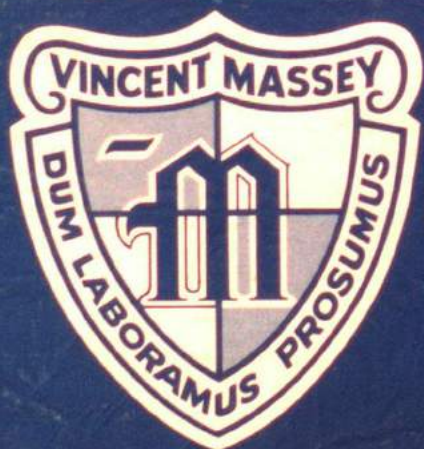




PEGASUS

1965

VOLUME V

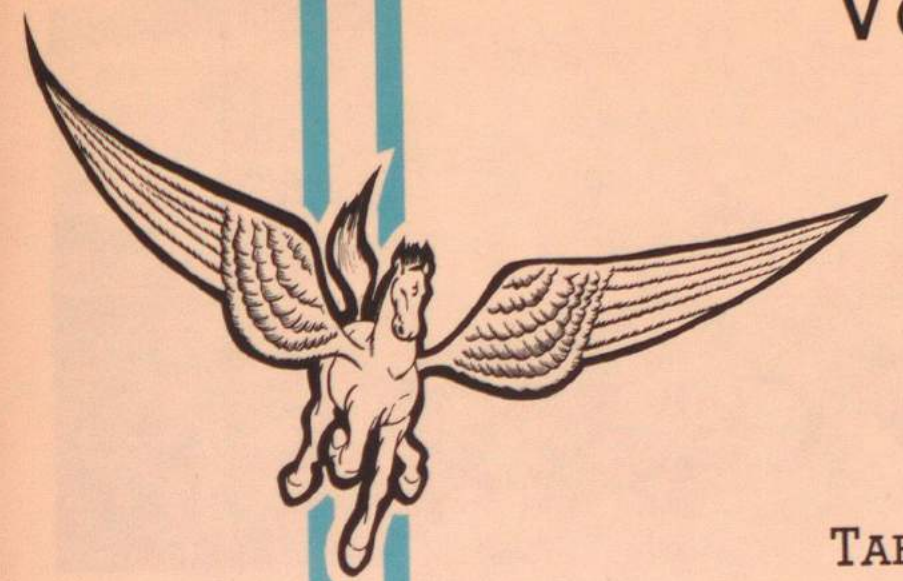


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VINCENT MASSEY
COLLEGIATE
WINDSOR, ONTARIO

PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

Our Pegasus is designed to record the events of our 1964-1965 school year and to rekindle many of the highlights of the year so, as the years go by, you will find the pages humorous, and interesting and may even bring about nostalgia.

The Massey Collegiate population continues to expand but without the necessary facilities to absorb this expansion. We will be required to operate one more year on the same system of an extended day as the past school year. Expansion plans are well advanced for a large addition to the present school to include, besides the Arts and Science Branches, the Business and Commerce Branch and the Science Technology and Trades Branch. In September, 1966 all students in the Sandwich West area will be permitted to attend Vincent Massey, thus avoiding the inconvenience of travel to Windsor to obtain their higher education. When the student body returns to school in September, 1965, construction of the new facilities will be underway which will enable us to considerably expand the educational opportunities of the individual to meet his interests and desires. The citizens of



Sandwich West deserve particular commendation in supplying the needs of all the students in the area, not just those desiring the Arts and Science Programme. In this era it behoves society to give the young people of this area every opportunity to develop a skill in which they can be secure in employment and take their rightful place in society as a well equipped citizen able to meet today's needs. The citizens of Sandwich West are prepared to do this for their young people.

Our V.M.C.I. Cadet Corps continues to generate considerable pride among the student body for their fine display of precision and steadiness. There are many facets to this corps which will permit many students to have new interests and hobbies with the signal corps, the cadet band, first aid, precision squad and officers and NCO's. The cadet corps is the one activity in the school in which every boy in Grades 9, 10 and 11 can participate in a school activity and receive the satisfaction that he has contributed to the welfare of this corps and at the same time feel the value of 'belonging' to the school.

The work of this year's student council deserves special commendation for the judicious manner in which they have exercised their responsibilities particularly when it was necessary to induct a new president — Linda Hillis — after Christmas.

To the editor of the Pegasus for his undaunted effort to maintain the high standard of this year book and for the difficult task of co-ordinating all the necessary committees — my sincere appreciation. To the many other students and staff who participated in no small way to its successful production — my sincere appreciation.

1965 is the first year Massey has graduated students who have been at Massey since its inception, for Massey received these students in September, 1960 on the opening of this Institution of higher learning.

To the students not returning to Massey, may I say we wish you well and it is our hope that you leave this school with goodwill toward the school and staff. Your successes shall be our reward — for most assuredly we shall share in them.

R. B. WHETSTONE



TEACHING STAFF — LANGUAGE, MUSIC, GUIDANCE

Third Row: Mr. J. Whelan, Mr. C. Davies, Mr. J. Fleming, Mr. N. Graham, Mr. G. McCullough, Mr. R. Fraser, Mr. L. Roberts, Mr. R. Sillick, Mr. D. Raper.
Second Row: Mrs. E. Hooker, Miss H. Murphy, Miss E. Mathews, Miss M. Bellmore, Miss L. Mitchell, Miss N. Harkness, Miss N. Moore, Miss C. Evans.
First Row: Mrs. L. Law, Miss C. Wilkinson, Miss N. Boyd, Miss E. Kennedy, Mrs. E. Brown, Miss A. Adams, Miss G. Garbutt.



TEACHING STAFF — MATH, SCIENCE, HISTORY, COMMERCIAL, HOME EC., SHOPS, PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Third Row: Mr. R. Ryan, Mr. N. Kocot, Mr. I. Crawford, Mr. M. Hudec, Mr. T. Henry, Mr. V. Motruk, Mr. E. Tamm, Mr. R. Gardner, Mr. D. MacEwan, Mr. W. Totten, Mr. D. Henry, Mr. R. Gault, Mr. W. Leonhardt.
Second Row: Mr. R. Edwards, Mr. H. Merkuloff, Mr. A. Bellaire, Mr. J. Master, Mr. M. Wass, Mr. R. Krol, Mr. M. Hendrick, Mr. R. Lanspeary, Mr. S. Blasko, Mr. P. Meagher, Mr. S. Soteros, Mr. Kesselring.
First Row: Mr. H. Ward, Miss C. Hartmann, Miss E. Dennis, Miss R. Stone, Miss M. McCrae, Mr. R. Whetstone.

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Students, Teachers and Principal

---OF---

Vincent Massey Collegiate Institute

Its Congratulations

---ON---

The Scholastic and Other Attainments
of the School Year 1964-65

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WARD V	D. W. Gray

Separate Schools:

H. J. Lassaline, M.A.
T. Meconi, B.A.

Vocational Schools:

L. F. Batterson
G. A. Lacy, B.A.Sc.

The Windsor Suburban District High School Board joins in congratulating those students from its area who are attending your school.

WINDSOR SCHOOLS EXCEL



MR. RUSSELL MORDEN

Everyone at Massey was saddened by the sudden passing of mathematics and science teacher, Mr. Russell Morden. Mr. Morden, who studied for his Bachelor of Arts and Science degree at the University of Toronto, joined the Massey staff when the school opened five years ago. He was involved in many extra-curricular projects, and enjoyed working with students, both during and after school.

Mr. Morden helped organize Massey's first Science Club. He was always ready to guide students as they discovered for themselves the meaning of education. He realized that learning only began in the classroom, and that it is a teacher's task to encourage pupils to develop other after-school interests.

Mr. Morden tackled the job of Pegasus' Business Manager with en-

thusiasm. Not content to sit commandingly behind a desk and order students about, he gave every personal assistance he could. He originated advertising sales "blitzes" — concentrated drives to sell yearbook ads in business sections of the city. Without his aid, our yearbook could never have prospered and grown as quickly as it has.

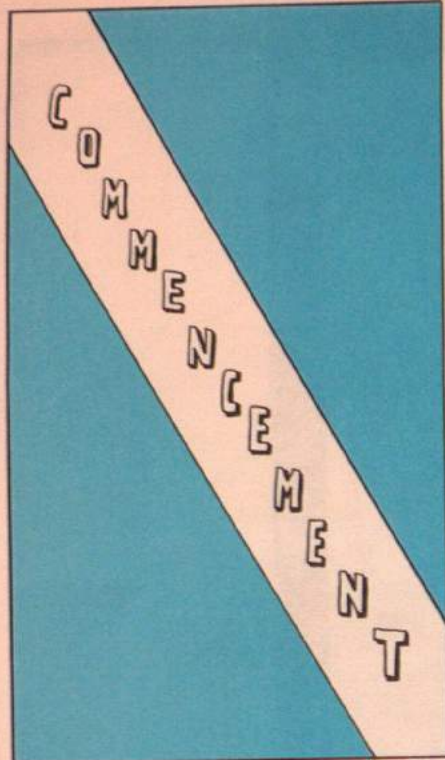
In 1962, a number of students expressed interest in a new and fast-growing sport—curling. Mr. Morden soon found himself coach of one of Massey's first Southwestern Ontario championship teams. This year he led the Curling Club to victory over all other Windsor schools.

But Mr. Morden was just as comfortable behind a chess board as he was on the curling rink. He valued the strategical training that chess gave

a student, and through his efforts the Chess Club gained in popularity. He arranged tournaments with other schools for the many chess enthusiasts at Massey.

Mr. Morden always looked for ways to encourage extra-curricular study. This year he formed Massey's first Mathematics Club. He arranged for mathematics lectures and demonstrations for students interested in this subject. Through his efforts, many pupils found new and exciting concepts to explore.

The students of Massey offer not only this page, but this entire yearbook as a memorial to Mr. Morden. We all miss him, and will always remember his many accomplishments and tireless efforts to help and guide his students.



The ceremony of conferring honours for scholastic achievement has been re-enacted for centuries, in many institutes of learning, and it always has a personal significance for those involved. On November 28th, the largest graduating class in Massey's four year history received their diplomas and pins in an impressive and beautiful ceremony.

Rev. A. Nolan of St. Gabriel's Church gave the invocation. Mr. Whetstone followed with the chairman's remarks. He emphasized the great potential of the 1965 Grade thirteen class, and urged every student to fulfil his possibilities. Greetings were brought from the Windsor Board of Education by Mr. K. C. Hortop and from the Suburban board by Mr. M. McLaughlin. Then Mr. Ward introduced the guest speaker of the evening, Dr. J. F. Leddy, President of the University of Windsor.

Dr. Leddy spoke of the failure of parents to make clear to their children their ambitions for them, and emphasized the need for communication in the home. His words helped to make the graduation ceremony unforgettable.

After his address, the graduates from Grade thirteen received their Honour Graduation Diplomas from Dr. T. C. White. Mr. J. Ord



Dr. J. F. Leddy, Jane White and Jim Dunlop.

presented the Secondary School Graduation Diplomas to those leaving Grade twelve.

James Dunlop spoke for the Graduates in his Valedictory address.

The Vincent Massey String Orchestra gave an enjoyable performance of Alceste March and the Swedish Rhapsody. The Orchestra, led by Miss Mathews, has been formed almost exclusively from the Instrumental Music classes at the school, and its skill is a tribute to Massey.

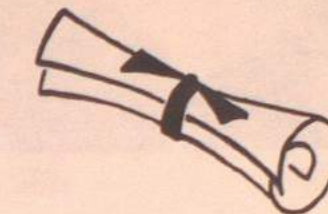
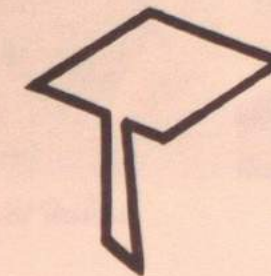
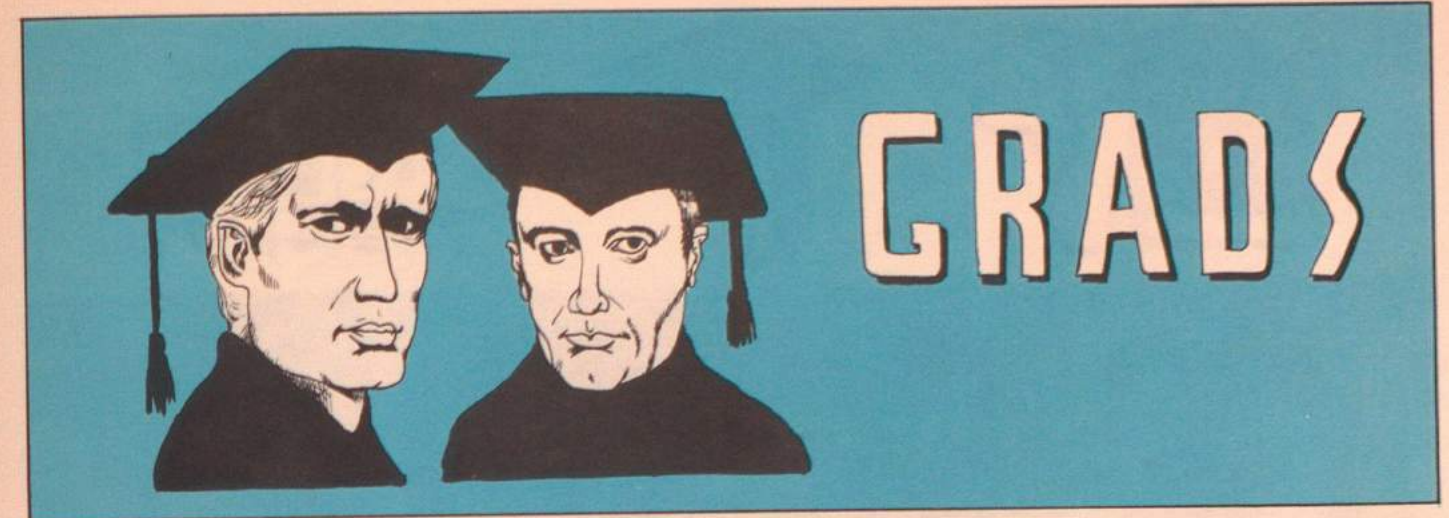
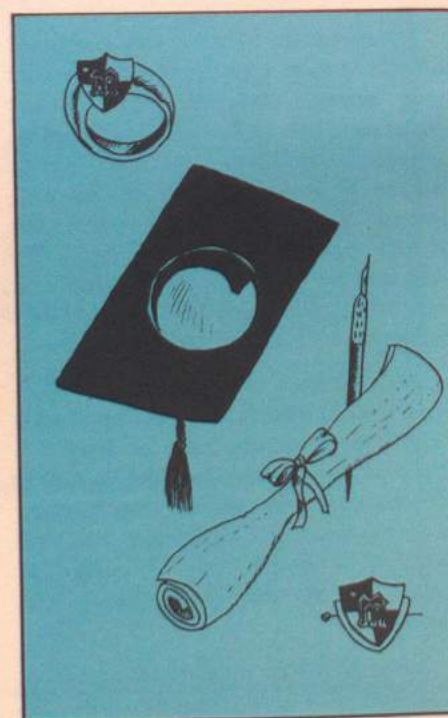
The winners of scholarships and bursaries were introduced by Mr. R. W. Bass. The awards themselves were presented by representatives of the sponsor organizations. Grade thirteen graduates won a potential of \$18,890 in scholarships and bursaries in 1964.

Three special awards were also presented: the R. W. Bass Award for Grade thirteen mathematics to Doug Fitzsimmons, the May Hambly awards for Latin to Jane White and Janice Bilton, and the Byron C. Henze award for highest academic proficiency in Grade twelve to Lynda Peck.

Mr. J. Judge presented the medals and prizes for scholastic achievement to honour students. These awards were given to the top student in

Grade thirteen, to the top student in each Grade thirteen class and to honour students who had maintained 75% for four years. The other academic awards were presented at an assembly later in the year.

The evening was followed by a reception in the cafeteria for graduates and their friends. For the students, for all those present, the evening was unique and unforgettable.



SUE BAILEY



RAYMOND BAILEY



LYDIA BALCIAR



CONNIE BALLANTINE



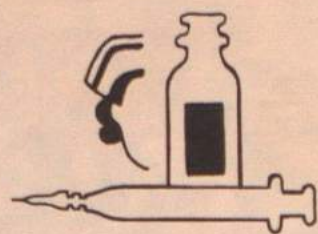
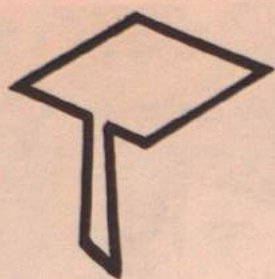
LONNI BARTOLOTTI



PENEL BASS



JANICE BEDNARICK



JOHN BENTLEY



DON BEVAN



RALPH BOOSE



MAUREEN BOYCE



JOANNE BROWN



JOANNE BURDON



GREG BURKE



SALLY COE



READ COLLACOTT



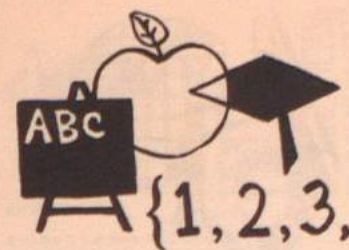
BARBARA DANZ



MARION DUQUETTE



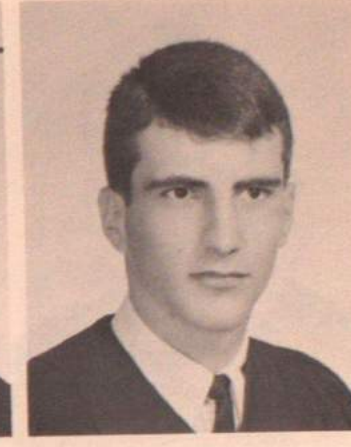
ALLAN FITZGERALD



DIANE FRY



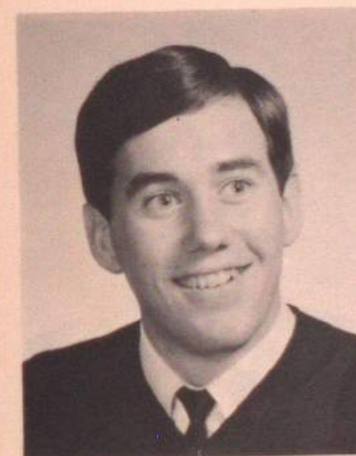
JIM GATRALL



JASON GIROUX



LYNN GROSSUTTI



KEN GRAY



PAUL HAMEL



MARTHA HEATH



TIM HERAGE



ROBERT HEYES



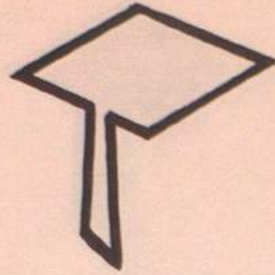
LINDA HILLIS



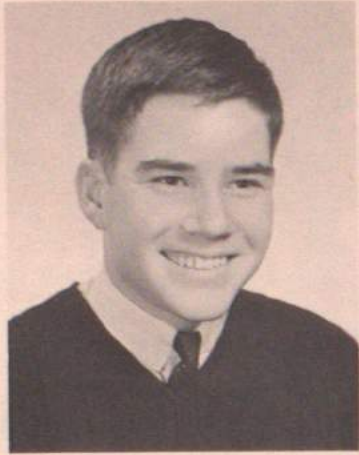
TRUDIE HITZEROTH



BILL HODGINS



BARRY HOLDEN



CARTER HOPPE



DOUG HORNE



JACK HURLEY



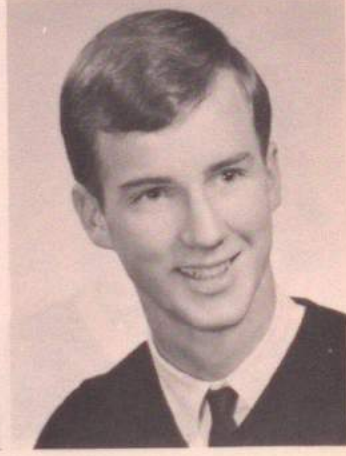
DAVE JACKSON



JIM JOHNSON



TERRY JOLLIFFE



KIM KELLY



OLE KRISTENSEN



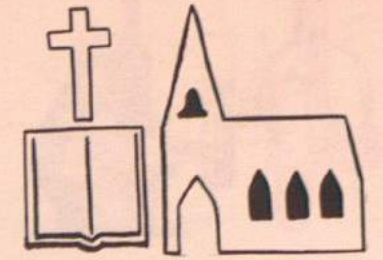
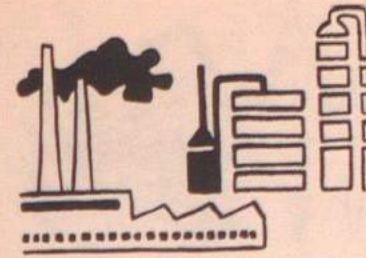
CARSON KROL



HEIDI KUNAU



LINDA LACEY



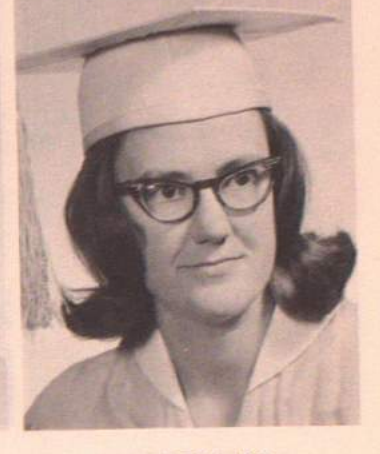
GEORGETTE LAROCHE



MAUREEN LENNON



BARB LOVEGROVE



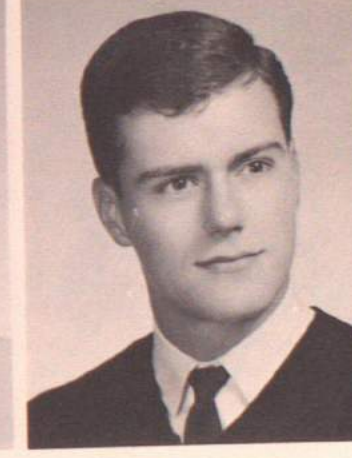
JANICE MacKIE



DOUG MARTIN



LINDA McARTHUR



JEFF McARTHUR



MARGARET McCALL



JUDY McCULLOCH



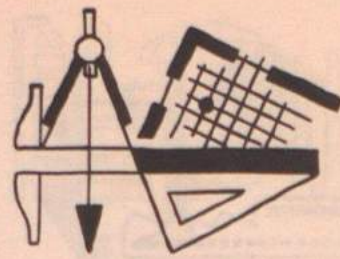
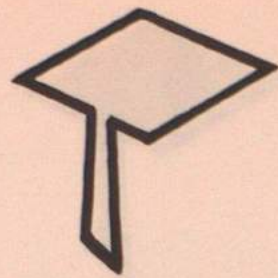
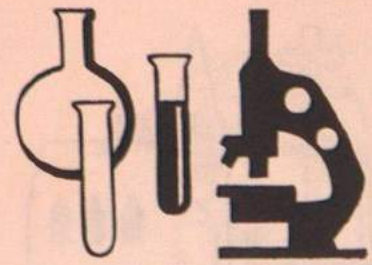
EILEEN McGHIE



ANNE McKENNA



BONNIE McPHAIL



BEV McRAE



GEORGE MERRETT



EVELYN NOWOTNY



CHRIS PALMER



BARBARA PARE



VICKI PARE



SANDY PATRICK



LYNDA PECK



JOHN PERRY



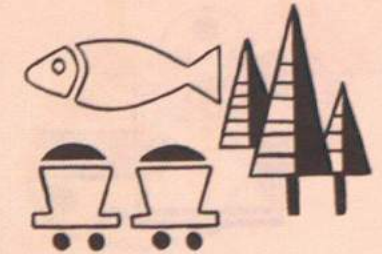
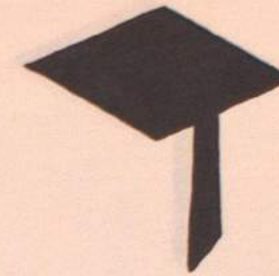
PAT POOLEY



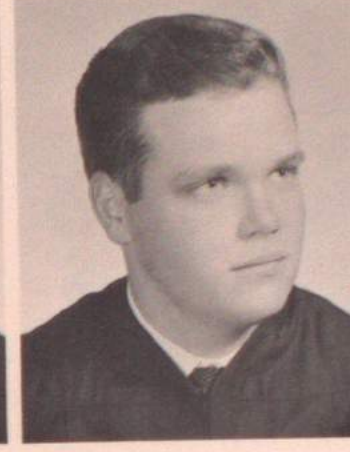
JOHN PURCELL



WAYNE RENAUD



RON RICHARDS



KEN RITZ



RICK ROLAND



COOKIE ROSENBERG



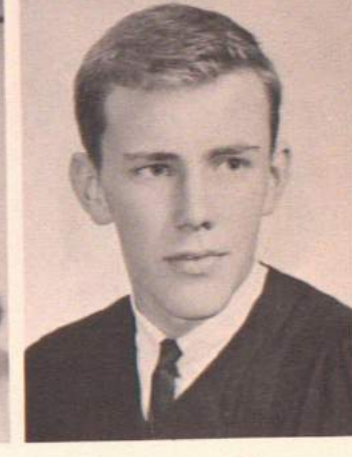
MARLIES ROTTERMUND



RICHARD ROMAIN



MARIE ROMAIN



JOHN ROUSHORNE



NANCY SAAD



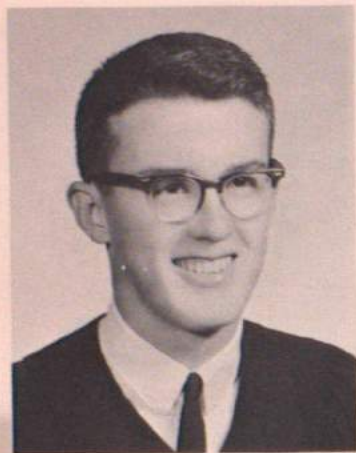
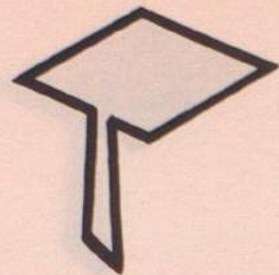
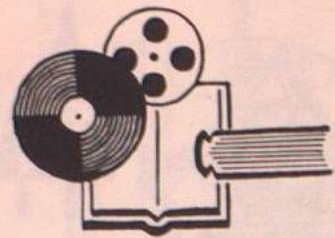
MIKE SCHMEDT



UWE SCHNEIDER



STEVE SHANFIELD



BERT SIMPSON



CYNTHIA SIRETT



TOBY SKLASH



DOROTHY SMITH



PAT SOULLIERE



SUSAN STAUTH



BILL STUBBERFIELD



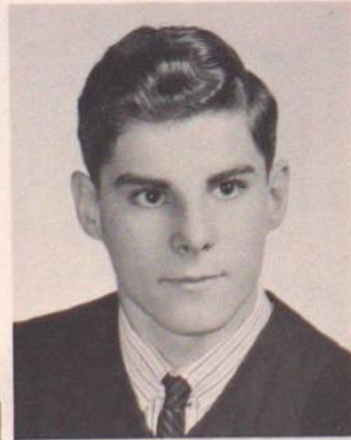
JUDY SUROWIAK



GARY TENCH



DAVID TENNANT



WAYNE TINGLE



BARB TRAVIS



RICHARD TREMBLAY



MARLENE TROUP



BONNIE WALTON



LINDA WATSON



BOB WAYMOUTH



BRUCE WELLER



ROGER WHITE



LINDA WHITE



BETH WHITLOCK



SANDY WISEMAN



VENIA YAWORSKY



RACHELLE ZABOLOTNY

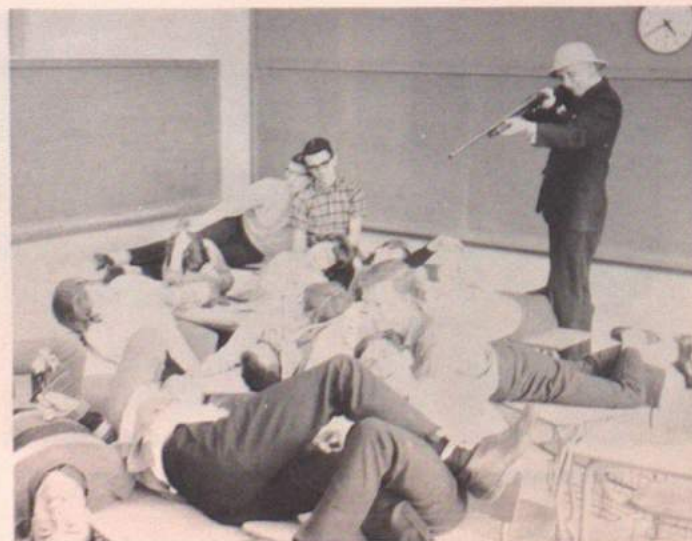
GRADE 13

WE GRADUATE

This June we graduated.
So what?
People have been graduating for centuries.
Year in
Year Out
Junes, Septembers, Novembers,
They troop up to the platform
and come trooping back
again.
Diplomas in their grubby hands,
and in no other way
different.
And in a week
The diplomas,
Curled forever
With their sweet red ribbons
Are lost
Or
Stored away
In the bottomless fathoms of a junk drawer
To be dusted on and shut up evermore.
And who is ever the wiser
(Except for that momentous night)
That ever you graduated?
Hah?
And so, my friends, I state, in truth,
Forsooth, and all in all,
Who really cares?

"TROUBLESHOOTER" WASS SAYS

I have 49% fewer failures in 13A



Our motley scholars
Sweat, toil, tears and blood



Washroom à go go

13B!

13B dedicates this space to the right of all men to be free, canadian nationalism, the ecumenical council, big storks, freemasonry, the innocence of little children, the liberalization of divorce laws and the dissemination of birth control information to the public of all nations; but we ask this question: are all laboramusses dum?



We're "jolly"



The athletics



Smart Lasses



We're not too bright



The scientifics



Smart Donkeys



Beachboy meets Beatle

"I WANT
You to
Produce!"



We shall never forget our principal's stirring words. Production! — the key to achievement. We must produce — at all costs!

For two students, Mr. Whetstone's words shall live forever. Pictured

above, Josiah Booze and his newly betrothed, Maude Lynne Booze, join forces for one of the greatest feats of production Massey has ever seen. Married only last September, they were determined from the start to make grade thirteen their most suc-

cessful high-school year. The results were unbelievable!

By June, their marks were up — and so was their family. All us kids in 13C are proud as punch of our parents — they're REAL FOLKS!!



...But this is Ridiculous!

DING DONG SCHOOL





What do
Einstein, Richard Petty, Hippocrates, Columbus, Copernicus
have in common?



Bubble bursting.

Take Richard Petty. This concept bugged him: that Chrysler engineered cars didn't win long distance stock car races.

Petty, in his competition-equipped Plymouth, burst the whole bubble. He finished first in the 1964 Daytona 500—and set a new track record in the bargain! This was the first of many wins that made him the 1964 NASCAR Champion.

The Daytona race is tough. 500 miles around

the fastest track in the world. It takes courage and stamina and engineering superiority to win that race. Superiority developed through years of research and testing on the proving grounds and in the laboratory. Engineering reflected in our 1965 showroom cars.

What bubbles bugged the others? Time is an absolute; evil spirits cause disease; the world is flat; the sun revolves around the earth. You knew that all along.

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 MR. WASS: CO-STAR OF BEN CASEY
 MISS DENNIS: TAXI CAB DRIVER
 MR. FLEMING: CENSORED
 MISS HARTMANN: STILL JUGGLING BOOKS
 MISS GARBIT: CORSICAN BANDIT
 MR. FRASER: WORKING HIS WAY THROUGH HIGH SCHOOL

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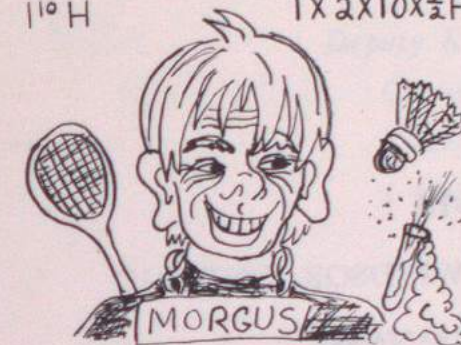
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PRIDE IN WORKMANSHIP IS OUR TRADEMARK

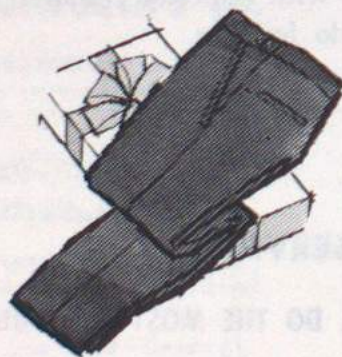
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DESIRED STYLES

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Ivy Style . . .
Blade . . .
Snug Duds . . .
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The School of Nursing, Metropolitan General Hospital, offers to qualified high school graduates a three year course leading to eligibility to write the Ontario Nurse Registration Examinations. This is one of the most progressive nursing schools in Ontario offering the newer program of education that is gradually being adopted by foremost schools in the province.

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Two years basic preparation (including experience in both class room and hospital wards), followed by one year nursing internship. An allowance of \$130.00 per month is given in the third year.

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Residence accommodation in modern school building with excellent living and teaching facilities.
Well qualified teaching staff.
Experience in all major branches of Nursing.
Opportunity for specialized experience in third year in Operating Room, Maternity, or Children's Nursing.

*See School Announcement re admission requirements.

INFORMATION MAY BE SECURED FROM:
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2240 KILDARE ROAD, WINDSOR
Telephone 254-1855

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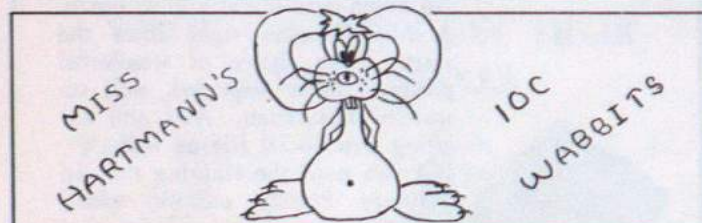
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CLASSES



CLASS 12A

Third Row:
 Tim Samson, Bob Causton, Don Hogan, Chris Mercer, Ted Lorenz, Bill Egypt, Brian Sharrock, Terri Burney, Bob Offen, Tom Tucker.

Second Row:
 Don Matthews, Dale Burdge, Wayne Cornwall, Gilda Baker, Carol Jozsi, Syrel Fogel, Bob Poole, John Hawkeswood, Gary Allan.

First Row:
 Bobi Gunn, Carol Hyrniw, Linda Brown, Mr. C. Davies, Janet Collocott, Michelle Mangin, Lynn Moore.

CLASS 12B

Third Row:
 Paul Herage, Tom Kelm, Jack Brown, Wayne Pinke, Wayne Sandor, John Cullen, Andy Auch, Keith Whipple, Dan Eberwein, Abie Shapiro, Larry Martin, Bob Gateman, Dick Mueller.

Second Row:
 Tim MacFarlane, Viviane Dulovits, Donna Beemer, Gail Nickleson, Trudy Lay, Theresa Gignac, Susan Mason, Rosemarie Elias, Charleen McCann, Joan Taylor, Penny Carter, Pat Miller, Dave Wilson.

First Row:
 Mary Anne Forkas, Irene Rowan, Sue Kaufman, Mr. R. Sillick, Beth Roy, Lesly Nonen, Chris Farrell.





CLASS 12C

Third Row:
Dwayne Durocher, Jack Jessop, Dave Fluke,
Mike Jacques, Steve Hoffman, Chuck Ainslie,
Leigh Currie, Jack Brown, Jim Moran.

Second Row:
Chris Napier, Ruth House, Donna Daragon,
Geraldine Sylvester, Judy Penfold, Karen
Kirkwood, Anne Bradshaw, Chris Keeley,
Gaynor Draper, Jill Winger.

First Row:
Edna Rees, Barbara Warden, Susan Robinson,
Mr. R. Krol, Sue Soulliere, Andrea Rodger,
Charlene Groombridge.

Absent:
Russ Manforton, Jeff Slopen, Barb Getty, Don
Givlin, Judy Gretchko, Eileen Huot.

CLASS 12D

Third Row:
Ken Youngson, Phil Fitzsimmons, Mike Law,
David Viveash, Greg Topolie, Pat Sheehan,
Michael Shorser, Rick Taylor.

Second Row:
Ken Vickers, Rob Stewart, Gerry Martin, Chris
Reid, Sue Cooke, Gord Reeve, Barb Bridgen,
Linda Walters, Allan Eberle, Bob Sacharoff,
Wayde Renaud.

First Row:
Sharon Rees, Mary Rogers, Sandy McNally,
Mr. P. Meagher, Annette Ouellette, Joline
Martin, Melissa Galbraith.



CLASS 12E

Third Row:
Janet Kniffen, Richard Lewchuk, Len Girard,
Richard Banwell, Wayne Peddie, Ron Fritz,
Dave Bartlett, Fred Hollowell, Wayne Waspe,
Bill Hryniw.

Second Row:
Sherry Wollison, Nancy Tofflemire, Linda Mof-
fett, Alanah Slack, Kathleen Schmenk, Lynda
Lane, Sue Hall, Lana Soper, Kathy McCrane,
Lynn Kaufman.

First Row:
Sherry Wollison, Moya Kelly, Gail Morrow,
Miss C. Hartmann, Bonnie Pearson, Cheryl
Greenwood, Judy L'Esperance.

CLASS 12F

Third Row:
Jim Armstrong, Louis Vince, John Schultz,
Jim Barkley, Tom Jones.

Second Row:
Beth Pearson, Bonnie Parker, Pat Powell,
Jane Beardmore, Janice Bardsley, Pat Sloan,
Kathy Learmonth.

First Row:
Mary Garswood, Faye Anderson, Gail
Bowskill, Miss G. Garbutt, Nancy Henderson,
Susan West, Pam Johns.



CLASS 12G

Third Row:
Ray DeBleu, Richard Peddie, Rick Baker, Dave
Moore, Wayne Baxter, Bruce Bezaire, Larry
Stockman, Wayne Peddie, Don Hogan, Carman
Fillmore, Mark Pfaff, Bob Norris.

Second Row:
Barry Dalley, Allan Quick, Ron Trafin, Greg
Horton, Carol Kruhly, Ann Martin, Peter
Thornhill, Jerry Tesarski, Gord Moore, Paul
Graham.

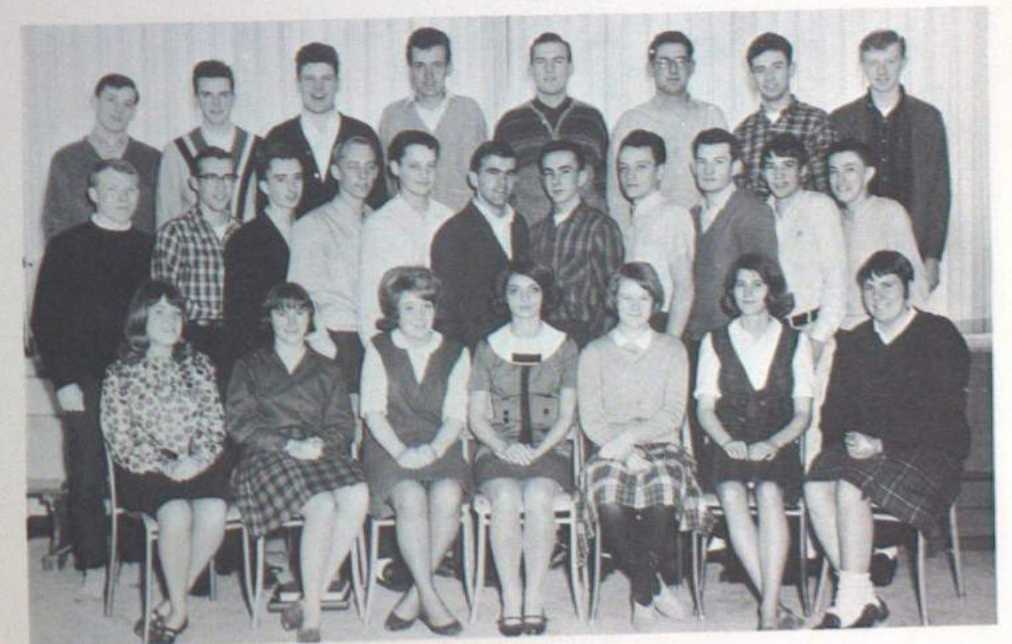
First Row:
Judi Mereshka, Carol Phillips, Susan Parr,
Mr. S. Blasco, Lynn Brown, Barbara Haste,
Judy Baxter.

CLASS 11A

Third Row:
Glenn Brandt, Gary Hillier, Wayne Baldock,
Don Mitchell, Richard Henze, Tom Cross, Jim
Primeau, Chris Mayhew.

Second Row:
Al LePage, Earl Minnis, Bill Crawford, Larry
Peddie, Tony Payne, Jack Wilson, Bob
Morden, Mike James, Dave Russell, Don
Main, Randy Bain.

First Row:
Cheryl Stevens, Shirley Lovett, Gayle Rigby,
Gail Atherton, Elizabeth Miln, Mary Louder,
Sheila Parker.





CLASS 11B

Third Row: Wayne Pitre, Robin Purdy, Mike McKee, Tom Dimitraff, Greg Keck, Randy Speiran, Don Ing, John Corbin, Jim Whitfield, John Sefton, Dave MacVicar.

Second Row: Carol Kritch, Sandy L. Brown, Janet Vickers, Janice Brouvette, Sandy K. Brown, Jean Corbin, Jean Charette, Cathy Cascadden, Fran Thompson, Judy Wolitski, Lynn DeHart, Sharon Boismier, Irene Laroche, Sherrie Ing, Diane Nantau, Judie Ingram.

First Row: Sue Meloche, Rose-Ann Bellaire, Lynda Lapoint, Mr. S. Soteros, Jo-Anne Emisch, Lynn Bunning, Gabriele Weber.

CLASS 11C

Third Row: Colin Swan, Charles Lovegrave, Ian MacDonald, Jerry Boose, Don Scott, Craig Welch, Don Leschied, Terry Dalgleish, Richard Stewart, Laurie Pray.

Second Row: Dale Pope, Janice White, Penny Nighswander, Anita Totten, Martha Mahoney, Ann Littlehales, Jean Surawiak, Al Lopatin.

First Row: Peggy Hurley, Audrey Howell, Maryalice Robertson, Mr. N. Probert, Lynda Eckert, Lorraine Gunn, Linda Magee.

Absent: Rosemarie Haas.



CLASS 11D

Third Row: Ron Tingle, Wayne Ouellette, Brian Stockman, Peter Kristensen, Gary Stefan, Jerry Fasan, Bob Watts, Gary Kavanaugh, John Tregaskiss.

Second Row: Neil Travis, Lonnie Propas, Deborah Cooke, Marilyn Uzdello, Gayle Powers, Jane Harbour, Sharon Moon, Gary Thompson, Alan White.

First Row: Kris Lake, Pat Griffin, Cathy Arnott, Mr. H. Merkuloff, Sandra Johnston, Judy Bailey, Pat Brewer.

Absent: Rick Paddon.



CLASS 11E

Third Row: Richard Schuller, Howard Christie, Richard Ranchko, Ray Penfold, Robert Wells, Ralf Mueller, Duncan Percy.

Second Row: Alan Lennon, Jack Zundl, George Meisner, Rick Pfeifer, Mike Ohler, Craig Pare, Brian White, Doug Macbeth, Ken Coe.

First Row: Carolyn Fitzpatrick, Loreen Farrer, Leslie Farrell, Mrs. L. Law, Carol Small, Carol Bures, Ellen Hoffmann.

Absent: Joan Bendict.



CLASS 11F

Third Row: Ed LePage, Tom Peddie, Gary Oliver, Bob Cornwall, Al Small.

Second Row: Lynn Goatbe, Lorraine Batte, Bonnie Robinson, Carol Monforton, Barb Prier, Bev Healy, Linda Ridley, Judy Travis, Marg Warden.

First Row: Joan McLaughlin, Susan Collocatt, Ann Harrison, Mr. D. Henry, June Sheehan, Susan Patrick, Mona Van Kuren.

Absent: Marylou Docherty, Doug Stauth.

CLASS 11G

Second Row: Carrall Fraser, Kay Howe, Janice Baxter, Dave Molnar, Gary Johnson, Ed Holek, Janet McCulloch, Vicki Conn, Trudy Neubecker.

First Row: Judy Ballance, Marilyn Bakst, Jill Brooks, Mrs. S. Tomic, Sheila Kane, Janice Law, Cathy McKenzie.

Absent: Judy Cragg.





CLASS 11H

Third Row: Chuck Ryan, Paul Souilliere, Don MacPherson, Larry Burney, Ron Wall, Randy Van Wagner, Jim Monforton, John Payne, Lyn Sartori, David Hodgson, Joe Moroun.

Second Row: Bruce Arnold, Jeff Dottor, John Murphy, Beth Gowland, Irene Cloutier, Leslie Tweedie, Linda Coyle, Donna Badder, Don Graff, Frank Papak, Ron Raeside.

First Row: Marilyn Mosuk, Donna Troup, Duffie White, Mr. J. Whelan, April Lake, Bonnie Reinhart, Carol Durocher.

CLASS 11I

Third Row: Jim Collocott, Ian Craigmyle, Peter Ciceri, Mike Dunbar, Bob Howe, Greg Spindler, Bob Leschied, Dave Wherry, Al Hotchkiss, Peter Gomes.

Second Row: Kirk Flowers, Ken Ouellette, Karen Killop, Stephanie Young, Mary Lee Cooke, Nancy Vincent, Wendy Campbell, Chris John, Tom Lee.

First Row: Lynda Taylor, Barbara Biggar, Mary Ellen Magone, Mr. Hudec, Theresa St. Louis, Carol Burdge, Jackie Bilton.



CLASS 10A

Third Row: Jeff Mandell, Bob Pearson, Scott Heydon, Ron Hillman, Pete Faulkner, Paul Spindler, Tom Ferri, Doug Austin.

Second Row: Elly Glanz, Wendy Swift, Kay Jones, Cathy Fihn, Nancy Martin, Maureen Diemer, Shelley Macklem.

First Row: Kathy Sharon, Michelle Reaume, Mary Ziraldo, Mrs. E. Brown, Linda Gasparini, Judy Masse, Suzanne Romain.

CLASS 10B

Third Row: Shawn Conley, Robert Lucas, Bob Mann, Ken Thrasher, Wayne Shaw, Dave Jamieson, Brian Tennant, Dave Ferri.

Second Row: Wayne Dubs, Bob McKrow, Nelson Bart, Bruce Pennycook, Judy Trofin, Vicki Affleck, Randy Cecile, Philip Peddie, Ralph Bailey, Ron Rhodes.

First Row: Karen Schultz, Barb Bowser, Linda Howe, Miss H. Murphy, Michele Madden, Lynda Essery, Lynn Youngson.



CLASS 10C

Third Row: Jean Godin, Betty Warden, Marlene Shepley, Betty Krug, Sharon Loosemore, Marilyn Walters.

Second Row: Lynn Lawrence, Kathleen Groundwater, Rebecca Mattis, Susan Dalton, Ann Buttery, Theresa Reaume, Wendy Walmsley, Roberta Donlon.

First Row: Brenda Hillman, Sue Cotter, Carolyn Church, Miss C. Hartmann, Cathy Bradshaw, Linda Noble, Doleta Demers.

CLASS 10D

Second Row: Brian Hornett, Bill Tereschuk, Kim Preney, Keith Campbell, Douglas Moore, Bill Drouillard, Wayne Davey.

First Row: Wendy Logan, Cyd Hurley, Denise Jacques, Mr. N. Probert, Carol Mascarin, Madlyn Meng, Paulette Rickert.

Absent: Betty-Jane Smith, Patti Tulett.





CLASS 10E

Third Row:
Bob Harper, Bill Vincent, Howard Bernstein, Philip Noble, Robert Broad, Greg Goulin, Nick Miller, Gary Barker, Len St. Louis, Barry Gaul, Marty Bach, John Ohler, Greg Slavik, Norman Gardner, Robert Oliver, Richard Boggs.

Second Row:
Anita Laverne, Susan Washburn, Pamela Baldock, Marilyn Lander, Linda Todd, Donna Slack, Claudia Newman, Madeline Newman, Kathryn Horne, Sandra Bell, Heather Guiney, Elizabeth Eberle.

First Row:
Lynn Murray, Hilda Lay, Taula Thornhill, Mr. M. Hendrick, Elaine Matheson, Barbara Simpson, Susan Beer.

Absent:
Irene Binder.

CLASS 10F

Fourth Row:
John Herage, Brian Fitzpatrick, Mark Beaten, Derek Merrill, Dave Smyth, Michael Bull, Bob Wilson, Mark Soutar, Peter Powell.

Third Row:
Danny Johnson, Jack Paterson, Ted Minnis, Rick Hundey, Larry McConnell, Tony Evans, Jim LeBlanc, Ian Berks, Bob Brown, Jack Fisher, Greg Chodd.

Second Row:
Warren Johnston, Elizabeth Henze, Ruby Cler, Carol Vollans, Linda Walker, Barbara Boroski, Irene Sklash, Marilyn Nantau, Marilyn Whitfield, Megan Mitchell.

First Row:
Brenda Hills, Sandra Munro, Connie Wilczynski, Mr. P. Meagher, Laurie Mascarin, Judy Glass, Bev Dalley.



CLASS 10G

Third Row:
Mike Hurwitz, Bill Reisch, Bob Ballance, Wayne Banwell, Allan Pooley, Ron Ridley, Jim Nicholson, Dennis Jolliffe, David Merrill, Rick Widdifield, Gary Rogers, Brian Leslie, Don Badder, Mark Morrill.

Second Row:
Danny Krew, Linda Soutar, Jan Marantate, Lynda Fournier, Nancy Neale, Peggy Prier, Annette Laverne, Joyce Oshawy, Serena Stowe, Susan Stacey, Blair Hoffman, Janice Hollowell, Janice Morettin, Tom Hannan.

First Row:
Marijean Maxim, Deanna Durand, Gilda Friedman, Mrs. S. Tomic, Marcy Sherrock, Brooke Coleman, Sandy McLeod.

Absent:
Lila Suchiu, Laura Rosebrugh.



CLASS 10H

Third Row:
Jim McCreary, Larry Newman, Chris Wingelaar, Doug Van Buskirk, Fred Skeggs, Rick Bear, Bruce Patterson, Ted Hallowick, Marvin Tench.

Second Row:
Andrew Miln, Jerry Wisdom, John Cuthbert, Mike Miller, Lynne Hunter, Waltraud Schabestiel, Stuart Galloway, Paul Cope, Malcolm Copland, Rand Hoppe.

First Row:
Betty Jean Shafar, Mary-Ellen Waugh, Lois Sholdice, Mr. S. Sateros, Pam Soulliere, Janet Dent, Mary Ellen Ridgewell.



CLASS 10I

Third Row:
Robert Doumani, Mike Hryniw, John Watson, Duncan Ainslie, Brian Francis, Kerry Shapiro, Robert MacKenzie, Barry Munholland, Franklin Doe, Rudy Ackermann, Donald Merrett, James McArthur.

Second Row:
Blake Soutar, George Egypt, James Cross, Janis Hart, Kathy Gilbert, Katharen Coxon, Medley Small, Roger Harkness, David Gourley, Robert Dunlop.

First Row:
Elaine Chapman, Jacqueline Faust, Marilyn Sanborn, Miss E. Mathews, Susan Devereux, Shirley Lewchuk, Jacqueline Wade.

Absent:
Daryl Patterson.

CLASS 10J

Fourth Row:
Dave Groff, Ted Siddall, Paul Pare, Chris Eagen, Dave Waymouth, Terry Johnston, Jeff Holton, Ronnie Johns, Paul Bircham.

Third Row:
Barry Galerna, Mike Learmonth, Mike Smith, Mark Lantz, Jay Sheriff, Rick Godin, Bob Dent, Barry Bowsher, Grant Lofthouse, Ken Wiseman.

Second Row:
Joy Buist, Cathy Klingbyl, Wally Forster, Pam Menary, Wendy Pope, Gail Hunt, Barbara Snell, Elaine Miller, Christine Allworth, Lyn Bradt, Inge Forster.

First Row:
Brenda Peck, Alice Sacharoff, Judy Atherton, Miss Adams, Bonnie Blacklock, Lyn Zvric, Sue Phillips.





CLASS 10K

Third Row:
Rick Merlo, Peter Prier, Dennis Hladys, Ron Elford, John Gough, Greg Kett, Jim Westlake, Alex Clunis, Mike Johnston, Doug Lee, Bob Fox, Alan Farrell, Bob Buncick.

Second Row:
Warren Fenn, Richard Stacey, Tim Cascadden, Corinne Musgrave, Jade Lauckner, Carol Colautti, Claudette Janisse, Joanne Sternberg, Steve MacKinnon, Bob Trowbridge, Steve Meredith.

First Row:
Lisa Lacroix, Judy Braithwaite, Sue Pare, Mr. H. Merkuloff, Janet Barber, Claudia St. Denis, Marilyn Wendt.

Absent:
Chris MacKenzie, Susan Short.

CLASS 9A

Third Row:
Bruce King, John Sorensen, Kenneth Rocheleau, Bruce Boase, Michael Allen, Aldo Colautti, Mike Koelln, Jerry Cragg, Gordon Cushman, Brian Kidd, Robert Frenette, Peter Lorenz.

Second Row:
Graham Colgate, Robert Oltean, Dave Pilkington, Dwayne Gray, Mike Coail, Wayne Morency, Pat Koelln, Barry Hillman, Leigh Sanderson, Rick Niblett, Rick Boles, Mr. A. G. Bellaire.

First Row:
Barbara Jessop, Brenda McCarty, Roseann Allen, Eleanor Janisse, Linda Malec, Bonnie McIntosh, Kathie Bubrick.

Absent:
Linda Kimball.



CLASS 9B

Third Row:
Mike Soulliere, Tony Ferri, Dave Stacey, Kurt Van Kuren, Dave Keen, John Deklerk, Larry Serran, Danny Girard, John Gaspar, Eugene Jacques, Randy Bushner, Brian Arnold, Al Christie, Mr. Kocot.

Second Row:
Doug Okamoto, Marlnah Young, Maria Armata, Shirley Welsh, Peggy Douglas, Sherrill Pitre, Helene Parks, Iris McMullan, Barb Elford, Wendy Lesperance, Gary Wiseman.

First Row:
Janice Thomson, Penny Moore, Carol Papak, Marilyn Snyder, Gloria Martin, Cheryl Reynolds, Kathleen Warren.

Absent:
Irene Parks.

CLASS 9C

Third Row:
Michael Macdonald, Art Meehan, Larry Melche, Bob Richards, Peter Delisle, Greg Lewis, Ian Henderson, Danny White, Jim Cogliati, Bill Austin, Gary Peddie, Jim Taylor, Mr. R. Ryan.

Second Row:
Brian Makosky, Martha MacPherson, Carol Buckley, Elaine Adair, Joyce Neilson, Kathleen Rigo, Pat Farbota, Mary Ellen Howe, Daryl Dwyer, Debbie Barichello, Shelley Steward, Paul Batte.

First Row:
Dorian Hoppe, Jane Bartlett, Sue Barrette, Pam Simon, Gayle Meisner, Linda Bailey, Marguerite Anstett.

Absent:
Mike Shafer, David Brown, Frank Broderick.



CLASS 9D

Third Row:
Douglas Knight, Norman Reich, Mark Fogel, Richard Smith, Harry Schwab, Tom Saul, David McKenzie, Richard Poole, Leigh Jacques, Peter Keeley, Ken Brooks, Ross St. Clair, Tom Crease, Dan O'Keefe.

Second Row:
Dennis Evans, Sandra Vollans, Pamela Rosenberg, Sharon Badregon, Jackie Sloan, Helen Esipi, Janice Evan, Linda Wachna, Shelly McAlpine, Ellen Mercer, Carolee Grainger, Sandra Silver, Judith Read, Randy Sefton.

First Row:
Marta Kelly, Wendy Biggar, Jean Beneteau, Mr. J. Fleming, Darlene Greenwood, Donna Garant, Carole Mathoney.

CLASS 9E

Third Row:
Terry Topolie, Greig DeBloeme, Gary Dowhan, Rick Murphy, Michael Sheehan, Grant Raisbeck, Alan Penfold, Dave Guiney, Ken Royan, Bryan Banks, Mike Sklash, John Thomas, Ken Garber, John Kritch, Bill Macklem.

Second Row:
Garry Mattis, Sue Jupp, Janice Sippel, Sue Barkley, Virginia Schmenk, Patti Boyd, Kris Richards, Margaret Mitchell, Kathy Parr, Bob Hicks.

First Row:
Pat Scislawski, Debra Lausch, Maureen Parker, Miss M. Bellmore, Lyn Gatrall, Kathy Dowie, Marie Drefko.

Absent:
Debby Jeffrey, Mark Stevenson.





CLASS 9F

Third Row:
John Doble, Geoffrey Kidd, Garry Dresser,
Mark Stevens, Doug Coulson, Donald Gordon,
Fred Robertson, Gary Reid, Paul Topping,
Alan Roaside, Bryan Stewart, Brian Low.

Second Row:
Sky Weir, Jill Allan, Catherine Holek, Roberta
Parker, Peggy La Pointe, Jennifer Meyer,
Mary Jane Sverha, Sharron Mitchell, Kathy
Butterfield, Manique Roozen, Emily Sykes,
Linda Heffernan, Judy Roy.

First Row:
Laurie Boles, Dora Lynn Kouvelas, Lynda
Bezaire, Mr. T. Henry, Barbara McLean, Linda
Wood, Jane Bettany.

Absent:
Diane Malec.

CLASS 9G

Third Row:
Kenneth Hale, Charlie Nickleson, Robert
Garrioch, John Hall, Richard Graff, Ed
Molnar, Jay Woltz, Gord O'Neil, Pete
Voyvodic, Dave Allen, Randy Roland, Larry
Whitehead.

Second Row:
Cheryl Martin, Sue Martin, Pam Dorrepaal,
Fran Sloan, Beth Toffelmire, Chris Burton,
Lynda Goatbe, Helen Smith, Cyndy Marrow,
Judy Shields.

First Row:
Heather Lawson, Mavis Lovett, Cheryl Moore,
Mr. V. Matruk, Joyce Collocott, Laurene
Faulkner, Lee MacArthur.



CLASS 9H

Third Row:
James Cuthbert, Cam Ferguson, Jerry Skillings,
Greg Durst, John Buliga, Bill Chapman, Mike
Hawkeswood, John Mancur.

Second Row:
Jackie Tetlow, Heather Greene, Linda Car-
ruthers, Louise Ferriss, Brenda Snell, Linda
Ball, Terrie Cooper, Sue Turpin, Maureen
Fleet, Beth Hasowick, Arlene Yaworsky,
Valerie Ivy, Lorayne Dunlop, Mr. Kesselring.

First Row:
Sharon Ames, Kathy Meagher, Sally Barker,
Janet St. Denis, Kathy Johns, Linda Badnar,
Susan Easson.



CLASS 9I

Third Row:
Leonard Ballantine, Mike Lyons, Bruce Burnett,
Chris Kelm, Brian Henderson, Bob Manforton,
Al Martin, Mike Fontaine, Bill Goodwyn,
Larry Roy, Jim Ingram, Tim Nighswander,
Bill Pengelly, Dave Sawchuk, Gavin Robertson.

Second Row:
Colin Garrett, Betty Cooke, Bev Bridgen,
Diane Paddon, Susan Goodwyn, Pam Woolson,
Wendy Welch, Alda Skillings, Gerri Faust,
Kathy MacKie, Gary Demmans, John
Howieson.

First Row:
Dennis Roy, Lynne Nesseth, Marcia Storey,
Nancy Boggs, Mr. D. MacEwan, Pat Hanna,
Deanna Provencher, Jeanne Alexander.



CLASS 9J

Third Row:
Danny Coxon, Bryce Munholland, Mark Reid,
Rick Tweney, Ken Cooper, Martin Weddle,
Greg Mantague, Perry Lucier, Claude Biran,
Dave Stannard, Mark Mayhew, Greg Drum-
mond, Steve Bercuson, Paul Bowsher, Drew
Davidson.

Second Row:
Brian Chute, Barry Chute, Nancy Armstrong,
Heather Johnston, Louise Bortolan, Marnie
Spindler, Margo Spindler, Connie Hitzeroth,
Sylvia Dupp, Pete Farkas, Marc Gill.

First Row:
Susan Jones, Janice Pilkington, Donna Glass,
Mr. R. Gault, Barbara Whatley, Gail
Campbell, Karen Lawrence.

Absent:
Bob Bell, Sally Bailey.

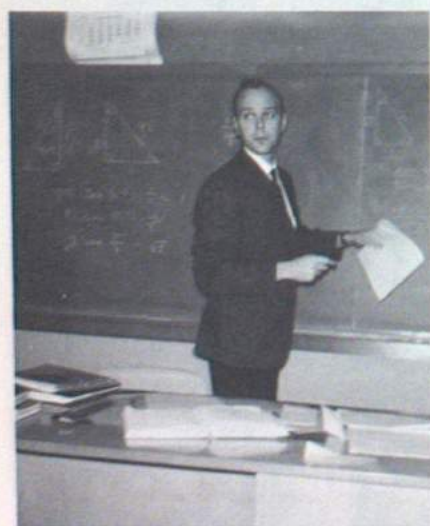
CLASS 9K

Third Row:
Ron Smith, John Auttersson, Charles Burridge,
John Lynn, Stu Stratton, Al Bortolan, Rick
Atherton, Al MacKenzie, Peter McNabb.

Second Row:
Dan Napier, John Lecznar, Bill McCullough,
Jim Russell, Tom Lafleur, Wayne Lausch,
Paul MacKeigan, Stuart Mitchell, Bill Deneau,
Jim Richardson.

First Row:
Susan Offler, Pat Finh, Mr. R. Gault, Christine
Warrick, Linda Howles, Lynn Summers.





Fredericton Gleaner, N.B. July 13, 1964

Ford Of Canada:

Aspiring Musicians From New Brunswick Get Scholarships

Winnipeg Tribune, Man.
July 11, 1964Two given
Ford grants
to aidTwo young per-
formers from
Winnipeg are amo-
ng the winners of
the \$10,000 Ford of
Canada CentennialMatane La Voix
Gaspesienne, Quebec
July 16, 1964

Trois bourses Ford

Trois jeunes artistes de Mata-
ne sont au nombre des 64 étu-
diants canadiens en arts d'in-
terprétation qui se sont mérités
des bourses d'une valeur glo-
biale de \$10,000 en vertu du pro-
gramme de Bourses Ford-Can-
ada du centenaire de la Confé-
dération.Il s'agit de:
Jocelyn Bérubé, 17 ans, 12,
rue St-Joseph, qui remporte une
bourse de \$100 dans la catégorie
du théâtre;

Ford Scholarships

Girls Win Awards

Two 17-year-old girls from
Oakville, Ontario, February 19, 1964

Ford Observing '67 With Grants To Arts Elliot Lake Tenor Ford Scholarship For Guelph Musician

Mlle Marie-Andrée Lévesque,
17 ans, 21 rue Soucy, dont les
talents dans le domaine de
vocal lui ont valu une so-
lution semblable.OAKVILLE, Ont. — The Ford Motor
Company, Ltd., announced today
that it is awarding three \$10,000
Ford Scholarships to young Canadians
who are outstanding in the field of
the arts.The 64
awards will
be given to
young Canadians
who are out-
standing in the
field of the arts.
The awards
will be given
to young Canadians
who are out-
standing in the
field of the arts.The 64
awards will
be given to
young Canadians
who are out-
standing in the
field of the arts.The 64
awards will
be given to
young Canadians
who are out-
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field of the arts.The 64
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young Canadians
who are out-
standing in the
field of the arts.The 64
awards will
be given to
young Canadians
who are out-
standing in the
field of the arts.

They were among the performers in the performance of the play "The Pointe-au-Loup" by Suzanne Thériault, St. Joseph (Beauce) La Vallée de la Chaudière, Qué. July 31, 1964

VICTORIA DAILY TIMES.

-JULY 10/64

Islanders Share
In \$10,000
Ford ScholarshipA ballet student
Lethbridge Herald, Alta.
July 11, 1964

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née le 1964
Québec Chronicle-Telegraph
Québec
July 14, 1964

City Singer Ford Grant

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city, is the win-
ner in the cat-
egory of Canada's
scholarship program
will use the
money for studies.ROBERT MORROW
City Singers

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cernées à chaque année jusqu'en
1967 et au-delà, furent insti-
tuees en l'honneur de la Confé-
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dération.OAKVILLE, Ont. — The Ford Motor
Company, Ltd., announced today
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Ford Scholarships to young Canadians
who are outstanding in the field of
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For details of Ford of Canada's continuing performing arts scholarship program to mark Canada's centennial, write to:

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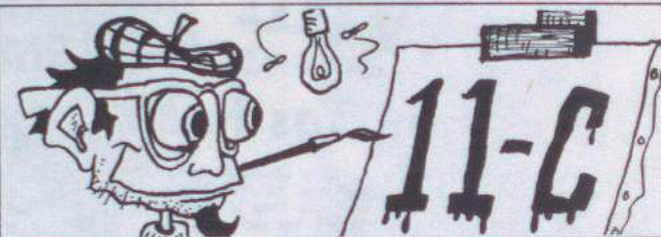
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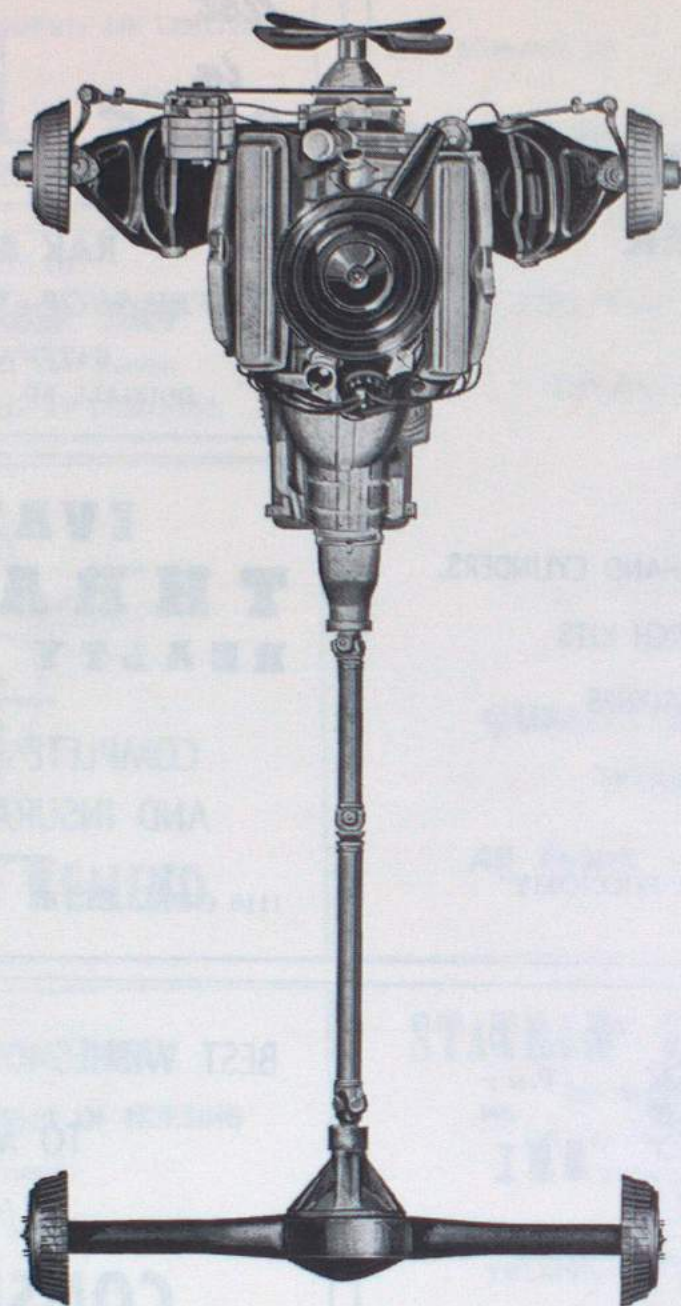
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LITERARY

THOUGHTS OF LIFE

by Shirley Lewchuk

"Twenty-four hours!"
Those
Were his last words.
I will be killed,
Savagely,
By the mobsters
During this,
My last day of life.
My riches
Will leave me
Now.
Yet;
I have seen and lived
The pleasures
Of a rich life.
I have travelled;
Lived with the poor,
The rich,
The common.
Money
Can be of no use
To me now.
Only memories
Linger
In my thoughts.
They are good,
These memories
Of Childhood play
And Adolescent days.
I do not fear
Death.
It will be
The ruby
Of my kingly crown
Of Life.
It is hard to leave
This land
Of glory,
But;
My death
Will bring me
To the land
Of eternity.

Come Death!

CHURCH

SENIOR FIRST PRIZE POEM

by Bert Simpson

Pointed windows
rainbow-clad in godly hues,
And tall tall roofs attempt
to mock the Sky.
Yellow crosses — Blazing steeples
all aspire
to bleakly pierce
Imagined Heavens; and
gray gravity of god.

TIME

JUNIOR FIRST PRIZE POEM

by Robert Doumani

Time;
That intangible thing
Yet governor of space, of earth,
of man,
Who humbles mighty rivers
Moves mountains
And toys with the dreams of men,
A thing with leaden feet
When the heart is cold with sorrow
Or possesses Mercury's wings
When gladness warms the soul.
It drains the youth of men
Their youthfulness gone
Bows their backs
And frosts their hair
Takes them by the hand
To time immortal.

QUEST

by Jan Marontate

Swirling,
Sweeping,
the black torrents surge onward.
Troubled waters,
with yellow foam splashing up like
icy fingers.
Troubled waters,
reaching for freedom.

Faster,
Faster still,
those torrents race; until —
in a mighty sweep
they fall,
fall with a resounding crash
that echoes through the escarpment,
fall into the waters below.

Onward,
Onward,
those waters race.
But slower —
until with a quiet dignity,
they find freedom, and peace,
in the ocean.



THE MARTYR

by Bert Simpson

I

I knew a young man once.
Hunger gnawed at his door with sharp
teeth;
It made him lean, like a snarling wolf.
He crawled belly high in slime
For shoots of green,
And sucked the flavour out.
For what is life, he thought,
But to suck out the flavour
And throw away the empty shell.

II

The Americans brought hope,
And help, and
Guns.
They preached the God of love in
war;
They gave the boy a sight of good,
And goodness, too.
They told him, "Fight for goodness,
Fight for rice, fight for love of men".

DULCE ET DECORUM EST,
PRO SENTENTIA MORI.

Hunger, the future's ghost
Became the monster of today,
And yesterday's bloody chile.

III

He came from the north, and spoke
of Marx;

a thin man, a lonely shadow
of memories,
with bright eyes of intense hope,
He brought Rice
— and promises — for the boy.
The boy ate.
The promises were old:
the same goodness, love, and war.
But they walked with legs of Food.

The hope transferred;
the boy burned
with the humiliating passion of
self-pride.
The thin shadow put a bomb in his
pocket,
and sent him to a Holy Place
to fight back.

IV

The Americans caught him.

"Death to you who threaten Peace,
Democracy,
and the Balance of Power."

They took his bomb.
They tied him to a post,
where even Christ could see.

With eyes of love
they shot him dead,
and put him in a wooden box
under the bloody soil —
To live with God.



MYSTERY

by Helen Smith

He asked me, "When?"
I could not tell.
He queried, "Who?"
Again I fell.
He named a man
To me a stranger,
And I could see myself in danger.
What was this plight — this mystery?
Oh, just my course in history!

BLOOD WINE

by Bert Simpson

Red dements in nitr'd bark,
And spirits weird and hollow hark
To see the pace of not a man
Of human worth, of mortal band.
Flesh came once a time to seek
A cask so full to spurt and creak,
The salt like dust his frame cast white,
And ne'er he saw a godly light.
He twist' and turn'd into the dim,
Until the wall had clos'd him in;
And there upon the cask he found,
And set himself upon the ground.
The wine to drink,
His love to quench,
And from his soul,
A life to wrench.



VIKING

by Robert Doumani

The love of the mace and axe
And the stench of death
Was all these Northmen knew
To fight to plunder and kill
Was all they could do.
Across these cold and dark seas
They came as soft and silent
As the whispering hush of trees
On the backs of a dragon
With wings of red
And sides of steel
They ply to a land
To supply
Their love of the mace and axe
These Norsemen.

BROTHER LOVE

FIRST PRIZE SHORT STORY

by Trudie Hützeroth

I was awakened by the low moan
of the train in the distance. The sun
was only halfway above the hills, but
my big brother was already up and
dressed, so I knew it was time.

We tiptoed outside, being careful
not to waken Mrs. Appleby, who slept
downstairs. There was a cool mist
and dew on the grass. While my
brother got the poles, I knelt near
the edge of the well, and lifted the
cover. Down, down the water trickl-
ed, fifty feet below in the blackness.
Mrs. Appleby's glasses were some-
where down there too, by accident. I
dropped a pebble and wished that
we would have luck.

My brother let me carry the worms,
and we set off down the tracks. My
brother said that if any jiggermen
came along we could hide in the
culvert, because they didn't like kids
playing around tracks. But no jigger-
men came, only a train, pounding and
clacking fiercely on the metal, and
we waved to the engineer.

I had to follow my brother care-
fully when we cut across the pasture,
because the grass was tall and he
said I might forget to watch where
I stepped. There were cows nearby,
their black, bulging sides heaving as
they mooed and bawled. Cow-watch-
ing is fun, especially if there are little
calves. We stood very still and started
to moo (drawing out the "moo" at
the end just as they did). We were
pretty good at it, for sure enough,
they lumbered shyly over to where
we were. I almost coaxed a calf to
me, when all of a sudden my brother
started yelling and running after them,
waving his arms up and down like
a windmill.

"Look at 'em go!" he cried, as the
big beasts turned tail and ran.

The sun was golden bright now,
and my brother was anxious to get
there while the fish were still biting.
On the other side of the barbed-wire
fence (I ripped the seat of my pants)
were bushes and bushes of fat wild
raspberries. There were so many you
could pick a whole handful and cram
them into your mouth all at once if
you wanted to. There were lots of
mosquitoes too, so we hurried on to
the river.

The river looked so smooth and
cool under the yellow sun that I
wanted to jump in and swim, but that
would have scared all the fish away.
I wondered if I would catch any fish.

My brother climbed to a ledge next
to where he thought the deepest part
would be, but I went down the river
by myself, partly because my brother
said I would talk and scare all the
fish away, and partly because I want-
ed to surprise my brother when I
caught my fish.

My brother had put a worm on
my hook for me, because this was my
first time and I didn't know how to
do it, and he had warned me not to
sit on any poison ivy. I threw the
line out into the blackest part of the
water, watched the current carry it
slightly, and waited. There was a
cool breeze, and you could hear a
waterfall somewhere close by.

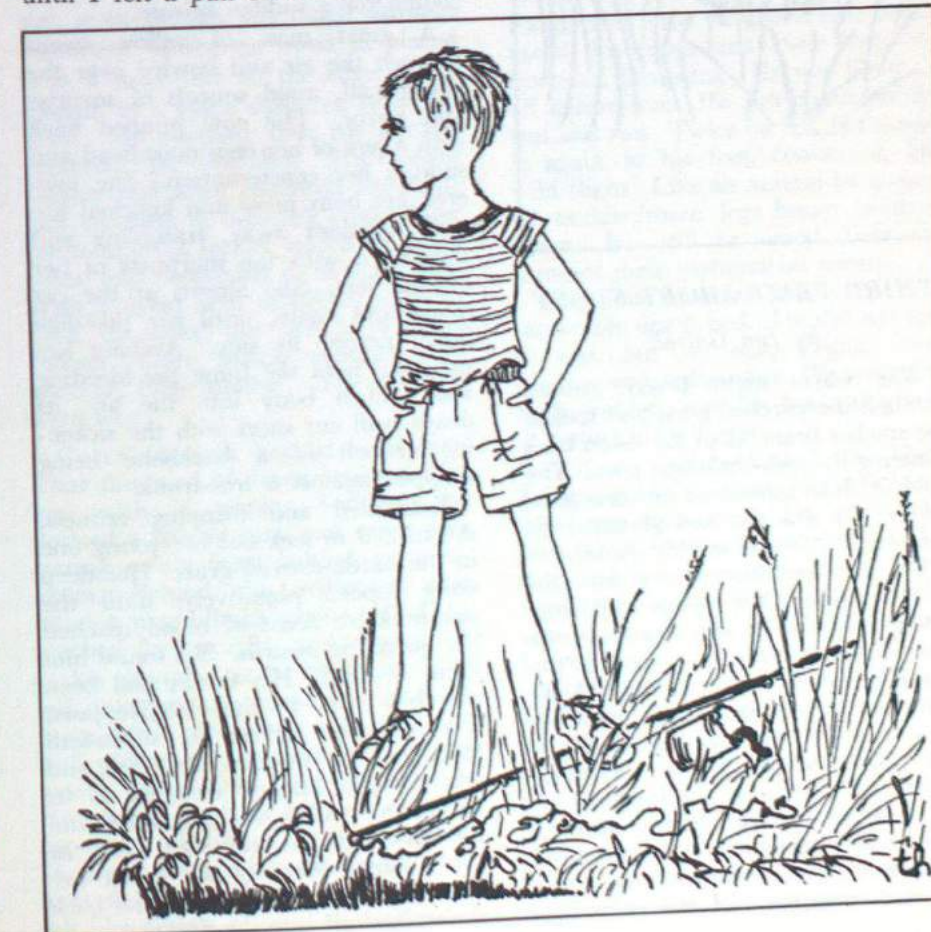
Nothing happened for a long time,
until I felt a pull on the line. "I've

got one!" I yelled, as my arms jerked
the line out of the water and tried
to control the jumping, flopping, glit-
tering body. I tried to catch him, but
there was fear in his eye and he
leapt and flopped on the dirt, franti-
cally gasping and panting for breath.

His muscles worked convulsively,
and he kept looking at me and
panting, as I sometimes do, after a
bad nightmare. I grabbed him and
felt his muscles shivering, and the
hook didn't come out at first. When
I threw him back into the smooth,
cool water he floated on top for a
moment, turned, and swam into the
blackness.

When my brother saw it he said,
"Aw, what did ya have to do a
stupid thing like that for?" and when
I told him I didn't feel good he got
mad.

My big brother didn't go fishing
any more that summer. He was sick
in bed with a bad case of poison ivy.



AN INCIDENT



THIRD PRIZE SHORT STORY

by Jim Gatrall

The warm night breeze rustled through the parched grass and rocked the smaller branches of the thorn trees rimming the ever-shrinking pond. The bold, African moon cast an eerie glow among the shadows and glistened off the face of the still, muddy water.

In the darkness two green slits glided through the brush and then rose quickly onto a limb of a grotesque tree which overhung the path to the drinking place. The tawny, black-spotted coat of the animal shone iridescently in the moonlight, but it was stretched tautly over its lithe frame. This was its hunting time — but hunting was bad in this drought season and tonight it must eat. It had resolved to attack whatever came its way, regardless of the risk. Set-

ting down in the gloom of a crotch of the tree, the leopard waited.

Across the veldt came a huge, female water buffalo, thick-skinned, with sharp-pointed hooves and a great forehead of bone, which swept up, back and forward again in a pair of deadly horns. With her came a young calf. As she approached the water-hole she sniffed the air cautiously, but the wind was blowing into the face of the cat and she did not notice its presence. The two stepped into the water and began to drink, their awkward legs splashing softly, sending silver circles of ripples in all directions.

The cat pricked up its ears and bared white fangs in the darkness. Never in its right mind would it assault a cow with her off-spring, but now it was desperate with hunger. Perhaps it could get to the young one, kill it, and escape to come back to feast later. It waited.

The pair finished and stepped once more onto land. The old was uneasy; she sensed imminent danger but could not locate it. They came near the tree now, their hooves clapping on the stony ground of the path. The cat shifted its weight to its haunches, an action like a great steel spring coiling for a sudden release.

A great mass of yellow swept through the air and bowled over the young calf, amid squeals of surprise and terror. The cow jumped back with a jerk of her enormous head and snorted her consternation. She lowered her bony brow and knocked her son's assailant away, trampling and slashing it with the sharpness of her cutting feet. She lunged at the cat again and again, until her pike-like horn pierced its side. Arching her powerful neck she flung the bleeding and broken body into the air, its death wail cut short with the sickening crunch of a backbone being snapped against a tree-trunk.

Exhausted and dripping redness, she turned to seek out her young one in the battle-scarred grass. Her deep voice moaned plaintively, until the unmistakable scent of blood reached her quivering nostrils. She found him then — dead. His throat had been snatched away by the vice-like jaws. The old one licked his still-warm form, but she realized the truth and was perhaps already resigned to its acceptance. After standing dazed and motionless in the renewed quiet of the summer evening, she shook her massive frame. Without looking back she walked off into the darkness.

THE WAGER

by Mike Law

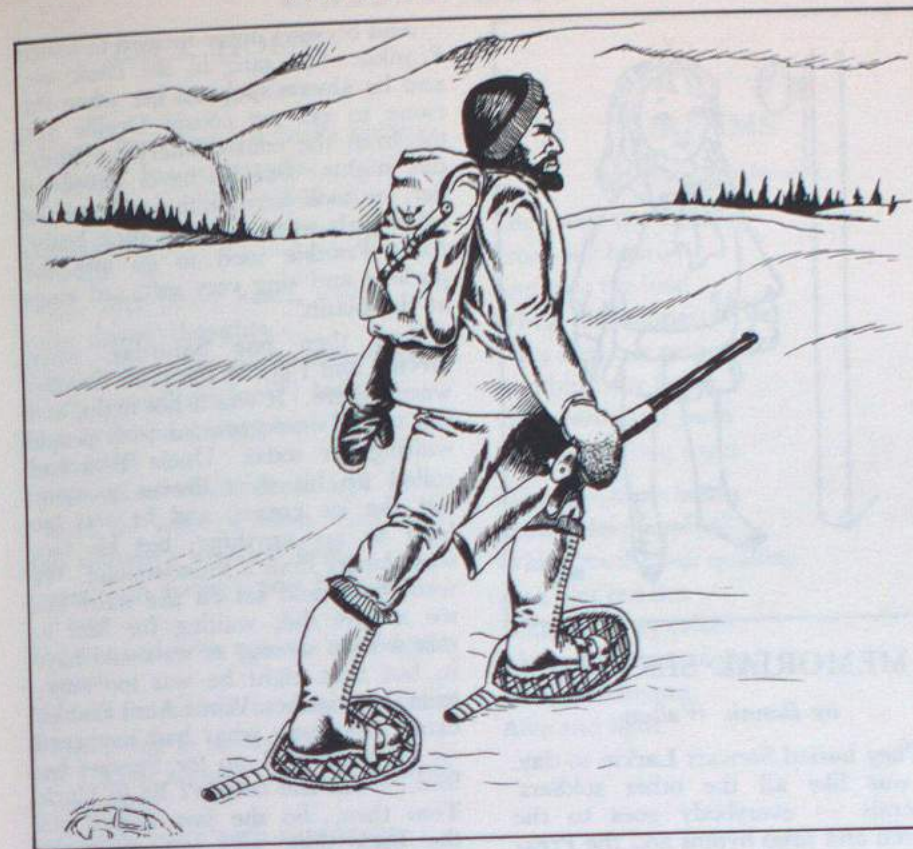
The frigid sun bathed the lifeless plains in a white brilliance that was without heat, as a lone lumberman trekked briskly over the fresh fallen snow. He was a huge man, with long awkward arms held together by massive shoulders and chest. The sharp features of his countenance were dulled by a black beard, and beneath his sparkling blue eyes and somewhat substantial nose, his mouth was set in a grim but confident smile.

As Curt Jansen strode across the frozen terrain towards the distant line of trees, the only sound which was audible was the crunching of the hard-packed snow beneath his feet. Curt was thinking of Christmas. This year he would be able to be with his family back home. The money he was bound to win would enable him to buy a tree and many beautiful presents for his loved ones.

Curt's thoughts travelled back to the wager. The day before, some men at the camp had been talking about the expanse of 'no-man's land' that lay between the camp and the nearest outpost. A number of the men were of the opinion that no human being could make the twenty mile trip alone on foot. He had disagreed, and when a cocky youngster challenged him to a contest, he accepted readily. The youngster promised to pay Curt one hundred dollars if he succeeded in reaching the outpost. Obviously if he didn't — and that possibility was remote in his reasoning — he would lose his most valuable possession . . . his life. Curt, a man of unusual strength and solid self-confidence, was not the least perturbed by the likelihood of freezing to death.

The giant whistled loudly for he was happy. It was early morning and he estimated the temperature to be about forty below. Towards noon it would warm up, but even though Curt's breath froze upon leaving his mouth, he wasn't cold. Harnessed to his back, he carried a small sack containing a can of beans, a few sandwiches, and some extra ammunition. In his right hand he held a loaded rifle. They had warned him about the wolves; if the cold didn't get him the wolves would. But Curt didn't think about the animals either.

The sun was now high in the sky, but the warmth which Curt had anticipated had not come. He had now entered the forest. Beside a frozen creek he slipped his pack off his back and began to build a fire. Once the fire was made, Curt ate his beans and sandwiches, and then



lay back upon the bank of the creek and shut his eyes. He had been walking for five hours, and since he didn't have far to go, he decided to rest.

A loud piercing howl startled Curt from his dreams. The sun was well towards the west and daylight was fading. He had slept too long! Cursing himself for his foolishness, the big man rose quickly, slung his rifle over his shoulder, and deciding to travel as fast as possible, took the route along the surface of the stream.

The wolves would be on the prowl thought Curt as he fingered his gun nervously. Somehow a tiny seed of doubt began to germinate within his skull. Why had he been stupid enough to let himself fall asleep? As he denounced himself, Curt became unaware of his surroundings. Now and then on the surface of streams, air pockets form, which are covered only by thin ice. The man was to pay for his negligence. Suddenly the ice gave way beneath Curt's feet, and he plunged waist deep into the icy water. Frantically he scrambled back onto safe ice and lay motionless for a few seconds, breathing heavily and sweating profusely despite the intense cold. Panic took hold of him. He leapt to his feet, grabbed his gun, and began to run. All he could think about was reaching the town which was still approximately eight miles distant.

After he had run for five minutes, the man regained his senses and

halted. A dense layer of ice had formed over his legs; the feeling from the knees down was numbed. His mittened hands were in a similar condition. Curt realized that he would have to stop and build a fire to thaw out, even though not much daylight remained. Gathering wood, he placed it in a large pile on the edge of the stream, in a place sheltered from the wind. He reached into his pockets fumbling for matches. His useless fingers had been rendered immobile and senseless by nature's cold. After ten minutes of frantic search he found them, and proceeded to light the fire. With a great deal of effort he managed to strike the first match. It fizzled. Curt struck another, and another, then another. The matches were wet!

Curt's stomach heaved with fear. That tiny seed of doubt was growing, and with it, panic. Suddenly he noticed a pair of luminous green eyes staring coldly from behind an evergreen. Behind the malignant eyes stood a magnificent grey wolf! Curt reached for his rifle, and propped it to his shoulder as he flattened himself out on the ground. What if there were more wolves? Well, he had plenty of ammunition, and he would not perish without a battle. He reached back for his sack containing the ammunition. It wasn't there! In his moment of panic he had left it at the scene of his accident. Curt felt like crying.

Like a bull, the foaming beast lunged. Curt's frozen fingers tightened on the trigger, and a crisp shot echoed forth from the rifle barrel. He lowered his head, expecting to feel the wolf's sharp fangs in his neck. He lay expectantly for a moment, and then raising his weary head from between his folded arms, he saw a large grey animal lying before him with a neat hole through its neck. A flood of relief surged over Curt as he stared at the calm carcass. The wolf was dead, but he would be too if he didn't get moving. The cold was beginning to affect the big man. If I could only thaw out my hands he thought! Instantly Curt perceived an idea. Removing a knife from within his boot he made a long, deep incision along the animal's chest. Then he stuck both hands within the cavity which gushed with warm blood. Momentary relief followed, but not for long. The blood soon became cold, and froze about his exposed fingers.

The seed of doubt had matured to full flower, blocking and choking the man's bewildered thinking mechanism. Once more, in a surge of panic, Curt bolted through the brush leaving his rifle behind him. One thought darted through his confused mind. He must make it to town by the time the sun set completely. As Curt strode at full gallop his frozen feet felt nothing. He began to breathe laboriously, and saliva fringed his lips. Faster and faster the giant man-horse raced, his lungs and chest heaving, his heart throbbing. He was blind to all before him. He just continued to run and run. Twice he fell, but made it again to his feet, continuing his wild flight. Like an animal he grunted as his frozen legs began to slow down. But still he urged them on through their nightmarish torture.

The giant stumbled and fell sprawling to his death bed. He did not try to rise, but lay still, gasping and panting with exhaustion. His powerful body yielded, and his brain shivered in nature's icy grasp.

A strange peace settled over Curt Jansen as he lay alone in the wilderness one mile from his goal. He thought of his family and friends. In his mind they were finding him. They would be saying, "I told you so. He was a fool to try it." But Curt no longer cared. He felt drowsy, and his entire body was devoid of feeling. Only his brain survived. But soon his brain slept also.

The shroud of darkness that was death engulfed the man, and the dying sphere that was without warmth disappeared below the horizon. The lifeless plains were cloaked in obscurity.

BLIND SIGHT

by Colin Swan

I met a little boy to-day
And happy then was he,
As he said — I'm eating
Chocolate snow, and a king
Soon will I be.

This boy so small
And happy,
Was as manly
As could be.

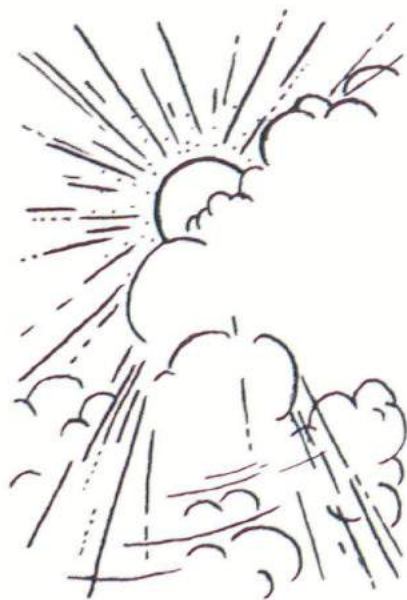
For his head was high
And he stood up tall
As he smiled up at me.

He told me more
And this he said
— I fly above the clouds,
And watch the lightning
Being made, and sent
From cloud to cloud.

He sighed, and then
Spoke on again
Before I left him there,
He said:—

I see the angels,
And now I hear them sing,
And now I see
The Son of God, the One
And only King.

Just as he finished, and glancing up,
As if to look at me
I saw right then
His eyes open wide —
But not, did this boy see.



MEMORIAL SERVICE

by Bonnie Walton

They buried Stewart Larkin to-day.
It was like all the other soldiers'
funerals — everybody goes to the
church and sings hymns and the Prea-
cher tells them what a fine lad the
town has lost and how our hearts go
out to his mother in her hour of grief,
and then they just go home, because
there isn't any proper burying at all.

But they wouldn't let me go. I
was sorry in a way, because I always
liked Stewart. He used to let me lick
the empty cans of ice cream when
he was making sodas in my Uncle
Tom's confectionery. But Aunt
Frankie locked herself in her room
this morning, and somebody had to
stay with her. And since I'm the
youngest cousin and nobody would
notice whether I was there or not,
they made me wait.

Aunt Frankie cried all afternoon.
I could hear her from where I sat
on the landing, waiting for her to
come out. But she never came, and
while I waited I kept remembering
what it was like before Stewart went
to the war.

He wasn't as nice-looking as Alda
Cook's brother George, but he was
studying law at night, and he sang
in the Methodist Church choir, and
everybody said what an up-and-com-
ing lad he might be, if it weren't for
his drinking.

But they never said that around
Frankie. She wouldn't admit that
Stewart drank, even when he came
into the store red-eyed and smelling
like an old whisky bottle. It was just
because she badgered her brother
Tom for weeks that he gave Stewart
the job, and sometimes Frankie work-
ed harder than he did to keep it.

And Stewart never seemed to notice
Frankie. She sang in the choir too,
and he always spoke to her when she
came to get my cousin Orville and
me from the confectionery on Satur-
day nights. But he never called on
her, or took her walking. When the
other girls were out with their beaux,
Aunt Frankie used to go into the
parlour and sing very soft, sad songs
at the piano.

And then one Saturday, when
Orville and I got to the store, Stewart
wasn't there. It was a hot night, and
the tables were crowded with people
waiting for sodas. Uncle Tom had
rolled up his shirt sleeves to scoop
out the ice cream, and he was too
busy to say anything, but his face
was blacker than a thundercloud. We
went back and sat on the stairs like
we always did, waiting for him to
mix a soda wrong, so we could have
it, but that night he was too angry
to make mistakes. When Aunt Frankie
came, she knew what had happened
— she'd covered up for Stewart be-
fore — but she couldn't lie to Uncle
Tom then. So she just slipped out
the back door and ran down the
alley to the bar where Stewart was
getting drunker and drunker and
tried to make him wake up enough
to go home.

But by then the customers had
begun to drift off. Uncle Tom yanked
off his apron and banged out into the
alley after them. When he found
Stewart, he pushed Frankie out of
the way and grabbed him by his
shirt collar, roaring that he was a
good-for-nothing and a lot of other
things. And then instead of hitting
him, he just pushed him down into the
alley and grabbed Frankie who was
all white and sick-looking, and he
didn't say a word all the way home.

Stewart didn't go back to work
after that. A few weeks later he
joined the army, although Aunt Min-
nie said it was a wonder they ever
let him in. And Aunt Frankie kept
on giving music lessons, and singing
in the church choir, and she shut
herself up in the parlour more and
more often.

Last week they told Mrs. Larkin
that Stewart was dead. Aunt Minnie
took her some Swiss chard from the
garden, because she always likes to
be a comfort to people in their time
of need, and Uncle Tom dropped
over to see her one night on his way
home from the store.

They talk about Stewart in quiet
knowing voices now, saying perhaps it
was all for the better, and Frankie
dear, he was never right for you
at all.

And Aunt Frankie just cries.

BACK HOME

by Ruby Cler

Far away from here is a land I knew—
A peaceful, happy, paradise.
The fragrant winds encircle all —
And man and beast were lasting
friends.

I sigh, with heavy heart, and
Sadly driven thoughts,
When I remember all the little things,
Which formed the land I love.
Each little stone and plant I'll
reminisce —

Each season, which came and went.
I loved the winter's harsh cruel ways
And summer's dreaded heat.
I sang with spring's new budding
leaves

And laughed with autumn's effulgent
jewels.

My heart cried out in pleading pain,
When forced to slowly part.

For I have nothing left, but eternal
memories,

Enchanted more each passing day.

DREAMS

by Ellen Hoffmann

They waft the sorrows
From our hearts;

And ease the load
Which pain imparts.

They heal our pride,
And bind our hopes

With yards and yards
Of Life's strong ropes.

What are these balms
Which sleep applies?

Which soothe our qualms,
And blot out lies.

What are they called
That come each night?

They are dreams,
Airy and light.

WORK

by Corinne Musgrave

Work—It's in a man's soul
It's the part of him that makes him
worth while.

It brightens the fun, it brightens the
leisure hours,

It makes valuable things more
valuable

And challenges the mind and soul

Work—It drives the spirit to
happiness,

It contents the ego.

It gives one a purpose for getting up
on those dreary mornings,

And keeps the brain burning

If life were sipping lemonade all
afternoon

Why would we need to live?

We wouldn't be contributing to
nature's chores

And would be . . .

A foreign animal in God's plan

For us to serve and work

For Him.

QUEST FOR LIFE

SECOND PRIZE SHORT STORY

by Lynda Peck 13D

"Five . . . four . . . three . . . two
. . . one — set course zero five blue
— straight ahead."

They had followed this very same
procedure so many times before.
Perhaps this was the right one.
Perhaps . . .

"Prepare to enter the atmosphere."

For a few moments the captain
could only stare out over the nose of
the ship at the beautiful planet to
which they were headed. It looked
so much like all the other planets
that they had encountered in their
seemingly endless search. To him,
time had become meaningless, for he
and his crew had been on this mission
so long that he could imagine at will
that either aeons or merely a day had
lapsed since they had departed their
native galaxy. Actually, by his count-
ing six zalandiums had passed since
his planet had received a signal from
a world called EARTH in the galaxy
MILKY WAY.

Since his was a peace-loving world,
always striving to share knowledge
and understanding with other cul-
tures, the supreme commander had
charged him, the most skilful captain

in the service, with the task of finding
this other planet on which there were
intelligent beings.

Now, as the almost circular mass
loomed closer he could distinguish
large patches of green and even
greater areas of blue, capped on two
sides by nearly round white masses.
He could easily have convinced him-
self that this planet was just like all
the others, yet he thought that per-
haps this one was a little greener, a
little better situated in relation to the
nearest star, a little more suited to
complex forms of being.

"Commence landing procedure."

The ship landed on one of the few
clear, flat surfaces that the guidance
system could detect in that particular
region. For the most part, dense,
verdant foliage covered everything—
the lowlands and leas, the gently
sloping hills, and framed the clear
sparkling waters of the lakes and
rivers. Only the bold mountains rose
manifestly, boasting shiny, steep faces
of bare rock which towered towards
the radiant blue heavens where the
gentle, benevolent sun poured out its
life-giving gold. The warmth of the
day was tempered by a soft breeze,
but the searchers were not sensitive

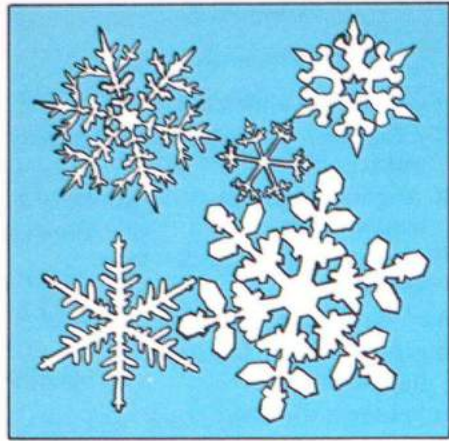
to either the heat of the sun or the
cooling breeze.

"We shall follow our customary
course of action to search for evidences
of life," the captain announced when
they had all wondered at the beauty
of the place.

Using their tracing devices they
worked all day, combing the entire
planet for clues or signs that this was
the one. At the setting of the sun,
one of the crew found a small capsule
buried deep in the ground near the
bank of an inland river. They took
the tube to the ship and with their
machines and the knowledge they had
gained from the original signal, they
learned of the fate of EARTH.

As the ship rose swiftly and quietly
from the beautiful planet, the captain
had to wonder, as he gazed back, how
living beings inhabiting such an 'ideal'
world could choose to direct all their
learning to the purpose of destroying
each other — and not openly, but
with microbes, stealthily, perfidiously.

Like so many times before, the
usual orders were given as the ship
left yet another planet, but instead
of directing towards another possible
galaxy, it set its course for its own
peaceful, knowledge-respecting end of
the universe.



OMEGA

by Richard A. Roumain

From the instant that it was conceived, the tiny droplet learned that its vocation was very special. He had been chosen from all his brother vapours to be one of the princes of the trade. While those around him attended classes in the art of squadron-falling, he was tutored privately and learned about lift and drag and how to take advantage of the gusts and the little swirls of air in the corners.

Professor Hydride told him, "The important thing when you arrive is to make an impression. This is why we teach you about reflection. You must learn to catch the light and sparkle as you descend. The raindrops will, of course, be collectively more resplendent in their rainbow, but yours will be a more personal, more delicate beauty."

Day by day he struggled with his lessons. And a struggle it was, since he had been chosen primarily because of his artistic soul. Physics, algebra and aerodynamics didn't sit well at all. But he pursued his studies valiantly and was promoted to Frosty College.

It was at Frosty that he met Marilyn Fleece. She was a lovely flake. Her figure was flawless — a perfect 135°. Her face shone like a cluster of diamonds and when she smiled Hector could do nothing but smile too. It was with her that he discovered the meaning of his mission, for it was through her that he first experienced happiness as perfect as was snowflake-ly possible.

The long walks with her and the conversations they had were the seeds from which Hector's great interest in Mythology developed. He and Marilyn would spend hours on end, poring over the big, illustrated books which depicted and explained things that they would see in the other world. They saw trees sparkling with frost and rivers, cold and shining, reflect-

ing the sun's rays. They saw children at play in the snow.

It wasn't all dreams and romance though. Far from it. Five days a week and a good part of the sixth were spent slugging at the books. At times it got him down. "There can be too much of this theoretical work," thought Hector.

And so it was that Hector came to be the best-loved person on campus. There was beauty in love, he thought; so he loved. His kindness and generosity, his willingness to listen and his quiet, unassuming spirituality made it impossible for anyone to dislike him.

Now, Physics and Geometry aside, the main objective of a snowflake is the attainment of beauty. In this respect, Hector was way ahead of his class. It was for this reason that the Dean called Hector into his office one day early in November.

The Dean was an impressive sight in his black tights and sweatshirt. Hector felt as if he had known him all his life as did all the young snowflakes. Mostly he was known as "Teddy".

"Have a seat, Hector. I've got a favour to ask," said the Dean. "You, closer than anyone else here, have approached perfection. You know that, don't you?"

"Thank you, sir."

"This is November. The first class will be graduating soon. You won't be in it."

"I'm sorry sir."

"Instead, I want you to leave early. You're ready. The November chill has set in. I want to send a sign-a-herald to let the world know that winter's coming. I want you to go because you, more than anyone else, are fully a snowflake."

Hector couldn't believe his senses. Pumping the Dean's spangle, he wandered out of the office in a daze.

It was in a similar state — only one brought on by awe — that he stood, shaking, on the edge of the cloud, the Dean and his Physics teacher looking on. He said a quick prayer — the one he said each morning and evening.

"Thank You, God, for making me a snowflake. Please help me to be worthy."

And leapt . . .

His descent was smooth.

It was a cold winter's night, and Hector amused himself by experimenting with the different angles at which he could reflect the moonlight. He wasn't concerned with technique, though. For one thing, he was competent. For another, he was too

happy, excited and completely involved in the experience to worry, to calculate, to consider. He could only be and do.

Swiftly he glided to the ground, exulting in showing off every point, and in a twinkling he was resting softly in the branches of an evergreen tree.

There was a roaring and a pounding and a hot, hot blast. The snowflake was instantly vapourized to an angry, hissing mass of steam. Thoroughly contaminated, it rose to fall again as rain and to rise and fall again until the earth, now blazing and molten, would cool to a lifeless, glazed ball.

SEABOUND

by Beverley McRae 13C

In the small resort town you were either a swimmer or a beach-comber, a surfer or a sandfly; you launched your boat or you watched from shore, you belonged to the land or to the sea. The sea group and the land group went about their own diversions and seldom mingled with each other. Even on the street, their appearance was different. The sea group, taller and more muscular, were tanned the year around and there was a briskness in their step and a faraway look in their eyes. Paler and more fragile were the land group who sat on the beach for much-needed sun baths, and their dark, squinting eyes were focused sharply inward on nearby objects such as, magazines and decks of cards.

Margo stayed with the land dwellers and loved her warm secure beach. She was appropriately delicate with a lovely china doll complexion and long golden hair meticulously fixed about her head. But her eyes seemed always to wander.

Perhaps it was this summer's experiences with Don, a young man of the sea group who crossed the boundary one day to ask her for the time. His body was moist and smooth and there was the same faraway look in his eyes. She followed him back to the edge of the water and waded in the foam as she talked (land dwellers are excellent conversationalists).

Soon she was taking her first swimming lesson, much to her disgust, as she rather disliked the rocks and chilly water. To Don's satisfaction, she became an excellent swimmer. Then there were sailing lessons and picnics on the peninsula that jutted out on the horizon.

But in the fall, she was with the land group again, playing bridge, reading magazines, and drinking

cokes, dancing on the beach — but mostly just sitting and staring out at the water.

"Margo, say, wake up! What's your bid?" Sharron was impatient, another quality peculiar to land people.

"Oh, I pass," Margo mumbled, not taking her eyes from the horizon.

The peninsula looked almost black today but usually it was a dusty purple reaching like a motherly arm around the beach and the cove where they swam. Margo smiled at the little boy with his red sailboat, a dark-skinned fellow, probably a son of the sea group. This boy also had the distant look in his eyes as he waded along the shore, the waves breaking against his ankles.

The wind was rising and grey clouds were moving in from the east. Rushing, rushing, the waves tipped the little red sailboat over with a bounce against the rocks on the side of the cove. The boy set the boat aright, picked it up lovingly and launched it against the incoming waves which, each time, tipped it over again. The sea people enjoyed such foolish things, such pointless things.

Margo had not noticed that the cards had blown from the centre of the blanket and the others were busily gathering them up.

"We'll finish this in the apartment," Sharron said, clutching her share of the cards anxiously, like dollar bills.

"Margo, get your things and let's go."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Margo fumbled with her drink and helped fold her end of the blanket. Today, she did not want to go with the group, do what the group did, think what the group thought. The faint splash of the red boat against the steady roar of the ocean helped her.

"I want to stay here awhile." It was out before she knew it. "I'm sorry, I can't play with you, maybe the girl across the hall will take my place." This was said for Sharron who was standing mouth open, ready to protest about not having enough players.

The others, a bit stunned at the loss of one of their group, finished gathering their things, turned for the halfmile walk home and began murmuring in low voices.

Margo walked over to the rock that rose just above the high water of the cove. The ledge stood out alone from the ascending rock, guarding the shore, absorbing moisture from the incoming sea breeze and shielding the cove from the brisk winds. The place afforded a good view of the beach, and was just big enough for two.

Margo chuckled at the little boy, launching his boat in the waves only to have it pushed back again and again. Just like the sea people, she thought, they spare no effort to launch

their boats. Nothing can discourage them. Sooner or later they succeed and when they do, it is a big thing because of their efforts.

It was like the sea people to try for big things. They delight in their efforts, the effort grows until it almost becomes its own reward. The more effort demanded, the better — life at sea is characterized by sacrifice and a complete trust in the unknown.

Now Margo almost thought she wanted to be a part of that effort. But she belonged to the land people.

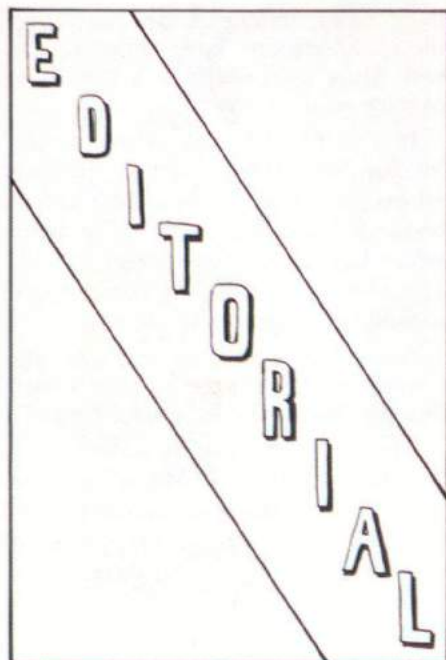
The sky grew steadily darker — it was dinner time but Margo was not hungry. She gazed at the rocks descending sharply beneath her, the white swirling foam of the breakers, a red sailboat jogged unattended past the breaking point.

And suddenly she saw two tiny arms beating down the waves, a dark face half covered by the water and its cries silenced by the roar. The boy was almost directly below her.

She looked anxiously towards the shore, down the solitary beach to the nearest house a half-mile away. Where were the sea people?

Margo stood up. Almost automatically her toes gripped the ledge, her arms swung up, her eyes never left the figure of the boy. With a powerful dive she broke away from the land — seabound.





As Editor of the Yearbook and a fellow student, I sincerely hope the school year has been both rewarding and enjoyable. Although I am sure it has been for the majority of students, the ease with which such a year could have been attained may amaze the many who wander through high school only to emerge into the adult world as immature and as narrow minded as they were in their grade school days. To me, the key to success in high school, and hence in the adult world, is inner satisfaction.

Perhaps my concept is self-centred, but I feel that it serves its purpose. After all the decisions in all personal matters — and our education is a singular affair — are up to the individual. It is his obligation to decide finally what effort shall be made toward self-improvement.

Each of you knows whether you are satisfied with your work. Such satisfaction comes only if the effort and its rewards have been ample.

These aims, however, would be obtained more easily if it were not for outside pressures—pressures which, whether concentrated or weak, tend to warp the student and misdirect his purpose.

The less common influence is the effect of reduced stress from without. Here you find yourself with neither the incentive nor the urgency to work for the benefits of education. You can drift along with the aimless tide, or you can work, and from your sweat produce results that will satisfy possibly no one but yourself. However, this would be sufficient, for who but the writer himself will be truly satisfied by an examination well done?

Overly intense pressure, either by adults or by friends, is equally dangerous. The trouble arises when the marks which you are trying to obtain are to be used as a means towards an unqualified end. When marks are attained with the sole purpose of winning awards or prizes, then their value will remain only as long as you are in school. If, however, good marks are used as a bargaining power for college or the business world, then their influence is more lasting.

Now that most colleges consider your whole high school career, the results attained in the earlier grades are gaining in value, with the emphasis placed on your personal achievements. As this takes extra-curricular work into account, you need not fear that you are neglecting your work if you enjoy after-school activities. Realizing this to be true and satisfied with your academic efforts, you can accept with quiet reserve the pressure of outside influences.

However, extra-curricular activities should never be used as an excuse for lack of effort. The extent of your involvement should be carefully scrutinized so that a proper balance between them and your school work is obtained. This study should be made sincerely and privately by you alone.

"This above all, to thine own self be true."

If, after such an evaluation, you are satisfied with your efforts, then inner satisfaction with its rewards will be yours.

"And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man."

The final goal of education must always be kept in mind. Soon, we shall take over the reins of society in our country. Some of us may become members of the government, while others will serve as conscientious citizens, but all will have in common the world left by our parents.

And what a world it is! Recent years have brought about miraculous transformations. Our freedom was preserved, and in doing so, human slaughter was nearly perfected. We were given new sources of energy with awesome potential, but with them came the key to mass annihilation.

Freedom and Progress have their prices and we must pay them, remaining vigilant and attentive to world affairs. As the new blood, we can be the force that stands for world peace.

The names of destroyers fade; yet the builders only grow in stature as time progresses. Few remember the names of men like Cesare Borgia, Pizarro or Baber. But who doesn't know Columbus, Martin Luther or Newton? The constructive leaders of society are the ones that gain the eternal respects of the world.

So let it be in the future. We must be known as the generation that built. We cannot eliminate all war — it is a basic natural fault — but we can reduce its ravages and rectify its effects. This must be our aim. Let us rise to the occasion and earn glory for our nation.

If we are to be proud Canadians, let us give Canada cause for pride.



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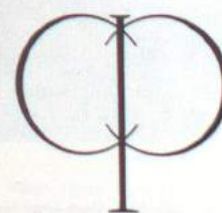
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ACTIVITIES

SOCIAL COMMITTEE

Massey's only prom, "A boy ask girl and girl ask boy affair", was presented this year on March 5th. Mounting the stairs through a mystical and magical Oriental land, one passed into an usually drab gym transformed into a world of enchantment, as the theme "Around the World in 80 days" was depicted with murals and decorations representing various countries of the world. Above a miniature village, a huge balloon hovered, as it began a journey which stretched from the snowy Alps of Switzerland, atop of which perched an ambitious skier, to sunny Spain, represented by a

dashing, colourful toreador on either side of the stage. Two watchful sentries stood on guard at one wall, and opposite them a pretty, petite Dutch girl sat outside a colorful windmill. The music of Bill Richardson floated from a stage decorated with representations of an ancient Inca temple. A cluster of multi-coloured balloons hung overhead, above a mixture of old and new world atmospheres.

The cafeteria had been transformed into a magical French Cafe. Tables were placed around a replica of the famous Eiffel Tower while overhead hung red and white striped awnings.

Trees, decorated by twinkling lights, added to the atmosphere of the side-walk cafe.

The Queen of the Prom, Judy McCulloch, was crowned by Mr. Ward and was presented with a bouquet of red roses. In attendance around her were her princesses, Linda Hillis, Penelope Bass, Martha Heath, and Cookie Rosenberg.

The social committee, under the supervision of Mr. M. Hendrick, the sponsor teacher, and committee heads, Penny Carter and Jack Wilson deserve a great deal of praise for staging so enjoyable and successful a prom.



SOCIAL COMMITTEE

Fourth Row: Larry Burney, Sue Cooke, Sheila Parker, Lynda Lane, Janice Bardsley, Syrel Fogel, Mary Lee Cooke, Carol Manforton, Janice Baxter, Jane Beardmore, Susan West, Karen Kirkwood, Chris Napier, Richard Taylor.

Third Row: Faye Anderson, Nancy Henderson, Penny Carter, Nancy Tofflemire, Judy Trofin, Nancy Vincent, Anita Totten, Donna Daragon, Lana Soper, Lynn DeHart, Lynn Kaufman, Judy Ingram, Vicki Conn, Beth Pearson, Stephanie Young.

Second Row: Sue Collacott, Jill Brooks, Linda Taylor, Carroll Fraser, Pam Johns, Mr. M. Hendrick, Viviane Dulovits, Joan McLaughlin, Judy Braithwaite, Mona Van Kuren.

First Row: Mike Johnston, Jack Wilson, Dave Wilson, Bob Stewart, Rick Merlo, Bob Gateman, Art Kidd.



ART CONTEST WINNERS

Top to Bottom: Greg Goulin, Janet Marontate, Bruce Bezaire, Uwe Schneider, Lynn Murray, Judy Trofin, Pat Hanna.



TRIP TO NEW YORK

During the Easter holidays, 22 Massey students, accompanied by Mr. Davies, Mr. Gardner, Miss Wilkinson, and Miss Duda, a teacher at Walkerville, visited New York.

Travelling by train, we left Tuesday and returned the following Sunday. We arrived in New York late Tuesday night, and settled in our hotel which was very conveniently located.

The first day we took a subway to Battery Park and from there a ferry to the Statue of Liberty. We had a guided tour of the Wall Street Stock Exchange, and then on to Chinatown.

Thursday morning we visited the United Nations. In the afternoon

we travelled to the Empire State building, and Rockefeller Center where we visited the N.B.C. television studios.

The following day included trips to Central Park, the Museum of Natural History, and the Hayden Planetarium for a sky-show.

Saturday and the nights of the previous days were left to our discretion. Some of the most visited attractions were the World's Fair, Radio City Music Hall, Greenwich Village, Staten Island Ferry, Times Square and local discothèques.

We returned home Sunday, tired but extremely pleased with this most enjoyable holiday.

On behalf of those students participating in this enterprise, I would like to extend our appreciation to the teachers who participated in this function, especially to Mr. Davies who organized the trip and made all accommodation, transportation and tour arrangements.

THE ART SHOW

The now annual Art Exhibition at Vincent Massey Collegiate this year was a tremendous success. The rotunda of the school was turned into an art gallery, complete with famous works done by noted artists of the student body.

Approximately fifty paintings of different sizes, styles, and mediums

PUBLIC SPEAKING
CONTEST WINNERS

Second Row: Jim Gatrall, Pete Faulkner, Ray Penfold, Colin Swan, Howard Bernstein.

First Row: Stephanie Young, Janet Marontate, Pam Rosenberg, Lynda Eckert, Wendy Campbell.

were displayed. This proved to be an added attraction to our Prom, which officially opened the exhibition.

Firsts were given to eight worthy artists. They were Lynn Murray, Lynne Hunter, Greg Goulin, Uwe Schneider, Janet Marontate, Bruce Bezaire, Judy Trofin, and Pat Hanna. Honourable mentions were given to other paintings.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

The W.S.S.A. public speaking competitions were held again this year. The school winners were as follows: Senior Boys — Ray Penfold, Junior Boys — Peter Faulkner, Senior Girls — Wendy Campbell, Junior Girls — Janet Marontate.

Massey speakers also did well in the various special contests this year. Colin Swan won the city-wide impromptu competition, Linda Eckert the Ontario Secondary Schools Trustees and Ratepayers Contest, and Janet Marontate the Industrial Accident Prevention Contest. Fred Skeggs finished second in the Optimists' Club Toastmaster Contest.

These people have represented Massey well this year and their efforts deserve commendation.

U.N. CLUB

This year marked the best membership in the club and the best showing in the Model U.N. in our

short history. Interest in the club was so great that we were able to send two complete delegations to the M.U.N. There, our first delegation, the United Kingdom, lost the award for the top delegation by one point. Our second delegation, Laos, was equal to any minor power in the General Assembly. Four delegates from our club placed in the top 15 out of 550 delegates. They were Barry Munholland, Janet Marontate, Greg Goulin, and Bob Doumani. Our showing at the M.U.N. was particularly fine since 50% of our delegates had less than one year's experience. With this in mind, we are looking forward to more success next year.



NEW YORK TRIP

Third Row: Larry Martin, Fred Hollowell, Greg Topolie, Andy Auch, Steve Hoffman, Bob Gateman, Chuck Ainslie, Kieth Whipple.

Second Row: George Meisner, Paul Herage, Martha Heath, Karen Kirkwood, Susan Hall, Cookie Rosenberg, Bonnie McPhail, Linda Moffatt, Gail Nickleson, Jeff Slopen, Steve Shanfield.

First Row: Lynda Lane, Janet Collocott, Mr. C. Davies, Pam Johns, Susan West, Nancy Tofflemire.

UNITED NATIONS CLUB

Second Row: Bob Dunlop, Dave Groff, Greig Harton, Rolf Hartloff, Barry Munholland, Frank Doe, Paul Bucham.

First Row: Blake Soutar, Lynda Peck, Mr. H. Merkuloff, Sandra McNally, Mary Ann Farkas, Bob Doumani.



V.M.C.T.V.

On February the 19th and 20th, the curtain rose once again over the Massey stage. Our annual show this year was one of variety acts rather than an operetta.

Under the direction of Miss E. Mathews, the first part of our "really big show", as announced by Bob Howe, consisted of various acts in the "Parade of the Stars". Among these were included a violin solo by Jean Surowiak, a piano duet, "Exodus", by Peggy Hurley and Penny Nighswander, and two vocal selections by the Glenwood Singers. Pantomimes by Jim Gatrall and a piano solo, of his own composition, by Len Ballantine added originality and variety to the programme. A special note should be made of Miss R. Stone's "Liberty Belles" whose grace and precision charmed the audience out front and backstage. Congratulations are due, also, to the Yorktown Gymnastic Troop, under the supervision of Mr. Edwards. The enjoyment and admiration of the audience was evident as the "clowns" performed their difficult feats.



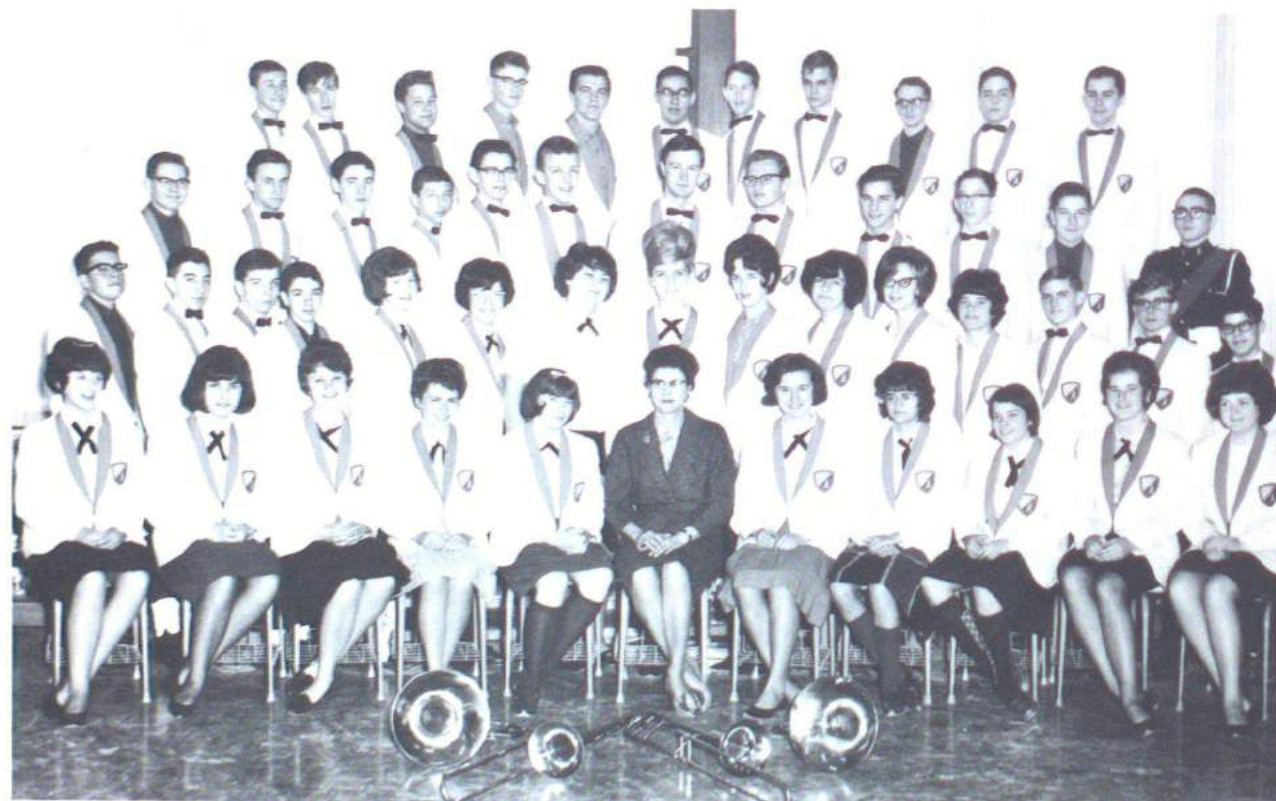
A special attraction throughout the entire show was our closed circuit T.V. The audience could view the performance not only on stage, but also on the large television sets placed throughout the gym. This "experiment" proved to be highly successful in drawing "the crowds".

After a brief intermission, the curtain rose for the balcony scene of "Cyrano de Bergerac", which starred Rolf Hartloff as Cyrano and Judy Penfold as Roxane. Mr. N. Graham's excellent direction, combined with the



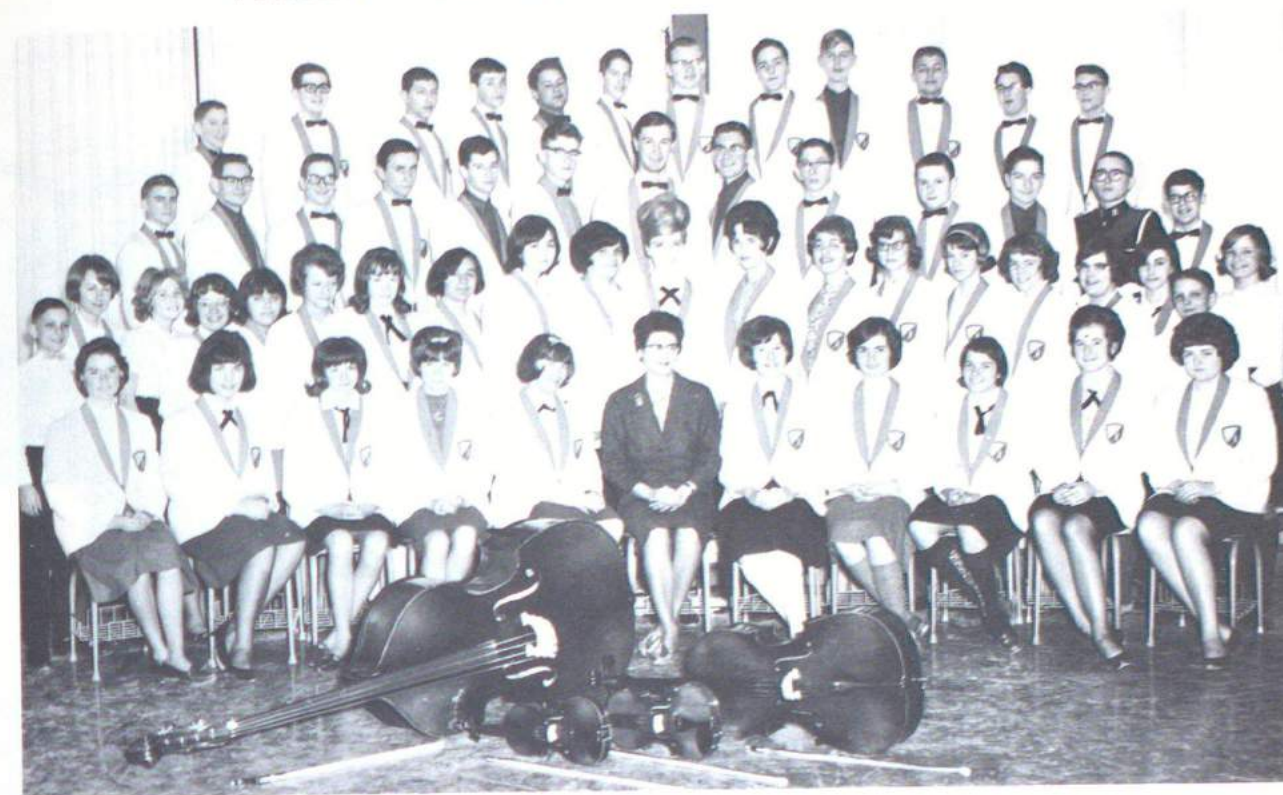
sincere effort put forth by the entire cast, resulted in a top performance which everyone thoroughly enjoyed.

This was followed by a few last numbers from the orchestra which included the dramatic "Grand March of the Aida". Thus a successful night's entertainment drew to a close.



BAND

Fourth Row: Ian MacDonald, Jim McArthur, Mike Lyons, Craig Welch, Rudy Ackermann, Bob Doumani, Greg Montague, Barry Munholland, Jim Cross, Duncan Ainslie, Frank Doe.
Third Row: Richard Stewart, Jerry Boase, Don Merrett, Charlie Lovegrave, Bob MacKenzie, Brian Francis, Don Scott, Dan Eberwein, Mike Hyrniw, Roger Harkness, Len Ballantine, Colin Swan.
Second Row: George Egypt, David Gourley, Alan Lennon, Daryl Patterson, Ann Littlehales, Marilyn Sanborn, Cathy Coxon, Cathy Gilbert, Martha Mahoney, Janis Hart, Jackie Wade, Medley Small, Bryce Munholland, Bob Dunlop, Blake Soutar.
First Row: Susan Devereux, Karen Lawrence, Carol Bures, Lorean Farrer, Mary Alice Robertson, Miss E. Mathews, Shirley Lewchuk, Jackie Faust, Elaine Chapman, Penny Nighswander, Peggy Hurley.



ORCHESTRA

Fourth Row: Richard Boggs, Howard Bernstein, Charlie Lovegrave, Ian MacDonald, Mike Lyons, Greg Montague, Dan Eberwein, Duncan Ainslie, Bob Bass, John Ohler, Norman Gardner, Bob Harper.
Third Row: Bryce Munholland, Richard Stewart, Martin Weddle, Jerry Boase, Greg Goulin, Craig Welch, Don Scott, David Hodgson, Roger Harkness, Mike Hawkeswood, Len Ballantine, Colin Swan, Blake Soutar.
Second Row: Barry Chute, Maureen Fleet, Sharon Ames, Lynda Eckert, Lynn Murray, Arlene Yaworsky, Madeline Newman, Carol Small, Irene Binder, Jean Surowiak, Cathy Gilbert, Martha Mahoney, Ellen Hoffmann, Linda Coyle, Carol Duracher, Lorraine Dunlop, Jackie Tetroe, Taula Thornhill, Brian Chute, Brenda Snell.
First Row: Leslie Farrell, Karen Lawrence, Kathy Horne, Susan Washburn, Maryalice Robertson, Miss E. Mathews, Ann Littlehales, Wendy Campbell, Elaine Chapman, Penny Nighswander, Peggy Hurley.

BAND

From its humble beginning in 1962, the Massey band has grown into the thriving organization of its present day. The band's 1964-65 success story began in the fall of the year with the solemn ceremony of graduation. The band rendered the "Themes from the Nutcracker Suite" and the "Blue Tango" to a delighted and surprised audience. This premiere success heightened the spirit of the band and spurred it on to greater efforts. Then came the months of work in preparation for a night with VMC-TV. Before two capacity audiences, the band performed the R.A.F. march Past, the ghostly Dance Macabre, and the "Themes from Grieg". Hardly had we finished VMC-TV when we were confronted with the Windsor Secondary School Music Festival. Here, as before, the band was a credit to Massey. As a compliment to our ability, and the inspiring conducting of Miss Mathews, the band was in-

vited on an exchange trip to Lorne Park Secondary School. This included a guided tour of Toronto International Airport. With VMC-TV, the Secondary Music Festival, and Lorne Park behind us we look forward to next year and even greater success.

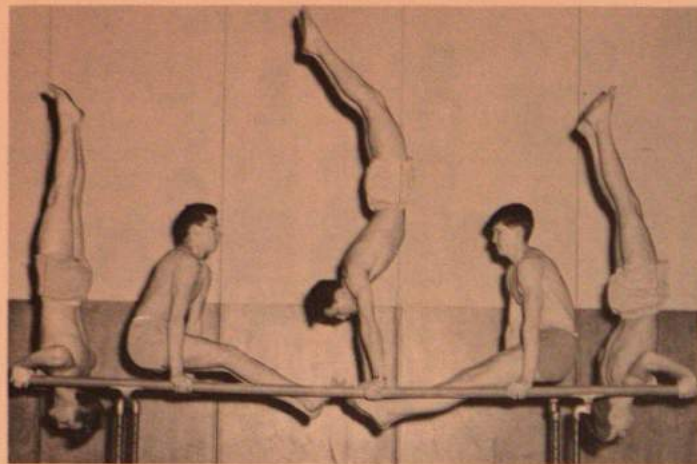


ORCHESTRA

Massey's orchestra, presently about sixty members strong, started out with a single grade nine class in September 1963. Now, in 1965, it has stretched from grade nine straight through to grades ten and eleven. It certainly showed its worth during the Mikado, our last operetta, in which it played the overture. This group had also taken an active part in the recent VMC-TV night. Their particular spot was at the end. Their two numbers were "On the Trail" and the "Grand March" from Aida. The former depicts a ride through the

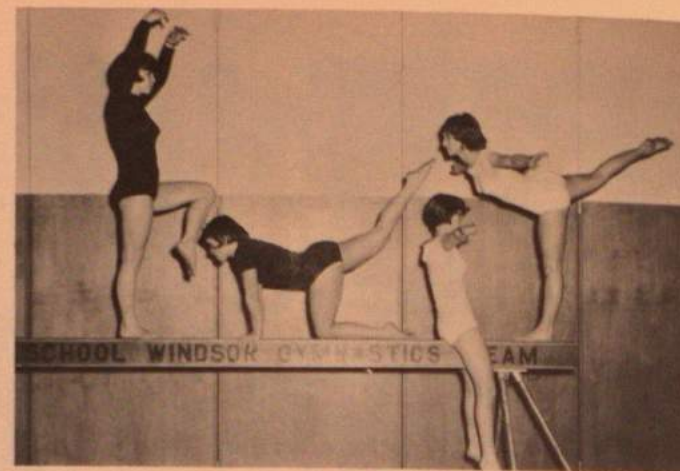
Grand Canyon on a donkey. As to the latter, it is played, in the opera, just as the Egyptians, who have overcome the Ethiopians, parade down the streets of Cairo. At both the Mikado and the VMC-TV, the orchestra played to a full house. The string orchestra was privileged in being able to play at the commencement ceremony in December, at which time they played the "Swedish Rhapsody" and the "March Alceste". They played also at the awards assembly in March. Several comments as to their fine playing could be heard each time from parents and teachers as well as students. The success of the orchestra, would, however, have been impossible had it not been for Miss Mathews, whose efforts are truly appreciated.

Though by no means exceptional in their playing, they are, however, constantly improving and Massey should soon be able to boast of a very fine, as well as the only, orchestra in Sandwich West.



BOYS' GYMNASTIC CLUB

Left to right: Gord Moore, Wayne Ouellette, John Murphy, Greg Spindler, Ron Wall.



GIRLS' GYMNASTIC CLUB

Left to right: Judy Travis, Elaine Chapman, Ruby Cler, Gail Atherton.

LIBERTY BELLES

Left to Right: Miss R. Stone, Sue Young, Gilda Friedman, Linda McArthur, Sue Cooke, Janice Hollowell, Kathy Arnott, Judy Mereschka, Christine Keeley, Donna Daragon, Chris Reid, Lynn Brown, Mary Garswood, Karen Kirkwood.



LIBERTY BELLES

Second Row: Miss R. Stone, Nancy Neale, Sandi Johnston, Debbie Cooke, Bonnie Blacklock, Jill Brooks, Waltraud Schabestiel, Pam Soulliere, Brenda Peck, Irene Binder.
First Row: Jan Marontate, Megan Mitchell, Lynn Zvric, Ann Littlehales, Maryalice Robertson, Brenda Hills.



CAST OF CYRANO DE BERGERAC

Second Row: Jeff Slopen, Ron Barker, Rolf Hartloff, Dick Mueller.
First Row: Judy Penfold, Mr. N. Graham, Judy Bailey.



THE MUSTANG STAFF

Third Row: Bob Gateman, Abie Shapiro, Bruce Bezaire, Bob Howe, Andy Auch, Keith Whipple, Fred Hollowell, Greg Topolie.

Second Row: Carter Hoppe, Bob Doumani, Lynda Taylor, Corinne Musgrave, Lynn Kaufman, Janet Marontate, Chuck Ainslie, Dave Wilson.

First Row: Mona Van Kuren, Sue Kaufman, Fred Skeggs, Mrs. E. Hooker, Jack Brown, Penny Carter, Gayle Powers.



CADET BAND

Third Row: Mark Reid, Kerry Shapiro, Jim Nickleson, Keith Campbell, Al Martin, Bob Mann, Paul Spindler, Bryan Banks, Martin Speiran, Paul Perry, Ron Smith, John Tregaskiss, Colin Garrett.

Second Row: Ken Brooks, Gary Allan, Shawn Conley, Jim LeBlanc, Ron Tingle, Peter Prier, Larry Burney, Tom Lafleur, Bob Buncick, Jim McArthur, Richard Lewchuk, Bill Austin, Ian Macdonald, Randy Bain, Ken Garber, Charlie Lovegrove.

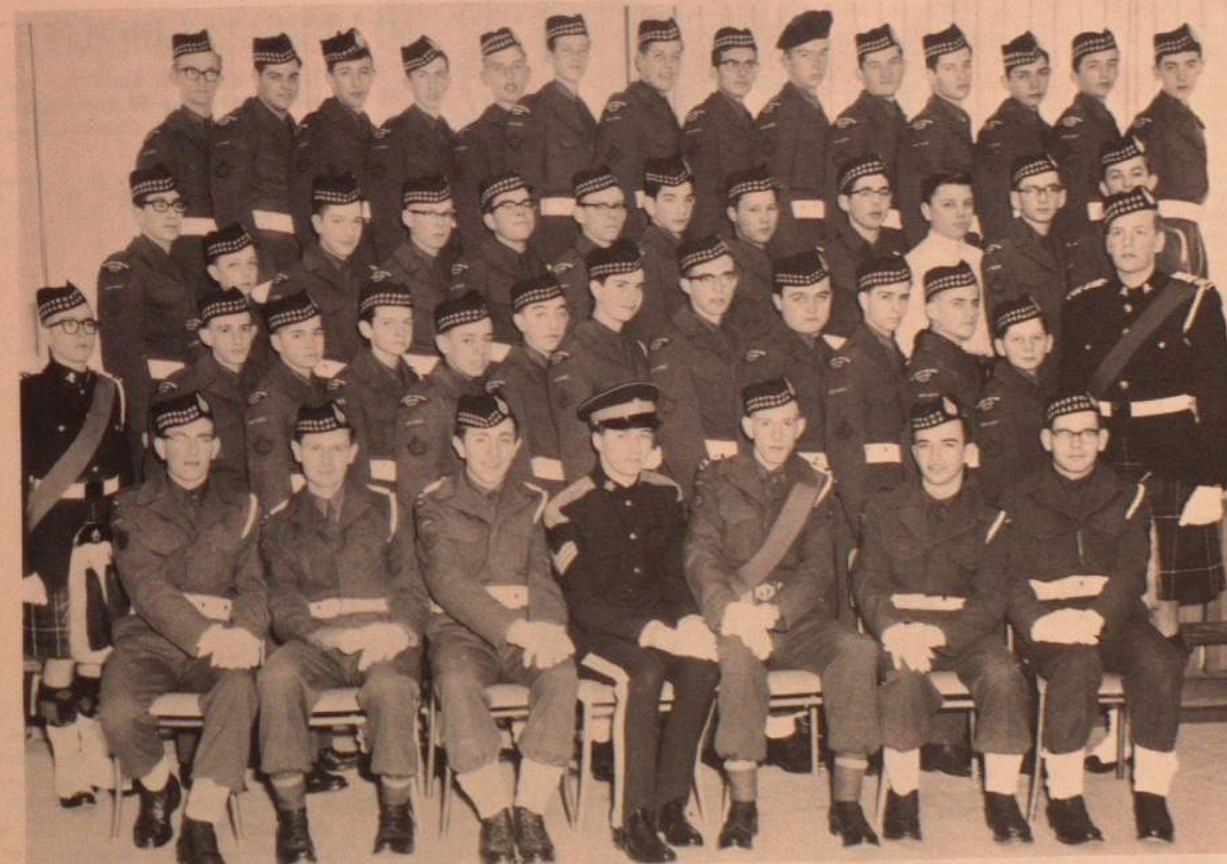
First Row: Jeff Mandell, Jack Fisher, Jack Paterson, Bill Pengelly, Mr. N. Probert, Mike Soulliere, Alan Lopatin, John Howieson, John Hawkeswood.



PRECISION SQUAD

Second Row: Tom Jones, Mike Bull, John Perry, Phil Peddie, Dave Groff, Paul MacKeigan, Tim Nighswander.

First Row: Bill Goodwyn, Ted Minnis, Bill Tereschuck, Kim Preney, Dave Sawchuk, Wayne Pitre, Rick Stacey, Mr. W. Tatten.



OFFICER'S AND N.C.O.'S

Fourth Row: Dennis Jolliffe, Jim Westlake, John Lynn, Ron Ridley, Bob Bass, Claude Biron, Bob Bell, Dave McKenzie, Dave Waymouth, Dave Russell, Greg Goulin, Phil Noble, Dan Broad, Don Merrett.

Third Row: Steve Bercuson, Jim Cuthbert, Len Ballantine, Norm Reisch, George Egypt, Bill Reisch, Mike Sklash, Mike Lyons, Marty Bach, John Gaspar, Jim Cross, Bob Baker.

Second Row: Colin Swan, John Kritch, Brian Arnold, Doug Knight, Greig de Bloeme, David Gourley, Grant Lofthouse, Tom Saul, Warren Fenn, Rand Hoppe, Bryce Munholland, Bill Macklem, Bob Heyes.

First Row: David Hodgson, Richard Bear, Dennis Hladys, Ole Kristensen, Dave Bartlett, Jim Collacott, Richard Stewart.

Absent: Chris Eagen, Rick Paddon, Bob Dunlop.



RED CROSS CLUB

Second Row: Carol Small, Linda Coyle, Carol Durocher, Ellen Hoffmann, Janice Hollowell, Jean Corbin.
First Row: Leslie Farrell, Wendy Campbell, Miss M. McCrae, Sally Bailey.



MATH CLUB

Second Row: Art Kidd, Jim Gatrall, Ole Kristensen, Bruce Weller, George Merrett, Abie Shapiro, Bob Gateman, Greg Topolie, Bob Waymouth.
First Row: Andy Auch, Mr. J. Master, Heidi Kunau, Dorothy Smith, Mr. R. Gardner, Jack Brown.



LIBRARY STAFF

Second Row: John Cuthbert, Peggy Douglas, Arlene Yaworsky, Bonnie Walton, Susan Mason, Uwe Schneider, Ellen Hoffmann, Margaret Ruston, Linda Carruthers, Janice Hollowell, Mary Jean Maxim, Frank Doe.
First Row: Rosemarie Elias, Gail Morrow, Lisa Lacroix, Miss L. Mitchell, Helen Smith, Marilyn Mosuk, Leslie Farrell.



POSTER CLUB

Third Row: Jack Wilson, Mike Bull, Richard Henze, Bruce Bezaire, Dave Viveash, Ron Ridley, Greg Goulin.
Second Row: Cindy Morrow, Corinne Musgrave, Pam Menary, Lynn Hunter, Lynn Kaufman, Jan Marontate, Irene Binder, Jackie Wade, Chris Allworth, Waltraud Schabesteil, Judy Trofin, Laurence Faulkner.
First Row: Alice Sacharoff, Leita McDowell, Ruby Cler, Mr. N. Probert, Laurie Mascarin, Sue Kaufman, Arlene Yaworsky.



SCHOOL SPIRIT COMMITTEE

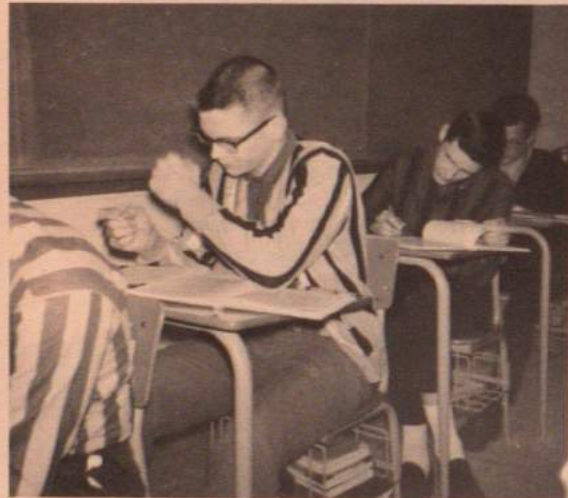
Second Row: Gilda Friedman, Art Kidd, Jill Brooks, Irene Laroche, Janet Marontate, Judy Travis, Sue Kaufman, Bob Gateman, Janice MacKie, Lynn Kaufman, Martha Heath, Sheila Parker, Judy Bailey, Chuck Ainslie, Debbie Cooke.
First Row: Susan Collacott, Vicki Conn, Stephanie Young, Nancy Neale, Mr. W. Leonhardt, Janice Hollowell, Linda Taylor, Carroll Fraser, Mona Van Kuren.

Stage Set for WSSA Football Semi-Finals

Massey Slips
Past Kennedy
On 15-13 Win

Mustangs Breeze, 38-0

Kennedy Tumbles Forster;
Tartans, Mustangs Click



B.A.A.



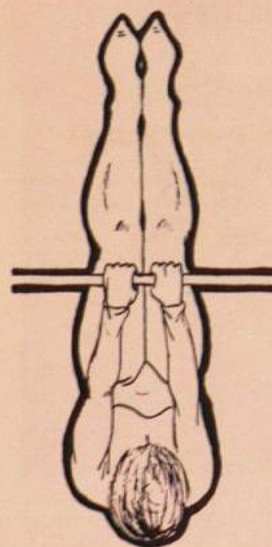
BOYS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Third Row: Tom Peddie, Bob Wilson, Don Hogan, Al Henderson, Ken Ritz, Steve Hoffman, Bob Watts, Doug Van Buskirk, Fred Hollowell, Wayne Shaw, Tom Jones, Rudy Ackermann.

Second Row: Steve Bercuson, Mark Lantz, Tim MacFarlane, Al Page, Dave Fluke, Abie Shapiro, Ian Craigmyle, Mike Shofer, Jeff Wilson, Tom Hannan, Greg Slavak, Randy Roland.

First Row: Alan Lennon, Laurie Pray, Jamie Beardmore, Keith Whipple, Rick Roland, John Casper, Mr. R. Edwards.

G.A.A.



GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Fourth Row: Betty Krug, Sue Young, Barbara Boroski, Marion Duquette, Barbara Lovegrove, Janice Bardsley, Barbara Getty, Linda Coyle, Waltraud Schabestiel.

Third Row: Carroll Fraser, Marnie Spindler, Serena Stowe, Wendy Campbell, Beth Hosowich, Lynn Kaufman, Wally Forster, Madlyn Meng, Shelly McAlpine, Leita McDowell, Sue Kaufman, Carolyn Fitzpatrick.

Second Row: Debra Lausch, Sky Weir, Ann Harrison, Kathy MacKie, Barbara Haste, Lynn Bunning, Claudia St. Dennis, Linda Essery, Janice Thomson, Elaine Chapman.

First Row: Judith Surowiak, Barbara Travis, Pat Miller, Martha Heath, Jean Surowiak, Sheila Parker, Miss R. Stone.



SPORTS



SENIOR CHEERLEADERS

Seated: Vicki Conn, Jill Brooks, Anne McKenna, Stephanie Young, Irene Laroche.
Standing: Sue Collacott.



JUNIOR CHEERLEADERS

Left to Right: Gail Atherton, Debbie Cooke, Carroll Fraser, Nancy Neale, Lynda Taylor, Janice Hollowell.

GOLF TEAM

Jim McCreary, John McNabb, Wayne Sandor, Rick Peddie, Bill Hryniw, Mr. D. Henry.

**JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM**

Third Row: Bill Reisch, Derek Merrill, Don Gordon, Ron Wall, Larry Newman, Tom Hannan, Mark Morrill.

Second Row: Mark Mayhew, Brian Henderson, David Guiney, David Merrill, Mark Lantz, John Herage, John Hall, Dave McKenzie.

First Row: Mark Gill, Gary Peddie, Norm Reisch, Mr. J. Fleming, Mike Sklash, Peter Keeley, Mark Beaton.

**SOCCER TEAM**

Second Row: Dave Waymouth, Chuck Ainslie, Bob Gateman, Len Girard, Bob Bell, Fred Hollowell, Larry Martin, Ken Youngson.

First Row: Dave Bartlett, John Moncur, Rick Lewchuk, Bryce Munnolland, Bob Stewart, Bill Hryniw, Paul Herage, Tom Jones.

**FOOTBALL**

Last fall Massey enjoyed its most successful season. The team won a record of five wins against one defeat during the season. This included important victories over Walkerville Collegiate and Kennedy Collegiate. Massey's lone defeat was by a single point.

GOLF

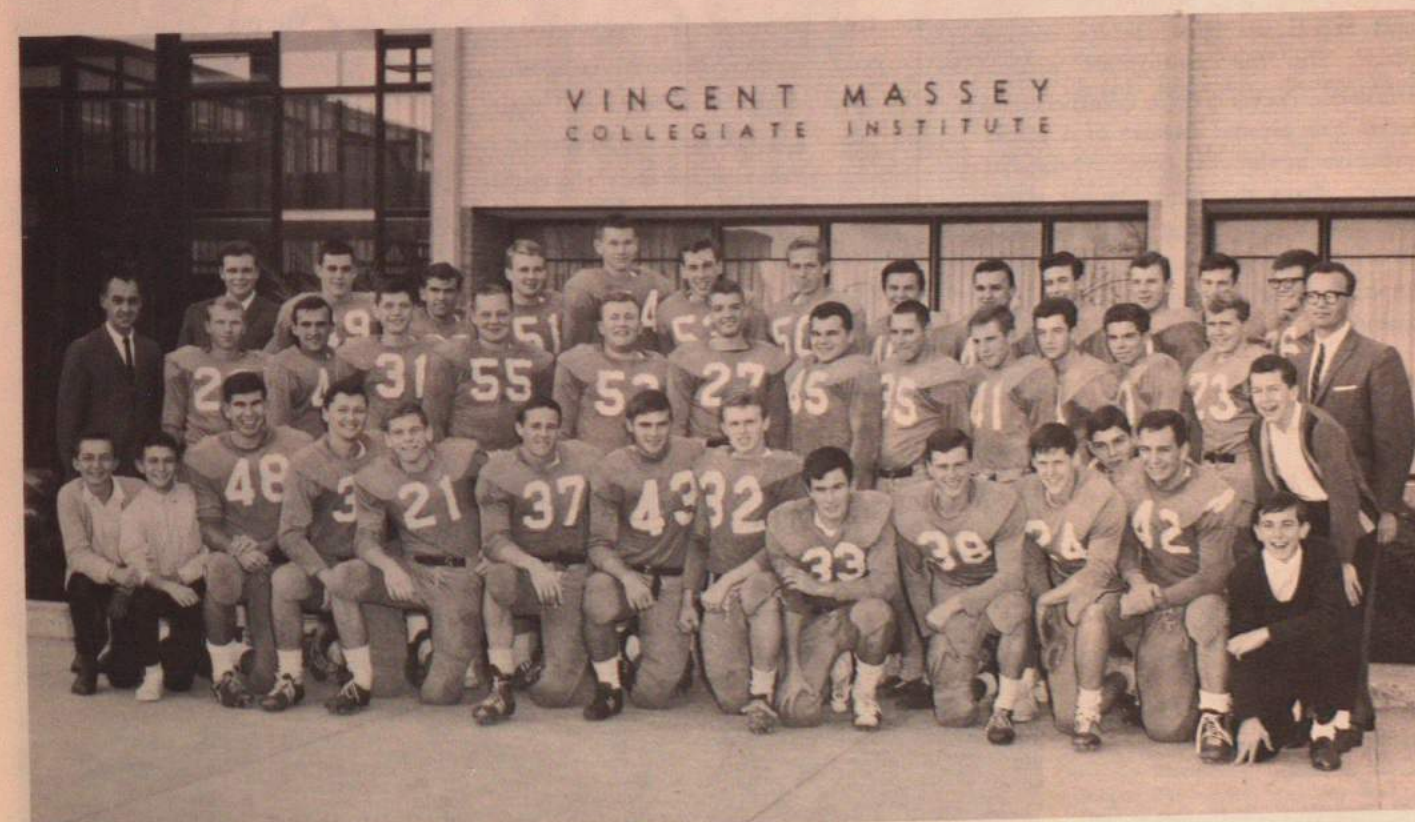
Our golf team, composed of John McNabb, Bill Hryniw, Wayne Sandor, Richard Peddie, and Jim McCreary, again captured the W.S.S.A. title. This makes the fifth straight year in which Massey has taken the W.S.S.A. honours. Also for the second year in a row Wayne received individual honour with the lowest score. In the S.W.O.S.S.A. competition held in Windsor, Massey placed second. We wish the team continued success in the future.

With such an impressive record Massey easily qualified for a playoff berth. In the semi-finals the Mustangs were defeated in the third overtime period by Patterson Collegiate. It was considered by many to be one of the hardest fought games ever played in Windsor Stadium.

To top off the season Massey placed seven players on All-City teams. Rick Roland, Jamie Beardmore, and Carson Krol gained first team recognition. John Schultz was placed on the second team and Pete Topolie, Steve Hoffman and Abie Shapiro were members of the third team. John Schultz won the season's scoring title by making nine touchdowns for fifty-four points. A great deal of the team's success can be attributed to the coaches, Mr. Ryan and Mr. Motruk.

SOCCER TEAM

Under the guidance of Mr. Davies the soccer team had an admirable season. Although our scoring efforts were frustrated, we developed a good defensive alignment. It was a new team, with only two regulars back from the previous year, but a fighting spirit developed under the leadership of the ever-enthusiastic Tom Jones, who was team captain. We had a few close games with top opposition and with the experienced gained, we should be able to make an excellent showing next season.

**SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM**

Third Row: Ken Ritz, Jamie Beardmore, Jack Wilson, Carman Fillmore, Steve Hoffman, Al Henderson, Bob Watts, Rudy Ackermann, Barry Dalley, Jim Primeau, Dave Fluke, Dave Russell, Greg Topolie.

Second Row: Mr. R. Ryan, Al Lepage, Dave Wilson, Tom Peddie, Abie Shapiro, Ralph Boose, Chris Palmer, Tim MacFarlane, Rene Jacques, Dick Mueller, Greg Goulin, Kirk Flowers, Bob Dent, Mr. V. Motruk.

First Row: Danny Broad, Greg Chadd, Don Hogan, Terry Burney, John Purcell, Rick Roland, Carson Krol, John Schultz, Pete Topolie, Jeff McArthur, Keith Whipple, Phil Noble, Pat Sheehan, Bob Baker, Greg Slavik.

Absent: Larry Burney.

CROSS COUNTRY TEAM

Second Row: Phil Noble, Jay Woltz, Mark Stevens.

First Row: Mr. R. Krol, Bruce Boose, Art Meehan, Mike Soulliere.

**BOYS' VOLLEYBALL**

Under the coaching of Mr. Gault, Mr. Crawford, and Issi Novak, the boys' volleyball team had a very successful season. This year's team came through with a seven and two record and ended up in a tie for second place. In the semi-finals against Herman, the team won a hard-fought series and assured Massey of a representative in the S.W.O.S.S.A. tournament, where the team placed third. Issi Novak and Read Collacott will be missed next year but we are looking forward to even more success next season.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The Mustangs began the season in high spirits. The team had recently defeated Tech in an exhibition game, making it two victories in a row. In the first game of the season, they played a rousing, hustling ballgame. The final score was indicative of their fine playing — Massey 46, Patterson 42. With this excellent start, the team continued on the way to the finest season Massey has enjoyed in its five year history.

The Mustangs went on to wallop

Forster and easily defeat Commerce, a game in which Andy Auch made the highest scoring record of the season, 37 points. Then in the best game that the team has played in years, they upset Corpus Christi by a score of 68 to 62. There were many other close games during the season with Massey losing by three points to Kennedy, Forster, and Tech. Andy received thorough support from Pete Topolie, Les Taffinder, and many other fine players. Best of luck to the team in the future.

SENIOR BOYS' VOLLEYBALL

Third Row: John Cullen, Andy Auch, Bob Bass, Dave Smyth, Issi Novak.

Second Row: Dave Moore, Dennis Jolliffe, Fred Skeggs, Ron Fritz, Wayne Baldock.

First Row: Mr. R. Gault, Ron Trofin, Read Collacott, Carter Hoppe, Len Ballantine.

**VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM**

Third Row: John Purcell, Pete Topolie, Les Taffinder, Andy Auch.

Second Row: Bill Hryniw, Chuck Ainslie, Steve Hoffman, Chris Palmer.

First Row: Ken Vickers, Mr. J. Fleming, Greg Topolie, Tam Peddie, Abie Shapiro.

**RESERVE BASKETBALL TEAM**

Third Row: Howard Christie, Fred Robertson, Rick Ronchka, Fred Skeggs.

Second Row: Rick Schuller, Tom Peddie, Dave Waymouth.

First Row: Mr. G. McCullough, Rudy Ackermann, Bob Harper, Ted Siddall, Abie Shapiro.

**FRESHMAN BASKETBALL TEAM**

Fourth Row: Ken Hale, Mike Soulliere, Al Christie.

Third Row: Greig de Bloeme, Terry Topolie, Bob Hicks, Dave Sawchuk.

Second Row: Mark Reid, Jay Woltz, Mark Stevens, Norm Reisch.

First Row: Mr. R. Gardner, Abie Shapiro, Fred Robertson, Don Gordon, Gary Reid, Dave McKenzie.

**GIRLS' TRACK**

Last year's Track Team entered 19 events and placed in fifteen.

Irene Binder, Linda McArthur, Ursula Bacher, and Barb Travis contributed most to the team and entered the maximum number of events possible.

We were sorry to lose Sue Fryday and Ursula Bacher, who moved away, but we are hoping to have a successful season this year.

* * *

GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL TEAMS

Our Junior team came up with top scores in all the games to win 6 out of the 7 games played, placing them second among the Windsor high schools. The team lost the finals against Kennedy in both the W.S.S.A. and S.W.O.S.S.A. competitions. Barbara Boroski and Irene Binder were the outstanding players.

We are extremely proud of our team and expect some of the Juniors



to be appearing on the Senior team next year.

The Senior Volleyball Team played well all season to win 2 out of 7 games. Martha Heath was the star server and Barb Travis the star spiker. Linda Moffatt was also an outstanding player and all three girls contributed much to the team.

* * *

SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Our Senior girls contributed a great deal of time and effort to the team and showed a steady improvement throughout the season. They won 2 games out of 7. Janice Bednarick was an outstanding star on the team. Besides working hard in all the games, she also won the City Foul Shot Competition.

Barbara Travis and Bonnie McPhail were outstanding players, as was Martha Heath, although she was unable to play in all the games because of an injury. Barb Travis proved to be as successful a forward as a guard.

GIRLS' TRACK TEAM

Bottom to top: Miss C. Wilkinson, Miss R. Stone, Lynda Eckert, Janice Hollowell, Barb Travis, Heidi Kunau, Lynn Kaufman, Linda McArthur, Linda Moffatt, Mary Lee Cooke, Sue Kaufman, Barb Simpson, Judy Travis, Inger Forster, Jean Surowiak, Irene Binder.

There is no established Junior Girls' Basketball League, but our Junior Girls played a few exhibition games and are preparing to enter our next year's "Senior Championship Team".

* * *

GIRLS' GYMNASTICS TEAM

The Gymnastics Team entered the S.W.O.S.S.A.-Kent competition although it was impossible to take any trophies because we do not live in Kent county. Gail Atherton entered five events and took firsts in free calisthenics and tumbling and 3rds in Unevens and Balance Beam. Elaine Chapman entered 3 events, getting a second in tumbling and a 3rd in Vaulting. Ruby Cler got a first in Rebound Tumbling (Trampoline). Judy Travis placed in two of her events.

The Gymnastics Team is one of Massey's most promising ones, due to Mr. Edward's time and patience. The team will enter the S.W.O.S.S.A. competition on May 8, where we expect them to be most successful.

GIRLS' JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL TEAM

Bottom to top: Miss C. Wilkinson, Peggy Douglas, Shelly McAlpine, Barbara Boroski, June Sheehan, Jackie Wade, Maureen Parker, Wally Forster, Judy Travis, Margo Spindler, Marnie Spindler, Helen Smith, Carolyn Fitzpatrick, Jean Surowiak, Irene Binder, Pat Farbota, Ellen Hughes.

GIRLS' SPORTS

Massey girls have put forth a great deal of time and effort throughout the year and have displayed spirit and sportsmanship in all their games. The Junior Volleyball Team placed second among Windsor high schools. The Badminton team was the winner of the W.S.S.A. and the S.W.O.S.S.A. tournaments. A fine effort was put forth by all the other teams.

A great deal of appreciation is due to the girls who have been so active in sports since they came to Massey, and who are leaving this year. Janice Bednarick, Barbara Travis, Martha Heath, and Linda McArthur have all put in five varsity years and have worked hard towards building up the Massey teams. Bonnie McPhail, Heidi Kunau, and Joanne Brown have also contributed to the Girls' Sports and we are sorry to lose them.

Most of all, we want to thank the coaches who have made Girls' Sports Competition possible. Our appreciation is extended to Miss Boyd, who coached the Senior Volleyball and Basketball teams, to Miss Wilkinson, who coached the Junior Volleyball and Basketball Teams, to Miss Bellmore, who is coaching the Tennis Team, to Mr. Edwards who is working with the Gymnastics Team, to Miss Stone, who is working with the Girls' Gymnastic Team and the Track Team and whose "Liberty Belles" are the pride of Massey.

Special thanks are extended to Miss Stone, the head of the Girls' Physical Education Department, who has been at Massey since the school opened and who is now leaving. We wish her the best of luck in California!

**GIRLS' SENIOR VOLLEYBALL TEAM**

Bottom to top: Pat Miller, Martha Heath, Sandy McRae, Barb Travis, Gail Nickleson, Lynn Kaufman, Janice Bednarick, Marion Duquette, Nancy Tofflemire, Linda Moffatt, Sue Kaufman, Pat Morris, Miss N. Boyd.

GIRLS' SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Bottom to top: Bonnie McPhail, Joanne Brown, Gail Nickleson, Barb Travis, Martha Heath, Sue Kaufman, Barb Boroski, Janice Bednarick, Jane Harbour, Terry Cooper, Linda McArthur, Barb Lovegrove, Lynn Kaufman, Linda Moffatt, Carol Manforton, Carolyn Fitzpatrick, Kathy Gilbert, Sky Weir.



CURLING CLUB

Second Row: Bob Stewart, Dave Moore, Dale Pope, John Roushorne, Al Clunis, Paul Herage.

First Row: Janet Barber, Mary Lee Cooke, Shelley Cooke, Mr. W. Totten, Wendy Campbell, Sue Staath.

Absent: Doug Staath.

**BADMINTON CLUB**

The 1964-65 season has been, perhaps, the most successful one for Vincent Massey's Badminton Club. The club has doubled in size from last year. As a result Massey has developed a strong, dominant team. In the W.S.S.A. Badminton Tournament held on April 9th and 10th, Massey had a team in all five divisions and brought back the championship in three divisions — Sue Kaufman and Sue Hall in Girls' Doubles, Read Colacott and Marion Duquette in Mixed Doubles, and Carter Hoppe in Boys' Singles. Lynn Kaufman made the finals in the Girls' Singles, and Bill Stubberfield and George Merrett in Boys' Doubles.

We are looking forward to another successful season next year.

TENNIS CLUB

Second Row: Cam Ferguson, Alan Lennon, Carter Hoppe, Barry Holden, Barb Boroski, Lynn Kaufman, Ron Fritz, Rick Ronchka, Chuck Ainslie, Jack Brown.

First Row: Marion Duquette, Sue Kaufman, Elaine Miller, Mr. S. Soteros, Miss M. Bellmore, Sue Staath, Barb Simpson.

**CURLING CLUB**

Due to the closing of public curling facilities in Windsor during the previous year the activities of the curling club at Massey were restricted. Even so, Massey entered a boys' and a girls' team in S.W.O.S.S.A. where the boys won the crown for the second year. The girls placed fifth. In the Essex County Championships the boys placed fifth and the girls sixth. Although we were greatly handicapped, we managed to make a good showing and we intend to have even greater success next year.

**BOYS' BADMINTON CLUB**

Third Row: Bill Stubberfield, Dave Bartlett, Keith Whipple, Andy Auch, Fred Skeggs, Rick Ronchka, Don Scott, Ron Fritz, Howard Christie.
Second Row: Rick Pfeifer, Greg Goulin, Marty Hunt, George Merrett, Bob Gateman, Craig Welch, Len Girard, Derek Merrill, Read Colacott, Marty Bach.
First Row: Cam Ferguson, Norman Gardner, Alan Lennon, Bob Harper, Mr. S. Soteros, Mike Learmonth, Bill Vincent, Jim Gatrall, Carter Hoppe.

**GIRLS' BADMINTON CLUB**

Third Row: Carol Small, Kay Howe, Susan Hall, Barb Boroski, Marion Duquette, Judy Surawiak, Elaine Miller, Wendy Campbell.
Second Row: Joan Benedict, Lynn Hunter, Pam Menary, Christine Allworth, Jean Surawiak, Barbara Snell, Wendy Pope, Judy Travis, Lynda Essery, Leslie Farrell, Janet Marontate, Lynn Kaufman.
First Row: Barb Simpson, Sue Kaufman, Gilda Friedman, Ruby Cler, Mr. S. Soteros, Lynda Eckert, Mary Ellen Waugh, Mary Ellen Ridgewell, Bonnie Blacklock.

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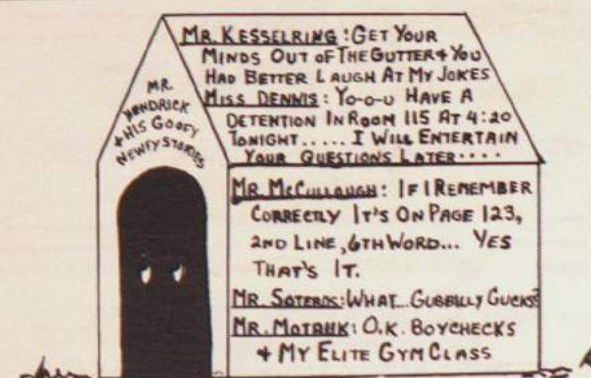
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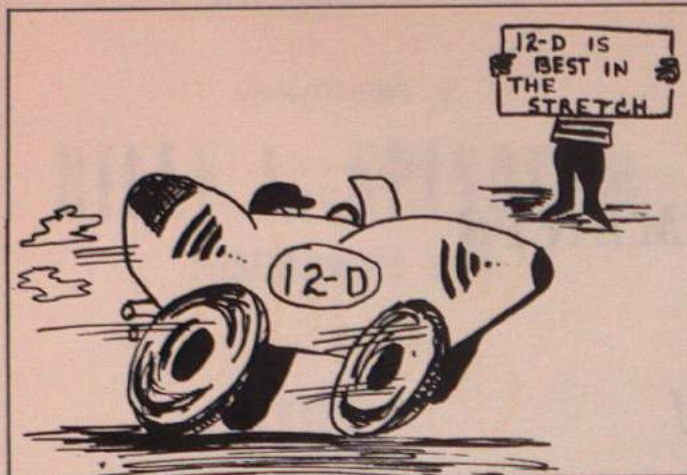
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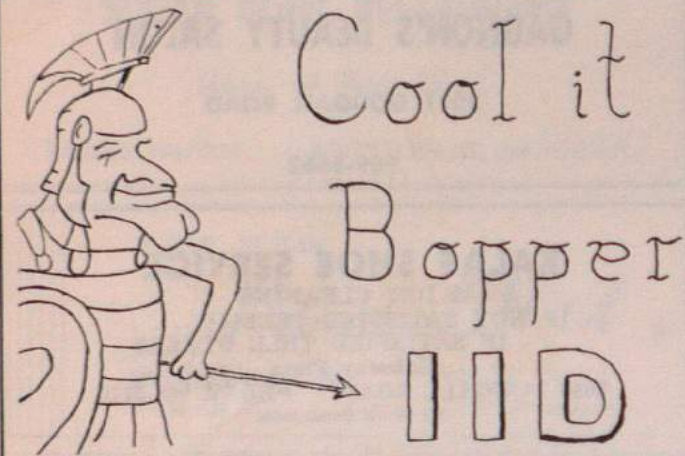
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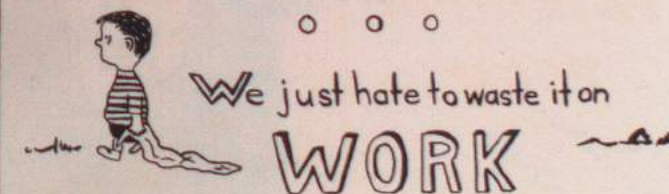
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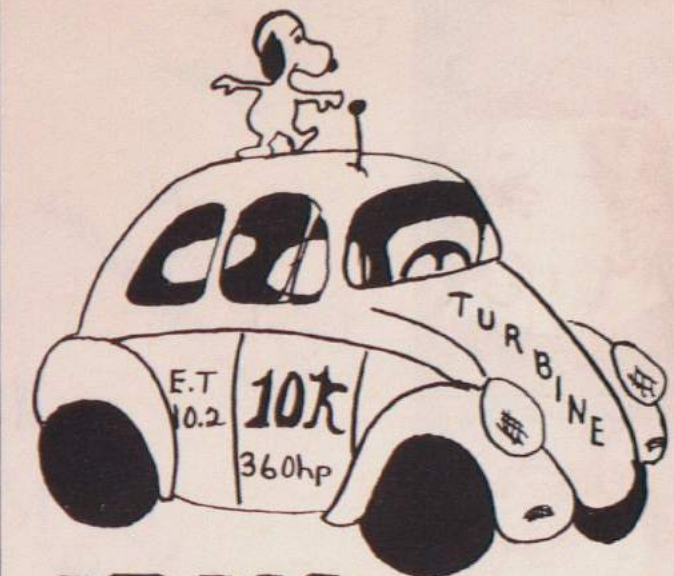
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