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GLENMORIES



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

Dedication

We are proud to dedicate this, our 1952 publication of "GLENMORIES" to Mr. H. Wood, who is retiring from his office as secretary-treasurer of the St. Vital School Board. In addition to this latter position, Mr. Wood is the Building Superintendent, Attendance Officer, and controls the financial affairs of



MR. H. WOOD

the school district. As a draftsman and artist he has been invaluable. It is creditable that in his eighteen years on the school board he has missed not one meeting.

Upon his retirement Mr. Wood intends to visit England for a short period and then retire in sunny Victoria. We speak for the entire Glenlawn School District when we say that he will be sincerely missed and remembered by all.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor Colin MacArthur
 Advertising Manager..... Gloria De Vries
 Business Manager..... Sheila Acheson
 Literary Editor..... Marilynn Gillies
 Social Editor..... Veda Dickinson
 Sports Editor..... Maxine Dixon

Typists..... { Carole Laidlaw
 Marlene Leech
 Elizabeth Simpson

Sports Writers..... { Lona Huhtala
 Barbara Einarson
 Rex Blamey
 Fred Steeves
 Doug McKenzie

Photography..... { Gloria De Vries
 Jim Peebles

Photography Editor..... Eleanor Wach

Advisors..... { Miss V. Fryer
 Mr. A. Heaney

Room Representatives:
 X - Room 1 Pat Griffith
 X - Room 4 Noreen Acton
 X - Room 5 Shirley Kennedy
 X - Room 10 { Marjorie Clawson
 Bob Dale
 XI - Room 2 Mary Owen
 XI - Room 7 Elaine Wach
 XI - Room 8 { Gloria De Vries
 Kelly Clark
 XII - Room 9 Colin MacArthur



YEAR BOOK STAFF

FRONT ROW—left to right: Eleanor Wach, Marlene Leech, Sheila Acheson, Elizabeth Simpson, Miss V. Fryer, Colin MacArthur, Marilyn Gillies, Gloria De Vries.

SECOND ROW—left to right; Mary Owen, Carole Laidlaw, Pat Griffith, Noreen Acton, Maxine Dixon, Elaine Wach, Bob Dale, Shirley Kennedy, Marjorie Clawson.

BACK ROW—left to right; Kelly Clark, Dave Williamson.

EDITORIAL

The time of year for which we spend the rest of the year waiting, has once again crept upon us—that time of graduation and summer sports. Thus, as the days grow hotter the pen grows heavier.

The 1950-51 Year Book was not produced, due to the late publication of the 1949-50 book, delayed by the disastrous flood. So as we present to you, this, our fourth issue of GLENMORIES, we hope that it will amply compensate for the year missed.

The editors wish to express their sincere appreciation to everyone whose efforts made this publication possible. We should like especially to thank our persevering staff, the room representatives, students, typists, and our advertising patrons. We wish also to commend Miss V. Fryer and Mr. A. Heaney, who so capably filled their positions as teacher advisors.

We are greatly indebted to other persons who rendered invaluable service to the production of GLENMORIES 1951-1952. To Mr. L. A. Leech, representative of Lance Publishing Co. Ltd., we offer our warmest gratitude for his helpful advice and consideration in publication matters, while Mr. E. S. Longstaffe of Rapid Grip and Batten, Ltd., who has given us very real assistance with illustrations, is heartily thanked.

With the capable help of Mr. A. Fonseca, our photographer, and the many others who assisted, we have tried, to the utmost of our abilities, to record a few of the more outstanding highlights of our school year 1951-1952.

We trust that in later years, GLENMORIES will happily recall our never-to-be-forgotten school-days.

FOREWORD



To be the Principal of Glenlawn Collegiate Institute and to be asked to bring a message to the Staff and Student Body, are honours received with humility.

The message is one of sincere wishes for your continued health, wealth and prosperity.

May those who are leaving the Institute, adjust themselves into their careers without harm. May they gain confidence in abilities which will enable them to become useful citizens of our Canadian democracy.

May those who are remaining, learn to understand the purpose of education, so that they will receive the greatest benefit. This can best be done by diligence, and by doing the work expected of pupils in high schools. Apart from studies, the school offers the opportunity to develop such traits of character as courtesy, leadership, kindness and fairness.

The teaching Staff of Glenlawn is worthy of high commendation. The teachers' unselfish and harmonious devotion to the cause of developing young lives and personalities is the main factor in creating a standard of school that ranks with the best in the Province. The desire of St. Vital citizens to support the Institute, is worthy of special note.

We congratulate you on the publication of GLENMORIES. We hope that this book will recall pleasant relations and remind you of your former school days.

W. S. YARWOOD



GLENLAWN TEACHING STAFF

FRONT ROW—left to right; Miss H. Elliott, Mrs. L. Elliott, Mr. W. S. Yarwood, Miss V. Fryer, Miss N. Kelly.

BACK ROW—left to right; Mr. R. Laurie, Mr. A. Heaney, Mr. R. Allen, Mr. D. Downie.

MR. W. S. YARWOOD—

Teaches Chemistry and Physics. Definitely has a sly sense of humour and a way with a joke. Works with untiring effort in organizing bowling leagues. His interest and advice in student affairs is deeply appreciated.

MR. R. ALLEN—

Teaches Science and Health; well-known for his excellent abilities as an auctioneer. Because of his pleasant personality is well-liked by both the teaching staff and students. Track-and-field and volley-ball coach.

MR. D. DOWNIE—

Teaches History, Health, Physical Education, and English. Is capable and proud manager of the basketball team; interested in all athletic activities. Very adept at square-dancing. Also coaches track-and-field, and soccer.

MRS. L. ELLIOTT—

Teaches Latin, Typing, Shorthand, Bookkeeping, "Everything no one else will teach." Known for her witticism and thoughtful consideration. Is well liked by both staff and students.

MISS H. ELLIOTT—

Teaches French and Commercial English. This petite teacher is well thought of by all, and is "one of the gang" at class parties. Her "pet peeve" is students who neglect to get

their French translations done; she is, nevertheless, lenient.

MISS V. FRYER—

Teaches English, Composition, Literature, and Girls' Health. School Librarian. Deeply interested in all, and active in most school affairs. Is competent and hard-working advisor on Year Book. Can serve wonderful lunches.

MR. A. HEANEY—

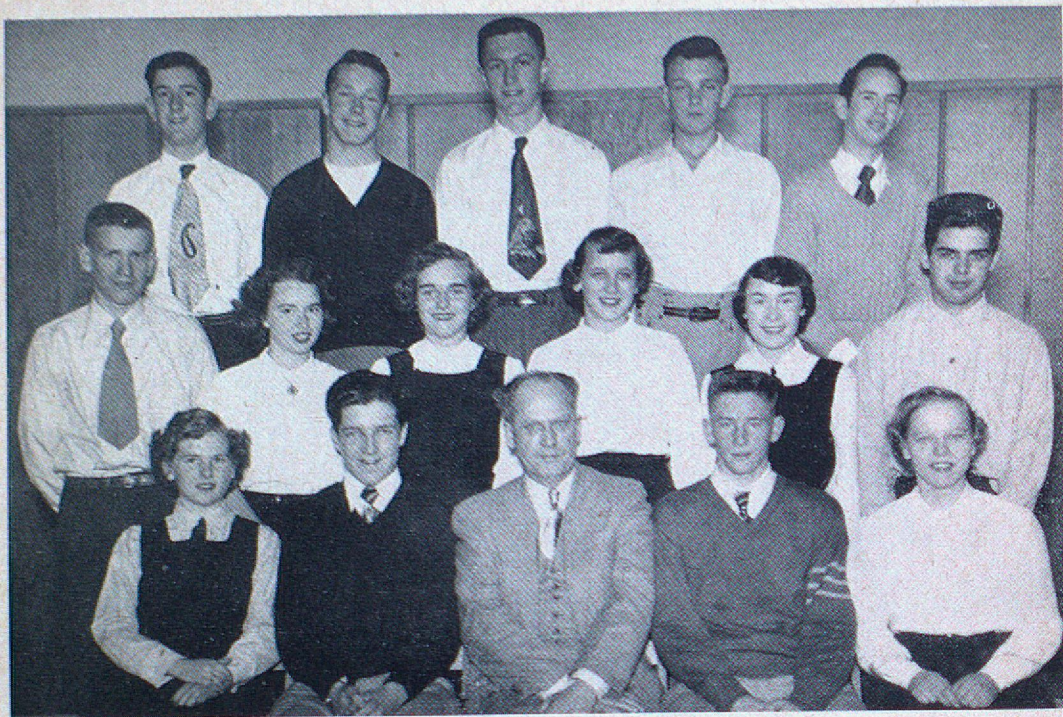
Teaches Geography, English, History and Vocational Guidance, and is photography advisor on the Year Book. Would like to get a car that gives more than ten miles per gallon. Takes a personal interest in the welfare of the students, and is a "Pal" to all.

MISS N. KELLY—

Teaches commercial classes. Drives a new Austin. Chauffeurs other members of the teaching staff to and from school. Hard-working director of the RED CROSS. Is the latest addition to the Glenlawn staff.

MR. R. LAURIE—

Teaches Mathematics — remains patient and kindly at all times (we don't see how he does it). Coaches curling for Glenlawn. Treats all students as though they were his own family—a good sport.



STUDENT COUNCIL

FRONT ROW—left to right; Veda Dickinson, Dave Williamson, Mr. W. S. Yarwood, Jerry Kendall, Lona Huhtala.

SECOND ROW—left to right; Bill Balicky, Ruth Laurie, Betty Le Cappellain, Carole Laidlaw, Eleanor Wach, Doug McKenzie.

BACK ROW—left to right; Ian McDuff, Rex Blamey, Trevor Fraser, Bill Bissett, Colin MacArthur.

A MESSAGE FROM THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The past year, 1951-52, has gone quickly for some, slowly for others, but while it has lasted, we hope we have made it a pleasant one to remember in the years to come. The activities which your Council sponsored — the Cookie Sale, Spring Tea, Queen Contest, and the Dances — will, and we say this hopefully, leave you with numerous cheerful thoughts by which to remember this particular term. Enjoyably and successfully, the teaching staff and the student body have worked together in fine harmony, and we thank them both for their co-operation and hearty support in Council projects.

Last fall we welcomed Miss N. Kelly as a new addition to the teaching staff. Besides helping splendidly with Red

Cross work, she had a big hand in the success of our tea.

The Student Council offers congratulations to Glenlawn's Provincial Boys' Basketball champions, who brought a sensational climax to the fulfilled aspirations of many a rabid Glenlawn fan.

Congratulations to Claudette Riel, who was crowned "Miss Glenlawn of 1952" in our second annual Queen Contest, and to our most worthy princesses, Lorraine Trudell and Shirley Garner. We express great appreciation to Mrs. D. A. Downie, who helped us turn the contest into a big show. It is wished that this unique affair will continue, in future, to be a part of the Council's program.

With the support and aid of the Council, a group of hard-working graduates have seen their dreams become realities

as the new Glenlawn Alumni Association has become firmly established. Two mass meetings and a dance have experienced large turnouts. An executive has been elected. This organization has great promise, and its numbers should be swelled by this year's graduating class.

To provide less confusion, better organizing, and as a result, a bigger intake, the Bazaar has been separated,

from the tea and put onto next fall's calendar. We sincerely hope that the '52-53 Council will make use of the potentialities of this proposal.

In conclusion, we wish Glenlawn's 1952 graduates the best of luck in any field into which they may go, and for next year's Council, our biggest wish is that you may always strive to make Glenlawn a better Glenlawn.

DAVE WILLIAMSON, President.

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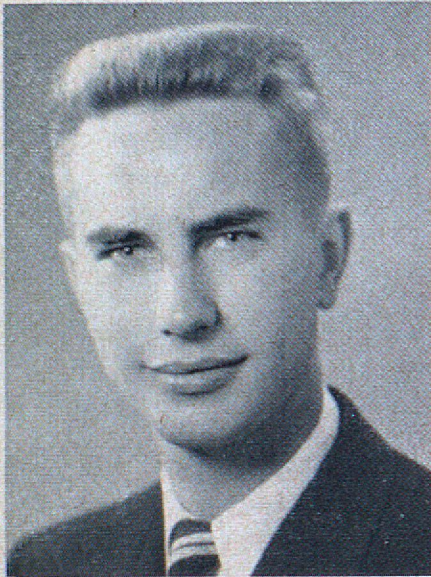
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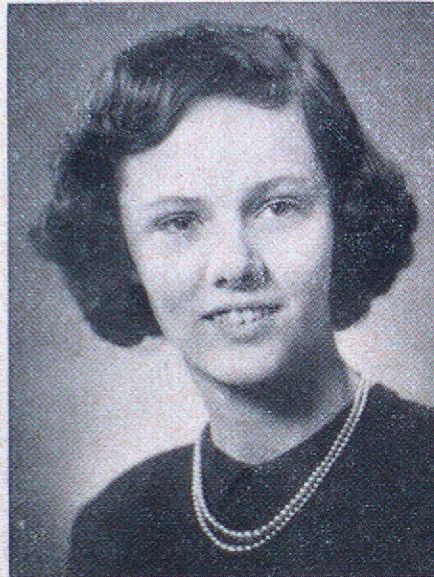
1950



DANIEL BUSS

During his busy days at Glenlawn, Dan was active in Council and academic work. He was Business Manager for GLENMORIES, the Collegiate's representative on Eaton's Junior Executive, and an outstanding Sea Cadet. Winner of a Navy League scholarship, he is now a Science student at University of Manitoba.

1951



MARILYNN GILLIES

GLENMORIES' Literary Editor, and Secretary of Grade Twelve, Marilyn holds an Isbister Scholarship to University. Her work as news correspondent in 1950-'51, together with her leadership in Red Cross and her high academic records, prefaced her membership in the Weston Goodwill Tour of Great Britain, 1951.

SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS, 1950 AND 1951

Kiwanis: 1950

Lois Houston
Jack Lowther

Coronation: 1950

Marjorie Coats

St. Vital Legion Ladies' Auxiliary:

1950—Edith MacPhail
1951—Phyllis Astwood
Joan Stevenson

Isbister: 1951

Marilynn Gillies

St. Vital Police: 1951

Helen Gustafson

Hotelmen's & Brewers': 1951

Gwen Smith

Coronation: 1951

Wayne Fraser

And Now . . .

TO THE UNIVERSITY

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Alumni Association



REUNION

tions and prizes were procured; dances were arranged; much planning was done, for this was to be an important occasion. Did the Graduates want an Alumni Association? Were they interested enough to prove worthwhile the months of preparation?

The committee thinks that the effort was worthwhile. All that has to be done is to develop this fellowship, through the Alumni of now and of the future.

CONGRATULATIONS

GLENMORIES offers heartiest congratulations to these Alumni, who have recently won distinctions of very high merit:

Lois Houston, winner of the University of Manitoba Gold Medal in Home Economics.

Melva Lowenberger, winner of the Winnipeg General Hospital's Intermediate Award for Nursing.

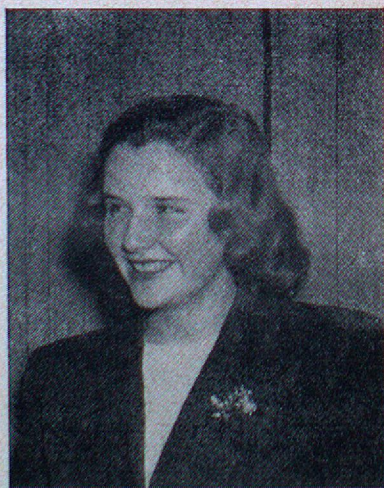
Ross Sreaton, winner of the Cominco Research Fellowship (\$1,000).

Glenlawn Alumni have for several years pondered on the possibility of banding themselves together as an association for good fellowship and for the promotion of Collegiate welfare. Early in the present year, a meeting of the Student Council Presidents of Glenlawn, in the last five years, was called, from which beginning came other meetings of more Alumni. An exploratory committee then worked at the school files, and drew up a list of names and addresses of everyone who had attended Glenlawn during the past five years. Members of this committee were Glen Nightingale, Art McOuat, Gary Bircham, Edith Burns, Hugh Curtis, Art Fonseca, and Dorothy Buchanan. This group next sent out to all the people on their list an informative letter and an invitation to attend a general meeting, to be held on March 11, at the Collegiate.

The response to this first meeting was fairly good. Interest and enthusiasm were certainly present. A temporary committee was then elected from the floor to make arrangements for a dance. Members of this committee were Art McOuat, Ray Kneeshaw, Lorraine Still, Lois Houston, Edith Burns, Glen Nightingale, Ross Packer, and Dorothy Buchanan.

The next general meeting was held on March 25, when the committee presented their proposals. The upshot of much discussion was the setting up of a committee to remain in office until September, 1952. These are the officers elected: President: Bob Morrison; Vice-President: Art McOuat; Secretary: Dorothy Buchanan; Treasurer: Ross Packer; Social Convenor: Stewart Johnston; Assistants: Glen Nightingale, Gerry Gray, Gerry Barr, Edith Burns, Claire Higham, Gary Bircham.

This committee finished arrangements for the dance, held on April 25. Posters, decora-



LOIS HOUSTON

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In Memoriam

The King is dead.
The whole world mourns for him
Who ruled our land with great integrity.
And this we know—
No nobler monarch ever graced the throne,
Or so upheld the standards of democracy.
'Tis true we mourn:
And yet we would not want our sov'reign King
To live a living death as he had done of late.
'Tis better far
For him, that he should be at rest
In a place where pain and sorrow are unknown.

The King is dead.
But he has passed his sceptre
To a Queen who likewise stands for God and truth.
Yet while we pay
Homage to the King and to his memory,
We pledge allegiance to our Queen, Elizabeth.

—By BETTY-JEAN YEATS.

Students

LEVEL III



Room 9

- Sheila Acheson**—A newcomer to G.C.I. Business Manager of GLENMORIES and beauty queen of Room 9. Is one of our top students and just loves French translation. Likes hurrying to school (?) Is extremely popular with both sexes.
- Alice Bigourdan**—One of the quieter (?) members of the class. Insists she does her own Maths. May be seen around Glenlee C.C. at weekends. She never loses an argument.
- Priscilla Bolton**—"Pris" is a jovial, good-natured lass. Very fond of unsupervised study periods with food. Likes dancing and planning class parties.
- Trevor Fraser**—"Orv" is president of Grade XII, and a real smoothie on the basketball court. Finds time between the golf links and Kingston Row to keep up a fine scholastic record. Enjoys looking out of the window.
- Marilynn Gillies**—Secretary-treasurer of Room 9, and Literary Editor of our Year Book. Standing first is a habit with her, as is winning awards. Very good-natured and poetically inclined, she often surprises with her witty remarks.
- Ron Hogue**—"Hoolie" is Vice-Pres. of Grade XII, and on the Suburban Basketball All-Star team. His perpetual hustle is a great asset to our hoop champs. Talks aloud in class and writes stories. Is a crooner and "Space Cadet" on the quiet. Coaches girl's team (or just one of them?).
- Lona Huhtala**—Treasurer of the Student Council, and just loves money (?) Also likes parties and jiving. Very active in bowling and curling. Intends to be a teacher. Of Physics?
- Wayne Johnston**—"Wingy." Room 9's rookie addition to Glenlawn's crack cagers. His ambition is to pass French, and to hear the cheerleaders yell, "Wingy is our boy!"
- Creighton Kerr**—Has a habit of being late for school. Could it be he spends too much time fixing his hair? He is an easy-going, well-liked fellow whose drumming is very valuable to the Cameron Highlanders.
- Ron Ketter**—Finds enjoyment and income in his accordion, of which he is a master. Boasted the best average in the Friday school bowling league, and his team won in the curling. Has a very original laugh.
- Ruth Laurie** — Chairman of the Red Cross Council, and a curling enthusiast. Likes Maths (?), and intends to follow in her father's footsteps as a teacher.
- Lizette Lavallee**—"Liz" is Grade XII's peppy contribution to Glenlawn's successful octet of cheerleaders. The bus gets her to school ten minutes after everyone else. Looks forward to Saturday nights—and how!
- Colin MacArthur**—Artist, poet, pianist, and what else? Editor of GLENMORIES. Has a way with women. Many people insist Jose Iturbi copied our Colin's piano style. Never a dull moment when he's around.
- Doug McKenzie**—"Banzai" is Sports Council President. A real hustler on the basketball team. Excels at hockey, bowling, baseball. Has an infectious laugh to go with his bag of jokes. Interest include Cabarets, jive records and Parkies.
- Alex Morrison**—Another member of the basketball team. Tries to keep clear of peculiar injuries. Has an attraction in Room 7. On his trusty bike in his spare time may be seen delivering orders for a drug store.
- Don Peach**—"Duck" is reigning G.C.I. golf champ. Has two other chances at fame—the clarinet and the oboe. Signs his initial to questions he does on the blackboard. Famous for his large, economy-sized cookies which he forgets to eat at lunch.
- Ed Rose**—"Flower" is one of our track stars. Is a real card (?) in school. Still mourns the moving away of Ken Barkley. Spends his weekends flying back and forth across the country.
- Helen Steenson**—A member of our Suburban Champion girls' basketball team. Gladly donates her house for our highly successful class parties. Finds school a little rough, but "Buck" up, Helen, it will soon be summer.
- Bruce Stouffer**—Tallest member of our hoop kings, Bruce finished 2nd in the Suburban scoring race, and was picked on the All-Star team. Is a grand guy who should make good in his intended profession—the F.B.I. . . . no less!
- Bob Sutherland**—"Suds" — The girls sitting around this chap in school don't bother to go to the movies, 'cause Sudsy tells them all about every one! Although he's a clown, he seriously wants to be a doctor. Likes saying wrong words in French translation.

Room 9 - Concluded

Pat Thomson—Is on the G.C.I. feminine hoop-squad. One of the school's best bowlers, and a real Winnipeg monarch fan. Is amiably quiet, and gets along with everyone.

Dave Williamson — "Dit" is President of Glenlawn Student Council, humour editor of Year Book, cartoonist and sports reporter. Extremely interested in Cabarets(?). Would like to be an author. Forms a part of an infamous musical trio. Ever heard of "Hoodle Addle?"

Tom Ashton—Another "Frank Buck," to hear him talk, only he doesn't bring them back alive. Although an ardent hunter, is quiet and easy to get along with.

Shirley Garner—One of our pretty Princesses, Shirley is Leader of Cheerleaders, and Room 7's Secretary. This busy person may often be found working at Murphy's.

Janet Hunter — "Knee-Hi" was chosen "Miss X" at G.C.I.'s "X" Dance. Enjoys her trips to Grade XII room. An experienced photographer, she owns her own developing set.

"INFLATION"

By Dave Williamson

It is said that truth is stranger than fiction, but I never realized how right this statement is until last summer. During my brief stay in London on my trip to England, I wished to visit as many of the famous places as possible. On this day, I hoped to take in London Zoo at Regent's Park, the Tower of London, and the South-Bank Festival.

Following a swift subway ride on the Bakerloo Line, one of the many fascinating underground electric railways, I exited from Regent's Park station into Marylebone Road. Looking around and seeing a London bobby on the other side of an iron fence near by, I decided to ask him the easiest route to the Zoo. However, I suddenly noticed that he and two other bobbies were busy with something and had a very interested gallery watching them. On further investigation, I saw a small boy with his head between two iron bars of the fence. He could not withdraw it!

As it appeared, the boy had put his head through the bars for no reason at all, certainly not to look at the insignificant little garden on the other side.

The policeman was feeding him a juicy plum to keep him occupied. Meanwhile, another washed the boy's neck over and over, trying to make it slip out. But each

time they tried to ease him out, he would wail in great pain. The child's mother was frantic. Two firemen drove up. A constable stood by with a hack-saw in case he had to cut the bars as a last resort.

At this time, a haggard Cockney truck driver arrived on the scene, as one of the curious throng. Immediately thinking of a solution, he returned to his panel truck and took out his car jack. Rushing back, he had the cops place it securely between the bars. There was much suspense as the bars were gradually bent wider and wider apart with the pumping of the jack. A minute later, the boy took out his head and went on nonchalantly sucking his plum!

His mother scooped him up into her arms and hugged him; then she gratefully thanked the bobbies, the firemen, and most of all, the little Cockney. As the gathered crowd slowly drifted away, some chuckling, others talking seriously, I heard her say: "And to think he had to come all the way from Birmingham to do it!"

And as I heard these words, I thought to myself: "To think I had to come all the way from Canada to see it!"

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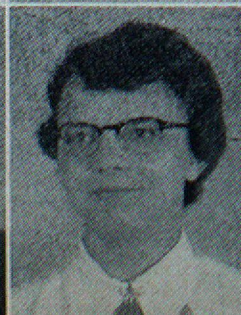
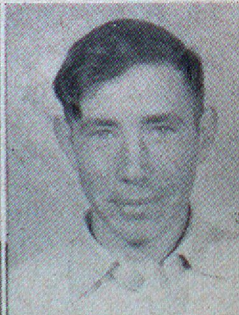
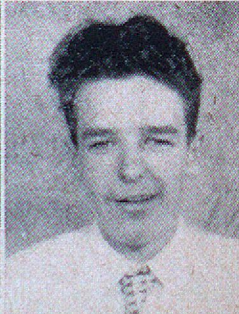
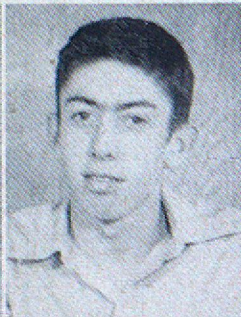
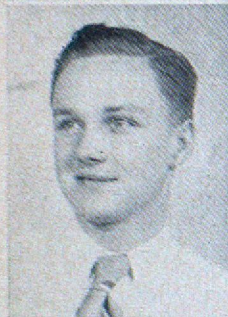
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LEVEL II
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Room 2

- Marlyn Angus** — Our Class Vice-President, whose current interests include an inclination to Ron. Is indefinite about her future plans. Good luck anyway, Marlyn!
- Phyllis Astwood** — The brain child of Room 2, she looks to a career in hairdressing. Rumor: she plans to go to Bermuda—how about it, Phyllis?
- Roberta Blackwell**—Outside of school, we don't know a great deal about "Bobbie's" interests. Our blonde, brown-eyed gal intends to take Grade XII.
- Ross Bowman** — May be seen driving around in his father's car on Sundays. Spends most of his time moving,—from the back to the front of the room.
- Bob Cormack** — Our Sports representative is greatly occupied at "Chippawa",—a very busy guy. And after all, "All the nice girls love a sailor."
- James Derby**—A quiet, friendly classmate, he seems to live for the baseball and football seasons.
- Celeste Dumpleton**—Our short, friendly one plans on going out into the business world this year.
- Elaine Hanley**—One of the Collegiate's Cheer leaders, her interests include a B.A., but at the Windsor Community Club.
- Shirley Hirt**—A quiet, friendly person whose intention is to become a receptionist; Shirley keeps us guessing otherwise.
- Lillian Houseley** — Here is Room 2's Curling Champ. As her private interests seem to centre beyond St. Vital, we still don't know. . . .
- Gary Duff**—Our six-foot-three blonde boy's ambition is to be a salesman. At present, cars and basketball are major interests.
- Dorothy Janman**—After school, Dorothy schedules a holiday. — then on to work in the business world.
- Beverly Johnson**—Our Social Convenor, "Bev's" main interest is Kelly. With plans for a business career too, her popular smile should win.
- Carole Laidlaw** — To our hard-working President, a very friendly and busy person, whose plans are still indefinite, we wish the success that we know she deserves.
- Marlene Leech**—One of the indispensable typists for GLENMORIES. Marlene is ever ready to lend a hand and give a smile.
- Mary O'Fremchuck** — Our Class Secretary, who plans retiring on our money! Mary was a newcomer to Glenlawn this year; her interest and help have been much appreciated.
- Mary Owen** — Room 2's GLENMORIES representative. Mary plans on working at T.C.A. after completing school. Who is "Scotty", by the way?
- Arlene Pockett** — "Arlie" is our Red Cross representative. Has planned to join the Air Force. A cheery, friendly person.
- Gordon Ridgedale**—Plans to enter the business world; loves to type eight words ahead of Miss Kelly's dictation. And oh, (sigh!) those big, blue, dreamy eyes!
- Beverley Sager**—One of Glenlawn's better curlers. Beverley too has intentions of joining the Air Force after she leaves school.
- Elizabeth Simpson** — Our Glenlawn Queen of 1950-1951 leads a varied social life. A candidate for the world of business, she has typed many a long page for GLENMORIES.
- Joy Spence**—Our joy, literally, in the academic picture. We wish her every success in whatever the future holds for her.
- Pat Stogan**—Another of the hard-working Cheer leaders. Pat keeps in form with her constant laughter. Is interested in N.D. (see map?)
- Leslie Stouffer** — Our boy from the United States, whose main interest is basketball. A tall, dark and "swell guy", he has no definite plans at present.
- Dorothy Varey**—A cheerful soul, Dorothy seems to have something of the sunshine of the south,—at least, she is usually to be found at the South End.
- Bernice Werbecki**—Room 2's star basketball player, as well as being one of our valued entertainers at the piano. Famous for her wit.
- Lois Wilford**—Frequently may be found working at Eaton's; she is a very busy person, especially as she has interests beyond our suburb.
- Eleanor Williams**—Yet one more class member about whose past or future we have been able to discover little. However, her present time does include plenty of fun.
- Doreen Williamson**—Possibly for definite reasons, takes great interest in the Air Force. Her plans include Grade XII next fall.

LEVEL II - GENERAL



Rooms 7 and 8

Louise Ashdown—Enjoys jiving by candlelight. Attention, boys — she can cook! Kept “Jockles” in gales of laughter at the back of the room before she was forced to vacate.

John Beaton—“Nicky” seems to enjoy school—??—but dislikes tiny chairs and tall girls. A friendly, co-operative type, he is always ready to help.

Shelagh Bell—Can say more words per minute than anyone in Room 8. Dates eight nights a week. We can understand why the Navy is fond of her.

Leona Bjarnason—Member of Eaton's Junior Council, of School Sports Council, and of G.C.I.'s basketbelle team; bowling enthusiast, track and field star. In the future, “Lee” may be seen tripping doctors along hospital corridors.

Rex Blamey—Room 7 President, and our pride in Curling. Plays Soccer, and is active in Track. Happily laughs at all our jokes, but is doomed to end his days in Safeway.

Don Brown—Flying Pellet man of Room 7. He has an uncontrollable laugh and a great zest for hockey. We should like to have seen him serve at the Windsor tea.

Robert Chant—Goalie on Soccer team, and very active in Track. Where does he spend his Wednesday afternoons? Permanent promise: To settle down and study.

Kelly Clark—One of Room 8's GLENMORIES representatives, he is an aspiring artist. Favorite pastime:—BEV. The trio of Clark, McQuat and Morris kept the room in an uproar with their rendition of “A Cause de Vous.”

Donna Claydon—How that gal can blush! Her favorite pastime is burning homework. What's so interesting in Room 9, Donna? Often caught working at Elm Park Pharmacy.

John Cooper—A “Crescent” hockey player. Can't keep out of riots between Al and Clint. Keeps Al supplied with pencils. Favorite saying: “How do you do this French?”

Gloria De Vries—Our other representative to GLENMORIES; a busy Advertising Manager—and a hustling student, when not wandering through the hall. Plans to be a music teacher, and not to get married.

Veda Dickinson—Secretary of Student Council and of Room 8, Veda is one of our most popular people. Noted for her frequent absence from the room due to “school matters.”

Maxine Dixon—“Max” hails from Vancouver. Sports editor of GLENMORIES. Burns up her atomic energy on the Basketball court. Spends summers as a lifeguard.

Herbert Drake—“Nature Boy” enjoys doing homework—off schedule — but never hangs around school longer than he has to. Often seen, but seldom heard, he plans to be a gardener.

Barbara Einarson—Class Vice-President. A popular blonde, whose main interest sits at the back of the room. We wish her luck for a planned nursing career.

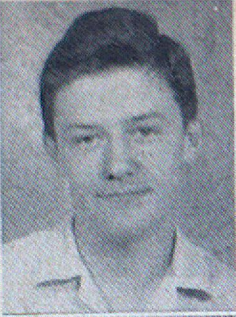
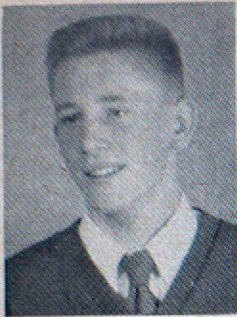
Shirley Falconer—Has the honor of being Room 8's smallest girl. Her desk offers sufficient camouflage for frequent conversations with Eleanor. Her French translations surprise even Miss Elliott.

David Flook—Likes to see how many different things he can make from one bicycle and motor. Dying ambition: to get eighty m.p.h. out of his Whizzer. He is well liked and appreciated.

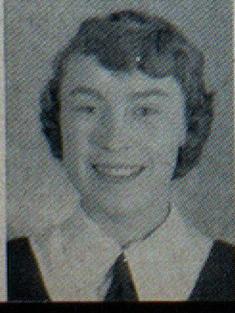
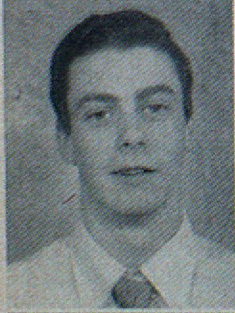
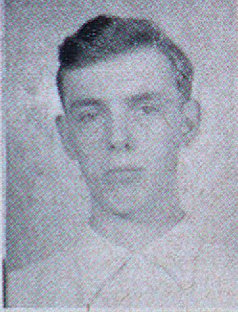
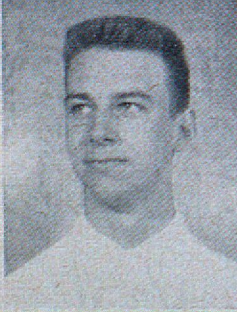
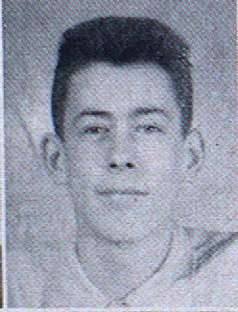
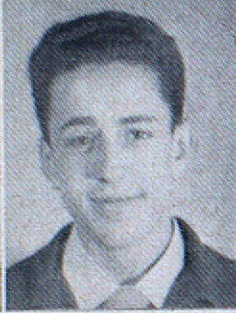
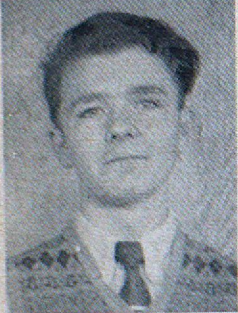
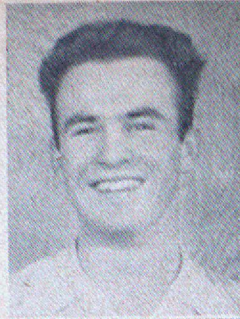
Allan Gorman—Class comedian, who keeps the back of the room in an uproar. Wants to be recommended so he can “get out-a here!” A faithful Curler.

Margaret Goulding—Queen of Room 8; her gorgeous coloring is the envy of all the girls. Has a merry old time away over there at the back of the room.

Pat Gregg—Another newcomer this year, Pat brings a pleasant smile from Saskatchewan. Our Red Cross Representative, and an enthusiastic dancer. Runs around “Barefoot”.



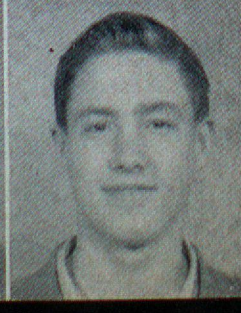
LEVEL II
General



GLENMORIES

1952

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Rooms 7 and 8 Cont'd.

Norman Hall—"Shark" would rather slice his fingers than do homework. Should become a lawyer, for he can talk his way out of anything. Favorite location: a curling rink.

Allan Hawkins—"Sadie" curls and is a Track star. His sense of humor keeps the class from becoming overcrowded. (Dying of laughter—get it?) Has possibilities: as a cute secretary.

Leonard Henteleff — Sharp Latin student. If he takes Latin to be a doctor . . . watch out! Quiet and controlled, he gets a big kick out of the humorous points of the day.

Jim Hunter — Sits in the corner and chews paper. A good prospect for a Rugby team, but spends his generous allotment of spare time playing basketball. A real pal.

Gordon Johnston — "Jiggs" is lucky in having the brains to correct teachers. Doesn't believe in marks below 70. Janet's little helper. He spends his spare time swimming and skiing.

Jerry Kendall—Fond of sports, and very quiet, this blond lad is School Vice-President. Faithful in the duties of ticket-care, he has done many a hike up and down our corridors. His pleasant way is appreciated.

Bob Kirk—In spite of a brilliant mind, Bob partakes of the funny quirks during school. A good Latin student, he keeps physically fit by playing cards with Dale every weekend.

Bert Lamoureux—Affectionately known as "Lefty," he plays on our star Basketball team. Insists that everyone is "punchy" or "strictly for the birds." Does his spring training on Springside.

Dale Loveridge—We are privileged to have Dale come all the way from Pinawa to dear old G.C.I. He has a good head on his shoulders, and a good brain inside the head.

Walter MacPhail — "Meatball" is noted for his frequent strolls around the room. The only person who can work the pencil sharpener, he is the first to admit that he comes to school to get an education.

Charles McOuatt—"Duncan" taught Bing how to sing, and Romeo how to romance. His favorite song is "Dry Bones," and his favorite flower is a "Lila" c. His is Room 8's Vice-President.

John Mishtak—Hails from Fraserwood. Rushes home every noon hour to make a special phone call. Likes only one song—"Sweet Lorraine." A good student, and a teller of good jokes.

Gordon Monro—A shark at hockey and basketball. Usually quiet, but likes a laugh too; has a good time with Jerry and Joan. His spare time is greatly taken up at the "Y"—which one?

Don Morris—Famous for his French song-writing. Loves history? A thirsty lad, he finds our Shoal Lake water worth many a moment, now and then.

Marilyn Packer—Mathemagician. Surprised everyone when she turned up one day with a poodle cut. Outside interests are kept secret from her public.

Diane Parker — Oh! those big, brown eyes! Noted for her large variety of sweaters. Her ideal lives in Norwood. Hopes to join her pals in the field of nursing.

Jim Peebles—Being a camera fiend, Jim manages to record many interestingly unstudied poses among the teachers. An energetic fellow, he is Glenlawn's representative on Eaton's Junior Executive.

Marlene Phillips—This gal has been blessed with black, naturally curly hair, and blue eyes. She may usually be found deep in conference with Joyce.

Joycelyn Pilling—"It's not Joslyn, it's Joyce-lyn!" she corrects. Entertains lunch-hour listeners with tales of all she has seen (?) A hard-worker, Joyce plans to become a nurse.

John Piteairn—Much to our regret, illness has kept John away from us for some time, but he is back with us again and as clever as ever. Enjoys a good joke, and keeps up with the doings.

Rooms 7 and 8 Cont'd.

Ken Regier—"Rugged," who took lessons from Clark Gable, has more jokes up his sleeve than the teachers care to hear about. Has quite a knack of laughing . . . that's a laugh?

Roger Robertson—"Beansy" has a mania for 1910 model cars, twelve-syllable words, and posing for pictures. Quite a humorous man, he has a miraculous brain, and requires a generous area of room in which to relax.

Ron Sandstrom—Very adept at basketball, and at hiding dogs in the closet. Popular with the girls, he is also a real, authentic, genuine funny man. Likes nature, mostly "Birds."

Margaret Smith—Petite queen of Glenlee Community Club. We quote: "I don't know what color my eyes are!" Her tiny lunch is hardly worth carrying to school. Strict hockey-fan.

Richard Smith—"Now what're you grumbling about?" he asks. Team "B" basket-brawl star, and Track enthusiast. Spent much time running back and forth to school before he started taking his truck. Most cheerful.

Joan Stevenson—Champion talker with the softest voice. The "realest" blonde in Room 8. For whom are her Saturday nights reserved? Favorite saying: "There goes a '52 Monarch."

Joyce Trumbley—Curling enthusiast. Set a new style when she came curling one morning in a plaid cap. Usually to be heard telling her followers about the night before.

Jack Trueman—Jack has quite a marked skill for finding ways to win the odds. An all-around good student, a real chatter-box, and a hook-shot artist. Wonder if he misses his old seat beside . . .?

Antoinette Vautrin—Noted for her various hair styles. Has a quick smile for everybody. Would rather draw than do maths. Her future is "undecided now."

Eleanor Wach—President of Room 8, and GLENMORIES photography editor. Eleanor is popular with both boy and girls. Favorite saying: "I hate wearing a tunic." Plans on a musical career.

Elaine Wach—This active gal spent most of the school year on crutches. Room 7's Literary Rep., she plans to get her B.F.A. after leaving Glenlawn. See if you can find her twin in Room 8.

Betty-Jean Yeats—A friendly lass, "B. J." is always willing to lend her glasses to anyone who has forgotten a pair at home. The brain-child of Room 8.

Albert Whittom—Our new classmate turns out to be a second Ken Watson. On a Curling rink he handles a broom like a janitor. Helps to get Norm into talk-sessions.

Two men were playing a round of golf one afternoon. They happened to be playing behind two women, who were duffers, and much slower. Finally, one of the men decided to run up the fairway and ask the women if he and his friend could play through and get ahead of them. Upon getting within a few yards of them, he turned around and headed back toward his partner, his face rather red.

"I can't go up there and tell them," he said. "That's my wife playing with the girl I took out last night."

"All right," said his friend, "I'll go."

And so he ran toward the women, but no sooner did he get within a few yards of them than he turned and came back, saying to his partner: "Small world, isn't it?"

Sharp-tongued Lady Astor once became annoyed by Winston Churchill and she said to him: "Winston, if you were my husband, I'd put poison in your coffee."

"Nancy," he replied, "If I were your husband, I'd drink that coffee."

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ROOM 1 — GRADE X

FRONT ROW—left to right; Eloise Rogers, Claudette Riel, Mona Kerr, Dorothy Alexiuk, Lily Watanabe, Diane Jephson, Cynthia Howell, Marilyn McDowell, Jean Auld.

SECOND ROW—left to right; Marilyn Winslow, Betty Sager, Wilda Gordon, Naida Black, Muriel Bird, Jean Macdonald, Dale Fraser, Pat Griffith, Miriam Mayfield, Pat Downey.

THIRD ROW—left to right; Michael Miller, Dave Thomson, Herb Stewart, Bill Bailey, Ron Leibl, Garth Grieder, Bob Keith, Trevor Jones, Alan Black, Robert Carthew.

BACK ROW—left to right; Ian McDuff, Jerry Perron, Bruce Dickie, Ken Gee, Bill De Vries, Graham Hurlburt, Norbert Milgaard, Barry Hutchings.

| NAME | PASTIME | AMBITION | ULTIMATE FATE |
|-----------------|--------------------|-----------------|--------------------|
| Dorothy Alexiuk | Making Lily laugh | To be a nurse | Scrubwoman |
| Jean Auld | Talking | Stewardess | Janitress |
| William Bailey | Studying | Pilot | Wilf's |
| Muriel Bird | No. 25 | Stewardess | "Ron" |
| Alan Black | Dodging girls | Hasn't any | Munro's |
| Naida Black | University of Man. | Marriage | Soda-jerk |
| Robert Carthew | Typing | Professor | Mayor |
| Bill De Vries | Amusing E.R. | Independence | Court Jester |
| Bruce Dickie | Menacing | Grade XI | Grade X |
| Patricia Downey | Eating | Artist | Waitress |
| Dale Fraser | Baby-sitting | Getting "Rusty" | Losing game |
| Kenneth Gee | Accordion boy | Radio star | M.B. |
| Wilda Gordon | University of Man. | Higher learning | Soda-jerk |
| Garth Grieder | Talking | To grow taller | To grow wider |
| Pat Griffith | Room 5 | Nurse | "Bob" |
| Cynthia Howell | Contradicting | Government | Head Janitor |
| Graham Hurlburt | Fixing lighters | Artist | Excavator |
| Barry Hutchings | Norberry | Golfer | Marbles |
| Dianne Jephson | D.W. | Photographer | Old Maid |
| Trevor Jones | Telling jokes | Wood Carver | Toothpick designer |
| Robert Keith | Yakita-yak | Admiral | Bugle boy |
| Mona Kerr | Drums | To lead parade | School Teacher |

| NAME | FASTIME | AMBITION | ULTIMATE FATE |
|------------------|-------------------|---------------------|--------------------|
| Ronald Leibl | Playing pool | To translate French | L.H. |
| Jean MacDonald | Music | X-Ray technician | Reporter |
| Marilyn McDowell | Gordon Bell | Architecture | B.B. |
| Ian McDuff | Parliament bldgs. | Prime Minister | Janitor |
| Miriam Mayfield | Talking to G.H. | Nurse | Greenhouse |
| Norbert Milgaard | Science | Electrician | Women |
| Michael Miller | Day-dreaming | Engineer | Toy Dept. (trains) |
| Jerry Perron | Room 4 | Millionaire | 500,000? |
| Claudette Riel | Blushing | Model | Cheer leader |
| Eloise Rogers | Studying | Higher average | Weather Prophet |
| Elizabeth Sager | Yak listener | Author | Lovelorn Advisor |
| Herb Stewart | Reading | Press Executive | Paper boy |
| David Thomson | Bragging | To get out of Gr. X | Sherwood's |
| Lily Watanabe | Giggling | Nurse | Housewife |
| Marilyn Winslow | Being late | School on time | In after four |

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ROOM 4 — GRADE X

FRONT ROW—left to right; Lorraine Trudell, Noreen Acton, Joan Bailey, Betty Le Cappellain, Donna Perry, Yvonne Perreault, Gwen Wilson, Gladys Lamoureux.

SECOND ROW—left to right; Gail McFetridge, Beverley Coe, Lucille Bolton, Mildred Ashworth, Marlene Richards, Arlyn Pitcher, Marion Strindlund, Lorna Livingston.

THIRD ROW—left to right; Muriel Davidson, Beverley Ferguson, Shirley Harvick, Geraldine Shinn, Wilma Cheyne, Pat Waterman, Elsie Moody.

BACK ROW—left to right; Georgina Borowski, Evelyn Richards, Alfred Spicer, Gordon Stark, Beverley Baker, Kathleen Beer.

MISSING—Patricia Faill, Margaret Jensen, Isabel Slominski.

Noreen Acton—Tall, dark and ? Front room chatter-box of Room 4. Loves to chew gum.

Mildred Ashworth—Quiet in school, but outside?? Lets out loud groans in those History classes.

Joan Bailey — Sun-kissed freckles on Joan's face bring out her beauty — but are they all the sun's kisses?

Beverley Baker—Has interests in Room 10. Her motto is, "I agree to disagree."

Kathleen Beer—Is going to be world's professional bowler, unless she settles to be a columnist.

Lucille Bolton — Favourite pastime is detention. She is a good sport and popular with all.

Georgina Borowski—Money collector of Room 4. Who is the interest at St. Mark's "Young People's", George?

Wilma Cheyne—Is well qualified to keep us posted on the latest styles in clothes.

Beverley Coe—Our sports representative with a good throwing arm. We don't know much about her except someone in Room 10.

Muriel Davidson—One of the many stars on our basketball team. She is generally interested in sports.

Patricia Faill—Doesn't let her secrets out. She is kept busy at Regents Park with C.G.I.T.

Beverley Ferguson—Bothered by Spring fever, but don't let her fool you.

Shirley Harvick — Likes eating candy during school hours. Where do your interests lie, Shirley?

Margaret Jensen — Her interests aren't centered on Science, but, she keeps everyone guessing where they wander.

Gladys Lamoureux — Traveller-girl of the room; keeps the teachers busy looking for her. Likes motorists.

Lorna Livingston—Second home at end of the car-line. Could there be any special person there, Lorna?

Betty Le Cappellain — Class President. Spends her well-earned money in Johnny's Snack Bar. She likes going to parties.

Gail McFetridge—Her little voice doesn't quite reach the teacher's ears. Spends all her holidays in Carman. Who's there, Gail?

Elsie Moody—Our champion gum-chewer. Doesn't mind talking. Happy-go-lucky, with a smile for everyone.

Yvonne Perreault—Doesn't like creepy things. She breaks more pen nibs than anybody we know.

Arlyn Pitcher—Her laughs can be heard at the other end of the hall. She is a pretty good cheer leader with her loud voice and her cartwheels.

Evelyn Richards—Side Sitter of Glenlawn, but proves to be a good Glenlawnite.

Marlene Richards—Marlene seems to be quite a hockey player. Wants to be forward for the Maple Leafs.

Jerry Shinn—Shorty of Room 4. She is going to be a professional typist. Her favorite pastime is school. (I wonder?)

Isabel Slominski — Blames the poor street cars for making her late for school. Hopes to be a professional violinist.

Alfred Spicer — One of the two lone wolves in Room 4. Lets out witty remarks during classes. Proves to be a good sea cadet.

Gordon Stark—Likes drawing cartoons. Spends his spare time beautifying nature.

Marion Strindlund — Comes from Flin Flon. She seems to be quiet, but we all have our doubts.

Lorraine Trudell—Another one of our famous cheer leaders. Likes the front of the room, and can always take a joke.

Patricia Waterman—Wishes she had eyes in the back of her head. Generally minus school supplies, she has many interests both inside and outside school.

Gwen Wilson—Our little corner girl. Doesn't like venetian blinds spoiling her view.

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ROOM 5 — GRADE X

FRONT ROW—left to right; Margaret Leonard, Janice Marks, Lorna Noyes, Edith Addy, Jean Slobodian, Bara Gudlaugsson, Pat Morris.

SECOND ROW—left to right; Bob Noyes, Lois Harper, Shirley Kennedy, Grace Atterbury, Joan Canfield, Lila Holland, Lloyd Riffel.

THIRD ROW—left to right; Gary Keats, Bob Parsons, Bill Scofield, Don Wilkins, John La Bossiere, John Mislán, Jim Bowles, Jack Robertson.

BACK ROW—left to right; Verne Prior, Malcolm Dewar, Ted Gault, Bill Balicky, Don Thompson, George McQuat, Ted Francis, Doug Weisner.

Edith Addy—Sunshine personified. Our A-1 chalkboard monitor.

Grace Atterbury — Five-foot-ten-and-a-half inches of basketball player and fun.

Bill Balicky—Our able Class President: addicted to us all—and to basketball.

Jim Bowles—Pro Latin student — but what's that on the end of his nose? Bubble gum?

Joan Canfield—Her Social Studies include friends in the Vice-Presidential category. Joan is one of Glenlawn's basketball stars.

Malcolm Dewar—"The Duke"; collects records for record-keeping, and fox bounties.

Ted Gault—An electric train wizard, he is one of our quieter members, except when with Don.

Bara Gudlaugsson — Our true blushing(?) blonde; a cheery soul, who never lets a point stay vague.

Lois Harper—Of "Clarence" and Company; our Class Operator,— Secretary, in fact.

Lila Holland—Class Vice-President; our little "dancing doll" shows signs of Chucking time away.

Gary Keats—With a friendly smile, he entertains his neighbors and keeps track of the local doings.

Shirley Kennedy—Our representative to GLENMORIES has a busy time 'way back there in the sunny corner. Likes roller skating?—at the "Aud."

John La Boissiere—Quiet until Verne brings out Pogo. Then he "has the joint jumpin'."

Margaret Leonard—Our newest-comer, who hails from Red Lake, has already made a snug niche for herself in Room 5.

George McQuat—An ardent sailor, "Mc-What" has named a ship o'dreams "The Lady J."

Janice Marks—Our maestro with the ready smile knows her major and minor tunes,—also how to catch our mood.

John Mislan—Teaming with neighbor Lloyd, "Muscles" can cover much ground verbally, with evident enjoyment.

Pat Morris—Dreams long, long dreams of Kenora and cokes. Favorite pastime seems to be writing twenty-page letters.

Lorna Noyes—Quietly gay and demure (?) too, Lorna is not a conceited baker.

Bob Noyes—Red Cross representative for Room 5; our future Physical Education teacher.

Bob Parsons—"Spider's" side-kick; thoroughly enjoys keeping life cheerful for "Duke" and Ted, with his fund of jokes(?).

Verne Prior—Even as we wonder at his academic skill, "Spider" slowly makes his way to the front of the classroom.

Lloyd Riffel—Quiet until he gets out of school; then—we wonder! Partners "Muscles" in various schemes.

Jack Robertson—Our track star had such nice curls once upon a time. Now we see them,—now we don't.

Bill Scofield—Shares many a joke with his fellow-men; "Squeak" lends a ready ear.

Jean Slobodian—Busy, friendly, with a helping hand for us all — but she hasn't told us yet about her Outside Amusements.

Don Thompson — "Admiral" faithfully tended our door until he was transferred to the Sunnyside neighborhood,—and the Calendar.

Doug Weisner—Being confidant to one fair lass and heart-throb to another can keep one busy. . . . Adeptly drives his dad's truck.

Don Wilkins — Manual training and chattering with chums are major pastimes.

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ROOM 10 — GRADE X

FRONT ROW—left to right; Harold Newis, Joan McDonald, Dorie Astley, Janice Berry, Jean Dessler, Marjorie Clawson, Harold Rust.

SECOND ROW—left to right; Allan Briscoe, John Bering, Alvin Rich, Ralph Massey, Bill Cameron, Brian Mulberry, Bill Ogilvie, Don Shaw.

THIRD ROW—left to right; Walter Karschuk, Bob Regent, Rolf Jorstad, Norman Daher, Denis Normand, Neale Driver, Joe Impey, Brian Johnston, Jack Dunn.

FOURTH ROW—left to right; Bert Cadotte, Barry Pagan, Jack Baturin, Bob Connors, Bill Bissett, Dave Stempin, Bob Dale.

BACK ROW—left to right; Al Kowalski, Jerry Zaste, Ken Spraggett.

Dorie Astley—Tall and blonde, with a "Tunn" of weight on her mind.

Jack Baturin—Happy-go-lazy; distributes his time between school, hockey, and the end of the car-line.

John Bering—Uses the coughing method for attracting attention. Who was that last cough for, Johnny?

Janice Berry—Star Basketball player of Room 10; her interests tend towards Room 9.

Bill Bissett—Class President; one of the backroom kibitzers.

Allan Briscoe—Our champion gum chewer, who cracks funny jokes.

Bert Cadotte—Brain of the class; piles of freckles and an infectious grin.

Bill Cameron—Expert army adviser. Where's that book? How's River Heights?

Marjorie Clawson—Spends her time day-dreaming about ? ? —instead of studying science.

Bob Connors—Redheaded fury. Lion tamer!!!

Norman Daher—Loves a book (title??), owns lots of compasses.

Bob Dale—Saskatoonian; Windsor club has a strong attraction for him.

Jean Dessler—Where is it now, Jean, that your interests are centering? Oh yes! Don't worry, we won't let it out.

Neale Driver—"Salty's" deal is "stoking" the fire; he's got it down "Pat."

Jack Dunn—Athletic whirlwind, "Hefty" keeps them guessing.

Joe Impey—Is the class "Imp", full of fun, and always good for a laugh.

Brian Johnston—Doesn't know how to whisper, and likes to tease someone.

Rolf Jorstad—Loses the flips for going to Johnny's at noon for the drinks.

Walter Karschuk—"Butch" and his famous laugh are front room features.

Al Kowalski—Likes "Redhair" and what goes with it.
Joan McDonald—Is the girl with the tireless tongue and quick hands. Who's the G.M. (general man) in your life, Joan?
Ralph Massey—Home-made man (pipe and slippers). Where's the fire?
Bryan Mulberry — Loves maths (we heard); also loves photography.
Harold Newis—Is a happy-go-lucky guy with a keen sense of humor, kidded about his speed, but takes it like the good sport that he is.
Denis Normand—The backroom clock-watcher, but loads of fun between glances at his watch.
Bill Ogilvie—Room 10's mystery boy. Break down, Bill,—we're waiting.
Barry Pagan—Has a nice smile; is a nice guy too; doesn't seem to be interested in anyone we know.

Bob Regent—Likes the name "Bobby" for more than one reason. He and assistant help shine in Maths.
Alvin Rich—Has a mischievous twinkle in his eyes and a bright smile.
Harold Rust—Has interests in Room 1. Quite cute, we'd say.
Don Shaw—Is a one-woman-man, and at times she drives him to woman-hating. Good kid, with lots of athletic ability.
Ken Spragget—Room 10's Vice-President; has a keen sense of humor, and a very real interest in motor boats.
Dave Stempin — Classroom crooner; makes up his own lyrics, much to everyone's amazement.
Jerry Zaste—Goes roller skating at the Auditorium quite often. We're wondering if there's any special attraction besides skating?

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**Doings
and
Sayings**



REMEMBER WHEN . . . ?

TOP ROW—left to right; the Queen and her Princesses; the Queen contestants.

MIDDLE ROW—left to right; Miss Elliott and the remains of the cake; "Happy Birthday, Warden"; Room eight's birthday party.

BOTTOM ROW—left to right; "Innocence" . . . (?); "Hoodle Addle" . . . ; Mr. Allen sampling the birthday ice cream; those happy-go-lucky Room Eighters.

Social Scene

The Social Ball started to roll at Glenlawn last fall with a "Get Acquainted" Dance on Friday, October 26th, in the school auditorium. The programme was well planned by the Social Reps from the various rooms, with President Dave Williamson as their chairman, while the actual details were carried out by the Student Council. Kelly Clark looked after drawing the posters. There were lots of novelty dances, prizes, square dances (thanks to Mr. Downie and Mr. Heaney), and according to all reports, many new acquaintances were made.

The Socialites from Grade XII enjoyed themselves at the first class party last fall. Miss Elliott accompanied them on a wiener roast to St. Vital Park. Room 8 made a close second with a hayride followed by a wiener roast in St. Vital Park. Mr. Downie had a rough evening, and a hungry dog stole the wieners, but other than those minor mishaps, everyone had a good time trying to wash down dry buns with Pepsis. This must have discouraged the class because they didn't attempt another party all year . . . Mr. Heaney's Grade Tens from Room 1 had an evening of dancing — square dancing, novelty dancing, and ordinary dancing, topped off with food in the school auditorium. Partners were chosen by pictures of corresponding comic-strip characters pinned on the backs of the boys and girls. Thus Blondie was with Dagwood and L'il Abner with Daisy Mae, etc. . . . Although the boys were definitely outnumbered, Mrs. Elliott's Commercial Room 2 enjoyed themselves at a hike and wiener roast at the Trestle.

November brought exams!

The festive season of December followed in quick succession. A great deal of planning went into the "Holly Hop" Christmas Dance held on Thursday, December 20th—the last day of school before Christmas holidays. Other than graduation, this will probably be the most memorable event of the year. The hustle and bustle started early in the morning with the erecting of the stage, the decorating of the tree, the setting up

of chairs, and the putting up of blinds for the windows, but the real festivities began in the afternoon. The entire school attended the showing of various films by Mr. A. Heaney, after which everyone joined in Carol Singing, and President Dave Williamson presented Mr. W. S. Yarwood and Mr. H. Newbold with their gifts from the school. An "eye-catching" parade of contestants for the Queen Contest followed.

Later, in another room, the contestants were judged by Mrs. A. Langlois, a former teacher from Glenlawn who is now a Beauty Counsellor; Miss W. Blocher, the Fashion Director for Eaton's, and Mrs. Smith, the Fashion Director for the Bay. The winners were chosen, but much to everyone's disappointment, were not announced till the dance in the evening. At 8.30 the anticipating crowd began to flock into the Christmas Tree-Lighted auditorium. Suspense was maintained till 9 o'clock when the Queen Contestants paraded for the last time, and the deserving winners were announced. Mrs. D. Downie, who trained the girls, crowned Glenlawn's Queen for 1951-52—Claudette Riel, along with her Princesses, Lorraine Trudell, and Shirley Garner. The Queen was presented with a beautiful corsage, and all three girls received gifts. Dave Williamson gave Mrs. Downie a gift as a token of the school's appreciation.

Even this did not climax the evening, for Santa Claus was yet to come. At 10 o'clock, Jolly Jim Hunter presented a somewhat different "eye-catching" sight as he gave a gift to everyone with a hearty handshake and a merry "Hah, Hah, Hah."

Things were quiet at the beginning of February while the second set of exams was being written. After this exercise the hungry Grade XII's almost ate Helen Steenson out of house and home at their second class party of the year.

February 24th brought the novelty "Mr. and Miss X" Dance, shrouded with

(Continued on Page 43)



TEA AND SALE

TOP ROW—left to right; Left wing of "little red school-house"; some of the servers and Mrs. W. Metcalfe pouring tea; good old G.C.I. again.

MIDDLE ROW—left to right; "Would you like a cup of tea?"; the Maestro and his ardent admirers.

BACK ROW—left to right; Miss R. Spenceley, Miss N. Kelly and Mr. W. S. Yarwood opening "Our Spring Tea"; Miss R. Spenceley with the convenors of the tea and home cooking.

Spring Tea

Wednesday afternoon, April 2nd, was a scene of great activity at Glenlawn. Students and teachers alike, hurried and harrassed, worked together to present their Annual Spring Tea in aid of Year Book production, and Sale of Home Cooking for the Junior Red Cross.

Miss R. Spenceley from the Junior Red Cross graciously opened the affair.

Miss H. Elliott, with the assistance of Marilynn Gillies, Priscilla Bolton, Louise Ashdown, and Margaret Goulding, convened in the Tea Room. Mrs. A. Winslow, Mrs. R. Noyes, Mrs. M. Oddie, and Mrs. C. Childerhose, a former teacher from Glenlawn, received the guests warmly. Mrs. W. Metcalfe, Mrs. A. Sinclair, Mrs. H. Hunter, Mrs. D. Downie, Mrs. A. Leach, Mrs. W. S. Yarwood, Misses Lois Houston and Marjorie Coats (former scholarship winners), Claudette Riel and Shirley Garner (Glenlawn's Queen and Princess), poured tea.

Mrs. J. Gillies and Mrs. R. Allen were in charge of supplies, their lucky assist-

ants being Veda Dickinson, Helen Steenson, and Eleanor Wach. Miss N. Kelly, Mrs. R. Laurie, Mrs. L. Elliott, with Ruth Laurie managed the Home Cooking Room.

The men held up their end by decorating the Tea Room, looking after ways and means, and helping with the odd jobs. These diligent workers were Mr. R. Allen, Mr. A. Heaney, Mr. D. Downie, and Mr. R. Laurie.

Tickets and Publicity were under the able direction of Mr. W. S. Yarwood, Dave Williamson and Lona Huhtala. All posters and art work were done by school artist Kelly Clark. General response to ticket sale was good, with Room 1 working hardest and leading ticket sales for the whole school.

General Convenor was Miss V. Fryer, who managed to be everywhere just when she was needed. This readiness applies to all the faculty and students who worked together so splendidly to assure a successful project.

Junior Red Cross Activities

For the thirteenth year, a branch of Junior Red Cross was formed at Glenlawn. Under the direction of Miss N. Kelly, with Miss V. Fryer as co-advisor, we began our activities in November with a sale of magazine subscriptions. \$40.00 was realized and presented to Miss R. Spenceley for the Crippled Children Fund. Our second endeavour, being the annual hamper-packing project, was also conducted during the first term. At this time several large boxes of food were packed and distributed among welfare families of the district.

In the new year, Junior Red Cross was once more at work when welfare officials asked for donations of used clothing. We are sorry to report that this project was not very successful.

The biggest effort of the year was the Home Cooking Sale at our Spring Tea.

From this \$81.36 was realized. This sum was divided between the Convalescent Unit of the new Children's Hospital and the Service Fund.

Perhaps the highlight of the year's activities was the Radio Broadcast in April, when Leslie Stouffer and Ruth Laurie spoke about Glenlawn's Junior Red Cross Activities.

With these activities now past, we can but look forward to future years at Glenlawn, and hope that they may be as successful as the one just past.

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From Chronicles of a Holiday

EDITOR'S NOTE: The writer of the following contribution was one of three girls honored in being chosen to represent Manitoba, among the fifty Canadian "Ambassadors of Goodwill," who, by the plans and generosity of Mr. Garfield Weston, toured Great Britain last summer. The objectives of this tour are simply stated: the achievement of greater knowledge, understanding, and co-operation between the peoples of Britain and Canada. "It is important," the girls were told, "that your eyes shall see for all your people, and not for yourselves alone." It was with this charge in mind that Marilyn Gillies submitted these excerpts from her travel diary.

* * * *

England at last! What a relief it was to wake at three-thirty on Friday morning to see the twinkling harbour lights of Liverpool against a grey dawn sky. We fifty "Weston Girls" had our breakfast earlier than the other passengers, as we were leaving the Empress of France by tender. What excitement there was when, at about seven-thirty, we first stepped out on to good, solid ground! A brief bus ride, and then we were aboard the train for London.

As we pulled out of the station, there seemed to be some extra excitement about. We had left the boat early, had had no customs to go through, and had taken an early train. What was the rush to get to London? Then we found out. One of our leaders came through our compartment, saying, "Don't faint, girls. You have a date at four-thirty at Buckingham Palace!"

Four hours later, two buses were carrying fifty dazed Canadian girls through London's noon-hour traffic — itself a sight for wonder. Soon, at Queen Alexandra's House, where we were to stay, fifty identical party dresses were being pressed by kind ladies, while fifty girls dashed through a delicious meal. Then came the fun. Assembled in the library, transformed into a beauty parlor for the occasion, we were passed along an assembly line of beauticians and hairdressers, while the hands of the clock raced round the dial: fifteen minutes, ten minutes, five minutes. . . .

Precisely at three - forty - five, fifty counterparts appeared, looking none the worse for the scramble, to be whisked away in ten shiny black limousines,

along Kensington Road, through Admiral Arch, and around the Mall to the Palace. Nurses wheeling their charges, and curious onlookers who congregate near the royal residence on an afternoon, stared as we stepped out; we tried to un wrinkle our skirts, while the huge, black, iron grided gates slowly swung open. The colorfully garbed guards stood at attention as our cars rolled into the inner courtyard. Gingerly we stepped onto the lush carpeting of the entrance steps; silently, two by two, we filed into Buckingham Palace. It seemed just a little too grand for Canadian school girls, — and who would have dreamt, say two months before, that we should be doing such a thing as paying a visit here? Now we were passing through the huge reception room, where stood, as still as death, four footmen in splendid black tails and red waistcoats with frilly white throat-pieces; now we crossed a drawing-room, overlooking the vast courtyard. Slowly we descended the stairs onto the grassy carpet of this courtyard, where we assembled ourselves according to provinces. It was a beautiful afternoon; a slight breeze made the leaves shiver on sweeping trees surrounding the green and rippled the white flaps of marquees which had been used the day before, in entertaining a garden party of eight thousand guests. And now Her Majesty was to see us at a private reception for fifty!

Suddenly a hush grew over our group, as we saw the footmen inside the drawing-room assemble in a line. Then, without any pompous announcement, Queen Elizabeth appeared, with her Lady-in-Waiting. Regally she descended the

stairs; we all curtsied low. Having first received our leaders, she approached our semi-circle; as she came near, smiling in her charming way, we lost every fear. Each girl was personally introduced to her; as the Queen gave each her hand, we took it and made another well-practised curtsy. We were so impressed with her gracious personality and friendliness that we felt very much at ease. Then I noticed Her Majesty's dress of pale mauve nylon chiffon, with panels of accordion pleats that flowed out as she walked; with her picture hat matching her dress, and her pearl necklace, grey leather pumps, gloves and bag, and with her dresden complexion, the Queen looked like a china doll. Charmingly poised, she moved along the line of girls. Her genuine interest thrilled each one of us, for we felt rather dazed that we had seen and talked with the Queen of England. At the foot of the staircase she paused, stopped, and turned to wave in her friendly manner, for with all her regal bearing she has a rare simplicity of personality. Fifty pairs of eyes gazed intently then upon her royal personage. Checking ourselves from automatically waving back, we hid our gestures in a curtsy! However, I don't think that Queen Elizabeth would have minded if we had waved. Then, waving, she disappeared into the Palace. An unanimous sigh escaped from our lips: we had seen the Queen!

Have you ever walked the streets of London in the cool evening air, with the fragrance of summer and of flowering trees? No? — Then let me describe the charm that this old city gives at this time of day.

Two friends and I were standing in the middle of Trafalgar Square, watching the people and the streets and the lights. Caught in the meandering spirit of the evening, we slowly ambled across to the statue of Nelson, that great British admiral. Floodlit, it seemed as though covered with snow—a delicate picture. Below, the traditional pigeons waddled around the base, while to the left, an orator was expounding his philosophies. To see the very places of

which you had read, and to be charmed by that very charm of which you had heard, was thrilling.

We walked on past the myriads of neon lights in Picadilly Circus, across to Hyde Park. Only a few old men were seated on the benches, smoking their pipes, and relating tales of "the good days." Flapping in the breeze, the thousand pieces of white canvas covering the park chairs waved comically to us. Yes, at this time of day Hyde Park was lonely: nurse had taken the children to bed; mother was mending the clothes; daddy was reading the paper. Just nobodies and lonesome bodies frequent the park at night.

The Horse Guards looked deserted. All the milk-white and coal-black steeds were in their spotless quarters; all the jewelled bridles and saddles were under lock and key. Only a lone guard, rigidly immobile at attention, stood by the sentry box. We moved on.

Around the corner, bathed in a warm, ethereal glow from orange spotlights, rose Westminster Abbey. A radiance of peace and reverence permeated this place; we, too, felt the holy hush.

Walking through the blackened gates of dark Scotland Yard gave us an exciting thrill. Tales of daring deeds and death, locked in the secret files, flashed through our minds.

Emerging, we turned to cross Westminster Bridge. Then we saw London at its best. Tiny river boats glided sleepily along the Thames. Behind us rose the Houses of Parliament; in the distance stood William the Conqueror's black, defiant Tower of London, while along the embankment we could see the colorful displays and the imposing Skylon of the Festival of Britain. Here were the old and the new; yet between this strange conglomeration flowed the never-ending Thames, liquid history. The spell of London was wrapped around its past and its future, and it included us Canadians in its reach of goodwill.

As we strolled along, a work-worn old lady stopped us and asked who we

were. When we told her that we were from Canada, her face lit up in smiles. Her son's friend had gone to Canada, and had written back of its wonderful opportunities. She was a "clark" in a department store, and had worked late cleaning up. She was now walking home to save her ha'penny fare. She was so thrilled that we visitors had seen the queen. Wistfully, the little old lady hoped to visit Canada some day. As we left her, she called, "God bless you, and give my love to Canada."

Back at Queen Alexandra's House, I leaned from my window to catch a glimpse of the winding cobblestone road below, lit by quaint arc-lamps decorated with hanging flower-pots. Out of the silence, Big Ben chimed midnight — a perfect cadence to an evening hymn.

"THIS FOR REMEMBRANCE"

A memory is sometimes painful, sometimes pleasant; but a shrine, dedicated to remembrance, holds thought that is much more poignant. The memories that the sight of Coventry Cathedral stirred within us Canadian girls were forceful enough to make us realize how precious is our Canadian heritage.

It was a beautiful summer day when we visited Coventry, not expecting to see any great marvel of architecture or design in this Cathedral. Much was our surprise, then, when we entered a doorway without a door, and stood on the threshold of a church without a roof. After the first shock of reality was over, we gazed around us. Imagine our surprise at the sight which greeted our eyes! Instead of long, carpeted aisles were gravel paths; instead of stately pews were velvety green lawns; instead of elaborate altars were flowerbeds of riotous color, reflecting every hue of the rainbow. Overhead was the canopy of God's blue heaven. One of our French-Canadian girls aptly expressed in simple English the feeling of us all.

"It seems," she said, "as though God can come in much easier."

Then, following one of the "carpeted aisles," we reached the altar. On a

wooden box were placed two symbols. One was a rude cross made of two pieces of charred timber wired together, — all, we were told, that remained of the roof. This symbolized the sorrow and the disaster of the past. Below this was a smaller, shiny cross made with two silver nails flattened together. These relics had been found in the demolished ruins, on the site of an eleventh-century monastery. This cross symbolized the bright future that the people could expect if they lived in harmony with God and man. Then, below the altar, carved in stone, were these two words: "Father, Forgive."

To the people of Coventry, this edifice was for remembrance. Now the story that the chief of police had told me at luncheon became too real: in the terrible bombing of this city, in November, 1941, he had lost his wife and daughter; nearly everyone had lost a near relation in that devastating blitz. As we walked slowly out of this sanctuary, silent and serious, we realized how little we, from across the waters, appreciated our liberties.

Back into our buses we climbed, a sober group of Canadian school girls. To the edge of the city we were personally escorted by the chief of police and the mayor, who then personally said goodbye to each of us. When we wondered at the honor done us, — an honor usually conferred only upon royalty, the clergy, and on one occasion, on Prime Minister Winston Churchill,—the mayor explained, "You are Canadians. Canada did so much for us we would like to show our gratitude in a small way. Tell Canada we appreciate what they did for us in the war, will you?"

As the mayor waved goodbye, one of our leaders told him that because of his jovial spirit, one could not sense that he or his city had experienced any trial. To this the mayor of Coventry replied, "I have a motto. This is it:

God give me sympathy and sense
And help me hold my courage high—
God give me calm and confidence—
And please—a twinkle in my eye."

—Marilynn Gillies

TRAVELLING URGE

Those whose wish is to be shown
The new, the different, the unknown,
Please: find some meaning in these
words,

Which will detour you from your urge.

You fail: for all those words of travel,
And of pastures that are greener,
You'll only find that you are leaner,
And your happiness no keener.

No threshold splendid will you find,
No castles suited to your mind;
For though you journey to earth's end,
All, all your spirit you will spend.

So, if to me your ear you'll bend,
Some wise advice to you I'll lend:

He who wanders o'er the earth,
No rhyme, no reason for his birth
Finds, only wasted time his prize—
No rhyme, no reason till he dies.

—E. Rose.

CHEMISTRY STRUGGLES

Another Chemistry day is here,
The time has arrived for our class,
The teacher at me inquiringly peers
As I hear him say, "Define Mass."

From there the puzzling questions are
turned

To the laws of Charles and Boyle.

'Round and 'round my thoughts are
churned,

Oh, why did such men tread this soil?

Ionic Equations leave me in a daze,

As the period draws near its close.

Will e'er I pass from this dreadful maze?

Oh, someday, perhaps—who knows?

—Priscilla Bolton.

SOCIAL SCENE—Cont'd.

mystery. Another enthusiastic crowd waited eagerly to learn the identity of the fateful pair. None were more surprised and pleased than Janet Hunter and Kelly Clark when they were called upon to receive their intriguing gifts.

Various tramps and farm-hands from Grade XII arrived at Helen Steenson's on the 18th of March to make a hard-times party their third class event.

Although there were very few class parties held this term, and some classes didn't have any, the attendance at every school function more than made up for

BABUSHKA

She sits there, content and smiling,
Wise with the wisdom that only great
age gives,

Watching the children at their romping,
Listening to the rustle of the multi-
colored leaves,

The tiniest incident a joy-filled thing.
She looks at life as life should be looked
at,

Wisely, feeling no fear for the future
Nor anything but complacency for the
past.

Her's has been a full and fertile life,
Busy with bearing and raising of child-
ren—

Now but a handful of bitter-sweet
memories

Which, like a shawl, to her person she
clasps.

Suddenly, hands reach out to the flam-
ingo-red sunset,

And quietly, as she lived, she dies.

—Colin MacArthur.

SPELLBOUND

Listen to the beat of the tropic drum,
Chills the blood, the heart feels numb,
Flashes of blue as dark as night,
Betray a dancer's feet in flight.

Round the flashing flames they spin,
Chanting some bewitching hymn
To a pagan god. There upon the heap
Circling Pheucus the flames did leap.

Speechless I watched this hero die,
And so the final scene passed by.

At last, long after it was o'er

I made my way to the theatre door.

—Lona Huhtala.

this lack. There were record crowds at each school dance this year, which socially surpassed any others in the history of Glenlawn. Maybe the idea of having the guests sign a register seemed to make any outsiders feel more at home; anyway, each crowd mixed and made friends with little apparent effort. It's nice to see such friendly school spirit!

Graduation will be the next event, and promises to be the biggest of the year. After this climax, we hope the graduates will look back with fond memories on their happy and prosperous years at Glenlawn.

The Mosquito

The tale began on a cold, windy night in November. The wind beat at the frame of the house, and rattled the insecure shutters. Inside, the dimmed light in the drowsy heat of the large room, shed an atmosphere of friendship yet of serenity. The people, sitting around the glimmering light of the open fireplace, looked expectantly at the speaker sitting just on the outside of the circle, yet seeming to be the very centre of that friendly group. The light from the dying embers cast a rosy-yellow glow on one side of his face, leaving the other side in murky darkness. His one visible eye sparkled with mischievousness as he began this tale:

"Three people, who were complete strangers to each other, had just been willed an inheritance from a not-too-close acquaintance who was common to all three. The content or amount of the inheritance was not revealed, but it was to be shared among the three. They would reach the deceased's mansion, and then would receive further instructions when they arrived. The three men were puzzled, but had nothing to prevent them from taking up this mysterious challenge. They all met at an appointed place, discussed their mode of travel, and then started out in one of the men's cars."

The listeners were becoming restless at the speaker's long-drawn-out introduction, and yet they still were held by the dazzling fascination of his glowing eye and slow monotone voice. The close heat in the room seemed to bind the listeners together, so that they were united under his spell. He continued:

"After their slow, uneventful, three-week tour, they arrived at the mansion slightly better acquainted than before. The housekeeper answered their impatient knock, as, she explained later, the servants had all left. They entered a gloomy interior, and a pungent smell stung their nostrils. The drawing-room was darkened by the drawn curtains, which were musty with the smell of deterioration of expensive fabrics. The room was close because of the dusty furniture and locked windows. The housekeeper handed them a dirty, fingerprinted letter and then fled. Stunned by the utter loneliness and desolation of the house, one of the three opened the letter

and read its contents. Then they went up to their rooms, and stayed there until midnight, when they were to follow out the instructions of the letter."

The speaker now had his listeners completely spellbound. They waited expectantly for his next words.

"When the hall clock chimed twelve bells and the echo stopped ringing through the eerie house, the three descended the creaky stairs. There was no other movement within the house. Then they headed for the death-like gloom of the drawing-room. They moved stealthily about, avoiding the odd shapes, weird forms jutting out of the darkness, and mysterious-looking masses. They went straight for a heavily-draped object that was half concealed in a panel. Softly, slowly, the curtains were drawn aside. Quietly the door was being drawn open—when there was a shattering crash!"

The listeners started, so rapt were they in their attention.

"One of the three had tripped over an antique mantel fixture. Then one of the men touched something smooth, cold, and hard. He quickly withdrew his hand as if it had been burned! Then, once more his greedy hand ventured forth. He withdrew from the closet a long, polished, wooden box, like a miniature casket. For no reason that he could understand his blood ran cold. The others urged him to open the casket-like box and reveal its contents, but he seemed to have lost all courage, for he couldn't lift a hand to the lock. He passed the box to the one on his right. But he, too, seemed suddenly to be gripped with icy fear, for he shoved it quickly into the hands of the third adventurer. He visibly paled but raised his hands to the lock."

A deadening hush fell over the almost darkened room of the listeners. Only the howl of the wind could be heard.

"Then he unlocked the casket-like box, lifted the lid, peered fearfully inside, raised a piece of silk; took another look; raised another piece of silk; still nothing revealed; raised another concealed lid; took another look; and then gasped. For there—reclining peacefully on a beautiful blood-red, velveteen mattress was—a dead mosquito!"

—Barbara Einarson.

GLENMORIES

Manitoba's Legislative Building

Editor's Note: Ian, president of our Room 1, Grade X class, was given the honor of being pageboy during the recent session of Manitoba Legislature. Thus he writes this article from actual experience.

The most interesting place I know, at least in Canada, is the Manitoba Legislative Building. Having worked there recently for about two months, I acquired quite a good general knowledge of the structure and interesting spots of the building.

Situated at the corner of Winnipeg's Broadway and Osborne Streets, the structure is an impressive sight, especially at night, when it is floodlit. With its gently-sloping green lawns, its multi-coloured flowerbeds, and its Manitoba limestone, it has been described as the second best piece of architecture in North America. From the outside, the Legislative Building rises in five stages, topped by the famous Golden Boy, which is two hundred and fifty-six feet above the ground. The Golden Boy, fourteen feet tall, is the symbol of Eternal Youth. He faces Manitoba's plentiful northland in the pose of a runner, carrying in one hand a torch, and in the other a sheaf of wheat. Surmounted by this shining figure is the dome of the building, at the four corners of which are four statues representing Art, Science, Industry and Agriculture. Below the dome is the colonnade, a series of vertical pillars, and then come the three floors of the building. There is an entrance to the first floor on each side, north, south, east, and west. At the west entrance there are statues of Wolfe and Lord Dufferin; at the east, one of La Verendrye, and one of Lord Selkirk. The main entrance, on the north, is surmounted by the pediment, on either side of which is a sphinx, paying tribute to the ancient civilization of Egypt.

On entering the north entrance and passing through a small vestibule one is able to see the Grand Staircase. This, like most other parts of the building is constructed from pure white marble, edged with black. Only members of the Legislative Assembly and other such persons are allowed to walk on it. On either side of the foot of the Grand Staircase is a huge bronze bison; the bison being Manitoba's provincial emblem. Also in view from the end of the vestibule are three corridors which run around the outer edge of the building, one to each floor. It is interesting to

see that the balustrades of these corridors are made in the pattern of the British flag, a Union Jack.

If one were to climb the Grand Staircase, he would find at the top a large space, and if he looked up, he would see the inside of the dome. Walking straight across this space, he would come to a pair of glass doors, the Lieutenant-Governor's entrance to the Legislative Chamber. Above this entrance is the largest and best mural painting in the building. Depicting the life of soldiers in the First Great War, it is called the Brangwyn Mural.

The Legislative Chamber itself is the apartment where all the laws of the Province are made. The members' desks, made of solid walnut, are arranged in a horseshoe shape, unique in Canada, and rise in three tiers around the sunken floor. In the middle of the horseshoe is a long table, with a chair at each end. In one of these chairs sits the Clerk of the House, who keeps a record of all proceedings during the session; and in the other sits the Sergeant-at-Arms, who brings in the mace at the start of each sitting of the House. The present mace has been in use since 1884; the one used before that is now kept in the legislative library. An interesting point about the old mace is that its head was made from the hub of a Red River cart, and its handle from the flagstaff of the British Expeditionary Force. But to return: below the two prongs of the horseshoe is the throne of the Speaker, who presides over every sitting of the House, and has the right to rule anyone out of order. Other details of furnishing in the Chamber are a statue of Moses, and another of Solon. Above, the public gallery runs around the perimeter of the horseshoe, while the press gallery is above the Speaker's throne. Up on the roof of the Chamber there are some mural paintings, the Tack Murals.

There is much more to the Manitoba Legislative Building than I have described here but to tell all would take too long, so why not explore the building and discover other interesting spots for yourself on some spare day?

—Ian McDuff

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Sports



SPORTS COUNCIL

FRONT ROW—left to right; Doug McKenzie, Janice Berry, Mr. D. Downie, Leona Bjarnason, Don Shaw.

BACK ROW—left to right; Clint Bradley, Dale Fraser, Beverley Coe, Jack Robertson.

SPORTS COUNCIL

In 1951, seven students received the much prized school letter. Shirley Ross, Barbara Stogan, Jacqueline Cameron, Wayne Fraser, Ronald Hogue, Frederick Steeves and Trevor Fraser were the recipients. Others who were outstanding this term were Ron Sandstrom and Janice Berry, who led the boys' and girls' teams, respectively, in scoring in the Suburban league.

After two previous unsuccessful attempts the boys' basketball squad finally won the Manitoba championship. They swept through three games in the Provincial Tournament held at the U. of M. Fieldhouse. The tournament, the first of its kind, started with sixteen teams, with eight in the boys' division and the same number in the girls' class. The girls from Glenlawn went all the way to the finals before bowing to a strong Flin Flon aggregation. Coach Art Leach accepted the handsome new Provincial Basketball Trophy and crests on behalf of the team. These were presented by President Gillson, for the donor, the University of Manitoba.

Congratulations and much appreciation are extended to the driving forces

between these two clubs, Coach Mr. A. Leach and Manager Mr. D. Downie, who worked closely together all year. It was Mr. Leach who molded the squads, while it was Mr. Downie who worked behind the scenes, and who was mainly responsible for the organization of the Provincial Tournament.

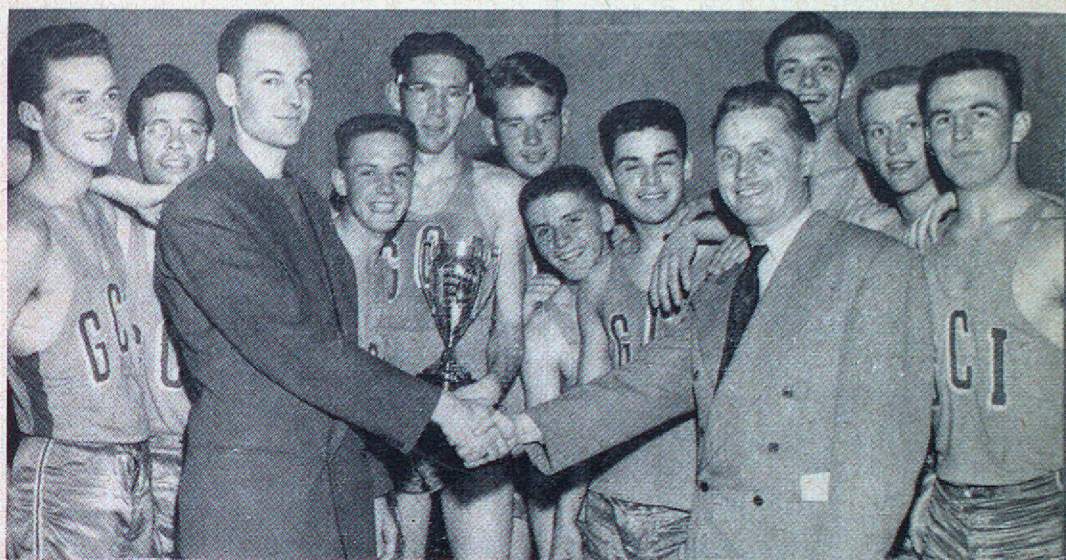
Due to financial pressure, Suburban hockey was dropped from the curriculum along with the ski and snowshoe meet, but curling and bowling still proved to be popular with students.

Many improvements can be seen around the school now, including the basketball hoops which were installed in the gymnasium last year. Outside, there are also two courts which are now in use. Meanwhile the grounds behind the Collegiate are being leveled for a track, and improvements can be seen on it daily. Soon, along with the track, football and baseball fields are hoped to be constructed.

The future looks very promising for future Sports Councils of Glenlawn, to whom we wish the best of luck.

—Doug McKenzie

The Trophy is Ours !!!



After the brawl was over . . .



CHEERLEADERS

LEFT TO RIGHT—Lizette Lavallee, Elaine Hanley, Pat Stogan, Shirley Garner, Janet Hunter, Lorraine Trudell, Claudette Riel.

CHEERS AND CHEERLEADERS

Zazlum, zazlum, zig zag zozz.
 Out to win, not to lose,
 Always rarin', rarin' to go,
 Glenlawn is the team to show!

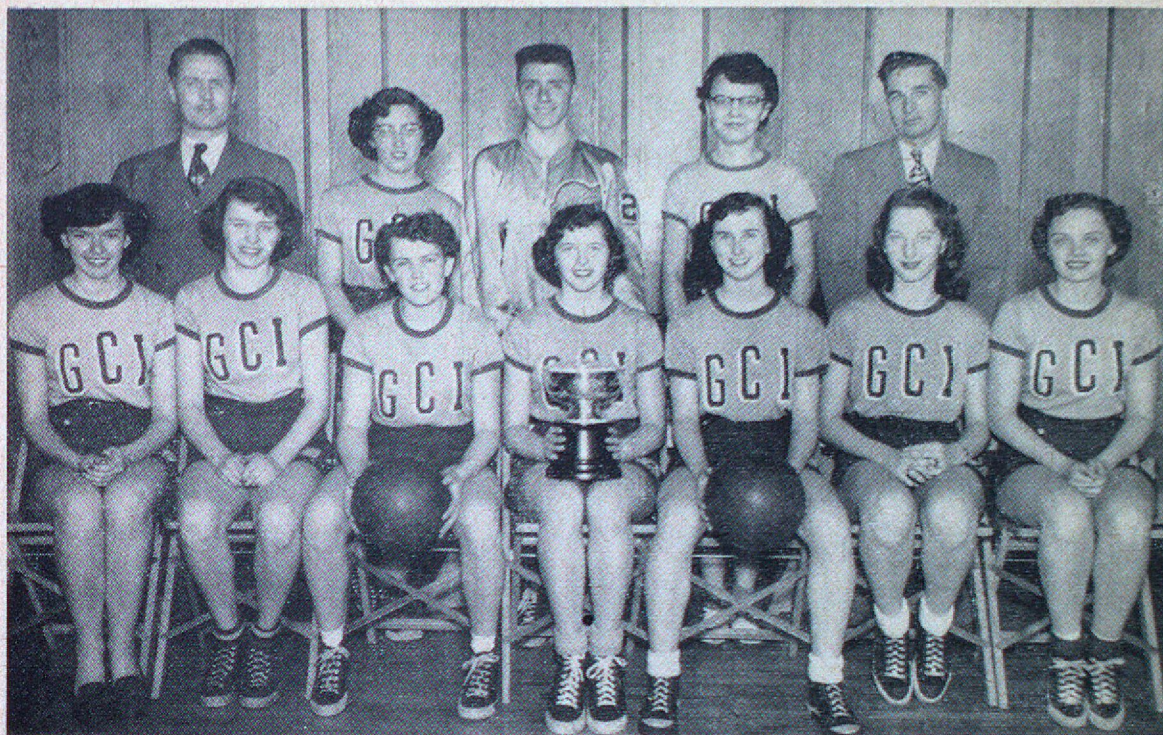
The Glenlawn Cheerleaders, headed by Shirley Garner, and coached by their senior members, have contributed another good season's work toward the fostering of school spirit and of high morale.

The girls are especially to be congratulated on their smart, snappy routines, and on their very effective costumes. Great credit for the uniforms is due to the wise and practical interest of Mrs. R. Noyes, who helped last year's Cheerleaders, headed by Dorothy Hill, Rosemary Gray, and Irene Carter, to choose and make their own outfits. These, paid for from Council funds, are the property of the students, to be passed along as required by Cheer recruits.

During the four years of their organization, our Cheerleaders have indeed proved themselves a valued part of Collegiate life, and have established yet one more tradition of Glenlawn.



ROBERTA CLARK
 Organizer of Cheerleaders
 1948-49



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

FRONT ROW—left to right; Leona Bjarnason, Muriel Davidson, Maxine Dixon, Joan Canfield, Janice Berry, Dorie Astley, Helen Steenson.
BACK ROW—left to right; Mr. A. Leach, Pat Thomson, Ron Hogue, Bernice Werbecki, Mr. D. Downie.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The 1951-52 Girls' Basketball Team has the distinction of being the first girls' team to bring the Suburban Basketball Championship to Glenlawn since competition began. The success is a well-merited reward for hours of hard practice and painstaking attention to detail.

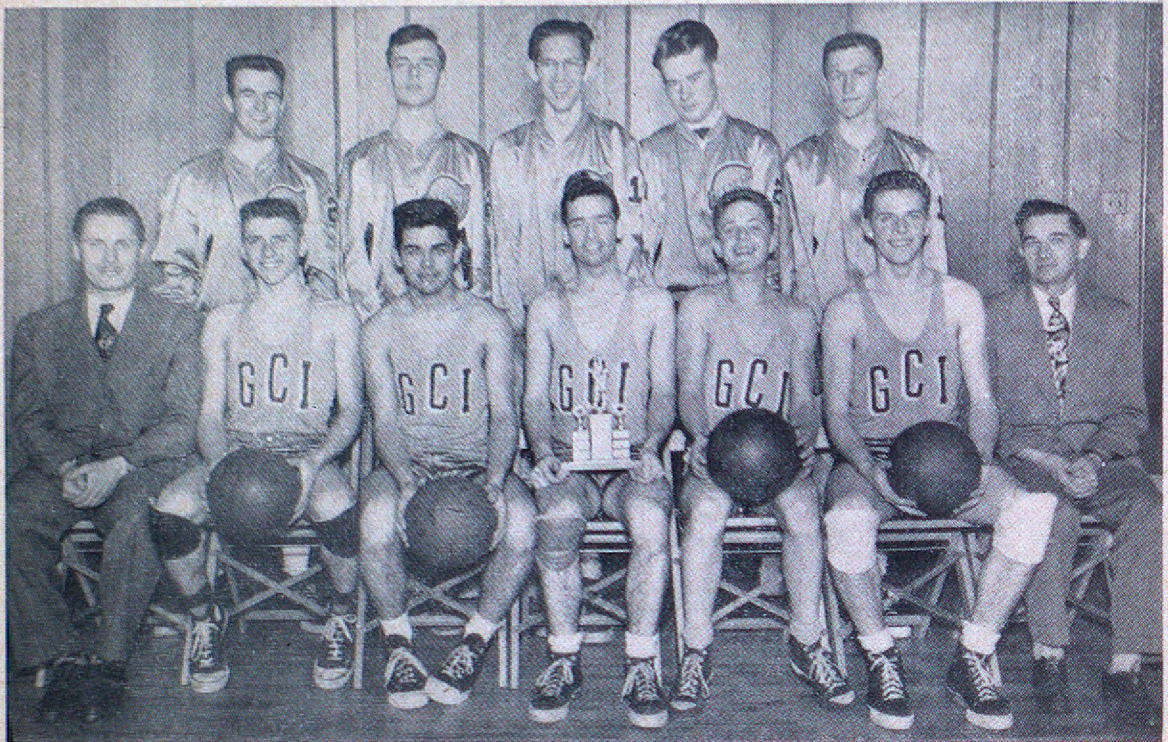
As the date for the league opening approached, season's predictions were ventured by observers. Their attention seemed centred around Norwood and last year's champions, East Kildonan. It was only after Glenlawn swept to successive victories over Selkirk and Norwood that it appeared that they had a team with which all must reckon.

When the regular schedule had been completed, the Glenlawn girls stood at the top with an undefeated record. In the opening game of the finals, Norwood gave the locals their first loss with a 19-15 setback. However, Glenlawn came back in earnest with two victories to take the S.C.A.A. Championship and the beautiful new Varsity Rose Bowl, which was offered in 1952 for the first time.

The team had few experienced regulars from last year, but counted on some promising Grade X's. When Janice Berry and Maxine Dixon moved into St. Vital, the dream of a "next year" team was changed to read "now." Muriel Davidson and Dorie Astley developed outstanding strength in pivot spots, while the experience of Joan Canfield and Bernice Werbecki proved invaluable. Pat Thomson, Lee Bjarnason and Helen Steenson contributed with good sound ball and an abundance of spirit. Adelaide Oddleifson, a promising Grade IX student, was brought up to complete the team.

Proudly the school waited for the Easter holidays, when the girls competed with the best in the Province in the new Provincial Tournament. The trophy finally went to the strong, swift team from Flin Flon, but not before Glenlawn had battled successfully to the finals.

For a splendid year's work, congratulations to our girls, and to their Coach and their Manager.



SUBURBAN WINNERS

FRONT ROW—left to right: Mr. A. Leach, Ron Hogue, Doug McKenzie, Alex Morrison, Wayne Johnston, Jack Dunn, Mr. D. Downie.

BACK ROW—left to right: Bert Lamoureux, Ron Sandstrom, Bruce Stouffer, Ken Gee, Trevor Fraser.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

"For the third consecutive year the Glenlawn Lions have won the Suburban Collegiates' Basketball Crown!"

"Glenlawn does it again!"

"Hogue and hustle spell Glenlawn win!"

Such items are characteristic of our press notices for the 1951-52 basketball season.

With a carry-over of seven players from the 1951 championship team, except Mr. Mike Spack, took it for granted that Glenlawn would win the boys' trophy again this year.

All went well until November 29th, when disaster struck the Lions and left a bewildered student body at Glenlawn. Norwood had defeated our "invincible" team by a score of 30-29. Now we knew why Mr. Spack had been a little hesitant about singing Glenlawn praises.

However, that was the one and only game lost by our boys this year. The

other games of the schedule proved the Lions to be the smooth-working, highly trained team which had been expected.

For "bucket" men we had the two top scorers in the league, Sandstrom and Stouffer, seconded by Jack Dunn and Ken Gee, who joined the team late in the season.

In the back court the Hogue, McKenzie, Fraser combination provided the fastest trio ever seen in this league, or probably in Manitoba High School basketball. "Wingy" Johnston would have had plenty of action on a "normal" team, but IF the fast boys ever got tired, two other stalwarts in the persons of Lamoureux and Morrison were generally chosen to take over.

The regular league play failed to produce very much in the form of topflight competition, but the final between Glenlawn and Norwood provided one of the most thrilling series ever witnessed in S.C.A.A. competition. Glenlawn won the

first game by three points, but Norwood was within striking distance right up to the final whistle, and frequently seemed ready to win the game.

The second game of the finals was even closer, with Norwood taking a strong lead in the first half, and maintaining it to the end of the third quarter. However, led by Stouffer and McKenzie, in the second half, Glenlawn came back with a particularly brilliant final quarter, and won the game 37-35.

By the end of the 1951-52 season the name "Glenlawn" dominated the record book with such comments as the following:

1951-52 All Stars included: Sandstrom, Stouffer and Hogue, with Fraser an honourable mention.

1951-52 Top Ten Scorers (league play only): (1) Sandstrom, 112; (2) Stouffer, 107; (5) Hogue, 57; (7) Fraser, 51.

Total points scored in league play: Glenlawn, 309.

Single game scoring record: Glenlawn, 109.



**BOYS' BASKETBALL—
VARSITY TROPHY**

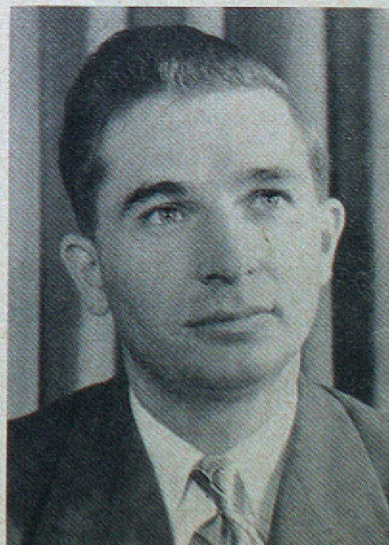


Mr. A. Leach

Individual scoring record (league play): Sandstrom, 45 points (broke former record of Olafsson 24 points).

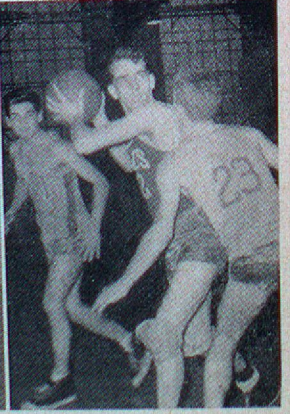
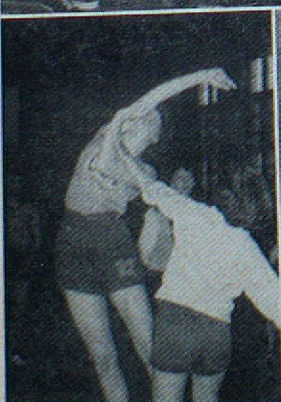
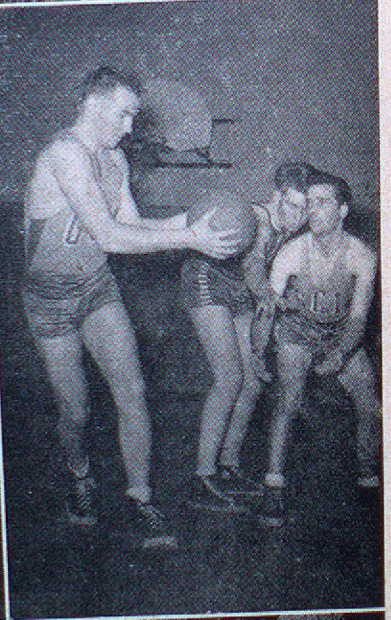
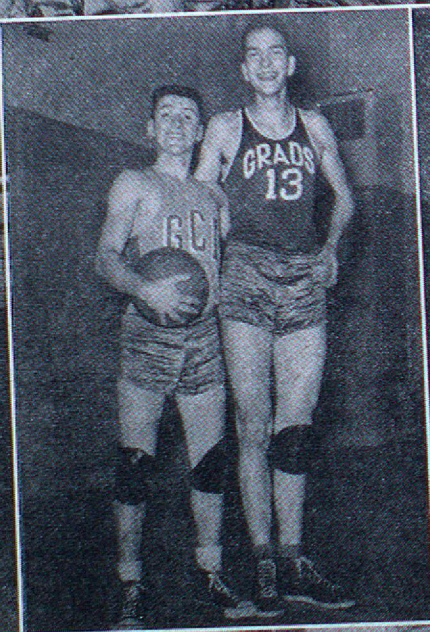
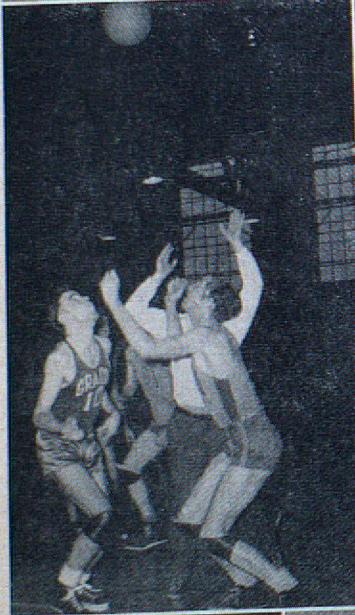
Finally came the Provincial Tournament. Congratulations, boys, on being the first to win the new Varsity Trophy! Glenlawn is proud of this great honour.

GLENMORIES records with sincere appreciation the co-operation of many people who helped, directly and indirectly, to produce the teams' splendid record. Special thanks are reserved for Coach A. Leach and Manager D. Downie, whose leadership made the provincial victory a dream come true.



Mr. D. Downie

"SHOTS"





GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL

FRONT ROW—Left to right: Priscilla Bolton, Muriel Davidson, Mr. R. Allen, Pat Thomson, Lona Huhtala.

BACK ROW—Left to right: Maxine Dixon, Beverly Johnson, Muriel Bird, Dale Fraser, Beverley Ferguson.

Girls' Volleyball

A combination of skill and good sportsmanship, plus a "play for fun" attitude, was displayed last fall by the Girls' Volleyball team. Of the five matches played in the League schedule, Glenlawn lost only one, this to St. James, and ended in second place, along with East Kildonan and Norwood. In

the semi-finals, our team was eliminated by St. James, in a thrilling match.

Special thanks are due to Mr. R. Allen, who so kindly and patiently gave his time to coach the girls. They practised hard, at noon hours, or at any time when they were successful in chasing the boys from the gym!

1950-51 SPORTS

Glenlawn's crop of 1950-51 athletes did not look too promising early in the scholastic year, but by the time June had arrived, the Collegiate boasted one of the finest athletic seasons which it had ever enjoyed.

The boys' basketball team, under Mr. A. Leach, captured the S.C.A.A. title for the 2nd consecutive year, and went as far as the semi-finals in the provincial playoffs before bowing out to Brandon Comets. Glenlawn girls, paced by scoring champion Shirley Ross, finished atop the Suburban league only to lose out in the semis.

On the Track and Field scene, Glenlawn counted a last minute tie with St. James in the S.C.A.A. meet as Brian "Gabby" Dandurand triumphed in the pole vault.

Mr. Heaney's hockeyists won two and lost two, failing to make the play-offs by a hair's breadth. Meanwhile "Downie's Demons" (the hard working soccer crew) experienced their usual luck, tying one and winning one.

Don Peach ruled the golfing roost as he outclassed his opponents completely in

(Continued on Page 58)



BOWLING TEAM

**STANDING—Gerry Shinn, John Pitcairn, Elizabeth Simpson.
HOLDING TROPHY: Lily Watanabe.**

BOWLING

The Bowling League opened early in November with a terrific turnout. However, near the end of the season the attendance slackened noticeably. The Monday crowd accounted for a majority of the students, but the Friday teams made a good showing. In the final play-offs, the winners were as follows:

- First: Watanabe1341 points
- Second: Monro1316 points
- Third: Thomson1312 points

Lily Watanabe's team took a considerable lead at the end of the second game to come in first, but it was a close fight between Gordon Monro's and Pat Thomson's teams, Monro finally securing the winning four points to take second place.

Congratulations to the winners of the trophy: Lily Watanabe (Captain), Geraldine Shinn, Elizabeth Simpson, John Pitcairn.

With warmest thanks to our organizer, Mr. W. S. Yarwood, here's good luck, and good bowling in 1952-1953!

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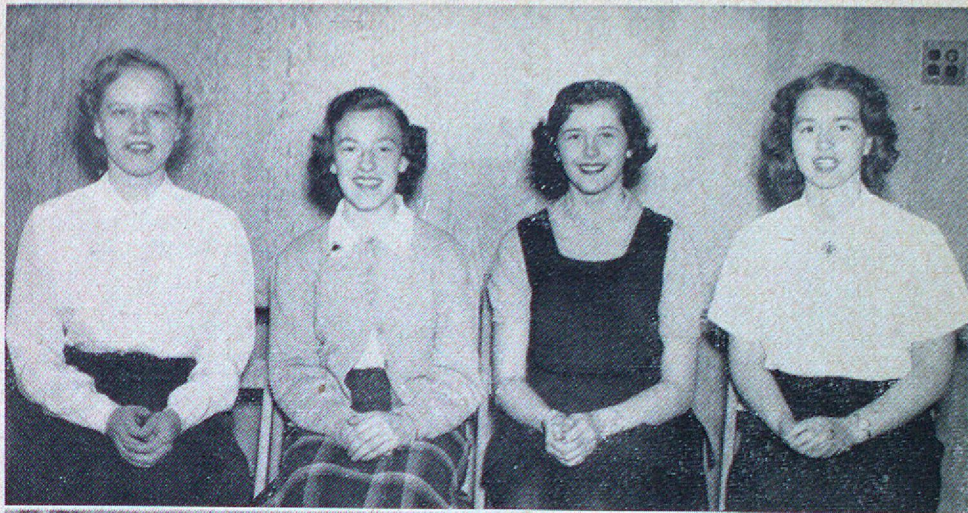
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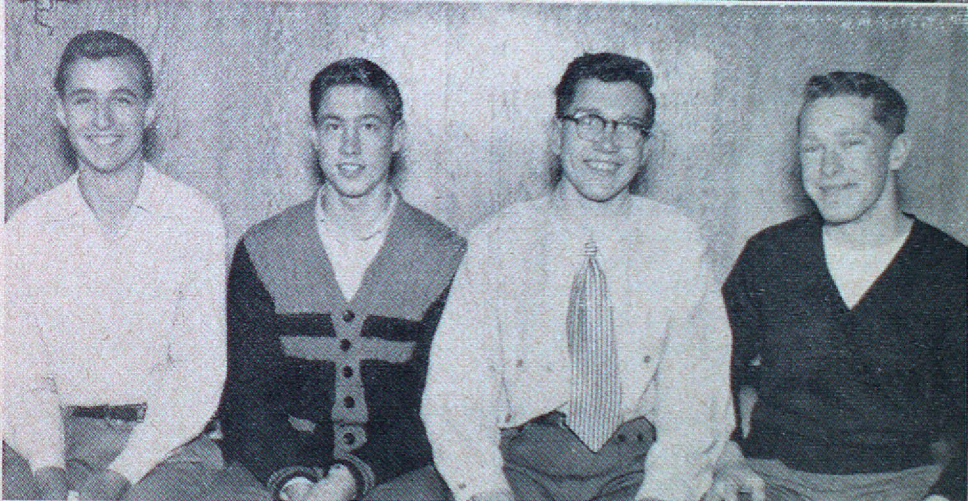
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GIRLS' CURLING

Left to right: Lona Huhtala, Joyce Trumbley, Joan Canfield, Ruth Laurie.



BOYS' CURLING

Left to right: Norman Hall, Al Whittom, Al Hawkins, Rex Blamey.

Suburban Curling

After much trouble and negotiation, a suburban curling league was organized, although, due to the weather, all curling of any kind had a late start. In the S.C.A.A. league, St. James, Fort Garry, West Kildonan and St. Vital were entered.

The boys' division ended with St. James topping the other teams. The first day Fort Garry just edged past St. Vital, whose team was skipped by Jerry Kendall. On the same day, St. James

trounced West Kildonan. St. Vital gained prestige on the next occasion, when Rex Blamey and colleagues stopped the powerful St. James squad 7-3. At the same time, Fort Garry beat West Kildonan. The final day of league play saw St. James defeat Fort Garry 15-2, while Rex Blamey's Giant Killers lost a close decision to West Kildonan, 11-8.

All concerned would definitely like to thank our Scottish mentor, Mr. R. Laurie, for his hard work in organizing the league.

1950-51 SPORTS—Continued

Glenlawn's First Annual Golf Tournament. Mr. Heaney supervised the effort.

Curling action saw long Jack Tetlow skip his rink of Jackie Cameron, Ken Regier and Marlyn Angus to the school championship. Two rinks were entered and made showings which entirely pleased Mr. Laurie, Glenlawn's curling instructor.

Bruce Ferguson's team won in the bowling competitions.

Mr. Allen's Ski and Snowshoe teams failed to garner any firsts or bring home any cups, but Glenlawn competitors placed second and third in several events.

Sports Council President Wayne Fraser supervised the various inter-room sports leagues, which were definitely more promising than in most years.

Eight athletes won prestige when they were awarded the coveted Glenlawn Athletic Letters. Barbara Stogan, Shirley Ross, and Jackie Cameron were successful girls, while boys to capture the "G" were Bruce Stouffer, Fred Steeves, Ron Hogue, and the Fraser brothers, Trev and Wayne.

—Fred Steeves.

Exchanges

GLENMORIES is proud to acknowledge the following yearbooks received from other schools in 1950. We exchanged no books in 1951, our book not being published that year is a result of the previously mentioned flood.

GREATER WINNIPEG:

"The Collegian"—St. James Collegiate

"Purple and Gold"—Norwood Collegiate

"Newtonian"—Isaac Newton

"Kelvin"—Kelvin High School

"Tric Tics"—United College Collegiate Department

FARTHER AFIELD:

"Tech Tatler"—Danforth Technical School, Toronto

"M.L.C.I."—Maple Leaf Collegiate Institute, Morden, Man.

"Winkler Collegian"—Winkler, Man.



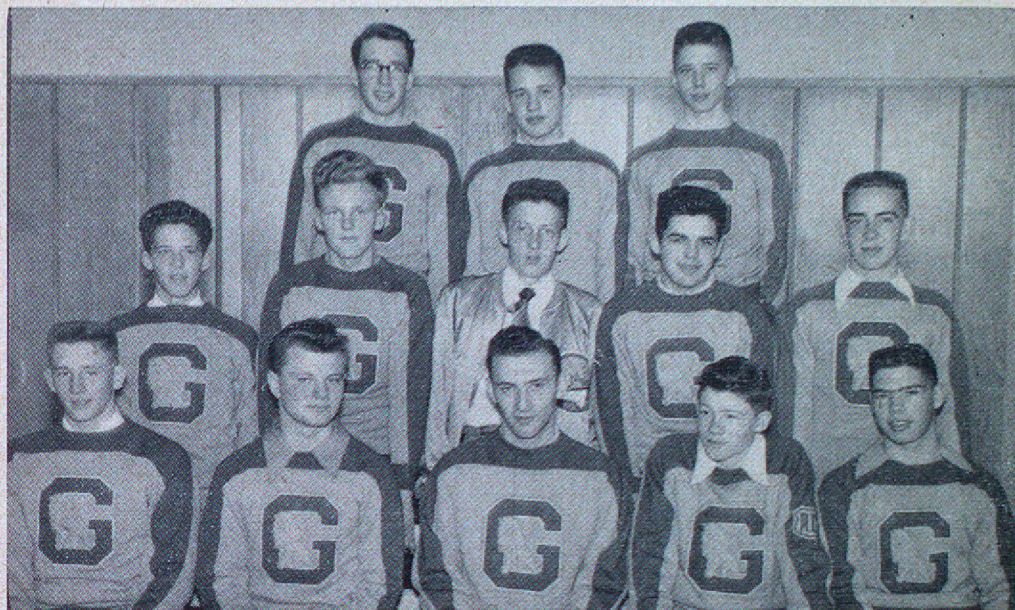
Assisting the Editor and his associates in the preparation of the College annual is one of the happiest assignments which come to us. We appreciate the opportunity of participating in the publication of this one to the extent of providing the printing plates.



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BOYS' HOCKEY TEAM



FRONT ROW—left to right; Jerry Kendall, Dave Stempin, Al Kowalski, Don Shaw, Don Brown.

SECOND ROW—left to right; Ron Leibl, Jack Baturin, Dave Thomson, Doug McKenzie, Clint Bradley.

BACK ROW—left to right; Gordon Monro, Walter Karschuk, Neale Driver.

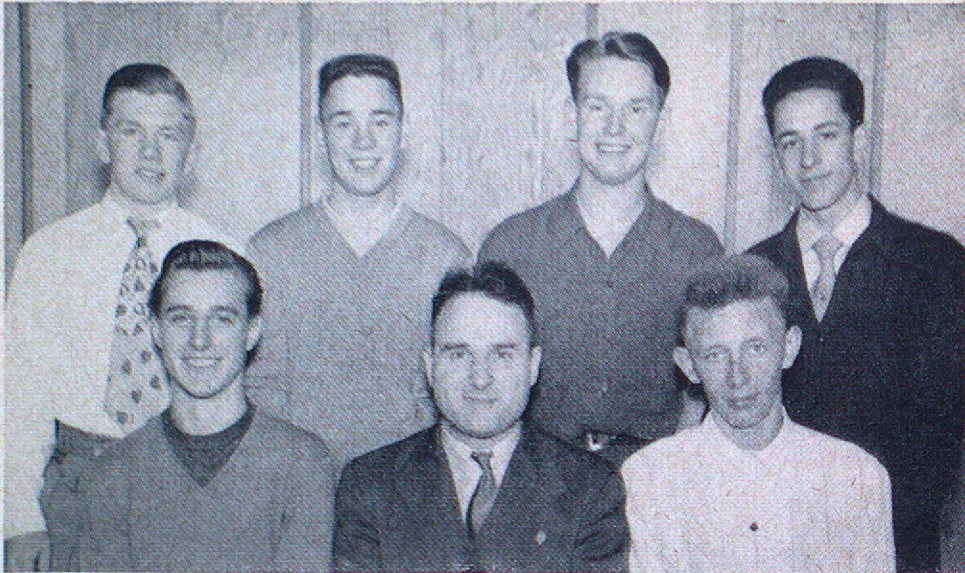
BOYS' SOCCER TEAM



FRONT ROW—left to right; Richard Smith, Bob Chant, Ron Leibl, Mr. D. Downie, Gordon Munro, John Mishtak, Allan Hawkins.

BACK ROW—left to right; Ian McDuff, Rex Blamey, Alex Morrison, Dave Thomson, Bert Lamoureux.

BOYS' VOLLEYBALL TEAM



FRONT ROW—Left to right: Norman Hall, Mr. R. Allen, Doug Weisner.
BACK ROW—Left to right: Ron Ketter, Gary Keats, Jim Hunter, Chuck McQuat.

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INTER-ROOM BASKETBALL

Thanks to the kind co-operation of Mr. D. Downie, Inter-Room Basketball went along quite nicely. In "A" League,

the 5A team was out in front, while in the "B" League, 10B took top honours. Officiating was managed by Bob Cormack.

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—The Editors.

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