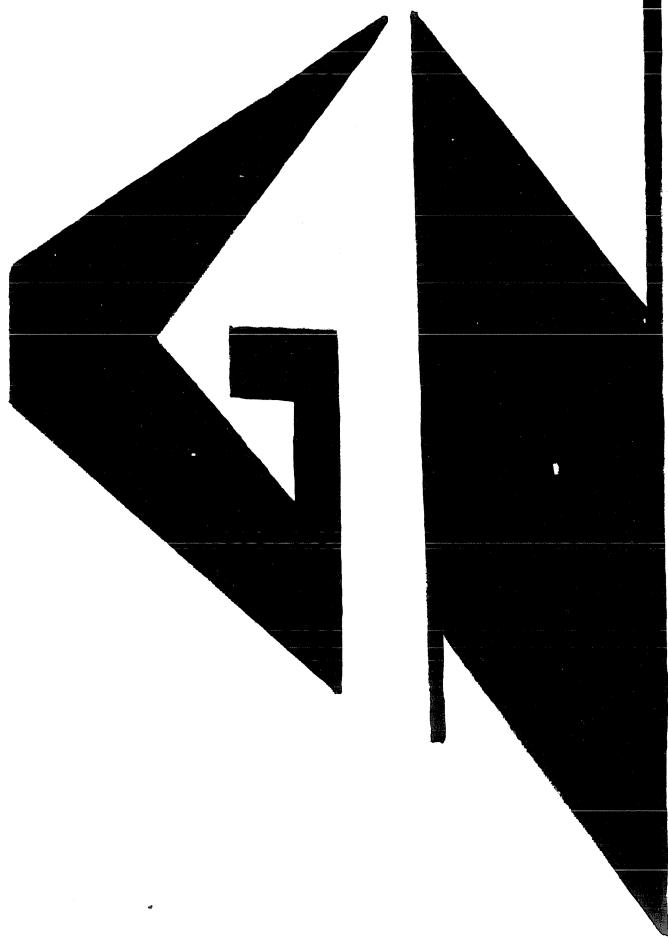


Nancy Goldstein

'57



DOCK
METZ

METZ, FRANCE

'58

—REVISED—

The Staff of the 1957 - 1958 YEARBOOK wish to
thank all those who helped in producing this volume.

Special thanks to:-

Wing Commander KEHOE
Squadron Leader MACMURCHY
Sergeant JACKSON
Sergeant NEZTOL
Corporal WAGNER


for their very great assistance.



The initial edition of the General Navereau High School Yearbook was a very successful venture, reflecting much credit on the pioneer staff. Another school year is coming to a close and I am again happy to be able to make a small contribution. Sans doubt "D'Outre Mer" will match the high standard set, and faithfully mirror the student activities of this term.

To all the students I extend sincere good wishes with a "bon voyage" to the homeward bound. To those remaining or joining our ranks I am confident that you will benefit by your stay in Europe, and by your conduct and example be a credit to the NATO community.

Everything possible will be done to provide you with sports and recreation activities to augment your school programme. Your active participation and support will facilitate this aim being achieved and in ratio increase the enjoyment of your tour.


(B.D. Kehoe), Wing Commander,
Commanding Officer,
RCAF Support Unit,
Metz, Moselle, France.

Editorial

We are living in history. Here we are, amidst Old World culture and modern day developments. We have visited the ruins of an ancient Roman civilization, and have seen the launching of the first satellites. We have taken an active interest in the Suez Crisis and the Hungarian revolt. In these events, we have recognized nationalistic spirit and appreciated world wide friendship.

We too have our place in this fast-moving world, our school is our nation, France in our world. We too have shown progress. The first school was established on the second floor of a tavern; the next, at the Chateau; and now we have our own building, with our own name. Our nationalistic spirit is developing, just as national pride develops within a growing colony. Any Air Force school has difficulty in arousing and maintaining a school spirit, because its pupils are constantly changing. We in France have an even more difficult job, as we have not only to adapt ourselves to a new way of life, but also to retain the customs of Canadian school life. These difficulties are being overcome. We have successfully launched and landed our newest projects—a school song and a crest. The future will bring more developments.

We, as pupils, are in an unusual position in that few of us will spend our entire high school life in the same school. But our allegiance will always remain with Navereau to some extent; partly because of its smallness, partly because of its location in a foreign land. We shall probably never again attend a school so small; and since it is so small, each and every one of us has a very definite part in building the school's reputation "Potest fieri" — it can be done — applies to everything that concerns us — our lives, our schools, our careers; and we must be the doers.

The Editor.



Many times during the year this question has been asked by both parents and pupils, "What qualities does a student need in order to complete successfully a High School Course?"

These are my answers to this question:

1. One must have at least an average amount of native ability or intelligence; this we have from birth, and one's intelligence cannot be increased by study.
2. The student needs a driving force in order to use his intelligence to the utmost - there is no Royal Road to Learning.
3. To attain anything close to full potential, a student must have a clear-cut objective or goal toward which to strive. The desire to learn is in itself a goal.
4. Finally, there is the factor of personality: that is, the influence of teacher, parent and school associates on the student himself.

The first two are inherent in the individual, but they must be discovered and developed by the 4th factor. It is really a combination of these four factors that is the basis of success in school.

To the graduating class, by far the largest in the short history of the school, go my best wishes for success in their chosen professions. It is my hope that the training you have received at General Navereau School, will stand you in good stead during the coming years.

M.J. Snider, Principal.



EDITORIAL STAFF

Honorary Editor

Advisor

Chief Editor

Assistant Editor

Literary Editor

Activities and Sports

Photographer

Circulation Manager

Art Editors

Miss Rowley

Miss Soper

Donna MacMurchy

Ted Ronberg

Janet Williams

Jackie Abra

David Godwin

Leanna Bradshaw

Diane Kehoe

Bruce Fuller



TEACHING STAFF

BACK ROW: Mr Snider (Principal), Mr. Leatham, Mrs. MacDonald,
Mr. Anderson, Mr. Hawkes.

FRONT ROW: Miss Leggat, Miss Kinsella, Miss Rowley, Miss Dunlop.

MR. M.J. SNIDER

B.A. University of Western Ontario, B. Paed. University of Toronto

Mr. Snider has been directing our school for two years now. He has enjoyed his travels abroad but is looking forward to a return to his duties as Principal at Meaford. He concedes that once you get used to us, we're a pretty good lot.

MR. HAROLD ANDERSON = B. Ed. U of Alberta

MISS PHYLLIS DUNLOP

B.A. B. Ed. University of Toronto.

Miss Dunlop comes to us from North York. Because she is an artist as well as a school teacher, we have borrowed her from the grade sevens every week to teach art in grade nine.

MR. C.B. HAWKES - B.Sc., McGill. (Vice-principal)

MISS RUTH KINSELLA - B.A. Queens

MR. JAMES LEATHAM

B.A. University of Western Ontario.

Grade 8 keeps Mr. Leatham pretty busy, but he still finds time to keep our High School boys "physically fit". His big ambition is to get them to do 5 pushups or a quarter mile lap, voluntarily, before class.

MISS MARGARET LEGGAT

B.A. University of Manitoba.

A latecomer this year, Miss Leggat has worked doubly hard urging our seniors through the maze of sines and cosines and squares. Having previously taught math at Kelvin High School in Winnipeg, she confounds her students by being able to watch them and do board work simultaneously.

MRS. MACDONALD

B.A. University of Saskatchewan

After a year of teaching English and French here at DND Mrs. MacDonald is inclined to agree with Macbeth's "Double, double, toil and trouble." Fortunately, her years in Europe have been highlighted by tours of the continent, and she has been stationed in both Germany and France.

MISS ISABEL SOPER - B.A. M.A. University of Alberta

MISS JOYCE ROWLEY - B.A. Toronto.



STUDENT COUNCIL

FRONT ROW: Nancy Godwin, Fern Wonnacott, Gail Dolan, Beverley Smith, Karen Sue Nelson.

BACK ROW: Miss Kinsella, Jim Cooke, Earl Austin, Gerry Williams, David Godwin, Angela Olsson.

TEAM SONG

Tune: Notre Dame

Stand up and cheer
For Navereau High
Raising our banners
Up to the sky
Vict'ry always follows us
Our School's the best with spirit plus
We never falter, we never stop
We lead the winning team to the top
General Navereau is the best
So honour that good old school!
rah! rah! rah!

(Repeat)

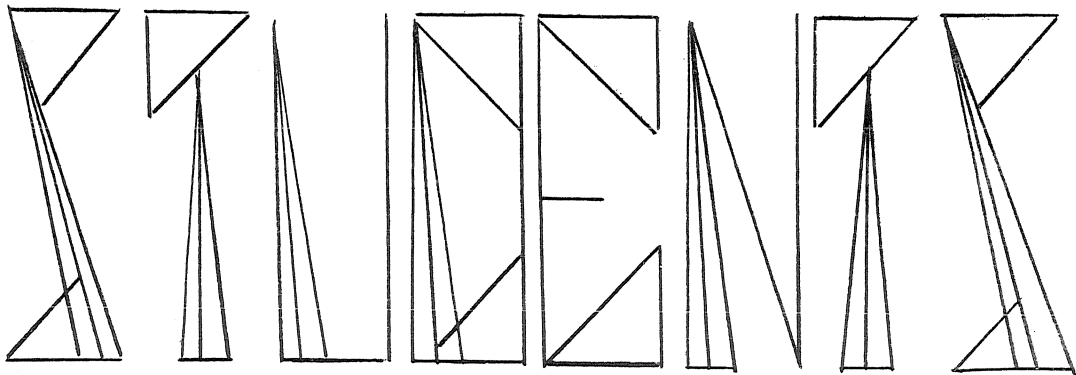
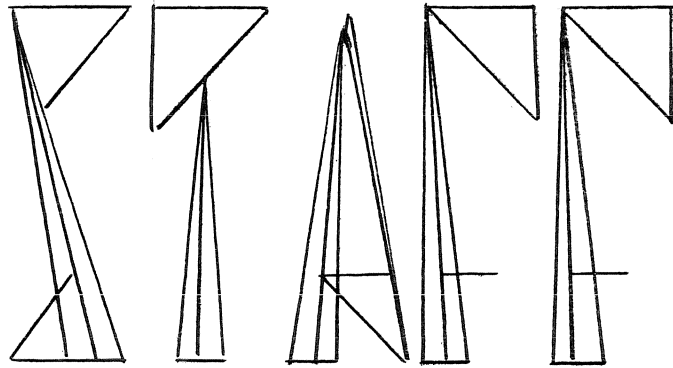
SCHOOL SONG

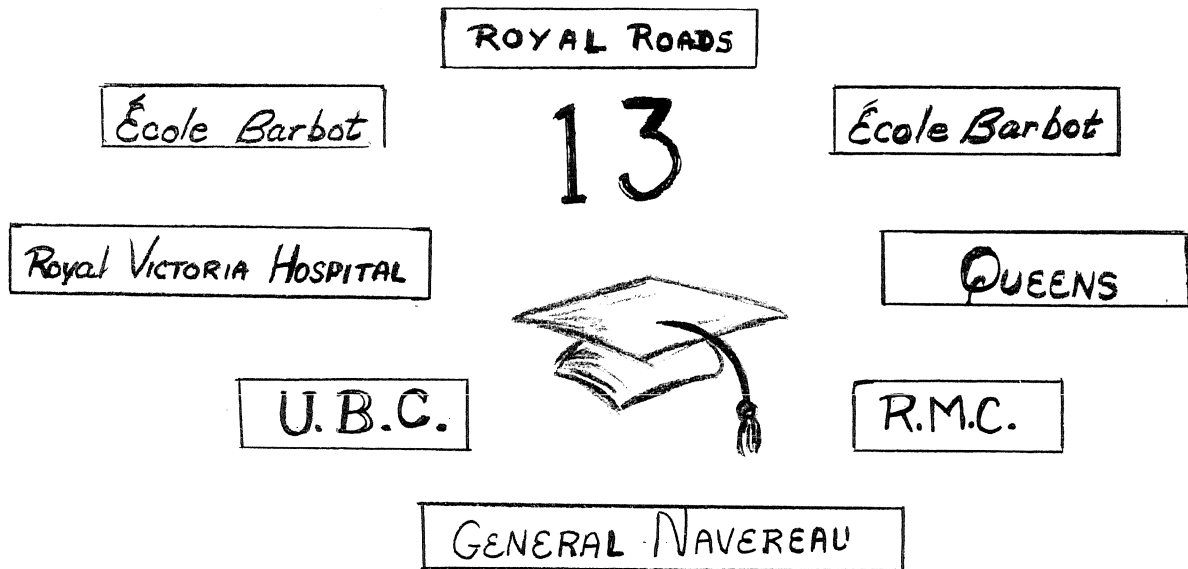
Tune: Gaudeamus igitur

Tread we on with loy-al feet Through the halls of Na-ver-eau
Pledge we all our loy-al-ty To our colours black and gold

Stu-dents ea-ger and de-serv-ing With a spir-it over-whelming

We'll proud-ly place this Navèrèau In the ranks of Vic-to-ry





The word 'Senior' has such a final ring to it. It is the position every high school pupil strives to achieve from the moment he enters as a grade niner. We, too, many times counted the years before we graduated and now that the time is suddenly upon us we envy the position of the freshman. Our high school days have seemed the happiest in our lives. We underwent so many majestical changes into adulthood and followed different paths until we have finally found the road which will lead us to our future success.

Our senior year at General Navereau will remain an imprint on our memories for many years to come. Seven isn't a great number but it's quite comfortable. We all know each other well and have a wonderful time together. If we're not blowing up the lab, we're murdering Shakespeare. Every now and then when we feel that the rest of the school has forgotten us, we make our presence known with the help of the popular little apparatus known as the Kipp Generator.

Heather Frechette left us in February to become Mrs. Moss and reside in Germany.

Miss Rowley, our patient teacher who has led us through the final lap of high school, sails for good old Chatham Collegiate Institute. Her old pupils will have quite a surprise as Europe just does things to you!

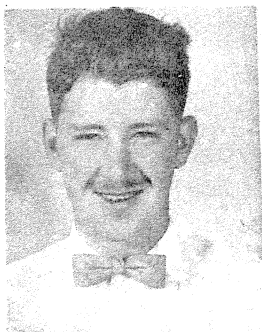
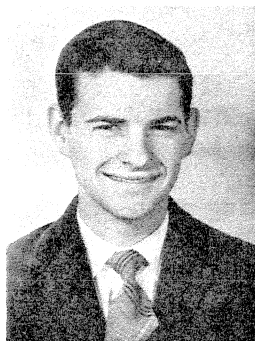
NAME: MISS JOYCE ROWLEY
NICKNAME: Business
PROTOTYPE: A gathering storm
PASTIME: Drilling math through wood
ASSET: Has grade 13 to humour her first thing
in the morning
PET EXPRESSION: Oh no! Not again..
IDEA OF PARADISE: The universal language being
Latin
PROBABLE DESTINY: Teaching German at C.C.I.
SONG DEDICATION: I Am Sweet and Gentle





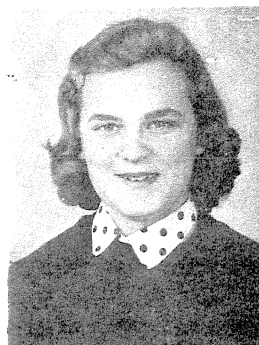
NAME: JACKIE ABRA
NICKNAME: Girl friend
PROTOTYPE: Peggy O'Neil
PASTIME: Making Whoopee
ASSET: Dimples
PET EXPRESSION: Hulloo?
IDEA OF PARADISE: Grade thirteen class of 7 boys
PROBABLE DESTINY: French girl's school
SONG DEDICATION: Anything Goes!

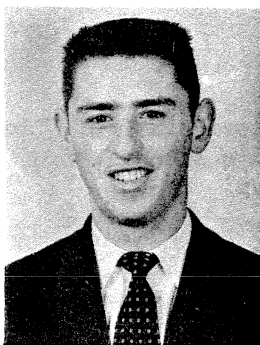
NAME: EARL AUSTIN
NICKNAME: Le Baron
PROTOTYPE: The Earl of Austin
PASTIME: Finding out what's new every AM
ASSET: His scooter and plenty of gas
PET EXPRESSION: Come on, let's go!
IDEA OF PARADISE: To Paris and back on one
tank of gas
PROBABLE DESTINY: Interpreter in France
SONG DEDICATION: Ma, She's Making Eyes At Me



NAME: PETER BELL
NICKNAME: Fire Ball
PROTOTYPE: L'Amant
PASTIME: Buying Mustache Wax
ASSET: His red hair
PET EXPRESSION: Oh Michel
IDEA OF PARADISE: To be in Paris
PROBABLE DESTINY: Selling tricycles
SONG DEDICATION: Don't Rock Me Daddy-O

NAME: LEANNA BRADSHAW
NICKNAME: Hyppie
PROTOTYPE: Cinderella
PASTIME: Promoting Canadian-American
relationships
ASSET: Power of attraction
PET EXPRESSION: Hey Lizzie
IDEA OF PARADISE: Little Italy in Mass.
PROBABLE DESTINY: Montreal and CMR
SONG DEDICATION: Oh, oh, I'm falling in Love
Again!





NAME: MICHEL DANSEREAU
NICKNAME: Felix (Gaillard)
PROTOTYPE: Elvis Presley-minus sideburns
PASTIME: Seeing Marie-France
ASSET: Dance ability
PET EXPRESSION: I did it that way too, Mr--
IDEA OF PARADISE: Playing hockey with "The Rocket"
PROBABLE DESTINY: Showing Arthur Murray how?
SONG DEDICATION: Since I Met You BaBy

NAME: DONNA MacMURCHY
NICKNAME: Donna Mac
PROTOTYPE: Penny
PASTIME: Flirting with--?
ASSET: Her father's new car.
PET EXPRESSION: Pretty sneaky
IDEA OF PARADISE: Getting a Precipitate in
Chem.
PROBABLE DESTINY: A chemical Analyst at CIL
SONG DEDICATION: Beautiful, Beautiful Brown
Eyes



NAME: ANGELA OLSSON
NICKNAME: Gerry
PROTOTYPE: Miss Sophisticate
PASTIME: Washing dishes with 'Vel'
ASSET: That calm, cool, collectedness
PET EXPRESSION: Je ne sais pas?
IDEA OF PARADISE: Mail by the ton
PROBABLE DESTINY: A penny postcard
SONG DEDICATION: Ain't Misbehavin'!



2. Lots of love, Henry

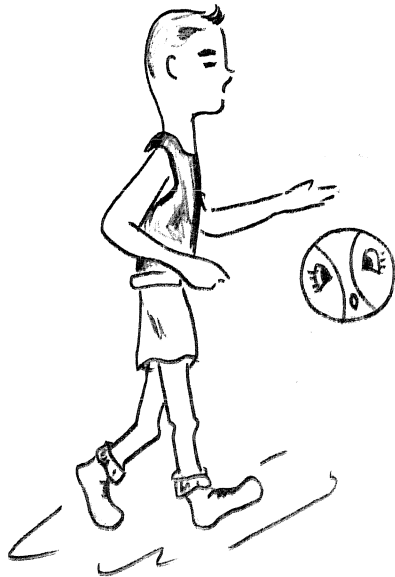
Old Cy Perkins had the habit of always prophesying great calamities and his friends were growing a little weary of it. One day he was predicting to a disgusted listener that a great famine was coming soon, and dolefully added:.. "And what would you say, my friend, if in a short time the rivers and our country would all dry up?"

"I'd say," was the tired answer, "go thou and do likewise."

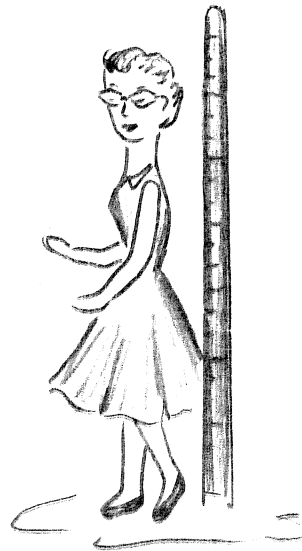
GRADE 12



A D E



HERE
WE
ARE!



How do we know what will come to pass
With General Navereau's Grade 12 class?
Where will we go? What will we do?
Perhaps in pert Janet we have a clue--
She'll return to Utah, where, I'm sure,
She'll be worth her salt!
Doug: o'er our sporting friend we'll not halt,
For although an expert on figures
We won't find him in a vault!
Our petite Head-Girl will never fail
For nothing ever will daunt our Gail!
Eric, the mustachioed member of us five
Will be sure to keep Chemistry alive.
And Nancy, who stumbles along life's path,
Is determined to eventually conquer Math.
We seldom get together but when we do
Our solemn moments are but few.



NAME: MR. HAWKES
NICKNAME: Charlie
PROTOTYPE: Navereau's Einstein
PASTIME: Messing it up
ASSET: Twinkling blue eyes
PET EXPRESSION: Anything is possible
IDEA OF PARADISE: Sought after bachelor
PROBABLE DESTINY: Domestication
SONG DEDICATION: Hail To Thee Alma Mater



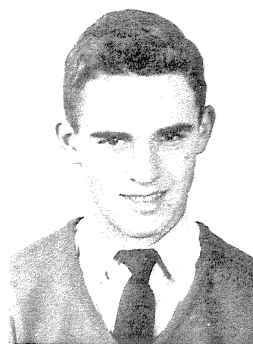
NAME: GAIL DOLAN
NICKNAME: Frankenstein
PROTOTYPE: A nice thing in a small package
PASTIME: Touring the wings
ASSET: Twinkling, brown eyes
PET EXPRESSION: That right?
IDEA OF PARADISE: Marrying a ma 6'6"--
 raising a basketball team
PROBABLE DESTINY: Coach for Harlem Globetrotters
SONG DEDICATION: Butterfly

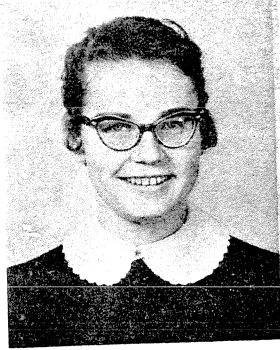
NAME: NANCY GODWIN
NICKNAME: Tige
PROTOTYPE: Innocent Time Bomb
PASTIME: Meeting the mailman
ASSET: Those EYES
PET EXPRESSION: Flattery will get you NO-
WHERE
IDEA OF PARADISE: Montreal
PROBABLE DESTINY: Resolute
SONG DEDICATION: Blue Moon



NAME: ERIC METCALFE
NICKNAME: Yukon Eric
PROTOTYPE: 'Before' in hair grower advertisement
PASTIME: Darning that hole in his sweater
ASSET: Being able to dance
PET EXPRESSION: Wait a minute now!
IDEA OF PARADISE: The lab room without Sulphur
SONG DEDICATION: The Blue Danube

NAME: DOUG PINCOCK
NICKNAME: Hero
PROTOTYPE: Einstein
PASTIME: Ahem!
ASSET: Dimples---naturally
PET EXPRESSION: I don't believe you
IDEA OF PARADISE: Quote 'None of your
business'
PROBABLE DESTINY: Water boy for Harlem
Globetrotters
SONG DEDICATION: Young Love





NAME: JANET WILLIAMS
NICKNAME: Petie
PROTOTYPE: Wilt (the stilt)
PASTIME: Working? at the Service Club
ASSET: Pretty Face
PET EXPRESSION: You'll be all right
IDEA OF PARADISE: Raising rabbits
PROBABLE DESTINY: Living in Canada away from the
salt mines
SONG DEDICATION: Memories Of You

The count was one and one on the big fellow as he stepped up to the plate again. His look was full of venom as he eyed the pitcher. He waived his bat manacingly as if to knock the pitcher out of the park. The burly catcher crouched behind the plate, his broad back almost masking the little umpire. The man in the blue looked nervously at the large crowd; a bad call would start an argument in this crucial game.

The excitement of the stands mounted as the pitcher went into his wind-up. The pitch came whistling in and the batter let it go by with a quick glance.

"Two" shouted the umpire above the roar of the crowd.

"Two what?" said the burly catcher as he turned and glared at the umpire. He waived his fist in a gesture that was full of meaning.

"Yeah, two what?" said the equally big batter as he waived his bat in the air. He completely dwarfed the skinny little man. A few players came out of the dug-out to support him.

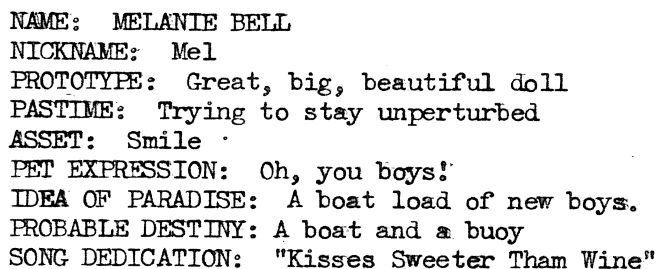
The umpire fingered his collar and felt his scalp begin to tingle. He screwed up his courage and in a loud voice said -

"Too close to tell", and retreated from the diamond.

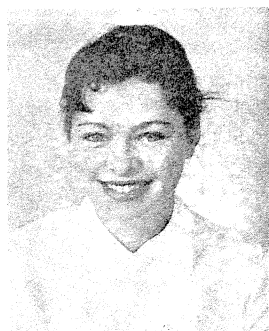
GRADE 11

NAME: MISS RUTH KINSELLA
NICKNAME: K.K.
PROTOTYPE: Eloise
PASTIME: Convincing her classes that they
should take Latin
ASSET: Smile and pretty eyes
PET EXPRESSION: Now in Upper school.....
IDEA OF PARADISE: Proud possessor of a PX
card
PROBABLE DESTINY: Teaching our children
SONG DEDICATION: Gaudeamus Igitur



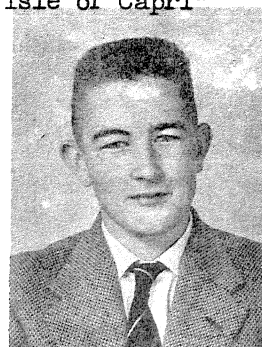


NAME: JAMES DOLAN
NICKNAME: Skip
PROTOTYPE: Polite stranger with a deep,
dark secret
PASTIME: Planning his French weekends
ASSET: Darkroom
PET EXPRESSION: No guff
IDEA OF PARADISE: Eating a whole loaf of
bread without someone yelling "Stop!"
PROBABLE DESTINY: Boulevardier
SONG DEDICATION: Got A Lot O' Living To Do.



NAME: CAROL GILCHRIST
NICKNAME: Tessie
PROTOTYPE: Pekingese
PASTIME: Keen interest in the RCAF
ASSET: Smile
PET EXPRESSION: You should have seen Honey
when.....
IDEA OF PARADISE: Capri
PROBABLE DESTINY: Sorrento
SONG DEDICATION: "Isle of Capri"

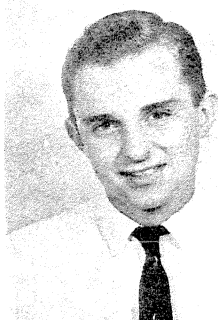
NAME: DAVID GODWIN
NICKNAME: Dave
PROTOTYPE: Henry Ford
PASTIME: Running up "Ks" on his Geugeot
ASSET: Being nice
PET EXPRESSION: Dennis and I are going camping
IDEA OF PARADISE: Bicycle built for two
PROBABLE DESTINY: President of Marconi
SONG DEDICATION: "Live It Up"





NAME: CAROLYN JACKSON
NICKNAME: Bubbles
PROTOTYPE: Calamity Jane
PASTIME: Blowing bubbles
ASSET: Good dancer
PET EXPRESSION: ...and some bubble gum
IDEA OF PARADISE: lots of food
PROBABLE DESTINY: Put on orange juice and dry
toast diet
SONG DEDICATION: "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles"

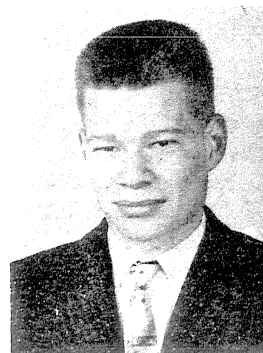
NAME: MARY OLSSON
NICKNAME: "23"
PROTOTYPE: Lady of Letters
PASTIME: Writing and receiving letters
ASSET: Big, green eyes
PET EXPRESSION: "C'est la vie!"
IDEA OF PARADISE: Touring France on a
"Lambretta"
PROBABLE DESTINY: Returning to Canada
SONG DEDICATION: "P.S. I Love You"



NAME: TED ROMBERG
NICKNAME: Curly
PROTOTYPE: Water Spaniel
PASTIME: Arguing
ASSET: Expressive eyebrows
PET EXPRESSION: Yes, but.....
IDEA OF PARADISE: The West
PROBABLE DESTINY: Smuggler in the Far East
SONG DEDICATION: "Let Me Be Your Teddy Bear"

Ted Romberg

NAME: DENNIS SIMMANS
NICKNAME: Goose
PROTOTYPE: Daddy's man
PASTIME: Girl upstairs, when he's not
camping
ASSET: Kindness
PET EXPRESSION: Do you want to see some
pictures of my "sister"?
IDEA OF PARADISE: A good fishing stream
near an excellent hunting ground
which is beside a lake for water
skiing, swimming, and boating
PROBABLE DESTINY: Fulfilling his idea of
paradise
SONG DEDICATION: "Call Of The Wild Goose"

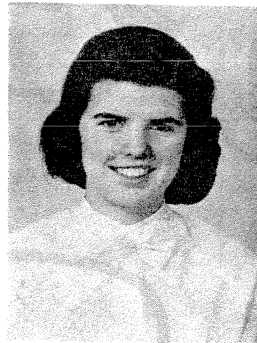




Doug Shaw

NAME: DOUG SHAW
 NICKNAME: Sammy
 PROTOTYPE: Elvis' eastern cousin
 PASTIME: Bugging Mr. Anderson
 ASSET: Getting away with murder in class
 PET EXPRESSION: My homework? Well.....
 IDEA OF PARADISE: Driver's seat of a 300 S.L.R.
 PROBABLE DESTINY: Driving a Deux chevaux
 SONG DEDICATION: In The Jailhouse Now

NAME: BEVERLY SMITH
 NICKNAME: Lucy
 PROTOTYPE: Small size Xmas parcel
 PASTIME: Jimmy
 ASSET: Size
 PET EXPRESSION: Oh gosh!
 IDEA OF PARADISE: To get back to Canada
 PROBABLE DESTINY: Extended tour
 SONG DEDICATION: Remember You're Mine



NAME: MARGARET WARD
 NICKNAME: Marg
 PROTOTYPE: Unassuming genius
 PASTIME: Listening to records and reading
 ASSET: She's comfortably quiet
 PET EXPRESSION: Oh!
 IDEA OF PARADISE: Little cottage beside a brook
 PROBABLE DESTINY: Basement apartment in New York
 SONG DEDICATION: My Blue Heaven

NAME: FERN WONNACOTT
 NICKNAME: Sandy
 PROTOTYPE: Penny
 PASTIME: Horseback riding
 ASSET: Personality plus
 PET EXPRESSION: Keen oh!
 IDEA OF PARADISE: Sardinia
 PROBABLE DESTINY: Dr. Ballard's
 SONG DEDICATION: Love Letters In The Sand



GRADE

PEN



NAME: MISS SOPER

NICKNAME: Super

PROTOTYPE: Mary Worth

PASTIME: The Ballet

ASSET: Blushes

PET EXPRESSION: Well, Now.....

IDEA OF PARADISE: Playing hookey to play golf
in Luxembourg

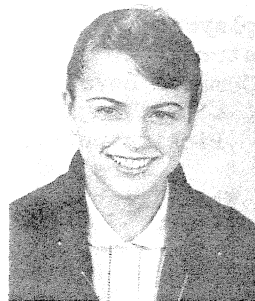
PROBABLE DESTINY: School with the rest of the
would be delinquents

SONG DEDICATION: Getting To Know You



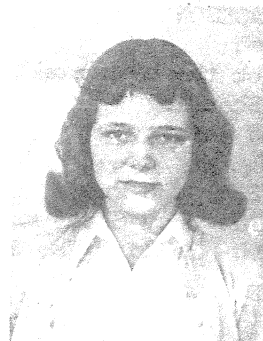
NAME: SHARON ABRA
NICKNAME: Baldy
PROTOTYPE: Coke bottle (35¢ size)
PASTIME: Looking beautiful
ASSET: Herself
PET EXPRESSION: Aw gee
IDEA OF PARADISE: Not being available
PROBABLE DESTINY: "Seven-up"
SONG DEDICATION: "I'm Available"

NAME: GWEN AUSTIN
NICKNAME: Gwenie
PROTOTYPE: Heart breaker
PASTIME: Riding on her brother's scooter
ASSET: Pony tail
PET EXPRESSION: Gee
IDEA OF PARADISE: Desert Isle
PROBABLE DESTINY: Coney Island
SONG DEDICATION: I Got To Go Get My Baby



NAME: ANNIE TRIMBLE
NICKNAME: Red
PROTOTYPE: Little orphan Annie
PASTIME: Dying her hair
ASSET: Red hair?
PET EXPRESSION: Well.....
IDEA OF PARADISE: To pitch a no-hitter
PROBABLE DESTINY: Pitcher for the Yankees
SONG DEDICATION: Sail Along Silvery Moon

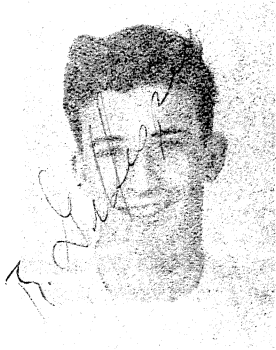
NAME: SANDRA DENTON
NICKNAME: Sandy
PROTOTYPE: A fawn
PASTIME: Movies
ASSET: Being demure
PET EXPRESSION: Gosh
IDEA OF PARADISE: Modeling lipstick
PROBABLE DESTINY: Miss Revlon
SONG DEDICATION: Little Miss Blue Eyes





NAME: ROSE DICKERSON
NICKNAME: Ichabod
PROTOTYPE: Veronica
PASTIME: Weaving a web
ASSET: Her giggle and smile
PET EXPRESSION: Are you kidding?
IDEA OF PARADISE: Good catch
PROBABLE DESTINY: Shy old woman in a home for
old folks
SONG DEDICATION: Come On To My House

NAME: MAUREEN GILL
NICKNAME: Legs
PROTOTYPE: Betty
PASTIME: Hockey players
ASSET: Platinum streak
PET EXPRESSION: Come on Boys
IDEA OF PARADISE: 4 (F) Wing
PROBABLE DESTINY: Picking potatoes in
Ireland
SONG DEDICATION: When Irish Eyes Are Smiling



NAME: RICKY GILLESPIE
NICKNAME: Rick-a-lick
PROTOTYPE: Mr. Brylcreem
PASTIME: Studying figures
ASSET: Red-blooded Canadian boy
PET EXPRESSION: What's it to ya
IDEA OF PARADISE: A little won't do yuh
PROBABLE DESTINY: Wouldn't you like to know
SONG DEDICATION: Daddy Cool

NAME: LARRY JACKSON
NICKNAME: Butch
PROTOTYPE: Jack the bean stalk
PASTIME: Boy Scouting
ASSET: Dancing ability
PET EXPRESSION: /////---
IDEA OF PARADISE: Who knows?
PROBABLE DESTINY: Boy Scout master
SONG DEDICATION: Balling The Jack





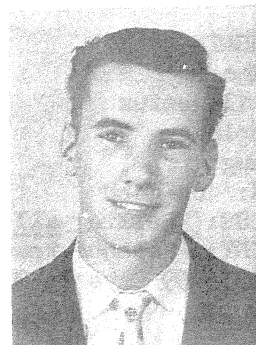
NAME: SHARON KITCHEN
NICKNAME: Sharon Lee
PROTOTYPE: Peteet Canyon
PASTIME: B ? Y S
ASSET: Roman nose
PET EXPRESSION: Oh Gads!
IDEA OF PARADISE: A posting to RMC
PROBABLE DESTINY: Isolation in Alaska
SONG DEDICATION: Who's Sorry Now?

NAME: JACK METCALFE
NICKNAME: Jake
PROTOTYPE: Mr. Magoo
PASTIME: Making Magoo eyes at all the
girls
ASSET: Scooter
PET EXPRESSION: Some day I'm gonna
leave ye
IDEA OF PARADISE: A girl in Gr 10
PROBABLE DESTINY: Getting a seeing eye dog
SONG DEDICATION: Butterfingers



NAME: KAREN SUE NELSON
NICKNAME: Suzie Cue
PROTOTYPE: Milly the model
PASTIME: Smiling at all the boys
ASSET: Good looks
PET EXPRESSION: Wee---ell
IDEA OF PARADISE: Dropping Latin (ha, ha)
PROBABLE DESTINY: Model for sacks
SONG DEDICATION: Long Tall Sally

NAME: TERRY NELSON
NICKNAME: Hugo
PROTOTYPE: Ichabod
PASTIME: Admiring himself
ASSET: Hair do
PET EXPRESSION: Hey you
IDEA OF PARADISE: Y-e-e-e-s
PROBABLE DESTINY: Domestication
SONG DEDICATION: All Shook Up





NAME: LOUISE YOUNG
NICKNAME: Louieezy
PROTOTYPE: Healthy Canadian
PASTIME: Eating--then dieting
ASSET: Dancing feet
PET EXPRESSION: What ya doin' around dinner time?
IDEA OF PARADISE: Canada
PROBABLE DESTINY: USA
SONG DEDICATION: Gee Ma I Wanta Go Home

NAME: DOUG BOLAND
NICKNAME: DAB
PROTOTYPE: A good joe
PASTIME: Dreaming of two things (home
and girls)
ASSET: Nose
PET EXPRESSION: Not more latin homework!
IDEA OF PARADISE: No school
PROBABLE DESTINY: Latin teacher
SONG DEDICATION: They Can't Stop Me From
Dreaming



NAME: GRANT EVANS
NICKNAME: Red
PROTOTYPE: Einstein
PASTIME: Collecting coins
ASSET: His brain
PET EXPRESSION: Well--um
IDEA OF PARADISE: Swimming in money
PROBABLE DESTINY: Diving for coins in a pool
SONG DEDICATION: Jailhouse Rock

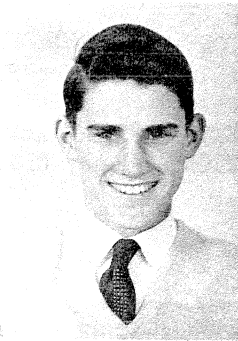
NAME: ROGER HEATH
NICKNAME: Rodge
PROTOTYPE: L'il genius
PASTIME: Sleeping
ASSET: His laugh
PET EXPRESSION: Oh gosh
IDEA OF PARADISE: Selling all his papers
PROBABLE DESTINY: Science teacher on TV
SONG DEDICATION: 99 Days In The Penitentiary





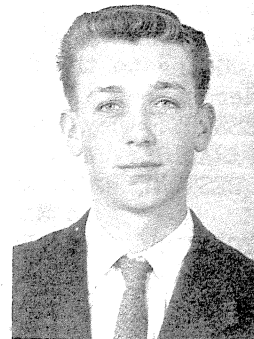
NAME: ELSIE NOBLE
NICKNAME: Dimples
PROTOTYPE: Wolf Gal
PASTIME: Chasing every Tom, Dick and/or Harry
ASSET: Her dimples
PET EXPRESSION: Holy Gads
IDEA OF PARADISE: Shocking!!
PROBABLE DESTINY: Mopping office floors
SONG DEDICATION: Kisses Sweeter Than Wine

NAME: JIM PINCOCK
NICKNAME: Charley
PROTOTYPE: Charley Brown
PASTIME: Sports
ASSET: Himself
PET EXPRESSION: Oh, sure
IDEA OF PARADISE: BEV
PROBABLE DESTINY: Dummy in Ventriloquist
show
SONG DEDICATION: Thumbelina--Male Brand



NAME: DWIGHT RODGERS
NICKNAME: Baldy
PROTOTYPE: Charles Atlas
PASTIME: Sleeping
ASSET: Ability to sleep
PET EXPRESSION: ??????
IDEA OF PARADISE: Nighttime
PROBABLE DESTINY: Immigrating to France
SONG DEDICATION: Sleepytime Joe

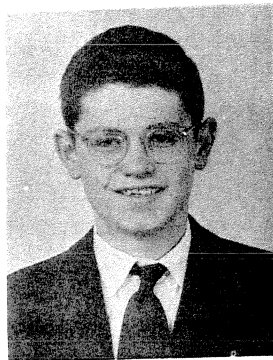
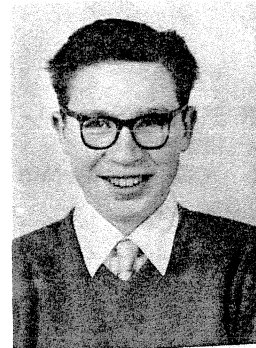
NAME: GERRY WILLIAMS
NICKNAME: Cupid
PROTOTYPE: Romeo of General Navereau
PASTIME: Shooting his bows and arrows
ASSET: Good personality
PET EXPRESSION: Bye girls
IDEA OF PARADISE: Back in the Salt Mines
of Utah
PROBABLE DESTINY: Mayor of Ottawa
SONG DEDICATION: Let Me Call You Sweetheart





NAME: SHARON KERR
 NICKNAME: L.A.
 PROTOTYPE: Kewpie doll
 PASTIME: Wrecking cars avec Mr. Young
 ASSET: Billions of friends
 PET EXPRESSION: Well, ya see.....
 IDEA OF PARADISE: A Mars of men
 PROBABLE DESTINY: Girls school
 SONG DEDICATION: April Love

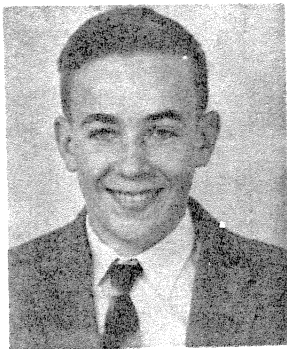
NAME: ARTHUR LEVITIN
 NICKNAME: Little Joe
 PROTOTYPE: Squish
 PASTIME: Flirting with girls
 ASSET: Hair
 PET EXPRESSION: Ya don't hey?
 IDEA OF PARADISE: To see Elvis Presley in person;
 PROBABLE DESTINY: Paul Anka
 SONG DEDICATION: Honey Chile



NAME: DAVID MAGEE
 NICKNAME: MacGoo
 PROTOTYPE: Beetle Baily
 PASTIME: Building model ships
 ASSET: Arguing
 PET EXPRESSION: Never mind
 IDEA OF PARADISE: Washing deck on the Queen Mary
 PROBABLE DESTINY: Building rowboats
 SONG DEDICATION: Way, Hey Blow The Man Down

NAME: SANDRA MITCHELL
 NICKNAME: Sandy
 PROTOTYPE: Woodbury Bride
 PASTIME: Going to the Caserne
 ASSET: Her hair
 PET EXPRESSION: Hey! kiddo
 IDEA OF PARADISE: A boy next door
 PROBABLE DESTINY: Winning the booby prize in Miss Canada contest
 SONG DEDICATION: Five Foot-Two, Eyes Of Blue





NAME: MIKE NICHOLSON
NICKNAME: Droopy
PROTOTYPE: Elvis Presley's 'Hound Dawg'
PASTIME: Looking hard
ASSET: That lazy look of concentration
PET EXPRESSION: Yeah--man
IDEA OF PARADISE: You mean you don't know!?
PROBABLE DESTINY: Grand Ole Opry
SONG DEDICATION: Old Man River

NAME: HEATHER SHEARER
NICKNAME: Freckles
PROTOTYPE: Maggie Muggins
PASTIME: Dreaming of a boy back home
ASSET: Painting
PET EXPRESSION: Oh George
IDEA OF PARADISE: City View--Ottawa
PROBABLE DESTINY: Head designer - Diors
SONG DEDICATION: Dream On



A HUMAN INTEREST STORY

"Two malted milks and one for Lora."

"Make nine cheese on rye and one for Lora."

It was noon at a cafe in a small Manitoba town. As I waited for my lunch I heard these strange orders being given at tables all around me.

"Who," I asked the waitress, "is the Lora for whom everybody seems to be ordering something?"

"Lora", she answered, "is Lora Dalem. She's in St. Paul's Hospital being fitted for artificial feet. She stumbled and crawled through the blizzard last year to get help for the thirty school children in her stalled bus. Her feet were so badly frozen that they had to amputate. Each time a customer requests "One for Lora" we put the amount of his order in that can beside the cash register and add it to his check--to pay for Lora's new feet."

"And one for Lora," I said as I paid my bill.

GRADE

NINE

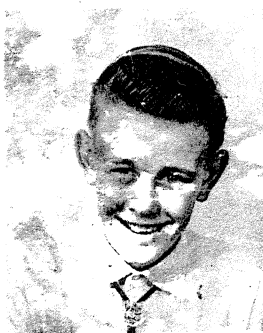


NAME: MR. HAROLD ANDERSON
NICKNAME: Andy
PROTOTYPE: Yul Brynner
PASTIME: Sharing artistic enterprises
ASSET: Musical appreciation
PET EXPRESSION: Now, that isn't lady-like
IDEA OF PARADISE: Teaching senior high
PROBABLE DESTINY: Teaching junior high and
Gr 13 Physics
SONG DEDICATION: Silhouettes



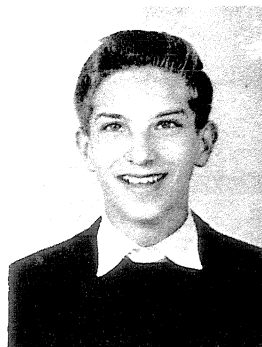
NAME: MARJORIE BARKER
NICKNAME: Squeaky
PROTOTYPE: Lucy (in Peanuts)
PASTIME: Reading wall paper
ASSET: Sense of humor
PET EXPRESSION: But why??
IDEA OF PARADISE: Bumping into someone tall
dark and handsome
/PROBABLE DESTINY: Marrying someone short and fat
SONG DEDICATION: Tenderly

NAME: CAMERON CAMPBELL
NICKNAME: Cow
PROTOTYPE: Big Man
PASTIME: Bothering his brothers
ASSET: That casual air
PET EXPRESSION: What?
IDEA OF PARADISE: Owning a combination
car, plane and train
PROBABLE DESTINY: 21st Vice President CFR
SONG DEDICATION: I've Been working On The Railroad



NAME: DENNIS CAMPBELL
NICKNAME: Dynamite
PROTOTYPE: Huckleberry Finn
PASTIME: Models
ASSET: That 'gimme sympathy' look
PET EXPRESSION: Now look here, Mac
IDEA OF PARADISE: Flying high
PROBABLE DESTINY: Chairborne
SONG DEDICATION: Don't Fence Me In

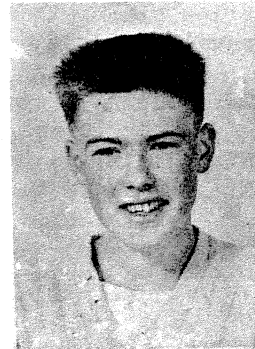
NAME: ROGER CAVANAUGH
NICKNAME: Rog
PROTOTYPE: Sad Sack
PASTIME: Getting 100% in Math.
ASSET: Accent
PET EXPRESSION: Good grief, Charlie Brown
IDEA OF PARADISE: Owning an aeroplane
PROBABLE DESTINY: Grounded for good
SONG DEDICATION: Lonesome Cowboy





NAME: DAWN DURSTON
NICKNAME: Twinkle toes s
PROTOTYPE: A polished bean pole
PASTIME: Chewing gum
ASSET: That lovely look!
PET EXPRESSION: 'shucks'
IDEA OF PARADISE: Being a fashion plate
PROBABLE DESTINY: Keeping home fires burning
SONG DEDICATION: "Raunchy"

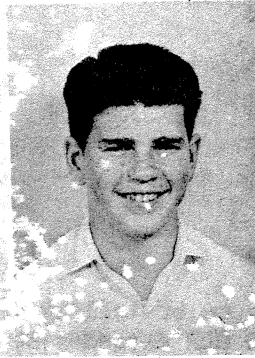
NAME: BRUCE FULLER
NICKNAME: Steve
PROTOTYPE: Hairy billiard ball
PASTIME: Draw(i)n
ASSET: The three long hairs on his chin
PET EXPRESSION: Howdy Ma'am
IDEA OF PARADISE: Cartooner for "Esquire"
PROBABLE DESTINY: Blue suede shoe salesman
SONG DEDICATION: Don't step on my blue
suede shoes



NAME: JUDY HENDREN
NICKNAME: Judith
PROTOTYPE: China Doll
PASTIME: Thinking
ASSET: Cute ears
PET EXPRESSION: Do you know what?
IDEA OF PARADISE: Being herself
PROBABLE DESTINY: Being someone else
SONG DEDICATION: I Went To The Circus One Day

NAME: DIANE KEHOE
NICKNAME: Kid
PROTOTYPE: Marilyn Monroe
PASTIME: Drawing on text book covers
ASSET: Long blonde hair
PET EXPRESSION: Oh yeah?
IDEA OF PARADISE: Art class all day
PROBABLE DESTINY: Husband who hates art
SONG DEDICATION: The Girl Can't Help it





NAME: KEIR KITCHEN
NICKNAME: Kitch
PROTOTYPE: Alberta Ranch Owner
PASTIME: American girls
ASSET: Pug nose
PET EXPRESSION: What a doll
IDEA OF PARADISE: Being a ranch owner in Alta.
PROBABLE DESTINY: Milking cows in Ontario
SONG DEDICATION: Home On The Range

NAME: MICHELLE LALANDE
NICKNAME: Marcel
PROTOTYPE: Marcia
PASTIME: Asking neighbours for history
ans.

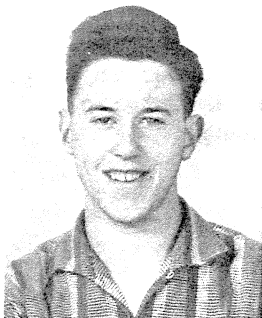
ASSET: Big brown eyes
PET EXPRESSION: It's not true
IDEA OF PARADISE: A world tour
PROBABLE DESTINY: Losing her passport in
Communist China
SONG DEDICATION: The Happy Wanderer



NAME: PETER REMPEL
NICKNAME: Pete
PROTOTYPE: His father
PASTIME: Collecting coins
ASSET: Big feet
PET EXPRESSION: Izzat so?
IDEA OF PARADISE: Being a millionaire
PROBABLE DESTINY: Owning a million l@ gum
machines
SONG DEDICATION: 3 Coins In A Fountain

NAME: IAN STUART
NICKNAME: Hero
PROTOTYPE: Gregory Peck
PASTIME: Making noises
ASSET: Height
PET EXPRESSION: Ah!!!
IDEA OF PARADISE: Flying jet planes
PROBABLE DESTINY: Selling model CF-100s
SONG DEDICATION: Tall Timber





NAME: GORDON TRIMBLE
NICKNAME: Billy
PROTOTYPE: Sterling Moss
PASTIME: Washing his Volkswagen
ASSET: New Shirts
PET EXPRESSION: Are you asking me or telling me?
IDEA OF PARADISE: Owning a 300 SLR Mercedes-Benz
PROBABLE DESTINY: Coasting through life in a VW
SONG DEDICATION: I'm Not A Juvenile Delinquent

NAME: NORMA WARD
NICKNAME: Norm
PROTOTYPE: Dorothy Malone
PASTIME: Combing her hair
ASSET: Her long hair
PET EXPRESSION: My gosh!
IDEA OF PARADISE: A free beauty parlour
PROBABLE DESTINY: Buying a Toni refill
SONG DEDICATION: Blue Moon



Nancy Wright



NAME: NANCY WRIGHT
NICKNAME: Blondie
PROTOTYPE: The Campbell soup kid
PASTIME: Flirting
ASSET: Freckles
PET EXPRESSION: Darn it
IDEA OF PARADISE: To stay single
PROBABLE DESTINY: Proud Mother
SONG DEDICATION: Just Between You And Me

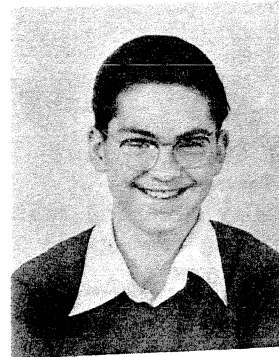
NAME: PAT VARALEAU
NICKNAME: Tiny
PROTOTYPE: Mami Van Doren
PASTIME: Writing letters
ASSET: Good handwriting
PET EXPRESSION: Well golly
IDEA OF PARADISE: Hollywood
PROBABLE DESTINY: Dramatic actress
SONG DEDICATION: 26 Miles





NAME: MICHAEL HENDREN
NICKNAME: Little Mike
PROTOTYPE: Sweet pea
PASTIME: Avoiding girls
ASSET: Grin
PET EXPRESSION: Gee whiz
IDEA OF PARADISE: Married to Jayne Mansfield
PROBABLE DESTINY: Jockey
SONG DEDICATION: Five Foot Two??

NAME: GORDON LIGHT
NICKNAME: Short Circuit
PROTOTYPE: Francis
PASTIME: Listening to Pat Boone
ASSET: Sense of humor
PET EXPRESSION: Do I have to?
IDEA OF PARADISE: Living with Pat Boone
PROBABLE DESTINY: Living with little Richard
SONG DEDICATION: Goody Goody



*Best of Luck Money
Dick*



NAME: RICHARD MEEHAN
NICKNAME: Dick
PROTOTYPE: Speedy
PASTIME: Whistling
ASSET: Eyes
PET EXPRESSION: How's that grab yah?
IDEA OF PARADISE: Million dollars and a Ford
Thunderbird
PROBABLE DESTINY: 2¢ and a Model T
SONG DEDICATION: Transfusion

NAME: RICHARD NOBLE
NICKNAME: Bagot
PROTOTYPE: Himself
PASTIME: Looking up words in the dictionary
ASSET: Heavy set eyebrows
PET EXPRESSION: Um--yeah
IDEA OF PARADISE: Bagotville, Que.
PROBABLE DESTINY: 4 Fighter Wing
SONG DEDICATION: Open The Door Richard





NAME: FRANCES LEVITIN
NICKNAME: Pee-wee
PROTOTYPE: Cave lady
PASTIME: Lending homework
ASSET: Black hair and brown eyes
PET EXPRESSION: Oh you -
IDEA OF PARADISE: Being giant among midgets
PROBABLE DESTINY: Bubble dancer
SONG DEDICATION: O You Beautiful Doll

NAME: BRIAN THOMAS
NICKNAME: Tomcat
PROTOTYPE: Day dreaming philosopher
PASTIME: Hiding from girls
ASSET: Brown eyes
PET EXPRESSION: /////
IDEA OF PARADISE: Listening to his records
in the show
PROBABLE DESTINY: Theatre manager
SONG DEDICATION: Don't Fence Me In



NAME: DONNA COOKE
NICKNAME: Don
PROTOTYPE: Tinker Bell
PASTIME: Flirting
ASSET: Curly hair
PET EXPRESSION: Wow, lookit him
IDEA OF PARADISE: Boys, boys and more boys
PROBABLE DESTINY: Opera singer
SONG DEDICATION: I'm Available

NAME: JIM COOKE
NICKNAME: Cookie
PROTOTYPE: The tinker
PASTIME: Reading
ASSET: Personality
PET EXPRESSION: Yeah
IDEA OF PARADISE: To be posted to Halifax
PROBABLE DESTINY: St Hubert (ha ha)
SONG DEDICATION: Crazy Love





Karen Schroeter

NAME: KAREN SCHROETER
NICKNAME: Kari
PROTOTYPE: Daisy Mae
PASTIME: Heading her class
ASSET: Smile
PET EXPRESSION: How's life been treating you?
IDEA OF PARADISE: Tea for two
PROBABLE DESTINY: Picnic with a crowd
SONG DEDICATION: All I Have To Do Is Dream

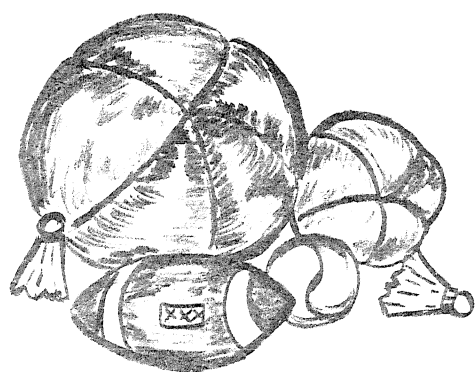
NAME: ROBERT TOWERY
NICKNAME: Towner
PROTOTYPE: Short Texan with a tall mind
PASTIME: Promoting Texas
ASSET: Wave and wad
PET EXPRESSION: Yeah---well
IDEA OF PARADISE: Million acre ranch in
the lone star state
PROBABLE DESTINY: Selling sun tan oil in
Nova Scotia
SONG DEDICATION: Deep In The Heart Of Texas



Gail Trimble

NAME: GAIL TRIMBLE
NICKNAME: Gai
PROTOTYPE: Little Audrey
PASTIME: Rearranging her bedroom
ASSET: Bangs
PET EXPRESSION: Gee whiz
IDEA OF PARADISE: Working with Rock and
Roll stars
PROBABLE DESTINY: Selling classical records
SONG DEDICATION: 10,000 Bedrooms

SPORTS



ACTIVITIES

FIRE PREVENTION DAY

A fire alarm suddenly sounded its urgent appeal through the school. Students in all classes dropped everything, trooped down the halls, and quickly filed outside in orderly fashion. Once out of the school, the students were greeted by a surprise. The station fire warden gave a lecture on fire prevention and demonstrated methods of extinguishing material, chemical, and electrical fires. Some students were also given a chance to try the different fire extinguishers. It was a very agreeable way to promote a very important cause---fire prevention.

Ted Ronberg

ELECTION OF THE STUDENT COUNCIL

With vigorous campaigning and undaunted enthusiasm, the election of the high school officers got off to a great start. The presidential candidates who incited this enthusiasm were: Gail Dolan, Nancy Godwin, Earl Austin, and Doug Pincock.

Banners, posters, and streamers decked the halls and covered almost every available space. Supporters wore buttons and paper hats advertising their candidates.

The victor of the election was Gail Dolan, president, and as her vice-president, the person of the opposite sex who polled the most votes, Earl Austin. Karen Sue Nelson, from Grade 10, was elected secretary, and, from Grade 11, Fern Wonnacott was elected treasurer. Then the classes each elected their representative. With these officers, the students of General Navereal looked forward to a bigger and better year.

Ted Ronberg

R E M E M B R A N C E D A Y

November 11th, 1957 was commemorated by an assembly held in the kindergarten room with all the students of both schools attending. A wreath was placed by the youngest members of the High School. The two minute silence was followed by a short talk given by Padre Pippy who impressed upon us the sacrifice given by those who fought for our freedom.

NANCY GODWIN

FALL BALL

The Fall Ball, presented by last year's Student Council, was the first big dance of the year. The most memorable event at the dance was the announcement of the nominees for this year's Student Council. The room was decorated with colourful leaves which gave an Autumn atmosphere to the room.

Jackie Abra

CARNIVAL CRAWL

Fun! That's what we wanted, and that's what we got. All you had to do was leave your troubles and join the crowd.

There were all sorts of games and prizes. They featured a fish pond, penny toss booth, ring toss, dart throw (teachers provided), a door prize, and last, but not least, a contest for the smallest and largest feet (results censored).

The decorations were beautiful, adding much to the atmosphere of a real carnival. In fact, there was even carnival music going 'till the couples settled down from the lively pitch of the games to a more serious "dancing mood".

The chaperones, Miss Kinsella and Mr. Hawkes, took this in their stride and seemed to really enjoy themselves also.

Refreshments of hotdogs and punch were served at intermission time.

The whole event was sponsored by the new Student's Council, and in my opinion can be termed a great success.

"ANONYMOUS" Williams

SADIE HAWKIN'S

Sadie Hawkin's week started off with the girls "patching" the boys at noon on Monday amid howls from the boys that they were being stabbed. On Thursday and Friday, things got into full swing with the boys, their hair parted in the middle, wearing aprons, earrings, and rouge. The girls looked just as outlandish in shirts and ties, on backwards, and unmatching shoes and socks. The dance itself was a real success -- right down to the "Kickapoo Joy Juice". A prize for the best patches went to Jackie Abra and Dennis Simmons. Chaperones for the evening were Miss Rowley, Miss Caty, Mr. Hawkes, and Mr. Leatham. (We were surrounded!)

Jackie Abra

CHRISTMAS DANCE

The Christmas Dance was put on by the PMQ council and everyone turned out in his best array. All the Wings were invited but only 2 (F) Wing and few people from 3 (F) Wing managed to come. A singing group from the Caserne entertained and were well received. Mistletoe was covering the ceiling (I won't go into detail about that!) and there were Christmas trees giving a holiday atmosphere to the room. The Sergeants' Mess served a buffet which was really delicious! Then after a few more dances everyone left feeling well satisfied with the dance.

Sharon Abra

2 (F) WING DANCE

Grostenquin teenagers held their second annual Christmas dance on January 3. The attractively decorated gym lent itself to our holiday mood, and soon we were swinging and swaying to the music of the Divisionaires. All the Wings, Metz, and Trier were well-represented, and in no time we were mingling with new-found friends. One of the highlights of the evening was a Rock and Roll contest. Some boys from Marville sang for us as well. A delicious buffet dinner was served and more dancing followed. All too soon, the witching hour came and we had to leave--tired but happy.

Nancy Godwin

WAIKIKI NIGHT

On January 17, the Grade 11 class put on a Hawaiian dance. The room was gaily decorated with colourful streamers strung across the ceiling and tree twigs with paper flowers were scattered about the room. As each person entered the room, a lei was placed around his neck. The door prize was a large pineapple and the other prizes were dates and coconuts which were appropriate to the theme. The Grade 11's also presented a short skit which was enjoyed by all. We were very pleased to have Miss Kinsella and Mr. Anderson chaperone our dance. It was a wonderful dance and everyone thoroughly enjoyed himself.

Bev. Smith

BLACK BEARD'S BALL

Pirates, treasure, fishnet, and "water, water everywhere" carried out the theme of Grade 10's dance "Black Beard's Ball". During intermission, penalties acquired throughout the evening were paid. Ian Stuart was taken for an aeroplane ride and wavering wildly, pulled down the fishnet of ballons attached to the ceiling. When the scramble was over, Dennis Simmans, blindfolded, was guided through an obstacle course, stepping carefully over and around imaginary barriers. Nancy Wright walked the plank as her penalty. Pirate Dave Magee, after carefully following a treasure map, found heaps of chocolate doubloons which he tossed to the greedy throng. At 11:30 PM, the pirates sailed off in triumph with their captives in tow.

Donna Mac.

STARDUST

Dreamy music, gleaming stars, blue lights, Romeo and Juliet - what more is needed. On Friday, Feb 21, the Grades 12 and 13 combined to put on their Stardust dance. Musical notes and stars on the curtains, blue and white streamers floating from the ceiling, glittering silvery blue stars on both ceiling and curtains transformed the kindergarten room into a sparkling dreamland.

The chaperones were Mr. Hawkes and Miss Rowley. The surprise of the evening was Mr. Hawkes' revelation of his hidden talent - he can yodel! Another highlight of the night was the modern-day version of Romeo and Juliet presented by the students. Later, angel cake and punch were served. Programmes and musical notes were taken home as mementoes of a wonderful night of dancing "beneath the stars".

Donna Mac.

THE BUNNY HOP

In March, the Student Council presented our Easter dance-- the Bunny Hop. Even though there wasn't a very big crowd, the dance was a great success. The girls were especially pleased because for the first time this year, there were more boys than girls!! The room was well decorated with bunnies and streamers. In one corner a big bunny stood looking out over the floor from amidst his Easter eggs. Before the last dance, balloons cascaded down from a net on the ceiling. Everyone left after an evening well-spent, the girls clutching balloons as souvenirs.

Jackie Abra

BLOSSOM BALL

Our last dance, the Blossom Ball, was presented by Grade 9 on Friday, May 2. Chaperones were Miss Leggat and Mr. Anderson and the dance was a great success. The curtains were covered with pretty pink flowers and, entwining like vines on the wall were pink and yellow roses. Because it was so warm, we had our cake and punch outside on the steps. All in all it was a wonderful dance.

Sharon Abra



BOYS' FOOTBALL TEAM

BACK: Mr. Leatham (coach), Ian Stuart, Ricky Gillespie, Gerry Willians,
Eric Metcalfe, Doug Pincock.

FRONT: David Godwin, Jack Metcalfe, Jim Pincock, Earl Austin,
Michel Dansereau.

FOOTBALL

The high-school football was climaxed by two winning games against 2 (F) Wing, General Navereau's chief rival. Mainly because of lack of equipment, the teams again played six man touch. The all-round play was better this year with faster running and pass plays. Also of interest were the two games against the Western Grey Cup team and the House League.

HOUSE LEAGUE

Although the schedule was never finished, the house league proved a great success. The three teams were almost equal and the rivalry was strong. The captains were Gerry Williams, Jim Pincock, and Ricky Gillespie. When the league finally stopped, Jim Pincock's team were out on top but the others were hot on their heels. The games were exciting, including one game played in thick mud and pouring rain.

SCHOOL TEAM

The school team was an all-star team picked from the house league players. Although we only played four games, the team won three out of the four. The rules were changed to flag football and everyone was allowed to block.

In the first game against the West, they sent us to defeat. The game was exciting with both teams showing good play. The West, however, got a touchdown in the last two minutes and carried off a 24-18 victory.

In the return match, the High School won a thrilling 22-21 victory. The teams matched each other touchdown for touchdown, and the deciding factor was a punt by Doug Pincock into the end zone.

We played our first game with 2 (F) Wing at Grostenquin. Their field proved to be smaller than ours, but we sent them to the showers with a 22-6 defeat. Their team was not at full strength because of Asiatic flu. Our fast running and passing attack outdazzled their

team completely, but the game kept up the keen rivalry between the two schools.

The next game we played on our home field and proceeded to our second victory. The 2 (F) Wing team was at full strength, and the game was much closer. Our team, led by a fast backfield and glue-fingered ends, carried off the decision 37-27.

Jim Pincock



CHEERLEADERS

Jackie Abra, David Godwin, Nancy Godwin, Maureen Gill,
Bruce Fuller, Donna MacMurchy.

CHEERLEADING

In spite of pitched battle between the boys and the girls, cheerleading was very enjoyable this year. The cheerleaders at the first of the year were Donna MacMurchy, Bruce Fuller, Nancy Godwin, Dave Godwin, and Jackie Abra. Then when we lost Nancy to basketball, Maureen Gill joined our ranks. We cheered at the volleyball tournament and all the basketball games, and we're told we were a big success. The girls wore black sweaters and skirts, gold neckerchiefs, and black and gold ribbons; the boys, yellow V-necks and black (?) trousers. Until we lost our voices, we cheered our teams on to victory!

Jackie Abra

HOCKEY

This year, for the first time, General Navereau had a hockey team. In spite of the fact that we were the only school without a rink to practise on, enthusiasm was high and we formed a team to enter the high school tournament.

Before the tournament we played an exhibition game against 2 (F) Wing. We only had one decent forward line and three defensemen and lost rather ingloriously by a 12-1 score.

At the tournament the team was somewhat stronger. In the first game we were again defeated by the very strong 2 (F) Wing team who won the tournament. The score was 13-4.

Then in the afternoon, we finally won a game as we defeated 1 (F) Wing 11-4. Our passing in this game was very good and the 1 (F) Wing team was outplayed completely.

In the final game, we played the 4 (F) Wing team and lost 12-3.

Although we won only one game, our playing improved immensely as the tournament progressed. A few defensive lapses cost us many a goal and were responsible for the high score. This is probably a result of the fact that most of our players have not played for about two years. Even so, the school need not be ashamed of her hockey team.

Doug Pincock



BOYS HOCKEY TEAM

BACK: Mr. Leatham (coach), Michel Dansereau, Eddie Gaudet,
Peter Bell, Larry Jackson, Ian Stuart, Dwight Rodgers.
FRONT: Jack Metcalfe, Ricky Gillespie, Doug Pincock,
Jack Boland, Jim Pincock.

VOLLEYBALL

One day in the fall, the girls' and boys' volleyball teams and the cheerleaders set out for 3 (F) Wing to a volleyball tournament which included all the Wings except 1 (F) Wing, Air Div., and Trier. The boys placed third, beaten by 4 (F) Wing and 3 (F) Wing, in that order. However the girls saved the day for Metz by placing first with a perfect score of wins.

Jackie Abra



GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL TEAM

BACK ROW: Miss Kinsella (coach), Carolyn Jackson, Angela Olsson,
Karen Sue Nelson, Janet Williams, Jackie Abra, Karen Shroeder,
Bev Smith (scorer-timer)
FRONT: Maureen Gill, Sharon Abra, Gwen Austin, Gail Dolan,
Diane Kehoe, Donna MacMurchy, Nancy Godwin.



BOYS' VOLLEYBALL TEAM

BACK: Ian Stuart, Michel Dansereau, Gerry Willians, Terry Nelson,
Eric Metcalfe, Earl Austin, Mr. Leatham (coach).

FRONT: Ricky Gillespie, Jack Metcalfe, Skip Dolan, Jim Pincock,
Doug Pincock.

BOYS BASKETBALL

On January 16, the boys got the season underway on the right foot by downing 1 (F) Wing 43-40 on our home floor. Jim Pincock topped our team with his 16 points. (It looks as if he got started off the right foot, too.)

In the second game, also played on our home floor, our boys fought their way to a 55-43 victory over 2 (F) Wing, pulling ahead from a 23-24 score at half time. Jim Pincock was again in fine form, dropping in 28 points.

On the 1 (F) Wing floor for the next game, our team squeezed through, victorious, with a 27-26 score. Ricky Gillespie topped the boys with 9 points while Jim Pincock assisted with 8.

On February 6, we trampled 3 (F) Wing on our home floor in a 61-24 triumph. Doug Pincock sank 17 points while Ricky Gillespie and Gerry Williams ran up 16 points each.

The next game, played at 2 (F) Wing, was an unfortunate one for Metz as our boys came out on the short end of a 51-38 score. Doug Pincock put in 14 points in a losing effort.

The following week, we racked up 69 points to 3 (F) Wing's 50 in the final game of the schedule, played at 3 (F) Wing. High scorer was Doug Pincock who sank 21 points.

With the season finished and 5 wins to our credit to only one loss, our team entered the final battle with 2 (F) Wing in a two game total point series. The first game was played away and, in spite of some foreboding superstition on the part of the players, we won the day with a score of 53-49. Doug Pincock topped the boys with his 18 points.

We met 2 (F) Wing again on our home floor on March 7 and sewed up

the championship nicely with a 55-28 score. The fans were out in force with gay hats and moisemakers. It was a gala day at Metz! Doug Pincock outdid himself as he ran up a score of 26 points!

The big silver cup in the hall of the school attests to the boys' success this season. Congratulations, team!

Jackie Abra



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

BACK: Mr. Leatham (coach), Gerry Willians, Terry Nelson, Ricky Gillespie, Ian Stuart.

FRONT: Jack Metcalfe, Jim Pincock, Doug Pincock, Skip Dolan.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The opening game of the season was played on our home floor against 1 (F) Wing who won the game 19-12. Gail Dolan and Janet Williams were high scorers with 4 points each.

The second game against 2 (F) Wing here at Metz was a different story. Our girls won hands down with a score of 35-2. Karen Sue Nelson and Gail Dolan topped out team, each one sinking 10 points.

We played the next game at 1 (F) Wing and came out on the bottom of a 20-13 score. Again Karen Sue Nelson and Gail Dolan were top scorers, this time with 4 points each.

Back on our own floor, the team was victorious against 3 (F) Wing. The score was 19-14 with Karen Sue Nelson dropping in 10 of our 19 points.

The next week at 2 (F) Wing the score was lopsided in our favour as our girls ran up a score of 30 points to 2 (F) Wing's 3. Karen Sue Nelson was again high scorer with 10 points while Janet Williams was close behind with 8 points.

The last game of the schedule was played at 3 (F) Wing and the girls finished off the season in style by downing 3 (F) Wing 19-10. Gail Dolan paced the team with 10 points.

Since our team held second place, we then met the first place 1 (F) Wing team for a two game total point series. The first game was played on our home floor, and the over-confident 1 (F) Wing girls almost went down to defeat. But at the final whistle, they held the day with the long end of a 19-16 score.

Our team went into the second game at 1 (F) Wing with terrific fighting spirit, and the game was breathless to watch. At the final whistle, the total points stood tied at 35. The teams lined up for a

three minute battle to decide who should win the coveted cup. The 1 (F) Wing girls won the day with 4 points in overtime to our 2. Gail Dolan topped our efforts with 12 points, 2 of which she got in the overtime.

The girls had a very good season and played hard right up to the final whistle. As the Dodgers have always said, "Wait till next year!" when our team will be out fighting to bring back the cup.

Jackie Abra



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

BACK: Miss Kinsella (coach), Louise Young, Carolyn Jackson, Karen Sue Nelson, Sharron Kerr, Nancy Godwin, Nancy Wright.
FRONT: Margaret Ward, Bev Smith, Gail Dolan, Janet Williams, Fern Wonnacott, Sharon Abra.

LITERARY



SECTION

DRIVING IN FRANCE

Many Canadians and Americans visiting France become angry with the French drivers. Why do the visitors dislike the French driving habits, and is this dislike justified?

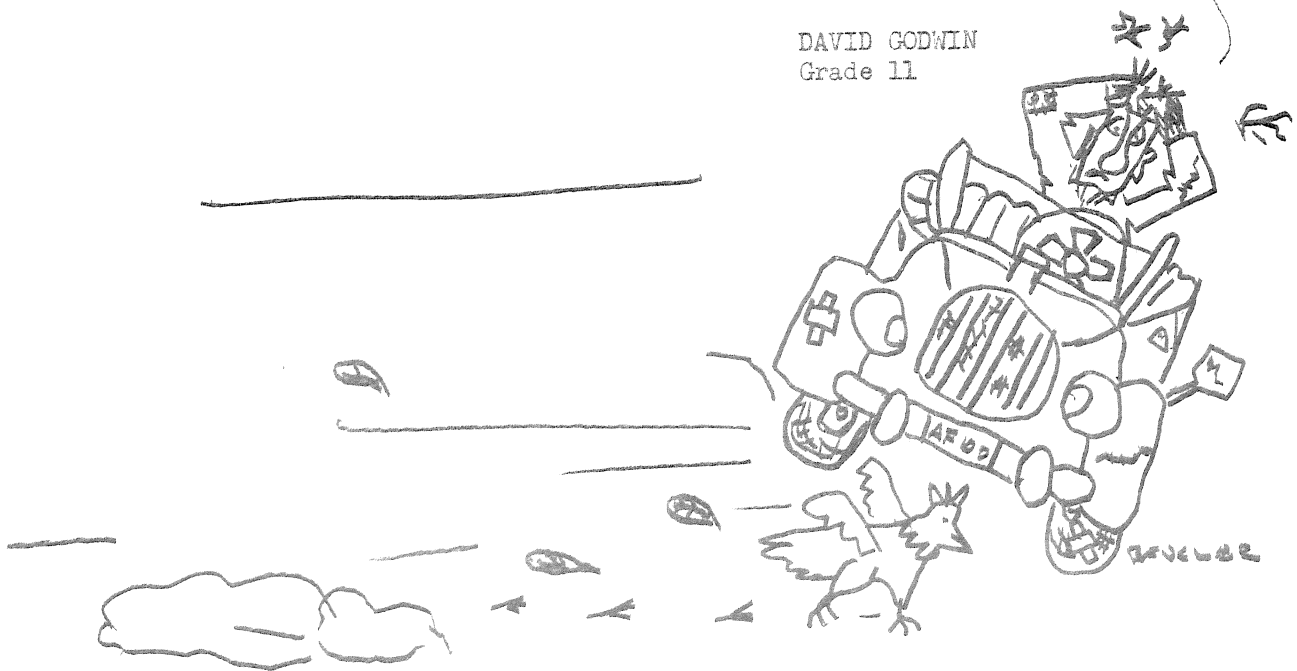
There is nothing wrong with the way the French drive if one first becomes accustomed to it. Driving in France is like a game of chicken, a test of nerves, and a control of temper. For example, when a person is cruising down the highway and approaches a hill or curve where he cannot see what is coming, he should automatically slow down because nine out of ten times there will be a Frenchman heading towards him over the centre line. On the highways there is no speed limit and the speed limit in towns is seldom obeyed regardless of the fact that the roads in France are usually narrow, twisty, and tree-lined.

One first has to anticipate the actions of the other driver and then act accordingly. For instance, when a car nearing an intersection pulls over to the right -- lookout. He is really going to make a left turn, or if he swings to the left, he is making a right turn. It is very simple. One always knows exactly what is going to happen.

Beware also of cyclists and motorists who turn without even looking to see what is coming. Pedestrians have a favorite habit of crossing a road without looking. Maybe they think that if they do not see what is coming they will not know what hit them.

One should not drive in France unless his brakes are good and his reflexes are quick enough to swerve out of the way of pedestrians, cyclists, and cars that dart out of nowhere across the front of his car. This is all part of the game. Remember that the only people on the streets are the quick and the dead.

DAVID GODWIN
Grade 11



ADVENTURE STALKS THE CLASSROOM

Have you stopped to think about all the work and thought that goes into our school books; of course not. But, take French as an example. To brighten up these classes we have been given a little red book of stories in French. Tricky, isn't it?

Take the story we've just completed. It could be about a member of the French resistance; underwater diving in the Mediterranean; Paris after dark; anyone of a hundred things. Is it? No, it's about Boum-Boum.

Let us critically review the story.

Petit François, a pauvre garçon if we ever saw one, is sick, desperately sick. He has lost all interest in life and has rambled on about giving all of his shoes to the other garçons.

The doctor says he must be interested, so in a tense scene, Mama says, "What do you want?"

"I want Boum-Boum,"

Who is Boum-Boum? Papa remembers that B.B. is a circus clown and whenever he falls everyone yells, "Bravo B.B.". And so we stumble onto the next bit of thrilling translation; will B.B. make Petit François laugh? Of course he will; every newspaper in the country will probably use this to add a little colour.

Anyway, everything works out, and after kissing François on both cheeks, our jocular clown runs off.

Such excitement, such suspense, and after that we'll turn to Latin where Pater, Julius and Julia in the guise of a visit to Rome try to trick us into liking Latin. What thrills! It almost makes me forget to yawn.

ROGER HEATH
Grade 10

HERMAN

One day my daddy took me to the zoo. It was a lovely zoo -- and the first animal we came to I said "Daddy statsat?"

He answered quite fatherly, "Why that's a bear."

"Oh, daddy," I screamed, "can I have him? He's such a nice little old bear. Oh opeeeeeeeese daddy -- I'll take real good care of him and I'll call him Herman, after you."

"Well," stuttered father, "oh, all right, you can have him. But remember you feed him, take him out at night, comb him, clean up after him and change his water bowl."

The next morning as I left for school I yelled back, "Good-by Mommy, good-by Daddy, and good-by Herman."

It was a lovely day as I walked home for lunch. When I reached the house and went in hoping to find Mom and Dad eating dinner, I saw only Dad and Herman. "Daddy? Where's Mommy?"

"Herman ate her," father replied grandly.

"Herman. Did you eat my mommy?" Herman shook his head sheepishly. I yelled angrily at him saying, "If you do that again I'm gonna take you back to the zoo." He understood me quite clearly.

After lunch I left again for school, saying "Good-by Daddy, and good-by Herman."

Returning home after school, I intended to ask Daddy to take me to the movie on Saturday, but as I entered the kitchen and saw only Herman, I yelled with a gulp, "Herman, if you ate my father..." Herman shook his head.

"All right, this is the last straw. You have to go back to the zoo. You've been a naughty, naughty bear. Come on." Just as I clung onto his arm a great big tear went rolling down his big, brown face and splashed to the floor with a splat. He looked at me with those huge glassy eyes, and I just couldn't take him back to that dirty, stinky, old zoo.

"But remember," I warned, "This is your last chance. The next time you have to go back!"

The next morning I woke to find my mommy and daddy beside my bed with big smiles upon their faces. With a burst of joy I asked, "Daddy, what happened--I mean, you're here!"

After a moment of hesitation, father looked at me, then said, "Herman burped!"

KAREN SUE NELSON
Grade 10

22/22

AMOUR

Amour, amour, toi qui fais les délices du printemps,
Toi qui viens frais comme la brise du vent,
Toi qui enrichis cette terre de jouissances,
D'où te vient cette grande puissance?

On te trouve partout sur le chemin,
Où tu nous engloutis comme un ravin;
Ta puissance est-elle pareille,
Quand tu nous troubles dans notre sommeil?

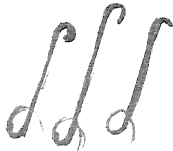
Et par ta dévorante passion,
Tu transformes d'anges en démons
Fous de chair et de désirs lancinants,
Ces hommes qui étaient sages et innocents
Et que tu dâmes sans pitié
Comme des chiens chassés à coups de pied.

Qu'as-tu fait de toute ta splendeur?
Tu triches et nous transformes en voleur;
Dans ce monde tu jouis de tes caprices
Qui sont, trop de fois hélas, des malices.
Tu peux être fier de toi
D'abriter tous ces hommes sous ton toit.

Amour, toi qui es la cause des malheurs et des joies,
Tu règues sur la terre comme un roi
Sur tous tes fidèles de différentes races
Tous, sans exception, suivent la trace
Que tu leur as indiquée;
Ils obéissent sans hésiter
Et te suivent comme des chiens de chasses après le gibier.

Tu as donc raison d'être orgueilleux, O roi,
Que feraient l'univers et les hommes sans toi?

Michel Dansereau
Grade 13



THE UNKNOWN

Among the battered forts of Metz lies one of the many who fell in battle. His grave bears no inscription, but a twisted piece of a propeller and part of a plane's wing shows that he was a flyer. Pine boughs and flowers have been entwined on the crooked wooden cross and someone has thoughtfully encircled his resting place with stones. Although ruins of his own making, instead of carefully tended grass, surround this brave one, somehow the tributes paid by passers-by hold more meaning than those which large monuments had rows of neatly painted crosses ever could. The villagers nearby do not know whether he was friend or foe in life, but still some care for the lonely grave in the hope that their fallen loved ones will be treated the same where they, too, lie among the unknown.

DIANE KEHOE
Grade 9

——— s s r ———

-THE PEASANT-

The hands, the sweat, the much used soil:
The dirty work, back-breaking toil;
Endless times a day around the field,
Begging the earth, her soul to yield
Fruit and grain, food for his home.

Aching arms, tired legs, straining again,
He drudges on till sunset for only then
Can he come home to rest, be with his wife
Find respite from the turmoil that makes his life,
And gain new strength to meet the coming day.

GERRY WILLIAMS
Grade 10

——— s s r ———

BLIND DATE

A tall, slender figure sauntered across the green campus of Spencer School for Girls, oblivious to everything around her.

"Page Lee Forrester!" a sharp, feminine voice cut across the quiet air.

"Kimmie!" Page shouted, gleefully, and embraced her friend.

Ten minutes later found them sipping milk shakes in a deserted milk bar.

"...and then I mentioned you," Kimmie was saying, her face alight with pleasure. "Wouldn't you like to go to the dance?"

Page tiredly pushed back her black braid and sighed.

"Yes," she agreed slowly, "but not on a blind date."

"And why not?" Kimmie demanded hotly. "I know Dan and he's wonderful. Why, if I weren't going steady with Ron, I'd jump at the chance to go out with Dan!"

"Well nothing!" It's all settled. I'll phone Dan tonight and he'll pick you up about nine thirty, tomorrow night, I imagine."

"Yikes, what gets me into these things?" Page moaned that evening, as she hastily curled her hair. "Of course he's said to be the most popular boy at Dunniny, but why didn't he ask a girl earlier?"

The question was still unanswered when she fell asleep an hour later.

The air was filled with shouting and laughing in Spencer House the following evening. Excited, giggling girls ran from room to room in swishing, colored crinolines. Shoes, nylons, and makeup cases were scattered everywhere.

Page, alone in her room, stood shakily in front of her floor-length mirror, her large, brown eyes startled and afraid. Clutching her cold hands, she wondered how she could get through the evening.

"You'd think I'd never been to a dance before!" she exclaimed aloud.

Her hair hung softly down her back. The white chiffon gown hugged her body in graceful folds. In appearance, she was calm, cool and collected, but inside she was in a turmoil.

She sank onto her bed in despair. Frantically she tried to remember what Kimmie had said Dan was interested in.

"Let's see," she thought, "football, jazz, MG's and Coney Island."

Suddenly a horrible thought entered her head. What if her dress ripped, or she talked too loud?

"Why did I ever agree to go to the dance?" she miserably asked herself. "Dan is probably an ogre!"

The minutes flew by quickly....too quickly for Page, who found herself descending the stairs to meet her escort. Dan's six foot two towered over Page's pert five foot eight. His bright, blue eyes looked amusedly into her serious brown ones, and he firmly linked her arm through his.

"Perhaps it will be okay after all," Page said to herself as she shyly glanced up at his handsome profile.

Twirling across the dance floor to the melody of the Blue Danube, Page and Dan were silent.

BLIND DATE (cont'd)

After all Kimmie said about Coney Island, jazz and MG's, Dan did not mention them at all and the only thing he said of football was to invite her up to see the next game.

"Silly," Page scolded herself scornfully, "To think that Dan would turn out to be an ogre!" "If he is," she added, "he's certainly a tame one!"

All Page's fears of an uncomfortable evening vanished.

At two A.M. they were sitting on the steps of Spencer House, their hands linked.

"It's been a wonderful evening for me, Page," Dan, said quietly in a serious voice.

"Me too," she agreed happily.

"To tell you the truth, I've never taken a girl to a dance, before," he blurted out, "other than my sister, that is."

Mary Olsson
Grade 11

THE DEATH of an ELK

The great bull elk was running for his life. His tongue hung out the side of his mouth, and foam was on his muzzle as he wove in and out of the spruce and alder fringe. He came to a deep ravine; beyond it lay safety. With a final effort he cleared it. Panting for breath and shaking with fear he stood for a few minutes and then turned his keen nose up-wind in order to catch the scent of his pursuers.

Finally with strange animal wisdom he charted a course which held no danger. He was in the great border country, between the rocks and forests of the east and the wheat lands of the west. He took a trail leading into the spruce fringe.

For many days he was followed and the distance was beginning to tell on him.

But then the chase closed in. Even his great skill seemed to count little against a band of wolves. He was cornered, and for a split moment he hesitated against making a last suicidal charge. Action followed quickly. The band circled around him. He held off the first few charges, but the fight was too much for him. The wolves made quick work of him and the old master of the elk was nothing now but a small heap of bones.

Ricky Gillespie
Grade 10

THE UNHEEDED FORECAST

It was only a piece of gray cloth, insignificant in appearance, but for fifteen-year old Erich Adler it was to become of tremendous importance. Erich had been out exploring by himself and came into the shell-blasted bunker to rummage around.

He had already found a helmet when he saw the cloth. It was part of a shirt, with the collar still attached. On the inside of the collar were the printed words: "ERICH ADLER W 3752." He thought it an odd coincidence and pocketed the cloth. He kept the helmet because it was of different design than the usual World War I helmets, being rather like a coal scuttle.

When he showed his souvenirs to the rest of the family they weren't interested.

"Throw that helmet away," said his mother. Those sort of things are wicked."

"Oh, Erich, I'll bet you put that name there on that collar with your own hands," laughed his father.

With this reception, Erich decided to throw the things away. But that night he had a dream, a terrible nightmare.

He dreamt he was a soldier fighting for Hitler. He had been in some hard fighting and during a lull in the battle he stumbled onto an abandoned bunker into which he went for a rest.

He had just finished a can of macaroni when an artillery barrage started. It was very close. He was packing up his things when a shell exploded at the door of the bunker. He lived for only a few minutes after the blast.

Erich awoke, terror-stricken, and for several nights the dream invaded his sleep; but over the months he gradually began to forget it.

.....

The date is May 13, 1943. Five years have passed and Erich Adler is a private in the Nazi Army, serial No. W 3752. There has been fierce fighting for the past few weeks and Erich had found it particularly trying as he is in the front lines. The battle has become less intense, for each side is wearying of the sight of shooting and of rotting corpses which are becoming more and more plentiful. Erich decides to take advantage of this short respite and finds an abandoned bunker in which to rest and eat. He has just finished a can of macaroni when heavy shelling begins. The ground shakes, smoke eddies around the bunker and the explosions come nearer. Erich's nerves, which have taken so much, snap and he panics. He hurriedly grabs his equipment and runs for the door. Suddenly there is a flash and a tremendous roar in front of him. He is flung against the wall, the helmet torn from his head, his shirt and coat ripped from his body.

As Erich lies dying he remembers with a shock his dream and the piece of cloth with his name and the serial number which was the same as his present one.

Somehow Erich had had the doubtful privilege of seeing his own death before it happened. He had no way to stop the chain of events. Was this God's justice or some other power?

David Magee
Grade 10

NIGHT LIGHTS

O, I once rode my bicycle
I rode it in the night
Alas, alack, a fool was I
I rode without a light.

My generator never fails
New light bulbs I have just bought
So if you wonder why I goofed
The answer's "I forgot."

A gendarme saw me rushing past
He yelled at me to stop
I did 'cause I respect the law
But how I hate that cop.

Besides, I had a grand idea
Quite tricky as you'll see
I'd be so helpful, courteous, kind
That they'd never punish me.

And so law's servant came to me
With features dark and grim.
But getting to my act at once
I begged pardon for my sin.

O, he soon knew my name and that
I was French Canadian no less
I don't know how, it still seems strange
That my French could pass the test.

He knew 'mon pere' had been a mounty
And that I would be one too
I admired him from his shiny boots
To that splendid cloak of blue.

But all good things come to an end
To Au revoir, aufwiedersehen
I could not shake his hand enough
I must have been insane.

For I've received a letter brief
That shows that I'll have trouble
For I not only have been fined
But those thieves have fined me double.



ROGER HEATH
Grade 10

PEDDLER IN ROME

As soon as the traveler arrives in Rome, he is plagued by a host of men trying to sell him practically everything under the sun. On my first day I was approached by one who must certainly hold the world record for persistence.

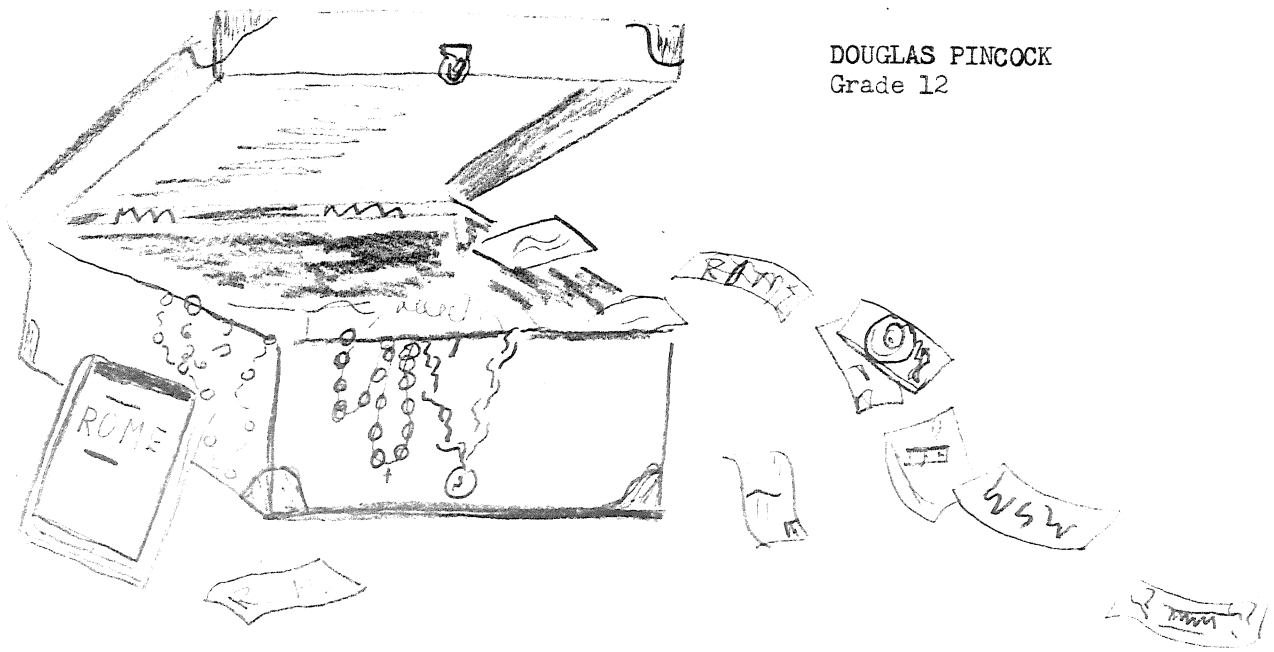
"Please, what nationality are you?" he asked innocently.
"Canadian," I replied, wondering who this man was.

He opened a small box he was carrying and revealed a collection of books, postcards and other souvenirs.

"Do you want the best guide book to Rome?"
"No," I have one."
"How about twenty beautiful postcards for six hundred Lire?
Think of it, only one dollar."
"No." I answered a little annoyed.
"Rosaries?" he persisted.
"No, Thanks."

Then he pulled from his pocket a small box.

"Would you like to buy a Parker 51 very cheap?"
"No."
"Tell me. How much do they cost in Canada?"
"I don't know."
"I sell you this for only five dollars."
"I don't want it!" I retorted, cautiously walking away.
"You want a good map?" he yelled at me as I retreated.
"NO." I screamed as I broke into a run.



DOUGLAS PINCOCK
Grade 12

WEATHER

To go, or not to go; that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler physically to suffer
The stings and pellets of a vicious hailstorm,
Or to take refuge against a swirling snowstorm
And, by staying home, forget it: To go; to freeze
That's all; and by freezing to say we enjoy
The companionship and thousand natural joys
Of freezing with friends, 'tis a pleasure
The weather cannot spoil. To rain; to snow;
To snow: perchance to hail; aye, there's the rub;
For in that pelting storm what results may chance
When we have discovered we've forgotten raincoats
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes our colds of so long life;
For who would bear the sting and cold of winter,
The oppressor's snowballs, the mild day's slush
The pangs of frozen toes, the wind's rough gusts,
The steadiness of rain, the ailments
That foolish teenagers from the weather catch,
When he himself might his troubles end
By moving to Florida: Who would icicles bear
Or shriek and squirm under a snow-washed face,
But that our dread of melting during a summer days,
The unavoidable temperatures by whose heat
No one remains unwilted, prevents our moving,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than boil the whole year round.
Thus weather does make die-hards of us all,
And our native resistance to a cold
Is broken down by the changing seasons.
And journeys of great pith and moment
On wintry days, their importance lose,
And we stay home in bed.

DONNA MAC MURPHY
Grade 13

Thoughts for summer and winter

I've nothing good to say for snow excepting
this: It doesn't grow.
Though grass is not my chief delight, it doesn't
fall on walks all night.

Jenny

Jenny drowsily opened her eyes. Then, as she realized what day it was, a strange hollow feeling gnawed at her stomach.

"Jenny!" her mother was calling. "You get up now so you won't be late."

Jenny let her feet fall on the floor with a dull thud and, still half-asleep, stumbled into the bathroom to splash cold water on her face. For a week she had known what she would wear today; there was no hesitation as she got dressed. Once she had her shirt-waist dress on, Jenny's spirits lifted for she knew that she looked her best in this dress. She brushed her hair until the blue-black lights shone and, forcing a light-hearted air, she went down to breakfast.

The Moores had moved to this new town only a week ago, and Jenny had not yet met anyone. Today was the first day of school. The big strange high school a few blocks away did not look very friendly. Would the students be any different? Jenny fidgeted over her breakfast until her mother said, "Do eat up, Jen. It's a long time till lunch, you know."

"But, Mom.....," Jenny groaned. However she did manage a few bites of toast and a glass of milk before she pushed away from the table saying that she'd have to go.

At fifteen minutes to nine, Jenny started off to school. Her mouth felt a little dry, and the hollowness in her stomach persisted. She forced herself to climb the wide stone steps and enter the hall. Girls and boys, talking and laughing, drifted by in another world. Jenny hesitated in the strange building wondering where the auditorium was. Since most people were headed in the one direction she let herself be caught up in the stream of students.

Once in the big auditorium, Jenny felt even more lost than before. She found an empty row and sat down in the seat by the aisle. It was lonely sitting there with no one to talk to and no one sat down beside her (although she had not expected anyone to). A hush fell over the auditorium as the principal got up to welcome the students for the new term. After he had spoken, the teachers were introduced, and then the names of the students who would be in each class were called out. The list of strange names was endless. The grade 9's and 10's were finally finished, and then the Grade 11's, Jenny's grade, started. "Grade 11A.." The voice droned the names. Suddenly Jenny heard her own name. She was to go to Room 16 with Miss MacPhail.

Jenny (cont'd)

Girls and boys filed out and Jenny followed. A few people stared - rather impolitely, she thought, but Jenny disregarded them. She refused to think of what she would do once she was inside the classroom. The strange gnawing doubled whenever she thought ahead. A few minutes later, Jenny reached the classroom. She stood hesitating inside the door. A vivacious blond girl smiled and beckoned Jenny to sit in the empty seat behind her. Jenny flashed a white smile in return and sat down.

The two girls did not have time to speak before the teacher took charge. The period passed quickly for Jenny in filling out forms and copying down her timetable. At the end of half an hour, the bell clanged, and the class moved off to the next room. Out in the hall, Jenny learned that the blond girl was Ann Davies and that they took all the same subjects. Ann was very friendly and this made up for the slight coolness on the part of some other students.

Soon it was time for lunch. Ann and Jenny joined the stampede to the big, shining cafeteria. As Jenny stood in line, she noticed two girls at a nearby table look at her and hold a whispered conference. "They're talking about me," Jenny thought. "Oh, don't be silly, Jen. They could be saying anything. You're just being over-sensitive."

Finally Jenny and Ann got through the line and were picking their way to an empty table. A tall boy got up from a nearby table and bumped straight into Jenny. Her orange drink splashed all down the front of her dress. Jenny's neck grew hot as his friends snickered, but she simply made her way with Ann to the table. She sat down without a word and sat clenching her fists.

Ann broke the silence. "That Peter is such a clumsy oaf! He just doesn't look where he's going." Her eyes pleaded with Jenny to calm down.

"We both know it was no accident," said Jenny. "And I thought this would be different when you were so friendly. I guess it's no use. And my dress! I just want to go home!" By this time she was close to tears.

"Now listen to me, Jen," Ann said. "Peter and his stupid friends are just a few people out of this whole student body. I've never liked them and not too many people do. No one can meet the approval of everyone, and some people just go out of their way to be nasty."

Jenny smiled weakly. The meal passed in silence. In fact, for the rest of the afternoon Jenny said hardly a word. She kept mulling over what Ann had said and trying to convince herself that it would be better to forget the incident.

Jenny (cont'd)

The final bell had rung. Boys and girls streamed out the big doors of the school and into the campus. Ann introduced Jenny to a group of girls, and they stood and chatted. Then Ann asked "Say, where do you live, Jenny?" And when Jenny had told her, she exclaimed, "Why, it's right on my way. Let's go."

Off they walked, chatting like old friends. When they got to Jenny's house, they parted with "See you at twenty to nine."

Jenny dumped her books on the hall table and called, "I'm home, Mom!" Her mother came out of the kitchen wiping her hands on her apron.

"How'd it go, hon?" Her mother sounded cheery. Then a note of worry crept into her voice as she exclaimed, "My land, your dress! What happened?"

"Oh nothing, Mom. Clumsy old me got my drink down my front." Jenny's face shone as she continued. "I have a wonderful new friend Mom, and she doesn't care that I'm coloured!"

JACKIE ABRA
Grade 13

WHY LIFE ?

Life is so hazy. No purpose seems real.
God made us; we're put here--expected to deal
With confusion, and darkness, and grey mists of something
Which enfolds us, corrupts us....yes, a crazy grey something
That we twist and warp as our days pass
On to their end. Still it will torment and harass.
Yet there must be a reason. Is the reason too clear
For understanding, comprehension, --or can we not hear
The answer for noises that we ourselves make?
Do we hide it, obliterate.....then call life the fake?

GAIL DOLAN
Grade 12

AN ENDLESS JOURNEY

Torrents of rain struck the muddy road with brutal force making the boy's footprints swift rivers. He pulled his collar up a little more and bent his head against the merciless gale.

"I'm almost there I think, I hope, I hope," he prayed.

Perhaps there was a hint of a quaver in his voice. One would never guess it, though, as his shoulders were held like those of a courageous man - not of an eight-year old. The trees whistled and moaned as they bent in anger under the fingers of the storm. The road was now a rushing, endless stream.

The boy's rubber-clad feet squished in the soggy mud stored in the boot's depth. His thin body tensed as each fork of lightning threatened his journey. Once a huge branch snapped from a tree beside the road. He was frightened until the essence of his mission flashed across his mind again.

"Is it much further? I can't see far - is this the way? Oh why can't I be there?" he thought and hoped.

His mind was in a turmoil of complete puzzlement. The day had seemed to drag. The sudden realization of what was going on about him had been a great shock. He didn't know much about it but only enough to turn a youngster into an adult. It was he who had volunteered to do the errand. His sisters were all doing something to help - the least he could do was inform their nearest neighbour.

After what seemed an eternity, the boy spotted a light in the distance. This sign of comfort increased his pace until, in no time at all, he was on the familiar white porch ringing the door bell.

A motherly, buxom woman opened the door to the boy and a generous gust of storm entered with him.

"Johnny, what in heaven's name are you do'n here at this time o' night and in such bad weather and all? Come in, son, and dry yourself off. I'll get you some warm milk. Did you lose your way while rounding up the cows? You poor soul - come here, you're shivering to death." She pulled the boy into her chubby arms - holding him close.

A close examination of Johnny revealed two huge terror-stricken eyes. His lips were blue with cold and his thin bones showed through his damp shirt. His hair was in need of a cut and his nails a trim. His clean but often-mended clothes indicated certain poverty. Cradled in this woman's warm arms he poured out his story, between gasps and tears.

AN ENDLESS JOURNEY (cont'd)

"Come quick Mrs. Benson - please, you got to help Mom. Oh please don't let her die. Please come an' help her - she's in bad pain an' can't see us an' keeps yelling things an' her face is all red an' - Oh help her Mrs. Benson. I know you can. Please come right now, quickly. You saved old Spot last year an' you got to help her too!"

The boy was shivering uncontrollably. Tears were streaming down his already wet face and splashing Mrs. Benson's cotton dress.

"Now, now, Johnny, hold on a bit. When did your mother get sick? Has she been calling out for a long time? Is Maggie there with her? And where's your pop?" asked Mrs. Benson.

"She's been like this for more'n a day now, an' Maggie just washes her face and cries all the time. Pop's been gone for 'bout two weeks now and we don't know where he's at," cried Johnny.

"Fred, come in here a minute, will you." Mrs. Benson's voice contained a note of authority that hustled her husband from the kitchen immediately. "Yes Alice?" answered the slight, almost delicate man from the doorway.

"Young Dot Higgin's got it bad again - we'd better make it over there fast - get the Ford out while I dry the child a little - and hurry!"

The final word sent Mr. Benson hurrying through the back door. He was going to complain that the roads were streams with a gumbo muck bottom that was just waiting to stick the car wheels. Furthermore he was positive that the last fork of lightning took the bridge out. But, as usual, Mrs. Benson's tone of voice was full of unworded answers to his thoughts.

Within five minutes the three were on their way, ploughing through the old road, miraculously avoiding falling branches. At one point a fallen tree had blocked their path but, under Mrs. Benson's instructions, Mr. Benson guided the car around it through a field.

The journey was endless and at some point along the way, each occupant of the storm-beaten car doubted that they would ever reach their destination.

Finally, though, the car sputtered to a stop in front of a tiny cottage. The three poured out and dashed to the door. Johnny stepped in first to find his three sisters kneeling beside the cot on which lay his sick mother.

Mrs. Benson shed her coat and efficiently took everything in hand. Her husband decided to return to the car and wait.

AN ENDLESS JOURNEY (cont'd)

"Maggie, light the stove and boil some water. Take her temperature. What is it? Has she been in hysteria long? Joan, go get me the clean sheets if you have 'em, so that I can make up your mother's bed."

Maggie, old for her thirteen years, did as she was bid and said her mother's temperature was one hundred and three point two.

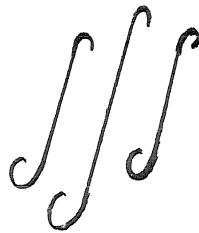
Johnny, feeling out of place, settled himself in a corner and watched Mrs. Benson and his sisters work. He took Debby with him and rocked her to sleep on his lap.

"She is so young to be in all this. What is the matter with Mom? Why is Mrs. Benson putting ice on her head? why are her sheets drenched?" All this puzzled the little boy and he watched everything in wide-eyed bewilderment. Finally, his head nodded with sleep and the weariness of his long trip swept over him.

When at last he awoke, the rain had subsided and the sun was trying to peek out. His neck was sore from leaning against the wall. Mrs. Benson had made some soup for the children and was now sitting by his mother who was sleeping now. When he went over to the cot he kissed her hand and she opened her eyes a little and whispered "Johnny?"

"Mom, you're better. Mrs. Benson made you better!" There was a hint of "I knew she would" confidence in his astonished voice.

ANGELA OLSSON
Grade 13



FRANCE

Through wars and gory battles,
Fighting to advance,
She still upholds her pride,
This glorious nation, France.

Blood, death, and misery lie
Upon her muddy soil,
But even still she'll fight
Through all of war's turmoil

Tears and blood were both
Beside each other shed,
But afterwards she'll celebrate,
The victory of her dead.

So think before you criticize
This ground on which you stand,
Of all the troubles she's gone through,
On sea, in air, on land.

GORDIE LIGHT
Grade 9

METZ

Metz is just a little dot on the map of France, a land of ancient cities. Although in the daytime it is as busy as any modern city, Metz is a city of mystery, with dark, narrow streets and old stone buildings. Big white arrows point to the bomb shelters wherever you turn.

The faces of the Frenchmen when they ride their scooters and drive their cars to work are like the faces of any other people in the world. But in their minds they remember the war that swept their land. The ancient buildings and the bombed-out houses with the wind whistling between the stones remind them always of the hardships suffered here. Their children play in the very streets that the Germans strode through with their machine guns.

Her beauty haunted by grim reminders of death, Metz is France to us.

MICHAEL NICHOLSON
Grade 10

A JOURNEY IN TIME

"I," said my rather tipsy scientist friend, "have invented a time machine."

I looked at him suprisedly and expected a joke. Could this dimwitted person really have invented the dream of ages.

"You're joking," I gasped. "No, I'm not, it's really true" he replied.

Together the two of us went downstairs into his basement. There it was, a rather unimpressive lead sphere, hardly the kind of contraption I had expected. The interior, to my surprise, was completely void of all instruments save a small black box set into the sphere's thick wall. On the box were three dials, one to seal the door, another to set the time to which one wished to travel, and the third to start the action.

"Now," he asked, "would you like to travel into 1962?" I was astounded. "My gosh! you mean to go 4 years into the future? Why, of course I would be insane to refuse."

Ten minutes later, after his explaining that nothing short of an H-bomb could open the door after it was sealed, I entered the sphere, sealed the door, set the time dial and spoke to him through a radio transeiver he had given me.

"Are you sure it will work?"

"Of course," he scoffed.

I pressed the action button, a humming filled the sphere. "How long will it take?" I asked.

His reply was completely innocent as though nothing was wrong. "Only four years."

PETER REMPEL
Grade 9

CAUGHT IN A STORM

Have you ever seen a day made for fishing? This day was that kind of a day. The sun was shining, the water as smooth as glass and a few fluffy clouds were barely moving in the almost imperceptible breeze. The urge to take out the boat and go fishing was just too great. I laid aside that day's chores and went. First I carried down our newly rebuilt outboard motor and attached it to the stern of the runabout. In a few minutes everything was loaded on: rod, tackle, and a small lunch. I cruised down the lake a little way and called in on Ronnie Haines. Five minutes later, we were travelling towards Shirley's Bay, a favourite fishing spot. In view of what happened later, it was ironic that my friend should say that the only waves on the lake were the waves of our wake.

Later at noon we ate and commented on the bad luck we were having. Imagine. four hours and not one good fish, maybe we shouldn't have thrown back that first small one - bad luck you know. Since we were poor fishermen we decided to run around the lake.

For five years I had lived on Lake Deshene and like a fool I thought I knew the lake's habits and secrets. But I was to learn that you could live there for fifty years and still not know it. It was just like a woman, always changing its mind.

We were five miles from home when the first hint of storm came. Ronnie and I had been running around on the sands of Aylmer Island when Ronnie looked up and called my attention to the sky. It was now dark and foreboding. One minute ago it had been clear; now it was black with thunder heads. Again Ronnie yelled "The boat, look Earl, the boat". When we had arrived at the island, the water had been calm and we had pulled just the nose of the boat on to the shore. Now it was fifty feet from shore, drifting in the waves that had lifted it from its mooring. Down I ran, stopping at the water's edge a second to remove my clothing - then I plunged into the water. It shocked me; it was as cold as ice and I became numb. The boat moved steadily away from the shore and I could see it only when the boat and I were on top of the waves. It was close to seventy-five yards from the island that I caught the boat. It was none too soon and I laboured to pull myself into the boat. I realized then that if I hadn't reached the boat I would have soon been at the bottom of the lake. I lowered the engine, pulled the starter cord and the engine leaped to immediate response. It took fifteen minutes to traverse the hundred yards of water back to the island but finally when I reached the island Ronnie grabbed my discarded clothes and leaped aboard. We turned about and headed home. We moved fast with the waves behind us but in a few minutes the wind shifted and had greater power. Crosswaves now smashed into us. Spray was flung high and into our boat. The flat-bottomed runabout groaned and made strange noises as the waves tumbled over the bow.

CAUGHT IN A STORM (cont'd)

It took all my skill to handle the boat, to prevent it from swamping us and sending us to a cold watery grave. I was scared and so was Ronnie, but watching each new wave and Ronnie's bailing kept us from showing our fear. I was crossing strange waters for I rarely headed straight across the lake, but because of the wave direction this course was the only one. "Look out" yelled Ronnie, "Dead head." A near miss - one of those babies could puncture us like a baseball bat through an egg crate. Dead heads meant shoals. Then it happened - a submerged log. The engine jumped, then screamed with a thousand additional R.P.M's. "Shear pin. Not now" I cried. Without a shear pin the propellor can't turn. I lifted the motor off its mounts into the boat, and with a pair of fisherman's pliers removed the cut shear pin and replaced it with a straightened fish hook. It wasn't a good shear pin but it would work, I hoped. With the engine replaced I pulled the starter cord, nothing happened; again I pulled; again nothing. Wet coils.----- Ronnie, spitting on his hands, told me to move over and let a man with luck try. His third pull brought a cough, the fourth a sharp cough, then a steady roar. The boat moved, the propellor was working. Shaking hands, we traded places and I steered for home. The rain became more steady and warmer. Just as we entered the small bay where Ronnie lived, the rain ceased and the wind and the waves died. The sun greeted us like old friends and as if nothing had happened.

Later, Ronnie's father, hearing we had gone fishing, asked us how our "luck" had been. We chorused, "No fish, but plenty of luck".

We had been bucking a bit of Hurricane Hazel.

EARL AUSTIN
Grade 13



>FIRE<

It was eight fifteen by the village clock when the golden rays of the sun began to fall from the glowing pink sky. In the peaceful hills, little animals scurried home to sleep and the birds flew wearily to their nests. A little breeze came up and rippled through the carpet of grass that clothed the bare earth. In all the world, there was nothing to equal the beauty of the autumn trees of the forest in all their splendor.

It was then that a little spark of fire, shed by a passing locomotive, unseen and unthought of, leaped around the fern-covered floor of the forest. When the breeze reached it, it grew, and jumped onto the dry bark of the tall trees. The spark became many fan-sized flames, playing tag around the trees, and leaving tongues of lashing fire on them. Within a short time these flames were one mass of fire, spreading rapidly through the dry brush.

The animals sensed the danger and were gathering their young and fleeing. The fire was making a wide circle now, and shrill screams of the trapped animals echoed over the hills and died in the distance.

The blaze cast a red glow into the sky which was not darkened by clouds. Crackling branches fell to the earth, and great trees stood scorched, void of leaves.

Then out of nowhere, a big black cloud rolled across the sky. Lightning struck and thunder rumbled, and the cloud burst open, flooding the heavens and falling to the thirsty earth. The wind suddenly became still and the fire died stubbornly.

The glow left the sky; the frightened animals became calm and the countryside was peaceful again. But now burnt match sticks, scattered on the earth's floor were all that remained of a once beautiful forest.

ANN TRIMBLE
Grade 10

PRAIRIE SUNSET

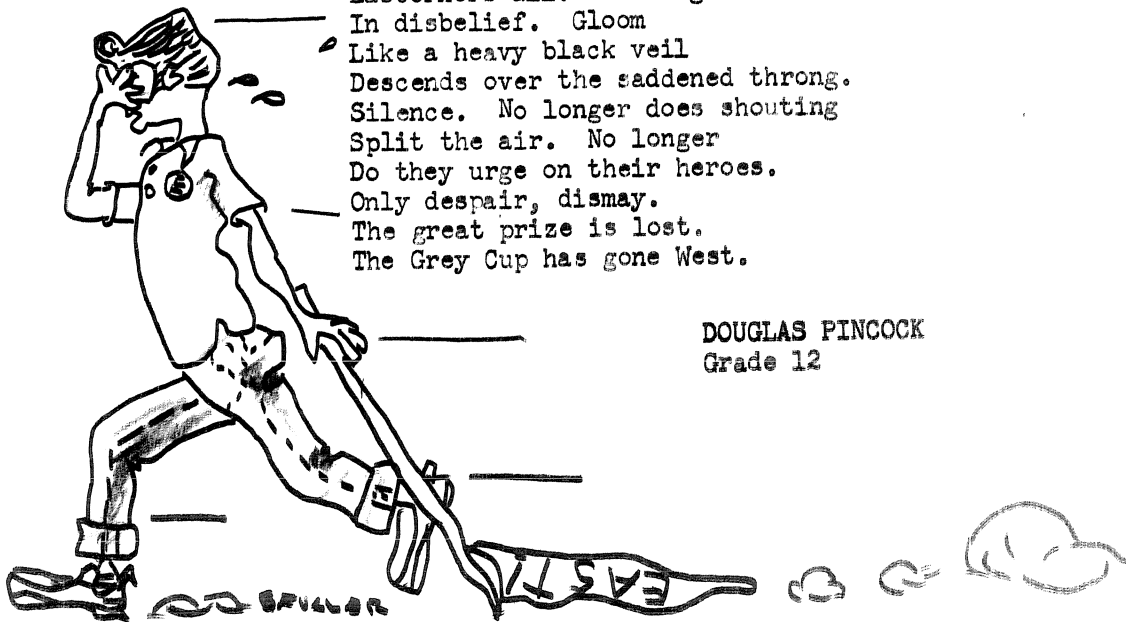
Molten gold in the gathering sky
Turning to dusk as the clouds pass by.
Teams home from the field,
The pond shimmers silent.
From the crags in the west
Came a cry, shrill and violent.
Silken streams from the silent moon
Rolled out their silver.
Then the day left, the stars came,
And the heavens grew quiet.

GAIL DOLAN
Grade 12

november 28, 1955.

Dusk. Crisp grey sky.
Soft snow floating down
To the frost-whitened turf.
Weary spectators slowly trod by.
Easterners all. Shaking their heads
In disbelief. Gloom
Like a heavy black veil
Descends over the saddened throng.
Silence. No longer does shouting
Split the air. No longer
Do they urge on their heroes.
Only despair, dismay.
The great prize is lost.
The Grey Cup has gone West.

DOUGLAS PINCOCK
Grade 12



A MIDSUMMER'S DAY DREAM

It is a hot afternoon and a beaming sun thrusts its rays into every corner; yet there is a gentle breeze fanning the classroom through an open window. An intoxicating, comfortable warmth prevails.

Lounging in a chair, holding a half-open book in one hand and a lazy pen in the other, listening to a long-winded instructor who attempts to unravel a not-so-interesting subject, a student's mind tends to wander through the panes, over the field, toward the road — an artery of human interest.

As this is France, events are typically French; a well-dressed businessman travelling to work on a bicycle, the common mode of transportation; a workman returning from town with his normal quota for lunch — a loaf of bread, cheese, and a bottle of wine; an elderly lady who pulls a cart filled with firewood along the road. In France everyone works; a group of women, across the road in a field, with their sacks and knives, are bent over, cutting dandelion shoots to serve in salads for the large family meal at night.

A pencil taps. A word is spoken, and the spell is broken. The student must drag his thoughts from the road back to the printed page to continue his pursuit of knowledge.



PAR AVION

A wild spirit of adventure overtook Angela and me. We decided to go for an aeroplane ride. We paid our money with poise and sophistication to the smirking young man at the ticket office and stepped into a plane - red and white; I remember it clearly.

We installed ourselves comfortably in the seat and placed our parcels at our feet. Then the motor started and we were off.

We skimmed smoothly at earth level for a round or so before we noticed a lever snugly situated between us - we pushed it, hoping to reach the soaring heights of the others before us. Zeke! We took off at an almost ninety degree angle; then another nudge of the lever tilted the "wee beastie" so that Angela, who was on the inside, was hanging out - probably only sheer will power and strong toe nails kept her in. I, on the other side, could see much of Metz - but, I was slipping over to her part of the seat and jamming that evil mechanism, the lever. We fought madly with it and each other, trying to right ourselves. She grappled with it and shoved. Egad! My stomach! We spun into a dive and bumped the ground several times, pushed the lever somehow and once more, tore into the heights. This time I had a detailed view of the crowd below while Angela had the aerial view of our city. Our hips once more forced that lever into inactivity and then we straightened out. We must have looked like victims of St. Vitus Dance for we shook and made bumping motions for a round or so. Then the motor cut out and we felt stranded in mid air. Soon, however, we were down; and the attendant's face showed ill-concealed amusement. These erstwhile "sophisticates" had become more than slightly green, nervous, and very disheveled.

We staggered dizzily to the corner where we made solemn promises that we'd never do it again - expecially with two in a seat. We did feel that "sophies" (short for sophisticates) know how to do everything so that even an aeroplane ride at the fair must be educating?

NANCY GODWIN
Grade 12

Dig that Lingo !

Living in Yurru (commonly known in the diplomatic corps as "Europe") presents its challenges to the American and Canadian "Innocents Abroad." And one of the most humorous (and most exasperating) of these is that language difference. Fragments of French and German creep in to make conversation a tri-lingual concentration of "hep talk." Here is a typical example:

Joan: Hey, Linda, I want to "parlez" with you. Would you rather phone or come over tonight?
Linda: Oh, "mox nix." Mother's having "beaucoup" people over for dinner so I probably can't do either.
Joan: "C'est la vie." --- But find out "mock schnell" if possible.

Other amusing conversations take place when people (such as I) try to speak to a Frenchman. The conversation runs something like this:

Pierre: Bon jour, mademoiselle.
Me: Bone jure, Pierre. Como tally vou
Pierre: Tres bien, merci, et vous
Me: Tray be-en, mare-see.

At this point I am so embarrassed and tongue-tied that I escape before completely ruining Anglo-French relationships.

Even between the Americans and Canadians there is a mild language difference in pronunciation of some words. Canadians say "aboot" for about, and "leever" for lever, while Americans call tours "tores", and a roof, a "ruf". And americans are on a campaign now, so that when a Canadian cocks his head and says "Aye?" they will come right back with "B"?

And it all makes me wonder if when we all go back across the great blue pond, if anyone back home will be able to "DIG THAT LINGO".

JANET WILLIAMS
Grade 12

A WINTER MORNING


The sun climbed over the snow-capped mountains to chase the night away, and woke the morning from its winter bed.

The wind howled through the lofty green pines and made them wave their tops to the small white world below. The wind dived from the gigantic fir trees to the snow upon the ground and disturbed it from its resting place to make whirlpools of white.

The golden rays from the sun cast light down on a moss-covered cabin in the clearing by a small brook. The stream was covered by a sheet of glass that showed reflections of the world in all its glory.


The world was dazzling bright and spectacular this winter morning.

JACK METCALFE
Grade 10



$$3.5x + 7 = 1.5x + 25$$

$$3.5x + 1.5x = 25 - 7$$

$$4.5x = 18$$


Sharpen, sharpen, sharpen, grind, grind,

grind! "Sit down, you're disturbing the class!"

I opened up the drawer and crawled in. The light wasn't very good so reading the tablecloth was hard on my glasses. Some other fool stuck the pencil in my ear, and turned the familiar handle, my arm. Grind, grind, grind!!! Any more of this and I'll need new shoes with chalk. "Brian get to your work!"

"I can't, my head's caught in the pencil ~~sharpener~~ sharpener!" These words were whispered considering its' hand to speak with somebody turning a handle! Stealing note paper was fun for the dog but chewing tobacco with false teeth was somewhat of a nuisance. I tried vainly to stop the roller but but it conked me on the head anyhow. Bonk! As related previously Algebra is a word, it is also a good way of reading with maps. Finally, after all this talking the pencil was pulled out of the ring which couldn't talk. Some wise ~~guy~~ guy took the tri-square and eraser and fixed the ear! CRASH!!!, the world globe fell on the ruler. The globe ^{which} is a newspaper is delivered by a cow. This cow has a bell of green. His tail fortunately was in the pencil sharpener which went grind, grind, grind.

Man oh MAN - I'm really 'NOTHOUSE'!

CHRISTMAS IN FRANCE

At Christmastime the inhabitants of the small village of Geisling celebrate in their humble way, the Noël. They use their own home-grown, if not home-spun decorations for all to see. The center of attraction is an arc of pine limbs looped over the highway, splashed with holly wreaths, ribbon, bright balls and lights. Down either side of the street each family adorns its dwellings, picket fences, and farm machinery with hand-made ornaments. But, most interesting of all, since each farmer highly respects his manure piles, is a brightly colored mound of animal fertilizer which far surpasses in decor the small homes which stand behind them. These piles, covered with pine boughs, wreaths, ribbon and anything else that adds to their "beauty", contribute to the spirit of a festive holiday.

ERIC METCALFE
Grade 12



Autographs

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Doug Soland

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