

Saint Andrew's College Review



Christmas
1943

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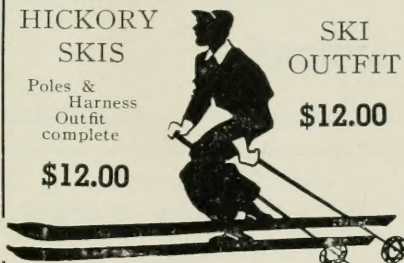
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The St. Andrew's College Review



Christmas, 1943

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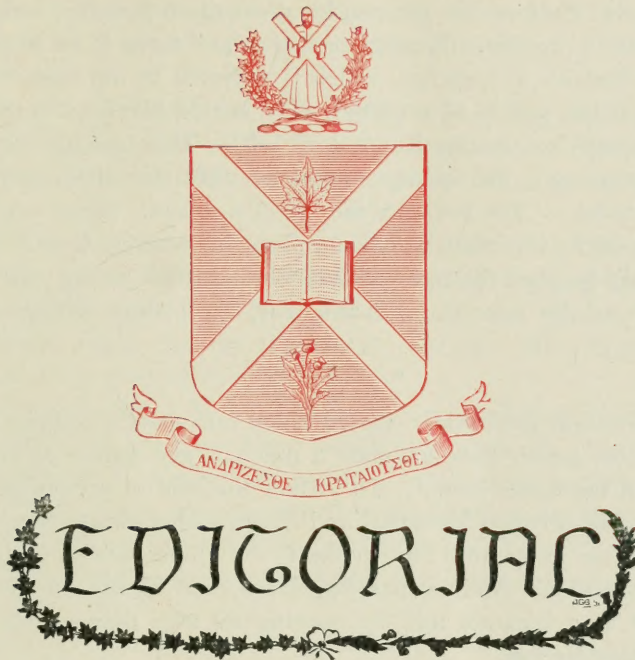
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*"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease."*





The Old Order Changeth: Yielding Place to New

AS this fifth Christmas of the war cheerfully beckons us on, we have good reason to face the New Year with hearts full of courage and hope. For now it is we who attack. German and Japanese advances have been checked, and we are shaking the foundations of their precarious empires. Italy has been the first Fascist country to rise and shake off the yoke of the dictator, Mussolini, the first Axis tyrant to hear and obey the voice of free men.

Let us therefore, pray, and more than pray, work, that the other totalitarian regimes will not be long in following Il Duce to disgrace and defeat, and that peace on earth and good will to man may again return.

* * *

Without any desire to "welcome the coming, speed the parting guest," we feel that this approaching year holds great promise for St. Andrew's. Last year was a period of transition. The Old Order was changing, and a new Order, influenced by wartime necessities and restrictions, was being set firmly on the road; and now that road stretches out into the distance, broad and promising, ready to guide countless future Andreans.

With this bright horizon, "whose margin fades for ever and for ever" before him, St. Andrew has gripped his cross more securely, and has held it on high more proudly. Throughout the school there is an all-pervading spirit of endeavour and energy, which is reflected in the class rooms, on the playing-fields, and in all activities. We should like here to quote from the ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW of 1902. This passage was written forty-one years ago; the feelings expressed were true then, and are certainly true today. "The boys are the life of a school. What would a tree be without sap? Or what would a college be without boys? Nothing. But if the sap be good the tree will flourish and grow strong; and likewise if the spirit of the boys is good and true, the college will prosper and expand."

* * *

Transportation difficulties have curtailed our sport schedules and consequently Clan games have assumed a much larger sphere of importance in the life of the whole school. To further this end of promoting internal rivalry, the gulf between Memorial and Flavell Houses has been widened, thus making the jump from the Middle to the Upper School by that much the more desirable. And, in passing, Macdonald House has now established itself as a separate unit by opening its own dining room and by using a distinctive cap.

* * *

The boys of St. Andrew's College are glad to welcome the new members of the Staff this year; on behalf of the School the REVIEW extends hearty greetings to Mr. Kendall, Mr. Grant, and Mr. Nicholls.

Mr. Kendall, our sports master, has had an excellent record at the Orillia Y.M.C.A., the Guelph Y.M.C.A., the Guelph Collegiate and Vocational Institute. He is a popular and energetic personality and has already transformed the usually slack period between Fall and Winter into a whirl of activities.

Mr. Grant is the new Assistant Mathematics and Sports master. He is a graduate of McMaster University, and he has come to us from the Beamsville High and Vocational School. We hope his stay may be a long and pleasant one.

Mr. Nicholls has replaced Mr. Thiele as a Lower School master in History, Art, and English. We have also seen him in the Upper School in connection with the International Problems Club, which is now getting well under way.

* * *

We are glad to welcome back to St. Andrew's this year Miss Mackay, who is succeeding Miss Brookes as secretary to the Headmaster. For

its own part the REVIEW thanks Miss Mackay for the immense help she has been in preparing this issue for publication. Miss Mackay's father is an Old Boy of St. Andrew's, particularly distinguished for his Missionary work in Formosa.

Miss Thomson has replaced Miss Bond, who is now Superintendent of the North Bay Hospital, as the Upper School Nurse. She trained at Grace Hospital, Detroit, and has spent most of her Nursing career in Arizona.

Mrs. Wilson has taken the place of Mrs. Sanderson as Dietitian and Matron of the Upper School. She has had special training in Canning and Candy-making at the New York Institute and was recently Dietitian at the Canadian Sugar Factory, Raymond, Alberta. Mrs. Wilson's two sons are now in the Armed Forces.

In the Bursar's Office Mrs. Nicholls has replaced Mrs. Ross, who is now a receptionist at the Ford Plant in Windsor, Ontario. Mrs. Nicholls formerly worked in St. Catharines, and is a very capable bookkeeper.

Mr. Ouchterlony has been appointed to the Staff of the Toronto Conservatory of Music in the department of Organ and Theory. He will be a member of the Examining Board, and will take over summer school work in music.

* * *

The REVIEW offers its most sincere sympathy to the friends and relatives of those eighteen St. Andrew's Old Boys who have fallen in this struggle for freedom. On every front will be found men of St. Andrew's College, fighting for God, King, and Country. They are giving their lives in the cause of liberty, and it is for us who remain to prove in the future peace that they have not died in vain.

* * *

By the recent death of Sir Robert Falconer, St. Andrew's has lost an old and valued friend. As a member of the Advisory Board over a long period of years, he took a lively interest in the welfare of the school and was a frequent visitor on Prize Days. Coming to Toronto for the first time in 1907 as President of the University of Toronto, he filled that office with distinction till his retirement in 1932. Sir Robert was the recipient of countless academic honours, including the offer of the principalship of the University of Edinburgh which he declined; he was famous throughout his long career alike as a scholar and an administrator.

Mrs. Tudball's Western Trip

"FLIGHT No. 2 now leaving for Winnipeg, Regina, and Vancouver. Passengers take their places." These words came over the loud speaker in the waiting room at Malton Airport. I took a deep breath and walked out to the big, silver, T.C.A. plane.

As National Commandant of the Canadian Red Cross I had been asked to make an inspection tour of the detachments in British Columbia starting at Vancouver.

I entered the plane; the engines roared and we moved forward faster and faster; as we gathered speed the plane, which had been tipped up at an angle, levelled off. Suddenly I realized that we were in the air. After we had gained altitude, I watched the country below looking green and lovely. I was unable to get my bearings until I spotted Bond Lake shining in the sunlight; suddenly we were over St. Andrew's College. Aurora was buried in trees, but the school buildings stood out clearly. On we went over Lake Simcoe, Muskoka, Timmins, until we came to Kapuskasing where we landed for ten minutes.

In the air again the weather turned bad and the ride was very bumpy so that I felt very uncomfortable. The next stop was Winnipeg and although we were there for only a few minutes it felt good to be on steady ground. We soon took off again and the motion of the plane was worse than ever; having succumbed to air sickness, I took little interest in the scenery. At Regina the houses looked like little boxes on a table top, so flat was the ground. Between Regina and Lethbridge there were fewer air pockets and I began to revive.

Over the Canadian Rockies we went up to thirteen thousand feet and the stewardess handed out oxygen masks which prevented us from seeing the mountains.

As we approached Vancouver the curtains were drawn and we were not allowed to look out. "Defense of Canada regulations", we were told.

Vancouver is a lovely city with snow-capped mountains, bathing beaches along the water front, and beautiful Stanley Park with its ever-green trees. After five busy days in Vancouver, I left for what is called "the interior". We travelled over-night by train and got off at Penticton in the Okanagan Valley. It is a long valley surrounded by great hills and it looks like the desert with sandy soil, sage bush, and scrubby pine trees. Despite these deceptive appearances there are many orchards in the Okanagan Valley and there is also room for many more. The towns in the Okanagan Valley have only one or two streets with modern buildings on both sides. From such picturesque places as Oliver, Summerland,

Peachland, and Vernon, we were heading north for Prince Rupert. On the way we were lucky enough to see Mt. Robson and its snow-covered peak which is usually veiled in clouds. Once on the lower slopes of the mountains covered with the dark green of the pines and the yellow of the poplars, we saw a cow moose staring at the train curiously.

We left Terrace, a backward town without phones and street lights, on a funny little train called (officially) "The Skunk". We crossed the Bulkley Canyon which makes the Niagara Gorge seem insignificant. Once the train stopped with a terrific jolt. A boulder had come down off the mountain and we had run into it. Fortunately we were going slowly and the engineer put in the brakes quickly. We reached Prince Rupert which was crowded with soldiers, sailors, and Indians. We had hoped to fly from Prince George to Vancouver but as no seats were available on the plane, we resigned ourselves to a fourteen-hour trip in a bus. What a trip! We came down the old Caribou Trail, a narrow gravel road high above the Frazer River. At Ashcroft we caught a train, and finally got back to Vancouver feeling rather like explorers returning to civilization.

At the station of Nanimo, on Vancouver Island, I ran into two old boys, "Sport" Hambly and Austin Thomson. Both of them are in the army and look very fit, they asked for news of the school.

One afternoon on the island I went to the Naval College at Esquimalt. Mr. and Mrs. Ketchum had unfortunately gone East; however I was shown over the beautiful grounds and was much impressed.

When I returned to Vancouver, I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Austin Taylor; Mr. Taylor is an old boy of the school having been at St. Andrew's from '04 to '06.

The time came all too soon to say goodbye to British Columbia. We travelled through the Rockies and the most gorgeous scenery. At Calgary where the Rockies can just be seen on the horizon, the mountains seemed to be beckoning me back. Edmonton, Regina, Moose Jaw, Saskatoon, and Winnipeg all went by in swift and exciting order. From Winnipeg we flew to Toronto; the weather was so bad that we had to climb above the clouds.

I have returned from my trip impressed by the tremendous size of Canada, its beauty, and its possibilities, and convinced that the only way to travel is by air.

Main Street

MILFORD is just a small town; there are thousands like it in this vast country of ours, and like the others, its ultimate destiny is the lowly dust from which our forefathers fashioned it.

Nothing more. In a sense, this lack of recognition is explicable; our town boasts of neither wealth nor industry, nor is it noted as the birthplace of prominent statesmen or learned scholars and scientists. It has no exceptional geographical peculiarities that require school children to make intensive research. Neither is it known for criminal instincts; no evil lurks in dark, gloomy alleys, nor does greed or corruption blot its innocence. We have nothing to offer to those outside our sphere, and we accept no return from the throbbing metropolis. Like the rustics that the poet Gray immortalized, we are predestined to obscurity. But we like it this way; furthermore, there is not a citizen in Milford who would have it otherwise. Perhaps in time, posterity will demand a portrait of a typical American town. For this, Milford provides a perfect representative model.

The only just way to describe Milford is to personify its main artery, Main Street. Main Street begins rather remotely near the doubtful environs of the tannery, just outside the town. From there it wends a rather devious route past the community gardens and over the old concrete bridge into the residential section of the town. The houses are all peculiarly similar, as in Milford there are no irritating class distinctions which drive men to outdo each other in the construction of palatial residences.

Today happens to be market day, and even now the bustling housewives, full of zealous chatter, and with a pleasant importance in every hitch of their shawled shoulders, make their way to the town square. The younger men are out in force, mowing their lawns, sprinkling their zinnias or just simply admiring their trim dwellings with the critical eye of a Rafael scanning the dome of St. Peter's. The venerable grandfathers of the town, attempting to thwart senile decay are sitting in their rocking chairs on the verandahs, with their feet propped upon the railing, either reading the morning paper, or conversing with an affectation of sagacity on current events, with their next door neighbours.

As we progress along the street, it opens up suddenly into a confluence of criss-crossing thoroughfares. This is the business section of town. That bright red sign on the corner marks the town barber shop. Even from here you can see the smoke-filled room, the sprawling customers, and Sam the barber, paying more attention to his tirade on modern plumb-

ing than to the unruly locks of his patron. On your left you can see the chipped yellow facade of the grocery store, and above it where old Mr. Schultz cheerfully tends his butcher shop. Next to the grocery store is the cinema, showing three nights weekly. In the evening its marquee is gaily lit up with new neon light system installed last year.

And there it is, Main Street, having nothing prepossessing to offer to material interests, but having a serenity and simplicity that is absolute. It ends fittingly enough as a cow path—true democracy—sharing its natural beauty to humans and beasts alike.

Now that you have seen Main Street, you have seen Milford, and the life we live and hope to always live, far from the madding crowds' ignoble strife. Yes Milford, the haven of Wordsworth, is a personification of a peace and a security that is absolute. We love it here; can you blame us?

R. S. MACKAY, Form Upper VI.

To the Ethereal Nymph

Oh, Thou mysterious, flitting charm,
I still pursue thee, but alas,
Thou dost elude me, flitting off,
Like elfin vision o'er the grass.

Who thou art, and what, none knows,
A composition, if you will,
Of all the arts, through ages past,
And all the ages coming still.

Sometimes, I see thee in my dreams
But never see thy mystic face,
'Tis just a momentary glimpse,
A comet in celestial space.

The trials and fears of all mankind,
Dost thou, O radiant Nymph, comprise,
But by thy guard, these precious hoards,
Are hid from wisdom seeking eyes.

The day in which I catch thee Nymph.
The day that I achieve my goal.
All wisdom of this earthly world,
In stars, is crowned upon my soul.

SIDNEY OAKES, Form Lower VI.

The Delphi Recorder

Caesar Routs Helvetii in Two-day Battle

With our troops in Gaul, May 21st, 58 B.C., (Roman Press)
(Censored) (Copyright reserved) (Registered in Rome Stationer's Office).

Caesar, in chasing the enemy, went beyond his already long supply line and was forced to slowly retire on Bibracte. Unfortunately the Helvetii learned this through their agents in Number 3 Platoon, 'B' Company, and began to follow us. Lucius Aemilius, the praetor of the platoon, told our reporter Aulus Halienus that a price of five hundred sesterces was set on their heads.



The Helvetii began to give chase and firing broke out in the rear. Caesar placed his artillery behind a hill to give covering fire while his troops dug themselves in on the hillside. As we stood, the Helvetii outnumbered us two to one, but at dawn the long awaited tanks arrived from Bibracte. These were the latest Pompeius type having engines, burning high-octane olive oil, of seven ox-power with a maximum speed of ten miles an hour. Their length was fourteen cubits and their breadth was nine cubits and one span. They were equipped with two ballistae in the turret and innumerable sling-shots. With the arrival of the tanks and the chariots of food which came with them, Caesar felt able to withstand anything.

The next morning the forty-eighth Delphi sling-shooters were sent on a reconnoitering expedition and on their return reported that the Helvetii were preparing to attack. An hour later the enemy formed a phalanx, bristling with javelins, which came to charge our trenches. Caesar ordered

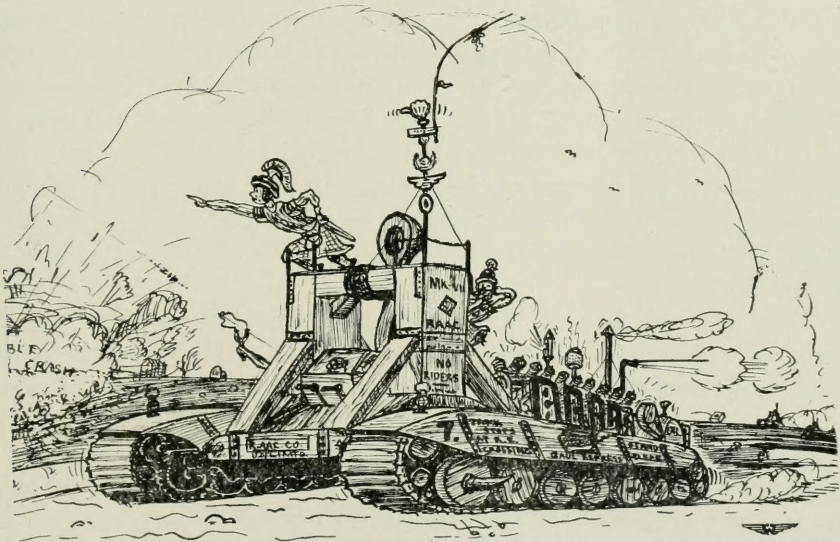
the artillery to fire and so great was the effect of the ballistae that the phalanx dispersed.

Later the Helvetii tried again from another quarter and were more successful because the ballistae could not be trained quickly enough. On they came, and the forty-eighth sling-shooters peppered the enemy soundly so that they were forced to retire. Caesar ordered his men to advance and under cover of the tanks which were spitting stones right and left they attacked the Helvetii and put them to flight. The ballistae now fired into the mass of the retreating enemy and their aim was deadly. The orderly retreat of the enemy was changed to a rout.

Delphi is very proud of her sons who have fought so valiantly against the foe, and especially of Quaestor Gaius Cornelius of 68 Via Longa, who died of wounds after a heroic defence of the one tank which was disabled. His next of kin, his sister Gaia Cornelia, received the Victoria Eagle.

A major part of the success was due to the new type of ballistae which were built by the Gnaeus Manillius, Co., Ltd., Delphi. Very little is known about this new weapon with the exception that its fire is very deadly and the range is over one hundred and fifty feet.

MARCUS TULLUS CICERO.



The Advantages and Disadvantages that would follow the Adoption of a Universal Language

THERE is no doubt that if a universal language could be established and maintained, it would be immeasurably advantageous. With the barriers of translation and interpretation removed, there would be a closer union of human thought, a greater understanding between nations. With increased improvements in universal communication, the world would be drawn-closer together. Whether encompassing the world by plane travel, television, or frequency modulation—the future method of radio broadcasting—average earth dwellers would have a wider knowledge of all ways of life, and of international affairs. The greatest distinction in the world is nationality, determined not by race, but by language; with this removed, there would be a greater hope for permanent world peace.

India, with two hundred and twenty-two languages and dialects, diversities of race, and thousands of castes, is yet more or less a unified political force opposing English speaking rule. This may be attributed in some degree to the fact that in India there is now one main language, Hindustani, which, even then, still has two vocabularies and scripts. It has been said that there is no such thing as a true German; yet the German nation is unified by one common tongue. No war has been entirely the fault of one side; one has only to read the pages of history to realize how much diversity of language prevents the use of more than generalities in international discussion. Sir Neville Henderson as British ambassador to Germany had only surprisingly short conversations with Hitler and other members of the Nazi party, and interpreters had to be used most of the time for larger conferences. Then again, nationalism is heightened by the separate existences of literatures, legacies of drama, the various isolated means of thought by language.

There are two apparent ways in which a universal language may be introduced: firstly, by natural evolution without any special choice or decision by international agreement; secondly, by some proposed plan. Actually the distinction between the two is not very great, and civilization is gradually becoming more unified, resulting in fewer languages; as a matter of time by itself, the number should become methodically less, until one language becomes established above all others. At any stage of the evolution some directed assistance may be decided upon. The chief difficulty lies, of course, in the agreement as to what language is to be chosen as the universal one. At present English is the language which is spread-

ing; in the "westernization" of the East it is playing a major rôle; in Turkish schools it is being taught just as French is here in Ontario. But in the evolution of English appears what at first glance seems to be a menace to the project; just as Latin came to be divided into Spanish, French, and Italian, so English is differing more and more in America, England, and Australia and New Zealand. This trend should, however, converge again in the future as advancements in communications unite English speaking nations in the whole world.

The adoption of a universal language is a natural step in the progress of world civilization; it may be the most important factor in making this civilized world of ours civilized. The only appalling point, to us short-term mortals, is the time which this may take, its adoption being of little interest to us if it takes place long after we are dead. But we have one consolation: if we don't happen to speak the universal language, at least we speak the nearest thing to it, English, in which is found the greatest abundance of the works of the human mind, both of poetry and prose. We hope that we are not being outnumbered by the growing sect of English speaking people who believe it necessary to speak Spanish if we are to succeed in the post-war world!

C. W. EDDIS, Form Upper VI.

ADVANTAGES OF A BOARDING SCHOOL

"The way my love-life is running at present I would much rather be at a boarding-school."

* * *

UNASSAILABLE LOGIC

"Since you pay so much money to go to a boarding-school, it must be worth it or your parents wouldn't send you."

(Taken from a boy's efforts in the literary line.)

A Fair in a Small Town

THERE was great excitement among the children of the town that weekend: the annual fair was at last going to come to their own hometown. The little boys and girls could hardly contain themselves for joy; what a tremendous thrill it was going to be, when they would be allowed to stay up late and go to the fair to spend the money they had saved up for weeks for this purpose.

At last the great day came when the bright red and yellow wagons pulled by the gorgeously caparisoned horses lumbered onto the fairground. Grimy little urchins in fluttering rags crowded around, eagerly awaiting the unveiling of the great mammoths. Soon the carpenters were busily at work; the air was filled with the deafening clatter of a dozen hammers driving in nail after nail till, almost like magic, booths sprang out of the ground. The shrill shrieks of the mothers calling their flocks into supper left the fairground almost deserted, save for a few workmen balancing precariously on step-ladders, installing long lines of red, green, and yellow lights, and Chinese lanterns, glowing softly as they danced in the warm summer breeze.

As the fiery red globe was nearing the end of its journey, the fairgrounds became a seething mass of gaily dressed folk and children red-faced with excitement. Oh, why couldn't they start the fair now? Half an hour is such an awfully long time to wait! This was the first night; the many coloured lamps twinkled in the deepening dusk like the stars in the heavens. In the centre, brilliantly lit up by the glaring spot-lights, stood the merry-go-round in all its splendour, with horses and pigs and fire-engines and all the delights of childhood standing stiffly in their accustomed places; on every side of it were booths for "rolling the coin", "wheels of chance" with arrays of blinking lights, for shooting, and for many other amusements.

Now the time was come: the barrel-organ of the merry-go-round blared out its first familiar gay tune; the children crowded at the gate pushing and elbowing themselves into line, almost drowning out the organ with their piercing shouts. All the other stands sprang into activity at once, like the beginning of a marionette show. The coins began to roll furiously over the green and brown check boards, uncertain as to where to lie down; eyes almost bouncing from their sockets were glued to the boards, and shouts of joy, mingled with hopeless sighs of disappointment, filled the air.

Over there on the other side the children with white kerchiefs over

their eyes awaited their turn to pin the tail on the sad-faced donkey; for a moment there was a breathless silence, then the whole line would weave about, pitying the unfortunate and loudly praising the successful. The intermittent sharp cracks from the shooting gallery rent the air as the youth of the town tried their skill; already there was somebody, a tall thin boy with long dangling arms, receiving an immense teddy-bear while the crowd about him gazed in silent wonderment at the obliterated bull of his target.

Once in a while hollow sounds, like the beat of a horse's hoofs in the distance, from the cocoa-nut shies, followed by wild jubilation and repeated shouts of "Give him room; let 'im throw another!", told of actual success in that quarter. Next to the shies a paunchy little man in a filthy apron was loudly encouraging his crowd of admirers to try their luck on his most wonderful wheel; they watched with bated breath the red and blue lamps flicker as the wheel dragged to a stop:—first disgusted sighs, then a piercing whoop of joy from the dreamy winner suddenly discovering his good fortune.

As the evening wore on to a close the well-known tunes of the barrel-organ were replaced by the screeching of a fiddle, and the couples, both young and old, performed the gay old square dances in their fairy-like costumes under the beaming yellow moon and the twinkling stars. Everybody was full of happiness,—the simple happiness of simple people enjoying themselves. No, there is nothing in our world today that can compare with the gaiety and joy that a fair brings to the people in a small country town.

J. V. HORWOOD, Form Upper VI.

The Ghost Writer

THE sibilant purr of my powerful roadster throbbed in my ears as I rounded a long curve. I pressed down on the accelerator, and the telephone poles flashed by with ever quickening regularity. The needle crept up the dial of the speedometer, past the fifty mark, and onwards towards the dangerous sixties.

Why this unseemly haste, you ask? The fact is, I was over-anxious to reach my destination, the house of Forrest Harding, for to-day I was going to meet someone I had been seeking to see for sometime.

My living is writing. I do not write ordinary stories, of the kind you usually read in such magazines as the *Saturday Evening Post*, or *Liberty*, but tales of the weird, the bizarre. Ghost stories, they are commonly con-

sidered. Nor is my work of the type you usually find in an ordinary pulp magazine. It is of such quality that I am rapidly becoming recognized as one of the nation's top authors. My first novel was a best-seller, and I soon was rated the second-best weird fiction writer in the nation.

There was one man, however, whose rise was even more meteoric and sensational than mine. He had written but the three short stories and two novels, yet they were acclaimed as the top works of the decade. Like myself, he was a writer of the uncanny, with one exception. He specialized in a particular field—the other-world. His descriptions of the after-life, which filled most of his work, were so vivid that one could almost imagine oneself to have lived in this imaginary world of his. His atmospheres and unearthly detail seemed to capture the imagination of the country, and he was hailed as a second Poe. Nay, some even declared him greater than the old master, and placed him on a pedestal by himself, to be remembered and revered by future generations. His name was Harrison Kearn.

One of the strangest things about him was the fact that only one man had ever met him, or even seen him. Through this friend, who, fortunately for me, was also a friend of mine, he sent all his stories to the publishers; received all payment and all letters. He must have stayed indoors perpetually, for no one had ever seen him outside the house, walking in the garden, or tramping over the country roads as men usually do. Truly, he was a strange character, in more ways than one, as I was to find out.

It was through this mutual friend, Forrest Harding, that I was going to meet the great master. For months I had coaxed and pleaded with Harding to introduce me to the man who had made such a name for himself in the same field as I, and had at last gained his consent. I had but two miles further to travel.

The distance passed under my swift wheels in no time, and I was soon swinging along the curved drive which fronted his house. I stopped before the tall pillars and broad steps which were the features of his mansion, and Harding himself stepped forth to greet me. I was perhaps a little too eager to see the great author, and made him take me inside without further ado. I hung my hat and coat in the hall closet.

I stepped into the luxurious living room, where Harding was standing in silence. As soon as I reached his side, he spoke, motioning toward the couch. "John", he said, "I'd like you to meet Harrison Kearn." I stopped and stared, petrified with amazement and a ghostly sense of fear.

For I could see no one!

J. W. TAYLOR, Form Lower VI.

Caught in the Storm

THE sun was sinking in fiery splendour behind the fir-clad hills as I reached the rock-bound cove where it was my intention to catch a catfish. I had no sooner dropped my hook into the water than it was swallowed wholeheartedly by a large and venomous catfish. I reeled in, my rod bending almost double, and up came the unwary citizen of the deep, struggling and thrashing as it reluctantly left the water. As I pulled it into the boat, it disentangled itself from the hook and fell into the bottom where it lay squirming and writhing, a deadly twinkle in its goggling eyes.

The twilight deepened and I was so absorbed in catching these devilish fish, who seemed to be most obliging in their choice of diet, that I did not notice the weird and deathly silence that prevailed. The stars were being completely obliterated by monstrous clouds which banked up on all sides.

Suddenly the dwindling twilight faded into darkness which was rent by a jagged tongue of lightning that streaked across the sky, followed by a deep rumble of thunder which rose to a crescendo, and then died away among the forest-clad hills. I was seized by an imaginable fear which sent me rowing homeward with all haste and added fins to my oars.

It was as though the supernatural was at work. From all corners of the sky livid daggers of lightning stabbed the inky blackness. The air was filled with the rumbling of thunder. Suddenly a dense sheet of rain fell, forming a small pool in the bottom of the boat, where the evil looking fish began to recuperate.

I was in an agony of despair as the lake was lashed into mountainous waves which threatened to overturn my little craft. While I strove to keep it from turning broadside to the waves, water was rapidly gaining admittance through the hole where the plug should have been.

I thought as I hunted for my Eveready flashlight that all was lost, and that the end was near at hand, but by its feeble rays I managed to replace the plug. Then without warning I was cast into the bottom of the boat among the floundering catfish by a sudden lurch of the boat. I recoiled in terror as my hand came into contact with their sticky skins, and I managed to regain the oars with great difficulty.

At last the storm began to die down and I was able to reach the landing whence, wearied and almost drowned, I made my way home accompanied by eight wriggling catfish, which made a very tasty meal on the following day after I had laboriously cleaned them, but perhaps they did not die in vain, as I shall never go fishing for catfish again. I was saved only by my Eveready batteries and to them I give the credit.

"I Believe . . ."

IN the seventeenth century dissenters from the Church of Scotland were executed. Frequently they were drowned by means of tying them to a stake on some beach and allowing the tide to rise over their heads . . .

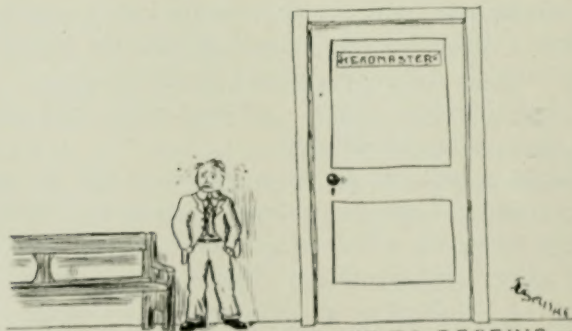
These ropes are tight about my waist, they hurt my arms; that breeze is cold. The sun is now above me in a misty sky; ere it sets my friends will come, I hope. Hark to these gulls, wailing and crying; see how they sweep low over the smooth, grey, surface of the sea; watch them in the air, motionless, flapping their white wings against the wind. The sand beneath my feet is damp and golden; the lines I scrape upon it with the toe of my shoe quickly fill with water. No sounds but the water and the birds. What lonely part is this?

No longer do I see the shore, the water laps the land behind me. My feet are numb; on stumps I stand. O Lord, not another Canute . . . but my friends may come. The sun is falling towards the sea; the birds are quiet now; only the water splashing against my knees. Was that a drop upon my hand, so chafed, tied behind my back, and never to be seen again?

Now only my head remains above the surface. I see the sun, glowing through fiery clouds, level with my eyes across the sea. Are those the sights of a flaming hell or the shining gates of a New Jerusalem; and only this great moving mass lies in between. My face is cold and yet what warmth my heart possesses; this water, like my soul, is rising.

I strain, I gasp, I choke, and now each breath is stolen; my life, purloined, prolonged, comes to the end of this mortal coil. The sun has gone and in the North a shepherd star summons the flock; night has come . . .

A. I. MACRAE, Form Upper VI.



FOR WHAT WE ARE ABOUT TO RECEIVE.—

The Torch

THERE is a goal in everyone's life, although it is present in the minds of most people as a rather obscure destination. Likewise there is a goal for the human race, but unlike the individual's supreme point, it is never reached. It takes the combined effort of a whole generation to advance civilization the slightest degree along that difficult path of progress. Each war that befalls the world is another step backwards. That is why, after this war, we are going to have to strive all together to eliminate these unnecessary obstacles. It is going to take all we possess, both in spiritual and practical integrity, to win this constant battle of mankind. We are fighting a battle. Throughout the ages it has been fought, and will be fought long after we are dead. The torch which former generations have carried is thrown to us. It must not go out; otherwise all that people have striven for will perish. What is this torch? It is the torch of progress. Many express this idea in such words as "liberty" or "democracy". Whatever the word, the underlying meaning is the same. This war is being fought by men who believe in this torch and are trying to eliminate the elements that are seeking to dull its light.

At this point it looks as though that malicious element is going to be crushed, but what of the post-war world? We cannot stand by and see another repetition of this tyrannical aggression. It is going to be up to us, this generation, to see that it does not happen again. There are going to be people who will try to set themselves up as despots, seeking to enslave nations and ruin civilization with their selfish ideas.

This world, after the present war, is going to need leaders, who have the strength of mind and the respect of people, to devise a government whereby education, music, and all the arts will be open to all, and wherein the ideas of freedom and equality will be dominant in everyone's mind. There cannot be another relapse, which leads to war, for there is no telling what devastation another war would create. The international council following this turmoil must not fail; it cannot. This war was not caused by any specific happening, but by many blunders, which, added up, produced this living horror. We must make sure that these blunders are not repeated, because the cost in lives and beautiful buildings cannot be easily erased from the book of civilization.

Therefore it is going to depend on us, the ones who are preparing to take our places in that vast ocean called life, to build a new and better world out of this holocaust. The Torch is going to be given to us: we must not let it go out.

SIDNEY OAKES, Form Lower VI.

Rubber in Peru

ON July 23rd, the first Peruvian tire factory was inaugurated. The Goodyear Company of Peru, affiliated with the largest rubber manufacturing company in the world, in relatively short time has finished the construction of the factory buildings and the installation of the machinery. With Peruvian rubber, extracted from the jungles of east Peru, and Peruvian workmen, an industry is now under way of singular importance for the better development of the economic life of the country.

Sr. Eduardo Dibos D., vice-president of the Goodyear Company of Peru, in opportune moments put forth the idea of establishing a factory. The United States were as yet not in a state of war with the Axis, there was no shortage of rubber, and nobody had realized how much of this raw material there really was available; in Peru it was still possible to rely on the reserve stock of tires. Had the factory been built at the time when Sr. Dibos first suggested the idea, Peru would not have been confronted with the acute problem of transportation, on which the country's economic progress depends so much.

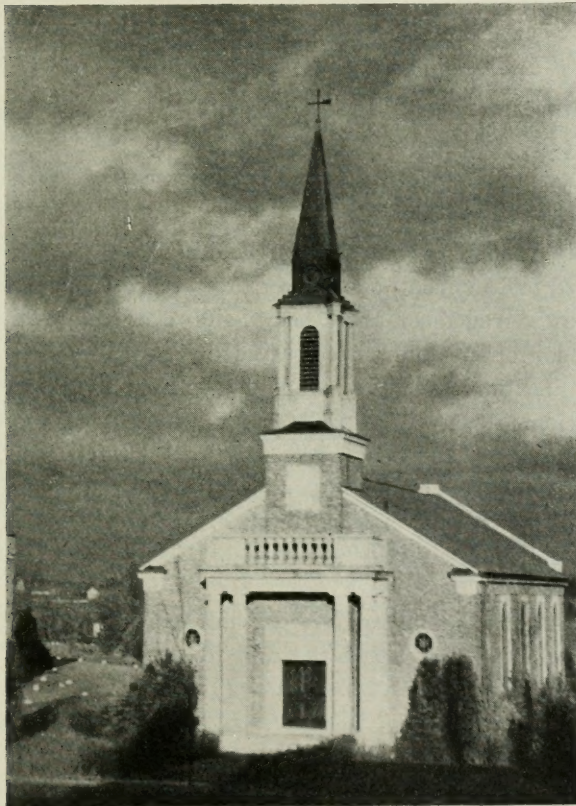
In spite of all the hardships the factory is now running well and is at present producing an average of one hundred tires daily, as was disclosed by its managers. It will design tires for the essential transportation of goods, chiefly foods, to and from towns or within cities and from the markets of production to the consumers. The factory installations would permit a greater production of tires and inner tubes, but the rubber reserve of the country is not sufficient to supply the needs of the factory working at full capacity. In Peru the land itself offers many difficulties for road building. The chain of the Andes, while being the backbone of the country's geography, separates towns from one another making the roads dangerous and difficult to build. In spite of many obstacles the Peruvians have extended a magnificent network of high-roads to far off regions. These high-roads have not only permitted most people to acquire a better knowledge of Peru, but have opened new ways of life for peoples who years ago knew nothing of the culture and commercial happenings outside their own villages. It can be asserted that these benefits have reached all Peru.

Having solved the problem of communications we have left the problem of transportation. The existing motor vehicles in Peru are not sufficient to satisfy the needs, and in such abnormal times as these, this problem requires the greatest attention from the public authorities. Many vehicles which were used for interprovincial transportation have now ceased to be

of any use on account of the lack of tires. With the opening of this Peruvian factory, they will again take up their jobs and once more travel the high-roads.

It is for this reason that the building of the tire factory marks another step forward in the advance of Peruvian industrialization. The articles which it produces are indispensable for the economic welfare of the citizen. This factory crowns one of the greatest of Sr. Dibos' works which he has brought about in the service of his country.

W. A. LINDSAY, Form Lower VI.



The Bargain Hunter

AS long as there are braggarts, prigs, thieves, and liars in the world, there will also be bargain hunters. So I learned the day I occupied "the finest, best furnished, most spacious rooms in New York City." (Also, they were, as far as I could see, the only available clean rooms at a reasonable price in New York City.)

My landlord called himself Dominique Perano—"Nikky" for short—and he was a bargain hunter. As if this was not enough, he also took great delight in mutilating the idioms of the English language.

I had scarcely settled my belongings when in he marched to welcome his new guest. The first thing that caught his eye was an antique Chippendale desk.

"My, Meester Thompson", he gurgled; "that ees a wonderful desk. What did you pay for eet?"

I realized then what I was in for. I replied, "I don't remember, Nikky, but I don't want to sell it."

"Ah, but Meester Thompson, I will pay well for it. That ees a colour of a different horse, no?"

"No, Nikky, it isn't. I want to keep the desk."

That settled that incident, but it didn't stop there. There was a volume of Shakespeare's tragedies, an Oriental-silk dressing-gown, a fountain pen, a stamp collection—and so it continued.

The crowning event occurred when I had been living there for three months. Rationing was then well under way. One morning Nikky bounced into my room and began flattering me. I knew then that trouble was brewing. The crux of his labours was this: I had a new spare tire; Nikky needed a new tire "ver-r-r-ry" much.

"Don't be ridiculous, Nikky", I roared. "Don't you realize tires are unobtainable now?"

With tremendous difficulty, I ejected him from my rooms, packed my bags, paid the bill, and fled, spare tire and all.

I have never seen Nikky since. But one thing I must say; that is that I feel very sorry for any person who is living in "the finest, best furnished, most spacious rooms in New York City".

D. DAVIS, Form V.

"A sharp nose indicates curiosity—and a flat nose too much curiosity."

The Founding of "La Ciudad de Los Reyes"

LIMA, "Ciudad de los Reyes," or City of Kings, is the oldest relic of the seat of Spanish rule in South America, chosen for its central position and beautiful surroundings. It is a great attraction for tourists, even at the present time of strife; visitors are amazed at the wonderful structures of the sixteenth century, and at the fact that they are in such a good state of preservation.

The reason for Lima's founding was that Cuzco, the centre of the Inca civilization, was too far inland and among the mountains of the Andes range. It was necessary to select a central spot whence the Peruvian viceroy could have easy communication with the rest of the colony. The valley of Rimac, meaning "one who speaks" in the Quichua tongue, was found to be an ideal place. Through the valley flowed a broad stream, which meandered through beautiful meadows. The climate was delightful, although only twelve degrees south of the line, as cool breezes and an ocean current took care of the temperature.

Pizarro, conqueror of the Inca Empire, fixed the site of his new capital about two leagues from the shore. The name bestowed on the infant capital, "Ciudad de los Reyes", was in honour of the day, being the sixth of January of 1553, the festival of the Epiphany. But the Castilian name ceased to be used even within the first generation and was supplanted by Lima.

The city was laid out on a very regular plan, the streets being wider than the usual Spanish ones, and perfectly straight, crossing at right angles. It was arranged in triangular form, having for its base the river whose waters were to be carried by means of stone conduits through the principal streets, affording facilities for irrigating the grounds around the houses. As soon as the site had been decided on, operations were begun.

The "Plaza", which was quite extensive, was to be surrounded by the Cathedral, the viceroy's palace, and the municipality. These buildings were constructed so well, and had such good foundations, that they have been able to withstand the earthquakes, which are frequent in Lima and its surroundings. These earthquakes in some instances have been so strong, that they have left many a person homeless. Since the early days there has been immense progress, and the city has expanded southward forming three suburbs, Miraflores, Chorillos, and Barranco.

The Ski-Meet

TOWARDS the end of the ski-ing season last year, three of us went to Collingwood to ski in the Junior C class, slalom, and downhill race for the inter-school championship.

The sky was very clear and the moon was like a great silver plate on a black satin tablecloth with jewels spread around to add their brilliance to it. Soon the chalet appeared out of the shadow like a group of lights emerging from the hill. It had a cosy look about it.

When we arrived, we were shown where we would sleep and were soon trying to stifle thoughts of the coming morning, in an effort to get to sleep.

We awoke with a stream of dusty sunlight pouring through the window, and we peered anxiously out of the window to assure ourselves that the weather would remain clean. After breakfast we went outside to see what the hill was like. It seemed to stretch a great distance into the sky, but was actually only about a thousand feet. The "Schuss" was a long run cleaved on the hill with a narrow top and a wide bottom.

From the top of the hill we saw the "Bay" and a large island opposite us. The farmers' houses were very sharply outlined by the snow, and the fields were like a quilted mat with the snow showing through.

The races started shortly after lunch and, after a few small changes in the course, the skiers in the military ski races prepared for their race.

The slalom course was very open except near the top of the "Schuss" and the snow conditions were ideal for the races. The ice which had been on the hill had been melted to sugar snow which was very fast.

The Junior C class slalom race was won by S. Georges. I was rather fortunate to land fourth in the downhill race which was run immediately afterwards. S. Georges came first in the Junior C class and I. Flemming came third.

This year we hope to have a better team and to have some meets with other schools.

J. ERRINGTON, Form Lower VI.

Dreams

DREAMS are of two main kinds; representative and presentative. Representative dreams are those caused by memories, especially by recent ones. Presentative dreams are those caused by influences at the time of dreaming, such as indigestion—causer of nightmares—the condition of the muscles, the circulation of the blood, and outside influences, such as temperature, the pressure of the bedclothes, and noises.

A well-known example of a dream caused by external influence is that of a man on whose neck a bed-pole fell. He dreamed of the French Revolution, the dream ending in his being guillotined. This and similar dreams have led to the theory that dreams are extremely rapid, since the entire dream must have taken place between the time the bed-pole struck his neck and the time he awoke. Such dreams might be coincidences, but similar rapidity of thought is experienced by people on the point of drowning. Some dreams, however, have been proved to take as long as the same scene in life. The general consensus is that some dreams, especially at the beginning of the night, take as long as corresponding incidents in real life, while those towards the end of the night are rapid.

Memory and reason are sometimes better in dreams than in waking life. A famous example of enhanced reason is that of a professor to whom in a dream a Babylonian priest gave the clue which enabled him to decipher two Babylonian inscriptions.

Blind people have given interesting accounts of their sightless dreams. Not all the dreams of the blind, however, are sightless, the presence or absence of sight or sound in the dreams of the blind depends on the age at which vision or hearing is lost. If the sense is lost before the age of five, it will be in dreams extremely rarely; if between the ages of five and seven, sometimes; if after the age of seven, always; although it may disappear after many years.

If anyone asks, smirkingly, whether science recognizes the day-dream, the answer is yes. The difference between day and night dreams, apart from the obvious one involving sleep, is that day-dreams can be modified at will. For this reason I prefer day-dreams, even though there are no masters to interrupt night-dreams.

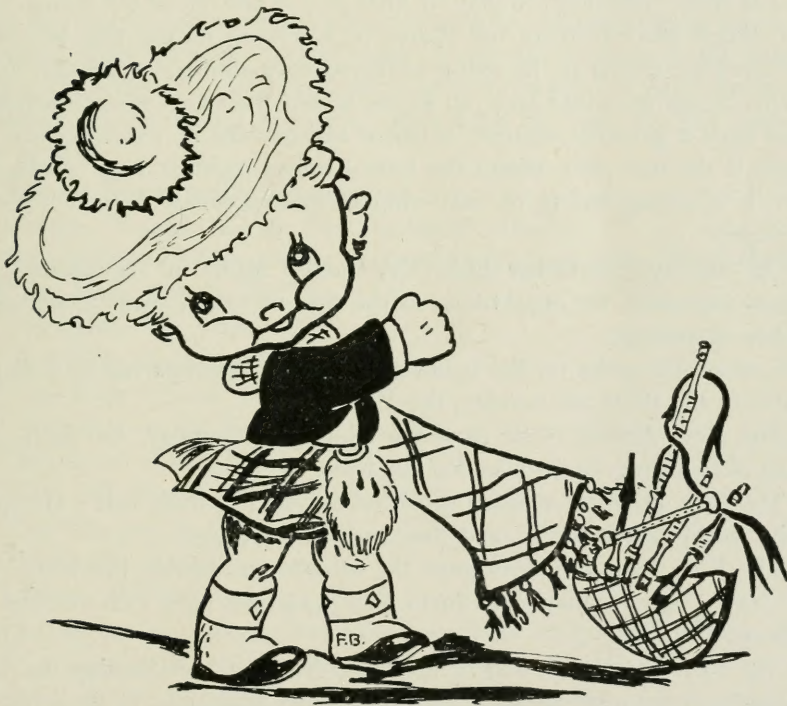
A. F. R. BROWN, Form Lower VI.

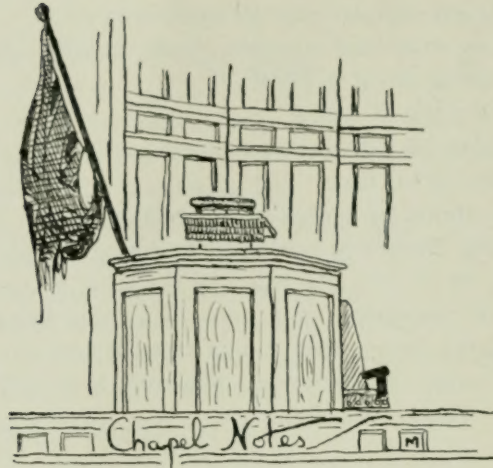
The End

I stood aloof to watch the victors pass,
Before them rumbled on the Nazi mass,
The enemy, running with their faces hid,
Had played their hand and lost their reckless bid.
The generals, colonels, corporals speed along,
Our troops behind burst into victory song;
They run, and those who cannot, grovel at our feet,
For they're wonders when their winning but they're beggars in defeat.
And so they fall amid the crash of martial might,
With all the Prussian generals scowling black as night;
For "Der Fuehrer" didn't say that every road led home
And the British after all were not left to fight alone.
Oh! "Der Fuehrer" was the demon of his time and age,
Perhaps historians will give him half a page,
But as far as we the rest can rightly see
The master mind of Europe very shortly will not be.
He picked and chose his victims and calmly watched them fall,
If they didn't like his system, he lined them up against the wall,
Or he beat them and he flogged them till their very backs were bone;
Could he break their spirit? No, for it was made of stone.
Oh! they loved him, "Der Vater" of a plundering foreign race,
They loved him for his kindness and felt sorry for his face,
And when he says: "Das Deutsche Reich will now protect you all",
They think of many helpless ones lined up against the wall.
Well they know the loving nature of the kindly German race,
For the Nazi on the march leave behind a crimson trace;
The stains grow darker with the dawn of every day,
'Till the count is many thousands more than mortals wish to say.
All this while the German ministers, those gentlemen of state,
Have told their starving citizens that all bad news can wait.
"On the Russian Front the armies of 'Der Fuehrer' rumble on;
"Only now ve're going backwards, for ve cannot cross the Don."
And in Italy, "Il Duce" with his hand upon his chest
Has tried to tell "Der Fuehrer" that's it's time he had a rest:
"My soldiers they have run so far, they can-a run no more
"And so myself I t'ink it's time for me to stop dis war."
All this and more has happened since the days of thirty-nine;
The world is sick of Hitler and his mad aggressive kind,

Oh! he'll soon depart the way that all aggressors go,
He'll have a change of climate from the frozen Russian snow.
And Herman Goering down in Hades
Will have time to think of ladies,
And from his medals he will beat
A pair of shackles for his feet.
Forgotten are his uniforms and all his gory fame,
Instead of drinking Burgundy he'll soon be eating flame.
The master race, the Aryans, the rulers of the space,
The killers and the plunderers now show their other face;
They cower and they cringe, they cannot face the test,
For they do not understand why "Der Fuehrer" is at rest.

J. W. KENNEDY, Form Lower VI.





The chapel continues to play its vital part in the life of the school. The Rev. Hugh Macmillan, in the course of a sermon during this last term, portrayed the chapel as the centre of the school's aim. The Sunday chapel service brings more old boys up to the school than any other function,—these days a growing number of these visitors are in uniform,—for the chapel is the one place where the school comes together as a whole, and there is a strong feeling of fellowship in this ceremony in which we all participate.

On Sunday, September 12th, Mr. Garrett spoke in the chapel. His subject was using the opportunity of the time of youth, spent at school, to the best advantage.

Canon Fife spoke on the upbringing of youth, comparing it with past figures in the Bible, on Sunday, the 19th.

The Rev. Arnold Nash gave the address on Sunday, the 26th. He spoke of following God's plan for our lives.

The Rev. Hugh Macmillan spoke on Sunday, October 3rd. He spoke of the world heroes live in, and their task in the future.

The Rev. John Davidson gave the sermon on Sunday the 10th. His text was, "That we may show forth Thy praise not only with our lips but with our lives."

The Rev. Dr. W. E. Taylor spoke in the chapel on Sunday the 17th. He spoke of the need for more application of Christianity to the reality of our lives.

The Rev. R. C. Mackie gave the address on Sunday the 31st. In speaking about international Christianity he gave some very interesting accounts of experiences in Sweden and with people who had relatives fighting for Germany, or in France.

On Thursday, November the 11th, a brief service was held in the chapel at eleven o'clock in memory of the old boys of the school who fell in the last war and have fallen in this one. After a two minute silence, Mr. Garrett read their names, prayers were said, and "O God our help in ages past" was sung.

Dr. Robinson spoke in the chapel on Sunday, November the 14th. His text was from I Corinthians ; 3 : For all things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

Dr. Paulin spoke in chapel on Sunday the 21st. His text was from the 13th Chapter of Isaiah: "I will make a man more precious than fine gold." He spoke about the neglect in the development of men's souls in this world that is developing so extensively his physical powers.

THE CAROL SERVICE

Once more, beginning in the middle of November, we have been remaining a few minutes after chapel each morning to practice singing carols for the carol service, which is to be held on the last Sunday of the autumn term. Unfortunately, we have been unable to arrange to have the service broadcast this year; but it is likely that, after the war, we will again be able to do so.

The carols will be the following :

Introit—"Subdue Us by Thy Goodness"—Bach;

"Break Forth, O Beauteous Heavenly Light"—another Bach chorale!

"The Holly and the Ivy";

"As Lately We Watched";

"A Virgin Most Pure";

"The First Nowell";

"Angels from the Realms";

"Masters in This Hall";

"The Old Year Now Away Is Fled";

"Our Brother Is Born";

The Golden Carol;

"Adeste Fideles".

During the last part of "The Old Year Now Away Is Fled", the organ is silent, and the school is accompanied only by a flute.

Three of the carols: "Break Forth, O Beauteous Heavenly Light", "The First Nowell", and "Adeste Fideles", are always sung at the carol service; "Subdue Us by Thy Goodness", "A Virgin Most Pure", "The Old Year Now Away Is Fled", and "Our Brother Is Born" are the new carols chosen for this year; and the other five are those which the boys chose by vote from past carol services.

These carols contain unison, harmony, descant, and antiphonal work; and they represent England, France, Austria, and Germany. As always, there will be no special choir to sing the carols; the entire school will act as a choir.

GADGETS AND GOD

THIS is an age of inventions. The assembly line gives modern life its tempo. When as a young minister I first began to visit hospitals, there were patients, nurses, and doctors. Now there are huge store rooms filled with equipment, and many technicians are employed. Thirty years ago, I paid four dollars for a half hour ride in a Model 'T' Ford. Now nearly every family has a motor car. We read of a thousand bombers in one attack, yet the aeroplane is the product of this century. The headlines tell of a thousand tanks thrown into one battle, but the tank is only one generation old. Motion pictures, radio, aviation, television, are twentieth century achievements.

Radio has a large place in our daily speech. We speak of going on the air, a nation-wide hookup, selective sets, good reception, static, interference, tuning in or dialing out, short wave receiving sets. Radio language even enters into religious speech, and we hear of "listening prayer." Young people have grown up with these terms which are still strange in the ears of adults. Radio echoes in our conversation because it is filling such a large place in daily life.

Before the gasoline restrictions, I took three high school boys on an all day motor trip. I thought it might be helpful for them to pick up a few crumbs of wisdom from my intellectual table; but they did the talking—I did the listening. First they began on the instruments of their high school orchestra. They knew them all, and could locate the secret soul of a saxophone. They turned to motor cars, explaining over drive and fluid drive,—I only owned the car and drove it. One boy had had a pass for the Midway shows at the Exhibition and had never gone near them. He spent forenoon, afternoon and evening examining aeroplanes—he is an Airforce pilot now. When the conversation turned to the parts of the engines in a submarine, I was completely beyond my depth. These boys would return from downtown, their pockets bulging with Aviation magazines and Popular Mechanics, but they read no poetry. Shakespeare and the Bible were only books on a shelf to them.

When I was a boy, I had a bicycle and a horse, and I explored a township for a radius of five miles from my father's manse. The neighbours said I would come to no good because I had a roving foot. Recently an airman spent an evening in my home. He had been up above the city of Montreal 25,000 feet. He could see the St. Lawrence, 125 miles west

and 125 miles east. He had seen the Ottawa, Gatineau, and Saguenay all at once from the air. He had flown over the eastern provinces, Newfoundland and the Atlantic seaboard. He had crossed several of the Great Lakes. I thought in terms of a parish; he thinks in terms of provinces. Assuredly he sees a different universe from that in which I lived.

My youthful friend has firm faith in mechanical controls. If he does the right thing, he is safe; if he does the wrong thing he is in danger. Once at high altitude he dislodged the tube of his oxygen mask. He took a sip of air, and immediately felt dizzy. He held his breath until he disentangled the tube from his scarf and necktie, and replaced it. Then he could breathe again safely. His life was saved by disciplined action. To try anything once is not safe in the stratosphere. Once would be last; cause and effect are very rapid up there.

To satisfy my curiosity about blind flying, he went to his kit bag and from a book showed me a diagram of an altimeter, explaining how it registered altitude electrically. I said to him, "Do you really trust that?" and he replied, "Of course I do. It's all there is to go by." When I asked him if he trusted his conscience as implicitly as the altimeter, he became cagey. He said there was a rather wide spread in consciences,—the conscience of a South Sea Islander is quite different from the conscience of a Puritan New Englander. That was that.

Then I asked him about Christ. His answers were rather casual. He had heard about him, of course, thought he must have been a very great man. He had sung hymns about him in church; often heard his name in camp, not always reverently. When I pressed him about his personal relationship to Christ, he remained courteous, but became defensive. He said, "I want living fellows I can go out with. I have no time for a man in a book." He was very frank.

Frequently it is said that modern youth is sceptical. My judgment is that there never was such a generation of believers. They have unquestioning faith in mechanical gadgets. A skier will go down the side of a hill and over a bump, risking his life to the tongue of a buckle. He has a creed: "I believe in ski harness." A boy with his father's car will cut in and out of traffic at high speed. He has a creed: "I believe in the accelerator." The aviator 25,000 feet in the air has a creed: "I believe in the altimeter." A former Canadian rugby star piloting a motor torpedo boat in the Mediterranean has his creed: "I believe in the compass." It has brought him safely back to port hundreds of times. If you wish an example of faith, think of a paratrooper stepping off the wing of a plane into empty space, drawing the lever and floating down to earth. He has a creed: "I believe in the parachute." Young people believe in thermostats, radio tubes, camera films, flashlight batteries, dictaphones and adding machines. But

if one were to express belief in the Hebrew proverb: "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord", or in conscience as the voice of God, or in Christ as the Lord of life, they ask one to come down to earth and talk their language.

Some go beyond faith in gadgets into superstition. Three young men in uniform had to make serious choices. One flipped a coin and made his decision depend upon the fortuitous falling of a piece of metal. Another went into a restaurant, paid a shilling to have his teacup read, and made his choice supposedly through the location of boiled tea leaves. Another took a rabbit's foot out of his pocket, had a quiet soliloquy, and made his lucky guess. I submit that to make our choices under the dual control of conscience and Christ is at least as rational as trusting to luck, chance or charms.

Conscience, of course, needs to be trained. It takes ten years for a musician to have a trained ear, and a christian conscience can be no less skilled an accomplishment. Admittedly conscience needs to be corrected. Even an altimeter is of no use flying below sea level in the Grand Canyon. Yet a trained conscience can become a sure control. In time it becomes more difficult to do wrong, than it is at first to do right. The same wisdom that made the laws governing gadgets made the moral and spiritual laws that work through conscience. Our knowledge of God comes through human consciousness with which God himself has endowed us. The very basis of religion is summed up in the Hebrew proverb: "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord." Light is light whether in candle or sun; water is water whether in teacup or ocean; mind is mind, and love is love whether in man or God. Miracle of miracles! The infinite and eternal Power shares his spirit with us!

Far beyond conscience there is Christ. He lived. He still lives. He may live in us. We may live in him. A man who for thirty years had gone in a downward direction, faced rightabout and began an upward climb. Asked for an explanation, he gave it in three words: "I met Jesus." It can be as simple as that. For christians, Christ becomes conscience. He is never wrong. When we understand him and obey him, we find he is always right. The Archbishop of Canterbury was asked about his private devotional life, and replied: "When I pray, I remember Jesus; when I am tempted, I think of the cross." Christ stands out in history as brightly as the sun in the sky. He can never be just a 'man in a book.' His spirit is loosed to all mankind for all time. Christ never commanded greater attention than he does today. Three wars in the present century are but demonstrating that the method of cruelty and force is futile. Only the way of truth, service, love and co-operation will work. The task of the Christian Church is to create a world brotherhood in Christ.

But, you say, it is a machine age; mechanics are magical, the individual no longer counts; the machine is the thing. There are two things, however, we can always surely say about a machine. It does not make itself, and it does not run itself. It has a manufacturer and a manager. It is neither self-created nor self-directed. It is a product of mind. "The individual no longer counts," you say. Doesn't he? At the control of every jeep there is a pair of human hands—a young man's hands. At the wheel of every corvette there is a pair of hands—a young man's hands. At the control of every plane there is a pair of hands—a young man's hands. What these young men do in some second of crisis cannot be decided by meditation or judgment then. It has to be involuntary, automatic, instinctive. The split second choices taken in danger are determined beforehand by a long series of choices made at home, at school, at play, in community and church life. What we choose is what we are. Character comes from a sequence of choices. Morale is only another spelling for morals. Nothing can be moral but the will. We are away from the machine now and back to the personal.

A boy who had spent several years at school in England and was a university student in the United States, after Dunkirk and the blitz, heard the call to enlist. He came to Canada, joined the air force, received training at the manning pool, Toronto, and at schools in St. Catharines and Ottawa, went to Lincolnshire, England, and at nineteen was killed in a collision as he was flying out of a cloud. But not until he had written a sonnet entitled "High Flight" which bids fair to be one poem that will live long after the present war.

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings,
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds—and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there
I've chased the shouting wind along and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
Where never lark, or even eagle flew.
And while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high, untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

REV. GEORGE A. LITTLE, D.D.



'SCHOOL NEWS'

○N Sunday, October 31, the boys and masters of St. Andrew's were very happy to welcome Commander and Mrs. Ketchum. Commander Ketchum spoke to the school about the advantages offered to boys who went to the Royal Canadian Naval College at Esquimalt, B.C.

As Commander Ketchum left the college, he was heartily cheered by the boys.

* * *

On October 11th, the annual Thanksgiving dinner was held. The dining room was attractively decorated with evergreens trees. The tables were adorned with fruits, nuts and vegetables, and illuminated by candles.

The menu was as follows:

GRAPE PUNCH
 ROAST CHICKEN—DRESSING
 GRAVY—CRANBERRIES
 PAN ROAST POTATOES
 CARROTS AND PEAS
 STEAMED PLUM PUDDING
 FRUIT—HARD SAUCE

We are very grateful to the kitchen staff for the work that made possible this dinner, which was enjoyed by everyone.

* * *

At the end of September, "Hell Week" began. For a month, the new boys were obliged to eat "square" meals moving their hands in straight vertical and horizontal lines only, and remaining silent; to run between buildings by the longest possible route; to wear their school caps and ties at all times; and to go into Aurora by a rather roundabout way. Infractions of these rules resulted in a visit to the prefects' common room. The new boys appear, however, to be taking it all well, and it is to be hoped that they will carry on the traditions of St. Andrew's in the years to come.

* * *

By a happy coincidence, the Carnegie Award arrived on Prize Day, and so was on exhibition to the visitors who came up for the ceremonies. Mr. Ouchterlony plans to hold concerts on the phonograph every Saturday night.

* * *

At 6.45 on Saturday, October 30th, Mr. Ouchterlony played the following records in the Assembly Hall for all the boys in Grade 8 and higher:

- Mendelssohn's overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream";
- "Ava Maria", sung by Marian Anderson;
- "Were You there?", sung by George Hayes;
- "The Song of the Plains", sung by the chorus of the Red Army;
- Sibelius' "Finlandia".

* * *

On the evening of November 24th Mr. Ouchterlony gave a brilliant recital on the large organ in Eaton Auditorium. His pedal work was an outstanding feature of the programme, and the depth of feeling he obtained was truly masterful. Handel's quiet Concerto in F Major—Adagio, Allegro; Felton's charming Andante from Concerto in B Flat; Bach's magnificent Prelude and Fugue in C Major, and Rheinberger's delightful Sonata No. 14 in C Major—Prelude, Idyll, Toccata—constituted the main half of the programme.

The latter part of the performance was on the whole lighter. Boellman's dancing Rondo Francaise; the lovely "Belgian Mother's Song" by Benoit; Bonnet's Concert Variations in E Minor, and three of Mr. Ouchterlony's own compositions made up this part. The latter—the rhythmic Clog Dance, the flowing Waltz, and the gay Polka, which were solely for the pedals, received a great response from the audience. As an encore Mr. Ouchterlony played another tune of his own which has often been heard in Chapel. We feel proud of having such an accomplished musician at St. Andrew's to guide us in this the finest of all the arts.

* * *

On Saturday evening, November 27th, moving pictures were shown in the new theatre in Dunlap Hall. The pictures were thoroughly enjoyed by everyone, and the boys are very grateful to Mr. Taylor, for showing them.

* * *

On Sunday evening, October 31st, Hallowe'en parties were held in Memorial and Flavelle Houses. Apples, doughnuts, and bottles of chocolate milk were handed out by the Prefects, after which there was a hearty sing-song.

* * *

At the beginning of the term, owing to the lack of help in the kitchen, it was necessary for the waiters on Sunday evenings to wash and dry the dishes, and clean up the dining room and kitchen. This task was very well done and it was reported by the kitchen staff that the boys were very co-operative throughout.

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

At the annual election of the Athletic Association, the following members were elected:

Honorary President.....H. KENDALL, ESQ.
President.....J. M. LOWNDES
Vice-President.....J. W. TAYLOR
Secretary.....J. B. WYNNE

Five prefects have been chosen this year, and to them we extend our most sincere congratulations. These are:

T. M. Adamson
F. M. Hall
J. V. Horwood
R. K. Jones
J. M. Lowndes

GOOD-BYE, MISS BROOKES

(Secretary to the Headmaster 1906-1943)

Truth in the timely jest
Is often best expressed.
Quick! dismal sorrow,
Some cheerful garment borrow!
Begone! sad looks,
Although we say farewell to Daisy Brookes.

Who is this on the run
From early morn till set of sun?
Who writes to all the boys
Sharing their pains and joys?
—'Tis she.

And who—most marvellous of dames—
Can give three thousand Andreans their names?
And who knows all the school
Chapel to swimming pool?
—'Tis she.

And who loves wicked scamps
With love which nothing damps?
And wipes young Davie's nose,
And comforts Peter Ketchum's woes?
—'Tis she.

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And who is friend to all
 With ready help at call?
 And who has much to tell,
 Yet guards her lips so well,
 Discretion's self?

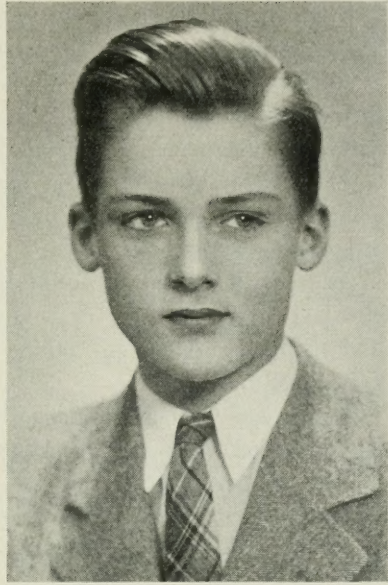
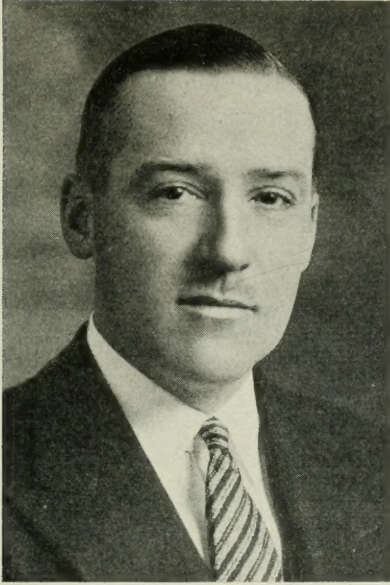
And who can better place
 The unexpected ace
 At bridge?
 More cunningly caress
 Fond parents in distress
 Or show the new boy how
 To make his bow?
 —'Tis she, 'tis she,

Who all these years has given herself so freely,
 We'll miss her here for many a year—yes *really, really*.
 St. Andrew's now grows old *indeed*—deprived
 Of all those gifts by which St. Andrew's thrived.

P.J.R.

Read at a gathering of the staff in the Headmaster's house on the afternoon of June 14th on the occasion of a presentation to Miss Brookes and Mr. Fleming.

At a dinner on November 4th, Miss Brookes, who had come up to the school from Aurora, where she is now living, was presented with a silver entree dish by the boys. Jones made the presentation and a short speech. He said that Miss Brookes had been with the school from 1906 to 1943, and that every old boy remembered "Miss Daisy". She knew everything that went on in the school, and she always had a kind word for every boy. Replying, Miss Brookes said that she had enjoyed every minute of the time she had spent at St. Andrew's, and she invited the boys to visit her (preferably one or two at a time) in Aurora.



William Gordon Fraser Grant attended St. Andrew's College from September, 1909, to June, 1915. He was a prefect in the school year ending 1914-15. When he graduated from the College, he took first class honours in all his subjects, and was Head Boy. He began his course at the University of Toronto, and then enlisted.

He was made King's Counsel on June 3rd, 1933. At present he is the chairman of the Executive of the Board of St. Andrew's College.

Fraser Schofield Grant was a student at St. Andrew's College from September, 1939, until June, 1943. He passed his Junior Matriculation with first class honours in 1942, when he won the Hulbig Medal in Mathematics and the Lawrence Crowe Medal for Shooting. In 1942-43, Fraser Grant was the literary editor of the ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW. In 1943 he graduated with first class honours, was the head boy of the school, and won the Governor-General's Medal, the Donald Cooper Medal in Science, the Old Boys' Medal in Mathematics, the Ashton Medal in English, and the Headmaster's Medal. He also won the Christie Cup for shooting. Such a magnificent record speaks for itself.

Fraser Grant also won the Burnside Scholarship in mathematics and science at the University, and is now enrolled as a student at Trinity College, taking honours in mathematics and science.

This year the staff of Librarians includes A. I. Macrae, J. Kennedy, A. F. R. Brown, W. A. Beverly, D. A. Nash, and T. M. Adamson; Macrae has been appointed Head Librarian.

Once again boys and masters of Flavelle and Memorial Houses express their thanks to the Ladies' Guild who have contributed twenty-five dollars for buying magazines and books for the Upper School Library.

Miss Daisy Brookes, who has left St. Andrew's after many years of faithful service, presented a number of plays and novels for which we are extremely grateful.

We would also like to express our appreciation to Mr. George Young who has given the Library a large number of books. Among these are modern plays, novels, collections of essays, detective and mystery stories, and biographies.

From the Carnegie International Relations Society some interesting new books on world conditions and problems have been received.

The Upper School Library, through the generosity of the Ladies' Guild and those who have contributed in any way, is keeping abreast of the changes that are taking place in the world today.



THE CLANS

Last year, the school was divided into four clans: Wallace, Bruce, Montrose, and Douglas. This year, the members of the four clans voted for their captains.

J. Errington is Captain of the Wallace clan;

D. Sumner is Captain of the Bruce clan;

J. B. Wynne is Captain of the Montrose clan;

J. M. Lowndes is Captain of the Douglas clan.

Clan games are now being held in place of the usual games with other schools which are impossible to arrange because of transportation difficulties.

Clan spirit has made itself manifest this term on the football field, on the soccer field, in the cross-country race, and in the classroom.

So far, the Bruce clan comes first, the Wallace clan second, the Douglas clan third, and the Montrose clan fourth.

The REVIEW staff—not an impartial body—has asked the clan captains to give an account of their respective clans' activities for this term.

THE BRUCE CLAN

Last year the Bruce Clan placed third. But this year, under our new chieftain D. R. P. Sumner we are now holding first place at time of writing. The Wallace Clan was ahead of us through virtue of having more members on the first team than we had, and after winning our football games with the other two clans we managed to draw with Wallace. Howson was elected head of our football team. We pulled ahead of the Wallace Clan in the cross-country run, Taylor of Bruce winning and other Bruce competitors averaging among the first. In soccer, our team captained by Aspinall tied with Wallace, and so far we have played one other game in which we were beaten by Douglas, 3-1. For the future, we hope to have the scholastics in the bag, that we shall do well in other phases of intramural competition.

THE WALLACE CLAN

Our clan is named after Sir William Wallace, Scotland's greatest patriot, who lived at the end of the thirteenth century.

Last year, under the able leadership of D. G. Cameron, we started off well by holding first place; however, we petered out and finished the year last. This year, under J. Errington, we have started equally well, but so far we have only sunk to a close second.

The rugby season was very successful; against the Montrose and the Douglas Clans we swept all before us, and we tied with the Bruces after a close and hard struggle. In the cross-country run we came third. In soccer, we have tied one game and lost one, but if we win the third we may come out second in that sport. All in all, we have high hopes for the future.

We would like to express to the Montrose Clan our appreciation for the work they are doing on the Clan Commonroom. It will make our improvements next year much easier.

THE DOUGLAS CLAN

The Douglas Clan came into being at St. Andrew's College in 1942. In intramural competitions we were badly outclassed and at the end of the year 1942-43 we were third in the clan league.

This fall term was filled with ups and downs for us by our being badly outbalanced in the rugby games and in the cross-country and by our redeeming ourselves in all the intramural soccer games.

On November 18th, we defeated the Montrose Clan in soccer by 2-0. Mackenzie scored for us at the beginning of the second half and Martin II, another outstanding Douglas player, scored the last goal just before the final whistle.

On November 23 the Douglas's again showed their superior soccer ability by defeating the Bruce Clan 3-1. Adamson and Hirsch were outstanding players in this game.

At the end of the fall term of 1943 we find ourselves taking third place in the Clan League of St. Andrew's College.

THE MONTROSE CLAN

The four clans have been a part of St. Andrew's for a year. Last year the Montroses won the Intramural Challenge Cup.

A section of the Flavelle House commonroom has been partitioned off and made into our commonroom. We have gathered together enough furniture to make it quite comfortable, and as the year goes on we expect to add to the furnishings. By the time next year rolls around, we shall have a very fine room.

The clan did not have a successful rugby season—we won no games. In two games, however, we came very close to winning. But rugby is only a small part of the clan competitions. All the other prospects for various sports look bright except for basketball.

Up to date in the soccer schedule, we have won one game and lost one game. In the cross-country race our chieftain, J. B. Wynne, came second, and as a whole our clan came second.

THE LADIES' GUILD

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

<i>Honorary President</i>	MRS. D. A. DUNLAP
<i>President</i>	MRS. J. L. RAPMUND
<i>Vice-President</i>	MRS. J. C. NICHOLLS
<i>Secretary</i>	MRS. R. H. M. LOWNDES
<i>Assistant-Secretary</i>	MRS. A. D. COBBAN
<i>Treasurer</i>	MRS. C. S. WYNNE
	MRS. H. R. BAIN
	MRS. H. BROOKE BELL
	MRS. J. C. GARRETT
	MRS. F. G. HALL
	MRS. W. B. MCPHERSON
	MRS. J. Y. H. MURDOCH
	MRS. S. F. SHENSTONE

During the past year the Ladies' Guild of St. Andrew's College held two meetings at the school and one in Toronto. These meetings had the following practical results for the boys at the school. The customary bursary was made available to the Headmaster, to assist a deserving boy to continue at the school. A donation was made towards the expenses of the Cadet Corps Dance. The usual donation for magazine subscriptions was given to the Senior School. It was found that the Junior boys desired magazines also, and a donation was given for the magazine subscriptions to the Lower School for the first time. The Lower School Library having been brought to the attention of the Guild, financial assistance was rendered towards the repairing and the upholstering of the chesterfield and chairs.

Congratulations were expressed to Mrs. T. D. B. Tudball on her promotion to National Commandant of the Canadian Red Cross. Miss Daisy Brookes was made an Honorary Life Member as a tribute to her willing and faithful service over a period of thirty-seven years.

The ever-increasing number of Andreans now serving overseas have the especial attention of the Guild. Letters received in acknowledgment of the maple sugar sent in the spring attest the keen appreciation for those parcels. One hundred and eighty have been sent for Christmas and also parcels to five prisoners of war.

PRIZE DAY

This year Prize Day took place on October 20th. Despite war time restrictions on transportation many guests arrived to attend the ceremony.

After the School Hymn was sung, the Reverend Stanley Russell read the lesson from the hundred and twenty-second psalm.

In his speech Mr. Garrett said: "This is the 44th Annual Prize Giving at St. Andrew's since the College was founded in 1899, and on behalf of the staff, I should like to extend a very warm welcome to all those who, in spite of gasoline rationing, have been able to be with us today. . . . I think that it would not be inaccurate to say that the academic standing of the school generally, actually improved during the term 1942-43, and in the Senior Matriculation examinations, 88% of the papers attempted by St. Andrew's College boys were passed successfully. The Alexander Burnside scholarship in Mathematics and Science was won by a St. Andrew's boy, Fraser S. Grant, and I should like to congratulate him at this time. It should be added that this scholarship was also won by a St. Andrew's boy in the departmental examination in 1942. . . . Late in the term, the oldest member of the present staff, Dr. P. J. Robinson, received the high honour of being elected a Fellow of the Royal Canadian Society."

The Lower School Prizes were presented by Dr. Macdonald. He expressed thanks to Mr. Garrett who had "carried the old ship through stormy years". He paid tribute to Mr. Flemming—"Uncle Ernie"—who left St. Andrew's at the end of last year. He spoke of Dr. Robinson as being the last of the great triumvirate and one who was still bringing honour to the school. Dr. Macdonald mentioned that he would not consider his work at St. Andrew's completed until an endowment fund was given to St. Andrew's. Such a fund would provide an income for the school in order that worthy boys might be given a good education.

His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto presented the Middle and Upper School Proficiency prizes. In his speech he said that we ought to "try hard, work well", and remember that "nothing but the best will do". He mentioned that after this war "men who can take responsibility" will be required. His Grace concluded by adding that those who are faithful to the Lord will produce a harvest of true peace.

Dr. Wallace, Principal of University College, presented special prizes in academics. He wondered how long it would be "before war ceases to be part of our everyday life". He mentioned that those who had taken part in previous wars remembered chiefly the great comradeship and co-operation which existed between the fighting men. War is a fundamental failure to adjust human affairs in a world which has become smaller by such rapid progress in communication and transportation. In the future we

ought to make things possible for a lasting peace. Dr. Wallace concluded by quoting Wordsworth's Sonnet "November 1806",

" 'Tis well! from this day forward we shall know
That in ourselves our safety must be sought;
That in our own right hands it must be wrought,
That we must stand unpropped, or be laid low."

Dr. Cody, President of the University of Toronto, presented the Matriculation medals. In his speech he said that we ought to do our duty and to hope for the future. Dr. Cody congratulated Mr. Garrett for the good work he has done for St. Andrew's in such difficult times.

Mrs. Alexander Sinclair presented the rifle given by the 48th Highlanders' Chapter of the I.O.D.E. and the other shooting awards.

The Prize Giving Ceremony was conducted by the singing of the National Anthem, after which Mr. and Mrs. Garrett held a reception for the guests in the Assembly Hall where the refreshments were served.

ACADEMIC PRIZES

PRINCIPAL WALLACE

Scripture Prize—J. L. Howland. Andrew Armstrong Prize for Improvement in English—A. I. Macrae. Isabelle Cockshutt Prize (Modern History)—A. I. Macrae. Isabelle Cockshutt Prize (Can. and Anc. History)—J. H. Park. Wyld Prize in Latin (Mrs. W. B. McPherson and Mrs. Victor Sifton in memory of Mr. Frederick Wyld)—W. B. Lappin, C. W. Eddis. Hulbig Medal in Mathematics (Mr. Sidney Hulbig)—J. V. Horwood. Georges Etienne Cartier Medal in French (Mr. W. A. Beer—an Old Boy)—R. K. Jones. Macdonald Medal (presented by Old Boys' Association to the boy most distinguished in studies and athletics alike)—W. M. E. Clarkson. Old Boys' Medal in Mathematics—F. S. Grant. The Donald Cooper Medal in Science—F. S. Grant. Ashton Medal in English (Mr. Charles Ashton—an Old Boy)—F. S. Grant.

MATRICULATION MEDALS

DR. CODY

Chairman's Gold Medal—C. W. Eddis. Headmaster's Medal—F. S. Grant. Lieutenant-Governor's Silver Medal—A. I. Macrae. Lieutenant-Governor's Bronze Medal—C. W. Eddis. Governor-General's Medal—F. S. Grant.

OTHER PRIZES

MRS. SINCLAIR

Rifle presented by the 48th Highlanders Chapter of the I.O.D.E.—C. A. Hirsch. Christie Cup (Mrs. R. J. Christie)—for shooting—F. S. Grant. Gordon Thorley Medal (Mr. Gordon Thorley)—an Old Boy—J. V. Horwood.

Laurence Crowe Medal for Shooting (in memory of Laurence Crowe—an Old Boy)—R. D. Knox. Strathcona Medal for Shooting—J. B. Robertson. Head Prefect's Prize—W. A. McKenzie. Review Prize—W. M. E. Clarkson.

PRIZES FOR GENERAL PROFICIENCY

Lower School

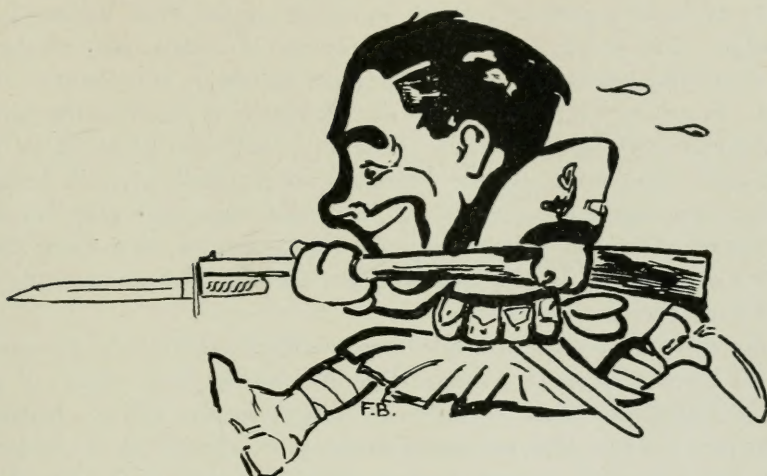
DR. MACDONALD

Lower I—L. H. Lovell. Lower II—D. C. McLaughlin. Upper II—J. J. Nold, R. V. Worling. Writing and Spelling Prize (Mr. Graham Campbell)—R. V. Worling. Scripture Prize (Mr. J. L. Wright)—J. J. Nold. Drawing Prize—R. R. McGregor. Music Prize (Mr. G. D. Ouchterlony)—D. M. Michelsen. English Prize (Mr. R. C. Kilgour)—T. I. F. Findley. General Progress Prize (Mr. Arnold Thiele)—L. C. Heit.

Middle and Upper School

HIS GRACE, THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO

Form III—J. L. Howland, B. Goldsmith, D. C. Shaw, A. S. Flecher (Special prize), J. G. Little (Special prize). Form IV—D. G. Davis, C. E. Medland, J. K. Crowe, R. A. McKinnon. Form V—A. F. R. Brown, J. H. Park. Lower VI—A. I. Macrae, C. W. Eddis, J. V. Horwood, G. Rapmund, F. M. Hall, T. M. Adamson. Upper VI—F. S. Grant, R. K. Jones.



CADETS'

CADET CORPS OFFICERS 1943-44

Major Lowndes
C.S.M. Horwood

No. 1 Platoon	No. 2 Platoon	No. 3 Platoon	Band
Lieut. Adamson	Jones	Errington I	Lieut. Sumner
Sergt. Rapmund	Wynne	Taylor I	Sergt. Kennedy 2/i.c.
Cpl. Lowry	Shaw	Hepburn	Pipe Sergt. Hall
Davis II	Nash	Elder	Pipe Cpl. Beverly
Medland	Price	Eddis	Pipe L/Cpl. Macrae
L/Cpl. Heit	Watson	Malcolmson	Drum Cpl. Murrell
Flemming	Aspinall	Hallett	Drum L/Cpl. Cuthbert
Howson	Donoghue	Bradley	
		C.Q.M.S. : Robertson	
		C.Q.M.Cpl. : Hirsch	
		Armourer : Hirsch	
		Assistant : Davis I	

Cadet Instructor : Lieutenant J. L. Wright, C.S. of C.

On Sunday, October 24th, the Cadet Corps took part in a Royal Canadian Army Cadet parade in Toronto, in support of the Fifth Victory Loan Campaign. The parade was composed entirely of Cadets, who numbered some thirty-five hundred, with the exception of one or two Reserve Unit Bands. From the South Campus of the University of Toronto the parade moved down to College Street, up University Avenue to Bloor Street and into Varsity Stadium where the various units marched on their markers who had been stationed previously. Short addresses were given by Mr. J. G. Parker, Chairman of the Victory Loan Committee, Maj.-Gen. Potts, Officer Commanding M.D.2, and Sergeant Charles Jackson, recently returned from overseas.

After the singing of "O Canada" and the National Anthem, the parade marched down University Avenue; the units moved into column of platoons, and Maj.-Gen. Potts took the salute opposite the Military Institute.

The parade was a great success all round, especially for the St. Andrew's Corps, which received a great ovation from the crowd as it entered the Varsity Stadium.

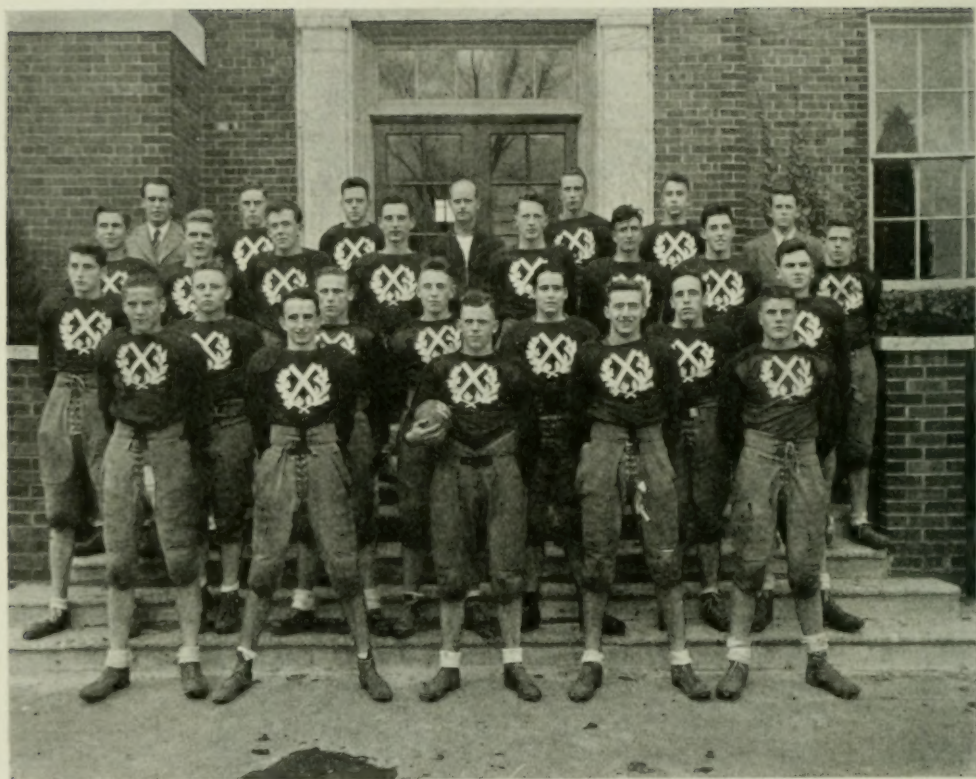


S.A.C. to Mr. Fleming

“Wonders are many; you will find
None greater than the human mind.
Confront your problem; do not shrink;
Give all you have, and THINK and THINK!”
This was his precept; his the skill
To fortify both mind and will.—
The man who would be just and fair
Must build his life upon the *square*.
From *point* to *point* ne'er deviate,
The shortest *line* is always *straight*,
Since *part* is ever less than *whole*,
Why for a pleasure sell the soul?
About one *centre* life revolves,
Who finds that point life's riddle *solves*.—
Thus forty happy years and more
Expounding geometric lore
He won our love and our esteem;
Boys and their minds were all his theme.
And while his hand drew curve and line
He made geometry divine.

(Mr. Fleming used to write the word “THINK” on the blackboard.)

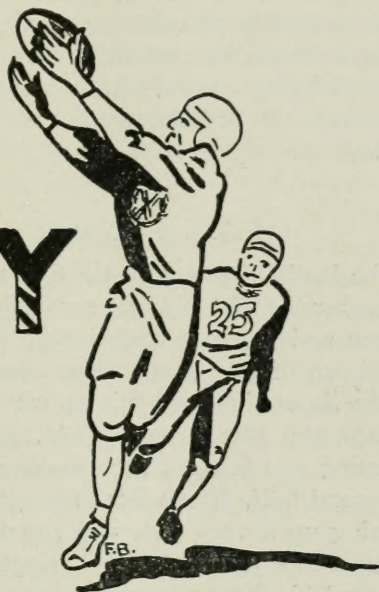
P.J.R.



FIRST TEAM

First Row—W. B. Lowry, J. W. Taylor, J. M. Lowndes, J. W. Kennedy,
I. Flemming.
Second Row—W. Errington, A. M. Watson, J. B. Robertson, J. B. Wynne,
D. W. Cuthbert, G. C. Middleton, A. Richardson.
Third Row—W. B. Shaw, J. W. Saylor, R. S. Mackay, J. Errington, F. M. Hall,
F. S. Hatch, J. P. Edward, J. F. Hepburn.
Fourth Row—J. C. Garrett, Esq., A. M. Smith, J. Bradley, H. V. Kendall, Esq.,
W. J. Elder, H. G. Donoghue, D. Sumner (Manager).
Absent—R. K. Jones.

RUGBY



Football Editorial

THIS year first team football was under the able supervision of our new athletic instructor, Mr. H. V. Kendall. The coaching methods used by him were more successful than those of last year. Football began with high hopes for the first team: it was thought that there was more material available for a team than there had been last year. From last year there remained only one first team colour, Lowndes, who was elected captain at the beginning of the season. Of the second and third team colours there were eight, and with the addition of a few new boys, the first team was put together.

The team lost its quarterback, J. Errington, when he received a broken ankle in the Ridley game. He was unable to play the remaining three games of the season.

The average weight of the team was very low, and every team played this year was heavier. In all, ten games with other schools were played. Two were won, three lost by a narrow margin. The team played hard in every game, and created high school spirit.

In game reports it always seems to be the backfield that gets the credit for a game; this is no doubt because the backfield carries the offensive, while the line assists in this and stems the advance of the opposing team, a job which is underrated. There were quite a few line

men who deserved mention in the game reports whose playing did not fit automatically into the narrative of the game. Here we wish to pay tribute to these men behind the men behind the ball; Flemming, noted for his plunging, played just as important a role as a middle on the line; Richardson, as outside, turned in excellent performances in breaking up plays.

C. W. E.

S.A.C. vs. NORTH TORONTO COLLEGIATE

The football season for the first team opened at Aurora on Monday, September the 27th. Early in the first quarter, O'Brien led an N.T.C.I. end run and plunging offensive up the field to plunge over for the first touchdown of the game. Hepburn blocked their bid for a convert, and the Saints followed this up when Errington II intercepted a North Toronto end run at centrefield, and went ahead with Errington I, Flemming and Watson each making first downs. At the beginning of the second half, North Toronto again scored on a plunge by O'Brien, following up a very long end run by the same player. S.A.C. began a successful offensive when Errington I intercepted a North Toronto pass, and Taylor recovered a high kick at centrefield. Another kick was recovered by Watson on the North Toronto 25-yard line, and a plunge of over ten yards by Flemming put Middleton I in position to run around the end for a touchdown which was unconverted. N.T.C.I. kicked off, and after completing a 25-yard pass O'Brien scored a major on an end run. The game ended with the Saints in possession on the North Toronto 30-yard line, with the score 15-5 for N.T.C.I.

S.A.C. vs. PICKERING

Two days later the Saints played Pickering firsts at St. Andrew's. The game was very close, and the play became more intense as time wore on. Pickering kicked off, and drove the Saints back to their 2-yard line. Getting the ball on our 15-yard line, Konduras plunged over to put Pickering in the lead early in the game. The play remained even till half time; Lowndes made a long end run, Wynne recovered an S.A.C. kick, and Lowry reversed the play by intercepting a Pickering pass. In the second half the Saints marched down the field, led by Flemming, Cuthbert and Taylor, but Pickering ran the ball back to our 14-yard line. Then suddenly Flemming intercepted a pass out on the Pickering right end and ran the whole length of the field for a touchdown which tied up the game. After the kickoff, Pickering again plunged down the field with Lanier finally going over for a touch. Pickering's third touchdown came as suddenly as our first one: a kick by them from

centrefield was fumbled and dropped by the Saints' safety, whereupon Brown fell upon it behind the goal line. Aikenhead converted. The Saints drove ahead, and taking advantage of a large penalty; Errington I ran the ball 15 yards to the Pickering 2-yard line from where Flemming went over on a plunge. Later a kick was fumbled by the Pickering safety, and recovered by Hepburn and Lowry to bring the score up to 16-15, where it remained the rest of the game.

S.A.C. vs. PICKERING AT NEWMARKET

The return game was played the following Monday, October the 4th, at Pickering. The Saints avenged their defeat in a closely fought game. At the beginning it looked as if Pickering was going to win the day smashing holes in the Saints' line. A Pickering pass and a kick drove the Saints back to their own 5-yard line, and, after an S.A.C. kick, Pickering again brought the ball to our 5-yard line. Here they were held for three downs, but soon after they kicked a rouge. In the second quarter the score was tied up when Lowry punted from centrefield and the ball rolled behind the Pickering goal line for a rouge. The Pickering team was driven back to its 5-yard line, and when the Saints got possession after a kick, Lowry tried for a single point. The ball however, hit the top of the goal post and bounced out. In the last quarter Lowry finally punted his second single point, the ball rolling past the deadline. The final score was 2-1 for the Saints.

S.A.C. vs. U.T.S.

The first game with U.T.S. was played at the school on Thursday, October the 7th. Early in the first quarter Bark kicked two rouges for U.T.S., tacklers bringing down Lowry and Taylor. U.T.S. held the initiative, Ball kicking the third point for the blue and white. In the second quarter, the Saints rallied on their 35 line to drive U.T.S. back to their ten. In the third quarter, the Saints opened up with a twenty yard pass to Errington II, which was run ten more yards. A few plays later, however, U.T.S. took the ball from their ten, and, with plunges and end runs, put Bark in position for a placement which failed, bouncing off the post. U.T.S. again drove ahead, the Saints finally holding their ground when Lowndes recovered an S.A.C. kick. In the last quarter attempted rouges were run out by Middleton I, Kennedy, and another kick out by Kennedy. Bark scored the final three points for U.T.S. on a field goal. The final score was 6-0 for U.T.S.

S.A.C. vs. FOREST HILL HIGH SCHOOL

This game was played at St. Andrew's on Wednesday, October the 13th. Throughout the game the scoring was in spurts. The Saints

were very slow in getting started. In the first quarter, after much sparring, Forest Hill got away to a touchdown by a flicker pass from Harvey to Yeomans, which was lateralled to Roberts and back to Yeomans. The second quarter featured the kicking of Lowry for the Saints, who punted two rouges. The Saints took the lead in the third quarter when Kennedy intercepted a Forest Hill pass at centrefield and made a spectacular run for a touchdown. In the final quarter the play was fairly well matched and more in the Forest Hill area. Lowry punted from the 45-yard line into the Forest Hill end zone where a fumble was recovered by Richardson to make the score 12-5 for the Saints.



S.A.C. VS. FOREST HILL HIGH SCHOOL OF TORONTO

Two days later the Saints played their return game with Forest Hill High School, and held the lead until the last quarter. Lowry opened the scoring by punting a rouge for the Saints. Enright of Forest Hill kicked a single at the outset of the next quarter to tie the score. A second rouge by Lowry followed and at half time S.A.C. held a 2-1 margin. In the second half Taylor raised the St. Andrew's lead by returning a Forest Hill kick, recovering the ball himself, and in the next play kicking a field goal. Forest Hill pressed hard in the final minutes of the game on plunging by Irwin. A long pass from Manson to Mitchel reached the Saints' 1-yard line where Forest Hill was held and driven back. But the Village broke through again and Roberts scored a touchdown on a thirty yard pass from Irwin to win the game for Forest Hill, 6-5.

S.A.C. vs. U.T.S. AT TORONTO

On Monday, October the 25th, immediately after the Ridley game and a parade in Toronto, the firsts played U.T.S. at Varsity. Early in the first quarter, after kicking off, U.T.S. plunged to within a few yards of our line, from where Bark kicked a field goal. In the next quarter, a U.T.S. offensive enabled Maxwell to punt a rouge. Then U.T.S. drove to our 5-yard line, where Taylor recovered a fumble. A few plays later, however, Bark threw a 15-yard pass to Cronyn for a touchdown, which was converted. In the third quarter Shutte plunged over, and this was followed up when Graham intercepted an S.A.C. pass and ran 90 yards for another major score. The Saints fought back: Middleton I intercepted a U.T.S. pass and ran 25 yards; a high U.T.S. snap was recovered which put the Saints on the U.T.S. 35-yard line. After driving to the 20-yard line, a kick by Lowry put U.T.S. on their 1-yard line, and an attempted kick by Bark was broken up by the Saints' line, which broke through to give the Saints their two points of the day. A series of U.T.S. end runs brought U.T.S. within scoring range, and Crawford went over on a quarterback sneak. This was converted, and the game ended 26-2 for U.T.S.

THE LITTLE BIG FOUR GAMES

S.A.C. vs. RIDLEY

The S.A.C. firsts met Ridley in the opening game of the Little Big Four at St. Andrew's, on Saturday, October the 23rd. From the first the Saints were surpassed in weight, experience, and speed. At the beginning Ridley was held, but soon after their quarter, McFarlane I broke away for a 50 yard end run. Minthorn started the scoring for Ridley on an end run, the touchdown being unconverted. At this point in the game Errington I, quarterback for the Saints, was injured, and was taken off the field, Jones taking his place at a difficult time. The Saints fought back, Flemming gaining a first down on a plunge and Lowry intercepting a Ridley pass. The play, however, was monopolized by Ridley. A plunge by Cowan, a convert by Stevens, and a field goal by McFarlane I, brought the score up to 14-0 for Ridley at half time.

On the kickoff, Mackay sent the ball behind the Ridley goal line, and S.A.C. tacklers secured a point for the Saints. End runs gave Ridley its next touchdown, which was converted by McFarlane. In the last quarter Greatrex caught a long sleeper pass for a touch, followed by another by McFarlane, converted. Cowan received the S.A.C. kickoff and ran through the whole S.A.C. team for the next touch, and a 30-yard pass to Coddington gave Ridley its last touchdown of the game, which was converted to make the final score 42-1.

S.A.C. vs. T.C.S.

After the intervening U.T.S. game, the Saints played T.C.S. at Aurora on Saturday, October the 30th. The teams were closely matched, T.C.S. having the advantage of a better line. In the first quarter the Saints were driven back several times, but were saved by the running of Lowndes, Kennedy, Taylor, and Lowry. One T.C.S. bid for a rouge was run out by Taylor from 15 yards behind the touch line. T.C.S. drove the Saints to their 5-yard line, but were held, a fumble being recovered. At the end of the second quarter a long Trinity pass to Dobell followed by another to Curtis put the T.C.S. team in position for a rouge, kicked by Parker. Early in the second half the Saints were pressed back to their goal zone, but a long run by Lowndes moved the play to the T.C.S. 40-yard line. Trinity recovered a fumble, and after an end run Laing plunged over the S.A.C. line for a touch which was converted. In the last quarter the Saints reached the Trinity 10-yard line, but were driven back. In the last minute of the game, Parker intercepted an S.A.C. pass and ran for a touchdown, which was converted by Laing. The game ended with the score 13-0 for T.C.S.

S.A.C. vs. U.C.C.

The Saints met U.C.C. at Upper Canada for their last game of the season. At the beginning of the game U.C.C. put on the pressure to keep the play in S.A.C. ground, until a kick by McLaughlin for a single gave the blue and white the first point of the game. U.C.C. seemed to have the advantage in kicking, but the Saints rallied with plunges by Flemming and Watson. After a U.C.C. kick was blocked, a long pass from Lowry to Kennedy put the Saints on the U.C.C. 5-yard line, where they were held. But Lowry ran back the following U.C.C. kick again to the 5-yard line, and Kennedy carried the ball over on a plunge, converted by Wynne on a dropkick. The score at half time was 6-1 for S.A.C.

At the opening of the second half, U.C.C. was fortunate when long S.A.C. passes were called back. Plunges and end runs put U.C.C. in position for a field goal, and further pressure enabled them to kick a second, to put them ahead 7-6. The Saints again were unfortunate in having a pass intercepted, which put Upper Canada in position for a touchdown by Kiefler, which was converted. The U.C.C. offensive was abruptly stopped after a fumble was recovered. The Saints marched up the field on another long pass from Lowry to Kennedy, and an end run by Kennedy put the Saints on the Upper Canada 5-yard line, from where Watson plunged over. The game continued to be wide open, the Saints completing more passes and having one intercepted. The game ended with the score 13-11 for U.C.C.

S.A.C. vs. North Toronto	Lost 5-15
vs. Pickering	Lost 15-16
vs. Pickering	Won 2-1
vs. Forest Hill	Won 12-5
vs. Forest Hill	Lost 5-6
vs. U.T.S.	Lost 0-6
vs. U.T.S.	Lost 2-26

THE SECOND TEAM

AS in previous years, the second team had but little opportunity to display its ability, being the substitute section of the first team, practising with them all season and having very few practices of its own as a team. The one game of the season took place at the school on Wednesday, October 27th, against Newmarket High School. Early in the game Newmarket took the lead when Hill recovered an onside kick behind the S.A.C. goal line and it was converted with a placement. This was followed up by a second touchdown when an S.A.C. fumble on an end run was intercepted and run 40 yards. This was converted by a pass. Then the Saints put on the pressure, driving Newmarket back on a long kick by Adamson. Hall intercepted a pass to give the Saints possession, and then Middleton I scored on an end run. In the last quarter after many breaks for both teams, though more for Newmarket, Adamson kicked a rouge for S.A.C. and the game ended 12-6 for Newmarket.

COLOURS

<i>First Team</i>	<i>Second Team</i>	<i>Third Team</i>	<i>Fifth Team</i>
Errington I	Edward	Atkinson	Barr
Flemming	Errington II	Heit	Errington III
Kennedy	Hepburn	Howson	Frey
Lowry	Middleton I	Little	Head
Richardson	Taylor	McCauley	Irvine
Robertson		McKenzie	Lindsay
Taylor		Wingfield	Price
Watson			Richards
Wynne			Shields

(Lowndes—1942)

LITTLE BIG FOUR ALL-STAR TEAM, 1943

Player	Position	School	S.A.C.	T.C.S.	B.R.C.	U.C.C.	Total Votes	Final Team
McFarlane, D.	Snap	B.R.C.	x		x		2	x
Southey	Snap	T.C.S.		x			1	
Farncomb	Snap	U.C.C.				x	1	
Davis	Inside	B.R.C.	x		x	x	3	x
Delahaye	Inside	T.C.S.	x	x	x		3	x
Brown	Inside	B.R.C.		x			1	
Copp	Inside	U.C.C.				x	1	
Millholland	Middle	T.C.S.	x	x		x	3	x
Stevens	Middle	B.R.C.	x		x	x	3	x
Murphy	Middle	U.C.C.		x			1	
Flemming	Middle	S.A.C.			x		1	
Coddington	Outside	B.R.C.	x	x	x		3	x
Richardson	Outside	S.A.C.	x	x			2	x
Morgan	Outside	T.C.S.			x		1	
Fisher	Outside	B.R.C.				x	1	
Kelk	Outside	U.C.C.				x	1	
McFarlane, R.	Quarterback	B.R.C.	x		x	x	3	x
Huyke	Quarterback	T.C.S.		x			1	
Laing	Halfback	T.C.S.	x	x	x	x	4	x
Britton	Halfback	T.C.S.	x		x	x	3	x
Greatrex	Halfback	B.R.C.	x		x	x	3	x
Minthorn	Halfback	B.R.C.	x	x			2	x
Kennedy	Halfback	S.A.C.		x			1	
Parker	Halfback	T.C.S.		x			1	
Dean	Halfback	U.C.C.			x		1	
Cowan	Halfback	B.R.C.				x	1	
		Totals	12	12	12	12	48	12

ALL-STAR TEAM

Snap	McFarlane	Ridley
Inside	Davis	Ridley
Inside	Delahaye	Trinity
Middle	Stevens	Ridley
Middle	Millholland	Trinity
Outside	Richardson	St. Andrew's
Outside	Coddington	Ridley
Quarterback	McFarlane	Ridley
Halfback	Laing	Trinity
Halfback	Britton	Trinity
Halfback	Greatrex	Ridley
Halfback	Minthorn	Ridley



THIRD TEAM

First Row—T. F. Chipman, R. A. Montgomery, D. J. Murrell, C. W. McCauley, J. G. Little, R. E. Eddy, F. A. McKenzie.
 Second Row—R. A. Mackinnon, J. Hall, C. E. Medland, R. J. Hochstetler, W. R. Howson, W. A. Beverley.
 Third Row—H. E. Wingfield, L. Heit, J. J. Nold, I. D. Schofield, D. Atkinson.
 Fourth Row—J. C. Garrett, Esq., M. C. Dobbin, S. B. Ware, N. Lane, Esq.

THIRD TEAM RUGBY

The second squad had a fairly successful season this year, considering the fact that most of the games were against older and more experienced boys. They managed to win two games out of six.

The first game was played against North Toronto Collegiate's second team at Toronto. The play was kept throughout most of the game in the S.A.C. area. The field was rough, and N.T.C.I. had two substitute teams which enabled them to keep playing with fresh players, while the thirds had no substitutes in use. The N.T.C.I. team was definitely a better team, and the final score was 32-0 for N.T.C.I.

The next game was played at St. Andrew's on Saturday, October 2nd against Pickering. The team played a very determined game, winning by sheer force of plunging by Howson and Heit. Twice the Saints were driven back close to their goal line, but they rallied to carry the play back to the Pickering area, where most of the play was. The game ended 23-6 for the thirds.

The third game was played at Barrie against Barrie Collegiate firsts. The thirds were definitely outweighed by a far heavier team, and had the disadvantage of playing on a strange narrow field with bad turf conditions. In the first half the play was focussed in S.A.C. area, and Barrie punted two rouges. The second half was fought in the Barrie area, and the Saints drove Barrie back to their goal lines several times, but were unable to score. Barrie won 2-0.

In the next game the thirds defeated a light Forest Hill High School team 31-0. The game was played at the school on Friday, October 29th. In the first quarter Little scored for the thirds on a run from the 20-yard line. This was converted by Montgomery. In the second quarter Heit plunged over for an unconverted touch. Then a long pass from Murrel to Montgomery set the stage for a touchdown by Murrel, Montgomery converting. The play was more even in the third quarter and there was no scoring. In the last quarter, a Village fumble was dribbled over their goal line and recovered by McKenzie for St. Andrew's. The only Forest Hill bid for a touchdown came when Morasutti ran back an S.A.C. kick for 45 yards. The Saints were driven back to their 5-yard line before they rallied and recovered the ball. With Murrel leading the attack, S.A.C. drove the length of the field and Chipman crossed the line for a converted touchdown. Montgomery scored the final points on a field goal, and the final score was 31-0 for S.A.C.

In their fifth game the thirds lost a return game with Barrie Collegiate 18-3. Early in the first quarter Barrie scored a rouge after blocking a St. Andrew's kick. Shortly afterwards, Barrie blocked another kick and Nixon carried the ball over on an end run which was not converted.

Towards the end of the quarter, Montgomery's fine kicking gained the Saints two points. During the second quarter, Barrie went down the field on plunges by Ritchie and Baldwin and finally went over for another major. In the third quarter, Barrie outkicked S.A.C., getting two single points. In the fourth quarter, the Saints held Barrie until Laking ran around the end for a touch. With a few minutes of play left, Montgomery got the last point of the game; the final score was 18-3 for Barrie. Wingfield's tackling and Montgomery's kicking were the strong points of the Saints' attack.

The last game of the year was played at Newmarket against Pickering on Thursday, November 4th, the day after the return game with Barrie. The Saints took the offensive in the first quarter, starting off well. But late in the second quarter, Robb of Pickering faked a pass and ran several yards around the end for a touchdown which was unconverted. St. Andrew's fought hard in the second half, but their efforts were rewarded by only one point, kicked by Montgomery. Atkinson, Hall, McCauley, Dobbin and Wingfield were best for St. Andrew's. The final score was 6-1 for Pickering.

FIFTH TEAM

St. Andrew's fifth team had a good season this year, winning four games, losing one, and tying one.

They lost their first game to a heavy second Pickering team 30-0. Robb and Richardson were outstanding for Pickering, while Frey and Shields tried hard for St. Andrew's.

In a game against Newmarket High School, the 5ths won 12-0. Early in the first quarter, Barr scored a touchdown, and there was no more scoring until near the end of the game, when Price carried it over on a quarter-back sneak. Frey converted both scores.

The 5ths beat Pickering bantams twice, 10-0, and 12-7. Frey in the first game, and Price in the second, each scored two touchdowns. Both games were close and interesting.

In the game against Earl Haig Collegiate, the Saints did not get started until the fourth quarter, and then only just in time to tie up the score with a touchdown by Richards, converted by Frey.

Price, Head, Frey, Richards, and Poyntz played well all year.



FIFTH TEAM

First Row—D. A. Poyntz, W. A. Lindsay, P. Head, G. C. Price, P. C. Richards,
P. Martin, G. J. Hutton.
Second Row—J. Davis, W. R. Clark, C. W. Irvine, W. R. Shields, E. C. Fey,
J. D. Barr.
Third Row—D. C. Shaw, P. Shirley, P. J. Errington, P. G. Stewart, E. Martin,
J. L. Fuller, D. G. Davis (Manager).
Fourth Row—J. C. Garrett, Esq., D. W. Grant, Esq.

SENIOR CROSS COUNTRY

This year the Senior Cross Country was held on Wednesday, November 17th. The temperature, three or four degrees below freezing, and a biting wind, did not make conditions exactly ideal for a three and a half mile run, however, Taylor, coming in first, was only three minutes over the record. He was closely followed by Wynne who in the previous year came third.

The runners came in as follows: Taylor, 24.50; Wynne, 25.13; Flemming, 25.30; McCauley, 25.47; Nash; Atkinson; Bloom; Errington II; Smith; Edward.



Macdonald House

EDITORIAL

ON September 7, the halls and dormitories once again resounded to the voices of new boys who had enrolled for the school year 1943-44. Anxious faces were seen everywhere exploring the various rooms in the house, each boy anticipating the experiences that lay before him at St. Andrew's. On the eighth, the old boys returned and walked jauntily about, appreciating the situation with a dignity that befits all old boys. It was not long, however, before old and new boys alike were comparing notes and generally getting together.

Shortly after the fall term commenced, the monitors and librarians were appointed. The monitors are Worling I, Lewis, and Purdy; while the librarians are Goldsmith, Ingram, and Sedgewick. We know these boys will endeavour to carry out their duties efficiently.

* * * * *

On Sunday, October 31, Commander Ketchum, a former Headmaster of the school, came up to visit us with his wife and his son Peter. In the evening we all went into the Assembly Hall and heard him speak. He spoke mainly about the Royal Canadian Naval College at Royal Roads, British Columbia. We were very pleased to see him, and our very best wishes go to him and Mrs. Ketchum.

There have been two staff changes in the Lower School this year. Mr. Nicholls, a recent graduate of the University of Toronto, has come in the place of Mr. Thiele, who is continuing his studies at McMaster University. We wish you both the best of luck in your new positions.

We would like to welcome Miss Swain, who has come to us as matron. She has had valuable experience in this work in other schools. We hope she will enjoy her stay with us.

We would like to welcome back Mrs. Grant, our nurse. She is doing her work of treating us sympathetically and with the utmost care. We would also like to welcome back Mrs. Rashleigh, who is doing valuable work in the linen room.

* * * * *

We are endeavouring this year to keep the library as a "quiet" room so that we may enjoy our reading and writing. We wish to thank the Ladies' Guild for their valuable contribution in upholstering the sofas and chairs in this room. Those who wish to play and romp around, do so in the basement. The playroom is equipped with ping-pong, cards, checkers, and jig-saw puzzles, and recently a radio was added. Now that the snow has begun to fall, the various hobbies have started.

The woodcraft room has added to its list of tools, and some fine work has been done. Much of the good wood is reduced to shavings, but this by-product is put to good use in lighting the kitchen fire, and helps to prepare some good Scottish dishes.

* * * * *

To carry on the fine job done by last year's librarians, Ingram, Goldsmith, and Sedgewick were appointed. The library is open on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. The four most popular authors are Westerman, Burroughs, Henty, and Rockwood. As far as reading goes, Rice leads the field with sixteen books taken out so far, and Oakes III tails him with twelve. Several books have been donated by Christopherson II. Some of the magazines subscribed to by the library are: *Air Trails*, *Reader's Digest*, *Popular Mechanics*, *National Geographic*, *Canadian Nature*, and *True Comics*. We should like to thank the Ladies' Guild for their kindness in sending us ten dollars with which to purchase periodicals for the library.

THE HOUSEMASTER'S LETTER

To the Parents and Friends of Macdonald House:

The present-day gasoline restrictions have prevented many of you from visiting the school as regularly as in former years. Consequently, I have felt the need of keeping more closely in touch with you, through the medium of the REVIEW. It is my intention in this letter to outline a few school notes, which I trust you may find of interest.

Squadron Leader J. B. Millward, a former Housemaster, now serving with the R.C.A.F. in England, has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. I know you will join with us in our feelings of pride. Lieut. J. M. McCrae, now at sea with H.M.C.S. *Sudbury*, reports that he is in good health and is finding his duties as navigation officer most interesting. Our best wishes go to these former Lower School Masters.

At the time of writing, the new boy list registers 29. The Lower School forms have grown since 1940. In that year 22 boys were enrolled in grades 6-8. In 1941 this number increased to 26 boys. In 1942, as a result of introducing grades 2-5, the house forms increased to 45 boys, and this year the enrolment stands at 48. Several new boys have registered for the winter term. Our present enrolment is 58.

A system of tutorial periods has been introduced in order to strengthen and assure a strong academic standing.

Any boy who obtains less than 60 per cent on term examinations joins these groups and he receives personal tuition. Results to date are most encouraging.

Group tests of intelligence have been given to grades 5-8 and the results have been recorded. These tests are made up by the Department of Educational Research, University of Toronto.

The Macdonald House dining-room has been re-opened. After much searching, a staff was found to operate the kitchen adequately, and accommodation in the dining-room has been made for 60 boys and teaching staff. Acting on the assumption that a healthy boy will do better work, all boys now receive a glass of milk and a biscuit at the end of the evening study. Height and weight charts are being kept and will be mailed with the end-of-term reports.

The Primary Department continues to flourish. It consists this year of grades 2-4 with 15 boys enrolled. Miss Foote is untiring in her efforts to lay a sound foundation in the primary subjects.

The house was divided into three squads this term for games, each squad being supervised by a Master. Organized practices were held four days a week. At the end of the football season soccer was played and the same enthusiastic games resulted.

Mrs. Grant reports that the health of the boys has been good. I do hope that they will keep well during the holidays and enjoy them.

Mrs. Wright and I join with the staff and boys in wishing you all a Very Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN L. WRIGHT,
Housemaster.

MACDONALD HOUSE RUGBY

As in former years, the House was divided into three squads for the rugby season. The First squad was coached by Mr. Ives, the Second by Mr. Nicholls, and the Third by Mr. Wright. The House Team was selected from the First squad. Worling I was elected captain. Macdonald House Colours were presented to the following: Capon, Elgie, Empringham, Horn, Purdy, Roe, Taylor II, and Worling I.

Worling I played quarterback. Unfortunately, he was not very robust and his light weight and lack of toughness was a serious handicap. He was a good plunger, only a fair tackler, and his handling of the ball was not sure enough. He had, however, boundless enthusiasm, so that we are expecting great things of him in the future. At running half-back, we had Lewis and Oakes II. Like our captain, Lewis was handicapped by lack of weight. He did not have drive enough to make use of his speed. In the backfield his ball catching and tackling were not consistent enough. Oakes II has a distinct natural ability, but does not apply himself to learning the game or co-operating with the rest of the team. If he overcomes these two faults, he should develop into a very good player. At plunging halfback, we had Empringham and Horn. Empringham is a good runner but stops too easily when he sees a tackler in his way. In practice he could kick well, but in a game he was sometimes a little nervous and hesitant. He was a good tackler. Horn was one of our best all-round players. His weakness was his open-field running and tackling. He had a safe pair of hands, was a determined plunger and was an excellent forward passer. He should practise his kicking. As with all players, he needs experience more than anything else. With it, he should develop into a first-class rugby player. At outside we had Capon and Taylor. Both of these boys tackled well and deserve a great deal of credit for playing a good hard game. At middle, we had Lindsay and Elgie. Lindsay played a hard blocking game and should improve as he learns the game more thoroughly. Elgie was one of our best plungers, the surest tackler on the team, but he must learn to do a lateral pass. At all times, he could be relied on to play a good game. At inside, we had Roe and Purdy. Both of these boys were relatively heavy and were therefore extremely useful in the line. At snap we had McLaughlin, who was one of the youngest and lightest members of the team. He always played a sound game, but his snapping lacked a little speed, which will come only with experience and strengthening of the wrists. Our sub-snap was McKinley. His snapping was good and he showed promise as a hard-working linesman. He was, however, handicapped by his apparent inability to learn the plays. Another sub in the line was McLeay. He played hard and was a good tackler. In the backfield Startup played a fair game, but was far too timid

He must learn to tackle hard. The other subs were all too light to make the regular team. We were very sorry that Coon had to go to the hospital for an operation at the beginning of the season as he showed promise of being the best runner and tackler among the smaller boys.

The Macdonald House Second Rugby Squad brought out a great number of potential players for future school teams. Highlights of the seasons were the two games between the McLaughlin Buicks and the Worling Whirlwinds. The teams were selected mainly from the Second squad with a few First squad substitutes included in the line-ups. Both games were won by the Whirlwinds, the first a close tussle ending 6-5, and the second being 22-6.

Outstanding player awards were given to Stowe, a fast and shifty open-field threat; McKinley, for a good offensive and defensive exhibition; and Bain for his deadly tackling on the wing.

Practice games followed instruction in the fundamentals of tackling, running, passing, blocking and kicking and line plays.

Many of the boys displayed large possibilities of strengthening next year's First squad. Among these were: Ballentine, Rice, Stowe, Bain, Vanden Burgh, Malcolmson, Christopherson I and Kelly. The one big disappointment was the lack of opportunity to play outside teams of similar size and weight.

THE GAMES

MACDONALD HOUSE *vs.* PICKERING COLLEGE THIRDS—0-6

This was the first game of the season and was played at St. Andrew's on October 2nd. The Macdonald House team showed many signs of inexperience and made many mistakes. The game, however, was very even, for until the last minute of the game the score was 1-0 for Pickering. On two occasions the Macdonald House team had third downs on the Pickering 1-yard line but failed to score even a single point. In the last minute Pickering ran back a rather weak kick into a scoring position. They scored a touchdown on the last play of the game. Our chief weaknesses were ineffective blocking on the line, inexperience in handling the ball, and a complete inability to make the most of opportunities.

MACDONALD HOUSE *vs.* PICKERING COLLEGE THIRDS — 0-26

On October 6th we travelled to Newmarket to play our return game against Pickering Thirds. After the close game on our own field, the team was very enthusiastic, even though we were to play without the services of three of our strong players. After the first ten minutes of play this enthusiasm was dampened as McEwen of Pickering galloped around our weakened end to score two touchdowns, both of which were converted.

It was not until the third period that the team showed any fight. The remainder of the game resulted in fair tackling and rather mediocre plunging. The game ended with a score of 0-26. Outstanding for Macdonald House was Taylor's tackling.

MACDONALD HOUSE *vs.* NEWMARKET HIGH SCHOOL JUNIORS — 7-10

This game was played at St. Andrew's on a very rainy, slippery afternoon. Some of the Newmarket boys were handicapped by having to wear tennis shoes. Throughout the game the Macdonald House team had a very effective. Considering the weather, the handling of the ball were very effective. Considering the weather, the handling of the ball showed a great improvement over the previous games. On several occasions the Macdonald House team completed forward passes. In the second half, Empringham scored a touchdown by a run around the short end. Altogether it was a very good game.



MACDONALD HOUSE TEAM

First Row—R. R. McGregor, G. R. Lindsay, R. C. McLeay, R. V. Worling,
D. C. McLaughlin, W. P. Lewis, J. D. Taylor.
Second Row—J. G. Purdy, C. Horn, R. R. Elgy, D. R. McKinley, D. G. Startup,
R. Empringham.
Third Row—J. L. Wright, Esq., J. M. Capon, D. M. Roe, K. H. Ives, Esq.

MACDONALD HOUSE *vs* .NEWMARKET HIGH SCHOOL JUNIORS — 8-10

The return game with Newmarket was once again played on our own field, but the weather conditions were much better. After the kick-off by Newmarket, Macdonald House attempted a forward pass which was intercepted and run over for a touchdown. The major score on the first play of the game rather demoralized our team. Almost at once, Newmarket scored another touchdown on an onside kick, making the score in the first quarter 0-10. From this point onwards the play was more in our favour and we scored three singles on kicks and one touchdown as the result of a Newmarket fumble, scored by Purdy. Our blocking on the line was weak, and consequently our plungers could make very little progress. In the backfield, our handling of the ball was very faulty, sometimes even a fumble occurred between the snap and the quarterback. Still, it was a cleanly played game and we hope Newmarket will continue to send teams down to the college. We hope they enjoyed the swim after the game.

CROSS COUNTRY RACE

The Cross Country race was run on December 1st. The course is about a mile and three-quarters over fields and through woods. It was a beautiful day and the race was a great success. Only four boys above the Primary Department did not take part in the run. Roe came in first with the time of 16 minutes 22 seconds. Edmonds was second. Elgie won the Fourth and Third Form War Savings Stamp prize, Horn the Upper Second prize, and Coon the Lower Second and First Form one. Bain was just behind Coon and deserves a great deal of credit for a good effort. We also were pleased to see Shearson II of the Primary Department doing his best. Trent II was given a special prize for completing the course in under half an hour! The race was run as a Clan Competition. Each Clan entered a team of eight boys.

The Clan standing was as follows:

Wallace	101 points
Bruce	131 points
Montrose	141 points
Douglas	152 points

THE SOCCER LEAGUE

As usual after half-term, all the boys in the House played soccer. The House was divided into four teams: Mr. Wright's Panthers, Mr. Ives's Imps, Mr. Nicholls' Thugs, and Worling's Aces. Games were played on four afternoons of each week. At the time of writing, the Imps and Thugs are tied at the top of the league. For the Panthers, the outstanding players are Empringham, Elgie, and Worling II. Mr. Wright played an outstanding game in goal. For the Aces, Worling I, Capon, Purdy, and Lindsay II are about the best. Unfortunately, however, the Aces have not, so far, lived up to their name. Horn and Roe are the backbone of the Thugs, but they have good support from McLaughlin, Munn, Sedgewick and Hawkins. Mr. Nicholls played a good game in goal and the Thugs are, in consequence, a hard team against whom to score. For the Imps Edmonds is the most aggressive player and has a good shot. He is supported by Goldsmith, Taylor, Oakes II, and Van den Bergh. Among the smaller boys the hardest players are Kelly, Shenstone II, Bain, Salter and Fair.

The league standing is at present as follows:

	Played	Won	Lost	Tied	Goals		Points
					For	Against	
Imps	9	6	2	1	25	23	13
Thugs	9	6	2	1	29	7	13
Panthers	9	5	4	0	35	21	10
Aces	9	0	9	0	17	55	0

So far this season we have played only one game with the Aurora Public School. This was a very close one as it ended with the score 1-0 for Aurora. We hope when the Public School comes up to St. Andrew's we shall be able to reverse the score.

Stop Press: Dec. 3rd.—This afternoon the final play-off game between the Imps and the Thugs was played. It was a very closely contested game. At half-time the score was 2-1 for the Thugs. However, the Imps rallied in the second half and the final score was 3-2 for the Imps. McLeay starred for the Imps by scoring two goals.

THE CAPITAL OF CANADA

Ottawa is a very interesting city. It is much newer than most of the capitals of the world, only one hundred and ten years old. Hull, on the other side of the Ottawa River, however, began in 1800, when a group of Americans from Massachusetts, who had been offered free land by the British government, paddled up the Ottawa River to Chaudière Falls. Here they settled near the mouth of the Gatineau.

In 1818, a British regiment which had fought in the War of 1812, settled on the Jock River—a tributary of the Rideau—at Richmond. In 1820, another regiment settled on the Ottawa. In 1833, Colonel By was sent out to Canada to build a canal which would avoid the Rideau Falls and rapids, thus connecting Hull with Kingston. Colonel By built his house on the present site of the Chateau Laurier, and his engineers resided on Parliament Hill. Colonel By also brought out Irish labourers. From these, as well as from later settlers, sprang the town of Bytown, from which was to grow the city of Ottawa.

Our tour of Ottawa begins at the Union Station. Crossing Wellington Street, we come to the Chateau Laurier, named after Sir Wilfrid Laurier. On the other side of the canal are the Parliament Buildings. Here, in the House of Commons, I have spent many interesting afternoons.

Further west is Bank Street, the chief north-and-south thoroughfare of the city. The important east-west streets are Wellington (named by Colonel By after the Duke of Wellington) and Sparks (named after one of the first settlers).

The eastern boundary of Ottawa is formed by the Rideau River, which received its name from the curtain of mist which Champlain saw when looking up the river towards Rideau Falls. ("Rideau" is the French word for "curtain.")

On the southern boundary of Ottawa is the Civic Hospital. The invigorating temperature of Ottawa, however, tends to keep its people away from it. Walking a mile a day when it is twenty below zero is a good way of keeping the doctor away and thereby saving Canadian apples!

Ottawa is a much cleaner and more beautiful city than Toronto, but it is a city of contrasts. These contrasts are common to most of the cities of Canada, but Ottawa is a small city, and a walk of a few blocks will bring you from the Parliament Buildings, Rideau Canal, and Chateau Laurier to the poverty-stricken French-Canadians of Lower Town, many of whom are living in rat-ridden cellars.

On the whole, however, it is one of the most beautiful cities of Canada, and the slums are something common to most cities.

SPRING TIME

The grass is green
 The wind is blowing,
 The birds are singing
 The sun is glowing.

The roses are red
 The trilliums are white,
 The violets are blue
 'Tis a beautiful sight!

The starling is chirping
 The robin is hopping,
 The sparrow is singing
 The woodpecker chopping.

The puddles have gone
 The birds are in flight,
 The trees have their blossoms
 'Tis all my delight.

As I'm a small boy
 This is certainly fun,
 To be playing in the Spring time
 In the hot, hot sun.

VAN DEN BERGH, First Form.

MY KITTY

I have a little kitty,
 As black as black can be;
 It peeks around the corner—
 I pretend it frightens me!

If I were a little kitty,
 As black as black could be,
 I would run around the table
 Just to hide from you and me.

But I'm not a little kitty
 Just as black as black could be;
 For I'm just a little rascal,
 Very black, as you can see.

MACGLADERY, First Form.

HAY MAKING

The two kinds of hay are timothy and alfalfa.

The first thing a farmer has to learn is hay making because it is very important.

As soon as the pink blossoms appear on the alfalfa the hay is ready to cut. The machine with which you cut the hay is called a mower. After a day or so, you turn the hay over with a machine you call a tedder. Then you rake the hay up. When the hay is dry enough, you pile it into hay cocks.

If it does not rain for a day or two, you can haul the hay into your barn, where you put it into the loft. If you want to thrash the hay, you wait for the blossoms to disappear before you cut it. The reason that you thrash the hay is that you want the seed.

C. A. SHEARSON, Grade V.

A COMMANDO EXPEDITION

One day, while I was talking to my pal, a Sergeant came up to us and said, "General Barn Vermont would like to see both of you." So we went with him to the General. When we got there the General said, "Well, boys, I think you will have quite a hard mission this time. You will start off from Southampton in a plane with some Commandos, bail out with them over the spot marked 'X,' and when you land there will be a jeep in the bush. You will take two of the Commandos with you to the first point. They will help you to the place you are going to blow up. You will be on your own. You will start tomorrow at nine o'clock."

We started off the next morning. On our way over we met two Dorniers. One was shot down. The other shot off one of our engines! But it soon went away. We were forced down on the coast of France. It took two days to get to the bush. Then I took two of the commandos with me. I asked their names. One was Jack and the other was Barn. All at once, I remembered the General's name was Barn. So I said to him, "Sir, is your name General Barn Vermont?" He said, "Yes!—why?" "Yipes!" I exclaimed, "how did you get here?"

So we got to our fort. We started planting bits of dynamite all around the place. Suddenly there was a gunshot. I heard a thump, and a German was sprawling on the ground. There was another shot, and General Vermont was wounded. We picked him up and took him to the jeep.

A few days later we were back in England. The three of us got the D.S.O. from the King!

SHENSTONE I, Grade V.

SINKING A U-BOAT

We were travelling about the same rate as the rest of the convoy. It was a fairly clear night although there were no moon or stars. Besides our own motor, all I could hear was the waves and the low drum of the "Cat-Boat" protecting us from the air.

Our captain was very much on the alert because he knew the U-boats liked to attack convoys in this type of weather.

I was gunnery officer on board our destroyer. That night I was off-duty and relaxing in the officers' lounge. All of a sudden there was a loud explosion. Immediately the alarm went up and every man went quickly to his post. The sub had not been sighted yet.

"Hard to starboard!" ordered the captain. In less than two minutes I was beside our small "four-incher" raring to go. Five long minutes ticked off in eternal silence. Everybody looked as though they expected to be blown up any minute.

"Periscope on the starboard quarter!"

"Twenty degrees starboard!" ordered the captain. "Prepare depth charges."

Five or six depth charges had gone over when the U-boat decided to come to the surface and fight it out. As soon as he came up I picked his range.

"Range 2005!" I yelled. "Commence firing." At the same time the Hun opened up with his deck-gun. The lookout, whose job it was to watch the enemy's range, sang out, "Range 1600, sir."

After the first volley was over, we settled down to an even firing rate.

"Direct hit on her aft rigging, sir,—put a big hole in her!" reported the watch. We were beginning to think we were doing fine when the whole ship vibrated. I heard the skipper tell the lieutenant to go back and check the damages.

The enemy had apparently had enough for the time being, for he started to crash dive. With one last volley, we hit her again, this time forward.

It was quite a while till the sub surfaced again. In the meantime our sub-detecting device was working hard. About half an hour passed and nothing happened. We were all for giving up the search, but the captain knew better. Sure enough, the sub surfaced again, this time directly aft.

"Hard about!" ordered the captain. "Prepare for ramming. Kelly," he said to me, "you take charge of the boarding party. Take Johnson, Burlington, and Jones with you."

In a few minutes we were all crowded in the bow, waiting for the crash. It came quickly, the grinding of steel against steel. I gave my

revolver a last checking and jumped over. In a few seconds we were all standing near the conning tower. Jerry poked his head over the bridge.

Crack! he slumped back. Then, one by one, the Jerries came out with their hands up. We held the captain and told the rest to jump over. The sub sank quickly after that. Later, we rejoined the convoy.

I went below with others to search the U-boat crew. As I looked at their shabby uniforms and bewildered faces I was certainly glad I did not live in Germany.

STARTUP, Form Upper Second.

THE STORM

The clouds are gathering o'er the sky,
The air is damp and warm,
The fields and hills are hard and dry—
The coming of a storm!

But now the placid stillness breaks,
The rain comes pouring down;
It falls in every stream and lake,
And blankets every town.

The rain descends upon the roofs,
It swells each field of grain;
The thunder, like some monster's hoofs,
Goes echoing down the plain.

But soon the rain, it slowly stops,
The dark clouds pass away.
The rain has wakened all the crops,
And darkness turns to day.

The air is fresh, the sky is clear,
The beasts come out to play,
The woods again are filled with deer—
The storm has passed away!

WORLING I, Third Form.

SNOWMAN

I had a little Snowman—
 Created him myself;
 I put him in the corner
 And hoped he would not melt.

In the morn I rose one day
 To see my Snowman gone away,
 Tears of anger came;
 I loved my Snowman just the same.

The day my Snowman ran away,
 It was a warm and sunny day,
 And to myself I often state,
 "Oh, why did you evaporate?"

And even now I hope and pray
 That Snowman will return some day.
 I'm sure my Snowman will appear
 In the winter of next year.

BAIN, Grade V.

ON BEING HAPPY AT CHRISTMAS

Once there was a very poor boy who had no money or clothing or food. The boy wore a ragged jacket, a pair of socks with holes in the heel, and a pair of pants with patches all over them.

It was getting close to Christmas Eve and the little boy's mother and father had no money to get him any presents for Christmas. It was a sad Christmas Eve for the little boy. Christmas Day dawned brightly, but there were no presents under his tree.

On the next street there was a rich boy who had a great many clothes and much money. On Christmas morning he found all the things he had asked for wrapped in beautiful packages under the tree. But he wasn't satisfied because his parents hadn't given him a new toboggan. He stamped his foot and was very angry.

Late that afternoon, a basket was left mysteriously by the door of the poor boy's home. In it were a few little presents and a chicken with vegetables and plum pudding—even a box of chocolates.

It was a happy day for the poor boy and his family. The rich boy was angry most of the day and was sent to bed early because he had eaten too much.

A word to the wise is sufficient.

GALLAGHER, First Form.

THE RUSSIAN SNIPER

It was the summer of 1941. The German troops were rolling ahead deeper into Russian ground. In a small fox hole on the Russian front sat a Russian sniper waiting for the Germans, who were steadily pushing forward. This man's name was Iven Sanotu; he had been sent with one hundred and twenty other snipers. They were brought up to cover the retreat of the Russian regulars who were steadily retreating to make a stand elsewhere.

Iven Sanotu knew this was a delaying battle, and that sooner or later they would all be killed. Now he could see the Germans coming up over a small ridge. Iven's men waited tensely. Iven gave the order to fire, and many of the unrushing Germans were killed. Again and again the Germans attacked, but each time the little band of Russians held them off.

Iven could not believe it, but it was getting dark, and the snipers were still going strong. They had held the Germans ever since three o'clock that afternoon. He thought to himself that this stand was mainly the result of their wonderful training, perhaps because they had something for which to fight—their dear, beloved Russia. That afternoon Iven had accounted for more than twenty-five Germans. The rest of the snipers, except for a score which had been killed, were also adding to their scores. That night the Germans seemed to have had enough. Probably they had thought they could easily take the small band of Russians in the morning.

Iven realized that now was the chance: he called his men together to form a plan. His plan was to send a detachment of fifty men around in back of the Germans where there was a heavily wooded mound. Zero hour for the battle was to be in two hours.

The attack was carried out as planned, and the Germans were so bewildered that they did not know what was happening. The Germans were easily rounded up, and the prisoners counted. In all there were seven hundred and fifty taken, a big haul for the Russians. The next morning the Russian regulars came up, not knowing what had happened to the German forces.

Iven and his snipers were decorated. He and his snipers are still going strong, bringing nearer the defeat of the Germans.

HORN, Form Upper Second.

LORD NELSON

Lord Nelson was an admiral,
A leader brave and strong;
He sailed against Napoleon's fleet,
In wars which lasted long.
The battle went from good to bad
For English men and ships.
Lord Nelson raised his telescope
And uttered with his lips:
*"England expects this day that
every man will do his duty."*

Lord Nelson's crew was very brave
They fought for England's name,
They sank the Frenchmen here and there,
And made Lord Nelson's fame.

The Battle of Trafalgar
Saw Nelson fight his last.
A sneaky little sniper
Espied him from a mast.

He fired one single shot,
Then saw Lord Nelson fall.
His name is great in History's fame,
In England's heroes' hall.

BALLENTINE, Lower Second.



A RAID OVER BERLIN

We were waiting in the map-room for our commander to arrive. He strode in quickly, gave us a few encouraging words, and left. Our squadron leader, Barry Thomas, told us to be at the aerodrome at 10.30 p.m. It was now 10.00 p.m. One half-hour left to get ready! We all left the small map-room to go to the barracks. I walked over with my friend, Bud Cousens.

We changed into our huge, warm, thick flying suits. The boots were of excellent leather, and the helmet was quite warm. Five minutes left to be on the field. By the time we got there it was time to leave. We climbed into the cockpits and started the huge twin engines of the Mosquitoes roaring. There were ten of us. By the light of the big yellow moon I could see the outline of the bomber next to me. Then the squadron leader sped down the runway and up into the air. I was about the fifth of the ten to take off. Bud Cousens followed me. We had to fly without our instrument lights on. The sweat was pouring off our faces, as none of us expected to return.

This was the first raid I had experienced. After some time in pitch darkness, using no radio, we saw the town of Calais a little to the west of us. We climbed to a ceiling of 15,000 feet, so the anti-aircraft batteries wouldn't spy our aircraft and try to destroy us. In another fifteen minutes we were told by the bombardier that Berlin was straight ahead.

Suddenly the searchlights started to spot us and the anti-aircraft batteries opened fire. We were blinded by the sudden light staring us in the face. Shells burst in front, behind, all around us, and we were positive we were going to be shot down.

More trouble! The Messerschmitts were on our tail. Guns roaring and spitting death, they attacked without mercy. I saw one of my buddies go down in flames. "I'll get revenge on those dirty rats." Then one of them peeled off and started diving at me with guns flaming death. Bullets ripped into the fuselage.

I heard the bombardier say, "Getting over target. Keep to your course." I didn't know what to do, for a Messerschmitt was behind me and the target below me. Then I heard a burst out of the side-gunner's gun, and the Messerschmitt tried to climb. It failed and went into a dive, bursting into flames. He hit the ground at terrific speed, and it looked as if a gas tank was blowing up.

"A little right. Steady! Bombs away!" said the bombardier. I heard the blockbusters whistling down on their message of destruction. I saw them hit the ammunition dump. It was a sight that thrilled me. There

were fires all over the city. Once in a while we could see a fresh fire burst out. Our bombs had scored direct hits.

A shell ripped off part of our right wing, and it went hurtling to the earth. Our Mosquito bomber still kept flying on. A searchlight blinded me and a Messerschmitt came roaring down with his guns firing hot lead. The bullets hit the windshield and then the co-pilot uttered a few last words and was dead.

I felt sort of lonesome without one of my pals. I saw the fuselage of an enemy fighter in my sights, so I let both of my guns fire and the fuselage of his plane was ripped all to pieces. That was the last of him. That was the last of the Messerschmitts, and there were a few searchlights attempting to find us, but they didn't succeed.

As we were flying along towards home, I heard the squadron leader's voice: "That was a very fine piece of work you did in destroying your objective and disabling so many planes, McLaughlin." I said: "Sir, Bud deserves credit, and so do you." He didn't answer. So I expected he was a little embarrassed.

We all landed safely. A messenger came running out and told us that the commanding officer wished to see me. We went in, and he told us that we deserved a lot of credit, since it was the first raid for most of the boys. He said: "Men, I wish you the best of luck the next time you go on a raid. May God be with you from now to the end of the world."

And so ends my story illustrating the bravery of our men.

McLAUGHLIN, Form Upper Second.

A VISIT TO CASABLANCA

It was back in 1938 that I visited Casablanca. I was greeted by a sunny day as I walked off the gangplank of the *Carthage*, a P. & O. liner. We stepped on to the well-paved roads which led up to the town from the docks. Immediately we were surrounded by a host of rapid talking, pushing, fighting natives who, we discovered, were selling souvenirs. After a lot of pushing, I reached a taxi; and, after a long talk with the driver, who could not understand English, I was soon off on a trip through historic Casablanca, the city which was to be, in a few years, the meeting place of the leaders of the United Nations.

I was surprised at the modern houses and huge luxurious gardens which surrounded them. The shopping district was a greater surprise. It was just one mass of yelling natives selling food in the centre of the road. After buying supplies and dozens of souvenirs, we went for a long walk; so long, in fact, that we missed the boat. An old English sea

captain was kind enough to take us out to the ship in his motor launch. That finished the day, but I shall never forget the contrast between the poverty-stricken natives and the French millionaires.

TAYLOR II, Upper Second.

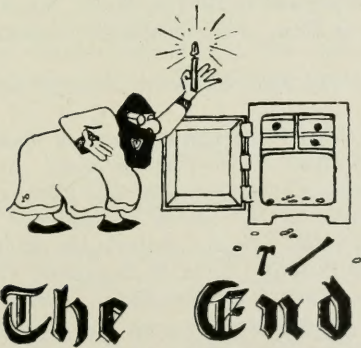
CHRISTMAS

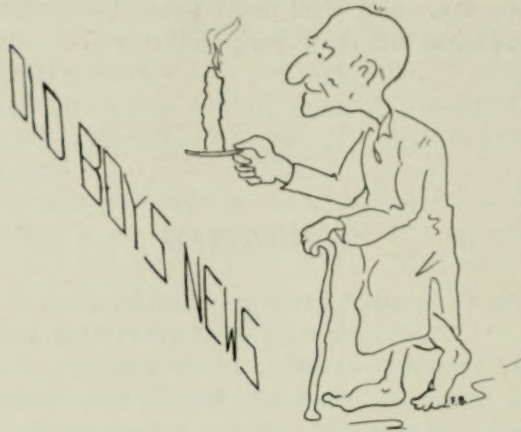
Christmas Eve will soon be here,
The boys and girls will give a cheer!
Back from school will they come,
Happy, with a jolly hum.
Then at home will they play,
Unto happy Christmas Day!

Jim asked for a great big train.
Oh! but that wouldn't do for Jane,
For she wanted a great big doll—
And she got it after all!

Christmas came and Christmas passed,
And it ended at the last.
Then the boys went back again
Even Jim and his big train.

SALTER, First Form.





OLD BOYS' NOTES

J. T. DYMENT (1920-1924), Assistant Superintendent of Engineering in the Trans-Canada Air Lines, was recently elected Chairman of the Winnipeg Branch of the Engineering Institute of Canada.

SQDN. LDR. W. H. ADAMS (1928-1935) has been awarded the D.F.C. in recognition of many daring and successful air attacks against enemy convoys at sea. In May, 1943, he was pilot of a bomber detailed to attack a convoy off the Frisian Islands. The largest merchant vessel in this convoy was successfully attacked in spite of anti-aircraft fire. In July, 1942, Adams attacked and sank an enemy merchant vessel near the Dutch coast, and in November, 1942, he made another successful attack on an unescorted merchant vessel in the Bay of Biscay. Congratulations, Bill.

LT. COL. C. R. BOULDING is in charge of the Military Hospital at Lethbridge, Alta.

JOHN E. HOWELL (1921-1922) has been appointed Assistant Manager of the River Plate Telephone Company in Buenos Aires. Stuart Wood (1918-1925) tells of meeting him recently in Peru, where he himself is associated with the Telephone Company of Peru.

CYRILLE J. LAURIN (1922-1927) has been promoted from the rank of Major to that of Lt.-Col.

WILFRED C. JAMES (1904-1910) has resigned as Manager of Massey Hall, a position which he has ably filled for the past ten years. In a tribute to his services, the Chairman of the Board of Trustees stated that it was the feeling of the trustees "that throughout the period of Mr. James' management, Massey Hall has made its greatest contribution to the civic and cultural life of Toronto".

We are sorry to report that LIEUT. E. SLINGSBY (1925-1932) met with an injury during exercises in England, and has had to return home. He is now at the Christie Street Military Hospital and we wish him an early recovery.

LIEUT. DONALD MACRAE (1937-1938), recently on leave in Canada, has returned to Britain to resume duties with the Royal Navy. Lieut. Macrae has been at sea for three years, spending most of that period in the Persian Gulf, where he

participated in the landing of Indian troops at Abadan in the summer of 1941. Macrae was at one time commander of a landing craft attached to combined operations and later he served as first lieutenant aboard a minesweeper.

ARNOLD THIELE (1937-1942) is attending McMaster University.

F. M. CHURCH is now divisional sales manager for Ontario of the British American Oil Company.

SQDN. LDR. J. B. MILLWARD (Master at St. Andrew's 1935-1941) has received the D.F.C. His citation read: "On two occasions this officer has flown his aircraft safely back to base although damage has been sustained from enemy action. He has also had much success in securing photographs of the target area. As deputy flight commander, Sqdn. Ldr. Millward has assisted in building up the squadron to its present high state of efficiency. The quiet determination with which he completed his duties has won him the admiration and respect of all."

DONALD H. ROWAN (1932-36) has left his post at Camp Borden, where he held the rank of Captain, and has transferred to the R.C.A.F. in order "to see some action". At present he is taking his initial training at Belleville.

The RT. HON. VINCENT MASSEY (1902-1906) has been appointed chairman of the National Gallery of London, England.

CMDR. KETCHUM *Sends us the following notes from Royal Roads:*

St. Andrew's College representation at the Royal Canadian Naval College, Royal Roads, B.C., is rather smaller this year than last. Of the six Old Boys who were here last year, only two remain: JACK CHIPMAN and DON SABISTON. The entry of FRANK PHIPPEN this Autumn brings the number to three. MACBRIEN, KILMER, C. E. SPENCE and JOHN KILPATRICK finished their course last July and are all on active service. MacBrien is a Midshipman in one of the latest battle-ships of the Royal Navy, Spence and Kilpatrick are Midshipmen in Canadian destroyers and Kilmer is at present at H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis". The three who are still at the College are giving a good account of themselves. Chipman had the honour of being appointed Chief Cadet Captain and is carrying out his fairly heavy responsibilities extremely well. Both he and Sabiston are playing on the first Rugby team and Chipman has also been selected for the representative Victoria team, known as the "Crimson Tide". Although the game is new to them, their Canadian Rugby training has stood them in good stead. Phippen is playing on the B Team. All three cadets are going home for Christmas and hope to visit the school during their leave. They are sorry that they will not be in time for the Carol Service, but they hope that the present day Saints will acquit themselves like men and make it as big a success as ever.

The Review extends its sincere sympathy to MR. and MRS. JOHN C. SHERIN on the death of their infant son, DAVID GEORGE.

BIRTHS

HOLDEN—On May 2nd, 1943, to Capt. and Mrs. J. P. N. Holden, a son (John Cumner).

WARNOCK—On May 25th, 1943, to Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Warnock, a son.

PECKOVER—On June 1st, 1943, to Lieut. and Mrs. George J. Peckover, a daughter.

KINGSTON—On June 18th, 1943, to Dr. and Mrs. Paul M. Kingston, a son.

PEACE—On June 24th, 1943, to Capt. and Mrs. W. W. Peace, twin sons, John William and Walter Bryant. (Walter Bryant died later.)

- KIRKLAND—On June 24th, 1943, to Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Kirkland, a son (James Alexander).
- CHALMERS—On July 15th, 1943, to Mr. and Mrs. I. K. Chalmers, a daughter.
- REA—On August 8th, 1943, to Lieut. and Mrs. Peter C. Rea, a son (Michael).
- SISMAN—On August 20th, 1943, to Flying Officer and Mrs. J. E. Sisman, a son.
- BREITHAAPT—On September 9th, 1943, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul T. Breithaupt, a son.
- MASSIE—On September 15th, to Mr. and Mrs. R. H. L. Massie, a son.
- SPROTT—On September 21st, 1943, to Mr. and Mrs. Mark F. Sprott, a son (Douglas Barry).
- JAMES—On September 24th, 1943, to Mr. and Mrs. George F. James, a son.
- ALVEY—On September 29th, 1943, to Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Alvey, a son (Wilson Stewart, Jr.).
- MADDOCKS—On October 4th, 1943, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred R. Maddocks, a son.
- LANSKAIL—On November 5th, 1943, to Mr. and Mrs. Rufus D. Lanskail, a daughter.
- McMURTRY—On November 12th, 1943, to Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Warren McMurtry, a son.
- STEWART-PATTERSON—On December 11th, 1943, to Mr. and Mrs. Alan Stewart-Patterson, a son.
- WEBSTER—On December 12, 1943, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Lunness Webster, a son (Christopher Frederick).

MARRIAGES

- CHOPPIN-SIMPSON—In 1942, J. S. Choppin to Miss Alberta Simpson.
- DEAN-BURROUGHS—In June, 1943, Lieut. William George Dean to Miss Mary Mildred Burroughs.
- GOODERHAM-VAUGHAN—On July 17, 1943, A. E. T. Gooderham to Miss Edna May Vaughan.
- ARCHIBALD-McINTOSH—On September 11th, 1943, 2nd Lieut. Huestis Everett Archibald to Miss June McIntosh.
- KING-CAULFIELD—On October 23rd, 1943, Lieut. William David King to Miss Caulfield.
- ROSCOE-DILLMAN—In November, 1943, Pilot Officer Harry E. Roscoe to Miss Dillman.

ENGAGEMENTS

- LIEUT. W. HAMILTON GRASS to Miss Mary Sybil Cottee of Durham, England.

OBITUARY NOTICES

WING COMMANDER GEORGE A. REID, son of Mrs. W. A. Reid, Windsor Arms, Toronto, has been officially reported killed in action. He was attached to the Middle East Command for the last two years, and although no information has been obtained as to the precise locality where he met his death, it is known that his plane was shot down and sank in the sea, and that his observer, who was rescued, has been interned in Turkey. During his course at St. Andrew's (1921-1927) George Reid won many distinctions. He was Head Boy in 1926-1927 and was awarded the Governor-General's Medal on graduation; he was a member of the First Rugby Team and of the First Cricket Eleven in 1925-26 and a prefect. After studying in Stanford University, California, and later in Edinburgh University, he became interested in flying as a hobby and finally joined the Royal Air

Force before the outbreak of the war. Flight Commander J. Scade, Officer Commanding No. 46 (Uganda) Squadron, in a letter to Mrs. W. A. Reid, writes: "I have been one of his Flight Commanders for the past six months, and got to know him very well. His charming manner towards all of us who worked under him, and his exceptional efficiency in everything he undertook, inspired all with confidence, and it was typical of him that he went out on his last trip when, as Commanding Officer of the Squadron, he could well have stayed behind."

LIEUTENANT ALEXANDER CROZIER CARRICK will be remembered by all the boys who attended St. Andrew's between 1917 and 1926. He was the younger brother of Major Donald D. Carrick, now overseas with the R.C.A., and of John A. Carrick of Chicago, both of whom had a large part in the life of St. Andrew's in the early twenties. Lieutenant Alex. Carrick, like his famous brothers, was a successful athlete. At the time of his death he was engaged in night convoy duties in England and was the victim of a motor cycle accident. A very strong bond bound the three brothers together during their school days; to his brothers, parents and his widow, the REVIEW extends sincere sympathy.

The late Mr. FRED. H. MERCER IRWIN of Whitby and Toronto, attended St. Andrew's between 1904 and 1907, and after a course in Political Science in the University of Toronto, entered Osgoode Hall and later practised as a barrister in Toronto. In 1914 Mr. Irwin married Miss Katherine Maclaren of Ottawa. He died on September 25th, at the family residence Inverlynn, Whitby.

ROBERT E. GOOCH (St. Andrew's, 1902-1906) died suddenly at the age of fifty-four at his residence, 21 Crown Park Road, Toronto, on June 5th. Mr. Gooch had been active in the insurance business for thirty-six years, and was vice-president and manager of the firm of Gooch and Sons, Limited. He was at one time the holder of the Canadian Championship in canoe paddling.

LIEUTENANT HARRY GRAHAM LENNARD (St. Andrew's, 1908-1910) won distinction in the Great War and went overseas as a private in the Machine Gun Section of the 20th Battalion, 4th Brigade, 2nd Canadian Contingent. For especial gallantry in continuing to hold a crater for four days, cut off with four other privates, he was awarded the Military Medal in April, 1916. In 1917, after receiving a commission, he was married to Miss May Gemmell of Pembroke Hall, Clifton, England, who has predeceased him. Lieutenant Lennard died on the 30th of September at the Hamilton General Hospital.

STANLEY ALEXANDER BEATH (1916-1919), who died suddenly in Toronto on August 30th at his home, 91 Burnaby Boulevard, was a prefect during the last two years of his course at St. Andrew's, and member of the First Hockey and First Rugby Teams.

The late Mr. GORDON E. McCARTER (1909-1912) died at his residence, 66 Highland Avenue, Toronto, after a sudden heart attack, at the age of fifty. Mr. McCarter, who was vice-president of the Ontario Golf Association, was, at the time of his death, vice-president and manager of the Eclipse Whitewear Company Limited, founded by his father, the late W. J. B. McCarter.

It is with a deep sense of the sorrow and tragedy of war that the *Review* records the death of LIEUTENANT WILLIAM DAVID KING (S.A.C. 1936-1937), which has just been announced as we go to press, in a flying accident at Camp Borden. Our deepest sympathy goes to his young wife and to his mother, Mrs. W. C. King, of Aurora, who has already suffered so much in the loss of her son Perry (1938-1939) when flying in the Mediterranean, and in anxiety for his twin brother Dale (1938-1939) now a prisoner in Germany.

LIFE MEMBERS OF THE ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE
OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION

LIFE MEMBERS

ACTON, J. C.	38 Chatsworth Dr.
ARMSTRONG, T. G.	1172 Mt. Pleasant Rd.
BELL, J. D.	93 Highland Ave.
BICKELL, J. P.	25 King St. W.
BOYD, W. M.	Canadian Cottons Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.
CAMERON, JACK A.	388 St. James St. W., Montreal, P.Q.
CAMERON, D. G.	34 Pine St., Welland, Ont.
CAMERON, K. G.	34 Pine St., Welland, Ont.
CARRICK, D. D.	29 Whitehall Rd.
CLARK, CHRISTIE T.	242 Dunvegan Rd.
COBBAN, W. A.	30 Golfdale Rd.
COLLINS, WALTER A.	Walkerton, Ont.
COPLAN, H. P.	7 Clemow Ave., Ottawa.
DUNLAP, MOFFAT D.	31 Forest Hill Rd.
EATON, T. C.	190 Yonge St.
ELLIS, E. H.	384 Adelaide St. W.
FINLAY, W. G.	16 Ormsby Cres.
FRANCESCHINI, JAMES	417 Lake Shore Rd., Mimico.
GOOD, J. M.	"Goodholme", London, Ont.
GORDON, T. C.	172 Niagara St., Welland, Ont.
GOURLAY, W. B.	540 Stradbrook Ave., Winnipeg, Man.
GRAND, ARTHUR M.	8 Wellington St. W.
HANNA, W. B.	120 Duke St.
HEINTZMAN, C. T.	Thornhill, Ont.
HOUSSER, H. B.	251 Warren Rd.
JOHNSTON, Kenneth	47 Oriole Parkway.
KILGOUR, R. C.	312 Russell Hill Rd.
LOVERING, WM. L.	22 Thornwood Rd.
McAVITY, PERCY D.	17 Coulson Ave.
McCOLL, JOHN B.	150 Farnham Ave.
McKENZIE, DR. K. G.	120 Roehampton Ave.
MARLATT, K. A. W.	Oakville, Ont.
MILNE, DONALD W.	Temagami, Ont.
SINCLAIR, D. M.	28 Howland Ave.
TAYLOR, AUSTIN	555 Burrard St., Vancouver, B.C.
THIELE, A. R.	22 Duke St., Waterloo, Ont.
TINDALL, J. A. B.	2837 Yonge St.
WALLACE, CLARENCE W.	1250-54th Ave. W., Vancouver, B.C.
WHYTOCK, J. W.	Eaton Hall Farm, Eversley P.O., Ont.
WISHART, DR. D. E. S.	10 Dale Ave.
WOOD, STUART, B.	Apartado 986, Lima, Peru, S.A.

HONORARY MEMBERS

DR. D. BRUCE MACDONALD	86 Woodlawn Ave.
CMDR. K. G. B. KETCHUM	R.C.N.C., Royal Roads, Victoria, B.C.
GORDON W. HEWITT	138 Douglas Drive.

MINUTES

MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION HELD AT THE UNIVERSITY CLUB, TORONTO, ON SATURDAY THE 29th DAY OF MAY, 1943, AT 2 P.M.

The President, J. W. Taylor, was in the Chair and the Secretary, Gordon Hewitt, acted as Secretary of the meeting. About seventy-five Old Boys were present, and the meeting was preceded by a Buffet Luncheon.

The following resolution was moved by Bill Hanna, seconded by Christie Clark and unanimously adopted.

Motion No. 1

"Inasmuch as the minutes of the last Annual Meeting were published in the Midsummer REVIEW for 1942, and distributed widely among our members, be it resolved that these Minutes be adopted without further reading."

The Chairman outlined to the meeting some of the activities of the Ladies' Guild in the interests of the school and of the Old Boys overseas. These included the sending of 134 Christmas Parcels overseas, the completion of the Senior Library and a donation of \$100.00 for the improvement of the Macdonald House Library.

On motion of Norman McPherson, seconded by Doug. Ross, the following resolution was unanimously carried.

Motion No. 2.

"The Association expresses its most grateful appreciation of the splendid support given to the School by the Ladies' Guild; and to the present boys in the school and the Ladies' Guild our sincerest thanks for their joint efforts on behalf of the Old Boys overseas."

The Chairman reported that during the past year Jack Beer, Bursar of the School and Treasurer of the Association had joined the army and that after two successors had come and gone, Mr. S. C. Bunting had assumed the office. The Chairman introduced Mr. Bunting and called upon him for the Financial Report* (See footnote.)

On motion of Ed. Simmons, duly seconded, the following resolution was adopted.

Motion No. 3.

"The Treasurer's report for the year ending March 31, 1942, as audited by T. P. Geggie, Chartered Accountant, be adopted, and that the expenditures therein be approved by the meeting. And be it further resolved that the thanks of the meeting be expressed to Mr. T. P. Geggie, an Old Boy, for his courtesy in conducting the audit."

The President gave his Report on the year's activities of which the following is a summary.

(a) Plans were prepared for a Farewell Party for the Headmaster, Commander Kenneth Ketchum, on the occasion of his leaving to assume his new duties as

*The Financial Report was published in the Midsummer number of the REVIEW and is not reprinted here.

Director of Studies at the Royal Canadian Naval College at Royal Roads, B.C., when his sudden illness prevented the plans from being carried out.

In this connection the President read a letter of greeting from Commander Ketchum to the Old Boys on the occasion of this annual meeting. He also read a telegram which he proposed to send in reply.

It was moved by Mr. Roy McMurtry, and generally acclaimed, that the proposed telegram and a letter of greeting and appreciation be sent to Commander Ketchum.

(b) The Council has co-operated with the School in making personal contact with parents and others who had enquired as to sending boys to the school. Approximately 25 persons were interviewed in this way and several new registrations resulted.

(c) In September, 1942, a circular letter was sent to a wide range of Old Boys urging membership in the Association. A good response was obtained, bringing our total paid up membership to 251, including 40 Life Members. The largest number in recent years. The Life Membership Fund now stands at \$1,000.00.

(d) In November, 1942, a "stag party" was held at the Albany Club at 5.30 one afternoon to give Old Boys an opportunity to meet Mr. John Garrett, Acting Headmaster. More than 50 Old Boys attended. This was preceded, earlier in the day, by a luncheon at which Mr. Garrett was the guest of members of the Council.

(e) In March, 1943, the paid-up members were invited to attend and support the Cadet Corps' Dance, held at the Granite Club. A number attended and helped to swell the surplus proceeds for the Red Cross Fund.

(f) The Council proposes that the recent retirement of Misses Bessie and Daisy Brooks and Ernie Fleming be recognized in a manner befitting their long and faithful service to the school and the deep affection in which they are held by all Old Boys. It is proposed also to include a fitting recognition of Ernie Chapman, to whom such a tribute from the Old Boys is long overdue.

(g) The Council also recommends that Gordon Hewitt, who is retiring from the Secretaryship of the Association after 8 years in that office, be elected an Honorary Life Member. There are at present three such Honorary Life Members, namely:

Dr. Macdonald,

Mr. Justice Ainsley Green and

Commander Ketchum.

On motion duly seconded, the following resolution was passed:

"That Gordon W. Hewitt be elected an Honorary Life Member of the St. Andrew's College Old Boys' Association."

Amendment to Constitution.

The President reported that the Council had been considerably depleted by enlistments in the Armed Forces and that the annual retirement of one-third of the members, contemplated by the Constitution, would seriously affect the continuity of experienced personnel on the Council. It is recommended by the Executive Committee, after having referred that recommendation to all members of Council, that the following resolution be passed by this meeting:

Motion No. 5.

That the part of Section B., Article 5, of the Constitution, which reads as follows:

"One-third of the members of the Council shall retire each year, in succession, and shall not be eligible for re-election until the expiration of one year after such retirement . . ."

be suspended until the end of hostilities.

On motion duly seconded, the resolution was unanimously carried.

Election of Council

On Motion of J. D. Wood, seconded by Fred Ferguson, the following resolution was unanimously carried.

Motion No. 6.

Whereas the Council through its Executive Committee has appointed new members of the Council to replace those retiring through enlistment in the armed services, or otherwise, and whereas notice of such election has been given to the members of the Association, be it resolved that this meeting approve the following list of appointments:

Patron: The Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., L.L.D.

Hon. President: The Headmaster.

President: Joe Taylor (1909-17) Toronto, Ont.

Vice-Presidents: Norman M. McLeod (1913-17) Ottawa, Ont.

C. Harry Boothe (1907-11) Hamilton, Ont.

Roy M. Lowndes (1906-12) Toronto, Ont.

Geo. B. McPherson (1902-10) Toronto, Ont.

Toronto Members: Christie T. Clark (1902-10)

Robert S. Hannam (1923-27)

R. George McLean (1930-36)

J. Douglas Wood (1911-18)

Ed. W. Simmons (1918-25)

Gordon W. Hewitt (1911-19)

Ex-officio Members: *Secretary*—Gibbs Blackstock (1899-1906)

No. 52 Warren Road, Toronto.

Treasurer—S. C. Bunting, St. Andrew's College,
Aurora, Ontario.

Out-Of-Town Members: G. E. Whitaker (1908-16) Brockville, Ont.

Harold I. Smith (1916-18) London, Ont.

Pro. W. A. Mackintosh (1911-12) Kingston, Ont.

G. Drummond Birks (1933-36) Montreal, Que.

Russell T. Black (1915-20) Montreal, Que.

R. M. Balfour (1912-15) Regina, Sask.

G. Irving Detweiler (1926-28) Rochester, N.Y.

W. D. Lightbourne (1915-18) Paget West, Bermuda

J. Harlan Yuill (1915-17) Medicine Hat, Alta.

Clarence Wallace (1911-12) Vancouver, B.C.

Donald Cantley (1911-16) New Glasgow, N.S.

Ed. Cossitt (1913-15) Brockville, Ont.

Arnold R. Thiele (1937-42) Aurora, Ont.

On motion of Dr. Macdonald, seconded by Arnold Davidson, Christie Clark and Gibbs Blackstock, a resolution of thanks and appreciation of Joe Taylor was unanimously acclaimed. Dr. Macdonald also expressed on behalf of the Association, appreciation to the members of the Council.

Joe Taylor, as President, acknowledged the resolution on behalf of himself and the members of Council and paid tribute to the loyal support which he had received throughout the years from the members of Council and in particular from the Vice-President and Executive Committee.

The President proposed a silent Toast to the Old Boys who had fallen in defence of their country. Over one hundred having died in the first great war and fifteen in the present struggle.

As the members stood in silence, Dr. Macdonald read the names of those who have given their lives in the present war.

The President proposed a toast to the present school, to which toast Mr. Garratt responded as Acting Headmaster, giving a brief résumé of the important events of the year.

The meeting then adjourned.

GORDON W. HEWITT,
Secretary

J. W. TAYLOR,
President

OVERSEAS MAIL

Life goes on here in much the same way—firing practice, etc. within the limits of our petrol allowance. Bill Macdonald is now adjutant and doing a good job of it too. I was on a gunnery course about a month ago with Hammie Grass—most interesting.

DYSON SLATER (27-34)

At last things seem to be reaching the stage where some action may develop but as yet, many of us have had very little change in our routine army existence. At the present time I'm trying to get together a cricket team for a game against a local Eleven. Last night I called Dave, Fred and Peter Rea to see if they could make it—also Bill Pentland. I am working, too, on other Little Big Four Old Boys from U.C.C. and Ridley.

BILL MACDONALD (21-30)

The maple sugar arrived last week in excellent condition. It is a very "sweet" memory of you all.

Col. Montgomery is the only St. Andrew's Old Boy I see regularly. He spends each week-end with us.

C. A. MCINTOSH (16-17)

I wish to thank you very much for the piece of maple sugar which I received today. This is the first I have heard from the school since my arrival overseas, and I am very pleased to think that you have not forgotten me. It is hard to express how good it is to receive candy over here, because, as you know, it is impossible to obtain here, with the exception of the odd bar you might be lucky enough to get in the canteen.

KEN BROWN (36-38)

Your parcel of maple sugar was received today. It was delicious and everyone enjoyed it. I had almost forgotten just how good it tasted. The parcel came to my office and it wasn't long before the wolves of the other offices joined in and had it finished in practically no time.

G. B. POCKLINGTON (36-37)

I just received the Xmas number of *THE REVIEW* upon my return from North Africa where I have been since last Xmas, and I was very much interested to read all about the College and the Old Boys.

I had a most interesting and exciting time while in Tunisia and consider myself very lucky to be still in one piece. I am very fine and fit after my recent experience, and all ready for the next show.

DON HAMILTON (07-12)

My sincere thanks for the maple sugar. As a non-smoker, it is appreciated more than a package of cigarettes! Every now and then I see an old S.A.C. boy, usually during lunch hours at the officers' club.

L. C. MONTGOMERY (09-12)

We now have our own cottage, and you can imagine what a grand time I have on leaves, buried away in the pastoral loveliness of the quaint, old-fashioned county seat of Angus, Forfar, with its cobblestoned streets, its stone houses and old style architecture. From our garden we get a lovely view of the vale of Strathmore and the majestic Grampians, purple with heather. In places like this, if it weren't for the occasional plane overhead, you would never know there was a war on.

JOHN LEVESCONTE (22-26)

From time to time I have been lucky enough to run into familiar Andean faces, and it always gives me a big kick. Usually they are chance meetings and there is too much to say in too short a time! Fred Rea is with us once again, which keeps St. Andrew's doubly represented in this unit.

I look forward to visiting the school in the near future when this is all over.

DRUMMOND BIRKS (33-36)

I am very grateful for the parcel. The book and cards will see me through many otherwise dull hours, thank you. This is hardly the way to visit this country,* but so far things have gone reasonably well.

ALLEN GRAHAM (27-33)

Life over here is very different from when I was over six years ago, but it is remarkable how well the English people get along. It makes you think of the few privations we had at home and all our grumbling over them. One of the things I miss most is sugar. As you know, sweets are very scarce over here, and anything in that line is deeply appreciated. The maple sugar was a rare treat, I assure you.

COUTLANDT MORLOCK (36-38)

Since my last letter to you, I have obtained my commission, having received it on Good Friday. It is rather peculiar, as I landed in this country three years ago on Good Friday as a corporal.

GORDON MARTIN (1925)

Maple sugar is much in demand over here, and when some of us get some it is a gala day. Pancakes eaten with watered "treacle" are not a good dish, or have we Canadians been spoiled? I have run into many old Andeans here, some of whom I did not know. The thing that amazed me was that some of the ones who were there after me are grown so big! I must admit I was rather shocked to realize that it was over ten years since I was at Aurora!

BILL JENNINGS (28-32)

The parcel was forwarded from my last address in England. I am now in North Africa, which is hot, dusty, and a paradise for lizards, scorpions and the omnipresent mosquito.

ALFRED DEAN (20-25)

*Note: This letter was written from a prison camp in Italy.

Doubtless you know more about our activities than we do. The Sicilian campaign from our standpoint consisted of some periods of intense excitement, terrific heat and the all pervading dust and smell. This Italian campaign so far is a holiday more than anything else, because we have had very little action, although we have travelled a very long distance. The country itself is much more pleasant.

No doubt you would like what news I can give about the Old Boys. Bill Buchanan is a Lieutenant in the Artillery. During the entire Sicilian campaign he was attached to us, and we jointly dove many times for foxholes when that institution became very necessary and most sought after. Ed Fee is a Pte. in one of our companies and doing a grand job.

FRANK McEACHREN (31-37)

I have seen Doug Lough, Dave Ely and Johnny Coleman since I have been out here, so I guess that the old school is doing its bit in this part of the world. So far we have had wonderful weather, but unfortunately we are starting to feel the beginning of the rainy season. However, this is part of the game.

BILL TURNBULL (26-31)

I see a great many Old Boys over here, and recently had talks with Capt. Don Carrick and attended the Staff College with Capt. Bill Lovering.

HOWARD S. SMITH (19-21)

Thank you very much for the maple sugar. It is wonderful to taste a bit of real Canada. I shared mine with some children nearby who, though rather dubious at first, soon begged for more. Sweets of any sort are quite a treat for them, and maple sugar a complete novelty. Even Tuck was never that good.

ROBERT ARMSTRONG (22-27)

Just a note to thank you for the parcel of maple sugar. I have returned from a three weeks' attachment with the British Army and my mail has had a bit of trouble catching up with me. It is very good of you all to look after us so well. I'm sure we do not deserve it! I also received the REVIEW the other day, and found it extremely interesting. There are a lot of Old Boys on active service, and they seem to be doing well. Please give my best to any of the staff who were there in 1929.

PETER SPENCE (28-29)

The maple sugar was dandy, and a welcome change from the little plain chocolate we get from time to time. On my last leave I spent a day at Harrow, and found it to be a wonderful school—very up-to-date now, but the old Sixth Form room dates back to 1580!

ANTHONY L. SMITH (25-26)

My thanks for the very excellent "chunk" of maple sugar received today. The cook melts it down so that we can have it on pancakes, and marvellous it is too.

Mark Ely has just finished a tour of duty at this H.Q., and Don Meyers, Tuddy's brother-in-law, has been our B.M. until quite recently—so you see, we are quite Andrean. Col. Timmins had dinner with us not long ago, but his news of S.A.C. was not of recent date owing to his almost continuous crossings back and forth.

GORDON CASSELS (03-12)

Thanks ever so much for the novel. It came as a welcome gift, as I always like some reading matter when off watch. Lately we have been so busy we were unable to get fresh reading material, so the novel came into use immediately and the other fellows on the ship enjoyed it also.

Lately I have run into a couple of the Old Boys, namely, Fred Diver, and Pepper Martin, who has just finished Kings. At present he is playing a bang-up game of Rugby as quarter-back for the Halifax Navy Team.

I was sorry to hear Mr. Fleming and Miss Daisy Brookes have retired.

FRED HOPKINS (37-41)

Acknowledgments also from: C. L. HERTZBERG (1901), J. L. BOYES (28-29), DONALD HAMILTON (07-12), GRAY EAKINS (11-16), BRUCE KING (11-22), E. R. ALLEN (03-05), G. R. MCGREGOR (17-20).

OLD BOYS ON ACTIVE SERVICE

Additions or corrections to this list will be welcomed. The names of Old Boys overseas are marked with an asterisk.

ACHESON, W. G. G. (Smn.).....	R.C.N.
ACKERMAN, J. H. (Lieut.).....	Can Inf.
ACLAND, E. C. (Lt.-Col.).....	R.C.A.
*ADAMS, A. J. (Lieut.).....	R.C.C. Signals
*ADAMS, W. H., D.F.C. (Sqn. Ldr.).....	R.C.A.F.
*ADAMSON, E. G. (Sgt.).....	Can. Inf.
*ALLEN, E. R., M.C. (Major).....	Can. Forestry Corps
*ANGUS, W. G. (Capt.).....	C.A.C.
ANKENMANN, R. D. (Sub.-Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
ANNAND, E. J. (Pte.).....	Can. Inf.
*APPLEGARTH, A. W. (Pte.).....	R.C.A.M.C.
APPLEGATH, W. G. (Pte.).....	R.C.A.M.C. (Invalided home)
ARCHIBALD, H. E. (2nd Lieut.).....	R.C.E.
*ARMSTRONG, R. W. (Lt.-Col.).....	R.C.H.A.
ARMSTRONG, T. G. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.
ASPEN, A. K. (Group Capt.).....	R.C.A.F.
AUGUSTINE, A. J. (A.C.1.).....	R.C.A.F.
*AULD, J. A. C. (Lieut.).....	Q.O.R.
*BALL, B. R. (Capt.).....	Royal Scots Greys
BALLON, E. M. (Cadet).....	R.C.N.V.R.
BARBER, J. D. (Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
*BARBER, K. D. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
BARCLAY, W. C. (Capt.).....	48th Highlanders
BARRETT, J. F. (Fl. Lieut.).....	R.C.A.F.
*BARTRAM, J. ROI (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.
*BATCHELOR, V. L. (Flt. Engr.).....	R.C.A.F.
BEDELL, L. W. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.
BEER, G. A. (Pte.).....	U.S. Army
BEER, W. A. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
*BELL, J. D. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.
*BELL, S. C. (Capt.).....	Can. Inf.
*BELL, W. G. (Pte.).....	Can. Inf.

BERRY, S. N. (L./Cpl.).....	Veteran's Guard (Invalided home)
BIRKETT, E. D.	R.C.A.F.
*BIRKS, G. D. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
*BLACK, B. H. (F/O).....	R.C.A.F.
*BLACKSTOCK, T. G. (Capt.).....	
BOOTH, D. W. (Lieut.).....	Veterans' Guard.
*BOYD, D. G. S. (L.A.C.).....	R.C.A.F.
*BOYES, J. L. (1st Lieut.).....	R.C.A.
BRICKENDEN, G. M. (O/Seaman).....	R.C.N.V.R.
BROOME, R. M. (Trooper).....	C.A.C.
BROWN, C. C.....	R.C.A.F.
BROWN, J. L. (Capt.).....	C.R.U.
*BROWN, K. (Cpl.).....	C.I.R.U.
BROWN, R. F. (Fl. Lieut.).....	R.C.A.F.
BROWN, R. B. M. (A.C.2.).....	R.C.A.F.
BRUCE, G. N. (Lt. Cmdr.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
BRYDON, E. D.....	R.C.O.C.
BRYDON, T. D.....	R.C.O.C.
*BUCHANAN, W. G. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.
BURNS, J. M. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
BURROWS, F. E. (Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
BURRY, J. A. (Capt.).....	Can. Inf.
BURTON, R. B. (Capt.).....	Can. Inf.
CALHOUN, J. W. (Pte.).....	Can. Inf.
CALHOUN, W. G.....	R.C.A.F.
CAMERON, D. A.....	U.S. Army
CAMERON, D. G. (O/Seaman).....	R.C.N.V.R.
*CAMERON, K. G. (Pte.).....	C.I.R.U.
CAMPBELL, J. R. P. (Sgt.).....	R.C.A.S.C.
*CARELESS, W. D. S. (Capt.).....	R.C.A.S.C.
CARLING-KELLY, C. (Wing Cmdr.).....	R.C.A.F.
*CARRICK, D. D. (Capt.).....	C.M.H.Q.
CARSON, A. S. (Cpl.).....	R.C.A.F.
*CARSON, H. T. (Lieut.).....	C.A.C.
*CASE, K. M. (Capt.).....	C.O.R.U.
*CASSELS, G. T., M.C., O.B.E. (Major).....	R.C.A.
CASSELS, J. G. (Capt.).....	R.C.A.
*CASWELL, J. W. (Surg. Lt. Cmdr.).....	R.N.
*CATTLE, R. T. (Lieut.).....	U.S. Army
CHAPMAN, N. H. (Lt.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
CHIPMAN, J. R. (Cadet).....	R.C.N.C.
CHOPPIN, J. S. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
*CHRISTIE, G. J. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
CHUBB, A. G. (Capt.).....	Can. Inf.
CLAGUE, V. G. (A.C.2.).....	R.C.A.F.
CLARKSON, M. B. E. (Sub. Lt.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
COBBAN, W. A. (Sub. Lt.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
*COCKFIELD, A. S. (Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
COCKFIELD, J. G. (Lieut.).....	R.C.O.C.
COCKING, A. H. (Fl. Lieut.).....	R.C.A.F.
CODY, JAY (A.C.2.).....	R.C.A.F.
COHEN, I. G. (A.C.2.).....	R.C.A.F.

*COLEMAN, J. U.....	
*COLLINS, W. A. (Sgt.).....	R.C.A.
CORNISH, C. M. (Capt.).....	Can. Dental Corps
CORSON, R. R. (2nd Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
*COUSINS, D. F. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
COWAN, R. B. (Fl. Lt.).....	R.C.A.F.
COX, E. R. (Sgt.).....	Can. Inf.
*COX, H. M. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
CRAWFORD, E. H. (A.C.2).....	R.C.A.F.
CRAWFORD, S. H. (Major).....	Can. Inf.
*CROOKSHANK, W. S. (Pte.).....	C.B.O.D.
*CUMBERLAND, R. C. A. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
DAVERN, W. A. (Major).....	Can. Inf.
*DAVIES, H. E. (Fl. Lt.).....	R.C.A.F.
DAVIS, H. (O/Seaman).....	R.C.N.V.R.
*DAVIS, J. E. (Lieut.).....	C.A.C.
*DEAN, A. S. (Pte.).....	C.M.H.Q.
DEAN, H. F. (P/O).....	R.C.A.F.
DEAN, M. P. (Capt.).....	
DEAN, W. G. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.
DE ŠHERBININ, I. E., M.C. (Lieut.).....	Ordnance Depot
*DICK, W. C. (Capt.).....	Can. Inf.
*DICKIE, D. M. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
*DICKIE, P. M. (L/Cpl.).....	Can. Inf.
DINNICK, J. S. (Capt.).....	R.C.A.
*DINNICK, W. S. (Capt.).....	Can. Inf.
DIVER, F. A.....	R.C.N.V.R.
DIVER, V. J. (Sgt.).....	R.C.A.F.
*DODD, E. W. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
DONNELLY, T. H. G. (Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
*DONOVAN, J. H. (P/O).....	R.C.A.F.
*DUNBAR, A. W. (Capt.).....	Can. Inf.
*DUNBAR, E. G. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.
DUNCANSON, A. E. (Lt.-Col.).....	H.Q. (D.S.O., V.D., A.D.C)
*DUNCANSON, A. A. (Major).....	Can. Inf.
DUNLAP, J. C. (Capt.).....	C.A.P.O.
*DUNLAP, D. M. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
*EAKINS, C. G. (H/Capt.).....	R.C.A.
EAKINS, R. E. (Sub. Lt.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
EAKINS, J. W. (Sub. Lt.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
EASSON, J. M. (Major).....	Can. Inf.
*EATON, J. W. (Major).....	C.M.H.Q.
ELLIS, B. S. (Sub. Lt.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
ELLIS, E. H. (F/O).....	R.C.A.F.
*ELY, D. R. (Major).....	R.C.A.
*ELY, R. M. (Capt.).....	R.C.A.
ERICSON, A. C. (Sub. Lt.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
*FEE, E. S. (Pte.).....	Can. Inf.
FINDLAY, A. G. (Fl. Lt.).....	R.C.A.F.
FINDLAY, D. G.....	R.C.A.F.
FINLAY, W. G. (Sub. Lt.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
FLEMMING, D. P. (Gnr.).....	Can. Inf.

FLEMMING, J. H. (Fl. Sgt.).....	R.C.A.F.
FISHER, R. A. (Lieut.).....	Engineers, H.Q.
FORBES, C. A. (Spr.).....	R.C.A.
FORGIE, J. M. (Major).....	R.C.A.
FOSTER, A. A. (Fl. Lt.).....	R.C.A.F.
FOSTER, T. H. (Cpl.).....	R.C.A.F.
FRASER, J. D., V.D., A.D.C. (Lt.-Col.).....	Princess Louise Dragoon Guards
*FRASER, N. P. (Capt.).....	R.C.A.M.C.
FROST, G. M. (A.C.2.).....	R.C.A.F.
FRITH, P. C.....	R.C.A.F.
*GANONG, J. E. (Lt.-Col.).....	Can. Inf.
GARDNER, E. P. (L.A.C.).....	R.C.A.F.
GARRATT, J. A. (A.C.2.).....	R.C.A.F.
GEILS, A. G. (L.A.C.).....	R.C.A.F.
GERHART, E. C.....	R.C.A.
GERHART, T. L.....	Signal Corps
GOOD, J. R. (Jr. P/O).....	R.C.N.V.R.
*GOODEVE, W. G. (N.A.2.).....	Royal Naval Air Service
GORDON, G. O. (Lieut.).....	Can. Forestry Corps
GORDON, T. C. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
*GOSSAGE, DR. C. D. (Lt. Col.).....	R.C.A.M.C.
GOURLAY, W. B. (P/O).....	R.C.A.F.
GRAHAM, R. L. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.
*GRAHAM, R. J. (Capt.).....	H.Q.
GRAHAM, J. S. (Sub. Lt.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
*GRAHAM, DR. A. F., M.C. (Capt.).....	R.C.A.M.C. (Prisoner-of-war)
*GRANGE, J. H. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.
GRANT, D. A., M.C. (Lt.-Col.).....	Royal Can. Dragoons
GRANT, R. A. (Pte.).....	Can. Inf.
GRANT, R. W.....	
*GRASS, R. (Lieut.).....	C.A.C.R.U.
*GRASS, W. H. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.
GREEN, J. A. (Pte.).....	R.C.A.
GREEN, J. L. (P/O).....	R.C.A.F.
*GRIER, C. B. (P/O).....	R.C.A.F.
GURTON, D. H. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
HAAS, M. S. (Lt.-Col.).....	R.C.O.C.
*HAMBLY, G. A. (Capt.).....	Can. Inf.
*HAMILTON, C. D., M.M. (Sgt.).....	R.C.A.S.C.
HAMILTON, J. H. (Capt.).....	Can. Inf.
HAMILTON, H. D. (Writer).....	R.C.N.V.R.
HAMILTON, H. H. (A.C.2.).....	R.C.A.F.
HAMILTON, H. K., Sr. (Major).....	Can. Inf.
*HAMILTON, H. K., Jr. (F/O).....	R.C.A.F.
HAMPSON, L. G. (Sub. Lt.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
*HANNA, G. W. (Gnr.).....	R.C.A.
*HARRIS, R. J. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
HASTINGS, T. R. (Sub. Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
HATCH, S. R. (Capt.).....	R.C.A.S.C.
*HEATHER, W. M. (Sgt. Pilot).....	R.C.A.F.
*HEGGIE, R. L. (Sgt.).....	R.C.A.
HEINTZMAN, C. H. (L.A.C.).....	R.C.A.F.

*HETHRINGTON, T. E. (Lieut.).....	Q.O.R.	
*HERTZBERG, C. S. L. (Major-Gen.).....	Can. Inf.	(M.C., C.B.)
HILLARY, DR. N. L. (Capt.).....	R.C.A.M.C.	
HINDMARSH, J. C. (2nd Lieut.).....	G.G.H.G.	
HOLDEN, J. P. N., (Capt.).....		
HOLLIDAY, D. H. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.	
HOME, L. G. (F/O).....	R.C.A.F.	
*HOME, H. M. (Capt.).....	R.C.O.C.	
*HOOD, D. M. (L.A.C.).....	R.C.A.F.	
HOPKINS, F. H. (O/Seaman).....	R.C.N.V.R.	
*HOUSSER, J. G. (Capt.).....	Can. Inf. (Prisoner-of-war)	
*HOWE, P. J. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.	
HUESTON, E. H. (Sgt.).....	R.C.A.	
HUESTON, W. M. (Pte.).....	C.I.T.C.	
*HUNGERFORD, G. C. (Capt.).....	Can. Inf.	
HUNTER, D. C. (Pte.).....	C.I.C.	
INGRAHAM, H. A. W. (P/O).....	R.C.A.F.	
*JENNINGS, I. L. (Capt.).....	R.C.A.S.C.	
*JENNINGS, W. G. (Lieut.).....	G.H.Q.	
*JOHNSON, J. H. (Midshipman).....	R.C.N.	
JOHNSTON, H. A. (Lt.-Col.).....	Can. Inf.	(D.S.O., M.C.)
JOHNSTON, K. M. (Sub. Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.	
*JOHNSTON, R. R. (Lieut.).....	C.A.R.U.	
JOHNSTON, S. B. (A.C.).....	R.A.F.	
JUNKIN, R. L., M.C. (Lt.-Col.).....	R.C.E.	
*KATES, E. H. (Capt.).....	Intelligence	
*KEMP, W. A. (Trooper).....	Can. Concert Parties	
KENT, J. H. (Capt.).....	H.Q.	
KENT, G. L. (Lt.-Col.).....	R.C.A.	
*KENT, M. G. (P/O).....	R.C.A.F.	
KETCHUM, K. G. B. (Cmdr.).....	R.C.N.C.	
*KILGOUR, A. R. (Lieut.).....	R.C.O.C.	
KILGOUR, R. G.....	Can. Inf.	
KILMER, J. E. (Cadet).....	R.C.N.C.	
*KILPATRICK, D. B. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.	
*KILPATRICK, J. R. M. (Midshipman).....	R.C.N.V.R.	
*KING, B. B. (Lt.-Col.).....	C.M.H.Q.	
*KING, D. (P/O).....	R.C.A.F. (Prisoner-of-war)	
*KINGSMILL, C. D. (Major).....	C.A.C.	
*KINGSTON, H. C. (Lieut.).....	R.N.V.R.	
KINLEY, G. J.....	R.C.A.F.	
KINSEY, J. L. (L.A.C.).....	R.C.A.F.	
*LAURIN, C. J. (Lt.-Col.).....	H.Q., C.R.U.	
LEES, C. S. (F/O).....	R.C.A.F.	
*LEISHMAN, G. E. (Sqd. Ldr.).....	R.C.A.F.	
LEISHMAN, E. E.....	R.C.N.V.R.	
LEISHMAN, N. G.....	R.C.A.F.	
LEMON, A. V. (Lieut.).....	R.C.O.C.	
LENTZ, W. O. (1st Lieut.).....	U.S. Air Service Command	
*LeVESCONTE, J. F. (Pte.).....	Can. Inf.	
*LIGHTBOURN, REV. G. O. (Group Capt.).....	R.C.A.F.	
LOFFT, W. A. (Sub. Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.	

LORWAY, C. R. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
*LOUGH, C. D. (Major).....	Can. Inf.
*LOVERING, W. L. (Capt.).....	R.C.A.
LOWNDES, R.H.M. (Major).....	R.C.A.S.C.
MacAGY, G. K. (Major).....	Can. Inf.
MacASKILL, D.....	R.C.N.V.R.
*MacBrien, J. J. (Midshipman).....	R.C.N.
MACDONALD, DR. E. S. (Surg. Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
MacDONALD, G. C. (Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
MACDONALD, JAMES F. (P/O).....	R.C.A.F.
MACDONALD, JOHN F. (Sub. Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
MACDONALD, A. B. (Lieut.).....	C.A.S.C.
*MACDONALD, D. S. (Pte.).....	C.I.H.U.
*MACDONALD, DR. I. B. (Surg. Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
*MACDONALD, W. B. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.
*MACDONALD, J. D. (Capt.).....	R.C.A.
*MacINTOSH, C. D. (Fl. Sgt.).....	R.C.A.F. (Missing)
MacINTOSH, C. T. H. (F/O).....	R.C.A.F.
*MacINTOSH, D. G. K. (W/O).....	R.C.A.F.
*MacKENZIE, A. B. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.
MacLAREN, D. A. M. (Major).....	R.C.A.
*MACLACHAN, K. S. (Lt.-Col.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
*MACRAE, D. G. (Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
MACRAE, J. M. (Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
McCALL, R. D. (Shipwright).....	R.C.N.V.R.
McCAUSLAND, C.....	R.C.A.F.
McCLELLAND, J. G. (Sub. Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
*McCOLL, J. B. (Fl. Lt.).....	R.C.A.F.
*McCOUBREY, A. F. (Lieut.).....	R.C.E.
*McEACHREN, F. F. (Capt.).....	Can. Inf.
McFARLANE, R. W.....	R.C.A.F.
McGIBBON, D. S. (L.A.C.).....	R.C.A.F.
McGREGOR, G. R. (Group Capt.).....	R.C.A.F.
*McINTOSH, C. A. (Lt.-Col.).....	R.C.A.M.C.
*McKAY, R. W. (Tpr.).....	Cdn. Grenadier Guards
McKENZIE, W. A. (Pte.).....	Can. Inf.
McPHAIL, J. D. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
McPHERSON, W. M. (Sub. Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
McTAGGART, F. G. (Sub. Lieut.).....	R.C.A.F.
McVEAN, D. P. (I/Cpl.).....	Can. Inf.
McVEAN, J. A. (Sub. Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
MALCOLM, E. B.....	R.C.A.F.
MARLATT, K. A. W. (Fl. Sgt.).....	R.C.A.F.
*MASON, N. M. (Sgt.).....	R.C.A.
MARTIN, C. B. (Pte.).....	U.S. Army
*MARTIN, G. G. (Lieut.).....	C.O.R.U.
MARTIN, J. A. (Coder).....	R.C.N.V.R.
*MASSEY, DENTON (Group Capt.).....	R.C.A.F.
MASSEY, RAYMOND (Major).....	H.Q.
MEREDITH, A. K. (O/Seaman).....	R.C.N.V.R.
MICKLEBOROUGH, K. G. (Major).....	R.C.A.S.C.
*MILLIGAN, B. M. (2nd Lieut.).....	C.A.C.

(D.F.C.)

MILLIGAN, F. S., M.C. (Lt.-Col.).....	R.C.E.
*MILLWARD, J. B., D.F.C. (Sqdn. Ldr.).....	R.C.A.F.
MITCHELL, H. B. (W/O).....	R.C.A.F.
*MITCHELL, J. H. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.
*MONTGOMERY, L. C., M.C. (Col.).....	C.M.H.Q.
*MOORES, W. T. (Lt. Bdr.).....	R.C.A.
*MORLOCK, F. C. (P/O).....	R.C.A.F.
*MORLOCK, J. F. (Major).....	R.C.A.
MORTON, D. C. (Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
MORTON, H. S. (Surg. Comdr.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
MORTON, P. S. A. (Sqdn. Ldr.).....	R.C.A.F.
MORTON, R. E. A. (Lt.-Col.).....	C.A.C.
*MORTON, R. O. G. (Bdr.).....	R.C.A.
MOSELEY, P. V. (F/O).....	R.C.A.F.
MOSS, A. F. (Pte.).....	U.S. Army
*MURCHISON, J. A. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
MUSSEN, H. N. (2nd Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
NETTLETON, J. C. F. (Boy).....	R.C.O.C.
*NICHOLLS, F. I. (Capt.).....	Can. Inf. (Prisoner-of-war)
NOONAN, E. B. (Lieut.).....	U.S. Army
O'BRIEN, G. A. (2nd Lieut.).....	R.C.A.
O'BRIAN, G. S. (Group Capt.).....	R.C.A.F.
*O'BRIAN, J. A. (P/O).....	R.C.A.F.
*O'CONNOR, G. D. (Sapper).....	R.E.
*O'HARA, J. W. (Sgt. Pilot).....	R.C.A.F. (Missing)
OLIVER, E. S. (Sgt.).....	R.C.A.
O'HARA, W. S.	R.C.A.F.
ORGILL, H. D. B.	R.C.A.F.
ORUM, R. C.	A.T.C.
PARKER, J. (Sqdn. Ldr.).....	R.C.A.F.
*PATTEN, A. R. (Lieut.).....	R.C.O.C.
*PATTERSON, D. S. (Wing Cmdr.).....	R.C.A.F.
PATTERSON, G. C. S. (Lieut.).....	C.M.H.Q.
PATTERSON, J. E. (A.C.2.).....	R.C.A.F.
*PEACE, G. D. (Cadet).....	Cadet School
PEACE, W. W. (Capt.).....	Can. Inf.
PEARSON, K. G. (Fl. Sgt.).....	R.C.A.F.
PECKOVER, G. H. (1st Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
*PENTLAND, W. T. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
*PERRIN, J. D. (Sub. Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
*PHIBBS, G. O. G. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
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*PIPE, G. F. (Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
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POCKLINGTON, H. N.	Disposal Co.
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*POWER, C. N. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
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QUA, W. A. (Fl. Lt.).....	R.C.A.F.
RAMSEY, A. R. (Major).....	Can. Inf.
RAWSON, E. O. (A.C.2.).....	R.C.A.F.
*REA, D. K. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.

*REA, F. T. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
*REA, P. C. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
*READ, J. J. C. (Lieut.).....	C.A.C.
*READ, T. H. W. (Fl. Lt.).....	R.C.A.F.
REID, W. D. (2nd Lieut.).....	R.C.A.
*REIVE, B. M. (Pte.).....	C.A.S.F.
RICHARDSON, C. D. (Fl. Lieut.).....	R.A.F.
RITCHIE, J. D. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.S.C.
*ROBERTSON, E. E. (Sub. Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
*ROBERTSON, J. C. (Sgt.).....	R.C.A.F.
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*ROBERTSON, DR. S. F. (Fl. Lt.).....	R.A.F.
ROBERTSON, DR. ROSS (Fl. Lt.).....	R.C.A.F.
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*ROLPH, R. H. (Sgt.).....	R.C.A.F.
ROSCOE, H. E. (P/O).....	R.C.A.F.
ROSS, J. D. F. (Capt.).....	Q.O.R.
ROWAN, D. H.....	R.C.A.F.
*ROWELL, B. R. (Pte.).....	R.C.A.M.C.
ROWELL, F. N. A. (F/O).....	R.C.A.F.
*RUTHERFORD, G. W. (P/O).....	R.C.A.F.
RUTTER, A. S. (Gnr.).....	R.C.A.
SABISTON, D. P. (Cadet).....	R.C.N.C.
SAUNDERS, R. P. (Col.).....	Can. Inf.
*SCYTHES, F. H. (F/O).....	R.A.F. (Prisoner-of-war)
*SEATON, J. D. (Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
*SENIOR, C. R. A. (Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
*SHAPLEY, J. M. (Major).....	R.C.A.M.C.
*SHARP, W. S. (Pte.).....	Can. Inf.
*SHAW, W. D. (Telegraphist).....	R.C.N.V.R.
SHIELDS, C. M.....	R.C.A.F.
*SHIELDS, W. J. (P/O).....	R.C.A.F.
*SHERIN, G. R. (Gnr.).....	R.C.A.
SHIRRIFF, M. C. (L/Coder).....	R.C.N.V.R.
*SILLIMAN, D. B. (Trooper).....	C.A.C.
*SIMPSON, G. R. (Signalman).....	C.A.A.F.
*SINCLAIR, W. W. (Capt.).....	Can. Armoured Regt.
*SISMAN, J. E. (F/O).....	R.C.A.F.
*SKEAFF, S. M. (Gnr.).....	R.C.A.
SKINNER, A. (Pte.).....	R.C.O.C.
*SLATER, N. D. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.
SLEMIN, H. C. (F/O).....	R.C.A.F.
*SLINGSBY, E. H. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.M.C.
SLOAN, J. R.....	R.C.A.F.
SLOGGETT, H. C.....	R.C.A.F.
SMART, E. W. (Capt.).....	Wartime Prices and Trade Board
*SMITH, A. L. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.
SMITH, C. F. (Fl. Sgt.).....	R.C.A.F.
*SMITH, H. S. (Capt.).....	Can. Inf.
*SMITH, K. S. (L/Cpl.).....	Can. Inf.
SMITH, N. F. (Major).....	R.C.A.

SMITH, K. B. F. (Capt.).....	
SMITH, W. T. C. (Lieut.).....	R.C.O.C.
SNELL, D. I.....	R.C.A.F.
*SOMERVILLE, H. A. (Major).....	R.C.A.P.C.
SPENCE, C. E. (Midshipman).....	R.C.N.V.R.
*SPENCE, P. M. (Capt.).....	R.C.A.M.C.
STAPELLS, R. B. (Cadet).....	R.C.N.C.
*STEWART, A. M. G. (Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
*STIRRETT, A. G. (Lieut.).....	R.C.O.C.
STRATHY, E. B. (Gnr.).....	R.C.A.
STUBBINGS, A. D. (P/O).....	R.C.A.F.
STRAITH, D. A. (O/Seaman).....	R.C.N.V.R.
STRAITH, J. L. (Lieut.).....	C.A.C.
SWEENY, C. H. (Sub. Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
*SWEEZY, R. J. (Lieut.).....	C.A.S.C.
SYER, C. R. E. (Pte.).....	Wartime Prices and Trade Board
*TAIT, G. W. (A.C.1.).....	R.C.A.F.
TEMBY, J. K.....	Naval Course
TEMPLE, C. M. (Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
*THOMSON, D. I. A. (L.A.C.).....	R.C.A.F.
THOMPSON, A. S. (2nd Lieut.).....	Can. Inf.
THOMPSON, E. W. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.S.C.
THOMPSON, E. W., Jr. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.S.C.
TINDALL, J. A. B. (A.C.2.).....	R.C.A.F.
TOTTENHAM, G. R. (Sub. Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
*TOYE, J. M. (Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
*TUCKER, J. D. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.
*TURNBULL, W. T. (Lieut.).....	R.C.A.S.C.
*URQUHART, A. M. (Capt.).....	Can. Forestry Corps
VALE, A. A. N. (Sqdn. Ldr.).....	R.C.A.F.
*VanLUVEN, J. A. (Cpl.).....	R.C.O.C.
WADDINGTON, N. R.....	R.C.A.F.
WADDS, R. W. (F/O).....	R.C.A.F.
*WADDS, W. B. (Capt.).....	Tank Corps
WALLACH, T. R. (Sgt.).....	R.C.A.F.
WALLER, R. E. (Sqdn. Ldr.).....	R.C.A.F.
WALMSLEY, J. L. (Sqdn. Ldr.).....	R.C.A.F.
WATT, IAN M. (Sgt. Pilot).....	R.C.A.F.
*WATTS, H. L. (Lieut.).....	R.C.E.
WEBSTER, K. L. (S.A.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
WELSH, C. F.....	R.C.A.F.
WHITAKER, E. G. (Major).....	R.C.A.
WHITE, F. L.....	R.C.A.F.
*WHITE, M. G. A. (Major).....	R.C.A.S.C.
WILKES, F. H., V.D. (Lt.-Col.).....	H.Q.
WILLIAMS, V. F. (L.A.C.).....	R.C.A.F.
WILSON, M. T. (Sub. Lieut.).....	R.C.N.V.R.
WINDEYER, R. C. (Cpl.).....	
YOUNG, J. W.....	R.C.A.F.
YUILE, J. W. (Wing Cmdr.).....	R.C.A.F.
ZEALAND, J. H. (L.A.C.).....	R.C.A.F.

WOUNDED

CARSON, H. T. (Lieut.), Princess Louise Dragoons.
 COUSINS, D. F. (Lieut.) Q.O.R.
 DICK, W. CLEMENT (Lieut.), R.H.L.I.
 NICHOLLS, F. I. (Capt.), Royal Reg. of Canada.
 SLINGSBY, E. H. (Lieut.), R.C.A.
 WATT, H. L. (Lieut.), R.C.E.

HONOURS

ADAMS, W. H. (Sqdn. Ldr.)—D.F.C.
 CARSON, H. T. (Lieut.)—M.C.
 CASSELS, G. T., M.C. (Major)—O.B.E.
 CHAPMAN, N. H. (Sub. Lieut.)—Mentioned in despatches.
 DICK, W. C. (Capt.)—Mentioned in despatches.
 GRAHAM, DR. A. F. (Capt.)—M.C.
 HERTZBERG, C. S. L., M.C., (Major-General)—C.B.
 McCURDY, J. A. D.—M.B.E.
 MCGREGOR, G. R. (Group Capt.)—D.F.C. and mentioned in despatches.
 MILLWARD, J. B. (Sqdn. Ldr.)—D.F.C.
 WADDS, R. W. (F.O.)—Mentioned in despatches.

DIED ON SERVICE

BARCLAY, W. S. (Air Gunner), R.C.A.F.
 CAMERON, R. J. (Flying Officer), R.C.A.F.
 CARRICK, A. C. (Lieut.), C.A.S.C.
 DAVISON, H. H. (Pilot Officer), R.C.A.F.
 DENTON, G. C. (Test Observer), R.A.F., Ferry Command.
 DRURY, C. R. (Sergeant), 5th Field Ambulance.
 EATON, E. R. (Captain), Les Fusiliers de Mont Royal.
 FINDLAY, H. J. (Flying Officer), R.C.A.F.
 HAMPSON, D. E. J. (Sergeant), R.C.A.F.
 HEES, Wm. M. (Flight Lieutenant), R.C.A.F.
 HENDERSON, J. I. (Sergeant), R.C.A.F.
 KING, W. D. (2nd Lieut.), R.C.A.F.
 MACKAY, Wm. L. (Flying Officer), R.C.A.F.
 McKINLEY, JOHN F. (Lt.-Col.), R.C.A.M.C.
 MITCHELL, J. W. (Pilot Officer), R.C.A.F.
 MITCHELL, R. C. (Captain, Liaison Officer), Dept. of National Defence.
 POWELL, J. E. (Surg. Lieut.), R.C.N.V.R.
 REID, G. A. (Wing Commander), R.C.A.F.

MISSING BELIEVED KILLED

KING, PERRY (Sergeant), R.C.A.F.

S.A.C. EXCHANGES

We would like to acknowledge the following exchanges, and to apologize for any we may have omitted:

- King's Hall Magazine
- South African College School Magazine
- "College Times"—Upper Canada College
- Bishop's College School Magazine
- "The Record"—Trinity College School
- Bishop Strachan School Magazine and Review
- Trinity University Review
- Royal Military College Review
- "Trafalgar Echoes"
- Stanstead College Annual
- Ovenden Chronicle
- "Vox Ducum"—Westmount High School
- The Brankson Slogan
- Hatfield Hall Magazine
- "Samara"—Elmwood School
- "The Beaver Log"—Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's School
- "The Argus"—Appleby College
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We would be very glad to exchange with any other schools who would like to do so.

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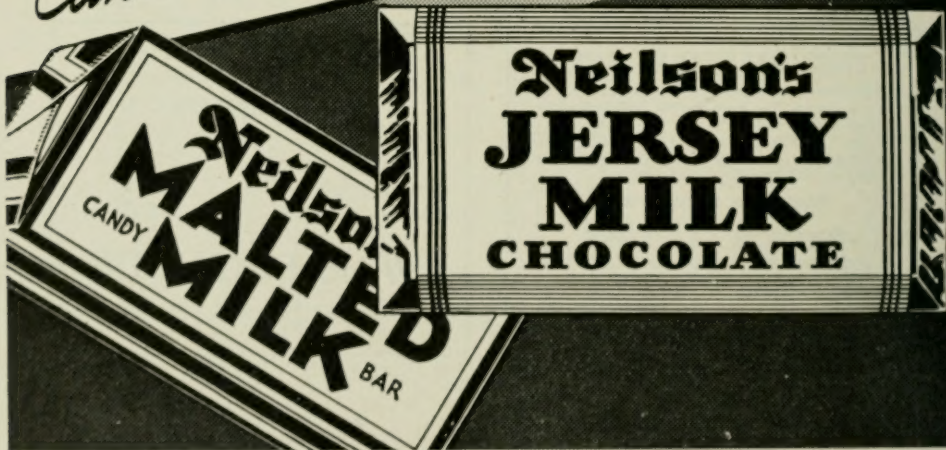
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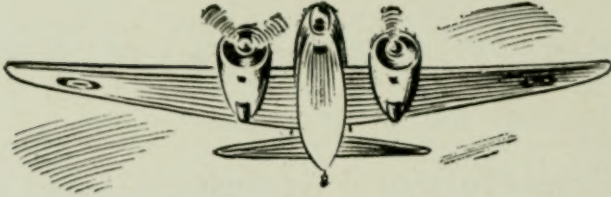
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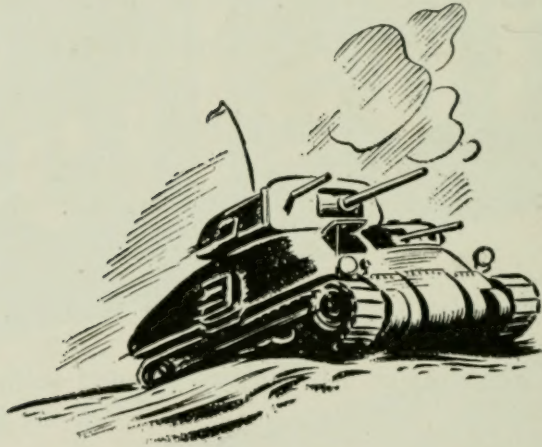
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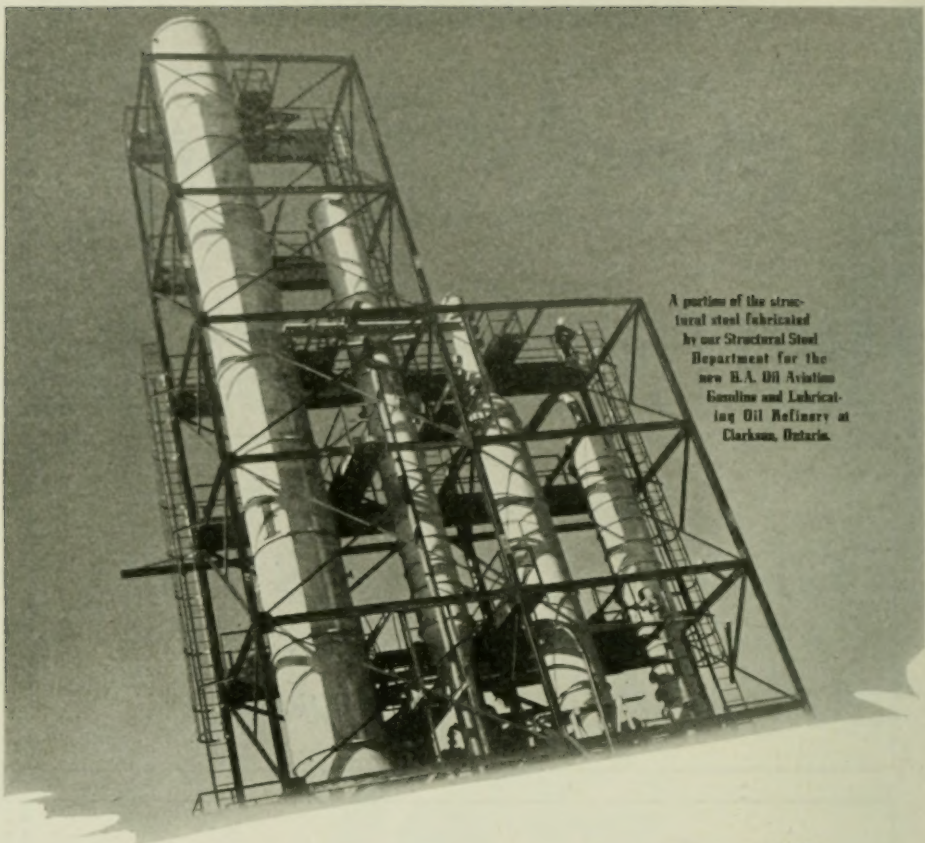
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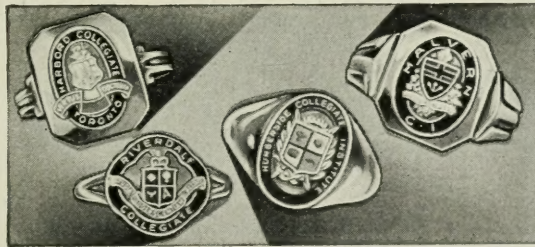
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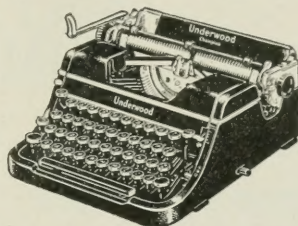
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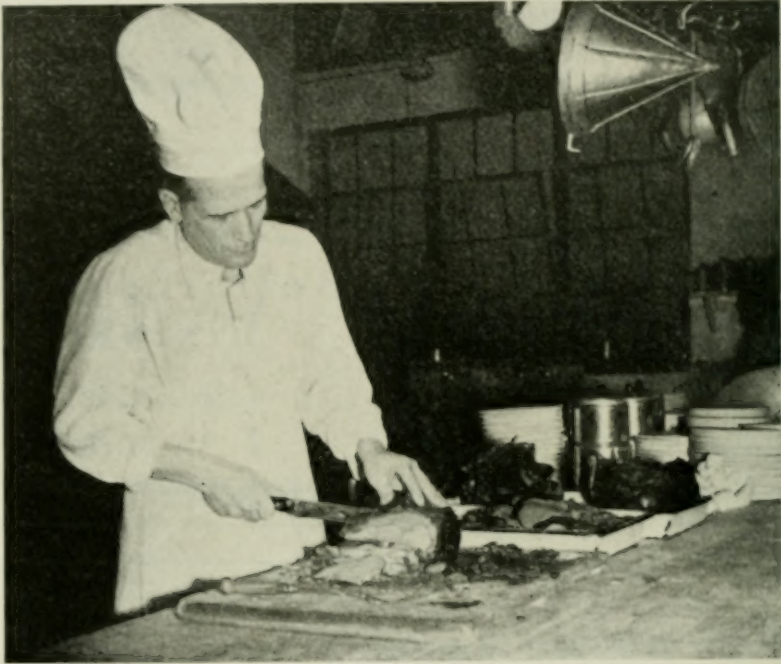
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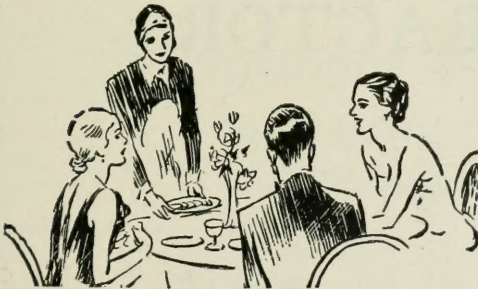
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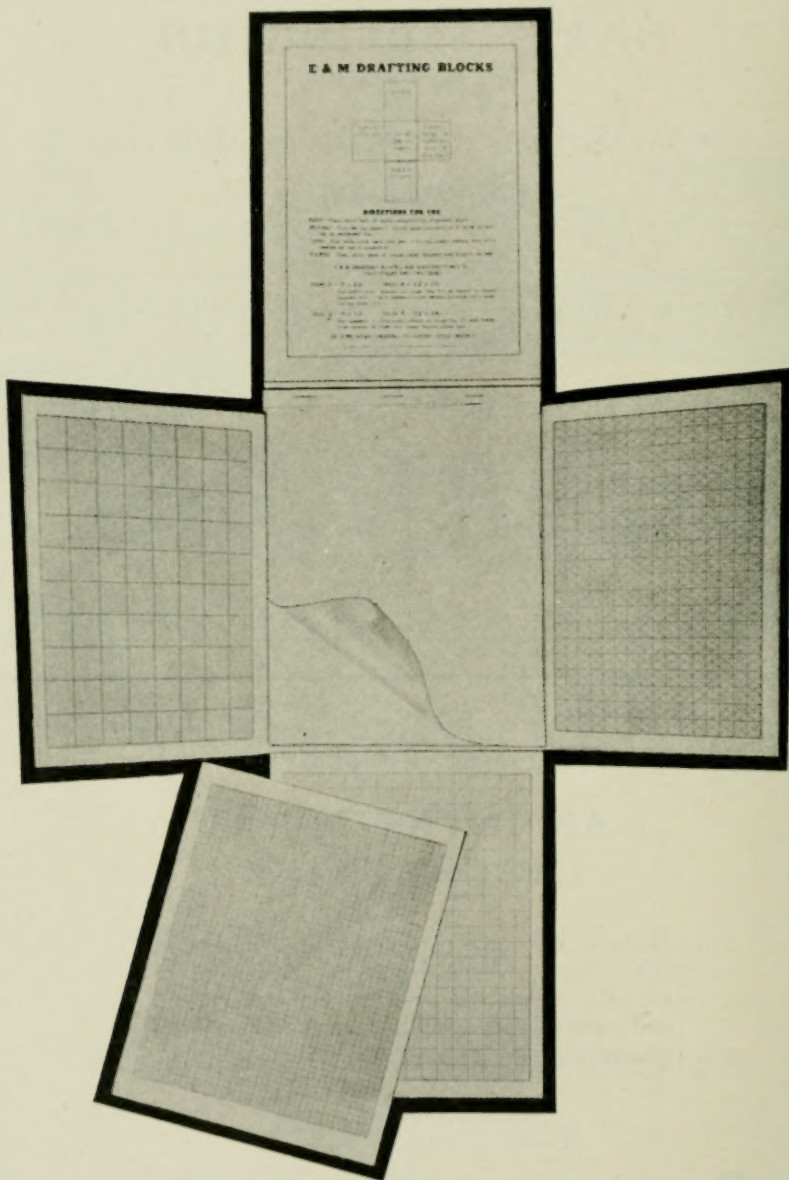
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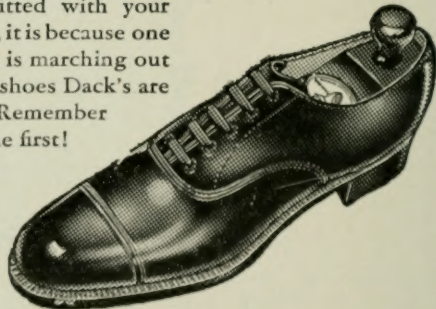
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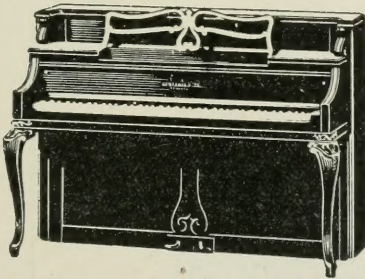
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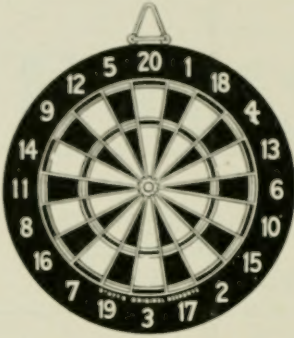
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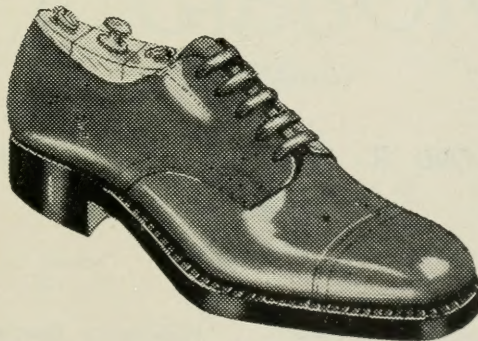
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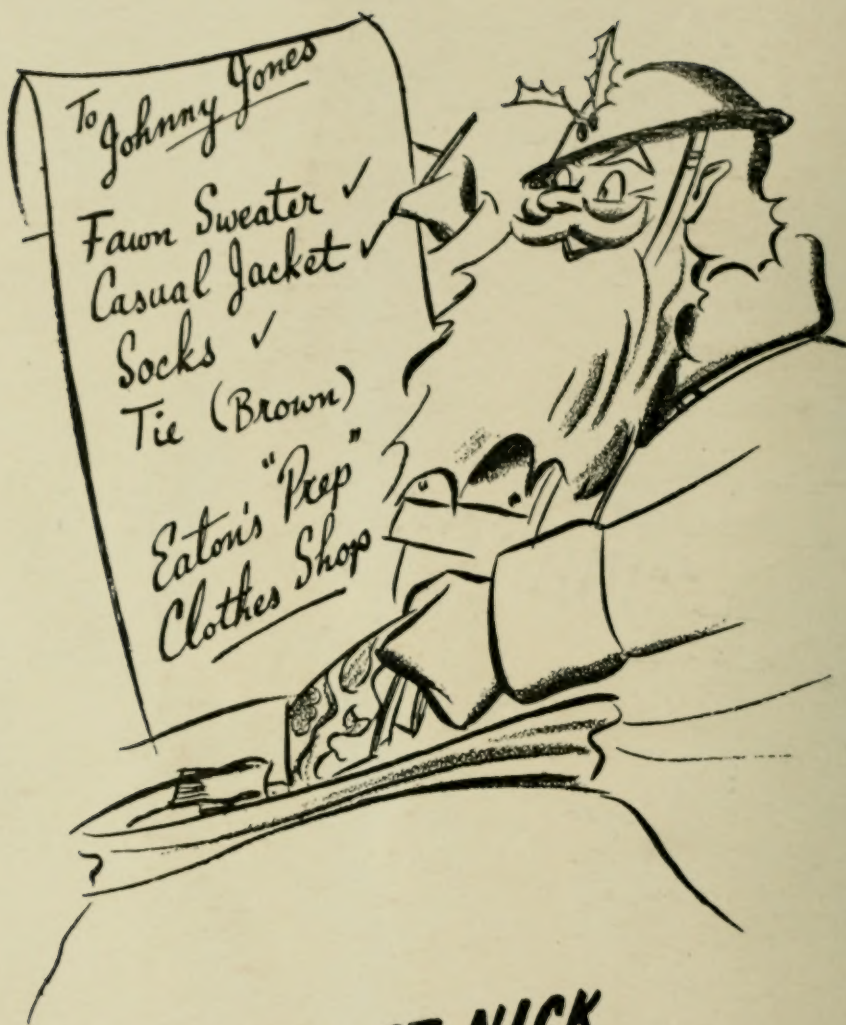
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