin? its a mochi" (We wander.)
Fav. Past.—Reeling off the 48 states. (in Latin.)
Pet. Avers.—People who laugh at his translations.
Ambition—To land a 50 lb. Muehle.
Prob. Dest.—Deep sea fisherman.
Activities—Jr. soccer '33-'34, Class sports '33-'34.

GRADUATES

HOWARD KELLY

"Elmer Ferguson"
"Blessings light on him who first invented sleep."
Fav. Exp.—"Sure I study."
Fav. Past.—Just having a good time.
Pet. Avers.—"Labor et opus."
Ambition—To have a seat in the stock exchange.
Prob. Dest.—A "stand" on the bread line.
Activities—Jr. soccer '34-'35, Sr. soccer '36, Jr. basketball '34-'35, Inter. basketball '35-'36, Dance Committee.



WILLIAM MILTON

"Just another Bill"
"This wert my guide, philosopher and friend."
Fav. Exp.—"By cracky."
Fav. Past.—Anything that is one.
Pet. Avers.—Bad razor blades.
Ambition—To be ambitious.
Prob. Dest.—The lone prairie.

GORDON LABRISH

"Maclelland Barclay"
"Mount, Mount, my soul thy seat is up on high."
Fav. Exp.—"You insignificant rat, you."
Fav. Past.—Politics, Politics, Politics.
Pet. Avers.—Socialists, communists and aldermen.
Ambition—Foreign secretary of domestic affairs.
Prob. Dest.—An alderman.



ERNEST MODLER

Rodin's "The Thinker"
"To one great treasure does he hold the key—
The virtue that is unassuming modesty."
Fav. Exp.—He may have one, we've never heard it.
Fav. Past.—Locomotives.
Pet. Avers.—Cicero.
Ambition—Civil engineer in Africa.
Prob. Dest.—Cigar store Indian.

JAMES LINDSAY

"Caesar"
"Oh that my words were now written,
Oh that they were printed in a book."
Fav. Exp.—"Why?"
Fav. Past.—Improving the English language.
Pet. Avers.—Being checked by teachers when he argues.
Ambition—To invent a new language.
Prob. Dest.—"Cue man" for an "extra."
Activities—Class sports '34, Cadet corps '34.



HARRY OXORN

"The Mad Hare"
"Thought for sorrow caring naught,
Capable of deepest thought."
Fav. Exp.—"Gees—did you hear this one?"
Fav. Past.—Cracking stale jokes.
Pet. Avers.—Maroon supporters (let him have it.)
Ambition—To revive the Latin language.
Prob. Dest.—Peasant vendor.
Activities—Menorah Club.

LOYD McCLINTOCK

"Cicero"
"I sleep and dream that life is beauty,
But I wake and find that life is duty."
Fav. Exp.—"Jumping bald-headed Murphy."
Fav. Past.—Eating, sleeping and playing "London Bridges."
Pet. Avers.—Doing geometry.
Ambition—To become an honest politician.
Prob. Dest.—Politician.
Activities—Winner of John Hodgson Memorial Trophy for Public Speaking, '36.



WILLIAM PHIPPS

"June Bug"
"And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."
Fav. Exp.—"Aw Geel"
Pet. Avers.—Rankine (Hy'a Gillespie.)
Fav. Past.—Making silly faces.
Ambition—To eat a whole apple pie.
Prob. Dest.—Chronic indigestion.

GRADUATES

ROBERT RANKINE

"Harold Teen"
"I was alone, and seemed to be
A trouble to the peace."
Fav. Exp.—"Aw, you don't
know a good song when you
hear one."
Fav. Past.—Writing compositions
for being late.
Pet Avers.—People who disagree
with him.
Ambition—To leave home at
9.05 and get to school on
time.
Prob. Dest.—Metropolitan Opera
—usher.



SEYMOUR SILVERMAN

"King Kong"
"He knows about it all—he
knows—He KNOWS!"
Fav. Exp.—"What do you want
now, Jacobs?"
Fav. Past.—Wearing out pianos.
Pet Avers.—Being asked to play
"Far far away."
Ambition—Doctor or band
leader, who knows?
Prob. Dest.—Piano mover.
Activities—Menorah Club, Class
Vice-President.

DOUGLAS ROSS

"Full of wise saws and modern
instances;
And so he plays his part."
Fav. Exp.—"Gnats to you."
Fav. Past.—Socking Bryant.
Pet Avers.—Bryant.
Ambition—To design aeroplanes.
Prob. Dest.—Selling toy planes
in Eaton's.



JAMES SIMPSON

"Some think the world is made
for fun and frolic,
And so do I."
Fav. Exp.—"Don't be such a
bally twerp."
Fav. Past.—Who knows?
Pet Avers.—Lake.
Ambition—To pass in an
algebra quiz.
Prob. Dest.—Nobody knows.
Activities—Class sports '33-'34,
Badminton '35-'36.

ARNOLD RUSSELL

"From my course I'll ne'er
depart
But pledge my soul to that of
Art."
Fav. Exp.—"You stooge."
Fav. Past.—Counting the min-
utes to 3.30.
Pet Avers.—Writing up chemical
experiments.
Ambition—To write one up all
by himself.
Prob. Dest.—Man-about-town.
Activities—Class sports '34-'37.



GORDON WATERHOUSE

"Violet"
"Brevity is the soul of wit."
Fav. Exp.—"It's a cinch."
Fav. Past.—Sleeping in English
period.
Pet Avers.—English Literature.
Ambition—To win at least one
pool.
Prob. Dest.—President of T.S.U.
(Time Saver's Union.)
Activities—Class sports '33-'37.

WILLIAM SAWYER

"How long halt ye between two
opinions?"
Fav. Exp.—"Good, eh!"
Fav. Past.—Listening to the
radio.
Pet Avers.—Listening to
Russell's endless chatter.
Ambition—To be a "Big Busi-
nessman" (with lots of
money.)
Prob. Dest.—To be a small busi-
nessman (with no money.)
Activities—'36-'37 Class presi-
dent, class volleyball, Hi-Y,
'35-'36 class baseball, class
basketball, '34-'35 senior
basketball, '33-'34 class
basketball.



PHILIP WEISSMAN

"Schlepperman"
"Let none object my hungering
way,
I gain, like Fabius, by de-
lay."
Fav. Exp.—"Aw, Shut up,
Jackie."
Fav. Past.—Dodging
Mr. Pitcairn's chalk.
Pet Avers.—History.
Ambition—To be an engineer.
Prob. Dest.—Blowing himself up.
Activities—Menorah Club.

GRADUATES

MALCOLM YOUNG

"In silence do I toil,
Which serves me as a foil."
Fav. Exp.—"Curse! I failed
again!"
Fav. Past.—Girls.
Pet Avers.—Any bachelor.
Ambition—To get married.
Prob. Dest.—Gentleman's
gentleman.
Activities—Class sports '33-'37.



MAVIS BARWICK

"There was a sound of
revelry."
Fav. Exp.—"But if . . ."
Fav. Past.—Effervescing.
Pet Avers.—People who think
she is 'fetched.'
Ambition—Queen's University
(window washer?)
Prob. Dest.—Beating Gracie
Allen at her own game.
Activities—Class Sports '34-'37,
Tennis '35, '37, Choir, Annual
Board, Hi-Y.

PHYLIS ABER

"And laughter holding both her
sides."
Fav. Past.—Explaining jokes.
Pet Avers.—Smiling at photog-
raphers.
Ambition—To go to college.
Prob. Dest.—A kindergarten
teacher.
Activities—Choir, Class Sports
'35, '36, Badminton '35-'37,
French Club.



HELEN BATTYE

"Oh me, I fondly dream."
Fav. Exp.—"So help me."
"Think nothing of it."
Fav. Past.—Exhibiting her vast
collection of odds and ends.
Pet Avers.—Noise and onions.
Ambition—Never to wear the
same thing twice.
Prob. Dest.—Couture designer.

MAVIS BAIN

"Oh, good my Lord, no Latin."
Fav. Exp.—"I'm not proud."
Fav. Past.—Reading in a very
bored tone.
Pet Avers.—Latin and/or
French.
Ambition—To own a convertible
coupe.
Prob. Dest.—M.C. in a Nickel-
odeon.
Activities—Class Sports '34, Bad-
minton '35, '36, Choir, Hi-Y.



MARGARET BLACK "Marg"

"I am by music led into this
room."
Fav. Exp.—"You're just mer-
cenary."
Fav. Past.—Thinking of a certain
flatfoot.
Pet Avers.—Monday morning's
rude awakening.
Ambition—To teach Dot to keep
quiet about certain affairs.
Prob. Dest.—Radio's Dream Girl.
Activities—Choir, Hi-Y.

PHYLIS BARTLETT

Fav. Exp.—"Oh, for Pete's
sake."
Fav. Past.—Reading between
periods.
Pet Avers.—Homework.
Ambition—No homework.
Prob. Dest.—Librarian in the new
N.D.G. library.
Activities—Class Sports '34-'36,
Choir.



EVA BLEASDELL

"Always late, but never in a
hurry."
Fav. Exp.—"Oh, darn it!"
Fav. Past.—Writing to a corres-
pondent in England.
Pet Avers.—Borrowing her own
eraser.
Ambition—To learn what the
class laughs at.
Prob. Dest.—Canada's champion
runner.
Activities—Class Sports '35-'37.

GRADUATES

DOROTHY CAREY

"Dot"
"A merry heart and true."
Fav. Exp.—"One of these days I'll raise my ire."
Fav. Past.—Hoping a certain W.H.S. lad would encounter a banana peel.
Pet Avers.—Cleaning the black-board.
Ambition—To teach Mary to run gracefully.
Prob. Dest.—Auctioneer(ette?)
Activities—Class Sports '34-'35, Badminton '35, French Club, Public Speaking, Hi-Y.



NANCY DRURY

"Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause."
Fav. Exp.—"D'y know what?"
Fav. Past.—Trinity Young People's.
Pet Avers.—People who don't listen to her tales.
Ambition—French specialist.
Prob. Dest.—Female bouncer.
Activities—Class Sports '33-'37, School Basketball '35, '37, School Baseball '36, "Mikado", French Club, Choir.

MARJORIE CHAPLIN

"Chappie"
"On with the dance—let joy be unconfined."
Fav. Exp.—"Hello dahling."
Fav. Past.—Designing and making clothes.
Pet Avers.—Paying for overdue library books.
Ambition—To doodle without interruption.
Prob. Dest.—Window dresser.
Activities—Class Sports '34-'37, School Basketball '35-'37, Badminton '34-'37, School Baseball '34-'37, Tennis '35, Track and Field '35, Choir, "Romeo and Juliet", "Yeomen of the Guard", "Taming of the Shrew."



MURIEL FISHER

"Fish"
"A maiden should be mild and meek,
Quick to hear and slow to speak."
Fav. Exp.—"Maw."
Fav. Past.—Talking to Doris Nowell.
Pet Avers.—Being called "Fish".
Ambition—A certificate (Graduation of course.)
Prob. Dest.—Making lunches for W.H. hopefuls.
Activities—Choir.

SUE DANFORD

"Oh sleep it is a gentle thing Beloved from pole to pole."
Fav. Exp.—"Well you see—"
Fav. Past.—Asking Phyl what's on at the Monkland.
Pet Avers.—Running up the stairs at five to nine.
Ambition—To make superb fudge.
Prob. Dest.—Laura Secord's.
Activities—Knitting Club.



MARY GILL

"Gillie"
"The merry twinkle in her eye Foretells her disposition."
Fav. Exp.—"Gee, that's smart."
Fav. Past.—Joking with Jean.
Pet Avers.—Compliments.
Ambition—To be able to "truck".
Prob. Dest.—Olympics '42.
Activities—Class Sports '34-'37, School Basketball '35-'37, Badminton '36, '37, Baseball '35, '36, Pres. A.A.A. '37, Hi-Y, Track and Field.

MARGARET DEWAR

"Silence is of the gods; Only monkeys chatter."
Fav. Exp.—"Oh you—"
Fav. Past.—Supporting the door.
Pet Avers.—Being told someone's at the door.
Ambition—To drive her uncle's car.
Prob. Dest.—Saleswoman.
Activities—Choir.



EDITH GROUNDWATER

"What hath might to do with sleep."
Fav. Exp.—"I'm so hungry."
Fav. Past.—Crossword puzzles.
Pet Avers.—Repeating answers.
Ambition—To illustrate the Cosmopolitan.
Prob. Dest.—Assistant to Haven McQuarry.
Activities—Choir, "Taming of the Shrew."

GRADUATES

JEAN HANNA

"Two mossy keys she bore of metal twain."
Fav. Exp.—"Oh fish!"
Fav. Past.—Enjoying the XI-A so called jokes.
Pet Avers.—Charcoal work.
Ambition—To open lockers without being told to hurry.
Prob. Dest.—Locksmith.
Activities—Choir, Knitting Club.



IRMA MEHMEL

"Eternal sunshine settled on her head."
Fav. Exp.—"As far as I know, my appendix is fine, thanks!"
Fav. Past.—Producing very dry humour.
Pet Avers.—Boring lessons.
Ambition—To be a nurse.
Prob. Dest.—Grey uniformed member of the Health Dept.
Activities—Choir '34.

PHYLLIS HEAD

"Or let thy lamp at midnight hour Be seen in some high lonely tower."
Fav. Exp.—"You dropped something."
Fav. Past.—Collecting medals, scholarships and pins.
Pet Avers.—People who say her hair is red.
Ambition—To be the perfect secretary.
Prob. Dest.—More than a secretary.
Activities—Class Sports '34-'37, Swimming Team '35-'37, "As You Like It", "Romeo and Juliet", "Taming of the Shrew", Choir, Treas. A.A.A.



JEAN MOXON

"I am a woman, when I think I must speak."
Fav. Exp.—"Quiet."
Fav. Past.—Tickling the Ivories.
Pet Avers.—People who won't laugh at her humour(?)
Ambition—To surpass Eddie Duchin.
Prob. Dest.—Leader of a girl's orchestra.
Activities—Class Sports '34-'37, Choir.

HILDA LOCKE

"Loveliness needs not the foreign aid of ornament, But is, when unadorned, adorned the most."
Fav. Exp.—"Please—not here."
Fav. Past.—Being pleasant.
Pet Avers.—Being called "In-lant".
Ambition—To be able to hear a noise without jumping.
Prob. Dest.—Assistant "Voice of Experience".
Activities—Class Sports '34-'37, Swimming Team '35, '37, Social Convener '37, Dance Committee, Class Captain, '37 Hi-Y.



DORIS NOWELL

"Sure, and I'm not a peace lover."
Fav. Exp.—"It's too cute for words."
Fav. Past.—Arguing about maths.
Pet Avers.—Waiting for Muriel at 3.30.
Ambition—To weigh 100 lbs.
Prob. Dest.—Preaching in a country church.
Activities—Class Sports '34-'35, Choir.

DORIS MCGILLIVRAY

"A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard."
Fav. Exp.—"We looked and looked but couldn't find it."
Fav. Past.—Reading aloud in English period.
Pet Avers.—Latin.
Ambition—That matric.
Prob. Dest.—English teacher.
Activities—Class Sports '36, '37, School Basketball '38, '37, School Baseball '36, '37.



JEAN OWEN

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."
Fav. Exp.—"Well, Yes."
Fav. Past.—Giggling and trying to control it.
Pet Avers.—Any references as to her male acquaintances.
Ambition—to outdo her brothers' reputation.
Prob. Dest.—Winner in a hyena contest.
Activities—Class Sports '36, '37, School Tennis '36, '37, School Basketball '36, Jan. '37, Pres. Knitting Club, Pres. Girls Hi-Y, Sec. A.A.A., Class Pres '34, '36, '37, School Badminton '36.

GRADUATES

JEANETTE RIVEN

"An open hand, an easy shoe
And a hope to make the day
go through."
Fav. Exp.—"Phooey."
Fav. Past.—Going about town.
Pet Avers.—People without a
sense of humour.
Ambition—To have enough time
Prob. Dest.—Writing an algebra
book.
Activities—Class Sports '34-'35,
Choir.



RUTH SOLOMON

"She laughs until it hurts."
Fav. Exp.—"Hey, I haven't done
any chemistry this week."
Fav. Past.—"Mooching about"
the lab.
Pet Avers.—W.H.H.S. fire es-
capes.
Ambition—To be a botanist.
Prob. Dest.—An experimental
farm.
Activities—Choir.

BETTY ROSENBERG

"The smaller you are
The easier it is to stand up."
Fav. Exp.—"Well, I don't
know."
Fav. Past.—Rubbing off the
board.
Pet Avers.—Tall boys.
Ambition—To grow.
Prob. Dest.—Knitting for Jaegers.
Activities—Knitting Club.



EDNA WALLACE

"A maiden generous and good
Unto others she did all she
could."
Fav. Exp.—"Oh, Mose—"
Fav. Past.—Wearing other
people's (ahem) rings.
Pet Avers.—Being "quizzed."
Ambition—To wear a ring on
every finger.
Prob. Dest.—Fortune teller.
Activities—Class Sports '34, '35,
Choir.

PHYLLIS SHALINSKY

"And bring no book for this day
We'll give to idleness."
Fav. Exp.—"Just a minute."
Fav. Past.—Talking on the tele-
phone (to whom?).
Pet Avers.—Being told to hurry
up.
Ambition—To get a peg in the
lockers.
Prob. Dest.—Lady of leisure.
Activities—Class Sports '34, '35
Choir.



CAROLYN WHEATLY

"That innocent expression has
fooled the wisest men."
Fav. Exp.—"I've got a nickel!
We eat!"
Fav. Past.—Trying to keep up
with Moxon.
Pet Avers.—Short males
(A.C.C.?)
Ambition—Assistant bass violin-
ist.
Prob. Dest.—A model for New
York's most exclusive shop.
Activities—Choir, Class Sports
'34, '35.

MILDRED SOLOMON

"Her open eyes desire
the truth."
Fav. Exp.—"Is that supposed to
be true."
Fav. Past.—Decorating her
books.
Pet Avers.—To find her sister
Ruthie has taken her coat.
Ambition—To be a dietitian.
Prob. Dest.—Accused of murder
(by poisoning).
Activities—Choir.



DONALD R. BROWN

"Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?"
Fav. Exp.—"Oh you will, will
you?"
Fav. Past.—Like Retalack he's
still trying to figure out how
1 plus 1 is 1.
Pet Avers.—People who don't do
their own physics problems
and then copy his.
Ambition—To get a B.Sc.
Prob. Dest.—Physic's teacher.

GRADUATES

SIDNEY B. COHEN

"Sid"
"He was the master of every
situation,
Manhood, not knowledge was
his aim in education."
Fav. Past.—Inflicting his home
made verse on his colleagues.
Fav. Exp.—"Shut up and open
the window."
Pet Avers.—Closed windows and
winter underwear.
Ambition—Minister of physical
education for N.D.G.
Prob. Dest.—Poet laureate of
Germany.
Activities—Track Meet '35-'37,
Menorah Club '36, '37, Glee
Club, Intermed. Basketball '35,
'36, Class Sports.



GEORGE H. DE WITT

"I am weary of days and
hours."
Fav. Past.—While he is not a
member of the "Silence is
Golden Club" he is fully
qualified.
Fav. Exp.—"Sit still Tom."
Pet Avers.—Cunningham's hop-
ping around as though he had
a bee in his bonnet.
Ambition—Knowledge.
Prob. Dest.—Author of a geo-
metry book for advanced
students.

ELSON W. CUNNINGHAM

"My heart is like a singing
bird."
Fav. Past.—Trying to convince
Greenidge that R.M.C. is a
dump.
Fav. Exp.—"Hey, Freddie did
we have any 'prep' to do?"
Pet Avers.—Mr. Shupe's "simple,
childish" examples.
Ambition—To find out something
about this stuff they call trig.
Prob. Dest.—Honorary President
of some Ladies' association.
Activities—Class Sports, Sr. Ski
Team '35, '37, Glee Club, In-
termed. Rugby '37, Badminton
Committee.



DAVID P. DRUMMOND "Dave"

"— he bade me grow
Guiltless forever like a tree."
Fav. Past.—Like the other three
members of the "Silence is
Golden Club" he just sits and
absorbs knowledge.
Fav. Exp.—"Yes, sir, I've got it
done."
Pet Avers.—Noise.
Ambition—McGill.
Prob. Dest.—Silent partner in an
undertaking establishment.
Activities—Class Sports.

THOMAS CHAS. CUNNINGHAM

"Tommy"
"And Pan by noon and Bacchus
by night."
Fav. Past.—Operating Radio
Station VE2IK.
Fav. Exp.—"You don't mean
that, do you, sir?"
Pet Avers.—Women who say
"Look at all the funny little
dials."
Ambition—To win that DX con-
test.
Prob. Dest.—Radio Engineer.
Activities—Jr. Rugby and Hockey
'33, Radio Club (Pres.) '35,
Romeo and Juliet, Dance Com-
mittee, Editor of High School
News, Glee Club, Class Sports,
School Athletic Rep. '36, '37.



ROBERT R. EPPS

"But it needs heaven-sent
moments for his skill."
Fav. Past.—Chortling at Eric's
jokes.
Fav. Exp.—"Substituting in the
formula . . ."
Pet Avers.—Fellows who refer to
his stature.
Ambition—To establish himself
definitely as a genius.
Prob. Dest.—Building contractor.
Activities—Class Sports, Bad-
minton Committee.

FIRMAN DERRICK

"I'm to be Queen of the May,
Mother
I'm to be Queen of the May."
Fav. Exp.—"What homework?"
Fav. Past.—That friend's sister.
Pet Avers.—Waiting too long.
Ambition—To be a strong silent
man.
Prob. Dest.—Just another West
Hill Graduate.



KENNETH N. H. GREENIDGE

"Kenny"
"It is the cause, and not the
death that makes the martyr."
Fav. Past.—Avoiding girls.
Fav. Exp.—"Rub 'em out." "Hot
ziggedy putt putt!"
Pet Avers.—"Shorts" and pa-
cifists.
Ambition—R.M.C. and Indian
Army.
Prob. Dest.—"Le Legion Etran-
ger."
Activities—Class Sports.

GRADUATES

JOHN G. GRIFFIN "Griff"
 "Good nature like a bee finds honey in every herb."
 Fav. Past.—Acting as a relay station between Tommy and Storey.
 Fav. Exp.—"Who abducted my ruler."
 Pet Avers.—Having his name pronounced "Griffith."
 Prob. Dest.—Missionary.
 Ambition.—To matric this year.
 Activities.—Class Sports, Hi-Y '37.



GABRIEL ISAKSON
 "They gazed and gazed and still their wonder grew, How one small head could carry all he knew."
 Fav. Past.—Collecting Scholarships.
 Fav. Exp.—"H'm-m, only 95."
 Pet Avers.—Interruptions while he is working.
 Ambition.—To out "Shupe" Mr. Shupe.
 Prob. Dest.—M.I.T.
 Activities.—Menorah Club.

CHAS. ERIC HALL "Eric"
 "Discretion of speech is more than eloquence."
 Fav. Past.—Collecting and studying snakes.
 Fav. Exp.—"I beg to differ."
 Pet Avers.—Horwitz's orations.
 Ambition.—To collect snakes all around the world.
 Prob. Dest.—Snake charmer.



ROBERT R. JACKSON "Bob"
 "I am the doubter and the doubt."
 Fav. Past.—Arguing with the masters.
 Fav. Exp.—"I don't see it, sir."
 Pet Avers.—Being told that he is the most miserable of useless worms.
 Ambition.—To make money.
 Prob. Dest.—"He won't live very long so it won't matter anyway" (quoting Mr. Oxley).
 Activities.—Junior Basketball '34, Intermed. Basketball '36, Intermed. Basketball '37, Class Sports, Track (Interscholastic team) '35, Jr. Soccer '34.

A. GORDON HALL
 "I dimly heard the master's voice."
 Fav. Past.—Giving Eric dirty looks for talking so much and keeping him awake.
 Fav. Exp.—"Eric is not my brother!"
 Pet Avers.—Teachers who make him read his compositions out loud.
 Ambition.—Unknown (he never heard of the word).
 Prob. Dest.—A poet (Blank verse).
 Activities.—Class Sports.



HUGH A. LEONARD "Tooy"
 "Good things come in small packages."
 Fav. Past.—Doing geometry with Storey.
 Fav. Exp.—"But Freddie..."
 Pet Avers.—Being called "Leonard le petit".
 Ambition.—To grow up.
 Prob. Dest.—Midwest.

EDGAR HORWITZ "Horse wits"
 "I am Sir Oracle, and when I open my lips let no dog bark."
 Fav. Exp.—"Don't be ignorant (to McJannett)."
 Fav. Past.—Adding to Webster's Vocabulary.
 Pet Avers.—Science, classics, languages and blondes.
 Ambition.—Inspector of military brushes.
 Prob. Dest.—Sand hog (one who works under pressure).
 Activities.—Class Sports.



RONALD LEONARD
 "Leonard le grand"
 "Here will I sit and wait."
 Fav. Past.—Gazing into space.
 Fav. Exp.—"je ne sais pas."
 Pet Avers.—Oral French.
 Ambition.—To be able to take his time.
 Prob. Dest.—Gentleman farmer (the speed of city life gets him down).

GRADUATES

DAVID G. MacGREGOR
 "... the wild ass Stumps o'er his head and he lies fast asleep."
 Fav. Past.—Along with the other three silent men, Drummond, G. Hall and R. Leonard he peacefully minds his own business.
 Fav. Exp.—"I guess I don't know sir."
 Pet Avers.—Teachers who wake him up to tell him he was asleep.
 Prob. Dest.—President of a society for the prevention of noise.



FRED B. PARKER "Freddie"
 "... and in that kiss our souls, Together flashed and now they are on flame."
 Fav. Past.—Golden Lockes'.
 Fav. Exp.—"Yes, Sir, but look—"
 Pet Avers.—Stags'.
 Ambition.—To draw Donald Duck.
 Prob. Dest.—"The Voice of Experience."
 Activities.—Dance Committee, Annual Board, Glee Club, Hi-Y.

HARRY S. MARSHALL
 "Still waters run deep."
 Fav. Past.—Supplying Milburn and Cohen with solutions to the geometry exercises.
 Fav. Exp.—"Yeah, I've got it done."
 Pet Avers.—People who borrow his physics experiments.
 Ambition.—To get his matric.
 Prob. Dest.—A scientist of repute.
 Activities.—Intermed. Hockey '37, Intermed. Rugby '37, Class Sports.



NORMAN F. RETALLACK "Norm"
 "The truth is great and shall prevail."
 Fav. Past.—Juggling with the binomial theorem, trying to find the fallacy in Mr. Shupe's proof that 1 plus 1 equals 1.
 Fav. Exp.—"Eric, you submicroscopic protoplasm."
 Pet Avers.—Teachers who interrupt his conversations with Hall.
 Ambition.—To find the fallacy in that proof.
 Prob. Dest.—Chemistry teacher to Mr. Aitken.
 Activities.—Intermed. Water Polo '36, Annual Board, Sr. Water Polo '37, Class Sports '33-'37, Hi-Y '36, '37.

WILLIAM S. MARTIN "Willie"
 "Who gathers all things mortal With cold immortal hands."
 Fav. Past.—Dickering with 'Bud' for second hand radio parts.
 Fav. Exp.—"Oh, yeah, maybe it was worth that once."
 Pet Avers.—Whyte.
 Ambition.—To gyp Storey.
 Prob. Dest.—Radio engineer.



BERNARD ROLL "Bunny"
 "With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder."
 Fav. Past.—Arguing with Mr. Ktel Oxley and Mr. F. J. Shupe.
 Fav. Exp.—"Fooy" — "Nuts."
 Pet Avers.—People who won't argue.
 Ambition.—To blow glass bubbles in the Chemistry Lab.
 Prob. Dest.—Glass blower.
 Activities.—Class Sports, Menorah Club '37.

SYDNEY PAPPELBAUM "Pappy"
 "Is the mind that makes the body rich."
 Fav. Past.—Wearing heathenish coloured shirts.
 Fav. Exp.—"I see it now, Sir."
 Pet Avers.—Latin.
 Ambition.—College.
 Prob. Dest.—Montreal's biggest lawyer.
 Activities.—Class Sports, Intermed. Polo '35, Menorah Club, '36, '37 (Secretary), Scholarship '36.



RALPH RYAN "Lightning"
 "You have awaked me too soon, I must slumber again."
 Fav. Past.—Trying to convince "Pop" that he wasn't sleeping.
 Fav. Exp.—"Whassa rush."
 Pet Avers.—Alarm clocks.
 Ambition.—To be on time two days in a row.
 Prob. Dest.—Mattress tester at Marshall's.

GRADUATES

ROBERT H. SHIELDS "Bob"
"He's a good fellow and 'twill
all be well."
Fav. Past—Waking Ryan up to
answer Mr. Wilson's questions.
Fav. Exp.—"Just a second, Sir,
I'll wake him up."
Pet Avers—Teachers who ex-
pect him to do his homework.
Ambition—To matric before he
gets his old age pension.
Prob. Dest.—We wouldn't know.
See next year's Annual.
Activities—Class Sports, Cadets
'33 (Sgt.), Rifle Team '33, Sr.
Water Polo '33 (Champs.), '34,
'35 (Champs.), '36, '37 (Capt.),
Hi-Y '34, '35 (Treas.), '36
(Pres.), '37 (Pres.), Class
President.



MIRIAM ABRAMOWITZ "Mimi"
"A life with a smile is a life
worth while."
Prototype—Rose of the Rancho.
Fav. Past—Designing clothes.
Pet Avers—Escalators.
Ambition—To be a second Adri-
an.
Activities—Choir '34, "Yeomen
of the Guard."

GEORGE M. SIMPSON "Hack"
"Whereon they vent their rage
And bend their little fists—
Fav. Past—Fighting with Mac
Jannet.
Fav. Exp.—"That's not funny."
Pet Avers—MacJannet's feeble
puns.
Ambition—To conquer and "pun-
ish" MacJannet.
Prob. Dest.—Founder of a new
"ism" to eradicate punsters.



VERA ALLERTON "Vee"
"A thing of beauty is a joy
forever."
Prototype—Maureen O'Sullivan.
Fav. Exp.—"I sure do appreciate
that one, Pal."
Pet Avers—People who try to
reach high "C."
Ambition—To thumb a ride in
the police car.
Activities—Choir '34, '37, "Yeo-
men of the Guard," Hi-Y,
Knitting Club, Class Captain
'37.

ROBERT A. WHYTE "Bob"
"Strange the world about me
lies
Never yet familiar grown."
Fav. Past—Closing the windows
Cohen opens.
Fav. Exp.—"Fummy-diddles."
Pet Avers—Elsan's impromptu
traps.
Ambition—Owner of the Mont-
real Star.
Prob. Dest.—Printer's devil.



NANCIE BOWIE
"Sentimentally, I am disposed
to harmony,
But organically, I am incap-
able of a tune."
Fav. Past—Chasing her hat.
Pet Avers—Losing it (her hat,
we mean).
Ambition—To pass in Latin.
Activities—Choir '34, "Yeo-
men of the Guard," Peace Move-
ment '36, '37.

DORIS ABER
"She was made for happy
thoughts,
For playful wit and laugh-
ter."
Prototype—Giggling Gertie.
Fav. Past—Chewing gum (when
Freda supplies it).
Pet Avers—Walking down dark
streets alone.
Ambition—That's what we'd like
to know.
Activities—Choir '34, "Yeomen
of the Guard," Class Basket-
ball '33, Class Baseball '33.



FRANCES CLEMENTS
"And Frances in her quiet way
Listens to all, has little to
say."
Prototype—Pollyanna.
Fav. Exp.—Gee.
Fav. Past—Talking to Beryl.
Activities—Choir '34, "Yeo-
men of the Guard," Class Sports,
Knitting Club.

GRADUATES

MARGARET DENNIS "Maggie"
"Permit me, friend, I prythee,
To pass my hand across my
brow, and muse."
Fav. Exp.—"My giddy awnt!"
Fav. Past—Watching for book
sales.
Ambition—Missionary in China.
Activities—"Yeomen of the
Guard," Peace Movement,
Class Sports, Stamp Club, Hi-
Y.



PHYLLIS JOHNSTON "Phyl"
"Lovely to look at, delightful
to know."
Prototype—Frances Langford.
Fav. Exp.—"Girls, Ple-e-e-ase
stop the noise."
Fav. Past—Dancing with Burke.
Ambition—To marry a million-
aire's son.
Activities—Choir '34 and '37,
"Yeomen of the Guard," An-
nual Board, Dance Committee,
Knitting Club, Class President,
'37, Hi-Y '36 and '37.

PEGGY DUNPHY

"She's a winsome wee thing,
She's a handsome wee thing."
Prototype—Betty Boop.
Fav. Past—Talking to Hean.
Pet Avers—Being told to talk
louder.
Ambition—To be just a little
taller than Jean.
Activities—Class Sports, "Yeo-
men of the Guard," Swimming
Team, Knitting Club.



HELEN KALLMEYER

"She toils not, neither does she
spin."
Prototype—Aristotle?
Fav. Past—"Doodling."
Pet Avers—Being told to stop
drawing in class.
Prob. Dest.—Drawing comic
strips.
Activities—Choir, Class Sports,
School Basketball, Assist. Ed.
of Annual, Pres. Stamp Club.

JEAN GEMMELL

"The very sunbeams seem to
dance
On that fair head of hers."
Fav. Past—Blushing.
Pet Avers—Being asked what
she's going to do at 3.30.
Ambition—To find that unbreak-
able test tube.
Prob. Dest.—Successor to La-
voisier.
Activities—Choir '34, "Yeo-
men of the Guard," Co-president of
the Peace Movement '37.



JEAN KERRISON

"It ain't no sin, to laugh and
grin."
Prototype—Alice in Wonderland.
Fav. Past—Grinning.
Ambition—To get all badges ob-
tainable.
Prob. Dest.—Girl Guide Captain.
Activities—Choir, "Yeomen of
the Guard."

BETTY HADLEY

"For goodness sake, consider
what you do."
Prototype—Zazu Pitts.
Fav. Exp.—"Fiddlesticks."
Fav. Past—Knitting sweaters.
Pet Avers—Inquisitive people.
Activities—Choir, "Yeomen of
the Guard."



ANABEL MILLER

"Oh, come with old Khayam,
and leave the wise to talk."
Fav. Exp.—"Oh, don't be silly."
Fav. Past—Burrowing in her
desk (Why? We don't know.)
Ambition—To matric.
Activities—Choir, Peace Move-
ment.

GRADUATES

FREDA MILLER

"Why speak if you have nothing to say."
 Fav. Past.—Waiting for Doris.
 Pet Avers.—Answering questions in English period.
 Ambition.—To have Doris wait for her.
 Activities.—Class Sports, Choir, "Yeomen of the Guard."



BETTY TAYLOR "Burke"

"She do'eth teach the torches to burn bright,
 She hangs upon the cheek of night
 Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."
 Prototype—Lynne Fontaine.
 Fav. Exp.—Well
 Fav. Past.—Acting in plays.
 Pet Avers.—Being called "Carrot top."
 Activities—"A Midsummer Night's Dream," "As You Like It," "Romeo and Juliet," "Yeomen of the Guard," Choir.

BERYL MUSGROVE

"To follow knowledge like a sinking star
 Beyond the utmost bounds of human thought."
 Fav. Past.—Falling asleep in Mr. Cooper's periods.
 Pet Avers.—The question "How do you know all the answers?"
 Ambition.—That silver medal. (Right?)
 Activities.—Choir, Knitting Club, "Yeomen of the Guard," Hi-Y.



HELEN TUDDENHAM "Tud"

"I'm little Phoebe."
 Prototype—Grace Moore.
 Fav. Exp.—"Goshi!"
 Fav. Past.—Gilbert and Sullivan.
 Prob. Dest.—Savoy Theatre, London.
 Activities.—Class Sports, Choir, "Midsummer Night's Dream," "As You Like It," "Mikado," "Yeomen of the Guard," Hi-Y '36, '37.

CHRISTINE PALMER "Kate"

"Lo, hear the gentle lark."
 Prototype—Anne of Green Gables.
 Fav. Exp.—"Why?"
 Fav. Past.—Studying. (When she finds time.)
 Ambition.—To get a lead in the Opera.
 Activities.—Choir, Class Sports, "Yeomen of the Guard," Knitting Club.



HILDA WAERN

"Short and sweet"
 Fav. Past.—Trying to make herself understood.
 Pet Avers.—Answering questions.
 Prob. Dest.—A second Ramona.
 Activities.—Class Sports, Knitting Club, "Yeomen of the Guard," "As You Like It."

GWEN ROBERTS

"She lives at peace with all mankind."
 Fav. Exp.—"Mais oui!"
 Fav. Past.—Turning around to talk to Mimi.
 Pet Avers.—Chemistry.
 Ambition.—McGill.
 Activities.—Choir, "Yeomen of the Guard," Knitting Club.



VELMA WATSON

"Oh, for half the knowledge
 That thy brain must know."
 Fav. Exp.—"Hi, kid!"
 Fav. Past.—Waiting for her pals.
 Pet Avers.—Stupid people and geometry.
 Ambition.—To make a success of it when she finds it.
 Activities.—Class Sports, Choir, Knitting Club, "Yeomen of the Guard."

GRADUATES

IAN WOODIN

"Small but effective."
 Fav. Past.—Playing the piano.
 Pet Avers.—Looking up at people.
 Ambition.—To grow 3 inches.
 Activities.—Choir, "Yeomen of the Guard."



ROBERT H. COHEN "Quinn"
 "Honest, I'm not lazy, I'm just dreaming."
 Fav. Exp.—"Sir, let's do some work for a change."
 Fav. Past.—Making mistakes.
 Pet Avers.—Getting up in the morning.
 Ambition.—Eight-day clock winder.
 Prob. Dest.—Beer taster for a brewery.
 Activities.—Class sports '34-'37, Menorah Club.

DONALD B. BARRY "Whiz"

"You cannot take a fellow when he is eight years old
 And make him promise never to kiss the girls."
 Fav. Exp.—"Yersee."
 Fav. Past.—Tracking to Irving lamp.
 Pet Avers.—Peace Movements.
 Ambition.—Engineer and Royal Air Force.
 Prob. Dest.—Pilot on first transatlantic air liner.
 Activities.—Class Pres. '35, '37, B.Y. Cadets, Class Rugby.



REGINALD COOK "Cap'n"
 "Ah, why should life all labour be?"
 Fav. Exp.—"That's a good point."
 Fav. Past.—Resting up.
 Pet Avers.—French period.
 Ambition.—Street cleaner.
 Prob. Dest.—"Sweeping" success.
 Activities.—Class sports.

DONALD CHUTE "Blondie"

"A man is as good as his brain."
 Fav. Exp.—"By the!!!"
 Fav. Past.—Twiddling a flute.
 Pet Avers.—Fairbairn.
 Ambition.—To see the world.
 Prob. Dest.—Street car conductor.



FINLAY DAVIS "Fin"
 "Sweet masters, be patient."
 Fav. Exp.—"Quei hommel!"
 Fav. Past.—Studying.
 Pet Avers.—Booby prizes.
 Ambition.—To land a soft job.
 Prob. Dest.—Doughnut Dunker.
 Activities.—Class sports '34-'35, Choir.

KENNETH CLARK "Kaydee"

"And who will walk a mile with me
 Along life's weary way?"
 Fav. Exp.—"That'll hold you."
 Fav. Past.—Puns.
 Pet Avers.—Noseworthy's punches.
 Ambition.—Canadian Open Golf Champ.
 Prob. Dest.—Canadian Open Golf Champ.
 Activities.—Class sports '34-'37, Int. Hockey '34-'35, Jr. Hockey '33-'34, Sr. Hockey '34-'35, Golf team '35, Badminton '35.



WILLIAM C. DERRY "Gonilla"
 "Here I am, sir, as foolish as I was before."
 Fav. Exp.—"How do you do this one, Hay?"
 Fav. Past.—Missing tackles.
 Pet Avers.—Geometry and Algebra.
 Ambition.—To answer a geometry question.
 Prob. Dest.—Grade eight.
 Activities.—Sr. Rugby '36, Inter-med. Rugby '35, Class sports '35-'37, Sr. Swimming.

GRADUATES

JACK M. EARLE "Flash"
"We meet, we part,
But sometimes we remember."
Fav. Exp.—"Hi, Kid."
Fav. Past.—Trying to cool down
to 200 Deg. Centigrade.
Pet Avers.—Chiselers.
Ambition—Surgeon in Royal Vic.
Prob. Dest.—Practicing his bed-
side manner.
Activities—Class Pres. '33-'35,
Class Rugby '33-'37.



JOHN B. FRIEDLANDER "Fried"
"The mighty atom."
Fav. Exp.—"Hey, listen you."
Fav. Past.—Prompting masters.
Pet Avers.—Tall women.
Ambition—Cecil Rhodes of Can-
ada.
Prob. Dest.—Clerk (?) at St.
Vincent de Paul.
Activities—Class sports '33-'37,
Annual Board.

DOUGLAS FAIRBAIRN "Fire Alarm"
"A man in love is like a ship
without a sail."
Fav. Exp.—"You think so, eh!"
Fav. Past.—Watching the
"dears" go by.
Pet Avers.—Fire drill without his
hair combed.
Ambition—To convince us his
Austin is a good crate.
Prob. Dest.—Makeshift stop sign.
Activities—Shooting, Life Saving,
Debating.



GUY T. GILMAN "Guy" (French)
"Still waters run deep."
Fav. Exp.—"Is that so?"
Fav. Past.—Bragging about St.
Annes.
Pet Avers.—Masters.
Ambition—To be a city slicker.
Prob. Dest.—Bouncer at the Lido.
Activities—Just arrived.

RICHARD FLAHERTY "Dick"
"He lives at peace with all,
mankind."
Fav. Exp.—"Hi."
Fav. Past.—Watching the clock.
Pet Avers.—Fairbairn's amorous
excursions in the hall.
Ambition—Mining engineer.
Prob. Dest.—Draegerman.
Activities—Class sports '33, In-
termed. Rugby '34, Sr. Rugby
'36.



PIERCE GOULD "Alibi Ike"
"Were I so tall to reach the
pole."
Fav. Exp.—"Hy'a louse."
Fav. Past.—Hitting high "C".
Pet Avers.—Being asked if he
has stopped growing.
Ambition—Seven feet.
Activities—Class Sports '33-'35,
"Yeomen of the Guard,"
Swimming Team '33, Glee
Club, Choir.

ROBERT D. FLITTON "Flit"
"And angrily unites his bags of
wind
Then we lay to and let the
blast go by."
Fav. Exp.—"Watch it."
Fav. Past.—Blowing his horn.
Pet Avers.—Being called "Flit-
ton."
Ambition—To be a Louis Arm-
strong.
Prob. Dest.—3rd trumpet at the
Carrioca Grill.
Activities—Class Sports '33-'37,
Volley Ball '34-'35, Intermed.
Swimming '33-'34, Dramatics
'33-'37, Hi-Y.



GEORGE HAY "Georgeous"
"A man alone is only a part
of a man."
Fav. Exp.—"Ah don't like it."
Fav. Past.—Catching passes for
West Hill Seniors.
Pet Avers.—People who say Hey,
Hay.
Ambition—To play football un-
der new rules.
Prob. Dest.—Cutting capers in
the fish market.
Activities—Class Sports '33-'36,
Intermed. Rugby '35-'36, Sr.
Rugby '36-'37, Jr. Basketball
'35-'36, Sr. Basketball '35-'37,
Track and Field '33-'34, Hi-Y.

GRADUATES

ALFRED HOLLAND "Dutchy"
"A bonny boy, and bound for
lame,
In future years you'll hear his
name."
Fav. Exp.—"But, sir . . . Aw,
heck!"
Fav. Past.—Looking for Mr. John-
son.
Pet Avers.—Getting in "dutch."
Ambition—To be an economist.
Prob. Dest.—Labour party.
(Cracking rocks.)
Activities—Class Sports '34-'37.



NORMAN MacLENNAN "Mac"
"I could not love thee, work,
so much
Loved I not pleasure more."
Fav. Exp.—"Dry up."
Fav. Past.—Razzing Retalack.
Pet Avers.—The fair sex.
Ambition—Captain of a ship.
Prob. Dest.—Cabin boy on a
tramp.
Activities—Class sports '35-'37.

STANLEY JACKSON "Sonny"
"Wisely and slow, they stumble
but run fast."
Fav. Exp.—"Hi, Toots."
Fav. Past.—"Stanyon" around.
Pet Avers.—Fellows he can't tell
anything to.
Ambition—To take the "dip" out
of his hat.
Prob. Dest.—Henpecked pen-
pusher.
Activities—Class Sports '33-'36,
Glee Club, Hi-Y.



JOHN McDONALD "Sleepy"
"Oh what fools these mortals
be."
Fav. Exp.—"Skip it."
Fav. Past.—Day dreaming.
Pet Avers.—Being awakened
from a sound sleep.
Ambition—To have a private of-
fice.
Prob. Dest.—Pretzel twister.
Activities—Taming of the
Shrew."

DOUGLAS JAMIESON "Doug."
"The soul of music fled."
Fav. Exp.—"Yumping Yimminy."
Fav. Past.—Swimming.
Pet Avers.—Toronto (?)
Ambition—To get the last word
with Mr. Newson.
Prob. Dest.—Rubinoff's under-
study.
Activities—Class Sports '36-'37,
Water polo '36-'37.



HERIGAULT PELLETIER "Big"
"What's in a name."
Fav. Exp.—"He is inarticulate."
Pet Avers.—Having his name
spelled incorrectly.
Ambition—Concert pianist, Radio
City.
Prob. Dest.—Ivory tickler in a
honkey-tonk.
Activities—Choir '33.

MARCEL LATOUR
(homme grand)
"And I would that my tongue
could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."
Fav. Exp.—"Hey you!"
Fav. Past.—Doing Latin in
French periods.
Pet Avers.—Anti-communists.
Ambition—To succeed Stalin.
Prob. Dest.—French editor of a
German newspaper.
Activities—Class Sports '34-'35,
Intermed. Rugby '34-'35, Glee
Club.



G. GORDON REID "Maestro"
"Heard melodies are sweet."
Fav. Exp.—"Shut up, Schrie."
Fav. Past.—Spending periods in
the library.
Pet Avers.—Schrie's mumbling.
Ambition—To out-fiddle Kreisler.
Prob. Dest.—Wandering minstrel.
Activities—Class sports '35-'37.

GRADUATES

AVERY GILL

"Just as high as my heart."
 Fav. Exp.—Heck.
 Fav. Past.—Looking sweet.
 Pet Avers.—The front of the room.
 Ambition.—To meet Clark Gable, ears and all.
 Prob. Dest.—Sail looking sweet.



MARGUERITE GILLAM "Honey"

"For her own person
 It begareth all description."
 Fav. Exp.—"Ya got something there, kid!"
 Fav. Past.—Kicking up a row in the back.
 Pet Avers.—Being told to grow up or shut up.
 Ambition.—To own a "Cord."
 Prob. Dest.—Barmaid at the Ritz.
 Activities.—Baseball '33-'36, Class sports '33-'36, Swimming Champ '35, Track Champ '35.



WINSOME GORDON "Win"

"She has a winsome face
 And laughing eyes."
 Fav. Exp.—"Hey, hon, what's the next period?"
 Fav. Past.—Asking for contributions for the Annual.
 Pet Avers.—Being told to put away her mirror.
 Ambition.—To use her own comb first.
 Prob. Dest.—A rose-covered cottage, etc.
 Activities.—"Yeomen of the Guard," Choir, Class sports '34-'35.



ALISON HUNTLY "Alma"

"Heard melodies are sweet
 But those unheard are sweeter."
 Fav. Exp.—"Ellie, my feet are cold."
 Fav. Past.—Hiding that blond streak.
 Pet Avers.—Being mistaken for Betty Furness?
 Ambition.—Nelson Eddy's co-star.
 Prob. Dest.—Silly Symphony toy imitator.
 Activities.—Choir, "Mikado," "Yeoman of the Guard."



EFFIE LYLE

"I speak in a monarous little voice."
 Fav. Exp.—"Al, feel my pulse."
 Fav. Past.—Collecting metaphors of a certain Master.
 Pet Avers.—Explaining that metaphors are "applied litenesses."
 Ambition.—To be a second Simone Simon.
 Prob. Dest.—Sound effect in the "Good Will Court."
 Activities.—"Mikado," Public Speaking, "Taming of the Shrew."

HELENA LUMSDEN

"Her laughing lips and twinkling eyes
 Make one think of Paradise."
 Fav. Exp.—"Who in heck does she think she is anyway?"
 Fav. Past.—Playing the clown.
 Pet Avers.—One certain person.
 Ambition.—To say what she pleases.
 Prob. Dest.—Somebody's wife

WINNIFRED MacFARLANE

"A gentle maid of noble mien
 Whose foes are few and far between."
 Fav. Exp.—"Oh for Pete's sake."
 Fav. Past.—Looking coy at Helen Reid across the room.
 Pet Avers.—Chemistry lessons.
 Ambition.—To be a nurse.
 Prob. Dest.—Nurse in a doll's hospital.

MAVIS McALLISTER

"How silver sweet sound lovers long a night."
 Fav. Exp.—"Lovely."
 Fav. Past.—Talking to the world at large.
 Pet Avers.—Being called Martha Raye. (Oh, Boy!)
 Ambition.—Professional Golfer.
 Prob. Dest.—Ambulance driver in next war. (Ford V8)
 Activities.—"Yeomen of the Guard," Choir.

GRADUATES

ROSINA McINDOE

"Eyes, look your last."
 Fav. Exp.—"For John's sake."
 Fav. Past.—Getting introductions.
 Pet Avers.—Writing for Helena.
 Ambition.—Head nurse at Royal "Vic."
 Prob. Dest.—Florence Nightingale II.
 Activities.—"Romeo and Juliet," School Badminton, Class sports '37.



RUTH MILLER

"Fly, Wings."
 Fav. Exp.—"When I'm famous."
 Fav. Past.—Writing stories and poetry.
 Pet Avers.—Three freckles.
 Ambition.—To fly.
 Prob. Dest.—Flying kites in her own back yard.
 Activities.—"Yeomen of the Guard," '36, Class Basketball '34-'35.



KATHLEEN PETERSON "Kay"

"Genius is the ability to avoid work."
 Fav. Exp.—"Oh, cripes."
 Fav. Past.—Being a genius.
 Pet Avers.—Waiting.
 Ambition.—Interior decorator. (Eating?)
 Prob. Dest.—Window washer.



UNA PHILLIPS

"Merrily, merrily shall I live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bow."
 Fav. Exp.—"Did you get that example?"
 Fav. Past.—Changing her seat.
 Pet Avers.—Being told to "get back into your own seat."
 Ambition.—Private secretary to Rockefeller.
 Prob. Dest.—Manufacturing "knee high."
 Activities.—"Midsummer Night's Dream," Class sports '33-'36, Badminton, '33-'36, Choir, "Yeomen of the Guard."



MARJORIE READ "Marj"

"A dainty maid, charming,
 lovable and sweet,
 The kind of girl you rarely meet."
 Fav. Exp.—"Oh, hello!"
 Fav. Past.—Borrowing Win's comb.
 Pet Avers.—Maris.
 Ambition.—Changes with the season.
 Prob. Dest.—Sultana. (Biscuit?)
 Activities.—"Yeomen of the Guard," Choir.

HELEN REID "Heddy"

"I'd be good, if I could, but I can't."
 Fav. Exp.—"He phoned me last night, Bud."
 Fav. Past.—Bud and?
 Pet Avers.—"Algebra" in all shapes (?)
 Ambition.—A small apartment.
 Prob. Dest.—Toothpaste ad. for Colgate.
 Activities.—"Yeomen of the Guard," "Mikado," School Choir, Hi-Y '36, '37, Special Choir '35, '37.

CECILE SHANE

"Let me have leave to speak."
 Fav. Exp.—"Honestly, it was so funny."
 Fav. Past.—Yelling why it was.
 Pet Avers.—Collecting late fees.
 Ambition.—That certain someone.
 Prob. Dest.—Bedtime story teller.
 Activities.—"As You Like It," "Yeomen of the Guard," Class sports '34-'36.

PHYLLIS WELLS "Phyl"

"Her eyes are stars at twilight
 fair,
 Like twilight also is her hair."
 Fav. Exp.—"Listen, dear."
 Fav. Past.—Waiting for Bon.
 Pet Avers.—Being called "High Hat."
 Ambition.—To return to Vancouver.
 Prob. Dest.—A little gray home in the west.
 Activities.—"Yeomen of the Guard," Choir.

GRADUATES

JAMES ATKINS "Jim"
 "My tongue is the pen of a ready writer."
 Fav. Exp.—"Don't look now, but—"
 Fav. Past.—Solving algebra problems.
 Pet Avers.—Being called "James."
 Ambition—Successor to Fred Astaire.
 Prob. Dest.—Stage hand at the Francois Theatre.
 Activities—Class Sports, Jr. Hockey '33-'34, Sr. Basketball '35-'36, '36-'37, Vice-Pres. Boys A.A.A. '36-'37, Hi-Y.



LIONEL J. CLARE
 "Work and worry have killed many
 So why should I take a chance?"
 Fav. Exp.—"Do I make myself 'Clare'?"
 Pet Avers.—Squeezing in with Schwartz.
 Fav. Past.—Earning money.
 Ambition—President N.B.C.
 Activities—Class Sports '34-'35, Track, Menorah Club.

CLARENCE H. BIRCHFIELD "Birchy"
 "My heart is like a singing bird."
 Fav. Exp.—"Did you see the game last night?"
 Fav. Past.—Explaining how he won the game.
 Pet Avers.—People who won't listen.
 Ambition—To be another Eddie Shreve.
 Activities—Intermed. Hockey '32, '33, Sr. Hockey '33, '34, Intermed. Basketball '33-'35, Sr. Rugby '35, '36.



ALBERT C. CUNNINGHAM "Ham"
 "A well-developed brain . . .
 And ears and hair."
 Fav. Exp.—"Fair enough, eh kid?" "Seems as tho'."
 Pet Avers.—Trumpet players. (Especially 1st.)
 Fav. Past.—Engraving on unsuspecting people's set-squares.
 Ambition—"Haint got none."
 Activities—"Taming of the Shrew," "Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It."

B. CAMPBELL BRAITHWAITE "Birthrate"
 "How came you jesting purpose when
 You fashioned monkeys out of men."
 Fav. Exp.—"Want to dunk some biscuits?"
 Fav. Past.—Amateur Radio Station VE2DO.
 Pet Avers.—Detentions.
 Ambition—To talk Mr. Oxley out of detentions.
 Prob. Dest.—Soap-box orator.
 Activities—School Public Speaking and Debating.



DENNIS B. FLAHERTY "Ben"
 "How slow ye move, ye weary hours."
 Fav. Exp.—"What time is it?"
 Fav. Past.—Looking at the clock.
 Ambition—To stay awake some day and find out what Physics is.
 Pet Avers.—Being awakened.
 Activities—Class Sports '34-'36, Sleeping '33-'37.

JACK G. BRASFORD
 "He would laugh and play all day
 Never saw a lad so gay."
 Fav. Exp.—"Go to Father."
 Pet Avers.—Carrying Grant's books.
 Fav. Past.—Engines.
 Ambition—To learn to spell.
 Prob. Dest.—First grade spelling teacher.
 Activities—Water Polo '35, '36, Badminton.



ALLAN H. FORBES
 "Silence is golden."
 Fav. Exp.—Mostly silence.
 Fav. Past.—Chemistry and stamps.
 Pet Avers.—Moncaster's singing.
 Ambition—To be a chemist.
 Prob. Dest.—Cough drop factory worker.
 Activities—Class Sports '33-'37, Track '33, '34.

GRADUATES

IVOR E. FRANCIS
 "But when I become a man, I put away childish things."
 Fav. Exp.—"That sends me!"
 Fav. Past.—Theatricals and "swing" records.
 Prob. Dest.—Turning pages for Inchi.
 Activities—"A Midsummer Night's Dream," "As You Like It," "Romeo and Juliet," "Taming of the Shrew," Class President.



RICHARD H. HOWELL "Dick"
 Fav. Exp.—"Sir, I studied at least an hour last night, . . . well maybe half an hour anyway."
 Pet Avers.—Paul's jokes (and we don't blame him).
 Ambition—To go to college in the States.
 Prob. Dest.—W.H.H.S. Graduating class 1945.
 Activities—Swimming Team, Class Sports '33-'37, Water Polo '34-'37, Intermed. Rugby '35, '36.

HERBERT GOLDENSTEIN "Goldie"
 "Like a cinder in one's eye is this harmless little guy."
 Fav. Exp.—"He's not here."
 Fav. Past.—Geometrical drawing.
 Pet Avers.—Tall people, who make him feel smaller.
 Ambition—To be a draughtsman.
 Prob. Dest.—Margin drawer on school foolscap.



ROBERT LEACH
 "And still he sent and sent and sent
 Until his radio was spent."
 Fav. Exp.—"Yahl smart guy."
 Pet Avers.—Wise guys.
 Fav. Past.—Radio.
 Ambition—To become a really good engineer.
 Prob. Dest.—Polishing radio cabinets.

ROBERT A. HAINES "Bobby"
 "Many are the afflictions of the righteous."
 Fav. Exp.—"Lord knows, I don't."
 Pet Avers.—Girls . . . (We wonder!)
 Fav. Past.—Outdoor work.
 Ambition—To become a smoke chaser (Forest Patrol).
 Prob. Dest.—Just another office boy.



REGINALD MILLER
 "His manner sweet, his face so fair
 And what a wave is in his hair."
 Fav. Exp.—"Don't be a twerp, James." (Atkins).
 Pet Avers.—Algebra.
 Fav. Past.—Tropical fish breeding.
 Ambition—To own the New York Aquarium.
 Prob. Dest.—S.P.C.G. (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Guppies).

ALEXIS HOMIENOCK
 "For he shall lead a rhythm band
 And swing in every foreign land."
 Fav. Exp.—"Huhl Birchy, the big wind of Room 32."
 Pet Avers.—Birchfield's and Moncaster's singing.
 Fav. Past.—Music and photography.
 Ambition—To lead an orchestra.
 Prob. Dest.—Composing "special arrangements."



HAROLD MONCASTER "Montie"
 "He fills our lives with gay sweet song
 The trouble is the notes are wrong."
 Fav. Exp.—"Shut the windows, this place is like a barn."
 Fav. Past.—Singing?
 Pet Avers.—People who say, "How tall are you?"
 Ambition—To become a super-saturated solution of something.
 Activities—Class Sports '33-'35, Track and Field '33-'36, Annual Board.

GRADUATES

E. MALCOLM PAUL

"Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord."
 Fav. Exp.—"Aw shucks, you can't do that."
 Fav. Past.—Reading Walter Winchell.
 Pet Avers.—Hearing jokes from last night's Star.
 Ambition—To invent something and retire.
 Prob. Dest.—Waiter. (who for, Mac?)
 Activities—Class Sports '33-'37, Intermed. Water Polo, Intermed. Rugby.



GEORGE L. STARKEY

"A man may have a Grecian nose
 And still have roamin' eyes."
 Fav. Exp.—"Fair enough, eh kid?" (See Cunningham).
 Pet Avers.—Bass Fiddle players like Chas. Cunningham.
 Fav. Past.—Tooting his own horn.
 Ambition—1st. trumpet with Benny Goodman.
 Prob. Dest.—2nd. trumpet at the Cartier.
 Activities—Class Sports '31-'36, Jr. Rugby '32, '33, Hi-Y.

ARTHUR SCHWARTZ

"I thank what ever gods may be, For my unconquerable soul."
 Fav. Exp.—"No kidding."
 Fav. Past.—Eating.
 Ambition—To matriculate.
 Prob. Dest.—Cook in a sandwich shop.
 Activities—Menorah Club, Class Sports '34, '35.



GARTH TAYLOR

"Heaven still guards the right."
 Fav. Exp.—"Who's excited?"
 Pet. Avers.—Writing up I. E.'s chemistry.
 Fav. Past.—Photography.
 Ambition—To beat up Mac Paul and Bob Haines.
 Prob. Dest.—Hospital.
 Activities—Intermed. Water Polo '35, '36, Sr. Water Polo '36, '37, Track '35-'37, Class Sports.

JOHN W. SANCTON "J.W."

"He was a scholar and a ripe good one."
 Fav. Exp.—The W.H.S. Annual for 1937 will be . . .
 Fav. Past.—Printing.
 Pet Avers.—People who are late for Annual meetings.
 Ambition—To be able to type 200 words per minute.
 Activities—Editor-in-Chief of W.H.S. Annual, 1937.

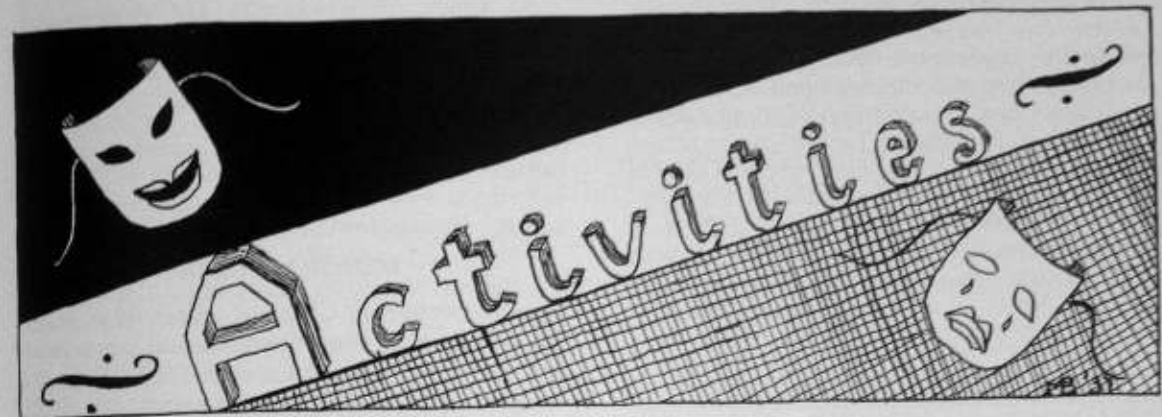


SELWYN VINEBERG

"He is a lad of great repute
 The thinnest and nicest sans dispute."
 Fav. Exp.—"Don't ask embarrassing questions."
 Fav. Past.—Photography, radio music and clubs.
 Pet Avers.—Easy algebra.
 Ambition—To be successful.
 Prob. Dest.—Stan Laurel's understudy.
 Activities—Glee Club, Menorah Club, School Paper '36, '37.

DONALD R. STOREY "Bud"

"A brow pensive but not gloomy."
 Fav. Past.—Selling second-hand radio parts and floor wax.
 Fav. Exp.—"He'll gyp you, buy it from me."
 Pet Avers.—School.
 Ambition—To sell at least one can of floor wax at a profit. (He's slipping.)
 Prob. Dest.—Junk dealer.
 Activities—Class Sports '33-'37, Intermed. Rugby '36-'37, Track '34-'36.



THE WEST HILL HIGH SCHOOL PEACE COUNCIL

TOWARDS the end of October, 1936, the McGill Students' Peace Council organized a conference held at the McGill Union in order to institute their noble order in the High Schools. It was to this meeting that some of our enthusiasts went, and it was from this meeting that our own movement grew up. Here they heard speakers, among whom were James Gibson, Secretary of the League of Nations Society in Montreal, and Kenneth Woodsworth, who was Canada's delegate to the World Youth Conference of the League of Nations held at Geneva. In the middle of the afternoon, the schools separated into groups (West Hill had the largest representation) to elect executives who would perpetuate the movement at their home-schools. West Hill's executive consisted of the following:—

Joan Ballard, Margaret Dennis, Ira Iscovitz, Robert Flitton, Campbell Cathcart. The executive contacted Mr. Atkinson and thus began the flourishing body designated as the West Hill High School Peace Council.

The first meeting took place on December 7, 1936 in the Library. A McGill student presided and it was decided to have representatives from all grades to form an executive. This body then elected its officers as follows:—

- President Stanley Tucker
- Vice-President . . . Jean Gemmill
- Secretary Betty Kobayashi
- Treasurer-librarian . . Ira Iscovitz
- Publicity Manager . . . Joan Ballard

Several of the teachers were asked to be discussion group leaders. Mr. Davidson consented, while Mr. Hewson and Mr. Oxley gave their support and approval. The next two meetings were occupied in defining a future course of action.

Four of the members under Mr. Davidson's direction gave papers on Japan, Germany, Italy and Russia. These gave rise to discussion, and a better background for further study was acquired. Mr. C. Hewson during January also gave a talk on the Spanish crisis, which was enlightening. The next week Mr. Max Ford, Principal of King's School, gave an address on "War, Peace and Economics." The next meeting was spent in discussing this speaker's point of view. On Thursday, March 4, members of this organization heard Mr. Francis Lederer in his address on peace at Loew's Theatre. This proved very interesting. A discussion on "Shall Canada Rearm?" took place on March 5. On March 11 a school assembly was addressed on this vital subject—peace. Mr. J. M. C. Duckworth was the chairman. In the near future, great hopes are being entertained concerning a viewing by West Hill pupils of "All Quiet on the Western Front," the great anti-war film.

We of the Peace Council consider that this has been a fairly successful year, in the effort made to show students that there is more to attaining world peace than by shouting, "Down with War!" We know that war is a crime, that war is futile, that its causes are with a few individuals who wish to profit from the torn bodies of our fellows, and that we do not fight for democracy or war to end war, or any other ideal. We must never again allow ourselves to be so swayed by war propaganda, that we revel in the number of our fellow-beings we have been able to kill. **WORK FOR PEACE NOW!**
 BETTY KOBAYASHI, XII.

BOYS' WEST HILL HI-Y CLUB

SEVEN years ago a small group of fellows at West Hill High School met together to enquire into the meaning of Hi-Y. At the same time they considered the needs of the

school and their own personal development. As the two were closely related it was decided to organize a West Hill Hi-Y Club "to create, maintain and extend throughout the School and Community, high standards of Christian character." This is one of fifteen hundred similar clubs throughout Canada and the United States, from which nine hundred delegates attended the first Hi-Y Congress last summer at Berea, Ky. It was an inspiring conference for officers of Hi-Y Clubs in North America, and it reassures a richer program for future years.

Hi-Y programs supplement school activities. The meetings are carried on quietly and the members are trained in democratic methods, business procedure, public speaking. In addition outside speakers often visit the club and deal with matters of current interest or of a scientific nature.

Perhaps the heart of the Hi-Y club work centres around the question of personal problems which include vocational guidance and attitudes to life. These are dealt with by qualified leaders. During the past year, the Hi-Y movement has grown throughout Montreal. A Grand Chapter of Hi-Y Clubs has been organized. The Senior student officer of the boys' West Hill Hi-Y Club, Bob Shiells, has the honour of being President of this Grand Chapter of Montreal Hi-Y Clubs. The Officers for the year 1936-37 are:—

| | |
|----------------------------|--------------------|
| Honorary President . . . | H. C. Atkinson |
| Hon. Vice-President . . . | J. G. S. Brash |
| School Adviser | G. K. Gregg |
| Y.M.C.A. Advisor | J. M. C. Duckworth |
| President | Bob Shiells |
| Vice-President | Geo. Starkey |
| Secretary | John Retallack |
| Treasurer | Bill Stevens |

THE GIRLS' HI-Y CLUB

THE West Hill Girls' Hi-Y had a very successful season during 1936 and 1937. The membership was increased to 28 members, with the following executive:—

| | |
|--------------------------|------------------|
| President | Jean Owen |
| Vice-President | Margaret Dennis |
| Secretary | Phyllis Johnston |
| Treasurer | Helen Reid |

Miss Robinson, the former adviser, resigned; Miss Marsters took her place.

Money was donated to the Knitting Club, which supplied sweaters to the needy.

Other activities consisted of socials and lectures.

Throughout this season the weekly meetings of the Girls' Hi-Y have been held in

class-rooms. However, the club has raised money from a sandwich sale, and with this money it plans to help furnish the girls' club room, so that next season, meetings will be held there.

VERA ALLERTON, XI-CA.

MENORAH CLUB

THE Menorah Club of West Hill High School was organized several years ago by the Westmount Menorah Club. Now in its seventh year of active existence, the Club still upholds and perpetuates the ideal which originally prompted its inauguration. The aim of the Menorah Club is to promote a better understanding between pupils, and to create and sustain a higher standard of Jewish youth in Notre Dame de Grace.

During this season many interesting meetings were held with varied interesting programs. Discussions of current events were held and public speaking was encouraged. The Menorah Club stresses very much the development of self-expression and public speaking and does its best to further these arts.

The Club was privileged to hear Mr. C. Hewson as a guest speaker. He gave us a very clear picture of the Spanish crisis. It may be well to note that Mr. Hewson has addressed the Menorah Club several times before.

At a special meeting, Arthur Schwartz was presented with the David Sabbath Memorial Cup for signal service to the Club during the 1935-36 session.

The executive for the 1936-37 session was:

| | |
|---------------------|-----------------|
| President | Jack Gross |
| Vice-President and | |
| Treasurer | Arthur Schwartz |
| Secretary | Zolie Yossem |

JACK GROSS, XI-B.



WEST HILL GRADUATES' CLUB

LAST autumn several members of the class of 1936 started a new club, the West Hill High School Graduates' Club. Graduates of previous years, as well as last year, were invited to join, and every second Tuesday during the winter about thirty-five graduates have gathered in the school library for the meetings.

The Club has been fortunate in having as speakers Mr. J. M. C. Duckworth, Notre Dame de Grace Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., Dr. W. H. Hatcher of McGill University, and Miss Margaret Macnaughton and Mr. C. G. Hewson of the staff of the school.

At present the club is trying to raise funds by subscriptions from people in the district, for a permanent scholarship to be awarded to the pupil with the highest standing in the eleventh year at West Hill. Mr. Atkinson, Miss Murchison, Mr. Brash, and Mr. Aitken have kindly lent their support to this work, which the club hopes will be successful.

Following are the officers for the year 1936-37:—

| | |
|--------------------------|--------------------|
| Hon. President | Mr. H. C. Atkinson |
| President | Clifford Morse |
| Vice-president | Margaret Gordon |
| Secretary | Marjorie Lindsay |
| Treasurer | Douglas Parker |
| Education | Fay Gilbert |
| Recreation | Lawrence Corbett |

The Club wishes to extend an invitation to the class of 1937 to join next autumn when the meetings are resumed.

MARJORIE LINDSAY, XII.

INTER-SCHOOL DEBATING LEAGUE

THIS year an Inter-school debating league was formed by four schools, namely Westmount, Verdun, Montreal West and West Hill High Schools for the purpose of encouraging the pupils to debate outside of their own class rooms.

Each school was represented by two pupils and at the first meeting two officers were elected; Douglas Fairbairn of West Hill was chosen as president and Sonya Elka of Westmount High as Secretary.

A series of debates was held between the four schools with the result that West Hill and Verdun teams will hold a final debate late in March to decide which team is to be awarded the championship for this term.

DOUGLAS FAIRBAIRN, XI-E.
JOHN MacDONALD, XI-E.

FORMAL CHRISTMAS CLOSING

THE formal Christmas closing took place on Tuesday December 22, 1936 at 2 o'clock. The chairman was Dean Carlisle; the guest speakers were Reverend Dr. Lloyd Smith of Dominion Douglas Church, and Reverend B. B. Brown of Wesley United Church. This closing took place with all the dignity and simplicity of a church service. Carols were beautifully arranged and sung by the pupils of the school, under the supervision of Mr. Irvin Cooper. Both Reverend Dr. Smith and Reverend Mr. Brown delivered simple yet impressive and instructive talks, and held the attention of their listeners. Mr. Atkinson, after wishing all assembled the compliments of the season, dismissed the gathering at 2.30 o'clock.

INFORMAL CHRISTMAS CLOSING

MUCH gaiety and excitement took place in the auditorium on the morning of Wednesday, December 23, 1936 at 10 o'clock. The laughing, stamping of feet, and clapping of hands gave way to an expectant hush as the lights dimmed, and the curtains parted, and the Master of Ceremonies, Tom Cunningham of XI-D stepped on to the stage.

Each class of eleventh year students who participated received warm applause and laughter from the appreciative students and teachers in the hall. A candy sale, during intermission, was popular, and each girl serving, found no trouble in selling the contents of her tray.

From popular hearsay in the school, the class which presented the best received play, on the girls' side, was XI-C-G, which presented their idea of a "very nearly original amateur amateur hour," as senseless as any amateur hour could hope to be. The second girls' class was XI-A which presented an old-fashioned melodrama which lived up to everyone's expectations.

A boys' trio, consisting of Albert Cunningham, Gerry Racine, and George Starkey, was called back several times for encores. Never before at any closing was such hilarity and applause heard. The pupils in the auditorium and on the stage thoroughly enjoyed themselves and were dismissed at 12.30 o'clock for what we hope were enjoyable holidays.

HELEN E. REID, XI-CG.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW



Sweet
A-do-line!

The Tailor
Scene



The Whole
Cast

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

DURING the past four years West Hill has been foremost among the amateur dramatic organizations in Montreal, having produced one Shakespearian play each year. The early productions of West Hill's amateurs were received somewhat skeptically, or with a certain amount of uncertainty, as may be expected when a new body of young people appears on the threshold of dramatic endeavor. Last year West Hill turned itself very boldly to the task of staging Shakespeare's immortal tragedy, "Romeo and Juliet." The reception given this production surpassed anything before or since, seen or heard of in Montreal's amateur theatrical world, to such an extent that, at public demand, the play was given two more performances.

The "Taming of the Shrew", this year's production, appeared early in March instead of December as in the past. This fact, however, did not detract from its success. The school auditorium was filled to capacity for three successive evenings by audiences which virtually laughed until their sides ached. Such was the reception of "The Shrew,"—equally appreciated as "Romeo and Juliet." To quote in part from *The Gazette*—"It would be idle to detail the conduct of the various scenes. The best thing to do is to see them, enjoy them and laugh till your sides ache . . . Miss Menzies reminds one now and then of Jean Harlow . . . Mr. Harrison is a lithe lad who plays with Katherine, as it were, with steel . . . Ivor Francis is the bibulous, idiotic Sly who is also a great comedian here. It was with something akin to horror that one suddenly remembered Mr. Francis as the tragic Romeo of 1936" . . . These are only a few of the host of congratulatory remarks expressed by the critics.

The staging of "The Taming of the Shrew" presented something unusual and more difficult than an average group of actors would care to attempt. Shakespeare wrote the play as a rollicking farce, one that would humour a drunken idiot. But would the comedy humour an expectant audience, unaccustomed to low farce comedy? This was the problem with which Mr. Rittenhouse had to cope. He realized a solution to this problem was in the handling of Sly, and restored him to his rightful place as a main character. Mr. Rittenhouse made his Sly an excitable clown who entered into the play here and there, endeavouring to amend a supposed error, or voice his insubstantial opinion, which all provided exuberant laughter. The fact is, that Shakespeare's lines are not altogether funny. It was, therefore, necessary to make

the actions laughable.

Supporting the three leading characters already mentioned was a capable cast of players, including Albert Cunningham as Grumio, Eileen Barclay as Bianca, Kenneth Smith as Lucentio, Frank Clark as Tranio, Gerald Racine as Gremio, Effie Lyle as the widow, and others. There are also a great many other jobs, in producing a play, such as lighting. This requires a young man electrically inclined, who does not mind attending most of the rehearsals to learn his duty thoroughly, for his alertness on the performance nights is most important to the success of the play. Again, there are properties to be made, cared for, and handled on the performance nights. To fulfill this duty, Mr. Rittenhouse received the voluntary assistance of teachers and girl students. The handling of properties makes a very interesting point. The properties are given into the complete charge of the property girls whose duty it is to make certain that a player has the necessary sword, sack or whatever he needs before making an entrance. She must also receive the "Property" immediately after a player exits, and at no time is the actor permitted to take care of such properties as he uses. There are hundreds of such jobs; not all as big; nevertheless, as important, which when properly handled, go to make a smooth show. Once the time for the play to begin has arrived, the show is left entirely in the hands of the cast who must co-operate to shift scenery and operate the curtain. It is then that Mr. Rittenhouse disappears to watch his play from various places in the auditorium, or from the cat's walk. It is not necessary to have a prompter for a well-trained cast, yet it was realized that in a fast boisterous play of this kind, anything could, or might, happen. The plan was conceived that the Lord, sitting beside Sly should be prompter and any person forgetting a line was to call audaciously upon the Lord for assistance.

Working in collaboration with Mr. Rittenhouse were Mr. Irvin Cooper, director of music in the school who wrote and arranged a splendid orchestral accompaniment, and Mr. Herbert Whittaker, who designed the stage setting. Both Lillian Menzies and Harry Harrison are to be highly complimented for the truly fine manner in which they approached their respective parts.

It is rumoured that Mr. Rittenhouse will no longer grace West Hill's stage with his annual productions. It remains to be seen who will come forward to take the place of a genius director, a genuine Shakespearian dramatist and an inspiring artist.

WILLIAM WHELAN, X-B.

BEHIND THE SCENES OF THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

PLAY is generally written up from the point of view of one in the audience, but rarely has the action that takes place behind the scenes been described. Seldom has anyone written of the activity which the audience never sees.

"The Taming of The Shrew", however simple and easy going it may appear to the audience, involves enormous activity behind scenes. First, let us visit the gym about a half hour before the curtain is due to open. All the cast are in costume waiting to be made up. Over in the corner, the character make-up man, Mr. Fuller, is making up Baptista, the father of the two girls, while near him the director, Mr. Rittenhouse, is making up the Shrew, and surrounding him are the four make-up girls, working on the minor characters. Those of the cast who are finished are walking around the gym or swinging on the rings. The coy Miss Bianca is just passing in front of us, splendidly garbed in her yellow and gold dress, walking as if she were a queen, quite obscuring the rest of the scene. However, the other costumes now attract our attention; over there is Petruchio, looking as if he had stepped out of a history book; there is Sly, looking horrible with one of his teeth blackened, his head covered with a red wig, and wearing a patched and tattered doublet. Suddenly there is the magic cry, "Dominoes". Immediately, everyone rushes over to the wardrobe girl and each receives his long cloak and hood, which is known in parlance as a domino. Now there is no more to be seen in the gym so up we climb the winding interminable stairs to the stage above. What a contrast to the gym. Here is perfect quiet with the faint murmur of the audience's conversation hardly audible from the other side of the swaying curtain. The foresters are moving silently behind the scenery while in each of the side rooms the property girls are arranging their charges; the one, her hats and extra gowns, the other, her salvers and plates. The house lights go out, the foot lights and back spot lights are switched on. Now the orchestra starts the overture. The cast in the meantime have all come up to the stage. Everyone is almost silent, perhaps a little joking here and there as Petruchio puns on the word Harlow, which the critics had applied to Katherine. Then, subdued laughter. The overture is almost finished. There, it has ended.

The curtains part with a swish, and the

orchestra begins the Sly theme. In the wings, Sly prepares to go on; he begins swaying back and forth, his face working convulsively, and then with a loud roar, he staggers on to the stage. The cast, in spite of the fact they had heard it so often, still laugh and chuckle at Sly's antics. So the play is on. Now it is time for the players to play their parts. The director is among them and starts them slowly clapping and stamping to the time of the Players' theme. This stamping and clapping increases to a terrific crescendo. The orchestra bursts into the Players' theme, and on the stage they dance in perfect time to music. Then around they go and back off the stage. The players are on either side of the stage in both property rooms.

As the play progresses they silently form the words with their lips, in fact, one of the cast who is beside me is repeating the whole play. Now Kate stamps off the stage and there is a loud clatter. Well, that is two folding chairs being thrown up in the air and allowed to fall. It makes an awful racket.

Now it is time for Petruchio to go on just after the wedding scene. The horses are heard, the horses being two actors slapping for all they're worth on one of the steps. And so on proceeds the play without much incident, showing complete efficiency and organization.

Now the final scene is taking place; the players rush out of the auditorium back to the gym and up to the stage again. We are right near the stairs and watch them come up puffing and panting, taking off their dominoes as they come, and throwing them to the property girls. We take this opportunity to go down stairs into the gym, impressed with the enormity of a school play, thinking that the hour and a half performance which seemed so short to the audience took months to prepare, months of hard work. As we go away, we feel proud that our school could accomplish so much.

JACK GROSS, XI-B.



GIRLS KNITTING CLUB

THE West Hill Knitting Club, formed in April of last year by Miss Sutherland, has been quite a success. In the fall there was an exhibition of the garments received and these were distributed among the pupils of a downtown school.

Through the generous donation of the Girls' Hi-Y Club and other sources, more wool was bought with which many of the girls are knitting articles at present. Other garments will be knitted during the summer. A number of the members will be leaving the school this year, so all those who would care to join and have not yet joined, are urged to do so.

GWEN ROBERTS, XI-CA.

THE GRADUATION EXERCISES

ON Friday evening, October 23, 1936, the West Hill Graduation Exercises were held. A splendid musical program was presented under the direction of Mr. Irvin Cooper. Alderman Biggar took the chair, and in his opening remarks congratulated the graduates. Mr. Atkinson presided over the presentation of medals and diplomas, aided by Miss E. P. Simpson and Miss H. I. Murchison. The address to the graduates was delivered by Dean Laird of Macdonald College. The speaker urged that discipline, courage, and ability, as well as scholastic attainments are necessary for a successful life. One of the distinguished guests was our former teacher Mr. Sommerville. His popularity has in no way decreased, for the hearty applause of the audience forced him to say a few words before the close of the exercises. The Class Paper was read by Frank Carey and the Valedictorian was Marjorie Lindsay. Later in the evening the graduates were guests of the present eleventh year at a dance and reception.

BERYL MUSGROVE, XI-CA.
FRANCES CLEMENTS, XI-CA.

THE LIBRARY

AGAIN the library has made great strides. Some 235 new books have been added, bringing the total to 2035. Added to this there are 300 in the office.

Mr. W. A. Walsh, M.P. for this constituency has given us a subscription to "Hansard"—the official report of the House of Commons Debates.

We are very grateful to the School Board who installed eight new sections of book-cases. These have already been well filled and have consequently relieved overcrowding.

A marked change has taken place this year in favour of reading non-fiction. The school has become library minded and as a consequence some 300 books are now always out. The library is under the able supervision of Miss O. A. Parker.

PIERCE GOULD, XI-E.

THE DANCES OF THE SEASON

DURING the past season West Hill has given three very successful and entertaining dances.

As is the custom, West Hill's first dance took place in the form of a Commencement Dance. The gym was literally transformed by the artistic decorations of red and grey, and the graduates and their friends danced to the strains of Gordon Rathie's Orchestra. Later refreshments were served in the art room.

West Hill's most successful dance was held in the beginning of December. As at the previous dance the gym was decorated with the school colours, and with balloons. Many of the school graduates and members of the senior grades attended, as well as some twenty invited guests. All danced to the delightful music of Blake Sewell's "Knights of Knote" and then entered the girls' recreation hall where refreshments were served.

A unique and original dance closed the term of '36. This dance was arranged to collect clothes for the poor. Admission—articles of clothing. The Swingsters kindly volunteered their support and from 4 till 7 all enjoyed this pleasant pre-Christmas dance.

HILDA LOCKE, XI-A.

THE BRITISH THRONE

ON February 12, 1937 West Hill High was given the opportunity of seeing and hearing a lecture on England by Mr. Brian Cook. Mr. Cook spoke a few words on the attitude of the English people towards the abdication of the Duke of Windsor. The students were enlightened on this subject, vital to every Canadian and British subject.

Some beautiful slides of English surroundings, of the many residences of the Royal Family, and of the exterior and interior of Buckingham Palace were shown. Mr. Cook spoke on the English politics and English life. This was indeed a lecture worth attending as was evident by the hearty applause which the speaker received after his lecture. This address was under the auspices of the National Council of Education.

HELEN E. REID, XI-CG.

ALUMNI

LAST June, the eighteenth graduating class left West Hill to try to follow the dictates of their ambitions in life. Since 1918, almost nine hundred students have gone forth—Graduates of West Hill. A number of years ago, the Annual published such information it could readily obtain about the whereabouts and activities of the graduates of previous years. Realizing the true news value and interest contained in this information, an Alumni Department was set up among the staff of the Annual to handle the gathering and editing of the material which follows. We feel that the institution of this section this year is especially fitting since a Graduates' Club was organized by a group of West Hill Graduates last fall. While these Alumni notes are of primary interest to the Graduates themselves, it is definitely felt that the material contained therein will also be of interest to present pupils, since the role of "Graduate of West Hill" is presumably the destiny of them all.

1919

DOROTHY F. MOUNT: Lady Supervisor, Statistics Department, Sun Life Assurance Company, Montreal.

1920

STEPHEN M. WALFORD: Hall Brothers Hatchery, Inc., Wallingford, Connecticut, U.S.A.

1921

HAROLD HUSBAND: General Agent, Grace Lines, Victoria, B.C. Active in transportation circles in British Columbia.
F. H. MOUNT: District Sales Manager, Campbell's Soup Company, Ltd.

1922

ELSIE I. DENMAN, R.N.: On staff of the Montreal General Hospital.
ARTHUR W. HOUGHTON: Account Executive, J. J. Gibbons Ltd., Advertising Agency, Montreal.

EDWARD S. WALFORD: General Manager, Hall Brothers Hatchery, Inc., Wallingford, Connecticut, U.S.A.

1923

MRS. HENRY BUZZELL: (nee Kathleen Newell) Married Henry Buzzell, April 1934.
MRS. E. H. WOODLEY: (nee Geraldine Lyon) Teaching in Montreal from 1924 to 1930. Married E. Henry Woodley, June 1930.

1924

DONALD RHODES: District Engineer, Bell Telephone Company, Quebec City and Three Rivers District.
MRS. R. G. RULE: (nee Phoebe M. Walford) Worked in office of Nesbitt, Thomson & Company Ltd., Montreal. Married Ralph G. Rule of Toledo, Ohio, August 15th, 1936.

1925

MRS. R. T. BRENNER: (nee Farla Goldman) Married Russell T. Brenner in New York City, November 1935.
GERALD H. DIXON: French and Mathematics Master at Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ontario.
MRS. J. deGROOT: (nee Mina Lagendyk) Married Jurgen deGroot, September 1932.
F. STEWART MOUNT: Secretary of Agencies, Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada.
EDWARD H. SANCTON: McGill, Engineering '32, Manager of Engineering Service, Canadian Refractories, Limited, Montreal.

1926

MRS. H. N. CAMPBELL: (nee Sylvine Latham) Married Herbert N. Campbell of Delawanna, N.J., September 1930.
MRS. D. FORSYTH: (nee Edythe Maxwell) Married Dave Forsyth, Director of Boys' Work for the United Church of Canada, in 1932.
MRS. DAVID S. JACOBS: (nee Lillian Wilanski) Arts '30, McGill. Married David S. Jacobs, June 1934.
DONALD C. McBRIDE: Married Elly Alden, 1931. Obtained Degree of Chartered

Accountant, 1933. One daughter, Joan, five years old.
DOROTHY RATTRAY: McDonald Currie & Company.

1927

MRS. GORDON BLORE: (nee Edna Norton) Married Gordon Blore, July 1935.
DAVID CLARK: Customers' Man, Garneau Ostiguy, Stockbroker.
ALLAN M. EDSON: The Royal Trust Company
G. DOUGLAS McINTYRE, M.A., B.C.L.: Advocate, Barrister and Solicitor, Commissioner of the Superior Court. Practicing law with Walter S. Johnson, K.C.
RICHARD A. SANCTON: Engineering '32, McGill. Plant Engineer, Canadian Refractories, Limited, Kilmar, Quebec.

1928

STUART A. BIRD: Dyestuffs Salesman, Organic Chemicals Division, Canadian Industries, Limited.
ROSE COHEN: Married in 1928. Residing in Coaticook, Quebec.
MRS. DENT HARRISON, JR.: (nee Alma Johnson) B.A., McGill, 1932. Married Dent Harrison, Jr., September 1935.
HAROLD P. LYON: B.Sc., McGill, 1932; M.D.C.M., McGill, 1936. Interning in Montreal General Hospital.
HARRY D. MOUNT: District Accountant, Commercial and Distribution Department, Shawinigan Water & Power Company, Montreal.
WILLIAM SELLER, B.A., B.C.L.: McGill. Accounting Department, Canadian Pacific Railway.

1929

HUGH T. AITKEN: Director and Vice-President of A. T. Ross Limited, Investments.
ALFRED B. ALEXANDER: Employed by the Sun Life Assurance Company.
MRS. STEPHEN FRANKLIN: (nee Helen Perry) Married Stephen Franklin, April 1935. Graduated Royal Victoria Hospital in 1932.
ROBERT WESLEY JOHNSTON: Salesman, Johnston-Bedding Company.
WM. IVAN LINTON: Employed in Estates Department, Montreal Trust Company.
TRACY S. LUDINGTON: Editor, "The Monitor."
MRS. L. C. MARTIN: (nee Frances Perry) Married Cecil Martin, October 1934.
MRS. D. A. MATTHEWS: (nee Viola Shiells) Married David Matthews, April 30th, 1936.
GEORGE R. W. OWEN: President, Law '37, McGill.

MRS. DONALD A. STUART: (nee Margaret Bryson) Married Donald A. Stuart, October 1934.
HERBERT H. TEES: McGill, B.A., '33; B.C.L., McGill, '36. Notary, 360 St. James Street.
DONALD M. YOUNG: B.Sc., McGill, '33; Ph.D., McGill, '36. Research Chemist, Union Carbide Company, Charleston, West Virginia.

1930

GORDON FRANCKUM: Employed in Machine Shop of the Northern Electric Co.
MRS. HUGH MacGREGOR: (nee Marion Dunbar) Married Hugh MacGregor, March 15th, 1935.
E. MARION McKEOWN: B.A., McGill, '34. At present, Recording Secretary for the Sir Arthur Currie Memorial Gymnasium-Armoury Building Fund, c/o the Graduates' Society.

1931

THOMAS W. BURGE: Draughtsman, D. I. Spence, Architect.
M. HELEN COOKE: Statistical Department, Belding-Corticelli Limited.
LESLIE R. FARROW: Employed by the Great American Insurance Company.
MRS. BERNARD FINESTONE: (nee Beatrice Sabbath) Married Bernard Finestone, September 1936.
SAMSON GRADINGER: Dentistry '37, McGill.
BERT LOWLES: Chemical Engineering '37, McGill.
RETA OLMSTEAD: Assistant Private Secretary, Import Department, Harrisons & Crossfield, Limited.
LILLIAN RATTRAY: Cockfield Brown & Co.
JOHN H. SHEPHERD: B.A., '35, McGill. Now on Editorial Staff of The Gazette, Montreal.
WILDA A. SPROTT: Teacher, Commercial High School, Montreal.
EVELYN WOOD: Assistant Kindergarten teacher, Protestant Board of School Commissioners.

1932

ARNOLD L. BARKES: Commercial Artist.
ERIC E. DENMAN: Teller, Royal Bank of Canada, Victoria and Sherbrooke Branch.
NOEL ROSS DOBBIN: Clerk, The Dominion Bank.
SYLVIA GOLDENSTEIN: Macdonald College, '33. Now working for the Canadian Jewish Review.
CONSTANCE MONCASTER: Bachelor of Commerce, '36, McGill. At present employed by Canadian Industries, Limited.
OLIVER M. RETALLACK: Insurance Broker.
LAWRENCE L. SABBATH: B.A., at Queens. Now in first year Law at McGill.

OLIVE LEVER SANBORN: B.A., '36, McGill. Active in College dramatics. Now teaching.
 DOROTHY SOMERS: McGill '36. Now teaching.
 DUDLEY R. TAYLOR: McGill, Electrical Engineering, '37.
 W. F. WALFORD: Faculty of Dentistry, McGill.

1933

BRUCE F. AITKEN: Clerk in Barclays Bank (Canada).
 EVELYN CLAYTON: Employed by McCormick's Limited.
 IDA COHEN: Assistant bookkeeper, Canadian Children's Wear.
 MARIANNE DAVIS: At present teaching seven grades in a rural school at Vale Perkins on Lake Memphremagog, near Mansonville, Quebec.
 LEONARD ROSS DOBBIN: Clerk, The Royal Bank of Canada.
 PAULA I. GELBER: Now at McGill, Arts '38.
 GEORGE ALBERT GILL: Employed in Advertising Department, Belding-Corticelli, Limited, Montreal.
 KATHLEEN (Kaie) HODGSON: Song writer. Engaged to William Lummis.
 MARGARET E. KILPATRICK: Arts '37, McGill.
 MARGARET E. LEE: In class '39 of Women's General Hospital, Toronto, Ontario.
 ADELE E. LORTIE: Arts '37, McGill.
 DORIS E. MARSH: Arts '38, McGill.
 KENNETH H. MOUNT: Member of Circulation Department of The Gazette Printing Company, Montreal.
 GERTRUDE ROGERS: McGill '37.
 GEORGE H. ROTHBART: Textile Salesman.
 MARJORIE RUSSELL: Graduated from Macdonald College, '34. Teaching at Iona Avenue School, Montreal.
 GEORGE A. SLACK: Employed by Canadian Industries, Limited. Studying for B.Sc. degree at Sir George Williams College, Evening Division.
 ISOBEL WILSON: Secretary with Rudel Machinery Company, Limited.
 GEORGE R. WOOLLAT: Sir George Williams College '38. Assistant Business Manager, "The Georgian."

1934

HERBERT E. BARNETT: Arts '38, McGill.
 HARRY R. BEWES: Employed in Accounts Department, Prudential Assurance Company, Limited.
 C. KEITH BOWEN: Accounting Department, Howard Smith Paper Mills, Limited.
 BARBARA CLEMENTS: Employed by Lightning Fastener Company, Limited.
 JACK COOKE: Pianist and Business Manager, "KNIGHTS OF KNOTE."

JOHN F. DAVIS: Bank of Montreal.
 ROBERT B. EVANS: Jenkins Brothers, Limited, Lachine, Quebec.
 MRS. CHARLES EVERETT: (nee Dorothy Silberman) Married Charles Everett, February 1936.
 BUELL FLAHERTY: Science '38, Sir George Williams College.
 HILDA D. GALT: Graduate Teacher of Ned Wayburn School of Stage Dancing, New York City.
 JEAN GILL: Stenographer at the Marshall Mattress Company.
 LOUISE GOLDENSTEIN: Nurse-in-training at Women's General Hospital, Montreal.
 BEVERLEY REES GUESS: Ontario Ladies College, '34. Working in Bank of Montreal.
 RAE D. GUESS: Arts '38, McGill.
 MARGARET GURNHAM: Arts '38, McGill.
 BERYL HENDERSON: Primary Teacher.
 DOROTHY JOHNSTON: Stenographer in Barclays Bank (Canada).
 JOSEPH G. KENNA: Royal Bank of Canada.
 HAROLD D. KINZER: Civil Engineering Student, Purdue University.
 MORTIMER P. LEVEE: Excelsior Life Insurance Company. Has own General Agency.
 AMY E. MacGOWAN: Graduated Macdonald College '35. Teacher at Connaught School.
 WM. HARTLEY MacGOWAN: Engineering '39, McGill.
 GORDON H. McKINNEY: Employed by Canadian Pacific Railway Company. Attending Sir George Williams College at night.
 BARBARA MOODY: (nee Barbara Deuel) Married Lawrie (Bud) Moody, 1936.
 EDITH M. MOORE: Sun Life Assurance Company, Montreal.
 FRED CHARLES MOORE: Worked two years at Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Company, Limited. Now in second year College.
 MYRTLE NAUGLER: Stenographer in G.S.L. Retailack, Insurance Broker.
 GORDON ERIC PERRIGARD: McGill University.
 JEAN E. PORTER: Graduated Macdonald College in '35. Teaching in St. Eustache for past year and a half.
 SHIRLEY ROWE: Two years at McGill. At present, stenographer in Treasury Department, Bell Telephone Company.
 ROBERT V. SKELTON: Ledger-keeper, Royal Bank of Canada.
 RUTH SWINTON: Arts '38, McGill.
 HILDA M. TEES: Script clerk, Associated Screen Studios.
 MARIANNE THORNBORROW: Took a business course at the Ottawa Ladies' College. Now working in a stockbroker's office.

1935

SYDNEY ABRAMOWITZ: Studying Chemical Engineering, McGill.
 GEORGE ABRAMS: Social Worker.
 KEITH D. BEECHER: Engineering, McGill.
 GORDON CHARLES BEVAN: Canadian General Electric Company, Limited, Montreal.
 MARTA S. de BRUIN: Arts, McGill.
 LOUIS BURGGRAP: At present in Royal Bank of Canada. Returning to McGill for term 1937-'38.
 GERALD CLARK: Science '39, McGill. Associate Editor, "McGill Daily."
 DONALD DELVIN: Bell Telephone Company of Canada.
 PATRICK F. DRURY: Peat, Marwick, Mitchell & Company, Chartered Accountants.
 DAVID FISHER: Arts II, McGill.
 MARGARET FLAHERTY: Household Science, '39, Macdonald College.
 RALPH JOHNSTON FLITTON: Sales Department, Crane Limited.
 BERYL GILES: Stenographer, Blaklock Brothers.
 H. MEREDITH HENDERSON: Graduate Macdonald College, '36. School teacher in New Richmond, Quebec.
 GEORGE W. HUDSON: Bookkeeper, Securities Department, McPetrick & Co., Stockbrokers.
 MARJORIE HUNTER: Stenographer, Barclays Bank (Canada).
 PAULETTE LATOUR: Teaching, Woodland School, Verdun.
 REUBEN B. LAZAROVITZ: Onyx and Metal Company. Attending Sir George Williams College in evenings.
 C. H. LILLICRAP: Bank of Canada.
 JEAN MacDONALD: Second year at McGill.
 LOIS MacKAY: Piano Teacher.
 E. RUTH MacMILLAN: Arts '39, McGill.
 ALFRED MANDER: Alfred Walford & Sons, Chartered Accountants.
 GORDON L. MAROTTE: Engineering '40, McGill.
 AUDREY M. MARTIN: Arts '39, McGill.
 JOHN MAW: Mining Engineering.
 HERBERT F. OWEN: President Arts, '39, McGill.
 DOUGLAS PARKER: Clerk, North British & Mercantile Insurance Company, Limited.
 PINKUS ROSENBAUM: Montreal Elgar Choir.
 HAROLD RUSSELL: Engineering '40, McGill.
 MURIEL SIMPSON: Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada.

1936

PEGGY BEALL: Started working on February 1st, at the Royal Bank of Canada.

EDABELLE BOURDON: Attending art classes at the Monument National.
 FRANK CAREY: First year, United Theological College, Montreal. Outside Left, McGill Senior Soccer Team, 1936.
 JESS COHEN: Grade Twelve, W.H.H.S.
 LAURIE CORBETT: Employed by John Leckie Limited, Marine Hardware.
 BERNICE M. DERICK: Arts '40, McGill.
 THORA DICK: Nurse in Montreal General Hospital.
 ROBERT R. DUNPHY: Clerk in the Royal Bank of Canada, Sherbrooke and Hampton Branch.
 EUNICE FREEMAN: Student in Commercial Art at Sir George Williams College.
 FAY GILBERT: Attending McGill University.
 MARGARET GORDON: Attending Sprott's Commercial College.
 VICTOR HAGEN: Grade Twelve, W.H.H.S.
 KATHELYN HARRISON: Attending Notre Dame Secretarial School.
 STUART HUNTER: Grade Twelve, W.H.H.S.
 DORIS JONES: Taking secretarial course at the Mother House.
 ISRAEL KEYFITZ: Grade Twelve, W.H.H.S.
 ARTHUR N. KIRSCH: First year Arts, Sir George Williams College.
 BETTY KOBAYASHI: Grade Twelve, W.H.H.S.
 VICTOR LAWSON: N.D.G. Business College, 1936. Macdonald College (Agriculture), 1937.



MARJORY LINDSAY: Grade Twelve, W.H.H.S.
 AUDREY LOOKER: Attending Sprott's Commercial College.
 NAIDA MASON: Training in Commercial Art.
 CLIFFORD E. MORSE: Science I, McGill.
 PHYLLIS MOTT: Grade Twelve, W.H.H.S.
 HELEN NELSON: Attending Sprott's Commercial College.
 HOWARD W. NORTON: Attending Twelfth Year Science at Westmount High School.
 ELIZABETH ORTON: Freshman at University of Vermont. Recently pledged to the Delta Delta Sorority.
 KATHLEEN PAINE: Arts '40, McGill.
 FRED PAINE: Arts '40, McGill.
 RENE PERCHANOK: Attending Sir George Williams College.
 DORA PROVEN: Grade Twelve, W.H.H.S.
 HERBIE ROSENSTEIN: Attending Business College.

WILLIAM RUBIN: Attending first year Commerce at McGill.
 GORDON RUSSELL: Grade Twelve, W.H.H.S.
 JUNE SCRIVENS: Grade Twelve, W.H.H.S.
 ALLAN F. SMARDON: Working in drawing office of the Dominion Bridge Company.
 ENID SPROTT: Arts '40, McGill.
 KENNETH STARKEY: Employed by W. deM. & H. M. Marler, Notaries.
 NORAH STEWART: Grade Twelve, W.H.H.S.
 PHYLLIS THOMSON: Attending Notre Dame Secretarial School.
 HARRY TROTTER: Endeavouring to be a salesman with a large silk firm.
 KENNETH VARNEY: Paper Tester, Canada Paper Company, Windsor Mills, Que.
 CLIFFORD WALLACE: Grade Twelve, W.H.H.S.
 DOROTHY L. WARD: Nurse-in-Training, Homoeopathic Hospital, Montreal.
 HELEN A. WINTER: Science student, McGill.
 HILDA WITTE: Grade Twelve, W.H.H.S.
 A. MEADE WRIGHT: Grade Twelve, W.H.H.S.

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THE YEAR IN SPORTS

AT West Hill High School, athletics are played with the sole idea of "Sports for the love of the game" and the athletes would rather lose a game than win it unfairly.

As in previous years West Hill has achieved great success in all lines of sport. Many students who could not make a school team participated in inter-class sports.

The senior rugby team this season played very well but as they lost both games with their Section rivals, D'Arcy McGee, they were unable to retain the championship they won the previous year.

The intermediate rugby team, although not making a very impressive showing, did produce much promising material for future senior teams.

The soccer team was greatly weakened by the graduation of many of the star players; nevertheless, the team finished in second place.

This year's season found only three of last year's senior basketball squad back at West Hill. Coach Brasford was faced with the task of building up a new team around this nucleus of experienced men. The results of his efforts produced a commendable team.

West Hill had a great year in basketball by winning two championships. The Juniors completed the schedule without losing a game. The intermediates lost only one game.

The water-polo team finished the schedule in third place and the players showed great team-work during the games.

The Senior Hockey team lost out to their arch-rivals Westmount High. The forwards executed some very good passing plays which clicked for numerous goals.

A large part of the success of these teams may be attributed to the willingness of the masters who gave voluntarily their valuable time to the coaching.

HAROLD MONCASTER, XI-F.

SENIOR FOOTBALL

Although not a championship team, the Senior West Hill Football Team had what may be termed a fairly successful season.

Mr. Brasford's able coaching, the spectacular passing of quarterback Smith, and Hays' reliable receiving, enabled the team, composed mainly of the previous year's intermediates, to emerge victorious from four out of their six scheduled games.

On the line Flaherty and Parker were outstanding, while in the backfield, Attridge's kicking and Sproule's broken-field running contributed greatly to the team's success.

The team's failure to obtain a championship was due more to the lack of necessary weight than to any lack of ability, and every player wishes to extend his thanks to Mr. Brasford for his untiring efforts, and sincerely hopes that 1937's Senior Rugby Team may prove highly successful.

B. DERRY, XI-E.

INTERMEDIATE FOOTBALL

The intermediate rugby team coached by Mr. A. R. Chesley did not make a very impressive showing this year but not through any fault of the coaching. The team was much lighter than those of previous years and this dominating factor of weight undoubtedly caused the downfall of the team's championship hopes. There was one player on the team who really played spectacular football, namely Revée Donald. He ran back kicks for long gains and did some good forward-passing.

RUSS CALDWELL, IX-H.



SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM

(Standing):
Mr. Brasford G. Hay W. Attridge R. Patterson R. Caldwell K. Hobart G. Russell
(Seated):
H. Parker, G. Lamb W. Derry E. Smith C. Thorpe R. Flaherty H. Harrison

BADMINTON

Badminton has gained even greater popularity among the girls this year, as shown by the very large entry in the "Ladder" Tournament. About seventy-five took part and Dora Proven, Marjorie Chaplin and Mary Gill respectively finished at the top. During the year several of the girls made great progress.

There were about forty entries in each of the tournaments. There were no serious upsets in the Singles, and Dora Proven, last year's champion, retained her title when she defeated Mary Gill 11-4, 11-5. Ruth McCulloch and Dora Proven won the doubles, when they defeated Margaret Patrick and Joyce Cossman with the score of 18-15, 15-8.

Great interest was shown in the Inter-Class Tournaments, which took place during the year. These were won by Grade Eleven.

On March 13th an inter-school tournament was held. West Hill won the tournament by defeating Baron Byng 4-2 in games.

The team consisted of: Helen Gordon and Dora Proven, Mary Gill and Marjorie Chaplin, Una Phillips and Margaret Patrick, Evelyn Barton and Rosina McIndoe, Regina Popper and Philippa King, Lilian Ilott and Ruth Turner. Substitute, Mae McIndoe

DORA PROVEN, XII.

AT RIGHT

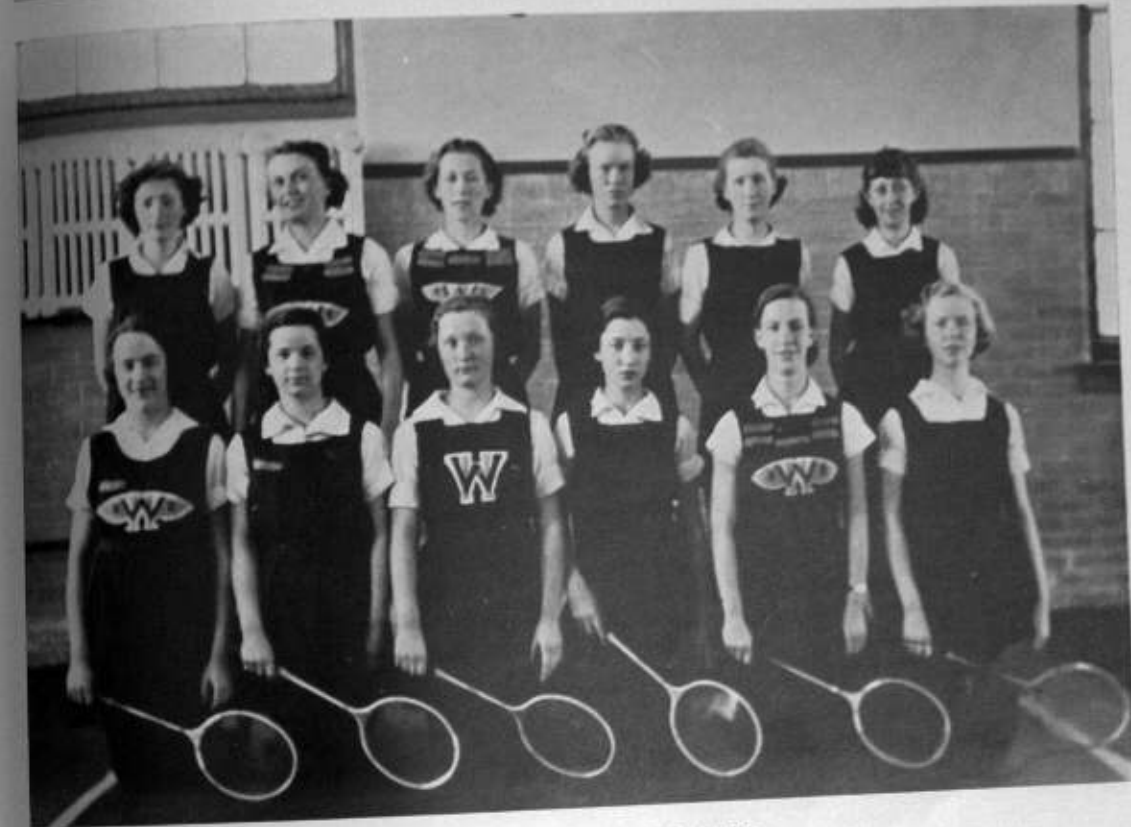
Left to right:

Badminton Champions:

Ruth McCulloch, doubles.
D. Proven, singles and doubles.

Tennis Champions:

Eileen Johnston, Junior.
Evelyn Barton, Senior.



SCHOOL BADMINTON TEAM
Champions, Inter-School Tournament

(Back Row): R. Popper E. Barton M. Chaplin R. King M. McIndoe (sub) L. Ilott
(Front Row): D. Proven R. Turner U. Phillips H. Gordon M. Gill R. McIndoe
(missing: M. Patrick)





SENIOR SOCCER TEAM

(Standing): Mr. Storr H. Kelly B. Pridham D. Noseworthy W. Gill R. Lloyd Mr. Potter
 (Seated): M. Thomas A. Christie E. Griffiths W. Hagen A. Painter K. Palin K. Ambrose

SENIOR SOCCER

As in former years senior soccer at West Hill was very active. Messrs. Storr and Potter undertook the management of the team this year in the place of the late J. C. J. Hodgson. It was under their able leadership that the team succeeded in gaining second place. The team consisted of the following:—

Vic Hagen (Captain), Paynter, Kelly, McKeand, Thomas, Lloyd, Griffiths, Palin, Gill, Pridham and Ambrose.

HOWARD KELLY, XI-B.

SENIOR BASKETBALL

The Senior basketball team this year showed much improvement over that of last year. The line-up consisted of Koren, Hagen and Atkins, who were the remnants of last year's team, with the addition of Redwood and Noseworthy. The team looked like a winner at the start but unluckily Koren, Hagen and Redwood were forced to drop

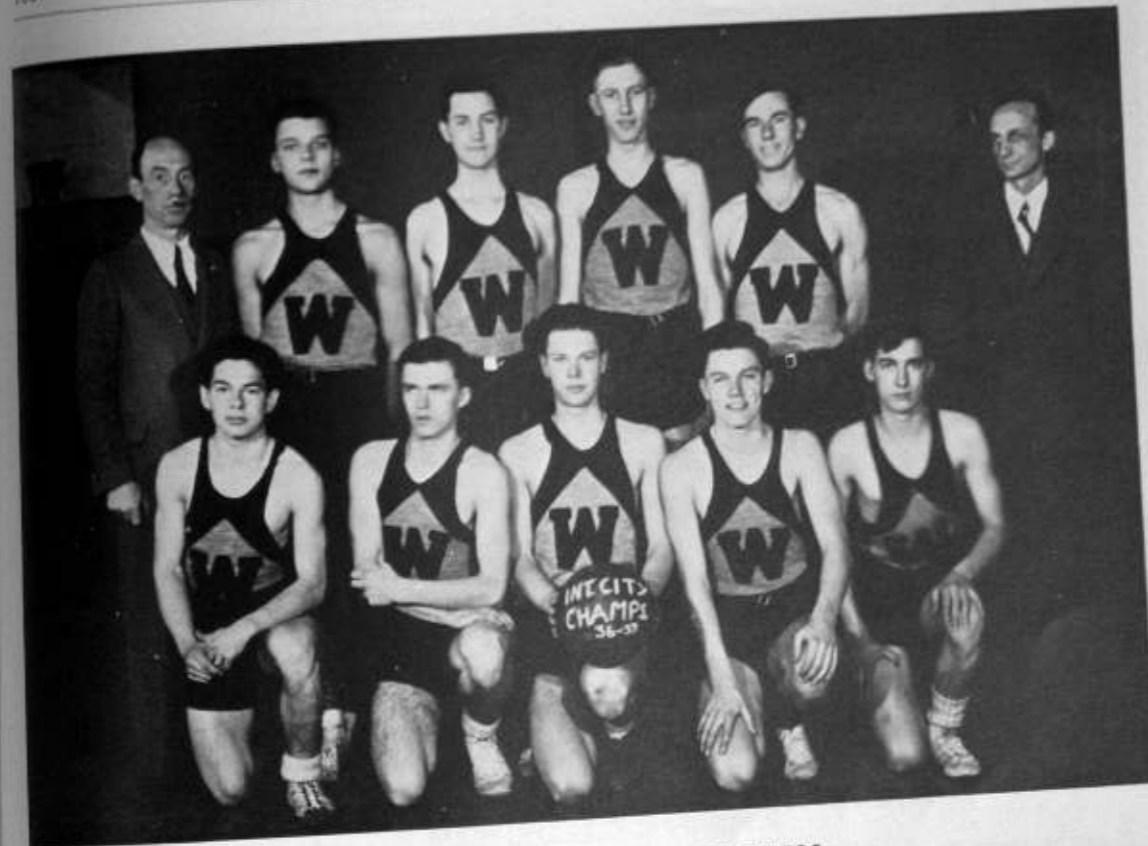
out after three games due to the fact that they were playing city basketball. It is against the rules of the league to play both school and city basketball. However, the team continued by substituting members from the intermediates. In the six-game schedule the West Hill team won three games.

JIM ATKINS, XI-F.

INTERMEDIATE BASKETBALL

The intermediate team was very successful this year. They lost only one game and this was to Baron Byng who were later defeated by West Hill. The players were Jackson, McKeand, Taylor, Milburn, Griffith, Kelly, Cranfield, Sevigny, Goldwarg, Carstairs, and Crossey.

The team owed much of its success to the capable coaching of Messrs. Brasford and Gregg. The practices under their supervision, which were held twice a week, did much to strengthen the team. Much of the success was due to the high scoring of the forward line led by Bob Jackson, whose work at



INTERMEDIATE BASKETBALL TEAM

(Back Row): Mr. Brasford D. Crossey W. Milburn R. Jackson E. Griffiths Mr. Gregg
 (Front Row): S. Goldwarg T. Sevigny N. Taylor H. Carstairs H. Kelly

centre was outstanding, and the fine defensive work of Milburn, Griffith, Sevigny and Goldwarg.

West Hill and Baron Byng each won five games. Baron Byng was unable to compete in the play-offs to decide the championships. As a result, the teams agreed to share the championship honours.

T. SEVIGNY, XI-E.

THE LONE JUNIORS

The West Hill High School Junior basketballers started off this year with a bang. Chalking up 244 points compared with the 66 points which were scored against them in all six league games and two exhibition games, our cagers marched through without a loss.

Under the excellent guidance of Messrs. Brasford and Gregg, they also played two exhibition games with Westmount, each time overwhelming their opponents.

Let us hope that this great record will be

unbroken next year by West Hill.

The players were: J. Boa, G. Bower, K. Lamb, K. McNaught, D. Noseworthy, B. Proppas, H. Baitle, L. Crook, W. McBride, W. Surphilis, B. McCullough, A. Hall, S. Marsh.

BLAKE McCULLOUGH, IX-B.

VOX PUERORUM

It has been noticed during the last two years that the only Junior Sport in which West Hill has been represented was basketball.

There has, of course, been a reason given by the Athletic Association, but a very weak one, the reason being that with interscholastic representation every boy has a chance. The question has been regarded from one point of view only. Every boy in Notre Dame de Grace who has the desire to participate in any sport does so by belonging to at least one of the many organized leagues and clubs of the community regardless of inter-class competition. These boys want Junior inter-school sports so that they may go out



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Mr. Brasford, W. Surphilis, G. Bower, K. McNaught, K. Lamb, J. Boa, B. McCullough, W. McBride, A. Hall, D. Noseworthy.

and show the other schools what West Hill can do.

I have been asked on numerous occasions during the last year if I played Junior rugby or hockey for the school and my answer was that there was no such thing in West Hill.

Why not go through the next term with Junior rugby, basketball, and hockey championships? It can be done.

BLAKE McCULLOUGH, IX-B.

SENIOR HOCKEY

Although not coveting the championship title, the West Hill Senior Hockey Squad made a splendid showing this season. For a time it seemed as though the powerful red and gray sextette would capture first place; however, two tied games, one with Montreal High, and one with Westmount, forced the team into second place, to finish a single point behind the winners.

Mid-way through the schedule, the team lost its star net-minder, Don Sproule, who was, however, very ably replaced by "Curly" Ritchie.

The forward lines consisted of Patterson, Clark, and McJannet; Thorpe, Caldwell, Southwick and Brown, alternate. Defence-men were, Noseworthy, B. Patterson and Lamb.

Much of the success of the senior team may be attributed to the able coaching of Mr. Brasford.

J. McJANNET, XI-D.

AT RIGHT

BOYS' JUNIOR SKI TEAM

Left to right:

Roll Olsen, Kaare Olsen, Robert Leaper, Edward Shum, Neil McKechnie, Mr. Davidson.



SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM

(Standing): R. Caldwell B. Brown G. Lamb G. Noseworthy J. McJannet R. Patterson Mr. Brasford
(Seated): K. Clark D. Paterson R. Ritchie W. Southwick C. Thorpe





SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

(Back Row): D. Higgins L. Menzies (sub) M. Chaplin J. Baxter (sub)
 (Front Row): J. Owen D. Pope P. Mott H. Kallmeyer (sub)
 M. Gill, Capt.

INTERMEDIATE HOCKEY

The intermediate hockey team, under the capable coaching of Mr. Pitcairn, finished in third place. Although they were a very light team they played consistent hockey throughout the season losing two of their games by a single goal. "Bert" Brown played exceptionally well on the forward line and led the scoring but was closely followed by Smith, also a forward. Lemoine in the nets and Ward on the defence played strong hockey. Grant, McNaught, Reid, Carstairs, Marshall and Carby rounded out the squad. On the whole the team functioned smoothly.

E. SMITH, XI-E.

WATER POLO

The water polo teams completed their sixth season of competition this year, under the capable guidance of Mr. J. W. Jardine. The Senior Team played well and hard,

and although they could outswim their opponents they could not get their shots away fast enough. This lost them the championship which was won this year by Baron Byng. The Intermediate Team also knew how to handle itself in the water, but this being the first year's water polo for many of its members, it lacked experience. We are hoping for bigger and better things from this group next year for many of them will be filling the ranks of the Senior Squad.

This season's Senior Team consisted of the following members: Bob Shiells, Dick Howell, John Retallack, Meade Wright, Norman Retallack, Ross Ritchie, Garth Taylor, Dick Richmond.

The Intermediate Team was composed of A. Thom, D. Jamieson, A. MacKenzie, G. Karn, J. Corkran, A. Elliot, J. Gurnham, D. Herbert, W. Drummond, K. Smith.

The Intermediate Team will be the senior team of next year, as Dick Richmond and Ross Ritchie will be the only remaining members of the seniors.

JOHN RETALLACK, XI-E.

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D. McGillivray N. Drury M. Chaplin P. Head
H. Locke J. Owen
M. Gill (Capt.)

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

This year basketball again proved itself the most popular sport in West Hill. In the Inter-School Basketball Westmount won the championships in both junior and senior sections. West Hill High School Seniors lost three games and juniors lost two games.

Senior Team:—Marjorie Chaplin, Dorothy Higgins, Jean Owen, Dorothy Pope, Phyllis Mott, Mary Gill (Captain).

Junior Team:—Nancy Drury, Eileen Johnston, Olive Hosley, Doris McGillivray, Marion Herman (Captain).

Senior Subs:—Lillian Menzies, Joyce Baxter, Helen Kallmeyer.

Junior Subs:—Ruth Keyfitz, Lucille Stern, Eileen Turner, Joyce Tate, Mary Howe.

Great excitement and enthusiasm was aroused when we played two teams outside Montreal. The first was a team from Huntingdon. West Hill won. Allowances must be made, however, for the girls of Huntingdon since they play under boys' rules and to change to our rules is no easy task.

The other team was from the Ottawa Ladies' College. The College won. On February 27th we returned the visit and were defeated but we were given such a grand reception that we didn't feel very crestfallen.

Far more girls played class basketball this year. The junior section championship was won by VIII-E. In the play-offs XI-A defeated IX-K for the senior cup.

To Miss Dorothy Friendship we give many thanks. Miss Friendship kindly refereed all the class games and as a result Miss Bell was able to watch the girls more closely and give most helpful advice.

MARJORIE CHAPLIN, XI-A.

SWIMMING

Swimming was started again in September with a larger attendance and renewed interest. It was held weekly at the Community Tank. A team representing West Hill was entered in the Interscholastic meet held at the Y.W.C.A. on Dec. 5th. We did not do

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JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

N. Drury O. Hosley J. Tait (sub) M. Hermann
D. McGillivray L. Stern (sub) E. Johnston
B. Rowe (Capt.)

quite so well this year, placing fourth, with Montreal High, St. Lambert, and Strathearn capturing first, second, and third places respectively. In the following races, West Hill scored: Phyllis Head, 1st. Sr. back stroke; Jean Hughes, 1st. Jr. back stroke; Anne Thomas, 3rd. Jr. breast stroke.

ANNE THOMAS, IX-E.

SKIING

Ski enthusiasts had little chance this year to show their growing knowledge of the favourite winter sport. Good old Mother Earth just refused to help and only a few really good week-ends made skiing possible. However, when the call came, the skiers responded with a will.

We had some try-outs on Mount Royal, just to trim up for the expected—falls, and then one fine frosty morning found us bound for Shawbridge. We had the pleasure of having with us, Miss Bell and a "grad", namely, Marjorie Glass. During the morning

we went a-hiking, lost the trail and returned for dinner in disgrace! After dinner we followed an old lumber trail and eventually arrived at "the" big hill. The afternoon wore away much too quickly, and before we realized it, we were bound for home.

Next year West Hill hopes to present a very formidable girls' ski team, and to enjoy more pleasure jaunts than before.

LOIS COCHRANE, IX-K.

TENNIS

Judging from the large number of entrants for the School Championships Tournament last fall, the tennis season was a very successful one.

With the exception of the play-off for the School Cup, all the tournaments were concluded in spite of Old Man Weather.

Eileen Johnston was the winner of the junior championship, and Evelyn Barton the senior; the runners-up were Barbara Miller and Lillian Menzies respectively. It is hoped

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SCHOOL SWIMMING TEAM

P. Head M. Summers C. Tindall M. Spencer E. Johnston
M. Howe J. Hughes J. Postans P. Dunphy
A. Thomas

that early tennis weather will enable the junior and senior champions to play off for the school cup this spring.

In a round robin held at Westmount High the team won against Montreal High, but lost to Westmount.

If possible a similar tournament will again be held at one of the schools this spring.

The members of the team were:—Ruth Turner and Margaret Patrick, first doubles; Dorothy Higgins and Jean Owen second. The singles were Evelyn Barton first and Lillian Menzies second.

EVELYN BARTON, XI-C.

LIFE SAVING

As in other years, life-saving is quite popular at West Hill this season.

At present, under the competent leadership of Douglas Fairbairn who has been instructing classes at West Hill for several years, various groups are now in training.

The awards offered are: The Intermediate Certificate, The Bronze Medallion, The Award of Merit and Bars to the Bronze Medallion.

The Bronze Medallion deals with the various methods of life-saving, while the Award of Merit deals with form, style and ability in swimming and diving. To obtain the bars of these two awards, it is necessary for the candidates to pass the examination one year after they have been successful in winning the Bronze Medallion and the Award of Merit.

It is hoped that in the coming years, more interest will be shown in this most healthful and useful sport.

JOHN McDONALD, XI-E.

SKIING

The West Hill Junior Ski team, ably coached by Mr. Davidson, won the Harrow Shield in a meet sponsored by the Montreal Ski Club. During the season the team went on two trips to the Laurentians and gained considerable experience in skiing on these occasions. The members of this Junior team were composed mainly of Grade Eight boys.

ROBERT LEAPER, VIII-D.

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