

GLENLAWN COLLEGIATE



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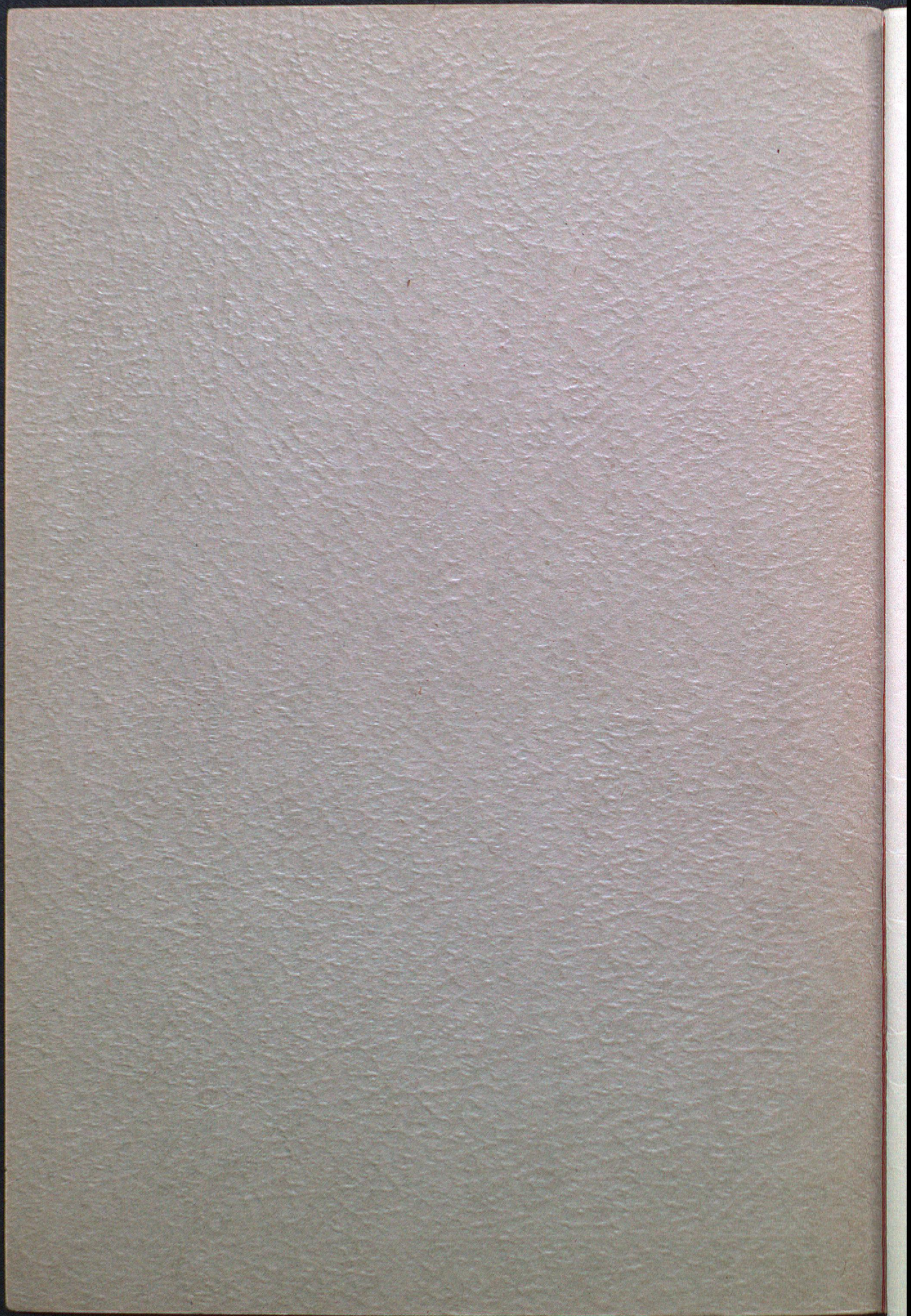


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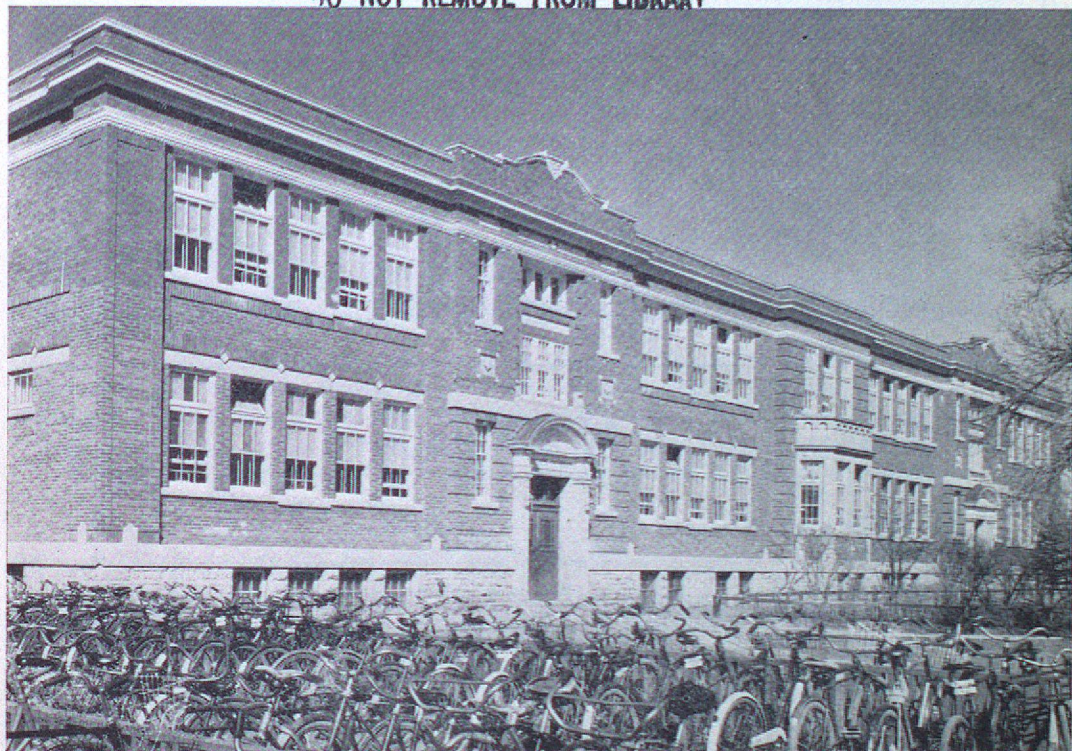


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GLENMORIES

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Dedication

With sincere gratitude for her years of untiring effort, and her patient, understanding instruction given at Glenlawn Collegiate, we wish to dedicate the 1949 "Glenmories" to Miss L. V. Dickinson.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS
of the
GLENLAWN COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE
St. Vital - MANITOBA

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Back Row—Art Fonseca, Guy Hamel, Dan Buss, Gordon Miller. Middle Row—Mr. Yarwood, Art McOuatt, Wayne Fraser, Jack Poulter, Marjorie Coats, Cherie Hull, Margaret Clokey, Elaine Cone, Lois Houston, Jack Lowther, Doug. Hicks. Front Row—Jean MacDonald, Sylvia Hunter, Joyce Williamson, Lois Reimer, Miss Fryer, Doris Zastre, Jean Knipelberg, Shirley Bigley, Yvonne Skagfeld, Melva Lowenberger.

EDITORIAL

As another school year comes to a close, we, the Editors, hope, that through this second issue of "Glenmories," a tangible link may be formed, which will recall for you pleasant school memories. It has been our intention to give you a book even better, if possible, than the remarkably successful first issue—a book of which you may be proud, and one that will maintain the standard set last year. We wish to express our appreciation of the 1947-48 staff whose example we followed, to establish "Glenmories" as an annual publication of this school.

At this time the Editors wish to express their thanks to a hard-working staff and their appreciation of the whole-hearted co-operation of teachers, students, and advertising patrons. A year book is supported mainly by its advertising, and Jean Macdonald, as Advertising Manager, did splendid work. May we also mention those unsung heroes who braved wintry blasts and summer heat to obtain the many ads. Business problems were ably handled by Marjorie Coats and Dan Buss. Others of invaluable service in producing this book were the Literary, Social, Sports, Humor, Art, and Photography Editors. Also deserving mention are the room representatives, the typists, and all others who made contributions in any way. Our special thanks go to Miss Fryer, who cheerfully gave time and effort as our teacher-advisor; to Mr. J. Halas, manager of the Vogue Theatre, whose co-operation made our Theatre Night a success; and to Mr. A. Mensforth of the Garry Press, for his generous donation towards prizes, and for his kind consideration and advice, to all these persons, then, our sincere thanks—you did a grand job.

As we look forward, a vision of better educational facilities in a new school comes to mind. But the training that future students will receive will be as ours is now, sound and complete. When we leave school, we take with us our memories of happy days, dull and unpleasant though they may have seemed at the time. However, memories do fade; therefore, it is the purpose of "Glenmories" to keep them forever fresh in the minds of the G.C.I. Class of 1949.

FOREWORD



W. S. YARWOOD, Principal

Once again we are rapidly approaching the end of another year's academic preparation and soon the students of Glenlawn will depart; some for a period of mental relaxation; others to seek recognition in some new sphere of activity.

The examination results for this year have been very satisfactory and I expect that the number of recommended and accredited students will closely approximate the records of former years.

To the students who are advancing to a higher grade, I bid you welcome, and hope that you will have continued success in your new environment. This can be achieved by conscientious endeavor and rigid application to your studies.

The graduates of 1949 will also disperse and seek various fields of service. To you,

I extend sincere wishes for success in your chosen career. I strongly advise you to select your vocation wisely—in conformity with your qualifications and interests; then proceed with fortitude and courage toward that definite objective. It may be that you will forget much of the learning that you have acquired during your school life; but if you retain and apply the habits of industry, sound reasoning, etc., which you have formed, you will find that they will prove to be important factors in your progress.

I have been favorably impressed by the excellent spirit which prevails in the Collegiate, and also the close co-operation that exists between the Staff and the Student Body in all activities of the school. Your attitude and conduct have, with few exceptions, been of a high standard.

I wish to compliment all members of the Student Council, who have so capably organized and conducted the numerous social and literary functions during the year; your untiring efforts have produced well-deserved success.

In conclusion, I desire to thank the energetic executive of this publication of "Glenmories" for the opportunity of conveying my message to the students. The Editors and their versatile staff of assistants have been busily engaged for many weeks compiling this record of every phase of student activity. I am certain that this edition will be a worthwhile production, and hope that it may become an annual chronicle of Glenlawn Collegiate.

W. S. YARWOOD.

TEACHING STAFF



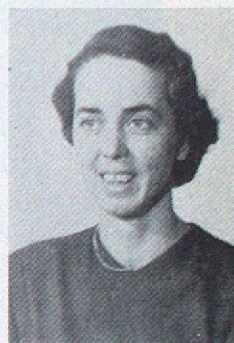
Mr. W. S. Yarwood



Miss L. V. Dickinson



Mrs. L. Elliott



Miss V. Fryer

W. S. YARWOOD—

Teaches Physics and Chemistry and makes them interesting. Has high hopes for the new school—is well liked by all.

MISS L. V. DICKINSON—

Teaches French and Literature; enthusiastic over Red Cross activities—success of Fund Fair due to her untiring efforts; will be sadly missed in future years.

MRS. L. ELLIOTT—

Teaches Shorthand, Bookkeeping, and Typing. Noted for her humorous remarks and her generous aid in the Bazaar Room at the Fund Fair.

MISS V. FRYER—

Teaches English, Latin and Composition; gives enthusiastic support to the students in dramatics, sports, social activities and Year Book work.

R. LAURIE—

Teaches Mathematics and Composition; interested in all school activities. Noted for his gardening and good sportsmanship.

R. ALLEN—

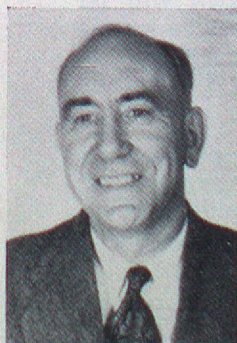
Teaches Chemistry, Health, Science; coaches field events; renowned as Glenlawn's star auctioneer; gives liberal support and help to all student activities.

D. A. DOWNIE—

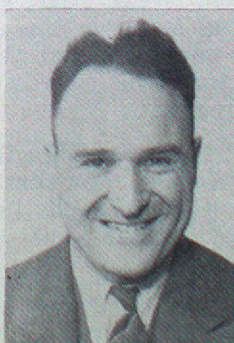
Teaches History and Algebra; very interested in all sports—enthusiastic head of the Sports Council; a great guy, who is popular with all the students.

A. HEANEY—

Teaches English, Health, Literature, Social Studies, and Vocational Guidance; track coach and Leader of the choir; his ready co-operation rates him high in the students' estimation.



Mr. R. Laurie



Mr. R. Allen



Mr. D. Downie



Mr. A. Heaney



Back Row—Bill Smith, Dan Buss, George Wicklund, Ernie Stanley, Joe Freedman. Middle Row—Jack Poulter, Marlene Cooper, June Rodgers, Roberta Clark, Joy Allen, Doris Zastre, Hugh Curtis. Front Row—Margaret Clokey (Secretary), Glen Nightingale (President), Mr. Yarwood, Stewart Johnston (Vice-president), Gary Bircham (Treasurer).

A MESSAGE FROM THE STUDENT COUNCIL

It is our most ardent wish that we may have helped to instil in your memories the year 1948-1949 as an enjoyable and successful one. We hope you will always remember the activities sponsored by your Council—the Fund Fair, the dances, and the Variety Concert. The past session at Glenlawn has been most successful, both financially and socially. Further, the teacher-student relationship has been excellent in respect to mutual understanding and working out of individual problems.

We would like to thank the Student Body for its co-operation and support in all the affairs proposed by Council throughout the year. We also hope that the Teaching Staff will accept our appreciation of its assistance.

The Council believes that the change of colors from "Blue and Gold" to "Red and Grey", and the passing of the By-law for a new collegiate, are two major steps in Glenlawn's history. The students have received the new colors and crests exceptionally well. Next year, Glenlawn will be almost completely new—the building, the location, the colors, the curriculum, and some of the pupils. We are confident that the present teaching ability, combined with all these factors, will help to raise the standards of the future citizens of this community.

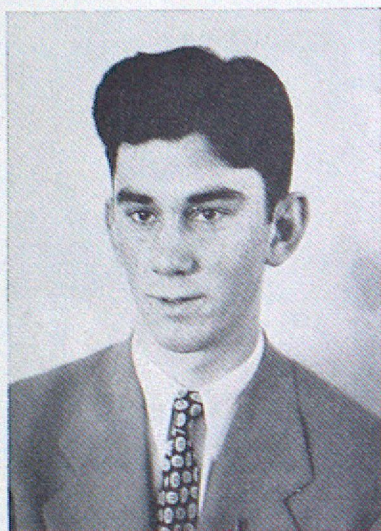
In conclusion, we would like to add that the Council has planned an entertaining programme for this year's "Grads", and that they are leaving Glenlawn in a fairly sound financial position. We have set aside a large sum of money for the purpose of visual education, as well as leaving a considerable amount in our bank account.

To next year's Council, our most sincere wish for your success, and may you always endeavor to better Glenlawn.

G. GLEN NIGHTINGALE, President.

Students

GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S MEDALLIST - 1948



Ross Packer

Winner of the Governor-General's medal in 1948, Ross was the all-round student of the year. Besides maintaining a high average in academic work, he was treasurer of the Student Council, advertising manager of "Glenmories", and vice-president of his class. Showing active interest in sports, he was a member of the ski and snowshoe team, and successfully competed in track and field events. Enthusiastic in all school enterprises, Ross was well liked by everyone. During the past year he has attended United College, and plans to continue his studies in engineering. The best of luck from Glenlawn, Ross!

GRADUATES 1948-49

TO THE GRADUATES

And now, I must bid you farewell, you who have given me some of my most memorable moments, you to whom I owe so much.

It is Graduation Day, today. Often have we all anticipated this event—sometimes with qualms of sadness, but more often has it been in our desire to close up our books permanently, tossing to the wind our cares and worries of examinations and homework. Even at this moment, as I am seated among the other graduates, bursting with pride and joy, eagerly absorbing the text of our speaker's talk, my thoughts travel along a strange, sad course—briefly reliving blissful moments in high school; but they are gone now—never to be recaptured. There will be comic incidents all through life, but none so carefree.

Many times I have wondered how, or if, we can ever pay off the debts we have incurred with our teachers. I believe I have one answer, and that is simply that if we will step forward bravely and undaunted, becoming worthwhile citizens of tomorrow, they will be glad we once knew the happiness of youth. With burning enthusiasm and inspiration have we met each new dawn. When my thoughts first turned to reminiscing and the realization that our days of school were fast drawing to a close, indeed, I was afraid for us all. Were we ready to face life as young adults—to pack our gleeful days into our trunk of the past, and to take up our responsibilities as adults? I am convinced that we can and shall succeed. I hope for each of us that we may be a credit to our parents, our community, and our school.

Yes, indeed, "school is out" for the last time. But, as we stand on the threshold of adulthood, a bright new world unfolds before us—holding its wealth in store for us, relinquishing it as we earn it.

And so In Farewell, may I say: "You graduate from school, and the thought of what it brings to an end may make you sad; yes, but you are merely graduating into something vaster, of which you will be a vital part one day. It will soon be your world. Have faith, and may the best be yours in all your endeavors. Remember, that the 'best years of our lives' are but beginnings."

Elaine Cone, Grade XII.

GRADE XII

MARGARET CLOKEY—Being vice-president of our class, secretary of the Student Council, and on the Year Book staff, keeps Marg. very busy. The rest of her time belongs to "Sam"! Best of luck for your nursing career, Marg.

MARJORIE COATS—A swell kid—occupies an important position on the Year Book staff. Is an enthusiastic curler and skier—and still manages to be an honour student!!! Interested in everything about her—especially the boys in her corner.

ELAINE CONE—Seems to enjoy life tremendously—if you can judge from her giggles!—Red Cross Representative from our room and assistant literary editor on the Year Book staff. Finds school rather trying.

JUNE CRAWFORD—A cute blonde—enjoys gossiping during school hours to her pal across the aisle—very interested in singing—manages to keep very busy outside of school. Is it the dark one, June?

DENNIS DE BRINCAT—At first sight, "Mouse" seems rather shy, but wow! when you get to know him, his remarks keep you rolling in the aisles. A star on the hockey team—forever in detention 'cause he "Just missed the streetcar."

LAWRENCE DZIOBA—Although new to Glenlawn this year, Lawrence seems to have made many friends—maybe it's his friendly grin that does it! He's an expert curler—interested in all sports.

ELIAS ELIASSON—Interested in hockey and the opposite sex. Loves to tease people. We don't see very much of Elias, as he takes a split course.

BRUCE FRASER—Captain of the winning ski and snowshoe team, a good curler, the super salesman for the "Fund Fair"—Bruce has many interests—school excluded but girls included!

ISLAY FRASER—Likes curling, singing in the choir and teasing all the boys!! Amazes everyone with her marvellous Maths. marks. Finds lots to keep her busy in planning a nursing career and a trip to the coast.

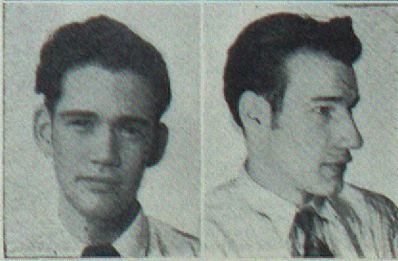
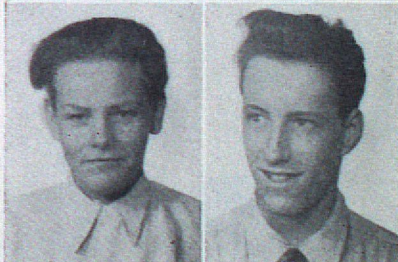
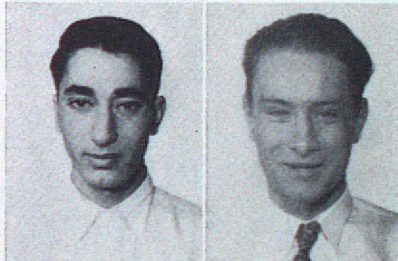
GUY HAMEL—Tall, dark and a natural comedian; "Sam" likes to act and can't help clowning around whether on stage or off. On the Year Book staff—seems to find plenty to keep him occupied socially.

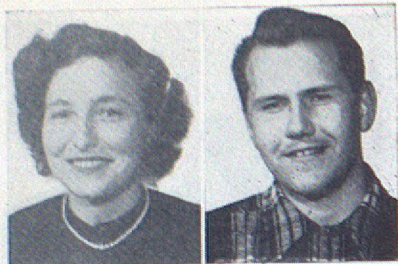
MARGARET HARCUS—Although she missed much school, Marg. still managed to keep up in her work somehow! Spent much time whispering to her friends. Unfortunately, ill health prevented her from completing the term.

LOIS HOUSTON—Being the room's top honour student doesn't prevent Lois from keeping up her main interests—Stew, skiing and acting. Her pleasant personality is one of the reasons she was chosen as the class social convener and Year Book representative. Valedictorian for Grade XII.

STEWART JOHNSTON—Class president, vice-president of the Student Council—Glenlawn's representative on Eaton's Junior Executive. Interested in drawing, sports—skiing especially, acting, and Lois.

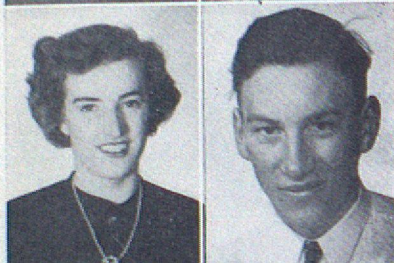
GUY LAFRENIERE—A new addition to our class at Christmas. Can brighten any dull class by stories of overseas life. Spends his spare time tinkering with his truck. Is it a 1918 model, Guy?





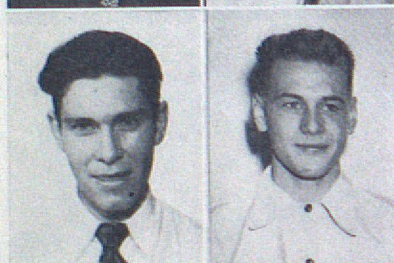
MELVA LOWENBERGER—This pretty girl will make some lucky fellow a good wife—she cooks and sews—sings, too. Ask Mr. Heaney! Very interested in sports, especially one.

EMIL MANKO—The joker of our class—keeps the kids laughing and the teachers weak. Star defenceman on the hockey team. Thinks school is so interesting that he's considering another year.



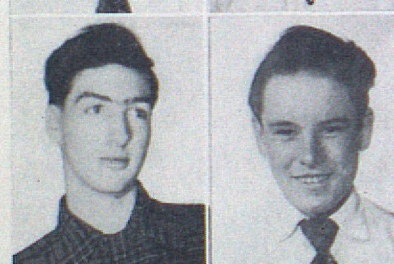
BETTY MCKENZIE—Rather quiet in school, but spends a lot of time planning mischief with Melva — very pretty. Enjoys singing, sports and all school activities.

DONALD MAYNE—Very quiet during class—just came to Glenlawn last fall. Manages to get good marks in his work but still finds time for lots of fun with the boys(?).



BILL NICHOLSON—On the Sports Council. Plays hockey, soccer and is interested in track and field. A dandy bowler—another fellow who brightens our lives by his jokes.

GLEN NIGHTINGALE—The unanimous choice for president of the Student Council. Shines at athletics and dramatics—captain of soccer team. He's a friendly guy who has worked hard all year for our school.



ARTHUR PEACH—Quiet in school but seems to have lots to say for himself outside—interested in Interhighlights—the money, that is. Has a great interest in Chemistry, especially when we speak of "Cones".

TONY PROCTOR—Short and witty—noted for his shocking remarks. Interested in sports—joins Morty in training the girls in their corner. Likes to make eyes at one of them especially. Wonder who?



GWEN VIGFUSSON—New to Glenlawn last fall. Gwen is rather quiet in school. Maybe that's 'cause she has pity on the teachers, as she was one herself for a year. Don't forget your new friends at Glenlawn when you go home, will you, Gwen?

MORTON WOLCH—Only Latin scholar of our class—works hard in class, and out of it he finds plenty to do at his mother's store. Interested in everything that's going on.



DORIS ZASTRE—Leads a very busy life as co-editor of the Year Book—on Interhighlights staff—interested in singing and all sports. She still manages to keep up with her school work.

GRADE XI-D



DON ALLEN — Sports enthusiast and clubman. Don's favorite sports are hockey, hardball and basketball. Likely to make a name for himself on the Hill-billy Hit Parade with his guitar, maybe as a second Red Ingle?

JACQUIE BARR—Class secretary. Prominent in school plays. Jacquie also works in a local theatre, but manages to have a gay time socially. One of our few honor students.

PEGGY BARRY—Likes skiing. Balance of time spent in playing the piano and telling humorous (?) stories for which she is rapidly becoming famous. Well-liked by everyone.

GARY BIRCHAM—Class president and athlete. Student Council treasurer. Active in pole-vaulting, soccer, rugby and basketball; is also marvellous at tumbling. Very popular with both sexes, particularly with a certain party in X.A.

SHIRLEY BLAIKIE—One of our better pianists and member of the school choir. Originator of a system of communicating with Carol which beats everything the Post Office could ever develop. Also a member of the "Gang"—a group of mischievous girls.

MARIE BROWNLEIS — Actress, artist, basketball player—quite a combination. Due to the influence of her role as "Selma", we expect to see her smoking a pipe any day now.

ALAN CALDER—Very quiet and friendly. Likes to swim. Alan is the proud possessor of a scooter which he takes apart regularly every winter and fails to get together for the summer. The reason—"Now where did I put that other piece?"

AUDREY CHEETHAM — President of Mountbatten Canteen. Audrey is planning to become a teacher. Very quiet in school, but outside—well, we have our doubts.

BEVERLY COOTE—Our only platinum blond. Bev. likes singing and drawing. Plans to be a lab. technician. Is a "Partner-in-Crime" with J.W.

MAE CRAIGIE—On the A.E.-Star Girls' Basketball team. Pet hate: Geometry; ambition: to sing with the Ink Spots—could it be because they lack a soprano soloist?

DONNA GARWOOD — Very fond of swimming and photography. Swimming instructor at the "Y". With her wonderful disposition, Donna will always be a success.

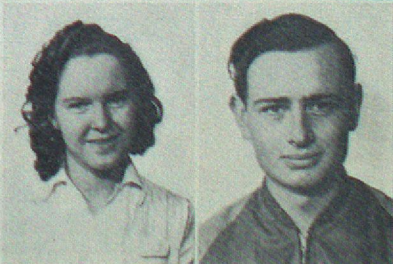
BARBARA GRAY—Joined us this year from Daniel Mac. Barbara is on the Y.W.C.A. council. Finds rugby a very interesting game, due to a certain player.

MARGARET HARVEY—Has a marvellous sense of humor and is a true pal. Peggy claims that her only ambition is to pass this year, and we're sure she'll realize it.

HARRY HIEBERT—Boys' sports rep. and physics genius. Plans to be a doctor; from the way he patches up Jack's wounds, he should make a wonderful one.

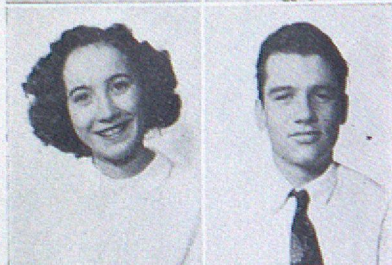
SYLVIA HUNTER—Cheer leader and member of Glenlawn's winning ski team. Social editor on the Year Book staff. Sylvia plans to go to University.

WILLA HURLBURT—Social Convener for XI D. Has a ready smile for everyone and takes an interest in all school and canteen activities—particularly since that certain someone became president of the P.M. Club.

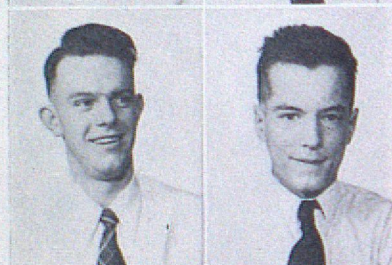




CAROL JACKSON—One of the gals in the choir. Noted for not doing her homework, but always manages to get along. Another member of the "Gang". Works in the Vogue Coffee Shop at night, but rumor has it that she'll look at Victoria Beach this summer.



WILLA JAMES—Our genius. Just can't be moved from that first place. Likes music and reading, but is not entirely an indoor girl, for she is very fond of swimming. Sure to be a success at anything she attempts.



SHIRLEY JEPHSON—One of our marvellous cheerleaders. Works in Eaton's on Saturdays. Shirley skis and skates and is another of the "Mischief-Makers". Very popular with everyone.



RON KERR—His passion for being late is giving Miss Dickinson writer's cramp from writing out detention slips. Ron's hobby is fishing—but don't let that sleepy look fool you—he doesn't miss a thing.



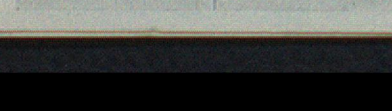
DON LEAR—A great sportsman—soccer is his game. Is an Air Cadet, and president of the P.M. Club. Between Don and Jack, the room is never dull.



JACK MALEY—Shy guy—but not too shy. Plays rugby. Track enthusiast—quiet in class, but always ready to help anyone out.



JACK MORTHAM—Strong, silent type? Plans to be an electrician. Drives his dad's car expertly—just the person to become friendly with! Also likes fishing.



BARBARA MURRAY—Quite an accomplished actress by now—being in the plays both this year and last. Planning on working at Victoria Beach this summer. One of the "Gang" girls.

JACK POULTER—Vice-president of the class, and on the Year Book staff. Jack is an amateur photographer and also quite a joker—his remarks keep the room in an uproar—to the exasperation of the teachers.

DOREEN REIMER—The girl with the longest hair in the school. She appears to be shy and quiet, but you know how looks deceive. Sewing is her hobby, and from all accounts she's very good at it.

LOIS REIMER — Co-editor of the Year Book. Very fond of Shakespearian plays and good music. Lois plans on going to United next year, and we're sure she'll be successful—being the studious(?) type.

MARCEL RIEL—Has a head start in French. Always has a good excuse for being late—the bus again. Quiet guy in school, but once outside—who knows?

HELEN ROBINSON—Gets a big kick out of life—she and Willa being accomplished gigglers. Loves Glenlawn so much she comes from the city just to be here. An Honor Student.

BEVERLEY SREATON—Full of mischief and laughter. Spends her time thinking up reasons for not having her History homework done. Bev. plans on taking Grade XII, so we wish her luck.

HELEN SMITH—Her chief interest is music, but she also writes wonderful descriptions and is very adept at drawing. Quite a talented gal! Plans on being a teacher, and will no doubt be very successful.

JOYCE TOEWS—Girls' Sports Rep. and secretary of Sports Council. Actress and basketball player. Valedictorian for Grade XI. Favorite pastime—having her back scratched. Won't someone please buy her a back-scratcher?

LOUISE VAUTRIN—New to Glenlawn this year, but already has a great many friends. Another Brainchild. Fond of music and reading. Plans to be a long-distance telephone operator.

JOYCE WILLIAMSON—Year Book Rep.—one of the few who can master geometry. A quiet but pleasing personality; loves to travel and do things. Ambition—to marry a millionaire-hmm!

MAY WILLIAMSON—Class Beauty. Fond of skiing and a certain "Eddie". Wants to take a business course.—lucky the boss who hires her.

GRADE XI-E

BRIAN AMOS—The tall blonde boy known as "Boots"—he doesn't say much, but seems interested in girls, which accounts for all the dreaming he does in school.

GERRY BARR—Once again known as "Fuzz" since he's been re-scalped—active in soccer and track events—directed a play at the Variety Concert. For a woman-hater he "sure gets around".

DON BLACK—A rugged man in inter-room hockey, but shy around the ladies—nicknamed "Mumbles"—rapidly becoming a scholar. A good guy.

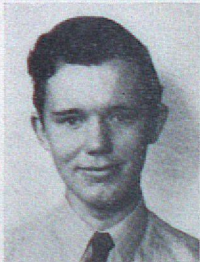
ROBERTA CLARK—(Bobbie)—This popular girl is our representative on Eaton's Junior Council—vice-president of XI E—one of the cheer leaders—took part in play at the Variety Concert. She's a very good mixer, socially.

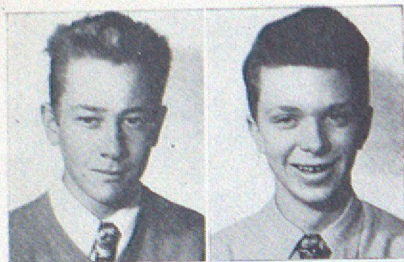
DICK COAD—President of Sports Council—stars on hockey and soccer teams—famous for his brush-cuts—often seen near Murphy Drugs. "Weasel" for short.

ED. CONNERY—Helps to keep the back of the room in an uproar—loves chewing gum in all French and Literature periods. He takes a lot of kidding.

VERA COUTTS—She has real artistic talent—would rather draw than take P.E. Tries so hard to get to school by nine o'clock.

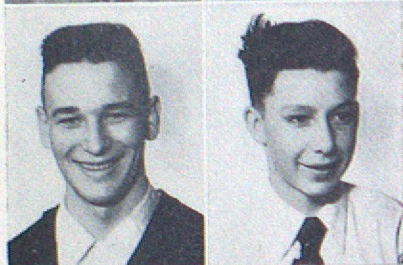
BOB CROSSLEY—Another artist—active in dramatics and Sea Cadets—fond of almost all girls. Becoming studious, he says.





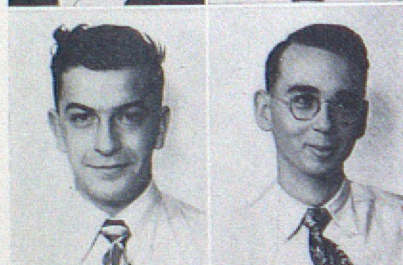
RAY DAVIES—The boy who wears a bush—was on speed-skating teams—intends to sprint at track-meet. Always at school ahead of everyone else.

HARLAN DODDS—"Cueball"—an active member of soccer and track teams. Is interested in only three girls at present.



ART FONSECA—Known to all as "Gomez"—on soccer, skating, hockey and track teams—Photography Editor of Glenmorries. Very busy, but still finds time to visit the south end.

DON FOULKES—Spends most of the time driving his car and working in hardware store, but he still seems to be able to keep up his school-work.



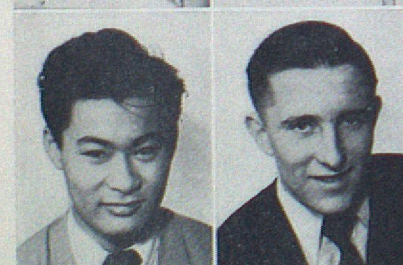
JOE FREEDMAN—Our hard-working president who answers to the name of "Pedro"—Seldom rewarded for his efforts. Member of the soccer team.

BARRY FREGO—Takes part in dramatics. A quiet(?) guy with a good indoor pitching arm and a weird sense of humour.



WENDY GARWOOD—On the basketball team—interested in a certain boy who sits near her—plays the piano well. Has a long way to come to school since she moved.

PHYLLIS GOBERT—Another of the cheer leaders—also on basketball team—likes nice clothes and wears them well. Keeps the back corner laughing with her remarks.



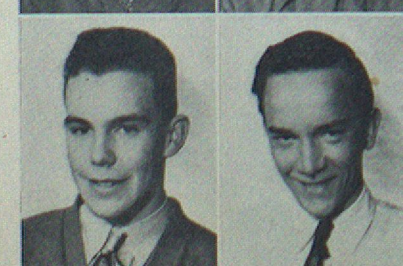
KAYO GOTO—Leader of harmony group around him—his solid "horn" is security for the future. Tops us all when it comes to artistic ability.

BOB GRAHAM—Usually found driving a Mercury or Pontiac—gets a special joy from writing exams. Finds an attraction in the south end of town.



ED HAACKE — Takes a special interest in French when at school—we don't hear much about his social life, but he's often seen near the Vogue Snack Bar.

DENNIS HALLER—The "sleepy-time" boy of XI E—when not working for his father he can usually be found in the West End. Has trouble fitting into his desk.



BILL HUNTER—The boy with the blue coupe—his keen interest in cars foretells a possible future for him. Another of our brush-cut boys.

VERNON JAMES—Intends to run on the track team—a quiet guy. He and Smolley make a good pair.

RON JEFFERSON — On hockey and speed-skating teams—works overtime in school, but manages to keep his cheerful grin. Ambition—to pass Grade XI.

GORDON JULMI—"Nump"—stars in track and field events, at soccer, basketball, and skating. Finds fire-crackers fascinating.

DON KENNEDY—One of the out-of-town boys from Vermette—a whiz at Algebra—only drawback is that he must kneel to reach the blackboard.

YVES LABOSSIERE—He's a wizard at French—seems to ignore girls but is a menace on the soccer field.

JACK LOWTHER — XI E's representative on Glenmories — on the speed-skating teams—spends spare time working in Elm Park Pharmacy. Intends to write for a scholarship.

JEAN MACDONALD — The Advertising Manager of Glenmories—also on the Interhighlights staff—she plans to go to University next year. A quiet girl with a brilliant future.

JOAN MACKAY—An outdoor girl—skating and discus enthusiast—spends her spare time haunting Norwood. Nice personality; Joan's everyone's friend.

JACK MAVINS—The big boy who threatens to do away with Shakespeare—Slaves, as he says, at the Elm Park Pharmacy. Sure to get along with that mischievous nature of his.

DON MITCHELL—The "moptop" of XI E—spends his spare time raising mink—or else visiting on Sunset Blvd.

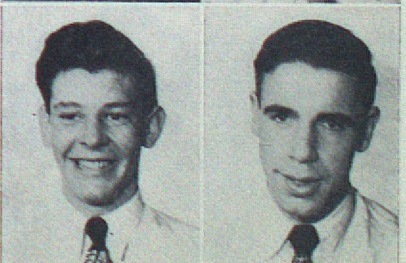
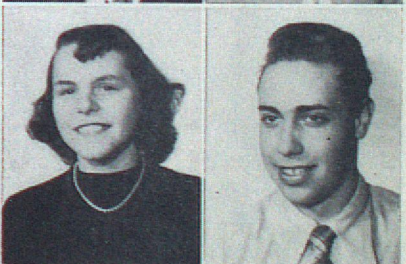
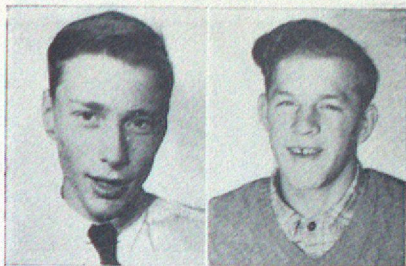
KEN MUCKLE—A tall basketball star—usually seen with a "girl in red"—spends his week nights pushing pills.

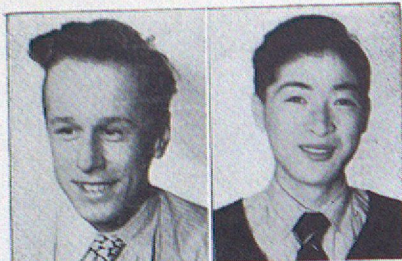
AL PARADICE—Favorite saying is "What did I do?"—plans to aid Detroit Redwings in the future—can be seen slaving at Safeway after four.

BERNICE RUTHERFORD—Took part in choir at the Variety Concert—enjoys playing the piano and driving her Dad's car. She plans to take a business course next year.

BOB SEXSMITH—"Frog" to everyone—stars on basketball and track teams—he stopped quite a few pucks during the winter. We think he is writing a Geometry book on the side.

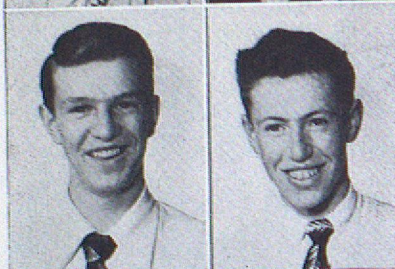
YVONNE SKAGFELD—The only blonde in Room 7—has quite a giggle—dreads exam-time, but gets good marks in spite of it. Good-natured, frank; she'll get along.





JOHN STUPARYK—(Smiley)—Our hard-boiled secretary—he's driven crazy during ticket sales. Intends to get a full-time job at Murphy's.

TOM TAZUMI—Suffered an accident during the Christmas holidays, but made a fast recovery—his homework covers a lot of ground. Another one of our back-of-the-room kibitzers.



BILL WRIGHT—"Flattop"—one of the taller boys—interested in basketball, track and field events. Keeps old acquaintances in Norwood.

RALPH YETMAN—Famous for his week-end adventure stories—finds an attraction at ?-?—was on speed skating, ski, and snowshoe teams.

GRADE XI-F



JOYCE AIRTH is raring to go,
Just watch her shine in a "Burlesque Show".

JOY ALLEN, a slick little chick,
Will make her hobby tending the sick.



SHIRLEY BIGLEY, "our" community queen,
I bet she'll be a modelling for "Drene".

LILLIAN COULTER is sure to succeed
At the T.C.A. she'll rise with speed.



ELEANOR EVANS loves nursery rhymes,
Some day we may be hearing of wedding chimes.

CLAIRE HIGHAM is full of joy;
She'll make a hit with any boy.



JOSEPHINE HOUSTON is full of pep;
She'll go through life with a hop and a step.

TOM KAMINSKI has bid us farewell,
At the C.N.R. he'll do swell.



TERRY LACOSTE is a cute little gal,
She'll really be swell as a housewife for Al.

DANEEN LITTLE is sure to pass;
In future we see her teaching a class.

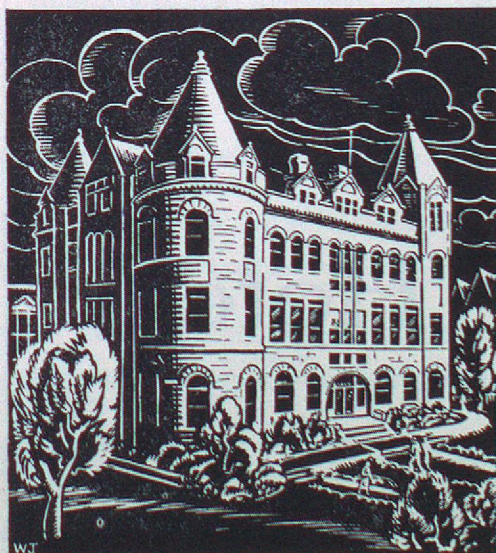
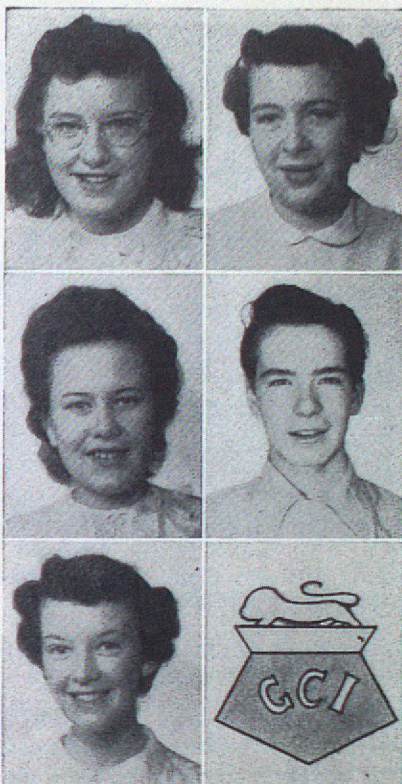
CAROL REICHART is one we adore;
We picture her head of a candy store.

MARILYN ROSS is pleasant and bright,
As a public accountant she'll do all right.

MERLE SHANNON has plenty of what it takes,
In typing, in basketball, and in making good cakes.

BILL SMITH, our class president;
We wish him the best as a Selkirk resident.

MARGARET THOMSON is pretty and gay;
Do you think her future will turn out "Gray"?



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BACK ROW—George Wicklund, Joe Boyko, Donna Coad, Helen Hewitt, Lola MacEwing, Lucille Bourget, Joan Moffat, Joan Shelton, Dave Morgan, Don Gallie, Mr. Downie.

THIRD ROW—Ruth Hall, Dorothy Wilkinson, Elsie Briscoe, Valerie McCartney, Laura Huehn, Hazel Blanchard, Kay Sakiyama, Iona Lindsay, Frances Gilmour, Marilyn Lyon, Alice Vautrin.

SECOND ROW—Eileen Colbert, Elsie Schultz, Violet Pehrson, June Rodgers, Eileen Brand, Sheilagh Baxter, Marilyn La Bossiere, Donna Keith, Dorothy Coe, Marjorie Scott.

FIRST ROW—Alvin Thorgeirson, Bruce Cole, Andrew Mislán, Bill Welling, Romain Van Den Abeele.

MISSING—Louise Knipelberg, Tom Fernstrom, Sylvia Blamey, Art Daher, Lorna Favell.

GRADE 10-A

Sheila Baxter—Sheila Baxter is all alone
Since Arnie left to go on his own.

Sylvia Blamey—The centre of fun is Sylvia's spot;
She confuses the teacher with signals to Dot.

Hazel Blanchard—Her golden blond hair
has a wonderful sheen;
She is widely known as our bubble gum queen.

Joe Boyko—Joe Boyko has muscles galore;
In an argument with him, you'd end on the floor.

Eileen Brand—To all her friends, Eileen is Brandy;
At any party she comes in handy.

Elsie Briscoe—Elsie, we hear, likes boys
who can sing;
Her favorite one is crooner Bing.

Donna Coad—Donna's blond hair and cool
blue eyes
Extract from admirers oodles of sighs.

Dorothy Coe—As shy as she is, we think
Dorothy Coe
Can get any place she wants to go.

Eileen Colbert—Eileen is always good in
school;
She faithfully stands by the Golden Rule.

Bruce Cole—Of Bruce we haven't much to
say;
He's only at school every other day.

Art Daher—Although we don't hear much
from Art,
It's plain to see he's rather smart.

Lorna Favell—In our room, Lorna is quite
a sensation;
She answers her questions without hesitation.

Tom Fernstrom—Tom thinks school is fine
and dandy,
As long as he is near our Brandy.

Don Gallie—On Gallie's history we could
write pages,
And when read by the teachers, they'd
demand higher wages.

Frances Gilmour—Frances is happy since the day
She first shouted long "her Ray."

Laura Huehn—Though Laura's quiet, as it may seem,
We definitely think she's right on the beam.

Helen Hewitt—Helen Hewitt, as a rule,
Keeps us well informed in school.

Donna Keith—Every time she returns from work,
In walking her home Dick does not shirk.

Louise Knipelberg—Louise is cute and awfully wee,
But she gets around, it's plain to see.

Marilyn la Bossiere—For Marilyn, life is very nice;
She's on her way to Paradise.

Iona Lindsay—Since Iona met her Johnny,
Life for her is really bonny.

Marilyn Lyons—Which mood Marilyn is in
Depends on whether the Monarchs win.

Valerie McCartney—Of beaus, Val has quite a pick;
But out of all those, she chose Dick.

Lola MacEwing—In school, Lola is never quiet;
Out of class, she must be a riot.

Joan Moffatt—Joan is often seen at Marie's;
Wonder who it is she sees?

Dave Morgan—Dave is always deep in slumber,
Trying to remember her telephone number.

Andrew Mislán—Although his name is not Jack Horner,
He's one of those guys who sit in the corner.

Violet Pehrson—Jokes Violet loves to crack;
For giggles from Elsie she'll never lack.

June Rodgers—June is vice-president of our class;
She is a bright and merry lass.

Kay Sakiyama—The brightest girl in our room is Kay;
She can outsmart us any day.

Elsie Schultz—In discussions, shines like copper;
When she starts, no one can stop her.

Marjorie Scott—In spring, when winter is in his coffin,
Marnie changes her beaus quite often.

Joan Shelton—Joan is always coming in late;
Could be a habit from last night's date.

Alvin Thorgeirson—Alvin's life is gay and breezy;
He believes in taking it easy.

Romain Van Den Abeele—
When Louise was behind him
There was quite a riot,
But since she left
He seems awfully quiet.

Alice Vautrin—Alice is really quite a gal,
Which everyone knows, including Al.

Bill Welling—
Of questions Bill has quite a lot;
In any period they're a bright spot.

George Wicklund—
Gorgeous George just loves to sing—
Could we have in our room another Bing?

Dorothy Wilkins—
Dorothy Wilkins is very pretty.
We hear she likes Dominion City.

Mr. Downie—
For a teacher, D. D.'s an unusual one,
And, contrary to most, he's full of fun;
Even dead history, taught by him,
Seems chock full of vigor and vim.

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BACK ROW—Ron Mathieson, Don Davis, Bob Stark, Richard Carluck, Allen Harding, Creighton Kerr, Gordon Miller, Terry Entwistle, Dan Buss, Doug Vanderweyde, Jules Legal, Mr. Heaney.

MIDDLE ROW—Ron Hogue, Bruce Babb, Sid Henteleff, Beverley Graham, Barbara Lennox, Doreen Black, Marguerite Clark, Evelyn Nadeau, Joyce Krupinski, Ray Webber, Ron Collett.

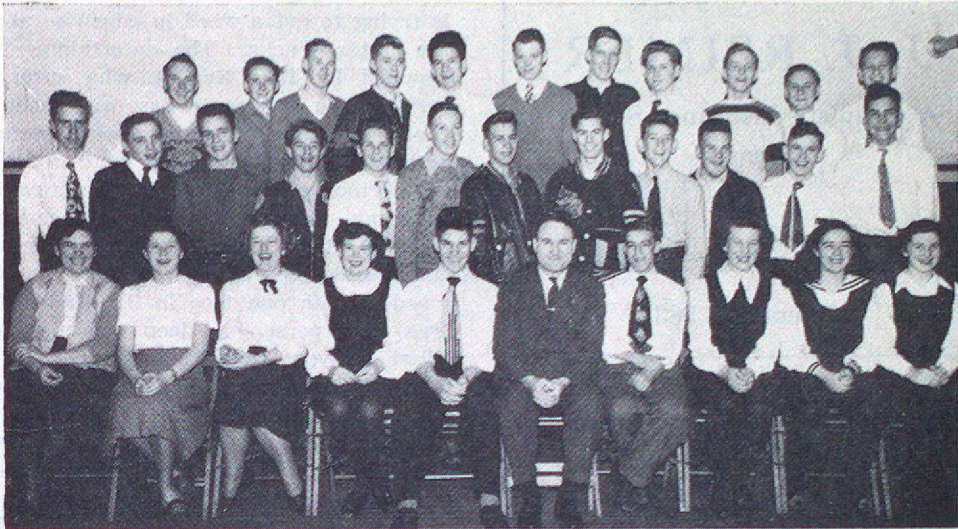
FRONT ROW—Sheila Wood, Frances De Brincat, Helen Jackson, Dorothy Newis, Alice Watson, Joyce Scotland, Joan McCreath, Marlene Cooper, Gail Whitehead, Wilma Meyer.

MISSING—Gerald Critchley, Sidney Menlove, Marjorie Papworth.

GRADE 10-B

NAME	ULTIMATE FATE	SONG	FAVORITE PASTIME
Bruce Babb (Brook, babbling)	motorcyclist	Doing what Comes Naturally	D. T. Room
Doreen Black (Blondy)	to be a twin	Ain't Misbehaving	studying
Dan Buss (Curly)	landlover	All the Nice Girls Love a Sailor	Norwood
Dick Carluck (Denny)	movie star	Aren't You Glad You're You	reflections
Marguerite Clark (Giggles)	model	Higher 'n Higher	breaking in horses
Ron Collett (Cosette)	bookkeeper	Lonely Little Petunia	mysteriously losing his books
Marlene Cooper (Bery)	stewardess	Hair of Gold, Eyes of Blue	prompting
Gerald Critchley (Samuel)	farmer	Nature Boy	blushing
Don Davis (Dizzy)	unsuccessful lawyer	I'll Be Seeing You (Home)	Beverley
Francis DeBrincat (Shorty)	4' 11 3/4"	Dark Eyes	adding height
Terry Entwistle (Twistle)	monkey trainer	We'll Get Used To It	Brandy

NAME	ULTIMATE FATE	SONG	FAVORITE PASTIME
Bev. Graham (Mrs. Duck)	teacher	School Days	playing the piano
Allen Harding (Champ)	sports commentator	Take Me Out 'To The Ball Game	wearing himself out
Ron Hogue (Hooly)	jockey	Hallelujah I'm a Bum	making faces
Sid Henteleff (Heinkel)	bus driver	Forgotten	sitting
Helen Jackson (Lennie)	last in the Olympics	Camptown Races	running
Creighton Kerr (Crik)	Grade 10	So Tired	setting the clock
Joyce Krupinski (Joycie)	getting a husband	Tell Me a Story	telling tall tales
Jules Legal (Baptiste)	ditch constructor	I've Been Workin' On The Ditches	riding a bike
Barbara Lennox (Babs)	12	One Meat Ball	Ron C. Battley
Ron Mathieson (Long John)	Poopdeck pappy	Blow The Man Down	H.M.C.S. Chippawa
Joan McCreath (Bangs)	magician's stooge	Chatterbox	reading "who dunnits"
Sid Menlove (Toots)	star gazer	The Man In The Moon	sewing
Wilma Meyer (Willy)	chick raiser	The Egg and I	delivering papers
Gordon Miller (Coots)	Esquire cartoonist	I Don't Work For a Living	doodling
Evelyn Nadeau (Evie)	dressmaker	I'm a Little on the Lonely Side	?????
Dorothy Newis (Do)	mink rancher	I Stuck My Head in a Little Skunk Hole	spraining ankle
Marjorie Papworth (Stinky)	Vogue	Beautiful Brown Eyes	chasing Rain(beans)
Joyce Scotland (Scotty)	weight lifter	Sleepy La Goon	heaving discus
Bob Stark (Stork)	hair-pin setter	Stone Cold Dead in the Market	bowling
Doug Vanderweyde (Wheaties)	cheese-cake artist	I've Got No Use For Women	baby-sitting
Alice Watson (Lallulu)	homemaker	I Threw a Kiss in the Ocean	sailing
Ray Webber (Pee)	Jose Iturbi III	Frisky Fingers	growing a moustache
Gail Whitehead (Whitey)	Taxi Driver	Scatterbrain	getting appendix removed
Sheilagh Wood (Woody)	Arthur Murray's Assistant	Careless Feet	canteen
Mr. Heaney (Herman)	Grade I teacher	Let's All Sing Like the Birdies Sing	forgetting where he is



BACK ROW—Keith Campbell, Alan Proctor, Bill Stevenson, Richard Olson, Art McOuat, Don Collins, Roy Wilkinson, Gary Wright, Wayne Fraser, Bill Davis, Norman Cramp.
MIDDLE ROW—Denton Kaine, Neil Smith, Ron Kendall, Ron Battley, Maurice Higginson, Ted Park, Ron Greenaway, Bill Forrester, Ray Spence, Bill Pritchard, Doug Hicks, Fred Steeves.
FRONT ROW—Helen Hiebert, Jean Hammett, Elsie Jenner, Nancy Stupak, Ernest Stanley, Mr. Allen, Hugh Curtis, Mildred Maddox, Cherie Hull, Vivian Walker.
MISSING—Colin MacArthur.

GRADE 10-C

As Our Sketchbook is opened, we see **Ron Battley** racing towards De la Giclais on his new scooter. On the next page, in bold print, is an advertisement for the local Vaudeville house where **Keith (Laughing Boy) Campbell**, the soft-shoe dancer, and his violin-totin' accompanist, **Don (Boner) Collins**, are making their debut. Farther on in the book there is a picture of **Norm Cramp** (Jacket and all) caddying for the professional golfer, **Hugh Curtis**. Over the page is a programme for to-nite's fight card sponsored by the local sports promoter, **Cherie Hull**. Headliners are **Bill (Little Giant) Davis** and **Bill (Speedy) Forrester**. **Wayne (Orville) Fraser** is to be pitted against **Miss Dickinson** in a verbal French battle. On the same page we notice a column telling that the famous basketball star **Jean (better late than never) Hammett** is still going strong. Then, through a cloud of dust, comes that romantic Casanova, **Ron (Rancher) Greenaway**, going to court his lady love, **Elsie Jenner**. And here is a picture of **Maurice Higginson** proudly displaying the dint he put in our wall. Underneath this is an-

other picture, that of **Fred Steeves**, our vegetable farmer, exhibiting his specialty, corn pone. In the next picture that notorious underworld character, **Al Proctor** is once again escaping from F.B.I. agent **Spike (I always get my man) Stevenson**, whose assistant is Brigadier **Doug "The Brain" Hicks** of Military Intelligence. The crime was the bumping off of **Lady Vivian Mae (West) Walker**, ex-burlesque queen. On the opposite page is a picture of **"Dainty" Dave Wilkinson**, the trapeze artist, and his bride, the famous star of "I was a Dope Addict", **Nane (illa) Stupak**. The next picture was drawn in the hospital room of **Neil (Bulldog) Smith**. He had just undergone a major operation performed by Surgeon **Gary Wright**, who never makes a mistake. And here is a sketch of **Bill Pritchard** chasing after that girl from Windsor (or is she from Beausejour)? On the following double page is a group sketched at a banquet given by the famous bug fancier, **Ernest Stanley**. Among those attending are: **Ted Park (ovitch)**, grand opera singer, and **Millie Maddox**, who is raving to her neighbour

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Denton Kaine, about hockey. He in turn is trying to get a word in edgewise about his 60-ton trucks. The entertainment is supplied by **Ron Kendal**, who surprises everyone by singing in bass and tenor at the same time. For our next picture, artist **Colin MacArthur** has done an amusing cartoon of **Art McQuat**, the traveling salesman. Then a picture of a race-track features **Ray Spence**, just promoted to chief stable boy. The next sketch is of a meadow with one tree in it. Under this tree is a person in deep concentration. What do you know? **Helen Hiebert** is studying her Latin. For the second last picture, a futuristic one, **Dick "Bo-bo" Olson** is amusing his neighbours in Grade 10. The final sketch is of our dear teachers giving a slightly sad rendition of "School Days". **Mr. Allen** is absent, due to a nervous breakdown caused by his year with 10 C.

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CONTEST WINNERS

PROSE

- 1—One Year to Live, by Neil Smith....X
 2 (tied)—First Ski, by Louis Houston XII
 My Last Life, by Guy Hamel.....XII
 3—An Ideal School,
 by Marlene CooperX-B

POETRY

- 1—Late Spring, by Helen Smith....XI-D
 2—The Last of The Martians,
 by Guy Hamel,XII
 3—Faith, by Barbara GrayXI-D

ONE YEAR TO LIVE

One year to live—that had been the prediction. Yet he had guarded himself against it, oh, so very carefully. Yes, they would never reach him here. He tapped his pipe against the grate, then in his hand cupped the bowl until it was cool enough to be dropped into his pocket. As he looked around the cabin's single room, the firelight moved shadows across the floor. Not the shadows in the corners; no, they never moved. Then his glance rested upon a woman's work basket. It was odd how often he seemed to see that object.

It had been storming all night, yet this seemed to be the first time he had become conscious of it. The wind, shrieking like a demon, ripped loose a shutter and banged it noisily against the wall. Slowly he rose from his seat, walked to the window, and looked down upon the river. The driving rain obscured the view, but he could still see the stream. . . . Not as it was now, though; but as it had been.

He saw the river glistening in the late afternoon sun like blue glass of cobalt. He could see something else too,—the little ferry boat, with her at the oar. Well, it was no use thinking about that now; she was lost to him forever in the eerie void which separates the living from the dead. The banging of the shutter called him back to reality. Again he heard the howl of the storm, and saw the rain beat violently down.

Then, like a lost and forgotten dream, he heard her voice calling. The old fear came over him again, yet his heart drove him on. Scarcely taking time to struggle into his coat and to light a lantern, he dashed out into the storm. Down the river-bank he rushed, just in time to see the skiff appear slowly out of the darkness. His heart sank: no, that was not she at the oar. Instead, a tall, thin figure shrouded to the eyes in oilskins. . . . He

leaped into the boat and bade the ferryman hasten.

Slowly, slowly it seemed to him, the skiff drew out upon the black bosom of the river, until both banks were hidden. Across the Styx the ferry moved, until its bow ground upon an unseen shore. He jumped out and began to run, as his stiff lips tried to form her name once more. Then he stumbled, and fell upon his knees. The hand of the ferryman fell lightly upon his shoulder. Slowly he turned, and looked up at the face of the silent figure behind him. And he saw that the ferryman was Death.

Neil Smith X C—First Prize.

LATE SPRING

The wind is teasing April because her dress is brown;
 She seems unwilling to accept the fashions now in town.

Her eyes cannot appreciate a sky of thrilling blue;
 Nor does the flight of wintertime seem to her heart quite true.

The living hue of springing grass cannot her carpet make;
 The dusky mauve of crocus is not promis'd in her wake,

For April's glance is tir'd and gray, tir'd and gray and lost;
 Her spirit, once so blithe, was prison'd far too long in frost.

And yet a brave bird's random call revives the spark again;
 For night finds Lady April in a cloak of silver rain.

Helen M. Smith, XID.
 First Prize

THE LAST OF THE MARTIANS

The greenish glow of Deimos* lights my land
And subtly, kindly from burning eyes
The spectacle of death and waste that lies
Before me on the softly stirring sand.

The air is cooler, now the night is old;
My every breath no longer sears with pain
Each raw and suffering tissue of my brain,
And comfort for a moment I can hold.

A moment for my body free from tears,
My body, yes, but not my soul that weeps
Forever at the picture my mind keeps—
The life and joy that was, the death that
nears.

The things that were: the beauty that was
here:
The cities proud, the quiet country-side,
The parks where children laughed and
lovers sighed,
The million little things that made life
dear.

And what is left of happy Mars? The things
Of rock and stone endure; the things once
made
To serve this mighty race, ay! They remain.
But where a rock, a stone that laughs and
sings?

The air grew thin, the sun grew large and
red.
The fragile people swiftly fell before
The fury of the cosmic change no door
Could bar, the change that made this
planet dead.

Again the blood-red sun does show his face;
The torture of the day begins, I know,
The last. I have no hope or will to slow
My death, though I am last of Martian
race.

Guy Hamel, XII.
Second Prize.

*Deimos and Phobos are the two moons
of the planet Mars.

Recovering from an operation, a patient
asked the doctor, "Why are all the blinds
drawn?"

The doctor replied, "Well, there's a fire
across the street, and I didn't want you
to wake up and think the operation was
a failure."

FIRST SKI

"Child of the roofless world am I;
Not of the hibernating drones

Who fear the gray of a wintery sky,"
proclaimed Wilson McDonald in his lovely
composition, "Song of the Ski." I believe
with Mr. McDonald that this is a desirable
state of mind. Skiing is a very enjoyable
sport for the cold winter months when
Jack Frost nips cheeks and ears.

Not so long ago, my ideas of this sport
bordered on the glamorous rather than
on prosaic reality. My interest in skiing
was aroused by hearing the enthusiastic
tirade of other skiers speaking of the
exhilaration of their own past experiences.
It was through their reminiscences that I
recalled an episode of my early childhood.
I had been only about eight at the time,
but while lacking equipment, I was ready
to try anything once. On antique skis, I
first braved the wintry gusts for the hills.
The slope was gentle, but in my first wild
enthusiasm I lost both skis while landing
in a complicated position. Trudging home
I pledged—no more of this nonsense!

The first attempt at skiing is not only
interesting, but it is a revelation. At this
time one is initiated into the mysteries of
harness, wax and equilibrium. Skis, poles,
and boots are essential items for a skier,
but their skillful use is much harder to
acquire. Besides the required equipment
there is also the question of "warm
clothes." Hounded by a cautious soul,
jackets, mitts and scarves are bundled
into place until movement became difficult.
Once outside, my precautions seem logical,
for the day is cold. A bitter wind blows
across the sullen landscape over which
lower the cold, gray clouds of a winter
day. On viewing the gloomy outdoors, my
failing spirits sink to an even lower level.
Remember the sensational stories in the
newspapers about innocent people who
were killed or mutilated on the hills?
One girl slashed her face with a pole,
while someone else broke a leg. Strangely
enough, though my heart is in my boots,
I begin to hum. How true was he who
said that the swan always sings before
death!

When I arrive at the hill, I know my
feeling of doom is entirely reasonable.
Before me lies a white expanse sloping
downward gently, then plunging sharply
for a few swift feet. Am I to attempt

that? Already the gloomy day darkens visibly as I receive instructions—"Lean forward,—bend your knees—keep your skis together." And pray, I silently add. There is a sinister feeling concerning the whole prospect. Thus, with failing spirits, amid shouted encouragements, I shove myself forward, hoping.

Suddenly, things begin to change, for although the slope is gentle, a breeze rushes against me, flushing my cheeks. Miraculously I retain my equilibrium even on the steeper run—how, I'll never understand. Unfortunately a slight bump throws me into a graceless position, but oh, things have changed so greatly! That glorious rush of air!! That exhilarating burst of speed! My enthusiasm is unlimited. Readily do I agree with MacDonald's couplet:

"I'm high on the hill and ready to go,

A wingless bird in a world of snow."

At last, I am sure that I can and will, learn to ski.

Lois Houston, Grade XII, Second Prize.

MY LAST LIFE

"The soul travels;

The body does not travel as much as the soul;

The body has just as great a work to do as 'The soul and parts away' at last for the journeys of the soul."

Walt Whitman: "Song of the Open Road"

This is death: the body "parts away at last for the journeys of the soul". I know, for I am life, the essence of life: the "soul", if you prefer that term. I give life to a body much as a spark gives life to a gasoline-saturated wick. The essentials are prepared; all that is needed is something to activate them. That is my duty: to activate the human body, where I remain, until I am recalled to roam about my own world—a world that can be described as a tangible void. I remain here until another call of duty brings me to Earth.

This property of the soul has been realized before, for said John Masfield in his poem, "A Creed":

"I hold that when a person dies

His soul returns again to earth,

Arrayed in some new flesh—disguise."

But just as that spark of which I spoke has no control over the activities of the flame which it starts, so I have no control

over the activities of the body to whom I give life. I remain, a silent watcher, observing his life, his actions, his battles against greed, pride, passion, conscience; his victories, and his defeats.

In my time I have been a watcher in many bodies. I have seen many lives; but poor or rich, lord or peasant, mighty or weak, it was all the same. If they were good, it was because they feared the sufferings of another world. If they were bad, it was because they feared being hurt, and hurt others to prevent it. All wrapped up in themselves, they lived, but never saw life. And deaths! I have seen deaths of agony, of deliverance, and of what is called "heroism," when my former home lay in the blood-stained mud; he who had wanted only peace, quiet, and the beauty of one's own home with love, yet had lost it because of selfishness and fear of losing it. I had watched through the ages; the world had changed, but not the people in it. Their lives were all basically alike, until I believed life to be but a battle for self, bitter, hard, and unrewarding. This I believed, until I lived my last life.

He was a simple man, he did no heroic deed, invented no new machine, won no election. His life seemed ordinary and commonplace; there seemed no great events, but all the small ones were made great by the man himself. He saw beauty everywhere, in softy falling snow, in a sunset, in a child's play, in a woman's smile. No matter how often he saw these, he would never fail to be thrilled anew. I learned many things from him. I learned of the beauty of loving for the pure reason of affection; of the beauty of giving for the sheer joy of seeing happiness in others; of the beauty of laughing because it is better than crying.

I have learned the lesson which I was sent down to learn. It took many ages, and many lives, but now I know that life is what you make it. It can be a thing of bitterness and sorrow, or it can be a thing of warmth and beauty, if only you feel for the warmth and look for the beauty. I leave your world now and go to my own, to live my own life as I have learned to live it. The good man's soul is made complete, and goes at last to heaven.

Guy Hamel, Grade XII, Second Prize.

THE IDEAL SCHOOL

As we approach Fermor and St. Mary's, we see the new St. Vital collegiate, an ideal school. From the outside, the classrooms look like glass houses with a few bricks here and there. Promptly, we think of the old proverb, "People in glass houses shouldn't throw stones;" this might be altered to "shouldn't misbehave". And here is the entrance: beautifully constructed, it resembles the Greek stone work. Immediately we recall the great Greek thinkers, such as Herodotus, or Aristotle.

Before we enter, there at the rear of the school is a huge chimney, with a little door in the middle of it. Why a chimney in an ideal school? Well, there is a new fuel which burns air, easily controlled, and easily changeable into flames, or into hot, red coals. Therefore, when a class party is in progress, the little door is opened at the click of a switch. What do you know? A barbecue! But the ideal school on the outside is not nearly as interesting as the inside. Let's go in and investigate.

Walking down the spacious halls, we notice various "coke" and chocolate-milk machines. We learn that this service is for the ten-minute recess in the morning and afternoon, the drinks being supplied by the school. Now, what about the classrooms? Here is one. Just a minute,—no teacher, and the class is quiet? What is that funny-looking apparatus in the corner? . . . It is an electric eye which peers over the whole class. Upstairs in the control room sits one man who may rule one thousand children at a time. He has a robot man assigned to each room; a bell rings when a child misbehaves, and releases the robot, who goes to the room and "controls the class", so to speak. In the other corner of the room is a more complicated-looking machine. It is the mechanical teacher, or "teacherscope". The inventor procured the idea from watching radar and television in action. There is a blackboard on which the teacherscope is able to write, but it is rarely used. Whenever an illustration is required, a little box lights up, and a projectional view is seen. The teacherscope can also speak and read. This all helps to show that a modern school is an ideal one.

The school has, as well, a gymnasium, a dance floor, and a swimming pool with showers. The activities carried on are not

extra-curricular, but central subjects in which everyone participates. These rooms are furnished with all apparatus needed, but have not the inventions similar to the classrooms: only gymnastics, dancing and swimming require human teachers.

A place of learning made with such materials and furnished with such inventions, must surely make a favorable impression on the surrounding community, and on other communities, as well as on the children. And what impressions?—an ideal school!

Marlene Cooper, XB, Third Prize.

FAITH

O dismal day of dreary dreams,
Unfold thine arms to this weary sheep
Who strayed from Nature's path, it seems,
To life of turmoil, of fitful sleep.

Press cool lips to this throbbing head;
And give love to this empty heart with
soothing phrase;
Bathe this soul in no memories dread;
Pray, lead me from this pit of dire
despair, of semi-daze—
Show me my God.

Now when I see the sky's recaptured hues,
Dusky pinks sift into misty blues,
Life returns to me and then I muse:

There is my God!

Barbara Gray, XID.

Third Prize.

SPRING COMES TO THE VALLEY

Spring stole silently through the valley one quiet night. There were encouraging signs of her arrival everywhere when the sun rose brightly over the eastern mountains next morning. There had been no advance herald, for the day before had been gray and lifeless, as if the universe were frowning on an early spring. A white torrent of foaming water blundered down the narrow gorge and caused the valley stream to be twice its normal size. Grasses and trees seemed to awaken once more, sharing the zeal of the advent of spring. Children came out early to play, shunning jackets and coats. They wanted to feel the soft wind on their arms and faces, and the dizzying warmth of the sun on their hair. Bold green tulip leaves pushed through the moist black earth. It would not be long before they would nod their cups of red and yellow, forgetful of the snow and ice. **Helen Smith Grade XID.**

FASHION'S FORECAST

My younger brother, although only thirteen, is very conscious of a necessity to be in style, and to my mother's chagrin, and my disgust, he does everything in his power to maintain and strengthen his reputation for being fashion's follower. I will now attempt to describe a few of the fashions of bygone days before I tell you fashion's forecast.

Several years ago, when dogs were in style,—personally, I have never seen them go out,—Buddy, my brother, baby that he was, insisted on having one, the immediate result being the admission into our peaceful domicile of an animated round ball of black fur. Buddy named him "Chum", and chummy he was and is. On alighting from a streetcar in front of our house, I have to brace myself, making sure that my footing is firm, and undergo a launched attack of ninety-four pounds of affectionate doghood. Others, not so fortunate as I, sometimes are a little tardy in preparing themselves to be leapt on, so more than once an officer has been visiting us about our dog, who has supposedly been molesting people.

Buddy, however, soon got bored with Chum and became anxious for more conquests. His best boy friend's cousin had some beautiful rabbits, orange and black, which he would sell at fifty cents a piece. The "orange and black" part alone being a challenge, I decided to accompany Buddy to his boy friend's cousin's house, and was not only a little disappointed to see, not orange and black bunnies, but one of a tawny color and one of black. Still hoping for the orange and black rabbits, I purchased a tawny male and a black female. The ultimate end of the black one being its escape from the pen which led to the result of its being teased to death by Chummy. The "orange" one lived on for five years, becoming good friends with Chum, who overcame his insane jealousy for any other pet we might acquire accidentally or on purpose.

Then there were the fish. They were not gold-fish, such as ordinary human beings would keep, but young carp, about the size of gold-fish. Buddy, who had tired of the rabbits years ago, took to fishing with my bathing cap, which is now only good for holding my hair in when I go swimming. Our old fish bowl was dis-

lodged from its basement haunts and restored to use in the backyard. Filled with water, and well stocked with the ugly carp, it was dragged in the house, against my mother's wishes, to be placed on top of the ice box in the most inconspicuous corner in the room. All but nine or ten fish survived their first winter, but many people who came over, seeing fewer fish each time accused us of eating them, to which I always punned back, "That joke is in very poor taste." After the fourth or fifth time the company couldn't muster up a laugh, so I put that joke away until next year.

Turtles are in fashion now. Little uneventful, insignificant ones priced at fifty cents each. Buddy, who is now somewhat older, didn't get his turtle right away, but had to work for it. All spring, mother was bullying, hoodwinking and threatening him to clean up our yard to no avail, but when Buddy had to make up his mind between cleaning up the yard and living with a turtle, or not cleaning up the yard and living without a turtle, he readily accepted the former, leaving mother with a curious, uneasy feeling as to which really would have been the easier way out of a complicated situation.

Recently, I heard from a very reliable source, one of Buddy's boy friends, that fashion's forecast is not kittens, which I would accept without a moment's hesitation, not a bird which could cheer up one's lonely hours, not a horse, or more rabbits, but miserable, little, pink-eyed, odorous white mice. Mother says she will have none of this, but I heard her asking the butcher the other day if white mice were carnivorous or herbivorous, which in any language means more animals!

June Crawford XII.
Honorable Mention

POEME

I glide across the Glenlawn Halls
As all the girls fall in behind;
Each one desirous of a date,
A dance or show in mind.

They stutter, stammer, pester me,
Faint hope in each eye gleaming.
I turn and smile my dazzling smile—
Oh Jack, cut out your dreaming!

Jack Poulter, XI D.

HOME COMING

All evening long I'd fretted in my chair,
And, restless, I put down my book unread,
Then went outside to try to clear my head
By walking in the ocean-salty air.

The night was black, although the moon
was full;
And all was still but for the endless sigh
And gasp of breaking waves on rocks
nearby,
Like dying breath, yet without change or
lull.

Then as I watched, the waves grew tall,
The water rose, the wind shrieked high.
My mind stirred at that once-known cry,
Responded to the ocean's call.

My body sank beneath the foam,
For I recalled my life of old,
My Kinsmen then of me took hold,
And bore me to my far-off home.

Guy Hamel, Grade XII.
Honourable mention.

A SCRAP OF PAPER

I, a tiny, weather beaten, frivolous edged
piece of paper seem antique to the casual
eye. I am more than that—I am old.
What is old to a piece of paper? Well, I
had better explain.

I was born (it seems rather foolish for
a piece of paper to born, however—) ap-
proximately in the year of our Lord, one
thousand eight hundred and forty-three,
off H. Elm by Bent Oak. Then, my
destiny was still unknown; I was merely
another sapling amongst millions of
others.

For the next decade, the youth of the
forest were put to severe tests—mainly
fire, drought, excessive water, and insects.
From the millions, that were born at the
same time as I, only thousands survived.

When I had reached the age of fifty,
only several thousand trees of my age
survived, but the survivors were brawny,
tall, straight trees, that any land would
be proud to support.

My next forty years were uneventful
except for the fact that I heard, via the
gossiping south wind, that two wars had
been fought. What concern was that to
a tree? It was a great concern, for we
are very interested in how the outside
world is keeping.

In the year one thousand nine hundred
and forty-nine, several men with speeches
that sounded like the pelting of hail (later
I was told that they were the famous
Cursatiers, who cursed with every second
word) murdered me, together with several
of my friends. They dragged us to the
lake's edge, and floated us down stream
to a pulp mill. They were not satisfied to
murder us but they also drowned us.

In the mill, I, being the finest specimen,
was placed in a vat of chemicals and acids.
Here I was transformed into my present
state. Some of me, I say some, because I
was divided into several portions, were
made into newsprint. This part of me
was very useless, as the piece I now am
contains my soul.

Next, I was sent out to a dis-
tributing company who sold me to a
school. Here I was placed into instant
use—a cruel, hard, exam. was printed on
me.

Unfortunately the pupil who received me
was very weak in his work, and I blushed
to think of what a poor paper he had
written. When he thrust me in his pocket
severely at the end of the examination, I
reasoned that all was up with me. However,
I was wrong. He took me home, extracted
me from his pocket, neatly dissected me
into segments, and printed some cipher on
me.

The next day I realized what had taken
place, for now I was a perfect unnoticeable
set of "cheating papers." This last deed
of mine so unnerved me that at the end
of the exam., I gladly fluttered into the
waste paper basket, as I had miscarried
the trust placed in me by my parents.

Thus the child they had sired to become
of use to the world became an enemy of
society.

Lawrence Dzioba, XII.

GLENLAWN

G. is for the gay times we spend,
L. is for the stern laws we tend,
E. is for our endeavours true,
N. is for the notes we brew,
L. is for love we share.
A. is for arguments we bear,
W. is for the Wrigley's used.
N. means, really we're "NOT" abused.

Marlene Cooper, Grade XB.

ROOM 7

Papers scuffle, room's a din,
Someone stuck Tom with a pin.
Talking's louder, books go bang,
Hurrah! The bell just rang.

Books are closed with bang and clash,
Room is left with quite a dash.
Students leave their lovely heaven,
To spend hours in Room 7.

Up the stairs with leaps and bounds,
You'd really think we're chased by hounds.
Hurry up, you fifty-seven!
Get the best seats in Room 7.

Room's unsettled, spirit's soaring,
'Cept for Tommy who is snoring.
Teacher says, "Class, pay attention.
This room is for your detention."

Marguerite Clark XB.

FIRST YEAR BOOK

Franklin P. Adams once wrote: "Of making many books there is no end." Now, although this statement was made prior to April, 1948, and although it is most doubtful whether Mr. Adams ever heard of a certain collegiate called Glenlawn, the astounding appropriateness of his remark would make it seem that he was unconsciously foretelling an important event. This event was to take place at the above-mentioned time, at the above-mentioned institute, when the truth in his statement was soon discovered by several students who attempted to prepare the collegiate's first annual in many years, a literary production known as "Glenmories."

Little did these students know of the mysteries of journalism, and much had they to learn. Few had ever heard of "cuts", contract books or "proofs", and none would have guessed the time, work, and money required for such an undertaking. However, according to the old adage, "Experience is the best teacher." These young people were well taught.

Oh, well will we remember the many treks up and down Portage Avenue in the quest for those all important "ads", with the frequent friendly "yeses" and the still more frequent, not always so friendly, "no's".

How many engraving and printing establishments did we visit before we found the most reasonable, and, we hoped, the best? How many subsequent visits were there to these establishments, once found, to take in copy, pick up proofs and generally see how we were getting along? Goodness knows; we lost count after the first week.

On looking at the finished product, one couldn't believe the headaches and loss of sleep suffered by our poor editoress and our adviser, as they tried to steer our year book through its course to completion. One couldn't know of all the worry over matters which seemed so important then, but were smoothed over and turned out all right in the end, as most troubles do. For all our headaches and worries, much to our surprise the book sneaked out before the deadline, the bills were all paid, and, still more surprising, we found ourselves "well in the black."

On thinking back over those hectic months, one may well ask, "Was it worth it?" The answer is a decided "yes," for, as James R. Lowell said, "Each year to ancient friendships adds a ring, as to an oak." What better way to remember these friendships than by keeping them all together in a year book?

Now, in 1949, our thoughts again turn to "Glenmories." Though we have only recently heaved our sighs of relief over the termination of the last issue, we must begin all over again, for here is another year with another graduating class. So, we see, there really is no end of "making many books."

Marjorie Coats XII.

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★
WE AIM TO PLEASE

Activities

FUN AT THE FUND FAIR



RED CROSS

It has been said that one of the greatest events in the history of Glenlawn (this year) was the Fund Fair held Friday, November 26. It was officially opened by Inspector of Schools, Mr. H. Connolly. Much preparation went into the Fair to make it such a success. The staff should be especially commended for its support. Miss Dickinson, who was the inspiration of the Fair, was in charge of the whole effort. Miss Fryer did a splendid job in the tea room. The hobby room was under the care of Mr. Laurie. Mr. Downie and Mr. Heaney looked after the movies and concert, while Mrs. Elliot looked after the Bazaar. Mr. Allen held the important position of auctioneer. The ticket sale was handled by Mr. Yarwood, with high sales awards going to Bruce Fraser, Grade XII, Milton Wolanski, Grade XA, and Ron Collett, Grade XB.

We cannot forget the students who did their share, especially in the sale of tickets. It might even be stated that without the help of a single student the Fair would not have been a success. The highlight of the day was the auction. (How else could one get rid of pickles and neckties?)

We must not forget the original purpose of the Fund Fair, which was to raise money for the Junior Red Cross and the Sports Council. One hundred and fifty dollars was contributed to the convalescent unit of the Red Cross, while the Sports Council received two hundred and fifty dollars.

Another successful enterprise undertaken by the students of Glenlawn to raise money was the Cookie Sale. The success was due to the individual efforts of the students. The Red Cross received fifty dollars from this sale.

The Red Cross is sponsoring a Summer Camp at Gimli for the first week in August, for which the Teachers' Summer Training Camp will be used. It will cost only ten dollars, plus fare, per delegate. All the high schools in Manitoba will be represented, plus delegates from Ontario,

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With the completion of this camp project, Glenlawn will have finished a busy and happy year.

CHEERS!

This year, at Glenlawn, girls from each room banded together to form a group which proved to be not only inspiring, but also very attractive. They were the Cheerleaders, who turned out to all the games to lend vocal and moral support to the teams.

Organized by Bobbie Clark, who was also their representative on Council, they included Bobbie herself, Joyce Airth, Phyllis Gobert, Frances Gilmore, Sylvia Hunter, Shirley Jephson, Joan McCreath and Marilyn Ross.



BACK ROW: Frances Gilmore, Joan McCreath, Shirley Jephson, Marilyn Ross.

FRONT ROW: Phyllis Gobert, Bobbie Clark, Joyce Airth, Sylvia Hunter.

After a number of yells, originated by the students, had been printed and handed out to the Glenlawnites, a Pep Rally was held in the auditorium, one noon hour. Talks were given on school spirit, and on our athletic and academic achievements of past years. The rally proved very successful, for at the next basketball game there was hardly enough room for all the spectators who attended.

The Cheerleaders turned out to all the games, inciting loud and long yells for Glenlawn. Only occasionally was it necessary for Mr. Heaney to come along and threaten to hand out detentions to any who were not cheering.

Much credit is due to these girls, who did so much to boost the turnout at the games. To you, girls, we say "Thanks."

SOCIAL SCENE

Flipping over the pages of our calendar for 1948-49, we find that we have had an interesting as well as successful social year.

Cruising down to Glenwood on Friday, November 5th, one was given the impression of entering "Old MacDonald's" farm. That's right, it was a barn dance, appropriately called the "Yokel Yump." The two new teachers, Mr. Heaney and Mr. Allen, were present with their wives; also in attendance were Miss Fryer, Mr. Laurie, and Mr. Yarwood. Everyone was "dressed" for the occasion in sloppy shirts and jeans. Polkas, schottisches, and square dances were in full swing during the entire evening; prizes donated by Eaton's were given to the lucky spot dance winners. During intermission, entertainment was supplied by Colin McArthur's boogie arrangements and a short skit.

The next dance, on December 5th, was called the "Holly Hop." Everyone brought a small gift which was placed under the tree, to be later distributed by jolly St. Nick, better known to us as Emil Manko. Advantage was taken of the sprigs of mistletoe. (Where did you get it kids?) The dance was a huge success for the attending teachers as well as students. Music for the evening was supplied by the Eaton's Band Box.

To start off the new year, the Council thought up a new kind of dance—the "Kolor Kraze", set for January 28th. As the name indicates, it was a dazzling affair of gaudy colours. The highlight of the evening was the floor show, which featured the "Ink Erasers", (someday they'll rub out the "Spots"), and an accomplished violinist, Guy Hamel. Although it was not as well attended as previous affairs it was a wonderful dance, and all enjoyed themselves. Miss Fryer and Mr. Downie chose the prize-winning costume composed of the most blinding colours.

The final dance of the year was an excellent chance for the gals. It was the "Co-ed" on March 11th. Again we were fortunate in having the Eaton's Band Box supplying the music. Mr. and Mrs. Heaney gave a good demonstration of how a schottische should be done. Other teachers in attendance were Mr. and Mrs. Downie, and Mr. Yarwood. Since the girls proved to be slightly bashful, the bold boys were forced to ask for dances.

The class parties were started this year by the XI Fs, who hiked out to the St. Vital Park, accompanied by Mrs. Elliott and Mr. and Mrs. Heaney. After an enjoyable tramp the party concluded with a dance, held in the school auditorium. The next social affair for this room was a theatre party, early in May.

The X As and X Bs, with the help of Messrs. Downie and Heaney, had their party in the form of a winter hike. At the end of a snowy walk through St. Vital Park, a dance was held in the school. During the dance refreshments were served.

The Grade XIIs have had two parties during the past year. The first was a hike to the "Monkey Paths." Here Miss Fryer and the class enjoyed weiners and trimmings around an open fire. The second social for the XIIs was a toboggan party on the river bank. After much vigorous exercise the group returned to the home of Lois Houston, where refreshments were served.

The X Cs had two parties this term, both being dances. The first was in November and the second in March. They were held in the school auditorium, with refreshments on both occasions.

It seems that Grades XID and XIE were too busy—in studying, we are sure—to arrange any get-togethers during the past year.

As we reluctantly close the calendar, we know that we shall long remember these happy events.

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VARIETY CONCERT



TOP LEFT—Back Row: Glen Nightingale, Jack Poulter. Front Row: Jacquie Barr, Joyce Toews.

RIGHT—Lois Houston, Guy Hamel.

BOTTOM—Back Row: Marlene Cooper, Stewart Johnston, Bob Crossley, Fred Steeves, Barry Frego, Margaret Thomson, Barbara Murray. Middle row: Bobbie Clark, Lois Houston, Guy Hamel, Marie Brownlee, Gerry Barr. Front Row: Doug Hicks, Sidney Menlove.

Our annual dramatic presentation was held in the Norwood Collegiate auditorium on April 27 and 28. This year it took the form of a variety concert, featuring our guest accordionist, a magician, musical numbers, and two one-act plays.

As the curtains slowly opened, they revealed the white-bloused Glenlawn girl

choristers, ably conducted by Mr. Heaney, their organizer, with Colin MacArthur as accompanist. In the regretted absence of Mr. Yarwood, our wholehearted thanks go to Miss Dickinson and to Mr. Laurie, who so willingly took his place on Thursday and Wednesday evenings respectively. Next on the programme was a vocal duet

by Coray Carlson and June Crawford: then our first play, "Follow Suit," a pre-dinner domestic crisis, with Jacquie Barr and Glen Nightingale as Rita and John Page, and Joyce Toews and Jack Poulter as Mary and Dick Lee. The second play, "Trails," in two episodes, featured a prairie schooner scene in Episode I, with Guy Hamel as "Wild Dan Laney", Lois Houston as his devoted wife, Lucy, and Marie Brownlees as the busy-tongued old mother-in-law, Selina Harris, who "smoked a pipe — for asthma — or so she said." Fred Steeves was the friendly fellow-traveller, Jim Henry. The second episode, in the latter part of Dan Laney's long life, showed a modern tourist camp incident. Those in the cast included Guy Hamel, aged beyond recognition, as Dan; Roberta Clark, Sidney Menlove and Doug. Hicks as his grandchildren; Barbara Murray and Bob Crossley as their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller; Stewart Johnston as Tom Kelly, and Margaret Thomson and Barry Frego as Mr. and Mrs. Winship.

Our Guest artist was a noted accordionist, Ken Brown, who played many of our favorites, both old and new. "Magic Moments," with our guest Black Artist, Mr. McCreath, proved very mystifying. We wish to thank our magician for a splendid job. Our closing number was "Burlington Bertie from Bow" alias Ken Layton, with Colin MacArthur at the piano. Well done, and many thanks.

We would like to thank the casts and the persons of the Variety numbers for their co-operation and generous help, with special recognition for these people "behind the scenes": Marlene Cooper, Gerry Barr, Gary Bircham, Dan Buss, Don Mitchell, and Harry Hiebert (our P.A. artist); also Harvey Gibson and Don Gibbons, of Norwood Collegiate, who helped change the scenery, and Joe Freedman and Barry Frego, for their great help with their cars. Much credit is due to Miss Fryer and Mr. Heaney, too, because we know that it is through their efforts that our concert was such a success.

We would thank especially warmly our make-up directors, Kay Oaks and Joan

Ambrose; their clever work was truly appreciated.

Good luck and continued good fellowship for another season, to all our stage associates.

INTERHIGHLIGHTS

Interhighlights commenced publication for a second year, and Glenlawn had a fair number of representatives on the staff. The paper was sold on a subscription basis this year.

Margaret Clokey held the position of Features Editor, and Doris Zastre that of Girls' Sports Editor. Claire Higham and Jack Poulter were staff writers, while Jean Macdonald held a position on the business staff.

After overcoming financial and editorial difficulties, "Lites" began to turn out very good issues. Outstanding articles included: a biography of Walter Winchell, an exclusive report on the Western Canadian Bowling League, an article on the students' part in the city's birthday celebration, an interview with Frankie Laine, and an exclusive photo-story of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The "campus personalities" section of "Lites" featured Glenlawn's Glen Nightingale and Roberta Clark.

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Back Row—Harry Hiebert, Gordon Julmi. Middle Row—Joe Boyko, Marlene Cooper, Kay Sakiyama, Claire Higham, Alan Harding. Front Row—Joyce Toews, Dick Coad, Mr. Downie, Bill Nicholson, Melva Lowenberger.

SPORTS COUNCIL

Glenlawn once more has experienced a very successful year in the athletic fields. To begin with, the Provincial Track Meet at Brandon, last year, deserves special mention. Glenlawn track and field stars were the most proficient at the Meet, the boys gaining more points than any other single school in Manitoba. We are proud of these champions, and hope to be as successful in future years.

The Sports Council has had an exceptionally heavy year, especially financially. Changing the school colors to red and grey necessitated the purchase of suitable sweaters for our teams. We would like to thank Mr. Leach for his tireless work in making the new crests for these sweaters.

Books of tickets were sold to the students for admission to basketball and hockey games. Cheer leaders were in attendance, leading the new school yells. For these reasons, the number of enthusiastic supporters at games was greatly increased, giving the players the backing that is so necessary for their success. Even though we did not come through champions, the 1948-49 school year has seen Glenlawn very close to the top in most athletic fields.

To raise sufficient funds for their expenses, the Sports Council received part of the proceeds of the Fund Fair and of the Cookie Sale. A very successful Theatre Night was held at The Vogue, in the spring. The St. Vital Fire Department also sponsored a dance in aid of the sports funds at Glenlawn. We would like to thank all our benefactors for their generous aid and co-operation in our financial projects.

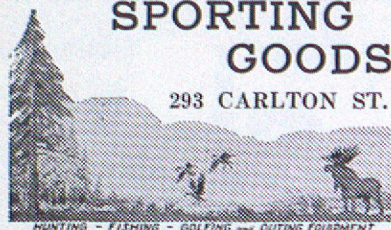
A new award has been introduced into Glenlawn this year, for outstanding sports achievements. It may be won by any boy or girl who wins distinction and meets adequate requirements in the athletic field.

Congratulations and appreciation are extended to all students who have participated in sports activities this year, with sincere thanks to the teachers, who have so willingly helped them.

To the future Sports Councils of Glenlawn, we wish the best of luck!
DICK COAD, President.

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Back Row—Ken Muckle, Roy Wilkinson, Herb Olafson, Bill Wright, Don Collins.
Front Row—Alan Harding, Gordon Julmi, Don Harding, Bob Sexsmith.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The boys' team had a very good year, in spite of the fact that it was nosed out of the S.C.A.A. hoop championship by the East Kildonan boys' team.

In the first game, played at Y.M.C.A. against East Kildonan, November 1st, the score at the end of regulation time was deadlocked 27-all. No overtime was played. Herb Olafson led G.C.I.'s scoring parade with ten points.

Selkirk Collegiate was the next opponent and was trounced to the tune of 33—20. Olafson was again high man with 17 points.

Continuing their winning ways, G.C.I. then met St. James and soundly whipped the latter quintet 31—8. Blond Herb Olafson had a field day on the court, notching eight field goals for a total of 16 points.

The Glenlawn hoopsters clinched top spot in the loop when they downed Norwood 21—12 in a very rough contest. Again it was a tall fellow by the name of Olafson who sparked the team to victory, netting 14 digits.

Having entered the semi-finals, Glenlawn again met Selkirk. This game was not the runaway that their previous encounter had been, Glenlawn only managing to "scrape" by 25—18. As per usual, Olafson was high with ten points.

Then came the finals. In the initial encounter, East Kildonan, Glenlawn's perennial enemies in the hoop wars, triumphed to the tune of 30—20. G.C.I.'s big gun was again Herb Olafson. It was an inspired Glenlawn five that bounced back to win the second contest 35—29 and force a third and deciding game. Olafson turned in a dazzling 18-point effort to pace Glenlawn to victory. In the rubber match, the classy cage crew from East Kildonan showed much improvement over their last outing when they nosed out Glenlawn 24—20 in a close-checking, hard-fought encounter. With the win went the S.C.A.A. basketball crown.

Much credit is due to Mr. A. A. Leach, who coached the boys throughout many hectic games and practice sessions. With-

out his untiring mentoring the boys could not have accomplished as much as they did. In addition to going undefeated throughout the schedule, the G.C.I. played a number of exhibition games against various teams around the city, with good results.

Next year's hoop squad should be very promising, with numerous holdovers — so look out, East Kildonan!

JACK POULTER.



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Back Row—Wendy Garwood, Alice Watson, Merle Shannon, Elsie Schultz, Helen Jackson. Front Row—Jean Hammett, Joan Duguid, Joyce Toews, Marie Brownlees, Mae Craigie. Missing—Barbara Lennox, Doris Zastre, Shirley Ross.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Although the girls did not enjoy quite as many victories as the boys' squad, they had a lot of fun and won more games than the previous year's team. The girls met some very tough competition, both in league games and in exhibition contests.

The first game, against East Kildonan, gave the G.C.I. gals one of their triumphs, the latter five outscoring their opponents to the tune of 9—8. Pacing the Glenlawn team were Jean Hammett and Wendy Garwood, with four and three points respectively.

November 22 saw Glenlawn edged 13—12 by a tall Selkirk Collegiate team. Scorers for Glenlawn were: Duguid with five, Schultz, Brownlees and Lennox with two each.

The game played December 6, against St. James, was one that the girls would rather forget, for it was at this game that Glenlawn suffered a severe trouncing. The score: 18—2 in favor of St. James. G.C.I.'s two points came from successful free throws by Toews and Shannon.

Norwood Collegiate pulled the game out

of the fire, January 10, with a last minute field goal. Glenlawn had led all through the contest and it was the last minute drive that gave Norwood the victory. Duguid and Toews led the scoring parade for Glenlawn with six and four points respectively.

The girls were eliminated from the playoffs, Saturday, January 29, when they were downed 26—18 by a team from Selkirk Collegiate. Shirley Ross led Glenlawn with a five-point effort.

In exhibition contests, Glenlawn girls downed Atlantics, West Kildonan and Junior High All-Stars. The teams who defeated our girls were the classy Y.W.H.A. aggregation, who won 24—11; the Tumorettes, who won 10—8 in overtime; and a Norwood squad, who won 12—4.

The girls had a good time this year. Although they didn't go as far as the boys in the playoffs, they won more than their share of exhibition games against more experienced clubs. To next year's players go the best wishes of the 1948-49 team.

CHERIE HULL.

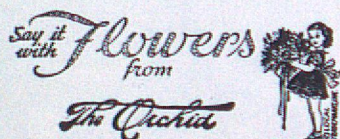
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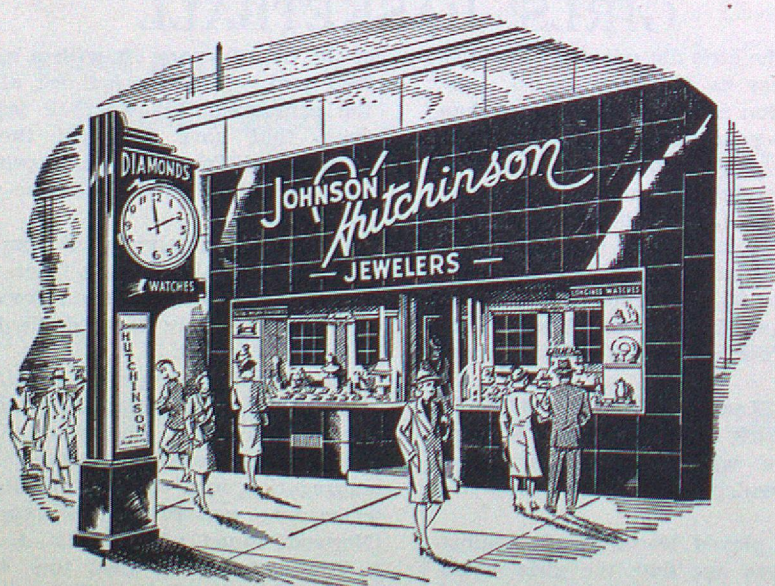
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Back Row—Tom Kaminski, Stewart Johnston, Bruce Fraser, Gerry Barr, George Wicklund, Don Gallie, Ralph Yetman.



Front Row—Alan Harding, Jean Hammett, June Rodgers, Dorothy Newis, Joan Mackay, Gordon Julmi.

Back Row—Ray Davies, Gerry Barr, Art Fonseca, Jack Lowther, Ralph Yetman.

SKI AND SNOWSHOE

Glenlawn's entries in the annual Inter-High Ski and Snowshoe meet, held at Puffin Ski Club, February 26, took second place in the senior grand aggregate standings. They were headed only by Gordon Bell, who ran up a total of 24 points. Glenlawn's total was 14 points.

Individual winners for Glenlawn were: Joan MacKay, 1st in Grade XI girls' point-to-point; Gerry Barr, 2nd in Grade XI boys' point-to-point; George Wicklund, 3rd in Grade X boys' point-to-point. The ski and snowshoe relay team was the only team to take any honors, winning their event.

Points were awarded on a five-three-one basis.

A new event was introduced this year—the jump. This move was made to promote interest in the almost extinct art. However, Glenlawn had no entrants in this field.

With the numerous entries coming up from the Junior High, the outlook for Glenlawn, next year, is quite bright.

JACK POULTER.

Given the unpleasant task of breaking the news to a woman that her husband had committed suicide, a neighbor went to the widow's house. "I bring you bad news," he said, "your husband just jumped into the river."

"Oh," sighed the woman, "him and his new fountain pen."

SPEED SKATING

Glenlawn Collegiate speed skaters carried the senior division honors of the Suburban Speed Skating Meet at the Amphitheatre, March 8th. Over 3,500 wildly yelling students from all suburban schools attended the meet. A summary of what happened to Glenlawnites follows:

The Senior High boys' relay teams took first and second place in their event, while the Girls' Senior High relay quartette took second spot in their race.

The Senior High boys' individual race saw Glenlawn pull off another double win, with Art Fonseca and Gord Julmi taking first and second spot, respectively. Dot Newis placed third in the Senior High girls' individual.

The races were not held last year, so it appeared as if Glenlawn had been storing up energy for this revival. There were no City-Suburban finals held, however. Could the city schools have heard of Glenlawn's mighty power?

The blademen and bladewomen of Glenlawn will be looking forward to an even better year next season, with possibly a chance to meet the city schools in a final.

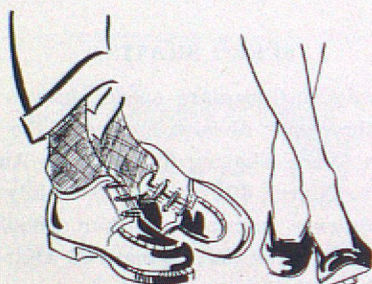
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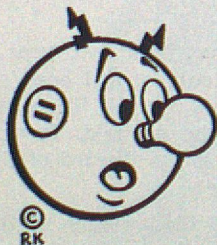


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HOCKEY

Back Row—B. Colbert, D. McKenzie, E. Manko, Mr. Heaney, A. Harding, R. Jefferson, G. Julmi. Front Row—D. Coad, B. Nicholson, D. Collins, A. Paradise, A. Fonseca, De Brincat. Missing—Gallie, Mousseau, Joyal.

SOCCKER

Soccer at Glenlawn must be jinxed or something. For years now G.C.I. has turned out good teams, but to no avail—we can never win a championship. It used to be "Burland's Bombers"; now it is "Downie's Demons".

Although we fielded a fast team, our goal mouth finish was not good enough to win any games. The team played their hearts out and in many cases it was a goal in the closing minutes that "sank the ship".

The reason for Glenlawn's going winless cannot be lack of enthusiasm for the sport. Every P.T. period sees a group of soccer players out in back of the Collegiate, attempting to kick the ball down the goalie's throat.

Nor can the losing streak be blamed on the coaching. Mr. Downie devotes all his spare time in the fall to recruiting a squad

and drilling same in the fundamentals of the game. Then, in his "spare time", Mr. Downie coaches the St. Vital Junior High soccer team, Glenlawn's farm team.

Now that the ball has been stowed away for this school year, we can hope for a better outcome next year. To next year's team go our wishes of better luck.

JACK POULTER,

HOCKEY

This year's edition of the Glenlawn Lions hockey squad showed much improvement over last year's team, winning three games and tying one contest.

Getting off to a bad start, the Lions were blanked by Norwood 4—0. Norwood was the strongest team in the league and was going like a house on fire. The game was played at the Olympic Rink, January 10.

Still unable to get going, Glenlawn bowed 3—1 to a hot-and-cold St. James squad. Glenlawn's lone goal-getter was Dennis de Brincat, who rapped home the disc from point-blank range.

Glenlawn finally started rolling, January 20, when the Lions downed Transcona 3—2. Scorers for G.C.I. were de Brincat, Fonseca, Mousseau. Colbert subbed for Collins in the net.

Four days later, the red-hot Glenlawn six outpaced a very speedy Provencher squad, winning 4—1. Nicholson, de Brincat, Gallie and Joyal were Glenlawn's scorers.

The Lions' third victory came February 2nd when they downed a scrappy East Kildonan squad 4—3. Gallie notched a pair for Glenlawn, while Nicholson and Joyal rapped home singles.

Meeting Norwood in the semi-finals, Glenlawn almost pulled a giant-killer act when they tied the game 4—all. The overconfident Norwood squad were caught off-guard and almost lost the game. Scorers were: de Brincat (2), Jefferson, and Joyal.

In a re-play of the semi-final contest, Norwood downed Glenlawn 4—0 in a fast, scrappy game. Glenlawn held its own for the first two periods, but the famed Norwood power-play proved to be too much for the Lions.

Leading the Lions in the scoring parade for the season were: Dennis de Brincat (5 goals), Don Gallie and Lou Joyal (3 goals each). Collins turned in fine performances in each game that he appeared, while Bob Colbert, his substitute on two occa-



Fred De Porque

sions, also showed up well. The boys that never receive much credit—the defence-men—played well in every game, giving their goalkeepers much needed protection on numerous occasions when their opponents turned on ganging attacks.

The team owes a debt of thanks to Mr. Heaney, their manager, and to Fred de Porque, the enthusiastic coach. Fred could be heard all over the rink when the boys weren't playing the game correctly.

JACK POULTER,

BOWLING

The 1948-49 school term saw the introduction of a bowling league at Glenlawn. The teams and schedule were drawn up and arrangements made by Mr. Yarwood. A great deal of interest was shown by the Student Body, consequently drawing into competition many who otherwise would not have participated in any part of the sports curriculum at Glenlawn.

The league was run off at Coronation Bowling Alleys every Wednesday afternoon. Before Christmas the competition was keen; however, in the new year the attendance dropped off, due to the commencement of curling. The winning team of the only finished schedule was Melva Lowenberger's. The team was comprised of: Melva Lowenberger (captain), Glen Nightingale, Guy Hamel, Stewart Johnston, Lois Houston, and Marjorie Coats.

Everyone seemed to enjoy this new sport and next year it should prove to be just as successful.

MELVA LOWENBERGER.

CURLING

Comes the winter and also curling! Although many of last year's curling experts have now vacated the premises, there is still a great deal of enthusiasm at Glenlawn for this great winter sport. That genial gent, Mr. Laurie, designated the new skips of the various rinks with exacting care.

Similar to last year, the curling season for the school began after the Christmas holidays. There were many upsets due to the keen competition, thus causing some of the supposedly good rinks to wind up in the lower brackets of the league standing at the end of the schedule.

Due to ice conditions, last year's final had to be held over till this year. The finalists were: Morrow (skip), Hunter, Lowenberger, with Nightingale substituting for Greenaway; Julmi (skip), Fonseca, Dodds, with Graham substituting for Michaud. The winning team for 1947-48 was the quartet skipped by Terry Morrow.

The championship rink for 1948-9 was skipped by Bill Hunter. They fought their way to the top of the ladder and clinched the championship by downing Dzioba's rink.

This year Glenlawn again challenged St. James to decide the holder of the Suburban curling trophy. The games were played in St. Vital, but Glenlawn rinks did not prove strong enough to defeat the champions. Better luck next year, Glenlawn!

MELVA LOWENBERGER.

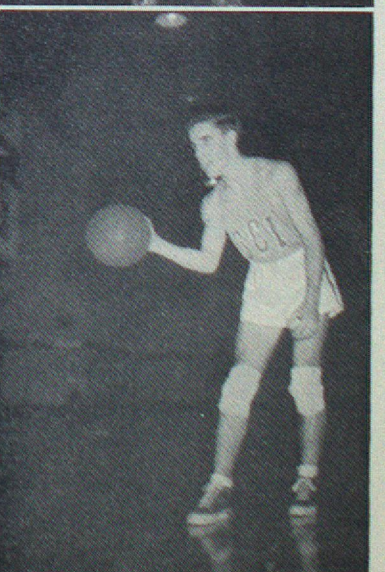
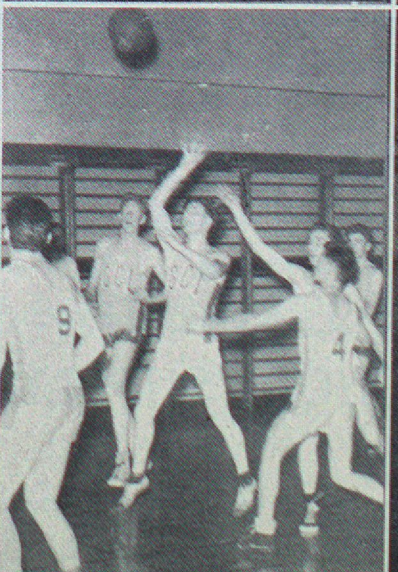
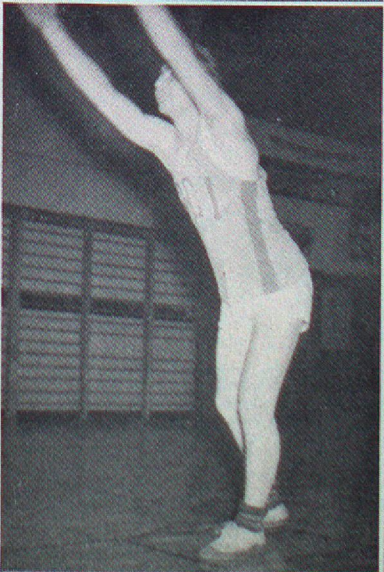
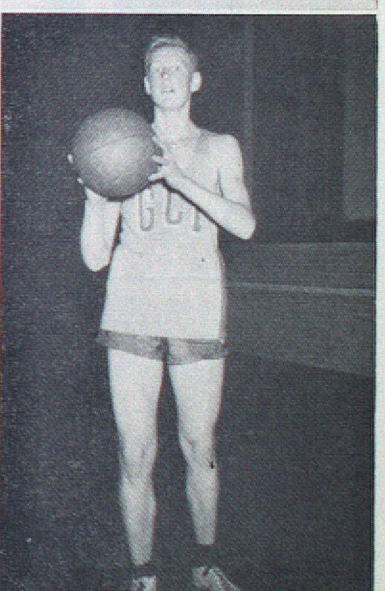
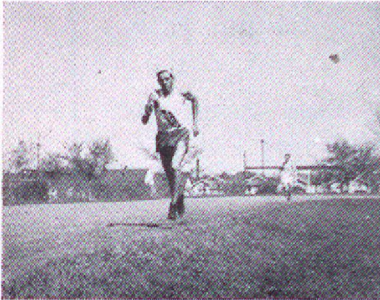
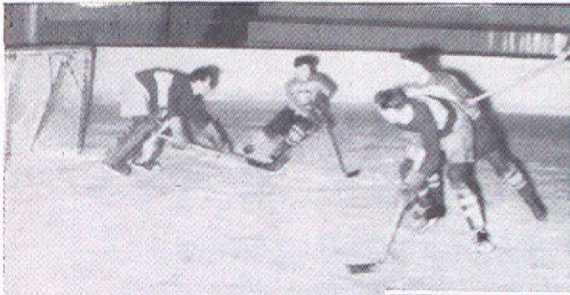
INTER-GRADE SPORTS

During the past school year, three inter-grade sports were encouraged at Glenlawn—for the boys, hockey and basketball; for the girls, volleyball.

Last winter the Inter-Grade Hockey League was formed, a schedule drawn up, and the games played during the noon-hour on the Norberry C.C. rink. The "champion" of this illustrious hockey loop was the Grade XI team. They won a best-of-three series from the Grade XII team. A few pictures of the games are shown in the sports picture layout.

With the coming of warmer weather, some summer sports activities were lined up for the students. The boys were busily engaged in playing the "old bucket game," better known as baseball, while the gals chose up teams and spent their spare time playing volleyball.

The students owe a debt of thanks to their Sports Council, who organized the schedule and took care of all the other worries that go with running a league.



Glenlawn's Hockey Team in action
Allen Harding
House League at work

Gerry's out in front
Cheer Leaders
Herb Olafson

Bob Sexsmith
The Basketball Team
Ken Muckle

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TRACK AND FIELD

ST. VITAL FIELD DAY

Despite a wind that carried half the dust in Winnipeg, St. Vital held their annual inter-high school track meet at Sargent Park, Friday, May 13.

Glenlawn Collegiate spotted each of the junior high schools 160 points. The schools receiving the handicap were: Glenwood, Windsor, and Norberry.

After the final race had been run and the last field event completed the scoreboard showed that Glenwood school had won the 1949 meet. The Glenwood team had run up a total of 251 points (including handicap) with Glenlawn Collegiate 50 points behind.

Outstanding for Glenlawn were: Glen Nightingale, a triple winner in the intermediate 100 and 220 yards sprints and broad jump; Gerry Barr, winner in the intermediate half and one mile grinds and the discus; and Gord Julmi, victor of the senior broad and high jump and the 100 yard dash. The G.C.I. girls were led by Hazel Blanchard who took the "D" class high jump and 75 yard sprint, and Donna Coad who won the "C" class 60 and 75 yard dashes.

Others who turned in creditable performances were: Allen Harding, Joe Boyko, Lawrence Dzioba, Joan Mackay, Dorothy Newis, Ken Muckle, Fred Steeves, Art Fonseca, George Wicklund, Gary Bircham, Joe Freedman, Don Davis, Bob Sexsmith, Kayo Goto, Jack Maley, Helen Jackson, Helen Robinson and Wendy Garwood.



S.C.A.A. TRACK MEET

St. James Collegiate downed Glenlawn for the second year in succession to take the S.C.A.A. track and field crown for 1949, at Sargent Park, May 30, after the original meet was rained out on May 26. St. James compiled a total of 95 points compared to G.C.I.'s 92 markers.

Big guns for Glenlawn were: Glen Nightingale and Gord Daulby, both double winners. The former tied the record for the intermediate 220 yard dash. Bob Sexsmith smashed the junior half mile record with a time of 2 minutes 10 4/5 seconds. Others who showed well for their alma mater were: Gerry Barr, Laurence Dzioba, Bill Nicholson, Helen Jackson and Don Collins. Junior high school students who shone were: Barbara Stogan and Bruce Massey.

St. James and Glenlawn, perennial athletic enemies, battled neck and neck "right down the stretch" with the last event finally deciding the winner.

The track and field teams owe a debt of thanks to those members of the teaching staff who gave willingly of time and experience to train them.

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NONSENSE AVENUE

While visiting a certain Collegiate, the school inspector became provoked at the noise the unruly students were making in the next room. Angrily he opened the door and grabbed one of the older boys who seemed to be doing the most talking. He dragged the boy to the next room and stood him in a corner.

"Now then, be silent and stand there," he ordered. A few minutes later another boy stuck his head in the room and said, "Please, sir, may we have our history teacher back?"

With her hand on the light switch, the woman paused in her interminable chatter to inquire: "Is everything shut up for the night, dear?"

Out of the darkness came her husband's patient reply: "Everything else, dear."

"Figures never lie," said the instructor. "For example, if one man can build a house in 12 days, 12 men can build it in one day."

"And 288 men could build it in one hour," responded Harry. "And 17,280 in one minute, and 1,038,800 in one second. What's more, if one ship can cross the Atlantic in six days, then six ships can cross it in one day. Figures don't lie."

Dim lights have the highest scandal power.

Jimmy, aged seven, sat patiently through the first number of the symphony concert. The next number on the program was a coloratura solo.

"Mamma," asked Jimmy, "why is that man shaking his stick at the lady?"

"Hush, Jimmy," she said, glancing around apologetically, "He's not shaking at her."

"Then why," retorted Jimmy, "is she screaming like that?"

A spry old gentleman, new to the city was smoking in the bus. The conductor said to him, "Don't you see that sign that says 'No smoking allowed'?"

"Of course I do," replied the old man, "but how can you expect me to observe all your rules? There's another one that says 'Wear Spiral Corsets'."

"Joe, you look all in today. What's the trouble?"

"Well, I didn't get home until after daylight, and I was just undressing when my wife woke up and said: 'Aren't you getting up pretty early?' Rather than start an argument I just put on my clothes and came down to the office."

A copyreader on an Illinois newspaper couldn't believe it when he read a reporter's story about the theft of 2,025 pigs. "That's a lot of pigs," he growled, and called the farmer to check the copy. "Is it true that you lost 2,025 pigs?" he asked.

"Yeth," lisped the farmer.

"Thanks," said the wise copyreader and corrected the copy to read, "two sows and 25 pigs."

"Tub" was asked by his history teacher to name the principal cultural contribution of the Phoenicians. The answer, given without hesitation, was "Blinds."

One cold night a man with reputedly poor eyesight was driving a friend home. The frost was thick on the windows and after a couple of near accidents the friend tactfully suggested that it might help if they cleaned off the windshield.

"What's the use?" the driver replied. "I left my glasses at home."

"Drinking makes you beautiful," said he.

"But I haven't been drinking," she replied.

"I know," he sighed, "But I have."

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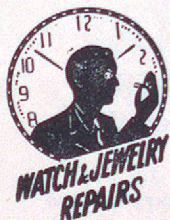
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By the terms of the agreement Jacques was to fire first. Tremblingly he groped his way to the fire place and fired up the chimney—and brought down Jean.

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“Thanks a lot, kids!”

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