# SERERAL NAVEREAU SCHOOL SI (921/1202

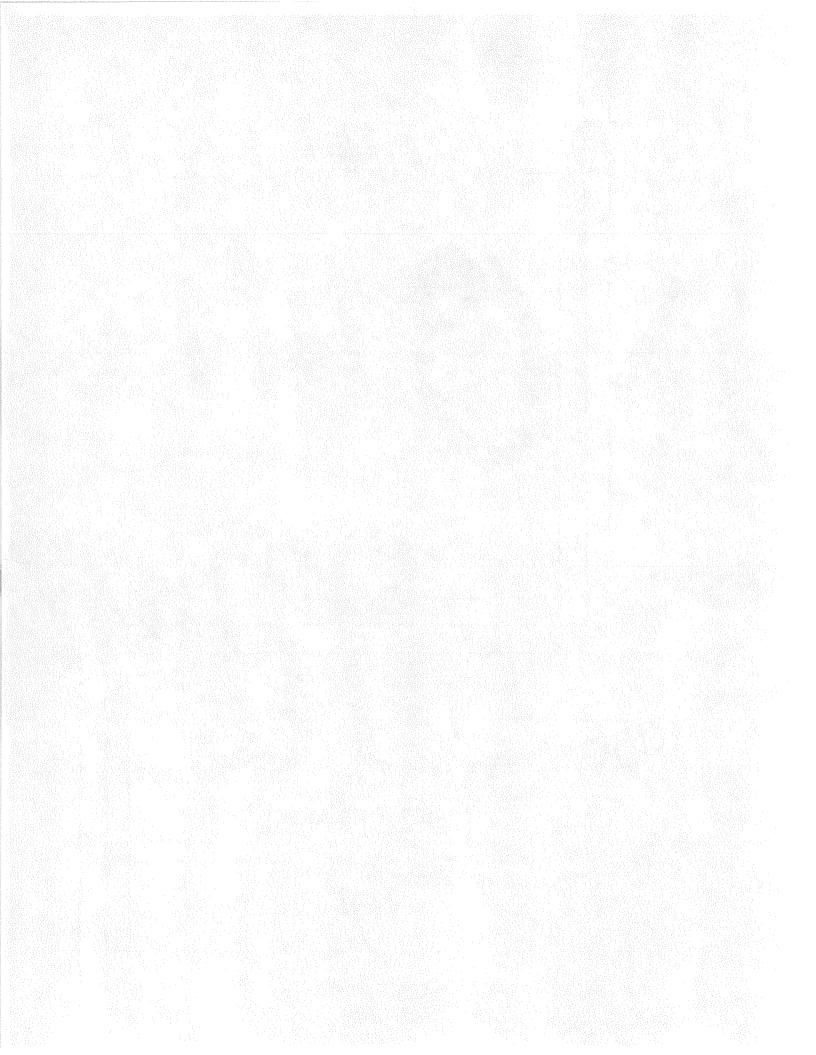
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# METZ, FRANCE

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The Editorial staff wish to express their sincere thanks to all those who have given both time and encouragement to the production of this book. We owe special thanks to W/C Kehoe, S/L Kerr, Sgt. Jackson, Cpl Demara, Cpl Rifle, Miss Mann, Mrs. Wright, LAC Delisle.

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It is an honour that I have been afforded the opportunity of contributing to this, the first publication of the General Navereau High School students' Year Book. All concerned are to be congratulated on the initiative, zeal and ability shown in publishing this summary of your 1956 -1957 High School activities in France. The contents are a positive indication of how readily you, the senior students, have adapted yourselves, retaining at the same time the customs so closely associated with your school life at home.

You are playing a very real part in the actual workings of NATO. As representatives of your country therefore it is important, and I know practiced, that your example at all times reflect credit upon yourselves and the NATO forces.

You are most fortunate in having the opportunity of enjoying the interesting experience of visiting Europe during your "tour". I suggest that you avail yourselves on every occasion to obtain the most out of it, as I am certain that in retrospect it will better fit you in your future life and bring back many happy memories.

(B.D. Kense) Wing Commander, RCAF Support Unit, Metz, France.

Editorial

Thousands of years ago the Romans conquered Gaul and then set to work to make allies of the conquered nations. The Canadians and Americans living in France today are not here as victors; they do however, need to follow a policy similar to that of Caesar and his contemporaries. As NATO forces, it is part of their task to create a bond of friendship between Europe and America; it is part of their task to make strong allies of the European Nations.

Just as the Romans left evidence of their presence in this land, so shall we. They abandoned to posterity their walled towns and splendid buildings and left a legacy in culture and language. In a small sense, we do the same as we return to our homeland and leave behind this school and our homes in France. Yet we also, leave something more meaningful though less tangible. As our contribution to the NATO task, we leave a feeling of friendship, of understanding and of appreciation for the accomplishments of other nations, as we strive to learn a new language and to add to ourselves something of the charm and culture of the Old World.

May this book keep alive the memories of our life in France and of our frienships there. May it remind us of our foster home and our little part in binding the nations together in frienship.



The more complex a society becomes, the larger proportionately is the number of intelligent and highly trained people needed for its proper functioning. Labour, as well as University President, is aware of this. The report of the Gordon commission paints a very rosy picture for Canada's economic progress in the next 25 years. The report emphasizes the vital need for trained, educated men and women to make this forecast come true.

Although we, of General Naverean School are presently living in Metz, France, thousands of miles from our homeland, we are Canadians, and as such, we are important to the development of Canada's progress. You who are in the school today, will be carrying the burden of our country tomorrow. It is very important then, that your attitudes, your habits of work, your aims and goals be such that they will not permit mediocrity. Be satisfied with nothing less than your best effort. The satisfaction that comes from a job well done is one of the things that is most worth while in life - - one of the things in life that money can not buy.

It is my hope, that upon the completion of your tour at General Navereau School, you may be able to say honestly, "I have done my best."

To those who are returning to Canada may I say Au revoir and Bon Voyage.

en la sette rende

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Sincerely,

m Snider

M.J. Snider.



#### STAFF EDITORIAL

Honorary Editor Chief Editor Assistant Editor Literary Editor Activities and Sports Photographers Art Editor

Business Manager

Advertising Manager

Miss. Joyce Rowley Roberta Kerr Eddie Gillespie Gotham Clements Gail Dolan David Godwin Wallace Clements Don Herbertson Angela Olsson **Kay Butler** 

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The members of the Council for 1956 - 1957 are:

Head Boy	Eddie Gillespie
Head Girl	Angela Olsson
Treasurer	Don Herbertson
Secretary	Fern Wonnacott
Teacher Advisor	Mr. Hawkes

# Room Representatives:

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Grade	<b>9</b>		Jimmy Cook
Grade	( <b>10</b> <i>nii kan adaa k</i> a b		Ted Romberg
Grade	<b>11</b> activent in a cold		Gail Dolan
Grade	<b>12</b> 246 - 627 (1996) - 686 - 696	Gotl	nam Clements
Grade	13	i. Source: .	Roberta Kerr



#### TEACHING STAFF

Our school is the best Canadian school in Europe, and it is the best because of the people running it. If you don't believe me, here's the evidence.

#### Principal: MR. M.J. SNIDER, B.A. -University of Western Ontario, B. Paed. - University of Toronto

He comes to us from Meaford, Ontario, and has been 1 incipal here for one year. The 1. r Force has an undeniable attraction for Mr. Snider. He was in the Air Force for four years during the war and is still in the Reserves (Educational Branch).

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# Vice Principal - MR. CHARLES HAWKES, B.Sc. -McGill University

Mr. Hawkes has been here only a year, but he has already proved that his chemistry classes can produce the smelliest smells of them all. Could this be the reason why he always wins the P.T.A. Attendance Award? He's a McGill man through and through witness his sweater, his blazer! And if the people at Chatham could see him in the red Karmann Ghia -----!

# MISS JEAN CARMICHAEL, B.Ed. -University of Alberta, Sr. Dip. Banff School of Fine Art

Miss Carmichael's favourite subject is Art. Not only does she teach art to the high school here, but she worked in the Edmonton Museum of Art in her spare time in Canada. She must have a liking for people - she taught formerly in the largest elementary school in Alberta; she now has the largest class in the school.

#### MISS RUTH KINSELLA, B.A. -Queen's University

Miss Kinsella's home town is Toronto, and she came to Metz after teaching at South Porcupine, Ontario. Her subjects are Latin, History and Physical Training. She's persistent - it took a long time and a lot of argument, but she got her car!

#### MR. JAMES LEATHAM, B.A. -University of Western Ontario

Mr. Leatham taught at London Public School. He teaches Grades Six and Seven this year. To get away from it all (?) he teaches the boys P.T. and takes off in a little green VOlkswagen that he bought at the jeweller's at One Fighter Wing! <u>MISS MARTHA LA SALLE, Diplôme Supérieur Français et Anglais de Département de</u> l'Instruction Publique de la Province de Québec

Miss La Salle is fond of Europe - this is the fourth time she's been here. Just about the hardest job she has in teaching French is persuading the boys to do their writing low enough on the blackboard so that she can reach it.

#### MISS SHERRY MacEACHERN, B.A. -University of Saskatchewan

Miss MacEachern has been here two years. We eagerly anticipate her returns from vacation. Something unexpected always happens to her when she's away. She came from Pincher Creek, Alberta, but she hopes to teach in the North West Territories on her return to Canada.

#### MISS MARION MOORE, B.A. -University of Western Ontario

Music cheers and soothes, they say, and Miss Moore leads them on the way. Miss Moore taught music in Toronto before coming here. For two years she has done her best to make song birds out of Grades Nine and Ten, and I'm sure the boat trip to Canada this summer will be a welcome rest.

# MISS JOYCE ROWLEY, B.A. -University of Toronto

Miss Rowley teaches those two "dandy" subjects - Latin and Mathematics. She also teaches English Literature and German. She taught Latin at Chatham Collegiate before coming here, and plans to return there next year. And think what we would have missed if she hadn't come! We still haven't figured out the Greek letters on the patch she wore on Sadie Hawkins Day.

#### <u>MR. DAVID SMITH, B.A., M.Ed. -</u> University of Alberta

Mr. Smith is a westerner from away back. From Edmonton, he came to Marville, then to Metz. And we hear he is counting the days until he goes back to Canada this summer.

# OPENING OF THE SCHOOL

#### OFFICIAL GUESTS

General and Madame NavereauAir Commodore and Mrs. ClementsGeneral and Madame DeMetzGroup Captain and Mrs. OlssonMonsieur and Madame LaPorteWing Commander and Mrs. StuartMonsieur and Madame MondonSquadron Leader and Mrs. McManusMonsieur and Madame DeMaudhueCommandant and Madame GalvinMonsieur and Madame FaesselMr. and Mrs. MorganAir Vice Marshal and Mrs. GodwinMr. and Mrs. Snider

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At eleven o'clock on the ninth of October, 1956, all the children at D.N.D. school, Metz were awaiting the arrival of General Navereau. He was to officially open the school and it was to be named in his honour. A Guard of Honour composed of representatives of all grades stood at one side, and a French band was playing. After the arrival of General Navereau and the other official guests, the school choir sang "O Canada" and "La Marseillaise." Then introductory remarks were made by S/L McManus, C.O. of the support unit, Mr. Snider, the principal, and Mr. Morgan, the superintendent of Education. Then A.V.M. Godwin introduced General Navareau. In a brief speech in French, he welcomed the Canadians to France and declared the school officially open. Then he unveiled the plaque on the wall, shristening the school "General Navereau". The choir sang "God Save the Queen" and the guests left to inspect the school.







#### GWEN AUSTIN

AMBITION: Veterinarian PROBABLE DESTINY: Heart doctor PROTOTYPE: Rapunzel PET EXPRESSION: Gee Whiz: WEAKNESS: Riding PASTIME: Pestering Jim Pincock ASSET: Pony tail and what it encases PET AVERSION: Boys who won't dance CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: Tarzan swinging on her ponytail.

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# DENNIS CAMPBELL

AMBITION: Jet pilot PROBABLE DESTINY: The moon PROTOTYPE: Huckleberry Finn PET EXPRESSION: Aw, come on! ASSET: Blond Hair WEAKNESS: Not doing home work PASTIME: Causing bus riots PET AVERSION: Peace loving kids CAN YOU IMAGINE: Six foot two





#### ROBERT CAREY

AMBITION: Aeronautical engineer PROBABLE DESTINY: Sub-terranean Sanitation Engineer PROTOTYPE: The Joker PET EXPRESSION: Holy Cow! ASSET: Sense of humour PASTIME: Getting into trouble PET AVERSION: Coming to school CAN YOU IMAGINE: ? Short and fat

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#### TIMOTHY CARTWRIGHT

AMBITION: Chemical Engineer PROBABLE DESTINY: Washing test tubes for Mr.

PROTOTYPE: Peter Pan PET EXPRESSION: Beans! ASSET: Intelligence WEAKNESS: Chess PASTIME: The Merchant of Venice PET AVERSION: Shylock CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: As a boxer Mr. Hawkes

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# JIMMY COOKE



AMBITION: Criminologist PROBABLE DESTINY: Alcatraz - as a warden PROTOTYPE: Liberace PET EXPRESSION: Reeeel coool: ASSET: His curls WEAKNESS: Girls PASTIME: Chewing toothpicks PET AVERSION: School CAN YOU IMAGINE? : Bald

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#### BILL COOPER

AMBITION: Helicopter pilot PROBABLE DESTINY: Egg beater salesman PROTOTYPE: Plastic Man (bopping) PET EXPRESSION: Oh I don't know about that! ASSET: Accent WEAKNESS: Bopping PASTIME: Swimming PET AVERSION: Social Studies CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: As a second Beethoven



#### WENDY DARBY

AMBITION: Nurse PROBABLE DESTINY: Sweeping Hospital floors PROTOTYPE: A whisper ASSET: Personality PASTIME: Serving the Volleyball PET AVERSION: Looking after little sister CAN YOU IMAGINE: ? Upsetting the class

# SANDRA DENTON

AMBITION: Teacher PROBABLE DESTINY: Politician PROTOTYPE: Portia PET EXPRESSION: Gollec-c-c-c-c: ASSET: Theatrical talent WEAKNESS: Bassanio PASTIME: Reading CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: Her as a Mexican jumping bean.





#### ROSE MARY DRISH

AMBITION: To go home PROBABLE DESTINY: Marrying a Frenchman PROTOTYPE: Live wire. PET EXPRESSION: Huh! WEAKNESS: Jim PASTIME: Changing her earrings PET AVERSION: Non New Jerseyites CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: As a sweet old fashioned girl.

#### GRANT EVANS

AMBITION: To be a millionaire PROBABLE DESTINY: Selling five cent cigars PROTOTYPE: Book worm PET EXPRESSION: Do I have to? ASSET: Surplus of gray matter WEAKNESS: Comic books PASTIME: Making sure of the facts PET AVERSION: French CAN YOU IMAGINE: ? Failing History





BARBARA GAMBLE

AMBITION: Nurse PROBABLE DESTINY: Fainting at the sight of blood PROTOTYPE: Tinker Bell ASSET: Smile WEAKNESS: Clothes PASTIME: Giggling PET AVERSION: Brothers CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: At the centre of a riot

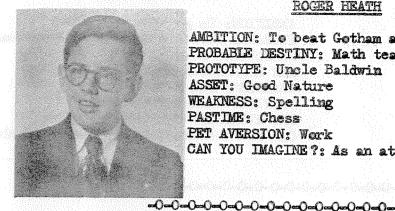
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#### RICKY GILLESPIE

AMBITION: Aeronautical Engineer PROBABLE DESTIMY: Selling model aeroplanes PROTOTYPE: The Happy Wanderer (from girl to girl) PET EXPRESSION: I don't know! ASSET: His wave WEAKNESS: Mustache PASTIME: Combing his hair PET AVERSION: Eddie CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: Giving up girls



#### ROGER HEATH



AMBITION: To beat Gotham at Chess PROBABLE DESTINY: Math teacher PROTOTYPE: Uncle Baldwin ASSET: Good Nature WEAKNESS: Spelling PASTIME: Chess PET AVERSION: Work CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: As an athletic hero

JAMES IVEY

AMBITION: Electrical Engineer PROBABLE DESTINY: Getting a shock PROTOTYPE: Jeff PET EXPRESSION: Gosh! ASSET: Curls WEAKNESS: Stripes PASTIME: Collecting records PET AVERSION: People who step on his blue suede shees. CAN YOU IMAGINE: ? Jim Ivey with Poison ivy.





SHARON KITCHEN

AMBITION: To fly a CF-100 PROBABLE DESTINY: To get broken by the sound barrier ASSET: Looks PROTOTYPE: Daisy Mae PASTIME: Sleeping WEAKNESS: Hospitals PET AVERSION: Jimmy Cooke's toothpick CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: With a Roman nose

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#### ARTHUR LEVITIN

AMBITION: To be 6 feet to 11 PROBABLE DESTINY: Midget in circus PET EXPRESSION: The time has come and I am went! ASSET: Himself WEAKNESS: Girls, girls, and more girls PASTIME: Stretching himself PET AVERSION: Not being noticed CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: As a life guard



#### DAVID MACES



AMBITION: Get out of school PROBABLE DESTINY: Sailing PROTOTYPE: Mr. Peeper ASSET: Ability at make-up PET EXPRESSION: Are you kidding? PASTIME: Making model ships WEAKNESS: Money PET AVERSION: Little brother and sister CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: Selling life savers

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#### JACKIE METCALFE

AMBITION: Farmer PROBABLE DESTINY: Cultivating 4 leaf clover PROTOTYPE: Little orphan Annie's daddy PET EXPRESSION: Governor ASSET: Luck WEAKNESS: Bow ties PASTIME: Winning prizes PET AVERSION: Other lucky people CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: Not winning a prize at every dance



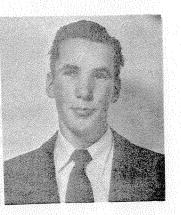


SANDRA MITCHELL

AMBITION: Nurse PROBABLE DESTINY: Patient PET EXPRESSION: Oh Heavens! ASSET: Enjoys social studies WEAKNESS: Shy PASTIME: Going to the Caserme PET AVERSION: Science CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: A lady wrestler

#### TERRY NELSON

AMBITION: To be a second Elvis Presley PROBABLE DESTINY: An opera fan PROTOTYPE: Male Hellyock PET EXPRESSION: You don't say! ASSET: Wow! WEAKNESS: Pink PASTIME: Trying to get their car sold PET AVERSION: Being interrupted CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: In Bermudas



#### KAREN SUE NELSON



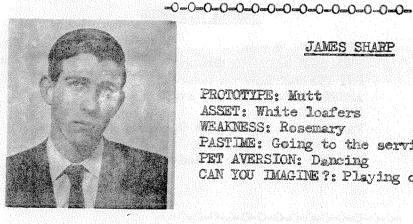
AMBITION: To raise Chimpanzees PROBABLE DESTINY: To have 100 house cats PROTOTYPE: Hollyhock PET EXPRESSION: Hi doll: WEAKNESS: Telling stories PASTIME: Trying to look angry PET AVERSION: Has she got one? CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: Hiding under a toadstool

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# JIM PINCOCK

AMBITION: To play pro-baseball PROBABLE DESTINY: Yankee Bat-boy PROTOTYPE: Charlie Brown PET EXPRESSION: Good grief! ASSET Sunny disposition WEAKNESS: Bev PASTIME: A little person in grade ten PET AVERSION: Gwen Austin CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: Putting diapers on a baby.





JAMES SHARP

PROTOTYPE: Mutt ASSET: White loafers WEAKNESS: Rosemary PASTIME: Going to the service club PET AVERSION: Dancing CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: Playing checkers

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# BONNIE STRADER

AMBITION: A professional swimmer PROBABLE DESTINY: Supervisor at a paddle school PROTOTYPE: A bonnie lassie ASSET: Personality WEAKNESS: Brown eyes PASTIME: Holding the boys away PET AVERSION: Being tickled CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: Bonnie a wallflower



#### ANN TRIMBLE

AMBITION: To quit school PROBABLE DESTINY: Teacher ASSET: Personality WEAKNESS: Mathematics PASTIME: Pitching

gind Sound, an Almain, daring a Marin geography and her a Marine at a said

# GORDON TRIMBLE

AMBITION: Stock car driver PROBABLE DESTINY: Fixing flats PROTOTYPE: A soft rock acting hard PASTIME: Fooling in class ASSET: Plays first base CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: Without his sideburns.





LEONARD VANESS

AMBITION: Pet shop owner PROBABLE DESTINY: Dog-catcher PROTOTYPE: Pint size bomb PET EXPRESSION: Know what? ASSET: Grin WEAKNESS: Orange shirt PASTIME: Giving out gum PET AVERSION: History CAN YOU IMAGINE?: In a side show

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# LOUISE YOUNG

PROTOTYPE: A bundle of joy PET EXPRESSION: Ca va? ASSET: Dancer WEAKNESS: Basketball PASTIME: Making spelling mistakes.



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# GRADE NINE WRITE-UP

<u>Gwen Austin</u>	<ul> <li>Likes horses, enjoys riding, and takes riding lessons. She likes boys, but not nearly as much as she likes a certain boy back home.</li> </ul>
BOB CAREY	- Enjoys making noises, likes science, and reading about science. Thinks school should be demolished.
DENNIS CAMPBELL	Likes baseball, making noises and bothering teachers. His only weakness is not doing his homework.
TIMOTHY CARTWRIGHT	- Finds school interesting. He likes reading and French; his future ambition is to be a mathematician.
JIMMY COOKE	- Likes duck tails, jiving and blue suede shoes. He finds waltzing hard to do. His time is spent listening to Elvis Presley.
WENDY DARBY	<ul> <li>Her chief weakness is food; she loves eating and more eating.</li> <li>She said she could eat all day. Her chief ambition is to never get sick.</li> </ul>
SANDRA DENTON	- Likes school, does her own homework. Writes home when she finds the time.
ROSE MARY DRISH	- Chief weakness is boys. She schemes to be with them always.
<u>GRANT EVANS</u>	- Hopes to be a scientist some day. His pastime is reading. He likes school.
BARBARA GAMBLE	- Likes reading, especially Shakespeare plays. Her weakness is food and her pastime is eating.
RICKY GILLESPIE	- Dislike being called Richard. He likes basketball, girls and fun. His pastime is
SANDRA MITCHELL	<ul> <li>Shorty is shy. Her ambition is to be a murse. She likes boysa little.</li> </ul>
ARTHUR LEVITIN	- Likes basketball and girls. His pastime is
JACK METCALFE	- Likes basketball, and winning prizes at all the dances. That special twinkle in his eye shows that he likes fun.
KAREN SUE NELSON	- Is the star centre on our girls' basketball team. Her pastime is listening to records and having fun.
TERRY NELSON	<ul> <li>Likes a certain girl in grade ten. His favourite pastime is listening to his Presley records.</li> </ul>
JIMMY PINCOCK	- Enjoys all sports, plays on the basketball team, and hopes to play baseball. His weakness is a girl named Bev.
BONNIE STRADER	- Her weakness is boys. She attracts them everywhere she goes. She likes things done Moose Jaw style.

BILL COOPER- Wants to join the Air Force. He likes French girls. His<br/>pastime is going to shows.SHARON KITCHEN- Loves all boys. Her pastime is having fun. She likes eating.JIM IVEY- Likes rock an' roll. His pastime is girls North Carolina style.<br/>He likes striped clothes.JIM SHARPE- Likes Rose Mary quite a bit. His pastime is shooting pool, and<br/>going to the movies.

DAVID MAGEE - Likes ships. We can't imagine him without a book.

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#### MEDLEY

Who knows what wonders may come to pass Grade twelve says one is Pete's moustache With this, the language, jazz and all. French life for him is sure a "ball".

# MELANIE BELL



AMBITION: Navy murse PROBABLE DESTINY: Getting seasick PROTOTYPE: "A sweet old fashioned girl" PET EXPRESSION: W-e-e-1-1 ASSET: Rosy cheeks WEAKNESS: Buttons and bows PASTIME: Making frilly patches PET AVERSION: Untidiness CAN YOU IMAGINE?: Her without some gum

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#### DOUGLAS BOLAND

PROTOTYPE: Jimmy Dean ASSET: Coming from B.C. WEAKNESS: "Loud" colours PASTIME: Chuming with Larry PET AVERSION: Homework CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: With a pipe





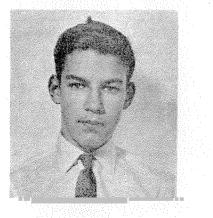
#### WALLACE CLEMENTS

AMBITION: Half-back for the Edmonton Eskimos PROBABLE DESTINY: Water boy PROTOTYPE:Boy genius ASSET: Eyes WEAKNESS: Talking PASTIME: Making maple walnut fudge PET AVERSION: Girls - - he's a hermit CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: Havinghis hair mussed

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# JIM (SKIP) DOLAN

AMBITION: To finish college PROBABLE DESTINY: Raising fish worms PROTOTYPE: An eskimo PET EXPRESSION: Now, in Whitehorse..... ASSET: Came from Whitehorse PASTIME: Developing candid shots CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: Jiving



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#### VIVIAN EDDY

AMBITION: Lab technician PROBABLE DESTINY: Spy ASSET: Red hair PET EXPRESSION: Oh gosh! WEAKNESS: Thoughts of Canada PASTIME: Checking of days on the calendar PET AVERSION: Her brothers CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: With a hair out of place

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#### LORRAINE FOX

AMBITION: To join a band as a singer PROBABLE DESTINY: To join a band as a drummer PROTOTYPE: Southern Belle WEAKNESS: Texas PASTIME: Writing letters to? PET AVERSION: School CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: Without Texas to talk about





#### ZELDA FOX

AMBITION: Nurse PROBABLE DESTINY: Bumping into doctors accidentally PROTOTYPE: A piece of mischief ASSET: Nice girl WEAKNESS: Jewelry PASTIME: Writing to Tom, Dickand/or Harry. PET AVERSION: School CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: Debating in History class.

#### BOB GAMBLE

AMBITION: World traveller PROBABLE DESTINY: Playing an accordion on street corner PROTOTYPE: Dennis the menace PET EXPRESSION: Oh No-o-o-o-o:: ASSET: Looks WEAKNESS: Jive music PASTIME: Girls, on an international scale CAN YOU IMAGINE: Enjoying French class.

#### PATSY GORDON



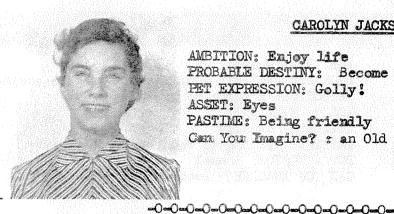
AMBITION: Journalist PROBABLE DESTINY: Paper hanger PROTOTYPE: Shy Daisy PET EXPRESSION: But I thought ..... ASSET: Long eyelashes WEAKNESS: Food PASTIME: Giggling PET AVERSION: June bugs CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: Not talking

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#### DAVID GODWIN

AMBITION: He won't tell us PROBABLE DESTINY: Won't have one PROTOTYPE: A.V.M. Godwin PET EXPRESSION: Wouldn't you like to know? ASSET: Having Nancy as a sister WEAKNESS: Arguing PASTIME: Hiking PET AVERSION: His younger brother CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: Without a bike





#### CAROLYN JACKSON

AMBITION: Enjoy life PROBABLE DESTINY: Become a fatalist PET EXPRESSION: Golly: ASSET: Eyes PASTIME: Being friendly Can Your Imagine? : an Old Maid.

#### LARRY JACKSON

AMBITION: Engineer PROBABLE DESTINY: Taxi driver ASSET: Good dancer PASTIME: Collecting stones WEAKNESS: Food CAN YOU IMAGINE: Not Hungry PET EXPRESSION: Holy Cow.



#### SHARON KERR



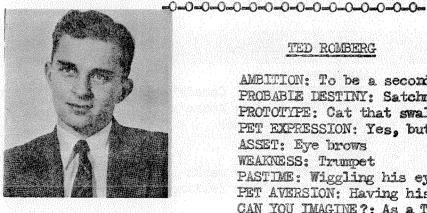
AMBITION: Nurse PROBABLE DESTINY: Being mursed PROTOTYPE: Giggling Gertie PET EXPRESSION: Hi Doll ASSET: Smile PASTIME: Guides CAN YOU IMAGINE: Without Karen Sue

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#### MARY OLSSON

AMBITION: Enjoy life PROBABLE DESTIY: Mrs. Canada 1959 PROTOTYPE: Surprise box PET EXPRESSION: Oh rats: ASSET: Big green eyes WEAKNESS: Boys PET AVERSION: WOIMS PASTIME: Writing notes CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: Without a smile





TED ROMBERG

AMBITION: To be a second Harry James PROBABLE DESTINY: Satchmo the second PROTOTYPE: Cat that swallowed the canary PET EXPRESSION: Yes, but .... ASSET: Eve brows WEAKNESS: Trumpet PASTIME: Wiggling his eyebrows PET AVERSION: Having his hair mussed CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: As a Toni advertisment

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#### MARTHA SHOWALITER

AMBITION: To be a female bachelor PROBABLE DESTINY: Get married PROTOTIPE: A ball of cotton ASSET: Friendly manner WEAKNESS: Larry Luton PASTIME: Drinking cokes through one straw with Larry. CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: Doing the Can-Can





#### DENNIS SIMMONS

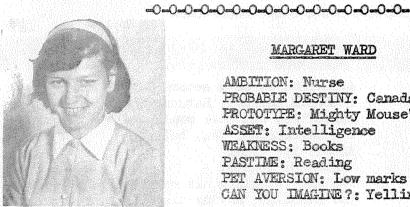
AMBITION: Jet jockey PROBABLE DESTINY: Disc jockey PROTOTYPE: A spy PET EXPRESSION: Whoo-Pee ASSET: Grin WEAKNESS: Jokes PASTIME: Taking candid shots PET AVERSION: The girl upstairs CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: Staying in France

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#### BEVERLY SMITH

AMBITION: To grow PROBABLE DESTINY: Shrinking PROTOTYPE: Thumbalina PET EXPRESSION: Oh gads! ASSET: Size WEAKNESS: None PASTIME: Jimmy PET AVERSION: Snakes CAN YOU IMAGINE? Two feet taller





#### MARGARET WARD

AMBITION: Nurse PROBABLE DESTINY: Canada's 1st female undertaker PROTOTYPE: Mighty Mouse's girl friend ASSET: Intelligence WEAKNESS: Books PASTIME: Reading PET AVERSION: Low marks CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: Yelling

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#### CARL WESTON

AMBITION: Jet pilot PROBABLE DESTINY: Making model planes for Kellog's PET EXPRESSION: Omigosh! ASSET: Perfuned hair goo WEAKNESS: Shirts not tucked in PASTIME: Bying shirts PET AVERSION: Wearing the same shirt twice CAN YOU IMAGINE: With sideburns



#### FERN WONNACOTT



AMBITION: Marry someone who plays for Brooklyn PROBABLE DESTINY: Marry someone who plays for the Yankees PROTOTYPE: A leafy plant ASSET: Bubbly nature WEAKNESS: Horses PASTIME: Sending notes PET AVERSION: None - she loves life CAN YOU IMAGINE?: Her not being popular

#### 

#### MARVIN HAYES

AMBITION: Disc jockey PROBABLE DESTINY: Cultivating strawberries PROTOTYPE: Elvis Presley ASSET: His wavy hair WEAKNESS: Anything pink PASTIME: Lounging around PET AVERSION: Canadian girls CAN YOU IMAGINE?: Him with all his homework done



# GRADE 10 WRITE-UP

"Just knock three times, and whisper low, That you and I were sent by Joe, Then strike a match, and you will know, You're in Hernando's Hideaway,

0-----lay:"

Small candles flicker at each table as the spotlight focuses on Ted Romberg and his "Trumpeter's Five". As the number ends, two press photographers, Larry Jackson and Doug Boland makes their way towards a smiling Brownette, Melanie Bell, seated at a corner table. Miss Bell just made her movie debut in "Gentlemen Admire Pony Tails", a Godwin and Simmons Production. Producers David Godwin and Dennis Simmons grin happily into the cameras while Melanie tells reporter, Skip Dolan, of her next film , "Buttons and Bows". Miss Fern Wonnacott sweeps into the room dressed in a striking black sequined gown. Miss Wonnacott, whose husband is a very, very well-to-do business man, spends her leisure hours breeding show horses.

From a nearby table, Carl Weston, a pilot in the Israelian Air Force, waves a greeting.

The room is hushed as "The Merry Widows" appear on stage to present their version of ——— The Merry Widow's Waltz, of course: Lorraine and Zelda Fox and Martha Schowalter, smile brightly as the applause increases.

Vivian Eddy owner of a well-established Beauty Salon on Hollywood Boulevard, pauses at Fern's table with her escort of the evening, famed accordianist, Bob Gamble.

Patsy Gordon, a member of the Sadler Wells Ballet, arrives from the Metropolitan Opera House where she had presented a bouquet to Sharon Kerr, after Miss Kerr's spendid performance as "Martha" in the famed opera "Martha".

Scientist Wallace Clements, discoverer of Greaseless, Hopeless Hair Tonic, attempts to interest a friend into buying a share of his product.

Marvin Hayes, a rapidly climbing gentleman in the oil business, owns a chain of gasoline stations stretching across the United States.

Margaret Ward, a young Fashion Modes, has recently turned to singing and attends Carolyn Jackson's "House of Voice".

Mary Olsson, who mines in the Yukon, sent her school friends an invitation to a Sourdough Breakfast to be held at the exclusive Beverly Smith Hotel, in Beverly Hills, California.

Miss Kinsella who, retired from teaching, now raises prize roses, has arrived at Hernando's Hideaway for the tenth class of '57 reunion.

The lights dim as the guests rise to sing "Auld Lang Syne".

#### 

Down the street his funeral goes, And the sobs and wails diminish. He died from drinking shellac, the say, And he had a lovely finish.

# SONG DEDICATIONS

"Me and My Teddy Bear"		-	*		-	Carolyn Jackson
"The Happy Wanderer"	-				-	David Gødwin
"I'm Gonna Wash that Man R: of	ight my H		-		<b></b>	Vivian Eddy
"Moonlight Gambler"				~	-	Beb Gamble
"Tea for Two"	-			÷	-	Sharon Kerr
"So-o-o Tired"		-			-	Marvin Hayes
"Hey Doll Baby"	-			-		Fern Wonnacott
"Shame, Shame, Shame"	-		***	-		Dennis Simmons
"Young ar Heart"		-	-	-	<b></b>	Margaret Ward
"Dance Ballerina, Dance"				-		Patsy Gordon
"Squaws Along the Yukon"	-	<b>620</b>				Mary Olsson
"Yellow Rose of Texas"	<b>20</b>			Ze	lda	and Lorraine Fox
"Sweet Old Fashioned Girl"	-	-				Melanie Bell
"Teenager's Mother"		-				Bev Smith
"Beautiful, Beautiful Brow	n Eye	s <sup>99</sup>	-		-	Ted Romberg
"Blue Jean Bøp"	<b>553</b>	-	~~			Carl Weston
"Learning my Latin"		<b>CC</b> 3	-			Larry Jackson
"String Along"			-			Skippy Dolan
"Smoke Gets in your Eyes"					-	Doug Boland
"My Bonnie Lies over the O	cean"		-		<b>.</b>	Wallace Clements
"Ain't Misbehavin'??"		1948 1949 	، ۱۹ هو ۱۹ هو	-	-	Grade Ten Class



#### KAY BUTLER

AMBITION: Airline Hostess PROBABLE DESTINY: Space cadet PROTOTYPE: Sleepy time gal PET EXPRESSION: I wasn't talking to you. ASSET: Her red, red hair WEAKNESS: Lieutenants PASTIME: Looking for 'someone'at the Officers'

Club

PET AVERSION: Zoology CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: In an orange dress

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#### MAUREEN CASSIDY

AMBITION: Para-nurse PROBABLE DESTINY: Plane sick PROTOTYPE: Betty in 'Archie' PET EXPRESSION: I don't like him' ASSET: Her smile WEAKNESS: Boys PASTIME: Smiling at '?' PET AVERSION: She likes everything CAN YOU IMAGINE?: Without boys around





BOB COUSINS

AMBITION: Aeronautical Engineer PROBABLE DESTINY: Truant Officer PET EXPRESSION: Guess what?-----ASSET: Friendliness WEAKNESS: Sideburns PASTIME: Growing sideburns PET AVERSION: School CAN YOU IMAGINE?: With a beard

#### GAIL DOLAN

AMBITION: Reach 5' 2' ' PROBABLE DESTINY: Sewing the covers on baseballs PROTOTYPE: Miss Whitehorse PET EXPRESSION: New wait a minute ASSET: Sports WEAKNESS: Bob PASTIME: Dating Bob PET AVERSION: Boys - ha ha CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: Not liking sports

#### RODDY GORDON



AMBITION: To rewrite words to 'Cindy oh Cindy' PROBABLE DESTINY: Posing for Superman ads PROTOTYPE: Tiny PET EXPRESSION: Hey, that's sneaky! ASSET: Cute ears WEAKNESS: Ponytail (s)? PASTIME: Piano PET AVERSION: Latin CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: Roddy dieting

#### 

#### DON HERBERTSON

AMBITION: To grow thin PROBABLE DESTINY: Master of Ceremonies PROTOTYPE: Jackie Gleason PET EXPRESSION: Oh zorch! ASSET: Artistic ability WEAKNESS: All girls PASTIME: Drawing PET AVERSION: Doug's higher marks CAN YOU IMAGINE?: Doing nothing





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#### BOB HERBERTSON

AMBITION: Electronics engineer PROBABLE DESTINY: To raise a herd of mice PROTOTYPE: A blue-eyed bunny ASSET: Blue eyes WEAKNESS: Chief Editor PASTIME: Insisting his eyes are brown PET AVERSION: Baby blue ribbons CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: Enjoying dances

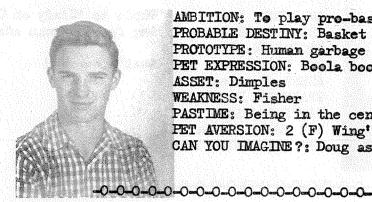
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#### ERIC METCALFE

AMBITION: Surveying engineer PROBABLE DESTINY: Beauty contest judge PROTOTYPE: Leaning tower of Pisa PET EXPRESSION: Come on fellows ASSET: Dancing WEAKNESS: Peanut butter and marshmallows PASTIME: Riding horses PET AVERSION: Being thrown



#### DOUG PINCOCK

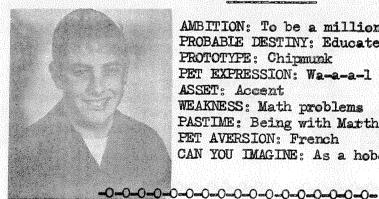


AMBITION: To play pro-basketball PROBABLE DESTINY: Basket weaver PROTOTYPE: Human garbage can PET EXPRESSION: Boola boola ASSET: Dimples WEAKNESS: Fisher PASTIME: Being in the centre of a female circle PET AVERSION: 2 (F) Wing's basketball team CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: Doug as an artist

#### BETTY JUNION

AMBITION: To stand on the front seat of a moving roller-caster PROBABLE DESTINY: A big fall PET EXPRESSION: I know tha-a-a-at ASSET: Story telling ability WEAKNESS: Bob PASTIME: Making eyes at the janitor PET AVERSION: Lazy people CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: Understanding math





LARRY LUTON

AMBITION: To be a millionaire PROBABLE DESTINY: Educated man of the read PROTOTYPE: Chipmunk PET EXPRESSION: Wa-a-a-l I don't know ASSET: Accent WEAKNESS: Math problems PASTIME: Being with Martha PET AVERSION: French CAN YOU IMAGINE: As a hobo

Waiter: - "How did you find the steak, Sir?" Customer: -- "Just by accident. I moved over the boiled

potatoes and there it was underneath."

Mary: "Golly, my dates are just pouring in!" Fern: "Yes, so are mine ..... drip by drip!"

# GRADE 11 CLASS WRITE-UP

Doug Pincock is our Latin brain, In maths he's cleverest. His favourite sport is basketball, It's this sport he plays best.

Don Herbertson is clever too, In school his marks are fair; But seeing Doug get higher marks Is more than he can bear.

Kay Butler, an American, Came to our school this year. She's used to California sun, But she can't find it here.

Now Eric is the silent boy of Grade 11 class. Because he does his very best He's sure to make a pass.

Bob Herbertson likes furry things, He puts them in his hand. He has the cutest little mouse Which came from Switzerland.

Our Betty Junion comes to us From good old U.S.A. Her boyfriend's snap is on the wall, She looks at it all day. Rod Gordon is the class "elf man", His ears come to a point; And when Miss Rowley's class comes up, His brain goes out of joint.

Gail Dolan is the shortest girl, She's less than five foot one; But when she goes out to the gym, She shows them how to run.

Bob Cousins has two large side-burns, The same as Elvis has, He plays good music on his horn, From classical to jazz.

Now Larry Luton is the boy, Who has the cute cowlick. He must use pots and pots of grease, To make that cowlick stick.

Now Maureen is the youngest part Of Grade 11 class; Don't let this small fact fool you When chasing boys she's fast.

The pupils of this happy room Don't ever yell and shout; But when the school bell rings at four, They are the first ones out.

## EARL AUSTIN



AMBITION: Aeronautical engineer PROBABLE DESTINY: General in the Army PET EXPRESSION: Yes -- I see ASSET: Musical ability WEAKNESS: Right answers PASTIME: Studying before and after school PET AVERSION: Low marks CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: Flunking math

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# ELSIE BLAINE

AMBITION: Go back to Spain PROBABLE DESTINY: Permanent residence in Metz PROTOTYPE: Lady of Spain PET EXPRESSION: Don't ask me ! WEAKNESS: ' ' Teddy Boys ' ' ASSET: Kiss curls PASTIME: Studying Chemistry PET AVERSION: Chem. equations CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: Climbing a tree



#### GOTHAM CLEMENTS

AMBITION: Lawyer PROBABLE DESTINY: Prosecuting attorney PROTOTYPE: General Bull Moose PET EXPRESSION: Well you see -- it's this way..... ASSET: Glib tongue WEAKNESS: Talking PASTIME: Explaining why he didn't do his homework

PET AVERSION: Homework CAN YOU IMAGINE?: What he would do if he lost his voice

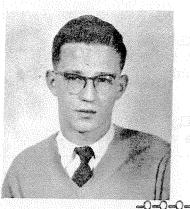
### MICHEL DANSEREAU

AMBITION: To play for the Montreal Canadiens PROBABLE DESTINY: Toronto Maple Leafs PROTOTYPE: Rock and Roll king PET EXPRESSION: Want me to tell you a joke? ASSET: French language WEAKNESS: B.B. PASTIME: Getting excited PET AVERSION: Glasses CAN YOU IMAGINE?: Waltzing in a Tuxedo



# EDDIE GILLESPIE

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AMBITION: Forestry engineer PROBABLE DESTINY: Irrigation worker in the desert

PROTOTYPE: A pine tree PET EXPRESSION: Hely Hannah!'. ASSET: Personality WEAKNESS: Trees PET AVERSION: Elvis Presley fans PASTIME: Donna CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: Preferring USA to Canada.

# DONNA MACMURCHY

AMBITION: Dietician PROBABLE DESTINY: Guess??? PROTOTYPE: Little Itch PET EXPRESSION: All righty ASSET: Eyes WEAKNESS: Latin PASTIME Eddie PET AVERSION: Being spanked CAN YOU IMAGINE?: As a platinum blonde





ANGELA OLSSON

AMBITION: Private nurse to a millionaire PROBABLE DESTINY: Public health nurse PROTOTYPE: Someone from out of the clear, blue sky.

ASSET: Concentration? PET EXPRESSION: Oh definitely WEAKNESS: Tall, dark and handsone cadets PASTIME: Writing and receiving letters PET AVERSION: Geometry problems CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: Walking on her hands

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# YVONNE TRUB

AMBITION: To see skeege again PROBABLE DESTINY: Fall in love with his room mate PROTOTYPE : Miss U.S.A. in France. PET EXPRESSION: Y'all ASSET: Being Yvonne WEAKNESS: Skeeg PASTIME: Dancing PET AVERSION: Ill mannered people CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: She's from Texas !



# GAIL YOUNG



AMBITION: To make a million as a nurse PROBABLE DESTINY: School teacher in Metz PROTOTYPE: Midge, in Archie PET EXPRESSION: Hi! ASSET: Personality WEAKNESS: Boys - naturally CAN YOU IMAGINE: With an all-day sucker.

# GRADE TWELVE WRITE-UP

A peek into the future finds the grade twelve class of '57 widely scattered. Mr. Hawkes has retired from the teaching world and now lives luxuriously in a ranch house equipped with coloured t.v., ready-dissected frogs and a string of Italian styled Volkswagons. He breathes nothing but pure  $O_2$ . Nearby we see a huge marble palace. Its two main rooms are: an explosion-proof laboratory and a huge casino. Gotham Clements, the owner of this fantastic mansion, spends his time experimenting and playing roulette.

In Ottawa at Napean High, we find Earl as the Head of the Mathematics Department. His favourite sport is having the principal's secretary come up to work with him after hours. Not far away, in Toronto to be exact, we notice a cozy house in the west end of the city. Gail inhabits this dwelling, caring for her five children and spending her spare time chatting with the milkman, breadman, laundryman, mailman, and messenger. Our Gail is still going strong!

The new centre for the Montreal Canadians is our own Michel. He hardly ever leaves the ice and is called 'Flash' by his many fans because he is hardly ever seen on the ice.

The USA has received some of our old classmates. Eddie has settled down in Texas of all places! There he owns four oil wells and two-hundred acres of forest in which he grows his favourite trees. His job is telling his servants what to do. The highest paid model in New York is Donna MacMurchy. Donna's hair is now platimum blonde, and she was recently voted the "best-dressed girl in New York". Yvonne has taken her

biology seriously - for some reason, "Genes" intrigue her. She may be seen occasionally pacing Main Street in New Orleans with a pink baby carriage.

Spain now owns Elsie. She has retired to Granada with her Teddy Boy, and is kept busy raising two husky boys.

Angela was finally caught up with her classmate when they read this account and now rests peacefully (I hope) in Kingston.

# MORE MEDLEY

Roberta the equestrienne with pony tail complete, whose will one so firm, it makes her fit for any worthy feat. In languages she's excellent, her battle has been Trig. Now that this struggle's over, there's young Bob her challenge big.

She's sure to win your heart with her poise and friendly ways, This Angela the head-girl who is worthy of our praise. She stood out well in German class, far, far above the rest. Now if she goes in mursing, we're sure she'll be the best.

Oh Captain of Captains: Leader of the crew, For whom Latin is a menace and Chemistry a thrill, In Geometry the angles can teach him nothing new, The head-boy is for forestry where he's sure to make a kill.

# PETER BELL



AMBITION: To find ambition PROBABLE DESTINY: 'Mr. Litter-Bug' of Canada PROTOTYPE: A low flying mop (of red hair) PET EXPRESSION: Daddy-o ASSET: Red hair WEAKNESS: French girls PASTIME: Growing a moustache PET AVERSION: Canadian Girl CAN YOU IMAGINE: Talkative

## HEATHER FRECHETTE

AMBITION: To go to Art school PROBABLE DESTINY: Painting the town red PROTOTYPE: Cleopatra PET EXPRESSION: You don't, hey!'. ASSET: Facinating smile WEAKNESS: Brown eyes PASTIME: Learning about Idaho PET AVERSION: Narrow minded people CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: As a bleached blonde

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### ROBERTA KERR

AMBITION: Archaelogist PROBABLE DESTINY: Being a mummy PROTOTYPE: Shetland pony PET EXPRESSION: Humph!!! ASSET: Pony-tail WEAKNESS: Blue eyes PASTIME: Bunnies PET AVERSION: Inconsiderate people CAN YOU IMAGINE ?: Riding a motorcycle

#### GRADE THIRTEEN WRITE-UP

Our bright, aspiring young senior class of Grade XIII-ers. We are a most unique class, with only three students, all of whom are taking different classes. Competition is great, (?)

## PETER BELL

Our only male member, doesn't have a chance. He represents our most westernly province in Canada, British Columbia, We might add that he is very proud of it. Peter has a good mathematical mind, but we think he would do best in the literary field, Journalism perhaps! Whatever his choice, we wish Peter the best, and here's to his success!

### HEATHER FRECHETTE

Who is not at all enthusiastic about the thought of being called an Easterner, joined us in November and comes from Saskatchewan, Alberta originally. A westerner through and through, she finds it very hard adjusting herself to the Ontario system of Education. Heather's interest lie in the artistic field, and she hopes that she may one day prove her capabilities.

Then we have our -

# ROBERTA KERR

General Navereau's blessing! Roberta has a hand in everything constructive and her efforts - which are only the best are well appreciated by all. She - it is a good thing we have one representative - - comes from Ontario. Her academic ability and fine personality make Roberta a girl of whom Easterners should be proud. We are! She deserves much credit for all her contributions in making this a successful year. Roberta intends to enter University, the only University, McGill. We know she will be a great success and we wish her much luck and happiness for the future.

The end of June approaches,

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The graduation speakers

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In the vanguard of the press; We're standing at the crossroads,

At the gateway to success.

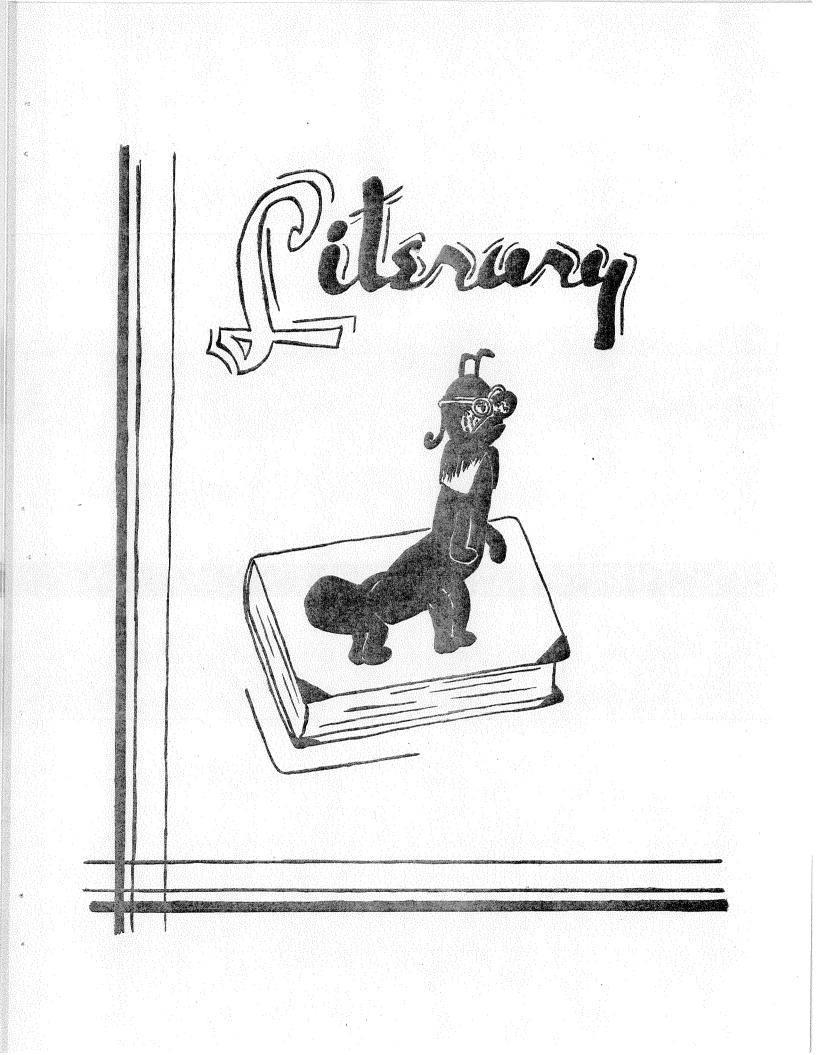
We stand upon the threshold

of careers all brightly lit.

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Courtesy of Laurence Eisenlohr.





<u>A GLIMPSE OF FRANCE</u>

I have found modern France to be a delightful place. Yet, this nation's charm for me lies not in the wonder of her cities but instead in her astonishing villages.

The farmers who inhabit these villages run their establishments very efficient ly for all activity centres around the home. It is a charming jumble of sounds, sights, and smells. The cows are milked in a room next to the kitchen and can then be led into stalls, generally below the living-room, where they help to keep the house warm. Platoons of ducks strut about while a hen picks its way through the door to duck behind one of the large piles of manure in front of the house. These valuable piles also revea' the Frenchman's efficiency, for they serve many purposes. They not only enrich the land but they afford a large space of shade at the front

door. Sometimes reaching an extreme height, they provide a shield from the sunlight and give cause to stop work, sit quietly and take advantage of the clean, fresh air. I have often seen women gossip in the protection of one of these piles.

A torrent of words from the "Romantic Language" sends the family rooster sourrying away from the sausage hanging in the kitchen window. Only the brightness of the geraniums is left and the flowers nod in defiance.

> Roberta Kerr, Grade 13.

ESC APE!

The prison break had been successful. Now all that remained for John, Peter, and Philip to do was to get back to England - and the war.

The welcome darkness of the forest on the other side of the road encircled them as they emerged from the tunnel. They paused until Philip caught up to them.

"Whew:" Philip muttered, coming up behind them, "Why did you stop?"

"To wait for you. I thought we might as well go to the station together."

"It might not be a bad idea at that. Let's get going. We have no time to waste."

They reached the edge of the forest and the dark shapes of houses in the town loomed up in front of them.

"We'd better take off these coveralls," said John. "We shan't have another chance."

They stripped off the black combinations and John thoughtfully put them in a kit bag. They then walked boldly into town and approached the railroad station. As they opened the doors of the massive buildings the ear-splitting shriek of a siren echoed through the night - their escape had been discovered:

"Quick," said Philip, "We've get to get out of here."

He walked over to the nearest ticket booth and found that only one train left in the next five minutes. He bou three tickets, speaking fluent German. Although the clerk looked at him carefully, she asked no questions.

They marched boldly down the stairs to the loading platform and suddenly a barrier manned by four Germans loamed before them. They walked toward it, Phillip slightly in advance of the others. He spoke to the guards and they presented the passes John had spent many long hours forging. The uninterested guard waved them through and they soon clambered onto the train. They settled in a back corner where they could talk without being heard.

"They'll search the train at the next stop," said Peter. "We'll have to jump off sometime before then. Let's get over by the door on a chance that it'll slow down."

Suiting their actions to their words, they pushed their way over to the nearest door where they stood in silence.

After twenty minutes the train slowed considerable and John mudged the other two.

"Nøbpdy's looking. Now's our chance." They opened the door quickly and silently; all three plunged into the night. They landed and rolled down the embankment where they lay panting.

"Whew," said Philip. "Has anyone any idea of where we are now?"

"Well, began Peter, "I should think ..."



...." The rest of his words were drowned in the roar of a planes motor.

"I was right!" he exclaimed. "We're near Essen. I understand there is a large airfield there."

"Good," said John. "Since the whole countryside will be looking for us, why don't we take the fastest means of escape a plane;"

"Don't be silly," scoffed Philip. "It's impossible!"

"I don't know about that," said Peter, "It could be done. We'd just have to sneak into it, when the guards aren't looking. Once we got the motor going, nothing could stop us."

"Well, it won't be easy," said Philip, "but let's go!"

"Wait," whispered Peter. "We can wear our black costumes - they'll make us harder to spot."

They donned the black combinations and as swiftly and silently as shadows they glided into the night. They crawled through a screen of low underbrush and there before them were the hangars.

"Come on!" whispered John. "There's an ME 210 in front of the second hangar. We can take it." They slipped down to the edge of the woods, behind the hangars, and saw to their dismay that a sentry was marching up and down not ten yeards from where they lay.

"Stay here! " whispered Philip and he slipped away into the night.

As the sentry neared the end of his beat, a black shadow sprang on him and he fell without a sound. John and Peter quickly crawled to where Philip lay crouched beside the body of the guard.

"Guess I bepped him too hard with that," said Philip, indicating the eggsized rock beside the guard's head. He quickly stripped the guard of his uniform, donned it himself, picked up the guard's sub-machine gun and said, "Wait here, I'll take a look at the plane."

He marched boldly down the hangar. No one appeared to notice him as he circled the hangar, and finally returned to the top of the hill.

"There's not a guard in sight," said Philip happily. "Go ahead! I'll follow you."

Peter pressed the starting button and the motors reared into life. Suddenly the door of a nearby hangar was flung open, and four guards burst out. Seeing Philip by the plane, they relaxed and walked toward him.

Philip whispered, "John, tell Pete to be ready to go."

As the four guards approached, one said something in German. For an answer Philip's sub-machine gun jumped and stuttered in his hands and the four surprised guards toppled like ripe wheat before a scythe.

"Let's go! " yelled Phillip, as he leaped into the cramped quarters of the plane.

Peter released the brakes and the plane relled slowly along the ground. As it gathered speed, gun-fire from the shadows of the hangars perforated the fuselage. The plane was soon in the air and Peter headed it straight toward England.

"Now," commented John, "all we have to worry about is getting past the German Air Force, and then convincing our own Spitfires that we are friendly."

"That's all? " commented Philip, sheding his guards uniform. "Gelly, we're almost home! "

They had been flying peacefully for about thirty minutes when peter said, "I figure we have about fifteen minutes before we reach England. I hope that....."

He clipped his sentence off and went into a steep dive to dodge a German fighter that had been hiding behind a cloud. He was not quite quick enough, for bullets tore through the tail surface of the plane.

"I'd give anything for a Spitfire now!" exclaimed Peter as he looped sharply.

He continued the loop and came in on the tail of a very much surprised German pilot. His finger stabbed at the firing button - and a dull, empty clicking echoed through the plane - no ammunition:

"We'll have to make a run for it! "

yelled Peter, putting the plane into a shallow dive and watching the speedometer needle creep steadily upward.

The German pilot, at first startled, soon realized what had happened and followed the other ship in a screaming dive. Peter took his plane down, and hedgehopped. In the distance he could see the coast of Belgium.

"If we can only make water," Peter prayed, "We might have a chance."

He sent the plane climbing, as guns opened up behind him. He felt the tail of his plane shake under the impact of the shells. The upward climb surprised the German pilot and he flashed by underneath. As the German started to climb, Peter side-slipped and noticed beneath him the blue water of the English Channel!

The German plane climbed for altitude and peeled off, coming down on top of Peter's plane. Peter suddenly side-slipped but the German stayed right on his tail, pumping shells into his plane. Suddenly Peter's plane fell away like a mortally wounded bird and plunged toward the seething "Wooden Horse" by Eric Williams.

waters below. None too soon Peter regained control and pointed the plane toward the English coastline, now visible in the distance. He was in a shallow dive, losing altitude continually. For some unknown reason the German had turned back, leaving Peter to struggle across the Channel with the badly riddled plane. Peter struggled skillfully with the controls for eight more minutes; then the plane ploughed into the churning sea.

Peter struggled free of the wreckage and helped John to safety. Then as Philip clambered out, all three swam from the sinking plane. Glancing around, John saw a patrol boat about a mile away, heading towards them. Soon the welcome bow of the P.T. boat came cutting through the waves and a life-preserver flew through the air towards them. All three grabbed at it and hauled themselves aboard. The boat then turned and headed toward ----England.

# James Dølan

Grade 10

This story is a fictitious ending to the

# 

Mother: "Dotty, the parakeet is gone !"

Dotty: "That's strange, it was there when I vacuumed the cage this morning."

First Student: - "Let's skip philosophy today."

Second Student: - "Can't. I need the sleep."

### TALL TALE

"Crop failures?" asked the old timer. "Yes, I've seen a few in my days. In 1898, the corn crop waw almost nothing. We cooked some for dinner and my father ate fourteen acres of corn at one meal! "

What force is it in our clouded world That haunts us with this ghoulish question? What macabre force sits back to laugh, And jeer ---- and then goes on to haunt another, And warp his brain with Just one word.

Why did God make man to love? ----Yet ever does his love become A rotten, twisted, ugly thing, And why; at first the skies above are blue, yes blue - - - a heavenly blue Then cloud with mist a deadened grey.

Why --- that word. It holds the foremost Of the world in brooding, dark despair. Men stand scheming, slyly scheming As if some satanic seizure or the ghost Of a lost idea prove the key to an open door.

Yet it does not yield and

still lies veiled in secrecy That question, unsolved, untouched, locked in mystery and hidden from life.

<u>₩ H Y ? ? ?</u>

Grade 11.

Gail Dolan,

# NOTHING EVER HAPPENS TO ME

While I sat in the stifling classroom watching the flies buzz in and out the window, I realized that summer was over. A monotonous voice droned on in the background as my mind slowly drifted towards the coming Guide trip to Samac. It would no doubt be interesting and a lot of fun, but why on earth couldn't something different happen?

It was drizzling slightly and starting to blow as the bus started. We had a long way to go, and soon the bus driver was wishing for ear-muffs. Our singing wasn't appreciated. About two hours later, a sudden dead silence enveloped the bus. It was then we had the first inkling that this would be an unusual weekend. The driver seemed to be having trouble - the bus was rocking from side to side. Outside the wind was shrieking windly; sings were clanging against their supports, and trees were bent nearly to the ground.

By this time we were much closer to Samac than to home, so we kept on. Suddenly a huge tree blocked the road. Labouriously, the bus backed and turned, only to meet another fallen tree. It took us three quarters of an hour to reach the camp gate.

We piled out and unloaded our gear while the bus driver gave us instructions on how to get to our cabin. I'll never forget his words - "Across the bridge and the first turn to the left. You can't miss it." We did.

The force of the wind fairly blew get everything dried us down the hill to the bridge. By now the wet, our sleeping bag

lights of the bus were invisible. We heard the motor roar as the bus left. Our flashlights were practically ineffective; the rain and the wind seemed to extinguish their beams.

We all ran across the bridge at full speed, our only object being to get out of the weather. Next day we discovered the bridge to be nothing but a catwalk across a dam, with a low rail on the side opposite to the way in which the wind was blowing. If that had been known, we probably would have camped at the other side.

Then we missed the turn. It was merely a tiny trail and was hidden in the trees. We found ourselves in the middle of the woods, completely lost. For over an hour we squished through the mud up to our ankles, carrying our sleeping bags. Then most of us took refuge in the skeleton of a cabin-to-be, while a few went out as scouts. Half an hour later they came back saying they thought they had found the trail.

Once again we trudged through the wild night. Trees were crashing down on all sides. One missed the lead girl by less than a foot. Suddenly a shout rose! Our leader had bumped into something. It was a cabin wall! The night was so dark that we couldn't see the person in front of us, so we went by touch. Sure enough there it was.

It took us until the next day to get everything dried out, Our clothes were wet, our sleeping bags were wet, and we were completely soaked. To top it off, the stove didn't work. But we were inside, and we had a fireplace - it seemed like heaven. The rest of the weekend was wonderful.

When we arrived back hame, we learned we had wandering around in the seventy-five-mile-an-hour winds of Hurricane Hazel. Our television aerial had been blown off, and my family was wondering what in the name of mercy had become of me.

The next thing I knew, school was out. We (the rest of the family and I) left for our usual camping ground at Crowe Lake. We hadn't been there a week when my Aunt, Uncle, and cousin stopped by on their way from Teronto to Montreal. They asked me to go with them. Uncle George would be coming back again in three days. Since I hadn't seen Dale, who is my age, for over a year, I naturally jumped at the chance.

On the way to Montreal, we stopped at Gananoque, a small resort town which is the jumping off place for the Thousand Islands. My Aunt and Uncle were looking for a summer cottage. We hired a taxibeat to visit one cottage, and halfway there the driver pointed out an island, that had been put up for sale the day befere. We stopped to look at it but Aunt Joan said she didn't think she likedit. So back we went to the mainland and on to Montreal. The next morning at six, Dale and I were awakened by a great clattering downstairs. Her parents were packing for Gananoque - they were going to buy the island: Uncle George made several long distance calls to Toronto, and by ten o'clock we were back at Gananoque. By eleven, sixteen of their relatives had arrived. The people on the next island were astounded. They had been told the island had been bought by a young couple with two children. We landed with sixteen people and three dogs:

It was nearly two weeks later that Mum learned where I was. Oh, we tried to let her know, but luck wasn't with us. I wrote her a letter but the post office was temporarily closed down. The only phone anywhere near the place where Mum was, was always busy when Uncle George tried to phone. Finally he phoned the air station. The results were most unexpected. A search and rescue seaplane landed on Crowe Lake, a man got out into a raft, rowed over to the pier and told Mother her daughter was on Island 16 of the Thousands Islands:

Later that week, the rest of the family came down and we spent the rest of my exciting year on the island.

> Donna MacMurchy, Grade 12.

## -0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0--

Night Watchman: "Young man, are you going to kiss that girl?" Student: - "No, sir." Night Watchman: - "Well, then, hold my lantern." Mr. Snider is the head man Of our school so fair and grand. He rules the whole school over With a stern and mighty hand.

Miss Rowley teaches Latin, She teaches us Math too, Now I can speak in Latin-Casus, casus, casu.

Miss Kinsella teaches English, She teaches us who's who. The clause, phrases we don't know She'll try to teach to you.

Miss LaSalle, she teaches Francais, She's less than five foot two, But to you it makes no difference, Francais, le parlez-vous? Mr. Smith, he teaches Physics, Of light and heat and sound, But Roddy dropped the poor Kuntz' tube Which shattered on the ground.

FACTS

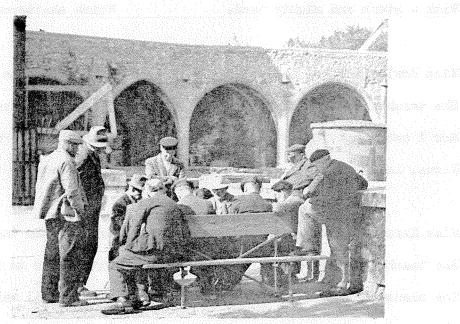
Mr. Hawkes, he teaches Science, Of man and beast and plant. Some say they understand so quick, And others say they can't.

Mr. Leatham teaches Phys. Ed. Outside or in the gym. We play all varied kinds of sports. To pass our time with him.

Miss MacEachern teaches History, Of old and ancient times; The hardestpart of this last verse, is to find a line that rhymes.

Roddy Gordon - Grade 11.

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# THE PERENNIAL GATHERING

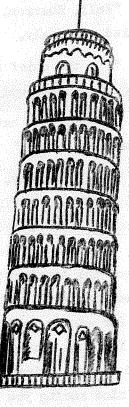
To any casual passer, the group would seem inconspicuous. Only, if you passed the German Gates almost every day would it draw your attention. The group attracted my curiosity about three weeks after I moved here. Come rain or come shine it would be there. In fact, I don't believe that for many people the German Gates would hold as much character if that group wasn't there.

The group about which I have been speaking is a gathering of about eight or ten old men who occupy a bench and three chairs around a crude table in front of the German Gates. Every morning, noon, and evening during the spring, summer and fall, they are there. What do they do? They spend the day playing cards and drinking wine. Now and then one of the players rises from his place and crosses the street to the cafe where he purchases another bottle of wine. This daily schedule goes on endlessly. Observe the group when next you pass the German Gates. Each man is a fascinating study; the group is a picture.

> Angela Olsson, Grade 12.

Sunset. Slowly the sun steals away, Quietly, brilliantly Gilding the dusty prairie, Silhouetting the mountain peaks. The sky is an artist's canvas; A brilliant splash of red, A dab of mysterious mauve; Yellow, vivid and real, Down, down, falling Behind the rugged range. Stealthily, silently, Night casts her black spell.

# Gail Young - Grade 12 THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA



Being stationed in France gave our family the chance to visit sunny Italy. In this humid country we visited many tourist spots, one of which was the famous tower of Pisa. This unique tower, which gives you the urge to yell "TIMBER" is made almost entirely of white stone. If you are of stout heart and mind, you may venture to ascend this renowned tower. After winding up a few flights of stairs, you have three choices; unwind, proceed, or walk onto the outer ledge about three feet wide. If you advance around towards the other side you will no longer be tilted up, but down. Having scrambled back into the doorway you regain your breath and retreat downstairs to watch other people attempt to scale the tower and reach the top.

Roddy Gordon - Grade 11.

# '57 CLASS REUNION IN '82

This was the year 1982 - the time - our class reunion - the scene - a tea in the kindergarten room of the DND school, Metz, France. I was standing alone by the food table when a tall slim woman started talking to me. Within the next few moments, I realized it was Beverley Smith. Could this be she? Why she was taller than I. Masking my surprise, I found myself talking about her job.

"Why, I'm the centre on Canada's professional basketball team. Haven't you heard of the Fighting Terrors ? We're playing off against the U.S. for the championship of North America next week."

"But you must be at least 40, and you're so tall !"

"Oh, I guess you haven't heard of the new super atomic pills that are being made. They're not on sale as yet. But I'm married to Jim Pincock who is the President of Super Atomic Pills Ltd. so I have access to them. That explains my height."

I left Beverley then and wandered over to a group of middle-aged men and women and was greeted by a chorus of hello's.

"Well, what do you people do for a living," I asked. Mary Olsson was the first to answer. "I married a forest ranger and now I live in the backwoods of Ontario,"

From the short conversation I learned that Melanie Bell was a reporter for the New York Times, Patsy Gordon was a calypso singer in New Orleans, Dennis Simmons was a wrestler - the Masked Marve and David Godwin worked on the assembly line in a factory sorting phonograph needles.

Sharron Kerr drifted over towards me with a sandwich in her hand .

"Well, Sharron, what do you do ? " I asked curiously.

"I'm the chief public health nurse in Canada," she replied very modestly.

"I guess you have an important job. Do you work hard?"

"Yes, in a way. I travel around Canada and U.S. giving lectures on a cancer cure. It has been in use for ten year now. You know, of course, that I helped perfect the treatment. At the moment, I'm working with doctor James Dolan on a cure for atomic radiation burns. "Bye for now, I'm just wandering around to see if I can see any other people I know. It has been nice seeing you again."

"Some of my classmates have gone a long way," I thought, as I pushed through the crowds. I bumped into a small group. - Fern Wannacott, Maureen Cassidy, Dough Pincock, and Bob Gamble.

"You people have changed a lot since I last saw you."

"Yes, I guess we have," said Fern. "When I first entered the room, I hardly recognized anyone. I'm just getting used to the change now."

"Me too. Why, I would never recognize Maureen here!" said Bob. "She's finally had her hair cut, and in case you didn't know it, she is a teacher in Carolyn Jackson's private college for boys. Wouldn't you know it? Still chasing boys at her age!"

"At least I have a job," replied Maureen jokingly. "You're still waiting to be discovered by Hollywood, as an accordion player. As I remember, you were pretty good, though."

"Yes he was and still is," butted in Doug Pincock with a noticeable southern drawl. He had been signed up by the New York Yankees as a South paw and was acting the part.

At that moment, an average-sized, slim and pretty girl joined the group. It was Margaret Ward, very fashionably dressed too. I found out why she was a dress designer making top money.

Wallace and Ted were standing in a corner - Wallace, thin and tall; Ted with a large bay window. Both were arguing about politics. Wallace was the head of the Clement's Institute for Nuclear Sciences, and Ted was vice president of the same firm.

Listening to bits of conversations here and there, I learned that Lorraine and Zelda Fox were publishing books, Marvin Hayes was a lawyer in Washington, Larry Jackson had a jazz band in Montreal, Martha Showalter was a rising film star, and Doug Boland was a successful ockey. He had ridden the winning horse in the Irish Sweepstakes. Carl Weston played pro-football.

As I left that night, I was in high spirits. It had been fun visiting all of them.

Vivian Eddy, - Grade 10.

The beautiful, the lovely, The awful and the grand; Each of these deciding qualities Is found in this old land.

Yet when we take another look, . We find the France we know-The shabby and the vanquished, The people - friend and foe,

The hovels and the palaces, The alleys - narrow, dark, The mystery of the shadows, The playboys on a lark.

This is France - The France we know With courage and pride and life, Her head held high, her eyes alight,

Through all her hours of strife.

Gail Dolan - Grade 11.

# THE ADVENTURES OF THE RED FOX

Snow was drifting down gently over the farm. The trees stood like silent sentinels guarding the dark buildings. A dark shadow was moving softly towards the house; it gained the front porch and swiftly slipped around the corner, stealing towards the small henhouse beside the barn. There it paused, listening to the steady breathing of the chickens inside. Cautiously it slipped through the door and, grabbing the mearest hen in its powerful jaws, broke its neck and soon was streaking for the shelter of the forest.

The softly falling snow covered any tracks, but in the morning, the farmer had little difficulty deducing that it was the same red for that had raided his henhouse before. She had avoided his attempts to trap her; she had even released the trap springs with a stick. The farmer returned to the house and wrote a long letter to a hunter, famous for his tracking skill.

The following week the hunter arrived, bringing with him his two dogs, Bert and Bess. Four days passed before the vixen struck again during a light snow. The dogs picked up the spoor and followed it for a few miles until the snow had completely covered the tracks. This happened continually for close to three weeks; the fox always managed to elude her enemies. Once, however, the hunter got close enough to take a couple shots before she ran into the bush. The red fox, realizing that it would folly to return to the farm again, left the territory. The hunter, knowing she had left her den, returned home with his dogs.

Spring in all her glory came to the countryside that year; ruby-threated hummingbirds darted among dog-teeth vielets and yellow buttercups; pileated woodpeckers drummed their mating calls on the trunks of silver birches. Grey squirrels scampered along the branches of a budding oak scelding some fox kits that were playing in front of their den. Their mother was lying on top of a small kmoll guarding her kits with the devotion of all mothers of the wild.

That evening, striking out at a fast clip, she set out to her familiar haunt a farm about three miles away. Soon she was streaking back to her kits with a young chicken firmly clamped in her jaws.

It did not take many raids like this to convince the farmer that his enemy, the red fox was back in the district. Again he wrote to the hunter, who returned with his dogs. They did not have long to wait. For the vixen struck again that night. The hunter and his dogs considered catching this fox a matter of personal honour and set out at a terrible pace that forced the fex to keep moving. At first she wasn't worried as she had been chased and

had always managed to escape, but as morning waned, she began to worry about her kits and started hiding her tracks. First she leapt upon a rail fence which she walked along for some time before leaping upon a patch of bare rock. The dogs, being old hands at this sort of thing, made ever-widening circles around the point where they last had the scent. Within a half an hour they picked it up where the fox had left the rocks, but the vixen had earned some valuable time. The dogs were forced to go around. The hunter knew that if he could keep his dogs on the spoor for an hour or so he could run down the fox. The vixen also knew this and thinking that if she didn't elude them, soon her young kits would be motherless, she ran down an old game path

towards an abandoned bear den hoping to lose her scent among that of the other users of the path. Running at full speed, she did not see the obstacle lying in the door of the den. It stood up and began to bristle its quills. Leaping over it instinctively, she darted to the back of the den and cowered in a dark corner. The dogs, tearing after the fox, did not see the porcupine and ran full tilt into it; backing up with yelps of pain they sat on their haunches and moaned in sheer agony. The hunter, catching up, saw what had happened but did not think that the fox could possibly have got past the porcupine. He removed the guills from the dogs and returned to the farm.

After the porcupine left, the fox slipped out of the cave and, returning to her kits, took them to a game sanctuary farther and was never seen in the vicinity again.

Eddie Gillespie, Grade 12.

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A king's jester punned incessantly until the king, in desperation, condemned him to be hanged, However, when the executioners had taken the jester to the gallows, the king, thinking that, after all, a good jester was hard to find, relented and sent a messenger post-haste with a royal pardon.

Arriving at the gallows just in time, where the jester stood with the rope already around his neck, the messenger read the king's decree, to the effect that the jester would be pardoned if he would promise never to pun again. The jester could not resist the temptation of the opportunity, however, for he cackled out:

"No noose is good news." and then hanged him.

Senior (at a basketball game)-"See that big substitute down there playing forward? I think he's going to be our best man next year."

Ce-ed: - "Oh, darling, this is so sudden!"

An old maid, shocked at the language of some ditch diggers near her home complained to their foreman. The foreman premised to inquire into the matter and called one of the men over.

"What's all this about prefame talk?" he demanded.

"Why bess," replied Joe, the ditch digger, "it's nothing at all, Me an Butch was working there, side by side, and I accidentally let my pick slip and hit him in the head. And Butch looked at me and said, "Now, really, Joseph, in the future you must handle that implement with more caution."

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"Are they very strict at your college?"

"Strict ? you remember Jonesey? Well, he died in class, and they propped him up until the lecture was over."

Father (reproving his son and heir for greediness):-"Jimmie, you're a pig. Do you know what a pig is?" Jimmie:- "Yes pape A pig is a bag's

Jimmie: - "Yes, papa. A pig is a heg's little bey.

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# GLXCW BABAAHD BH

The soldier lay upon the snow, His arms lay limp beside The torn and shattered, bloody wound His garments failed to hide.

His eyes were closed, his teeth were clenched, His face was numb with cold; He lay there weak and helpless

Though he'd once been brave and bold.

What good is one with victory, So great upon his breath, When this is just rewarded, By the agony of death?

O' valiant men awaken: And hear God's worthy plea; Peace be in all the whole, wide world and let all men be free.

Some day shall grow in gracious hearts, The brotherhood of man, And God shall smile upon the earth, For peace shall be at hand.

> Patsy Gerdon, Grade 10.



# THE CHANGING WORLD

An important scientist mushed into the room of the Science Organization and stated that it had positively been proved that the sun had jumped out of its orbit due to an internal explosion and was receding from the earth at about one thousand miles per hour.

"The sun, however," he said, " in its new orbit, passed by an unknown planet causing it to erupt into a blazing ball of fire which will act as a new sun. Although this newly-kindled furnace of power is only the size of our moon, it is also closer than our previous sun. The new sun's heat will not bring the earth's surface temperature to more than two degrees above zero, thus supporting only the small forms of life that can get enough heat from the burning planet to sustain life."

The top scientists of the world called an emergency meeting to decide upon what course to take. Finally they decided that Professor Guppentilt would lead a group of scientists to find a way to reduce the human race to only two inches in size. Finally, after two months research top scientists were called to the Professor's laboratory. When all the dignitaries had arrived, the professor turned off the light and at the same time pulled a lever which opened a panel in the wall. What the scientists saw through the window was not breathtaking: two men, two women, and a varied assertment of animals. Dector Norton turned and inquired of the professor. "Is this your idea of a joke?"

"On the contrary," replied the professor. "Those men and animals you see behind the window are only one and one half inches tall and that window is actually a powerful magnifying glass."

"This is fantastic!"

"Fantastic, but true. I have developed a fine spray which, when it comes in contact with flesh, causes the molecules to shrink rapidly. If I have your permission, I shall spray the entire city and then the whole world.

In this way the world's population became smaller in size but not in number. But although being smaller made the world seem warmer, there were also many more difficulties to be overcome. Earthworms became giant boa-constrictors knocking over buildings as they emerged from the ground. Mosquitees and other insect life became dangerous monsters to the tiny humans. When there was a light shower, the raindrops knocked over people, sometimes injuring them critically. The rain tumbled down houses and caused great torrents of water to go cascading down the streets carrying away helpless victims and many residences.

"This will not do," complained the chief councillor at a meeting of the World Science Organization. "Every time there is a light rainfall, we lose parts of our

city and many of its inhabitants.

"Why not build a large plastic dome over the entire city?" suggested professor Peterson hopefully.

"One reason," replied professor Norton, "is that the dome could not be made strong enough to withstand a violent storm of any kind. Another is that the dome, when covered with snow, would not allow any air to enter, thus causing the city's population to suffoon nuclear physics when a raindrop crashed through the roof and broke his neck.

The council was shocked, for already Rome, Berlin, Moscow, and Washington had been demolished by floods and storms.

"There is nothing else for us to do, sighed the chief councillor, "but to wait in expectancy for the worst to come."

Finally at the end of three weeks the last human on earth struggled to ri-

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cate. I move that we return to our former state. We may be cold but at least we survive a slight shower."

This was agreed upon and a messenger was sent to professor Guppentilt who was to bring the restoration formula to the council.

An hour later the messenger burst into the council chamber, panic-stricken .

"The professor was killed in the last rainfall," he panted. "He had been sitting in the livingroom reading a book se, failed, and collapsed dead. As the body lay in the warm sunlight, a mammal flopped from the sea and landed on dry land. Was this creature destined to be the fore-runner of another race of dominating animals?

Rod Gordon - Grade 11.

# LIFE IN FRANCE

Where else in the world can you live in a nice neighbourhood and still be across the street from a cow barn? When we first heard of the house we were to have in France, it was described as one of the best in Metz. There were three bedrooms, and hardwood floors. One look at the house and we nearly decided to forget about it. The outside was fine clean, white with yellow railings. But the yard consisted of a gravel plot about four feet by ten feet. Cars whizzed around the corner on their way to Paris, and the people across the street kept cows and a rooster.

But we took it. After all, we had the whole house to ourselves. The livingroom and bedrooms were hardwood, even though they were laid over cement. So what if the rest of the floors were marble? They're easy to clean. And what difference does it make if trucks screech and rattle by all night. You get used to it, and besides that, we had church bells every hour on the hour to make up for the car horns. Our clothesline consisted of three, four - foot lines hung out the window over a deep pit, but who cares? The kids have great fun fishing our clothes out of the hole with a fishing rod.

Now that we have lived in the hou for a year and have seen other French homes - no one wants to move. Even if the door sticks and there are mice in the attic, at least the mice can't get down and the roof doesn't leak. What more can you want?

> Donna MacMurchy, Grade 12.

## 

The following description of a Kansas bumper corn crop just about wins first prize:

"A boy in Southern Kansas climbed a cornstalk to see how the sky and clouds looked and that stalk grew so fast that the boy couldn't climb down. The boy was clear out of sight. Three men took the contract for cutting down the stalk with axes to save the boy from a horrible death by starvation but the stalk grew so rapidly that they couldn't hit in the same place twice. The boy lived on green corn alone and threw down over four bushels of cobs. The boy might have been pushed up so high that he would have f zen to death if he hadn't been rescued by a plane.

# THE MIDNIGHT MURDERER

Lord Elgin was dead. How and why remained a mystery to everyone, including Chief Inspector McCall of Scotland Yard.

Elgin Manor was situated about fifty miles from London, off the main highway from London to Bristol. The manor was a large, three-storied building inhabited by Lord Elgin, Lady Agatha Elgin, Jeeves the butler, three maids, and Johnson, the gardener, who slept in the eastern wing of the house. At the time of Lord Elgin's death, two of his cousins were staying at the house. Jeeves explained to McCall that Lord Elgin's cousins visited his Lordship's house every month and stayed for a period of a week.

Chief Inspector McCall was standing over the bloody, mutilated body of Lord Elgin, who had been killed the night before. He was looking for clues that might lead Scotland Yard to the murderer. A deathly silence hung over the scene. At last the silence was broken by McCall's deep, husky voice.

"I am sorry, but I can permit no one to leave this house until the mystery has been solved."

Lord Mansfield, the visiting cousin, protested, and explained that he had to be in Manchester on Tuesday, with his wife. Tuesday was the day after tomorrow. McCall paid no attention to this but continued speaking.

"Now if you will come with me one at

a time I would like to ask you some questions."

Jeeves was the first to be questioned. He entered the study and shut the door behind him. Five minutes later he came out and motioned toward Lady Agatha. She had no desire to talk about her husband's death, but after some persuation she entered the study.

It was about two hours later when everyone, including the maids, had been questioned.

McCall emerged from the study, a grave expression dominating his face.

"I think I have discovered who the murderer is," he said calmly, to the astonishment of everyone, "but I shall save my answer to this important question until tomorrow. To-night I shall sleep here with my assistant, Inspector O'Reilly. Until the morning, then, goodnight."

With these words, he and O'Reilly retired to a room which Lady Agatha had had prepared for them. It was on the second floor.

The house became unbearably silent, except for the wind blowing against the shutters, making them resound with an eerie crack. At about 12:30 P.M. a dark shadow slipped silently from a room on the floor below that on which Mc Call and O'Reilly slept. The figure crept slowly down the first flight of stairs to the ground floor and made to the door. It was pitch black in the hall except from behind a curtain on one of the hall windows.

As the shadow made for the door, the lights were suddenly switched on, startling the surprised fugitive. Chief Inspector McCall stepped out from behind a hall pillar, a revolver in his hand, and looked directly into the eyes of Johnson, the gardener! Before Johnson had a chance to act, O'Reilly came up behind him and thrust a revolver into the hollow of his back. McCall was the first to speak.

"Well, well, I see that my little scheme has worked. The 'fly' has walked into the spider's parlour without an invitation."

Johnson, his mouth still hanging open, looked at McCall.

"B-but how did you know I had killed Lord Elgin?" he stanmered.

"Oh, but I dida"t."

Johnson was even more surprised. "Now suppose you tell us why you did it, Johnson," went on McCall. "I'm sure you didn't do it because you like playing rough games! "

Johnson found no alternative but to tell the whole story. He explained that Lord Elgin and he had had an argument over his wages and that his Lordship refused to raise them. When Johnson threatened to quit, Lord Elgin said that he would use his influence to keep him out of work.

"But how did you know it was I who killed him?" asked Johnson again. "I'll never rest until the question has been answered."

"As I said before, I didn't", replied McCall. "I played on a hunch and it paid off. You see, I thought that when everyone was asleep, the murderer would try to escape before he was revealed in the morning. Instead of going to sleep, O'Reilly and I came back to see if my hunch was right. It was!"

By this time, the house was buzzing with excitement. Johnson was taken to London and sentenced to life in prison for first degree murder.

Within a week, another folder containing the history of the case and marked "Case closed" was put into the files of Scotland Yard.

> Donald Herbertson Grade 11.

## 

The newlyweds were honeymooning at the seashore. As they walked arm in arm along the beach, the young groom looked poetically out to sea and cried, "Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll on!" His bride gazed at the water for a moment then in hushed tones gasped, "Oh, Fred, you wonderful man ! It's doing it!"

# VANCOUVER

Vancouver the beautiful, wonderful, the greatest. Vancouver the city of hundreds of nations. Of a thousand people at their work, at their play. The city of toil, of cold sweat, of hunger. The city of opium and vice. The city of great sunshine and storm, Place of wind and of rain, Place of fog and of sleet. Birth of Beauty, death of trash. Scenes of wonder and of awe. Buildings high as mountain peaks, Sprung from hovels of the streets, League of nations that you be, Land of customs from afar, Beautiful Vancouver, born, vibrant with life.

> Eric Metcalfe. Grade 11.

# the wedding

I had never attended a wedding as a guest, let along as a participant in the ceremony. I had always been somewhat withdrawn and it took the efforts of my entire family to persuade me that I should be delighted at the prospect of being a bridesmaid. Not exactly because my cousin's wedding would be incomplete without her eighteen year old relation, did I go, but more because my parents believed that I should not let my aunt and uncle down. Due to my obligation, I set forth with forced bravery and a new petticoat.

The great day arrived, a bright

sunny day in June, and I donned my petticoat and "attractive" dress. We arrived at the church in good time and I was deposited in the centre of the mountain of material that consisted of the dresses worn by the giggling girls clustering around the bride. Suddenly I found myself on the arm of, shall I say my partner in the proceedings. The aisle stretched before us with the little bald-headed minister at the end. My cousin started towards him at a snail's pace but it was fortunate for me that it was. By the time I had, literally speaking, squirmed through the ceremony and we had

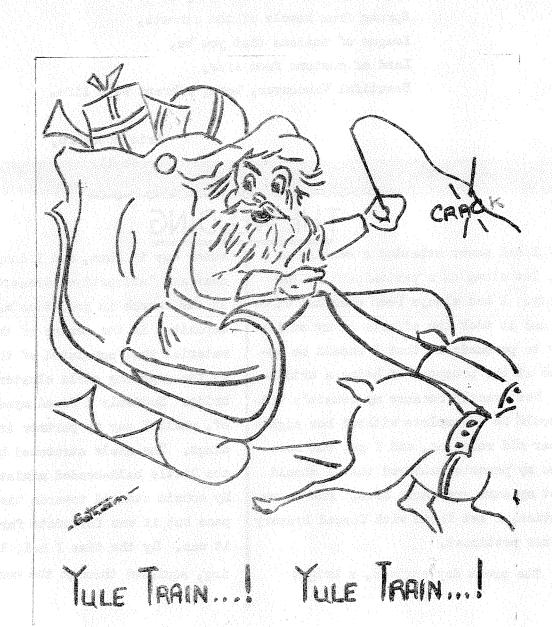
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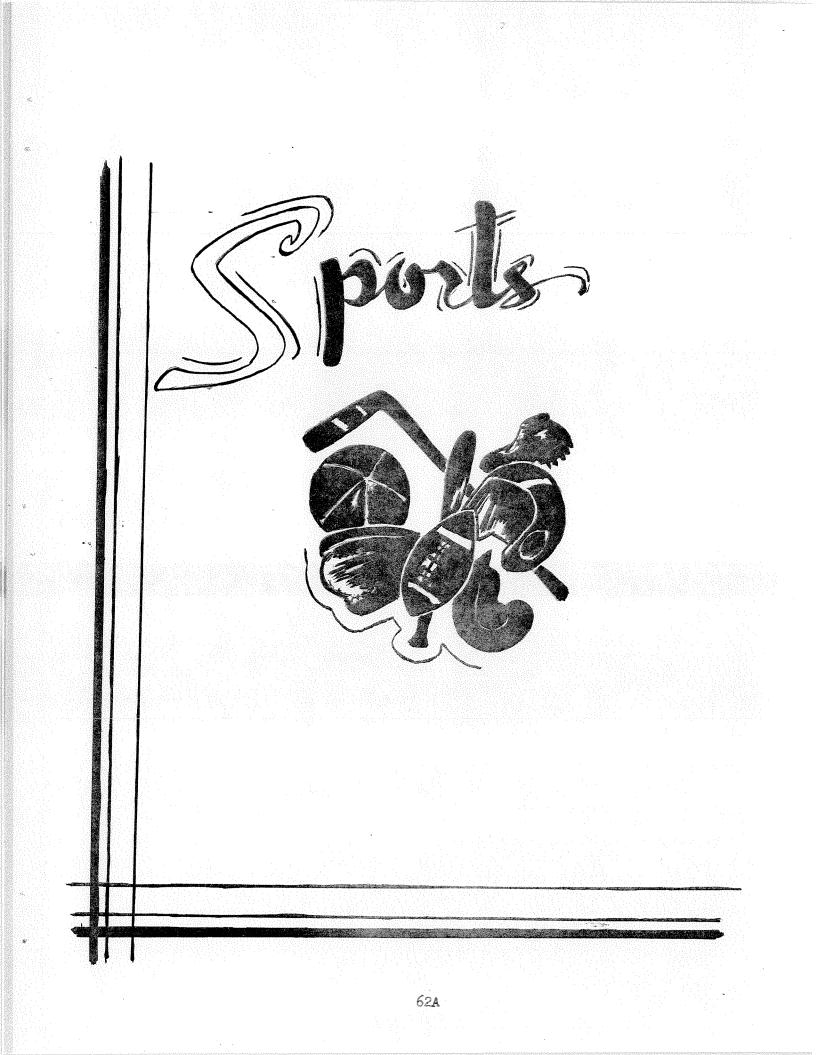
almost reached the door of the church, I knew I had lost the battle! My new petticoat slid to the floor and billowed around me, open-mouthed stares fastened on me from every direction.

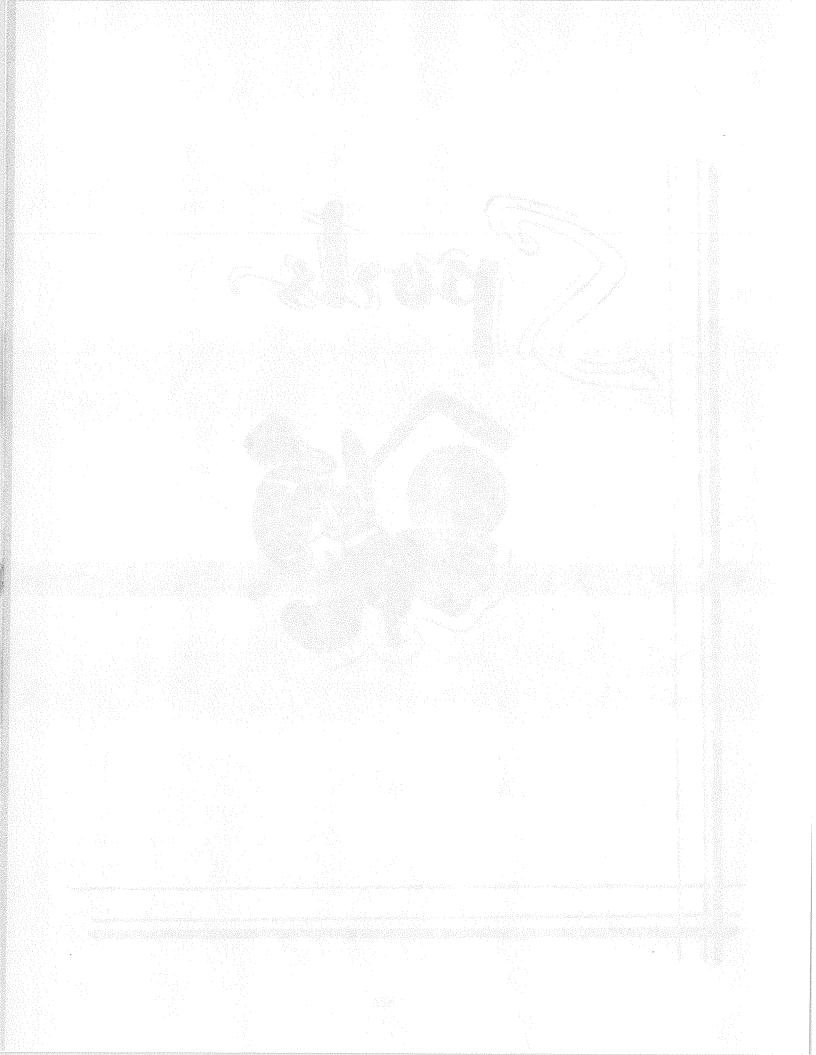
There I stood in the middle of the church, in the middle of a rush of well-wishers and in the middle of the worst predicament of my life. I didn't know whether to

pull it back up again or to step sedately out of it and walk away as if I didn't own it. For the time being I stood there with a bright red face and a frothy pink monster clutching me by the legs. Finally, when a few young gentlement near me began to snicker, I picked up the petticoat in one swoop, and, clutching it to me, I raced for the back stairs — a tragic figure with an odd parcel.

> Roberta Kerr, Grade 13.







# 《金融编辑》(1996年) - 新闻和新闻的编辑



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# FOOTBALL

Last fall, because of the lack of available equipment, the boys played six-man touch football which soon became very popular with the students. From the house league, an all-star team was formed with the following members:-

Backs

Eddie Gillespie Bob Herbertson Earl Austin Doug Pincock Wallace Clements Jim Pincock Centres

Dave Godwin Rod Gordon Ends

Gotham Clements Michel Dansereau Carl Weston Jack Metcalfe Ricky Gillespie.

Although only four games were played, we had a very good year with three wins and one draw.

The first game was played against the men on the Eastern Grey Cup team, and we won by the decisive score of 40-0.

# FOOTBALL (continued)

Soon after, the boys from 1 (F) Wing came to Metz for a game to be played on a school day, and interest was high. The cheerleaders made their debut and put on an extremely good display. The grade seven and eight pupils added to the colour with their gold and black hats and pennants. The students certainly showed that they were behind their team. The team did not let them down. Although the One Wing boys put up a good fight, it soon became clear that our team was superior. The passing plays worked like clockwork, and our fast backs were picking up big yardage on end runs. The final score was Air Div 63, 1 (F) Wing 2.

A few weeks later we played the Western Grey Cup team twice. The first game was a tie, the score being 18-18. The second game was played on the muddlest field we had ever seen. It ended, however, with our team ahead by 7-6.

On Grey Cup Day, at half time our team put up an exhibition which impressed many spectators.

This was a very good team, but next year with added experience and more good coaching from Mr. Leatham we hope to field an even better one.

.... Doug Pincock.

## BASKETBALL

## BOYS

The highlights of the school year have been provided by the girls' and boys' basketball teams.

The boys' team had a highly successful year which began under the coaching of George Somerfield who, however, was transferred before the season was over. His position was filled by Cpl Vandecasteyen who turned in a very able job of piloting the team.

Eddy Gillespie and Jim Pincock were elected co-captains.

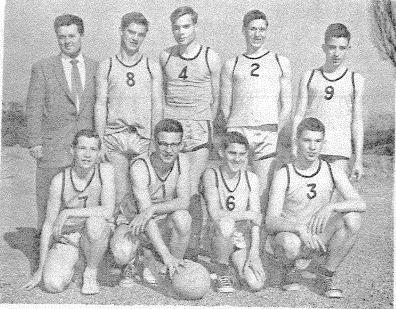
Their first game against 1 (F) Wing set the pattern for most of their games as our boys clicked together to bring in the first victory of the year.

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The only cloud on their horizon was the formidable 2 (F) Wing team who defeated our squad in their first meeting. However, the next time they met, the Navereau boys turned the tables and trounced the boys in black.

This left us tied for first place until, on our trip to 3 (F) Wing, the nonvictorious Zweibrucken boys sent us to the showers as they beat us by 12 points.

At the end of the league competition in which each team played three games at home and three away, the standings were as follows:-

Air Div.	Won	o o o o o o d	Lost	. 2	
l (F) Wing	Won	••••• l	Lost	• 5	
2 (F) Wing	Won	5	Lost	. 1	
3 (F) Wing	Won	2	Lost	, 4	

This meant that 2 (F) Wing and Air Div were to meet in the finals. These were to consist of two games with a total-point score.

The first game was played at Air Division and saw our boys defeated. Thus, 2 Wing went into the last and deciding game, eight points up on us.

(continued)....

# BASKETBALL (continued)

The final game at 2 Wing saw most of the pupils from Navereau down supporting their squad.

At the sound of the whistle, the boys in yellow whirled into action and with a brilliant array of passes, plays and shots, had soon dissolved the opposition's eight point lead. Throughout the first half, our boys, as one spectator put it, "completely out-dazzled them". However, the third quarter proved our downfall, and although a strong last quarter was played the score ended with a total of 64 to 51 in favour of 2 (F) Wing.

Doug Pincock, in his usual position as guard played a sharp game, and the others on the starting five ..... Roddy Gordon, centre: Jim Pincock, guard; Eddie Gillespie and Bob Herbertson, forwards, came through with some very nice plays and really deserve a lot of credit.

Members of this year's team are:-

Bob Herbertson, Jim Pincock, Doug Pincock, Roddy Gordon, Eddy Gillespie, Ricky Gillespie, Earl Austin, Arthur Levitin, Gotham Clements, Jacky Metcalfe, Murray Eddy, and Jacky Boland.

..... Gail Dolan.

# GIRLS

After losing to 1 (F) Wing in their first game, our girls began to improve and each day found them looking more like a team. What began as an unorganized group of girls slowly developed into a basketball team under the coaching of "Chooch" Greenough and then Miss Kinsella.

Led by their captain, Gail Dolan, the girls won the last five games of the schedule to finish in first place - two games ahead of the 1 Wing team. This meant that the Navereau girls would meet the 1 Wing girls in the playoffs.

Then our girls really hit their stride! Karen Sue Nelson scored several times from centre and Gail Dolan and Gail Young 'hit' with timely set-shots. When it was all over, our girls had won by 12 points. In the second game, the team collapsed and lost by



BASKETBALL (continued)

11 points. However, they were the champions, .... but only by one point!

Prospects look bright for another championship team next year, and with more hard work and good coaching we hope to turn in an even better team.

Members of the team were:-

Gail Young, Fern Wonnacott, Louise Young, Mary Olsson, Heather Frechette, Margaret Ward, Sharon Kerr, Karen Sue Nelson, Vivian Eddy, Maureen Cassidy, Melanie Bell, Bonnie Strader, and Gail Dolan.

..... Doug Pincock.

# INTER-SECTION BASKETBALL



## CHEERLEADERS

The General Navereau High School had something new this year .....

Yvonne Trub , Heather Frechette, Mary Olsson, Fern Wonnacott, Donna MacMurchy, and Roberta Kerr, under the leadership of Miss Kinsella, made up the squad.

Ivonne, the captain, was a new-comer to the school this year and had many new cheers to add to those of the rest of the squad.

All the cheerleaders went away with the team for the games and were a big help to the team and the spectators.

The uniforms the girls wore consisted of black tights with short, black, pleated skirts and yellow jersies. They added a colourful touch to the already bright scene and did much to boost the morale of the teams.

..... Kay Butler.

# version in the second term of **VOLLEY BALL** successive to the state of the second second

Another one of our activities this year was a volley ball league. This league was made up of four teams, each of which played six games. These teams were composed of both boys and girls and much discussion was held (by the boys, of course) concerning this fact.

The games were all played in the school yard and were watched by many interested students. The captains of the four teams were:-

- 1 Michel Dansereau
- 2 Roddy Gordon
- 3 Bob Herbertson
- 4 Eddie Gillespie ..... the Yearbook Staff.

At the end of the league, the standings were:-

lst....Michel; 2nd....Roddy; 3rd....Bob; 4th....Eddie.

The playoffs, which consisted of the best two out of three games, found Michel's team and Roddy's team battling for the championship. However, Michel's team downed Roddy's in the first game, and even though Rod's team put up a good fight, Michel and his team came through with their 2nd straight win to win the championship.

Members of the winning team were:

Michel Dansereau, Earl Austin, Gwen Austin, Eric Metcalfe, Robert Carey, Gail Dolan.

Although this year the league and teams were good, we hope that with more practice and playing we will be able to have even better ones next year.

,..... Gail Dolan.

The first inter-wing softball and volley ball tournament was held at Air Division, Metz. All of the Wings, with the exception of Four Wing, attended this meet and a large part of the time was spent in re-newing old friendships, and making new ones.

The first event to get under way was the boys' volley ball. Three Wing played against One Wing, and Navereau met Two Wing in the first two games. The finals found Air Division and Zweibrucken battling for the championship. In the end, the boys from Air Division came out on top.

THE TEAM

Bob Herbertson Ted Romberg
Michel Dansereau Eddie Gillespie
Roddy Gordon Don Herbertson
Earl Austin Eric Metcalfe

In the girls' volley ball tournament, Two Wing met with One Wing, while the girls from Metz played Three Wing. The winners, One Wing and Air Division fought it out good-naturedly. Again, Air Division was victorious.

# THE TEAM

Heather FrechetteBeverley SmithLouise YoungDonna MacMurchyGail DolanPatsy GordonGail YoungCarolyn JacksonMelanie BellGwen AustinKaren NelsonMartha ShowalterBonnie StraderRoberta Kerr

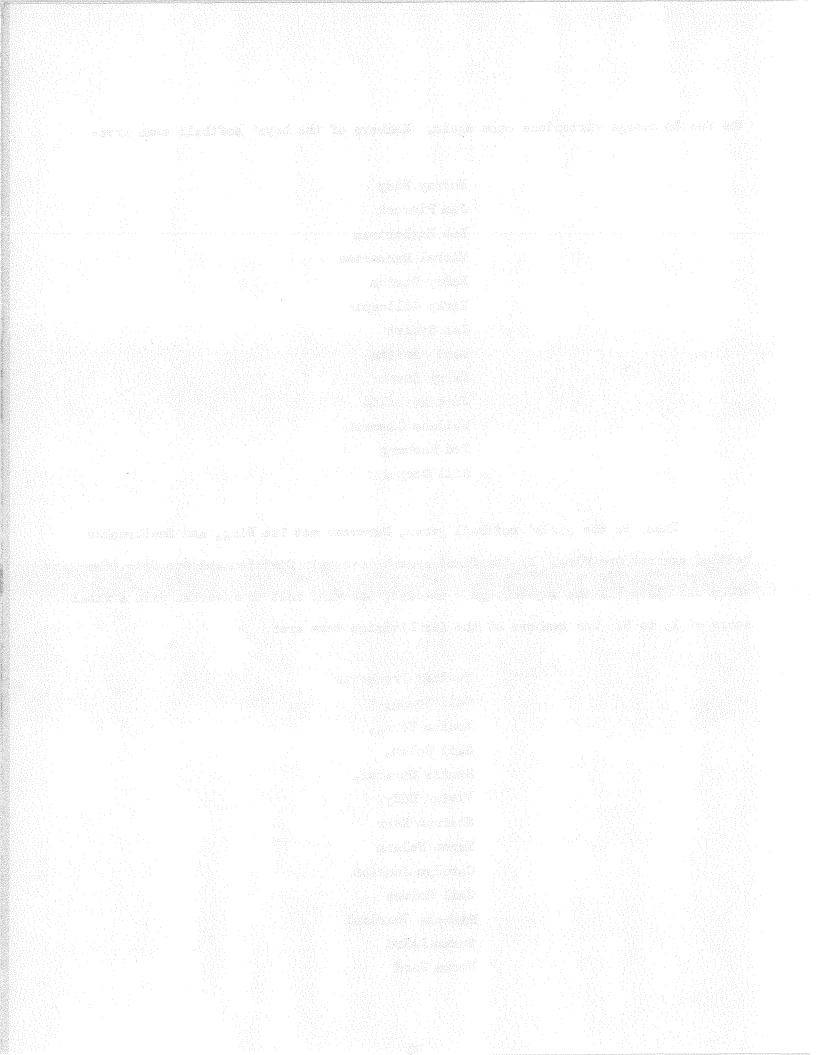
The boys' softball games were between Metz and Zweibrucken; Grostenquin, and Marville. In the final game, Air Division played against Two Wing. The crowd was very tense from the beginning to the end of the game. At the bottom of the third inning, it looked as if Two Wing had won but, after some marvellous hits, Air Division conquered

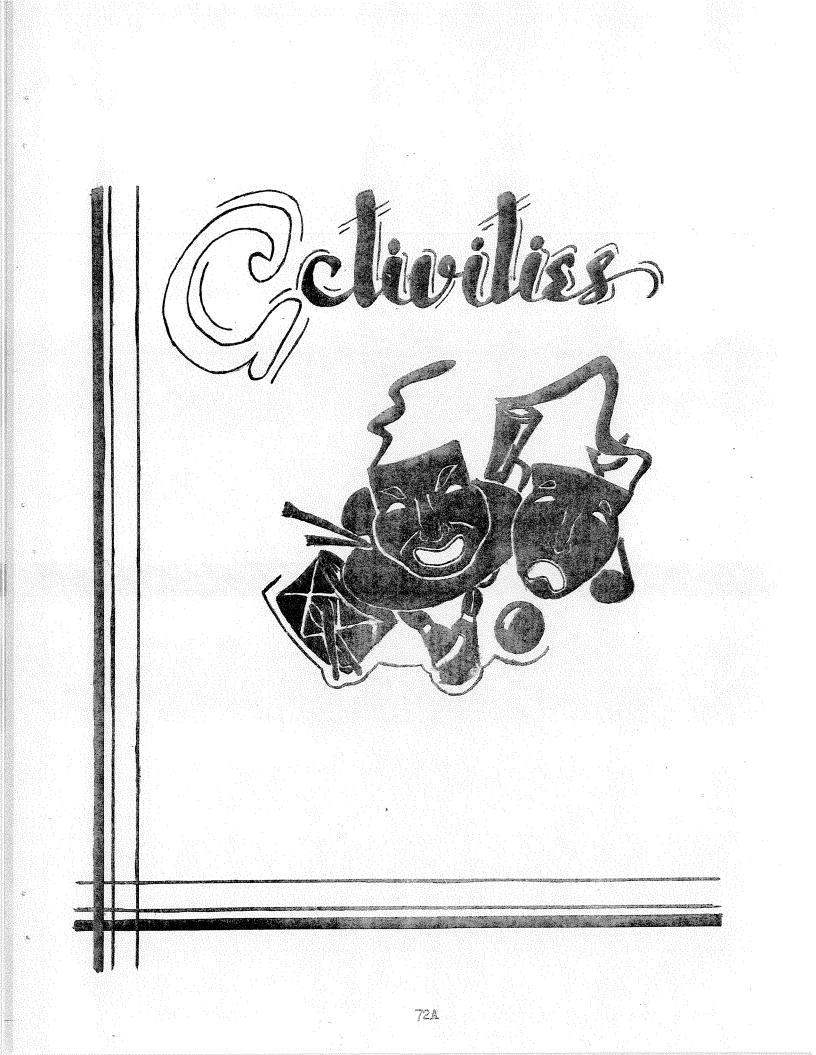
the foe to emerge victorious once again. Members of the boys' softball team are:-

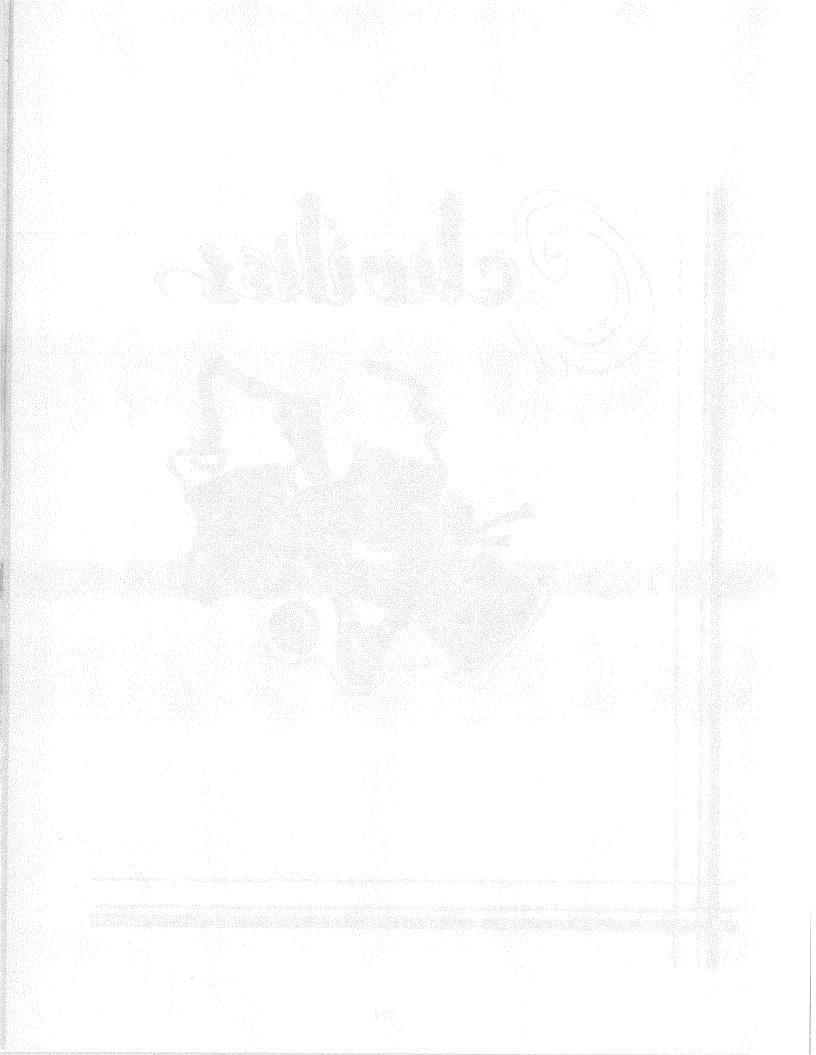
Murray Eddy Jim Pincock Bob Herbertson Michel Dansereau Roddy Gordon Ricky Gillespie Ian Stuart Earl Austin Iarry Luton Jack Metcalfe Wallace Clements Ted Romberg Bill Cooper

Then, in the girls' softball games, Navereau met Two Wing, and Zweibrucken battled against One Wing. In the final game between Air Division and One Wing, the score was close all the way through. At last, One Wing lost to Navereau with a final score of 13 to 8. The members of the Air Division team are:

> Heather Frechette Gail Young, Louise Young, Gail Dolan, Bonnie Strader, Vivian Eddy, Sharron Kerr Karen Nelson Carolyn Jackson Gail Holmes Nichele Charland Suzan Laird Norma Ward







# ASSEMBLIES

# THE REMEMBRANCE DAY ASSEMBLY

The Remembrance Day Assembly was the first assembly of the year on November the ninth, nineteen-hundred and fifty-six, and it was a big success.

The Assembly began with "O Canada". Gotham Clements read a scripture from the Bible which was followed by "The Lord's Prayer" repeated by the whole assembly, which included the grades from six to thirteen. A high school choir of about twelve girls sang a song to the men who had died in battle.

An honour guard of Scouts guarded the altar. Barbara Gamble and Timothy Cartwright placed a memorial wreath upon the altar. Bob Cousins played the "Last Post" and Eddie Gillespie, the leader of the Honour Guard, lowered the flag. After a two minutes' silence, Bob Cousins played "Reveille" and the flag was raised.

Angela Olsson introduced Mr. Morgan, the Superintendent of the School, who gave a speech on his trip to Vimy Ridge. Mr. Morgan had been in the war and gave a very interesting talk. Just before the end of his speech he told us about a little graveyard he had visited not far from Vimy Ridge. He had not known it had existed. A woman came every day to put flowers on the graves, even of men she knew nothing about except that they had died for freedom and peace. Many soldiers who had been buried here were under Mr. Morgan's command. It was a most touching ending. I felt I knew more of the meaning of Remembrance Day after his speech.

Eddie Gillespie thanked the speaker and the assembly sang "God Save The Queen" as a conclusion to a very fine Remembrance Day Programme.

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ad of error a constrained to can be added and ball presidence of Margaret Ward. Lines deput

At the beginning of the school year, we had an assembly which was largely devoted to learning new cheers in preparation for our coming football game with 1 (F) Wing. Yvonne Trub led the assembly in some of the harder cheers and we were all treated to a preview of the cheerleading squad in action. This assembly really boosted the school morale and made us all anxious to cheer our squad on to victory.

## JANUARY

At one of our assemblies, the students from grades six to grade thirteen were honoured by the presence of S/L Lee, who told us of his experiences with the Hungarians during the recent revolt in Hungary. He spoke of the hardships endured by these people in order to reach freedom; of how they had to travel for days without food; of the border guards, some friendly, others not. He told us how glad they were to receive our donations and towhat use these donations had been put. S/L Lee described his visit in an extremely interesting fashion that had us sitting on the edges of our chairs. We were very thankful for his coming and we all felt that we had certainly learned a great deal about the people of Hungary from his talk.

..... Maureen Cassidy.

#### FEBRUARY

Literature is slowly taking effect around Navereau. At a recent assembly, Mr. Smith and his grade nine pupils entertained us with an exciting and moving portrayal of "THE TRIAL SCENE" from William Shakespeare's "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE".

The whole class must have been busily engrossed in their work to produce such exact duplicates of customs, costumes, and manners of the time. The actors are to be especially congratulated for the great number of lines that had to be learned. The costumes were excellent. The boys all wore the long black stockings of the time, with balloon pantaloons. First to appear on stage was the judge (Bill Cooper) in a long,

# ASSEMBLIES (Continued)

flowing, black magistrate's robe. Then came 'Shylock' the villain, dressed in a tall peaked cap, and sporting a steel grey beard and eyebrows. He was followed by the rest of the cast who were well costumed in the dress of the time and by Portia and her man who wore the official robes of their calling.

Some of the better costumes were worn by Jimmy Pincock as Antonio, Timothy Cartwright as Gratiano, and Leonard Vaness as Bassanio, while Grant Evans presented a very life-like portrayal of the wicked Shylock.

The play, which was extremely well done, stole the show from the other school affairs that appeared later in the assembly.

Members of the cast were:-

Sandra Denton	Portia
Grant Evans	Shylock
Bill Cooper	The Duk
Jimmy Pincock	Antonic
Timothy Cartwright	Gratiar
Ricky Gillespie	The Cle
Leonard Vaness	Bassani

ylock e Duke tonio atiano e Clerk

ssanio.

.....Eric Metcalfe.

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# MEDLEY

Donna's forte is English, in Literature she gleams That she'll inspire Eddie, the English teacher dreams, Next year, of course she'll sublimate, in studying her woe, For alas! her raison d'etre will be far from Navereau.

## SADIE HAWKINS WEEK

Monday morning dawned on some rather strange scenes around Navereau. Boys attended classes with their hair pulled neatly (?) into sweet pastel bows, and girls could be seen wandering around the halls carrying huge piles of books. Yes, it was Sadie Hawkins Week, and suffering students walked bravely about trying their best to fulfil their duties. At noon Thursday, the 'gals' sewed patches on their 'guys' and the better part of the afternoon was spent in finding out whose patches matched.

The fun and frolics came to a halt at 3.30 Friday, but only until the Sadie Howkins Dance that night. The dance was a complete success and was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

## CHRISTMAS DANCE (PMQ COUNCIL)

The PMQ Council voted to hold a dance for the teenagers this year instead of presenting the girls and boys presents from Santa Claus.

The dance was held in the school and the room was gaily decorated with the usual Christmas Season decorations. A delicious lunch of cold turkey was one of the highlights of the evening.

The girls in their pretty bright dresses, gave an added touch of colour to the already colourful scene, and when it was finally time to go home, a tired group of marry-makers trudged out of the school door.

#### ....Gail Dolan.

#### CHRISTMAS AT 2 FIGHTER WING

During the Christmas season, the teenagers from 2 Fighter Wing invited the other Wings to a Christmas dance which was held in the "Rec" hall of the base at 2 Wing.

The Gym was decorated with huge streamers and colourful ballons which formed a perfect background for the festivities. The teenagers enjoyed a lunch of potato salad and cold turkey.

As the last strains of music floated into the breeze, everyone left to get his coat and after many goodbyes and farewells, the dancers began the long trip hemel.

.....Gail Dolan.

# VALENTINE'S DANCE

The Teenage Valentine's Dance was held on Friday night, February the eighth. The dance started at seven-thirty.

As you entered the room you thought you were in a paradise. Red and white streamers hung from the ceiling and red hearts clung to the white curtains. Cupids cavorted on all the walls. At one end of the room, there was a giant-sized heart on which everyone signed his name. Dancing, slow, jive, and square, filled the hours. For some dances, interesting prizes were given. Cokes and Ginger Ale were sold during the dance.

After the dance, people on the Clean-up Committee stayed behind to carry out their enviable duties. It was a wonderful evening!

.....Bev. Smith.

## THE SOCK HOP

Promptly at 7.30 on the first day of March, the kindergarten room was filled with sounds, weird and otherwise, as the Sock Hop got underway. Everyone danced the night away in his socks with the prize for the best socks going to Karen Sue Nelson. The girls, in their light summer skirts, gave a bright splash of colour to the scene. The chaperones were Miss Rowley and Miss La Salle. When it was time to go, there were many sighs and groans as some of the more ambitious students were quite willing to keep on "dancin' in their socks" until the wee hours of the morning.

..... Gail Dolan.

#### FLUNKER'S FLING

Exams were over and the boys and girls turned out Friday night to celebrate at the "Flunker's Fling". The room was decorated in the school colours - black and gold. Mr. Hawkes and Miss MacEachern were the chaperones. Although there was not a large crowd, everyone had fun and went home feeling much better than they had on their arrival.

..... Gail Dolan.

## ELECTION OFF THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL

In October, the students of General Navereau High School elected a student council. Gotham Clements and Eddie Gillespie were both running for the position of Head Boy, but Gotham withdrew. Angela Olsson and Roberta Kerr both ran for the position of Head Girl. In grade eleven, Don Herbertson, Maureen Cassidy, and Bob Herbertson ran for the position of Treasurer, and in grade ten, Fern Wonnacott and Vivian Eddy ran for the position of secretary.

The campaigns consisted mainly of multi-coloured posters spread throughout the school. Some were of comic-book characters; others were of a more sedate type, but all of them were aiming at the same goal. However, the campaigns were friendly ones and after the results were in, the council rolled smoothly into action as a unit.

..... Maureen Cassidy.

## 

## MORE MEDLEY

The whistle bows - a basket missed - a penalty for Gail, Against those pleading eyes of hers, can Air <sup>F</sup>orce will prevail Interests extra mural have made education pall, But at the very end of term, it matters after all.

