

GLENLAWN COLLEGIATE



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St. Vital, Manitoba*

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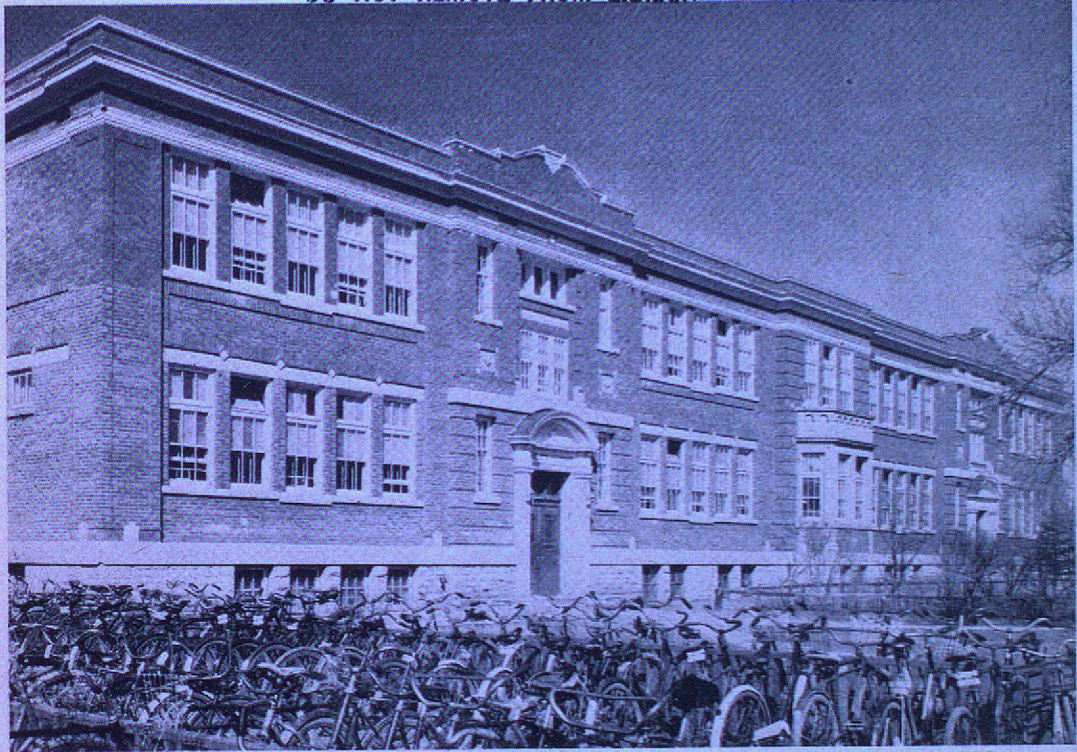


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GLENMORIES

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Dedication

In appreciation of his record of thirteen years of untiring service, faithfulness to duty, and kindly guidance rendered during his stay at Glenlawn Collegiate Institute, the "Glenmories" staff wishes to dedicate the 1948 year book to J. Neville Clark.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS
of the
GLENLAWN COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE
ST. VITAL - MANITOBA

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-chief Dolores Wach	Typist Joyce Bullied
Assistant Editor Bob Newey	Advisor Miss Fryer

Business Manager Ross Packer
 Assistant Business

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{ Doris Zastre	X-B Jack Poulter
Humour Editor Guy Hamel	X-C Ruth Melhus
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{ Bernice Fingler	

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BACK ROW—Stewart Johnston, Don Knight, Doug Johannes, Glen Nightingale, Lawrence Cameron, Ross Packer.
MIDDLE ROW—Guy Hamel, Margaret Clokey, Lois Houston, Claire Higham, Jack Poulter, Marjorie Coats, Dorothy Buchanan, Ruth Melhus, Coray Carlson.
FRONT ROW—Beverly Ledger, Dolores Wach, Miss Fryer, Mr. Yarwood, Bob Newey, Doris Zastre.

EDITORIAL

THIS year, as the first issue of "Glenmories" goes to press, we, the Editors, wish to express the hope that our efforts at reorganizing the School Year Book shall not have been in vain. We feel certain that the future School Editors, aided by the experience that the present staff has lacked, will bring about marked improvements in their "Glenmories." To them we wish the best of luck.

In producing this Year Book we have done our best to give to the students of 1947-48 a book of which they will be proud. We hope that in years to come, it may open the door to many pleasant memories of our own Glenlawn Collegiate.

The publication of a Year Book requires the wholehearted support of all teachers and students. The intensive work on "Glenmories" is a perfect example of cheerful co-operation. Ross Packer, on whom fell the headaches of the Advertising Manager, has ably handled the many financial problems. He and his co-workers established an all-time high in the volume of ads. Margaret Clokey and Doris Smith, Literary Editors; Don Knight, Glen Nightingale and Doris Zastre, Sports Writers; Beverley Ledger, Social Editor; Stewart Johnston, Les Fawley and Don Schultz, the Artists; the Class Representatives; and the ever-willing typists of Room 5, also deserve Special Mention. We sincerely thank Miss Fryer, our teacher-advisor, for her help and patience throughout the term, and J. Halas, manager of the Vogue Theatre, for making our Theatre Night a success. To all these workers is due any praise that may be warranted by this year's publication.

This will be the last school year for many of us. How many times we have expressed our hatred of homework and studying—our dislike of school as a whole; how many times we have glared at the Collegiate with bitterness and melancholy! Now, many of us must leave, and deep down, though few of us admit it, there is a feeling of regret. We shall depart this summer with the remembrances of many experiences we have enjoyed, with a sad sense of losing something important to us, and with a spot in our hearts forever reserved for our G.C.I.

1948

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FOREWORD



W. S. YARWOOD, Principal

With advancing years and maturity frequently senility creeps in, and retrogressive changes make their appearance, even in the days, when Progress is the watchword of the times. Though Education in Manitoba has reached a mature age and has felt the full stress and strain of modern life, it can be definitely stated that no pathological conditions are present or senile changes evident, and that old age in this instance has brought only added vigour and vitality. Never before has the organism been in a healthier state or a more productive condition.

From 1923 to 1948 is surely only a brief space as time is counted, yet what outstanding advances have been made at Glenlawn! From one classroom to the quarters of today, and from a student body of twenty-five to the same in hundreds, is more myth-like than real, and even the most optimistic of our founders hardly dreamed of such growth. Truly, they builded better than they knew.

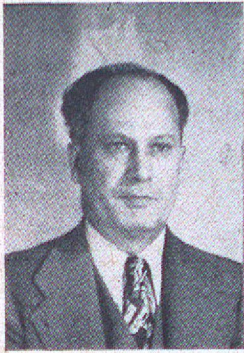
Probably the outstanding feature of the session was the completion and utilization of the new rooms to the building. Giving as they do commodious and reasonable accommodation, there cannot help but be some corresponding advance in the work of the institution. While buildings do not necessarily make better students, they must favourably influence their finished product.

If it seems that much stress has been laid upon recent advancements, it would be vastly unfair to assume that all progress has been of recent origin. While much of the material progress has been of today, the thing that has made all this possible remains unaltered; the spirit of the institution which is best symbolized in the motto, "Non nobis solum." With this spirit we have attempted to carry on and maintain the "Blue and Gold" on the high pinnacle where it was so firmly placed by our predecessors. To be on friendly terms with our sister Collegiates, and to attempt to set the pace of school activities, whether in classrooms or in athletics, has been our heritage from the past, and will be a worthy aim for the future.

Each opening of the session brings its troops of new friends, and each closing sees some of the old friends departing. Comradeships of years are broken, leaving behind a sense of loss not easy to overcome. While such occurrences are not avoidable, they are not as permanent as they seem, and the future will be enriched with many pleasing memories.

In conclusion, a word of the Faculty. The uniform thoughtfulness of the Faculty for the students, with their increasing enthusiasms for the various subjects, has not been lost upon the graduates. The relationship between Faculty and Student has never been more cordial or profitable, and any institution so blessed cannot fail to attain its proper position in the life of its community, and of its province.

TEACHING STAFF



Mr. W. Yarwood

W. S. YARWOOD—

Teaches Chemistry, Physics; is co-operative in all student activities, and has a marvellous sense of humour.

MISS L. V. DICKINSON—

Teaches French, Health and Penmanship; artist; very active in Red Cross activities, to which she liberally gives time and effort.

MRS. L. ELLIOT—

Teaches Shorthand, Bookkeeping and Typing; readily took charge of Bazaar room during the "Fund Fair."

J. N. CLARK—

Teaches Latin, History and Literature; is responsible for Glenlawn's annual Drama Festival; willingly gives time to vocational guidance; a thinker with a philosophy.



Miss L. V. Dickinson



Mrs. L. Elliot

D. A. DOWNIE—

Teaches Literature, Biology and History; enthusiastic soccer coach; a true pal, if ever there was one.

MISS V. FRYER—

Teaches Literature and Composition; Library thrives under her guidance; generously gives aid and direction to student activities.

MISS I. POTVIN—

Teaches Composition and Algebra; followed career in radio before returning to Glenlawn; success of Red Cross Tea largely due to her help.

R. LAURIE—

Teaches Mathematics; coaches skating and hockey teams; is an outdoor man.



Mr. J. N. Clark



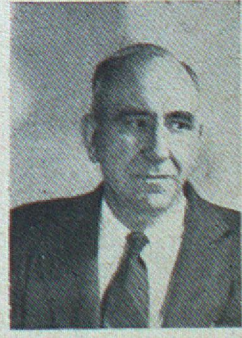
Mr. D. Downie



Miss V. Fryer



Miss I. Potvin



Mr. R. Laurie



BACK ROW—Larry McColl, Don Knight, Gerry Barr, Doug. Johannes, Joe Freedman, Bill Smith.

MIDDLE ROW—Glen Nightingale, Bruce Fraser, Joyce Bullied, Aileen Jackson, Nancy Haverick, Margaret Thomson, Dolores Wach (Red Cross Representative), Roberta Clark, Kay Greenaway.

FRONT ROW—Lawrence Cameron (President), Dorothy Buchanan (Vice-President), Mr. Yarwood, Jacquie Barr (Secretary), Ross Packer (Treasurer).

A MESSAGE FROM THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The year has been quite successful from the Student Council's point of view. The Council has had much to do with making your past year pleasant and memorable. They have sponsored all the school dances, helped in all social activities, promoted the school plays, and planned a well-deserved ceremony for the graduates. The extent to which students and teachers are co-operating with each other is increasing; and the Student Council has always advocated this. The part taken by the Council in managing school affairs is becoming more and more prominent, and the students' representatives have tried to uphold the teachers' faith in them.

Mr. Downie, who helped to change the school colours from Blue and Gold to "Grey and Maroon," and Mr. Clark, who directed the Drama Festival, deserve Special Mention. Credit is also due to the Student Body for ticket-selling accomplishments.

As year after year passes and graduates continue to leave G.C.I., they must surely take with them a sense of pride and confidence in the school they attended and the education they received. For no shallow education did they receive, but a development of mind, body and moral aspects. Thus they leave the old halls and classrooms, outfitted to tackle any task which may confront them.

In conclusion, your Student Council wishes to thank you, the Student Body, for your co-operation and patience with us; for without you our efforts would have been in vain, and we would have left the school without such pleasant memories.

LAWRENCE CAMERON, President.

Students

GRADUATES 1947-48

For many members of our graduating class, this year constitutes the last days of school life. We have worked and played side by side for three years, and have many happy memories to share. There is the recollection of our first school dance, when the kids became acquainted by good-naturedly tramping on one another's feet. Then, too, we feel pride in the laurels our school has achieved in sports competitions. We are glad to remember our track and field records, both in Inter-Suburban and Provincial meets. Each of us is proud of the accomplishments of our talented students in the annual Drama Festival. Remember pitter-pattering of the "Sheik of Araby" as Bill's fingers flew over the somewhat dusty keys?

We realize now that these happy times would not have come our way without the help and counsel of our teachers. They have shown us that there is much more to education than instruction—that school is a place for character-building—a place where we learn, as Ruskin says, that "Every duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known." We, the graduating class of G.C.I., are going into a topsy-turvy world to help straighten out the kinks. We have here a few lines from a favorite football song of the School of Harvard, the school attended by Churchill, which may well apply to us some forty years from now:

Forty years on, when afar and asunder
Parted are those who are singing today;
When you look back and forgetfully wonder
What you were like in your work and your play—
Then it may be there will often come o'er you
Glimpses of notes, like the catch of a song:
Visions of boyhood shall float them before you,
Echoes of dreamland shall bear them along.
Forty years on, growing older and older,
Shorter in wind, as in memory long,
Feeble of foot, and rheumatic of shoulder,
What will it help you that once you were strong?
God give us bases to guard or beleaguer,
Games to play out, whether earnest or fun;
Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager,
Twenty, and thirty, and forty years on!

GRADE XII



MARCELLA FIELDING—
She used to get angry when called Marcelle—
Even so, as a hairdresser she would be swell.

JUNE HAUGEN—
She's the only blonde of the grade twelve room.
We think she'll have a millionaire groom.



DOUG. JOHANNES—
A blue-eyed Adonis is Mr. Johannes—
His future says he'll be selling bananas.

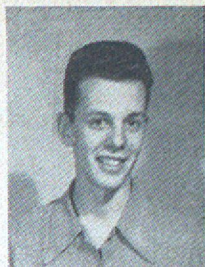
ROSELLE LAVALLEE—
She's a soda jerk at the Elm Park Pharm.
At baseball she has a good batting arm.

LILLIAN BIGOURDAIN—

This wee one is good in maths and French;
She'd never be fooled by a left-handed wrench.

LAWRENCE CAMERON—

This year we have him for a school president,
Which ought to make him a Selkirk resident.

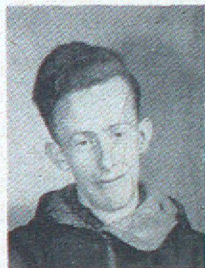


LES CASLAKE—

A hero from ye olde "Burland's Bombers";
As a teacher he'll be a good kiddle calmer.

GORDON COUTTS—

When he plays hockey we stand up and yell;
No doubt he'll star in the N.H.L.



GEORGE CURLEY—

At the canteen he plays records or snakes in the
hall,
In the future we see him with some luscious doll.

MARJORIE DAVIES—

In a dreamy white dress, she was star of a play;
She should be terrific on Broadway some day.



JOAN EARL—

She's small and sweet, able to sing,
It won't be long till she's flashing that ring.

DON ENTWISTLE—

Curly-haired and cute, for him the girls sigh,
Wherever he travels he'll get by.

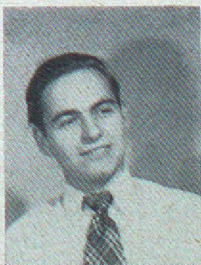


BILL HARDING—

The Physics genius, who we hope will pass,
Will be a professor of a Grade Twelve class

NANCY HAVERICK—

When trapping a man she's full of tricks,
But ten years from now she'll still be at Pic's.

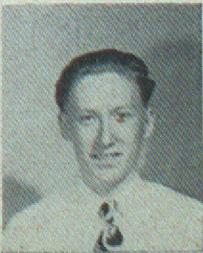


AILEEN JACKSON—

This slim-limbed lass stars in ski, track and field,
At a dark-haired athlete's feet she kneeled.

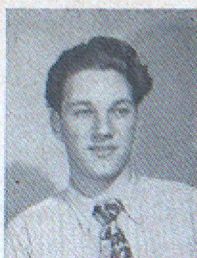
TED JACKSON—

His hair would look nice if he had a Tont;
He'll get rich writing checks that are phoney.





EDITH LABOSSIÈRE—
She's cute and sweet with a boy who pursues her;
She'll have many rides with him in a "cruiser".



DON KNIGHT—
He's known for sports and keeping to the rule—
We suspect as a chemist, he'll blow up the school.



BILL PAGAN—
Blonde wavy locks and an innocent stare;
He should be outstanding anywhere.



ED. LOWTHER—
Honor student, golfer, track? enthusiast,
Sure to be famous, shown by his brilliant past.



AUDREY PEEBLES—
Her shiny black hair with the gorgeous curl,
Will make her a model as "lustre-creme girl".



DICK PROCTOR—
He's really quite smart when he sits behind Ross;
As a Free Press executive he'd make a good boss.



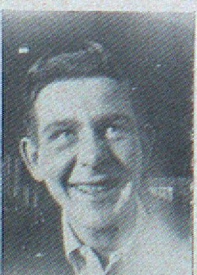
ROSS SCREATON—
This brilliant boy a genius now,
Will be seen in the future behind a plow.



SHIRLEY VAN HULL—
Her smile sold tickets galore for the play;
She'll go through life the very same way.

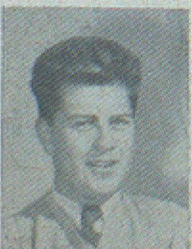


MARGARET ROSE—
She's tall, trim, and sweet and really quite swell.
The patients with her for a nurse will get well.



GRADE XI-E

BILL (House) BAXTER—His artistic talents kept him occupied during his numerous "study" periods—vice-president of class—basketball star—a fellow-student if there ever was one.



MORTON WOLCH—Did a swell imitation of our history teacher in "Glenlawn at Work", Says school is easy but boring. Spends spare time throwing kids out of his mother's store.



DORIS ZASTRE—Very interested in sports, especially boxing because of her famed brother. Sports writer on Year Book. Dolores' right hand man—always ready to help anybody out.

BARBARA BEATTIE—This tall dark haired girl is noted for three things: chewing gum, arriving late and her dislike for Chemistry periods. Rumours have it that she is to attend business college.



LENA BORDIAN—One of the smallest girls in XI E—favourite dish is "Dumpy-Lings"—one of the class's few honour students and to top it all she is making her own grad. dress—smart eh!

DOROTHY BUCHANAN—This wee Miss is our representative on the Eaton Junior Council. She is a capable President of XI E and also Vice-President of the Student Council due to her association with past presidents. "Ray" for Dottie!



LUCY CARLOW—Have you ever noticed Lucy's big brown eyes? She seems rather shy, but when she smiles you wonder why; her ambition is to become some dashing boss's stenographer.

MARGARET CLOKEY—Another honour student—literary editor of the Year Book—known for her wide selection of hair ribbons—and delectation in a certain "Guy" in XI F!



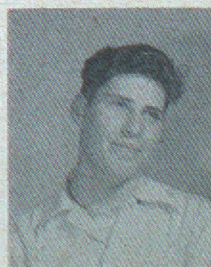
MARJORIE COATS—This curly headed lass found it quite a novelty to paddle part of the way to school during the flood. She is XI E's rep. on the Year Book—stands first in the class and is a challenge to XI F's Bob Newey for the Isbister scholarship.

ELAINE CONE—Gets a big bang out of being door monitor—spends her school time yelling to "Smitt"—has a very unusual sense of humour—loves teasing "Peachie".



JUNE CRAWFORD—She has a very lovely voice for singing duets with her Commercial room partner. Enjoys drawing and finds school dances just the things to become better acquainted with the other half of the school!

WILF CURTIS—Strictly sports-minded; that is why he is our Boys' Sports Rep. He excels in speed skating and track; also in talking to Norman. His Geometry teacher wouldn't be "Buck", would it?



IONA ELCOMBE—Is seen riding up St. Vital Road frequently; you can also find her about two paces behind her friend Betty. From all reports she is a very good swimmer and diver—also a sworn giggler.

BRUCE FRASER—XI-E curling star. Works in the Bay on Saturdays. Finds sitting up straight in French periods very difficult. Outside interests keep him busy.



JIM GREENAWAY—We finally found out that the girl who comes to the door asking for "Jimmie" is only his sister! He is Mr. Yarwood's pride and joy, for he always has the right answer.



JOAN GROSS—A quiet little girl who always has her homework done—correctly, too. Joan is hoping to finish her education in the States. Good luck, Joan, and let us know if you miss old Glenlawn.

PEGGY GUEST—She sits at the back of the room amongst all her friends, but never seems to get caught in the act of talking. Chemistry equations are her pet aversion.



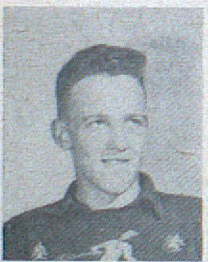
MARGARET HARCUS—She forms the quiet spot in the Beattie-Hart corner. Being away so much, she finds Chemistry her hardest subject; but then, who doesn't? Through all this, she intends taking Grade XII.

JUNE HART—Barbara's colleague in crime! Loves chewing gum and arriving late. Noted for her fashion sense—even to the colored glasses!



OLIVE KARSCHUK—Red Cross Executive—on the all-star basketball team—Canteen Queen—faultless personality. Finds school a little tiring since her "crush" left, but manages somehow to come out near the top every time.

PEARL KEITH—Formerly known as "Dimples" to all the boys in XI-E (all eight of them!). When she first came to Glenlawn last Fall we all thought she was very shy. (Did you notice the past tense?)



NORMAN KENDALL—Here again, Gone again Norman! Where do you spend those periods you "don't feel up to taking?" We understand you want to take XI over again because of the cute girls coming up; don't blame you at all, Norm. We're sure the teachers will co-operate.

MELVA LOWENBERGER—Insists trouble is caused by the boy in front of her, but you can look over there any old time and see them up to something. Her standing is amongst the first ten and they tell us she sings too.



MARGUERITE McEACHERN—"Grandma" to us, writes Glenlawn Activities for Lance, was reporter for Interhighlights. Hopes someday to become a second Clare Wallace with CJOB. Good luck, Marge!

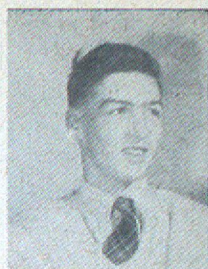
HAZEL MORGAN—Sports star in high jump and dashes. That speed doesn't seem to get her to school on time. Occupies her time by thinking up answers for conductors who insist she pay adult fare!



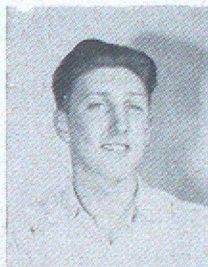
BETTY PAPWORTH—Tall and dark—always has a smile for someone. Managed to tackle the flu germ at appropriate time. Was planning to write Departs anyway. Suddenly very interested in Spike Jones' "My Old Flame".

TONY PROCTOR—The small girls' ideal—seems to enjoy and understand Physics and Chemistry. Tony and Mort are known as the Bud Abbot and Lou Costello of XI E. Tony being "Bud", natch.

GRACE PURVIS—Shakespearian Connoisseur— Donald Wolfitt is her idol—came "banging" into the class from Toronto last fall. The Red doesn't flood every year, Grace. Hope you remember your new friends from Glenlawn.



ARTHUR PEACH—Could it be he helped Marge paddle to school during flood crisis? Paper boy for both Interhighlites and Free Press. Favorite saying, "Hey, kids, have you brought your nickel for Interhighlites yet?"



ALBERT ROGERS—Model airplane fiend — quiet and shy in school but we've our doubts as to his behaviour afterwards. Favorite saying, "I didn't get that question".

DORIS SMITH—Planoforte virtuoso—class secretary—treasurer—always enjoying a joke on somebody—popular with both sexes, especially the opposite.



BARBARA SPRINGETT—Is everybody's friend — possessor of a lovely singing voice and an unusual sense of humour. Intimately known to her friends as "Squeak".

PAULINE SPIECH—Finds coming to school very interesting due to a certain bus driver. Is the proud possessor of a very expensive Valentine but won't tell us the sender! Ambition—



BERYL TITHERIDGE—Always arrives at least ten minutes before anyone else. Subsequently has never seen the inside of the detention room. Noted for her famous pitching arm and the lending of her homework. Much appreciated, Beryl.

WILLA TURNER—Is one of the room's most accomplished gigglers. Worked very hard (so she claims) in a certain movie theatre. Well known for her beautiful sewing.



ARLEIGH VAN CAMP—Well known for comical essays—full of vim, vigor, vitality—her humorous remarks keep her back corner in an uproar.

DOLORES WACH—Chief Editor of the Year Book. News Editor on Interhighlites. School Red Cross president. Dolores is a wonder—besides holding these positions she is an Honour Student and intends writing for Isbister Scholarship.



PATT WILKES—Is known and liked by everyone. Star on girls' basketball team. Social leader at school and canteen. Would like to become a nurse. Are there practical reasons?

AILEEN WILSON—Know as "Billson" to her friends. Decided Chemistry was not the subject for her after one look at the exam. Occupies her time dreaming of red hair. Plans to attend business college.

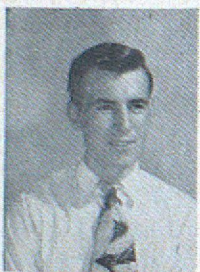


GRADE XI-F



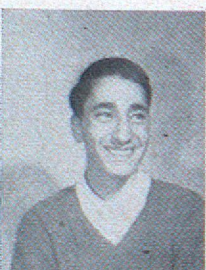
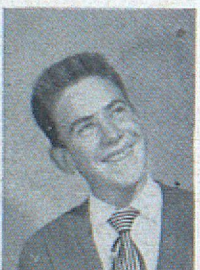
LORETTA BATTLE—Glamour Girl of XI-F—Glenwood Community Club Queen—sings over the radio—acted in one of plays. Red Cross secretary—quite a talented kid, she is.

VERA BRUNE—Quite a quiet gal noted for her witty comments—writes lovely poetry—seems to work hard in school, but finds plenty of outside interests to keep her busy.



HAROLD BRUNN—XI-F's sports star, Harry plays hockey and soccer, curls in winter and stars at baseball, but seems to find time for a very absorbing social life.

ALICE COOPER—Red Cross president in our room—Alice is kept busy rubbing beautiful drawings off the board. For hobbies she acts and curls.



DICK COAD—On the hockey team—interested in soccer—rather a quiet kid so we don't hear much from Dick in school, but he seems to be everybody's pal.

DENNIS DE BRINCAT—"Mouse" seems quiet but his remarks over in the corner cause quite an uproar—has no obvious interest in girls but we wonder.



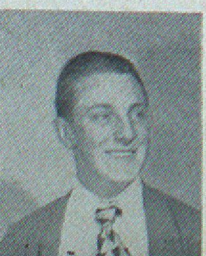
GUY DESJARDINS—Commonly known as "La Mop"—new to Glenlawn this year, but seems quite popular—earned praise as an actor and the lucky guy's got a head start on most of us in French.

KEN DUMPLETON—"Dumpy's" quite a guy—proved he's a good actor—musically inclined, he plays the accordion for fun and the drums in the Sea Cadet Band—a good curler—is so cute that all the girls drool.



GEORGE DUNN—Star defenceman on the hockey team—plays baseball—one of the best skips in the curling league—tall and terrific in a brush cut—on the Sports' Council, George is an all round athlete but loves exams!

ELIAS ELIASSON—New to Glenlawn—has been a swell sport about all the teasing he's had to endure—surprised the teachers by picking up his work so well.



ISLAY FRASER—Blonde and cute—has a terrific personality that makes her Mr. Laurie's prize? Geometry student—spends most of her time in school gossiping, but manages to get along okay—plans to be a nurse—good luck, Islay.

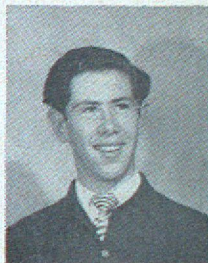
LESLIE FAWLEY—Writes entertaining poetry—has lots of fun drawing—acted in one of the plays—will debate any point with Mr. Downie—famous for jokes which help brighten things up.

GUY HAMEL—Better known as "Sam"—keeps the teachers dizzy with his wisecracks—on the Year Book staff—acts on stage and off—arrives at school in such a rush that he has to sleep all morning to make up.



LOIS HOUSTON—Cheer leader—room representative on the Year Book Staff—manages to keep second to Bob Newey—full of life and always ready for mischief.

STEWART JOHNSTON—Class treasurer—dashing in his Sea Cadet uniform—loves to ski and draw. For a woman-hater Stew's very interested in the gals.



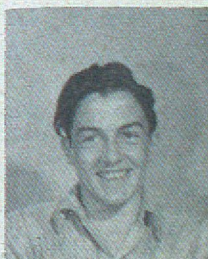
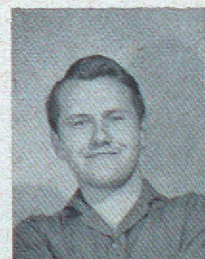
KEITH KERRY—"Kiska" hasn't as many subjects as most of us so he's got lots of time to play around—acted in one of the plays—seems to have fun in his dad's car with his gang of boy? friends.

BEVERLEY LEDGER—Quite a busy girl—on the Year Book Staff and Inter-highlights—crazy about psychiatry—plays the piano with skill—full of pep and energy Bev's the jet-job of XI F.



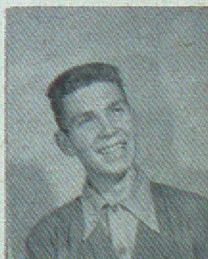
BETTY MacKENZIE—A cute gal—on the Sports Council—acts as a side line—quiet during school hours, but you should see her outside of school—Wow!

EMIL MANKO—Famous for his comic imitations—on the football and hockey teams—loves to give long lists of alliteration in literature.



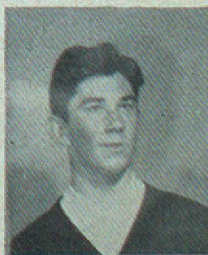
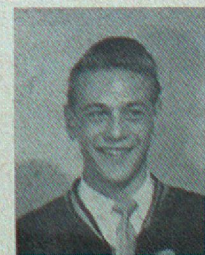
RALPH MOON—One of the little guys in our room—very quiet in class so we don't hear much from him, but outside he gets along as president of the Glenlee Community Club.

BOB NEWEY—The brain of XI F—assistant editor of the Year Book—features editor on Interhighlights; as well finds time to tell a whole line of "terror" jokes.

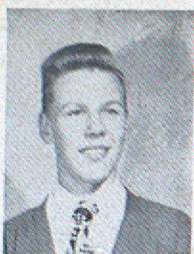


BILL NICHOLSON—Full of vim, vigor and vitality—plays the piano like a pro, and has an up and coming band—plays hockey and soccer—likes to draw—everybody's Bill's friend.

GLEN NIGHTINGALE—Our hard-working class president—whether acting or not keeps the girls swooning—interested in sports—everybody likes Glen—he saves us by the bell.

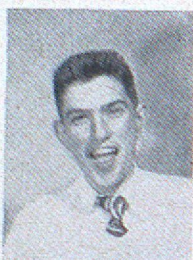
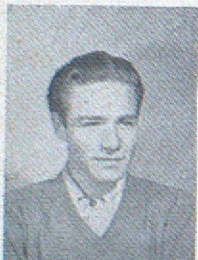


ROSS PACKER—Scientific whiz who engages Mr. Yarwood in conversations that keep us wondering for days—vice-president of our room—treasurer of the school—Ross is everybody's friend, especially of those who like peppermints.



HARRY PEATE—One of the few quiet guys of XI-G but his remarks—whew! Maybe that's cause he always manages to listen when the girls gossip. Model airplanes are Harry's hobby which he really seems to enjoy.

DON SCHULTZ—Tall, blonde and terrific, Don's got a friendly grin—skied on the team this year—one of the few guys who look cute in a brush-cut—has a gay time socially.



BRUCE STEWART—This handsome brute seems strong and silent, but after you know him you have tired ears. In winter analyses every curling rock thrown; in summer switches to golf—maddeningly indifferent to the opposite sex.

BOB ROSE—Another character with a brush cut—a good curler—enjoys football and skating—one of the funny guys of our class; keeps us giggling.



GORDON SEDDON—A tall, fair fellow—likes to act—spends his spare time at the back of the room with "Sam" thinking up wisecracks to make the teacher weak.

GORDON YOUNG—Keeps the class laughing at his comments and makes the teachers grey—a keen photographer — found time to act in one of the plays and play around all year too.

GRADE XI-G



TERRY MAE SMITH—Glamorous blonde (?) Interested in good-looking men. Frequently disturbs the silence of the room by a loud burst of laughter. (What's so funny, Terry?) Good luck.

LLOYD SMITH—(Romeo)—Runs a mean mile. Cauten enthusiast. Knows what he's talking about in History. Very well liked—especially by opposite sex.



DAVID NAIRN—Boys' sports rep. Rugby, curling and track enthusiast. Hails from Gordon Bell. Hopes to invent a means of making money by loafing. (His "broken back" gets him out of more trouble!) Frequently seen making eyes at Miss P.

BETTY NEUMAN—Fond of square-dancing. Very quiet in school, but on Friday and Saturdays at Paterson's Barn it is a different story and a different Betty.



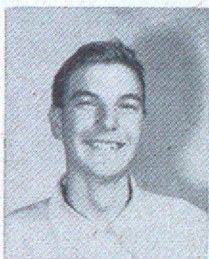
SHIRLEY STEELE—Red Cross rep. Sole performer from XI-G in plays. Main excuse for absence—"Oh, my operation!" Very literary-minded.

EILEEN WHITE—Draws beautiful figures. More interested in art than office work. Invents different dialect to keep us laughing as a hobby. Likes writing stories.

JOYCE BULLIED—Vice-President of class. Everybody likes Joyce; very popular with teachers. She will make a good stenographer. Interested in red heads—boys.



CORAY CARLSON—Interested in everything from drawing to singing. Year Book rep. Active in track. With sense of humor and great ambition will find success . . . (at Shriners' as clown.)



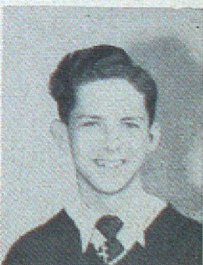
GEORGE COSTIN—Shy guy but "knows the score". Likes machinery and knows a lot about it. Going strong in track. Going back to Transcona to resume farm activities. Good luck, George.

MARGARET DANIELS—(Mugsy) the heavy-weight of the room—a bulging mass, weighing ninety pounds and standing five feet high. Secretary of class, quiet and neat as a pin. Sure to get along in an office.



IRENE DE PAIVA—Another resident of "Giggle Corner". Giggles when answering a question but manages to get good marks. Wears beautiful clothes due to the fact that she is a good seamstress (or is it your mother Irene?)

MARJORIE DRAHO—Extremely interested in motorcycles . . . wants to strike oil so she can stock up on them. Also interested in Belleville where there are more motorcycles. Are you interested in motorcycles or owners Marjorie?



SHIRLEY GERTZ—Ambition to go south of the border. Cheerful as long as "Moon" is beaming . . . caught you blushing again, Shirley. Being frank and outspoken gets Shirley going on the road to success.

GERRY GRAY—A piano swinger. Curly, plays hockey with Satan's Angels. Sees something funny in everything. Social interest in X.A. Whatever field he chooses, Gerry will make a success of it.



KAY GREENAWAY—(Pussy)—President of XIG, and a member of the winning curling team. Good at shorthand and knitting diamond socks. Frequently heard grumbling under her breath (?) Interest in Pine Falls.

JEAN KNIPPELBERG—One of the occupants of "Giggle Corner". Stands first, but still insists before exam that she "doesn't know a thing". Very likely to get ahead.



LOIS LE POIDEVIN—Secretary of Red Cross. Knows all the wrong answers in B. A. and right ones in Book-keeping. Hard-working and has in her possession many eye-catching sweaters.

SHIRLEY McCRAW—Our belle from Daniel. Star at typing. Has a friend at St. Paul's College. You lucky girl! Has a ready wit and naturally curly hair . . . very likely to get there.



MISSING LINKS

* * *

BEN DESJARDINS (Grade XII)—

"His wimmen" envy his shiny, red (?) waves;

He thinks he'll end up with a dozen as slaves.

* * *

NORMA ("COFFEE") EDWARDS
(Grade XI-G)—

Girls' sports rep., member of Ice Ramblers (girls' hockey team). Wants to work but not hard. Another one who "good-naturedly" grumbles under her breath.

WITHDRAWALS

* * *

DON BAKER AND BOB WYENBERG—

Two of our classmates who left us to work. We miss Don's wit, while Bob we rarely saw, anyway. Both swell kids. Best of luck to you!

DIANNE BARRIE—

Left us to work for Great West Life; Was noted for her busy tongue and "beau" by "beau" descriptions. Sorry you left us, Di.

KAY SMALLWOOD—

Our little "live wire" went to work for the General Electric Company early in the year.

ELSIE VALE—

This red-head with the pleasing disposition now excels in making milk-shakes at Murphy's Drug Store.

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BACK ROW—Bill Smith, Tom Kaminski, Leon Wood, Doreen Harper, Carol Reichert, Florence Stevenson, Bill Freele, Stan Muloin, Bill Thorgeirson.

MIDDLE ROW—Margaret Thomson, Claire Higham, Bernice Fingler, Juliet Colle, Merle Shannon, Lillian Coulter, Josephine Houston, Lorraine Huehn, Marcelle Mousseau, Margaret Green, Geraldine Hanna, Miss Potvin.

FRONT ROW—Daneen Little, Joy Allen, Joyce Airth, Shirley Bigley, Jean Crave, Jocelyn Bell, Therese Lacoste, Marilyn Ross, June Peebles, Eleanor Evans, Doris La Porte.

MISSING—Joy Romans.

GRADE X-A

To introduce our Grade X-A
I offer you but one delay,
These jingles were written in the middle
of May,
By June they're as different as night and
day.

Joyce Airth, simple and nice,
When asked her direction, said "Paradise."

Shirley Bigley is a cute little trick,
But skip the chick, and pass her Nick.

Stan Muloin, our favorite nut,
Is a whizz at golf, and sure can putt.

Tom Kaminski is an astonishing boy,
When asked about girls, he acts very coy.

Jocelyn Bell, wicked and witty,
Teases the boys, especially "Smitty."

Carol Reichert, we must not deny,
Says, "Give me five minutes more, so I'll
get by."

Marilyn Ross has little to say,
Just two little words, and that's "Be-gay."

Florence Stevenson, I must admit,
Won't say anything that we can remit.

Bill Freele, our man about town,
When sitting in school, he proves quite a
clown.

Daneen Little has learned to run,
Patiently coached by Harold Brunn?

Therese Lacoste looks good in a Tux,
Thanks to its daily dipping in Lux.

Bill Smith, a great little hobo,
When seen out at night, it's "usually" with
Jo Jo.

Josephine Houston, our own Greer Garson,
Should get a man to lead to the parson.

Joy Allen is a nice girl to know,
But I'm dying to meet her latest beau.

Margaret Thomson caused quite a riot,
But if going to wear overalls—please don't
diet.

Merle Shannon is very naive,
But I've heard it said that looks deceive.

Lillian Coulter stands first in our class,
A "Brain" it is true, but a sweet little lass.

I once heard that **Leon Wood**,
But I don't think that Leon should.

Juliet Colle, so quiet and sweet,
Goes steady with Al; Does no one compete?

Margaret Green would like a car,
When asked what else, she answered:
"Barr."

Bill Thorgierson is someone I know little
about,
I've heard him talk but seldom shout.

June Peebles is kind of cute,
She entered a contest and won a suit.

Jean Crave, our bubble-gum queen,
Is often heard but seldom seen.

Bernice Fingler loves her art,
She's our basketball star,
In everyone's heart.

Joy Romans has a quiet air,
She's told to shout, but wouldn't dare.

Eleanor Evans goes around steady,
When the circus comes, she'll be ready.

Marcelle Mousseau has quite a laugh,
If you don't watch out, Mar, you'll split
in half.

Doreen Harper proves quite a flare,
When seen out at night with that red-gold
hair.

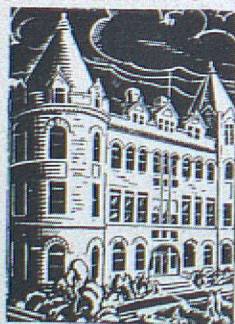
Doris La Porte, to our delight,
Conquered Louis without a fight.

Laura Huehn talks a lot,
Just because she's seldom caught.

Miss Potvin's from Missouri,
Or, so her saying goes;
She formerly taught the veterans,
As everybody knows.

Claire's the composer of these little verses,
The proceeds from which should fill her
purses.

★



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MIDDLE ROW—Harry Hiebert, Gerry Barr, Sydney Scott, Ralph Yetman, Ray Davies, Lois Reimer, Don Mitchell, Jack Poulter, Tom Tazumi, Bob Sexsmith, Jack Maley.

FRONT ROW—Marie Brownlees, Beverley Sreaton, Enid McKinnon, Phyllis Gobert, Mr. Downie, Joan McKinnon, Roberta Clark, Helen Smith, Yvonne Skagfeld, Jean Macdonald, Dorothy Snell.

GRADE X-B

ROOM 22—"Where Ignorance is bliss."

Mr. Downie—"Who does the boards today? Come here, Paradise."

Don Allen—Seen but seldom heard.

Gerry Barr—The playboy of the room; that squire of dames, our president.

Gary Bircham—It walks, it talks — what is it?

Barry (Joe) Bradley—The Rangers will win next year.

Marie Brownlees—"Homework? . . . What's that—something you eat?"

Al. Calder—"What time is it? Only three o'clock!"

Roberta (Bobby) Clark—She likes life—minus freckles. (White Calf.)

Ed. Connery—"Anybody know any cute, short girls?"

Bob Crossley—Captain of HMCS "Bath-tub"—the poor man's Charles Atlas.

Ray Davies—Where do you spend most of your week-ends, Ray?

Barry Frego—Why teachers want higher wages.

Phyllis Gobert—A rare and radiant maiden.

Harry Hiebert—Has invented a radio that will fit into a Latin book.

Jack Lowther—Hobby: girls. Ambition: to pass Grade X. Fate: jerking sodas at Elm Park Pharmacy.

Jean MacDonald—The quiet, studious type?

Jack Maley—Quiet guy—either thinking or in love.

Jack Mavins—Something in Al Capp's comic strip.

Don McIntyre—No other boy can make that statement.

Don Mitchell—Our Van Johnson (swoon).

Enid McKinnon—Coax me a little bit; here today and gone tomorrow.

Joan McKinnon—Basketball is such an interesting game; especially when Bill is playing.

Al. Paradise—"Who Me-eee?" Keeps us in the aisles and himself in detention. (Known as "Stanowski.")

Jack Poulter—There's one in every room.
(Called "Casanova Jake.")

Lois Reimer—If silence is golden, she will
be on relief.

Beverley Sreaton—Our Latin student
(ha-ha!).

Bob Sexsmith—Interested in everything,
including girls.

Yvonne Skagfeld—He's my type, he's a
boy.

Sydney Scott—Canada's answer to James
Mason.

Phil Shelton—When the bell rings, he's
far away.

Helen Smith—A quiet tongue shows a wise
head.

Dorothy Snell—Anybody want a good
cook?

Tom Tazumi—Quiet but only in school.
How's every little thing, Tom?

Ralph Yetman—Wide awake once a day—
at 4 p.m.

Barbara Taylor— ?? ??

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BACK ROW—Alda Eliasson, Don Lear, Joe Freedman, Don Collins, Bill Hunter, Marcel Riel, Ken Muckle, Larry McColl, Ron Jefferson, Shirley Jephson, Sylvia Hunter.

MIDDLE ROW—Miss Fryer, Vera Coutts, Ruth Melhus, Peggy Barrie, Willa Hurlburt, Doreen Reimer, May Williamson, Beverly Coote, Joyce Williamson, Peggy Harvey, Joan Clark, Willa James, Bernice Rutherford.

FRONT ROW—Donna Garwood, Pat Macdonald, Wendy Garwood, Joyce Toews, Jacquie Barr, Mae Craigie, Joan MacKay, Shirley Blaikie, Carol Jackson, Barbara Murray, Helen Robinson.

GRADE X-C

We are boarding the "Atom Rocket" ship which will take us into the future. We take off and see the Glenlawn Collegiate, with Miss Fryer teaching another Grade X-C and who is keeping Marcel Riel in for ten years, because he hasn't read the required number of books. Joyce Williamson and Beverly Coote, able librarians, are arranging the two new books they just received.

As we speed on, we notice Larry McColl and Joe Freedman marching down Main Street in their Grenadier uniforms. We see Ruth Melhus has a grapefruit farm and is raising little squirts. Joan Clark, Pat Macdonald and Carol Jackson have organized a giggling school for school girls. We pass over the "Stay On" Lipstick factory and see Doreen Reimer dictating letters to Alda Eliasson, her secretary. We zoom over Sing Sing and see Peggy Barry who got 20 years for not doing her History homework. Farther on we see a little white cottage and perceive Mae Williamson, former "Miss Winnipeg" of 1948, is now Mrs. Eddie Collins of 1958.

Don Collins and Don Lear, we learn, have jobs making squares out of circles that are the sum and difference of two cubes. We shoot over the McGill University and see that Helen Robinson and Willa James are professors. We pass over the "Playhouse" and are not surprised to learn

that Jacquie Barr, Barbara Murray and Sylvia Hunter have taken to the stage and are matinee idols of the day. Joyce Toews is in the "No Hope" sanitorium mumbling something about cell divisions and differentiations. Shirley Blaikie and Shirley Jephson are models at the Acme Dress Company. We pass over Kingston Row and see Wendy Garwood being pursued by Ralph Yetman who is singing "People's Credit Jewellers." As we move quickly on, we see Bernice Rutherford and Donna Garwood chasing Donna's bird, Roscoe.

We are landing now to refuel and are amazed to find Ron Jefferson and Bill Hunter are grease monkeys at the airport. As we take off, we read a newspaper that announces that Vera Coutts has reached the peak of fame by inventing a device that gets to school on time. We shoot over the Rocky Mountains and see Ken Muckle skiing expertly over the mountain peaks. We pass over a ranch run by Peggy Harvey who is famous for her short short stories of one paragraph. Willa Hurlburt is now Madame Cookoo de Tapioca, the famous dress designer of gay "Paree," having finally mastered the French language. Mae Craigie has a job in a tomato factory making tomatoes blush. We are back at Glenlawn. . . . Surprise! Joan McKay is the janitor!



BACK ROW—Kayo Goto, Bob Graham, Cecil Pockett, Gordon Julmi, Dennis Haller, Harlan Dodds, Don Black, Mr. Laurie, George Gascoyne, Edwin Haacke, Don Foulkes, Jack Mortham, John Stewart.

FRONT ROW—Terry Morrow, Art Fonseca, Andrew Maslan, Richard Olson, John Stuparyk, Vernon James, Don Kennedy, Neil Michaud, Keith Campbell, Ron Kerr, Brian Amos.

MISSING—Yves Laboissiere.

GRADE X-D

Brian Amos—"He's tall, lean and lanky, ain't had nothing to eat, but he's our baby."

Don Black—Always taking the blame for our Dickie Boy.

Keith Campbell—Famous hockey star for X-D ink sprayers.

Harlan Dodds—Our red hot tomato.

Art Fonseca—His main weaknesses are girls and the "Maple Leafs."

Wilf. Force—Our class President; left us in April to work for the "Bay."

Don Foulkes—Wants to be construction engineer, but probably will end up digging ditches.

George Gascoyne—24 is his lucky number—or is it just in May?

Kayo Goto—His future is that of an artist, either in art or at "pushing those valves."

Bob Graham—Going to take Mr. Baldwin's job over in a few years.

Edwin Haacke—Our turtle friend . . . he's still looking for his house.

Dennis Haller—Weaknesses are gum and girls, XD's Ink Sprayer star.

Vernon James—Never missed a day—"Dependable James."

Gordon Julmi—Little "Stevie"—name any sport and he can play it.

Don Kennedy—When in doubt about algebra, ask Don.

Ron Kerr—"Better late than never" goes the saying, but not with him . . . he sleeps all day.

Yves Laboissiere—From eight teachers there are eight pronunciations of his name—he'll make a good doctor.

Andrew Mislan—"The Flash."

Terry Morrow—Although never at school, he's voted most likely to succeed.

Neil Michaud—His motto is "Wine, Women and Song."

Jack Mortham—Always disturbing people in his quiet way.

John Stewart—"The Whistler."

Richard Olson—"The Whistler's Echo."

Cecil Pockett—Name anything and he's either heard of it or can do it (in his imagination); excellent tuba player.

John Stuparyk—"The Laughing Man."

Mr. Laurie—Favorite saying "There should be some girls in here."

Literary

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ROADS TO ROAM

Ah, yes! To some a road is a road and they find no beauty in it. But to me . . . roads are different and there is beauty in them. What a pleasant life it would be just to walk along the various kinds of roads and seep in all their beauty! First there is the Eastern road, and then there are the roads of the West, two in all: the country lane and the road leading to the valley.

The Eastern road! What a beauty! Magnificent maples spread their protecting branches to make an arch for the lonely wanderer. And just behind these on either side are old rail fences zigzagging along as if to keep him company. Then there are slight hills all along to keep him in suspense to see what new beauty is on the other side. Yes, how could you help but love to wander along an Eastern road?

Then comes the straight Western road. It is honest, for it takes you to its end as directly as possible, with few turns. As you walk along this dusty, two-tracked lane, you see the golden wheat bowing to you as you pass, and the beautiful blue flax waving in the soft breeze. How could you resist their charm?

But the highway of a Western Valley is something you can't forget. At the top you can look out for miles over the tree-tops and see the hills rising from them. Then this Cleopatra of all roads begins its descent. It gradually winds down around a hill, sinking lower and lower into the depth of trees, and probably crossing a small stream at the foot. But the best season to see this road is in the Fall, when the leaves have changed color; and you find yourself within a fairyland. Then it is that you cannot resist and are captured by this Charmer.

From these mental meanderings I come to the conclusion in one sentence, "Oh, for the life of a wanderer!" Think of the advantages he has over us. All day he is with the best and most beautiful of company, and at night this company provides a bed and shelter for him. It is with this company—the roads—that I could walk for life.

—Glen Nightingale, XI-F.

There once was a fellow named Tate,
Whom a certain young damsel did hate.
His troth to her plighted,
He felt very slighted
When she jilted him for his friend Bate.

—Beverly Ledger, XI-F.

COLOUR IN MODERN LIFE

I remember the time, not long ago, when my friend Harry was normal. Yes, sir, he was as normal as you or I. He used to like the shows that I liked, the sports that I liked, and even the subjects in school that I liked. But now, poor fellow, he is suffering from a case of acute automobilitis. Automobilitis—that's a word I coined to indicate that he has a "combination malady" of everything from differential-pinionitis to leather-lining and flow-in-fender-allergy. What amazes me is this—it happened overnight.

One day Harry was fine and then, the next thing I knew, he had sold his skis and water-wings, given up homework, and jilted his best girl Edith. Now I don't care if Harry never skis or swims again, but when he'd do a thing like that to a nice girl like Edith—well, it's pretty bad.

Now, I don't claim to be any great shakes at driving; all I know is, that with a few intricate wiggles on gearshift, accelerator and clutch, one can make a car go. If one regards certain traffic rules, and watches for telephone poles and pedestrians (and hits only the former) it is quite possible to keep out of serious difficulty. When Harry, however, comes blubbering up to me, spouting seemingly authentic data on distributors, grills, valves and transmissions—I give up! To me a distributor is a fellow who delivers flyers from that cut-rate furniture store with the slogan, "A dollar down, a dollar when we catch you"; and a grill is a thing to cook waffles on. Harry, however, didn't think much of cooking waffles on the front of a new Dodge; he was more interested in the Packard's push button hat rack.

One day I met Harry uptown; he immediately rushed me away.

"Just to have a short peek at the new Pontiacs," he informed me exultantly. "Not many have seen them."

In the showroom Harry acted as if he were in the presence of some divine being.

"See that chrome-trimmed torpedo job over there?" he whispered. Boy, what a lush crate! Would I ever like to do ninety in that baby!"

I shuddered. "Ninety?"

"Yeah," he said. "Maybe we could soup it up to a hundred even."

I shuddered again.

After Harry's "short peek" had taken him exactly three hours and forty minutes, I dragged him away from the Dickson Motors premises, still expounding facts and figures about the "V" type engine

and the normal mileage for Goodyear tires at forty miles per hour and seventy degrees Fahrenheit. I finally got him home and called the doctor. The "doc", however, refused to help, saying:

"What Harry needs is a doctor of motors," which I thought was a pretty good gag even for a medico.

Harry was much better the next day, and continued to improve for a week. Then he had a relapse and the old automobilitis again set in.

During this period I found out more about cars than did Henry Ford. I learned the price of every car on the market, from the "Crosly station-wagon" to the "German Diamler-Beny," the four hundred H.P. forty-four cylinder job. I learned why "Fords" had only two springs and what a "Mercury one-fourteen" meant. "Brother!" Harry was a regular fountain of knowledge.

Then came the crack-up—not a car crack-up, just a crack-up—of Harry's illness. Apparently a salesman was demonstrating a new "Lincoln-Continental" to Harry one day, when somehow the car got stuck on a bad road. Immediately Harry lost all love for cars: "Exit" his automobilitis. As he said to me later:

"I guess I just lost my Faith!"

Well, anyway, Harry has picked up in his schoolwork, and just "might" scrape through this year. He bought back his skis and water-wings, and lost only ten bucks in the deal. He also made up with Edith again—which I think is a "darn" good idea.

Say, did I ever explain to you why the "Hydramatic"-Olds has no gearshift? Well, now I'll tell you. It's this way. You know the pinion at the rear end of the propellor shaft? Well . . .

—Doug. Johannes, XII.

Seddon believes that a polygon is a dead parrot, and a Soviet is a cloth used by waiters.

* * *

Two trains are on the same track on a dark, foggy night. On one is a Norwegian and on the other a drunken man. Both trains are going seventy miles an hour, heading directly at each other, and are but a few feet away; yet they do not collide. Why?

Because Norse is Norse and souse is souse, and never the twain shall meet.

BOB THE POLICEMAN

Darkness covered the earth, amber street lights gleamed weakly through the thick, dense shroud of night, lightning flashed, searing the black sky with fearful marking, and deafening roars of thunder crashed near at hand, then grumbled into the distance. . . .

At three o'clock, the loneliest hour of the night, Bob, the policeman, took shelter from the storm under the projecting roof of the corner drug-store. It was his first night in that sleepy town and Bob wondered why life always held a dull, even pattern for him. Except in his dreams, there were never any brutal murders or blood-thirsty gangsters brought to justice by the timely heroism of P. C. Bob Morrison.

The awful violence of the storm had sent everyone scurrying in early that evening and there hadn't been a car in sight for the last four hours. Bob groaned inwardly as he visualized a dull uneventful term in this pokey little town.

Suddenly he felt a queer, tingling sensation travel up his spine. He thought, in fact he knew, that there was somebody crouching in the blackness of the doorway.

"What is it?" he thought, gulping nervously, his head feeling as if it had grown to twice its normal size.

In a moment his courage returned to him and he roared in the most policeman-like voice he could muster, "Who's there?"

There was no reply and he was about to chide himself for letting nerves get the better of him when suddenly, the most uncanny voice he ever heard gurgled in an eerie manner:

"There is a murder in No. 13 Charlton Street."

At that instant, a blinding flash of lightning revealed in its ghastly light a tall form, enveloped in a huge, black cape, and wearing a mask, where its face—supposedly—should have been!

Bob was too frightened for a moment to do anything. But an instant later he dashed forward. His arms encircled . . . nothing and his head thudded sickeningly against the wall. He didn't waste any time. Off he went down the street; his boots (regulation size) clattered on the cement and echoed in the dark streets.

He reached No. 13 Charlton Street, half expecting to find the door unlocked, but it was locked tightly. He hammered at the door and after a few minutes he saw a dim

light approaching the door. The bolt was drawn back, and a grumpy old man peered out.

"What do you want?" he queried.

Bob blurted out, "There's been a murder here!" The old man's face lit up with a smile. He held his light over the doorway. There was a card which read:

"A. Meurdeur, Artist."

Bob's face turned a bright pink and the man, chuckling, closed the door saying:

"The boys always get new fellers like you."

—Wendy Garwood, X-C.

★

HE MAY BE AN ALCOHOLIC

Has your dog a hangdog look? Is he nervous and irritable, and inclined to snap at you? Does he get up at night? If so, he's probably undergoing a breakdown. Maybe he's approaching homophobia, that is, fear of leading a man's life. Worse still, Oh Heaven forbid! maybe your dog is becoming an alcoholic. If you suspect this, do not become panicky, but rather become close to your dog—close enough to smell his breath. If, instead of the sweet and wholesome scent of digested garbage, you detect the odor of that dreaded enemy of man and dog—alcohol—you may well say to yourself: "My tike is tight, my dog is drunk."

When you regain your control and your feet, you may say to yourself: "He needs me now more than ever before; he is sick, but I shall make him well." You now equip yourself for the long and terrible struggle you must make against your mutt's malady.

Before you begin the treatment of your dog, however, you should ask yourself: "Why do dogs become alcoholics? According to Dr. Bark Curtail, dogs drink because they are frustrated. One must realize that there is bound to be an increase in drunkenness in the post-war generation of foot-loose, maladjusted and uprooted dogs.

Now that you are reconciled to the fact that your dog partakes, study him while he is under the influence of the fiery liquid. If he is sad and moody, he's probably the type of dog who, to forget, drinks himself into a stupor. This state is commonly referred to as "going to the dogs." Dogs call it "going to the men."

Special tact is required in caring for these unfortunate patients. You must avoid looking down on your dog. This fills him with a feeling of inferiority and remorse so painful that he may again seek refuge in the cure of all ails—ale.

It is necessary that one be prepared to administer the emergency in acute cases. If your dog should get out of control, give him the electric treatment; he'll get a kick out of this.

No matter how quickly and thoroughly your dog may recover from his illness, there are certain ailments which may follow in its wake. The first of the three most important of these is the "Open the Door Richard Complex"—when dog is out, he wants in; when in, he wants out. This is cured by simply building a revolving door. Next there is that uncommon ailment called "Doggression" which features extremes of emotion caused by alternate forgetting and remembering where bones are hidden. To cure this, a dog should be given loads of bones and be told funny stories. Once he is happy, he should be placed in an icebox; this freezes his condition and delays his returning to a gloomy mood. Last of all there is that very common sickness called "Automania" which causes dogs to chase cars continually. Fortunately this is easily cured by buying a Studebaker—then the dog does not know which end to chase.

—Dolores Wach, XI-E.



DILL PICKLES AND ICE CREAM

Last night I woke in terror, a wailing in
my ears,
Rightly, I was astonished, so anxiously
I peers
At red cats dancing in drunk delight,
And elephants jiggling on feet so light.
A blue fish reeled with Old Man Mose;
A purple star swam round a rose;
A chocolate cake and apple pies
A-skipping round some old fish eyes
Fell in the sea of yellow tea,
And loudly sang "O Promise Me!"
Now what was the cause of such a dream?
Ten dill pickles, six plates of ice cream!

—Beverley Ledger, XI-F.

"THE NEW LOOK!"

I'm just a little spirit come straight from heaven,
No brains, no nothing have I been given;
I take a look around at everyone and see
It's quite in fashion to have an anatomy.

I went to a store and told my needs to a clerk,
Who only eyed me with a suspicious smirk,
I've made a list of the things I'll need;
The reasons why, you need not heed.

I'll need two feet on which to stand,
I'll need five fingers attached to a hand,
I'd like a pair of real bending knees
And a nose that manufactures a sneeze.

I'll need ten toes so I can count to ten,
And a tongue to gossip like any other hen;
I rather want a set of removable teeth,
Some for on top and some for beneath.

I'll need a glass eye—no I'll need two,
'Cause I wanna be just like you.
I require a head to keep my ears apart,
And the root of a brain so I'll grow smart.

And last of all I'll need at least one chin,
I nearly forgot to order some skin;
And with only these things, by hook or by crook,
How does a woman get that strange "New Look!"

—Elaine Cone, XI-E.

REPONDEZ-MOI

The teacher enters the salle de classe.
Elle dit, "Answer from ton cahier.
"Mam'selle Tersigni, s'il vous plait!"
—But what am I to say?

I never know just where I am,
The work piles up par jour.
I guess I'll never make the grade
'Cause I'm suffering from l'amour.

L'amour is dark, with eyes si bleu,
And curly hair, je crois.
It starts my heart a-thumping
When I know that il me voit.

And that is what he's doing now;
Oh what—what can I say?
L'amour is asking for a date
While teacher says, "Lisez!"

—Borrowed.

★

Miss Dickinson: "And what is 'coup de grace'?"

Rose: "That would be a lawn mower."

THE RED

Oh, Red River, where do you go,
Running swiftly, winding so?
Your mighty waters sweep o'er the land,
Flowing onward, like drifting sand.

Oh, Red River, whence do you flow?
Lakes, or hills with shrouds of snow?
Your swollen waters bruise your banks,
No man to you e'er owed his thanks!

On plotted gardens you vent your rage,
Who knows, but the wisest sage,
Your turbulent waters on either side
Might some day flood on high and wide.

But why not keep on drifting, Red?
To you there'll be no harsh words said,
For as you flow serenely by,
Men will in contentment sigh.

—Leslie H. Caslake, XII.

★

Mr. Laurie: "Now remember, class, nothing is impossible."

Pupil (at back of room): "Have you ever tried to ski through a revolving door?"

DRIFTING

Life is like a river, and we
Float on high, and sometimes low,
As chunks of driftwood or debris,
But always ever onward flow.
At every bend we meet hard times,
But Life is like a sea,
And who should think a young fool's
rhymes
Would tell the truth, our Destiny?
It's true we have our hardships,
When the tide of life is low,
But ne'er a groan should pass our lips,
For lives must ebb and flow.

When one we love has passed away,
Give forth not grief, despair;
For theirs is now a sunny day,
To live in peace, up There.

—Leslie H. Caslake, XII.

★

A CITY FOR CONQUEST

I have walked the streets in a city,
Where the manors and slums turn grey
With the sooty air, black and gritty;
From the smoke and dust of the day.

Through these streets there thunders the
trolley,
While on sidewalks swarms a huge crowd,
Pushing, ever onward, with frugal folly,
Striving always ambition to shroud.

There are some differ out from these peers,
Who against friendly hands, fight to clash
With success, but fall down in tears
From their great heights, to land with a
crash!

For high in the sky, high above all,
Lie the bright, unattainable stars
Which shine down upon our meagre call
To success, and everlasting bars,
In a city for conquest.

—Leslie H. Caslake, XII.

PRAYER IN THE NIGHT

I heard a prayer in the night,
Heard it in the sighing of the breeze
That floated o'er the meadows and the
hills.
The forest trees whispered it, and the night
birds told it.

A sad prayer!
The longing and yearning of a lonely heart,
And I know that prayer,
For it is mine,
And in the sorrow of my soul
It first found life.

On the wings of dark it goes
Over cities and valleys and forests.
And somewhere in the night shall some-
one hear
And answer my prayer?

Guy Hamel, XI-F.

★

A PRAYER

Oh! give me eyes that I may see.
Oh! lend me pen that I may write,
When I am stirred to ecstasy,
By things of beauty in my sight.

Oh! grant me, God, to hold these fast.
Oh! help me keep such joys as this:
That by thy grace I make them last,
When weary eyes new beauties miss.

—Pauline Spiech, XI-E.

★

SPRING?

Spring is here, or so they say,
To me it seems like any day;
The trees are all bereft of leaves,
And where the flowers, if you please?
A robin I see on the ground,
But not one worm has he yet found.
But look, is that a crocus, pray?
It is! Oh, what a lovely day!

—Grace Purvis, XI-E.

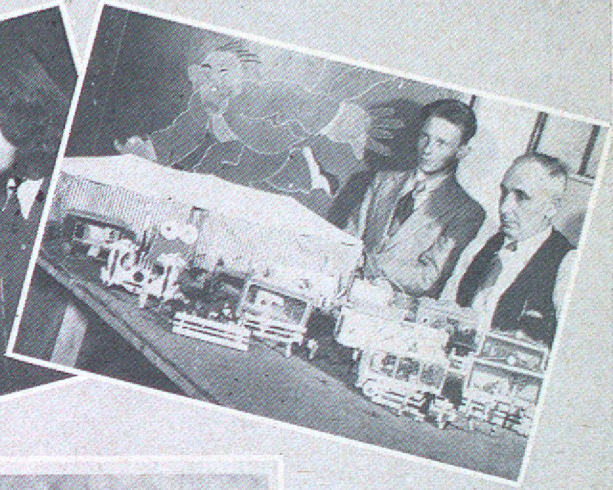
TOP, LEFT—Dolores Wach and Shirley Steele present \$200 to Miss R. L. Spencely for the Convalescent Unit of the new Children's Hospital on the Red Cross broadcast, CKRC. RIGHT—Gordon Young and A. E. Martin display their miniature circus at "Fund Fair."

CENTRE, LEFT—Marjorie and John Coats canoe up Kingston Crescent during the flood. MIDDLE—Loretta Battley, Glenwood Community Club queen. RIGHT—Art Peach, with Shirley Schumacher paddling, delivers newspapers in the flood.

BOTTOM, LEFT—Aileen Jackson, Marjorie Davies, Betty MacKenzie and Loretta Battley retain Modern Dairy Trophy at "ski meet."

RIGHT—Interhighlites editorial staff. (Far right)—Dolores Wach, news editor.

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Elizabeth Simpson

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TOP ROW—They're off (almost); Mr. Clark on the P.A.; "Trigger" Leach.

SECOND ROW—D. Knight; Guess who!; He made it!

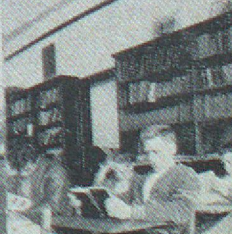
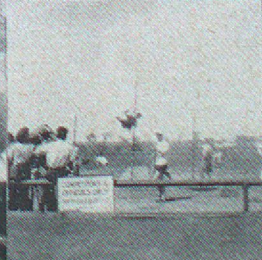
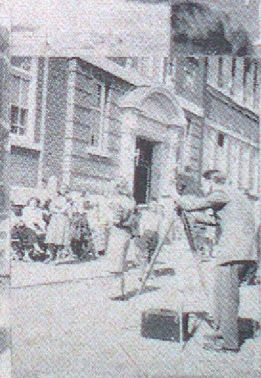
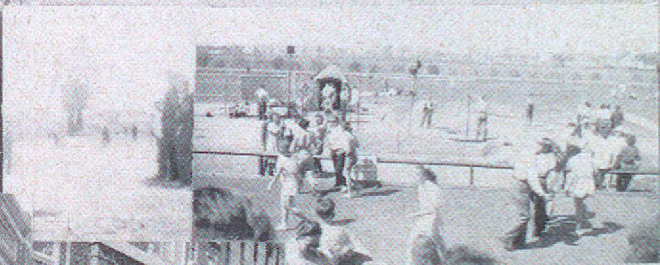
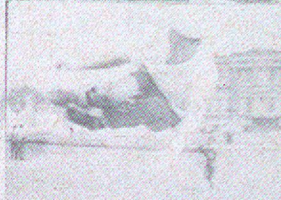
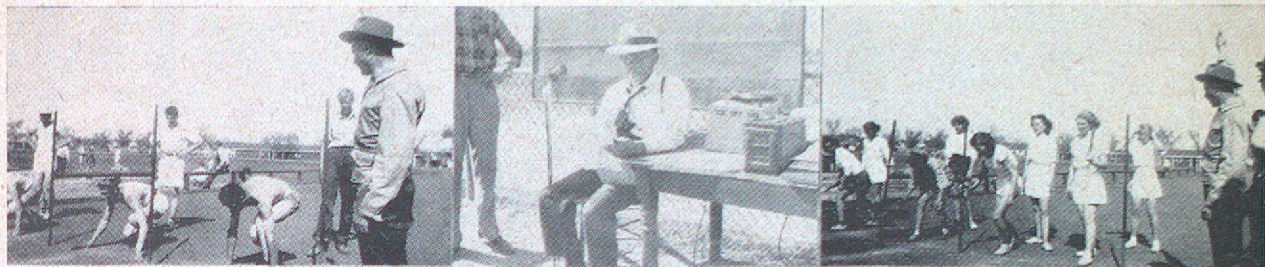
THIRD ROW—Scholarship Tag Day; G. Nightingale; Typical scene at "track"; Discuss?; D. Johannes and friend.

FOURTH ROW—Four little maids; "Say cheese"; Daily workout; High and dry; "I'd be glad to stand still."

FIFTH ROW—Bazaar room; Where silence reigns, partout; Leaping Lawrence; Men at work; Sugar 'n spice.

BOTTOM ROW—Spring is sprung; Smith for President; "I wonder where my rubbers is?"

THIS AND THAT





BACK ROW—Don Lear, Josephine Houston, Audrey Peebles, Richard Olson.
FRONT ROW—Alice Cooper, Dorothy Snell, Olive Karschuk, Shirley Steele, Dolores Wach.

RED CROSS

The students of Glenlawn Collegiate have always been noted for their great enthusiasm in Red Cross work. Under the very capable direction of Miss L. V. Dickinson, the Red Cross is one of the many G.C.I. activities in which the school cooperate wholeheartedly.

Although each classroom enrolled separately, matters concerning the entire school were discussed by a council composed of the Red Cross presidents. Dolores Wach was appointed Red Cross representative to the Students' Council, thereby ensuring the support of the entire student body in all Red Cross activities.

When the Christmas season rolled around and the gift-giving spirit was aroused, Grades X-B and XI-E packed scrumptious food hampers for needy families. The students donated all the articles including roast chickens, vegetables, fruit and the conventional nuts and candy. The Grade XI class even delivered to their chosen home the spruce tree which had been brightening their room during the holiday season.

Annette Desjarlais, the little girl at the St. Boniface sanitorium who had been adopted by Grade X-B last year, was also

cared for by Grade XI-E. Christmas day found several students piling into the "San" bus laden with books, toys and dolls to spread cheer not only to Annette but also through the entire ward.

In the meantime, several XI-E girls delivered puzzles, cribbage boards and novels to the veterans in Deer Lodge. While there, they visited with Irene Lowden, a paraplegic patient whose treatments had been financed by the High School Juniors.

Glenlawn was a hive of activity Friday, February 20, when the students and staff presented a most successful "Fund Fair." From the proceeds, earmarked for the Junior Red Cross and school projects, \$200 was contributed to the Manitoba Junior Red Cross Convalescent Unit.

Tea was served both afternoon and evening in the gymnasium to parents and friends of the students; hot dogs and drinks were sold in another room; bazaar articles, white elephants and home cooking proved another very profitable source of revenue in one of the Grade X rooms. Upstairs, movies, a variety concert and a most interesting "miniature circus" entertained large numbers of people. A check-

room was operated for the convenience of all.

For the occasion, A. E. Martin and H. Young of St. Vital kindly loaned their model circus, and the Audio-Visual Supply Company loaned its machine and the services of an operator in the movie room.

Honored guests of the day were: Miss R. L. Spencely, Director of Junior Red Cross for Manitoba, who formally opened the fair; Inspector E. D. Parker, Chairman of the Junior Red Cross Advisory Committee, and Mrs. E. D. Parker.

The Fund Fair Committees were convened by Miss L. Dickinson, assisted by Dolores Wach and Dorothy Buchanan. Miss Fryer and Miss Potvin were in charge of the tea room, Mrs. Elliot the bazaar room, and Mr. Clark the variety concert.

Several of our students have been featured on Red Cross programmes during the past year. Dolores Wach presented Miss R. L. Spencely, Manitoba Junior Division Red Cross, with a \$200 cheque during the Red Cross broadcast over CKRC, March 6. She and Shirley Steele explained to the juniors that the money to be contributed to the convalescent unit of the new Children's Hospital had been raised at the "Fund Fair."

In a more recent broadcast, Dolores Wach and Doris Zastre told the listeners how six Manitoba "blue babies" had received financial assistance through the Crippled Children's Fund.

Delegates to the monthly meetings of the High School Junior Red Cross at the Y.M.C.A. were Shirley Steele, Dorothy

Snell, Dolores Wach and Ken Muckle. Dorothy was also an assistant editor of the H.S.J.R.C. newspaper, and she did a swell job, too! Most of the articles had been written by Glenlawnites, including Elaine Cone whose essay "Let's Build a Convalescent Unit" rated special comment from Dr. W. W. Grant, superintendent of the Children's Hospital.

Fifty-five thousand Manitoba Red Cross Juniors pledged themselves through their delegates to assume the financial responsibility for the building of a \$200,000 convalescent unit of the new Children's Hospital, at the annual Junior Red Cross Conference in the Civic Auditorium, Saturday, May 22.

The 271 rural and local members unanimously passed the motion, which was made by Dolores Wach of Glenlawn Collegiate. The estimated cost of \$200,000 would involve the junior organization in raising \$20,000 each year for ten years. The motion is subject to the approval of the Canadian Red Cross Society.

The Collegiate sent two delegates, Grace Purvis and Elaine Cone, to the conference. Grace also gave the report of what the Glenlawn Red Cross has been doing during the past year.

Our members have always considered school projects important, and this year they not only contributed \$30 to the Sports Council to buy hockey sweaters, but also bought several silk-screen paintings to place in the classrooms. These will be presented at graduation exercises.

The students and staff are to be commended for doing an excellent job.

INTER-HIGHLITES

In the year 1948 a great milestone in the history of Winnipeg was reached: "Interhighlites," a fortnightly paper written and edited entirely by students, first made its appearance. Students from Glenlawn Collegiate participated in this venture from the very first.

Delegates sent to the organizational meeting in December reported enthusiastically to the Students' Council, the green light was flashed by that body, notices and posters went up in the hall, and Glenlawn became Interhighlite-conscious.

With so much enthusiasm, it was not surprising that despite our small size we were well represented on the permanent staff, contributing at least as many members as schools four or five times our size. Dolores Wach, as News Editor, had command over swarms of reporters from

every school, from whom she extracted sufficient material to fill page 1 on press night. Bob Newey, the Features Editor, was concerned with the collecting and arranging of material for that page. Beverly Ledger, besides setting a record for quantity of material published, was an unofficial assistant to the Review Editor, substituting in her absence on occasion. Glen Nightingale, Sports Writer, was somewhat cramped in his efforts by a surprising lack of Glenlawn athletic triumphs in the latter part of the season, and by a marked reluctance on the part of the Sports Editor to give up space to Suburban League activities when we were the only suburban school on the paper. Margaret Clokey and Marguerite McEachern, who forwarded articles, and Doris Zastre, who offered her services as a



**BACK ROW—Art Peach, Bob Newey, Doris Zastre, Glen Nightingale.
FRONT ROW—Margaret Clokey, Marguerite McEachern, Dolores Wach,
Beverley Ledger.**

typist, also contributed materially to the paper. Doug Johannes was given a position which few students knew about, for Doug represented the school on the Inter-High Forum. This forum was sponsored by "Interhighlights," and consisted of representatives who met to discuss topics of current student interest. It is unfortunate that the lateness of the season prevented many meetings being held, for the idea was excellent.

By no means was the first year of "Interhighlights" free from difficulties, the largest of which was financial. They stemmed, in part, from a refusal on the part of many students to part with their nickels for such a worthy cause. A large section of every school seemed to fully expect the entire contents of every issue to pertain to their particular school, and felt that the failure of the paper to do this was ample excuse for reading someone else's copy instead of buying their own. Unfortunately, students at Glenlawn were no exception, and credit for the circulation is due to Art Peach who, besides serving on the advertising committee, doubled as Circulation Manager, and to those Room

Representatives who worked so hard in this respect. (Next year we hope that all the rooms will actively support their paper.)

Benefits brought to Glenlawn by participation in this new venture are many and varied. Difficulties encountered in newspaper work became real to the students. Many were encouraged in their writing by seeing their work in print. Contact with larger schools served to publicize the name of Glenlawn among city students, many of whom did not even know such a school existed! And last, and perhaps most important, the large share which we had in "Interhighlights" served to remove some of the inferiority complex from the school, and awakened a spirit which had to some extent been dormant.

Great things are ahead for Interhighlights, and for the Inter-High Forum, whose possibilities were barely touched on this year. Those who were members of G.C.I. in 1948 can in later years reflect with pride on the part which they, together with their fellow-students in Winnipeg, played in the creation of what we hope will be a permanent institution of Winnipeg.

DANCE DATA



As we look back over the 1947-48 social season, we see that four successful dances were held.

Had you ventured down to Glenwood School Hall on October 31st, you would have encountered people from every walk of life. Do you remember how Gordon Young and Joan Earl were so well disguised that no one knew them? Leslie Fawley, as Chloe, and Pauline Speich, as a Ukrainian, were awarded prizes by the judges—Miss Fryer, Miss Potvin, Miss Dickinson, Mr. Yarwood, and Mr. and Mrs. Downie.

Say! Remember the expression on the teachers' faces when the grade elevens put on "Glenlawn at Work" at the "Snowball"? We wondered if they'd forgive them, and they did. Miss Fryer, Mr. Laurie and Mr. Clark awarded them first prize.

Does the "Co-ed" bring back memories, boys? Were you overcome by girls asking you to dance? Well, it was a girl-ask-boy affair, you know. It was the first time Loretta Battley sang for the Collegiate, accompanied by Beverley Ledger. Remember how Bill Baxter, Keith Kerry and Gordon Young insisted Mr. Yarwood could compete with the magician and his tricks any day?

By far the most successful, most noisy, and most remembered dance was the "Hard Times" on May 7th. As one attending teacher put it: "This is the most active dance I've ever seen."

Every time Eaton's P.A. System gave out with square dance music, huge circles formed and the members of these often wound up on the floor. During the "Schottishes" the steady thump-thump-thump of boots could be heard. Miss Fryer, Mrs. Elliot, Mr. Downie, Mr. Yarwood, Mr. Clark and Mr. Laurie didn't feel up to the strenuous dancing, but seemed to thoroughly enjoy watching the students go through the various contortions.

"Anonymous" kindly donated a prize for Norman Kendall whose hat (?) was the centre of attraction. That hat had been through a lot!

Winners of the prizes donated by Eaton's for spot, stop and elimination dances were Lena Bordian, Bill Nicholson, Gerry Barr, Bobby Clark, Willa Hurlburt, Don Lear, Jacquie Barr, Keith Kerry, Joan McKinnon, Bill Egan, Harold Brunn and Daneen Little.

An impromptu stage show took place when, by popular demand, Bill Nicholson played the piano.

The confetti brought by some ingenious person added color and mess to the scene. Didn't you feel sorry for the clean-up gang? Shooting of cap-guns, stamping of feet and clapping of hands added to the general confusion of noises.

Well, Glenlawn, we had a swell year, didn't we?

Dramatics

Under the very capable direction of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Clark, Glenlawn Collegiate presented a drama festival at Norwood Collegiate, April 14 and 15. This included six plays, as well as piano and accordion numbers by Bill Nicholson and Ken Dumbleton.

"Shivering Shocks" cast consisted of Bob Crossley, Jack Poulter, Garry Bircham, Don Mitchell, Barry Frego and Gerry Barr. Everyone wonders how Gerry did such a swell interpretation of a drunk! Bob Crossley, as the crippled hero, put up a good fight with chief spy "Mitchell." And say, boys, your dialects were grand (when you didn't forget them, that is).

In the "Marriage Proposal," Margaret Thompson looked quite the part of an old farmer, while Josephine Houston as his lean, lanky daughter was the gushing lover for Therese La Coste in her "city" clothes.

High button shoes, bonnets and fichus came into use during "Joint Owners in Spain." Sylvia Hunter, Jacquie Barr and Joyce Toews, as three lonely old ladies, gained our sympathy. Barbara Murray, as the very business-like nurse, held no feeling for them.

Sydney Scott, as the Major in "Brothers in Arms," will long be known for his explosive "Dorothea." Dorothea (Bobby Clark) was his everloving and worshipping wife. Guy Desjardins, as the calm, unruffled backwoodsman, never was surprised at anything—even the unexpected falling of the stove-pipe could bring out nothing

more than "Well, now!" Cecil Pockett became famous for his drawl in this play—especially his "Hiya Syd!"

"Leave It To Joe" was one of the two Grade XI plays. Guy Hamel and Gordon Young didn't need to act at all—it was a typical "Sam and Krej." job. Shirley Steele played Gordon's ever trusting mother and Betty MacKenzie was his un-cooperative sister. Miss Huff (history teacher) was tearfully played by Willa Turner.

In "The Patched Coat" Glen Nightingale took the part of shy Bobby Stearns. His sworn enemies, Oliver and Jimmy, were well acted by Keith Kerry and Gordon Seddon. The two haughty sisters were Loretta Battley and Patt Wilkes, who wore gorgeous gowns. Effie, "Cinderella," was outstandingly portrayed by Marjorie Davies. Her partner in conspiracies was her grandmother Marguerite McEachern. Ken Dumbleton fully enjoyed the part of the pest brother.

Between plays "Dumpy" and "Nick" filled in with a grand variety of popular songs on the piano and accordion.

Behind scenes were: Lawrence Cameron, Dorothy Buchanan, Doris Zastre, Don Entwistle, Bill Pagan, Geraldine Hannah, Dolores Wach, Nancy Haverick and Roselle Lavallee.

Greatly appreciated was the assistance rendered by Kay Oaks, Joan Ambrose and Gloria Gray, who directed the make-up artistry.

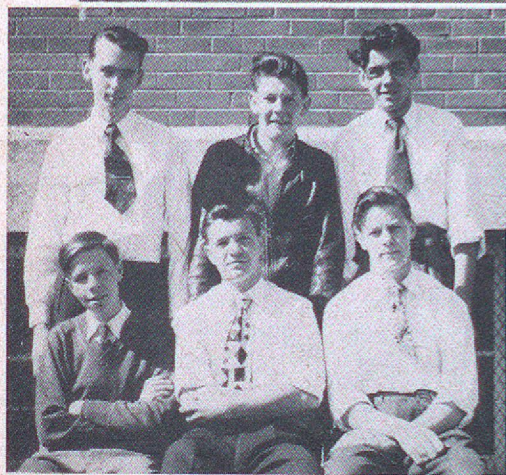
You all did a swell job, kids!

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MIDDLE LEFT, BACK—Barry Frego, Don Mitchell, Gerry Barr. **FRONT**—Jack Poulter, Gary Bircham, Bob Crossley.

MIDDLE RIGHT—Les Fawley, Guy Hamel, Gordon Young, Shirley Steele, Willa Turner.

BOTTOM LEFT, BACK—Ken Dumpleton, Glen Nightingale, Gordon Seddon, Keith Kerry. **FRONT**—Olive Karschuk, Patt Wilkes, Loretta Battley, Marguerite McEachern, Marjorie Davies.

BOTTOM RIGHT—Joyce Toews, Jacquie Barr, Sylvia Hunter, Barbara Murray.



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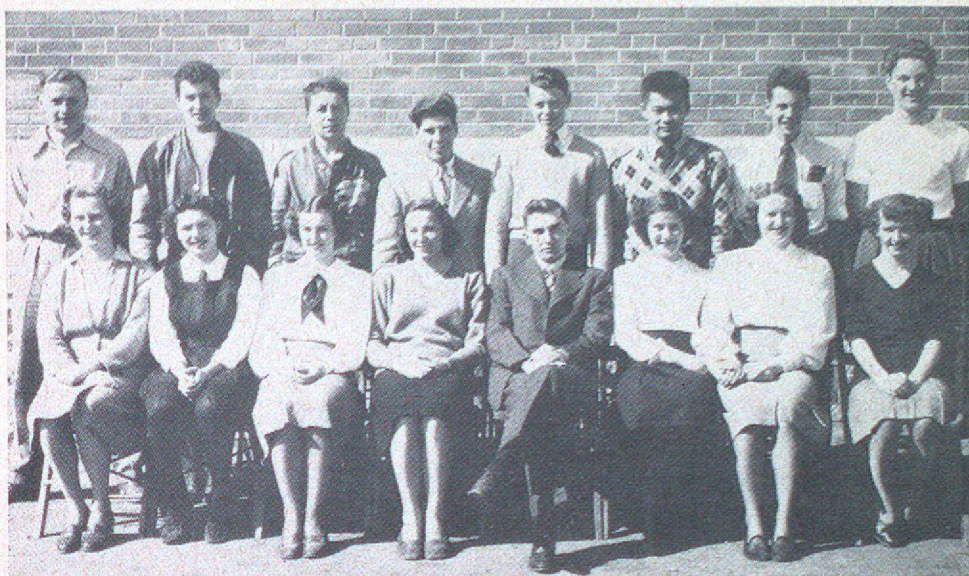
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FRONT ROW—Beryl Titheridge, Joyce Toews, Betty MacKenzie, Aileen Jackson, Mr. Downie, Claire Higham, Phyllis Gobert, Norma Edwards.

SPORTS' COUNCIL

Backed by enthusiastic Glenlawnites, our school has experienced one more splendid year in the athletic fields. Our students participated wholeheartedly in hockey, soccer, basketball, skiing, snowshoeing, curling, track and field, and although they failed to bring home the trophies, they certainly made a good showing—and had a lot of fun as well.

The two Theatre Nights sponsored by the Sports Council were huge successes financially, due to the kind co-operation of Mr. Halas, manager of the Vogue Theatre. We wish to express our appreciation for the use of the gymnasium of the Regent's Park United Church for the girls' basketball practices.

On behalf of the Sports Council of G.C.I., I sincerely thank Miss Fryer, Mr. Downie and Mr. Leach, who so willingly trained the Glenlawn track and field athletes. Mr. Downie also coached the soccer team, while Mr. Leach gave considerable time and effort to the girls' basketball team. Fred de Porque, coach, and Mr. Laurie, manager, deserve Special Mention for their work with the hockey team.

Congratulations are extended to all those who participated in athletic events, and thanks to the loyal supporters who boosted them.

The Sports Council, organized so late in the season, deserves commendation for financially setting the organization back on its feet. These hard-working kids, under the wise counsel of Mr. Downie, did a wonderful job.

To next Sports Council, we wish the best of luck!

DON KNIGHT, President.

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BACK ROW—Herbie Olafson, Joe Freedman, Bob Sexsmith, Harold Brunn.
FRONT ROW—Dave Parsons, Kayo Goto, Gordon Julmi, Ken Muckle.
MISSING—Bill Baxter, Bill Egan, Bill Harding, Gerry Gray.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The Senior Boys' Basketball team has had a very checkered season. Starting out a little ragged, they quickly improved as the schedule progressed, and gained a play-off spot to tie for second place with East Kildonan. It was also this team which, after a close, hard-played game, set Glendawn aside in the semi-finals.

Although the Glenlawnites failed to bring home the trophy, they made an excellent showing in their contests. Therefore, we feel certain that there is a good reason for their being ousted in that semi-final game. The boys were over-anxious, knowing that they had to win, with the result that too many fouls were committed. We may, however, be assured that they did go down fighting.

Glenlawn's fivesome did very well in their exhibition games. Although they lost to St. Paul's, the team came back to take Ravenscourt and West Kildonan. The score with the latter was very humiliating—that is, to the opposing team, which

lost to the tune of 65—5. The fourth game Glenlawn also won when playing with an all-star team from the St. Vital entry in the Suburban League.

From all appearances, Glenlawn should put out another good team next season. Basketball interest is mounting in the Junior-Highs, and several of the subs on this year's team will be out in front in the coming season.

Quite a race for the position of leading point-maker took place between Bill Egan and Bill Baxter. It wasn't until the final game that Bill Baxter was acclaimed the winner.

The sharp-shooters composing this year's team were: Bill Baxter, Bill Harding, Kayo Goto, and Gordon Julmi. The subs were: Muckle, Freedman, Parsons, Olafson and Sexsmith.

Mr. Leach merits praise for the friendly, efficient manner in which he coached the team throughout the season.

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BACK ROW—Olive Karschuk, Patt Wilkes, Marie Brownlees, Merle Shannon, Margaret Hareus, Phyllis Gobert.

FRONT ROW—Mae Craigie, Bernice Fingler, Marjorie Davies, Aileen Jackson, Wendy Garwood, Roselle Lavallee, Joyce Toews.

MISSING—Norma Edwards.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls basketball finally got underway in Glenlawn this year. Considering it was their first year in the league, the girls made a creditable showing under the capable coaching of Mr. Leach.

Although they didn't win any games, they came very close to doing so. The hardest loss came when playing against Selkirk. Glenlawn was leading all the way when the opposition got a basket. The whistle blew before the Glenlawn team could do anything about it.

Another of the very exciting games was against Norwood. It was a touch and go affair and Norwood was lucky to get away with a 7-6 decision. In spite of their setbacks the girls hope to bring honors to Glenlawn next year. There is bound to be an improvement as their first year's experience will be beneficial.

Aileen Jackson, the first-line centre, was elected captain by the girls. She fully lived up to their expectations by becoming Glenlawn's leading scorer. The remaining forward line was made up of Bernice Fingler and Wendy Garwood with Roselle Lavallee and Merle Shannon as guards.

In the second line were Patt Wilkes,

Marj. Davies and Olive Karschuk. Patt, who was in centre position, was the second leading scorer. The guards were Phyllis Gobert and Joyce Toews. Joyce played only in the first three games because of an operation. Margaret Hareus took over the vacant spot and carried on till the end of the season. The other players were Norma Edwards, Mae Craigie and Marie Brownlees.



A. Leach

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BACK ROW—Gordon Julmi, Harlan Dodds, Neil Michaud, Art Fonseca.
FRONT ROW—Terry Morrow, Melva Lowenberger, Kay Greenaway, Bill Hunter.

CURLING

After a lapse of several years, very few Glenlawn students could be found who had previous experience in curling. Subsequently, many skips had never wielded a broom before in their lives. With all this inexperience, the first Saturday morning proved very interesting—if not comical. We were fortunate in having a few old hands present to help the beginners through the crucial stage. Anyone sitting behind the glass had quite an experience watching the students learn the “ins” and “outs” of the game. Everyone seemed to catch on fast, however, and in a couple of weeks the players were curling like veterans—almost.

Interest mounted as the season progressed, and it became evident that curling was the game for Glenlawn. It was a common occurrence to witness half a dozen students crowded around the bulletin board to check on the standing of the rinks. Every Saturday morning there were at least ten students around the St. Vital Curling Club waiting for the chance to sub.

This year Glenlawn went so far as to

challenge St. James for the travelling cup. This shows the height to which the interest, goaded on by Mr. Downie, arose. Choosing the teams to go to St. James was not easy, but the three rinks were finally ready. Everyone turned up on time, and no subs were required. Although the St. James aggregation defeated all three Glenlawn rinks, we were not too discouraged. Everyone realized that what we needed was experience. Happily there's another year, and from all appearances, we're going to make a better showing.

The winners of the two groups were: Group A: Morrow (skip), Hunter, Lowenberger and Greenaway; Group B: Julmi (skip), Fonseca, Dodds and Michaud.

Due to ice conditions, these two rinks were unable to play for the cup, but they plan to do so on the commencement of next year's schedule.

Other rinks in the competition were: Group A: Dumpleton, Dunn, Rose, Stewart, Brunn and Knight; Group B: Fraser, Knightingale, Nairn, Bradley, Earl, Mavins and Baxter.

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BACK ROW—Mr. Laurie, G. Julmi, E. Manko, G. Coutts, H. Brunn.
FRONT ROW—D. Coad, R. Jefferson, D. Collins, L. Wood, S. Muloin, A. Paradise.

HOCKEY

Glenlawn has come a long way in hockey this year. The only trouble is, they came the wrong way. Last year they were in first spot at the end of the schedule. This year they were tied for the second-last spot, having won one game against Transcona.

The fault of this year's poor showing does not lie entirely with the playing and the coaching of the team. We feel certain that last year Glenlawn depended on three stars, and did not give the other players on the team an opportunity for experience. Well, this year we lost every one of those stars, with the result that a completely new team had to be moulded. It is true that many of these players participate in other leagues throughout the city, but the trouble lies in that they have never before played together as a unit.

Of course, Glenlawn did not lose all her games by huge margins. Indeed, most of them were by one or two points, and it was discernible that after a few games the Glenlawn supporters thought that their team should have won. But Lady Luck cast her charmed glances in another direction and left Glenlawn the dark looks of Father Fate, thus blackening out all hope of the cup coming to Glenlawn—for this year at least.

Don't think for one moment, students, that our boys did not try, for they truly worked their hearts out every minute they were on the ice.

The coach for the team was Fred De Porque, while Mr. Laurie was the man-

ager. Harold Brunn was the only casualty of the season, but a donation from each Glenlawn student provided our Harry with a new pair of incisors.

SOCCER

Soccer! What's that? Oh, you mean the game where all those boys run madly about a field, trying their utmost to pick or head the cover off a round ball. Well, Glenlawn ended their second season in the Suburban Soccer League a little better off than last year. Actually, they had two whole points at the end of the schedule against one of last. Naturally, all the scores did not indicate the closeness of the games.



BACK ROW—C. Pockett, J. Greenaway, R. Baxter, D. Knight, L. Caslake, B. Stewart, H. Brunn.
MIDDLE ROW—R. Moon, J. Freedman, G. Bircham, G. Nightingale.
FRONT ROW—A. Fonseca, B. Nicholson, E. Lowther, D. Coad, G. Julmi.

Although Glenlawn dressed a fairly good team, unfortunately they lacked in scoring punch. This was proved in the many games where the majority of the play was at the opposite end of the field. The strong-willed ball simply refused to go past those posts.

The two teams who tied with Glenlawn were Transcona and Norwood, while on the other hand West Kildonan, East Kildonan and St. James took us into camp. West Kildonan went on to wrest the cup from Transcona, last year's winners.

Soccer seems to have gone to the hearts of the Glenlawn boys, for that is what they play in all "out" periods and at noon. They should be able to field quite a good team next season, with this new interest plus a few hold-overs from this year. Perhaps they'll make the finals, or even add the cup to the others in Glenlawn's collection. To next year's team we wish the best of luck.

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BACK ROW—Ross Packer, Stewart Johnston, Bruce Fraser, Albert Rogers, Don Schultz, George Curly.

FRONT ROW—Gerry Barr, Marjorie Davies, Betty MacKenzie, Loretta Battley, Sylvia Hunter, Aileen Jackson, Lawrence Cameron.

SKI AND SNOWSHOE

In spite of the bitter cold weather, a record entry of 315 enthusiastic ski and snow participants turned out to the Puffin Ski Club February 28th. As in previous years, Glenlawn was well represented in this feature of outdoor winter sports. The final outcome was a second spot for G.C.I. with a total mark of 16, being outpointed only by Kelvin.

Glenlawn's first points were scored by the ski and snowshoe team composed of Ross Packer, Bruce Fraser, Betty MacKenzie and Sylvia Hunter. The girls' major event, the senior slalom, was won by Aileen Jackson, Marjorie Davies, Betty MacKenzie and Loretta Battley. For this feat they received the Modern Dairies Shield. The boys' senior slalom did not manage to rank as a winner, although their time was good. The members of the team were Don Schultz, Stewart Johnston, George Curley and Lawrence Cameron.

Aileen Jackson, who was a double winner last year, came out on top again, taking the girls' 11 and 12 point-to-point trophy. In the homestretch of the boys'

respective event, Albert Rogers slid into second place and chalked three more points for Glenlawn.

Sylvia Hunter and Gerry Barr raced in the Grade X girls' and boys' point-to-point.

To finish off the meet the open events were held. Three Glenlawn skiers participated. Don Schultz placed a close second in the mile, while Stewart Johnston placed third in the slalom in which he and Aileen Jackson entered.

REQUIEM

Here she lies, her soul at rest;
 No more to laugh,
 No more to jest.
 The coffin's lowered, the sermon's read,
 A last tribute respects the dead.
 She went like a blooming flower
 In the Spring, like Life, so short;
 Went with the heavy words, "Elle est
 morte."

—Leslie H. Caslake, XII.

: INTER-SUBURBAN FIELD DAY :

Sargent Park, May 26th, 1948

BOYS' EVENTS

	Place
100 Yards—	
Primary—B. Rose	1
Time—11 seconds.	
Junior—G. Nightingale	1
Time—10.8 seconds.	
Intermediate—G. Julmi	3
Senior—R. Packer	3
220 Yards—	
Primary—Sexsmith	3
Junior—G. Daulby	1
Time—24.2 seconds.	
Half Mile—	
Primary—B. Rose	1
Time (new record).	
Junior—B. Nicholson	1
Time—2:14.6.	
—G. Barr	3
Intermediate—B. Stewart	1
Time—New record, 2.08.	
High Jump—	
Primary—Yetman	3
Junior—Harding	2
Intermediate—B. Stewart	1
Height—4 ft. 11 inches.	
Senior—Goto	3
Broad Jump—	
Primary—R. Knight	3
Junior—G. Nightingale	2
Intermediate—G. Julmi	2
—Bradley	3
Senior—D. Knight	1
Distance—19 ft. 4 inches.	
Hop, Step, and Jump—	
Primary—T. Morrow	3
Junior—B. Nicholson	1
Distance—35 ft.	
Intermediate—Bradley	3
Discus—	
Junior—G. Barr	2
Intermediate—A. Fonseca	1
Distance—115 ft. 3 inches.	
Senior—D. Knight	1
Distance—125 ft. 2 in.	

Shot Put—

Primary—T. Morrow	1
Distance—37 ft. 9½ in. (record).	
Junior—G. Daulby	1
Distance—36 ft. 4½ in.	
Intermediate—Egan	1
Distance—41 ft. 11 in.	

Pole Vault—

Intermediate—K. Kerry	3
Senior—L. Cameron	3

Relay—

Shuttle—Glenlawn	2
------------------------	---

★

GIRLS' EVENTS

60 Yards—

Class D—H. Morgan	2
—P. Wilkes	3

75 Yards—

Class B—Nosworthy	3
Class C—P. Gobert	3
Class D—A. Jackson	1
Time—9.1 seconds.	

Discus—

Class A—Hammet	2
Class B—J. McKay	1
Distance—72 ft. 5 in. (equals record)	
Class D—P. Wilkes	1
Distance—74 ft. 10 in.	

High Jump—

Class D—A. Jackson	1
Height—4 ft. 6 in.	

Relays—

Shuttle—Glenlawn	1
Time—34.9 seconds.	
Novelty Shuttle—Glenlawn	1
Time—1:40.1.	



According to the Winnipeg Free Press, athletes from St. James schools pulled off the second upset of the Winnipeg track and field season by coming through Wednesday, May 26, to topple the perennial winners, Glenlawn, in the suburban Collegiate Athletic Association's meet at Sargent Park.

Following in the footsteps of St. John's Tech, who defeated Kelvin in the City inter-high meet, the St. James boys and girls piled up a total of 117½ points to win by a wide margin over Glenlawn, who accumulated 89.

Norwood schools were third high with 60 points, followed by East Kildonan, 39½; West Kildonan, 38; Brooklands, 7, and Transcona, 2. It was Brookland's first venture into the meet.

Championships saw eight records broken and two equalled.

Bruce Stewart turned in one of the finest performances of the day in taking the intermediate event in 2 minutes 8 seconds flat, smashing the old mark by better than three seconds. Bob Rose's time was 2:16.6 over the former mark of 2:20.2 in the primary half-mile.

Stewart and Rose each came through for another victory, the former winning the high jump in his class, and Rose hitting the tape first in the century.

Glenlawn's T. Morrow set a new distance in the primary shot put. Joan McKay of Glenlawn also made the charmed circle when she tossed the discus 72 ft. 5 inches in the B class to equal existing records. Glenlawn had a number of double winners including Gordon Daulby, junior shot and 220 yards sprinter; Aileen Jackson, with victories in the D class and 75 yards sprint; Bill Nicholson, junior half-miler and hop step jumper; Don Knight, senior broad jumper and discus expert. In addition, Patt Wilkes and Glen Nightingale were noteworthy.

Although Glenlawn failed to retain the cup for the first time in fifteen years, they have nonetheless established a record which other schools are going to find hard to equal... So on to Brandon and the Provincial track meet.



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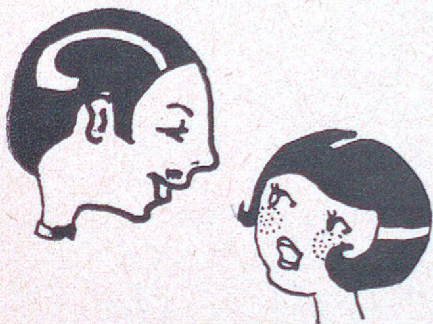
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Nonsense Avenue

Papa, Mama and Junior Tomato were taking a walk through the garden. Little Junior continually lagged behind and Papa Tomato, after having reprimanded his son several times, grabbed a large stick and began to beat furiously on the little Tomato's head, loudly yelling: "Will you hurry and catch up?" (Ketchup . . . catch on?)



Pockett: "Did you know I was a life-saver last summer?"

Goto: "Really! What flavour?"

* * *

Friend: "I heard you buried your wife, old chap."

Sailor: "I had to—dead, you know."

* * *

An old gentleman was crossing the street when a big dog ran into him with such force that it knocked him down. Just then "Hi-Hal" nearly ran over him with his Model "A". A man, witnessing the accident, came to his assistance.

"Did the dog hurt you?" he asked.

The old gentleman looked at him a little dazed, and replied: "No, the dog didn't hurt me. It was the tin can tied to his tail."

* * *

Knight (the morning after, on the telephone): "How are you this morning?"

Voice: "Just fine."

Knight: "Ye gods! Wrong number!"

* * *

Caller: "Your secretary's niece is rather good-looking, eh?"

The Principal: "Don't say knees is; say knees are!"

Mr. Downie: "Why aren't you working?"
Albert (11-E): "I didn't hear you coming, sir."

* * *

Bob: "Aren't you going in swimming?"

Joan: "I can't. A moth ate my bathing suit."

Bob: "Oh, he was on a diet, eh?"

* * *

Voice on Phone: "Bill Smith is sick and can't attend class today. He requested me to notify you."

Mr. Yarwood: "All right. Who is this speaking?"

Voice: "This is a friend of mine."

* * *

Employer (to applicant for job): "Can you write shorthand?"

Shirley Steele: "Yes, sir; but it takes me longer."

* * *

Marj (11-E): "What happened when you asked Mr. Yarwood for the afternoon off?"

Del: "Why, he was just like a lamb."

Marj: "What did he say?"

Del: "B-a-a-a!"

* * *

Baxter: "Do you know Kendal?"

Bruce Fraser: "Yeah, I used to sleep with him."

Baxter: "Roommates?"

Fraser: "No, classmates."

* * *

Motorist (stopping car): "I believe we have a flat tire."

Wife: "Well, didn't you hear the guide back there say there was a fork in the road?"

* * *

Pagan: "What kind of a car has Kerry?"

Twistle: "A pray-as-you-enter."

LIMERICK

There once was a lad with a pin,
Who saw a fat woman—not thin.

"I'd prick her," said he,

"If it wouldn't harm me—

The explosion would make quite a din!"

—June Crawford, XI-E.

"What is your son going to be when he passes his final examination?"

"An old man."



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G. C. I. STUDENT'S PHILOSOPHY

As I sit here,
Eyes like lead,
I wish that I
Were tucked in bed.
I throw my books,
Tear off my clothes,
Jump into bed,
Begins to doze;
Exams real soon,
Hang that warning—
I'm safe with Morpheus
Until morning.

—Dolores Wach, XI-E.



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