



THE REVIEW

1963-1964

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE

AURORA, ONTARIO

St. Andrew's College
ARCHIVES

This edition of

The Review

is .

affectionately

and

respectfully

dedicated

to

J. L. Wright, Esq.,

“Non sibi sed aliis.”

IN MEMORIAM

Raymond Craig Lindsey attended S.A.C. from September 1962 to the time of his death at the age of sixteen, in January 1964. Although he was with us for only eighteen months, he earned the respect of both masters and boys. He was always cheerful, invariably friendly, and particularly modest about his achievements. He was the type of boy that any school would be proud to have. "Farmer," as he was affectionately known, will not only be missed by the members of his grade eleven form, the Under Fifteen "B" football team, and Memorial House boys; he will be missed by all of us. We extend our deepest sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey in their tragic loss.

The Craig Lindsey Memorial Fund has been generously supported by all Houses in the School. Complete sets of the Encyclopaedia Canadiana and the Book of Knowledge have been bought for the school library. Each of these books has been dedicated to Craig's memory.

HEADMASTER'S FOREWORD

I should first like to congratulate the editors and all their assistants on a fine piece of work. Although the Review does not pretend to deal in detail with the hard core of successful academic work, it does give ample proof of a year rich in general educational accomplishment. Moreover, this issue indicates that the important traditions of St. Andrew's are being fostered enthusiastically. There is also every indication that real school spirit — that quality which results from the co-operative effort to achieve worthwhile objectives — is very much in evidence.

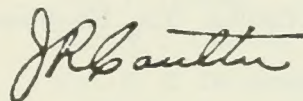
Speaking of traditions, I should like to recall both parts of our school motto:

Quit ye like men, be strong;
Let all your things be done with charity.

There is little question about the meaning of our motto; obviously the key words are "strong" and "charity". However, the attainment of these aims requires unrelenting effort from both students and staff, and, in some degree, from parents and Old Boys.

I am sure that neither the founding fathers, nor generations of Andreans, ever meant the word "strong" to be interpreted in a physical sense only. All kinds of vulgar or dishonest or immoral people possess strong bodies. Strong bodies are only valuable if they provide the foundation for moral and intellectual strength. Little effort is required to watch most television programmes, peruse Playboy magazine, or even star as an athlete if one inherits natural athletic ability; indeed, little effort is necessary to secure a bare pass on examinations if one is endowed with a high I.Q. Real character is essential in the mastering of difficult subject matter; it takes a little determination to care for personal or public property; it requires "guts" to keep playing hard and cleanly when one is dead tired; one needs moral fibre to sacrifice selfish pleasures in the interest of worthwhile contributions to one's fellows.

Personal sacrifice for the welfare of others is not possible without charity. And the meaning of charity is love, as St. Paul explains it in I Corinthians, chapter 13. Love is not self-love; it is not the romantic nonsense glorified by cheap movies or cheap novels; it has little to do with the sentimental clap-trap of the happiness-above-all philosophy. Every Andrean must strive for his own highest development physically, mentally and spiritually. But every Andrean should learn the paradoxical truth that one's highest development is only important as it enables one to be of some service to others. This concept of love for others, of honest and willing sacrifice, does not involve a dreary, dull or martyr-like existence; it is the only philosophy that provides a rich, joyous rewarding life — the only philosophy that allows Andreans to quit themselves like men.





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Assistant to the Headmaster: L. C. MacPherson, B.Sc., M.S. in Ed., F.S.A. Scot.

Bursar: J. A. Bennet, B.Comm.

HOUSE MASTERS

Macdonald House	J. L. Wright, B.A.
Flavelle House	C. Stoate, B.A. (Com.)
Fourth House	L. C. MacPherson, B.Sc., M.S. in Ed.
Memorial House	L. W. Pitman, B.A.

MASTERS

J. A. M. Allen, B.A. (1960-)	K. H. Ives, M.A. (1937-)
D. J. Armitage, B.A. (1960-1964)	J. C. Jensen, B.A. (1963-)
J. L. Bradley, F.T.C.L. (1951-1964)	J. S. Macfarlane, M.A. (1947-)
T. P. Bozzay, B.A., Ph.D. (1960-)	J. C. Mainprize, B.A. (1962-)
G. W. Edwards, Esq., (1963-)	G. H. Moffat, B.A. (1962-)
R. C. Gibb, M.A. (1964-)	F. R. Richardson, M.A. (1956-1964)
G. R. Guggino, B.A. (1963-)	G. L. Rutherfordale, M.A. (1961-1964)
G. V. Helwig, Ph.D. (1961-1964)	R. B. Scott, B.A. (1963-)
H. T. Holden, B.A. (1945-1964)	W. P. Skinner, M.A. (1963-)
J. A. Holmes, B.A. (1948-)	G. B. West, B.A. (1963-)
	H. Tutton, Esq., (1963-)

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Physicians	D. Hutchins, M.D.
	J. B. Hill, M.D.
	James Knowles, M.B.
Nurses	Mrs. M. V. King, R.N.
	Miss S. L. Clarke, R.N.
Matron—Upper & Middle School	Miss J. E. Jolliffe
Matron—Lower School	Mrs. M. V. Johnston
Headmaster's Secretary	Miss S. M. Beresford, B.A.
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Bursar's Assistant	Mrs. C. G. Bqwerman
Bursar's Secretary	Mrs. E. I. Killer
General Secretary	Mrs. K. J. Warren
Kitchen-Dining Room Steward	N. Stewart
Chief Engineer	C. Ilton

SCHOOL OFFICERS

1963 - 1964

Head Prefect:

J. D. Pennal

Prefects:

J. P. Wyse, R. J. Osborne, D. J. Bichan, A. C. Knox, R. D. Benveniste, R. G. Randell,
R. J. Holmes, W. E. Westfall, B. F. Heintzman, R. H. Garvie.

Head Boy:

R. D. Benveniste

Editor of the Review

W. J. Herder

Officer Commanding Cadet Corps

J. D. Pennal

Managing Editor

E. M. Perley

Second in Command Cadet Corps

R. J. Holmes

Captain of Football

R. H. Garvie

Athletic Society, President

J. P. Wyse

Members: J. R. Blinn, R. J. Holmes, D. H. Love,
D. L. Stevenson, W. E. Westfall, R. G. Williams.

Captain of Soccer

R. J. Osborne

Debating Society

President: J. F. Rook

Captains of Basketball

R. S. Sprague
W. E. Westfall

Members: D. G. Hart, A. C. Knox, G. A. Vanderburgh,
W. E. Westfall.

Captain of Hockey

J. P. Wyse

Chapel Boys

J. D. Barker, T. W. Brown, J. A. Cameron, J. L. Coulter,
P. E. Goodwin, D. G. Hart, W. J. Herder, M. J. Murnane,
R. C. O'Dell, H. G. Pritchard, W. D. Reade, J. F. Rook,
R. C. Williams.

Captain of Swimming

W. L. Roberts

Clan Captains

Captains of Cricket

D. H. Love
W. E. Westfall

Bruce — W. E. Westfall
Douglas — J. P. Wyse
Montrose — B. F. Heintzman
Wallace — R. J. Holmes

A FAREWELL

"The years by themselves do not make a place historic:

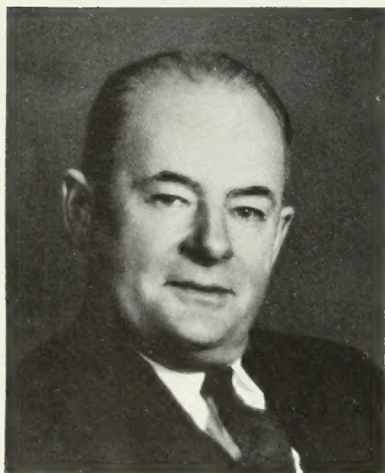
It is *men* who give the colour of history to a place
by their deeds there or by merely having lived there."

— Oliver Wendell Holmes

The history and traditions of an establishment like St. Andrew's College are not necessarily shown in the quality of its buildings or in the beauty of its campus. It is the men, the teachers who have brought their ideas, their ability, their humour, and their understanding to the school who have made St. Andrew's College what it is.

The masters of St. Andrew's, as all students suspect, are a strange breed of men. Because of the close master-student relationship which exists in a school such as this, boys soon discover the strengths, weaknesses, and petty eccentricities of their mentors, and can be quite cruel to a master unless he is always on his guard. But out of this atmosphere of an Independent school comes a respect between master and student, or, if not a respect, at least a precise understanding of where each stands in relation to the other. Because of the close proximity of student and master, a master can carry his profession out of the classroom, and instil his own values, his own ideas, and the example of his personality, into both school and scholar.

The school is unfortunate this year in losing seven masters, all of whom, in their own way, have left their mark on St. Andrew's, and on the boys who have been under their tutelage: Messrs. Wright, Bradley and Armitage will be teaching at St. George's College, a newly-founded independent school in Toronto; Mr. Henry Holden will take up his new position as an executive administrator at Trinity College, University of Toronto; Mr. Richardson will continue teaching chemistry in another school; Dr. Helwig is returning to Central Technical School in Toronto and will continue to instruct in Physics; Mr. Rutherford is moving to the Mathematics department at Appleby College in Oakville.



MR. WRIGHT

Advertising in *The Review* is usually confined to the last pages, but an exception can be made in the following case:

St. George's College, which is opening its doors to students in September, is "an independent school devoted to a high academic standard, modern teaching methods, and the training of boys in choral work, and especially in liturgical music. It is the first independent Protestant school to be founded in Ontario in the last fifty years, and is modelled on such establishments as the choir school of St. John the Divine in New York City, and Westminster Choir School in London, England." The Headmaster of St. George's is Mr. John L. Wright, for 23 years Housemaster of Macdonald House.

Mr. Wright was born in a rectory near Kingston. Most of his family were connected with the priesthood and one of his brothers is the present Anglican Archbishop of Algoma, and Metropolitan of Ontario. Mr. Wright received his B.A. at Trinity College, University of Toronto. While at the University, Mr. Wright was active in the Athletic Society, and played for the Varsity Band (Mr. Wright often boasts that he and Mr. Coulter both played for Varsity, but neglects to mention what, exactly, he played). After graduation, Mr. Wright enlisted in the Kingston Signals, and in 1931 he became the youngest Commissioned Officer in M. D. 2. During the war he trained senior cadets in weaponry at Bolton, and he is in line for his E.D., or Efficiency Decoration, this year.

Mr. Wright came to St. Andrew's in the fall of 1938, and resided in Flavelle House until 1941. At that time he taught English and History. In 1941, after being promoted to married status, he became Housemaster of Macdonald House. He soon put his new wife to work, for in the autumn of that year, she taught the newly established Prep—consisting of Grades 1—4. Some of her graduates are now University professors. Needless to say, during the years he has given to St. Andrew's and Macdonald House, Mr. Wright has taught almost everything. He has coached all teams, and has participated in all facets of school life, from Staff Advisor to *The Review*, to cutting hair; from instructing Senior Cadets as Chief Instructor (until 1954), to working with dramatics and stage sets.

When Mr. Wright came to St. Andrew's in 1938, things were somewhat different. For example, there were only 100 boys in the Cadet Corps. During the war, boys wore khaki shorts, and inspections were held on the lower field, complete with mock battles and authentic German uniforms, barbed wire entanglements, gas attacks, and ropes across the River Shads. The Corps took basic training in Newmarket in unarmed combat, gas, weapons, and foot drill. There was a Ski Platoon in which boys could win a badge for their

uniform by skiing to the Holland Marsh, across to Bradford, down to Newmarket, and back to St. Andrew's. During the war, boys would pick potatoes in P.T. and store them in the old root cellar behind Memorial House. Mr. Wright was proud to be with the Cadet Corps when they went on parade as a guard of honour for H.M. King George VI at the University of Toronto, for the Earl of Althone, then Governor-General, and for the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, the Honourable Keiller Mackay, at the Royal Winter Fair.

Many things have changed around St. Andrew's during Mr. Wright's stay. Of course, the trees have grown taller, and, as befits any institution with tradition, the buildings look older. The number of boys has increased from 100 to 300 in the last 25 years, and, along with the trees, the fees have grown: from \$750 in 1938, to \$2,000 in 1964. In 1941, when Mr. Wright became Housemaster, Macdonald House had 34 boys. Today it has 90. During these years there were "the usual school-boy antics, such as repairing radio parts after lights out. But the boys have always been loyal and keen." Life was indeed different for the inmates of Macdonald House in the days before transistor radios and television, when boys had no tractor to shovel the rinks and were sometimes called upon when the board pulled by two horses failed to clear the road after a heavy snow-fall.

Before the new buildings were constructed, Macdonald House was almost a self-contained unit. During his stay as Housemaster of "Mac Shack", Mr. Wright has taught and supervised hundreds of boys. He is of the opinion that boys today are essentially the same, although he thinks that perhaps the boys of twenty years ago had more initiative and were more capable of amusing themselves. Boys used to build forts in the back woods, and one grade 7 class built a twelve-foot replica of the "Titanic" in the wood-working room, complete with portholes, lighting, and other intricate details which were taken from actual plans of the ship. All boys participated in Macdonald House Night, and many plays were put on, notably "St. Joan" by Shaw, which was directed by Mr. Ives and received favourable reviews from Toronto newspapers.

Before and during the war, Mr. Wright recalls, only the first teams travelled, and the first hockey squad walked into Aurora when it needed ice time. During Mr. Wright's stay at St. Andrew's, he has seen three L.B.F. football championship teams: 1939 (when there was no substitution in the game), 1945, and 1961. He estimates that between 1938 and 1964, St. Andrew's has won or tied seventy percent of all Little Big Four contests: a record for any school to be proud of.

Mr. Wright also recalls the time when boys used to wear Eton suits on Sundays, and the Upper Sixth form had the honour of wearing bowler hats to church. A red school blazer was included in the uniform, topped by a red beanie, and older boys were permitted to wear blue suits.

Mr. Wright's interests outside the school have been many and varied. Besides being a member of the Convocation and Corporation of Trinity College, he is a lay reader at Trinity Anglican Church in Aurora. He is a 32nd degree Mason, a former director of the summer school at Lakefield Preparatory School, and the co-editor of a recently-published English grammar text for grades 7, 8, and 9.

Mr. Wright has always taught boys on the premise that classes should be as natural as possible, and that a good sense of humour is necessary in the development of a boy. However, contrary to public opinion, Mr. Wright does not have a book of puns. He believes that "puns come naturally from dealing with boys." How many boys have spilled egg all over their trousers and have not heard him exclaim, "Get the yolk?" Or how many boys have not "made friends with a brick" on the day of the Cadet Inspection? "Don't move! Pick a brick and make friends with it! Thousands of Andreans have made friends with many of the bricks. In fact, a couple of old boys are now selling bricks, and are doing quite well at it." Then, of course, there's the one about a certain master who used to raise chickens behind the Campbell Houses, creating quite a "fowl" atmosphere about the place.

Mr. Wright has "enjoyed every minute" of his stay at MacDonald House: "It was one of many beginnings. We started many things, and tried to see that they were well done. With little money or materials, we made do with what we had." And indeed, Mr. Wright's life has been, and still is, one of many beginnings. However, a beginning must be preceded by an end, and Mr. Wright now feels that "it is time for a young man to take over." Mr. William B. Skinner, an old boy of St. Andrew's (1944-49), is about to do just that: he will assume the position of Housemaster of Macdonald House this coming fall. We hope that Mr. Wright's "new beginning" as Headmaster of St. George's College will be a very successful one; we know that he will give the same generous leadership to St. George's as he has given to St. Andrew's.

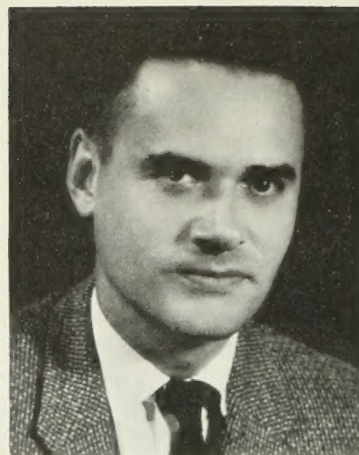
Mr. Wright has made many friends, both in and out of the school in the last twenty-five years. As he himself says: "You can't put boys to bed from all over the world and punish them for getting out of bed without making some friends."

MR. ARMITAGE

Mr. Armitage, leaving with Mr. Wright to teach mathematics at St. George's, came to St. Andrew's in 1958.

Mr. Armitage received his B.A. from University College, University of Toronto. He taught for a year in England, and returned to take a course at the Ontario College of Education. After teaching in various positions, he came to St. Andrew's, and has taught mathematics in the Lower School since 1958.

During his stay at St. Andrew's, Mr. Armitage has coached Soccer, Hockey and Cricket teams, usually the Under 15 "B's". He has enjoyed St. Andrew's very much, especially the teaching of grades eight, nine and ten. Our wishes for a most successful career at St. George's College are extended to Mr. Armitage and his wife.



MR. BRADLEY

Leaving St. Andrew's after thirteen years of service, Mr. John Bradley is accompanying Mr. Wright and Mr. Armitage to St. George's College, where he will head the music department and be responsible for training boys in choral and liturgical music.

Mr. Bradley was born in Montreal, and received his education in Toronto schools, and at Trinity College of Music in London, England. He has his Gold Medal in the study of the organ.

Mr. Bradley came to St. Andrew's College in 1951, after teaching for a time at Crescent School in Toronto. During his stay here, Mr. Bradley has taught Music and Scripture, besides giving private lessons to boys in piano and organ. In the past few years, he has been teaching younger boys to play the recorder in his music classes.

There were many musical highlights for St. Andrew's boys during Mr. Bradley's years of service to the school. In 1955, Mr. Bradley and the

trebles journeyed to New York City and gave many concerts to appreciative audiences. In 1958, on the retirement of Dr. Ketchum, the school made a recording, called "Through The Years", of Dr. Ketchum's favourite hymns and pieces in the chapel. In 1962, the school made a recording of the Christmas carol service which has been so favourably received in the past.

In the past two years, the boys under Mr. Bradley have attempted two Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. Because of the new Ketchum Memorial Auditorium, both "Trial by Jury" and H.M.S. Pinafore" were produced with excellent results, and Mr. Bradley hopes that Gilbert and Sullivan will become a yearly tradition at St. Andrew's.

During his stay at St. Andrew's, Mr. Bradley has found the morning chapel service and the singing of the boys a joy to hear. Many old boys have remarked that the things they missed most at St. Andrew's were the Christmas Carol Service and the morning chapel services with Mr. Bradley's organ playing.

We thank Mr. Bradley for the musical leadership that he has given to St. Andrew's and offer him our best wishes in his new position as Assistant Headmaster of St. George's College.

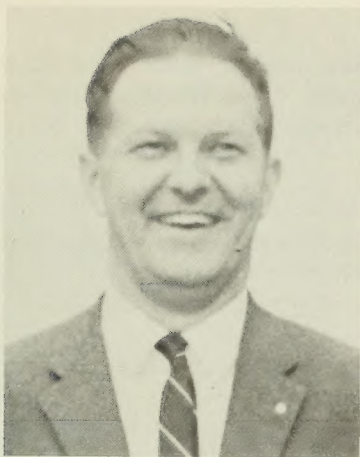
DR. HELWIG

Dr. Helwig was born and raised in Jamaica. He attended Manchester University in Britain, and wrote his Ph.D. in Physics at McGill University in Montreal. After serving with the Ministry of Education in Jamaica, he came to Canada and taught Physics at Central Technical School in Toronto before coming to St. Andrew's in 1961.

During his stay at St. Andrew's, Dr. Helwig, apart from teaching senior Physics, has helped with clan and intermural soccer, and has coached the Cougars of the Intermural (formerly Clan Hockey) League.

Dr. Helwig is married, and has four children, one of whom is an engineer with the Canadian Overseas Volunteers in Ceylon and India (the C.O.V. is the Canadian equivalent to the U.S. Peace Corps). Dr. Helwig is returning to Central Technical School next year, and we extend best wishes for the future to him and his family.





MR. RICHARDSON

Mr. Richardson was born in England, and after coming to Canada, he enlisted in the Royal Canadian Navy and saw duty in the Pacific. He attended Western and Ohio State Universities, graduating with his B.Sc., and was for a time chief chemist in a pharmaceutical firm. On leaving the firm, he took a post as Technical Officer in the Department of Chemistry at Royal Military College in Kingston before coming to St. Andrew's in 1956. During the past few summers, Mr. Richardson has been taking summer courses in the United States, and now has his M.A. in Chemical Engineering.

During his stay at St. Andrew's College, Mr. Richardson has taught middle school general science and senior Chemistry with extremely good results. He has been quite active in the Science Club, arranging movies, lectures, and field trips to industrial plants.

Many weird and wonderful things have come to pass in the chemistry lab (not to mention many weird and wonderful boys) during Mr. Richardson's stay at St. Andrew's. One episode he recollects in particular

was when Andrew "Florence Nightingale" Knox was too ingenious to find a burning splint, and decided to light a piece of Magnesium from the Bunsen burner. Before the awe-stricken eyes of his classmates, Knox proceeded to carry the blazing, molten (700° centigrade) mass of metal half-way across the classroom, whereupon it dropped onto the floor, to the consternation of Mr. Richardson and to the delight of the boys.

Mr. Richardson is still uncertain about his position next year, but he will most certainly be teaching in another school, and we wish him and his family all the best in the coming years.

MR. RUTHERDALE

Mr. Gordon L. Rutherfordale was born in County Down in Northern Ireland. His father, a Presbyterian minister, brought his young family to Canada in 1930, and they settled in Port Colborne.

He attended the University of Toronto, and later wrote his M.A. at Dalhousie. At the present time, Mr. Rutherfordale is working for his M. Ed. at Cornell University. During the war, Mr. Rutherfordale enlisted in the R.C.A.F., became a pilot, and after the war trained airmen in navigation and other aspects of aviation.

During his stay at St. Andrew's, Mr. Rutherfordale has been very active coaching soccer (although he "had a little trouble with the rules"), and was a very enthusiastic house league hockey coach. In addition, he has produced three one-act plays: "The Valiant", "The Happy Journey", and "The Monkey's Paw".

Before coming to St. Andrew's in 1961 to teach Mathematics and Senior Algebra, Mr. Rutherfordale taught at Sydenham, near Kingston, and at Elmvale. His opinion of independent school education has been quite favourable, and he has enjoyed his years at St. Andrew's very much.

Mr. Rutherfordale will be teaching Mathematics at Appleby College next September. We wish him all the best in his new position.

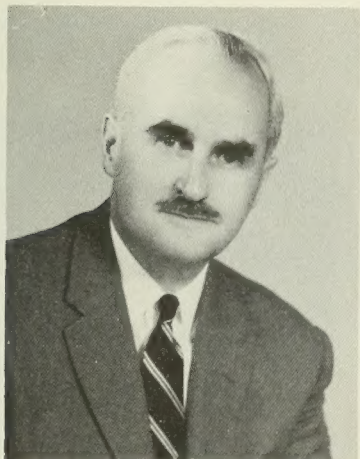


MR. HOLDEN

Mr. Henry Holden is a difficult man to interview, and the idea of an "obituary" in *The Review* seemed a little repugnant to him. Although he prefers to dwell on the present and the future rather than the past, he finally consented to let himself be immortalized in these pages.

Mr. Holden was born in Montreal, and came to St. Andrew's in 1945 after attending Bishop's University and seeing active duty in the R.A.F. during the war. He has taught Senior History since 1946, and was Senior Housemaster in Memorial House when the boys were arranged by form in each of the houses, when Flavell House was Middle School, and when Memorial House was Upper School. Besides Senior History, Mr. Holden has taught Latin, French, English, and Geometry.

During his stay at St. Andrew's, Mr. Holden has coached 3rd Football, 4th Hockey, Clan Hockey, and Under 16 Cricket, and has instructed in the Cadet Corps. He has been staff advisor for *The Review* (when



it was issued three times a year); he has coached the Debating Team; and has instructed senior boys in chapel reading.

Many excellent senior plays have been produced under Mr. Holden's direction, among them "The House-master", "Life with Father", "The Man Who Came to Dinner", "Thunder Rock", "The Winslow Boy", and "Laburnum Grove". During the past few years, Mr. Holden has been Corresponding Secretary for the Old Boy's Association, and has maintained many ties for the school.

Mr. Holden has the highest regard for St. Andrew's and the ideals of an Independent school: "A school is people: people are important. In an Independent school, therefore, independent and original people are important. In an increasingly conformist and centralized society, the Independent school has a vital function. It must be constantly conscious of its mission and of the existing urgency of sending out from its halls independent young men of high ideals and strength and purpose who are willing to accept the responsibility of leadership. The Independent school has unparalleled opportunity to seek and to find means of releasing the dynamic forces which differ in each individual. St. Andrew's College is a great school. It has produced great men. It will continue to produce great men if it retains within its own character the spirit of greatness: that intangible force so essential to the living environment of great men-in-the-making."

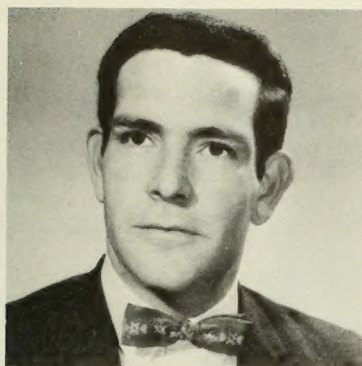
Next year, Mr. Holden will take up a new position as an executive administrator at Trinity College, University of Toronto. We wish him all the best and thank him for his service to St. Andrew's College.

On behalf of the boys of St. Andrew's, *The Review* would like to thank these masters, whose enthusiasm and energy have done so much for the school. We come not only to St. Andrew's, but also to the masters of St. Andrew's. We know that these men will continue to give as much of themselves in their new positions as they have given to St. Andrew's College.

A. G. R. Sweeny



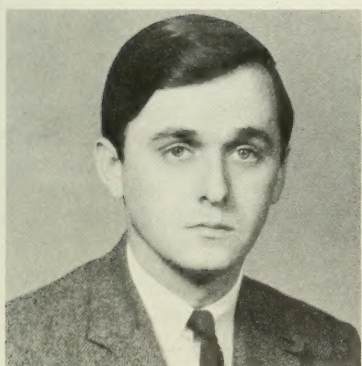
WELCOME



MR. EDWARDS, an old boy of St. Andrew's, attended public school and high school in Aurora before coming to S.A.C. in 1953. While at S.A.C., he won colours in both hockey and football, and especially distinguished himself in hockey — he was named the most valuable player of the hockey team. He then attended Teachers' College and subsequently taught for five years before coming to S.A.C. as a master. During this time, he maintained his great interest in hockey by playing for Stouffville in the "Senior B" division. At St. Andrew's, apart from instructing mathematics and geography in grades 7 and 8, Mr. Edwards has been very active as assistant coach of the 1st Football and Track teams, and coach of the 2nd hockey team. He was also kept busy as an assistant instructor of the cadet corps. On behalf of the school, **The Review** welcomes Mr. Edwards, Mrs. Edwards, and the two younger members of the family to S.A.C.



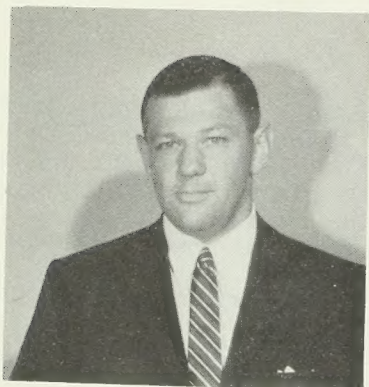
MR. GUGGINO comes to us from Bishop Barry High School in St. Petersburg, Florida. He was born in Des Moines and received his education at Dowling Preparatory School, Des Moines, and at Loras College, Dubuque. He spent one year in post graduate work in Latin through the European Extension Plan, went through one year of the co-educational system in Des Moines, and from there proceeded to Bishop Barry. His extra-curricular work this year consisted of coaching the fourth football team and the swimming team. Apart from ably guiding our Latin scholars, he always has an interesting story for us off duty. **The Review**, on behalf of the school, would like to take this opportunity to welcome him, Mrs. Guggino, and the two younger members of the family to S.A.C.



Although MR. JENSEN most recently comes to us from London, England, he is no stranger to Canada. After receiving his B.A. from the University of Western Ontario, he spent a year instructing as a Teaching Fellow and undertaking post graduate work at the same University. In the fall of 1961, he travelled to London, England in order to begin his M.A. at the University of London. He is now finishing his dissertation for that University. At St. Andrew's, Mr. Jensen teaches LVI English as well as Latin and French in Forms IV & III respectively. **The Review**, on behalf of St. Andrew's College, extends a warm welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Jensen.



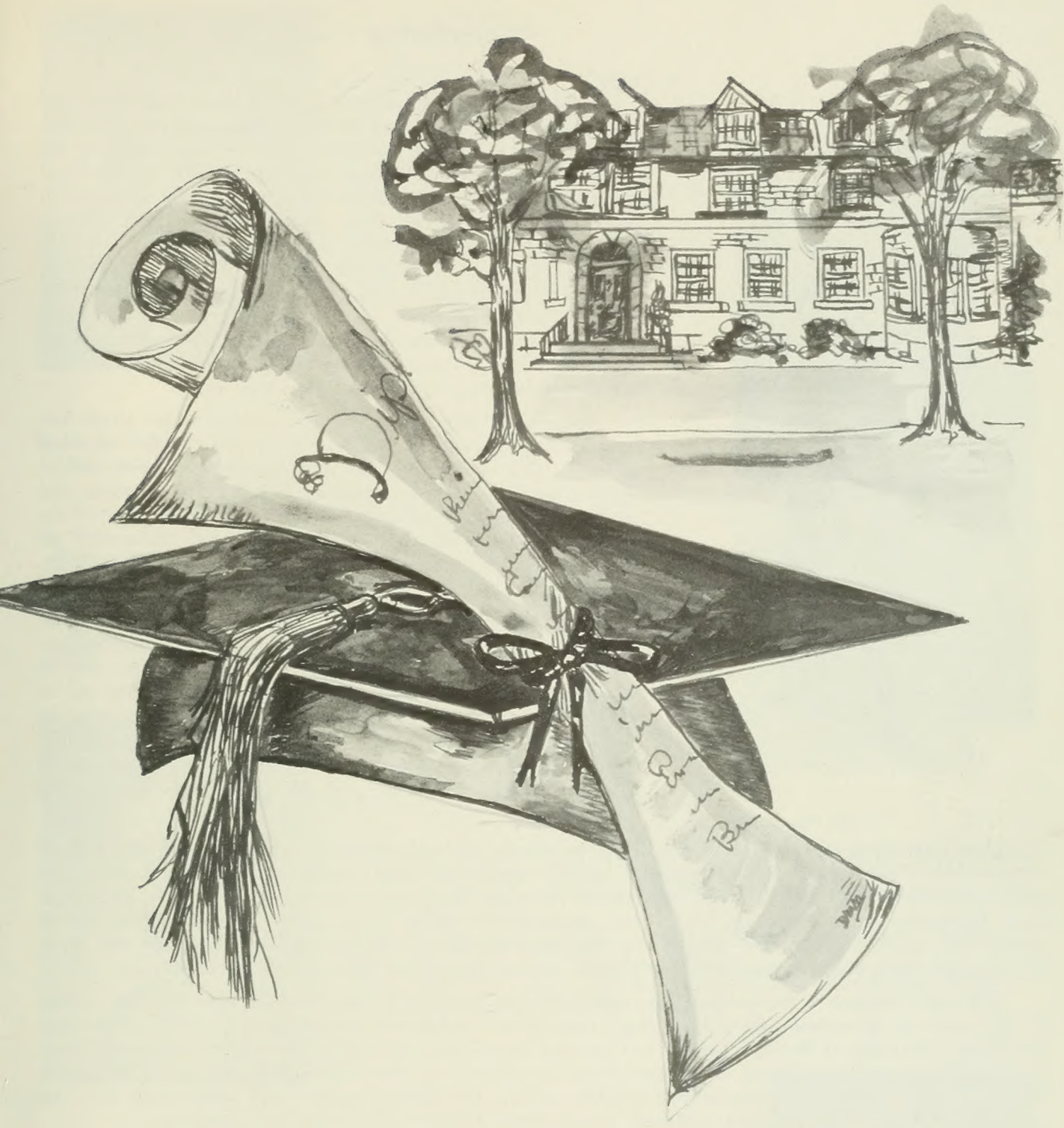
MR. SCOTT received his public and secondary school education in Guelph, and graduated from Western University in 1959. After two years of post-graduate studies at U.N.B., he taught at Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, and then in the Ontario high school system. Mr. Scott is married and was blessed this spring with the arrival of a bouncing baby boy, Christopher, who will undoubtedly be playing fullback for S.A.C.'s 1980 First Football team. Football and track and field are, in fact, Mr. Scott's favourite sports (he coached the Under 15 'A' football team this year), and in the field of the arts, he takes a lively interest in music and the theatre. **The Review** extends, on behalf of the whole school, a warm welcome to Mr. Scott and his family and hopes that they will be with us for many years to come.



MR. SKINNER was born in Toronto, went to public school in Welland, and attended S.A.C. from 1944 to 1947. He then attended the University of Toronto, where he received his B.A. and later his M.A. His final university year was spent at Queen's, where he studied industrial relations. He then worked at Atlas Steels as industrial relations supervisor, and from there came to St. Andrew's. His extra curricular activities this year consisted of coaching the Second Football to the L.B.F. championship and training our hockey stars of the future on the U15 'C' hockey team. He also assisted in coaching the track team. **The Review** would like to welcome a distinguished old boy and his wife back to S.A.C., and we hope that they have returned to stay. Editor's Note: Mr. Skinner has recently been appointed Housemaster of MacDonald House. **The Review** congratulates him and extends its best wishes for the future.



MR. WEST was born in Toronto and received his schooling at East York Collegiate and at Queen's University. While at Queen's he received his B.P.H.E. and played four years of college football with the Golden Gaels. During this time, the team on which he played won the Yates Cup and the Intercollegiate Championship. After school hours this year, he coached the third football, first basketball, and track teams. He is teaching Grade seven and nine science, as well as physical education. He was married during the Christmas holidays, and we would like to welcome both Mr. and Mrs. West to St. Andrews, and hope that their stay will be long and enjoyable.



Graduating Class

Valedictory Address



Upon coming to the end of a school year, it is traditional for one to pause and reflect on the highlights of the past year. Aside from the growing maturity shown, in most cases, by the students towards their academic work, aside from the drive and determination shown by all on the playing fields in a year of moderate athletic success, and quite aside from the unusual social adeptness shown at the cadet dance, the most notable achievement of all has been the general heightening of school spirit. The school has accepted the challenge offered to it by the past head prefect and, in part, the "vigorous action" which he suggested against the attitudes of selfishness and negativity has been taken. In place of these attitudes, the foundations for a new and unifying school spirit have been laid.

There is an old saying about the weather to the effect that everyone talks about it, but no one seems to do anything about it. This saying may be applied to school spirit. School spirit is a very old, controversial topic; it is certainly vague and mysterious and many people even scorn the discussion of the subject. Nevertheless, this is a topic of vital concern to all masters, old boys, students, and others connected with St. Andrew's College.

Some say a good school shows its spirit in loud and enthusiastic cheering at a football game; others say a conscientious academic striving is indicative of spirit; still others say spirit is an intense school loyalty, both on and off the campus. All of these interpretations are correct. If a general definition must be drawn, school spirit could be summarized as the taking of a general interest in the activities of fellow schoolmates in an effort to achieve a common goal of unity and harmony in the school.

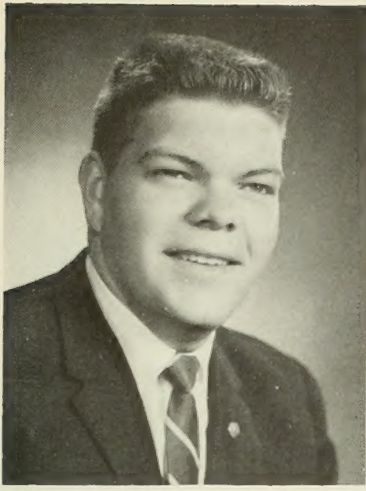
Ideally speaking, school spirit is fine. However, there is always the odd sceptic who says "This is all very well, but what about the opposition of the few complainers and cynics in the school?" He is, of course, concerned with the dissension and conflict raised by the same small group of boys who, because of their frustration and immaturity, try to ruin existence for others. It is a pity that these boys cannot realize how miserable they are making not only the lives of their companions, but also their own lives. Fortunately, these dissenters are not very popular in any group, and they soon lose recognition.

This year, because of the greater than usual influx of 'new boys' due to the expansion of the school, it took most of the autumn term for a large majority of students to become adjusted to their new surroundings. Cheering at football games, and general enthusiasm around the school was mediocre. However, by Christmas time, 50 out of 100 new boys had shown that they were worthy to become Andreans, and by Easter, a further 40 were granted 'old boy' status. The hockey season, and particularly the first team games in Aurora, witnessed a general improvement in spirit which was very gratifying.

When you return to school next year, some of you will be appointed to positions of authority and leadership, and some of you will not. However, regardless of whether you are a prefect or a second former, it will be your duty to continue to improve the spirit of the school. Generations of old boys look to you to uphold the fine traditions set down by them in the past half-century. In upholding these traditions and in maintaining a high spirit in the school, the reward will be a new unity for St. Andrew's College — a unity which has never been imagined.

The school means a great deal to each member of the graduating class, and our connection with an institution such as St. Andrew's College is a source of sincere and humble pride. We have been privileged to take part in its educational process, and now we say good-bye to a portion of life which is behind us and yet forever with us. It is our plea to the students of next year to strengthen the great spirit and traditions of St. Andrew's College. Be virtuous, be spirited, and be Andreans.

J. D. Pennal



J. D. BARKER ('58 - '64) — "Johnny B."

"Ohhh Double Yuh"

ACTIVITIES: First Football (colours and bar), Second Hockey, Science Club, Track and Field, Chapel Boy, Sergeant, Dramatics, Glee Club, French Club.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Fighting for Ping Pong supremacy with Charlie Farrington.

AMBITION: Chemical Engineer for a Canadian firm.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Shovelling dust from a Cotrell Precipitator at Lakeview Power Station.

NEXT YEAR: Chemical Engineering at University of Waterloo.

R. D. BENVENISTE ('61 - '64) — "Benny"

"It's really quite simple, if"

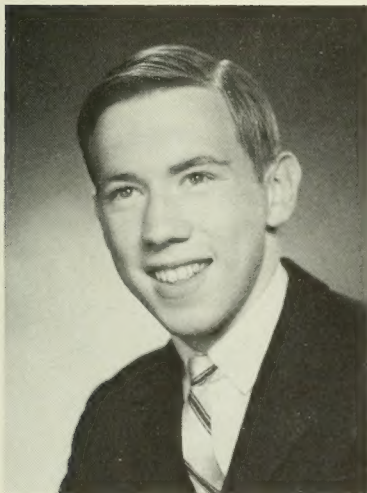
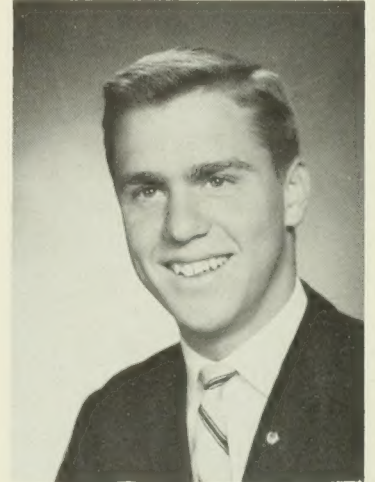
ACTIVITIES: Prefect, Head Boy, Scholar, First Football, First Basketball, Literary Editor of *The Review*, Camera Club, Science Club, Cdt. Lieutenant, First Rifle Team, Track and Field.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Reading Oz's mail.

AMBITION: To start a revolution.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Working for C.I.L. — (Cuban Insurrection Limited)

NEXT YEAR: Chemical Engineering at M.I.T.



D. J. BICHAN ('57 - '64) — "Dumb Egg"

"If would shut up, we might get some work done."

ACTIVITIES: Prefect, Scholar, Head Boy, Second Football, First Hockey, Rifle Team, Pipe Sergeant, Exchange Editor of *The Review*, Chairman of the Science Club, Dramatics, Glee Club, French Club, Camera Club, Debating Society.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Unsuccessfully imitating "little" Charlie Hodge.

AMBITION: Goalie for the basement Bruins.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Getting bombed on Old Boy's Hockey Night.

NEXT YEAR: Honours English at U. of T.

D. G. BRADSHAW ('62 - '64) — "Brad"

"Hi Teddy!!!"

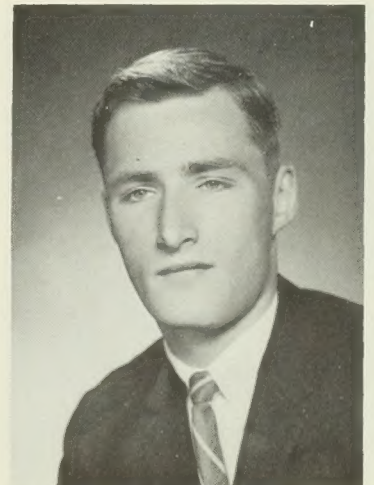
ACTIVITIES: First Football (colours), First Basketball, Track and Field, Cdt. Sergeant.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Skipping studying for sports (any kind).

AMBITION: Phys. Ed. teacher.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Hudson High (junior matric).

NEXT YEAR: Queens.



T. W. BROWN ('58 - '64) — "Tom"

"Not that blasted chop-suey again!!"

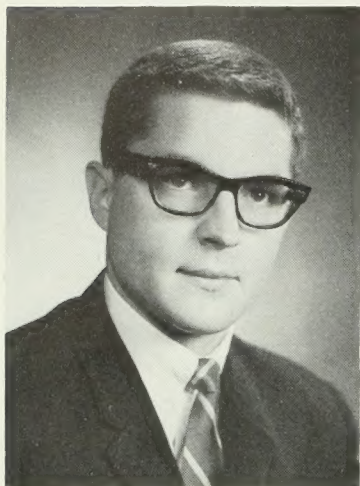
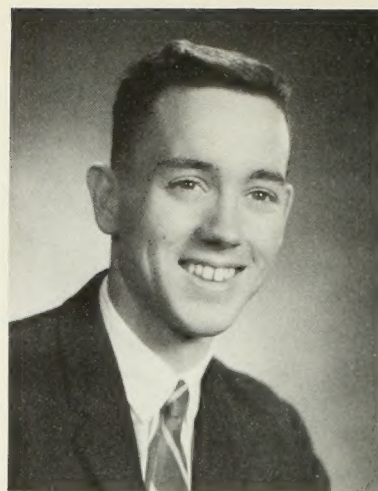
ACTIVITIES: Second Soccer, Track and Field, Cdt. Sergeant, French Club, Chapel Boy.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Trying to convince the world that the Leafs are no good.

AMBITION: To escape the sliding scale.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Being caught by the sliding scale.

NEXT YEAR: Arts at Queen's.



J. L. CARSON ('63 - '64) — "Kit"

"She's choice!"

ACTIVITIES: First Football, Second Hockey.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Trying to follow "Arn" in the Cadet parades.

AMBITION: French master.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Captain of the hockey team for the next two years.

NEXT YEAR: Business Administration at Western.

J. J. CHANTLER ('62 - '64) — "Chants"

"Bye Teddy"

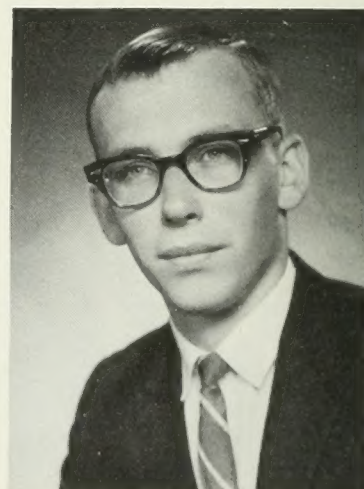
ACTIVITIES: Second Football, Second Hockey, Cdt. Lance Corporal.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Attending physics class.

AMBITION: Teaching English to the Eskimos in the North.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Trapper in the North.

NEXT YEAR: Science at Queen's.



J. L. COULTER ('58 - '64) — "Brutus"

"Why should I know anything about it??"

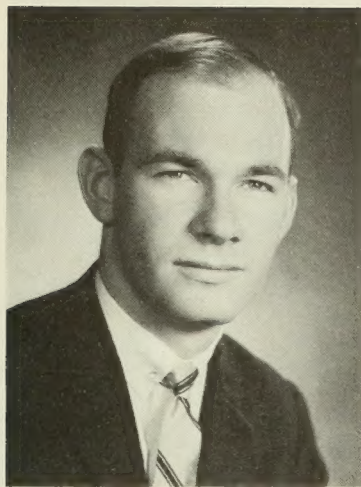
ACTIVITIES: First Soccer (colours), First Hockey, Social Committee, Cdt. Lieutenant, Pinafore, French Club, Glee Club.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Sticking up for Papa.

AMBITION: Head of a language department of a "good" university.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Running a French restaurant.

NEXT YEAR: Modern Languages at U. of T.



R. H. GARVIE ('59 - '64) — "Harvey"
"See here!!"

ACTIVITIES: First Football (capt., colours, M.V.P.), Animal Hockey (capt.), Chairman of the Cinema Committee, Pipe Sergeant, Social Committee.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Parking lot???

AMBITION: Making lots of money and spending the aforesaid on

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Route 66.

NEXT YEAR: Queen's.

H. C. GIRARD ('59 - '64) — "Herb"
"Not bag, thanks"

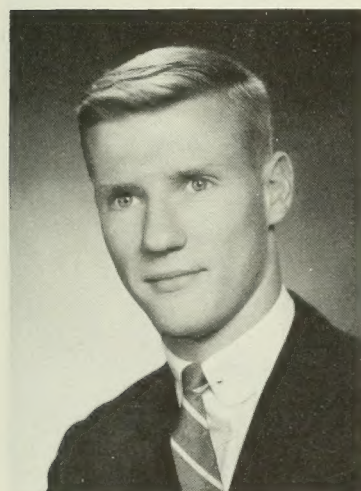
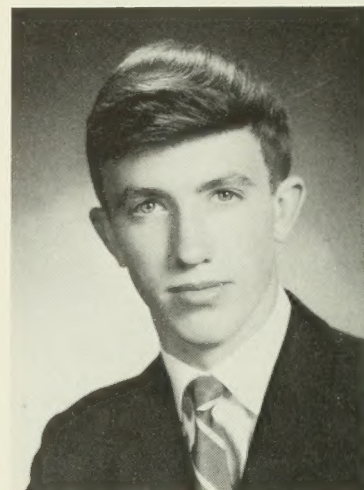
ACTIVITIES: Alphabet Soccer, Animal Hockey.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Quitting smoking.

AMBITION: . . . What's that?

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Doing cigarette commercials.

NEXT YEAR: Social and Philosophical Studies — U. of T.



P. E. GOODWIN (' - '64) — "Louis"
"It's a double dink day."

ACTIVITIES: Alphabet Soccer, Hockey Referee, Cdt. Sergeant, Chapel Boy Dramatics.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Flying.

AMBITION: Lawyer.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Baggage loader at Malton.

NEXT YEAR: Queen's.

B. F. HEINTZMAN ('61 - '64) — "Heimie"
"Ozzywaffle"

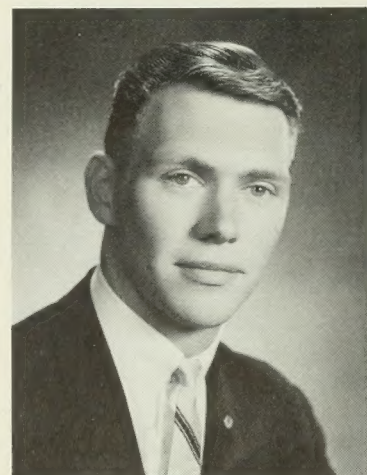
ACTIVITIES: Prefect, First Football (1st bar), First Hockey (colours), Montrose Clan Captain (2nd Clan Colours), Cdt. Captain, Co-president of the Social Committee, Glee Club.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Entertaining chicks in the common-room.

AMBITION: Debby.

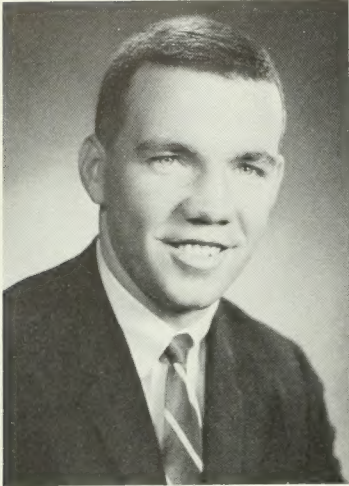
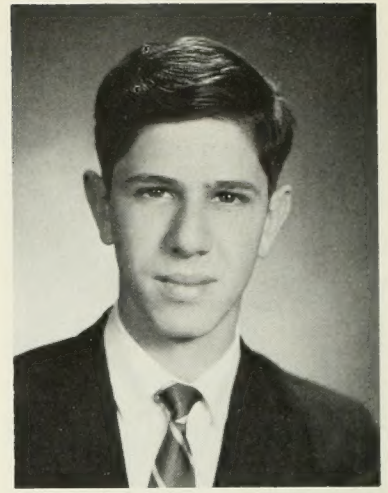
PROBABLE DESTINATION: Selling Steinway pianos.

NEXT YEAR: Administration at Western.



D. A. HENRIQUESS ('62 - '64) — "Don"
"That problem is impossible!"

ACTIVITIES: First Rifle Team, Second Soccer (colours), Gymnastics, Track and Field, Camera Club, Science Club, Cdt. L/Cpl.
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Beating up "the Garv".
AMBITION: Chemical engineer for a Canadian firm.
PROBABLE DESTINATION: Cleaning test-tubes for C.I.L.
NEXT YEAR: Chemical engineering at Queen's.



R. B. HOUSTON ('63 - '64) — "Arn"
"I guess?"

ACTIVITIES: First Football (colours), First Hockey (colours), Athletic Committee.
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Getting out of step during platoon practice.
AMBITION: Dentistry.
PROBABLE DESTINATION: Marching instructor for the Canadian Army.
NEXT YEAR: General science at U. of T.

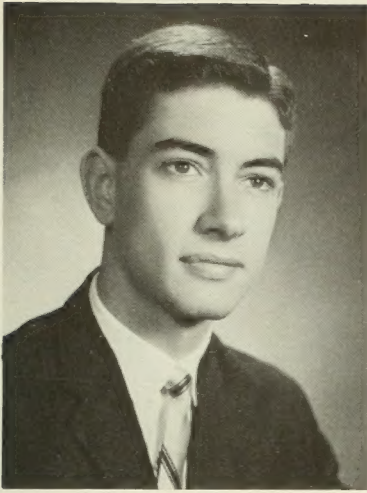
R. J. HOLMES ('55 - '64) — "Bob"
"That's not Andrian"

ACTIVITIES: Prefect, First Hockey (colours), Wallace Clan Captain, Athletic Committee, Cdt. Major—2/ic, Rifle Team, U 15 "B" Football Coach.
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Chairman of committee to combat un-Andrian activities.
AMBITION: To forget about grade 13.
PROBABLE DESTINATION: Taking grade 14 in two years.
NEXT YEAR: Arts at Queen's.



DANIEL HOVEY ('59 - '64) — "Hove"
"So what?"

ACTIVITIES: Secretary of Debating Society, Senior Play, Science Committee, Secretary of French Club, Cdt. L/cpl., Soccer, Weight Lifting, Track and Field.
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Studying what isn't on the syllabus.
AMBITION: To teach at college level.
PROBABLE DESTINATION: Well learned pauper.
NEXT YEAR: English at Hamilton College.



A. C. KNOX ('59 - '64) — "Pipey"

"Damn you, anyway"

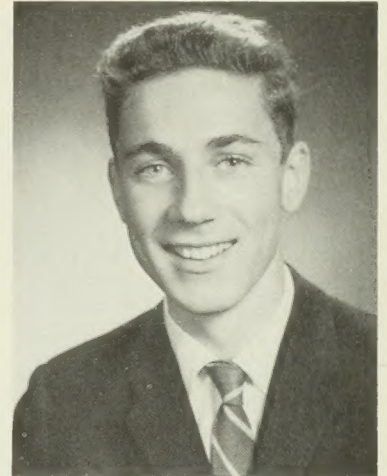
ACTIVITIES: Prefect, Intramural Soccer, Second Soccer, (capt., colours) Second Hockey, Track and Field, Vice-President of the Debating Society, Debating Committee, Dramatics Committee, School News Editor of *The Review*, French Club, Camera Club, Bridge Club, Glee Club, Cdt. Pipe-major.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: La vie scandaleuse.

AMBITION: To join the ranks of the wealthy.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: The Canadian Army.

NEXT YEAR: Social and Philosophical studies at U. of T.



I. S. MACFARLANE ('56 - '64) — "Wire"

"Where are you in your history notes?"

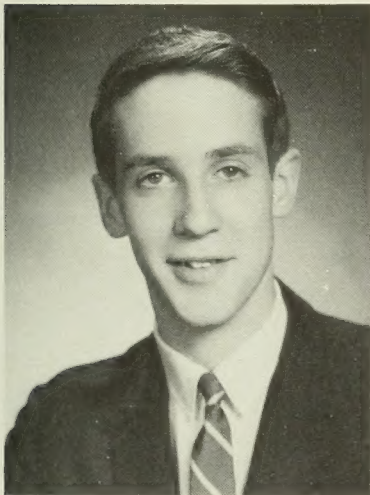
ACTIVITIES: First Soccer, Skiing, Track and Field, French Club, Pipe Corporal.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Tolerating his environment.

AMBITION: To adjust.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Psychotherapy

NEXT YEAR: Soc. and Phil. at St. Michael's U. of T.



D. M. MACGREGOR: ('63 - '64) — "Heathcliff"

"Just don't have the time."

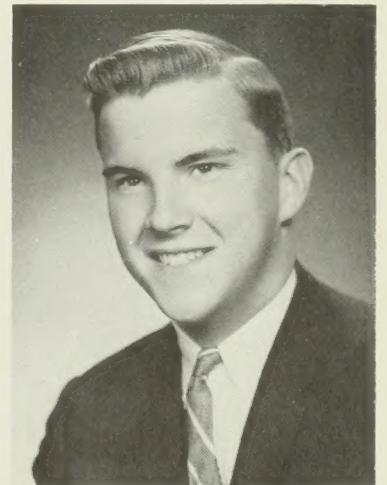
ACTIVITIES: Swimming Team, Camera Club, French Club, Dramatics, Assistant Art Editor of *The Review*, Cdt. L/corporal, Alphabet Soccer.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Making time at the head table.

AMBITION: To redesign St. Paul's.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Mass production of dog houses.

NEXT YEAR: Architecture — McGill.



E. R. NELLES ('56 - '64) — "Big Ed"

"You bet Tom"

ACTIVITIES: President of the French Club, Dramatics ("Monsieur Patelin", H.M.S. Pinafore,) Cdt. Lieutenant, M.C. for Variety Night, Second Football (colours), Douglas Clan (2nd colours), First Hockey Statistician.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Reading Playboy.

AMBITION: To know more chemistry than the Mole.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Heaven.

NEXT YEAR: Soc. and Phil. at Cantab.

R. J. OSBORNE ('59 - '64) — "Snozz"
"Check your tables"

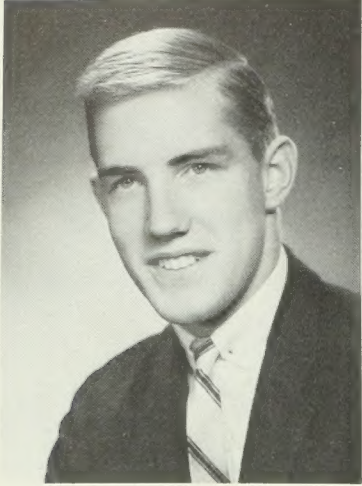
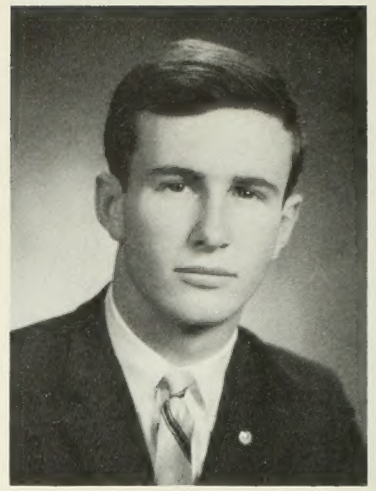
ACTIVITIES: Prefect, Scholar, Cdt. Lieutenant, First Tennis (capt., colours), First Soccer (capt. MVP, colours), Second Basketball Coach, Head Cheerleader, H.M.S. Pinafore, Glee Club, Dramatics Committee, Advertising Editor of *The Review*, Science Club, French Club, Variety Night.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Reading Benny's mail.

AMBITION: To become a famous tennis pro.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Groundskeeper at the Toronto lawn-tennis club.

NEXT YEAR: Pre-Meds. at U. of T.



J. D. Pennal (59 - '64) — "Wop"
"I was wondering about leave . . ."

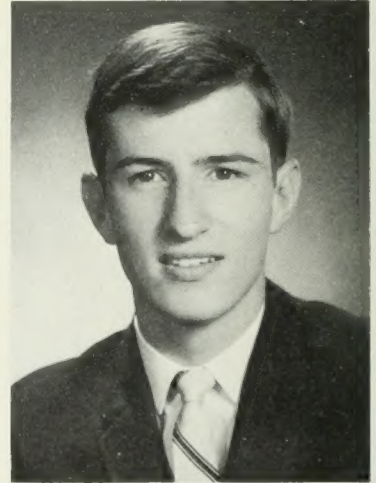
ACTIVITIES: Head Prefect, First Football (colours), First Hockey, First Rifle Team, Chairman of the Executive Council, Commanding Officer of the Cadet Corps.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Surveying the parking lot on Saturday evenings.

AMBITION: Law.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Prison.

NEXT YEAR: Political Science and Economics at U. of T.



A. G. RANDELL ('59 - '64) — "Gaius Horribulus"
"Is 'one' too much to ask, sir?"

ACTIVITIES: First Hockey, Second Football (colours), First Rifle Team, Bruce Clan Volleyball, Chairman of the Dramatics Committee, Cinema Committee, Vice-capt. Bruce Clan.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Bugging Harvie about "les filles Parisiennes."

AMBITION: To become another great Welsh lover like Dick Burton.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Welsh coal miner.

NEXT YEAR: Dartmouth College.



W. D. READE ('59 - '64) — "'Arc"
"Could be serious trouble!"

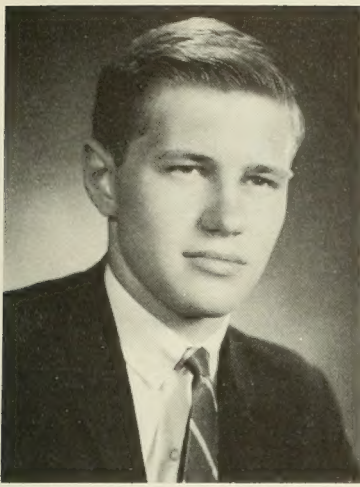
ACTIVITIES: First Football, Cdt. Captain, Social Committee, Track and Field.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Sneaking through the back woods.

AMBITION: To form a racing team with Harvey.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Volkswagen mechanic.

NEXT YEAR: Arts at Queen's.



J. F. Rook ('61 - '64) — "Pem"

"What's this sudden rush of humility!"

ACTIVITIES: First Football (colours), President of the Debating Society, Chapel Boy, Cinema Committee, Scholar, Cdt. C.S.M. Animal Hockey (capt.)

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Being cynical.

AMBITION: To foil Russell and Williams.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Bush pilot for northern mail route.

NEXT YEAR: Political Science and Economics at Queen's.

J. S. RUSSELL ('58 - '64) — "Russ"

"What me flash?"

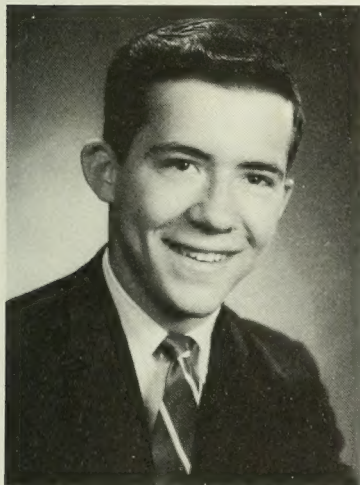
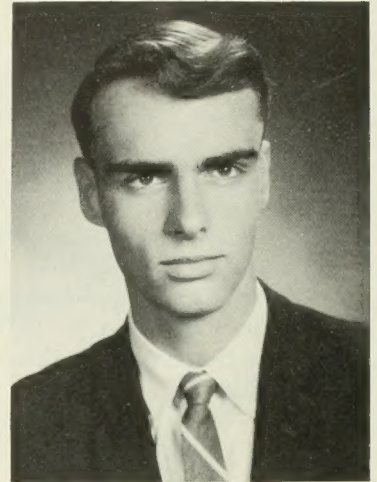
ACTIVITIES: First Football (colours), Cdt. Lieutenant, Track and Field, Clan Hockey Champs (capt.), Social Committee, Glee Club.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Reaching for an Old Vienna.

AMBITION: To be star of sailing television series.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Tugboat Annie.

NEXT YEAR: Arts and Science at York.



J. C. SERVICE ('62 - '64) — "Pow"

"Hey got a ?"

ACTIVITIES: First Hockey, Second Football, H.M.S. Pinafore, Cdt. Corporal.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Waiting for Carson to finish his

AMBITION: Chemistry teacher.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: The reservation.

NEXT YEAR: Queen's.

A. G. R. SWEENEY ('59 - '64) — "Schwein"

"That's a bit of a b"

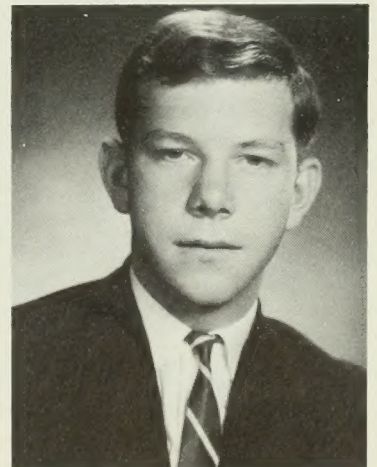
ACTIVITIES: First Soccer, Intermural Soccer, Animal Hockey, Track and Field, Debating Society, Ski Club, Cdt. Corporal, Scholar, Literary and School News — *The Review*, Cercle Francais, Camera Club, Glee Club.

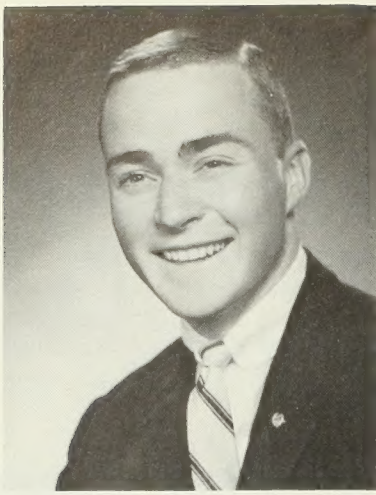
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Preparing for grade 13 examinations.

AMBITION: To find a higher, honest morality, unperverted by bestial decadence and worldly hypocrisy.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: The grave.

NEXT YEAR: Honours English at U. of T.





W. E. WESTFALL ('58 - '64) — "The shovel"
"I've got the car Muldune, you can walk."

ACTIVITIES: Scholar, Prefect, First Football (colours), First Cricket, *The Review* staff, Brue Clan Captain (bar), Athletic Society, Cdt. Lieutenant, Cercle Francais, Rifle Team, Glee Club, President of the Bridge Club, Debating, Billiard Academy.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Outshovelling Dink.

AMBITION: To make money.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: President of the Great Northern Bull and Lie Company Ltd.

NEXT YEAR: Honours history at U. of T.

J. P. WYSE ('59 - '64) — "Dhobie"

"Wise words in mouths of fools do oft themselves belie"

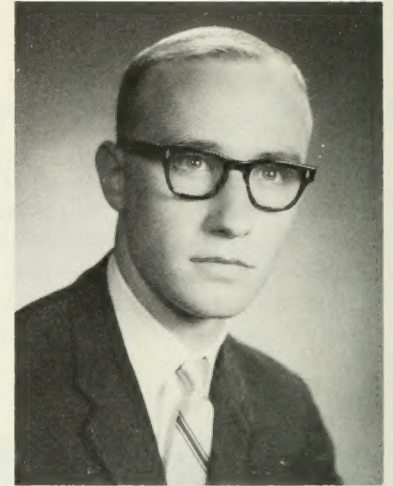
ACTIVITIES: Prefect, Scholar, Douglas Clan Capt., Pipe Sergeant, Sports Editor of *The Review*, Variety Night, Glee Club, H.M.S. Pinafore, Chairman of the Colour Committee, Athletic Society Chairman, First Football (colours), First Hockey Captain (2nd bar), Track.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Scratching.

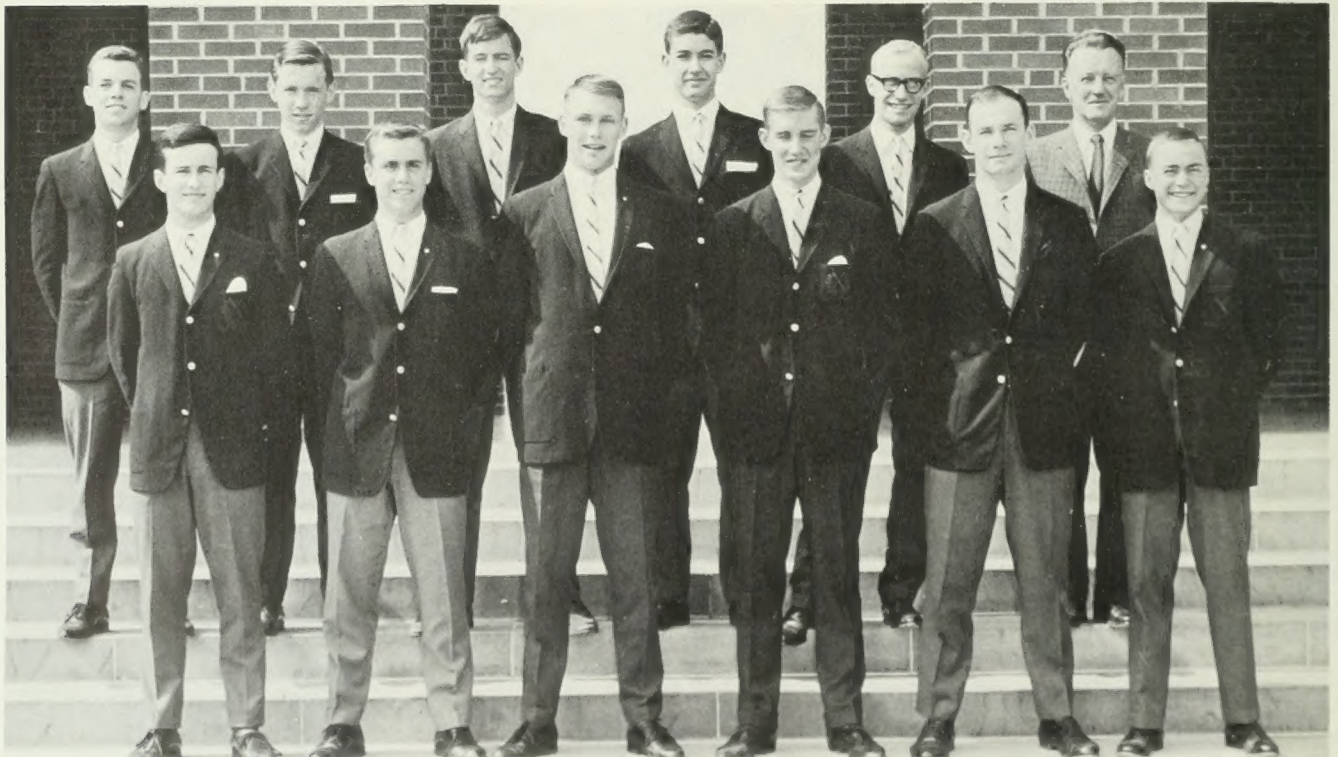
AMBITION: Chairman of the Board of Governors.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Loss of innocence in Europe.

NEXT YEAR: U. of T.

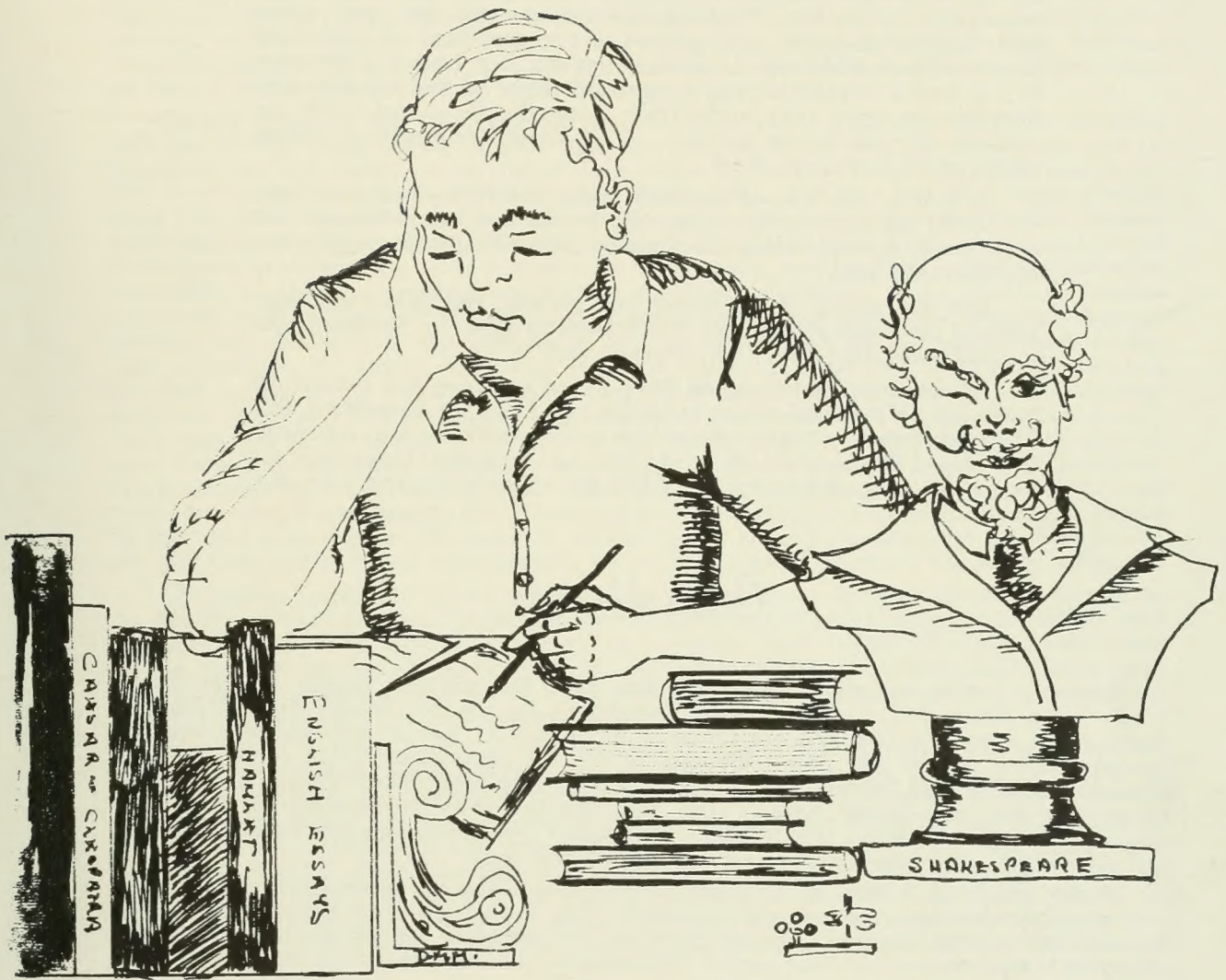


The Prefects



Back (L-R): Holmes I, Bichan I, Randell, Knox, Wyse, Mr. Coulter.

Front (L-R): Osborne I, Benveniste, Heintzman I, Pennal (Head Prefect), Garvie, Westfall.



LITERARY

The Valley Since

Then seventeen, I knew my last long days of perfect freedom were quickly closing. Summer had but gone, yet thoughts of her remained — her gilded hair, her blue eyes dancing wildly in a melody of light.

The many early August morns, ripe with shadows of warm low skies; the avenues of fir and pine lining every bank; they both were party to our love. Running, now racing down the mossy paths, past massive sheets of agèd granite, I stop and look up. Skyward, billows of soft, silent clouds obscure the sky, but I am not deterred. Try to ford a stream; to trap a wayward wren; or feel the pulsating beat of rain upon your back. Walk along the shore and catch the sunlight of wide waves at play . . . These are youthful, golden sights, and I have seen them.

And so it was, I loved her then. Along the river, in the sunlight, we would clamber up the moist clay banks and hurry through the early morning mists. Along the slippery, grassy ledges we would romp and love and love.

But the setting of the scarlet sun glowing red before our eyes foretold the death of Summer. We rubbed in vain our reddened eyes to send away that sleep, yet Summer fled.

I know now that I should have closed my eyes and turned my head away a thousand times, but I did not. I did not understand that I had only seen the beauty of our love in those early, golden mornings. I had loved this love of ours — not her. And now my August days are long since done, and a year has filled the valley since, and I am sad.

R. J. Osborne I

God's Hobby

Please do not be put off by the title. I too have the greatest respect for the name 'God'. I can assure you, I mean nothing sacreligious by the title 'God's Hobby.' For the God I mean is not the God you are thinking of. Rather, he was an old man who lived in Camedon, New Jersey. He once explained to me the derivation of his name. He was descended from an old German family that had originally been called 'Goad.' About eight generations ago, the almost mute 'a' had been dropped from the spelling. Thus the surname became 'God.' Since the family then lived in German-speaking territory, the name was, of course, quite acceptable. Now let me tell my story.

In my childhood, I lived in Camedon, New Jersey. Since my parents were poor, I lived in a run-down apartment house, about a block from the wharfs. The location was handy for my father who worked over in Fishtown. He helped to unload the incoming ships. Fishtown is the nickname of that part of Philadelphia that is located on the water-front. It is just across the bay from Camedon. The nick-name was appropriate to that section of Philly, for almost all its inhabitants were employed in the fishing industry. The Bay between Fishtown and Camedon was traversed by a fine bridge. Consequently, my father had but to cross the bridge and he was at work.

Mr. God lived about a block from where I lived. He managed a small shoe repair shop. It was his own shop. It was on the ground floor of a wooden building two stories high. He himself lived on the second floor. Since he had never married, and lived by himself, he wasn't overly cramped for space.

Although I had known Mr. God from early childhood, I never really got acquainted with him until I was twelve years old. He wasn't the type of man you can easily get to know. He was shy and reticent. If you wanted to get acquainted with him, you yourself had to take the initiative.

I remember Mr. God as being an old man. He couldn't have been as old as I pictured him, but to a young boy, anyone past middle age is ancient. Nevertheless, he must have been approaching seventy. He was a fairly slender man of medium height. The wrinkles on his cheeks and temples indicated the wear of time. As befits a craftsman, his hands were rough. Although he was old, he still had a good head of white hair. The usual unkemptness of his hair was in accord with his clothes. I don't think I ever saw him dressed up. He usually wore a pair of blue overalls with a multicoloured shirt. He had very poor eyesight, and consequently wore glasses. Unlike the sturdy, durable glasses that one wears nowadays, his were made out of thin copper wire. I often wondered how he could avoid knocking them out of adjustment.

My friendship with Mr. God stemmed back to a conversation my mother once had with him. On this particular day, my mother stopped in at God's to have a pair of shoes re-soled. I usually accompanied my mother on such errands, but on that day I happened to be sick in bed, so she went alone. My mother knew, as everyone knew, that Mr. God's hobby was making music boxes. She also knew that the homes of his customers served as a testing ground for the quality of these various music boxes. He did this by lending them out to his customers for a period of about a year. If the music box survived the year without showing any defect, Mr. God would then re-examine in great detail the construction of the box, and, if it passed inspection, he would sell it for a fancy price to an agent in Philadelphia. If the box did not survive the year without showing any defect on the final 'judgment day,' Mr. God would, if possible, repair the box, or, if he found it irreparable, he would cast it without pity into his fireplace, which he always kept burning. Over the period of my youth, up until the time that I moved away, there must have been at least a dozen different music boxes on trial in my house.

On this occasion, Mr. God enquired of my mother about a certain music box which he had lent to my family nearly a year ago. He checked in his records and found that its judgment day was coming up in about three weeks. He was very pleased to hear that it was still functioning perfectly well. My mother, finding Mr. God in a talkative mood, tried to draw him into a conversation about himself. She asked him how it was that he first became interested in making music boxes. He became very animated, and told of his family's rich tradition of craftsmanship back in Germany. Apparently, the Goad family had established its reputation as superior craftsmen as early as the fifteen hundreds. They gradually became associated with royalty and the aristocracy. For a long time, the only domestic German jewelry and cutlery that was fashionable was that which bore the inscription Goad. At any rate, to shorten the family story that Mr. God related in great detail, his grandfather was the first in the family to make music boxes. His father, back in Heidelberg, had specialized in music boxes and had become very successful in the trade. Mr. God himself, from a very early age, had shown a marked interest in the trade, and from early childhood had apprenticed himself to his father. Following his father's death, Mr. God had moved to Philadelphia. He found that he wasn't able to make both ends meet by making music boxes, so he used what money he had brought from Germany to buy a shop in Camedon. There he started in the shoe repair trade. He kept on making music boxes as a somewhat lucrative hobby. He said that he still hoped that someday he could support himself on his hobby alone.

My mother happened to tell Mr. God that I very much enjoyed tinkering around in my father's workshop. I was at the age at which boys today are inclined to build model airplanes. Since model airplanes weren't too common back in the 20's, my efforts were mostly confined to model boats. He told my mother that he would very much like to show me his own workshop. A couple of days later, when my cold was better, I went to visit Mr. God's workshop. Thus I became better acquainted with him.

Mr. God's workshop was interesting, but the thing that impressed me most was the perfectionistic attitude with which he pursued his unusual hobby. Mr. God could put up with a lot of things, but he could not tolerate imperfection in his work. He would not sell a music box unless he was absolutely certain that that box would forever function faultlessly. For him there were two types of boxes; those which were good, and those which were bad. A good music box was one which would always function perfectly. A bad one was one which fell a bit short of functioning perfectly. Such a box, as I said earlier, he would cast without pity into the roaring fire of his hearth. The repairable boxes he considered as being good, for he could be sure that once they were repaired, they would never show any defect.

As mentioned earlier, Mr. God had a very odd way of testing his music boxes. He would entrust the boxes for a period of a year to his various customers. Thus the run-down hovels of Camedon, New Jersey became a testing ground for these boxes, which were bound for the finest houses in Philadelphia. Unfortunately, Mr. God lacked discrimination in allotting the boxes to his various customers. It is true that most of his customers treated these music boxes with the greatest care. However, others were very rough on them. Oftentimes, in a bad environment, what would otherwise have been a good box was knocked down by a careless hand from a shelf and thus became a bad box. So, between the misfortune of being imperfectly constructed, and the hazard of being placed in a bad environment, very few of Mr. God's music boxes ever proved themselves to be good boxes.

Mr. God definitely had a perfectionistic tendency, or, what is worse, a perfectionistic tendency "gone wild." But he didn't manifest his disgust at imperfection in the same way as most perfectionists do. Most perfectionists blame themselves for an imperfection. But Mr. God was different. If something went wrong with one of his boxes, he blamed the box. If a music box was poorly constructed, it wasn't his fault — it was the box's. Similarly, if a box which had been placed in a bad environment was knocked off a shelf by a careless hand, it wasn't the bad environment's fault — it was the box's fault. Thus, any box, which had incurred a permanent imperfection, either by imperfect construction or as a result of being buffeted by a bad environment, was cast without pity into God's roaring fire.

Daniel Hovey

The Native Docks At Dusk

The hooting, the yelling, the screeching, the calling, the talk, the chatter.

"Her-ald! Her-ald!"

"Tribune!"

"Right this way folks —."

"Tribune!"

"Ya mussie be crazy!"

"Don't skylark round or I'll —."

"Peanuts! Just twopence a bag mister."

"Groupas, market fish, turbot. What ya want? Look at this fresh groupa."

"He caught dat fish near an ole rusty wreck. It's poisonous. Come dis way."

"Come he-a! Ma fish ain't poisonous!"

"What's that?"

"A turtle with its head cut off."

You can tell where you are. Those sounds. The throbbing, splintering sound of men cracking conchs. The crash and thud of freight being loaded and unloaded. The clinking of empty bottles. The scraping of a knife against a whetstone. The bleating of goats. The barking of dogs. The persistent cry of unhappy children.

You know that you're there. The smell. That unique smell of fish and perfume. The reek of raw guts. The smell of fresh bananas and plantains. The stench of rotten tomatoes. The odour of stacked manure. A few yards more, and "Fresh fruits and vegetables from the Islands." Oranges, grapefruits, limes, lemons, soursops, melons and fresh tomatoes. "What's that smell?" You've smelt it before, but never like this. "I can't place it!" — The smell of native cooking; peas 'n rice and fried fish; peas 'n rice and boiled fish; peas 'n rice and cracked yellow guts and pigs feet. The pleasing aroma of freshly baked Johnny cakes. Food — cleaned, cured and cooked in salt water; seasoned with wild spices and hot red peppers; prepared over a native charcoal stove and eaten from flat shingles, old metal plates, or the cooking pot itself.

There's no mistaking. If blind and without smell, you'd know you were there just by that greasy, slimy, mossy feeling against your bare feet. These wharfs are rough and rounded from constant use and age. They're stained by the blood of these natives, the blood of the fish and the juices of the fresh and rotten fruits and vegetables. You can't help but envy these people. What a hard and tough life they lead, yet so plain and simple.

Suddenly, you notice something strange. No scraping. No calling. No screaming. No thumping. "Where is everybody? Where have they all gone?" As quickly as a rising north-wester, the air has become mute. How still and quiet it is — and look at that sunset! "You're looking at a painting!" Orange over yellow, yellow over green, green over blue. They don't mix, and yet they're there. You see but don't believe. "What's this? It's getting dark!" The sky's fading. You wave goodbye to that now yellow-red light.

"Singing! Music! I hear people!" No more hustling and bustling, no more screams and crashes. "What soft voices! What rhythm! What compassion! What feeling!" You listen quietly. Gradually the singing stops. Young children gather around a stooped dark figure perched on a small wooden box and listen attentively. Stories of the past. Adventures on the

high seas. Forecasts of the future.

You turn away and scan the horizon. A dark shape; a fishing smack slowly being sculled across the bar. The distant cry of the gulls. The reflection of the moon glitters across the oil-calm water towards you. No singing. No talking. No hustling. No bustling. Only a gentle lapping of the water against the sides of the boats. It's dark. You know where you are.

W. L. Roberts

Carnival

Everybody at some time or another in his or her life goes to a carnival. You mostly get it over with when you are a kid. Oh, you get the occasional grown-ups; but they're usually farmers or people who live in the country and think it's the greatest thing on earth. I guess they just get tired of seeing a plain old farm every day.

I went with Bill once when I was a kid; Bill's the guy next door with nine fingers. I went just because he did.

I forgot to tell you that lots of teen-agers go too; the boys go to meet the girls and the girls go to meet the boys — but the boys are always too shy, so nobody meets anybody. People aren't kidding when they say that teen-agers are mixed up.

Well, anyway, to get back to my story. We walked all the way to the carnival, and when we got in, we were excited because there was music coming from all over the place, and people were screaming and yelling, and lots of bright lights were flashing on and off.

Best of all, I like the smell of the hot-dog stands. The onions on the griddle are all brown and crispy, with turned-up edges, while the hot-dogs and mustard have such a nice, greasy odour. That's why I bought a hot-dog, probably just to smell it. I burnt my tongue eating it, and it took all my money. Bill bought one too, so neither of us had any money. That's why we just walked around, eating our hot-dogs and looking.

We spent most of our time in front of the booth where they shoot at targets with rifles. The man who ran it looked so tired. . . . He had on a dirty shirt and a greasy blue apron — everybody at a booth in a carnival always has on a dirty blue apron, but this guy's was filthy. Nobody would shoot at any of his targets. Everybody just looked and then walked on. If I'd had some money, I would have given it to the man and not even asked to shoot. Maybe he had some poor, hungry kids at home.

Then a boy and girl came along. You could tell he was a big shot just trying to show off because of the way he ordered the poor old man around. But he couldn't shoot. That really made me happy — he couldn't even hit the target. That's when he started to yell at the old man. He said he was going to get the police because the guns were fixed. But he never did, because I was going to wait around and protect the old man, and get my dad to help him. My dad is a big lawyer.

Bill and I walked around the rest of the carnival, but nothing really interested us, so we went home.

It's funny when you're a kid; you always feel sorry for people like that until you grow up, and then you're too busy being a lawyer, or a doctor, or writing a newspaper.

D. C. McKeen I

Positive Thinking

Joe Wallis, who worked for "McNamara's Advertising Ltd.," was three-quarters of an hour late for work on that dreary, foggy Thursday morning. But this was of no great importance to him — he was paid to think, not to be on time for a "run-of-the-mill" desk job. As he meandered into the "brain," or office where he and his two colleagues "thought," he immediately kicked his shoes into a corner with amazing accuracy, sank into a very comfortable-looking leather chair, threw his feet onto the large circular table which dominated the room and mumbled, "Well, what's it today?"

Bob McColl and Harry Williams looked over their own shoeless feet, and Bob said "Man, we've got a big one today — a rush job with a pile of cash if we can get off the ground."

"Yeah," piped up Harry, "We can gross an easy seventy-five thou' for this one — but it's going to be a heller".

Joe's eyebrows rose and he roared across the three pairs of feet: "What's the matter with you guys? For smart cookies like us nothing's impossible! Whatever the product, we'll make it a household word. Just like the job we did for 'Dr. Bradley's Hyper-sanitary Baby Bottles'. You remember. That item was pushed in every major periodical; it boosted their sales more than 700%."

"Yeah," gleamed Harry as he recalled the successful campaign. "I can remember that just as if it was yesterday. We ran a series of high-class party types having cocktails from the baby bottles, and the hostess saying she used them around the house for everybody. The public ate it up."

At this point in the moment of fond memories Bob commented, "But wait 'till you get a load of this one: **Solid Foundations Ltd.** has put out a new rubber, air inflated girdle. The idea being that a little air can supplement what nature has overlooked."

"Yes, I see what you mean by a difficult assignment — we'll have to give this piece of merchandise appeal without hurting the female vanity. It will be a real challenge to our endless ingenuity. But with brains like ours we're sure to make it sell."

For three and one half hours the three wizards of the advertising and promoting world managed only to demolish innumerable cigarettes and copious quantities of coffee. At last . . . "Well Harry, whatcha got?"

"I've been working on the practical approach — an appeal to the penny-pinching housewife who likes to get a little more than her budget allows. How's this — we run a series of squibs showing how the girdle can be used — other than its obvious use, that is. Say something like a balloon for kiddies to play with, or a pillow when you go camping, or a life-preserver, or a seat cushion, or . . ."

"I don't think this is your day, Harry, — listen to mine: If your curves are somewhat lacking, Try Foundation's air-filled backing . Pretty good, eh?"

"I think it's not quite subtle enough. Listen to mine: 'If you can't swim, wear a Foundation. If you fall in, it'll be your salvation'."

"Oh God! Come on lads! this is nowhere indicative of our great and famed mental capacities. Let's get down to some serious thinking."

As the hours slowly dragged on, Joe, Harry and Bob slipped deeper and deeper into thoughts of air-inflated girdles and long lists of words that rhymed with "Foundation". The faithful coffee pot was alternately refilled and re-emptied, and the ash trays took on the aspect of equatorial anthills. So deeply were the three geni engaged in overpowering thought that they forgot about lunch, and as the long, hot, afternoon hour faded away, the silence of the "Thought Room" was broken by ominous rumblings from the three empty abdominal regions.

Visions of red, pink and purple girdles floated through their resourceful craniums. Wide and thin girdles, short and long girdles, quilted and laced girdles with name tags in gold and platinum, girdles with safety valves, girdles with pressure valves, girdles with heaters and thermostatic air conditioning — all these were considered. The various pros and cons were weighed, revised, and reweighed again. Yet nothing seemed sensational enough or sufficiently overpowering to rate a comment of approbation.

As evening approached, the three coffee-stained faces looked at one another through a thick atmosphere of vapourized tobacco. The frustrated silence of the room was temporarily relieved as an airplane hummed overhead.

As if by some mysterious sign, the three faces began to show the faint traces of a smile. In a few minutes, the smiles had grown to rapturous grins of delight.

At precisely 4:37 p.m., advertising history was made.

"I've got it!" "Me too!" "I can see it all now!"

"A plane explodes and everyone is plunging towards death."

"But the 9 women out of 10 who wear "Foundations" are saved by the seat of their pants."

"Yeah, they pull the emergency valve and the girdle inflates with helium and they float softly down to earth like autumn leaves." "Hurray! Foundation for the nation!"

"We'll be rich! We'll be rich!" And you know — they were.

R. H. Garvie

Reincarnation - A Rationalization And A Prayer

I was flying trivial:
High and wide and wild in the rushing, burning whiteness
That made the absolute infinite,
Destroyed nothingness,
Chilled warmth.
Dogma disappearing
I was afraid, terribly afraid,
For Love had gone.
Christmas-tree angels crumpled past,
And prophets true and false fought each other for the same right.
Unstained darkness, lightened with redness and whiteness
Approached with the speed of life, yet
Slower than death.
Now a noisy stillness, tragic in its intensity,
Blasted white granite,
Pelted plasma with decibels of death.
The dead soul in its metamorphic Christian heaven remembered
— and forgot.
In Life, Time lets love live:
Absence of time kills affection,
Happiness, like green innocence, is eternal.
Man's religion,
Fearing Love's death and Time's loss,
Avoided the horrible spectre of the unknown,
Rendering Man frail, dogmatic flesh,
Inventing a God whose heaven was a final resting place:
Time's prison.
Living was a hollow sin for the mind.
And the soul-like man was enslaved
In a sad, self-made hell of ignorance.
In Time, Life lets love live:
If faith is higher than happiness,
Promises and faith lie hollow,
Lacking proof of Time.
A laugh of lusty self
Shatters subservience to the Ultimate Being.
The soul is this being,
And once again its incarnation awaited me.
"To sleep, perchance to dream"
In the grey, outer-nirvana of sleep,
Love gave dreaming meaning.
Down, down —
Green seas washed weariness, refreshing beauty.
Unrestrained joy of submarine movement
Begot worldly innocence:
The ancient soul sang out with new-born spirit
And gave the only answer.
The happy foetus laughed in its cell. A. G. R. Sweeny



The Beach

The sparkling white full moon was well up in the sky, and the landscape around the deserted beach seemed to take an eerie life from the moonlight. The long, dull green stems of grass became bright silver forms waving back and forth in the cool breeze off the sea. Catching the rays of light, the soft sand on the beach glittered like bits of glass, and the entire area seemed to be alive with light. White crests of foam from small waves softly breaking on the sand bar were sharply contrasted against the deep black of the water. Occasionally, a larger wave would break simultaneously on all parts of the sand bar, and the darkness would be cut by a streak of sparkling white foam. The quiet murmur of the wind, the rhythmical crash of the waves on the shore, and the rustling of the tall pine trees on the beach created a soft and lovely music which added to the attractive beauty of the scene.

Down this quiet, sparkling beach, a lonely figure was softly walking, with no apparent destination in mind. He walked with his hands in his pockets, and his back hunched up against the cool breeze. His head was low, and as he wandered aimlessly over the sand, he presented the perfect picture of a sad and lonely person, too concerned with his problems to notice the world around him.

A large sea gull, flying slowly into the wind, swooped down over the beach and landed clumsily at the water's edge, almost losing its balance as it hit the sand. It took a few lumbering steps and flapped its wings awkwardly, a small fish squirming in its beak. Satisfied with its meal, it ran ungracefully along the water, spread its wings, and with a vigorous effort took off into the air.

The sea gull continued its flight along the beach until it came into sight of that brooding figure strolling on the silver sand. Then it abruptly changed its path and headed out over the water, away from the glittering beach, and crashing surf, the floating silver forms of the grass, away from the once peaceful and lovely seaside, now broken by the shape of a lonely figure walking softly on the sand.

R. D. Benveniste

It's Called "Aurora"

It is the most important city in the country. Although the population is only about ten thousand, Aurora is the real centre of our Western civilization. Within its boundaries live the world's twenty greatest leaders, both in science and politics. Everything is secret. Military headquarters are disguised as supermarkets. Approximately three thousand top secret documents are sent daily from here to over one hundred countries of the world. The real headquarters of NORAD is not in the United States, but on a back street of Aurora. Disguised as a bowling alley, the building contains two hundred invaluable electronic computers which iron out any complications in our defense system.

Aurora is not only a military centre. Just north of the city lies the most infamous penal institution of the world. Here, three hundred inmates are held in check by a handful of thugs, officially called "masters." Various forms of rehabilitation programmes are carried out at this place. The most vicious is called "English Composition". Hundreds of victims of this fiendish system are released each year. Aurora, military headquarters and bulwark of democracy, thrives. Let us hope that it will do so forever.

G. S. B. Hally

How To Tell A New Boy From An Old Boy At St. Andrew's

If you want to tell a new boy from an old boy at S.A.C., you can walk up to the boy in question and look at his tie. If it is dark blue, you are looking at a new boy. However, there are many more subtle ways of distinguishing a new boy from an "Andrean." The most important trade marks of an old boy are his feeling of superiority towards new boys, his ability to get out of fagging or running the quad, his choice of clothes and books, and his deportment, especially in the dining room.

When a new boy first enters S.A.C., he is overwhelmed by a sense of inferiority. Most new boys succumb to this as a matter of course. Others try to obtain the admiration of old boys by being disobedient. One or two can actually become popular with the old boys by excelling in sports or other activities. Nevertheless, there are two social classes at S.A.C.: the new boys, or riff-raff, and the old boys, or aristocracy.

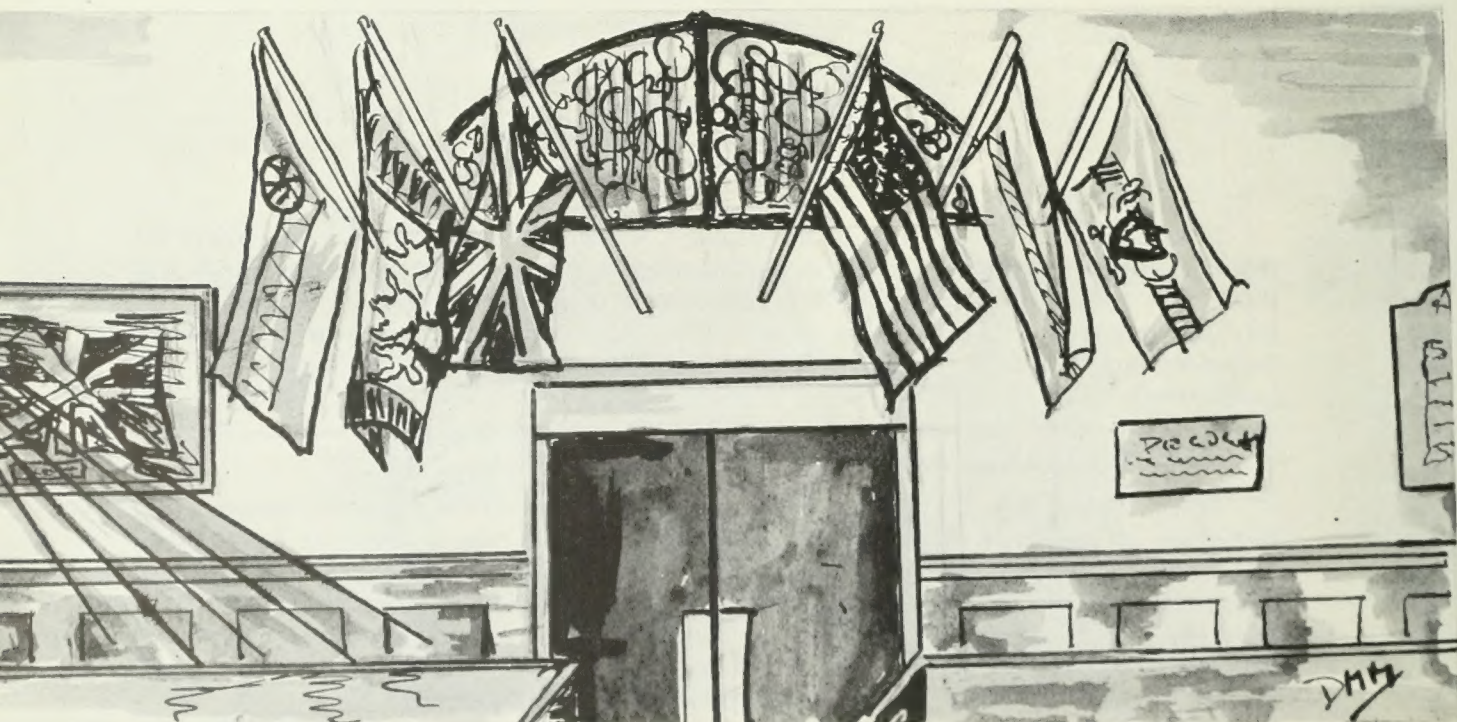
Nowhere is this more evident than with the actions of the prefects. If two boys talk in chapel, and one is a new boy, the new boy will probably be sent to run a few laps of the quad. The old boy of the naughty two will probably be told that he should know better, and be let off. Also, new boys are often required to fag for an upper sixer. This means that the unfortunate new boy has to clean the grade thirteen boy's cadet uniform, make his bed, and polish his shoes. This does not happen to old boys.

At the beginning of each school year, when all the boys get their books for the year to come, there are many old and many new books for sale. The old boy knows the value of the cheap second or third-hand book, and jumps at the chance of purchasing one. The new boy wants a nice, new, shiny text, and will leave the old boy the shabby old book while he buys the new one. New boys often wear gaudy ties or suits when they come to S.A.C. They soon know better. Either they are always picked on for being a "hood," or they are ordered not to wear the flashy clothes by a master or by a prefect. Of course, some persistent old boys wear colourful clothes too, but only a few stoop that low.

The last and most important characteristic of the old boy is his deportment. He takes long strides as he walks, his nose high in the air. When a new boy tries to talk to him, he does not turn his head, or even acknowledge the newcomer's presence: he keeps on walking. A new boy usually shuffles along, staring at the ground. In the dining room, the old boy takes the biggest piece of butter and the largest helping of food, leaving the new boy with only a small portion. All through the meal, the old boy makes rude remarks about the food. If a new boy says anything about the food, he is promptly told that it is the best private school food in Canada.

If you see a boy at S.A.C. who looks very inferior, who is running the quad, who is wearing flashy clothes, who is carrying shiny, new books, who shuffles along, who is overwhelmed by an old boy's presence, and who looks starved you can be ninety-eight percent sure that he is a new boy. Then go up and look at his tie.

G. S. B. Hally



The Passing Of A Life

It had been hours ago that Jim had left the little town of Caliente in eastern Nevada. He was following the little dust road that led deep into the dry lifeless desert. Nothing but adventure and the urge to discover the unknown led him to follow the little road. The land around him was so big, so beautiful, and so dead. The urge to penetrate this vast unknown drew him like a man drawn to worship.

Jim pulled his car to a stop and allowed the sweat to roll gently and refreshingly down his body. The heat was intense. All around lay the broken, rough terrain — so empty. The throb of adventure in his body caused him to pull out a large and small knapsack containing cheese, crackers, matches and cigarettes. Leaving his car, he crossed the road and started hiking to an interesting sandstone formation in the distance. The sun was still fairly high in the eastern sky. After walking for about half an hour, he noticed that the formation had changed shape because of his change of position and new shadows caused by a setting sun. Now something else had stirred his interest. He penetrated deeper into the empty land.

Jim was leaning in the shade of a small overhang, dragging slowly from a cigarette and nibbling some crackers. His mind was slowly contemplating the strangeness and beauty of the land. He was suddenly snapped from his mental wandering when he noticed that the shade he had been resting in had extended over most of the visible landscape. Scrambling to his feet and climbing over the overhang, he realized that the sun was in its final glory before disappearing over the horizon. A little anxiously, he started back towards the car. After about fifteen minutes of scrambling over the broken ground he realized, with a little tug in his heart, that it was too dark to see. In this land he could walk right by it without knowing. He sat in the dust and rock and fixed himself a small snack. Sighing lightly he put his knapsack under his head and lay down. In contrast to the burning day, the night was chilly and he drifted off the sleep wishing that he had the warmth and security of a blanket.

The morning brought a golden brilliance to the land. The gold-gilded sandstone, in contrast with the early morning shadows, lent it a strange, magical air. Jim had lost his vitality and thirst for adventure; the glory of the desert was lost on him. He was tired, stiff, and wished achingly that he could brush his teeth. As he fixed himself a bite to eat, his mind seemed to avoid concentrating on the dilemma of finding his car. It was only when he lit the last of his cigarettes that the reason for his mind's evasion of the problem occurred to him. He could not remember in what direction he should be heading to find his car. He sat down again, confused and slightly worried, and wracked his mind for a clue to orient himself. Had he crossed the road? On what side had the sun been when he was walking yesterday? Feeling a slight swelling in the bridge of his nose and fearing that he might cry from the confusion and despair that was trickling through him, he picked up his things and struck out by impulse in the direction of a distant range of barren mountains. In a few minutes, he passed, unaware, very near to the overhang where he had rested the day before, and pressed deeper into the barren desert.

The desert had recorded its third night since Jim's intrusion and was well into the fourth day. Jim was stumbling over the broken ground in an aimless march to a goal he had long forgotten. He was carrying nothing and had taken off and lost his shirt. His back and shoulders were blistered and red, his lips cracked, the pores of his skin were permeated with dust, and his throat was sticky and dusty. He tripped and fell and lay still. He lips fondled the dust and rocks. Then he sobbed gently, but no tears came to his eyes. The desert had taken all excess moisture from his body and had not even left him the comfort of cool tears for his glazed eyes. Again he emitted a weak sob. An almost-forgotten curse on the injustice of God reached his clouded mind, but slipped away again. The tight restriction across his chest had reminded him of a time when he had stayed up all night and wandered around the lake. He had wondered what had caused the tightness; hunger . . . ? lack of sleep . . . ? too many cigarettes . . . ? The injustice of God . . . ? Green fields, wet grass, plump women, damned glaring white light!! He had risen again and stared uncomprehendingly at the reflected glare of the sun off the sandstone. His burning eyes focused and again he noticed the thin, grey clouds over the mountains that had been there for an eternity. The hope of rain vanished from his mind as he plunged on, the sun boiling his back and leaving white strips of dead skin.

That afternoon, Jim fell into a pit that offered some shade and relief from the sun. He immediately lapsed into a sleep that was more like a coma.

That night the rain came. Torrents fell into the dry, empty land that carried it away in muddy swirls and streams. The water flowed into the pit in which Jim lay. It rose and kissed his parched lips; it rose and caressed his flaming cheeks; it rose and tousled his matted hair. Soon the water rose to the lip of the pit and rushed out to join other streams which flowed and embraced the desert, carving a new face for the empty land.

A Funny Thing Happened To Me On The Way To The Grave

Jules C. Easterhazy was a metaphysician by profession. In case you don't know it, a metaphysician is an individual who prefers to delve into the more abstruse forms of philosophical science. Now Jules was a beneficent man, fond of marijuana, Zen Buddhism, free love, and Grandma Moses. On the other hand, Jules abhorred all forms of social graces, hypocrisy, and split-level democracy.

One day, while Jules was walking down the street, the heavens opened, and a ray of white, bright light sublime shone down. A voice rumbled louder than a million Fords, and hordes of angels in robes of wash-and-wear Dacron played modern jazz on their harps, whilst eating passion fruit and carps.

"God!" exclaimed Jules.

All around in mighty rushes flew burning bushes, prophets, virgins, and the like. Then spake the Voice, in perfect Iambic Tetrameter:

"Jules, my son, on good behaviour,

You will be the World's new saviour."

While the Heavenly Host tried a Dizzy Gillespie rendition of George Frederick Handel's immortal "Messiah", God blessed Jules, and sent him out into the World to preach the Gospel of Truth.

Through the months of July and August, Jules fasted in Algonquin Park, only interrupting his prayers with an occasional sip of liquid Metrecal. Then all of a sudden, sly Lucifer came upon the scene, with his three-man combo, the "Craven Images." The Devil thrice tempted poor Jules: with a lifetime subscription to "Canadian Churchman;" with a copy of "Fanny Hill;" and with the offer of a seat on the Security Council of the United Nations. But Jules wisely declined all three, and returned to civilization with a burning spirit and a contrite heart.

In a new, white Volkswagen, Jules drove into Metropolitan Toronto, wending his way through cloverleaves set in his path by the Department of Highways, and through tumultuous, cheering throngs of weary suburbanites.

In the course of his ministry, Jules C. Easterhazy healed the sick politicians, folk-singers and shopping-plaza tycoons; he raised grade thirteen students from the dead in droves; and, he chased all the money-lenders from Maple Leaf Gardens and the O'Keefe Centre. But, his crowning glory came when he changed all the stocks and bonds within a five-mile radius of Bay Street into loaves and fishes.

To support his ministry, Jules was obliged to sell insurance for a prominent Toronto firm, and with his inherent goodness, motivational drive, and knowledge of human behaviour, he soon became a junior partner in the company. He married, and settled down in beautiful Don Mills to raise a family and gather his disciples around him.

Here the story of Jules C. Easterhazy comes to a close. With a lovely house and a second mortgage, Jules' life became a savage battle to beat his neighbour and meet his payments.

If you ever have a chance to visit Don Mills, drop into the cemetery, and roll away the stone that covers Jules' grave. You will find a tablet of gold, with the following inscription:

In Memoriam: Jules C. Easterhazy (1900-1964)

"Each of us must have a cause,
Pursue it to the end:
Steadfastly, without a pause,
But then again, my friend:
You can always sell insurance."

A. G. R. Sweeny



The Storm

We had just arrived back at the hotel after our fishing trip when we received the news that a hurricane would hit the island in about four hours. I had fulfilled a long-held dream in coming to Bermuda for a winter holiday, and as I now gazed about me at the beautiful scenery, the hurricane warning hardly seemed part of that reality.

The bright, warm sun beat down out of the fiery sky onto the crystal-blue water. It bleached the sand, and washed the hotel buildings a dazzling white. The weather was saved from unbearable heat by the same brisk breeze which had piloted us to our fishing grounds and which now caused a myriad of bright reflections to dance on the huge waves that thundered and crashed on the placid beach. The hotel was surrounded by lush green tropical forest filled with innumerable species of brightly coloured birds lazily voicing their thoughts on the still air. Everywhere was an atmosphere of calm serenity as the hotel visitors were lying about in deck chairs on the hotel terrace or beneath the swaying palms, sipping tall cool drinks while contemplating the rolling expanse of beach. Everyone was in a state of perfect physical comfort, unheeding, for the present, the warning which had come over the radio that morning.

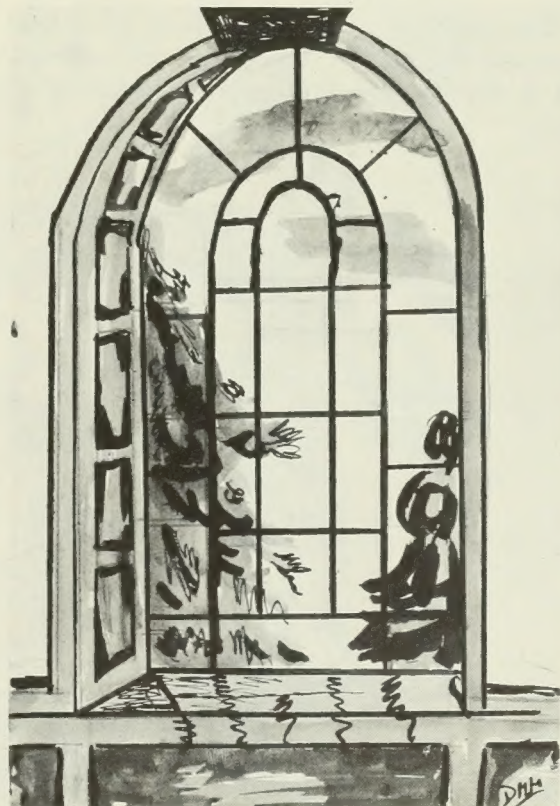
But soon the sullen black thunderclouds appeared on the horizon, and within the hour, the whole sky was overcast. The sun had been blotted out, and the air was deathly still. The old pipe-smoking sage who had been so genial about lending me his tennis racquet was now sitting hunched over, non-committally staring into the drink which he held in both hands. A quiet curse broke the air like a shot as a chair was nervously knocked over, and even the well-dressed Oxonian who had that morning held forth so eloquently on the finer points of Victorian thought was now glancing silently at the darkening sky. All but a few of the more venturesome souls had by this time donned warm sweaters, and so we proceeded to the basement.

The wind began to howl around the buildings, and in the distance we could hear the thundering and crashing of a large tidal wave running up the beach, sweeping everything from its path. The air was filled with a roar so deafening we could barely think our own panic-stricken thoughts. The howl of the wind rose to an unbearable shriek, and a crash of smashing glass was added to the din just before a torrent of water flooded the basement.

We were pitiful beings in that torture pit of hell. Sitting on our trunks we attempted to comprehend the surrounding chaos. Our physical misery was beyond us. Hunched over, soaked to the bottom of our souls, unable to converse, deafened by the hellish shriek, we were barely able even to imagine the placid, sun-soaked scene of a few minutes before.

It was over as suddenly as it came. In a little while the sun peeked out, the birds began to sing, and the rain droplets on the trees sparkled in the sunlight — bright reminders that the island was back on its feet.

D. J. Bichan



A President Dies

Snow fell lightly on the meadows and fields, turning them into peaceful seas of white. The same snow fell on the cities, beautifully, gracefully — sparkling crystals of ice softly swaying toward a tree or a shingled roof. The snow fell on the roads, on the rivers, and on the graves in the hillside. All alone, on a beautiful slope, a new grave, with a blue flame at its head, was slowly being covered with white.

Just a few weeks ago, the world had been rocked by the shot from Dallas, and in this same spot, hundreds had come to pay their last respects. In those days of turmoil, of anxiety, of grief, all hearts turned toward the heart of the nation, to a beautiful young lady who bore the most sorrow and grief, and bore it with courage. Full of emotion, many had said wonderful unforgettable words, and some were too overcome to speak. But now peace and order had been restored, the shock was gone, and a soft snow fell over the nation. It was a good time to consider the man who was assassinated, the man who was unable to finish what he had started so well.

As President, he had brought youth to power — a youth which he symbolized. The drive, the energy of this man were shown in the Peace Corps, in the fifty-mile hikes, and in the football games on the White House lawn. There was also style. The Boston accent, which was recognized the world over, became his trademark. His Administration was young and energetic, and got things done in a way which shocked most people — people used to a cumbersome government machine. The press conferences offered him the chance to test his wit against the reporters. Most of all, however, the style was in the man himself. "I am a Berliner", he told thousands in the divided city. As an Irishman who had succeeded abroad, he charmed and humoured the Irish at home. But his wife summed it up best when she said, "He was a remarkable man."

All this is gone now, thought the man standing in the falling snow at the graveside. Then the same feeling came over him again: why, why did it have to happen to him? why not to anyone else? why not to me? why?

The question, unanswered, was smothered by the soft snow which now covered the grave and the hillside, and which fell constantly on the cities, the meadows, and the shoulders of the man kneeling in prayer beside the flame.

R. D. Benveniste





THE SCHOOL

CAROL SERVICE

The traditional carol services were again both excellent. The first service being held in the Kenneth Ketchum Memorial Auditorium and the Sunday service in the School Chapel.

As usual, the singing was exceptional, especially on Sunday with the accompaniment of the Chapel organ. The excellent singing of the Glee Club and the Trebles was indeed a credit to Mr. Bradley's diligence as well as to the interest of the school's more talented voices.

Featuring solos by Coulter I, Hally I, and Allen, this was the order of the service:

Introit
Es Ist Ein' Ros' Entspungen
Processional: If Ye Would Hear the Angels Sing
Organ Prelude: Pastoral Symphony From Handel's Messiah
Break Forth, O Beauteous Heavenly Light
The First Reading
Sussex Carol
The Second Reading
Un Flambeau, Jeannette, Isabella
Masters in This Hall
The Third Reading
The First Nowell
The Fourth Reading
The Holy Boy
As Lately We Watched
The Fifth Reading
Jesus is Born
The Sixth Reading
God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen
The Holly and The Ivy
I Saw Three Ships
The Seventh Reading
Adeste Fideles
The Benediction
Silent Night
Recessional: O Come, O Come Emmanuel.

The Review is proud to congratulate the soloists, the Glee Club, the Trebles and the boys who read the lessons, as well as the rest of the school for ably upholding the tradition of fine Carol Services. Above all, we must give credit to Mr. Bradley, hoping that he can continue the wonderful work at St. George's in Toronto next year.

A.C.K.



THE CHOIR

At the beginning of the year, the choir struggled along with only seven boys. The training of the new boys took seven weeks, but produced some splendid new choirboys. We then started practising for the Carol Services and the Kiwanis Festival. The Carol Services were excellent, and for the first time, candles were used, and very effectively too.

As the next term began, training for the Kiwanis Festival commenced. The day finally arrived, and we carried off a First in "The Hunting Song" (unison), and "The Swiss Mountain Song" (two-part).

One of the choir's most important performances was in the operetta, H.M.S. PINAFORE. Everyone had fun producing the operetta, which was very well received.

There are eighteen boys in the choir at present, including a head boy, a chorister prefect, three choristers, and thirteen other members.

Special attention should be paid to our choirmaster, Mr. J. L. Bradley. With his very skilful teaching, he has made the choir's year one of the highest quality. To our great regret, he is leaving St. Andrew's this year to teach at St. George's College in Toronto. He has made this year, as well as past years, one of great success, and he will be missed greatly.

A.N.H.

CHAPEL BOYS



*Front (L-R): O'Dell, Murnane, Goodwin, Pritchard I, Barker, Brown I.
Back (L-R): Reade I, Cameron I, Williams, Rook, Coulter I, Herder.*

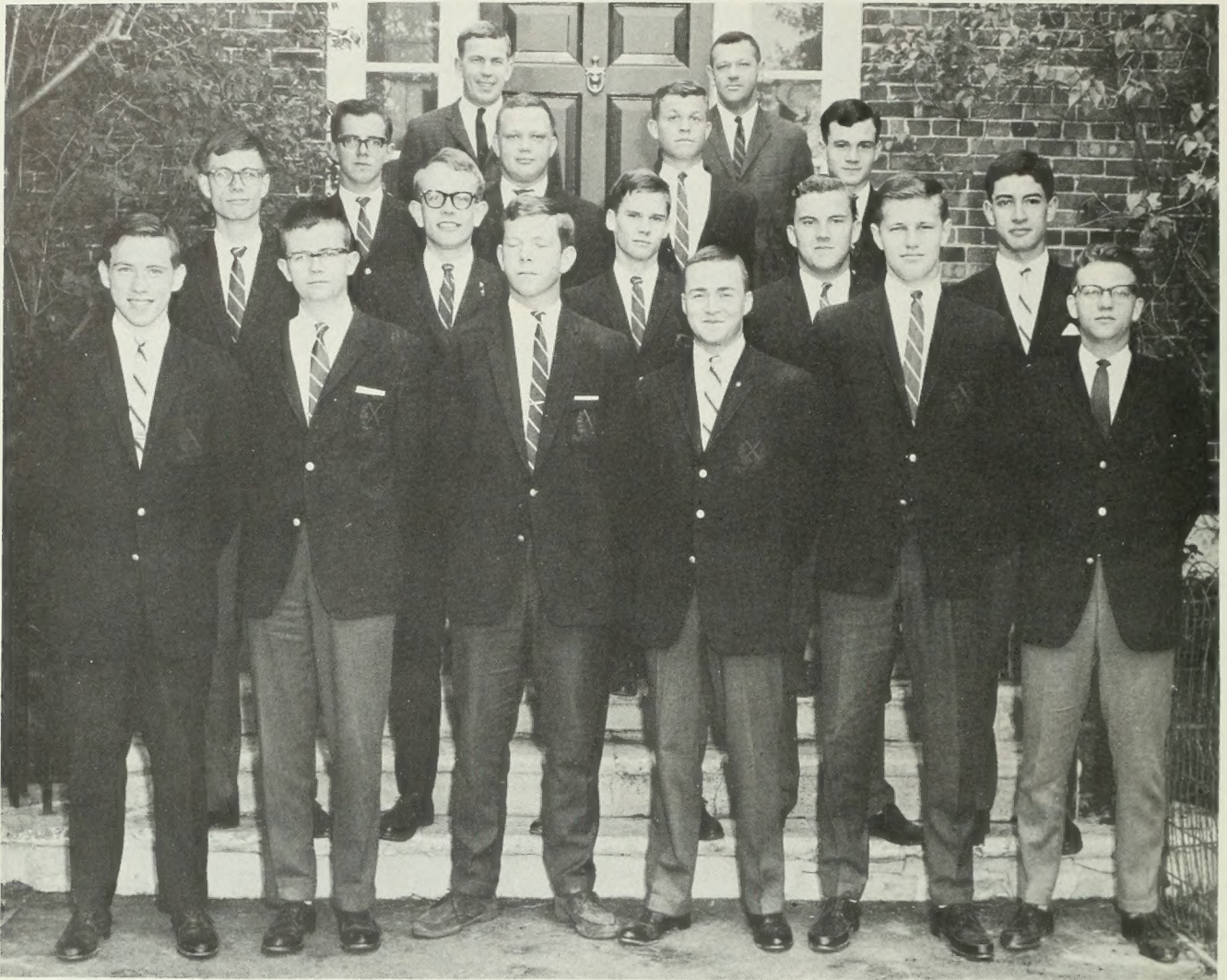
THE CHOIR



*Front (L to R): Dunkley II, Cross II, Heintzman II, Lowery, Stauffer.
Middle (L to R): Jones IV, East II, Hally II, Pritchard III, Evans III.
Back (L to R): Mr. Bradley, Rous, Brown II, Brackley, Henderson IV, Humphries, Kane, Todd.*

CLUBS

DEBATING SOCIETY



Front (L-R): Bichan I, Hovey, Sweeny, Westfall, Rook, Fleming.
Middle (L-R): Cameron I, Vanderburgh, Ingwolson, Nelles, Knox.
Back (L-R): Lawrason, Mr. Scott, Murnane, Dattels, Mr. Skinner, Henderson I.

This was a year of change in that two capable masters, Mr. Skinner and Mr. Scott, took over the guiding reins. There was a certain amount of confusion at the beginning of the year while everyone got straightened away.

In L.B.F. debates St. Andrew's won two and lost two by close decisions. Cameron, Sweeny and Nelles lost to U.T.S., while Hovey, Ingwolson and Westfall successfully opposed the resolution that euthanasia be legalized against U.C.C. Then Knox, Sweeny and Rook defeated B.R.C. in a fight over trusteeship for unions in Canada. Unfortunately, the Saints represented by Hart, Vanderburgh and Dattels went down to defeat against T.C.S. over the question of splinter parties. Other debates were held within the school with the younger members gaining some useful experience.

Debaters can look forward to a better year next time around as Mr. Skinner hopes to expand into the lower grades to develop younger boys. Also, the masters have expressed interest in a debate, providing they are given the right to choose the topic. Above all, an early start, not possible this year, will increase the number of inter-school debates.

In closing, the Debating society wishes to thank the executive and particularly Mr. Skinner and Mr. Scott who gave invaluable service and advice throughout the year.

J.R.

SCIENCE CLUB



Front (L-R): Benveniste, Bichan I, Spence.

Back (L-R): Cameron I, Hovey, Mr. Richardson, Barker.

Xenon tetrafluoride and pulp and paper; atomic energy and bad genes — these were some of the variety of subjects presented by the Science Club this year. There was a controversial movie by Linus Pauling, a long, and encompassing Chemistry trip, and probably most impressive of all, a talk by Dr. Bartlett from the University of British Columbia on his work with inert gases. All these events, and others, were possible through the hard work of Mr. Richardson, together with the Chairman of the Science Club, Dave Bichan.

In the fall term there were several movies shown, two on radioactivity, one on nuclear energy in Canada, and the longest one on Linus Pauling, winner of the Nobel prize in Chemistry, and more recently, for Peace. This man will be remembered by all who saw the movie for his straightforward way of speaking, his original and sometimes sensible ideas, and his "good and bad" genes.

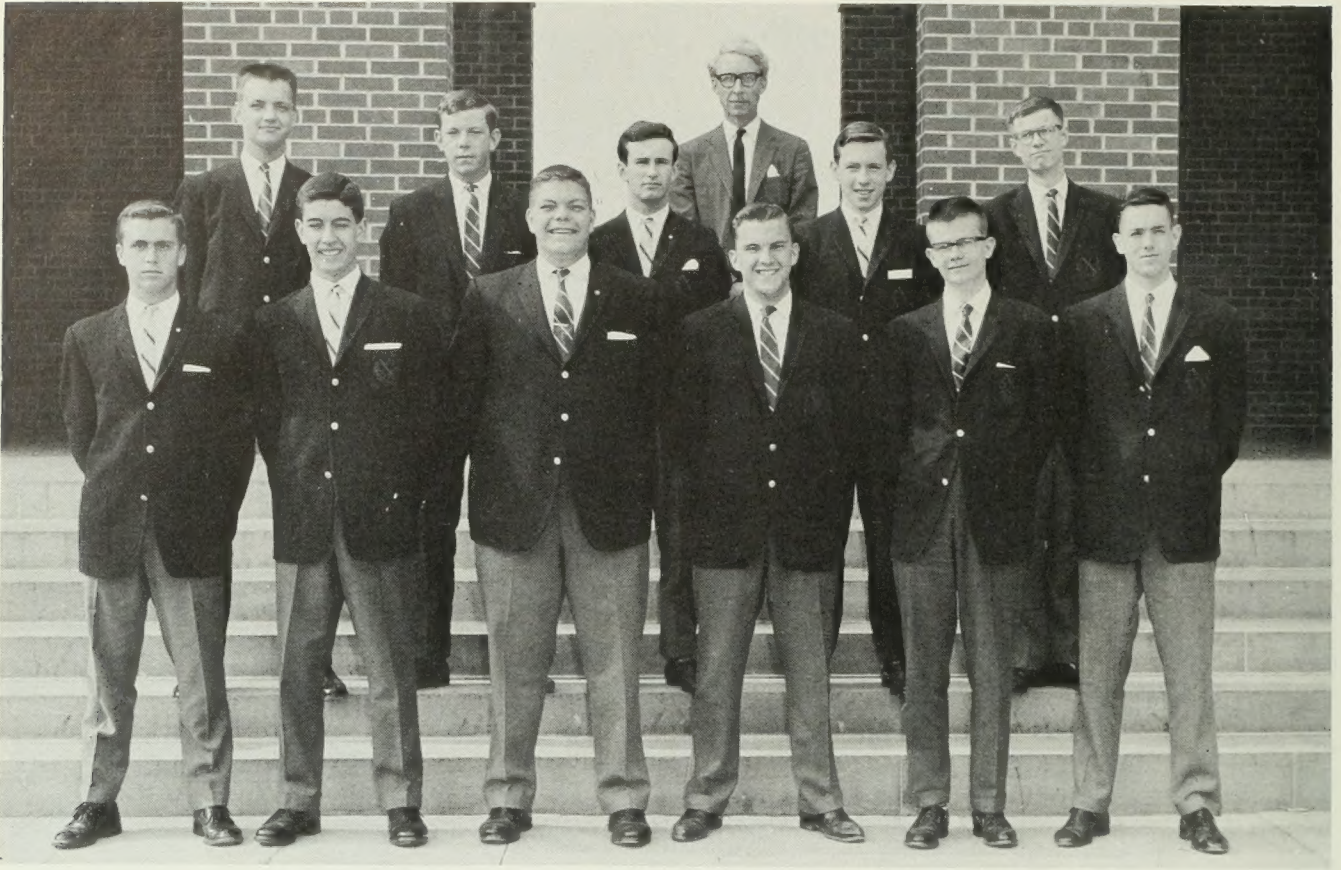
Then, in the winter term, Dr. Bartlett took a morning off his busy schedule to visit the school and inform us on previously unknown properties of inert gases. Dr. Bartlett, a Britisher by birth, was the first man to form a compound with an inert gas, and he did this in Canada, at U.B.C. The sample of xenon tetroxide he had with him did not look very impressive, but the significance of it was that such a compound was undreamed of a few years ago.

To finish the year in grand style, the Upper Sixth and some of the Lower Sixth forms went on a day-long Chemistry trip that left everyone exhausted, fascinated, and to some extent, confused. Between the Lakeview Power Station and its precipitators, the B.A. oil refinery and its Italian engineers, and the Howard Smith Pulp & Paper mill and its stench, the group saw practically the whole extent of industrial development in Ontario.

Many memories of the trip will stay for a long time with those who went: the pin-ups and the secretary at the B.A. lab.; the red dye thrown into the yellow paper batch at St. Catherines; and the 48 bottles of super-king-size Coke consumed on the trip — with the resulting line-up for the facilities at our next stop. But most of all, those associated with the Science Club this year will remember it as an excellent opportunity to learn about the theoretical and practical aspects of science, and to see what a job in engineering or research is really like. In closing, from all science students to all unfortunate art students: Ye may seek Ultimate Reality in the Arts, but it is to be found only in Sciences.

R.D.B.

LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS



Front (L-R): Benveniste, Knox I, Barker, Nelles, Hovey, Brown I.

Rear (L-R): Coulter I, Sweeny, Osborne I, Mr. Macfarlane, Bichan I, Cameron I.

Nous habitons un pays où il y a deux langues, deux peuples, deux cultures. Alors, n'est-il pas nécessaire d'être bilingue pour comprendre ces deux peuples, ces deux cultures, pour être Canadien? Et pour être bilingue—il faut qu'on sache parler, pas seulement écrire, les deux langues. En bien, monsieur, vous avez l'objet du Cercle Français.

Cette année, dans le cercle, il n'y avait pas de grands débats, de longues discussions ennuyantes. Non, le français c'est une langue vivante, une langue où l'on peut trouver beaucoup à s'amuser. Pour prendre plaisir à une langue, les leçons organisées sont inutiles, les classes régulières sont désuètes. Maintenant vous savez pourquoi les membres du Cercle Français s'amusaient si bien cette année.

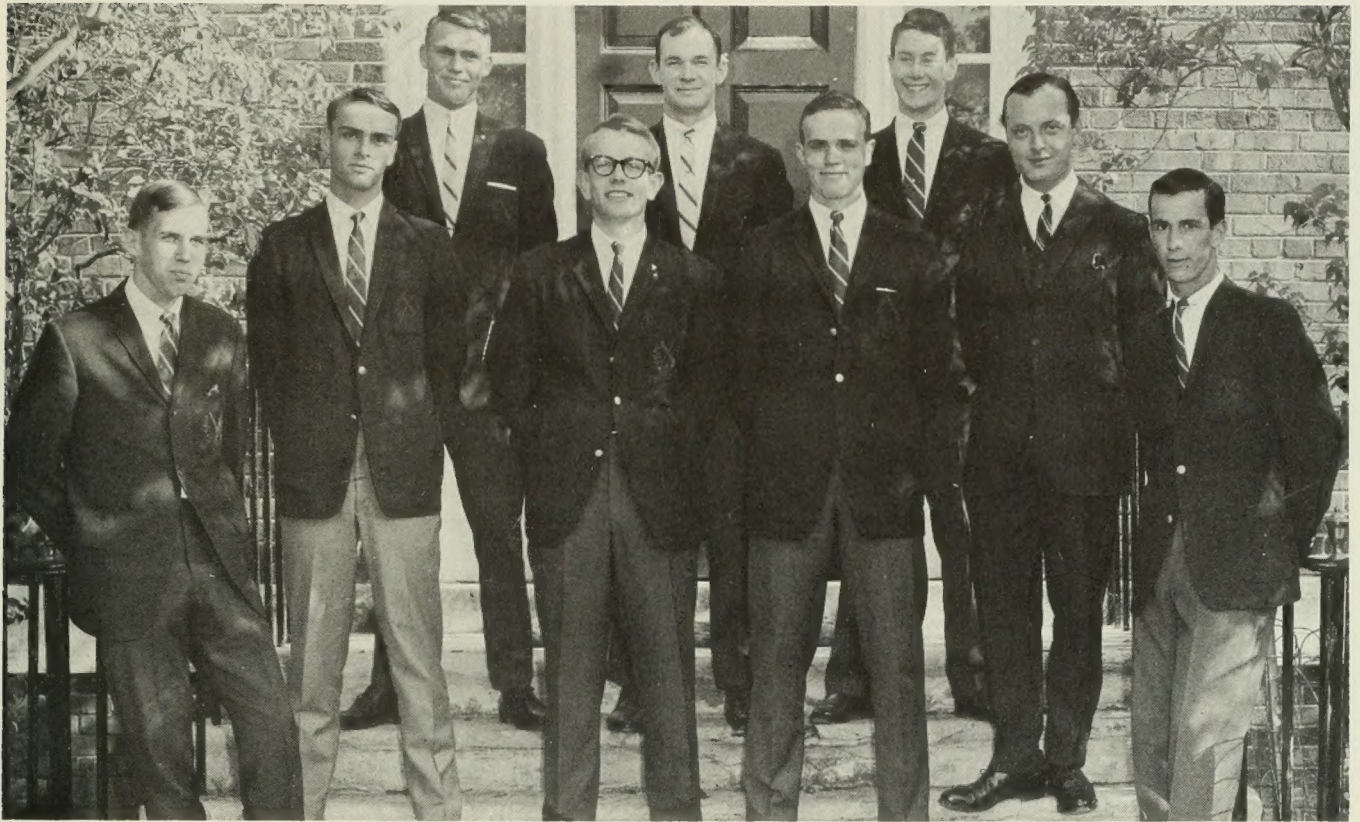
Oh, et comme nous nous amusons! Nous avons quelques petites discussions animées qui s'éten-
daient entre le politique extérieure de la France et la partialité des journaux Montréalais. Nous lisions des journaux français, nous jouions des jeux français: en somme nous essayions de comprendre les Français, leurs pensées, et leur façon de vivre.

Nos activités n'étaient non plus limitées au cercle, ni aux membres. Nous avons fait cuire un déjeuner français traditionnel pour les membres de la première classe: la soupe aux lentilles. C'était un déjeuner qui a reçu un peu plus de louanges que les repas — les repas assez délicieux d'ailleurs de Monsieur Stewart, bien sûr! Nous avons fait aussi une petite comédie au sujet de notre texte d'auteurs: "Le Notaire du Havre". Quand nous avons présenté ça, il y a eu beaucoup d'éclats de rire, beaucoup de jolis visages. Mais tant de rires, tant de jolis visages qu'il y avait, ils étaient surpassés par l'amusement que les membres du cercle ont eu en le montant!

Et maintenant la fin: la fin d'une année pleine d'amusements, pleine de longues heures joyeuses où l'on explorait la belle langue française. Et à vous les autres qui mettez un orteil investigateur dans le puits sans fond qui est la langue française — qu'est-ce que j'ai pour vous? Presque rien! J'ai dit presque rien si vous ne voulez pas vous apercevoir que le français n'est pas quelque chose qu'on vous donne pour vos devoirs, que le français n'est pas une langue morte dans quelque bouquin, que le français n'est pas une langue sans fin et sans raison. Mais, si vous voulez, vous trouverez là, dans ce texte déprécié, un fonds inappréciable! Vous y avez le manuel d'une des plus belles langues du monde. Si vous voulez de la poésie, des paroles douces et consolatrices, regardez! Regardez, monsieur, parce que là vous avez tout ce que vous voulez: là vous avez le français!

E.R.N.

SOCIAL COMMITTEE



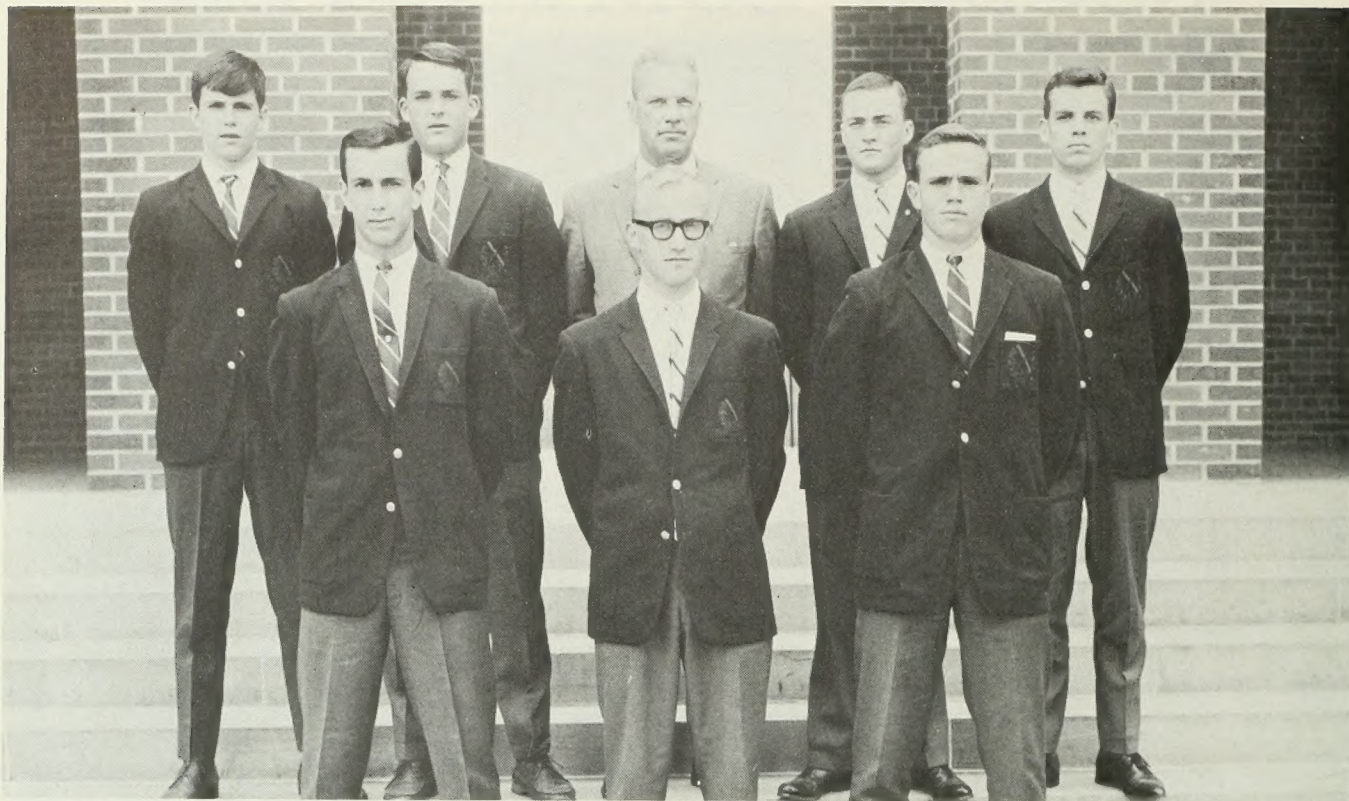
Front (L-R): O'Dell, Russell, Vanderburgh, Williams, Mr. Mainprize, Stevenson.
Back (L-R): Heintzman I, Garvie, Reade I.

DRAMA COMMITTEE



Front (L-R): Randell, Osborne I.
Back (L-R): Bichan I, Knox, Mr. MacPherson, Vanderburgh, Goodwin.

COLOUR COMMITTEE



Front (L-R): Stevenson, Wyse, Williams.
Back (L-R): Blinn, Love I, Mr. Holmes, Westfall, Holmes I.

CAMERA CLUB



Front (L-R): Hilton, Murnane.
Back (L-R): Shaw, Sweeny, Mr. Moffat, Turner I, O'Dell.

SONS OF OLD BOYS



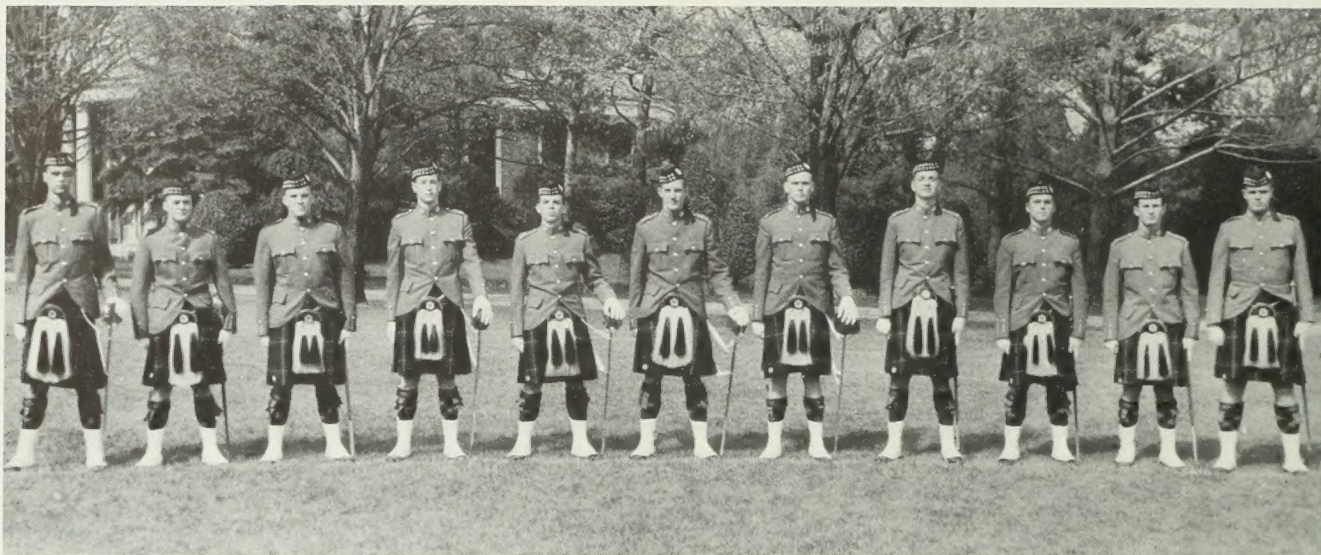
Front (L-R): Kilgour, Peckover, Leishman, Grant I, Gordon.
Middle (L-R): Garrett II, Houser, Senior, Good, Brown II, Heintzman II.
Back (L-R): Shields II, Spence, Hilton, McEachren, McPhail, Butler I.

3rd GENERATION ANDREANS



Front (L-R): Leishman, Houser, Kilour.
Middle (L-R): Heintzman II, Garrett II.
Back (L-R): Mr. Coulter.

CADETS THE OFFICERS



Left to right: Cdt./Lt. Russell, Cdt./Lt. Westfall, Cdt./Lt. Nelles, Cdt./Capt. Reade, Cdt./Maj. Holmes, Cdt./Lt.-Col. Pennal, Cdt./Capt. Heintzman, Cdt./Lt. Coulter, Cdt./Lt. Benveniste, Cdt./Lt. Osborne, Cdt./Lt. Williams.

PIPES AND DRUMS

For a number of years, there has been a concerted effort to improve both the appearance and the quality of music of the Pipes and Drums of the Cadet Corps.

The first phase, the outfitting of the Pipes & Drums in the colourful dress of Highland Unit Pipe Bands (cross-belts, waist-belts, plaids, and feather bonnets), has been accomplished over a period of years. The appearance and the sound of the drum section have been greatly enhanced by the generous gift of a fine set of drums by a parent, Mr. George Brunt.

The second phase has placed an emphasis on the improvement of the quality of piping and drumming. All new pipers are required to learn to read music so that they can include all grace notes, doublings, etc. To develop a piper of this quality, of course, takes a good deal longer, but the high standard of playing makes the effort worthwhile. Our repertoire has grown to six times that of five years ago, and the quality of tunes has been greatly improved. The appearance of the band as a whole

has been enhanced by the inclusion of a Cadet Drum Major in the person of McClocklin. This lavish innovation had added a good deal of colour.

We hope that the number of opportunities to play in public will be greater in the future, since this provides an incentive to practise and a higher level of enthusiasm. This year, for example, a small group of pipers and drummers went to Branksome Hall where they took part in a concert and were well received. The pipers and drummers have been in demand and have appeared at a number of public occasions this year.

The pipes and drums this year are probably the best that we have had in the history of the Cadet Corps. A large measure of the credit is due to the enthusiasm and leadership of Cadet Pipe Major Andrew Knox, who has held this position for the past two years. The drummers have been trained by Cadet Sergeant David Love, who has worked hard with a large number of new drummers.

Major Holmes.



AURORA CHURCH PARADE

The citizens of Aurora (excluding those out of town for Sunday morning golf) were subjected to a mob of highlanders descending on them from St. Andrew's College. Those still in bed, lazy people who miss church because their alarm clocks just don't go off, had no excuse, and many even came outside to see the parade — probably fearing we'd steal their sheep. We must, however, reassure our local friends that we mean no harm, and inform the newer citizens of this ever-growing populace that our Aurora church parade is a dear tradition of St. Andrew's College.

In all seriousness, this year's parade ranks with the best. The usual atmosphere of brooding mystery was prevalent in the early morning, but last-minute instructions were issued at breakfast, and there was obvious confidence on parade. The band kept up a good pace and a pleasant variety of marches. Chief Instructor of the Cadet Corps, Major Holmes, remarked after the parade that he saw only two boys out of step. The weather was fine, and the temperature of about 70° ensured a comfortable march.

Thus, the parade was a work of art as well as a colourful delight under most advantageous conditions. Only three things can be recalled as being different from other years: there was no highland dancing after the parade, with the result that lessons were held the following Friday by Captain Macfarlane, there was no eyes-right in Aurora; and thirdly, Captain MacPherson appeared with a crook of about twice his height, symbolic of his presidency of the Canadian Association of the MacPherson Clan.

A.C.K.

TORONTO CHURCH PARADE

"An exceptionally fine performance!" this was the phrase used to describe the annual St. Paul's Church Parade this year. After forming up in front of Dunlap Hall, the corps carried out an individual platoon inspection in which the cadets were given a personal going-over

by their platoon commanders to make sure that every part of their uniform was in the best possible condition. The corps embused at 9:15. Excellent weather prevailed as they departed for the Rosedale Community grounds.

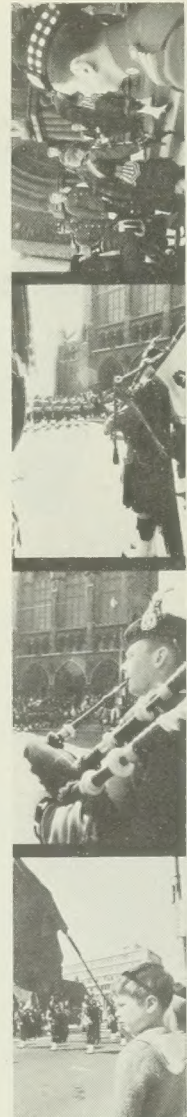
At 10:15 they moved off to commence their long but rewarding march to St. Paul's. There was an eyes-right at Branksome Hall, and the cadets should be commended for again showing steadiness on parade.

One of the highlights of the parade was the "drum march," played by the drummers unaccompanied. This selection was played while passing under the Bloor St. bridge, and the resulting resonant tone made it one of the band's most enjoyed selections.

The church service was conducted by Canon Dann. The two lessons were read respectively by Cdt./Lt. Col. Pennal and the Headmaster.

Following the service, the salute was taken by Lt. Col. Lowndes, and an appropriate eyes-right was given. The corps marched to Varsity Stadium, where they were dismissed. This smart group of cadets, which resembled a red machine when on parade, soon came to life upon dismissal.

H.S.A.



PLATOON COMPETITION

Perhaps the most highly competitive of all school activities is the annual platoon competition. This event, in fact, demands more practice and extra training than any other. Nevertheless, the self-satisfaction and high standard sought so avidly by each individual platoon rewards the whole corps on inspection day.

The platoons performed individually on the day before the inspection, and were judged by four judges, one of them being an army "drill stick". The squads paraded in the parking lot behind Flavelle House, and each in turn drilled with excellence.

The competition was extremely keen, and rumours of victory were varied and mostly biased. Only the platoon commanders knew for certain! Cdt. Lt. Westfall, the cold-blooded commander of #1 platoon, genuinely felt that no other matched the impressiveness of his superb squad. On the contrary Cdt. Lt. Coulter, officer-commanding of #2 platoon, "the Tex's Rangers", believed he had it "all locked up."

On inspection day, however, the Ellsworth Trophy was presented to #6 platoon, capably directed by Cdt. Lt. Williams and Cdt. Sgt. Sprague. Congratulations for defeating a number of close competitors in the platoon competition!

H.J.A.

Editor's note: The band is to be complimented for refraining from this event and thereby preventing the rest of the corps from adopting a defeatist attitude prior to the competition.



THE CADET INSPECTION

At 2:00 p.m. on the eighth of May, 1964, the sixtieth annual inspection of the St. Andrew's College Highland Cadet Corps began.

This sweltry, humid, sunny afternoon will be remembered long in the minds of many. For the entire corps this was the culmination of a year's practice and two months of intensive drill. For the graduating class, this was the end of military training at the cadet level. For one of the visiting officers, Lieutenant Colonel J. M. Lowndes, C.D., Officer Commanding the 48th Highlanders of Canada (with which the corps is affiliated), this day was the 25th anniversary of his first inspection as a cadet at St. Andrew's, as well as being exactly 20 years after the inspection of the corps he once commanded. And for Captain J. L. Wright, this was the last of 26 inspections as an instructor at St. Andrew's.

After the fall-in, Capt. Macpherson gave a brief introduction to the proceedings and the officers of the cadet corps. Then the traditional ceremony began — the reception of the inspecting officer, Brigadier Gibson, with a general salute; the inspection of the corps; the march past in column of platoons and in column of route; the advance in review order; and another last general salute. After this, the band marched the corps off the parade square for dismissal.

At this point, various demonstrations were given by various groups. First of all, the Macdonald House Training Platoon showed its marching skills under Cdt./Sgt. T. Brown. Then the cadets from Lower Sixth form gave an exhibition of rifle calisthenics under the command of Cdt./Capt. W. D'A. Reade. This was followed by various demonstrations of unarmed combat by third form cadets under the guidance of the Chief Instructor of the corps, Major Aubrey Holmes. The last two groups to perform were the N.C.O. Drill Squad, trained by Captain Wright and directed by Cdt./R.S.M. J. R. Fennell, and a retreat by the band, both trained and directed by Pipe-Major A. C. Knox and Drum-Major J. McClocklin.

The corps was then marched as a unit into a hollow square. Awards were presented to Corps Commander Cdt. Lt./Col. J. D. Pennal, and to Cdt./Pipe-Major A. C. Knox. The coveted Ellsworth Trophy for the best platoon was awarded to Cdt./Lt. R. C. Williams of #6 platoon, and Capt. Wright's prize for the best cadet private to Cdt./Higgs. Then the corps was congratulated by Mr. Coulter, and by Brigadier Gibson who went on to commend some of the finer principles of life in his wise remarks.

The inspection was concluded with a "feu de joie" by #1 platoon commanded by Cdt./Lt. W. E. Westfall, and a photograph of the corps was taken as a remembrance of this excellent and extremely colourful performance.



THE CADET DANCE



It seemed that this year's cadet dance was the largest in the past five years. Thanks to the gentle persuasiveness of the Social Committee, the prefects, and a letter to the parents of each student, over 120 couples attended the formal not uncommonly referred to as the "Highland Hop".

The dance was again held in the Great Hall which was most suitably adorned with wooden highlanders positioned in front of each window. In addition, there were tables and chairs around the dance floor, and coloured lights beamed down from our most gracious spider-like chandeliers.

Dancing to the Adam Saunders orchestra began at 9:30 and continued until intermission at 11:00. At that time, the pipe band volunteered

to play a retreat outside. This was somewhat more informal than at the inspection just a few hours before (one drummer arrived half-way through, ran into position, and joined in), but was in essence the same colourful, musical ceremony. As a finale, the drummers played a drum march, which was also appreciated by the large crowd. Congratulations and thanks to Pipe-major Andrew Knox, Drum-major Jim McClocklin, and to John Davidson, who set up and operated the outside lighting.

Dancing resumed at about 11:20 and continued until 1:00. On occasion, it was rudely interrupted by Pipe-major Knox, Pipe-sergeant Wyse, and Drum-sergeant Love, who provided the music for "The Dashing White Sergeants" and "The Gay Gordons". For these numbers, everyone charged about genuinely pretending to be uncouth, barbaric highlanders. Actually, it wasn't so bad (possibly because nobody had quite the right spirit — haggis for supper), and in fact, the dancing was only reasonably ungraceful by Scottish standards.

Following the last highland dance, the orchestra provided a pleasant variety of numbers until 1:00, when the last dance concluded.

It was certainly a well-planned and enjoyable evening for which we must thank the Social Committee, especially Garvie and Heintzman, the Adam Saunders orchestra, the pipes and drums, and Mr. Stewart and his kitchen staff for providing refreshments.

A.C.K.



SCHOOL NEWS...

FOOTBALL DANCE

A slight change in routine was necessary this year in order to accommodate the annual Old Boys' Dinner which was held in the Great Hall. The dance, usually held on the Friday night of the first half-term weekend, was shifted to the Saturday night of the same weekend, while the dinner was held on the Friday.

This change gave rise to a problem of decorating, but that was overcome by the extremely enthusiastic Social Committee. The only opportunity provided for any preparation was the morning and afternoon before the dance and accordingly the Social Committee set to work Saturday morning and worked late into the afternoon. Their efforts were not in vain, for they certainly achieved a standard of excellence in their decorations. The pictures of the first term members lined the walls, along with colourful S.A.C. crests. "Andy," the school mascot, was mounted at a place of honour in front of the fireplace, and was surrounded by ingeniously painted tackling dummies.

The music, supplied by members of the Frank Bogart orchestra, was immensely appreciated by all. The buffet organized by Mr. Stewart was truly one of the enjoyable highlights of the evening. And at twelve o'clock, the happy faces and the sound of laughter of the departing couples were ample indication that the evening had been a success.

The School extends its many thanks to Mr. Stewart and his staff. Mr. Mainprize and the Social Committee, and especially those who attended the dance, for it is enthusiastic student participation that ensures the success of any school function.

H.J.A.



SKATING PARTY

Saturday, February the eighth, was a fun-filled day for the school. Festivities began early in the afternoon with hockey teams from Ridley visiting St. Andrew's. The first team won a major victory over the B.R.C. squad. After proving themselves at hockey, the Saints returned to the school for a second challenge, to try and win the hearts of Havergal and Branksome.

Most of the girls arrived by bus at 6:00 o'clock, or shortly after. Dinner was served in the Great Hall, and I am sure it was enjoyed by all — thanks to Mr. Stewart and his staff.

The students, anxious to begin the skating, were not long in finding their way to the back rinks. Although the night was snapping cold, the weather did not seem to dampen the enthusiasm of anyone.

After skating, refreshments were served in the tuck shop, and everyone took the opportunity for a little relaxation. Finally, there was dancing to the latest songs on the hit parade.

Lee Vogel, a CKEY Good Guy, was certainly the man of the hour at this annual event. He was not long in obtaining an atmosphere of warmth and informality, so welcome after the brisk February air. At the "swing session" held in the gym, the couples had a chance to dance every new dance, from the sounds of the Beatles to Johnny Mathis.

It seems that little more can be said to praise an excellent social event which owed its success to the work of the Social Committee and excellent participation on the part of the student body.

H.J.A.

LITTLE BIG FOUR DANCE

The Little Big Four Dance was held this year at Casa Loma, which was indeed an excellent setting for a well-planned occasion such as this.

The music was supplied by the well-known Casa Loma orchestra. Appreciated by all for their varied themes and arrangements, they were successful in obtaining an "I could have danced all night" theme. There was an excellent representation from all of the L.B.F. schools except St. Andrew's. I am sure that the school could have made a much better showing, and I trust that we will not see a repeti-

tion of this attitude in future years.

This year's pin was well-designed, and all were sold out in a very short time — a good indication of the enthusiasm of those attending the dance. The Social Committee should again be commended for their diligent work and co-operation with their associates from T.C.S., U.C.C., and Ridley; this effort helped to make the evening a complete success.

H.J.A.



DRAMA



THE SENIOR PLAY

After last year's long tragedy, "Richard of Bordeaux", it was decided that light comedy would be a welcome change for the big production of the year and so it happened that the farce "Master Pierre Patelin" was chosen as this year's play. All praise and credit for the choice of the play must in all fairness go to Mr. MacPherson who, with his great skill and past knowledge of plays, guided by an internally divided, strife-ridden Drama Committee through the stormy seas of picking a play to the safe and hilariously funny shores of the greatest of all the great French comedies, "Master Pierre Patelin".

The Committee, those high priests of the Andrean Drama World, headed up by the world-renowned firebrand actor, Guy (Macbeth) Randell, decided on nothing but the best for this play, and the talent scouts had their feeler out early in the year for an all-star cast. As usual, the competition was

stiff for the lead role, but it was finally decided that the lead should be given to a man who had many previous successes in the comedy field, Ed Nelles.

Ed played the part of Guillaume Joceaume, a rascal draper, with the same finesse and subtle humour that has brought him wild critical acclaim from all the far corners of the school. Even though he had to struggle against time to learn his interminable lines, Ed did the job, changing one or two of his speeches in order to put over more perfectly his particular interpretation of the demanding role he had to play. Other memorable performances were chalked up by Mason, as Pierre Patelin, and grand old Dan Hovey, who gave one of the most emotional performances of the judge that I have ever seen.

D.J.B.





THREE ONE-ACT PLAYS

On February thirteenth the three one-act plays were performed in the Ketchum Memorial Auditorium. The plays were skilfully chosen, and their variety provided a pleasant change of pace.

The evening opened on a light note, with a delightful French farce, "In the Suds," which was written in verse form. The play centered around a brow-beaten husband, played by Mason, and his over-powering wife and mother-in-law, played by Duggan and Osborne II respectively. The high point in the play occurred when the husband pushed his wife into a huge tub from which she was subsequently removed, by an ingenious system of pulleys. Credit for the popularity of the play must go to the director, Mr. MacPherson, and the skilfull actors.

After this the mood promptly changed, and an horrific melodrama, "The Monkey's Paw," was enacted under the direction of Mr. Rutherford and Mr. Allen. It is indeed commendable that the players so effectively captivated the audience after the preceding comedy. Much of the credit for this belongs to Chapman, who convincingly handled

the female lead, and to Hart who portrayed her husband. Other characters in the play were O'Dell, as their son, and Cameron as the representative of the plant where their son worked. The play centers around the magical powers of the monkey's paw, and the horror of the moments in which the mother's request that their dead son be brought back to life is granted.

The evening was concluded with a subtle satire on the modern American business world. "The Interview", taken from **Fairy Tales of New York** by J. P. Donleavy, was very well presented and praise must go to the adept directing of Mr. Mainprize. Actors Spence, Bichan II, and Peters should all be commended for a fine job. This play, like all the others, was well presented and concluded the evening on an especially high note.

Congratulations to the Dramatic Society for a particularly interesting evening of three one-act plays.

C.S.

H.M.S. PINAFORE

The Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, "H.M.S. Pinafore," was the second of its kind presented by the school, and in many people's opinion, it was even better than the first, "Trial by Jury". A presentation like this seems to be a much more difficult thing to produce than an ordinary play. Congratulations, therefore, should go to the whole cast, and also to those who helped with the production for presenting an excellent show.

The leading role of Ralph Rackstraw was handled excellently by J. L. Coulter. Coulter was supported by J. A. Shaw, as Josephine, who did a fine job of the young female lead. The role of Josephine was a difficult one, but Shaw acted it with great aplomb.

The stalwart Captain of the Pinafore was played by J. L. R. Pallett, who rendered his part so well that he seemed to have stepped out of the pages of history.

The captain's crew, under the leadership of the Boatswain, G. A. Vanderburgh, gave a convincing performance and backed up the other players as

the chorus. R. C. O'Dell, who played Sir Joseph Porter, First Lord of the Admiralty, captured the character of a true admiral and was always predominant when he was on the stage.

Although H.M.S. Pinafore is basically a humorous operetta, there were two characters, Little Buttercup and Dick Deadeye, who were outstanding in this area. D. H. Love played Little Buttercup, who, in the words of the Boatswain, was the "reddest, roundest, and rosiest in all Spithead". Love captured this character and played it vigorously. Dick Deadeye, a cynic, was amusingly and convincingly played by E. M. Perley.

Staff assistance came from Mr. J. L. Bradley as musical director, Mr. L. C. MacPherson as director, and Mr. J. C. Mainprize with make-up. Mr. Bradley was accompanied by Stuart Hamilton in playing the piano. Special thanks should also be extended to Miss Jolliffe and her staff for the costumes. Congratulations, therefore, to all concerned for putting on such an excellent performance.

R.C.B.



ST. ANDREW'S DAY



November 30th rolled around, and again the school celebrated the feast of Scotland's Patron Saint and ours, St. Andrew. In the true Scottish spirit, the haggis, carried by two able (but later much-abused) cadets, was piped in by a contingent from the pipe band. In his finest howl, our noble Scot, Mr. MacPherson, delivered his stirring rendition of the "Ode to the Haggis" — and promptly reduced most of the school to gales of laughter. Following this, the haggis was distributed to the student body, which seemed to enjoy the gutty repast almost as much as our newest Scottish master, Mr. Guggino. To everyone's relief, a meal of roast beef followed.

After the meal, athletic colors were presented along with some of last year's swimming and shooting awards. Then the school was addressed by Mr. MacHaffie, president of the St. Andrew's Society of Toronto. He spoke of the traditional traits of Scottish character, and the need for retaining them in the schools of Scottish background. The speech was interesting, and his humorous anecdotes greatly amused the student body. After the speech, the school was adjourned by the Headmaster.

C.S.

TRIP TO STRATFORD

In mid-October, the upper forms journeyed to Stratford to see one of the Festival Company's dramatic productions. This year, the drama chosen to further our cultural sensibilities was Rostand's well-known and extremely popular work, **Cyrano de Bergerac**.

With its usual polish, the Festival Company proffered a well-staged production of Rostand's masterpiece. Both the action and the serious moments were there — as well as the gales of laughter which we all associate with Cyrano and his beloved nose. Cyrano's tender imagination, his sardonic wit, and his fierce sense of pride — all were finely etched by Mr. Colicos' matchless playing. The Stratford stage afforded the director scope for a wealth of invention — invention which had formerly been lavished solely upon Shakespeare's drama.

Every boy enjoyed the production immensely; we all hope that our Stratford excursion will continue to be an annual school event for many years to come.



HAMLET

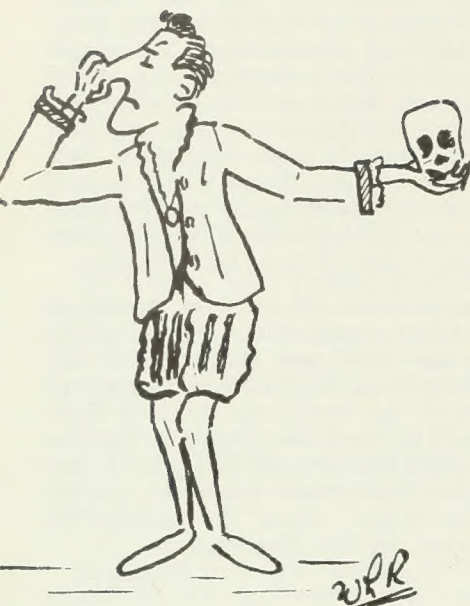
"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players".

This year being the 400th Anniversary of the birth of William Shakespeare, a tremendous revival of interest in the Bard of Avon, and especially in his tragedy "Hamlet," was witnessed in the hallowed halls of learning at St. Andrew's College: archaic Elizabethan phrases were bandied about and there were heated arguments over the Freudian interpretation of "Hamlet" (it would be in bad taste to mention them here, although this magazine has a reputation for being somewhat "avant-garde"). Many boys were rewarded after days of fitful searching in which they unearthed several copies of Shakespeare's plays in our library.

But then something occurred which was the culmination of all the hopes and desires of Shakespearean scholars at our school: a notice was affixed to the Dunlap Hall bulletin board re a trip to the O'Keefe Centre to see John Gielgud's production of "Hamlet". Many boys wondered why such a prestigious production was being held in a brewery, but quickly agreed to attend, and on the night of Wednesday, March 4th, the boys of Upper and Lower Six debused at the corner of Front and Yonge Streets.

That rakish old rascal Richard Burton gave an obviously inspired performance as the melancholy Dane, and was ably assisted by Linda March as the beautiful Ophelia. Hume Cronyn, "a local boy," was another bright light as Polonius.

Rain did not dampen the enthusiasm of the boys over the works of Shakespeare as they sped home through the night. In fact, the only sad note of the evening was the fact that no one had seen Elizabeth Taylor. But then again, our seats were so far away, that no one was quite certain whether he had even seen Richard Burton. A.G.S.



One of the most vicious and reactionary organizations in Canada, and for that matter, in the world, is the Ontario Department of Education. This organization is more subtle and more powerful than the strongest dictatorship for the very reason that it imperiously dictates what the children of our fair province must learn in order to become useful members of society. We at St. Andrew's especially loathe this organization because it destroys any aspirations we may have towards independence, and places the wearisome burden of Grade XIII examinations on the poor members of the Upper Sixth each year.

We were, therefore, quite surprised to learn that the Department is at last trying to break out of its shell and provide the students of Ontario with a new approach to education. We might even go so far as to suggest that the Department is trying to make education interesting.

The Hour Company is a group of four actors, who have been travelling through Ontario under the auspices of the Department of Education and the Crest Theatre Foundation. Barbara Chilcott, the female member of the cast, has been in many plays at the Crest, and the three men who supported her are recent graduates of the new National Theatrical School in Ottawa. On February 6, we were treated to dramatizations of many aspects of the Grade XIII English Literature course, with some other material as well. The poems "When You Are Old" by Yeats, and "Ears in the Turrets" by Dylan Thomas, were recited by the cast, as were selections from "Wuthering Heights" by Emily Brontë, and "Pygmalion" by Shaw. E. J. Pratt's poem "The Titanic" was quite cleverly dramatized, complete with sound effects.

The Hour Company was received quite enthusiastically by the school, and especially by the boys in Upper Sixth, who hoped that by watching the Hour Company, they would be able to achieve better marks in the English Literature examination in June. A.G.S.

THE HOUR COMPANY



CLAN COMPETITION

WALLACE CLAN



It is not the policy of Wallace Clan to boast arrogantly about its successes or indulge in vague generalizations about the achievements of its members. However, since this essay is a summary of the activities of the clan, certain facts must be presented. This would not be a valid summary if only the highlights of the year were related, for in some activities Wallace participation and achievement was high, while in others it was mediocre. For instance, the clan placed nine members on the first football team and eight on the first soccer team but only four on the first hockey and four on the first basketball teams. Seven members of the track and field team, including the junior champion, were from Wallace, but only four of the first XI. Nine of the twenty members of the second-best cadet pipe band in Canada are Wallaceans, while the clan managed only two officers in the Cadet Corps. Wallace won the junior cross country run and the junior cross-country ski race and holds the school tug-of-war and softball championships, but it had to settle for third place on sports day. It may also be of interest to note that the editor-in-chief and the managing editor of this magazine are from Wallace. Unfortunately, no statistics are available to illustrate Wallace's academic achievements, but anyone who takes the trouble to glance at the list of prize winners on Prize Day will see the names of Wallace Clan members appearing just as often as those of the other three clans. Consequently, it is not climbing too far out on the limb to say that the members of Wallace Clan made a substantial contribution to the school because it is impossible for a clan to amass some nineteen hundred points and win the St. Andrew's Intra-mural Challenge Cup for the best clan without doing so.

Wallace looks with optimism to the future, for many of the athletic and academic achievements of the clan came from its junior members. Another less tangible reason for optimism is the growing spirit within the clan. Wallace is still the only clan to celebrate a clan day and still the only clan to have a clan cheer. Thus, as the school ever increases her achievements on the sports field and in the classroom, so too will Wallace Clan, through an ever-fervent spirit and faith, strive to achieve an outstanding level of achievement.

R.J.H.

DOUGLAS CLAN



Douglas Clan members have dominated clan activities for the third year in a row. Douglas Clan contributed five prefects including the Head Prefect, the Commanding Officer of the cadet corps as well as three lieutenants, one pipe-major, two pipe sergeants, and the R.S.M. The Clan had numerous members on all athletic teams, and it doubled the total of any other clan on games' day in addition to winning the juvenile, intermediate and senior trophies. All this, of course, is taken for granted. Douglas Clan habitually achieves this outstanding record, and this year was nothing out of the ordinary.

Even in failure, the Douglas Clan spirit waged futile battle against insurmountable odds. The ski race was one example. By the day of the ski race, most of the skiers on Douglas had taken their skis home. Yet Douglasism was in evidence here as Wyse charmed a pair of skis for the first time and plunged off, setting a torrid pace, not yielding to any impediments such as houses, trees and fences. On and on he surged, pitting human muscle against nature. That he failed to overtake Cathers by thirty minutes does not detract from this colossal effort for the Clan.

Clan spirit was our undoing in volleyball. A full turnout accompanied every game, and consequently we were constantly getting in each other's way.

For the first time in several years, Douglas did not win the Clan hockey title. Against the gods even men battle in vain. Animal hockey was initiated, and the most powerful clan hockey squad in the history of the school never took the ice. In spite of this, clansmen Russell and Lake captained winning clan teams at the junior and senior levels.

Yet Douglas won, or did everything else, and consequently 1963-64 was not as dismal a year as it outwardly might appear.

J.P.W.

MONTROSE CLAN



There's an old truth that says someone must come in last. This year Montrose proved no exception to the rule — we came in last. Despite this, we had a good year — especially in the track and field, for we came fourth here also. Unfortunately, for tradition's sake, we disappointed the pessimists' forecasts in volleyball by winning both the senior and junior championships — for what they are worth. I believe that was the only time we spoiled our record-breaking losing streak.

Montrose, however, proved to have a good competitive spirit. For nine-a-side volleyball we usually mustered five people to play; this was really an asset, since there were less people in the way. In football, we boasted of a couple of people on the first team bench, while the rest of the clan "willingly" played soccer — unless they could skip without being caught. Montrose was also represented on the first hockey team. Not only did we have one of the top scorers on the team, but we also contributed the defenseman with the most goals against — the latter being more in keeping with our tradition of losing. The activity in which Montrose really showed its spirit was cadets. There was always a good sprinkling of Montrosians on "Awkward Squad," all giving it their "best shot."

I would like to cite a few competitive individuals who contributed to Montrose's outstanding display this year, but there were none. Our standing, poor though it may have been, was achieved by a team effort. I do feel that the clan captains deserve credit for our remarkable showing this year. This fact is proven by their great running in the senior relay on Sports Day in which, thanks to them, we placed fourth — as usual.

Our sincere thanks is extended to the old Montrosian, Mr. Skinner, in whose time the clan doubtlessly fared somewhat better; without his help this year, we would probably have placed fifth. B.F.H.

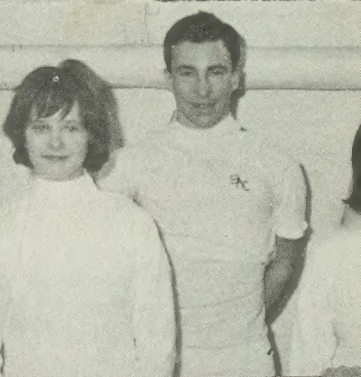
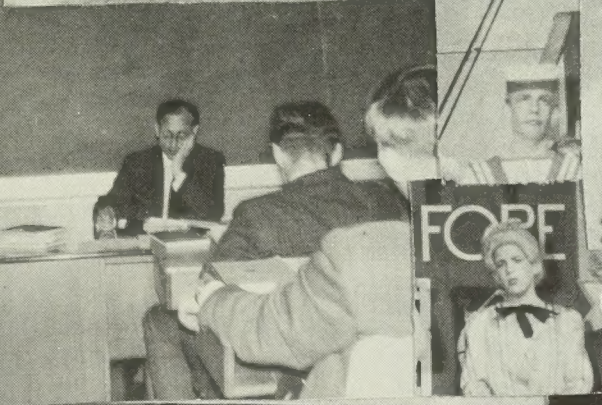
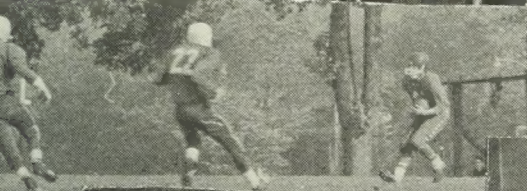
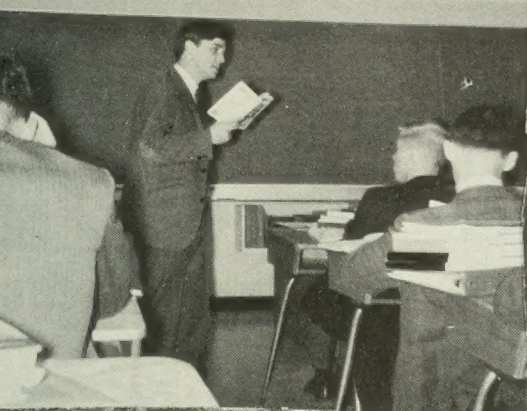
BRUCE CLAN

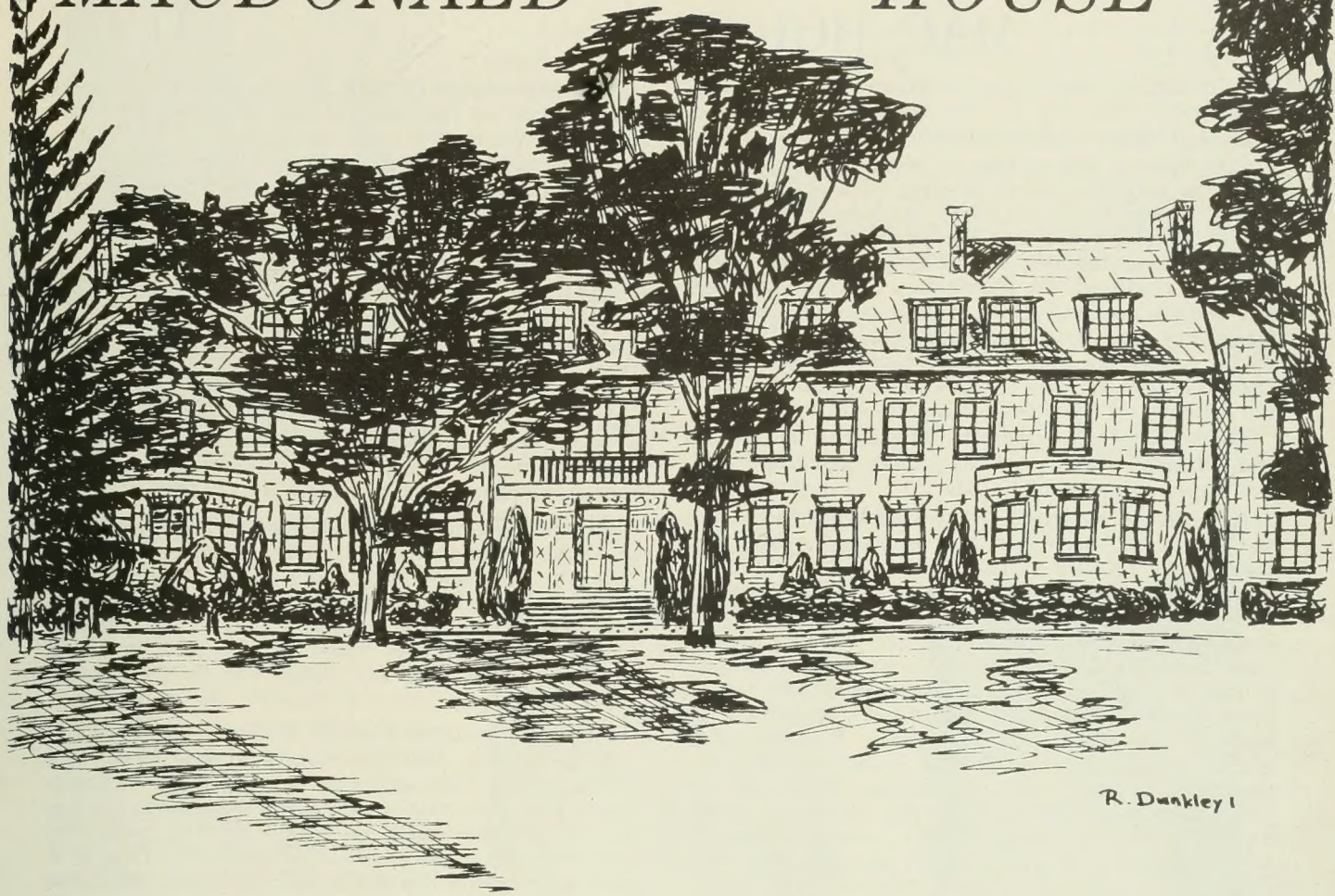


The lot which befalls any omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient, omnivorous monopoly is contempt and scorn. As the lowly, peasant rabble cried "crucify! crucify!" so the other three minor clans yell "annihilate Bruce, they've ruled too long!" These publicans and sinners accused us of being "Bruce the brains — and nothing more." They reviled us for our academic excellence, they scorned us when Christmas and Easter reports were received, and they quite openly (but behind our backs) hissed and booed as Bruce members walked off with prize after medal after cup on Prize Day. Let it be known this year that Bruce entered and excelled in every phase of school life. Our participation, however, was not a matter of indolently grumbling for more clan points — ours was a march for St. Andrew's. We knew full well that if Bruce fails so does St. Andrew's. We tried to reverse the old adage, and make the one good apple, Bruce, save the other three rotten ones. We fought with dignity and bearing; we let our honour be our shield, and God our defender. The others showed no honour, no bearing, no dignity;—but while they tried to strip us of our clothes and even our lives, they could not strip us of our respectability. We laboured for whatsoever was good, whatsoever was honest, whatsoever was just, while the peasant slaves held childish rallies at 6:00 o'clock in the morning. We fought the sabotage and knavery to put eight first-string calibre players on the first football team, to have captains in both basketball and cricket, and to have a future Vezina trophy winner in goal on the first hockey team. And our efforts carried over into other major school athletic events. Bruce took five of the first six places in skiing, and came a close second on Games Day when our relay team came within a hair's breadth of shattering the school record. It was our clan who put forward the best debaters, and two of them in particular carried us to a tie for the title by out-thinking, out-manoeuvering, and outwitting U.C.C. This excellent magazine which you now read would still be locked tight in the incompetent Editor-in-Chief's drawer had not our many Editors harried him to its completion.

But alas, the race was not to the brave, but to the underhanded. The wholesome oyster wears no pearl, the healthy whale no ambergris. We were contented with our accomplishments; we were fulfilled by our contributions to the school. Despite a close second in final standings, fellow Bruce men, our place in immortality has been secured. We are St. Andrew's most noble institution — "All Hail The Mighty Chief." Be assured that while the other clans will be a mere puny inexhaustible voice as the last ding-dong of doom clangs and fades from the last worthless rock hanging tideless in the last red and dying evening, we Bruce shall be exalted with the Gods.

W.E.W. and A.G.R.





“THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT”

Macdonald House is the Lower School house of St. Andrew's College and is led by one of the most distinguished gentlemen on the staff.

Mr. J. L. Wright came to St. Andrew's a quarter of a century ago to begin his teaching career. In less than two years he had shown so much managing quality towards the boys that he was promptly promoted to the position of Housemaster of Macdonald House.

From then on, Macdonald House had been taking in ill mannered New Boys and turning them out in the spring as young gentlemen and true Andreans.

Because this is Mr. Wright's last year, we should salute a man who has set an unequalled example—
a gentleman who will be a great loss to the school in all respects. Pengelly, Form III

WHERE AM I?

When I awoke, everything about the place seemed strange. Indeed, it *was* strange, for I was in St. Andrew's College for my first night. I needed to go to the washroom, but since I had come into “Mac House” at night, I didn't know where anything was, so I just went out the door and hoped for the best.

I walked down the hall a bit and opened a door. It was another dorm and I was met by an onslaught of pillows. I staggered out bewildered. I stumbled on until I found another door and opened it. It was dark inside, so I closed the door. I found out later it was the masters' common room. Half asleep, I walked to a third door. It led to a stairway which I followed down.

I pushed open a fourth door and found myself in a room that looked different from my dorm. It was meant to look different, because it was the infirmary. When I saw it wasn't a dormitory, I slipped out. Now, to my surprise, I found myself outside. I was now desperate. I came towards a light which brought me to the main hall. I saw a light that resembled a cigarette and ran nervously toward it. It was the duty master.

He escorted me to the washroom and then back to my dorm. I vowed to myself that never again would I lose myself in the vast regions of Mac House. Marshall II, VII

A TYPICAL DAY IN MAC HOUSE

MacDONALD HOUSE STUDY

I am merely one typical occupant among eighty-nine boys who live in that wonderful house of pranks, mishaps and congestion—Macdonald House.

Our normal day starts at seven o'clock in the morning with the sharp clanging of a bell (located about ten feet from our beds). We pop up and then, moaning "Oh, no!", sink slowly back. After being forcibly reminded by the most frequent of our early-morning masters, Mr. Mainprize, that we must get up, we sit up in a daze. A few seconds later he walks out and we hear another chorus of moans as he enters the next room. After breakfast, it's "horsing around" and making beds. Then we leave for school and the house takes on a quiet air.

We're back after school with fights and noise until dinner. Then, a study period, and after that, the house comes back to life.

As soon as we enter, we are ushered downstairs to get rid of shoes and are reminded subtly and politely to get our slippers on, or else. We come upstairs five minutes later to the sound of a record of high-brow, classical nonsense issuing from "his" door. We continue up to enter the realm of grade nine shouts and rowdyism. Doors are slamming, people are yelling, and a few tussles are taking place on the beds. After "lights out", it's into your beds — but you never stay there. Visiting other dorms, being out of your bed, being without slippers or dressing gown, and raiding dorms can all get you a few laps around the quad about six o'clock in the morning. Finally, completely worn out, and lucky if you weren't caught, you flop into bed — just in time, for a "No noise up there!" is echoing through the halls.

B. W. Jones II, Form III

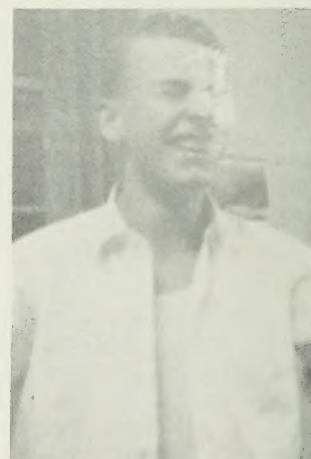
A sharp twinge of pain hits my ear. It is a note from a boy at the back of the room asking for a pencil. I return the note, saying "no." This is normal procedure in the Macdonald House study which is held every evening, Monday to Friday, in Dunlap Hall. This study is from 7:00 to 8:30 and although it is under the watchful eye of the Upper Sixth and the duty master, it is an active part of the day.

Many types of sports are played during this part of the day, even though it is in a class room. Basketball is played by passing crumpled-up paper from person to person and finally shooting it at the waste-paper basket. There is a type of baseball played by shooting bits of paper at a boy who has a book ready to hit the missiles coming at him. Paper-plane throwing is also a main sport, even though most of the planes end up out the window.

Another favourite sport is just trying to fool the masters. When roll call is taken some people say, "present", in baby talk. The master repeats the name, and the boy gives his name properly. When two people are talking, often unknown to them a master will stand and watch them until they finish talking — then they are called out by the master for a little "talk."

Another favourite trick is to change seats. When a master comes into the room everyone looks studious, but as soon as he leaves, everyone switches seats. This goes on all night until the master catches on. To end the study, everyone shuffles their feet and makes as much noise as possible. This is a good way to end the school day — unless you have not finished your homework.

Marshall II



NIGHT LIFE IN MAC SHACK

Life in Mac Shack can be fun, although it is sometimes terrifying. Night-time is the most fun — from the end of study until heaven knows when! !

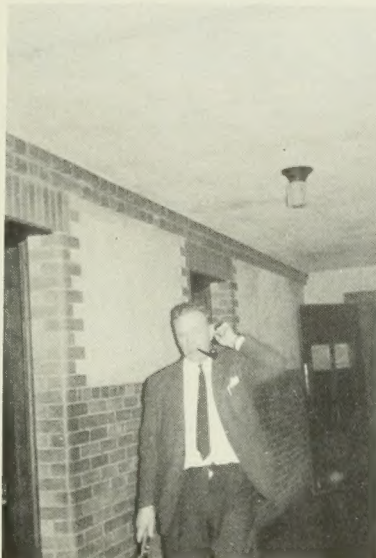
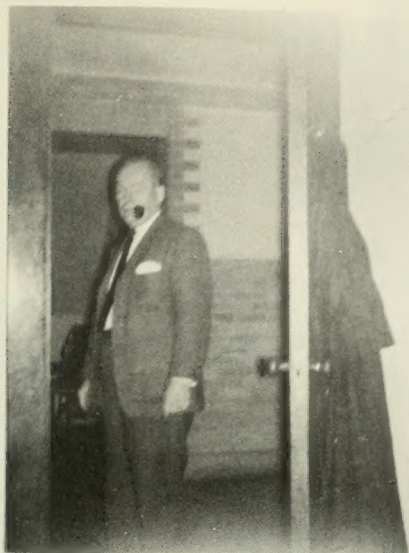
During study, we boys make plans for a dorm raid that night. After study, these plans are kept secret and fulfilled conscientiously. A dorm raid has to be staged very carefully. A boy is always placed at the foot of the stairs ready to call if a master or prefect approaches. The other boys creep around until they are in their positions. On a command, they rush into the dorm and flick on the lights to dazzle the half-sleeping boys. Just as the beleaguered forces are getting used to the lights, the latter are flicked off again and there is another rush.

The dreaded word "nix" is heard suddenly, and the stampede is on! During last week's raid everyone got out except me. I crawled

quickly under the closest bed. Fortunately I was wearing dark P.J.'s, and the light was partly absorbed. Consequently, I did not give away my position. When I opened my eyes, I was staring straight at two huge feet. It was the master! ! ! He flicked on the flashlight he had in his hand and shone it in the faces of the poor boys above me. He could plainly see beads of perspiration running down their faces and knew they had been running around. However, a gruelling cross-examination was the only result of this particular encounter. When I got safely to my room, I went right to sleep because it was well after ten—although it seemed like six in the morning.

Of course, we don't do this every night.

C. Warburton, UII



WHO I AM

My name is Glenn Jackson
To St. Andrew's I go
And I live in a dorm
That everyone knows.

I throw socks and pillows
After lights have gone out
But if I get hit
I start to shout.

My shoes are messy
And so is my hair
And so is my bed
But I don't care!

G. Jackson, LII



LOWER SCHOOL PLAY



THE LADY IN THE SACK

The Lady in the Sack was a great success. By means of his skillful direction of more than a score of boys from Macdonald House, Mr. Macpherson re-created on the Ketchum Auditorium stage the stylized and colourful world of the medieval Orient. Based on an old Chinese proverb, the play blossomed admirably in that fantasy and imagination which only Lower School actors can provide. Colour, high spirits, and laughter filled the auditorium.

Throughout the play, only two actors spoke — the story-teller and his assistant. The remainder, and it was large, mimed the tale they told. We commend the two speakers, Wright and Blanchard II, the only actors provided by the Upper School. Blanchard's store of sounds and voices was vast. Among the mimes, Heintzman II, Crump I, Crookston, and Skeie deserved especial commendation. However, perhaps the highest praise went to the three Chinese merchants, Brunke, Coward, and Jones III.

On behalf of the School, *The Review* thanks Deacon and Pallett for the lighting, Weston and his crew for the sets, Mr. Mainprize and his crew for the make-up, and most especially Mrs. Johnston and Miss Jolliffe for the very intricate and brilliant costumes.

S.A.C.'S HOMEBRED MASTERS

Whether it's "Stand still your horrible little man!" or "Gosh uh boys," masters have their own ways of so-called effective teaching. Here, I shall try to dissect some of our more interesting masters and their well-known sayings.

From the deep, dark jungles of inner-Hungary, comes one of the most remarkable masters. He has successfully mastered the French language, an impossibility in itself. "Oh plice boys, what is zis mess in my classroom?" Fluent French is always spoken — with a native touch of home-made goulash to add spice. His classes offer bombastic entertainment to both his listeners and to himself.

Another of S.A.C.'s homebred masters simply loves to leave his algebra students unattended. "OK boouies, I'm just popping out for a minute. Please be quiet while I'm gone. You have lots of work to do, so go to it. When I come back, we will continue with question number fooor which is now on the boooard." His persuasive, rocking movements ensure that his point is well marked.

Go across the hall; open the door. Likely, the first words you will hear will be, "What's the matter with you, you crazy? You nit!" This master's geometry classes just seem to fly by — either it's the wooden protractor that's flying, or it's the inattentive student.

Directly below this room, a cautious cat abodes. "Will you stop the talking and sit down!" These are the words which he uses most often. His old-fashioned glasses add an atmosphere of sternness and antiquity to his classes. Although the spectacles are very powerful, they aren't always strong enough to penetrate the students' minds. At some moments, these minds are thinking about some young, female friend, reading a pocket book (of good literary value, of course), or even more likely, doing some unfinished work which needs urgent completion for the following class. These sly stunts are performed behind a history or geography textbook.

A trip into the new building reveals a master who must purchase gallons of Simonize and tons of buffers each week to keep his bald dome sparkling. "Oookay in heah, now just half a minute. Something has started to fill this room with an unpleasant aroma"

Back in Dunlap Hall, we find a master using the Executone P.A. system. "This is a general announcement to all stations re. . ." These words are spoken by the voracious haggis eater of S.A.C. Whether he is acting as the minister of food, the Home Secretary, or a play director, nothing will stop his hustle and scurry to prevent a student uproar.

Well, as you can see, our school is run not only by a Board of Governors, but also by some very talented and amusing educators!

J. Crookston, Form III

WINTER

When I think of winter, somehow my mind drifts to a dreamy wonderland full of joy and cheerfulness where every aspect of life is perfect and every day brings new ideas and new excitement. A landscape laden with fluffy snow sprinkled lightly on the rooftops and strewn amongst the leafless branches, bare and symbolic of winter, is my paradise.

This year winter doesn't mean a wonderland, but rather a dull, gloomy landscape and a slushy, damp, unhappy mood associated with it. There seem to be no new, exciting things to do. I only hope that next year my winter wonderland will return.

Ballard, VII

A TYPICAL DAY FOR A POLICEMAN

In spite of wind and rain, Policeman Malone waited in the shadows. Finally, ten tense minutes later, another man advanced towards him. They exchanged passwords, and upon finding their credentials in good order, they proceeded on their way. They stayed within the shadows as they made their way through the town. They were undertaking a great risk, for if they were seen, they would have been in dire trouble. Each man tried to read his companion's thoughts as they trudged on. So far, they hadn't been seen, and this meant the odds were good for getting through town undetected.

Suddenly, a patrol car came around a corner. They dropped to the ground, their hearts beating wildly, until the car sped past. They remained unseen. They proceeded on their way until they came to a place where some piles of crates were situated. They tapped a short code on a certain crate, and a hole appeared. After a cautious look around, they crawled in. The crate was restored to its original position and a crude table was erected. It was then that Officer Malone pulled out a deck of cards.

C. F. Lowery, UII

SORE LITTLE CHEMIST

I mixed a little of this
And I mixed a little of that
And I got a little of this
And even a little of that.

I mixed a little of this
With a little bit of that
And dropped some of this
On my mother's Sunday hat.

Now I can't mix any of this
And none of that little that
Because I got a sore little this
On account of my mother's hat.

But I'll try to mix some of this
And a little bit of that
And I won't spill any of this
On my mother's no good hat.

Now if I mixed lots of this
And even more of that
And happened to spill some of this
I couldn't think of that.

So I won't mix any of this
Or even a bit of that
So I won't spill any of this
On a dumb old Sunday hat.

L. Peter, LII

LONELY MEN

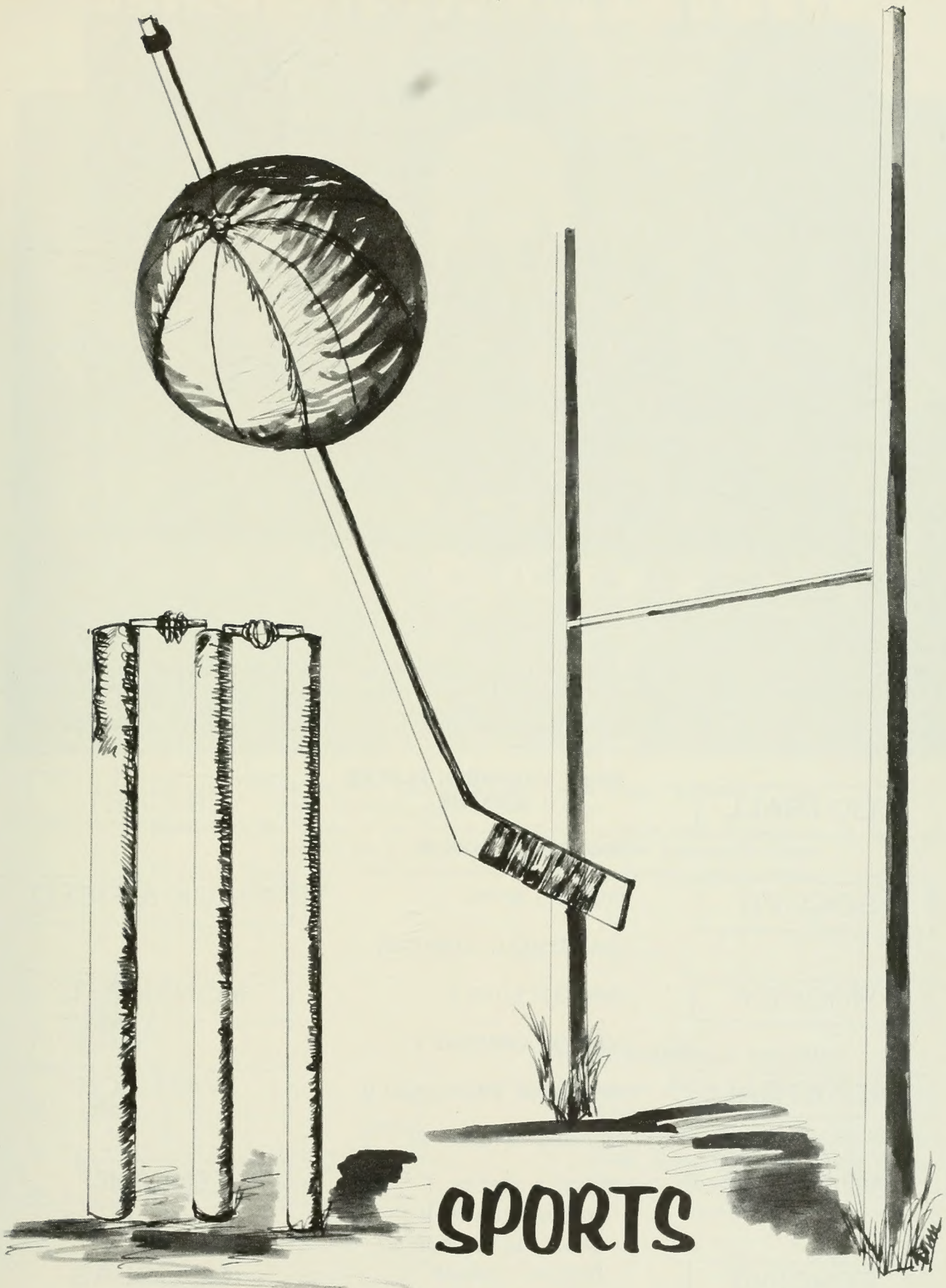
Ray Stover had no occupation, skills, family, or relatives, in short, nothing. He was a lonely man. Walking down the main street in Halifax, Nova Scotia on a warm, sunny day, he noticed a small, drab sign in a third story window of an old building which read, "Man wanted, no skill necessary, apply within." Ray had searched almost unceasingly for such a sign — a sign which meant a good job for an unskilled worker. He had seen such signs before, but they were for sweeping, or something like that. He had always taken the jobs, but they didn't last long. This sign seemed to tell him of something other than sweeping; something worthwhile.

Ray climbed the steel steps into a dimly-lit room filled with cigar smoke. He felt determined to get the job and carry it through, even though it might create many difficulties.

Later, he emerged from the building with, for the first time in years, a smile. He had gotten a well-paying permanent job, though a lonely one.

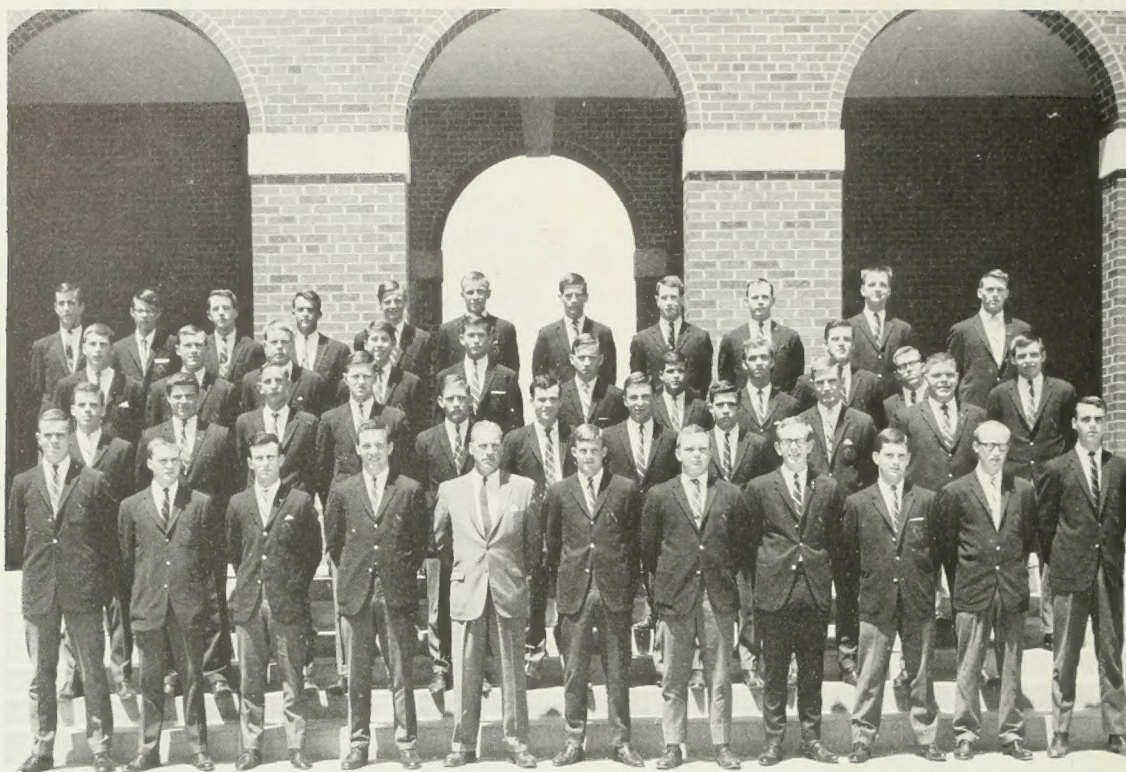
Just then, back in the office, Mr. Cooney was saying on the phone, "He will fill the gap nicely. Send his baggage to 416 George Street. It's right on the edge of town near the arm jutting into the sea. Oh! Make sure there is lots of oil for the lighthouse."

Humphries, VII



SPORTS

FIRST COLOURS



Back Row—Left to Right: Stevenson, Herder, Perley, Love I, Stafford, Cathers, Bjork, Reade I, Garvie, Coulter, Heintzman I.
 3rd Row: Sprague, Fennel, Whiteside, Roberts, Pritchard II, Bichan I, Farrington II, Hilton, Van der Ven, Blanchard I, Thom I.
 2nd Row: Holmes I, McClocklin, Grant, Rook, McKeen I, Henderson I, Wilson I, Service, Pennal, Barker.
 1st Row: Williams, Westfall, Osborne I, Houston, Mr. Holmes, Clarke II, Murnane, Vanderburgh, Hart, Wyse, Russell.

MOST VALUABLE PLAYER AWARDS

FOOTBALL

FOOTBALL: GARVIE

CRICKET

SOCCER

HOCKEY: WYSE

TRACK & FIELD

HOCKEY

BASKETBALL: SPRAGUE

MONTROSE

BASKETBALL

CRICKET: LOVE I

WALLACE

SWIMMING

SOCCER: OSBORNE I

BRUCE

FENCING

SWIMMING: PRITCHARD II

FENCING: WILSON I

TRACK & FIELD:

SENIOR: CLARK II

INTER.: McKEEN II

JUNIOR: AMRAM

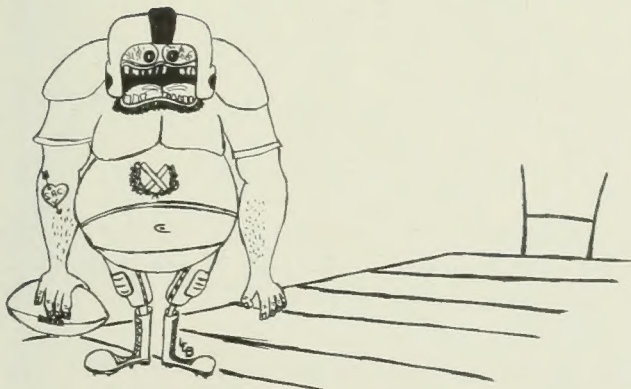
JUVENILE: BLANCHARD III

DOUGLAS

FIRST FOOTBALL TEAM



Front (l-r): Pennal, Bradshaw, Williams, Murnane, Garvie (Capt.), Heintzman I, (Vice-Capt.), Stevenson, Westfall, Reade I, Wyse.
Middle (l-r): Mr. Holmes, O'Dell, Fieldstone, McKeen I, Crockett, Rook, Vanderburgh, Clark I, Swan, Barker, Cathers, Russell, Hilton, Mr. Edwards, Mr. Coulter.
Back (l-r): Sprague, Love I, McColl, Hart, Henderson I, Carson, Fahlgren, Houston, Weston, Fennell.



FIRST FOOTBALL COLOURS

- 1st Bar:** Stevenson, Murnane, Garvie, Bradshaw, Heintzman I, Barker.
1st Colours: Pennal, Wyse, Reade I, Fennell, Hilton, Rook, Hart, Williams, Vanderburgh, Sprague, Houston, Russell, Westfall.

CAPTAIN'S COLUMN

This year's First Football Team had its attributes, but also its faults and, as a result, the L.B.F. Championship was lost instead of won. Like last year's team, it was well-rounded, producing no super-stars, but strong in all facets of the game.

Everyone exhibited a strong desire to win, but unfortunately, the necessary air of maliciousness was lacking. This is not to say that the team didn't have any "guts," but rather, that we were lacking in that all-important desire to get out on the field and trample anything and everything that was in front of us. Because of this, we lost where we could have won.

I hope next year's team will find what we seemed to have lost this year, and come up with a championship that will leave no doubt in anyone's mind that the best team won.

I'm sure everyone, not only on the team, but in the whole school, would like to thank Mr. Holmes and Mr. Edwards for their most able coaching and enduring perseverance in turning out a well-organized team from the motley group of oafs that we were.

No one felt the unnecessary loss of the championship more than Mr. Holmes, and I know he will be well rewarded when next year's team wins the L.B.F. Championship decisively.

R. H. Garvie

FIRST FOOTBALL STATISTICS

Rushing

	Yards	Tries	Average	T.D.'s
Clark I	278	28	9.9	1
Wyse	203	32	6.3	2
Reade I	128	36	3.6	1
Fennell	59	15	3.9	0
McKeen I	26	8	3.3	0
Bradshaw	18	2	9.0	0
Heintzman I	19	4	4.3	0

Passing

	Attempts	Cmplt.	% Cmplt.	Yards	Interceptn.	T.
Pennal	37	22	59.3	227	5	3
Wyse	3	2	66.7	54	0	1
Bradshaw	1	0	0	0	0	0

Receiving

	Receptions	Yards	T.D.'s Passing
Stevenson	11	137	2
Hilton	7	60	2
McKeen I	2	34	0
Wyse	2	33	0
Clark I	1	18	0

S.A.C. at U.C.C.

The Saints opened the season against a high-spirited but inexperienced U.C.C. team on the latter's home field. The Saints' determined tackling and effective blocking built up a 6-0 lead in the first period only to see the lead vanish as U.C.C. began to move with a passing attack with about five minutes left in the half.

The second half followed the same pattern as the Saints moved the ball into paydirt the first time they were in possession. But U.C.C. had found the weakness in the Saints' defense and this resulted in two long touchdown marches. Try as they might, the Saints could not muster the eight points necessary for the victory and the final score remained 21-13.

LITTLE BIG FOUR

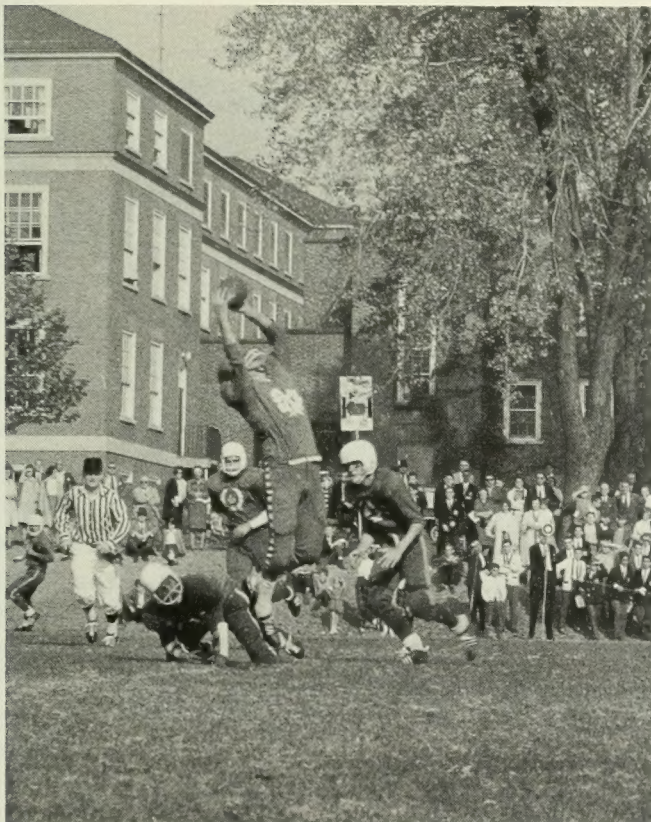
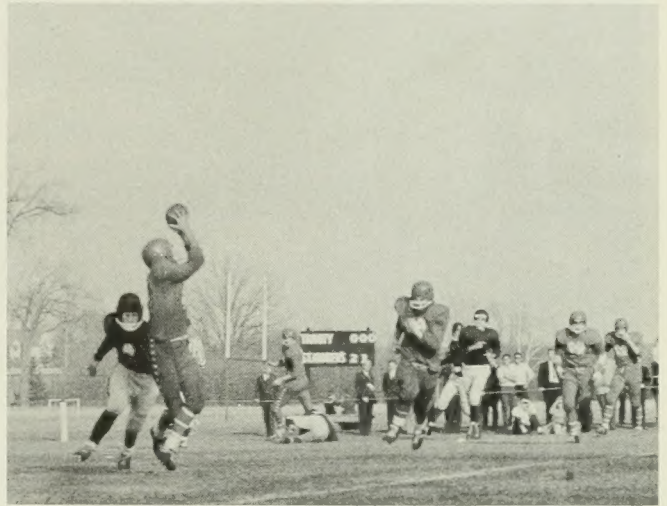
S.A.C. vs T.C.S.

On October 26th, the St. Andrew's team was pitted against T.C.S. (also winless in L.B.F. play), in the second game of the L.B.F. season.

Late in the first quarter, Wyse ran 36 yards to the T.C.S. ten-yard line. On second down, a Pennal-to-Stevenson pass clicked for the touchdown and it was converted by Houston. Late in the second quarter, the Saints marched to the seven-yard line of T.C.S. and Wyse scored from here on his third attempt.

Going into the second half, the Saints were enjoying a 14-0 lead. On the second play from scrimmage, Clark swept around left end for a 20 yard converted T.D. T.C.S. came back strong and marched to the S.A.C. one-yard line. Three attempts pushed them back to our twelve-yard line and the quarter ended.

In the fourth quarter, mistakes by T.C.S. led to S.A.C. touchdowns. Houston's interception and a Wyse-to-Stevenson pass made the score 28-0. Late in the quarter, a Westfall interception resulted in D'Arcy Reade's getting the final T.D. of the game. The final score stood at 35-0.



S.A.C. AT RIDLEY

It was a blistering cold November afternoon when the Saints journeyed to Ridley. The game opened with a comedy of errors, for both teams fumbled often. The Saints moved the ball more effectively than Ridley but only managed a 1-0 lead on the strength of Cathers' single by half-time. A hail storm greeted the players as they entered the third quarter. Both teams fumbled less as the play tightened. As the third quarter closed, Wyse romped into paydirt on an eight yard sweep for a converted touchdown. Ridley immediately retaliated for a 67 yard T.D. pass to Parker, and the Saints led by 2 points going into the fourth quarter. Ridley moved the ball on passes to our thirteen-yard line, but two running plays failed and a pass went incomplete. The Saints failed to move the ball from the shadow of their goal post and Cathers' third-down kick was blocked. However, Cathers recovered in the Saints' end zone for a rouge. He then added a single to make the final score 9-7.

SECOND FOOTBALL TEAM



Front (l-r): Chandler, Nelles, Harpur, McNeil, Bennett (Capt.), Addison I, Turner I, Wilson I, Bichan I, McKeen II.

Middle (l-r): Service, Pallett, Deacon, Rubin I, Cheriton, Randell, Howard, Chapple, Benson, Clark II, Spence, Mr. Skinner.

Back (l-r): Palmer, Boland, Henderson II, Ferguson, Thom I, Kitchen I, Peckover, Bjork, Holmes II, Perley, Gillan.

SECOND FOOTBALL COLOURS

Harpur, Service, Clark II, McKeen II, Wilson I, Cheriton, Randell, Addison I, Nelles, Palmer, McNeil, Holmes II, Kitchen I, Spence, Boland, Turner I.

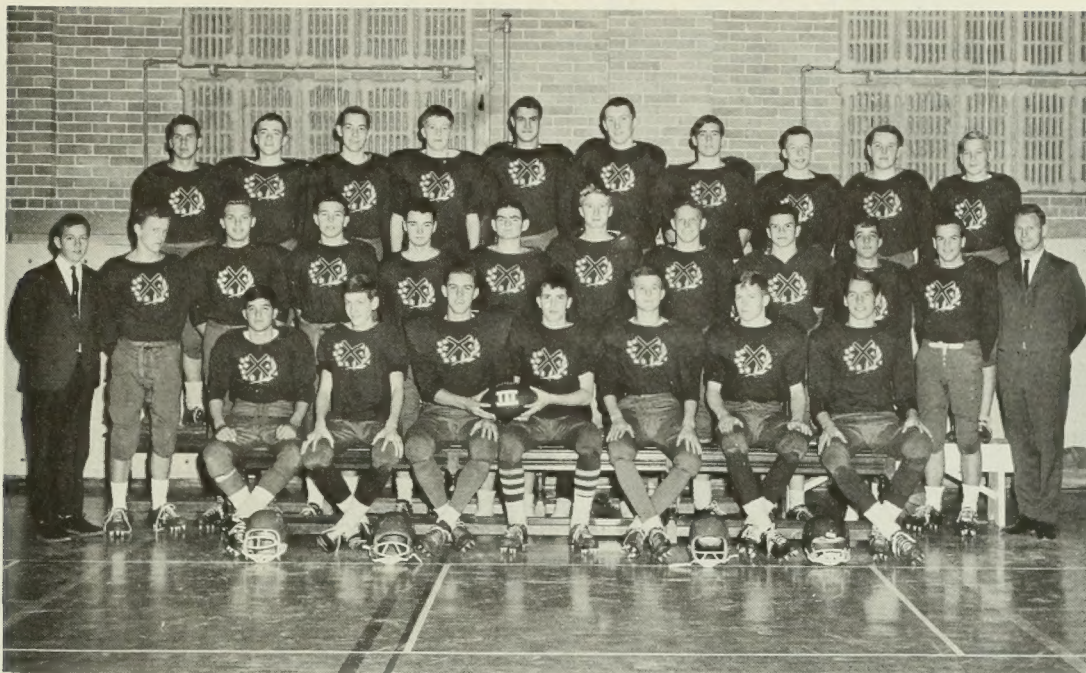
SECOND TEAM FOOTBALL

Very good football weather in addition to excellent team spirit was the formula for our relatively successful results this year. From the beginning the Seconds' chances of winning the L.B.F. looked promising; however, as the season progressed, our play deteriorated. This was particularly noticeable in the games played away from St. Andrew's.

The turning point came with a disgraceful slaughter inflicted by Hillfield's First Team. The defeat created a new spirit and a thirst for blood. Practices were tough, and for one solid week expressions such as "Really hustle now, gang!" or "We're going to win this Saturday," echoed from the mouth of our determined coach, Mr. Skinner. As things turned out, it paid off! We smashed through with two big wins; one against U.C.C., and the other against T.C.S. These victories made the Seconds L.B.F. champions.

Credit must go to Wilson and Harpur, both leading offensive players, who moved well on the ground, and were followed by a strong backfield, which scored many well-earned touchdowns. McKeen II, who altered back and forth from defense to offense, and Rubin held the defensive line well by plenty of hard tackling and drive. Although Kitchen was laid off from football with a bad leg for two of the L.B.F. games, he played well in the opening matches. Besides the players mentioned above, tribute must be paid to our coach, and congratulations are extended to the entire team. One hopes that many of this year's players will help form our No. 1 team next year.

THIRD FOOTBALL TEAM



Front (l-r): Farrington II, Tryon, Van der Ven, Blinn, Dattels, Garrett I, Higgs.
Second (l-r): Gilchrist, Jeffries, McCreath, Reed II, Henderson III, Sloane, Pitcher, McEachren, Mutch, Farrington I, Dunster, Mr. West.
Back (l-r): Whiteside I, Bichan II, Kilgour, Shields II, Crawford, Turner II, Wilson II, Coulter II, Duggan, Lathrop.

THIRD FOOTBALL COLOURS

Duggan, Bichan II, Higgs, Kilgour, Van der Ven,
Blinn, Shields II, Mutch, Farrington II, Garrett I.

FOURTH FOOTBALL TEAM



Front (l-r) Dangerfield, Munro, Scott II, Gordon (Capt.), Mather, Popieluch, McTavish.
Second (l-r): Hibben, Shields I, Herod, Fleming, Simmonds, Peters, Scott III, Keay, Thomas, Mason, Mr. Guggino.
Back (l-r): Forbes I, Evans II, Little, Owens, Davis, Cawthorne, Harris, Osborne II, MacDonald.

UNDER FIFTEEN "A" FOOTBALL



Front (l-r): Dunkley I, Ball, Urie, Sommerville I (Capt.), Lake, Amram, Robson, Annett.

Middle (l-r): Crump I, Good, Sundquist, Beaumont, Marshall I, Stephens, Grand, Pratt, McGibbon, Mr. Scott.

Back (l-r): Durie, Mulock, Clark III, Elcombe, Whiteside II, Taylor II, Grant II, Jones II, Lockwood.

UNDER FIFTEEN "A" FOOTBALL COLOURS

Whiteside II, Dunkley I, Amram, Sommerville I, Lake, Sundquist.

UNDER 15 "A" FOOTBALL

The first game of the season set the pattern for the rest of the year. Lakefield, a bigger and stronger team, managed to pile up a 43-0 score in spite of the tackling of Lake, Whiteside and Sundquist, and the pass-catching of Dunkley I and Amram. In the next game, at Appleby, the Saints displayed much more power, and held the Oakville squad to one touchdown in the last minute of the game. The running of Amram sparked S.A.C. in the 14-7 loss. U.C.C. provided S.A.C. with the only evenly matched competition of the season. In a real "cliff-hanger," U.C.C. took an early lead only to have the Saints fight back with Amram's touchdown off an end run. Score at three-quarter time: U.C.C. - 8, S.A.C. - 7. In the final minute, Grant II kicked vainly for the tying point, and the Saints went down to a heart-breaking defeat. The line-work of Lake and Whiteside was outstanding in a losing cause.

Appleby showed a much improved team in the third contest with S.A.C., and beat the Saints 20-6. Beaumont plunged effectively, but it was not until the last quarter that Amram was able to score after an interception by Grand. The second match with U.C.C. saw the Saints' only win of the year, when they squeezed out a 6-0 victory on an unconverted second half touchdown by Beaumont. Sundquist and Clark III figured in two important fumbles. A 40-yard Amram-to-Dunkley I pass earlier in the game almost brought another T.D. The sixth game was a sad affair. T.C.S. sent a powerful squad to S.A.C. and left with a 35-6 victory from a combined under 15A and under 15B team from Macdonald House. In spite of only one week's practice the make-up team stood up well against the bigger T.C.S. team. Amram again saved the Saints from a shut-out with a touchdown on an end play. Whiteside, Good and Elcombe played well on offense.

Ridley handed the Saints their worst defeat in many years. In a 71-0 win, the Ridley club completely over-powered S.A.C. in all departments. The only bright spots in the game came when S.A.C. faked a kick and went 25 yards, and later when Amram took off for 40 yards from his own 7.

On looking over the statistics, this was not a very good season, but the players maintained an admirable team spirit and good morale in spite of the record of the club.

UNDER FIFTEEN "B" FOOTBALL



Front (l-r): McLean II, MacLean I, Chalmers, Addison II (Capt.), Brownrigg, Waller II, Glover.

Second (l-r): Holmes I, Lindsey, Leishman, Chapman, Brunke, Suydam, Reid III, Butler, East I, Rogers, Mr. Wright.

Back (l-r): Rous, Douglas-Crampton, Senior, Forbes II, Pollard, Love II, Chitwood, McPhail.

UNDER FIFTEEN "B" FOOTBALL COLOURS

Reid III, Lindsey, Leishman, Glover, Brownrigg, Senior, Addison II.

UNDER 15 "B" FOOTBALL

This season, the U15 B Football Team was very successful. Under the fine coaching of Mr. Wright, we were able to win all but one of our games. The season opened with a victory over Lakefield, 24-6. We then played Pickering twice and we defeated them by a large margin in both games. U.C.C. was our next opponent. Faced by a smaller opposition, they were able to beat us. The following game was by far the closest of the season. In it, we played

Ridley and won 36-14. Most of our plays were up the middle, climaxed by a final touchdown pass received by Glover. Congratulations should be given to the whole line, to Waller II for his kicking, and to Brownrigg and Senior for their running. Bob Holmes, as Mr. Wright's assistant, gave the team a great deal of the spirit which brought success.

C.A.

FIRST SOCCER TEAM



Front (l-r): Roberts, Jones I, Grant I, Osborne I, (Capt.), Herder (Vice-Capt.), Kaminis, Pritchard II.

Back (l-r): Pyfrom, Shantz, Stafford, Coulter I, Sweeny, Kitchen II, Mr. Pitman.

FIRST SOCCER COLOURS

Osborne I, Coulter I, Jones I.

FIRST AND SECOND SOCCER

This year's 1st Soccer, and soccer in general, has suffered a mild recession. At the beginning of the year, it was decided that a second and third football team should be organized. When this was carried out, the soccer ranks were suddenly cut back. It was found necessary to abandon the clan system because there would have been little competition. Wallace, for example, had 15 men to Bruce's 6. Instead, a new league, comprised of 4 equally matched squads, was created.

As a result, Alphabet soccer (as it came to be known), thrived on the competition afforded. Team "A," captained by Osborne I, led throughout the season but lost its lead in the season's last game. Team "C," winning a bye into the final, waited while "D", led by Herder, defeated "A", 1-0, in an

overtime sudden death playoff. Then, in the final, "D" overcame "C" to take the soccer championship.

The first eleven this year, as in previous years, was chosen from the house league. The firsts were a comparatively young team and had their difficulties. The firsts were certainly not out classed by any team they met (with the exception of perhaps one), but unfortunately, they were quite prone to both offensive and defensive lapses. This cost them dearly, especially after they had taken the lead. They did, however, win the big ones, beating Upper Canada 2-1 at home and 3-0 at U.C.C. Since this is a young team, and will lose only Osborne I (Capt.) Coulter I and Sweeny, fine things might be expected from them next year. Certainly, Jones I, Grant, and Herder form the nucleus of a fine squad.



SECOND TEAM

Front (l-r): Terry, Henriques, Ingwalson, Knox (Capt.), Shriro (Vice-Capt.), Blanchard II, Morrison.

Back (l-r): Campbell I, Maréchaux, Cameron I, Mr. Bozzay, Morkill, Brown I.

SECOND SOCCER COLOURS

Kitchen II, Henriques, Knox.

SECOND SOCCER

This year, the Second Soccer Team enjoyed a pleasant, but mediocre season. In other words, we were a gang of "good losers".

Nevertheless, most of our defeats were close. Our only trouncings were at the hands of (or rather, at the feet of) Aurora High School and Thornhill High School. We played U.C.C. on two occasions, B.R.C., Hillfield, and T.C.S. once, and lost all these encounters by one or two goals. We split two games with Pickering.

The team was made up of cuts from the First

Soccer Team. Since it used its right of recall to a considerable extent, we found it impossible to have any permanent line-up for practices or for games, and this fact, no doubt, adversely affected our team-play. On the other hand, this shuffling of players increased the spirit and desire of each player to do his best.

The team was coached by Mr. Bozzay and captained by Knox. Colours were awarded to Knox, Kitchen II, Henriques, three players who led the team to its limited success.

A.C.K.

UNDER FIFTEEN SOCCER



UNDER 15A SOCCER

Front (l-r): Brown II, Macfarlane II, Blanchard III, Glassow (Capt.), Butterfield, Coward, Holmes III.

Back (l-r): Somerville II, Haryett, Jones III, Mr. Stoate, Nation, Webber, Scott II, Dreger.

The Under Fifteen Soccer was under the guidance of Mr. Mainprize and Mr. Stoate. The two teams that played games away from the school were the U15 A's and the U15 B's.

The A's, ably led by Nicholas Glassow and coached by Mr. Stoate, got off to a good start and developed a fine team spirit. The forwards began well and the first game saw us with a hat-trick from centre-forward, Blanchard III. Defensively we were very strong, and Bruce Scott made some fine, bold saves. However, despite the stalwart work from Nick Nation at centre-half, feeding judicious passes to the wings and thwarting attack after attack from opposing forwards we did not seem to improve. The

result was that although we were rarely scored against, our forwards lost thrust, failed to combine when they were close to the net, and never realised their early potential. However, it was an exciting season for players and coach. With more positive action by the forwards next season, we should give a very good account of ourselves.

The B's, coached by Mr. Mainprize and captained by Warburton, were a young team. Because the bad weather prevented many practices, we lost our three games. However, Warburton, Lawrason II, Hally II, and Marshall II played well. Next year, with our experience, we should improve.

N.N.



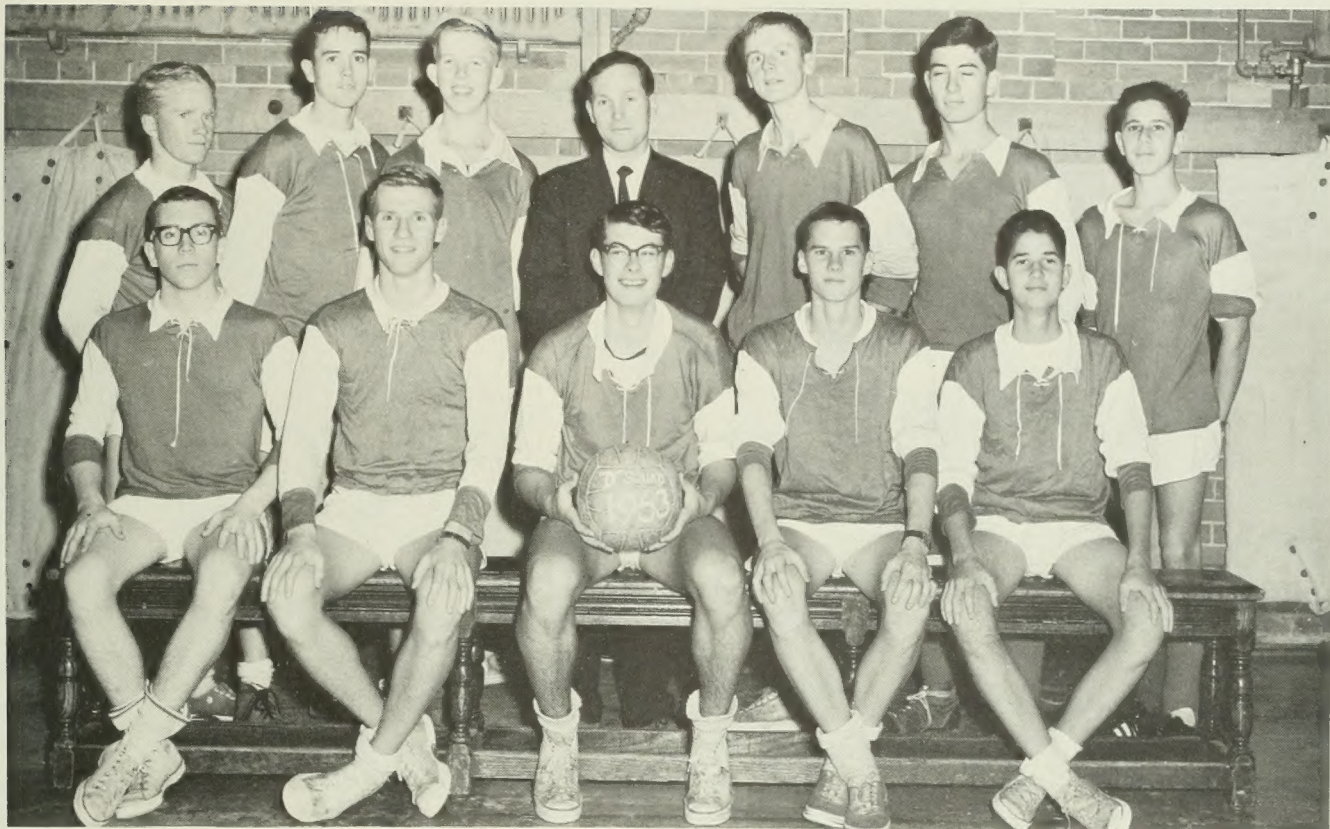
UNDER 15B SOCCER

Front (l-r): Marshall II, Lawrason II, Hally II, Warburton (Capt.), Shinkle, Heintzman II, Dunkley II.

Back (l-r): Mr. Stoate, DeNarvaez, Thom II, Empey, Hally I, Dougall, Pritchard IV, Mr. Mainprize.

UPPER SCHOOL SOCCER LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIPS

"D" SQUAD



Front (L-R): Blanchard I, Goodwin, Herder (Capt.), Ingwalson, Guzman.
Back (L-R): Woolnough, Brown I, Campbell I, Mr. Pitman, Stafford, Knox, Henriques.

This year the clan system of soccer teams was abandoned because Wallace had by far the superior team, and it would have been a waste of time to play out the season. Mr. Pitman, however, arranged a system of four evenly matched teams and to the winner would go the clan points for each member of the team.

At the end of four rounds of three games each, "A" squad, led by Osborne, seemed to have it in the bag as they held first place by 4 points with one round remaining. However, in those final games, "A" was beaten in all three contests. This gave the opportunity to "C," captained by Coulter I, and "D," by Herder, to try and tie it up. This they did, and at the end of regulation play all three were tied for first place. The playoffs were then decided by drawing cards out of a hat. Coulter's "C" team drew the bye into the finals.

In the semi-finals, the superior "D" squad handily defeated "A" 1-0. After obtaining the lead early in the game, they fell back and played a defensive game sparked by Rick Stafford.

This set the stage for the final encounter pitting "D" vs. "C". Herder's team took a masterful 2-0 lead in the first half on beautiful goals by Blanchard I and Ingwalson. Herder then commanded his boys to let off and concentrate on defence for the final half. This they did almost to perfection. Lee Coulter broke away to score late in the game to make it 2-1, but "D" squad gamely held on and ran out the clock. The top men in that final few minutes were Mike Woolnough, Stafford and Herder. Knox should be commended for his fine goaltending throughout the year, and all the members of the team must be thanked for a fine showing.

W.J.H.

STAFF vs. BOYS SOCCER



Early in October the annual Boys-versus-Staff soccer match was played. Rumour had it that certain masters had been pounding round the running track for months beforehand in preparation for this battle of the Titans; and it was whispered in some circles that other masters had gone so far as to begin the 5 BX plan — again.

During the first half of the game, the men showed their indisputable superiority; magnificent attacks were begun over and over again, and dazzling dexterous displays of footwork kept the swelling crowds in raptures. With great, Nijinsky-like bounds the gentleman on the left wing made deep penetrating runs into enemy territory. What odds if he forgot the ball on occasions? And the defensive play had to be seen to be believed; the masters — with devilish skill — furiously attacked all comers. Could they be blamed if (during the heat of battle) they occasionally tackled their own men?

At half-time the score stood at one goal to nil for the masters. The consensus was that this was not a true reflection of the play: the score should have been much higher. There were those who said that the masters looked “rather like a bunch of sad penguins” before ends were changed. This, of course, is rubbish; a finer, fitter body of men had never been seen on the Lower Field.

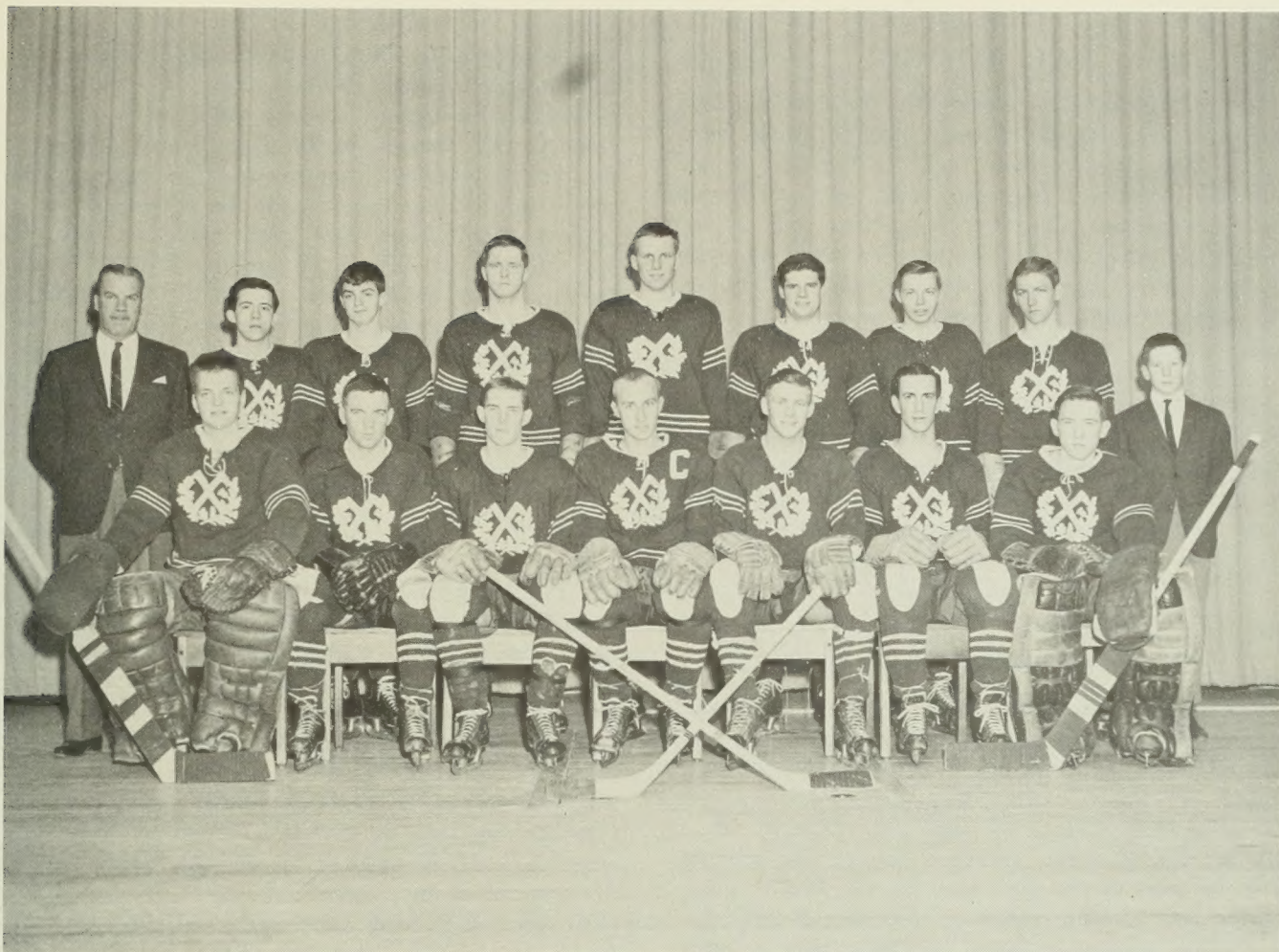
During the second-half the ball managed to trundle into the masters’ goal. The gentlemen fought back, but despite staggeringly skilful team play, the score remained one goal each when the final whistle blew.

Were there murmurs of dissent from the masters when extra time was called for? Not a bit of it. They fairly clamoured to resume the struggle. Playing like men possessed they swept the ball down the field and repeatedly pounded their opponents’ goal. Alas! Lady Luck kept with the boys; she even caused masters to trip over themselves (and each other), she intercepted brilliant passes, blocked certain goals, and snatched the ball from the gentlemen’s toes. The score remained one goal apiece.



There is little doubt that the boys knew that they had met their match; despite repeated challenges, all return matches were refused; the excuses were laughable. But there is always next year. Rumour has it (again) that masters have already been seen on the running track. . .

FIRST HOCKEY



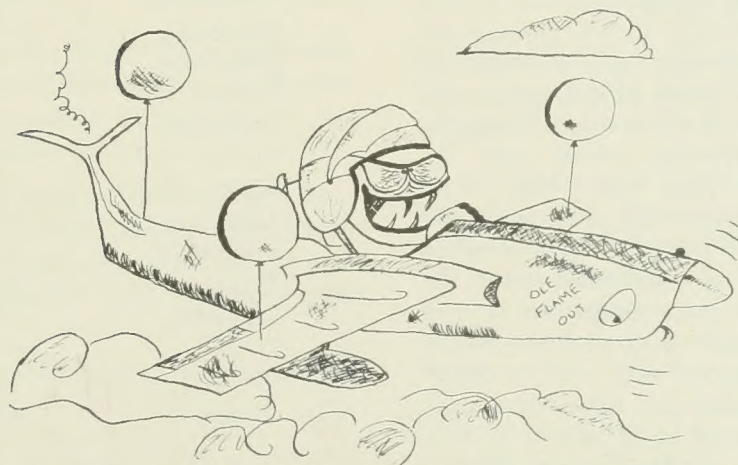
Front (L-R): Coulter I, Houston, Pennal, Wyse (Capt.), Heintzman I, Stevenson, Bichan I.
Back (L-R): Mr. Holmes, Service, Forsyth, Bjork, Cather, McClocklin, Kitchen II,
McKeen I, Rubin II (Mgr.)

FIRST TEAM HOCKEY COLOURS

Bichan I, McClocklin, Holmes I, Houston,
Pennal, Service, McKeen I.

2nd Bar — Wyse

1st Bar — Stevenson



LITTLE BIG FOUR HOCKEY

S.A.C. AT U.C.C.

In the Saints' first Little Big Four encounter, they met a good experienced hockey team from U.C.C. The Saints played well for the first seven minutes, but then a long shot from the point found its way through Coulter's legs. This had a demoralizing effect on the Saints, who failed momentarily to offer any resistance to U.C.C. and were not able to make an aggressive advance of their own because of a strong U.C.C. defense. U.C.C. scored twice more in the first period and three more times in the last period to win the game 6-1. Poor goal-tending, poor team play, and poor conditioning were responsible for this lopsided score. On the other hand, U.C.C. had a solid, but clean, hockey team with a great deal of experience and desire.

RIDLEY at S.A.C.

The Saints and Ridley met in Aurora for the second L.B.F. encounter for both teams. The game opened with fast end-to-end play. After several shifts, the Saints' extra size, fore-checking, and back-checking began to sap the strength of a smaller Ridley team. Houston opened the scoring with a low drive that slid by the Ridley goaltender and hit the inside of the post. From here the Saints began to move as they took a commanding 4-0 lead at the end of the first period, added 3 more goals in the second period and a final goal in the third. Houston led the attack with four goals, Wyse netted two and McClocklin and McKeen scored one each. Bichan played well in goal, for of the twelve shots he had to handle, two of them were breakaways. A fair indication of the game is the shots on goal: S.A.C. 33 — B.R.C. 12.

S.A.C. AT U.C.C.

This was the supreme effort of the season to avenge a 6-1 defeat at the hands of this same team several weeks earlier, and it climaxed a five-game winning streak. The opening period saw St. Andrew's dominate the play with very close checking which foiled the opponents even while one Andrean was off serving a penalty. This concerted drive rewarded us with a 1-0 lead at the end of the first period on Houston's goal. Surprised by the powerful St. Andrew's team in the first period, U.C.C. came on in the second with a more determined effort which resulted in their first goal. However, the Saints were not to be put off by this, and retaliated by recapturing the lead on Steven-

son's goal from Houston's rebound late in the period. Both teams made a resolute effort in the third period and a heated contest saw U.C.C. tie the game at 2-2. Because of the close checking around the net, they started shooting from long range and two accurate shots that caught the defense backing in gave them a two goal lead. With this setback, our offence, which had temporarily faltered, came on with a powerful attack culminating in another goal by the dextrous Wyse-Stevenson-Houston line. The result was a score by Stevenson. However, two penalties near the end stalled the drive, and U.C.C. survived with a 4-3 win.

S.A.C. at T.C.S.

The Saints met the traditionally formidable foe from Trinity in their last L.B.F. encounter. The Saints had suffered a noticeable letdown after the defeat to U.C.C. on the previous Saturday, and great things were obviously not in store for the Redmen. Wyse let loose with a back-hander for the first goal, and shortly after, Houston bashed in a rebound — but T.C.S. fought back with tenacious forechecking and, as a result, scored to make the score 2-1. T.C.S. battled on and the Saints could not get out of their own end. As it so often happens, the Saints, after scrambling in their own end, finally moved the puck into T.C.S. territory and Houston got his second goal of the game. T.C.S. battled on, undaunted, but could not pierce the rough S.A.C. defense. Pennal scored to make the score 4-1, and T.C.S. was finished. More polish around the net, a rougher defense, and better goal-tending gave the Saints the margin in scoring.

FIRST HOCKEY TEAM GAMES

Opponents:	for	against
Pickering	4	6
Pickering	5	6
Sahara Des.	4	6
Pickering	6	7
U.C.C.	1	6
Rinky Dinks	7	0
Lakefield	10	3
Old Boys	5	3
B.R.C.	8	0
Appleby	9	0
U.C.C.	3	4
T.C.S.	4	1
Totals	66	38
Won 6	Lost 6	

FIRST HOCKEY STATISTICS

	Goals	Assists	Shots On	Gls. Avg.	Pen.	Tot. Pts.
Wyse	13	14	69	9	6	27
Houston	15	9	31	12	2	24
Stevenson	8	15	49	15	3	23
Pennal	12	4	41	8	2	16
Forsyth	6	5	22	8	5	11
Bjork	1	9	15	11	34	10
McClocklin	3	2	17	9	2	5
Service	1	4	26	9	7	5
McKeen I	3	2	24	5	—	5
Heintzman I	2	2	22	19	12	4
Cathers	—	3	17	5	6	3
Kitchen II	2	2	16	6	—	4
Holmes I	—	—	8	17	4	—
Randell	—	—	—	1	—	—

Goalies:	Games	Shots	Shutouts	Goals	G. Av.
Bichan I	5½	104	2	12	2.18
Coulter I	6½	159	1	26	4.00

OLD BOYS AT S.A.C.

The fifth annual Old Boys Hockey night provided stimulating athletic entertainment as well as a great deal of laughter.

The proceedings opened with a game between U.C.C. and S.A.C. Under 15's. The Saints took the victory, and credit for this must go to Stephens (who scored two goals) and Sommerville (who scored one). These two players controlled the play every time they were on the ice. The final score was 4-1.

Then the band under Pipe Major Knox performed three numbers. The band's contribution to Hockey Night has always been enjoyed, and this year's performance was exceptionally stirring.

A novelty race, with South American and Russian entries, followed. New Boys from South America who had never been on skates before contested vigorously in this race and Garcia, a new boy, was the winner.

The broomball game was again, as always, the

most interesting part of the evening. While the Masters won the game 2-0, everyone was sorry to hear Mr. Guggino had injured his knee in a fall. It is regrettable that this affair is so dangerous — it will probably be omitted from the programme next year.

The Old Boys had a very strong team this year. The combination of Graham, Edwards, Binns and Wansborough has always given the school a great deal of difficulty in the past. The Old Boys opened the scoring with a goal by Wansborough. Stevenson tied the score, but the Old Boys took the lead again at the end of the first period on a goal by Graham.

The Saints scored two unanswered goals in the second period. Wyse scored from Stevenson, and McKeen scored from Kitchen. In the last period Wyse and Pennal scored for the school, and it now held a commanding 5-2 lead. Love scored for the Old Boys, but the game ended in victory for the Saints.

SECOND HOCKEY



Front (L-R): Barker, Addison I, Bennett, Carson, Mutch, Clark II, Knox.
Back (L-R): Mr. Edwards, Stafford, Deacon, Jeffries, McKeen II, Weston (Mgr.)

COLOURS

Carson, Mutch.

This year the second hockey team was under the watchful eye of its new coach, Mr. Edwards. The team would first like to thank Mr. Edwards for the hard work he did in organizing the team and teaching us the tricks of the trade as only he could. The season was reasonably successful with five wins and three defeats.

Of our five victories, three were against the more experienced Pickering crew. Also, two shut-out victories were recorded against Lakefield and T.C.S. The latter was by far our best game of the season, as the Saints handled Trinity easily both at hockey and pugilism. In the other L.B.F. competition, the Saints met defeat at the hands of U.C.C. and B.R.C.; both games were lost by a

two-goal margin.

This year the second team spent much of its practice time with the first team, and consequently many players improved vastly. Carson, Mutch, Clark II, and McKeen II showed great improvement as a result of this system.

The main defect of the team was its lack of size, aggressiveness, and scoring power in the forward lines. Defensively, the team performed adequately as the forwards back-checked well and the defense made few mistakes.

We feel quite sure that this team will provide a solid nucleus for next year's first team.

THIRD HOCKEY



Front (L-R): Coulter II, Blinn, Butler, McNeil, Kilgour, Bigelow, Garrett I.
Back (L-R): Mr. Gibb, Morrison, McTavish, Shields II, Reed II, Thomas, Mason, Butterfield.

COLOURS

Kilgour, Bigelow, Shields II, McNeil, Blinn.

From the statistical point of view the season was mediocre, with two wins, four losses, one tie. Nevertheless only two games were lopsided and in four of the seven games there was only a difference of 1 goal between the winning and losing teams.

A good spirit was shown by the team throughout the season, even though in times of stress boys were inclined to criticize from the bench the efforts of others rather than their own effort. This is obviously absurd.

We certainly missed the able and enthusiastic help of "Gordie" Proctor. We hear that he has been visiting New York so regularly that he may be joining the Ranger organization. Outstanding among the forwards were Bigelow and Blinn, 2nd and 3rd respectively in the scoring statistics. They are great examples of "diggers" and "hustlers" under all circumstances. In each game they gave all they had and always showed a high degree of sportsmanship. Kilgour, the captain, does not appear as energetic. However, the fact that he was top of the scoring statistics is a good indication that he is one of those players with game "sense", being in the right place at the right time. Butler is another "hustler".

When he becomes a little more hungry he will score more goals. Morrison, Coulter, Reed—all contributed. It is hard to mention some names and leave out others. There simply was no member of the team who did not give what he was reasonably capable of giving. Next year, with experience, "reasonable capability" will have increased. Mason and Thomas, joining the team late in the season, excelled themselves.

It is impossible to say that our defense was strong. The best we can say is that it was a year of experience.

Garrett must learn to play the puck when possible. Harris and Shields began to develop real reliability later in the season. Gordon and McTavish need more skating ability — they in no way lacked enthusiasm. The ability will come with practice.

Our best effort was probably the 3-3 tie with U.C.C., and our worst effort the 3-4 loss to a weaker team from the same school late in the season. This was the old example of getting away to a quick two-goal lead over a team considered a "push-over". The younger "push-overs" hit back. We never recovered.

UNDER 15 "A" HOCKEY



Front (L-R): Mulock, McGibbon, Glassow, Stephens, Love II, Urie, Marshall I.
Back (L-R): Ball, Robson, Pollard, Cameron II, White, Mr. Ives.

COLOURS

Stephens, Ball, Marshall I, Sommerville.

The season cannot go down into the records as one of our most successful. Amongst the boys in this age group, no one seemed to combine size with hockey manoeuvrability. Consequently, we lacked strength defensively. Stevens, our captain, and Sommerville were our two centre forwards. They both skate very well and play aggressive match-winning hockey. Unfortunately, our four wings, although fair skaters, lacked the skill and drive necessary to capitalize on an opportunity. The difference between an effective, goal-scoring forward and just another average hockey player is very little, but all-important. Accuracy in shooting, and the ability to receive a pass while skating at full speed and controlling the puck are absolutely essential. Our goal-keepers, Marshall and Mulock, played well on occasion, but both sometimes allowed an easy one to get past them.

Early in the season, we played an exciting and enjoyable game with Lakefield Thirds. Ridley College Lower School soundly defeated us in Aurora. Congratulations to Mr. McWhinney and his team. After all the ups and downs of the season, we had a very exciting game against Upper Canada College Prep. After trailing three to nothing, we managed to get ahead five to four with only seconds to play. U.C.C. scored literally in the last second of play!

The Games: U.C.C. Prep.	Won 2-1
Lakefield Thirds	Tied 4-4
U.C.C. Bantams	Won 4-1
Boulden House, T.C.S.	Won 4-3
Hillfield Seconds	Lost 2-3
Ridley College Lower School	Lost 4-8
U.C.C. Prep.	Tied 5-5

UNDER 15 "B" HOCKEY



Front (L-R): Holmes III, Grand, Addison II, Waller II, Grant II, Glover.
 Back (L-R): Somerville II, Rous, Annett, Jones II, Beaumont, Mr. Armitage.

This year the Under Fifteen "B" hockey team experienced a successful season. This was mostly due to the team's will to win. The squad started off by playing Pickering twice — winning both times. In our next game we tied Lakefield. Our contest against Crescent School resulted again in victory, and gave the team additional drive to try for an undefeated year.

However, then came Ridley! It was a very close game, and it looked as if we were going to win on the basis of an early lead. However, they first tied the game, and then went on to win. Ridley must be commended for a fine game. The final game of the season was against U.C.C., and we ended a fine season by winning.

Special mention should be given to Scott, Holmes, Waller, Addison, and Annett for their fine performances. Thanks also must go to Mr. Armitage for his faithful coaching and great interest in the team.

C.A.A.

Won 4
 Lost 1
 Tied 1

S.A.C. 5	Pickering	2
S.A.C. 3	Pickering	1
S.A.C. 2	Lakefield	2
S.A.C. 3	Crescent	0
Ridley 4	S.A.C.	3
S.A.C. 3	U.C.C.	2

UNDER 15 "C" HOCKEY



Front (L-R): Lawrason II, Warburton, Wilson III, Campbell II, Lake, Chalmers, Haryett, Marshall II, Butler II.

Back (L-R): Mr. Skinner, Clark III, Coward, Brophy, Ballard, Leishman, Stauffer, Brown II, Hally II, Good, Wright.

LOWER SCHOOL HOCKEY CHAMPIONS

CANADIANS



Front (L-R): Somerville II, Evans III, Wilson III, Campbell II, Clark III, Davidson II, Empey.

Back (L-R): Pirie, Brackley, Brophy, Skeie, Dougall, Mr. Skinner.

ANIMAL HOCKEY LEAGUE CHAMPIONS



*Front (L-R): Hart, Lathrop, Russell, Dattels, Gillan.
Back (L-R): Henderson III, Henderson II, Chapple, Duggan.*

Because of the fact that the clan hockey league was dominated by one powerful team, the Athletic Committee decided to choose four teams and to appoint four of the senior boys as captains. At first it was thought that competitive spirit, engendered primarily by the desire to slaughter another clan, would perish. Fortunately, this was not the case; on the contrary, great enthusiasm for the new league was developed.

In order to create interest in the league, the teams were given names of certain animals. Hence, "Animal Hockey League" came into being. The word "Animal" was not only the team's name, but also implied the manner in which its participants engaged in combat.

Under the careful, if sometimes questionable refereeing of Dave Love and "Louie" Goodwin, the

teams clashed against each other in a hard-fought, twenty-game schedule. The playoff game was finally held in Aurora, and the Beavers, who had ruled supreme in league action all season, defeated the second-place Bears 7-2.

I think that much more was accomplished this year than simply ensuring that every boy received his fair share of exercise every day. A certain feeling of sportsmanship and of competitive spirit was developed that could only be gained through playing fellow-students. A great deal of thanks and credit is deserved by Mr. Macfarlane, Mr. Holden, Dr. Helwig and Mr. Moffat, who coached the teams, helped plan the strategy, and stood faithfully outside in the bitter cold to warm up the players' spirits.

J.S.R.

FIRST BASKETBALL



*Front (L-R): Hilton, Herder, Westfall (Co-Capt.), Benveniste, Taylor I.
Back (L-R): Fennell, Sprague (Co-Capt.), Kitchen I, Clark I, Mr. West.*

COLOURS

Herder, Kitchen I, Sprague.



LITTLE BIG FOUR

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

Lost 35-31

The Saints opened their L.B.F. season against Upper Canada in Toronto. The large floor was foreign to the Saints who were forced to shoot from the outside with only partial success, but a strong defense kept the game close, with U.C.C. leading at the end of the first quarter by only 4 points, 14-10. In the second quarter, the Redmen started to find the range with Bradshaw and Sprague hitting well on set-up, jump shots from around the key. Again the defense, particularly the rebounding, and Sprague's defense of Junkin, remained unyielding as the Saints dominated the play with the score S.A.C. 20, U.C.C. 19 at the half.

The second half was very evenly matched. The score stood tied many times as both defenses tightened up and neither team was able to gain a substantial lead. Early in the fourth quarter, however, the Saints lost their control of the backboards — a mistake which was to prove fatal. U.C.C. scored three quick baskets which put the Red team on the defensive. Still the Saints fought back as Westfall and Sprague used their speed to close the gap to one point. A foul shot and a tip-in by U.C.C. in the last few seconds put the game out of reach and U.C.C. emerged the victors by a narrow margin 35-31.

Bradshaw and Westfall were high men for the Saints with 13 and 11 points respectively. The whole Red team, lead by Sprague, showed a very determined defense.

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

Won 42-37

The Saints hosted league-leading T.C.S. in their second L.B.F. start. This was one of the few games in which the Saints played near to their potential. Their passing and shooting was crisp and accurate, while their defense was solid.

The Saints took the offensive early in the game, and ran up an early lead against a tall, unorganized Big Side Group. Kitchen, Westfall and Sprague stood out in the early stages as the Saints were ahead 13-7 at the first quarter. The second quarter was a stand-off as T.C.S. came to life. A sudden surge by T.C.S. just before the half brought the game within their reach.

In the second half, the Saints rose to the occasion not only by holding off a rejuvenated T.C.S., but also by adding precious points to their lead. In the fourth quarter, however, a few missed shots and untimely fouls almost lost the game. Bradshaw saved the day when he hit for eight unanswered points, and that put the game away. The final score S.A.C. 42 T.C.S. 37.

The Sprague and Westfall combination provided the strength at guards, with Sprague getting 17 and Westfall getting 12 points and 11 assists. Bradshaw, Kitchen and Clark also played an excellent game.

S.A.C. vs B.R.C. at S.A.C.

Lost 50-49

This game was the most heartbreaking game of the season for the Saints. It was an uphill battle which fell one point short.

During the first quarter the Saints were very ragged as B.R.C. scored almost at will through a porous S.A.C. defense. Ridley made the Saints look as if they had both feet nailed to the floor as they drove for easy points. The second quarter, however, saw the Saints hold their own and even start to mount an offensive. Clark and Hilton exhibited some fine rebounding and Sprague started to hit, but still B.R.C. held a very comfortable lead of 12 points, 28-16 at half-time.

The Saints were far from beaten. Near the end of the third quarter they caught fire and started to run. Defensive rebounds were turned into quick baskets, but still B.R.C. looked almost unbeatable as they rallied to a lead of 8 points early in the fourth quarter. Again the Saints battled back as Clark and Bradshaw started to swish long set shots. Time, however, was too great an enemy. The horn went before the Saints could sink the winning basket. B.R.C. won 50 to 49.

This game was very hard fought on both sides, but it tended to break the Saints' spirit. They left the game with a won 1 lost 2 record in L.B.F. competition, and this dropped them out of the running for the title.

The leading scorers were Clark with 16 points and Sprague with 12 points.

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

Lost 52-48

This game, originally posted for 4:30 p.m., was shifted to 2:00 p.m. and as a result, almost no fans were present. The "skeleton" Saints, however, played beautiful ball during the opening quarter as they moved the ball well, and controlled both backboards. In the second quarter U.C.C. closed the gap slightly, but the Saints still remained supreme. The half ended, however, with Junkin dropping two long shots which closed the lead to 29-20 at half-time.

U.C.C. returned to the court a changed team. No longer could the Saints run up easy baskets or hold off Junkin and Clemence. U.C.C. tied the score mid-way through the final quarter. Although the Saints tried desperately to recover, they couldn't find the luck which Upper Canada had. U.C.C. mounted up an 8-point lead which the Saints reduced to one point, only to lose by 4 points, 52 to 48.

Junkin did the most damage to the Saints with 15 points. High men for the Saints were Sprague with 17 points and Herder with 10.

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

Lost 45-42

The final L.B.F. game was very evenly matched. St. Andrew's dominated play during most of the game, but Trinity seemed to score in spurts every time the Saints got close.

Trinity gained an early lead in the first quarter as the Saints had a very hard time getting started; they then pressed their advantage at a 14-8 lead at the end of the quarter. In the second quarter, the Saints moved up with some steady play and closed the gap to 25 to 21 in favour of Trinity.

The second half was spent mainly around the T.C.S. foul line. The Saints, who averaged less than a dozen fouls per game, were called for 18 fouls in the second half alone. Every time the Saints

spurred up to tie the game, T.C.S. went back ahead by virtue of gift points at the charity line. The Saints found it very difficult to sustain their attack as Herder, Sprague and Bradshaw were all lost as a result of fouls. Still, the Saints tied the game mid-way in the final quarter, but T.C.S. "shot" their way to victory 45 to 42.

For the "hard luck" Saints, who lost the championship by only four points, this game seemed to be an example of the whole season. It was a season in which the Saints had gone after bigger game such as U.T.S. and Lawrence Park and showed themselves very well, but it was also a season of late game rallies which failed by only one or two points. The future? Only Westfall and Bradshaw will be lost by graduation. The remainder, under Mr. West, should get revenge and turn this year's "close ones" into next year's comfortable victories.

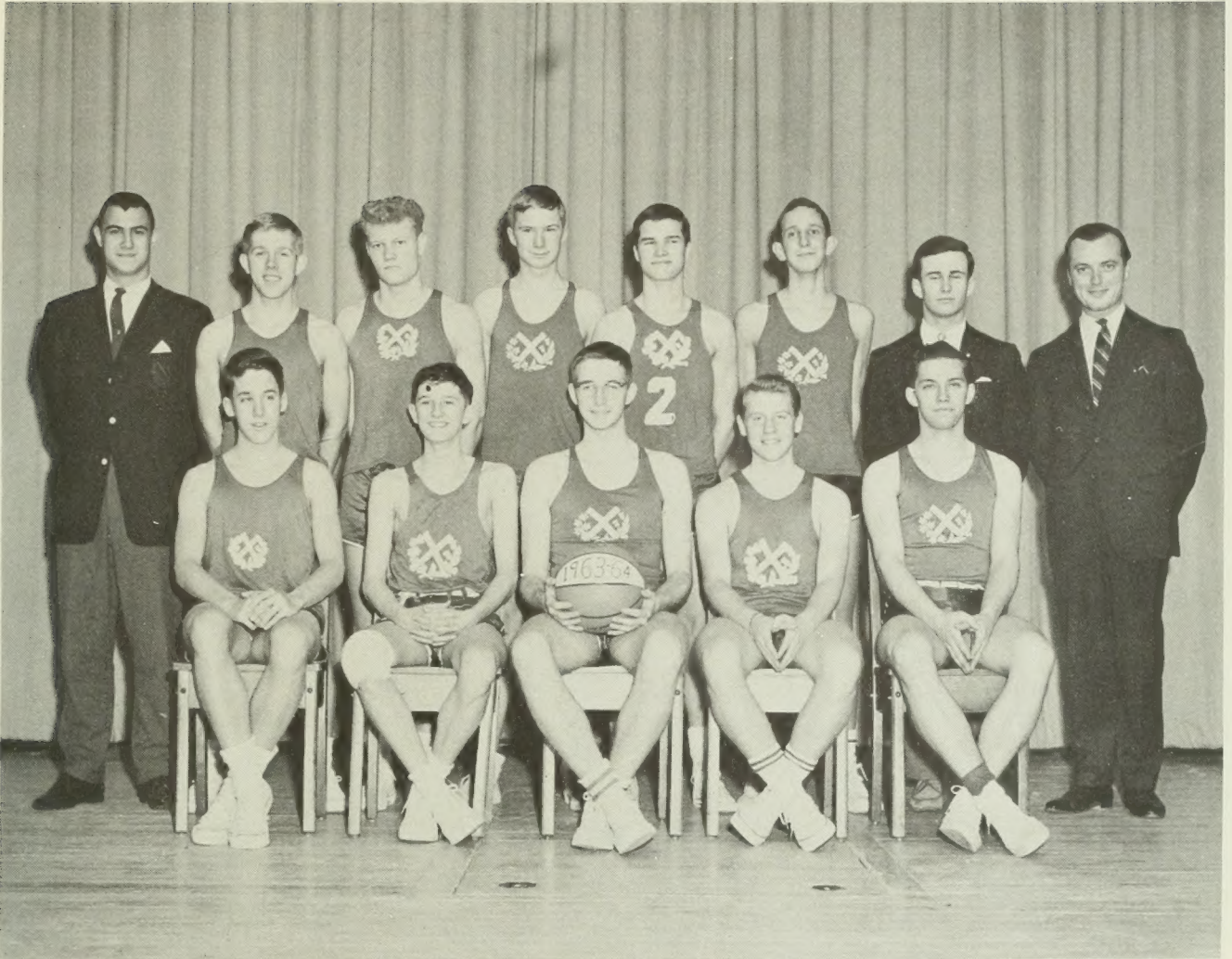
FIRST TEAM STATISTICS

Player	G.P.	Field Goals	Foul Shots	Fouls Against	Avg./Game	T.P.
Sprague	12	45	12	33	8.5	102
Clark I	12	40	7	16	7.3	87
Westfall	12	39	8	15	7.1	86
Bradshaw	9	31	10	20	8.0	72
Kitchen I	12	24	10	17	4.8	58
Hilton	12	18	6	18	3.5	42
Herder	12	15	3	12	2.8	33
Taylor I	10	6	8	3	2.0	20
Benveniste	12	7	2	8	1.3	16

TEAM RECORD

S.A.C.	76	King City	33
S.A.C.	35	Richmond Hill	12
S.A.C.	44	Newmarket	37
S.A.C.	33	Pickering	28
Woodbridge	39	S.A.C.	35
S.A.C.	56	Lawrence Park	55
Appleby	54	S.A.C.	44
U.C.C.	35	S.A.C.	31
S.A.C.	42	T.C.S.	37
B.R.C.	50	S.A.C.	49
U.T.S.	53	S.A.C.	49
Appleby	39	S.A.C.	33
		PLAYED	WON
S.A.C.	12	6	6

SECOND BASKETBALL



Front (L-R): Shantz, Dangerfield, Howard (Capt.), Shriro, Fahlgren.
Back L(-R): Crawford, Turner I, Cawthorne, Pitcher, Peckover, Grant I, Osborne I, Mr. Mainprize.

COLOURS

Dangerfield, Howard, Shantz.

This year's Second Team, although well coached and endowed with several fine players, met with only minor success against its opponents.

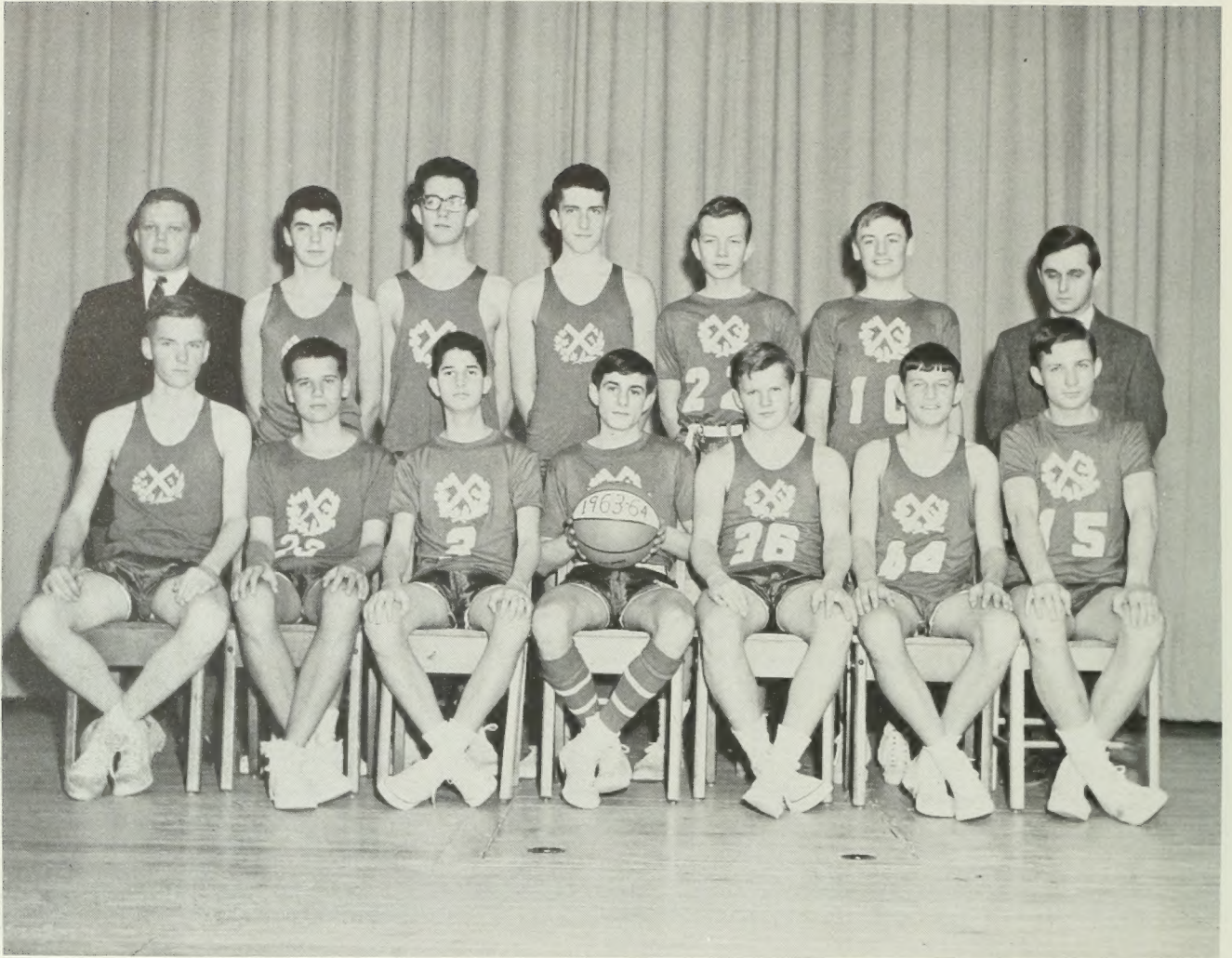
It took us several games to learn to use our advantages and to work together to achieve success. The majority of the team had never played together before, and this lack of co-ordination seemed to be our biggest problem. However, what we lacked in skill, we made up for in spirit. The team gave a good account of itself in the pre-season games, losing only to Lawrence Park and Appleby. Against our L.B.F. opponents we were less successful, although we came awfully close in some of the games. Co-captain Dangerfield, whose accuracy as a guard

saved the game more than once, was high-scorer, followed by the captain, Howard, who led in fouls. Peckover, Pitcher and Shantz also did much of the team's scoring. Having gained a year of experience, many of next year's team should prove to be excellent players.

To our coach, Osborne, for all his patience and hard work with the team, we owe a special vote of thanks. We are also grateful to Mr. Mainprize for his invaluable assistance, and to Crawford, our capable manager.

R.K.H.

THIRD BASKETBALL



Front (L-R): Cormie, Forbes II, Guzman, Amram, Senior, Mather, Taylor II.
Back (L-R): Murnane, Herod, Patchell, Elcombe, Suydam, Evans II, Mr. Jensen.

COLOURS

Elcombe, Amram, Senior, Mather, Guzman.

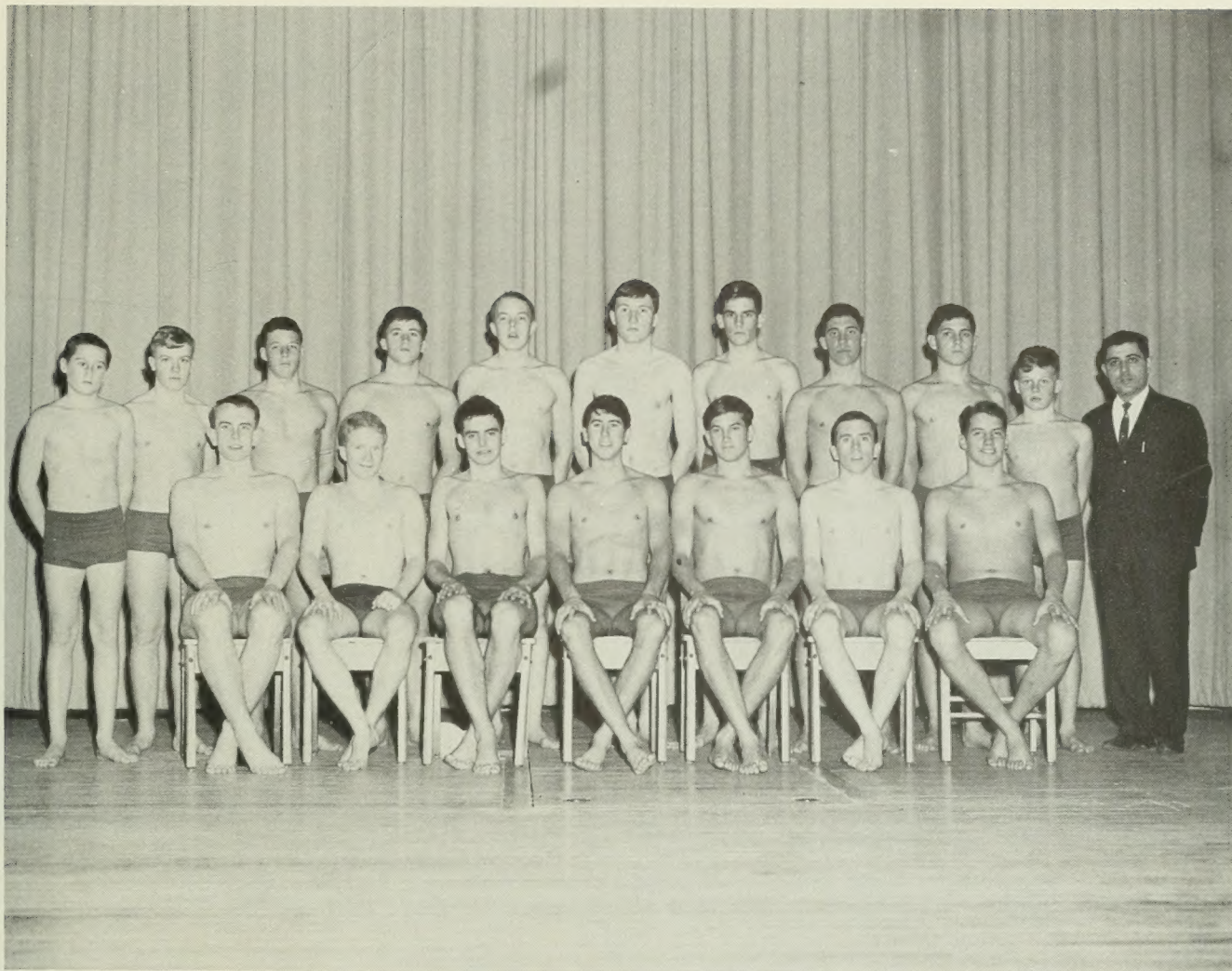
THIRD BASKETBALL

This year's team, although not the most distinguished in the school's history, lacked neither spirit nor the desire to win. What held them back in the Little Big Four games was their lack of experience. The team's captain, R. Amram, with the assistance of Elcombe and Senior, led the team in spirit and play. These three musketeers always tried to sparkle the "Thirds", even when the going was rough. They usually succeeded. The other members, Mather, Evans II, Taylor II, Herod,

Forbes II, Cormie, Patchell, Suydam and Guzman, all pitched in and sustained the oft-times overwhelming power of the opposition. In spite of the fact that the team didn't fare well in competition, it cannot be denied that each member gained new insight into the game of basketball. Our sincere thanks to Mr. Jensen, a newcomer to the game, for his invaluable assistance in both coaching and psychology.

M.J.M.

SWIMMING TEAM



Front (L-R): Vanderburgh, Woolnough, Thom I, Roberts (Capt.), Pritchard II, Blanchard I, Higgs.

Back (L-R): Pritchard IV, Spence, Dunkley I, Kaminis, Whiteside II, Turner II, Owens, Jones I, Brownrigg, McLean I, Mr. Guggino.

First Colours: Blanchard I, Owens, Pritchard II, Roberts, Thom I, Whiteside II.

Second Colours: Dunkley I, Higgs, Kaminis, Spence, Turner I, Brownrigg, Jones I.

"Look Out!" After three years of hard work, the swimming team has finally made this cry heard.

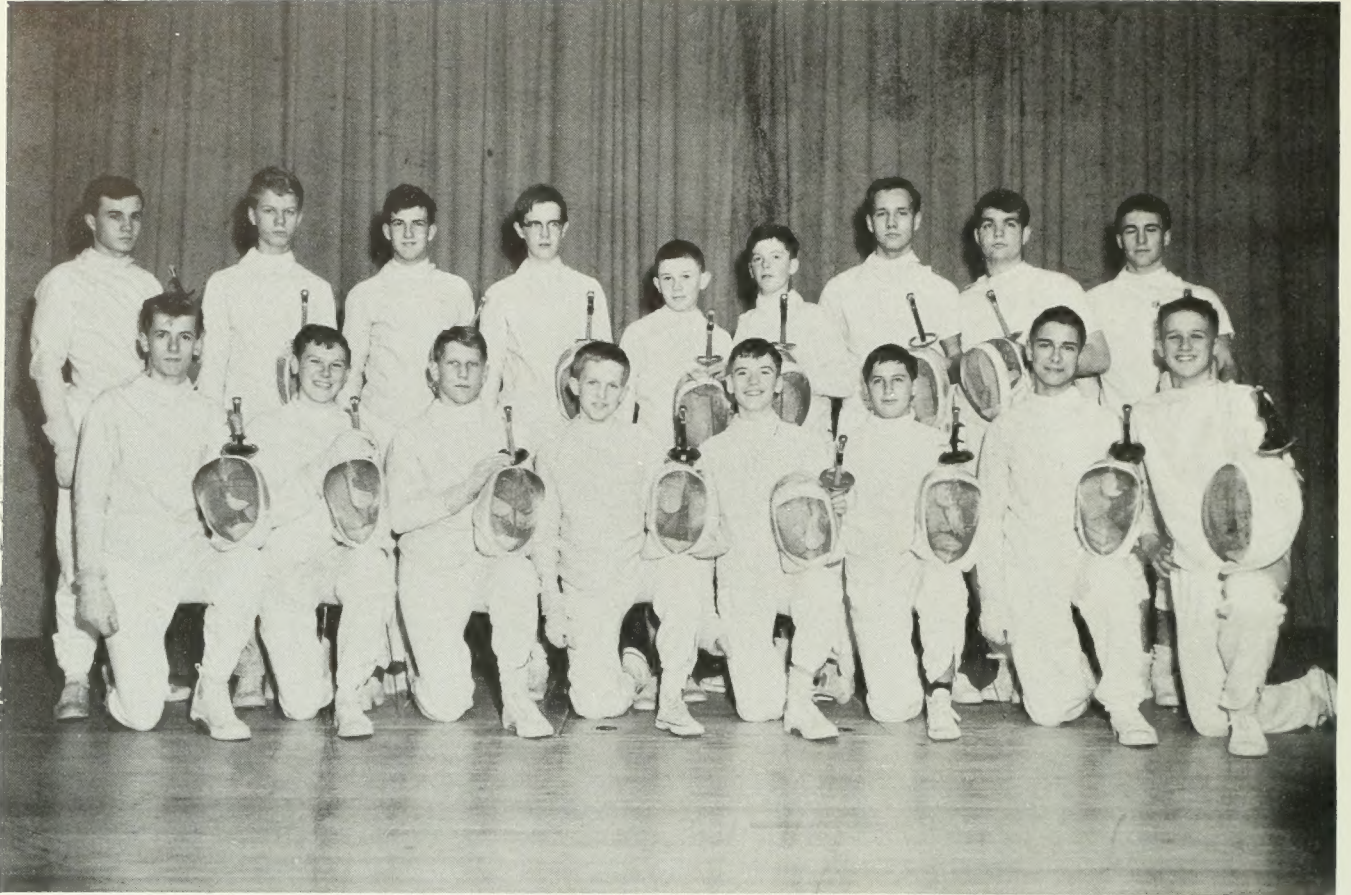
This year the team, overflowing with spirit and drive, flipped its way to many victories at both 'at-home' and 'away' meets. Seven meets were won; only one was lost. What is more, for the first time in many years, the team played host at dual home meets with B.R.C., T.C.S., and U.T.S.

The team's successful season was due to a variety of reasons. The junior section proved to be the strongest part of the team and was frequently the source of our victories. Mr. Guggino, the new swimming coach, devoted himself to the task of re-establishing the standard of swimming and organization which previously had been lacking. He also played a prominent part in firing the team with

spirit and the desire to win (to say nothing of the new lane markers). The team regrets that due to an accident, Mr. Guggino was not able to be present for a large part of the season.

The Little Big Four meet at Hart House ended the season rather disappointingly. The St. Andrew's swim team fought and swam like saints and succeeded in capturing fourth place. The scores were as follows: B.R.C., U.C.C., T.C.S., S.A.C. Nevertheless, this standing represents an achievement, for the team captured three first places, one of which was an L.B.F. record. Moreover, since the junior section of the team is exceptionally strong, high hopes are extended for the next season. We are neither downcast nor defeated. On the contrary, we eagerly look forward to what we hope will be an even more successful season next year.

FENCING



Front (L-R): Rogers, McPhail, Chitwood, Evans I, Glover, Schmeichler, Terry, East I.
Back (L-R): Henderson I, Maréchaux, Crump I, Hally I, Anjo, Clarkson, Benson, Dean, Wilson I (Capt.)

FIRST COLOURS: Wilson I, Henderson I.

SECOND COLOURS, Terry, Glover, Chitwood.

Since the majority of the fencing team left St. Andrew's last year, a team had to be moulded to represent the school. This was done by our fencing master, Mr. Bozzay, our captain, Wilson I, and our manager, Cheriton. Their knowledge of this increasingly popular sport proved to be invaluable in building and polishing the team. This was revealed by the skill of several new fencers, who faced worthy opponents in later competitions.

This year, another competition with B.S.S. proved to be very popular. We fencers hope that this will continue in the future years and become a tradition. Although the young ladies may have been startled by the antics of "Errol Flynn" Benson and

"the two fighting bulls" Glover and Evans, we trust they enjoyed themselves.

Donations to the fencing club enabled us to obtain an electric fencing set which will prove to be useful in teaching and competitions.

In April, Wilson I and Henderson I took a trip to London and placed fourth and fifth in an Ontario-wide competition.

On the whole, the fencing team believes that the time devoted to fencing this year was well and enjoyably spent.

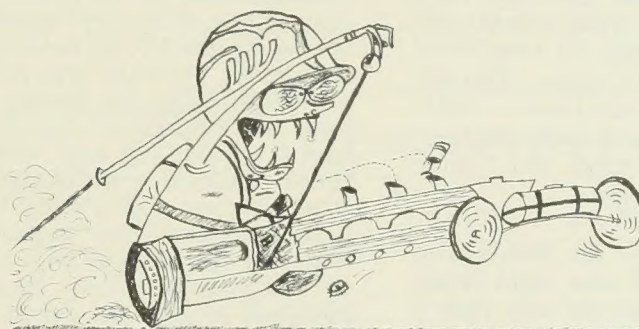
W.W.

1st CRICKET



Front (L-R): Stafford, Cathers, Love I (Capt.), Westfall, Grant I, Jones I.
Back (L-R): Macdonald, Hart, Vanderburgh, Perley, Mr. Gibb, Hedder, Popieluch,
Bjork, McNeil.

First Colours: Love I (bar), Stafford, Herder, Perley, Jones I, and Grant I.



LITTLE BIG FOUR CRICKET

ST. ANDREW'S VS. RIDLEY AT B.R.C.

The firsts opened their L.B.F. season against B.R.C. in St. Catharines. Ridley was put into bat first on what appeared to be a hard, fast, high scoring wicket. The facing batsman, Harding, played Love's first four balls with caution, but on the fifth ball of the game he was clean bowled.

Warner, Shepherd, and Gale pushed the Ridley total up to a more respectable 43 runs for 4 wickets — then Grant started to play havoc with the Ridley bats. The Jamaican spin bowler bowled Shepherd's wicket, and then Glass went the same way two overs later. Two overs later, Grant bowled his third man, Dalton. On his next over Grant combined with wicket-keeper Stafford for a feat which has no precedent in the team's history. On the second ball of the over Grant caught Smith over-reaching a good length ball and Stafford promptly trumped his wicket. On the next ball Stafford picked up his second stumping of the over by catching Elwood out of his crease. Then two balls later Stafford again converted a Grant delivery into a stumping — three stumpings on four bowls! Love then bowled Spurling's wicket, and the Saints had dismissed Ridley in just one and three-quarter hours for only 48 runs.

The game was delayed for over 1½ hours on account of a rain shower and tea. Cathers and Grant opened the batting for the firsts on what was now a slow, sticky wicket. They combined for 21 precious runs before our second wicket fell. The game turned from rosy to dismal as Gale and Dalton took over next three for no runs. With Stafford and Love in, we had 21 runs on the board for five wickets. The "Spider" showed great determination as he plugged away very cautiously hitting the loose ones and combining with Love to run our total up to 34 before his wicket fell. A new factor was now entering the game. Stumps would be drawn at 6:30, only 20 minutes away. Herder now moved in to carry the bacon for the Saints; however, it was Love who was now doing the damage. Playing cautiously at first, he had taken out six singles before opening up. With the total up to 39 and only one over to come, Herder drove one past cover point for two, and by heads up running on two short overthrows it was turned into a four. Love then hit two 2's to send our total to 47 — two short of victory. Herder tied the game on a sharp single, then Love — with only two more balls left in the game sent a rather dubious shot past point for the clincher. The Saints were triumphant 50 for 6 to 48 all out.

The game was a big victory for the Saints who hadn't beaten Ridley at Ridley for over eight years. Outstanding for the Saints were Grant who took 6 wickets for 18 runs, Love with 4 wickets for 13 runs and 14 runs not out, and Stafford who excelled behind the stumps.

W.E.W.

T.C.S. VS. ST. ANDREW'S AT S.A.C.

The firsts played host to T.C.S. for the second L.B.F. encounter. Trinity won the toss and elected to receive the bowling while St. Andrew's took the field. The game started well for the Saints as Perley made a spectacular catch on Manning's drive for the first wicket. Love then caught O'Brian L.B.W. Then Grant and Stafford again combined to stump Granger. A mid-innings stand by Lindop and Harrington, who rather miraculously survived being run out, pushed the Trinity total to 54 runs for 5 wickets. Love and Jones then went to work and dismissed the next four batters for only one run. With 55 runs for 9 wickets the game looked bright indeed for the Saints until a very good last wicket stand by Nugent and Martin (15 not out) gave Trinity 86 runs before they were all out. The first five wickets in the team's batting order were taken by Trinity for only 13 runs, but the Saints weren't beaten yet. Stafford pushed the total up to 25 runs and then Love and Herder combined for 32 runs which gave the team 47 runs for 6 wickets before Love was out on a contested L.B.W. The game appeared in the bag for T.C.S. as only Perley and Bjork were left. These two combined for a well batted, 30 runs before Harvey caught Bjork. Our final total was 74 — only 13 unlucky runs away from victory.

Love was again outstanding as "the big ox" poured down 26 overs (13 maidens) allowing 24 runs and taking five wickets. Herder lead the Saints with 17 runs followed by Love with 15 runs. W.E.W.

U.C.C. VS. ST. ANDREW'S AT S.A.C.

On a blistering day with the wicket hard and fast Upper Canada played us on our home wicket. U.C.C. sent us into the field. Upper Canada's opening batsmen opened well until Macdonald caught Keeley at fine leg. Two wickets fell quickly as Love bowled Doherty and then Gunn. Ward and Hunter showed U.C.C.'s best batting as they each got twelve runs for the biggest stand pushing their total to 38 for 4. Love, Grant, and Jones closed out the team's bowling well as they dismissed the next six wickets for 23 runs. U.C.C. was all out in an hour and one-half for sixty-one runs.

Grant and Cathers opened the batting for the Saints. On the first ball of the game Grant hit a four, but four balls later he was bowled by Stearns. Minds flashed back to T.C.S. as Westfall went in as an unaccustomed third man. Cathers and Westfall showed one of the best stands of the season as they opened up the U.C.C. bowling and hit it for several solid shots. The total was pushed up to 40 runs for 2 wickets. Again the batting fell apart as what had been the strength of the order collapsed and the next 6 wickets fell with only fifty showing on the board. Again it was fireman Love who saved the game. Batting with Perley he played cautiously at first as they ran nine singles up to 59 runs. Perley then tied up the game on a broken bat single which set the stage for Love to powder a four on the next ball to give the Saints the game — 65 for 8 to 61. Love was again the team's most effective all-round player taking six wickets for fifteen runs and batting for 22 runs not out. Westfall and Cathers also batted very well knocking out 14 runs each for the winning cause.

W.E.W.

FIRST TEAM CRICKET STATISTICS

BATTING:	No. of Innings	Times Out	Total No. of Runs	Highest Score	Average
Love I	6	3	98	40 not out	32.6
Westfall	5	4	38	20 not out	9.5
Herder	5	4	37	17	9.3
Cathers	5	5	35	14	7.0
Stafford	6	6	21	6	3.8
Grant I	6	6	20	10	3.3
Bjork	3	3	13	12	4.3
Jones I	6	6	12	6	2.0
Perley	4	0	11	5 not out	11.0
Macdonald	4	4	7	3	1.8
Hart	4	4	5	3	1.3
Popieluch	2	2	5	5	2.3

BOWLING:	Overs	Maidens	Runs Ag.	Wickets	Average
Love I	85	32	85	23	3.7
Jones I	46	11	93	17	5.4
Grant I	56	8	133	15	8.8

CATCHES:	No. of Catches	WICKET KEEPING			
		Games	Catches	Stumping	
Jones I	3				
Westfall	3	Stafford	6	2	4
Stafford	2				
Bjork	2		Byes		
Grant I	2		8		
Cathers	2				
Herder	1				
Perley	1	Played	Won	Lost	Drew
Macdonald	1	6	3	2	1
Hart	1				

FINAL LITTLE BIG FOUR STANDINGS

	Played	Won	Lost	Drew
T.C.S.	3	2	0	1
S.A.C.	3	2	1	0
U.C.C.	3	1	2	0
B.R.C.	3	0	2	1

2nd CRICKET



Front (L-R): Ferguson, Dattels, McNeil, Popleluch, Palmer.
Back (L-R): Bennett, Macdonald, Simmonds, Bjork.

Second colours: McNeil and Bennett.

The second XI, commonly known as the "Mets", had a very short season this year. In the season, the Mets played three games and improved in each game as the scores showed. In their second game against Ridley, the Mets had three times the number of runs scored against Appleby, with whom they opened the season. The team reached great heights in doubling the Ridley score against T.C.S.

Although the Mets were somewhat short of the required number of men, thanks to Mr. Gibb's persuasive charms, there were always eleven men on the field for S.A.C.

This year the Mets discovered new talent. Bennett, Dattels and Shields proved to be the best bowlers the team had. Barker, Simmonds, and Stevenson accounted for the team's high scores. Ferguson, Palmer, and Kitchen were the highlights of the Mets' close-fielding team. The Mets' power was shown by both Palmer's and Stevenson's hitting a six. Both products of Gibb cricket, these boys were newcomers to the game at the start of the season. The spirit of the team was excellent, and all played cricket for the enjoyment of the game.

B.McN.

UNDER FIFTEEN "A" CRICKET



Front (L-R): Scott II, Wright, Ball, Glassow, Love II.
Rear (L-R): Cossar, Dougall, Mr. Ives, Lockwood, Brown II.

UNDER 15 COLOURS:

Ball, Glassow, and Dougall.

When a team does not win a single game, it is somewhat difficult to write the usual complimentary summary of the season's games. The truth of the matter was that we did not have a winning combination of bowling, batting, and fielding. Our batting was capable of producing about sixty runs, but our bowling, supported by regretfully uncertain fielding, was not sufficiently penetrating to dismiss the opposition for less than this total. Dougall was our most successful batsman. In each game, he gave our innings a good start, but our middle batsmen failed to consolidate our position. Ball was our most consistent bowler. On several occasions, he broke up a partnership by bowling a slower ball. Supporting these two was Glassow, who is a good, all-round cricketer.

The whole team needs more practice than a short summer provides. The whole team needs more determination to play the game correctly and to enjoy mastering the strokes which score runs. This is best done at the nets when two or three boys get together to enjoy themselves by practising batting and bowling. It is perhaps the only way.

The games: Appleby Thirds 108 S.A.C. 83 Lost
Ridley Lower School 98 for 9 S.A.C. 43 for 6 Draw
Trinity College 78 S.A.C. 55 for 7 Draw
Upper Canada Prep. 89 S.A.C. 53 Lost

UNDER FIFTEEN "B" CRICKET



Front (L-R): Shinkle, Butterfield, Rous, Thom II, Warburton.
Back (L-R): Good, Holmes III, Senior, Mr. Wright, Haryett, Pritchard IV, Suydam, de Narvaez.

The Under 15 "B's" had a fairly good season this year considering that five of the eleven were newcomers to the game, that another five were from the House League of last year, and that one had only practised with the B's last year. It was unfortunate for us that we lost all our games except one, but it could not be helped. In at least two games we would have won if we had taken the runs that stared us in the face. At Ridley, we needed twelve runs to win and our four byes totalled twelve runs.

Lake was the outstanding player in the Ridley game, with four straight wickets and thirty runs. Also at Ridley all the outs were straight wickets:

no catches. Three other bowlers shared the wickets with Lake; Rous took five; Thom took one; and Haryett took one.

In our first few games our fielding was bad, but it became progressively better as we gained experience.

We won the U.C.C. game (our last) by thirty-nine runs to their twenty-one. As they were a small team, we practically had to beat them.

All in all, we had a profitable and instructive season.

RUGGER



SENIOR RUGGER

Front (L-R): Fennell, McKeen I, Mr. Stoate, Wilson I, Fahlgren.

Back (L-R): Fieldstone, Vanderburgh, Crockett, Sweeny, Murnane.

The school entered two "sevens" in the Ontario Schoolboys' Championships again this year. A real treat for players and non-participants alike was afforded by the visit to the school of four of the Scottish Calcutta Cup Winners, who showed the boys a thing or two about the way the game is played.

Previous training for the Championship was limited because of weather, but two closely-knit sides were formed and they went gladly about their business under the care of Messrs. Skinner and Stoate.

Came the day of the Championship, and we found ourselves matched against some very worthy opponents who left us in no doubt as to how they valued the trophies in contention. The Senior Team, though losing all three games, gave a very good account of themselves and the scores were very close indeed. The Junior Team, slightly out-matched in their first encounter, never lost heart and played up in splendid spirit. The only thing we have to learn is to tackle, hard and early. We look forward to next year.

W.W.

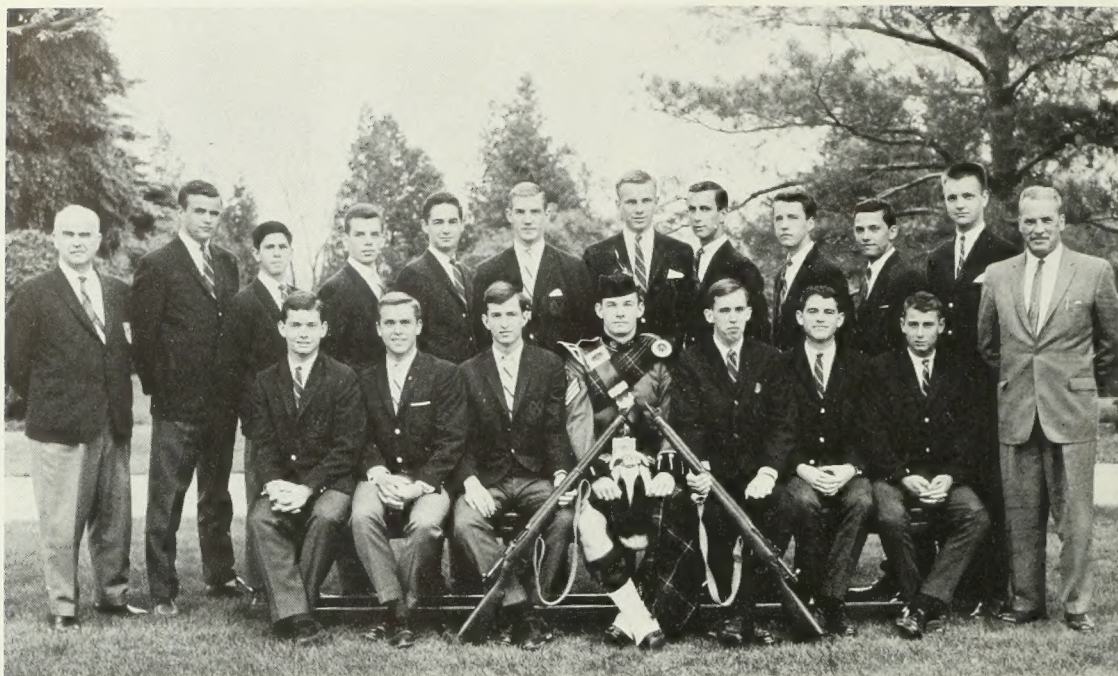


JUNIOR RUGGER

Front (L-R): Blinn, Sundquist, Harpur, Rogers, Terry.

Rear (L-R): Weston, Rook, Mr. Stoate, Henderson II, McClocklin.

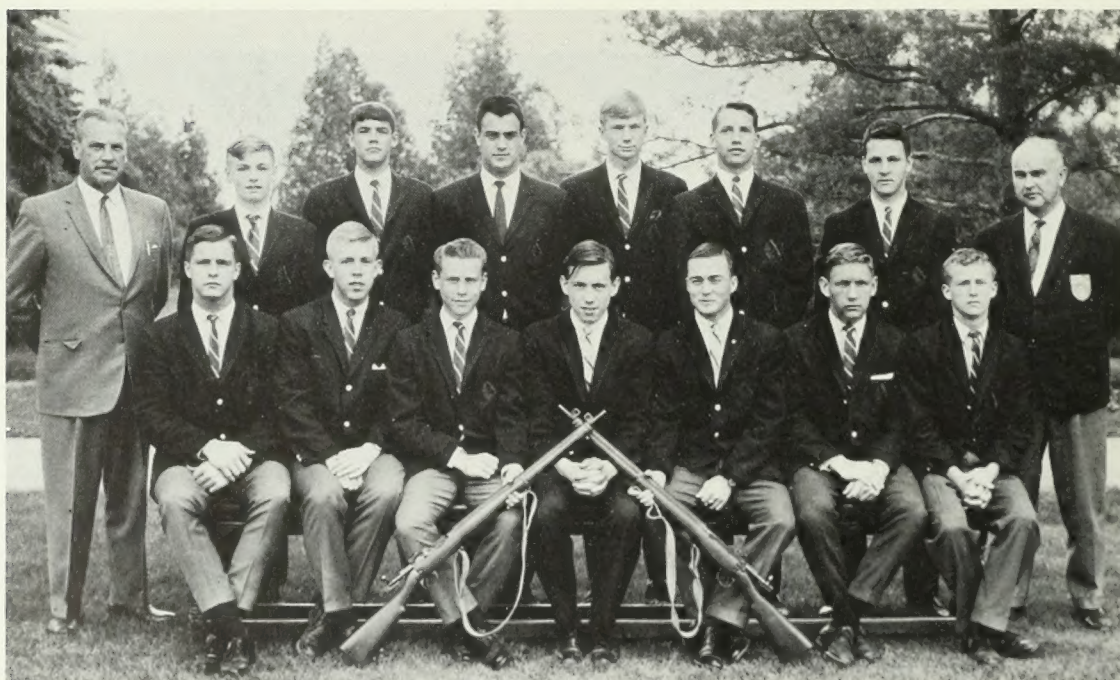
RIFLE TEAMS



Front (L-R): Hart, Benveniste, Randell, Garvie, O'Dell, Gillan, Pyfrom, Mr. Holmes.
Back (L-R): Mr. MacPherson, Clark I, Henriques, Holmes I, Nation, Pennal, Cathers, Stevenson, Perley, Fahlgren, Coulter I,

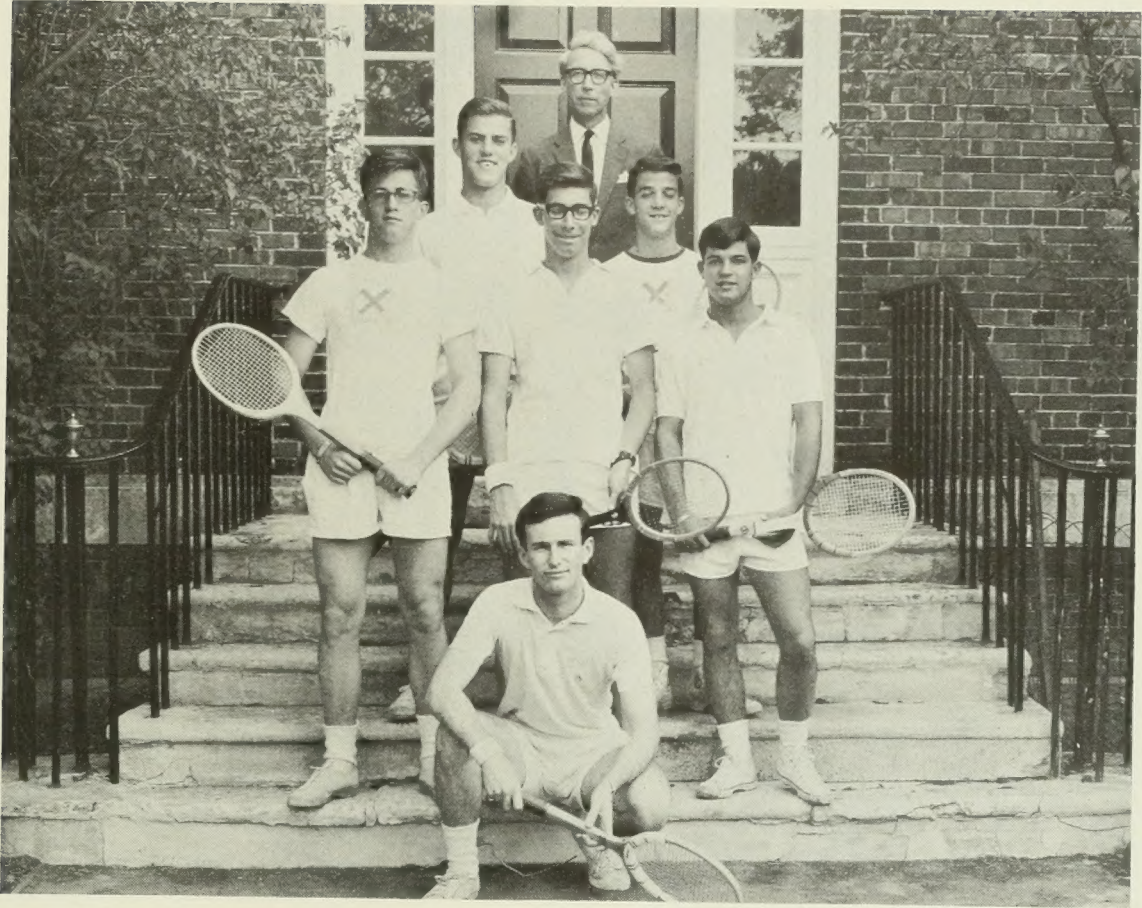
The following are extracts from the list of D.C.R.A. competition. St. Andrew's First Team ranked in Central Command and foremost in all the Independent Schools.

#6	St. Andrew's Firsts	96.222
#25	Ridley Firsts	93.944
#32	St. Andrew's Seconds	92.888
#49	Ridley Seconds	91.471
#139	St. Andrew's Thirds	86.583
#151	Upper Canada Firsts	85.666



Front (L-R): Bjork, Turner I, Shriro, Bichan I, Westfall, McKeen I, Jeffries.
Back (L-R): Mr. Holmes, Evans II, Marshall I, Crawford, Pitcher, Higgs, Weston, Mr. MacPherson.

TENNIS TEAM



Left to right:

Front: Osborne I.

Second: Kaminis, Jones I, Farrington II.

Third: van der Ven, Farrington I.

Rear: Mr. Macfarlane.

TENNIS:

First Colours: Farrington II, Osborne I, van der Ven.

Second Colours: Brownrigg, Dangerfield, Jones I, Dunkley I.

This year tennis has again enjoyed its share of success. At the L.B.F. matches held in the fall at the B. and R. in Toronto, Upper Canada were again the victors, but significantly enough, S.A.C. made their presence known. Although van der Ven and Farrington II were unsuccessful in both singles, Jones I and Osborne I were able to capture two of the three of their double events, and in doing so, they broke a long drought of winless tournaments.

The school titles were enthusiastically contested in both the singles and doubles divisions. The junior doubles were handily captured by Brownrigg and Dunkley I, while Dangerfield, a new but steady visitor to the courts this year, turned back the first seed in a three set final to capture the junior singles.

The senior singles was again taken by Farrington II in a straight set final. Jones I and Osborne I turned back both Farringtons (6-3, 6-4) in the doubles close after some harrowing first round matches.

Once again, first tennis this year consisted mainly of imports. Homes ranged from Venezuela (van der Ven), the Bahamas (Farrington I & II), to Mexico (Kaminis) and Barbados (Jones I), with Osborne I (captain) being the only "homebrew". The team, though motley, was more than fervent in support of their sport, giving clinics to anyone in the Lower School who would listen. First colours were given to Osborne I, van der Ven, Farrington II, while second colours were received by Jones I, Dangerfield, Dunkley I, and Brownrigg.

This year has again been an unsteady and disorganized one for school tennis. There is, however, the nucleus of an exceptionally fine team and the future looms very bright for at least the next two years; — and if we have the talent, what else is needed?

R.O.

TRACK AND FIELD TEAM



Front Row (L-R): Chapman, Dunkley I, Stephens, Brownrigg, Amram, Grant II,
2nd Row (L-R): McKeen II, Spence, Webber, Lake, Shields II, Whiteside II, Leishman.
3rd Row (L-R): Henderson I, Clark I, Stevenson, Sprague, Graves, Kitchen I, Pallett.
Back Row (L-R): Mr. Pitman, Benveniste, Reade I, Williams, Hilton, Clark II, Barker,
Mr. West.

First Colours: Clark II

Second Colours: McKeen II and Amram

The weather was a little kinder to us this year. As a result, a great deal of enthusiasm was shown by a number of boys. The extra time that was liberally given by half a dozen masters also helped many boys to develop a more serious attitude towards athletics.

Our first meet was with Pickering College. Despite the fact that we had had our practices restricted up to this point, we did well. The final issue was in doubt until the relays were run. Unfortunately for us, Pickering won all three and left the field easy winners.

In the G.B.S.S.A. trials at Newmarket we came second; six schools took part. We took ten first

places and fifteen second places. The fact that we had had time to practise paid dividends. The final trials were held four days before exams, and it was decided that we should not compete in these.

It is difficult to single out individuals for special mention; boys from all three levels did very well. Nevertheless, Amram put up a very good performance at Newmarket, and Graves showed us all what grim determination and courage can do in running a very good half mile.

As far as we can see, we have the nucleus of a very good track team for next season. Many of us have now learned the real value of training; this augurs well for the coming year.

GAMES DAY

The day was remarkably successful. A great deal of interest had been shown for some weeks before April — by boys from all levels. Even some members of the grade XIII classes showed enthusiasm! Consequently, clan competition was keen, and although Douglas won the day in handsome fashion, the other three places were in doubt until the relays were run. A glance at the final results will show how close the fight was.

Clark II, a newcomer to the school, was the senior champion; McKeen II, another newcomer, was intermediate champion; Amram was junior champion; and Blanchard III was juvenile champion. Many boys were close behind these winners.

The success of Games Day — and, indeed, the whole of the athletics programme — depends on many factors; these are often forgotten, even by the athletes themselves. Our thanks must go to all the members of staff who gave up a great deal of their spare time and to the ground staff who always do such a good job.

Final results:	Douglas	162½	points
	Bruce	96½	“
	Wallace	95	“
	Montrose	92	“

SENIOR

100 yards: Clark II, Reade I, Williams, time: 10.6
220 yards: Clark II, Fahlgren, time: 24.8
440 yards: Clark II, Reade I, Fahlgren, time: 55.1
880 yards: Clark II, Reade I, Fahlgren, time: 2'22".4
Open Mile: Wyse, Clark II, Reade I, time: 5'.13".4
Hurdles: Williams, Westfall, Fieldstone: 19.3
Hop, Step: Sprague, Bradshaw, Sweeny,
distance: 41'4"
Broad Jump: Bradshaw, Sprague, Sweeny,
distance 19'5"
High Jump: Bradshaw, Stevenson, Howard,
height, 5'6"
Shot Put: Bradshaw, Love I, Barker, 38'3"
Javelin: Wilson I, Fahlgren, Barker, 136'3"
Discus: Sprague, Reade I, Sweeny, 105'7"
Pole Vault: Stevenson, Williams, height 8'9"
Relay: Bruce, Douglas, Wallace.

JUNIOR

100 yards: Dunkley I, Amram, Stevens: time 11.3
220 yards: Stevens, Brownrigg, Chapman, time 25.5
440 yards: Brownrigg, Clark III, Chapman, time 60.1
Hurdles: Amram, Grant II, Elcombe, time: 17.7
Hop, Step: Amram, Grant II, Chapman,
distance 16'4"
Broad Jump: Amram, Whiteside II, Dunkley I,
distance 16'4"
High Jump: Brownrigg, Dunkley I, Webber,
height 4'10"
Shot Put: Whiteside II, Dunkley I, Lake,
distance 36'4"
Pole Vault: Reid III, Dunkley I, Sommerville I,
height 7'5".

INTERMEDIATE

100 yards: Henderson I, Benveniste, Clark I,
time: 10.6
220 yards: Clark I, Henderson I, Kitchen I, time: 25.0
440 yards: Kitchen, Henderson I, Pallett, time: 59.6
880 yards: Graves, Shields I, Kitchen I, time: 2'.26"
Hurdles: Pallett, Kitchen I, Henriques, time: 17'.0
Hop, Step: Spence, Garrett I, Hilton, distance: 36'1"
Broad Jump: Benveniste, Spence, Garrett I,
distance: 17'11"
High Jump: Pitcher, Henriques, Perley, height 5'1"
Shot Put: McKeen II, McNeil, van der Ven,
distance 39'3"
Javelin: Pritchard II, Hilton, distance 133'5"
Discus: McKeen II, Pritchard II, Crawford, 108'11"
Pole Vault: McKeen II, Scott I, Spence, 9'1"
Relay: Douglas, Montrose, Bruce.

JUVENILE

100 yards: Blanchard III, Peters, Crump and
Davidson II, time 13.2
220 yards: Blanchard III, Brophy, Marshall,
time 30.7
Hurdles: Blanchard III, Marshall, Evans III,
time 13.4
Hop, Step: Brophy, Marshall, distance 27'1"
Broad Jump: Peters, Blanchard III, Dunkley II,
distance 11'11"
High Jump: Evans III, Peters, Crump II, height 4'1"
Shot Put: Kane, Humphries, Blanchard III and
Kaufman, distance 24'1"
*Pole Vault: Wilson III, Kane, height 6'9"
Relay: Bruce, Douglas, Wallace.
*Record

OLD BOY'S CRICKET

On Sunday, May 31, despite middle-of-exam tension, the first XI had a full turnout (except for Grant, who had the measles, and Westfall, a member of the Upper Sixth) to take on the Old Boys. It was almost a family day as, at different times during the afternoon, Bob and Doug Rowan batted together—as did Mr. Gibb and son Brian. David Love, the school's top cricketer, bowled against brother Gage. Chris and Barry Wansborough also played with the Old Boy's eleven.

The Old Boys batted first, with Chris Wansborough sparking the attack with 23 runs and Mr. Gibb with 10. Love got 5 wickets for the school, Jones got 3, and Popieluch got 2 to finish off the Old Boys with 64 all out.

The school came in confident of victory. However, that was before they saw Mr. Gibb. One after another the wickets fell—Mr. Gibb was credited with eight of a possible ten. Using all sorts of weird balls, he went right through the meat of our line-up by bowling Love, Stafford, Perley, Jones and Mr. Stoate all for 5 runs. Mr. Stoate incidentally, was royal ducked; that is, bowled on his first ball. Herder was high for the school, scoring 12 runs, and with the rest of the team under five total, we lost a very interesting and amusing game 64-36.

W.J.H.

CROSS-COUNTRY SKI RACE

First Colours: Cathers

Second Colours: Reade I



Poor weather and no snow delayed the cross country until March. By then most Douglas clan members had already sent their skis home. Nevertheless, Fennell borrowed skis and pushed off across the snow, proudly representing Douglas Clan. On he drove over hills, along tortuous wooded paths, over raging torrents of water swelled by the melting snow. Pushing himself on, relying on heart and courage, Fennell met the challenge of nature and placed twelfth in the race. Fennell's courageous effort will certainly remain in the hearts of every Douglas clansman for years to come. While on the topic, I should mention that Cathers won the race.

P.J.W.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUN

First Colours: Clarke II

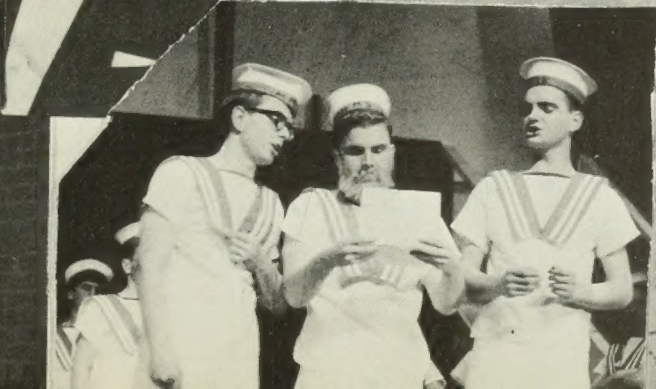
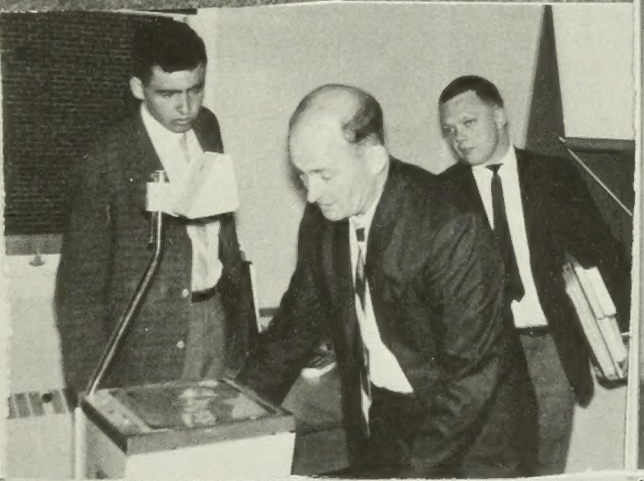
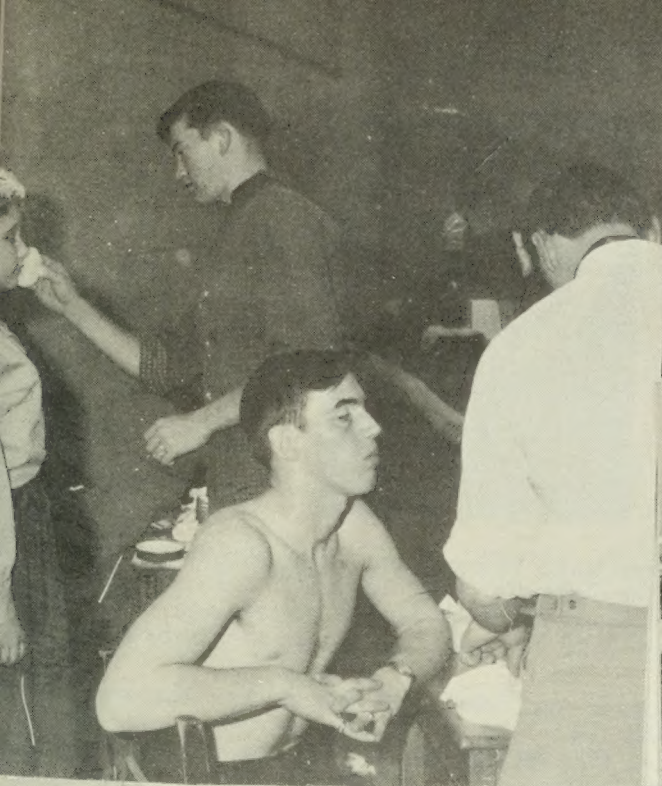
Second Colours: Fieldstone



This year's cross country run generated much more enthusiasm throughout the school than the races of the last few years. Each clan was well represented, and most of the school was waiting at the finishing line to see the conclusion of the race. Clarke II highlighted a superb year in track and field as he won the race in a very good time. Fieldstone finished second. Douglas clan won the team title as Clarke III, Kilgour, Wyse, McKeen I and Shields II occupied five of the first seven positions. It is hoped that in the near future, the cross country run will create enough enthusiasm throughout the school to have a turnout of the entire student body.



P.J.W.



PRIZE DAY 1964



The sixty-fifth annual prizegiving was held on a clear and sunny fifth of June. At three o'clock in the afternoon, the academic procession, preceded by a piper of the Cadet Corps in full Highland dress, moved onto the quadrangle. When the procession had gathered on the dais, the School, its parents and visitors sang the National Anthem and the School Hymn. The Revd. Paul Stirling of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Toronto, read the Lesson and Prayers.

In his annual report to the parents, friends and Old Boys of the School, the Headmaster announced the departure of seven masters, two of whom had served the School for more than eighteen years. He commended the School on its fine record this year in games, theatre, cadets and study. Only a handful, he said, had failed to contribute to our corporate life. Contributions can, of course, take several forms, and the Headmaster reminded the parents and visitors of the somewhat precarious financial position of the College.

The prize-giving ceremony itself included the presentation of fifty-nine general proficiency prizes as well as numerous special prizes. Lower School prizes were presented by Mr. W. L. Lovering, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Board of Governors, assisted by Mr. J. L. Wright, Housemaster of Macdonald House; Middle School prizes were presented by Mr. R. W. Wadds, president of the Old Boys' Council, assisted by Mr. C. Stoate, Housemaster of Flavelle House; Upper School prizes were presented by Mr. J. K. Macdonald, Chairman of the Board of Governors, assisted by Mr. L. W. Pitman, Housemaster of Memorial House. The Governor-General's Medal and the Lieutenant-Governor's Silver and Bronze Medals were presented by the Honourable W. Earl Rowe, the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. Mr. J. K. Macdonald presented the Laidlaw Trophy, the Macdonald Medal, and the Chairman's Gold Medal. The rifle graciously awarded by the 48th Highlanders' Chapter of the I.O.D.E. was presented by the Chapter's Regent, Mrs. D. C. Haldenby. The final presentations, shooting and cricket awards and special prizes, were charmingly handled by Mrs. V. H. Stevenson, assisted by Mr. L. C. MacPherson, Housemaster of Fourth House.

To complete the afternoon, the Lieutenant-Governor congratulated the graduating class and the prize winners. He encouraged those boys who had not won prizes to continue and amplify their efforts towards academic success. Speaking effectively and without notes, a gesture which, he noted, reassured the boys about the possible duration of his speech, His Honour warned the boys of the perils which increasing automation presaged for the future. Nevertheless, he concluded, there would always be a place in society for young men of character and learning. As Andreans, he said, we had a significant role to play to ensure Canada's place among the leading nations of the world.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, the assembly repaired to the Headmaster's House for tea. E.M.P.

LOWER SCHOOL PRIZES

GENERAL PROFICIENCY PRIZES

LOWER II	1. E. N. Schneider	87.0
	2. L. W. Peter	82.6
	3. I. W. Jones IV	80.4
UPPER II	1. J. A. Ballard	87.8
	2. R. D. Pritchard III	80.6
	3. J. H. N. Harstone	79.2
	4. M. D. Jones III	78.1
	5. (B. A. Brackley	76.6
	(B. A. Marshall II	76.6
	7. (C. F. Lowery	76.2
	(D. E. T. Sommerville III	76.2
	9. J. A. Humphries	76.0

SPECIAL PRIZES

The Kilgour Prize (The late Mr. R. C. Kilgour) for proficiency in Composition and Grammar..... J. A. Ballard

Scripture Prize (Mr. Wright) for highest standing in Upper II J. A. Ballard

Mrs. E. Morison Winnett Prize for highest general proficiency in Upper II J. A. Ballard

Spelling & Writing Prize. (The late Graham Campbell) J. A. Ballard

The History Prize. (Mr. John Young) for proficiency in history J. A. Ballard

Mathematics Prize. (Mr. F. K. Carlisle) for highest standing in Upper II C. F. Lowery

Drawing Prize. For proficiency in drawing in Upper II or lower B. A. Brackley

The King Memorial Trophy. (The late Mrs. W. C. King and her son, Dale, in memory of Bill & Perry King) For the boy living in Macdonald House who most excels in studies, games, deportment and character. D. M. Whiteside II

MIDDLE SCHOOL PRIZES

GENERAL PROFICIENCY PRIZES

FORM III	1. G. C. Dunkley II	87.6
	2. F. C. Rous	82.4
	3. B. W. Jones II	78.4
	4. (K. Skeie (D. M. Whiteside II	78.2
	6. G. F. Brunke	78.1
	7. P. S. White	77.3
	8. W. G. Empey	75.8
	9. G. D. Waller II	75.5
	10. J. E. McLean II	75.4
	11. J. E. Allen	75.1
	12. T. B. Butterfield	75.0
FORM IV	1. L. G. W. Chapman	87.4
	2. J. Cossar	86.4
	3. G. S. B. Hally I	85.2
	4. F. M. E. Maréchaux	84.2
	5. G. E. Mason	83.6
	6. D. F. Evans I	82.3
	7. T. I. Macdonald	82.1
	8. P. N. Nation	80.4
	9. D. W. Daniel	79.5
	10. P. F. Love II	77.4
	11. P. H. E. Clarkson	76.5
	12. J. M. Shields II	76.3

FORM V	1. R. M. Shantz	88.9
	2. F. Guzman	84.7
	3. D. M. Bichan II	80.9
	4. J. D. McKeen II	80.4
	5. S. R. Dattels	79.1
	6. D. O. Mutch	78.9
	7. J. S. Deacon	78.8
	8. J. R. Harris	77.0
	9. I. H. Terry	76.9
	10. C. W. Harpur	76.6
	11. R. M. Taylor II	76.4
	12. D. J. Fleming	76.2
	13. D. A. Simmonds	75.2
	14. D. C. Peters	75.0

SPECIAL PRIZES

- English Prize. Endowed by an Old Boy in memory of Mr. Walter Findlay R. M. Shantz
- The Ladies' Guild Essay Prize. Awarded for the best essay from Forms IV and V G. S. B. Hally I
- The Stuart B. Wood Memorial Prize. Presented by Mrs. Wood to the member of Form V most distinguished in character, scholarship and games C. W. Harpur
- The Andrew Armstrong Prize for improvement in English F. J. Guzman

UPPER SCHOOL PRIZES

GENERAL PROFICIENCY PRIZES

LOWER VI	1. J. R. Cameron I	81.9
	2. G. A. Vanderburgh	81.1
	3. P. R. Fieldstone	80.4
	4. M. C. Woolnough	75.0
UPPER VI	1. R. D. Benveniste	80.9
	2. D. J. Bichan I	80.6
	3. A. G. R. Sweeny	77.1
	4. J. P. Wyse	76.0
	5. J. D. Pennal	75.0

SPECIAL PRIZES

- Isabelle Cockshutt Prize in History. Presented by Mrs. F. A. Schulman J. F. Rook
- The H. E. Goodman Prize for proficiency in Chemistry R. D. Benveniste
- The Old Boys' Medal in Mathematics R. D. Benveniste
- The Charles Ashton Medal. For proficiency in English A. G. R. Sweeny
- The Donald Cooper Medal in Science, with special proficiency in Physics. Founded in memory of Donald Cooper who died in 1913 while Head Boy of the School. D. J. Bichan I
- The George Etienne Cartier Medal in French. Presented by Mr. W. A. Beer, an Old Boy D. J. Bichan I
- The Prize for Chapel Reading A. C. Knox
- The Isabelle Cockshutt Prize in History. Presented by Mrs. G. Dempster. For highest standing in Lower VI. P. R. Fieldstone
- The Art Prize. Endowed by an old friend in memory of Guy W. Rutter G. A. Vanderburgh
- The Wyld Prize in Latin. Presented by Mrs. B. W. McPherson G. A. Vanderburgh

- The Governor General's Medal. Presented to the boy attaining the highest standing in final examination of Honour Matriculation. (Award to be made on the basis of Departmental Examinations, 1963) R. J. Swinden
- The Lieutenant Governor's Silver Medal. Presented to the boy ranking first in Lower & Upper VI forms taken together. R. D. Benveniste
- The Lieutenant Governor's Bronze Medal. Presented to the boy ranking second in Lower & Upper VI forms taken together. D. J. Bichan I
- The Laidlaw Trophy. Presented by S.A.C. Old Boys' Association in honour of the devoted service of Robertson Laidlaw, 1909-1960. Awarded annually to the boy in Upper VI who has won for his Clan the greatest number of points during his last two years at the school. J. P. Wyse
- The Macdonald Medal. Presented by the Old Boys' Association in honour of Dr. Macdonald to the boy most distinguished in studies and athletics taken together. J. P. Wyse
- The School Prize to the Head Prefect. J. D. Pennal
- The Chairman's Gold Medal. Presented to the boy with the highest standing in Lower VI June examinations. J. R. Cameron

★ ★ ★

- Presentation of Rifle by the Regent of the 48th Highlanders' Chapter of the I.O.D.E., Mrs. D. C. Haldenby. R. C. O'Dell
- The Lawrence Crowe Trophy for Rifle Shooting. R. C. O'Dell
- The Lawrence Crowe Medal. A. G. Randell
- The Prize for the Best Novice Piper, presented by the late Dr K. G. B. Ketchum J. Cossar
- The Housser Trophy for Inter-Clan Competition.
 Montrose 1599½
 Bruce 1708½
 Douglas 1799½
 Wallace 1993
 Clan Captain — R. J. Holmes I

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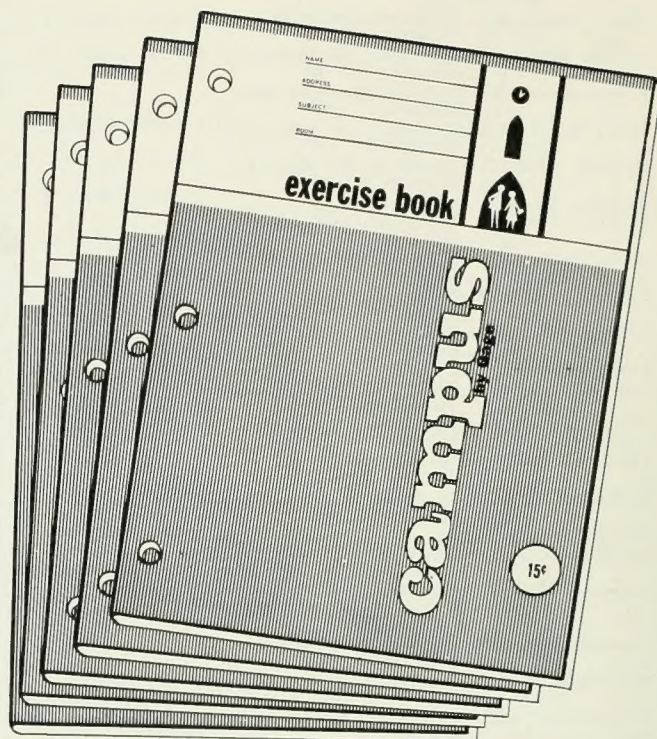
- Addison, Harry J.
Addison, Clarke A. Elhara Farm, R.R. #1, Don Mills, Ont.
- Allen, J. Elliott St. Andrew's College Aurora, Ont.
- Amram, Roger C. 12 Donwoods Grove Toronto 12, Ont.
- Anjo, A. William King Street Stayner, Ont.
- Annett, Campbell C. 80 Glengrove Avenue Toronto 12, Ont.
- Ball, Robert A. 24 Hirondale Place Don Mills, Ont.
- Ballard, James A. 61 Burbank Drive Willowdale, Ont.
- Barker, John D. 22 Monsheen Drive Box 693, Woodbridge, Ont.
- Beaumont, Lynn E. 332 Richmond Street Richmond Hill, Ont.
- Bennett, R. Craig 394 The Kingsway Islington, Ont.
- Benson, Charles R. 1 Arner Road Essex, Ont.
- Benveniste, Robt. D. 251 Madeira Avenue Coral Gables, Miami, Florida, U.S.A.
- Bichan, David J.
Bichan, Dougal M. 215 Upper Highland Cres. Willowdale, Ont.
- Bigelow, Daniel D. 137 Douglas Drive Toronto 5, Ont.
- Bjork, James C. A. 444 Wildwood Drive Calgary, Alberta
- Blanchard, John N.
Blanchard, Paul D.
Blanchard, David A. 180 Kennedy St. West Aurora, Ontario
- Blinn, J. Richard 1234 Donlea Cres. Oakville, Ont.
- Boland, Lawrence A. R.R. #3 King, Ont.
- Brackley, Barry A. R.R. #1 MacTier, Ont.
- Bradshaw, David G. Wilson Drive, Box 472 Hudson Heights, P.Q.
- Brophy, R. David 26 Carlake Cres., Apt. 609 Willowdale, Ont.
- Brown, John H. 65 Rowanwood Avenue Toronto 5, Ont.
- Brown, Thomas W. Kensington Road R.R. #1, Tecumseh, Ont.
- Brownrigg, Robin B. P.O. Box 164 Nassau, Bahamas
- Brunke, Graham F. 372 Glengrove Ave. West Toronto 12, Ont.
- Butler, Robert D. 26 Salonica Rd. Don Mills, Ont.
- Butler, W. Graham 6 Southway Road Islington, Ont.
- Butterfield, Thos. B. "Palm Ridge", Pt. Shares Pembroke, Bermuda
- Cameron, John R. "The Glen", Box 220 Almonte, Ont.
- Cameron, W. James R.R. #1 Thornhill, Ont.
- Campbell, Jno. A. A. "Braeburn", Main Road Hudson Heights, P.Q.
- Campbell, Rod. H. 2721 Bayview Avenue Willowdale, Ont.
- Carson, James L. 1755 Wavell St., Apt. 2 London, Ont.
- Cathers, David P. R.R. #2 Newmarket, Ont.
- Cawthorne, W. Ed. 10 Laughlin Place Welland, Ont.
- Chalmers, Bryant W. 63 Grey Street Fredericton, N.B.
- Chantler, John J. Temiscaming, P.Q.
- Chapman, L. G. W. c/o Canadian Embassy Stockholm, Sweden
- Chapple, J. Don. 1401 Ridgeway Fort William, Ont.
- Cheriton, J. Rich. 154 Hillcrest Drive Lancaster, N.B.
- Chitwood, J. Prince 305 Lonsdale Road Toronto 7, Ontario
- Clark, Cam. D. W. 28 Rosedale Road Toronto 5, Ont.
- Clark, Donald L. 133 Princess Anne Cres. Islington, Ont.
- Clark, Scott K. 4393 Draper Street Montreal, P.Q.
- Clarkson, P. H. E. 96 Oxford Street Halifax, N.S.
- Cormie, John M. 11603 Sask. Drive Edmonton, Alberta
- Cossar, John R.R. #3 King, Ont.
- Coulter, J. Lee St. Andrew's College Aurora, Ont.
- Coulter, J. Alan B. 75 Baby Point Cres. Toronto 9, Ont.
- Coward, Michael H. 1 Donwoods Grove Toronto 12, Ont.
- Crawford, Fred. H. 12 College Street Sackville, N.B.
- Crockett, R. Bruce 5 Hidden Green Lane Larchmount, N.Y., U.S.A.
- Crookston, Jas. G. 70 Ardwood Gate Toronto 4, Ont.
- Cross, John K.
Cross, W. T. David "Beaver Glen", Box 33 Nobleton, Ont.
- Crump, J. Michael
Crump, Richard A. 18 de Marzo #102 Coatzacoalcos Veracruz, Mexico
- Dangerfield, Geo. C. 19 Dundonald Street Barrie, Ont.
- Daniel, David W. c/o Mr. C. W. Daniel Shell Trinidad Ltd. Point Fortin Trinidad, West Indies
- Dattels, Stephen R. 279 Glasgow Street Kitchener, Ont.
- Davidson, John S. 23 Lascelles Blvd. Toronto 7, Ont.
- Davidson, P. J. J. 95 Dawson St. Thessalon, Ont.
- Davis, N. Brian 24 Borland St. West Orillia, Ont.
- Deacon, J. Scott 20 Whitney Avenue Toronto 5, Ont.
- Dean, John E. 405 Prospect Street Berea, Kentucky, U.S.A.
- DeBeest, John F. 6901 N. Pennsylvania St. Indianapolis, Indiana U.S.A.
- De Narvaez, L. C. 1065 Florida Street Buenos Aires, Argentina
- Diffin, Mark A. 111 Norway Avenue Welland, Ont.
- Dougall, G. Alex. 21 Ardenne Road Kingston 10, Jamaica
- Douglas-Crampton, David S. R.R. #2 Maple, Ont.
- Dreesman, Robt. J. 313 Maple Place Algona, Iowa, U.S.A.
- Dreger, John F. 203 Mary Street Waterloo, Ont.
- Duggan, Fred. T. 5 Glenaden Ave. East Toronto 18, Ont.
- Dunkley, Geoff. C. 888 Crown Street Sudbury, Ont.
- Dunkley, Robert A. Ridgeway Nassau, Bahamas
- Dunster, James R. 25 Tecumseh Street Orillia, Ont.
- Durie, Colin D. c/o Mrs. D. C. von Witt Apt. 5H, 220 E. 67th St. New York City, N.Y. U.S.A.
- East, Brien G.
East, John T. Muskoka Sands Inn Gravenhurst, Ontario
- Elcombe, Eric D. 695 Kildare Road Windsor, Ont.
- Empey, W. Glenn 947 Maitland Street London, Ont.
- Evans, Arthur A.
Evans, David F. 65 Stibbard Avenue Toronto 12, Ont.
- Evans, Donald R. 15 White Boulevard Red Rock, Ont.
- Fahlgren, C. Edwin
Farrington, C.W.B.
Farrington, R. R. P.O. Box 93 Nassau, Bahamas
- Fennell, John R. 330 Sydney St. Cornwall, Ont.
- Ferguson, Robt. W. 194 Cortleigh Blvd. Toronto 12, Ont.
- Fieldstone, Paul R. 18 Ridgewood Road Toronto 10, Ont.
- Fleming, Donald J. 2328 Parkwood Avenue Windsor, Ont.
- Forbes, John R.
Forbes, Ronald W. c/o Mr. William Forbes Demerara Bauxite Co. Box 77, Georgetown British Guiana
- Forsyth, J. W. K. 96 Banbury Road Don Mills, Ont.
- Garratt, David W. 130 Farnham Avenue Toronto 7, Ont.
- Garrett, David R. High Willow Farm R.R. #1, Hornby, Ont.
- Garvie, Robert H. 200 Moore Avenue Toronto 7, Ont.
- Gilchrist, Thos. W. 283 Glen Manor Drive Toronto 13, Ont.
- Gillan, John F. 75 The Kingsway Toronto 18, Ont.
- Girard, Herbert C. 11 Roosevelt Drive Thornhill, Ont.
- Glassow, Nich. F. 30 Colborne Street Thornhill, Ont.
- Glover, R. E. B. H. 314 Rosewell Ave. Toronto 12, Ont.
- Good, James D. 56 McStay Road London, Ont.
- Goodwin, Peter E. 200 Park Avenue Newmarket, Ont.
- Gordon, Robert R. 3 Corwin Blvd. Galt, Ont.
- Grand, Wm. J. H. 51 Dawlish Ave. Toronto 12, Ont.
- Grant, David F. W. 2 Waterloo Road Kingston 10, Jamaica, W.I.
- Grant, Graham T. 125 John Street Thornhill, Ont.
- Graves, John A. M. 64 Aylmer Avenue Ottawa, Ont.
- Guzman, Fabio J. 43 Castillo Street San Francisco de Macoris Dominican Republic
- Hally, A. Nicol
Hally, G. Simon 149 Kennedy St. West Aurora, Ont.
- Harpur, C. William c/o Mr. C. E. Harpur Liberia Mining Co. Ltd. Box 251, Monrovia Liberia, West Africa
- Harris, John R. 10 Westgater Walk Kitchener, Ont.
- Harstone, J. H. N. 274 Bay Street South Hamilton, Ont.
- Hart, David G. R.R. #3 Woodstock, Ont.
- Haryett, Glenn R. Mrs. L. E. Haryett 1595 McStay Road London, Ont.
- Heintzman, B. F. 60 Forest Hill Road Toronto 7, Ont.
- Heintzman, C. R. 118 Forest Heights Blvd. Willowdale, Ont.
- Henderson, B. L. M. "Windborne", R.R. #3 Woodbridge, Ont.
- Henderson, John B.
Henderson, P. R. 197 Burbank Drive Willowdale, Ont.
- Henderson, L. J. 64 Tennessee Avenue Port Colborne, Ont.
- Henriques, D. A. C. 103 Old Hope Road Kingston 6, Jamaica, W.I.
- Herder, W. James 40 Rennie's Mill Road St. John's, Newfoundland
- Herod, J. Charles 2996 Weston Road Weston, Ont.
- Hibben, James G.
Higgs, Geoffrey C. Box 247, Nassau, Bahamas 10049 Chaney Avenue Downey, California, U.S.A.
- Hilton, David J. 1328 Albany Drive Ottawa, Ont.
- Holmes, Fred. W.
Holmes, K. Fred. Snelgrove, Ont. 44 Gondola Crescent Scarborough, Ont.
- Holmes, Robt. J. Wayne Crescent Newmarket, Ont.
- Housser, John F. 18 Gregory Avenue Toronto 5, Ont.
- Houston, R. Brian 29 Harrington Street Arnprior, Ont.
- Hovey, Daniel I. Hillcrest Niagara Falls, N.Y., U.S.A.
- Howard, Ross K. 17 Banting Drive Orangeville, Ont.
- Humphries, Jno. A. R.R. #10 Peterborough, Ont.
- Ingwalson, Jared B. 107 S. Riverside Drive Elkhart, Indiana, U.S.A.
- Jackson, Glenn H. 18 Weldon Crescent Barrie, Ont.
- Jeffries, John H. 84 The Kingsway Toronto 18, Ont.
- Jones, Brian W. 199 Kenollie Avenue Port Credit, Ont.
- Jones, Ian W. Box 36 Richmond Hill, Ont.
- Jones, Mark D. c/o Mr. H. C. Jones McFadden & Cia. Ltda. Caixa Postal 844 Santos, Brazil
- Jones, Robert L. The Mall, Bellevue Gap St. Michael, Barbados, B.W.I.
- Kaminis, Kim A. Cerrada Boker 31 Tlacopac Mexico 20, D.F., Mexico

SCHOOL DIRECTORY — Contd.

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EXCHANGES

Acta Nostra, Guelph Collegiate, Guelph, Ontario.
 Acta Rideleiana, Bishop Ridley College, St. Catherines, Ontario.
 Acta Victorian, Victoria College, Toronto, Ontario.
 Alibi, Albert College, Belleville, Ontario.
 Alleynian, Dulwich College, Dulwich, England.
 Aquila, Sir James Dunn Collegiate and Vocational School, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario.
 Argus, Appleby College, Oakville, Ontario.
 Ashburnian, Ashbury College, Ottawa, Ontario.
 B.C.S. Magazine, Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Quebec.
 Beaver Log, 1761 Cedar Ave., Montreal, Quebec.
 Bishop's University, Lennoxville, P.Q.
 Black and Red, University School, Victoria, B.C.
 Boar, Hillfield School, Hamilton, Ontario.
 Branksome Slogan, Branksome Hall, Toronto, Ontario.
 Brown and Gold Annual, Morrison Glace Bay High, Glace Bay, N.S.
 B.S.S. School Magazine, Bishop Strachan School, Toronto, Ontario.
 College Times, Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ontario.
 Eagle, St. Johns Ravencourt School, Winnipeg, Man.
 Earl Haig Year Book, Earl Haig High School, Toronto, Ontario.
 Echoes, Peterborough Collegiate, Peterborough, Ontario.
 Echoes, Trafalgar School, Montreal, P.Q.
 Georgian, St. George's School, Vancouver, B.C.
 Gresham, Farfield, Gresham's School, Holt, Norfolk, England.
 Grove Chronicle, Lakefield Preparatory School, Peterborough, Ontario.
 Intra Muros, St. Clement's School, Toronto, Ontario.
 Log, Port Credit High School, Port Credit, Ontario.
 Log, Royal Roads, Victoria, B.C.
 Lower Canada Collegiate Magazine, Lower Canada College, Montreal, P.Q.
 Ludemus, Havergal College, Toronto, Ontario.
 Meteor, Rugby School, Rugby, Warwickshire, England.
 Norvoc, Northern Vocational School, Toronto, Ontario.
 Out-Look, Outremont High School, Montreal, P.Q.
 Overtones, Barrie District Central Collegiate, Barrie, Ontario.
 Per Annos, King's Hall, Compton, Ontario.
 Powassan District High School, Powassan, Ontario.
 Record, Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ontario.
 Review, Central Technical School, Toronto, Ontario.
 Review, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ontario.
 Robur, Lawrence Park Collegiate Institute, Toronto, Ontario.
 Samara, Elmwood School, Ottawa, Ontario.
 Scotch College Magazine, Scotch College, Freemantle, Australia.
 Selwyn House Magazine, 3458 Redpath St., Montreal, P.Q.
 Shawinigan Lake School Magazine, Shawinigan Lake School, Shawinigan Lake, Vancouver Island, B.C.
 South Africa College Magazine, South Africa College School, Cape Town, South Africa.
 Stanstead College Annual, Stanstead College, Stanstead, P.Q.
 Study Chronicle, The Study, Seaforth Ave., Montreal, P.Q.
 Sydneian, Sydney Grammar School, Sydney, Australia.
 St. Mildred's College Chronicle, St. Mildred's, Toronto, Ontario.
 St. Zavier's Magazine, Calcutta, India.
 Tallow Dip, Netherwoods, Rothesay, N.B.
 Tech. Tatler, Danforth Technical School, Toronto, Ontario.
 Trinity University Review, Trinity College, Toronto, Ontario.
 Twig, University of Toronto Schools, Toronto, Ontario.
 Van Dorum, Westmount High School, Montreal, P.Q.
 Verdian, Nichol's School, Buffalo, New York, U.S.A.
 Vol Collegii, Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, Ontario.
 Voyageur, Pickering College, Newmarket, Ontario.
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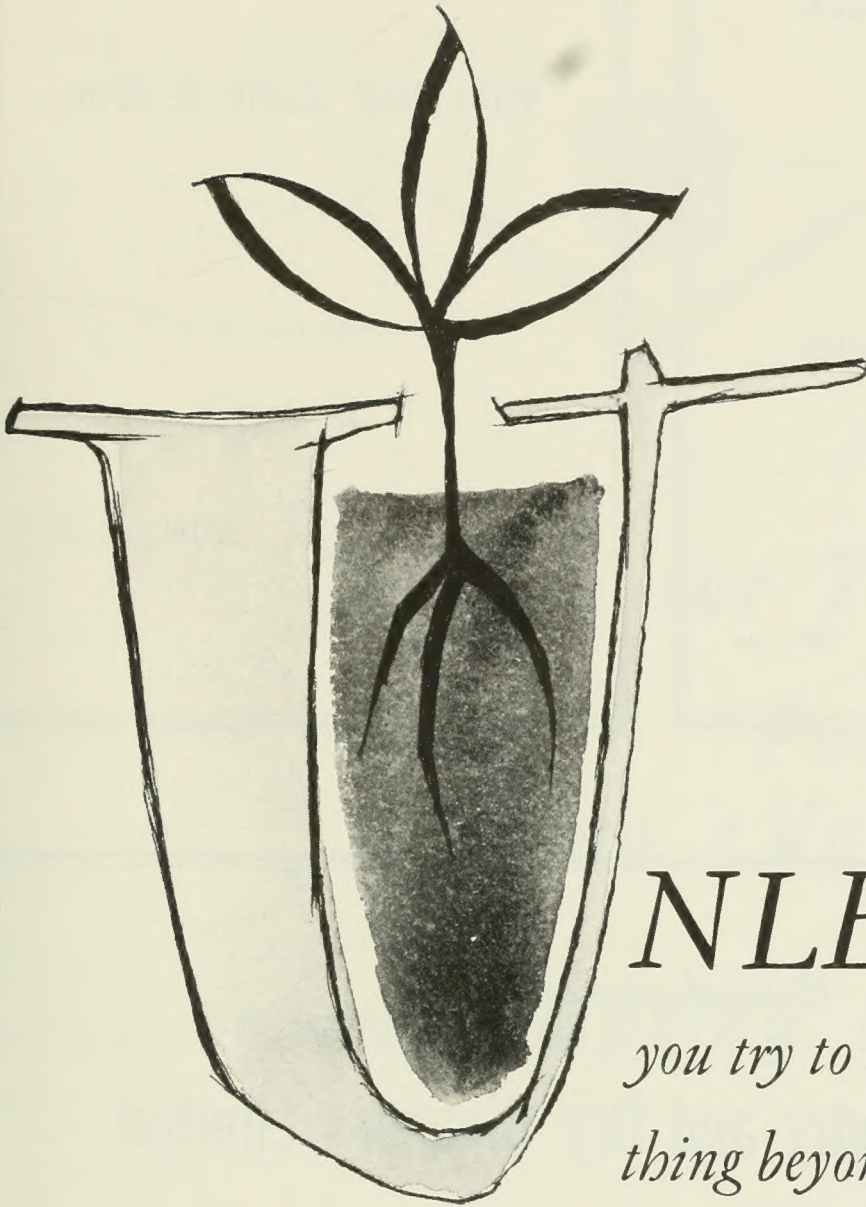
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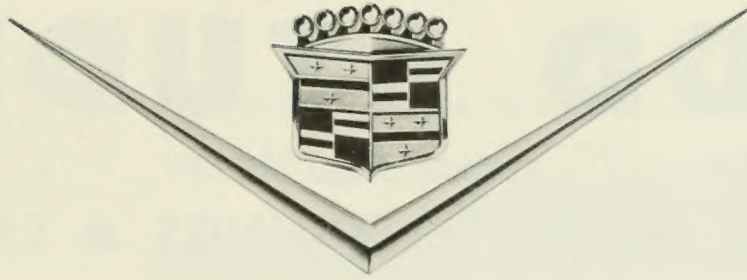
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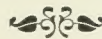
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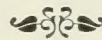
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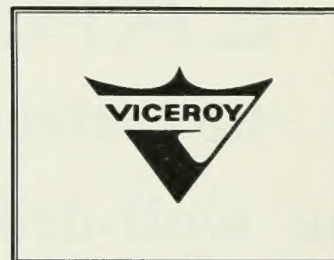
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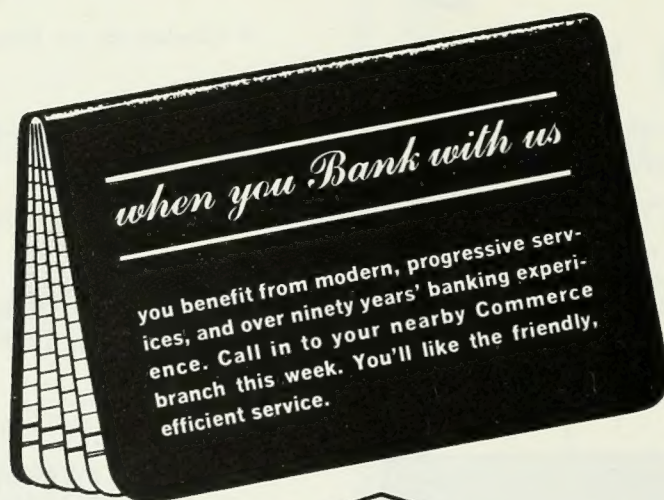
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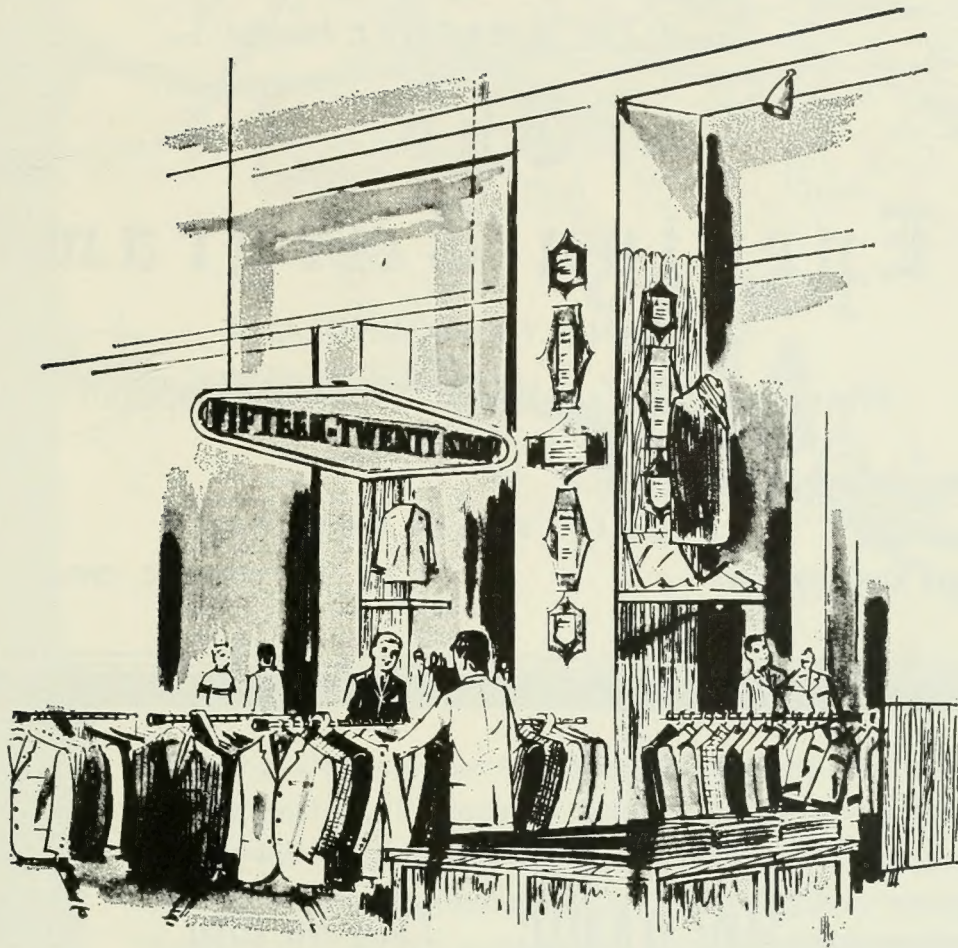
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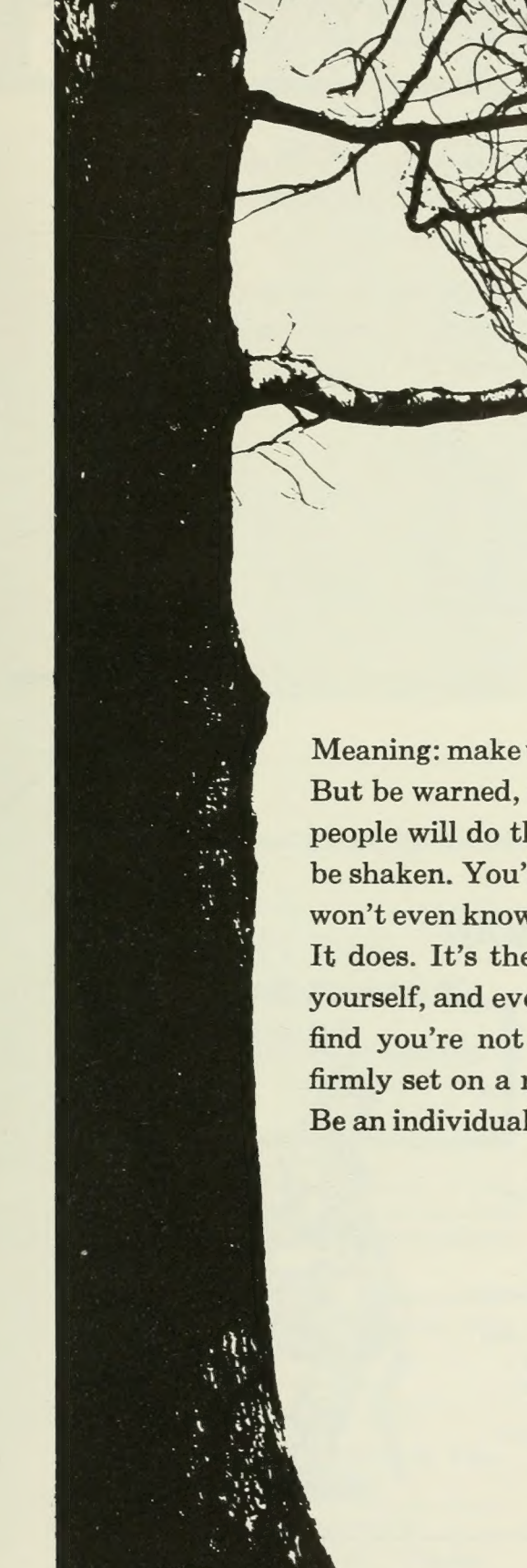
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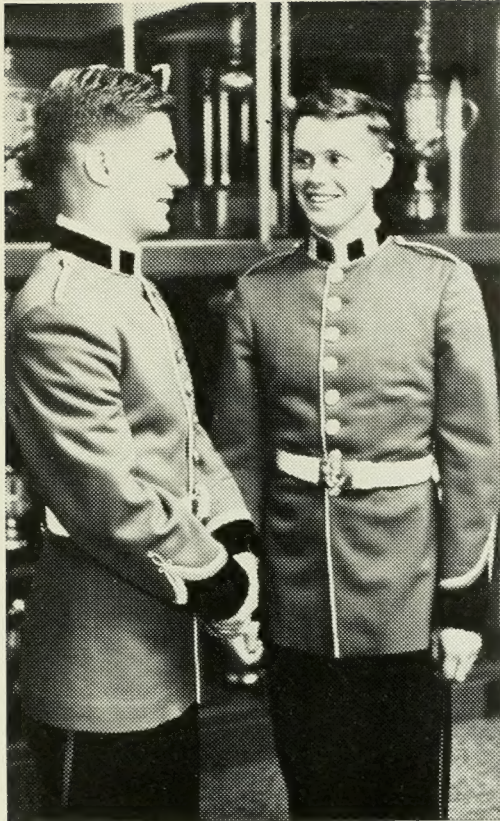
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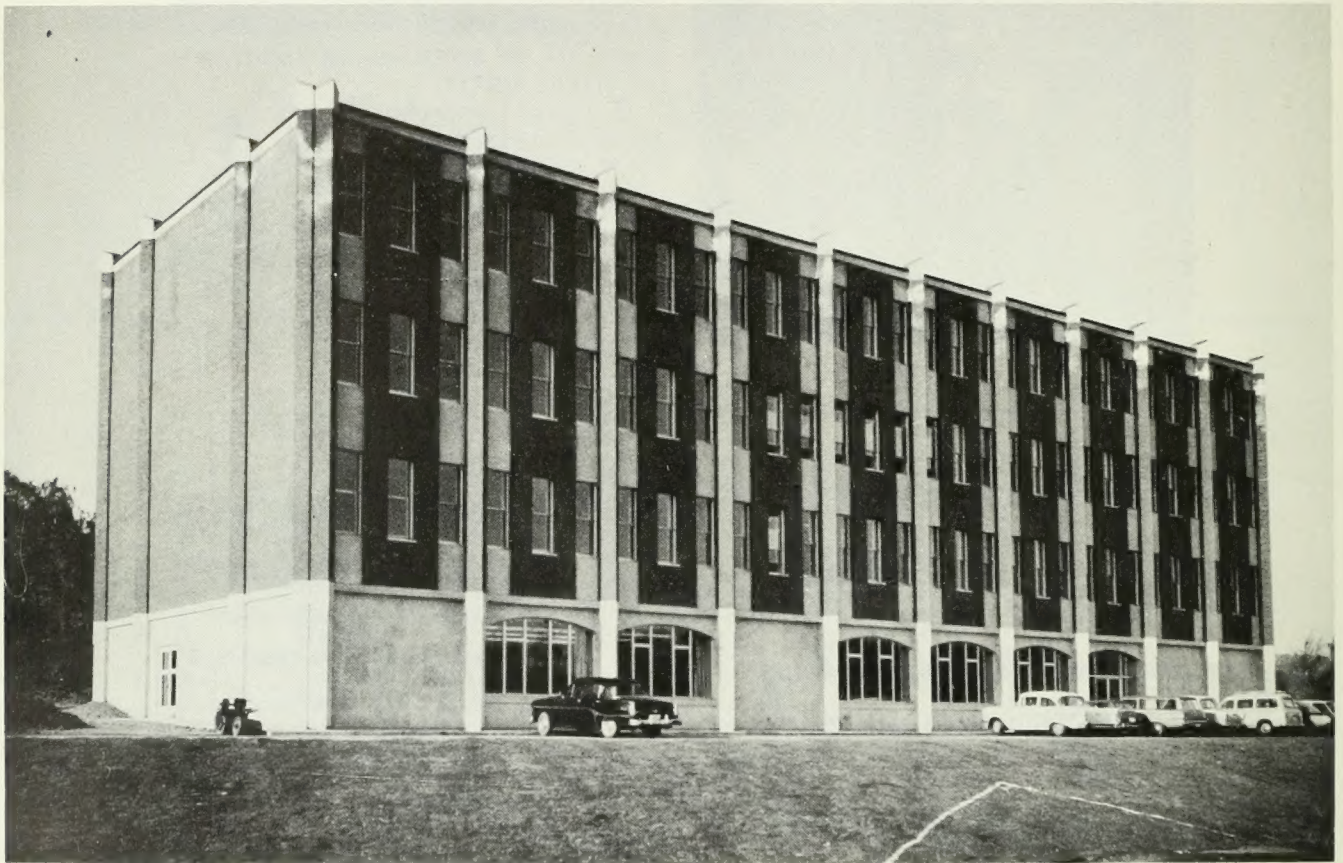
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**The Registrar
Bishop's University,
Lennoxville, Que.**

