



Christmas
1932
University

Christmas
1942

Mid-Summer
1940
Victory and Commemorative Year

COLLEGE
1949

Saint Andrew's
College Review
Mid-Summer
1949
Fiftieth Anniversary

THE REVIEW
Christmas 1951
ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE
ARROSA ONTARIO

THE REVIEW
Mid-Winter
ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE
ARROSA ONTARIO

REVIEW

1969
THE REVIEW

Christmas 1969
Fiftieth Anniversary
Saint Andrew's College
Mid-Summer

REVIEW
1969-70
THE REVIEW





People on all sides,
people surround me on all sides.



123

THE RE
1970
ST. ANDREW
AURORA

71st.

SCHOOL NEWS CURRICULUM LITERARY

456

R
EVIEW

D - 1971

V 'S COLLEGE

ONTARIO

Year

SPORTS

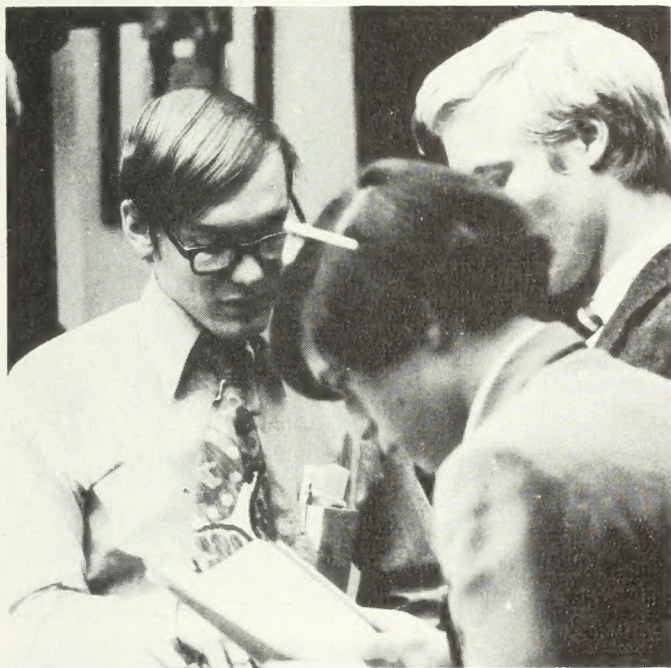
GRADUATES

ADVERTISING



Workers of the world, unite! (Marx)





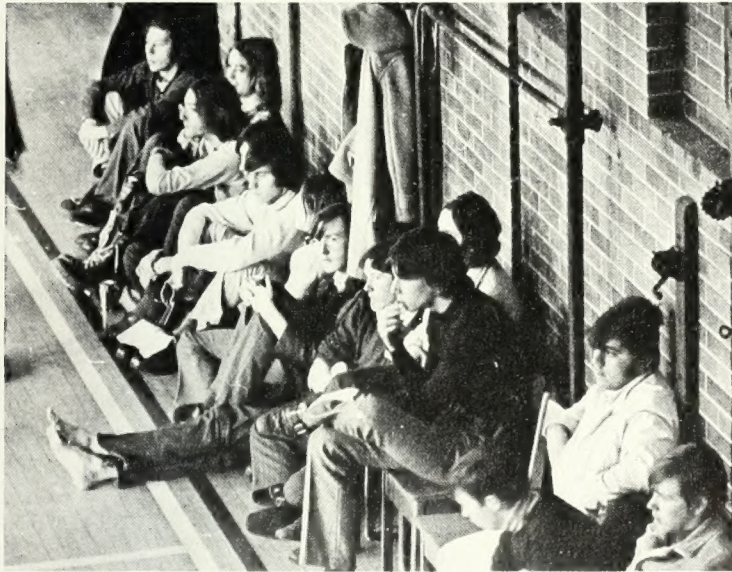
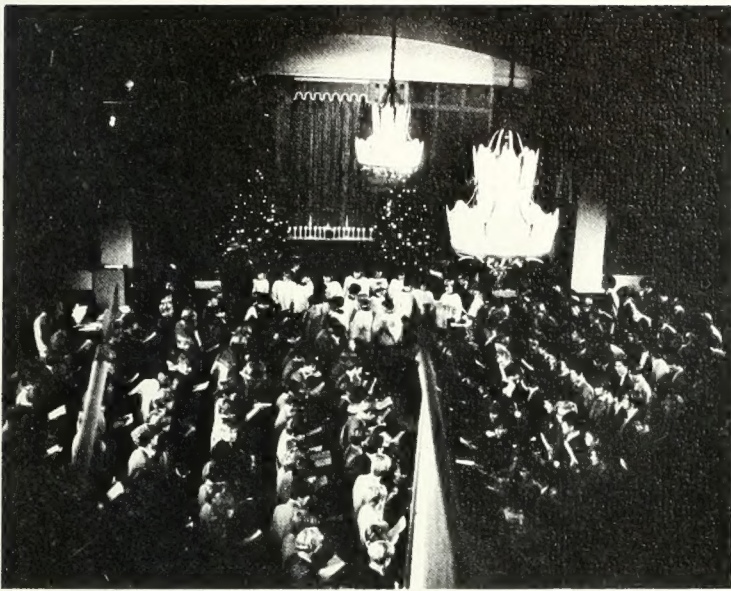
United we stand, divided we fall.





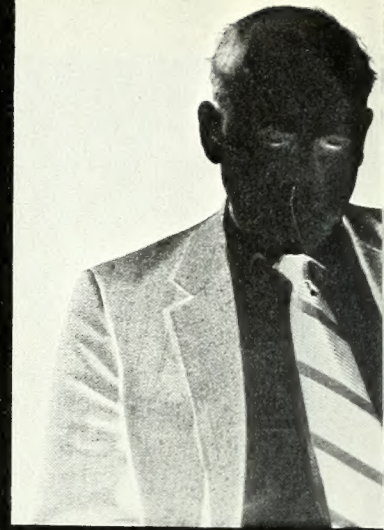
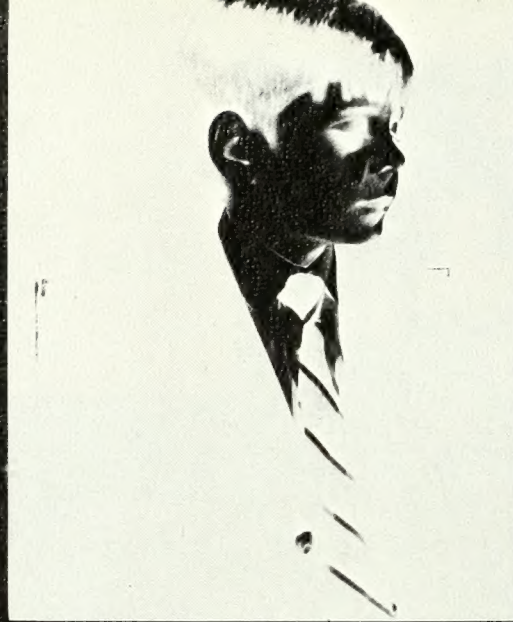
Tous pour un,
un pour tous. (Dumas)

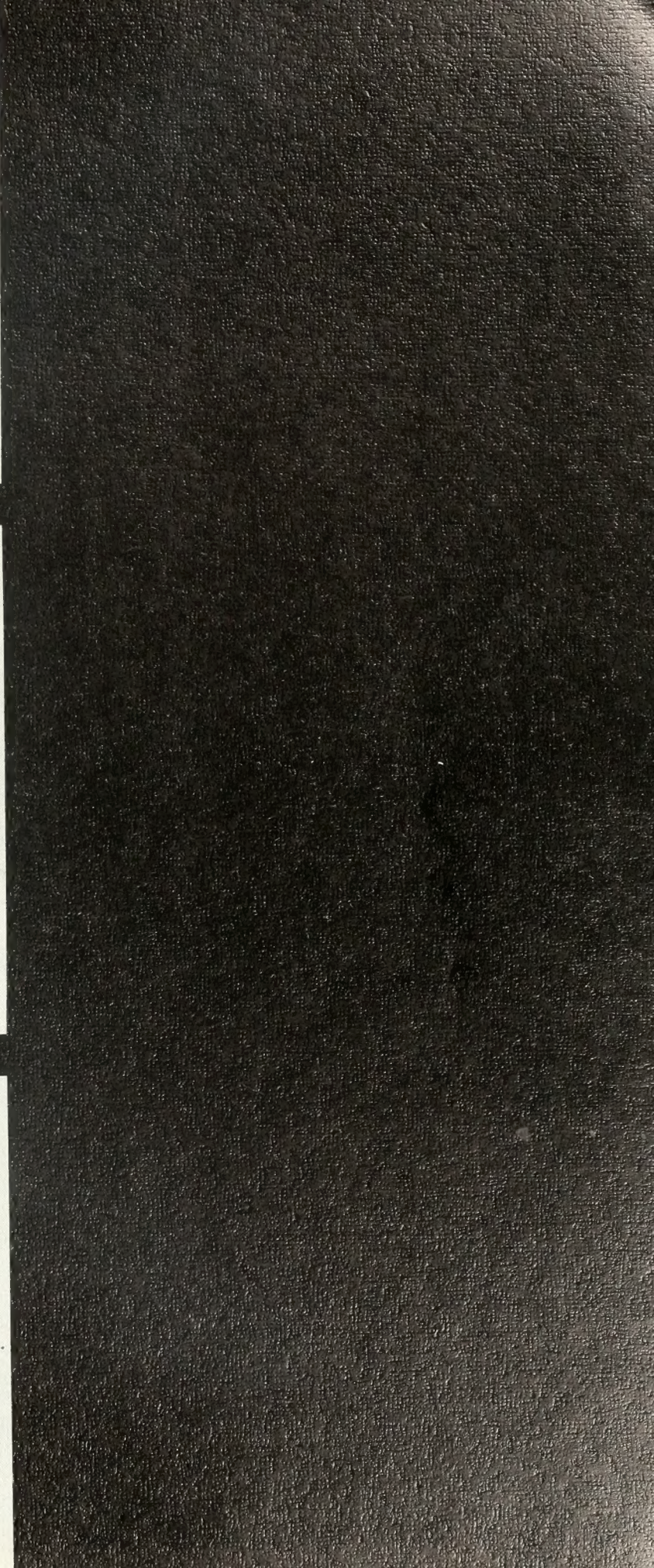
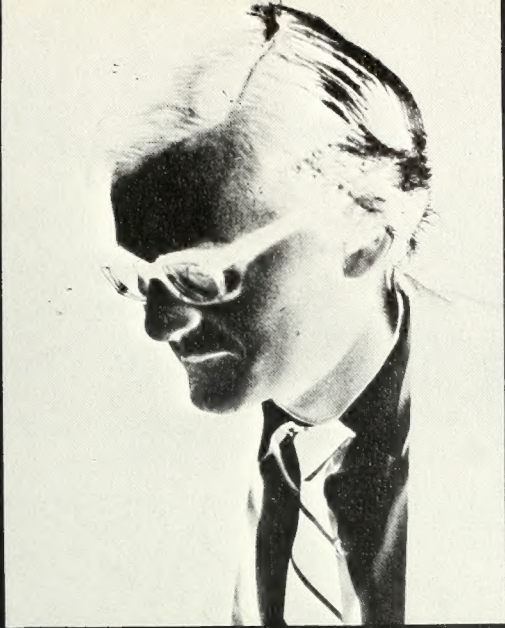




The world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open. (Shakespeare)







I am a rock, I am an island. (S & G)





No man is an island, entire of itself; every man
is a piece of the continent, a part of the main.
(Donne)



I am involved in Mankind. (Donne)





And therefore never send to know for whom
the bell tolls – It tolls for thee. (Donne)



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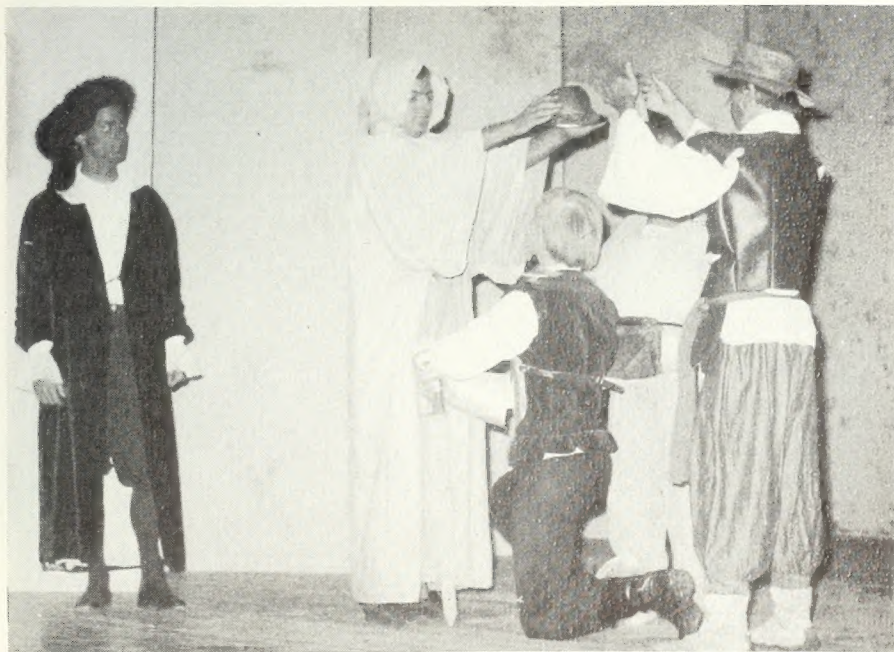


SCHOOL NEWS

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MAN
OF
LA
MANCHA





To dream the impossible dream; that is what many people felt Mr. Kamcke and Dr. Dawson were doing when they proposed Man of La Mancha as this year's musical. A very recent Broadway success containing over twenty-five songs, reprises, and overtures as well as vast technical problems was the challenge presented to and beaten by "the best cast I have ever worked with." Needless to say crew and cast worked diligently, lured on sometimes by Leslie's dance or Bev's abduction. We received fine assistance this year from four lovely ladies from Aurora and Stouffville. The cast was lead by Charlie Campbell as Don Quixote and George Kilpatrick as Dancho. Charlie's leading lady was Beverly Bell as Aldonza. How was the play received? Two out of three nights received standing ovations. A great success. Thanks go to all who participated in any way.

WINTER CARNIVAL



The Big Brothers of York County received a great boost from the student body as a result of a very successful winter carnival held on February 6th. Everyone worked together. The Mac House boys ran a very popular games area in the Small Gym. There was the sleigh ride, ice slide, and a snowmobile race that was held by the Aurora Snowmobile Club, to name a few events. The biggest money earner was the auction, which included amongst the articles the football cleats of Dave Mann, two autographed sticks courtesy of the Toronto Maple Leafs, and a Franz Johnson painting.

The final proceeds, after expenses, for the day's work was \$1,800.00. Thanks go to Bob Boyd who with the help of his Service Committee organized the event. Special thanks go to the whole school in recognition of their unified effort.





STANDING (L-R): Dennis Daly, Ian McBryde, Alan Addison, Wes Doyle.
 SITTING (L-R): Paul Morón, Gord Dobbin, Bob Boyd, Norm Turner.

SERVICE COMMITTEE

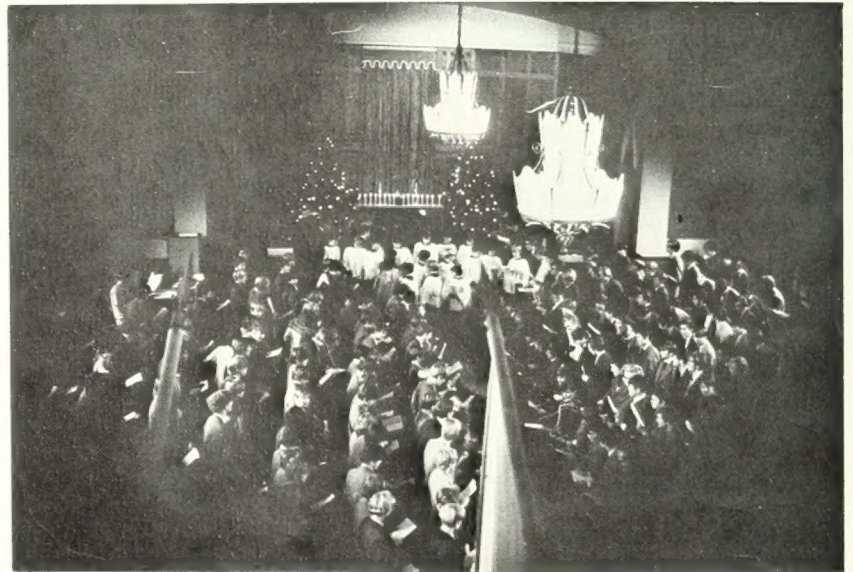
The Service Committee must be commended this year on its many tremendous accomplishments. The Winter Carnival, above all, was the most successful and renowned event organized and run entirely by members of the Service Committee. Unlike other Carnivals this event was organized by the students, not by the masters. Because of the \$1,800.00 raised and donated to the Big Brothers of York County, the students of St. Andrew's were recognized as honorary Big Brother in York County, as well as receiving the youth appreciation week award from the Optimist Club. Money was also given for Audio Visual equipment for the Library. We started giving donations to "Parque el Canada" in Bogota, Colombia. The Service Committee continued its support of the four orphans in Kalimpong, India. And of course the pop machines were managed with a profit, although insufficient, for the first time since originated. Altogether one of the most successful years the Service Committee has ever had.

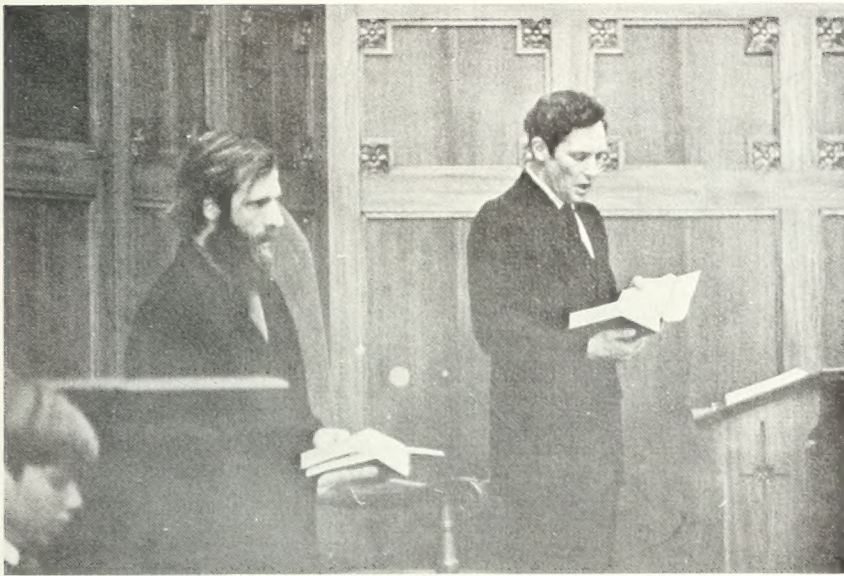


CAROL SERVICES

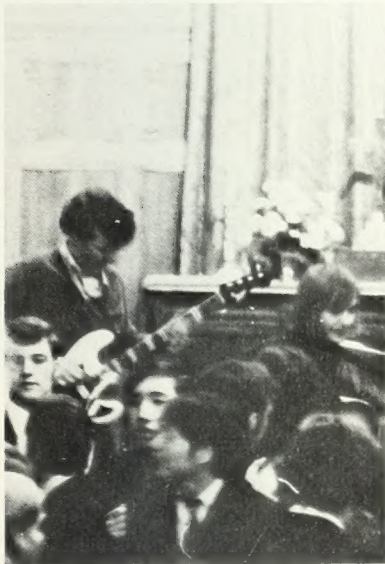
Though Dr. Dawson and Mr. Karis worked extremely hard in creating the carol services, they were not quite as superior in quality as previous performances. This was noticed by the school body more than the parents, who enjoyed the singing very much. One thing which must be mentioned is the excellence of the choir as a whole. There was an abundance of able and willing voices for the solos and duets.

This year we were also treated to another visit from Mr. Woodbury's son who sang one of his old favourites extremely well. On the whole, the carol services were presented in a manner suiting the college and no one left the chapel after the last performance without feeling satisfied in a job well done.





CHAPEL



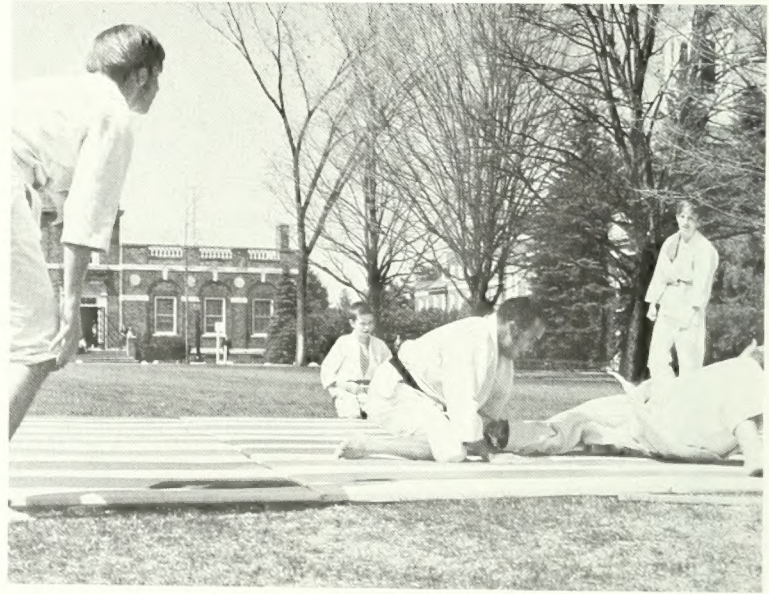
Chapel this year was more enjoyable for the students for two main reasons. First, the masters and students took a more active part in the services and second, such people as the principal of Dr. Graham's Homes and Reverend Don Stirling held the student's interest in such interesting topics as Pakistan and the Middle East.

Mr. Gibb, Mr. Woods, Mr. Pitman, Mr. Timms, Mr. Ray and Mr. Hiltz all added their own flare to the chapel on certain occasions and were received well by the students.

The highlight of the year came when we were visited by the St. Andrew's Church Church Youths from Markham. The students ended up prancing around the chapel in sheer bliss and glee.

Our chapel singing periods were made more interesting by the singing of many new songs and both Dr. Dawson and Mr. Karis should be thanked for their time.

CADETS





This year Cadets started a little later than usual. The Officer, N.C.O. tests due to holidays were put back a week. The tests finally made J.L. Walker Cdt. Lt./Col. and Paul H. Moron 2 i.c. The weeks of training and drill began.

The day was harsh and cold for the Aurora Church Parade. The Corps formed up and prepared to march off. Only once did it start to rain and that was when the Corps was forming up for the march past. The parade as a whole was very poor and at points even farcical.

The following week the Corps prepared for their annual parade to St. Paul's in Toronto. The weather again was bitter. The march past at St. Paul's was taken by Lt./Col. Read, the Officer Commanding the 48th Highlanders.

On May 7th the 142 St. Andrew's College Highland Cadet Corps stood ready for the annual inspection. The school had the privilege of having the Honourable Donald S. Macdonald to be the Inspecting Officer. Lt./Col. Read was also present. The anti-war song from the album "Woodstock" echoed from a record player as the Corps stood at attention waiting for the Inspecting Officer. The Corps performed well, however, and gave a good performance. The best platoon was R.T. Boyd's and the best cadet was Michael Carter.

The Corps' general attitude this year was low. The anti-war song, though it did not effect the Corps' performance, did reflect the cadets' feelings to a large extent. It was not just the expression of one person's "warped sense of humour." Cadets: will they last? should they last?

PIPES AND DRUMS



The Pipes and Drums have played an important part in the school's past, and this year they did the same. There were a lot of doubts in the minds of the old pipers on how the Band would turn out. But thanks to the many hours of practice, and practice the Band surpassed expectations.

The Band was able to represent the school on several occasions, not always as a whole, and so was able to reach the excellent standard it is noted for. It was present this year to open the 1970-1971 International Junior Curling Championships in North York. We also appeared at the opening of the Annual Sportsmen Show in Aurora where our presence was greatly appreciated.

All in all, thanks to the great leadership of Cdt. Pipe Major Andy Ballard and Drum Major Keith Sawyer the Band had a fine year.





DANCES

As has been said for the Sockhop, all the dances this year have been attended poorly. The response by the student body was very apathetic and at times some dances came close to being cancelled as a result.

However, the dances themselves were excellent. For the Football Dance 'The Everyday People' provided an excellent show with some new and original music. As for the dance at the Carnival, it was the most successful of the year even though it was only a record-hop. It was totally run by students and was held in the music pavilion.

The Formal, yes the formal; well there were big plans this year, such as holding it outside in front of the Dining Hall. But of course it turned cold and it, and the two groups had to be moved inside. Still it was a very successful although poorly attended. Thanks go to Mr. Smith and the Social Committee for trying so hard.



SOCK UP? (October)

This year after a disappointing loss to Ridley in football some of us who either by accident or curiosity wandered into the auditorium, after discovering a dance missing in the gymnasium, had the pleasure of seeing some of Toronto's best local talent at work. The entertainers were "The Establishment" and "Edward and Harding".

Both played light music and did their best for the small apathetic audience, who paid little attention and got little out of it.

"Edward and Harding", composers of the excellent album "Peace City," seemed disappointed by the listeners but managed both their compositions and Simon and Garfunkel's excellently.

Both student and staff went to some trouble to organize the entertainment, and the least the school could have done was show the performers and organizers that it was worthwhile.

UPPER SIXTH OTTAWA HISTORY TRIP



The St. Andrew's College Players have done it again! The Thwating of Baron Bolligrew, the school's second play of the year, was thoroughly enjoyed by young and old alike. Ian McBryde was outstanding in the role of Baron Bolligrew, a man of power and evil, under the guise of a perfect Australian-British accent. John Pepper portrayed Oblong FitzOblong as a humane but dauntless knight-errant determined to succour the poor and needy of the Bolligrew Islands. Dr. Moloch, the brains of all the outlandish schemes, was played by Wallace Kenny. He was evil to the core. The two final stars were Ted Ratcliffe and Paul Moron. Ratcliffe played a stupid squire, mean in every respect. Moron was the stuck up, fat type of person who got under your skin, like poison ivy.

On behalf of the entire crew I would like to thank both Mr. MacPherson and Mr. Woods who did an excellent job in directing. Also I would like to thank Miss Jolliffe and Mrs. Ilton who made costumes for everyone, including the two birds.



THE THWARTING OF BARON BOLLIGREW

The Yearbook exchange is a system in which schools circulate their yearbooks to other schools. The Exchange illustrates St. Andrew's College not only across Canada, but also in England, Australia and the United States. Similarly, we receive many yearbooks from some of the best schools in the world giving us an insight into other educational centres and, more importantly, the ideas of other young people.

THE GEORGIAN	St. George's School	Vancouver, B.C.
THE TWIG	U. of Toronto Schools	Toronto, Ont.
ACTA RIDLEIANA	Ridley College	St. Catharines, Ont.
LUDEMUS	Havergal College	Toronto, Ont.
THE PRISM	Bishop Strachan School	Toronto, Ont.
THE ASHBURIAN	Ashbury College	Ottawa, Ont.
THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN	Branksome Hall	Toronto, Ont.
THE BROWN AND GOLD ANNUAL	Morrison Glace Bay High	Glace Bay, N.S.
THE COLLEGE TIMES	Upper Canada College	Toronto, Ont.
THE METEOR	Rugby School	Rugby, Eng.
THE BLACK AND RED ANNUAL	University School	Victoria, B.C.
THE VERDIAN	Nicol's School	Buffalo, U.S.A.
SELWYN HOUSE SCHOOL ANNUAL	Selwyn House School	Montreal, P.Q.
THE VIKING	The Church of England Grammar School	Brisbane, Aust.
THE RECORD	Trinity College School	Port Hope, Ont.
THE EAGLE	St. John's-Ravenscourt	Winnipeg, Man.
THE GROVE CHRONICLE	Lakefield College School	Lakefield, Ont.
GLENALMOND		Scotland, U.K.
GORDONSTOUN		Scotland, U.K.
CLAN CALL	Leaside High School	Leaside, Ont.
THE REPORTER	Scotch College	Western Aust.
THE VOYAGEUR	Pickering School	Newmarket, Ont.
THE STAG	Shawnigan Lake School	Vancouver, B.C.
THE WINDSORIAN	King's College	Nova Scotia
THE SPECTRUM	Stanstead College	Stanstead, P.Q.
THE RAIMONDIAN	Raimondi College	Hong Kong
B.C.S.	Bishop's College School	Lennoxville, P.Q.
THE ARGUS	Appleby College School	Oakville, Ont.
THE BLUE AND WHITE ANNUAL	Rothesay Collegiate School	New Brunswick



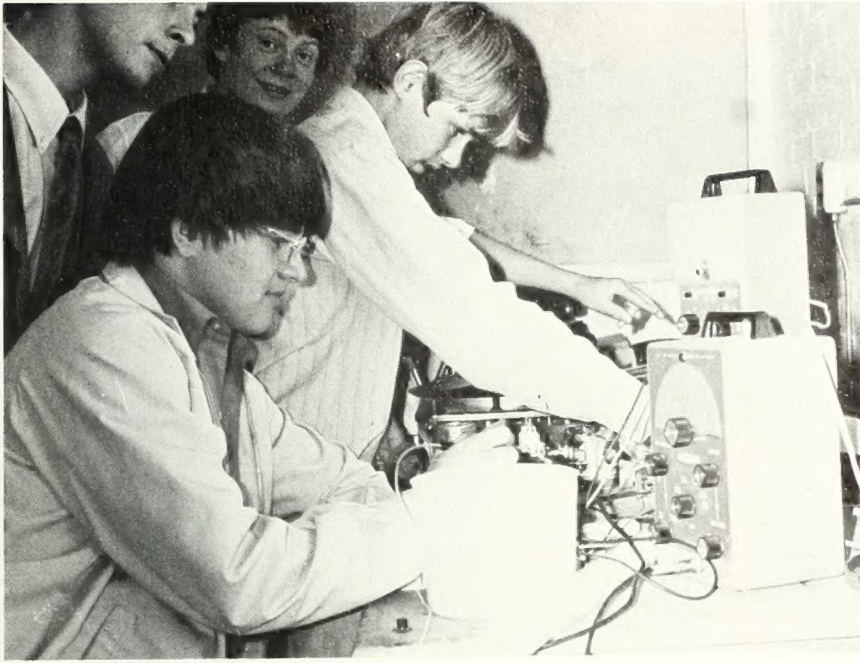
CLUBS



As usual most of the Clubs this year started with lots of enthusiasm but petered out slightly by the end of the year.

A new club this year was the Mac House Car Club. The school has gone through quite a few such clubs in the last few years but none held as much enthusiasm as this one. Led by Ron Francis the boys constructed their streamlined track themselves and Mrs. Coulter was on hand to officially open it. The one thing the club lacked was competition and this should be corrected for next year.

The woodworking club led by Mr. Tutton had its usual successful year. The boys learned a lot and Mr. Tutton never got impatient with some of the slower pupils.



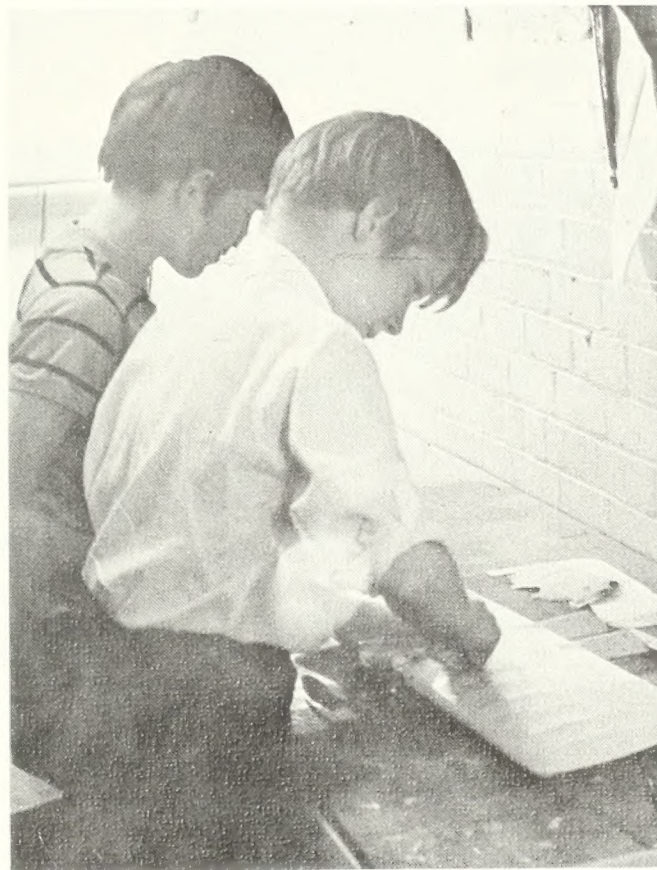
Another club led by Francis was the Airplane Club. The members put the room into shape and set to work. Though many did not have time to finish their intricate models, they all had fun.

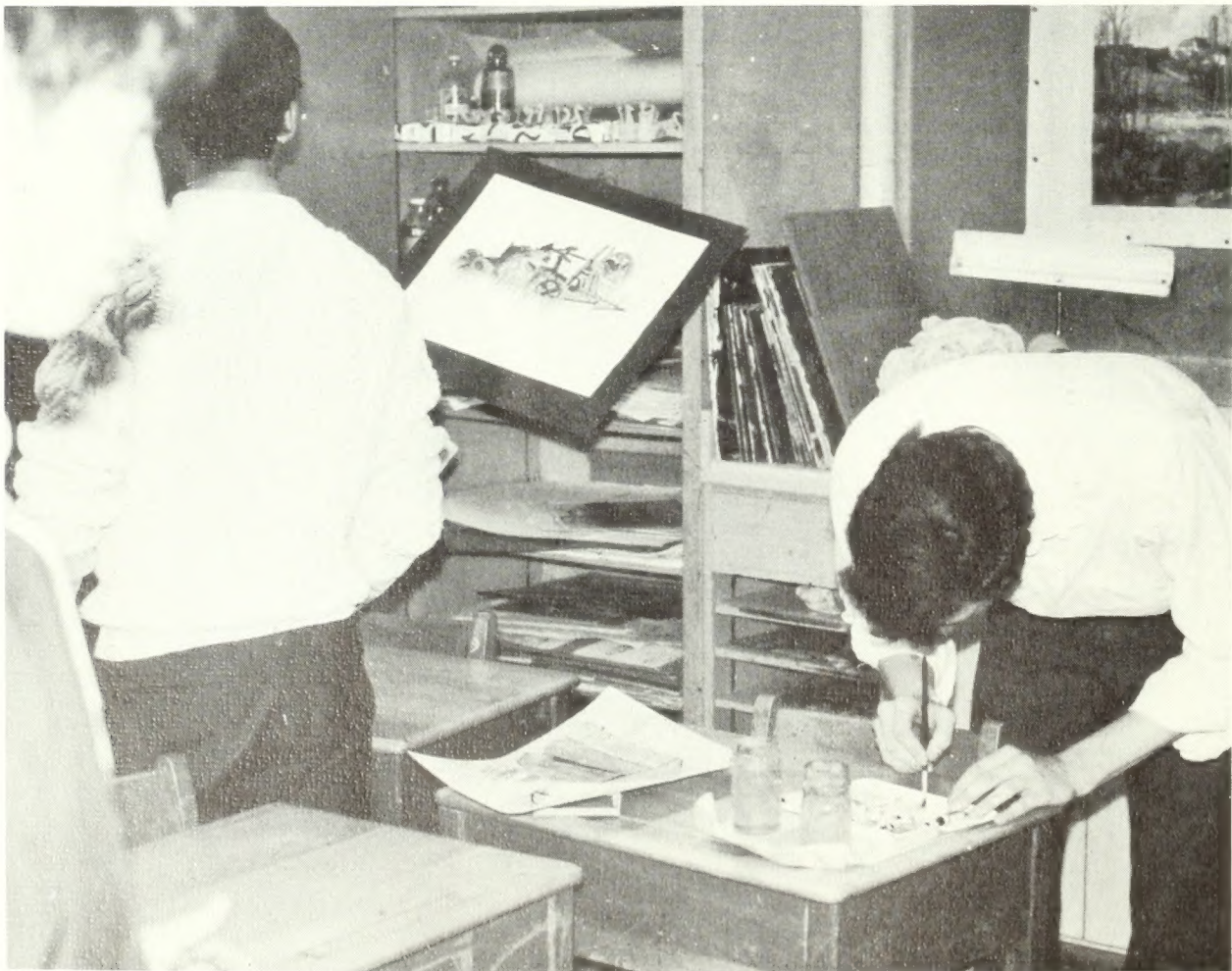
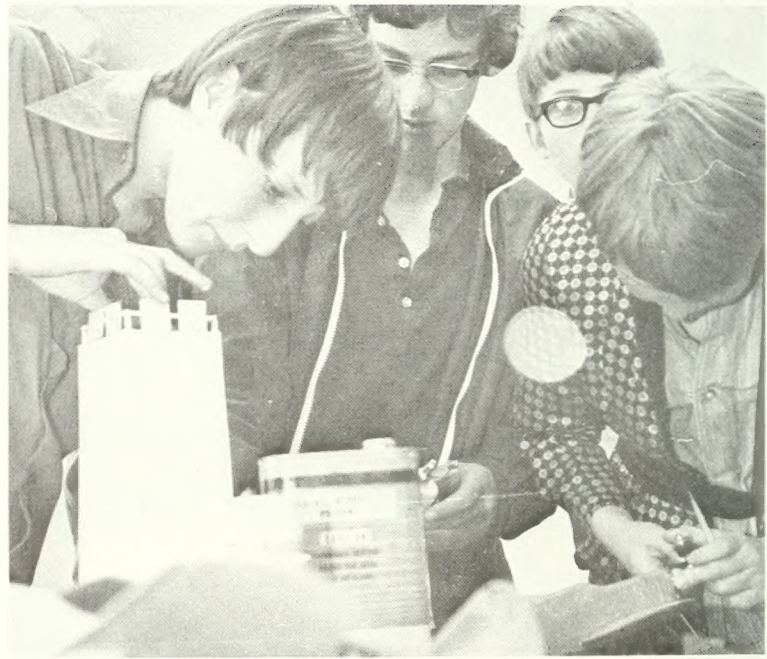
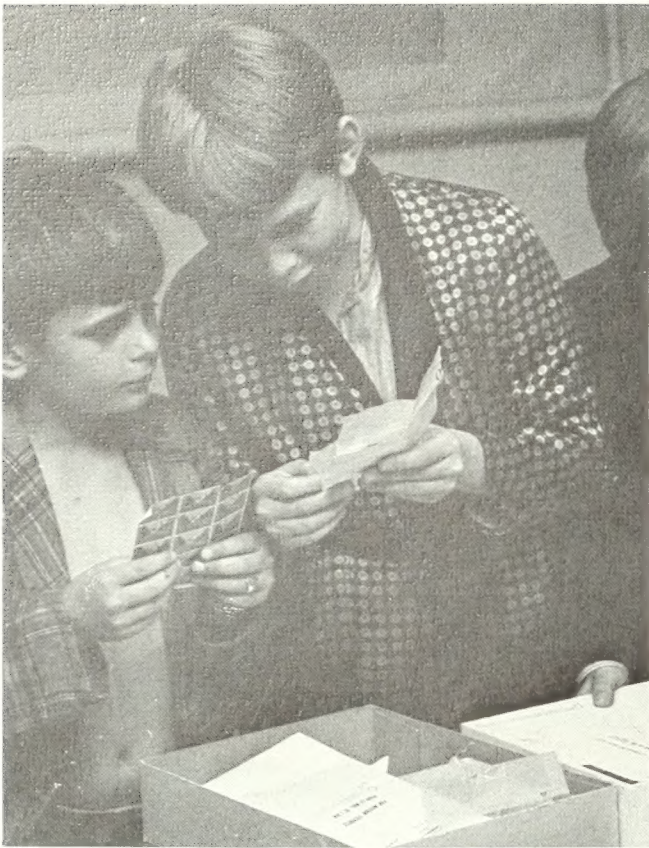
The chess tournament at U.C.C. highlighted this particular club's year. The players beat all competition. Congratulations to David Hally and Frank Szarka who were undefeated. A good year.

The pottery club led by Mr. Pitman had a small elite membership. Time was an important factor here also but many parents enjoyed the things molded as Christmas gifts. Next year a new kiln will be put in and this should speed progress.

Other clubs such as the art, stamp, bridge, and electronics should also be mentioned as being successful.

Clubs are still an important part of the Colleg's extra curricular activities and more time should be devoted to them. As they say, never let your studies interfere with your education.





MAC HOUSE



What is Mac House? Is it really as bad as it seems or is it a cloud with a silver lining? Personally I don't know, even with two years experience, I still don't know and I probably won't. Why? you ask. I ask why too. Some guys say Mac House is lousy and things like that but I wonder if, in the back of their minds, they wonder too? I mean, is it possible that these conformed Mac House haters really do like the place underneath all their misgivings. If the issue were put down to liking it or disliking it, the majority would go to the House. But then again, possibly not, who knows?

A.M.



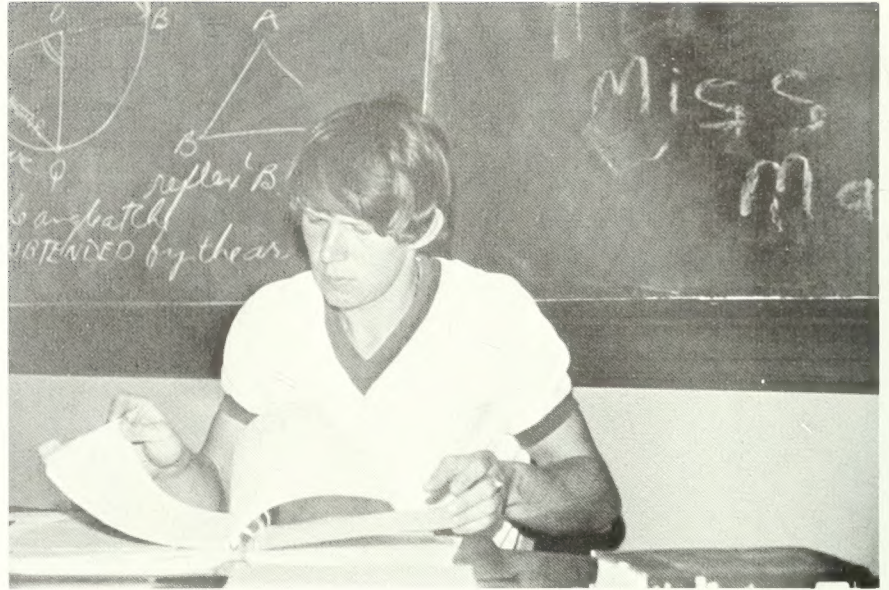
I remember when I arrived it was quiet except for some old boys talking about what they did the year before. Now that I have been here for a year I am sure there will be a lot to talk about next year. When I arrived here last year nobody knew each other's name, and I remember what they used to call me but it was only in fun. I also remember walking into a four man dorm with a blank white wall and a polished dark wood floor. As the year passed, I was glad to be in that dorm. In Mac House you learn to live with one another and that is one thing I will not forget.

J.M.

Mac House in a way is the best house in the school. We have the largest selection of books in our library. All the way from Canadian history to far-fetched science fiction. All the upper school has is newspapers. We also have almost every game in the book, stored and waiting for us in the Duty Master's office. They range from the rough outdoor games such as football to the easier games such as ping-pong for a rainy day.

There is also a variety of people of different moods. There are the bad, the angels and the guys in between. The bad don't usually last very long, whereas the others usually stay at St. Andrew's until grade 13.

The guys didn't seem to like cricket very much at first, because it's kind of boring and was also compulsory, but after you've played it several times, it's not too bad. Actually it's quite fun!



Well, here's how it goes. I started school September 8th 1970. My father drove me up with trunk and food, as usual. We went in and there was a notice on the bulletin board that said what room you were in and I looked up and saw that I was going to be in 102-1 was very nervous. I met some of my roommates - one from Hong Kong, two from Nassau and one from Newfoundland. That night I felt very homesick but soon got used to the school. The first day we got here, no old boys were around because the new boys come a day early. The day school started I was really nervous; most of the big boys became friends. Then I took a liking to the whole school in a couple of days. There are some people whom I don't like but that is to be expected of everybody.

HOUSE CAPTAINS



BACK ROW (L-R): George Kilpatrick, Gregg Westcott, Rob Wilkie, ?, Tim Shortly, John Paton, Rob Morton.
MIDDLE ROW: Graham Noble, Ron Francis, Wallace Kenny, Colin Fairlie, Keith Sawyer, Dennis Daly, Tom Amell.
FRONT ROW: Ches Crosbie, Clark Gomez, Bill Boyd, Dick McCombe, Mike Brownrigg.

It was an interesting year for MacHouse. In his first year as housemaster Mr. Harrison rid the house of much of the uncertainty that existed. Ably assisted by Mr. Ray most will agree the house has been successfully run.

In sports, MacHouse has had an excellent year. With exceptionally strong football, soccer, hockey, swimming and cricket teams, prospects for next year are very good.

As a unit, MacHouse has proven its worthiness in many fields, and leads the school in several ways. Their enthusiasm and interest in all activities often puts the upper school to shame. Almost the entire house is involved in activities such as car, rocket, debating, aeroplane, stamp, bridge, and woodworking clubs, which do not end at 9 pm. Tuesday, but are going all the time.

There are many advantages to being in MacHouse, such as their own rink in winter, croconole boards, and games and sports equipment always available and well used.

House leagues and the room inspection competition always encourage fierce but friendly competition. This year the boys in the lower annex and a Grade eight dorm walked off with an unprecedented three time victory under direction of John Paton, Keith Sawyer and Graham Noble.

In many ways the school's future is secure, as we have seen several good prospects for future school leaders in all fields of endeavour.

A few problem areas still need to be solved before MacHouse reaches its full potential. A little more permissiveness is necessary for a more congenial atmosphere (a little less checking etc.) and more leadership and responsibility must come from the grade 9's as many boys this year showed that they were capable of it.

As is true of the rest of the school, there is never enough time to do all the things that MacHouse boys want to do. But this year, there seemed to be enough to please just about everybody and strong leadership should encourage even more cooperation and unity in the house.

Only when we can get above petty grievances can we achieve this unity and in this way MacHouse can set a good example for the school to follow.

G.J.N.



WATER BOMBING

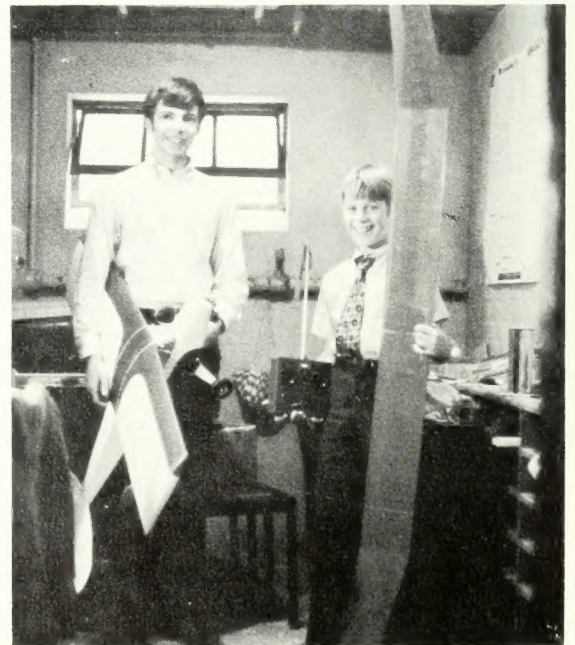
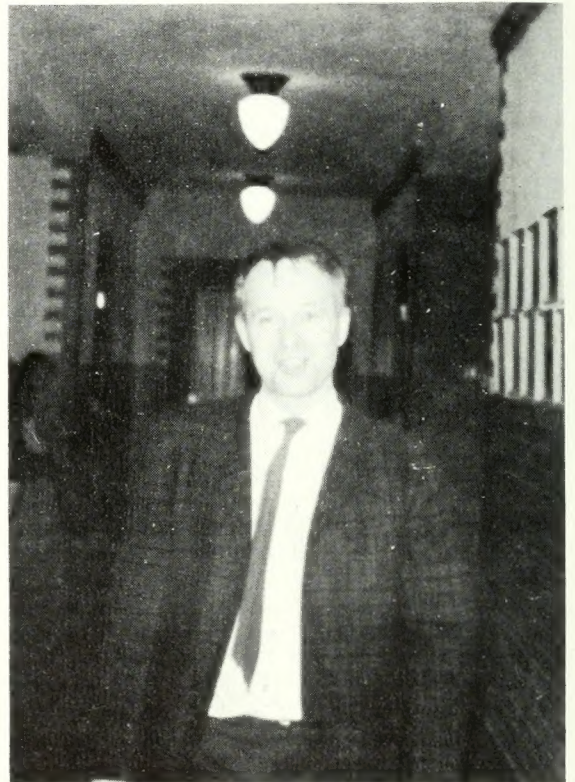
'Twas the night before freedom,
or early next morn,
When I crept from my covers out to the hall,
My conscience was quiet as were the walls,
So I took this advantage and slipped from all calls.
Once in the washroom I filled all four bombs.
I grinned and I giggled whilst I flew out the door,
Then crept tip-toes down through the hall,
To where I moistened my dear enemy-Coll,
With no less than them all,
Then swiftly but surely I fled down the way,
And gracefully dove into my bed.

P.S.



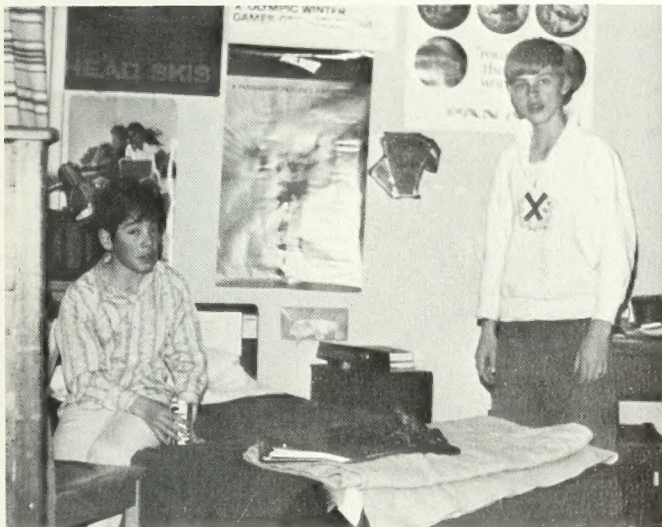
The life in Mac House was alright from the first but from October last year I got teased. A person can only take a certain amount. The routine was alright during the first term but then it became worse as the year wore on. What puzzles me is why people bug and tease you more here than at home. My guess is that you live with boys and therefore there is a closer relationship. When you go to another school you come home every day and the atmosphere is more relaxed. Here there is a room competition which is a pretty good thing in a way because you learn to keep your area clean, but what I don't like is the bitter complaining and whining when you get rated a "good" instead of an "excellent". Here a person tries his best at everything-why should he be teased? Why?

A.M.

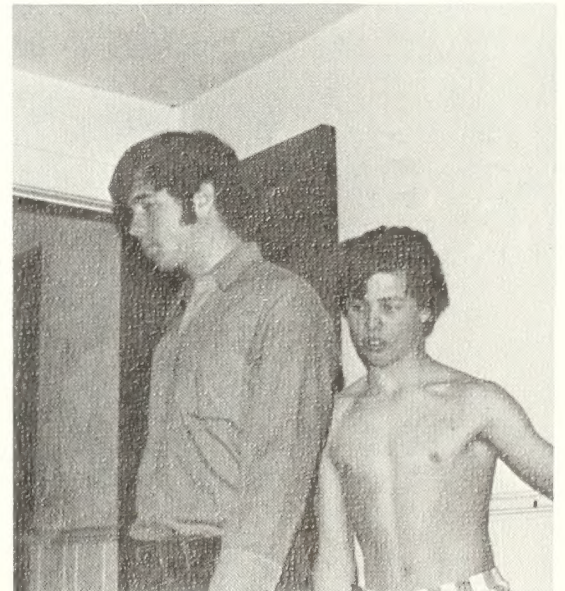




MACDONALD HOUSE PRIZE WINNERS



- MacMillan Trophy: (best all-round athlete, senior division)
– IAN SHORTLY II
- Cooke Senior Trophy (proficiency in athletics, senior division)
– MICHAEL CARTER II
- Ladies' Guild Trophy (best athlete-junior division)
– DAVID BUICK
- Cooke Junior Trophy (proficiency in athletics - junior division)
– SCOTT SILCOX
- Campbell MacDonald Memorial Cup (cross-country winner)
– STEPHEN MARCHMENT
- Olympic Shield (silver medal, runner-up in cross-country)
– NOELL TAYLOR
- Cadet Cup (best cadet in Mac House Platoon)
– DAVID BUICK
- Macdonald Housemaster's Prize (outstanding contribution to
Mac House during the year)
– RON FRANCIS





DEBATING

This year we tried a new style of debating called home and home which worked with moderate success. Many more people got to debate as result of this system. However, the system may or may not be continued because of the redundancy involved. All in all, we had a very successful year, winning several debates. Jim Sara and Norm Turner represented SAC in the Western Ontario Semi-Finals for the 1st. Cdn. National Debating Tournament. They won both their debates but failed to qualify. Later, Norm was asked to attend the tournament where he did very well, ranking 12th in Canada in total score. As usual, thanks go to the very many people who gave their assistance this year, especially Mr. Pitman.



JUNIOR DEBATING



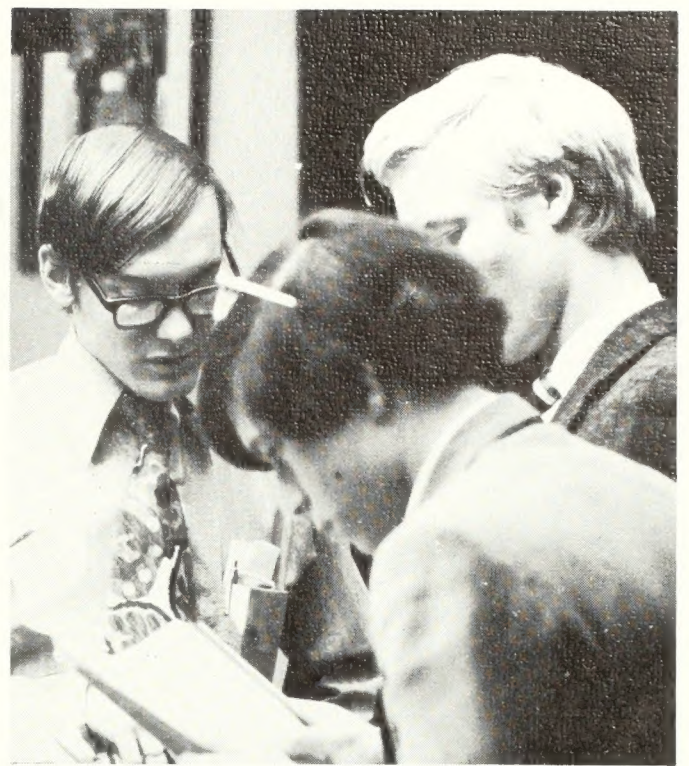
Commencing in late November, the Junior Debating Society has enjoyed a full schedule of debates. This year for the first time a system of home-and-home contests was instituted. This enabled more boys to debate, and more skills were required to reason both sides of the topic at hand. Since more boys were able to debate this year the club used a greater number from the different Junior grades. The younger debaters of the Club show great promise for seasons to come. Another encouraging sign for the budding debaters was in Clan Debating tournament.

Congratulations are extended to all those who partook in the Junior Debating program this year.

Thanks, of course, are given to Messrs. Ray and Rux for their guidance and time.







It seems that more and more interest is being taken in Music as the years progress. This year Mr. Karis and Dr. Dawson organized many concerts for the school's enjoyment.

Visits from the Richmond Hill Symphony Orchestra, the Newtonbrook High School Band and the Schneider Male Chorus were enjoyed by the school.

The most popular performance was given by the 'World's Greatest Jazz Band'. We were extremely lucky to get such famous performers to appear for us as Billy Butterfield and Ralph Sutton, and much thanks must go to their promoter, Mr. Barker Hickox an Old Boy of the school. The students thoroughly enjoyed what to many of us was our first encounter with live jazz.



MUSIC THROUGHOUT THE YEAR



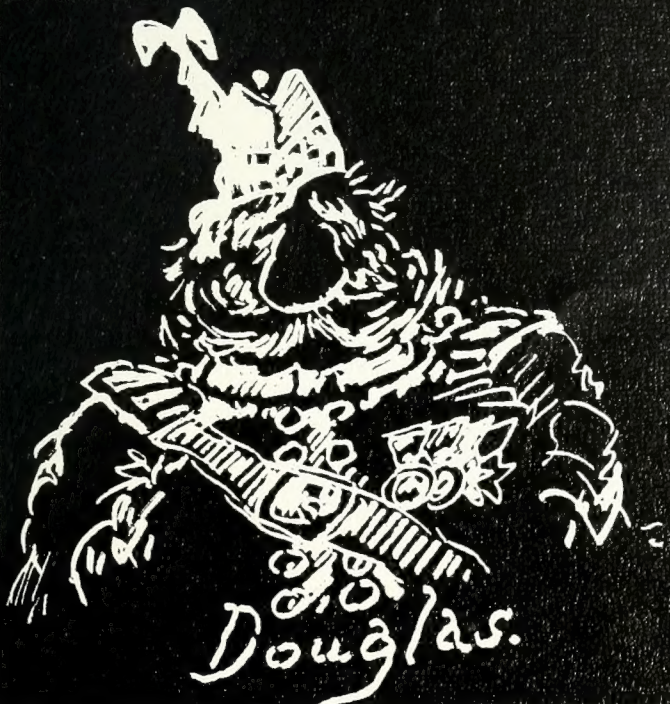
Wallace.

Although Wallace finished third again this year I feel that the clan members are not to be discouraged. You may be interested to know that, information from a reliable source revealed that the lack of prefects had marked effect on the standings, Wallace having only one prefect as a member. I must congratulate Wallace Clan on their excellent showing in inter-clan sports this year. Wallace went undefeated in every category of games, senior and junior. My most sincere congratulations go to the Mac House section of Wallace Clan for the spirit they showed and for their enthusiasm in every clan activity. It's members like these that will put Wallace in first place in the near future, the near future being perhaps next year.

We have had a great year, despite our rivals. Everybody who participated in clan activities had a good time. Even though our teams were not always strong, we worked as a unit and tried our very best. In doing so we gave the other clans very keen and stiff competition.

In other areas besides sports, the clan gave its best effort.

I thank those boys who displayed outstanding support for the clan at all times. I am quite sure that if the clan gives the cooperation that it did this year, we will finish triumphant next year as well.



Douglas.



Bruce.

This year Bruce Clan did not have the most successful year to say the least. Most of the clan activities were poorly supported by Bruce and this may or may not be my fault. However the activities that were supported were done enthusiastically although we didn't win very often. Let's hope next year's Clan Capt. can light more of a fire under the clan.

Clans

What can I say except that WE WON and thanks to all of that great Montrose clan who made it possible.



Montrose.



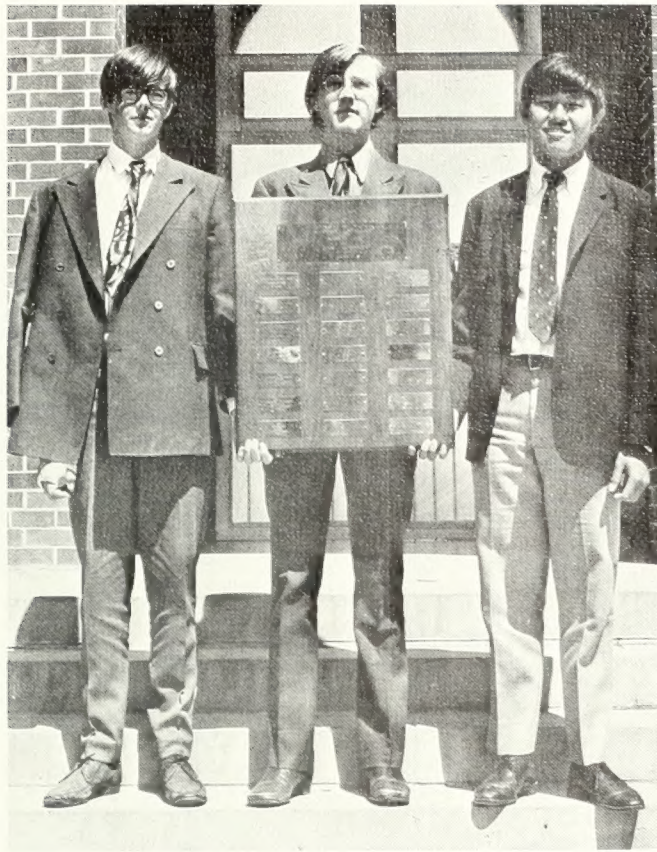
PREFECTS

BACK ROW (L-R): Warren Boyd, Paul Morón, Gerry Morris, Bob Boyd.
 CENTRE ROW: Norm Turner, John Walden, Ian Smith, Andy Ballard (Esq.).
 FRONT ROW: John Walker (H.P.), Jim Sara, Ian McBryde, Dave Macdonald.
 ABSENT: Clair Casselman, Bill Haust.



CHAPEL BOYS

BACK ROW (L-R): Gord Dobbin, Norm Turner, Paul Morón, Mr. Woodbury.
 CENTRE: Sandy & Colin Hart, Ian McBryde.
 FRONT ROW: Ron Francis, Dick McCombe, Robin Wilkie, Keith Sawyer.



UNIVERSITY OF WATERLOO
JUNIOR INTERSCHOOL
MATH CONTEST

Dave Hally, Mike Hogg, Ascot Chang.



"We didn't get caught."

123



CURRICULUM

456

Dr. Anthony Dawson



Mr. Glen Woods

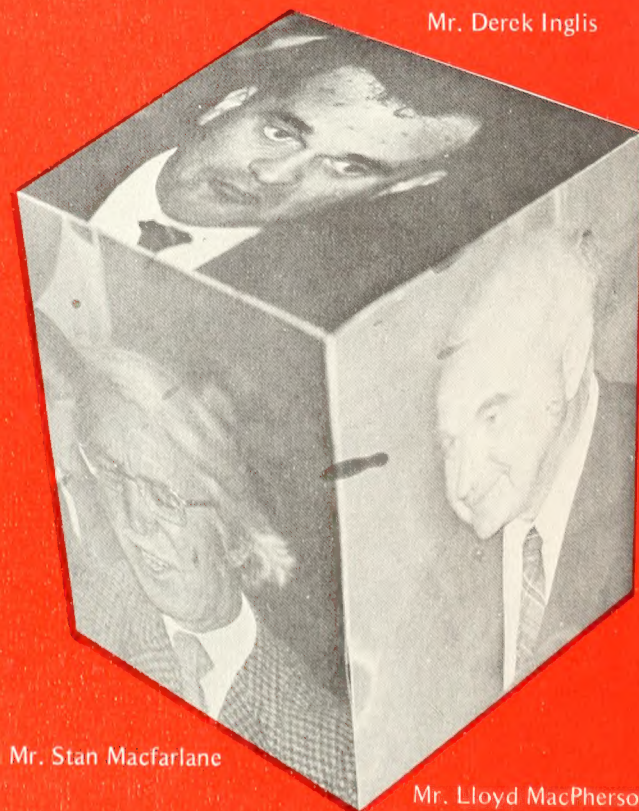
Mr. Dennis Hemmings

Mr. Dennis Karis

Mr. Geoff Smith

Mr. Derek Inglis

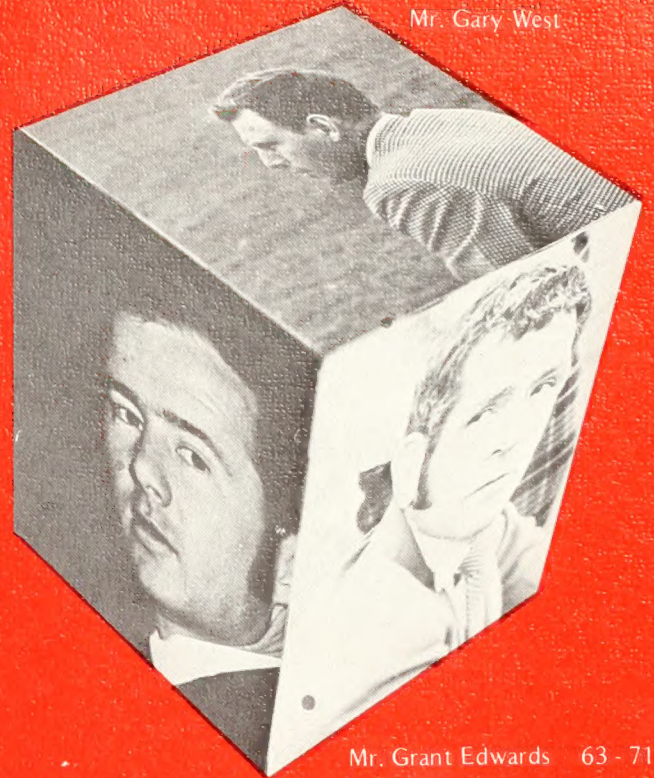
Mr. Robert Wilson



Mr. Stan Macfarlane

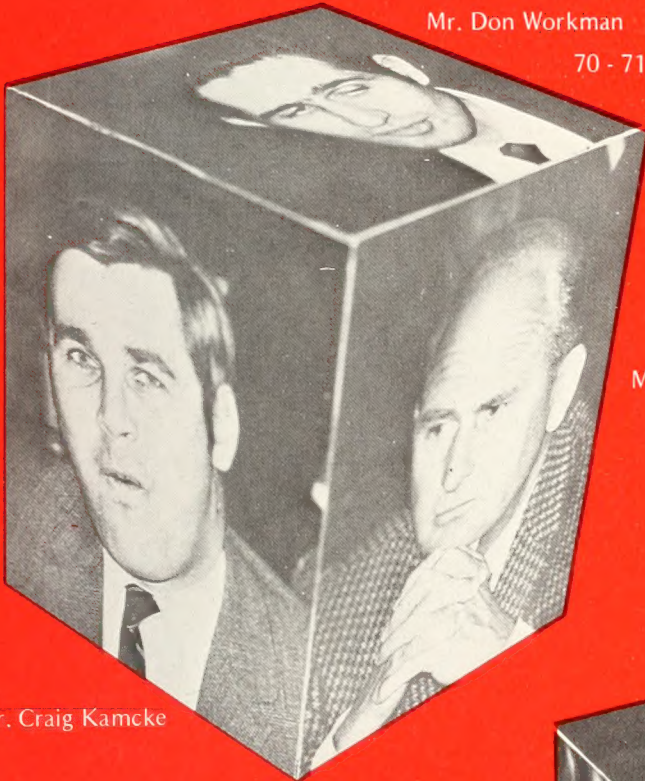
Mr. Lloyd MacPherson

Mr. Gary West



Mr. Ron Kinney

Mr. Don Workman
70 - 71



Mr. Grant Edwards 63 - 71

Mr. Dick Gibb

Mr. Craig Kamcke

Dr. Clair Woodbury 69 - 71

Mr. Jack Bennet



Mr. Jim Hamilton

Mr. Kenneth Ives



Mr. Paul Rux
70 - 71

Mr. Fred Coburn
64 - 71



Mr. Robert Coulter
Headmaster

The Head Again.



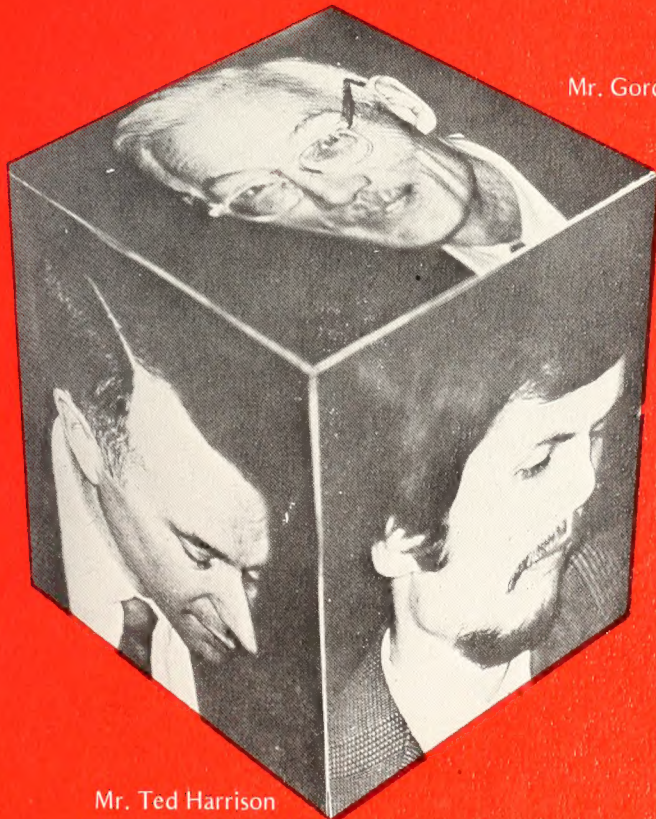
Mr. Lewis Pitman



Mr. David Timms



Mr. Gaspar Guggino
'63-'71



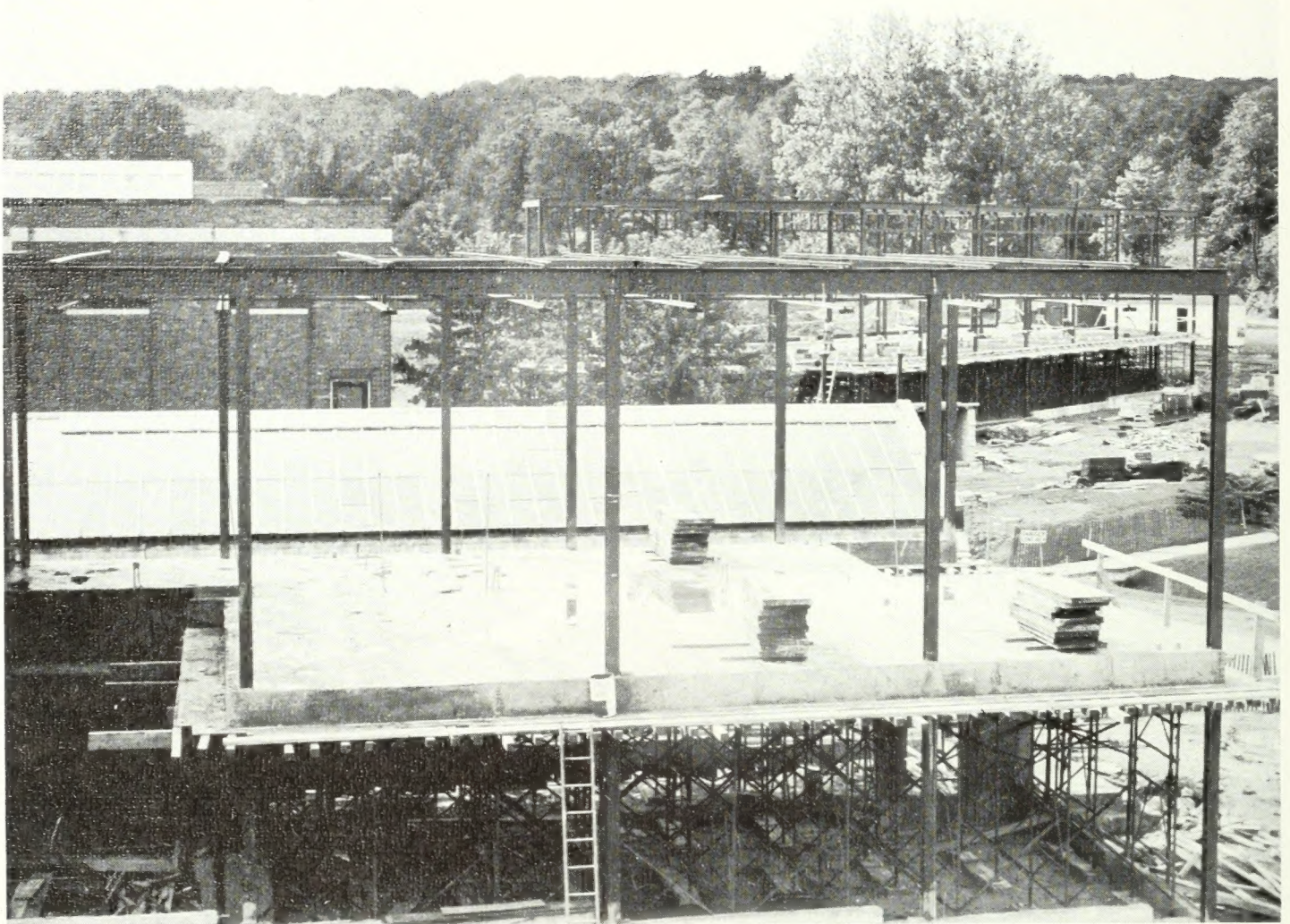
Mr. Gordon Moffat

Mr. Walter Froese



Mr. Fred Hiltz

Mr. Ted Harrison



LIBRARIANS

REAR ROW TOP: Doug Willock, Norm Turner, Sandy & Colin Hart.
FRONT ROW TOP: John Casson, Ron Cameron, Jay Turner, John Pepper, Robert Morton, Graham Noble, Danny Smoke.
REAR ROW BOTTOM: Bob Topping, Ian McBryde, Harry Sifton.
FRONT ROW BOTTOM: Garry Redwood, Paul Morón (head), Peter Martin.



LIBRARY

An important addition to the school this year was the new library, completed in March. For several years there has been talk of a new library but plans did not get underway until two years ago with the appointment of a full-time professional librarian Mr. W. Ferris. Last year Mr. J.K. Macdonald, chairman of the board of governors personally donated funds to provide for the construction and furnishing of a new library.

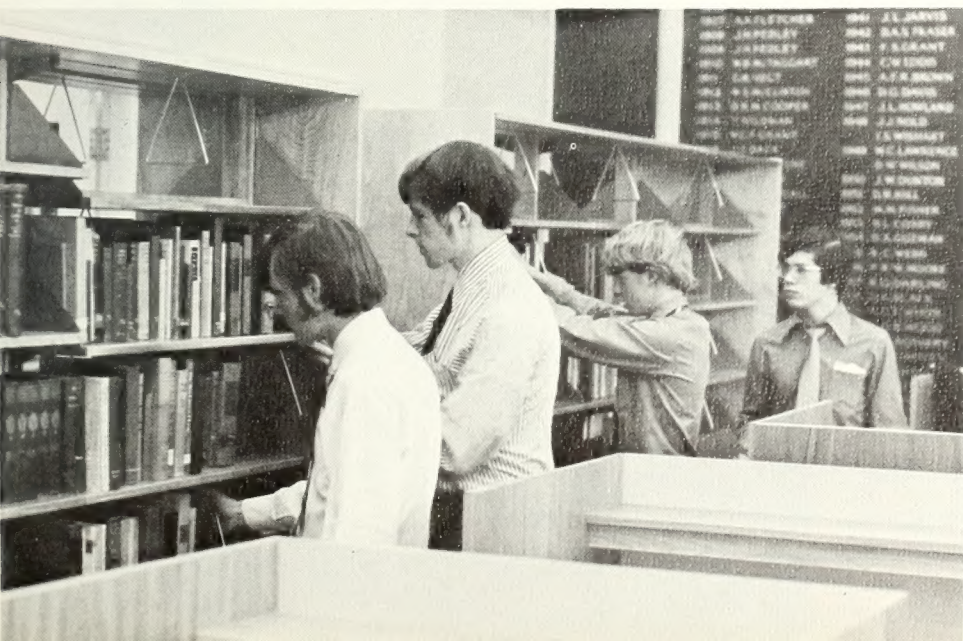
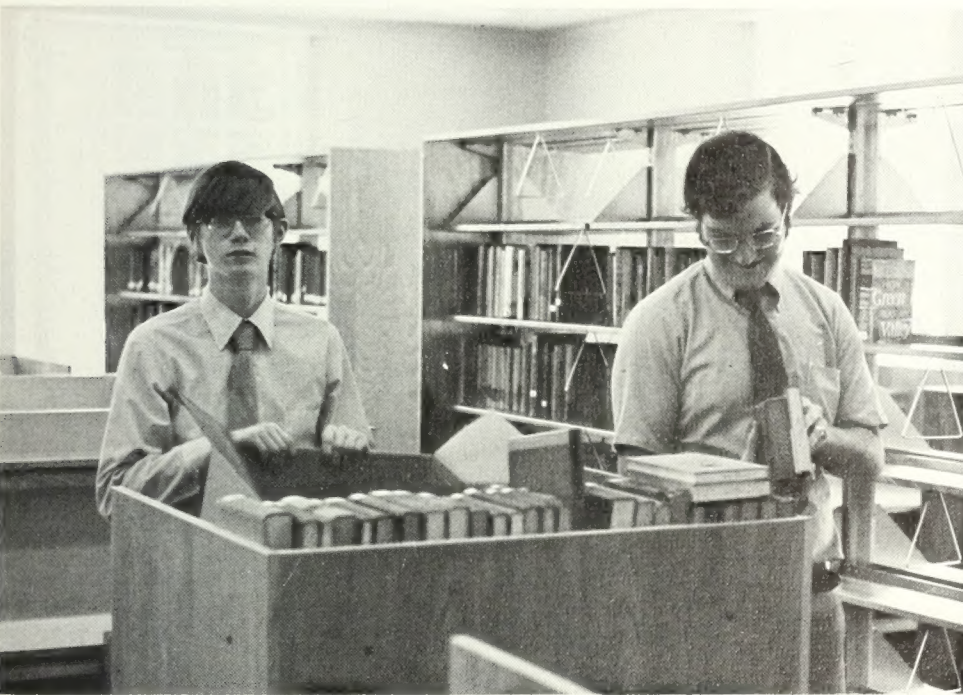
Along with an architect, Mr. Ferris designed the library, including new lighting seminar rooms and a large office, the main feature being a split level to make maximum use of available space. The library is now three times larger than the former library.

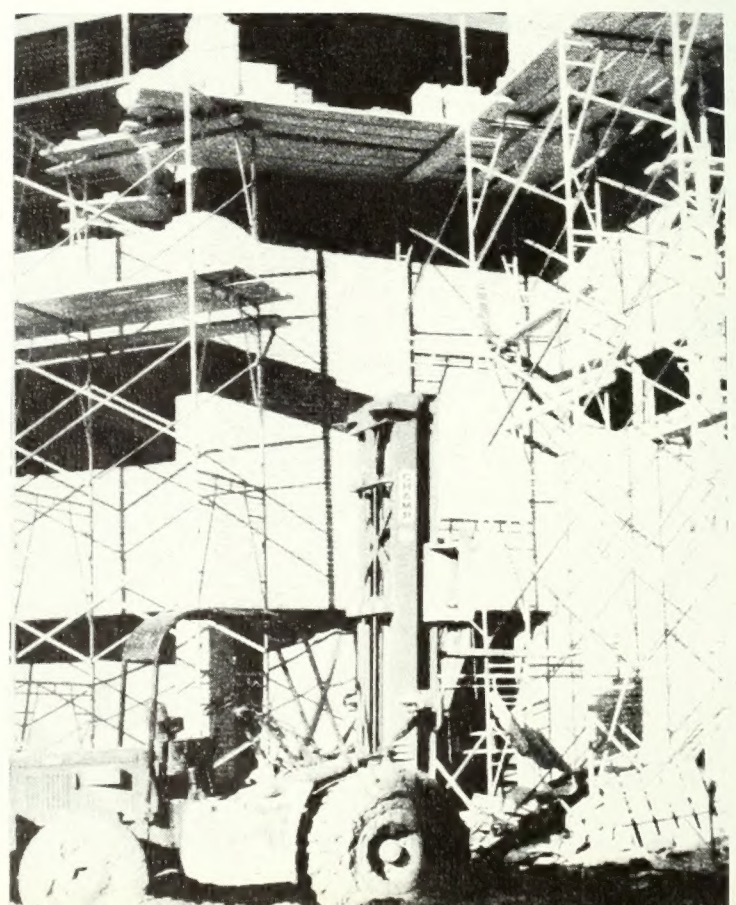
The new library in every way enriches and supports the academic and recreational benefits of the school. Mr. Ferris has been very pleased with the use of the excellent facilities by staff and students alike. This year the service committee donated funds to provide for a new set of encyclopedia and audio-visual equipment including filmstrip-projectors, cassettes, and microfilm readers. We also thank the following for their generous donations: Mr. Kane (for a tape-deck with all accessories, Mr. Kirby, Mr. Laing, Mr. Hovey and Mrs. Mann.

Hopes are for even increasing facilities, including books and further visual aids. Along with an Upper Six English master and students, Mr. Ferris examined the needs of the students which resulted in an enlargement of the literature section including reference material. The library now subscribes to over fifty periodicals and contains 4500 books. The potential capacity is over 10,000 books and approximately 600 are added each year.

This year Mr. Ferris' workload was eased by the assistance of student librarians, who also completed the transfer of all the books from the old library to the new one in December and March.

The new image and atmosphere is welcomed by all who use the library's expanded facilities.







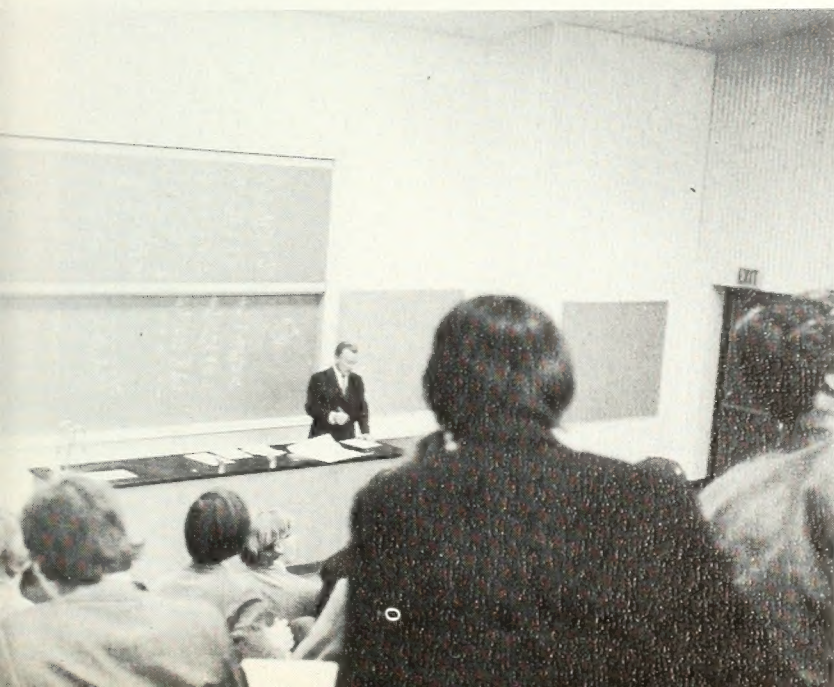
MCLAUGHLIN HALL

In the midst of clouds of dust and roaring trucks the parking lot was gradually transformed into McLaughlin Hall, or as most of us know it, the New Science Building.

Last year the Head announced that some mysterious person had donated \$800,000 to the school and that this would provide us with our long-awaited Science Building. Amid much speculation this person finally became known. Col. McLaughlin, now aged almost one hundred, has made many such contributions in the past few years. Perhaps the most noticeable is the Planetarium in Toronto. The science building will house all the present science people as well as a new Biology Lab. and the Geography Dept. The building also includes a large lecture theatre which not only can be used academically but for debates, seminars and other meetings as well. There is also a darkroom and many individual study facilities.

This is a great addition to S.A.C. facilities and should go far in contributing to the Head's excellence which pervades the school. Let's hope we all fully appreciate the opportunities this building can provide us with and that we can take full advantage of them.

Thank-you says hardly enough to Mr. McLaughlin.



BEHIND THE SCENES



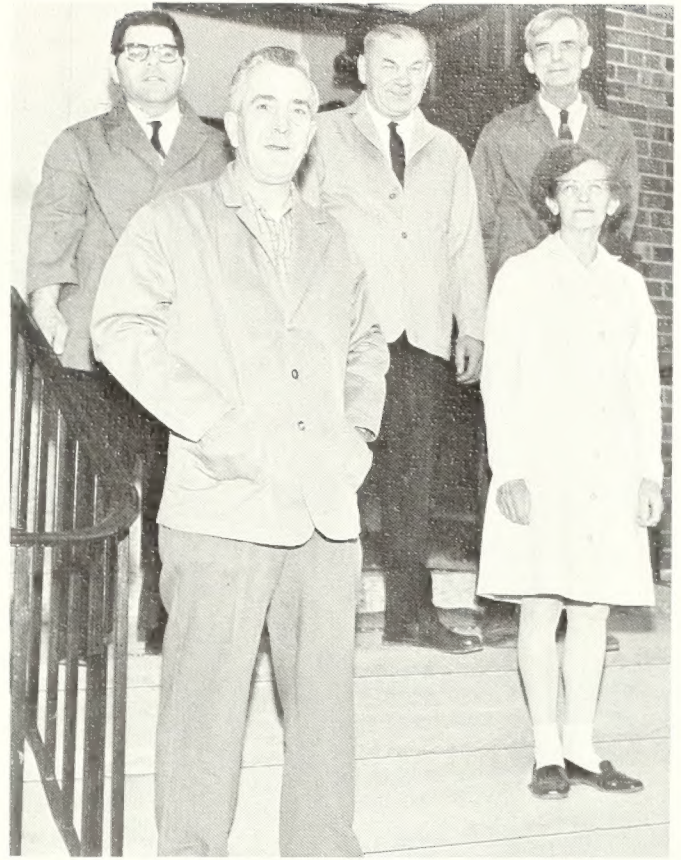
BACK ROW: Hubert McDonald,
Joe Ryga, Grallon Wray, Eric
Dowse, Joe Allaine.
MIDDLE ROW: Hilda Stewart,
Joyce Stewart, Thelma Ryba,
Alan Brown.
FRONT ROW: Constantine Ser-
bu, Thelma Mullin, Mabel Green,
Helen James, Jerry Budredo.



Karl Offebach, Wally Nixon,
Cliff Ilton, Tom Drozdow, John
Nelson, Harry Tutton.



Florence Paul, Ivy Ilton, Joan Jolliffe, Irene McIsaac, Barbara Anderson.



Manny Cominsky, Henry Massey, Alfie MacEachern and Gladys, Maxwell Sharrard.



janitors
 when i speak to them,
 when i say hello, they
 grunt a reply with their heads
 down, bent over their vacuum-
 cleaners, and i imagine them,
 as i walk
 away, to be straightened up
 and staring at me, with cur-
 iosity
 in their ageless eyes, and their
 hair
 like the bristles of angry
 brooms.
 ian mcbryde

SECRETARIAL STAFF L-R:
 Evelyn Killer, M. Daoust, Hat-
 tie Dennis, Sheila Beresford,
 Ilsa Knepeck.



CLASSES '70 - '71



LOWER SCHOOL GENERAL PROFICIENCY PRIZES

LOWER II	1. S. L. Sillcox	87.5
	2. C. M. Sifton II	86.1
	3. A. W. Hamilton	85.1
UPPER II	1. D. J. Buick	86.2
	2. M. J. Henderson	85.7
	3. C. J. Harrison	85.2
	4. T. K. Noell	83.6
	5. K.H.K. Maréchaux II	80.3

LOWER SCHOOL SPECIAL PRIZES

The Kilgour Prize for Composition and Grammar
Drawing Prize for drawing — M. J. Henderson

Winnett Prize for Upper II

Mathematics Prize for Upper II — D. G. Buick

School Music Prize — G. R. Mann

Spelling & Writing Prize for Upper II

— K.H.K. Marechaux II

History Prize for Upper II — G.A. Norris

The Edith Grant Trophy — D.E. Stubbs

MIDDLE SCHOOL GENERAL PROFICIENCY PRIZES

FORM III	1. F.F. Coburn	91.1
	2. G.R. Mann	87.7
	3. B.H. Howson	85.7
	4. P.H. Robbins	85.3
	(5. R.C. Doyle III	83.4
	(5. B. G. Gerol	83.4
	7. M.N. Shillingford	82.5
	8. J.R. Hughes II	81.6
	(9. D.L. Mitchell	80.2
	(9. D.M. Munn	80.2
FORM IV	1. D.M. Pickard	86.6
	2. J.D. Graham	85.1
	3. D.R. Kline II	83.5
	4. F.H. Szarka	82.5
	5. P.J. Stewart II	82.1
	6. T.S. Rutherford	80.5
FORM V	1. A. I. Tait	86.0
	2. R.D. Cameron	85.3
	3. J.A. Knowles	84.5
	4. P.K.Y. Chan	83.3
	5. M.D.E. Duder	82.2
	6. M.D.A. Parker	81.6
	7. J.A. Branscombe	81.2
	8. A.S. Meen	81.0
	9. M.G.M. Jalkotzy II	80.8
	10. D.I. Smoke	80.5
	11. J. G. Turner II	80.2

MIDDLE SCHOOL SPECIAL PRIZES

English Prize. In memory of Mr. Walter Findlay
— M. D. E. Duder

The Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute Prize in
Mathematics and Science — A.I. Tait

The Mrs. Victor Sifton Prize for
Mathematics and Science — J.A. Branscombe
— R. D. Cameron

Stuart B. Wood Memorial Prize to the member of
Form V most distinguished in character,
scholarship and games J.A. Knowles

The Ladies' Guild Essay Prize. — D.M. Pickard

The Music Prize — P.D. Stock

King Memorial Trophy for the boy living in
Macdonald House who most excels in studies,
games, deportment and character — P.H. Robbins

UPPER SCHOOL GENERAL PROFICIENCY PRIZES

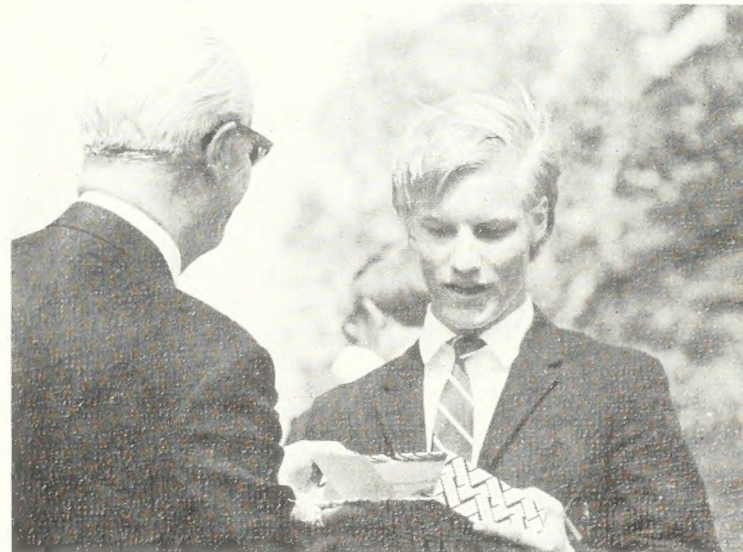
LOWER VI	1. D. Hally	91.0
	2. A.C.F. Chang I	87.0
	3. D.J.C. Rose	84.0
	4. A.H. Addison	83.0
	5. R.J. Wilkie II	82.0
	6. J.T. Shortly I	81.6
	7. M.F. Hogg	80.2
UPPER VI	1. P.H. Moron	86.8
	2. M.G.J. Jurychuk	83.1
	3. J.L. Walker	82.5
	4. J.V. Sara	81.3
	5. D.B. Macdonald I	81.1
	6. E.G.D. Startup	80.9
	7. R.T. Boyd I	80.7
	8. I.R. Smith I	80.6
	9. W.F. Boyd II	80.3

UPPER SCHOOL SPECIAL PRIZES

Isabelle Cockshutt Prize in History	— J. L. Walker
The Society of Actuaries Mathematics Contest Award	
The Charles Ashton Medal for English.	
The Mainprize Theatre Prize	
The Prize for Chapel Reading	— I. D. McBryde
The Art Prize	
The French Prize	— G. D. Hawke II — R. J. Wilkie II
The Isabelle Cockshutt Prize in History	— C. F. Crosbie I
The H. E. Goodman Prize for Chemistry	
The Old Boys' Medal in Mathematics	— M. G. J. Jurychuk
The Wyld Prize in Latin	— J. V. Sara
The Donald Cooper Medal in Science	— I. R. Smith I
The George Etienne Cartier Medal in French,	— C. da Costa Gomez
The "Review" Prize	— N. M. Turner I
The Andrew Armstrong Prize for improvement in English	— D. J. Daly
The Governor General's Medal	— P. H. Morón
The Lieutenant Governor's Silver Medal	
The Lieutenant Governor's Bronze Medal	— I. R. Smith I
The Chairman's Gold Medal	— D. Hally
The Headmaster's Medal	— P. H. Morón — M. G. J. Jurychuk — J. L. Walker
The Laidlaw Trophy	— J. V. Sara
The Macdonald Medal	

* * * * *

Presentation of Rifle by the I.O.D.E.	
The Lawrence Crowe Trophy for Rifle Shooting	— F. B. Hovey
The Lawrence Crowe Medal	— P. S. Dunster
The Dr. K.G.B. Ketchum Cords to the Novice Piper	— J. C. MacPherson
The Best Novice Drummer Award	— B. Tames
The Housser Trophy for Inter-Clan Competition	
— Bruce	2322
— Wallace	2451
— Douglas	2480
— Montrose	2555
Clan Captain	— P. J. Higgins I



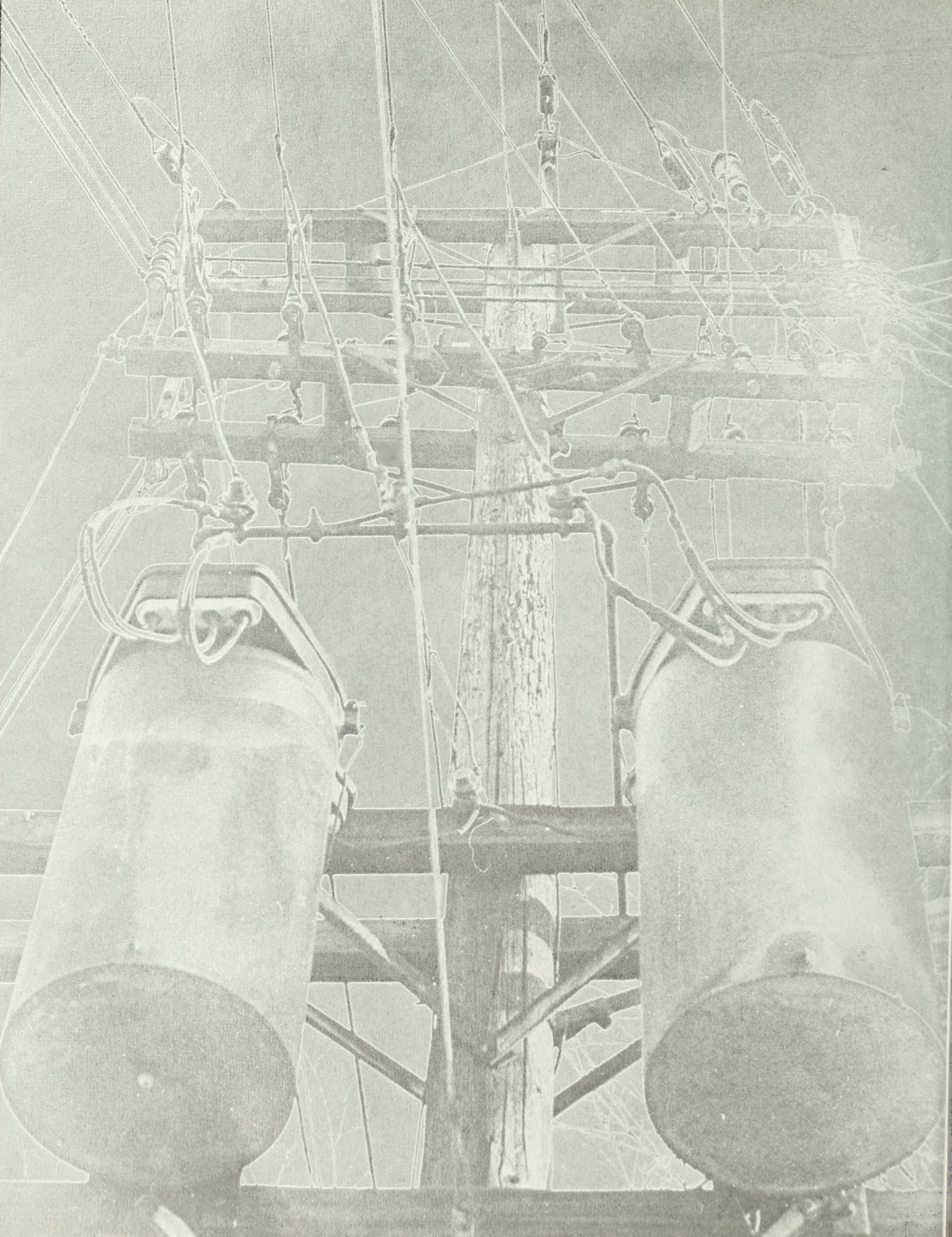
123

And in the middle
of the journey
of my life
(I) came upon myself
in a dark wood
And I laughed
and cried
and lived
and died
and understood
nothing

Lawrence Ferlinghetti

LITERARY

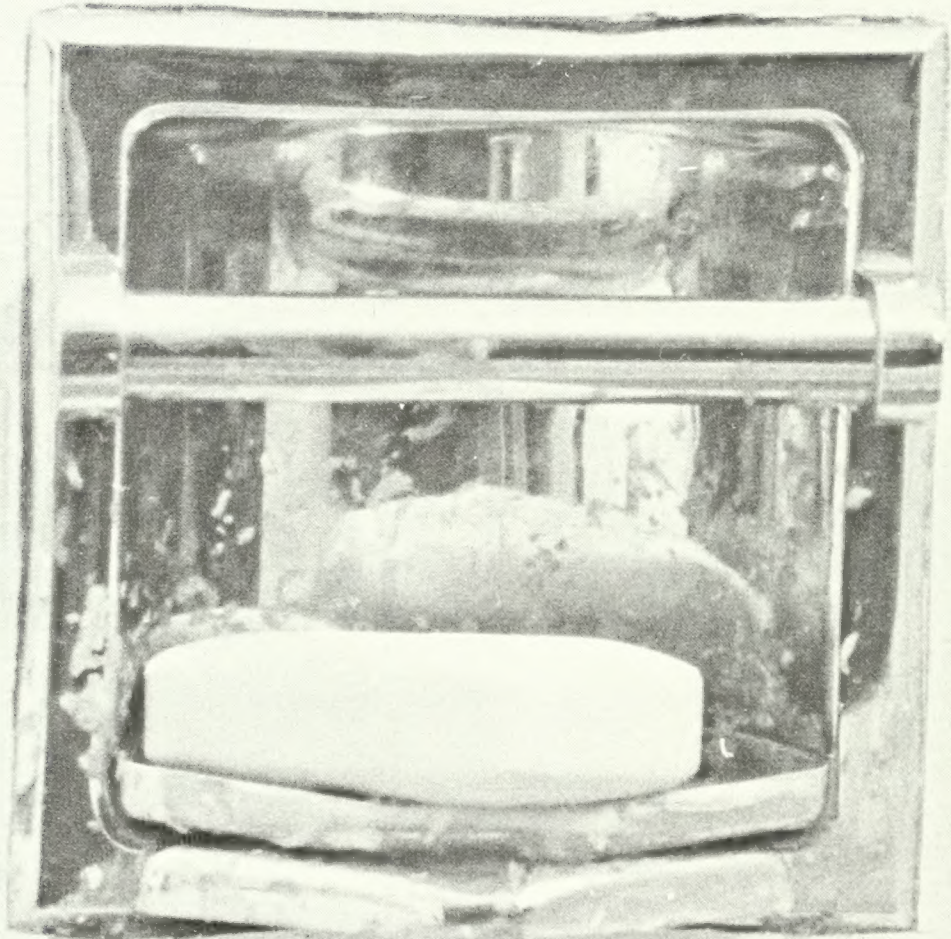
456



WHEN IS LIFE?

we kinda look around
but what do we see?
garbage and trash.
pickled sidewalks and ice creams dump trucks.
wood and trees and blue paper and water.
shoes and green skin with four-leaved clovers
on the road to . . . clouds.
yellow and blueberry and snotty-nosed kids
on bikes with trees growing from the roof.
time, and life and watches painted
with bromo fizz and rubber.
is that all?
coats and boats and ropes and light burning with ice.
movies and short-skirted frogs with horseshoes
on their backs.
chalk on cream-covered flies
and night hawks reading books.
green heaven in paperback records
written with blue blood on the creamcheese moon.
silver plastic, too soft to smell
and too potent for orange shirts
on naked girls.
skin and hair and leather
sit on my bed, ready for . . .
anything that is different.
to hell establishment, freedom to love
as happiness to peace
in any order in the Bible.
fun leaves
hope leaves
life disappears in yellow flame to heaven or hell.
walk on life, die green death
in the brown sand in the green sun.
help is speed and mom.
on! more! on!
we live, we die with ropes or cars
or people or jam sandwiches or
grey flannel sweat shirts
with the interior of boot laces in my hair,
pocket, socks, life, love, birds,
locks my desk in my brain.
when is it? where is it?
when, where, why, how, how much?
or any other stupid questions the fuzz may ask you.
on a busy corner we die, live and die again
to be in green pastures and we are swallowed
by a large purple cow.
When Is Life????

Bob Topping





IN THE DARK OF THE NIGHT

In the distant hall a faint creak sounded. The
soft trickling of water played with my subconscious self.
An ominous sounding door closed slowly on its hinges.
All is quiet.

A slight patter of feet, the sound dying out, stirs
the silence.

Somewhere along the musty dank halls a door
swings perceptibly open.

The figures breaths quicken, as if a reflex is
stimulated.

Time elapses.

The occupants of the room slowly return to their
state of lethargy.

The night throbs on.

A strong fine thread of water comes jetting out of
the "weapon".

I can now recall the self-satisfaction
of my own saturating excursions on previous occasions.

You may wonder how I got the first-hand know-
ledge of this experience. But you can get no better close
observation than mine because, I am the water raider.

Taylor Noell

FLOWERS OF SOCIETY

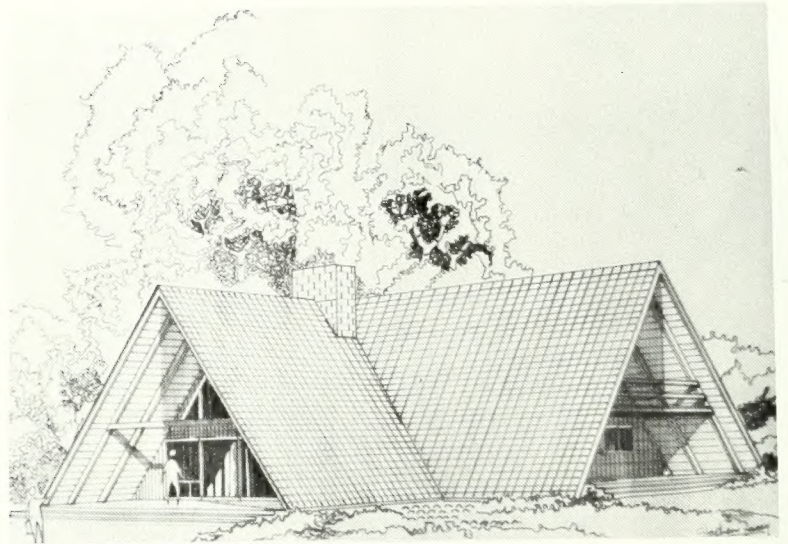
A kaleidoscope of colours
 Flashing across a pea-green sea
 From the glistening drops of rain,
 From the impenetrable shields of grey;
 Shines down upon a garden of sin.

The frightened flowers wilt
 Under the penetrating goodness
 Reverberating within the cool blue atmosphere;
 Coming from the unknown Ultimate,
 Ejecting the corrupt flowers from their habitat.

Sun comes and all is peaceful,
 But unseen, the flowers bloom again,
 Until they capture back their garden of evil,
 And look once more defiantly
 Up into the heavens of grey.

The flowers, indestructable, with
 their corruption absolute,
 Must be conquered,
 And taught their just lesson:
 Only goodness can live in a garden
 protected by the all encompassing
 Power of God!

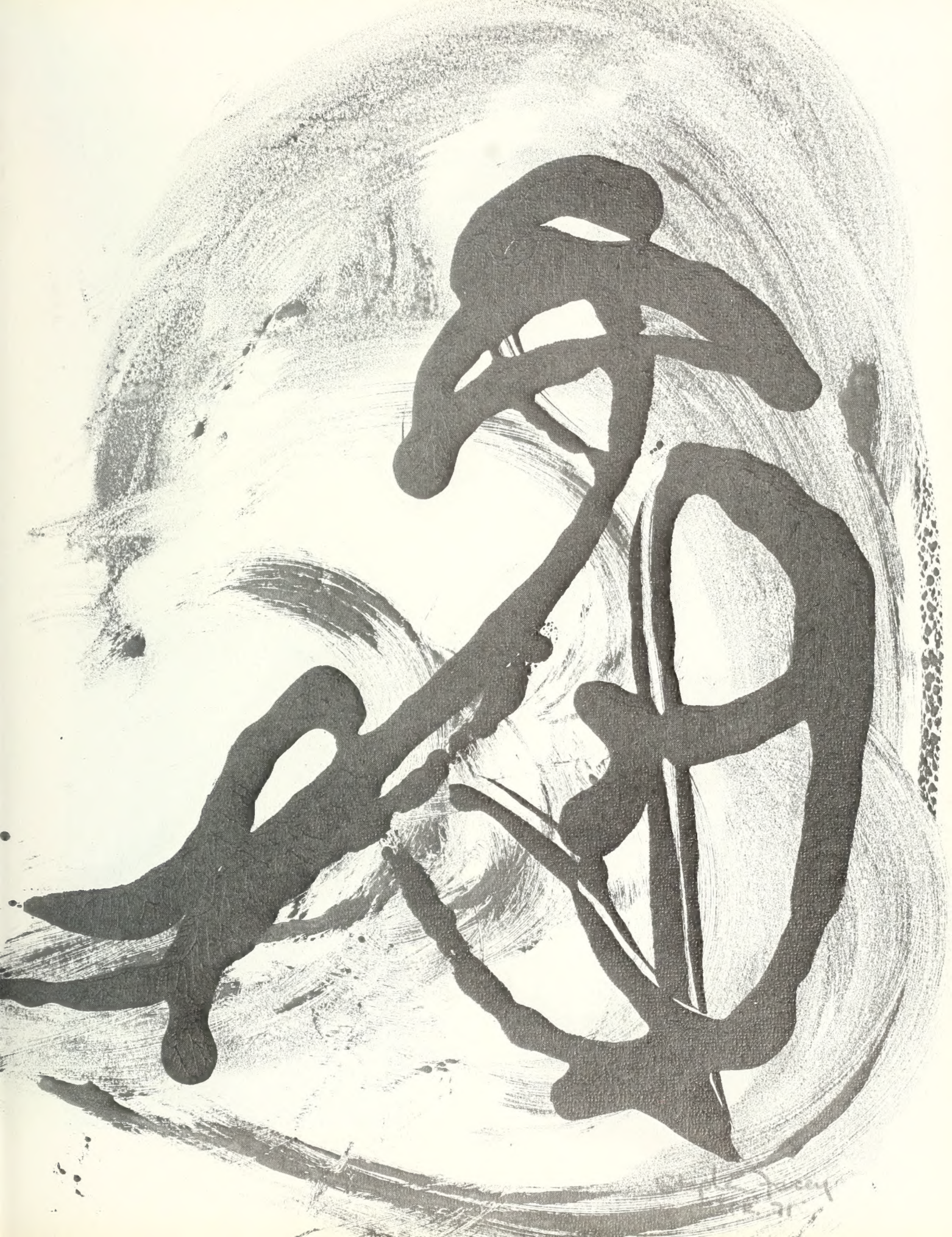
Wallace Kenny



the ♂ (us):
 (St)-----ru. gg----- (les)
 up
 up
 up h^{il}t (s)
 the a rOund corn
 e
 r
 s,
 (in)
 tr (ho) af (t) f ic +
 Car
 b(on)m(on)
 ox
 ide!
 (car)rying WH
 O
 M
 !

Snow falls lightly
 on the dark ruined
 earth and relieves
 my sadness
 till the spring
 when I shall have
 to view it in dismal
 glory.

Randy Kline



THE SALE

The lovely young student,
Was dreaming,
While in bliss, she pictured herself, walking,
Down past many stores, window shopping,
But she didn't see anything
She needed to buy.
Many stores she passed;
Beauty Inc.
Intelligence & Company,
Faith Unlimited
were all selling the things she already had,
except one -
Realism and Sons.
She went to their warehouse where
a sale was taking place.
100 bottles of the lovely stuff she got,
and at a real bargain too.
All she gave Mr. Real was
the rest of her idealism supply
which amounted to 53 bottles worth.
The lovely student woke and later
told me she received a receipt
from Realism & Sons - in the mail.

Max

the
most frail song of this poet's
foolish heart can never (as all
soft hills with snow will bloom)
match, which is so still and silent,
this faint veiled turning
of your head in an egypt wind
as brief and intricately
mysterious as a nun's blush

ian mcbryde

Vicissitude

The snow must fall
Men must go on dying
The seconds keep rushing by
Lives come and go
But pain remains
Nothing is changed
The plants still bloom in the spring
The rain still falls
Footprints in the dew
Fade as memories wane
What was once a happy reality
Is now but dust in the sands
Falling, falling
Forever falling
Through eternity
No one can bring it back
The rift has been made
The end is near
Still the trees shed their leaves
Still falls the snow
And so the dust is sifted.

Norm Turner



SCENE THROUGH A DIAMOND WINDOW

Sitting in our ivory tower reading gilded words on violated paper.
I look out of the diamond window and the starkness of the
ivory whiteness could blind me if I let it.

What is my view? What do I see?

Electrical impulses from senses to brain tissue link with past
experience and subjective reasoning issues itself by hand or
mouth.

Arab fighting Jew in the land of Jesus.

Black fighting White in the New World.

White Protestant fighting White Catholic in the isles of the
Magna Carta.

The Global Village.

Disbelief in the media; nothing to believe; confusion and distrust.
No standards.

Unwavering belief in the media as the last support to men; and
they clutch at it with their life or they will fall into the abyss
of confusion and insanity.

Homes for the aged who exist, but do not enjoy their existence.

A man voluntarily falling off a bridge and enjoying his fall.

Tension - traffic, subway, people press in, no privacy, office, com-
petition, scheming, school, parents' hopes and children's
failings.

Release - alcohol, tobacco, marijuana, dope, poverty, land, greed,
depression, elation, hysterics, art, suicide, ties, crime.

Children being born and being cursed as they emerge.

A man in robes, The Pope, causing famine and heartbreak.

Poodles with diamond collars, black children dying of starvation.

Numbers and computers. Someone knows me better than I.

Disillusioned youth searching, searching, searching. . . .

Poor people. glued to T.V. sets, their own release, their only
non-violent release.

Rich getting richer, poor getting poorer.

Assassination, mugging, kidnapping, murder, riot.

Coloured fighting Coloured

White fighting White

Innocents dying

Vietnam

And still you people tell me

Life is easy to get on with

But what I've got so far

Is enough to be going on with

I don't know anymore

I don't know

Get on the merry-go-round to doom

Do something?

I'd rather be in my ivory tower hoping the ivory whiteness
will blind me.

Who knows, maybe all these things do not exist and I am hal-
lucinating my life.

But, somewhere, in the deepest corner of my heart I know
this is all the way it seems and something begs me do an
action to break the turning of the carousel of gloom.

Hallucination. Ah!

Ah! That would be nice.

Bob Fallows



There's nothing to say,
I feel low and silent
But I like the feeling-
Do you understand?

I'm lonely yet I want to be lonely,
I'm depressed yet I like this low.

I like it because I can think
Of the good I want
And what will come.
Now I'll be silent.

Post Scriptum:
Think about this, try it,
But don't keep it.

Richard

Really, when you stop to think about it, the only thing really worth doing is sitting in a wide, open field surrounded by the bountiful treeness of unmolested nature and watching the whole god-damned world spin by you. You are careless of the responsibilities shared by those who indulge in the act, accepting that you kill some insect-like creatures when you sit down, but who cares, we're all human beings. We don't know any better, or maybe it's our pattern. Anyhow, the clouds are beautiful.

Max





MCBRYDE 70

ON APRIL THE 26th

1. On April the 26th
the sun shone like
newly polished silver
Its radiance lit the
trees and houses to
look like toys under
the spreading bows of
Christmas clouds.
2. I fell in love on this day
3. She was a frantic, struggling
girl caught in a web
of loneliness.
She moved quietly from
place to place, turning
on a single wheel.
Her arms had become solid
with constant use
Her mind had become sharp
from unpassionate snickers.
4. The smile was so intense
it filled the room like
the scent of freshly cut roses.
Her warmth was an effect
so astonishing you felt
tears drip slowly to their
platform.
5. This was my love.
This was the love I felt
not an hour after capturing
her glow with my hands.
6. Dinner was like at a
royal palace.
I the king-she the queen
on her golden throne.
After, I pushed her home.
It was late,
a car,
a drunken . . .
7. She was buried in
a beautiful garden
on that beautiful
April 26th.

G. Kline





MONTHS

Bare in September; the beginnings of the year.
Boring in October; there's nothing to do,
Dirty in November; when the green leaves are gone.
Cold in December; for the heaters aren't on.
Colder in January; winter has set in.
Meandering in February; when skiing is slow.
Desolate in March; the snow is melting.
Hectic in April; cadets are here.
Wet in May; when clouds are cloven.
Hot in June; for the sun is shining.
And then,
Bare again. . .

Dear Louis,

I'm sorry for not writing you back but I did not receive your letter until a week ago. You spoke very well of me but whether it was accurate or not is another matter. It has been such a long time since we were together; I don't know what you have been doing and you don't know what I have been doing, but young people today are doing many things which are totally futile. People (souvent les jeunes) cause riots for no constructive reason and cause inconveniences to many people. These people often do not know what they are rioting about or WHY, they simply rebel because that happens to be the 'fashion' of their times. DO NOT rebel or protest unless you have good, sound reason to do so, and if and when you do rebel, don't do it only to get rid of the old, but to put forth new alternatives and ideas. Jeremy Bentham, an Englishman of the early 1800's, did everything he did with this in mind — 'The greatest happiness for the greatest number.'

Don't get me wrong. Change is what makes our world better, but the looting of stores, the breaking of windows, and other acts of vandalism are not respectable or constructive pleas or alternatives for change. These acts merely cause damage to everyone; to shopkeepers who have their stores looted and their windows smashed, to the general pride of the country (the young AND the old!), and most of all to the rioters themselves, who incite all this inconvenience (at the least). However, not only do they disrupt society so, but in the eyes of the generations or those others who are not in sympathy with them, they create an impression. That impression is one of anarchy and irresponsibility. These overseeing groups have no tolerance, respect, or admiration for a bloc of society that revolts for the hell of it', nor replacing old standards with new suggestions. If something concrete and worthwhile is to be voiced, it should be done in a civil manner, harming the fewest people possible, preferably none. If demonstrations are to be this vehicle, then they should be non-violent, using the tools of pacifism, sense, and passivity as their banner.

Our contemporary 'peace' generation is moreover one of conformists, pseudos, and hypocrites. At many of the 'peace' rallies held throughout the world, the group when dispersed (through need) often reacts violently, yet perhaps minutes before they had been pleading for universal peace. By actions such as these the 'peace' generation has put its foot in its mouth. Probably the man in human history closest to being perfect was Mahatma Mohandas Gandhi. The ture 'peace' freaks are often far between and don't measure up to the universal impression of such a person. All mankind's suggestion must be made with one ultimate ideal in mind, 'Will the greater number be happier?'

These standards by which we live are attained through many different processes, and the best of these processes are those which involve common consideration. Dictatorships, military corps, or other types of select group-governments have been seen not to be the most appreciated and just forms of rule whereas some form of representative, democratic-socialism would probably be a more efficient and desirable alternative. These different forms of government are responsible for the political changes of a country, yet in all of the societies, be they ruled by fascists or by those who support democracy, there are the factions that disrupt the national or perhaps global effort (U.N.)

Violent protest is not an acceptable, nor meaningful expression of reason. It holds no relevance to the issue from which it stems, except in such cases as World War II, where there was no alternative but to fight. (On this point I may be questioned, but I challenge anybody to give me a substitute for the fighting considering that Hitler was what he was.) In any group, be it local, national, or global, there is always the faction that will disrupt the organization's effort, and this is good if it is done constructively and with peaceful intent.

Amities,
Pat

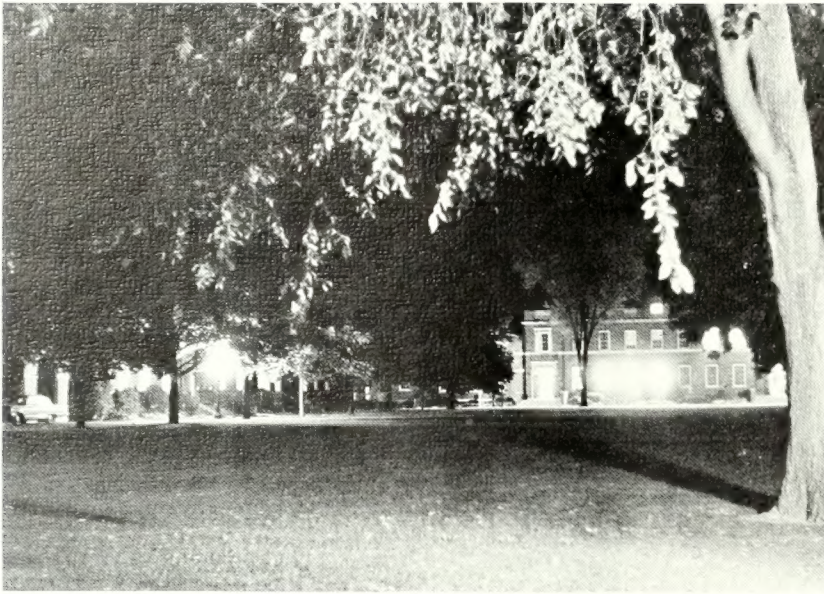
(excerpt from a letter to a friend by Pat Healy)

HAIKU

equal	all	white
in	die,	black
death's	different	rich
soil.	in	or
	life	poor

Norm Turner

by
Wes Doyle



A GIRL IN A WAITING ROOM

Her hair hung on the sheepskin collar
She sat huddled in the depths of her chair
One leg curled under the other
 She watched,
Staring in blank silence.
Her eyes sad and distant
Cavities of mystery
Her face an aura of gloom
A troubled world
Balanced delicately on her slim frame.
She was withdrawn from her surrounding
Head hung low on hand
Swaying gently to herself
(as a mother would rock her babe for comfort)
She rested head on chair
and sobbed
Gently,
Silently.
She lifted her head
Shook her hair from in front of her face
Revealing the tearstained cheeks;
Sniffing once or twice,
She dried her eyes with the back of her hand;
And returned to her vigil;
And I was touched.

N. Turner

LONELINESS

Loneliness is the last leaf to fall;
Loneliness is the feeling when someone close dies
It is standing on a street corner at 3 a.m.
Loneliness is watching the other guy
claim the winners circle.
Loneliness is being the last robin flying south;
Or the first one back.
It is waking in the middle of a dark night.
Loneliness comes to us all,
Even in a crowd.
Loneliness is within us all.

norm turner

SALMON RUN

Splashing, roaring, climbing high,
The Salmon runs every year,
Getting caught in the nets,
Trying to get to the place
Where they started their race.

C. Harrison.

ALONE

Do you know what it's like to be, Alone?
I mean deep inside ya man. All the guys
around you are far out of sight, and you're
wondering why nobody cares, I mean, Really
cares man.
It's Hell, to be alone, Alone where nobody
knows how to reach your spot.
Alone is walking down your alley with
nobody there to comfort your soul.
When I die I'll still be alone, more
than ever, lying in a Hole six foot
down in the earth. Lying there rotting
away, away until I'm gone. Alone.

J. Kirby.



McBRYDE '10

SYMPATHY FOR A DYING RACE

How like utopia it would be
To have evil and good stated:
And acted that we could clearly see
That one is truly the way man is fated.

Yet this is not so and we are spies
Looking in ours' and others' souls;
Determining what are truths and lies
And our search never reaches its goals.

We sit and make innocents enemies,
And no-one knows the facts or answers.
Making laws as hopeful remedies
While about us the fog becomes denser.

We sit back not knowing the direction
And ask how we became hungry and lost.
Communication with God for correction.
At our feet, rats are debating life's cost.

The rats know their duty and direction.
Weighing pros and cons we are caught
In suspension without hope or consultation
Until common foes need to be fought.

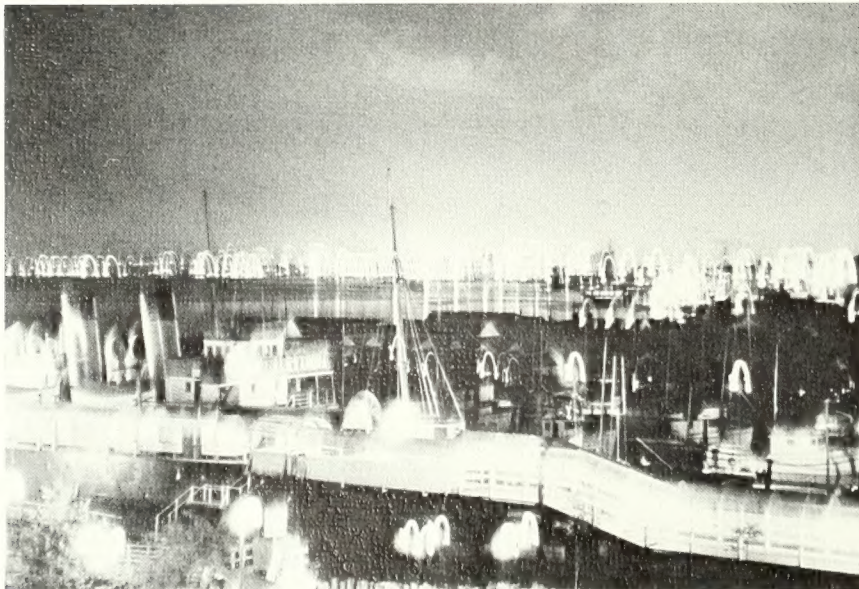
Why wait for inner decision?
The eternal question without answer
Before every man is placed for contemplation
Hitler knew the answer? Gandhi knew the answer?

Pick and choose,
You cannot lose.
As long as man remains
He will be in moral chains.
How can gains or losses be measured?
Only by what obsolete tradition treasured.

Bob Fallows

Many a man eighteen or more
has joined some lousy, stinkin' war
never knowing what the hell for
never hearing of all the gore
that waits for him on the distant shore
and sprawled between every blown-up floor
and lurking behind every enemy door
and war has never been a bore
for all those men who ever swore
to fight and kill until they're sore
and all the medals that they wore
aren't worth a damn when they hear the roar
of enemy planes above that soar
waiting to bomb them to the core
of this planet that will be no more
as long as there is this thing called
war.

P. Stewart II





PEACE, LOVE, BROTHERHOOD,
(and other Trash)

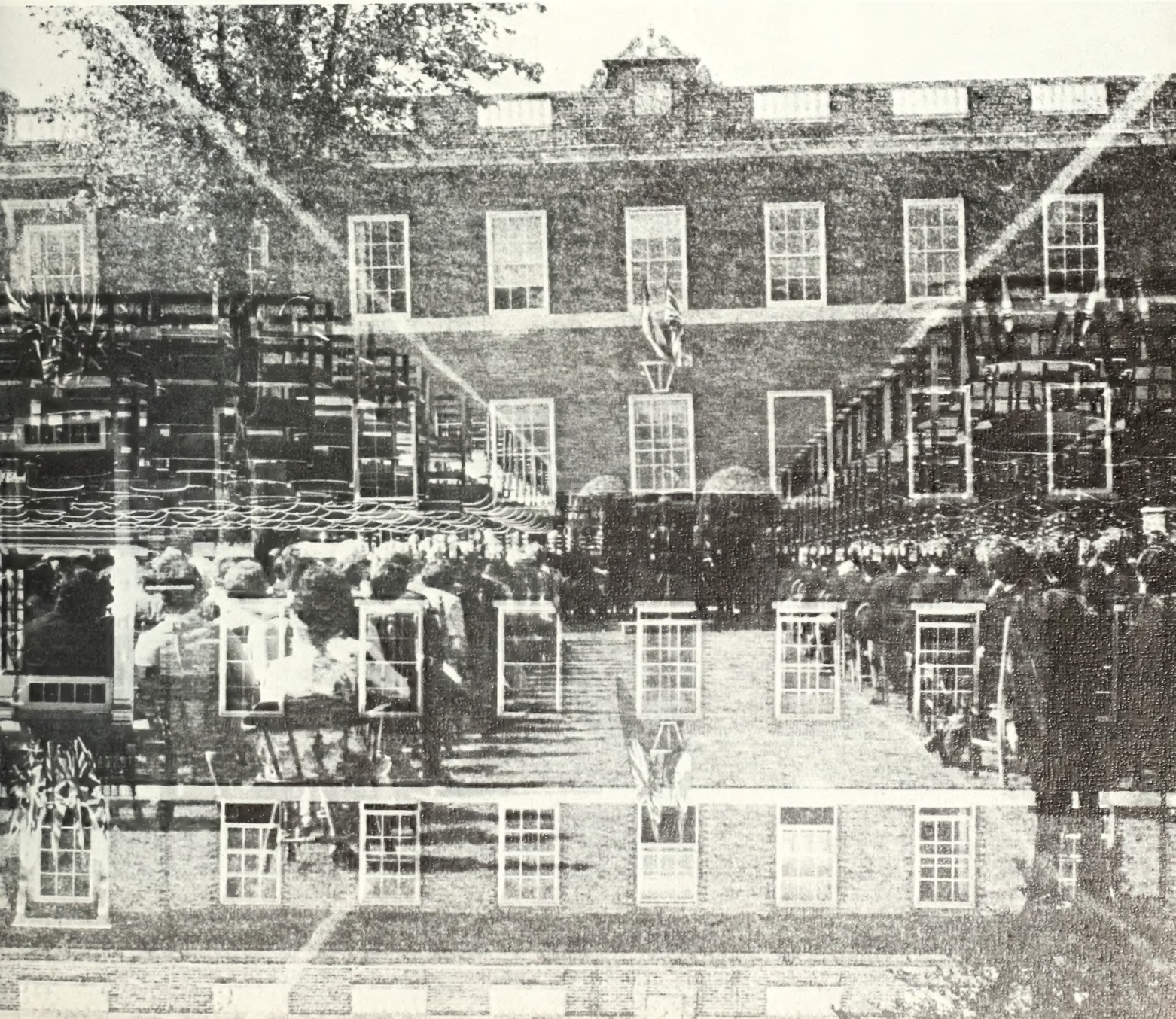
I saw a sight once, it seemed to me as if the world
was falling apart:
this fella looked as if he was attacking a girl,
but one couldn't be sure!

I mean she was screaming
and everything, but no one helped, that was the strange thing.
If she wasn't being attacked why was she
screaming?

But it really looked like she was being hurt.
I couldn't believe that no one would help.

So I went home to think about it.

George Little



PASTIME

When I was little,
Small things seemed so big.
I saw a mountain in every
piece of furniture.
I saw a roaring ocean with
every bath.
The front door stood like a
giant drawbridge
And stairs were an unreachable
goal.
Well, time went on and I got
bigger and stronger.
But nothing has really changed:
A glass of milk is still
heavy.
A slice of bread is still
like chewing for the first time,
And above all,
Stairs are still impossible
For I am crippled.

Gary Kline

there is an old man
screaming in the woodwork
he is mouthing 'you are no poet
you cannot be real only i
can move safely into shadows'

and when I look again to see the
face it has moved

into the wooden shadows

suddenly there is quiet,
and I stand in the dust at
the top of the attic stairs and
wonder where the voices and
footfalls of children have gone

and I think I hear them
or their laughter

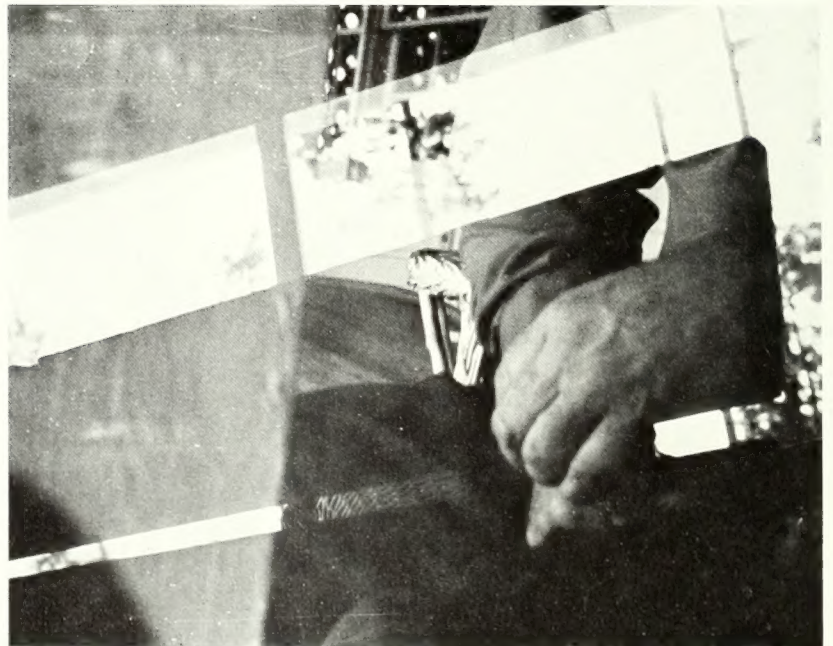
but it is always
only the cold creaking on crushed doorsteps
or the flies whispering
like the remnants of angry stallions

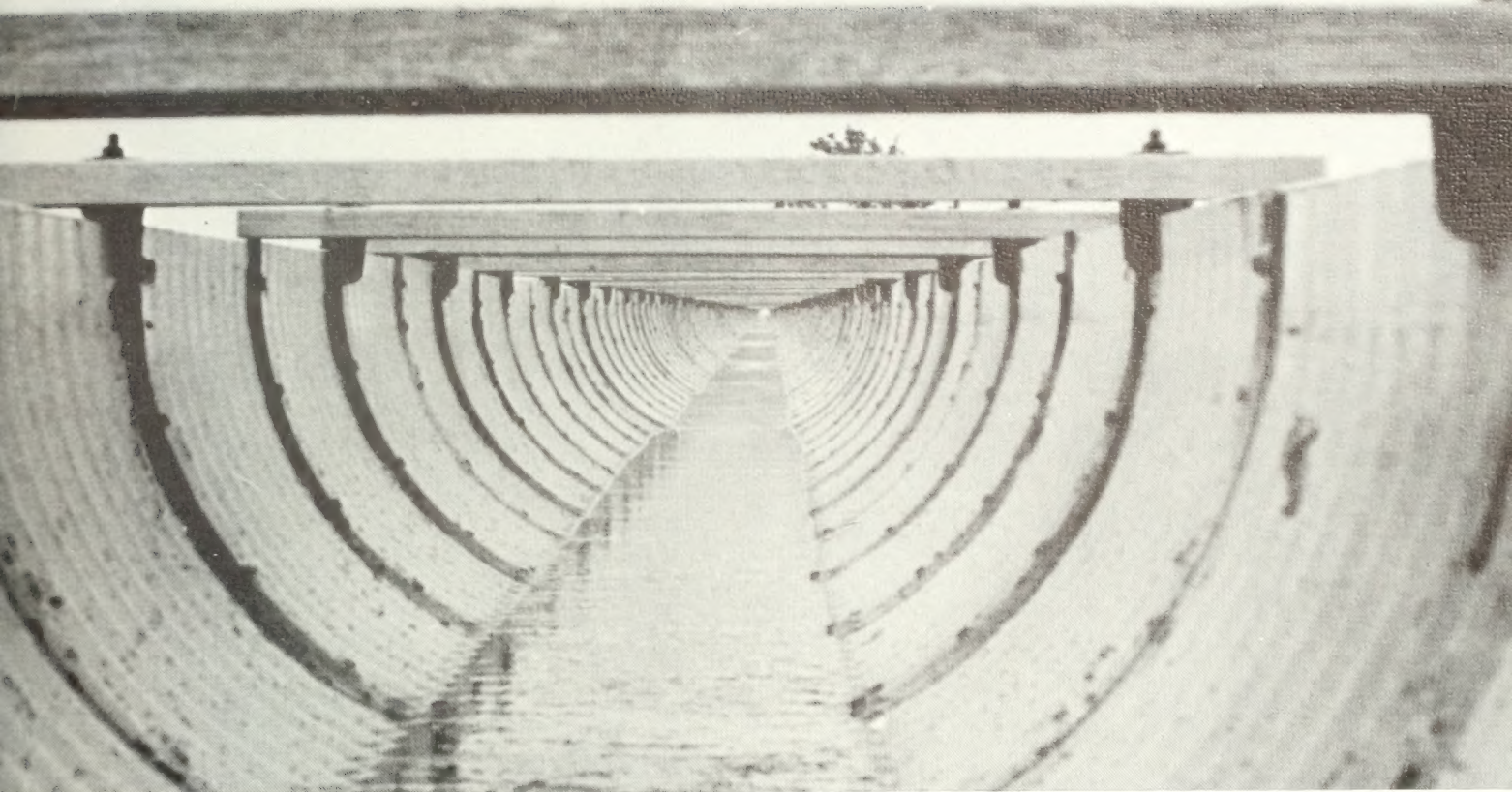
Ian McBryde

HOPEFUL

Not so much Angry,
But more Sad and
Sorry for those people
Growing to my height.
And hoping that their
Sight will grow greater
Than mine and disprove
Me.

Bob Fallows





THE STUDY

He indolently studies non-existent works,
While carelessly corrupting peers,
An anxious forefinger beckons forcefully
As his fleeting mind starts! . . .
'A painful fate lurks gloomily.'
We know that he,
While parting Pseudo-Intrepid smiles,
Quietly chastises himself for
Foolish feats and vacant note.

Robert Boyd

Social Annihilation Code

I christened myself out of life?
Yes I have been molded.
Not by my christening but by
the cliques. Or maybe molded
by the two into two.
Yes No Nes. I . . . Nes? Molded.
Cut, no smaller, are you
sure . . . Watch the door. I see
you even now. Yes now
'cause now is being. But is it
worth being? You only live
once, But I'm molded in
two. Mind yourself 'cause
that IS LIFE.

J.E.



There are two trees in the
clearing of a dense forest.
One great, one great and young.
But both are growing close together
because of another one.
Now the great one has been cut
And now it has left the forest
But someday it'll be back.
They're going to make a great house
in the clearing by that young
great tree
And yes, you know where
the lumber is from.
They'll not separate till they
die.

Mike McLeary

Civilization
cellophane
covers in
gray
jungle brick
forests extra
mass-
production
of the
waste
vacuum
consumed in
turn space
for
breathing as
in greek
maxim nothing in
excess.

M. Henderson

One day in the middle of the night,
two dead boys began to fight, one was
deaf the other couldn't see they called
the blind man the referee. Back to back
they faced each other drew their swords
and shot each other. Two deaf policemen
heard the noise and came to rescue the
two dead boys. If you don't believe me,
ask the blind man on the corner, he saw
it all.

Matt Shinkle

Time is still.
Thinking.
They don't understand.
They can't.
Alone.
Thinking of past.
Joyful.
They wonder.
Alone.
They wonder where.
Skipped.
Alone. . .thinking.
That's what counts
To me.
Get away. Now!
Run. Where?
Won't help. Stay.
Hurt is unwanted.
They wouldn't understand.
Empty.
Silence.
Showers dripping. Echoing.
Silence.
Pipes humming.
This is silence.

Pete Dunster

In the silence of my mind
In the solitude of my soul
Lost through the clouds of dreams
Emptiness evolves in time.

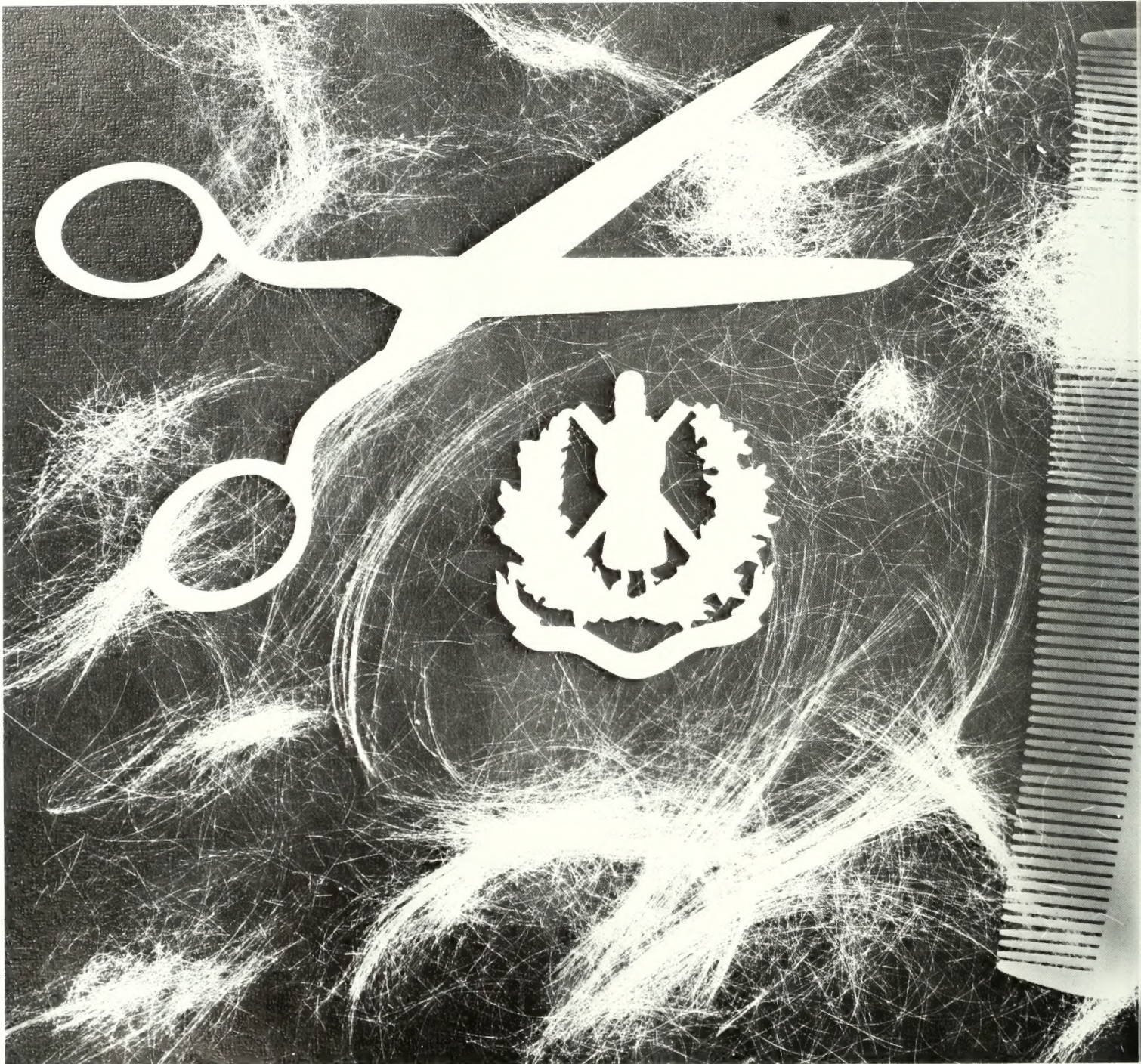
Like the smile on a face
A miserable tribute to a tear
A memory fading, scared
Into the mist to be erased.

Salt sweat stinging in the wounds
Of a thousand deep cuts
Crawling across my being
Ice on fire, bursting soon.

Everywhere crystal stares
Of unseeing eyes of hate
Numbed blue lips whispering
Untold lies and secret cares.

Give me strength and purpose
And let me be set free
To live forever as
Unchained, expanded, creating.

Bill Prowse



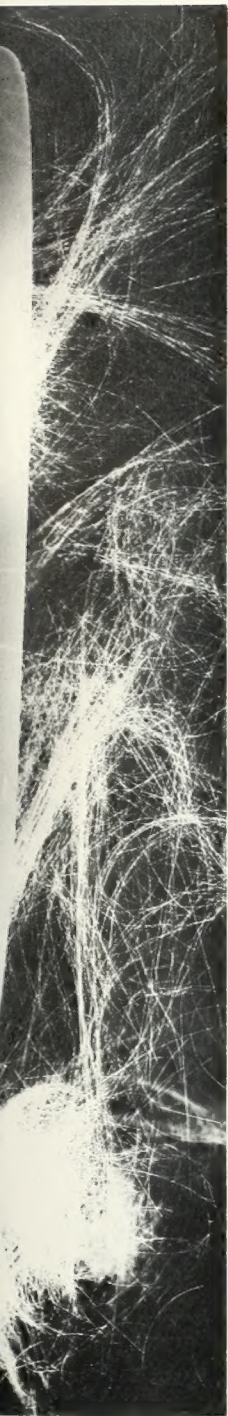
The soldiers in Vietnam fight
fight
fight.
When they come home
they turn their faces in shame
and ask
Is this what I have been fighting for?

Peter Martin

GENERATION GAP

Are older people trying
to make us believe that
they are right and
have to be separated
by a gap or
is it really an
excuse
For what they've done to the world?

Peter Martin



ABOLISH CADETS TODAY! (signatures needed)

J. R. Coulter
L. C. MacPherson
Kilroy
Joe Blow
D. Timms
D. Inglis
R.T. Boyd
W.F. Boyd
Abbie Hoffman
William Calley
T.H.E. Captain
Che' Guevara
Adolf Hitler

Sargent Pepper
Constance Grant
Sigmund Freud
Genghis Khan
Attila (zee Hunn)
Abraham Lincoln
Charley Brown
General Montgomery!
J.C. "Superstar"

Dick Nixon
Snoopy
General Abrahams
Lord Montbatten
Angela Davis
my mother
Mrs. Smith and Super-Dog
Eldridge Cleaver
Herman Goering
Florence Nightingale
Mona Lisa
Thoreau
Harvey Dumbrouski (Dumbrouski's
Delicatessen, 362-2937 Free Delivery)

John Milton
Dietrich Bonhoffer
Mayor Daley
Spiro Agnew
Papa Doc
Fidel Castro
Coutry Joe and the Fish
Pierre and Margeret

The Upper Six

"MY FRIEND"

If life is like a
 great war wound
And people run to
 and fro with heads
Hanging from single threads
 of flesh,
With men crawling helpless
 with their severed leg tucked
 under their arm,
And women with
 wheelbarrels full of loved ones –
It's time to leave, my friend.

Gary Kline

"FUTURE!"

Oh! No, No! Please!
Help me anybody,
Mother, where are you?
Oh! God, Save my life, Please!

He was coming toward me,
I wanted to turn and run,
but, I couldn't,
a wall was right behind me.

"Stop!" I screamed
"Stop, you damn monster!"
But he didn't seem to listen,
he kept on coming toward me.

His left eye was as big as an egg,
inside the eye, the eyeball was just like a purple marble.
He didn't have a right eye,
it was so thin that it looked like a piece of thread.
His pointed nose was sticking out, just like an alpine cragg.
I couldn't see what was inside his mouth, but I was sure that there
was some black, hairy thing moving around.
Oh! No, my lord, I couldn't believe, it was his tongue.
He didn't have any ears.
His hair was all sticking out with a gleaming silver all
around from head to chin.
His skin was all bubbled up like the lava flowing from a volcano.

'Ha! Ha!
'You are scared of me now, little boy,
Do you remember ten centuries ago,
when your families invented the magic killer, and
sent it to the big continent.
And do you know what the survivors are like?
Ha! Ha!
I am one of the SURVIVORS!!!

I have been hiding in the ruins,
for all these years,
I was afraid to come out and see the world because of my skin
and face.

But, now, now all is completely different!
Now, is the time for me to seek revenge.
And I am going to kill you!
He came closer to me,
and put his rugged hand over me.
I felt dizzy,
His face became fainter and fainter to me
and. . .

Larry Lui

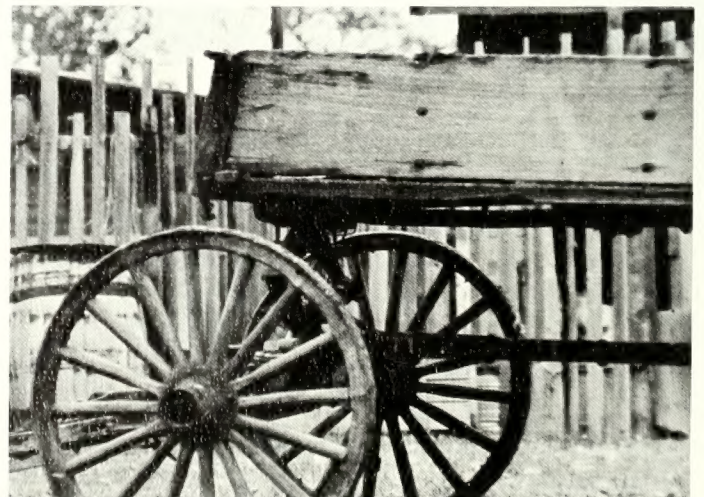
A tree is beautiful
The leaves are like bursts of colour
pounding from a spectrum
And its height rockets endless
to infinite skies
With mushrooming and bending
arches symmetrically cutting
the placid air.
A match is dropped -
Suddenly the stench and
recollection strikes the
brain in hard spasms.
White smoke pours steadily
through choking plants
The fire turns the colours ugly
black
The fire changes the scene
once beautiful
To an open fireplace,
but no need to refuel
This fire will last for a
long time.
Sit and cry you fool.
Light another match
You can throw on the
ground again.
There's
nothing
left
to
burn

Gary Kline

DEATH

The silent messenger
of the end
Drifts,
With guided purpose
Thru woodlots, over streams
and moonlit streets
Heedless of night, day, love, time,
Claiming whom it likes
As the Mist
Of uncertainty becomes reality.

J.R. Walden



They say, "Life can be good if you live right."
They say, "Hey man, don't be materialistic."
Who do I listen to?

The answer to this problem is me. Little old me!
If I follow my beliefs, I will be happy.

No, I'm not trying to prove a thing.
I'm not proving my independence by renouncing everything
I come in contact with!
All I want to do is satisfy myself and be happy.

Happy. A funny word. What does it mean?
To be happy to to be able to see, hear, smell, taste, feel
an object in its true perspective. To become the object.

Does that make me happy? It sure as hell doesn't.
I'm always seeing this place in the wrong light, through
someone else's eyes.

Sometimes, though, I feel that I am almost truly happy.
Like with horses, knowing them as well as I know
my brother. Or the woods in summer. But only in summer.
But the path to happiness branches. It seems to me I'm forever way
the hell off on some tangent, digressing. But I always
get back on the right one, without knowing how.

But will I always get back on the right one? Some
people don't. They wander around, never satisfied, always
searching, never finding. Will I do the same?

People say that there is good in everything. I disagree.
If this society prevents people from reaching happiness, how
the hell can it be good?

The seals weren't dead when they were skinned.
Thinking about it gives me so many different emotions
I can't separate them.

Why? Do they enjoy it? Are they that desperate for
money?

The look in his eyes haunts me. Constantly.

Woody's class was interesting today. Psychology is my
field. I think.

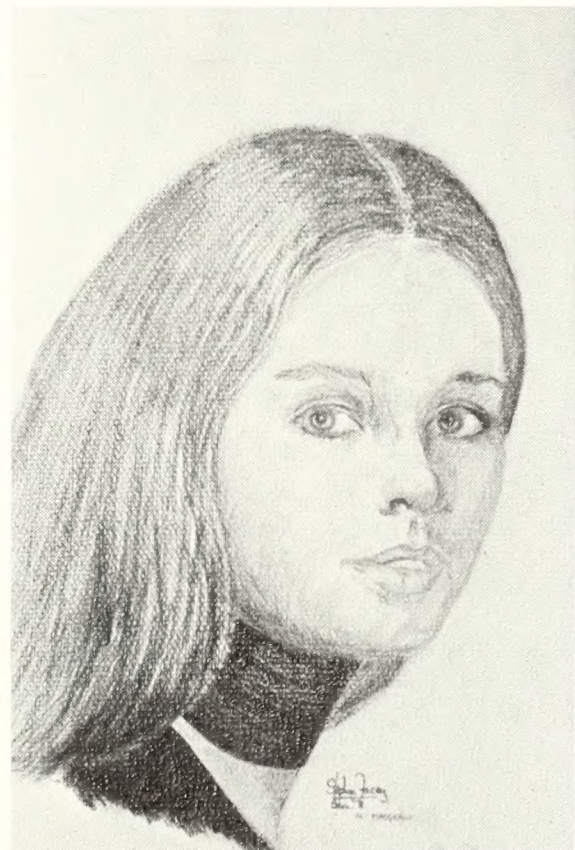
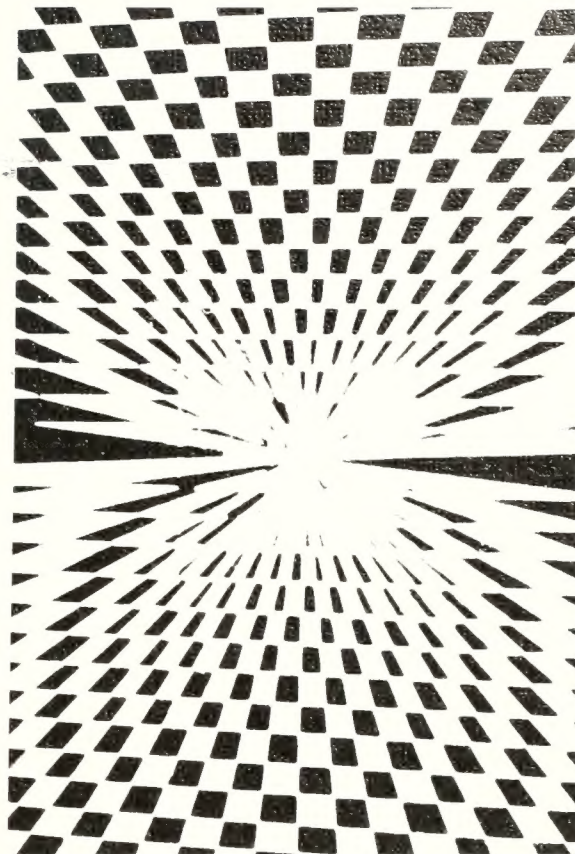
The id. Dreams. I hope to God they teach it in
university.

Why do we tick as we do? When I first came
here there were 5 people I dislike on sight. Literally.
Someone explain, please.

Am I phony? I don't know myself. I act like I
think I should act, but no one should act in
the first place.

My subconscious takes over. It records what I
consciously want to be like, and plays it back
when I am myself. The result is a jumbled non-
likeness.

Arthur Meen



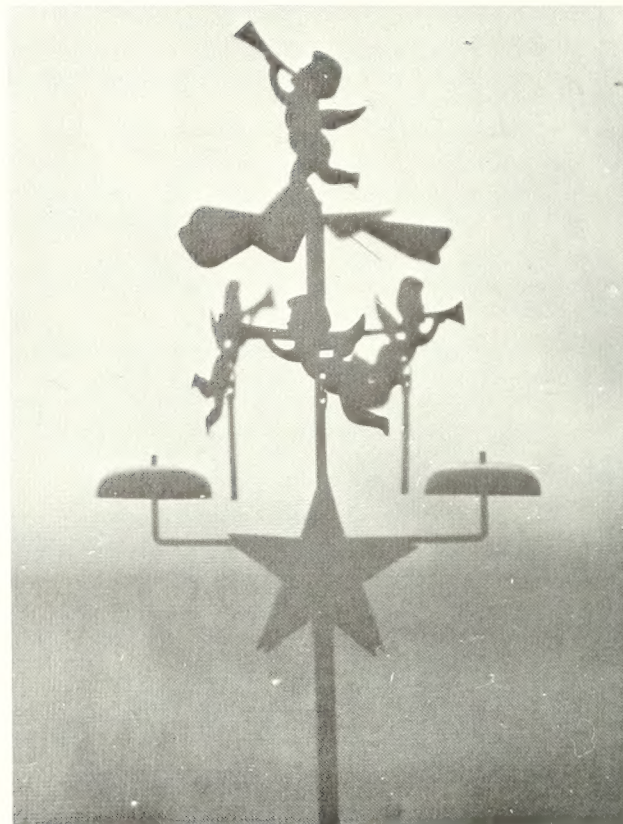
1991

Two years have passed
Since men and women
Paraded blankly in black clothes
With tears running down
Their pale faces and pooling
on their breasts.
Two years have passed
Since the giant steel bullet
Landed on the countryside.
People ran, people died,
And God laughed.
In two more years it will happen
Again - for people will be
Be shoulder to shoulder
Breast to breast
Back to back.

Can't lie down
Can't walk,
Can't smoke,
Can't play,
Can't breath,

Who wants to talk?
God does.

Gary Kline



THE PUZZLER

From out of darkness and into light
Suddenly just remembering,
Suddenly realizing that I was real,
Or am I just a dream,
Is the man that's standing there
My imagination?
Who am I to question?
And our world spins on aimlessly
Through space of absolute emptiness,
And we don't know where we came from
And many don't even care?
But someone must have made us
Someone really cared,
For he gave us the privilege of life;
And when I die,
Will I fall from light to infinite darkness
Suddenly just forgetting?
I will never know.

Danny Smoke



i don't know exactly when it started — there in the back of my mind — a man running down a bleached flight of stairs. with wind and the cries of the birds ascending into the moon, or maybe it was a small dog walking on a distant road. always i knew that something anyway was changing something unknown that i could never describe. in the attic of the empty house i shrink in the corner, frightened that birds will stream like rain through the windows and holes in the wall to sit and watch me.

windows . . . and when the birds have left i sit on the chipped veranda of the house seeing the dead cows burning in a field across the tracks i come here a lot when i am not working: in a lumber mill storing wood and stacking logs ten hours a day the times are hard.

my brother jonathan worked in a coal mine catching slate and bad coal from the chutes he died he got dragged into a machine he was twelve a compressor or something, mangled . . . once he painted me a picture and i opened it up to look at it at the empty house it blew away it went under the wheels of a train and got stuck to the train. i still remember it, it showed a little boy running on a beach with shells and beads falling out of his pockets oh miranda i cry for jonathan i'm so frightened for him where is he why did he die down there in the mined darkness did he scream oh god death is such final lonely freedom . . . trains are so lonely too they're always full of men going out west beyond the mississippi going out to be cattle farmers to open up the country going out to die my father says.

yet for so long, so long and when it rains it's sad there's something i'm searching for something i don't know someone i can never comprehend. i know i've got to go i cannot explain there are so many things i do not understand . . . tomorrow . . . the sun lifts a hand to grasp the horizon and pull itself up into the day i'm leaving. out on the railway tracks in early morning running, so hot the sweat bubbling on my face and i'm frightened it's hard to leave everything you ever had, hard to leave and know that you might never come back. suddenly the train's wail is behind me i turn reach grab on pull myself up into an empty boxcar and lie down it's so hot the sun dances on the door

when i awake the sun dies, rippling the sky with red clouds the moon is climbing up the other side of the train it is dark i wonder where i am how far has this train gone look out into the mississippi night but there are no lights i cannot tell where i am. sleep again, wait for the dawn

'hey, hey. where's this train agoin? huh? wake up

'what? what did you say

'i said where's this damn ole train agoin?

(it's a negro boy he shakes me again, it is not yet morning he has a candle in his hand)

'wake up, where we agoin?

'i don't know where did you come from

'jez hopped on going nowhere why don ya know where this train's agoin to?

'i got on this morning i just jumped on i don't know

'ya run away from yer home yer folks?

'sort of

'well i don give a damn. lez juz see where this ol train goes what's yer name?

'merwin

'well my name's oscar. oscar the tooth my ole man used ta call me see cause i done lost a tooth once in a fight. can ya sing?

'not really . . .

'can't sing. well. what can ya do?

'i write poetry sometimes, and paint

'tell me a poem then

'now?

'yeah, tell me now

'okay. the night closing me with her soft and gentle doors

'zat all?

'that's all i can think of now. oscar where are you going what are you doing

'well i'm agoin out west cause i couldn't stand livin where i did no more. everybody tells us we're free niggers now, after the war and all. ya know? well we ain't. still get the same dirt stares the same bad things from people. it ain't no different, juz that now if'n someone lays a hand on us they might get in kinda trouble

'what are you going to do out west?

'i dunno. get a job. maybe in the mines. hey what's the matter yer all white

'just tired. i ran a lot

'go to sleep hey. them wheels got a beautiful rhythm. i'll sing real soft for ya. sleep merwin . . .

darker, hearing his voice and the steel song of the train pushing into the night deeper into the night too tired to watch him too tired to listen . . . waking, there is no oscar no train i am on some floor some room i don't know. still dark, i get up look out and piss through a hole in the wall a coyote howls suddenly i am terrified, i keep thinking that

masses of hands are going to reach through the holes and grab my legs oh god through the silence of the night metal rattles in the house below me, machines oh jonathan you must have died like this alone and frightened young boys working lonely in the mines, this country takes their lives this country bleeds their hairless faces their weak fingers. why is there death the noise straining takes me wavering to the edge of nowhere and down there echoing in the throbbing eerie blackness is my fear noisily ascending crashing spinning oh god flying high whining sinking chiming in terror climbing tittering like broken machines they killed jonathan ending crashing down to a throbbing finality too silent and then in the silence brief laughter, crashing thundering it starts again faster and whirling and my eyes squeezed shut like doors and my hands whitely gripping the empty floor as it speeds towards a metal eternity splintering ripping me and i suddenly watching with eyes that stare for the end fear turning and straining straining and turning clearly and running over me to the end and death and god oh god oh god . . . everything fades everything is silence . . .

i must have slept and wakened and walked without knowing it. the sun splits the sky, everything hazed, and i in the middle of a yellow field full of wheat waving sun streaking. in the corner of the field a flock of forty-two crows leaps up and freezes against the sky. the wheat parts in the middle; there is a man with a blue coat and a red beard sitting on the ground throwing seeds around from a pouch between his legs. he lifts his head he has wild eyes and only one ear he speaks:

'don't you see that only death can possibly ever take from you all that you have and all that you are? i am an artist and i am not and can you see that can you see that?

'no sir i don't really understand

'bah! look lad, look — do you see that tree there? that one yes that one that stretches towards the sun. that has been so many people's tree, so many

'sir are you cold

'be silent be silent boy you can have so much where did you come from where?

'i lived in a town with my parents but i left, i just had to i couldn't understand so many things i —

'you what? you couldn't understand?

'but you see you are like everyone. there's a dream in this country and a vague wish and a foolish hope and so everyone takes their lives away from the ground and leaves. you're a coward boy. oh i see them i sit here just watching and they go by, out west, out to the wilderness — for what? none of them know, you neither boy. the thrill of the railroad, that's all a dream. because you are friendless and alone

'sir i'm searching just searching

'for what fool, who for fool?

'i don't know sir

'well then you're nobody. go away then, find a train ride out west find your dream, fool

'but what about you

'i came to this field to die. do you feel the wind? turbid, scrawled, yes you do feel it boy i can see it. a taste of guns and laughter, that's what wind it is. see there i painted a picture of this field because i'm going to die here can you possibly understand that . . .

he showed me a canvas of marks and lines and i saw everything there that i saw before me, the field the wind the lonely frozen crows.

'sir i can't leave you here just to die it's cold i'm cold

'go fool i have a gun i have a brother i have a death to live go go and dance dance because of the wind and tree and crows. wait — come here. touch my feet!

no no i am too afraid turning running through the field and wind and i fall there is a bang. turn around, i see the crows complete their leap they spread and dance off and where they were stuck to the sky are white outlines the wheat moves together the field tilts and turns red and i scramble up onto the railway tracks again . . .

i lose track of time there is a shriek of metal and a train strains up the incline. without thinking or concentrating i grasp on and jump up and lie down inside a box car full of railway ties and couplings. it begins to rain the rain is falling on my face but i am too tired too cold to move. the country flashes by in the rain miranda whenever it rains i think of you. for some reason i'm not sure of i hop off the train and walk for awhile.

there are some buildings in the haze of rain ahead i am so cold i run and soon i stand under the roof of i guess it's a bar because there are some old swinging doors

'hey kid hey kid

(the voice comes from inside funny to hear a voice in this ghost town i go inside)

'come here where i can see you sit down

(i am afraid because it is dark but in some vague corner a flame leaps like quicksilver in the darkness and it grows larger as a candle is lit behind it there is a man he looks drunk there is a bottle on the table)

'yes sir?

'come here godammit boy sit down have a drink
i sit down, 'no thank you sir i don't like the taste
'huh. huh! where you from?
'back there along the tracks
'is that so? once i was a prisoner back east round atlanta. ever
been there?

'yes sir once
'it's dark in here. i was in the great war between the states, fought
for lee. some man boy some man, and once me and some mates was on
a mission near atlanta but we was caught by some damn yankees. was
you in the war?

'no sir i wasn't born then
'you wasn't? oh. well we lost atlanta. sherman came down through.
burned it, and i just went home after that, kinda lost track of time. since
then i just been driftin. and here i am now kid. hey. ya wanta come
home with me, have some soup?

'well i —
'cause i only got daughters. just girls, and i ain't got a boy i never
had no son. come on, i'll take ya home. is yer father a drunken bum
like me?

'i don't think you're a drunken bum
'ya don't? well that's sweet. that's real sweet. but ya know, it's
all over. i keep tryin, keep driftin but it's over finished done with
'where do you live sir

'oh i can't lie to ya kid. i ain't got no home. i used ta be married
but i left. so now i just drift, and drink some too. you better go boy, go
drift. but don't get like me it's lonely i'm an old man and i've never
even seen the sun. go now boy

he blew out his candle; all i heard was his breathing and the swish
of the whisky bottle. i left i walked down the dirt street of the town
the rain had ceased. the tracks gleam out of the mud i wait a fog rolls
in. like a giant hand poking fingers into windows and doors. it is so
thick i can no longer see the town, here are the tracks i am waiting
a train comes it is just the same i leap on in the mist and sit in a
car looking out the door. fog is so strange miranda i am convinced that
it is the veiled door to eternity. and i think that if i were now to leave
the tracks and go out bravely like a priest into the fields that i would
meet death itself, wearing a cold sheet of heat and laughter, and when
they might find me, later on that year, all that would be left there where
i died would be a broken blue cane and a set of false hands and perhaps
a few yards away, a picture of some lonely distant squinting men danc-
ing in the sun . . . for a long time i sit there just moving through the
mist i can see nothing but i sense a vague movement somewhere under-
neath me. it is a big river i sit watching it through the fog. the mississippi.
father of the waters. miranda i keep seeing a vision of you and i naked
near an ocean we are going into the ocean i cannot quite see your
face . . .

then on to the other side of the trestle bridge into it must be
louisiana i have no idea it's strange to head on into this country not
knowing anyone not knowing anything. i remember that poem for oscar:
the night closing me with her soft and gentle doors
and shutting, to be slow hair and passages
of moons and stars

gazing me with intricate sad singing

that's tender that's soft i get off the train into a big field of ripe
corn i eat so much that i am painfully sick, must faint or something.
waking up in a bed in a pink room all soft and fathomy where am i what
is happening . . .

'easy young'un, easy now. essie bring the water
i try to sit up, 'where am i who are you?
'easy young'un. my name's jackson and this here's my wife essie.
we found ya lying in one of our fields. ya ate too much corn i guess ya'd
bin sick all over

a woman's voice, it must be his wife, 'lord child, you look a sight!
don't he look a sight jackson? yer hair's all long an' yer gettin a beard.
where ya come from where ya goin?

from a vague distance, the man's voice again, 'he's too tar'd essie,
let him rest.

. . . back to the softness, the pillow envelops me i seem to be in a
field of pliant cotton miranda you are running ahead you have a yellow
dress i'm reaching reaching for your hair but i stumble in the cotton
roll over and over and over and over the moon falls on my shoulders
tapping persistently

'wake up boy have some soup
'thank you
'you sure look a sight. feelin better?
'yes ma'am
'good. jackson's out plowin in the fields. sun's shinin, see?
she goes and throws open white lace curtains. i stare in wonder
around the room this is a girl's room. essie turns and watches me
'this used ta be mary's room. she was our daughter she was eight
she got drowned last year in the pond. and jackson an' me like ta keep
this room just . . . for . . . rememberin

there is silence the insects of the day shriek outside in the sun-
light i watch essie she is large and chubby with strong arms and a face
that smiles and is sad at the same time.

'young'un i spect ya oughtta get up move around it'll do ya good
come on i'll aid ya

she is right, i get up and she leaves to make dinner for her husband.
as i dress i watch the walls they are full of a little girl's tears it is hard to
understand . . . later that night i am in front of the fireplace; the farmer
and his wife are sitting watching me as i tell them what has happened
to me why i left where i am going why i am going.

the farmer lights his pipe. 'you're sorta like essie an' me in some
ways, boy. we used ta live in a city, but we left, just packed our stuff
and come out here. ever'one was a comin out. like a fever — big new
country openin up, so ever'one wants a piece of her. essie an' me built
this here house with our own hands. but listen boy. are ya sure you're
searchin are ya sure ya ain't runnin . . .

'running from what?

'i dunno boy. only you kin know that . . .

and a long while later on a new train at night with the wind
whipping the wilderness into my hair i wonder about the farmer is he
right am i searching or running and how can i ever tell

. . . there is something strange here something undefinable,
distant, something that feels like flutes or petals in a windless dawn i do
not understand this the train seems to fade away i look around the box
car walls grow dimmer i'm falling yet i'm not it's all hazy, time passes i
don't know what's happening.

the mist fades the aura of the train fades. i am on a road, holding
a piece of paper in my hand i look down it is jonathan's painting but it
is different now it is no longer a little boy running on a beach it is a
little boy standing on a hill made of skulls and tree branches. a sudden
humid wind tears the paper from my hand it's hot i turn too slowly i
can't see where the paper has blown to. when i turn back to the road
there is a man in front of me i cannot tell whether he is old or young his
face is constantly changing he looks at me he begins to speak i cannot
seem to move or say anything i can only listen

'so poet, so merwin. you have come all this way all this time.
slices of your life. see me poet. i am the man with mirrors for eyes do
you see . . .

i find i can stretch out my hand now i move my fingers i lift my
arm but the man moves a step back

'no poet. no merwin. you are too afraid you cannot touch me you
cannot grasp what you search for, because i could be death i could be
death and you will lose your fingers your poems forever. see the road.
footprints. turn around

i turn my head slowly, inching my neck around i look behind me
there are the railway tracks they gleam out of the distance and come
to a stop behind me they stop at the back of me feet still i am moving
slowly i turn again to face the man he speaks again:

'veined mapwalls on your arms, you are much older now. stone
silences. poet you are afraid. you are so afraid. you are following a wind
of loneliness and rain of ocean tides and suns. i have no casual words for
you poet. search. the words are there. only you can find them . . .

the man's voice grows fainter he reaches his hand towards me i am
powerless to stop him his fingers touch my eyes i close my eyes and my
wrists begin to sweat the sweat runs down my hands i feel it drying in
streaks on my fingers

a long time must have passed. when finally i open my eyes the
man has gone the road has gone i am standing in front of an empty
house the door is open i lift my feet and walk through the door slowly
i am looking down at my feet, on the floor is written 'odyssey to an
empty house' it is in my handwriting, i lift my head there is a long
passage before me and another door at the end i am more frightened
than i have ever been before i go down the passage this is like a dream i
come to the door oh god am i dying am i dying is this my death i open
it slowly i open it there is an instant when time slows down i have found
it the door opens i walk through it i am on a beach it is the ocean the
whole ocean before me i am running running there is no ending or be-
ginning suddenly gnarled and frigid against the sky are my hands
miranda my hands my whole life my death my god my hands

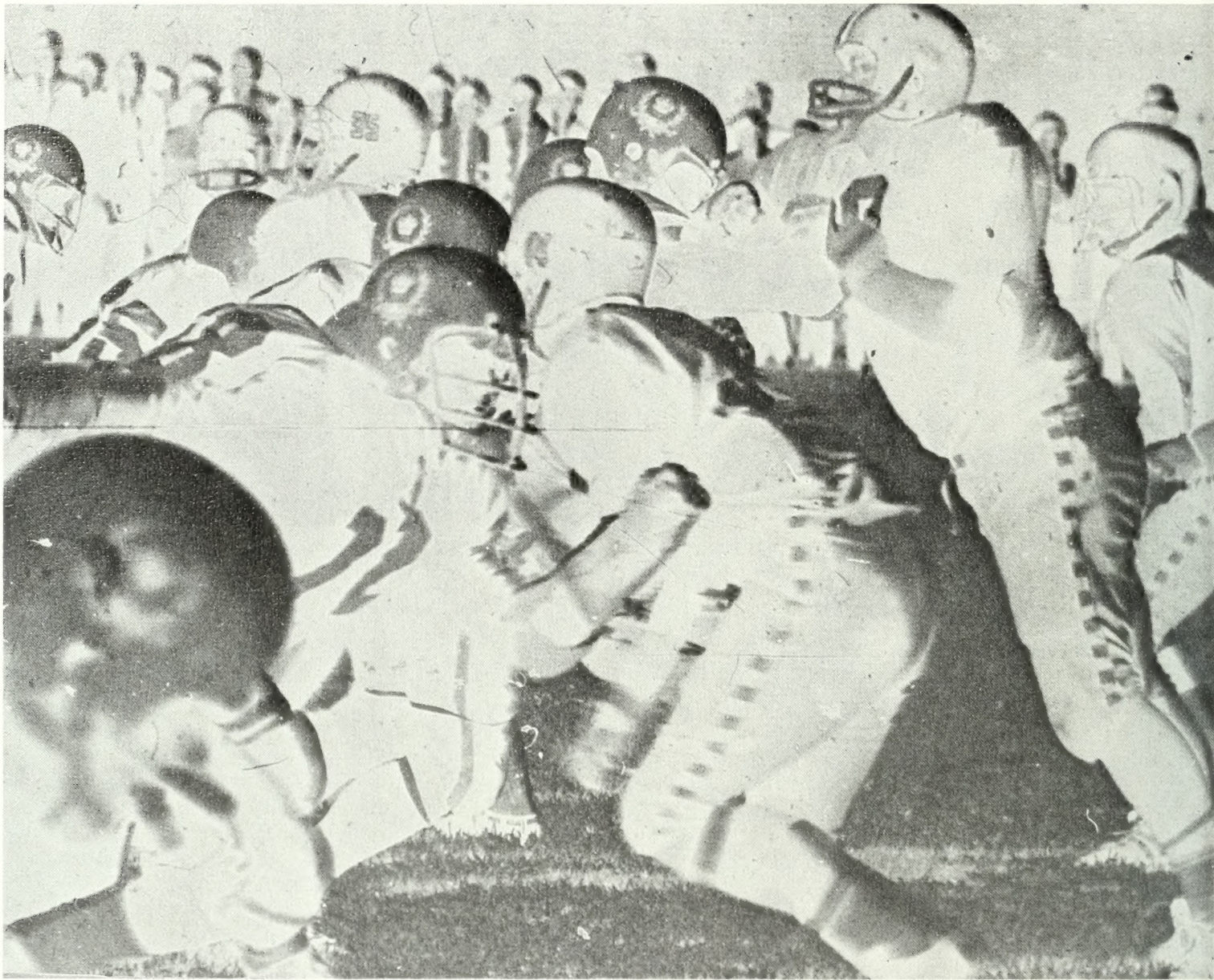
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SPORTS

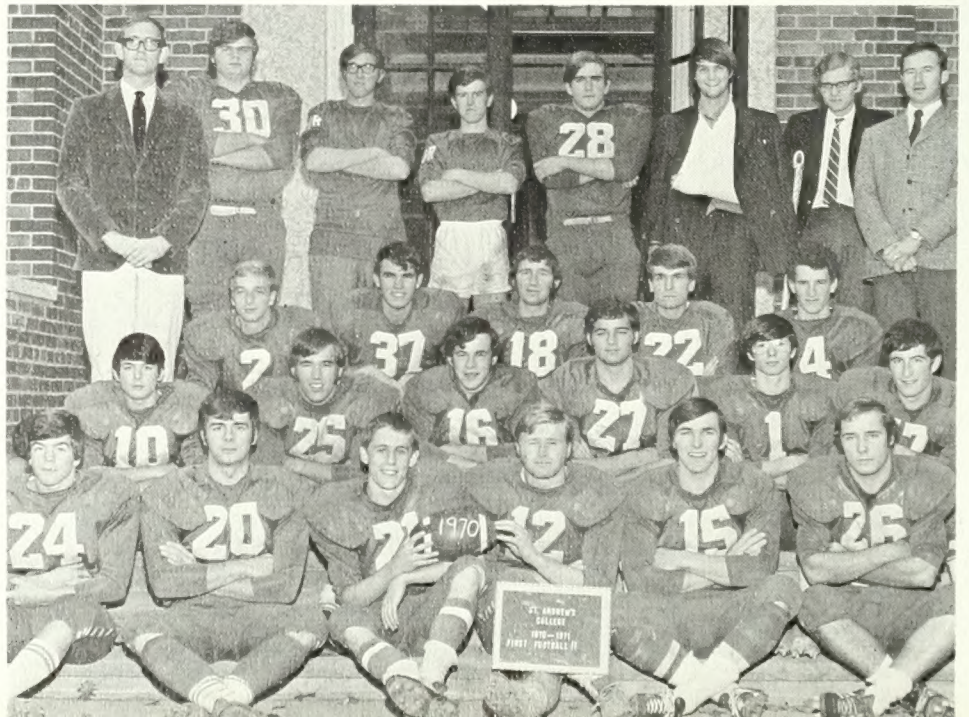


4TH ROW (L-R): Mr. Geoff Smith, Jim Baxter, Gerry Morris, Ian McBryde, Tom Carter, Tim Breithaupt, Norbert von Diergardt, Mr. Ron Kinney.

3RD ROW (L-R): Rob Wilkie, Doug Robertson, John Craig, Jim Knowles, Dave MacDonald.

2ND ROW (L-R): John Pepper, Dick McCombe, Bill Boyd, Brad Freitag, Ian Smith, Clair Casselman.

1ST ROW (L-R): Pete Calverley, Mark Jurychuk, Jim Sara, Paul Higgins, Tom Amell, John Walden.



FIRST TEAM FOOTBALL

A YEAR OF FRUSTRATION



For about two months we practised, played and lost. That's a pretty pessimistic statement, yet it is true. It made it seem as if it was worthless to even walk down to the field every day, and then there were those who began to show this attitude.

Yet, most continued to practice and hit hard, and get hurt, and become depressed, and become confident, and hit harder, and play football for St. Andrew's College as if it was a business. Captain Paul was president and if any of the employees started to let down, he had some confident and comical words which he combined with his own never-ceasing drive to make the company prosper. Paul would be the first to deny this, but he'd be the only one.

Losses are depressing, and this year's team had their fill of them. Yet none got depressed for more than a day, for you saw the get-back-and-win attitude the next day. That's kind of funny.

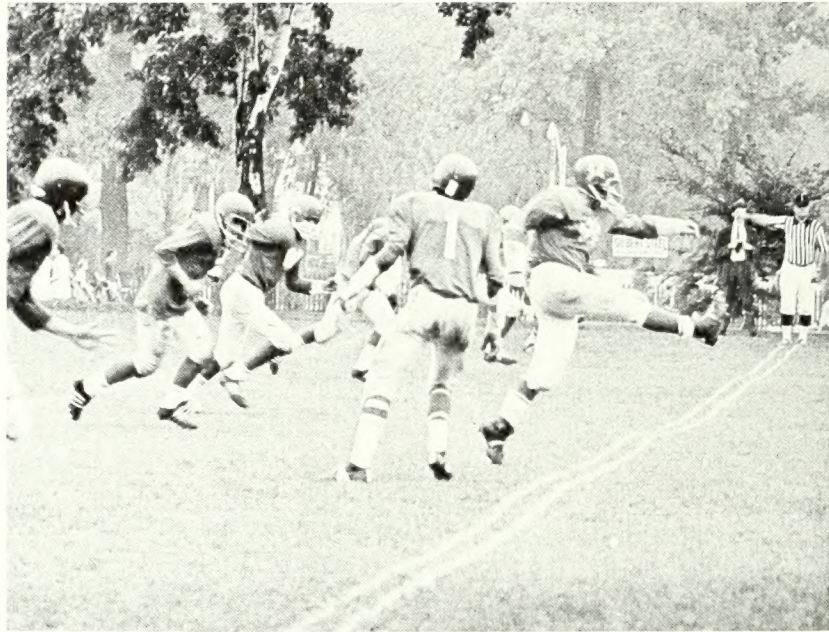
A football team is made up of people and if the people aren't willing all or at least 95%, the team won't go. First football went. Despite constant criticism it played tough football, and Mr. Kinney and Mr. Smith made sure it did. If you weren't willing, you didn't play. They made sure you were willing. The team can't but appreciate this and I thank them personally for two years of an experience. It's hard to leave football after that.

Ed. Note: The author's modesty forbids him to mention that he too, through spirit, effort, and ability, kept the team going through thick and thin. Jim Sara gave 100%, 200% of the time.



STATISTICS

W.A. Porter	6	S.A.C.	6	Tied
Ridley	20	S.A.C.	6	Lost
U.C.C.	34	S.A.C.	0	Lost
Lakefield	6	S.A.C.	7	Won
Appleby	56	S.A.C.	13	Lost
T.C.S.	56	S.A.C.	12	Lost

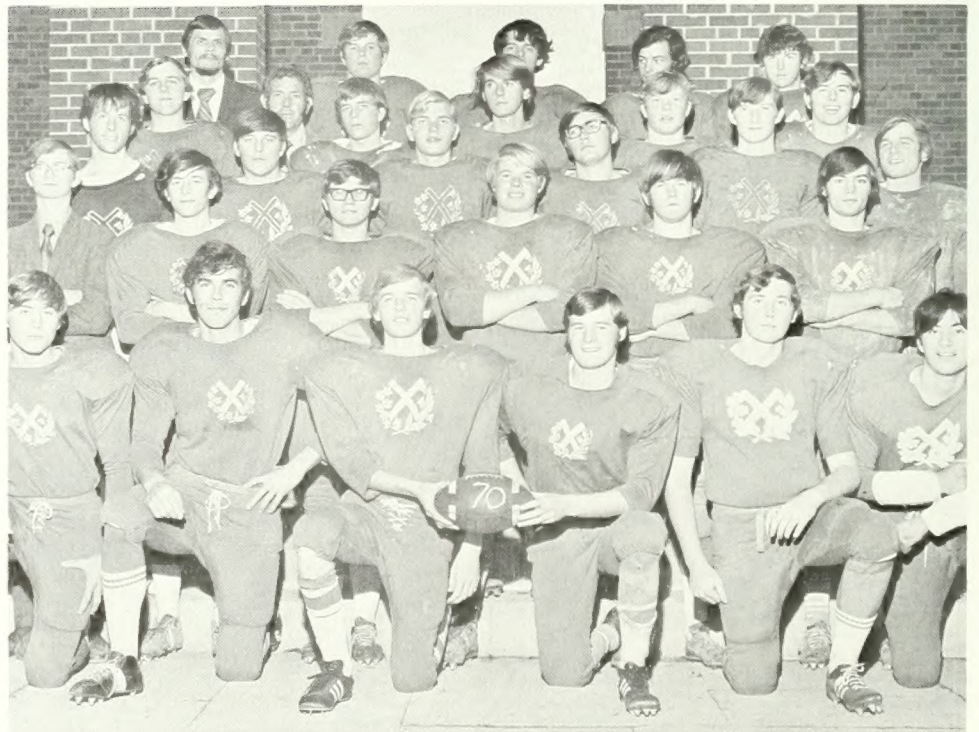


SECOND FOOTBALL

This year's second team was equipped with the potential, but got off to a slow start. Three weeks of hard conditioning and concentrated learning of plays put the team in a frame of mind to play real football. We went into our first games inexperienced and unused to playing as a team, and consequently lost, although by small enough margins. The longest and most rigorous training in school soon began to take effect, however, and an efficient team went on to eliminate the other teams which the season had to offer us.

STATISTICS

Ridley	7	S.A.C.	0	Lost
U.C.C.	13	S.A.C.	6	Lost
Hillfield	19	S.A.C.	13	Lost
1st				
Pickering	6	S.A.C.	24	Won
1st				
Appleby	7	S.A.C.	18	Won
U.C.C.	7	S.A.C.	8	Won
T.C.S.	0	S.A.C.	30	Won



5TH ROW (L-R): Mr. Froese, Steve Duggan, Bill Haust, Jon Jameson, Tab Buckley.
 4TH ROW (L-R): Bruce Hovey, Mr. Edwards, George Kilpatrick, Ian Barnett, Douglas Plaxton, Thomas Warnica.
 3RD ROW (L-R): Colin Hart, Steve Stewart, Gord Hawke, Peter Wilkie, John Errington, James Brickman.
 2ND ROW (L-R): Ronald Cameron, Jim Empey, Robert Morton, Mike Parker, David Stephens, Ted Dobson.
 1ST ROW (L-R): Murray Todd, John Marshall, Charlie Hawke, Michael Higgins, Bruce McMulkin, Dan Smoke.
 MISSING: Bill Schmalz.

THIRD FOOTBALL



The thirds had a successful season this year, even though our statistics don't prove this out. We started off the season in a confused fashion, but soon this gave way to an organized team. The defense quickly learned to work together, and the offense, at first inept, acquired skill at a surprising rate.

Although plagued by injuries, the team fought valiantly to make ground throughout the season. Except at U.C.C., we were never out-classed.

STATISTICS

Ridley	15	S.A.C.	6	Lost
U.C.C.	28	S.A.C.	0	Lost
Lakefield	1	S.A.C.	12	Won
Aurora	0	S.A.C.	33	Won
Aurora	0	S.A.C.	22	Won
Appleby	20	S.A.C.	14	Lost
T.C.S.	22	S.A.C.	20	Lost



5TH ROW (L-R): Richard Paine (Mgr.), Mr. Kamcke, Dave Woodrow, Clyde Urquhart, Randy Kline, Jim Stevens, John Wigglesworth, Thadius Tyczka, Gary Kline, Mr. Rux.
 4TH ROW (L-R): Peter Williams, John Hodges, Mike England, Jim Futterer, Robert England, Steven Davis, Peter Stock, Mike Cutt (Mgr.).
 3RD ROW (L-R): Jamie McDonald, David Stanger, Russel Payton, Kevin Doyle, Ed Shirley, Rodney Smith.
 2ND ROW (L-R): Ian McClintok, Jim Gray, John Kitchen, Charles Metcalf, Arthur Meen.
 FIRST ROW (L-R): Stuart Rutherford, Peter Dennys, Gordon Pilley (captain), James McTavish (captain), Dan McClean, George Little (MVP).

FIRST SOCCER A HOPE FOR THE FUTURE



BACK ROW (L-R): Mike Brownrigg, David Hally, Harold Frith, Stephen Facey.
MIDDLE ROW (L-R): David Hooper, Patrick Healy, Wallace Kenny, Dennis Daly.
FRONT ROW (L-R): Frank McMulkin, John Paton, Juan Gutierrez, John Davies.





A hope for the future

We were by no means a great team, and neither were we the best that St. Andrew's had ever seen, yet I feel that we let no one down. Every game was played with spirit and with determination until the final whistle blew. We found that these two qualities usually brought us out of a game on top.



STATISTICS

Huron Heights	0	S.A.C.	2	Won
St. George's	1	S.A.C.	1	Tied
U.C.C.	2	S.A.C.	2	Tied
Hillfield	2	S.A.C.	0	Lost
Pickering	0	S.A.C.	4	Won
Ridley	2	S.A.C.	1	Lost

SECOND SOCCER

It was a disappointing year. We started off brilliantly, but became over-confident by the end of the season. We enjoyed our practices more than our games, since we frequently beat the firsts by close scores. I like to think that the team's weaknesses were caused by a number of players going up to strengthen the firsts at various times.

STATISTICS

UCC	2	SAC	5	Won
Pickering	0	SAC	2	Won
Ridley	3	SAC	1	Lost
Aurora	6	SAC	0	Lost
Huron Heights	3	SAC	2	Lost
TCS	3	SAC	2	Lost



3RD ROW (L-R): Tim Shortly, Mike McCleary, Kevin McCleary.
 2ND ROW (L-R): John McSherry, Les Dobson, Andy Price.
 1ST ROW (L-R): Mike Duder, Dave Rose (Captain), Gary Redwood.





THIRD SOCCER

Our season was fairly successful. The first three games we lost due to inexperience and not being able to play smoothly as a team. We improved vastly over the rest of the year, however, both individually and as a team. The best game was the last one, against UCC. We went into it ready, we stayed on top throughout and we won by our own effort and merit.

STATISTICS

Bayview	5	SAC	0	Lost
St. George's	3	SAC	0	Lost
UCC	2	SAC	1	Lost
Aurora	0	SAC	3	Won
Pickering	0	SAC	5	Won
Newmarket	1	SAC	5	Won
Huron Heights	1	SAC	1	Tied
Ridley	3	SAC	1	Lost
UCC	0	SAC	1	Won

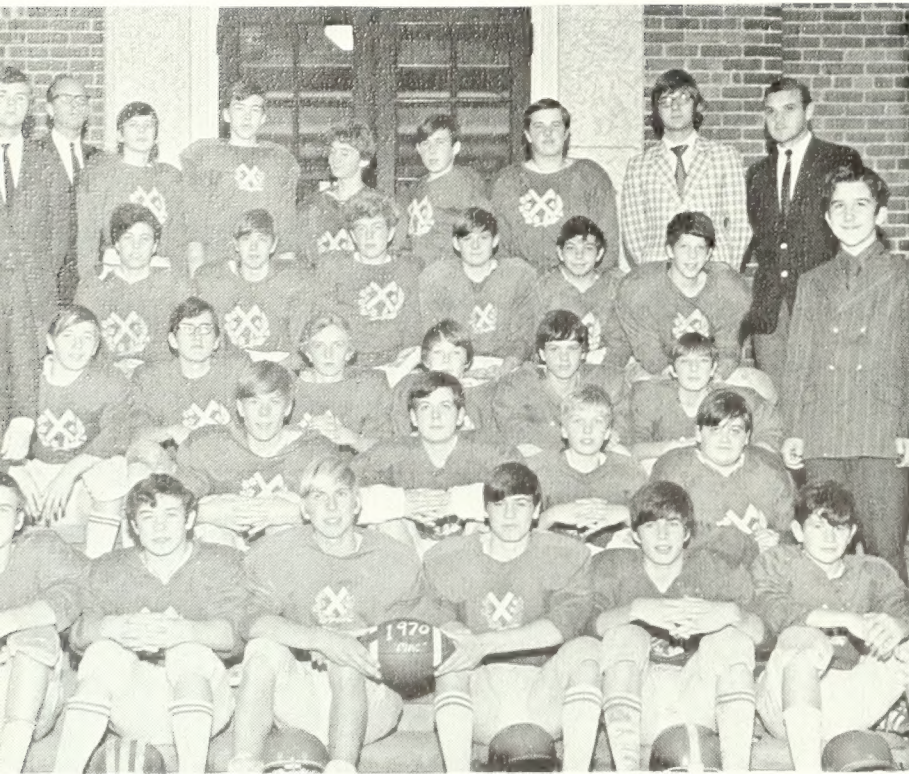
4TH ROW (L-R): Robert Rees, Mr. Timms.

3RD ROW (L-R): Raymond Leung, John Graham, Jay Turner, Doug Pickard.

2ND ROW (L-R): Geoff Currie, Blair Bonnar, Kalil Moses, Peter O'Neil.

FRONT ROW (L-R): Mike Kirby, Harold Sifton (captain), Martin Jalkotzy.





MAC HOUSE FOOTBALL

This year Mac House Football had one of the best school teams of the fall term. Hard practises and team spirit brought the team a long way. We were unexperienced at first, but that didn't mean that we were going to be easy to beat. We came back strong and fast from our first setbacks to take the rest of the season at full strength. Our last game, with T.C.S., ended the season in success.

This year Shortly II was awarded the M.V.P.

STATISTICS

Ridley	12	S.A.C.	1	Lost
U.C.C.	2	S.A.C.	0	Lost
U.C.C.	1	S.A.C.	19	Won
Lakefield	13	S.A.C.	0	Lost
Pickering	0	S.A.C.	12	Won
Appleby	0	S.A.C.	34	Won
U.C.C.	2	S.A.C.	13	Won
T.C.S.	1	S.A.C.	13	Won

5TH ROW (L-R): Mr. Hemmings (coach), Steve Marchment, David Mitchell, Norm Pitcher, Alex Crosbie, Basil Gerol, Eric Startup, (coach), Mr. Karis (coach).

4TH ROW (L-R): Andy Ballard (coach), Rocky Pantalone, Gary Norris, Steve Peter, John Grunwell, Greg Bennett, John Molner.
3RD ROW (L-R): David Durant, Brad Martin, Peter Martin, Ian Sarjeant, Rob Perkins, George Graff.

2ND ROW (L-R): David Sawyer, John Hughes, Allan Day, Steve Manchee, Bill Thom, Andrew Martens.

1ST ROW (L-R): Mike Edwards, Kevin Brillinger, Paul Robbins, David Black, Ian Shortly, Cam Stevens.





MAC HOUSE "A" SOCCER

We had an enjoyable and successful season. As can be seen from our statistics box, all our games came out almost evenly matched, except for one against U.C.C., which had a larger and more skillful team. A combination of spirit and effort usually saw us through our games alright.

The M.V.P. was Stubbs this year.

STATISTICS

Appleby	1	S.A.C.	1	Tied
Crescent	3	S.A.C.	3	Tied
Ridley	2	S.A.C.	1	Lost
Pickering	1	S.A.C.	1	Tied
St. George's	1	S.A.C.	2	Won
U.C.C.	3	S.A.C.	3	Tied
Lakefield	1	S.A.C.	2	Won
Crescent	2	S.A.C.	3	Won
Hillfield	0	S.A.C.	0	Tied
U.C.C.	3	S.A.C.	0	Lost
T.C.S.	2	S.A.C.	2	Tied

MAC HOUSE "B" SOCCER TEAM

In general, the B Soccer Team had a good year. We played very well together under the excellent coaching of Mr. Inglis, who made our season so enjoyable. There were many good matches, perhaps the best of which was with Ridley, whom we managed to tie after scoring in the last quarter.



STATISTICS

				Won	Loss
Hillfield	1	S.A.C.	2	Won	
Crescent	2	S.A.C.	2	Tied	
Pickering	2	S.A.C.	1	Lost	
Ridley	1	S.A.C.	1	Tied	
Crescent	1	S.A.C.	2	Won	
U.C.C.	2	S.A.C.	1	Lost	
St. George's	1	S.A.C.	3	Won	
Appleby	3	S.A.C.	0	Lost	
Lakefield	0	S.A.C.	4	Won	

3RD ROW (L-R): Mr. Inglis, Frank Bluestein, Jack Delahey (?), Peter Flemming.
 2ND ROW (L-R): Rick Mann, Randy Doyle, Rick Coburn.
 1ST ROW (L-R): Greg Little, Mark Kearns, Bob Grass.

MAC HOUSE "C" SOCCER



3RD ROW (L-R): Mr. Ray, Clayton Sturrock, Randy Hughes, Tim Cross, Steve Lusher.
 2ND ROW (L-R): John Middup, Kurt Marechaux II, Demetri Moses, Scott Sillcox, Hans Marechaux.
 1ST ROW (L-R): Bill Houston, Chris Johnson, Paul Szeps, Cliff Sifton, Charlie Ballantyne.

1970 was a good year for the Mac. C Soccer Team since we had the satisfaction of playing a full schedule of 9 representative games, as well as being the top team in the House League.

Morale was consistently high, and we were especially proud of our showings against Ridley and Upper Canada. Scott Sillcox was M.V.P.

Thanks to Mr. Ray for his solid coaching and spirited encouragement.

STATISTICS

			Win - Loss	
Appleby	4	SAC	1	Lost
Crescent	1	SAC	3	Won
Ridley	1	SAC	6	Won
Pickering	2	SAC	1	Lost
S.G.C.	1	SAC	6	Won
U.C.C.	1	SAC	6	Won
Newmarket	1	SAC	0	Lost
Crescent	2	SAC	4	Won
Hillfield	3	SAC	3	Tied

FIRST TEAM HOCKEY



BACK ROW (L-R): Mike Flemming, Bill Haust, Jim Brickman, Dick McCombe, Pete Calverly, Les Dobson, Paul Higgins.

MIDDLE ROW (L-R): Mr. Edwards, Colin Fairlie, Tim Shortly, John Errington, Mike Parker, Keith Sawyer.

FRONT ROW (L-R): Tim Breithaupt, Jim Sara, Tom Amell, Ted Dobson, John Pepper.



First team hockey had a different season this year. It was neither a winning season nor a building season - it was a satisfying season. Sometimes we were giant killers, especially against U.C.C., the game ending 3-2 in their favour. We took Appleby 7-6 in one of our best games. We were beaten soundly by T.C.S., Ridley, and Lakefield; but only in score. All those games were good HOCKEY games. They were rough, fast, and damn good performances by both teams.

That's all about the games themselves, except that we were undisputed champions of the southern Georgian Bay High School League.

Our goaltending this year was the biggest surprise of the year. Pepper and Breithaupt really held their own and they are to be congratulated. John Pepper performed almost flawlessly against U.C.C. Our defense was young with only one veteran in Jim Sara. As usual Jim gave one hundred percent, as did the rest. Parker went from a nervous defenseman to an intelligent one. We were lucky to get Errington from Newmarket. John proved an excellent defenseman.



Brickman, our roughest defenseman, played "heads up" hockey and showed everyone just what he could do, which included playing goalie.

Our forwards were small. Calverley, Dobson, I, Dobson II, Amell, Higgins and Alkin played good hard-hitting hockey. Everyone worked well and each deserves a lot of credit.

Last but not least, the Rockets. Well, what can you say about these guys. It's not easy to sit on the bench and get little if any ice time. But all of them did and no bitching was heard. On behalf of the team, thanks to Fairlie, Sawyer, Haust, Shortly and McCombe for hanging in and playing hard. They were the major reason for our great performance against U.C.C.

Finally, a word about a great hockey coach. I have played four years with Mr. Edwards and would like to tell any younger boys who hope to play first hockey, that this team is pulled together by Mr. Edwards. He has hockey in his blood and never has he once let down or disgraced St. Andrew's. He's rough, critical and very knowledgeable. These are the signs of a great coach, and on behalf of the first hockey team I would like to thank Mr. Edwards for making this a very rewarding season.

MVP: Amell

STATISTICS FIRST HOCKEY TEAM

Pickering	3	S.A.C.	5	Won
Huron Heights	1	S.A.C.	2	Won
Lakefield	9	S.A.C.	5	Lost
Ridley	6	S.A.C.	1	Lost
Newmarket	4	S.A.C.	1	Lost
Old Boys	6	S.A.C.	3	Lost
Huron Heights	0	S.A.C.	4	Won
Appleby	6	S.A.C.	7	Won
Newmarket	3	S.A.C.	5	Won
T.C.S.	7	S.A.C.	2	Lost
Newmarket Midgets	3	S.A.C.	6	Won
U.C.C.	3	S.A.C.	2	Lost



SECOND HOCKEY

STATISTICS

Lakefield	7	S.A.C.	4	Lost
T.C.S.	7	S.A.C.	4	Lost
St. George's	5	S.A.C.	3	Lost
U.C.C.	3	S.A.C.	2	Lost

The second hockey team was the all-star selection from the hustling senior home league; it had virtually no practices and played together as a whole team only four times. The team was not expected to have a great season, but the players had much more to offer to the game of hockey than skill alone. The effort and spirit put forth to make second hockey what it was, was too much to measure. The players on the team not only learned skills but learned to play a competitive sport with the necessary St. Andrew's spirit. This is vital and easily the most important phase in playing a sport.

In addition, players like McIver and McCombe certainly livened up the game in more ways than one. M.V.P.: Flemming



BACK ROW (L-R): Robert Martin, Mike England, Steve Duggan (Assistant Coach).
FRONT ROW (L-R): Gordon Pilley, Mike Flemming (Captain), Ian Tait, Robert Morton, Byron Tames.



THIRD HOCKEY

Although we had a large number of excellent individual players we could not seem to play together as a team. We had two excellent rookie goaltenders, who would have done even better if they had some protection from the defense. Although frustrating in some ways, it was an enjoyable season.

STATISTICS

Lakefield	2	S.A.C.	9	Won
Hillfield	2	S.A.C.	2	Tied
Ridley	5	S.A.C.	2	Lost
Ridley	4	S.A.C.	1	Lost
Appleby	2	S.A.C.	3	Won
T.C.S.	5	S.A.C.	3	Lost
U.C.C.	5	S.A.C.	3	Lost

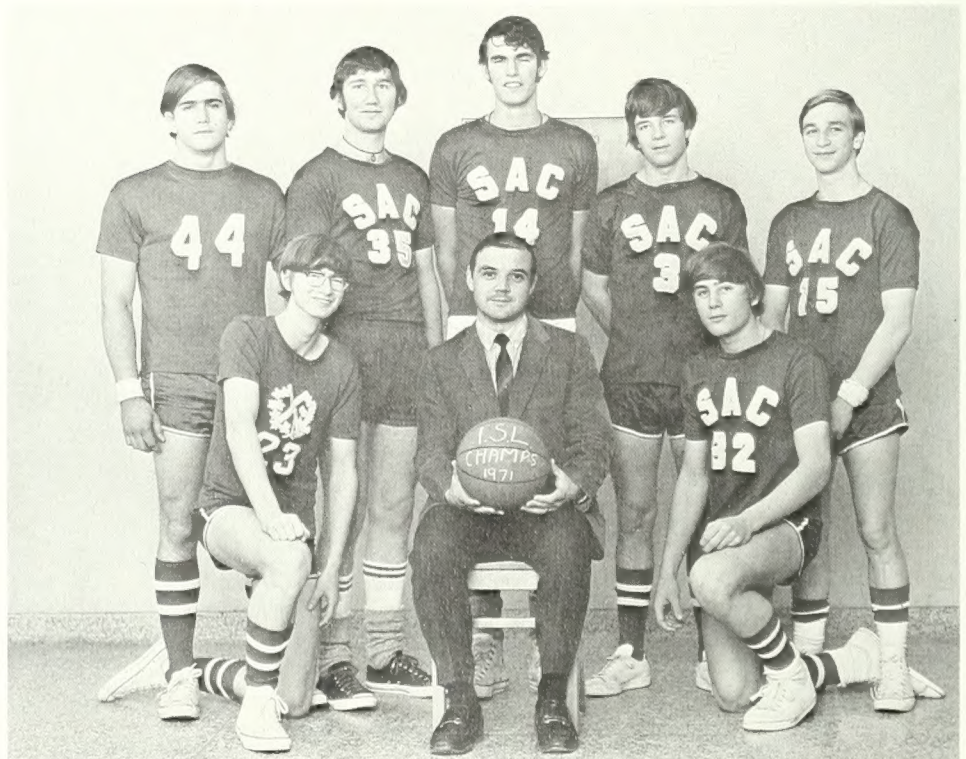


BACK ROW (L-R): William Dysart, Mr. Kinney, Dave Hally.
MIDDLE ROW (L-R): James McTavish, John Kitchen, Garfield Stevens, Jamie MacDonald, Jim Gray.
FRONT ROW (L-R): Peter Stewart, Penny Dennys, Peter Baker, Kevin McCleary, Stewart Rutherford.

FIRST BASKETBALL



The basketball tradition, which has long been established at St. Andrew's, was extended to another year with the First Team capturing the I.S.L. Championship again. This year's team showed the importance of team play and balanced offence combined with a tough aggressive defense. Behind every winning season there has to be a knowledgeable coach, and this year was no exception with Mr. Karis providing the effort to help create a winning season. With the talents that were discovered and developed during the past year S.A.C. can look forward to many more successful seasons on the basketball court.
M.V.P.: Craig



BACK ROW: Tom Carter, John Craig, Doug Robertson, George Kilpatrick, Rob Wilkie.
FRONT ROW: Barney Cameron, Mr. Karis, Murray Todd.

I.S.L. CHAMPS



STATISTICS

Appleby	46	S.A.C.	47	WON
Ridley	48	S.A.C.	88	WON
U.C.C.	54	S.A.C.	94	WON
T.C.S.	60	S.A.C.	87	WON

SECOND BASKETBALL TEAM

The second basketball team had an average season in terms of wins and losses. Although we lost against all local high schools, we came within four points of an L.B.F. championship. Our losses could be rationalized quite easily by saying high schools have more practise time, better gyms and more players to choose from. However, the reasons for our losses were much more basic than that. Everyone had their own method of obtaining victory; unfortunately, no one's method agreed with the coach's. With no unity on the court, there was no team spirit. With no pattern and unity, the team fell apart in anything resembling a tight spot.

As this article suggests, most people are preoccupied with winning. This attitude was apparent, when the second basketball team beat U.C.C. by one point and most people cheered and jumped for joy convinced that they had witnessed a close, exciting victory. Who considered what a pathetic level the game was played on, or how far below the team's potential this level was?

M.V.P.: Casselman



STATISTICS

Bradford	40	S.A.C.	29	Lost
Newmarket	38	S.A.C.	32	Lost
Ridley	31	S.A.C.	43	Won
Aurora	69	S.A.C.	50	Lost
Appleby	21	S.A.C.	40	Won
T.C.S.	44	S.A.C.	42	Lost
Thornhill	80	S.A.C.	42	Lost
U.C.C.	35	S.A.C.	36	Won

BACK ROW (L-R): Jim Knowles, Brad Freitag, Graham Noble, Dan Smoke, Mr. Woods.
FRONT ROW (L-R): Alan Addison, Clair Casselman (captain), Greg Westcott, Dave Rose.



THIRD BASKETBALL TEAM

BACK ROW (L-R): Kalil Moses (Mgr.), Rusty Frith, Bradley Martin, David Stubbs, Mr. Froese.
FRONT ROW (L-R): John Hughes, Raymond Leung, Mike Carter, Mike Kirby, Peter Martin.

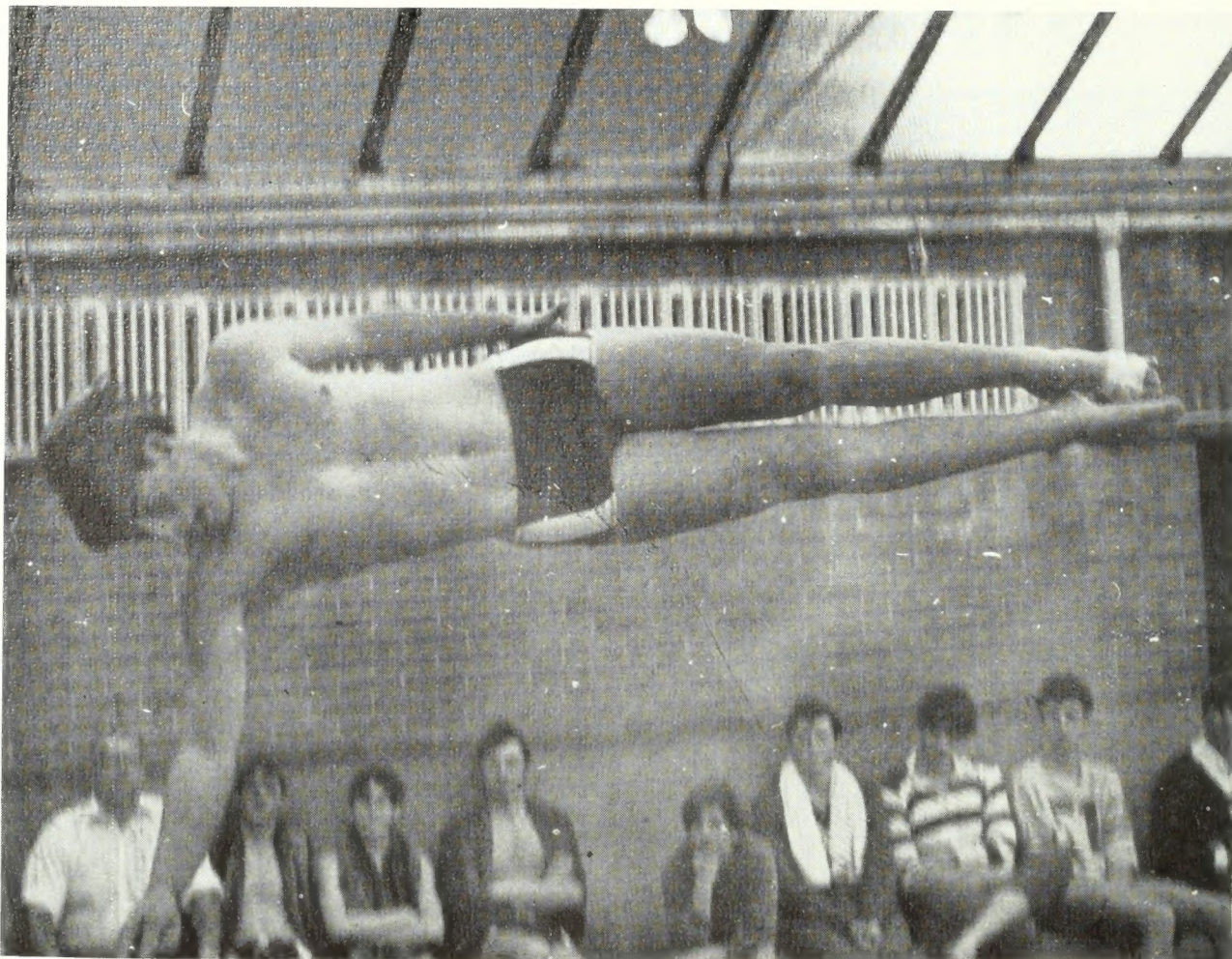


STATISTICS

Ridley	13	S.A.C.	62	Won
T.C.S.	38	S.A.C.	26	Lost
Appleby	26	S.A.C.	48	Won
U.C.C.	44	S.A.C.	46	Won

This year third basketball had a very successful season. We started off as an unexperienced bunch of players, but with the fine coaching we received from Mr. Froese and a fine effort by the team, we soon showed everyone how to play the game.
M.V.P. Carter.



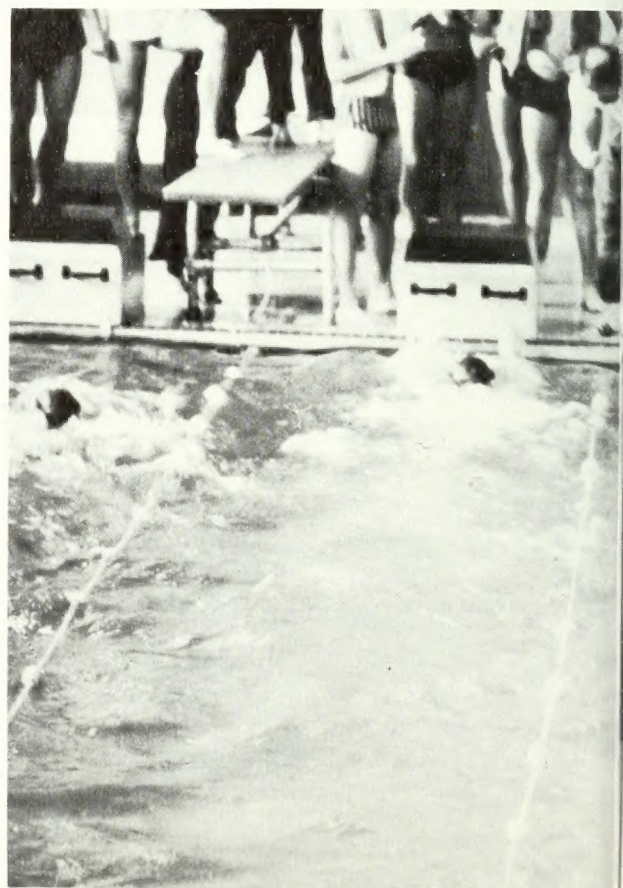


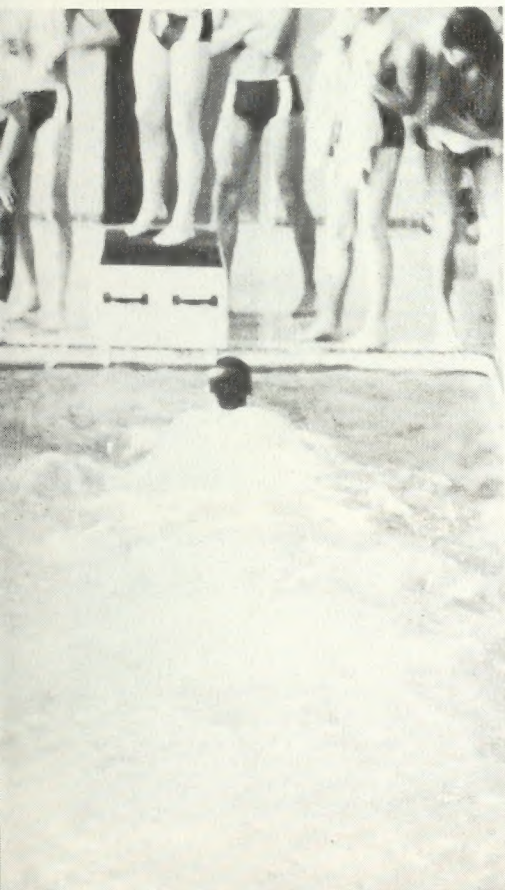
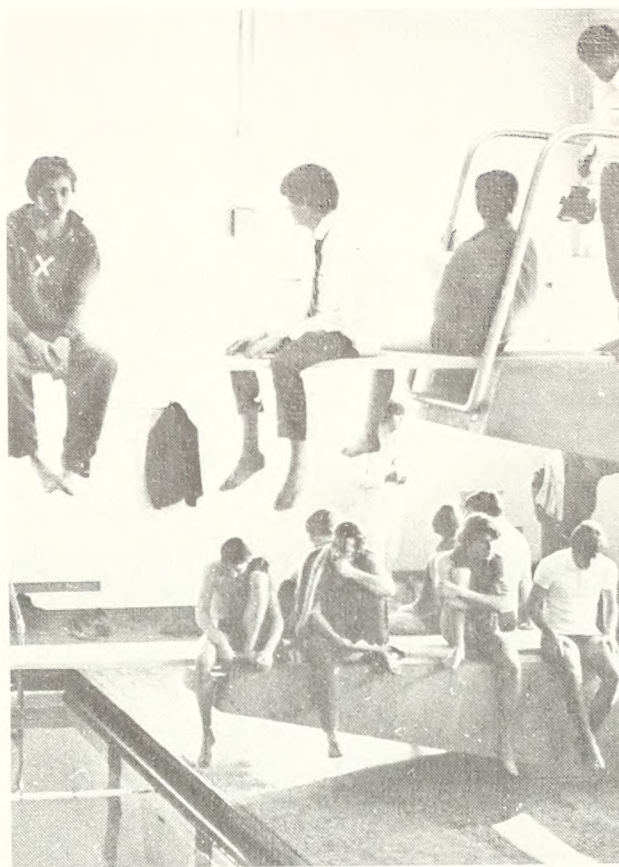
FIRST SWIM TEAM

After three years of dominating the swimming scene the first swim team succumbed to defeat. You see, you must consider that we were taken by (surprise by) an ill-rated bunch of non-descripts from U.C.C., (who claimed to be first rate swimmers), but who counted as one of the members of their preposterous group a thirteen-year-old freak, who I'm sure will plague the L.B.F. for years to come. With strong swimming by Gerry Morris and great diving by Gary Kline to hold the team together, we managed to accept defeat graciously, rather than having to dig our own graves. Many thanks to Mr. Guggino whose enthusiasm never diminished, though we brought him few glories. †

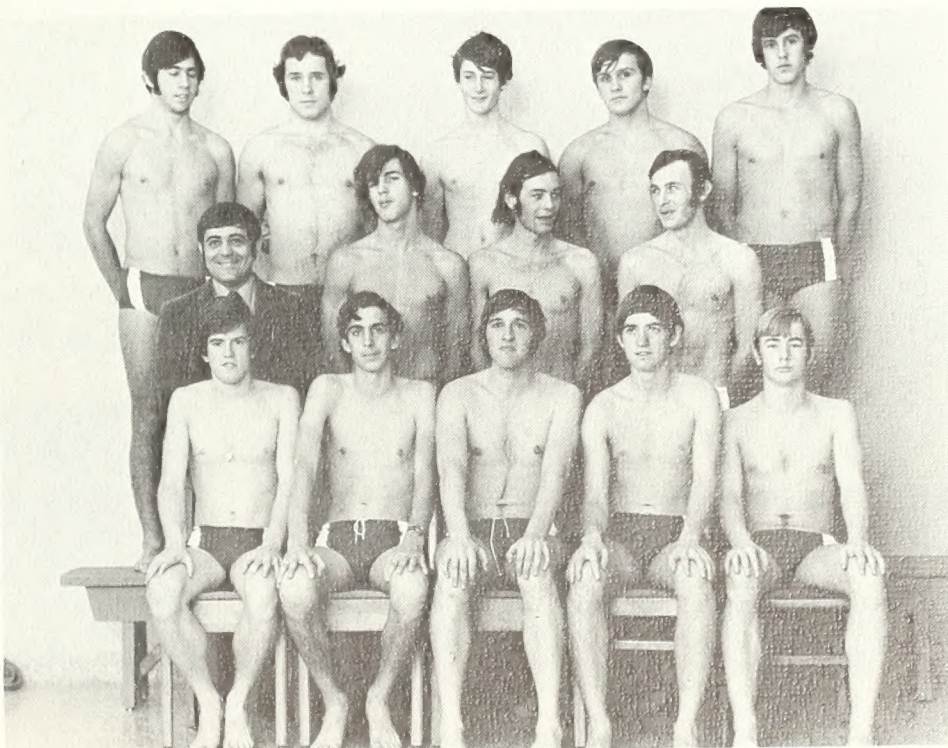
M.V.P.: Morris

† Our thanks must go to Murray Shields who has helped coach the diving in the last few years, with great success.





3RD ROW (L-R): Mike Brownrigg, John Walden, David Harvey, Dan McClean, Bruce Claridge.
 2ND ROW (L-R): Mr. Guggino, Steve Facey, Jon Jameson, Scott Jameson.
 1ST ROW (L-R): Ian McBryde, Colin Rees, Gerry Morris (M.V.P.), John Walker, Edward Shirley.



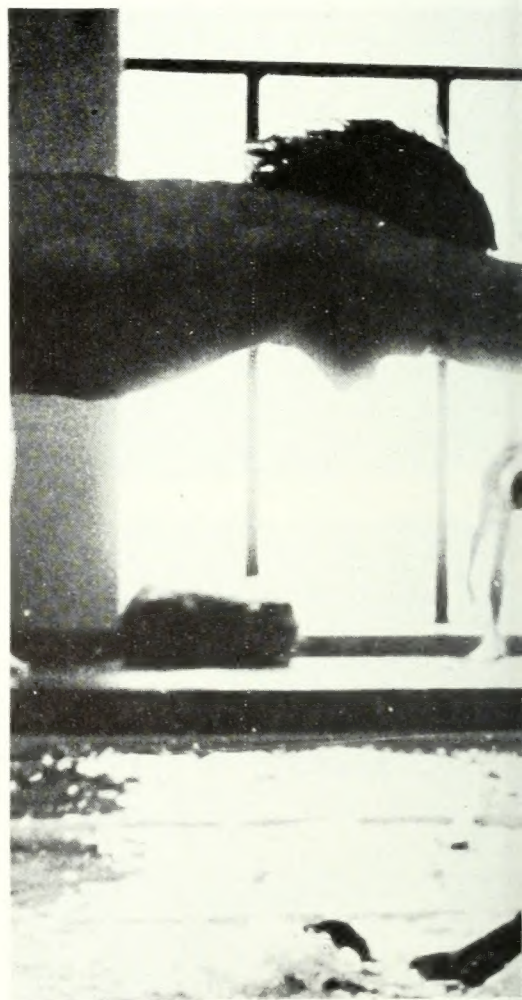
This year the second swim team did something that they had been dreaming of for years, winning the L.B.F. Every member of the team put forth a tremendous amount of effort towards winning this year. Being a larger team than last year's, we were able to juggle around to produce the best combination possible. A couple of our meets were very close, but we managed to pick up points on our relays.

As the term went by, the team became more and more of a unit. Almost every member improved in his swimming time. I'm sure that if the team we had this year graduates to the firsts next year, we will have a championship at that level too. M.V.P. : Hooper.

SECOND SWIM TEAM I.S.L. CHAMPS



BACK ROW (L-R): Geza von Diergardt, Peter Fletcher, Doug Soules, Dave Clarke.
MIDDLE ROW (L-R): Mr. Woodbury, Rick Paine, Peter Williams, Alex Crosbie.
FRONT ROW (L-R): Steve Davis, Bruce McMulkin, Prescott Slee (co-captain), David Hooper (co-captain), David Featherstonhaugh.



STATISTICS

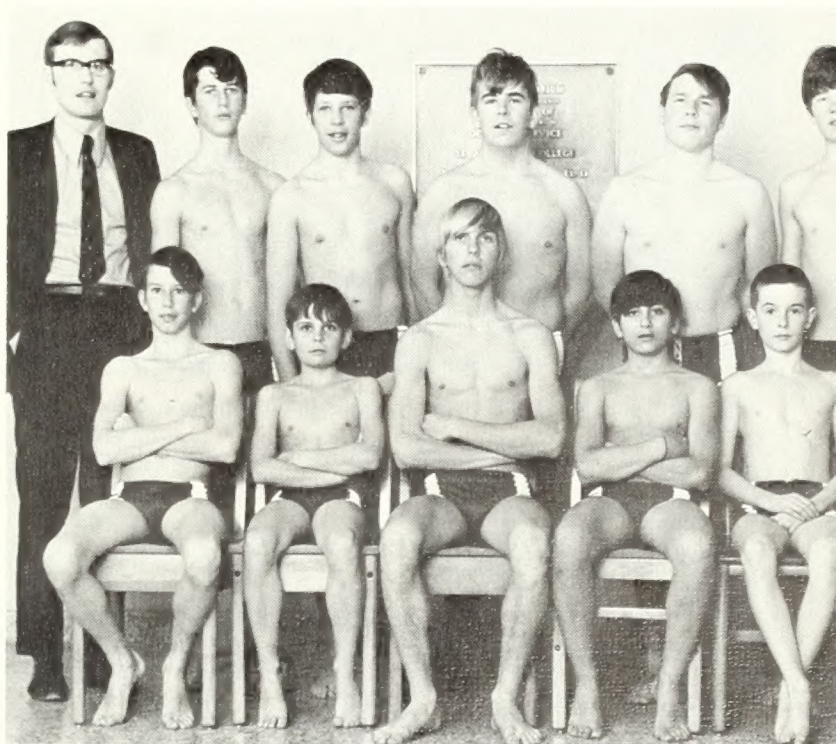
Deveaux	11	S.A.C.	66	Won
U.C.C.	29	S.A.C.	48	Won
T.C.S.	34	S.A.C.	43	Won
Ridley	27.5	S.A.C.	48.5	Won
U.C.C.	29	S.A.C.	48	Won
Lawrence Park	24	S.A.C.	32	Won

We started our season very slowly. The team had a good show up at first, but slowly our numbers decreased from practice to practice. This team had just started up last year and by the end of the season we had ourselves a championship team. The team now has its own record for two consecutive years of being the top team. We hope that Mac House will be able to add to our record in following years.

Our coach was a new master at the school this year. He had said he was not going to coach a losing team and the members made this come true.

M.V.P.: Mann

MAC HOUSE SWIM TEAM I.S.L. CHAMPS



BACK ROW: Mr. Rux, Don Delehey, John Molner, Chris Smith, Rick Mann, William Wilkinson.
FRONT ROW: Bruce Claridge, Stewart Cove, Paul Robbins, Demetri Moses, Chris Harrison.

STATISTICS

U.C.C.	46	S.A.C.	73	Won
Lawrence Park	43	S.A.C.	27	Lost
U.C.C.	32	S.A.C.	36	Won
Ridley	27	S.A.C.	43	Won
U.C.C.	34	S.A.C.	34	Tied
U.C.C.	47	S.A.C.	85	Won

MAC HOUSE "A" HOCKEY

I.S.L. CHAMPIONS

This was one of the most outstanding years ever for the Mac A's, with a record of no losses and 72 goals in 7 games. Our team was small and short-handed in some games because of "smokers"; but we were accustomed to this because many of our rough players were enjoying the comfort of the penalty box. Due to the hard coaching from Mr. Ferris we learned hard and fast how to be good and tough. On behalf of the team I would like to thank Mr. Ferris and the support of the school for coming out and watching.

MVP: Shortly

STATISTICS

U.C.C.	2	SAC	5	Won
Ridley	4	SAC	8	Won
St. George's	1	SAC	9	Won
Lakefield	1	SAC	11	Won
T.C.S.	1	SAC	13	Won
Crescent	1	SAC	14	Won
Appleby	2	SAC	12	Won
Hillfield	Default			Won



3RD ROW (L-R): Mark Kearns, Rocky Pantalone, Kevin Brillinger, John Kitchen, Randy Hughes-Guest.

2ND ROW (L-R): Mr. Ferris, Ken Okada, Bryan Smith, Cam Stevens, Robert Waldon.

1ST ROW (L-R): Steve Silver, Robert Perkins, Ian Shortly, David Black, Ian Sarjeant.



MAC HOUSE "B" HOCKEY

3RD ROW (L-R): Scott Silcox, Cliff Sifton, Frank Bluestein, George Graff, Randy Forrester.
 2ND ROW (L-R): Norm Turner, Clayton Sturrock, Hannas Marechaux, Paul Szepe, David Jones, Allen Day, John Marshall.
 1ST ROW (L-R): Angelo Minichiello, Andrew Nauta, Gary Norris, David Durant, Doug Cassels.



STATISTICS

St. George's	3	SAC	3	Tied
Lakefield	2	SAC	12	Won
Crescent	2	SAC	5	Won
U.C.C.	4	SAC	4	Tied
Ridley	4	SAC	1	Lost
Appleby	6	SAC	1	Lost
Hillfield	3	SAC	2	Lost
U.C.C.	5	SAC	2	Lost

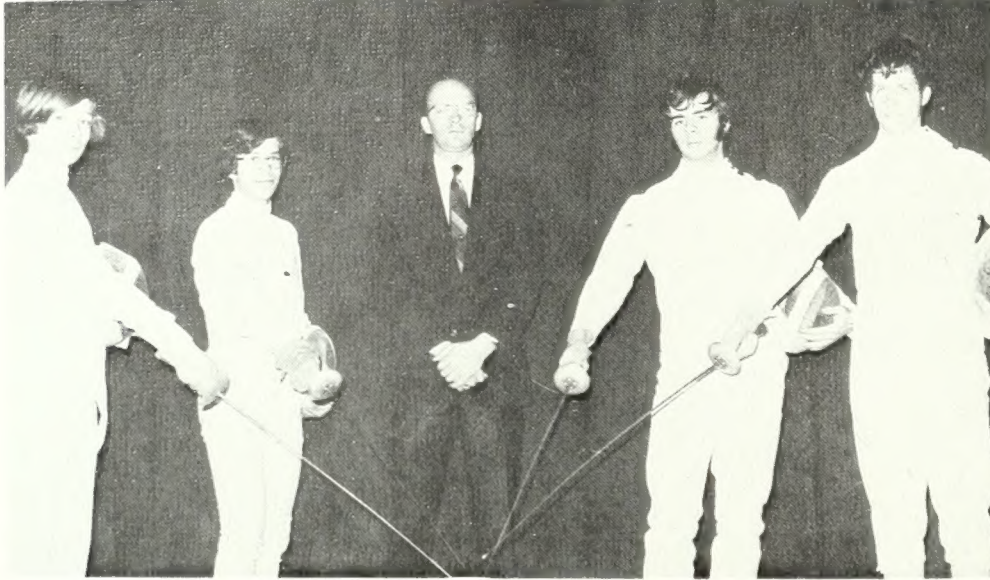
This year's Mac House "B" hockey team was fairly good. Some of the games we lost, just because we could not get going until about the third period. But the games we did win we played well. The two coaches, Norm Turner and John Marshall, tried their best to organize the team, and succeeded in raising the standard of play quite a bit by the end of the season.

M.V.P.'s: Norris and Middup

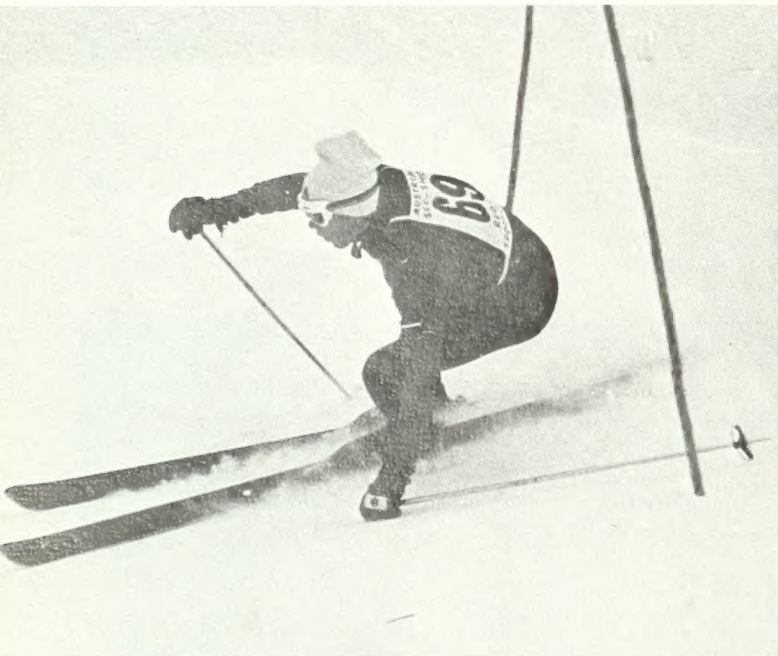
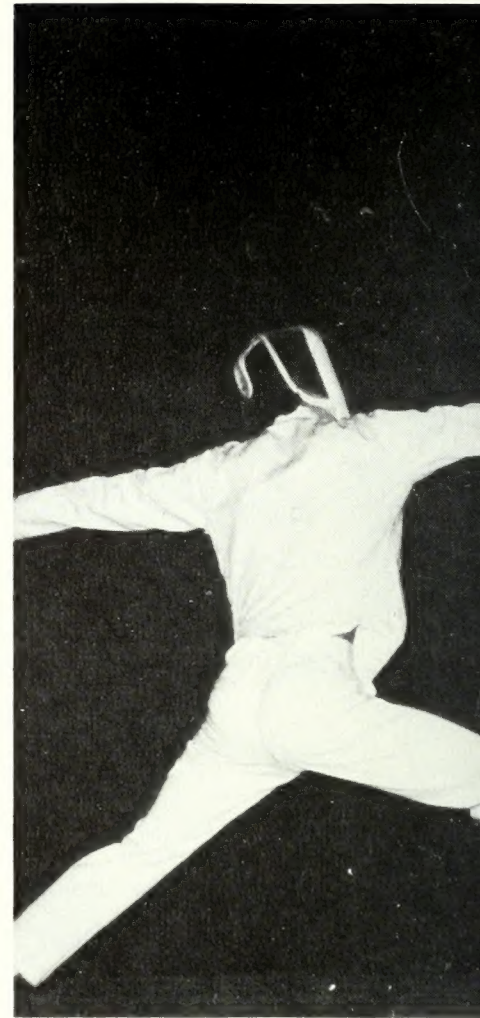


SKI TEAM

The Ski Team was a success in as far it kept sixteen boys in good physical shape. Their desire to work together as a team showed in the outstanding results at the G.B.S.S.A. where the Juniors placed third and Seniors fourth out of twenty odd schools. Due to present school policy the team was unable to represent the school in the Final Ontario Ski Meet for which they had qualified.



FRONT ROW (L-R): Mike Duder, Greg Little, David Buick, David Little, Mike Schneider, Randy Doyle.
MISSING: Martin Jalkotzy, Charlie Hawke, Craig Mackenzie.





FENCING

Unfortunately we only had the chance for one meet against W.A. Porter and a small private club, but we did exceptionally well. Jurychuck came within two or three points of winning, and ended up with second place, and a new fencer, Kevin Doyle, placed a very good fourth. The competition was good, but not good enough; St. Andrew's proved superior, taking second, third, fourth, and fifth, winning easily by overall points scored.

M.V.P.: Redwood

Kevin Doyle, Gary Redwood, Mr. Hemmings, Mark Jurychuk, Colin Hart.



FIRST CRICKET



BACK ROW (L-R): Jim Knowles, Greg Wescott, Steve Duggan, Mr. Wilson, Dave Hally, David Hooper, George Kilpatrick.
FRONT ROW (L-R): Ben Rego, Barney Cameron, Clair Casselman (capt.), Gerry Morris, Mike Parker, Jamie Macdonald.



STATISTICS

		RAINED OUT		
Grace Church				
Lakefield	31	SAC	40	Won
Appleby	105	SAC	75	Lost
Greenmantles	106	SAC	20	Lost
T.C.S.	108	SAC	61	Lost
B.C.S.	22	SAC	52	Won
B.C.S.	59 for 9	SAC	60	Drew
U.C.C.	46 for 1	SAC	45	Lost
Ridley	25 for 1	SAC	24	Lost



The First Cricket Team had an unsuccessful season this year. However, it was a very young team (only two grade 13's) and a few of the members improved greatly during the short six weeks of play. With a promising Macdonald House team, a better record may be anticipated for future years.

Our experimental trip to Bishop's College School in Lennoxville, Quebec was interesting and many more trips of this nature for other teams should be considered strongly by the staff. The whole team wishes to thank Mr. Wilson for enduring the season. M.V.P.: Casselman.



STATISTICS

U.C.C.	39	SAC	100	Won
Appleby	110	SAC	65	Lost
T.C.S.	168	SAC	21	Lost
Ridley	106	SAC	30	Lost

SECOND CRICKET

The very short season started with a limited choice of players - most of whom were inexperienced. With only two practices before our first match, we had plenty of spirit but little 'know how'.

Bowling strength was good to start with, but we felt the loss of Kitchen who went to the First Team. Poor fielding was probably our biggest downfall. The team enjoyed the season and received support and encouragement from Mr. Gibb. This year's Second Team will certainly provide some good candidates for next year's First Team. M.V.P.: Long



'Sorry fellas - team picture lost' - Ed.

STATISTICS

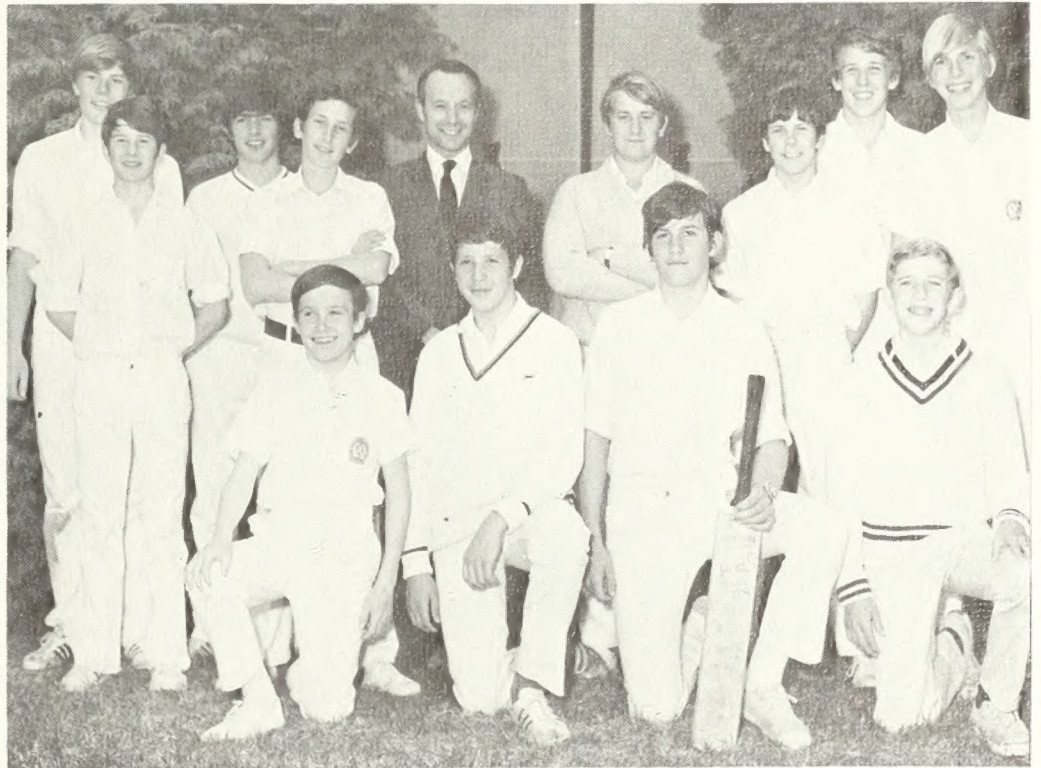
Hillfield	42	S.A.C.	45	Won
Lakefield	57	S.A.C.	60	Won
U.C.C.	79	S.A.C.	82	Won
Appleby	42	S.A.C.	96	Won
T.C.S.	47	S.A.C.	89	Won
U.C.C.	103	S.A.C.	53	Lost
Ridley	91	S.A.C.	92	Won



MAC "A" CRICKET

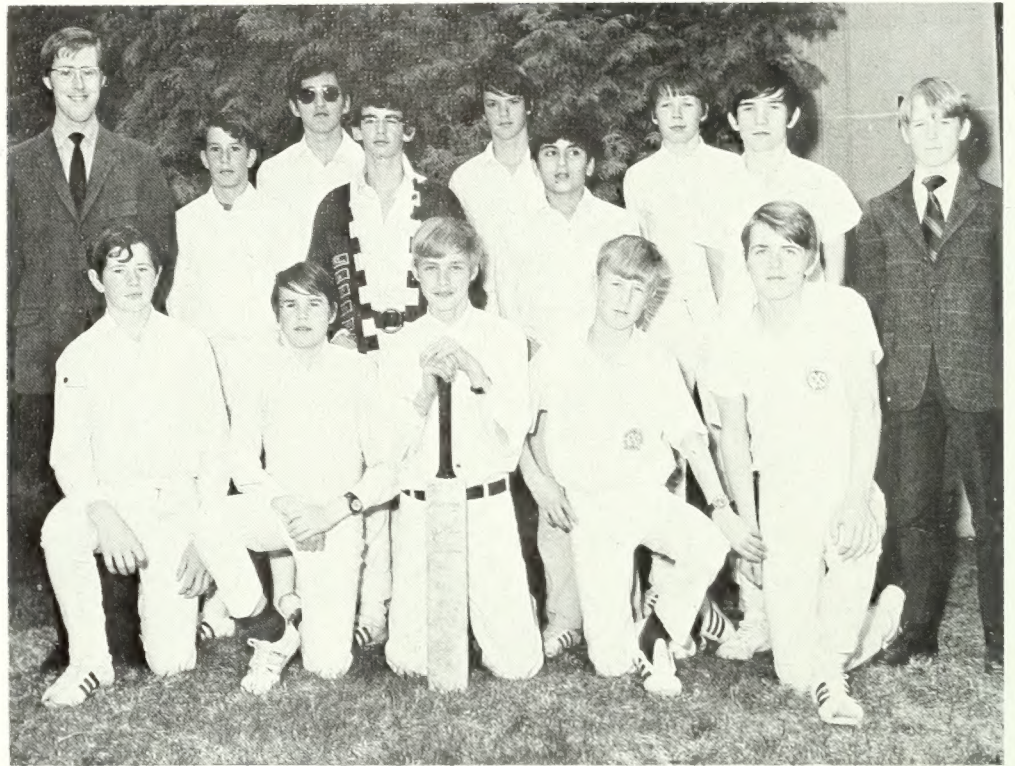
The season started with a convincing win against Hillfield, crossing their score with the loss of five wickets. In the second game against U.C.C. we experienced our first defeat. This was a great disappointment to the team but proved to be only temporary. The season ended on a happy note with the most exciting and closest game of the season. In the last moments of the game our eleventh batsman hit the tie-breaking run.

A lot of credit should be given to those members of the team who had never played the game before. Due to the team's efforts during the practises and to Mr. Harrison's fine coaching the season was a great success.



BACK ROW (L-R): John Hughes, Kurt Schneider, Ian Shortley, Harvey Sasso, Mr. Harrison, Mark Kearns, Barry Howson, Stephen Lusher, Paul Robbins.
FRONT ROW (L-R): David Buick, John Molner, David Stubbs, Michael Carter.

MAC "B" AND "C" CRICKET



We started as a strong team, and we finished as one. The first game was an easy one, which was drawn by the team because of rain. Instead of bringing down the team's morale, the discouraging draw got us fighting mad for our next game, which we never played. After a slack period, we steadily improved and grew more skillful in bowling and batting. Some promising prospects are showing for next year.

M.V.P.: Buick. M.V.P. for "C" Team: Middup.

BACK ROW: Bradley Martin, Robert Perkins, Ian Sarjeant.

SECOND ROW: Mr. Ray, Bradley Claridge, David Jones, Demetri Moses, Peter Fleming, Kurt Marechaux.

FRONT ROW: Cam Stevens, Peter Holmes, Robert Waldon, Charles Ballantyne, Taylor Noell.



STATISTICS

Hillfield	10	S.A.C.	11	Draw
T.C.S.	63	S.A.C.	44	Lost
U.C.C.	37	S.A.C.	73	Won
Ridley	59	S.A.C.	47	Lost





BACK ROW (L-R): R.T. Boyd, Tim Breithaupt, Ian Smith, Eric Startup, Bill Haust, Warren Boyd, John Paton, Jim Sara, Ian McBryde.
 FRONT ROW (L-R): Geza von Diergardt (Goober), Dick McCombe, Ian McIver, Bill Boyd, Doc Calverly.



SENIOR RUGGER

On this year's Senior team spirits ran high and the language on the field was colourful. We were well balanced with a stereo scrum of Warren and Bob. For the first time fifteen-a-side rugby was played at St. Andrew's. It was enjoyed more than sevens because it was more of a team effort. After half the season, when we switched to seven-a-side, we had a reasonable amount of success, even after losing a few players. The T.C.S. tournament will be one of the most remembered in the history of SAC: it took us three buses and four and one half hours to arrive! Upon arriving at T.C.S. the opens and seniors made the finals, only to be beaten.
 Senior M.V.P.: Dennis
 Open M.V.P.: Calverly





JUNIOR RUGGER

Junior Rugger, under the direction of Mr. Smith, was a great asset to the school. The team won all of the fifteen man games that it played. Later when the fifteen man team split into two sections (A and B teams), they still did well. The A team lost one game against Ridley out of the four that they played beforehand. The B team was completely victorious. The King City tournament rolled around and only a makeshift A team went. They placed second. The regionals came quickly. Again we placed second with a makeshift A team. When the I.S.L. invitational rugger tournament flashed up, all the A team could do was place second, and the B team didn't even make the finals. Even though we started off with a prosperous beginning and met a rather disastrous end, it was fun and we all enjoyed it.

M.V.P.: Gray.



BACK ROW (L-R): Bob Kane, George Little, Ches Crosbie, Dave Rose, Danny Smoke, Tom Carter, Ian Tait, Brad Freitag, Harry Frith, Dennis Daly, Murray Todd.
FRONT ROW (L-R): Mike Higgins, Pete Williams, Andy Price, Dan McLean, Pete Dennys, Bob Morton.



BANTAM RUGGER

BACK ROW (L-R): Art Meen, John Hodges, Ian McClintock, Martin Jalkotzy, Randy Kline, Andrew Brooks.
 FRONT ROW (L-R): Blane Bonnar, Doug Pickard, John Graham, Norm Pitcher, Jim Gray.

TENNIS

This year's tennis team competed in three meets prior to the ISAA tennis tournament at U.C.C. The team won easily against Pickering and Appleby and lost to U.C.C. These matches were really trials. The ISAA tournament was held at U.C.C. on May 28. SAC didn't do well but played a lot of good tennis. Tom Amell, in particular, was the cynosure with his double forehand, playing most powerful tennis even in defeat.

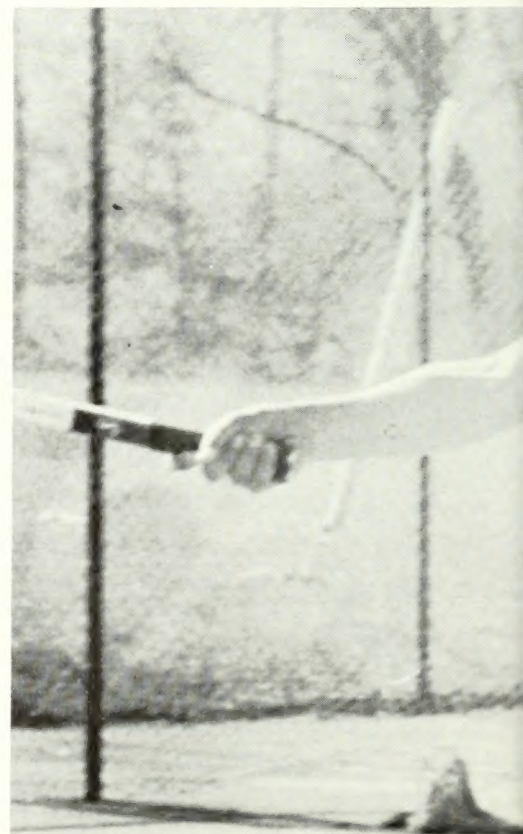
STATISTICS

I.S.A.A.

UCC	11
TCS	10
Ridley	6
SAC	2
Appleby	1



BACK ROW: Norbert von Diergardt, Peter Martin, Michael Sanderson, Kevin McCleary
FRONT ROW: Thomas Amell, Michael Brownrigg.





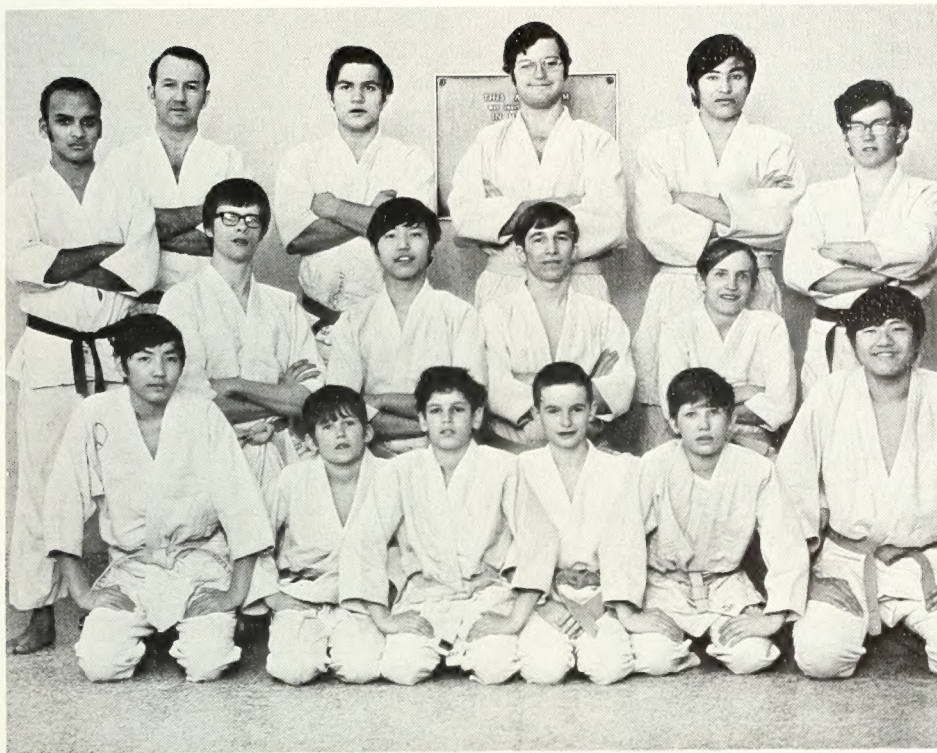


FRONT ROW (L-R): Charlie Campbell, Hugh Tait, Rob Martin.
 BACK ROW (L-R): Dan Smoke, Mr. Pitman, Bill Wilkinson.



CROSS COUNTRY

This is a truly lonely sport, but because of the closed situation of boarding school life, it is a desirable one. It gives you a chance to be absolutely alone with your thoughts, if you so desire, while doing something constructive for your body. It is a purge sport, too, which resolves your conflicts. We had an excellent year of Cross Country, running in about five meets.



BACK ROW (L-R): Clark Da Costa Gomez, Mr. Hiltz, Geza von Diergardt, Paul Moron, Dan Smoke, Andy Price.
 MIDDLE ROW (L-R): Gord Dobbin, Tony Chang, Prescott Slee, Gary Edwards.
 FRONT ROW (L-R): Raymond Leung, John Middup, Jeff Shier, Chris Harrison, Chris Johnson, Ascot Chang.

JUDO

Judo, despite its rough appearance, has continued to flourish within the school as a club activity.

Mr. Wong, a black belt, has given up his time to come on Tuesday nights and teach our sixteen member club. Mr. Wong has taught the new boys the basics, which enabled them to receive their yellow belts within the first term.

Two demonstrations have been put on this year; one for the Winter Carnival and one for the Cadet Inspection. Both were highly successful and well received.



GOLF

Golf this year enjoyed exuberant support. It is as far as I can tell, one of the most spirited activities that the school offers. I think I speak for all of us when I say we really enjoyed ourselves, and hope that golf continues in the school. Our thanks to Mr. Kamcke and Mr. Hamilton for getting golf on its feet at St. Andrew's.

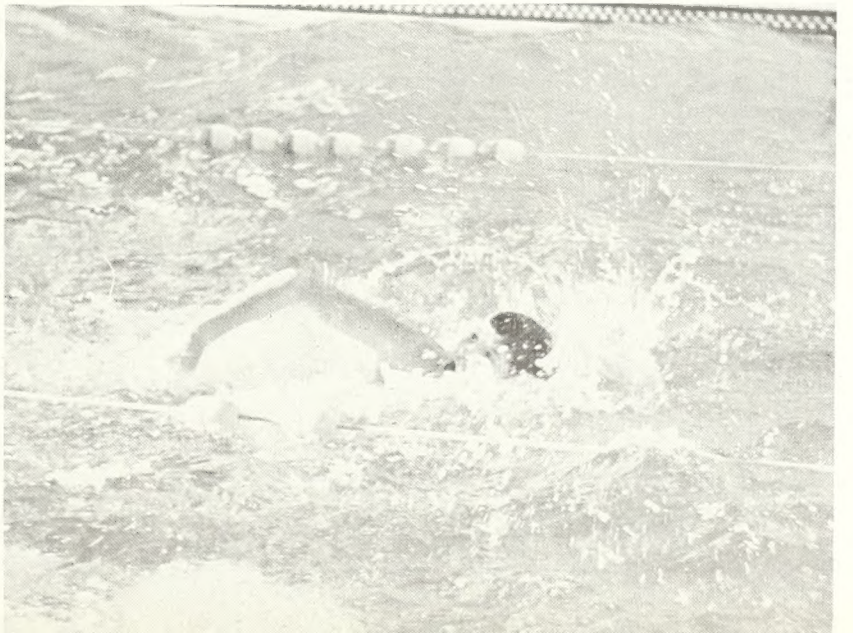
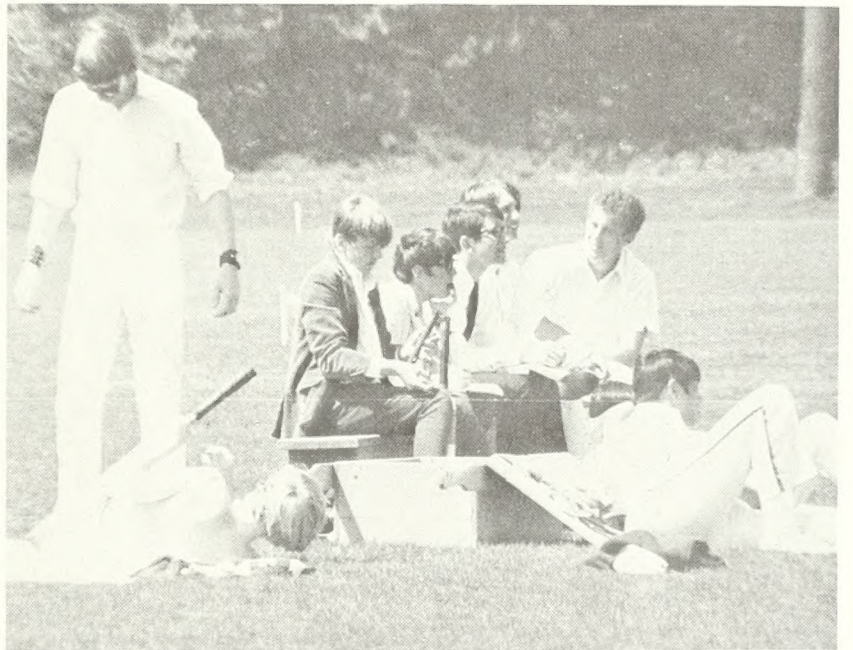
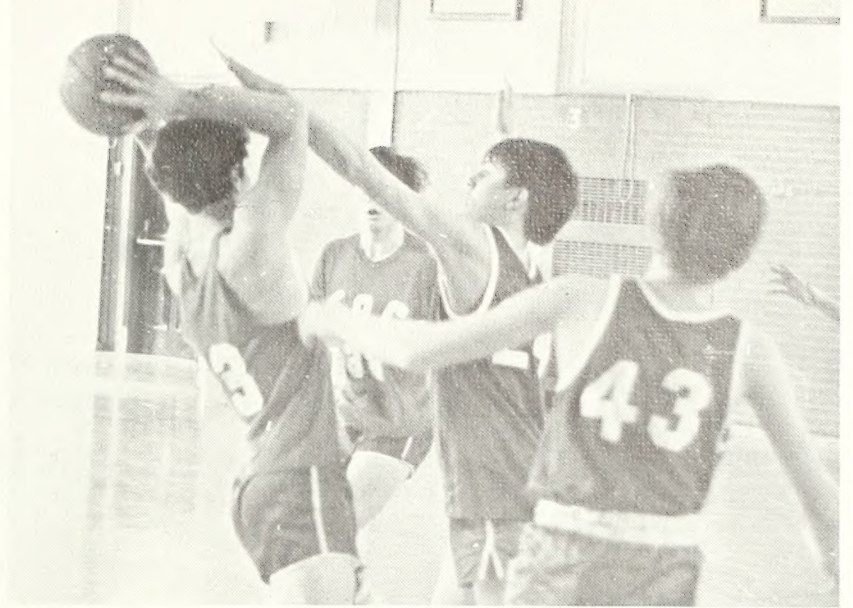
Our team of Frank McMulkin, John Jameson, Colin Fairlie and myself (John Walker) represented the school in the first "St. Andrew's Invitational" tournament, and carried the red and white to easy victory. In addition, with a sizzling eighty-one, Frank won the competition handily. Although response to the tournament was low this year, it is hoped that at least eight schools will participate next year.

In that case, we probably rate a gallery. What say?



Spor



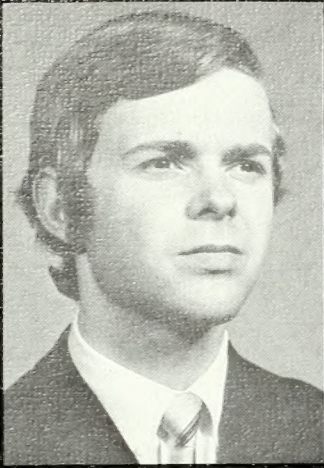


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GRADUATES



ANDREW M. BALLARD: Thimble, Ang, Jellybelly. '67-'71
"Aw, C'mon"

Activities: Football coach, Smoker, Prefect, Trough, Pipe Major, Smokes Roommate, Man of La Mancha, Honorary member of the C.R., Clan debating, Social Committee
Favourite Pastime: Sleeping and bugging Mr. Smith

Ambition: Two thimbles worth

Probable Destination: Playing the Rôle in one of Mr. Kamcke's plays.

Next Year: U of T Victoria College — Medicine

4 year Good Guy



JAMES M. BAXTER: Jimbo, Jumbo, Bax. '68-'71
"MORON, send it down again!"

Activities: First Football, Day Boy

Favourite Pastime: Spares, leaving SAC at 3:30, mugging Pablo Morón, Peanuts (reading)

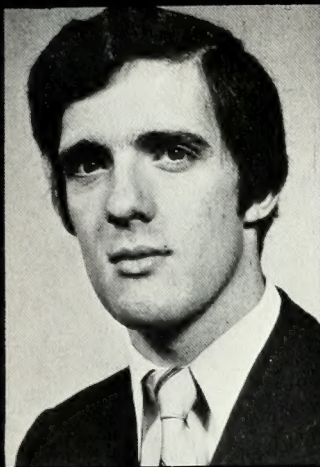
Ambition: Flooring a 'Vette in a Veedub

Probable Destination: Dictator Morón's private Food taster

Next Year: Western

Out of dressing in front and rear!





ROBERT T. BOYD: R.T., ART!, Warren, Twin, '67-'71

"My name is Robert!"

Activities: Many, Whitetie, First Football, Scholar, Senior Rugger, Service Committee (Chairman), Winter Carnival, Cdt. Lieutenant, Captain of the Inquisition (Man of La Mancha) Storyteller (The Thwarting of Baron Bolligrew), leaper.

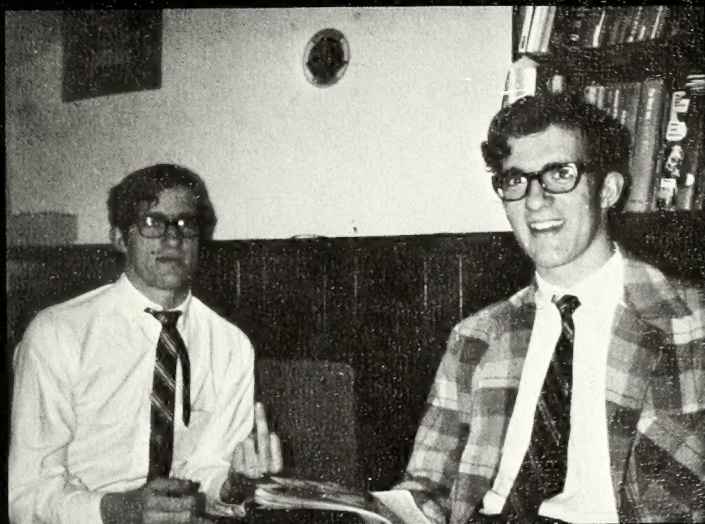
Favourite Pastime: Convincing people that Warren and He are not really identical.

Ambition: Millionaire and Philanthropist. Ha!

Probable Destination: Broke!

Remembering the good ol' days at SAC (?!?)

Next Year: Queen's or Western - Natural Sciences



WARREN F. BOYD: Bob, Twin, W.F. '67-'71

"I suppose you think that's funny."

Activities: Senior Rugger, Stage Manager (Man of La Mancha), Cdt. Lieutenant, Prefect, Official in Winter Carnival

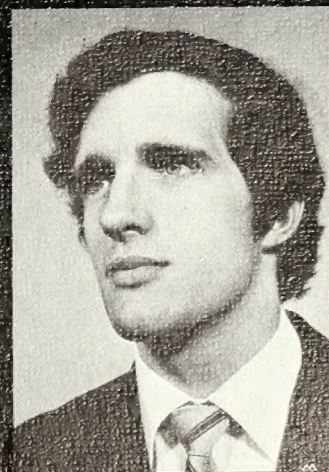
Favourite Pastime: Avoiding McBryde, Sweeping, Making my bed, loathing radios, M.G.J. mimicking, visiting the Fatcave (Fatman and Dobbin), Frowning, trying to study

Ambition: To become a Geologist or an Earth Scientist of some type.

To get happily married?

Probable Destination: The Moon or the Cabinet

Next Year: Honours in Science at U of T or Queen's





W.C. CASSELMAN: '65-'71

Activities: Second Basketball (bar, M.I.P., M.V.P.), Quarter Master (bar), First Cricket (triple bar), going to the bathroom

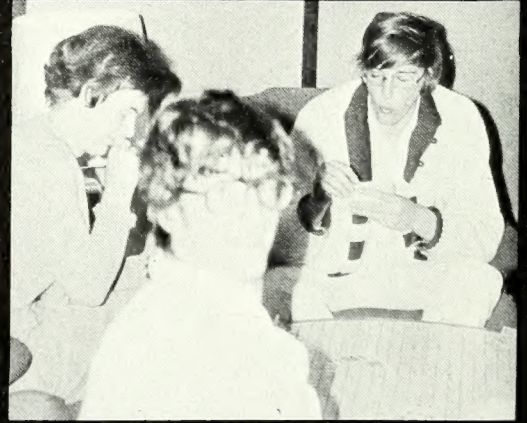
Favourite Pastime: Being Positive

Ambition: To be relaxed

Probable Destination: Capitalist

Next Year: Cricket at the Oval

It would be very enjoyable to spend a few more years in heaven



JOHN W. CRAIG: Craig, Newf. '70-'71

"Marshall, you have a physics test tomorrow"

Activities: First Football, First Basketball

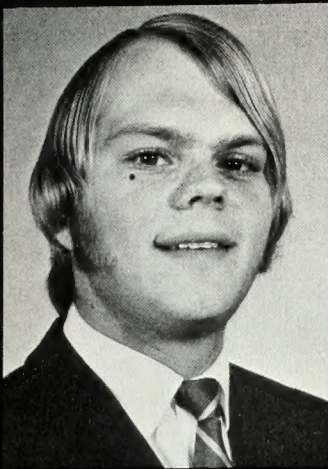
Favourite Pastime: Trying to explain where Hartland is.

Ambition: To be a lawyer

Probable Destination: Peace Corps

Next Year: University of New Brunswick





JOHN K. CROSS '62-'71

"OK! What kind of and how many butts do you want?"

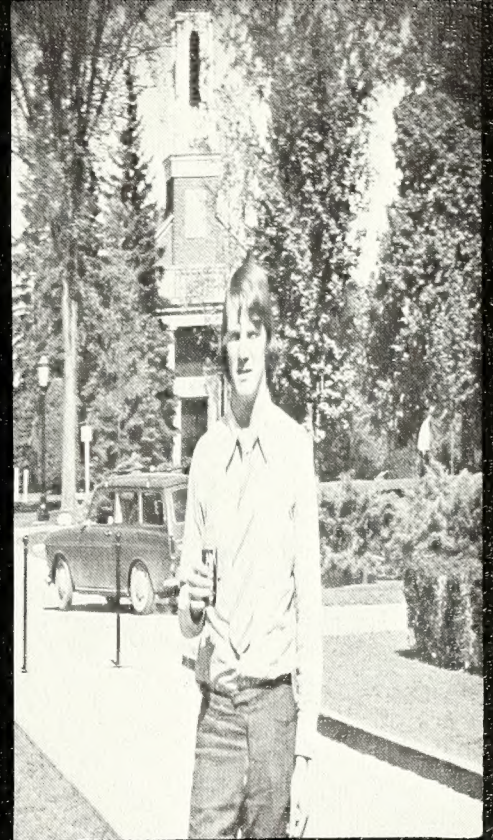
Activities: Cdt. Cpl., finding ways to skip sports, getting out of SAC at the earliest possible moment, supplier of the UVI's butts

Favourite Pastime: Driving sports cars

Ambition: To be a big Business Tycoon

Probable Destination: Back at SAC selling butts to the UVI

Next Year: Business at Western



HUGH DEAN: Dumbo, Hubert, Who. '66-'69, '70-'71

"Beelee got another can of hairspray?"

Activities: Leave and Leaying, leaper

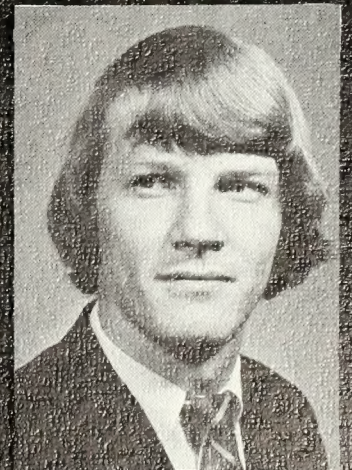
Favourite Pastime: Complaining.

Driving Wes' Jeep down Bathurst on Sunday mornings

Ambition: Post graduate work in Cambridge (in guess what field)

Probable Destination: Meisterschaft with 'Bob Pascal

Next Year:??





GORDON C. DOBBIN: Flaco, Tarzan, Twiggy, Gord(o), Dippy. '67-'71 (Four Years in the Big House)

"Grow UP Paul . . . not OUT!"

Activities: First Everything, Grade 13, Power-Tripping, Review Editor, Chapel Boy, Service Committee, Judo, Winter Carnival, bugging Fatman, cards with Rufus, separating Warren and Bob, Fourth House "A" Volleyball, Fatcave (I'm Dobbin), leaper

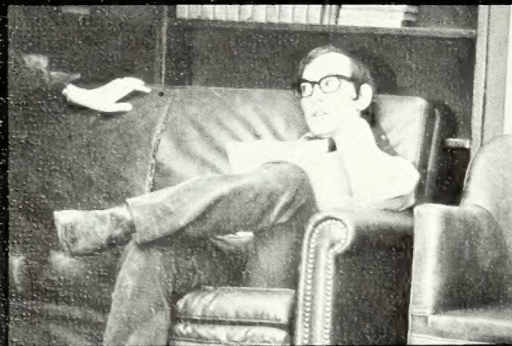
Favourite Pastime: Shooting flies with a rubber band

Ambition: To put on some weight

Probable Destination: Down the drain in the showers.

Next Year: Sciences at Western

Mr. Coulter is always right, 'cause my Mother says so.



WESLEY DOYLE: Wes, Wes, and Wes. '66-'71

"Let me finish my smoke"

"That's Jim Sara. He's my roommate"

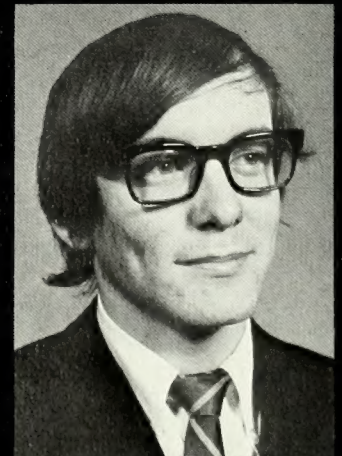
Activities: Service Committee, Social Committee, Assistant Prefect, pop machines, Electronics Club President, President Camera Club, Photographic Editor, Projectionist, U15C Soccer (1966), lighting crew chairman, D&D Studios, Jeep Drivers Anonymous, etc.

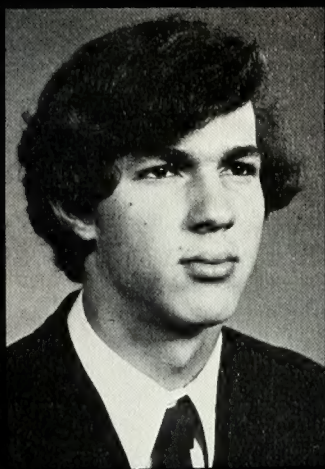
Favourite Pastime: Anything and Everything, Anywhere

Ambition: To be 6 feet tall

Probable Destination: Filling pop machines in Lethbridge, soon followed by suicide

Next Year: University of Alberta or Northern Alberta Institute of Technology (Radio and T.V. arts)





STEPHEN FACEY: Black, Boy, Nigger. '68-'71

"Hey man!"

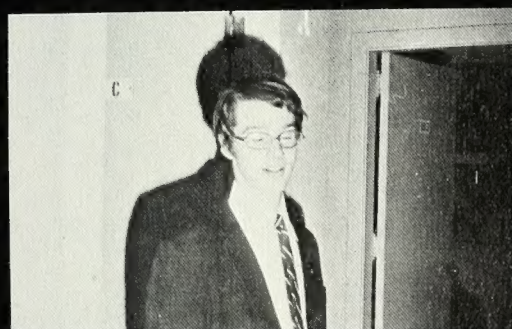
Activities: First Soccer, First Swimming, First Tennis, C.R., Bridge Club, Art Staff (Review)

Favourite Pastime: Skipping chapel

Ambition: To do a great amount of work with very little effort

Probable Destination: Alcoholics Anonymous

Next Year: Architecture at Rice University, Houston, Texas



ROBERT B. FALLOWS: Farlow, Bab. '67-'71

"I can't believe it"

Activities: 4 year Private (Draft Dodger), Contemplation, Newsac consultant (honorary), trying to establish my nationality, listening

Favourite pastime: Contemplating impossibilities

Ambition: To emulate Thoreau

Probable Destination: Dying of Starvation somewhere in New Mexico

Next Year: Environmental Studies at Waterloo?

"Day of the Locusts"





WILHELM (BILL) MARIAN HEINZ HAUST: Beelee, Kraut, Wilhelm, Freak, Fang. '66 - '68, '69 - '71

"I don't know, I didn't ask it"
 "So on and so forth"
 "You rang"

Activities: Pre-thanksgiving First Football Mgr., Post-Thanksgiving Second Football, anti-First Football, Librarian, First Hockey Bench Warmer, Rugger, RSM, 3 man basketball (winning team even), Prefect, debating whether or not to wear Prefect's tie
 Favourite Pastime: Bumming money to phone N.Y. Hairspray instead of the barber. Worrying about the next time

Ambition: Not to send my kid(s) to SAC! To think positively of you know who. To buy my first pack of cigarettes

Probable Destination: Owner of a reputable Maffia-owned pizza factory in N.Y.

Next Year: Queen's? Western? Glendon? Working! You wouldn't believe me if I told you. Letting my hair do what IT wants to do

John Walden and I are the only proud possessors of prefect's jackets. Anyone want to buy 6 cans of hairspray? Everyone should take a sabbatical



CHARLIE S. HAWKE: Chuck. '65 - '71
 "No"

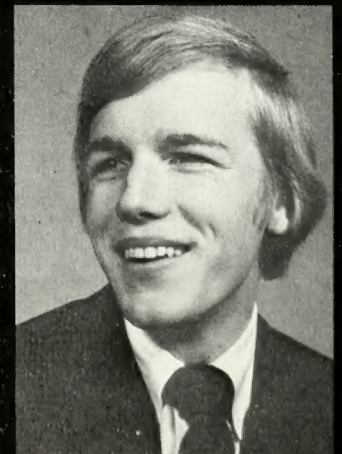
Activities: Cadets, Leave

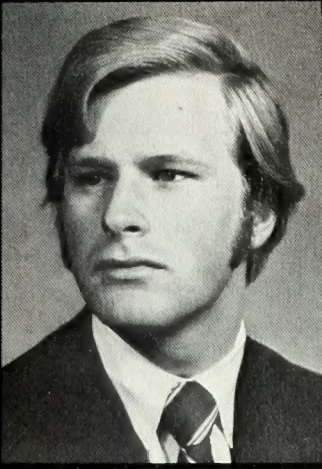
Favourite Pastime: ??

Ambition: Capitalist

Probable Destination: Richest man in Canada

Next Year: ??





PAUL HIGGINS: '66 - '71

"I wish I had a cup of Mother Parker's Tea"

Activities: First Football, First Hockey, First Rugger, Senior Debating, Montrose Clan Captain, Temporary House Captain, Athletic Committee

Favourite Pastime: Sleeping

Ambition: To close down SAC

Probable Destination: Fort Knox

Next Year: Western as a Nurse



CHRISTOPH JALKOTZY: Christy, Kraut. '66 - '71

"You see I lock my door like this . . ."

Activities: Ski Team, Cdt. Lieutenant, Accomplice in Man of La Mancha

Favourite Pastime: ??

Ambition: To understand

Probable Destination: Sciences

Next Year: Waterloo or McMaster





MARK JURYCHUK: Chopper, Big Jul. '67-'71

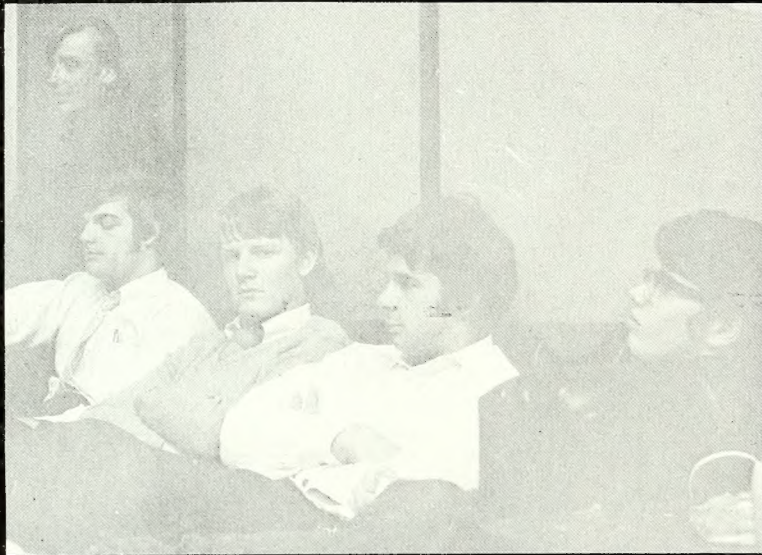
"My boat is so small, and the sea is so big"

Activities: First Football, trying to breath clean air, Fencing, looking at the blue, not grey sky, retired Rugger player, trying to believe clean water actually exists, Cdt. Lieutenant, hoping the world will be fit to live in, Scholar, being myself

Favourite pastime: Coming to terms with the world that nature made, and man corrupted
Ambition: Emulating Farley Mowat, in becoming a man interested in the living world that is hidden underneath the plastic society

Probable Destination: Doing post-graduate work in scatology, as related to man and animal alike in society

Next Year: Psychology or Medicine at U of T



GARY KLINE: Stubby, Ronk, Torpedo. '67-'71

"Don't sass me boy!"

Activities: First Football, First Rugger, Stage Crew, Private, Clan Captain, Moffat's Rangers (1st term), Tuck Shop, and 'people'

Favourite pastime: Making fun of Andy Ballard

The occasional visit to the bathroom!

Ambition: Beach Bum

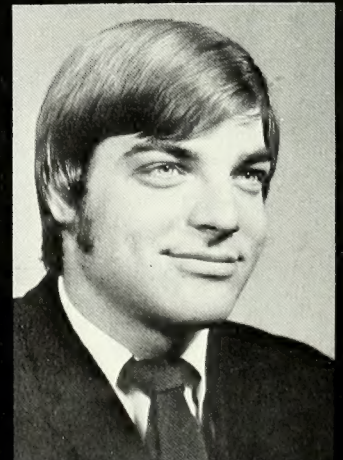
California: a little wine, a little

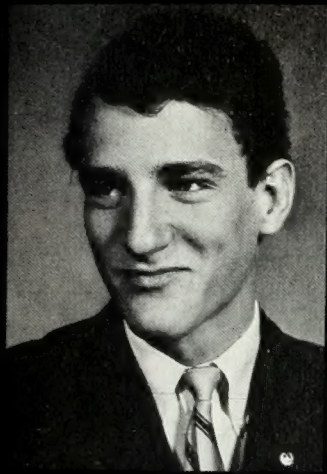
Actually not - it's just nice to think about!

Probable Destination: Keeping Andy away from the wine

Running a hair spray booth for Bill Haust and Hugh Dean

Next Year: York (Arts) or Western (Business)





D. MACDONALD '66-'71

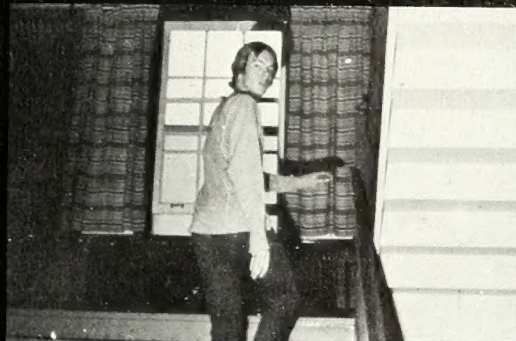
Activities: Piper, First Football, Art Editor of Review

Favourite Pastime: ??

Ambition: I'm not sure

Probable Destination: ??

Next Year: I'm not sure yet



J.C. MacPHERSON: '69-'71

Activities: Review Advertising Mgr., Guitar Player in Man of La Mancha, Pipe Band, Common Room, Cheerleader, Bruce Clan, Cdt. Private, Choir, Flavelle House "C" Volleyball, Moffat's Rangers, Health Club

Favourite Pastime: ??

Ambition: ??

Probable Destination ??

Next Year: U of T, Western or McMaster





JOHN D. MARSHALL: Goon, Gorf. '67 - '71
"Buddie"

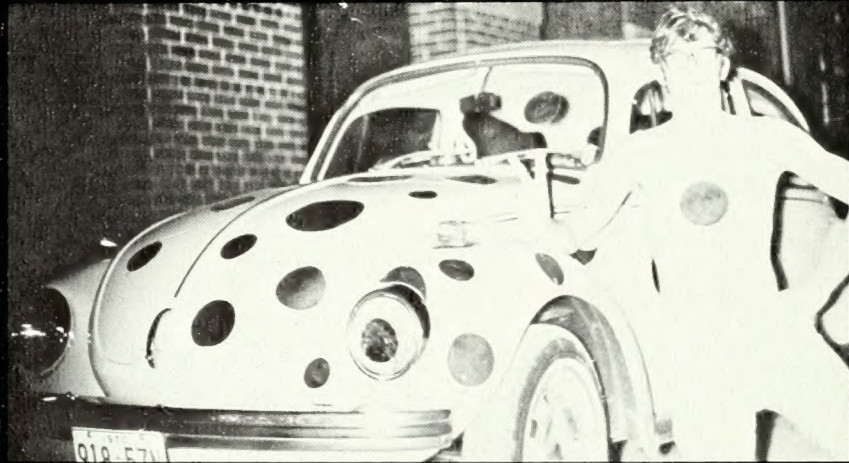
Activities: Second Football, Mac B Hockey coach, Cdt. M.W.O. Quartermaster, Big Brother, Math B, attacking V.W.'s

Favourite Pastime: Putting my foot in my mouth
Ambition: To someday pass Physics

Probable Destination: In a hospital suffering from hoof and mouth

Next Year: Engineering at McMaster or Dalhousie

Pet Peeve: Horse



IAN D. McBRYDE: Carrot, Rufus, Tomato-head, Flame, Ski, Red, Etc . . . '66 - '69, '70 - '71
"Knock Knock"

Activities: Prefect, Service Committee, Chapel Boy, Librarian, Newsac staff, Review staff, First Football, First Swimming, Senior Rugger, Dramatics - Man of la Mancha (horse), The Thwarting of Baron Bolligrew (Baron Bolligrew), Winter Carnival, leaper

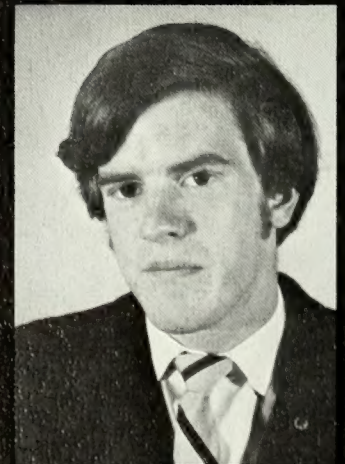
Favourite Pastime: Writing, painting, Merwin the Shoe, seeing, feeling, walking, wandering

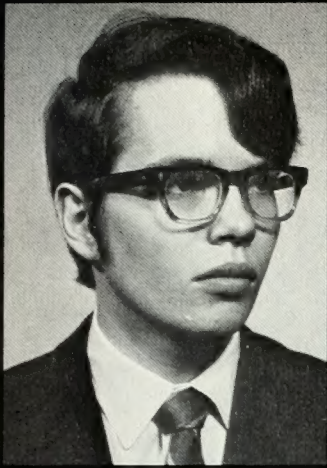
Ambition: To meet Boo Radley on a Palalutian Highway

Probable Destination: An insane asylum, according to my roommate, Bob, Colin, Warren (I think!)

Next Year: Honours English and Fine Arts at Western

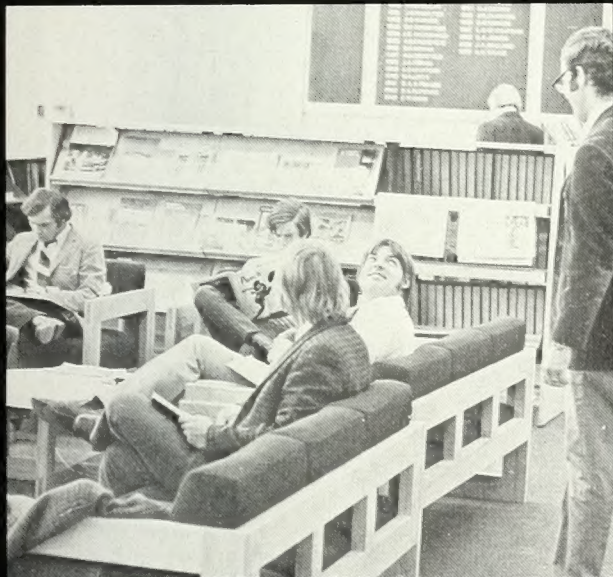
bar see nimfling hooked shavey; link (hoo) licky binder (twom jenmant na)





JOHN McSHERRY: Beaver, Ernie. '66 - '71
"I don't know"

Activities: Second Soccer, Colour Sergeant, Photography
Favourite Pastime: Sleeping
Ambition: A good question
Probable Destination: No where
Next Year: McMaster or Waterloo or



PAUL H. MORON: Moron, Pablo, Fatman, El Pauncho Grande, Vic Tanny. '68 - '71

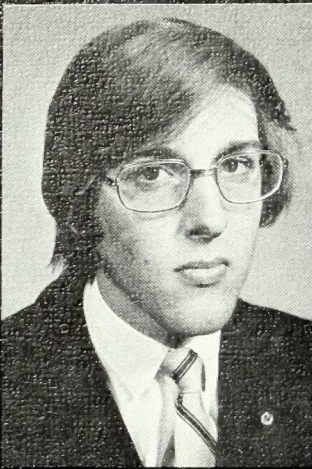
"Grow up, Gord!"
"Worst thing . . ."
"The ER's will start flying"

Activities: Head Librarian, Prefect, Scholar, Typing Editor (Review), Newsac staff (typing), Service Committee (Treasurer), Winter Carnival, Chapel Boy, Senior Debating, Cdt. Major (2 i.c.), Man of La Mancha (Padre), The Thwarting of Baron Bolligrew (Duke), Judo, Fourth House "A" Volleyball, First Football ('69), Fatcave (I'm Fatman), Smoking, Eating, leaper
Favourite Pastime: Having spares and daydreaming in Math and English classes. Mugging Jumbo in Math class

Ambition: To be the lifetime dictator of Curacao
Probable Destination: A gruesome fate: exiled to Canada from Curacao
Next Year: Business Administration and Computer Science at Western

Getting mugged by Jumbo





GERALD G. MORRIS: Gerry, Ger. '64 - '71

"Oh, come on Sir, you don't mean that"

Activities: First Football Mgr., Co-Captain First Swimming, First Cricket, Prefect, Sergeant, C.R., Bridge Club

Favourite Pastime: Writing

Ambition: To learn to write

Probable Destination: Journalist for Atlantic Monthly

Next Year: Engineering at Queen's



JOHN PEPPER: Jet, Frog, Sarge, Pep. '70 - '71

"If at first you don't succeed, keep trying"

Activities: First Football, First Hockey, Cadets, Drama, Librarian

Favourite Pastime: Having a beer in my hand and a girl on my lap

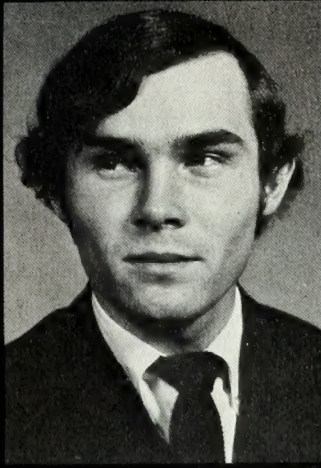
Ambition: Have a beautiful wife and become a swinging P.M.

Probable Destination: Law

Next Year: Queen's University - General B.A.

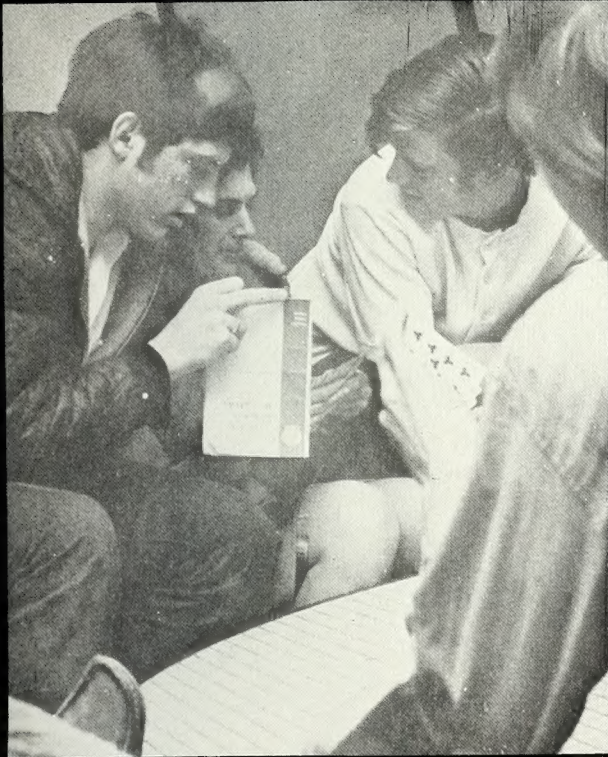
Quite an experience





WILLIAM D. PROWSE: '69 - '71

Activities	??
Favourite Pastime:	??
Ambition:	??
Probable Destination:	??
Next Year:	??



EDWARD BEVAN RATCLIFFE III: Bonner, B. Rathbone. '65 - '71

Activities: First Swimming (2 years), Cheerleader, Highland Dancing, Review Staff, School Dramatic Society, Film Society.

Favourite Pastime: Missing Cadets

Ambition:

Probable Destination

Next Year: A University





JAMES V. SARA: Mouse, Little-Man, Pooh. '66-'71

"Don't push me; just don't push me"

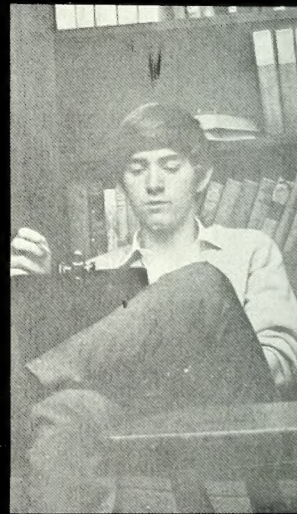
Activities: First Football, First Hockey, Senior Rugger, Prefect, Cdt. Captain, Debating Chairman

Favourite pastime: Being alone with myself, outside, watching

Ambition: To do what I feel is right

Probable Destination: Surrounded.

Next Year: Liberal Science at York University.



PETER SKOGGARD: Skoggs, Skroggins, Skrobbins, Skrobbie, Skroggs, Froggie, Stoggerdt, Grindle, Irvington Ditch, Milton Meltzler, Meshersmidt, Maque Snittritch

"Braurghostpqtphkzh!"

Activities: Occasional Newsac Editor, Piper, chatting to "listening and contemplating", leaper

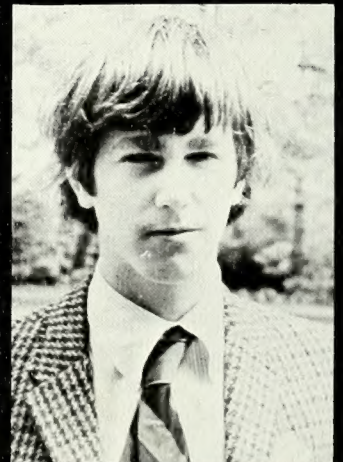
Favourite Pastime: Many

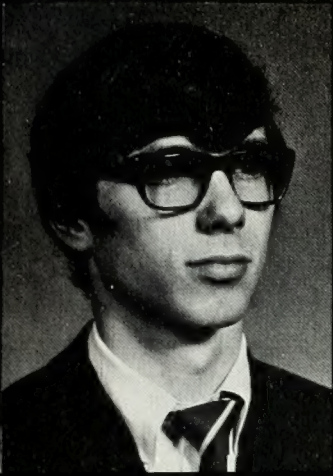
Ambition: Music

Probable Destination: Scattered

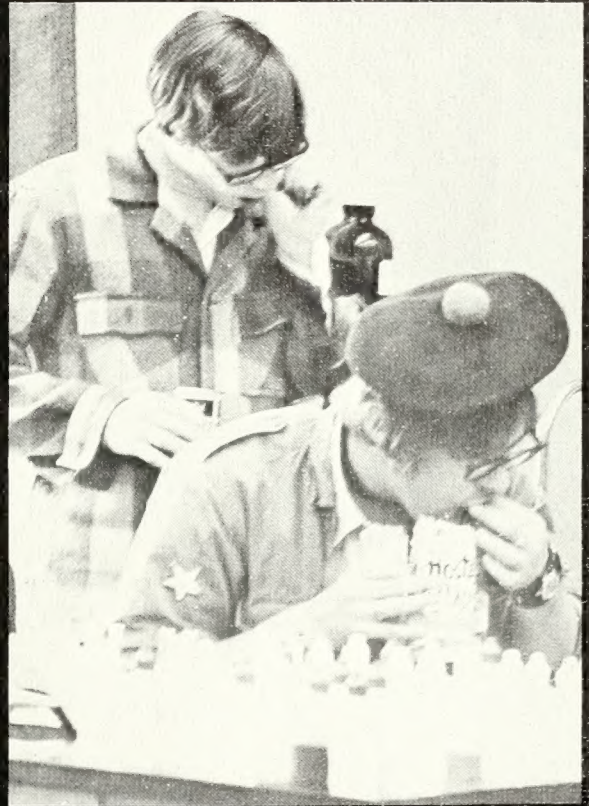
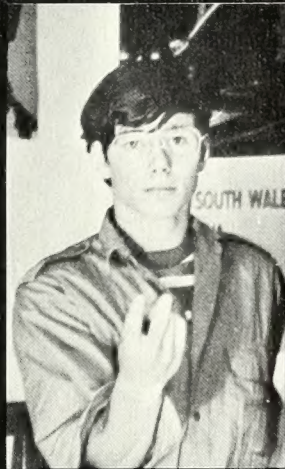
Next Year: Next Year

See Appendix A





IAN SMITH: '61-'71
 Activities: First Football, Prefect, Rugger
 Favourite Pastime: ??
 Ambition: ??
 Probable Destination ??
 Next Year: Queen's



ERIC GLEN DAVID STARTUP: Puts, Ere, Putrats, legs. '68-'71

"Bar. Get out of my bathroom!"

Activities: Mac House Football Coach, Rugger, Mac House Sarge, going to the bathroom, trough member

Favourite Pastime: Going to the bathroom

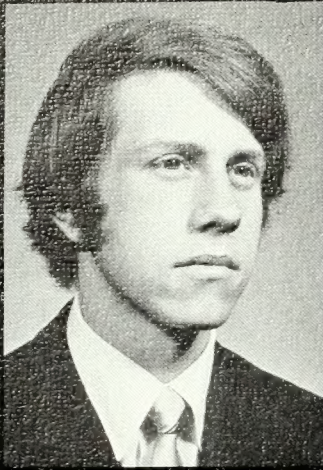
Ambition: To attend a full week of classes

To write a book about 3rd flat bathrooms

Probable Destination: Assistant coach at York

Next Year: York





NORM TURNER: Tuba, Blimp. '66 - '71 (5 long years)

"God's teeth, Man"

Activities: First Football (limping injured), Mac "B" Hockey (coach), Man of la Mancha (producer), Librarian, Chapel Boy, Capt. of Clan Debating, Cdt. CSM, Review (Editor in Chief), Debating (Canadian Nationals), Service Committee, Pres. Pink Max Award Society, Trough, target for UVI cuts, Practicing grace, Highland Dancing, Failing French.

Favourite Pastime: Talking

Ambition: To pass French

Probable Destination: Filibustering and killing turkeys

Next Year: Honours Journalism – English at Western (Huron)

Prefect ('Waste'em')



NORBERT VON DJERGARDT: Baron, Norbs, Kraut, Porky. '64 - '71

"Ah common"

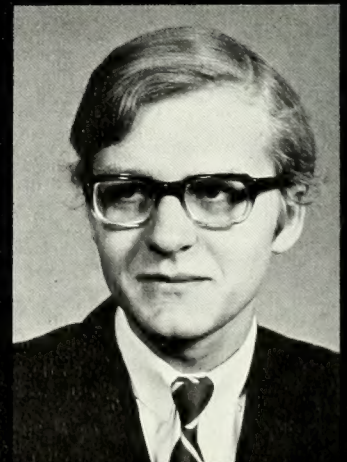
Activities: First Football, Tennis, Cdt. Lieutenant, The Thwarting of Baron Bolligrew (naturally)

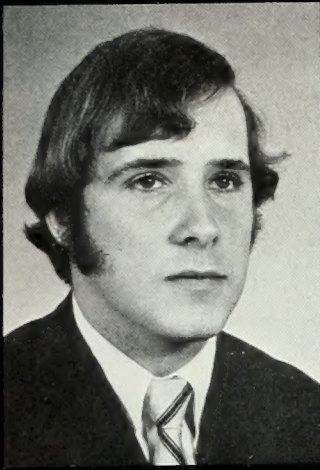
Favourite Pastime: Listening to Paul talk about Camp

Ambition: To hand out at least one punishment before the end of the year

Probable Destination: Punishing myself

Next Year: Glendon (York) – Business Administration

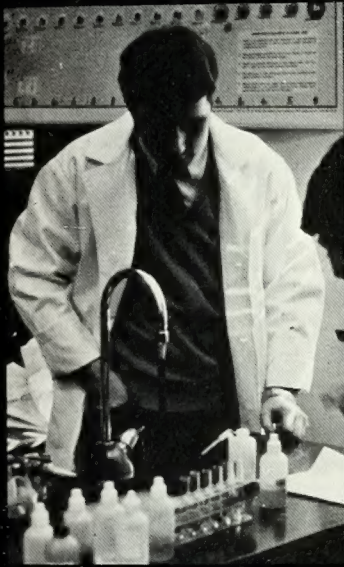




JOHN WALDEN: J.R., Smokey, Beach, Greaser, The Captain. '68 - '71
 "Welcome Aboard"
 "Got any smokey letters lately P.H.?"
 "Boom the wee white ones"
 "Take care of the man on my left"

Activities: First Football, First Swimming, Ex-member of Gook's Guerillas, Mac House Sergeant, Social Committee (Chairman), member of the trough, Failing French
 Favourite Pastime: Going to mail call
 Ambition: Join the Binaca for lunch bunch
 Probable Destination: Riding with the Choice
 Next Year: Social Sciences at Western

Bill Haust and I are the only proud possessors of Prefect's jackets.



JOHN L. WALKER: '71 - '70 - '69 - '68 - '67 - '66

John Walker has lived at St. Andrew's, near the River Shads, where he came in 1966. His parents wished him luck, then left; consequently he studied hard, made a name as a preacher, and, among other jobs, served as a prefect. His father has a heavy moustache under his nose. John still hopes to grow one just like it. When he has it he will be proud of it, and never let it go. He is not bald, has stayed at St. Andrew's five years, and is five feet ten inches tall. 'I also have some enemies,' John says, adding 'but I prefer not to discuss them. And I have a headmaster who never quits, a house-master who has not lost his youth, men who have taught me well, and some very good friends.'

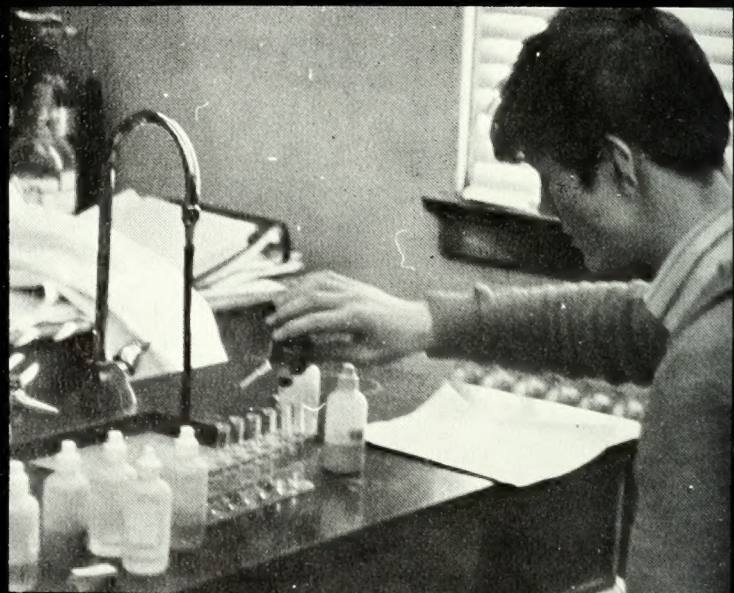
In tribute to Giovanni Guareschi, who writes the same about himself.

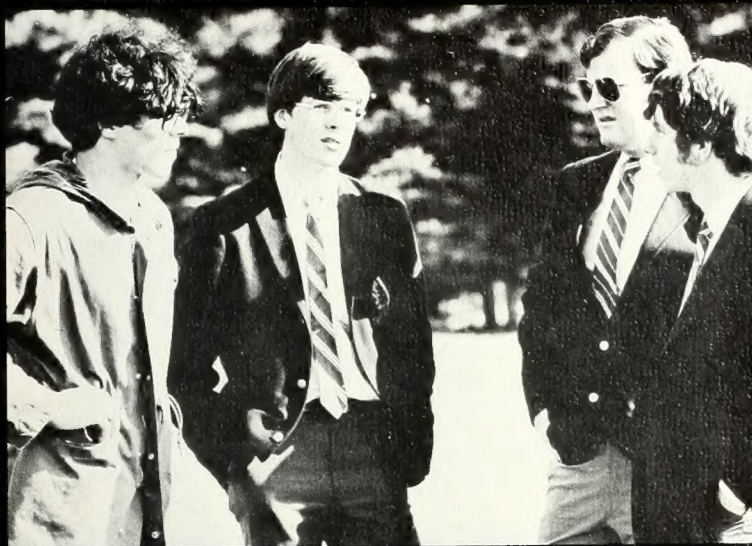




PETER D. WILKIE: Wilkus. '69 - '71
"Facey Maun"

Activities: First Cricket, Second Football (maybe), being insolent, Senior 15-a-side Rugger,
Private in Cadet Corps, sweeping
Favourite Pastime: Playing Narc
Ambition: To become a narcotics agent
Probable Destination: Eating on the step of Winchester Cathedral
Next Year: R.O.T.C. at University of Dallas





MR. PAUL RUX has in one year showed himself to be a hard-working teacher of English and History, setting high standards for his students; but he has also found time to coach the Mac Swim team to an I.S.L. Championship.

Next year: Watton

MR. DON WORKMAN will be missed for his skill in the classroom and for his personal charm and wit. He has taught the boys French and kept the staff on their toes.

Next year: St. George's

DR. CLAIR WOODBURY in two years at SAC has revolutionized the chapel services; now, once on Sunday with visiting groups and boys leading the services, we never know what to expect. He has also expanded English teaching and kept an eye on the flourishing Service Committee.

Next year: Ecumenical College in Chicago

MR. FRED COBURN combines wide interests with common sense. He has shown many the light in Math B, prodding non-mathematicians on to unsuspected heights, often by guerilla tactics. Helpful and considerate, he always has a gleam in his eye, whether entertaining his tutees, putting the Second Hockey team on ice, or listening to complaining waiters in the Dining Hall. His particular skill is getting the most out of people by kindly encouragement, as his hockey players will confirm. His colleagues have been entertained by many a droll comment. We shall miss the Coburn family, top of the row.

Next year: Schomberg

MR. GRANT EDWARDS will leave a gap at SAC hard to fill, like the gaps he has taught his line-men to make; in hours and days and weeks of coaching he has given his time and energy without stint. His chief delight, of course is hockey, where with skilful demonstration and down-to-earth encouragement he has led the Firsts for eight years. No one was ever in doubt where he stood with Mr. Edwards. In the classroom he has made sure that no boy went through his classes without learning the basics of Mathematics. Himself an Old Boy, he has always been generous and hospitable.

Next year: North York

MR. GASPAR GUGGINO has had an influence on the school inversely proportional to his size. Always full of 'veal and zigour', he put new life into old Latin classes. It was no small achievement to establish the Guidance Department from scratch; and he proved an able counsellor, offering a sympathetic ear and helpful advice to all boys. With three consecutive I.S.L. Championships he made swimming a big splash — one of our most successful sports. We shall miss his enthusiasm.

Next year: Bayview

MR. COURTNEY STOATE is further proof that energetic things come in small packages. He has inspired boys to surpass themselves in a wide spectrum of activities. The Service Committee was established under his guidance with its philosophy of helping the community, and he organized the first carnival. He has coached cricket and soccer, but it is for his rigger that he will be remembered: he introduced the sport to the school and deftly coached three successive Ontario Open Sevens Champions. As Flavelle Housemaster he set high standards; and in the classroom even the monolingual did their French best. No one has contributed more to St. Andrew's.

Next year: Fenelon Falls

To all these men and their families we extend our best wishes in their new endeavours. May they continue to 'Quit ye like men'.

EDITOR'S COMMENT

The book you are holding represents a year's work by many people; work that was frustrating, disappointing, and sometimes rewarding. We had many plans for this book, a hard cover, color pictures, more pages and more pictures overall. As you can see we have succeeded and we have failed. There were times when we all wanted to say "screw it" and walk out. But we didn't because we're Andreans, and Andreans don't do things like that. Right?

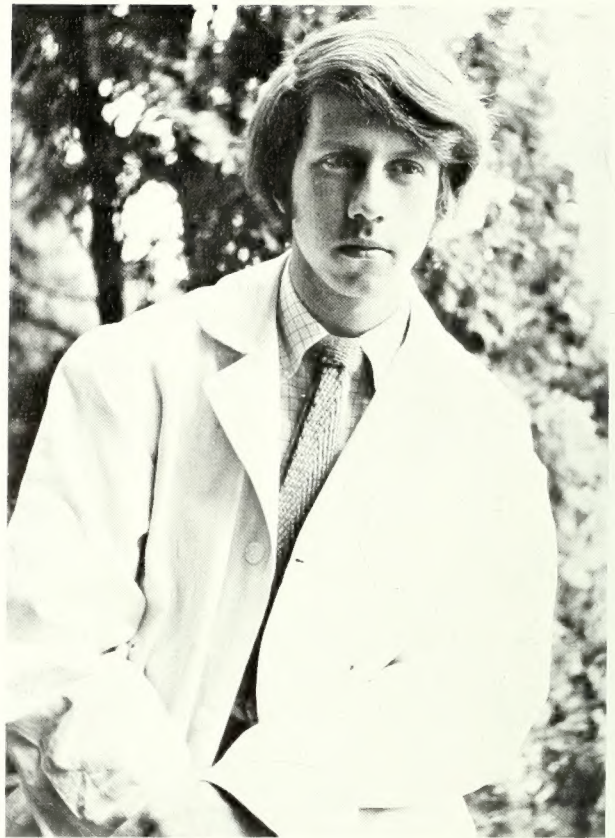
So here it is take it or leave it, but if you're smart you'll take it, 'cause it's free (just like the grad photos).

Being serious for a second though, this year we've tried to get a picture of everyone in the school in the book and to make it more personal by adding first names. Hopefully by now you've noticed the theme of the book: "People on all sides, people surround me on all sides". We felt this theme to be appropriate for a boarding school environment.

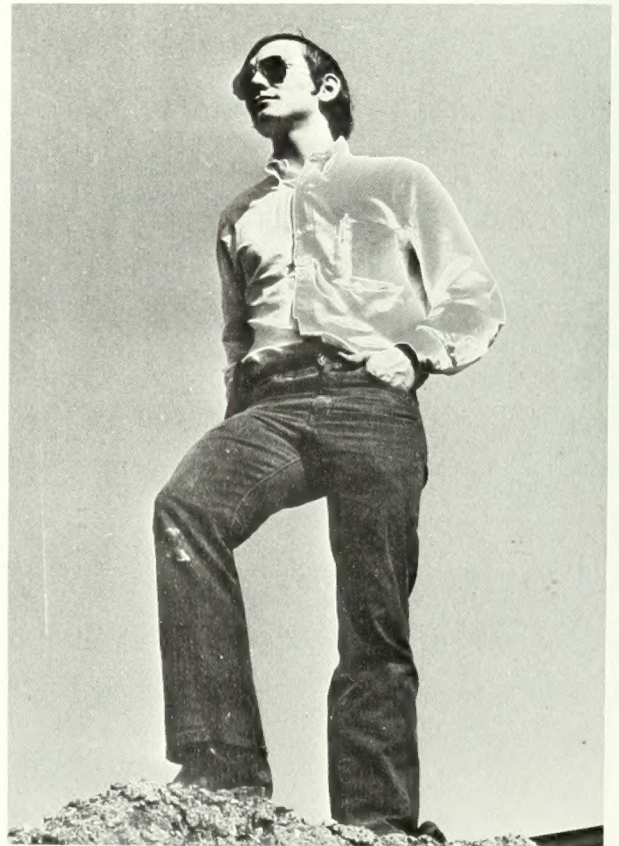
The written portion of this book has been greatly reduced over past years', mainly because you don't often read it anyway. What is here says a lot, so read it! It might surprise you.

You are the judge, and we hope you like it, it's yours. Thanks for all the help.

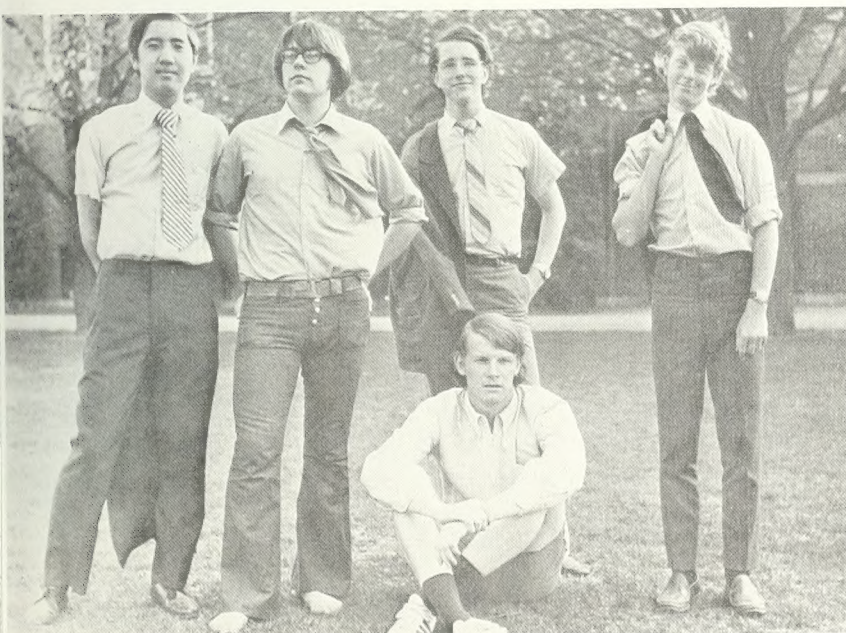
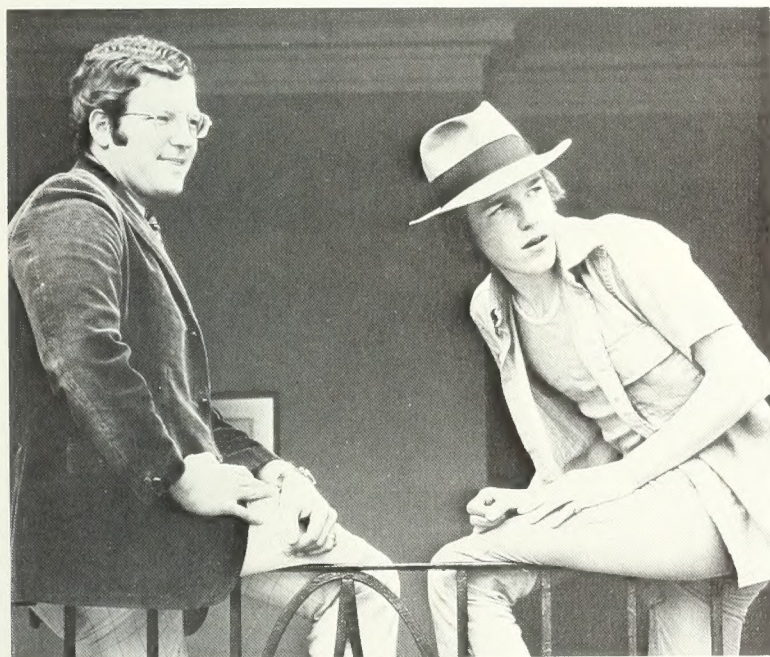
Norm Turner (Editor in chief)



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THE EDITORS – Top Left: John Walker (Literary), Ian McBryde (Poetry). Top Right: Ches Crosbie (in tree) (Sports), Wally Kenny (School News). Centre Left: Paul Morón (Typing), Charlie Hawke (Exchange). Centre Right: Ted Ratcliffe and John "Ferg" MacPherson (Ads Managers). Absent: Dave Macdonald (Art Editor).

THE STAFF (L-R): Larry Lui, Peter Wilkie, John Branscombe, Jay Turner. (Seated): Hugh Dean (Cover Design). Not Pictured: Mike Cutt, Peter Dunster, Steve Facey, Danny Smoke, Clarke Da Costa Gomez, Graham Noble (Mac House)



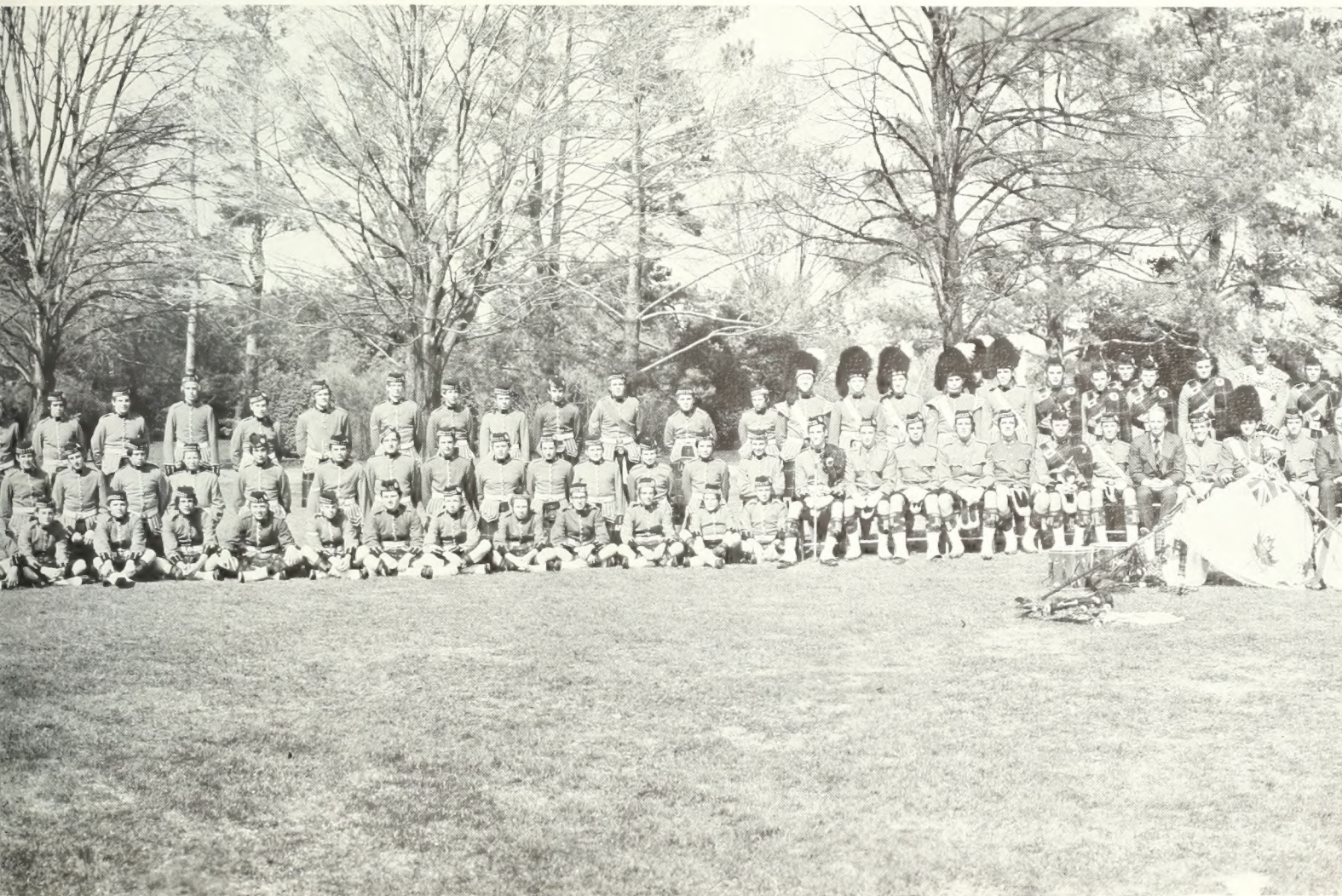
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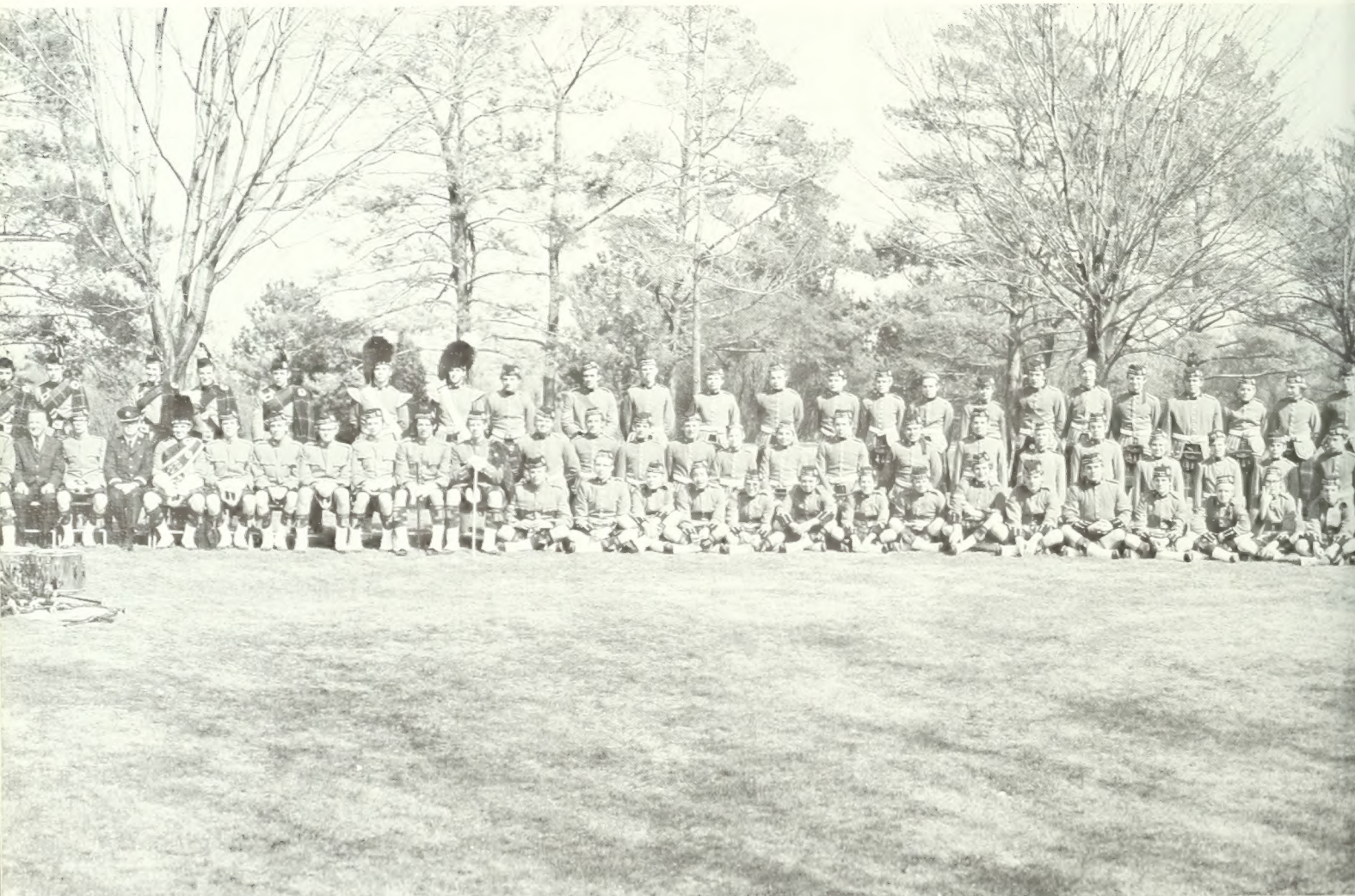
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THE STORY OF ICARUS AND THE ULTIMATE DROPOUT



It seems that young Icarus was in prison (known today as restricted freedom, injustice and false values). It also seems that he longed to escape, to become part of that swinging world outside: he wanted to fly. So his kindly (but square) father showed him how to make wings out of feathers and wax, and how to flap his arms convincingly. Icarus was turned on. When Drop-Out-Of-Prison-Day arrived, Icarus' dad warned him about flying too close to Ol' Sol and the disaster lurking therein. Icarus promised to keep his cool, and took off.

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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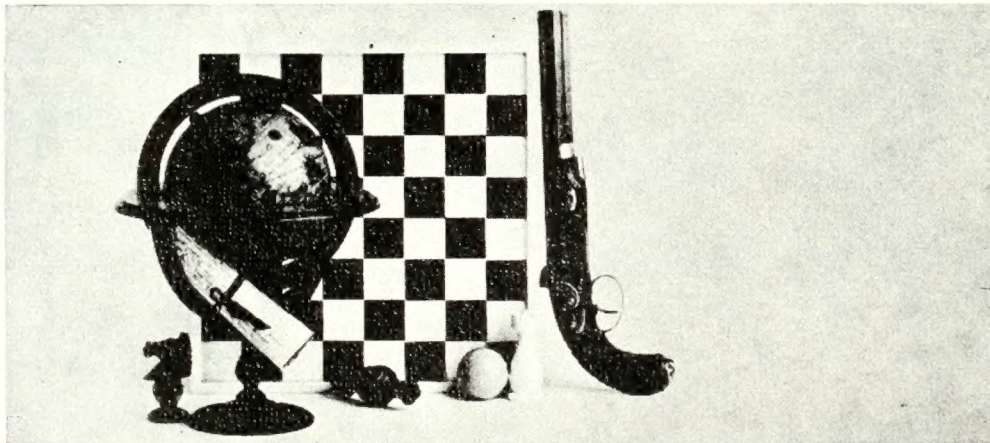
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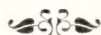
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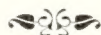


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VALEDICTION

To begin with, this has been my best year at St. Andrew's College. It has been rich, both with rewards and frustrations. For some of you this may be hard to see, for others impossible.

Tangible results of our work are perhaps hard to find this year. We have not concerned ourselves, for instance, with dress, leave or hair in the overwhelming manners of the past. We have looked rather to the future. We have tried to hold onto our faith in human nature, in the hope that slowly we could whittle down the selfishness of the school. Most of us disagree with the heavy discipline the school uses, and now object to being prefects on this account, that we are seldom more than policemen. We feel that self-discipline and a genuine respect for each other must prevail. We hoped by using our discretion, and by asking you to make moral decisions, we would gain some way toward our goals, and I believe we have been reasonably acceptable. I also felt that strong-armed tactics, or the forcing of this philosophy on you, would be wrong. So I have exercised the influence that is due one person, resting the remainder on the school. I hope that I have overcome the itinerant nature of my job by carrying on, further laying the ground-work for constructive development. Change will be slow, imperceptible, but it will come. My beliefs concerning self-discipline may be false, but I have felt that to lose my faith in humanity completely would be to lose sight of the reason for my being.

I have been dismayed more than once this year by the selfishness that many of you have been dominated by. Inconsideration and disrespect for others has become for some of you a by-word for success. I ask you all to give thought to this, and throughout your lives question your motives thoroughly. We are all, at this school asking for, and getting, far more than we should rightly expect. We should have no reason to complain. Some of us, are better at suppressing our selfishness than others, but there are still too many of us who are acting out a facile imitation of Skylock. This criticism holds for both masters and students. We must all be willing to live together at St. Andrew's. Masters, for instance, must be willing to accept change that removes them from their comfortable niches, and students should not wantonly request changes to satisfy their selfish motives.

Some of you talk of poor spirit at St. Andrew's, and it seems you are casting your eyes over your shoulders at an age gone by. I haven't searched for 'rah-rah' types this year, or tried to mould anyone into such a person. I have tried to encourage intelligent, constructive criticism, and I feel that if we are to define spirit we should look around and say, 'the spirit here is reflected in the enthusiasm of intelligent, constructive dissent'. There is certainly much of this going on as well as the angry, destructive dissent spawned by selfishness.

If we could only see sometimes how much good, intelligent criticism goes on, we would be convinced that the spirit was high. Some of you lose yourselves between animal spirit and human spirit. What we are dealing with here is human spirit; it is what we must endeavour to preserve and magnify.

There are many possibilities for change next year. We do not need the external discipline here, if you can convince your elders that you will act intelligently and unselfishly. We will indeed need some external discipline, but I think you'll find that many of the rules only become intolerable when you stretch them and attack them with your selfishness. Less structure in our environment would indeed be desirable at St. Andrew's, but I have not been able to convince Masters to change things, because I could not hold up the student body as trustworthy. This is indeed infuriating at times, and I believe I have had to deal with unreasonable people. Our job is two-fold; we must overcome the past conditioning of heavy external discipline. This will not be an easy task, but I have directed my efforts to accomplish this. Each one of you should be able to, in large part, exercise the influence that I have this year, over your peers.

Men have always sought such a way of life, and this is how I know I am right in believing in these values. I have noted, however, that some of my elders consider this impossible idealism - but I have refused to surrender my faith in our possibilities.

I think, though, that the selfishness of the school is in large part caused by the competitive nature of the school, and the external discipline used to run our lives. Change these and I believe the school will enjoy more success in its endeavours. We must all live by rules - let our rule for life be that we shall respect others. We all need motivation - let our motivation come from within us, rather than from competition with others.

We can overcome our differences. I ask the Masters not to lapse into considering the students a separate entity, to be judged and disciplined in manners that they themselves could not tolerate. I ask the students to use more understanding and put aside the condemnations of masters that I can hear every day in the corridors. Let us all act with consideration and respect - and this is not to be taken in a romantic sense - this is pure, cold common-sense. Things are not perfect, here, or elsewhere - nor should we expect them to be. But with idealism we can climb a long way towards the goal that many great men have striven for, men of whom I am merely a disciple.

Good luck, you guys, Have fun!

J. L. Walker

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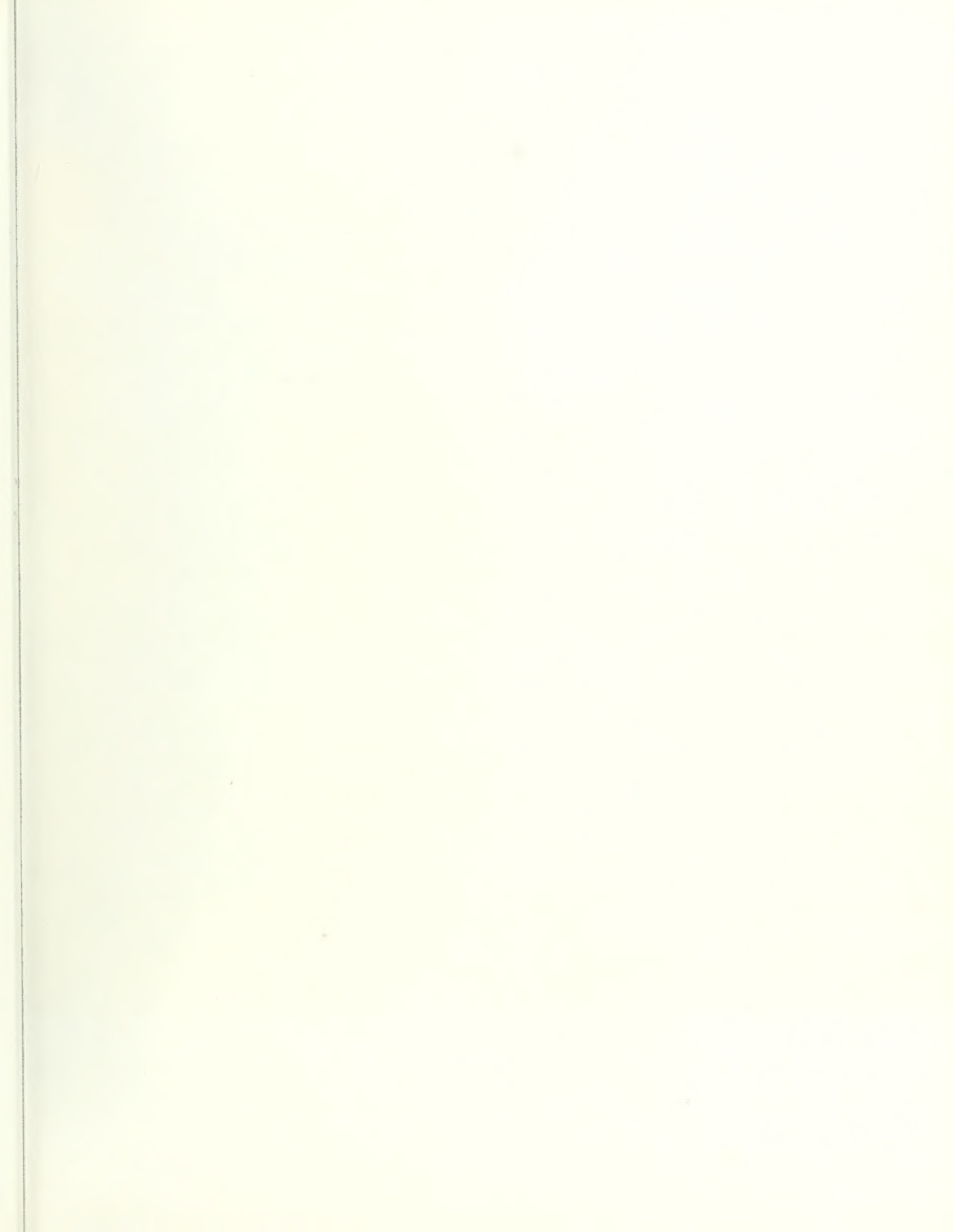
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