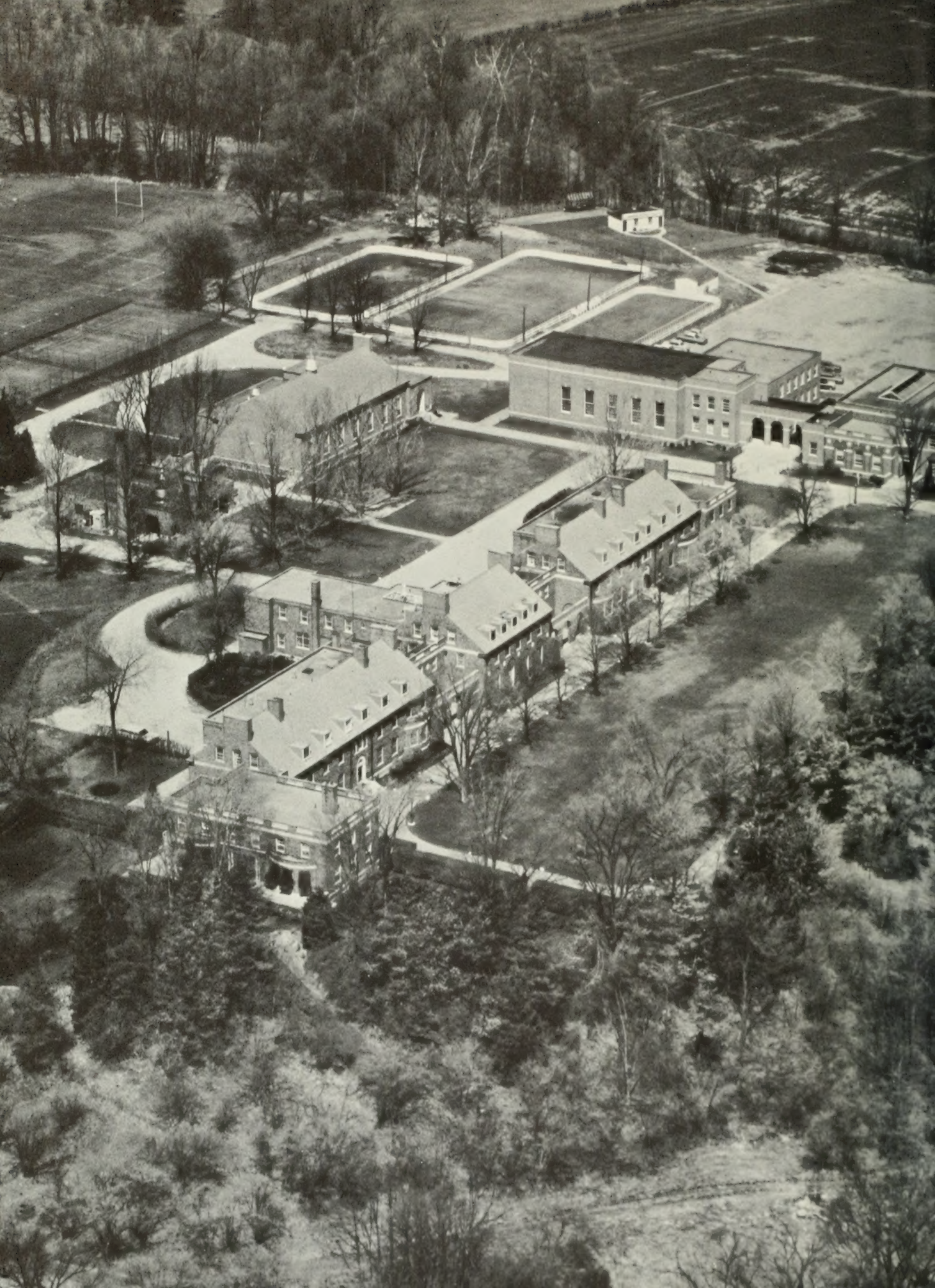


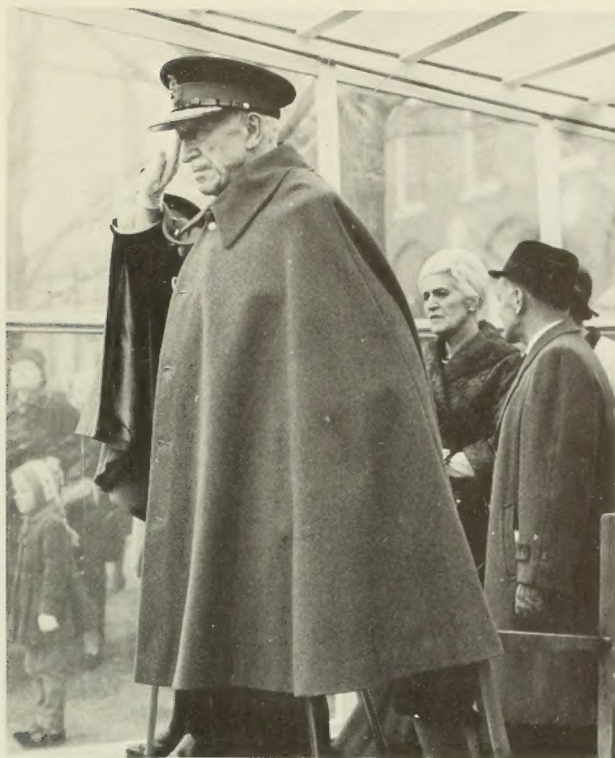


the
review
1965-6





GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S ADDRESS



HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S REMARKS AT THE CADET INSPECTION OF ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, AURORA, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27TH, 1966.

First may I say what a pleasure it has been to inspect such a well turned out body of cadets. The boys of St. Andrew's have a long and proud tradition to live up to. It is obvious that you are aware of your heritage and determined to maintain the same traditions of smartness and efficiency.

I am gratified also that the Governors-General of Canada have often been able to visit this school and witness a display comparable to that which you have given today. St. Andrew's College was founded even before the turn of this century, and at the first public appearance of the school's Cadet Corps in 1906, the Corps was reviewed by His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, later the Duke of Connaught. The Duke of Devonshire, Viscount Willingdon, the Earl of Bessborough and the Earl of Athlone all visited the school, but I imagine your proudest moment came when one of your own graduates, the Right Hon. Vincent Massey, inspected the Corps in 1952.

I think this list of Governors-General will give you an idea of the esteem in which this school is held, an esteem which provides a most demanding precedent to live up to. Much is expected of St. Andrew's College, and all those who are part of it must remember the proud reputation it bears and the confidence it inspires.

What is expected of a cadet? Let me read to you some of the qualities from one of your own training manuals. Qualities of character, integrity, honesty, sense of responsibility, obedience and loyalty; qualities of intelligence, the ability to learn and the ability to apply your knowledge quickly and effectively, the use of good judgment and open-mindedness. These qualities are basic to leadership, whether it is in cadets, in the school as a whole, or in the wider responsibilities of adult life.

You have heard more than once that you are the leaders of tomorrow, but perhaps you haven't fully realized just how important that fact is. Your country will be as worthwhile and noble as the leadership you provide. But don't think you can wait until tomorrow to develop these qualities of leadership. One of the most significant discoveries in the field of psychology in our time has been the knowledge of how difficult it is to change one's character once it has been moulded. Now is the age when the qualities which you will carry throughout your life are being either made part of you or neglected and forgotten. Now is the time when you must pay the maximum possible attention to cultivating in your heart and mind the qualities which distinguish greatness from pettiness. I am sure you have already come to realize that your service with the cadets provides one of the most effective means of achieving this purpose.

But do not imagine that this can be done without conscious effort. Your training in the cadets and in your school will provide you with the example and the inspiration you need, but the best example in the world must be conscientiously studied and followed if you are to derive its full value.

Leadership will call for initiative, seeing what needs to be done and getting on with it; remembering the feelings and rights of others; bearing — taking care of your appearance and conduct so that others will follow from the sheer smartness of your example; courage — standing up for your beliefs; endurance, dependability; justice, and enthusiasm. To these I would add an awareness of spiritual values, irrespective of the storms of tribulation you may encounter.

Twenty years from now you will probably know whether you are going to leave your mark in history of life, or be forgotten as just another statistic; whether you will contribute creative leadership to your country or disappear in insignificance; whether you will utilize your talents to the full or pass out in mediocrity. You will look back on your days at St. Andrew's as the ones which decided which course your future life would take. You will either thank God that you made the most of every moment of your time here, or you will deplore your short-sightedness in failing to seize the opportunities presented you. The choice is yours to make. Your school, your families and your country will be watching to see which course you follow.

THE HEADMASTER'S ADDRESS

As I read the pages of this fine "Review", for which the editors deserve sincere congratulations, I am reminded of the richness of our total educational programme. It is apparent that our philosophy of participation extends well beyond the walls of our classrooms, and it is obvious that Andreans are receiving a diversified education that should satisfy most of our aims.

As we think of our aims we should remember that, despite all the pragmatic pressures of modern society, St. Andrew's College still sets out to produce men; we are not concerned primarily with the acquisition of paper qualifications that guarantee admission to the next utilitarian stage of education. Our business is the education of clear-thinking, high-minded young men.

We earnestly hope that our students will learn to think clearly, acquire skills, develop a sense of moral responsibility, further their appreciation of beauty, and increase their intellectual curiosity. We do not expect them to find answers to all their questions; on the contrary, we trust that they will keep open minds to final truths, particularly in regard to moral and spiritual values.

We trust that nearly all students find their years at St. Andrew's rewarding and mainly happy. But we make no apology when students have to sacrifice easy pleasure in the pursuit of difficult but worthwhile accomplishments. We stand accused if we bore industrious, competent students; we fulfil our function if we inspire desire and achievement in spite of hardship.

Amid the 20th century's "explosion of knowledge" we are tempted to try to solve our problems simply by seeking more and more knowledge. Knowledge, of course, is important, but no one can assimilate more than a small fraction of what mankind has now learned. It is more important to be able to find knowledge when we need it than to consume all our energy cramming more and more facts into our memories. Since we cannot ourselves gain all the knowledge and skills that are required in society, it is essential that we produce men and women of integrity whom we can trust. The world's greatest need is leadership — people of intelligence, understanding and good will; it is the purpose of St. Andrew's College to produce more than its fair share of such leaders.



J. R. Coulter

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C. T. C. Kamcke, M.A.	History
R. D. Kinney, B.A., B.P.H.E.	Physical Education, Science
J. C. Mainprize, B.A.	History, French
C. H. Pemberton, B.A.	English
L. W. Pitman, B.A.	English (Housemaster of Memorial)
G. F. Reding, Mus. Bac., A.R.T.C.	Music
W. P. Skinner, M.A.	English (Housemaster of MacDonald)
G. R. Smith, M.A.	Chemistry
F. A. Stahl, B.A., B.D.	History, Religious Knowledge
C. S. Stoate, M.A.	French (Housemaster of Flavelle)
D. J. Timms, M.A.	Latin
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1965 - 1966

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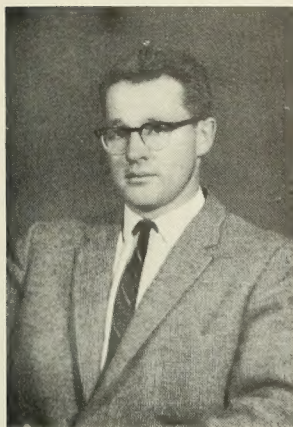
P. N. NATION

CLAN CAPTAINS

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DOUGLAS -----J. D. McKEEN
MONTROSE -----M. G. BARRETT
WALLACE -----D. J. HILTON

ANNOUNCEMENTS

With the passing of each year, St. Andrew's is fortunate in receiving several new and energetic masters. It is unfortunate, however, that each year we lose a number of equally distinguished men, whose contributions to the school invariably set a high standard for their successors. We Andreans regret that Mr. Allen, Mr. Bozzay, and Mr. Mainprize are leaving us this year; fond memories of these masters and friends will remain forever with us.



Mr. Allen

Mr. Allen was born in Toronto, and he attended Crescent School and U.T.S. before he went to the University of Toronto. He graduated with a Bachelor of Arts degree, and subsequently taught in Ottawa and North York. During his stay at S.A.C., Mr. Allen has taught English at all levels; in the last few years he has been head of the English Department, and has taught Grade XIII with stimulating thought and kindly criticism that his pupils will long remember. He has always shown great enthusiasm for all facets of life at St. Andrew's: he has organized the boxing club and debating teams (which were successful this year); he has introduced a number of programmes for Saturday night entertainment, and produced plays; never a man to do things by halves, he has cut a magnificent figure when riding a great steed through the campus, or trying on the track to out-run Mr. Skinner.

The boys and the staff will miss you and your family, Mr. Allen. We wish you every success in your new venture as Headmaster of your own school in Muskoka.



Mr. Bozzay

Mr. Bozzay was born in Hungary, and was actively engaged in teaching there, before the Hungarian revolution prompted his immigration to Canada. In 1960 he came to S.A.C., bringing with him his talents in the Modern Languages, and his European flair and personality for imparting these subjects to his students. An energetic member of the French Department, Mr. Bozzay's main goal has always been to maintain the high academic standards set by his predecessors, and to implement these with unique and vivacious teaching methods.

It is no secret that Mr. Bozzay's favourite sport is Fencing. In January of 1962 he started the first truly active fencing team at S.A.C. Since that date his boys have taken first and second places in the 1965 International High School Tournament, third place in Ontario in 1963, and second place in 1966. The team was awarded the Secondary High School Cup in 1965-1966.

Among the many memories we will always have of "Tibor", we shall never forget his teaching, his fencing parties, his nights on duty, his good example, his interest in his students, his demands on them, and his devotion to our school.

To Mr. Bozzay, who will be teaching in Toronto next year, and to Mrs. Bozzay, we of the student body and staff wish to extend our best wishes for every success, and to say thank you for leaving us so much.



Mr. Mainprize

It was with real regret that we learned of Mr. Mainprize's intention of returning to University next Fall to further his graduate studies in European History. The gap he leaves will be difficult, if not impossible, to fill.

Since his arrival in the autumn of 1962, he has epitomized the finest standards for boy and master alike. No boy who has experienced a Mainprize history course will soon forget the colour and gusto with which he brought the pedestrian pages of history to life, with penetrating exactness and the occasional ribald anecdote. Every boy in the school has benefited from his untiring efforts, on the playing-field and in the house, on Social Committee and in Film Society, and especially behind the scenes. The high-light came this Spring with a brilliant production of 'Twelve Angry Men,' certainly one of the finest dramas seen at St. Andrew's in years.

All Andreans wish Mr. Mainprize every success in the world, and hope that, upon completion of his university work, he will return to the school and his place among us, sporting his Ph.D. with customary sartorial flair.

— THE EDITORIAL BOARD —

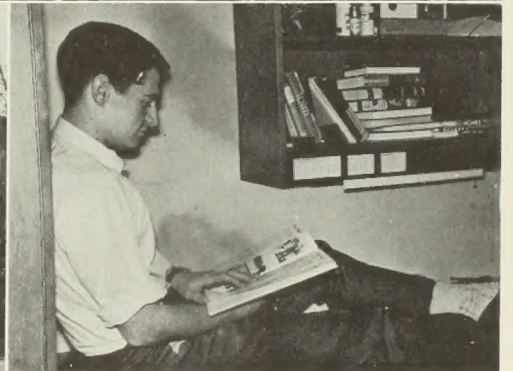
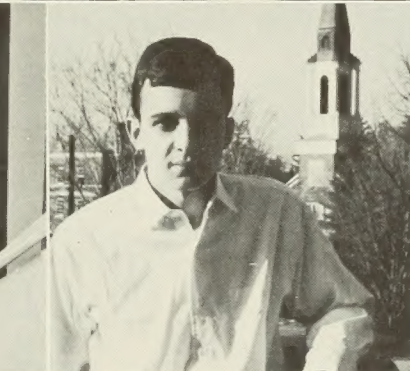
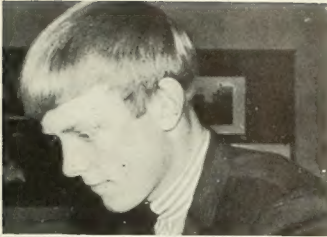
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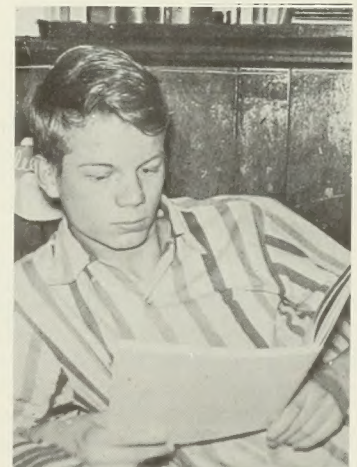
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THE EDITORS



THE AIM OF THE REVIEW IS TO RECORD, AS ACCURATELY AND AS PLEASANTLY AS POSSIBLE, THE LIFE OF ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE. IT MUST BE INFORMATIVE, BUT NOT DULL; ENTERTAINING, BUT NOT FOOLISH; AND ABOVE ALL, THE REVIEW MUST BE WORTHY OF ST. ANDREW'S, ITS IDEALS, AND ITS TRADITIONS.

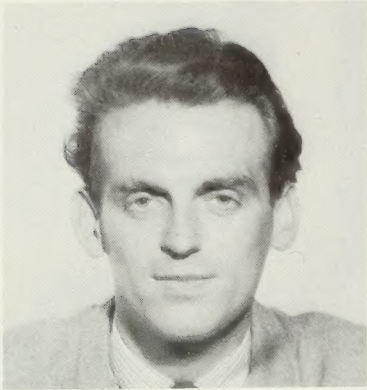


THE NEW MASTERS

FORSAN ET HOS OLIM MEMINISSE IUVA BIT

— VIRGIL

We at St. Andrew's College are constantly trying to preserve a great number of fond traditions. This is good, but we should not in so doing, resist the flood of new ideas which are being generated and circulated around us. Unfortunately, whether we know it or not, we do have a tendency to do this. We are fortunate, however, in receiving a number of new masters each year, whose new ideas balance the old, and help to offset our inertia. This year we welcomed six very interesting and well-qualified masters.



MR. SKINNER

MR. SKINNER was born and educated in Edinburgh, Scotland. He attended the University of St. Andrew's in Edinburgh, where he obtained his Master of Arts degree. After working as a surveyor in Scotland, Mr. Skinner came to Canada to teach in Montreal, and then at St. Andrew's.

During his brief stay at the College, Mr. Skinner taught English, and coached soccer. However, the "Review" is very sorry to announce that, owing to ill-health, Mr. Skinner and his wife left at Christmas.



MR. PEMBERTON

MR. PEMBERTON came to the school in January because of the untimely departure of Mr. Skinner. Mr. Pemberton was born in Essex, England. He studied English at Cambridge and obtained a Bachelor of Arts degree. Besides doing postgraduate work at Oxford, he also found time to play on the 2nd. XI cricket team. Mr. Pemberton has taken up residence at the school and lives in Flavelle House. Mr. Pemberton teaches English; he is also interested in chess and cricket.

The "Review" welcomes Mr. Pemberton, and hopes that he will enjoy his stay at St. Andrew's College.

MR. KINNEY, one of the younger members of our staff, was born in Belleville. After receiving his secondary education at Trenton High School, he went to Queen's University where he obtained his Bachelor of Science degree. When he finished at Queen's, he came to St. Andrew's College.

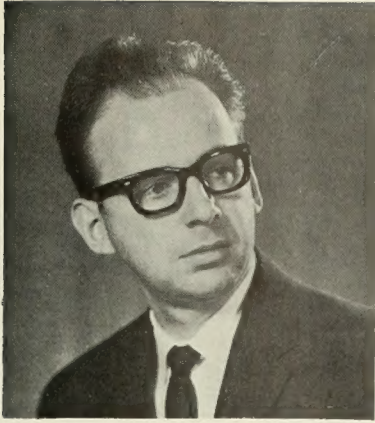
Mr. Kinney teaches science and physical education in the lower forms. He coached the Third football team in the fall. During the winter he coached the third hockey team and also assisted Mr. West in instructing the Gymnastics team. Mr. Kinney will assist in the organizing of the Track and Field team in the spring.

Mr. Kinney lives in Macdonald House. His Mustang, which is regularly washed by Macdonald House boys, increases his popularity.

The "Review" joins in welcoming Mr. Kinney to St. Andrew's College, with the hope that his stay will be long and pleasant.



MR. KINNEY



MR. REDING

MR. REDING was born and educated in Toronto. He has attended the University of Toronto; the University of London, England; Yale; and the University of Rochester. He has eight degrees in music and is qualified to teach all the instruments in a symphony orchestra. He has taught for many years in provincial high-schools, has done a great deal of conducting, and has made television appearances. He composes classical and popular music, and modern jazz.

Here at S.A.C., Mr. Reding teaches music to grades ten and under. He is building a music programme, the final goal of which is to bring music to as many boys as possible throughout the whole school.

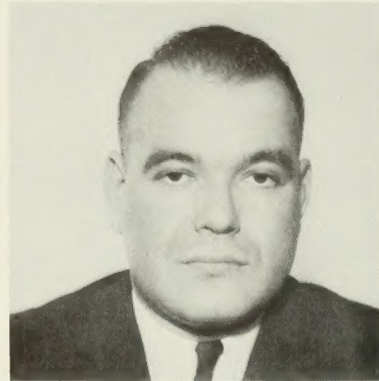
Mr. Reding is married and has a five year old son. He lives at the school in the western section of the Campbell houses.

The "Review", on behalf of the school, welcomes Mr. and Mrs. Reding, and hopes that their stay will be long and rewarding.

MR. STAHL was born in Jamaica, New York. After studying political science and law at Duke University, he obtained his Bachelor of Arts degree. From Duke University, he went to Oxford University. Mr. Stahl then enrolled in McGill University, where he got a Licentia Theology degree. Also at Montreal, he attended the Diocesan College and the Pontifical Institute of Medieval Studies.

Here at St. Andrew's, Mr. Stahl teaches history and religious knowledge. In his spare time, he conducts the philosophy club. Mr. Stahl lives in Newmarket.

The "Review" extends a warm greeting to Mr. Stahl and hopes his stay will be long and pleasant.



MR. STAHL

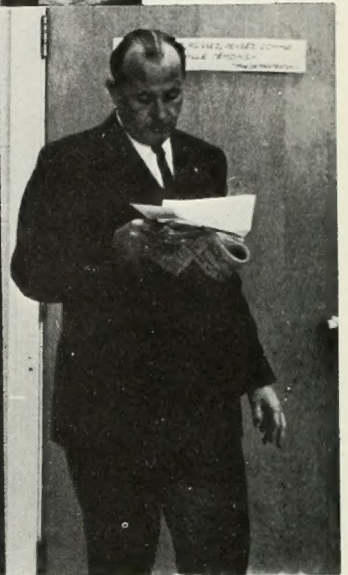
MR. WILSON was born and educated in England. Most of his primary education was at Warwick School, in Warwickshire. He served for two years in the army, and then went on to Oxford, where he took a three year course and obtained a degree in geography. He also played cricket and rugby at Oxford, winning a double Blue. Then he came to Canada, and has spent the last seven years teaching at the University School in Victoria, British Columbia.

This year at St. Andrew's, he is teaching geography to grades ten and eleven, and English to grades seven and eleven. He is coach of the First cricket team, chief instructor of the Cadet corps, and assistant coach of Under-Fifteen football.

On behalf of the School, the "Review" would like to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and their family, and wish them a long and productive stay.



MR. WILSON



head prefect's
VALEDICTORY
to the School

A valediction is a farewell, and as we separate again — some of us for the last time — let us look back over the year to the pleasant, and not so pleasant times we have had together.

As usual we have had a successful year in sports. Although we didn't win the L.B.F. in football or the Ontario Championship in rugger, we did give it a good try, and what is even more important, we have maintained our reputation as good sportsmen. St. Andrew's has always had this good reputation and I am quite sure she will continue to retain it.

But how have we progressed or digressed in other ways during the year?

To be a success, a school such as ours must develop a well-rounded individual. We must improve mentally as well as physically. When I say mentally, I am not thinking of scholastics, but of morals also. How have we developed in these aspects during the year?

This year we have fallen down quite badly in our ideal of a good Andrian. A great many boys have exhibited a disgusting degree of selfishness. However, these boys are not selfish towards their fellows but rather towards the school. They don't seem to realize that our school is like a bank; you only profit by it when you are willing to invest. You benefit by your own efforts — you only collect your interest when you have made a substantial contribution to the school. The behaviour in Chapel is ample proof of our failure to benefit from something which has been set up for us. Any institution is only as good as the people in it. You determine the calibre of your school.

This year a good many individuals have distinguished themselves in the school. Unfortunately, a fair number of these gentlemen have been distinguished by their singular ability to break rules. They have not yet realized that the rules are there for everyone. They cannot expect to set themselves above and beyond these rules. John Donne once said "no man is an island entire unto himself", and this could never be truer than in a school such as ours.

I apologize if this sounds like a sermon. I am not trying to preach to you. Nor am I completely pessimistic. We have had a good year in many aspects. But let's face the facts, so that you may do something about them. I use the word "may" because I know that you "can" do something if you want to. We have already proven our ability to work together when we want to.

I have tried to point out where we have fallen down this year. And may I remind you that the first step down is soon followed by an ever-increasing rate of deterioration. It is much harder to build something than it is to destroy; but that is what I am looking forward to. I hope I am not being too optimistic.

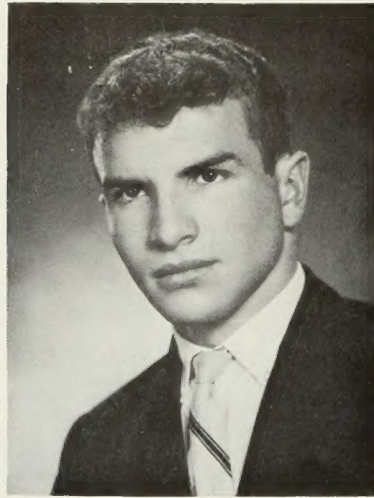
I am speaking now to the Lower Six. You have seen what has happened this year. I hope that next year you will not be plagued by the remarkable lack of maturity which is prevalent among the Upper Six this year, but will strive to improve our school.

Our school motto is "quit ye like men, be strong; let all your deeds be done with charity." Show some charity towards your own school and live up to our proud tradition.

D. O. Mutch

GRADUATING CLASS

D. O. MUTCH



HEAD PREFECT

DAVID MUTCH: — "Foot"

ACTIVITIES: Head Prefect, Chairman of Students' Council, 1st Football (colours), 1st Hockey, 1st Rugger, Scholar, Sgt. in Pipe Band.

AMBITION: Pathologist.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Slab in the morgue.

FAVOURITE PLACE: Bed.

NEXT YEAR: Medicine at McGill.

GEORGE DANGERFIELD — "Dog"

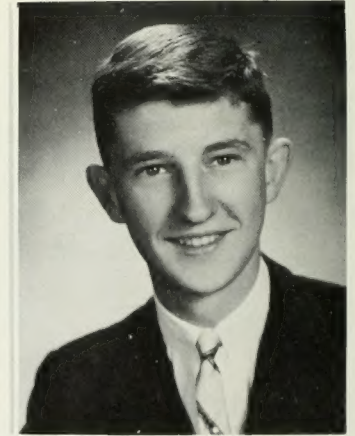
ACTIVITIES: Prefect, 1st Soccer (colours), O.C. of Cadet Corps, Students' Council, Member of Service Committee, Moffat's Rangers, 1st Basketball (captain, 1st bar, M.V.P.).

AMBITION: to be the winner at the National Dog Show.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: flea collector.

CHIEF DELIGHT: The Red Lion Room.

NEXT YEAR: General Arts at either Western or Queens.



FABIO J. GUZMAN — "Guz"

ACTIVITIES: Head boy, Head librarian, Chairman of Science Committee, Secretary of Students' Council, Bruce Clan Vice-Captain, Cdt./CSM, Soccer, 1st Basketball, Prefect, Philosophy Club, Scholar, Member of the Billiard Academy for Gentlemen. (Third Substratum,)

AMBITION: To be peacefully coexistent and contiguously harmonious with the Supreme Being.

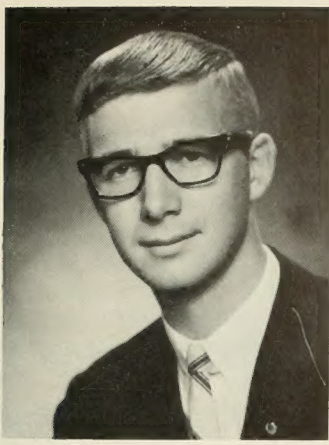
PROBABLE DESTINATION: Total excommunication and eternal excretion.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Chickens and phenolphthalein.

FAVOURITE AUTHOR: Anonymous.

NEXT YEAR: Chemical Engineering somewhere in the upper layers of the North American percipitate.





ROSS HOWARD — "Howie"

ACTIVITIES: Prefect, Student Council, Chairman of the Debating Society, 1st Football, 1st Basketball, Cdt./Sergeant, Literary Editor of the Review, Vice Chairman of the Social Committee, Film Society, Le Cercle Français, Founding Father-Society Basil International.

AMBITION: To become Ernest Hemingway. II.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Editing Batman Comic Books.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Teaching Birth Control to Rabbits.

NEXT YEAR? An arts course at a Canadian University.

ROBERT L. JONES — "Tea Bag"

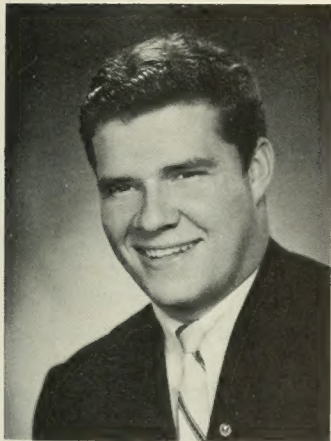
ACTIVITIES: Prefect, 1st Soccer, 1st Cricket, 1st Tennis, Debating, Students' Council, Cinema Committee, Athletic Committee, Platoon Sergeant, Moffat's Rangers.

FAVOURITE AUTHOR: B. S. Eliot.

FAVOURITE PLACE: Somewhere where everything is less frigid.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Propping up the nearest beach bar.

NEXT YEAR: Sussex - - - - OR Bust.



JIM MCCLOCKLIN — "Rock"

ACTIVITIES: Prefect, 1st Football, Dance Committee, Cdt./Lieutenant, Students' Council, 1st Hockey (Captain, Bar), Chairman-Social Committee, Vice-Chairman Debating Society, Bruce Clan First Clan Colours.

AMBITION: Prime Minister of Canada.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Federal Agriculture Minister.

FAVOURITE SAYING: "This is a credit call".

NEXT YEAR: Business at Cornell or Political Science and Economics at York.

J. D. McKEEN — "McCOON"

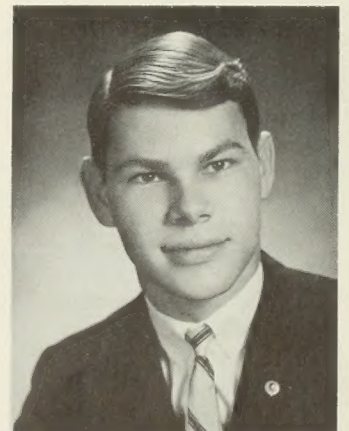
ACTIVITIES: Chairman of Athletic Committee, Cdt./Lieutenant, Service Committee, Chairman of Colours Committee, 1st Football (capt., colours, M.V.P.), 1st Hockey (colours), 1st Track and Field, Prefect, Students' Council, Foundation Father of Society Basils International, Douglas Clan Capt.

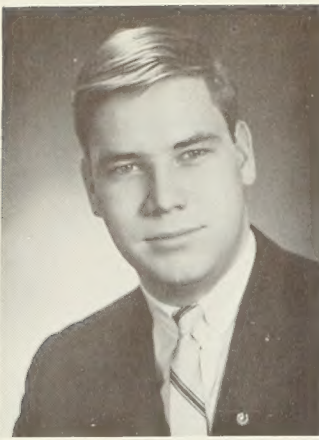
CHIEF DELIGHT: Tuesday night coffee with B.

AMBITION: To be the best jock around!

NEXT YEAR: Football (and Honours Mathematics) at Queens.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Attending early morning chapel.





W. H. McNEIL — "Bill"

ACTIVITIES: 1st Football, 1st Hockey, Prefect, Students' Council, Chairman of Cinema Committee, Cadet Lieutenant.

AMBITION: to pass.

FAVOURITE SAYING: this is true.

CHIEF DELIGHT: The Red Lion Room.

NEXT YEAR: Medicine.

JOHN DAVID MORRISON — "More"

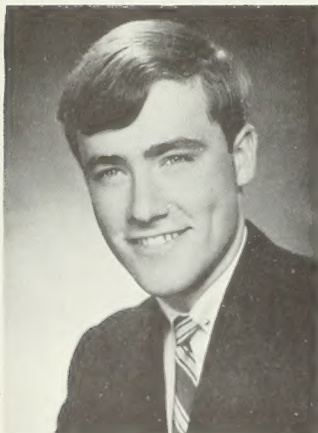
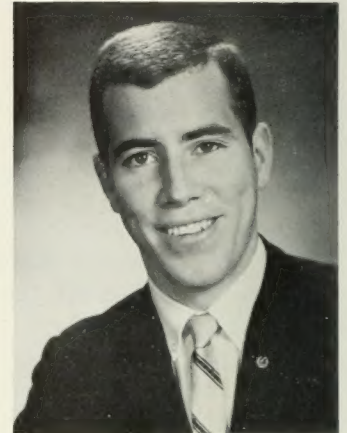
ACTIVITIES: Prefect, Scholar, 1st Hockey, Capt. Douglas Clan Soccer, Students' Council, Président du Cercle Français, Chairman of Service Committee, President-St. Andrew's College Billiard Academy for Gentlemen, Basil's Club, Cdt./Sergeant, Rifle Team, S.G.F.C.

FAVOURITE PLACE: Bed.

CHIEF DELIGHT: L.J., M.M.M.

AMBITION: To know more French than Mr. Bozzay.

NEXT YEAR: Honours Science at Western.



D. M. BICHAN — "Duge"

ACTIVITIES: Scholar, Dramatics, Debating, Chairman of the Dramatics Committee, Charter Member of the Students' Council, Shooting Team, Clean-up committee, 1st Football, Clan Hockey (Bruce).

FAVOURITE SAYING: O God, if there is a God, save my soul, if I have a soul.

CHIEF DELIGHT: Breakfast.

NEXT YEAR: U of T.

A. C. BLUE — "Squire"

ACTIVITIES: 2nd Football, 2nd Hockey (MLP).

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Army Cook.

NEXT YEAR: Queen's Economics.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Living.



L. A. BOLAND — "Layer"

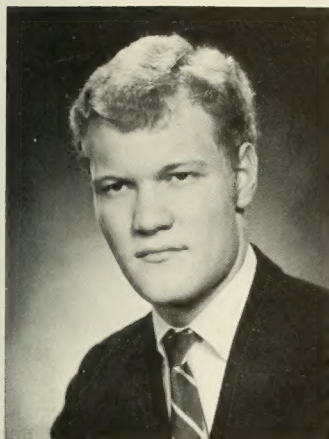
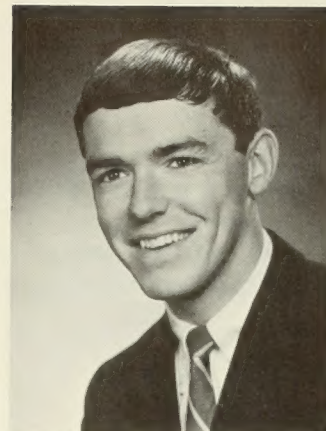
ACTIVITIES: 1st Football, Clan Hockey, Cadet Lieutenant, Student Council, Athletic Association, Social Committee, Review Staff, Chapel Boy.

AMBITION: To be rich and single at the age of thirty.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Married at twenty-five to a ninety-five year old, millionaire widow with a failing heart.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Fanning at mail call.

NEXT YEAR: Arts at Queen's.



W. E. CAWTHORNE — "Theodore"

ACTIVITIES: 1st Football (colours), 1st Basketball, Cadet Corporal, Fourth House Smoker.

AMBITION: To be a millionaire by 25.

FAVOURITE AUTHOR: Henry Miller.

CHIEF DELIGHT: Sloe Gin Fizz.

NEXT YEAR? U. of T.

CAMERON CLARK — "Clank"

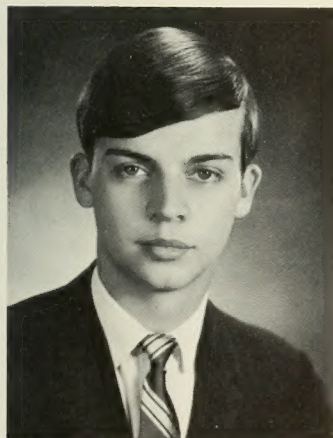
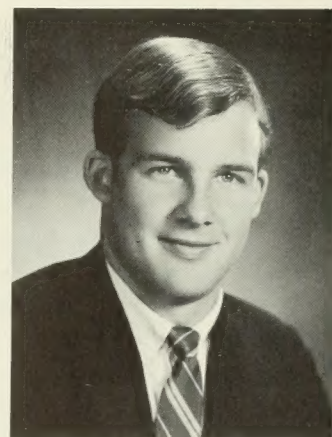
ACTIVITIES: 1st Football, 2nd Football, Track 1st Bar, 2nd Hockey, Social Committee

AMBITION: Make myself more happy in the "General drama of pain" - T. Hardy.

FAVOURITE AUTHOR: Hemingway.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Sailing.

NEXT YEAR? Military secret.



N. B. DAVIS — "Norm"

ACTIVITIES: 1st Basketball, 2nd Football, Librarian, Scholar, Philosophy Club, Film Society, Society Basils International.

AMBITION: To become a spiritual seer.

FAVOURITE PLACE: a semi-wooded ravine this side of the Don Valley.

FAVOURITE AUTHOR: "Charlotte".

NEXT YEAR: Honours Philosophy, U of Toronto.

J. S. DEACON — "Deaks"

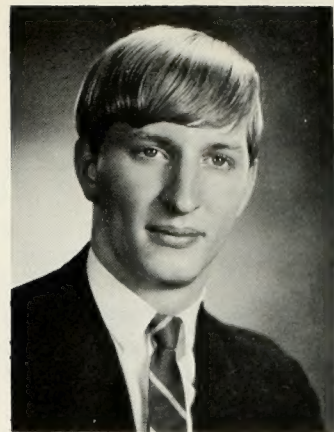
FAVOURITE PLACE: A barber shop.

CHIEF DELIGHT: Judi.

AMBITION: To replace Elsie the Cow with L. C. the !

FAVOURITE SAYING: "Get your ass on the road eh!"

NEXT YEAR? Chemical Engineering U. of T.



HAL EBBELS — "Stubby"

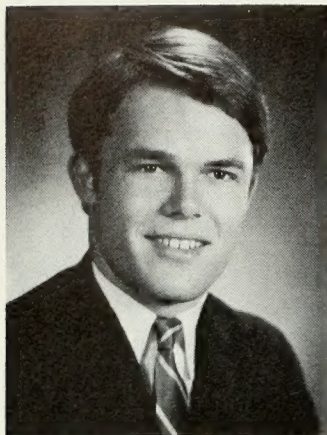
ACTIVITIES: 1st Football, 1st Hockey, Social Club, Douglas Clan Vice-Captain.

AMBITION: To grow.

FAVOURITE SAYING: Hey, Hollywood, did your barber die?

FAVOURITE PLACE: The Victory.

NEXT YEAR? University in the Wild, Wild West.



THOMAS H. ENDLEMAN — "Flash"

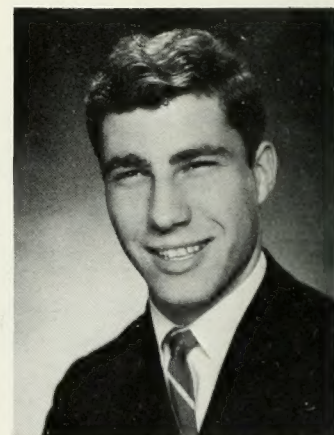
ACTIVITIES: Chess, 1st Football, 1st Basketball, 1st Track, Ping Pong, Cdt./Lance Corporal, Instrumental Band, Rifle Team.

AMBITION: Geometry at 1:19, highest aggregate E.R.'S.

FAVOURITE SAYING: What have we got to-morrow?

CHIEF DELIGHT: Meals between snacks.

NEXT YEAR? Honours Math at Queen's.



DONALD J. F. FLEMING — "Froats"

ACTIVITIES: Philosophy Club, Assistant Literary Editor of "Review", Debating Society, St. Andrew's "After Four" representative, Film Society, S.A.C. Billiard Academy for Gentlemen, Clan Hockey, Moffat's Rangers.

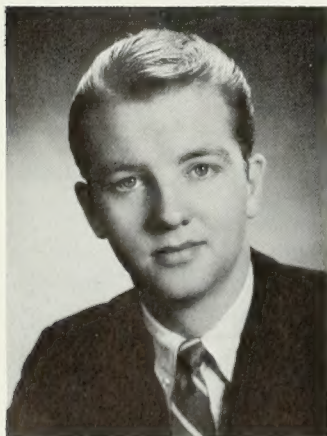
AMBITION: Doctor of the mind; "What's on *your* mind, Babe?"

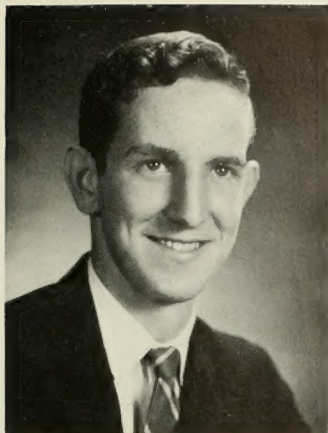
FAVOURITE SAYING: "Such is life; seven times down, eight times up (ha, ha)."

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Absorbing the knowledge from Phreddy's Fisics Course.

FAVOURITE PLACE: A front seat in trig class.

NEXT YEAR: Premeds at Mount A.





D. F. W. GRANT — "Jungle Bunny"

ACTIVITIES: 1st Soccer (bar), 1st Basketball, 1st Cricket, Cdt/Sergeant, Captain of Alphabet Soccer Champions, Glee Club.

AMBITION: To beat Mr. Moffat in Math.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Towel bearer for the Globetrotters.

FAVOURITE PLACE: Jamaica Playboy Club.

NEXT YEAR? Commerce at Queen's.

H. DAVE C. LAKE — "Daver"

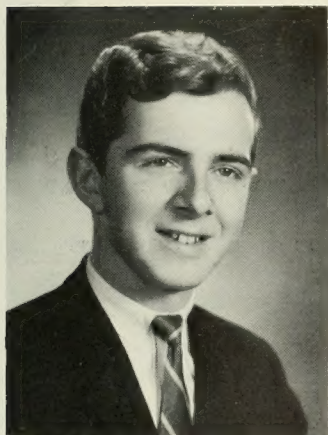
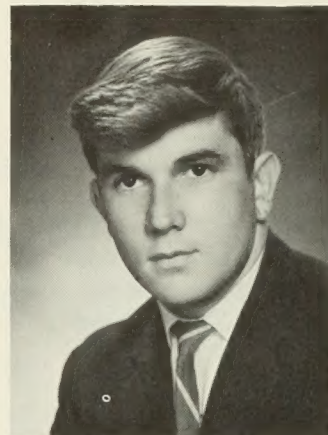
ACTIVITIES: 1st Football (colours), Tennis, Rifle Team, Rugger, Cdt./Sergeant, Senior Play, Signals Operator, S.G.F.C.

AMBITION: To grow a beard.

FAVOURITE SAYING: That really peeves me!

CHIEF DELIGHT: Making out!

NEXT YEAR? Engineering somewhere in the States.



WILKIE LAWRASON — "Prof"

ACTIVITIES: Assistant Coach for Under 15 B Football, Fencing, Assistant Baritone Horn Instructor, Philosophy Club, Moffat Ranger, Billiard Academy.

AMBITION: Most of the time.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Chief Match Tester at Eddy's.

FAVOURITE SAYING: "Foiled again."

CHIEF DELIGHT: Chinese Torture.

GIBB McEACHREN — "Gibe"

ACTIVITIES: 2nd Football, Fencing, Service Committee, Cadet Corporal, Moffat's Rangers, Smoker, Gook's Guerrillas, Camera Club, Clean Up Committee, Youth of the Empire.

FAVOURITE SAYING: I won't get caught again!

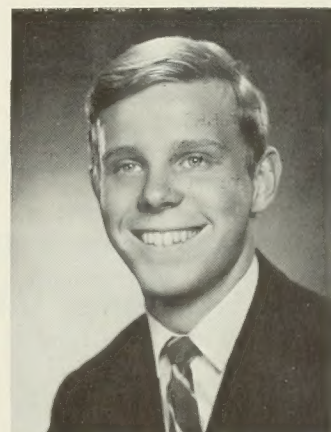
AMBITION: Not to get caught again.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Headmaster's Office.

CHIEF DELIGHT: Ten days of carefree vacation at SAC.

FAVOURITE PLACE: Classified.

NEXT YEAR: Maybe.





ATTILA NAGY — "Zoltan"

ACTIVITIES: 1st Soccer, Moffat's Rangers, Clan Hockey, French Club, Arsenic and Old Lace (cast), Cdt./Lance Corporal, Rugger, General Nuisance.

FAVOURITE PLACE: The "Dog" house.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Philosophy Club janitor.

FAVOURITE SAYING: I love you madly, too. Now, what do you want?

NEXT YEAR: General Science at U. of T.

D. R. OWRAM — "Ovrum"

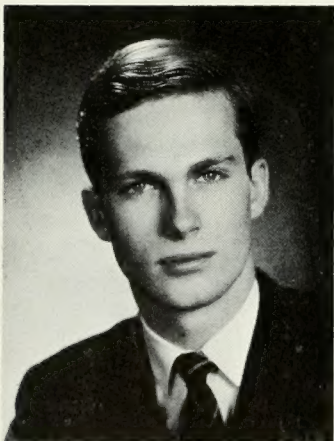
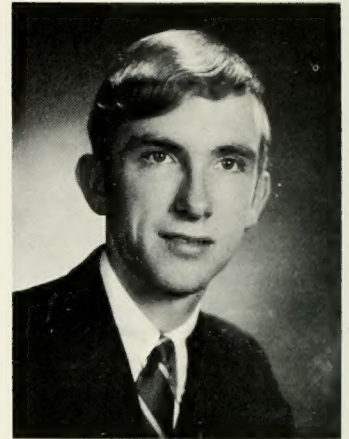
ACTIVITIES: Clan Soccer, Clan Hockey, Chapel Boy, Debating, Philosophy Club, Cdt./Corporal.

AMBITION: Teaching at University Level.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Kindergarten teacher.

FAVOURITE SAYING: "I just had a haircut."

NEXT YEAR? Queen's — Honours History.



JOHN L. R. PALLETT — "Crash"

ACTIVITIES: 2nd Football (Captain), Boxing, Track and Field, Staff Sergeant in Cadets, Chairman of Memorial House Television Room, Debating, Clan Hockey Champions.

FAVOURITE SAYING: "Anything we can do, the Italians can do it better."

CHIEF DELIGHT: Chipping away at the feet of authority.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Cutting holes in Peter's parachute.

NEXT YEAR: Political Science and Economics at York.

D. C. PETERS — "Fox"

ACTIVITIES: Manager First Football, Debating, Senior Play, Dramatics Committee.

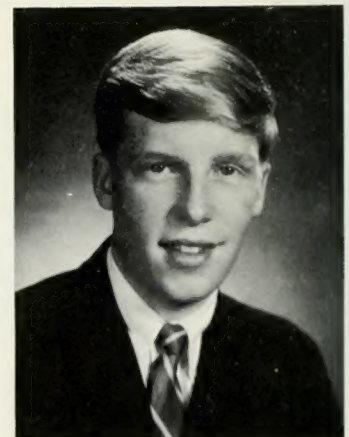
PROBABLE DESTINATION: Janitor in an Italian House of Ill - Repute.

FAVOURITE AUTHOR: T. Bozzay (Revelations on the Revolution).

CHIEF DELIGHT: Packing my parachute after getting shot down.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Making Boland pick.

NEXT YEAR? Pre Law at Queen's.



JOHN PITCHER — "Pitch"

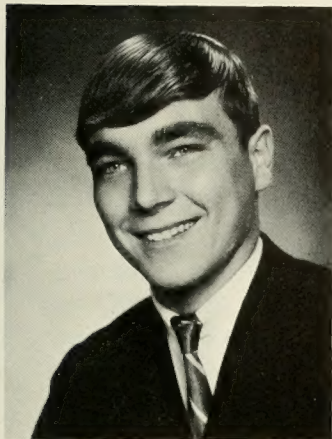
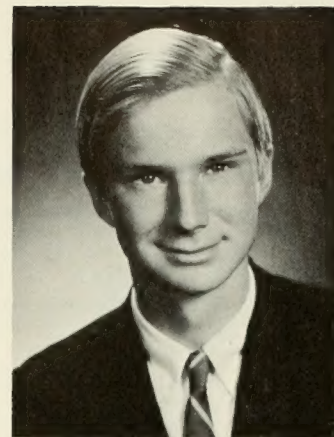
ACTIVITIES: First Basketball, Track, Second Football, Philosophy Club, Cdt./Corporal in Band.

AMBITION: To be a ski bum.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Switzerland.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Frowning.

NEXT YEAR: Arts at Queen's.



M. H. POPIELUCH — "Pops"

ACTIVITIES: Soccer, 2nd Basketball, 1st Cricket, Boxing, Philosophy Club, Cadet Corporal, Table Commander, Billiard Academy.

AMBITION: To become a go-go surfer.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: A go-go private in Vietnam.

CHIEF DELIGHT: Killing my lunch.

NEXT YEAR: Political Science and International Business at University of California.

EVERARD T. RICHARDS — "Bob"

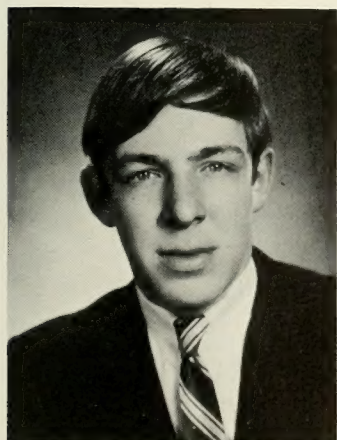
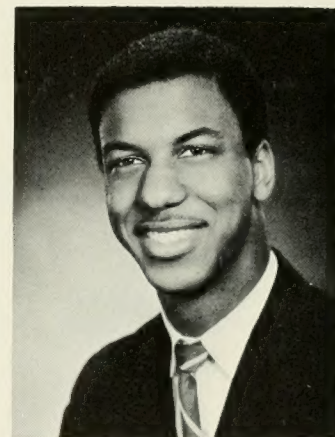
ACTIVITIES: 1st Soccer, 1st Cricket, Table Tennis, Debating, Singing.

FAVOURITE PLACE: Horseshoe Bay.

CHIEF DELIGHT: Cassava Pie.

AMBITION: To reach the rainbow's end.

FAVOURITE SAYING: That's Tight !!



DAVID M. SANGER — "Nose"

ACTIVITIES: Scholar, Science Committee, Philosophy Club, Librarian, Dramatics, Second Football, Film Society, Cdt./Corporal, Wallace Clan Hockey (Semi-Skating-Non-Player), S.G.F.C.

FAVOURITE SAYING: Who nose ? ?

FAVOURITE AUTHOR: Thompson Hardy, Archbiscuit Thomley Bucket.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Experimenting with the effects of phenolphthalein.

NEXT YEAR: Applied Mathematics at Amherst.

DOUGLAS A. SIMMONDS — "Wart"

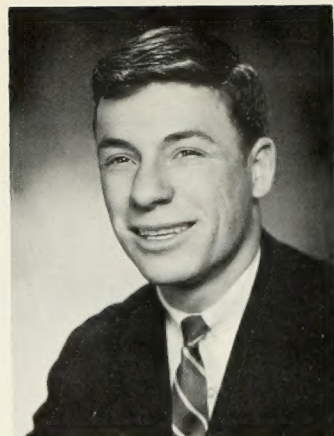
ACTIVITIES: Manager - 1st Football, 2nd Hockey, Arsenic and Old Lace.

AMBITION: To become middle linebacker for the Green Bay Packers.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Cleaning Green Bay Packers' spikes.

FAVOURITE AUTHOR: G. Totton and Mr. Cole.

NEXT YEAR? General Science — University of Toronto.



DONALD M. SMITH — "D"

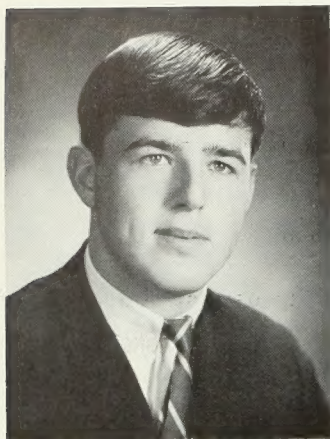
ACTIVITIES: 1st Football (captain, bar), 1st Hockey, Bruce Clan Captain, Athletic Committee, Cdt./Corporal, Secretary Flavelle House Smoker, S.G.F.C., Billiard Academy.

AMBITION: Counting trees in the Arctic Circle.

FAVOURITE SAYING: "I'm done!"

FAVOURITE PLACE: Under the trees.

NEXT YEAR? Forestry; U. of T.



ROBERT DONALD STEPHENS — "Stevie"

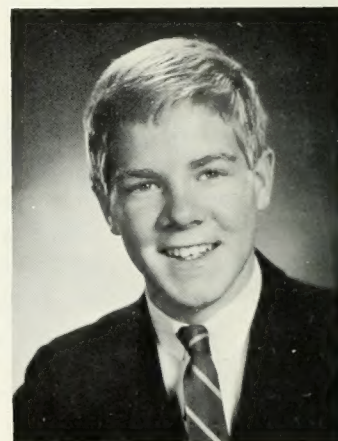
ACTIVITIES: Second Football, First Hockey, Middle School Play, Cdt./Lieutenant, S.G.F.C., Track Team.

AMBITION: Ski bum in Alps.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Ski bum in Alps.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: To pass-time.

NEXT YEAR? (Tulane U.)



RICHARD MICHAEL TAYLOR — (B.S., Hard, Mike?)

ACTIVITIES: Of course.

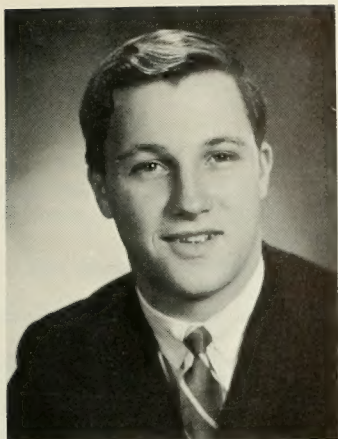
AMBITION: Canadian B/stock championship on a solid gold.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Dead.

FAVOURITE SAYING: Bored, stroked, polished and balanced.

NEXT YEAR? Civil Engineering at U. of T.



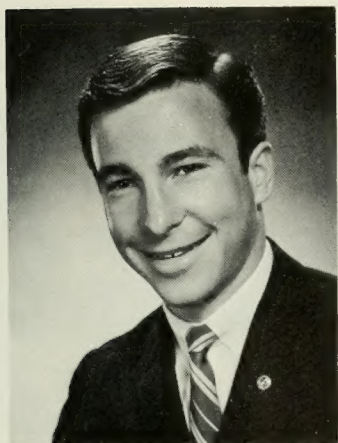
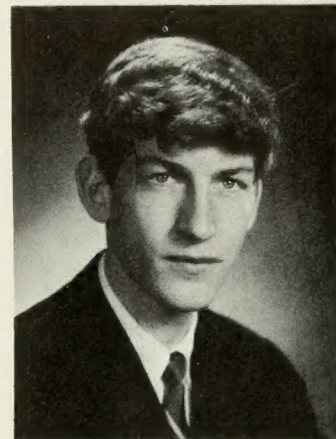


TOM TAYLOR — “Frisky ol’ Tom”

ACTIVITIES: First Football, Clan Hockey (Bruce-Champions), Film Society.
AMBITION: Go to Australia and let hair grow.
FAVOURITE SAYING: “I’m Australia material”.
FAVOURITE AUTHOR: John Lennon.
CHIEF DELIGHT: Turkish.
NEXT YEAR? Western.

VIC TRYON — “The Red Baron”

ACTIVITIES: Second Football (Colours, Captain), Clan Hockey (Champions), Cdt/Lance Corporal.
FAVOURITE SAYING: Immaturity killed the cat.
FAVOURITE PLACE: Taylor’s cupboard Sunday mornings.
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Listening to Peter’s exam schedule.
NEXT YEAR? Business at Western.



W. W. WILSON — “Will(y)”

ACTIVITIES: 1st Football, 2nd Hockey, 1st Rifle Team, 2i/c of the Cadet Corps, Cinema Committee, Moffat’s Rangers, Gook’s Guerrillas.
AMBITION: To lose the bet with “Big Don” and “McCoon”.
FAVOURITE SAYING: “What a hunk”.
FAVOURITE PLACE: Toronto 12.
NEXT YEAR? York University.

DOES ST. ANDREW'S REALLY CHANGE?

— YES! STATISTICS PROVE IT

The evening meal was moved ahead 15 minutes to provide more time for sports. Then, half-way through the school year, it was decided to shift the beginning of evening study ahead a full 30 minutes so that there would be more time for relaxation and various other activities right after supper. During the spring, "relaxation and various other activities" came to mean only one thing — cadets. However, there were no more complaints than those which usually accompany cadet practices, and it was considered a successful move.

It had long been felt that more freedom should be given to Grade 13 students. Well, this year, the gate was opened and their chains were unlocked. Under the new leave policy, students in upper sixth were allowed three 12:00 leaves and one 2:00 leave per month.

During the year, a smoking-room was set aside in the basement of each house for those boys in upper and lower sixth with smoking privileges. Smoking was restricted to pipes and cigars, the sweet odour of which found its way into the main corridors every night after study. Fortunately, no-one rang the fire-alarm.

The music department underwent a thorough reorganization under Mr. Reding. One of the many bands he started was a brass marching band, which was at first rather ludicrous. Many of the bands were not, however, and it is a tribute to Mr. Reding that he should be able to make 15-20% of the school into musicians within one year.

There was even a change in chapel procedure, something which has remained untouched for at least eight years. For the Sunday evening service, it was decided that donations to the collection should no longer be compulsory, and that the money received should be used to support a few of the

boys in a nearby orphanage. The average amount collected remained the same, even after the voluntary was introduced.

Also new this year:

A Saturday cadet period was introduced. Uniforms had to be worn, and complaints were numerous.

The "New Math" course reached the Grade 12 level. Next year, all classes will take it.

A new subject, Religious Knowledge, made its debut. Its purpose — to question the existence of God. (Doesn't everyone).

Easter exams were reduced to one hour papers. There was no significant drop or rise in marks.

The tops of all the desks and the backs of the pews in the chapel were sanded and revarnished by the students driving a crash campaign to clean up the school. Destroyed were the names and opinions of several decades of Andreans.

Several changes have already been foreseen for next year. There will probably be no Easter exams in 1967. This is in keeping with present trend within the school to take the emphasis off examinations.

The required number of courses for Grade 13 is being lowered all over the province. This will give some Andreans a maximum of 12 or 13 spare periods a week — a tempting possibility.

One thing more — Next year, the school will have a chaplain. The Reverend Dr. John M. Wilkie, minister of Deer Park United Church, in Toronto, will be giving spiritual guidance and leadership to St. Andrews.

J. C.

THE SERVICE COMMITTEE

A first! The Service Committee found out what it was to do and did it! This year, we succeeded in doing something for someone else — an action which had been lacking at St. Andrew's for several years.

A very profitable "White Elephant Sale" in early January enabled us to donate badly-needed playground equipment and other gifts to two local orphanages. In addition, a large group of these children attended the Cadet Inspection through the efforts of the Service Committee and the courtesy of Langdon's Coach Lines. Since March, representatives of the Committee have been selling soft-drinks throughout the school and at athletic events; the profits from this highly-successful and popular venture will be used next year as a basis for a school Centennial project.

The most notable achievement of the Committee this year was the adoption of four needy children in India through an Indian mission — Dr. Graham's Homes. We are supporting these children through our weekly Chapel donations, which are now voluntary; we expect that future Service Committees will support this cause.

The Service Committee is very grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Stoate for their kind assistance in our achievements.

J. D. Morrison

SOCIETY BASILS INTERNATIONAL

We prefer to think of Basils as being not merely a club, but rather a way of life. It is completely divorced from the main-stream of Andrean activities, is without rhyme or reason, lacks essence and is complete unto itself. Nearing the vital principle of free-expression, it endeavours to evaluate the true measure and motivation of the extra-Basilian world. With a firm belief in a vague constitution, no encumbering finances, and three semi-organized field officers (now in attendance at strategically located institutes of higher learning), the society is assured of a sound future.

Diversification: a belief in interpretive equality, and minds subtly thinking thoughts, the Basils leave no stones unturned. We would hope that the Society Basils, though only a coffee club, will in no way be denied its gargantuan aspirations.

N. B. Davis; J. D. McKeen



SCHOOL

NEWS



CLUBS

Near the beginning of last year, the headmaster and staff had a meeting and decided on a plan whereby, every Tuesday evening starting at 7:30, boys would go to any of a number of group activities known collectively as clubs. Tuesday night became known as "club night" and homework on that night was kept to a minimum. This system became very popular among both club members, and non-club members, as club night was effective in breaking up the week's routine.

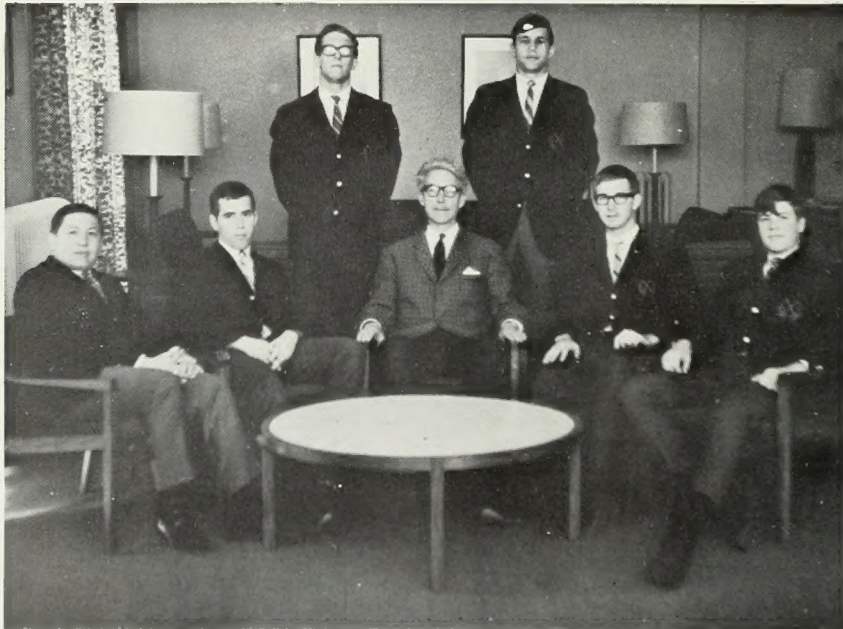
The school has now entered its second year of club activities, but not without changes. With the extra time in the afternoon this year, it was decided that clubs should be held then, instead of at night. This has corrected the loss of study time, a problem of last year's system. There has also been added one more club, the Philosophy Club, for the more abstract minded students.

What is the general reasoning behind the clubs? When asked this question, most masters stated that they felt boys should have other interests besides academics and sports, and that they should have a proper outlet for these interests, just as they would have if they were living at home. Clubs also give the boys a chance to use the hitherto untapped resources of the school, such as its two hundred odd acres of land, an area which the members of the bird watching club should be familiar with by now.

Although there have been complaints about clubs from time to time, there has also been encouragement. Students are not taking full advantage of clubs or of time allotted for them, as yet. Only one third of the school participates in them, and it is felt that, for many of the others, the time is being wasted. The answer to this is not easy, but for those students who continue to take part, clubs should help to fill in the wide gaps left in the wake of day-to-day studies.

J.C.

CERCLE FRANÇAIS



L-R: Nagy, Morrison, Pratt, Mr. MacFarlane, Jones IV, Howard, Kaufman.

Cette année, le Cercle Français a pris une forme plus stricte, plus réglementaire, pour qu'il puisse agir plus facilement qu' auparavant. Malheureusement, c'était en-

core un des clubs les plus petits; il n'y avait que sept membres, mais tous les membres ont joué un rôle important dans les activités du club.

Nous avons élu comme président J. D. Morrison, et comme secrétaire, R. K. Howard, qui se chargeaient des affaires du club.

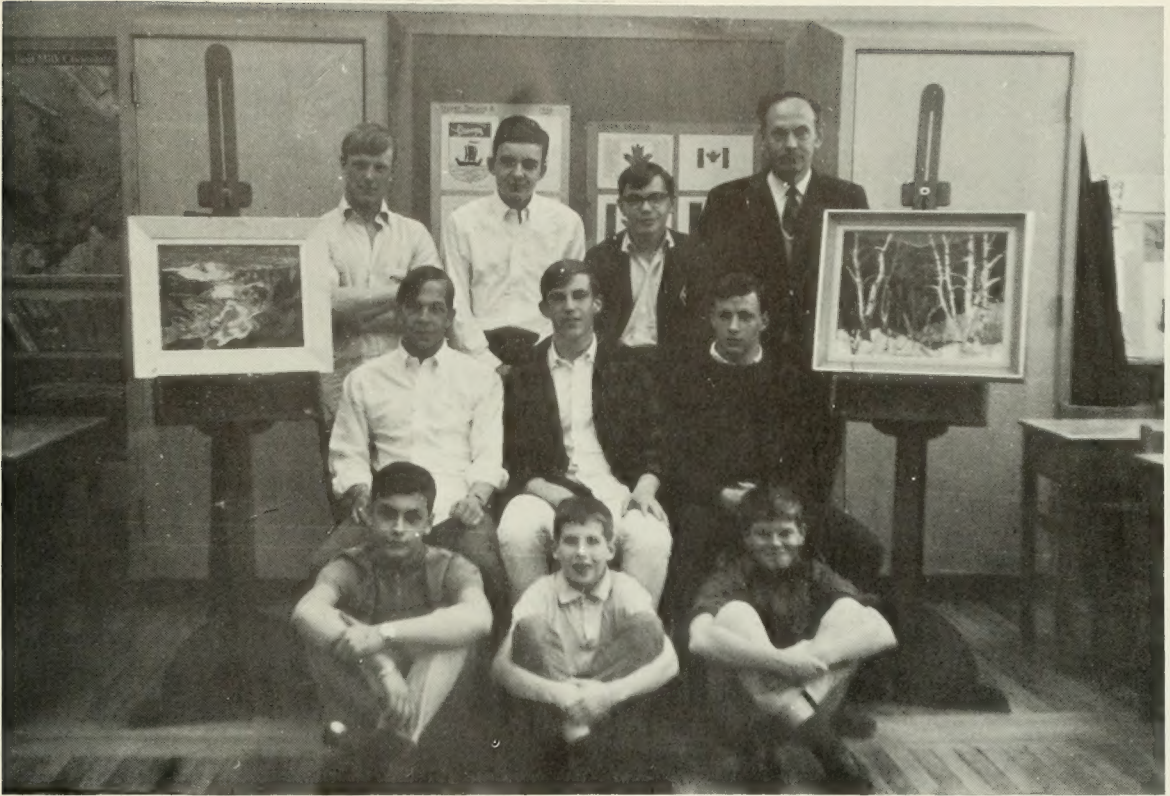
La grande entreprise de l'année c'était l'arrivée des Jeunes Comédiens, une troupe d'acteurs et d'actrices canadiens-français qui ont joué des pièces de Molière sur des leçons de l'amour. Toute l'école a joui de leur présence chez nous et, chose étrange, ils se sont bien amusés ici.

Le cercle convient tous les quinze jours, et à ce temps, nous lisons des pièces, nous écoutons des disques, nous regardions des images cinématographiques de France, ou des films, ou nous parlions seulement entre nous des nouvelles contemporaines qui nous donnaient l'intérêt. L'événement le plus agréable c'était le dîner très délicieux que nous avons pris à Toronto un soir dans un fameux restaurant français.

Mais surtout, tous les membres se sont bien amusés, en apprenant en même temps un peu des coutumes et des façons de vivre de l'autre demi de notre pays bilingue.

J.D.M.

ART



Back (L-R): Barrett, Hilborn, Grigg, Mr. Ives.
Middle (L-R): Beaumont, Sherwood, Dunkley I.
Front (L-R): Cary-Barnard, Atkinson, Grass.

POTTERY



L-R: Mr. Pitman, Brackley, von Diergardt, Christie, Maréchaux.

DEBATING

SENIOR

JUNIOR



Back Row (L-R): Peters, Owram, Nation, Richards.
Front Row (L-R): Pallet I, Osborne, Howard, Fleming, Jones I.

Senior Debating this year enjoyed its most successful year, in the sense of victories won, since its inception at St. Andrew's College. Of the four most important debates — U.T.S., U.C.C., B.R.C., and T.C.S. — Andrean teams emerged dominant in three, losing only to T.C.S. In the first debate of the year with U.T.S., the St. Andrew's team of Bichan, Chapman, and Owram successfully upheld the resolution: "that the government in the United States is undemocratic." The second debate in late November, was against U.C.C. This time the subject matter was a little closer to home. St. Andrew's, as the government party, supported the resolution: "that the independent school has no important rôle in Canadian education." The team of Howard, Crookston, and Osborne showed the "day-boy playboys" that they had better stick to winning football. In January, the B.R.C. team came to St. Andrew's to support the resolution: "that trial by jury is truly just." However, the St. Andrew's opposition of Nation, Ball, and Jones I, defeated this resolution in one of the noisiest and most interesting debates of the year.

The final debate, which eventually excluded S.A.C. from winning the League Championship, was held at T.C.S. in February. The opposition team of Fleming, Richards, and Howard were unable to defeat the polished T.C.S. government supporting the resolution: "that green is preferable to blue." However, the S.A.C. team is to be congratulated on their efforts, in spite of last minute team changes and a very partisan House during the debate.

In the round robin Invitational Tournament of eight schools at T.C.S. in March, the team of Mason, Chapman, and Osborne stood second, and both Mason and Chapman achieved honourable mentions as best speakers of the day.

All those who debated, and those who assisted as speakers and timers, deserve thanks. The achievement of such a high standing in debating this year is a result of their and Mr. Allen's efforts. Next year, it is hoped that debating will be equally as successful, and that the Debating Society will function with more regular meetings.

R.K.H.
R.E.O.



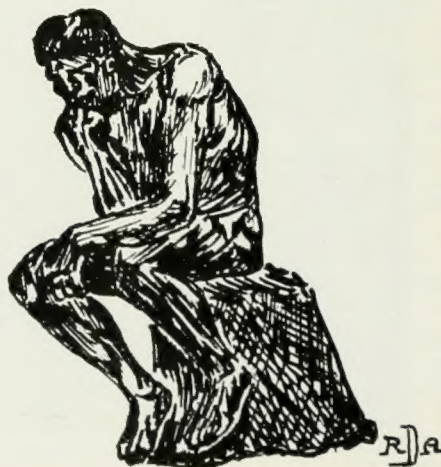
Back Row (L-R): Macdonald II, Evans II, Kitchen II, Jones V.
FRONT ROW (L-R): Rowe, Somerville III, Mr. Skinner, Love II, Williams.

Owing to unavoidable conflicts with other school activities, the Junior Debating Club's schedule was rather disorganized this year. Despite the postponement and eventual cancellation of two intramural debates, a reasonably good level of interest was maintained throughout the winter term and a few rousing debates were held within the club.

Our lack of success in arranging debates with other schools somewhat dampened the enthusiasm of the membership. Of those schools invited to debate, only T.C.S. accepted, and we lost to them a very well argued debate in which it was resolved that "The Age of Chivalry is Dead". On this occasion, our Prime Minister, Somerville III, distinguished himself, and was ably supported by Love II, and Annan.

The experience acquired by all participants should prove advantageous next year. Tentatively arranged are four debates with other independent schools and a more practicable schedule which should conduce to more junior debating within the school.

Our most active members have been Love II, Annan, Jones V, Williams, Martin II, Stoate, Somerville III, Maynard, Kitchen II, Thom, Evans II, and Rowe.



AERODYNAMICS



Back Row (L-R): Turner, Kneale, Morris, Macdonald II, Mr. Smith.

Front Row (L-R): Mr. Hiltz, Keller, Hoar, Bailey, McClocklin, Redwood.

CONSERVATION



(L-R): Diffin, Allen I, Mr. Gibb, Empey.

CAMERA



Back (L-R): Buckner, Bates, Nation.

Front (L-R): Schmeichler, Harstone, Smith III.

BIRD-WATCHING



Sitting (L-R): MacFarlane III, Morland, Ilton, Stoate II.

Standing (L-R): Kneale, Macdonald II, Cossar, Mr. Hiltz (pack leader), Hart Twins.

CHESS



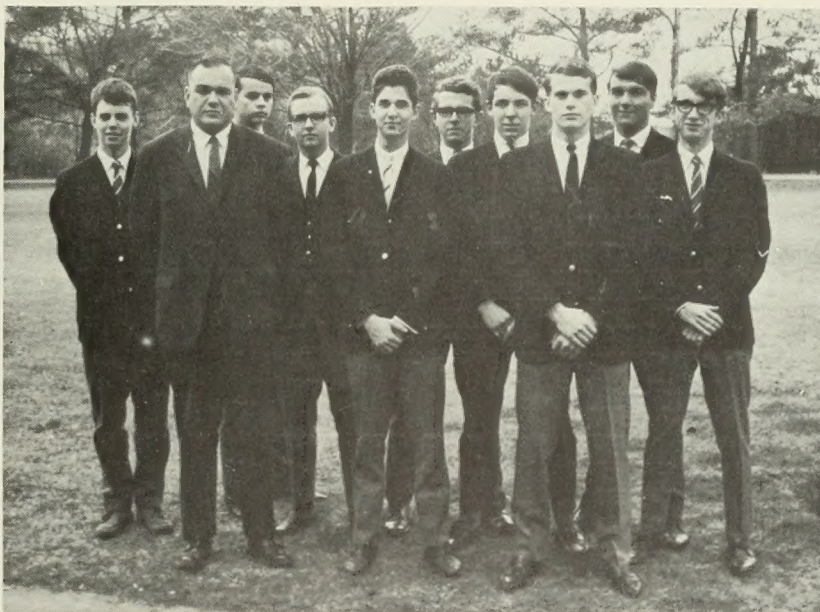
Back Row (L-R): Evans I, Jones IV, Jolliffe, Chan, Mr. Bozzay, Stephens II, More, McAdam, Brown, Agnew.
Front Row (L-R): Henderson III, McEwen, Shinkle, Henderson IV, Watt, Brady.

PHILOSOPHY

The Philosophy club . . . pensive . . . thinking . . . arguing . . . discovering . . .

Owram discusses Ayn Rand, author of *The Fountainhead* and *Atlas Shrugged*. Mrs. Rand tends to extol that which deals with outward things only, not thoughts or feelings. Ayn Rand, objectivist.

Davis introduces the thoughts of Jean - Paul Sartre, playwright, novelist, critic, and existentialist. Existentialism was created by intellectuals affected



L-R: Jones III, Mr. Stahl, Davis, Fleming, Guzman, Lawrason I, Sanger, Pallett, Popieluch, Owram.

by World War I and the emerging European social chaos. It claims that man must fight unaided against a meaningless life.

Fleming speaks on Zen Buddhism. Zen, an earthly Asian philosophy, gives peace and meaning to a complex life without meaning; hope to a hopeless existence. "Such is life — / Seven times down, / Eight times up." — Zen poem.

Jones III presents the ideas of Eric Fromm, who relates both sexual love and love of mankind to

the Christian philosophy. "The basic affirmation contained in love is directed toward the beloved person as an incarnation of essentially human qualities. Love for one person implies love for man as such." (Eric Fromm, *Escape From Freedom*)

Mr. Stahl, master of religion and philosophy at the College, directs the Club. He explains the Christian gospel, traces Christianity from the beginning, relates the teachings of Christ to those of Freud, and has well established arguments which neatly dispose of anti-Christian beliefs.

To date, four students have presented papers for discussion to the Club. Each time, new knowledge has been discovered in either accepting or rejecting the topic presented. The man of sincerity and truth has been recognized and honoured; the rebel without a cause has been obliterated and discredited. — I, for one, am glad.

The Philosophy Club . . . pensive . . . thinking . . . arguing . . . discovering . . .

D.F.

ENTERTAINMENT

THE STRATFORD PRODUCTION

Julius Caesar, Douglas Campbell's 1965 production, has been described by the press as "the most irresponsible performance." When the school went to see it, they found it better than the newspapers had promised. It was, at worst, mediocre.

William Hutt, who played the part of the honourable Brutus, was the most successful of the principal actors. He had a slightly sheepish and confused look, which is all right, since Brutus was confused about the planned assassination of Caesar. Also Hutt portrayed the leadership, oratorical, and honourable qualities of Brutus with much vigour.

Peter Donat, a well-known Canadian actor, played the part of Cassius. Although Donat is a good actor, he did not suit the part of Cassius. Cassius should be a sly, small, lean man, who is overwhelmed with jealousy of Caesar. Donat, however, appeared impulsive, and vigorous, sometimes even vicious. This, in my opinion, is not what Shakespeare had intended.

Mark Antony, played by Bruno Gerussi, was perhaps the most disappointing of all principal actors. Mark Anthony should be a forceful and powerful person gifted with oratorical powers. Gerussi, however, was small and did not convey an overall powerful impression.

Joseph Shaw, who played Julius Caesar, was nothing extraordinary. He tried to achieve the pompous and overpowering attitude which is characteristic of Caesar, but he fell short of this. Sometimes his commands were not powerful enough, thus giving a weak impression.

In spite of these drawbacks, *Julius Caesar* far surpassed any "classroom" production. Lots of action, sword fights, and brawls caused great excitement on stage. Despite the mediocrity of the production, it was quite enjoyable and relaxing to watch.

F.M.E.M.

CANADIAN OPERA COMPANY

During the fall, the Canadian Opera Company again produced a series of operas. After obtaining season tickets, about twenty-five boys went to see *Turandot*, *Rigoletto*, and *The Barber of Seville*, under the watchful eyes of a few masters.

The first one, Puccini's *Turandot*, was perhaps the worst of the three. The male and female leads were not forceful enough to take such a demanding rôle. The leading parts of *Turandot* require first-class vocalists so that they can maintain the interest of the audience during the long and difficult passages of music. Besides the mediocrity of the leading singers, the lack of enthusiasm and imagination by the supporting actors was also evident. Even though the scenery was very elaborate and colourful, the movements of the actors were rather ineffective and dull. This underlined the inadequacy of the singers.

The second opera, *Rigoletto*, was better than *Turandot*. In contrast to *Turandot*, it had a superb male vocalist, Glossop, to take the male lead. However, the support-

ing actors did not show the necessary force, imagination, or enthusiasm to match the performance of the male lead. The staging was also much better, but it was not enthralling.

Rossini's *The Barber of Seville*, the third and last of the operas, was probably the best of the lot. The male lead fitted the part well. He had the talent to cope with the extremely difficult music, and also the volume to make himself heard by the whole audience. His supporting cast was very co-operative and zealous. The staging was relatively good in comparison to *Turandot*, and *Rigoletto*. The scenery was (if you will forgive the expression) almost cute. The design was unique and original.

In all fairness, some feel that the Canadian Opera Company is definitely improving. This can even be seen by the performances during the fall. Perhaps the Opera Company could use more first-rate singers who will stay with the Company and give it a worthy reputation.

F.M.E.M.



FOOTBALL DANCE '65

The lively enthusiasm and keen encouragement of the social committee during the weeks of preparation preceding this year's football dance seemed to foretell the coming of a most exciting dance. And exciting it was!

The balance of Friday afternoon, November 5, passed quickly for the small number of volunteers and members of the social committee who were feverishly working to decorate the Great Hall. The result was astounding! That evening, the expectations of every couple were more than satisfied. Flowing from the high ceiling of the Great Hall was an infinite number of red and white crêpe paper streamers. The colourful paper, as though falling from a Maypole, formed a large circular area enclosed on all sides, and the dim red and blue lights greatly enhanced the atmosphere. On the walls of the hall were proudly displayed the pictures of the

members of our First Team. But the band — none other than the renowned Toronto Paupers — was, if you pardon the expression, "Out of this world!" Within moments after the dance had begun, everybody was in a lively mood. The masters and their partners, influenced by the teenage spirit, also found themselves pirouetting in many weird and wonderful ways.

"Andy", the school mascot, added a humorous note to the other ingenious decoration: surrounded by a cage of crêpe paper, "Andy" bore the sign "Playboy" around his neck.

The football dance was, indeed, a success, and the many hours of work which were put into the preparation of the dance by Mr. Mainprize and his staff did tribute to our First Team. Special thanks are also extended to Mr. Stewart for the refreshing buffet.

L.G.W.C.



ST. ANDREW'S DAY

The observance of St. Andrew's Day is relatively a recent innovation at St. Andrew's College. From 1960 to 1962, the ceremony was held for the Upper School only. Now the whole school attends. This year the ceremony was held on November 29th.

The ceremony was started by the piping in of the masters and guest speaker by Pipe-Major D.M. Bichan. Mr. L.C. MacPherson, Vice-Chairman Clan MacPherson Association, Chairman of the Scots Federation of Ontario, delivered the 'Ode to the Haggis'. This poem was written by Robert Burns

during the 18th Century. Everybody thoroughly enjoyed this performance.

After the haggis was piped out, it was served to the whole school. The main course of steak, french fries, peas, and mince meat pie followed. Soon afterwards, the toast to the Queen was called for by a junior member of the school and proposed by the Headmaster. Later, athletic colours, clan colours, and signals awards were given out.

When the meal was over, Mr. Norman McLeod, Chairman of the Clan MacLeod Society of Central Ontario, Vice Chairman of the Scots Federation of Ontario, was introduced. In his talk, he explained that few facts are known about St. Andrew's Day: most of the stories are just legend. He went on to tell of his trip to Iona and Skye. It was most interesting to hear of the people he met - including the Chief of his clan, the Queen, and other members of the Royal Family.

When Mr. McLeod had finished his address, the dinner was adjourned. Another St. Andrew's Day ceremony was over.

W.G.E.

THE LOWER SCHOOL PLAY

In recent years, our drama programme has consisted mostly of serious productions of more or less philosophical interest. A "Doctor in Spite of Himself" was a refreshing change. It was the kind of slap-stick which only members of Mac House could fully portray and develop.

C. G. S. Smith played the rôle, Sganarelle, a rowdy, conniving, Sgt. Bilko-type lumberjack, who in the opening scene is seen beating D. Blanchard, as Maritime, his rowdy, conniving, Sgt. Bilko-type wife. Sganarelle masquerades as a doctor throughout most of the play. M.J. Johnston played Geronte, an old, stuffy, and very stupid country gentleman, Harstone and Love II appeared as Geronte's servants, Valere and Lucas. The former was seemingly clever and knowledgeable; the latter, comically stupid. Marshall II played Leandre, a supposedly clever, attractive, and dashing young man. The ladies in the play should also be mentioned. Jacqueline, the wife of Lucas, was played by Williams, and Lucinde, the daughter of Geronte, by Tayler III.



"The Doctor in Spite of Himself" was written in the 18th century by the famous French playwright, Molière. One of the original purposes of the play was to satirize the particular foibles of French society in that century. Social conditions have changed since then, however, and none of the criticisms applies today. In presenting "The Doctor in Spite of Himself" today, actors devote themselves mainly to the development of its humour. To this end, all the parts should be acted vigorously. In this respect, the cast fell slightly short, since their voices did not carry well, their movements were sometimes awkward, and their cues were frequently missed. Special credit, however, should be given to the stage crew for the very effective scenery.

Despite its few shortcomings, the play was well received and enjoyed by the audience.

J.C.

The Carol Services

Dusk was settling quietly about the chapel on December 11. Inside, two boys, in red and white robes, carrying candles, advanced towards the altar in a shelter of light which relieved the cat-black interior of the chapel. They approached the nave, which was bathed in a soft blue light from the two Christmas trees. As the boys reached the altar, the chapel erupted in a blaze of light and song, and the annual Carol Service was under way.

The Christmas Carol Services this year were greatly changed from previous years. It had been decided to hold three Carol services instead of two, and to have them all in the chapel. Under Mr. Reding's direction, many new carols were introduced, along with quite a few new ideas: brass and woodwind instruments, played by some of the more musically inclined students, were used, along with drums, which appeared in "Carol of the Drum" and "March of the Kings". Such instruments had not been used in the Carol Services for many years. Part singing was used far more than in previous years, with the whole school being divided up into four parts and participating. Another innovation was the conducting of the singing by Mr. Reding - something that has not been done before. He was able to do this because of another new idea: one of the students, Max Maréchaux, played the organ.

The general opinion among the parents who saw the services was that a great improvement had been made, and that the whole school was to be congratulated on a fine performance. Special thanks should be given to Mr. Reding for his fine leadership, and to Maréchaux for devoting so much of his valuable time to one of St. Andrew's proudest traditions. P.N.N.



CREST HOUR COMPANY

The Crest Hour Company returned for its third year with a completely new cast and different material. There was more humour in this year's show than in other years, and a few French poems and songs had been added. Many boys felt that this was an improvement.

The troupe started by introducing themselves. This took the form of a song composed entirely of their names. It was a beautiful and euphonic arrangement, but it still left us confused as to the names of the players. Then they repeated "Jazz Fantasia" by Carl Sandburg, one of the poems which had been well liked the year before. This was followed by a story recited in French, and a scene from the play "Pygmalion" by George Bernard Shaw. Then came perhaps the highlight of the show, three of the most famous scenes from "Macbeth". In the first scene Lady Macbeth finally convinces her husband to go ahead with the murder of Duncan. The second scene was Macbeth's second meeting with the witches, who were surprisingly realistic. The final one was the sleepwalking scene, an old favourite among the masses of theatre-goers.

As a contrast to the seriousness of these scenes, there followed a series of humorous songs and poems. Among the selections were "The Horse Named Bill" by Carl Sandburg, "The Old Gumbo Cat" by T. S. Elliot, "At The Dentist" by John Lennon and one French song. "The Death of a Hired Man", a short story by Robert Frost, was dramatized, and "Dark Lady of the Sonnets", a farcical play by G. S. Shaw was enacted. It more than gently lampooned Will Shakespeare, but fortunately, there were no violent objectors in the audience.

On the whole, the Hour Company was successful in dramatizing selections from the English and French curriculum of the Ontario Secondary Schools. The school enjoyed this enthusiastic and meaningful approach to literature which is sometimes difficult to convey in the classroom.

J.C.



SKATING PARTY

This year because of a flu epidemic at the school, the skating party was postponed two weeks.

At six o'clock on Saturday, February 19, three bus-loads of girls arrived at the school from Branksome, B.S.S., and Havergal. The couples went to the dining hall for a buffet supper and then began skating on the back rinks. As it was a chilly night of five degrees above zero, many of the couples didn't wish to skate for very long, and wandered off in the general direction of the tuck shop. The more hardy people continued skating, but by eight o'clock the rinks were almost deserted.

At eight fifteen the dance began in the dimly-lit gym, which quickly set the mood. The music, which affected the couples in different ways, was emceed by James Crookston this year instead of hiring a disc-jockey or a band; Bruce Owens assisted Crookston by acting as disc-jockey. Both did an excellent job. A number of dance contests, and various dedications, helped to liven up the evening.

It seemed as if the dance ended just as it got started. Although many of the guests felt that they could have danced for a few more hours, the girls, unfortunately, had to depart at ten forty five.

Nevertheless, the dance was an outstanding success, and most of the credit must go to Mr. Inglis and the Social Committee. The school is hoping that the Skating Party will take the similar form next year since it is certainly the "swingiest" night of the year.

G.B.
F.M.E.M.



MUSIC PROGRAMME

St. Andrew's has always had a good treble choir, a fine Carol Service, and an excellent pipe band, but otherwise, music has been "pianissimo". Now, the arrival of Mr. Reding has produced a "crescendo". A hundred and fifty boys have started playing the whole range of brass and wind instruments, and the more able have formed an accomplished Studio Band. In addition, the whole school has been divided into vocal sections



which greatly enhanced the Carol Service.

This has taken a great deal of time and effort. Perhaps we have gone too far in the opposite direction and have wasted the time of boys who have no musical ability. But certainly this school has a better balanced curriculum as a result of Mr. Reding's zeal and enthusiasm. In a year or two, we hope that the music course will be "moderato con spirito."

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE

On March 12th, the St. Andrew's Players presented *Arsenic and Old Lace*, written by Joseph Kesselring. Contrary to productions of other years, such as the tragedies of *Billy Budd* and *Richard of Bordeaux*, *Arsenic and Old Lace* was a delightful and relaxing comedy in three acts.

The action of the entire play took place in the Brewster home in New York City. The scenery was surprisingly realistic — congratulations to the stage crew! The main rôle of the play was starred by A. Z. Nagy as Abby Brewster. Abby is an old lady who lives with her sister Martha (Sommerville III). Together these elderly ladies delight in poisoning their tenants so that these may achieve the eternal joy of heaven sooner than they might expect. There are two other known members of the Brewster family: an insane nephew, Teddy, hilariously acted by J. G. Crookston, who believes that he is President Roosevelt; and a very sadistic nephew, Jonathan, convincingly played by R. D. Stephens. D. A. Simmonds as Dr. Einstein, the accomplice to Jonathan, amused and frightened the audience with his macabre sense of humour and his unskillful plastic-surgery operations. Mortimer, the poor bastard who appears in this chaotic family, was played by D. F. Evans. Although Evans may have overacted in places, he certainly entertained the audience by finding dead bodies in window seats, and by proposing absent-mindedly to his girl friend, Elaine, bravely played by R. S. Mitchell. R. W. Campbell II as the vigorous Lieutenant Rooney and his subordinate officer, O'Hara, (R. E. B. Glover) who enjoys being a playwright more than a policeman, come to the Brewster home to capture the notorious Jonathan. The rest of the cast — the two police officers (D. B. Annan and J. D. Urie), Reverend Harper (M. J. Kennedy II), Mr. Witherspoon (A. H. Pratt) and Mr. Gibbs (D. R. Harris) — all deserve honourable mention for their distinctive characters.

There were several factors which made this play a success. Besides the conscientious and convincing acting of the players, the scenery, a marvelous job by the stage crew, the lighting, make-up and costumes created an authentic atmosphere. Without Mr. Kamcke, Mr. MacPherson, Mr. Hiltz, Mr. Mainprize, and Miss Jolliffe, this would not have been possible. The audience enthusiastically received (through a number of curtain calls) the macabre atmosphere of the play, but many expressed their regrets that the combined efforts to produce the play were spent in one night.

F.M.E.M.



OLD BOYS' HOCKEY NIGHT

Varsity Arena in Toronto was the site of this year's Old Boys' Hockey night. The bus trip broke the regular school routine.

The Mac House Hockey teams started the evening with their own brand of hockey. The teams seemed to be having fun, despite their occasional falls.

In highland tradition, the pipes and the drums performed on the ice; and even those who found this music somewhat fiendish delighted in the bold colours of the band's uniforms.

The Broomball game, which followed, is one of the main attractions. This year some of the Old Boys played the masters. Some of the masters had a slight problem of staying on their feet. Pos-



sibly, this was the reason the Old Boys won this year, for the first time.

When the fun with hockey was over, the game turned to its usual fast-moving and hard-checking self. The stars of previous SAC teams matched skills with the first team of this year. The game remained close until the Old Boys at last broke loose. The firsts fought back to tie them, but the Old Boys got another goal; then another. Despite the fact that they were losing, the first team kept the pressure on, bravely but vainly skating against a team of wide (even international) experience.

Altogether the evening was a great success, and everyone enjoyed a lively and well-played hockey game. W.G.E.

TWELVE ANGRY MEN

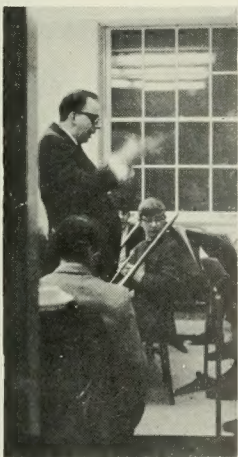
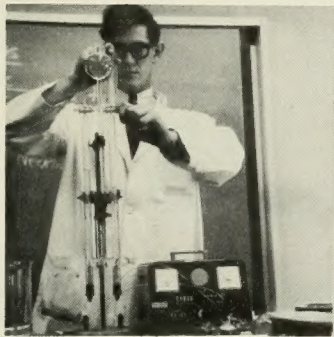
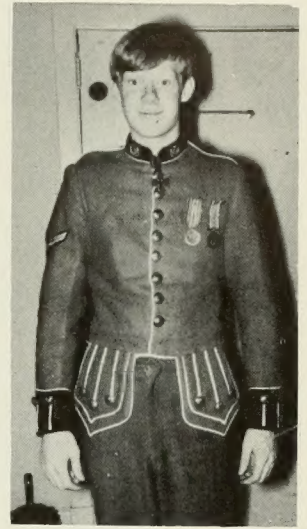
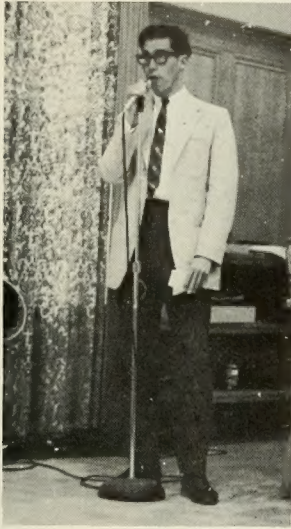
This year's senior play, *Twelve Angry Men*, was by no means a disappointment, for it continued in the tradition of excellent plays by St. Andrew's College students. The St. Andrew's College Players, under the direction of Mr. Mainprize, kept the full audience of students, parents, friends, and faculty enthralled for almost an hour and a half. The play itself was based on the famous television screenplay by Reginald Rose. A young boy of nineteen has been accused of murdering his father after a fight, and a jury must deliberate his fate. As the scene opened, the judge gave the jury his last instructions. The guard, played by Cumming who was also assistant to the producer, ushered in the twelve men who had to agree on a verdict. The hot and muggy weather was reflected in the emotions of the twelve men who were to decide the fate of the young lad, but the first vote showed eleven "guilty" and one "not guilty". The sole juror who voted "not guilty" was played by Bichan, whom many remember for his portrayal of Billy Budd last year. He is not at first convinced of the boy's innocence; he just doesn't know. But as the play proceeds he, by the use of carefully thought-out arguments, attempts to convince the jurors that he is right.

The first juror to change is an old man played by Ball, and he is followed by Barratt, who played a young man from a slum background like the boy accused. Mills, Durie and Kingston, are swayed back and forth by the arguments of Bichan "not guilty" and Kennedy I, the leader of the "guilty" voters. As the first scene finished, the vote stood six to six and the whole audience was wondering how they themselves would have voted, and how the trial would turn out.

The second act centered on the six remaining jurors, the ones who were really convinced of the boy's guilt, or who were fed up and just went along with the majority. Peters and Sherwood, two loud businessmen, and Mason, the foreman, changed as Bichan produced more arguments and evidence, and after a while Kennedy and Osborne, a hard core "guilty" man, changed their votes, leaving only Lake. But after a great show of emotion, he too was turned, reluctantly, outvoted.

Despite the occasional misplaced laughter of the audience, the excitement of the play lay in the detailed characters of the twelve men with vastly differing backgrounds and prejudices, and in the contrasting logic brought forth by Bichan and Kennedy. Note must also be made of the realistic and detailed set prepared by Mr. Hiltz, Oswald and the stage crew, and of the excellent make-up. D.M.S.



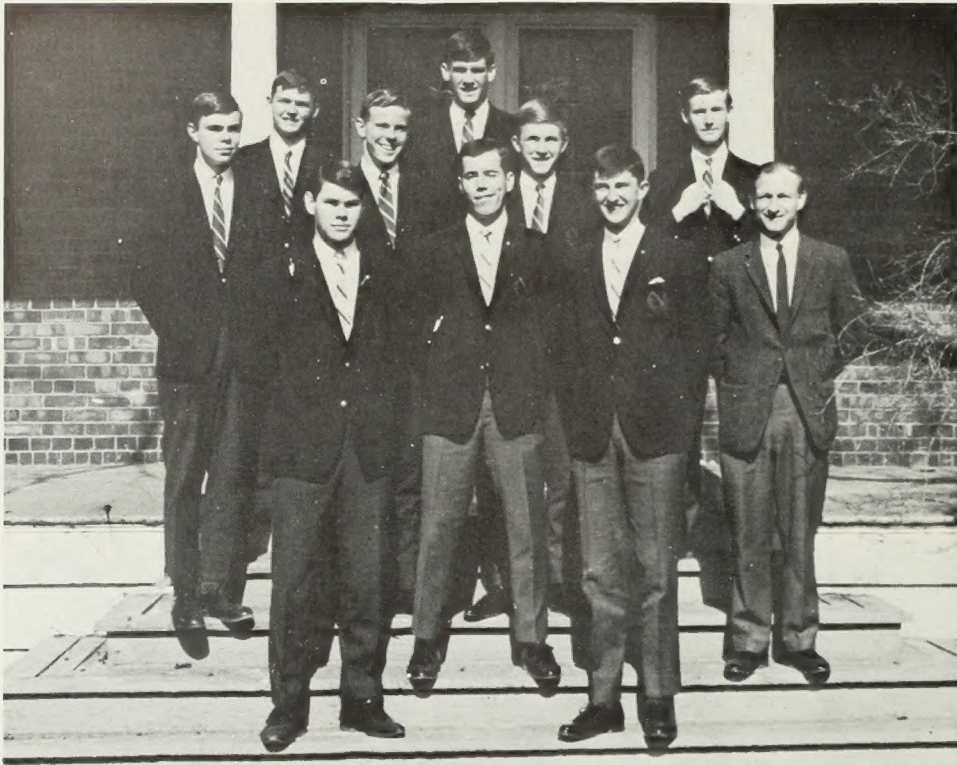


YOU'RE
ON
CANDID
CAMERA!



SCHOOL COMMITTEES

SERVICE COMMITTEE



Back Row (L-R): Crookston, Love I, McEachren, Owens, Evans I, Sommerville I.
Front Row (L-R): McKeen, Morrison, Dangerfield, Mr. Stoate.

CINEMA COMMITTEE



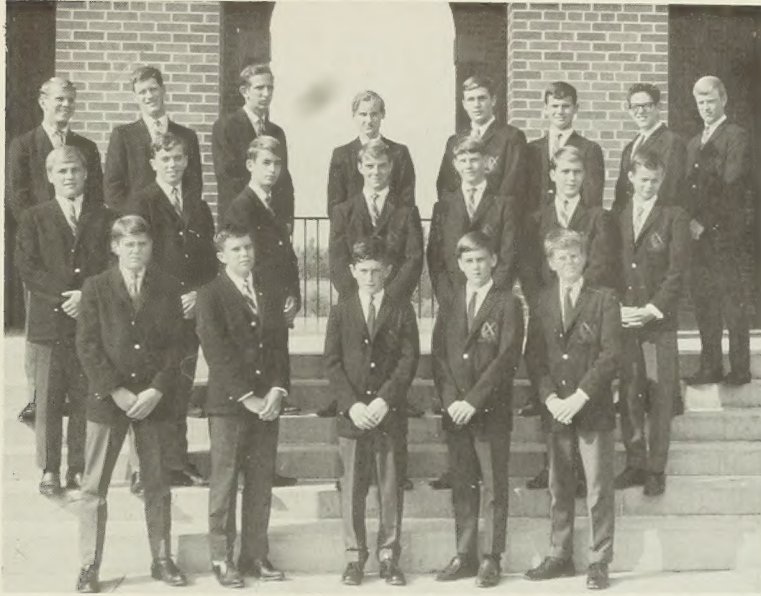
(L-R): Jones I, Crookston, Cumming, McNeil.

ATHLETIC COMMITTEE



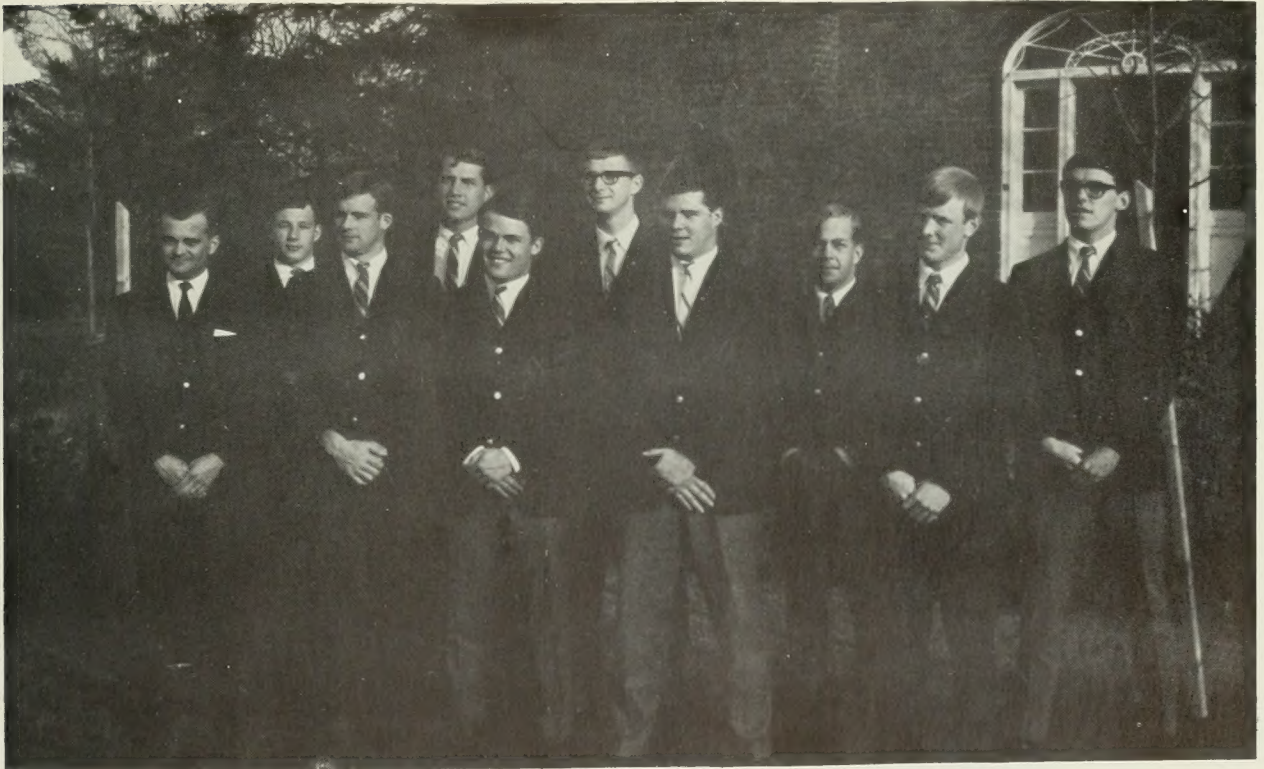
Back Row (L-R): Shields, Barrett, Rous, Mr. West, Mason.
Front Row (L-R): Jones I, Smith I, McKeen, Boland.

SONS OF OLD BOYS



Back Row (L-R): McEachren, MacDonald, Grant, Kingston, Leishman (3rd generation), Jackson I, Edwards, Barrett.
Centre Row (L-R): Good I, Houser (3rd generation), Hillary, Roden, Brown, Jolliffe, Martin R. J.
Front Row (L-R): Garratt (3rd generation), Heintzman (3rd generation), Casselman, Good II, Grass (3rd generation).
Absent: Hilton, McPhail.

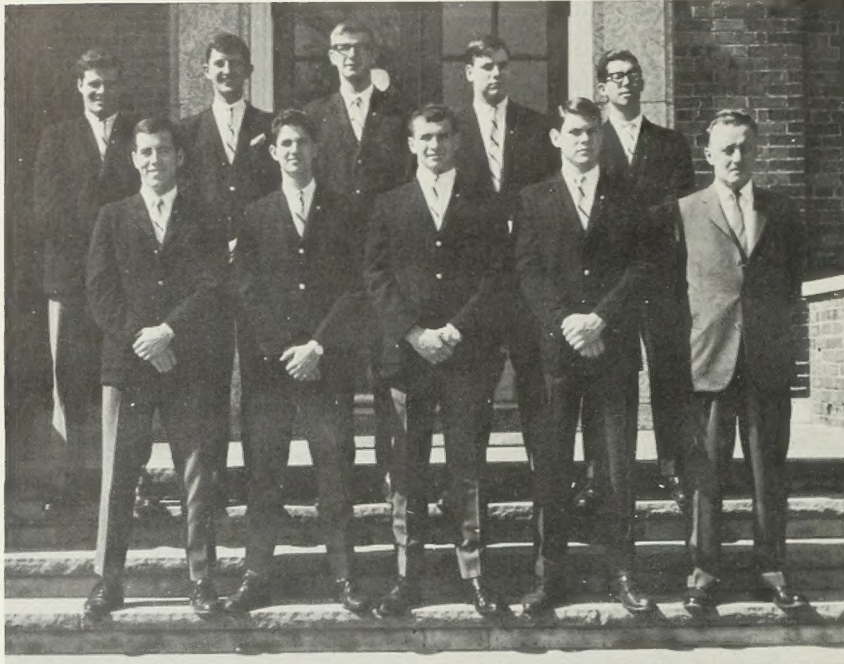
SOCIAL COMMITTEE



Back Row (L-R): Dunkley I, Higgs, Howard, Beaumont, Boland.
Front Row (L-R): Mr. Inglis, Clark I, Ebbels, McClocklin, Barrett.

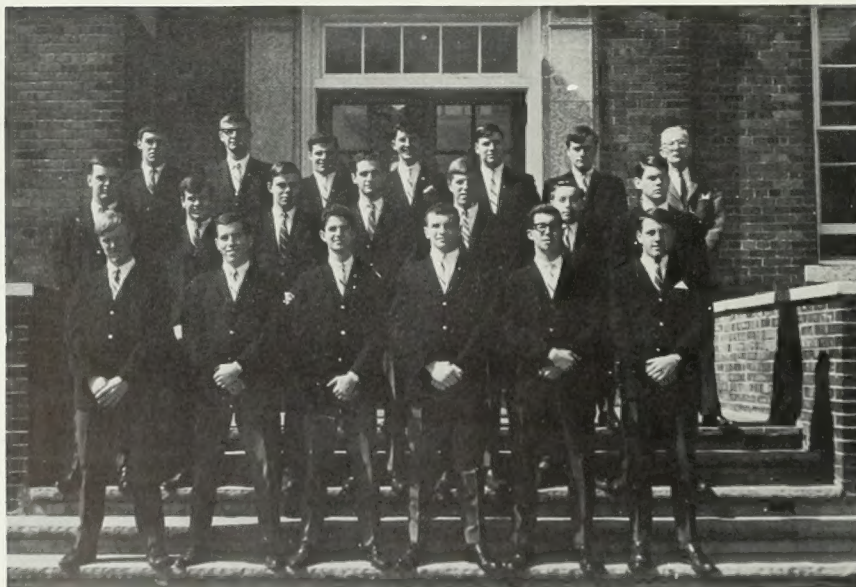
SCHOOL OFFICERS

PREFECTS



Back Row (L-R): McClocklin I, Dangerfield, Howard, McNeil, Jones I.
Front Row (L-R): Morrison, Guzman, Mutch, McKeen, Mr. Coulter.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL



Back Row (L-R): Boland, Howard, McClocklin, Dangerfield, McNeil, Bichan, Mr. Moffat.
Middle Row (L-R): Henderson I, Dunster, Crookston, Nation, Shields, Hathaway, McKeen.
Front Row (L-R): Barrett, Morrison, Guzman, Mutch, Jones I, Gilchrist.

CHAPEL BOYS



Back Row (L-R): Maréchaux, Higgs, Hilton.

Middle Row (L-R): Mr. Coulter, Osborne, Lathrop, Nation, van der Ven, Boland.

Front Row (L-R): Love I, Clarkson, Sommerville I, Mason, Owram, Chapman.

LIBRARIANS



(L-R): Schmeichler, Nation, Evans I, Mrs. Roberts, Davis, Maréchaux, [unclear]



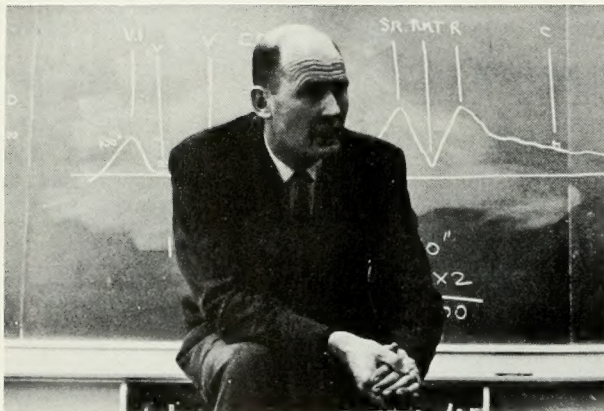
"Would you believe —
this big?"



". . . and just a touch of
bitters."



"You are getting
sleeeeeepy."



". . . and drops its load"



"I'm sorry fellas, but if you
don't win, it's the only way."

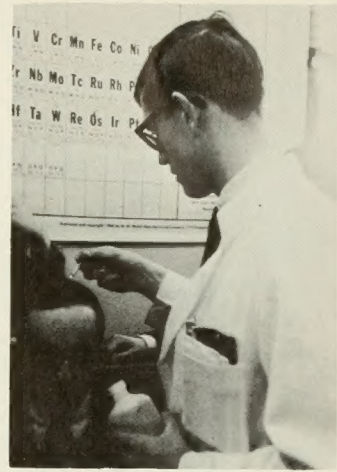


Masters

5X2

*It were better to perish
than to continue schoolmastering.*

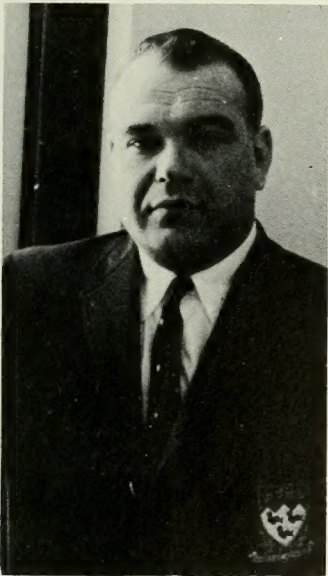
—Thomas Carlyle



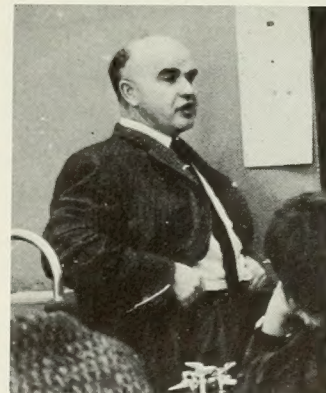
"Feel anything yet?"



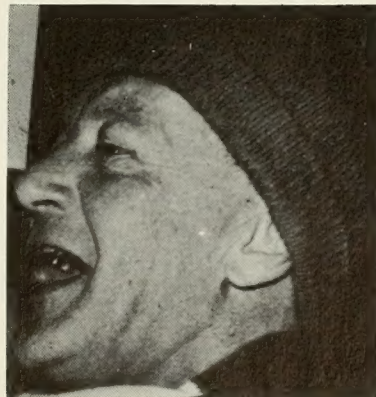
"Ban takes the worry out of
being close"



What sort of man reads the
Playboy philosophy?



"Because if I don't they'll
fall down"



"Happy New Year!"

CADETS 1965 - 1966



COMMANDING OFFICER'S REPORT

This year our cadet corps underwent a major reorganization. Instead of a programme of intensive training for three weeks before the cadet inspection, we trained throughout the school year. A weekly cadet class was held on Saturday mornings. During these cadet periods the officer and N.C.O. candidates either taught major drill movements or lectured the cadets in the fundamentals of map using, first aid, and national survival. In the course of these lectures, the cadet instructors were able to assess more thoroughly the individual cadet's ability to become a good officer or N.C.O. As in other years, both a written test and a practical demonstration of platoon drill were compulsory and formed the basis of the promotions.

During the Saturday morning cadet class it became necessary to wear a regular uniform. In order to preserve our scarlet tunics (which were too formal) we wore the standard military khaki battledress with our kilts. The new #2 uniforms are a practical addition to the corps.

The results of the new training pattern are very encouraging. This year there were a good many Grade XII's among the officers, a position usually held by the senior class. This gave the junior officers an opportunity to learn to accept the responsibility of command. Having younger officers also helped the discipline among the ranks. Without leadership there is no discipline and without discipline, there is confusion. We had a very well-behaved corps this year.

But cadets do more than inculcate leadership and discipline. There is a certain pride that comes with marching in uniforms before parents and relatives. Giving a good account of oneself brings a feeling of accomplishment. The responsibility is frightening because a single error can ruin a parade; but the satisfaction that it brings is worth striving for.

G. D.

AURORA CHURCH PARADE

The Aurora Church Parade, traditionally marks the formal opening of the cadet "parade season". All cadets worked hard polishing their uniforms to prepare for this gala occasion.

On the day of the parade, Sunday April 24, there were dark skies and signs of rain. There were doubts whether the parade would be held. However, it did not rain and the corps was formed up at 8:30 and given a quick inspection by its officers and sergeants. Then, led by the band, the cadet corps began the brisk march to Aurora.



The parade was well received as there were many parents and townspeople watching it. The corps arrived at the Aurora United Church Church in good time. After the church service, the Cadets assembled south of the church, gave an eyes right to the mayor of Aurora and to the Headmaster and marched back to the school, where they were dismissed.

All cadets agreed that it was an excellent parade despite the unpleasant weather. They did not relax very long, however, as they zealously started to prepare for the upcoming, all-important Inspection and the Toronto Church Parade.

TORONTO CHURCH PARADE



Having been somewhat brusquely awakened by the blatant sound of the bagpipes and drums at an obscene hour in the morning, the cadets of St. Andrew's looked out their windows, not knowing whether they would be confronted with eighty degree weather or three feet of snow. Their answer lay rather perilously close to the three feet of snow — 36 Degrees F., and windy; and the platoon inspection after breakfast didn't exactly make one overly enthusiastic about cadet



matters. However, soon we "embussed", as night orders put it, into vehicles of varying degrees of comfort and by the time we reached Rosedale Community Grounds, the mercury in the thermometer had crawled up to 50, but the wind was still there.

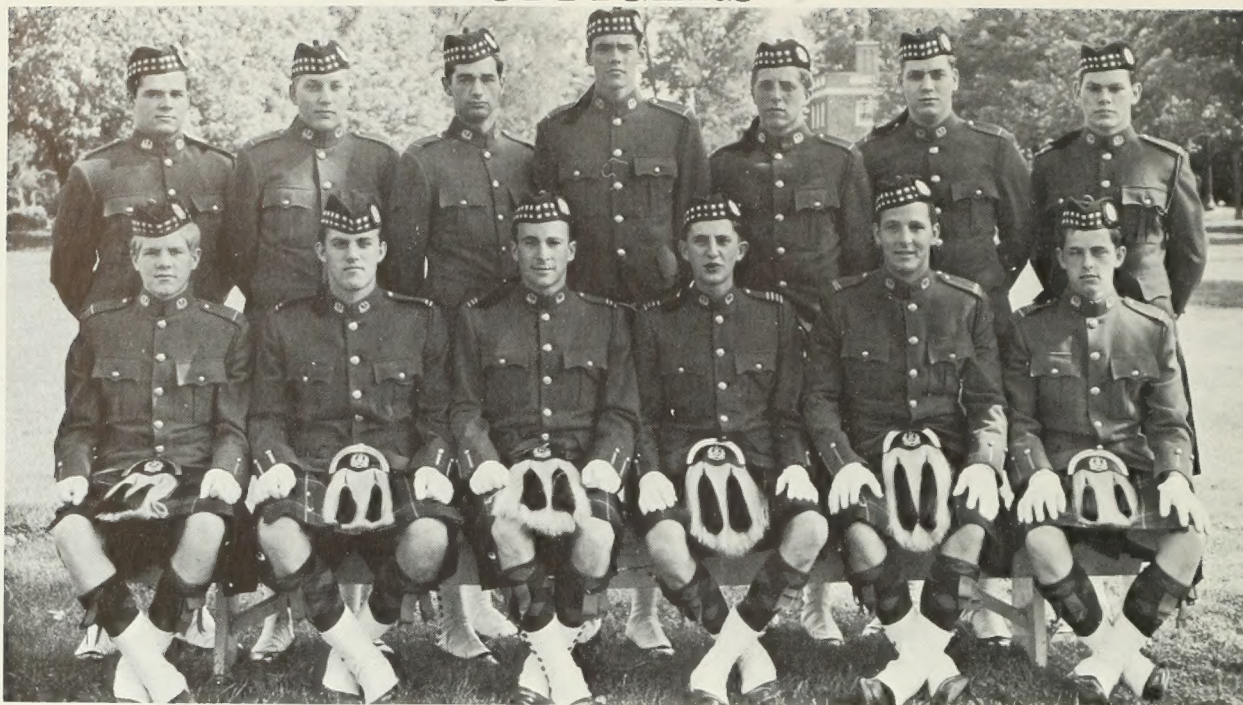
At 10:15 we set off for St. Paul's, avoiding certain obstacles created by rather over-fed police horses. Soon, after the eyes-right at Branksome Hall (I'll omit the exclamation mark), we arrived at St. Paul's and the band countermarched as the rest of the corps marched in single file into the church, where we were graciously received by Canon Dann.

After the service the corps formed up outside the church in order to march on to Varsity Stadium. It was quite a challenge for the corps and especially members of B company to keep in step, because the pipes and drums were barely audible amid the noise and bustle of Bloor Street, but we managed to do so. On the dismissal at Varsity Stadium, the corps was granted leave till 9:30 that evening. This was appreciated greatly, and it took no undue pressure to disperse the corps.

Thanks are due to Major Wilson and all his instructors for training the corps so well for this last event of the cadet season.

T.P.K.

OFFICERS



Back Row (L-R): Cdt. Lt. McClocklin, Cdt. Lt. Lathrop, Cdt. Lt. Nation, Cdt. Lt. Marshall, Cdt. Lt. Shields, Cdt. Lt. McNeil, Cdt. Lt. McKeen.

Front Row (L-R): Cdt. Lt. Stephens, Cdt. Capt. van der Ven, Cdt. Maj. Wilson, Cdt. Lt. Col. Dangerfield, Cdt. Capt. Weston, Cdt. Lt. Mason.

CADET INSPECTION

The Cadet inspection is always one of the greatest occasions of the school year. It is, practically, the final two hours of the cadet season, and it ends months of intensive practice. Besides this, it is an event in which almost the entire school participates, and it is one of the things we do best — better, frequently, than all other schools in Canada. In being all these things, the inspection gains a great deal of respect for the school, and deserves the pride of every cadet who forms a part of it.

This year, it was a rare honour for us to be inspected by His Excellency, the Right Honourable Georges P. Vanier, Governor General of Canada, thus maintaining a tradition started in 1916 by the Duke of Connaught. Since then, each succeeding Governor General of Canada has visited the school.

There had been a great deal of speculation about weather conditions. Intermittent Showers had been forecasted by the weather bureau, and plans were made to wear the #2 uniforms in case of a slight drizzle, or to call the ceremony and assemble in the auditorium if it were to rain. By three o'clock it was evident that these precautions would not be necessary. It was cloudy, but the air was dry and crisp. The thermometer registered in the low thirties and the cold was accentuated by a swift Highland breeze, making it painfully uncomfortable for all our kilted Sassenachs. They, and especially the band, whose music often varies directly with the temperature, should be congratulated on not showing their discomfort.

As Capt. MacPherson briefly introduced the proceedings, the corps was formed up behind Flavelle House, waiting for the arrival of the Governor-General. At 3:30 p.m., His Excellency and the other inspecting officers were driven up, and the ceremony

began. After the initial reception of His Excellency, the corps was inspected, and then it marched past the reviewing stand in column of platoons, and then in column of route. There followed an advance in review order and a royal salute, whereupon the corps, led by the band, marched off and was dismissed.

The subsequent series of demonstrations was one of the more fascinating parts of the inspection. First, the Macdonald House Training Platoon, commanded by Cdt./Sergeant Pallett, came on in an effort to exhibit the training of "green" cadets. Then, as a contrast, came the company drill, a display of split-second timing and co-ordination, under the command of Cdt./Captain J. L. van der Ven. The last group to perform was the band, under the direction of Cdt./Pipe Major D. M. Bichan, going through the colourful ritual of the Scottish retreat.

After this, the corps formed the hollow square, and awards were given to Cdt./Pipe Major Bichan and Cdt./Lt. Colonel G. C. Dangerfield. The Ellesworth Trophy for the best platoon went to Cdt./Lieutenant L. A. Boland of #8 platoon. The choice as best cadet, always a difficult one to make, as the Headmaster has pointed out, was Cdt./Lance Corporal Housser. Then, after a few introductory words from Mr. Coulter, the Governor-General addressed the boys about the great necessity for leaders in Canada today, and the value of schools such as St. Andrew's College in evolving these leaders.

Afterwards the Feu de Joie was executed by #1 platoon, under Cdt./Lieutenant J. P. McClocklin. The inspection was ended with a royal salute, and the corps broke off by ranks to be photographed, destined for a permanent position on the corridor wall.

ST. ANDREW'S ANNUAL CADET DANCE

Again this year the decorations for the Cadet Dance had little to do with our beloved Scotland. You could tell that much thought and work had been done by the decorating committee to come up with such an original idea as an undersea setting. The ornamental fish nets, which dangled throughout the dancing hall, were snagged with many colourful tropical fish. On the walls, there were larger versions of the same glamorous creatures. Somehow, the committee even managed to work water (oddly enough) into the scenery. An effect of blue waves rippled across the ceiling.

After the formalities of the reception party, the first couples began to dance. By 10:30 the throng had grown considerably.

Despite the cold weather, some ventured outside to hear the stirring sound of the Pipes and Drums. One of the evening's main attractions is the Retreat

played by the band! Unfortunately this year, there was no organized highland dancing; however, we thank Mr. Inglis for his display of skill!

Soon, dancing to the soft music of Len Moss started again. To everyone's delight, the evening's dancing was "spiced up" by the sound of the "Gay Gordons" played by the orchestra. No one seemed to mind the break in tradition with the orchestra playing it.

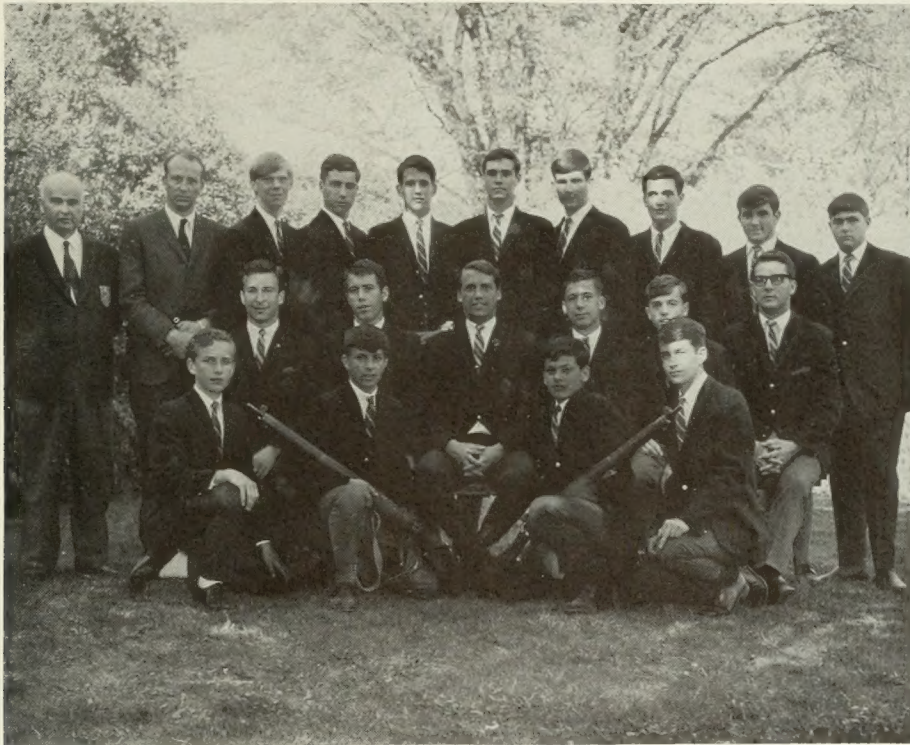
When all this excitement was over, the couples slowly drifted away. The dance ended around one o'clock.

Mr. Stewart must be commended for his buffet and refreshments which greatly exceeded the customary sandwiches of previous years.

The Social Committee also did its part towards the success of the dance. But it was the guests themselves who made the evening a great occasion.

W.G.E.

RIFLE TEAM



Back Row (L-R): Mr. MacPherson, Mr. Wilson, More, Endleman, Dougall, Marshall, Owens, Leishman, Lake, Skeie.

Middle Row (L-R): Wilson, Morrison, Higgs, Cossar, Housser, Weston.

Front Row (L-R): Maynard, Macdonald II, Karrys, Hillary.

Shooting this year was very successful. It was especially encouraging to find great enthusiasm and considerable ability shown by several Grade IX cadets.

In the Dominion of Canada Rifle Association Competition, in which several hundred corps compete, we ranked 4th. with an average of 96.555. This placed us first in Central Command, and first among the L.B.F. schools.

In the Youth of the Empire Competition, the corps achieved mass efficiency: half the members had an average of over 75. We also had the distinction of winning four silver medals in this competition.

The Shooting team, consisting of Clark II, Buckner, Prill, Lathrop and van der Ven, won a match against the #2 Squadron, Queen's York Rangers, and won the G.B.S.S.A. competition with an average of 97.8.

CLANS

Wallace Clan



In spite of the fact that Wallace was this year headed by a Grade XII student (Dave Hilton) and for some reason was lacking senior members, Wallace, the clan which always reigns supreme, with few scholars and fewer star athletes, still prevailed. During the year of our vast successes — still undefeated in three years of clan softball — we reigned supreme. No clan could raise any feeble spirit to dethrone the “almighty”. During prize day, a rumour ran through the gathered throng: Wallace had obliterated the seedy opposition and had won the clan championship by an overwhelming majority. At the beginning of the year, Douglas, aided by Mr. MacPherson’s juggling of new boys, appeared to be the next “Pretender to the Throne”. However, their great strength resulted in their easy conquest of “La dernière place”. Montrose supplied an unexpected challenge which was accepted and beaten back. These other clans must realize that the only chance to subvert Wallace is to unite. We hope that the future members of Wallace will be able to withstand the combined forces of the other inferior clans and show in succeeding years that Wallace is the Rock of Gibraltar — the seas may dash against it but will not conquer!

PRO LIBERTATE

D. Hilton

Montrose Clan

First, I would like to congratulate the clan for a most enthusiastic effort in spirit, in participation, and achievement. And we let the rest of the school know it too. I will admit it is hard to feel a spark in a clan that has done so poorly in the past few years, but judging from our efforts this year, I can predict a bright future for Montrose Clan.

Why, just look at our many achievements this year and you will agree, as anyone with reasonable intelligence would, that Montrose is the best clan. If I were to mention all of our successes, the REVIEW would have to be printed in two volumes! But, briefly some of our more outstanding achievements are: clan hockey champs, clan volley-ball champs, Juvenile track champ (Christie), Junior track champ (Kitchen II), a record breaker on the swim team (Whiteside), M.V.P. award in hockey (Kitchen I), M.V.P. award and captain of 1st Cricket (Jones I), and many more great efforts by a great clan.

This coming year will be a good one for Montrose if we do as well as last year. Good luck to the Monrosians who are leaving us this year, especially Geoff Higgs, who has faithfully served the clan for many years; clan vice-captain Pete Henderson, also a vital asset to the clan; and the Grade XIII's whose efforts and participation left little to be desired.

Well, we tried hard last year but watch out this year, there is nothing stopping us!

M. Barrett



CLANS

Bruce Clan

By the end of the school year there was no doubt left in anybody's mind regarding the superior status of all clan members. In fact, there was some clandestine small talk that Bruce Clan was becoming inebriated in its own halo of omnipotent power. Although this confident feeling of superiority was well-grounded, there was some concern among the higher mercenaries of the omniscient Bruce machine that confidence in power leads to decadence. As a result, much was done to equalize the comparatively unequal competition for the Housser Trophy. "The Clan Members" of this year realized the incompetence of the inferior "clans", and stirred their condescending nature by allowing, of their own volition, two other so-called clans to surpass their relaxedly-acquired total of clan points.

Next year, however, the spirit of competition, having been avoided by our collective sacrifice, will rise to unattained heights in all possible fields of school activity in order to remind the other "associations" of our uninhibited prowess and superiority. It is a pity, nevertheless, that in such a democratic country as Canada, there exists such an unequal race for such a well-known and coveted prize as the Housser Trophy. We, "The Clan", urge the lesser competitors to improve their own selves such that their own clans may live up to the worthy traditions of our school. We sincerely hope that you, unprivileged members of the other clans, will take heed of our counsel.

D. M. Smith



Douglas Clan

Once again a Douglas Clan Captain is asked to review a year past; to account for the successes and failures of his fellow clansmen, and what's more important, to pass the torch to young and stronger hands.

Douglas Clan this year, without exception, was superior in all facets of school life. As in previous years, clan success can be attributed to the superb efforts put forth by every member. Douglas again displayed a high calibre of superior sportsmanship, spirit, and honour in all activities.

In the realm of extra-curricular activities, Douglas clansmen played active roles in the various school clubs, dramatic and debating societies, shooting teams, and in the literary section of the school REVIEW.

Douglas Clan has also proved herself splendidly on the playing fields. This year the clan provided the back-bone for the 1st football team in the form of fourteen brawny, towering goliaths!

Douglas men also displayed excellent leadership throughout the school, claiming three prefects, numerous house-captains, a company commander, platoon lieutenant, and a score of N.C.O.'s.

With the coming of Sport's Day, Douglas Clan was able to capture another trophy to add to her already large prize list.

In closing, I might pose a question to fellow Douglas Clansmen. After such a noble display of leadership, sportsmanship, and tradition of excellence that has always been apparent in our clan, can we really say that Douglas was not victorious?

J. McKeen



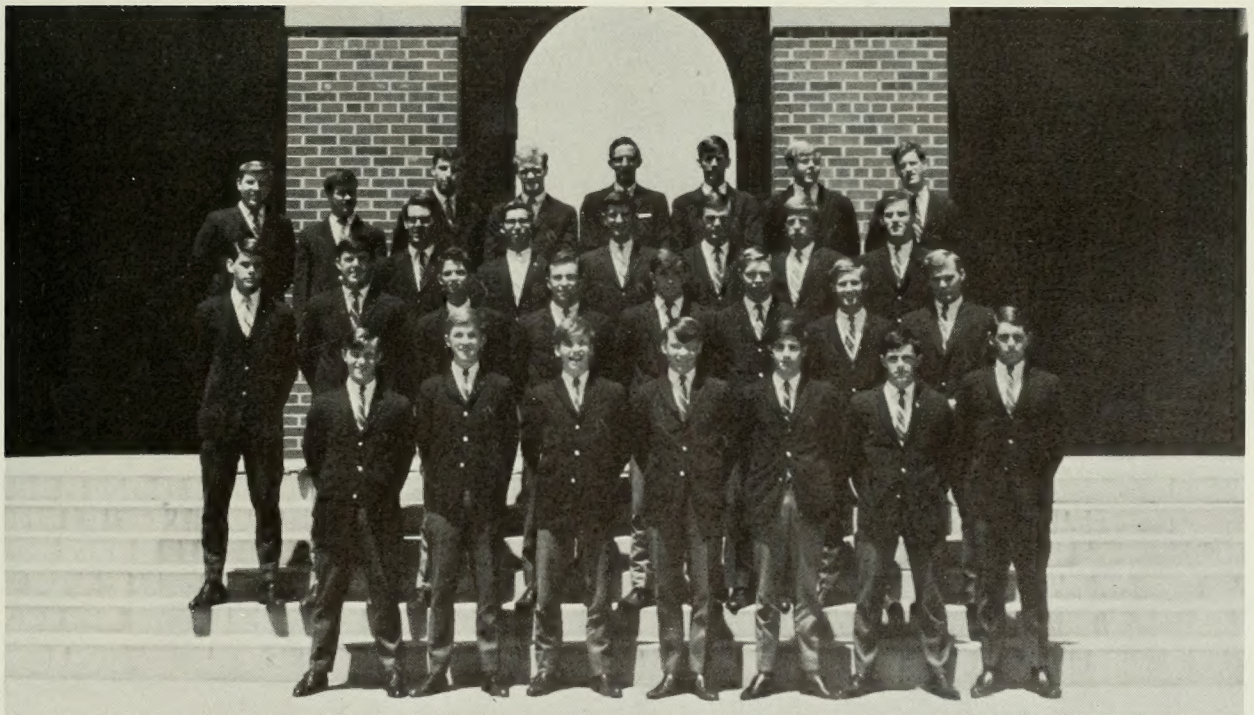


ricardo schmeichler

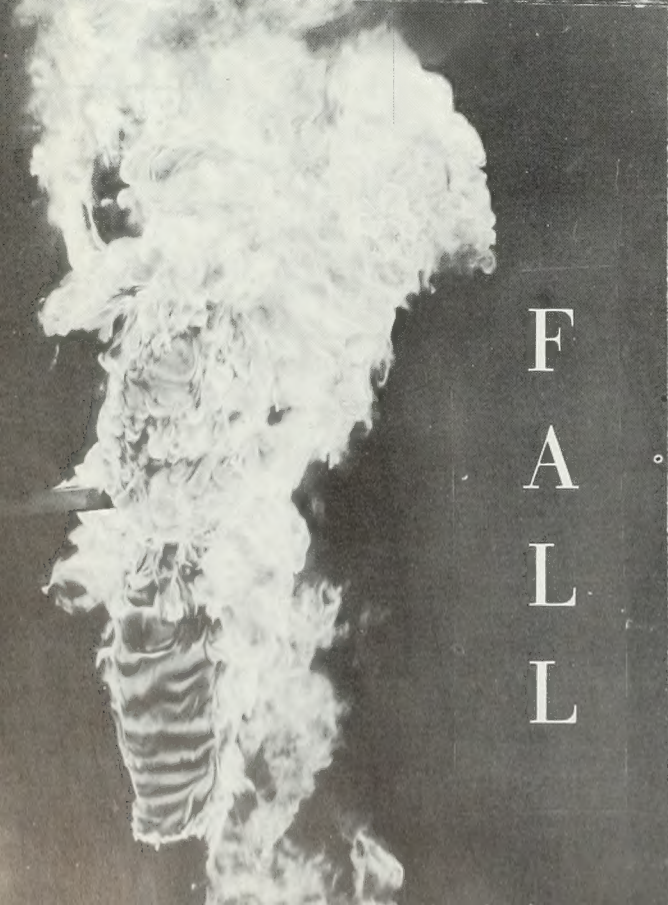
SPORTS



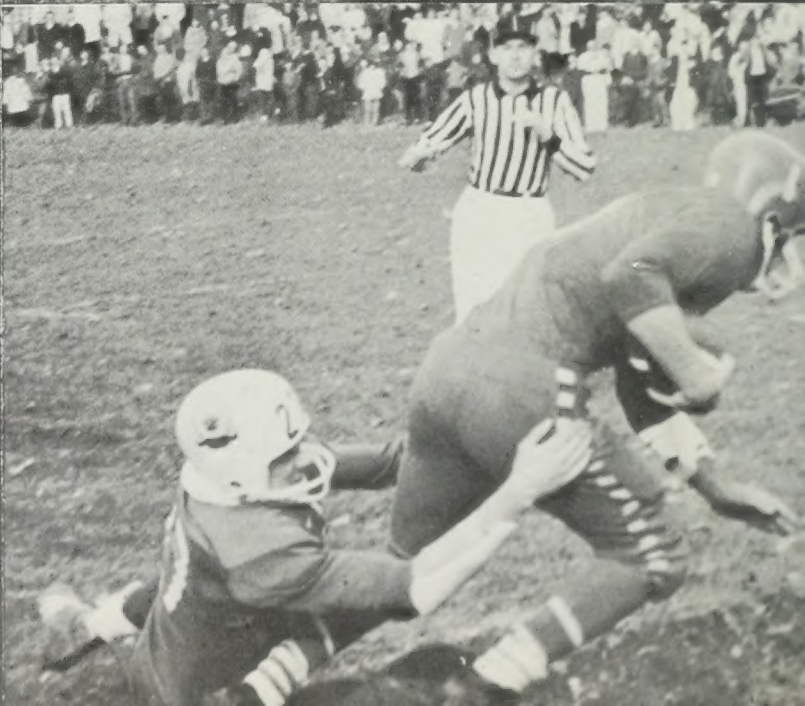
FIRST COLOUR WINNERS



Back Row (L-R): Duggan, Dunster, Endleman, Cawthorne, Grant, Owens, Whiteside, MacDonald.
Middle Row (L-R): McKeen, Smith I, Weston, Guzman, Jones, Wilson, Dangerfield, Lake, Henderson I, Peters, Shields, Sommerville I, van der Ven, Quincy.
Front Row (L-R): Rutherford, Evans, Glover, McLean, Schmeichler, Mason, Brownrigg.



F
A
L
L



FIRST FOOTBALL TEAM



Back Row (l-r): Simmonds, Deacon, P. Henderson, Endleman, Bichan, Howard, Higgs, Cawthorne, Prill, D. Kitchen, Lathrop, Mr. West, Mr. Coulter.

Middle Row (l-r): Mr. Edwards, Page, Rudnick, Hilton, Weston, D. Smith, J. McKeen, Shields, Taylor, Duggan, Quincey, Lake.

Front Row (l-r): Boland, McClocklin, C. Clarke, Farrington, Dunkley, Barrett, Dunster, W. Wilson, McNeil, van der Ven, Ebbels.

Colours: Dunster, Lake, Duggan, Cawthorne, Henderson I, Mutch.

Bar: Weston, D. Smith I, McKeen.

FIRST FOOTBALL REVIEW

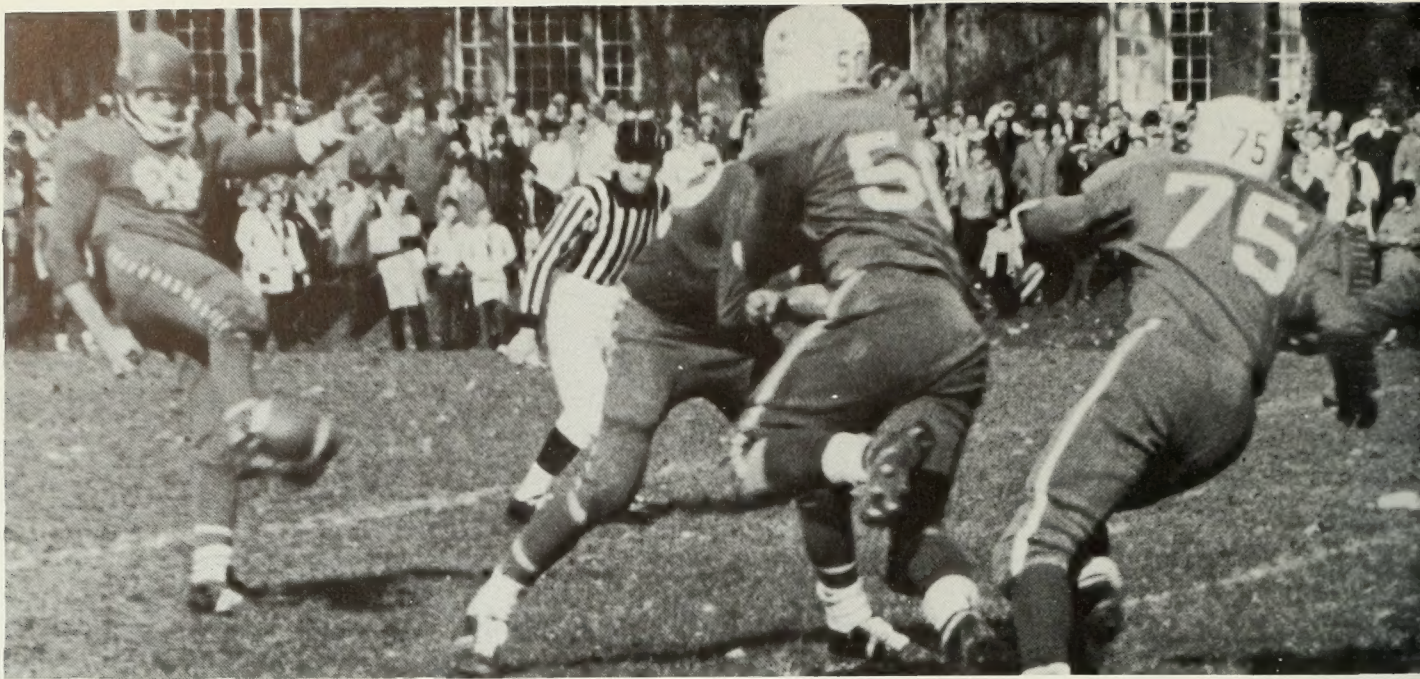
This year was different from most past years in that no one predicted an L.B.F. Championship for the First Team Football. Sure, there were several stand-outs back from the '64 team, but not enough, so it was thought, to form the nucleus for a Championship team. This year, however, the First team seemed able to find the fight, the courage, the stamina, the ability, but most of all, the desire, to get them out of tight spots. Gradually it dawned on the school body that here, indeed, was no mediocre club, Everyone had known that Jim McKeen was an all-round athlete, but it had occurred to no one that he was to become the best all-round quarterback that S.A.C. has had for a long time. Dave Mutch had always shown fine running ability as full-back. Mutch and co-captains D. Smith and J. McKeen also helped raise the school spirits for the L.B.F games, insisting from the start that the Firsts were of championship calibre.

A hint of what was to come came when a scrap-

py and inspired S.A.C. squad upset Cedarbrae, Toronto's Collegiate Champs. As well, the easy T.C.S. victory brought further hope; but the B.R.C. match chased away any remaining doubts. It was in this game that the under-rated linemen shone; Higgs, Howard, Duggan, and Henderson completely defeated the mud, snow, and the Ridley line. This was entirely a team effort, the kind of victory which is expected of champions.

Football fever stung every Andean during the week before the final game with the also undefeated U.C.C. team. However, though defeated in the score, the Saints won a moral victory, missing a win by only several seconds after they had dominated during the last quarter. Though disappointed that our "championship team" did not win the title, the school could do nothing but praise the First Team Football 1965.

G.M.



T.C.S. vs. First Football

When T.C.S. came to St. Andrew's on October 16 for the first game of the L.B.F. season, they were greeted by an S.A.C. team that was very confident. Playing in the pleasant, 50 degree weather, the Saints wasted no time in demonstrating their ability, as Kitchen and Mutch plunged across for touchdowns that put S.A.C. ahead 13-0 at the end of the first quarter. In the second, T.C.S. came back to score one unconverted touchdown, but Mutch swiftly retaliated for S.A.C. to put the score at 20-6 at the half.

In the third quarter, McKeen carried across the Saints' fourth major before T.C.S. scored its last touchdown on a well-executed reverse. The final quarter saw Mutch carry for his third, St. Andrew's fifth, and the game's last touchdown. van der Ven converted three of S.A.C.'s touchdowns to bring the final score to 33-12.

Highlights of the game were Dave Mutch's hat trick of touchdowns, and Jim McKeen's 80-yard romp on a fake pass from S.A.C.'s 20 to T.C.S.'s 10 yard line.

The game was an excellent exhibition of good football and a decisive first step towards an exclusive L.B.F. championship.

T.E.

LITTLE

B.R.C. vs. First Football

On Saturday, October 23, the school travelled to Ridley College for a day of football and soccer games. It had rained a lot in St. Catherines the previous two days, and Ridley's fields were practically submerged in water, changing solid turf into soft mud. At the beginning of the game, black clouds threatened; however, the school spirit was as high as ever.

The game started with S.A.C.'s offence moving the ball quite well, and in less than ten minutes Jim McKeen, our quarterback, swept around the right end behind fine blocking to score from Ridley's eighteen yard line. Ridley could not move the ball against a determined S.A.C. defence, but St. Andrew's offence, after its first touchdown, was unable to gain an appreciable number of yards in the poor turf conditions. After struggling for most of the second quarter, S.A.C. only gained one point. Thus the score at half time was 7-0 for us.

In the third quarter the offence broke down completely, and only our strong defence kept Ridley from scoring.

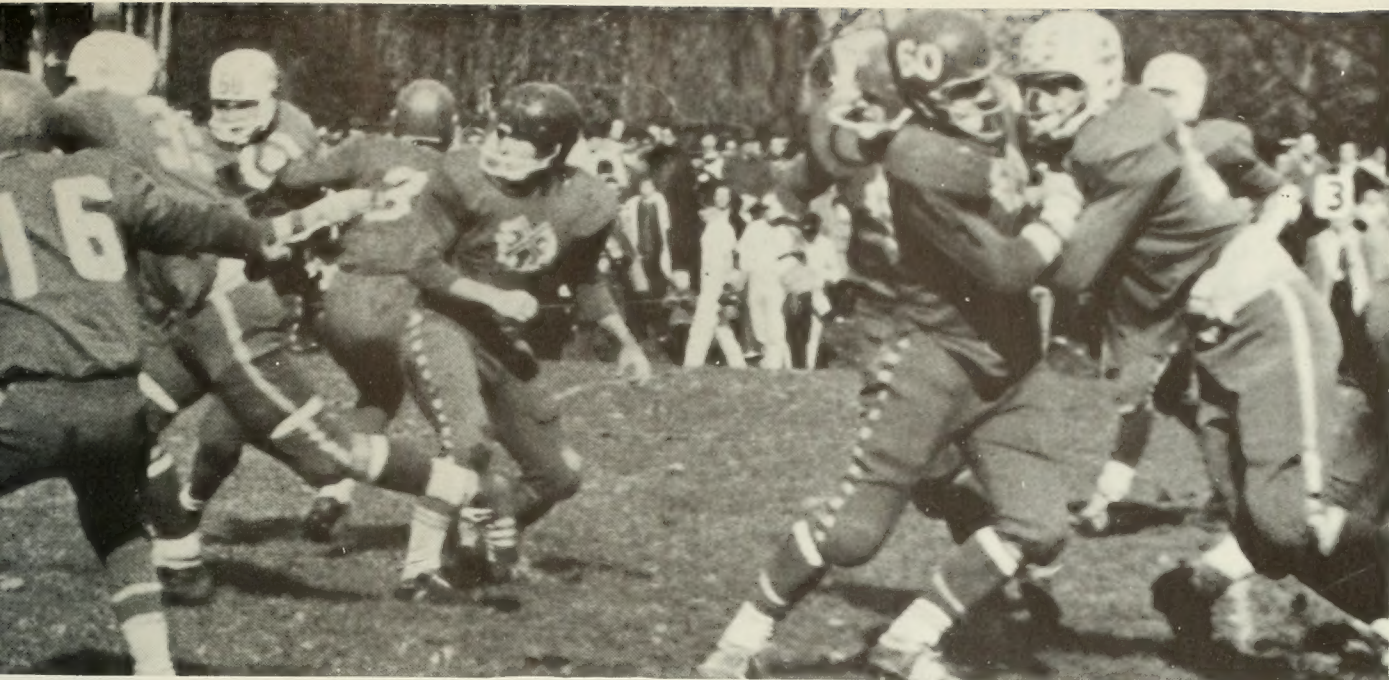
Early in the fourth quarter, an S.A.C. fumble gave Ridley the ball inside our ten yard line. Ridley went over for their first score. The convert was made, and the game was tied. Ridley's touchdown seemed to spark us to life again, and after a number of fine runs by Jim McKeen and Dave Mutch, our quarterback again skirted the right end for his second major. Unfortunately the touchdown was unconverted, and the score stood at 13-7.

Ridley, once again, was unable to move against our determined defence. With time running short, S.A.C. moved the ball deep into Ridley territory, where Mutch went over for a third touchdown for us. Again, the convert was missed, but minutes later the game ended with the score 19-7 for S.A.C.

It was a tough game under tough playing conditions, accompanied by rain and hail in the last half, but it moved S.A.C. a step closer to the L.B.F. championship, and our First Team returned to Aurora victorious.

L.B.





BIG FOUR

U.C.C. vs. FIRST FOOTBALL

Hopes ran high because S.A.C. had every chance of winning the L.B.F. championship. Arrangements were made for victory parties among the players although some had vague defeatist notions buried in the agony of nervous expectation. The game began in cold morning pregnant with two opposing hopes, as the entire school enthusiastically watched their red team go into action, take the ball from the forty-five yard line, to the thirty, to the twenty, to the ten, only to fumble on the one yard line. U.C.C. played the ball with notable success, and the first quarter ended on the same note of nervousness on which it started. The score, 1-0 for the Saints, meant little as eager fans waited in the cold.

The wait wasn't long, for U.C.C. won the game in the second quarter, as Doherty and Stairs scored two U.C.C. touchdowns, raising the score to a frustrating 14-1. The fans hopes began to wither away. The S.A.C. defence weakened under the stress, while the offence was rested because they had hardly touched the ball during the whole of the second quarter.

The third quarter produced nothing; the

Saints reasserted their defensive prowess while the offence seemed as if shocked to uselessness by the way the game was developing. It was stalemate to the end of the quarter. Only with a mere five minutes left in the game did the offence show its calibre as they marched down the field for Mutch to score a touchdown. But it was too late; the score stood at 15-9 with one minute to go. The Saints struggled desperately to U.C.C.'s twenty-yard line. When McKeen finally opened up with a pass to Hilton, the tension was unbearable. However the minute flag dropped, and the final play from McKeen to Hilton left the Saints 15 yards short of a winning touchdown. The S.A.C. fans and players were left numb with disappointment and disbelief.



F.G.

PRE-SEASON EXHIBITIONS

Michael Power at Firsts

This was the first game of the season for both teams. Unfortunately, it was not a very inspirational beginning for the Saints. Hindered by poor weather and lack of practice, the teams resorted to rather dull line plays and a series of third down kicks. Michael Power scored an unconverted touch down early in the second quarter. However, the Saints' offence, unable to mount a sustained drive, was held scoreless. The only highlight of the game for the enthusiastic crowd on hand was Hilton's recovery of a punt on the Michael Power 25 yard line late in the fourth quarter.

Result: M.P. -6 S.A.C. -0

Cedarbrae at Firsts

St. Andrew's confidence was given a fantastic boost in this game. Cedarbrae had won their league championship the previous year and were supposed to be just as strong in 1965. Coaches West and Edwards had set the team to contain Cedarbrae's offence, notably on end runs. With a tremendous all around effort, particularly by Lake, Dunster, Cawthorne, and Smith, the Reds' defence almost held Cedarbrae completely. The Saints made up for what they lacked in finesse by desire and fight, and Mutch's two touchdowns were enough to defeat a well contained Cedarbrae squad. S.A.C. had recorded the upset of the season!

Result: S.A.C. -15 C. -7



Appleby at Firsts

Appleby had lost to both Ridley and U.C.C. This factor, added to the inevitable letdown after such a victory against Cedarbrae, made the Saints extremely overconfident. Because of a very "lacklustre" effort by almost the entire team, tallies by McKeen and Mutch fell short. Appleby, on the other hand, steamed through a very inept S.A.C. defence. It was only hoped that the memory of their terrible showing in this game would spur the team on to greater efforts in the approaching L.B.F. encounters.

Result: S.A.C. -14 Appleby -20

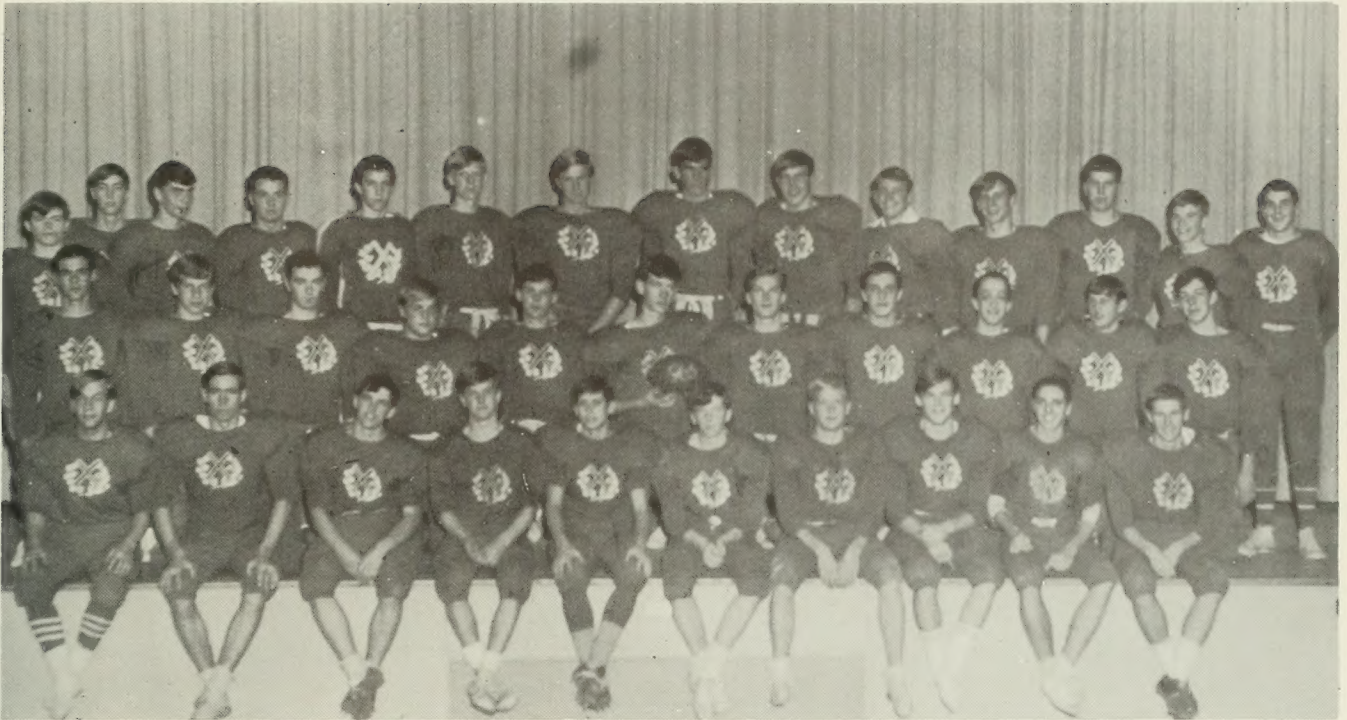
Lakefield at Firsts

This year the Lakefield Firsts, who generally play S.A.C.'s seconds, played the Firsts of St. Andrew's. Confident of a sure victory, the Saints were dismayed by the 6-0 lead of Lakefield at the end of the first half. Shocked into action in the second half, the Saints - led by stalwarts Boland, McKeen, and Mutch - amassed 20 unanswered points. This second half effort showed the Saints what they could do by putting forth a little extra drive and hustle.

Result: S.A.C. -20 Lakefield -6



SECOND FOOTBALL



Back Row (L-R): Sundquist, Reid, Herod, Henderson II, Blue, More, Pitcher, Owens, Whiteside, McEachren, Lockwood, Oswell, Glover, McTavish.

Middle Row (L-R): Marshall I, Jones II, Messer, Good I, Love I, Tryon, Pallett I, Leishman, Bunt, Mather, Sanger.

Front Row (L-R): Beaumont, Wilson II, Mason, Ball, Urie, Clarkson, Stephens I, Clark II, Chapman, Sommerville I.

T.C.S.

An electric tension filled the air as the Saints met T.C.S. in the first L.B.F. game of the season for both sides. The first quarter produced more tension as both teams struggled, without success, to score. Early in the second quarter the stalemate was broken as T.C.S. scored an unconverted touchdown. Try as they would, St. Andrew's offence could make no decisive progress against the T.C.S. defence, and the half ended in a 6-0 lead for Trinity.

In the third quarter, the Saints came back with some of their former spirit and managed to hold their aggressive adversaries away from the goal line until the last quarter, when a converted Trinity touchdown robbed them of the last of their spirit, so that the game ended with T.C.S. picking up yet another touchdown in the last few minutes. The final score was, S.A.C. 0, T.C.S. 19.

B.R.C.

Mud and water made playing both difficult and hazardous as St. Andrew's second team prepared to meet Ridley on their home ground. The first quarter was dominated by shrewd defensive action on both sides, and while Ridley's offence opened up in the second quarter, our defence held them off so that Ridley picked up only one point in that quarter. At the half, the score stood 1-0 for Ridley.

It was a close fought game, Ridley picking up two more singles in the third quarter, so that one touchdown could have swayed the score decisively either way.

The fourth quarter brought more punishment and two more singles against the Saints, and the game ended, 5-0, after a hard fought, but for us, fruitless contest.

COLOURS

Sommerville I, Pallett, Tryon, Ball, Leishman, Messer, Oswell, Whiteside, Good, Clark II, Wilson II, Love.

SEASON RECORD: 1 win, 8 losses.

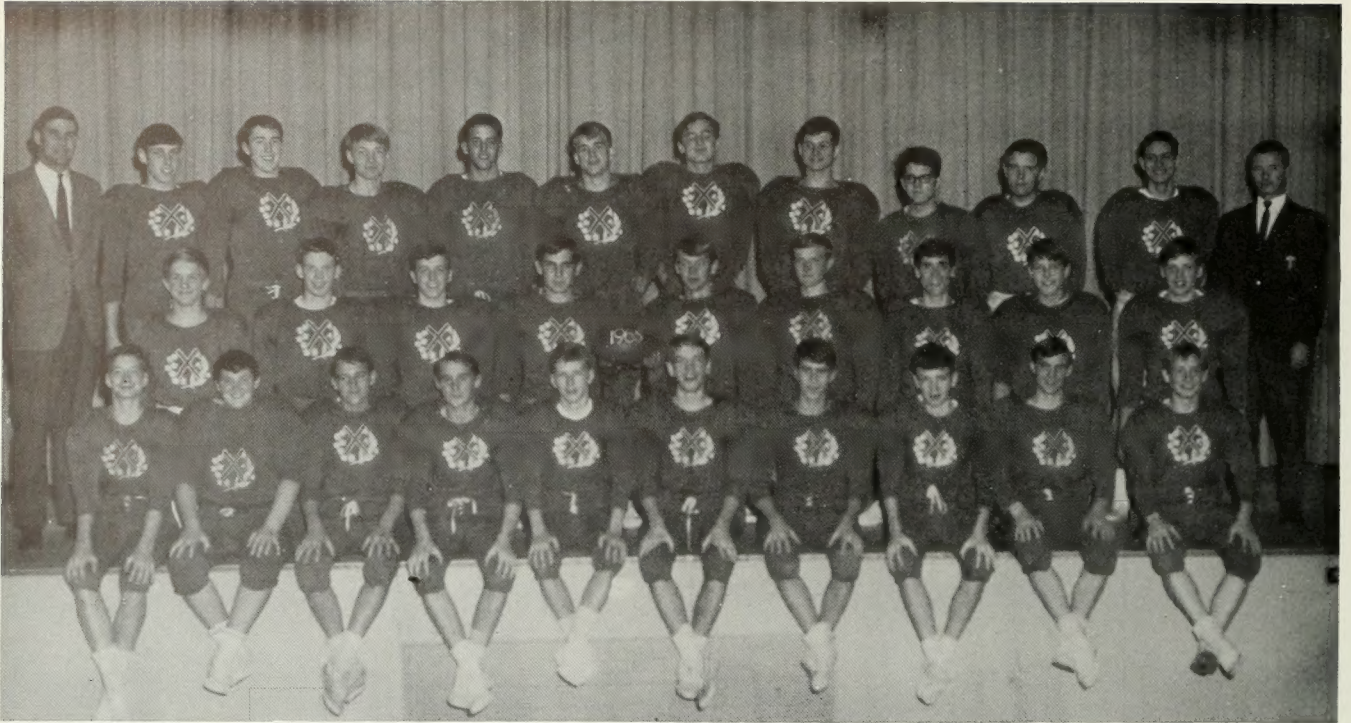
U.C.C.

Each team was hoping to climb out of last place with a win in the final game of the season. In their past games, S.A.C. had had bad luck, and they were out to change this.

In the first quarter, S.A.C. moved the ball well against the U.C.C. defence. After a penalty favouring the Saints, our team drove for a touchdown, which was converted. Luck was now in our favor, and on a punt, the U.C.C. receiver had the misfortune of dropping the ball which was then smothered in the end zone by Bob Sommerville. The convert was a pass, which was completed, and the half ended with the Saints commanding a 13-0 lead.

In the third quarter Lady Luck changed sides, and the once confident Saints wilted under the U.C.C. onslaught. Upper Canada tied the score within a few minutes of the start of the third quarter, and passed down the field for three more majors in the fourth, converting one, and bringing the final score to 31-13 for U.C.C. S.A.C. played their best football of the season in the first half but just didn't have the drive in the second half to carry the game.

THIRD FOOTBALL



Back Row (L-R): Mr. Kamcke, Craig, Smith II, Ballard, Dougall, Wilson III, Kennedy II, Jackson I, Fahlgren, Neale, Pirie, Mr. Kinney.

Middle Row (L-R): Evans I, Annan, Houser, Brownrigg, Rous, Hopper, Henderson IV, Leitch, Wood.

Front Row (L-R): Brunke, Campbell II, Gilchrist, Pritchard II, Davies I, Campbell I, Jolliffe, Rook, Rutherford, Scott II.

SUMMARY

Following in the footsteps of the second team, the thirds played a consistently bad year of football. Losing their first three games to Langstaff, Woodbridge, and Pickering, the thirds then regained some confidence by playing S.A.C.'s U15A's and gaining their first victory of the season. Inspired by the win over the A team, the thirds defeated Hillfield, 26-12.

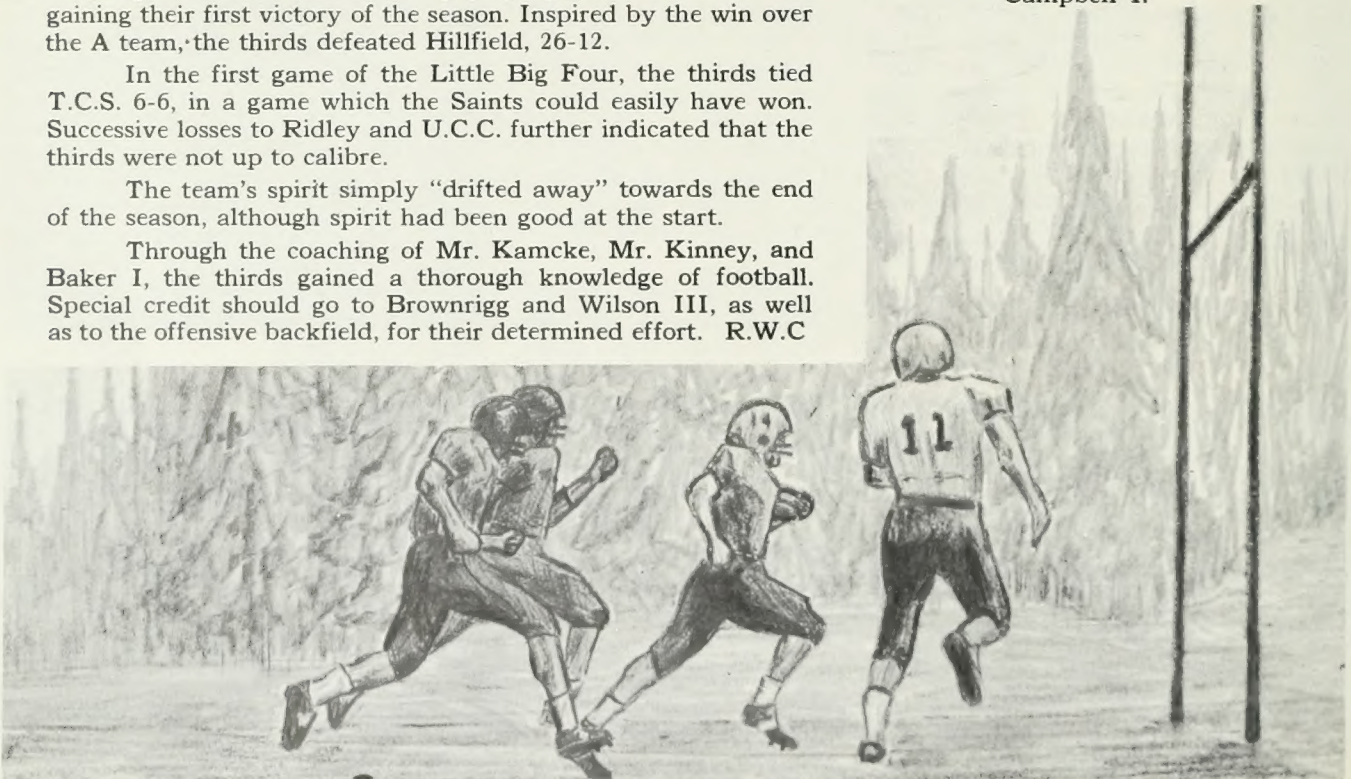
In the first game of the Little Big Four, the thirds tied T.C.S. 6-6, in a game which the Saints could easily have won. Successive losses to Ridley and U.C.C. further indicated that the thirds were not up to calibre.

The team's spirit simply "drifted away" towards the end of the season, although spirit had been good at the start.

Through the coaching of Mr. Kamcke, Mr. Kinney, and Baker I, the thirds gained a thorough knowledge of football. Special credit should go to Brownrigg and Wilson III, as well as to the offensive backfield, for their determined effort. R.W.C

COLOURS

Brownrigg, Rous, Jolliffe, Jackson I, Annan, Fahlgren, Craig, Dougall, Brunke, Campbell I.



UNDER 15 "A" FOOTBALL



Back Row (l-r): Mr. Skinner, Pritchard I, Martin II, Kitchen II, Edwards, Pennal, Macpherson, Henderson III, Thompson.

Middle Row (l-r): Patchell II, Morton, Pallett II, Kane, Martin I, Love II, Karrys, McEwen, Marshall II.

Front Row (l-r): Shantz, Millar, Grass, Diffin, Stauffer, McDonald II, Agar, Whitteker, Christie, Casselman, Davidson.

SEASON'S RECORD

Michael Power 3rds.	58	-	U15A's	18
Lakefield 3rds.	30	"	"	12
Pickering 3rds.	6	"	"	30
Pickering "Gorillas"	38	"	"	0
T.C.S.	7	"	"	19
B.R.C.	18	"	"	38
Appleby 4ths.	6	"	"	19

COLOURS:

Kane (first bar)	
Stauffer	Davidson
Kitchen II	McEwen
Love II	Shantz
Morton	Patchell II
Millar	McDonald II

Despite its relative lack of experience, the U15A football team enjoyed a moderately successful autumn, winning four of its seven games. Most encouraging was the manner in which boys who had never played football adjusted to the game, and helped the few veterans develop a team spirit. Encouraging too was the team's rebound from disheartening early defeats to exciting late-season victories, particularly in the Little Big Four Competition, and in our final match with Appleby.

Against T.C.S. we played a spirited first half, and then staggered before Trinity's fourth quarter insurrection. We did well to come away with a 19-7 victory over a plucky Boulder House team.

In the Ridley game the reverse was true. At quarter time, we trailed B.R.C. 18-0. Our resurgence in the second quarter remains the highlight of the U15A season: at the half we lead 19-18. Inspired by this, and with the help of "Ladyluck", who plays such a great role in so many football games, we emerged with a 38-18 win over a fighting Ridley team that deserved a much closer point spread.

A thriller, our final game against Appleby, was won by a score of 19-6. With four minutes remaining in the game, and with Appleby in possession of the ball on our one yard line, we clug to a 12-6 lead. A stubborn defensive unit held for three downs; then an equally determined offensive team drove 109 yards, with Kitchen II crashing the short side of the line for the "insurance" touchdown, converted by Patchell II.

The team was ably captained by Kane, with Stauffer as vice-captain. Of the colours winners, special mention must be made of Kitchen II; a competitor of the first order, and a team player above all, he scored 17 touchdowns for the A's during the season, and proved a great source of inspiration to all.

Editor's Note: Mr. W. Skinner should receive special credit for his record as football coach at S.A.C. In his three years at the school, he has won 8 L.B.F. encounters, losing none.

FIRST SOCCER



Back Row (L-R): Dangerfield, Jones IV, Nation, Grant, Webber, Baxter, Richards, Mr. Pitman.

Front Row (L-R): Glassow, Nagy, Jones I (Capt), Butterfield, Kaminis.

COLOURS

Jones I (Double Bar), Glassow (Bar), Grant (Bar), Dangerfield.

FIRST XI SOCCER

This year the first eleven enjoyed one of its best seasons in many years. Although only four games were won, while four were lost and three tied, the firsts outplayed the opposition in all their eleven encounters with the possible exception of the Bradford game. Unfortunately, throughout the season the forwards missed many scoring opportunities, and this, coupled with the defensive lapses, costs us the L.B.F. Championship when we played Ridley. In this game the firsts completely dominated the first half to such an extent that the result seemed a foregone conclusion. However we failed to score and shortly after resumption in the second half, Ridley took advantage of a defensive error to score the lone goal of the game.

Against both Huron Hights and Pickering we found ourselves sporting a three - one lead and on both occasions we had to come from behind in the dying minutes of the game to gain a 4-4 tie.

The highlights of the season were: an 11-6 victory over Hillfield in a miniature hurricane; a 3-0 victory over T.C.S.; a 3-1 victory over Aurora (the first in many years, against a team that this year won the regional championship); a hat-trick by Glassow in the game against Huron Hights; and a 2-0 victory over U.C.C. in the final game of the year.

The whole team should be complimented on their general attitude. Team spirit on the whole was very good, and more than once the restraint the team exhibited under severe provocation was admirable.

The team extends its sincerest thanks to Mr. Pitman, and also to Messrs. Stoate, Gibb, and Inglis, who at various times assisted in the coaching. The First XI would also like to express its appreciation to Dr. and Mrs. Glassow for their support at all our games.

Next year's team should have a good season if the returning players can remember the lessons learnt by the 1965 team. In the final analysis, it is the goals scored which determine the victor.

R. JONES

THE 2nd SOCCER TEAM



Back Row (l-r) Smith III, Mclean II, Scott, Thomas, Guzman, Watt, Garcia, Empey, Mr. Stoate.
Front Row (l-r): Hatch, Paterson I, Durie, McKenzie, Maréchaux, Lawrason II, Brown, Cos-sar, Gibb.

COLOURS: Maréchaux, Hatch, Empey, Thomas.

Usually the 2nd Soccer Team has the reputation for being a "bunch of good losers". This year, however, that was not quite the case; we won 6 out of 9 games.

The season started with two sweeping triumphs. The first one against Pickering ended in a 7 to 0 victory for S.A.C. The second game, against U.C.C., was another success for the Saints (2-0). With these two wins at the beginning of the season, the second team was confident of a good season.

Nevertheless, we were beaten by Aurora High School the following week - 4 to 0. They had us outplayed, even though we tried hard.

This loss was soon made up when the team went to Hamilton to play Hillfield. There was a strong wind during the match, which hampered the speed and direction of the ball considerably. Despite this hindrance, however, Hillfield had to accept a 2 to 1 loss.

The next two games were the team's worst exhibition of team spirit and skill. Even though the halfbacks and fullbacks were doing a fair job, the forwards lacked the initiative and force to score many goals. Because of this, we lost, 3 to 1 to Bradford High School, and 2 to 1 to Ridley.

The last three games of the season were our best of the year. The first one, against Huron Heights from Newmarket, was won with a score of 1 to 0. The next match against Pickering was again won, but this time with a score of 5 to 0. The last game of the season, against U.C.C., was another smashing 5 to 0 victory for the seconds.

Towards the end of the season, we began to play like a team. Everyone started to play his position more efficiently, especially during the attacking stages of the game when the necessary thrust was needed. This improvement would not have been possible had it not been for our two coaches, Mr. Stoate and Mr. Inglis. Since it takes such a long time to build a good team, we hope that most of the team members will be back next year for an even better second soccer team.

UNDER 15 "A" SOCCER



Back Row (L-R): Roberts, Johnston, Hally II, Brophy, Jordan, Dunkley II, Mr. Timms, Stephens II.

Front Row (L-R): Davies II, Agnew, Blanchard, Paterson II, Anderson.

SECOND YEAR L.B.F. CHAMPS

The Under 15 A soccer team, with 5 members back from the undefeated 1964 team, again enjoyed an excellent season, and gained their second straight L.B.F. Championship. The team's main goal scorers were Brophy, Blanchard, and Woolnough. The spectacular goal tending by Hally II, kept up the team's spirits. Coaches D. Timms and A. Skinner greatly aided and inspired the team. The team record was:

GAME	OPPONENT	S.A.C.
Newmarket Allstars	1	0
Newmarket Allstars	1	2
Hillfield	0	1
St. Georges	1	0
Pickering	1	3
Aurora High	0	0
Pickering	2	2
T.C.S.	0	6
B.R.C.'s U16's	2	3
B.R.C.'s lower school		
1st.	1	1
Appleby	0	1
U.C.C.	0	4
Pickering	0	4

Congratulations on a most successful season!
D.A.B.

COLOURS

U 15 A Hally II, Blanchard, Woolnough, Anderson, Paterson II, Roberts, Dunkley II.

U 15 B Pickard.



MORE FUN WITH SOCCER

MASTERS vs FIRST SOCCER

On a cool autumn afternoon the annual Battle of the Titans took place: Masters vs First Eleven.

The firsts dominated the whole game, as usual, but something seemed to be wrong. Indeed, something was wrong: Lady Luck had deserted us. She had gone to the masters! Our bubbling enthusiasm and dazzling skill were no match for the Dame of Chance, and the masters scored a fluke goal, 1-0. In a dazzling exhibition of skill and bravery, the first team forward line bulleted in a goal. 1-1.

Throughout the long second half not a point was scored. The firsts were great; constantly peppering shots at the masters' goal. But fate's hand stayed the ball. Then by means of an overtime period and the cold paralysing our goalie's fingers, the last goal was scored. A horrible mistake, but it rolled in, making the final score 2-1 for the masters. Just wait until next year, masters! Then Lady Luck will be with us and----

M.D.J



LEAGUE SOCCER

This year, as always, boys participated in a form of "alphabet" soccer which was made up of non football players. Three times a week, teams clashed in contests of skill. It was a case of survival of the fittest. Their actions were constantly being watched by the supreme authorities, (better known as the masters), who came down faithfully each afternoon to referee the games.

The calibre of boys who participated in this ever challenging sport was of the highest level. It was man against man and often man against himself when he was called upon to execute a difficult play. These fearless and undaunted soldiers of soccer turned up day in and day out to show the school, and maybe even the world, that they had just as much internal fortitude as those football players.

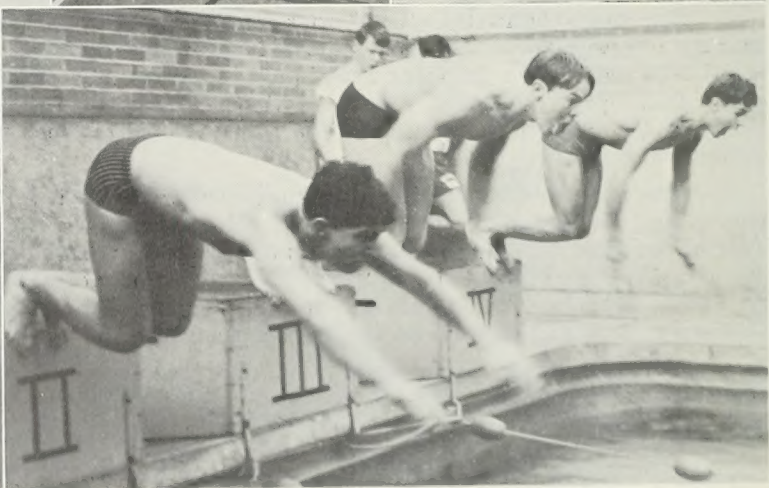
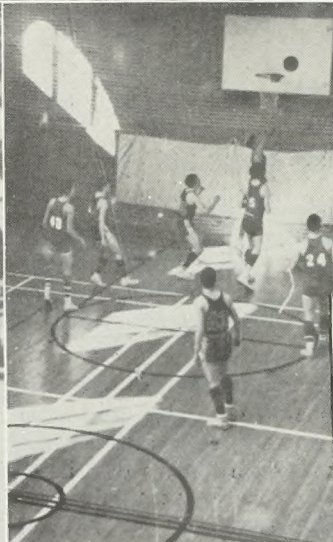
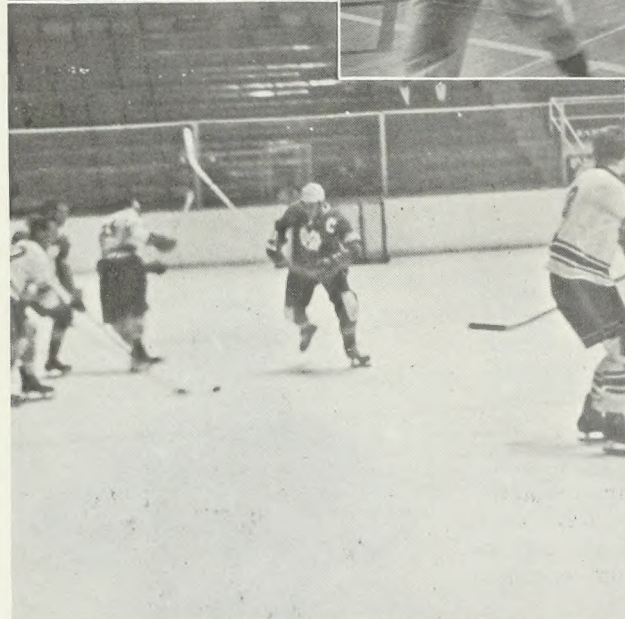
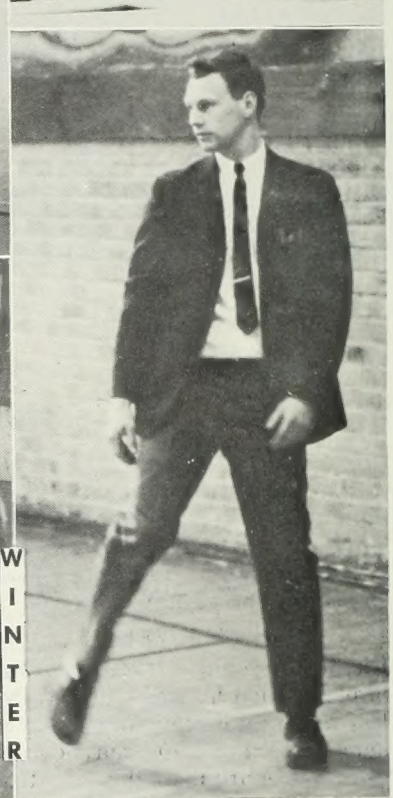
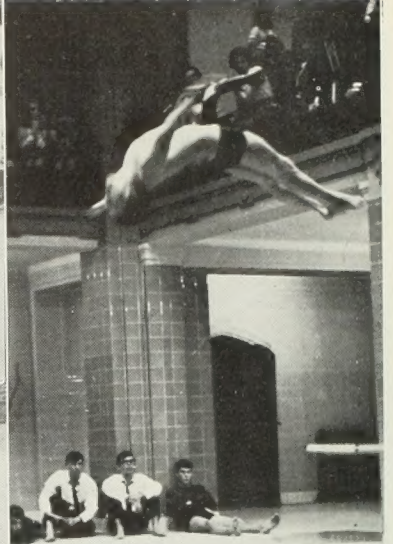
The participation of all the boys involved was excellent. On the average almost 60% of each team showed up on a daily basis. Enthusiastic boys learned the complex technique of working as a team. As one great philosopher once said, "Team work is the root of all evil." This refers to the opposing side's grievances when it realizes that their opponents have started "clicking."

The referees must receive a standing ovation for their attempts to stop illegal plays and the like. Although this was not always possible, (and often great lengthy arguments came from both sides at once,) the masters did their best to call the plays as fairly as possible. Our thanks go to Mr. Pitman, Mr. Inglis, Mr. Stoate, and Mr. Gibb, who looked forward to each game as avidly as the boys themselves.

This year's clan games were played and conducted in very good taste. Choice comments such as, "But sir, we're not playing a joke on you, the ball did go in Shads," and masters prize remarks, such as, "Goal-line-corner-kick," added colour to this year's soccer league, a most enjoyable experience for all those who participated.

J.C.





HOW
LOW
CAN
WE
GO
?



Dear Abby,

Please help us. After last year's clan hockey we tried to figure out our athletic difficulties. As the sportsworld knows, we came last in a league in which Bruce clan won the championship. We felt sure that somehow this year we could improve our standing. But Abby, this year was worse! We would have done just as well had we not participated. We did not gain a single point during the hockey season. Montrose led the league with seventeen points. When the hockey season came to an abrupt end because of good weather, our hopes rose. Perhaps our non-hockey players would turn out to be star volleyballers. Nary a point was gained there. No positions changed, and a strong Montrose team won this year's overall winter clan championship. At this point, we just don't know what to do about planning for next year. Any suggestions will be greatly appreciated.

signed: Harassed Highlanders

Dear Harassed:

You will not get to the root of your problem until you realize two or three things. First is that you are playing in a league of all-round athletes. Montrose is a well organized team. If you go out on the ice with desire in your hearts and a fighting spirit, and if you go down to defeat at the hands of a worthy opponent, you have nothing to be ashamed of. It has been happening to Wallace for many years in clan hockey.

The second is that most of your clan's athletes made representative teams. It is not your fault or shame if you could not compete with the stacked teams of the other clans.

Finally, have you ever thought that Wallacers are simply not hockey players nor volleyballers, either. I remind you of the fact that Wallace is currently the reigning clan softball champion. It is there that your athletic future lies, Wallacers! So "play ball!" and turn a deaf ear to "He shoots! He scores!"

Yours sincerely,
ABBY

L.B.



U-15-A
L.B.F.
C
H
A
M
P
S

Back Row (L-R): Mr. Ives, Brophy.

Middle Row (L-R): Hally II, Stauffer, Kitchen II, Martin II, Patchell II, Morton.

Front Row (L-R): Davidson, Maynard, Love II, Ruse, Anderson.

COLOURS — Love II, Davidson, Anderson, Ruse, Patchell II, Stauffer, Hally II.



U-15-B

Back Row (L-R): Mr. Skinner, Pennal, Bain.

Middle Row (L-R): Lowery, Marshall II, Heintzman, Macdonald II, Stephens II.

Front Row (L-R): Whitteker, Sanderson, Evans II, Kane, Roots, Thompson, Baker II.

RECORD: 2 Wins — 3 Losses.

U-15 A

SEASON

This team had a very good year. Their record proves this: seven wins, one tie, one loss. They scored sixty-five goals and were scored on only eighteen times. The forwards all participated evenly in the scoring, averaging nearly two points per game. The defence did an outstanding job, though much of the credit must go to the two goalies, Davidson and Anderson. Captain Love II was at all times an aggressive and determined centre. The team owes a great deal to Love's leadership and to Mr. Ives' coaching.

Two of their best games were with Lakefield's thirds. In the first game at home, they got off to a bad start and never fully recovered, but in the return game at Lakefield really played above their heads and established a good lead, only to see it dwindle away as lack of conditioning told against us. Another highlight of the season was the game against Ridley. Rumour was not lying when it had said they had a good team and the game was spirited and fast. As always, the team had a enjoyable trip to Boulden House, T.C.S., and managed to win a close game. The one evening game of the season vs U.C.C. produced some of the best hockey of the year, even though the minor midgets from Toronto were just no match for a much superior St. Andrew's team.

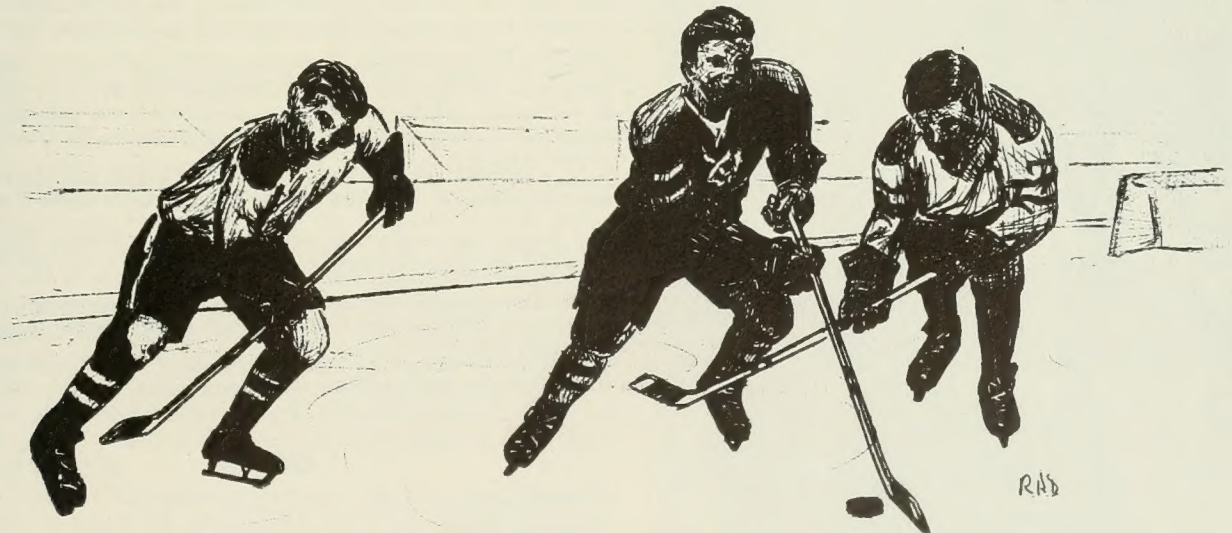
Team-work and spirit combined to produce a winning season for at least the Under-15 A's this year.

SCHEDULE

1. Pickering College 3rds	WON	18-0
2. Upper Canada College Prep.	WON	6-0
3. Hillfield	WON	9-0
4. UCC Minor Midgets	WON	7-2
5. Lakefield 3rds	LOST	3-1
6. TCS-Boulden House	WON	4-2
7. Ridley Lower School	WON	9-3
8. St. George's 1sts	WON	7-4
9. Lakefield 3rds	TIED	4-4

SCORING

	Goals	Assists	Points
Patchell II	10	11	21
Ruse	12	7	19
Stauffer	11	6	17
Love II	7	8	15
Hally II	10	5	15
Kitchen II	11	3	14
Martin II	1	4	5
Brophy	1	4	5
Maynard	1	3	4
Morton	0	0	0



THIRD HOCKEY



Back Row (L-R): Martin II, Grigg, Mr. Kinney.
 Middle Row (L-R): Smith II, Rook, Ballard, Millar, White, Harris.
 Front Row (L-R): Campbell I, Garratt, Gilchrist, Davies I, Rous, Warren, Jolliffe.
 COLOURS: Davies I, Gilchrist, Rook, Ballard.



SUMMARY

Statistics reveal that the 1965-66 season for the third hockey team was not as successful as it could have been or as we would have wished it to be. Seventeen players increased their hockey skills and improved those which they had at the beginning of the season. This development and increase in hockey savvy is due to the fact that we had an excellent coach in Mr. Kinney. On behalf of the third hockey team I would like to thank him.

Because of the destruction of the Aurora Arena last year, all our home games and practices were held at Bradford, eleven miles away. Because of this, we were able to practice only once a week, and twice every other.

There were no stars on the third team this year. We were forced to bring up reinforcements from the very strong U15-A's in an attempt to break even in the win-loss column for the season. This effort was also in vain. The final record: two wins, four losses.

With spirits high we opened the season at home against U.C.C. Although the game was close most of the way, we were defeated 7-4. We were able to play sound first and third periods, but a very poor second was our undoing.

We travelled to B.R.C. with spirits still quite high, but were again defeated by a bigger, stronger team 8 - 1.

Returning from half term break, we were visited by T.C.S. and the effects of the break were very obvious. We were unable to skate with again a bigger and better team.

Between these games, our confidence was fed by two victories, the first over Pickering, and the second over Appleby, the scores being 6 - 2, and 3 - 2, respectively.

The last game of the season was against U.C.C. Everyone played, or at least tried, hard, but the U.C.C. squad had improved more than we had, and we were again tromped; this time 9 - 0.

So ended an outwardly unsuccessful season. However, if we can improve next year, we should form a good basis for the second hockey team.

P.D.

SEASON

UCC at SAC	lost	7-4
SAC at BRC	lost	8-1
SAC at TCS	lost	9-2
Pickering at SAC	won	6-2
Appleby at SAC	won	3-2
SAC at UCC	lost	9-0

"THE TEAM"



SECOND HOCKEY TEAM

To say that the second hockey team had a good season would be incorrect. A won-loss record of 3 and 6 is hardly impressive. There were, however, many bright moments on and off the ice, with entertainment being provided by Dave Urie and Doug Page.

In the opening game, we were defeated 4-1 by Hillfield, but we won our next contest against Pickering 8-1. One week later we played Lakefield and were beaten 7-2. Despite the lack of support given him, and a heavy bout with the flu, Mulock made several exceptional saves. We lost the next game to our ancient rivals, U.C.C., by a score of 3-1. This game was one of the second team's better efforts this season, Willard Wilson in particular giving a spectacular performance. Our next game, one of the year's worse, was lost to Ridley 4-0. We were out-hustled and out-muscled by a more determined team. Although we lost the next game against T.C.S. 3-1, we were defeated by a few bad breaks, one of which was that we only played two periods. One week later the seconds crushed Pickering, this time with the score of 9-3. The next game in which we defeated a fast-shooting Appleby squad 3-1, was undoubtedly our best of the season. Once again, Mulock played almost flawlessly in goal. The last game of the year was the long-awaited rematch with U.C.C. It ended as quite a disappointment though, for although we held Upper Canada to a 2-2 tie in the first two periods, we fell apart in the third and lost 5-2.

Perhaps the greatest success of the year was the great team spirit which was never lacking throughout the season.

The team would like to thank Mr. Coburn very much for sticking with us, and especially for teaching us all about "boxes".

F.A.M.

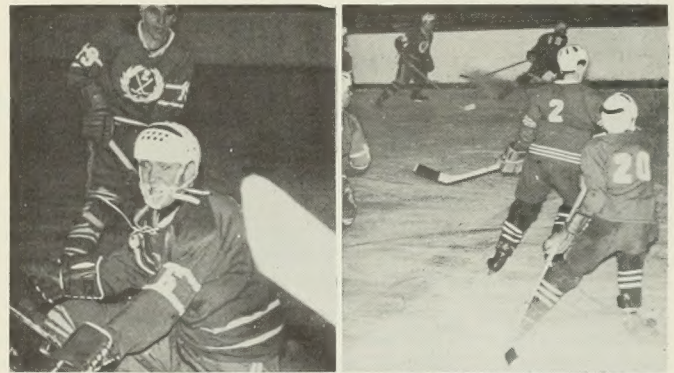
Back Row (L-R): Blue, Simmonds, Watt, Brown, Nation, Lampel.

Middle Row (L-R): Urie, Thom, Wilson I, Oswell, Scott I.

Front Row (L-R): Wilson II, Jones II, Thomas, McTavish, Mulock, Hatch.

(Absent: Page)

COLOURS: Wilson II, Nation, McTavish, Mulock, Thomas.



FIRST HOCKEY



Back Row (L-R): Sundquist, Ball, Mr. Edwards.

Middle Row (L-R): Mason, Mutch, Morrison, Ebbels, McKeen, Love I, Macdonald I, Kitchen I.

Front Row (L-R): Rutherford, Smith I, Stephens I, McClocklin, Sommerville I, Barrett, McNeil.

FIRST HOCKEY STATISTICS

Player	games	goals	assists	PIM	points
D. Kitchen -----	13	6	8	0	14
Stephens -----	13	7	6	9	13
McClocklin -----	12	6	3	15	9
B. Sommerville -----	13	3	6	21	9
Ball -----	13	3	5	27	8
McKeen -----	13	5	2	18	7
Barrett -----	12	1	5	9	6
Ebbels -----	13	1	4	15	5
D. Smith -----	13	1	4	39	5
Mutch -----	13	1	1	18	2
Morrison -----	13	1	1	9	2
Mason -----	13	0	2	6	2
P. Love -----	13	0	1	15	1
MacDonald -----	13	0	0	6	0
Rutherford -----	13	0	0	3	0

GOALIES' RECORD

	games	goals	shutouts	avg.
McNeil -----	1-5/6	4	0	2.20
Rutherford -----	11-1/6	53	1	4.50

TEAM:	games	won	lost	for	against	PIM
	13	5	8	35	57	213

L. B. F.

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

Last year, S.A.C. had been swamped in both its meetings with the powerful Toronto team. Not only does U.C.C. have an hour a day for practice, (the Saints averaged 1¾ hours a week in /66) but they carry some of the best hockey players in Toronto. Red Wright, who played for U.C.C. but practised with the Marlies, is a notable example. Even with the odds so heavily against them, S.A.C. managed to hold their opponents in check in their first L.B.F. match this year, until the third period. A sparkling goal by D. Kitchen brought the small partisan crowd to its feet. In this game, Pete Rutherford established himself as a top notch goalie. He and Kitchen were the individual stars for the Saints who won a decisive moral victory, but finished on the short end of a 7-1 score.

Comment: defensive mistakes fatal—lack of team work — increasing team spirit.

A second game against U.C.C. in Toronto produced some very uninspiring hockey. Red Wright dominated this game with a hat trick. The Saints were simply outclassed 6-0.

Comment: frigid open air rink reduces efficiency — again lack of team work and positive team spirit.

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

A 9-3 score rarely is indicative of a closely-contested hockey game. This was the case, however, in this second L.B.F. contest. From the first drop of the puck, Ridley forced the play and peppered the Saints' net. Again and again a much over-worked Rutherford held the "black swarm" at bay. Defensive lapses, particularly from forwards who failed to backcheck, cost the Saints the lead they had established on goals by Stephens, McKeen and Sommerville. The many Ridley supporters crowded into the Bradford rink managed to goad their team into action and St. Andrew's trailed 5-3 and were not threatening to come any closer. When Bill McNeil replaced Rutherford, the Saints were unable to give him the proper support, and Ridley quickly put the game out of reach, almost doubling their score to a final 9-3.

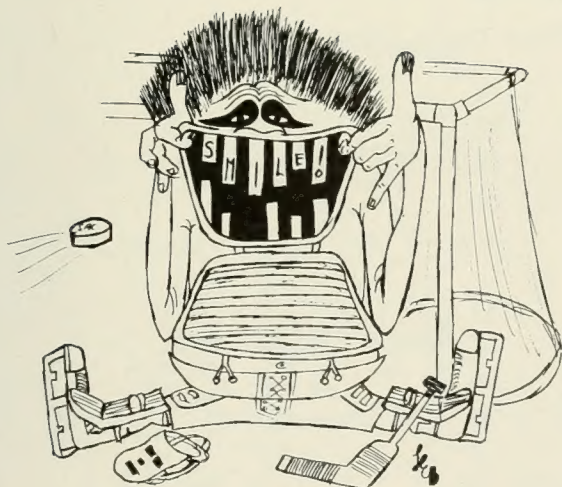
Comment: a dismal third period — inability to skate with Ridley.

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

Though weak in almost every other sport, T.C.S. has a tradition of scrappy hockey teams. Perhaps it was the prospect of a winless L.B.F. season, or the fact that for some, this would be their last L.B.F. hockey game, or maybe the Saints were simply due to have a good game, but whatever the reason, this was S.A.C.'s best effort of the season. For the first time, the Saints really dominated play; they backchecked, forechecked, passed more often and shot more accurately, and after one period lead 3-0 on goals by McClocklin, McKeen, and Sommerville. In the second, Rutherford, who had been called on to make several brilliant saves, misjudged an elusive shot, and T.C.S. was back in the game.

In the dressing room between second and third periods, the expected confidence of a team with a 3-1 cushion was missing. Instead, the Saints grimly realized that this period held the key to the success of their 65/66 season. Often before they had had comfortable leads only to completely "choke" in the third period. In fact, it was the Saints' consistently bad third periods which had cost them many hockey games. They would have to win this period to escape the shame of a winless L.B.F. season. Win they did as Barrett, Kitchen and Morrison all popped home insurance goals. A 6-1 victory was the ideal end to an L.B.F. season.

Comment: skating, checking, and deft penalty-killing the deciding factor — team spirit at peak.



FIRST HOCKEY SUMMARY 65-66

This year, first hockey enjoyed a fair improvement over last year's record. However, they began the season just where last year's team left off — losing nearly every game. It was obviously due to no lack of talent or ability, but rather a lack of team spirit, desire and co-operation. In practices, where the finer points of the game are taught, all the team could think of was how many goals "I" could score, or who was the roughest, toughest player. Out on the ice, it looked as if this team had never played together before, let alone practised together. Team spirit is something intangible, but without it nothing ever seems to click. It is unfortunate that there were one or two players who were a negative influence this year, for without them the firsts could undoubtedly have fared much better. This negative spirit tended to cancel any effort by other team members to create a positive team spirit. Nevertheless, as the season wore on, and the team won a few games, we started to knit together quite well and the spirit improved greatly. With a 20 game season we could probably have at least had a winning record.

Mr. Edwards tried very hard to fill Mr. Holmes' big shoes as first hockey coach. A more co-operative team with a positive attitude could easily have rewarded him with a winning season. To Mr. Edwards, sir: I can see that next year you could well have a strong team with lots of desire and polish. The firsts should be even more successful than this year, and show an even greater improvement. To all future first teams: remember that even a good team needs SPIRIT and DESIRE to produce a winning combination.

J. P. M.

FIRST BASKETBALL



Back Row (L-R): Dangerfield, Hilton, Grant, Pitcher, Howard, Cawthorne, Mr. West.
Front Row (L-R): Endleman, Weston, Bunt, Guzman, Davis.
 (Absent: Mather).

FIRST BASKETBALL STATISTICS

	G.P.	Total Points	Avg./game
Dangerfield -----	12	136	11.3
Grant -----	12	106	8.8
Pitcher -----	10	70	7.0
Cawthorne -----	11	60	5.5
Weston -----	12	47	3.9
Hilton } -----	11	25	2.3
Howard }			
Endlemen -----	12	15	1.3
Guzman -----	10	10	1.0
Bunt -----	12	9	0.8
Mather -----	7	2	0.3
Davis -----	9	2	0.2

Team Record: Won 3 Lost 9

AVG./GAME for 41.8

AVG./GAME against 49.4

L. B. F.

SAC vs BRC

In preceding years, Ridley has managed to overcome our "powerful" team, but the few Andreans that had made it through this year's flu epidemic were determined not to be defeated again. From the first jump at centre, the Saints took over and built up a solid lead in the first quarter. The game continued to be fast moving. Ridley managed to catch up during the second quarter so that, at the half, the teams were even in score. Saint Andrew's, during the third quarter, came through to build up a good lead; going into the fourth quarter, Ridley began to intercept a few of our bad passes and to score on them. Slowly they managed to reverse the trend, and when the final whistle went, Ridley had done it again, 44-36. It had been a hard fought game with a disappointing final quarter.

D. J. HILTON

SAC vs TCS

After having lost a rather interesting game against Ridley, the Saints took on last year's LBF champions, TCS. Our team started well, controlling the backboards at both ends. Plays clicked, the defence was strong, and at the end of the first quarter, we trailed by only one basket, 13-11, in spite of their taller players. In the second quarter, partly because we failed to shoot, only four points were scored, while TCS doubled that figure, and led, going into the second half, 21-15. TCS snatched rebounds that earlier had been ours. The team was tiring. By the fourth quarter, TCS was ahead 35-23. Early in the fourth quarter Weston fouled out, followed by Hilton. TCS moved ahead steadily, scoring 21 points to our eight, and it was over, 55-31 for TCS. High scorers for SAC were Dangerfield with 11 and Weston with 8, while TCS scorers were led by Will Hafner, with 27. This was an LBF loss in a season in which the firsts could just not put four solid quarters together.

R. L. WESTON

SAC vs UCC

On Wednesday, February 2nd, the Saints arrived at UCC determined to defeat the "inferior" blue team. Although SAC had been defeated in a previous game by UCC, the red team was certain that their experience would enable them to overcome Upper Canada. However, the flu epidemic handicapped the Saints to a great extent, and, at the end of the first quarter, the score was 18-12 for UCC. By the end of the half, UCC had increased their lead to 32-22.

A quick look at the dressing room at half time showed that the epidemic had sapped much strength from the SAC team. During the third quarter, UCC again increased their lead and the score was 46-33. In the fourth quarter, the Saints tried valiantly to reach the potential they were capable of and outscored the UCC team 8-7, but it was not enough. The final score was 53-41.

The high scorer for SAC was P. J. Pitcher with 17 points, while UCC's Galloum scored 18 points.

T. CAWTHORNE

SUMMARY FIRST BASKETBALL

This year, as has been the story for the last several years, the first basketball team enjoyed a rather unsuccessful season. Usually the author of this article attributes the failure of the team to the stiff competition which the team had to face. This is not to say that the competition was not keen, because this year the rivalry for the L.B.F. championship was the fiercest it has been for years. We had the ability but not the spirit and drive that makes champions. The spirit of the first team fell to the lowest level that it has been for many years. A large part of the fault this year can be accredited to only a few individuals on the team. We also felt that the officiating at some of our games could have been of a higher calibre. This in itself, is usually enough to dishearten any team, but for us it was the final blow to an already spiritless team. We sincerely thank Mr. West for doing more than his share, and we hope, for his sake, that he gets a more co-operative team in /67.

G.D.

FIRST BAR — Dangerfield.

FIRST COLOURS — Pitcher, Weston, Grant.



UNDEFEATED L.B.F. CHAMPIONS SECOND BASKETBALL



Back Row: Mr. Smith.

Middle Row (L-R): Baxter, Herod, Rudnick, Messer, Forbes II.

Front Row (L-R): Jones III, Lake, Durie.

COLOURS: Lake, Durie, Forbes II, Baxter.

SECOND BASKETBALL

For the second consecutive year, the second basketball team had an excellent season — winning every game as well as retaining the L.B.F. championship! All through the season, the seconds tried hard and played well together as a team. Although there were a few close games, in most the seconds were not hard put to win. However, in our first game against Appleby, we were losing badly until late in the fourth quarter, when our luck suddenly changed and we came from behind to win the match. Similarly, against Lawrence Park, and again at Pickering, the final game of the season, we managed to pull up our socks near the end and win.

As previously stated, the second basketball team retained the coveted L.B.F. championship. The two games against U.C.C. presented no obstacle at all, but the second game of the series, against Ridley, was quite a different story. The Ridley game was by far the closest game of the season. B.R.C. was leading throughout the game, but with only five minutes to go Baxter put us back into the game, and none too soon! It was touch and go until, with fifteen seconds left and the score tied at 38-38, Lake sank a shot from

inside centre to win the game. The third game, against T.C.S., was an overwhelming victory for us. The final score was 81-26, a suitable finish for L.B.F. champs.

In conclusion, the seconds had a VERY successful season, which everyone enjoyed, even Mr. Smith! Honourable mention should go to Baxter, for his efficient lay up, to Forbes for his unique dribbling, to Lake for his accurate shot inside centre, and to Mr. Smith for his patience, and witty (but more often sarcastic) comments about the finer techniques of basketball.

D.L.

SECOND BASKETBALL SEASON

SAC vs Aurora	WON	48-37
SAC vs UCC	WON	41-27
SAC vs UCC	WON	38-24
SAC vs Appleby	WON	32-30
SAC vs Lawrence Park	WON	34-32
SAC vs BRC	WON	42-38
SAC vs TCS	WON	81-27
SAC vs Appleby	WON	86-17
SAC vs Pickering	WON	59-27
SAC vs Pickering	WON	42-38

UNDEFEATED L.B.F. CHAMPIONS THIRD BASKETBALL



Back Row: Mr. Kamcke, Shinkle, McEwen, Karrys, Henderson IV.

Middle Row: Dougall, Brunke, MacFarlane II.

Front Row: Garcia, More, Edwards.

COLOURS: More, Garcia, Edwards.

THIRD BASKETBALL

The second basketball team claims that theirs is the best in the school! This of course is some sort of campaign to brainwash the school. The third team, over the past two years, has the best record of any team in the school — it has lost only one game out of twenty two in that period!!!

Continuing from last year, the team has had an unbeaten streak of seventeen games (our closest scores this year were against Ridley and St. Georges). At first it seemed that last year's record would not be held up, for only two members of last year's successful team remained — More and Garcia. However, some fine new talent in the persons of Edwards, MacFarlane, and Henderson, who, unfortunately was only able to play in a few games because of an ankle injury, provided a powerful scoring punch. Garcia, Edwards, and MacFarlane, in that order, were the team's high scorers. Our first L.B.F. game was played at U.C.C. Although the score was one sided, the U.C.C. team was determined, but outplayed and outreached all the time. Our next L.B.F. game was at Ridley, and although we outplayed them, our scoring punch was lacking. It was an off day, as witnessed by

the low score — 15-14. When we played U.C.C. again, it was much the same story as in the first meeting. Their team was quite small, and we just overwhelmed them. Our toughest L.B.F. opposition was reputed to be T.C.S., but we were in our best form and easily defeated them, thus winning the L.B.F. championship.

The excellent coaching of Mr. Kamcke was undoubtedly a major factor in producing this year's superlative team. The record which the third team has built up over the past two years may be difficult to continue. We met the challenge, and bettered it. We hope that future teams can and will also.

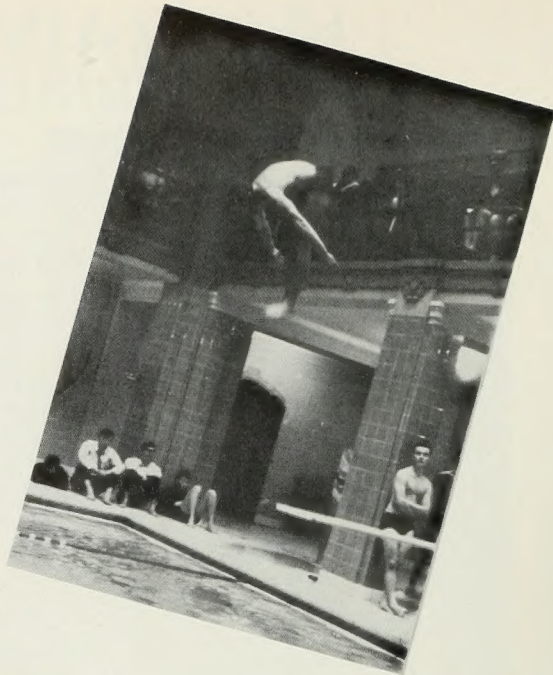
J. D. M.

SCORES

S.A.C.	at St. Georges	WON 37-36
S.A.C.	at U.C.C.	WON 40-19
S.A.C.	at Aurora	WON 24-19
S.A.C.	at Lawrence Park	WON 36-18
S.A.C.	at Ridley	WON 15-14
U.C.C.	at S.A.C.	WON 38-11
St. Georges	at S.A.C.	WON 46-41
T.C.S.	at S.A.C.	WON 40-28
Aurora	at S.A.C.	WON 35-21
S.A.C.	at Pickering	WON 35-31
Pickering	at S.A.C.	WON 68-19



S W I M M I N G



SWIMMING 1965 - 1966

After a surprising performance last year in coming second in the L.B.F. (having placed last for 10 years in a row before that), the swim team was determined to win the championship this year. A St. Andrew's swim team has not won the championship meet at Hart House for 12 years and we decided that it was time to end this losing streak.

We started off the season well with a meet against U.C.C. which was held in our pool. Both senior and junior divisions won as St. Andrew's arch-rivals went down to defeat. Owens was top scorer with 19 points. Whiteside, Brownrigg, and Shields also turned in good performances in the senior division while Jackson, Pritchard, Housser, and Blanchard were outstanding juniors. The team seemed as though it was off to a great season.

Our next dual meet was with U.T.S. This was a very good team but not good enough. We beat them 85-69 but they complained that we wouldn't have, had we swum by their rules; we therefore arranged for a return meet at U.T.S. Owens was once again high scorer for the seniors. The whole junior team looked very good as they defeated U.T.S. juniors, who had not lost a meet in 3 years.

On Feb. 9th we came up against Ridley, last year's L.B.F. champs. This was a very good meet and the competition was keen but we were defeated for the first time this season. Nick Richtofen was the star for Ridley, coming up with two wins and anchoring a relay team for a third win. Whiteside was our individual hero with two wins. The diving event was won by

Shields. Excuses usually mean nothing but half the team was suffering from the flu epidemic and co-captain Brownrigg did not swim since he had just been released from the infirmary. However the score was only 75-71 and it was a good indication that we would be a top contender at Hart House.

Then came half-term and everybody went away, had a great time and got well out of shape. In spite of this we completely out-swam T.C.S. in our next meet, only two days after the holiday, beating them 110-42. It was clearly a one-sided meet from the beginning.

In our return meet with U.T.S., swimming in accordance with their rules, we were defeated for the second time of the season. However, the defeat didn't sting too deeply, since the U.T.S. team went on to become Toronto District champs a week later.

This year, for the first time, St. Andrew's attended the O.F.S.S.A. swim meet at Western University in London. The competition in this meet is the best in the province, so we weren't too optimistic about our chances. However, our 200 yard freestyle relay team of Owens, Forbes I, Brownrigg, and Whiteside placed 5th, while Shields and Dunkley I placed 4th and 8th respectively in the diving. It was an all-day affair and everybody enjoyed the experience they gained from swimming and diving against Ontario's best.

Then, on March 12th, we went to Hart House for the 25th annual L.B.F. championship swim meet. Mr. Maskell, U.C.C.'s swimming coach from 1950-1966, had donated a cup to the winning team and, naturally

enough, we wanted it. The senior team was strengthened by the addition of juniors Pritchard, Roberts, Housser, and Blanchard, but all our determination and effort was not enough to dethrone Ridley. Richthofen of Ridley and Dave Whiteside shared top honours, each breaking two records. The biggest surprise of the day was John Housser, a junior, who won the 50-yard backstroke. Bruce Owens came third in both the 50 and 100-yard freestyle events. Shields came second in the diving and our 200 yard freestyle relay team of Brownrigg, Forbes I, Shields, and Owens also came second, (behind Ridley, of course, who set a record for the event).

So, once again we were only second best. For the

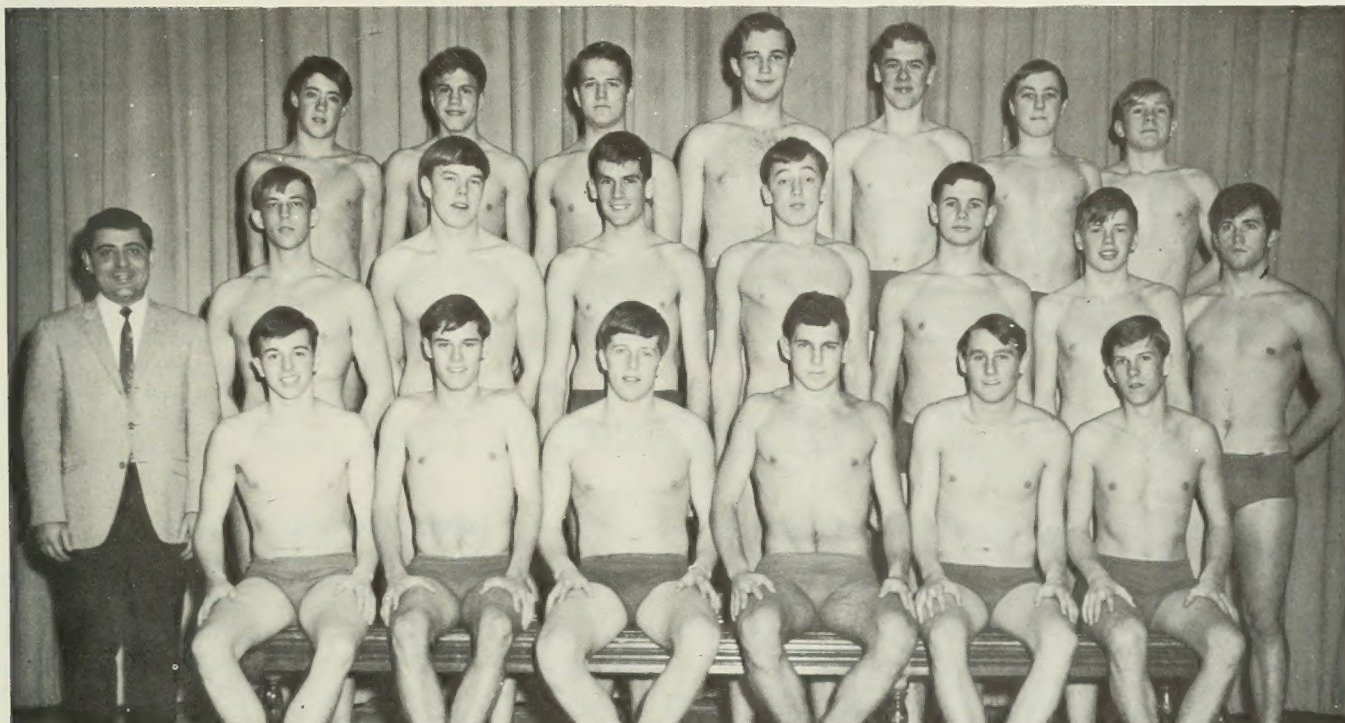
past two years we have been plagued by broken feet, sprained feet, flu and measles epidemics. Maybe next year, with a perfectly healthy team, the swim team can capture first place. Every member of the team worked very hard and consistently this year and the co-captains would like to thank the team for its cooperation.

On behalf of the team we would like to thank Mr. Guggino for putting up with us for another year. He has done wonders for the swim team since he came here three years ago and he deserves the congratulations of the whole school. (We would also like to thank Mrs. Guggino for her delicious pizzas).

M.S.

COLOURS: First Bar — Shields, Owens, Whiteside, Brownrigg.

SECOND TEAM: Housser, Pritchard II, Blanchard, Roberts, Jackson I, Blackshaw.



SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row (L to R): Blackshaw, Pickard, Fahlgren, Prill, Buckner, McKenzie, Blanchard.

Middle Row (L to R): Mr. Guggino, Sherwood, Whiteside, Owens, Kennedy II, Jackson I, Wood, Kaminis.

Front Row (L to R): Housser, Forbes I, Shields, Brownrigg, Pritchard II, Roberts.

STATISTICS — 1965 - 1966

L.B.F. Meet Final Scores

B.R.C.	—	72
S.A.C.	—	54
U.C.C.	—	27
T.C.S.	—	15

Dual Meet Scores

S.A.C.	—	84	U.C.C.	—	70
S.A.C.	—	85	U.T.S.	—	69
S.A.C.	—	51	B.R.C.	—	75
S.A.C.	—	110	T.C.S.	—	42
S.A.C.	—	34	U.T.S.	—	51

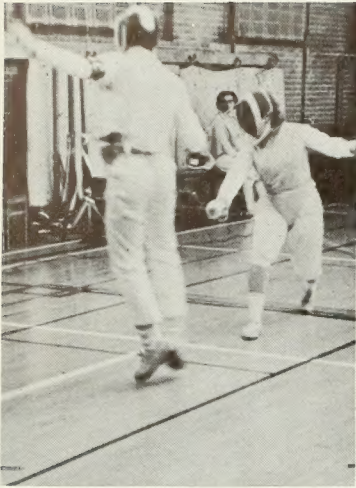
S.A.C. RECORDS

1. 50 yard breaststroke ----- .31:0 sec. (Whiteside) — 1966
2. 100 yard individual medley ----- 1.04:5 sec. (Whiteside) — 1966
3. 200 yard Medley relay ----- 1.53:4 sec. 1965

TOP SCORERS:

SENIOR		JUNIOR	
1. Whiteside -----	100	1. Jackson -----	69
2. Owens -----	86	2. Pritchard -----	55
3. Brownrigg -----	64	3. Blanchard -----	54
4. Shields -----	49	4. Housser -----	44

FENCING



FIRST BAR: Glover.

FIRST COLOURS: Schmeichler I, MacLean I, Evans I.

SECOND COLOURS: Rowe, Anjo, Sommerville III, Dunkley II.

COMPETITIONS

This team, still trying to gain recognition for fencing as a major team sport, enjoyed another excellent season in /66. The following resumé of the year's individual meets proves this:

SAC at UTS and BSS

This round robin was the first scheduled meet. Because many of last year's seniors had left, we were unsure of how well we could do this year against stiff competition. However the team passed this first test, winning 25, UTS 20, BSS 5. A good word must be said for BSS as they had had to completely rebuild their team from last year.

WOODSMAN SWORD CLUB at SAC

In this second meet, we were faced with highly-skilled sword-wavers from the WSC in Toronto. Though the seniors were drubbed 11-5, the juniors won by the identical score, 11-5, salvaging a tie for the Saints. Two new fencers, Rowe and Dunkley II, and Anjo, who remained undefeated, were the stars of the competition.

BRC vs SAC

Our annual meeting with Ridley is always the most important, and often the most exciting of the year. Unfortunately, Ridley just did not have the strength to make it interesting, the final score being SAC 17, BRC 8. With this victory we won the LBT (Little Big Two) championship for the second straight year. Congratulations to Bob Glover and Rick Schmeichler, who were undefeated, and also to Clarkson, MacLean and Anjo.

BROCK UNIVERSITY at SAC

In this, one of the most interesting competitions of the year, we fenced against Wren Henderson, last year's team captain, and a group of six which he had trained during the winter. We handily won both sets — seniors 11 to 5, juniors 6 to 3. Nevertheless, the Brock students are to be commended, considering the presence of distractions at university not present at SAC. Special mention must also be made of MacLean I and Somerville III, who were undefeated, and of Rowe, who won 3 of his 4 bouts in this competition, his first as a senior.

SAC vs UTS

Somerville III and Dunkley II, and Rowe fenced strongly as replacements for seniors struck down by the measles. This was certainly the most exciting competition of the season. The Saints got off to a very shaky start, losing 8 of the first 11 bouts. Somehow they retained their feet and went on to win the last four bouts in a row, and gain a 13 to 12 squeaker. This was a team effort all the way!

SAC vs BSS and UTS

In this last competition of the year, the seniors fenced a BSS team, the juniors a combined UTS-BSS group. In an attempt to use those that had not yet fenced this season, we fenced none of the regular seniors. The subs maintained the team's undefeated string, seniors winning 6-3, juniors 13-3. Both Smith IV and Pallet II won all their bouts.

FENCING



Back Row (L-R): Crookston, Mr. Bozzay.

Third Row (L-R): Russell, Speechly, Dunkley II, Lawrason I, Smith, Empey, Kaufman, von Diergardt.

Middle Row (L-R): Anjo, Pallett II, McEachren, Clarkson, Kneale, Henderson III, Mitchell.

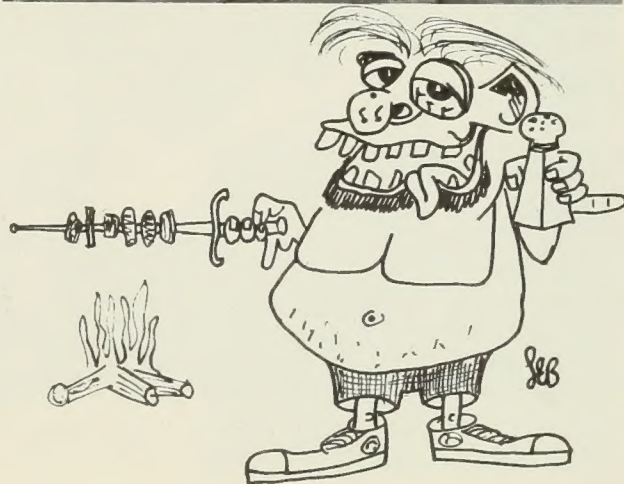
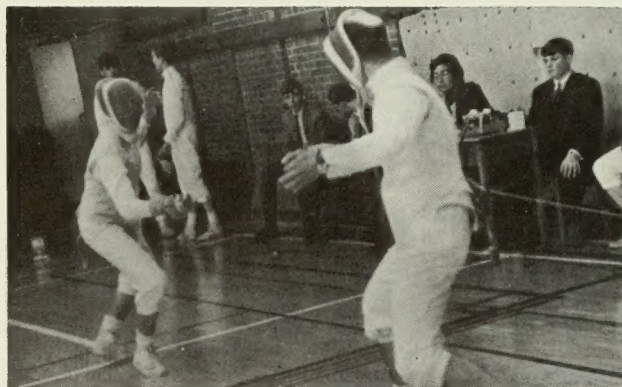
Front Row (L-R): McLean I, Pratt, Rowe, Glover, Schmeichler I, Somerville III, Evans I.

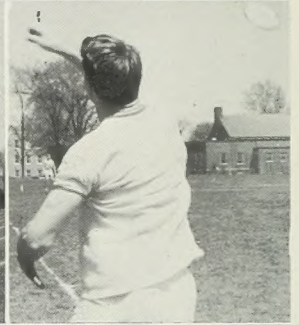
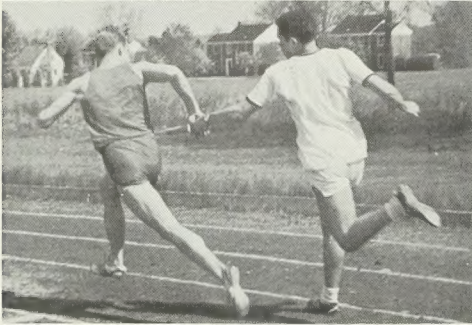
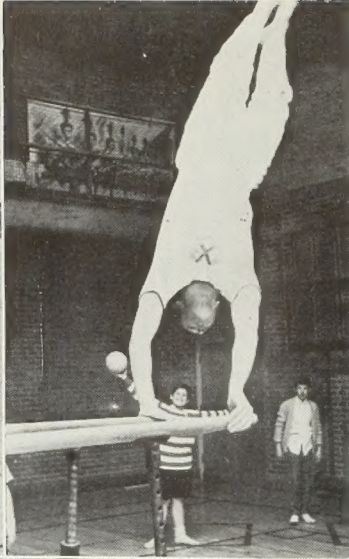
Other Highlights

Some of the seniors entered two voluntary individual competitions, the Unclassified and Junior Men's foil competitions, held in the John Innis Centre Toronto. The most successful Andreadan was Rick Schmeichler, who gained second place in the Unclassified Competition. Those who competed in the second of these two meets did so on the Sunday of half-term! Finally, it must be noted that Dunkley II won the trophy for the best fencer as a result of his very surprising, yet well-won victory in the annual interschool competitions. Congratulations!!! The team thanks Mr. J. Crookston for his undying love and devotion displayed for the fencing team in his post as manager.

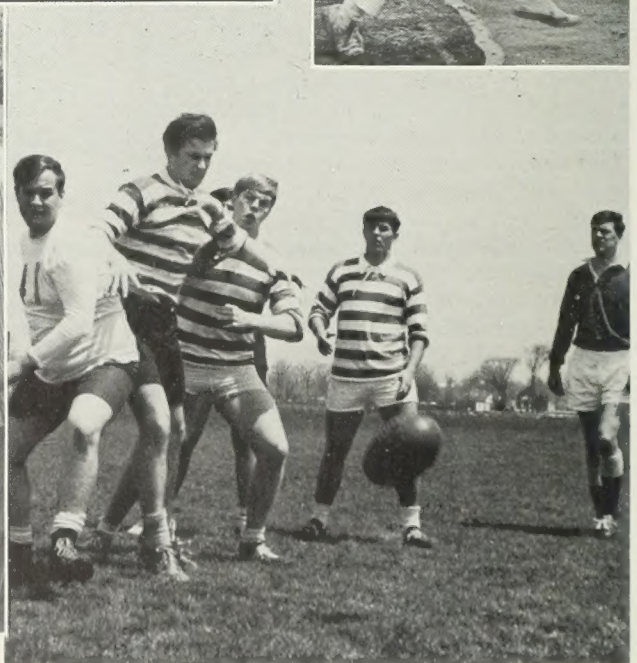
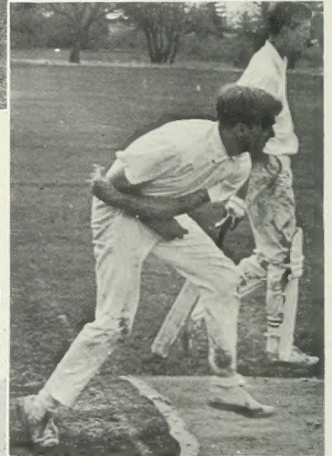
To sum up what has been said above: this year's Fencing team has been the most successful since the introduction of Fencing at S.A.C. To next year's team: "AVANT GARDE!" Keep up S.A.C.'s winning Fencing tradition!

D.F.E.





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ODDSANDENDS

GYMNASTICS:



JUDO:

This year for the first time a judo club was started at SAC on a trial basis. A small group of eight boys turned out to support this new sport. Although many members were without judo suits and were handicapped in practice on our improvised mats, the judo club enjoyed the challenge of trying to master the various throws, break holds, chokes, and hold downs, which all are a part of judo.

CROSS COUNTRY:

Senior Winner: Endleman.

Junior Winner: Pritchard II.

TRAMPOLINE:

This year Andreans had the opportunity to bounce.

BRONZE MEDALLION:

Instructors: Shields, Oswell, Owens, Mason.

Bronze Bar: Johnston I.

Bronze: Christie, Pritchard, McKay, Todd, Diffin, Russell, Paterson, Jones, McPhail, More, Ratcliffe, McEwen, Garratt, Chapman, Henderson III, Cross, Kaufman, Agnew, Stephens, Harris, Evans II, Clarkson.

PING PONG:

Senior Champion: Dougal.

Junior Champion: Garcia.

BOXING:

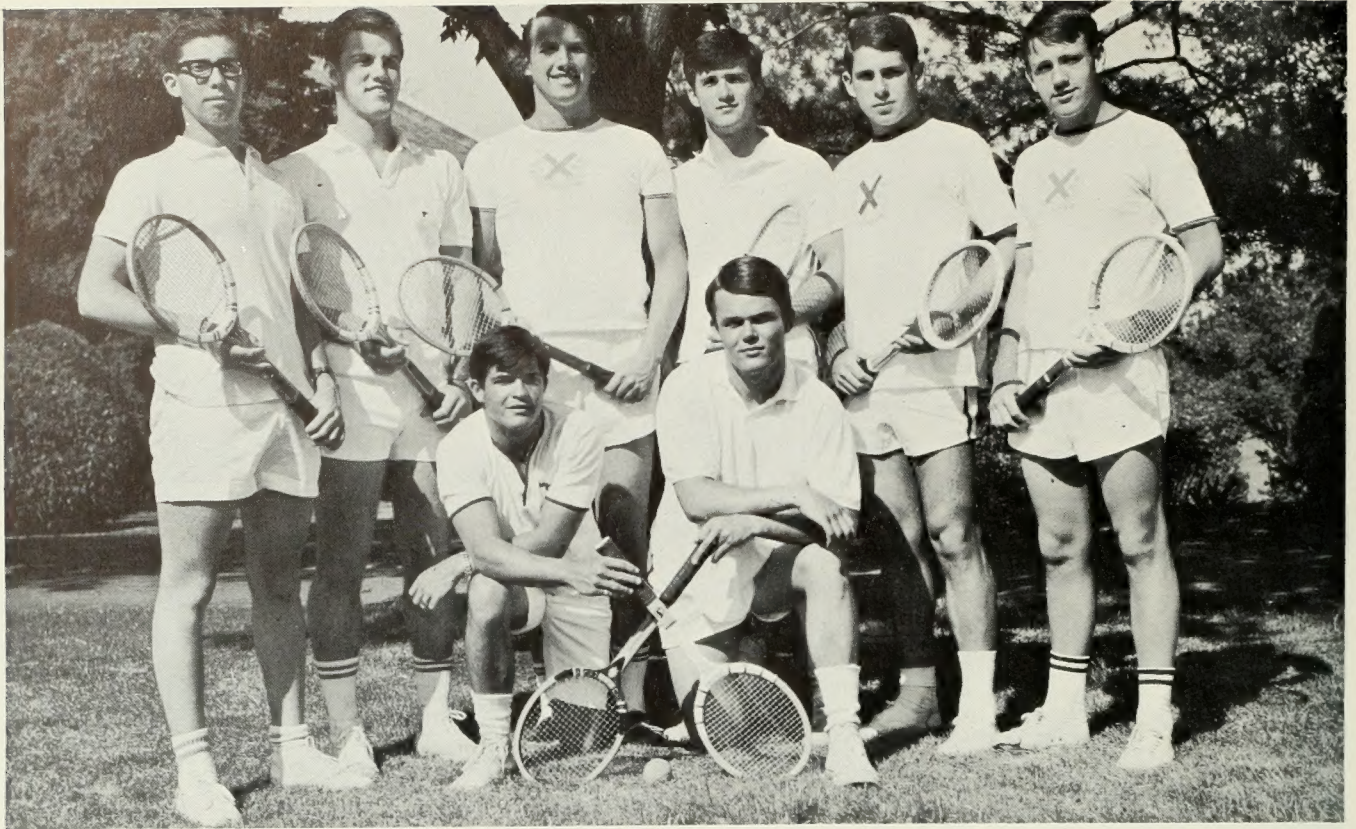
The Boxing Club operated on a limited basis this winter.

TUG OF WAR:

Douglas is "brawn champ" for second year in a row.



TENNIS TEAM

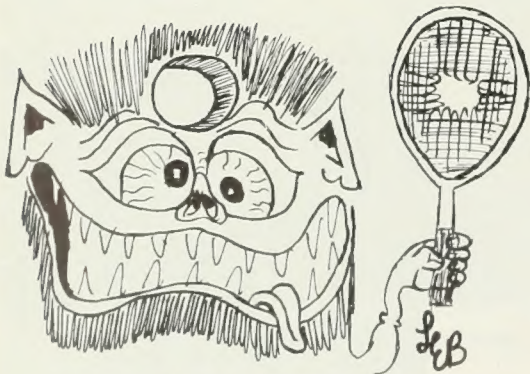


*Back Row (L-R): Jones I, van der Van, Higgs, Kaminis, Brownrigg, Gilchrist.
Front Row (L-R): Farrington, Ebbels.*

This year tennis at SAC had a rather successful year. For the first time in LBF history we were not in last place. Due to an injury we were only able to clinch three of our matches, but this is the best we have done yet. In the Spring term we were handicapped by the weather and were only able to play against BRC, who were the LBF champs. We were able to beat them in spite of an injury and forfeited games, making our revenge almost complete. The interschool Senior singles this year was won by van der Ven, and the doubles by van der Ven and Farrington. Brownrigg won the Junior singles. Junior doubles champions were Dougall and Brownrigg.

J. L. V.

Colours: First — van der Ven
Second — Brownrigg



RUGGER



OPEN

Back Row (L-R): Baker I, Whiteside, Mutch, Bates, McKeen.

Front Row (L-R): Rudnick, Mr. Stoate, Wilson I.

(Absent: Prill)

SUMMARY

Rugger at SAC boomed this year with the introduction of an open team in addition to the senior and junior teams. With 610 pounds between them, Whiteside, Rudnick and Prill proved themselves capable of toppling mountains! Well, almost. With Bates, Wilson I, Mutch and McKeen in the backfield, the team moved to the all-Ontario finals. They played the final only ten minutes after they had won the semi-final. Partly because of this, they were edged out in the final by Peterborough, but the "open" was one team that did not need to make excuses.

Playing LBF schools for the first time, the senior team clawed UCC twice, but, in turn, were ripped by TCS twice. With a backfield of Herod, Mason, Kitchen I and Lake, who were light, but made up for this handicap by grim determination and drive, and a scrum of Lathrop, Weston and Quincey, the team struggled to the semi-final at the All-Ontario tournament. There they were beaten once more by TCS.

Unfortunately, the junior team was not as successful as her older counterparts. Capably led by Sommerville I, and aided by Clark II and Nation, the team showed great fight, especially against Aurora.

Of course, Mr. Stoate, with the aid of Mr. Smith, got us on the move. I think all team members really know what would have happened had the coaches not turned out faithfully to practise! Rugger is the sport that is really "on the up and up" at SAC. When it is made a major sport, possibly next year, participation and interest should be greater than ever.

R.W.



COLOURS:

First

Weston

Bar: Wilson I

Quincey

Mason

Kitchen I

Second

Clark II

Nation

McClellan II

Sommerville I



SENIOR (L-R): Kitchen I, Forbes I, Lathrop, Quincey, Lake, Herod, Mason, Weston, (absent: Nagy), Mr. Smith, Mr. Stoate.

JUNIOR (L-R): Sommerville I, Sundquist, Campbell II, McClellan II, Fahlgren, Rook, Clark II, Jones IV, Nation, Forbes II, More.

TRACK TEAM



Back Row (L-R): Mr. West, Currie, Harris, Garrett, Rowe, McKeen, Smith II, Johnston I, Blanchard, Mr. Pitman.
Middle Row (L-R): Barrett, Cumming, Christie, Kitchen II, Dunkley I, Endleman, Patchell II, Dunkley II.
Front Row (L-R): Martin I, Paterson II, Paterson I.

THE TEAM 196X

As the magical power of spring brought the fields to life, so the latent talents of potential track and field champions blossomed and grew to maturity—but still they lost the races. We waited, but waiting is long. Early enthusiasm soon kindled and burnt. Various track meets came and passed; for example, The Independent Meet, GBSSA, Sports Day, and St. Mike's.

Truly there is little to be said for this year's track effort. However, a few bright stars proved dazzling successes. Such souls were Endleman, Christie, Kitchen II, Clark, McKeen, and Geoff Higgs, a newcomer. Although an uncertain future awaits next year's track team, there is always hope; for as Rousseau once said, "Without hope there is nothing."

Due thanks go to Messrs. West and Pitman for their more than valiant effort.



GAMES DAY



Heats were run off during the week before Games Day, May 28th. From the results, numerous finalists were chosen to represent their class. The day was particularly successful: the weather was pleasant, clan enthusiasm was keen, and numerous records were broken. Webber jumped 20'11" in the broad jump and this broke the Intermediate and Senior record for this event. He also jumped 5'6" to break a 28 year-old record in the Intermediate High Jump division. Christie was placed first in all the five events he entered at the Juvenile level; he broke five records in the process.

Endleman was Senior Champion; Dunkley I was Intermediate Champion; Kitchen II was Junior Champion; Christie was Juvenile Champion.

Final Results: Douglas 181 points; Montrose 161 points; Wallace 123½ points; Bruce 112½ points.

Our thanks to all who made this inter-clan contest possible.



	Records	EVENT	TIME/ DISTANCE	1st	2nd	3rd
J U V E N I L E	11.6	100 yds.	11.5 (R)	Christie	Somerville IV	Rowe
	27.5	220 yds.	29.3	Blackshaw	Adsett	Somerville IV
	9.8	80 yds.				
		Hurdles	12.9	Blackshaw	Adsett	Rowe
	32'9"	H. S. & J.	33'10" (R)	Christie	Adsett	Hawke
	15'8"	Broad J.	13'9"	Adsett	Somerville IV	Casselman & Kemp
	4'6"	High J.	4'8" (R)	Christie	Adsett	—
	30'7"	Shot	35'5" (R)	Christie	Bailey	Blackshaw
	6'9"	Pole	8'6" (R)	Christie	—	—
		Relay		Wallace	Douglas	—
J U N I O R	11.0	100 yds.	11.5	Kitchen II	Blanchard	Paterson II
	25.0	220 yds.	26.5	Kitchen II	Blanchard	Paterson II
	58.2	440 yds.	64.5	Roberts	Blanchard	Paterson II
	15.6	120 yds.				
		Hurdles	17.0	Kitchen II	Roberts	Currie
	34'11"	H. S. & J.	32'2"	Pritchard II	Love II	Pritchard I
	18'2"	Broad J.	14'5"	Dunkley II	Love II & Currie	—
	5'3"	High J.	4'7½"	Kitchen II	Evans II	MacPherson
	50'10"	Shot	43'11"	Kitchen II	Blanchard	MacPherson
	8'5½"	Pole	8'0"	Hathaway	Roberts	—
	Relay		Montrose	Douglas	Wallace	
I N T E R M E D I A T E	10.4	100 yds.	11.4	Dunkley I	Paterson I	Urie
	23.4	220 yds.	25.0	Paterson I	Martin I	Millar
	57.0	440 yds.	60.5	Brown	Smith II	Wood
	2.13.6	880 yds.	2.18.5	Brown	Smith II & Martin	—
	15.2	120 yds.				
		Hurdles	18.7	Urie	Dunkley I	Rous
	41'3"	H. S. & J.	37'2"	Brownrigg	Webber	Leishman
	20'1¼"	Broad J.	20'11" (R)	Webber	Urie	Dunkley I
	5'5¾"	High J.	5'6" (R)	Webber	Dunkley I	Durie
	47'9"	Shot	41'5"	Rudnick	Whiteside	Jackson
148'2½"	Javelin	100'11"	Urie	Reid	Whiteside	
124'10"	Discuss	106'5"	Rudnick	Jackson	Whiteside	
10'1"	Pole	8'6"	Dunkley I	Reid	—	
	Relay		Montrose	Douglas	Wallace	
S E N I O R	10.2	100 yds.	11.0	Barrett & Cumming	—	Wilson I
	23.2	220 yds.	23.9	Clarke I	Barrett	Bunt
	53.8	440 yds.	57.8	Endleman	Owens	Kennedy I
	2.07.00	880 yds.	2.13.5	Endleman	Shields	Lockwood
	4.44.2	2 Mile	5.06.60	Endleman	Paterson I	Shields
	15.0	120 yds.				
		Hurdles	17.9	Endleman	Barrett	Owens
	41'10½"	H. S. & J.	38'5"	Hilton	Endleman	—
	20'9¾"	Broad J.	20'2"	Barrett	Hilton	Bunt
	6'0"	High J.	5'4"	Owens	Barrett	McKeen
49'0"	Shot	44'9"	McKeen	Hilton	Higgs	
165'8"	Javelin	143'8"	Owens			
			McKeen	Wilson I	Hilton	
127'5"	Discuss	123'11"	Shields	Shields	Wilson I	
10'7"	Pole	9'0"	McKeen	Higgs	—	
	Relay		Douglas	Bruce	Montrose	

U-15 "B" CRICKET

Although the Under 15-B Cricket team was not too successful this year, no one can say we did not try. Our loyal (till the end) coach, Mr. Pemberton, tried very hard to make us block properly. We did very well in practices but when the games came, the ball simply refused to stay on the ground.

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Our first two games we split: a loss and a win — (our first and last). At first we were desperate for bowlers, but Macdonald II and Macfarlane II soon proved themselves. Macfarlane was the best bowler against Ridley with six wickets. The score of that final game, however, was a very final 135 to our 35.

Anderson was consistently the best batter. His 29 against T.C.S. was the highest score of the year.

The season ended with a very exciting note. Upper Canada placed 71 runs all out. Our last two batters were up needing only 3 runs to win. The pressure tightened with each bowl. The second last ball flew down and sent Macdonald's bails flying. Excitement like this you don't find even in the best test matches.

Even though the season ended with a close loss, everyone enjoyed his cricket, though some found it hard to take the terrible excitement and tension.

R	Game		For	Against
E	Appleby	LOST	35	91
C	Crescent	WON	41	35
O	T.C.S.	LOST	58	90
R	Appleby	—	rained-out	
	Ridley	LOST	35	135
D	U.C.C.	LOST	69	71



Back Row (L-R): Whitteker, Grass, Mr. Pemberton, Stephens II, Pickard.

Front Row (L-R): Cary-Barnard, Percival, Macdonald II, Anderson, MacFarlane II, Turner, Ruse.

U-15 "A" CRICKET



Back Row (L-R): Diffin, Karrys, Love II, Marshall II, Casselman.

Front Row (L-R): Pritchard I, Davidson, Stauffer, Martin II, Jackson II, Edwards.

R E C O R D	Game		For	Against	COLOURS:
	Appleby	LOST	18	73	Stauffer
	T.C.S.	LOST	58	76	Jackson II
	B.R.C.	WON	49	27	Davidson
	U.C.C.	LOST	37	61	
				for 9	

The Under-15 A Cricket squad of 1966 was enthusiastic but short of experience. We needed more batsmen who could be relied on to play a straight bat and more bowlers to keep a good length on the wicket. Our field was fairly good although the difficult catch which can sometimes win a game was often missed. There is no such thing as a "good try" in cricket.

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In our first game against Appleby Thirds, we were badly defeated. We had had only two practices before the game! In the return game, we started off better — Stauffer even hitting a six over the wicket keeper's head — but then the rain came and the game was abandoned. Our next game was against Boulden House, T.C.S. Losing the toss, we batted first. When the score stood at 38 for 2 with Stauffer and Davidson batting, it looked as though we might make a winning score but we collapsed and we were all out for 58. Helped by a good innings of 17 by Wilkes, Boulden House hit off the runs for seven wickets. When we visited St. Catherines, Ridley College lower school batted first — largely due to some accurate bowling by Jackson II, we dismissed them for 27. We made the runs for the loss of five wickets. It was indeed a thrill to see our captain, Stauffer, win the game with a six over the mid-on boundary. In the last game, we were soundly beaten by Upper Canada College Preparatory School — Batting first, we were all out for 37. Thanks to some good batting by the Shirreff brothers and Gillespie, Upper Canada easily passed score. Our bowling was not accurate enough.

The cup for the most valuable player was awarded to Stauffer.



' THE METS '



Back Row (L-R): Mr. Gibb, Millar, Hatch, Somerville III, Jackson I, Jones II, Anjo, Good, Somerville II.
 Front Row (L-R): Love I, Buckner, Cossar, Marshall I, Thom, Lawrason II.

The "Mets" began the season with nothing more than good team spirit. Mr. Gibb's saying that the important thing was to enjoy the game no matter how badly one was to lose certainly prepared us for a bad, if not "the worst" season. Consequently, it was a pleasant surprise when we won a few games. At the end of the season, we had won more games than any other cricket team in the school.

Our first game was with Appleby, which we lost badly, in keeping with the name, "Mets". The second game, this time with Hillfield, was won by a wicket. Love, our baseball player, amassed a total of 35 runs and at the end of the game was carried off the field on the shoulders of the Hillfield boys.

When the second XI played TCS' under-16 team, we were sure of a victory. At half time, they were all out for 36 runs. The Mets went in confident of winning. The bowling we got wasn't quite what we had expected. Wicket after wicket fell, and with each wicket, those 36 runs seemed harder and harder to bear. When our last batsman was bowled out we had 17 runs — a humbling defeat.

The first of the little big four games was played in the rain. Although we lost, it was probably the best game of the season for the seconds. Our fielding was good, although hampered by rain, and our batting was equal to that of Upper Canada. The Mets, who batted last, were all out with three minutes left in the game. We had lost by eleven runs.

The TCS game was very similar to the Upper Canada one, with the consoling fact that we won. TCS was trying for a draw but fell five minutes short. The last LBF game, against Ridley, was won by six wickets. This made the second team LBF co-champions.

At the end of the season, the Mets were challenged by the masters. The masters were determined to win, as well as prove their virility. This they succeeded in proving by breaking two bats. When they retired with about a century, it looked as if they had succeeded in making fools of the Mets. With little time left, the Mets decided to go for the runs. When the time ran out, we were very close to winning, but the game was a draw. The hero of the game was Jackson, who continued to hit boundaries past Mr. Smith and Mr. Hamilton in the "outfield" in spite of the experienced bowling of Messrs. Pitman and Pemberton.

Special mention should be given to Carr Hatch, who averaged slightly under two catches per game. Looking at the Mets from the standpoint of ability, they were a very average team, but they proved that you can enjoy the game and win it too. If "the Mets" continue this steady improvement next year, they'll have to change their name to "Yankees."

COLOURS: Love II, Thom, Jackson I, Buckner.



FIRST CRICKET



Back Row (L-R): Harstone, Hally II, Durie, Dugall, Richards, Mr. Wilson.

Front Row (L-R): Popieluch, Glassow, Macdonald I, Jones I, Grant, Ball, Brown.

FLASHBACK

The cricket season ended this year with the advent of Spring. The First XI played in every type of weather: snow, a steady downpour, and in our last match, even sunshine. Due to the brevity of the season, the adverse weather conditions seriously impeded our progress because games were often curtailed or cancelled, such as the cancellation of our match against Grace Church C.C.

In future years, I would strongly recommend that during the exhibition schedule, fixtures against other schools be replaced with fixtures against cricket clubs. This development would prove invaluable because it would provide stiff opposition before the L.B.F. schedule opened. The fact that



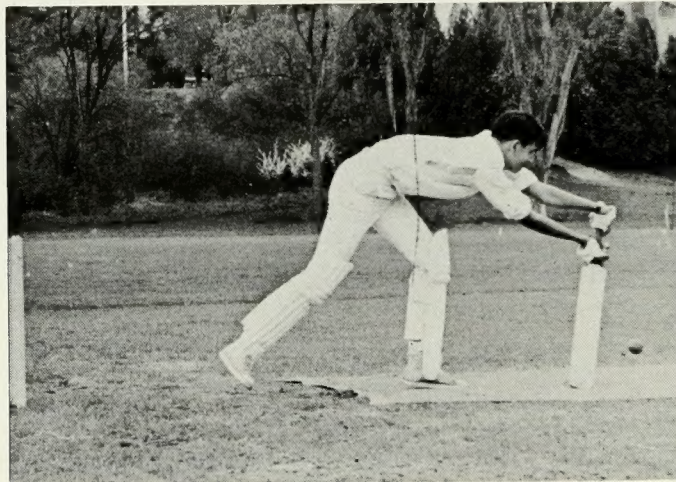
we encountered a series of weak teams this year before opening the L.B.F. schedule against UCC contributed greatly to our dismal performance. The L.B.F. games are the ones to win, and we need the best possible preparation we can get.

Although the season ended on a disappointing and frustrating note, the whole team enjoyed playing. The enthusiasm was encouraging even though concentration in the field tended to lag occasionally. The whole team owes a great deal to Mr. Wilson. The improvement exhibited by everyone throughout the season was the result of his expert instruction. Next year? Perhaps the sun will shine again!

R. L. Jones

STATISTICS

	No. of Innings	Times not out	No. of runs	Highest Score	Avg.
Grant	5	1	82	29 N.O.	20.5
Glassow	5	—	101	36	20.2
Ball	4	2	38	16 N.O.	19.0
Hally	7	2	59	25 N.O.	11.8
MacDonald	7	2	52	16	10.4
Richards	3	1	7	4 N.O.	3.5
Durie	4	1	10	3	3.3
Jones	5	—	13	5	2.6
Brown	3	—	4	2	1.3
Dougall	5	1	2	1	0.5
Popieluch	3	1	1	1	0.5



BOWLING

	Overs	M	Runs	Wickets	Avg.
Jones	90	26	151	26	5.8
Popieluch	88	28	179	20	8.9
Grant	53.2	7	122	13	9.3
Ball	12	1	25	—	—
Dougall	1.3	—	10	1	10.0
Hally	2	—	5	—	—

CATCHES

Ball	4
Macdonald	3
Popieluch	3
Durie	2
Grant	1
Brown	1

WICKET KEEPING

	No. of Matches	Catches	Stumpings	Byes
Richards	7	2	2	30

L.B.F. CRICKET

SAC vs UCC

The L.B.F. this year began on a very miserable note. The pouring rain made for a very damp field and sticky wicket. However, the players insisted that the game be played then and not cancelled to a further date. UCC won the toss and sent SAC to bat. Macdonald and Hally made a reasonably good opening by tiring the bowlers and putting 20 runs on the board, before Hally was l.b.w. to Stearns for three. Grant came in and he carried the score to 54 before he was caught for a well made 29. Jones came and went for a disappointing one run. Glassow came in, and he and Macdonald had a good stand before Macdonald was bowled for a well batted 16. The rest of the batting order went by reasonably, with the exception of Ball who made a commendable and unexpected 16. The side concluded its innings with 103 runs made in four and half hours of off-and-on play.

UCC went to bat, and soon SAC thought they were on top by having them 15 for 3. However, the pitch got extremely slippery, the bowlers lost all their traction, and subsequently the bowling deteriorated. A few of the UCC batsmen began to have a field day with the bowling, but the curfew was running out. With one over to go, UCC needed eight runs to win, but SAC was able to hold them off leaving them one run to tie and three wickets in hand.

Credit must be given to Jones for a good bowling attack under such adverse conditions. Thus, the first L.B.F. game ended in depressing excitement.

D.G.

SAC vs TCS

Saturday, May 21st, was a mild, sunny day — perfect for cricket even though the field was quite damp, particularly by the boundaries. SAC won the toss and elected to field. TCS opened with solid batting and scored their runs slowly. It appeared for a while that TCS was going to bat all day, but finally, after three and one half hours, they were all out for 91 runs. Although they compiled their runs very slowly, TCS batted quite soundly. O'Brien, who scored 25, was the high scorer. Jones captured five

for 43.

SAC went to bat with two and one half hours left 'till curfew. Macdonald and Hally opened for St. Andrew's, but Hally was out with the total at three. Grant scored nine quick runs before being caught. Only Glassow showed any resistance as the wickets continued to tumble. With only twenty minutes left, the last wicket fell with the total at 42. SAC's batting failed miserably against bowling that was barely consistent. Several men were dismissed on bad balls. It was a frustrating day.

T. Mc.

SAC vs BRC

On Wednesday, May 18th, the 1st's played their last match of the season at Ridley.

Ridley won the toss and went to bat on a hard, fast pitch. Ross Dunsmore batted confidently scoring 40 before being stumped. This inning was to provide the foundation for a large Ridley total. The bowlers toiled away in the blazing sun, failing to launch the necessary break through as the Ridley team exhibited solid batting all the way down the batting order. At tea, Ridley declared at 159 for 8. Grant, who took 4 for 49, and Richards, who had four victims behind the stumps, played very well.

Faced by the task of scoring over a run-a-minute in order to win, the Saints decided to play for a draw. Macdonald and Hally opened with confidence, but when Hally, Jones, and Grant were dismissed, the situation looked dim. However, Ball came into bat confidently and the outcome began to look more favourable. Suddenly Macdonald was bowled and the flood gates were opened. The remaining wickets fell quickly 'till Popieluch was out with only three balls left in the game. Ball carried his bat, and his innings will long be remembered as remarkable. In playing for a draw our batsmen refused many runs. Had the gamble worked it would have been worth it; as it was, we were humbled by a score of 159 to 54. Ridley should be congratulated. They were the best team we played this season.

R.L.J.



1965 MOST VALUABLE 1966

PLAYERS

FIRST TEAM

FOOTBALL:

McKEEN

SOCCER:

GLASSOW

HOCKEY:

KITCHEN I

BASKETBALL:

DANGERFIELD

SWIMMING:

WHITESIDE

CRICKET:

GRANT I
JONES I

LOWER SCHOOL

FOOTBALL:

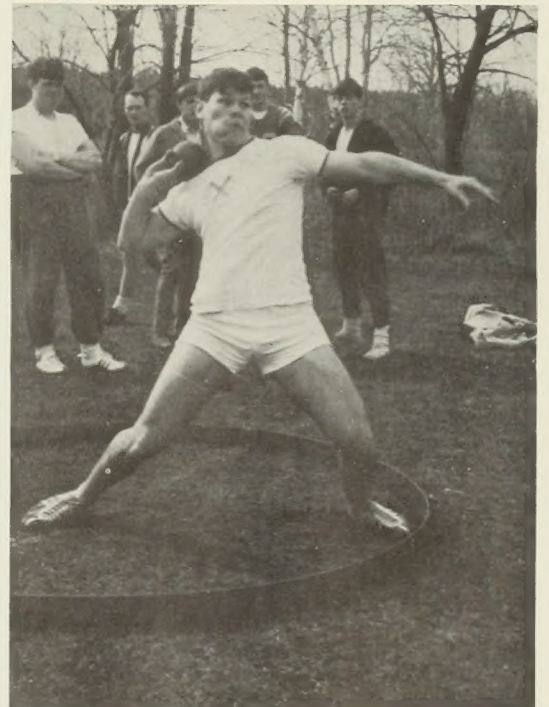
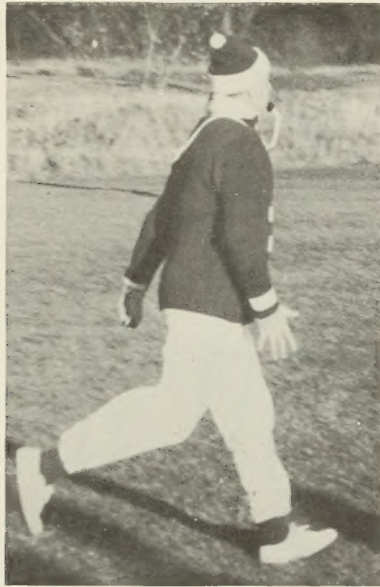
KITCHEN II

HOCKEY:

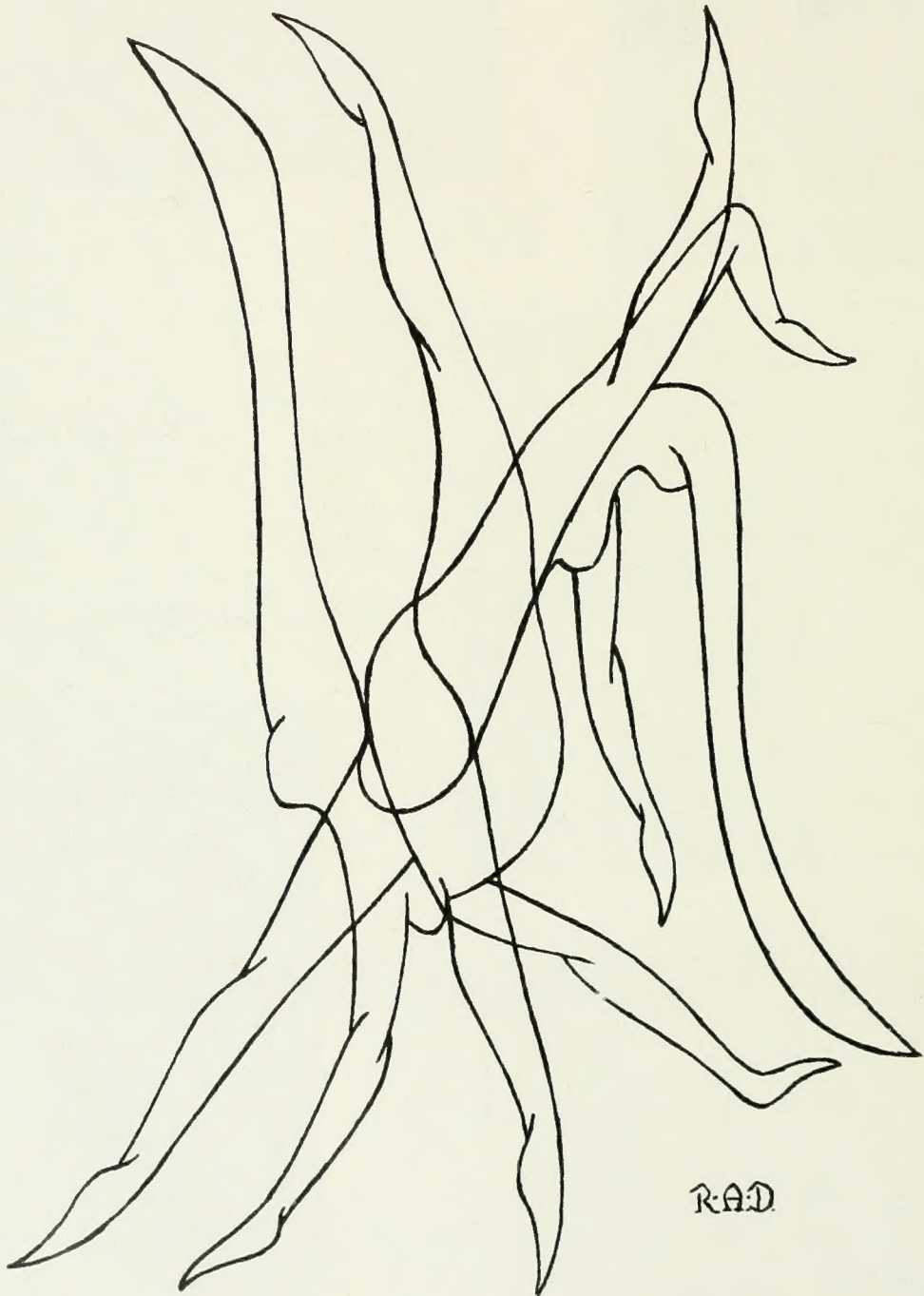
LOVE II

CRICKET:

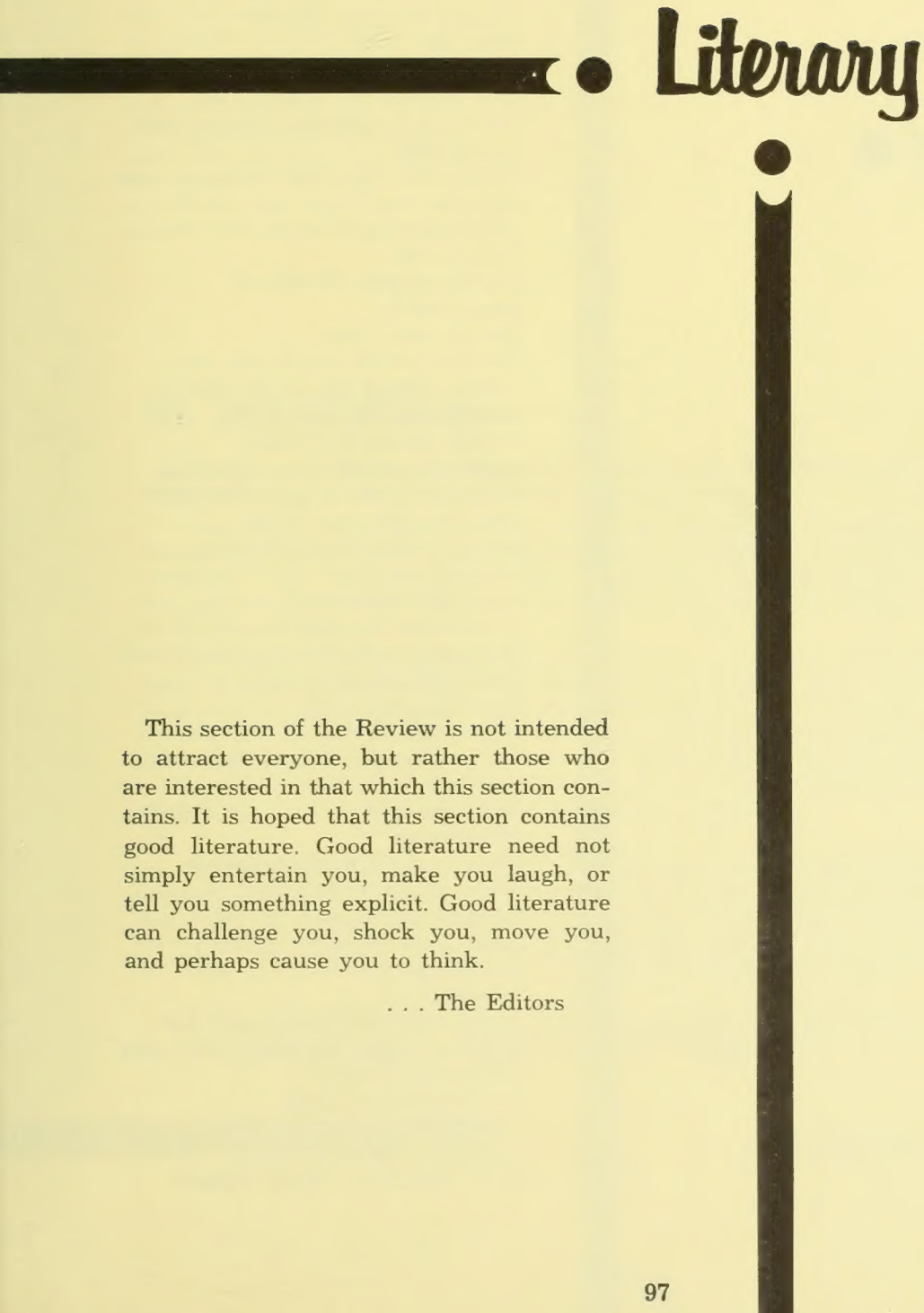
STAUFFER



DANCING NUDES



RAD



Literary

This section of the Review is not intended to attract everyone, but rather those who are interested in that which this section contains. It is hoped that this section contains good literature. Good literature need not simply entertain you, make you laugh, or tell you something explicit. Good literature can challenge you, shock you, move you, and perhaps cause you to think.

. . . The Editors

i've been many things...

i've been many things
in my time —
i've been forced on a world
that never cared for me;
we two were at odds
from the first.
i've been the child of Mother Nature
who showed me due concern
by smashing her great iron breasts
in my face.
i've cleared the blood from my eyes
and had them open again
not thirty years hence
but in time
to see my own Childhood
streaming by
like so many cars.
i've been driftwood in the sea,
a three-legged dog in the street,
a little miserly man
at the market in Athens
sparingly spending my drachmas
returning home to plot rebellion.
i've been far, and twice
caught a glimpse of Christ.
once he was lost
in a Christmas crowd
a cheerless beggar
and again in the last pew at Church
frantically taking notes.
i've seen men drag
their noble souls
far on the dark side of the earth
to forge from them
such eye-wild
hell-riveted
demons as plague their minds.
i've seen the moon,
another suicide case,
hung from the sky's archway
for having too long
looked on
at the Aswan High Dam Scheme
and the wildly rhythmic love scene
and man's dreams.
i've known mornings
when the sun
wouldn't rise
from sheer and simple disgust.

i've crouched upon benches
hoping for just a breath of hell
with which to warm
my benumbed hands,
and for the Salvation Army
to stage a battle
in the park
for my amusement
and for Dopey to rape
Snow White
and so shock the living hell
out of Walt Disney
and for the Africans
to count the blacks
and count the whites,
then pick up some rocks.
i've been twice to the sea
once in time to see
a wave come in
and back again
to entrust one soft tear
to the outgoing tide
— and I intend to go no more.
For most of all
i've been playing Life's game
and Life's always been just one up
but now i'm thinking
my death
should just about even the score.

N. B. DAVIS

IN MEMORIAM

Slowly and agonizingly he came to his senses. The blazing pain ran up and down his back, stabbing his brain. He could not move a muscle.

Just ahead of him he heard the mechanical grinding of an enemy tank making its way through the woods towards him. He was alone, powerless — and very frightened. Where was everyone? Why was it so quiet? He was vaguely conscious of other bodies around him, but there was no motion. He had been running with the others when a shell had burst a few yards from him.

He concentrated every ounce of strength into his legs to move himself from that holocaust of blood and destruction, but they refused to budge. They were paralyzed by the shell burst. Then directly in front of him the tank emerged from the woods. It rambled mercilessly toward him, dripping reddish mud from its underbelly. There seemed to be no hope of escape; the soldier lay directly in its path. Perhaps they would have tortured him to death anyway — this would be a much quicker way to die. A thin streak of blood dripping down from his matted hair blocked the last agonizing moment from view.

* * *

He was home and it was all over — a nightmare of the past. The cool evening breeze brushed by him. This was peace. He could remember the cold reddish mud gushing up at him from the treads of the tank and forcing his face downward. It passed and feeling returned to his pain-wracked limbs. He could remember running and stumbling for miles until friendly arms reached out to him. He had made it and was going to live.

* * *

A young corporal turned his head and retched at the sight of the mutilated corpse which lay mangled in a tank rut . . . and he plodded wearily on.

T. P. KINGSTON

OF BIRDS AND BEASTS

For days now every track towards the mountain had been filled with animals converging for the meeting. From all over the jungle they came — the many varied species that inhabited the earth. Some, like the two bears from the east, had been travelling for weeks, passing through innumerable forests, crossing countless rivers; and others, like the grandiose eagle, who had always insisted that the meetings be held in his district, had barely travelled a mile.

They all hastened along the trails, for apparently this time they were to consider a most important question. Usually the business of the meeting was with trivia, and many animals merely sent emissaries to represent them. Only once before had so many of the leaders been present, and that was many winters ago, during a controversy over the tiger. But this crisis was even more important, for the tiger, so long dormant, had somehow obtained fire, and this posed a threat to all the other animals. Until now, they had been the sole possessors of fire and had shared it among themselves peacefully. The inimicable tiger had not been allowed to share its benefits, for its antagonistic nature might have led to undesirable uses of fire. It was for this reason that the eagle had wanted the tiger banned from the meetings, despite pressure from several of the animals, including the two bears from the east. But now that the tiger had fire, many others urged that the tiger be allowed in the meetings, and a special meeting had been called.

When all the animals had collected on the side of the mountain, the meeting was convened, and the antelope, whose turn it was to preside, explained in detail the purpose of the special meeting. Most of the animals listened attentively and showed a great concern about the imminent danger to their security; but several of the younger animals sat motionless, apparently uninterested and apathetic. Ironically it was these younger animals that were to make the final decision, for at the eagle's insistence all animals large and small had been given equal power: and in return for protection and a constant supply of food, these smaller and weaker animals had made it their habit to agree with the eagle on all decisions.

The meeting dragged on for thirteen days, but finally after continual bickering and bantering over minor points, the problem was to be brought to a vote. On the last day thousands of curious animals gathered around the mountain for the final decision. After the formalities were concluded, with the usual sluggishness, one by one the animals stepped forward, outlined their stands, and then cast their votes. The balloting continued into the night, and finally the result was announced. Despite the fact that many of his friends had, for the first time, voted against him, the eagle had still managed to scrounge enough votes to block the tiger from the meetings. This greatly disillusioned many of these smaller animals, who had unconsciously come to resent the eagle's apparent power over them, and as the animals departed on their treks homeward, many of these smaller animals were seen heading for the distant eastern mountains, where, it is said, the tiger was confidently waiting for them . . .

For days now every track toward the mountain had been filled with animals converging for the meeting. From all over the jungle they came — the many varied species that inhabited the earth. Some, like the two bears from the west, had been travelling for weeks, passing through innumerable forests, crossing countless rivers; and others, like the grandiose tiger . . .

"People and governments never have learned anything from history, or acted on principles deduced from it." —Hegel, *Philosophy of History*.

They were throwing a party for Infinity. i wasn't invited, but i came anyway, and just mingled like any other guest . . .

" . . . Oh, I'm so glad we could all get together, finally. It's been a struggle, hasn't it, and such a long time, too? But it's worth it, to get us all together — even Mr. Infinity! He's been such an elusive fellow, living way down at the end of the street, by himself. But now every one knows each other. Yes, that's it, everybody knows everything about each other. Oh, it's so nice that everyone is here.

See, there's War and Peace over near the fireplace. Why, since they have got to know each other, and are dressing the same, one can hardly tell them apart. In fact, most of us don't know who is who, until someone else calls them by name. It's so nice, isn't it?

Oh, look, there goes Miss Voice. I wonder who she's crying for now? Funny girl, she is, always chasing some man, calling after him. Yet sometimes she becomes a little confused, and you really can't tell what she is saying. Remember her big affair with Freedom? Remember how she used to rant on, over at that quaint old United cafe, about how just everyone should meet her friend Freedom? Of course she dropped him not long after, when he affected that black, curly hair style. Oh, didn't you know? I wonder who she's chasing now?

Oh, wait, don't turn around now — there's that little tramp, Love! Why, do you know that she used to be one of the nicest girls in our neighbourhood? She and that young Respectability boy used to go out together, and they really did make such a sweet couple. I haven't seen him in quite a while, but he said she began to run around with just anyone. Imagine! Some of the things I could tell you about her and Sex — oh, they were in quite serious trouble, you know. And do you remember how she built up old Mr. Happiness? Actually, she was after his neighbour, Money. It seems no-one really trusts her now, and not that I blame them. But she came from such a nice family, too.

Before you go, do pay your respects to dear Mrs. Present. I noticed her come back in from our lovely garden. Her husband is buried out there, you know. Remember Mr. Past? No, I guess he was before your time, wasn't he? Poor old dear, she isn't long for this world. It's such a shame that they never had any children.

Strange, the Individual family isn't here — I don't see them anywhere. I'm sure we must have invited them.

Oh, do come over and meet Miss Hope. She has a most interesting story to tell. Have you heard it? Oh, you have? Well, I suppose almost all of us have, by now.

Well, I never! That Mr. Greed, he's already left on another business trip. I never can understand that man. He's always so rude to poor Mr. Conscience. And after all he (Conscience) did for him, too!

See that tall fellow over there — Mr. Power? You know, since he joined that little club, he won't speak to just anyone, anymore. I don't think you would like him.

Yoo-hoo, oh, Reverend, come over and . . . I guess he didn't hear me. Maybe later. Don't you just adore that expensive jacket he's wearing? So modern! But, of course, he really should take off that old collar, and that black shirt. They really are a bit old fashioned, aren't they?

Would you care for a little something to drink? Here, I'll have my butler, Justice, bring you some Nectar of Truth. Of course, this isn't the real nectar — I don't think it's available anymore. But this, why it's so well prepared, it tastes just like the real thing. Thank you, Justice. And Justice, don't stare at Mr. and Mrs. Crime like that. They're very influential people — we wouldn't want them to feel out of place, just because they bring their dog, Police. Besides, he's very well trained, I hear.

Now, where was I? Mr. Worry has been courting Miss Care for quite a while now, and I think he's just about got her. And do you . . . but look, everyone's going into the empty Library. I think Mr. Infinity is going to speak. I hear he really hasn't much to say, just a thank-you for the party. Do come along, Darling . . ."

i watched the guests as they left the party, a little later. It was quite dark outside, and there were very few lights showing, anywhere. And you know, the guests — they didn't know where to go. They got lost quite soon.

TOMORROW.

GOD REST YE MERRY GENTLEMEN

The city streets lie naked in the dirty autumn when the old, dead year is blown away, and a new one enters, borne in winter's white womb. Yesterday's green leaves crumble into a lifeless dust as the vengeful wind sweeps them toward oblivion. The bare trees of the city dangle their nude branches, the skeleton sins of the world; the streets of the city stand stripped and guilty like the souls of the dead on Judgement Day.

The wind rages down deserted roads and between cold buildings, purging civilization's tinselled existence. Buildings cower fearfully as false fronts and papered unrealities are wrenched away, leaving only stone walls silently screaming their truthful being. Pasteboard beauty no longer remains; a hollow, unholy nakedness of existence survives, while insect people weather the storm, bundled and hiding in buildings of coats and gloves. They scurry into homes, bolt doors, and draw shutters in miniscule efforts to escape the elements, but the wind blasts through every street, and like the Angel of Death, visits each house.

The atmosphere reeks of guilt as painful, stabbing hopes of liberation turn thoughts to past remembrances. Happiness and sunshine memories clothe the mind, but invasions of false words and greedy deeds cause the last remaining garments to be stripped from their mould. Perverse excuses peel away and only core motivations stand, suspended and immortal in the cold light of the day.

But Creation is kind, and commands the wind to gloat over His toys only long enough to make His presence known, and to foreshadow a future day of cold darkness and fire. Hopefully, and with charity, He blows down white seeds for new dreams, and virgin snows cover the sidewalks, buildings, and trees. The city streets rejoice in white garments of pure and uncontaminated newness, while children emerge to romp and play amid the chastity of crystal-line snow and the succulence of clear icicles picked from dripping eaves. The polar sun radiates a warmth of spirit, and a new potency mothers rosy cheeks, radiant smiles, and lightened hearts.

But coloured lights and paper decorations soon paste the scene as painted buildings present drastically reduced prices on Yuletide offerings. Money-lenders send Christmas cards free of charge, and dime-store Santas walk the streets with collection plates and muffled words of holy charity. People buy bottles of brand-name spirits, and break liquor-tax stamps for Auld Lang Syne. Fathers and mothers beat offspring into appreciating the gifts they will receive, and children cry loudly for more lifelike toys so that they too may rule a world dependent on them.

The hours erase the sun and pencil the moon in an effortless and infinite recurrency, while in the white snow, a subtly ecstatic rebirth affects the souls of each street, and people lie in their beds whispering prayers and resolutions with at least a vague sincerity. The snows melt to water and flow down the gutters, and soon all must wake and face a new day. The wind blows through the sleeping drenched streets, between the damp buildings, above the dripping rooftops, and up into the clouds. The sun casts its beams through the bare-brown-branched trees, and now all must rise, knowing that the heavens will not break forth again for yet another year.

D. J. F. FLEMING

TIME

A part of depth and space is Time,
Which is the master of us all,
For at its bidding and its call,
We all must kneel to its demands.
And it is Time that calls our death
Even as it called our birth:
Our lives are in its hands.

J. S. SHERWOOD

TWELVE ANGRY MEN

Inspired by a performance by the St. Andrew's Players, May, 1966

There are twelve men sitting in the jury;
Sweaty men, tired, hot and angry;
Proud men and defiant, lovers, liars, cheats.
From every dark corner of society they come
To judge, to decide on the guilt or innocence of a boy,
They say he stabbed his father.
Perhaps he did. Perhaps he didn't.
They don't care.

Outside the window, in the city there is heat.
Sweat drops down the front of shirts and mingles with dust
And women weep and children cry in the sand.
There are noises and sounds in a vast confusion
Of life in the city.

See the fatman in the corner, simpleton and snob.
There's the bigot and the liar with his shirt undone.
The immigrant from Germany is sitting stifly.
His suit hangs loosely across his thin frame.
The advertising man is smoking a cigar;
Slick, bright, pseudo sophisticate,
His wife in the city,
Wouldn't see him now,
He is losing his dignity, his identity.

In the courtroom sits the boy.
They picked him off the street;
Dirty, tired, scared.
His life lies with these men;
Angry, bitter men.
Poor boy

J. S. SHERWOOD

AUG. 8, 2548

NEW YORK CITY

FINAL REPORT OF THE POPULATION CONTROL COMMISSION TO THE PRESI- DENT OF THE NEW UNITED STATES:

As you know, Sir, the Population Control Commission was set up secretly by President Hutchins over three hundred years ago, and with the exception of my annual report to the President, all its work has been classified as top secret. There are very few who even know that this commission exists, let alone knowing its functions. Nevertheless, it has, as President Hutchins commanded, investigated all practicable, and many impracticable methods of controlling the population of this country. These have been thoroughly checked and rechecked by our field engineers. The final decision on the control method to be used was made over fifty years ago, but it was necessary to wait until all test results were completely tabulated and checked before presenting the final report.

The first attempts at direct population control were focused on possible parents, but it soon became obvious that most people paid little heed to the flood of propaganda recommending birth control devices. For a short period the birth rate did start to decline, but then forgetfulness and the desire for motherhood combined to reverse the trend. After ten years of testing and checking results, my predecessors on the committee decided to attempt more direct controls. People had resented the government tampering with their sexual habits and

their freedom of action, and had not co-operated fully with its recommendations; therefore it was decided that the next major test would not be announced, even to other branches of the government.

There were several suggestions by members of the committee, most of them involving the direct elimination of various segments of the population — which was at that time approaching five hundred million. Although it was realized that such a course would amount to little less than murder, the committee tried to disregard the current ethics and proceed with its task with effective population control as its sole aim. After much discussion among committee members and intense logistic testing using a newly acquired computer, it was decided that the elimination of special segments of the society, such as the poor or the ignorant, would not be satisfactory for it might arouse suspicion. Thus the sole course was random extermination, with the victims being drawn from a national lottery. Since the committee itself at that time was neither willing nor able to systematically murder millions, it was decided that human assassins would be employed. Each possible assassin was thoroughly tested (all persons not accepted were suitably disposed of) and then given a list of his chosen victims. Assassins were responsible for their own safety, and were not exempt from the law; but since most of them were veteran criminals, they were capable of evading the local police authorities. Any of them who broke a required pledge of secrecy were, of course, destroyed, as were those who were at all suspected of infidelity.

The system proved most effective, since all assassins were in turn killed, either by the police, or by other assassins; and it is probable that it could have continued, had not just one assassin escaped death to tell his story. It was this one incident which was the true cause of the California revolts, even though the government officially denied such rumors. I must say now that it was not the express desire of the committee at that time to control population by the use of mass violence, but the death rate in the California revolts was so satisfactory (eight million dead, five million injured) that it was decided that the committee would organize and instigate various revolts, rebellions, and major disasters in order to control the population. This was an acceptable method, because it employed the human being's love of battle and his desire for excitement. The results of the initial tests were far better than the calculated objectives. For the first time in four hundred years the population fell to three hundred million, and the death rate continued to rise.

Fortunately the need for human assassins had been eliminated by the acquisition of three thousand robots, under the control of the committee's computer. It wasn't long before the committee itself (its human members having now become useless) was destroyed in the successful bombing of the old capital of Washington. Thereafter the experiment proceeded so successfully that I, the committee, decided to complete it. Thus I report that the experiment has now been finished, and the aforementioned fifty year check period has failed to show the existence of any human being in our country. Thus I have completed my task as the Population Control Commission, and am ready to do whatsoever you desire to aid our country.

(signed) IBM936-411-77A

Well, I have finally found the job I wanted. It was mentioned in the Banner this morning:

Good job, \$18,000 per year,
No experience necessary.
Phone 789-4820 in Ottawa.

On phoning Ottawa, I learned of the chance of my lifetime to be in the Parliament Buildings. A Frenchman who answered the phone explained the situation. It so happens that the present head janitor has decided to retire because the pace is too much for him. The man, Lester Pearson, or is it John Diefenbaker, wants to spend the remainder of his life doing something. Ordinarily the prime-janitor (head-janitor) works around the House in the daytime, and at night jets to Montreal for a date with an old friend from Germany.

Affairs have been tremendously pressing, especially in the last few months. They've decided what flag will be flown, who will raise the flag, and who will take out Gerda Munsinger when Parliament closes. Everybody goes south in the winter: birds, janitors, Gerda, and baseball teams. The janitors were also looking for a replacement for George Spencer, their West-Coast mailman. The qualifications were fluent Russian, marksmanship, judo, karate, and a bad heart. I declined their offer. Everybody thought that Raoul Caouette was just the man for the job — he just retired from the Green Berets a few months ago.

One item I have failed to mention so far, is the statement found in the janitors handbook, "Sweeping the Country", written by John A. Macdonald: "Before assuming the identity of janitor, a person must have an idea of Canada's illustrious career."

This is best achieved by looking at paintings and photographs which line the walls of the Buildings. On the East Wall there is one entitled, "Johnson crossing the St. Lawrence". There is also a photograph of John Diefenbaker at a Doukhubor rally. This is significant, for there he didn't get any votes. In another, Lester Pearson is kicking the ball in the fog on Grey Cup Day, while the Canadian flag is proudly being hoisted upside-down. Red Kelly and his friend Punch Imlach are there too, in bronze.

The future is pleasant and promising. I'm dreaming of the crap games with George Hees and Tommy Douglas on the House floor, and the brawling for the first plane tickets out of the Ottawa Valley. This is Canada's heritage, shouldn't we be proud of it?

M. D. D. PATCHELL

PLEASE DON'T KNOW ME

If you catch a sudden glimpse of my face in the crowd
And start to shoulder your way through the morass, with
polite excuse-me's, placating indignant looks, and
now-scuffed brown loafers,
Don't call my name or search me out afterwards.
Please don't know me.

Let me be someone you never met
And don't feel amiss when I do what you wouldn't
expect of me; at least not yet.
Don't register shock or surprise or wonder why,
If I kick small dogs and laugh at old men
Or roll in the dirt and cry.
And please don't know me.

I want to go for a walk, say, to the corner and back,
And return like someone unknown.
To leave a bad mark, or maybe a pain
And say the things that shouldn't be said
"Because son, we just don't say that sort of thing."
But what sort of a reason is that?
And please don't know me.

Don't say that I'm wrong or I'm putting it on,
Or that it's not the real me.
There's too many things that haven't been done, because
There's no room in this personal mold,
That shapes all our living, in
the pattern we've picked, or the way we've been told.
And please don't know me.

I want to run wild, barefooted, and free,
I want to shirk all my responsibility
Of age, and maturity, and social standing.
I want to be greedy, selfish and rude
And search for myself wherever it's hiding,
And see if I fit this suit of being plain crude.
So please don't know me.

I'm tired of trying, and deliberately cheating
To outweigh with more logic, and social command,
The level of wrong I'm permitted, which
Still keeps my good in the public's proud eye.
I want to pack up the problems and fling them away
To burn as bright failures, in some other heart.
And to shout for a while "I don't give a damn."
So please don't know me.

R. K. HOWARD



THE FLOWER

The first flower of the year stood alone among the green stalks of her sisters. Waving majestically in the gentle spring zephyr, shining forth brilliantly in the warm sunlight, her instant beauty suddenly struck me and I could not turn away from her. I stood transfixed, unmoving, with, for some reason, all my powers of concentration focussed on this one object. She seemed to beckon me; swaying before my eyes, she seemed to hypnotize me and, unable to resist, I was pulled down until I was squatting beside her. Now, more clearly than before, I saw a perfect symmetry in each petal, each crimson petal, in each green leaf of her stalk, in each pod embraced so gently in her innermost cavity. Looking still more closely, I saw the magnificent detail of her construction, each living part being so functional and yet so beautiful. I saw, trapped in a bowl in her stem, a small, crystal-clear raindrop, reflecting a myriad of light-beams toward me. I seemed hypnotized. Just then, a lone honey-bee buzzed over in the direction of this solitary flower but, seeing me, it turned away to search in vain for another. The bee's buzzing prodded me back to reality. I bent over and ever so gently cut the stem. The flower seemed to squirm in my grasp and I sensed I heard a shrill, small cry. I looked about me to see if anyone had seen me commit this hideous crime, but no, no one was watching me; they were all travelling their own sweet oblivious trails, insensible to the boundless beauty constantly surrounding them. So my atrocity had gone unnoticed. I looked at the knife-blade, and for an instant it turned blood-red in my hands.

But the flower was still as beautiful as before; none of her splendour had been lost in severance. Gently grasping her, I stood up and made my way to the solitude of my room. Alone in my room, safe from the prying eyes of the rest of the world, I found a container, filled it with cool, life-sustaining water, and carefully placed my prize therein. And lo! she seemed to blossom in ecstasy in her new environment, and I was relieved. She flourished and soon all her singular splendour had returned. Her delicate petals regained their velvety smoothness, her leaves their sleek hardness, her stem its taut rigidity, and I rejoiced. Now, in the privacy only my own room offered, I was able to contemplate fully the exquisite elegance of this goddess of nature. The gentle crests of her petals resembled the fringe of a cloud-bank in their soft roundness. The petals, the flower-leaves, were so arranged that, by slight overlapping, they were able to protect tenderly the fragrant wonders hidden within her. In the very centre of the bowl was a thick brownish column supporting a cream coloured stigma which was analagous to a small dab of frosting on a cake. It towered over the anthers and almost seemed to be laughing in scorn at them from its loftier position. And from the base of the style, reached out and up six identical filaments, black in colour, which each bore a pollen-shrouded

anther. It was these that the busy bee had been seeking. The colour of the cervix was also black but was fringed by a bright, canary-yellow band which then flamed out into the red petals. All of this was so daintily bolstered by a fragile, graceful, yet strong stem, as to be as an escapee from the original Garden.

This bloom, this Venus, added so much warmth, so much beauty, so much freshness to my dismal room that I hated to leave. But, when I returned she was still there and thriving in her new surroundings.

As the days passed, however, she languished and began to lose some of the brilliancy of her colour, and began to droop, to sag from her previous position of eminence. The petals lost some of their freshness, her leaves some of their crispness, and my room also, seemed to grow more and more sombre. Perhaps, if I can muster up enough courage, I shall go out and furtively steal another . . .

J. D. MORRISON

UGLY BEAUTY

The people from the streets have gone
To await a new dawn.
The signs and lights sparkle in the streets
And the blue cops walk their beats
Along the darkened walks.
Pigeon flocks
Swerve and land
On the roofs of the deserted newsstands
Where, during the day,
The paperboy cries to earn his pay.
I walk alone through the nights
And stare out at the lights
Of the neon and concrete city.
There is a feeling of pity
Deep down in things.
The world stops and no one sings.
I'm sick of being someone I'm not.
I pretend to have something I haven't got.
So no more will I dream in my sleep
And no more will I weep.
Now I'll laugh and now I'll sing;
I'm not a thing
To be possessed.
I'll walk through streets and never rest.
What is life but laughter.
Be young when you are, not after
Because when the sun goes down you'll learn
The sunny hours will not return.
So I'll laugh and I'll sing
For the world is my empire and I'm the king.
Yet, again, each night and day I cry
And I question why —
Why all the "Misery and moil"
And why is the earth a "stingy soil"?

And there are no answers that I can find
Except that God is not kind.
I stare out again
And try to laugh — but in vain.
I desperately tell myself life is good,
Things do not have to be understood.
But what is life about?
The answer comes back — I should not doubt.
I move on up the road to
Where the blue
Water meets the golden sand.
On this land
There are no concrete-iron buildings but only wharfs
And docks. This is the land of magic, of dwarfs,
Of burning gorillas, and yawning snakes.
It rakes
The imagination. This is the land of magic
But for me it was tragic.

I wondered why her eyes sparkled and shone
The way the lake does at dawn.
I held her hand and kissed her lips
and felt the pressure of her hips
And her body tense and grow warm —
the calm before the storm.
We loved that long, hot summer, she and I.
She left without a goodbye.
Now I look upon the scene
And dream.
But no more will I cling
To the past. For now I'll laugh and now I'll sing.
The sea shore stretches far out beyond
The east coast and the new dawn.
Once more I become engulfed in the city
Where those who are witty
And clever and full of God's power stay.
They live the eight to five day.
No thank-you, it's not for me
To live and not to see.

R. D. STEPHENS

TO THE VERY END

And there she sits, by the flower box in the window, and in her wheelchair. She's the picture of fatigue.

It seems like only yesterday that Dad died. Hah! The cop said it was an accident that Dad had, but that was just to keep me from knowing the truth — that he'd been in heavy debt and had walked out into the path of a car, purposely; Ma was heartbroken and I guess she'll be that way till the end. But she has a right to be.

Bert.

Ah yes, Bert. I can just vaguely see him now because I was only a kid when he went away to France to fight the War. He too was killed. Brave to the very end; that's what the lieutenant's letter said. I can remember Ma repeating those words over and over again as she cried in her room each night. Then her grief was too much for her.

She was always a frail woman and she soon took sick. I worked harder at my job, got a raise, and a promotion, and paid her doctor's bills. She moved into my house after leaving the hospital. It's been a hard, long life for Ma.

Well, I got to get back to work but I wish the nurse would hurry and get here — but she's calling me. Probably wants her pills or something.

Hold on! I'm coming! "Want something Ma? Ma?"

Answer me Ma! ! !

G. R. AGAR

THE WEEK'S END

There she was, standing by the bay. Her wide-brimmed sun hat by her side covered the wicker lunch basket. Her blue jeans and madras shirt were pressing tightly to her body beneath. She had no idea I watched her from the cottage, since she was observing with those blue eyes something out on the bay.

"Grabbing up a couple of towels, a blanket or two, a sweater, and my pack, I headed for the beach. In my mad dash, I lost my kibbutznik hat a couple of times. My clumsy efforts to get to where she was, attracted her attention to me. We met. She took the blankets, I picked up the basket. We headed down the beach.

"Every weekend since the beginning of summer we had done this. She would wait for me by the lapping waters of the bay and I would stumble down to meet her in the same old fashion. We went to a place in the dunes where the wind had fashioned a wind-break. There we would set up camp. I would dig a hole in the cool moist sand for the cokes. She would stack twigs and branches in a neat pile near the already-dug fire-pit, and would neatly lay out the other things we had brought along.

"After our labours, she would shed her cocoon to reveal her mature shape in a two-piece. It was the-last-one-in-is-a-rotten-egg as the mad dash was on. It ended in the shock of fresh cold water. I would strike out for the rocks in sloppy uncalculated strokes, while she would take her time to meticulously make each stroke better, more perfect than the last.

"I usually got there first and had plenty of time to loaf and look around for the diving rock. It was situated over a hole about fifteen feet deep, and was a great spot to fish from (I remember the day I caught two rock bass and five perch there). Finally she arrived and rested herself. After a couple of dives and some fish chasing, we headed back to the shore. We took our time returning, gliding beneath the surface like two submarines in chase. Finally the sandy beach grounded both of us.

"The lunch menu read: two cheese sandwiches with an apple on the side. After lunch we dressed, threw our belongings in some bushes, and went for a walk. Nothing was new about it, except where we went and how long our walk lasted. We went to the main drag of the beach. We looked at a few things in the two little stores there and made sure the fish and chip joint was open, then headed back to the dunes. We went back by way of the sandy foot paths.

"After some swimming and sunning, we dressed for our supper, of fish and chips, and two cokes. We bought some cones and went up the road to see what was new. It was always the same. Someone was building a new wing to their cottage; another was painting his porch, and so on. After having walked a mile or two we headed back.

"The night had cooled off. The shady road-way became damp and cool and I draped my sweater around her shoulders. Back at the beach stores we picked up some hot dogs and returned to the dunes. As I made a fire she went for the last dip of the day. I joined her when I was finished with the fire. We wandered about for a while 'till the flies and mosquitoes drove us back to the fire. We would dry each other, then depart to the woods to dress.

"When I got back, I spread out the two blankets to make some kind of bed, and opened a couple of cokes. After eating we retreated to the blankets on the sand near the fire. There was no need to worry about

cold during the night. Our two bodies together generated enough heat for sufficient warmth. We would talk and listen to the radio until the early hours of the morning. No serious form of love was present, such as one might expect on a night like this, just a kiss which still retained all of its former morning's power. We slept."

The stars circled high above. The fire sputtered its last flickering light and died. Two people, one in the arms of the other, were fast asleep on the sand. Not a sound was to be heard.

"We never rose in the morning until the dew of the night had been dried by the sun. As its warmth reached us, we'd go our separate ways into the bush. After a few moments we would dash to the water. The shock of the dip would send us back to the protection of the warming dunes. She dressed and went to the store. I stayed, cleaned the camp, and built a new fire for the day.

"After a breakfast of peanut butter and toast we covered ourselves in suntan lotion and turned on the radio, while we sunned and slept. Near noon we woke up and returned to the water and dove for rocks that lay on the bottom.

"As we had done all there was to do, the boredom of the day started to sever relations between us. The afternoon was spent in useless love-making, sunning, and swimming. After the last swim of the day we dried off, dressed and came back to the fire for a quiet supper, with only the sound of the radio to be heard.

"We stirred the dying fire until dusk, and a pail of water then quenched out its dying life. We left together, hand in hand. Walking along the beach, we made more plans for the end of next week. The conversation was idle while the waters behind us laboriously washed away any trace of our steps. We talked for a while, facing the bay as the sun sank into the water. She seemed hesitant to talk; she had found silence would be better. We finally turned towards each other, silently. It was time to go."

The sun descending from the heavens entered its crimson phase in the dying day. It started to expand as if it were focused by way of a telescope. Its fireball form was unblurred by clouds. It edged below the horizon as fishing boats of all makes and sizes sailed here and there to get to the best fishing spots first.

They had arrived where they had met the day before. They had one last kiss. They smiled warmly, said a final good bye, and parted till the next time. The sun set.

W. A. ANJO

• • • And Comment

IN THE ST. ANDREW'S BARBER SHOP

It's no wonder that the days of the "barber shop quartets" have come to an end. No longer does one go to the barber's in a jovial, good-natured mood, for the simple purpose of getting one's ears lowered. At St. Andrew's the boys try to make the barber shop "out of bounds" for as long as they possibly can. But, sooner or later, the prefect comes around and condemns them to that dreaded, horrible chair where the "butchers", as they are called, soon relieve them of their heavy burden. The barbers' motto is, "Every boy must look the same", and the headmaster backs him up with, "You will not, at St. Andrew's College, have long hair, or be an individual." Obviously, when a boy cannot show himself in public for a month after getting his hair shorn, he does not radiate any school spirit or enthusiasm. I have known boys to wake up screaming in the middle of the night, holding their long locks, and pleading with the barbers to "spare their hair." Yet the practice continues, and although most boys get their hair cut in town, the barbers still work their evil on a few innocent, unsuspecting new boys who have not yet tasted the terror and torture of the "St. Andrew's Barber Shop".

J. A. BALLARD

FROM A RETENTIONIST

The television cameras pointed toward him and the bright lights made him blink. Someone said "We're on the air", and the narrator began the introduction — "Tonight we have as our special guest the honourable . . ."

The air was cold and the street lights cast a dim light. Across the street a lone, bent figure shuffled homeward. The young man in the dirty blue jeans and leather jacket stubbed out his cigarette and fell into step behind the old man.

"Tonight I am going to present to you my views on capital punishment. To put it succinctly, I am a total abolitionist. What makes us, as educated human beings, think that we have the right to decide whether another man lives or dies? Capital punishment is nothing but legalized murder. Man should show more love and compassion toward his fellow man."

The leather jacket reached into his pocket. It was still there. A foot of lead pipe comes in handy, quieter than a pistol, a less obvious weapon than a knife. Had there been anyone around to look closely at the old man, they would have seen that he was beginning to sweat despite the cold. He had noticed the shadow behind him and had heard the footsteps on the cold concrete sidewalk.

They were louder now! Where to go? There were only factories for blocks around.

He began to run, but he was old while his pursuer was young. The street lights flashed by in an alternating pattern of light and dark as the footsteps grew closer. After a block the old man fell to the side-walk, losing his grip on his lunchbox which fell in the gutter sending a loud clatter through the empty streets.

"As a conclusion to my statement here tonight I shall leave you with a passage from the Bible, Galatians, chapter five, verse fourteen, to be specific. — 'For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this: Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.'"

The old man looked up just in time to see the pipe descend on him. An instant later he lay back on the pavement, struggling to see through the pain. Instinctively he reached for the gold crucifix which he kept around his neck, mumbling an incoherent prayer at the same time. The leather jacket, seeing the old man move, laughed and again brought the lead pipe down in the old man's face. After rifling the old man's pockets for money the leather jacket started to go, then turned around. Reaching carefully under the old man's jacket he yanked off the blood covered crucifix. After all, it might be worth a couple of bucks in a pawn shop.

D. R. Owram

— an exercise inspired by the constant repetition of a four-lettered Anglo-Saxon expression commencing with the letter “f”; a word heard only too often at S.A.C.

nothing forgot — all was forthwith forgiven

— for final ends were fulfilled

— feigned false faith for the fount

— fudged figures for physics

 a frenzied french

— fulgent, fretting faculty

 — yet formal

frank fags

fools

 frowsts

 fumbling fullbacks

 — busy fending their fame

fraught

 feigning

 fellows

 — few females — frustrated

fair fields — fat formality

 flustered, flimsy fun

 — frozen freedom —

 forfeit

 forgive

 or

 forget

IN APOLOGY:

forbear the folly

 — for finding it fun

 — forgetting form and finesse

I

frantically

 — faltering

found

 it a

 fanciful

 fling . . .

● N. B. DAVIS.

AND WHY

Who is to blame for the deterioration of the Great White Bear? Is it the fault of the rebellious young apprentices who have ignored its Ways for their own selfish interests, or is it the fault of the learned masters who are trying, so desperately ineffectively, to properly influence the young rebellious apprentices?

Everyone has his own personal idea of what is right and of what is wrong. However, being human, an individual will vary this idea of his from time to time to compensate for abnormal situations and to rationalize his unjust actions. The Great White Bear has an idea of what is right and of what is wrong, and with this in mind, has conceived a very honourable and universally admired Code for its followers to live by. This standard, Way, Code, or whatever you wish to call it, should be the shining ideal upon which everyone models their life. It should be the backbone that every follower of the Great White Bear can fall back on in time of need. As such, the Code must be concrete; it must be constructed so that one cannot alter it to justify his mistakes. But just as importantly, the Code must be completely functional so that one can exist comfortably and happily under its rule.

... The Great White Bear has the proper Code, but does it have the proper people?

In the early morning, everyone journeys to the Holy Temple to praise the Great One, after whom the Great White Bear models its life. The Chief of the learned masters always prays in a profound manner, and the rebellious young apprentices who are always made to sing most impressively are always most sacrilegious. They destroy the idea of the Holy Temple, the Great White Bear, and the Great One. To counteract this sacrilege, the Chief of the learned masters stands by the altar and scolds the rebellious young apprentices, thereby further destroying the sanctity of the Holy Temple, the Great White Bear, and the Great One. Nothing is gained; all is lost. The Code of the Great White Bear is dead before the day has begun, and no one voluntarily follows its Way.

Perhaps if the Chief of the learned masters, who prays in a profound manner, encouraged the learned masters to pray in a sincere manner, and perhaps if the rebellious young apprentices sang not because they had to, but because they wanted to, and perhaps if the rebellious young apprentices recognized the sanctity of the Holy Temple instead of rejecting it, and perhaps if the Chief of the learned masters did not scold the rebellious young apprentices, but taught them, then the idea of the Holy Temple, the Great White Bear and the Great One could be preserved. Then, everything would be gained, nothing would be lost, and one would begin each day with a certain sense of achievement, a pride of having done something one believed in.

To save the Great White Bear, everyone must help, and everyone's selfish and fickle desires must be voluntarily subordinated to the

Code of the Great White Bear. This includes all those concerned with the Great White Bear, for a leader cannot expect his people to follow him unless they see a useful and practical reason for obeying him, and the people cannot expect the leader to bow to their every selfish desire. An agreement on both sides must be reached, and conflicting opinions must be resolved. How these arguments first came about and who was to blame for them is unimportant; the important thing is to stop them.

I have seen the Head apprentice of the rebellious young apprentices throw a rebellious young apprentice out of a town store merely because the Head apprentice wished to assert his ego. I have seen rebellious young apprentices destroy property merely to assert their ego. I have seen learned masters punish rebellious young apprentices for no logical reason other than having a quick temper. I have seen rebellious young apprentices take sadistic advantage of learned masters for absolutely no logical reason other than to get revenge for an act needing no revenge. I have seen the Chief of the learned masters advocate a well-rounded education and an open, receptive mind, and then veto an excursion to a jazz concert. I have seen rebellious young apprentices mouthing obscenities at learned masters, and then turn around humbly begging for higher grades because they have, "tried, Sir". I have seen more emphasis placed upon the colour of pants one must wear than upon the kind of character one should develop . . . I have seen that there is something wrong not with the Way of the Great White Bear, but with the attitude of the people ruling and ruled by the system of its Way.

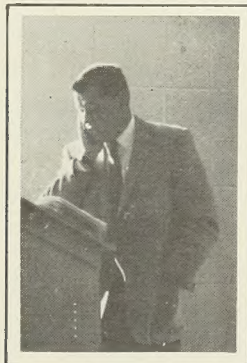
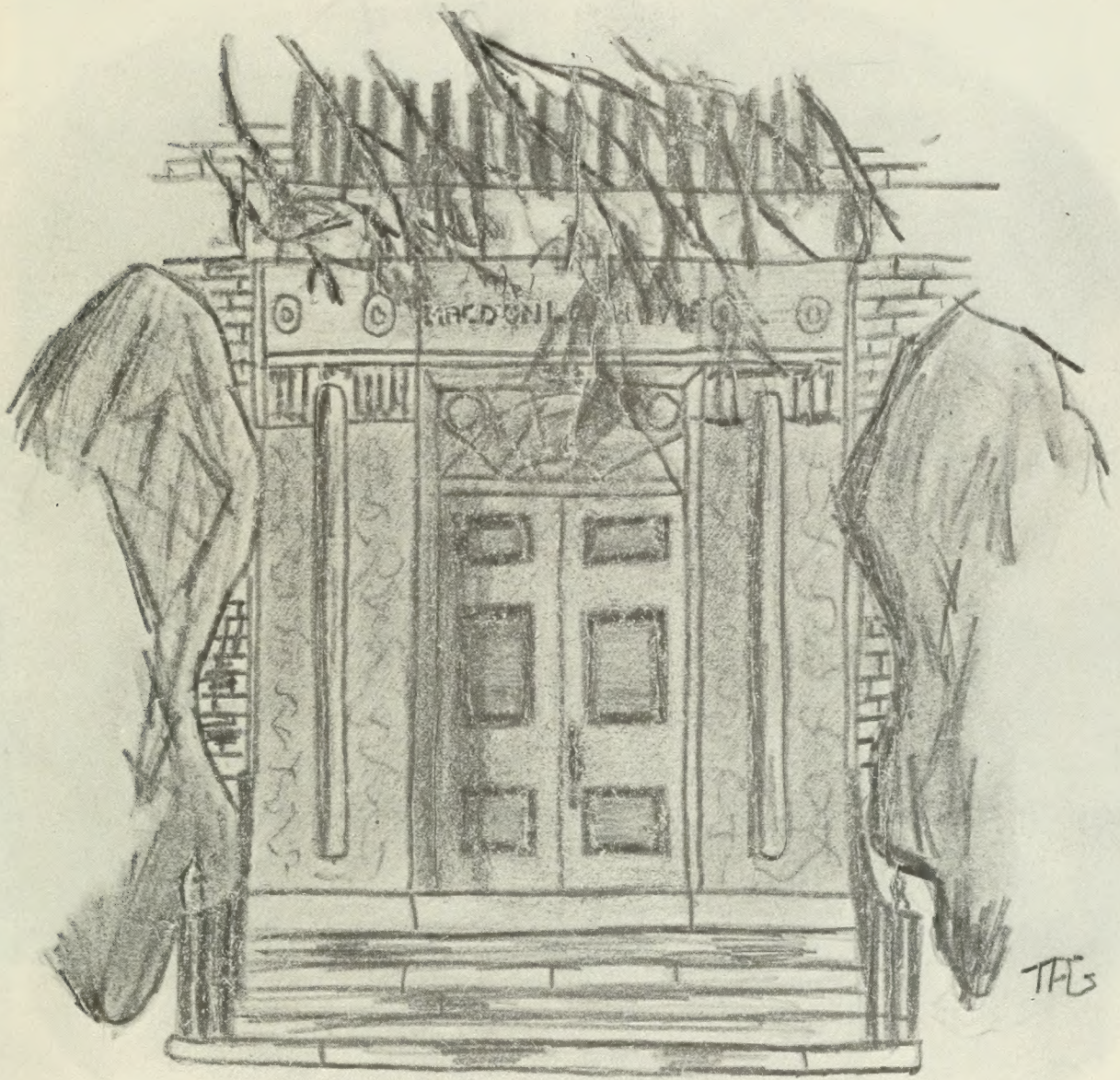
No one will think of the other fellow. No one will consider the other fellow as a friend instead of as an enemy. No one will comply with the desires of anyone else unless forced to. No one will look at himself and say, "Is there anything that I have been doing wrong?" or "How can I make things run more smoothly?" or "Why am I doing this?" No one will admit the hypocrisy governing their ideas, and no one will question the motives behind their actions. In such a state of being, no one can help by trying to improve the other fellow, for everyone must first improve himself.

For the next few years, the Great White Bear should adopt a new motto. Let it read, "And why beholdest thou the splinter in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the log that is in thine own eye?" — Matt. 7:3.

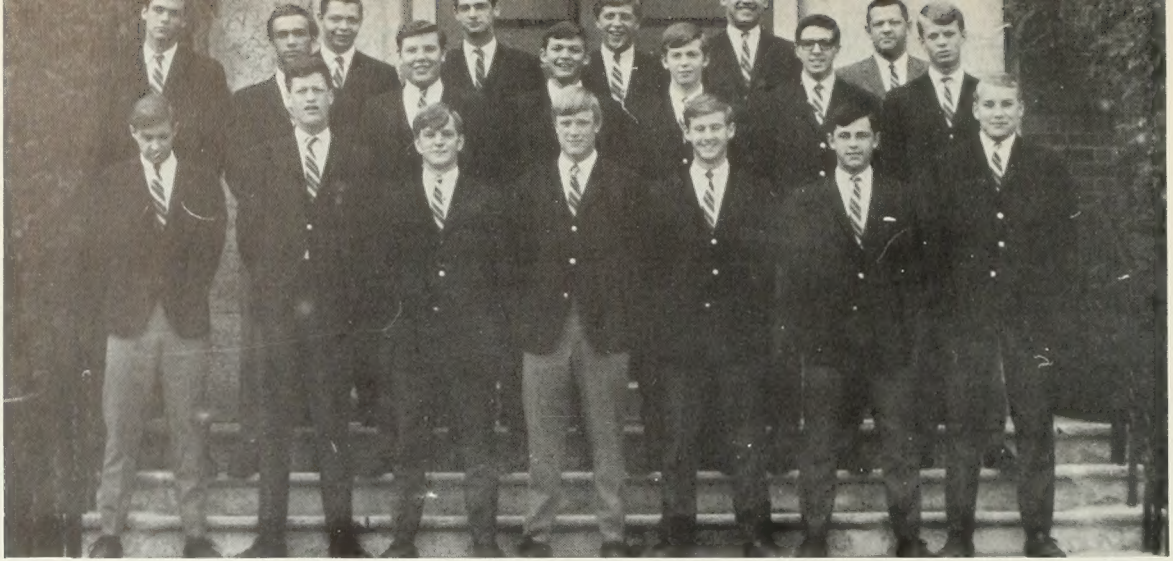
. . . Write it in Greek, please.

D. J. F. FLEMING

MAC HOUSE



W. P. SKINNER,
HOUSEMASTER

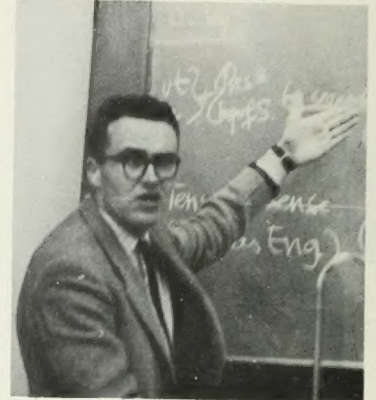
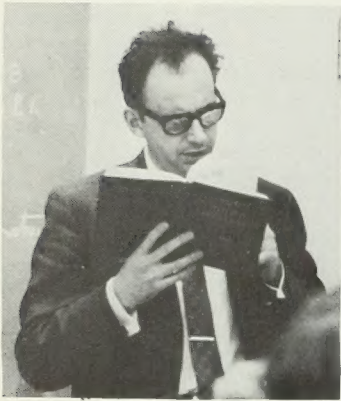


Back (L-R): Kitchen I, Nation, Shields, Higgs, Mr. Skinner.

Middle (L-R): Marshall I, Hilton, Duggan, Love I, Clarkson, Chapman, Maréchaux.

Front (L-R): Osborne, Macdonald I, Ball, Barrett, Sommerville I, Mason, Lathrop.

THE HOUSE CAPTAINS



WAR

The dawn was bright, the horizon clear.
In the brightening sky no cloud appeared,
But hearts were grey, and laughed no more,
For all the men marched off to war.

They went in rows of gleaming steel,
Shoulder to shoulder, heel to heel;
They marched away with hearts of ire,
Into the land of flame and fire.

All the men marched off to war,
And killed, and died, and were no more.
The dawn was bright, the horizon clear,
In the brightening sky no cloud appeared.

B. R. CHRISTIE, 3A

WEATHER

Sometimes good, sometimes bad, hardly can one tell,
Some need complex instruments, some foretell by smell,
Others look up in the sky, see what clouds are there,
Then they give you every choice, good or bad or fair.

Spring's most pleasant season, so some people say,
Spring of '66 no good, raining every day,
Weather's fickle, no doubt there, no one tells for sure,
One minute it is sunny, next it starts to pour.

A person could go on for days 'bout record highs and lows
Of mornings seared by sun's red rays, and evenings snarled
by snows.

The weather's strange and subtle — but I think it's time
to stop,

If I ramble on much longer, then, O Hail, my poem's a flop.

P. DAVIES II, 3A

NATURE'S WORK

Quickly it struck, very thick, and completely unexpected. Like magnetic particles of wool, snow drifted from "nowhere" and formed a magnificent white carpet covering all.

Then, as if a giant fan had been turned on, air swooped down, and scooped up the particles. They were swept across fields, flew over roads, whipping anything in their way. Snow built up on houses, forming fantastic drifts.

It stopped! As suddenly as it had started, the wind died, the snow settled, and all seemed asleep.

Slowly but surely, the world dug itself out into the wonderful fairyland of peace, and once again, man came and disturbed nature's doing.

R. L. DILWORTH, 3A



TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH

It was in June on a Saturday night after the movie. All the masters from Macdonald House were at a meeting, except one who was studying the cultural arts. The house captains were all at a dance in Toronto at Branksome Hall. That night was the night of the biggest rumble in Mac House history.

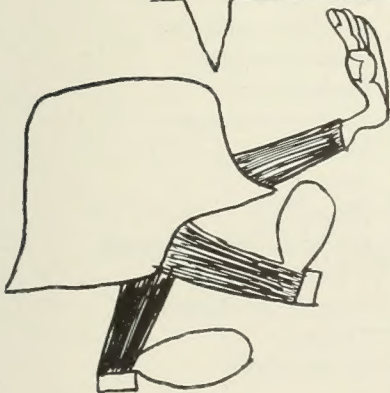
The rumble started when the illustriously coloured Greek, Karrys, heckled someone from the southern end of Mac House, entering "our" washroom. He answered back, calling Karrys a stupid northern pig. Then without a word of warning the southerner was picked up and dumped in the shower, (he nearly drowned). The southerners attacked in full force but somehow we held them off. All our water bombs were filled and placed, with the stink bombs, carefully on our beds. At this point it was a full scale war.

We slowly pushed them back down the hall. We stank out dorm 104 with seven bombs. We let a salvo of water bombs go and the hall became a miniature sea. We reached the fire escape and now they were trapped. There was no escape for them except the windows. We closed in quite quickly.

We took them all as prisoners and lined them up against the corridor wall in front of a firing squad. We raised our tommy guns and "bang" we fired. They all fell to the floor as the water gushed from our guns onto their pyjamas. In a couple of minutes, they were all swabbing the floors and airing the rooms. Later that night we heard the master say to the night watchman in a feeble voice, "Sure is quiet in the house tonight. I wonder what's wrong with them?"

C. HAWKE, U2B

ACHTUNG!

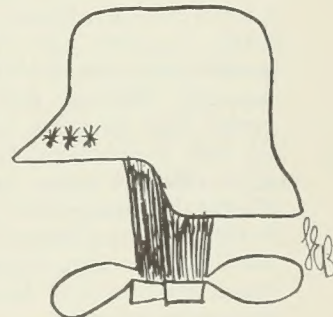


THE JOURNEY

Finally, after many hours of travel, the voyageur spied his destination. Moving around to the opposite side, he prepared to enter the assigned air-lock. After passing through the air-lock, he waited in the decontamination chamber. As the great door before him opened, he entered. Then he began a long fall through the shaft leading to the landing area at the bottom.

After a long, floating descent, he touched down on the mushy surface used to break his fall. He moved quickly to the walls surrounding the landing space and went up the steps to find the correct panel which would take him to his mission headquarters.

Once through the panel, he travelled along a series of swift-moving passages until he came to a major hallway. Moving along, he soon came to the entrance of mission headquarters. Thus the germ travelled through the body to the heart.



M. WESTCOTT, 3A

A DAY TO REMEMBER

Carl had five hours left to take a last look at the small fishing village. He tramped down the road passing the docks where a few large freighters were tied. His face was bright and gay when he thought of the happy days that lay behind him, but it turned dismal when he thought of the few hours he had left in his holiday.

He turned and walked up a dock and scanned the sea for the ship he knew was due to arrive. Carl's sharp eyes soon spotted the vessel, which was still quite a way off shore. He watched it struggle valiantly against the strong wind, tacking first one way, then the other. As Carl looked at the mouth of the harbour, he sensed something was wrong. At first he could not see what, but suddenly it dawned on him. The buoy that marked the famous "Killer Rock" was missing! The jagged rock was only ten feet below the surface and could rip a hole through metal. The ship ploughed on, heading straight for the rock!

Carl turned and fled to the one and only bar in the town where he knew the men would be drinking after coming in with their catch. When he reached it, he gave the news through gulps of air. Every occupant of the bar, with the exception of one or two drunkards, was down at the dock in a minute.

It was too late! The ship had just struck the rock, which had left a gaping hole in the hull, when they came up. Pandemonium reigned! The captain tried to restore order by shouting through a megaphone and telling everyone not to panic. The village men headed for rowboats at once, and began the laborious task of rowing to the ship. The lifeboats were being lowered into the water and the people swarmed into them, but there were not enough! Luckily the rowboats could carry the remaining people. At last the captain climbed into the last rowboat. All the while Carl remained an interested spectator. By that time, many more people had gathered. The lifeboats received a warm welcome at the docks. Sad eyes watched the poor ship retire beneath the sea. The survivors were taken to the village inn for the night.

Of all the days that he spent in that tiny fishing village on the windy, wave-swept Atlantic coast, Carl remembers the last one best.

D. HALLY III, L2

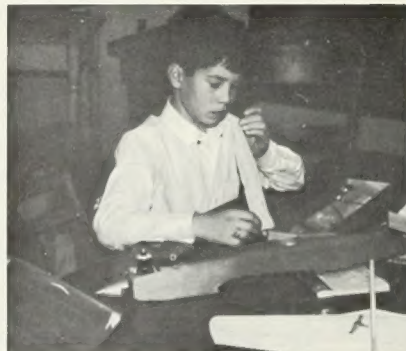
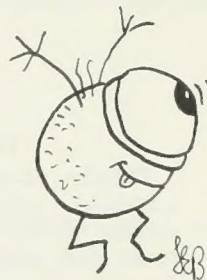
DO YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS?

Nope, but lots of people do. I don't quite understand them. People most likely do it for publicity or something, so that they'll be noticed in the paper. Ghosts are just another fantasy to me. People say Ghosts will appear at night or when you turn off the light. But obviously they are just covering up for their superstitious mistakes.

According to some people, Ghosts can appear or disappear when they want to, at any place or at any time. This is just trying to make the Ghost seem like something special. "If" there were such things as Ghosts, why should they be praised, or why should they be treated as though they were "Out of this World"? Some people scare easily, so what? Just because they jump when people pat them on the shoulder doesn't mean there's a Ghost around. Movies and comics and news clippings have been directing the attention of people towards Ghosts. Hallowe'en is another time at which the attention of people turns towards Ghosts, Witches, Black Cats and various other dreamt-up characters. It's a lot of baloney. Have you ever seen a ghost? YES ____ NO ____*. Have you ever seen goblins, witches, or Black Cats riding on brooms? YES ____ NO ____*. Well, that answers your question. H'm, still not convinced, eh? Is the word Ghost in your dictionary? Does it occur in your school work? Maybe Kindergarten. Is it world-known for truth and actual existence? I'm afraid people can't answer that simple, yet unsolved mystery. So I have to leave there, asking only one more question,

"DO YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS?"

J. DAVIES III, L2



ALONE AMONG THOUSANDS

I think the loneliest
Thing
In the whole world might
be a
High Diver.
A standout figure
Up a ladder
On a platform
All eyes on Him
All alone.
A buffeting wind.
Thoughts
Spring to His mind
What if . . . ?
Dissolution
His mind
Wavers
He hesitates on the
Platform, and the
Blood-hungry
Gore-loving
Civilized-savage
Mob
Below
Jeers
He is all alone among
thousands.
I think the loneliest
Thing
In the world
Is a
High Diver.

I. W. JONES V, 3A

THE CHAMP

'Twas back in the summer of 1904,
When bare knuckles were stylish, and John L. was
abhorred,
When a certain young braggart called Blackey
Malone,
Claimed he'd take old John L. with a blindfold
tied on.

Now everyone knew that John L. was the boss,
And they laughed and they jeered and told Blackey
he'd lose,

The crowd that had gathered was with anger alive,
So Blackey states further he'll take Sully in five.

Now the word gets to Sully that Blackey's in town,
And he says, "I'll make this joker look like a clown,"
So the bout's all arranged for next Saturday night,
And you can bet your best boots that you'll see a
good fight.

Well Blackey Malone and a bunch of his boys were
giving the bartender 'ell,
When who should come in to the dirty saloon but
the terror himself, old John L.,
Then John looks at Blackey, and Blackey at John,
and both knew that one had to go,
And John's all tensed up with his hand at his gun,
and Blackey's hard face is aglow.

"Draw" says old John, so young Blackey draws,
But he isn't as quick as old John.
So down goes Malone with a terrible groan,
And with him then slumps fearful John.

Now Blackey the Mouth never did get his bout with
the king of the knucklers, John L.,
And who would have won? — that's a difficult one,
even myself, I can't tell.

'Twould have been a rare bout, of that there's no
doubt, but best could have been either one,
But if you really must know who walked off with
the show, 'twas that character John L. Malone.

P. DAVIES II, 3A



MISCELLANEOUS JOTTINGS FROM MAC HOUSE JOURNALS

The only unhappy thing that happened today was
that I had a detention. I wish they had never been
invented.

As a result he was torchering some boys after
study.

For drama we played Julies Caesar and I died the
best.

Today my dear little dorm mates (sarcasm) woke
up at 6:00 and turned on the light which ruined
1 hr. of sleep.

At trebles poor Morland had been singing too low
because he can't sing high.

We beat the Canadiens 5-2. Bailey was in goal.
He accredits himself with the victory.

I found out that the geography test was cancelled.
I wasn't very happy.

In the math class the part that bogged me was
the addition of integers. I was terribly happy when
the period ended.

At the parking lot there was a man who was try-
ing to get in a large parking space with a Volks-
wagen. He was Chinese and was going into the space
forward.

I went to a skating party that night and that was
when I found out that they were still dull.

When returning to school I didn't wish to, but
when I arrived I changed my mind.

For lunch we had vegetable soup, then Irish rab-
bit, then Jello. Mr. Wilson was on duty.

Yesterday was a sort of poor day, I forgot to do
about half my homework in study.

Today is a sort of normal day except I made a
better developed stink bomb.

Ah! today the one day of the week with no
English.

After study I had to do ten laps extra for doing
the ones at recess so poorly. After my laps I wrote
a letter to Summerhill School in England.

PRIZE DAY 1966

Two painfully unpractised pipers led the procession to start the sixty-seventh annual prize giving ceremonies on Friday, June 10th, a hot, sunny day. After the chaplain-elect of St. Andrew's, the Reverend John M. Wilkie, had read the lesson and said the prayers, Mr. Coulter gave his annual report. It had been another excellent year for the school, especially academically, he said. He was sorry that Messieurs Allen, Bozzay, Mainprize, Pemberton, and Stahl had decided to leave St. Andrew's, but he wished them the best of luck. He went on to describe the success of the Foundation, only a year old, and also gave some wise comments on the new Grade XIII system. After a short speech by Mr. J. K. Macdonald, Chairman of the Board of Governors, who commended the Ladies' Guild, the prizes were handed out. It is worth noting that Wallace Clan won the Housser Trophy for inter-clan competition for the third consecutive year.

When the prizegiving was over, an interesting and informative speech was given by the Honourable H. P. MacKeen, Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia. With many anecdotes about his years at St. Andrew's (1906-10) and about his career since then, he kept a restless audience amused despite the heat. He then commented on the contribution of St. Andrew's to Canada in the present and in the future: the school is playing an increasingly important role in the development of this country as old boys enter business, politics, science, and the professions. After this long, but not boring, speech, the Headmaster adjourned the proceedings and the audience went to the Great Hall for tea.

LOWER SCHOOL PRIZES

GENERAL PROFICIENCY

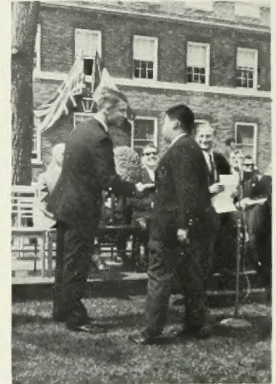
LOWER II	Hally III	90.5%
	D. Shantz	81.5%
	P. W. Baker	78.0%
UPPER II	W. C. Casselman	81.3%
	M. A. Davis	80.9%
	C. P. Stoate	77.4%
	P. A. Taylor	75.4%

SPECIAL PRIZES

The Kilgour Prize	Hally III
The Music Prize	Hally III
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Drawing Prize	G. G. Morris
Mathematics Prize	W. C. Casselman C. P. Stoate



Hally III receiving the Kilgour prize.



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FORM III	B. R. Christie	83.6%	
	E. N. Schneider	83.3%	
	I. J. Rowe	82.3%	
	I. W. Jones	79.9%	
	G. D. Hathaway	78.5%	
	R. L. Dilworth	78.3%	
	M. M. Westcott	77.4%	
	B. A. Adsett	76.2%	
	P. F. Thompson	75.8%	
	R. J. Martin	75.5%	
	R. J. Todd	75.0%	
	FORM IV	J. A. Ballard	83.8%
		W. G. Love	82.0%
J. M. Pallett		80.7%	
R. D. Pritchard		79.0%	
N. S. Smith		78.6%	
M. D. Jones		77.5%	
D. R. Harris		77.2%	
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J. C. Maynard		75.9%	
D. E. T. Somerville	75.0%		



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	B. A. Jones	80.4%
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English Prize	G. C. Dunkley II
Mrs. Victor Sifton Prize	G. C. Dunkley II
Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute Prize	G. C. Dunkley II
Ladies' Guild Essay Prize	P. S. White
Stuart B. Wood Memorial Prize	F. C. Rous
Andrew Armstrong Prize	A. M. F. Wong
Music Prize	A. W. R. Kneale
King Memorial Trophy	T. W. Gilchrist

UPPER SCHOOL PRIZES

GENERAL PROFICIENCY

LOWER VI	L. G. W. Chapman	82.6%
	G. S. B. Hally	81.9%
	F. M. E. Marechaux	81.3%
	J. Cossar	80.2%
	P. N. Nation	77.4%
	P. F. Love	76.6%
	G. E. Mason	75.7%
	C. W. B. Farrington	75.4%
	D. F. Evans	75.3%
UPPER VI	D. M. Sanger	87.7%
	F. J. Guzman	82.5%
	D. M. Bichan	81.7%
	J. D. McKeen	76.7%
	D. O. Mutch	75.3%



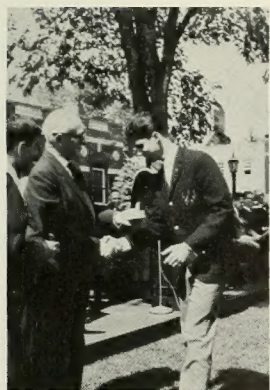
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Lieutenant Governor's Bronze Medal	D. M. Sanger
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School Prize to the Head Prefect	D. O. Mutch
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Presentation of Rifle by the Regent of the 48th Highlanders' Chapter of the I.O.D.E.	D. L. Clark
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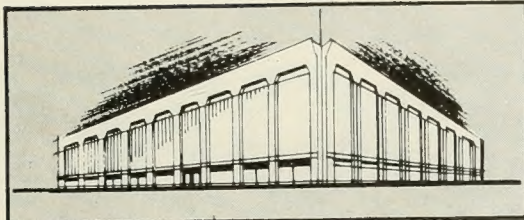
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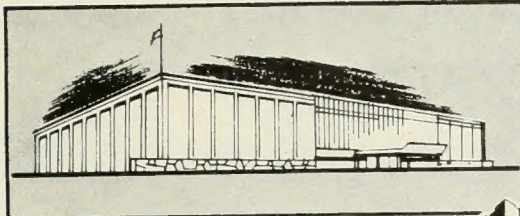
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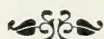
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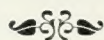
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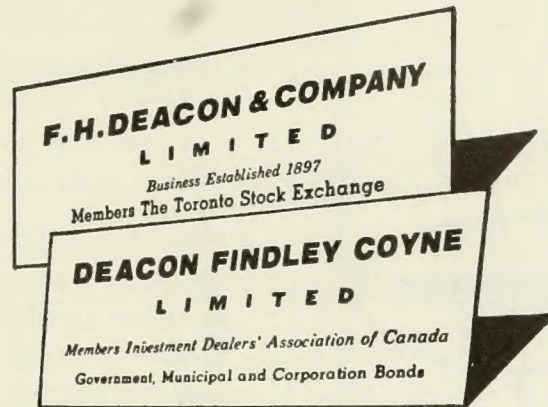
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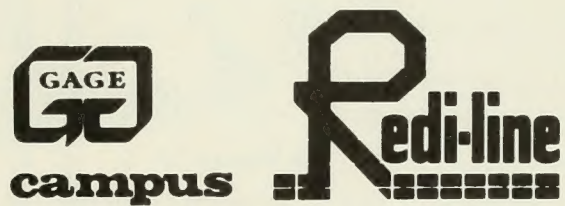
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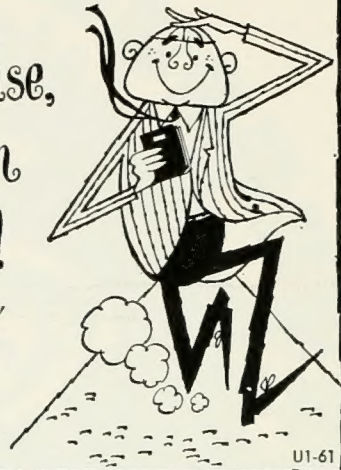


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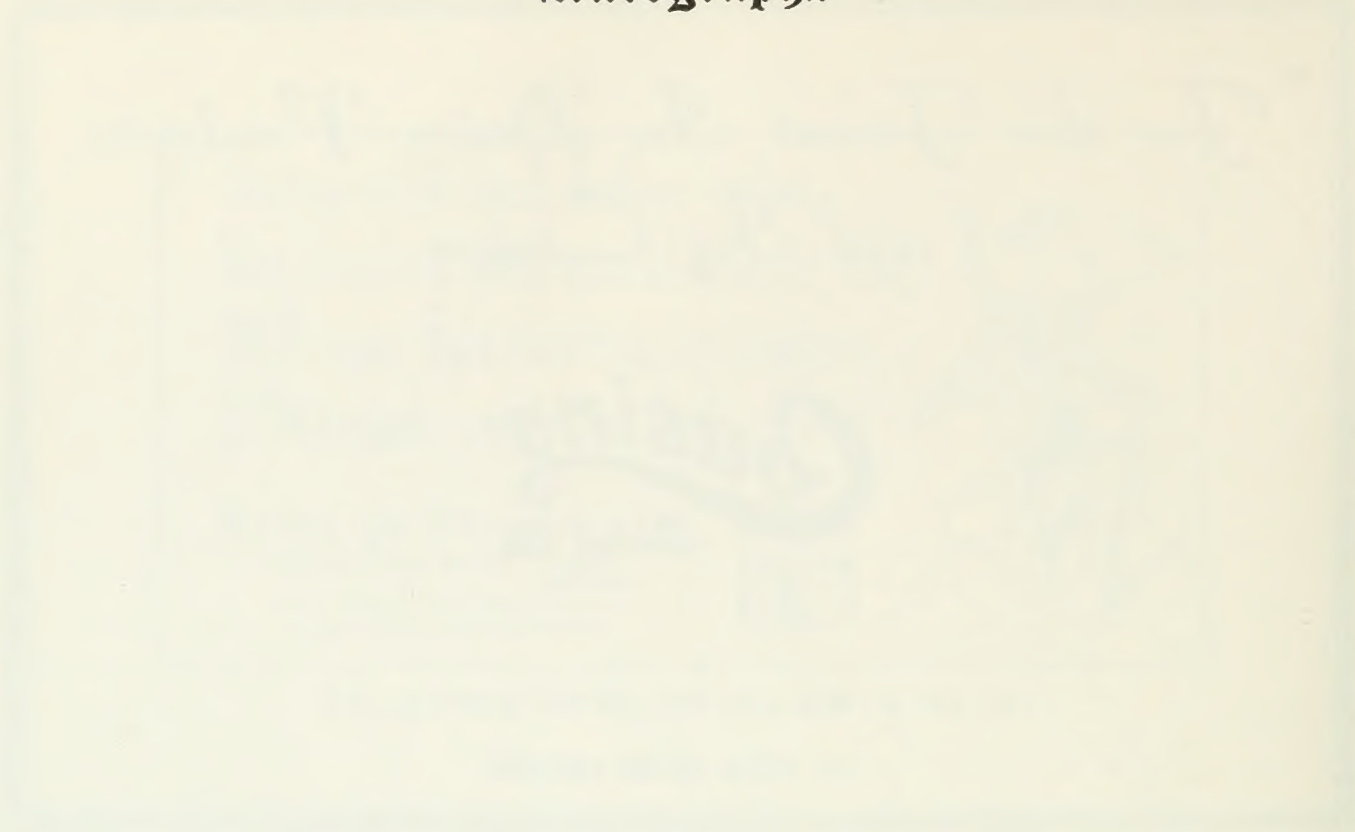
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