



THE REVIEW







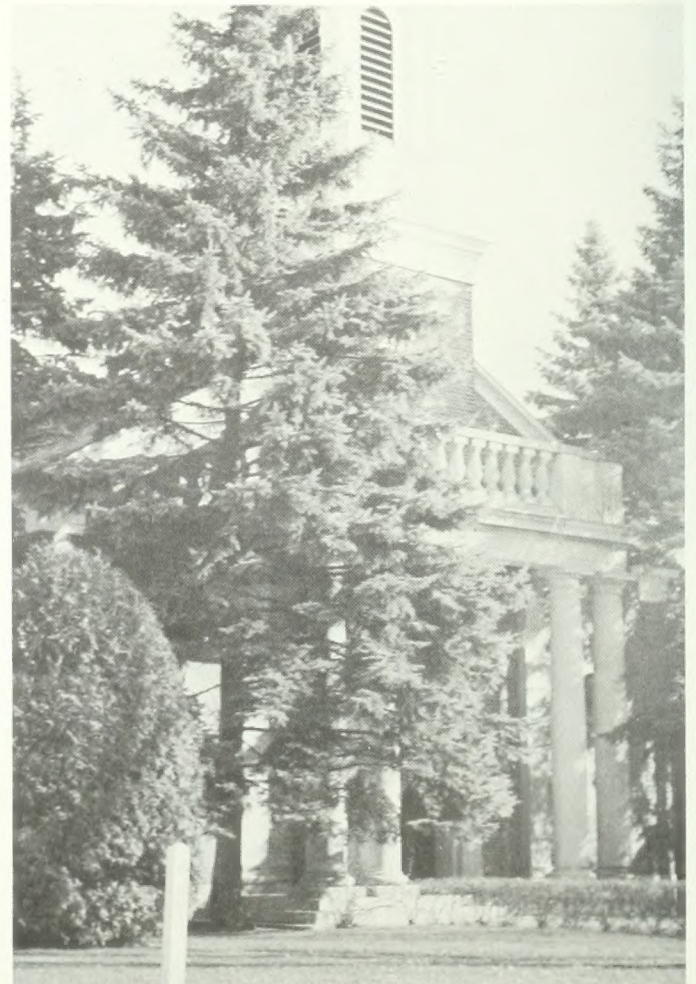
A large, leafless tree stands in a snowy landscape. The tree's branches are intricate and spread out across the upper half of the page. The ground is covered in snow, and there are other trees and a building visible in the background, though they are less distinct. The overall tone is quiet and contemplative.

CHANGE

It has been said that nothing is more certain than change: change in our society, change in our lifestyles and change within ourselves. This is a special year, one of great change for our school. On this our seventy-fifth anniversary of the school's inauguration, we would like to share with you some of that change. Next year begins a new era; the changing of our guard is quite complete and our embarkment in this changing world presents for us a new challenge. Over the years, various themes of our yearbook have been people, education and choice. The theme of this year's *Review* is change. Take a look.



BACK: Lou Little, Lewis Pitman, Craig Kamecke, Dennis Hemmings, Gord Ackerman, Ted Harrison, George Bates. MIDDLE: David Timms, Fred Hiltz, Derek Inglis, Jack Mulchinock, Arthur Van Winkle, Julian Greenwood, Rupert Ray, Bill Skinner, Ron Kinney, David Whitehead, Walter Froese. FRONT: Jim Hamilton, Jack Bennett, Dick Gibb, Robert Coulter (Headmaster), Stan MacFarlane, Bob Bédard, Bob Meagher.



Some things never change...



Unexpected change
can be alarming . . .

. . . unless
it is concealed



. . . and some things do

Obedience precludes change . . .



. . . rebellion forces it



By viewing things
from new perspectives . . .



. . . or by being contented with
things as they are



We learn

The world is complex . . .



We respect the old . . .

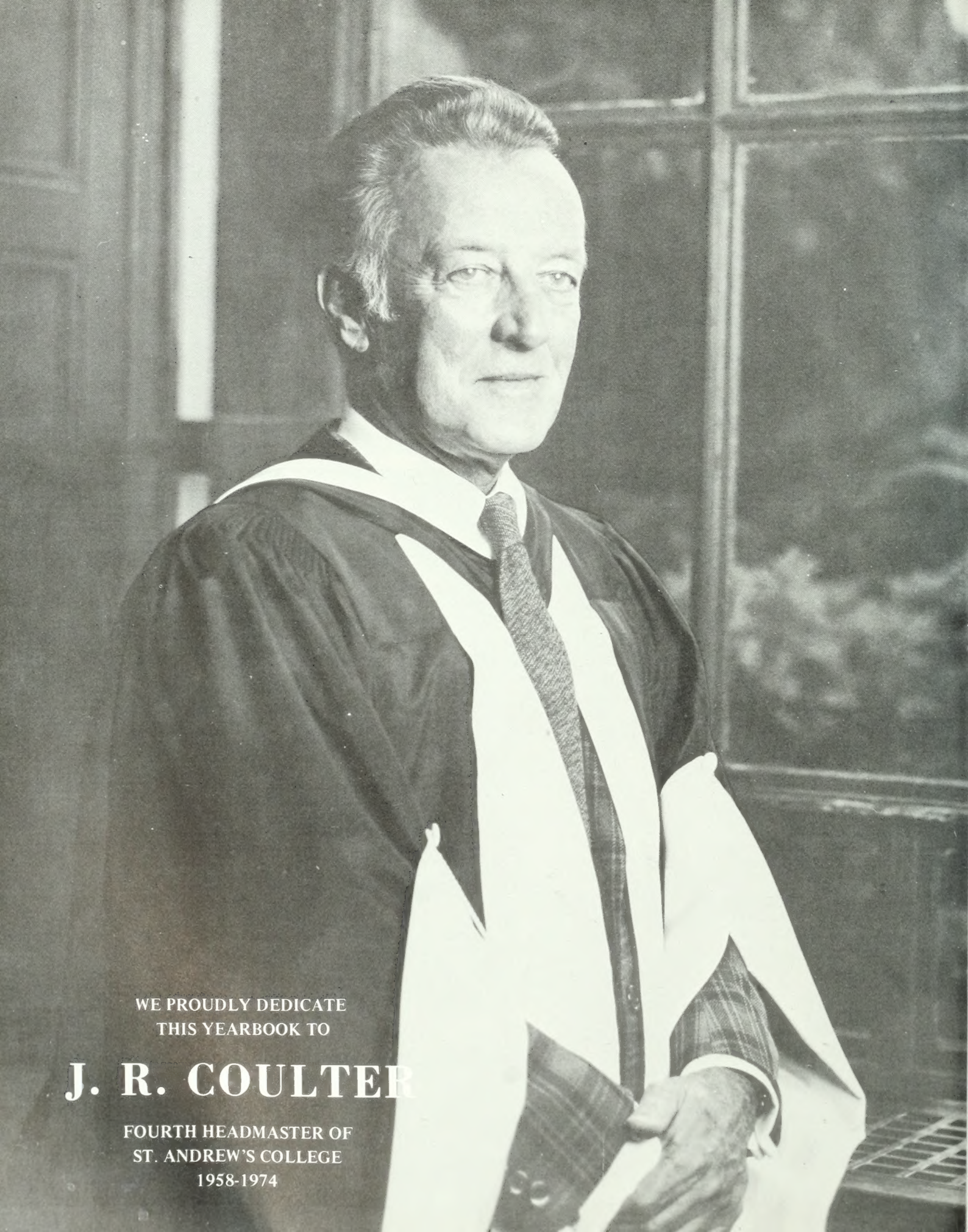


. . .but we value the new

... the world
is a rat race. . .

... and we must learn to accept
and adapt to change





WE PROUDLY DEDICATE
THIS YEARBOOK TO

J. R. COULTER

FOURTH HEADMASTER OF
ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE
1958-1974

“A man’s reach should exceed his grasp.
What’s a heaven for?”

These words of Browning epitomize the life and work of our retiring Headmaster. In his search for excellence, Dr. Coulter has had four distinguished careers in which his strength of character has been reflected. He has the discipline of a professional athlete, the patience of a teacher, the skill of a University Director and the wisdom of a Headmaster. A tribute to him at this time includes the hope that he and his gracious wife reach for yet another career.

I believe his contribution to our school can be best stated by referring to the words of Dr. David W. Slater when, as President of York University, he introduced Dr. Coulter to the assembly at the time that University honoured him at Convocation—

“Not content to rest on the laurels that St. Andrew’s College had already won, Mr. Coulter strengthened the traditions of the past and infused into the school his own passion for academic soundness. The record shows that St. Andrew’s College, under his direction, takes no second place as a seat of learning, nor would it be an exaggeration to say that, as the present Dean of Canadian Headmasters, Mr. Coulter’s influence has been felt across the Independent Schools of the country.”

This is the measure of the man we have all been proud to know. In recognition of his great contribution to St. Andrew’s, the Board of Governors has authorized the *Coulter Scholarship Fund*. Thus, we at St. Andrew’s will always remember Dr. Coulter in a tangible and meaningful way. May he reflect with pleasure on the great contribution he has made to the affairs of our school.

Gage H. Love

St. Andrew’s College has had but four Headmasters in its 75 years of history. The first, the Rev. Dr. George Bruce, organized the school but ill health forced him to retire before the first year was up.

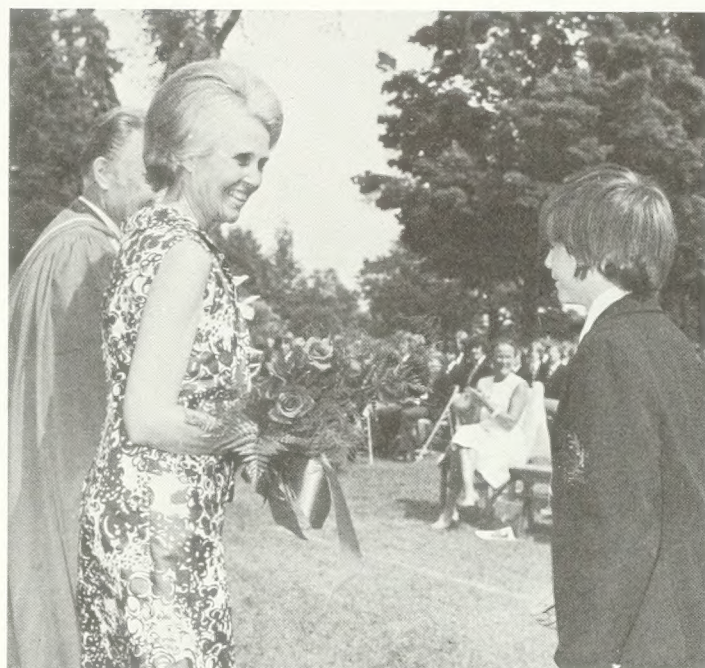
The next, Dr. D. Bruce Macdonald, established the nature of the school. He saw it through three locations in Toronto and the move to Aurora.

The Headmastership of Dr. Kenneth Ketchum was a period of consolidation with emphasis on rebuilding after the depression years and restructuring after World War II.

J. R. Coulter succeeded to the Headmastership in 1958 and over the 16 years of his term of office has changed the school in many ways. First of all he has been a builder. The Ketchum Auditorium and the adjoining classroom wing, the Great Hall, together with the renovation of the old upper school dining hall into the Fourth House residence and the extensive changes in Macdonald House, marked his early years as Headmaster. The second major building programme is more recent and in the minds of most of us here, but we must mention the extensive enlargement of the Library and the construction of our magnificent Science facilities. Both of these building programmes were, to a large measure, accomplished as a result of the Headmaster’s recognition of the developing physical needs of the school.

For many headmasters, the physical improvements which I have just outlined would have been a sufficient major accomplishment for their term of office; but Dr. Coulter has not been a builder of buildings only. Over the years he has

Mrs. Margaret Coulter receives a bouquet on Prize Day.



attracted to the school a competent staff who have made a major contribution to the other building which Dr. Coulter has taken even more pride in than the physical one: the building of a sound academic programme which has grown as the needs of the student body has changed.

We now turn to the man himself. What kind of person has been Headmaster of this school for 16 years? First of all his athletic prowess, which was certainly a part of his reputation as he came to St. Andrew’s, has not been the dominant factor of his life here. From time to time, he has helped in the coaching of teams but basically he has left this side of the school life to others. He has insisted on the maintenance of good academic standards.

When occasion has demanded it he has taken decisive action even when many would have been inclined to temporize. Always his underlying motive has been the best needs of the school. Even though many have differed with him from time to time, no one will deny that he has always kept his interpretation of this idea to the foremost.

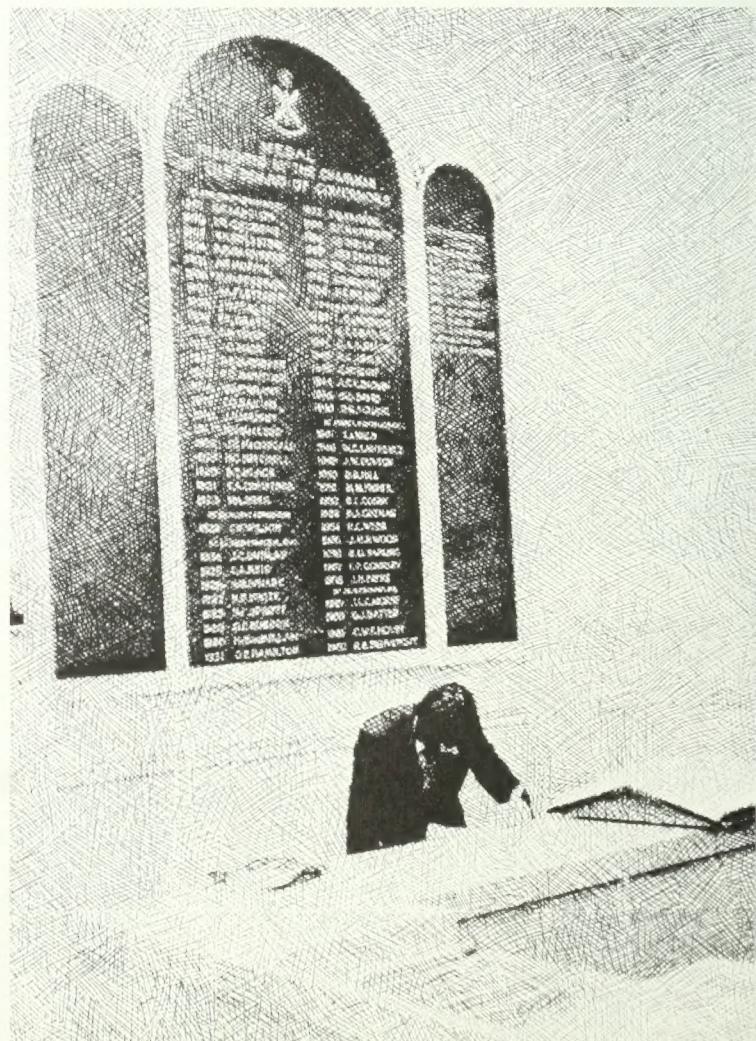
In summation, one must recognize that S.A.C. has grown strongly in the last 16 years. This growth has been in numbers, moving from a school of approximately 225 to a school of over 325; has been in buildings, it has been in academic standing. This is a fine legacy for anyone to leave to a successor.

Lloyd C. MacPherson



I do not fear that student activists or their errant aggressiveness will “destroy” our schools and colleges. At least they are alive and kicking, though I do not enjoy being kicked. I fear, instead, that a much larger number of our students are becoming turned off, overly inhibited, tight, passive, the walking dead. Our problem as educators is to help them become actively and emotionally involved with their lives, to help them learn not to be so passively dependent upon something “out there” for entertainment, to help them learn how to tolerate the pain of frustration and boredom without fleeing into drugs or intellectual stupor.

Toward a More Human School – David Mallery





STUDENT LIFE

Look out!



We had decided to make a raid. There were five people in room 115 and we were going to kill them. At about eleven thirty I crept out of our room to make sure no one was coming. The coast was clear, so I snuck across the hall to the washroom. In there I manufactured twelve water bombs out of tissue paper. That finished, I checked the halls again, and went back to wake up my roommates.

Back in the room I handed out the water bombs making sure each guy got four. With a flashlight in my right hand and four water bombs in my left, I led the way out. We walked as silently as possible because every little noise amplified itself a thousand times in the hall dimly lit by the red night light. When we finally got to room 115, I was the first to enter. We lined up inside, the firing squad anticipating the execution. Shining the flashlight in their eyes we commenced water bombing. We quickly exhausted our ammo and with cries of "Happy dreams!" retreated to our room, hopped into our beds and pretended to be asleep. The duty master heard the noise and came charging up to investigate. When he stepped into the hall there was no sign of us, but there in the corridor were the members of 115. We were never caught.





MAC HOUSE



MacMillan Trophy (best all-round athlete senior division)	Andrew Dalton
Cooke Senior Trophy (proficiency in athletics, senior division)	Walter Stirling
Ladies' Guild Trophy (best all-round athlete, junior division)	John Bailey
Cooke Junior Trophy (proficiency in athletics, junior division)	John Pitts
Campbell MacDonald Memorial Cup (Cross-country winner)	Walter Stirling
Olympic Shield (Cross-country runner-up)	Mike Sifton
Cadet Cup (best cadet in Mac House platoon)	Morgan Carpenter

House Captains



BACK: Dave Stubbs, Harvey Sasso, John Hughes, Stewart Murdock, Michael Shillirgford, Dave Mitchell. MIDDLE: David Mollenhauer, David Anjo, Douglas Munn, Peter Roth, Donald Slessor, Michael Crosbie, Michael Omstead. FRONT: Michael Carter, Andrew Kilpatrick, James Hepburn, Ricky Mann, Mr. Ted Harrison.

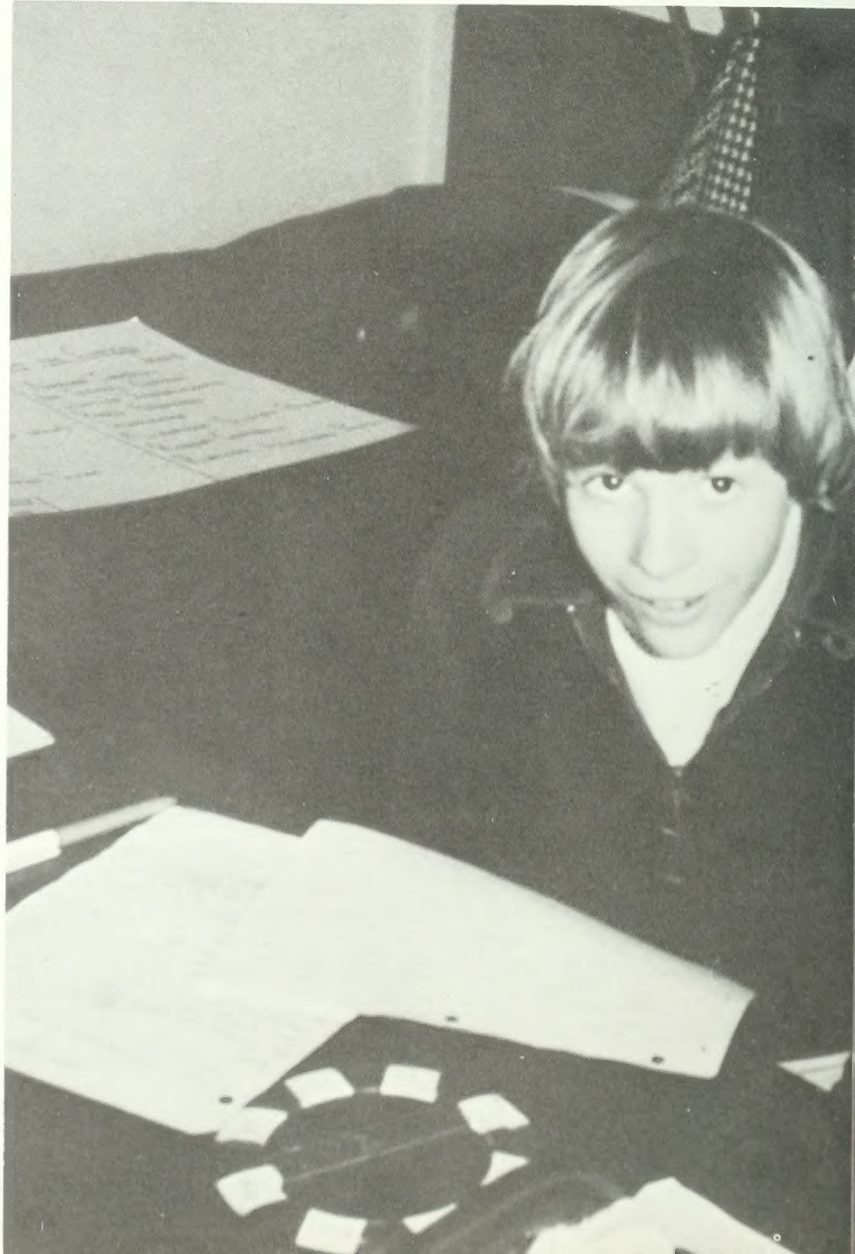
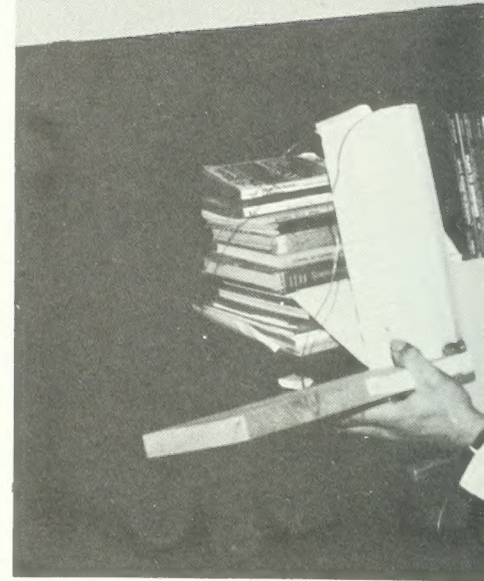
The following are two abridged accounts that boys gave in response to being asked to write about Mac House:

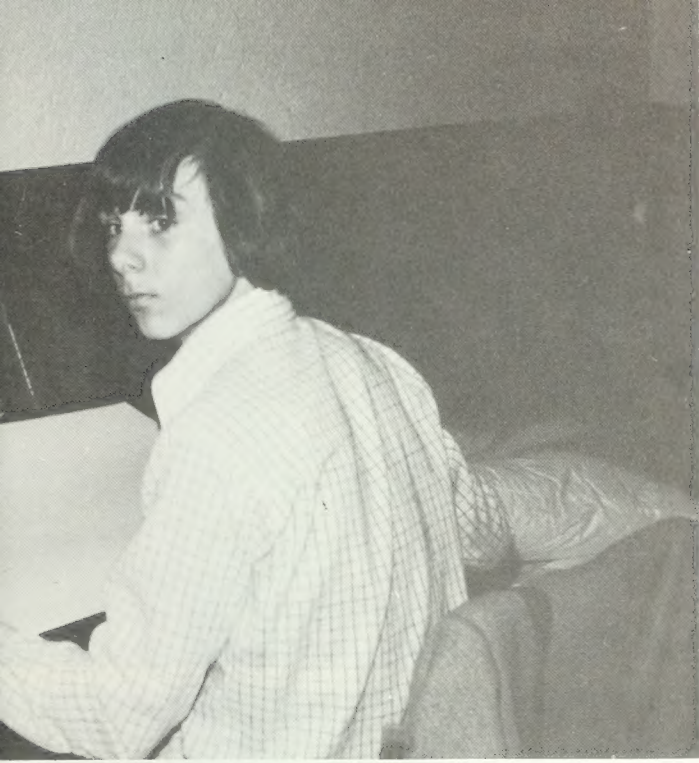
Mac House has everything in it, from boys who yell and make noise, to those who just sit and read books. It has sports and clubs and just about every activity you can think of for boys. For those who don't make a representative team there are House League Sports. Getting away from sports, there are clubs such as woodworking and aeromodelling which give you a break from the week's routine of study every night and enable you to learn to use your hands. The house captains usually help with these clubs and other things around the house such as the housekeeping competition, in which incidentally, the winner gets a beautiful dinner served by Mrs. Harrison.

J. P.

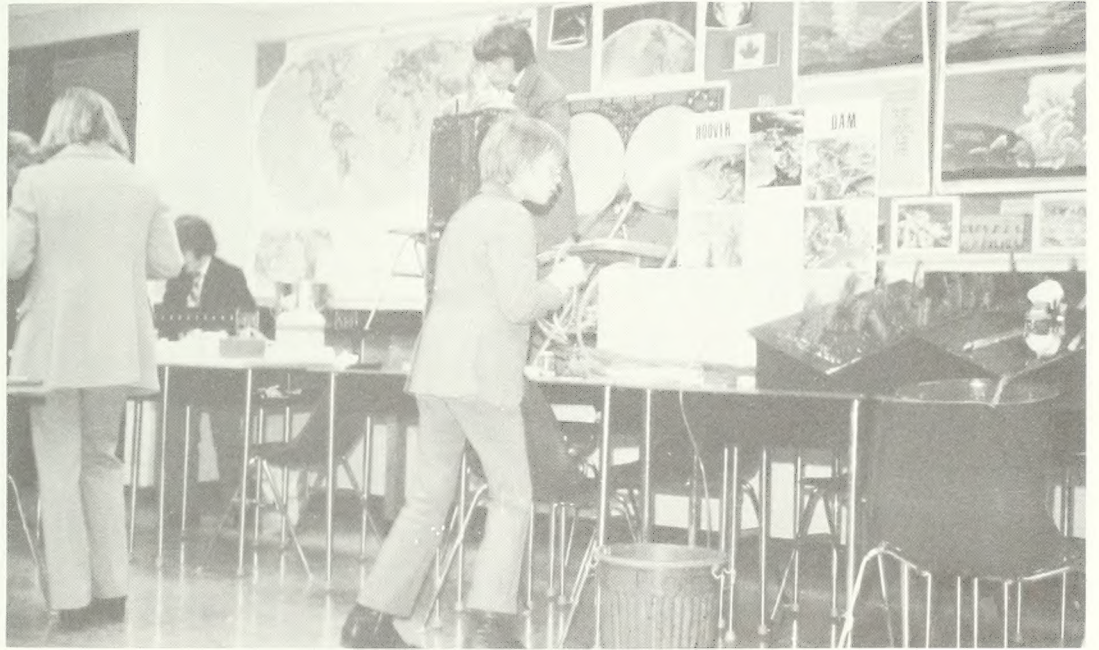
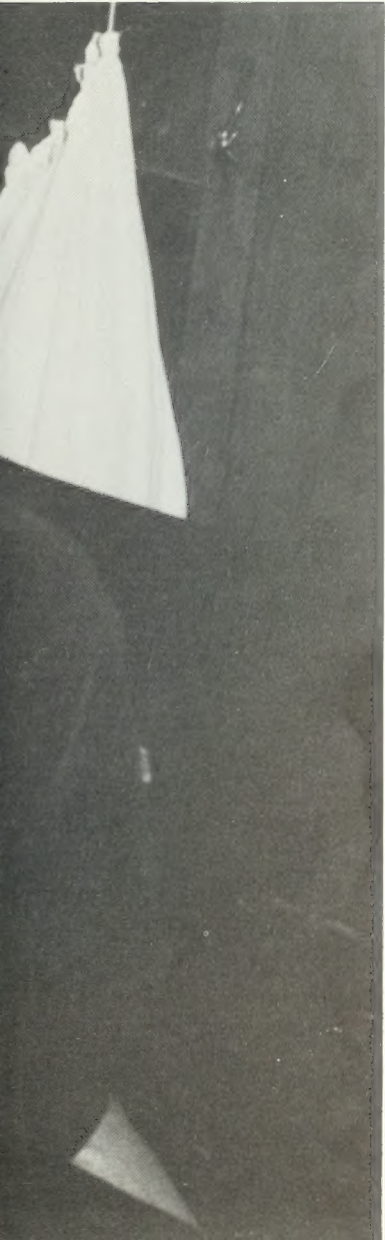
In MacDonald House there is a very important group of six grade twelve students that come at the beginning of each term. Their job is an important one. It is to help Mr. Harrison in controlling the small army of Mac House students. The kids of Mac House look towards them as stupid, incompetent people, who like to give out detentions and early reports. "House Captain" can be two dirty words for some. Really though, most of the guys don't hate them, just sometimes!

A. R.





...We're busy!



Tradition, tradition



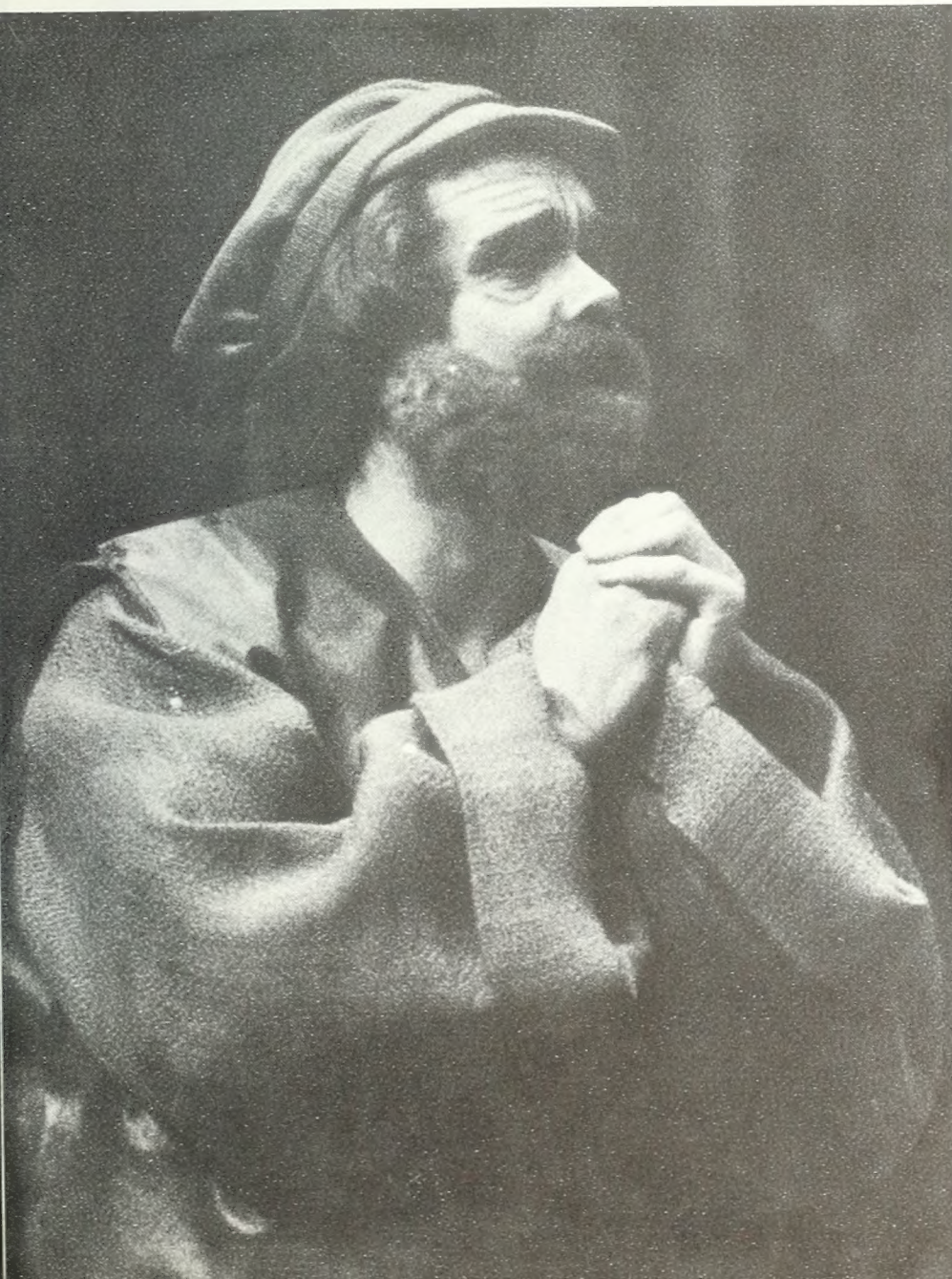
The St. Andrew's Players' "mark of excellence" is here. The debut of "Fiddler on the Roof" was so successful that to measure its excellence would be virtually impossible.

The cast should be congratulated on their enthusiasm and talent. Kilpatrick perfected his role as Tevye while Julie Woods, as his wife Golde was simple superb. Rookies MacMillan and Overton capably played the roles of Perchik and Motel respectively. Special mention should be given to our Aurora belles Mary Lane Spragg and Lee Patterson who have completed their theatrical careers here at SAC. Roth, who played the Rabbi, did a terrific job which earned him the distinction of the best supporting actor.

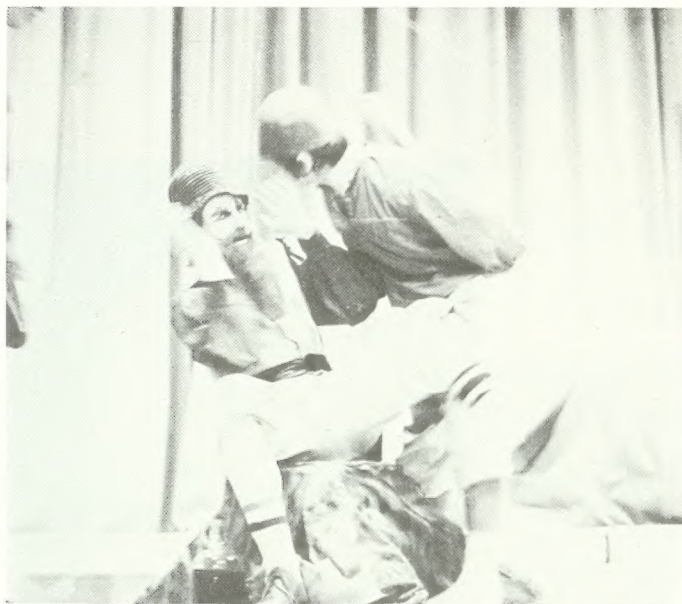
There are many others who through their fine efforts produced an exceptionally good show, but their sheer numbers prevent me from listing them all. The technical crews were led by Andrew Eakins (producer), Mo Davis (stage), Basil Gerol (lighting crew), Jim Garay (properties), Rich Van der Jagt (make-up), and Miss Joliffe (costumes). In the end these diversified but vital functions of the play blended together, contributing to the play's success. Musically the play couldn't have been better supported. We appreciated the coaching, talent, and temperament of Messrs. Greenwood, Van Winckle, and Jones. We offer our special thanks to our director Mr. Kamcke who, commanded us in this his tenth magnificent production.



“FIDDLER ON THE ROOF”



“THE DOCTOR IN SPITE OF HIMSELF”



“The Doctor in Spite of Himself”, a comedy, by Moliere was a production under the direction and careful supervision of Mr. MacPherson. We put a great deal of effort into each practice, which all too frequently turned into a gruelling line rehearsal. Diligence paid off, however, and the final version was rolled off the stage without too many hitches. As a matter of fact, in the opinion of the audience the play came off very well indeed.

The play is about a woodcutter who beats his wife. Because of this, his wife tells two servants who are searching for a great doctor that the woodcutter is a famous and eccentric physician. The two servants confront the woodcutter in the forest, and upon finding that he refuses to admit he is a doctor (which he isn't), they beat him until he willingly does. They then take him to their master's daughter so that he may diagnose and cure her of her malady. Her sickness, it becomes apparent, is self-afflicted muteness meant to delay a wedding which her father arranged to a man she detests, for she loves another man who is poorer than her father's choice. This man soon combines with the infamous doctor to become his apothecary, and while treating the girl, plans to elope with her. However, this becomes unnecessary as he inherits a rich uncle's fortune and is able to marry her, thus taking the doctor who has been exposed out of trouble. Thus everyone lives happily ever after—and the Spring play for '74 was a success.

The standouts in their roles were Durant, (a natural comedian), and Allan, with good performances by Van der Jagt, Shinkle, and Stroud as well. The back-up roles were played by Vincent, Howell, (most seductive), Casson I, Cove, Holmes and Ballentine. The make-up and stage crews also did a fine job.



FILM SOCIETY

For the past decade, the Film Society has alternated under the stewardship of different masters and students. This year, under the auspices of Mr. Ray and a committee of five, the "golden mean" was sought. Much discussion of the types of films to be presented filled the minutes.

There has always been an argument between those who want to be entertained and others who seek experiences. A film society should not be a commercial movie-house but a studio for the examination of films as an art. Students are generally unsympathetic to this intention. The "after Sunday Evening Chapel" spot is often dull and the availability of any activity is welcomed. But in this most exciting medium, there is more than a simple story line or fast car chases. There is the labour, finesse and character of all those involved on and off the screen to provide the intent scrutineer with reassurances and new discoveries. In pursuit of such a goal, a selection of films and the methods of handling them are crucial.

From Britain, the United States and France a wide variation was chosen. Movies like *Our Mother's House*, *Lolita*, *Twelve Angry Men*, *Slaughterhouse Five*, *Frenzy*, and the *Boris Karloff - W. C. Fields Special* were unqualified successes. Meanwhile, *Wild Child* had a more positive reaction than *Kez* or *Tea and Sympathy*. The programmes and discussion sessions afterwards failed to a large extent to embellish the films' presentation largely because of indifferent student response. If the original plan of supplementing the year's programme with shorts and more experimental films had come through, perhaps success could have been more assured.

The choice is yours, and the amount that each student contributes will determine the future of the film society. Motion pictures are the most vibrant and inspiring medium today. We shall strive to prove this claim next year.



Basil Gerol, John Casson, Mike Crosbie.

ROLL 'EM

Well Gents. . .

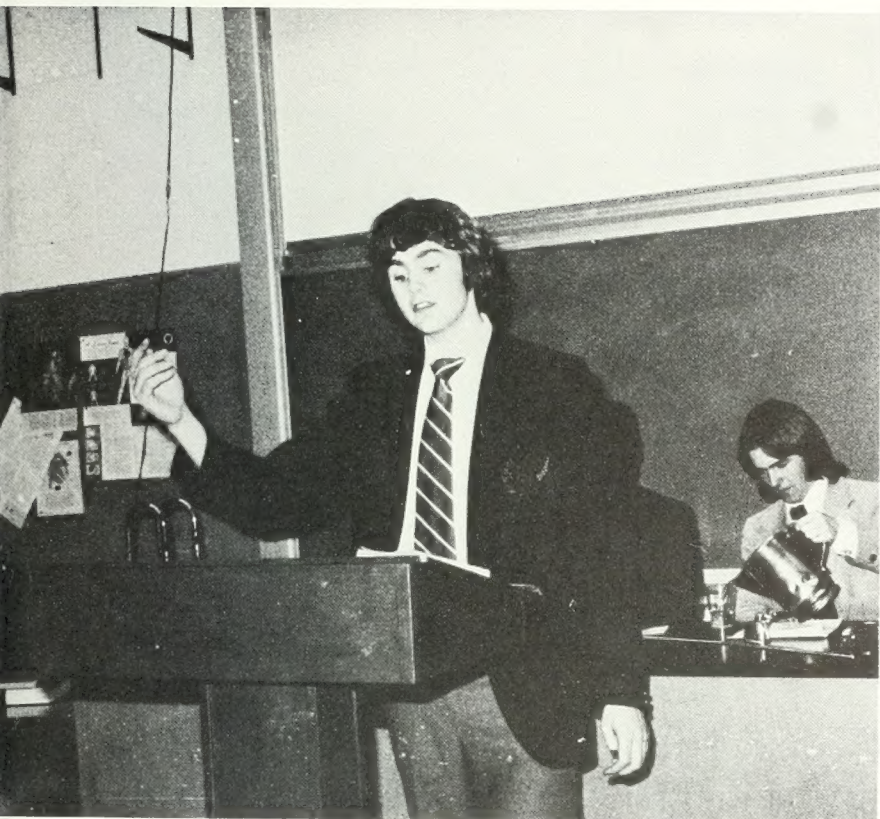


SAC vs UCC: SAC opened its round of league debates this season with a real "ripsnorter" at Upper Canada. UCC formed the government, and the resolution read: "Man must be suppressed". They never knew what hit them. Like gang busters our team of Basil Gerol, Frank Szarka, and John Casson rolled over the government with a decisive victory. Once again, Basil was the best speaker of the house. The judges were all attorneys-at-law, debaters, and one was the President of the Leaside Debating Society. They returned a unanimous verdict in our favour and were so impressed by the high calibre of the debate that they had an article printed in a Toronto newspaper, the "Leaside Advertiser", commending both teams on their excellent performance.

SAC vs APPLEBY: The first home ISL debate of the season was against Appleby. The resolution read: "Competition is preferable to co-operation". We formed the government and were very ably represented by Andrew Kilpatrick, Mike Crosbie and Marcus Brooks, the Prime Minister. A fierce battle raged as the Appleby team tried desperately to avert a second defeat. They hadn't a chance. From all sides, the attack excoriated the struggling opposition. Again and again they retorted but to no avail. The judges, all of various professions, returned a decisive victory for our men. Andy Kilpatrick was chosen as best speaker of the house, and deserving special note himself, Mike Crosbie added to Webster's Dictionary a new word: "doodly-squat". We're still mulling over that one.

OURS NEXT YEAR: Our team may not have returned with any silverware, but we were well represented at the First Annual Debating Tournament held at Ridley. Leading the charge were Clyde Urquart, Bob Topping and Vince Casson, our Opposition Leader and Prime Minister. There were three debates: the first was in regular parliamentary style with St. Andrew's as the opposition, the second was the same with a new feature cross-examination, with ourselves serving as the government, and the third debate was impromptu, again as the government. The resolutions for the first two read that "Creativity is restricted in the classroom", and for the impromptu that "It is better to be a dog than a cat". Meeting OLC in the first round, there were no impediments, nor against St. Joseph's; during the middle battle we were defeated by salvos from St. Catherine's Collegiate. More than likely it was the distraction of their artillery which proved fatal, especially for our leader. All thoroughly enjoyed themselves. We now have a challenge to produce next year a superior tournament, alternating with Ridley.



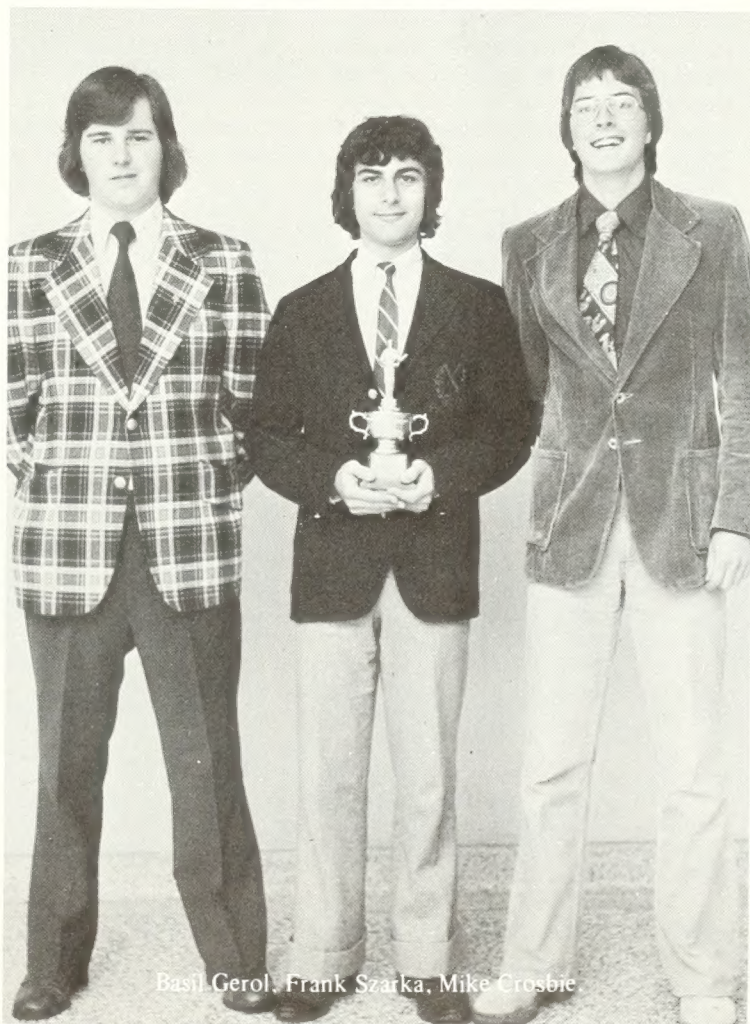


DEBATING

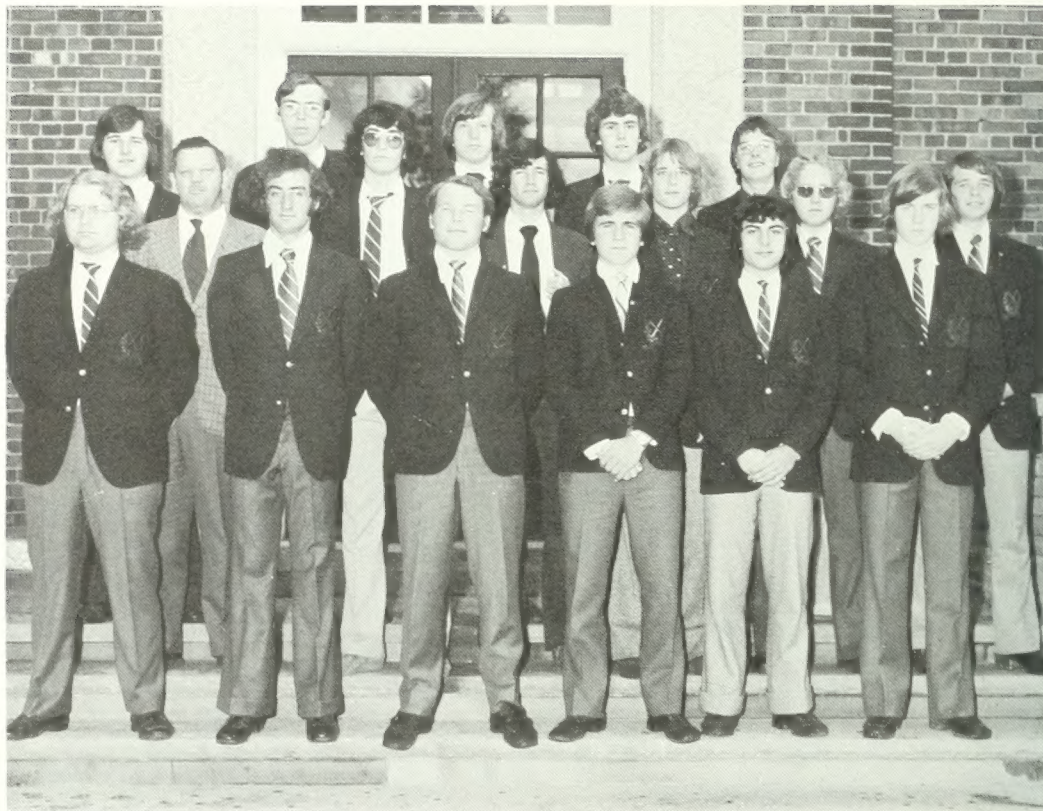
OMENS: A gale was blowing the night before, the trees twisting and the cold north wind howling down the quadrangle. With the gusto and determination envisaged by the gods' good omens, our team of Mike Crosbie, Basil Gerol and Frank Szarka headed the next morning for the Havergal Tournament. Anxiously awaiting the start, we began first as the opposition with Mike as the leader of the opposition against Bishop Strachan. It was a solid debate though the government succeeded in mildly distracting Mike. Afterwards in round two—this time as the government, the side we personally favoured—we met our old friends from UCC. In a nip and tuck debate, hammering and striving to overcome the other arguments, we witnessed an occasion well worth noting. Never in the annals of science or mathematics has Frank ever been angry but when he rose as Prime Minister for his final rebuttal, he was hopping mad. With the power and force of a thousand men, reminiscent of Cicero's orations, he dug and twisted the blade for the coup d'état. It was this more than anything else that carried us through.

Once more we waited as the scores were tabulated. Then the announcement of the final debate came: TCS was the government and we the opposition. In two minutes we were at our places trying to figure out what was happening. Across, lurching and pompous, the government with whom we had an old score to settle sat visibly reassured. One after another rose to defend the resolution that "The Formation of a National Oil Company Would Prove Beneficial to Canada's Future" Slow and deliberate was Frank, having recovered from his morning flush, ranting came Basil, and sincere was Mike as we charged through the government's loopholes.

The judges retired and upon their return the verdict was announced in our favour. For the first time, St. Andrew's won a debating tournament, and to celebrate, our men were invited to dinner with our "Havergalian hostesses" who really made the day worthwhile.



Basil Gerol, Frank Szarka, Mike Crosbie



BACK: Basil Gerol, David Mitchell, Richard Van der Jagt, Mike Troop, Mike Crosbie. MIDDLE: Mr. Bill Skinner, Mark Brooks, Vince Casson, Brian Wright, Andy Dunlop, Andy Kilpatrick. FRONT: Clyde Urquhart, Peter Roth, Rick Mann, Doug Pickard, Frank Szarka, Kurt Marechaux.

SAC vs TCS: The house was tense. Battle lines were drawn. SAC had just squeezed out a victory at the junior level. The resolution was, "Modern Law Favours the Criminal", and TCS was determined to make a comeback while SAC was looking, with blood in their eyes, for a clean sweep.

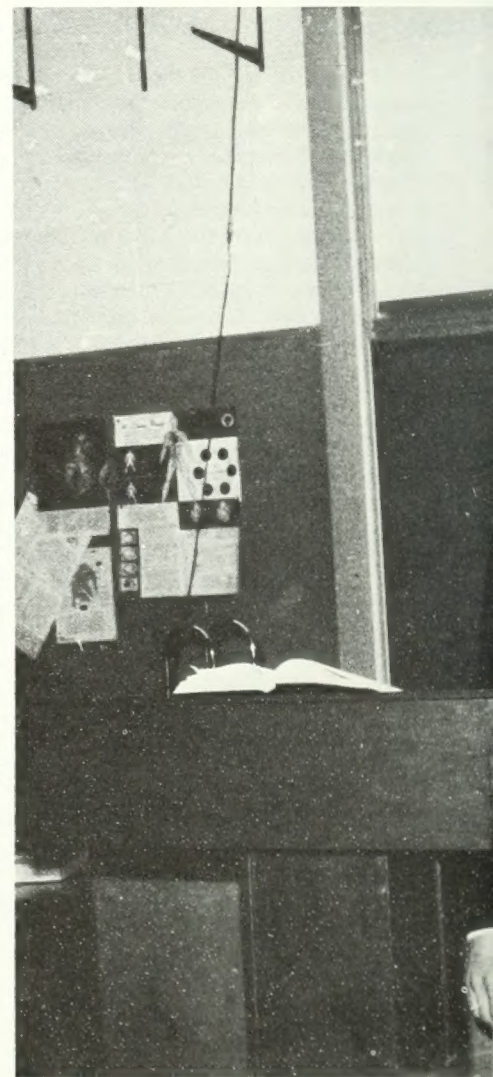
The battle was long and fierce. The TCS debaters replied on technical devices while SAC's "three musketeers", Mike Throop, Dave Kitchen and Doug Pickard were much, more cavalierish and attempted bold tactics. They eloquently and, it might be added, violently expressed their views. The "piece de resistance" was Doug Pickard's attempt to hang himself with a tie.

The only snag with the debate was that we didn't win. Victory isn't everything, but it certainly is nice, no matter how close the contest. The judges decided that TCS gained the decision because they had organized their arguments closer to the definition of the resolution. However, it was "nip and tuck" and no one was certain of the outcome until it was announced.

SAC vs UTS: It may sound like sour grapes, but for the third time in three years we've been had. This year our team of Andy Dunlop, Kurt Marechaux, and Pedro Martin, as leader of the opposition, had the government boxed into their own resolution "That Service in the Canadian Navy be a Prerequisite for Canadian Citizenship". Although the opposition was inexperienced, our content and rebuttal remained unanswered by UTS, whose eloquence was substantial. The judges, only two student teachers notified just beforehand, returned the decision in the government's favour. The sour grapes of the affair was that there were only two judges. Moreover, before the verdict was returned they called on both team coaches to help them decide. The Constitution states that a minimum of three judges are needed for any league competition. Mr. Lawson of Trinity demands five judges for any of his matches, and from experience we now agree. The ending of last minute dragooning must cease, and with thorough preparation debating can return to a high calibre no matter what the verdict.

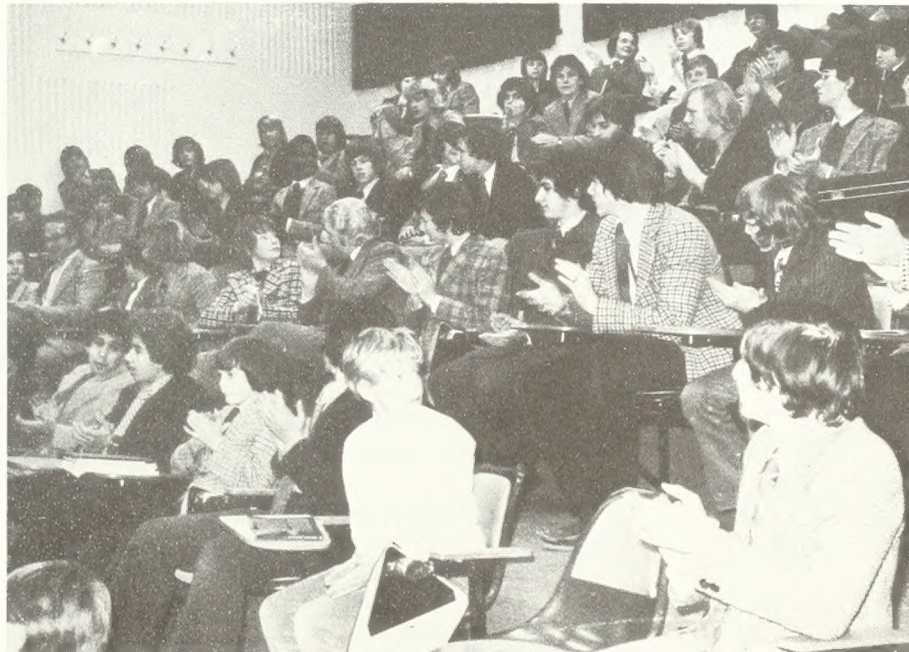
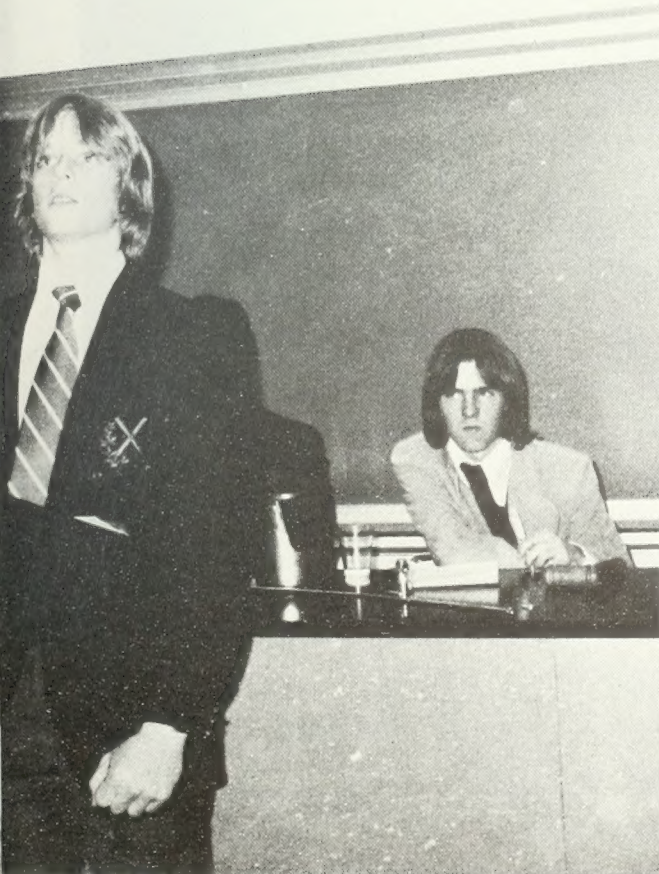
SAC vs HAVERGAL: Our arrival at Havergal was greeted with tremendous hospitality and a fine meal at the Headmistress' house after which we proceeded to the hall of debate. SAC was represented by Pedro Martin (leader of the opposition), Peter Williams and Richard Van Der Jagt who were to oppose the resolution, "The Best Things in Life are Free". Havergal is not in the ISL debating league and therefore they follow a slightly different set of debating rules. This resulted in two variations of the resolution's definition. The debaters argued with commendable style despite the incongruence of their arguments. Pedro Martin was the best speaker of the House but Havergal claimed victory. The sore losers amongst us claimed that they won it with their looks.

Each debater would like to thank for his tireless effort Mr. Skinner, our coach, and this year's recipient of the St. Andrew's Achievement Award.

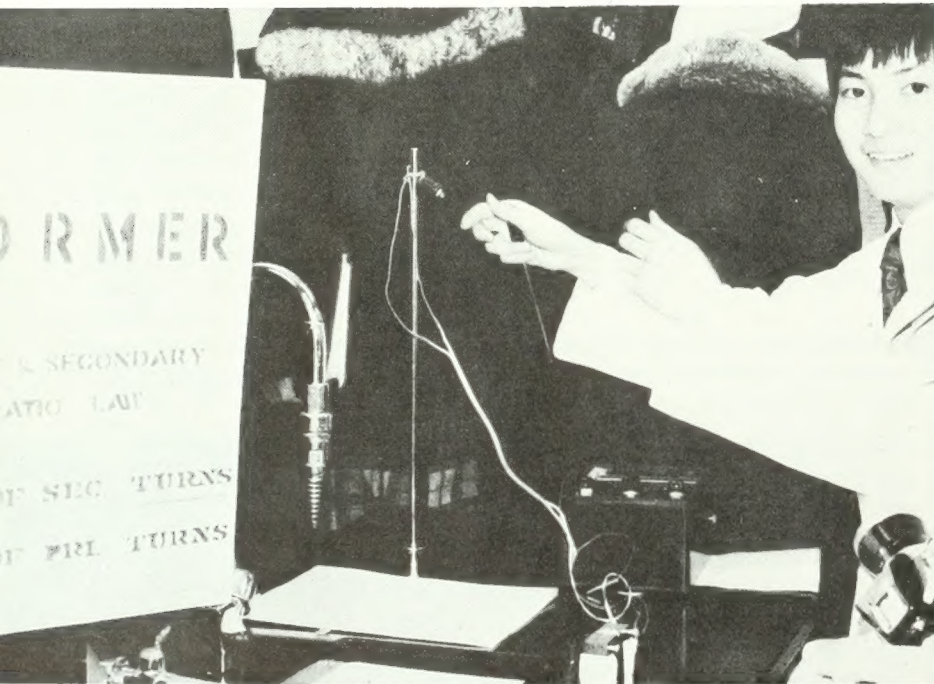




Junior Debating enjoyed another successful year offset only by the fact that fewer debates took place than we had hoped for. The season began on a winning note at home when Scott Sillcox, Cliff Sifton and Steve Hiscox outtalked their Appleby opponents concerning the relative merits of competition and co-operation. Mr. D. Stuart was instrumental in preparing this team. We were scheduled next to travel to UCC. Regrettably their Juniors cancelled out, promising us a date later in the year. We never heard from them again. Late in the fall term we were hosts to TCS. The team consisting of Alan Hamilton, Jim Ryan and Walter Stirling was unquestionably the best prepared and most determined of the year, and they very effectively routed the TCS contention that the 1976 Olympics should be scrapped. After Christmas we went through a couple of lean months. A plucky but inexperienced team made up of John Omstead, Dave McLean and John Mierins travelled to UTS to debate a complex resolution, that "Wilfred Laurier was Wrong When he Said that the Twentieth Century Belonged to Canada". Meanwhile, for the first time ever we had a debate against the Lower School at Ridley. Mr. Whitehead acted as coach for a two-man team of Jim Chambers and John Pitts. At Ridley they encountered a slightly unfamiliar format of debating, and were unfortunate to lose a very close decision. The next month Mr. Ray and three fourth formers, Ted Blanchard, Steve Williams and Jeff MacMillan, returned to Ridley intent on making amends. They defended the resolution that "The Genius of America Lies in its Ability to Make Adjustments", and did so with great vigour and passion. We were very happy with the outcome. This debate brought the year's activities to a somewhat premature close. It is gratifying to think that there were still a good many boys who were willing and able to hold their own on a school team had there been further opportunities. Each of the teams would like to thank Mr. Ray for the long hours he spent clarifying the issues with them, and helping them to be their best.



With a whirl. . .



SCIENCE FAIRS



With a whirl and twist, the Grade Ten Science Fair was plugged in and turned on. As we wandered through the labyrinth of wires, ticker tape, metal and machinery parts, before our eyes appeared many and various contraptions, most working with a few hopefully about to work. In time we weaved our way over to Henry Peyer's project. He was busily rushing back and forth with hands frantically grabbing things and a question was blurted out to him: "Hey Worm, what's ya doin'?"

His response was, "I'm setting up my project—Telegraph by Light."

"This?" Everyone immediately broke out in fits of laughter, guffawing all over the cubicle. Finally we recuperated, but the thing worked! Henry had the last laugh.

In the course of the rest of our jaunt through the science building there were many other intriguing projects. In all, there were too many to mention, but to pick a few: Silcox and MacMillan had built an electromagnetic highway, John Olmstead and Myles Pritchard an electric motor and hydraulic turbine, Paul Chung a ticker tape vibrator, and Rees and Moses dealt with shock waves and parts of the ripple tank. Admittedly there were a few fizzles, but all the projects had some flair. To say the least, it was an interesting and amusing fair.



SOLILOQUE TO A SLIDERULE

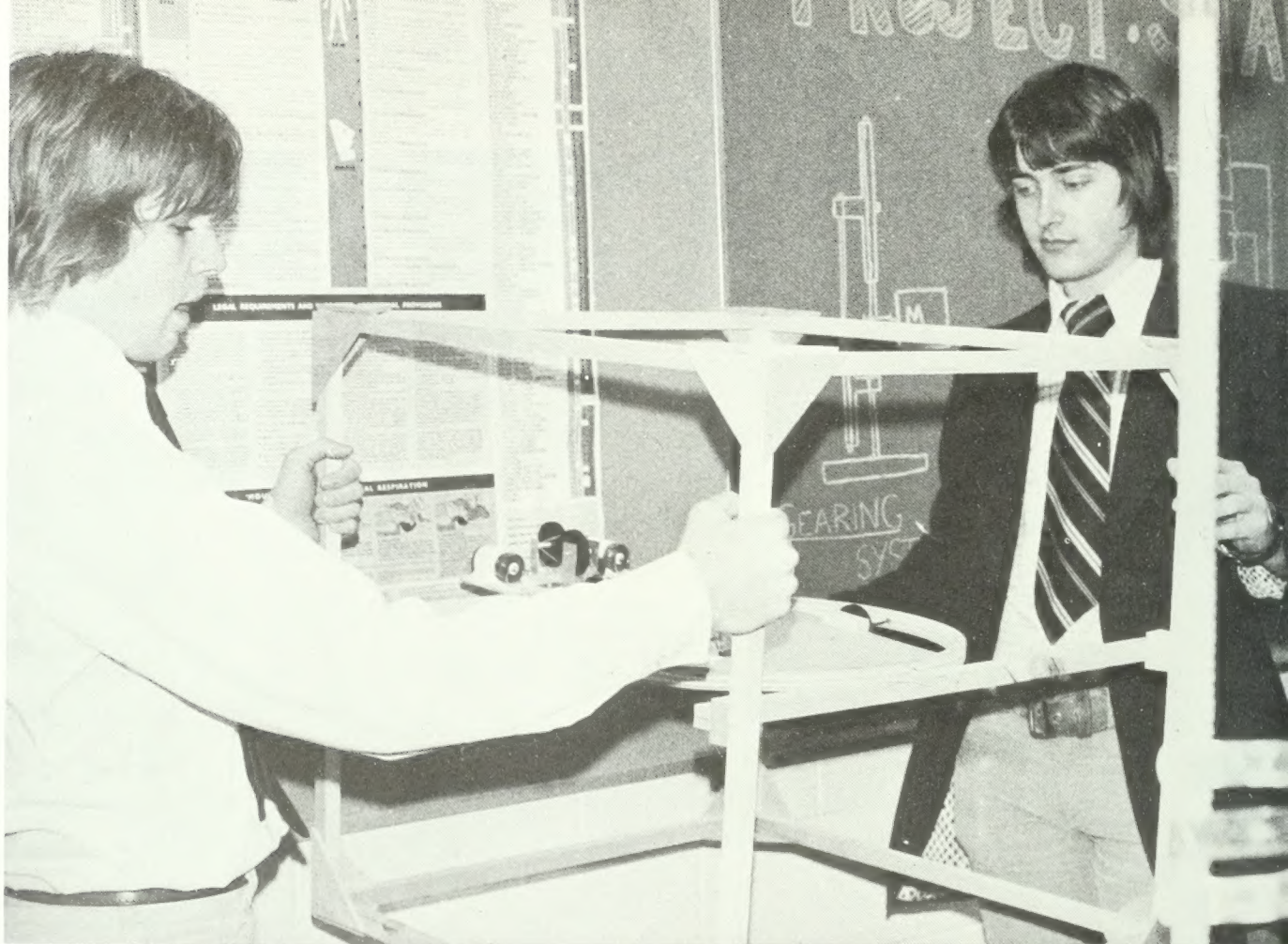
(being a literary tribute to a friende of many years, the entyre worke ryche in imagerie and presented in the most perfecte Olde Englishe)

O constant friende, of structure firme and flatte—
 All Andreans doffe their cappes and trybute paye,
 Thou greatest ayde to mathematicks thatte
 Hath blessed Mankinde since dawne of earth's firste daye!
 Pray, whence hast had thy origin? Methinks
 That I perceive beneath thy ivorie
 A laminated woode whych my instincts
 Suggest freshe-hewne from far-east bamboo tree.
 On thy unyielding surface whyte as toothe
 Contrasting numerals y-carvéd fine
 O'er whych doth ryde, ful effortlesse and smoothe
 On crystal indicator, cursor line.

O pauvre wight who knowest not its use!
 Who solvest all thy math and problems yet
 With calculations most laborious—
 Discarde thy pencille . . . penne and inke forgette!
 For, long as man will breathe, or gull will soare,
 So long wilt thou thy value dailye showe!
 Arise, then, fellow Andreans, gyve thanks for
 The truest friende that thou wilt ever knowe!

Fred Hiltz





Fireless cookers

Have you ever heard of music transmitted via a laser beam? Meet the students who constructed "Project Twinkle", one of many excellent grade thirteen projects of Senior Science Fair 1974. With the aid of the school's laser, the "men from twinkle", Doug Pickard, Don Dawson, Roberto Vidri and Richard Van der Jagt, ran their own radio station between the science building and the dining hall to the delight and amazement of everyone who came to see.

Another display which arrested the attention of many was "Project Trackstar", starring Bill Ellis, Jim Gray, Mark Wigston, and Clyde Urquhart. This fascinating assemblage of mirrors and motors was designed to fix in on the sun's position and follow it across the sky. Mr. Hiltz said, "I've marked some big science fairs in Toronto and this is one of the most complex projects I've seen".

"Project Stable-table" by Paul Hutton and Randy Kline was also an interesting piece of workmanship. Attached to an exterior frame was a platform which remained level regardless of how the frame was moved. The other grade thirteen projects were "Project Oddball", a demonstration of Bernoulli's principle by Paul Fisher, "Project Blowpipe", a wind tunnel built by Peter Williams, and "Project Headstart", a twenty-four foot pin-jointed bridge made entirely of wood and capable of supporting 1500 pounds.

Mr. Hiltz is not well known for his tendency to give away marks, but most students in Upper Sixth received fifty out of fifty, and the rest came very close. The projects were some of the most ambitious and creative of any science fair at SAC in a long time. It was one of the great academic highlights of the year.



PHYSICS VERSUS THE ENERGY CRISES

With the recent Arab embargo on Western oil, and the ensuing plethora of publicity regarding world shortages, a greater public awareness has arisen towards energy. Physicists, however, have long been concerned with energy, for it is one of the basic concepts of their science.

As the earth's reserves of coal, gas, and oil become increasingly scarce, the role of the physicist must, necessarily, focus more acutely on finding exploitable, new sources of energy.

Nuclear physics has already given us the capability to produce large quantities of electrical energy from nuclear fission reactions. There is a growing problem here, however, since the fission, or splitting apart, of the uranium atom ultimately yields the element plutonium which, like uranium, is radioactive. The plutonium wastes remain radioactive for many hundreds of years, thus leaving a lethal legacy for future generations to deal with.

Nuclear fusion reactions, in which two small nuclei are forced to join together to form a large nucleus, are capable of producing greater quantities of energy per pound of reactants than fission. To initiate the reactions, however, requires a temperature of approximately 180 million degrees Fahrenheit! Such temperatures are not only extremely difficult to attain, but present another unique problem. The vessel containing the reactants would be vaporized at temperatures far below 180 million degrees. Fortunately, recent research may have produced the solution. Since the reactants will form, when heated to such temperatures, a plasma, and plasmas can be contained by magnetic fields, a physical vessel may not actually be required. The answer to the other problem, that of attaining,

and controlling, a temperature near 180 million degrees lies, perhaps, within the scope of future laser technology.

Other schemes, some already underway, involve harnessing the energy of the winds and the tides. While the tides certainly provide a plausible energy source, trying to extract significant quantities of energy from the winds makes less sense, at least with our present technology. The number of windmill devices required, and the large areas of land they would occupy are prohibitive.

Other, even more fantastic, schemes exist for supplying man's, and woman's future energy needs. One scheme suggests orbiting space stations to gather solar energy and beam it to earth as microwaves, there to be converted to electricity.

Another possibility would make use of antimatter. Antimatter consists of material whose atoms contain orbiting positrons, rather than orbiting electrons, as in all matter as we on earth know it. Theoretical physicists claim that, within the universe, must exist planets, or even entire solar systems made of antimatter. When normal matter and antimatter meet, they annihilate one another instantaneously releasing enormous amounts of energy in the process. Thus if an antimatter source could be found, mankind would have a limitless supply of energy, although the technical problems involved would be staggering.

The most bizarre scheme of all, which was only recently suggested, involves finding a "blackhole" in outer space. The existence of "blackholes", although as yet unverified, was predicted from Einstein's theories of relativity. A "blackhole" is believed to result from the violent contraction of a giant star, whose nuclear fires have burned out. The star is reduced, in volume, to a minute fraction of its original size, while retaining, in total, its original mass. Thus a tiny centre of mass, with unimaginable density, is created, with a resulting gravitational force so intense that not even light can escape its overwhelming attraction. The plan requires finding a "blackhole," and coaxing it into or it near our solar system, where scrap objects can be released into its gravitational field. The objects would be accelerated to extremely high velocities by the force of gravity, so large amounts of energy would result from the rapid deceleration of the objects as they crashed into the "blackhole".

Whatever the energy needs of future generations of personkind, it appears certain that they must be fulfilled through the efforts of the scientists, whose research and theories seem, at the present, to be well within the realm of the fantastic--if not the absurd!

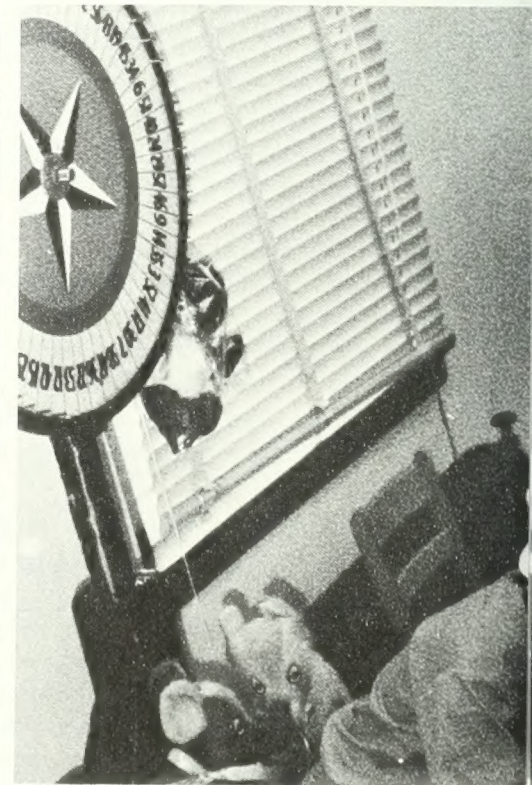
Ian Howell

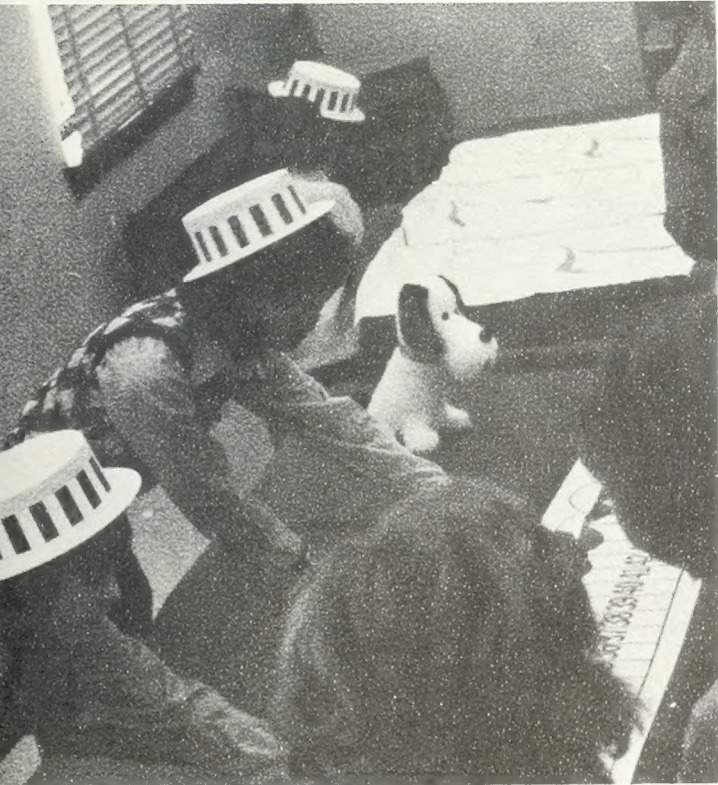
The Winter Carnival with its theme of the Nineteen Twenties was to be a day of fun and frolic for all. The Service Committee's task was to turn that optimistic hope into reality. The committee met frequently, but as is often the case with such bodies, there was more chatter than action. Thoreau once remarked, "That day dawns only to which you are awake," and even when Carnival day was ominously near, we still slumbered. Then at the eleventh hour, our whip (Harvey Sasso) snapped.

An emergency measures meeting was called; the time for action was now. In answer to our prayers, people at last began to get involved in the preparations. Out of shapeless mounds of snow, sculptured beauties metamorphosed. Stalls and games appeared in the classrooms and hallways, and our anxiety was slowly soothed. But where was Slessor? He was supposed to be in Toronto buying prizes. As we waited, we began to fear that Uncle Don had gone to the races. Fortunately this was not the case. Late in the night he returned bearing the gifts.

With a snip of his scissors after arriving in a boy-drawn buggy, Dr. Coulter opened the way to action. There were many fond memories: Mr. Greenwood in his prize-winning twenties garb, Mr. Ackerman sinking Sean Whitehead three times in a row into the dunking pool, and Mr. Meagher's "Wa Wa Three." "Have you ever seen the 'Wa Wa Three?' Jeff Kane has!!"

Many thanks to the kitchen staff who donated their time free of charge, to Messrs. Meagher and Smith for their active help and involvement, and to D.J.'s Randy Kline and Russ Payton. The day was quite a success: we raised \$700 for the York County Therapeutic Pool.





WINTER CARNIVAL A snow job

This year the Social Committee, headed by Andrew Kilpatrick with the help of Russ Payton, Randy Kline, Tom Birkett, Bob Topping, and especially Mr. Smith and others has produced one flop, a record hop, and a formal: not very impressive. As a matter of fact, it is quite foreseeable that SAC should not continue to have dances or, for that matter, any other social activities involving this apathy-riddled student body. The Committee feels that it produced in all cases mentioned above the right atmosphere, food and hope for a good time, but all this is useless when the student body refuses to respond and attend in their original numbers.

The reasons they gave were these:

- 1) I don't like the name of the group
- 2) I can't reach my girl in time (who lives in Toronto)
- 3) It costs too much! (under \$2.00)

The Social Committee maintains that the extended leave policy has destroyed all interschool activities. Boys at the school feel they would rather spend their weekends cavorting around T.O. away from the school, and all this is well and good. If, however, the attitude of the school remains the same next year, then something must give. Either the student body will voluntarily relinquish some of its cavorting in T.O. to support to their utmost the social events that the school campus has to offer, or they may as well take every leave they can and forget about all dances and social affairs here at SAC. It's sad, but that's the way it is.

The Committee can no longer compete against the school leave policy. We are not prepared to go through the massive trouble just for the ten or eleven socially-minded elite in the school. So the onus is on the school: express an interest. It may be your last chance to see a dance at SAC.

It is important to add that this article was written before the Annual Formal. By spreading my feelings amongst others in the school we managed to produce one of the best dances, in terms of decorations, group, and especially attendance, that this school has seen in a long time. It is the hope that this is a sign of the school's general feeling. This year's Social Committee asks that everyone remember what has been said above, and hopes that most students will take it to heart.

Andrew Kilpatrick

"THE SAINT"

This year SAC once again introduced a school newspaper. Previous bold enterprises like "Newsac" and "Andy" have failed to last even the year, but we believe that "The Saint" has moulded a strong foundation for the future.

Our experiences over the year have taught us one main principle: that catering to the student body is no simple task. "The Saint" was subjected to considerable criticism, as is to be expected of almost any school effort. Yet many students contributed articles, and perhaps more importantly, a good deal of time and effort.

To those of you who criticized destructively, we're sorry; to those who criticized constructively, at least you helped "The Saint" in its infancy. To those who said nothing, we can't improve without your involvement, and to those who contributed, thanks.

The Editors

A GREAT FISH STORY

During the first term Mr. Derek Broomhall, representing Oxford Scientific Films, gave us a fascinating presentation on underwater animal life. In two excellent colour films which complemented his narrative, we saw many intriguing forms of life from single-celled animals to sharks. They not only had some of the strangest looking bodies imaginable, but also displayed many humorous habits.

For example, one species of fish is troubled by a peculiar mating problem. A male has enormous difficulty in determining the sex of other fish of his species, and frequently becomes violent with females that come to woo him. The female fish must be exceedingly importunate before the dullard finally responds.

Mr. Broomhall is a graduate of Oxford and is now engaged in cancer research. He has worked with Jacques Cousteau, and was at the Marine Biology Station in Hong Kong for thirteen years. We thoroughly enjoyed his presentation.



Richard Van der Jagt, Russ Payton, Andy Kilpatrick, Randy Kline, Rick Mann, Mike Carter, Mr. Geoff Smith.

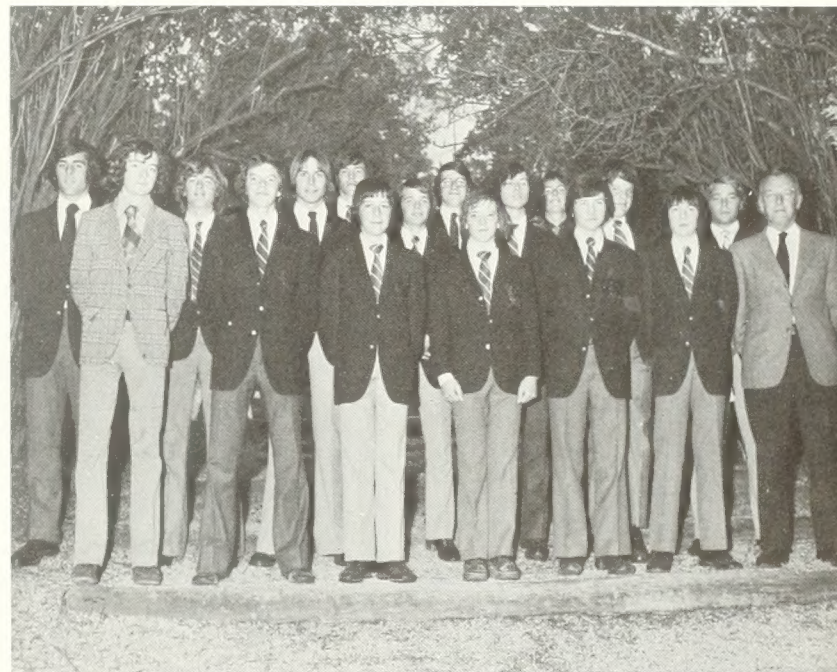
COMMITTEES: The organizers



BACK: Jeff Baun, Gary Lawrence, Peter O'Neil, Randy Kline, Harvey Sasso (Chairman). MIDDLE: Mr. Bob Meagher, Matt Shinkle, Myles Pritchard, James Hepburn, Peter Roth. FRONT: Jeff MacMillan, David Buick, Scott Silcox.

Every school year begins like a twit convention. Everyone is running about like a rat with its hind legs torn off; no one knows who's who, what's what or where's where. This is the day the new boys arrive. All Andreans experience this awkward first day: the beginning of a year of Andrean adolescence which only time can change. Those early days contain much insecurity and terror. You don't know your way around, you know none of the other people, and you are entirely ignorant of the rules (although some would maintain it is the rules which are ignorant). If you've got a big nose or funny ears, everywhere you tread snickers and ridicule follow. To gain acceptance and get rid of this needling you must prove your worth to your peers. In Mac House you need only conquer several dorms with your pillow, but in Upper School your prowess must be manifested in a more sophisticated and diabolical manner, say by water bombing every room on a floor, or by removing the screws from the Head Prefect's bed. This approval for most is not hard to gain, but there are a few who are less aggressive and pushy, who tend towards room hibernation, becoming spooks, for whom it is difficult to gain acceptance. They grow inwards rather than outwards and live in dire fear of cheer rallies and marching. Every day is a test. Some never adjust, they either become paper maché radicals who fantasize that they can break the system, or wormy degenerates who cannot cope and simply fade out. But for the majority, once this acceptance and acknowledgement is obtained, you need only live out the year. Memory is the key; when you are able to reminisce, then you truly are an Old Boy.

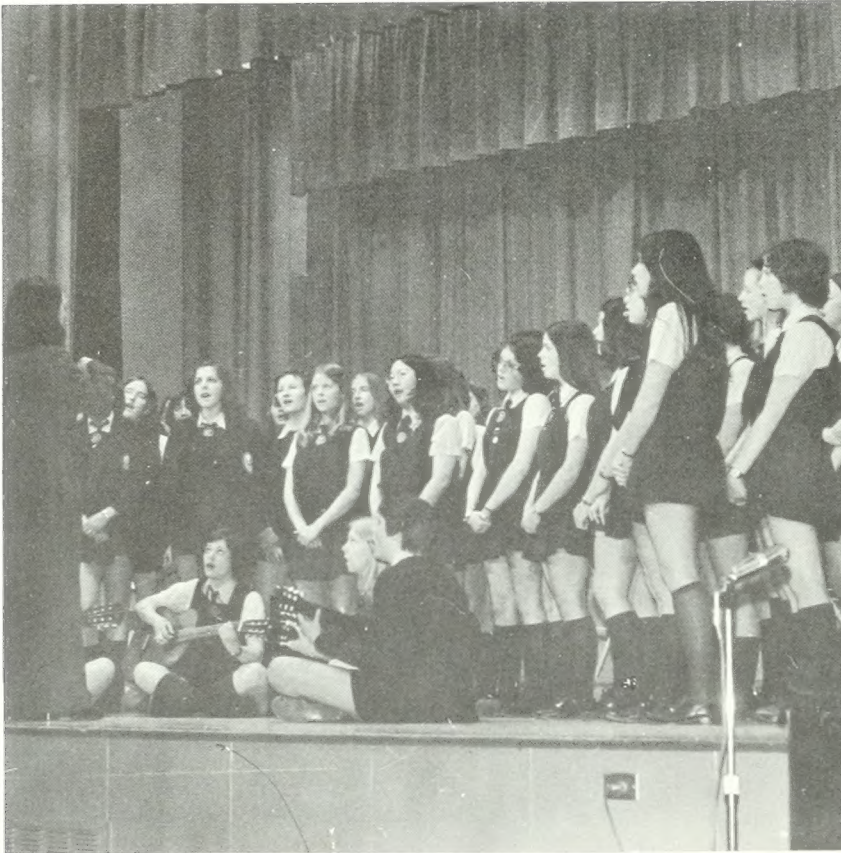
Like father. . .



Sons of Andreans

BACK: Gary Lawrence, Douglas Munn, Michael Crosbie. MIDDLE: Kane Straith, John and Michael Omstead, Andrew Kilpatrick, Greg Clark, Jeff Hall, Tom Birkett. FRONT: Douglas Marks, James Hepburn, Bill Cathers, Andrew Munn, Andrew Eakins, Peter Cathers, Mr. Robert Coulter.

CHAPEL



Altogether the school has gone to six rock concerts, including Emerson, Lake & Palmer, Electric Light with Edgar Winter, and Bob Dylan. Everyone seemed to agree that either E.L.P. or Yes had the best shows, but Bob Dylan was hanging in there with his act. Unfortunately, only a few of us managed to get to it, so we couldn't accept their opinion. Edgar Winter and E.L.P. drew the largest crowds from our school. Everyone thought that Edgar Winter was good, but too flashy. He overdid the use of all sorts of special effects that looked excessively groovy.

The concerts started with Mr. Bates getting his music class out of Friday night study and was followed up by other students being allowed to go. A bus was rented to take us. When we got to the Gardens we walked in and up to our seats like normal people. It was a nice relief from study and it gave us a chance to feel the Friday night groove. We thank Mr. Bates for starting the ball rolling and we all believe it was a fantastic idea and should be continued.

Our chapel services this year have on occasion been excellent and memorable. The prefects presented a service with the theme of friendship very effectively with several modern songs. Our spiritual leader, Mr. Bates, also took several of the services.

During the fall term Messrs. Coulter, Smith and Meagher gave conflicting arguments for and against the existence of God. Dr. Coulter presented the "thesis", Mr. Smith the "antithesis", and Mr. Meagher the "synthesis".

Before Christmas Dr. Dawson and Dr. Wilkie revisited us. Dr. Dawson's magnificent organ playing, was for a brief evening back again. Dr. Wilkie, with a thoughtful sermon so typical of him, brought back nostalgic memories for the handful of Upper Six, who were here in grade seven, his last year with us.

Chapel services after Christmas took a somewhat different turn. Indeed, it appeared as if some of the life and enthusiasm had left it. A few innovations were made in an attempt to pick things up, but they were not wholly successful. Each of the Houses took a Sunday service, but interest in that died around Easter. Then for the morning chapel readings grade elevens were added to the list and at the end of the year Jonathan Livingston appeared. For four chapel readings we listened to the varying exploits of Jonathan Bird. Reaction to this was mixed. But still through all of this there was dissatisfaction; it appeared that the students just didn't see the supreme value of morning prayers and hymn singing. Indeed, when queried on the subject of chapel one master said, "Well, at least it makes sure you get to class on time." Perhaps the biggest thorn in the chapel's side was the Friday afternoon singing practices. Perhaps they need a new place in the timetable. As any old boy could tell you, the quality of the singing has gone down. Assuredly we've never been good singers, but at least in years past we were able to raise the roof a bit.

So what is the solution? Maybe there isn't one, but during the next few years the chapel is going to have to field challenges to its purpose and importance. It could be that hymn books are going the way of cadet rifles.



CHAPEL BOYS

BACK: John Hughes, Doug Munn, Garfield Mitchell, Paul Nauta. FRONT: Andy Kilpatrick, James Hepburn, Ricky Mann.

& CONCERTS



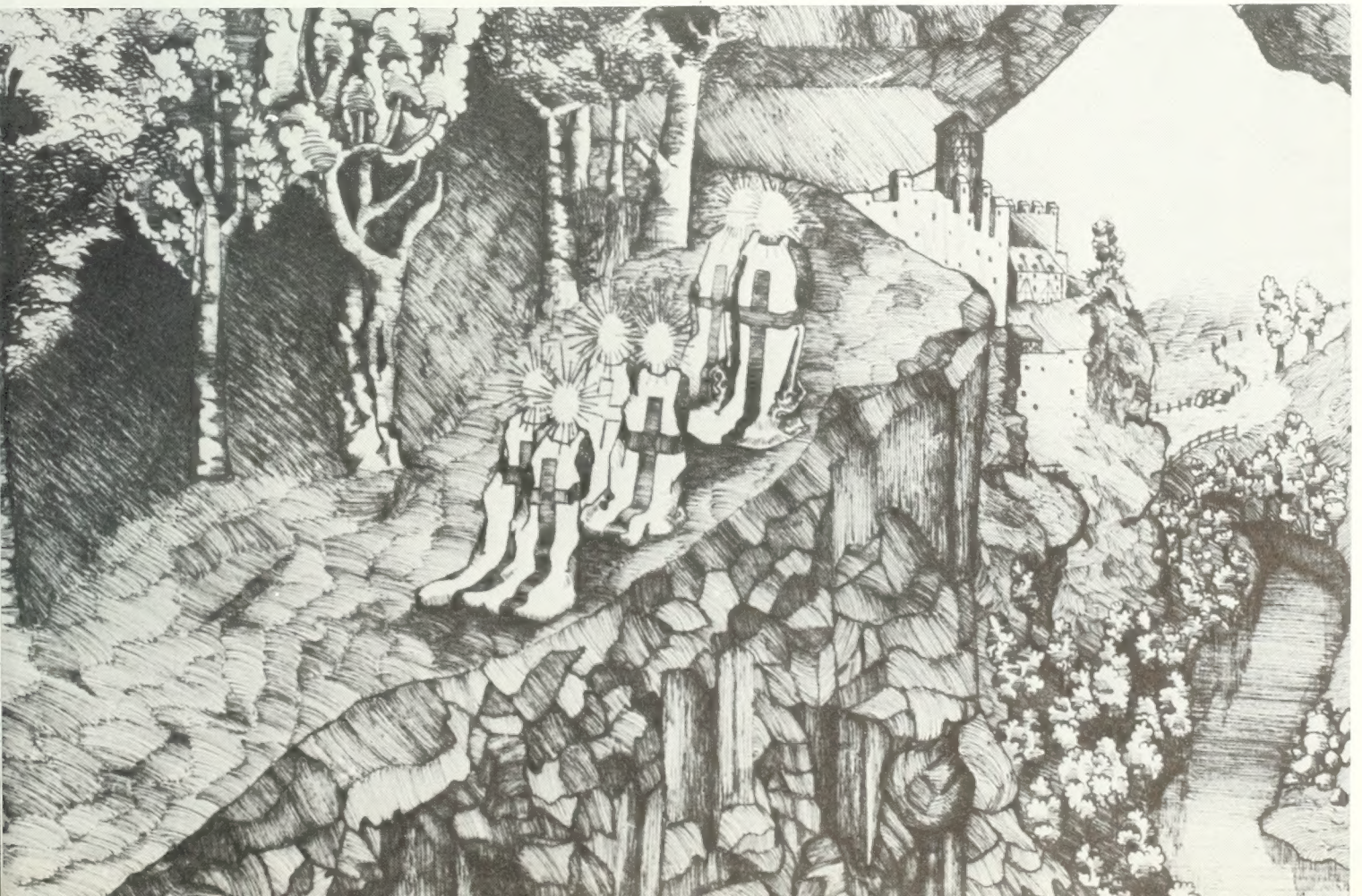
O Come, O come. . .

This year's carol services under the able instruction of Mr. Greenwood turned out as one of the year's triumphs. It was only a week before the actual services that things finally came together. Before then everyone had thought that they would be nothing short of catastrophes. Through Mr. Greenwood's perseverance, however, the carols, readings and instrumentals came off rather well.

The first service which many considered our best was not planned for originally. It came about as a result of the overwhelming attendance and demand for seats. Finishing the service with an energetic performance, we proceeded into our second which, as usual, was less enthusiastic. The third and fourth were done in a truly professional style.

The solos were sung by Morgan Carpenter, John Pitts and Mark Gossman, while "We Three Kings" was sung by Dave Kitchen, Rick Mann and Andrew Kilpatrick.

We hope that next year's carol services will surpass this year's in performance and beauty. The school will continue to produce its finest. Nuts to the Mormon Tabernacle Choir!



At the centre of it all

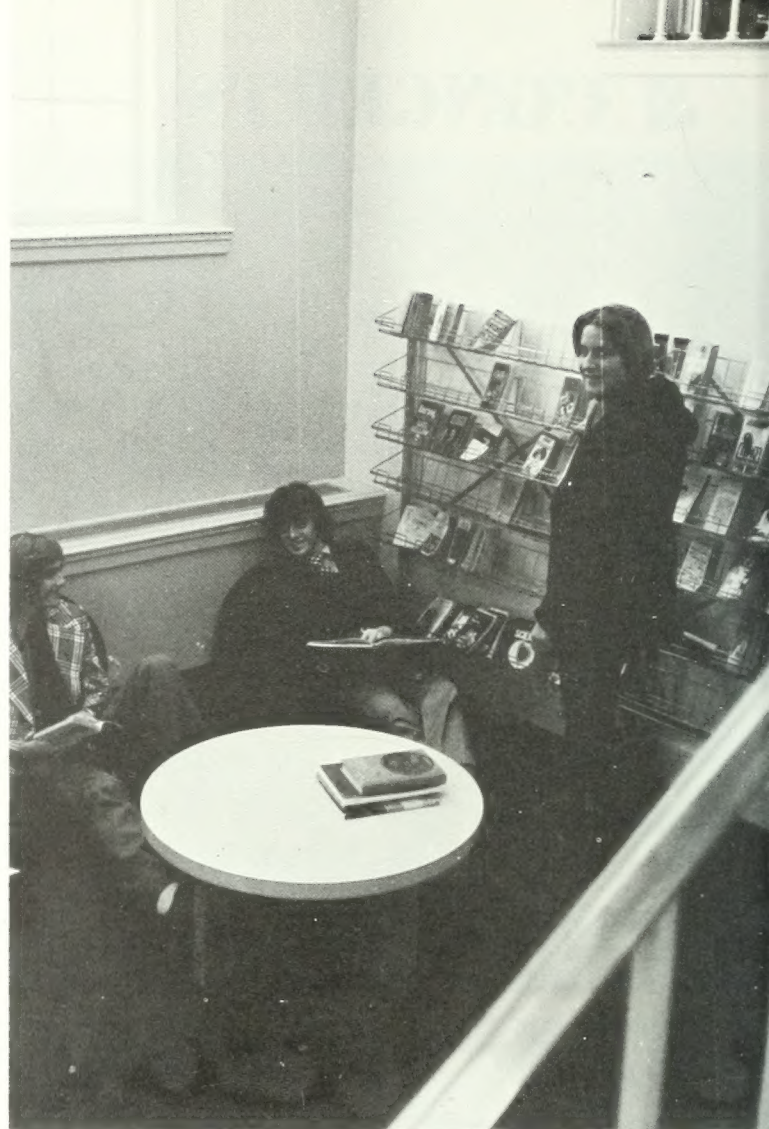
After you have listened to geographers, physicists, historians, and those who guide us through the often clouded passages of English and French, you are probably most confused. How is it, you ask yourself, that each one of these subjects can claim with equal certainty that it is at the centre of all knowledge; that it must be properly studied and understood in order to see man's past, present and future in the proper light, indeed the only light? How is it, you ask yourself further that each one can claim to be also at the centre of change – an all too nebulous word which describes man's states of knowledge.

Weary and confused, reader, breathe a sigh of relief, for the end to your befuddlement is in sight – in the library. The library is at the centre of it all. It is the one place for everyone to use and can be the one place instrumental in change. Let us look a little closer.

Secondary schools are primarily concerned with teaching young people from about the age of thirteen to about the age of eighteen what commonly comes to be regarded as a basic education; namely fundamentals of mathematics, English, history, science, etc. Each of these courses is taught by a person educated in and dedicated to that field of knowledge; a person who knows that to teach he must impress, and to impress he must make available to the student as interesting a course as possible. To do this, he must vary his presentation and shift the voice of authority away from himself. Enter the library (or 'multi-media resource centre', if you are in the public system). Here the teacher and his students can find all the necessary information which would relate to this course – primary and secondary – in as many formats as one could imagine. The necessary fact, diagram or graph, a good illustration, a good description or another point of view may be found in a book, on a slide, on tape, in a Jackdaw, or magazine or filmloop. In each case, just the right thing in just the right environment brings the point home. When one considers that this might be done in any subject, one can imagine the range of information available, and because of this just how important a library really is. It is the physical centre of all knowledge.

Now how do we answer the more difficult question of the library being instrumental in change? There are two distinct areas on which we must concentrate here. Schooldays are a time when many people are trying to find out what being human is all about; a time when they are also trying to find out what English, math and science are all about, and a time when they feel most that they do not belong. Adolescents are neither children nor adults. Enter the library! Here is information on areas outside schoolwork: on identity, on morality, on sex, on drugs, on cars. It is the business of libraries to provide the information which answers the questions of the young inquiring mind, enabling it to change and grow. A person who knows that libraries contain the information he wants will probably be able to move from childhood to adulthood much more easily. The library can be the centre of it all.

The second area to which we must look is the most important and most abstract. This is the area of change itself. Having talked about growth (both mental and physical), and about education, it should be evident that we have been talking about the same thing. In certain senses of these words, growth, education and change are the same thing. Through time and knowledge humans change. It should be the concern of each individual, regardless of age, time, or place, to be open to change by being aware of different points of view and of different ways of looking at things, for there are so many ways to look at things. Each subject area has an innate point of view which often will exclude others. If each individual is to come to his own point of view, he must understand that he must form it by himself, independent of teachers of any subject. What is one place where he will find all the information on all ways of seeing things which he can examine on his own in his time?



LIBRARY



TRIPS

Grade ten

Once again this year the grade ten geography course was highlighted with field trips abroad. For our first excursion we bussed to the Holland Marsh, and after studying and sketching its structure and drainage for a while we took a hankering to the vegetable end of things. Anyhow, we managed to get a ride on a tractor and pick up a free carrot or two. Then Messrs. Little, Whitehead and Gibb rounded up all the students and vegetables and got them back on board the bus for a short hop to look at a Newmarket canal which was followed up by a jaunt down a country lane to study soil profiles. This done, students and carrots all crowded back on the bus for the trip back to SAC which, not too surprisingly, featured a carrot war, and few vegetables survived.

Our next trip was to the Copland Sawmill. Mr. Copland had at one time been a student of Mr. Gibb's so he personally took us on a guided tour. The tour was most informal, thereby enabling us to get answers easily to all our questions. A few weeks later we visited Dofasco which was fascinating not only to us but also to Mr. Gibb who has been there so many times that he knows everyone by their first name. Perhaps that is what makes the geography field trips so enjoyable: Mr. Gibb's enthusiasm and interest. Our last trip was to the Niagara escarpment in the area near Caledon. Obviously we studied the escarpment, but the highlight of the day came in watching Mr. Gibb have a great time sliding on the sheets of ice which covered the ground. Needless to say we had a fun time. May Mr. Gibb and his grade ten geography flourish for many more years.



U. of T.

On October 19th a group of students went to the University of Toronto to attend their Centennial Open House, and we were delighted and frequently amazed at the displays and projects of the students. Who would believe that a model bridge made of wooden beams no thicker than your middle finger could remain intact under a two thousand pound load? How many people could have experienced the pleasure of breathing simulated Los Angeles air, or had a flea's eye view of modern computer microcircuitry through a microscope?

There were many other excellent demonstrations including pollution-free cars, glass blowing and moulding, wind tunnels, and even the "dissection" of single cells. These and a chat with old boy Ron Francis made our day very satisfying, even though Mr. Hiltz met some old friends and unknowingly left us waiting out in the rain by his car. Nevertheless, we owe our thanks to Mr. Hiltz for a very enjoyable and educational afternoon.

Stratford-on-Shads

We hadn't been back for more than a few weeks when we left for our annual expedition to the Stratford Shakespearian Festival. This year we went to see 'Othello', and to have the usual jaunt into town. But there was one catch: to avoid a depleted attendance of the play and some of the obvious results of the riotous nightlife on the return trip, we went in daylight so as to eliminate the cloak of darkness for escapades. Having eaten an early lunch we arrived at Stratford with enough time for Bob and Joe to get a quick one at the Bamboo. Well, for those who watched the play, it wasn't a disappointment except that Othello's lines were a bit hard to follow, and for those who chose the other sights, success was in the air. Though it wasn't even nightfall, all the beautiful girls seemed to be everywhere, and speaking of those who had something to eat, Stratford's cuisine wasn't disappointing. Except for Mo, who, in one of his moods got on the wrong bus and never knew it, the return trip went without a hitch. However, the usual complaints and petitions to halt the bus were repeated like a ritual, and to those who perhaps will venture on such a trip again, Mr. Skinner has a word to the wise: "If you can't hold it, don't drink it!"

"Up St. Andrews"

Of the many trips on which the school goes, those of us who went down to see the filming of "UP CANADA", felt that this was the best yet. The making of a T.V. show can be both exciting and tedious, as we found out. During the Careers Night seminars, Terry Cook who was put on the question hot seat for the Broadcasting Arts segment, invited us to come to Toronto one Tuesday and see the filming of the show he was working on. So after exams Mr. Don Stuart took a group of us down for the whole day. We arrived, and after some false entrances we finally found Studio Two. Among the cameras, wires, chords and machines we found a place to watch the production. Terry has said that during the week the show is prepared. Every Tuesday they would use the whole day to film it for showing that night, to everyone's delight they finished early. Many people who watch television have no idea of the time, the retaker, and editors' efforts which are needed to put together a really good performance. Well, we do now. Watching gives a person a certain appreciation for the professionalism of all those involved. Compliments aside, we really had a fun time. The show's host Rob Parker, took us to lunch and answered a multitude of questions. Since he is an Andrean, we had common ground to talk on. George Robertson, the executive producer, provided us with an insight into his years of behind-the-scenes work at the CBC. We thank him and all the others who made our visit so worthwhile.

Sunday odyssey

With the introduction of a more liberal leave policy this year it was decided that an effort would be made to provide excursions for those boys unable to take regular weekend leave. The idea met with a certain success during the fall term, although with the advent of Sunday skiing it died out in the latter part of the year. Trips were made to Ontario Place, the Markham Fair, the Ontario Science Center, Niagara Falls, and the Corning Ware works in Corning, N.Y. The latter involved a whole weekend in which the group also toured around Cornell University. Generally, the boys who participated in the programme experienced enthusiasm, and it is hoped that an expanded and more ambitious effort will be undertaken next year. Special thanks to Mr. Kamcke and Mr. MacPherson.



Northward ho! Arctic gas



On the Wednesday before our mid-winter break, the Ladies' Guild invited the school to listen to their guest speaker, Gene Wilder, Chairman of Arctic Gas Study Ltd. Accompanied by a slide show, Mr. Wilder tried to demonstrate the necessity and importance of a Mackenzie Valley Pipeline. The audience remained somewhat apprehensive and unconvinced despite his persuasive reasoning. In speaking with him afterwards, he was much more at home in an informal conversation. Mr. Wilder then tried to dispel any thoughts about Eric Kierans' thesis, but again he unfortunately left us unconvinced. During a lively question period, having compared his company's pipeline to Arctic resources with Moses leading his people from Egypt across the Red Sea, Mr. Greenwood advised Mr. Wilder to avoid such imagery. Mr. Greenwood reminded our guest of the words of Golda Meir when she said that Moses had somehow managed to lead the Israelites to the only land in the Middle East without oil.

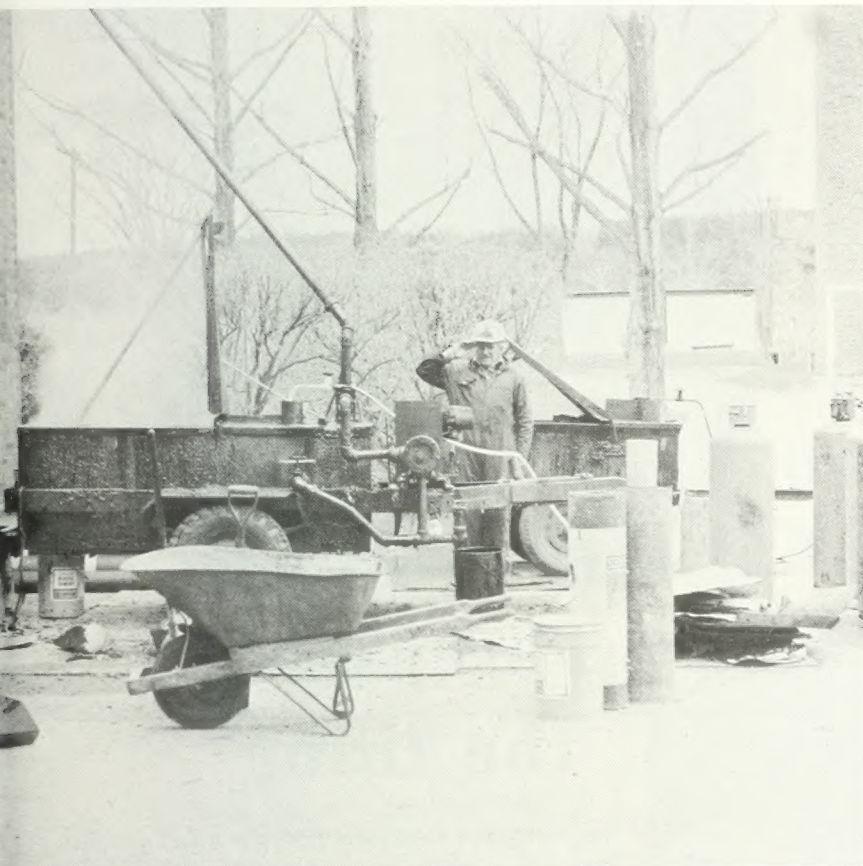
In loco parentis

Once a year from all distances, the people who pay the bills, examine the reports with scrupulous and judicious eyes, and somehow manage to make the weekend journey to and from the College with their young cargo, make the trip to meet those anonymous people. They are the ones whose initials appear beside the term's comments, and who stand to the side of school photos. Inevitably pictured with chalk and ruler in hand, the masters, jovial yet serious with the responsibility of "in loco parentis" meet with our mothers and fathers.

This year after the meal, debates concerning post secondary education and co-education, along with a slide show of the school, pre-empted the ritual of learning about Andy. The almost typical "Is he doing alright?" and "Oh, yes; he's a great kid" demand the scoffing cynicism that only the wiser students can provide. Whatever it is that invokes the pleasant compliments somehow never filters down to those whose names are bantered back and forth. Conversing with parents afterwards, the skeptical student never believes what "Old Bugger-luggs" said about him. Whether it's the food, drink, or simply congeniality, we're not quite sure, except that in our modest student way, we like it.



CAREERS

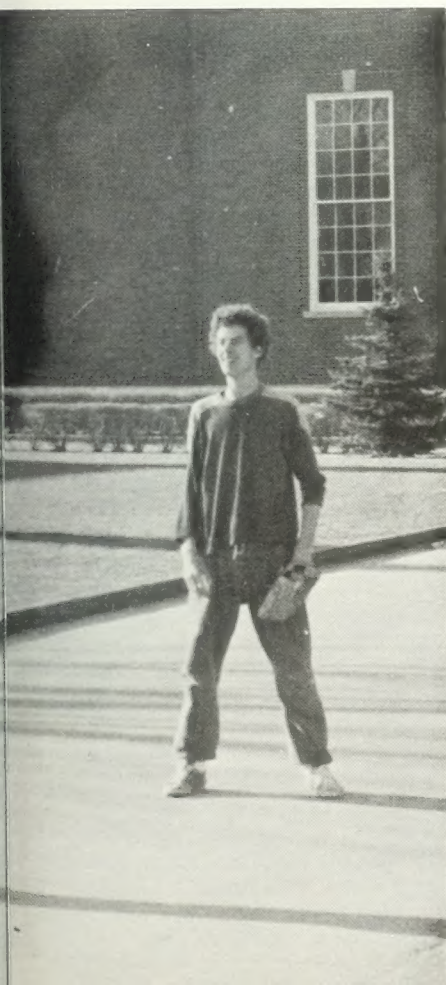


Complementing "Careers Night" which took place in the fall term, on April 16th St. Andrew's held its annual "Careers Day". For those Upper and Lower Sixth students with interests ranging from careers in space technology to accounting, arrangements were made to visit local institutes from which they might learn more about their respective professions.

The most popular choices were law and hotel administration, with a total of fourteen students each attending a trial in progress, and the Royal York respectively. Other groups included advertising, architecture, banking, investments, engineering, accounting, medicine, the environment, psychiatry, TV and radio broadcasting, and veterinary practice. In almost every case, the students agreed that Careers Day was very worthwhile and that they discovered a great deal.

We would like to acknowledge the individuals and the institutes they represented for their time and guidance. They were: Mrs. Joan Stone of Centennial College; Mr. Charles King of Freeman, Milne, Bozell and Jacobs; Mr. Christopher Smith of Page and Steele; Mr. Goldman of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, Mr. Edward Nelles of Wood Gundy Ltd.; Mr. James Hepburn of John F. Hepburn Ltd.; Mr. John Haunts of the Royal York Hotel, Mr. Paul Jewell of Ricketts, Farley, Lowdnes and Jewell; Dr. John Medhurst of the Toronto East General Hospital; Dr. Murray Johnson of the Canada Centre for Inland Waters; Mrs. Marg Clark of the Clark Institute; Mr. Rob Parker of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation; and Dr. Barbara J. Beresford of the Cormack Animal Clinic.

Especially thanks to Mr. Hamilton and Mr. MacPherson for their enthusiastic organization.



Once again in November, the members of Upper and Lower VI and form V had an opportunity to talk to and question old boys and friends of SAC on the different careers they had chosen. As in the past, Careers Night was varied. Subjects included were Accounting, Veterinary Science, Advertising, Marine Biology, and many more.

For the discussion on law, John Lowdnes and Paul Jewell, both old boys and partners in the Toronto firm of Ricketts, Farley, Lowdnes, and Jewell provided for an interesting evening. Dr. Mark Hatt of Newmarket came to speak on dentistry. For those students planning to become multi-millionaires, old boy Bill Andrews of A.E. Ames and Co. had a few tips on investment. All future bank presidents met with Mike Cutt's father, Bill, and Bob Richards, both from the Bank of Commerce on the "ins and outs" of banking. Murray Mills of Eli Lilly and Co. persuaded many boys to go into accounting, and two old boys, Peter Bates and Dave Grant from Systems Research and NCP respectively helped out all possible computer scientists.

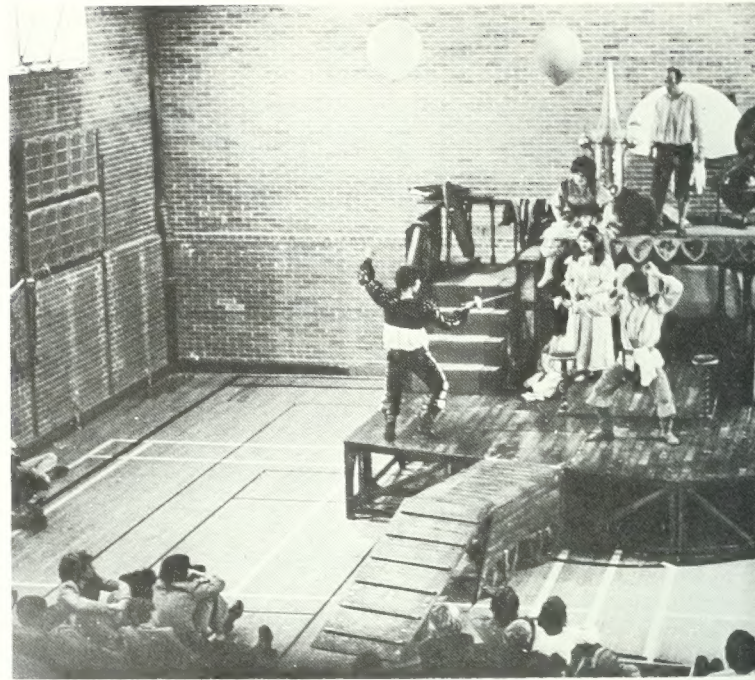
After a short break where the boys were able to speak, Ted Tremain, Treasurer of Consumers Gas, drew large crowds in business administration. Both Drs. Allen Graham and James Shapely, specialists in internal medicine and anaesthesiology, talked to a determined group of would-be interns. The architect in charge of the Commerce Court in Toronto, Chris Smith, an old boy, spoke of grand designs to his seminar. Arnold Wigston, an engineer, had a good attendance for those interested in engineering. A new addition, Broadcasting Arts, welcomed Terry Cook of the CBC, a Ridley old boy, to engage in one of the most successful discussions of the evening. Not far away was Dr. A. R. Emery of the Dept. of Ichthyology, Royal Ontario Museum, who led an in-depth discussion on marine biology. For all promising advertisers, E. B. Nelson, Chairman of Mikim, Benton and Bowles, provided an interesting topic for conversation. Lastly, in the veterinary science field, Dr. Jan Ohalski of Aurora gave more than just a few tips on rabid dogs. Unfortunately, Peter Hill, old boy and chairman of the Lord Simcoe Hotel couldn't make the discussion on hotel administration.

Our thanks to all these gentlemen and friends for their time and effort.

Christmas dinner

It's been a long time since so many smiles, so much joy and unbelievable laughter has graced our halls. The last night of term is usually our Christmas Dinner, and this year it certainly was. With the usual special meal we have on occasions like this, everyone was treated to an extra special performance. The "Four Bob's of SAC"—Coulter, Jones, Bedard and Meagher—provided the voices to a song composed by Mr. Meagher. With a bounteous amount of humour and levity, the four Bob's were accompanied by Mr. Van Winkle on the flute, Mr. Bates on taps, Mrs. Hiltz on piano, and a chorus of staff conducted by Mr. Kamcke provided the refrain.

Along with that gala presentation, Uncle Donny, masquerading as Santa Claus with just a touch of Bobo, passed out early Christmas presents to some of the masters. Mr. Gibb received a plate of margarine and four slices of bread, Mr. Hiltz a fireless cooker, Mr. Don Stuart a bag of overdue books, Mr. Norm Stewart a book on ways to cook a meal, Mr. Bédard a French-English dictionary, Mr. Harrison and Mr. Kamcke one shin pad each, Mr. Bates some tools to repair his bus, and Mr. Inglis a picture of Napier.



The play's the thing

There was, as usual, a line; there is always a line: pushy Mac House brats and rowdy Upper School men formed the queue. They didn't shove because they were not in any particular hurry to get in; as a matter of fact nobody wanted to see the play, but like so many other things at SAC it was compulsory.

The first thing we looked for was a place to sit. When we saw the mats the grumbling began; it was bad enough to sit through this whole performance, but to sit through it on the floor? Unbelievable! This thought was not on our minds for long, however. The sight of the stage soon captured our attention. That stage had to be one of the most interesting and intricate ever. It had a floor with a huge sheet in the middle, and on each side there were staircases leading to an upper stage cluttered with medieval paraphernalia, a globe, a cauldron and the like. No one dared to admit that they were even marginally interested; that was a cardinal sin. It was met (as is everything else) with typical cynicism and sarcasm.

When most of us were seated and almost quiet, out sprang the "attention man". It was his unfortunate job to try to turn our attention from the fact that we were missing two periods of French, and to concentrate on the show instead. He prowled ape-like around the gym dressed in clothes from the Middle Ages, deftly avoiding the out-thrust feet, and selected several people to help him in his "ad-lib" performance. No one saw him for what he really was—a clever actor—but instead as someone who was decidedly "out of his tree".

Soon he lost interest in the audience and examined the objects on the stage. His attention was held by a book marked "Riddles of The Universe" from which he conjured up a spell, and from underneath the brightly coloured sheet appeared four people. When first they emerged, they didn't seem to understand how they got there, where they were, or even who they were. The four of them, two men and two women (very convenient) started to sputter unintelligible gibberish. From this point onward the play made little sense. It seemed to consist of a discovery, a pairing off, a fight between the men and a little confusion involving the identity of one person's sex.





The play was an entertaining one in the opinion of most. However, without the actors' explanation at the end it meant close to nothing, although most of us realized that the characters had gone through a development of some kind. It was actually about a time traveller (the magician) who stopped and helped these four people discover themselves and each other, and how to live together harmoniously. The lines they spoke were all excerpts from Shakespeare. In all, the play was well received and acted, and it certainly was imaginative, but perhaps a more straightforward approach to the theme would have made the experience more easily understood and therefore more enjoyable. Also, if someone had not boldly asked what the play was about, would they have told us? Would it have mattered? I noticed a glint in the magician's eye as he pranced around the gym making a fool of himself. It made me wonder who was performing for whom: who was the real fool?

Christmas quickies Nick Nozzle

Ode to the Haggis

Once every year at the appointed time, all new boys are subjected to the taunts, threats and conjurations of the Haggis. The St. Andrew's Day Dinner provides an opportunity for the new boys to fulfill their dreams. For most, the hearing of Mr. MacPherson's Scottish brogue is a first time experience and one that is not easily forgotten. It seems that he has done it all his life with a unique accuracy and vitality that highly paid professionals never seem to instill. As usual, the chef outdid himself: C'est par excellence!

The dinner also shared its billing with the sports awards. Bob Topping, in perhaps one of his most humorous speeches ever, said a few words about First Football and their coaches, especially Mr. Ackerman. Bob presented him with a football signed by everyone on the team, and Mr. Ackerman received a standing ovation.

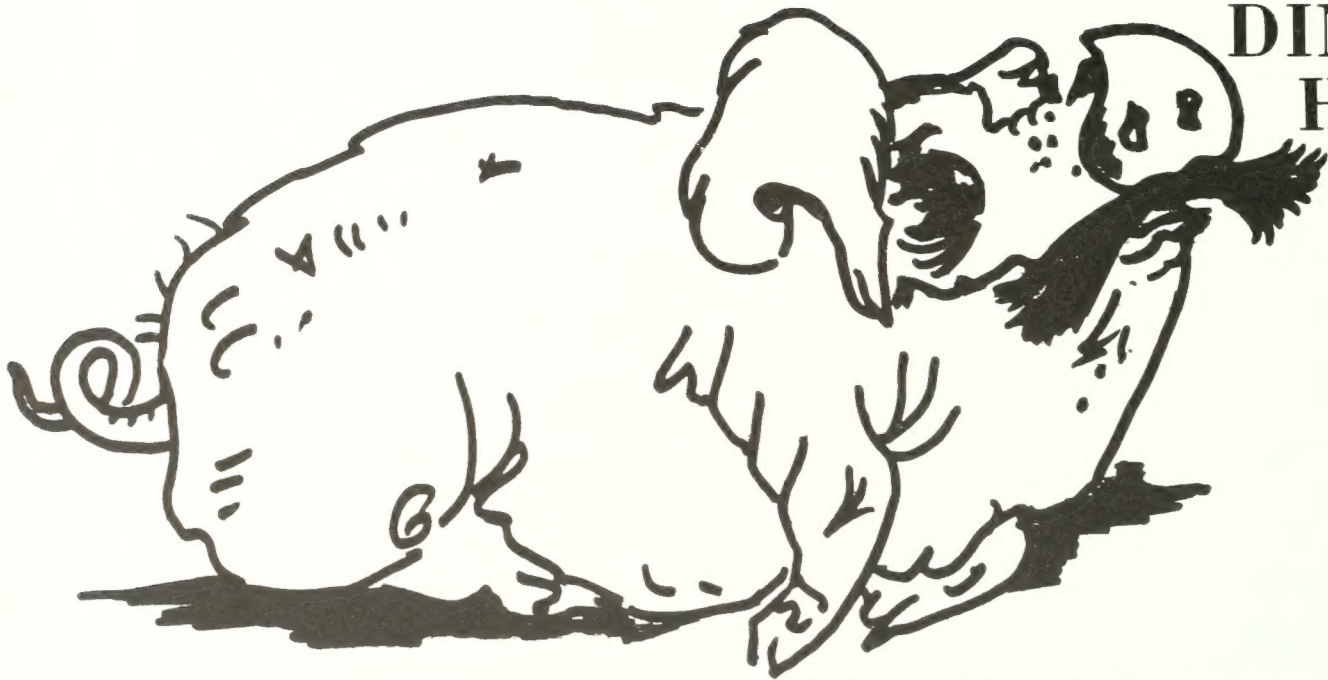
Dave Stubbs, on behalf of the school's most successful team, First Soccer, presented to their coach Mr. Peter Stuart a plaque with all their names inscribed.

It should be mentioned that Bozo and Newfie carried the Haggis, and in the most disappointing moment of the evening, they missed receiving the traditional punch in the solar plexus.



The last time we had a Variety Night few can recall. No brave soul in a long while has dared expose the talents that lie hidden within the student body. With an excellent turnout including even the masters, it promised to be an evening to remember. It certainly was. Never have so many people performed so well. First off, compliments go to Bozo, whose lighting surpassed brilliance. Of the many skits, "Mo the Midget" was the best. Everyone wondered when his sixth hand would slug or perhaps strangle him. The other Memorial House effort, "Bobo's Surgery", provided us with a view of David Lefebvre doing what he does best: lunatic analysis. However, the "Ramsey House Meeting" only rated eggs. Still flying the banners high, the "Henry Awards" with Emit, Goob, and a cast of thousands turned into a "Don Rickles" performance. Not forgetting Mac House, Waters Brothers Productions tried in vain to do the things that Archie Bunker has done to the materialist-oriented world, we saw a solid effort at satire. Last and worst, the Fourth House gang ensemble presented "Nick Nozzle and his Nine Nose Pickers". They really stretched those fingers!

DINING HALL



It was Tuesday, October 2nd, and we just had a gruelling physics quiz followed by a disastrous mathematics brain twister. The chips were down for me; the physics wasn't a highlight of the day and neither was the math. I was looking forward to a relaxing afternoon, knowing that Mr. Little was going away on a field trip, so I went to lunch with a little joy in my heart. I ate like a pig. We had spaghetti with nice hot Italian sauce. I made a hog of myself jamming and cramming it all down until I was ready to burst at the seams. I maneuvered my almost bursting stomach to class, sat down and vegetated like I had the IQ of square root. Then Mr. Ray came bouncing in with gusto, passed out the assignments and said, "Get to work fellas". So much for my stomach and relaxing afternoon.

Eric Jolliffe



BACK: Mr. Mike Willcott, Mr. Joe Ryba, Mr. Albert Jeanquart. MIDDLE: Mrs. Maria Zapiorkowska, Mr. Don Woods. FRONT: Mrs. Joyce Stewart, Mrs. Geny Lemanska, Mrs. Sophie Jezienicka, Mr. Norm Stewart.

When I first came to SAC, I thought that the stately white house which is now nearly submerged between the school buildings was the single teachers' quarters. By looks alone, it appears a quaint residence at that for bachelors. Of course, this is not so.

People tell me that you can judge the quality of a school by how good its library is. This may be true, but for me, I take a look at another facet: the Tuck Shop. A lot can be gauged by eating habits and habitats. I might add that SAC's Tuck Shop is a cut above others in quality, as well as in looks.

Mabel McNichol is the present curator. She is a veteran of over fifteen years, an amiable person, and procreator of the famous "Yeah Mabel!" football cheer. Mabel doesn't have many complaints; after all, the students rarely dare to give her any static with the Tuck Shop being the only lifeline between meals. Her one standing complaint concerns the dubious grade thirteen and House Captain privileges. She can't tell who the House Captains and Upper Six students are. For those of us who are ineligible for the privilege of going to the front of the line this identification factor can, provided you're crafty, save you from a prolonged stay at the end of an extended queue. But the wait is always worthwhile. "Yeah Mabel!"

Eating habits



Five times a week at 9:00 the hordes come flying down the stairs for the attack on the juice and cookies. Monday through Friday at 9:00 your life is on the line if you attempt to go up the stairs. I myself have witnessed, from a safe distance, the millions pouring down the stairs like a stampede of hippopotami, and trampling some poor fellow into the ground. If you feel like eating by the time you get to the basement you can watch with awe the hands and sometimes the feet grabbing for cookies, lemonade, and pushing others out of the way. Of course, the first survivor to get down to the basement slips away with the loot and discreetly shoves them down his shirt, under his armpits, and even behind his ears. After the hordes have completed their mission, to destroy the juice and cookies and sometimes unwary students and masters, calm resumes among the houses and all is well.



Wallowing



in formaldehyde



Blood was trickling out of its mouth when it arrived. It wore a hideous, carnivorous grin. When it was gone, all that remained was a pile of bones and a few scraps of meat. I'm referring to that great-granddaddy of an alligator which the Upper Sixth biology class had the rare delight of dissecting.

One double period in February Mr. Mulchinok, in a Hiltz-like outburst of excitement and enthusiasm announced "the opportunity of a lifetime". For sale was a thirteen and one half foot long alligator. The largest ever to enter Canada, and estimated to be at least 125 years old. It had died recently of pneumonia, and the owner was offering it to us for less than \$100. The school would not buy it for us, but if we all chipped in we could make its purchase a class project. Wheelin' dealin' Jack thought that he could get it for \$50. As it turned out, predictably, he got it for \$80, which meant that each of us had to contribute \$4.50 to the fund.

When the alligator arrived we buried it on the roof of the science building under what insufficient snow we could scrape up. We spent a full period the next day hauling garbage cans full of snow up the stairs to the roof. It was hard work, but at least more pleasant than the many periods we've spent scrubbing out the fish tank, hauling soil up to the greenhouse, or trapped in the endless and infamous "steno class".

Two weeks before the winter holidays we began our grisly task. The first step was to strip off the valuable skin, and we accomplished this with gusto in only five hours. During this time Jim Corbett, aspirant undertaker extraordinary, decided to pay us a visit. Upon seeing the gruesome sight his face flushed and sagged. "Eeeuuuu, disgusting" was his only comment. But the best part was still to come.

We began to explore the inside story, starting at the throat and working our way down. One by one the trachea, the lungs, the heart and the liver came into view. However, the alligator had not completely thawed out even though three days had passed. The blood was horribly cold, and few of us could bear to keep our fingers in it for long. A request to explore the insides of the stomach, in hope of finding some fascinating odds and ends, was turned down. Mr. Mulchinok pointed out that the disagreeable stimulation of at least two of our senses might be nauseating at best.

Then the climax of the operation occurred.

"What sex is it?", someone asked.

"We'll soon know," said Jack, biting his lower lip and busily hacking away. But someone else was impatiently curious, so he decided to find the answer for himself. The hand is quicker than the eye, they say, so there can be only one thing quicker than the hand. With a fortuitous flick of the wrist he quenched his curiosity.

When at last we had our fill, it was time to decide what to do with the remnants. We decided to send the skin to a tannery and then to have it mounted on a plaque. As for the rest of the alligator, Jack felt that a visit with it to Mr. Gibb's class was in order. Unfortunately, we soon discovered that Mr. Gibb was not an alligator lover.

"Get that blasted thing out of here!" he exclaimed. So we did. This marked the end of our grotesque but amusing experiment.



The plague

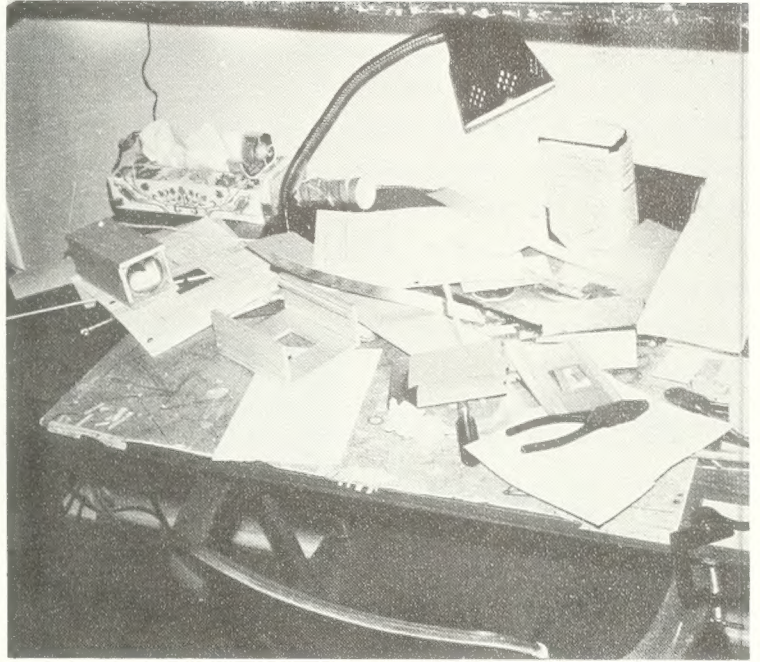
In the beginning, there were a few who begat many. In the end, there were a few who begat fewer. During the last week of February, the disease invaded, with a consequent ebbing of the student population. Mac House was hit first and hardest, the little people falling easy prey to the merciless marauder. It then crept into Flavelle House, establishing a firm bridgehead in Upper School, and besmirched itself into a malignancy previously unknown at SAC. Escaperamus Schoolibus was here.

On into Fourth and Memorial Houses it percolated. Only Ramsey House was somewhat spared from permeation, Dayboyitus having immunized them to new strains of Escaperamus. It was rumoured that the normal flu bug had mutated itself and chose to attack during our moment of weakness, the latter part of the term with its tests, but alas, there was no proof. A few were in favour of cancelling tests in order to see if Escaperamus Schoolibus would be affected, but unofficial sources reacted to this suggestion with a resounding "No". This leaves us to wonder if perhaps Escaperamus Schoolibus might return next year. We'll just have to wait and see.

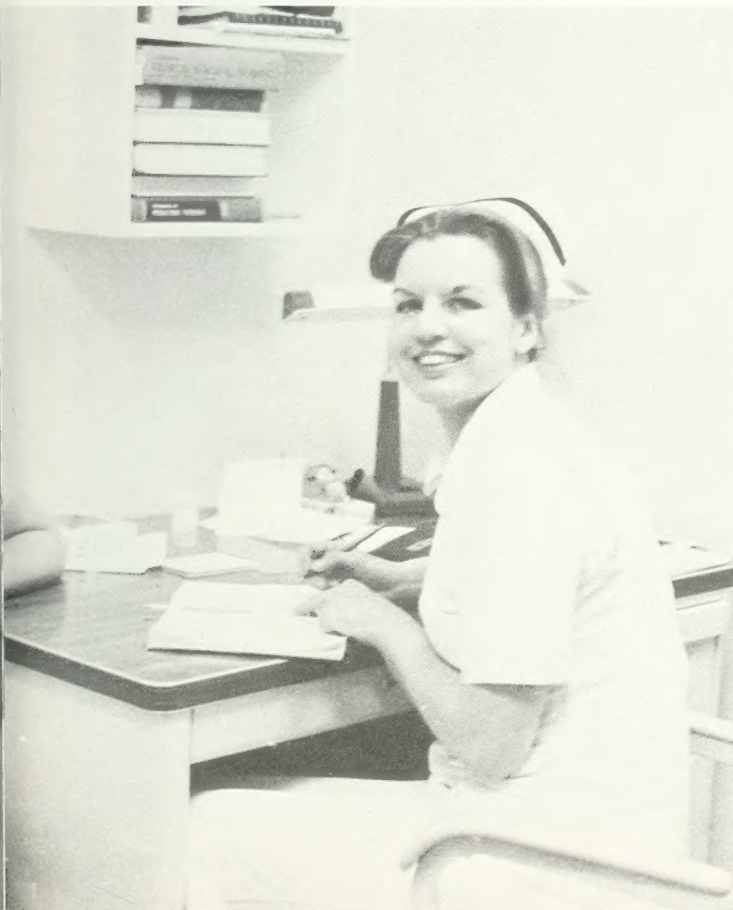
The infirmary was inundated with the ill. Students were ordered to remain in their rooms, and a lucky few even managed to be sent home. This caused a general breakdown of order within the school; the student body became quite sloppy with many people roaming aimlessly about the school, some even skipping classes. Then Dr. Coulter pulled a quarterback sneak by proclaiming that there would be no weekend leave for the sickies. Many people miraculously became well again, but two thirds of them remained sick. Fortunately, the most potent cure-all was close at hand. With a gasp and a pant the Holidays arrived, and by noon of March 13th, SAC was deserted.



INFIRMARY



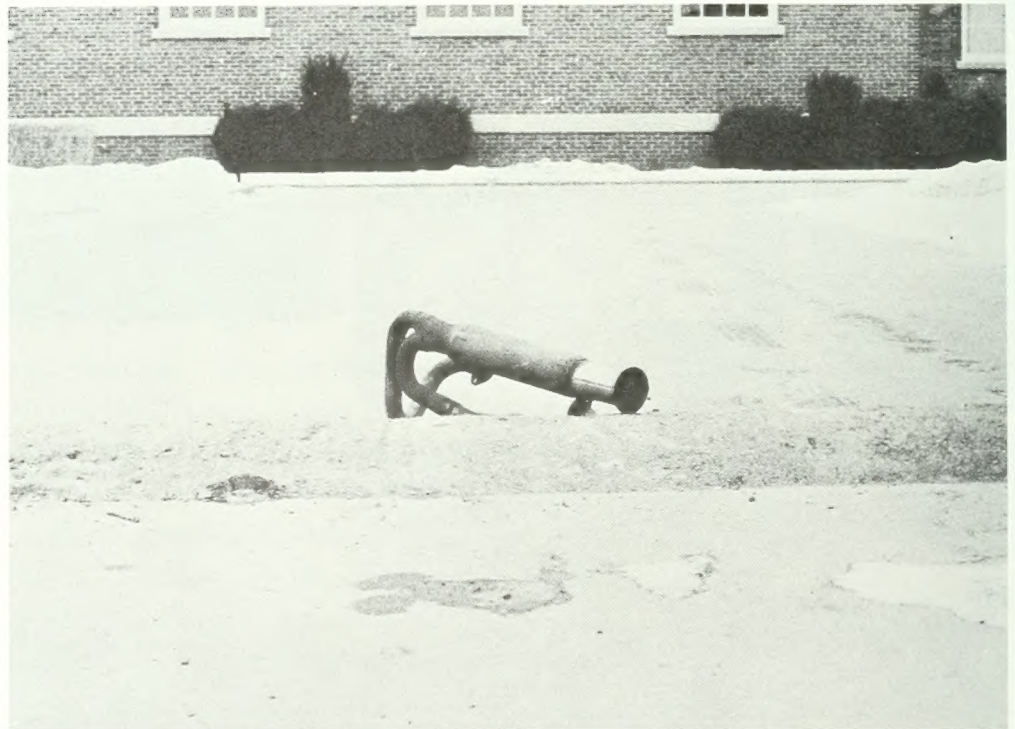
Where have all the workers gone?



The Happy Clipper

The man with the comb and scissors, Mr. Lukas, is our barber and he has been coming to St. Andrew's for the past four years. He said that there have been no set regulations for the cutting of hair for the last year except for cadets. As I was interviewing him I could see his scissor fingers twitching. For a brief instant I feared for my golden locks, but the twitching soon passed away. That was a close shave! Next I asked him how he liked St. Andrew's and he replied, "I think it is great." Other than St. Andrew's, Mr. Lukas cuts hair at the University of Toronto. He has been cutting hair now for eighteen years. Once you sit yourself down in his chair, tighten your seat belt and hang on. Scissors start flying left, right and centre narrowly missing an ear or a nose. His hands seem to move at speeds up to 60 MPH, but after he has finished with your hair it looks great. Many thanks to Mr. Lukas for his time with comb and scissors.

**A thump
on the
rump
from the
bump
at the
hump**



It was 7:45 on the morning of January 29th that they first appeared. I remember the exact time because lunch had just ended and we were innocently making our way through the January cold when I noticed Newfie making an incredible flying leap. He had discovered a hump. It was later that same week as I was happily zapping my way towards my overnight leave that my Stingray discovered yet another hump. I'd lost the muffler and wasn't at all sure about the suspension and shocks but I was determined to make my date with the outside world. My engine gave a roar and past the lower fields I tore. As I sighted a line of wheel-less SAC boys apprehensively awaiting the Toronto bus, I gunned my engine intent on leaving them drooling. I was just fifty feet short of the gates when the Ray took a great hop and landed with such a crash that my 450 and myself went out through the hood. Through my rear view mirror, I spotted a third malicious hump as the Ray and I grumbled out through the gate. Apparently there had been a population explosion amongst the humps that month. St. Andrew's received six, all equally vicious. The SAC brass calls them speed bumps, our day boy playboys considered them a scourge. At any rate, the humps have been accepted and adapted to now. Indeed, the early morning science classes have found them quite a source of entertainment. They now arrive earlier for class and stare at the wad in the science building parking lot with anticipation. The sport is watching Bobo bump.

Linen room

The Commander-in-Chief is 'J.J.' who commutes between the Upper School and Mac Shack, solving problems of keys, kilts, costumes, seams, screams, trousers, Throops, taxis, and someone called Maxi.



Wednesday is laundry day. It is on that morning that you send your dirties out to be cleansed. Then after lunch, the previous week's laundry returns, neatly wrapped into a tight, brown, paper cube. It looks nice, but it's what's inside that counts. Cautiously you tear it open, revealing a squat, rigid, pile of clothes. As you wonder what new tortures they have gone through, the familiar smell of shirt rot wafts into your nostrils. Quick glances show that the button crusher and frisbee presser have again this week been implemented. With a sigh you collect up the injured clothing – carefully of course, because the starch this week has been particularly heavy, and you don't want to cut yourself on the sharp edges.

Off you go then down the hall to the linen room and deposit into a large stack of sickie laundry your damaged clothes. Mrs. Ilton then takes over. She never admits it, but I'm sure she must have a button-maker and a thread machine. How else could she continually heal shirts, pants and underwear of their woes? Relieved, you begin to turn and leave when suddenly a little black rotund hot dog clickity-clicks in under the rear door. You continue on; it is a common sight, and even the sharp command – "Maxy come here" doesn't flag you.



SECRETARIES

Mrs. Betty Ball, Mrs. Evelyn Killer, Mrs. Patricia Ashby, Mrs. Joyce Gallagher, Miss Sheila Beresford, Mrs. Mary Lloyd.

The source

Creeeeek! Where am I? Slam! The door is shut. I'm trapped! Pump! . . . Whir! . . . Pump! . . . Click! . . . Ah, so this is it? A marvel! No, it isn't the grade 12's working in the darkroom. I'm not in the school van with Don changing gears, nor is it the second floor Memorial House washroom. This is the nerve centre of SAC: the Boiler Room. Those vulgar noises that I've described may sound like Colossus taking a tantrum but it's music to Mr. Ilton's ears. Why that pitiful hulking mass of steel (no rust though) doesn't belly up and kick the bucket is beyond me. Nevertheless I'm glad it doesn't. It's bad enough having no heat on a cold day and it's even worse having too much heat on a hot day, but cold showers would be absolutely unbearable. Long live the Boiler Room.

Change: Why?

Not too long ago we of the Independent Schools were the people who travelled "Up the UP Staircase", to borrow a phrase dear to the traffic managers of large public High Schools. In effect, we were looked upon as the pace setters, as those who had both the initiative and the flexibility to set trends, to lead. And, in a real sense, we took comfort from the security of our position and with some resolve went forward with the respect and the envy of those who watched us.

But we, too, have been singed in the crucible of change. Our schools do not function in isolation. We're not islands, but part of the main. And while we remain staunch in our determination to make excellence our goal, we realize that our graduates are going into a world which is radically different from that which met our first graduates three-quarters of a century ago.

And so we have, with intelligence and integrity, shifted. For, if nothing else, we are realists.

Perhaps now our direction should be "UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE". And this is not said in any revolutionary spirit. For we have suddenly discovered that our philosophy is now diametrically opposed to a great number of prevalent practices. In fact, we are swimming against the tide.

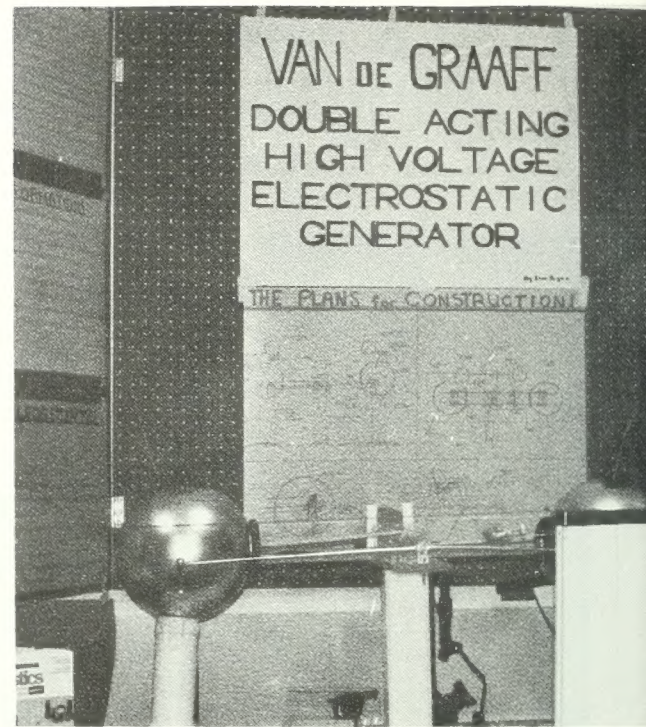
What are these forces against which we must advance? To begin with, we are unashamedly academic. We place priority on matters of the mind. We believe that superior achievement should be given the recognition it merits, not in a spirit of elitism, but in the context of a real world which, like it or not, needs well-trained and disciplined minds. And here we march against the great surge of traffic which appears to place premium on feelings and facts to the neglect of solid judgment.

Again, we go against the popular trend by insisting that the things THAT matter are of more value than the things OF matter. True, we acknowledge the place of the physical sciences. And these are good and merit our attention. But basically we believe that it is the role of education to assist in the development of young people who are capable of sound value judgments. And a judgment demands that one be familiar with all the ingredients of man's experience. It is not enough, we say, to limit ourselves to the measurable or the measured.

Finally, we are patently humanist. And here again we go against the traffic's flow. We believe in the dignity of every man. We know that a person is a spiritual cripple unless he has rubbed shoulders with the great of all times. For the road we travel has been travelled before and each passerby has left footprints of lasting value: his awareness, his sensitivity, his reactions. We are indeed part of a human family of countless conquests and defeats. And we strive to learn from all of these.

Change for the sake of change is a destructive occupation. Change for the sake of growth is both positive and enriching. And if change demands that we take a strong stand against a popular cult of mediocrity and mechanics then we shall take this stand. The travel "UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE" may have its jostlings and its tussles; the comments heard may be obstructionist and even malicious, but travel we must. This is the debt we owe our reason, our talent, our humanity.

Bob Meagher



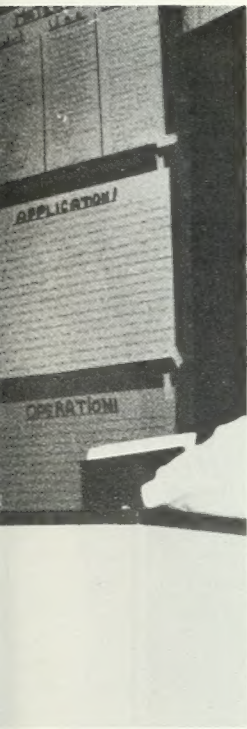
Not yet

Whether we are talking about education or any other topic, it is doubtful that many people reject the concept of "change" out of hand. Disagreement manifests itself when the time for change and the degree of change come up for discussion. When this happens, a polarization frequently takes place: on the one hand we have the exponents of immediate change (sometimes called the "change-for change-sake school"); on the other hand we have those who would resist or postpone change at any price.

What is dangerous about the first group's way of thinking is that radical shifts in policy are advocated, sometimes without consideration of what is valuable in traditional approaches and concepts. Sudden radical changes can often bring a host of problems, more particularly when they are introduced into a system that is inclined to be traditionally conservative.

What is dangerous about blocking changes (either tacitly or overtly) is that reality is not being faced. In education — as in anything else — there has been such an explosion of knowledge in methods of presentation of "lessons", about assessment and what constitutes the learning process, about the pupil/teacher relationship, about the content of subject matter, about teaching and learning, et al — that it is simply crass optimism to look at the present in terms of the obsessively remembered past; worse still, it is to do a great disservice to education.

A number of teachers see a middle way: they reject the idea of disruptive innovations, and they refuse to stagnate by looking backward to the future. They have come to embrace a new philosophy of education because they have listened to people whose ideas are disturbing and unfamiliar, they have accepted that idealism is not necessarily the antithesis of realism, they have taken part in insightful discussion about what is beneficial to teacher and student, and they have read extensively about education



because education is their business; in short, they have constantly examined their outlook (vide Socrates!) and have been able to adjust and grow — not always an easy thing to do.

What makes this adjustment and growing difficult is that an open mind is called for so that we may look at proposed changes honestly, without timidity, and without ulterior or selfish motives. More than this, a shift in perception is also needed. Without this added raising of consciousness it is doubtful if many changes will be made or, if some are made, whether they will be made for the right reasons.

Lewis Pitman



GEOGRAPHY: THE EMERGING SCIENCE

“GEOGRAPHY IS A LOS ANGELES AMONG ACADEMIC CITIES IN THAT IT SPRAWLS OVER A VERY LARGE AREA, IT MERGES WITH ITS NEIGHBOURS, AND WE TEND TO HAVE A DIFFICULT TIME FINDING THE CENTRAL BUSINESS DISTRICT.”

Peter Haggett

While the preceding quotation is true in the sense that Geography does have a very wide ranging subject material which frequently refers directly or indirectly to the so-called “pure” sciences, three are limits to the topics of inquiry. Geography is a field that is rapidly expanding and is of increasing importance both as an academic subject and as an applied science. Students are challenged to focus on the relationships between man and his environment, their spatial consequences, and the spatial relationships that have emerged on the surface of our small spaceship “Earth”. Those who study Geography are presented with pressing problems which generally are well within their grasp, but require a considerable amount of research before a workable solution may be found. What after all is the basic purpose of the study of Geography if not to examine the relationships between men living in society, and the environment in which they exist?

How may a man consider himself to be educated if he knows little or nothing about the world beyond his own frontiers; if he is unable to explain to the inquiring mind why there are mountains, why it is raining, or indeed why there is life? Geography then is the co-ordinating science — the science which binds all other sciences together.

Perhaps by the “social and behavioural” aspect of the subject, you will be drawn into a greater awareness of the world around you, and thus be enabled to more rationally select a suitable part to play in the game of life. The world confronts you with an endless sea of possibilities and a multitude of tasks. The study of Geography may startle you into the realization of the finiteness of man and his all too tenuous hold on life. It follows then, that your role should be to make man’s foothold on life a little more secure.

“ALL THE WORLD’S A STAGE, AND ALL THE MEN AND WOMEN MERELY PLAYERS; THEY HAVE THEIR EXITS AND THEIR ENTRANCES; AND ONE MAN IN HIS TIME PLAYS MANY PARTS.”

As You Like It
David Whitehead

The future of French at SAC

Mr. Keith Spicer, the Commissioner of Official Languages, in his report of last year to the Federal Parliament said: "If many Canadians still think of our two languages as a problem rather than the challengingly rich heritage they are, the fault lies much in our country's educational system, an exclusive domain of the provinces No major country can claim the good fortune of receiving from its founders English and French — without affront to the dignity of any other tongues — still the two most useful globe-circling languages in existence. Not to develop in most of our people at least an elementary ability to dialogue with each other seems a scarcely credible denial of common sense and of our own civilization. Even acknowledging recent progress in some schools in several parts of our federation one has to admit that the teaching of second official languages in Canada remains a countrywide catastrophe."

Insofar as SAC is concerned we would like to feel that we have averted the catastrophe and that progress is being made.

When the Grade XIII departmental examination was dropped some seven years ago we decided to abandon the traditional method of teaching French and to make French more relevant by directing all of the emphasis toward the teaching of aural-oral skills, to make French a living means of communication and not just another subject in the course of study.

This, after all, is what French is all about. Since priorities had to be established we made the spoken language our main objective, relegating the writing of French and translation skills to a very minor role in comparison to the infinitely more important skills of listening and speaking. How many times have we heard parents, graduates of the old traditional method, complain about how lost they felt while travelling in Quebec or France, quite incapable of ordering even a cup of coffee, let alone understanding the menu, and this, after five years of High School French.

Our aim is to give the students a basic vocabulary of 1500 words, enough to communicate orally on most topics of everyday interest, and by means of an audiovisual method to put the student in a situation where he can learn the language by using it rather than just talking about it. In this regard we are achieving Mr. Spicer's goal, an ability to dialogue, albeit elementary.

Bilingualism is a big word, an ambitious goal, and quite unattainable after only four or five years of six classes per week. What can be guaranteed however, is that our students will be able to make themselves understood, that they will understand basic comments in French and that they will easily become bilingual by spending from three to six months in a French community.

French at SAC has always enjoyed a strong position in the curriculum. I sincerely hope that it will continue to do so in the years ahead. But the fact is that now, for the first time, it is having to compete on the smorgasbord of all the options with many more popular courses of study. Who decided that French should be an option? What possible justification is there for reducing French, Canada's other official language, to the level of the other options. After all, Phys. Ed. is still compulsory.

Well, one does not have to look far to find the reasons behind this sudden disenchantment for French. It is no longer on the list of requirements for university entrance nor is it required at any level for the school leaving certificates. And, to top it all, at SAC we have the new, million dollar science wing. It may be argued that math and science in this day and age are more useful than French. But more useful to whom? There is no doubt that math and science, if we're in a marketplace, are easier to sell than French.

Students are now looking for maximum returns in the way of marks and credits for a minimum investment of time and energy. Learning a second language is no easy task: a lot of hard work is involved — dull work in many instances without the aid of project activity — this seems to be the shot of interest to which most other courses on the curriculum can resort. Instant French, even with the so-called immersion programmes, is still a long way off. And so, if French remains an option, it is just too hard and the risk of a low mark is just too high.

The questions most often put to us as French teachers are: Why do we have to learn French? Why can't they learn English? What good is it going to do us? When are we ever going to need it?

The questions are all valid and since relevance seems to be the catchword of the current curriculum they all demand an answer. If we are studying French just to be able to order that cup of coffee and understand a menu, then indeed, the price is too high.

There are other more important reasons. In Ontario the study of French has always been considered basic to promoting and developing goodwill between ourselves and the people of Quebec. With a growing interdependence between our two provinces surely the time has come for us to go at least half way in our efforts to learn the other language and to get rid of any inborn prejudices we may have harboured in the past. If students today feel that there is no great urgency to learn French then we, as educators, should be able to convince them that in certain fields of endeavour, economic, political, social, cultural and educational, a knowledge of spoken French is always going to be necessary.

In this regard SAC can take a real lead. As an independent school perhaps we should show a little more independence, be just a little different from other schools by turning out graduates who can speak French. This is a real plus. All of us, whatever may be our chosen vocation, are going to profit in our profession and be better Canadians if we have this ability to dialogue in French.

The future? If French is to have any future at SAC or, for that matter, in any other school, then certain positive steps must be taken.

Travel during term-time to Quebec, to France; exchanges between SAC and French schools would go a long way in providing some of the motivation we desperately need and would prove to our students that French around the world is still very much alive. But let's start by getting it off the option list and making it once again a 5-year course.

Autrement, c'est la fatalité, avec un grand "F".

Stan Macfarlane

Student survey



Which of these do you not consider to be items of a good and well-run school:

1. School dress regulations	32%
2. Chapel services	42%
3. Cadets	46%
4. Compulsory study	5%
5. Smoking regulations	36%
6. Saturday classes	67%
7. Examination system	20%
8. Promotion system	13%
9. Leave regulations	24%

How important do you consider loyalty, responsibility, excellence, discipline . . .

1. Absolutely essential	62%
2. Desirable	39%
3. Not important	2%

How well has S.A.C. taught you the above qualities:

1. Very effectively	30%
2. To some degree	65%
3. Not at all	6%

You first came to S.A.C. with:

1. Enthusiasm and a determination to succeed	39%
2. An open mind	52%
3. Reluctance	10%
4. Firm opposition	1%

Your attitude now is:

1. Enthusiasm and determination to succeed	59%
2. Mere tolerance	33%
3. Reluctance	6%
4. Firm opposition – you wish to leave	2%

What has impressed you the most:

1. The academic programme	41%
2. Living situation – house, meals, etc.	3%
3. Human situation – friends, extra help . . .	29%
4. Interest and concern of masters	25%

What has disappointed you the most:

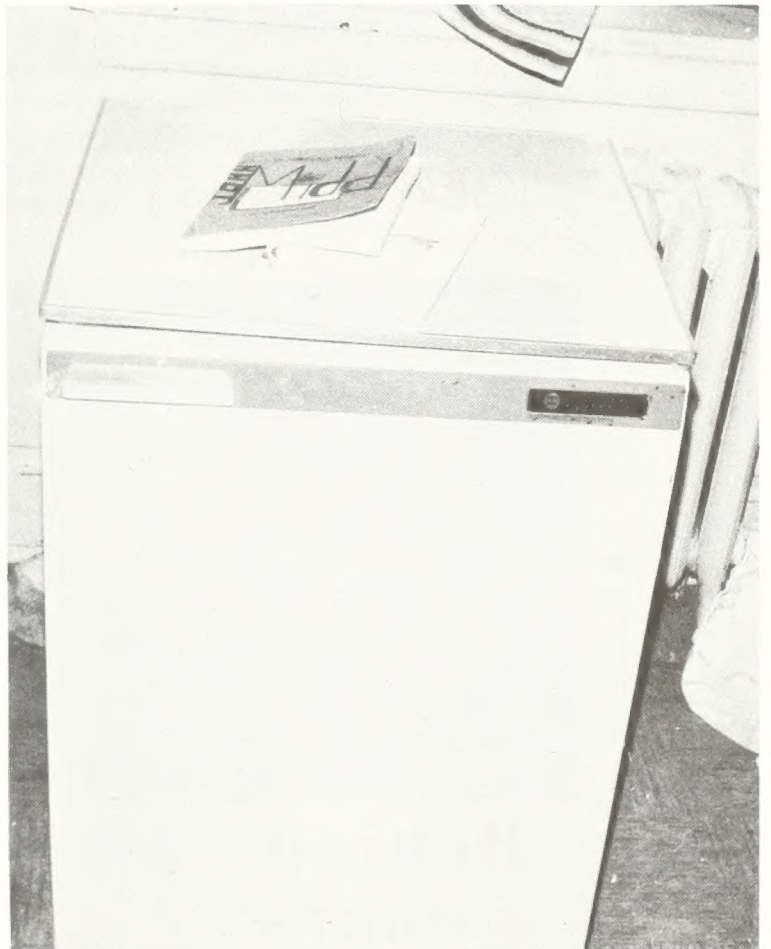
1. The academic programme	6%
2. The living situation	54%
3. The human situation	13%
4. The extracurricular programme	12%
5. The interest and concern of the masters	6%

Your academic programme is:

1. Well-g geared to your abilities and future plans	63%
2. Not sufficiently challenging for you	10%
3. Too narrow in its offerings for you	24%
4. Too difficult for you	3%

If you were asked to recommend S.A.C. you would:

1. Be enthusiastic in recommending S.A.C.	30%
2. Recommend "that it's really worth it"	46%
3. Refrain from taking any positive action	20%
4. Attempt to dissuade others from coming	2%



Execution report

As the sun rose and the birds chirped, my heart pounded away trying to burst from my chest. Streams of rancid sweat poured down my face as I dragged my feet like cement blocks round the quad, wondering if I could make the last lap.

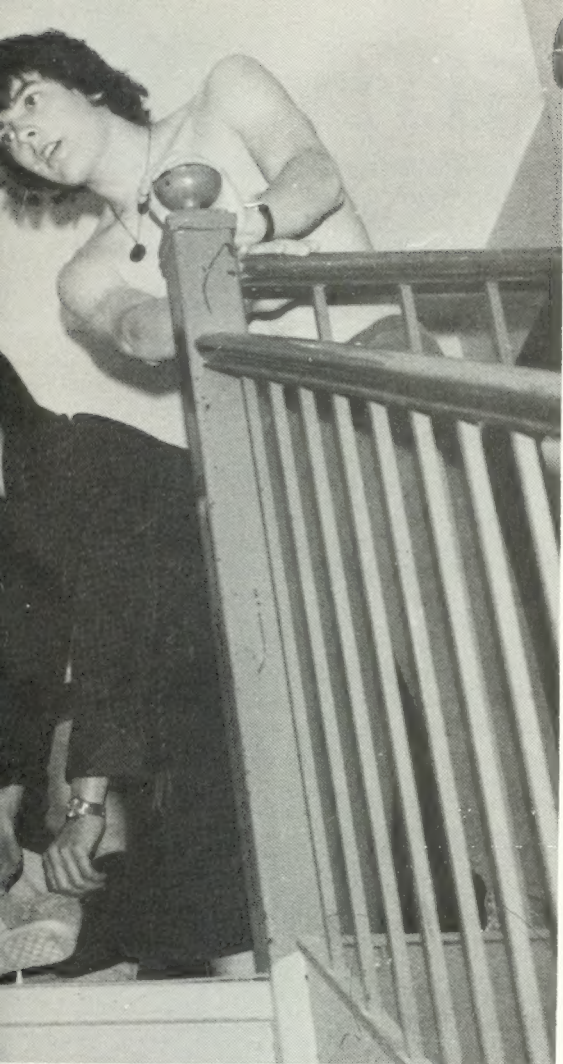
Every mischief-maker at SAC knows that an ER can be extremely unpleasant. After reporting to the prefect on duty at the ungodly hour of 6:55 a.m., you have to run laps of the quad or Dunlap Hall stairs until he is satisfied. If he's in a good mood, he may let you off with a name; if he has a terrific disposition, he won't even show up.

People receive ER's for all sorts of terrible sins: forgetting to empty their garbage cans, using the front door of the Dining Hall, or cutting through the second floor of the residences. Much depends on how power-hungry the Upper Sixer is, and even more important, what he thinks of you. With all the rules, it's impossible not to go wrong sometime, so I resign myself to the inevitable. See you tomorrow morning!



Behind doors

For years now rumours and gossip of what exactly goes on behind those doors have passed around. The stories of torture, riotous living and chorus girls have always captured the imagination of the students. From within the Master's Common Room, a knock brings through the crack in the door the peering facial expressions often envisaged in dreamy sequences. Leaning tall, the small Lower Second, having shrunk two feet as the hardened door creaks ajar can only momentarily glance beyond the dense fog and pestilent vapours before meekly inquiring if the appropriate master is about. Above the din of laughter and screams, usually tilted to one side and sometimes staggering, a new face with eyes stretched a mile looks down to ask the reason for the interruption. Stumbling and sounding almost petty, the student seeks his permission for some kind of activity. The laughter from within has ceased and after a moment's judicious thought, a response is given and the door closes; the laughter from within resumes.



Dung & Buttstreet

The Upper Six Common Room this year hit the doldrums. It was largely neglected. This was the direct result of two controversies. One was the split between the Houses, and the other was because from the start of the Winter term smoking was prohibited. In all physical aspects it was improved over last year with the furniture repaired for the umpteenth time and the arrival of Mr. Smith's idiot box (an addition well appreciated). Let's explain a bit more fully the problems that faced this poor room.

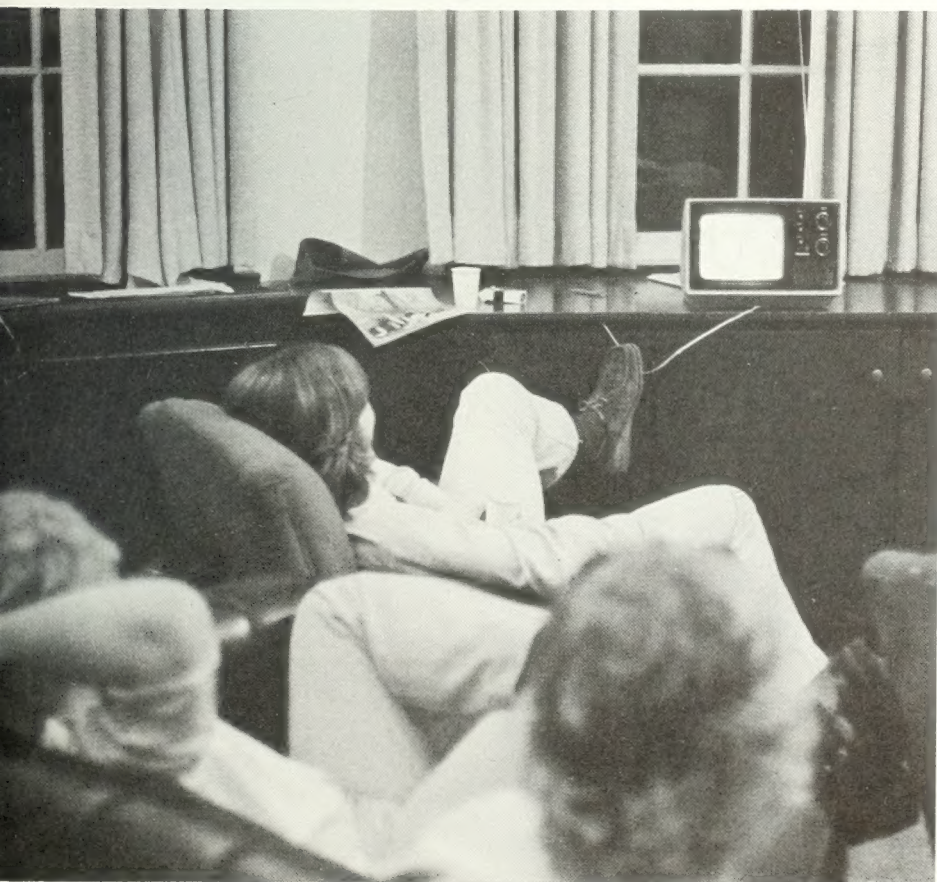
The Upper Sixth is split. There are two distinct, separate factions that are almost incessantly at each other's vitals. There is an imaginary line that separates the men (Memorial House) from the boys (Flavelle House). Due to this rivalry, the Flavelle Housers decided to create their own little kingdom, which incidentally is more like a dungeon than a castle. Neither their cigarette butts nor long hairs have been seen since.

The next problem is whether or not smoking is to be allowed. At the start of the winter term Mr. Smith, Miss Jolliffe and Dr. Coulter decided to close down the seamier aspect of the Common Room mainly because of the pitiful shape it was in. Everywhere you looked there were butts snubbed to the wall and into the carpets. It looked as if forty thousand dung beetles had moved in and were preparing to stock up for the winter.

At this time only Memorial House, the men, and a few renegade Fourthers were using the room. This new rule deleted the smokers from the roll because they felt they couldn't enjoy life without a cancer stick. There is a room in every house for smoking, so puff away. Where do the non-smokers go to relax?

When the infamous six left us, the petition for reinstatement of smoking rules ended.

So for the last five months the new improved Common Room has been mainly neglected! Better luck next year!



EDUCATION & MORALITY

To understand education, the process of learning, we should examine two conflicting definitions. Eliza Cook in A Song For The Ragged Schools said, "Better build school-rooms for 'the Boy', than cells and gibbets for the man." In these two lines the kind of education Cook is referring to, is that of the moral as opposed to the purely informative. He says that if the child is not taught "the right moral way", then he will become a criminal and a blight to society. From a different viewpoint we have the following quotation: "Nothing in education is so astonishing as the amount of ignorance it accumulates in the form of inert facts." This was taken from Henry Adams': The Education of Henry Adams. Mr. Adams is obviously against the schoolhouse environment, while he favours education by experience instead. These two definitions constitute the two types of education present in society: that of the schoolroom, and that of the world. Therefore, we can conclude that the ultimate education would be a compromise between the two extremes. This is apparently what Dr. Hockin our new headmaster proposes. What we have at SAC is obviously one of the extremes. I need not mention which.

Let us turn our attention to teachers for a moment. Here is something from the ancients: "Those having torches will pass them on to others". This was written by Plato in his book The Republic, and it is probably the best definition of the true teacher. Those with something to say will pass it on regardless of whether they be "teacher" in the accepted sense of the word or not. Again, there are two extreme viewpoints regarding teaching as a profession, one being exemplified by Bernard Shaw in Maxims for Revolutionists: "He who can, does. He who cannot, teaches." The same sentiments are espoused by H.L. Mencken in Prejudices Series Three: "The average school-master is and always must be essentially an ass, for how can one imagine an intelligent man engaging in so puerile a vocation?"

For the other extreme, Thompson in his The Seasons says:

"Delightful task!
To rear the tender thought
To teach the young ideas how to shoot."

The first two quotes express a feeling of contempt for teachers and their profession. Both Shaw and Mencken find teachers to be the rejects of society. The latter quotation describes what a pleasure it is to play with children's minds and mould their thinking. From this we can conclude that the teachers who are "carrying a torch" will be good, while the rest represent degrees of mediocrity.

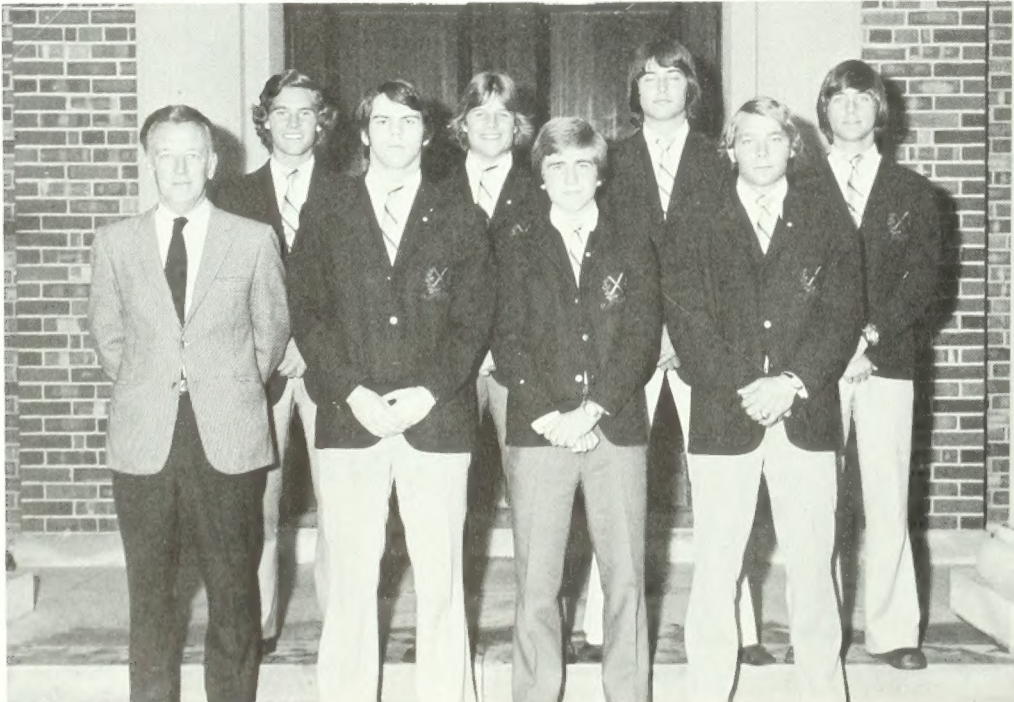
Saint Andrew's College has both good and bad teachers, as will always be the case, but interestingly enough there are no apathetic teachers as I have experienced in high school. The worst experience is to sit through a class with a teacher who creates the impression he would rather be playing golf. The teachers at SAC contribute excellently, but I feel the structure of the school detracts from their efforts. As I discussed earlier, this school is one that is pedaling morality along with factual education, but basically we must admit that SAC is a way of life. The problem is that the SAC way of life is dead, and everyone knows it. It's a big front. This is where the idea of the world as a classroom comes in. Saint Andrew's College does not prepare its students for the world. It takes us further away from the culture of the seventies. What it does do is prepare you in an abstract way for getting into the professional stream at University. Is this any good if you do not have ability to adjust to the world about you?

In conclusion, I will leave two thoughts, the first from Cougan's book The Task II and the other from The Education of Henry Adams:

"The schools become a scene
Of solemn force, where
Ignorance on stilts,
His cap well lin'd
With logic not his own,
With parrot tongue
Perform'd the scholar's part,
Proceeding soon a graduated dunce."

"A teacher afflicts eternity: he can never tell where his influence stops."

Bob Nelson



PREFECTS

BACK: Jim Gray, Paul Hutton, Randy Kline, Peter O'Neil. FRONT: Dr. Robert Coulter, Stuart Rutherford, Doug Pickard, Tom Birkett.

PUNISHMENT PARK?

THE MONTREAL HOCKEY ESCAPE

During the winter term, six people had the misfortune of being suspended for some rather daring antics when they were in Montreal on the school hockey trip. The question that seems to keep coming up is whether the punishment handed out was justified by their actions. There are two distinct ways of answering these questions, either by taking the rules as they stand, or by looking at the school situation.

It is common knowledge that drinking among the higher grades occurs often, but that doesn't mean that alcoholism reigns over the older students. There are many reasons for drinking in a school like this, but they all boil down to a sociological base. We have heard that drinking is a ticket to admiration among your peer group. But the students are human beings like all people. Those six ought not to have been suspended for drinking because that is a natural function for people of their age group, and more importantly many other people get away with it. Their punishment was unjust.

Let's look at it from another aspect now. SAC is an institution that has to control over three hundred boys. In

order to control these rambunctious young juveniles the school must establish rules and regulations. These rules mean nothing if they aren't enforced, so the masters and prefects have to enforce them. The school has the direct responsibility to every student and his parents that the school will take care of these children. In the rulebook there is a specific rule stating that the drinking of alcoholic beverages while in the care of SAC is expressly forbidden, and any students caught indulging in such an act will be expelled. The story doesn't end here. Dr. Coulter at the start of the winter term warned all students that booze wasn't allowed, and went so far as to restrict all licensed restaurants in Aurora as out of bounds. To add further to the fire, these six boys were caught while representing the school on a trip. This was the straw that broke the camel's back. If these people had been drinking in the backwoods or even in Aurora, they more than likely would have gotten away with a sound scolding. But because they were representing the school, the axe fell. I'm sure any Andean can see the reasoning in this. So looking at the event in this light, perhaps their punishment may have even been a bit lax.

This was a very difficult situation and the school and the students were placed in unfortunate circumstances. However, looking back over the event, the school, the six involved, and the students as a whole have discovered something that won't soon be forgotten.

Clyde Urquhart



“When there's constabulary duty to be done, a prefect's lot is not a happy one.”

In my four years I have seen a lot of people in the school trying to beat the system and break the rules for the sake of doing just that. However, if the school is to stay together as a school the biggest thing needed is co-operation. You can try to break the rules and beat the system for a while, but eventually you are going to get caught, and by then it may be too late. I am not saying accept everything, you must still fight for what you feel is right and needed. However, until the rules are changed try to stay within them. As a whole it will create a school unified and happy, a must at this time in the school's history.

Stuart Rutherford



And they said it couldn't be done. Astonishing as it was last year to obtain 100% on the Cadet Inspection, who would have believed it could happen again? Well, it did, and although it started to rain during the demonstrations, the parade went extremely well.

The theme of cadets this year was again one of a de-emphasized Ceremonial Drill, as marching and intensive training for the Inspection were cut in half. I think it can be safely said that co-operation was on a high level, since we obtained the same mark as last year. Everyone worked together, and all concerned should feel justly proud that we upheld our high position in the Independent School Cadet Competition.

About four years ago cadets almost left St. Andrew's, as there was a great feeling of dissension in the school. Fortunately, a compromise was forthcoming, and I think that in this past year cadets have gained much more acceptance than at any time since then. Obviously, as long as the co-operation is still prevalent in the school, as it was this year, cadets will continue to be the major activity of the early Spring Term.

I would like to thank all the Cadet Instructors, Officers, NCO's, and especially all the cadets who put a great deal into making the Inspection the best possible.

And to next year's leaders and cadets: They said it couldn't be done once. They said it couldn't be done twice. Don't believe it if they say it can't be done again!!





CADETS '74



100% Again!





I left the church with visions of a wind-swept tropical island of flowers and too few ministers to inhibit the flock. I wanted to rush out and buy a one-way ticket to Jamaica. The bishop, (a mixture of Nat King Cole and Morty Shulman) must have owned a travel agency.

We were dismissed, as usual, in the most inconvenient place one could find, and as a result of this or just bad luck I missed my parents. I wandered the neighbourhood looking for them and after a while it seemed improbable to me that they were anywhere near the church. They had left, most likely, with my mother saying, "We've forgotten something, I know we have, but I just can't put my finger on it." I was left to rely on the faithful TTC for transportation. Making my way along Bloor to Yonge, I encountered many a quizzical glance; can you imagine anyone wandering around the heart of Toronto looking like that, a casualty of the Boer War? I was propositioned by one man in pink satin pants, another used the old "drop the quarter nearby, and have a quick look up" trick. I allowed him to satisfy his curiosity (to his disappointment, I was wearing cut-offs). Still another man, also clad in a dress, came up to me and in a very affected tone said, "Oh, I like it, just peachy! It's loud, but not too loud—the simple look, simply divine!" With that he promenaded away, fully aware every pair of eyes were on him, and just loving it. The trip itself was more or less uneventful, with the exception of one or two feeble jokes from admirers, until I reached the 59A platform at Finch. There I was, alone except for one rather simple-looking farmer (you can always tell a farmer because they're the only ones that wear rubber boots in Toronto). I assume he felt obligated to stir up a conversation with his only companion. He began with, "Going to Thornhill?" which was brilliant because that was the only place the bus went to. I remained unmoved by his witty conversation and wishing to remain nonchalant I answered, "Yep." With complete sincerity, he said, "Nice outfit. Wear it much?"

"No." I replied, "Only when fighting Africans."

Apparently, he did not understand this because he offered a very understanding, "Oh, you don't happen to belong to some club or something?"

"Yeh, I'm commanding officer of the Royal Dragoon Guards." This attempt to shake him failed.

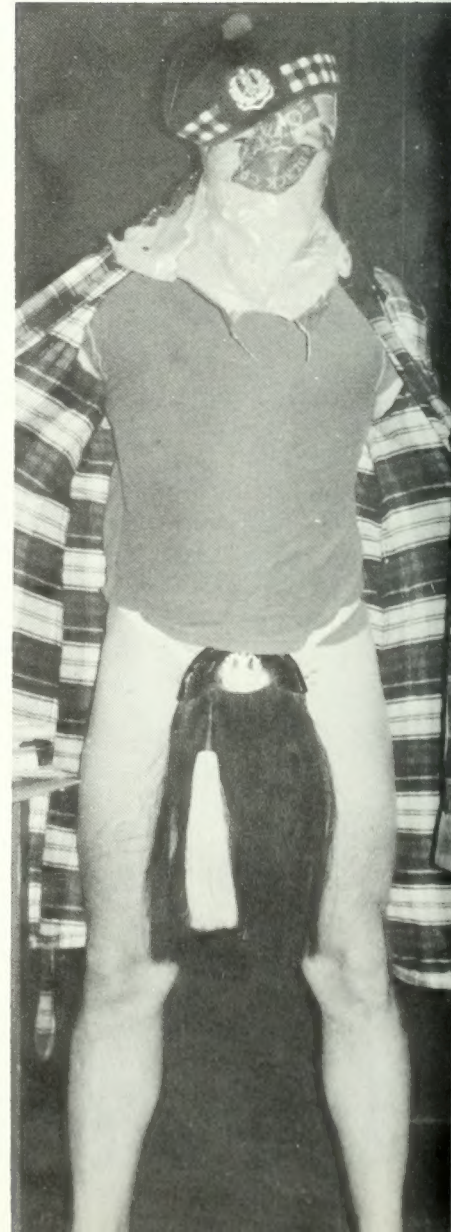
He immediately broke into a very sympathetic smile and said, "Yep, that explains it alright. I mean, guarding dragoons all day would drive any man to wearing a skirt."

Recovering from my initial shock, I muttered, "You don't understand, nobody understands." With a paternal pat on the back he said, "Sure, sure I do, why I used to have one myself, and believe me, I know what a trial they can be. I had the most terrible time trying to paper-train it." The bus came, and for the next twenty minutes I had a lecture on the finer points of care and keeping of dragoons. When I got off, I rolled on the grass in hysterics until an elderly couple out for a waddle came up and told me, "That's no way to act, and the very idea of wearing a skirt!"

With a short burst I snarled, "Nobody understands me."



Centurion streakers





Fine (wine) women & song

The Cadet Formal was the culmination of weeks of planning by the Social Committee. In spite of a badly timed national mail strike which tied up invitations almost until it was too late, the Formal was an outstanding success.

We had one of the largest attendances ever with ninety couples, including a dozen masters and their wives.

The dance was to have begun at nine o'clock, but the usual technical difficulties tied up the band, Mornington Drive, for over half an hour. However, once they warmed up their meat grinders the building began to rumble to the rhythm. They played music of every style (providing it was their own), and everyone agreed that it was an A-1 performance.

At midnight the dance ended. Then what could have been an extremely embarrassing incident was narrowly averted.

No one really wanted to go, but someone went so far as to padlock the front gates to prevent anyone from leaving.

Fortunately, they were reopened in the nick of time, just as the cars were beginning to line up and their drivers were becoming mildly irate.

Our thanks to Mr. Smith and the Social Committee for a beautiful decorating job.



The seventy-fifth annual



Doug Pickard presents Dr. and Mrs. Coulter with their getaway gift from the boys – a handsome 400-day clock.



MR. GEORGE SARA & GRADE NINE INTELLIGENTSIA

LOWER SCHOOL GENERAL PROFICIENCY PRIZES

LOWER II	1. P. A. Tennyson	85.2
	2. S. R. Cole II	82.3
UPPER II	1. R. W. A. Mitchell II	88.9
	2. J. F. Mortimer I	83.1
	3. J. D. Pitts	81.7
	4. W. S. Mortimer II	81.5
	5. G. C. B. Scott	80.5
	6. G. C. Hatt	80.0

LOWER SCHOOL SPECIAL PRIZES

Kilgour Prize for Composition and Grammar	P. A. Tennyson
Winnett Prize)	
Mathematics Prize)	R. W. A. Mitchell II
Geography Prize)	
The G. Campbell Spelling & Writing Prize	J. D. Pitts
Music Prize	W. S. Mortimer II
The John Young History Prize	J. F. Mortimer I
Drawing Prize	P. J. S. Markwell
The Edith Grant Trophy	M. T. Hollands
The King Memorial Trophy	J. N. Baun

PRIZE DAY



THE FINAL PARADE OF THE SCHOOL YEAR



JEFF BAUN RECEIVES THE TOP MAC AWARD FROM DR HOCKIN

MIDDLE SCHOOL GENERAL PROFICIENCY PRIZES

FORM III	1. P. J. Henderson II	91.6
	2. B. R. Watford II	89.0
	3. D. J. Kerr II	88.6
	4. W. J. S. Stirling	87.3
	5. F. A. Hale	86.6
	6. S. E. Hiscox	82.6
	7. J. H. Kitchen IV	80.1
FORM IV	1. J.T. MacMillan	90.7
	2. S. L. Sillcox	88.8
	3. A. W. Hamilton	88.3
	4. S. M. Williams II	86.7
	5. C. M. Sifton I	84.0
	6. J. G. Mierins	82.0
	7. P. R. Casson II	80.8
FORM V	1. Y. P. C. Pei	89.2
	2. D. G. Buick	88.5
	3. G. M. Lawrence	87.5
	4. E. D. Andrew	82.5
	5. S. J. Errington II	81.1
	6. M. J. Henderson I	81.0
	7. J. R. S. Vincent	80.0

MIDDLE SCHOOL SPECIAL PRIZES

The English Prize – in memory of Mr. Walter Findlay	W. J. S. Stirling
The Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute Prize in Mathematics and Science	D. G. Buick
The Ladies' Guild Essay Prize	M. J. Henderson
The Stuart B. Wood Memorial Prize to the member of Form V most distinguished in character, scholarship and games	G. M. Lawrence
The Mrs. Victor Sifton Prize in Mathematics and Science	(Y. P. Pei D. G. Buick
The Music Prize	C. M. Sifton
The Guy W. Rutter Art Prize	E. L. Rampen



GRADE ELEVEN REACH FOR THE TOP

Oh, what a surprize!

UPPER SCHOOL GENERAL PROFICIENCY PRIZES

LOWER VI	1. M. N. Shillingford	90.8
	2. G. R. Mann	89.1
	3. W. P. Allan I	88.5
	4. M. A. Brooks	87.3
	5. C. Yip	86.7
	6. (D. J. Mollenhauer	85.0
	7. (G. R. Nevison	85.0
	8. T. L. Keech	82.8
	9. D. L. Mitchell I	82.3
	10. M. J. Crosbie	82.2
	11. P. H. Roth	81.8
	12. M. J. Carter	80.7
	13. B. G. Gerol	80.2
UPPER VI	1. T. S. Rutherford	93.2
	2. F. H. Szarka	91.8
	3. D. M. Pickard	87.6
	4. D. G. G. Badger	87.0
	5. J. C. M. Leung	86.6
	6. D. R. S. Dawson	86.0
	7. D. R. Kline	85.8
	8. R. H. C. van der Jagt	85.2
	9. J. R. Hawley I	83.5
	10. M. E. Throop	82.7

UPPER SCHOOL SPECIAL PRIZES

The Isabelle Cockshutt Prize in History)	
The H. E. Goodman Prize for Chemistry)	T. S. Rutherford
The Old Boys' Medal in Mathematics)	
The Dr. D. R. McLaughlin Memorial Prize)	
for excellence in English and Sciences)	
The Charles Ashton Medal for English)	
The Donald Cooper Medal in Science)	F. H. Szarka
The Brooks Debating Cup presented by)	
Mrs. Allan L. Brooks)	
The Prize for Chapel Reading	
The Norman Cox Prize in Geography)	D. L. Mitchell I
The Isabelle Cockshutt Prize in History)	
The Prize for Chapel Reading	D. M. Pickard
The George Etienne Cartier Medal in French.)	
Presented by Mr. W.A. Beer, an Old Boy)	J. E. Kerr I
of the School.)	
The Mainprize Theatre Prize	A. J. Kilpatrick
The Society of Actuaries Mathematics)	J. C. M. Leung
Contest Award)	
The James Herder "Review" Prize	B. G. Gerol
The Wyld Prize in Latin	G. R. Mann
The Senior Music Prize	J. F. Hughes
The Andrew Armstrong Prize for)	P. I. L. Nauta I
improvement in English)	
The Chairman's Gold Medal	M. N. Shillingford
The Headmaster's Medals (T. S. Rutherford
(F. H. Szarka
(D. M. Pickard
(D. D. G. Badger
(J. C. M. Leung
(D. R. S. Dawson
(D. R. Kline
(R. H. C. van der Jagt



MRS. BROOKS PRESENTS HER NEW TROPHY TO FRANK SZARKA



MR. J.K. MACDONALD REWARDS THE HEAD BOY STUART RUTHERFORD

The School Prize to the Head Prefect	D. M. Pickard
The Governor General's Medal)	T. S. Rutherford
The Lieutenant Governor's Silver Medal)	
The Lieutenant Governor's Bronze Medal	F. H. Szarka
The Laidlaw Trophy)	
The Macdonald Medal, to the boy most)	T. S. Rutherford
distinguished in studies and athletics.)	
* * * * *	
The Lawrence Crowe Trophy and Rifle	J. D. Gray I
The Lawrence Crowe Medal	D. J. Mollenhauer
The Dr. K. G. B. Ketchum Cords to the)	B. D. Miklas
best Novice Piper)	
The Best Novice Drummer Award	J. L. Ukos
The Housser Trophy for Inter-Clan	
Competition -	Ramsey 2527
	Stewart 3041
	MacPherson 3068
	Buchanan 3101
Sports Captain - T. G. Tyczka	

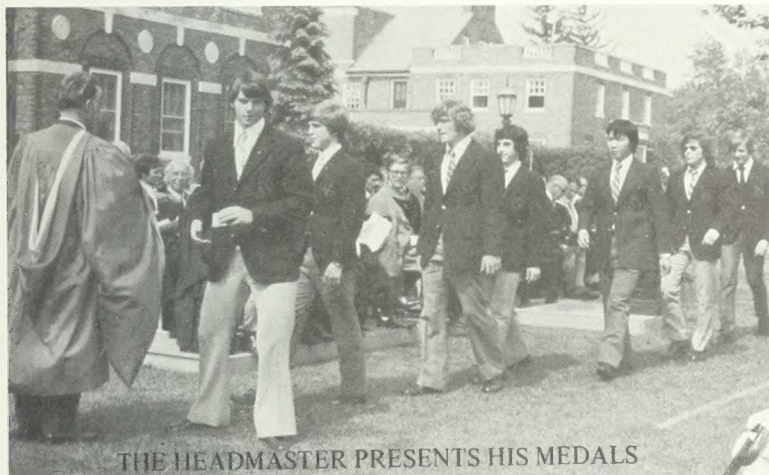
Dr. J. R. Coulter:

Mr. Chairman, Distinguished Visitors, Ladies & Gentlemen, & Andreans:

It is my privilege each time this year to give a special welcome to our many friends. It is always our pleasure to have members of the Board of Governors, Parents, Old Boys and other friends with us, especially for this important occasion.

It is normally my custom to review the events of the year. This year I should merely like to say that we have enjoyed a most successful year academically, athletically and, with very few exceptions, in terms of boy behaviour. I always enjoy looking at the year in retrospect when the petty nuisances have faded from memory and one can remember positive achievements. I am pleased that we are still doing some things as a whole school, and I am thinking, of course, of our excellent Christmas Carol Services, our Cadet Inspection and Church Parade, our musical comedy in which so many students take part each year. I need not remind you of all of the other important and successful activities of the school year.

I am pleased to report that the school is almost filled for the coming year. We have already accepted 88 new boys and it should not take long to take the other 20 or so needed to reach our objective. Next year we shall have 80 day boys and 265 boarders for the largest school certainly since S.A.C. came



THE HEADMASTER PRESENTS HIS MEDALS

to this site in 1926. The news of my departure must have spread far and wide!

As I leave the school it would be inappropriate and presumptuous of me to give advice to the new Headmaster, his staff and all others who will be making St. Andrew's even better in the future. Indeed one of my main reasons for retiring is to allow for a fresh re-examination of total education at S.A.C. Thus I shall make very few comments about the future.

One of the difficulties of a boys' boarding school is that it sets out to achieve so much. By its very nature it must be concerned with physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual growth. We, of course, provide a home, as well as a school, for most of our students for most of the year. As I re-assess our progress over the years, I think we may have done better with the physical and the intellectual than we have with the moral and the artistic. Perhaps in today's world when moral standards are being either disregarded or changing, it is more difficult to help boys believe in positive morality and develop the ability to live harmoniously and co-operatively with others. We also live in the constant paradox of encouraging young men somewhat selfishly to achieve their best potential, and at the same time expecting them to give unselfishly to others. It is very difficult to learn the important lesson that the chief cause of unhappiness in this world is selfishness.

Spiritual education is even more difficult because spirit by its very nature defies definition and full understanding. Furthermore, any thinking person knows that there is no easy

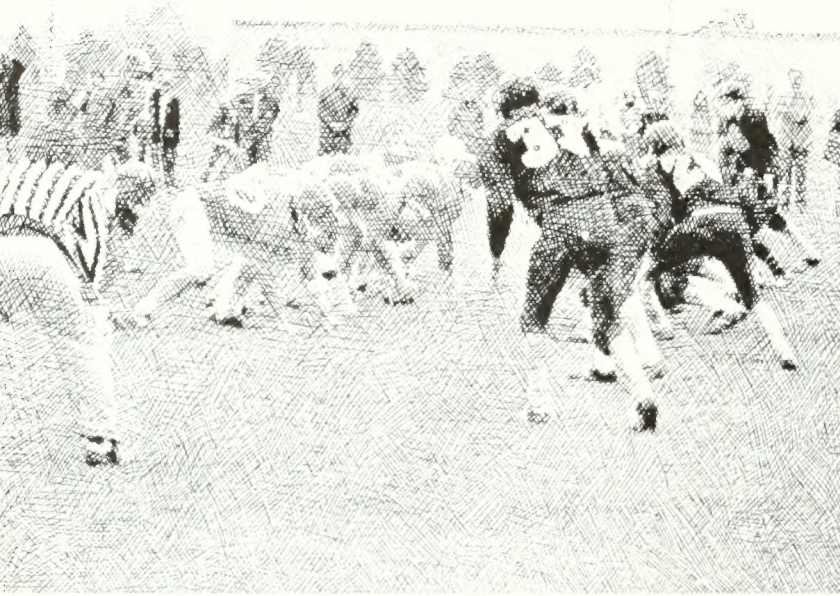
dividing line between morality and spirituality. I believe that spiritual vitality may be gained in the classroom, in a residence, or perhaps even on a playing field, as well as in a chapel. However, the chapel is a symbol constantly reminding us that there are spiritual values to life, that we do have an obligation to our fellow human beings, and that spiritual growth probably transcends and gives power to the physical, the intellectual and the moral. One of the important and exciting problems facing our school in the future is to find ways and means of making chapel and everything it stands for more interesting.

Another continuing challenge for the future is the age-old question of the difference between freedom and licence. An independent school is not very independent if it cannot teach its students to think independently and if it cannot promote effective communication among students, masters and parents. On the other hand, real freedom includes obligation, and no school can be very good unless it is filled with people who are prepared to accept obligations. One of the main reasons that independent schools in Canada will nearly all be filled next year is that so many people feel that their boys and girls in many provincial schools are being allowed or forced to make too many choices. They are not enjoying sufficient structure to ensure quiet and orderly progress.

However, I must not go on in this vein because the main purpose of my talk today is to say thank you. It has been my privilege and my honour to have been Headmaster of St. Andrew's College for 16 years, and I am grateful for the opportunity that I have had to work with so many fine people. I have already thanked our students in Chapel for the respect that I feel they have given to me, and I wish I could pass on similar thanks to about 2,000 other students that I have met during my years at St. Andrew's. My experiences with our Board of Governors have also been most pleasant and gratifying. I am especially grateful to Jack Macdonald for everything he has done for this school and for his continued support and indeed friendship. We now have another outstanding Board Chairman, Gage Love, and one of the reasons for which I regret leaving the school is that I shall not be able to work closely with him in the future. May I also say a word of thanks to parents who have been very kind to both me and my wife, Margaret. I am aware that the rules and regulations of this school have at times caused inconvenience to families, but I always believed it to be desirable to put the education of boys, when necessary, ahead of family convenience. Margaret and I are looking forward to continuing many of the friendships that we have made here.

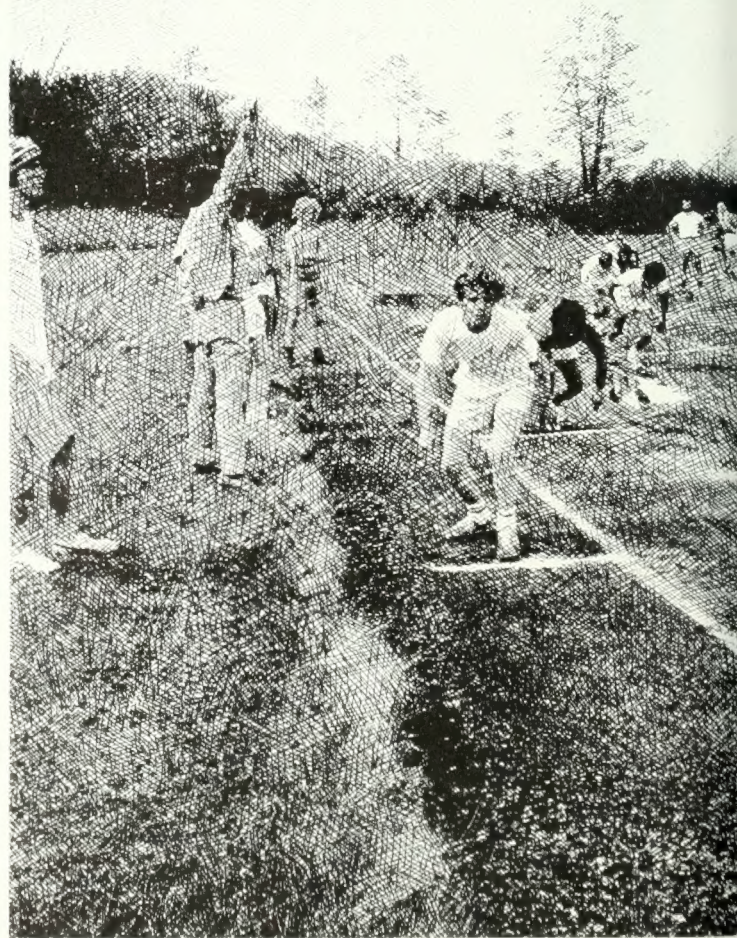
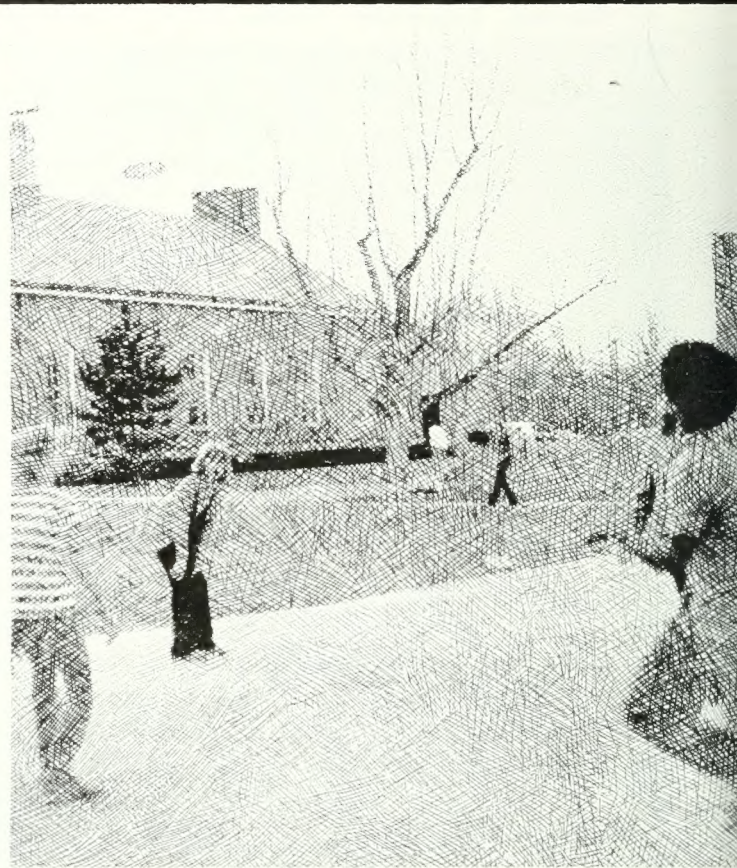
I cannot say farewell without a special word of thanks to our staff. I have been told that the staff appreciates the fact that I delegate a good deal of authority and that I encourage and allow people to do their work in their own way. Our success depends on the fact that there are so many people here who can do their own particular jobs better than I could. When I speak of staff I am not referring to academic staff only — I refer to nurses, my secretary, Miss Beresford, and all the other secretaries, Joan Jolliffe, our matron, Norm Stewart and his dining room staff, Dr. Knowles, Jim Hamilton, our maintenance staff and all others who work effectively and loyally for St. Andrew's. Many staff wives are also very helpful. Finally Jack Bennet works harder for the welfare of the school than almost anyone else. One of my weaknesses is that I do not tell people often enough that they are doing a good job, but I can assure you that I appreciate good work.

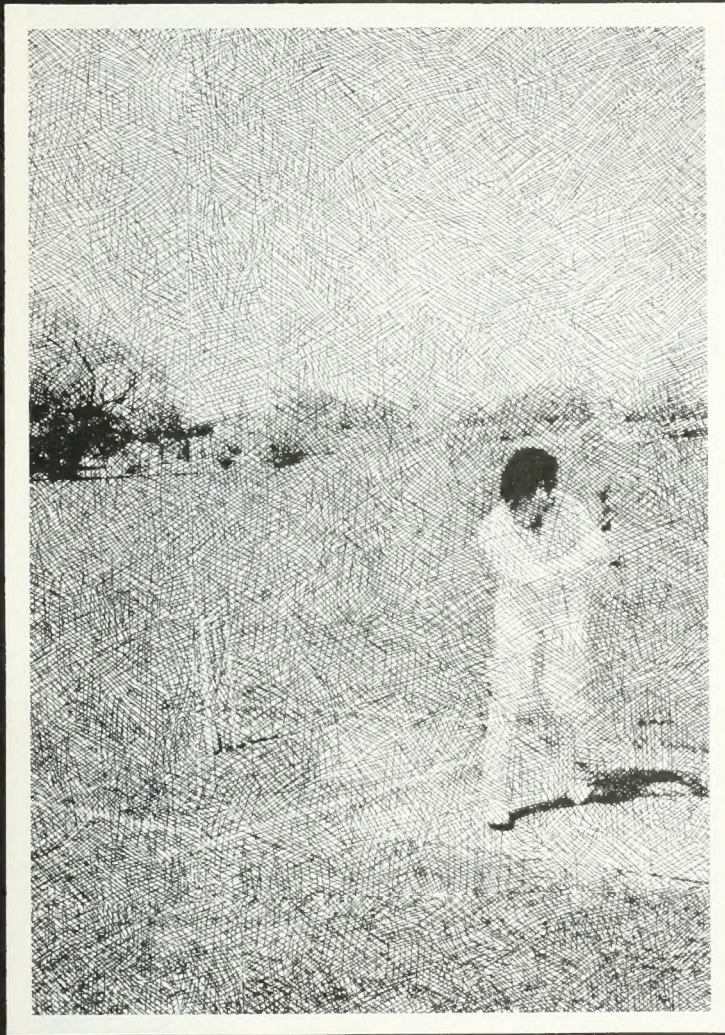
I exercised my usual prerogative of speaking to the school on our last Sunday chapel service. However, I should like to add further congratulations to all today's prize winners, and I should again like to offer my best wishes especially to all members of this year's graduating class. You have been a very good graduating class and I know you will do well with bright, exciting new futures. My special thanks to all Prefects for a job well done. Finally, my most sincere best wishes to your new Headmaster and all who will be working towards a great future for St. Andrew's College.



Canadians are sports-loving – just as much as the British and the Russians; it is also the fact that professional sports and television have moulded us into armchair quarterbacks and critical experts; we have been lulled into inactivity, we recognize this, and we would dearly like to shed the habit but we don't really know how to go about it.

Bob Bedard





SPORTS



BACK: Mr. Peter Stuart, Jim Gray, Kane Straith. MIDDLE: Bob Smallwood, Mike Omstead, Don Rose, Gord Macfarlane, Barry Howson, Peter O'Neil, Jeff Kane. FRONT: Chris Lopez, Harvey Sasso, Dave Stubbs, Dave Kitchen, Philip Crimarco, Don Slessor.

FIRST SOCCER



This year First Soccer had perhaps the finest season in the history of SAC soccer. Our success was not only a result of Mr. Peter Stuart's great coaching, but also a fine effort from the team. Right from the first dreaded weeks of September to the All Ontario Finals in Sarnia, the team displayed a unique desire to win. They won sixteen straight games before finally tying UCC in the last ISL game of the season. The next day they defeated Gravenhurst 3-0 to win the GBSSA title and earn a place in the All Ontario Championship. On the Saturday we defeated UCC to win the ISL tournament, a new event for which Dr. Coulter donated a trophy. Finally, the season ended in Sarnia at the All Ontario Championship where we were eliminated by the current All Ontario Champions, Toronto West Tech.

The team would like to take this opportunity to thank our coach Mr. Stuart once again for a season of soccer that we shall never forget. We would also like to thank Mr. Hamilton for making our trip to Sarnia possible. All the best to next year's team; we know that you can carry on where we left off.



Exhibition Games:

vs Bradford W 4-1
vs Pickering W 9-2

GBSSA:

vs Bradford W 3-2
vs North Barrie W 7-1
vs Bradford W 5-0
vs Gravenhurst W 3-0

Huron Heights All Ont. Division

D Tournament:

vs Frontenac W 4-0
vs Preston W 4-2
vs Tor. N. Tech. W 3-0

I.S.L.:

vs UCC W 4-2
vs Hillfield W 6-2
vs Ridley W 5-1
vs TCS W 1-0
vs Crescent W 4-2
vs UCC T 1-1
vs Crescent W 3-1
vs Hillfield W 4-0
vs Ridley W 3-2

I.S.L. Tournament:

vs TCS W 4-0
vs UCC W 2-1

All Ont. Championship:

vs Ottawa L 1-2
vs Kitchener W 3-0
vs Tor. W. Tech. L 0-2

Total Season:

Won 20 Tied 1 Lost 2
Goals 83 (for) 24 (against)



**Joyful
and
triumphant**

almost champs

SECOND SOCCER



BACK: Matt Shinkle, Tim Parnell, Mike Shillingford, Andy Kilpatrick.
MIDDLE: Don Delahey, Randy Doyle, Dave Mollenhauer, Randy Hughes-Guest, Mike Crosbie. FRONT: Chris Lopez, James Hepburn, John Middup, Peter Holmes, Dave Buick (MVP), Dave Edminson.



This year's Second Soccer appeared to be a strong and promising team with one win and two ties to our credit after our first three games. But we lost two very good players to the Under Sixteen team, a demoralizing loss from which we never quite recovered. Possibly due to the waning morale and the line changes that were made, our next game resulted in a humiliating 5-0 loss to Lakefield Firsts. However, we managed to adapt to the line changes, and for the remainder of the season the team played very well, although we did suffer several additional defeats. Injuries led to a scarcity of players, but somehow we always managed to scrape up the essential eleven. The scoring highlight of the season occurred on a shot by Randy Doyle, who, during a game at Bradford, scored from halfway down the field! Everything considered, we played quite well, and surprisingly we missed the ISL championship by only two points despite our losses.



THIRD SOCCER score the goals



If success is counted in victories, then certainly the U16 soccer team was successful, with their impressive eight victories, one tie, and two losses. Indeed, the only thing denying them the title of "champs" was their two games against Ridley from which they returned as the losers. The strength of this year's U16 team was only overshadowed by that of the team par excellence—SAC First Soccer. The flying feet of Moses and Fisher, the high rise kicks of Kitchen, Sifton and Silcox, the agility of Bedard and Cargill, with Stuart, Dobson and Marecheaux on defense and Little in front of the mesh, all granted us this power. And when you add Ukos and Johnson and Mr. Timms' coaching to the list, the thought is "Ridley bless your luck!"



BACK: Dave Little (MVP), Charlie Fisher, Carlos McAllister, James Rees, Scott Silcox, Kurt Marechaux. MIDDLE: Mr. David Timms, Cam McClintock, Mark Bédard, Hugh Stuart, Trevor Cargill, Demetri Moses. FRONT: James Ukos, Rob Dobson, Rob Kitchen, Cliff Sifton, Pete Casson (Mgr.).

The First Football team started off with great hopes and aspirations for the coming season. The scarred veterans were pleased to find Mr. Ackerman as head coach with Mr. Jack Mulchinock and Mr. George Bates assisting. The pre-season training camp was both enjoyable and a hard-working experience. We filled the holes left by last-year's players with ease. The team seemed to take on a new feeling with the procuring of new helmets and uniforms, but something else was missing. At the key games against TCS and BRC we failed to be victorious. However, this year there was a stronger sense of unity and spirit than in past years. Practices were seldom without their humorous moments. Ted Tyzcka learnt how to count to two and Paul "Pounder" Hutton was constantly being reprimanded for playing "grab ass". Meanwhile, Mr. Bates and Mr. Mulchinock were laughing hard through it all.



In the games there were many moments worth noting. Tom "Emit" Birkett picked off our only defensive touchdown in true rigger fashion: he tripped over his feet. The converted defensive tackle became Larry Csonka and gained over a hundred yards in the last two games. Greg "Rock" Badger placed TCS's wonder boy, Nigel Wilson, on the bench with a hit that was heard on all sides of the field. Then there was the ever lurking Ed "Porky" Andrew as middle linebacker. Our MVP was Paul Hutton.

The team would like to thank Mr. Hamilton and the SAC Foundation for all the new equipment, and managers Jim Ryan and Paul Grassby for their help.



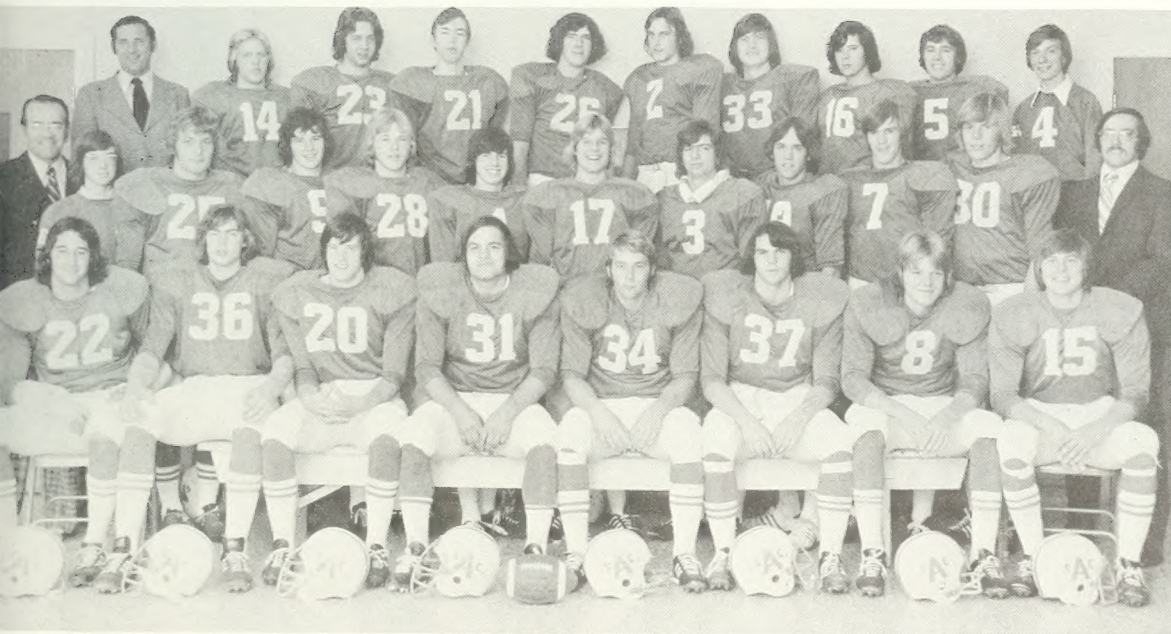
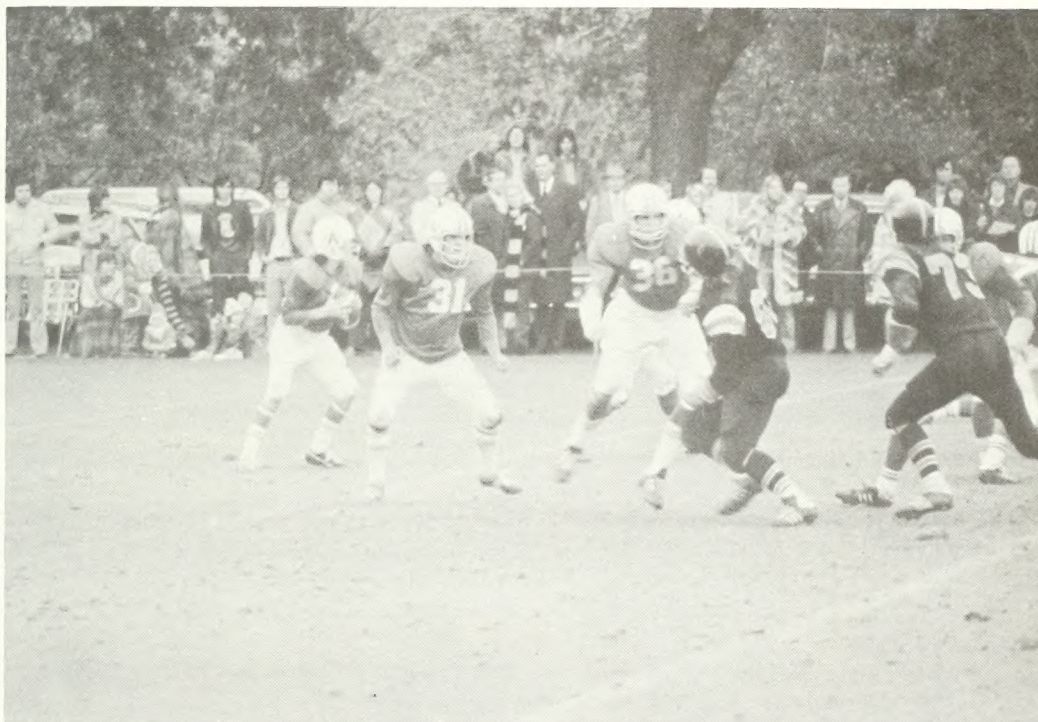
Thanksgiving Turkey

It was one of those beautiful afternoons in the early fall when UCC came to call. Suspense was in the air as our first team rehearsed on the Lower Fields waiting for those Bluebellies. Many remember the previous years' defeats at Upper Canada and the promises made to get them next year. Well, next year was here and we were the host team. It was a rather special day for some, especially Major Holmes, the former cadet commander and first team coach for eighteen years. He came back on this day to see the school, talk to the students, and like the rest of us old boys, watch the game. We hadn't won the ISL championship in a long time and it had been eleven years since we last clobbered UCC. Really, the story is short because we won: 42-7. All those touchdowns, passes and plays worked. The guys who played outstandingly we won't soon forget, and for this old Andrian who stood watching the game and remembering so many past defeats, it was a hell of a moment worth waiting for.

An Old Boy



**“Boy
I tell ya. . . ”
FIRST FOOTBALL**



BACK: Mr. George Bates, Lee Devereaux, Jim Corbett, Dave Mitchell, Stewart Murdoch, Pete Stewart, Rob Errington, Jim Stevens, John Hawley, Jim Ryan (Mgr.). MIDDLE: Mr. Gord Ackerman, Paul Grassby (Mgr.), Greg Badger, Cam Stevens, Ed Andrew, Brian Evers, Paul Hutton (MVP), Dan Davis, Tom Ackerman, Gary Lawrence, John Hughes, Mr. Jack Mulchinock. FRONT: Sean Whitehead, Clark Smith, Peter Williams, Geza Diergardt, Tom Birkett, Stuart Rutherford, Mark Devereaux, Ted Tyczka.

SECOND FOOTBALL

We opened Pandora's Box . . .



Our first regular season game against UCC was an indication of the kind of season it would be: we lost 7-6 after being stopped on the one yard line attempting a two point conversion in the last two minutes of the game.

This past football season was thoroughly enjoyed by every player. Our performance was a 1/8 win/loss record. This may indicate that the season was a total loss. This, however was not the case. Team spirit was high and perseverance was constantly present.

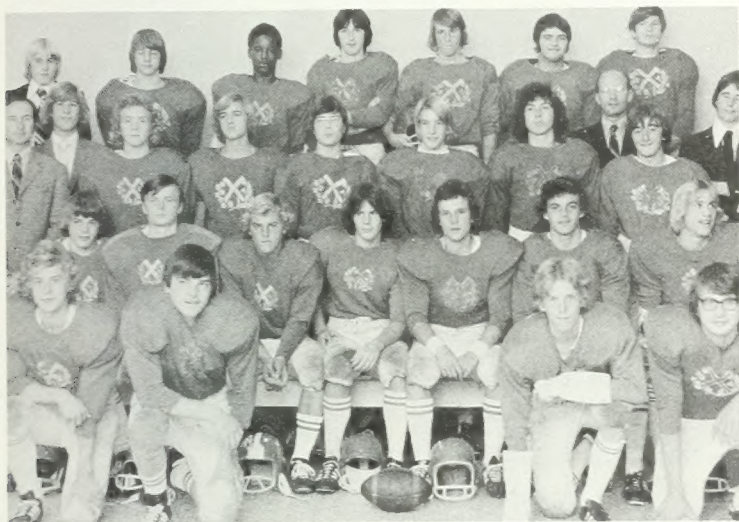
It is difficult to compare this season's team with the accomplishments of previous teams. The last two had large offensive and defensive lines and quite a number of experienced backfielders. The 1973 season showed numerous promising, inexperienced players and their presence will certainly be felt in the future.

Last, but not least, fine coaching was provided by both Mr. Froese and Mr. Skinner. The team thanks them for their efforts and continual moral support.



BACK: Craig Yelovich, Rob Sadler, Russ Payton, John Molner, Judd Kennedy, Eric Jolliffe, Dave Anjo, Jeff Tancock. MIDDLE: Mr. Bill Skinner, Andrew Eakins (Mgr.), Doug Munn, Pete Roth, Peter Hunziker, Blaine Bonnar, Andrew Dunlop, James Errington, Pedro Martin, Clay Sturrock, Mr. Walter Froese. FRONT: Bob Topping, Basil Gerol, Bob Jamieson, Trevor Wilkinson, Steve Davis, Roland Nimmo, John Kitchen, Greg Miklas, Martin Henderson.

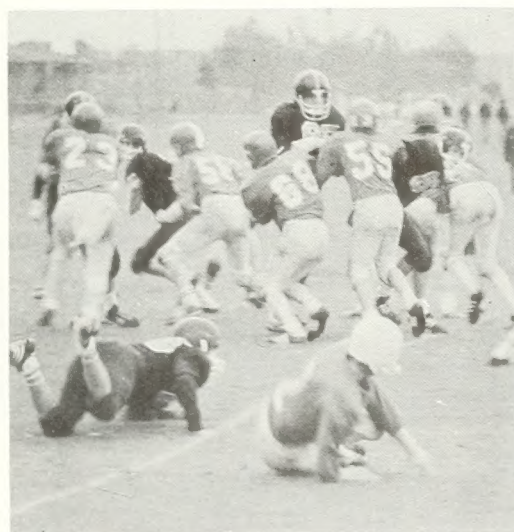
BACK: John Gray, Ross Wall, Mike Searles, Simon Vincent, Grant Overton, Steve Watford, John Stroud. MIDDLE: Mr. Ron Kinney, David Lefebvre, Ted Blanchard, John Omstead, Graham Clark, Tim Pennal, Greg Clark, Mr. Dennis Hemmings, Robert Hargrave, Brian Hayes. FRONT: Sandy Hale, David Calverley, Don Richardson, Jeff Baun, Myles Pritchard (MVP), Jeff MacMillan, Andrew Dalton, John Mierins, Bill Houston, Scott Willoughby, Steve Maw.



Under Sixteen Football this year had a prosperous season with two wins and two losses. We were an inexperienced team with only four veterans of the previous year, but the coaches Messrs. Kinney and Hemmings took care of that. We tried hard to win the ISL Championship from Trinity College, but we lost thirteen to seven. The most important game, however, was at Ridley. With our morale at mud bottom there was no choice: we had to win. Ridley took the lead during the first half, and we became desperate. On the field next to us, our Second Football team was losing, and to the right soccer was having a rough whirl. But after a pep talk during half time we retook the field, and as time was running out, our plays began to click. Perhaps it was a feat of magic that we scored the winning touchdown within seconds of the end. It was a close call and a very special win. We were the only football team to walk away that day from Ridley victorious.

The next game was a disaster. Appleby rolled over us thirty-six to six. We had the benefit of playing on home turf and were supported by a cheering section, but our line just wasn't ready for that powerhouse. Once again on the adjacent field the Seconds were losing, and some muttered that their luck was rubbing off on us. No matter, whether sharing a practice field with a losing team or not, we finished the season with a burst. Hillfield never knew what hit them: at twenty-seven to three, we couldn't complain. In summary, it was a season of mixed emotions and luck. But the important thing was that we had fun and played some good football, and that's really what it's all about.

. . . And put
the football in



THIRD FOOTBALL



BACK: Russel Kastner, Jim Houlton, Alan Hamilton, Drew Foss, Douglas Marks, Ron Barker, Mr. Geoff Smith. MIDDLE: Don Senechal, Stuart Cove, Andrew Munn, John Mosely, Blake Ballentine. FRONT: Michael Gardner, Garry Weilinger, Rob Pratt, John Stewart, Peter Allen.

Although short on victories and matches, U15 Rugger had an enjoyable season. With an Irishman, a Newf, and a farmer, things were bound to be exciting. If Irish wasn't egging somebody, then it was likely that one of his spiked cleats must be close on hand. The Newf undeniably had the largest larynx on the team, easily able to tell anyone what he thought of them from a fair distance off. The farmer, due to his sheer bulk was team Captain, and spent much of his time threatening us. The best tackle was done by a fly-weight grunion on the Appleby team, who picked Bozo up by his legs and flipped him flatly on his duff. While on the subject of tackles, Kastner developed a style of his own, the pants drag, which Mr. Smith demonstrated a fancy for, much to Foss' dislike. There is nothing comparable to Mr. Smith playing rugger—that mean look and those squinty eyes allowing him to tackle you by sound only, since without glasses Mr. Smith's lucky to see the green stripe indicative of grass, let alone the red and white of a SAC jersey. During those times we were glad to have Doug Pickard and Mark Black to guide us. We played only four games in all, with three of them against UCC. The Upper Canada games were disappointments for those who are victory conscious, but win or lose we were happy to have the match. The last game of the season was against Appleby, who, though small, proved themselves agile. Nevertheless, SAC finally triumphed by a score of 18-4. Many thanks to Mr. Smith, Mark Black and Doug Pickard for their time.

U15 RUGBY

U15 A SOCCER



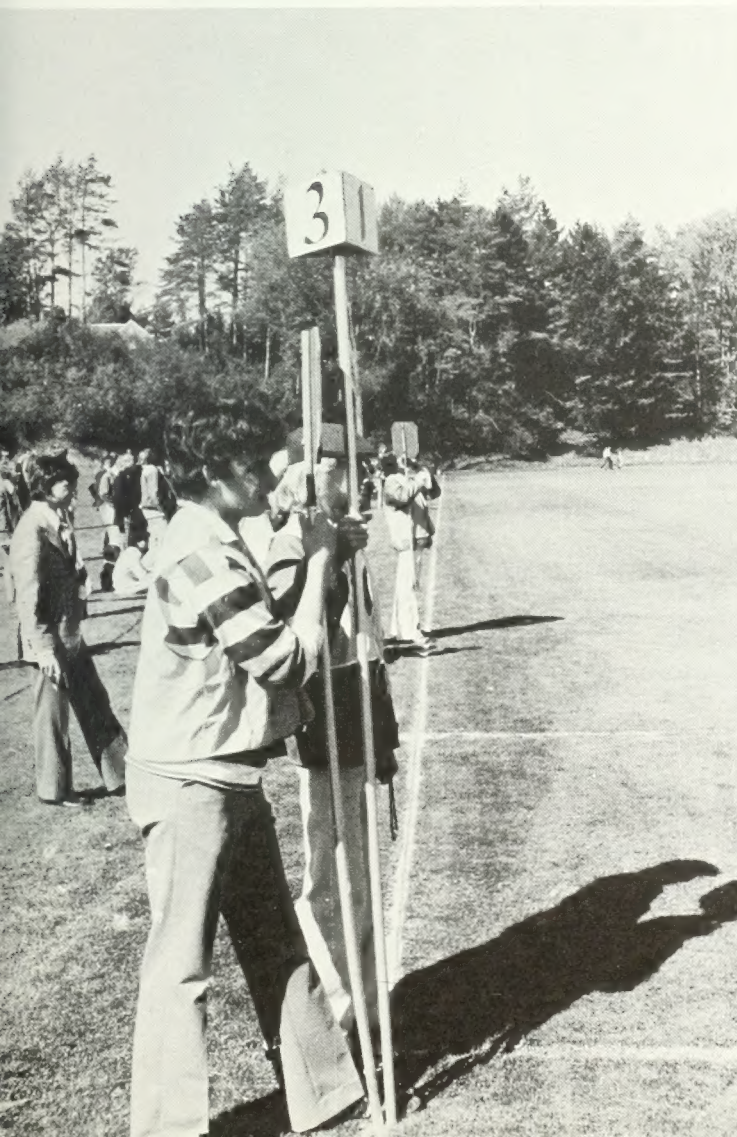
BACK: David Mair, Augustin Legorreta, Walter Stirling. MIDDLE: Mr. Ted Harrison, Chris Bicknell, Andrew Beckwith, Sid Karalis, Brian Miklas. FRONT: John Jacobi, Paul Bédard, Steve Hiscox, John Bailey.



Mac A Soccer had a successful season. We won more than half of our games, and since we were a young team, our ball skills enabled us to outclass our capable opponents. Our losses were only by slight margins, thus showing the competitiveness of our games.

Early in the season we paid a visit to St. Catharines for a tournament at Ridley College. Our first game there was played against Hillfield. Good defensive work by Rob Dennys and the Hiscox-Bathgate duo helped us out while the Gossing-Bedard-Miklas-Stirling-Karalis forward line pumped four goals in. The helpless Hamilton kids soon fell under the ruthless heel of SAC. At the same time on adjacent fields, some huge monsters from Nichols of Buffalo were crushing UCC, Ridley was overcome by Appleby, and Crescent lost to St. George's. Before the next game, we thought things looked evenly matched, and that Tim Vernon might be tested. Everyone played consistently well (Tim was called on only twice!) during a 4-0 crushing of St. George's. The deciding game was between the Nichols giants and ourselves, and for the first time in many years we had Ridley cheering for us! We played firm, standout soccer amid Mr. Harrison's and Mr. MacPherson's cheers from the sidelines. Nichols' size didn't bother us at all, but by half time both teams were dead tired, and at full time, thoroughly zonked. The score was still 0-0. We went into overtime. At length, with the scoreboard still barren, it was decided that Nichols and SAC would be co-champions.

Rob Dennys was our MVP, a fitting reward for his steady play throughout the season. Many thanks to Mr. Harrison who kept our spirits high in victory and defeat.





U 15 B SOCCER

This year Mac B soccer had a very successful season with eleven wins and two ties. Many of us considered the team every bit as good as the A team, and in at least some aspects we were. With some of us doubling up, we managed to put together a strong group. Our halfbacks and fullbacks filled up every gap that developed during our games. The forward line kept constant pressure on the opposition throughout, and though there were times when it was nip and tuck, we had a rewarding season. Our thanks to Mr. Inglis for his coaching and unceasing effort.



BACK: Chris Webb, Luis de Primo Real, Chris Sifton, Scott Philips, Mr. Derek Inglis. MIDDLE: John Pitts (MVP), Walter Stirling, Brian Miklas, Gary de Leon, Augustine Legorreta. FRONT: Mike Elder, John Kitchen, Scott Mortimer, Graham Hatt, Richard Gore.

MAC C SOCCER



BACK: Mr. Ruppert Ray, Ralph Meilinger, John Nassar, Neil O'Hara, Rick Mann (Mgr.). MIDDLE: Bill Cathers (MVP), Chris McGraw, Andrew Francis, Stephen Young, Ron Mitchell, Doug McClintock, Paul Tennyson, Craig Kinch, Robert Angus. FRONT: Scott Cole, Andy Levers, John Mortimer, John Cadogan, Jim Mills, Paul Miklas.



The Mac House C Soccer team was fortunate this season to have eleven fixtures. Of this number, five were wins and three were draws. The season seemed to have three distinct stages. The first stage was a rather unsteady one in which we were defeated by teams from Toronto French School and from Lakefield: Only the quick hands of goalie Chris McGraw enabled us to eke out a 1-0 victory over the Pickering squad.

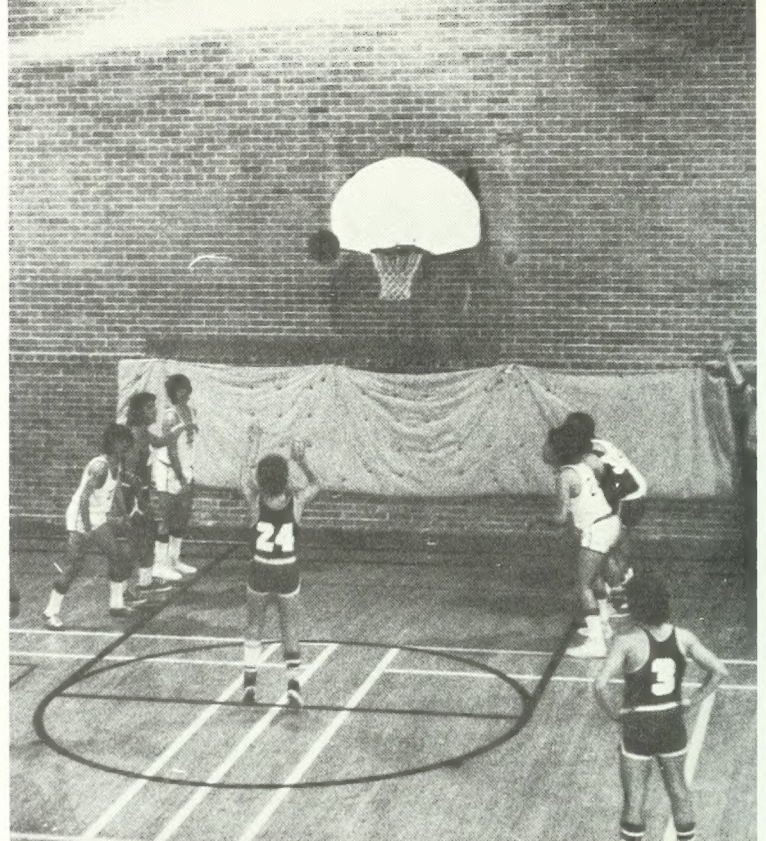
During the second stage we consolidated a much more reliable defence, but still the forwards were unable to put together many scoring combinations. During these five games only three goals were scored by our opponents and ourselves combined. One goal was the margin of our victory over UCC, two was the margin of Ridley's victory over us, and the other three games against Upper Canada, Selwyn House, and Hillfield, all resulted in scoreless draws. During this period the team received good leadership from captain John Mortimer and his assistant Andy Francis.

The third stage in the season was a deep source of satisfaction to all concerned. Finally we snapped the scoreless string and finished up with three very convincing victories: over Crescent School 4-1, over Appleby 3-1, and over St. George's 6-3.

The player most valuable to the team in a variety of positions was Bill Cathers. With these talents coming up, prospects look bright for next year. The whole team would like to thank Rick Mann and Mr. Ray for their enthusiastic coaching.

Champs yet again

BACK: Mr. Gord Ackerman, John Hughes, Randy Kline, Dave Rose, Stuart Murdock, Roland Nimmo, Dave Stubbs. FRONT: Kane Straith, Pedro Martin, Paul Hutton, Sean Whitehead.



Our first game of the season was a hairpin loss. In the dying seconds of the game UCC netted those extra balls which gave them their three point victory. Like syrup dripping down the stairs, our high hopes for the championship followed us to the showers. It's impossible to say what happened to us between that game and the triumphant victories which succeeded. We certainly couldn't have grown much taller. Somehow our tactics became more co-ordinated and morale redoubled after each subsequent win. The statistics tell the story best. Like dominoes we toppled TCS, Appleby, Ridley and our old friends from UCC in succession to clinch the ISL Championship.

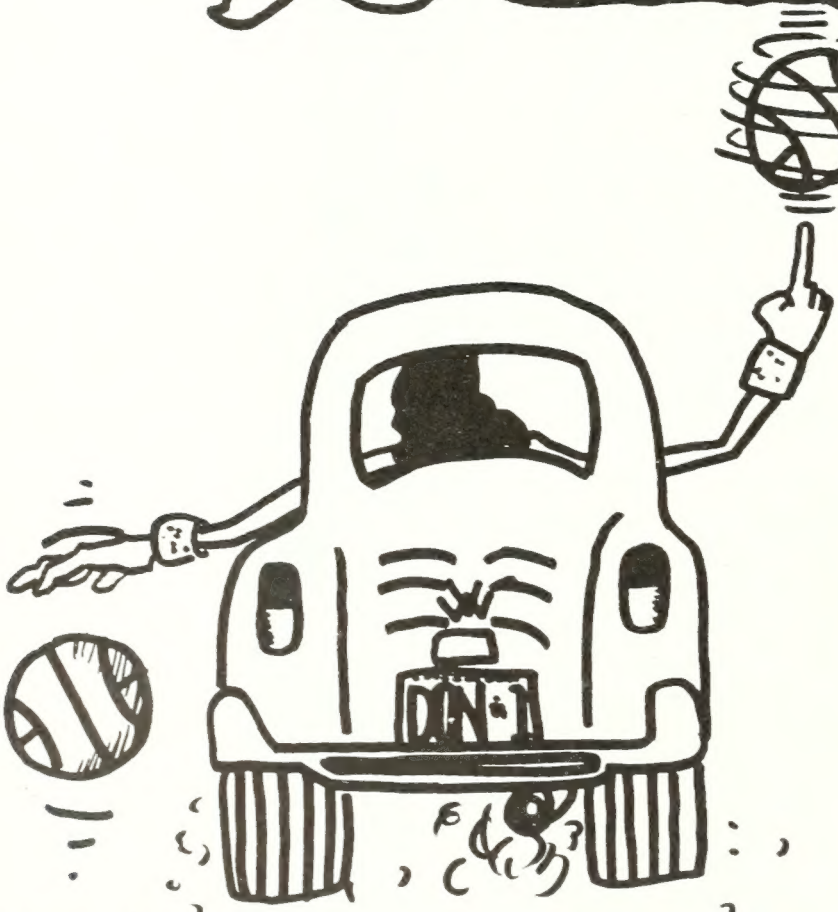
Don Rose served as captain, Kane Straith our MVP, Mr. Gord Ackerman our coach. Accompanied by the rest of the team, they deserve much praise.

FIRST BASKETBALL

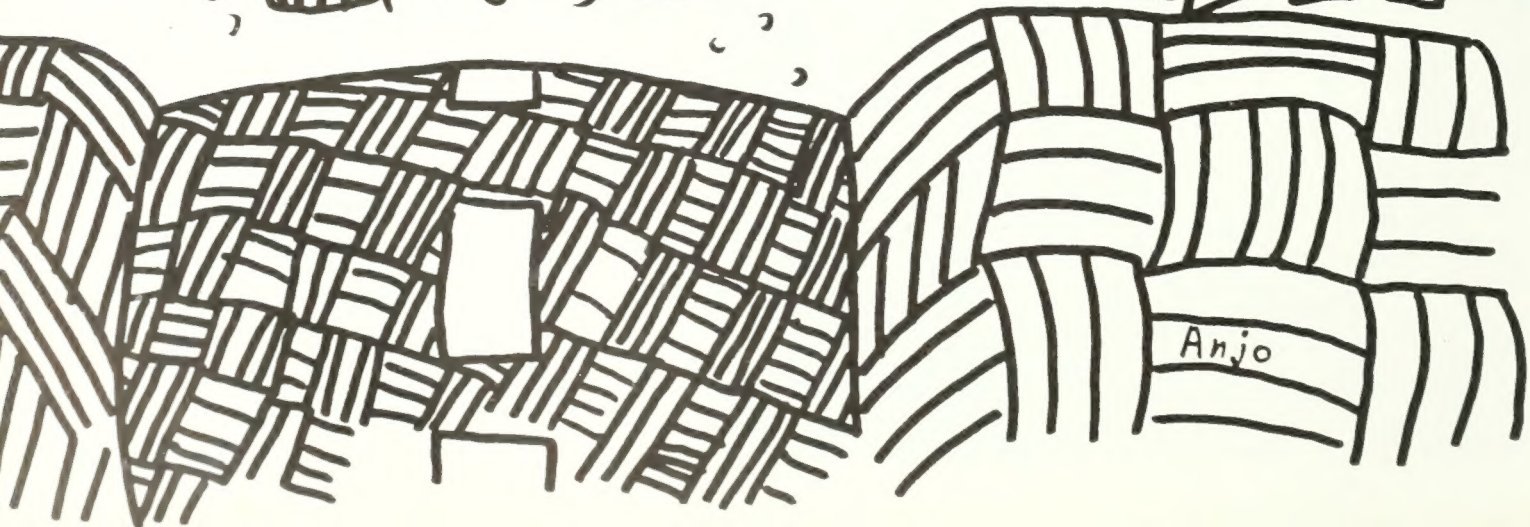


ISL:

vs UCC	L	54-57
vs TCS	W	35-33
vs Appleby	W	50-46
vs Ridley	W	50-46
vs TCS	W	57-37
vs Ridley	W	67-39
vs Appleby	W	57-33
vs UCC	W	45-30



ST. ANGELO
SECOND
BASKETBALL
73-74





BACK: Tom Ackerman, David Little, Simon Vincent, George Lewis, David Anjo, Mike Shillingford, Mr. Don Stuart. FRONT: Myles Pritchard, Trevor Cargill, Randy Doyle, Eric Jollife.



BACK: Stephen Braybrook, Mark Hollands, Carlos Creel, Philip Henderson, Jim Houlton, Sandy Hale, Mr. Walter Froese. FRONT: Gary De Leon, John Jacobi, John Pitts, Peter Markwell.

To be quite honest, we had a frustrating season. Defeat followed despairing defeat. The season however, was by no means a total loss. We had an experienced, capable cadre of basketball players around which we can build a superior team for next year. Every individual put forth a spirited effort. Against Hillfield's First team, despite the tall opposition we had an extremely exciting game, losing by just a few points. Trevor Cargill, MVP, was the hero of that encounter. He mesmerized the big Hillfield five again and again with his speed, co-ordination and accuracy.

We thank Mr. Stuart for coaching us, and we wish him and next year's team the best of luck. Thanks also to those members of the student body who supported us. We can only do better.

SECOND BASKET- BALL THIRD

Runts don't win basketball games. For this season, we lost five and won only three. The only way for us to touch the hoop was to stack Hollands on top of Hale and have them jump. But Mr. Froese was a good coach; he recognized our problems and worked us accordingly in our practices. We stuck to the basics, and it paid off. Before the end of the season we managed to defeat Appleby twice and Pickering once. Although we lost to UCC, Ridley, Hillfield and St. George's, it was bad luck as much as anything else which caused our defeats.

If growth spurts should occur before next year, say four or five inches, then we'll be champs almost for sure. If not then at least we've learned many important skills which should enable us to improve our record next year. Many thanks to Mr. Froese for his patience and coaching.

Goals on ice with FIRST, SECOND & THIRD HOCKEY

We weren't a very heavy nor experienced team, but that didn't stop us. We won seven games, lost only three and tied two— the most successful Second Hockey team in SAC's history. Captain Mark Bédard made some pretty exciting rushes en route to scoring his eighteen goals, as did John Middup in chalking up twelve assists, proving that being a friend of the Captain pays off. Then there was Ed "Porky" Andrew, the exception to our players' weight deficiency, who meted out the best checks of the season. These earned him thirty minutes in penalties. Seconds for a change had a decent permanent netminder, Otto Silcox, who played steadily all season and earned a shut-out in our 4-0 victory over Hillfield's first team. Our most embarrassing game came against UCC to whom we lost eight to zip. The shame of it! Our only other losses came against Brebeuf and Pickering. We eliminated TCS and Appleby twice, won once and tied once with Lakefield, and beat St. George's and Ridley. All totalled we scored forty-five goals. To Mr. Bob Bédard goes our thanks for a fine season.



BACK: Mr. Ian Bowell, Jeff Kane (Mgr.), Mike Omstead, Brian Eyers, Barry Howson, Lee Devereux, Mr. Ron Kinney. FRONT: Jeff Baun, Donald Richardson, Peter Dalton, Stuart Rutherford, Gary Lawrence, James Errington.





BACK: Rob Dobson, Tim Parnell, Ed Andrew, Rob Kitchen, Graham Clark, Jeff MacMillan, Clifford Sifton, Bob Smallwood, Craig Yelovich, Allan Hamilton, Mr. Bob Bedard. FRONT: Blair Snow, John Middup, Mark Bedard (MVP), Cam Stevens, Scott Sillcox, Clay Sturrock.

Third Hockey was an anomaly. To label it a team would be a misnomer, to call it a team a misconception. It was a circus. It was the only conglomerate in the school which suited up in any available jersey, be it red, yellow, or dirty. Yet this curious conglomeration never through the entire season lost a game. They won all three of their games. Who, you ask, were the components of this oddity? The coach was a man of numerous credits: a multi-year veteran of Upper Six History trips, a man of the theatre, mastermind of the Sunday Odyssey, co-ordinator of the cadet corps. Gad, I can't remember his name! Oh yes, Kamcke, that was it. For goaltenders an Italian and a Bermudian were located: Angie Minichello and Steve Martin. Both boys played sparingly due to the lack of shots, and miraculously Mini survived the season without a fatal injury. Paul (Mad Dog) Fisher and Mike Throop dominated the defense, at least Fisher demanded the puck all the time. (It's debatable what he did with it.) The scoring came from the Grays. That's Jim and John Gray, nothing to do with the bleachers. To fill up the rest of the show, Andy Dunlop, Greg Badger, Charlie Fisher, Mike Earle, and Lassiline were spirited out with Jim Luke floating along. A collection of easy-goers who disgraced the ice, but had a lot of fun.



This year proved to be an interesting season for First Hockey. Some people may have thought that we did not do so well but on the contrary we proved many things. Our school should be a top contender in the ISL in the years to come. Although the veterans carried the team through the first half of the season, the rookies came on strong towards the end due to a lack of experienced players.

At the beginning of the year, captain Gord MacFarlane and MVP Lee Devereaux were the mainstays of the team, but by the end of the year the "nifty niners" (Baun, Richardson and Dalton) were pulling twice their weight. While MacFarlane was dazzling the crowd and Devereaux filling the net with pucks, many others like Brian Evers, Jamie Errington and Mike Omstead rocked the opposing players constantly with great plays, while Ted Tyczka entertained the crowd with his antics. Dave Kitchen, the opportunist, scored in key situations, while Barry Howson, Jim Stevens, and John Kitchen anchored the defence. Stuart Rutherford and Pete Stewart played strong goal for the team all year and they both deserve praise. The highlight of the year was the trip to Montreal where the Firsts soundly defeated two Quebec Teams.

With over half of the team returning next year, coaches Mr. Kinney and Mr. Bowell have something to look forward to.

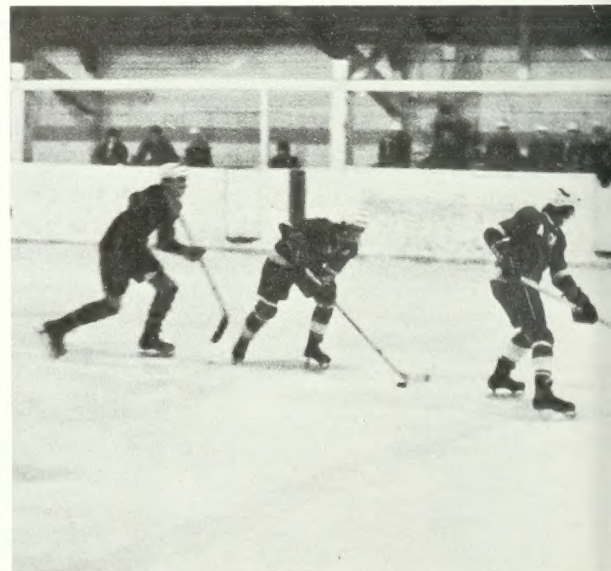
BACK: Mark Black, Tim Pernal, Stephen Hiscox, Mike Sifton, John Mierins, Walter Stirling. FRONT: David Calverley, Brian Miklas, Scott Willoughby, Daryl Melnyk, Graham Hatt, Harry Allard.



It was another successful season. With a strong team, we met our opposition with gusto and determination. Led by Scott Willoughby, our forward line drove hard into enemy territory circling their net. The puck, always on course, never failed to pass far from the enemy goalie's crease. Our defensemen consistently saw that those who dared approach our net received the full treatment. The boards were familiar to any of those daring opponents who came too close. The unfortunate part of the season was that because of the growing number of games and decreasing number of practices, we lacked adequate time to iron out some bugs. For two periods we came on strong, but our charge seemed to die thereafter. No matter, we enjoyed ourselves, and that made it worthwhile.

Gratitude is due to Mr. Stuart who gave so much of his time and effort in coaching us, and to Mark Black who also contributed with his invaluable assistance.

U 15A HOCKEY Show gusto and determination



U 15B HOCKEY



BACK: Paul Cooper, Mike Elder, Paul Bédard, Tom Palmer, Andy Beckwith, Mr. Lou Little. FRONT: Stephen Young, James Britnell, Scott Mortimer, Brian Hayes, Andy Fleming, Sid Karalis, Rob Pratt.

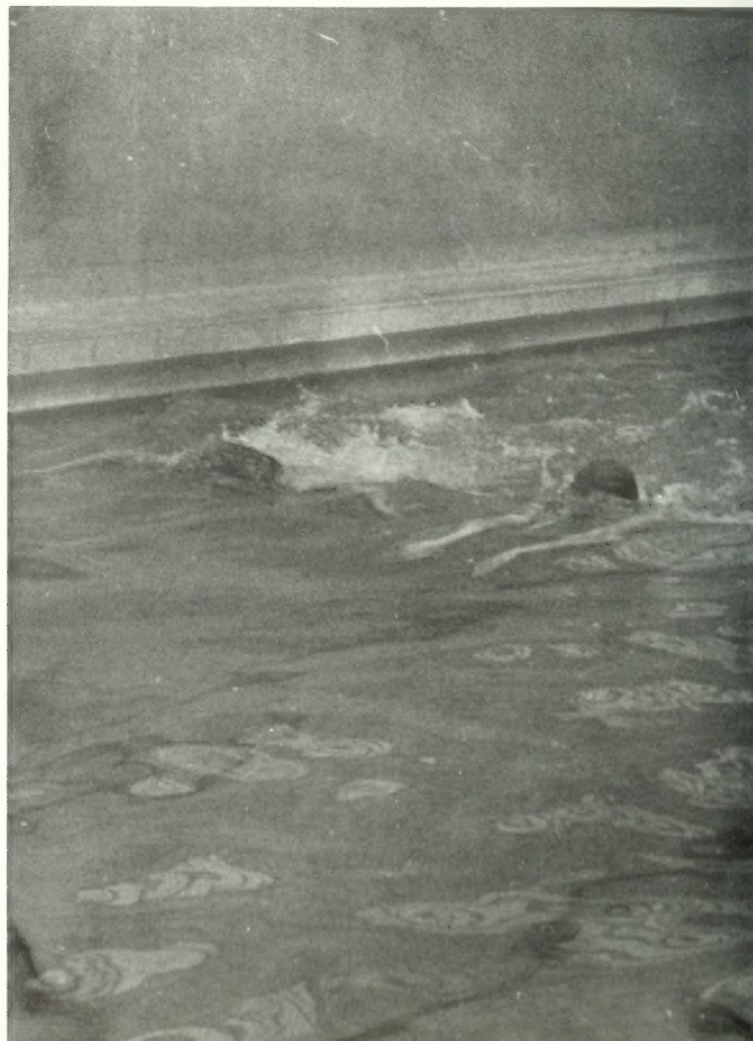
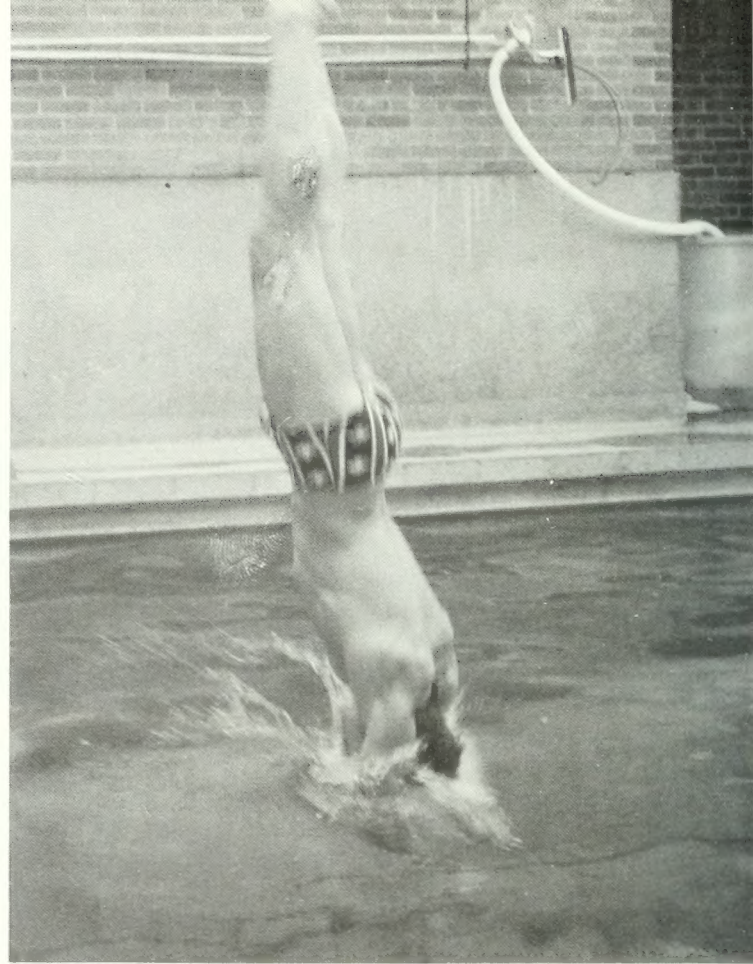
It was a tremendous season for everyone. We won a total of seven out of our eight games. There was no stopping our powerhouse as it rolled relentlessly over the opposition. Try as the other teams did, their efforts were in vain: we overcame all attacks. Our captain, Brian Hayes, consistently managed to break through the opposing forces backed by solid lines of puck-driving men. Seldom could they pass our defencemen unhindered, and even then one of our own goalies, Bob Pratt, easily covered the whole net equipped as he was. The high point of the season was our return match at Lakefield. In a snappy game we carried off an 8-0 victory. Only the unpleasant memories of our first run-in lingered. It was a nip n' tuck game all the way until they snuck in the puck during the last few seconds for a 4-3 defeat. That was our only loss, but we rectified that with our later stunning score.

Certainly the season was well worth the effort. All our members enjoyed themselves and the game. Special thanks are due to Mr. Lou Little who, as our coach, taught us the fundamentals, sharpened our drive and made possible our successful season.



Nip 'n' tuck

SWIMMING



Algae ensemble



BACK: Mr. Bob Jones, Clarke Smith, Richard Van der Jagt, Myles Pritchard, Doug Munn, David Lefebvre, Rick Mann, Geza Von Diergardt, Omar Khalil, Don Delahey, Ted Blanchard. FRONT: Peter Roth, Ian Philips, Geoff Jones, Chris Harrison, Gary Weilinger, Andrew Munn, Greg Nevison, Daniel Hung.



This year Mr. Smith handed over his rowboat and whip to Mr. Jones who thereby took over command of the First and Second Swimming teams. Mr. Jones' task was threefold: clean the pool, train the swimmers, and race them. While he waged war with the pool's chemical counts he had us performing gruelling calisthenics. Then, once the algae clumps were destroyed, our daily hour of swim torture began. We went up the pool and down again until we thought our joints were going soft. On the production side our success was marginal, only with UCC and Appleby were we able to reap any success. To all others we were losers and in the final ISL meet, with a flu-impoverished team, we finished last. To analyze why we weren't champs is impossible and irrelevant because swimming is a sport of individual effort, victory is a personal one, your best competitor is yourself. Competition tends to mar the triumph of having given your best, even if it was a last place finish in a race. Our victory doesn't show in the record, it exists only in ourselves. Our MVP's were the brothers Newf: Andrew and Doug Munn.

SPORTS- A WAY OF LIFE?

Now in the days of ultramodern cities and the private person's excessive amount of leisure time, sports has become an integral part of the North American families' lifestyle. Whether participating in a sport, or watching some sports event, it appears as if our society is becoming too sports-minded! Is this aspect of society beneficial to our mental well-being? Does not the violence, the rigid structures of teams and leagues, the gambling, the cheating, and general conduct in sports tend to create a sour attitude towards life? When you look at this side of the coin, sports seems to encourage a physically sound body and a mentally corrupt mind.

First there is the overshadowing and almost unbearable question of violence. Two famous men have expounded briefly on this topic. One said, "Take mankind in general, they are vicious, their passions may be operated upon." The other said, "The very first essential for success is a perpetually constant and regular employment of violence." The first man was A. Hamilton, the other, A. Hitler. What they said can be directly translated into sports. They have just told you that sports have to play upon the viciousness of mankind to be successful. This is exactly what the big league teams do!

Man's animal instinct loves violence. However, man is no longer an animal and his interest in violence is unnatural and unhealthy. Just as we have the ability to reason, we can also see the frivolity in violence in sport. As Emma Goldman said, "It is organized violence on top which creates individual violence on the bottom." As a result of violence being allowed in sport, people will accept violent action around them much more readily due to the fact of exposure. Take the recent incident where a hockey player lost an eye due to a violent action. Nothing has happened to the guilty party or the rulebook because it is this element of danger that lures a great number of fans.

Gambling is as common as the oldest profession. Society doesn't frown on gambling enough. Some sports are implemented solely for gambling purposes such as cockfighting, greyhound and horse racing. Two and a half million Canadians bought tickets to the Olympic Lottery. This is an example of the extent gambling has pervaded our society. People are not investing \$10 to support the Olympics but rather they wish to get something for practically nothing. This is a bad attitude for people to hold.

Cheating happens everyday in every facet of life. Why should it be condemned in sports? This is the fatalistic attitude taken by many people. Cheating is a vice. It shows a lack of morals and principles. Havelock Ellis said, "Moderation in temper is always a virtue but moderation in principle is always a vice." Only through excessive exposure do people accept things. We must advocate that cheating must stop in the higher institutes throughout the world; this will discourage all cheating.

Also we must teach children not to cheat, and what way is better to encourage children not to cheat than to stop cheating in sport? Children try to copy many sportsmen and they idolize sports figures in their formative years.

Personal conduct seems to be deteriorating daily. People play some sports to release their violent tendencies, which is good, but they direct themselves at other people, which isn't good. They have a bad attitude and they aren't benefiting from the sports activity. A lot of people go out to play sports with the wrong attitude which is easily recognizable by the excessive amount of swearing in all sports.

Teams are too structured nowadays. Children in the minor leagues are so regimented that they derive little pleasure in playing the game. Regimentation is fine in big league sports where Vince Lombardi's theory of football, "Winning isn't everything, it's the only thing," can be justifiably applied. The problem with children's coaches is that they take this professional theory and try to drill it into the kids. This has a detrimental effect on the children.

Sports is not only an activity. It is a forceful medium, and sports, as a business, ought to be given guidelines to follow rather than expanding in a laissez faire manner. Government, if it is conscientious, ought to be allowed to control sports. "If the moral and physical fibre of manhood and its womanhood is not a state concern the question is, what is?" B. Cardozo emphasises this point clearly. If we take this attitude, then the Government has the right to decide whether or not the Toronto Northmen should be allowed to play in Canada.

So maybe the sports we accept as good are not always so. Then let us abolish the aspects we don't like or even the whole sport. What can we use as an alternative? Havelock Ellis provides the answer. Sex! He says, "Sexual pleasure, widely used and not abused, may prove the stimulus and finest liberator of our finest and most exalted activities."

Let's get back to a less idealistic level. We are human beings. In our sports we must become conscientious and morally just before we can become truly happy. To rebut all those who advocate leaving sports as they are with all their bad influences, I say in the words of Emmanuel Kant, "Morality is not the question of how we make ourselves happy but how we make ourselves worthy of happiness."

The subject matter and the whole essay has been very generalized and just as a safety valve to those who would take these few words scratched on a piece of paper as being the one and only truth, I wish to quote a saying of Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. It goes like this: "No generalization is wholly true, not even this one."

Clyde Urquhart

EDUCATIONAL EXERCISES AND/OR PRACTICAL ACTIVITIES

How does it strike you when your government equates the standard of fitness of a red-blooded healthy Canadian of 30 with the level of the 65 year old Swede? . . . Disconcerting?

How about our confidence, our self-respect and our good intentions when we hear that type of statement or when we realize that out of every 6 males embarking on an exercise programme, 5 will abandon it in the near future (for every 3 females, 2 will give up)? Tests have revealed this as fact - so - what are we going to do about it?

Without research or even mention of the causes of our poor state of fitness and, consequently, a mind in low gear, if we believe in the "mens sana in corpore sano" adage, it is obvious that we have much to tackle - otherwise we will keep on performing below our capacity in the fields of physical and mental endeavour.

Participation for the sake of personal enjoyment and progress should be our guiding concept; moreover, we must attain a quality of health which is more than simply an absence of disease. But how?

We've already stated that an exercise for exercise's sake programme will fail in most cases, and we realize that following the Leafs, the Canadians, the Expos, etc., etc., will do little for our limp and underdeveloped muscles. Then, what? Let's analyse the options and the philosophies: the aims of educational exercises are the organization and maintenance of optimum mobility, the development of strength and endurance, self-knowledge and self-control. Noble, you will say but dull! - unless more concrete and immediate goals are achieved, namely, enjoyment, thrills, competition and a sense of accomplishment and victory. These will be found in practical activities, games and sports.

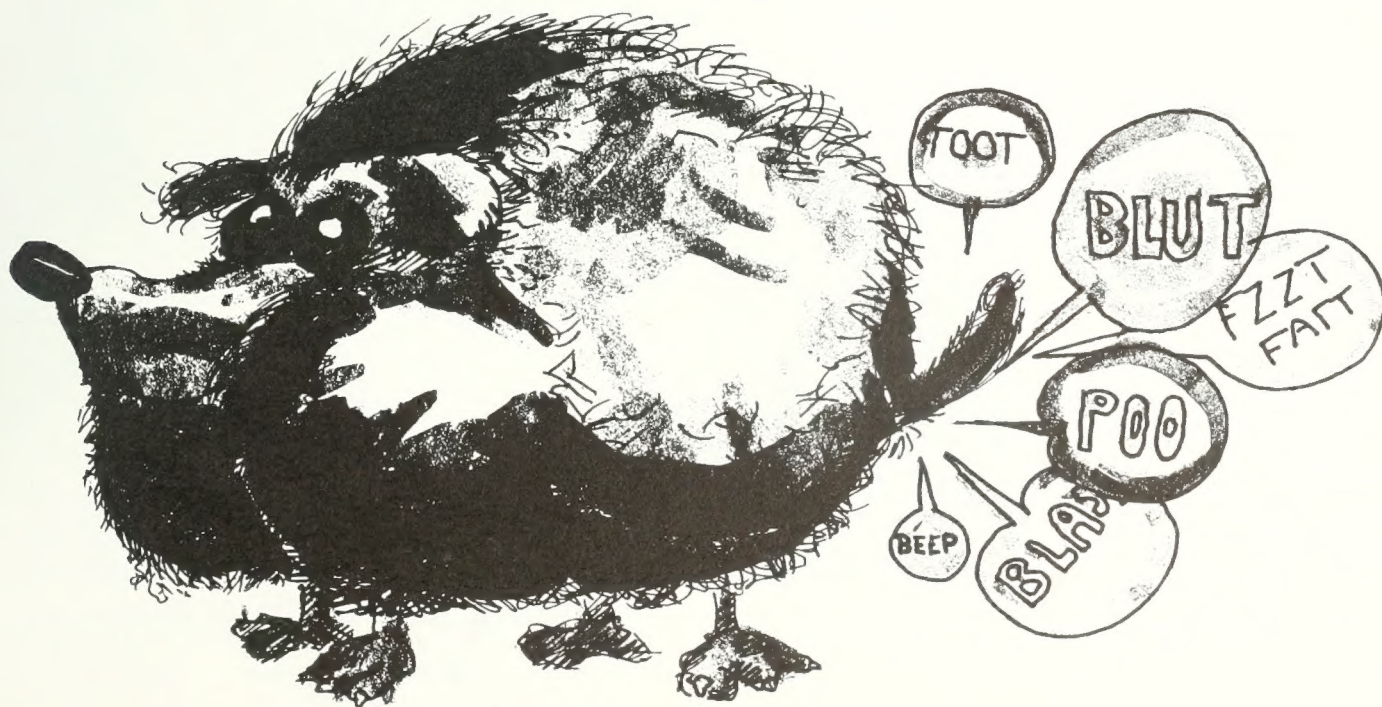
The formal character of Educational exercises results in a lack of incentive, for the majority. However they should not be neglected in the early formative periods nor in early training periods. The second group, games and sports, covers highly motivated activities. They are the battlefield between practical, sporting interests and educational interests, between passion and reason.

Canadians are sport-loving - just as much as the British and the Russians; it is also a fact that professional sports and television have moulded us into armchair quarterbacks and critical experts; we have been lulled into inactivity, we recognize this, and we would dearly like to shed the habit but we don't really know how to go about it. We are looking for ready-made solutions, thus the flood of demands for lessons from pros and the phobic search for top-flight equipment. We make serious attempts at participation which explains the resurgence of sports such as tennis and squash. Yet, very few can honestly state that they have done more than scratch the surface and that, in effect, it was all just to relieve the pangs of conscience associated with a flabby stomach and a minimal capacity for sustained effort.

In other words, the fact of spending a few hours a week on the golf course or the tennis court does not necessarily contribute to an acceptable degree of physical fitness. Mind you, I am not advocating a programme that will lead everyone to the '76 Olympics; nor is the competitive aspect of sports alluded to here. Stated in most simple terms, a worthwhile contributor to fitness could be a short warm-up period, stretching exercises, a few sit-ups and a bit of running - prior to participating in an enjoyable activity. Once a level of conditioning has been achieved, the need for repetitive exercises lessens, and concentration can be given the two essentials for the efficacy of an educative activity - intensity and frequency.

From what was said above, we can conclude that it would be unproductive to disassociate participation from exercise; likewise, exercise alone is not recommended, nor sports activities without prior preparation.

Bob Bédard



FIRST CRICKET



Right from the start of the spring term the first cricket team had a real plus — Mr. Gibb's enthusiasm. He has long been a lover of cricket and with this year's influx of good cricketers he excelled himself. We purchased a new mat to have a good pitch. Practically every day he was down on the lower field manicuring his rectangular plot. The weather was the big enemy which limited practices and ruined the fields, but somehow the team always struggled on. The school had received many new and good players. Not least among them were Aleem Ali and Derek Mahabir who, during the season, displayed excellence in both bowling and batting. Both of them and Dave Stubbs were chosen to play on an all-star cricket team composed of players from all of the ISL teams. One other person also proved his value by batting superbly. This was Mark Bédard. In general the whole team was well skilled with the fielding tight and quick, and the batting slow and purposeful.

Unfortunately, all these pluses were not enough. Inexperienced and ill luck combined to stymie us. We lost to Appleby and TCS and drew against both UCC and Ridley. Ridley was by far our best game, but there it was time which beat us. When the clock ran out we had 97 runs for four out while Ridley was all out for 112. A season of off bowls and essentially bad breaks.

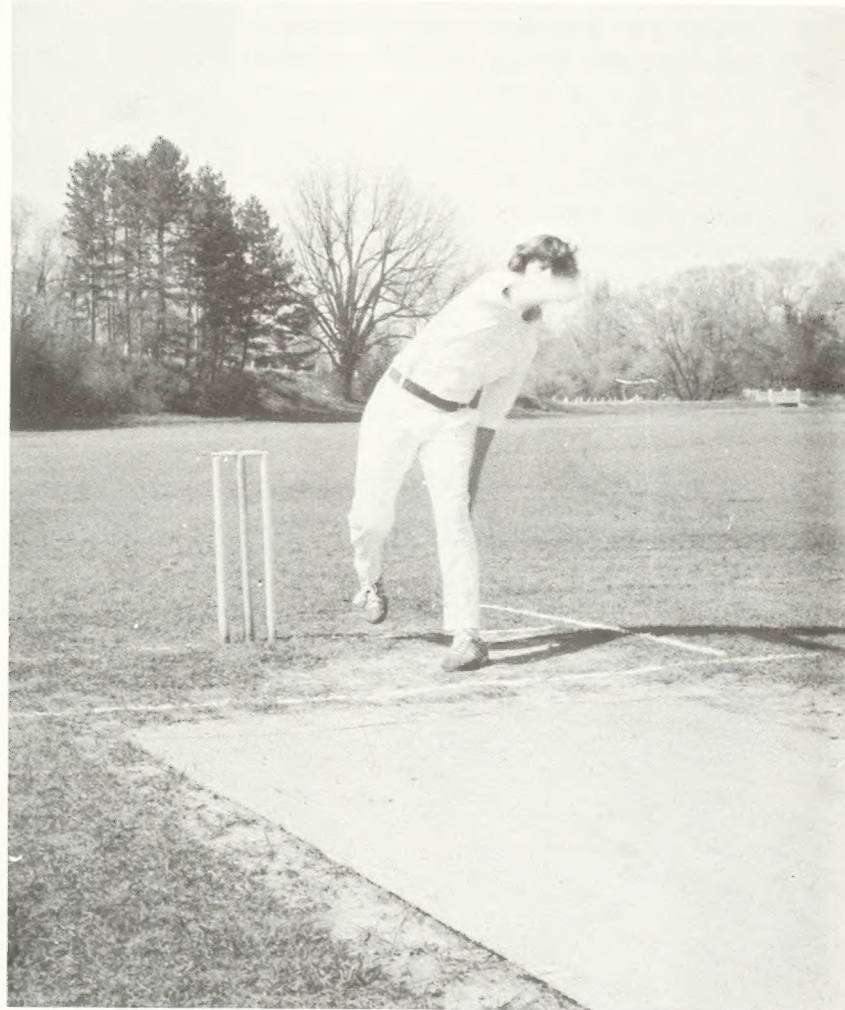
We thank Mr. Gibb for his talents and coaching.



BACK: Mr. Dick Gibb, John Middup, Trevor Cargill, Stephen Martin, Chris Lopez, Chris Johnson, Mark Bédard. MIDDLE: Dave Buick, Aleem Ali, Tim Parnell, Dave Stubbs (MVP), Harvey Sasso, Derek Mahabir. FRONT: Paul Grassby (Scorer), Alexi Boggian (Mgr.).



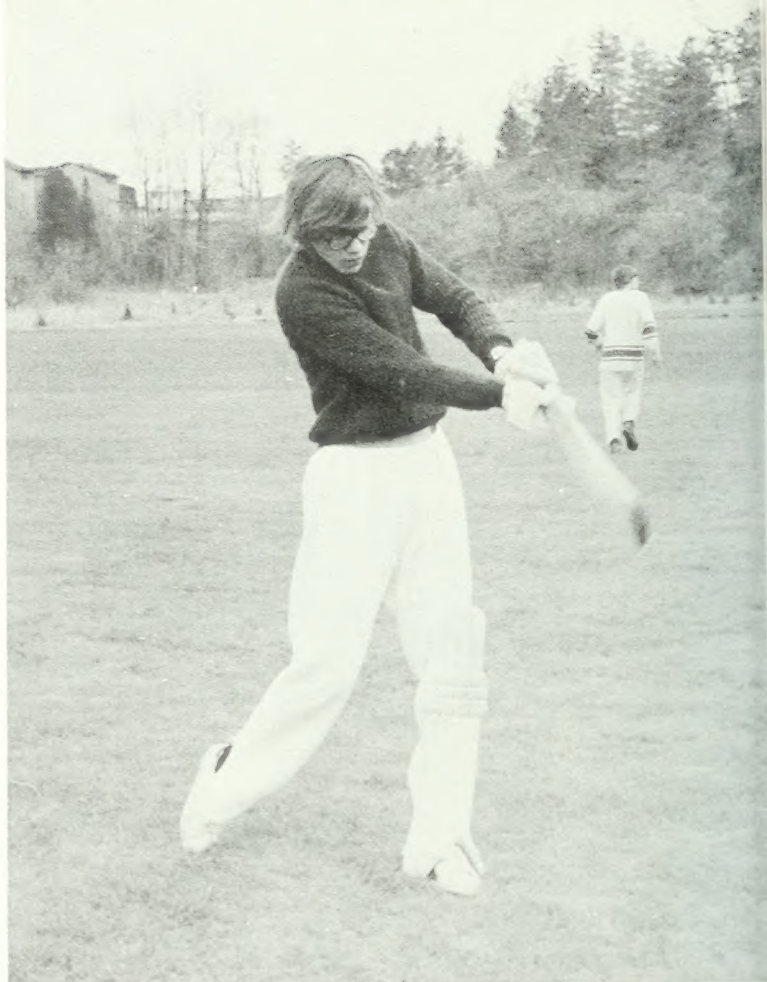
A near miss



SECOND CRICKET springs surprises

Met's Cricket this year was one of the best cricket teams SAC has ever fielded. We won three of five games. All of us who played thoroughly enjoyed the matches. As a fielding team we were quite good, but when batting we had our problems. Although cricket is not a game of thrilling non-stop action, the season was far from dull. There were several memorable occasions such as when Walter Allen got "royal ducked" (out on his first ball) twice at TCS. Certain members of the team then took bets on how long he would last at our next game at Ridley. To everyone's amazement, he remained at bat for at least ten overs.

Match-wise, this year's Mets fared surprisingly well. The first match of the season was against UCC, and in it Mark Bédard distinguished himself by scoring 64 runs. SAC won the game by a score of 106 runs for 8 wickets declared to UCC's 73 runs. Next, the Mets played and lost to both Ridley and TCS. Then in a rematch against TCS, we played our best game, winning by a score of 78 to 34. The last match of the season was against Appleby. They were all out for 38 runs while SAC had mounted up 124 runs for four declared. Everyone would like to thank Mr. Greenwood for his fine coaching.



BACK: Stephen Williams, John Omstead, Mark Brooks, John Stroud, Simon Vincent, Mr. Julian Greenwood. FRONT: Scott Sillecox, Walter Allan, Matt Shinkle, Ismail Bana, Johnnes Marechaux.



U 15 A CRICKET shows skill



The U15 A Cricket Team was well balanced in all respects. We were led by David Mair, our captain and MVP through a season of four wins and two losses. In defence John Bailey, also our MVP, took seven wickets in one game and approximately five each in the rest. It was because of this careful bowling that we had such a strong fielding side. But there are more people on a cricket team than the captain and chief bowler. There was Raymond Rousseau our wicket keeper, Chris Webb, one of our other bowlers, Philip Henderson who gave us size and height, and Rob Pratt who brought us weight. These were a few of the many who made up our team. One major component which we haven't mentioned yet is our coach Mr. Harrison, to whom we present our thanks for helping us through to a good season.

BACK: John Mortimer, Stephen Rousseau, Robert Pratt, Chris Webb, John Bailey, John Pitts, Mr. Ted Harrison. FRONT: Richard Gore, Brian Miklas, David Mair, Chris Bicknell, Stephen Hiscox, Philip Henderson.



Normally the A Cricket team drains the cricket talent of Macdonald House to such an extent that there is nothing left for the B's, but amazingly this year we had an abundance of talent. In six games we scored 640 runs and had two of our players, Paul Bédard and Augustine Legorreta score over fifty runs, moreover, Paul Bédard did it twice. As is the custom, both of these boys were duly rewarded with a cricket bat each. In addition to hitting runs, Bédard did a fine job in playing wicky to Andy Beckwith's incredible bowling. Our only flaw was that Beckwith could not bowl a whole match. Our other bowlers could, but they couldn't plug wickets like Andy, and consequently the other teams could get runs. It was partly due to this that we were not ISL Champs.

Our MVP was Paul Bédard, and all of us wish to thank Mr. Ray for his supervision and coaching throughout the entire season.



BACK: Bruce Watford, Jim Mills, Gary De Leon, Andy Beckwith, Mr. Rupert Ray. MIDDLE: Augustin Legorreta, Stephen Rousseau, Scott Mortimer, Walter Stirling, Paul Bédard (MVP), John Kitchen, William Cathers. FRONT: Ron Mitchell.



U15 B CRICKET piles up the runs

MAC C CRICKET



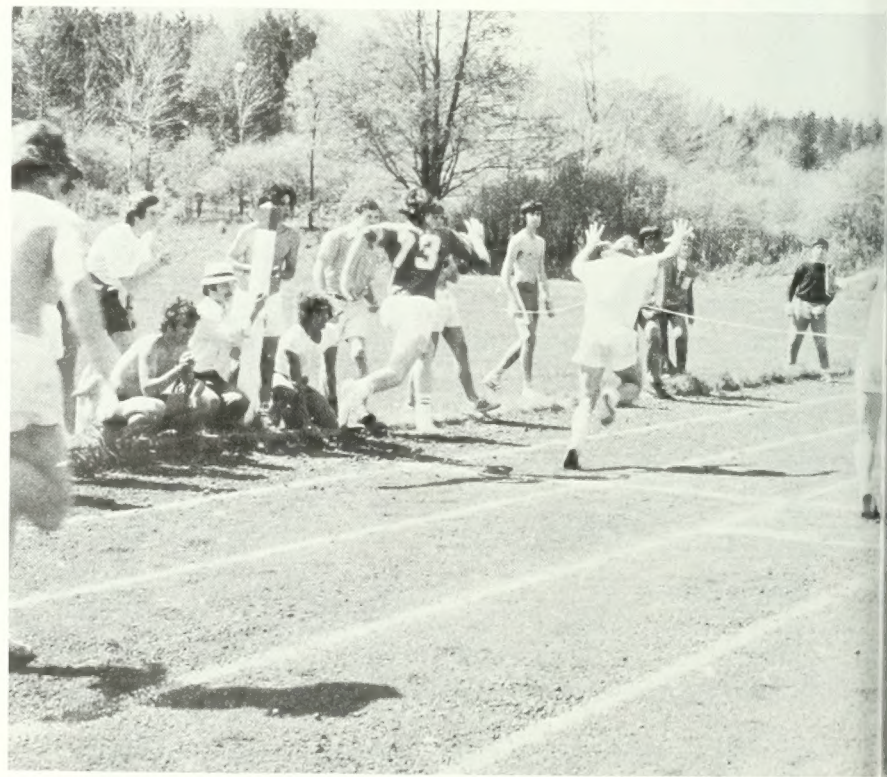
BACK: Graham Hatt, Craig Kinch, Chris McGraw, Stephen Young, Mark Gossman, Barry McKinney, John Nassar, Andrew Kerzner. FRONT: Mr. Derek Inglis, Peter Rigoletti, Andy Levers, Andrew Francis, Paul Miklas, John Cadogan, Scott Cole.



For most of us on Mac C cricket this year the game was an entirely new one. We had played baseball and softball before but cricket, as we quickly discovered, was not like these games. I remember my first time at bat: I had been fielding for what seemed like ages; batting looked easy and I figured I'd be up there all day. They'd never get me out. How wrong I was. Within a few seconds of coming to bat I learnt a new word: "duck". After all that waiting I didn't even get to hit the ball. Then as I threw my bat down in disgust I got my second lesson: cricket is a game of good sportsmanship and skill, violence is strictly prohibited. But fortunately, Mr. Inglis was patient and soon succeeded in deschooling us of our baseballisms such as throwing away the bat after you hit the ball. Now I know that the secret to batting is defense, all you have to do is block that silly red ball and you have it made.

TRACK AND FIELD

BACK: Neil Hendrickson, David Edminson, Stewart Murdock, Paul Nauta, Peter O'Neil. THIRD: Michael Shillingford, Ted Blanchard, Tim Cross, Grant Overton, Brian Evers, Greg Miklas, Gary Lawrence, Jean Francois Rouleau. SECOND: Mr. Bob Bédard, Hugh Stuart, Craig Yelovich, Eric Jolliffe, Jeff MacMillan, Ian Philips, York Pei, Greg Nevison. FRONT: Rob Dobson, Chris Lake, John Mierins, Michael Elder, Daryl Melnyk, Peter Markwell.





This spring Track and Field returned to SAC after a three-year absence. The team was coached by Mr. Peter Stuart, trained by Mr. Bob Bedard, and given a weight programme by Coach Ackerman. The big event of the track and field season was the ISL meet at UCC and consequently most of our time up until then was spent in grooming and keying ourselves up for that afternoon. The highlights of the preparatory period were the premeets involving TCS, Pickering, Crescent and UCC. In these meets we never excelled as a team, but in each successive premeet we gained confidence and knowledge which would come in handy later. When the ISL meet came along we were ready, and with the addition of a few rugger players to bolster our numbers we managed to finish a strong second behind UCC. This was a remarkable feat for a first-year team. Next, we were off to the Georgian Bay qualifying rounds where the copper bullet (Rob Dobson) won the 400 meters, rookie Steve Martin came through in the long jump and triple jump, and Gary Lawrence qualified in the middle distances. Also in the 4 x 400 relay consisting of B. J. Eyers, 'Flash' Jolliffe, Lawrence and Jeff MacMillan we were able to qualify — again not bad for a first year team. One can't help but wonder about next year, but we won't count our track stars before they run. Anyway, the record of this season will always stand, and so will our gratitude to Messrs. Bedard and Stuart.

Around the clubhouse turn

Ontario finalists

SENIOR RUGGER

The SAC 15's this year had the talent and potential we needed to go all the way. Our first game was against Barrie Central, which we won decisively by a score of 54-0. Randy Kline started off the team's scoring with the first try of the season, and he later ran for two more. Paul Hutton, Jim Gray, Kane Straith, and Ed Andrew also scored to ensure our victory. The following game was against UCC which we won 34-9. But then we became overconfident, and when we were matched up against the powerful TCS team, they proved to be too much for us. The game went to TCS 15-7. However, this is where our scrum comes into the picture. Mark Wilson, one of our rookies, steamrolled over the goal line for our only try of the afternoon. Our scrum really showed the fruit of its work and efforts in this game with tremendous pushes from Bob Jamieson, Rick Mann, and the one and only Sean Whitehead. When we went to play Ridley they showed up with only a seven-a-side team, and we outplayed them by a score of 10-0. The scrum half Rob Kitchen played a very skilful game that day. After most of our League games were behind us we went to Parry Sound to play in the GBSSA Tournament in preparation for the All-Ontario Tournament. We won both our games, first over

Barrie Central by 15-6 and then over Brock by 6-0. Peter Williams played fabulously all afternoon, demonstrating some very agile and speedy moves. We then met the most powerful contender of the season, Appleby College. The big double-blue scrum was very powerful and disciplined, as was their whole team. Our only try was scored by Tom Birkett with some help from our speedster Paul Hutton. Our flank forwards Clarke Smith, Mark Wilson, and Richard Van der Jagt all played a very commendable game for newcomers to the sport. Throughout the season, Ted Kemp and Danny Hung played as our faithful all-round men. Although they did not always play full games, they had to know more or less every position since they were moved around. At the All-Ontario Tournament, Danny Hung, along with the rest of the squad, displayed considerable ability and talent, which gives the team a promising future.

Many thanks to Mr. Smith and Mr. Pitman with their tremendous knowledge of rugby, and for giving the SAC 15's a chance to share the joys of playing such a fabulous game. Many thanks also to Mr. Andrew and Mr. Nickel for helping the team in its early stages of development this year.





BACK: Mr. Lewis Pitman, Randy Kline, Sean Whitehead, Mark Wilson, Richard Van der Jagt, Clarke Smith, Mr. Geoff Smith. MIDDLE: Jim Gray, Ted Kemp, Paul Hutton, Ed Andrew, Rick Mann. FRONT: Bob Jamieson, Daniel Hung, Kane Straith, Geza von Diergardt, Tom Birkett.

JUNIOR RUGGER

BACK: Dave Mitchell, Anthony Wu, Jeff Baun, Myles Pritchard, Ron Barker, Mr. Geoff Smith. MIDDLE: Mr. Lewis Pitman, Jim Ryan, Jud Kennedy, Bill Houston, Dave Mollenhauer, Andy Kilpatrick. FRONT: Brian Wright, Peter Roman, John Gray, Jeff Tancock, Peter Dalton, James Hepburn, Ross Wall, Philip Chung.



High in hopes

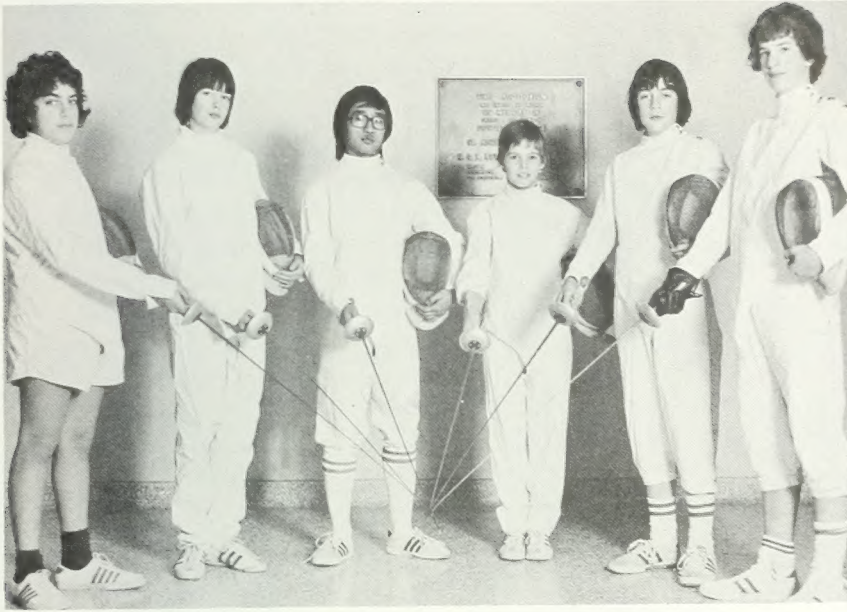
Looking back, it's humorous to remember how white and undermuscular our legs were at the beginning of the season. But the sunrise exercise club and afternoon excursions into the swamp soon changed all that; no one has ever left the swamp undermuscular or white-legged.

Our first game was against Barrie Central, but unfortunately it turned out to be somewhat of a disaster. Our scrum was dwarfed by theirs and consequently was pushed all over the field. The game experience was beneficial though, and so after a few more trips into the swamp, we were ready to prove our worth. Upper Canada was the location of our next game and out we charged to a 32-0 victory with Andrew Dalton doing an outstanding job as scrum half. TCS was next. That day the wind was blowing just right for aerial ping-pong. Back and forth we jockeyed with the ball till in the dying minutes Myles Pritchard kicked a conversion which broke the tied 4-4 score. Our next two games were against Ridley and Appleby. The Ridley game was embarrassing; they beat us soundly, but we rallied our spirits for the Appleby game and nearly won it. At the Georgian Bay Finals, we again made a good effort but wound up losers. In general, it was a season high in hopes and big in fun.

We are grateful to Mr. Pitman and Mr. Smith for their coaching, bitching, and praise, and in addition we offer our thanks to Mr. Nickel from the Ontario Rugby Union, and Mr. Andrew, Ed Andrew's father, for their help.



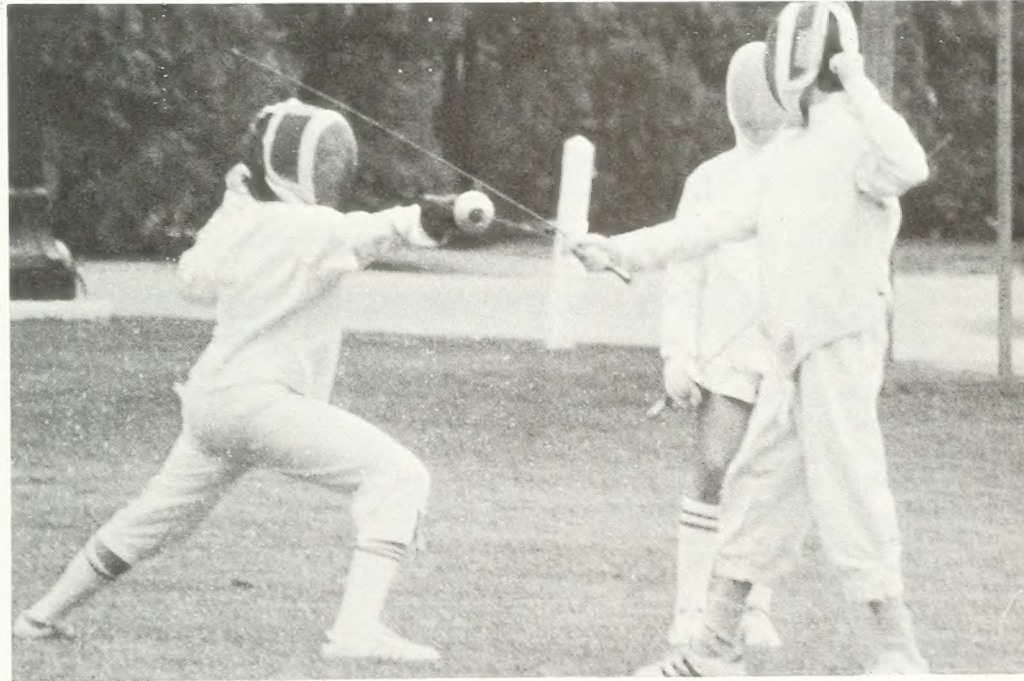
FENCING



Craig Kinch, Chris Lake, Paul Cheung, Scott Cole, Peter Cathers, David Kerr.

This term the initial turnout was heavier and more promising than it has been for several years. However, the attraction of more popular sports reduced the numbers somewhat as well as did the loss of others who were counting on fencing as a soft alternative to House League. We finally stabilized at about eight fencers, all of whom were new to fencing with the exception of David Kerr, now in his third year. Since most fencing in Ontario is done in clubs, not schools, it was very difficult to find a club to challenge. At last St. George's agreed to a match. The team opened extremely well, but came out on the short side of a 13-12 score. After a hot round of competition inside our club, Paul Cheung won the Most Valuable Fencer's Trophy.

Our thanks to Mr. Hemmings for his fine coaching, and we hope that next year the same boys along with others will produce an even more powerful team.



Touché

Driving to victory at GOLF



Lee Devereux, John Hughes, Mr. Ian Bowell, Ian MacFarlane, John Molner.

For the last four years St. Andrew's College has hosted the ISL Golf Tournament, the "St. Andrew's Invitational" at Westview Golf Club in Aurora. It all started off on a good note in 1971 when SAC donated the cup and also won the tournament, but then in 1972 and 1973 UTS and TCS respectively took the title. This year, however, we won our cup back, but it wasn't just a win, it was an unexpected victory. We had an enormous twenty-shot margin over second place UCC, and our golfers were the top four finishers out of the twenty competitors. Hughes was first, followed by MacFarlane and Molner who tied second, and Devereaux fourth.

In the future we would like to see Golf, not only at SAC but in all the independent schools, play a larger and more important role in the spring sports term. Perhaps it could be made a representative sport or there could be more tournaments, thereby improving the attitude and standards.

We would like to thank our coach, Mr. Bowell for sacrificing his weekday afternoons to transport the team to the golf club. Undoubtedly our constant practice which he made possible gave us the edge that won the tournament.

and TENNIS

Although this season certainly could not be classified as highly successful, it was nevertheless very enjoyable. Team spirit was always at a maximum even when, as a famous philosopher put it, "We snatched defeat from the jaws of victory."

The high point of the season must surely have been our conquest of Appleby. We defeated them in four out of five matches. The ensuing visit due to our win to Macdonald's brought the season to a triumphant end as Mr. Timms was forced to give into extremist demands.

Like all games, tennis improves with practice. The court facilities unfortunately were very poor this year with the team having to host a tournament in Aurora. Nevertheless, Mr. Timms' dedication and good nature were most appreciated by all the team members, particularly during our visit to Macdonald's.



BACK: Mr. David Timms, King Howell, Dave Kitchen, Dave Little. FRONT: Paul Chung, Mike Carter, John Kitchen, Mark Black, José Gonzalez.

The school runs CROSS-COUNTRY

Any kind of running has always been a challenge for the smoker, and during the pack-a-day period, deadly. For a few weeks before the Fall cross-country, cigarette sales in Aurora dropped, bad breath was less noticeable, butts in the toilets more infrequent, and coughing a little less habitual. Even though eyes remained glossy and reddened, the rumour spread that the runners-up for last place and heart attacks could very easily turn from habitualists into fervent abstainers. Whatever the method, choking and sputtering, most made it out to the backfields for the start. Not many got off the starting line, but they at least tried.

Though the backwoods is one of the most pleasant parts of our school, on this day with no sun, snow falling, and a good stiff wind blowing, even those who had made other arrangements ran if only to stay alive. Mr. Mulchinock, sitting in his warm car with his wife doing the check list, was a befriending sight. No pleas or promises could persuade him to share his comfort.

For those who skipped out with sudden cardiac arrests, weak knees, sore throats, or the "pains just there: no, a bit higher," some would have liked to run. Sitting on the fence, John Molner provided the perfect target for the runner's anger and the wind's nipping. However, for the expert at imitating "Speedy Muffler King" commercials, acting earned a quick ride home. So unfriendly was the day that passing cars would not even give a freezing boy a lift or a match.

Surprisingly, the organizer of the run, Mr. Bédard, was not out on the hustlings encouraging the stragglers. He, along with other masters, waited at the finish to record the results. Though the losing Houses claimed it was fixed, Memorial claimed the overall top score, whilst Gary Lawrence was the individual champion.

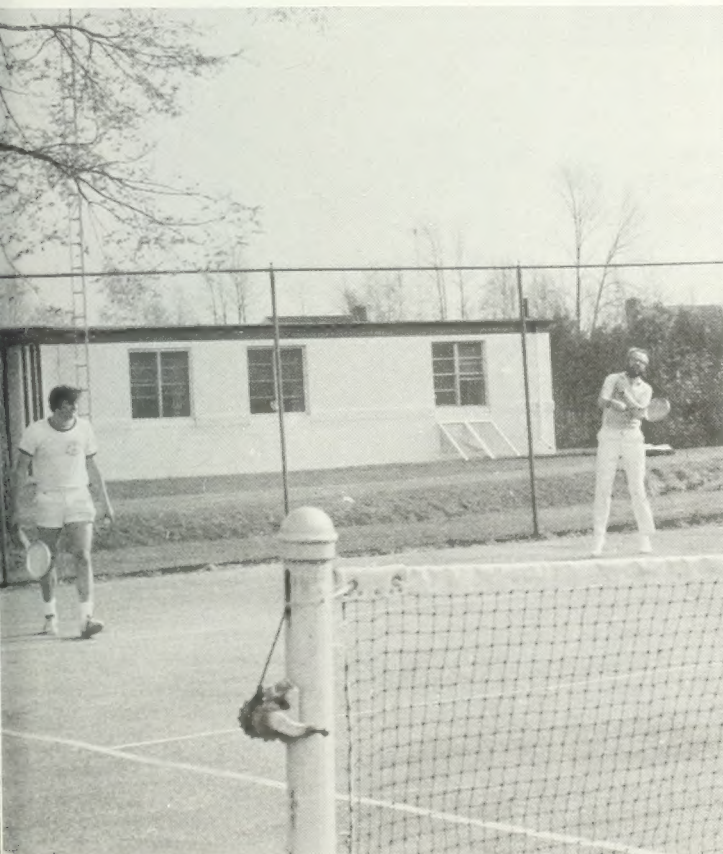
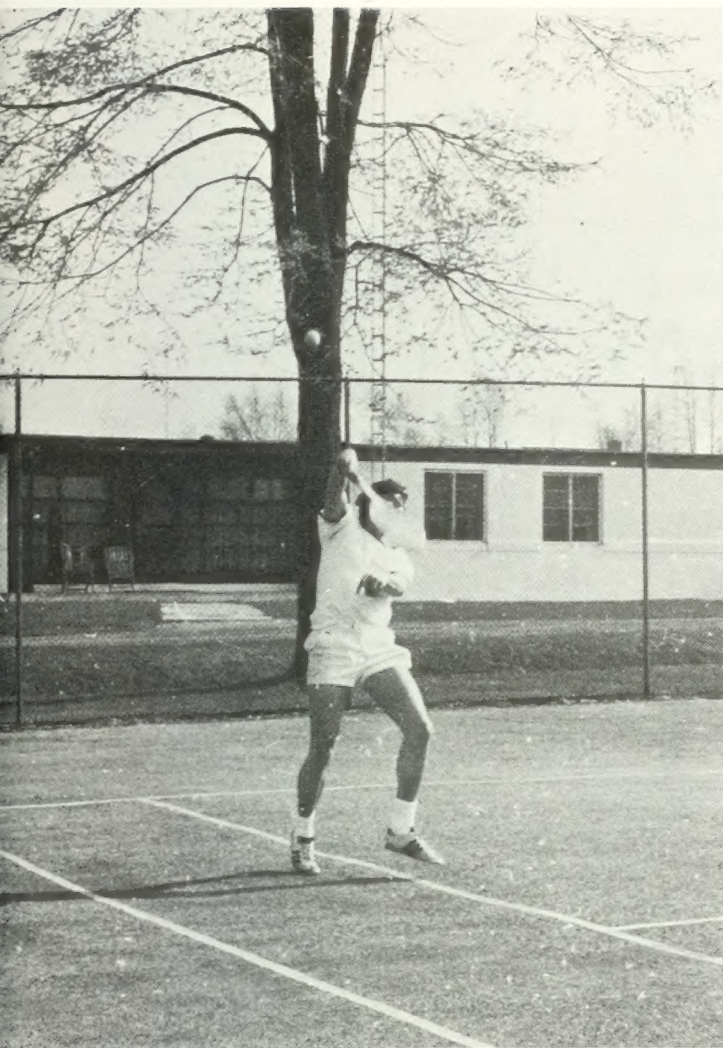
Though most of the attention was focused on the senior run, the Lower School also ran. It was a shorter distance, but provided stiff competition for the runners. Only a gap of seventeen seconds was between the leaders, and reports recall hearing gunshots, screaming and mortar fire from behind the last turn. Whether or not any of the runners were involved, a few were battle-scarred. Good competitive spirit was what it was. No matter, the boys had fun and were in good spirits after having completed the race. The most important point was that it was a race, but only a race against ourselves. It was the self-determination and drive which acted as the key, and no doubt the jocks of both senior and junior cross-country runs will be waiting for yet another race.

JUNIOR RUN 2½ MILES

- 1st : Stirling, Ramsey House, 15:05 minutes
- 2nd: Sifton II, Ramsey House, 15:06 minutes
- 3rd: Beckwith, Ramsey House, 15:09 minutes
- 4th : Hollands, Macdonald House, 15:12 minutes
- 5th : Mortimer, Ramsey House, 15:22 minutes

SENIOR RUN 3½ MILES

- 1st : Gary Lawrence 4th House 20:54 minutes
 - 2nd: Mark Bedard Ramsey House 21:04 minutes
 - 3rd: Peter Williams Flavelle House 21:30 minutes
 - 4th : Jim Gray Memorial House 21:40 minutes
 - 5th : Dave Edminson Flavelle House 22:05 minutes
- LAST:** Paul Szeps, Angelo Minichello and Randy Wiedemann.
- HOUSE SCORES:** Memorial House 2334 pts.
Flavelle House 2114 pts.
Fourth House 1642 pts.
Ramsey House 1529 pts.



Fall

For the first time in many years the House League sports activities were met with genuine enthusiasm. The interest which has so suddenly been generated in the sector of the sports programme traditionally met with uninterest and a reluctance to participate, is largely due to the organization and encouragement of Mr. Kamcke.

During the autumn term the three resident Upper School Houses competed in soccer and football. Flavelle House thought they had it made, but Memorial House was pulling up fast from the rear. The Fourth House 'A' team, however, surprised everyone when they walked away with the plaque.

A bitter controversy then arose. The Memorial House jocks claimed that they didn't win because all of their men were on representative teams, whereas very few from Fourth House made the grade, and thus they had their finest reserved for the House League. Flavelle called it a conspiracy. But we congratulate those modest heroes from Fourth, and their invincible leader, Vince Casson.

Hopefully next year will bring new surprises. Maybe the "A&W Parking Lot Players" (no relation to the St. Andrew's College players) and the Highland Lounge Soccer League champions will be tempted to use some of their unique skills to bring victory back to Ramsey House.

Play ball



Winter

The twist of wrists and the flashing of tennis rackets were replaced this winter by the catcalls and swings of broomball. During the second term the House League ventured into another field of death-defying feats. Each House, armed with fearsome weaponry, brooms, converged on the tiny ball hoping to drive it into the net. Great heroism was seen on all sides as defencemen and goalies alike thrust their bodies before potent windups. The howls of pain amid the slashes and jabs echoed far and wide encouraging others to join the gladiators. There were many whose names we should mention along with their concussions and fractured bones, but their gravestones will have to suffice. The final victory was awarded to those brave sportsmen, of Flavelle House for courage and insanity above and beyond the threats of their Housemaster. Special note should be given to Messers. Timms and Smith, those cautious referees, who sometimes ventured into the arena from behind the barbed wire.

CURLING proved a melting pot of interests which produced some lively times and good sport. We played against Pickering College twice, and on both occasions the split was nearly even with SAC slightly on top. It would be a real plus if there were more games against other schools. In our own six-team league the competition was hot. Don Slessor went all the way as Number One, but a cast-bound knee kept him out of the play-offs. Whether due to his absence or not, his team bowed out to Miklas, who subsequently became SAC Curling Champion.

Who knows, maybe one day SAC will make it to the World Junior Championships which our Pipe Band opens every year. Thanks to Mr. MacPherson, whose supervision and guidance make SAC curling possible.



HOUSE LEAGUE



For the Masters' Challenge Cup

Spring

It took Memorial House three terms; but they finally won the Masters' Challenge Cup. It was fitting that they should win it in the final term; that way the plaque will be hung on their wall all summer.

Winning the House League Softball was no easy task for Memorial House, though. They proved their incapacibilities early in the season when Mac House administered them a humiliating defeat. Nonetheless, they deserve credit for recovering from that and going on to qualify for the play-off against Ramsey for the privilege of challenging Flavelle House for the championship.

The Ramsey-Memorial game began at ten o'clock on the morning of the last day of the term. There was some hope initially that the day boys wouldn't show up, but that was quickly squelched with the arrival of Howson and his army. The ensuing game was close but after seven innings Memorial eked out a 9-8 decision.

The final game began at two o'clock with Dr. Coulter throwing the first ball. The Ramsey game must have done Memorial some good because their batting and fielding tightened up. Even though Flavelle had 'Wally' Hawley pitching, Memorial managed to get the hits — fifteen of them to Flavelle's six.

The thanks of all the House Leaguers go to all those masters who umpired our games, to Mr. Kamcke for organizing the House League, and special thanks to Mr. Ackerman who umpired the final games.

House League Tennis started out on a grade scale this year. Even after throwing out the incompetents for the First Team, it still left Mr. Timms with about twenty-four of the more modest players. But this turnout is understandable since the courts were recently improved by a fresh layer of gravel, and the moguls were built up thus increasing the chance of a ball bouncing back to you when it is hit too high. Anyway, it was finally decided to have two double teams per house, but since so many athletes showed up from Memorial House they had four doubles teams. Unfortunately, with the excellent weather like the snowfall in May, and with some players mysteriously disappearing when they should have been playing, the whole league dwindled away. An important House League Conference was then held to decide on the verdict — to play or not to play, as some sage so wisely remarked. So a doubles knockout was produced. Half of the teams were knocked out since, again, they failed to show up. This was not surprising since you might at any time fall into one of the crevices by the baseline. But what was surprising was that the finals actually came about. Ebenhardt and Fisher were pitting their skills against Finlayson and Shillingford, but the latter team proved to be the stronger as they wrapped up with a 6-2, 6-1 score.



For the first time in three years SAC held a Sports Day on Thursday, 23rd May which highlighted itself in the form of interhouse competition. Nearly everyone from all of the houses participated in the various track and field events, and it was perhaps this more than anything else which made the day a success. The biggest individual winners were Jim Gray, Steve Martin, Tim Cross and Daryl Melnyk. There were, of course, numerous individual race winners such as Neil Young who won the junior hundred yard dash and the broad jump. John Cadogan won the 220 yards, Sid Karalis the 880 yards, York Pei the 440 yards and Rob Dobson the 220 yards and 440 yards. But that's only a small percentage of the winners. What of the losers? These people didn't expect to win but they made an effort anyway, people like George Fanghanel who churned his way through the two mile, and Jeff Kane who ran in the mile, not because they expected or even wanted to win but because they wanted the satisfaction of having finished the race. Not too surprisingly Fourth was the winning house. After all the whole building is full of shifty-legged people: Hepburn, Durant, Holmes, Kemp, Pei, Hutton, Kline, Dobson, Lawrence, Philips and Yelovich. No wonder they won! Anyway, the thanks of all the Houses goes to the masters who helped to organize and run the sports day, and in particular to Mr. Bédard and Mr. Stuart without whom the Field Day wouldn't have taken place.





Individual Champions

Under 20	Jim Gray	(Memorial)
Under 17	Tim Cross	(Flavelle)
	Steve Martin	(Memorial)
Under 15	Daryl Melnyk	(Macdonald)
Under 13	John Cadogan	(Macdonald)

House Competition

1. Fourth	216 points
2. Ramsey	171
3. Memorial	155
4. Flavelle	148

Senior Division — Under 20

100 y	Hutton	Stewart	Delahey	11.1	sec
220 y	Hutton	Kline	Roth	25.6	
440 y	Kline	Gray I	Howson	59.9	
880 y	Williams I	Sasso	Durant	2.15.5	
1 mile	Williams I	Finlayson	Nauta I	5.11.2	
2 miles (Open)	Bedard I	Kitchen III	Hepburn	12.07.7	
4 x 110 relay	Fourth	Memorial	Ramsey	49.8	
1 m medley relay	Fourth	Ramsey	Memorial	4.32.5	
Broad Jump	Omstead I	Smallwood	Stewart	16' 8"	
Shot Put	v. Diergardt	Smith I	Gray I	37' 4"	
Javelin	Gray I	Delahey	Haflidson	129'	

Junior Division — Under 17

100 y	Hayes I	Cross	Martin II	11.5	sec
220 y	Martin II	Cross	Stevens II	25.8	
440 y	Pei	Jolliffe	Macmillan	61.8	
880 y	Lawrence	Bedard I	Mollenhauer	2.24.7	
1 mile	Dalton	Lawrence	Hepburn	5.17	
4 x 110 relay	Fourth	Memorial	Ramsey	49.8	
1 m medley relay	Fourth	Ramsey	Memorial	4.27.2	
Broad Jump	Sasso	Martin II	Searles	17' 2"	
Shot Put	Andrew	Cross	Rose	37' 8"	

Midget Division — Under 15

100 y	Melnyk	Elder	Dobson	12.6	sec
220 y	Dobson	Melnyk	Bailey	27.7	
440 y	Dobson	Stirling	Karalis	64.8	
880 y	Karalis	Sillcox	Stirling	2.36.6	
1 mile	Sifton II	Hollands	Stirling	5.50.7	
Broad Jump	Melnyk	Maw	Waters II	15' 5½"	
Shot Put	Barker	Foss		35' 7"	
		Watford II			

Bantam Division — Under 13

100 y	Young	Cadogan	Ruttan	13.7	sec
220 y	Cadogan	Cole II	Miklas III	31.6	
440 y	Miklas III	Mather	Rousseau II	1.20.8	
880 y	Cole I	Cadogan	Nassar	2.56	
Broad Jump	Young	Tennyson	McIntock II	12' 8½"	



SPORTS DAY



The danger is not that we have too much change: it is that we have mechanisms of change in the technological world, but none in the world of thinking, because our old idiom of thinking has never developed methods for changing ideas.

About Think - Edward de Bono

Literature And Art



To Seek For A Need

So many people, so many times
I feel wrong.
Sorrow of my own but never
talking of it or understanding
how much or why.
One goal, never seen, never to be seen without
honour.
Respect and happiness to those around me
sold for food, shelter, and food and shelter.
Looking with fear and looking for courage not to look
on fear, yet the pain is too much and great - at times.
I know not what to say, only how to sigh, hope, ,
and cry.

J. Kerr

Seagull Island

The island is small and seems lost in the large stretch of water in Georgian Bay.

It was the nesting season and we decided to sail out in the bay and watch the seagulls.

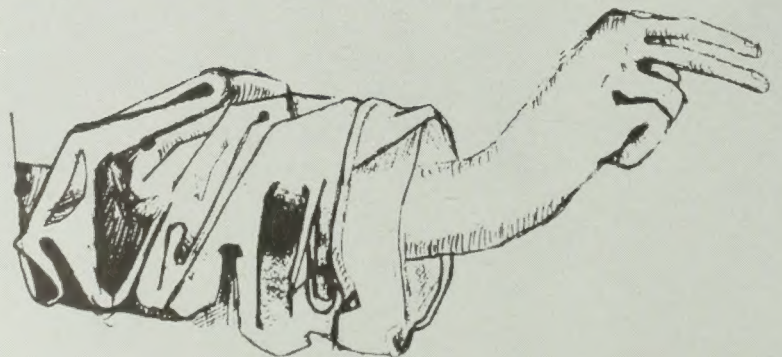
We approached the island amidst the screaming of gulls and splashing of waves on the large rocks. We anchored, and five of us went ashore. What an amazing sight it was. The seagulls' eggs were scattered all over the ground, in the grass, in between rocks and stones, and were all in various stages of hatching. Some had their heads sticking out and squeaking, while others were just getting ready to walk. We had to watch every step or we would have trampled the eggs or baby gulls.

Gulls were not the only life on the island. Snakes were under every rock and in every bush. Some were under the logs in the water, and some were swimming ashore. They seemed to be everywhere. Large black water snakes and smaller grass snakes were taking their toll of the baby gulls and eggs, while the large gulls in turn ate the snakes.

I was most tempted to bring home one of the little gulls, which seemed quite lost, but was soon discovered by its mother.

It was a great experience in nature.

Paul Tennyson
Grade 7



THE NIGHT THE LIGHTS WENT OUT AT JOE'S

Joe:

Well, ya see, it went like this: There I was standing behind the bar like every night - just standin' and polishing glasses with my towel and talkin' to some customers neighbourly like. Things were going damn good too, and everything was as usual and - hey! wait a sec, not everything was as usual. I 'member now. I got a new girl 'cause my old barmaid she quit on me, so I picked up this college co-ed chick. God, was she homely - she had this Poindexter type face with big round glasses. I mean, her cans were concave and her legs were fat and stumpy. She looked God-awful in the black miniskirted uniform she wore. And - and get this - she wanted the job to buy books for school! Talk about square! God, she weren't no mover by any means!

Anyways, as I said, everything was going okay: the customers were coming in and the money was flowin' in real good too - despite my new broad. Then I heard it. First it was almost not there. Then I heard it again - that satisfied-like grunt that was unmistakable - it was Cappie sitting in the booth at the back. Yup - Cappie, there as usual 'cause I looked up at the clock - it was 12:00 - but I kinda think he'd been there for some time 'cause he sounded sort of smashed - his grunt I mean.

Well, like I said, I hear this grunt in the back near the door to the kitchen in the dark - you know the one. Then, I laugh when I think about it, then I sees that new girl, Annie was her name. Anyways, I see her go toward the kitchen with a trayful of glasses. Then I started to laugh inside 'cause I knew what was goin' to happen. I know that Cappie's a dirty old son of a gun; it'd never fail. When my barmaid would go by his hand would come out and tweak 'em on the cheek just above the bottom of the miniskirt - a gentle friendly little tweak. And when I saw Annie goin' to the door, I knew what was going to happen. So I turned away inconspicuous-like and polished a couple of glasses. Then I hear a grunt. I knew what that meant - Cappie was gettin' ready. Then I heard a real loud scream, a shriek like, you know, and a big crash. Well, naturally I turned around and saw Annie rubbing her ass where Cappie had tweaked it with her hands, and the tray of glasses on the floor, and Cappie in the corner booth grinnin' from ear to ear. Well, I don't want my bar t' get a bad name, so I hurry on over to the place where the dumb broad dropped the tray. God, she must've broken at least two dozen glasses - the dumb broad. Anyway, I bent over and cleaned up the damn mess, keeping Annie away from Cappie with one arm so as she wouldn't lambaste him one as he left, wiped up the beer and stuff that got spilt on the floor and walked back to the bar like nothin' happened. Then, you know what that bitch did, she yells at the top of her lungs, "Aren't you going to do anything?"

I say, "Do what? Why should I do anything?" Then - God it's funny - then she takes off her apron and comes up to the bar and throws it at me.

"Then I quit!" she says and goes toward the door. And as she goes out, she trips over her own Goddamned feet and lands square on her ass - Jesus, you should've been there - and I've never seen her again.

Ann:

There I was, a struggling student at the university attempting to make a life for myself when I ran out of capital. Reading materials were necessary for my following semester so I became employed at Jolly Joe's, the drinking establishment in town. It was my first night and I was expected to begin my toils at nine in the evening. Attired in my nicest outfit I entered Joe's at 8:58, whereupon I was hustled rather quickly into a serving girl's costume that was so small it made my legs look like two large tree stumps. From then until I left the hideous building five hours later, I was constantly on my feet running to and from table after table with every imaginable type of beverage. There was a particular character in the back corner, who, at first, reminded me of Shakespeare's Sir Toby Belch, and later on Conan Doyle's Hound of the Baskervilles. He, for some incomprehensible reason felt it necessary for me to run from the counter to his table with a fresh drink every five minutes. Needless to say, his condition by the end of the evening was far from praiseworthy. It occurred to me that after every drink he consumed his bulbous eyes became a little more glazed and his smile a little bigger. Now at the university I am known to be a very self-contained youthful woman, and this gentleman with the saucerpan eyes was beginning to bother me just by his quick and sometimes prolonged glances.

It must have been close to two in the morning when I was on my final journey to the kitchen at the rear of Joe's establishment with a tray full of napkins and twenty glasses, nineteen of which were dirty. My pink pickled pounder in the corner had moved to another table near the very set of doors I was about to exit through. Thinking nothing of this I swished by, only to receive a rather painful pinch on my derriere. Naturally I released a scream and the tray I had been carrying. When I wheeled on the inebriated gentleman who had just made this indecent breach on my honour and sex, I found Joe holding me back with his one hand and a towel in his other. I was so infuriated that I would have gladly decked him! Joe quickly hustled the drunkard from my sight and out of the premises, returning a few minutes later to receive my resignation and my apron. Leaving through the side door and walking smartly back to my humble abode I realized that the first compliment of my life had just been paid me.

Cappie:

I got my welfare check yesterday at 'bout noon so I was lookin' forward to goin' up to Joe's tavern an' doin' a bit of celebratin'. The government don't seem to send out them checks so often no more!

My frien' Bill had tol' me 'bout the new gal Joe had just started, so I was more excited 'n usual an' got there 'roun' eight. Soon's I sat down Joe brought me a pitcher an' I asked him 'bout the new gal.

"Annie don't start 'til nine," he tol' me, so I sipped my

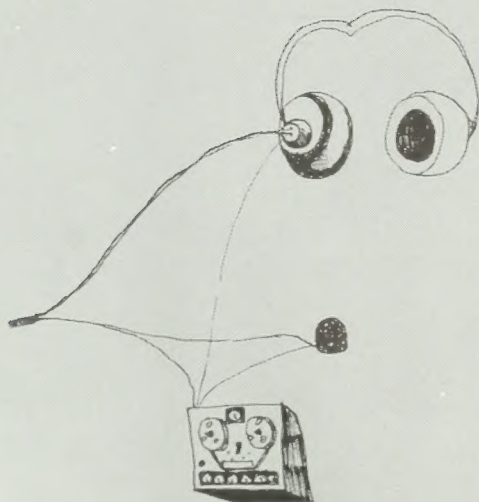
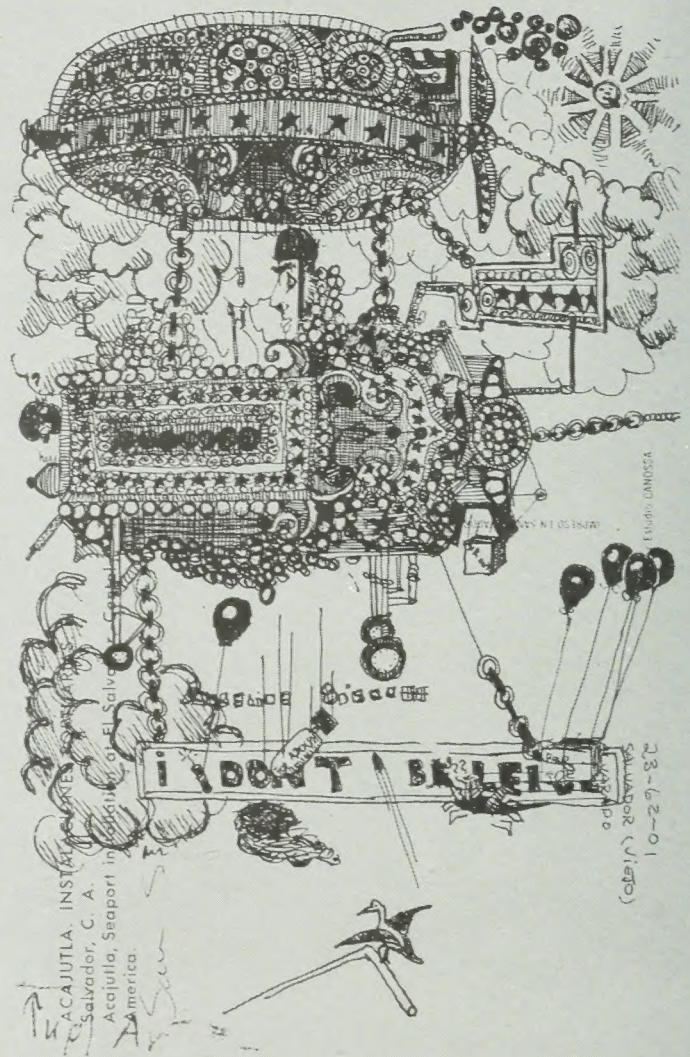
beer slow so's Annie could serve me lots when she got there later.

I was watchin' the TV when I saw this beautiful young thing out the corner of my eye an' I knew right off that this was Annie. She couldn't o' been more 'n nineteen an' she had the nicest pair o' legs I ever seen! I knew right then I'd be stayin' real late that night! Hell, who needed the TV!

As the night rolled on I couldn't take my eyes off o' her. I drank my beer real fast so's I could get her to bring me 'nother pitcher an' I moved to a table closer to the kitchen. Ev'ry time she passed by I got more excited 'til I could resist no more! At 'bout midnight she was goin' to the kitchen carryin' a couple o' mugs on a tray an' I reached out an' gave her a little tweak on the behin'. She dropped the tray an' squealed with delight. I thought she was goin' t' come over an' kiss me as if she'd been waitin' for me to make a move for her all night! Only Joe came over an' kept her offa me or I'd o' been there for quite a piece! I tried to tell him to let her go but what was the use? She was prob'ly his gal or somethin'. Anyways, he looked pretty sore so I got up an' lef'.

I waited outside for Annie t' follow but she never came. Guess I'll have to wait 'til next month to see her again!

R. Mann,
A. Kilpatrick,
D. Mollenhauer



Life

Because the Earth is rich in sorrow, pitfalls and tears, there is a need to cry.

And at the same time there is a need to be cheerful and pleased.

Losses come while prizes are won.

Faces are slapped, knees are scraped, hearts skinned.

And at the same time good food is eaten, birthday presents are given.

So choose happiness - it is the path to your LIFE.

J. Kerr

IS DEMOCRACY DEAD?

It is evident to anyone who chooses to observe history, that in every period there is a certain percentage of the population that is anti-establishment. In our particular era, there is a movement to destroy democracy, and also to wreck the capitalist system. In this movement there is perhaps less than 1 percent of the western world's people, and they achieve partial success in their goals through outside help. No matter what they choose to call themselves, or what embellishments they add to their titles, they are still so small a group as to be considered unimportant. Whether they are the "Marxist-Leninist Society of Canada", or the "Symbionese Liberation Army", they are still anti-establishment. And because of this, they should be ignored until such a time when the majority of the people agree with their philosophies. These may never happen in North America, (even though there were times when it threatened; such as the C.C.F. rise under Woodsworth, or the American Fascists led by Nixon), simply because the democratic society with a capitalist economy has allowed most people to satisfy themselves.

Perhaps the single most important asset that democracy affords is personal freedom: freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of dress, or freedom of choice in any matter! No other social-political system offers this to a greater extent than democracy. Certainly not socialism, or Fascism, since these are both extremes. And one must live by the old adage: "Everything in moderation". If not, then a person's life can be controlled too much by a single factor. There is always the individual, who in his would-be pedantic tirade, will say, "but you have forgotten to mention Communism"! He will then sit back smugly and stare into space awaiting your answer, which he will refute by simply stating that it has brought Russia a long way in 60 years! I hate to deflate an argument so quickly, since it was obviously well-thought out. But Communism is not a "social-political" concept, it is purely an "economic" concept, as is the term "capitalism". And since we are arguing "social-political" systems, and not "economic" systems, the word "communism" can be called irrelevant. Democracy is clearly a "social-political" system, since its economic counterpart is "capitalism". Similarly, the counterpart of "communism" is "totalitarianism". Now that democracy has been defined in the context of comparison to "totalitarianism", one may proceed to defend it!

Democracy is easily defended, since it has so much of an advantage in practicality over its rivals. First of all, it is the only system that allows free enterprise to flourish, thus contributing to personal choice. Secondly, it is more natural than any of its rivals in that it allows morals and ethics to be created by the individual; whereas in a totalitarian state the government imposes morals, thus creating a false "status-quo". This is the most dehumanizing thing about non-democratic societies: they don't allow the individual to be himself or have any freedom of expression. This is sometimes called the "big brother effect". In political theory, democracy flatters the individual by allowing him to participate in the process of government. However, the totalitarian society believes the individual is too ignorant to have a say in government, but then maintains that the individual must work for the good of the state. Surely this contradicts the very nature of man, and that is to find his place in life, and work for that place. When a man is given a number, a job, and told to work for "big brother", he is like a caged bird. Even in a capitalistic totalitarian society like "fascism", the individual is forced to work at something with no chance of improving his lot. This is better

than the leftist totalitarian approach to economics (communism) but still far below democracy on the "human value scale". It has already been stated that the best thing about democracy is the freedom which it affords to its citizens; however, to add to this one must also realize that man is merely an intelligent, gregarious animal, and individual and family ties are more important than those with the state!

Perhaps it should be taken for granted that a utopian society can never be reached, therefore we must take the closest thing to it. And that happens to be democracy. It was created perhaps by the greatest philosopher of all time and can be destroyed by no one less! The ideal democracy would consist basically of a format like the following: (i) It should copy the electoral policies of the Green (ancient), and British (modern) systems. (ii) Free Enterprise and Expression should be stressed with no restrictions. (iii) All taxation will be regional (thus eliminating a country from raising an army, therefore if the entire world was like this war could be minimized). (iv) Federal governments would control schools, police forces, and legal administration. (v) The only economic restrictions would limit the number of employees, thus encouraging the small businessman. (vi) And finally, no unemployment insurance or welfare would be used, except in special cases, eg. disablement, or old age. This, together with a few minor adjustments as needed, would produce a "controlled democracy"; by controlled I don't mean controlled in the sense of takeover or domination, but rather in the sense of helping out and encouraging.

However, it is unfeasible to create a perfect society, so we must try to achieve something close. We are now only lacking two of the requirements for the ideal society, and those are numbers five and six, which are the limitation on the number of employees so no "corporate giants" can be created, thus encouraging the small businessman, and also the lack of welfare in all but the extreme cases, thus renewing the incentive to work. By carefully administrating and conditioning our society, we may eventually come close to a near-perfect democracy. Right now, our first moves should be to split up the huge corporations which stifle democracy, and also to take some power out of the hands of the labour unions, and put it into the hands of the "entrepreneur" or small businessman. One may ask, "but how can the workers be guaranteed fair wages and benefits?" This particular question is easily answered, since it has already been stated that first, the monopolies of huge corporations should be split up. By doing this we are creating more competition, thus assuming that the workers will be paid fairly, since the entrepreneur must pay them adequately to keep them from moving to another job!

No other system can afford the personal and economic freedom of democracy; no other system can be said to produce as many practitioners of free expression. Man may well be a gregarious animal, but his inherent individuality is essential to preserve the quality in him that is humanity. How can a system be dead, if it has not yet begun to fall! This is democracy, and its aspects, in comparison to those of its rivals, can be illustrated by a comparison of a man to a robot. The man being a citizen in a democratic society, and the robot being controlled by a totalitarian regime! In both practicality and especially ethics, Democracy is indeed alive!

"Quod Erat Demonstrandum!"

M. J. Henderson

[Prize-winning Essay for Grades Ten & Eleven]

The Lamb that Bites

It watched.
A smile touched its face as the day began.
A golden orb cast shadows in the paradise
As it beckoned the world to awake.
It breathed.
The brisk, moist atmosphere climbed
Into the hearts of creatures while natural
Decorations opened their lungs.
It listened.
Melodies from the natural wonders drifted
Throughout the virgin countryside while
Local musicians hummed.
It touched.
Softness to be found only in Utopia,
Smoothness that could not be recreated
And constant fulfilment.
Morning passed.
It read.
An abundance of graffiti was visible.
"Super genius created unlimited bomb,"
"Mary Magdalene stars in 'Sex in the Sewers'."
It persisted.

The sweetness of words was everywhere.
"Wet cement," "Swim at own risk" . . . masterpieces.
And finally "Negro meat - \$200.00 per lb."
It peeked.
Old Mrs. Farnsworth was in her miniskirt
Parked under the church's Coca-Cola sign
And the sun coughed.
It observed.
More graffiti had embedded roots throughout the streets.
A glorified sparkle from a car near a tenement dwelling,
Oh !! A flash from the car?
Night began.
It saw.
It heard.
It smelt.
It felt.
It realized.
With a tear in its eye, it wondered,
Has night just begun or has it always been?

Gary Lawrence



THE PINK HUNT

Crunch! I took an extra bite out of the apple just to prove I had a large mouth capacity. Christ, was I feeling tough today! I shot my sight through my G-15 neutral gray sunglasses towards the shimmering beach now packed with teenyboppers. My sweating body reminded me to keep alert - I didn't want to miss the chance of grabbing a lawbreaking punk and give 'em the thrashing of his life; oh, what a joyous thought! Super-crunch! Oops, took too large of a bite! Quickly I put my molar choppers in reverse, added 13 degrees to the jaw angle and whipped my tongue into a $\frac{3}{4}$ twist to allow the soggy mush to slip down my gullet and land in the pit of my stomach with a dull thud. It was only then that I realized I had just eaten the core of the apple, pips and all.

The thunder of four hundred horses in movement in two hundred cubic inches of space caused me to focus my attention towards the docks. I chuckled softly, and confidently pulled the ticket book out of my breast pocket. Although slightly deaf, I estimated the sound of the Mercruiser 188 stern drive of the boat to be about 150.3 decibels. In other words, it would make my Kenwood sound like an amplifier you would find in Christmas crackers. I scribbled down a Sound Disturbance Ticket and waited for more. Apparently some unco-ordinated hippie kid was about to make an attempt on his own life by getting ready to ski behind the monstrous boat. I flicked my pen disguised telescope into action and trained it on the skier. With great satisfaction, I scribbled down a Water-Skier-without-Lifejacket Ticket, and waited for more. By now, the boat was accelerating, but I couldn't say much for the skier. No words could describe the wild movements of his arms and . . . Zip! Only a microsecond elapsed between the time of moving the telescope from my side to my eye. Christ, was I fast today! But what had caught my eye was the number of punks in the boat. Tut tut. I quickly scribbled down an Only-One-Punk-in-Boat Ticket. AHHHHHGGGGG! I glanced up half-interestedly to see what all the screaming was about. The boat was hitting about - very roughly - 57.9 mph while passing through 149 dumb-looking swimmers. Unfortunately the skier - who would now get a reading of infinity on the Out-of-Control Meter skied over an unsuspecting swimmer who was ripped to shreds by the fins under the skis. Licking my chops with satisfaction, I quickly scribbled down a Trespassing Ticket (he trespasses all over the body) and added a Water Polluter Ticket for fun (the blood gave the water an ugly colour). Christ, this was going to be the best day in my life! By now the boat must have been going at a reasonable rate of 62 mph. But what was so astounding was the skill of the driver and skier as they weaved

through the pylons holding up the dock. How could those long-haired hippie teeny-bopperous punks be almost on the same athletic level as me? I was about to write down a Show-Off Ticket when I heard the faint whizz of fluorescent monofilament fishing line reel out, out of a Star Drag spin-cast reel (the one featuring an oscillating spool and ceramic Pin Pick-Up) down by the dock. GOD BLEEP those BLEEP BLEEPS! That lousy skier hooked my line and sent my Fenwick Casting rod (the one featuring Green neoprene grips and gold guides) reeling into the water. So much for the time I spent attaching the rod to the dock. After all, I don't mind punks making a racket and running over a few people, but to interfere with my fishing . . .

As I did the hundred inch sprint to my squad car, I innocently threw the remains of the apple in the direction of a pair of lovers hiding in a sand gully. Before I could hear them yelp in surprise, the Ford engine had roared to life. Strangely enough, it started only after I turned the key. But now wasn't the time to worry about supernatural happenings, because I could only keep one thing in my head at a time; and that thing was grabbing those punks. I slammed down the clutch, gave a quick flick of the wrist to get the thing in gear, and shot off with such acceleration that it would've put a turtle to shame. I was about to compliment myself on my co-ordination when a resounding SCRUNCH! arose from my tailgate hitting a concrete pillar. Blast, I'd put it in reverse! Looking rather sheepish as that young pair of lovers began to roll with laughter, I cautiously edged the stick into first and took off. Regaining my composure, and anger, I sped up to a slow amble of 78 mph. Of all things, the K-Mart special two-way radio blared to life;

"2 Madam-13, 2 Madam-13, we have the Chief of Sanitation stuck in the washroom. Proceed at once to the City Hall and bring Rescue Kit #7." #7 was a heavy duty crowbar. But with more important things on hand I might as well have been listening to 1050 CHUM. But then again, being a few thousand miles away from Toronto it would . . . SKKKRREEECCH! Although I had just worn half of the brake liners down, I had a good reason to stop. My original intention was to go from point A to point B, my parked squad car to the docks, a distance of 2032 feet. What the hell was I doing six miles from the highway? One quick legal U-turn and three minutes later I was down by the dock. I was about to do a James Bond leap onto the Water Patrol Police Cruiser when the radio blared from my car for the twenty-ninth time. But before I could curse for the twenty-ninth time it struck me

that Kit #7 would come in handy in dealing with the punks. I grabbed the kit, leaped aboard the cruiser, landed rather painfully on the rear portion of my anatomy, staggered towards the bridge and was finally planing through the water in no more than 72 seconds. Christ, I deserve a drink after all my efforts. My stomach didn't argue with me after I emptied a glass of Scotch. At that moment a shudder went through the boat as a tremendous splintering sound vibrated through the air. With a rough estimation, I concluded that a careless fool in a twelve foot sailing boat had just met the bow of my boat on unfriendly terms.

"I bet you a drink that I just ran over a sunfish," I challenged my autopilot. I dashed to the stern just in time to see the boat and occupant come churning through the props. As ragged pieces of sail floated to the surface I had no trouble in confirming my suspicions. Back on the bridge I said smugly to the autopilot, "Looks like you lose," and I quickly drained another glass of Scotch. Just before I had a chance to remember what I was doing on the cruiser, I heard a sound that sounded exactly like a teenage punk on water skis slamming into the hull of a passing Cunard liner that was heading for Spitzburgen. Strangely enough, as I glanced across the water the sound actually did come from a punk on water skis slamming into the hull of a passing Cunard liner that was heading for Spitzburgen. With the throttle wide open and the siren wailing I began the pursuit of the liner, but my chase was rudely interrupted by the Miracle Mart two-way radio that was beneath the gyrocompass: "2 Madam-13, 2 Madam-13, we have the Chief of . . ." SMMAAASSKK! I carefully extracted Kit #7 from the dead radio. Before I had a chance to compliment the Police HQ for their brilliant suggestion of using Kit #7 I found I was now alongside the bow of the Cunard liner. I sighed with dismay. Christ, why did the kid have to die? My dreams of promotion dispersed into the evening breeze. There was no way I could extract the punk from between the atoms of the Hull, even if I used Kit #7.

Crunch! I took a bite off the crowbar. I gave an even heavier sigh as I realized the crowbar was tougher than my molar grinders. Christ, what a lousy day!

Mike Shillingford

Bringing up Adults

"Adults should be seen and not heard." This is an old cliché but some people, mainly adults, think it goes "Children should be seen and not heard."

I'm not saying that adults are good to look at, but they do make a lot of noise. If adults make a lot of noise, they should be sent to their rooms.

Adults over eighteen years of age shouldn't be allowed to drink. Most of them get drunk because they can't hold booze like kids.

A lot of adults shouldn't be allowed to vote unless mentally fit. This would kill the voting class because 95% of adults aren't mentally fit.

Adults over thirty should not be allowed to drive cars simply because most people, once they get over thirty, become senile and a senile person driving the streets wouldn't do much good.

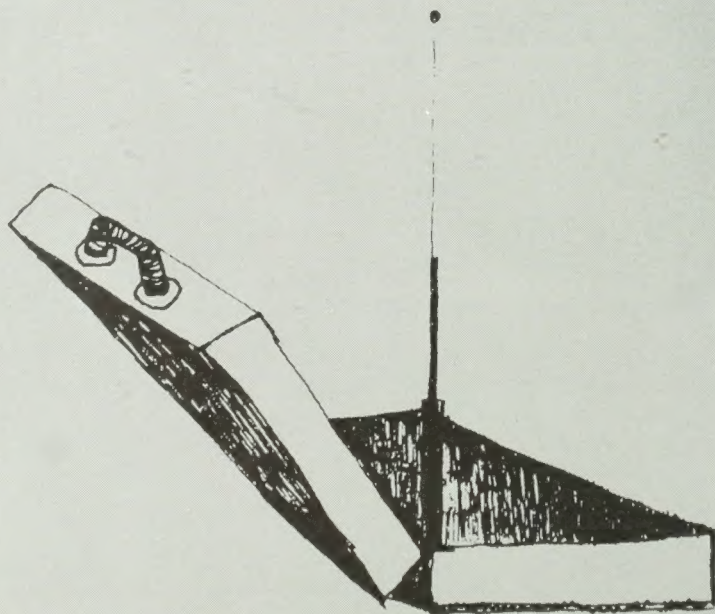
In conclusion, adults are big people who have small brains.

Stephen Young
Grade 8

Food for Thought

Marmalade skies, cotton candy wind
Here I lie, watching time
Roll by.
Chocolate bar trees, licorice rocks
Here I sit, watching time
Slide by.
Syrupy seas, jet-puffed clouds
Here I stand, watching time
Flow by.
Crepe paper contrails, zip-top bombs
Drinking straw rockets, and battle top helmets
Here I die, watching time
Slow downnnnn

Joe Kuhl
Grade 14



The Satanic Ephraim

I watched with awe these Satan worshippers all screaming and chanting around this huge, roaring fire that reminded me of hell. There was a dead grizzling off to the side which they were calling in a frenzy Lord Ephraim, hoping to awake its massive hulk that was rotting to pieces with maggots crawling over it. Then one Satanist stopped and rubbed an ointment on himself proclaiming, "Now I put on the Deadly Nightshade, and sip the life-giving Wolfsbane." He then chanted an oath of some sort of which I only caught the last part:

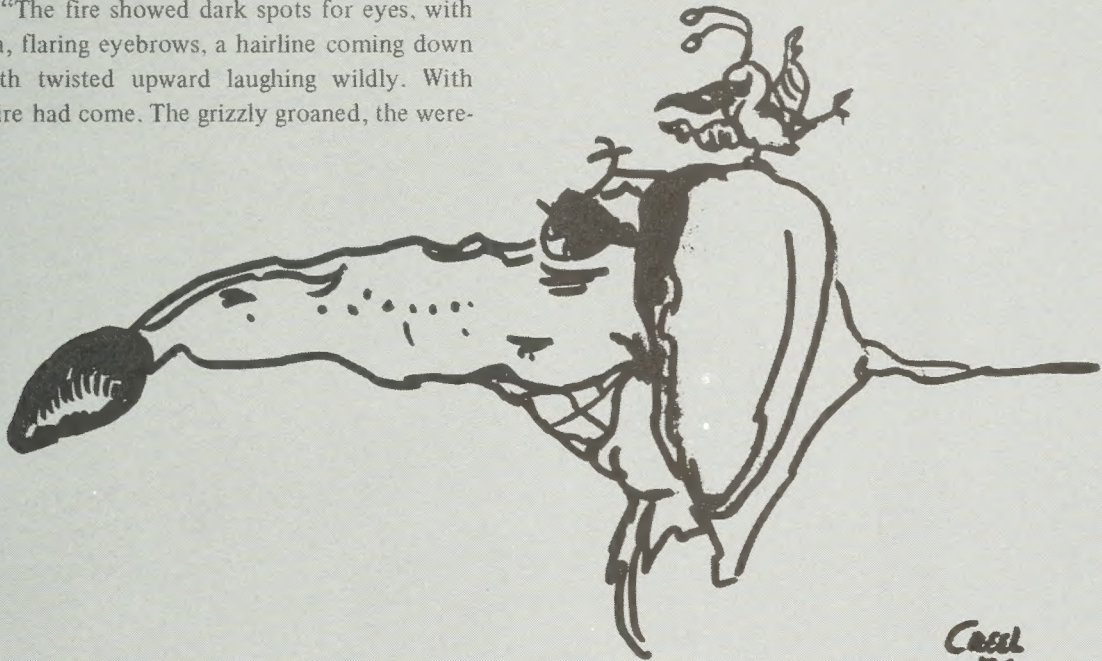
"Melt the bullet, blunt the knife, rot the cudgel,
Strike fear into man, beast and reptile,
So that they may not seize the grey wolf,
Nor tear from him his warm hide." (1)

All of a sudden he started changing and turned into a werewolf, letting out a bloodcurdling howl. It stood on two legs and beckoned for the others to look into the fire. They looked; I looked. "The fire showed dark spots for eyes, with dark lines for thin, flaring eyebrows, a hairline coming down V-shaped, a mouth twisted upward laughing wildly. With horns!" The hell-fire had come. The grizzly groaned, the were-

wolf howled, I yelled, the Satanists chanted. The Devil rose and screamed: "The daughter-of-Satan is born." (2) The grizzly awoke, stood up, pointed to the branch I was on. "You will die now," he said. I screamed. "No, you'll never kill the Son-of-Satan." The Satanists gasped. My trident flashed, the grizzly exploded into millions of maggots. The Devil summoned up his underworld creatures; I destroyed them horde by horde. I challenged my father to an open battle and he laughed in my face.

- (1) Werewolf by Nancy Garden
(2) Hell-fire by Issac Asimov

Matthew Shinkle



Spring Shower

The skeleton
of the tree,
Twiggy as it may be,
Dripped with silver
Drops.

The thunder roars
The lightning flashed
But here I sit
Unabashed.

The wind dies down
and we calm down
as the skeleton of the tree
Stands soaking,
Sighing,
Under the
Grey sky.

Paul Seay

The ripples spread

With swift accurate rings

The loon has dived.

Ralf Meilinger
Grade 7

Ivan threw down the paperback and fell disgustedly upon his bed. The springs groaned tiredly. He just couldn't seem to keep his mind off the exams he had just written. His day had started at about 6:00 and so far nothing had been accomplished. It was now 8:30.

Suddenly on the spur of the moment he grabbed his coat and a small satchel of tools and hurried off to his bike which was against the buildings, bathed in the light of the still-virgin sun. "Guess I can put that new brake cable on," he thought. And as he adjusted the tension and cleaned the pads, he could feel the warmth of the sun caressing his back.

Ivan could remember the first time he had entered the University of Los Angeles. That was some five years ago. And now, finally, here it was his last year. No more rushed assignments, or agonizingly painful theses on almost every topic known to man. He didn't quite know for sure what he was going to do when and if he graduated. But he realized he'd be a lot better off or so he thought.

Finally, with a sigh of triumph, he straightened his muscled six foot frame and tossed the tools in the bicycle's carrying case. Gently coasting down the street near his apartment he couldn't help but notice the stillness of the early morning. A strange feeling of serenity came over him and he rested his body on the handlebars and pedalled around the corner.

Up ahead he noticed a small grocery store open for business and for the sheer fun of it, he bought a popsicle. Then, just as he was leaving the small parking lot a strange blonde-haired girl streaked past him on a strangely coloured ten-speed, nearly causing him to swerve into a lamppost.

Angered by her carelessness, Ivan took off in hot pursuit. She was an exceptional bicyclist and he found he had trouble catching up with this strange girl. But slowly the distance between the two riders shortened. "Damn!" he thought, "she's got a nice ass."

Then just in front of the girl, a tight U-corner loomed and in an attempt to execute it, her wheels slipped momentarily and she lost speed. In the small instant Ivan shot past her and careened on down the sidestreet, his ears filled with the sound of rubber on asphalt.

He felt well and with a triumphant expression, let loose a war cry. But during midyell, out of the corner of his eye he caught a glimpse of a smile and a head of gold hair. A sudden deflation overcame him and he pedalled on in silent determination. Never before had Ivan pedalled as hard and his breath came in short gasps. Gone now was the sport of the event. Gone too was the joy of the morning. The sky was greying with a threatening thunderstorm. Ivan clenched the handlebars firmly and poured his very soul into his bike.

She was getting closer.

BOY DIES IN 10 SPEED ACCIDENT

UPI - Another university student died yesterday when his bicycle hit a parked car at an estimated speed of 40-45 M.P.H. This was the sixth death of its kind. Police suspect foul play. Witnesses are asked to report to Precinct 520.

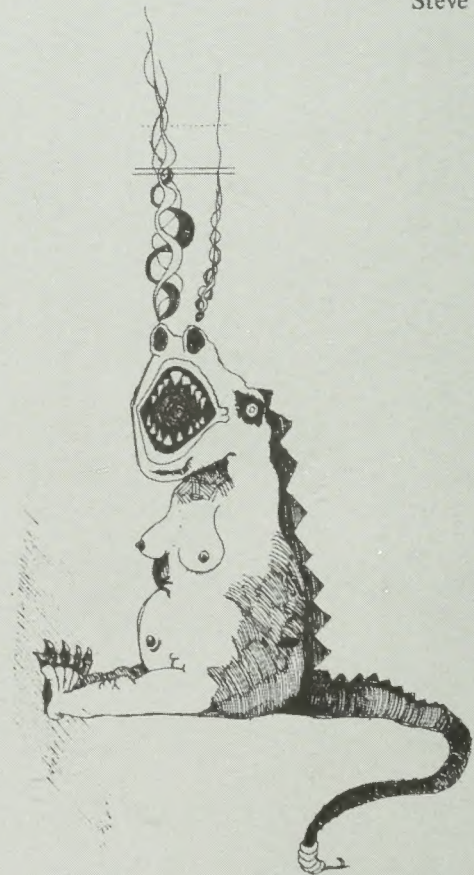
Ivan Jones was graduating next week. His next of kin have been notified and funeral procedures are underway.

Blaine Bonnar

Sitting at the back of the classroom has certain advantages; for instance, conversing with a colleague over activities that lie ahead after school, and not doing the assigned work. Sitting at the back of the room makes it hard for the teacher to catch you. When the teacher is sick you can just sit there playing hangman, telling the master on duty you and your confidant are discovering the cure for cancer, or that it is a new game devised by LCS on how to become a nuclear physicist in ten easy lessons.

Your master has no idea that you are the little *#!@! who is peppering him with spitballs. The master can't see your devious little chuckle when he's punishing a boy for shrieking, just because he got smacked on the head by an elastic band darting 50 mph from an anonymous dispatcher. Performing these antics is a masterful art, and thanks to these tricks of the trade I am now sitting at the front with a hairy Mongoloid with a bullwhip standing over me. I am afraid I didn't have what it takes to pull it off!

Steve Watford



PONDER ANEW

It is morning, a person sits down, closes his eyes, collects his attention and concentrates it on the imagined sound of a Sanskrit mantra. The process endures for twenty minutes, then pertly he rises and goes forth into the day.

Meditation is mushrooming in America, advertisements claim that it reduces tension, improves personal relationships and makes you more energetic and efficient. Gary E. Schwartz, in an article in "Psychology Today", stated that the practice of meditation "can make a person more alert mentally, or cortically, while at the same less aroused emotionally, or sub-cortically." And he goes on to say "meditation enhances spontaneity and creativity, especially in free associational tasks, such as story telling, there are even substantiated accounts of

meditation as an antidote for drugs – marijuana, L.S.D., and heroine. But regardless of whatever scientists classify as the effects of meditation, more and more people are taking up the practice, apparently because it feels good; it is popular for its effect on the self.

Meditative practices have existed for thousands of years and there may well be an evolutionary precedent for it; it could be a natural act. Observation of apes and other animals has revealed that they on occasion go aside and sit quietly with a glassy-eyed look, likely in self-reflection or meditation. Indeed meditation can be very broadly defined as an act of sustained self-reflection. What it essentially does is alter the state of consciousness, regulating it so that you may feel better. Waking, sleeping and dreaming being the three major states of consciousness through which the meditator manoeuvres. There are various ways of performing this regulation: by a personal, self-contrived method or by following one of numerous schools of meditation such as Zen, Sufi or Christian meditation. Zen involves respiration, the concentration and use of it in aiding contemplation. In Sufi there is attention given to dancing and movement and a mantra as well as to prone meditation. Christian meditation consists of prayer, prayer which involves atonement and self-reflection. The lines "ponder anew what the Almighty can do" - from F. Neander's hymn epitomizing Christian Meditation.

An example of the individually assembled system of meditation is given by Erich Fromm in his book "The Art of Loving". His instructions are: "sit in a relaxed position (neither slouching, nor rigid), close your eyes and try to picture a white screen, thereby attempting to remove all interfering pictures and thoughts. Then, begin to follow your breathing, do not think about it, nor force it, simply follow it and in doing so sense it. Try to gain a sense of 'I', I = myself, as the centre of my powers, as the creator of my world. One should at least, do such exercises every morning for twenty minutes and every evening before going to bed." This Fromm believes will create a more concentrated being, better capable of being alone with himself, without reading, listening to the radio, smoking or drinking.

An interesting facet of meditation is the mantra or tool for thinking which many meditators use. In Hermann Hesse's novel "Siddhartha" the mantra used was Om. The power and use of this is clearly shown by the passage "already he knew how to pronounce Om silently this word of words, to say it inwardly with the intake of breath, when breathing out with all his soul, his brow radiating the glow of pure spirit". The mantra has signal value; it tells the self when meditation is about to begin. The euphonics of this imagined sound are important, psychophysiological research having indicated that sounds which rise slowly and are resonant decrease the heart rate, inducing relaxation. Also it diverts attention, not allowing trivia to enter the mind, rather instead permitting the mind to empty itself; its effect being much like counting sheep. The point of the mantra is explained aptly by words from Siddhartha: "Om is the bow, the Arrow is the soul. Brahman is the arrow's goal. At which one aims unflinchingly."

Certainly meditation has many wondrous effects: it breeds genuine relaxation which in turn, by contrast, nurtures a keen aliveness and sensitivity to sights and sounds, it cleanses one of restlessness, fidgeting and anxiety, yet it is not a wonder cure; it is not a solution to all problems. Meditation itself can become a problem. Hess's character Siddhartha expresses this when he asked and answered the question "what's meditation?" . . . "It is a flight from the self, it is a temporary escape from the torment of self. It is a temporary palliative against the pain and folly of life."

The time for the evening meal grows near, our friend returns and repeats the morning's procedure, he meditates. In careful contemplation he ponders anew. Purged he rises and dines - the day has nourished him.

A CONVERSATION

It was early morning; the sky was clear, the sun warming and bright.
We walked, through a wood, to a mountain's side;
He looked upwards, we climbed a smooth ascent.
Then, for a moment, we stood still, two solitary, silent sentinels surveying a sea of softly rolling hills dressed in rich green.

"He sat beneath a spreading oak, and I beside him." (1)
Before us, as though to welcome, a gentle stream of mountain water danced by at our feet, to the song of birds and the velvet hum of summer breezes.

"We talked with open heart and tongue
Though he was old and I was young." (2)

"This place is not a stranger to me," Matthew mused.
"This tree beneath which we sit,
This mountain stream - it's as though they were friends;
They are both young and old, together.
Nothing seems to change."

"But everything must change, Matthew," I asserted.
"Isn't change a response to a need and if we deny change are we not, in fact, denying the need, or worse, confessing a stifling complacency with our condition?
Could you change, Matthew? Should you change?" I asked.

The grey-haired man looked at me kindly;
He was silent for a moment.

"My life is like an old, old friend," he began.
"His beliefs, his habits are his gifts to me - a tradition, handed down; I trust them.
From this trust I may gather strength.
And where would we be without tradition?
Like a 'Fiddler on the Roof',
Life would be unstable; it would be swallowed and lost in a myriad of strange faces."

"Then you could not, or would not change, Matthew?" I asked.

"I have not said this, my young friend."
There was a gleam in Matthew's eye.
"I have tried to say that a man, at whatever stage in his life, cannot deny the past.
Only a fool would do so.
However, when the past dictates the conduct of our lives in the present, without regard for changing times, and the spring-flow of new ideas
Only then, is it harmful."

Matthew paused for a moment, then continued.
"Look into the stream before you.
I used to come here as a boy; it was, as it is now - a playful stream of clear, clean water.
But, it has changed. 'Nothing endures but change.'
A fountain of spring fresh water has fed this stream throughout my life and yours,
And will give it life long after we are gone.
But without a fresh supply of water what would become of our stream?"
Suddenly I knew why I was able to sit in such a place with a man so many years older than I.
Matthew smiled. "The stream would wither and die.
And what if we blocked the flow of spring water, tried to retain that which we see, at this moment, in a small pool, to use again and again, never to be fed by the ageless fountain?"

"The pool would stagnate; It, too, would die," I answered.

Matthew touched my shoulder. "The cycle of life, the give-and-take between that which is young and that which is old would cease, and both would die."

"We rose up from beneath that oak
And down the smooth descent
Of the green sheep-track we did glide
And through the wood we went." (3)

(1) Jack Stilling, ed., *Selected Poems and Prefaces: William Wordsworth*, (Boston, 1965), p. 122.

(2) *Ibid.*, p. 122.

(3) *Ibid.*, p. 124.



JOAN GARAY
-74-

ARTHUR

He was, or so he thought, extremely lucky to be alive. He had survived a fiery crash, thanks to his seat belt, but was becoming weaker by the minute as precious blood was lost through the massive hole in his chest. At the moment he was delirious, and when conscious had hallucinations and repeated flashbacks to happier days. Now, steadfast, he waited for help to come; his only chance.

Arthur wasn't exactly what you would call stupid or deranged, despite the fact that his mind had only developed for one-quarter of his twenty years—in fact he had quite a bright and imaginative mind. Unfortunately, as is the custom in such cases, Arthur was subjected to intense ridicule and harassment from the older boys. It was from them that Arthur got his philosophy of life and death.

One day, while out walking in the woods, Arthur came upon a group of rowdy boys he had caught brief glimpses of in school. Since they were clustered around a small twisting thing on the ground, Arthur moved in for a closer look. He saw that they were torturing a very small bird by burning it with pieces of wood. Its eyes had already been burnt out, and Arthur assumed the bird was dead. That was until the boys tired of their game, and thrust the partially burnt corpse into Arthur's hands and ran off, laughing. Only then did he realize that the tiny body was alive and was trying to move in his hand. Arthur reached into his pocket, extracted his Swiss red-cross knife with eleven blades, and with slow determination slit the bird's throat. Later, Arthur was troubled by what he had done, but his parents condoned his decision, which remained permanently in his memory.

The man in the car moved slowly, and heard the disheart-

ening sound of his guts slopping out through the barn door-size aperture at his stomach. "Please God", he said to himself, "Please let somebody come upon me here, before it's too late." Once again he passed out.

Arthur was on his way to the dairy in town, which was one of the few errands he could do successfully, when he heard the explosion. He changed his course, toward the black smoke that was beginning to fill the sky, forgetting temporarily about the eggs he was sent to get. On the way he passed the little clearing where, many years ago, he had executed the small mutilated bird and ran toward the highway, following the smoke trail.

When the man next became conscious, he was aware that he was not alone. Indeed, a silent observer stood outside the smashed driver's window, the one part of the car still cool enough to be touched. Spurred on by the discovery that help was just outside the car, he pooled all his remaining strength, only to succeed in rolling over, making a gurgly sound, and gushing fresh blood onto the car seats. "Don't just stand there!" he cried—his lips moved, but no sound came out. So with imploring eyes he stared at Arthur, who had his face up against the broken glass.

Arthur was confused—he could not decide what help to give this man, and there was nobody around to make the decision himself, so Arthur's five year-old mind went round and round.

Finally, reaching into his pocket, Arthur withdrew his red Swiss knife with the white cross. Carefully reaching through the broken glass, he slit the man's throat.

Michael Cull

The sea became calm
The setting sun made its shadow
And darkness came on.

Scott Cole
Grade 7

The trees seem to dance
With the exhalation of God
All at once they stop

Chris McGraw
Grade 7



In this year of Watergate it is hard not to ponder once again the problems of morality. Twenty-five hundred years ago Socrates exhorted his Athenian pupils to question with iconoclastic precision the meanings of honesty, courage, virtue and truth. He realized that dogmatic answers to these questions were not to be found. However, he created an atmosphere of inquiry which tended to encourage amongst his followers a reverence for an ethical approach to living. Today, especially in the light of recent revelations from Washington, we should perhaps take a penetrating look at our own morality.

Is it enough to appear to be honest and straightforward in the public eye? Somehow this concept has come to be accepted by at least some of our public figures. Perhaps the media marvels of our generation have encouraged this attitude. The politician grooms himself meticulously for his appearance before the television cameras, knowing that for a few minutes his image will be projected into the minds of thousands, even millions. What has gone on in his office behind closed doors in preparation for his public presentation may tell an entirely different story about the man. This emphasis on presenting a good public image has become so important that quite often the real man disappears.

Does the same process take place in our school? I suggest that it does. A student puts on an act for his teacher, choosing words carefully, appearing industrious, and generally projecting an image which will win favour and guarantee advancement. Once in the privacy of his room, his language deteriorated, he takes shortcuts with his work, and he adopts amongst his peers a cynicism towards teachers and school alike. A teacher arrives at his classroom all bustle and concern for his students' problems, and then escapes to the refuge of the common room where he sprawls indolently and moans constantly about the dolts dumped on him to teach. We are all guilty.

Certainly we are entitled to our private doubts, our occasional backsliding—we are all human. However, the gaps between public and private morality have so widened that future generations studying our history may very well dub ours the Age of Hypocrisy. This attitude to morality is evident in the blatant duplicity of the marketplace, the patented double-talk of public officials; it was most dramatically underlined by the release of Nixon's infamous tapes. Say one thing privately, another publicly. The truth shifts with the circumstance.

Of course we are not the first generation to act in this way. Yet it seems that, more than ever before, the double standard, the emphasis on a good public image, has eroded our search for some sort of basic truth. Should the venerable Socrates return to live among us, should he have occasion to observe the machinations of the Nixon generation, I feel he would repair with haste to the hemlock cure.

Craig Kamcke



It's a polite, thawing February school day. Somehow you have managed to meander through the five gruelling classes. A bell rings, it's lunchtime. Up feet, time to go. With an 'umph' you clamber up out of your desk and away you lumber, like a zombie, towards your room where all your dreary texts are hastily deposited in a corner. Then you thoughtfully trail off between pangs of hunger towards the dining hall. Down you travel, down the narrow, crooked path towards food. Look out! You have failed to notice something. On either side of you there is thawing, easy packing snow. Soon you will notice.

There's the door; you're almost there. Zap! In a hail of snowballs you dive through the rear dining hall door to safety. The day has dawned; life surges through your veins. You are awake. Down the hall you walk, face full of smiles while behind you successive tiers of snowcovered Andreans scramble through the door. Time to eat.

Of course all this snowball throwing is illegal, but rules seldom daunt an Andrean. With a declaration "Tableheads may dismiss their tables" up you bob, making sure to push your chair in and struggle off to head out through the front door. The way to Fourth House is clear, maybe the trip can be made. Spoke too soon. A white ball etches a naked curve in the air. For an instant no motion, then almost simultaneously three hundred bodies stoop, grab a handful of snow, pack it tightly and launch it. There begins a snowball fight of herculean proportions. Then from somewhere within the mad foray there issues a decree: "Anyone who throws a snowball gets an E.R."

Mike Crosbie

Heads bobbing and swaying
in the silence.
They do not pray, but
only stick their old bubble gum
under the pews or in someone's
hymn book.
Will these children ever reach
the pearly gates?
What a complete waste of time
is this ritual of unbelieving.
Do you believe in God?
The ever-present and
revealing question
is sometimes hard to answer.
Who cares?
Hell can't be all that bad.
Now can it?

Joe Kuhl

The Four Bobs of SAC
(sung to the tune of "We Three Kings")

1. We four Bobs of SAC are
Coulter, Jones, Bédard and Meagher,
Smoothly guiding,
Gently chiding,
Masters of every hue

Chorus: O!

Staff so wondrous
Staff so bright!
Staff which brings our Bobs delight,
Keep us working,
Never shirking,
Guide us through the gloom of night!

2. Hail to coach all snarly and new,
Came to us from poor Double Blue,
Blows that whistle,
Prods like thistle
Making Tyczka go.
3. Francophones say: "Nous n'avons pas
Assex des femmes, mais oh la la la!"
Foreheads glistening
Deaf ears listening
While Français she suffer so.
4. Science types like Kinney and Hiltz
Chem Team Smith and L.C.M.'s Kilts,
Mixing potions
Noxious lotions
Making the Foucault go.
5. Jack has a computing device,
Fouls up answers — but for a price,
Gobbling power
By the hour
Spewing out punch cards so.
6. Math men all proclaim him on high,
We're the ones who make the boys try.
Adding, squaring,
Fuming, swearing,
Making the small things count.
7. Music masters swing like barn gates,
The beat is there with Van Winckle and Bates.
Get right with 'em,
Fell that rhythm,
Trumpeters tell them: "Blow!"

Bob Meagher

DAD!

I didn't realize that I had been in town for so long. And on the walk back to the farm an eerie fog fell upon me. It was as thick as pea soup and I could only see a few feet ahead.

Sometimes a car or truck would stop and ask if I wanted a lift. I always replied "No," because my parents had told me stories of kids being picked up and molested. My parents loved me and I loved them.

Although I wasn't scared of the fog something made me feel uneasy. I decided to take the shortcut through the field.

When I reached the old, rusted fence and started to climb, something tugged at my pants and made me fall backwards. I got up and ran until I realized that there was no one behind me. I eased down and successfully made it over the fence. I felt a little safer now, but I still felt that something evil lurked in the fog. Then I thought I heard footsteps. In a frenzy I ran and ran until a figure of a human appeared before me. I leaped, and I felt the cold flesh stumble below me. The body did not move. When I touched it I pulled back fast because it was cold and damp. I felt its wrist and there was no pulse. In a panic I got up and ran home. I told my mother everything and she said to wait until dad came home.

Dad never came home.

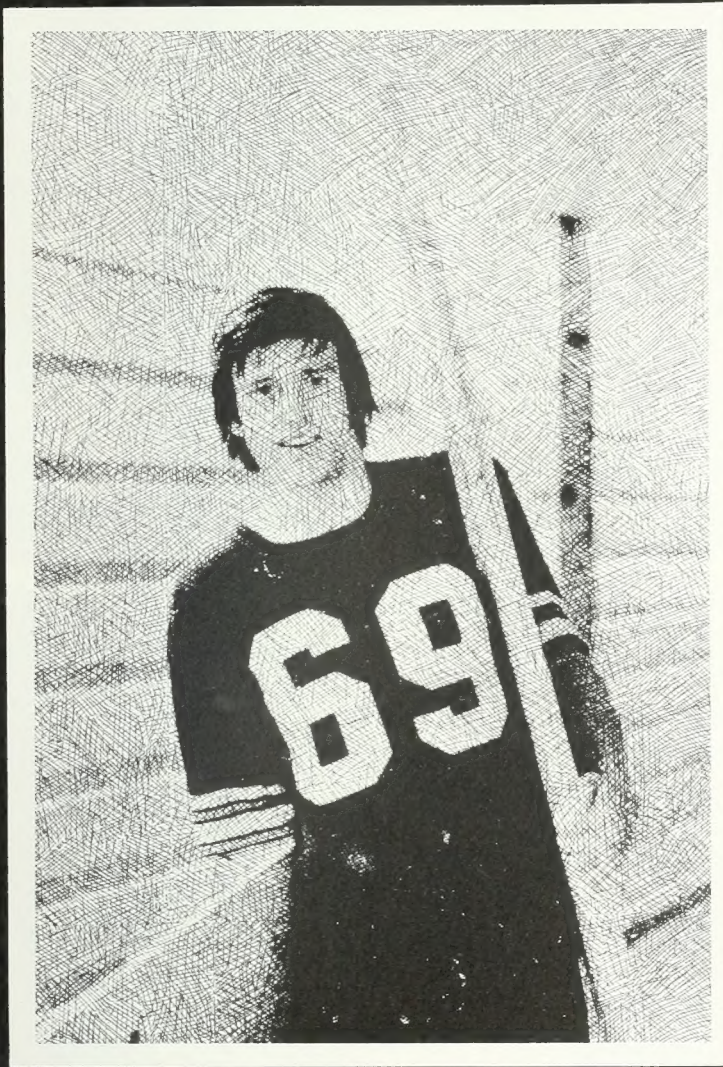
Stewart Dingwall
Grade 8



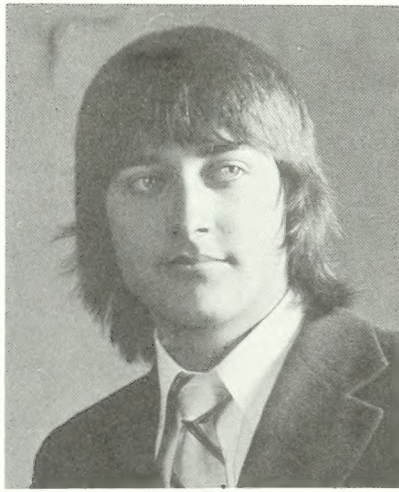


Traditional values have been guidelines in the past. But young people now reject love of country, religion, allegiance, leaders, et cetera. With this loss of values has come the distress of aimlessness. This is particularly common among the younger generation, but it is not peculiar to this age group. What is needed is an aim, a purpose in which an individual fully believes, honestly believes. We should also acquire the goodwill and love of others in whatever we do and protect our interests. This can be called "altruistic egotism."

Dr. Hane Seyle



GRADUATES

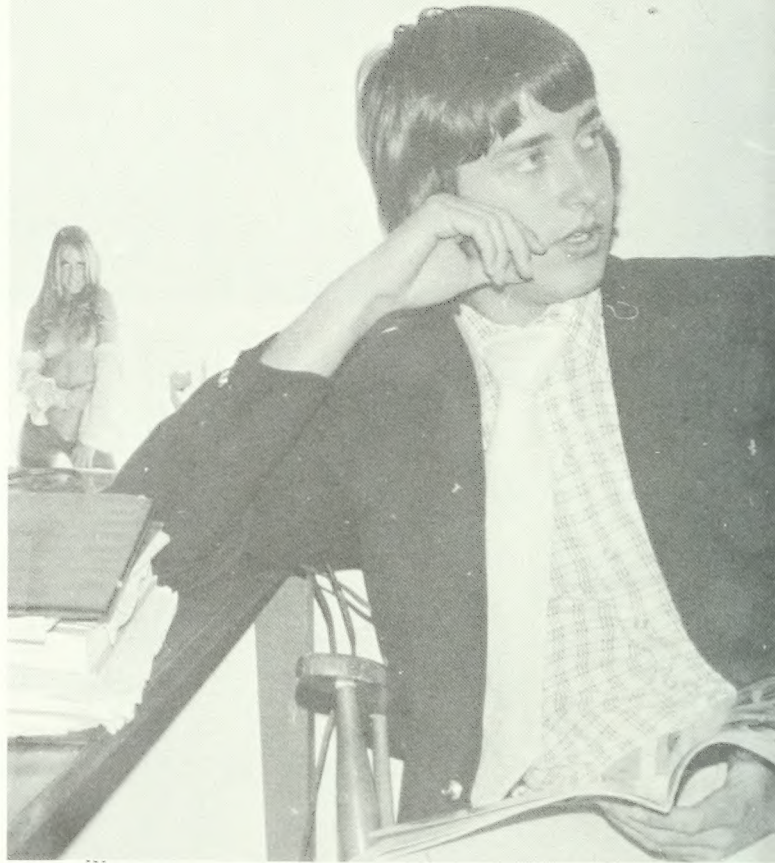


RANDY KLINE: 1968-'74

The Big "C", One of the four spades, "VeG", (Big, Big), (r2), (AM3), Brain, Kliner, Slim I, Stretch, (Everything but Randy).
 "Hutton, why don't you cram it."
 "Cool breeze."
 "What?"

Activities: First Football, First Basketball, Cadet Major, Open Rugger, Prefect, Service Committee, Vegetable Club, Acting out Karate moves on Paul and Kane, Vegetating, Picking on Pete over pillows, Singing in the showers.

Back in 1968, a skinny, quiet sort of guy joined exclusive SAC. Nobody realized at the time what a great contribution the boy was going to make. He eventually became a prefect and 2 i/c of the Cadet Corps, only to mention two of his contributions. If anybody gave more than 100% in sports, it was Randy. The only downfall was his studying, he usually reads the section in The Star, but still manages to get 85%. Quite a guy! Obviously a Kilcoo - SAC combination!

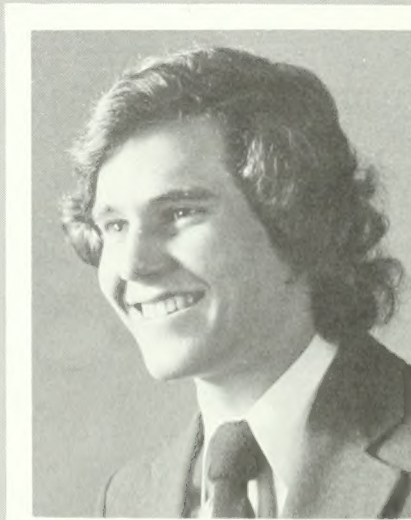


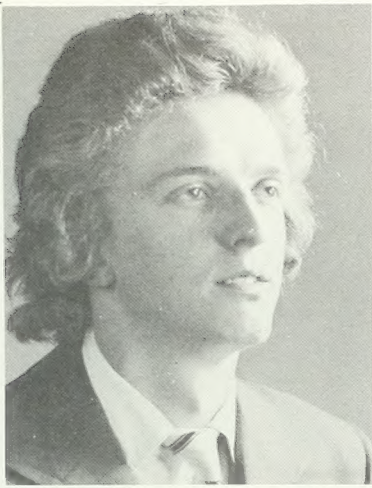
JIM GRAY: 1967-'74

Berf, Ferd, Gorgeous George, Body Beautiful, Jimmer, One of the Four Spades, Fergacious.
 "Sure, Pete, sure!"
 "Eh?"
 "Martin, why don't you cram it?"

Activities: First Soccer, Second Hockey, Open Rugger, Broomball Hackers, Pipe Major, Prefect, Lifer, Phoning Cathy, Vegetable Club, Smiling, Blurting ("asking Gourd intelligent questions"), Flexing, Being beachy, Giving our ER's, Running into doors, Beating up the Mo, Skipping Chapel.

Jim has been with us for seven long years, and certainly has put his share into things such as sports, cadets and academics. Being a friendly, good natured person, he showed his leadership ability in Grade 13. Jim was an excellent athlete playing soccer and helping them win the championship, and playing rugger like an animal too. He tried hard not only at sports but academically; he put forth a good effort. His learning skills achieved at SAC should help Jim to do well at university. Good luck next year, Jim.





PEDRO MARTIN: 1969-'74

Red Brillo pad, Spicer, The Red-Headed Mex, Slim II, Match.

"But, I was at breakfast sir!!"

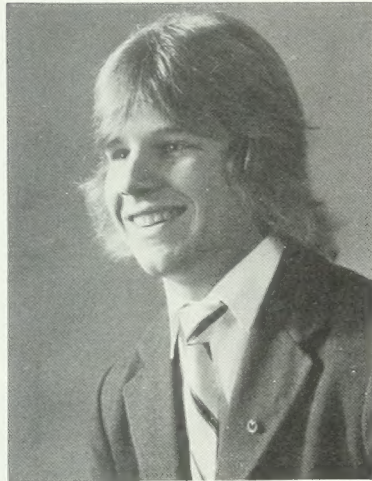
"The usual Mabe's, twelve snack bars and seven glasses of milk."

"Nixon is not waterlogged."

"But guys, bribing isn't wrong."

Activities: Second Football, First Basketball, First Team Tennis veteran, Review advertising co-editor, Social Committee, Organizing spectator buses for First Hockey, Senior Cheerleader, Vegetable Club, Partying in Kliner's room all study, Trying to convince Jim that he's always wrong, Stealing Randy's pillow and paying dearly for it, Backing up Nixon till the end doth part us, Cutting down Women's Lib. "It looks better on than off," Stage Crew Veteran.

Red-Headed Mex came to us five years ago from his native siesta country. He was brought up in a black and white environment which caused him many problems, but as he stayed at SAC he began to realize that life was not a simple black and white TV, but a 48 inch Panasonic colour. He managed to form a solid foundation and he is grateful to SAC for this. "It isn't wrong unless you are caught."



PAUL HUTTON 1971-'74

Hut-slut, Pounder, Paul Perfect, Putter Hutter, Ralph, Paul baby, Cool Breeze.

"Why don't you cram it Kline?"

"Cool your passion."

"What's happening boss?"

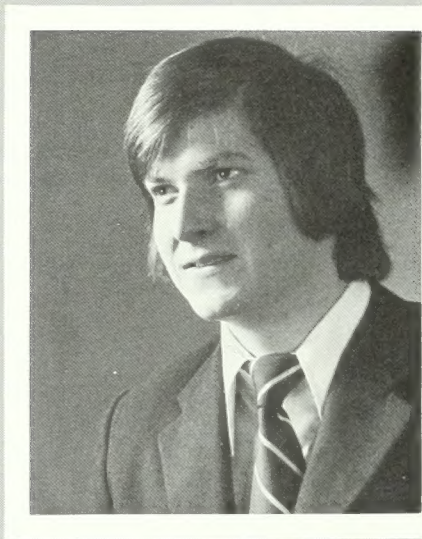
"Punch in the head, now or never?"

Activities: First Football, First Basketball, Open Rugger, Prefect, General Jock, Vegetable Club, Playing the fool, Trying to be a Lieutenant, Starring-out on the sports field, Being a greaseball and a slut.

Although the name Paul Perfect is not entirely justified, it isn't entirely unjustified either. If you've ever met a perfect slut, you'd know what I mean. How many other people do you know who can rip the lamp off the podium after his chapel reading, or play rugger in bare feet, or tell his platoon to "move to the left in threes, Halt!", or fall asleep in the bus while standing up? Nothing is beyond Paul baby.

But seriously, Paul's contributions to SAC are much too numerous to mention here. His leadership has been outstanding both as a prefect and on the sports field. I'm sure SAC will never be the same without him.





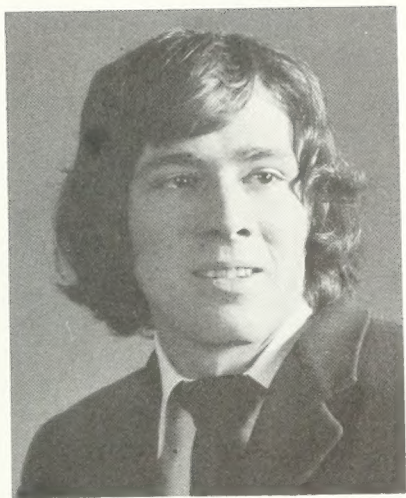
ROBERT ERRINGTON: 1971-'74

Gomer

Activities: First Football, O.T.'s, House League.

My final year, thank God, and leaving this place will be like a blessing from Heaven. I was taught many things during my three years here such as learning to play bridge, poker, gin and hearts.



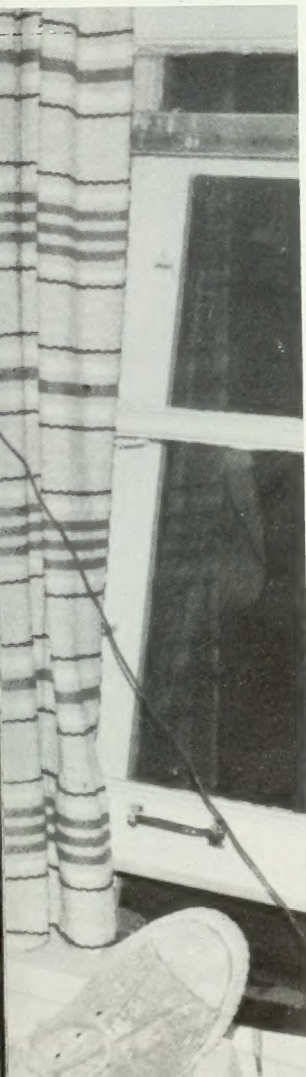


JOHN HAWLEY: 1971-'74

Wally
"Revolting!"

Activities: First Football, First Cricket, Blood Donor, Sports Captain, O.T.'s, Broomball losers.

The news of the proposed land transaction awakened an emotion I haven't felt in all my years here. Or rather one I haven't really known was there. It's a mixture of pride and love for something I thought I always hated. There will be so many good memories I might forget about all the trying times here! Unfortunately, though, unless the education of the students receives priority over these policies, there will always be bad memories.



ANDY DUNLOP: 1973-'74

Ark

Activities: Second Football, Broomball, Debating, Cadet Private, O.T. Club, Monty Python on Thursday nights, Third period political class with Zoony, Cleaning up after Kane, London with Duke and Tim.

I think the thing I will remember the most about my year here will be the things that happened out of classes. I have been fortunate enough to meet some great people. I hope we can keep in touch.

GREG BADGER: 1973-'74

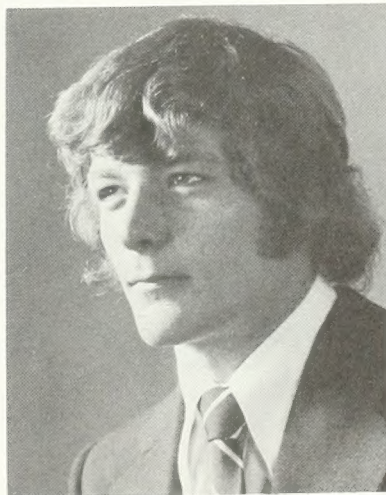
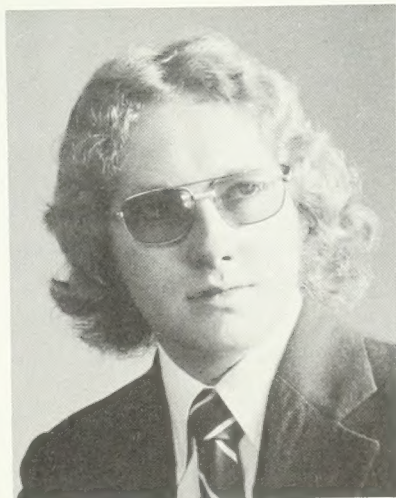
Rock

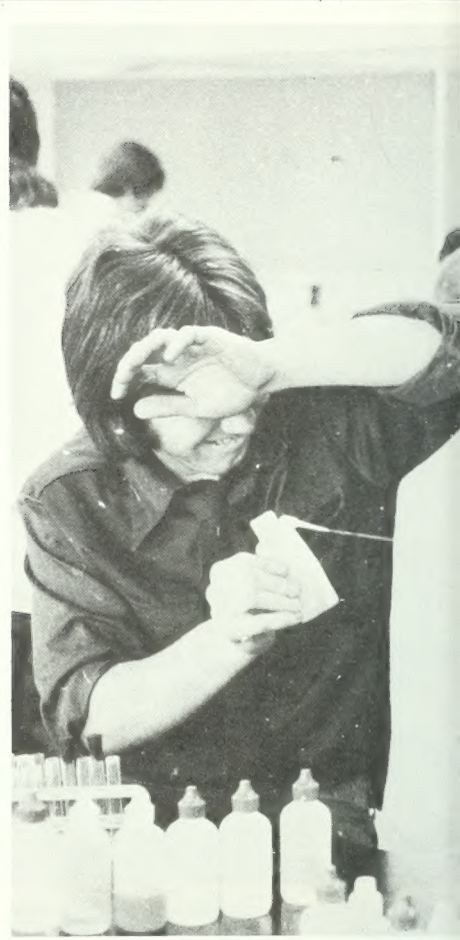
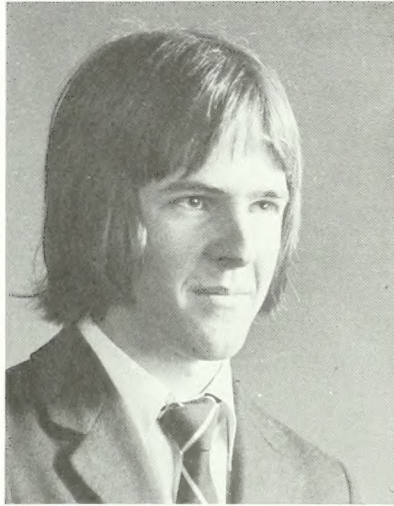
"I've had enough."

"Ohhh! (Gulp)"

Activities: First Football, Broomball, Blood Donor, Bridge, O.T.'s, Birdcalls, First Year.

I've learned quite a bit this year, both in and out of class that I know I won't forget. I've met some great people too, which makes it all worthwhile. All in all I'd say it has been a good year and a great experience.



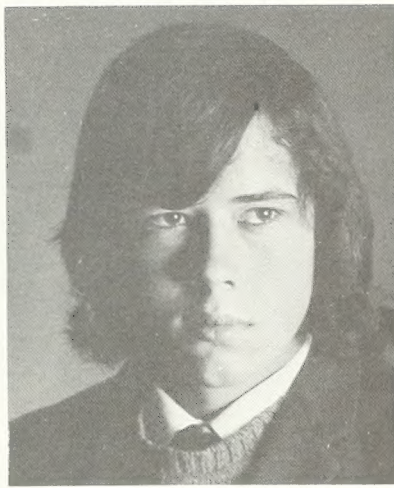
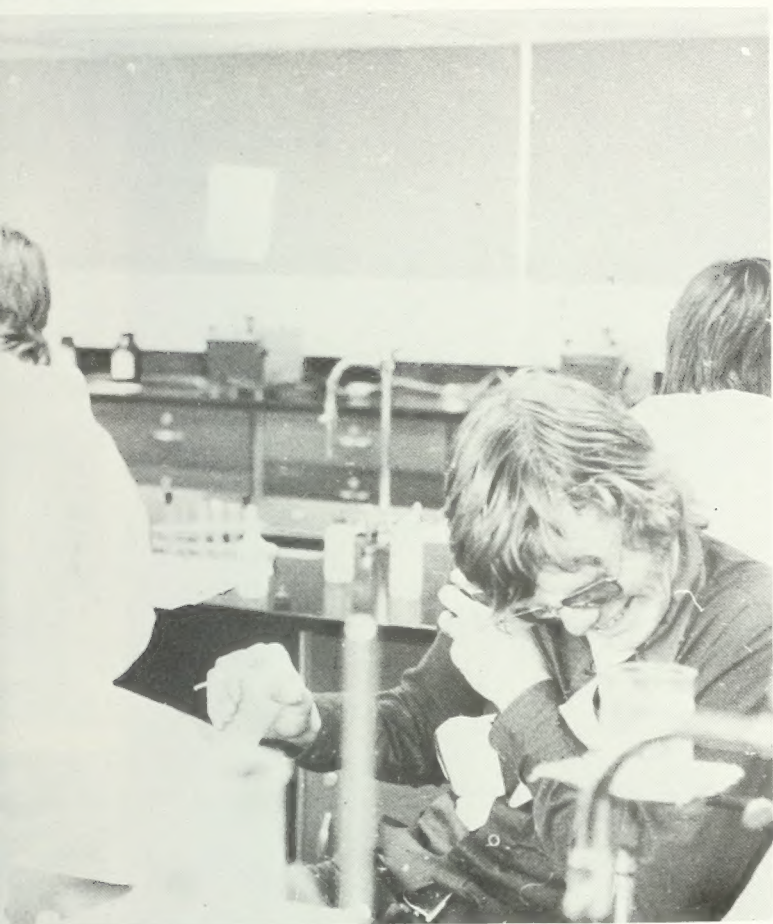


MICHAEL CUTT: 1969-'74

Wido, Dwarf, Branscutt (ex),
"You got mayeuh for oteuh?"

Activities: O.T.'s, Review Photographer, Mgr. Third Football,
Vegetating, Sleeping, Eluding Mr. George Harrison.

Suddenly I find myself thrown out onto the doorstep of the world after living piously at St. Andrew's for half a decade. I hope the shock will not be so great that I will forget about going to university someday, but I fear it may be already too late to change - we'll have to wait and see if I'm still around in a year or so.



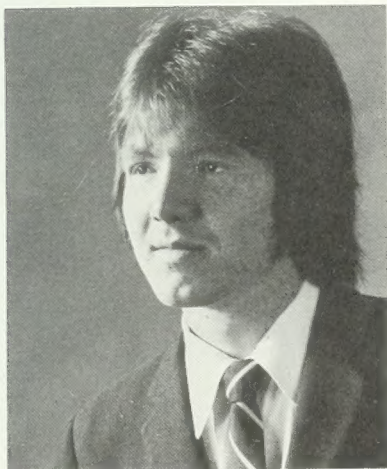
JIM STEVENS: 1970-'74

Gu, Aurora Greaseball.

"Hey, stick, let's go!"

Activities: First Hockey, First Football, Belvedere Motel, Catering to the boarders, Sports Captain.

In today's highly competitive society, many people strive to achieve some position of prominence which will enable them to achieve some degree of success. Education is a tangible and unique means by which to attain this end. Standards and traditions have degenerated into the present public school atmosphere with the exception of private enterprises such as Saint Andrew's. These enterprises give us a distinct advantage in the progress of our future and for this (and this only) they must be commended.



BLAINE BONNAR: 1969-'74

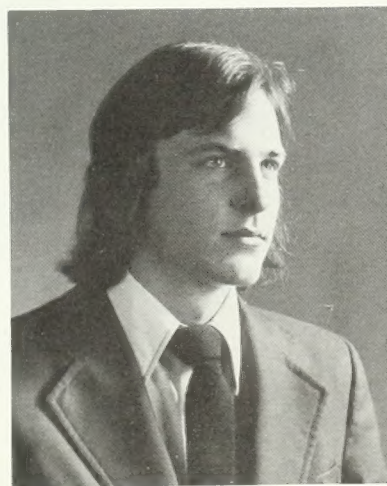
Boner, Blainer, Bonz, Bones, Wayne Maynard, Wayne Blainer, "B", Bo-o-n-n-er.

"Hey T!"

"Cut the cards."

Activities: Second Football, Memorial House Bridge Club, Band to buck private, Capt. House League Broomball (part-time!), Avid dance attendant.

As I sit in my mind machine,
Watching scenes flicker by,
I wonder, really wonder
If it all is worthwhile
My body grows stiff with time,
My eyes no longer perceive
What my ears cannot hear.
My limbs now slack and diseased,
Have kept me trapped in this frail shell
Shall no one free me? Is there no God?



PETE STEWART: 1970-'74

Slim, Legs, Stick.

Activities: O.T.'s, First Football, First Hockey, Montreal's Belvedere Motel, The V-6, Six week vacation, The Highlands, Plays, MO Movies, Throwing Cutt through the hedge.

I find it very difficult to make an unbiased assessment of this institution, but at the same time I can't see any point in elaborating on the school's merits as I'm sure many graduates have already done.

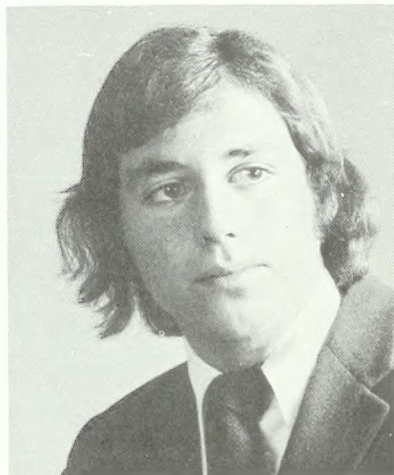
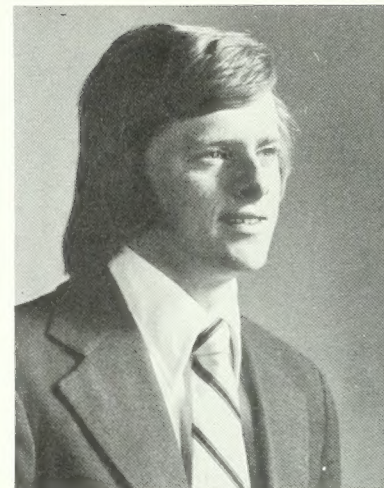
I do not regret attending St. Andrew's but my memories of enjoyable times hardly coincide with those expected of a typical Andean. Some advice? If SAC's authorities would stop trying to be "the best school in North America," and stop trying to gear the rulebook to fit the almost nonexistent "typical Andean," there might emerge a College more worthy of its now exorbitant fees.

BOB TOPPING: 1969-'74

Bobber, Bopper Bob.
" #1 Platoon, dismissed."
" I'm going home!"
" He plays a fender - rhodes."

Activities: Second Football, Debating, Cadet Lieutenant, Broomball, Skipping out, Gave Squirrel his nickname, Avoiding nicknames.

Sometime when you're feeling important,
Sometime when your ego's in bloom,
Sometime when you take it for granted
You're the best qualified in the room,
Take a bucket and fill it with water,
Put your hand in it up to the wrist,
Pull it out and the hole that's remaining
Is a measure of how you'll be missed.



DAVID KITCHEN: 1969-'74

Kitch, Zitch, Paki, Davey Zeenu.
" Naw, I gotta work." (To Slim)

Activities: 1st Soccer, 1st Hockey, Tennis, Debating, One of the Kings, Trio Rangers, The V-6.

The old adage that St. Andrew's is a nursery school for spoiled rich kids isn't entirely without precedent. The school can sometimes work in a way so as to block its students off from the cold reality of the big wide world. So finally when our spoiled SAC graduate, terribly naive and overly idealistic, re-enters society, he may suffer from Toffler's culture shock.

It is indeed a worrisome thought but maybe easily corrected by maintaining an open mind. It could be that some should take heed, as these thoughts certainly aren't being expressed without ample evidence.

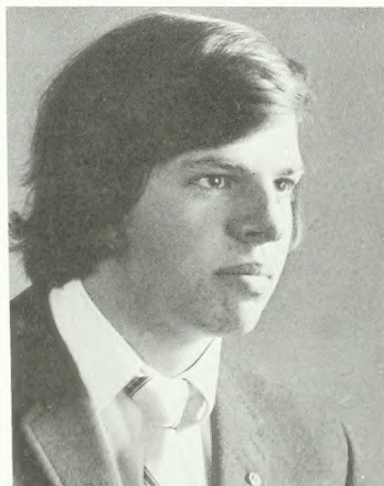


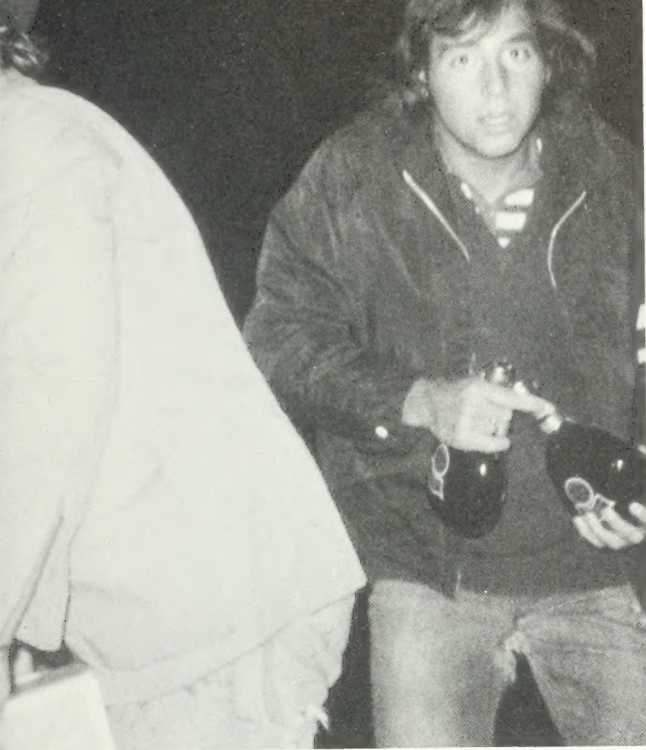
JOHN KITCHEN: 1969-'74

Beaver, Beater, Johnny Zeenu,
Uncle John, Radar.
" Quit kidding yourself."
" Ripoffski."

Activities: Second Football (3 year vet., MVP), First Hockey, Tennis, Weekends with Lazar Beam and the Highlights, Trio Rangers, Cadet Lieutenant.

There is so much good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us that it ill behoves any of us to find fault with the rest of us.



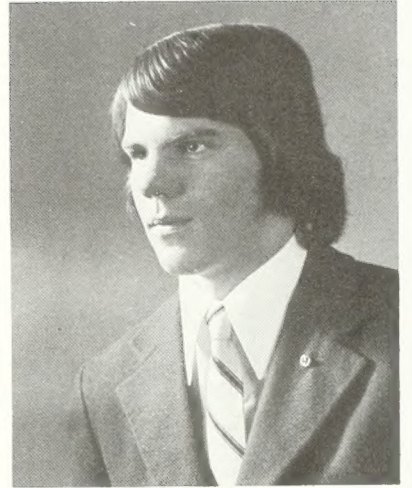


THOMAS RUTHERFORD: 1970-'74

Hoover, One-Four-Stu, Chub, Stu Lomax, Loman, Roothie, Gus.

Activities: Doing trig over the phone with Germaine, First Football (Co-Capt.), Golf, Prefect, Cadet Lieutenant Colonel.

This year was the best this school has had in a long time. Many of the reasons lie in the fact that we have over one third of the school as new boys. With the old boys they pulled together to attain a high level of school and house spirit, as seen on the playing fields and in the houses. The school is on its way up again and I hope it will reach even higher heights in the future.



KANE STRAITH: 1973-'74

Charlie, Bern, Bernard, Bumfard, Bark Hard, Zane, Veg, Biccc.

"Take a ride on the Reading."

"Bite the dust."

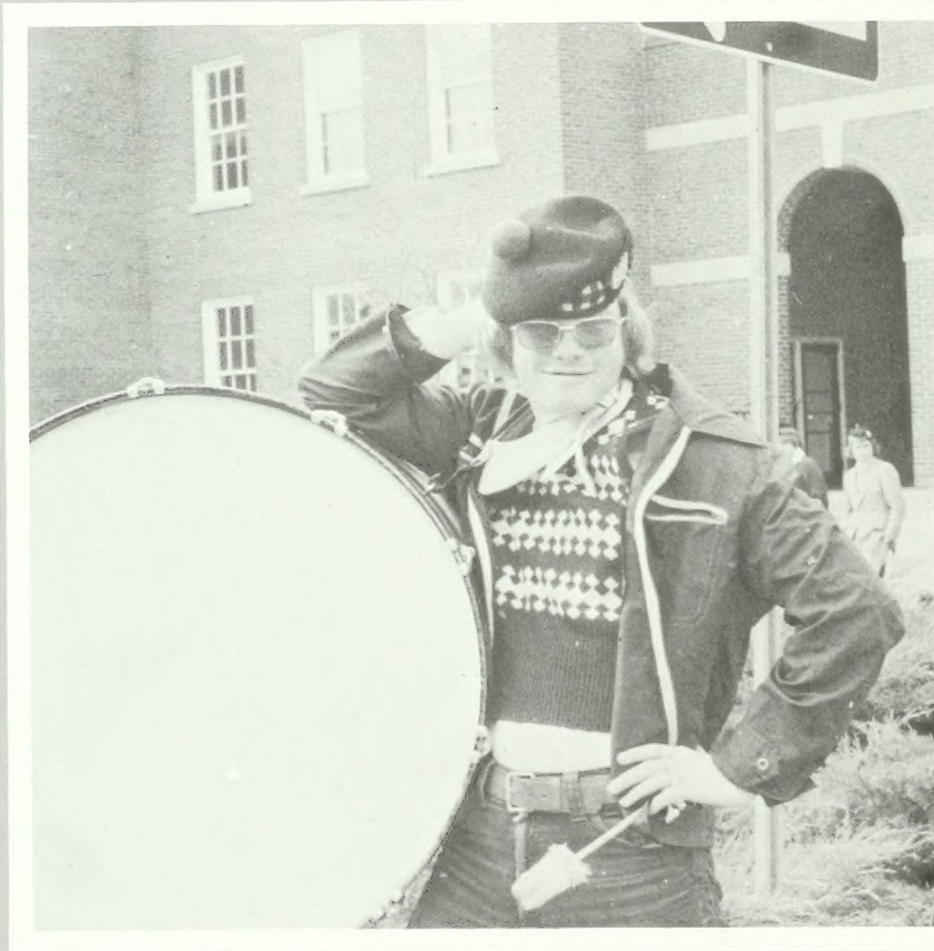
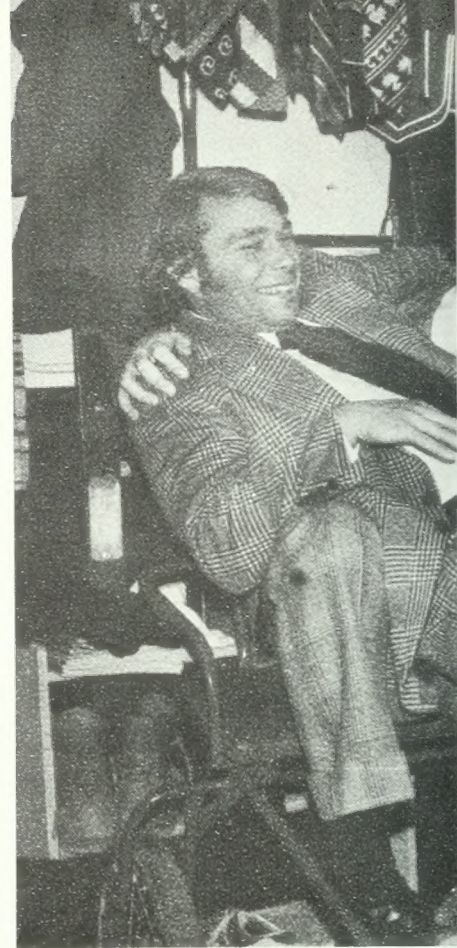
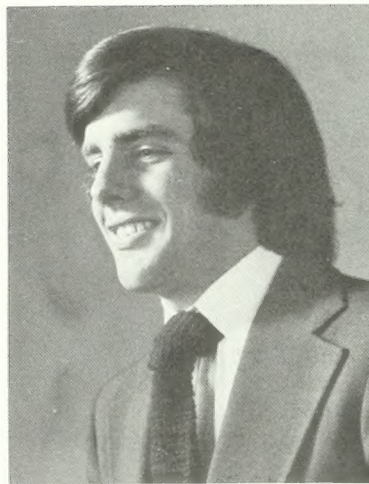
"Footing at 90."

"Cool your breeze on a hurricane."

"Bic, Bic, Bic."

Activities: First Soccer, First Basketball, Open Rugger, Fiddler on the Roof, Pipe Band Major, Vegetable Club.

Behold the turtle: He makes progress only when he sticks his head out.



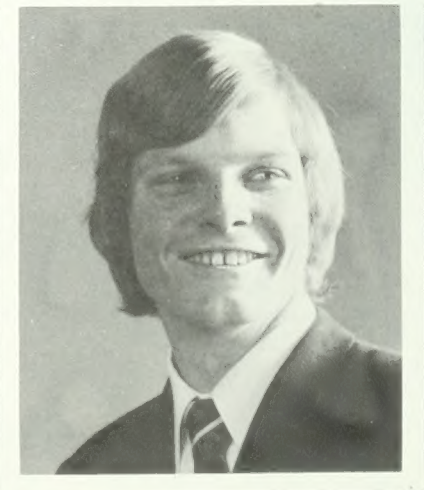
STEPHEN DAVIS: 1967-'74

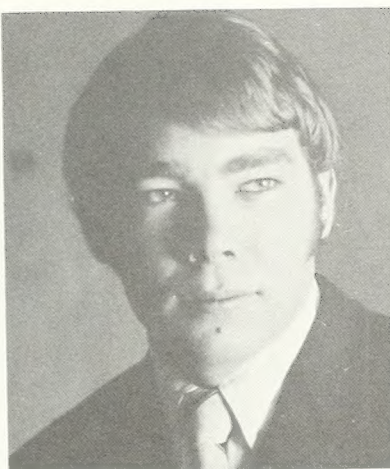
Mo, Satch, Satchmo, Mr. Wardrobe, Mozo, Perry Como, El Wardrobo, Paris von Como, Whiff, Etc., etc., etc.

"Gonna watch the Mo-movie tonight?"

Activities: Lifer, Second Football (third year co-capt.), Part-time swimmer, Memorial Sunshine Softball, Trio Ranger, Head of Care and Maintenance - Biology, Stage Manager (Fiddler on the Roof), Keeping Memorial warm, Pipes and Drums (Drum Sgt.).

Four years ago, Pete Stewart, Jim Alkin and myself were in our beds thinking up nicknames for each other. Pete got Slim which didn't stick, Jim got Whitey, it didn't stick and I got Satch which in four years has blossomed into a petite essay in itself: Satchmo in honour of the late Perry Como from playing Crazy 8's; and El Wardrobo (Spanish for Mr. Wardrobe) because of my knack to arrange incredible fashions.





TOM BIRKETT: 1971-'74

Emit, Thomas.

"Far out Catherwood."

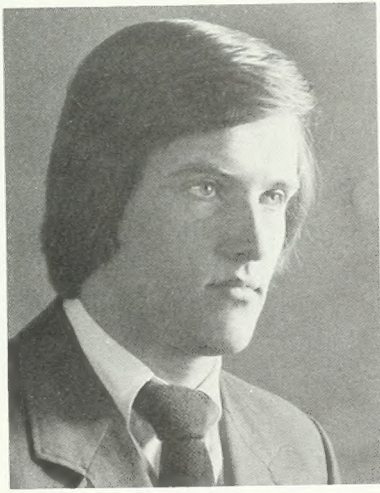
"It's been real."

"Foot'n at ninety."

"Be down in a minute, Bern."

Activities: Prefect, First Football, Flavelle House Broomball Champs, Reminding Perv that some people get the elevator; some people get the shaft.

"Perhaps in the New Year on another fine night I will take out the telescope and have another look. Right now it is enough to gaze upward and bear witness to all this light, travelling from its fiery origins with a perfect indifference, across the immensities of space and time, to strike the retinas of my eyes at this moment - to bear witness to this remarkable light and wait for sleep and try to remember what it is I was supposed to do." - Richard Wright, "The Weekend Man"

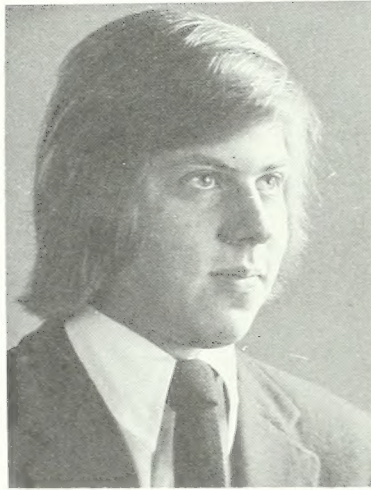


PETER WILLIAMS: 1969-'74

Perv, Victoria Jerusalem, Inspector Clouseau.

Activities: First Football (Co-Captain), Open Rugger, Cadet Lieutenant, Senior Debating, Fiddler on the Roof (Constable).

"But a school is always a school good or bad, and time stands still for me. There is no man I respect more than the schoolmaster born to the job, but none I pity more than the man not born to it who falls into its trap and stays till the chalk dust passes through his pores into his bloodstream and soul." - Hugh MacLennan, "The Watch That Ends The Night."



TED TYCZKA: 1967-'74

Teddy Tomato, Squirrel, Tyzeeka, Biff, Hey 'T', T.T.O.D.O., Sow.
 "You got a zeenu!"

Activities: First Football, First Hockey, First Trumpet, Memorial Sports Captain, Cadet Corporal, Trio Award and Ranger, The Family, The (Wiff) Capers, Lest we forget the V6, Thinking of a close friend in Quebec and reading her letters, Lifer, Cruisin' in the Bird and late night rap sessions, Carrying yardsticks at Argo home games for a living.

St. Andrew's College is people. Both students and staff learn what true friendship is throughout each activity conducted over the years. Years from today you may run into someone who attended this school during your stay and you will be able to share a closeness that many people haven't or will never experience.



CLYDE URQUHART: 1967-'74

Hey Frog/Joey/Jim/Squirrel.
 "Shut up!"

Activities: First Soccer Supporter, Championship Broomball, Cross-Country Runner, Debating Society, Review Staff, Cadet Sergeant, Lifer, Trio Rangers, The Family, Trying to skip out of chapel as much as Jim, Buchanan 2nd Clan Colours.

In seven years I have seen many changes, many things come and go, but I do not, or more appropriately wish not, to single out any aspect of SAC to condone or upbraid. Rather I have a few quotations that I feel are applicable to life at St. Andrew's:

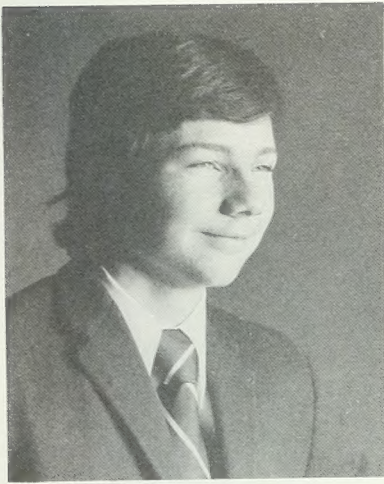
"There is nothing permanent except change." – Heraclitus

"Mental slavery is mental death, and every man who has given up his intellectual freedom is the living coffin of his dead soul." – Robert G. Ingersoll

"He who will not reason is a bigot, he who cannot is a fool, and he who does not is a slave." – William Drummond

"Every day should be passed as if it were to be our last." – Publius Syrus





ANDREW EAKINS: 1971-'74

Mouse, Frog, Little Big Shoe.
"Good things come in small packages."
"ab-NORM-AAAL."

Activities: Menu Committee, Fiddler on the Roof (Producer), Pipe Band Cdt. Cpl., Second Football Manager, Memorial House Broomball, Tennis, Blood Donor, Review Staff, Re-directing River Shads with Armstrong, Goober, Joe, Sam, and Squirrel, The Family.

How can so few words express the many thoughts I have about St. Andrew's?

The average schoolmaster is and always must be essentially an ass, for how can one imagine an intelligent man engaging in so puerile an avocation? - H.L. Mencken

Nothing in education is so astonishing as the amount of ignorance it accumulates in the form of inert facts.
- Henry Adams

There is danger in reckless change, but greater danger in blind conservatism. - Henry George

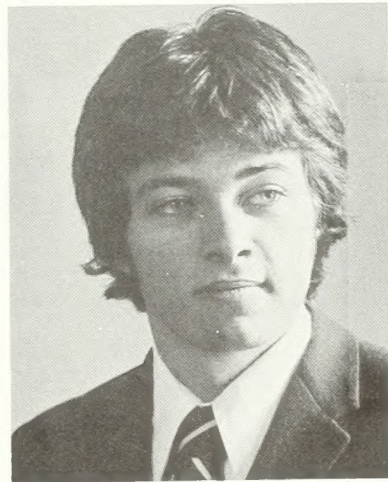
Finally, to a good friend and candidate for Head Prefect, Jeff Kane, may his future be not only dazzling, but fulfilling.

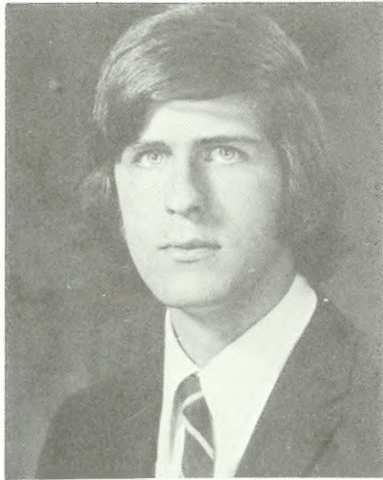


ROBERT SMALLWOOD: 1973-'74

Armstrong, Dayboy Playboy, Joey, Woody Smallbob.
Activities: First Soccer (MVP), Second Hockey, Golf, Cadet Sergeant, Fiddler on the Roof (Band), The Family.

This yaeer ta St. Andrus haz reelie bin a enjoyebble expeeriense. I hed arived ett Sante Andewrs two putt meself en gode sted four thee fewtur. I hink thet threw thee whatchfull I fo mie favorit measturs, eye hafe suckseaded in layein thee conurston onn witch eye kin bild for the fewtur.





DAVID FEATHERSTONHAUGH: 1968-'74

Feather, Stone, Ha Ha Ha . . . , Vegge.

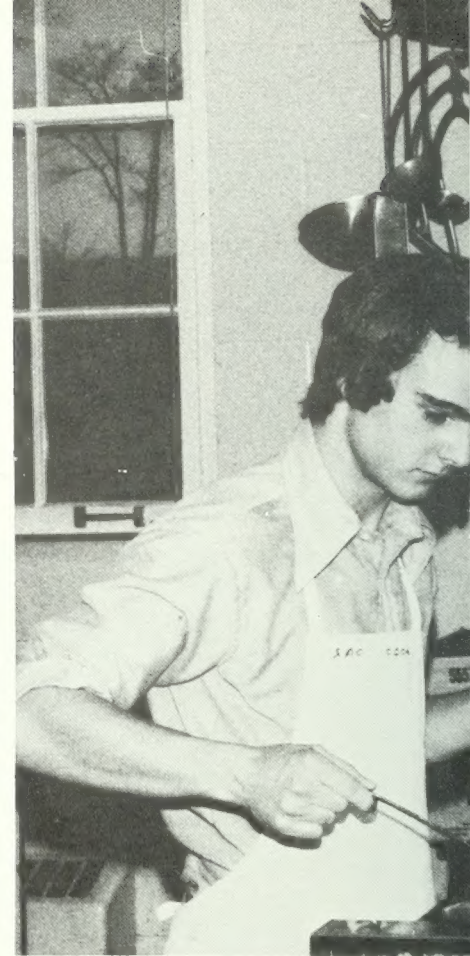
"Good morning Mr. Froese."

"Yooo Don."

"Let's roll."

Activities: 3:20 scramblers club, cabbage corner in Math B, Formidable Four, Scholar (now and then), MSM, Getting lost with Pete in Math 'C', Avoiding Walter, Six year vet., Friday nights, Aurora Do-Nut regular.

After six years at SAC I've learned quite a bit about the school. Most of these things cannot be repeated for fear of drastic repercussions. However, there are two things that will never change: 1) The rules can be bent, but you can never break them, and 2) quoting from a prominent Master (who wishes his name to be withheld) "the only right a student has is the right to fail."



DONALD DAWSON: 1968-'74

"Yooo Dave."

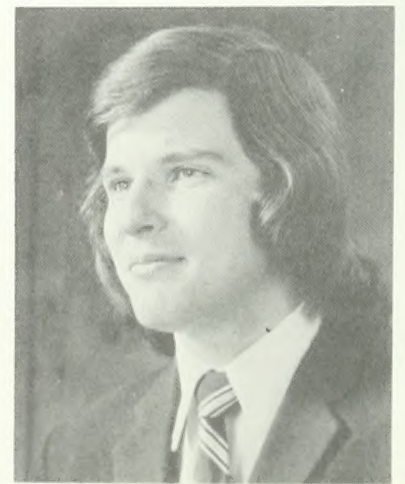
"You're not going to stay are you?"

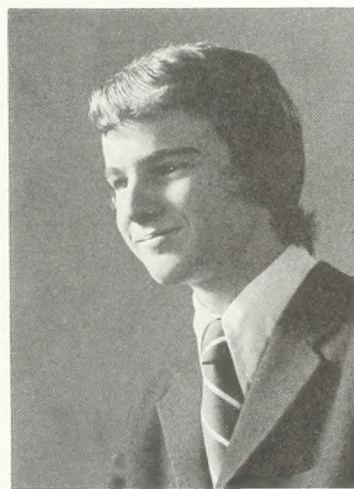
"Wothbuwy Woad."

Activities: Scholar, Cadet Sergeant, Member of the Day Boy 3:20 track team, Trying to beat "Wig" out of the parking lot.

We travel along the road of life: hardly knowing what we are, yet always daring to be something; seldom saying what we mean, but never afraid to have meaning; sometimes failing in our endeavours, though never tempted to cease trying.

But we are never quite satisfied to be on the left, or right, or in the middle of that road. We are always attempting to change its direction. — Anonymous





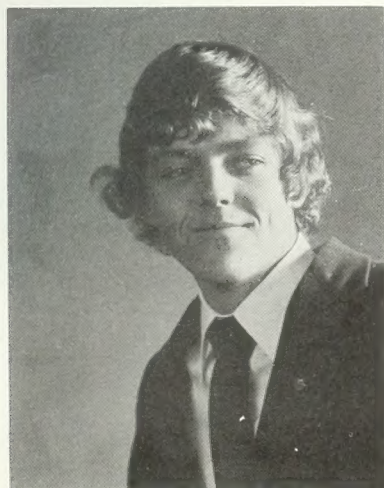
MARK WIGSTON: 1969-'74

Wig, Green.
 "Hey, let's go home."
 "Topping, you too!"

Activities: Mac House Soccer, Mac House Hockey, Judo, Ramsey House Soccer, Ramsey House Broomball, Hello Dolly Band, Fiddler on the Roof Band, School Concert Band, 3:20 Track Team, Member of the Formidable Four, Four Wheeling, Thinking up excuses for being late, Explaining to Walter that the automatic choke stuck, Doing things that feel good.

The following confession was signed by the inmate after three days and seven hours of constant, intensive torture:

"I have been at St. Andrew's for five years and I will be leaving this spring. I honestly believe that this is the best school in Canada. St. Andrew's has benefited me greatly and I am convinced that this was the only system suited to me." — Mark Wigston

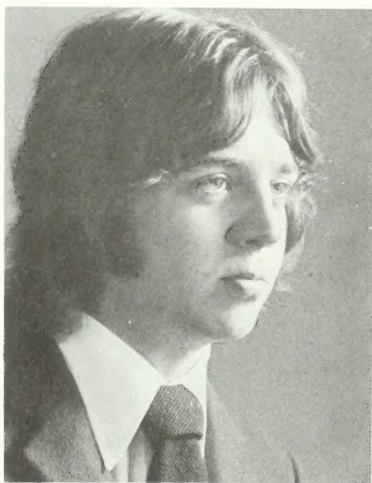


BILL ELLIS: 1968-'74

"Sorry I'm late, Slinky."

Activities: Member of 3:20 track team, Perennial Ramsey House League, Day Boy fever, Keeping one step ahead of authority, Skipping out to Mr. Donut, Competing for the "First-out-of-the-parking-lot" award, Member of the Formidable Four.

After six years at St. Andrew's College, I have commuted twenty-five thousand miles as a day boy. This is the equivalent of travelling completely around the earth. Well, I found that the hardest distance to travel was the last hundred yards from the parking lot to the chapel, causing numerous punctuality problems. Education at St. Andrew's has come a long way and so have I.

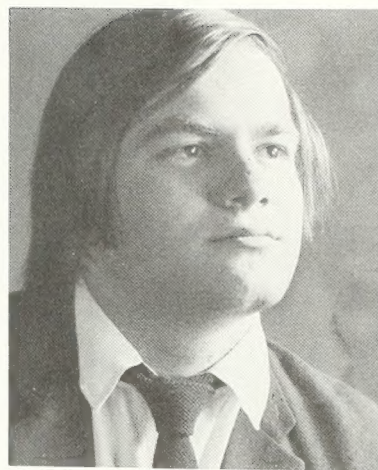


JAMES CORBETT: 1971-'74

Corbes, Morbes, Zoony, Dead.

Activities: First Football, Capt. Flavelle "B" Broomball, Spring training club, House League Softball, Cadet Sergeant, Trying to find Sean, Discussing the world situation with Ark, Competing in The Cauga with Hamilton Grand Prix with pilot; Shane, Parnelli Jones: navigation, and Dave Stubbs marking the trail, Sleeping during spars, Finding fire extinguishers in my bed.

I will remember SAC for the good times and people I have met and lived with for three years.

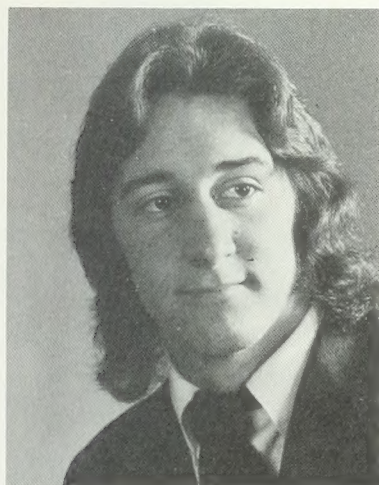


GEZA von DIERGARDT: 1968-'74

Goob, Sow, Dude, "BFD"

Activities: First Football, First Swimming, Senior Rugby, Sergeant, Innkeeper, Member of Greenwood's Goofs math joke, Pres. of S.O.W. Inc., Numerous other trivial events, Sipping wine, Nibbling cheese and catching rays.

"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." - L. Ferlingetti

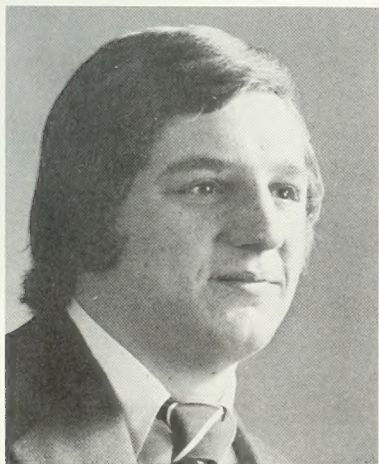


SEAN WHITEHEAD: 1971-'74

The Duke of Earle, Duke, Duker Honey-Child, Cement Head, Wick.

Activities: First Football Co-Captain, First Basketball Co-Captain, Open Rugger, Sports Captain for MacPherson Clan, Cadet Corporal, A lifetime member of the Flavelle House Rouges, Trying to find Jim, Trying to get back on time, Bugging Dave and Tim (especially Nubber), Diligent four hours study at night.

I came here from a High School three years ago with a horrible gut feeling, something like that feeling you get when you go to the dentist. I still haven't accepted all this school discipline fully, but looking back, once the year is over you only remember the good things and the good times. Believe me, I've had a few of those at this school. But you don't go here just to have a good time. Maybe my academic standings aren't very good or maybe not even up to par, but I feel I have learned invaluable knowledge of how to live with people and being in this school I have gained new perspectives with which to view people on the whole. St. Andrew's College has been an experience I am glad to have been able to have. You can't enjoy a smooth road without travelling some rutted ones as well. Tim Parnell and Dave Stubbs are leaving this year with their Grade 12 diplomas and I wish all the luck in the world to two of the lifelong friends I have made over the last three years.

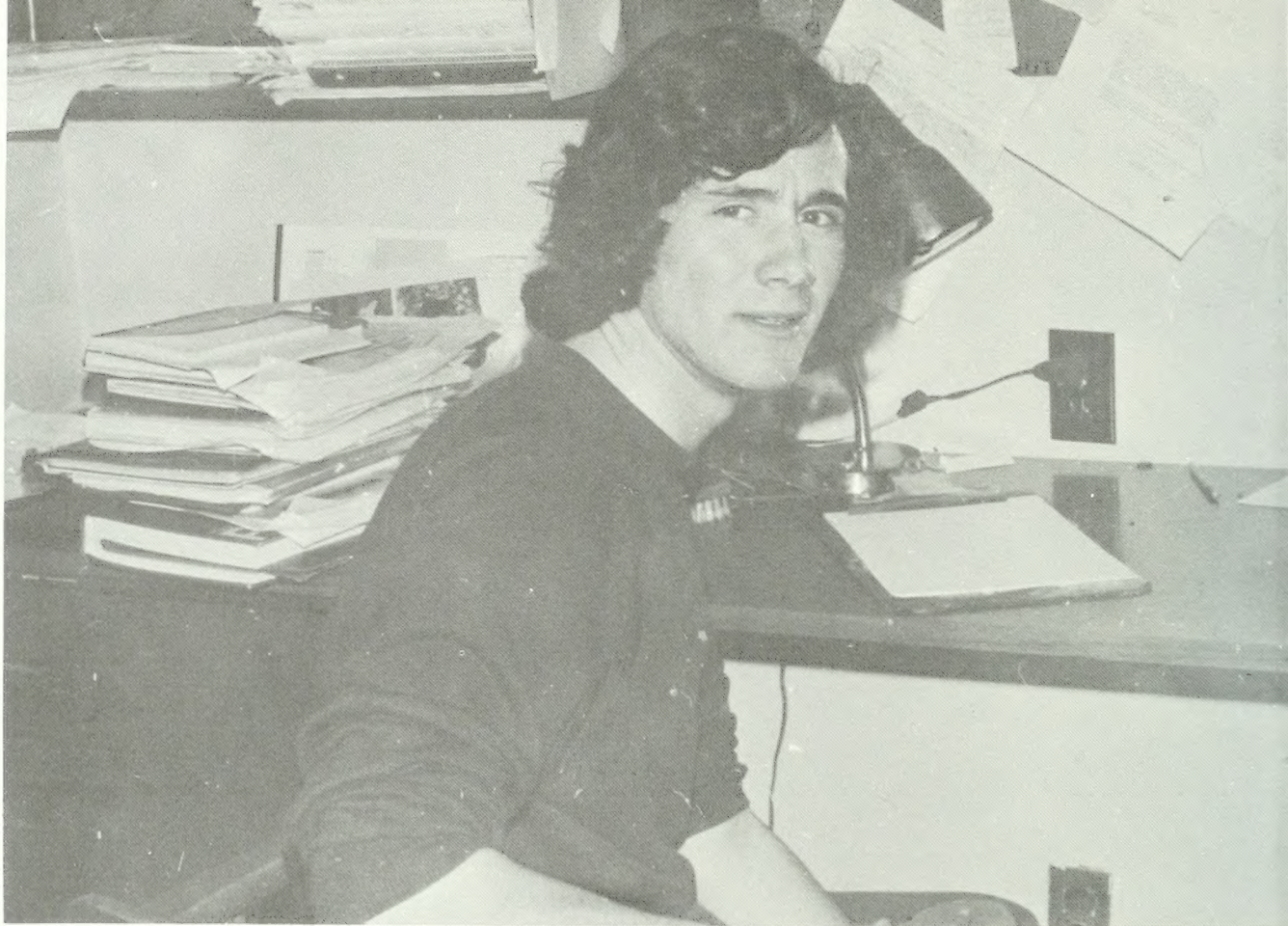


RUSS PAYTON: 1970-'74

Russ, Rock, U.S.

Activities: Sports Vet, Veteran, Actor, Sgt. Fury (142 CC), Van, Catching Barry Q. White, Buffalo, Cape Cod, Elliotville, Eastern, B.F.D.

"You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair." - Douglas MacArthur, General of the United States Army.

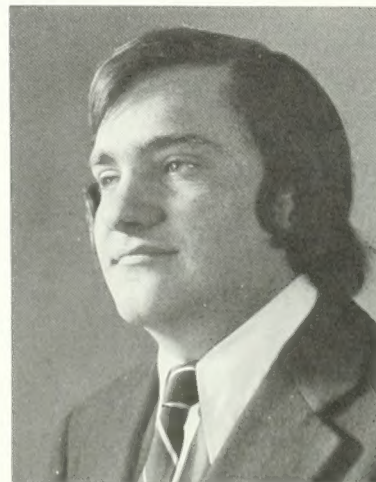
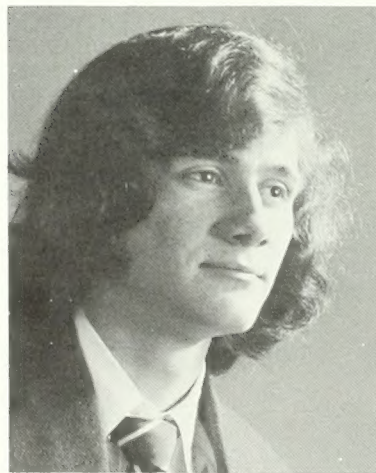


JOHN CASSON: 1969-'74

Vince, J.V.C., Red, John, Commie, Red Herring.

Activities: Pipe Sergeant, Debating, Film Society President, The Doctor in Spite Himself, Organizing Interhouse Debating, House League Soccer Champs (Captain), X-Country Skiing, Barrie, Arguing Communism.

Five long years. Perhaps the best thing I could do is offer some advice to newcomers. If you don't like it here - get out. It's not doing you or the school any good. Get involved in the school - it's easy not to. Watch out for Mr. Smith's jokes (that's the tall guy with the big feet). Don't try arguing communism at the dinner table.



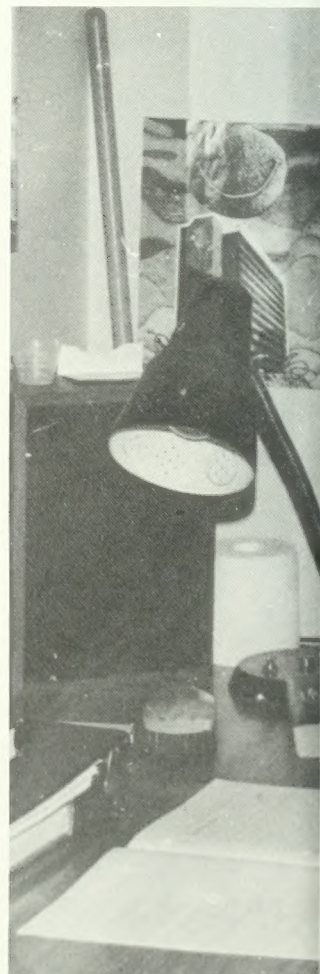
BOB NELSON: 1971-'74

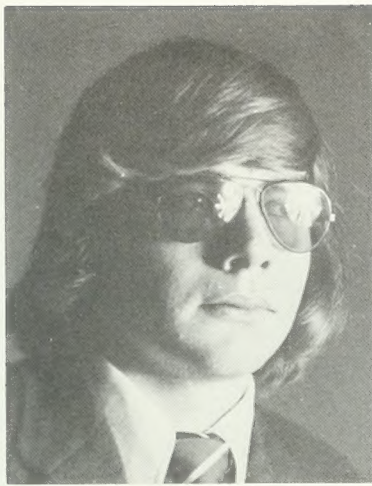
Horatio, No-neck, Lord Admiral, "Nels", Moss Mouth, Cro-Magnon Man.

Activities: Cross-Country running, cross-country skiing, Trio Rangers, Toke Club.

Some aspects of this year have been good, exciting even, but thanks to the system this isn't true on the average. I hope that next year sees a new headmaster who is not afraid to make changes. New rules for old suspended rules and - maybe a few masters absent from the ranks. This would help the society we lovingly call SAC.

Sex and drunkenness to all and a toke for the world!





JOSEPH ALMASSY: 1971-'74

Joel, Average Joe.

Activities: Trio Ranger, Overnights in Toronto, Skipping into Aurora, Power tripping, Cadet Sergeant, Taking spares in anything I can.

The future holds no bounds; we are the ones that limit ourselves and others to achieve our full potential. We, as the members of the human race, should help others to discover what we already have discovered, and in this small way help the world to survive all that may lie ahead.



PAUL FISHER: 1969-'74

Spook, Narc, Fish, etc.

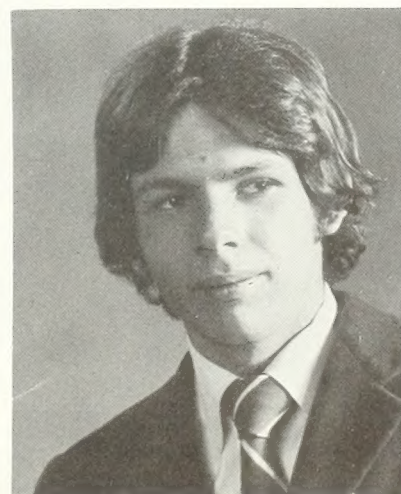
"The spook escaped.

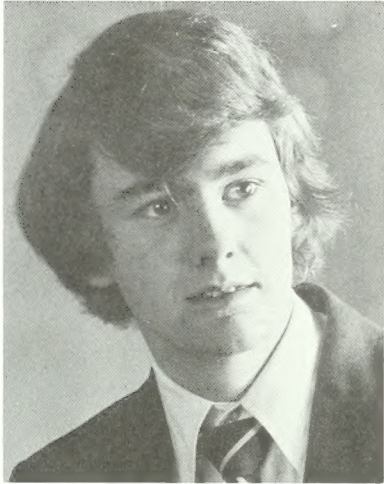
What was he wearing?

A smile."

I think, therefore I am. I regret nothing I have done although some people seem to be of the opinion that I should.

I have been here for five years now. Some of us have been here longer and some of us for a shorter time. I think the rewards are really worth the effort that I have put forth. The only advice I can offer the people in the lower grades is to stick with it. When you finish, I am sure that you will feel the same. Thank, you.

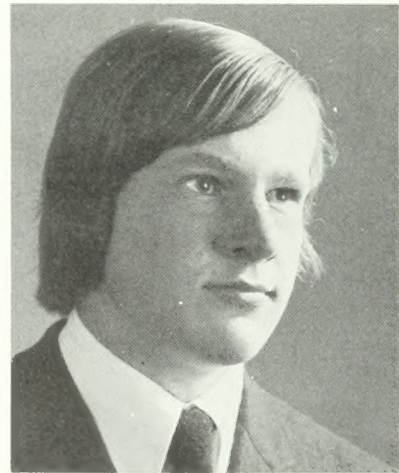
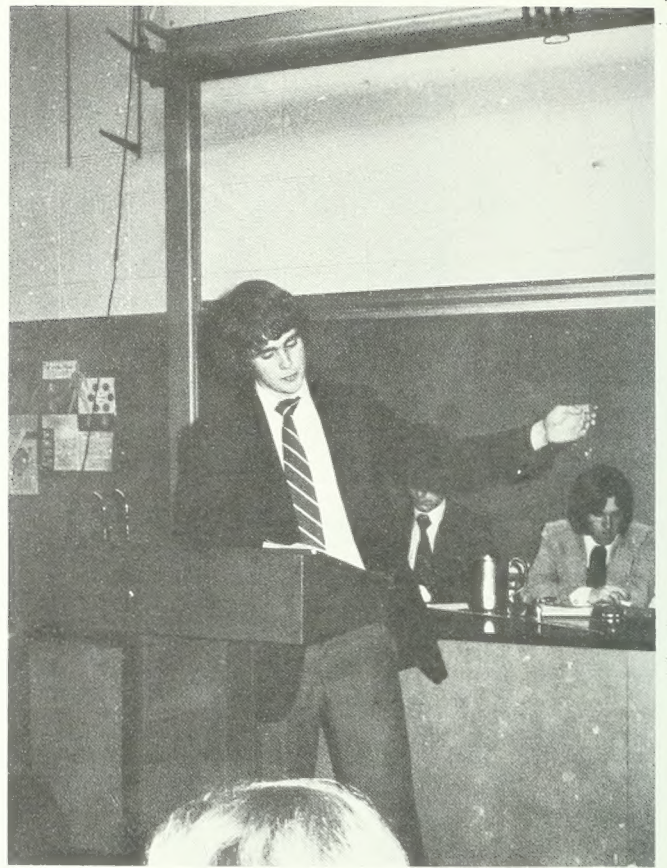




MIKE THROOP: 1973-'74

Gumby, F. Troop, Frog, and other obscene names.
 Activities: Debating, Faithful House Leaguer.

This year has been a new experience, and a good one. I have met a lot of new people and made some friends. I have been able to pick up more nicknames in one year than a lot of veterans of this school have. I haven't figured out whether this is good or bad. It is a year I will never forget.

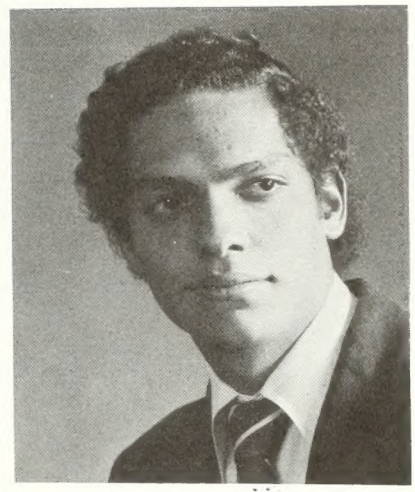


RICHARD VAN DER JAGT: 1969-'74

Crow, Vandy, Deryat.
 Activities: Debating, First Swim Team (MVP), Menu Committee, Social Committee, Rugger, Chess, Make-up Manager, Lead role in "Doctor in Spite of Himself," Teaching the Leader Patrol course, House League (First Term Capt.), Cycling, Photography, Looking for a girlfriend, Trisecting angles, etc.

What is an RHCVDJ?

It is a cross between a crow and a Flying Dutchman. This bird has the unique quality of doing or saying things which have never been thought of before. It is Richard Henry Constatine Van der Jagt. He is one of the few people that can honestly say that he has tried out for over 75% of the St. Andrew's teams and made very few of them. He has always been involved in such extracurricular activities as debating, dramatics, water bombing (receiving end), and counting steamboats for First team football. Putting all kidding aside, RHCVDJ has done a lot for the school, and here we give him credit.



JOSE VIDRI: 1972-'74

Alligator, VD.

Activities: Cross-Country, House League, Water skiing, Photography, Stamps.

Si no puedes ser pino de la cumbre, Sé la mata del valle, la más Linda de las matas que van junto al arroyo; Sé el arbusto, si el árbol está arriba.

Si no llegas a arbusto, sé la hierba que al camino feliz y humilde vista; de no ser



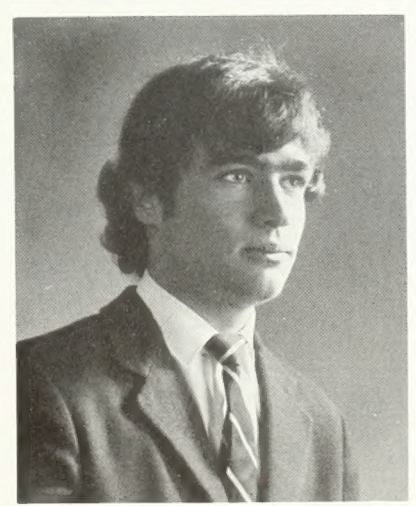
MARK BLACK: 1971-'74

Activities: Tennis Manager for Mr. Stuart's great A's Hockey team.

I am sitting here at my desk visualizing a sign on a plush office door at Maple Leaf Gardens saying "Mark P.L. Black," owner, adviser, manager, and cheerleader etc. of the Toronto Maple Leafs. I am outside his office talking to his receptionist while waiting to see him. His sweet little beauty coyly suggests that I help myself to a bagel from the vending machine also owned by Mark P. I reminisce about the "old days" when I would wake up to the garish cry of "Where's Devereux?" or the infamous plea with Mr. Inglis of "Give me a goal" only to see him reluctantly surrender a quarter during the next Math class.

If you wanted to hear the latest rundown on sports, you had only to sit near this "curly" gimp at lunch and you wouldn't have done better listening to the eight o'clock news report.

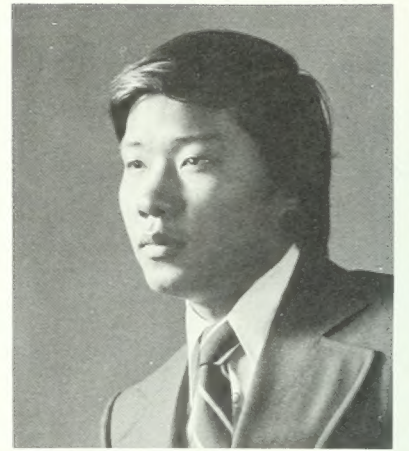
Perhaps this is where his hidden talent lies, and possibly in a few years time all of Toronto will have the great opportunity to awaken themselves to the eminent words of our resident sports reporter.



JAMES LEUNG: 1972-'74

Activities: Judo, Tennis, Scholar, Skiing, Track and Field.

Two years before, I knew Math, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, History and Geography
Two years after, I still know them and some English.
Two years before, I liked many sports.
Two years after, I still like them and two more— football and hockey.
Two years before, I had an ambition to finish secondary school as soon as possible.
Two years after, I have another— to finish university as soon as possible.



PETER O'NEIL: 1968-'74

Face, Faceback.

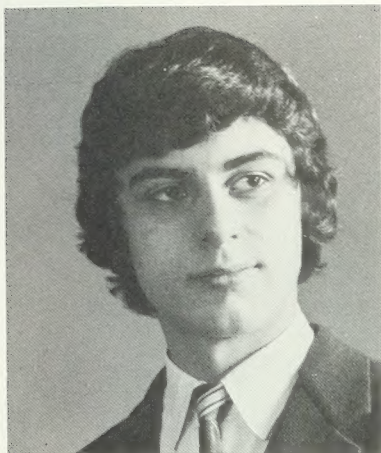
"Forget it!"

Activities: First Soccer (2 yr. vet.), Ramsey Broomball, Track and Field, Prefect, Service Committee, Cadet Lieutenant, Cheering the "Buds," Day Boy Common Room, Reading the "Globe."

Hair over the ears. Cafeteria supper. Overnight leave. Marching, only in the spring. Sports jackets. Shirts, ties, shoes and pants of all colours and styles. Parking on the school grounds. New Boy Tie? What's that? Chapel only once on Sunday. Many a class bus trip. Caning? But an ancient m e m o r y. The mere thought of co-education. Alas, lest we forget the ever-swelling group of day boys who have reached a position of respect and constant envy within the school.

Who says the winds of change don't blow at St. Andrew's?





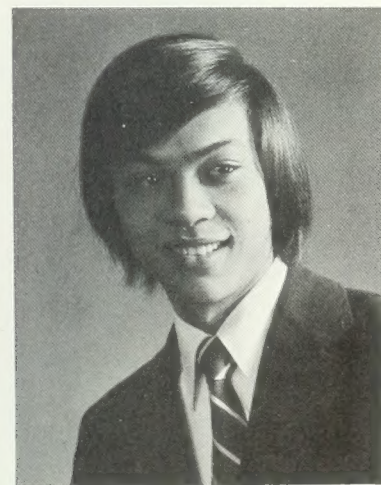
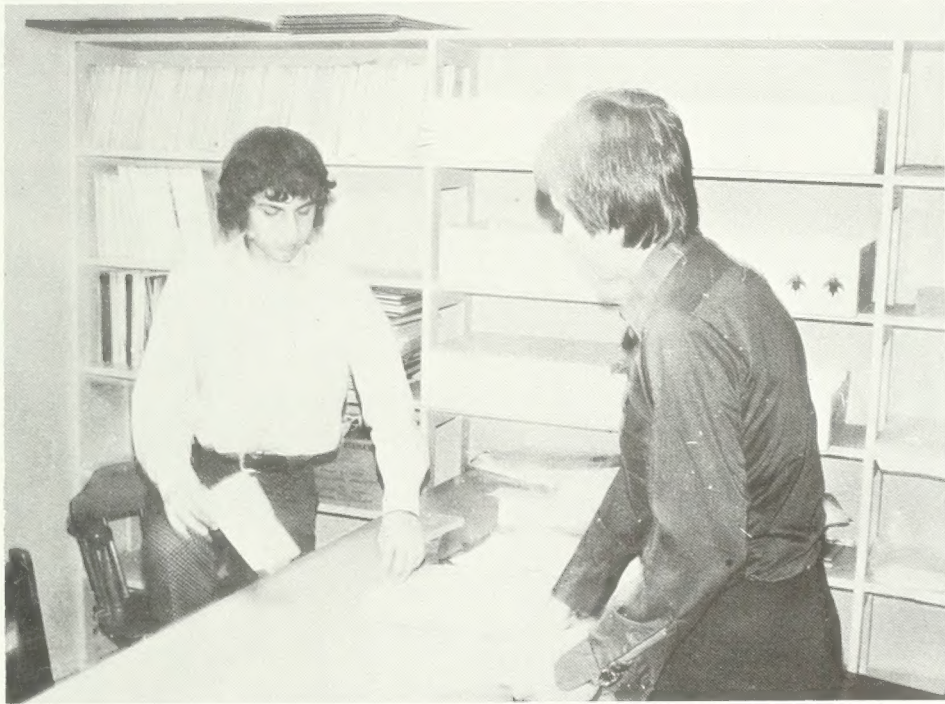
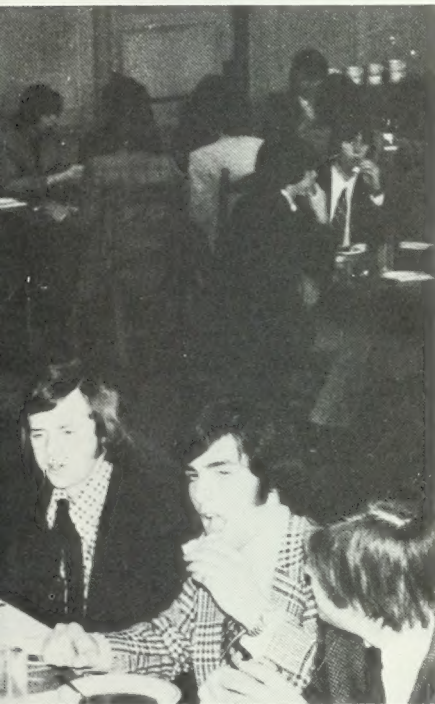
FRANK SZARKA: 1969-'74

Zappa, Count Szarkula.

"Don't count your pictures before they're printed."

Activities: Review Editor-in-Chief, Debating (Mr. Speaker), Wargaming idiot, Working on the bridge, Second Football (substitute substitute; post-game hand-shaker), Scholar, Cadet Lieutenant.

Coming to live at SAC is like taking a trip to a new country: it can be either enlightening or meaningless. What you achieve depends solely upon the effort that you put into your work and activities, and the extent to which you are willing to commit yourself. Life here is like a bank with no interest: you can get out of it only what you put into it.



RAYMOND WOO: 1972-'74

"Hi, Man!!"

"How is it going, man!!"

Activities: All-star soccer, rugger, wrestling, anything not related to study, seeking the ideal match.

Once upon a time there was a "Police Officer." He went up to Montreal and left me in Oshawa. Working hard day and night, I tried to catch a so-called "suspect." Yet I failed and our dear "officer" said I was a traitor. Poor me! Poor me! Senor Raymonda!

DOUGLAS PICKARD: 1969-'74

Eric Clarify, Rickard Pickard, Dunc, Pick, One of the Four Spades.

"Those cheaps just keep on getting drunker."

"Such a pest, Hutton."

"I'll get a clarification on that."

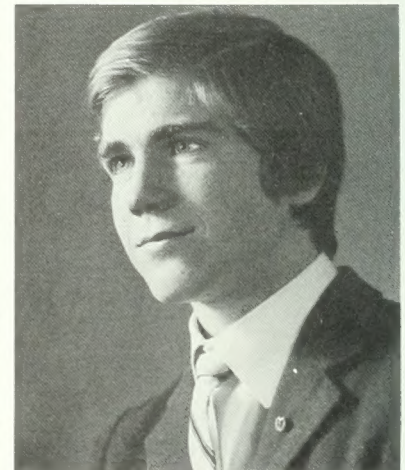
"Sorry out clarifying."

Activities: Head Prefect, Cadet Captain, President of Senior Debating, Scholar, Asst. Coach U15 Rugger, Curling Skip, "Sarnia" First Soccer Supporter, Macpherson 1st Clan Colours, Clarifying, Playing the game right, Vegging, Laughing at Jim.

Being a somewhat close friend to this little but mighty Irishman, I have won the opportunity of spouting a few words about him.

He, as you well know, was our illustrious Head Prefect. This entitled him to such privileges as reading first in chapel (a function that is waited upon anxiously by all Upper and Lower Six), saying grace in as many languages as one may understand, and last but not least this highly regarded position enabled him to receive invitations to wild and chic parties held by such lavish institutions as Branksome Hall and Havergal College.

He was chosen for Head Prefect by you the populace, and I may stand alone, but I feel he did a terrific job. Stand up and take a bow, Mr. Pickard.



Valedictory

In my years here I have listened to many different valedictories given by Head Prefects and members of the Upper Sixth. Each one of them has told the students where they went wrong and how they could improve the school. Each year I watched this information go in one ear and out the other. For that reason this valedictory will contain no advice. Instead it will point out some of the features which, I believe, have made this school a great school.

What is a great school? A great school is a school which helps prepares a student to become a good citizen and to become involved in the community.

A most important thing for a community to have is spirit. In other words to have people who care about the community. Five years ago the school was bussed down to TCS to watch the First Football team play. The team lost miserably but the school supporters by surprise and outcheered them 10 to 1. Their cheerleader came over and actually asked us to keep it down so that they could start to cheer. To me that was the high point of our spirit. Since then we have supported the First teams fairly well but certainly not with the same enthusiasm. This year I saw the old spirit returning but in a different form. No longer did the school support just the First teams, it supported the other teams as well. House spirit has also improved considerably this year. We've had a good sports day; we've had good house league competition on the fields, on the broomball courts and on the second floor of the Upper School houses where many people are ready to defend their houses. These are all things which we graduates will miss next year.

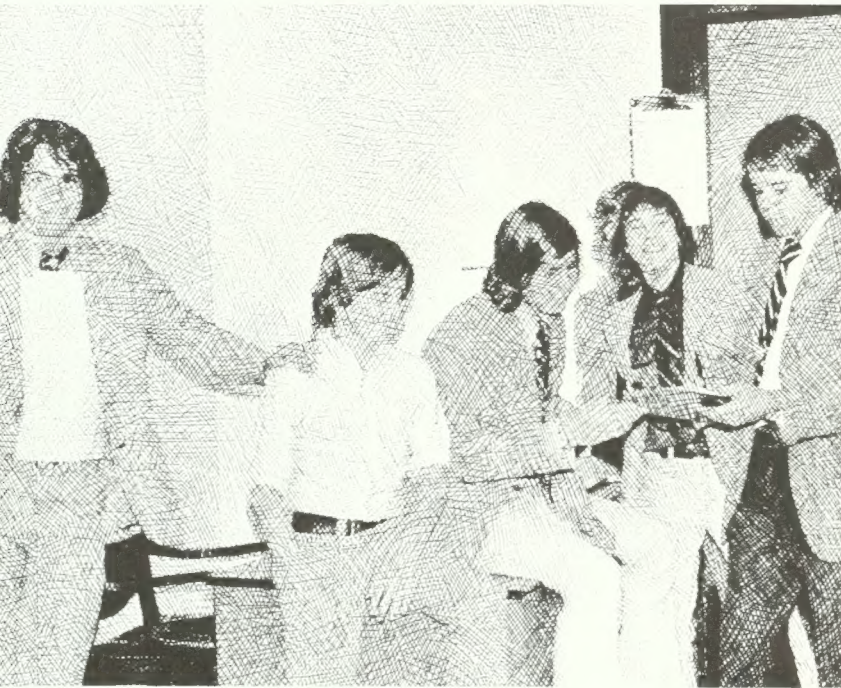
Another sign of a good community is one in which people are willing to be responsible and to accept responsibility. I don't think that anyone or anything can teach a person responsibility. All a school can do is offer positions where some responsibility is required. If a person does not want to accept responsibility then no one can force it on him. This school offers many positions of varying responsibility and if a student is willing to accept responsibility then St. Andrew's can help him. But if he is not willing to accept while he is here, he will

probably never accept it. In supplying these positions St. Andrew's helps develop good citizens.

A very important part of a good community is understanding people. Here we have the opportunity to understand many different people. If a student has a problem it is very easy for him to approach a fellow student or a master. There are some people in this world who talk at you and some who talk with you. I believe that most of the people here talk with us and not at us. This is what I treasure most about St. Andrew's.

Most of us have enjoyed our years here. They are among the best we will ever have. Most of the Upper Sixth will miss school next year. We all thank the Headmaster and you, the masters and the students of St. Andrew's College, for making this year a good year for a great school.



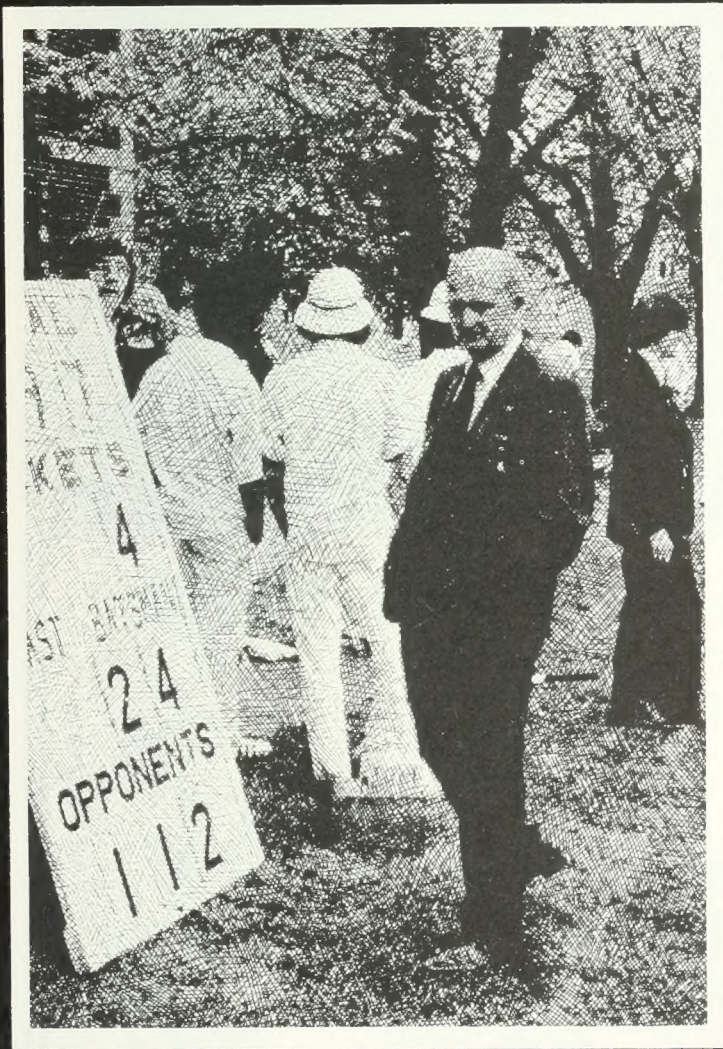


Long before the year 2000, the entire antiquated structure of degrees, majors and credits will be a shambles. No two students will move along exactly the same educational track. For the students now pressuring higher education to destandardize, to move toward super-industrial diversity, will win their battle.

The people of both past and present are still locked into relatively choiceless life ways. The people of the future, whose number increases daily, face not a choice but overchoice. For them there comes an explosive extension of freedom.

Future Shock — Alvin Toffler





COMMUNITY

CHANGE

It has been said that our greatest fear in this changing world is the fear of change itself.

But change is inevitable; people grow up and their ambitions and needs are altered with the passage of years.

If one is to be truly successful one must accept change as a positive step. It is possible to move with the times without compromising one's ideals.

At Canada Life, we know this to be true because, for 127 years, we have been consistently changing our life insurance products and services to meet changing needs. We have never dwelt in the past; indeed one could almost say that we do not dwell even in the present, for we always have one eye on the future.

We are continually conscious of change, because so are our policyholders.



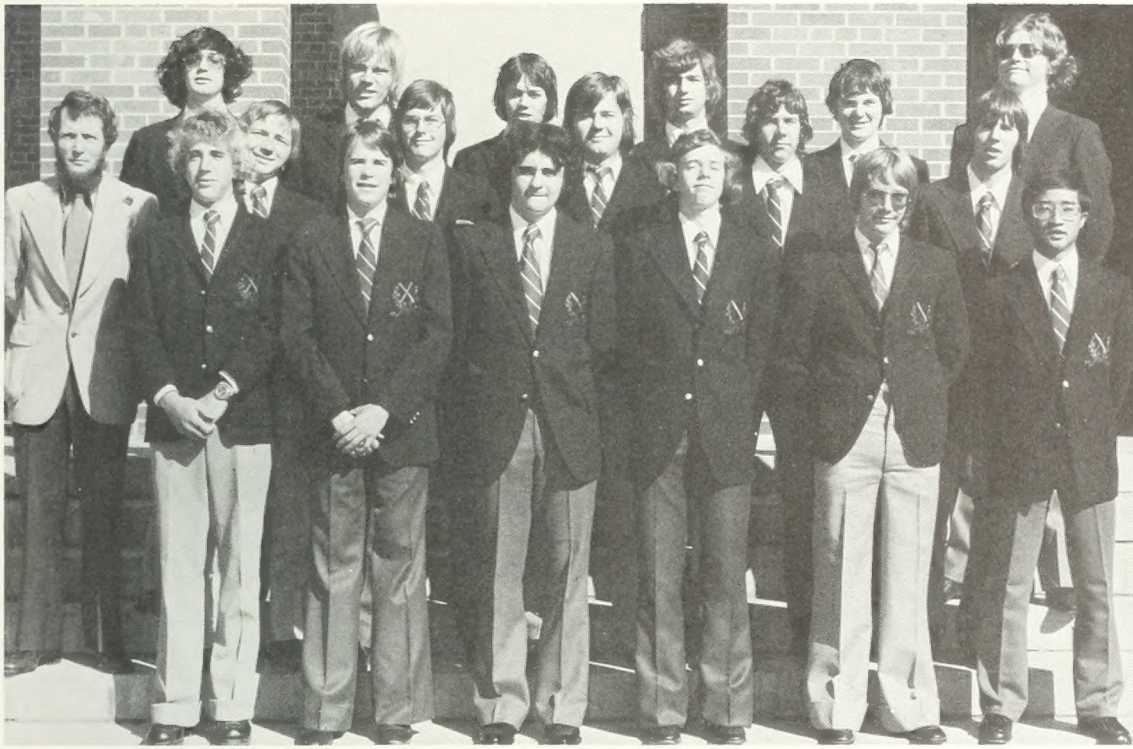
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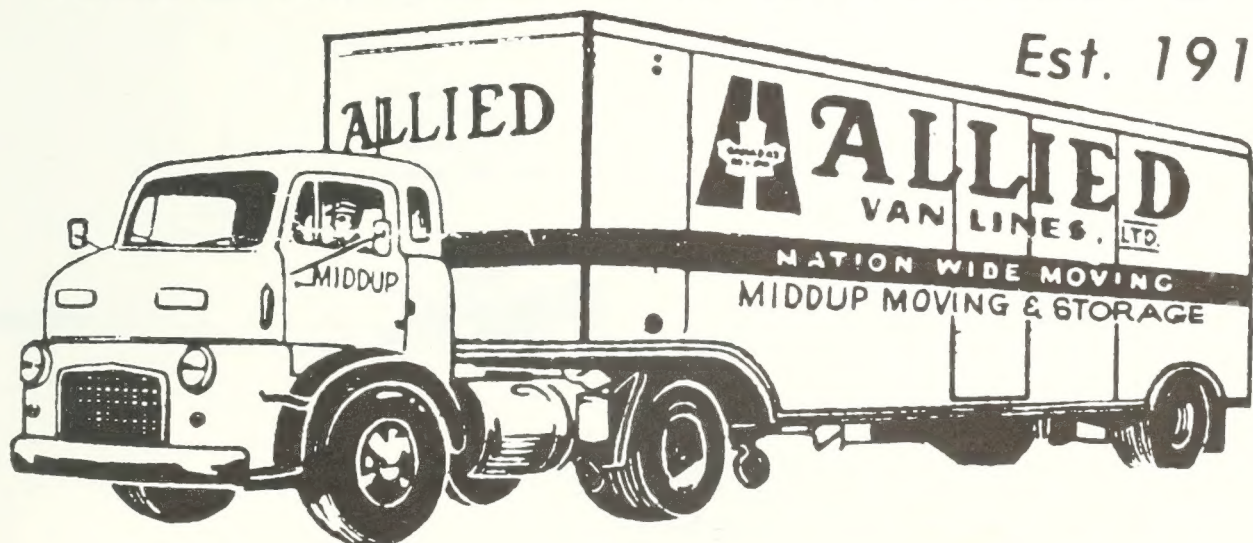
188 Perth Avenue, Toronto 169, 416/537-2615



**LOWER
SIX
A**

BACK: Mark Brooks, John Hughes, Randy Hawley, Dan Davis, Walter Allan, Don Hafliidson. MID-
DLE: Mr. Lewis Pitman, Dave Durant, Mike Crosbie, Basil Gerol, Barry Howson, George Lewis.
FRONT: Mike Carter, Pete Holmes, David Anjo, James Hepburn, Randy Doyle, Paul Cheung.

MIDDUP MOVING & STORAGE



LOCAL - LONG DISTANCE

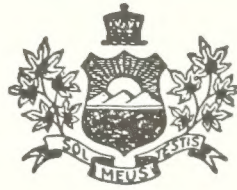
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William Trent
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Treasurer
William Johnson

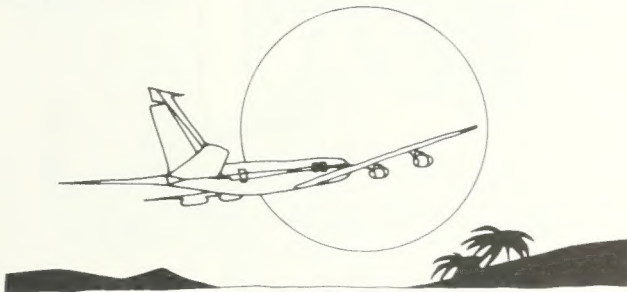
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AND PROUDLY
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LOWER SIX B

BACK: Dave Mollenhauer, Paul Nauta, Gord Macfarlane, Stew Murdoch, Dave Mitchell. **MIDDLE:** Greg Little, Rick Mann, Ted Kemp, Derek Mahabir. **FRONT:** Tim Keech, John Kerr, Andy Kilpatrick, Dan Hung, Doug Munn.

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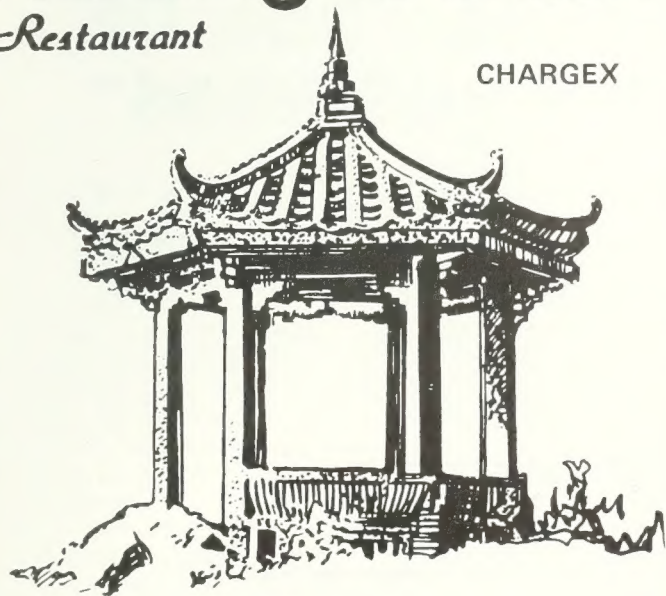


**LOWER
SIX
C**

BACK: Greg Nevison, Harvey Sasso, Clarke Smith, Jeff Tancock, Mike Omstead. MIDDLE: Don Rose, Mike Roman, Chris Yip, Dave Stubbs, Mr. Stan Macfarlane. FRONT: Mike Shillingford, Peter Roth, Tim Parnell, Don Slessor.

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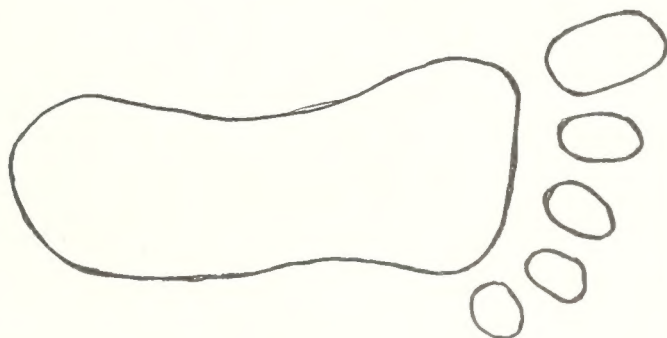
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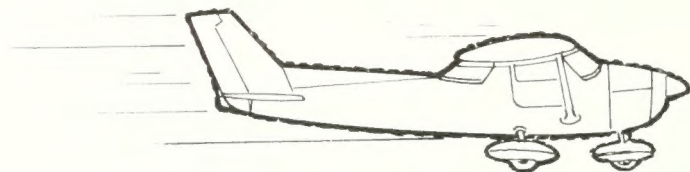
FORWARD

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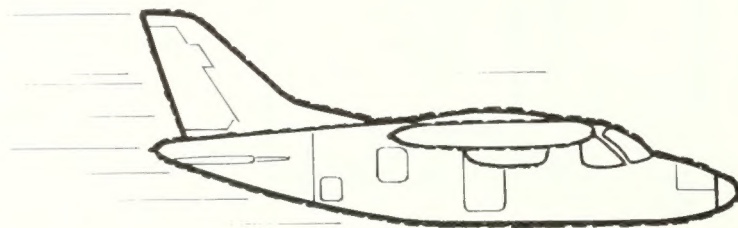
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FIVE

A

BACK: Don Delahey, Lee Devereaux, Ed Andrew. THIRD: Jamie Errington, Brian Evers, Mike Earle, Martin Henderson, Mark Ebenhardt. SECOND: Michael Chung, Neil Hendrickson, John Garay, Charlie Fisher, Paul Grassby. FRONT: John Gray, Alexy Boggian, Dave Buick, Chris Harrison, Dave Edminson.

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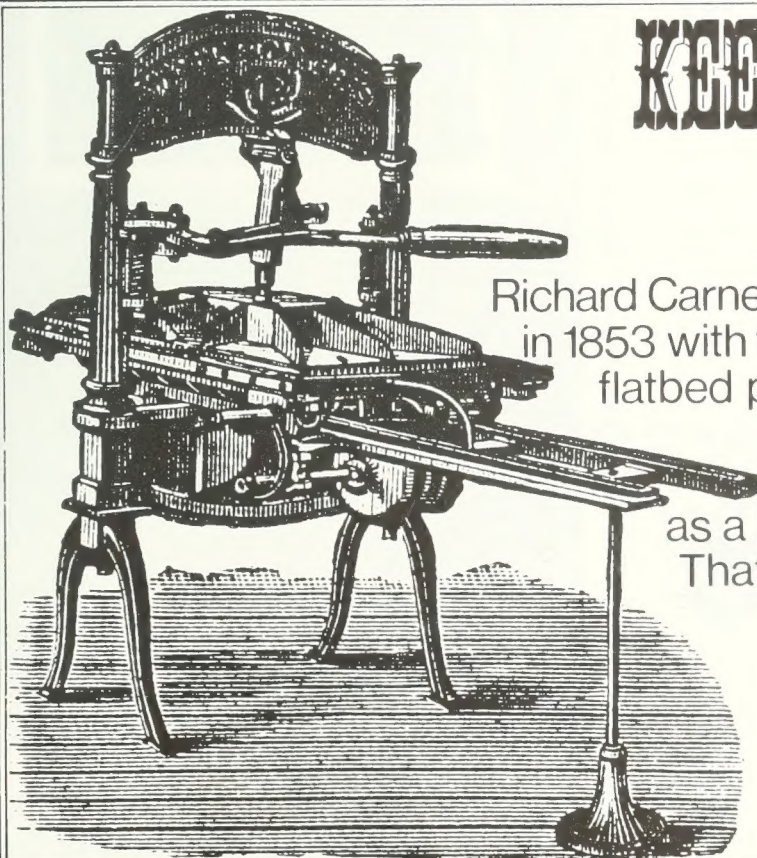
LEO WEILINGER

884-4288



FIVE B

BACK: Roland Nimo, Gary Lawrence, Greg Miklas, John Molner, Jim Luke. MIDDLE: John Garay, Judd Kennedy, Iain MacQuarrie, Peter Jalkotzy, Peter Hunziker, Eric Jolliffe, Kurt Marechaux, Angelo Minichiello, Alberto Ortiz de la Pena, Bobby Ma, Mr. Ian Bowell, Rob Kitchen. FRONT: Bob Jamieson, Hannes Marechaux, Len Lister, Bob Lassaline, York Pei.

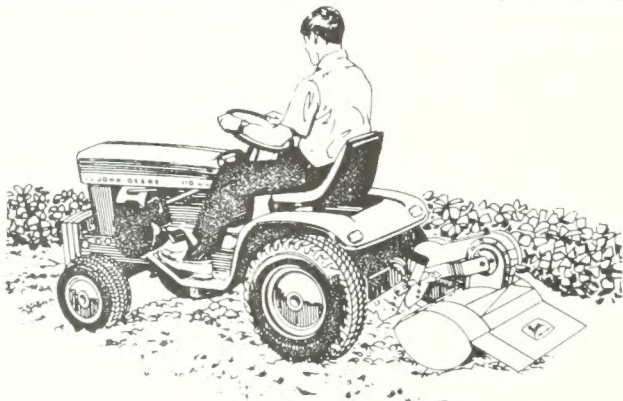


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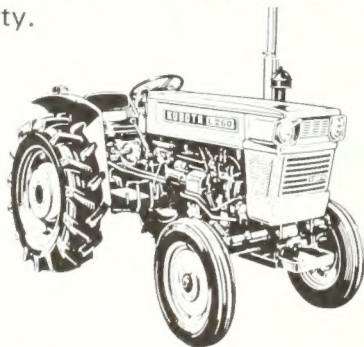
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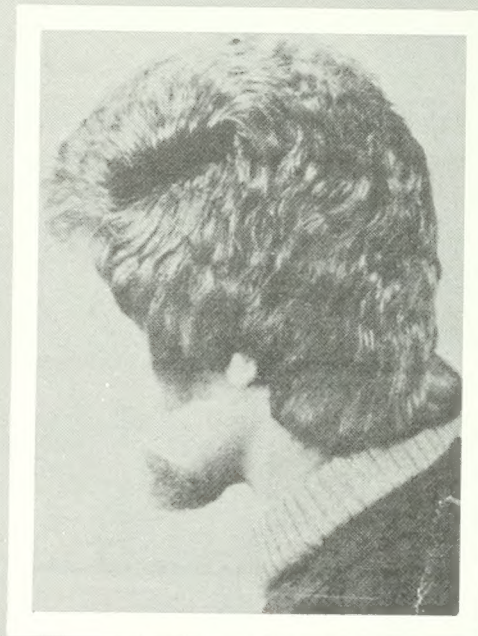
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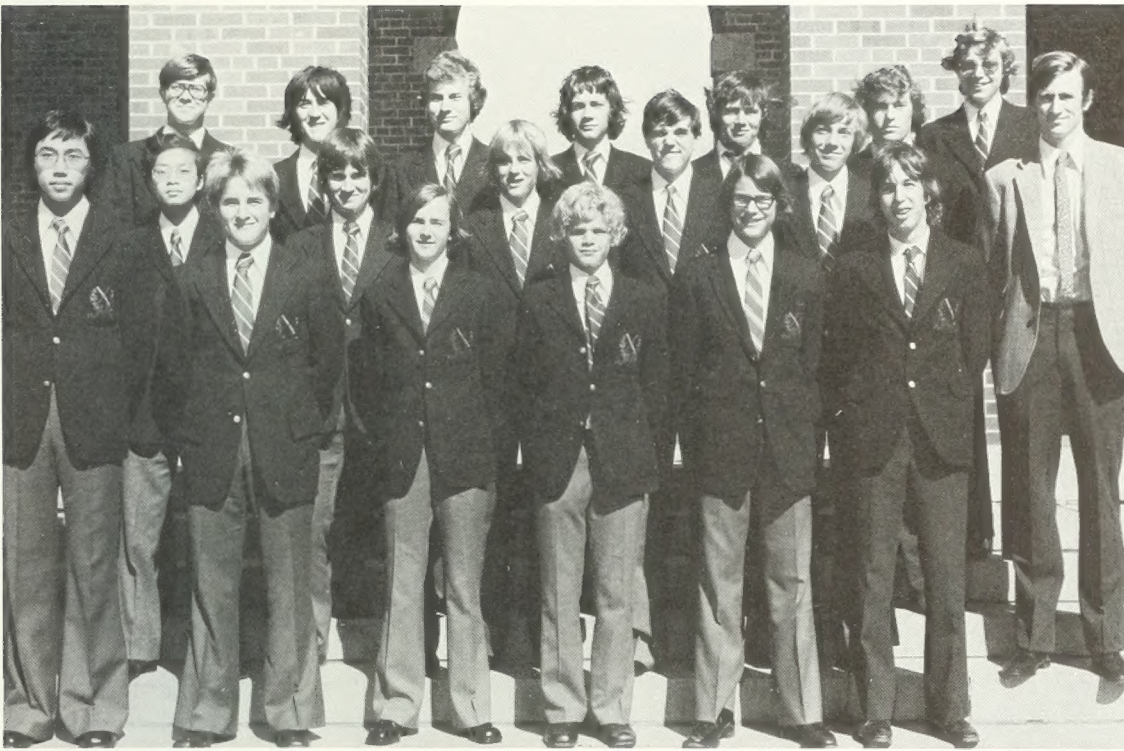
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FIVE C

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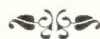
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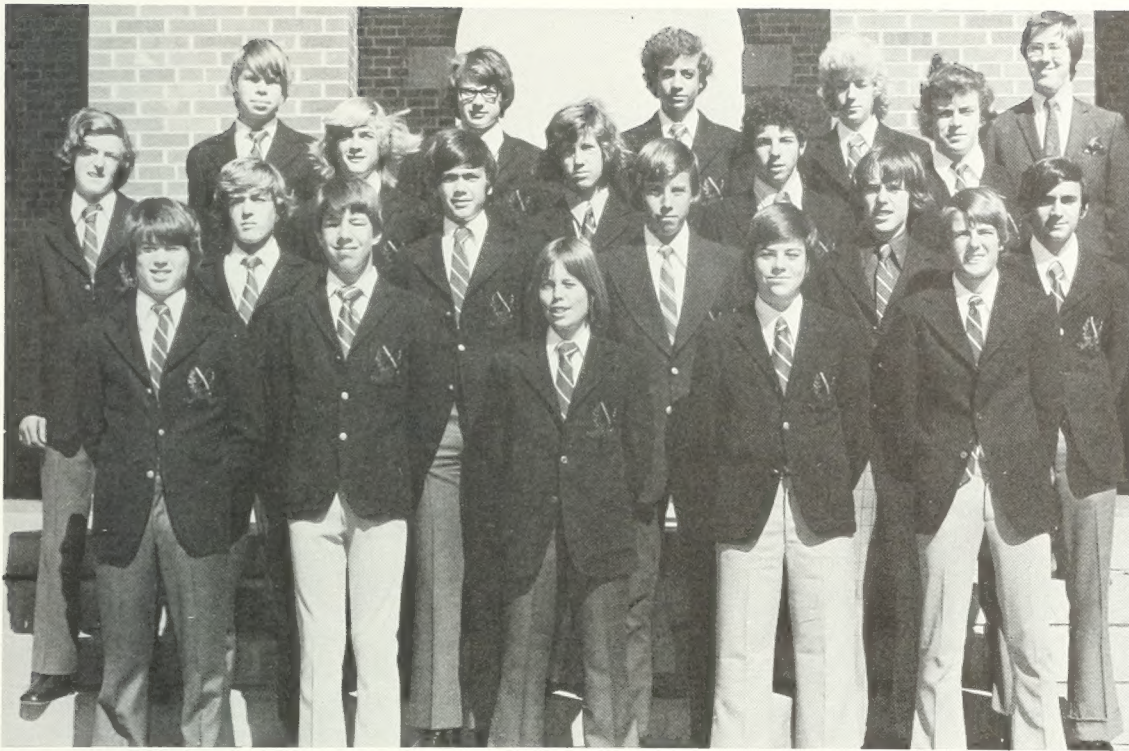
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AURORA, ONT.



FOUR A

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The Bookstore on wheels is the big attraction of the early weeks of each term. Roughly 1000 books are purchased in two days by 18 English classes or 320 students. Whether the books are ever read is impossible to determine, but at least 16 English periods are whiled away as purchase time. The winter term's big seller was the French - English Dictionary, bought by those French scholars who "ne compends pas". "The Exorcist" ranked high too, but the all time big seller was the "Little Red School Book" of two years back. It is unfortunately unavailable now. Anyway, for two days the Bookmobile has S.A.C. students crammed between its 8000 books of over 2000 different titles. And as someone smirked, when you smile in there you smile upwards, not sideways. The Bookmobile has been coming to St. Andrew's for ten years and for the past eight it has been taken care of completely by Mr. Bland. The books are selected by word of mouth as to what's popular or by recommendation. For the information of those parents who are discovering a rather hefty book bill; yes, there is a library.*

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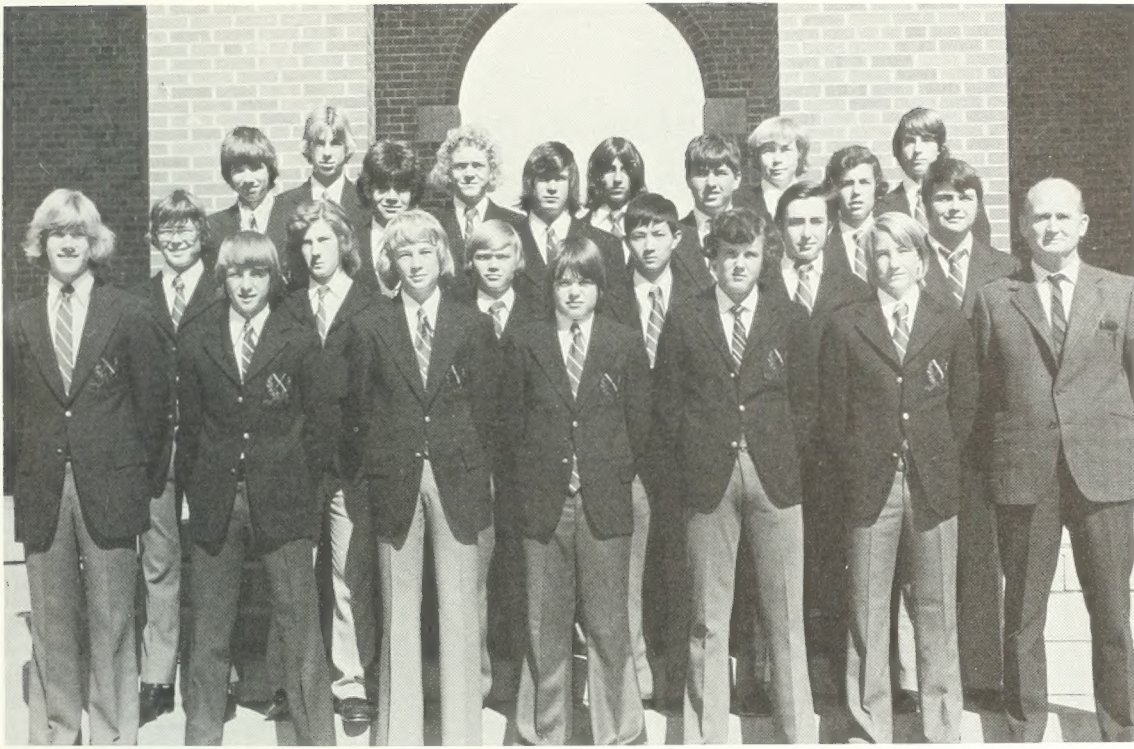
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FOUR B

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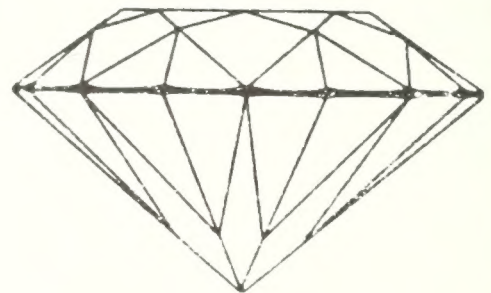
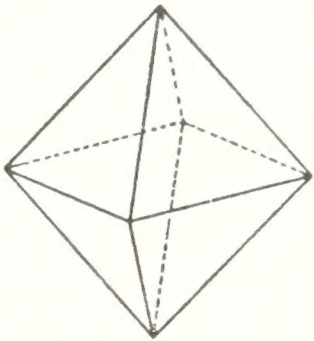
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FOUR C

BACK: Rob Sadler, Grant Overton, King Howell, Trevor Cargill, Greg Clark, Andy Cook. MIDDLE: Philip Chung, Richard Powell, Henry Shaw, Jeff Macmillan, Russel Kastner, Myles Pritchard, Stephen Williams, Tom Ackerman, John Mierins, Mr. Lou Little. FRONT: Pete Makinson, James Ukos, Henry Peyer, Andrew Munn, Stuart Cove.

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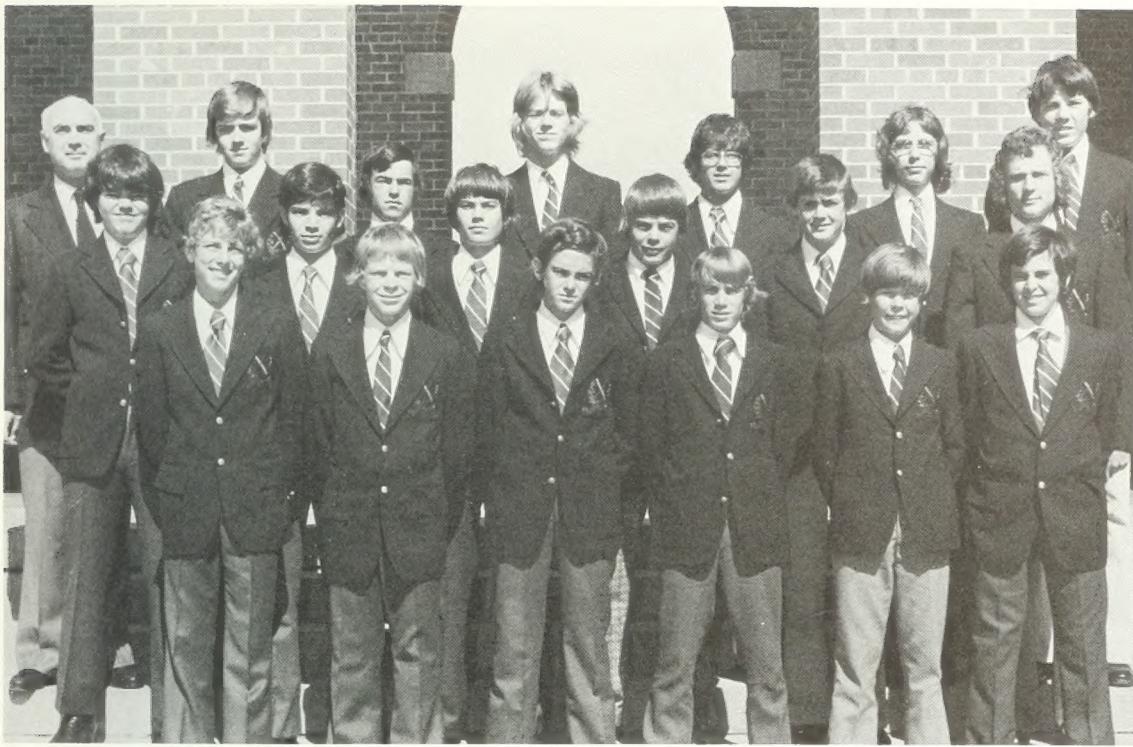
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THREE

A

BACK: Mr. Bob Meagher, Peter Cox, Mike Elder, Doug Bush, Daryl Melnyk, Stephen Braybrook, Andrew Foss. MIDDLE: Ian Caresen, Louis de Premio Real, James Britnell, Dave Calverley, Harry Allard, Peter Dalton. FRONT: David McLean, David Dick, Richard Gore, Rob Dennys, Peter Allen, Chris Bicknell.

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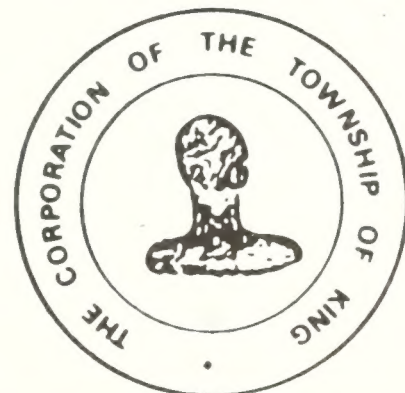


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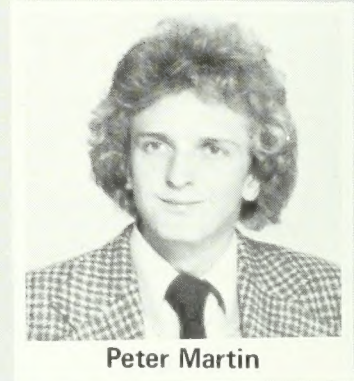
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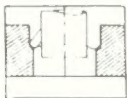
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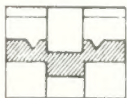
DRILLING & BORING



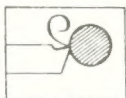
INSPECTION



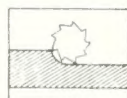
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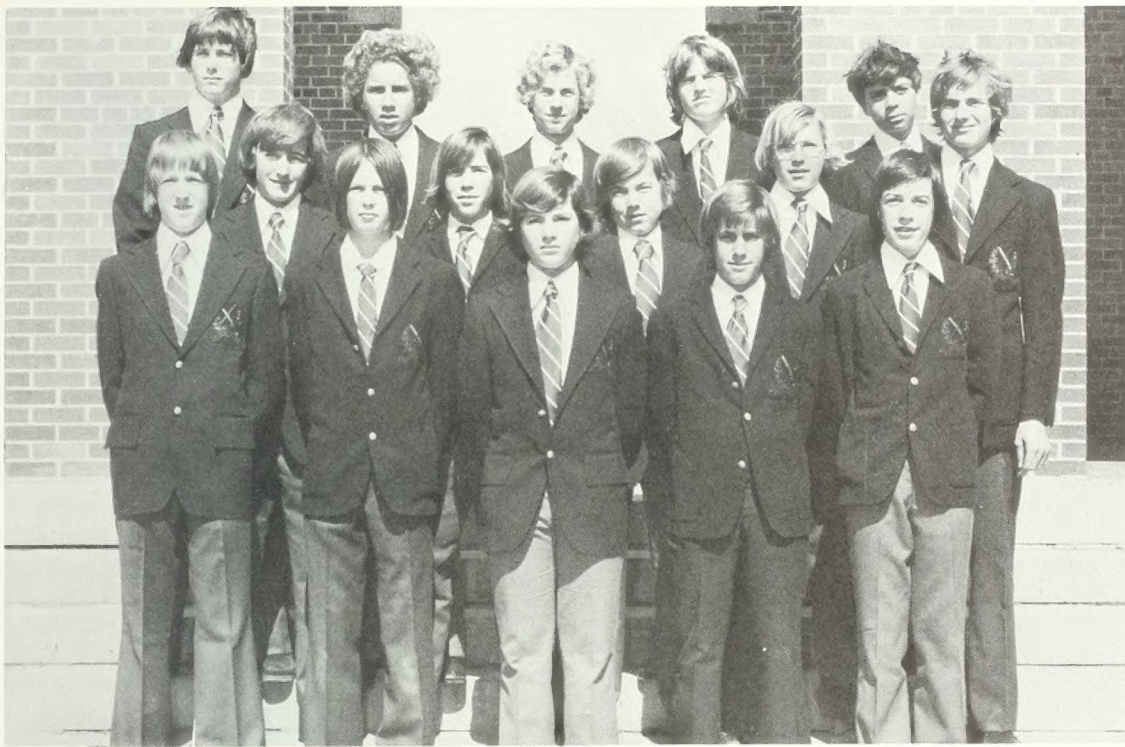
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THREE

B

BACK: Brian Hayes, David Mair, Sandy Hale, John MacKenzie, Carlos Creel. MIDDLE: Robert Hargrave, John Kitchen, John Jacobi, James Hanna, Eric Hart. FRONT: Bruce Mason, Chris Lake, Conrado Marin, Gary de Leon, Pete Cathers.



THREE

C

BACK: Robert McMechan, Ted Smith, Mike Searles, Scott Willoughby, Bruce Watford, Brian Miklas, Timothy Vernon. MIDDLE: Tony Lui, Phillip Henderson, David Kerr, Robert Pratt, David Mosley, Mr. Arthur Van Winckle. FRONT: Geoffrey Jones, Walter Stirling, John Stewart, Steve Hiscox, Glen Levers, Dan Peyer, Don Richardson.

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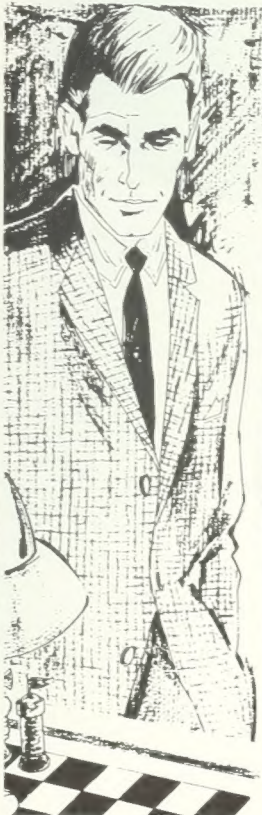
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UPPER TWO A

BACK: Mike Sifton, John Bailey, Ken Maynard, Neil O'Hara, Chris Webb, Mr. David Whitehead.
MIDDLE: John Pitts, Paul Bedard, Art Ruttan, Graham Hatt, Agustin Legorreta, Andrew Beckwith.
FRONT: Morgan Carpenter, Jim Mills, Scott Mortimer, John Mortimer, Ron Mitchell.



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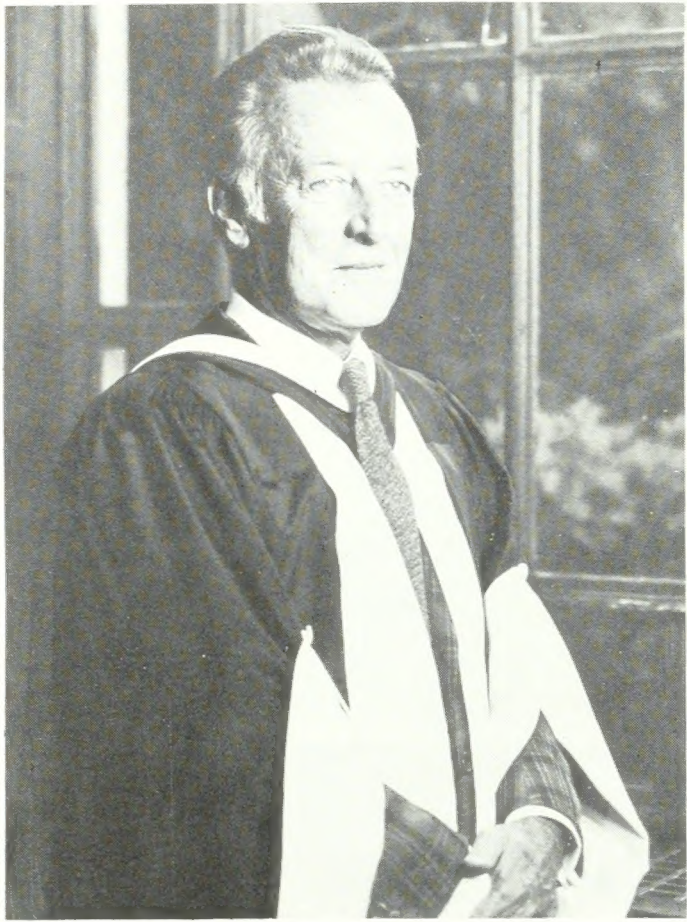
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EATON'S



UPPER TWO

BACK: Geoffrey Scott, Mark Hallands, Matt & Mark Waters, Scott Philips, Tom Traganitis, Robert Angus, Chris Hatashita. MIDDLE: Scott Hayes, Andrew Fleming, Stewart Dingwall, Tom Palmer. FRONT: Sid Karalis, Peter Rigoletti, Dwight Slessor, Mark Gossman, Stephen Young.

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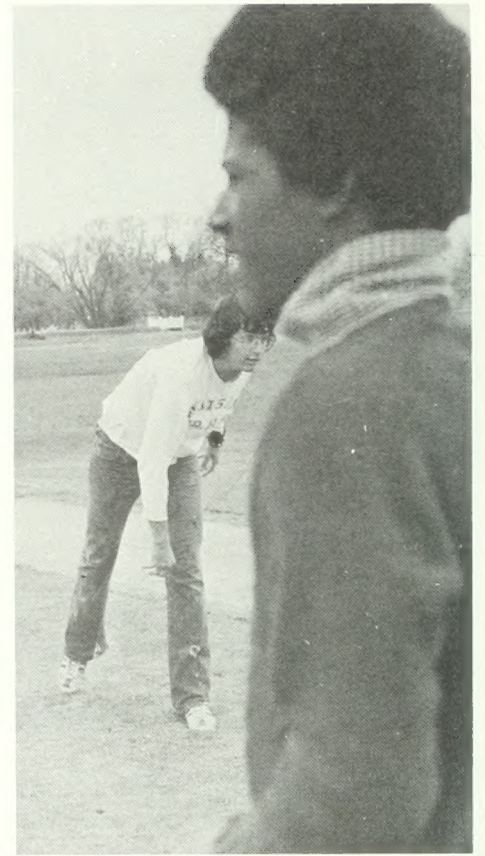
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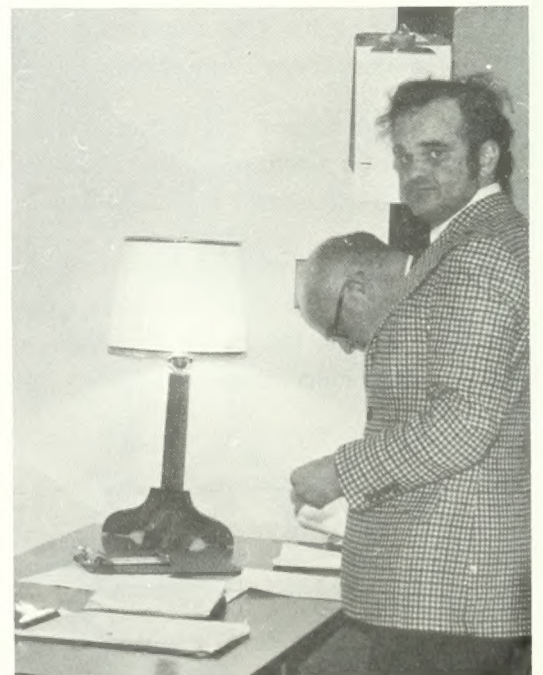
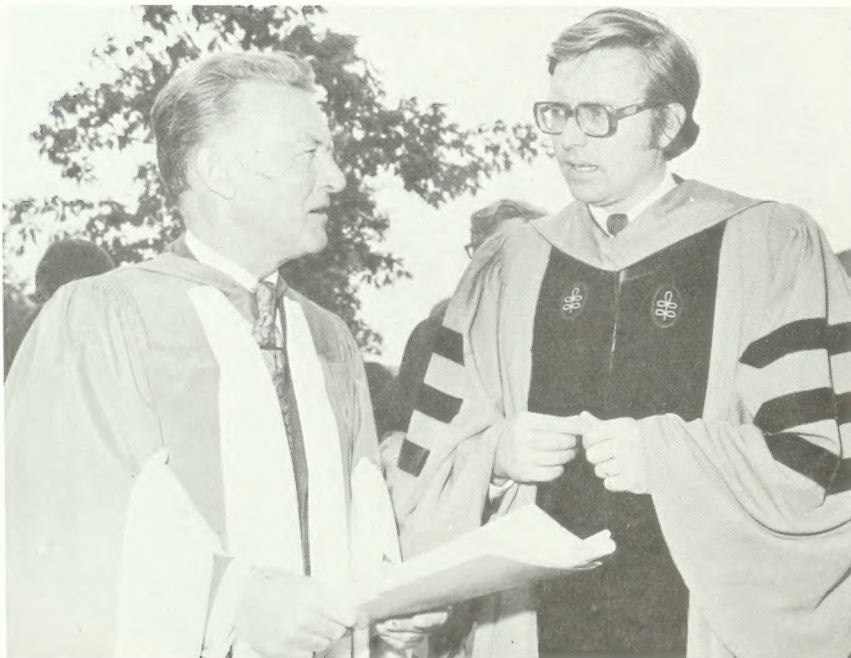
Pink yellow blossom
Moving gently in the wind
Like a shooting star.

Craig Kinch
(Grade 7)



A girl screamed
At the sight of a spider
Rain came later.

Doug McClintock
(Grade 7)



Two Heads are better than two heads



LOWER TWO B

BACK: Craig Kinch, John Nassar, Bill Vail, Doug McClintock, Chris McGraw, Geoffrey Hall. MID-
DLE: Mr. Bob Jones, John Palmer, Andrew Francis, Ralf Meilinger, Paul Tennyson, Bill Cathers,
Barry McKinney. FRONT: Andy Kerr, Andy Levers, John Cadogan, Brett Cole, Scott Cole, Paul
Miklas.

Valete

MR. GEORGE BATES is the all-round man in this age of specialists. With qualifications in English, History and Theology, in his two years at SAC he has concentrated on Instrumental Music and Physical Education, helping coach the footballers. As a fireman he has kept the Flavelle library warm, and rushed off to fight local flames. 'The Banner' gave him a full-page spread last year as one of Aurora's prominent citizens. He is an outdoor man of genuine friendliness, always ready to give his spare time to help others. We shall remember riding on his famous bus to blood-donor clinics and pop concerts in Toronto. He has led the Grade Sevens on two wet camping weekends, proving their expertise; 'Any fool can camp in fine weather,' said Baden-Powell. We wish George all the best.

MR. LOU LITTLE has made friends with boys and masters alike in his short stay at SAC. He has taught English, History and Geography with intensity and sensitivity, testing the validity of marks as symbols. He has also coached hockey with enthusiasm and skill. May success go with him and his wife to London.

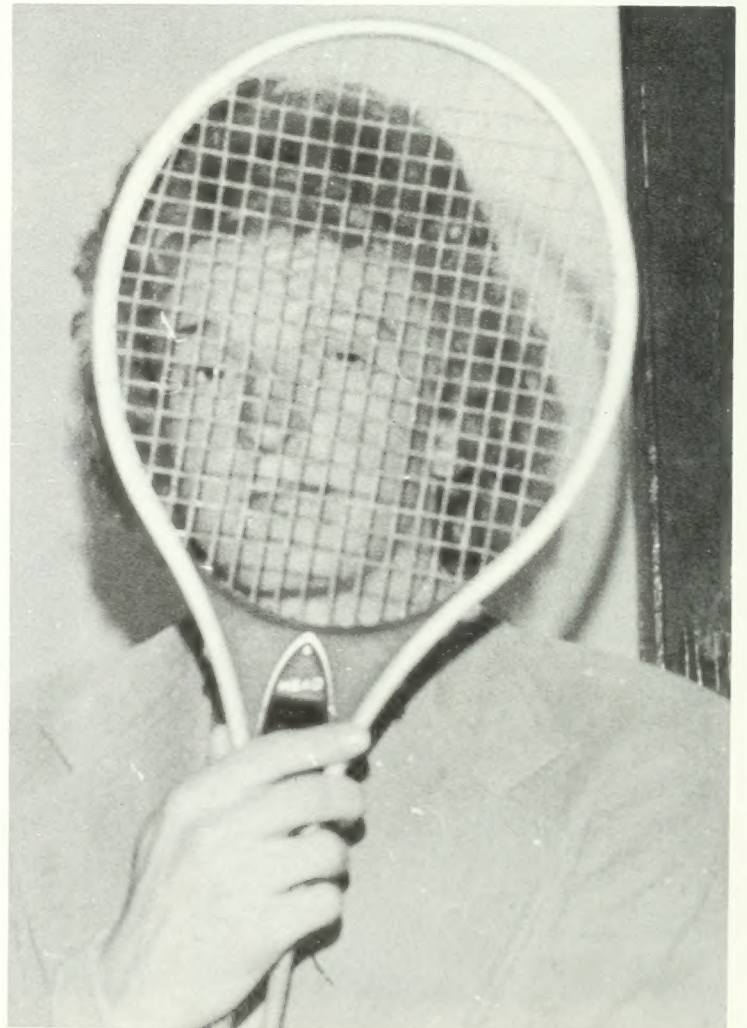


MISS IRENE McISAAC has been a cheerful presence in the infirmary these seven years, upholding the 'two-pinks-and-a-white' tradition. She possesses the two qualities necessary for a school nurse, firmness and sympathy. Good luck to her and her fiancé in that metropolis up north next year.

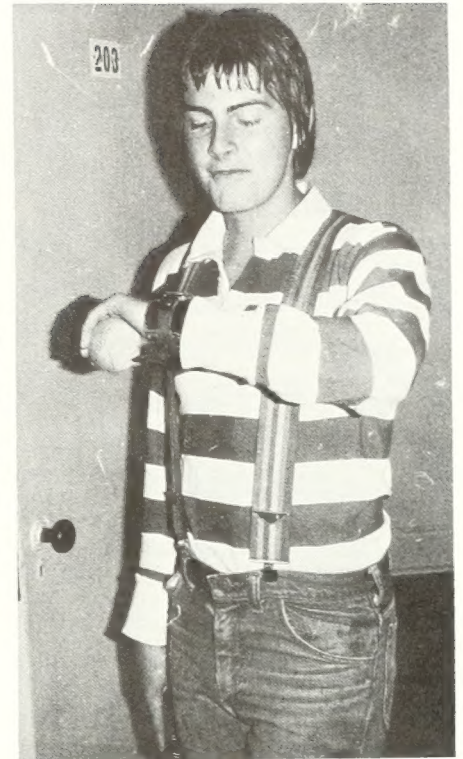
Tents have been folded by some Grade Twelves who have earned the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal on the SAC battlefield. Mike Carter of the cheerful countenance goes to join the Great Train Robbers in Rio. Big John Hughes heads for Lausanne — is it for girls or golf? Likewise David Mollenhauer. And more brainpower leaves with Mike Shillingford into the working world. Fourth House will miss its Durant-Holmes-Kemp triumvirate after four years of, mainly, undetected industry. Whilst Tim Parnell sets out on his quest with David Stubbs as his Sancho Panza (or vice versa). To these and to others who have joined heartily in SAC life, thanks and bon voyage!



BACK: Mr. David Timms, Matt Shinkle, John Stroud, Harvey Sasso.
FRONT: Mike Crosbie, Clyde Urquhart, Frank Szarka, Andrew Eakins, Basil Gerol. ABSENT: Pete Roth, Pedro Martin, Mike Cutt, Alex Tang, King Howell.



REVIEW STAFF



In the past, the typical high school yearbook has been little more than an artless conglomeration of records, groups, teams, scores and mugs: an updated reprint of last year's issue. The **Review** has been no exception. But a good yearbook is not a flat, unimaginative history of the school year. It must be both factual and entertaining: the photography must have impact, the layout must have "variety, quality, consistency and control," and the copy must have sparkle. Of course, it must be also a financial success. In short, a yearbook must be a total journalistic endeavour.

For those of us who put the **Review** together, it's been a gruelling year. Yet, putting modesty aside, perhaps this is the best issue St. Andrew's has produced in decades! It was dedication and persevering, spirited teamwork that made it happen. There was a greater involvement of the student body and the masters this year, with dozens of people serving as typists, and as contributors of articles and artwork. So this **Review** is much more representative of the school as a whole rather than of only eleven or twelve people, as in some former years.

Mike Crosbie, our copy editor with no experience to back him up, shouldered a demanding responsibility very well. The written material in this year's **Review** is not only of much greater quantity, but it is superior in quality as well. Peter Roth and Pedro Martin spearheaded the most successful advertising campaign in our history, raising \$1,700, which was twice as much money as last year. Due to their efforts and the generosity of our patrons, we have been able to afford thirty extra pages and still keep Mr. Bennet, our bursar, smiling.

Yet the person to whom I must give the most credit for our success is our layout editor, Basil Gerol. He did much more than just layouts. He also wrote many of the best articles, and did a considerable amount of the dirty work as well, such as typing, chasing after people, etc. Without his contribution, the **Review** would have been an inferior publication, if indeed there would have been one at all. Being two uncompromising perfectionists, we frequently quarrelled over various trivia, twice almost to the point of physical violence. Yet putting this aside, I believe that it was his élan and ability to work independently which made the **Review** what it is.

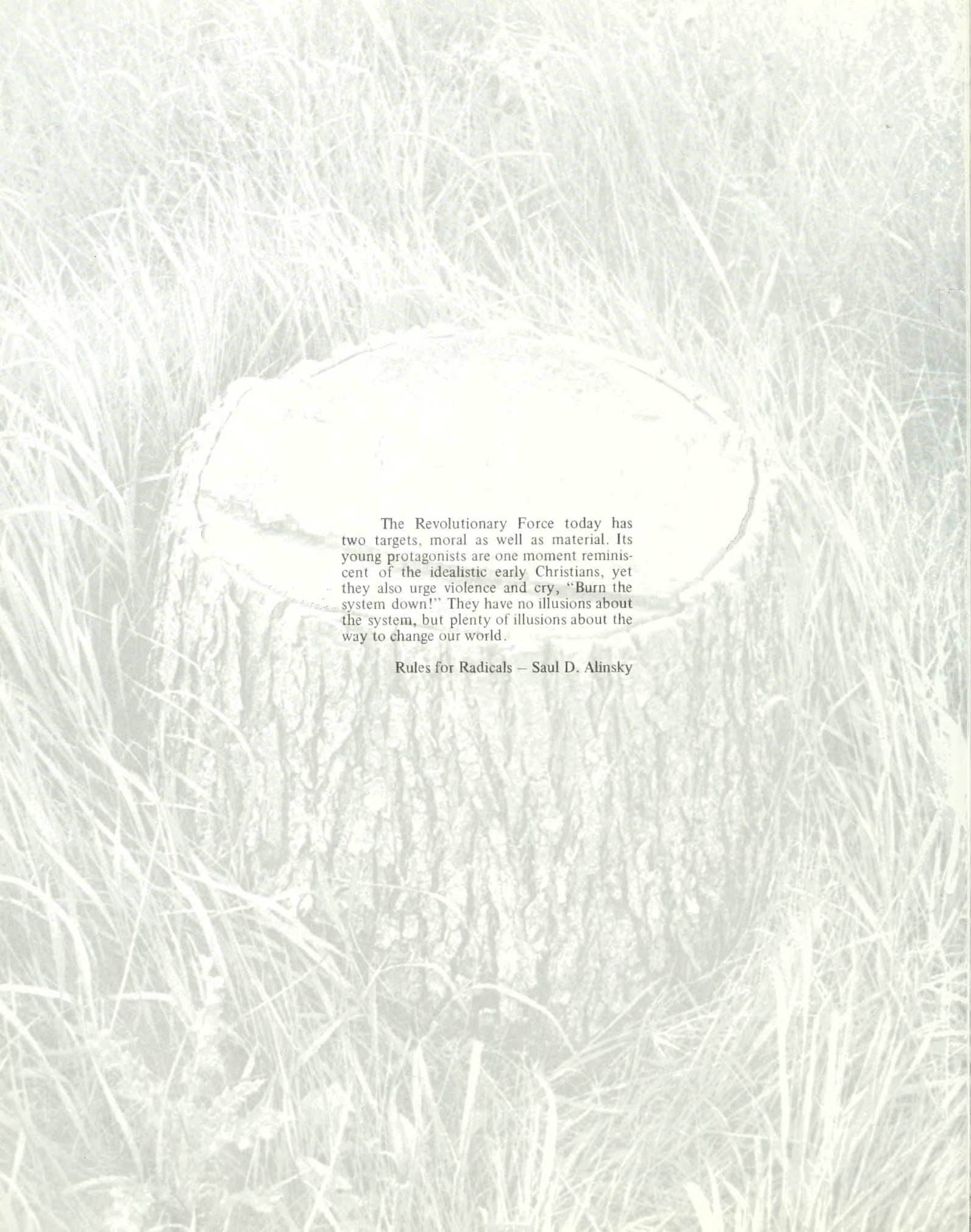
As for myself, I had my limitations. As Mr. Timms our advisor aptly put it, I "lack the power of persuasion," and this was a serious handicap. It seems that on many occasions I lacked a good deal of common sense as well. Consequently, I hope that next year's editor-in-chief is a wiser person than myself.

Frank Szarka

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Nevison, Gregory R.	c/o N.E.P.A. P.M.B. 17030 Lagos, Nigeria	Shek, William C.O.	103A Ma Tau Chung Rd., Bee Sing Mansion 6/F, Kowloon, Hong Kong 3-012359	Walters, C. Matthew Walters, Mark L.	544 Bellamy Road North Scarborough, Ontario 438-0480	Skinner, W.P.	99 Julia Court, Newmarket 895-1636
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O'Hara, Neil D.	96 Clearview Heights King City, Ontario 833-5349	Shinkle, Matthew L.	18 Rennie's Mill Road St. John's, Newfoundland 722-4841	Webb, Christopher P.	104 Wild Briar Way Willowdale, Ontario 491-5160	Stuart, D.	S.A.C. 727-4089
Omstead, Michael R.	P.O. Box 11, 279 Hillside Ave. Wheatley, Ontario 519-825-4253	Sifton, Clifford M. Sifton, Michael G.	R.R. #1, Gormley, Ontario 297-1709	Weflinger, Gary C.	153 George Street Aurora, Ontario 727-2877	Stuart, P.L.	1017 Srigley St., Newmarket 895-1624
Omstead, John E.	P.O. Box 54, Lynn Drive Wheatley, Ontario 519-825-4584			Whitehead, Sean K. O'N.	Apt. 908, Robinson Place, 33 Robinson St., Hamilton, Ont. 527-5419	Trimms, D.	S.A.C. 727-4062
						Van Winckle, G.A.	S.A.C. 727-3004
						Whitehead, D.G.	S.A.C. 727-2138

A large, light-colored, irregularly shaped rock or stone lies in the center of a field of tall, dry grass. The rock is roughly oval-shaped with some cracks and a weathered texture. The grass is dense and fills the entire background, creating a textured, natural setting. The lighting is soft, suggesting an overcast day or a shaded area.

The Revolutionary Force today has two targets, moral as well as material. Its young protagonists are one moment reminiscent of the idealistic early Christians, yet they also urge violence and cry, "Burn the system down!" They have no illusions about the system, but plenty of illusions about the way to change our world.

Rules for Radicals – Saul D. Alinsky



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