

What memories I have of both Salisbury Elementary and Morse Place Junior High (as they were known when I attended from 1967 to 1976). Where does one begin? For me, school was a wonderful time and when I think back on it, I learned so many things and had so many experiences that shaped my life to this day.

Living on Government Ave, it was just a short one-block walk to school (thankfully not two miles uphill both ways). Back in the 60's, attending kindergarten was optional and so it was only in grade 1 that I started school. That first day in Salisbury #2 was a bit scary, but we all managed to find our way. Mr. Sinclair was the principal and Mrs. Wolfe was my first grade teacher. One of my most memorable moments in the early years was the daily assembly in the gymnasium (the one facing Prince Rupert Ave). To this day I remember filing out at the end of each assembly, class by class, row by row, with Mrs. Line playing "The Happy Wanderer" on the piano . . . "Valderi . . . Valdera . . . My knapsack on my back". Mrs. Line had a profound influence in helping me enjoy music and with her fun lessons and pointers (4/4 time means 4 notes to a measure and each quarter note gets one beat) I developed a love of music that carries me today. I love singing and I owe a debt of gratitude to Mrs. Line for starting me on that road.

Other remembrances of grades 1-6 in no particular order:

- Helping Mrs. Wolfe clean chalk-brushes using the motorized cleaning machine after school . . . yah, I was sort of teacher's pet that year.
- My first crush in grade 1 and I think maybe even a quick peck on the cheek . . . I won't kiss and tell who that little girl was!
- Jam-pail curling at recess and lunch time, stacking the "rocks" in those wooden green boxes at the end of each day
- Having Mrs. Bickford substitute for most of my grade 3 year when Mrs. Thordarson got sick . . . it was only several years later when I learned what "cancer" was and meant.
- Watching and anticipating the new gymnasium and "open area" classrooms built in 1970 which I was fortunate to attend in grades 4-6 . . . we now could use "tote trays" to carry all our supplies and books from class to class
- Hearing about a brand new TV show in Grade 4 called "Sesame Street" . . . my teacher that year was Mrs. Bird.
- Watching "Paddle-to-the-Sea" I don't know how many times on the old Bell and Howell projector . . . I think this and all the other National Film Board movies we watched must have been required learning every year (or maybe just an easy teaching afternoon??)
- Baseball games on the diamond at the corner of Prince Rupert Ave. and Besant St.
- The flock of homing pigeons that lived in the coop above the garage on the back lane just north of the school yard
- Learning to toot a tune or two on the recorder with Mr. Finlayson
- Grade 6 in the old Salisbury #1 . . . it was sort of like an old haunted castle and one didn't dare stay too long in the basement
- Playing marbles (burner, snap, shot!) and watching the famous 100 crock game in 1973 . . . not sure who won but it was like seeing Lotto Max being won at the time!
- Watching the legendary 1972 Summit Series in the classroom and seeing the "famous" Paul Henderson goal with all my classmates on an old black and white TV is a memory I will NEVER

forget. Not sure watching a hockey game on TV in school would be allowed today, but thank you Mr. Dyck and Mr. Betker for having the foresight and wisdom to let us witness live this iconic moment of our Canadian history.

Then there was the scary thought of leaving as a senior grade 6er and becoming a "Freshie" at Morse Place:

- Class 7A with Mrs. Simkin (I think her husband was a part of the ownership of the original Winnipeg Jets) . . the guys in class were the "brass section" in band, but the girls were the "brains" in school.
- Perogy fundraiser sales first time I heard of a perogy . . . I'm not Ukrainian, but I married a wonderful Ukrainian girl years later . . . she is a Morse Place alumni too and was in the grade just behind me.
- Shops class . . woodworking with Mr. Zukewich . . . made a fine chess board (which I just gave to my godson last year for his birthday) and molded a funky plexi-glass dish of some sort (I think Mom still keeps her fruit in there).
- Drafting class with Mr. Kent (the ammonia fumes from the blueprint machine were "wicked") . . . T-squares and 4H pencils peaked an interest that led to my current Engineering career
- Realization I was no athlete (more like the 90 lb weakling) but I could do the flexed arm hang longer than just about anyone.
- Realization that math was something I was better at . . . placing 2nd in the M.A.S.T. grade 9 provincial math contest beating out all but one of the St. John's Ravenscourt guys was pretty special . . . yes I was that geek . . . but thank you Mr. Kozlowich for making math fun
- "The Paddle" when you did something dumb in a certain Mr. ____'s class come to the front, bend over and touch your toes . . . smack with the flat end of a goalie stick. . . It was more the embarrassment of being caught than the "sting" but you certainly didn't "goof up" again!
- Learning French History in Mr. Syko's class in the wooden "shacks" brought in for overflow and knowing that he was a "hero" since he was on the Canadian Men's Volleyball team he died several years later from cancer but he was always a great role model.
- Band classes in the Old Salisbury #1 and then in the new band room build in 1975 . . . we had fun with Mrs. Macintyre and once even carried her little Austin Mini from the parking lot to the middle of the field . . . she was mad, but I think laughed it off in the end
- Band trips to the Rockies and Saskatoon . . . 24 hour sleep-a-thons back in Salisbury #1 to raise funds.
- French classes with Mr. Ferraton and the reel-to-reel speaking tapes "Ecouter et Parler" . . . Je m'appelle Darryl, comment s'appelle tu?
- Spirit Week in February where we all spent the day at Morse Place Community Club doing fun outdoor activities
- The dances boys on one side of the gym and girls on the other then if you were lucky, you would get up the nerve to ask that special girl for a "slow dance" . . . hopefully the long version of "Hey Jude" by the Beatles would be playing then . . or maybe you just stayed glued to the wall too scared to make your move.
- Through it all, Mr. Joe Flood was a great Principal and his secretary Mrs. McKinnon kept everyone's late slips in check.

Wow, just writing this brings many, many memories flooding back, and through it all, I can say Salisbury and Morse Place were great schools with great teachers who cared about each student. Yes, there were a few bad apple students and some tough teachers, but it was a place of learning that gave everyone a solid foundation to carry on as great future citizens of Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada and undoubtedly of the world.

Thank you Salisbury/Morse Place . . . Congratulations on 100 years of education in the community . . . I hope you will continue to be there for young people in the Morse Place area for many more years to come.

Darryl Pokrant, M.Sc. P.Eng.
Grades 1-6 1967 to 1973
Grades 7-9 1973 to 1976

P.S. In the grade 1 photo attached, I'm at the left end in the back row



I also came across this interesting list of teachers and their salaries from 1915 to 1972
<http://www.mmcalumni.ca/v2/docs/ek/Salisbury-Morse%20Place%20Staff%20Salaries.pdf>