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# HEADMASTER'S



## F O R E W O R D

This *Review* provides ample evidence that St. Andrew's College is providing a most comprehensive extra-curricular programme to supplement excellent academic achievement. It is difficult to imagine any school enjoying a larger degree of participation in such a rich and varied educational offering.

However, although quantitative analysis in a field such as chemistry includes qualitative analysis, this condition is not necessarily true in education. In education, the quality of participation is even more important than the quantity of participation.

At St. Andrew's students are taught not only to take part, but also to lead; they are expected not to break rules, but to have the right to question the validity of rules; they gain knowledge from their masters, but they also learn to gain their own knowledge by their own efforts; they are encouraged to seek their own highest development, not for their own selfish interests only, but for the service they may give to others.

In achieving these aims, students ought to receive as much freedom as is consistent with their educational welfare. However, the philosophy of the school includes the belief that all people, adults or students, require certain kinds of compulsion. Society cannot exist, let alone progress, without law; Schools cannot function without rules and regulations. No school can provide a sound education if its students are enduring only distasteful tasks that they are forced to perform. Conversely, no good school can operate on the foolishly idealistic philosophy that all students, at all times, even with the best kind of encouraging leadership, will perform

their necessary educational tasks without some element of force.

The happy medium between extremes of authoritarian and permissive philosophies must be found for the good of education in particular and society in general. It is salutary to note today's revolt, especially among young people, against hypocrisy, harmful inhibitions and stultifying conformities. It is also frightening to observe the hate, the rioting, the irresponsibility and the sheer laziness of which so many people are guilty. We trust that St. Andrew's College is graduating students of "sweetness and light" who will be able to avoid foolish extremes and add something to the nobility of human behaviour.

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# NEW MASTERS

Mr. Johnson is one of the two new French masters at S.A.C. this year. He resides at the school, in an apartment in Flavelle House.

Mr. Johnston has three citizenships: French, Greek and Canadian. He was born in France, but at the age of ten he moved to Greece where he later attended high school. He then moved to Canada and went to McGill University. He comes to S.A.C. after teaching at Beaconsfield High school in Montreal.

The "Review" cordially welcomes Mr. Johnston to the staff at S.A.C. and hopes he enjoys his stay here.



Mr. Hemmings was born in Montreal. He was educated there at Mt. Royal High School and later went to McGill University where he received his B.S. in (P.E.D.) degree. Upon graduating he taught for nine years at Macdonald High School in Quebec. While teaching there, he obtained a French Specialist Certificate. Mr. Hemmings teaches grades 8, 11, 12 here, and donates much class time to conversational French. In sports he contributes greatly to the school by co-coaching the third football team and fencing. Mr. Hemmings lives on campus in the apartment in Memorial House. He is a welcome addition to the school and to the St. Andrew's staff and we hope his stay here will be long and successful.

L. C. Williams

Mr. Laughton is probably one of our most impressive new Masters this year. He was born, raised, and educated up to the College level in Gananoque, Ontario. From here he attended Queens and while there he played junior basketball. He graduated from Queens with a B.A. in English and History. Here at S.A.C. Mr. Laughton lives in room 100 in Mac House but he likes to call Gananoque his off campus address. He teaches English to Forms 3A, 3C, 5A, and L6C. He is a member of Douglas clan and has conducted U 15C soccer and U 16 Basketball. We wish to welcome Mr. Laughton to St. Andrew's and to wish him a successful stay.



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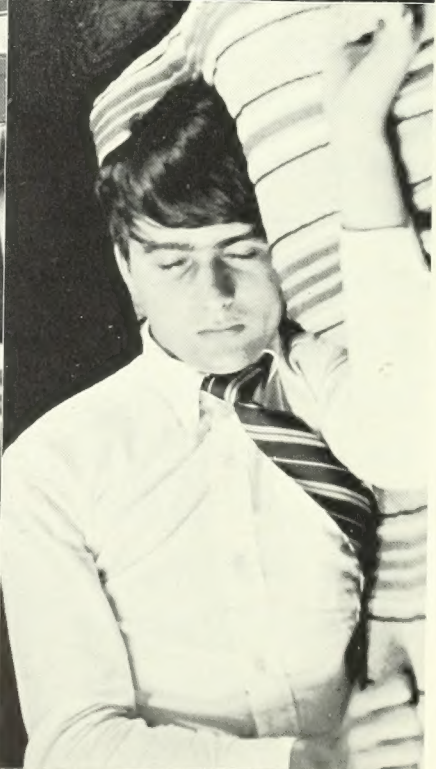
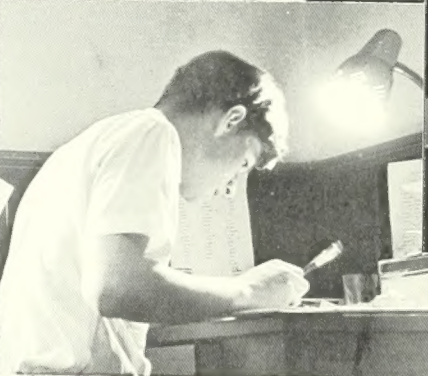
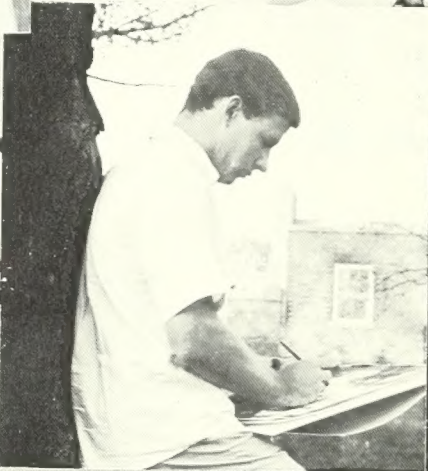
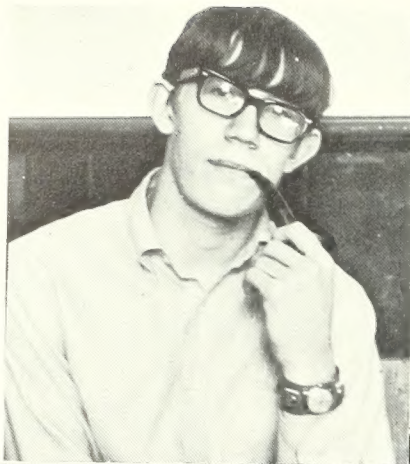
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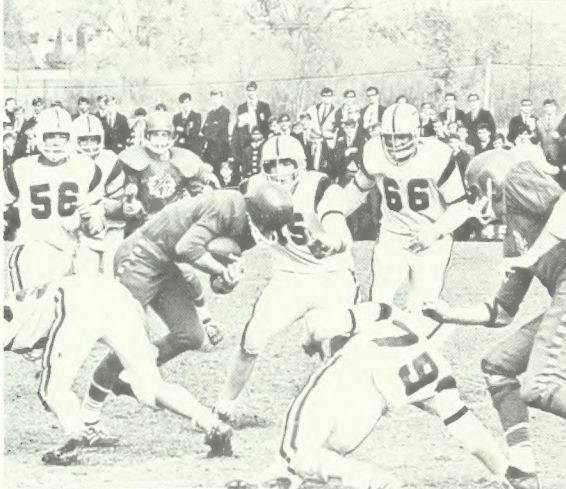
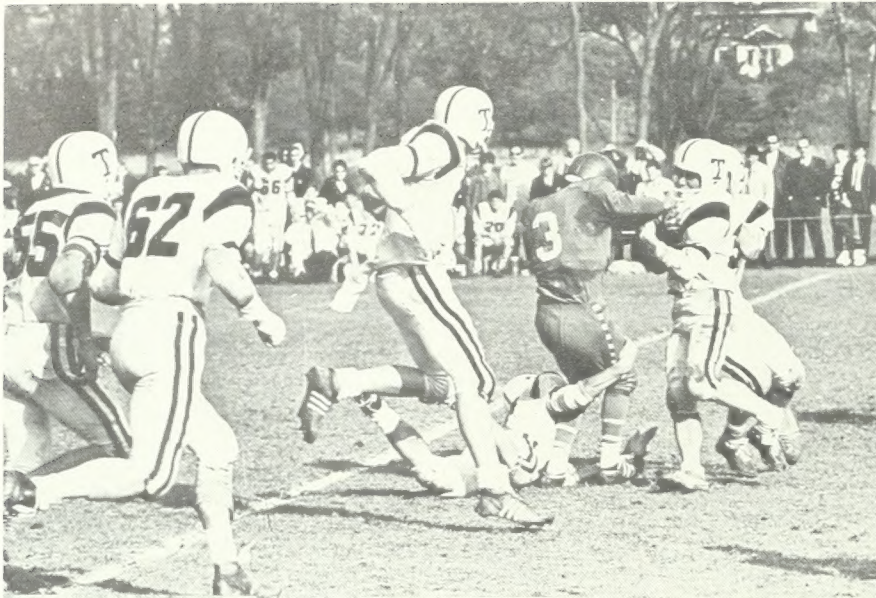
CAPTAIN OF CRICKET

G. A. Dougall

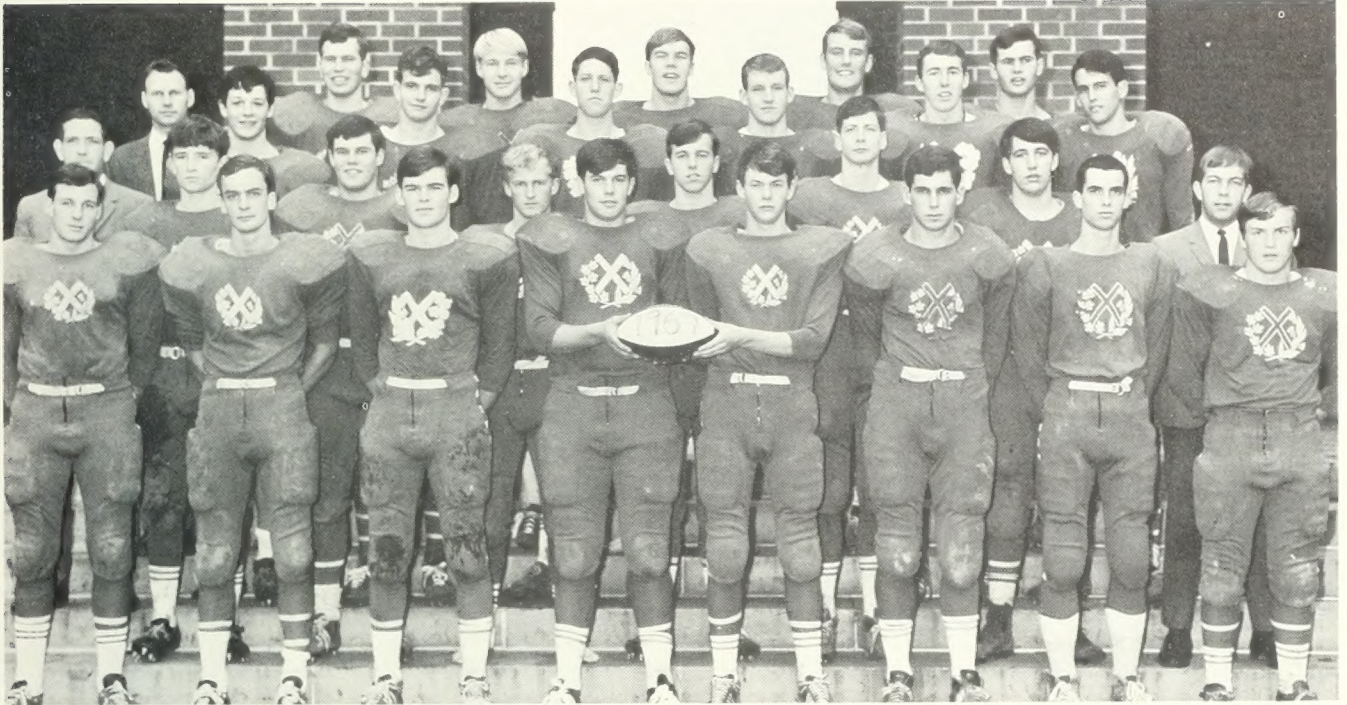
EDITORS







# FIRST FOOTBALL



*Back Row (L-R):* Mr. West, Oswell, Ballard, Whiteside, Baker, Jackson.  
*3rd Row:* Kitchen, Armstrong, Edwards I, Munro, Smith I, Dougall.  
*2nd Row:* Mr. Edwards, Rook, Forbes, Jeffreys, Housser, Brunke, Kane I, Beaumont.  
*Front Row:* Dunkley I, Dryden, Clark I, Woods (Capt.), Rous (Capt.), Brownrigg, Perry, Good.

## SEASON REVIEW — "WE TRY HARDER"

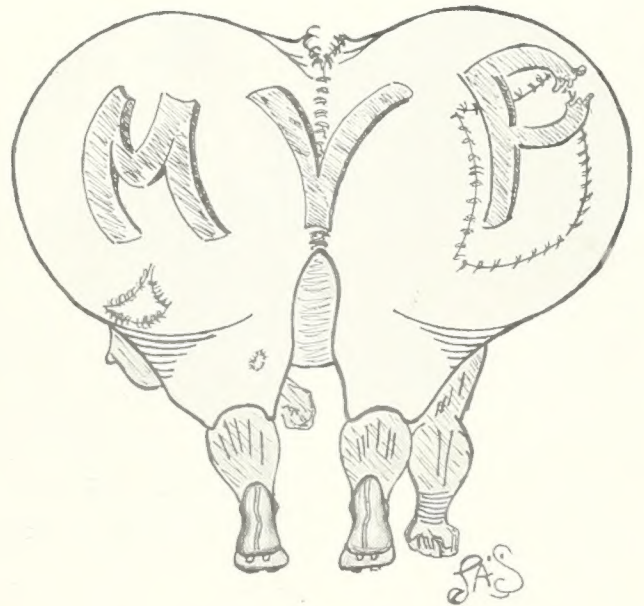
After our first football team last year, the general consensus was that there was room for improvement. With fifteen members from last year's team present, the two coaches set out to produce a team, and in fact succeeded in producing a team superior in strength, spirit and determination, a decided improvement over last year's team.

It is rather well used expression, "It's not whether you win or lose, but how you play the game," but particularly applicable to first football. Although we only won a fair number of games, I feel we had a successful season. For although we lost some important games, the ones we won overshadowed the former by far. Each player participated as a member of a team rather than an individual, which was a notable change over last year's attitude. It was this tremendous team spirit which brought victory in several very close games, especially Ridley.

Almost everyone played to his limit, some playing for the offence and defence in quite a few games. In the L.B.F. games especially, the school's support added greatly to the persistence and drive of this year's team, although the school perhaps was a bit too jealous after its victory at Ridley, when it removed some goalposts rather abruptly.

Once again however, the most impressive part of the season was marked improvement over last year's team. We may hope that this trend to improvement will continue to next year, perhaps giving an L.B.F. victory. On behalf of the team, I would like to thank the coaches and the manager for all their help throughout the season.

K.H.W.





Kitchen being tackled on U.C.C.'s 20 yd. line.

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

The day started off cloudy and overcast, but by gametime it had cleared up and our spirits were high for an L.B.F. victory. We kicked off to T.C.S. and they ran it back 20 yards which put them in a good opening position. After several minutes of steady play, T.C.S. scored and it was converted. So early in the first quarter it was 7-0. However our defense didn't give up and kept fighting T.C.S. owed the remaining 3 touchdowns to the first half with their very successful passing attacks, and this was where our defense was weak. So the first half ended 28-0.



N. Smith closing in the T.C.S. Game

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

The Saints' spirits were high following their win over Ridley. Knowing a victory at U.C.C. would give S.A.C. a co-championship they were mentally and physically prepared for the game. On the first play the U.C.C. quarterback John Harvey, threw Stu Lang a touchdown pass. From then on the breaks favoured U.C.C. The Red Men seemed to find themselves striving in the second quarter, playing like they had a week before against Ridley. However they were inconsistent and U.C.C. won the game 47-12, thus capturing the L.B.F. Championship. Paul Kitchen and John Jefferies scored the two St. Andrew's touchdowns.



R. Dryden makes a great catch through good coverage by T.C.S.

The second half showed a near miracle in motion. It was hard to believe the same team was playing. A spirited comeback kept the challengers in their ends constantly. Time after time the Saints were within the 25 yd. line, but they couldn't push it over. Then late in the 3rd quarter, Dunkley intercepted a pass and fought his way through the defense, thirty yards down the field for the Saint's first major. In the last quarter, T.C.S. scored early but our game and spirit never faltered, and we pushed our way down the field to their 5 yard line, and Kitchen dove for the Saints' touchdown. Still however, the T.C.S. defense kept us back despite consistently strong attack. The game ended in favour of T.C.S. 34-13.





D. Whiteside running—with three Ridley “Tigers” hanging on.

#### S.A.C. AT RIDLEY

We went to Ridley on a sunny day after days of rain, but our spirits were high. With the wind at their backs, Ridley started to pass early in the game and were rewarded with an early converted touchdown. Then the Saints started to battle both the wind and the Ridley defense. Dave Whiteside scored the Saint's first touchdown on a third down pass from the twelve yard line.

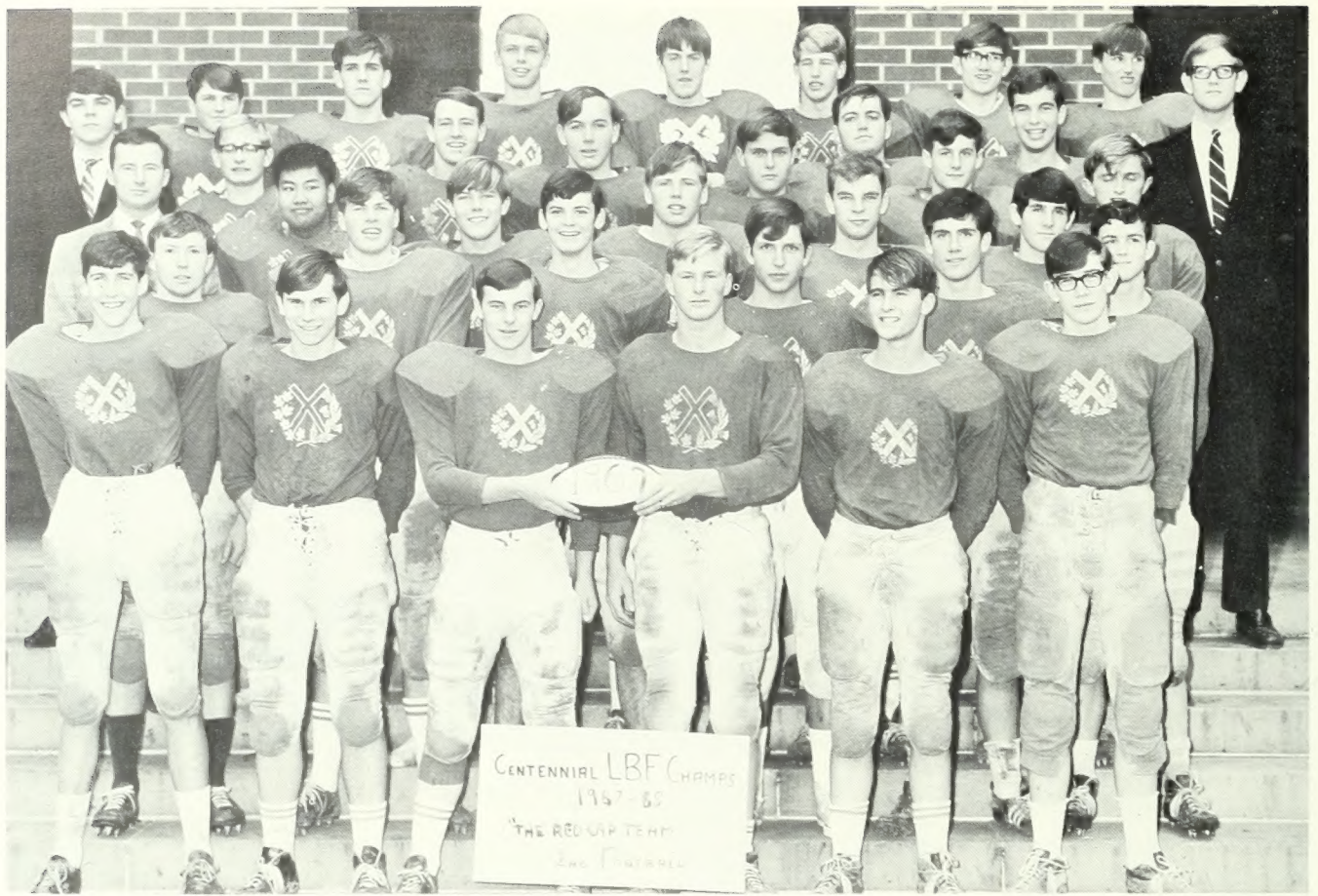
In the second quarter, both defenses played well, while the offenses seemed to stall at key points. But then the Saints started to move again, and near the end of the half, Whiteside caught another pass on Ridley's ten yard line, and carried the ball over to win the second touchdown, unconverted. So the half ended with the Saints on top 12-7.

The third quarter was much like the second. When the defense dug in. Unfortunately on a bad snap we were forced to concede a safety-touch. The score was now 12-9. Then Ridley kept advancing and we rarely got out of our own end. After stalling on our goal line, Dryden's punt was blocked which set up a Ridley converted touchdown, from the one yard line. So the third quarter ended with Ridley on top 15-12.

In the fourth quarter the Red defense held well and the offense started to move again. Twice the Saints were within the Ridley 30 yard line where they were unable to sustain their drive, once by an interception. But the Saints kept trying and with the help of some lucky penalties were able to drive to the Ridley 5 from which point Paul Kitchen bulled for the winning touchdown which was converted by Dryden. Then Ridley started a desperate drive to win, but the stubborn Red defense help and the inspired Red offense exercised good ball control and kept the Ridley tigers from scoring. Thus the game ended in a 19-15 victory for the Saints. We skinned the tigers and our hopes for our next game.



J. Jeffries being tackled low at B.R.C.



*Front Row (L-R):* Marshall, Morton, Rutherford I, Higgins I, Jolliffe, Harris.  
*Second Row (L-R):* Watt, Kaufman, Sommerville II, Clark, Henderson II, Love.  
*Third Row (L-R):* Mr. Kinney, Wong, Leitch, Wood, Gear, McEwen.  
*Fourth Row (L-R):* Pritchard, Scott, Gilchrist, CarterSkeie, Thom, Henderson I, Wilkie I, Davey, Mr. Smith.  
*Back Row (L-R):* Campbell II, Martin I, Manchee, Wilson, Pennal, Cameron, Evans.

## SECOND FOOTBALL

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

It was a beautiful day for football and as the S.A.C. Second Team ran down to the field victory was in their eyes. It was the first game of the L.B.F. and the Second's had to win it. And beat them they did, when the final whistle blew and an hour of hard football was over the score read 38-12 for the Saints.

Spirit had been high all season and it had never been higher than it was this day. Even when their cherished flag had been confiscated they still fought hard and never relented.

Although the whole team played well, honourable mention should go to Paul Higgins who led the team to the victory. He not only called a good game as quarterback but also scored three touchdowns. Other majors were scored by Robin Davey, Brian Wilson and Gord Henderson. Bill Watt was good for three conversions.

The first game of the L.B.F. was an undisputed victory for the Second Team. On they went to Ridley, Upper Canada and the L.B.F. championship.





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

We went to Ridley on a brisk, sunny day, confident and hoping for a quick victory. Perhaps we were over confident because of our win, the week before, anyway, that's the way we went into the game.

At the end of the first half, it was pretty obvious we were up against some tough opposition, as both sides remained scoreless.

In the third quarter, our offense was caught in our end zone, for one point. They kept on trying, but the offense just couldn't get a major.

In the last two minutes; the score was one pt. for Ridley, and our defensive coach almost blew his cool, until, on the last play of the game, the offense kicked a field goal, winning the game, 3-1.

D.S.

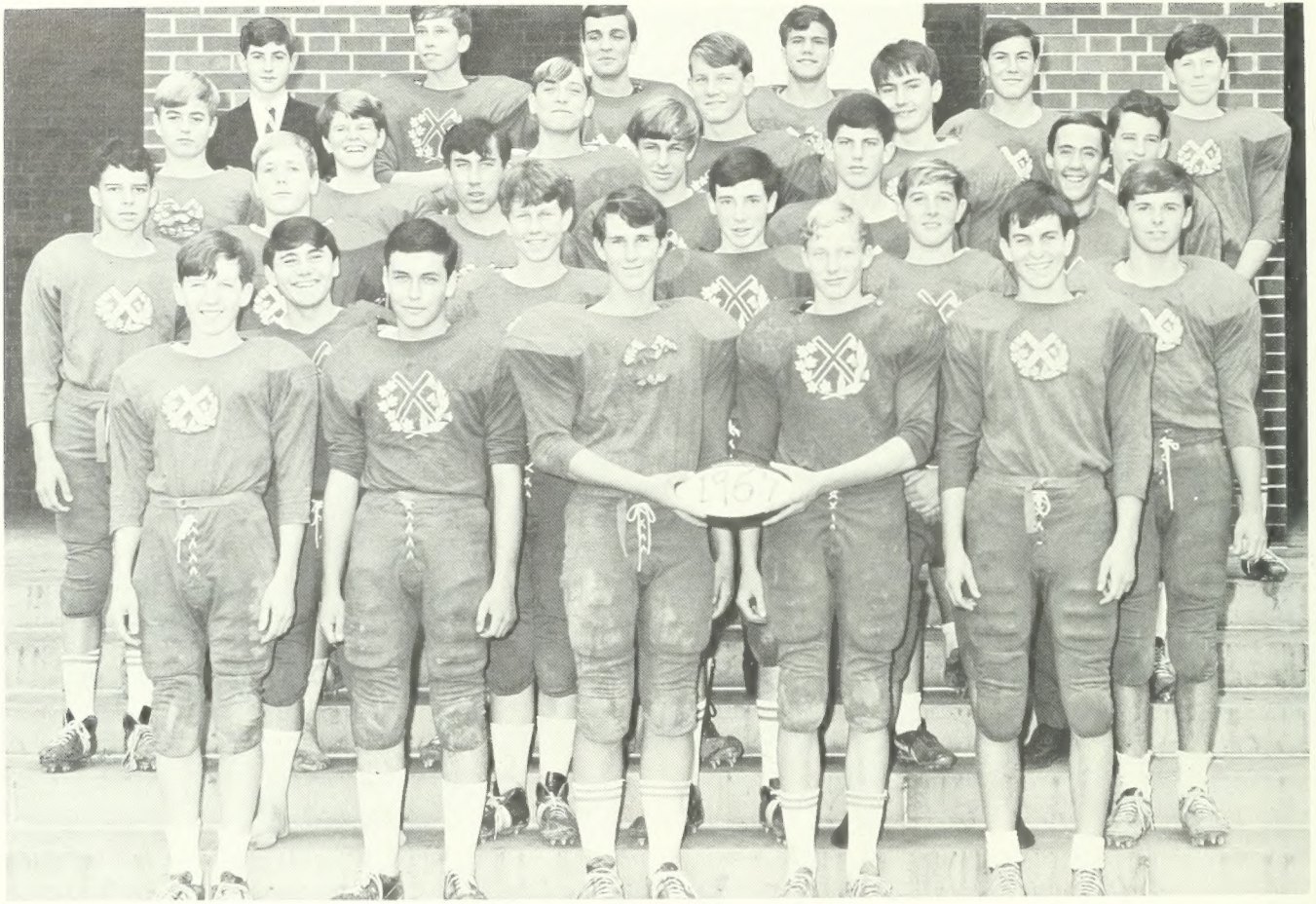
#### S.A.C. at U.C.C.

As the score would indicate this was indeed a close game. For four quarters play sec-sawed back and forth, neither offense quite able to push it through. In the third quarter however, the important play of the L.B.F. season came, when Wilson kicked a third down punt for 50 yards, and got a safety touch out of it. Play was tense however when a very determined opposition picked up the play from our offense on the seven yard line. However they didn't give an inch. Then an attempted field goal was blocked by our stalwart center Wong.

Well it was a fiercely contended match but the boom team came out on top, and an L.B.F. championship to boot.



# THIRD FOOTBALL



*Front Row (L-R):* Davis, Cary, Barnard, Patchell, Christie, Levett.  
*Second Row (L-R):* Ruse, Turner, Bryant, Morris, Ballard II.  
*Third Row (L-R):* Haust I, Hutchins, Wright, Sanger, Ratcliffe, Blackshaw I.  
*Fourth Row (L-R):* Vincent, Grass, Anderson, Dean, Banks, Macdonald.  
*Back Row (L-R):* Westcott, Percival, Gordon, Pickard, Sanderson, Johnston.

## T.C.S. at S.A.C. Thirds

In this game T.C.S. showed its power effectively. S.A.C., amply supplied with spirit and desire were simply outclassed. The Andrean defense was ineffective against the powerful opposing T.C.S. offense. Led by the running of Rodgers, T.C.S. scored three touchdowns and one conversion. The offense couldn't get rolling until it was too late, and fumbles and lost opportunities cost us the game. The game was as clean as could be asked for, and it was enjoyed by both teams despite the 19-0 score.

## S.A.C. Thirds at Ridley

In the dressing room one could sense a lack of confidence after last year's 75-0 upset for Ridley over pretty well the same team. We got the ball on a third down kick on our 35 yard line. Christie, the quarterback, showed a determined drive on several good ground plays and passes, but was forced to kick on Ridley's 40 yard line. Ridley got possession of the ball and that was the last we saw of their half of the field. Half time came with Ridley ahead 6-0.

Despite efforts by Mr. Kamcke the offense couldn't get going against a strong Ridley defense. Much credit must go to the S.A.C. defense for holding

such a powerful offense at bay for so long.

Ridley ended up with a much deserved 25-0 victory.

## S.A.C. Thirds at U.C.C.

It was a cold blistering day for football, but our spirits weren't dampened in the slightest.

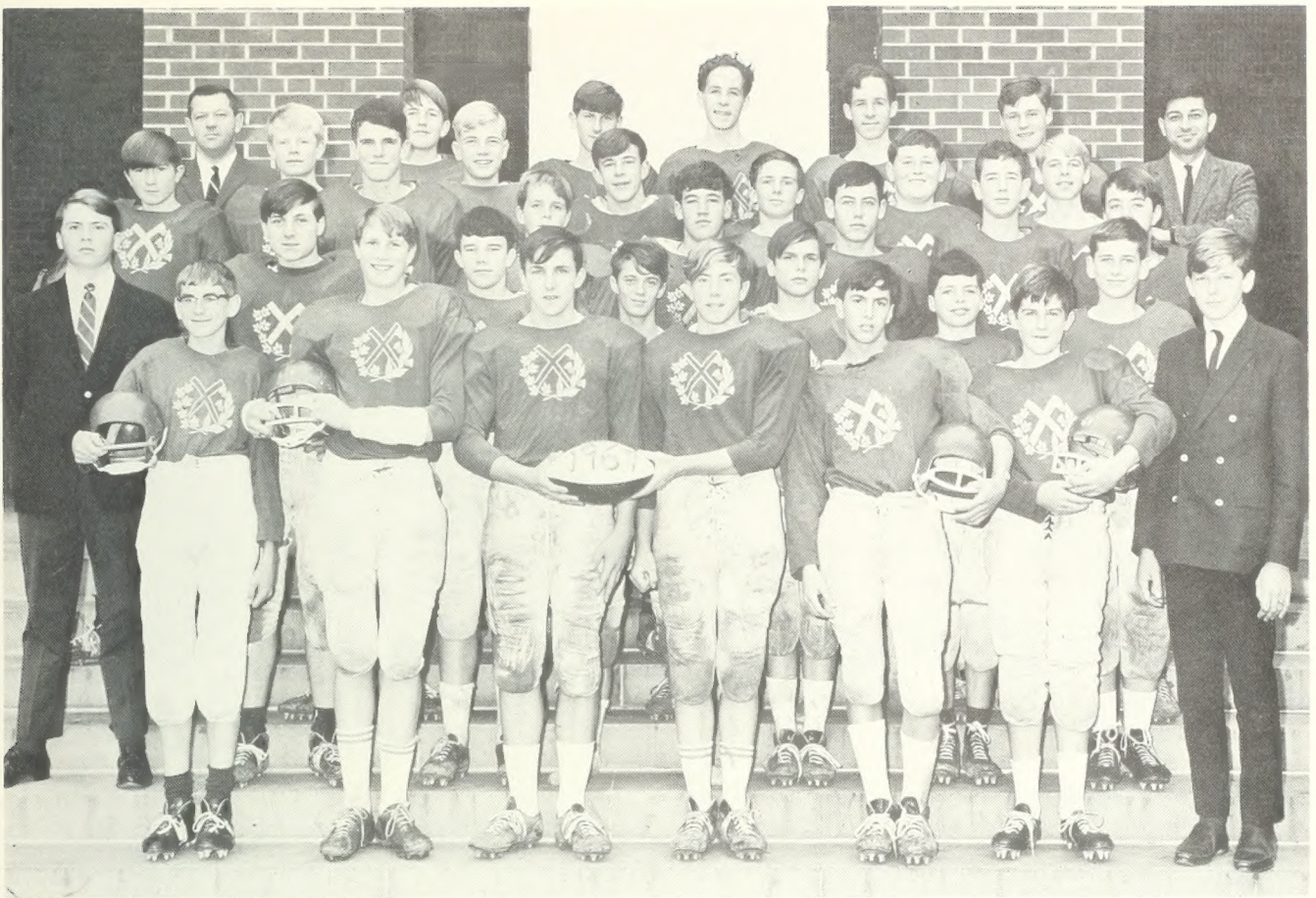
The defense was at its peak form. A special credit is due to the defensive linesmen. On the ends Gordon and Dean drove U.C.C. into the waiting arms of the tackles. The defense played a fine game all around.

The offense had lots of spirit. Ruse went into the game to assist Christie at the quarterback position.

The offense drove hard all the way down the field. Breaks were all with us until we were in a scoring position. Then we lost the ball.

The game was one of the best in our LBF season and we only lost because of a strong opposition. The score was 19-1 for U.C.C.

Many thanks to Mr. Kamcke and Mr. Hemmings for a fine season of football.



*Front Row (L-R):* Westcott II, Bosworth II, Amell, Wakelin, Toogood, Stephens II, McLaughlin.  
*Second Row (L-R):* Agar, Lyons, Housger II, Aimers, Brickman, Shortly, Whiton.  
*Third Row (L-R):* Broadfoot, Robertson, Kilpatrick, McCombe, Kayser, Ballantyne, Mackenzie II.  
*Fourth Row (L-R):* Stewart II, Hawke II, Boyd III, Sawyer, McMulkin I, Hollingsworth.  
*Back Row (L-R):* Mr. Skinner, Boukydis, Schmalz, Hart I, Hart II, Higgins II, Mr. Johnston.

## MAC HOUSE FOOTBALL

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

On Saturday, October 14, the under 15 team played T.C.S. unfortunately losing by the final score of 6-1 for T.C.S.

In the first quarter we played the best we have ever played. In the first half we caught T.C.S. in their end zone to give us a 1-0 lead. This lead lasted all the way through the game until the last two minutes of the final quarter. T.C.S. scored and we blocked the convert. The reason why they got the touchdown was because of a run right up the middle. So that was the way the game wrapped up.

M.C.L.



### S.A.C. at B.R.C.

On Saturday, October 21, the team journeyed to Ridley to meet their first lower school team. To some of us it was a grudge match because of last year's game. But, that was the past.

We got off to a bad start and were trailing 20-0 at the end of the half. Then we played football. In the fourth quarter the score was still 20-0. We had held them neatly with the defense playing a strong game. Then in the fourth quarter, Amell took the ball and went 50 yds. for a touchdown. He converted and the score stood 20-7. They scored one more and it ended up 26-7 for them. It may have been a loss in points but we won a moral victory.

T.A.

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

This was rather a disappointing game against our old rivals U.C.C. Our opponents were a pretty strong team and their passing and running attack proved it. They got four touchdowns in all and well deserved ones. On our defense, special mention should go to McCombe and MacKenzie. Amell also played well as quarterback getting our only major. So the game ended, 28-6.

# FIRST SOCCER



*Front Row (L-R): Davies I, Empey, Hatch, Glassow, Blanchard, Shinkle.*

*Back Row (L-R): Mr. Stöate, Dunkley II, Marley, Hally I, Martin II, Woolnough, Mr. Wilson.*

## **B.R.C. at S.A.C.**

This game was definitely the highlight of the soccer season. Although the ball was mostly in the Ridley end in the first half, they came back strongly in the second. Neither team really had many goal-scoring opportunities, however, a mix-up in front of S.A.C.'s net resulted in an extremely lucky goal for B.R.C., with fifteen minutes left in the game. From then on the ball belonged to the Saints who put heavy pressure on the Ridley defence. Several chances were lost as the S.A.C. forwards were unable to maintain the pressure in the B.R.C. goalmouth.

In general it was a game in which both teams played brilliant soccer. Ridley must be congratulated for their win.

A.N.H.



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

For our second game of the L.B.F., we were hosts to the team from T.C.S., and we were definitely intent on winning to make up for our 1-0 loss to B.R.C.

The day, which most unfortunately seems typical of all L.B.F. encounters was quite poor, being cold and wet, and having rained the night before. Once the game got underway, however, the sun came out and the wind died down, so that it was a good day for soccer.

Having won the toss, we started play with the wind, and were not long in finding out that our opponents were far from formidable. Most unfortunately, we were kindered by a forward line weak in shooting, but nonetheless, after twenty minutes, Webber put a beautiful pass across the goal which R. J. Martin quickly put in the net. At the end of the half we were 1-0 still, and pressing harder every minute.

During the second half we were going against the wind, where we play our best, and we held them almost entirely in their end, but were still unable to score. However, at the twenty-five minute-mark, R. J. Martin took a corner shot which he proceeded to curve beautifully into the goal; a T.C.S. player attempted to block the shot, but too late, and we went ahead 2-0, to stay there until the end of the game.

Throughout the game the half-back line of Blanchard, Hatch, and Davies II played exceptionally well, especially Hatch who played at both ends of the field almost constantly.

With a L.B.F. victory under our belts, we then set about preparing for a rematch with B.R.C., and this time to win.

D.M.



## S.A.C. at B.R.C.

The First XI left for St. Catherine's in high spirits, despite the fact that they knew Ridley had to be beaten by two goals, so that the Saints could win the L.B.F. As before S.A.C. controlled the ball throughout the first half. Early in the game Glassow was fouled and he scored on a penalty shot. Unfortunately Ridley came out right on top in the second half and the goal they scored produced a demoralizing effect on S.A.C. Ridley kept a fierce attack going to the final whistle, and hardly left the Firsts a shot on net.

It was a disappointing ending to a game we needed to win so much. The final score: 1-1.

A.N.H.

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

For the last game of the season, if the 1st XI could beat U.C.C. they would be L.B.F. co-champs. Winning this one meant a lot to the Red Team!

The game, played at U.C.C., was held on a dull grey day with little wind, which promised a good game of soccer. The first was fairly even, with much mid-field play, but with S.A.C. getting many more shots on goal. Then, at the twenty minute mark, there was a scramble in front of the U.C.C. net, during which Woolnough put the ball away. The game proceeded along the same course as before, and at half-time the Firsts were still ahead 1-0. During the second-half the game turned sharply in favour of S.A.C., who maintained a steady barrage of shots on goal, but failed to score. The game ended 1-0, but the score should have been much higher. Throughout the game Hatch and Webber played exceptionally well.

As a result of this win, the First XI were L.B.F. co-champs along with Ridley for the year of 1967, and were also informed that next year they would be playing against the U.C.C. First XI, quite an honour seeing how the U.C.C. First XI play in a semi-professional league. The season had been highly successful for the Firsts, with only half a goal scored on them per game. The team wish to express their thanks to Mr. Stoaate and Mr. Wilson for such successful and many times humorous training, and also to the team captains, Glassow and Hatch, for their very able leadership in so many games.

D.F.M.

## First XI vs. Masters

On a raw, wet, and cold day, early in November the school sports scene was once again enlightened by the annual Masters Soccer Match. Masters kicked off with an all out offensive, fit to chill the soul of any member of the Firsts. Unfortunately they forgot the ball and the Firsts promptly scored.

The battle see-sawed back and forth, but by half-time the Masters were faced with a two goal deficit.

Early in the second half the Firsts were three goals up and the action heightened considerably. An unfortunate injury to one of the masters somewhat dampened the excitement of the match.

A penalty shot resulted in another First team goal as the game drew to a close.

Two minutes before the end, a somewhat questionable goal was awarded to the Masters. (Somewhat dubious, I say because the same referee called an offside for a First Team member being in front of his own net!)

However, the game ended on a satisfying note, regardless of the score, and both teams enjoyed the fine competition.

A.N.H.

# SECOND SOCCER



*Front Row (L-R):* Johnston I, Smith II, Warren, Gibb, Warnica I, Lampel, Jones I.  
*Back Row (L-R):* Mr. Stoate, MacAdam, McKenzie I, Dunkley II, Martin II, Yule, Murray, Mr. Wilson.

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

We took an early lead in the first half by scoring two goals. Lampel scoring the first, the second goal came when Gibb placed a good kick to Dunkley, who nicely avoiding T.C.S. defensemen, put it past for number two. In the second half, Dunkley scored again and Warren made the final of the game. Trinity's lone goal came through a defensive foul-up which could have easily been avoided.

Credit may go to T.C.S.'s goalkeeper who was one of the best that had faced us to-date.

## S.A.C. at Ridley

The weather was cold as the buses rolled up to Ridley on Saturday, October 21, and the Second team soccer was not in a very hopeful mood since Ridley had beaten us 3-1 earlier in the season. This meant that to stay in contention for the L.B.F. title we had to beat B.R.C. by three or more goals.

In the first half of play, St. Andrew's was, to say the least, overwhelmed. The Ridley players kept up a constant barrage of shots on goal and credit should be given to Tony Gibb who played an extremely good half, keeping the score nil-nil.

However, as has been typical of Second team soccer during the last two years we came back very strongly in the second half. After about ten minutes of play Geoff Dunkley spurred the team on by scoring from left field taking full advantage of a Ridley defensive lapse. This goal gave the team the added momentum it needed for the rest of the game. About ten minutes later Steve McAdam, on right wing, scored with a well placed shot in the top right hand corner of the net to bring the score to 2-0. Now the Ridley team was not playing well at all and

McAdam took advantage of this again by scoring on a pass from the left, putting the final score at 3-0.

Beating Ridley was an important victory for St. Andrew's and we left Ridley hopeful for a similar victory over U.C.C.

D.D.J.

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

This was the big game for the Seconds. We had beaten Trinity and a close triumph over Ridley left us with only U.C.C. between us and the L.B.F. championship.

We didn't play quite up to par due to the overall tenseness of the team but while the action seldom got past our fullbacks were were unable to score in the first half.

The second half began with knowledge that we had to score. This half had everything that a soccer fan loves — fancy footwork, headings, fast action, and very close calls around the goal mouth as pressure was applied by both teams. Our big chance came when Johnston, on a throw-in, got the ball and in his memorable unimitatable style flashed through about five defenders and drilled it in with about five minutes to go. The remainder of the half was one of hectic attempts by U.C.C. to even it up and equal to the occasion were the S.A.C. defensive players.

This was one of the most successful years in soccer history of the school and thanks should be given to the teams and managers who made it all happen. Special thank yous to Mr. Stoate and Mr. Wilson our sometimes wet and suffering coaches who gave their time, talent and wit(?) and seldom got more than collisions in return.



# MAC HOUSE FIRST SOCCER



*Front Row (L-R):* McMulkin II, Jones III, Davies III, Daly, Sanchez I.  
*Middle Row (L-R):* Murrel, Allan, Brownrigg II, De Narvaez.  
*Back Row (L-R):* Wilkie II, Hally II, Mr. Inglis.

## U 15 A at T.C.S.

Our first L.B.F. game turned out to be a decisive victory for us. Not only did we have a bad defense and weak offense opposing us, cheering urged us to pile up points till the score stood 8-0 at the final whistle. Although Davies III and Sanchez I played an outstanding game, the team played together to produce this satisfying victory.

## U 15 A vs. B.R.C.

Unfortunately for us the score did not seem to indicate the play! We seemed to have trouble getting our team rolling. The score in fact should have been, at the most, 3-1 for Ridley. The spirit was good, but the playing was not up to par. There were a few great individual efforts made by Denarvez, Wilkie, Brownrigg, and Hally but we lacked real team effort.

The actual score was 5-1 for Ridley, S.A.C.'s goal being scored by a rookie Sanchez I. I am now positively sure that crowd participation helps, but I hope we could live up to our support in future games.

D.D.I.

## U 15 A vs. U.C.C.

This game was a great victory for the Saints. This is reflected by the fantastic score of 9-0 for St. Andrew's. By the end of the first half the score was 2-0, and, after the break, the Saints came back and played better than ever for seven more goals. Both teams played well but I hope that next year we will get stiffer competition from this team.

# MAC HOUSE THIRD SOCCER



*Front Row (L-R):* Mr. Laughton, Blackshaw III, Stoate II, Gray, Price, Sanchez II.

*Middle Row (L-R):* Fletcher, van Giezen, MacLean II, Noble.

*Back Row (L-R):* Campbell, Crosbie, Haust II, Dobbin II, Francis.

# MAC HOUSE SECOND SOCCER



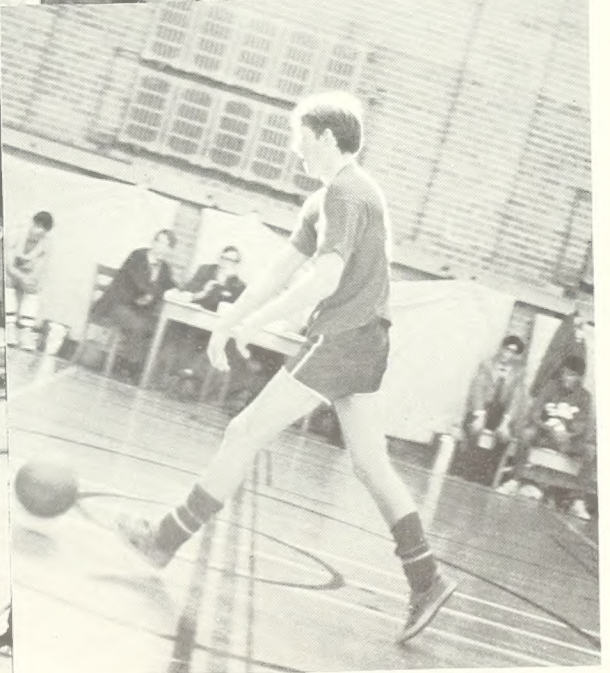
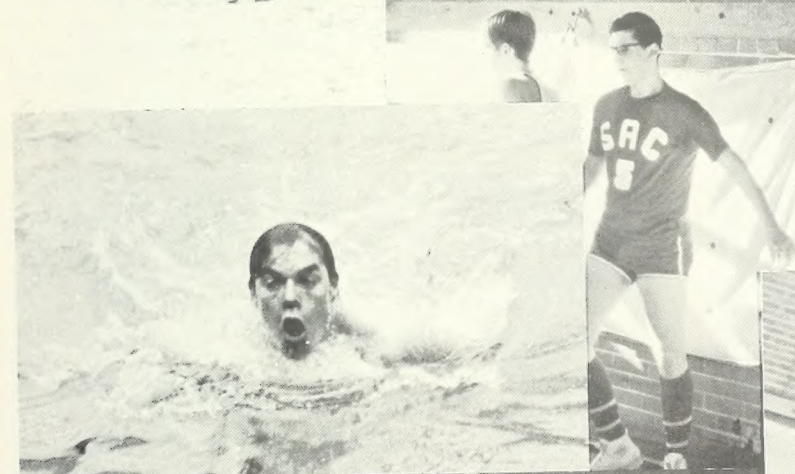
*Front Row (L-R):* Teizka, Flemming, Whittaker, Duder, Sanchez III.

*Middle Row (L-R):* Boland, Jessel, Fairlie, Baker III.

*Back Row (L-R):* Blackshaw II, Mr. Ray, Edwards II, Ross, Kenney, Peters, Hogg.



# "WINTER"





*Front Row (Left to Right):* Ruse, Woods, Rutherford I, Davies I, Love.  
*Middle Row (Left to Right):* Rutherford II, Grass, Rous, Hally I, Martin II,  
 Kitchen, Mr. Edwards.  
*Back Row (Left to Right):* Gilchrist, Amell, Ballard I, Higgins I, Morton,  
 Patchell I.

## FIRST HOCKEY

This year's First Hockey team had a very successful season. They made a tremendous improvement over last year's record and had several excellent victories.

The most exciting game of the year was against Appleby. Appleby was known to have an excellent team but St. Andrew's, through skill and determination defeated them 4-2.

The record for the season was 4 wins, 3 ties, and 6 losses. We defeated Bradford twice 10-0; 5-2; Appleby 4-2 and the Old Boys 5-2. We were defeated by Lakefield, U.C.C., Huron Heights, Ridley, and Newmarket.

This year was the first full year of use for the new Aurora Arena. We were able to practice there several times a week, which is a tremendous improvement from last year. The arena, I'm sure, will give the S.A.C. hockey teams extra practice, and will make a tremendous improvement in the future.

The team was quite young and had quite a few injuries; however, the will to win or at least to try one's hardest until the final whistle never gave out. This was a major factor in the excellent spirit of this year's team. The spirit should carry onto next year with the younger members of the team and will make for an excellent team.

Many thanks to our coach, Mr. Edwards, who encouraged, yelled at, swore at, consoled, and instructed our team.  
 K.H.W.



# SKIING

Cutting through an inch of fresh powder, feeling the icy tang of the wind on your face, these are a few of the surface joys of skiing. This year, Andreans were able to indulge their craving for skiing more fully and learn the subtler skills of the sport. There was skiing on Sundays, and for non-athletes (non-athletes in the mind of the school, though to call a skier a non-athlete borders on sacrilege) Wednesdays. We were treated to some of the best skiing in Ontario as we went to Horseshoe Valley, Georgian Peaks, and Blue Mountain.

On the homefront, there was the cross-country ski race. Forgetting all they had learned during the year, the school's skiers slogged through a slow, mushy course, Brian Marshall won the race with Nick Hally second.

And so another year of skiing ended. All were sad it was over, but a little bit older and a little bit wiser they are better prepared for next year.

G.C.D.



# CURLING

Curling was held at the York County Curling Club on Thursdays again this year. However, the season was livened up this year by participation of the St. Andrew's boys games against Newmarket High, Pickering College, and even against our own masters.

Three S.A.C. curlers took part in the Cousin's Dairy Mixed Bonspiel in Bradford with assistance coming from Newmarket High.

The most enjoyable game was that with the masters, Messrs. Coulter, Bennet, MacPherson, and West went down gracefully 6-4 against the 1st team.

For those of you that understand the scoring of curling, the games went as follows.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
S.A.C.	1	2					4	5			10-2 S.A.C.
P.C.		3									
S.A.C.		1	3	5							4-2 S.A.C.
N.H.		2	4								
S.A.C.		2	3	6							4-3 N.H.
N.H.		1	4	5							
Boys		1	3	4	6						6-4 Boys
Masters			2	5							

Although the Cousin's Bonspiel was an adult mixed bonspiel we were allowed to enter and perhaps gave the older folk some cause for worry. The day at Bradford went as follows.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
S.A.C.	2				4	5	7				8
1st Game		1	3				6				
S.A.C.	3		5	6	7						
2nd Game		1	2	4		8					
S.A.C.			2		5		6	7			
3rd Game		1	3		4		8	9			

Curling is fun. Sweeper McBroom Jr.

D.M.D.



# SECOND HOCKEY

## SEASON SUMMARY

It cannot be said that this year our team had a winning season (1 win, 9 losses), but, as in the past, the Seconds showed a lot of enthusiasm and grit.

Our best game of the season was against U.C.C. for the second time. We lost 5-3. With a few breaks, we could easily have been the winning team. Against Ridley there was little hockey played by either side, and the 6-1 score in favour of Ridley was not really an indication of their strength. In the last game of the season against T.C.S., we lost 2-0; again, we should have doubled their score if our forwards had not, in their eagerness, shot inaccurately.

The goalies of the Second team should be given special credit for their steady work in goal. On our team, they never had an idle moment.

I think everyone had an enjoyable season, although frustrating as it may have been, and the team extends its thanks to Mr. Coburn who persevered through more losses than he must care to remember. Victory will surely come. Would you believe next year, Coach?

Most valuable players were James Rook and Carr Hatch.

C.H.

*Front Row (L-R):* Vincent, Warren, Hatch, Wilson I, Anderson.  
*Middle Row (L-R):* Thom, Smith I, Munro II, Martin I, Rook.  
*Back Row (L-R):* Wong, Stephens I, Martin III, Mr. Coburn.



# THIRD HOCKEY



*Front Row (L-R): Turner II, Roots, Sanderson, Sara, Depew, Baker II.  
Centre Row (L-R): Marshall II, Wright, Jones II, Kline, Bryant, Haust I, Mr. Kinney.  
Back Row (L-R): Hutchins, Dobson, Wilkie I, MacKay, Yule.*

## SEASON'S SUMMARY

Although this year's Third Hockey Team did not do as well as last year's team, it still had some exciting games that were very well played. Our weaknesses were certainly not due to poor coaching, as Mr. Kinney brought us a long way and got us in shape with some tough practices. On behalf of the whole team I would like to express thanks for his help and patience.

After a few practices we had our first game at B.R.C. This proved to be the hardest game and the worst loss as we were outscored 5-1. Although we were without the services of Roots for this game we tried our hardest and lost to a better team.

The next game was against U.C.C. at Aurora. After a crushing defeat at B.R.C. we came out ready

to play hard and skate fast. We did play hard and we did skate fast but again we came out on the wrong side of a 4-0 score. In a hockey season with few wins I shall have to describe at least one. My choice of the win was a game against Lakefield. The first time we played Lakefield in Aurora we lost 4-2. After this game we knew that we needed another chance against that team. At the end of the first period we were ahead 1-0 and at the end of the second we were behind 2-1, then with a bit of luck, a deflected shot went in and we went on to win 3-2. We lost a very hard fought game to T.C.S. 4-2 to end the schedule with 3 wins, 1 tie, and 6 losses. This was not very impressive, true, but we played our best and enjoyed the season.



*Front Row (L-R):* Stoate II, Brickman, Wakelin, Toogood, McKenzie III.  
*Centre Row (L-R):* Fairlie, Shortly, Stephens II, Jessell, Sawyer.  
*Back Row (L-R):* Hart, Higgins II, Housser II, Boyd III, Kayser, Mr. Skinner.

## LOWER SCHOOL 1st HOCKEY

This Year's Lower School's First Team had a reasonably successful season.

On Jan. 17th, Ridley visited us and went home the winner after a hard-hitting game.

Almost two months later, we visited T.C.S. This was near the end of our season. This proved to be our best game of the season. Even though we lost 3-1, we outplayed them the whole game. The only factor that made any real difference, was that they had all the breaks.

Our last game of the year was against U.C.C. and proved to be the worst. After their first two goals, our team lost confidence and spirit and so we fell apart. They put three more goals in the net and the game ended up with them blanking us 5-0.

However, we would like to thank our coach, Mr. Skinner for forfeiting some of his valuable time to coach us.

J.W.







Front Row (L-R): Allen, Tcyzka, Flemming, Baker II, McMulkin II, McLean II.  
 Middle Row (L-R): Pritchard, Boland, Martin IV, Hally II, Whittaker, Dude.  
 Back Row (L-R): Hart, Hawke. II, Koster, Hollingsworth, Warnica II, McCombe.

## MAC HOUSE SECOND HOCKEY

This year although the team won only two games they played their best all the time and we were plagued by bad luck all season meeting teams who had better players than we had.

We had a very good coach, who, when we were losing told us how to improve our checking and this was a great help to the team. So I, on behalf of the team, would like to thank Robert Pritchard who really helped the team and to extend congratulations to Frank McMulkin, our M.V.P.

A.D.H. & P.B.

### SCORES:

Game No.	Us	Opponent	
1.	0	U.C.C.	10
2.	1	B.R.C.	7
3.	3	Lakefield	1
4.	1	Pickering	4
5.	2	St. Georges	6
6.	0	Pickering	4
7.	5	Hillfield	0
8.	4	Havergal	5
9.	0	St. Georges	4
10.	1	U.C.C.	6



# FIRST BASKETBALL



*Front Row (Left to Right):* Edwards, Perry, Marshall I, Henderson I.  
*Back Row (Left to Right):* Mr. Smith, Carter, Dougall, Braymore, Armstrong, Wilson II, Dixon I, Mr. Coulter.

## **B.R.C. at S.A.C.**

St. Andrew's firsts played Ridley only once this year, on Saturday, February 3. It was played at St. Andrew's. The team knew that if they wanted to win a championship they had to defeat Ridley this time because there was no second chance.

For the first half, the game was very close. Both teams played well. At times the game was wide open with many fast breaks and a lot of running on our small gym. The score at the end of the half was 25-19 for Ridley. The third quarter saw St. Andrew's losing to Ridley. The Saints took too many time outs to regroup and halt the Ridley drive. In the last 12 minutes of play the home team came from behind to win 59-54 in what was a very exciting finish. St. Andrew's had a narrow lead with about a minute left when Ridley applied a full court press. The Saints kept their poise, though, and won. In the fourth quarter Edwards came off the bench to sink four foul shots in a row. This was perhaps the turning point of the game.

The high scorers for St. Andrew's were: Wilson with 22, and Armstrong with 12.

It was a great start to the Little Big Four Season. St. Andrew's now had to concentrate on the other two Little Big Four teams, Upper Canada College and Trinity College. The victory over Ridley gave the Saints the confidence they needed. It proved to the team itself that they were able to win the championship.

R.J.P.



The Saints second to last game was played at St. Andrew's against Upper Canada on Saturday, February 24. The Saints had lost their first game with Upper Canada by three points, and they had sworn revenge. The Saints had to win the total points series to hold on to their chances for the L.B.F. championship, and they all knew it would be a tough game.

From the starting whistle the Saints took command and scored three unanswered baskets. The Saints speed and agility kept the ball away from the blue uniforms and at the end of the first half the score was 36-21.

At the beginning of the third quarter the Saints came on to the floor confident they weren't going to lose any of their lead. They kept on the attack throughout the whole half and this led to the final score of 68-43.

The red team almost completely dominated the game, as they outhustled, outshot, and outrebounded the "blue machine". The Saints forced the play with excellent defensive play by Bob Perry, Brian Wilson, and Ian Armstrong. Perry and Armstrong were both deadly on the offence as well, with Perry scoring 27 points and Armstrong 21. Bob Baxter was high Upper Canada scorer with 16 points.

This was the key win, on the teams road to the L.B.F. championship. The win bolstered the teams confidence and everyone knew that nothing was going to stop the team from winning its first championship in 13 years. Besides being a team victory, thanks must be given to Mr. Smith who prepared us for the game.

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## FIRST BASKETBALL — 1968

The First Basketball Team of 1968 is proud to give St. Andrew's its first first team Little Big Four Championship of the school year (the Swim Team won three days later!), and the first First Team Basketball Championship since 1955. In the past few years such achievements have been rare at St. Andrew's. It is an honour to belong to a team that worked hard and was well coached to win the Little Big Four Championship for our school.

There are many reasons for our success. The talent of the team this year was the prime reason. Mr. Smith, our coach, said to us before Christmas, "We've got the personnel this year to go all the way!". To the whole team it seemed at that time to be a distant hope to be champions, a hope with which every team begins their season. As the season progressed, the distant hope grew into a possibility, a probability and finally a reality. Certainly the key factor responsible for the victory was the talent possessed by all eight members of the team.

The second important reason was the coaching. Mr. Smith possesses a deep understanding of the workings of each of his players. He coaches with an open mind, always willing to listen to suggestions from the team members, and has a positive attitude,

This was one of our most important games of the season. A loss would mean a mere co-championship with Trinity but a win would mean an undisputed championship, something that had not been achieved by our first basketball team in 13 years.

We led in scoring throughout the game but in the first quarter, by only a few baskets.

Our plays began to click in the second and this combined with the school's support led the team to the L.B.F. championship.

We were plagued with fouls throughout the game with Larry Braymore being fouled out before half-time and the rest of the first string each having four fouls at the end of the third quarter. After being given the "cool word" by Mr. Smith the fouling stopped.

Brian Wilson's effective pressing helped him to his 24 point total for the game while Bob Perry hooped 20 and Ian Armstrong 16. The balance of the points went to Brian Marshall with 7, Charlie Edwards with 4, Larry Braymore with 3 and old faithful Alex Dougall with 2.

The result was a convincing score of 76-46 for St. Andrew's over Trinity College.

With our spirits at a peak we had to fulfill the tradition of throwing our coach in the showers, so in he went Red Cap and all!

I.A.

one that lead us from a loss at Upper Canada College to a championship. He respected each player and each player respected him. These qualities of his won him not only the Little Big Four First Basketball Championship, but also the Little Big Four Second Football Championship last fall. The whole team sincerely thanks Mr. Smith for the able coaching it received this year.

A third important reason was the spirit possessed by the team members. We were not eight individual players each playing his own game. We were a solid group of eight non-selfish members willing to help each other on the team for the team. When the team's morale was lowest after losses to Pickering College and Upper Canada College we all solved the problem. We knew we could win so we went onto the court and won! The whole team had confidence, desire and determination to win the championship for our school.

In conclusion, on behalf of the team, I would sincerely like to thank everyone who participated directly and indirectly in this team. This Championship will be remembered by us all for our entire lives.

R.J.P.

# SECOND BASKETBALL

*Front Row (L-R):* Jones I, Marley, Currie, Westcott I.

*Back Row (L-R):* Mr. West, MacAdam, Pennal, Brunke.



## SEASON SUMMARY

After last year's less-than-spectacular season, this year's Second Basketball had a relatively good season. We started out this year practising along with the First Team under the coaching of Mr. Smith, but when this job seemed to get too strenuous for the Red-Capped Coach, we branched off and took our practices with Mr. West, ending each practice with the First Team. The First Team, as we now know, are a large, aggressive, hard-hitting team, (and I emphasize the word "hard"), and day in and day out we emerged from practices more and more battered. Although we did not realize it at the time, all of this eventually turned out to be for a good cause, for without realizing it our game improved im-

mensely due to constantly playing against a better team. As to any benefits the First team got, we provided a wonderful outlet for their fears and hates as they crunched and battered us about.

From last year the team was revisited by Marley, Brunke and Gosse. Gosse didn't quite finish the season.

The captain and M.V.P. was Pennal who played another good season of basketball.

Many thanks go out to Mr. West who taught us many useful plays and improved our individual skills immensely.

D.M.

# THIRD BASKETBALL



*Front Row (L-R): Sanchez I, Casselman, Kilpatrick, Wilkie II, Dixon II, Daly.  
Back Row (L-R): Mr. Laughton, Kenney, Ballantyne, Robertson, Jalkotsky, Westcott II.*

This year's third basketball team may not have had the most successful season, but we learned more about the game and its skills and had a lot of fun. The season was composed of thirteen games of which we won three and lost the rest. The games were close in score and in the team's abilities.

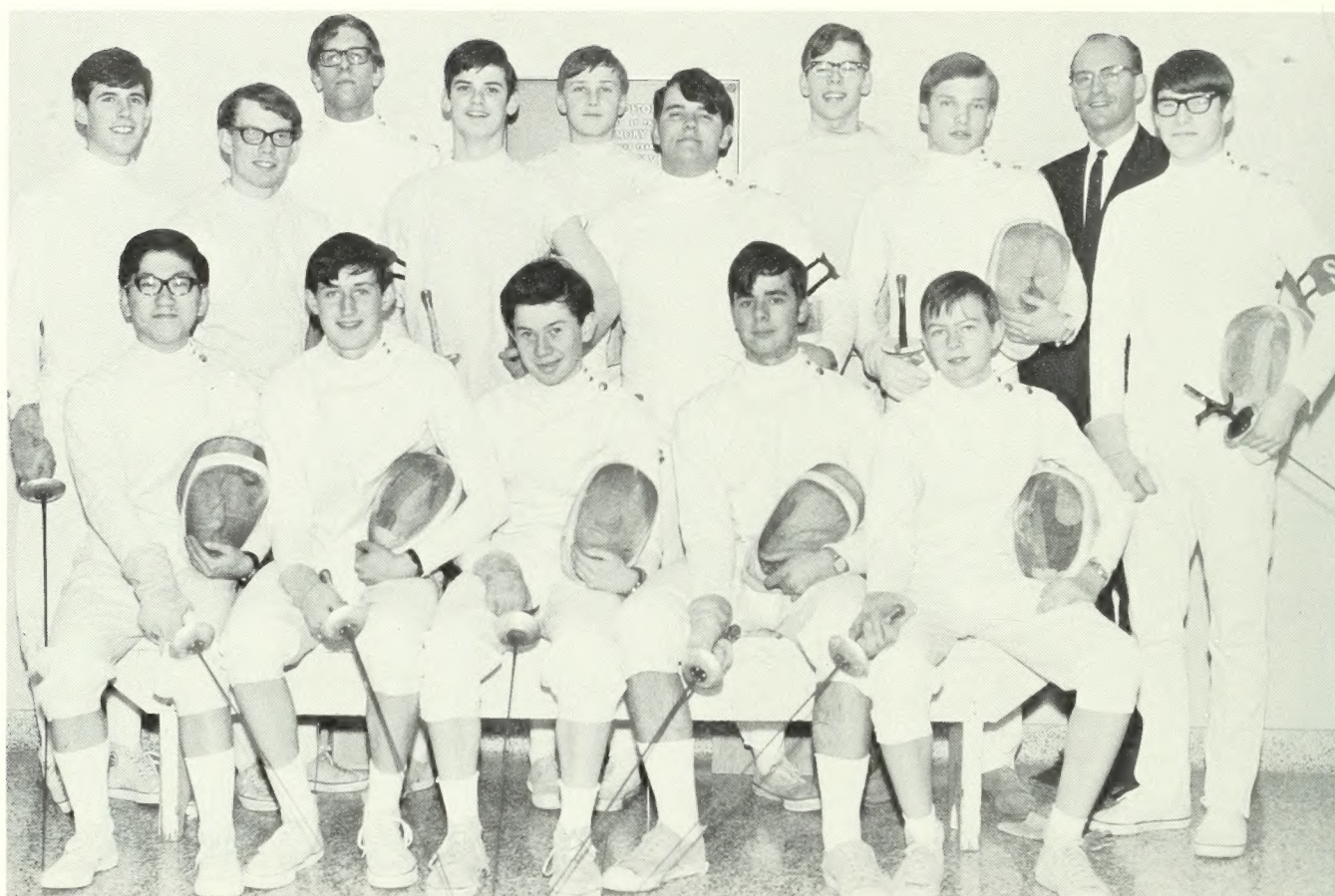
Our captain and the only remaining member of the 1967 thirds was Robin Wilkie. He shared in the winning of the M.V.P. award and also achieved a total of over thirty-five personal fouls. The other winner of the M.V.P. was George Kilpatrick our highest scorer. He amassed a total of 127 points. There was an extra award given this year and that was the M.I.P. (most improved player) and was given to Doug Robertson, who finally learned to get his feet off the ground.

The coach this year was Mr. G. Laughton, a veteran of the Queen's University team. As this was his first year as a coach there were a few wrinkles, but these were ironed out during the season. We wish to thank him for taking time out to coach us and we would also like to wish him luck next year as he is entering McMaster University for his M.A.

G.W. II



# FENCING



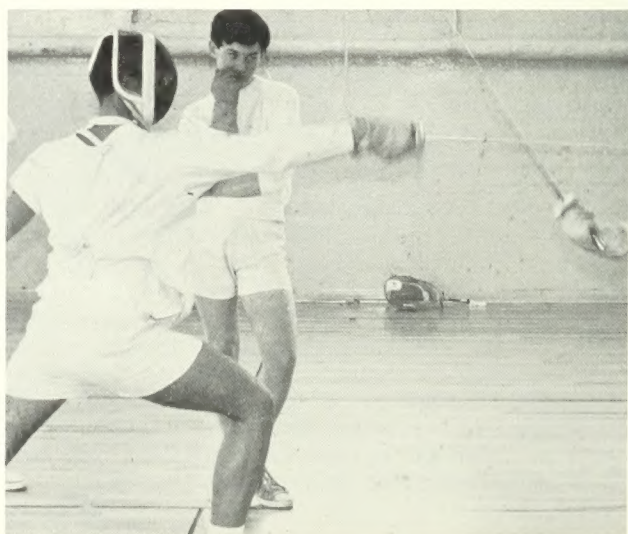
*Front Row (L-R):* Chen, Pascal, Anjo, Jurychux, Crosbie.  
*Middle Row (L-R):* Annan, Sommerville II, Kneale, Wadds, Smith II.  
*Back Row (L-R):* Weinrich, Pratt, Hogg, Dunkley II, Mr. Hemmings.

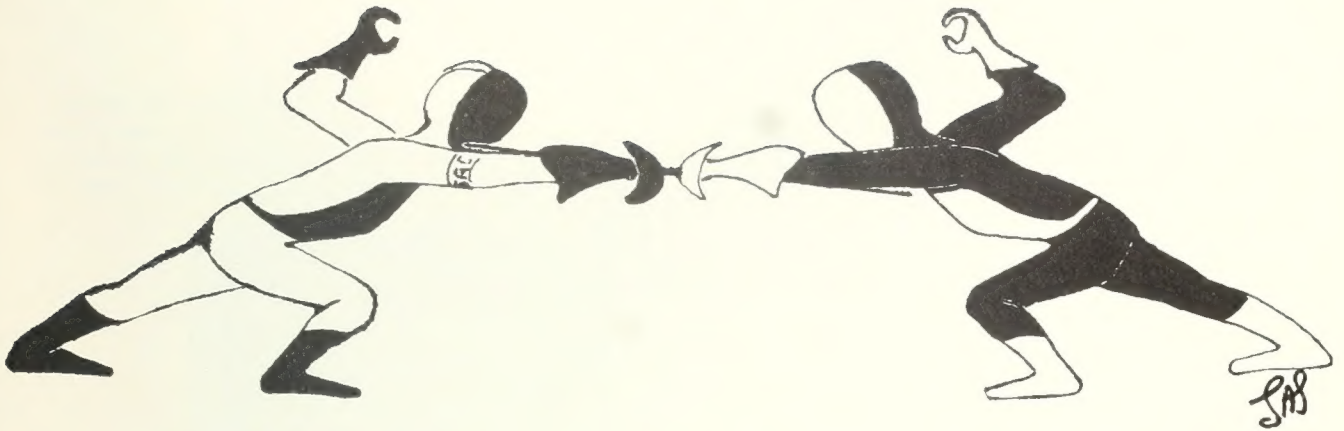
## SEASON SUMMARY

This year, Mr. Stoate, who coached the team last year very ably, was replaced by Mr. Hemmings, a new master and graduate of McGill. Fortunately for the team, Mr. Hemmings had taken fencing for several years himself, and soon showed himself to be very capable and experienced coach, his new and refreshing style was a great asset to the team this year.

Unfortunately, the season started later than usual, but because of the large number of new fencers this gave us extra time to ready them for competition. As it turned out, we didn't have as many meets as we would have liked, but the ones we did enter were good ones.

Our first competition of the year was down at the University of Toronto, at Hart House. There, we competed against some U. of T. fencers, (among the best in Canada) and some fencers from the Harmony Club, a German-Canadian organization on Sherbourne St.





Although we obviously didn't win, Smith and Dunkley made a great effort and we came back with more than our share of wins, a very credible effort.

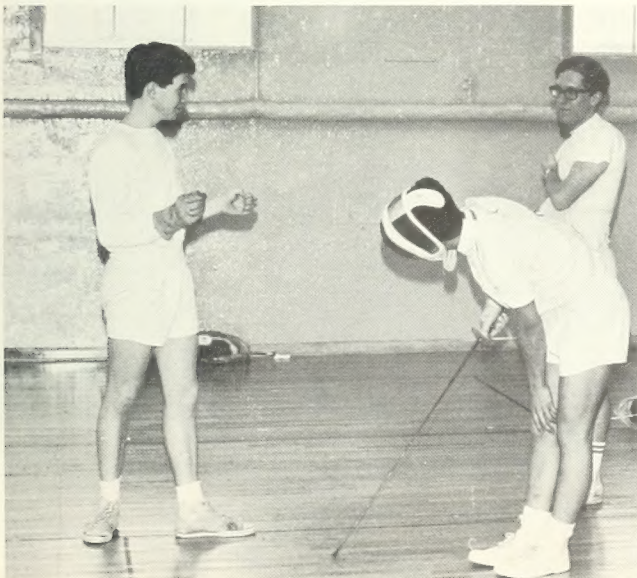
Our next meet was our annual one with Bishop Strachan School, a girls school. Because of this fact, we are often berated, but their skill and agility, and under the coaching of Mr. Hennier, the fencing coach of the U. of T., they made a formidable opposition. Our juniors won by a large margin, 10-2, while the seniors were beaten, although we took the meet in total points. In all fairness however, I must mention that our three best fencers could not compete because of dramatics and other commitments.

Six fencers next represented S.A.C. at Western Technical Institute in an exhibition match for an ample audience. Smith, Dunkley and Somerville cleaned up in one pool 8-1, while we lost the other pool 7-2. Once again however, we won in total points. This was our first meet with Western Technical Institute, and we hope we will meet again next year.

The last two meets of the season were both the most difficult and important. Every year, the Amateur Athletic Union sponsors the Ontario Fencing Association to have a meet at the John Innes Centre. We entered four competitions in the junior level, (this is determined by skill and not age; most were over 20) and Somerville came fifth and Crosby seventh in all Ontario. A university student who flew in from Ottawa for the day took first place.

Dunkley, the school fencing champion, was one of the two members of the team qualified to enter the men's intermediate foil at John Innes Centre, and he placed a very commendable seventh. A student from the University of Colorado, and state champion, took first place.

I feel we had a successful season, and some new fencers who were introduced to the sport, I hope, will be able to carry it on next year, with Mr. Hemming's very able assistance.



# "SENIOR SWIM TEAM - L.B.F. CHAMPIONS"



*Front Row (L-R): Jackson, Browrigg I, Whiteside (Capt.) Houser I.  
Second Row (L-R): Mr. Guggino, Roberts, Christie, Pritchard, Blackshaw, Wood, Manchee.  
Third Row (L-R): Blanchard, Pickard, Johnston, MacKenzie, Ward.*

During the past season the team that was written up last year as the "winningest" team in the school, has bettered itself and finally reached its goal. The team trained hard, worked hard and swam hard and the L.B.F. Championship Cup, given by Mr. Maskell an ex-U.C.C. swim coach finally reached Aurora.

The best season of them all began with a home meet with U.T.S. We knew they were a tough team since we had only beaten them by three points last year and so our enthusiasm increased greatly when we beat them 48-25. This was a great opener for the season and gave the team spirit a great boost.

The next meet was also a home meet against U.C.C. which we won easily by a score of 57-25. Although this was not an official L.B.F. meet, our success marked the beginning of an unmarked season.

The only loss of the season occurred against de Veaux when we dropped the meet 52-42. There are perhaps many reasons for this loss, the biggest of which was probably over-confidence in ourselves. However, we did have to swim by American rules which are quite different, but the loss by no means dampened our spirit. It was a close meet and everyone enjoyed himself thanks to our hosts.

The next meet of the season was again a home meet, this time with Ridley. We had not beaten Ridley for many years and this was a key meet of the season. The team swam very well, beating Ridley soundly by a score of 52-20 including a very close opening individual medley relay, and the way was now open for the championship.

The next two meets were swam against U.C.C. Both were 'away' meets and we trounced both teams by a score of 67-19. We knew that we could beat the L.B.F. teams individually, and now all we had to do was to beat them collectively.

During the remaining two weeks before Hart House the team trained especially hard and in a practice meet with Barrie Y.M.C.A. 49-10. We did try to get a meet with B.S.S. but they couldn't fit us in.

And finally the Hart House meet arrived and the team went off to the U. of T. for the meet of the year. We were confident, hopeful and thanks to





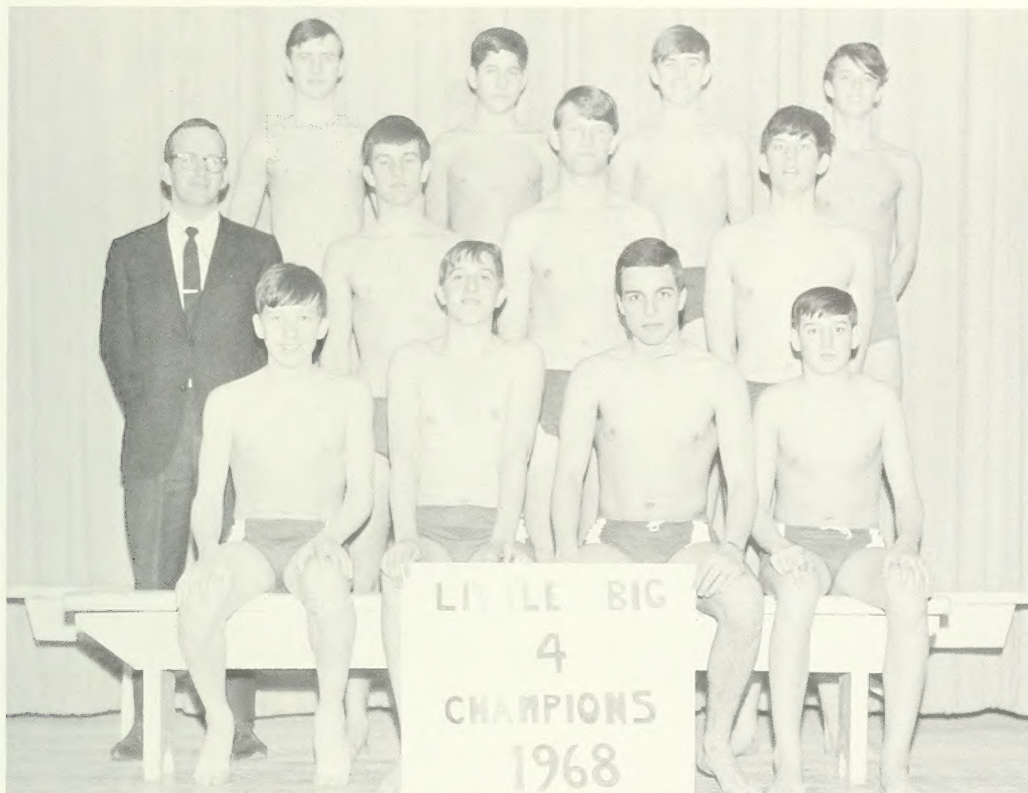
Whiteside gaining three firsts and to Christie 2 firsts, and the outstanding performance of both relay teams, we captured the trophy, beating Ridley, our nearest rival, by thirty points.

D.D.J.

In my five years of L.B.F. swimming, I have never seen a team as well rounded as we've had this year at S.A.C. Everyone trained hard and worked well all year. It must be remembered that the backbone

of any Championship team comes from the coaching and therefore special mention must be made of Mr. Guggino who has brought the swim team from the cellar of the L.B.F. to the top where it should rightfully be. On behalf of the swim team and the entire school, I would like to thank him for bringing to S.A.C. its first L.B.F. Championship in many years. I am sure that with the material we have there, it will remain there for many years to come.

D.M.W.



*Front Row (L-R): Davis, Morris, Gordon, Ralling.  
Middle Row (L-R): Mr. Fisher, Levett, Dean, Ratcliffe.  
Back Row (L-R): Turner, Brownrigg, Harding, Aimers.*

## THE JUNIOR SWIM TEAM

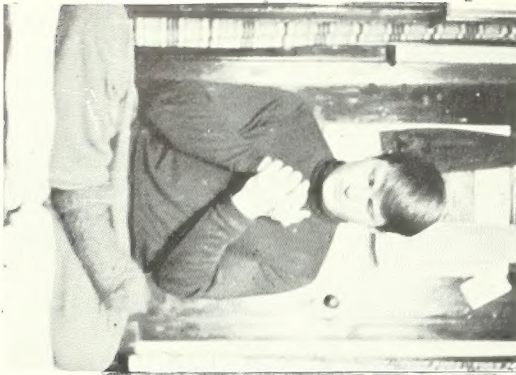


*A happy team after a victory*

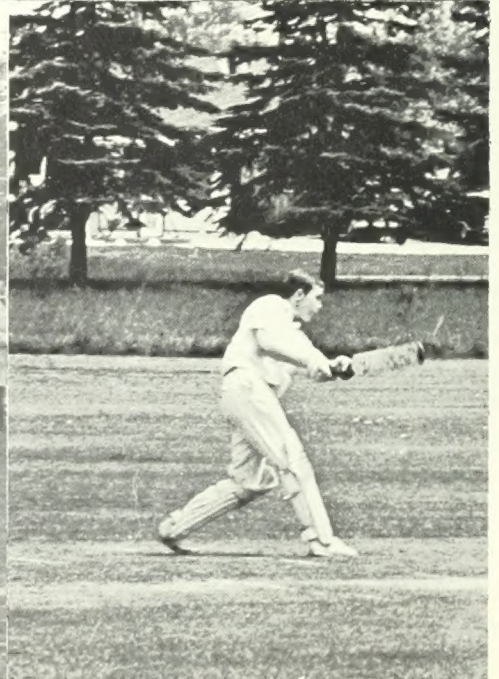
For our first swim meet, U.C.C. came to S.A.C. only to get beaten 54-20. The next meet was here also when we beat T.C.S. 60-22. During the season, we travelled to deVeaux, just across the border in New York State. Confident of a victory, we pulled through with a 50-20 win. The next team to beat was B.R.C., our toughest rival. We were a bit scared, but still confident as we triumphed with a score of 44-22. U.C.C. wanted a re-match at their school, but once again, we won by a comfortable margin of 44-19 and consequently, we brought home the Championship Cup.

Our most valuable player was Mike "Smut" Davis, who was responsible for our high scoring. We would like to thank Mr. Fisher for his able coaching and lastly, we were very happy because it was the fourth L.B.F. Championship of the Year.

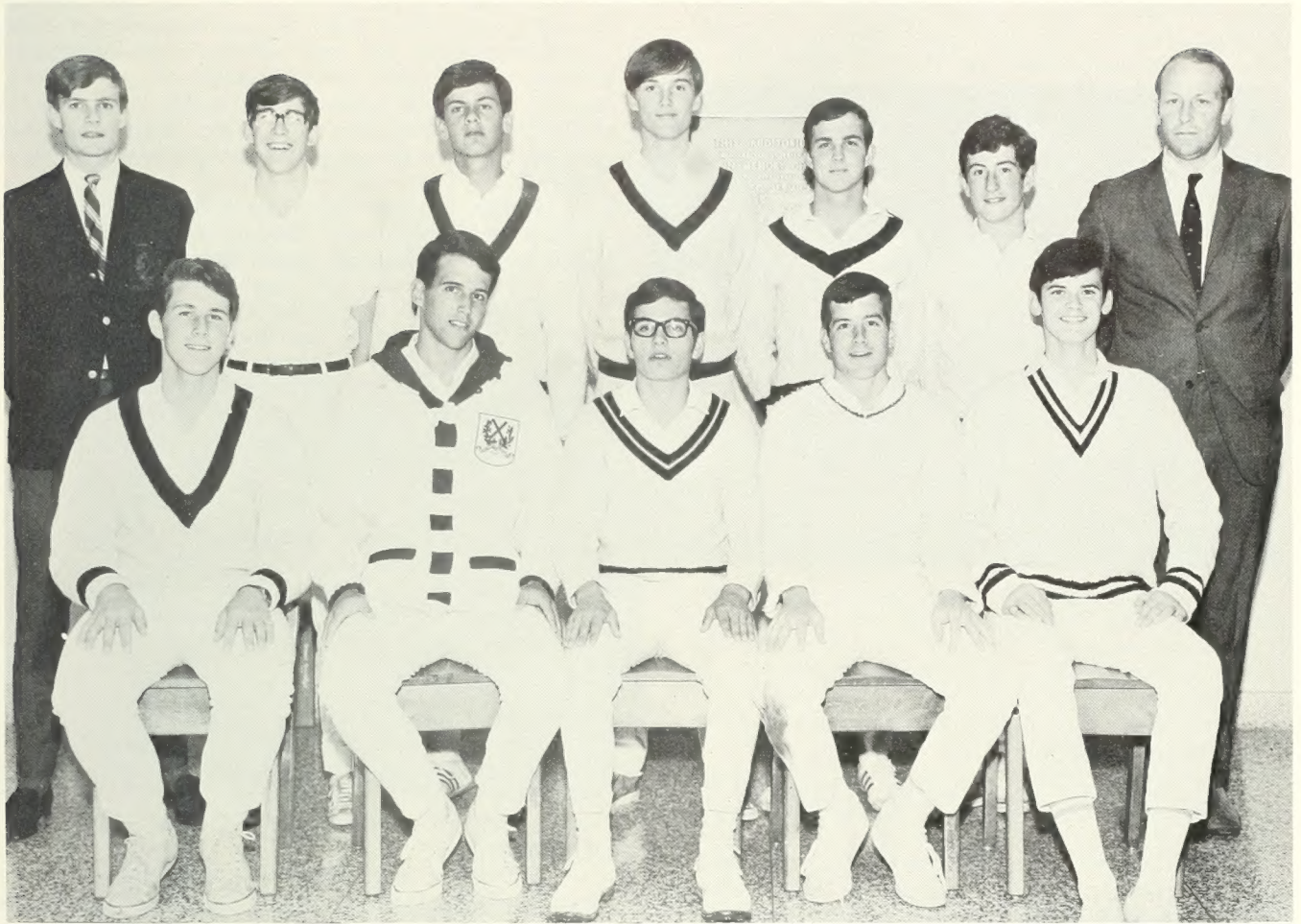
R.B.



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# FIRST CRICKET



*Front Row (L-R): Patchell, Dougall, Glassow, Hatch, Somerville II.*

*Back Row (L-R): Harstone, Marshall I, Karrys, Evans, Love, Casselman, Mr. Wilson. Absent: A. N. Hally.*

## S.A.C. FIRST XI vs LAKEFIELD

This was our first game, and we weren't as prepared as we could have been. It was a windy, overcast May day, which made batting and fielding difficult.

Alex Dougall opened was a stand of 1 hour and 40 minutes for 12 runs. Glassow, Patchell and Somerville accounted for 26 runs, Patchell, a newcomer, doing very well for his first debut. As it turned out, we were all out for fifty-six runs.

Then came Lakefield's turn, and due to tight bowling by Dougall and Patchell, and two catches each by Karrys and Somerville and one by Patchell, they were all out for fifty-six also, the first dead tie at St. Andrew's in a long time. D.S.

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

It looked like a good day for cricket as S.A.C. moved into the field against T.C.S.C.C. determined to play the best cricket they knew how.

They were up against some expert batters, and by the end of the T.C.S.C.C. innings they had scored 198 runs. The sky was now overcast.

But the First Team didn't let it bother them and they went to bat determined to get as many runs as

they could in the two hours remaining, and by the end of the game, having lost 20 minutes due to rain, they had scored 98 runs for five wickets, only half the team. It should be mentioned that Nick Glassow made a brilliant stand of 42 runs not out. The sun was coming out again and the First Team headed home with a well earned draw. A.A.E.

## S.A.C. vs GRACE CHURCH

On May 11th the First XI lost the toss and Hally and Dougall opened the batting.

Hally made a brilliant stand, batting up only 8 runs short of a half-century and was caught to end his splendid innings. Dougall opened and wasn't out for the whole game, over two hours of batting, for 33 runs. Next Somerville was ducked on a good ball from Grant, a well-known S.A.C. old boy. Glassow got 4 runs, Patchell was ducked with Love, and Karrys got 1 run.

The weather was now cold and cloudy. For Grace Church Brian Deeks, a B.R.C. old boy and very good player made a good stand, hitting several fours and a beautiful hook that went for six runs.

We declared at 97 for 7, they managed to bat up 98 for 8, and although we lost I feel we played well under the conditions. D.S.



*"Nick Glassow strokes a ball from U.C.C."*

sow, the captain, positioned the field very well, so that after an opening stand by McLoughlin, the T.C.S. captain, the next six batters accounted for only 11 runs. The team became increasingly elated and confident, but not, which is the mark of a good cricket team, overconfident.

At the eighth batter, the score was 44, and the atmosphere became increasingly tense. It finally happened that the eleventh batter walked out onto the field.

Morley, the eleventh batter, did very well, considering he had eight fielders within ten feet of his bat, and Dougall and Glassow were bowling successive maidens and near maidens, but finally Dougall bowled a ball slightly to the leg, and the batter fished at it playing into Geoff Love's hands, who was promptly mobbed.

The score was 59-54 for us, both sides all out.

D.S.

### 1st XI CRICKET vs RIDLEY

After a sound and well earned victory over T.C.S., we departed for Ridley, determined to play good cricket, win or lose, and forget about playing for a draw, for which we are noted.

We chose to bat first, and the game began well. After the 3rd wicket had fallen, we had scored 69 runs and it looked like we could bat all day until "Beach" Glassow was out L.B.W. after scoring 31 runs. But then our wickets began to fall at a far too rapid pace. We were all out for only 86 runs. After tea, Ridley came to bat with 2½ hours to better our score, and only once this season, had they scored less than 100 runs. But as true Andreans, we kept the spirit high, determined to beat last year's champions.

Our fielding was better than ever before, and it was hard for them to find a hole in our defence. Before they had scored 20 runs, we were able to send 2 of their best 3 batters to the showers and from then on, I'm sure that every batter felt the pressure of the game. As in the T.C.S. game, it was a close finish. With twenty minutes left, we needed one more wicket, and they needed 15 more runs to win, but we were right on top of their batting as we had been since the start. Before we realized it, Dougall had ended the game with us beating an opponent whom we hadn't beaten for quite a number of years. It was one of the most exciting games we had played all season.

A.A.E.

### S.A.C. vs LAKEFIELD

The firsts went on a long ride to Lakefield on May 15, feeling sure of a good win, and at least a draw.

As it turned out Lakefield batted first, with Cam-Harris accounting for 31 runs in an hour. After that there were ducks and near ducks until the score stood at 78 for 10 (10 byes counted). This may be explained by the fact that the pitch under the mat was rock hard, but terribly uneven, so that a ball in the first over, bowled by Alex Dougall whisked past Sweetmeat Hatch (about 5 feet high) for a boundary, which wasn't too far away anyway.

When it came our turn to bat, a combination of moderately good bowling and an abominable playing surface resulted in 52 for 10 wickets, a very unsatisfactory loss.

D.S.

### FIRST XI vs T.C.S.

The Trinity team came to St. Andrew's on the 18th of May; a cold overcast day. They won the toss, and Campbell and Cakebread proceeded to take Hally's, Somerville's, Glassow's and Dougall's wickets (in that order) for 4 runs. Next went in Greg Patchell, who gave the team a bit of a lift, making a stand of 50 minutes for 7 runs. At our sixth batter the scoreboard showed 12 runs, and the team wasn't too optimistic.

Next however, came a determined George Karys, making 12 runs, the highest scorer of the day, along with Hatch who played for 7 runs. Arthur Evans was moved from 11th batter to 9th, and showed what he could do, staying in for 40 minutes and batting up 7 runs. At 3:30 our innings ended and we went for tea. Campbell, the leading T.C.S. bowler, had taken 6 wickets for 15 runs, a very formidable showing.

After tea, we all knew we would have to bowl very tightly and field well for a draw. Nick Glas-



*"G. Patchell steps back to a 'grubber'"*

Our fielding was better than ever before, and it was hard for them to find a hole in our defence. Before they had scored 20 runs, we were able to send 2 of their best 3 batters to the showers and from then on, I'm sure that every batter felt the pressure of the game. As in the T.C.S. game, it was a close finish. With twenty minutes left, we needed one more wicket, and they needed 15 more runs to win, but we were right on top of their batting as we had been since the start. Before we realized it, Dougall had ended the game with us beating an opponent whom we hadn't beaten for quite a number of years. It was one of the most exciting games we had played all season.

A.A.E.



*"G. Patchell steps back to a 'grubber'"*

#### 1st XI vs U.C.C.

This was our last game of the season, and our most important L.B.F. game. Not only the students and masters were giving us ample support, but also several dedicated parents.

For First Cricket to get an L.B.F. Championship, we only needed to draw with U.C.C., and this one of the two factors contributing to the final result. The team as a whole was very tense on Saturday 25th, desperately wanting to live up to their support and get an L.B.F. Championship. I also think that a good part of the team went into the game not concentrating on a win, but subconsciously a draw.

We went to bat first, with Alex Dougall and Nick Hally opening. Nick was stumped when he played a shot defensively and stepped onto his wickets. Next came Somerville who was bowled for a duck so Nick Glassow, our most consistent batter, settled down for a stand. From then on, the wickets fell cheaply. The bowling was not "fine bowling," and it was advertised in Mr. Bassett's paper, but a combination of bad luck and a "grass piece" resulted in 39 runs all out.

Now it was U.C.C.'s turn to bat, and it must be noted that even with a meagre 39 runs, the spirit of the team did not flag. Luck was not with us however, as Gillespie tipped a ball into a slip's hands, only to have the latter miss it, and another batter did the same shortly after. Perhaps the worst break we had, was when a fine ball from Greg Patchell actually knocked the wickets, but the boles did not fall off.

In any event, Gillespie and Shirreff accounted for 26 runs, and the other necessary thirteen were

readily made with only four out.

So we stood second in the L.B.F., but a very sound and well-deserved second place. We only had four players back from last year yet, with a combination of spirit and determination, we won more L.B.F. games than last year's team, who had much more potential.

D.S.

#### FIRST XI vs OLD BOYS

On Sunday, May 19th, several well-known old boys came to S.A.C. to give the firsts their most enjoyable game of the season. Old boys such as Dave Grant; Bobby Ball; Gage, David, and Peter Love; Timmy MacDonald; and Mr. Hamilton made a very spirited match.

The firsts opened batting with Dougall and Hally, who soon knocked 14 runs up. Then came in Nick Glassow who added 15 runs to the score, but who was unfortunately run out. Somerville came in next, making a determined stand with Geoff Love, both "rookies", but who kept straight bats for a resultant 29 runs. Karrys and Hatch ended our innings with 9 runs, when we went up for tea.

After tea, the old boys batted with some surprising results. D. Grant, D. Love, M. Pearly and B. Rowen were all ducked. T. MacDonald, P. Love, D. Rowen and G. Love made 49 of the 70 runs total. The game ended with a very close draw, the Old Boys getting 70 for 9, and the firsts 85 for 6. Although the game was anything but formal, a lot of fun was had by all.

D.S.



*'N. Glassow flexes two runs at U.C.C.'*

#### SEASON REVIEW

Not much may be said about this season, except that we started out with a lot of spirit and a little experience, and we used both to their limit. We could not have beaten T.C.S. and B.R.C. without the steady, first-rate batting of Nick Glassow, Alex Dougall, and Nick Hally. We also couldn't have beaten these teams, if we hadn't kept fighting to literally the last minute, as a team. I think several members of the team learned for the first time the meaning of that old, true saying, "It's not whether you win or lose, but how you play the game." I would like to thank Mr. Wilson for his very able coaching, and a most enjoyable season.

# THE METS



*Front Row (L-R): Pritchard I, Turner I, Thom, Westcott I, Percival, Johnston II.*

*Back Row (L-R): Williams, Cary-Barnard, Agar, Von Diergardt, Annan, Stewart I, Smart.*

At the beginning of the season Mr. Gibb said that it would be nice if the team won some of their games this year. However, the Mets didn't have a successful season. We went to Hillfield with a generally inexperienced and unpracticed team. In spite of Percival's brilliant stand of 31 runs, we were forced to settle with a draw against the Firsts of Hillfield. Our next game took us to U.C.C. where we experienced a crushing defeat on a hard fast wicket instead of our "pudding". Ten days later our lack of batting power and some bad breaks cost us a game at T.C.S. It didn't take long for Ridley to defeat us in our next game, in spite of our efforts to try for a draw. The second match against U.C.C., however, was a pleasant change of events.

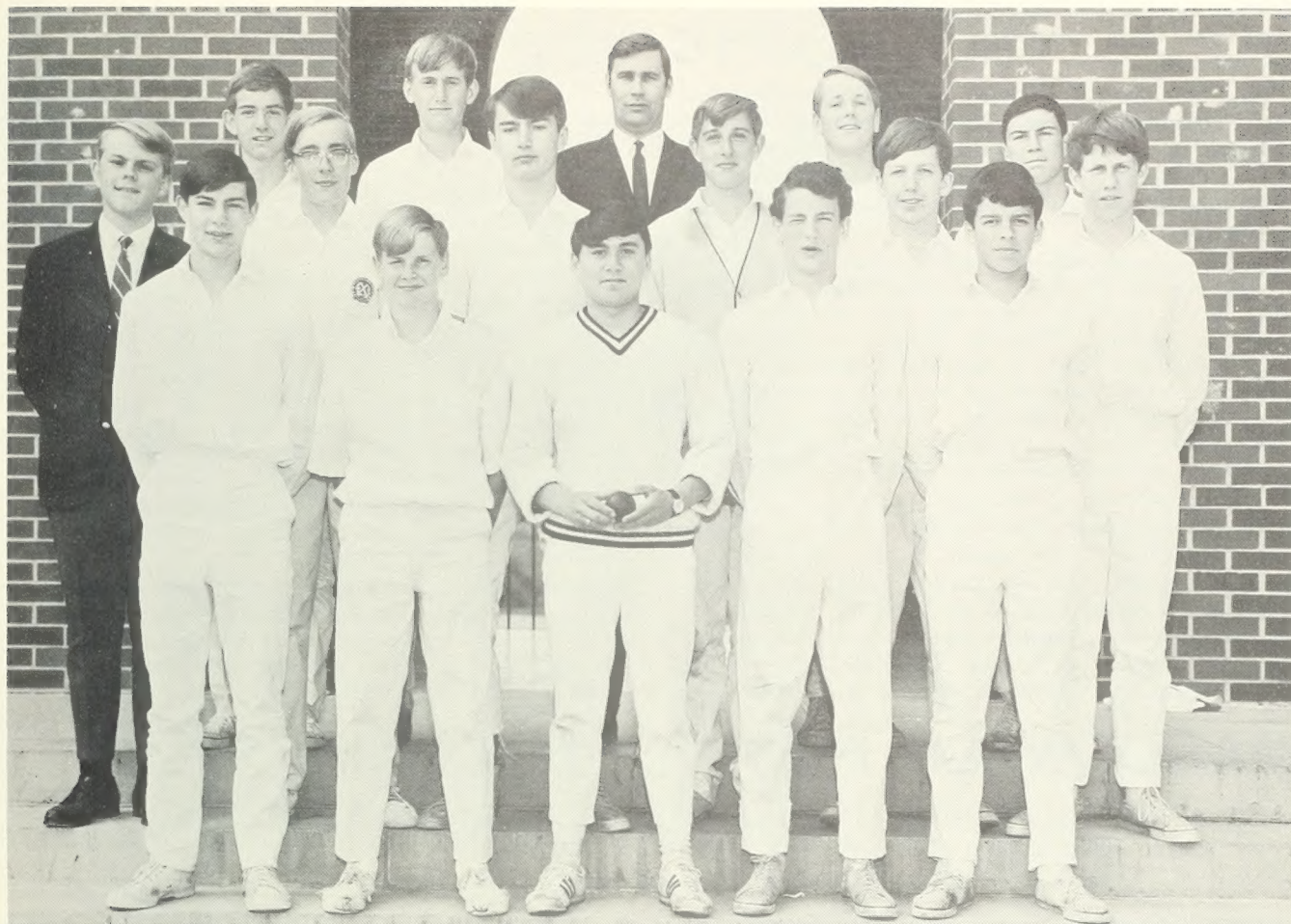
Despite the fact that we lost the game, which was the only one on our pitch, we retired their side for 86 runs in just under two hours. Our batting produced 67 runs, only 20 short of victory. Thom, our captain, amassed a total of 37 runs before being bowled out. Finally the second eleven were downed by twelve masters in a two hour game, losing by two wickets.

Perhaps a few words of explanation for our results should be given. Lack of practice time, a field

to play on (we did have unrestricted use of a swamp), and experience are probably the major factors for this. However, the efforts of bowlers Thom, Johnston, Stewart and Turner and Wickie Percival should not go unmentioned. They worked hard to try and make a winning team. Also, in spite of Mr. Gibb's probable disappointment, he never seemed too perturbed or balled us out too much and we are grateful for this.

M.W.I. & R.T.





Front Row (L-R): Dobson, Depew, Ruse, Macdonald, Haust I.  
 Middle Row (L-R): Cross II, Jalkotsy, Banks, Morris, Davis, Turner II.  
 Back Row (L-R): Walker II, MacKay, Mr. Kamcke, Hutchins, Sanderson.

## 3rd XI CRICKET

To our great amazement, the season started off with a win as we trounced the "Mets" 67-58. However this triumphant beginning was not typical of our subsequent play. Less than a week after this victory, we travelled to U.C.C. where our inexperience showed through as we were defeated.

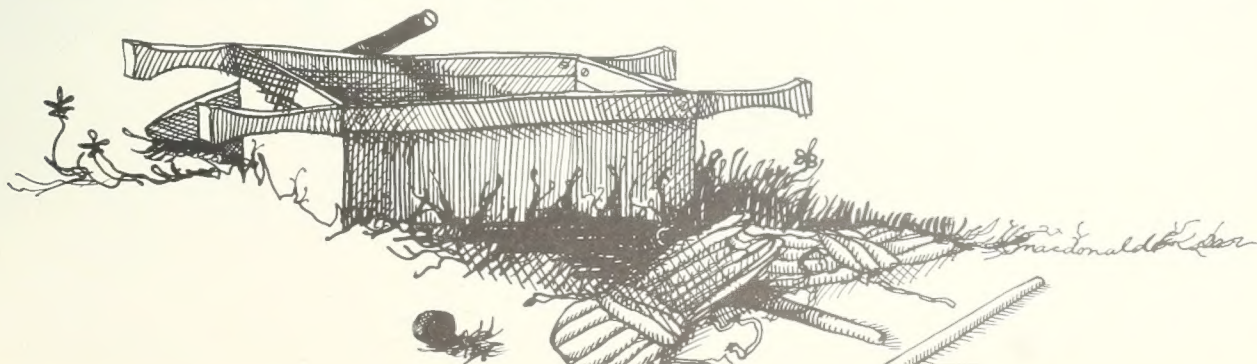
We then were hosts to Lakefield. In this match, our fielding was excellent but our batting was too weak, which accounted for our low score. At T.C.S., the same fault gave the opposition the game. But the Ridley game marked improvement, but not enough to overcome the opposition. We were getting better. Then, as an insult match, we were challenged by a

make-shift team of Gr. 11's who called themselves the 11 XI. We easily overcame them in a game which was enjoyed by all.

For our final game of the season, we returned to U.C.C. to play their confident U 16's. Our fielding and bowling held them to allow 65, while our batsmen piled up 59. With three balls to go, we popped up and dropped the match, in a 'Real Cliff-Hanger'. This finished off a season in which, we all learned how to play serious cricket.

We would like to thank Mr. Kamcke for devoting what seemed, statistically, lost time, but which we all know was not.

D.M.



1968 will have to be considered as a year of consolidation for a group of keen, but inexperienced cricketers.

Our first game took place at Hillfield College on May 15th, a damp and gloomy afternoon. We lost the toss and were put up to bat. The team was dismissed for only 25 runs and succeeded in capturing only four of Hillfield's wickets before its score was surpassed.

Saturday the 18th dawned fine and clear for us to play host to T.C.S. We took the field initially and were encouraged to retire the first six batters for less than 20 runs. Then the Trinity batters dug in their heels and made a fine stand. Redelmier was the last of their side to go out with a score of 46 runs, having lifted the team total to an even 100. Once more the S.A.C. batting was dismally inadequate and we found ourselves short by 84 runs.

The second trip on Wednesday the 22nd took us to Ridley College to face what was surely our strongest competition of the season. Ridley won the toss and put us up to bat. As opening batter Tom Amell made a courageous stand of 23 runs, but still his teammates were unable to emulate his example and the total stood at 40 all out. The Ridley batters hit out strongly and easily defeated us with eight wic-

kets to spare. Despite this margin of defeat, we felt encouraged by the improvement in our game.

The final game of the season pitted us against U.C.C. Prep. on our own pitch. After winning the toss, team captain, Jim Brickman chose to bat. Tom Amell and Dennis Daly opened cautiously but steadily; after 25 minutes they had edged the score up to 13 before each went out to a catch. S.A.C. once again proved what a disadvantage it is when half the side is put out without adding to the total of runs. The final score stood at a paltry 21. It seemed for a time, when we had taken the first five U.C.C. batters for 14, that our fielding might be sufficient to the test; the next two batters, however, added over 20 runs to win the game. Despite this disheartening turn of events our two main bowlers Bill Boyd and Tom Amell continued to put down their best and we retired the whole side for a total of 46. As usual we were well served in the wicket-keeping of Robin Wilkie, the sparkling fielding of Mike Ballantyne, and the steady, encouraging captaincy of Jim Brickman.

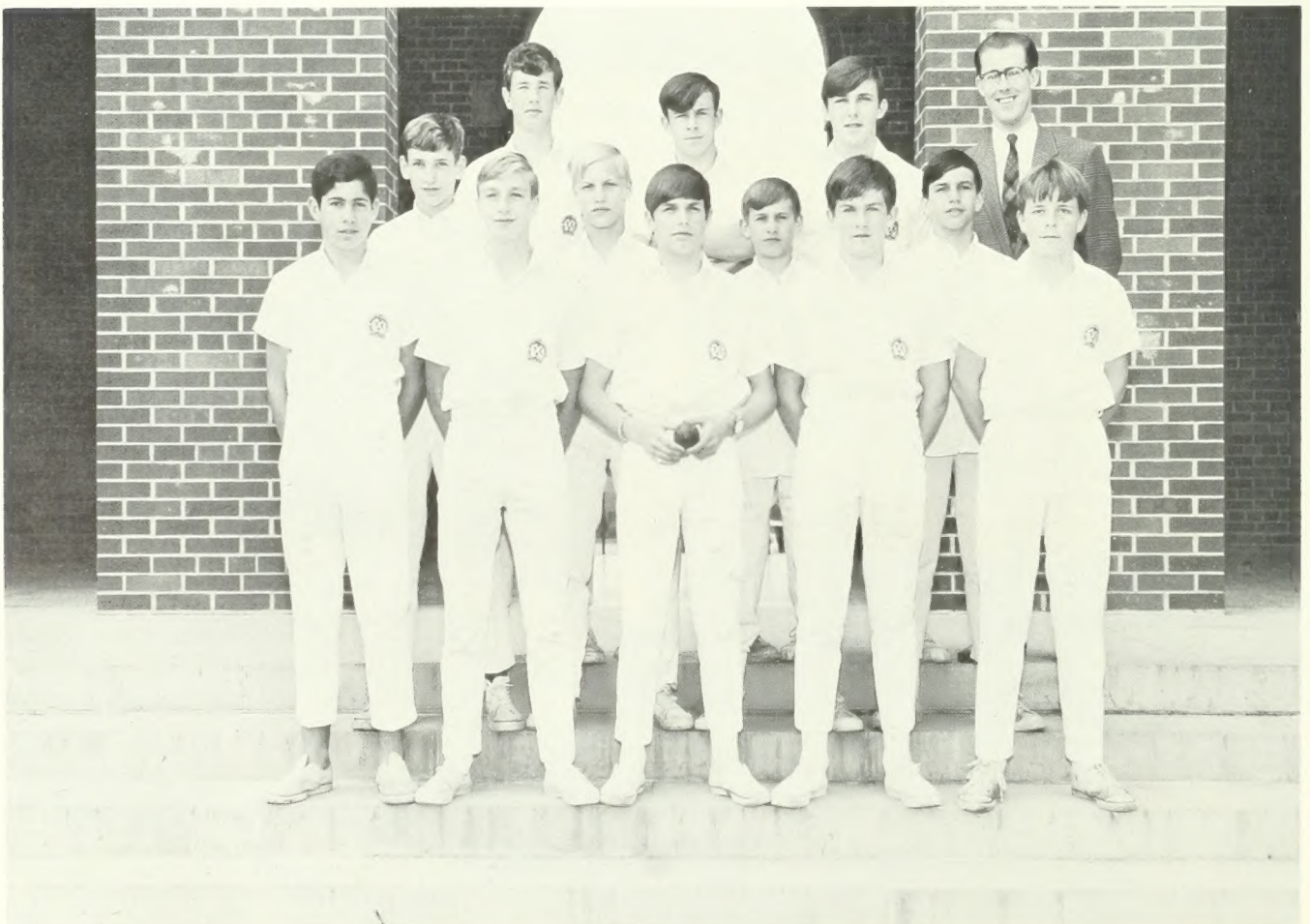
With this the season came to an end — certainly not a successful one with respect to victories, but yet a peculiarly satisfying one in that team morale remained high and we all felt we had learned a great deal about the game of cricket.

## MACDONALD HOUSE "A" CRICKET

*Front Row (L-R):* Brownrigg II, Wilkie II, Brickman, Stephens II, Kilpatrick.

*Middle Row (L-R):* Kenney, Daly, Davies III, Jones III.

*Back Row (L-R):* Ballantyne, Boyd III, Amell.





# MAC HOUSE SECOND XI



FRONT ROW (L-R): Whittaker, McMulkin II, Wakelin, Allan, Kayser.

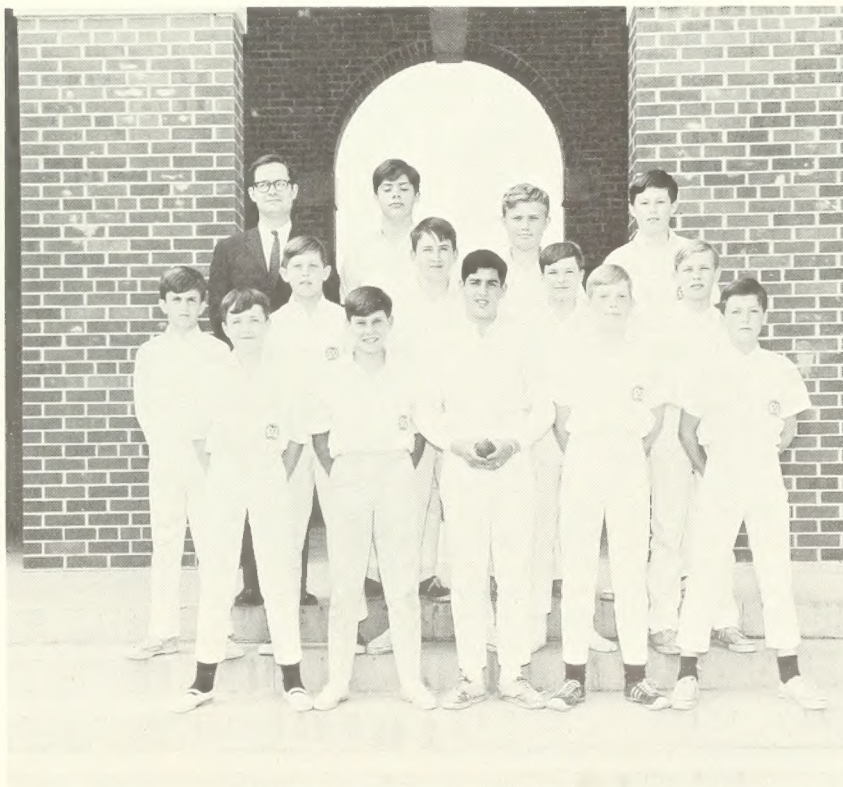
BACK ROW (L-R): Stoate II, Sanchez I, De Narvaez, McKenzie II, Shortly, Mr. Inglis.

# GRADE SEVEN XI

FRONT ROW (L-R): Sifton, Gray, Jessel, Davis II, Blackshaw III.

MIDDLE ROW (L-R): Sanchez III, Teyzka, Matthews, Kett, Farqhar.

BACK ROW (L-R): Mr. Lister, Peters, Urqhart, Long.



# OPEN RUGGER



Front Row (L-R): Perry, Kitchen, Whiteside, Good, McKenzie.  
Back Row (L-R): Mr. Stoate, Rous, Woods, Higgins, Mr. Coulter.

Throughout the first two terms there was much talk about last year's Ontario Rugger Champions, S.A.C. After little practice we came up against our first opposition — the "Golden Boars" better known as the "L.B.F. Oldboys". We were determined to have an unscored upon season and we started well by beating them 3-0. A small score but a hard fought game. Our next game was also against the L.B.F. Oldboys, and we won the game, but the three points against us were to be the only ones scored against us for the rest of the season. Our Open back-field played in the King City Tournament and S.A.C. played S.A.C. in the finals for the cup. The Saints opened up with a hard running attack and we easily ran through them and piled up an impressive 25-0 victory. Ten minutes later, a tired S.A.C. team played the "Golden Boars" and defeated them 5-0.

On Monday May 20, the Rugger teams travelled to Victoria Square. Ten teams were entered in the Open class and we played our first game against Parry Sound. The Saints opened very slowly but after a few minutes, we got our first try which was converted. We went on to score one more winning our first game 10-0. After a brief rest, we played Oshawa O'Neil and easily defeated them 13-0. After a half hour break, we again were matched against Midland whom the Saints had beaten 18-0 with no converts. This was to be the closest game of the championship but we defeated them 8-0. In the last game of the ladder, I do not exaggerate when I say that the Saints took an easy victory over Fred-

erickton N.B. 28-0. We returned to Victoria Square with our hopes high and everyone tense for the final game. We were to play Oshawa Donevan, an open team, with an average weight around 180 lbs. After an hour's wait, the Saints ran onto the field. Donevan kicked to us and before a minute was up, the ball had been pushed to the Donevan end. Donevan didn't have time to get an attack under way as the Saints remained on top of them. With two minutes to go until half time, Paul Kitchen plunged over for a twenty yard sideline run and a try, and the team was well under way. The try was converted by Bob Perry and the score at the half was 5-0. The second half opened with a swift passing attack, and Paul Higgins plunged over to make the score 8-0. Donevan from that point on had no control over the Saints, and so the game ended, the Saints 13, Donevan 0.—the second championship in a row and the third time in the finals.

For the past three years, St. Andrew's has fielded rugger teams with more spirit and more ability than any other teams in Ontario. This comes only from seven people working well together and putting everything they've got into it. The real reason that rugger is in the high position it is, in St. Andrew's sports, is because of Mr. Stoate. In four years he has made Rugger the most looked forward to sport in the College. On behalf of the rugger teams and the school, I would like to sincerely thank Mr. Stoate for his leadership and coaching in making these Championships possible. D.M.W.

# SENIOR RUGGER

Senior Rugger, this year, was a sad case of great potential never able to come through. Brian Wilson had great speed, and Jim Rook, the captain was an excellent scrum half. The team was small but this was more than compensated for by their speed.

Practise against a very good open team all season forced the seniors to develop a quick passing game and an excellent attack from the base of the scrum.

Our first games of the season were against the Golden Boars, an open team of L.B.F. Old Boys. Though they were tired after a game with our open team we played well against them and beat them once, and tied them once.

The next step was the King City Tournament. Here, we lost to King City 3-0 in our first game. This was a team we had beaten 18-0 a few days before. We then played very sloppy rugger against U.C.C. for a narrow 8-3 victory. This moved us into a final against our open team minus scrum for a trophy, which we won, of course. We had played poorly even though we were missing two key members of the team.

We then went to Orillia and had a field day scoring eight tries in two games. Brian Wilson scored six of these.

We approached the end of the season and two vital tournaments with confidence. The Independent school's tournament was first. Technically, we won 5-3 in the last minute of the game. However, Upper Canada had two tries



*Front Row (L-R):* Scott, Wong, Rook, Gear, Henderson I.

*Middle Row (L-R):* Dunkley II, Warren, Clarke, Fahlgren, Campbell II.

*Back Row (L-R):* Mr. Stoate, Martin II, Martin I, Wilson II, Carter.



# JUNIOR & BANTAM RUGGER



*Front Row (L-R):* Ralling, Dixon II, McCombe, Harding, Haust I, Slee.

*Second Row (L-R):* Lampel, Blackshaw I, Van Patter, McBryde, Smith III, Shinkle, Morton.

*Third Row (L-R):* Mr. Smith, Martin III, Pickard, Bryant, Marshall II, Ballard II, Levett.

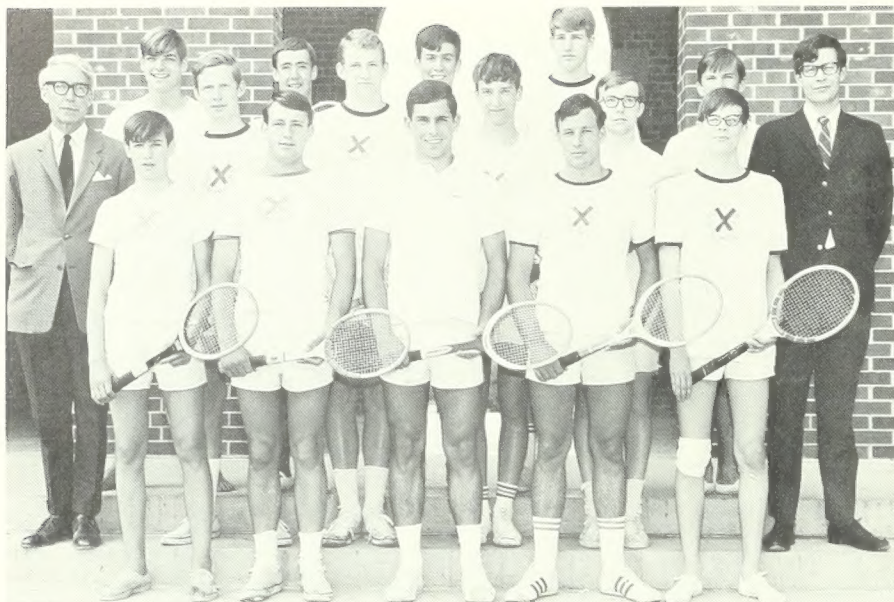
*Back Row (L-R):* Anderson, Vincent, Yule, Grass, Jurychuk, Christie, Dr. Wilkie.

which were called back but shouldn't have been. We were then completely outrun by T.C.S. to the tune of 18-0. This finally aroused us and we defeated King City 14-0.

Then came Victoria, cold and windy and very very wet. Our attack was completely nullified by the water. We lost to East York by two tries and might easily have beaten them by the same score. It was a game of luck and we didn't have it. This loss put the team out of contention and broke our spirit. We left cold, wet, and disgusted. So ended a season in which we could have accomplished so much but didn't.

G.C.D. II

# TENNIS



*Front Row (L-R):* Ralling, Gilchrist, Brownrigg I, Dunkley I, Dobbin I.

*Middle Row (L-R):* Mr. MacFarlane, Marley, Munro, MacAdam, Watt, Brackley.

*Back Row (L-R):* Kline, Blackshaw I, Inwood, Pennal, Roberts.

In the fall, the senior team was not too successful in the L.B.F. Championships, but did well in the Georgian Bay tournament. The combination of Dunkley and de Narvaez in the doubles reached the semi-finals, and Brownrigg was defeated in the final round by last year's champion.

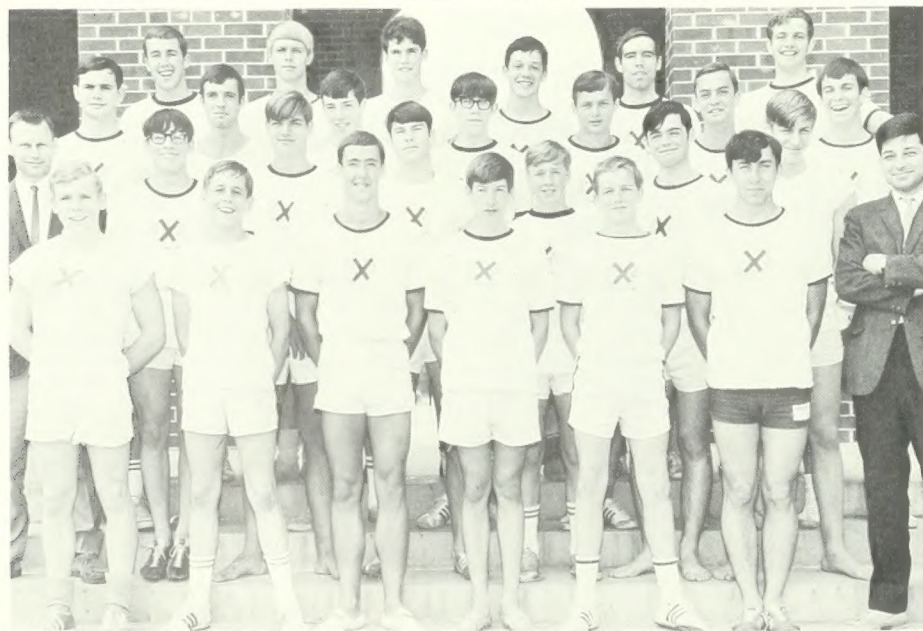
The record was surprisingly good with seventeen of our twenty five matches being won. But the biggest upset was beating the current champions T.C.S. in four straight matches. Against Ridley, we

worked for a 6-3 win. Our main opposition came from U.C.C. where we were beaten three out of four matches, but in a home rematch, we were tied winning two matches a piece.

This year has proven to be one of St. Andrew's best in tennis. All the players showed great enthusiasm towards the sport, and this plus the fine coaching of Mr. MacFarlane enabled us to achieve the results we did.

R.B.

# TRACK AND FIELD



*Front Row (L-R):* Blanchard, Sara, Blackshaw I, Davies II, Hawke I, Wright, Mr. Johnston.

*Second Row (L-R):* Mr. West, Fisher, Kline, Smith II, Dixon II, Currie, Sanger.

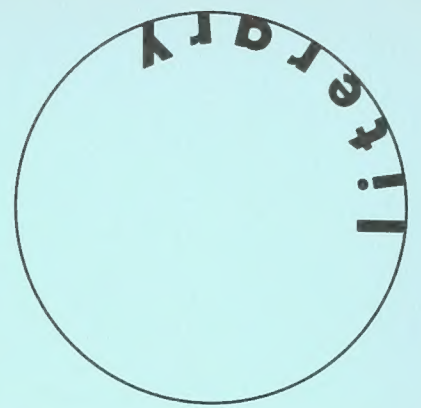
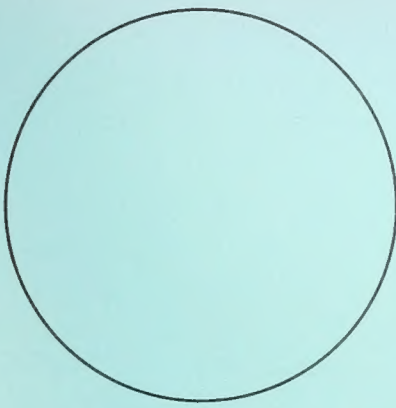
*Third Row (L-R):* Jackson, Webber, Bryant, Harris, Martin III, Dryden, Levett.

*Back Row (L-R):* Smith I, Manchee, Robertson, Kitchen, Wilson I, Armstrong.

This year, we had a long and quite successful season. Training started quite early under the guidance of Messers. West, Kinney, Coburn, and Johnson. This is the first year the team has started training early and I hope that the same program will be carried out next year. Our success is demonstrated by the fact that ten boys reached the O.F.S.S.A. competition at the C.N.E. Grounds. I still feel, however, that unless more boys are encouraged to participate throughout the season, track and field will only be a pastime at this school.

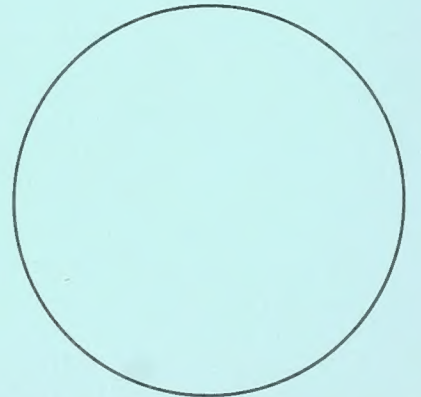
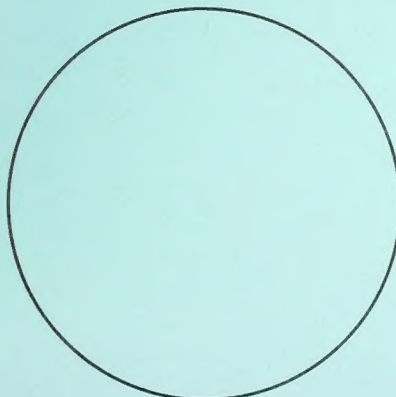
A word to next year's members, you fellows have all the potential necessary individually, but as a team you must develop depth. This comes with lots of work and lots of drive. With a little luck and a lot of determination, you fellows can be the best!

"horse"



## "PEACE"

dusky morning; dewy, misting ferns;  
bare roots, silvery with morning glint of life;  
uncanny river, unceasingly travelling  
yet going nowhere . . . never achieving  
an end, never slowing or gaining,  
but relinquishing peace, whispering on:  
to its banks, the ferryman's wharf,  
soggy with thought, and  
darkened with age, smoothed green logs,  
slimy with subtle vegetation;  
waving with the waters,  
pointing towards its never attainable end,  
roped: the boat, rocking effortlessly,  
keeping time which need not be kept,  
the river knows its goal;  
the beautiful bulrushes,  
bending with the current,  
the waters which always move put never part:  
playing tricks the banks slide past,  
as the water climbs,  
no tricks playing here,  
only the sun,  
causing the mists to rise layered over the  
river:  
as if love acted one of her skits  
of falsehood,  
above one but below:  
unchanging,  
whispering on;  
deep hued greens and soft blues,  
reflections all,  
of times . . . come and gone,  
all eternal, oming its message,  
untroubled and unaware of listeners;  
silence reins in the voices of the river:



## THE WAY IT IS

Once there was a very typical family called the Normalmetropolitans. They had the misfortune to live in the big, prosperous and industrious city called Asphyxiaville. Long ago, they had married as childhood sweethearts at the ages of sixteen (for it was the thing to do). They lived in a typical filing cabinet apartment house and they were modestly happy.

Then their marriage was suddenly made beautiful by the birth of a baby named Tommy. He was a fine, healthy boy. The only thing that seemed wrong with him was the grey tinge that his skin had. The doctor assured the Normalmetropolitans that this was quite a normal thing nowadays. He attributed it to the fine air that one breathes in Asphyxiaville.

Their happiness did not stop there though. They were overjoyed to learn that Mr. Normalmetropolitan, after working for fifteen years, could finally afford a two bedroom house, twenty miles outside of Asphyxiaville. It was a marvelous location. On clear days when the factories shut down in Asphyxiaville, one could see clear across the street. Also, it was only a two hour drive to Normalmetropolitan's job. To make it even better, the food prices were only exorbitant and not ridiculous. All in all, it was a very good spot as they had been assured it was by the city councillor who sold it to them from his part-time real estate business. To the Normalmetropolitans this represented the culmination of their marriage. Their happiness was complete.

Then, two weeks later, they heard that the city council of Asphyxiaville was to expropriate their land to make way for a landscaped dump. They were heartbroken. The city councillor returned and said he knew of a new house only forty miles from Asphyxiaville for only half the price of their old house (for they would only get half their money back). But they refused his kind offer and sued for divorce because they knew with the house gone one would have nothing to inherit if the other died. They mutually agreed that Tommy should go to a private school and he left there for his own good. Then they went and got a new house and married to others of their kind a week later. And lo! they lived happily ever after in their filing cabinet apartments.

— j henderson

## ONE LOVE

His head was bent to the music,  
And his hands they seemed possessed.  
His face glowed with happiness  
But his eyes, they confessed;—  
His utter blindness.

And on into the night he played,  
And the people in the street  
They stopped to listen;  
Slowly they would turn away  
And their eyes would seem to glisten.

The autumn passed and winter came.  
The old man became gaunt and thin  
And one morning, they found him —  
His hands still caressed the ivory keys,  
And peace and joy were mirrored in his sightless eyes.

b. a. cameron

# HISTORY CLASS

There were three of us back here quite a bunch both of them. Capt from one of we will discuss

about that. It stuck with his usual r.

It started in 18

Charlie, sitting back

merican Civil War

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ere" — Coach a

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SHUT UP. It was school.

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I. s h i n k l e

## I AM SITTING NEAR MY WINDOW

I am sitting near my window

Alone in thought, if not in life

And I can see the sun, through the panes,  
Shining, sparkling, between bare limbs.

And I can see the children, through the screen,  
Playing, laughing, in fresh virgin snow.

And I can hear them smile, and laugh, in the wind.

Lying down, and making angels, rolling and making  
Snowmen.

And I can hear them cry, and giggle, in the breeze,  
As they fight, and push, and are happy.

And I can reach out, over the years,

But

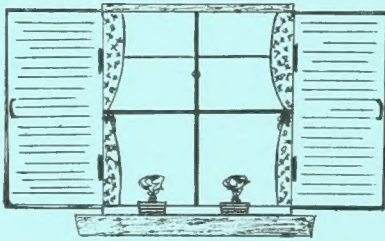
I

can't

reach

far

enough.



j. currie

## NIGHT SHIFT

Yes, I remember that night very well. It was cold out and there was not a star in the sky. Jan and I made our way down Bahnhofstrasse silently and alertly. Occasionally he would check behind him to make sure that no one was near, but other than that there was deadly silence as we strolled toward the station.

Two people passed by us going the other way, a boy and a girl. They were both drunk, and as they passed, Jan smiled and wished them goodnight. He looked at me as if he expected a comment but my eyes remained fixed at the station ahead. Jan seemed overly nervous and careful that night and his friendly actions to those two people relieved me. We had a job to do. A man was going to be in the station at approximately two o'clock and we had orders to kill him. "For God and the Country!" — or so we were once told.

We entered under a big sign which read "Bahnhof" and Jan turned pale and walked much slower. He always turned pale right before a job. I never really thought that he was cut out to be an agent. Maybe a man behind a big desk with lots of pretty secretaries and a Havana cigar; but nothing where there was action. He always pulled through though and got the job done. Sure he was scared as hell, but it was Jan who got all the credit. The "top brass" really loved the guy. It was actually quite funny. If they had seen him in the station that night, the way I saw him, they would not have thought that way. He was a little man I tell ya, a little man, not a brave man, merely lucky . . .

It was dark in the station that night and all was deadly silent as we walked slowly and deliberately down the hall.



It dawned, damp and rheumatic, typically Berlin.

As Reutlinger and I made our way out of our cubbyhole of a headquarters, off the Straushoser, we felt the drizzling mist and chilling wind of an autumn morning, so peculiar to Berlin.

Reutlinger, whom I had known only since our introduction by Forst, head of the Baher or Berlin branch of the M16; two days before, seemed a quiet yet not unpleasant sort of chap. As we walked along the cobblestone street bordering the Mittleland Canal, Reutlinger told him of his home in the Württemberg or south-west portion of Germany.

I had always distrusted Germans from the Bavarian Highlands because of the beer they brewed. It always had a rather flat, unsalted taste. But I decided this was no reason to hold anything against Reutlinger, for he did seem to be quite friendly. Anyhow Forst was the one who had introduced him to me and having known Forst for so many years one came to accept all he said.

As we passed by the old Weswerk Cathedral and started down the Neustrata towards the Potsdam station, Reutlinger filled me in on the plan of action as I had been called away the night before when Forst had sent his courier over with the deciphered instructions. (Forst had wanted me to check on one of our Polish agents, a girl who worked for the Poles while doubling for the Russians and spying for France.) It hadn't been that important, hardly worth being called out the night before an assignment, but still it had to be checked out. "Don't trust your mother" was the rule learned in the British agent school. ("Mother" standing for the section supervisor, who was made out to be the end all in our line of work.)

Reutlinger, from what I gathered, had done this sort of thing many a time before; a professional no doubt, capable of handling most situations. "He'll do alright," I thought as we wandered our way out of the Potsdam station and onto der Reysterstrata.

By now the early morning mist had risen, letting the sun peep through the clouds, making the wet leaves on the oak trees (which line one of Berlin's most beautiful streets) glisten like so many stars on a quiet night.

Our destination was the Schwinfurt, a small and well respected café off the Sregstrata, but a short walk from where we were.

Since we had twenty minutes to spare before our rendezvous, I asked Reutlinger if he would care to stop and have a beer. Reutlinger readily agreed. Once we were seated and his Beck open Reutlinger seemed more talkative. I started the conversation by complaining about my beer, a Hindlebocker from Southern Germany. As I said I hate Bavarian beer but this one was absolutely terrible. While we talked I noticed that Reutlinger did not appear at all nervous or agitated over what we would be doing in a short while. It distinguished him as a professional. I conceived of us working as a team for he seemed to be of the right stock.

It was Reutlinger who noticed the time. So idle had we been over our beers that the time of our rendezvous was fast approaching.

Reutlinger drained his beer and headed for the door while I followed suit. As I put my stein down and took a step towards the door, I saw Reutlinger turn casually, throw a thumbs up at the bartender, and saunter out.

God I thought, as I sank to my knees, Bavarian beer tastes . . .

## THE SEA

What majesty! What an aura of glory! These and similar thoughts raced through Matt's head. What could be more beautiful than the Cornish coast? Soaring, wind-hewn, majestic cliffs gazed down upon a large expanse of soft brown sand, and there lies the beautiful itself, the sea. Azure blue, peaked with whitecaps that come eternally and strongly tumbling at the cliff face, it is so magnificent, so powerful, so soothing, and yet at the same time so invigorating that Matt felt like yelling, which he did. Immediately he was sorry; he felt guilty, as if he had been caught yelling in church, for to him this sort of infantile nonsense had no place amongst the timeless elegance and glory of the sea. To forget himself, he again plunged himself in an appraisal of the beauty around him. Here, however, words failed him, and he was simply content to stroll along the beach with a blank mind and let the cool wind and heights around him please him.

As he turned a corner in the bluffs he found himself confronted a little ways off by a tiny fishing village, which fact failed to register on his mind, for the village, with its stone pier, clusters of forest-like masts, and square, white houses appeared unchanged from Nelson's era, and seemed in such perfect harmony with what he saw and had seen that he almost expected it to vanish into thin air as far as it had appeared.

The village however, increased in size, and soon he could perceive curtains within windows and saw rust on the boats in the shelter of the pier. People came into view also. Odd lot! Something's afoot, I bet, there's a woman wiping her hands in her apron and there's a man in just his braces, but there's more to it than that . . . Oh! Now I see. They're all looking at the same thing. What? Following their line of vision, Matt perceived two men working at a net at the ocean's edge between himself and the townfolk. Approaching them, however, more thoughts raced through his head with every pace he took, what was so fantastic about two men working a net? Anyway, men don't fish this close to shore with nets, because they're too cumbersome to be easily handled without a boat.

All of a sudden, things began happening. One of the two men started it off; slowly standing up, he waved solemnly to the watching people; the woman wiping her hands in her apron now buried her face in it as she ran back into a house and shut the door. To counteract this, another woman came flying out of a side street and came running towards the two men, her skirts a-fly, with two small boys running behind, and Matt, too, found himself running. As he approached, the man kneeling with his back to him, all of a sudden stood up and pulled at the . . . body. Matt swallowed hard through quick, painful gasps of air, and stopped dead in his tracks. My God, my God, how could you do this? His mouth hanging limply open Matt gazed at horrors such as Hell had never seen. The man's body had been bleated to such an extent that his now-colorless clothes were split in parts, through which hung mounds of greenish-white skin. His hands were immensely swollen and his fingernails black, and his face was vastly beyond repair. His remains of hair appeared painted, and his black, stiff tongue stuck out between green teeth at his wild, staring, dead-white eyes appeared ready to fall out.

Matt made a wide circuit of the two men and the sea's return and finally managed to rip his eyes away. They were immediately confronted by another horror. The woman running from the village was now on top of him, and he was again halted in his tracks. She seemed only to have a face, for her hair was tightly bound behind her head in a bun, and her body appeared blurred by her running. Her face was the picture of agony, her mouth a black O, her eye slits streaming water, her forehead furrowed with wrinkles. And then came the children, as their mother proceeded up the sand. The elder, more comprehending, was crying, and tugging the agog younger brother along. A faint cry of "Daddy" came to Matt as he took this all in.

As Matt had turned to watch the mother and her children pass, he awoke from his trance finding himself staring at the sea. It was not the same body of water he recalled from before, for rather than azure it was now an ugly green, topped with scum rather than whitecaps, and instead of rolling, it heaved.

Matt hurried on with an empty feeling in his stomach. He looked back once more, and saw the woman hugging the corpse (she actually touched it) as the boys stood a little ways away, and the men awkwardly looked on. He snapped his eyes away, and prepared to confront the townsmen, for he was not an intimate friend of the guilty party, the sea? They let him through their lines however, while pretending to watch the distant little grouping, but all the while watching him (or so he thought). Proceeding in a straight line, ready to run at the sound of a voice, he halted before a gray building called the "White Unicorn", an inn with a pub downstairs. He entered the hotel, and sat down in the pub at a picture window from which he could no longer see the little group up the beach, but only gazed at the little inlet with its moored ships and the sea.

Matt was taken aback, for the sea had changed again. It had now turned black, as had the sky. It no longer rolled, or heaved, but beat against the little stone pier. It almost seemed to have a mind of its own, to revel in wanton destruction.

d. marley

The sun hangs, emanating a sick yellow light, inert as if pasted in the sky.  
The world stands still, waits with closed eyes . . . and tenses.

The time has come and the eyes open — the bodies move. They pick themselves up from the slimy floors and claw at the muddy walls, once on their feet, they tumble forward into no man's land. A thick yellow cloud rolls across the ground to meet them and suddenly death lashes out. The eyes roll up to meet the sun, the arms and legs quiver, the faces contort and strange muffled gagging sounds permeate the air.

The men, the boys, all fall and the earth rushes up to meet them; their bodies are swallowed up by the fog and there they lie, all is still, all is yellow, the fog, the sun and the mud.

Again the world closes its eyes and waits . . . and tenses.

I. Hilborn

## MAN

the sand gritted in his teeth his tongue searched the parched cavern of his mouth for water and finding none slumped exhausted in its corner yellow teeth gaped in even line past the swollen lips it was getting cold now the sun was down time to move on time to leave his secure shelter in the rocks.

His footsteps echoed up and down the long corridor, sounding foreign to his ear. He saw himself, or was it really he who was reflected in the black marble pillars? No, it was not Boris Kamluv—not the Boris he used to know.

The inner door opened to present a spartan office and a round-faced cherub behind a barren expanse of desk. His face smiled at Boris, but his eyes did not. He extended his hand and indicated a place for Boris to sit. He offered Boris a cigarette which Boris readily accepted and lit . . . there were no ashtrays . . .

The official briefcase sagged on the desk. "I am the representative of the People's Republic of Slobakia."

"Good day sir, won't you sit down please? The minister will be with you in a moment."

They did not have receptionists like that in Slobakia. She has a bigger office than the leader . . . How long ago was it that he had seen the round-faced leader—twelve years? The leader had warned him of bribery attempts that were supposed to have been tried. These people did not need bribery. One could refuse a bribe easily but can one resist temptation daily for twelve years? The temptation was that of security, of working for oneself. "Capitalism". The word flooded his mind, and he shuddered. It was not really that. It was the natural selfishness of all men. Now, it was all over. He would be free. He had waited eight long years for his mother to die in Slobakia—she was dead. He was free to live.

The door to freedom opened. But this time the office was bright and cluttered, golf clubs stood half-hidden behind a curtain. The young man smiled. He offered Boris Kamluv an American cigarette. As Boris accepted one and lit it, his eye fell upon the ashtray in front of him.

IN SLOBAKIA, A FILE WAS DESTROYED.

The Land Rover sagged as the sergeant jumped in and slammed the door. He tried to brush the dust and grit from his moustache.

"Is it him?"

"No question about it."

"Wonder what the hell he was doing way out here."

"Hiding I should imagine."

"Hiding? From whom?"

"Poor fellow. He was forever coming to the Bureau to demand protection. Claimed his government was trying to kill him."

"And was it?"

"Kill him? The second undersecretary to the Slobakian agricultural legation in Melbourne. I should think not."

"Hum huh"

"What is it?"

"He was well hidden in the rocks."

B. WATT

## THE LAST NIGHT OUT

"And now we switch to Hartley Hubbs in the Chum Chopper", Bob was immediately awakened by the whirring sound of a nearby helicopter. He raised his head, shook the sleep from his eyes, and realized that it was from a loud radio in the next apartment. He fished under his bed for a shoe, and upon finding it, threw it at the wall in the direction of the sound. The radio was immediately turned down.

Sighing, he rolled over and, shivering, pulled the blanket up to his neck. Realizing how cold the room was, he decided to have a cigarette before getting up.

The glow of the match illuminated a small dismal apartment. It was sparsely furnished, and very untidy. There was a big chair by the window over which an assortment of clothes was spread. A small table near the door held a few utensils and what was left of a loaf of bread. The only lighting in the room was a single outlet in the middle of the ceiling.

Having finished his cigarette, Bob jumped out of bed. The floor was icy cold to his feet, and having no pajamas on, he felt the cold air against his skin. Quickly he ran to the chair and pulled his clothes on. After he was warmly dressed he made his way to the door and flicked on the light. As the light brightened the room, he noticed a small white envelope at his feet.

He picked it up and opened it, a bit anxious to see what it was. It was from his parents, and they wanted him to have dinner with them, hoping to persuade him to come back and lead a decent life with him. They had made reservations at a fashionable hotel down the street, and they hoped he would come.

Bob threw the note on the bed with disgust. He had told them before to leave him alone. He knew he was a writer and he didn't want his writing to affect the lives of his parents, nor did he want his background to influence his writing. He decided to go tonight, but it would be the last time he'd speak to his parents, and he'd tell them tonight.

That night, Bob put on his best clothes and even borrowed a jacket from a friend, but as he walked up the street and into the hotel, he looked a bit shabby and out of place. He was a bit early, but went and took his place at their table.

It was a glamorous hotel, and the dining hall was no exception. The table was covered with a thick white cloth, with a big bouquet of flowers in the center. Overhead was a large chandelier, and the floor was carpeted with a thick broadloom.

Just then his parents arrived. During the meal all they talked about were the happy things he was missing. His mother did her best to cheer him up and the dinner. She was always smiling, yet in her eyes, it could be seen that she was far from happy.

All through the meal she reminded him of his past life, and of the opportunities that were awaiting him if he would return.

"Your grandmother asked about you yesterday, she said she would like to see you again. Your father has got a job for you with the newspaper, and we've rented a nice new apartment in your name."

His father who had said nothing to this point cut in. "You don't have to take the job, and you can live at home with us if you want. But please come back into the family." His father also tried to be stern but he could see that he had lost a lot of sleep, and that he'd had a hard time in the last little while. Finally, the waiter brought the coffee. Bob decided now was the time to speak his piece. "I'm here for one reason," he said. "I want you to forget me. If you try to get in touch with me I'll leave the city. I appreciate you going to all this trouble, but I must exist alone and separate from all family influences. I hope you will forget me, for your own good."

With that statement, Bob rose from the table and slowly made his way out of the hotel into the dark street. He made his way quickly home. When he arrived, he opened the door to his dark apartment and without even turning on the light, undressed and quietly went to bed. He pulled the blankets up tight, as the room was very cold, and wept.

a. evans

# THE MAN            THE PIT IN

Last year, on May 16, 1977 I happened to be taking a stroll in the last part of Africa to remain covered with the tropical growth of the past since Africa was fast becoming one massive city of concrete not flora. As I pushed my way through a glade of jungle plants, I caught sight of what appeared to be a clump of grass with a hole in the middle of it. My curiosity dragged me there to investigate. It was obviously an old-fashioned lion trap, built many years ago of course for now it was almost completely grown over again. Naturally, you understand, I was excited with my find and promptly removed the grass from the opening. I was somewhat taken back when the light revealed the bones of a long dead human. The sun was hot and I took a rest. As my body relaxed, my imagination wandered.

The old native was suddenly jerked into the sense of the nearness of his surroundings. Where was he? It did not take him more than half a second to realize that he was in a lion trap. What else could it be? He had been running through the forest, he recalled, trying to escape the young man of the next tribe whom he tried to swindle by selling him a book (with about a third of the pages missing). The young man had hastily given chase and when the old native had leapt through a clump of leaves, everything blanked out.

Now he stood up, preparing to escape his prison, but then he realized how secure this prison was. It was, he estimated, at least nine cubits high and the walls sloped inwards, but from bottom to top.

He shouted a few times before deciding to sit down and await someone who might pass by to give him aid. His only activity was thinking. He thought that he should get some food since he remembered that he had barely eaten the day he fell in and his stomach told him that that had been a long time ago. "When one is unconscious and in a pit," pondered the native, "it is difficult to calculate the passage of time." However, more time passed than he enjoyed. His two clocks, his stomach and the sun, were not functioning well. He had a great feeling of emptiness inside him which kept growing although it is hard to measure something which is not there. Also, when day came to his container, the only change was from darker to dark and back again.

He noticed this change four times before he became desperate. Everything closed in on him at once. Stabbing him in the back was a sense of impending doom. He must get out. Frantically he dug away at the earthen walls with nothing but his hands. He tore like the lion with whom he had traded places. He failed! A wild beast which might fall into the pit seemed his only salvation. But no. What animal would fall in an open pit? The jump, which had proved fruitless many previous times, was given a final chance. A first jump just missed. A second jump. His hands caught the side of the wall and he tasted victory then mud, in the bottom of the pit. He leapt again and again and again only to be a toy of the law of gravity. In sheer desperation he let out a cry. Insane, he threw himself to the ground. A stone, like a pillow, was waiting for his head. Through the gash in his head trickled his life.

I squatted down and looked into the grave for a while longer then decided to cover it over again to preserve my discovery till later. I walked away. "Maybe" I said out loud, "it wasn't a native after all."

Two days later with a rope and a shovel I returned to enter the pit myself. Pushing the shovel around revealed an ancient used cartridge shell. What possible explanation could my imagination have for this?

m. m. westcott

## THE 7:35

The bus moved cautiously from the freezing terminal.

I sat alone, unable to focus any attention on my actions; someone had said that the movie would be terrifying and I was evidence to the fact. Conversation was the least thing I wanted at that point. I lit another cigarette. It was then that he spoke.

"Better turn it around." I had the filter to the match. "Going to Newmarket?" he asked.

"No, Aurora—I go to school there, at the college." I held a match between my trembling fingers to light his cigarette; then he added, "I quit when I was fourteen and in grade ten." "What are you doing now?"

"I work for a sandblaster—get up to \$175 a week for it."

"We had a guy in our class kicked out this year. He came back drunk one Sunday night. It was too bad because he was pretty smart in school; but when he wasn't in classes or even at the school — well, I guess you could call him a little crazy. Like for instance, one night in study he was sniffing glue!"

"I suppose that this guy used to hang around the Village? Man, that's the best place around. I lived there four months last year. Christ, I had dough comin' out of my pockets! I worked as a pusher and made \$150 a day sometimes!"

"Did you ever get caught?" I asked.

"Na, I'm too smart for that. I was in the pen for three years and up at the reformatory . . ."

"What for?"

"Armed robbery. Me and three others were holdin' up this restaurant at about one-thirty in the morning when up pulls these two cop cars fulla coppers. One of the guys who'd been in on a few jobs with us before finked on us. So the cops take us down to the station and figgerin' I was the smartest of the bunch, they worked me over for seven straight hours. And the bloody papers say that there's no cop brutality — man, my nuts were swollen for three weeks!"

At length, I asked him how long he'd been out for.

"Nine months, but I gotta go back soon — 'suspicion of robbery' they called it, just because me and some guys were talking about a bank job. But I'm goin' to beat the wrap, because I got the best lawyer in Ontario — Al Bino — ever heard of him in the papers or something?"

"No, but from what you say, he must be pretty good." I didn't want to argue with him at this stage.

"You're damn right he's pretty good. He's the smartest guy in the whole goddamn world!"

"Well, where did you go to prison?"

"Ah, hell! I was at Guelph for eighteen months and after that three years in the pen at Kingston. The screws are buildin' a maximum security block down there now so's it'll be a little harder to get out. But man don't ever go to prison . . ." "You must know Stephan —"

"Ya, Stevie and I was good friends. He's a real fighter; but he's queer because that's what prison'll do to a fella. Do I think he did it? Maybe, since he's so fuggin' queer. That's what six years in the cage does to ya'. He never talked about it, though.

"You look like a pretty good fighter yourself!" "Ah, Christ, ya! Fightin's one o' my specialties . . ."

"Hey, try to watch the language," I pleaded with him, "because there's two nuns up there."

"Ya, right. I ain't got much use for them though." "You were saying about fighting?"

"Well, there's things that hafta be remembered in fightin'; Christ, I could kill anybody beatin' up on old men. They're too old and poor; guys your own age ar okay, but when these punks go around and snatch purses from old ladies and take the only money some old man has left for his next meal, then I figger the cops oughta do somethin'!"

He gently demonstrated his method of putting down resistance. I felt the power his sinewy body contained when he showed me his rock-hard fist a hair's-breadth from my jaw.

After lighting cigarettes for about the fifth time, I asked him, "Why are you going to Newmarket?"

"To see a guy. He sent my brother up for four years—armed robbery. I'm gonna go up to the dance because he'll be there. Hope there's some action up there tonight. Anyway, if this guy doesn't have any answers, I'm gonna give it to him. I've gotta go see my old man first, though. He don't know I'm comin'. I'll take a taxi out to his place. He lives a way out. He's an artist, ya know, one of the good kind that don't like to be disturbed. Christ, I remember one night I was up there and he got so mad at the telephone ringing all the time he ripped it off the wall! I'll go and see him first then go into town to see this guy."

"Hey, you're not packing a rod, are you?"

"No, I'm too smart for that. Why, if the cops even knew I was up here, they'd throw me in jail. They hate me and my brothers. We used to run Newmarket. Every time we walked into the poolhall, we'd just snap our fingers and the place would clear out. I remember when my brother got nailed; he phoned me up the night before he and some others was to pull off a bank job. He says 'You comin'? and I said 'No, I got some other things to do, see ya in the morning'. So at six o'clock the next morning he calls up and says 'We got pinched; be seein' ya around.' That's why I'm up here now — to see the guy that caught 'em."

"I guess you guys were pretty big men up there."

"Those guys were punks!! The big boys, the boys who run the crime in the city, just sit at home in their pent-houses all day on their butts while their little messenger boys do all their dirty work — they take in the dough. It's as easy as that. But when they snap their fingers, the whole world comes runnin'."

"Did they fix up Al Bino for you?"

"Ya; me and Al was down to see the Grand Jury yesterday to get a date set for my trial on this new wrap they're tryin' to put on me. But we'll beat it, so Al says. I'll get off, Al's gonna see to it!"

He offered his hand as I picked up my bag to get off the bus. "The name's Pat."

"Mike," I replied, not wishing him to know my real name. "Take it easy, Pat, and don't do anything stupid," I added. "Don't worry, man. I never do!"

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To-day we are in infancy of the age of space exploration. Dreams have been inspired of worlds thousands of light years away. So far to the farthest reaches of space that incomprehensibility has become a by-word of human existence. Existence, co-existence, to exist, to live — words discussd in a vacuum by pseudo — intellects on their way home from the mine. Bejewelled ladies peering meticulously through lorgnettes at masquerading talent trying to make a buck. Rights, liberty, free-love, hypothetical words upon which a generation has hung its hat, but still no substitute for free-food.



Closing doors, pretty baby in a ruffled yellow dress, twenty years of wet and dry tears. Books in arms, campus co-eds walk through the new gates . . . backwards. The seed is sown, grown, and slashed at maturity, cut off from its roots. The new seed is never separated from the chaff, but left so long that the seed and the chaff become indistinguishable, and inseperable. Prison walls melt with the borders of our minds, and international boundaries are boundaries between love and hate.

Some day that girl must put on a new dress, chosen only by her, and only then will the doors of the world be re-opened to the universe



drawings:  
ACB

b. r. christie

AND

One man said that he didn't like  
their manner  
While another was purely shocked by  
their skin  
Another man said that they're ugly  
And that he definitely wouldn't live  
next to him.



THEY

A woman I know says she hates them  
But as long as they stay, she won't  
mind  
Another girl said they're distasteful  
But as long as they pay, she don't mind.

SAID

The children are taught to say "dirty"  
And they smile and they don't  
understand  
And their mothers and fathers say  
"pity",  
But there's stigma if they dare lend a  
hand.

One man blames it all on relations,  
Another man takes up the cry,  
And another blames mother and father,  
But most of them just don't know  
why.

Things to read for people that are too lazy to  
read the long stuff

Life is dead  
God is dying  
The world is a twisted mass of  
egotistical maniacs  
And the moon is too far away  
To be reached at such short notice

Have you ever thought  
Wondered  
Pondered  
On whether hell is  
Really beautiful  
And people  
Just make it out to be  
Bad  
So it won't become  
Over crowded  
Like the earth?

with  
sewage  
water

I  
wake  
to  
brush  
my  
teeth  
white

Every  
morning

until  
it  
rained

upon the beautiful  
plain

once  
a  
mountain  
stood

Hooray for George H. Washington Smidlup  
He went over Niagara Falls in a few old tire tubes  
They had a lovely view of it from the lookout on top  
Hooray for poor G. H. Washington Smidlup

w. murray

### UNDER FIRE

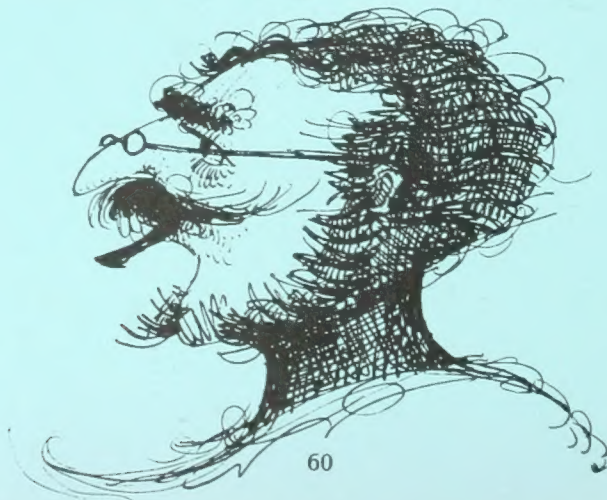
All polished,  
All clean,  
Sweet Smelling.

The Bullet,  
Sharp!  
Sleek!  
Sliding in,  
Slithering in  
To its prearranged spot.

The Gun—  
poised  
Target found  
Click! Click!  
A dud?  
No!  
Bang!

The spinning bullet,  
The wheezing bullet,  
Pressing onward,  
Onward!  
Still on target,  
Getting closer!  
Speeding!

TARGET  
FOUND,  
Home base, hit.



ANJO



Chairman of the Board  
Universal Research Inc.  
District Mars, Unit One.

Dear Sir:

I have a rather unusual request to make of you, but first I would like to tell you, of an adventure concerning a friend of mine whom I have known since childhood and whose trustworthiness is unquestionable. The following is the account of his experience as related to me by his brother:

'There was no special notice taken of my brother, Paul Gentry, at his birth, nor when he graduated from the pkic (preliminary knowledge induction center), nor even when he completed his supplementary studies in biochemistry at Midnight-Shadow Crater, moon sector seven. In short, he was a normal young man whose education had progressed well, and who was now reaping the benefits of his learning in a well-paying job as a botanical prospector in Loriania, in the yet uninhabited west-polar region of Mars.

Previous to his first encounter, no one would have singled him out to be the first human to converse with intelligent extra-terrestrial life. The very thought of it would have made even he, himself scoff. However, one day when he was working with specimens in his camp, he thought he heard a thin almost inaudible 'voice' floating on the air from afar. He turned around, but saw nothing. Nevertheless the nagging in his brain grew louder and more distinct. Growing uneasy, Paul decided that time forfeited for the sake of peace of mind is time well spent, so he readied his ruby-pistol and set himself in front of his inflatable dome, prepared for a long precautionary wait.

The presence was coming nearer now, and unintelligible 'words' of a different tongue could be heard. Paul was thinking of all the implications of this when he was suddenly terrified to realize that wordless questions were forming in his brain involuntary—questions as to his origin, his nature, and his customs. He fearfully cast his eyes about and was about to retreat to the safety of the dome when he caught a short, quick movement out of the corner of his eye. Although he turned almost simultaneously with the action, he couldn't see anything of his tormentor, despite his moving warily over to inspect the area closely.

After sealing himself from the outside in his shelter he tried to brush off the occurrence as a result of his long loneliness on the frontier, but the voiceless, pestering questions continued to peck at his sanity as he settled down for a sleepless night.

The quires continued during the next few days, until Paul felt an extraordinarily sharp demand. Without thinking, Paul responded by formulating the answer in his mind, yet without speaking a word. The voice abruptly ceased, then started anew, yet more hesitantly. Paul felt that he was on the verge of a great discovery, so he answered the wordless images which entered into his brain. Then, to test his suspicion, he interrupted his interrogator, and posed a question of his own. Slowly, dubiously, the answer returned, and thus began a two-way exchange of ideals, philosophies, and general information that lasted several days. However, without warning, the unseen second party broke off from any further attempts at communication.

Being greatly excited by this unique experience, Paul rushed to the nearest center of civilization where he began to collect supplies and equipment for another journey into the interior to seek out his unseen friend. It was there that I met him for the last time, and listened to his story. Shortly afterwards he left on his expedition and has never been heard from since.'

The reason that I tell you this, sir, is that I too have heard the unidentified voice, and have conversed with it. I, a man of meager means, would also like to lead an expedition into Loriania, but my lack of credits holds me back. If I could enlist your support in this endeavor, and thus have you help me financially, I assure you that my work shall prove beneficial not only to you, but to the whole of mankind.

Sincerely,

Blair Christie

Nov. 17, 1946

PROGRESS REPORT XXVI

- Patient is obviously regaining the use of his injured brain, but flight of uncontrolled energy resulting from the bullet wound shows him unfit for release

Dr. Duncan  
Psychology Ward  
Victory Hospital

# ASTRONOMY.

The  
which app  
much to the an  
the imagination a  
modern man at its  
of interplanetary spac  
is on the verge of ste  
neighbour, the moon, th  
verse still awe man just  
they did his ancestors.

The unanswered questio  
ter, anti-matter and time  
since their existence on th  
do so until astronomy unlocks the door to the secrets of the universe.

The idea of stars of diameters upwards of three thousand million miles and of those whose density approaches two thousand million tons to the square inch, existing far beyond the bounds of the visible universe will always constitute the most exciting aspects of amateur astronomy, the facet of the science with which the layman is most closely related.

The possibility of life existing elsewhere in the universe is extremely fascinating. It is, of course, ridiculous to stipulate that there is no other life than that on earth, for there are at least a million million other known galaxies inside the visible universe. It is, in a way, selfish to consider that the human race is the highest level of civilization conceivable. This is the view taken by a surprisingly large number of the world's leading scientists, especially astrophysicists. Still, one's imagination is free to wander to the edge of the universe until one's curiosity is satisfied by conjectures of the wildest proportions regarding the forms of life there may be.

Until the secrets of the universe are found, the appeal of the expanse of space and matter will always be the greatest mystery to our civilization. With the power and tools of man today, the long awaited day cannot be far off.

science  
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cients still holds  
nd curiosity of  
gates. In this day  
e probes, when man  
pping onto his closest  
e mysteries of the uni-  
as much, if not more, than

n of the creation of mat-  
have baffled astronomers  
is earth. It will continue to

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## CHILDHOOD

The ideal that childhood is a time of pastoral bliss is a myth foisted upon the unsuspecting public by a myriad of idealistic writers. Poets from William Wordsworth to Dylan Thomas and novelists from Mark Twain to Enid Blyton have drummed home this fantasy until it is accepted as truth. The time has come for us to shake off our sloth and accept the truth: children are brats.

The first misconception, one that has been with us since the days of Hansel and Gretel, is the idea of an inseparable, interdependent brother and sister. Everyone but the single child knows that brothers and sisters fight like cats only more dirtily. The time of childhood is not a time of "nonage days", as Abraham Klein would have us believe, but savage days of battle with no quarter asked or given.

A child lives in a completely amoral society. The biggest child invariably takes and plays with the best toys. To survive the ratrace of childhood and graduate to the ratrace of adulthood, catlike stealth and foxlike cunning are needed. How often a child will lie tossing and turning, planning and replanning his coups d'état for the next day. He must regain his bicycle from the neighbourhood bully, he must see his enemy is excluded from tomorrow's game of hide and seek. O what a glorious day the morrow brings! He will know how Balboa felt kneedeep in the Pacific, how Caesar felt with the whole world at his feet. And yet perhaps he pauses a moment to bemoan the fact that he needs these triumphs to survive. He lives a cutthroat existence on the pinnacle of success. But the pinnacle precludes the chasms of failure. He risks the torture of his companions' laughter. Where does Dylan Thomas, running his needless ways, fit into the harsh realities of childhood.

Another myth of childhood is the merry romping in the "Great Outdoors". As every mother knows, to her sorrow, the only way to get her offspring outside is to introduce a permanent malfunction in the television set, drag the screaming clawing creature to the door and lock him out.

However there are on occasions, however infrequent, when the child is mentally drained by an exceptionally hard day of outmaneuvering his "friends" and physically exhausted by a daylong battle with his sister. He collapses. Then he is innocent. Then he is angelic. So take heart Messrs. Thomas and Wordsworth and Twain, you were partly right.

g. dunkley

# QUESTIONNAIRE '68

This questionnaire was compiled by the literary staff of the "Review" to obtain the opinion of the staff, the upper sixth and the lower sixth on various issues confronting students of the school.

Questions	Staff	U. Six	L. Six	Total	Results
(1) Should the United States unilaterally withdraw from Viet Nam?	5	9	13	27	Yes
	8	18	20	46	No
	2	3	5	10	Don't know.
(2) Do you think that the presence of American forces in Viet Nam is morally justifiable?	7	11	21	39	Yes
	6	13	12	31	No
	2	1	4	9	Don't know.
(3) Who do you think will be the next American president?	3	1	7	11	McCarthy
	7	22	26	55	R.F.K.
	1	2	—	3	Nixon
	2	3	4	9	Humphrey
	—	1	—	1	Lindsay
(4) Do you think that socialism has harmed Britain?	6	15	15	36	Yes
	8	11	18	37	No
	1	5	2	8	Don't know.
(5) Which in your view is the better system?	10	21	22	53	Capitalism
	0	1	2	3	Communism
	5	6	7	18	Socialism
	0	0	2	2	Maoism
	0	2	4	6	Facism
(6) Will world disarmament come into being in the next fifty years?	2	1	7	10	Yes
	13	28	27	65	No
	0	2	2	4	Don't know.
(7) Who will win the next federal election?	15	26	32	73	Trudeau
	0	5	5	10	Stanfield
	0	0	1	1	Other
(8) Who will make the most substantial gain in the next election?	11	22	22	55	Liberal
	3	2	4	9	N.D.P.
	1	4	10	15	Conservative
	—	3	1	4	Other
(9) Did the mass media play the most important part in Trudeau's recent victory at the Liberal Convention?	10	20	24	54	Yes
	4	9	8	21	No
	0	11	1	12	Don't know.
(10) Should unearned income be taxed?	12	10	19	51	Yes
	2	18	14	34	No
	1	3	1	5	Don't know.
(11) What should the voting age in Canada be?	6	20	23	69	21
	9	10	14	33	18
	0	0	0	0	16
	0	1	1	2	Other
(12) Should Quebec secede?	0	3	2	5	Oui
	13	28	33	74	Non
	2	0	1	3	Je ne sais pas.
(13) Will Quebec secede?	2	3	1	6	Oui
	11	19	27	57	Non
	2	9	8	19	Je ne sais pas
(14) Do you believe in censorship by a government?	0	0	6	6	Yes
	10	18	20	48	No
	6	12	10	28	Don't know.

# QUESTIONNAIRE '68

Questions	Staff	U. Six	L. Six	Total	Results
(15) Do you believe in mercy killing?	8	17	21	46	Yes
	4	7	11	22	No
(16) Is God dead?	2	7	11	20	Yes
	10	15	20	45	No
	1	9	6	16	Don't know.
(17) Does the church have any place in modern society?	14	22	31	67	Yes
	0	9	5	14	No
	1	0	0	1	Don't know.
(18) Is there an afterlife?	3	7	10	20	Yes
	4	5	9	18	No
	8	19	17	44	Don't know.
(19) Are you a:	8	11	24	43	Christian
	1	2	3	6	Atheist
	6	18	7	31	Agnostic
(20) Should religion play a part in public school?	8	12	13	33	Yes
	4	17	21	42	No
	2	2	1	5	Don't know.
(21) Do you believe that chapel should be compulsory?	12	9	12	33	Yes
	2	11	11	24	No
	0	11	14	25	For all but grades 12 and 13.
(22) Should the Prefects have authority over the upper sixth?	15	12	25	52	Yes
	0	19	11	30	No
	—	—	—	—	Don't know.
(23) Should there be classes all day Wednesday and not on Saturday?	11	11	17	39	Yes
	4	16	19	39	No
	1	4	0	5	Don't know.
(24) Are cadets beneficial to a boy's education?	11	17	24	52	Yes
	4	14	9	27	No
	0	0	3	3	Don't know.
(25) Should there be a student council at S.A.C.?	8	3	10	21	Yes
	0	6	2	8	No
	7	21	27	55	Yes, but along new lines.
(26) Could a student's court for minor offences work at S.A.C.?	11	9	15	35	Yes
	3	19	16	38	No
	1	3	8	12	Don't know
(27) Has S.A.C. seen better days?	1	20	25	46	Yes
	5	3	1	9	No
	9	8	10	27	Don't know
(28) Do you think that the leave policy should be:	6	16	36	58	More Liberal
	0	0	0	0	More Conservative
	6	15	0	21	The same
(29) Should regular meetings between the Headmaster and the school be held?	13	20	34	67	Yes
	2	10	0	12	No
	0	1	2	3	Don't know
(30) Should regular meetings between the Prefects and the school be held?	12	18	30	60	Yes
	1	8	6	15	No
	1	5	0	6	Undecided
(31) For the size of this institution, is the food:	4	1	0	5	Excellent
	10	9	14	33	Good
	1	15	18	34	Fair
	—	6	1	7	Poor.

**SCHOOL**



**NEWS**

# CLUBS

## SENIOR DEBATING

The Senior Debating Team of Dunkley II, Jones I and Love began the season with a win over U.T.S. opposing the resolution 'Resolve that separate nationhood is in the best interest of Quebec'. The same team represented S.A.C. at the annual Debating tournament at T.C.S. on January 20th. The resolution for the tournament was 'Resolve that separation is in the best interest of Quebec'. Supporting the resolution they lost to a superior team from Brebuf but opposing the resolution they won debating against Havergal College. St. Andrew's placed sixth in the tournament.

Campbell II, Somerville I and Somerville II narrowly lost an exciting debate to Ridley on January 26th held at St. Andrew's. S.A.C. supported the resolution 'Resolve that the U.S. government should withdraw from Vietnam'.

On February 16th S.A.C. was host to Upper Canada College. Annan, Harstone, and Henderson II supported the resolution 'Resolve that the United Nations has outlived its usefulness' but lost.

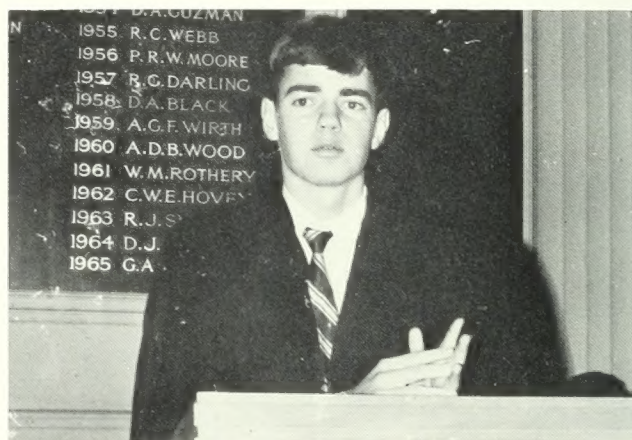
And on February 23 in what unfortunately proved to be the final debate of the year Dougall, Henderson and Perry travelled to Trinity College to oppose the resolution 'Resolve that the Crown should be abolished in Canada'. In front of a spirited house the team from S.A.C. lost.

It is unfortunate that the boys of St. Andrew's do not realize the benefits of debating. A very

important qualification of a successful man is that he is able to communicate with others. He must be able to make speeches, prepared or impromptu, in front of large audiences, and he should be able to argue and defend a point of view at any time. What better preparation for this that most of us will have to face one day is there than debating? I can think of none.

Many thanks must be extended to Mr. Skinner, who devoted a lot of his spare time to the club this year. May the boys of St. Andrew's reward his efforts with an enthusiastic spirit for debating next year.

R. J. Perry.



## JUNIOR DEBATING

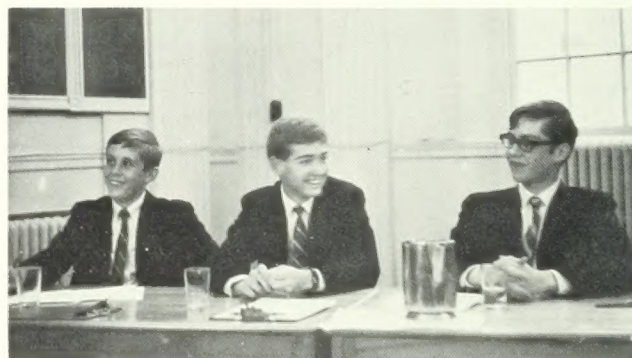
This year, there was no formal Junior Debating Society, however upon receiving a challenge from T.C.S. one was hastily formed. It was made up of only 4th Formers, so this year, we had, in essence, 4th Form debating instead of Junior Debating.

Because of certain mixups, mostly at the T.C.S. end, the debate with them was constantly being postponed. Meanwhile, our secretary-appoint, Jim Sara, under the direction of Mr. Ray, wrote to the other L.B.F. schools challenging them.

Ridley replied by sending us 5 topics and a challenge. We accepted and chose to defend the resolution: Resolved, Man has meddled too far into the affairs of Nature. Our government was made up of Tom Bryant (P.M.), John Harding and Norm Turner. We prepared some good defensive points such as, man's depletion of his forests. We also pointed out how his meddling with insecticides has destroyed much wildlife. Ridley won by a small majority of 6 points. Even in the hostile Ridley house, many sided with us.

On May 17, T.C.S. finally came to S.A.C. to debate. The resolution: Resolved, Teenagers in Canada should be optimistic, was opposed by Jim Sara, John Walker and Peter Russell.

Because the honorable members from T.C.S. presented their points in such an undefined way, the debate was easily ours.



Our side stated that optimism tended not to be realistic and that teenagers of today needed to be realistic.

Although we had only two external debates, debating has flourished in 4th form this year. We have had many internal debates on such controversial topics as: birth control, amateurism vs. professionalism.

I hope next year, more will have a chance to debate externally and that the school will realize the value of debating.

Our sincere thanks to Mr. Ray for his invaluable time and assistance.

# BIRD WATCHING CLUB



# THE ART CLUB

As in former years, the Art Club on Tuesday evenings have given boys an opportunity to draw or paint in water-colour or oil. The normal attendance is about half a dozen. The pictures produced vary from the realistic to the non-objective: from an almost photographic super-sports-car to a Cary-Barnard non-objective fantasy. One evening, the Club enjoyed a demonstration of water-colours painting by Mr. John Joy of Willowdale. The freedom and speed of his technique was an inspiration to everyone. The main purpose of the Art Club is to offer a haven where the materials are available for all would-be artists.

The Art Club is again fortunate, this year to have Mr. Ives who throughout the last few years has devoted his Tuesday evenings in order to help others in the field of art.

B.B.



# CAMERA CLUB





# U.N. CLUB

The United Nations Club, (formed out of the common interests of a group of senior students who had a desire to gain a better understanding of world affairs) offered us, the home to gather information on the problems facing the nations of the world; the home to debate these issues with other students; and the chance to seek a solution to these problems. Patterned after the parent organization in New York, the Inter-Collegiate Council for the United Nations, in Toronto, (of which S.A.C. is a member) held meetings at Victorian College, U. of T., twice a month where S.A.C. representing Denmark was very well received. Members who attended these meetings gained valuable information and experience in debating and human understanding. Going to seminars, listening to guest speakers, open debates, movies, and lectures were enjoyable as well as enlightening.

Climaxing the fall term attendance at the above was the 14th Annual I.C.C.U.N. Model United Nations General Assembly at which sixty-six schools from across Ontario participated. Here were raised the crucial problems facing the world today and it

was most interesting to see how deeply students are concerned with these problems.

The U.N. Club offered students the opportunity to further their knowledge of the problems facing humanity, as well as having the chance to meet and talk to other students from all over Toronto and vicinity. Only by our own involvement can we learn that we are able and, indeed, obligated in the course of our lives, to act in an informed way to contribute to the realization of the problems facing us.

We of the Club believe it to have been a success in that; we made ourselves more aware of the problems facing humanity, met and heard many persons whom we would otherwise not have met, debated and discussed many pertinent issues confronting world peace, and, in our own small way, showed that students of S.A.C. do have an interest in other things than their immediate selves.

To all those who helped in the success of the Club, we offer a hearty Thank You.

R.W.C.

# PENGUIN CLUB

The Penguin Club is like L.S.D.

It is mind expanding. Under the supervision of our guru, Mr. MacPherson we have taken trips . . . to the Northwest Territories, the Carribbean, Vimy Ridge — France and finally into the heart of the Scottish Highlands; MacPherson country.

We were not restricted to the usual form of communication in this club. Plays, satires and classical music enhanced the general effect. We meditated over various intellectual topics and different opinions were voiced and discussed. Our membership varied in accordance with secular circumstances. The main retreat was Mr. MacPherson's abode and occasionally from this base we moved to the Guild Lounge to facilitate our activities. In conclusion, the Penguin Club differs from L.S.D. in only one aspect, you never have a bad trip.

L.C.W. & M.M.W.I.



## CARPENTRY

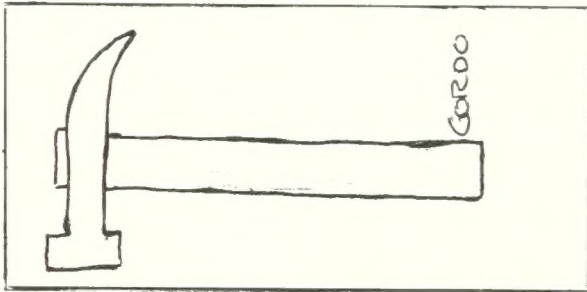
The Carpentry Club's door was opened every second Tuesday. Plans for projects were drawn up and the equipment made ready for an exciting year of shop. Boys had problems, but Mr. Tutton was always handy offering advice and supervision.

The lathes were used continually and chunks of wood evolved into startling pieces of art. Shoe-shine stands, bird feeders and coffins were some of the other favorite projects.

The most outstanding, however was a rather large and awkward sand box, a grade twelve objective. It stands completed in Mr. Gibb's geography room, proudly placed in the centre, making everything else appear as an eye-sore.

The wood shop offered a uniqueness all of its own — where else could one find an area of scientific engineering, hammers, bent nails and free personal advice?

R.H.C.

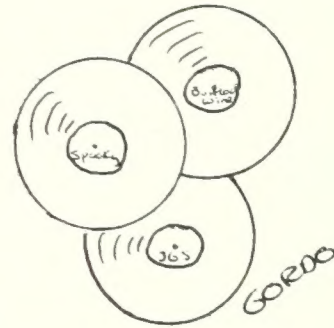


## THE D. J. CLUB

The D. J. club was organized for the first time this year although its membership was limited. The club was built up in a small room in the basement of MacDonald House with the intentions of training boys in the Arts of 'DJ'ing'. Some of the things learned were voice control, reading, co-ordination and quite a bit of thinking due to the small knowledge of electronics known by the members. The members had to be a strong breed that could put up with electrical shocks, who could control their anger when things went wrong, read in near darkness and put with lots of repairs. Of course there was a soft side of the club lying around the lounge and listening to soft music.

Music, strangely enough, was an important part of the club. We had originally hoped to expand our club into a small, campus radio station, but due to technical difficulties our goal wasn't reached. We sure had lots of fun tuning in and being turned on.

W. Doyle



## MODEL AIRCRAFT CLUB



The model aircraft club, which meets in the basement of MacDonald House, has a restricted membership. Most of the boys are in the lower school but there are a few in the upper school. The club has facilities for fifteen and there is a waiting list of around that same number.

Boys in the club can do one of either two types of models. They can assemble the plastic type or the gas type that flies. The gas-motor-power type of plane is the most popular and the most expensive. A kit can be bought and put together, like the plastic kind, or a boy can start from scratch. Most boys, however, buy the kit. A few plastic models are produced but after one or two terms usually end up smashed on the front quad.

It is the dream of Mr. Hiltz the staff advisor to show some day with all the gas powered planes flying. This is one of a very few clubs to get a grant from the school and so must be special in the eyes of the school.

# VARIETY NIGHT



This year's variety night provided an evening of varied entertainment. The whole production was ably Mc'ed by Jamie Crookston, whose quick wit kept the audience laughing, even during technical difficulties. Variety Night was well rounded, from skits to folksinging, all added something to the performance. It is impossible to mention all the good routines in this limited write up but a few outstanding ones need mentioning. There are Speed Kills one of S.A.C.'s many bands who gave an outstanding concert of pop. music. Dave Whiteside and his folksinging also added much to the performance. For the first time, each house presented their own skit and each one effectively satired one portion of school life. These skits were so well done I am sure the school hopes the houses can produce more skits of that quality for years to come. The master's skit was another excellent performance which satired the Fairy Tale "Cinderella", and along with the students themselves. The school again should congratulate any and all who contributed to Variety Night and special thanks should go to Jamie Crookston for his organizing, and directing of this excellent show.

L.C.W.





## FINIANS RAINBOW

This year the school presented the play: Finian's Rainbow. This play took place in the mythical state of Missitucky, U.S.A. There were various themes of the play which interwove into a splendid tapestry of music and acting. The more serious tones were the tenderness and the wonderfulness of love and the bigotry of discrimination. These tones were blended by the joviality of the characters of a Leprechaun, the Necessity singers and the Begat singers.

The play comprised of many songs in which were sung by Dean Agnew as Woody Mahoney, J. Crookston as Og and Mrs. Roberts, who was with us for the second year, portrayed Sharon. The leading role was taken with a touch of eloquence and dignity by Guy Baker. The rest of the cast comprised of one hundred boys who either acted, made-up, or played in the band or swept up. By comprising of such a percentage of the school, the play not only represented drama from the school, but also represented a keen spirit of the school in participation.

This year two performances were put on for the parents and public alike. These two performances were both attended by large perceptive audiences. Thus reflecting the support and interest of the public. All thanks go to the audience, for without them, we would have been incomplete.

The preparation of the production is to be credited to not just the cast; for without the rudder, a ship is useless. All congratulations to the director, Mr. Kamcke, and to the music director, Mr. Dawson. The school would also like to take this opportunity to thank two wonderful people who added the 'necessity' to the play, Mrs. Roberts and Miss Janet Baker-Pierce, both from the Aurora Drama Workshop.



# ROSS



A Turkish governor, played by Jones I, analyzes Lawrence's character and sees he has to break Lawrence in body and soul. He captures Lawrence and destroys his belief in his physical inviolability and in the power of his will. Lawrence gains an awful self-knowledge and becomes Ross.

Lawrence's masquerade as Ross was uncovered. He was forced to start again for a new belief in himself.

The set for this play is extremely complex requiring many completely different set changes. The stage crew did their job well with a minimum of delay.

Some of the supporting characters deserve special mention. Edwards was convincing as a powerful warrior sheik. Jones I was excellent as the Turkish governor. Pritchard I and Ballard I were good as English Officers.

Congratulations to Mr. MacPherson for providing an entertaining and thought-provoking evening for all who attended.

G.C.D.

Ross was known to be a weighty play and a serious attempt to study a complex character. Many boys were doubtful of the ability of the school to make a success of such a play. They were decisively proved wrong. The play was uniformly excellent.

Much of the credit for the excellence of the play must go to Jolliffe who played Ross or Lawrence of Arabia. He was particularly good in every scene and brought off extremely well a very difficult part. The play opened with Ross a broken, trembling man in continual trouble with the authorities, a man who couldn't fit in with his fellows. Then we discover this man is Lawrence of Arabia. In a flashback, his meteoric career is traced. The audience sees Lawrence as a person with great self-confidence and an overriding belief in the power of his own will. He also loathes to be touched.

The whole play revolves around the idea expressed by Lawrence after his triumph at Aquaba, 'Ross, how did I become you?'



# ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA.

During the Autumn Term the school made its annual visit to the theatre capitol of Canada, Stratford. This year only Upper and Lower Sixth forms were able to attend the production of Anthony and Cleopatra. The play was produced and directed by Micheal Longham who has been with the Stratford Festival for a long and active time. At the end of the Festival Season, Longham left for California. As a final tribute to the Shakesperian Theatre, and the Stratford Company, he presented a modern rendition of one of Shakespeare's final plays — Anthony and Cleopatra.

The play, despite heavy criticism, opened the season very sharply and well. During the battle scenes, Longham used a different technique to emphasize the action and to speed up the tempo. He combined separate vignettes into a quick general effect by pinpointing scenes with a spotlight and a surrounding darkness.

The costumes were attractive and depicted the characters. Cleopatra, the Queen of Egypt, wore a low necklined dress and sparkling jewelry. Anthony, her lover, wore a manly tunic for a good deal of the play. He also donned his family and military attire when the occasions called for it. Enobarbus, a slave, wore a tattered loin cloth. The other costumes added a great deal to the Shakespearian stage and helped to create the setting and the mood.

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety:" Zoe Caldwell took the role of Cleopatra. Zoe knew what an enterprise it was to transact the fickleness and charm of Cleopatra from the

stage to the audience. She underwent the role by emphasizing the physical voluptuousness and the extraordinary power of Cleopatra to draw people to her through speech and gesture. She could speak passionately and alluringly to her lover, Anthony, and also have the ability to speak reminiscently to the tough and common-sense people like Enobarbus. Zoe made use of her poise to coax and to decoy men to notice her. By doing so, she was also able to keep the audience keen and in her control. Zoe had the queenliness and control of Cleopatra.

Anthony was played by Christopher Plummer. Plummer made use of his facial expression to characterize the love pains of Anthony when away from Cleopatra. During the battle scenes and during the party upon Pompey's ship, Plummer bore the role very athletically. Plummer would create great excitement and pandemonium during the battle scenes by moving about the whole stage, very briskly. During the feast on Pompey's ship he took a stand at the centre of the stage for Anthony's moving and exciting 'dance'. Plummer handled the part well for at the end of the play, the audience sympathized for the death of Anthony.

After the play, questions from the audience were invited by the actors. Here the students had the opportunity to ask the 'embracing questions'. Most of the questions were about the history of the Theatre and the lives of actors. Unfortunately, we could not stay until the end of the discussion, as we had to depart for the school.

J.S.

## CREST HOUR COMPANY

In the fall the Crest Hour Company made a second appearance at the school. They came up on Friday afternoon and preformed before the whole school in the auditorium. It was a different and very entertaining performance.

The Company is made up of 2 girls and 4 guys. They carry with them a portable stage as well as various props that they use in the different skits. Travelling from school to school, they entertain teenagers all over Ontario acting, singing and reciting. Their repetoir varies from French Canadian Songs to stories by John Lennon. Some of the more popular skits were a scene from Shakespeare's Macbeth and the poem the Hollow Men by T. S. Elliot. The whole show was extremely good though and we are all looking forward to their return next year.

S. J.



# THE BELL TELEPHONE HOUR

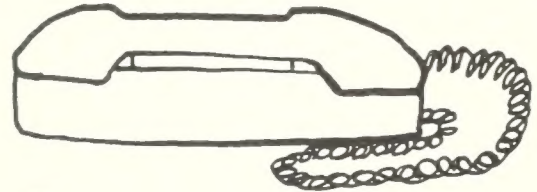
On the night of November 1st at eight the school was invited to the slides presented by the Bell Telephone in the auditorium. The film was entitled "Yesterday to Today in the Company", an appropriate title for what the film showed. "Rita Bell" commented on the slides as they appeared on the screen. She made reference as to how these objects or people affected the people of their time and what possible reason we may have heard of them.

Two well-known people that were shown to us were Caruso and Shirley Temple (Black) with

these pictures Miss Bell played recordings of one of their songs. We were also presented with a partial recording of one of Churchill's more famous speeches.

Following the slides we were invited to put forth questions, which were answered in full. As the questions started to peter out our Head Prefect, Oswald, thanked Miss Bell and the school echoed the thanks with a round of applause.

N.T. II



## MUSIC AT ST. ANDREW'S

For the second year in a row St. Andrew's has been fortunate in having on its teaching staff Mr. J. A. Dawson who is the school Music Master. Mr. Dawson deserves a great deal of credit for the high calibre of music at the College. Along with the many tasks that are included in his teaching responsibilities and in the chapel, Mr. Dawson has had great success with student bands. The Brass and Reed Band (or Music Club as it has come to be known) was formed last year, upon a suggestion of some of last year's Grade Eleven students who had achieved a high degree of excellence on their instruments in Grade Ten and wanted the opportunity for the same next year; thus, to some this club was a bit of a compromise. Nevertheless, the members of the band this year and last year as well should be congratulated on their performances in Variety Night and the school musical. With more boys playing instruments in the school than ever before and under the direction of Mr. Dawson, we can look forward to the oncoming years. In addition, further congratulations are to be extended to the Music Club for their hastily prepared but nonetheless excellent performance in Chapel one Sunday evening when the organ was broken.

G.R.A.

### JOINT MUSIC CONCERT

On Tuesday, May 14, four schools (St. Andrew's, St. George's, Hillfield, and Ridley) met at Hillfield College in Hamilton for a joint music concert.

The performance began with the MacDonald House Third Form Band. The program continued with Psalms making up the bulk of the selections by the choirs. Ridely was the exception, they sang "lively" songs! One of the boys from St. George's played two solos on the recorder. Finally, the Upper II Band played three of their songs: "Processional",

"Arnsberg", "Hungarian Dance". The Grade Seven recorders played three pieces, one of which was a number one hit on the Pop Charts; "Love Is Blue" was the selection, translated for the purpose to "Der Lib 1st Blau" by Mr. Dawson. The Hillfield Band played a song that is familiar to St. Andrew's boys, "Scotland the Brave" which was also renamed, "Bonnie Lassie" in this case.

Most comments were that 'the music was too much of the same thing'. Perhaps this could be avoided in the future. Many felt, though, that our musicians livened the concert up.

D.G.C.



# THE WHITE ELEPHANT SALE

This year the Service Committee organized the annual White Elephant Sale as usual, and as the name implies, there was a wide range of articles.

One could find after rummaging through large heaps of clothes, used flashbulbs, new ties, and even made-to-measure suits. A large section of the sale consisted of baked goods which the wives of the masters had made for the sale. The Upper Sixth and House Captains were then auctioned off in the slave trade section of the sale. — (It was then known to all just who were doing their job properly.) — The sale was determined by the different and many things which the student body had dug out of the corners of their closets and also by the Master's wives participation in the school event. The sale was for the purpose of raising funds and to balance the budget of the Service Committees it could continue on supporting the adopted overseas children in India. This was a worthwhile project, and the school reflected their enthusiasm and interest by raising close to three hundred dollars. I would have hoped that there could have been more school functions for such purposes, but a project such as last year would not have been in perspective. The White Elephant Sale ended after many hours of bargaining, trading, sorting, and hooting. The Service Committee hopes that such enthusiasm continues and grows in the years to follow by holding such useful, and



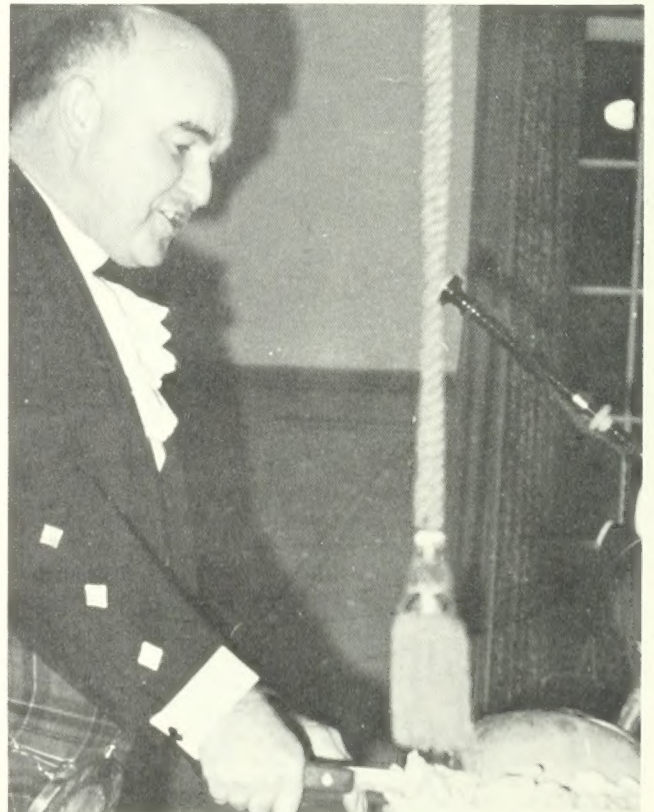
enjoyable sales such as this year's White Elephant Sale.

"J.S."

## ST. ANDREW'S DAY

Every year at Saint Andrew's College we follow the tradition of our patron saint, namely Saint Andrew. The ceremony began this year on November 30 with the piping in of the masters, guests, and of course, the haggis. After everyone was seated, Mr. MacPherson, who was attired in the gay regalia of the highlands of Scotland, again rendered the "Ode to the Haggis" in his usual sparkling style. Due to the lack of colors as a result of a slow delivery by the company there were no presentations. Again according to a tradition of the school, Mr. Inglis again received his quarter of tuck money. A toast was then initiated and adjournment shortly followed.

D.B.F.





# THE FOOTBALL DANCE

On Friday, November 3rd the boys left the school for a well deserved break, but about one hundred boys returned that evening for the annual football dance.

Before the dance Mr. Edwards held a dinner party for members of the first football team and their dates. About eight-thirty, amid rain and poor weather the rest of the couples began arriving.

The music was by the Power Project from Toronto. Because the group had strobe lights, the Great Hall was decorated with foil wrap which reflected the wild array of lighting.

There was a general atmosphere of fun and excitement at the football dance, and indeed it must be considered a success. Thanks should be given to the Social Committee for the work they put into the dance and to Mr. Stewart for the buffet which was served.

G.H.



# THE WINTER DANCE



The Winter term, due to a short semester, only one dance was able to be held. It was staged within the confines of the imaginatively decorated Great Hall. We thank the back-bone of the Decorations Committee: Lynn Beaumont, Dickie Campbell, Robert Dunkley and Don Clark.

Music was supplied by the pride of U. of T., "The Grub Street Banana Band". Dougal Bichan, an old boy, led his group through sets of "Hendrix", "Jefferson Airplane" and the "Peanut Butter Conspiracy". During their set breaks our own group "The Crypt" provided exceptional entertainment.

"The Crypt" was made up of Erik Wang, Peter Pennal, Hans Annan, Peter Sanger and Pete "the potato" Pirie, leader, vocalist, and sometimes, drummer. All of them deserve special thanks — they worked hard, and we appreciated their variety of songs.

During the dance there was the usual fun and frolic of a St. Andrew's Dance. Through the festivities, spirits were high and everyone was said to see such a lovely evening end so soon and suddenly.

The Front Four.  
R.H.C.

# CADETS

Cadets started off on a bright note when boys learned that the previous year they had been the best cadet corps in the Central Command (Ontario). This was the second time in four years the corps has won this award while five years ago it was the best in Canada.

There was a cadet period every Saturday. Old boys learned about the F.N. rifle, map reading and other military lore and the new boys, believe it or not, started to learn how to march. The battledress uniforms were worn only rarely and many were the heartfelt thanks raised to the instructors for this magnanimity.

For the N.C.O. test, a new idea was introduced this year. In previous years, the tendency was for boys to memorize a handout and be able to score extremely well on the written test. This year the test was based on general knowledge and what had been taught in the cadet classes. The practical part of the test remained the same.

With the ranks allotted, platoons were formed and cadets got down to work for making another successful corps. Seemingly incessant platoon practises were called, the air turned somewhat blue as sergeants commented on their recruits. However, by the day of the Aurora Church Parade, all wounded egos had healed and cadets faced their first test with confidence.

Sunday dawned to the skirl of the pipes and boys arose to see absolutely optimum weather conditions.



Unfortunately, as Mr. Inglis informed the corps afterwards, "It was not an excellent parade, it was not even a particularly good one." Apparently, a general polish, the tiny details which made a good parade, were missing. All and sundry strove to rectify this and make up for it on the inspection on Friday.

Friday was dark and cloudy. After consultations and a check on the weather, it was decided to have the inspection on Campus rather than in the cramped conditions of the Aurora Arena. The Corps marched on and then during the inspection a steady rain began. After one march past, with the permission of the inspecting officer, Lt.-Col. Cameron, the headmaster called off the parade. Awards were given out in the auditorium and the Band and gym displays were held in the gymnasium. This was most disappointing and distressing anticlimax to what everyone had worked toward and anticipated for so long. This was the first time in a very many years the ceremonial had been called off.

The same Sunday, the Toronto Church Parade was held and the weather, as if trying to make up for Friday, was perfect. Everyone agreed that this parade was everything the Aurora parade was not. So a somewhat disappointing and incomplete cadet season at last ended in success.

G.C.D.

# PIPES AND DRUMS 1967 - 1968

I heard that doubtful people said that they would "Never see the likes of last year's band". But you know and I know that these are the people who don't know the difference between a grip and a doubling or a paradiddle even if they can read music.

Five years ago the Pipes and Drums were respected. But during the intervening years the band went to waste. To take part in two church parades and the annual Inspection was the only reason for an entire year's work. Outsiders from the band would laugh at all this futile practice. Naturally, the status of the band deteriorated somewhat. One part of this year's policy was to regain the respect.

When an old boy — a piper I should add — heard the band on Old Boys' Hockey Day, he asked: "What kind of outfit is this? They've even got drones!" I was told that Old Boys had even written remarking on the band on the parades and the dampened Inspection.

In the Spring, we had the privilege of practising with the Pipes and Drums of the 48th Highlanders of Canada (one of the top ten pipe bands in the world) at the new Moss Park Armouries. This was not only a great honour but a great opportunity for making improvements. The Bandmaster of the 48th's (the officer in charge of both the Military Band and the Pipes and Drums) was highly impressed by our display that evening. It was partly through this Bandmaster and through the kindness of the Pipe Major Stewart himself that we were lucky enough to have Pipe Major Stewart's help in preparation for the Inspection.

It will be of some interest to hear what Colonel Cameron, the Commanding Officer of the 48th's, said to me at their Officers' Mess at the Moss Park Armouries. He wondered how we had "the nerve to have a pipe band considering that their pipers had so many years of experience compared to our very few." However, after we had put on the Retreat in the gym, Colonel Cameron asked me to pass on his sincere congratulations for an excellent display.

Few people know that our band was asked to play on Parliament Hill. The Headmaster said that we had a potential invitation to Expo. There was a request for our band in the Santa Claus Parade, but

the Pipes and Drums were unable to attend these functions.

Aurora had set their date of their band tattoo by the date that we could make it. Unfortunately Mr. Stewart (of S.A.C.) a former Drum Major himself and the one-man organizer of the tattoo was unable to carry out his arrangements for this year. But this is the kind of person the band needs: someone who will find worthwhile invitations for them. On behalf of the Pipes and Drums I would like to thank Mr. Stewart for his greatly appreciated gesture.

To maintain the position the Pipes and Drums have regained, calls for hard work, a little judgement and of course pushing to avoid the past stagnation. At last now things are in motion.

Colonel Cameron told me that this exchange of the Pipes and Drums of the 48th's was just beginning. Next year's Pipe Major, make the best of that.

Also as a quick point of interest and warning, the idea of having a pipe band march in the middle of the corps is ridiculous.

Even with our hard work, I'm sure that the spirit of the band was good (of course it became strained at times!) But, the overall spirit was so good that two of the more independent (I guess) members, Sergeant Wilson and Corporal Skeie contributed to the donation of the Prize for the Best Novice Drummer.

The members of the Pipes and Drums must want to be in the band and want to achieve something. From this comes co-operation and a sense of pride. Our new Drum Major, Bob Perry was a prime example. He held pride for the band and ambition for improvement. His agility enhanced the drill.

It should be noted that we are grateful for the new mace this year and for the new snare drums last year.

Although I have not formally done this all year, I now want to extend to the Pipes and Drums my personal congratulations and thanks for your co-operation, your pride in the band and your tolerance. I'm sure that the band means something to all of us.

Pipe Major  
W. Glenn Empey



# THE OFFICERS



*Front Row (L-R): Pritchard I, Dunkley I, Col. Cameron, Whiteside, Rous, Baker I.  
Back Row (L-R): Webber, Ballard, Hilborn, Love, Agar, Good, Woods, Smith I.*

# THE FORMAL

This year the Social Committee came up with another unique decorative idea. The Great Hall was transformed into a 16th century Castle with turrets, a draw bridge and even a moat.

Once inside the castle the medieval atmosphere was immediately dispersed by the soul-searing sounds of Sean & Jay Jackson and the Majestics. A colorful group in many ways, the Majestics and their soul music were enjoyed by everyone.

Somehow the would-be Highland Dancing, didn't find its way into the Castle this year, although extensive training took place with Mr. Scotland himself.

The retreat, played outside the Great Hall by the Band, was exceptionally good this year and was well received by the guests.

Those masters who attended the dance, found the rather active dancing to the soul sound a not unequal substitute for "The physical intimacy" of their limelit years. Overall the dance was enjoyed by all. Special thanks goes to Mr. Stewart for his part in the success, by supplying a buffet and refreshments.

J.A.B.



# THE PREFECTS



*Front Row (L-R):* Empey, Good, Housser I, Rous, Hatch, Rutherford I.

*Back Row (L-R):* Perry, Crookston, Dougall, Oswald, Whiteside, Woods, Bates.

# THE HOUSE CAPTAINS

*Front Row (L-R):* Marshall I, Love, Morton, Marley.

*Second Row (L-R):* Henderson II, Jolliffe, Agar, Ballard I, Gear.

*Third Row (L-R):* Evans, Pritchard I, Harris, Annan.

*Back Row (L-R):* Jackson, Pirie, Smith I, Pennal, Johnston I.



# SERVICE COMMITTEE



*Front Row (L-R):* Edwards, Agar, Jackson.

*Middle Row (L-R):* Ward, Skeie.

*Back Row (L-R):* Wilson I, Whiteside, Smith I.

# SOCIAL COMMITTEE



*Front Row (L-R):* Housser I, Beaumont, Marshall I, Dunkley I.

*Back Row (L-R):* Rous, Wilson I, Whiteside, Woods, Clark I.

# ATHLETIC COMMITTEE



*Front Row (L-R):* Blanchard, Good, Gilchrist.

*Back Row (L-R):* Love, Edwards, Armstrong, Amell.

# SONS OF OLD BOYS

*Front Row (L-R):* Kilpatrick, Fleming, Murrell.

*Second Row (L-R):* Shortly, Casselman, Auld, Macdonald.

*Third Row (L-R):* Housser I, Housser II, Grass, Dobbin II, Dobbin I.

*Back Row (L-R):* Martin III, Jackson, Joliffe, Gear, Edwards, Gordon.



# LIBRARIANS



*Front Row (L-R): Harstone, Brownrigg I, Johnston I, Davies I, Leitch, Clark I.  
Back Row (L-R): Dr. Wilkie, Beaumont, Campbell I, Cross I, Martin II, Evans, Downing, Cameron, Mr. Dawson.*

# CHAPEL BOYS



*Front Row (L-R): Harris, Mrs. Roberts, Jones I.  
Middle Row (L-R): Turner, Gordon, Dunkley II, Percival.  
Back Row (L-R): Johnston I, Ward, Harstone, Somerville II, Williams, Russell I.*



# GIGGIES

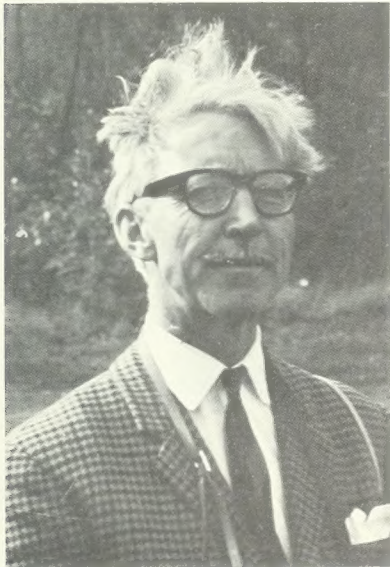


*The Old*



Vs.

*The New*



*At S.A.C., they come in all shapes and sizes.*



*Turn off that fan or I'll break your neck!*



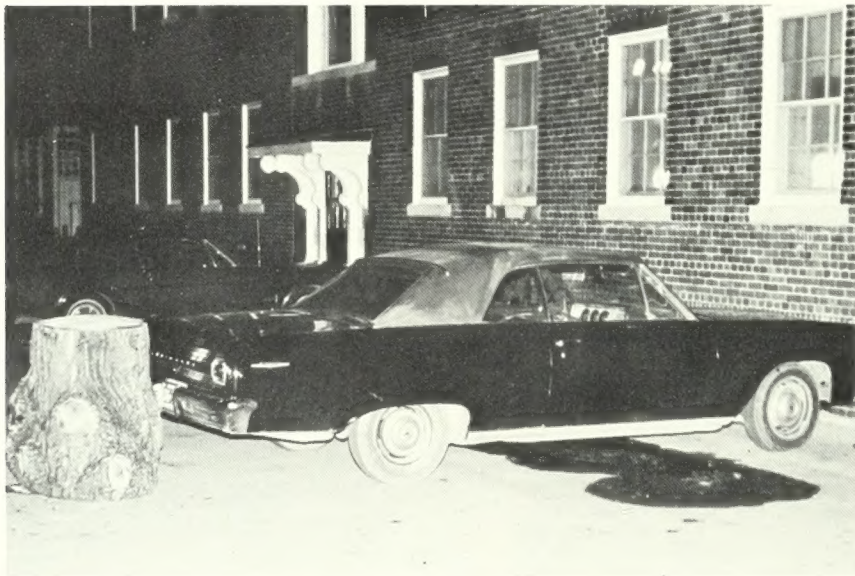
*Sorry to see you leave.*



*I hate Carling's Red Cap!*



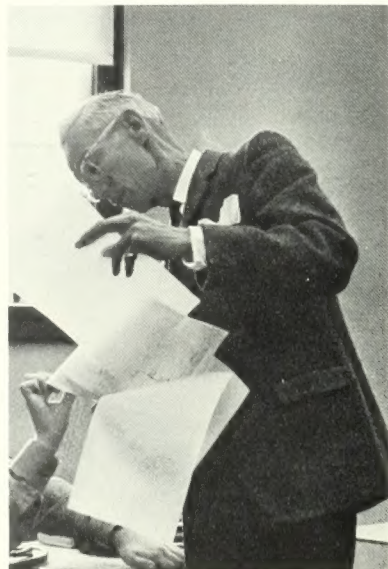
*I keep telling myself I've got to be fair, got to be fair.*



*The L.C.M. Lumber Company*



*What Me Worry!*



*Just a second while I find the price.*

# CLANS



## BRUCE

Firstly, I would like to thank all those who really supported the clan. I think everybody who came out tried their hardest and had a lot of fun. We won a great majority of all the activities but in the process something was lost. A clan and clan activities are instituted with the purpose of bringing boys together in something within the unity of the school itself. This was accomplished to some degree but not enough on Bruce clan. The same faces but no new ones showed up for everything. It's not the re-

gulars who are the problem. It's the selfishness of those who flatly refuse or don't care for anybody's interests save their own. It is these who ruin clan spirit and it is these who wonder why they can't enjoy communal happenings.

All said and done, I really thank the great guys who helped all year and sincerely hope that next year Bruce Clan will be the best!

"Horse"

## DOUGLAS



Douglas, as last year, displayed its efforts in fine sportmanship rather than in winning. One could say we were modest. Actually, it was just one of those years when one clan had to be stacked — we were flat! The Clan had some outstanding individuals, but they alone were not able to withstand the pressure from the other clans. This doesn't mean that the others didn't have enthusiasm, spirit and drive; they did. Even though they proved to be determined in the long run, it wasn't enough to overcome the other well-rounded clans. We were able to show our desire to win in most cases. But we were lacking the extra needed to accomplish our feats.

Douglas was well represented on teams throughout the school year and while we did not prevail in clan activities we did show the school that it was a necessity to have these men on its' teams. The First Football Team is a prime example: the potential and drive those Douglas players possessed! Not only in this sport but in all sports.

The Clan members showed their willingness to participate, especially in the basketball and track

and field competitions. The basketball was a surprise in that we had a larger turnout than all the others but our talent again was lacking. Mention should be given to the cheering, the spirit, and the support of non-playing members which enabled us to win victories, particularly in the junior division. The same held true in track and field. The juniors sparked the day off with some successive wins which gave the seniors hope and enthusiasm. In the total result we finished second behind Wallace by four points. This, I think, was the greatest accomplishment by Douglas throughout the year.

In athletics, it was a good year, not the best, but we tried hard. However, sports aren't everything that a clan involves. A clan must have unity, co-operation, and a will to succeed. I think that we had this, and did accomplish this to the best of our abilities.

The clan, of course, will become stronger year by year if the same interest continues and the MacPherson administration gives us better prospects for the future. If not the winningest clan this year, we stood at the top in academia.

R.B.



## MONTROSE

For the second straight year, Montrose has shown it's superior capabilities by winning the overall clan competition by over 350 points. Montrose did not fall below third in this year's clan competitions and gained mostly seconds and firsts in these competitions. This is due to excellent participation and effort by the whole clan. Special mention must be made of the lower school members who completely overshadowed their opponents in athletics and marks.

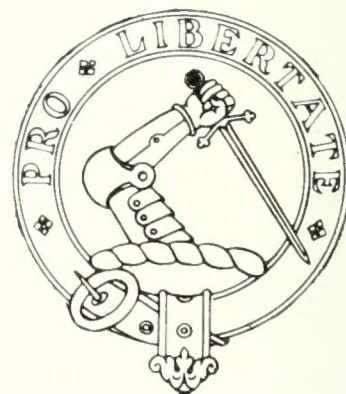
Some of the positions our clan achieved this year on the road to victory were second in the clan basketball, second in the clan swim meet, second in junior clan soccer, first in the clan relays, first in

senior clan rugger, third in clan track, first in junior cross-country, third in senior cross-country, second in the clan battle. An impressive record and one which can be easily maintained with the junior boys coming up in the clan. I would sincerely like to thank everyone in the clan for their hard work in making Montrose champion.

It is a great thing to see when seventy-five boys work hard all year and come out on top as the best clan. Next year's clan, I am sure, will do equally as well and with the spirit that is now in the clan should have no trouble in keeping the cup for Montrose.

D.M.W

## WALLACE



To do a vastly superior write-up about a vastly superior is by no means an easy request, but I'm sure that the undoubted excellence of Wallace Clan speaks for itself.

Wallace repeatedly asserted itself throughout the school year and it's activities, against, what the other clans were convinced were insurmountable odds. An obvious example of the superiority of Wallace clan members was the clean of track Day for the time in many years — four trophies and the overall victory! It almost makes one feel sorry for the other clans, and with this in mind, we allowed Montrose to scrape a victory in senior rugger. Mind you, we maintained our normal image by obliterating all clans in the junior division. Even sympathy has it's limits!

This year, Wallace maintained its mellow blend of scholars and athletes. Surely the other clans would realise by now that the only thing they can consider rising above their state of mediocrity is to unite. United they stand because divided they fall — as we have so obviously proven.

In a more serious vein, this has been a good year (as usual) for the "clan omnipotent". We have shown a superior degree of spirit, interest, and participation. As the positions of leadership pass on to younger and stronger hands next year we rest assured that Wallace will do equally as well — we certainly can't improve, it wouldn't be fair!

J.D.G.

*Ed's note: Wallace stood last.*

# PRIZE DAY

## LOWER SCHOOL

### GENERAL PROFICIENCY PRIZES

LOWER II	N. Long	77.0%
	S. E. Davis II	75.3%
	T. Tyczka	75.2%
	J. Peters	75.0%
UPPER II	M. D. E. Duder	82.8%
	T. P. Boland	77.7%
	J. C. Whittaker	76.7%
	M. L. Whiton	75.8%

### SPECIAL PRIZES

The Kilgour Prize, Winnett Prize, History Prize	M. D. E. Duder
Spelling & Writing Prize, School Music Prize	T. P. Boland
Mathematics Prize	R. S. Blackshaw II
Drawing Prize	M. L. Whiton
King Memorial Trophy	T. J. Amell

## MIDDLE SCHOOL

### GENERAL PROFICIENCY PRIZES

FORM III	D. Hally II	87.5%	
	J. T. Shortly	81.6%	
	R. J. Wilkie	80.5%	
	F. P. McMulkin II	79.1%	
	C. F. Crosbie	76.7%	
	W. Boyd III	75.8%	
	M. I. Flemming	75.4%	
	G. B. Kilpatrick	75.3%	
	W. M. Kenny	75.3%	
	M. F. Hogg	75.0%	
	FORM IV	J. L. Walker II	87.9%
		T. A. Bryant	83.2%
		J. V. Sara	79.1%
M. G. J. Jurychuck		79.1%	
A. G. Sanderson		77.7%	
R. T. Boyd I		77.5%	
A. M. Ballard II		77.2%	
D. E. Stewart II		76.0%	
W. C. Casselman		75.7%	
J. D. Marshall II		75.0%	
FORM V		B. R. Christie	88.6%
		A. N. Wilkie	80.1%
		M. M. Westcott I	78.0%
	H. R. van Patter	75.0%	

### SPECIAL PRIZES

English Prize, Stuart B. Wood Memorial Prize, Mrs. Victor Sifton Prize, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute Prize	B. R. Christie
Ladies' Guild Essay Prize	P. Davies II
Andrew Armstrong Prize	D. K. C. Chen
Art Prize	I. E. McBryde
Music Prize	C. D. Banks

## UPPER SCHOOL

### GENERAL PROFICIENCY PRIZES

LOWER VI	W. G. Love	82.4%
	J. A. Ballard I	81.5%
	R. D. Pritchard I	81.1%
	E. C. Wang	80.0%
	D. R. Harris	76.7%
	D. E. T. Somerville II	75.8%
	D. F. Marley	75.8%
	R. B. Brownrigg I	75.1%
	P. G. Pennal	75.0%

## UPPER VI

G. C. Dunkley II	92.0%
B. A. Jones I	84.0%
R. J. Perry	81.7%
G. F. Brunke	81.0%
A. N. Hally I	79.4%
J. D. Good	78.3%
F. C. Rous	78.0%
D. R. Agnew	77.1%
J. M. Henderson I	76.0%

### SPECIAL PRIZES

H. E. Goodman Prize, Old Boys' Medal in Mathematics, Charles Ashton Medal for Proficiency in English, Donald Cooper Medal in Science, George Etienne Cartier Medal in French	G. C. Dunkley II	
The Governor General's Medal	G. S. B. Hally	
Examinations of 1968	G. C. Dunkley II	
Lieutenant Governor's Silver Medal	G. C. Dunkley II	
Lieutenant Governor's Bronze Medal	B. A. Jones I	
The Headmaster's Medal — 1967	G. S. B. Hally	
	J. Cossar	
	P. F. Love	
	L. G. W. Chapman	
The Headmaster's Medal — 1968	G. C. Dunkley II	
	B. A. Jones I	
	R. J. Perry	
	G. F. Brunke	
Isabelle Cockshutt Prize in History, Theatre Prize	G. M. Baker I	
Isabelle Cockshutt Prize in History	J. A. Ballard I	
Chairman's Gold Medal	W. G. Love	
Mathematics Contest Award	D. K. C. Chen	
"Review" Prize	R. W. Campbell II	
Chapel Reading Prize	W. J. Watt	
Wyld Prize in Latin	F. W. T. Somerville I	
The Laidlaw Trophy	G. C. Dunkley II	
The Macdonald Medal	R. J. Perry	
The School Prize to the Head Prefect	K. R. Oswell	
Presentation of Rifle, Lawrence Crowe Medal	G. A. Dougall	
Lawrence Crowe Trophy for Rifle Shooting	D. L. Clark I	
Housser Trophy for Inter-Clan Competition	—	
	Wallace	2211
	Douglas	2243
	Bruce	2290
	Montrose	2649
Montrose Clan Captain	—	D. M. Whiteside

# THE GRADUATING CLASS 1967-68

AGNEW D. R. — 'Nails, Muscles, G-Dean' '66-'68.  
'A Himé'.

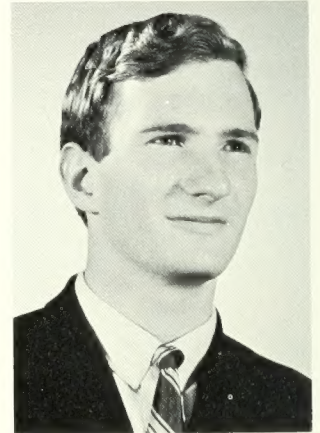
ACTIVITIES: Drama Club, 2nd Basketball, 1st  
Piano Playing.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Piano.

AMBITION: Very Little.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: The Grave.

NEXT YEAR: Economics at U. of W.



A. W. ANJO — "Ears" '62-'68.

'Bad night in the Bronx (Zoo.)

ACTIVITIES: Clan Soccer, Fencing, Mets.

AMBITION: Physics to be studied somewhere.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Pan handled York-  
ville Poet.



IAN ARMSTRONG — "Weege" '66-'68.

ACTIVITIES: 1st Football, Track, 1st Basketball,  
Athletic Committee, Second Feather, Moffat's  
Rangers.

FAVOURITE SAYING: "Don't sweat it baby!!!"

AMBITION: Basketball Scholarship ANYWHERE!!

PROBABLE DESTINATION: ?

NEXT YEAR: Business at York or Western.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Waiting for holidays and  
skipping out.



G. M. BAKER — 'Big 'G', Gary, Dudley'.

*'That's o'kay sir, I never eat breakfast anyway.'*

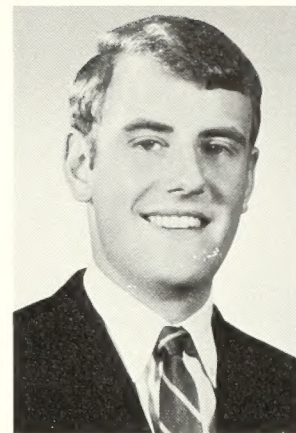
ACTIVITIES: Finian's Rainbow, 1st Football, Flavelle House Smoker, Cdt. Cptn., Ex-Ranger, Lifting school moral.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Bugging Clark.

AMBITION: To own a penthouse apartment.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Doorman at a penthouse apartment.

NEXTYEAR: Any Course Anywhere!



PETER C. BATES — "MasterBates" '64-'68.

ACTIVITIES: Prefect, Clan Soccer, Cadet Sergeant, Getting on everyone's nerves, Telephone.

FAVOURITE SAYING: "Can anyone break up \$10?"

AMBITION: To get started.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Unable to stop.

NEXT YEAR: Learning business the hard way — Nassau.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Feeling sorry for himself.



L. E. BEAUMONT — "Beau" '58-'68.

*'You're throwing another party, WHERE?'*

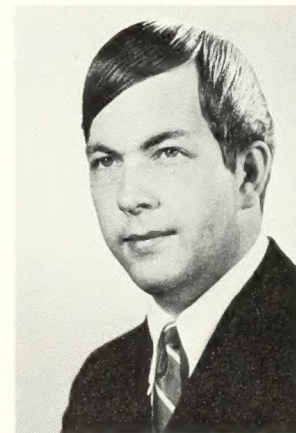
ACTIVITIES: 1st Football Mgr., Chairman of the Social Committee, Chapel Boy, 2nd Clan Colours, Cdt. Cpl., Day Boy, 10 Yr. Andrean, Pres. of D.Q. Lunch Bunch, Moffat's Rangers, Gook's Guerrilla's.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: 'Playing House' on the week-ends!

AMBITION: To own a corvette, Cobra, Excaliber, and SS 100 Jaguar etc.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: 6 Day Bicycle Racer.

NEXT YEAR: Business at Western.



G. F. BRUNKE — "Possum" '63-'68.

*'Hi, Rand!'*

ACTIVITIES: Scholar, 1st Football, 2nd Basketball, Study Duty.

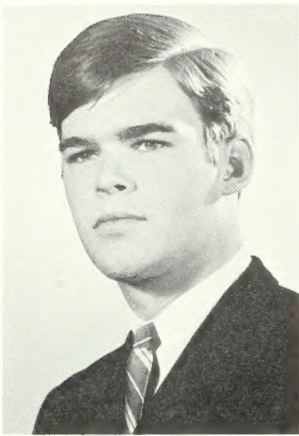
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Supporting Frank and the Maple Leafs.

AMBITION: To own the Leafs.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: President of the Frank Mahovolich Fan Club International.

NEXT YEAR: Commerce & Finance at U. of T.





D. L. CLARK 'Clack' '63-67½, '67-'68.

*'You're such a ...'*

ACTIVITIES: 1st Football, Social Committee, Chapel Boy, Film Society, Douglas Clan Vice-Captain, President of Fourth House Smoker and the Ski Club, Cdt. Cpl., The Trough (Ex-Member.)

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Bugging 'FATTIE' Good.

AMBITION: To be a nice guy?

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Being a first class P

NEXT YEAR: Liberal Arts at St. Lawrence University.

J. G. CROOKSTON — "Crankshaft, Ironside, Ham, etc."

*Ver-r-ry interesting!*

ACTIVITIES: Nothing to report on sports! Prefect, Variety Night, Finian's Rainbow, Ross, Cdt. Warrant Officer, Exile from Moffat's Rangers, Coordination contests with Mr. Smith.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Reproduction (of Masters voices).

AMBITION: To be able to distinguish the Hart twins.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Headmaster of S.A.C.

NEXT YEAR: Fine Arts at York. (J'espère).



W. T. D. CROSS — "Toad" '58-'68.

*'Beaumont said he was sick Sir'.*

ACTIVITIES: Chapel Boy, Cdt. Sgt., Soccer, Rugger, Health Club, Day Boy, Ten Year Andrian.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Being a typical day-boy; skipping everything. (Possible).

AMBITION: To make a million on the stockmarket.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Selling peanuts at the S.A.C. - U.C.C. Football game.

NEXT YEAR: Honours Business Administration at Western.



P. T. DAVIES I — "Daizies, Spike." '65-'68.

*'What do you mean I'm short? My feet touch the ground!'*

ACTIVITIES: 1st Hockey, 1st Calisthenics, Chapel Boy, Dirty Dozen, Cdt. L. Cpl. No. 1 Platoon, Moffat's Rangers, Half-Owner of the Flavelle Hilton.

AMBITION: To live under a democracy again.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: A geography classroom.

NEXT YEAR: Commerce & Finance at U. of T.





G. A. DOUGALL — 'Doogs, Alix, Blackboy, Coon'.  
*'Ah'm sorry guys but I have to do it.'*  
*'Well sah, I know foh a fahkt!'*

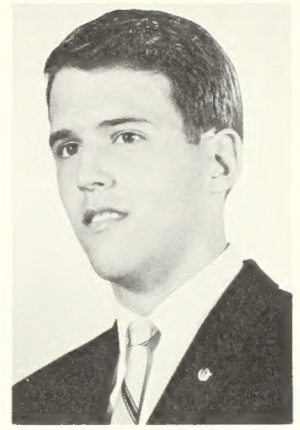
ACTIVITIES: 1st Football, 1st Basketball, 1st Cricket, Prefect, Finian's Rainbow, T.V. Confiscator, Debater, Cdt. R.S.M., Athletic 'A'.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Adding to racial prejudice.

AMBITION: To integrate the Common Room.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Chairman of the Prefect's Common Room.

NEXT YEAR: Electrical Engineering at U. of T.



DAVID M. DOWNING — "Mike, Harry, Chipmunkman" '66-'68.

ACTIVITIES: Curling, God Squad (Chapel-Boy), 1st Smoker, Autumn Calistenics, Vic West's Grecian Spa, Moffat's Rangers, Gooks Guerillas, Cpl., Finding a Chinese Bootlegger that is free.

FAVOURITE SAYING: "Are you kidding; That's Physical!"

AMBITION: Tourism, Agriculture, English, Architecture, or Business.

Probable Destination: Windsor — Tourism.



G. C. DUNKLEY — "George".

ACTIVITIES: 1st Soccer, 1st Fencing (M.V.P.), Senior Rugger, Scholar, Athletic "A", 1st Bar to Clan Colours, Editor-in-Chief of Review, Finian's Rainbow, Librarian, Cadet Sergeant, Debater.

FAVOURITE SAYING: "Whatever you say Fencing and Soccer are better than hockey and football."

AMBITION: A sword fight with Errol Flynn.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Skewered.

NEXT YEAR: M.P.C. at U. of T.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Reading Science Fiction.



GLENN EMPEY — "Emps, Empty, Snark", '63-'68.

*'Who called me a snark?'*

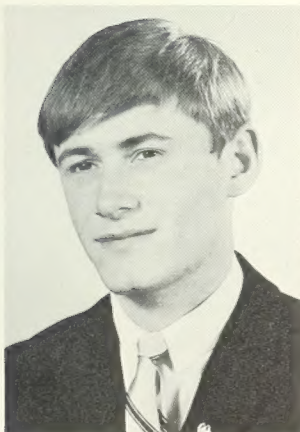
ACTIVITIES: Pipe Major of Corps Pipes and Drums, Prefect, 1st Soccer, One Class Math Student, Lighting (Advisory Board).

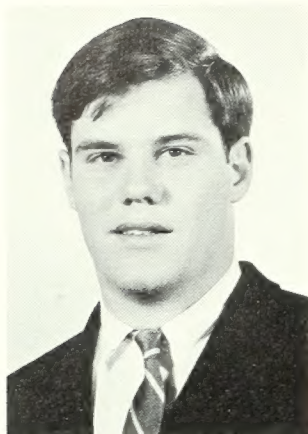
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Talking to the Bumbling, Buggy, Batty

AMBITION: Law.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Prosecutor for S.A.C. vs. the 'RED BOMB.'

NEXT YEAR: Arts at York.





J. R. FORBES — "Pig, Wee Boar." '58-'68.

*'Pass the Food'.*

ACTIVITIES: Getting fatter, Smoking, No. 1 Platoon, 1st Football.

AMBITION: To meet some of those women of ill-repute.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Salt Mines.

NEXT YEAR: Salt Mines for a year, maybe more.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Labatt's Pilsner.

N. F. GLASSOW — "Wop, Greece" '60-'68.

*Hey 'blackboy'.*

ACTIVITIES: 1st Soccer, 1st Cricket, 1st Feather, Gook's Guerrillas, Holiday Squad, Athletic "A".

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Playing table tennis before Mr. Moffat's class.

AMBITION: To rid S.A.C. of cadets.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Permanent inspecting officer (Corporal).

NEXT YEAR: General Science at U. of T.



J. D. GOOD — "Porkchop, Cheese Burger" '63-'68.

*"What do you mean how am I getting to Toronto?"*

ACTIVITIES: Prefect, 1st Football, Skiing, Open Rugger, Social Committee, Chairman of Athletic Committee, Vice-Captain of Wallace Clan, Cdt. Lt., Memorial Top-Flat Food Club, Survival, Scholar.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Rosedale and Getting Taller.

AMBITION: More leave than Bates.

DESTINATION: Fanning.

NEXT YEAR: Honours Commerce at U. of T.



A. N. HALLY — "Nick" '59-'68.

ACTIVITIES: 1st Soccer (M.V.P.), 1st Hockey, 1st Cricket, Athletic "A", 1st Wallace Colours, Review Sports staff, Cadet Corporal, Math Contest, Day Boy.

FAVOURITE SAYING: "Hey Poss! What do you think of Bobby Hull now?"

AMBITION: To see Chicago utterly rout Toronto in a hockey game.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: ? ?

NEXT YEAR: Postgrad at S.A.C.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Playing golf on Wednesdays? .....



C. HATCH — "Snatch, Fish, H.P., Carbunkle".

*'Aw, come on Mr. Moffatt, that has to be right!'*  
*Whissssh*

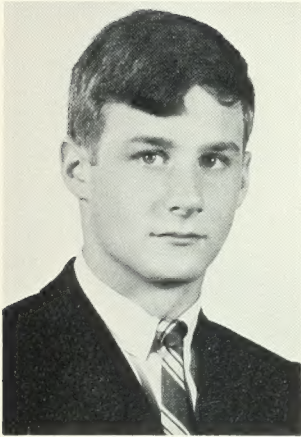
ACTIVITIES: Prefect, 1st Soccer (M.V.P. and Co-Capt.), 2 Hockey (Capt.), 1st Cricket, Cdt. Sgt., Athletic 'A', Third Feather.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Excelling in Math. Class.

AMBITION: To excell in Math. Class.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Fanning in Math. Class.

NEXT YEAR: Business at Western.



JAMES HENDERSON — "Hen" and "Stein" '64-'68.

ACTIVITIES: Football, 1st Basketball, Senior Rugger, Dramatics (Ross and Finian's), Debating, Cadet Sergeant, Occational Scholar, Full time Fan.

FAVOURITE SAYING: "What's horny and hums  
..... Mmmmm!"

AMBITION: ? ?

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Two year Forestry at Lakehead.

NEXT YEAR: Pre-meds at Ottawa.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Dreaming about exciting (?) life awaiting him at Ottawa.

J. F. HOUSSER — 'Couze' '63-'68.

*'I never owned a yellow Lotus!'*

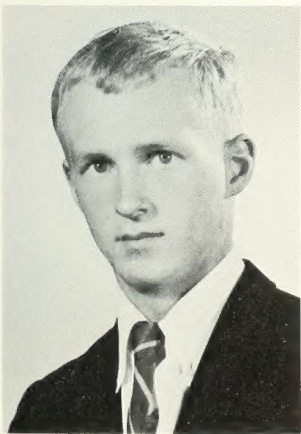
ACTIVITIES: Prefect, 1st Football, 1st Swim Team, Rifle Team, Social Committee, Mac House Warrant Officer.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Playing it cool.

AMBITION: Prime Minister of Canada but cooler than Trudeau.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Working for the External Affairs Dept. — Greenland.

NEXT YEAR: Engineering at U. of T.



J. H. JEFFRIES — "Wee John Sunshine" '62-'64, '66-'68.

*"Oh Yeah?"*

ACTIVITIES: 1st Football, Cdt. Sgt., Social Committee, President of Smoker, Mac House Hockey Controller.

AMBITION: World Champion Sports Car Driver.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Volkswagen Mechanic.

NEXT YEAR: Liberal Arts at U. of T. or Western.



B.A. JONES — "Bernie" '65-'68.

*'But sir, I remember you saying . . .'*

ACTIVITIES: 2nd Soccer, 2nd Basketball, Head Librarian, Review Literary Editor, Pipe Band, Memorial House Smoker (Social Membership.), Debating society.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Philosophising.

AMBITION: King of Elora.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Successful nothing.

NEXT YEAR: University somewhere.

HUGH M. MacKENZIE — "Huge" '64-'68

*'Later Alice'.*

ACTIVITIES: Growing Sideburns, Skipping Chapel, 2nd Soccer, 1st Swimming, Senior Rugger, Shooting Team, Moffat's Rangers.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Business at Thornhill.

NEXT YEAR: Business at York.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Driving the Benz or going home illegally.



J. S. C. MARTIN — "Marty, Stoneface, Etc. . . ." '66-'68

*'That's true, daddy.'*

ACTIVITIES: Broom 'n' Stone, 2nd Football, Hockey, Senior Rugger, The Trough, Ace Cadet, Chapel Reader, PREFECT'S FRIEND.

AMBITION: To sit with a fishing rod.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Mayor of Wallaceburg.

NEXT YEAR: Business etc. at Huron.



K. R. OSWELL — 'H.P.' '64-'68.

*'Math B's my favorite class.'*

ACTIVITIES: Head Prefect, 1st Football, Stage Manager — Finian's Rainbow, Cdt. Pipe Sgt., Moffat's Ranger's, Gook's Guerrilla's, Table Head of the Trough.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Spaz Attacks.

AMBITION: Maybe.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Don Mill's C.I.

NEXT YEAR: Pre-Business at York or Western.



R. J. PERRY — "Larry Lightbulb" '66-'68.

*'How many more days 'til Prize Day?'*

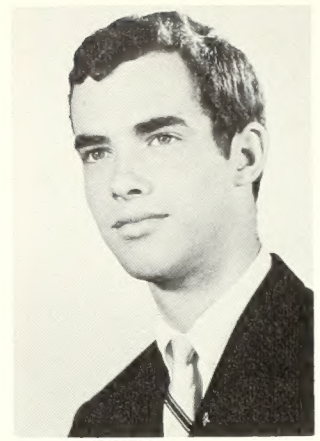
ACTIVITIES: 1st Football, 1st Basketball (Captain, M.V.P. of L.B.F. Champs), Open Rugger, Drum Major of Pipes and Drums, Speaker of Senior Debating.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Betting on how long his hair can grow.

AMBITION: Making 60 watts glow to 100 watts or more.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Short Circuit.

NEXT YEAR: 1st Year Science at U. of T.



R. H. H. PRATT — "Sandy" '58-'68.

ACTIVITIES: Fencing, Cadet C.S.M., Finian's Rainbow, Dirty Dozen (winter term).

FAVOURITE SAYING: "What the ....."

AMBITION: To design a successful Canadian challenger to the America's Cup.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Eternity.

NEXT YEAR: Mechanical Engineering at Waterloo.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Being Different.



J. E. ROOK — "Sugar Lips" '64-'68.

*'Hey Possum, Frank's a bum.'*

ACTIVITIES: The Trough, 1st Football, Rugger, Hockey, As Much Leave As POSSIBLE, Prefect's Advisor.

AMBITION: To have a 'wreck-in' at S.A.C.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Fishing guide at Harrington Lake.

NEXT YEAR: Next Question Please!!



F. C. ROUS — "Creek" '60-'68.

*'I can take anything in my Cooper!'*

ACTIVITIES: 1st Football, (capt.), 1st Hockey, Open Rugger, Prefect, Social Committee, Dramatics, 2i.c. of Cadet Corps, Vice-Capt. of Montrose Clan, K.W.A.C., Memorial House Food Club (Top Flat Division).

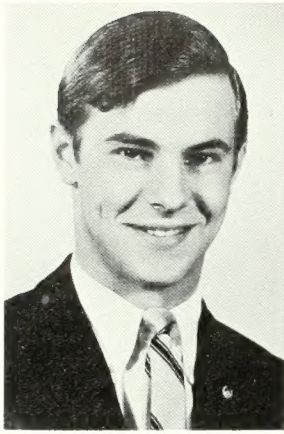
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Cutting up Ken.

AMBITION: To drive Jim's car.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Paying for it.

NEXT YEAR: Honours Business at Western.





PETER J. RUTHERFORD — "Rock" '65-'68.

ACTIVITIES: Prefect, 1st Hockey (M.V.P.), 2nd Football (Co-Captain), Chapel Boy, Cadet R.Q.S.M.

FAVOURITE SAYING: "She's not a dog!!!"

AMBITION: Hockey Player at a university with a not so good hockey team.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Stick Boy, Coach's Pet.

NEXT YEAR: Honours Business at Queen's or Dalhousie.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Getting shot down.

G. LEE SHINKLE — "newf" '60-'68.

*'Tweedle Dumb (Boy Cynic)'*.

ACTIVITIES: General of Moffat's Rangers, 1st Soccer, Sort of Second Basketball, Rugger occasionally, Full-time Smoking.

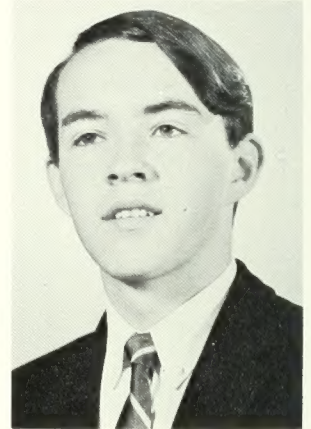
FAVOURITE SAYING: "Shut up Fred!"

AMBITION: To own Newfoundland.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Owning it and regretting it.

NEXT YEAR: Honours English and History at York or Honours Math at S.A.C.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Exaggerating (shooting the bull).



K. SKEIE — "Nuts, Nutsy, Thor, Fats, Stupid." '62-'68.

*"Quiet your face."*

ACTIVITIES: 2nd Football, French Club (Vice Pres.), Service Committee, First Rifle Team, One Term Scholar, Chairman of the Fourth House Smoker, Pipe Band (Drum Corporal), Make-up, Trough, Member of France's Rebellion, Member of the Dave Whiteside Fan Club.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Trying to speak English English Proper.

AMBITION: Manager of the 'Skeie' Resort.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Fish Monger on the Bergen Docks.

NEXT YEAR: Some Hotel School Somewhere.

FRED W. T. SOMERVILLE — "Sergeant Schultz".

ACTIVITIES: 1st Football, 1st Tennis (sub), U.N. Club, Trough 29, Finian's, Cadet Sergeant (Best Platoon), Review Lit. Staff, Debating (formal and informal), Moffat's Super Rangers — retired.

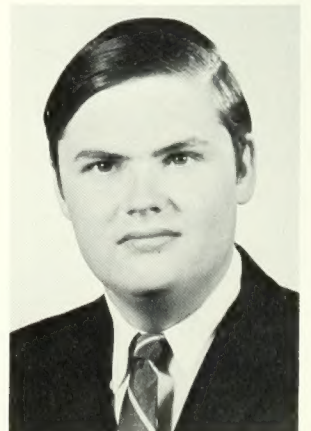
FAVOURITE SAYING: "Silence is Golden."

AMBITION: None.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Ambition.

NEXT YEAR: Soc. and Phil. at U. of T.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Packing my parachute after being shot down.



W. J. WALKER — "Bo" '66-'68.

*'Sorry Alex, the Black ones are all Gone.'*

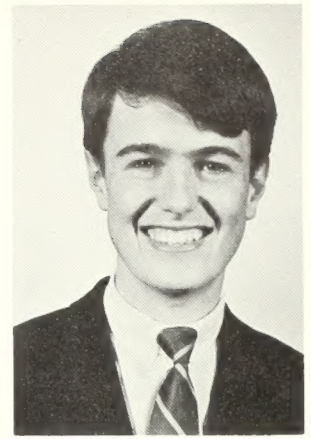
ACTIVITIES: Skiing, Brass Band, Finian's Rainbow, Ross, Moffat's Ranger's (Ret'd), Cadet Lance Corporal.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Arguing about school policy with Alex.

AMBITION: A trumpet solo in Carnegie Hall.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Playing for Mr. Dawson in Chapel.

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



RICHARD E. WARD — "Bud" '66-'68.

Activities: Cheerleader, 1st Swimming, Debating, Librarian, Chairman of the Service Committee, Finian's Rainbow, "Through Transient", Skipping Physics classes.

FAVOURITE SAYING: "Anything happen in classes today?"

AMBITION: Summer at the 'boat house'.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Honours Physics at S.A.C.

NEXT YEAR: Honours Business at McGill.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Being obnoxious.



R. D. WARREN — "Beach".

*'Look at the nineteen-year-old cowboy.'*

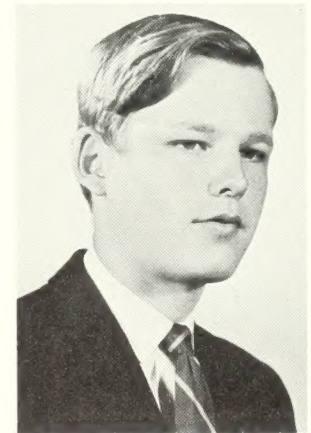
ACTIVITIES: 2nd Soccer, 2nd Hockey, Rigger, The Trough—1st Term, Dirty Dozen, Private of No. 1 Platoon.

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Listening to what is shot at the end of the Head Table.

AMBITION: To Grow.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Getting shorter.

NEXT YEAR: General Science at U. of T. or Queens.



BILL WATT — "Charlie" & others '65-'68.

ACTIVITIES: 2nd Football, 2nd Hockey, Senior Tennis, Band, Finians, 2i.c. Moffat's Rangers (retired).

FAVOURITE PASTIME: Tweedle Dee (Boy Cynic).

AMBITION: Supreme Court Judge.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Judging (?)

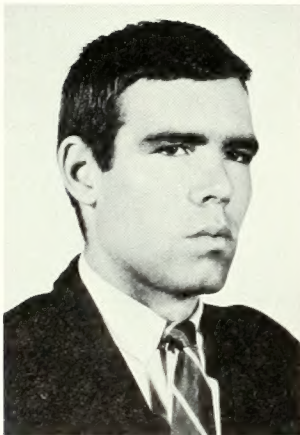
NEXT YEAR: Soc. & Phil. at U. of Toronto.





W. B. WEBBER — "Babbling Brookie, Webs" '62-'68.  
*'What do you mean I'm wrong!'*  
ACTIVITIES: Gymnastics, Track 'n' Field, 1st Soccer, Cdt. Lt., Make-Up Crew, The Trough.  
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Getting Shot Down.  
AMBITION: Pass French.  
PROBABLE DESTINATION: Teaching French In France.  
NEXT YEAR: Business at Western, or Arts and Science at York.

D. M. WHITESIDE — 'Moose, Antlers, Sides, etc.' '63-'68.  
*'Who says I'm immature?'*  
ACTIVITIES: Prefect, Montrose Clan Captain, C.O. Cadet Corps., 1st Football, 1st Swimming (Capt., M.V.P. L.B.F. Champs), 1st Rugger, Dramatics, Folk Singing, Service Committee, Social Committee.  
AMBITION: To be a Professional Folk Singer.  
PROBABLE DESTINATION: Tuning Guitars for Gordy Lightfoot.  
NEXT YEAR: Honours B.A. in Social Science at Queens.



D. M. WILSON — "Horse, Muck." '60-'68.  
ACTIVITIES: 1st Football, 1st Track, Hockey, Pipe Band, Bob's Babies, Finian's Rainbow, Social Committee, Bruce Clan Captain, Athletic and Service Committee's, Franco's Rebellion.  
P.P.: 'All you guys do is bitch, and bitch, and bitch.'  
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Carrying on followed by coffee with Bob.  
AMBITION: Around the world in 80 days . . . on my pedal bike.  
PROBABLE DESTINATION: Australian outback with a flat tire.  
NEXT YEAR: Veterinary Medicine at Guelph.

K. H. WOODS — "Buns." '66-'68.  
*'I'm sorry but you're wrong.'*  
ACTIVITIES: Prefect, Wallace Clan Captain, 1st Football (Capt. and M.V.P.), 1st Hockey (Capt.), Open Rugger, Cdt. Lt., Prefect's Wrestling Team.  
FAVOURITE PASTIME: Falling down stairs, bumping into doors.  
AMBITION: Sumo Wrestler.  
PROBABLE DESTINATION: Janitor at Vic Tanny's.  
NEXT YEAR: Business at Western or York.





# VALEDICTORY



A valedictory address should encompass two major areas; a last look at a year which has passed quickly and a look into the future.

The school has done an excellent job, in many areas this year. In athletics, the victories of our basketball, swimming and rugger teams, as well as the efforts of all other teams, have been exciting and exhibit the high standard of athletics in the school this year. In dramatics, two excellent plays were produced by the hard work of both masters and students. The cadet corps was ready for a good inspection despite the fact that it rained. From the stand point of activities, it has again been a good year.

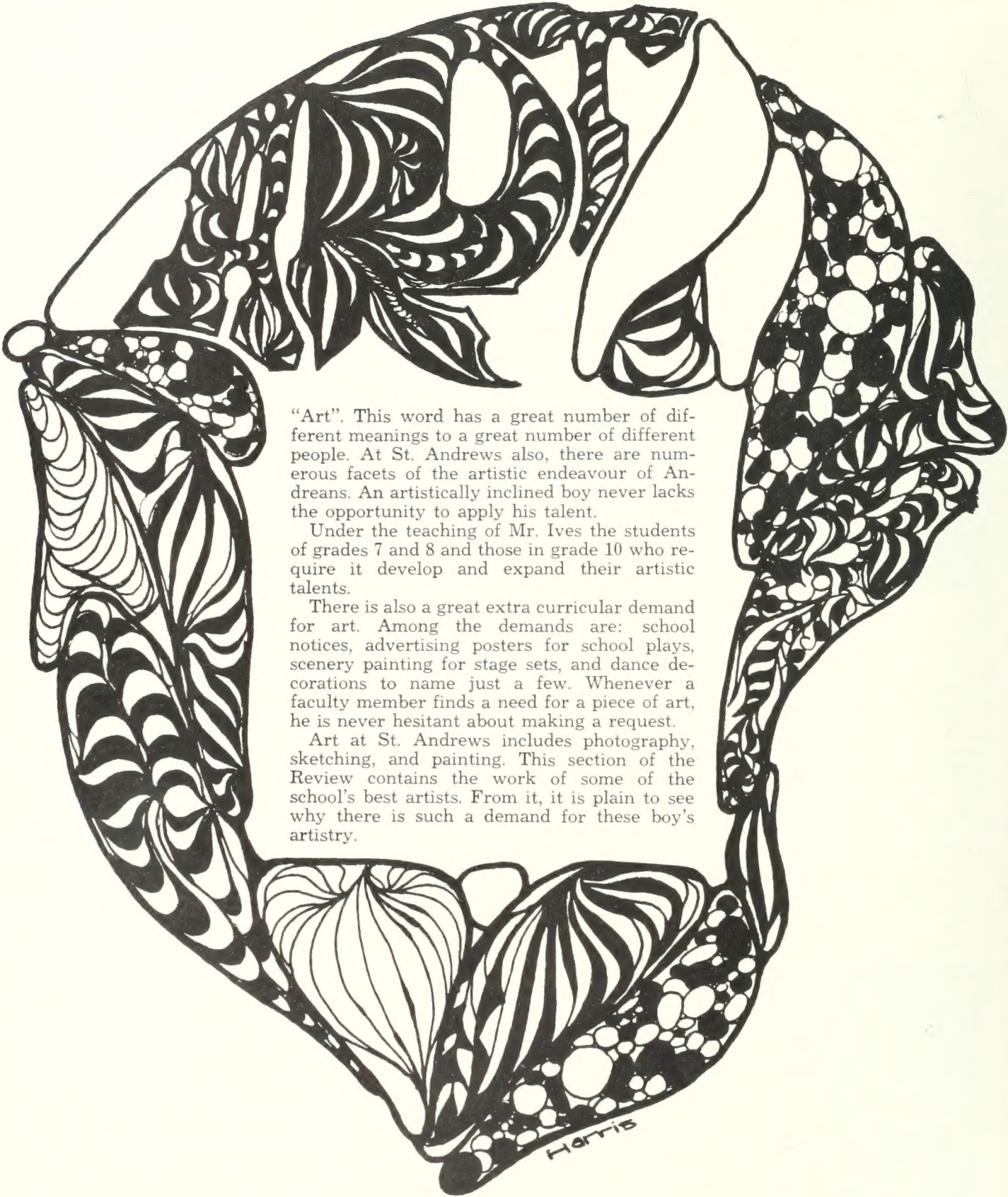
There have been incidents this year that have tarnished and inhibited our positive actions. If it were possible to pinpoint this negative attitude it would be the selfishness of many students in the school. This selfishness takes its toll as far as living within the school and school spirit are concerned. There are many smaller examples of this selfishness which can be observed almost everyday. Everyone recognizes this problem but nothing has been done to correct it. It has plagued the school for years and continually shows itself.

As long as students cannot live together in harmony and give a little, they aren't being educated. They are ignoring an aim of the school and are not receiving a full education. Students are depriving themselves of a habit that will be invaluable for the rest of their lives.

How can this problem be solved? The answer rests squarely on the shoulders of the student body and the future leaders which will emerge from it. Selfish attitudes will not disappear overnight. With the individual actions of every student, the problem will eventually cease to exist. Each student must make a conscious effort to live harmoniously with every other person in the school. I am sure the prefects of next year will set an example to follow in this area, but each student must do his part. He must realize that the school and he, himself, both need this atmosphere, in order to survive.

I am sure that I speak for this whole graduating class when I say that the student body must try harder to develop this quality of giving. We have learned to compete, to exert ourselves, and to study. We must now develop a more positive attitude as another mark of an ANDREAN.

— R. K. Oswell, Head Prefect 1967-68.

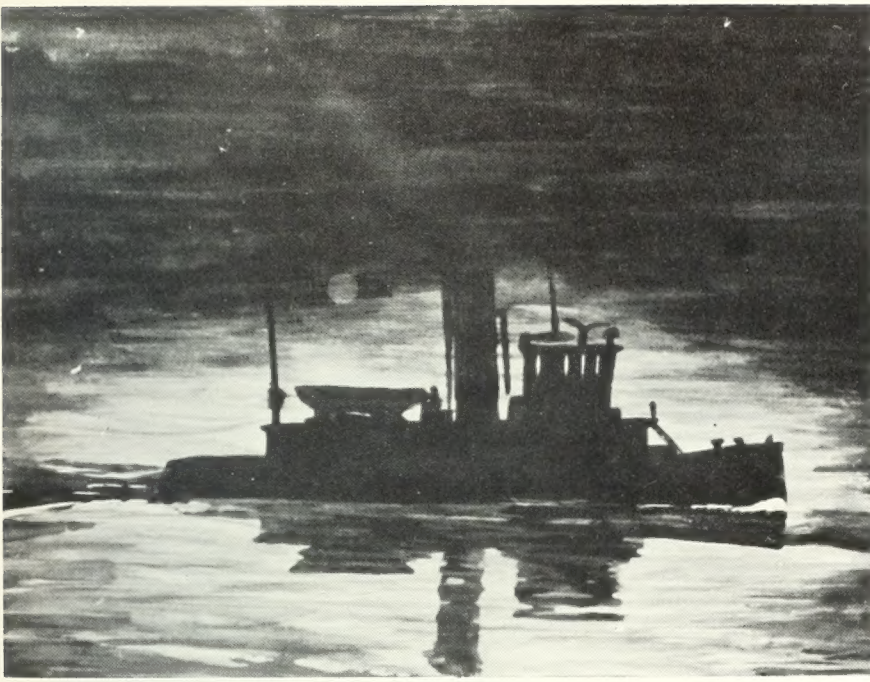


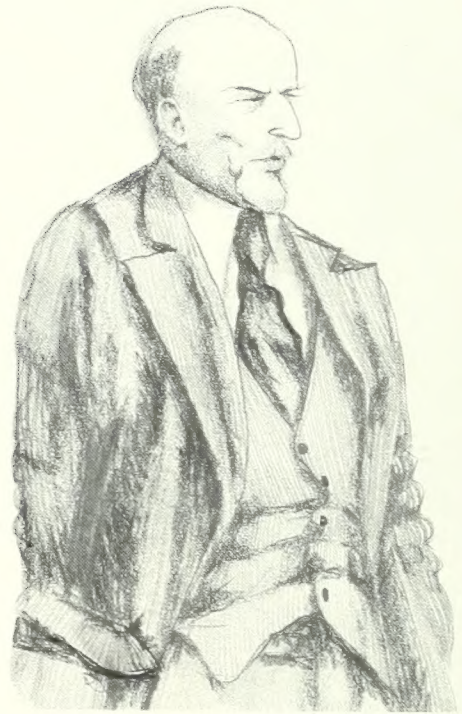
“Art”. This word has a great number of different meanings to a great number of different people. At St. Andrews also, there are numerous facets of the artistic endeavour of Andrians. An artistically inclined boy never lacks the opportunity to apply his talent.

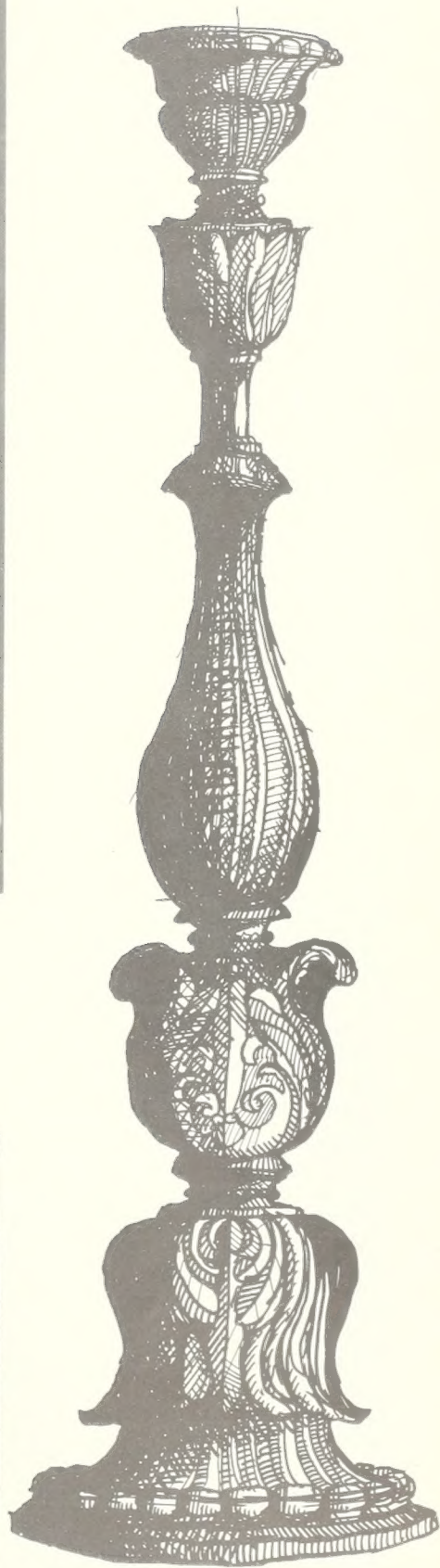
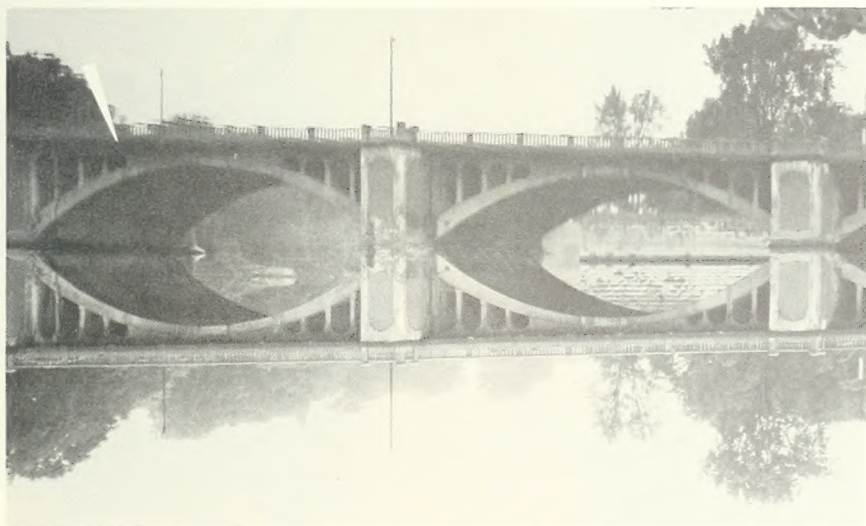
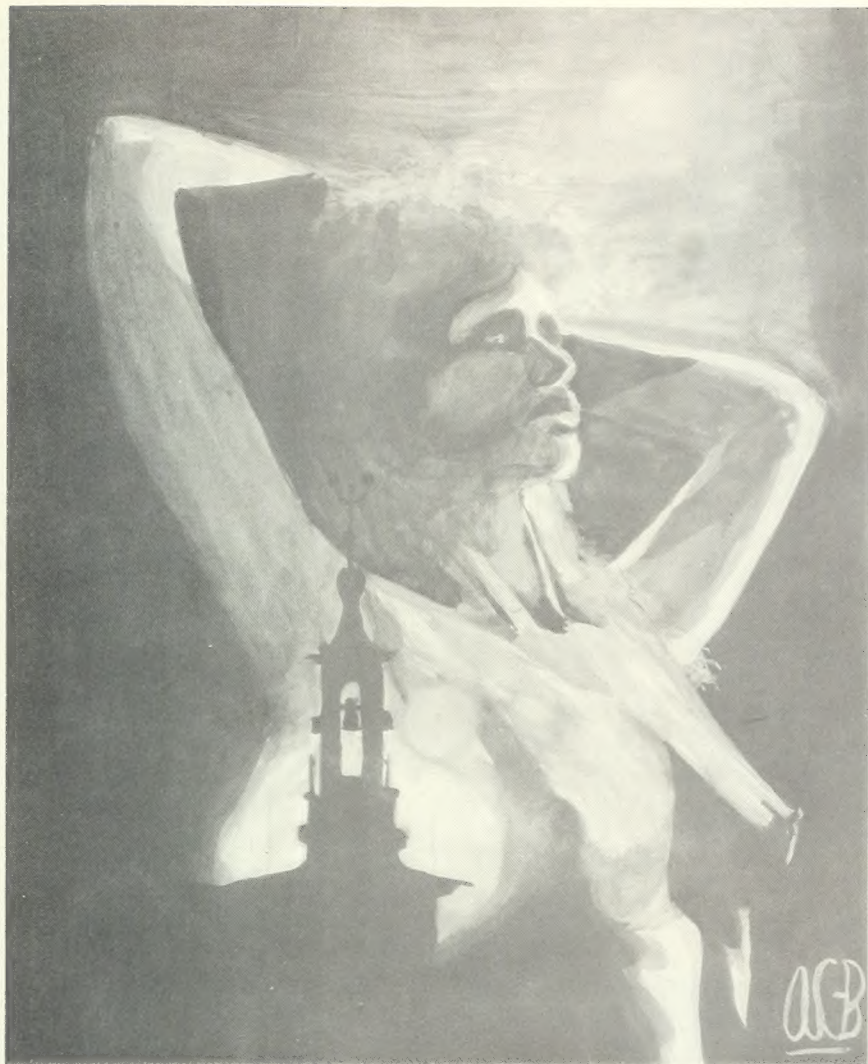
Under the teaching of Mr. Ives the students of grades 7 and 8 and those in grade 10 who require it develop and expand their artistic talents.

There is also a great extra curricular demand for art. Among the demands are: school notices, advertising posters for school plays, scenery painting for stage sets, and dance decorations to name just a few. Whenever a faculty member finds a need for a piece of art, he is never hesitant about making a request.

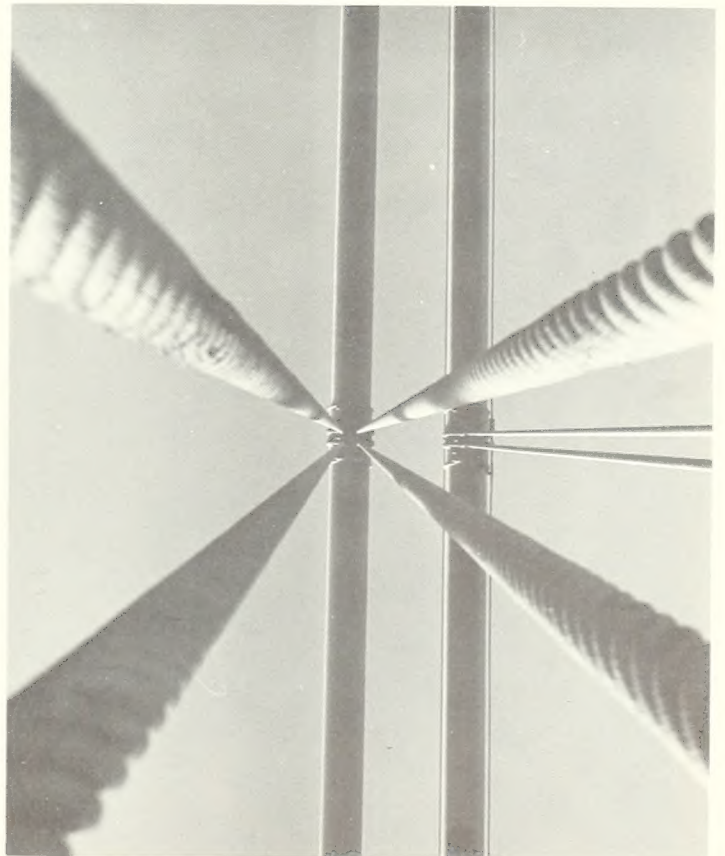
Art at St. Andrews includes photography, sketching, and painting. This section of the Review contains the work of some of the school's best artists. From it, it is plain to see why there is such a demand for these boy's artistry.

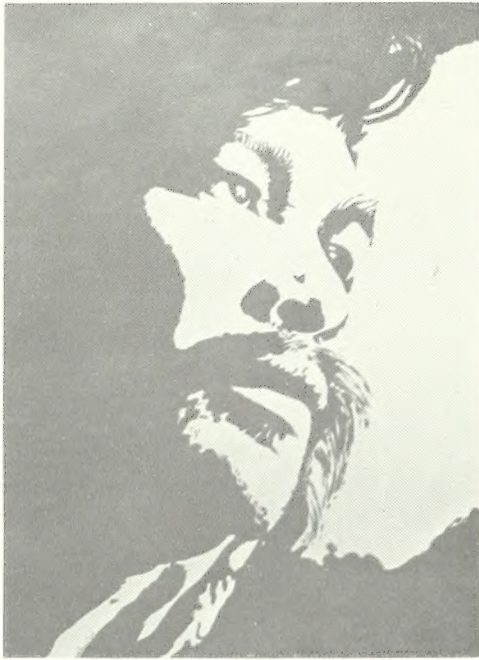




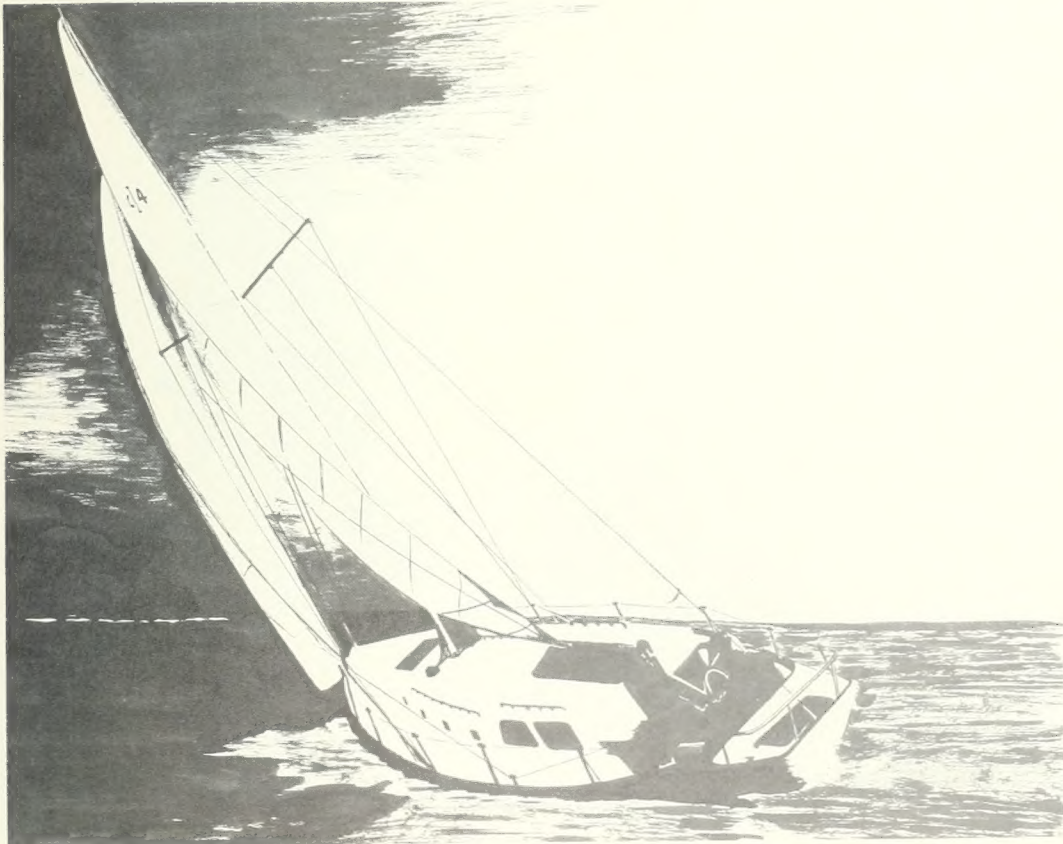


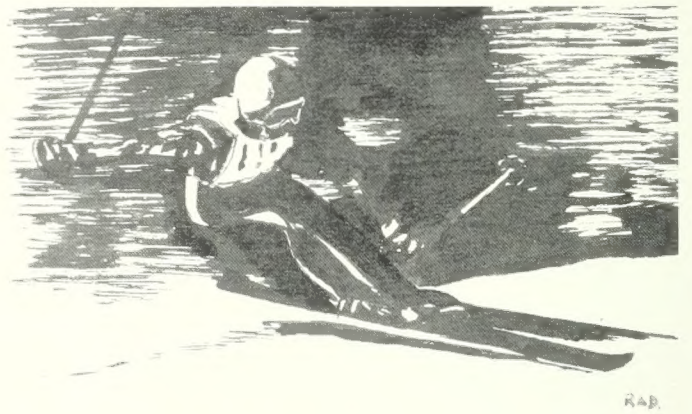
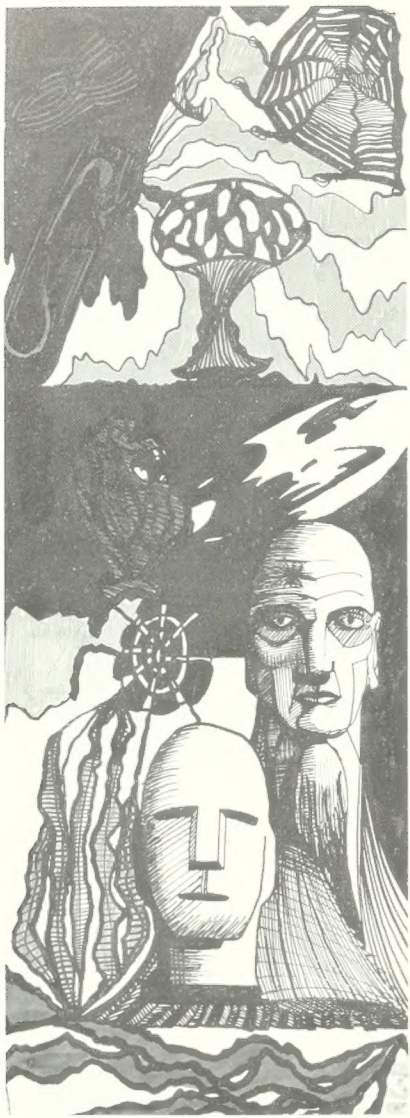


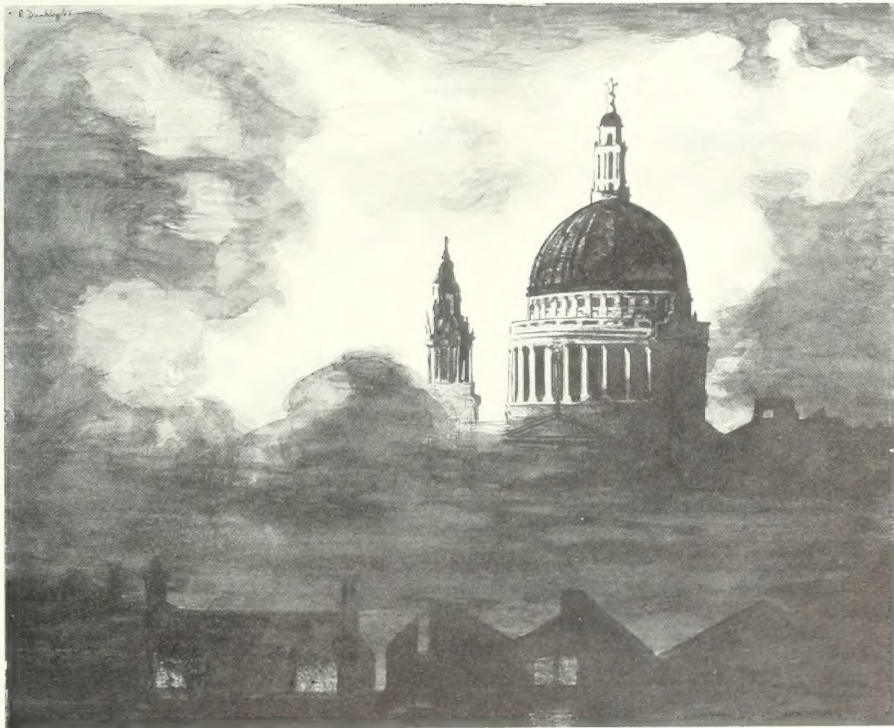


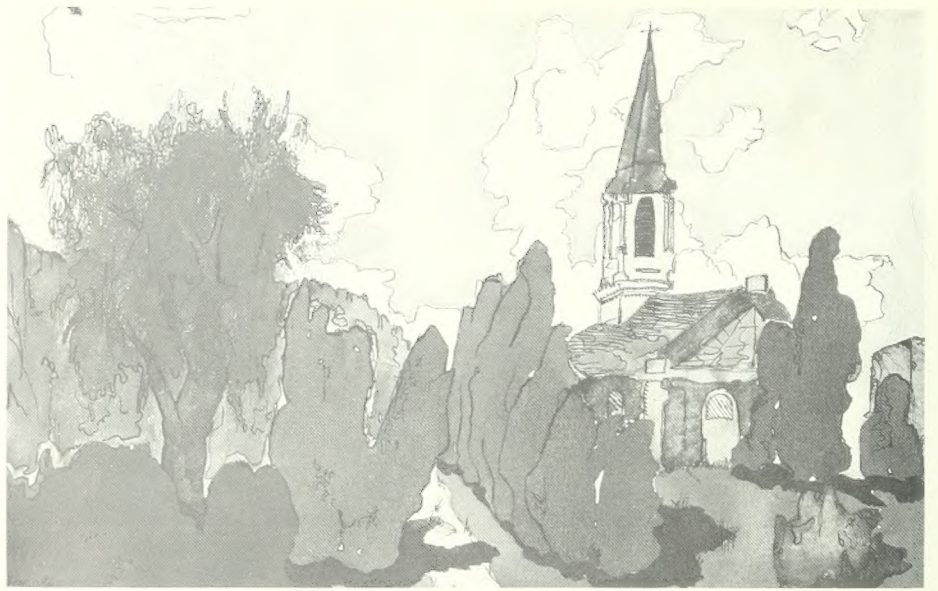








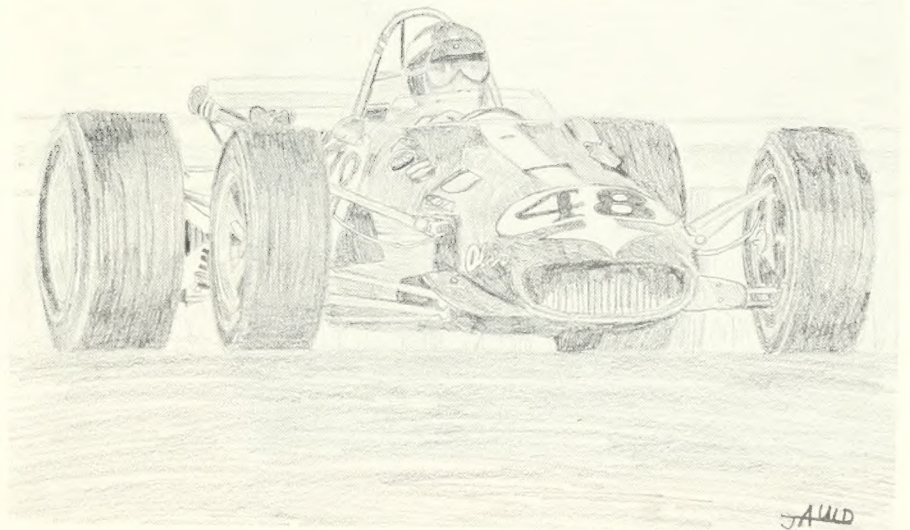
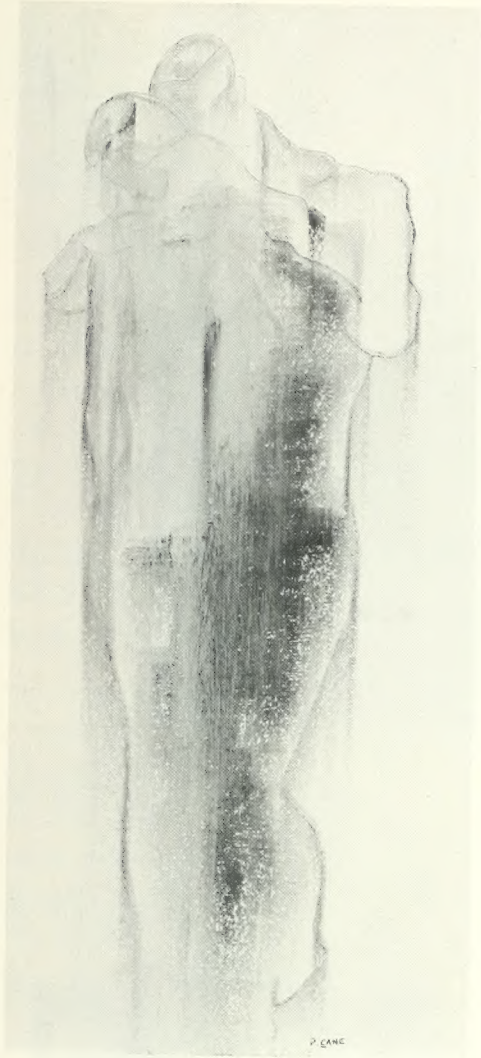


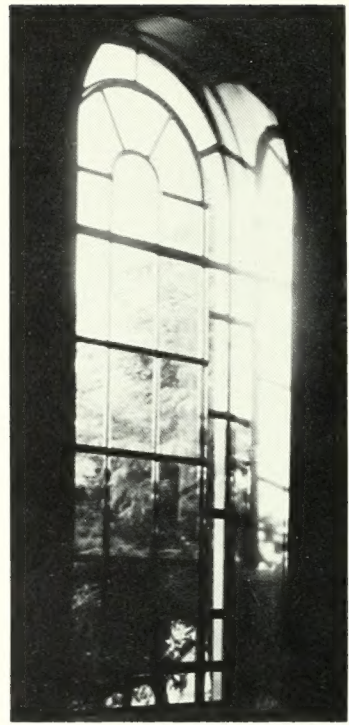


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Macdonald





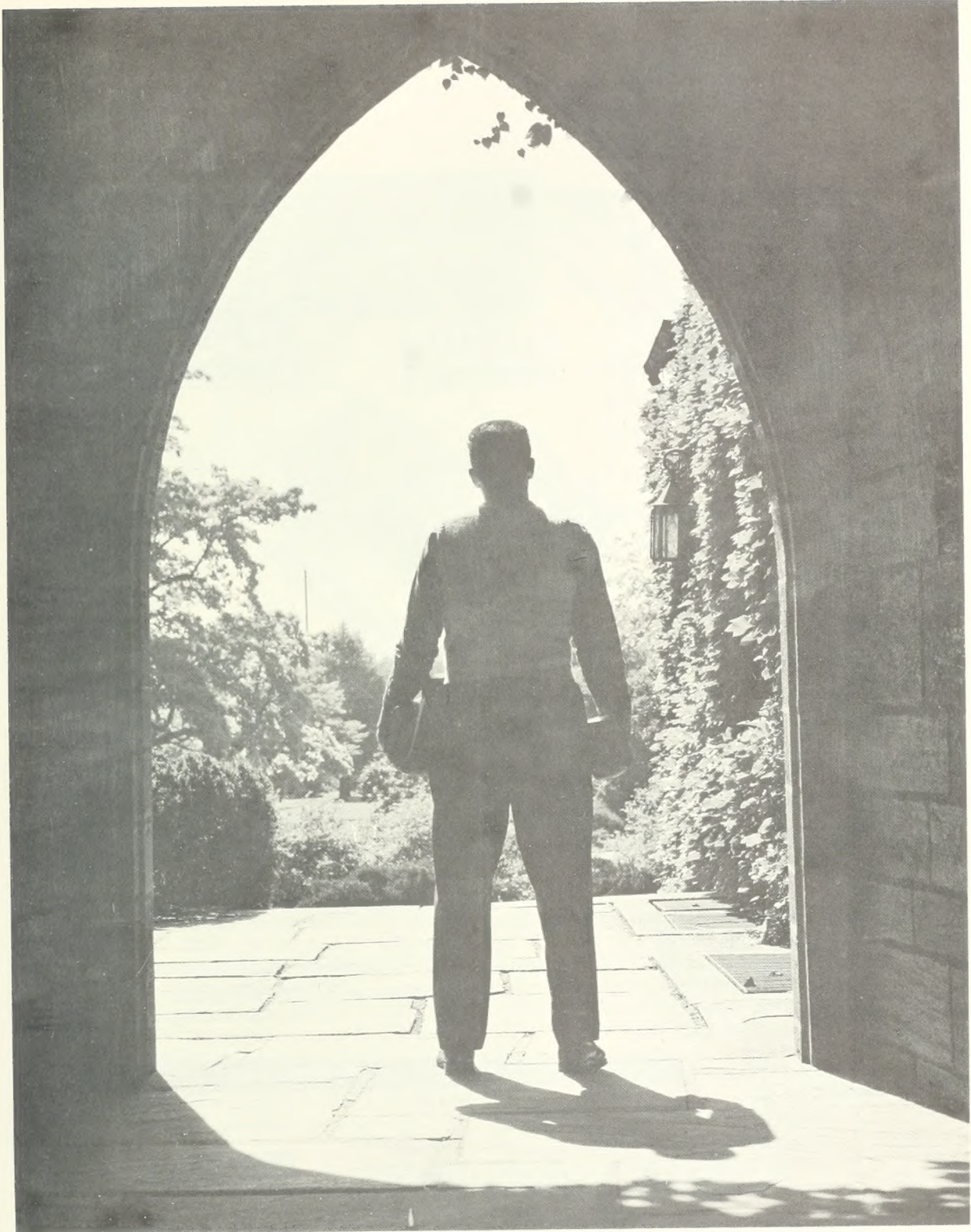
## SCHOOL DIRECTORY

Agar, Glen R.	94 The Kingsway Toronto 18, Ontario	Cooper, David J.	186 Edgar Street Welland, Ontario	Gosse, David M.	P.O. Box 70, Spaniard's Bay Newfoundland
Agnew, Dean R.	c/o Ford Motor Co. Caixa Postal 8062 Sao Paulo, S.P., Brazil	Crookston, James G.	70 Ardworld Gate Toronto 4, Ontario	Grass, David	52 Garfield Avenue Toronto 7, Ontario
Aimers, William L.	Cedar Valley, Ontario	Crosbie, Chesley F.	16 Circular Road St. John's, Nfld.	Gray, James D.	Markdale, Ontario
Allan, Andrew C.	2400 N. Lakeview Ave. Chicago, Illinois 60614 U.S.A.	Cross, W. T. David	Box 33, "Beaver Glen" Nobleton, Ontario	Hally, A. Nichol	Old Aurora Sideroad R.R. #1, King City, Ontario
Amell, Thomas J.	43 Douglas Drive Toronto 5, Ontario	Cross, John K.		Hally, David	
Anderson, R. Bruce	895 Ouellette Avenue Windsor, Ontario	Currie, John M.	6 Barbara Lane Irvington-on-Hudson N.Y., U.S.A.	Harding, John A.	25 Blue Ridge Road Willowdale, Ontario
Anjo, A. Williams	King Street Stayner, Ontario	Dales, Patrick M.	314 The Queensway Keswick, Ontario	Harris, David R.	228 Douglas Drive Toronto 5, Ontario
Annan, David B.	153 Claxton Drive Oakville, Ontario	Daly, Dennis J.	440 Roger Road Ottawa, Ontario	Harstone, John H. N.	146 Herkimer Street Hamilton, Ontario
Armstrong, Ian P.	114 Sheppard Street Espanola, Ontario	Davey, R. Robin	506 Mill Street Port Elgin, Ontario	Hart, Alexander D.	386 Barton Avenue Montreal 16, P.Q.
Auld, James A. G.	173 Hartley Street Brockville, Ontario	Davies, Peter T.	77 Wanless Crescent Toronto 12, Ontario	Hart, Colin M.	173 Highland Avenue St. Catharines, Ont.
Baker, David J.	R.R. #3 King, Ontario	Davies, Jonathan	57 Brookland Avenue Aurora, Ontario	Hatch, Carr	
Baker, Peter W.	143 Wychwood Place London, Ontario	Davies, Peter	67 Ravensbourne Cres. Islington, Ontario	Haust, Jan H.	P.O. Box 2460, Terminal A London, Ontario
Baker, Guy M.	430 St. George Street London, Ontario	Davis, Michael A.	32 Deepwood Crescent Don Mills, Ontario	Haust, Wilhelm M. H.	65 Douglas Drive Toronto 5, Ontario
Ballantyne, Michael J. A.	145 Upper Canada Drive Willowdale, Ontario	Davis, Stephen E.	94 Snowcrest Avenue Willowdale, Ontario	Hawke, Charles S.	8 Elspeth Place Willowdale, Ontario
Ballard, Andrew M.	54 Dufferin St., Apt. 54 Brantford, Ontario	Dean, P. Hugh	de Narvaez, Francisco	Hawke, Gordon D.	384 Hamilton Avenue Ottawa, Ontario
Banks, C. Douglas	332 Richmond Street Richmond Hill, Ont.	Depew, Peter J.	109 Balsam Drive Oakville, Ontario	Hayes, Jeffrey D.	608 Noble Crescent Ottawa 10, Ontario
Bates, Peter C.	P.O. Box 223 Nassau, Bahamas	Dilworth, Robert L.	109 Balsam Drive Oakville, Ontario	Henderson, Gordon S.	2 Dewbourne Avenue Toronto, Ontario
Beaumont, Lynn E.	332 Richmond Street Richmond Hill, Ont.	Dixon, Christopher N. W.	39 Old Mill Rd Toronto 18, Ontario	Henderson, James M.	119 Buckingham Ave. Toronto 12, Ontario
Blackshaw, Gilbert J.	Lyford Cay, P.O. Box 4820 Nassau, Bahamas	Dixon, R. W. Jamieson	402 Bay Street Orillia, Ontario	Higgins, Paul J.	Kleinburg, Ontario
Blackshaw, R. S.	Nassau, Bahamas	Dobbin, Gordon C.	1220 Chilver Road Windsor, Ontario	Hilborn, Lynn I.	119 Buckingham Ave. Toronto 12, Ontario
Blackshaw, Roger A.	180 Kennedy St. West Aurora, Ontario	Dobbin, Peter M.	51 Hi Mount Drive Willowdale, Ontario	Hogg, Michael F.	65 Farningham Crescent Islington, Ontario
Blanchard, David A.	1185 Glenwood Road North Bay, Ontario	Dougall, G. Alexander	21 Ardenne Road Kingston 10, Jamaica	Hollingsworth, James S.	92 Elm Avenue Toronto 5, Ontario
Boland, Timothy P.	R.R. #3 Newmarket, Ontario	Downing, David M.	3015 Parkside Drive Lethbridge, Alberta	Housser, Harry G.	152 Roxborough Drive Toronto 5, Ontario
Bosworth, John E.	10 Pembury Avenue Toronto 12, Ontario	Doyle, Wesley J.	107 Banstock Dr. Willowdale, Ontario	Housser, John F.	152 Roxborough Drive Toronto 5, Ontario
Bosworth, Mark P.	247 Old Yonge Street Willowdale, Ontario	Dobson, J. Edward	57 Belgrave Avenue Toronto 12, Ontario	Hovey, Frederick Bruce	Daelus Farm Schomberg, Ontario
Boukydis, Dean T.	63 Glenholme Drive Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.	Dryden, Reid C.	141 Centre Street Thornhill, Ontario	Hutchins, Brian G.	100 Coe Hill Drive Toronto 3, Ontario
Boyd, Robert T.	R.R. #1 MacTier, Ontario	Duder, Michael D.	P.O. Box 465, Ridgeway Nassau, Bahamas	Inwood, Douglas A.	17 Viamede Crescent Willowdale, Ontario
Boyd, Warren F.	47 Pinehurst Crescent Islington, Ontario	Dunkley, Robert A.	888 Crown Street Sudbury, Ontario	Jackson, James M.	8 Hardy Heights Onaping, via Sudbury, Ontario
Boyd, William	188 King Street South Waterloo, Ontario	Dunkley, Geoffrey C.	504 Third Avenue W. Warren, Pa., U.S.A.	Jalkotzy, Christopher K. P.	84 The Kingsway Toronto 13, Ontario
Brackley, Barry A.	263 Wellington St. W. Markham, Ontario	Edwards I, Charles B.	47 Great Oak Drive Islington, Ontario	Jeffries, John H.	55 Strathearn Road Toronto 10, Ontario
Braymore, Larry K.	Box 164, Village Road Nassau, Bahamas	Edwards, Garry J.	947 Maitland Street London, Ontario	Jessel, Michael D.	7th Line, R.R. #2 King, Ontario
Brickman, James R.	372 Glengrove Ave. West Toronto 12, Ontario	Empey, W. Glenn	9 St. Leonard's Cres. Toronto 12, Ontario	Johnston, James S.	30 Lytton Blvd. Toronto 12, Ontario
Broadfoot, Douglas J.T.	447 Tessaly Circle Ottawa 8, Ont.	Evans, Arthur A.	Fahlgren, Douglas I.	Johnston, Mark J.	73 Riverside Blvd. Thornhill, Ontario
Brownrigg, M. F.	25 Old Forest Hill Rd. Toronto 7, Ontario	Fairlie, Colin F.	Fairlie, Colin F.	Jolliffe, R. Scott	Box 303, Elora, Ont.
Brownrigg, Robin B.	"The Glen", Box 220 Almonte, Ontario	Fallows, Robert B.	Fallows, Robert B.	Jones, B. Allen	Caixa Postal 844 Santos, Brazil
Brunke, Graham F.	12 Chestnut Park Rd. Toronto 5, Ontario	Farquhar, Craig D.	Farquhar, Craig D.	Jones, Tommy B. H.	Box 36 - 19th Ave. R.R. #1 Richmond Hill, Ont.
Bryant, Thomas A.	373 Glengrove Ave. West Toronto 12, Ontario	Fisher, David B.	Fisher, David B.	Jones, Ian W.	74 Waterford Drive Weston, Ontario
Bryant, Thomas A.	18 Saintfield Avenue Don Mills, Ontario	Flemming, Michael I.	Flemming, Michael I.	Jurychuk, Mark G.	101 Alamosa Drive Willowdale, Ontario
Cane, Philmore S. M.	R.R. #1, Carrying Place, Ont.	Fletcher, Peter G.	Fletcher, Peter G.	Kane, Robert F.	601 Briar Hill Avenue Toronto 12, Ontario
Carter, Brian R.	7 Grenville Road Kingston, Ontario	Forbes, John R.	Forbes, John R.	Karrys, George T.	165 Claremont Ave. Kitchener, Ontario
Cary-Barnard, Anthony C.	c/o H. de Rivero Santa Marta 208 Arequipa, Peru	Francis, Ronald C.	Francis, Ronald C.	Kaufman, David H.	43 Fairway Heights Thornhill, Ontario
Casselman, W. Clair	King Street Prescott, Ontario	Gear, James D.	Gear, James D.	Kayser, Christopher S.	243 Clewom Avenue Ottawa 1, Ontario
Chen, David K.	Apt. 105-L, Bayview Mews 2911 Bayview Avenue Willowdale, Ontario	Gibb, Anthony C.	Gibb, Anthony C.	Kenny, Wallace M.	23 Chestnut Avenue Brantford, Ontario
Christie, Blair R.	24 Maple Drive RCAF Station, St. Hubert, P.Q.	Gilchrist, Thomas W.	Gilchrist, Thomas W.	Kett, R. Winston	34 Kingsgarden Road Toronto 18, Ontario
Clark, Donald L.	39 Old Mill Road, Apt. 504 Toronto 18, Ontario	Glassow, Nicholas F.	Glassow, Nicholas F.	Kilpatrick, G. Bryson	67 North Drive R.R. #1, Islington, Ontario
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Was it ever great up there! Going around bumping into strange birds; dipping and soaring whenever he wanted; nobody

telling him what to do; digging that grubby old prison far, far below . . . Icarus felt positively free! Free enough to try for the sun, in fact. He felt he was old enough, mature enough and strong enough to fly higher than anyone else ever had.

So up he went, up into the hot sun. Disaster lurked therein. The wax on his arms started to melt, and, one by one, the feathers dropped out. And soon after, so did Icarus . . . right out of sight. Flapping all the way down.

**Moral:** when you think it's time to assert your independence, just make sure that your judgement is developed well enough to withstand a lot of heat. Make good and sure. It's the only way to fly.

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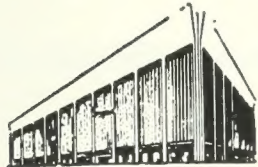
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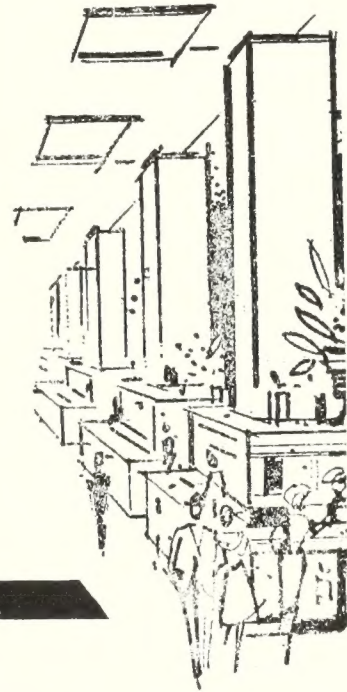
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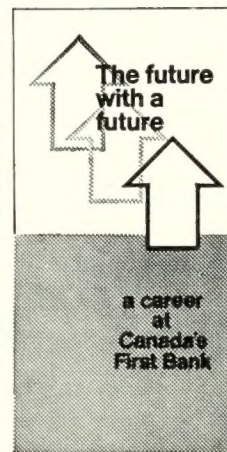
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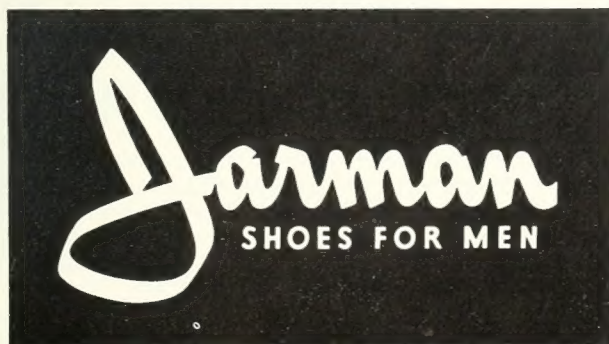
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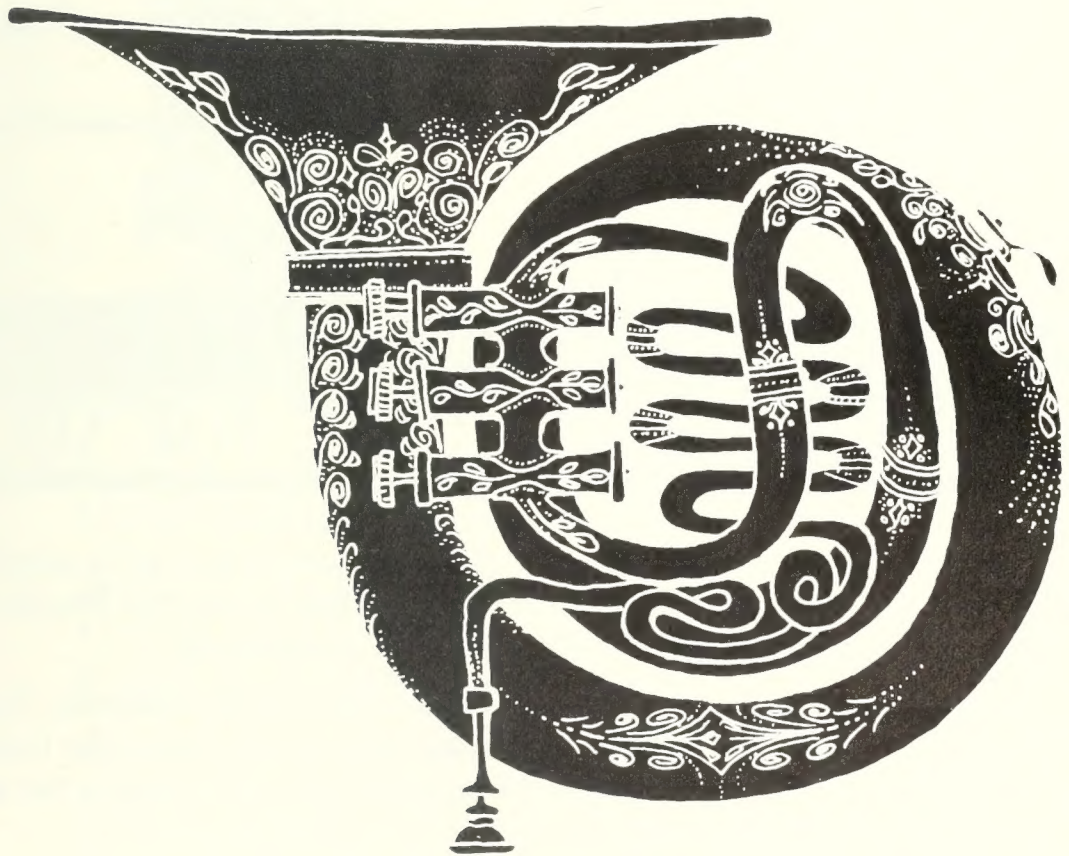
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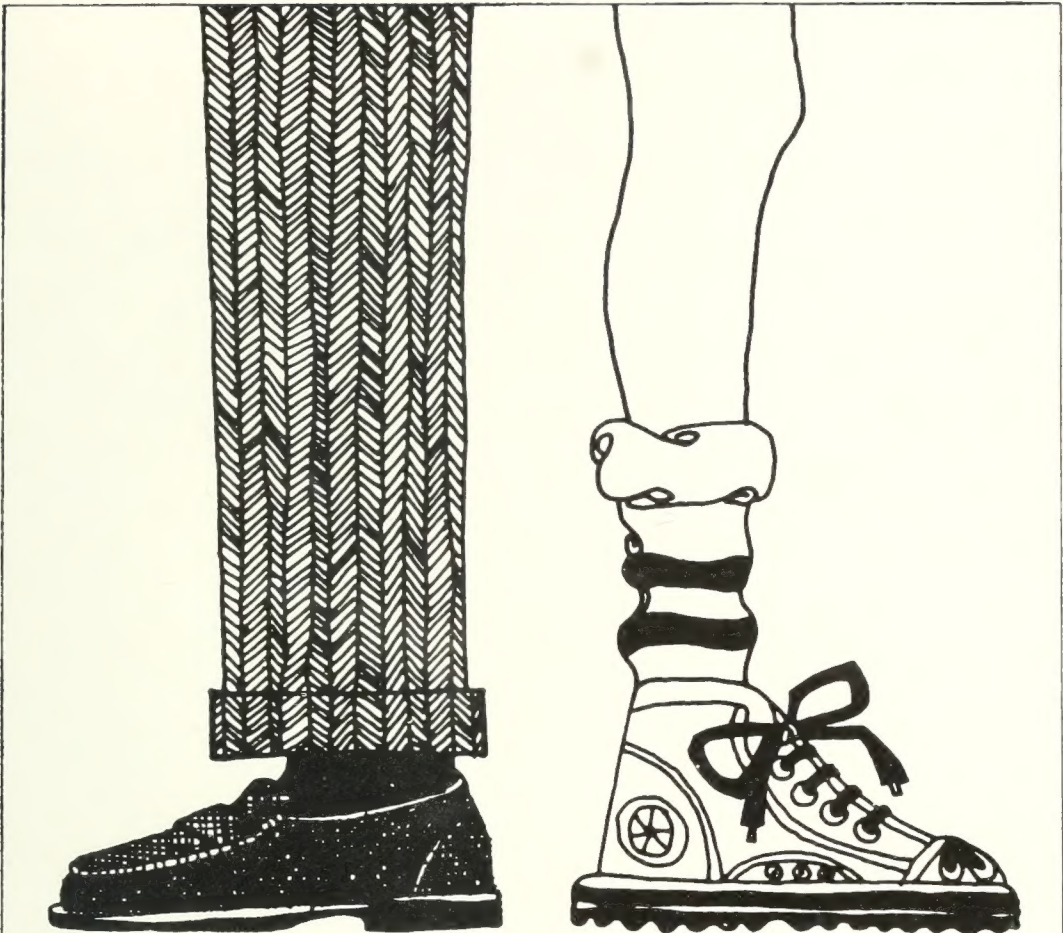
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