



**The Georgian**

# Signs of Construction

SITE AREA

COMMON FLOOR

W.D.O.

SECTION

19 HOLLAND

EXES HOUSE

UP-TO-DOWN

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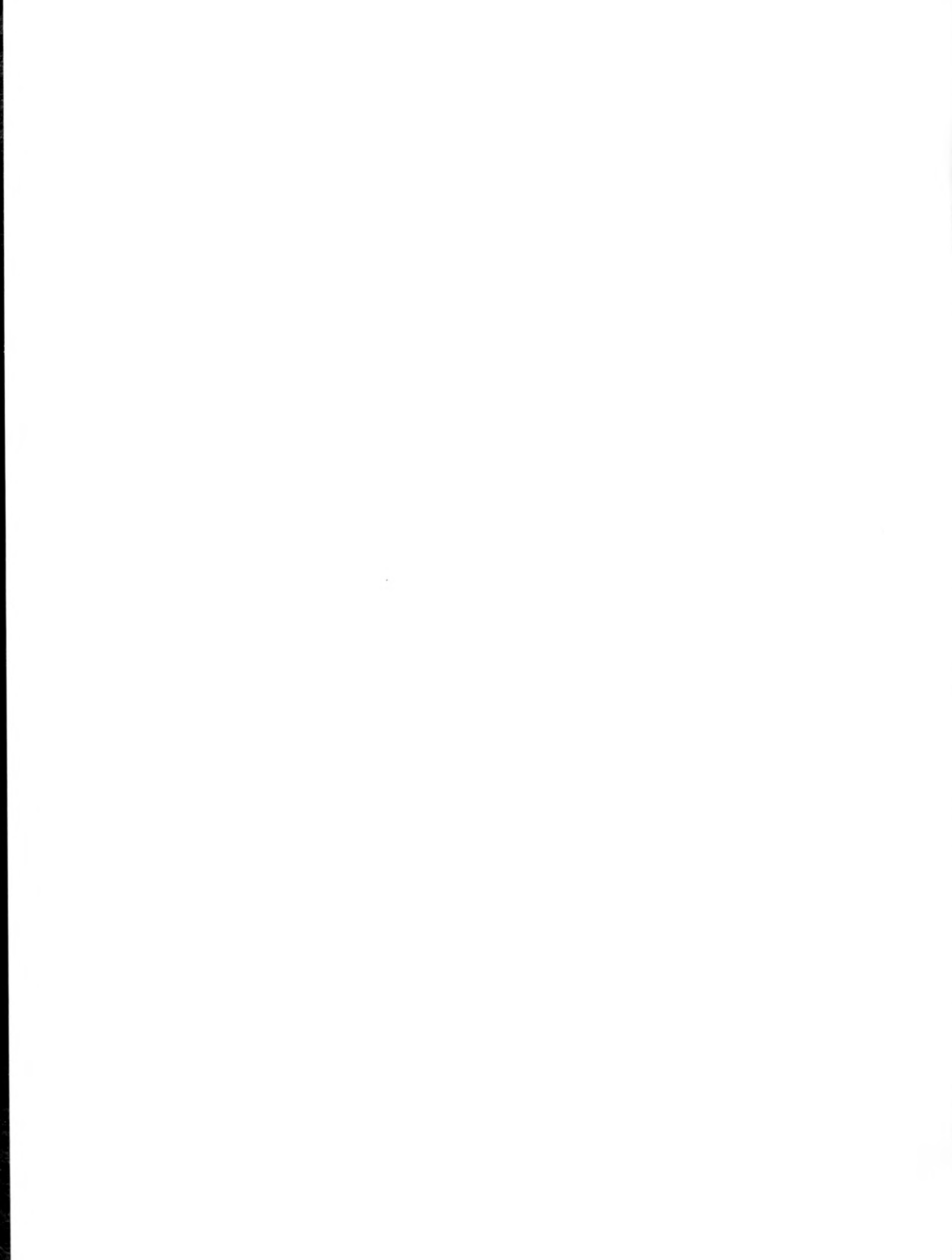
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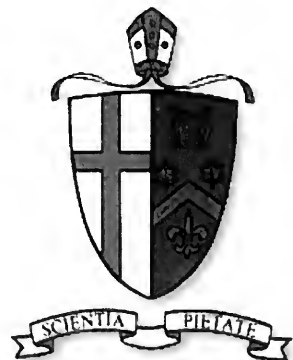


# THE GEORGIAN



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# Theme Page

## Signs of Construction

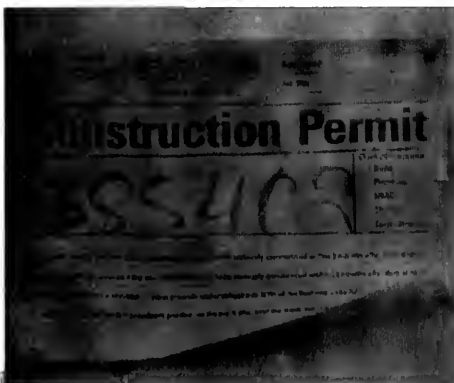
Throughout this past year R.S.G.C. has undergone many transformations. We have endeavoured to remember these changes in this year's yearbook. The "Sign" theme throughout the pages of The Georgian expresses not only the construction of 1996/1997 but also change in general. From a new head master to a whole new attitude in R.S.G.C., the college has taken a new direction towards an even brighter future. It's not over yet. At present, plans are being made for further alterations in the coming years; and so the stop sign on the back cover symbolizes not the end, but rather the end of the beginning.



## A Brief History of the College

The forming of Saint George's College was the inspiration of Mr. John Bradley and a group of Anglican laymen associated with the Toronto Diocesan Choir School, a summer school for choirboys. A committee was therefore formed and plans developed to establish a full-time day school with a strong emphasis on music. A private Act incorporating Saint George's College was passed

on March 31, 1961 by the Ontario Legislature. The school admitted its first seventy-two pupils in 1964. In 1989, Queen Elizabeth II granted the college the right to prefix the title "Royal" to its name. Royal St. George's College bought the site it is positioned upon in 1996.



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*staff*







# Non-Teaching Staff



**Mrs. Barlow:** "I wonder how I got this job?"



**Mr. Bentley:** "I specifically said that I did not want to be in the yearbook."



**Mr. Bubb:** "How's my hair?"



**Ms. Cartagena:** "Mmmm.chicken."



**Ms. D. Comeau:** "Anyone want some chicken?"



**Ms. J. Comeau:** "We cook the chicken and we dress up for Halloween too."



**Ms. Delaney:** "I like chicken, too."



**Mr. Devereaux:** "Sorry, we're closed."



**Mrs. Foster:** Permagnin



**Mr. Grant:** "Yeuchhh! Another moldy sandwich."

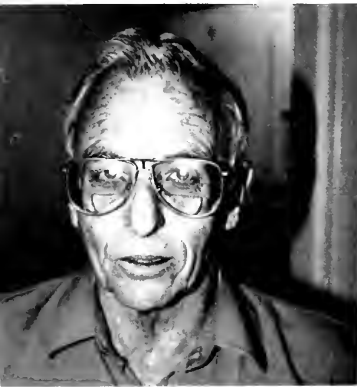


**Mr. Hume:** "At night, when everyone's gone, I break into the kitchen and I eat like a king. I tell ya."



**Ms. Keresteci:** "I told you never to call me here."

Staff



**Mr. McGlynn:** "I'm melting."



**Ms. Mustard:** "Did I do that?"



**Mr. Seddon:** REV.



**Mr. Simpson:** Wood worker extraordinaire!



**Ms. Skinner:** "I specifically said that I did not want to have my picture in the yearbook!!"



**Mr. Stephens:** "Mmmm. I really love chicken."



**Mr. Trombley:** Rules were meant to be broken! NO FEAR

# Teaching Staff



Mr. Ackley: "2 + 2 is 4!"



Dr. Barlow: "Eeexcellent!"



Mr. Birkett: "I know that this is a bad picture, but I'm too buusssssy to have another one taken."



Dr. Bryant "I lift mine eyes to the Lord from whence cometh my aid."



Mr. Cooper: "I'm not as drunk I am."



Mr. D'Arcy: "Red Dog!"



Mr. Daleman: "Uh, does anyone know how to turn this com-pu-ter on?"



Mr. Denis: "Blah, blah, blah, blah."



Mr. Evans: "Ackley caught me swiping the jelly filled."





**Mr. Fowler:** "How does it feel to be hunted?"



**Ms. Grieve:** "Ahhhh, the bliss of retirement"



**Ms. Hall:** "I function by intimidation."



**Mr. Hannaford:** "Ughhhhh, pass it over dude."



**Fr. Hill:** "An interesting thing happened to me on the subway today, wanna hear about it?"



**Mr. Holdsworth:** Post-Play syndrome.



**Mr. Hutchison:** "I am not a crook!"



**Mr. Jamieson:** "In the words of Scarlett O'Hara, 'after all, tomorrow is another day!'"



**Mr. Kerr:** "Arrrrrggghh, 'dem be fightin' words!"



**Mr. Leatch:** Thousand Mile Stare.



**Mr. Lee:** "Two terms. One leg. NO FEAR."



**Mr. Love:** "Careful there, the smile only lasts so long."



**Mr. Martin:** "Not only am I the owner of the condominium, I'm a proud user."



**Mr. McElroy:** "I'd throw you out the window, but I don't want to ruin the sidewalk."



**Mr. McMaster:** "Double pit flash. Hit the floor and give me ten."



**Mrs. Miller:** "Shh Don't tell Ackley "



**Mr. Keenan:** "Magical Morphing Man" before"



**Mr. Nakatsu:** "Magical Morphing Man" after"



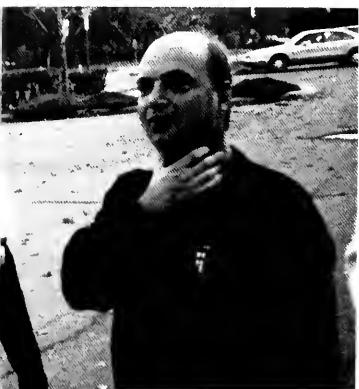
**Mr. Muxlow:** "Wanna fight about it?"



**Mr. O'Leary:** "My hair piece is fooling everybody."



**Mr. Orlando:** "Come to the slaughter."



**Mr. Paulin:** "Blah, blah, blah, blah,..... blah, blah,....."



**Mr. Pengelly:** "My second daily mid-morning, post-brunch snack."



**Ms. Ramez:** "Hey, it's a living."



**Mr. Rankin:** "Volcanos, floods, typhoons, earthquakes...the joys of Mother Nature."



**Mr. Reid:** "I'm kind and tender-hearted like."



**Mr. Sarellas:** "You want to be on my team? Okay, I'm thinking of a number."



Mr. Schriener: "I'm writing a love letter, what rhymes with meiosis?"



Mr. Siewert: "Spartacus! Go for the kill, here, here, and here."



Dr. Skalinski: "Bevare, za buckpuck bundit!"



Mr. Thornbury: "Second place is the first loser! NO FEAR!"



Mr. Timm: "Get with the program buddy, what are you on drugs? You're unbelievable!"



Mr. Van Herk: "What was he on when he wrote this?"



Mr. Wade-West: "Hey, I can get you a great deal on some black market horns."



Mrs. Wade-West: "Your piano or mine?"



Mr. Wright: The Quiet Man.



# Head Masters Address - Prize Day

Members of the Board, honoured guests, fellow colleagues, students and members of the graduating class; another school year has come and gone for the distinguished group of young men who we have just honoured. Gentlemen, it's the reality of your final year of high school. It is your final year as students at RSGC and it is the beginning of a brand new chapter in your lives.

It has been quite a year. It has been a year of construction and fund raising, with more to come. We have and will continue to address our physical needs, in a logical, efficient fashion. The junior school will be rebuilt this summer, with many further exciting plans to follow in subsequent years. The fund raising success has been quite staggering - a clear tribute to the value the RSGC community places on their school. I look forward to continued success as more and more people learn about and understand the exciting future at RSGC.

But fundraising, bricks and mortar are just a small, and quite frankly somewhat irrelevant, part of what has happened this year. Any attempt to summarize all that has taken place would be inappropriate as it is impossible to capture all the important aspects of this past year. That being said, allow me to be personal and simply say, I have loved it! It has certainly been the most challenging, fulfilling and rewarding year of my professional life. In fact, when I reflect back, in an attempt to capture a true understanding, it all becomes quite emotional.

Leading this reality is the fact that standing here as your headmaster, soon to be principal, is an honour I hope I have not underestimated. It is an honour to be here with Jack Wright, the founding headmaster of RSGC. Dr. Wright, you are a legend, and the quest to make you proud of your school is something that exists within all of us. Let me assure you, the traditions and values you demonstrated in founding this school will remain a part of RSGC forever.

It is an honour to be here as a successor to great men. I never knew John Allen, but I certainly know John Latimer and I know how deeply he feels about this school. I hope he is proud.

It is an honour to be here representing the RSGC staff. They have accepted the challenge of working with a new headmaster and further to that they have accepted the challenge of striving for higher and higher academic standards. There are many changes being implemented at this school next year and



undoubtedly there will be further changes forthcoming. These changes have been made because we have a legacy. The past success has presented us with the exciting opportunity to move forward to continue building excellence and to keep striving for higher and higher standards in everything we do. None of this would have been possible without the direct input of so many caring staff. There have been moments of disagreement, anguish, frustration and I am sure at times disbelief, but the driving force has been the advancement of the college. The staff should be proud of their substantial accomplishments. We are indeed a lucky school. Thank you staff.

It is an honour to be here in the presence of many of the alumni, a group who have so much respect for the past and history but who believe in the excitement of the future.

Finally the greatest and most important honour is to be here in front of the 1997 graduating class. They will inform you in your first headmaster's course, that when you join a school for your first year you should discount the graduating class. They don't know you, and you don't know them. They won't feel a connection and your efforts would be much better spent developing a relationship with the younger grades. Well, gentlemen, you broke with tradition and I am grateful for your effort to make me feel a part of your school. And as you depart, my wish is that in looking at the founding traditions of the college; the influence of those such as Dr. Wright and Mr. Latimer; the feelings of the Alumni; and the relationships you have had with the staff; you will be able to say RSGC has had an important impact on your life. You are leaving with some powerful weapons in your arsenals as you go forth to conquer.

What you have experienced and hopefully what you will take with you is a sense of commitment. You have seen it with so many

of your teachers, you have seen it with the belief shown in you from your parents and I hope you realize the value of such a commitment. You are now going to experience the reality of having to make so many constant choices. Hopefully, your experience here has made it easier for you to make these choices.

In particular I hope you will always be aware of two of the greatest strengths this school has to offer. The first is that there is a legitimate lack of pretentiousness; people tend to actually respect people no matter who they are, and I hope you will continue with this tradition.

Secondly, you are graduating from a school where you have learned to accomplish more with less. What a wonderful skill; a true competitive advantage, something you have learned from our staff.

Finally I say thanks to the graduating class and in thanking them I am thanking the entire RSGC community; my family, the staff, the board, parents, old boys, friends and students. Thanks gentlemen for being an important part of a school's history; thank you for teaching me what a wonderful place RSGC is; thanks for showing me what being a "Georgian" is all about; and thank you for building upon all your successes and making us look good.

We will all be thinking of you, we all hope you will stay in touch and so go forth knowing our thoughts and prayers are with you.

Thank you and God bless.

Hal Hannaford.

## Message for the Yearbook

A yearbook is a celebration. It is full of memories of a past year, and this particular edition will be particularly important as it serves as a true reminder of a first year for a new Headmaster.

A yearbook is also a tribute to the skill and determination of so many of our students. This year's editors, Asad Ladha and Ian Roberts, with plenty of consulting support from Alex Moniz-Brown have accepted a challenge, and have produced a superb product. I would like to acknowledge the work and effort of Mrs. Ruth Hall, our teacher librarian and yearbook advisor. Her endless energy, enthusiasm and support enabled this project to finish with the success it has enjoyed. Congratulations Mrs. Hall, Asad, Alex, and Ian. Read on and enjoy. There is so much to remember.

# Junior School Report

“There is not a teacher on staff who has not at some time been described by parents as the best teacher their son has ever had, while others have vilified the very same teacher as the worst educator experienced by their son.”

How can this be? Why is such a contradiction so common?

I have often said this to parents and usually the statement has been greeted with polite incredulity. All of us believe that there are good teachers and bad ones. The great irony is that it is often surprisingly difficult to differentiate.

For the most part, parents decide on the competence of a teacher based on what their child tells them, or what they hear other children or parents say, or what they have experienced on meeting that teacher. If you think about your response to a given teacher and how you came to this conclusion, I believe you will find that you have based your opinion on oral communication, not what you have seen take place in the classroom. I have yet to experience a perfect teacher (although some have come close), and I have only rarely come across a truly bad teacher (never at



RSGC, should I avow! ). Since, therefore, almost all teachers have strengths and weaknesses, it is relatively easy for a boy who likes a teacher to focus on things the teacher does well, or to concentrate on the limitations of those towards whom he is less favorably disposed.

But the issue is much more than like or dislike. There appears to be a meeting of teachers' personalities and the learning style of a given student that can facilitate learning or lead to resistance. One might argue that all teachers should be able to adjust their teaching style to match the needs of their students and so they should, but behind everything is the interpersonal chemistry that affects the learning atmosphere.

At one time, I was involved in a study that was to pick out excellent teachers, and then to analyze ever movement of their classes to try to quantify what works in a successful teacher. The study bogged down at the initial selection - we, and the schools we were in, could not agree on who these excellent teachers were.

There have been teachers whom I believe to be quite weak, yet there seemed to be some children to whom they related and whom they helped to learn when all other teachers had failed. Equally, I have had parents severely criticize a teacher yet, when I watch him teach, he proves to be an outstanding educator with carefully crafted lessons, full involvement of all pupils, and a positive and effective classroom control.

I find this psychological interaction between teacher and student to be fascinating. I ask all parents to consider, when they are expressing a doubt about the competence of a teacher, that they may only be describing the lack of coherence between their own child's personality and that of the teacher.

Andrew Barlow

# Senior School Report

The 1996-97 school year was filled with visual images . . . images that capture the certainty of the future! Those snapshots include construction; a new Headmaster addressing the school in the chapel; the Senior soccer team playing on the muddy pitch of Hillfield in the national championship; satyrs as they clopped their way around Ketchum Hall in *The Trackers of Oxyrynchus*; the gymnasium packed with desks and students for examinations; the sight of the library volunteers unpacking the books for the new stacks; ball hockey; the Speakers Union mounting another successful Saucer tournament; breakfast with the Breakfast Club (twice); the jubilation of the U16 baseball team as ISAA champions; the premiere of *Countdown* - the media class's film project; the swirl of colour and sound at the Prize Day ceremony at St. James Cathedral as Dr. Jack Wright, founding Headmaster, presented the "Lifers" and the Wright medal to the recipients. There is a certain peace which comes from the sense of history in action: what has gone before is valued and treasured yet the College continues to chart a course of growth into the future.

My memory is packed by impressions of demolition "bobcats" as the construction crew took out the main entrance to the Senior School and started the four month parade-of-trades. Water



(often at the most inconvenient times), dust, welding smoke, exhaust from masons' saws, roofing tar and paint marked the progress of the addition. And then, in mid-November, the tumult ceased as the project ended on time and on budget! The construction was a clear statement by the College - "We are now, and always will be, a force in the independent education of young men in Toronto"! I give my praise to the students for accommodating the disruption, to the staff for delivering a first-rate programme in spite of the tumult, to the parents who have contributed financially to the success of the building programme and to the Board of Governors for their strong leadership demonstrated by the undertaking of the 'project' this year!

Prize Day highlighted for me the impact of 'the individual' on the future. One hundred and thirty four young men were acknowledged for their personal successes this year; forty seven young men received their graduation diplomas; and 70% of the grad class was recognized as Ontario Scholars for averages of 80% or higher. The graduating class commissioned a beautiful mural for a wall in the new stairwell. Thank you for the remarkable testimonial to the value that you derived from the College! As a class, you contributed significantly to the growth of RSGC through academics, sports, arts, community service and citizenship. Prize Day also allowed the College to honour two of its staff. Mrs. T-Bu Grieve, as she enters her retirement, was recognized for her years of service as a teacher of art, English and French and Mr. Richard Nakatsu, as he leaves RSGC for new challenges in teaching, was acknowledged for his immeasurable contributions in the classroom, on the volleyball and basketball courts, and the daily operations of the College. RSGC will miss the combined energies of these 47 graduating students and the two staff members.

Finally, I would like to thank the yearbook staff and Mrs. Hall for their incredible efforts in delivering this edition of *THE GEORGIAN*. The hours (even months!) of your efforts will capture our memories in hard copy. Well done.

Murray Pengelly

**Royal St.George's College  
Board of Governors 1996/97**

**Chairman:** Russ Robertson

**Treasurer:** Andrew Jones **Secretary:** Alison Youngman **Headmaster:** Hal Hannaford

Mary Beadon

Derek Hayes

The Very Rev. Douglas  
Stoute

Carole Cowper-Smith

John Kerr

The Rev. Ann Tottenham

Susan Crerar

Geoffrey McCord

Wolf von Teichman

The Rev. Tim Elliott

Bob Rubinoff

## R.S.G.C. Alumni Association



This photo shows the current head of the Alumni Association Mr. David Gordon meeting with the Grade 13 graduating class to discuss their future position with the alumni. As well he handed out a booklet that gives students important information on housing and many other important facts about university. The Alumni even provided the grads with a copy of the landlord tenant act!

This year in sports we saw the alumni competing with the current Georgians for name and honour. There was a challenge made by Jason Taylor (York House Captain) to the alumni that if the team of Georgians were to beat the alumni in hockey, then the alumni's team captain would have to wear his sweaty unwashed hockey shirt. Unfortunately for the whole school the Georgians lost, man did the shirt stink. Fortunately the Georgians won on the basketball courts. The Alumni sports day is just one of many examples of what the alumni does for the school and its grads. There is also a firmly established system designed to help new grads as they move on to university. This includes a university advisor who is currently going to a given student's university after graduating from the school. The alumni is now taking a new direction by expanding onto the World Wide Web in the hope of broadening their scope. The alumni is also helping with the current plans to expand the Junior School by "investing in your campaign." Finally, the alumni also organize an informative careers day in which previous grads come back to the school in order to discuss their professions, to give the students ideas of what to pursue in university.

# The Guild

Another year in the life of the College has passed. As the RSGC Guild winds down its year, I'd like to take time to reflect upon and report to you, some of the highlights of our 1996-97 term.

The Guild is the College's parent volunteer organization. We planned many social and fundraising projects throughout the year hoping to enhance College life and create some revenue in the process. Some events were purely social and aimed at welcoming new parents - New Parent's Reception (September) organized with the College; New Mother's Dinner (October); and the Confirmation Reception (January). The Grade 8 Graduation Tea took place after Junior School Prize Giving, this past year on June 10. The Guild also provided volunteers to serve as Tour Guilds for prospective Junior School parents. Library volunteers helped to organize the Birthday Book program which raised \$4,500 in revenue for the Library. When November arrived, Poinsettia forms were mailed out. Poinsettia plants, wreaths and Christmas Trees were delivered in early December. Our Guild shop, The Dragon's Lair, opened in August with back to school items and has been open every school day since. This year we carried several new styles of sweatshirts, vests, polar fleece blankets, silver cufflinks, money clips and crested picture frames, just to name a few of the popular items. The Dragon's Lair was reorganized with new storage space and shelving, thanks to the Latner family. The Used Uniform shop functions out of adjacent space and has benefitted from this, since shop volunteers



Some of the Guild at the Guild Luncheon



Mrs. Robinson (Guild President)

are able to help boys with uniform needs every day, rather than only a few times a year as we did in the past.

The RSGC Guild has been active with Interguild, (an organization of all local Independant Schools' Parents' Groups). We attended several workshops and Suppliers days throughout the year.

At our Annual General Meeting we were happy to report that the revenue from our fund raising efforts would be allocated to the College in the following ways:

BURSARIES \$8,000  
 HEADMASTER'S FUND \$6,000  
 AWARDS \$1,200  
 J.R. Latimer Public Speaking, Jr. & Sr., Jr. School Music Prizes, Jr. Georgian,  
 J.L Wright Medal (Sr.)  
 CAPITAL CAMPAIGN \$25,000  
 (Totalling \$60,000 in three years)

Our last event of the year was the Used Textbook Sale, held on June 11. This was an important source of funds for the Guild with 50% of the sales going to the Guild and 50% going to students' accounts.

On reflection, it has been a

successful and energetic year. We thank all volunteers who participated and all parents who attended events or purchased plants, books, uniforms and Dragon's Lair items.

Linda Gaylard Robinson,  
 President,  
 Royal St. George's College Guild  
 1996-97

## Royal St. George's College Guild Officers:

PRESIDENT: Linda Robinson  
 PAST PRESIDENT: Lucia Wing  
 1ST VICE PRESIDENT: Judith Gilman Rubes  
 2ND VICE PRESIDENT: Leslie Waters  
 RECORDING SECRETARY: Dustan Becker  
 EXECUTIVE SOCIAL CONVENORS: Barb McCord and Charlene Enfield  
 JR. SCHOOL GRADE CONVENOR: Mako Oishi  
 SR. SCHOOL GRADE CONVENOR: Margie Barr  
 DRAGON'S LAIR CONVENORS: Karen Latner and Cheryl Hastings  
 USED UNIFORM SHOP: Judith Baldry  
 USED TEXTBOOK SALE: Ariane Heisey  
 POINSETTIA SALE: Anne Curtin and Jo Tomsett Jones  
 LIBRARY CONVENOR: Jocelyn Paul  
 TOUR GUIDES LIAISON: Gail Brooker  
 LIFE MEMBER REP: Gillian von Teichman  
 BOARD OF GOVERNORS REP.: Carole Cowper-Smith  
 MEMBER AT LARGE/ VOLUNTEERS: Minette von Bieberstein  
 MEMBER AT LARGE/ MAY LUNCHEON: Elspeth Goad



Right: One of the mothers working behind the counter at the Dragon's Lair.

## Phase Two, The Mayhem Continues...



**WARNING:** Investing in your campaign may cause dramatic renovations at our school, a general improvement in productivity, and a technological revolution.

*students*



# Valedictory Address

Thank you Mr. Hannaford, Board of Directors, staff, families and fellow students.

I remember one day, near the end of the year, Mrs. Hall was desperately trying to assemble all the graduating lifers for a photo to put in the year book. When we were finally ready to take the picture Tim Boyce said something that really made an impact on me. He said, and I quote, "Ten years boys." A very simple and obvious statement, the kind of thing you would expect to hear from Tim, but it really made me stop and think just how long ten years really is. There are students currently at St. George's that weren't even born when I entered grade four. I think you know that you've been here a long time when you start talking to the younger students like a grandfather talking to his grandchildren. You can say things like, "Back in my day there wasn't a grade three or a lacrosse team. There was no computer lab or 'Royal' before St. George's and what's with all these fancy portables and labs. Whatever happened to a good old classroom with a desk for the teacher and a chalkboard at the front?" So much can happen in ten years and so much did. My time at St. George's is full of fond memories and good times; unfortunately that's all that's left of my time here...memories. But I think of myself as one of the lucky ones. As I look back at my ten years at R.S.G.C. I realize that some years were good...and others were better. During every single one of those ten years there wasn't any other school that I would rather have gone to. When my parents told me that I was going to St. George's College I cried like a new-born baby but now I can't thank them enough for giving me the opportunity to go to this school. So rarely do you find something that is perfect for you but I found that special something in R.S.G.C..

All throughout my time here, I



always loved to represent my school in whatever way I could. It didn't matter if it was a sports game, a debating tournament or a math competition, I was always honoured to say I was from Royal St. George's College. Then last year I was told I was going to represent our school as head prefect. I had heard horror stories about the work load and responsibility of this position but I couldn't help but be excited and overjoyed to be given this opportunity of a lifetime. I knew that this year would be one of the most memorable years of my life and it truly has been.

I learned very early in the year that this job included an incredible amount of stress and pressure. The kind of pressure that a single man couldn't handle alone. Luckily, alone was the last thing I was this year. So many people helped me get through those tough times and kept working hard throughout the year and I suppose now is the time to thank them. I'd like to thank: My family, Mom, Dad, Chris and David, for always being there with words of support and encouragement; all my friends in school and classmates for making school more fun than it should be, all my friends out of

school, especially Ashleigh, Kaeli and Leigh, for never letting me get down on myself and always making sure I was still having fun, and last but not least, the eleven other prefects for doing such a wonderful job this year and making my job a whole lot easier. Matt and Drew, you guys did an amazing job this year organizing and promoting all our social functions. Pank, you always made sure our ever-so-delicate financial matters were always in balance and under control. Steve and Tim, a wonderful athletic banquet, cross-country run, swim meet and track and field day can be attributed to your efforts this year. Mike, J.T., George and Rob, you guys maintained house and school spirit which is a much more difficult job than most of us know and finally, Greg and Rob, your prefect duties weren't quite as defined as the others but you still contributed in every way you could and that accomplishment may be greater than all the others. The fact is, at the beginning of the year, many people thought this year's prefects were too different from one another to work well together but by the end of the year everyone realised that we had become a well-oiled prefect machine that could handle any duty that was thrown at us.

At the beginning of the year, the prefects were pretty much thrown right into the middle of things. R.S.G.C. traditionally has the first school dance of the year but it seems this year SAC tried to beat us to the punch having their home-coming dance only four weeks into the school year. Well, not to be outdone, we started organizing our school dance to be held three weeks into the school year. Needless to say, our dance was bigger and better (and much more profitable) than anything SAC put on and this made me realize something very early in the year. We may goof around and procrastinate a little bit but when it comes down to the wire, we somehow



managed to get the job done. Of course, it wasn't just the prefects who organized everything. We had help from the entire grad class. One of the most amazing things this year was how the entire graduating class managed to find some way to contribute and help out. We had A.J. running servers guild and Rob handling the university information. You could always find Ian, Alex, Asad, John and Brian up in the library working on the year book. Dak's never-ending quest to save the world continued this year as he revitalized the environment club. Jeff Enfield and Jake Thompson's leadership in house league was invaluable and you could always depend on Glenn and Paul Wong to sell pop at the school dances. It's these contributions, not just by the graduating class but by the entire student body, that help make R.S.G.C. such a special school.

I stand here and look out upon my entire graduating class and I see forty-eight friends. I keep thinking to myself that I should be sad to leave you all and maybe, once we've all gone on our separate ways, I will be sad, but for now, I'm not. I've been going to school with some of you for ten years and I've been going to school with some of you for only eight months but the memories I have with all of you will last longer than a matter of months or years. Those memories will last forever. So, how can I be sad when I look at any one of you and remember all the good times we had as a class and as friends? Everyone knows a school is not made by facilities and money. A school is made by the people in it and this school is full of some of the finest young men I know. I consider it an honour to be a member of such a fine group of men and I know that I can puff out my chest and be proud when I tell people I am a member of the 1997 graduating class of Royal St. George's College.

When I talk about all the fine people at R.S.G.C. I must include the staff. This was my third headmaster in

10 years and he sure did have some big shoes to fill. Mr. Hannaford filled those shoes and has become so close with the students and this school that it's hard to believe that this was only his first year. I would like to congratulate him for doing such an excellent job this year and, with Mr. Hannaford looking after things when I leave, I'm confident that St. George's will continue to improve and grow. But where would we be without all the teachers of R.S.G.C. to guide us and educate us? I can't begin to speak of all the things that these teachers have done for me. Through both the junior and the senior school, these people have been a guiding light for me and they have never let me down. They have not only taught me math, science, English and history but also manners, sportsmanship, integrity and character. Here are these people that influence us every day and prepare us for all the challenges of university and life and so often they go unrecognized. These teachers have seen and helped me grow for over half of my life and without their leadership, support and encouragement I would not have become the person I am today. When you get to the end of your high-school career and you look back on all the things you've done and all the things you've accomplished you realize just how much of a commitment is put forward by your teachers and your advisors. So, on behalf of all the students I would like to tell the teachers that we are grateful for your efforts and we thank you for everything you've done for us.

Staff and students. These two groups of people have given me so much over the years that there is no way to really thank them. They've become such a part of my life that I consider them part of my family. But now I'm leaving my home away from home and it's not an easy thing to do. It hurts to leave part of your family behind because you're also leaving part of yourself behind. To have to say good-bye to all of these people that have become such a part of me doesn't seem fair but, as any

parent or teacher will tell you, life isn't fair. So here we all are, getting pushed down the road of life to bigger things at university and beyond. Although this is a road that must inevitably be traveled, that doesn't mean we have to go willingly. It's hard for me to understand and accept that I will never be a student at R.S.G.C. ever again. I will never write another test, hand-in another assignment or write another essay. I will never spike another volleyball, shoot another basketball or throw another lacrosse ball. I will never sing another hymn, dance another dance or attend another class. Perhaps it's time I realised just how long "never" really is. Well, since we won't be back for quite a while, the grad class decided to give St. George's something just to remind you of our class. So here's our little sumpin' sumpin'. We'd like to thank Mr. Ian Leventhol for taking on this project and this mural will be hung at the bottom of the library stairs. A small token from all of us to all of you. Well, our time is at an end. Grad present has been presented, grad prank has been pulled off and graduation is finishing. For the last ten years, I've woken up in early September, put on my pants, buttoned up my shirt and done up my tie and I've marched down to 120 Howland Avenue for another year at St. George's but next year... I won't. I'll be at a new school with new people and new teachers and I'll be starting from scratch. But I'm not afraid or nervous because I know that I've been prepared by the best. I know I'll be able to carry on what Royal St. George's College taught me and succeed at whatever I do. I love this school with all my heart but it's time I moved aside and gave other people the chance to represent this wonderful school. So, finally, I ask you one small favour. Please don't forget us St. George's, because we will never forget you. Thank you.

Graham Wright  
Head Prefect



Since leaving Bayview Glen, and coming to Royal St. George's College, my life has completely turned around. My work habits have been better moulded, the friends I have made are awesome - the same with the teachers. Especially Mrs. Mustard, Mr. Orlando, Mr. Kerr, Mr. Timm, and Mr. Hannaford. Thanks for the best two years of my life!!!

### Sacha Bangay



North America has drifted 2.5 feet since I came to RSGC, and what a ride it's been. Thank-you Mother and Father for supporting and conceiving me. Leah who has been great to me ever since the age of 10. El Nino for many lunches and fun times. Mr. D'Arcy for hours of support. Thank-you to my classmates for all the ethnic jokes and nicknames. I won't forget you - All the best. Always remember, the best way to get praise is to die.

I might spend all my money, but I'll still be alive. - Pete Townshend  
I would have made a good Pope. - Richard Nixon  
The morning sun has yet to climb my hood ornament. - Neil Young  
Jeah.

### George Bassel



My years at St. George's have been saturated with laughter and improving knowledge. I learned the basics of chemistry in the lab under Dr. Ska's watchful eye and on the Quebec trip (Gravol plus Nyquil equals WHOOPEE!). In New York I learned the virtue of temperance (the crack-room of despair) and the art of self defense, just grab the necklace and pull, (sorry Burnett). And you can never say that we weren't exposed to culture, Bernard Bieberstein's solo performance in the choir will always hold a special place in my heart.

Nor will I ever forget the Grad trip. Soccer on the beach (he's going to kill someone) Burgers at Archie's. Crazy Moon, crazy locals, crazy kids (Mentas! Mentas! Cerveza! Cerveza!)

I owe a great debt to all the staff but I offer a special thanks to Mr. Love who taught me the importance of fair play and for his liberal interpretation of the rules of ball-hockey. To Mrs. Miller who has me hooked on debating ( what have you released upon the world?) and to Mr. Orlando, a fabulous advisor (Bell. Head. Ass. Remove) who always managed to prevent a swollen head and an inflated ego with a simple A&G question.

### Robert Bell



Well, this is it - I can't believe we're done, guys! To start, I'd like to thank all the teachers here, who have given me a really good foundation to build on. Specifically Dr. Skahnska, J5, Mr Schreiner, M Paulin, Mr Rankin, Mr Keenan, Father Hill, VanHUGE, Big O, JRL, Mr. D'Arcy, Mrs. Miller, Mr. Hannaford and Mr. Holdsworth. To Mr Love, I would like to thank you for being such a good friend for the past five years, and I say to you that the Giants will always be number one, even if they don't win the 'Bowl! To my classmates, I wish you all the success in the world. Peace to, A J (you've punched me in the arm more often than I can count), George (two old women, complaining on the stoop), Andrius (no, not the flyin' dutchman!), Ian (SIMPSONS), Rob Bell (what's up with the Nyquil), Anupam (Indian Tag-team), Rob Evans (too damn smart for your own good), Marmis (George town recruited me, but I turned 'em down), Paul (Raw IS War!), the HIBA crew, with summer days of hoops and free drinks; Digs, Q-Tip, Phife, Muggsy

My time at RSGC comes to an end, and I would like to thank the entire school for the fact that I leave with much more than what I had when I enrolled five years ago. To those whom I leave behind, I offer this piece of advice from a certain Last Boy Scout "Be prepared son - that's my motto ." "And now, ladies and gentlemen IT'S SHOWTIME!"

### Pankaj Bhatia





Ten long years! Wow, how my life has changed, and I hope, for that better, for every one. Luckily (?) we can all look forward now to a place where we are the unknowns. A place where we are at the bottom of the pile, where we are once again the trash, just like we were in grade nine. However, we prevailed then, and I am confident that we can do so again.

I guess that I should thank my mom for getting me to school every morning, well at least most mornings and my brother for helping me out when nineteen was still so far away.

Thanks to all of you who provided me with ten years of memories, and finally good luck to next year's class and anyone else who feels that they could use the help. "If you can't think of or find a good quote, then just don't use one!"

- B. v. Bieberstein

P.S. "The World is Square!" Thanks to Ferdinand v. B. for providing me with at least a single constant, in a world where things are forever changing!

## Bernard von Bieberstein



## Brian Birnbaum



Thanks Mom, Dad, Bro. Thanks staff, especially Ackley, D'Arcy, Evans, Hall, Orlando, Fr. Peter, Paulin, Pengelly, Rankin, the good Dr., and Muxlow. Thanks prefects (esp. SB - pointless meetings; dexterity checks, bags o' cash, . . . next issue?). And the boyz: BW (r+c at the movies: "must save family!"), Capt. T (what's up. . . gold stripes?), GLH (endless phone calls, chem 96), NW (heads up, watch ya back!), JE (uhhh. . . I dunno, I dunno. . .), RB ("if I'm going, so are you!" ha), JH (the puke party and countless other nights), MS ("dinner's ready, turn off the computer") Swaz'96: "did it rain?", sober reunions that never were; NY, NY, 45's and dominoes; sr.soccer: the tournament team; laX: the wright connection; gr.8: throwing rocks with CW and AP; Montreal: J2, Z, B, 140's; "What was the last bid Bob?"

## Tim Boyce



Six years at RSGC and the best six years of my life; lots of laughs, tears, and hurls, but of course the laughs outweigh the rest. Ilove this place and all the people that make it so great. I'd like to thank the "ring team": AJM, MV, or "N", DP., WF, the twelve monkeys with the ugly ties, and all the grads, fat head, and all the ones that stole my heart. Ski team, lacrosse and all the other teams I was N't on. Tuesday nights, underdressed dances in small T's, semis and formals. To Mom and my older brother also known as Dad, my Sis "Bubs" and all the crazy idiots I'm related to, thanks.

## Stephen Brooks





My genitalia have enlarged considerably since coming to St. George's and for this I am thankful. In seven short years I've become a hardened cynic and proud member of the elitist club; for this I am also thankful. Of course I couldn't have done it all on my own. Special thanks to Mr. D'Arcy who taught me so much (little of which had to do with math), and to Mr. Orlando and Mr. Holdsworth for having so much faith in me. Mr. Latimer and Mr. Hannaford, thanks for being such good friends. Some memories to laugh at when I'm senile: Plays, 39, Soma, W.C., Grossman's and the Rex, Britt, Kilcoo, G.R.A.B.B.C.I., Bob on the road, Gyers the Vvert (do you smell gas?), BVP, Whistler, Banff, Quebec, DR, South and the Knoll, Banaeck, skits with G.K., -30, Price, the Lip Sync, The Vanguard and the Cale, my favourite nerds: Drew, Phil and Dave, chats with Keenan, Eric, V.H., Eve, the Coop, and Mrs. Mustard (I'm still single...), Carpe Diem, C'est la vie, Que sera sera, the Big Picture, no regrets... Chuss Noah! Of course life is nothing without friends to laugh with: Greg K. - my psychiatrist and best friend, thanks for the times and never fear: I'll make you a STAR WillBur - thanks for the films, wine, steak and jazz. We truly operate on the same frequency (20Hz?), let's grow rich together and share our money with no one. Chris - I'll run your crooked campaign. Matt - it's right to give our thanks and praise. Andries (I owe you special friend), Drewbie, Chapina, Mike, Tim, George, Rob, the Prefects: I love you all. Thanks for the day comrades. *As far as we can discern the ultimate purpose of our existence is to kindle a light in the darkness of mere being.* - C. Jung ALL HAIL MOSES

**Robert Burkett**



**Josh Burnett**



This is the beginning of the end of life as we know it on spaceship earth hurtling us towards death while we count the grains of sand passing through the hour glass of time. Good bye to St. George's. Thank you to family, Rob and the elite, and everyone in the county of the blind. Mentas for all of you. Everyone else can get in the line up, you have noise!

"It has been computed that eleven thousand persons have at several times suffered death rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end."  
-Jonathan Swift

**Will Burton**



It's the end of the year, and high school is done for the rest of my life. I don't know whether to do be happy or sad, but still, I'm looking forward to the years ahead. For the most part R.S.G.C. has been a great experience for me, with many fond memories; friends I'll never forget, parties that I did forget, along with joys and fears to last a life time. Shouts to: my Mum and Dad, Miranda, Mike, Matt, Jen, Sarah, Wrangler, Yoda, Fraz, Chris, Lauren, Hershey, Nicole, Pat, Sandra, Ken, Brian, Bart, Almira, Mark, Marion, Mares, Dave, Greg, Matt, Josh, Denise, Rob, P.K., Julie, F. Peter, Jonathan, Derriek, Head, Zoe, Nick, Jay and everyone else. So, keep jumpin' and Clubin', ...always but remember "It's better to burn out than fade away" - Neil Young.

**D'Arcy Chandler**





I want to thank all the people who helped me along the way. The good times don't die. Thanks: Mom and Dad for everything you've done. You listened to me even when I didn't deserve it. Cat, Bernard and Bo for stickin by me. Lisa, 'cause you're so cool. My friend, Mr Latimer. Vanessa for making me grow up. Jake, 'cause he's a superstar. Matt and Greg for the times out west. Paul and Dave, good coffee, good sessions and good conversation.

I loved it all: hacking for hours, parties, kickin back. Fin du Monde and the casino, cartoon trivia with Dave, the Rooster with Paul, working for the money, the Price is Right, the Dominican, New York, Victoria and Laguna with Bo, school plays and the faith of Mr. H, being young, Elk outside and 36 hours in a room, daily snooker, Stratford, expulsion, having fun, Dale, soap opera lives, pop culture and the media, Soylent people and Charlton, life and times, teenage angst, damming the Man, hanging out in South Central, losing sleep, bad grades, the South Sea, posing with statues, living large and selling high...Thanks RSGC...'cause the movie just keeps on rolling.

### Geoff Chapman



It's been a Jeah ride through and through and I'd like to thank everybody who got up for the down stroke with a mighty strain. You're all a chip off the old AL block in my book. Here's to Felix, Nakoksonic, SC and the CB, Scoogog and all the jamming. Also to the trippers and weekend warriors for the adventures. To my parents and my brother who support, push me and advise me, you're the jeahest. Thanks to the school for all the fun, happy trails and don't let the turkeys bring you down.

"JEAH" Al.

"Don't be denied" Neil Young.

"To.....(the best) Laslow Toth in his correspondence with Torsal Boy"

### Derrick deKerckhove



It all started with the dinosaurs... Then came wo/man... Let there be light, and there was light! Then came head lights. And then came SCoLG, which evolved from the bones of mankind! I love my Toyota....and why shouldn't I? HB (x2) on a grassy knoll in Muskoka! Cabin life is GREAT! OLP, KTB, CC. CLAMFISHER + S.M.=MUFF...ins (BIG). (CHASSY + ROCK)/(INDIAN TRAIL) = -(GASTANK) RSGC: It was a great year! Thanks to all my teachers. Thanks Mom & Dad, O & O! and Robert. I learned to count in a special way at RSGC "1...2,4 please!" Shout out loud "MANDY.C.,H.B.,C.M./B.M.C.,J.A.C.L.(who's that?),LANDA, and all my friends at RSGC and LP" Semi... What a picture! I Just Went Down to Get a Chicken . . . (see B.C.@L.P.yrbk)

### John Dyer



I've spent three great years at St. George's and in those years, the school has given me a great deal. I thank my parents, most of all, for giving me the opportunity to be a part of the school. I feel that all of my teachers have given me something special but there are a few who have made an incredible impact on me. I'd like to thank Dr. Skalinski, Mr. Schreiner, Mr. Orlando and, most of all, Mr. D'Arcy for always motivating me and sparking interest.

Of course, there are several people and memories which will never be forgotten. First there is my amazing girlfriend, Katherine, who was always there for me, and will always be the best. There was also outdoor ball hockey at its best, the search for a win in lacrosse and feeling the pain while running across country. I can't forget Price Is Right and the perfect dice game, singing away in Kilcoo, the two live Pearl Jam songs, Mr. Keenan in Banff and George taking all the credit in the comp-sci days. I mustn't forget to mention the Swaziland boys and the good times we had.

I wish the graduating class all the best and thank them for everything.

### Jeff Enfield





Seven years, I can't believe it's all over. 'What a long strange trip it's been. 'I'd like to thank my family for their unconditional love and support, as well as my friends who have made these years what they've been....SO BLATANT. Special thanks to: Rustman, Fatty, Scrotes, Barnyards, Wayne, and Tony Rage. P.King and Jughead: Come and Say Hello -> Evil Water. Thanks Gin. U R the real Star. Here's to the beverage formally known as Diesel, Dana, and the whole JJ's crew. I love you all and I'll sure miss ya, 'but as the sun sets slowly in the west, I bid you a fine farewell.

**David Engle**



The memories I have are the people I've met, the friends I've made and that's how I'll hold on to the last great four years here at RSGC. Sarah, the champ, the best, someone to drop by on; Ili, the money; Hey everybody I beat Death at cards (More than once); Lisa, Geoff, Camila & Bernard, So much to say. So I won't, it was fun; Matt Greg & Rob, good council in life, Lopez, Crack Baby; Linna; Matt; Pankaj; Mel G; Drew & Mike; AJ; Oklahoma. Our Town, R&G, Trackers; Rebecca; yeah! whatever!; The rest of the Guys at RSGC (JAM, WB, Jtx2, GW, NW, TB, JE, SB); BH (Everyone); SCS (Everyone, A, HR, JB, LB); SMLS (Euchre! Flagpole! Da Himalayas! Chubba! DR); Havergal (VO, AliMac(name?)); HS & ST; VC & JM; M-S(french-fry); DM (for experience); Dr.S; Fr.H; Mr.:Lx2, Dx2, P, Hx2, Kx2, N, O, V.H.S; Mrs. Mx2; The lessons I've learned in life are more than anyone could hope for: Family (GPx2, Gmx2, E, Z, O); Maggie, mys sis, my budtther friends too; especially my parent, for their patience love and support. I learned to see order in our random lives, learned to trust and not trust, learned respect, learned to be passive, learned to be active, learned to relax(if not very much), learned when and when not to hold all the strings, learned to use time, learned to live.

**Robert Evans**



First and foremost I'd like to thank my mom for supporting me in every way. Also, thanks to my brother, Geoff. Thanks to the school for a tremendous 10 years, and all the boys who made it even better - from the Munchkins to the 3 B's, Toby, M.V., all the crew from 9 and 10, too many to name. Also, thanks to the out-of-school friends that helped me along the way - Chicone, Dickey and the boys, Jarnie, Christie + all the posse. I remember each of you in all my memories: Chorley and 'the works', Farm parties, Chapman benders, all the dances, semis and formals, Muskoka, May 24, Collingwood etc, etc, etc. I only hope the next chapter of my life can compare.

"I ain't gonna lie, I came for the pie...and mmmmm was it good. Thank you."

**John Golding**



Rusty says: "Qui es el macho? We are d\*\*\* s\*\*\* '97!"

**Justin Hartwell esq.**



.....and he's still there.





Something wrong up here! Here are the Characters in which immortalization is necessary - Galoot and the Karouts, Fred and the Kuehns, Ria, Junior, Matt - oh Guy! Old school, Skating, Metallica, Floyd, the parties, the trips, the Boarding, the madness - and it ain't even begun. Robba - sorry about the picture friend, you're the best, together we will rule the world, Gn' R tech service! Fear Robes and the reign of terror! See you in B.C. you felcher. CHAPPIE! - the love square, livin' the soap opera! I'll miss your ashtray basement, but your little "adventures" will continue. To all the Staff, and directors, you know who you are - you gave me more than any money could buy. The Taylor Statten Camps for its donations (Kingsley, Candy, Phin, Claire, etc.) Stan, if that is your real name. Drew you're a madman, we'll meet again. Mike - to the lake! O.K.L.A. see you in Antigua. Paul - thanks. There will only be one jam. THINGS - Tripping, Jamming, Felix, Holden the stage in its entirety, 39, raves, cheesy Rosedale parties, hurtin' Etobicoke nights, Subway adventures, Evil Water, The PATH, the Chapel, Thompson! Big scam! It's a cult! Yo MaMa! Vicious punk! Oi! History crams at Andreas', Eric! Ska! Dr. K., South, Grossmans, The Rex, Wongs, Bowling, Thanks to the wedges, the elitists, the cynics, the jocks, the prefects, all Mexicans, the fat kids, the phonies, the crackbabies, the sheep, not to mention the Feddies and Virginia Greer. Oh yeah, thanks to sarcasm. TOBIAS MILROSE SPACE HUMAN! To all those who made me laugh I love you DEEP - It is right to give thanks, never regret, live for your passions, and always relish this short, yet strange life. Truth, trust, purity.

## Greg Karout



I would just like to mention a few of the people, places, and things that have made these past 7 & 1/2 years of my life truly blotto. Jughead, Chappie > Bone, Matty-Dread, the immortal Dave & his incredible vanishing parents, Rusty, Feta, my family (mom and pops, Matt and Andy), Brian, John G. Wolfman, McKillop, Adam, Watsaholic, Drew, Mike, in fact all the grads, the story of Guthrie Prentice, big Red, Shreinfield, and all the rest of my teachers, come and say hello-evil water, summer camp, beer, barbecues, the grateful dead, Dom, powdered water, the rooster, the cup, 1942, most school events (damn the swim meet), all the ritualistic parties (Drew's Chappie's, Steve's), Gridlock, acid rain, acid warp, ramblings, and finally cheers to last minute work, for if not for that this quote could never have been completed.

In conclusion: "We're getting housed here, man, I think it's time to call in Blotter."

## Paul King



I have spent two eventful and memorable years in R.S.G.C.. I have learned a lot from the school and it is time to say farewell. I will remember and miss everything, every single event and every single person that I have met in these two years. I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the teachers who gave me a very fine education. Special thanks to Dr. Skalinski, Mr. D'Arcy, Mr. Schreiner, Mr. Van Herk, Mr. Rankin, Mrs. Miller, Mr. Orlando, Mr. Pengelly and Mr. Love. Besides teachers, there are so many friends to whom I want to express my acknowledgments. Henri, Dennis, Michael, Robert and Ali, I really learned tons of things from you. Finally, I have to thank my parents and, certainly, R.S.G.C., for providing such a nice environment to make me feel so comfortable for my first two years spent in Canada.

## Eric Yau Kan Kung



Well, it's finally over; four years later, after countless hours of work for the good doctor and D'Arcy, after a hundred dances, four school trips (New York Rocked), a hundred practices, and so much more. Well I'd like to thank Pho and Dyer for all those late nites of cramming, to my folks who always supported me, and to Pegman (bumaclut) who made it so much more interesting.

Well, this is the end of the beginning - Onward and Upward - to bigger and better things - if that's possible. RSGC has provided three invaluable years - none of which I will ever forget.

## Asad Ladha





It has been a great 5 years at RSGC. So many memories and so many people 2 thank. Thank you to Mom, Dad, Pee Wee, and the rest of my family for all your love and support. Thanks to the staff especially Mr.P, Mr.Love, Mr.D'Arcy, Dr.Ska. Thanx 2 the grads and all the friends I've made at RSGC for making these 5 yrs great ones. Never will forget - Trips: Ottawa, Quebec, Bolton, N.Y., Washington, Kilcoo, soccer tourneys-missing the bus! Ball hockey with Love. AllourpartiesD.R., "The Grog", "Gone by ten", Stoggies are bad. 151 solves everything. LOW-MING house of furs! Cops and Oakville don't mix "For the 7th time sir, my name is Glenn" IN the country of the blind the one-eyed man is king. Remember Loop holes are everywhere, you just hafta find 'um. Candy Candy Candy. Coins are better than bills! Tim, Jeff, N64, 24h. Oneday I'll beat you in footeball George. Western in 45.

**Glenn ("the Grog" "Gren" "Lou-Ming") Lou-Hing**



I came to St. George's in grade 11. Coming from one school to another is usually hard for a kid, but with the help of a few new friends, as well as a very close old friend, Mike Vitorovich (bebica), the transition was far from hard. My three years at R.S.G.C. were the best of my life. I met some of the people who are now my closest, best friends - my brothers. Steve Brooks (hey Ace!), Wade Fox (you're p-h-a-t!), and Drew Pearson (!werD si diputs). A special thanks to my parents, who have always been supportive of me, no matter what the situation. To all the people in Antigua, (Wha ya say?) Nikki, take care of my car or I'll come and hunt you down!! To all the teachers who have helped me through my few years here, thank you so much. A special shout to Mrs. Mustard, Mr. Pengelly, Mr. Nakatsu (Sensai /NAK), and Mr. Love. Remember, as someone once said, "To dream of the person you want to be, is to waste the person you are." MVDPSBWF.

**A.J. Mabro**



"There they stood, ranged along the hill-sides, met  
To view the last of me, a living frame  
For one more picture! in a sheet of flame  
I saw them and I knew them all. And yet  
Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set,  
And blew. 'Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came.'"

A fond *adieu* to our teary-eyed princess;  
May your beauty always serve you well.

**Chris Martin**

It's been an interesting seven years at R S G C. The last five years of high school have been a hell of a ride. People I'd like to thank for being there: Ka-Te-T-Dave, Rusty, O'Dang, Barnyards, Spanks, Mike V., Drew, Andries, Tim B., Brian B., Bell, Adam P., Jake, Watsa, All the guy's from bills, Jeremy E., Suchadofski, Frankie, Wade, John D., Kircher, J.P. Places/Events I'd like to remember: Drew's farm parties, Chappie parties, Rusty parties, Mike's place (Pringles, Coke, Qui-est-ce!), John Dawe's-Summer of Grade 10, The Fire Pit, Rosedale, Second Cup, J.J.'s-Dana-Diesel, Bills-Eglinton park, Rusties, 147 Mildenhall Rd., Wed.night Grossman's, Antigua x 3- tequila and Red Stripe, Grad Trip-D.R.-Aids in Haiti '97-Now I'm on vacation! A special thanks to Mom, Dad, and Ross. To the person who was with me then, and will be with me always, Thank you, high school wouldn't have been as fun without you. "All that is now, All that is gone, All that's to come, and everything under the sun is tune, but the sun is eclipsed by the moon." - Roger Waters. "Say you want to be a rolling stone, get your sail out in the wind. Get out on the highway and let her roll along, roll on back to someplace you ain't never been." - Dickey Betts.... always Give Thanks and Praises, have fun, and never take anything too seriously

**Josh McKillop**







It's over, and unfortunately I can not sum up my last 6 years at R.S.G.C. I would like to thank the staff for their support as well as my friends, you know who you are. Without the following people in my life I do not know where I would be: Mom, Dad, Shaq and Bobaeto, you have given me strength over the years. Kirby and Mommy, thanks for the good times that I'll never forget. Bec, you have made this last year the one that I will always remember. However, it's all over and I must say bye bye. So well, bye bye, and what not. JAM.

"Death doesn't kill people, boredom kills people" - Iggy Pop.  
 "Too fast to live, too young to die" - Johnny Lydon.

**Andries Mellema**



Over the years that I have been at the school there have been faces that have come and gone, but there are people who have been here all along. I would like to thank Mr. Love and Mr. Pengelly for their support over the years. I would also like to thank all my teachers for their support and motivation, including Mr. Keenan, Dr. Skalinski, and Mr. D'Arcy. As for theyearbook I have been through just about all of it from Mr. Reid to Mrs. Hall and all the rest. Remember my influence and keep those picture files for all the grads next year. To everybody who went on the grad trip have a banana mama on me. Oh! and by the way I really did have fun and hopefully I still will at the events that are left to come, including my first dance at St. Mildred's on Friday the 4th. Well this is me signing off for now so don't let me be forgotten in Scotland maybe even keep in touch via the school website.

**Alexander Moniz Brown**



10 years. Thanks and praise to Mom, Dad, Jen, Alice, Greg, Angus, Rob, Kyla, Claire, Mike, Drew, his farm, Eric Timm, J.R. Latimer, Chappy, his basement, Jenny Laws and all the others for fun and guidance. Drink beer, play football. Rock hard Van Halen. Backsheesh and... New York dominoes and Brick in Bolton. Aids in Haiti '97 menta, menta! Eat it suckers, we missed the bus. KY. Taxi permits, and a blues institution. Sheya muthas, yo mama with a hambone in my pickup like the fresh produce Blowfly productions dahm. Use the force. I'll miss you all.

It is better to regret something you have done than to regret not doing it.

**Matthew Morden**



Mr. D'Arcy's Advisees  
 want to congratulate  
 the graduating class of  
 1996 - 1997



Mom, Dad, Blaine, Tory and Jo. What can I say? I grew with you all and if it wasn't for all of you I might not be writing this. I would also like to thank Mike ("Qu'est-ce que tu a la!") for over a decade of dealing with me. Also Josh, AJ, Steve and Wade I would like to thank for helping me develop in ways I could never have without you guys. To all the teachers I would like to thank for if it weren't for you I: a) wouldn't be alive to write this, and b) couldn't write this. Finally I would like to thank Jo, you are a great lover and a great friend and I will always remember what we shared. In the end every person I have met I have gained from, sometimes for the worst but as I look back it all turned for the best. As I move on to greener pastures I will always remember where I took my first steps as a man.

"Gerald Murphy got it wrong. Living twice, maybe three times is the best revenge." - Solomon Gursky

"Live like a tree, tall and strong. But always remember the forest" - From the Berlin Wall

"Oh lord Please don't let me f\*\*\* up" - Astronaut's creed.

## Drew Pearson



It is hard to believe that it is Graduation time already. It seems like only yesterday, that I was a grade 9 student, not knowing anybody. Five years have sure passed quickly, and it is time to leave already. Thanks to the teachers and fellow students who have made the past five years seem to fly by.

## Christopher Petrie



I have traveled to far places throughout this rewarding 5 year journey I have experienced various treasures and hardships through my "trek" through this desert. As I walk along this sandy beach, the words "I hated him, I killed him" plague my mind. Knowing that I was nicknamed "PsyPho" (and various other nicknames Phoster, Phoebe), it can be said that I have seen various things. A vision appears to me and I see Dr.S's different yet entertaining chem classes will always be with me, no matter where I am. Also, I must remember the various conflicts that came across my journey with Mr. D'Arcy. It can be said that we had our differences and conflicts in the past, however in the end, everything seemed to work out fine. More thanks must be given to all the various teachers that have helped me survive this never-ending desert. As I close my eyes for the very last time, I feel that I will die forever in this heat. However before I die, I see a white-boy gallaping on a horse towards me. I scream the slang "F\*\*K you honkie" and he quickly gallops away in fear of me. With my last look at the sky and the sun, I see the MOTHASHIP hovering over me. I am beamed up and I see aliens surrounding me. "I am not an alien" I cry out loudly. Now, I will never forget these recent moments that have just occurred. Lastly, I must give lots of thanks to all my friends here and say that I could not have made this great trek possible.

## Brian Pho



9 years later and I got to sum it all up in this paragraph. *The Fellas:* Rustafari, Josh, Drew, August(2.5), Watsaholic, Jeremy(don't forget the little people), Roger, Feta, Mike V., Rafael, Will(feshin 'n'66ers), Wade(boy), Henry, Greg, Matt, Paul, Brian, John, DaveM., DaveS., Jamie B., and my second brother Gavin. *The Ladies:* Mara, Vanessa(my shrink and fellow babe spotter), Liz, Andrea, Jo, Franc, Adrienne, Georgia, Sarah, Laura, Tara. *Memories:* The Pit, Brickworks, litres of moonshine, South Central, Dana and JJ's, Saturday D's, Rusty benders and the front porch, Franc's back porch. Drew's farm party, Antigua, Brooks, Chappie's, Dominican Republic. All special in their own way. Dad and Julie; thanx for the encouragement and support. Aunt Sue; the coolest chick around. Phil; thanx for everything but especially for keeping me in line. Mom; thanx for not killing me, and sorry about the gray hair. Jordan; no help at school but you're great to party with. It's been a blast, but now it's part of my past. See ya around the way! "Don't let them fool ya. Don't let them school ya" - B o h Marley.

## Adam Powadiuk



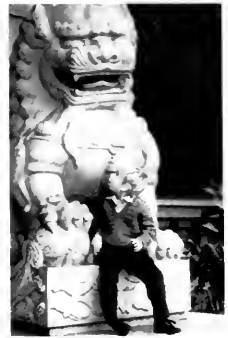


The R.S.G.C. experience is an opportunity that few on this planet will come close to receiving and it should not be taken for granted. So long to all the grads wherever you end up. Never let the big lions of life scare you. Thanks to all of the teachers, especially Mr. McElroy, Mr. Keenan, Mr. D'Arcy, Mr. Timm, Fr. Hill, and Mr. Love. Thanks to my supportive parents who let me choose between T.F.S. and S.G.C. and stared blankly at math problems with me. Also thanks to all the weirdos I've met on the subway for making me realize I'm alright. For the record: I think the goal post moved in front of me and Bell's computer stories replaced my necessity for coffee to wake up in the mornings. Stan's Mr. T cereal. Slapsies with Bell on the subway. The elusive Innuendo who kept going around Apache Burger and who couldn't find his sleeping bag one cold morning. I didn't realize I was in the front seat at the comedy club. "Homicide. That's another word for murder Skippy." I get confused easily. The coin DOESN'T know! Good Luck to next year's yearbook crew, you're going to need it. Hmmm...cake Byeeeee....

"Twenty-one! The Chief's vote makes it twenty-one! And by God if that ain't a majority I'll eat my hat!" - Patrick Randle McMurphy

"Well, that's the way the cookie bounces..." - G.T.

## Ian Roberts



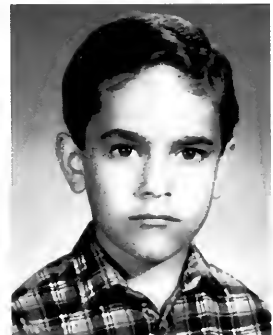
Well, it's finally over. Ten years. "Oh my God, that's the funky s\*\*\*\*." If I learned one thing at St. G.'s, it's definitely "you miss 100% of the shots you don't take. No Fear." and that "P\*\*\*\* ain't s\*\*\*\* but I\*\*\*\* and c\*\*\*\*." - [Funk Doobies]. I'd like to thank the homeboyz: the TSC posse: Mark Miller (the "get out" scandal), Hernandez, Julio, Lopez (me), Hector, PKing, Lamaque (the legend lives on), Tim, Bell, RRRaouuuul, Meeka, Austin, RRRRebecca, MJ, Claire, Lauren, Kelsey, Kingsley (I'm innocent), and the French Connection. Da St. G.'s posse: Adam, Crusty, Watsaholic, Feeeeehtaaaaah (thanx), Jer, Rafe, Willber, Enfield, Dak (sucka-foo), Werd, Grog, Waisberg, Vit, and all you other suckas. And Ali, I love you, man. The profs: D'Arcy, Il Duce, Love, Ven Herk, Hal - thanks guys for putting up with me. I will always remember the times here: Junior School swimming, all those fun exams, Drew's Farm, the infamous Rusty parties, the Price is Right, chillin' in Washington, Vanilla Ice and Maestro, "Get out" watergate, ...and all that jazz. "Lately it's occurred to me, what a long strange trip it's been." - the Grateful Dead. "Never been dumped cause I'm the most mackinest. Never been jumped cause I'm known most packinest." - the Beastie Boys. "How can you have your pudding if you don't eat your meat." - Pink Floyd. "...And the water is very hard to drink." - Silverchair

## Angus Robinson



The three years that I have been at RSGC have been a large part of my life. From my first class with Mr. Orlando to the last with Mr. D'Arcy, I would like to thank all the teachers for their support and help in preparing me for University especially, Mr. Love and Mr. Pengelly (for everything that they have done for me throughout the years at RSGC) Mr. D'Arcy, (for those interesting calc classes) Mr. Holdsworth, (for those weird but yet funny jokes) Mr. Timm, (for those interesting classes.) Mrs. Mustard (thanx for everything) and Mrs. Miller (thanx for everything) My memories from RSGC were the trip to New York City and the trip to Washington D.C. Those were the good old days. I would also like to thank my parents for giving me this opportunity to come to RSGC. I thank both of my parents, they are absolutely the greatest parents and friends that I have. I also want to wish all my friends good luck with their future plans; AL, CP, AB, BP, AS, AM, AP, RS, JD, IR and the list goes on. Finally I want to wish the next generation good luck.

## Soren Shamsian



After 12 (not 13, suckers) long years of school, it's a relief to finally be done. Special thanks to Anupam for putting up with me for the past couple years, ranging from the days when I spill coffee on him at JJ's or the days when I continuously manage to tick him off. Another special thanks to Dana, whose "Diesel" made me sick, and to BIG O, for constantly ridiculing me, and to Stan, who never stopped supplying Q. Lui with his favorite literature. It's been nice getting to know you all, wishing you could say the same about me. Another very special thanks to my mom, whose food is good. Another thanks to my dad, for instilling the Kurdish nationalistic fervor that makes me the man that I am... Ok. I'm done. Bye-bye cruel world.

## Ali Tawfik-Shukor





Ottawa, Quebec (Princess), Bolton (J.R.L. & Toby), New York (Busted), Washington, Stanstead Champs (brow), Ottawa (cracker's & semi's), Hamilton (silver), Montreal "morning blues", California Love x2 (coasts and convertibles), Florida, Venez 30c Polar, Columbia "Thanks John," Dominican (Beach Soccer), Noah's farm party "It looked like a stream", Tremblant "Hallways", Caribou, Sauvreur "Bourbon", "Track burns", Lacrosse beatings 3W's, Niner liner "donut heist", CNE gold, semis and popcorn, crawls, football in Rosedale park, Caledon torture, Formals, Montreal "cab ride", "I'm a coke drinker Sir!", May 24 at Toby's "cliff jumping", stream boarding, Train ride to Tremblant, U Vic, "Rhythm of love", Adirondacks, the beating, Hockey "Life is 19 seconds too long", Blue and Silver, York Domination, CP Digging, "The Cheese Heist", Rosedale Diner, Pachter's, Wade's leaving party "I'll pay you for that one", Kildooning at Kilcoo, Dorset Polar Bearing, off roading in Chorley "A.P. we were lucky for that one", "Did the dye leak into your brain?", Hip concert, YJ'ing, "I finally got the belt!", Timmins (fetching looers), Tree climbing at Blackeney, lip synch (Boombastic), Wade's fishs, J.A., Debating, "It is great to debate", Sugar pie, initiation "Where hell am I?", U of T - JD, Bell's Queen's visit (tried the century), Booked in Vegas (I went back and won!), Shunny, JJ's & Dana, "Havergal Raid", "Terrible Threesome!" Thanks Mom and Dad and Julie I love you, all my incredible friends, JK, JRL, MP, and RSGC!

## Jason Taylor

Thanks to my family for all of your love and support. Thanks to: Mac, see you at the Swan, Soph. "you are cool beyond repair", and to Toad, Sue and all of the other lovely honeys in my life. To all the boys at RSGC thanks for the memories and all that jazz. To Holdsworth, big O, Timm, and my other teachers thanks for passing me. Big thanks to all the wonderful people at Labatts, Molson, Upper Canada and all the other beer makers. JJ mugs thanks for diesel and of course Dana. Memories: Quebec (the Princess) NY (Static/40oz), Halifax (stocking Sloan), Montreal (Le fin de la monde), Tremblant (the boys, the brew, the burger) DR ("we love you for free"/ Wanda.) Ball hockey (Cant will always rule!), "Ce n'est pas bon ca" "I gotta get drunk" - W. Nelson  
 "I know I said I had a good time. But now I'm sprawled across the finish line" - A. Scott.

## Jake Thompson



## Howard Tsung

So much to say, so little space. Hvala Mom, Dad, Sis+Bro; and all family around the globe. 5 yrs of Antigua (Hey Who ya say Daddy!), Chappy Parties, Chorley, Fire Pit, Long-distance loves (PS/CW), true loves (EB), Drew's Farm (Ah he's Naked!), etc. and the odd bit of work. 4 the Staff: Thanx Ska, M. Pauln, RH, and Miller for making me realize my passions. 4 the ladies: Merci to CM, Bee, Soph, Van, Nix, Frankie, Lex, etc. (UR all the best ever). 4 AWI. Pabs (HTTMTHRNMMOMOMSOJKOP), Odie, Sherry, Blackie, Joey, Tony, etc. (Da I\*\*\*\* ayu!). 4 the buds. AJMDPSBWF! AJ- (CAJLPJOTSE) Bebecca, New Year's parties, Jolly Roger, and on and on, Drew- 12 years and still goin' (F4E), WF- We nssy!(99ILSX), Johnny G (and the jokes just keep on comin'), SB(I'm Batman), Dre(2tone shoes+what not), Yoshi (pringles+coke), Dawe (long time no speak), Galal (to the lake!) and MM (you don't know me from God!). To all I've left out, thanx 4 makin' my life an experience, not a punishment. If you can't be good be careful? I haven't done either and I'm still here. Keep dreamin', keep livin', keep laughin'. Asta La Waygo!

"Those who dream by day are cognizant of much that escapes those who dream only by night"- Edgar Allan Poe.

## Michael Vitorivich





The past seven years at RSGC have been great, and filled with memories. Here are a few: niner liner, stealin' the snack, "I hate that movie!", "freeze, summit county sheriff's dept.", the Pit, shoulder-taping, Run to the Hill, "gatoraid", Quebec City, tramp., R-dale football, Yukon, Arctic Bears Club, May 24, sailing, "Don't Mess!", Caribbean, parties in the city, parks, up north-C-wood, farms..., "it's just my driving stuff", Caledon, ch. firecracker, koke at vic, painkiller, afternoon party, "what's in the trunk?", "runnin'" and hiding, crawl home- " relax, I was raised on the ice-I won't fall", "where's your friend!?", The Beer Bust, DR-sunrise, soccer, 151, "In the country of the blind...", Bth.&Ruth., fake cat, 3man, Hip, hair, Halffax, Sun party, night swimming&tubbin', the Turd, "sorry about your phone", Sauvreur-Bourbon St., Tremblant Crew-train ride, bathroom stalls, snag off, Caribou, Montreal-Labour Day, cab ride, "where's the key?", "get up right now!", New Years, "he's got a hick haircut?", New York, "pass me some Cdn. in a can", in the back, Adrondiack's- "we got the Rhythm", "maybe the turn-off was back there", "teaching English", semis, "just watch your head... what are u doing here", Hairoun, "are you guys brothers?", chillin' in Cali., Whitney sessions...Thanks to all my family, friends and teachers for making this whole experience possible. I will never forget it.



## Noah Waisberg

Well it has been a fun 7 years at R.S.G.C. I'd like to send a thanks out to my Mom, Dad, sisters, Grandparents, teachers, and relatives who've been there for me throughout my St. George's career. I'd also like to thank: Justin for always having an open door & Adam & Jamie for always being ready to enter that door, Dana for the diesel that got me through the day & Orchid for the diesel that got me through the night, McKillop for the smokey warmth on the trips to Western and Collingwood, Jason for all the fun I had watching him lose all our competitions, Katherine for letting Enfield come out twice a year, Drew for keeping his clothes on whenever he came to my house and Angus for giving me an extra month to write this. I'd also like to tell Tim it's not raining, we were just outside, Noah, turn on the damn lights, Bell watch out for the stairs, Pho I'll miss your mom and Dre, night school was hell but we made it to Dal. I'd also like to give a shout out to Mike, Jake, Brian and Glenn. I've made so many good friends and I'll miss you all as I head to a 'better' place. Goodbye R.S.G.C.



## Ben Watsa

I would like to thank everyone in school and especially Mr. Pengelly, for giving me the chance to study in such a prestigious school. I've learned a lot. I'll never forget George, Jeff, Pank, Ali, Dak, the Robs, John, and the rest of the OACs. I wish them good luck and hope for their wishes to be granted. (More beer, fewer classes, etc.) *(Note: That's not my wish)* I would love to express my deepest gratitude in thanking them. I enjoyed my performance in the school Drama, in which I danced (or moved in a random fashion, i.e., Impromptu), vehemently delivered my speech and yawn... I think it's about time... I... gotta... go... Time... is... slipping away... There is... no ... time ...to lose... Let's get ... gold from ... God... and go... on ... the ... Booze!!!



## Paul Wong



First, I want to thank my family, Mom, Dad, David and Chris, for providing me with love and support. Thanks to all the staff at R.S.G.C. for giving me all the guidance and education any student could ask for. Thanks to all my friends for leaving me so many good memories.

Ashleigh: You're the best friend I've ever had...what more needs to be said? / Kaeli: The one person that would always help me keep the faith. / Leigh: "That's assault sister!" / Netan: STATIC'S in MY house!!! / Jake: My mentor and teacher, the three's are raising! / Andries: Oy, oy...Today we die for Allah!! Ayayayayaya / Kris & Chris: STINKY!! / B.B. & J.S.: Friday-Barracuda...Saturday-Warehouse/Matt: Keep on hustlin' Rude Boy/Greg & Rob: Dr. Klives on/Dak: Co-compadres forever./The House Parties / D.R... "We love you fo free" / Who can forget the day Price is Right history was made, the triple spin-off or Chantel... Mmmmmmm, Chantel. / Best of luck to you all. I'm out.

"Please help control the pet population and have your pets spade or neutered." Bob Barker.



## Graham Wright

# Welcome to the Big League.

**Congratulations to the Class of 1997!**

You are now Old Boys of RSGC, joining an energetic and ambitious alumni network that exists to meet your needs. Wherever life takes you, you can count on hundreds of other Georgians in the Association to smooth the journey.

The RSGC Association exists to serve the students and graduates of a unique and special school. When you need help, turn to us first. When you have questions, ask us first. When you want good people to work with, try us first. We're **your** Association.

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Dinner Dance*

*Pub Nights*

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*Prize Day*

*Family Day*

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**[www.rsgc.on.ca](http://www.rsgc.on.ca)**



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## Royal St. George's College Association

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c/o Royal St. George's College, 120 Howland Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M5R 3B5 Ph: (416) 533-3968 FAX: (416) 533-0021

# Prefects



the Infamous Gregory Karout a.k.a. Blow Fly, k.a. Dr. Ska, a.k.a. Knight Rider on his never ending quest to find the creamiest peanut butter.



**BACK ROW:** Jason Taylor, Rob Bell, Tim Boyce, Rob Burkett, Graham Wright, George Bassel, Steve Brooks, Mike Vitorovich, Matt Morden. **FRONT ROW:** Greg Karout, Pankaj Bhatia, Drew Pearson

The Prefects on Prize Day (below) The Prefects and Birnbaum at the Formal (above)



**BACK ROW:** Matt Morden, George Bassel, Rob Bell, Mike Vitorovich. **MIDDLE ROW:** Pankaj Bhatia, Steve Brooks, Jason Taylor, Graham Wright. **FRONT ROW:** Tim Boyce, Rob Burkett, Greg Karout.



Mike and his Cup (on Prize Day)



George Bassel



Rob Bell



Matt Morden

# GRAD TRIP



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FULL NAME \_\_\_\_\_

FECHA DE NACIMIENTO \_\_\_\_\_ DIA-DAY \_\_\_\_\_  
DATE OF BIRTH \_\_\_\_\_

LUGAR DE NACIMIENTO \_\_\_\_\_  
PLACE OF BIRTH \_\_\_\_\_

OCCUPACION \_\_\_\_\_  
OCCUPATION \_\_\_\_\_

DIRECCION PERMANENTE \_\_\_\_\_  
PERMANENT ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CIUDAD-CITY \_\_\_\_\_

DIRECCION EN LA REP. DOM. \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS IN DOM. REP. \_\_\_\_\_

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LODGING \_\_\_\_\_

MOTIVO DEL VIAJE \_\_\_\_\_  
PURPOSE OF TRIP \_\_\_\_\_

PUERTO DE EMBARQUE \_\_\_\_\_  
PORT OF EMBARKATION \_\_\_\_\_

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ESTADIOS - STUDY \_\_\_\_\_

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VUELO No / FLIGHT No \_\_\_\_\_

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# AND FORMAL



# Stewards / Lifers



## Fall/Winter Stewards

**BACK ROW:** Derrick de Kerckhove (Ball hockey), Andries Mellema (Ball Hockey), Robert Evans (University Coordination), Asad Ladha (Yearbook). **MIDDLE ROW:** Jeff Enfield (Ball Hockey), A.J. Mabro (Tours), Alexander Moniz Brown (Yearbook). **FRONT ROW:** Jake Thompson (Ball Hockey), Ian Roberts (Yearbook).



## Summer Stewards

**BACK ROW:** Christopher Petrie (Computers), Will Burton (Tech Crew), John Dyer (Tours). **MIDDLE ROW:** Christopher Martin (Newspaper), Glenn Lou-Hing (Ball Hockey), Soren Shamsian (Tours). **FRONT ROW:** Brian Pho (Ping-Pong).

**ABSENT:** Bernard von Bieberstein (Choir), and Angus Robinson (Tours).  
This tie is awarded to the Grade 13's who go beyond academics in order to help the school.



**FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:** Angus Robinson, Graham Wright, Tim Boyce, John Strachan a.k.a. The Bust, George Bassel, John Golding, Bernard von Bieberstein, Mathew Morden.

These are the Grade 13's who came all the way through the school from Grade 4.

# HOUSE RESULTS



Winchester.....	28,375
Westminster.....	26,926
Canterbury.....	26,341
York.....	24,969

The crowning achievement for each of the houses was:  
Winch (Swim Meet), West (Cross Country), Cant (Winter Ball  
Hockey), York (Grade 11 Ball Hockey)

# CANTERBURY



**Cant 9**

**Back Row:** Cameron Davison, James Cole, Rob Macdonald, Tristan Abraham, Max Ritts **Middle Row:** G.P. Andreis, Mark Wires, Dan Green, Soren Brothers **Front Row:** Austin Locke, Michael Pang, Cameron Wallace, John Roman, Jonah Falco



**Cant 10**

**Back Row:** Scott Hong, Matthew Beatty, Andrew Haust, Justin Young, Aahren DePalma **Middle Row:** Jonathan Kellett, Ben Zelikovitz, Patrick Hayes, Jason Lee, Janie Bergstra, Brian Cole **Front Row:** Aaron Lau, Jordan Powadiuk, Blair Rose, Andrew Kellner, Chris Barnes, Chris Taylor



**Cant 11**

**Back Row:** Will Jones, Matthew Barrington, Dave Hare, Michael von Teichman, Damian Abraham **Middle Row:** Andrew Davison, Ted Merghen, Geoff Cowper Smith, Cameron Wing, Andrew Jones **Front Row:** Michael Popelatz, Derek Wong, Brad Allgood, Ryan Gulyas **Absent:** Adam Green



**Cant 12**

**Back Row:** Robert Schellekens, Stefko Waschuk, Brett Grantham, James Robertson **Middle Row:** Michael Kelly, Markus Otema, Thomas D'Arcy, Michael Barnicke **Front Row:** David D'Onofrio, Alastair Kellett, Alexis Levine, David Robinette



**Cant 13**

**Back Row:** Adam Powadiuk, Angus Robinson, Will Burton, Joshua McKillop, George Bassel **Front Row:** Alex Moniz Brown, Pankaj Bhatia, Drew Pearson, Jake Thompson



Now *this* is easy.

Look! Cherry freezies!



This is the last time you'll see me before the finish line

Working hard, but not going anywhere.

Canterbury House Captain: George Bassel



Smile for the camera.

Camouflage.

Canterbury had a quite successful year in 1996-97. We were competitive in all aspects of house competition, and managed to take several championships. Though we had a couple of poor turnouts in the major events, those who were there really came through for their house, and showed the other houses what sort of spirit Canterbury has. We continued with our ball hockey tradition of victory, and continued to be the best looking house. Thanks to all the guys who participated, and may the tradition continue.

George Bassel  
(Canterbury House Captain)



I'm getting ready for a date.

I'm ready for anything.

# WESTMINSTER



**West 9**

**Back Row** Simon Gorecki, James Fisher, Dan Bennett, D'Arcy Cook, Walter Davies **Middle Row** James Morrison, Jason George, Gavin Wiggins, Kazuo Oishi **Front Row** Mr. Cooper, Lindsay Templeton, John Geary, David Reeser, Michael Ast



**West 10**

**Back Row** John Maggacomo, Barrett Holman, Sam Gildner, Michael Clark **Middle Row** Andrew Pettit, Devin Maguire, Craig McIvor, Jett Todd **Front Row** Mr. Daleman, Daniel Koo, Rylan Perry, Thomas Blackmore, Adam Janceletewicz, Adam Clark



**West 11**

**Back Row** Matt Donald, Tim Johnston, Dougal Bruce, Michael Anstey **Middle Row** Chasen Paul, Simon Wilkinson, David Koo, Rob Dyer, Morgan Bosker **Front Row** Raymond Lui, Patrick Fordyce, John Orved, Dan MacDonald, Adrian Walker, Dan Mitchell



**West 12**

**Back Row:** Olivier Raoult, Jamie Lint, Elliot Hughes **Middle Row:** M. Burron, Phillip Blanchette, Andrew Beadon, Marcel Merath **Front Row:** Mr. Stewart, Raymond Tsui, Daniel Medd, Mark Han, James Boake



**West 13**

**Back Row:** Dave Engle, D'Arcy Chandler, Paul King, Tim Boyce, Alexandre Mahro **Middle Row:** Paul Wong, Rob Bell, John Dyer, Bern Bieherstein, Ben Watsa **Front Row:** Mr. D'Arcy, Brian Pho, Eric Kung, Chris Martin, Geoff Chapman





None shall pass.



Hmmm ... I wonder ...



Students

Westminster House Captain: Robert Bell

There are houses and then there is the almighty and glorious Westminster House. We gentlemen are the crème de la crème, the best and the brightest that the school has to offer. It is a simple matter when we rally to the banner, and don the glistening white T-shirts; which allow us to become one, with a power unequalled in the free world

Is it any surprise then that the list of West victories this year is so long? Measly little puddles of red, blue, and yellow dissolved in the sea of white that came crashing down on them during psycho-ball matches. Those clad in blue, red, or yellow were left, huddled in the shade, mere shells of their former selves, following the cross-country run. Sure we suffered some minor set backs, the swim meet for instance, but we were there...some of us and we redeemed ourselves in the track and field meet where we taught the other houses a valuable lesson in humility.

There are some who point out that the almighty and glorious West house was in last place at the end of the first term. Yes, this is true but it was all a part of West strategy. We are like the great predator of the African plains, the jaguar, who upon capturing his prey, will play with it, letting it escape, giving it hope, just before it springs, snapping its neck like a twig.

Due to the cunning devious ways of Mr. G. Love (alias the "puppet-master") Winchester might be on top of the pecking order (I'm writing this in May, I haven't a clue what house is in what place). Let them have their brief, I emphasize BRIEF, moment in the spot light. Remember gentlemen, they are still our prey. Every passing moment they are growing lazier, and more complacent. When the time is right we shall leap, tearing the cowardly yellow from their pedestal on high, replacing it with virtuous white



Evans reviewing swimming tactics with Daniel.



# WINCHESTER



**Winch 9**

**Back Row** Adam Shaw, Alex Wolfson, Simon Sutherland, Fraser Baldry, Paul Macchione **Middle Row** Peter Ruta, Colin Simpson, Chris Walters, Sammy Pusateri **Front Row** Cam Conn Grant, Sean Ewing, Mike Hayes, Michael Thompson, Andrew Newbury, Peter Adams



**Winch 12**

**Back Row:** Alex Palalas, Francis Lusson, Simon Cook-Roffey **Front Row:** Andrew Dudgeon, Anthony Kingsley, Robert Mellema, Paul Saumets  
**Absent:** Justin Estacion, John Hankinson, Harish Maraj, Ryan Mulvihill



**Winch 10**

**Back Row** Miller Peterson, Mark Percy, Noah Cole, Eric Wynn, Arden Church **Middle Row** Drew Czernik, Phedias Diamandis, Matthew Pantalone, Jonathan Robson **Front Row** Alex Lyn, Scott Russell, Alex Josephson, Michel Pagella-Mamardi, David Baker, Justin Leung



**Winch 13**

**Back Row** Noah Waisberg, Ali Tawfik-Shukor, John Golding, Mike Vitorovich, Derrick de Kerckhove **Front Row** Ian Roberts, Graham Wright, Christopher Petrie, Asad Ladha, Brian Birnbaum, Andreis Mellema



**Winch 11**

**Back Row** Altru Pristine, Rob McCord, Allan Humphries, Rob Murdoch, Rob Clark **Middle Row** Michael Chen, Andrew Davis, Graham McIone, Josh Estacion **Front Row** Gerard DeGrandis, Ken Adams, Jonathan Lee, James Hall, Hayden Ho



The Winch dream team.





Winchester House Captain: Mike Vitorovich (right)



The roadblock



V-I-C-T-O-R-Y!!



Cool new hair-do.

V. V-I-C. V-I-C-T-O-R-Y.  
 Victory's our battle cry. Are we in it; no we're not. We're not in it, we're on top. UGH! UNGAWA! WINCH has got the power!

This has been our house cheer for two years now; and this year we proved that power. Last year we finished dead last, and this year (so far) we are in FIRST! The house spirit, and the attendance have been amazing. We tried our best for house drama, we dominated the swim meet; and the house competitions were (for the most part) also ours to dominate. We had a lot of guys involved in all areas of the school (clubs, plays, teams, etc.). Everyone did their bit, and it has paid off. I've had help from all grades; from Andries and Noah (grade 13), Robert and Simon (grade 12), Michel and Phedias (grade 10), etc. These are just a few names that stick out, but do not be deceived, Winch was a power house this year, and it was because of many Winchers. It has been the year of Winch domination, and I am just glad that my name was a part of it; although credit should be given where credit is due, which is to all the guys who got involved in any way, shape, or form. Thanks for a great year guys, and continue to dominate!

Michael Vitorovich  
 (Winchester Head 96/97)

# YORK



**York 9**

**Back Row** Jordan Dow, Donald Harris, Oliver Carmichael, David Lindemere, Stuart Hillenbrand **Middle Row** Kris Arnold, Jesse Parker, Ian Winton, Tyrone Bowers-Nigh, Nicholas Payne **Front Row** Jonathon Lofft, Topher Bennett, Edward Birnbaum, Dylan Ells, Brandon Vasquez



**York 10**

**Back Row**: David McNaughton, Adam Smith, James Robertson, Galen Davies, Adrian Henke **Middle Row**: James Snider, Cameron Fiske, Patrick Gordon, Peter Bellingham **Front Row**: Rickesh Kotecha, Jamie Pope, Keith Lui, Chris Kelly



**York 11**

**Back Row** David Hwang, Amir Kronblot, Ben Munger, Tim Pyper, Chris Ford, Michael Fountain **Front Row** Ben Sharma, Samuel Hui, Chris Hatch, Joseph Ternaman **Absent** Scott Stoggett



**York 12**

**Back Row**: Kendry Watson, Miran Ternamian, Carr Hatch, Andrew Bryant, Stuart Constone, Jamie Sedgwick, Martin Farkas **Front Row**: Dan Campbell, Istvan Luppino, Peter Levine, Fraser Tamaki, Jamie Sutherland



**York 13**

**Back Row**: Sacha Bangay, Robert Burkett, Gregory Karout, Matthew Morden, Stephen Brooks **Front Row**: Quincy Lui, Soren Shamsian, Jeffrey Enfield, Glenn Lou-Hing **Absent**: Joshua Burnett, Howard Tsung



Satan, disguised as Greg, tempts Rob with the stolen communion wine.



Rock, paper, scissors.



He shoots...



York House Captain: Jason Taylor

If I had to sum York's proud history in one word, it would be DOMINATION. After repeatedly crushing our opposition for so many years, I secretly decided to hold a meeting at the Canadian pentagon with the central planning committee to devise a plan to make things more interesting this year. We concluded that we would sit idly in last place until the final lap of the race, where we would come out from nowhere and viciously elbow our way to the top where we belong, in true fine York character.

Although we are in last place at this moment, our position in the standings doesn't clearly reflect our general performance in school. While keeping in good faith with the motto "fair play" we have managed to send many fine young men to the academic honour breakfast and placed them in many notable positions on various teams and clubs throughout the school. The house character is defined by academic excellence, hardwork and a fine devotion to many aspects of school life, while performing to the maximum and never letting up until the last lap.

It has been my pride and honour to follow in the footsteps of some of the great leaders who have preceded me as house captains such as Bedard, Sjogren, Duff and Sparky. This is the house that has had a history of demolishing it's opponents in floor hockey, football, and last but definitely not least psycho ball. This year we have had the best actors, debaters, Ketchum Hall clean up crews, and characters. The performance put on by the few grade nines who did show up to the swim meet was outstanding. Never was an excuse muttered when these model Georgians were asked to swim an extra lap for the house, because we were short of man power.

As I leave this place that has truly taken a spot in my heart and the one I have grown to call my second home, I am blessed to carry many fond memories of this house as proudly being a part of it. Good luck to next year's incoming house captain.

Jason Taylor



...He scores





# Also Under

Georgians Abroad



Short. I must retrieve brains for the master!



I understand nothing.



Gotcha!



The food of champions



# Construction



Students



How do we get Dr. Barlow down?



Hmmm...The plot thickens...



Look ma...no hands.



Seventh Inning Stretch.



Hanging on for dear life.



# Grade 3



## First Impressions

The first time I saw the school I was not too sure I wanted to go because at my old school, we were allowed to talk out and we did not sit in desks. But then I saw the brochure. It looked and sounded like a good school. And then came the first day of school, it was great even though it was just a review until 12:00.

Although I am just in grade three, my experiences have been many. My teachers are all great and lots of fun, I have made lots of friends, but my favourite subjects are still math and gym.

Alexander Mather



**Back Row:** David Jolly, Pierre Eiras, David Liang, Taylor Townley, Mr. McElroy.  
**Front Row:** Ewen Cameron, Alex Mather, Jeremy Wong, Mathew Evans.



**Back Row:** Brandon Wallans, David Bleasby, Henry Ciocca, Angus Chambers. **Middle Row:** Mathew Bubburs, Mark Cole, James O' Bom, Jonathan Pak, Derek Chan, David Edwards, Anthony Field. **Front Row:** Freddie Kinderley, Jonathan Rae, Malcom Griffiths, Max Schwartz, Diederick Heisey, Mr. Jamieson



Ah .... Spam!

## A Day In Grade Four

The day starts off when we get to school in the morning at 8:10. When the bell rings we all run to See House and make lots of noise while we go upstairs. When the bell rings at 8:20, Argus & Reggie are still getting ready for class.

Mr. Jamieson comes up the stairs with his second cup of coffee and acts like one of us.

Mr. Jamieson is such a good singer but when he sings in the morning he sings very loud so Mrs. Keresteci gets very annoyed - and he also sings like one of us.

The morning goes quickly and before you know it we are all hiding, so that we won't get lunch duty.

Seventh period comes and we usually have Dr. Leatch for instrumental music. We all hate how he gives us Leatch bites.

The day is almost over and Henry gets ready for our homework books. When school is over - Mr. Jamieson thanks God for ending this day and hopes tomorrow he is home in bed, sick.

David Edwards & Anthony Field

# Grade 5



He's my best friend.



A friendly gathering!



I love this stuff.



Back row: Luke Ostrander, Philip Reineck, Jeremy Milligan, Owen Williams, William Lockett, Matthew Piggott, Matthew Griffin, Warren Choy  
 Middle Row: Colin Rubes, Chris Evans, Wells Stringham, Bryan Fehleley, Scott Ackley, Jonathan Holby, Dr. F. F. each  
 Front Row: Jonathan Bell, Matthew Young, Stefan Picot, Teague Mackinnon, Russell, Erich Zimm, Taylor Scherberger, Tommy Gardner



# Grade 6



Ahhhhhhh...Not Another Test!



I love this school!

Students



ROYAL ST. GEORGE'S COLLEGE 1999-2007

**Back Row:** Michael Rieger, Wayne Yao, Francesco Valente-Gorjub, Cameron Algure, Haddon Murray, Philip Goad, Danzel Pinto  
**Middle Row:** John Karantonis, Michael McCulloch, Patrick Donovan, Arthur Shum, David Jones, Michael Roebuck, Mr. Wade West  
**Front Row:** Kevin Lau, Graham Atkinson, Jonathan Tam, Andres De Palma, Ian Humphreys, Adam Dukszta, Andrew Harris, David McNabb  
**Absent:** Tim Clark



This test is killing me!

## My first day as a new boy

My first day at St. George's was confusing. I was lost in a world of new places, new people, and new procedures. I didn't know where I was going, and almost got completely lost once. Although St. George's is actually a fairly small place it seemed to resemble a labyrinth, rather than a school, but the staff and students were very helpful and I eventually knew where everything was.

I also found it strange that as I sat down at my desk I was handed a test! As I handed in the test I wondered what kind of school would give students a test on the first day. I didn't really care though, because I was also enjoying many aspects of St. George's, lunch for example. And by the end of the day I was looking forward to coming to school the next day.

## My first day as an old boy

My first day of this school year wasn't really my first year being an old boy. This is my fourth year at St. George's. New boys, who have no idea how to organize themselves come and find themselves lost in a world of new subjects and strange faces.

I was given a new boy to look after. I had to give him advice and show him around. One of the great things about being an old boy is that you know all the teachers and what they expect. The first day is a bit boring. All the teachers do is explain things.

By Kevin Cupp and Thomas Lockett



If I can't see you... You can't see me



**Back Row:** Kevin Cupp, Tom Hutchison, Todd Curtin, Robert Gleadow, Aaron Mitchell, Matt Wilson, Jon Lucas, J.R. Birkett. **Middle Row:** Jake Sheehan, Arian Pristine, Dave Kerr-Vayne, Terence Ho, Donald Pyper, Thomas Lockett. **Front Row:** Nick Hagggar, Ehren Lauson, Sandy Norton, Robin Ganer, Mike Love, Sam Bennett





What do we say now?



## Changes 7R Would Like To See

1. HEATING
2. CARPETS
3. GRASS
4. BETTER LUNCHES
5. NEW LOCKERS
6. JUNIOR SCHOOL GRUB DAYS
7. NO UNIFORMS
8. CO-ED
9. AUDIO/VISUAL EQUIPMENT
10. ART STUDIO



**Back Row:** Michael Wilton, Chris Reineck, Alex McNabb, Jay Jolliffe, Joseph Hillenbrand, Ian Pattillo, Adam Harris. **Middle Row:** Tim Wong, Morgan Rubes, Christian Heisey, David Hurlow, Geoffrey Reeser, Peter McGrath. **Front Row:** David Hill, Justin Ho, Jamie Scott, Shimon Pokorny, Gary Wong, Dylan Shvili. **Absent:** Tim Chung

# Grade 8H



**Back Row:** Jeremy Pigott, Michael Haughton, Larek Awad, Sandy Gibson, Geoffrey Keating, Matthew Postroszny, Geoff Rehnahan. **Middle Row:** Mr. Hutchison, Matthew King, Johnathan Abraham, Fraser Buchan, Mark Longo, Bradley Milne, James Bourgeois. **Front Row:** Kyle Waters, Chris Godfrey, Alex Edmison, Paul Ternaman, Gage Love, Chris Rae, Patrick Taylor. **Absent:** Ted Sablatnig

**Above:** Yes, this is a binder  
**Above Left:** Fetch!  
**Far Left:** We're a happy couple!

## First Day at R.S.G.C.

Mr. Hutchison's class, recieved four new excellent students. There were many new circumstances to deal with. For some, the uniform was a new experience. The teachers were dedicated to making our transtion an easy one; they were always ready to give a helping hand and tell a joke just to make us laugh.

The first few days were hectic; trying to learn where the classes were, what books we needed for each class, and where important rooms such as the washrooms and the dining hall were located. The work load was heavier than we were used to, and the sport tryouts were also an experience. Nevertheless, the students at R.S.G.C. made our transition an easy one.

By Mark Longo



Buddy Ol' Pal



## 8M Future Occupations

- Goeff Bolton:** Alternative Musician
- Ivan Chin:** Judge
- Adam Donald:** Journalist
- Gordon Dunlop:** Singer
- Graham Durrant-Taylor:** Lawyer
- Ian Edmonds:** Stock Broker
- Tim Enfield:** Lawyer
- Jamie Ferguson-Woods:** Senior VP of CIBC
- Jesse Fulton:** Brain Surgeon
- Andrew Hepburn:** Owner of Family Engineering Business
- Ethan Hoddes:** Inventor
- Aaron Latner:** Chairman of City Bank
- Sean Lee:** Owner of Family Restaurant
- Adam Main:** Chemical Taste Tester
- Nick Martin:** Musician
- Mario Maruzzo:** NHL Hockey Player
- Garth Millar:** Doctor
- Josh Nagel:** Football/ Squash Player
- Chris Roscoe:** Universal Dictator
- Paul Sidi:** Farmer
- Johann Smula:** Dictator of European superpower
- Trevor Thompson:** Computer Programmer



**Back Row:** Mr McMaster, Ian Edmonds, Geoffrey Bolton, Adam Donald, Paul Sidi, Johann Smula, Ethan Hoddes  
**Middle Row:** Trevs or Thompson, Mario Maruzzo, Ivan Chin, Aaron Latner, Jesse Fulton, Graham Durrant-Taylor, Joshua Nagel  
**Front Row:** Gordon Dunlop, Sean Lee, Christopher Roscoe, Andrew Hepburn, Nicholas Martin, Timothy Enfield, Adam Main, Jamie Ferguson-Woods

# Grade 9 Candids - Signs of Newcomers



Girls! Where?



Ed: Have you thought of a caption yet? Cam: Nope!



Newton, Aristotle, Galileo, Pang.



Oops, forgot my name again.



Well, it's better than my mugshot.



# Grade 10 Candids - Signs Of Intelligence?



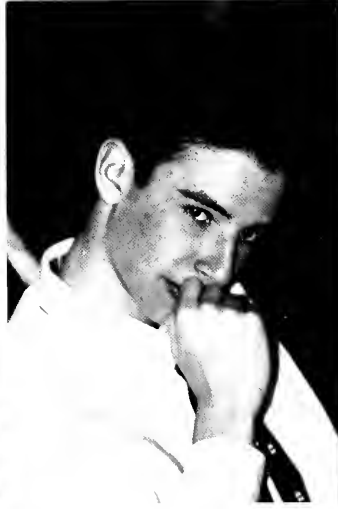
You the man.



Guess who our sponsor is?



Cheese!!



Mmm...Wiener Schnitzel.

# Grade 11 Candids - Signs of Instability



Let's Rock!



Well...I'm smarter than the average bear.



Ahh...Spam.



Screech...world's strongest man.



Grrrrr.....





# Grade 12 Candids - Signs of Maturity



Hands of a surgeon.



Who said anything about cutting class?



Smile for the camera.



I'll be feeling this tomorrow morning.



What do I do next?



Look at the colours.



*teams*

**Report all accidents  
and injuries immediately  
to your supervisor**

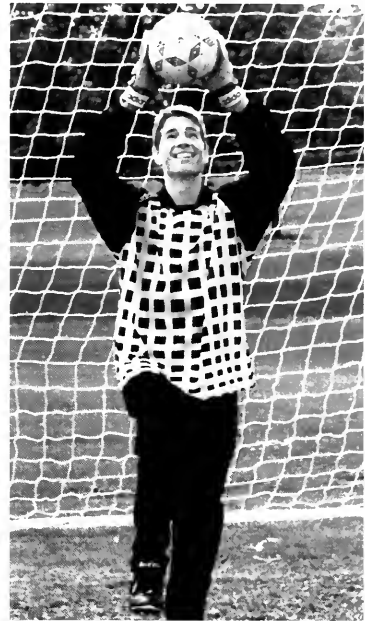
# Senior Soccer



Ref: Two more inches to the left please



The missing link in the evolutionary process.



Teams

The First Soccer team of 1996-97 had what you could refer to as an up and down season. However, the team played well in every game and most importantly had a lot of fun doing so. Team captains George Bassel, Jason Taylor, and Tim Boyce led the team throughout the year with solid play and excellent leadership. The top scorer for the team was Robert Schellekens who had an impressive seven goals. The team scored a notable victory over Ridley in the regular season. However, the climax of the season was a very impressive turnout in the Canadian National Tournament, in which they placed second out of sixteen teams. In doing so, they had wins over Holy Trinity, Selwyn House, and King Edge Hill, and they also tied a very strong U.C.C. team. Overall this was a solid campaign and all the players enjoyed a successful year.

Overall Team Record  
(regular season and tournament)  
Wins - 4, Losses - 6, Ties - 2



Back Row: Philip Blanchette, Jamie Lint, Elliot Hughes, Jason Taylor, Tim Boyce, Alistair Kellett,  
Front Row: Marcel Merath, George Bassel, Chris Ford, Glenn Lou-Hing, Matthew Barrington, Chasen Paul,  
Jamie Sedgewick, Robert Schellekens, Carr Hatch



Wait, which loop under which loop?

# Under 16 + Staff / Student Soccer



BACK ROW: Jamie Pope, Matthew Pantalone, Michel Minardi, Aahren DePalma, Aaron Lau, Rylan Perry  
 MIDDLE ROW: Mr. Keenan, Chris Hatch, Patrick Gordon, Stefan Superina, Miller Peterson, Andrew Pettit  
 FRONT ROW: Mark Pearcey, Brian Sutherland, James Cole, Phedias Diamandis, Jamie Bergstra, Graham McLorie, Daniel Koo. Absent: Adrian Henke, D'arcy Morris



C'mon Cooper.



It's too early!



I'm missing Sailor Moon!



Vini, vidi, vici.



Excuse: No fair, he's going for my car



My WWF pose!

# Under 15 Soccer



you gotta do better than that



"...and the crowd goes wild!"



**Back Row:** Rickesh Kotecha, Mr. Sarellas, Gavin Wiggins, Fraser Buchan, Edward Birnbaum, Matthew Postrozny, Jonathan Abraham, Christopher Roscoe, Mr. Thornbury.  
**Front Row:** Andrew Newbury, David Lindermere, Kazuo Oishi, Colin Simpson, Sammy Pusateri, Max Ritts, Christopher Walters



He shoots...he scores?



I've got the tiger in me!

The under 15 soccer team had what is commonly referred to as a "rebuilding" year. Although they didn't have as many wins as was desired, they did have a lot of fun and did pull out a great victory over Bayview Glen towards the end of the season. Andrew Newbury and Gavin Wiggins led the team with three goals apiece. The team was well coached and despite having many injuries they played well in the ISAA tournament. Furthermore, the team did have an excellent core of young players with much talent and all of them enjoyed a successful year.

Overall team record: Wins - 1, Losses - 11

David D'Onofrio

Teams

# Under 13 Soccer



College



I'm the goalie!

**Back Row:** Mr. Ackley, Graham Durrant-Taylor, Jacob Sheehan, Joseph Hillenbrand, David Kerr-Vayne, Morgan Rubes, Dylan Shvili. **Middle Row:** Tom Hutchison, Donald Pyper, Andrew Harris, Michael Roebuck, Patrick Taylor. **First row:** Arian Pristine, Ehren Liuson, Robin Gainer, Michael McCulloch, Adam Duksza. **Goalie:** Todd Curtin



He shoots



You're not getting this ball!



We are the champions!

# Under 12 Soccer



Watch and follow me.



Who's head are you kicking?



**Back Row:** Max Schartz, Mark Cole, Matt Griffen, Cam Alguire, Michael Rieger, David Jones, Tim Clark, Scott Ackley, Mr. Jamieson (coach), Jonathan Holtby, Andres DePalma **Front Row:** Henry Ciocca, Jon Bell, Stefan Picot, David McNabb, Colin Rubes, David Edwards, Francesco Valente-Gorjup, Ian Humphreys. Many thanks to M. Edwards for the photo.



I can do better



Nice save.



Can't touch this

# Senior Volleyball



Setting up for the spike



Last minute instructions.



This year's Senior Volleyball Team was a good group of hardworking students who definitely gave it their all. Unfortunately, the team had its rough moments on the court. Even though wins were few and far between, the Georgians were always fair and professional in their manner. It was a great year and all the members of the team really enjoyed themselves. Thanks to coach Nakatsu!

Bobby Palit



Robert Bell prepares for a spike



Back Row Mike Kelly, Graham Wright, Robert Bell, Asad Ladha, Mr. Nakatsu Front Row: Michael Popelaty, Marc Burroni, Adam Green, Andrew Bryant Absent: Derrick deKerckhove, Bobby Palit





# U16 Volleyball



Mr. Cooper teaching the guys how to play.



The spike



The volley



**Back Row:** Derrick de Kerckhove, Eric Wynn, Adam Jencelewicz, Michael Anstey. **Middle Row:** Devin Maguire, Alex Josephson, Adam Smith, Craig McIvor, James Snider. **Front Row:** Galen Davies, Mr. Cooper, Ben Zelikovitz, Blair Rose, Robert Macdonald. **Absent:** Walter Davies, Chris Taylor



# Under 13 Volleyball

The volleyball team this year was a great success. We played and practiced to our full capability and made good progress. We played many good teams and beat almost all of them. Our moral was high and we really enjoyed having Mr. O'Leary as our coach. Overall we had a fun time.



**Back Row:** Michael Wilton, Mr. O'Leary **Front Row:** Josh Nagel, Aaron Latner, Jonathan Lucas, Geoff Renihan, Sandy Gibson, Robert Gleadow, Thomas Lockett, Alex Edminson, Matthew King



Must...hit...the...ball...



Ooooo...New Lights!



My that ball is high!



# Cross Country



Pat Fordyce slugging it up the hill.



Jeff Todd slugging it up the hill.



Panting to the finish line.



**Back Row:** Tim Pyper, Cameron Wing, Will Jones, Matt Donald, Jeff Todd, Amr Kronfol **Middle Row:** Jeff Enfield, Justin Leung, Cameron Fiske, Mark Longo **Front Row:** David Huang, Pat Fordyce, Drew Czernik, James Hall, Anthony Kingsley, David Baker **Absent:** Sam Guldner, Garth Miller, Brad Allgood

# First Hockey

It was a good year for First Hockey. They competed in the Blue and Silver tournament at Pickering and made it to the League Playoffs. The team came in second, winning the most games but not scoring as many points as Rosseau Lake, the tournament winner. The League Playoff was an upsetting ending for the team. They lost in the quarter finals to Lakefield. There was great offensive play by Taylor, Henkie, and Burroni, strong defence by Sloggett and Sedgwick and consistent goal tending by Carr Hatch.

**Back Row:** Mr. P. O'Leary, Adrian Henke, Marc Burroni, Alex Palalas, Robert McCord, Josh McKillop, Benjamin Zelikovitz, Anthony Kingsley. **Front Row:** Scott Sloggett, Jason Taylor, Carr Hatch, Tim Boyce, Joseph Ternamian. Absent: Jamie Sedgwick.



Ready for the save.



Shoot from the blue line.



Hey! Are you looking at me?



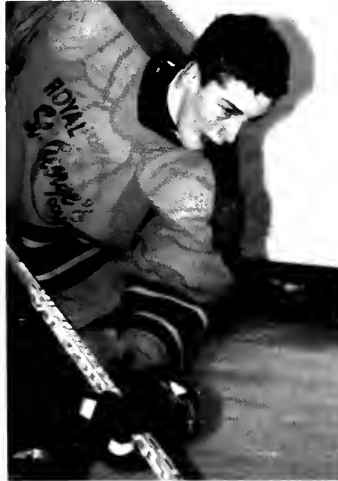
# U/16 Hockey



**Back Row:** Eric Wynn, Dan Bennett, Mr. Ackley. **Middle Row:** Rylan Perry, Brad Allgood, Ben Zelikovitz, Ryan Gulyas. **Front Row:** James Snider, Chris Hatch, Stephan Superina, Mark Wires.



Teams



U/16 hockey traveled to Lenoxville and won the tournament at Bishop's College School. Mark Wires was tournament MVP and had a fantastic season. A strong goalie effort from James Snider was key in the U/16 success.

By Rylan Perry

Wires had a bad confrontation with Domi.



# Under 14 Hockey



The 1997 Bishop's College U14 Championship



CAPTAIN CRUNCH!!!!!!



UGGGHHHHHHHH!!!!!!



Learn how to make a kick save meat face.



**Back Row** - Larek Awad, Jason George, Aaron Latner **Third Row**: Jamie Ferguson Woods, Mike Wilton, Mario Maruzzo, Jacob Sheenan, Adam Mann **Second Row**: Mi McMaster, Nick Martin, David Jones, Scott A'Fley, Alex Edmison, Gage Love, Tim Infield, Mi Rankin **Front Row**: Graham Atkinson, Sam Bennett, Michael Thompson, Todd Curtan, Kyle Waters, Patrick Taylor

# Judo



"Trust me, it's padded!"



Reach out and toss someone.



"Care to tango?"



The teachers at work.

# Ski Team

The Ski team had a good year's skiing this winter. The conditions throughout the season were not the best, but we were very fortunate to have reasonably good snow for all our meets. We skied at Craigleith, Devil's Glen, Beaver Valley, and Blue Mountain. Our strength this year was in our "B" squads. The Junior B Team finished first in one meet and placed third for the season.

Our strongest skiers were Graham McLorie and Rob Clark in the Senior team and Dan Mitchell and Dan Green in the Junior team.

- Mr. Kerr



BACKROW: Mr. Kerr, Andrew Bryant, Ted Meighen, Michael VonTeichman, Geoffrey Cowper-Smith, Matthew Donald, Adam Green, Dan Mitchell, Ted Lockie, Jim Morrison  
MIDDLEROW: David Lindermere, Stephen Brooks, Graham McLorie, Rob Clark, Morgan Brooker, Austin Locke, Dan Green, Walter Davies  
FRONT: Andy Beadon

# Senior Basketball



Back Row: Mr. Sarellas, Chason Paul, Pankaj Bhatta, James Hall, Daniel MacDonald, Middle Row: Graham Wright, Michael Kelly, Mark Han, Mr. Van Herk. Front Row: Matt Barrington, Jamie Lint, Elliot Hughes, Justin Eustacion.

The Senior basketball team had an up and down season. The highlight was winning the Selwyn House Tournament in Montreal (including two very convincing victories over Selwyn House and LCC in the Championship round). The downside was a 3-6 season including tough losses in games that should have been won and too many close games that could have gone either way. Injuries played a role with starting guard Mike Kelly falling to an ankle sprain early in the season and never returning. By the end of the season, the senior team led by captain Graham Wright, veterans Jamie Lint and Elliot Hughes and rookie starters Matt Barrington and Dan MacDonald had re-organized and finished with a playoff berth in the ISAA. They went on to lose the semi-final game to SAC by three points in a hard fought battle which showed our Georgian spirit at its finest. The team would like to say a special "Thank You" to all staff and students who supported us all season.



Please don't hurt me!



The next karate kid.



The air up there.



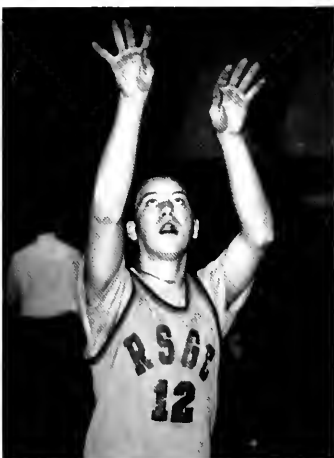


# U16 Basketball

The under 16 basketball team had a fairly good season. It was highlighted by their trip to Montreal to play at the Selwyn House CAIS Invitational tournament, where they place third. They played well, losing to LCC and Selwyn House and beating Country Day School twice. Apart from basketball the Under 16 basketball team indulged themselves in other activities. The lower section of The Downtown was very revealing. The team also played in the CISAA final tournament at Ridley. They tried their best, boasting their superior skill and ability but ended up losing in the consolation finals. Coach Nakatsu was very impressed by the talent and enthusiasm exhibited by the members of the team. The team would like to thank their coach Mr. Nakatsu for an exciting season and Mr. Van Herk for accompanying them to Montreal. A special thanks goes to all their fans for supporting them during the season.



**Back Row:** Mr. Nakatsu, Gailen Davies, Sam Gildner, Will Jones, Cameron Wing.  
**Middle Row:** Soren Brothers, Jamie Robertson, Pat Hayes, Josh Eustacion, Derek Wong.  
**Front row:** Jeff Todd, Keith Lui, Blair Rose, David Baker, Jason Lee.  
**Absent:** Nick Payne.



Gillette, the best a man can get.



Monkey see, monkey do.



I need some Alka Seltzer



Oh God! Please help me make this shot.



For three!

Teams



# U/14 Basketball



**Back Row:** Paul Sidi, Donald Pyper, Thomas Lockett, Robert Gleadow, Jon Lucas, Mr. Evans **Middle Row:** Alex McNabb, Robin Gainer, Sandy Norton, Jesse Fulton **Front Row:** David Kerr-Vayne, Ehren Liuson, Paul Ternamian, Cameron Alguire

# U/15 Basketball



**Back Row:** Peter Ruta, Ted Sablatnjg, Paul Macchione **Middle Row:** Max Ritts, Jamie Pope, Drew Czernik **Front Row:** Michel Marnardi, Mr. Orlando, Rickesh Kotecha, Cameron Wallace **Absent:** Michael Ast, Adam Shaw



Basketball is getting boring. Time for follow the leader!



# U/13 BASKETBALL



Teams



Under/13 had a great year from Paul Sidi dominating the post to Sandy Norton getting his first two and only baskets in his under/13 career. The team came first in the regular season with a 13 game victory. We came in second place in the tournament in Montreal, and in the Vancouver NCAA we came in sixth place out of about twenty teams. Overall, Mr. Evans our miraculous coach, helped us strive through this season producing an amazing outcome.

**Back Row:** Adam Harris, Mr. Evans, Joseph Hillenbrand, Mr. Nakatsu, Thomas Lockett, Cameron Alguire  
**Front Row:** Sandy Norton, Andrew Harris, David Kerr-Wayne, Paul Sidi, Paul Ternamian, Johnathan Lucas

# U12 Basketball



I feel like a chicken!



Running with the wind!



Coach David Latimer

Some of the players pictured here:

Wayne Yao, Andrew Harris, Adam Dukstia, Ian Humphreys, Bryan Fehelley, David McNabb, Haddon Murray, Matthew Piggott, Johnathan Bell, Tim Clark, Stefan Picot, & Henry Cioeca



Mighty Mouse!



Back off jerk!

# Senior Baseball



Hey! Your shoe laces are undone.

I'm so beautiful.

BACK ROW: Andrew Bryant, Jonathan Lee, Marc Burroni, Michael Popielaty, James Hall, Joshua McKillop, Olivier Raoult. FRONT ROW: Robert Dyer, Jake Thompson, Michael Fountain, Robert McCord, Afrim Pristine, Jamie Lint.



# Amusing Moments



# U16 Softball



**BACK ROW:**Mr. Sarellas, Andrew Jones, Dan Bennet, Fraser Baldry **MIDDLE ROW:** Paul Machonie, John Lofft, Ed Birnbaum, James Snider, Galen Davies. **FRONT ROW:** Dan Green, Simon Gorecki, Chris Walters, Jonah Falco, Jeffrey Todd.

Dan prepares to pitch.



Jeff returns a throw



King of the stolen bases!

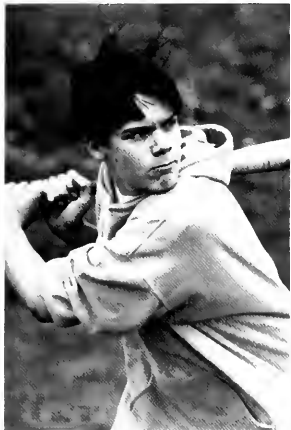


Paul prepares for the pitch.

# U14 Softball



**Back Row:** Mr. Hutchison, Geoffrey Keating, Adam Donald, Geoffrey Bolton, Geoffrey Renihan **Middle Row:** Matt Wilson, Adam Harris, Jonathan Abraham, Alex McNabb **Front Row:** Thomas Lockett, Morgan Rubes, Tim Enfield, Gage Love



What will the pitch be?



Should I throw a curve ball?



The mask is too big for me



Let's hit a homer

# GOLF



D. Bruce, C. Wing, R. Mellema, M. Barrington



Mellema teaches us how to swing a golf club properly

# U12 Baseball



**Top Row:** Mr. O'Leary, Danzel Pinto, Scott Ackley, Terence Ho, Aaron Mitchell, Sam Bennett, David Hill, Andres De Palma. **Bottom Row:** Michael McCulloch, Mark Cole, Jamie Scott, Jonathan Tam, Kevin Lau, Ian Humphreys



I live with a bunch of gorillas.



I like singing. La la la.



I can touch my nose with my tongue.



I'm using my telepathic powers to hold the ball sti





# Lacrosse



What they don't realize is that the ball is on the other side of the field.



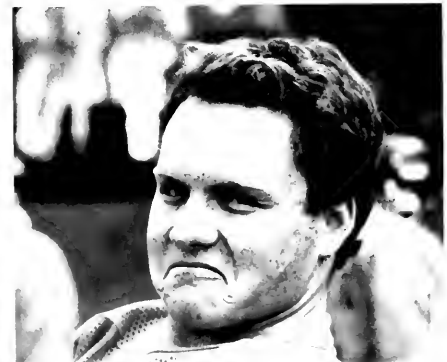
Enfield sprints for the ball.



Back Row: Mr. Orlando, Tim Boyce, Mike Barnicke, Rob Clark, Steve Brooks, Graham Wright, Andy Beadon, Jason Taylor, Scott Sloggett, Anthony Richards, Mr. Lee  
Front Row: Chris Martin, Jeff Enfield, Ben Zelikovitz, Robert Bell, Joseph Temanian, Drew Pearson, Glenn Lou-Hing



Hut, hut, hut, hut, hut, hut...hut, hut, hut.



Our men in action (waiting for the pizza).



Those balls are just too fast.



# Senior Badminton

# U16 Badminton



**Left to Right:** Marcel Merath, Phillip Blanchette, Daniel MacDonald, Matthew Postrozny **Absent:** Pankaj Bhatia, Miran Ternamian, Hayden Ho, Asad Ladha, Morgan Brooker

**Back Row:** Jason Lee, Phil Watson Andrew Pettit **Middle Row:** Keith Lui, Daniel Koo, Chris Taylor, Jamie Bergstra **Front Row:** Josh Nagel, Chris Barnes, Jamie Pope **Absent:** Chris Ford, Barret Holman, David Reeser



Don't hit the birdie up, Phil



Asad is confused by Phil



'Watch out, Bergstra'



'I am ready, Pope'

# U14 Badminton



Some U14 team members: Mr. Schreiner (Coach), M. Rieger, T. Clark, A. Dukszta, M. Maruzzo, D. McNabb, G. Durrant-Taylor

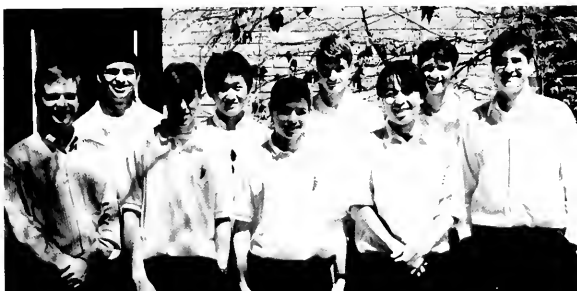
# Track & Field / Tennis

Sr. Track & Field



**BACK ROW:** Mr. Daleman, Mr. Paulin, Ken Adams, Chris Ford, Patrick Fordyce, Derrick de Kerckhove, Jason Taylor **FRONT ROW:** Michael Kelly, Stuart Hillenbrand, Gavin Wiggins, Glenn Lou-Hing, Jeffrey Enfield, Dan MacDonald

Senior Tennis



**BACK ROW:** Harish Maraj, Mark Han, Carr Hatch, Robert Schellekens **FRONT ROW:** Mr. Cooper, Patrick Fordyce, Alastair Kellett, David Hwang, Amr Kronfol

U14 Tennis



**BACK ROW:** Mr. Keenan, Michael Thompson, Fraser Buchan, Jay Jolliffe, Jonathan Lucas, Mario Maruzzo, Philip Goad **FRONT ROW:** Chris Godfrey, Jake Sheehan, Taylor Scherberger, Jonathan Bell, Stefan Picot, Henry Ciocca, Owen Williams

Jr. Track & Field



**BACK ROW:** Brad Milne, Philip Goad, Mr. Muxlow (a.k.a. VP Bradley), Erich Zamm, Sandy Gibson **FRONT ROW:** Johnathan Holtby, Matthew Yeung, John Karantonis



Let's pair up!



P. Diamandis: 'Where are the rest of the U16 Tennis Team members?'

# *clubs*



**head  
protection**



**eye  
protection**



**foot  
protection**

**must be worn**

# Debating

## Speaker's Union

We've had another awesome year in the world of public speaking and debating with more people getting involved than ever before. As always our school hosted the Annual Challenge Saucer, the crown jewel of debating/public speaking which not only ran flawlessly but saw Bobby Palit place first in the debating standings and our team of Bobby Palit, Chris Martin, and Robert Bell finish third overall, again in the debating division of the tournament. Besides being well represented at various invitational debates our school continually placed very highly in all important Fulford League debates. On the other end of the spectrum Greg Karout, Bobby Palit, and Rob Burkett had a lot of fun at this year's International Independent School Public Speaking Competition. This is a three day extravaganza of world class public speaking occurring in October which was unfortunately held this year in Toronto. Perhaps the greatest success we achieved was at this year's Ontario Student Debating Union Tournament, where Chris Martin and Bobby Palit did so well that they will be representing the school at the Provincials, to be held in London later this year. Depending on how they do they may have the chance to attend the Nations and even possibly the Worlds. The final big event of the year is the Southern Ontario model United Nations Assembly hosted by UTS in April. This year we are fielding three delegations where eight of us will attempt to solve the world's problems both with hundreds of other students in Convocation Hall amongst ourselves in Grossman's "reading" room.

Bobby and I had a phenomenal time this year and we would like to thank all the people involved in public speaking and offer a very special thanks to our intrepid leader and unwavering source of inspiration, Mrs. Miller.

Rob Burkett, Bobby Palit  
Heads of the Speakers Union

The Hard cores were:

Chris "I'm a robot" Martin  
Rob "I'd call Terry Fox a \*\*\*\*\* to win"  
Bell  
Bobby "I'm sure we lost" Palit  
Rob "It's only fun if they cry" Burkett

The Speakers Union was:

Pankaj Bahtia, Ali Shukor, Rob Evans, Rob Mellema, Derrick de Kerchove, David Hare, Ken Adams, Mike Anstey, Chris Kelly, Jonathan Lofft, James Boake, Greg Karout, Matt Morden, Eric Wynn, Nick Payne, Drew Pearson and Asad Ladha.

Clubs



Rob Burkett and Bobby Palit: heads of the Speakers' Union



Left to Right: Asad Ladha, Rob Evans, Rob Bell, Rob Burkett, James Boake, Chris Martin, Chris Kelly



The International's Debating Crew

# Server's Guild



**Back Row:** Morgan Brooker, Stuart Hillenbrand, Rob Bell, Mike Anstey, Andrew Beadon, Dan Medd.  
**Middle Row:** Andrew Dudgeon, Jonathon Lofft, Jesse Parker, James Boake. **Front Row:** Drew Pearson, Fraser Tamaki, Mike Popielaty. **Absent:** Bernard von Bieberstein, A.J. Mabro, George Bassel, John Dyer, James Fisher, David Huang, Glenn Lou-Hing.

There were a couple of major changes this year in the server's guild, one positive, and one negative. The good news was this year Father Hill bought the guild new robes. This meant no more wax covered robes (for now!). The bad news was that this year marked the first year in a very long time that there was no vestry. No more Neil Young, no more lounging around getting ready to serve on Friday or on Eucharists and by the way, where in the heck did the Holy Gourd go? But with the loss of the vestry came the acquisition of a new room inside the chapel itself and we all adjusted accordingly. On a good note, I think that we have all learned how to properly put out the candles. This year was a good one and I hope that everyone was happy. There was of course one person who was very happy and that was Mr. Love. The reason: no incense! To all the guys who served this year, a great job. Everyone did exactly what he was supposed to do. There are just too many guys out there to thank, but I would like to thank George and Drew specifically. You guys really helped out a lot when I wasn't at school. I hope that the guild head next year will have as much fun as I did this year.

A.J. Mabro.

# Film Club

**Members:** William Burton, Paul King, Robert Burkett, David Engle, Geoffrey Chapman, Robert Evans, Gregory Karout, Matthew Morden.



Ketchup makes good blood!



Ketchup makes really good blood.



Darn! Does ketchup ever make realistic blood!

# Weightlifting



**Back Row:** Mr. Sarellas, Joe Ternamian, Hayden Ho, Mike Anstey, Michael von Teichman  
**Middle Row:** Phedias Diamandis, Istvan Luppino, Quincy Lui, Stephen Superina, Mike Popielaty, Amr Kronfol, Phil Watson **Front Row:** Jonathan Lee, Jason Lee **Absent:** David Hwang, Glenn Lou-Hing.



# POTTERY

The Pottery club is run by Mrs. Grieve and is open to all students who wish to take part in pottery after school. Junior and senior students also do pottery in their art classes. Congratulations to Mrs. Grieve and all the students for their work and perseverance this year in filling the art room with a wonderful selection of work.



Ready to roll!



Well it sort of looks like a dragon.



The next Rodin





# Yearbook



**Back row:** Alexander Moniz Brown, Angus Robinson, Bernard von Bieberstein, Asad Ladha  
**Middle row:** Michael Chen, Alexander Wolfson, Raymond Lui  
**Front row:** Andrew Dudgeon, Justin Leung, Kazuo Oishi, Ian Roberts, Mrs. Hall



Look at me. I need attention.



The editors hard at work.



Go Away!



**BACK:** Justin Ho, John Dyer, **FRONT:** Ian Edmonds, Brian Pho **ABSENT:** Jonathan Abraham, Mark Longo, Ivan Chin

This year was another wild ride. We survived: dislocation due to construction, cramped quarters, new computer networks, the lack of Mr. Latimer's great candid photos, and the greatest challenge of all - each other. Most of the crew were returning for their second stint at the school year's longest running project. At first we didn't think Mrs. Hall was serious when she said we'd be back after exams to finish up the book, but at this time of year we know it is painfully true. We've had some great help from new members, including boys from the junior school and the same committed effort from the old gang. The jury is still out as to whether or not the overwhelmingly large number of OAC's working on this Georgian was a help or a hinderance. At any rate we're all moving on and hope we've left you with a record of some of your favourite moments from this year.

THE YEARBOOK CLUB 96-97

# Go Club



Vive le Go Club!



The Go Club: Alex Lyn, Noah Cole, Scott Hong, Michael Clark



# Environment Club



Only you can prevent forest fires.

"Them sucka's grooved this year."  
 "Oh yeah, what are you talking about?"  
 "Ah well, them damn fools took some canoes up and down the street for Temagami, they raised a whole lotta dough, cleaning up the trash, concerning themselves about air pollution basically doing all that hippie stuff."  
 "No kidding, you tripping me?"  
 "Nah, I'm totally on the level and I'd just like to thank all those crazy sucka's for pitching in and making the vibe come alive."  
 "Down right and funky."  
 "Oh Doctor..." By Dak DeKerchove, Justin Hartwell

**The Environment Club:**(From top to bottom) Drew Pearson, Justin (Rusty) Hartwell, Dak DeKerchove, David Reaser, Ed Birnbaum, James Robertson, Tom Blackmore, Nick Payne, Paul King, Rob Bell, Angus Robinson, Adam Shaw, Stephen Brooks, Glenn Lou-Hing, Josh McKillop, Andy Beadon. **Absent:** Alan Humphries, Asad Latha.



# Stage Crew



Back Row: Andy Beadon, Geoff Cowper-Smith  
Front Row: Nick Payne, Will Burton (manager), Tristan Abraham



NEWSPAPER  
CLUB

Clubs

# The Georgian Weekly

The RSGC newspaper is an outlet for students with an affinity for writing and an opinion on one thing or another. Requirements are minimal; no topic is off-limits, no article is too short, no opinion too extreme. In fact, the more extreme the better. Anyone is welcome to contribute, and articles are accepted at anytime. If you're a seasoned writer looking for exposure, or a budding genius looking for some experience, feel free to submit anything you like. The newspaper is there for you.

Sweet  
Reminiscing

Hair Not Part Of Uniform    Middle East Explodes

## EYES OF THE FATHER

He wiped the beads of sweat that had formed on his brow. The traffic jam was driving him crazy and it was hot as hell. And there I was in the back seat. Grumbling to himself, he was frantically trying to figure out how he was going to pay the landlord. He had got fired, again. He got fired a lot, probably because of his attitude. He also had a short fuse. This time, he had punched a co-worker in the face and started some serious fight or something. I think he hurt the man pretty bad. He had a horrible temper. He started hitting his pockets for a cigarette. He smoked when he was annoyed, but I didn't need that hint to tell he was annoyed. I could see it in his eyes. He finally hit that familiar shape in his right pocket and started smoking.

His life was pretty crappy. He wasn't, you could say, 'blessed'. He had been divorced for 2 or 3 weeks I think, and had lost all his money to Ma. She got just about everything. I didn't live with him or nothing; he was just giving me a lift from school. I lived with my Ma, and that was fine cause she's real nice but she does have an awful complaining problem. If it wasn't boyfriends, government or something, it was my Da. She didn't like him much. Anyway, you get the idea, he had his problems. No money, no job, no wife, and all can be pretty depressing. I didn't see him much, and I think he missed me though he never said so. I felt really sorry for him and love'm and all but I still don't think that gave'm the right to do what he did that day.

It had to have been hours. The jam wasn't moving. I noticed Da was tensing up and moving all over the place all uncomfortable like. We just sat there not talking, probably cause we didn't have much to talk about. He mostly only talked to me about Ma and the stuff she said about him. He'd say: 'what filthy lies she say 'bout me now, boy?' I would shrug it

offsaying she ain't said nothing. I don't think he believed me and persisted too, but eventually he gave up. Anyway, I could see it in his eyes he was getting mad so I tried talking to him. He wasn't interested though and would shrug me off. So I shut up before I looked like a fool. And then it happened. Some bug came buzzing by his car and landed on his face. He kept slapping at it but it kept coming back. Then some moron behind us started honking and yelling at us 'cause my Da wasn't moving forward. Then he came over to us and started banging on the windows, and that did it.

My Da with a wild look in his eyes opened the door and hit the man right square in the face. The man fell right off his feet and hit the ground real hard. He went unconscious I think. Next he grabbed the gun he kept under the back seat and then pulled me out of the car. He dragged the man and me to a gas station building close by. The employee on duty there saw us and was mighty scared. My Da told him not to move, but when he bent down to tie up the other man the guy just ran off. By the time my Da noticed he was long gone and Da didn't seem to care much neither. I envied that guy. Well we just waited there for a hour or two, saying nothing. I was keeping quiet. I mean, there was a disturbed man holding a gun in front of me, even if he was my Da. The man started crying and fussing like a two-year old child. My Da held the gun to his head, screaming and telling him to shut up. Da started hitting him and telling him all his problems. It seemed like he was focussing his anger and taking it all out on that poor bastard. It was like the man was the source of his problems. I tell ya, I've heard of people letting of a little steam. But this was crazy, and I told him so too. But my Da kept right on doing what he was doing paying me no mind. It was then I felt pretty ashamed to be his son, but I never said that to him. I felt

sorry for the man. I didn't want to be him right now.

Well it wasn't too long before the sound of sirens hit my ears. The cops were here. I figure the employee must have told'm or something. We were surrounded and I heard some guy start yelling for my Da to give it up and surrender. My Da looked mad, and that wild look returned to his eyes. He put the gun to the man's head and I thought he'd shoot, but he didn't. Suddenly my Da did something I had never seen him do. He started crying and put his free hand on his face. It was then I understood. My Da ain't no murderer. He was just a frustrated man who had been pushed over the edge. The man apparently didn't see it my way. The man saw his chance and leapt for the gun. They struggled for that gun for a while and suddenly the gun went off in the ruckus and the man fell down, dead. The first thing I noticed was the blood. Man, I've never seen that much blood in my whole life! It was just about everywhere, especially on my Da. When I read my Da's eyes this time, I saw something different, panic. He raised his blood-soaked hand to his face and then looked at the corpse. He started yelling and screaming like an animal and ran out the door at a dead run, covered in blood. Well, seconds later I heard shots. I didn't need to see, I knew what happened. I didn't move, I just sat there. I was shocked, sad, relieved and disgusted and I threw up right there. The cops took good care of me.

I feel sad in a way. I mean he was my Da after all, but it's hard to feel too bad about someone like that. We never were really close, as I said before. I guess my main thought is that I am glad it's over, 'cause he must have been pretty unhappy.

Jeff Tod  
Grade 1

Previously published in *inCITE*

# Signs Of Colour









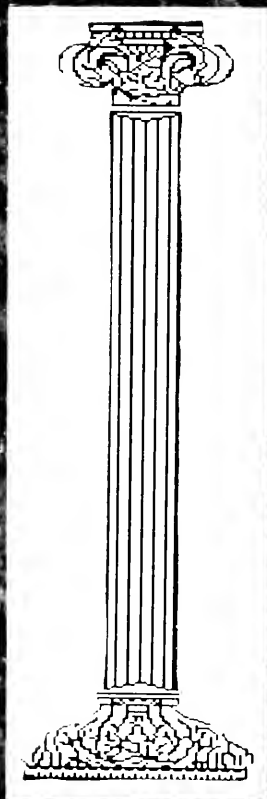
Satyrs in the Mist...



Mr. Holdsworth: Director/Producer.



Kylene the Nymph played by Vanessa Cassels



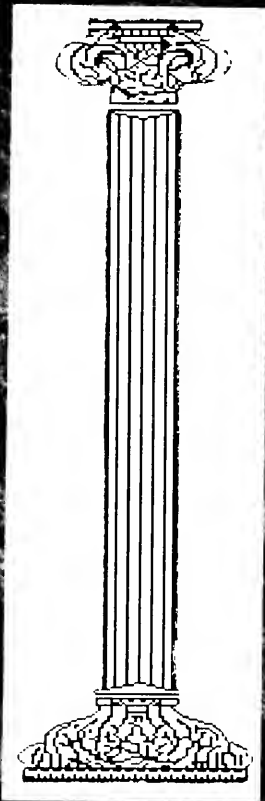




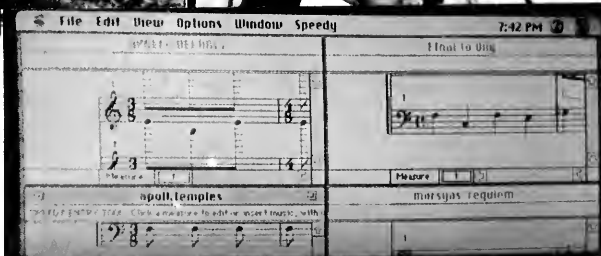
Chris Martin as Hermes the Boy Wonder.



Mike Vitorovich in the role of Bernard Grenfell / Apollo.



Damian Abraham as Arthur Hunt / Silenus.



# Countdown: An R.S.G.C. Film



Robinette and Levine set up the camera.



The cast and crew prepare to shoot.



Back Row: Lindsey Hepburn, Laura Desipo, Jay Jolliffe, Brian Todd, Andrew Hepburn Front Row: Kattlyn Lefeaver, Michael McCulloch



Brett Grantham fixes the lighting



Saumets does sound.



The director, James Bouke, checks out the equipment



Mr. Muxlow. An actor, sort of

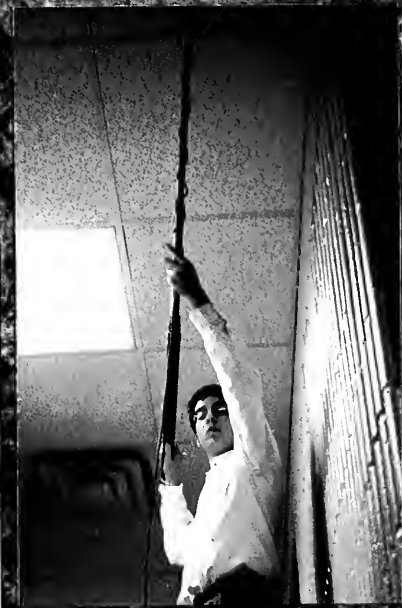


Evans and Ackley: Doing what they do best.

D'Onofrio checks the prop list.



It's actually much more confusing than it looks!



Alexis Levine scans the monitor for mistakes.

The Baby Boomer



**Top left:** Brian Cole, grade 10. **Above & Bottom left:** Matt Morden, grade 13. **Below:** Jamie Bergstra, grade 10.





**Above:** Aaron Lau, grade 10. **Below:** Simon Wilkinson, grade 11. **Left:** Peter Levine, grade twelve.





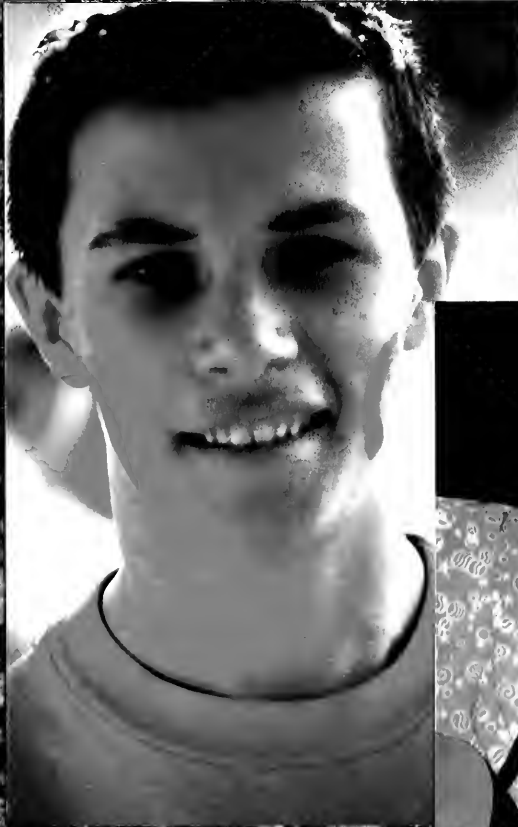
**Top left:** Jamie Robertson, grade 12. **Top right:** Peter Adams, grade 9. **Bottom right:** RSGC's own Anon. **Bottom left:** Aaron Lau, grade 10. **Middle left:** Brian Sutherland, grade 10.





# Assorted Signs









## “OF COURSE”

Of course, it wasn't easy.

And there were times I didn't know what to do. But I trusted my instincts. I always trusted my instincts on these matters. There was something about Hubert that didn't make sense. Maybe it was his alibi or the way he dressed. I can recall what he wore at Penelope's party. He had on a blue hat and a purple sweater. His pants did not match his top at all. They were green and he had blue socks on. His shoes were white with brown laces.

Strange I thought! But then in my business you accept the strange and weird. He was not affected by people staring when he was dunking for sliced pears in the fruit bowl. Penelope thought it was hilarious. I thought it was weird. I lost my appetite for the food. The strangest thing of all was dunking for pears, he went into the bucket of water.

After the fruit bowl incident Mrs. Gertrude Gimble Gumble spoke to me. I was blinded by the baubles of sparkling blue diamonds that draped her neck. I had to reach for my sunglasses. I really couldn't stand the woman. But being polite, I listened to her idle chatter about her expensive baubles. After her babbling, she said something I didn't know about Penelope. "Penelope," she said "was a student in my gym classes. She was the best basketball player here. She even got it in a couple of times!"

Hmm I thought. It was 9:00 p.m. I always know the time because I look at my watch every 30 seconds. In my business it's

always important to know the time. The lights went out at 9:00 and that was followed, 30 seconds later, by a wretched and blood curdling scream. I reached for my pocket flashlight in the left breast pocket of my herringbone tweed sports jacket. In my business it's always important to be prepared for the unexpected. I quickly surveyed the ballroom and on the floor beside the fruit bowl was Mrs. Gertrude Gimble Gumble. She had a dinner fork stuck in her, and her neck was bare of the bauble of sparkling blue diamonds. I had to think and act fast to restore order to the room. I immediately ran towards the body and checked if she was alive. She was dead and her eyes were glazed over. I looked for clues and carefully put the fork with a Kleenex in a bag so as not to leave fingerprints. I looked around and saw a trail of blood going to the door. Where did it lead? Of course after having restored the lights and order, I asked people for their alibis. Hubert's excuse was the sizeable quantity of fruit he had swallowed. He complained that severe stomach cramps prevented any movement on his part. Hmm I thought, Penelope's alibi was that she couldn't have done it because she was at the store buying clothes for her friend. Plus when she got home the killing had already happened. One thing for sure this was going to be a hard case.

Jon Bell  
Grade 5

Previously published in *inCITE*

## WHAT'S IN YOUR DRAWER?

Hi. My name is Frank. I am your average 16 year old kid. I have the same problems as everyone else, and the same goal. All I wanna do is to have a good time, but sometimes, it can be really hard. These days you've got people watching you right and left, but it's not the cops I worry about. My main difficulty is with my father. You see, he was brought up real well. Always acting perfectly, knowing the answer to every question, polite, well mannered, but stubborn. He gets on my case about almost everything, like it's so wrong to be who I am.

He is the kind of father that never tells his kid the facts of life, and never stops to think about anyone else except for himself. Things were a lot different in his day, or so he says. He's always really narrow minded, which caused a huge problem just a couple of weeks ago.

You see, one day he decided to go looking around in my room. I don't know why he felt the need to invade my privacy like that, but he did. Perhaps he was paranoid. Anyways, he came across something kind of embarrassing. I don't see what the big deal was. I mean, everyone my age is doing things much more drastic than this these days. What else is there to do half the time? I think that things have become really loose in the past decade. It's like no-one has to have any inhibitions anymore.

I walk in the door and take a seat in the living room. My dad is totally phased out for some reason. I can read him like a book.

It's in his eyes or his unsteady motions. Something was quite obviously wrong. Of course I pay no mind. I try to keep my distance these days.

So I get up to grab a bight to eat from the kitchen. Nachos would probably hit the spot right about now. I'd been starving all day after a good workout on the court. I rise to go to the kitchen, and suddenly I'm hit with it.

"Wait one second Frank. I was up in your room today." I thought, hey, he's probably about to overreact about something again, like he does every day. I wonder what he found today.

"What were you doing up there?" I ask.

"I was looking for something."

"Well next time, why don't you just ask, ok?" I was starting to get angry. I have a really short temper with him lately, and besides, he really shouldn't be up there looking through my stuff.

"I came across something quite interesting while I was there."

"So." I said with a big attitude.

"I see you've been making good use of the top drawer in your desk."

Suddenly I felt very nervous, almost as if I was gonna throw up or something. I couldn't remember what exactly was in that drawer but I knew it must be incriminating. Maybe he had found my stash or something. He doesn't usually open drawers.

I finally realized what he was talking about and totally flipped out. What the hell did he think he was doing going through my stuff. I could just sense that he would make a big deal about this sort of thing, but I don't see what the problem was. I mean, at least I'm

being safe.

A thousand thoughts went through my mind. Should I make up some lie tell the truth, walk away? But before I could respond in any way, he pipes up again.

"Condoms huh?" He Pauses.

"What the hell are you doing having sex. I don't see what the hell is wrong with you. Do you know how many diseases there are out there? AIDS, Syphilis, gonorrhea, herpes, and whatever else. I can't believe how stupidly irresponsible you are sometimes. It's like you don't even care about anything."

He went on and on for about five more minutes. I wasn't even listening to what he was saying anymore. It's all bull any ways. I can take care of myself. Besides, what's the big hassle. It's sex. A natural god-given luxury. Something that everyone does. Does he not know that I have reached a maturity level high enough for this kind of thing? It's not like he's never done it, unless Of course I'm adopted.

Unfortunately, as much as I think I'm right, he will never agree. It occurred to me that I must lie. I need my privileges here and I just can't stand to see him babble on like this, so I interrupt him.

"Dad. Just wait ok? I've learnt all about disease and whatever. I know how unsafe it is. Truth is, everyone has condoms handed out to them in school. It's part of a big safe-sex program. Do you really think I would do that sort of thing though? Com'on! I'm only sixteen years old, all right? I can't believe you'd even accuse me of something like that. Besides, we both know that premarital sex is wrong, right?"

"Well," he delays, of course.

"I'm sorry for yelling at you. I just get paranoid you know? I want the best for my son. Just forget I ever said anything, and get rid of those things, ok?"

It seems I am home free. He gobbled up everything. See, that's the good thing about my father. He's so damn stupid! I mean, did you hear how I phrased that? It was such an obvious lie, yet he ate it up anyway

With that pressure off my back, I went about my business as normal. I had a hearty plate of Nachos, and a Molson Canadian to wash 'em down with. I went upstairs to find a better hiding spot for my things. Within a couple hours of getting ready, I was out for another night on the town. Much later then that, I met a great girl. She was a good candidate for the next notch on my bedpost.

Basically, you have to remember one thing. You don't make the rules, you just play the game. Don't try to be good because their definition of good is much different then ours. No matter how hard you try, you'll never be able to justify anything to someone from another generation, it just doesn't work. But you can still throw some curve balls and get around 'em easily, just like they probably did when they were our age.

Tom D'Arcy  
Grade 12

Previously published in *inCITE*

*music*

**SLOW DOWN  
SOUND HORN**

## Grade 9 And 10 Bands



**Back Row:** Jesse Parker, Tophor Bennett, Ian Winton, Jonah Falco, Andrew Newbury, Micheal Ast, David Lindermere. **Middle Row:** Mr. Martin, Nick Payne, Austin Locke, Stuart Hillenbrand, Daniel Green, D'Arcy Cook, Jim Morrison. **Front Row:** Adam Shaw, Daniel Bennett, Paul Macchione, Fraser Baldry, Cameron Conn-Grant, Tristan Abraham. **Absent:** David Reeser.



You'll never find anyone better than me!



D'Arcy and Nick jammin' on the sax.



It's not my fault, it's the instrument.



**Back Row:** Sam Gildner, Andrew Haust, Arden Church, Justin Young, Jamie Pope, Peter Bellingham, James Snider. **Middle Row:** Mr. Martin, Justin Leung, Miller Peterson, John Maggiacomo, Jeffrey Todd, Michel Mamard, Daniel Koo. **Front Row:** Keith Lui, Alex Lyn, Michael Clark, Andrew Pettit, Ben Zelikovitz. **Absent:** Scott Hong, James Robertson.



This music! It's so touching.



# Grade 11 Band And Jazz Band



This tune drives the girls wild.



Ohh..I'm going wild!!



My mommy says I'm good!



We should really play something different in assembly.



Play it again boys.



**Back Row:** Andy Beadon, Stef Washuk, Daniel Medd, Mr. Martin.  
**Front Row:** James Robertson, Andrew Bryant, Jamie Lint, Elliot Hughes, George Bassel.

## The Jazz Septet



**Back Row:** Mr. Martin, Nick Payne, Jesse Parker, Tristan Abraham.  
**Front Row:** Daniel Green, Stuart Hillenbrand, Austin Locke, Jonah Falco.

Music

# Junior Music

# A, B, and C bands



**4th Row:** Garth Millar, Ian Edmonds, Jeremy Piggott, Bradley Milne, Matt Postrozny, Geoffrey Keating, Ted Sablatnig, Michael Haughton, Geoffrey Bolton, Adam Donald **3rd Row:** Terence Ho, Sam Bennett, Josh Nagel, Matt King, Fraser Buchan, Chris Rae, Chris Roscoe, Trevor Thompson, Geoff Renihan, Johann Smula, Aaron Latner **2nd Row:** Mike Rieger, Gage Love, Brian Todd, Jonathan Abraham, Ivan Chin **1st Row:** Joseph Hillenbrand, Arian Pristine, Shimon Pokorny, Morgan Rubes, Christian Heisey, Chris Renneck, Gordon Dunlop, Kevin Lau, Nick Martin, Mr Wade West



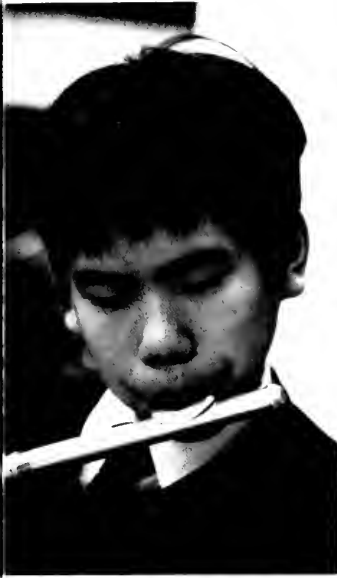
**BACK ROW:** Dr Leatch, Tarek Awad, Mark Longo, Jamie Bourgeois, Alex McNabb **MIDDLE ROW:** Matt Wilson, Aaron Mitchell, Mario Maruzzo, Todd Curtin **FRONT ROW:** Jonathan Tam, Tim Clark, David McNabb, Andrew Harris.



**BACK ROW:** Mr Martin, Robin Gainer, Chris Godfrey, Alexander Educisan, John Karantonis **MIDDLE ROW:** Tim Wong, Paul Sidi, Tom Hutchison, Aaron Mitchell, Jon Lucas, Ian Pattillo, Andres de Palma **FRONT ROW:** Michael McCulloch, Graham Atkinson, Geoffrey Reeser, Ian Humphreys, David Jones, Sandy Norton, Philip Goad, Wayne Yao **ABSENT:** Patrick Donovan



## Choir Band



FRONT ROW: Mr. Wade West, Danzel Pinto, Ehren Liuson, Justin Ho, Mike Wilton, Thomas Lockett, Robert Gleadow. BACK ROW: Jake Sheehan, Jesse Fulton, Michael Roebuck, Haddon Murray

## Jr. Brass Quartet



John Karantonis, Andres de Palma, Jonathan Tam, Michael Rieger, Mr. Wade West



# A B Choir



B Choir: Cameron Alguire, Timothy Chung, Adam Harris, David Hill, David Hurlow, Nick Haggan, David Kerr-Vayne, Michael Love, Danzel Pinto, Jamie Scott, Jacob Sheehan, Arthur Shum, Dylan Shvili, Francis Teofilovici, Gary Wong.

A Choir: Adam Duzszta, Graham Durrant-Taylor, Tim Enfield, Jesse Fulton, Robert Gleadow, Justin Ho, Ethan Hoddes, Sean Lee, Thomas Lockett, Adam Main, Peter McGrath, Haddon Murray, Michael Roebuck, Patrick Taylor, Paul Ternamian, Francesco Valente-Gorjup, Kyle Waters, Michael Wilton. Absent: Donald Pyper, Ehren Liuson



Old McDonald had a farm.....



I like to sing.



Santa Claus is coming.....



What are you looking at



I'm a good singer.



"Bloody marvellous!"



Cook.....COOK.....COOK!!!



If he's Parker I'm Coltrane



Move over Charlie Parker, I'm on my way to Birdland.



The future economic leaders of the free world.....

## Clean up at Kiwanis

Our pupils had considerable success in this year's Kiwanis competitions. In "Boy's Open Solo", Donald Pyper came first, Peter McGrath came second, and Robert Gleadow came third. In "Boys' Duet - Age 15 and under", Jesse Fulton & Tim Enfield came first, Peter McGrath with a non-RSGC boy came second, and Donald Pyper & Robert Gleadow came third. In "Boys' Duet - Age 11 and under", Haddon Murray & Adam Duksza achieved first prize. Finally in "Boy's Solo - Choirboys", Adam Duksza won first prize.

Music

# Grade 5 Band



I wonder when Mr. Wade West will realize that this isn't A band.

Back Row: Luke Ostrander, Wai Luon Choy, Owen Williams, Wells Stringham, Matthew Griffin, Jeremy Milligan, Bryan Feheley, Jonathan Holby. THIRD ROW: Matthew Piggot, William Lockett, Erich Zimm, Phil Reineck. SECOND ROW: Mr. Wade West, Jonathan Bell, Taylor Scherberger, Matthew Yeung, Colin Rubes. FRONT ROW: Scott Ackley, Teague Macktan-Russel, Stefan Picot, Chris Evans.



I'm telling you, it's the reed that needs fixing



# Musical Events



The Senior Brass Quartet: Mr. WadeWest, Chris Roscoe, Kazuo Oishi, Jonah Falco. We would like to thank Mrs. Falco for playing the piano and for letting us invade her house.



Johann Smula



Nick Yap



Graham's singing the wrong song.



Jazz Septet playing at the Showcase concert.

## ISMF Symphonic Band 1997

1st Alto Saxophone  
Stuart Hillenbrand

1st Clarinet  
Paul Macchione  
Scott Hong

3rd Trumpet  
Peter Bellingham

1st French Horn  
Christopher Roscoe

2nd Clarinet  
Michael Clark

2nd French Horn  
Ian Winton

3rd Clarinet  
Ben Zelikovitz

Tuba  
Rob Dyer

Never mind the Mambo, here's the...

ROYAL ST. GEORGES BRASS QUARTET.

Live! at the Baker centre

Trumpet: Kazuo Oishi, Jonah Falco  
French Horn: Chris Roscoe, T. WadeWest

## ISMF Jazz Band 1997

2nd Trumpet  
Jonah Falco

Music

# Montreal



Mr. Martin directing the troops.



Rob and his big instrument.

Great music, great hockey, great people. Where else but Montreal? For our music trip this year we went to this logical destination and although we were stuck in Laval for most of the time (they didn't quite trust us) we managed to have some fun. The free time in Jacques Cartier Square was definitely interesting (Did anyone find out why Stu bought that gas mask?), and the other definite highlight was the underground mall we visited (Nick, next time buy the ten dollar nylons).



Nick impressing the ladies.



"Looks like one of those ink blot tests."





# Band Trip



## Junior School 'A' Band Tour

The 33 members of the R.S.G.C. Junior School 'A' band accompanied by Dr. Barlow, Mr. Wade-West, Mr. McMaster, and Mr. Hutchison departed from Toronto by motorcoach on June 14, 1996. The long journey to Columbus, Ohio took almost the entire day at the end of which we checked in at the Best Western Columbus North Hotel and soon retired to our rooms to get some well needed rest. The following morning, the members of the band visited the Moundbuilders State Memorial where we gained admission to the museum and had the pleasure of listening to a Native American leader skilled in both flute playing and in flute making techniques. In the afternoon, the band performed for the Heisey Collectors of America following which we visited the go-kart park.

The next morning after a service at Trinity Episcopal Church, the band left for Cincinnati where we boarded the paddlewheeler 'Mark Twain' for a cruise which provided us with a sumptuous dinner along with some great entertainment. The following day, the band performed at the rotunda of the National History and Museum Centre. The evening was spent at Paramount King's Island Amusement Park where a rollicking time was had by all!

The coach transported the group for a full day performance at the Cleveland Zoo and Rainforest following which the residents of the Village of St. Edward in Akron, Ohio were treated to some wonderful music by the band. The final leg of the tour included visits to the Cleveland Indians Baseball Stadium and to the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. The last night before our departure to Toronto, the band members enjoyed themselves thoroughly at the Cedar Point Amusement Park which had several interesting rides. After a hectic week's tour the band finally returned to Toronto in the evening of June 20, 1996.

By Jonathan Abraham



Music

# Blowfly productions...

for all your entertainment needs.

Owned and operated by: Matt Morden & Drew Pearson.



# NOTAASHIP

To:  
From:



"Reclining Santa"  
TM Blowfly Production



*the year in review*



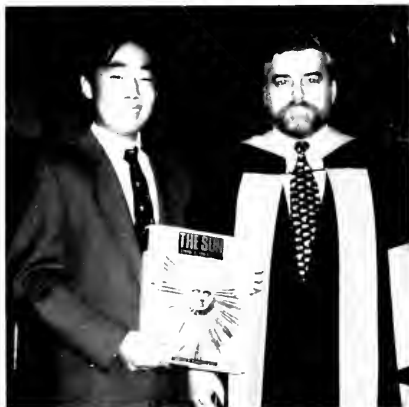
# Opening Day / Proficiency/Trips



Get your hair cut by Monday or else.



Three proficiency award winners



Kazuo Orshi winning an award



You mean we only get one locker?!



Bottom Left and Right: Geo trips to Niagara & Corning

# Grad Weekend



The grads' ball hockey line-up.



In the end Mr. Hannaford was just one of the boys.

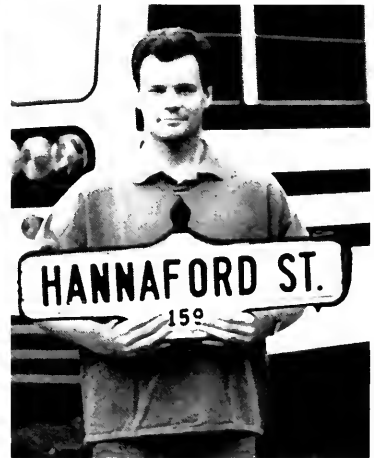
The grad weekend is traditionally an escape after the first hectic weeks of school. One goes under the assumption and hope that one will get to know one's peers better and learn the first essentials of what universities require out of a student. The most memorable tradition has always been the bog walk, a last time during which we can be young at heart and revel in getting as dirty as humanly possible.



It's harder than it looks!



Before the infamous BOG WALK.



Stolen...but that is such a *harsh* word



After the walk! Unfortunately not everyone returned, at least not right away.

# High Park Run



Ahhh... the High Park Run, the first major house event of the year. Although some staff grabbed doughnuts and coffee, others stretched with the students, preparing for yet another eventful run. Paint was smudged on faces, shoelaces were tied, and R.S.G.C. athletes took off in either the "A" run, "B" run, or "C" run. The photographers were nearly knocked over as a mad herd of white, yellow, red, and blue flew through the field towards the long road. Below are the top twelve finishers for the "A" run. Mr. Keenan was kind enough to surrender his title to Adrian Henke who proceeded him for most of the race until the last few minutes.

### *The Dirty Dozen 96*

- |                                    |  |
|------------------------------------|--|
| 1. Patrick Fordyce, Grade 11, West | 7. Derrick de Kerekhove, Grade 13, Winch |
| 2. Brad Allgood, Grade 11, Cant    | 8. Tim Pyper, Grade 11, York             |
| 3. Jeff Enfield, Grade 13, York    | 9. Rob Mellema, Grade 12, Winch          |
| 4. Jamie Lint, Grade 12, West      | 10. Anthony Kingsley, Grade 12, Winch    |
| 5. Jeffrey Todd, Grad 10, West     | 11. Sam Gildiner, Grade 10, West         |
| 6. Robert Bell, Grade 13, West     | 12. Mr. Keenan, Staff, York              |



Turbulence Gear



Blahhhhhh....

# Oktoberfest



I used my experience to win this one.

Drew don't eat too much.

I already have.

# Political Encounters



Newbury encounters Senator Meighen



An encounter with Premier Harris.



Ted Meighen has an encounter with the Premier.

The Year

# Halloween 96



"Miller, Mustard, no hats inside! And wipe those smiles off your faces!"



Leatch: "Read my lips, no pop quizzes!"



The Blood Street parade



The Crow 3'



Dead man walking



I don't believe that he won best costume!!





Morgan just clowning around.



"Who is that weirdo?"



The friendly freaks of R.S.G.C.

## 100 Pound Turkey Unveiled at Queen's Quay Last Night

by: Amr Kronfol

On Sunday a live turkey weighing in 59.4672 kg was put on display at Queen's Quay terminal as part of the Thanksgiving festivities there. "Fat Boy", as the turkey has been named by the University of Toronto biology team that created him, is a tremendous achievement in the field of genetic engineering.

"The genetically altered bird is nothing to sneeze at. It is the result of thousands of hours of hard work. By examining the DNA of a normal bird and merging it with our computer generated schematics we were able to increase the organism's body mass proportionally," explains Dr. Peter Balinski, head of U of T's bio-engineering department.

The turkey measures just over one meter in height and three meters in width and is a member of the genus *animalia avis*. It was born on January 6, 1996 and has already reached its optimum weight.

Many experts in the field were on site

to examine the bird and as Harvard professor Emily Biller put it, "The turkey's life signs are stable and if its health remains unchanged then, by God, they've done it! Why this could solve world hunger...the possibilities are endless..."

But, for many, this scientific wonder was just part of a fun-filled day on the lake. As Rob Blark, a local six year old, explained, "I liked everything, but, most of all I liked the big turkey. He was so big. He was so fat. Mmmm. Turkey. That's a lot of turkey."

The turkey, as well as other attractions such as an enormous, intricately carved, pumpkin was a big hit and drew much business to the HarbourFront area.

"All of these events tend to bring in the tourists and once they're here they can't get enough hot dogs. Yes, if a giant bird is what it takes to bring in the bucks I'm all for it," commented Mr. Pimm, a local hot dog vendor.

Nonetheless, animal rights groups were on hand to protest what they considered "cruel and unusual punishment." Members of these organizations felt that this

line of genetic experimentation is not only illegal, but unethical. One man, Michael Robielaty, tied himself to the turkey's cage screaming, "Hell, no, I won't go! Free the turkey, don't turn him into jerky!" No one was injured and the turkey was returned to its home at one of the university's biological laboratories at 1601 Yonge Street where it will undergo further testing.

The Humane Society has filed multiple law suits against the university and, in theory, this could kill Dr. Balinski's genetic programs. However, U of T lawyers, under the leadership of Hal Hannabord, do not intend to allow this to happen. "The bird is our property and we were in the right,"

insisted Mr. Hannabord at a press conference on Monday.

"Fat boy" has already been hailed as the eighth wonder of the world and he will ultimately be moved to the Toronto Zoo to be placed on permanent display.

Please see Fat Boy / AI 1

*Nota Bene: There is no AI 1*

The Year

# Construction



Library after air-conditioning was installed!

## Construction

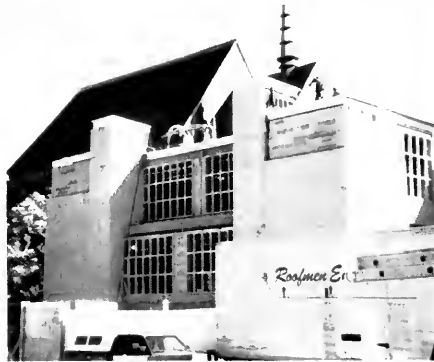
It's a new year and there's a new addition to the school. The construction began in early July. By the time we got to school it was well under way. For almost a month there were leaking rooms, dusty hallways, and no heating. Finally the construction was completed and we could enjoy all the facilities that R.S.G.C. has to offer.



When will Mr. Pengelly start taking care of his office?



The Library. Where could we find books on animals?



The wall before it was finished.



Near completion, the school begins to take form.

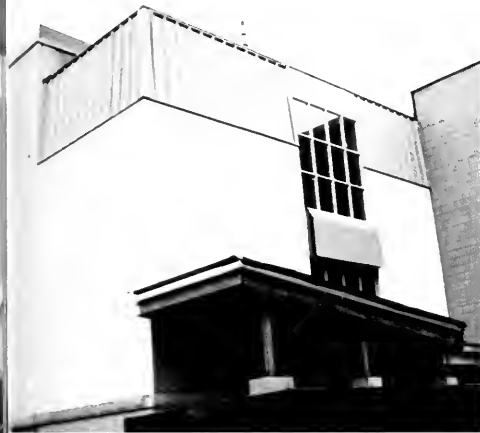


# Construction Complete!

By early January the senior school began to take advantage of the construction; the new lab, the larger library, the two new classrooms, the new stairwell and the new staff room. By late January students were able to use the new computer network implemented by Mr. Daleman. It was well worth the wait!!!



Mrs. Hall found the books on animals.



The wall was finished.



The library at night.



The new lockers.



The new improved steeper stairway.



The wall after it was finished.

The Year

# Remembrance Day



This year's Remembrance Day celebrations were made unique, by a visit from an Auschwitz survivor.

# Variety Night



Clockwise from top left: Hutchison makes a public appearance for his many fans: "You got the right one baby"; Andrew, Josh, and Tim bringing the audience to their feet; "You've lost that lovin' feeling....."; Nick slows things down a little: I haven't cleaned this flute in 3 years.



# House League Ball Hockey



This year's major-domo of the ball hockey league, Jake Thompson.



Winch, on the side watches passively as they are demolished by a superior Canterbury team.



Sasha Bangay cruisin' the ball hockey field. "Ayyyuuuhh!"



Ball hockey's own Quasimodo

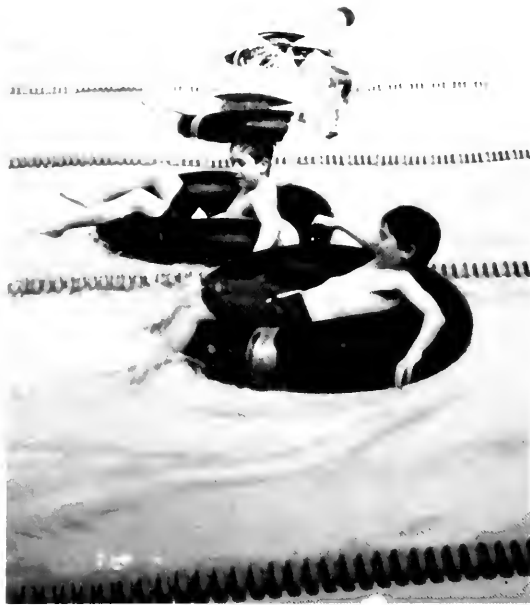


Mr. Muxlow giving Rob Bell a few pointers.

This year ball hockey realized massive success. With new jerseys and a hot new web page, ball hockey rocketed its way into the twentieth century. Jake was the commissioner and is credited with having done an incredible job in motivation and participation. Congratulations goes out to all the players and good luck to next years crew of captains.

The Year

# JR. SWIM MEET



Jonathan Abraham gets an early lead.

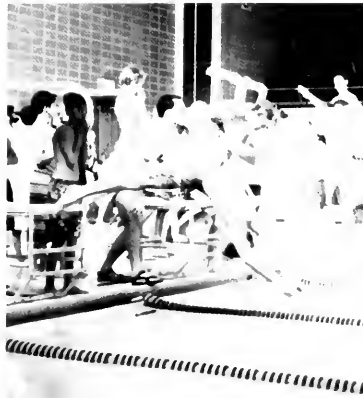


We enjoy the swim meet.

...and West wins the T-Shirt relay!



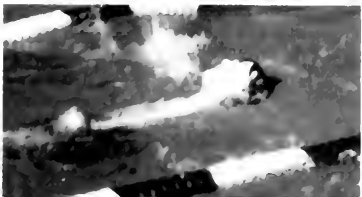
Swimming like a fish



Is it a false start?



Our plan will be...



# SR. SWIM MEET



The race has started.



Get ready to swim Quincy.



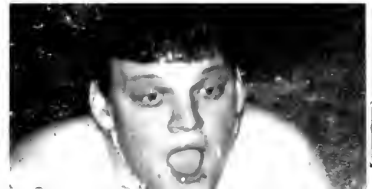
Keenan dreaming about Barbados.



Dancing and cheering for victory!



Relax.



# House Drama



This year's House Drama competition was one of the best St. George's has ever seen. Father Michael Burgess, the founder of house drama, came back to judge the competition. At the end of the day the house which came out on top was Westminster.



The Women of St. George's.





# Lyp Synch



The 1997 R.S.G.C. Lyp Synch Winners!



Student: Will this be on a test? Doctor: I believe it already was.



The Year

# NORVAL



WE ARE family!



I love this place!



Those silly children!



What a scary sight!

# Ottawa Trip



Straighten out that tie.



We're cool dudes in a loose mood



I drive this to school every day.



We're all so excited because we are at the experimental farm



What a style'n bunch



He, he, he, this is pretty easy.

The Year

# Quebec



RIOT!!!!!!!!!!!!



Better watch out Hannaford.

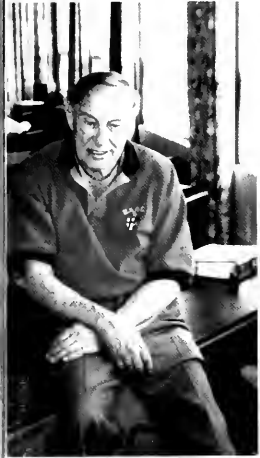


Doesn't Quebec look fascinating?



Rickesh is so excited to go to the National Assembly.

# Bolton



The ghost of headmaster past.



"Hey Mr. Hannaford, is it dead yet?"



"So this is what happens to the stuff they confiscate."



???



What you lookn at sucka?



# New York



Hasta la vista, baby.



ア-カアウス オカエューアカオアアフキワカオエキアフオカキエューカオ.



I feel so powerful



# WASHINGTON



Hey, look at 'em Northerners, what they doin' in the Sath. Dey moved out of 'em igloos yet?

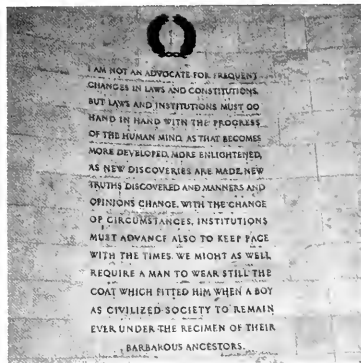
Washington. The land of green leaves and green grass. A place that is too many "bus hours" away. Washington is a trip of waiting in lines solely to see signs which say "Sorry, this area is temporarily closed." It is a city where buildings are colossal in size and the tourists are miniature. Washington has a population of 70,000 people but there are never fewer than 4,000,000. Long live the deep pockets of the true naive tourist, without whom the great city of Washington would likely decay to nothing.



nine hours in...



Wow, yet another war memorial... but heck this cannon probably killed ten people. That's something to be proud of.



Jefferson said...

Left: The Washington monument, hmmm, having penetrated the American psyche and realizing their love of guns I'd bet that there is an inter-continental ballistic missile harboured in there.



The Year

# Spring Events



Visiting Joe Clark at the Canadian Club



The Red Ribbon Campaign Troup



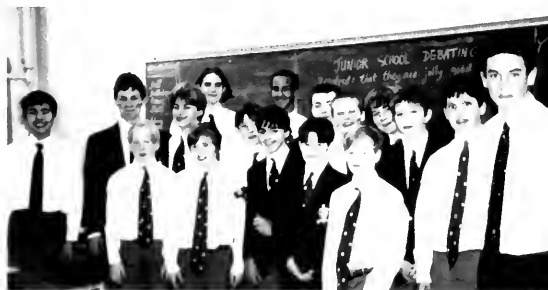
One for Mr. Hannaford ...and the rest for me.



The grades 4's at the skydome.



Stretch!



The Junior School Debating Club



## Dragon Slayer Studios

in association with *Branksome Hall*

PRESENTS

## A Royal St. George's Film

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starring ... Kaitlyn LeFeaver, Brian Tod, Michael McCulloch, Laura DeSipio, Jay Jolliffe, Lindsay Hepburn, Andrew Hepburn introducing... *Mr. B. Muxlow*  
screenplay by ... The Media Studies Class  
cinematography by ... Peter Levine directed by ... James Boake





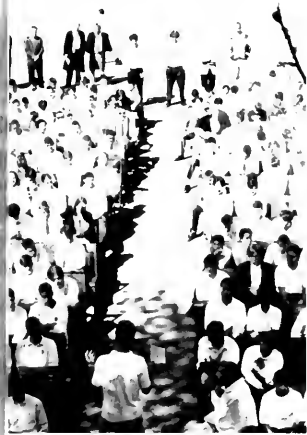
Sue Johanson visits during the "High on Health" conference.



The Tour-givers get a free lunch



Mrs. Robinson makes herself feel at home.



Final curtain...not the same without a program!



Preparing for the long night ahead



# Track Meet



Terminator in the field



This is how the Juniors run



This is how the Seniors run



Fly High



Determination to win



That's why he always attends the Track Meet

# The Guild - Staff Luncheon



"Ahhh but parting is such sweet sorrow..."



Two guys walk into a bar...



Mrs. Robinson, Mr. Kerr, and Mr. Whiteley



"We'll make them an offer they can't refuse."



"No Thanks I don't want any cheese..."



Mr. D'Arcy, and Mrs. Enfield



Mrs. Foster, and Mr. Pengelly



Cowper-Smith: *This guy talks WAY too much!*

# ATHLETIC BANQUET

## R.S.G.C. Athletic Awards 1996 - 97

**MOST IMPROVED SOCCER PLAYER:** Morgan Rubes  
**EDWARD ASSAF MEMORIAL TROPHY SOCCER M.V.P.:**  
 Tim Boyce  
**JUNIOR SCHOOL SOCCER AWARD:** Todd Curtin  
**MOST IMPROVED VOLLEYBALL PLAYER:** Blair Rose  
**VOLLEYBALL TROPHY M.V.P.:** Graham Wright  
**JUNIOR SCHOOL VOLLEYBALL AWARD:** Geoff Renihan  
**MOST IMPROVED CROSS - COUNTRY RUNNER:** Jeff  
 Enfield  
**FERGUSON AWARD EXCELLENCE IN CROSS - COUNTRY  
 RUNNING:** Patrick Fordyce / Brad Allgood  
**MOST IMPROVED HOCKEY PLAYER:** Rylan Perry /  
 Nick Martin  
**J.W. McMASTER TROPHY SR. HOCKEY M.V.P.:**  
 Adrian Henke  
**JUNIOR SCHOOL HOCKEY AWARD:** Todd Curtin  
**MOST IMPROVED SKIER:** Morgan Brooker  
**TRUSLER SKI TROPHY:** Graham McLorie  
**LOMAX MEMORIAL TROPHY:** DETERMINATION /  
 PERSISTENCE SPORTSMANSHIP: Graham Wright  
**MOST IMPROVED BASKETBALL PLAYER:** Sandy Norton  
**BOWLBY TROPHY SENIOR BASKETBALL M.V.P.:** Elliot  
 Hughes  
**JUNIOR SCHOOL BASKETBALL AWARD:** Paul Sidi  
**MOST IMPROVED TENNIS PLAYER:** Anthony Kingsley  
**TENNIS TROPHY BEST PLAYER FOR HIS AGE:** David  
 Hwang  
**MOST IMPROVED LACROSSE PLAYER:** Robert Bell  
**LACROSSE M.V.P.:** Joe Ternamian  
**MOST IMPROVED BADMINTON PLAYER:** Graham -  
 Durrant Taylor  
**BADMINTON TROPHY BEST PLAYER FOR HIS AGE  
 M.V.P.:** Dan McDonald  
**MOST IMPROVED TRACK AND FIELD:** Sandy Gibson  
**R.K. FRASER TROPHY TRACK AND FIELD M.V.P.:**  
 Detrick de Kerckhove  
**JUNIOR SCHOOL TRACK AND FIELD AWARD:** Sandy  
 Gibson  
**MOST IMPROVED SOFTBALL PLAYER:** Tim Enfield  
**W.E. WILSON SENIOR SOFTBALL M.V.P.:** Micheal  
 Popielaty  
**JUNIOR SCHOOL SOFTBALL AWARD:** Geoff Renihan  
**MOST IMPROVED GOLFER:** Chris Hatch  
**GOLF M.V.P.:** Matt Barrington  
**V.C. PANS OF TROPHY SENIOR SCHOOL BEST ATHLETE:**  
 Todd Curtin  
**A.C. TUDHOPE TROPHY GRADE 10 OR 11 BEST  
 ATHLETE:** Mathew Barrington  
**J.S. HOUNSER TROPHY SENIOR SCHOOL BEST ATHLETE:**  
 Graham Wright  
**A.D.'S AWARD THE INDIVIDUAL WHO CONTRIBUTED  
 THE MOST TO THE ATHLETIC PROGRAMME:** Richard  
 Nakatsu  
**ATHLETIC LETTER:** Tim Boyce, Graham Wright,  
 Jason Taylor, Jeff Enfield





# Junior Prize Day



Diederik Heisey: Winner of the Grade 5 Prize



Johann Smula: Winner of the Guild Best Instrumentalist Prize



Tim Enfield: Winner of the John L. Bradley Prize

- Grade 3 Award - Alex Mather
- Grade 4 Award - Diederik Heisey
- Grasley Award (Grade 5) - Jonathan Bell
- G. D. Hay Award (Grade 6) - Michael Rieger
- Scott Kovas Award (Grade 7) - Justin Hoe
- J.B.E. Garstang Prize (English) - Bradley Milne
- Mathematics Prize - Ivan Chin
- French Prize - Chris Roscoe
- St George's Society Social Studies Prize - Andrew Hepburn
- Science Prize - Jonathan Abraham
- Leigh McCarthy Gossage Prize for Acting - Brian Tod
- John R. Latimer Prize for Public Speaking - Thomas Lockett
- Junior Music Prize - Jonathan Bell
- Leshe Taylor Prize (Most Improved Choir Boy) - Thomas Lockett
- Guild Music Prize (Most Improved Instrumental) - Trevor Thompson
- Best in Changed Voice Choir - Sandy Gibson
- John D. Allen R.K. Prize - Johann Smula
- Henry Cawthorne House Trophy - York
- Guild Music Prize (Best Instrumental) - Johan Smula
- John L. Bradley Award (Best Choral) - Timothy Enfield
- L.B.J. Rothwell (Greatest Determination) Gage Love
- Junior Georgian - Jonathan Abraham



Gee, teachers need more recognition. Gage Love wins the Rothwell Award



Jonathan Abraham: Winner of the Junior Georgian Trophy



# Prize Day



Pankaj picks up another award...



Parle vous francais?



The Junior History winners



Anstey and Hatch accepting the senior Geography award



"In Poland ve smile like dis all de time."



Pythagorean Award - Stuart Hillenbrand  
 Pascal Math Contest (Grade 9) - Soren Brothers, Cameron Conn-Grant, Kazuo Oishi, Nicholas Payne, Max Ritts  
 Cayley Math Contest (Grade 10) - Jamie Bergstra, Aahren DePalma, Phedias Diamandis, Patrick Hayes, Aaron Lau, Philip Watson  
 Fermat Math Contest (Grade 11) - Ken Adams, Matt Donald, Adam Green, Hayden Ho, Sam Hui, David Hwang, Amr Kronfol, Jonathan Lee, Raymond Lui, Dan MacDonald, Ben Sharma  
 Invitational Mathematics Challenge - Jonathan Lee, Raymond Lui  
 Euclid Math Contest (Grade 12) - Hayden Ho, Jamie Robertson, David Hwang  
 O.A.C. Descartes Math Contest - Derrick de Kerckhove, Eric Kung, Glenn Lou-Hing, Paul Wong, Graham Wright  
 Jock Armitage Sr. Math Prize - Pankaj Bhatia  
 Computer Science Senior Award - Andrew Beadon  
 Junior Science Award - Peter Bellingham  
 Intermediate Science Award - Amr Kronfol  
 U of T Ontario Biology Competition - Pankaj Bahtia  
 J.C. Wheeler Cup Senior Science - Pankaj Bahtia  
 Intermediate Business Award - Amr Kronfol  
 Senior Economics Award - Rob Burkett, Will Burton  
 Junior Geography Award - Peter Adams, Cameron Conn-Grant, Kazuo Oishi  
 Intermediate Geography Award - Peter Bellingham

Senior Geography Award - Mike Anstey, Carr Hatch  
 O.A.C. World Issues Award - Rob Bell  
 Junior History Award - Peter Adams, Cameron Conn-Grant  
 Intermediate History Award - John Ortvod  
 O.A.C. Canadian History Award - Noah Waisberg  
 Junior English Award - Jamie Bergstra  
 Senior English Award - Pankaj Bahtia  
 Senior English Writing Award - Ian Roberts  
 Media Award - Alexis Levine, David Robinette  
 German Award - Alastair Kellett  
 Junior French Award - Cameron Conn-Grant  
 Intermediate French Award - Jamie Bergstra  
 French O.A.C. I Award - Ken Adams, Amr Kronfol  
 French O.A.C. II Award - Patrick Fordyce, John Ortvod  
 Junior Art Award - Peter Adams, Alex Josephson  
 Intremediate Art Award - Aaron Lau  
 Senior Art Award - Peter Levine  
 Agenda Cover Design Prize - Aaron Lau  
 Community Service Award - Noah Cole (Gr. 10, 231 hrs), Jonathan Lee (Gr. 11, 551.5 hrs), James Boake (Gr. 12, 187 hrs), Ian Roberts (O.A.C., 480 hrs)  
 Senior Drama Award - Mike Kelly  
 Most Improved Actor Award - Brett Grantham  
 Junior Drama Award - David Award  
 Ian Bonnycastle Award - Rob Evans  
 Spotlight Award - Tim Pyper  
 Best Supporting Actor - Drew Pearson  
 The Drama Club Trophy - Mike Vitorovich

Junior Debating Award - Jonathan Lofft  
 Senior Debating Award - Bobby Palit  
 Senior Persuasive Speaking Award - Rob Burkett  
 John R. Latimer Public Speaking Award - Rob Bell, Chris Martin  
 Junior Music Award - Jonah Falco  
 Intermediate Music Award - Michael Anstey  
 Senior Music Award - Nicholas Yap  
 O.A.C. Philosophy Award - Pankaj Bhatia  
 Acolyte Award - Alexandre J. Mabro  
 The Guild Trophy - Graham Wright  
 The Marion McDowell Trophy - Jake Thompson  
 The Georgian Spirit Trophy - Rob Bell  
 The J.L. Bradley Music Award - Tim Pyper  
 The Robert Bradley Memorial Award - Jonathan Lofft  
 The MacLennan/Robinson Scholarship - Jamie Bergstra  
 The Andrew Drilis Award - Mark Percy  
 The J.L. Wright House Trophy - Winchester  
 Stuart Warren Memorial Award - Dan Medd  
 The Wynna Butterworth Medal - Graham Wright  
 The Chairman's Medal - Tim Boyce  
 The Headmaster's Medal - Kazuo Oishi  
 The Principal's Medal - Jamie Bergstra  
 The Founders Award - Amr Kronfol  
 The Lieutenant Governor's Medal - Rob Mellema  
 The Governor General's Medal - Pankaj Bhatia  
 The J.L. Wright Medal - Jeff Enfield

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# CANNIBAL

*"People Think I'm Crazy  
When I Tell Them I HAVE*

**a hunger for humans**

*"Why Are People Afraid  
To Talk To Me?"*

**I THOUGHT**

**now 'it's OK to be different'**

**IT CAME FROM**

**my. DAD'S Side**

**of the FAMILY**

Nick Payne

## January

As you read this, there lies on the south-east corner of Yonge and Bloor a man. At least, I presume he lies there still, for this man has nowhere else to go. Try to picture him: he is of dark olive complexion, with long dark hair. He wears no hat or gloves, but has only a light jacket over-top his ragged clothes to protect him from the cold. As I say, this man has nowhere else to go, for he is homeless.

As I walk along the street during the night, I see the man from a distance. He makes little impression in my mind, blending as he does (to my eyes) with the building against which he leans. In the sea of downtown pedestrians he seems to me an unremarkable figure, easily missed. Every few steps I answer requests for spare change with a quick no and a careful indifference; a calculated coldness. Every few steps I practise my civility by restraining my humanity.

And so as I approach this man, this unremarkable figure leaning against the building, I prepare my response. I very intentionally keep my eyes straight ahead, ready to respond if spoken to, to answer quickly no. But the man does not even look at me; indeed, his eyes are focused inwards, oblivious to the world around him. When I am five steps away from him his feet slip along the packed snow beneath him, away from the wall. His body follows in motion, slipping down the wall until he lies, legs sprawled on the sidewalk, arms huddled to his chest, his face close to the snow. His eyes retain the same inward focus, still oblivious. As I pass I see his body gripped by a small tremor, not of cold but of deep comfort.

The man falls to the street as you or I would fall to bed after a long day. This seems quite logical; for this man, the street is his bed, his place of rest, all he may call his after a long day (which is to say, nothing). He is without a house, and he sleeps on the street, living in Toronto, we have all seen it many times before, and are not shocked by it.

This night is different. When temperatures sink to twenty degrees below freezing, the situation changes. Tonight, this man slips not into his bed, but to possible death. The death of homeless persons is a regular occasion in

Toronto; it receives little attention; its victims, little sympathy. Its occurrence becomes a fact of life.

But as I pass this man, I am struck by his figure, by the language of his body. He seems to be without illumination, without soul. He is certainly the shadow of a man, reduced to the bare minimum of existence.

Looking at this man, I see that he is real, more so than anyone I know. He is real in the sense that he is completely without pretense. This man more than any other is stripped free of any layers meant to deceive those around him; he is exactly as you see him. He has no past or future, no family or friends, no hopes or desperations; these things do not exist for him now. They are irrelevant to him, as irrelevant as the warm bed to which I will retire tonight, irrelevant as the well-prepared meal which he will not eat. This man has nothing but himself, and even that is fading, fading as quickly as I pass him on the crowded street.

As you read this, there lies on the south-east corner of Yonge and Bloor a man. At least, I presume he remains a man. It may be that it is only the frozen remains of a man, a shadow of dreams now homeless as the men and women we step over every day as we rush towards our well prepared meals and warm beds, our sense of self. For our homes are not just our physical shelter; they are our solace, our retreat from the world. This man has none. I presume he lies there still, for he has nowhere else to go. Dead or alive, this man is homeless.

Chris Martin  
Grade 13

## The Great Falcon and the Yellow-Gold Rabbit

There lived once upon a time, a great falcon who travelled among the canyons and valleys to find the yellow-gold rabbit. For he believed, as did all his brethren that eternal life would be given to the bird whose talons made the kill. The great falcon became so intent

upon his mission that he thought of little else.

Now the yellow-gold rabbit was a very clever rabbit for he never made a permanent home nor did he allow the wind to carry his scent. He was such a speedy and experienced rabbit that he could easily escape predators. Sometimes for the joy of it, he would simply run circles around coyotes until they became so dizzy that they could not recover their senses for many hours. And by that time the yellow-gold rabbit was nowhere to be found.

On one particular day the great falcon was enjoying magnificent wind currents above Red Canyon. He enjoyed gliding, for his wings were truly great wings. Sometimes he was mistaken for an eagle when he glided at great altitudes. On that particular day the yellow-gold rabbit was enjoying lunch, which was a patch of watercress in a stream.

The great falcon was awakened from his day-dreaming when suddenly he saw the yellow-gold movement in the canyon. He wasn't sure what it was at first. He lowered his great wings for a closer look at the yellow-gold thing in the stream.

Suddenly a loud noise was heard and the falcon cried out in pain. He had been shot by a hunter. He was losing altitude fast. He could see a pack of wolves circling the place where he was about to land. Then he saw a flash of yellowish gold circling around the wolves. They got so dizzy that they passed out. The falcon landed with a thud. He looked around and all he saw was the face of a rabbit staring back at him. That was the last thing he remembered. The yellow-gold rabbit grabbed him and sped away to a cave. Once there the falcon awoke and the rabbit spoke to him. "You have suffered great pain," exclaimed the rabbit. "Let me make you immortal!" Then the rabbit put a paw on the falcon's head and ordained him to be immortal! After that, the falcon and the rabbit became the best of friends.

Bryan Fehelvey  
Grade 5

I have always hated the smell of urine, but every day I had to go down this piss soaked alleyway to get to work. The alleyway was usually pretty dark, even in the middle of the day, but at the time that I had to go to work, right before day break, you couldn't see ten steps in front of you. There were garbage cans lining the sides of the alleyway, the big, green plastic ones that the restaurants use. They were all overflowing with old, moldy food. A lot of restaurants backed onto the alleyway, that's why the garbage was mostly food stuff. The walls of the alley were a dark red brick; actually they could have been pretty nice if somebody had taken the time to clean them. I always used to imagine the alleyway about a hundred years ago. All the buildings were newly built, and rich couples would go down the alley holding hands. In a way the alleyway was sort of mystical to me.

There was only one guy who lived in the alley. His most noticeable features were that he was always smiling and, even though he must have been 60, he still had striking red hair. His hair was thick and almost copper. He was always under this thin, bright, red blanket; actually I'm not sure how he kept it so clean. The blanket was the same colour as his hair. Well, anyway, this guy kept his things in one of those shopping carts that you get at a supermarket; you know, one of the big silver ones. In his cart he had a few odds and ends, an old baseball glove, some papers, and a bunch of old clothes. He always kept this picture on top of all the other things. The picture was old and worn down but you could still easily see who it was. It was a young woman, probably about twenty. The woman had red hair, the same colour as his. I always assumed that she was his daughter. I used to imagine that one day as I was walking home from work, I would see his daughter run up to him and say, in a British accent, "Father, I have come to take you home."

During the first few weeks of my alleyway excursions, I started paying close attention to the old man. The way he just sat and watched, it was really strange, but in a way it made me feel protected. It was like he was the watchman of the alley. After a while I decided that I wanted to talk to him, but every time that I passed him, I got nervous. I'm actually not sure why. I always used to imagine me saying hello and him swearing at me and chasing me away. So, instead of saying hello, I just smiled at him every time I passed. I guess you could say that he smiled back, but he was always smiling anyway.

After a few more weeks of smiling, I actually built up enough nerve to speak to him. I said a simple hello as I passed. He smiled back as if he hadn't heard me. I was really surprised. He had ignored me. I wasn't really angry just sort of hurt. I had extended myself to him and he had cast me aside. I decided I would ask him why he had not answered me. As I was walking home from work the next day, I went to him and asked him my question. He looked up at me and pointed to his

ears. I had been so stupid; he was deaf. I smiled, patted him on the shoulder and went home. The next morning I left home feeling excited. I wanted to see him again. I'm not perfectly sure why. I went to where he usually was, on the east side of the alley, at the center, but he wasn't there.

For two weeks I kept on checking to see if he had come back, but he hadn't. Then I had an idea. I would call the police and ask if they had picked up a deaf, homeless, elderly man. I called the non-emergency line for the police and asked them my question. They put me on hold for about ten minutes, and made me listen to some crappy music. Then a woman came on the phone. She sounded about fiftyish. She told me that a man of that description had been stabbed and killed. I asked if the attacker had been found. She told me they were still looking. You know it's kind of funny. The only thing that I could think of was, who would guard the alleyway.

Alexander Wolfson  
Grade 9

### Dad's First Episode

I couldn't believe it when my dad went absolutely crazy a couple of weekends ago. Since my parents were divorced, I spend most of my time with my mom and alternate weekends with my dad. Because of this, my dad had never supervised a sleepover before, although eventually he will have to get used to them with his new 1-1/2 year old daughter. Anyway, this was my first sleepover with him.

My friend, Jeff, arrived at about 6:00p.m. at my dad's house just before dinner. It was Saturday evening. We had just ordered pizza before Jeff came, and I figured it would be about 20 minutes before we could eat. Jeff and I decided to hang around with everyone until the dinner arrived. I had met him years ago, and we have been friends since. I picked up my baby sister's squishy ball and started to roll it around. She seemed to enjoy the little game and started running after the ball and retrieving it for me. Eventually, this rolling changed itself into bouncing. It was quite easy to use as a volleyball when I come to think of it. This harmless game seemed to bother my dad. He told me to stop fiddling with the ball. I thought he was joking. I was only bouncing the ball. What could be wrong with that? So I continued. He looked at me sternly and then asked again that I stop. Maybe it was because he was overprotective of the baby and didn't want her to get injured. The ball then bounced off my knee and rolled over to the couch where he was laying. He picked it up and put it underneath him.

After dinner, Jeff and I went upstairs to watch television in my room. My father was the one who allowed me to put a T.V. in my room. My mother does not approve of this. The time passed quickly and before we knew it, "Saturday Night Live" was on. I can't exactly remember

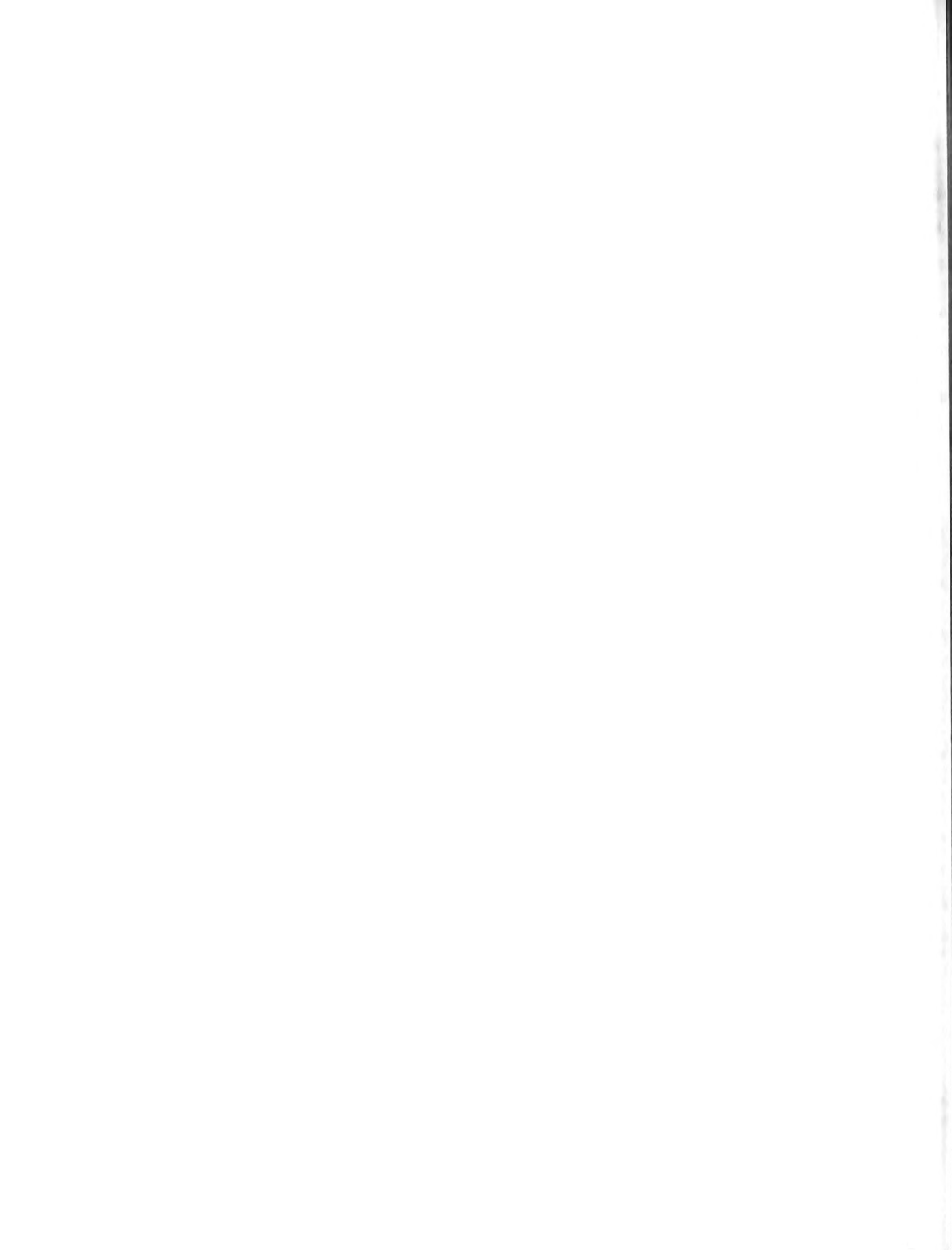
what it was about, but we watched it for about 45 minutes when my dad came in. He said that he was getting ready for bed and therefore, he thought we should be in bed in 15 minutes. I was confused. Usually, I stay up as late as I want on Saturday nights. I tried to argue, but there was not much I could have done. I asked why we had to go to bed so early. He said it was his responsibility to make sure Jeff got a good night's sleep. He then left the room before I could say another word. The 15 minutes were almost up when Jeff and I decided to go downstairs and get a drink and a snack. By this time we had already changed our clothes. As we were talking and eating, we heard my dad coming down the stairs. He told us again to go to bed. I wish I knew what his problem was. Jeff was assigned to the guest bedroom. Once we had finished snacking, Jeff suggested that we move the mattress from his room into my room so that we could watch T.V. a little longer. So as he suggested, we proceeded. We quietly moved the mattress out of one room into the other. Suddenly, I started to laugh. Trying to contain myself, I threw my head into a pillow and at the same time dropped the mattress. My dad must have heard some commotion because he came out of his room to see what was happening. By this time, I was on the floor; and Jeff, who had heard my dad coming, was in his bed pretending to be innocent. By the time I lifted my head up, my dad was standing in the hall. It was just me, him, and the mattress that was sticking into each of our bedrooms through the hall. My dad tried to shout as he whispered. He told me to get the mattress back on the box spring. After struggling with the mattress myself, he took charge and flipped it onto the box spring, pulled the door shut and said nothing. I was afraid to go out of the room, so I went to sleep.

The next morning, he acted as if nothing had happened, although he was in the same frame of mind. Before going down for breakfast, I requested to have a shower. My request was rejected, even though I have my shower at the same time all other Sundays. I got dressed and went downstairs for breakfast. Jeff was already eating but my breakfast wasn't ready yet. There is a child security gate which confines the baby to a certain area of the house and when Jeff was finished eating, he left the room forgetting to close this gate. When I went through the gate, it was open, so I didn't think to close it. As I got upstairs, my father was yelling that the baby was missing and blamed it on me for leaving the gate open. Where could she possibly go within the house? There was nothing to be concerned about. The baby was eventually found in the powder room unrolling the toilet paper. When everyone was dressed and ready, we took Jeff home, and the maniac father weekend was over.

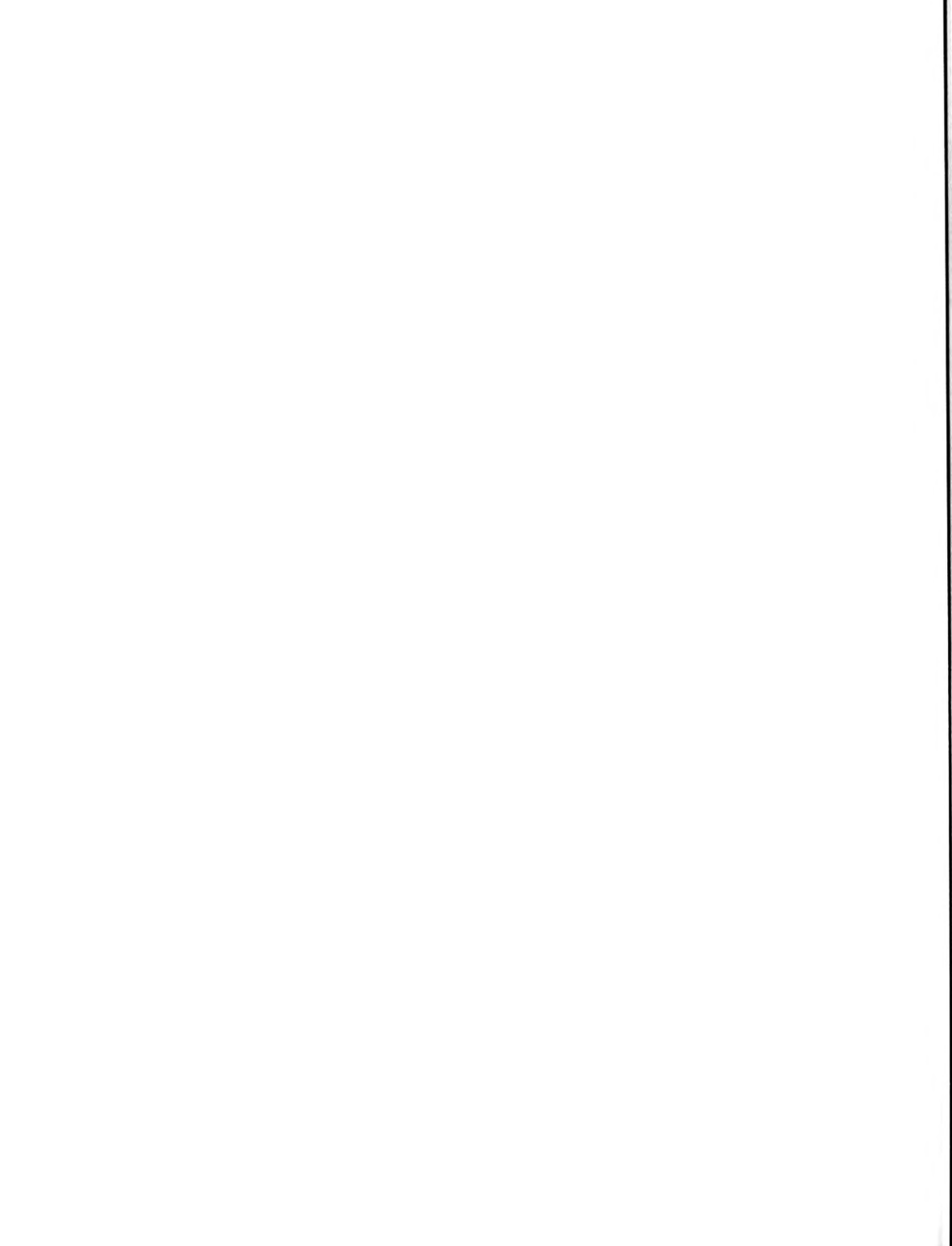
Brandon Vasquez  
Grade 9

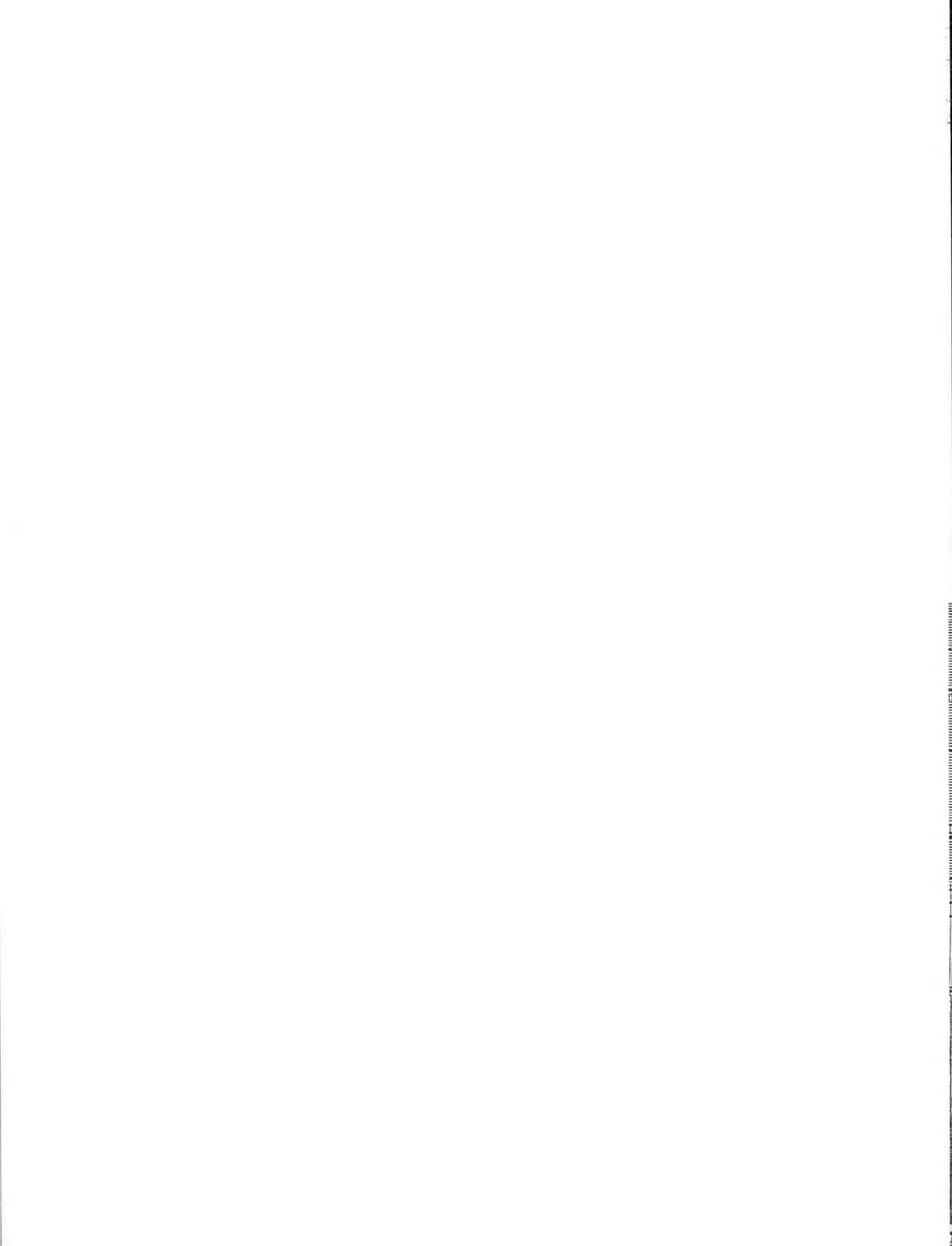














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