

pegasus



1964

Terril & Carol Burnley
VOLUME IV 633 Rodform

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VINCENT MASSEY COLLEGIATE
WINDSOR, ONTARIO

MASSEY THIS YEAR



MR. R. B. WHETSTONE

THE PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

Another school year has concluded and the doors closed on the 1963-64 school year. Only memories and the pages of Pegasus can rekindle the events of the past year—the highlights of which are recorded in these pages for posterity.

The extra curricular activities are many and varied to attract the varied interests of the students. Experience shows that where a student has an interest in an extra curricular activity of the school, the student becomes a better citizen of the school with greater interest in other activities—with a pride and spirit for the welfare of the school as a whole, which tends to enrich his high school life. The student who does not participate in extra curricular activities has left a considerable void in his high school life, missing the enjoyment of being with his fellow students, of making new friends and the important feeling of 'belonging' to the school society.

Academically, Massey Collegiate continues to show improvement, having moved from third position to second position among the Windsor schools in the amount of scholarship and bursary money won by the 1963 Grade 13 graduates.

Massey Collegiate had 38 students receive their Secondary School Honour Graduation diplomas in 1963—the second smallest in the Windsor system; but these students won scholarships and bursaries in the potential amount of \$20,220—the second highest among the Windsor Schools.

Our operetta continues to be one of the outstanding activities of the school year. This year the Mikado was staged for four nights and attracted 2200 paid admissions. The Petrolia District High School sent a bus load of 53 students and staff. Telephone calls for tickets would indicate that the reputation of these operettas is gaining district recognition.

Our athletic programme in the past year has seen considerable expansion and success in the intra-mural programme. This programme is a most important one not only for the physical activity and enjoyment it generates; but it also forms a farm system for our intercollegiate teams of the future. Details of the intercollegiate competitions will be found in detail elsewhere in the Pegasus.

The Vincent Massey Collegiate Institute Cadet Corps continues to be a most important adjunct to our extra curricular activities. It is not designed for the military value; but for training citizenship, in the leadership training which the officers and N.C.O.'s receive and in the general deportment of the student body. Here is an activity in which every boy in the school can belong and feel the value of belonging and know the meaning of esprit de corps. While this was only our second annual ceremonial parade, we have already made a most auspicious start and have earned the respect of other well established Windsor Corps and of Western Ontario Area military officials.

The work of this year's Student Council deserves special commendation at this time for the most aggressive and business-like manner in which the affairs of the school have been conducted.

To the editor of the Pegasus and the many committees which must be co-ordinated to produce this fine year book—my congratulations for a job well done.

To those graduating from Massey—all of the Massey Collegiate staff shall follow with avid interest your progress and shall know the joys of your successes.



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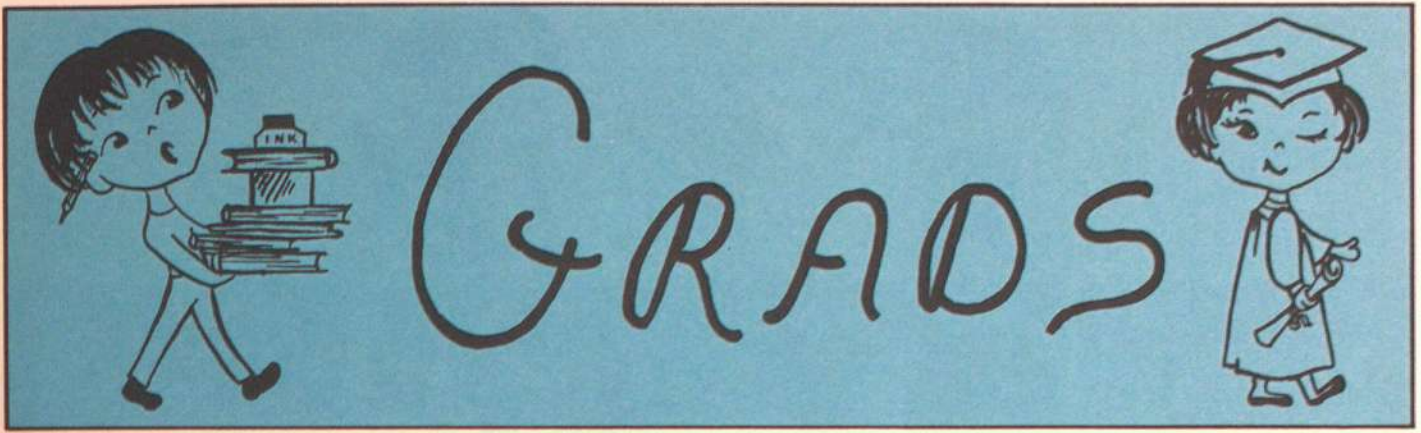
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A large blue banner with the word "GRADS" in a large, black, cursive font. On the left, a cartoon student with a pencil in their mouth carries a stack of books. On the right, a cartoon graduate in a cap and gown holds a diploma.



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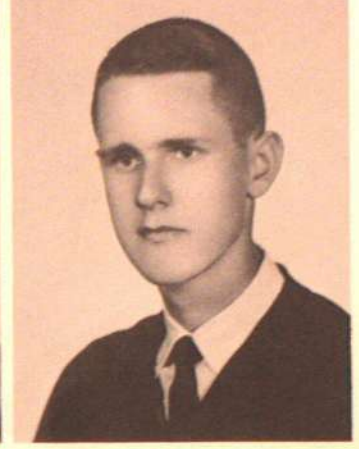
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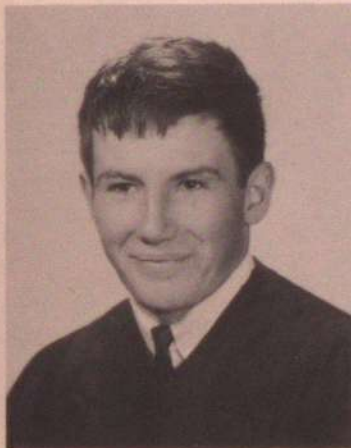
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PETER STRACHAN



TERRY SUMMERS



PETER TOPOLIE
(Head Boy)



JOHN TROWBRIDGE



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NANCY VARGA



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HEATHER WHITE



MORRIS YAWORSKY



JEFF ZEPKA



GRADUATION EXERCISES

The night of November 30th saw the successful culmination of five years hard and patient labour and the opening of the door into the corridor of broader and more lucrative fields of endeavour.

The night's proceedings began on a note of pomp and ceremony as the graduates and faculty entered the auditorium dressed in the traditional long robes of black.

Following this impressive ceremony came the invocation of Reverend O. Miln of St. James Anglican Church.

Mr. G. A. Buchanan and Mr. M. T. McLaughlin conveyed warm greetings from The Windsor and Suburban Boards of Education to the graduates.

The school band filled the auditorium with rich and stirring renditions of J. Ivanovici's "Waves of the Danube", and "The Thunderer" by J. P. Sousa.

Mr. W. Arison's address to the graduating class, although sprinkled with humour, was a serious and sincere attempt at pointing out the requisites of our highly competitive society—especially in the field of acquiring employment.

Then came the moment of truth, to which all those years of hard work had led, the presentation of the diplomas.

The Valedictorian, Dave Badregon, gave the exciting views and feelings of those who had just graduated.

The presentation of Bursaries followed, where the talented, the industrious, and the hard-working were not only honoured, but were helped with funds to continue their academic achievements.

For those who graduated it had been a night when past dreams of achievement were fulfilled and the door to limitless new challenges and rewards was unlocked by the key of education.



13A



1. Shy then, shy now.
2. I just swallowed a goldfish.
3. Come up and see me some time, Mr. Claus.
4. Do Re Me Fah!
5. Farhood.
6. Only her hairdresser knows for sure.
7. Brrr! Some way to treat a president.
8. Cheese!!
9. Want a jumbo or a regular?
10. Washington, Mr. Davies.
11. Which twin has the toni?
12. Try Carter's Little Liver Pills.
13. I eat Sander's Candies.
14. Once a midget, always a midget.
15. We're next on the courts, Mr. Sotos.
16. I dare you to say that again, Jumbo!
17. I sell this doll for a nichol.
18. Darn it, haven't changed a bit.
19. Wrestling already.
20. The Big Fisherman.
21. I still like Frankie.

1. Pat Harrington
2. Ginger McLaughlin
3. Janice Bliton
4. Kathy Knou
5. Beverlee Matheson
6. Marie Groundwater
7. Peter Topole
8. Janet Gibbs
9. Ruth Benedict
10. Jane White
11. Jerry Reinhart (centre)
12. Colleen Carter
13. Joan Sanders
14. Cathy Donald
15. Sue Braithwaite
16. Cathy Skeggs
17. Sharon Nicholson
18. Fred Cowlin
19. Richard Morrison
20. Bob Fisher
21. Lois Hadley.



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These scholars from 13B did 20 shaves with one Blade as shown.

13C PAST



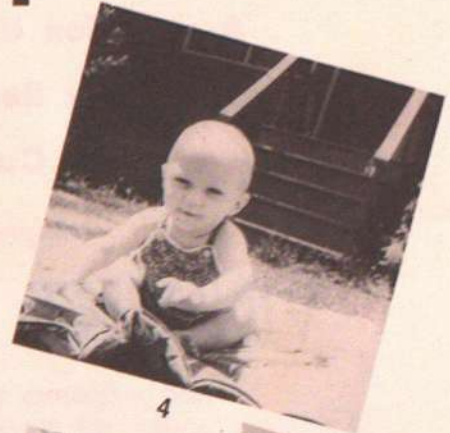
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2



3



4



10



11

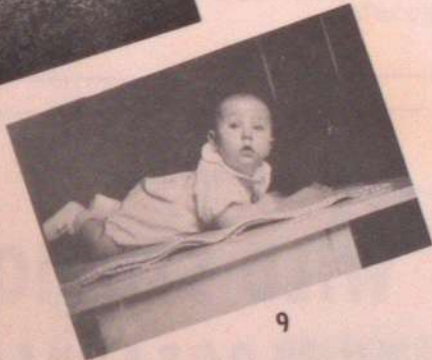
- Past:
1. Lynne Moran
 2. Wayne Perkins
 3. Joanne Coughlin
 4. Peter Jones
 5. Bonnie Copland
 6. Nancy Varga
 7. Ron Fisher
 8. Anne McKenna
 9. Bob MacKinnon
 10. Shelley Cooke
 11. Kathy Ridgewell



5



6



9



8



7

IN TEN YEARS:

1. Brian Longson: promoting parties to put Lindsay on the map.
2. Don Schroeder: candidate for Schick commercial.
3. Doug Morgan: professional skunk killer.
4. Doug Offen: running a three minute mile.
5. Doug Gorrell: promoting annexation.
6. Wayne Perkins: pressing kilts.
7. George Brooke: millionaire playboy taking out grade nine girls.
8. Richard Harbour: Prime Minister of his own 300 acre independent republic.
9. Ken Artingstall: stealing his dad's Chrysler for 10 minutes now and then.
10. Bonnie Copland: singing the national Anthem at hockey games.
11. Judy Hind: dying her grey hair.
12. Shelley Cooke: replacing Liz Taylor in 'Cleopatra'.
13. Peter Jones: handing out cafeteria detentions in 1974.
14. Peter Guthrie: still out on the golf course.
15. Morris Yaworsky: short-story writing.
16. Anne McKenna: still trying to grow a "flip".
17. Nancy Varga: Miss America.
18. Ron Fisher: chasing Miss America.
19. Bob MacKinnon: racing Ron.
20. Kathy Ridgewell: still wearing fancy sweaters.
21. Joanne Coughlin: getting Mondays declared a national holiday.
22. Lynne Moran: still trying to get the convertible top down.

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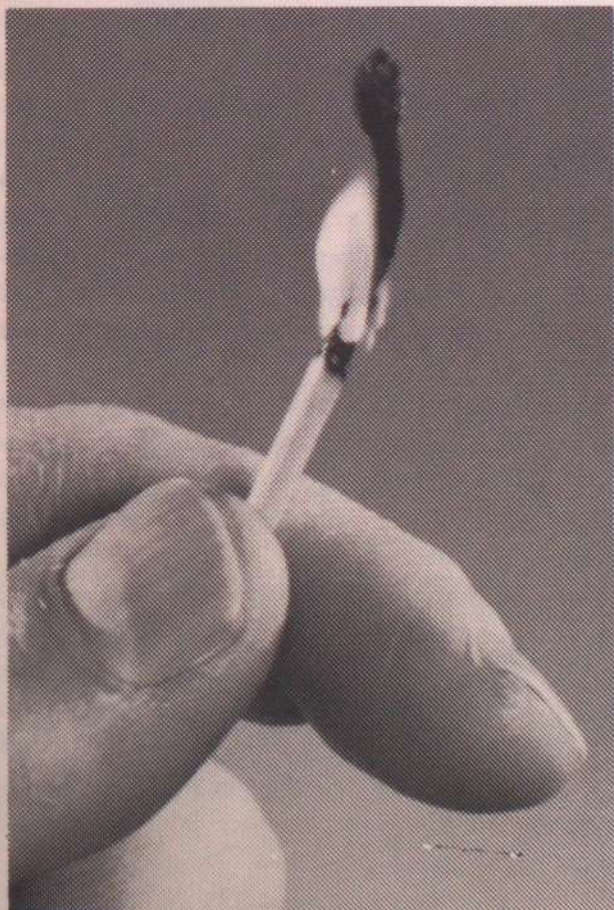
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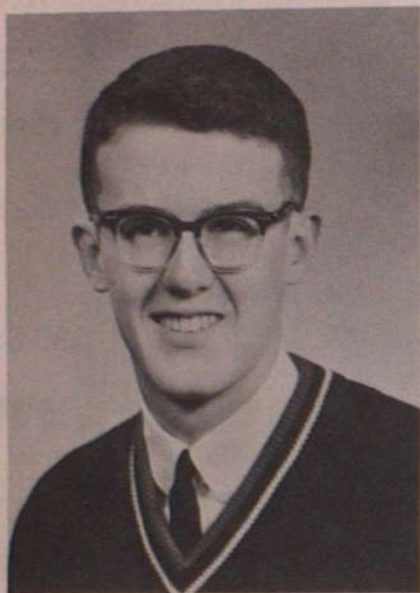
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THE EDITOR SPEAKS

Bert Simpson



TAKE TIME TO TAKE PART

Imagine, if you can, arising every morning at six-thirty. First you force yourself out of a soft, warm bed, mumbling incoherently. The piercing ring of the alarm clock still haunts your ears, and you stumble blindly into the bathroom. Eyes that see only a clouded mist try to pierce the early-morning black. You grope for your clothes, silently cursing the fates who have decreed for you such an undeserved destiny.

They say "things look better in the morning," but at that early hour, you are lucky just to be able to open your eyes. Yet this constitutes only the beginning of an unbelievable day.

Now picture yourself, after a long, hard, and terrifying eight hours at school, in an agonizing attempt to arrive home in time for dinner. After supper will come homework and—finally—bed. No television tonight: you have to get up early in the morning.

"Impossible!" you cry. "Couldn't happen to me," you reiterate. Yet this is the very fate that

will befall almost one-half of Massey's students next year.

For some, this elongated schoolday will mean a richer school life; for others, only less sleep. It will not be necessary for me to speak to the members of the former group. For these are the students who will really succeed at Massey. Not only will their marks show proof of their ability, but they will gain recognition through their participation in after-school activities.

The point is, we only get out of school (or life, for that matter) what we put into it. I can hear the groans now. But that little cliché still bears repeating—because it is true.

Let us take a typical example—YOU. Do you rush home the moment the final bell sounds? Do you eat supper, do your homework, watch the "Beverly Hillbillies," and then trundle off to bed? I hope not. I hope you realize that there is more to life than this sort of second-rate entertainment.

Instead of sitting glassy-eyed in front of the "boob-tube," why don't you play basketball? Or if you enjoy speaking, try the debating club. There is a group or sport at Massey that will appeal to you. It is up to you to make the effort. Do not let eight hours at school prevent you from taking part. Another hour cannot hurt, and it will be time well spent.

For those of you who will be in grades nine or ten next year, the day will be considerable shorter. Devote the extra time to a sport or club. There is no better way to thoroughly enjoy your high-school life than to participate in these activities. Here lies your best chance to make and keep new friends. Who knows, that cute boy who sits next to you in English may belong to the Social Committee too!

Many new avenues will be opened to you, and you will gain invaluable practice and experience. You may even manage to cop one of those coveted little merit pins, and gain school-wide recognition of your talents.

One thing more. Please do not take part in extra-curricular activities simply because "your school needs you." The fact is—you need your school. Massey will still be here in ten years, but you will not. You will be out in the world associating with people and earning a living. It is then that you will reap the harvest you have sown during high-school. Do not let "staggered classes" keep you from getting the most out of your career at Massey.



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1963-1964**



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Da da.

There is no Santa Claus.

Can I have the car tonight?

When you gurgled out the first statement,
your Father puffed up like a peacock.

When you took a stand on the second,
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- First Row:** Peter Jones, Lois Hadley, Rick Erwin, Ruth Benedict, Grant Slate, Maxine Wiseman, Ken Artingstall, Sue Braithwaite, Morris Yaworsky, Kathy Donald.

TRIP TO WASHINGTON

This year under the expert supervision of Mr. Davies, and guidance of Mr. Snalune, Miss Stone, and Miss Boyd, 37 Massey students visited Washington.

We went by bus, stopping the first night at Pittsburgh, where we visited the Buhl Planetarium. The next day we toured the battlefield at Gettysburg, and arrived at Washington in time to see the Lincoln Memorial, by night.

The next day was occupied with a fascinating tour, which took us to the White House, the Capitol and Arlington Cemetery (where we saw President Kennedy's grave), as well as many other famous sites.

Friday we visited the U. S. State Department, and the National Wax Museum as a group. Then groups set off to the Medical Museum, the Islamic Centre, or the Ford Theatre where Lincoln was shot. The evening was occupied with a cruise on the Potomac, or a concert by Ian and Sylvia.

We left Washington Saturday and went on to the majestic Luray Caverns of Virginia. From there we took the scenic Skyline Drive to Pittsburgh. The next day was spent travelling home.



U.N. CLUB

Vincent Massey was well represented at the Model United Nations at the University of Detroit in April. Rolf Hartloff, Chairman of the Delegation Johanne Kruger, Greig Horton, Barry Munholland, and Robert Doumani represented the country of Malaysia.

The three days spent at the Assembly revealed much about the United Na-

tions. In the individual committees, the delegates learned how the U.N. works behind the scenes.

In addition to increasing their knowledge, the delegates and advisors thoroughly enjoyed themselves. On Saturday, during the Assembly, a delegate from Kennedy C. I. proposed a moment's silence in respect for the Detroit Red Wings' loss. The Assembly stopped while the Canadian delegations cheered.



Third Row: Mr. C. Davies, Bill Hodgins, Kim Kelly, Jim Quick, John Roushorne, Mike Schmedt, Jane White, Janice MacKie, Barbara Pare, Bev McCrae, Evelyn Nowotny, Linda White, Dave Jackson, Bob Fisher, Bruce Weller, Mr. B. Snalune.
Second Row: Miss R. Stone, Vicki Pare, Bonnie Walton, Penelope Bass, Janice Bednarick, Beth Whitlock, Toby Sklash, Linda Lacey, Pat Soulliere, Marg Fitzpatrick, Barb Morris, Marg McCall, Miss N. J. Boyd, Jeff McArthur.
First Row: Dorothy Smith, Judy Surowiak, Linda Watson, Beverlee Matheson, Linda McArthur, Linda Peck, Joanne Brown, Maureen Lennon, Judy McCulloch, Linda Brown.

THE MIKADO

"That was terrible, we'll have to go it again", or "That was fine, but let's do it again, anyhow", quoth Miss Mathews, our dedicated musical director. "Very good, but one more time would not hurt, and don't forget to pronounce it 'duty'", quoth Mr. Graham, our frustrated dramatic director.

From September until the end of the show those two hard-working people tolerated our missed notes and forgotten lines, as they guided the Operetta Company of Massey through the hours of practices necessary to put on our second production 'The Mikado' by Gilbert and Sullivan. Last year's 'Pirates of Penzance' had been a tremendous success and we were determined to outdo it this year. We had no acute shortage of male voices this year and there were so many good lead choices that the casting was done with two people playing the same part on different nights. With a year of experience behind most of us, the practices went

smoother and we accomplished more in them faster. Although the show at times seemed to be too great a magnitude for us, and although there were still many rough spots at dress rehearsal, we played to nearly full houses for four nights and were appreciably received each time. We were most keyed up and gave it our 'most' opening night and we were heartily applauded by a friendly audience. But our performance could have been aptly called 'A Comedy of Errors', as all who saw it can testify. On closing night we gave our best performance, with both mechanical flawlessness and the zip of the first night apparent.

Not everything was smooth sailing, however. Jerry Reinhart built a magnificent Japanese bridge fourteen feet long. Then we discovered that a set of steps were needed to get up the back of it, and it was so high that no one was safe on it! A rubber mat, glued sand, and running shoes finally took care of this problem. Then John Trowbridge

built a sedan chair so fancy and large there was no room for anyone else on stage with any safety. Miss Stone's brain wave had this marvel in tin foil and red tape drawn up the aisle on the garbage trolley by four soldiers.

The Operetta has brought much recognition and respect to Massey not only from the Windsor area, but also farther afield. The C.B.C. is making a tape of excerpts from the Mikado, to be broadcast next year on trans-Canada radio.

Special mention should be made of Mr. Lanspeary, business manager, Mr. Bellaire and Jerry Reinhart, set manager who made the bridge, Mrs. G. Law, and Miss E. Vella with makeup and costumes respectively, Major McCool, Musical Director of Ontario, who visited us and led two practices.

Finally attention should be brought to our greatly improved operetta band, and our two fine pianists, Carol Small and Peggy Hurley.



OPERETTA CHORUS

Third Row: Colin Garrett, John Hartloff, Bob McKenster, Dick Mueller, Abie Shapiro, Frank Doe, Brian Kidd, Barry Munholland, Mike Lyons, John Cuthbert, Joe Langlois.

Second Row: Miss Mathews, Bill Egypt, Bob Doumani, Carol Small, Kathy Ridgewell, Karen Henderson, Sue Mason, Lynn Youngson, Connie Ballantine, Jerry Reinhart, Dennis Jolliffe, Mr. Graham.

First Row: Peggy Hurley, Elizabeth Miln, Joanne Kruger, Kathy Groundwater, Susan Parr, Pat Sloan, Gina Youngson, Jennifer Pape, Marie Groundwater, Lynda Peck, Penel Bass.

OPERETTA LEADS

Second Row: Wayne Cornwall, Rolf Hartloff, John Trowbridge, Kathy Knott, Mr. Graham, Shirley Lewchuk, Jim Gatrall, Greg Ruston, Ralph Boose.

First Row: Stephanie Young, Carol Kruhley, Bonnie Copland, Miss Mathews, Janet Collacott, Linda Watson.



OPERETTA ORCHESTRA

THIRD ROW: Gary Allan, Ian MacDonald, George Meisner, Jerry Boose, John Watson, Dan Eberwein, Don Scott, Greg Mofrill, D'Arcy Templeton, Craig Welch, Rudy Ackermann, Don Merrett, Alan Lennon, George Egypt.
SECOND ROW: Richard Stewart, Lawrence Pray, Colin Swan, Loreen Farrer, Medley Small, Marilyn Sanborn, Ann Littleholes, Carol Buess, Wendy Wiltshire, Mary Alice Robertson, Beth Ann Gillette, David Hodgson.
FIRST ROW: Peggy Hurley, Carol Small, Jean Surowiak, Linda Eckert, Miss E. Mathews, Ellen Hoffmann, Linda Coyle, Carol Durocher, Leslie Farrell, Wendy Campbell.



POSTER CLUB

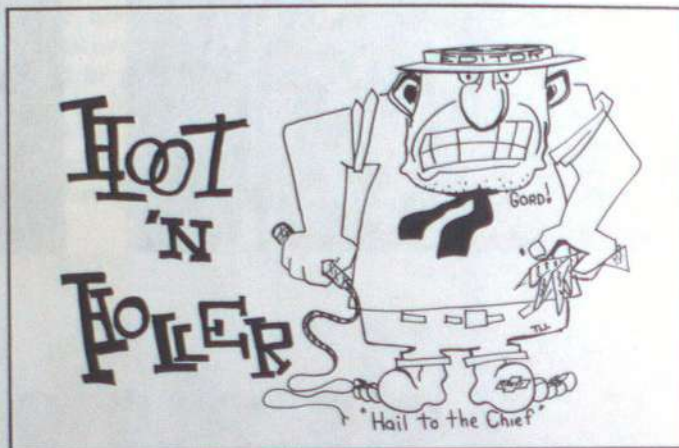
Second Row: Greg Lewis, Bob Gateman, Evelyn Nowotny, Trudie Hitzeroth, Lynn Kaufman, Rosemarie Elias, Jerry Reinhart, Alan Lopatin, Larry Whitehead.
First Row: Laurie Mascarin, Joan Benedict, Judy Trofin, Mr. N. Probert, Sue Kaufman, Irene Binder, Waltraud Schaubestiel, Susan Washburn.

HOOT'N HOLLER

Another extra-curricular activity has been added this year to Massey's rapidly growing list of athletic and intellectual pursuits; a newspaper—"The Hoot 'n Holler". Since its conception, the main aim of the paper has been to foster school spirit, and we believe that it has achieved its goal. The very sale of the paper proved that a body of students would support an attempt on the part of Massey-ites to do something for fellow Massey-ites. And that is my definition of school spirit—not necessarily loud boasting, but a quiet unity, a deep pride in belonging.

The Hoot 'n Holler welcomed articles from any student, as well as from its regular reporters, on a wide variety of topics. We, the original staff, hope that Massey students in the years to come will continue this medium and will maintain a standard high enough to be worthy of the student body it represents.

A great deal of thanks is due to the Student Council, for without their help, the paper would never have materialized.



HOOT'N HOLLER

Left to Right: Marie Romain, Greg Topolie, Gord Reeve, Bert Simpson, Pat Pooley, Terry Jolliffe, Robin Gomes, Judy Ingram, Carter Hoppe, Barbara Pare, Rene Jacques, Connie Ballantine, Sandy Patrick, Janice MacKie, Bob Waymouth, Bonnie Walton, Bruce Weller.



PUBLIC SPEAKING

A rather mild January ushered in the week most notorious in the annals of Massey Collegiate—the annual "Speech Week". In preparation for the coming agony, pale-faced students haunted the libraries, searching through the files of history, delving into the classics, and musing over the wisdom of ancient philosophers.

"Speech Week" began on Monday, January 20, and for the five days following, English classes sat solemn and staring (or, on rare occasions, doubled up with laughter) as one Massey student after another delivered his speech. Topics ranged from President Kennedy to Cyrano de Bergerac, from the cost of funerals to the origin of names, from dreams to euthanasia, and from spoiled foods to the Ouija board!

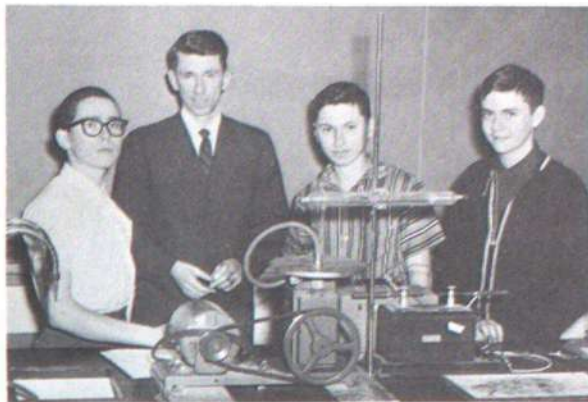
Next came the contest to determine who would represent Massey in the Windsor public-speaking finals. Winners were Stephanie Young and Fred Skeggs in the Junior division, Linda Peck and Jim Gatrall in the Senior division. These students represented Massey very capably in the Windsor contest.

SCIENCE FAIR

At this year's Greater Windsor School Science Fair Colin Swan took second place in the biology division with his experiments in "Hypothermia". Steven Schwartz captured third prize in engineering with his "Septum One", a working model of a satellite. Grant Lofthouse received an honourable mention in his division with his Rock Collection, and also won a special award for being one of the top three grade nine entrants.

SCIENCE FAIR WINNERS

Colin Swan, Mr. P. Meagher, Steven Schwartz, Grant Lofthouse.



THE ART CONTEST

An art programme does not exist at Massey. Just as swimming pools, large gymnasiums, adequate classrooms and low yearbook rates are lacking, so we lack training for artists. The week long exhibition by talented Massey individuals justifies the creation of such a programme. An opportunity to study art's greats, to become exposed to modern and classical styles, and especially to experiment with one's own style is needed. Our able judges, Mr. Kenneth Saltmarche of Willistead Gallery, Mrs. Edna Buckley, an art teacher, and certainly Mr. Garnet Humphrey devoted time and effort in making the contest a success. Everyone enjoyed the competition and its success has ensured that such a credit to Massey will be a valued and integral part of our curriculum every year.

ART CONTEST WINNERS

Second Row: John Trowbridge, Uwe Schneider, Terry Jolliffe, Greg Goulin.
First Row: Judy Trofin, Sandy Clark, Carter Hoppe.



PUBLIC SPEAKING WINNERS

Second Row: Colin Swan, Jim Gatrall, Bob Doumani, Fred Skeggs, Mr. D. Raper, Richard Ronchka, Bert Simpson, Paul Zavitz.
First Row: Cookie Rosenburg, Lynda Peck, Wendy Campbell, Charlene Bernstein, Stephanie Young, Linda Eckert, Joanne Brown.





LIBRARY STAFF

Second Row: Gail Morrow, Gina Youngson, Evelyn Nowotny, Bonnie Walton, Uwe Schneider, Bob Doumani, Peter Schneider, Susan Mason, Ellen Hoffmann, Leslie Farrell.

First Row: Marilyn Mosuk, Janice Hollowell, Miss L. Mitchell, Jane White, Marijean Maxim, Lisa La-Croix, Margaret Ruston.



UNITED NATIONS CLUB

Top to Bottom: Robert Watts, Jim Westlake, Ron Rhodes, Bob Howe, Peter Kristensen, Dick Mueller, Barry Munholland, Rolf Hartoloff, Greig Horton, Peter Faulkner, Paul Bircham, Bob Doumani, Mr. H. Merkuloff, Mary Anne Farkas, Jo-Anne Kruger, Pat Pooley.



YOUTH FOR CHRIST

Top to Bottom: Lawrence Pray, Larry Gibb, Connie Ballantine, Bonnie Copland, Pat Pooley, Malcolm Copland, Bruce Weller, Colin Swan, Pat Glenn, Medley Small, Lois Hadley, Elaine Housen, Joyce Quick, Sharon Moon, Howard Fitch, Marilyn Fryday, Sue Fryday, Ruth House, Lorene Farrer, Carol Buess, Miss E. Jacobs.

Absent: Pat Howsen, Bill Garrett, Jim Coulter, Gary Allen, Corene Musgrave, Chris Darrick, John Lynn.

DEBATING CLUB

Second Row: Greig Horton, Jerry Boose, Dick Mueller, Carol Hryniw, Delphine White, Sandra McNally, Leslie Farell, Linda White, Rolf Hartloff, Bert Simpson, Alan Lennon.

First Row: Barb Getty, Mr. D. Raper, Pat Pooley, Mr. B. Snalune, Sharon Wyman.



RED CROSS CLUB

Top to Bottom: Carol Durocher, Janice Hollowell, Jane Harbour, Margaret Fitzpatrick, Denise Jacques, Beth Gowland, Cheryl Greenwood, Janice White, Wendy Campbell, Leslie Farell, Mary Ellen Waugh, Pam Soulliere, Sandy Brown, Jacqueline Faust, Joanne Sternberg, Mrs. E. Schweitzer.



CHESS CLUB

Top to Bottom: Lawrence Pray, Roger Harkness, David Gourlie, Bob Dunlop, Gary Stefan, Len Girard, Jerry Boose, Rolf Hartloff, Bruce Weller, Richard Ronchka, Ray Penfold, Fred Skeggs, Ron Fritz, Howard Christie, Alan Lennon, Barry Munholland, Richard Stewart, Craig Welch, Colin Swan, Rudy Ackermann, David Hodgson, Mr. R. Morden.

Absent: David MacVicar.



PROMS



On December 6, Massey staged its first prom of the year, a round-about on the theme "Hawaiian Holiday". The Social Committee put forth a great deal of work to make this event a huge success.

The walls of the gym provided the Hawaiian atmosphere—a brilliant sunset over a silent ocean, a massive volcano threatening with a red glow at its peak, an inviting native hut, and a typical Hawaiian landscape of rocks, mountains, and palm trees. The special attraction of the scene was a romantic wishing pond complete with a water fall, gold fish and tropical flowers. Many a penny accompanied dreamers' wishes into the pond. Tiki statues and young Hawaiian maidens enhanced the entrance to the gym. The music of the evening was provided by Bill Richardson and his orchestra from within the native hut.



SOCIAL COMMITTEE

- Fourth Row:** Beth Pearson, Linda Hillis, Stephanie Young, Evelyn Nowotny, Mary Lee Cooke, Jill DeWolfe, Pat Morris, Jack Wilson, Greg Burke, Judy L'Esperance, Barb Boufford, Anita Totten, Janice Baxter, Nancy Saad, Susan West.
- Third Row:** Vicki Coon, Joan McLaughlin, Judie Ingram, Lana Soper, Faye Anderson, Alanah Slack, Susan Cooke, Nancy Tofflemire, Lynn Kaufman, Carol Monforton, Sheila Parker, Chris Napier, Pat DeMartin, Kathy Westfall, Vivian Dulovits, Vicki Stewart, Nancy Henderson.
- Second Row:** Lynda Davies, Barb Cooper, Mona VanKuren, Penny Carter, Barb Danz, Mr. M. Hendrick, Miss H. Murphy, Martha Heath, Barb Broderick, Sue Hall, Bonnie McPhail.
- First Row:** John Gill, Ricky Merlo, Bob Stewart, John Roushorne, Jason Giroux, Paul Boufford, Helmut Klingel, Sandy Patrick, Allen Henderson, Carter Hoppe.

Massey's Hi Time Prom was presented this year on April 17. The picturesque theme "The Land of Oz" was beautifully depicted by the numerous murals and other decorations. The yellow brick road led the way through the gates of Oz and into a green-hued fairy-land. Two life-like munchkins were standing by their tiny houses while the shiny Tin Man and old straw Scarecrow observed the proceedings with apparent indifference. Pages from a massive fairy-tale book illustrated the friendly Wizard of Oz, the Cowardly Lion and Dorothy, the little girl who actually was in Oz. One large mural pictured Dorothy's flying-balloon looming over the Wizard's castle. The other mural presented the Emerald City in all its green splendour. Pink and blue blooming trees were scattered about and multi-coloured balloon-clusters hung overhead. The scene was one of enchantment and romance.

A bouquet of red roses was presented to the Queen of the Prom, Virginia McLaughlin. She was attended by her princesses—Ruth Benedict, Janice Bilton, Colleen Carter and Sharon Nicholson. The Queen and her escort, Terry Summers then led the grand march, conducted by Mr. H. Ward. The evening was complete with the music of Gord Welch.

The social committee deserves a great deal of praise for the success achieved in transforming the gym into an impressive ballroom for the two proms. Special thanks go to Miss H. Murphy and Mr. M. Hendrick, as sponsor teachers, and to Linda Hillis and John Roushorne, as committee-heads, for taking so much time and effort in making the proms enjoyable and unforgettable experiences.



MASSEY
INSTITUTE



OFFICERS AND N.C.O.'s

SECOND ROW: Bill Stevenson, Dave Purcell, Bob Heyes, Dave Bartlett, Rolf Hartloff, Jim Westlake, John Lynn, Phil Noble, Bob Fox, Bob Waymouth, Ole Kristensen, David Hudson, Barry Munnolland, Greg Ruston.

FIRST ROW: Lt. Col. Gord Reeve, Ken Ritz, Dick Mueller, Greg Burke, Dennis Hladysh, John Hawkeswood, Richard Stewart, Peter Colgate, Jim Collacott, Grant Lofthouse, Ian Burks, John Hartloff, Ronald Ridley, Colin Swan, Richard Bear.

VINCENT MASSEY CADET CORPS

A great deal of colour was added to the cadet corps this year. The senior officers were outfitted in glengarries, blue patrol jackets, MacGregor tartan kilts, hair sporrans, and white spats and belts. Each cadet was issued with a glengarry and two companies bore arms for the first time.

Lieutenant Colonel J. A. Baxter, commanding officer of the First Battalion Essex and Kent Scottish was the reviewing officer. He was extremely pleased with the high spirit and efficiency which the boys displayed despite the

chilly weather. Special demonstrations were carried out by the precision squad, the cadet band, and a gymnastic team. A signal display and an automatic rifle exhibit also proved to be eye-catching.

Individual awards went to:

Cadet Lt. Colonel Gord Reeve-cadet contributing most to the corps.

Cadet Major Bob Heyes-best rifle shot.

Cadet Captain Dennis Hladysh-best junior officer or N.C.O.

Cadet Sgt. Phil Noble-best grade nine cadet.

Cash awards were presented to the best cadet in each platoon, and crests went to the precision squad.

A special thanks is extended to Captain R. Krol who is stepping down from his role as chief instructor. Without his services our cadet corps would not have attained the excellent standing it now holds among the older corps in the city.

To those of you who feel that military training in high school is not essential, it should be noted that the principal importance of cadet training is to develop good citizens. The discipline and self-reliance instilled in the individual by the cadet programme will prove invaluable in the future, giving him a sense of values so essential to the society of our country.



PRECISION SQUAD

SECOND ROW: Paul Noble, Fred Skeggs, Paul Hamel, Larry Peddie, Carson Krol, Neil Gallagher, Robin Gomes, Mike Bull, Wayne Baldock, Greg Goulin, Morris Yaworsky, Bob Stewart, Bob McKenster, Tom Jones.

FIRST ROW: Jim Sneddon, John Perry, Richard Morrison, Philip Peddie, David Groff, Randy Lackman, Rick Godin, Mike Cooil, Bill Tereschuk, Ted Minnis, Paul MacKeigan, John Cuthbert, Rick Stacey.

CADET BAND

Third Row: Howard Fitch, Bob Mann, Jim Ouellette, Glen Brant, D'Arcy Templeton, Wayne Peddie, Jim Nicholson, Gary Allan, Chris Eagan, Leon Simkins, Larry Roy.

Second Row: Larry Whitehead, Randy Bain, Colin Garrett, Rand Hoppe, Shawn Giroux, Larry Burney, Bob Gateman, Read Collacott, Marty Hunt, Ron Tingle, Alan Lopatin, Ian MacDonald, Bob Pearson, Bob Vuch, Jim Coulter.

First Row: Jack Patterson, Jack Fisher, Jeff Mandell, Jim McArthur, John Tregaskiss, Bob Bunsick, Richard Lewchuk, Bill Pengelly.



THE MASSEY BAND

The Massey Band began its second year of operation in September with thirty members. Our first programme was the Graduation ceremony in December at which we played "The Coronation March" as a processional, "Waves of the Danube" and "Marching Along" were played as part of the entertainment.

School had barely begun before Miss Mathews presented us with the not too tidy beginnings of the "Mikado" overture she was orchestrating. This proved to be very difficult and for months sounded terrible! Only after Christmas

did it become presentable. At the performances on February 7, 8, 14, and 15, we were complimented many times, which rather made all the hard work worthwhile.

On April eleventh, Massey was the host school for the Windsor Secondary School Music Festival. Walkerville orchestra impressed us with the size of their numbers. Tympani and strings certainly do add a great deal to the variety of sound. Lowe band, though small was well in tune, and the girls' choirs from Guppy High School of Commerce and Walkerville gave variety to the entertainment. The Massey

Band gave their best performance of the year on "Themes from the French Ballet" and "Semper Fidelis". We were proud to display our new jackets at this concert. They are white with light blue collars and a newly designed Massey music badge.

Our music party this year consisted of a trip to the dress rehearsal and a performance of the Windsor Light Opera's "The King and I". It was thrilling!

With our newly enlarged group of 44 members, we are looking forward to the excitement of new music and many more performances next year.

MASSEY COLLEGIATE BAND

Third Row: Colin Swan, George Meisner, Mike Lyons, Mike Hryniw, Jerry Boose, Greg Morrill, D'Arcy Templeton, Robert MacKenzie, Don Scott, Craig Welch, Gary Allan, Don Merrett, Ian MacDonald.

Second Row: Blake Soutar, Eilan Chapman, Shirley Lewchuk, Jackie Faust, Bob Dunlop, Bob Doumani, Dan Eberwein, John Watson, Jim Cross, George Egypt, Lawrence Pray, Rudy Ackermann, Roger Harkness, Alan Lennon, David Gourley, Daryl Patterson.

First Row: Peggy Hurley, Medley Small, Marilyn Sanborn, Loreen Farrer, Miss E. Mathews, Carol Bures, Ann Littlehales, Mary Alice Robertson, Beth Ann Gillette, Wendy Wiltshire.



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IMPACT

***Sixty years ago Ford of Canada began building automobiles and trucks.**

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During 1964, Ford of Canada is observing its 60th anniversary.

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Ford of Canada built 117 automobiles.
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in excess of 175,000 vehicles.*

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited



LITERARY



COMIC BOOKS AND THE CHILD

by Art Kidd

In your corner drugstore you will be able to find one of the new products of our society. It is the comic book. Each month, some sixty million are distributed across the United States and Canada. Moreover, unlike regular books, comics are traded and resold many times.

It is figured that the average child between the ages of six and twelve spends at least ten hours of a week reading his comic books. Obviously, any magazine read as widely and as religiously as this will carry a great deal of influence on the outlook and character of a young boy or girl.

However, censorship has not been rigid enough, and the youth of today is able to read, in childish form, material that would not have been on the adult bookstands of 25 years ago. Children reading this literature cannot be expected to remain impervious to its influence. The result has not been good.

Not the least of the problems brought on by these comics is the illiteracy which they cause. This is most acute if the reader is young. At the early ages the eye is being trained to acquire a fluent left-to-right movement. As a person reads more his skill increases. But in comics the material is in no set order, forcing the eye to move about from one bit or printing to another. Thus, constant comic reading will slow up the eye from learning this all important movement.

The child who gets behind in this reading skill will have a difficult task in catching up with others of his own age, and may become so far behind that special classes will be needed.

Teachers for slow readers have

found that reading disorders and comic addiction are closely connected. This alone indicates that comics do not work in the direction of literacy.

Bigotries are often fostered directly or subconsciously in the young mind by comics. For the most part the influence is subtle, but psychological tests bring the results into the open.

In most of the books, the hero is tall, blond, and blue-eyed; the typical Caucasian. The villain or gangster has the appearance of and speaks like an immigrant or new-Canadian. The hero has all the brains, wit, and brawn while the villain has ignorance and stupidity. It is easy for the juvenile to transfer these biased opinions to those around him.

The most immediate effect of comic books on children is the resultant delinquency. Crime comics offer a fine breeding grounds for the imagination. It does not take much for a youth to transfer into real life, a crime which he has seen depicted in a comic. Frequently, youth bureaus are confronted by stabbings, assaults, robberies, and extortion; practiced by nine, ten, and eleven-year-olds who are imitating what they read.

A ten-year-old boy may burn his sister to death as he has seen in a comic. Another, who acts out what he reads, may hang himself. The police, pictured as bungling, cruel or even villains, are gradually depised. Yet the number of these books and the rate of delinquency are increasing.

In years of late, there has been much talk as to the harmful influence that television is on the youth of today. Restrictions are being proposed. The government should go one step farther to investigate and to produce legislation which will help protect children from the harmful comics now on display.

AVENGER

by Robert Doumani

War, fighting and death.
He hated them,
They sickened his soul,
Yet;
He could not foresake,
The cruel path
Which for countless centuries
His ancestors had trod;
It was in his blood,
But not in his soul,
And there was his brother,
Alike,
Yet;
Fighting was in his blood,
But it possessed his soul.
Side by side they fought.
Till;
Struck down by a mortal blow
His brother fell and lay cold,
And he said:
"Heaven help the man who tries to
stop me
For I avenge two deaths
My brother's and my own."
Some say an untamed thing
Charged the enemy hordes.
But others knew
When they returned his broken body;
Fighting was in his blood
And his soul.

STARVATION

by Bert Simpson

hungry black man?
leave my door.
too bad black one,
come no more
only white can take a bite
of food
of life
Here.



A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WILLIAM WILEY

by Isaac Novak

William Wiley was a man of over-towering strength. He stood six foot four inches tall and weighed a solid two hundred ten pounds. His hair was jet black, short, and curly. His large forehead led to a pair of hard inset eyes which were equally as black as his hair. His nose, even though tiny, matched perfectly with the remainder of his countenance. His lips too seemed to have been put on his face by a perfectionist. They were thin and turned upward hiding a magnificent set of sparkling white teeth so characteristic of his fellow Negro brethren.

He rose to his full six foot four inch height. Wiley gazed contemptuously at the faded grey walls of their three room dwelling. He noticed the rising sun spill fingers of brilliant light into the gloomy room. Soon Harlem would awake and the race for employment would begin anew.

Sarah Wiley tiptoed out of the bedroom making positively sure she did not disturb her two children. She was a tiny woman of equally handsome features as her husband. People had always remarked what a good looking couple they were. Yet already the telltale signs of worry and gauntness were beginning to grasp her frail body within their icy hands.

She walked to Bill's side and softly laid her tiny head against his massive biceps. "Want some breakfast 'fore they get up?" she asked.

"Just a cup o' coffee, honey," he answered. "Got to go down to the unemployment office. Mr. Wilder said he's got a job if I'm willin' to work hard for my pay. Said the startin' pay's sixty a week."

Sarah gave him a little squeeze and an approving nod, but as she boiled the water in the tarnished kettle, her old familiar fears began to rampage through her mind. How many times before had Mr. Wilder come to Bill with the same proposition? How many times before had she heard him run seemingly uninterestedly through the details of a prospective job, his eyes always searching the grey walls as if expecting something dreadful to befall him? How many times before had potential employers turned down her husband's application upon the discovery of his colour? How many times could Bill's ego be deflated before he turned to some other means of providing for his family than honest work?

The sound of the water boiling brought her back to reality. Bill was dressed in his only suit and sat gazing at the paper without actually seeing any of the words.

"What time will you be back?"

"Soon as I pick up the address of a certain Mr. Forden."

"What time will that be?"

"I'd say about one thirty."

He gulped his coffee down and rose to leave. As he stood up he looked lovingly at Sarah. "Don't worry honey, I've a feeling this really what we've been looking for." He strode to the door and closed it gently behind him.

The golden yellow sun now lit even the darkest corners of the Negro ghetto. Children, in clothes patched so many times that they took 'on the appearance of walking checker boards, began to dominate the repair-hungry pavement. They played the games normal children at their age play, and one could sense that there was something different from other children.

In one alley two squalid cats squared off and engaged in a rabid battle over a scrap piece of bone, that they had come upon simultaneously.

Bill walked along quickly seemingly oblivious of the events around him. His mind grown cautious through disheartening experiences had focused

on one tantalizing subject. He stepped up his pace in an attempt to escape the reality of his virtual prison. "Maybe today," his mind repeated. "Lo'rd Almighty this has to be the day."

Bill couldn't believe his ears. He hesitantly agreed to meet Forden in his office and after the proper closing words hung up the phone in somewhat of a happy daze.

He glanced down at his watch. It was one o'clock. A quick telephone call related Forden's message to Sarah, and assured her he'd be home with good news as soon as possible after his meeting with Forden.

Bill strolled the downtown streets to kill time. He stopped at a children's store window and made a mental note of all the toys and new clothes he was going to buy for his two children. Next he regarded with infinite care the windows of some of the city's finest fashion stores for women. He suddenly became drunk with the power of material wealth. His mind raced from one article of clothing to another, making sure he selected only the most expensive ones. After all nothing was too good for his wife, now that he had got the money to buy it with.

He was suddenly brought back to reality by a tiny raindrop caressing his cheek. Bill's eyes darted to his watch. It was three o'clock. He flagged down a taxi. Men with money can afford to ride in taxis. "1873 Belvue Street," he said, quickly jumping into the cab.

The rain was getting heavier now and the sky seemed to be growing a bit darker. He shrugged off the superstitious thoughts that accompanied his vision. "It's just my nerves," he said to himself.

The driver sped on. It seemed as though every light had turned red just as the cab approached it. The driver finally came to the curb in front of a tall marble-coloured building. Bill paid the driver and waited for a second for the rain to let up slightly. As he ran towards the doors of the building, he could feel a stiff wind drive the rain at him as though every sparkling drop was being guided towards him.

Once inside he quickly straightened himself up as much as possible and headed directly for Forden's office. He gently opened the door and walked in. He confronted the secretary. "Hello, my name's Wiley. I have an appointment with Mr. Forden."

He waited impatiently for the Washington Street bus. After what seemed to him like two hours he scampered between the open doors, paid his fare and took an empty seat near the front. Soon the bus transferred Bill Wiley from his world of reality to a world into which he dreamed he could afford to one day bring Sarah and the children.

The bus was now getting quite crowded and an elderly lady with an armful of packages loomed over Bill. He looked up at her and smiled. Standing up he asked, "Would you like to sit down madam?"

The woman looked at him, then her eyes shot towards the seat. "Not after you sat in it!" she snarled vehemently.

Bill flushed. His hard eyes scanned the bus to detect any eavesdroppers. Being satisfied no one had heard her acute remark, he smiled precariously and moved to the latter end of the vehicle. At the next stop he got off. "There was only a short distance walk remaining anyway," he thought.

Frederick Wilder's office never ceased to enrapture Bill. The magnificent furniture, the deep quilted rugs, and Wilder's ability to maintain four secretaries always seemed to capture his fascination. His meeting with Wilder lasted approximately twenty-five minutes. Bill received the telephone number of Mr. A. Forden, a man in need of strong individuals like himself for a highway construction plan. Wilder gave him instructions to call the man and set up an interview saying he had already discussed Bill with the gentleman and that Forden seemed extremely interested. Bill graciously thanked Wilder and began towards a telephone booth. The sun no longer shone, and clouds were beginning to form.

The telephone rang three times. A feminine voice finally answered, "Good afternoon, Hunts Construction Ltd., Mr. Forden's office."

Bill cleared the lump in his throat and replied, "May I speak to Mr. Forden please?"

"Whom shall I say is calling?"

"William Wiley"

"Just a moment please Mr. Wiley."

A masculine voice which sounded like it was emitting vibrations through a mouthful of marbles, took over the extension. "Hello!" yelled Forden.

"Hello, Mr. Forden. My name is William Wiley. Mr. Wilder gave me your number. Said you might have a

job for me. I understand you're looking for construction workers. He said experience wasn't necessary."

"That's right, Wiley. I'm in desperate need of good men, mind you. Don't want no pasty-face characters to do a man's work. Wilder tells me you're plenty big and strong. That's the kind of men I need. Tell you what Wiley, I've got a meeting at two. How about you comin' over to my office say around three thirty. We'll see if we can't work something out for you."

William Wiley froze. He recognized every symptom as it had appeared before. His black eyes glared at the tiny woman below him. Quickly his eyes shot towards the door. The young secretary, anticipating his thoughts, moved to block the doorway. Wiley calmly picked her up and put her aside as he ripped the door open.

"What the hell? Who are you?" bellowed Forden. Suddenly he realized whose face now so ominously confronted him. He tried to cover up quickly. "You must be Wiley. I . . ."

"We had an appointment. Remember?"

Forden's face grew pale as he encountered Wiley's full size. He stuttered as he attempted to collect his thoughts before Wiley's appalling mass. Finally he said, "Mr. Wiley I think it only fair to tell you that I no longer am able to offer you work with our firm. When Mr. Wilder talked to me about you, he did not (he groped for words) . . . mention the fact that . . . well that . . . well what I mean is ah . . ."

"What you mean," finished Wiley, "is you don't want to hire no Nigger." With these words he crashed Forden to the ground with one sweep of his powerful right arm.

Outside the building the storm had blown over, and with it went William Wiley's anger. His feeling was now more a mingling of disgust and defeat than anything else. His mind wandered to his children and young wife. He thought about their three room apartment; he thought about his children growing up in the streets of Harlem, probably never knowing what a University looks like; he thought about what he would do about food when his savings were gone; and finally he thought about how many others were in his state-of-affairs.

As he trudged along slowly the sun burst through the clouds. "Maybe tomorrow," he told himself, "Maybe tomorrow."

AND WHO CARES?

1ST PRIZE SENIOR POETRY

by Bob Brown

What is good and what is not?
When is the proper time?
Does it really matter? —
Security — 'there's the rub' —
Desire is easily put down
But the mind is fretful —
What is to come?

It is good for me — not for them!
And who cares?

It is good for me — but what of her?
What could I give anyone, anything,
Grief?
A truth of life, an abstraction?
Emotion? . . . (what could be real?)

Does the intellect have bearing?
Thirty years old — almost fifty;
And having nothing more than I —
Except years —
Experience?
Little more, little different.

Why do I have to listen?
Why do they think they know?
They are the same — seeking!
Only relations have changed for them
— filial — marital — paternal —
Their questions are the same!

And they tell the world — without
knowing!
And who cares?

Can anything be good?
Can anything be real?
The pain — the frustration—
That is real!
That is real!

Where's the good?
A smile on a simple face,
A kind word here and there?
Look into — look through,
They are false as they are true;
'tis like a painted orange —
Not green, but ripe and fruit-coloured..
Artificial!!

A dimple may not crack
Unless there is reward,
A kiss — a compliment —
An embrace of warmth —
Could this be good?
Desire — Deception — Greed?

It is good for them — but not for me!
And who cares?

POEM

by Bonnie Walton

Yellow rose
your name is Memory.

your head droops now
and your petals curl
brownly at the edges
because age is
your enemy.

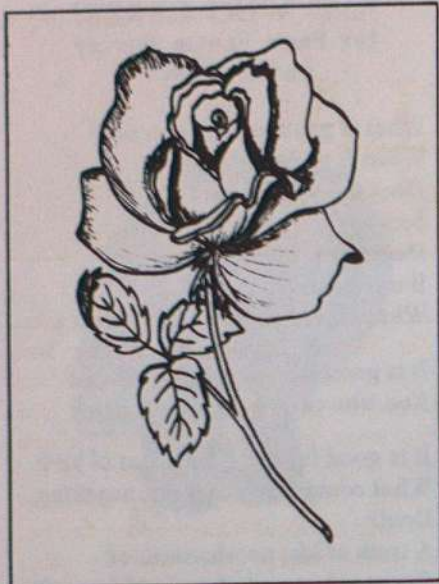
You'll die tomorrow.

But even now there lingers
about your threadbare velvet
a tender mist, a would-be tear,
and a fragrance that whispers
"Yesterday".

SOME CHAPERONE

by Carter Hoppe

Hey-y-y now, I see you guys,
What's goin' on back there?
Are ya havin' a party or
What are you doin' anyhow?
Come on now you know the rules
. ? ! ? ?
. well anyway, it's pretty
dead here up front
'cause well you know-
But hey now, I mean it, I mean
What are you guys doin'?
— huh? who . . . oh us?
. . . we're just
corrupting a
few . . . moral
standards



THE NORTH TELLS NO TALE

by Bob Heyes

On the outskirts of a small settlement in northern Canada, a pack of lean wolves, their numbers decimated by the long, frigid winter, circled and recircled, hunting for a fresh scent. But the harsh March snows were lifeless and spring was many hungry weeks away.

Moosonee heads the Harricanaw River like a knot on the end of a shoestring. Here the waters narrow and in the short, warm summer, trappers and Indians from three hundred miles south paddled to the Hudson Bay Post and bartered their elegant furs of beaver, mink and silver fox for worthless trinkets. The Post's boss was a certain Bruce Nelson; a man feared by all and befriended by few. He was raised in Montreal on coarse language and hard liquor. Brawny and brutal, his strength was colossal. Thews and sinews swelled on his neck like ribs. No man, since the doctor who brought him into this world, had struck him and lived.

Nelson ruled his district with an iron hand and any trapper who dared sell a single pelt to the North West Company and then venture back to Moosonee was a dead man. Legend has it that a one-time customer of Nelson's sold a bale of furs to a Nor'West 'coureur'. Nelson heard about the deal and chased the man for

two months. He overtook him near the Ottawa River, beat him senseless and threw his body on an ice-flow which eventually made its way to Montreal. But no one was foolhardy enough to put the finger on Nelson. Not one man could stare him in the eye without dropping his gaze in cowardice.

At least, not until Daniel McTavish strode into town. He was the first to do it and the last to die.

McTavish was a Nor'West factor sent to found a post on the Harricanaw across from Nelson's settlement. Bad news travels swiftly and when McTavish stepped to the door of the 'Moosonee Taverne,' Nelson was in a drunken rage.

Hardly anyone noticed the draught of cold when the door quickly opened and shut. What everyone did notice was the new-comer. A man of medium height, swarthy complexion, scarred cheek, black tooth and hollow eye. Mugs of beer stopped half-way to open mouths, dice and cards lay dead, tongues were tied; soon the smog from stale tobacco in Indian pipes arrested its upward swirls. The intruder's arm was extended as if to grope his way in the sudden light. But the eyes of each were riveted intently on the shaft of cold steel which jutted from his coat sleeve where his hand should have been. For in a mining accident during

his youth McTavish had lost his right arm to the elbow; in its place was a bayonet — like limb forged from a ploughshare by a blacksmith. More than one hopeless fellow had met his end impaled on the end of this pig-sticker.

The events that followed that encounter are clouded by legend and superstition. The stories of the few eyewitnesses who are alive to-day are shaded by allegiances, loyalties and, more probably by intoxication. The 'Taverne' was crowded that night and it is known that both men strode bare-backed and perspiring deliberately into the cold dark on the outskirts of the settlement. Doubtlessly to hide their devilish anticipations and murderous misdeeds, they sought to escape the eyes of tell-tales and gossips. What followed was a phantasmagoria of blood-lust and murder, seen by none.

But no victor returned. True, the cry of a human voice, flushed with victory, was heard, but no man appeared. The following silence was soon broken by the frenzied baying of wolves in sight of prey. Fearful, the town's inhabitants hurried home.

That night a cascade of cleansing, white snow hid forever the drama of that witching hour.



KILLAH GORILLA

by Penel Bass

He had felt crummy all afternoon and he thought that the feeling would go away when he got home and had some cookies. He entered by the back door as usual and found his mother reading through last night's paper.

He said in a quiet voice, "Nancy, I don't feel so hot."

His mother glanced down at the floor near the door and said, "You forgot to wipe your feet."

He set his books down on the kitchen table, went back to the door, wiped his muddy running shoes on the mat and decided not to mention how he felt again. He did not take a cookie because they were the store kind that tasted like the pulp inside twigs from trees. Besides, there was that dull ache in his stomach, right between his ribs that grew sharper every minute.

There was a "Tarzan" movie on television in the living-room, he knew. He watched it and tried to forget the pain. In the jungle, "Boy" was being chased by the evil "Killah Gorilla" and "Boy" was not winning the race.

Just then, Nancy called to him from the kitchen that supper was ready. As he turned off the television set, he was aware of the ache again.

There was meatloaf for supper. He had to force himself to eat it or Nancy would lecture him on the high nutrient value of meatloaf and how long it

took her to prepare the supper. He could hardly stand up to leave the table and it hurt to breathe deeply. But this was just a bad stomach ache, the kind he had lots of times; the kind that went away in the night. He heard his father grumbling in the living-room and he went upstairs because his father would want to have a wrestling match with him. That would hurt his stomach.

He got into his pyjamas carefully because it hurt to move fast. He brushed his teeth and took an aspirin with two glasses of water. Nancy always said that the aspirin would burn a hole in his stomach unless he followed instructions. Aspirin usually helped.

He turned off the light in his room and tried to sleep. He dozed a few times but the noise from the television kept waking him up. Each time, the room seemed hotter and smaller. His stomach was aching now as if a knife were sticking in his side. He moaned softly and said the Lord's Prayer but the pain only got worse. He wanted to call out to Nancy but he decided to wait a while longer. He remembered that his father had lectured him on the manliness of bearing a little pain.

Suddenly, the pain subsided and he fell asleep with relief. He dreamt that he was running through a jungle in deepest Africa. He was running fast, too, because he was aware of his stom-

ach pain and he could hardly breathe. The farther he ran, the stuffier and hotter, the jungle became. He did not know for sure what was chasing him but when he looked around, he saw that huge infamous monster of the jungle, "Killah Gorilla." Up ahead, he suddenly noticed Nancy with a broom, sweeping mud off the path. His father was beside her grumbling through the evening edition of the "Cannibal Express." He was just about to call out to them, when the gorilla grabbed him and squeezed until his breath was almost gone. His father said, "Don't let a little thing like that bother you."

His mother said, "You're messing up the path, stupid."

Then he remembered no more.

Nancy walked into the living-room and said to her husband, "Did Garnet look sick to you tonight? He said something after school but he ate supper. He went to bed awfully early, though. Maybe he had another stomach ache. Go up and check on him."

Her husband grumbled upstairs and glanced in at his motionless son. He went back down and said, "He's O.K."

Next morning was another story. Killah Gorilla had struck again but the coroner wrote appendicitis in his report.

BY SPARKLING WATERS

by Ellen Hoffmann

Deep in the heart of the great pine forest, a babbling stream had its beginning in the mountain side. Laughing and tumbling over a tiny, foot-high "waterfall", these sparkling waters hurried on to some place known only to themselves and the sprightly, spring breeze whispering through the giant pines, the lords of the forest. By the stream, a doe calmly watched as a fawn, her son, made his first attempt to get up on his spindly legs and run

about. Nearby, a buck, with tall slender antlers, was quenching his thirst from the refreshing little brook. In the pale blue, shallow waters, tiny, silver-coloured fish darted about. Out from under a knoll of dark brown earth and emerald green grass, an elderly rabbit came, followed by scores of furry, white offspring. Overhead, in the trees, the many-coloured birds let their sweet melody drift into the murmuring breeze. Peace and serenity reigned over the little clearing, the little clearing where the sparkling waters began.



WHERE?

by Bert Simpson

Come you children,
And play this game:

Something is hidden—
We all know where;
It's up in the air.

Only the richest
Man will find it;
Only the poorest
Knows where it is.

Climb over a mountain,
Into eternity—
Reach for the climax;
Strive for your death.

No ! not on this earth,
Or naught in the world.

Successful yet children?
Never-of course.
For only the mortal
Have heard of my god.

SO LET US EAT

by Carter Hoppe

heavens and hell
men and money
religions and God
bears and honey

wars and peace
passions and greed
loves and hate
desires and need

lives and death
feats and deed
lungs and breath
flowers and weed

hands and skill
wounds and bleed
guns and kill
sex and seed

—and above is mankind
(and I see in despair)
about all it amounts to
—all of that up there
is
. . . stewed prunes and a oatmeal
cookie

MY REMARKABLE GREAT-UNCLE

by Trudie Hitzeroth

It had been a day of peculiarities, the most peculiar being the unexpected visit of my Great-Uncle Art, whom I had never seen before.

Earlier in the day I had been instructed to go to the barbershop, for if "young boys are to be seen and not heard," they ought to look decent and respectable, according to Aunt Annie's principles.

Not that I disliked going to the barber's. On a busy day one could hear all the latest town news. This was even better than the weekly newspaper, which consisted mainly of "Ladies' Aid Meets Tuesday", "Deaths", and "Cards of Thanks". One could also meet many interesting people in the barbershop. Today, my choice for "Most Interesting Person" was a rather stout, red-in-the-face man, whose hair was brilliant red on top and pure white all around the bottom edge. This phenomenon, so Al Dobson told me, was the result of neglecting to obtain a new hairpiece for his bald spot, after his red hair had turned white.

By the time I was out of the barbershop, the hands on the clock just about met at twelve, and so, to appease my growling stomach, I dug a tarnished copper from my pocket and tried the gum machine. Instead of a round, chewy gumball I got a ring, with the skull and crossbones outlined on top. I put it on, clenched my fist, and watched it glint in the sun. Now I was Long John Silver, on my way to the 'Admiral Benbow'. I hobbled along on my crutch (one foot on the curb, one in the gutter), and watched my toe kick up the dust. Stepping out of the Post Office, and casting a furtive glance over his shoulder came 'Black Dog', a swarthy, bent-over man with a grizzly beard down to his middle. (Nearly every Mennonite in these parts has a beard, except Jackie B., who decided to have his cut off after he had been sick one day after an operation in the hospital).

As I turned down a side street, the scene miraculously changed from the 'Admiral Benbow' to the Island itself. The foliage and vines were so thick that I was forced to hack my way through with my trusty cutlass. (I didn't *really* hack my way through, since I knew old Mrs. Coot might be watching me taking a short-cut through her garden).

Even before I reached my house I sensed that something was wrong. Sure enough, parked in the drive was a big, blue, flashy car, the license plates boldly proclaiming, "MICHIGAN—WATER WONDERLAND". I had a peculiar feeling that this belonged to my Great-Uncle, Art, since he was the only one in the clan famous for "dropping in unexpectedly", so they said. ("They" were my relatives, mostly aunts of the maiden variety). "That man has nine lives like a cat", Aunt Clara had said one day, and I had thought to myself, "Uncle Art is an aged Scotsman with one foot in the grave". I knew that I wasn't going to like Great-Uncle Art. Aunt Annie had even gone so far as to suggest that I go along with Uncle Art to the States for awhile. "It'll be educatin' for the boy", she stated. Aunt Annie's word was law.

Well, as usual, I was wrong. That night before supper Uncle Art jiggedy-jogged down the stairs, his white hair ruffled, and his voice rising to a crescendo. "Too --- rra --- loo --- rraa loo rraa ----". Then he tapped a little dance that shook the china lamp and the curtainrods and the pictures on the walls. Aunt Annie's eyebrows reached an all-time high, while Aunt Clara nearly dropped the bowl of peas-in-white-sauce which she was carrying to the table.

The supper was special tonight, therefore thirds were not denied, least of all to Uncle Art. He loved eating light, tender ham cut thick, with a white mountain of whipped potatoes and a sparkling red dollop of cranberry. He loved eating light, fluffy angel-cake heaped with fat, exciting strawberries drooling with whipped cream. He loved eating deep orange Canadian Cheddar flecked with golden-yellow. He loved eating sweet, home-made buns. He loved eating.

After this delicious repast, Uncle Art pushed back his chair and we all got to talking. It was not long before he had me under his spell. He told stories (their truth was a matter of opinion), and as he spoke, solemnly and deliberately, he pointed sometimes with his middle finger, his arm shaking.

He smoked matches too. After carefully and laboriously stuffing his pipe with rich-smelling tobacco, he would light a match and then forget to draw, until he burned the edge of his fingers. Then he lit another match. One good story usually lasted half a box of matches.

But his best stories were "border stories", about people going through Customs with various items of merchandise on their person. There was the lady who was walking through with a new fur piece dangling below the hem of her dress. Then there was the lady with the alarm clock in her bloomers. Just when the officer asked, "Have you anything to declare?" from the depths of the unfortunate lady's bloomers came a loud, resounding "r-r-r-ing"!

Our laughter was free and hearty, and it lingered about us. At this point Uncle Art ceremoniously handed me a very long, round container. I could not help glancing at the label, which stated in bold letters:

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Excitement throbbed in my heart, and Uncle Art's eyes danced as he watched me fondle the sleek rod.

Then he told the story about how he had managed to cross the border without even opening the trunk for Customs Inspection. Not long before he had read in the paper that a man named Mr. Henderson held an important position in Customs. Therefore, upon driving up he got out of the car and began looking around, searching the many faces. When the officer asked what he was doing, he simply replied that he was looking for Mr. Henderson to say hello to him, since they were old friends. He was so convincing that the officer waved him on with a smile.

It was well into the night before any of us got to bed. As Uncle Art went up the stairs, more slowly this time, and I, drunken with tiredness, followed behind, he sang:

"Oh, I had a dog and his name was Rover,

He was a very intelligent pup.

He could stand up on his hind legs
When you held his front legs up".

The next morning I was up at six-thirty packing my suitcase and brand-new fishing gear to go with Uncle Art on down to the States. I was careful not to seem *too* enthusiastic, in case Aunt Annie should

suddenly change her mind at the last minute. Aunt Clara packed a lunch (meaning one large wicker basket filled with as much food as could be put into it) to "stay" us if we became hungry along the way. Uncle Art packed the trunk of the car with various items of food which he had difficulty in obtaining in the States.

We finally got on the road, after appropriate good-byes had been said (wet kisses from Aunt Annie, and great hugs against Aunt Clara's motherly bosom). I sat on the edge of my seat all the way. Uncle Art certainly was spry for his age (which, so Aunt Clara said, had been "39" for the past thirty years) for he drove like a madman. Whenever I glanced at his shaking hand which held the wheel, I stiffened and gripped the seat. On the sharp curves I leaned in the opposite direction.

As the miles whizzed by, my anxiety increased. I wondered whether he would manage to escape the humiliation of opening his car trunk for inspection this time.

After waiting in line for what seemed an eternity, it was finally our turn to pull up to the Customs gate. The officer asked Uncle Art if he had anything to declare and almost in the same breath, gruffly announced that he wished to inspect the trunk. Uncle Art nonchalantly stepped out, and went to the rear of the car. He looked remarkably cool and calm as he opened the trunk. The officer stepped up for a closer look. At this instant he clasped his hands to his nose, and ordered, "Close it! Close it! Move on!" We moved on.

Reaching the outskirts of the city, Uncle Art said to me, with a twinkle in his eye, "You just can't get good ripe Limburger in the States".



THE JET

1ST PRIZE JUNIOR POETRY

by Bob Doumani

A silver mark way up there,
Tops the skies
With ease and grace,
And a thunder clap.

How often have I sat below
The arching heavens,
And heard its mighty roar,
Looked up, and saw it not.

It speeds on by,
High above the wind tossed clouds,
And signs its name
In smoke.

DARKNESS CANNOT PREVAIL

by Bob Brown

Looking up where I imagine God is
I see wonders as deep as life itself!
Deep black concrete clouds aim themselves

And those of white billows drift
— the wolf — the innocent lamb —
A hawk soaring suddenly disappears
Into that unknown black of deceit and
evil —

Reappearing ruffled —
Outlined in purity of fluffy white
Then fades away — sinking into that
bosom of feathered love.

And the black thing moves on!
It spreads — surrounds — and covers —
But the eye beholds the Truth!
The shade — the form — the light —
Faint but not out that light from within
Begins to glow, to radiate — essence
itself!

There is thunder in the skies and the
Truth shines through!
Darkness cannot prevail!

THE FISHERMAN

by Janice White

Smiling and waiting,
Frowning and baiting,
Sighing and waiting,
A tug on the line.
Leaning and kneeling,
Lasting and reeling,
Hopefully feeling—
A fish!



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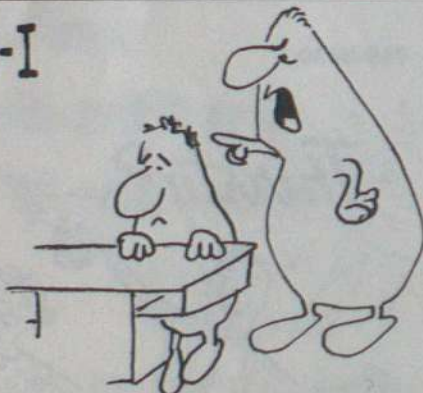
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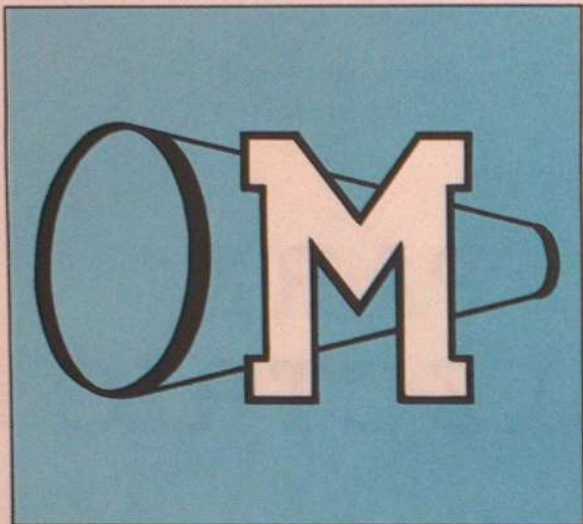
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MR. MOTRUK: ALRIGHT, YOU BUNCH OF LAZY LOOTS!
MISS HARTMANN: THIS CLASS IS A GROUP OF WOULD-BE SCRUB-WOMEN
AND DITCH-DIGGERS.
MR. EDWARDS: THAT'S A COMMON COMMERCIAL TRAIT.



SENIOR CHEERLEADERS

Barb Travis, Janice Bednarick, Barb Broderick, Martha Heath, Anne McKenna.



JUNIOR CHEERLEADERS

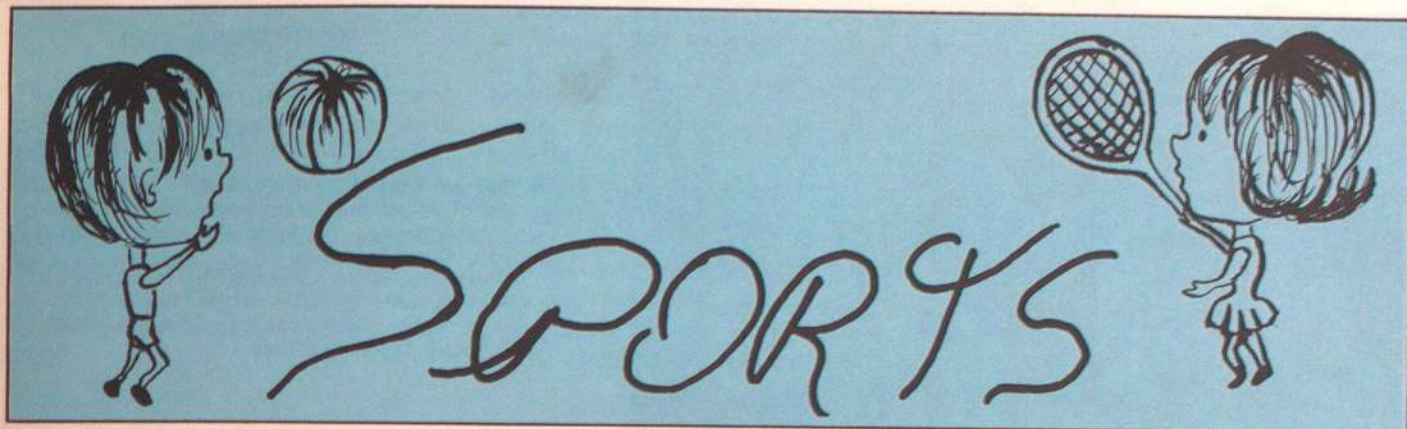
Standing: Stephanie Young, Gail Nickleson.
Sitting: Irene LaRoche, Sue Collacott, Vicki Conn, Jill Brooks.



JUNIOR FOOTBALL

Second Row: David Smyth, Rudy Ackermann, Rick Pfeifer, Kirk Flowers, John King, Greg Goulin, Bob MacKenzie, Ray Penfold, Wayne Ouellette, David Hodgson, Ed Holek, Howard Christie, Mark Beaten, Rick Ather-ton, Mr. J. Fleming.

First Row: Bill Vincent, Ted Siddall, Tom Peddie, Barry Gaul, Warren Fenn, Ralph Bailey, Bob Dent, Ron Wall, Danny McLean, Mark Morrill.



SENIOR FOOTBALL

Massey is one year older and one year closer to winning the W.S.S.A. championship. The victors have laughed at our unrelenting Mustangs and defeat was bitter, but these Mustangs have erased their name from the easy-victory list and now pose a constant threat. The see-saw season added excitement to the action and much school spirit was produced.

The Mustangs were released in early October and made quick work out of the Walkerville "Tartans" match. The score was 7-0 with Massey piloting the play.

The record was tied at one loss, one

win, by a slight set-back from the Assumption Purple Raiders 28-8.

Again the Massey defense proved too much for its opponents as the offensive department of the Mustangs took over and romped to a 14-0 victory over Patterson.

The Kennedy Clippers caught the Mustangs off guard and had little trouble chalking up another victory. The highlight of this match for the Massey supporters was the accurate passing of Rick Roland to Chris Palmer for a beautiful touchdown. The convert was good and the score remained 42-14.

The Mustangs had made up their minds to avenge the 59-0 trouncing

they received from Corpus Christi in 1961. At the end of the game, the 'stangs walked away with a 21-7 victory.

The Massey gridders clinched another victory from the Lowe Vocational Roughriders 21-0 and strengthened our bid for a playoff berth. But the Walkerville boys managed to secure a 13-7 victory and therefore fourth place, ending Massey's hopes for winning the championship in that season.

The spotlight of recognition should fall on every player on the team for their strong enthusiasm and on the coaches for their unrelenting efforts. Good work boys, and good luck in the future!



SENIOR FOOTBALL

Third Row: Greg Topolie, Chris Palmer, Pete Topolie, Carmon Filmore, Mike Keeley, Al Henderson, Grant Karn, Steve Hoffman, Jim Coulter, Ken Ritz, Terri Burney, Mr. D. MacEwan.

Second Row: Mr. R. Edwards, Rick Roland, Abie Shapiro, Ralph Boose, Morris Yaworsky, Keith Whipple, Jeff McArthur, Pat Sheehan, Bob Wilson, Rene Jacques.

First Row: Jamie Beardmore, Don Hogan, Stan Malec, Gord Reeve, Jim Travis, John Schultz, Carson Krol, John Purcell, Herb Knight, Grant Slote.



SOCCER TEAM

Second Row: Mr. C. Davies, Tom Jones, Jim Dunlop, Ken Youngson, Ray Bailey, Wayne Beaten, Rolf Hartloff, Jerry Reinhart, Ole Kristensen.

First Row: Robert Stewart, Peter Strachan, Tony Evans, Wayne Perkins, David Bartlett, Peter Jones, George Brooke, Bill Vincent, Steve Shanfield.

1963 SOCCER TEAM

The soccer team led an exciting if not a successful life. Under the weary eye of coach Davies, the team tasted defeat after humiliating defeat. Wayne Perkins, the faithful, if not talented or co-ordinated captain, led his team of charging juniors. A few games were lost by only one goal, but most were solid defeats. The team should get credit for trying. There were very few spectators and even fewer supporters while the team was compiling its dismal record, but many thanks to those who attended and participated in the games.

GOLF

In four years of school competition, Massey has won four straight W.S.S.A. titles, and the only S.W.O.S.S.A. laurels to date. This year Pete Guthrie, Bob Brown, Wayne Sandor, Bill Hryniw and Richard Peddie again took the W.S.S.A. honours. In the same tournament Wayne succeeded in capturing the individual laurels. In Chatham the team failed to retain the S.W.O.S.S.A. crown by four strokes, suffering its first defeat. This year ended school competition for Bob and Peter, players on all four winning teams. We wish the team continued success for many years to come.

CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM

Our cross-country team, though small, distinguished itself in the W.S.S.A. meet last fall, finishing in a tie for third with Kim Kelly finishing seventh individually. At the S.W.O.S.S.A. meet in Blenheim, because of lack of numbers, we did not fare too well, but our one bright spot was Bruce Patterson's victory in the Junior Event. Later, in Toronto, Bruce finished sixth in the All-Ontario meet out of a field of three hundred.



GOLF TEAM

Second Row: Richard Peddie, Mr. D. Henry, Wayne Sandor, Bill Hryniw.

First Row: Pete Guthrie, Bob Brown.

CROSS-COUNTRY

Third Row: Phil Noble, Bruce Patterson, Chuck Ainslie.

Second Row: Rand Hoppe, Ernie Eves, Kim Kelly.

First Row: Alan Lennon, Jim Gatrall, Jack Brown, Mr. R. Krol.



TENNIS AND BADMINTON

Enthusiastic tennis players were not to be discouraged, even when the odds were piled up against them. Because of the lack of tennis courts, Massey students, under the watchful eye of Mr. S. Soteris practised at Central Park, or in the school gymnasium. In the tournament, two of the boys' singles came up to the semi-finals before being eliminated.

Another increasingly popular sport at Massey is the racquet and shuttlecock game called badminton. Only healthy specimens were able to qualify — since attending practices meant being at school at 7:30 a.m. Mr. S. Soteris, the pun-loving and funny (or fun-loving and punny) combination psychologist-coach has again managed to have a popular club. It boasted forty regular members and about twenty additional ones who played off and on. Informal meets were held with the other schools

in Windsor. Cookies and coffee or tea were served at all home matches and thoroughly enjoyed by both the teams and also some hungry Massey free-loaders (like Dave Purcell).

Not only has this been a year of fun but also of victory. Read Collacott and Carter Hoppe captured the W.S.S.A. double's crown.

More and more students are participating in the programme and we continually field good badminton teams.

TENNIS CLUB

Left to Right: Paul Herage, Alan Lopatin, Doug Martin, Bill Hodgins, Ron Richards, Isaac Novak, John Roushorne, Ron Barker, Mr. S. Soteris, Susan Stauth.



BADMINTON CLUB

Third Row: Read Collacott, Jim Dunlop, Peter Jones, Tom Jones, Jamie Beardmore, Bill Stubberfield, Len Girard, Andy Auch, Ray Penfold, Ron Fritz, Bob Gateman, Rick Pfeifer, Howard Christie, George Merrett, Ralph Boose, Joe Langlois, Alan Lennon, Jim Gatrall.

Second Row: Carter Hoppe, Nancy Tofflemire, Lynn Kaufman, Linda Ridley, Linda White, Sue Hall, Pat Morris, Marion Duquette, Sue Fryday, Cathy Skeggs, Margaret Fitzpatrick, Penelope Bass, Kay Howe, Jean Surowiak, Susan Kaufman, Judy Travis, Chris Reid, Kit Morgan.

First Row: Sue Braithwaite, Joan Benedict, Carol Durocher, Leslie Farrell, Kathy Donald, Mr. S. Soteris, Wendy Campbell, Lynda Eckert, Linda Coyle, Evelyn Nowotny.

BOYS' VOLLEYBALL

This year's team finished the season with a record of four wins matched by four losses. In the two previous years the team had made the play-offs with 6 and 2 records. However, the failure to reach the play-offs this year was nothing to be ashamed of because although the team fielded only three players from last year, the newcomers showed great promise. Under the fine coaching of Mr. Snalune the eleven-man squad learned to work together as a unit. Although they lost their first contest with flying colours to the defending champions from Herman they were not discouraged and finished the season in fine style by soundly whipping the highly favoured Forster team. Unusual for a volleyball team, two of the regulars missed the last few games due to injuries, Alan Fitzgerald with a foot operation and Read Collacott with a fractured arm suffered in one of Mr. Snalune's after-practice football games in the gym. With a year of experience under their belt, Mr. Snalune feels that, with a good bench to strengthen the team along with more support from the student body at all games, the team should gain a play-off berth next year and perhaps a crack at the championship. However, next year, the services of Bob Fisher and the captain, Chris Morgan, both four year veterans, will be greatly missed.



SENIOR BOYS' VOLLEYBALL

Top to Bottom: Al Fitzgerald, Andy Auch, Ron Barker, Ron Fritz, Bob Gateman, Bob Norris, Bob Fisher, Dave Moore, Mr. B. Snalune, Bob Weymouth, Chris Morgan, Read Collacott, Doug Horne.

SENIOR GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL

Third Row: Barbara Broderick, Heidi Kunau, Barbara Getty, Miss Boyd, Susan Kaufman, Judy Surowiak.

Second Row: Martha Heath, Susan Fryday, Barb Travis, Gail Nickleson, Lynda Lane, Pat Miller.

First Row: Joanne Brown, Linda Moffatt, Pat Morris.



JUNIOR GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL

Second Row: Wally Forster, Barbara Boroski, Suzanne Young, Judy Surowiak, Mary Lee Cooke, Marion Duquette, Sue Cooke.

First Row: Daphne White, Linda Tremblay, Sue Collacott, Lynn Kaufman, Miss C. Wilkinson, Pam Soulliere, Irene Binder, Jackie Wade.



BOYS' BASKETBALL

At the beginning of the season the Massey basketball team was battling hard on the courts but still travelling in the same direction. The bitterness of constant defeat had been shrugged off and those ardent players could only envision victory.

The machine has been in motion now for four years and after being smashed and slighted throughout 39 straight games the faithful unit tasted victory. "Victories that are easy are cheap. — Those only are worth having, which come as the result of hard fighting".

I won't describe each detail of the season for it was merely a carbon copy of the previous years. The Mustangs were always at the short end of the many "cliff-hangers". Most of the students saw all of the games anyway. This illustrates the great amount of spirit which the Massey hoopsters produced in the school.

With the first gallant bugle call from the stands and with Mr. Fleming and Mr. Krol at the reins, the Mustangs confidently charged onto the court. The Roughriders were already warming-up and tension filled the air.

With the end of the first quarter that familiar picture began to take shape as the score read 12-7 for Tech. Then the tables turned. The pressing defense of the Massey cagers rattled the Lowe Roughriders and by half time the score board bulged with a 26-18 lead for Massey. The precious victory was sealed as the undaunting blues collected an amazing 27 points in the final quarter. The score remained 62-44.

February 21 was truly a victorious night and the School Spirit Committee couldn't have chosen a better time for School Spirit Day. Lowe bowed to the strong Mustangs on three occasions. The Junior B's won by 14 points while the Junior team pulled out of a squeaker by 45-43. These were truly the greatest moments in the 1963-64 school year at Massey Collegiate.

Special congratulations should go to Mr. Fleming, the coach, and to Mr. Krol, his worthy assistant, for their hard work and endurance. Congratulations to Andy Auch for gaining a position on the All-City teams. Issi Novak always ensured the supporters with a good showing while he was thoroughly backed by Chris Palmer, Pete Guthrie, John Purcell, Chris Morgan, Pete Topolie, Jack Brown and Don Ing.

SENIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL

Second Row: Abie Shapiro, Howard Fitch, Don Ing, Issi Novak, Andy Auch, Mr. J. Fleming, John Roushorne, Chris Palmer, Pete Topolie, Ken Vickers.

First Row: Jack Brown, John Purcell, Chris Morgan, Pete Guthrie.

**JUNIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL**

Third Row: Randy Van Wagner, Ron Fritz, Fred Skeggs.

Second Row: Keith Whipple, Larry Martin, Howard Christie.

First Row: Richard Ronchka, Greg Topolie, Chuck Ainslie, Tom Peddie, Bill Hyrniw.

Standing: Mr. L. Roberts, Dave Tennant.





SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Third Row: Janice Bednarick, Sue Fryday, Linda Moffatt, Bonnie McPhail.

Second Row: Pat Miller, Barbara Boroski, Gail Nickleson, Sue Renaud.

First Row: Joanne Brown, Barb Travis, Barbara Broderick, Martha Heath.

Standing: Pat Morris, Miss N. Boyd.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The girls' athletic year started with an "Orientation Programme" for Grade 9 girls. It was felt, that in previous years, the Grade 9's had not participated on school teams mainly because their interest had not been cultivated when they entered the school. This year, under the direction of the G.A.A. the programme was held, in which senior students spoke on the various sports and athletic activities in the school. This was then followed by

games and refreshments.

This year, unlike former years, participation in the House League was very enthusiastic. Perhaps this was due to the distribution of awards to the winning Senior and Junior teams. The awards, small Massey letters, were distributed to 11A and 10E in volleyball and 9J and 12C in basketball.

The major project of the year by the G.A.A. was the planning of the Activity Night. Heather White, Sheila Parker, and all the girls of the G.A.A. put forth a supreme effort to make the

Activity Night a success and were richly rewarded by the number present and the enthusiasm they showed.

Although the girls' basketball team showed marked improvement this year, it failed to reach a play-off berth. With team spirit and determination as it was this year, however, there should be more victories next year.

It seemed that our volleyball teams were likewise doomed, since both teams failed to reach the semi-finals. However, all teams have high hopes for next year.



GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Third Row: Gail Atherton, Serena Stowe, Barb Boufford, Cathy Cascadden, Mary Lee Cooke, Susan Fryday, Lynn Jones, Sharon Moon, Annette Ouellette, Pat Tulett, Ursula Bacher.

Second Row: Marylou Docherty, Jackie Wade, Lynda Lane, Martha Heath, Cathy Skeggs, Jane Beardmore, Jane Harbour, Janice Bednarick, Judy Surowiak, Linda Lacey.

First Row: Mary Ellen Ridgewell, Gilda Baker, Jayce Oshowy, Chris Reid, Bonnie McPhail, Miss Stone, Heather White, Pat Miller, Gilda Friedman, Chris Gatrall, Pat Fihn.

**HOUSELEAGUE
VOLLEYBALL WINNERS**

Second Row: Chris Reid, Chris Keeley, Gerry Sylvester, Chris Oshowy, Enda Rees, Sue Robinson.

First Row: Carolyn Rodzik, Leslie Farrell, Carol Durocher, Penny Nighswander, Lynda Eckert, Johanne Kruger, Wendy Campbell, Linda Coyle, Ellen Hoffmann.



**HOUSELEAGUE
BASKETBALL WINNERS**

Second Row: Barbara Mitchell, Marilyn Fryday, Toby Sklash, Sally Coe, Pat Soulliere, Janice MacKie, Marion Duquette, Margaret Fitzpatrick.

First Row: Blair Hoffman, Pam Baldock, Bonnie Blacklock, Barb Simpson, Beverley Dalley, Jayce Oshowy.



GIRLS' REFEREES

Third Row: Sue Braithwaite, Jean Surowiak, Pat Morris, Marilyn Fryday, Susan Fryday, Marion Duquette, Maxine Wiseman, Heather White.

Second Row: Barb Broderick, Joanne Brown, Linda Moffatt, Judy Surowiak, Mary Lee Cooke, Barb Travis, Janice Bednarick, Bonnie McPhail.

First Row: Gail Nickleson, Sue Cooke, Heidi Kunau, Miss R. Stone, Susan Kaufman, Suzanne Young, Pat Miller, Martha Heath.



WRESTLING

Third Row: Rick Luckino, Greg Goulin, Ian Bistany, Richard Morrison, Ken Ritz, Jim Travis, John Sefton, Larry Ouellette, Brian Fry.
Second Row: Mike Hurwitz, Tom Hannan, Rob Stewart, Bill Vincent, Brad Hodgins.
First Row: Jamie Beardmore, Bob Wilson.



GYMNASTICS CLUB

Second Row: Herb Knight, Jim Travis, Bob Cassels, Paul Boufford, Ken Hollister, John King, Wayne Ouellette, Ron Wall.
First Row: Elaine Chapman, Ursula Bacher, Janice Hollowell, Gail Atherton, Paulette Rickert, Sue Beer, Johanne Kruger, Lynn Dettart, Barb Boufford, Pat Morris.



CURLING CLUB

Second Row: Alan Lennon, Kirk Flowers, Paul Herage, David Hodgson, Dale Pope, Dave Moore, Dave Bartlett, John Roushorne, John Trowbridge, Ron Fritz, George Merrett, Paul Ciceri, Brian Stockman, Robert Stewart, Doug Stauth.
First Row: Shelley Cooke, Mary Lee Cooke, Leslie Farrell, Wendy Campbell, Mr. R. Morden, Mr. W. Totten, Lynda Eckert, Jane Harbour, Penny Nighswander, Janet Barber.
Absentees: Kim Kelly, Susan Stauth, Moya Kelly, Karen Cook.

O.A.L.C.

Issi Novak, Martha Heath, Pat Miller, Chuck Ainslie.



GIRLS' TRACK TEAM

Third Row: Jean Surowiak, Lydia Balciar, Linda Lacey, Susan Fryday, Mary Lee Cooke, Susan Kaufman, Judy Surowiak.

Second Row: Jane Beardmore, Suzanne Young, Lynn Kaufman, Nancy Tofflemire, Heidi Kunau, Linda McArthur, Ursula Bacher, Pat Miller.

First Row: Anne McKenna, Pat Morris, Gail Nickleson, Barbara Broderick, Miss R. Stone, Barb Travis, Bonnie McPhail, Marilyn Fryday, Martha Heath.



BOYS' TRACK TEAM

Fourth Row: Greg Goulin, Pete Topolie, Chris Palmer, Grant Karn, Randy VanWagner, Fred Skeggs, Steve Hoffman, Andy Auch, Rick Ronchka, Jamie Beardmore, Issi Novak, Pete Strachan, Wayne Shaw, Ernie Eves.

Third Row: Paul Herage, Bill Hodgins, Abie Shapiro, Bob Fox, David Smyth, Bob Gateman, Dave Merrill, Howard Fitch, Read Collacott, Chuck Ainslie, Larry Martin, Larry Burney, Dave Waymouth, John Schultz, Keith Whipple.

Second Row: Bob Waymouth, Rick Roland, Gord Moore, Greg Topolie, Phil Noble, Doug Macbeth, Alan Lennon, Jim Gatrall, Bill Vincent.

First Row: Paul Zavitz, Doug Martin, Bruce Patterson, Jeff McArthur, Jerry Tesarski, Ted Siddall, Chris Morgan, Dave Fluke, Tim MacFarlane.

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It's joining a group where no one's square,
 The fun and enjoyment when everyone's there.
 It's having a boyfriend and knowing he'll call,
 It's always belonging and having a ball.

It's starting a romance that ends up in tears,
 It's movies and coke and highschool cheers.

It's rocking and rolling with Bob and Ed,
 It's going surfing with Dave and Greg.
 It's acting insane when teacher's around,
 And searching for happiness that always is found.

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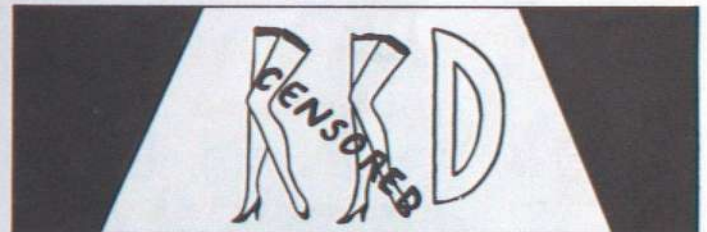
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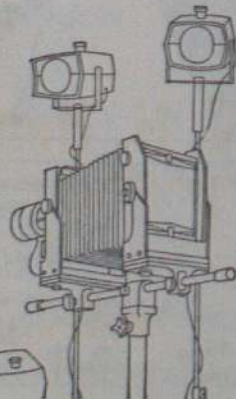
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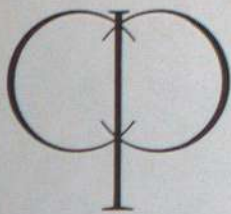
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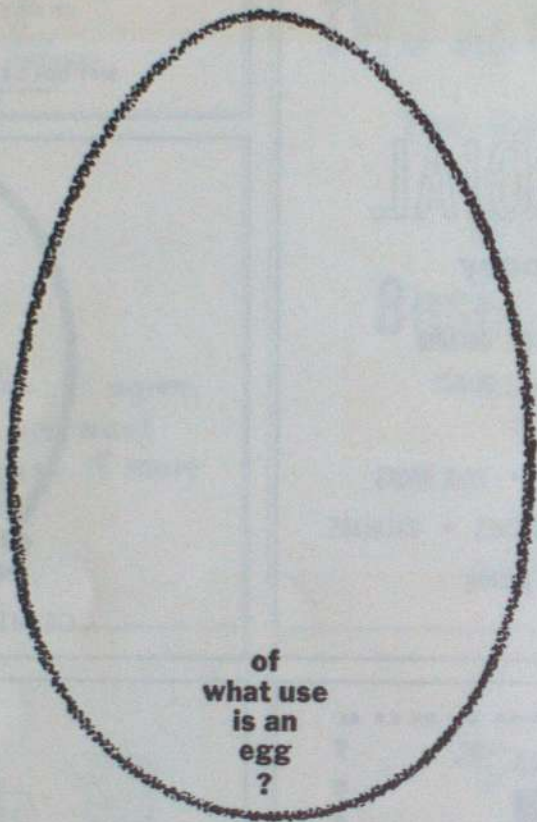
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Third Row:
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Larry Gibb, Len St. Louis, Chris Wingelaar,
Ted Hallerwick, Jim McCreary, Brian Francis.

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Pengelly, Jerry Wisdom, Paul Cape.

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Linda Howe, Pat Fihn, Mary Ziraldo.



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Kidd.

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Coxon, Judy Trofin, Marilyn Nantau, William
McCullough, Rand Hoppe, Stuart Galloway,
William Soutar.

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Lois Sholdice, Janet Dent, Margo Barnet.

Absent:
Ian Bistany.



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 Halek, Ron Eiford, Alan White, Dennis
 Hladysk.

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 Ken Ouellette.

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 Ann Harrison, Mr. R. Sillick, Carol Small,
 Janice Law, Carol Gough, Mona VanKuren.



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 Jones, Wayne Baldock, Peter Kristensen,
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 Paul Nagorsen, Dave Russell, Jerry Fasan,
 Dave MacVicar, Allan Hotchkiss.

Second Row:
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 nie Reinhart, Craig Pare, Ron Tingle, Tom
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First Row:
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Absent:
Gail Marrow.



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First Row:
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CLASS 11F

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Second Row:
Pat Sloan, Mary Garswood, Lee Auttersen, Mary Cowlin, Pat Smyth, Bonnie Parker, Susan West, Nancy Henderson, Faye Anderson, Rachel Hunter.

First Row:
Beth Pearson, Kathy Learmonth, Gail Bow-skill, Mr. D. Henry, Suzanne Reynolds, Carol Reid, Pam Johns.

Absent:
Greg Horton.



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Third Row:
Rick Brooks, John Schultz, Carmen Fillmore, Bob Norris, David Moore, Al Henderson, Wayne Baxter, Bill Egypt, Bob Offen, Terry Sorrell, Floyd King.

Second Row:
Jim Travis, Tim Miller, John Murphy, Wayne Waspe, Barry Dalley, Ray Debleu, Gordon Moore, Ron Trofin, Jim Sneddon, Al Nevin, Gary Allan.

First Row:
Barbara Tisdale, Barbara Haste, Ann Martin, Mr. N. Graham, Annette Quellette, Pat Cossels, Lynn Moore.



CLASS 12A

Third Row:
 Ralph Boase, Jeff McArthur, George Merrett,
 Kim Kelly, John Roushorne, Terry Jolliffe,
 Larry Stockman, Wayne Peddie, Terri Burney,
 David Tennant, Bill Stubberfield, Tom White,
 Jason Giroux, Robert Patrick, Jerry Tesarski,
 Tim Herage, Gary Tench.

Second Row:
 John Bentley, Gordon Reeve, Wayde Renaud,
 Stephen Shanfield, Donald Bevan, Linda Mc-
 Arthur, Pamela Warner, Patricia Paoley,
 Linda Lacey, Dorothy Thrasher, Jim Moran,
 Douglas Garrell, Wayne Tingle, Jerry Martin.

First Row:
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 Yaworsky, Sandra Wiseman, Carolyn Rickert,
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 Hryniw, Susan Stauth, Marie Romain.

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 Bert Simpson, Mike Schmedt, Bob Heyes,
 John Perry, Ernie Eves, Bruce Weller, Greg
 Burke, Carter Hoppe.

Second Row:
 Diane Fry, Connie Ballantine, Bonnie Walton,
 Linda White, Judy Surowiak, Heidi Kunau,
 Penelope Bass, Vicki Pare, Barbara Pare.

First Row:
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 Watson, Mr. R. Gardner, Martha Heath, Evelyn
 Nowotny, Dorothy Smith.



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 Jim Gendreau, Stephen Schwartz.

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 Peck, Lynn Lusk, Mr. P. Meagher, Barbara
 Travis, Judy Penfold, Margaret McCall,
 Barbara Monger.

Absent:
 Wayne Renaud.



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First Row:
Eileen McGhie, Marlène Troup, Jean Lawton, Mr. M. Wass, Linda Hillis, Barb Danz, Judy McCulloch.

Absent:
Don Mangin, Jim Coulter, Gary Gray, Rick Hurwitz, Wayne Logan.



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Marty Hunt, Ron Gignac, Rick Oliver, Mike Tereschuk, Allan Fitzgerald, George Payne, Don Hogan, Gregg Ruston, Dave Williams, Jim Johnson.

Second Row:
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First Row:
Nancy Saad, Joyce Quick, Wendy Mitchell, Mr. L. Roberts, Maxine Wiseman, Lynn Jones, Carol Phillips.



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Have
Nancy

Maryanne

Ann
+
Fred

John Powell



