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METZ

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The staff of "D'Outre Mer" would like to thank
all those who assisted in making this publication
a success.

Special thanks to:

W/C BD Kehoe

Sgt GH Jackson

Cpl RR Wagner

LAC EK Hobbs

Mrs. M Thomson

Mrs. F Zinck

Mr. F. Wirtz



This will be the third edition of your "D'Outre Mer" Yearbook and it again gives me pleasure to be given the opportunity to address a few words to the students of General Navereau High School.

To the staff, and contributors to your yearbook my congratulations for another fine effort. To all the students my sincere wish that you have enjoyed, and put forth your best efforts in all school activities. By playing your part in maintaining a high standard of conduct and example you enhance the good reputation we of the Services strive for in representing our country in the NATO community.

I will be returning home this year and I sincerely hope that all the students have and will continue to enjoy and benefit, as I have, from the experience of their tour in Europe.

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



A school often hears more from its principal about what seems wrong with it than about what is right or praiseworthy in it. Perhaps General Navereau School is no exception in this respect, and I should like to take this occasion to say why I believe that we have here a school to be proud of and are developing one to be more proud of.

This school has a good sound core of students who work hard, play hard and collaborate well with their teachers. There is plenty of competitive spirit and enthusiasm for our games against teams from French, American, or other R.C.A.F. schools. We have often been able to take pride in their winning and at all times in the way they have played the game.

We have a staff that works hard to develop and maintain high standards of work and conduct throughout the school. We have an elected student council directing student affairs with energy and good judgement and leading student opinion in right directions. And, last but not least, we have a graduating class of young ladies and young men whose occasional deficiencies in scholarship are compensated by qualities of personality and character which have made it a pleasure to know them and to teach them. Most sincerely I wish them success, in the confidence that each in his or her own way will find it a good measure.

Capt. K.L. Miller
Principal

Editorial

Ours is an ever-changing community. Four, or even three, years from now there will be different students, different teachers and even a different school building. All this makes it rather hard to build up a school tradition. Yet in spite of the difficulty I believe that we are slowly accomplishing this task.

We have one of the best and most active Student Councils in Air Division. We have won more than our share of athletic championships and even when they don't win our teams are noted for their spirit. Our cheerleaders are improving every year. Then, there is this year-book, which until this year, was the only one of its kind overseas.

Every year our school is establishing more and more of the activities and organizations of its larger counter-parts.

I am not trying to say that we have had no shortcomings. We have often been criticized of not learning enough of the country in which we live. The increase in activities with the French is certainly a step in our other problems.

Many people are returning to Canada this year. You who remain will have the responsibility of improving our school even more. Make General Navereau a school you can be proud of!

Doug Pincock
Editor

STUDENT'S' COUNCIL



*Hi,
Fay*

Left to Right: Miss Leggat (Staff Advisor), Gwen Austin, Dennis Simmans (Vice President) Gail Dolan (President), Tom Paul, Karen Schroeter, Fern Wonnacott. Missing J. Pincock.

THE MEMBERS

Gail Dolan	---	President	Dennis Simmans	--	Vice-president
Gwen Austin	---	Treasurer	Karen Schroeder	--	Secretary
Fern Wonnacott	---	Grades 12 - 13	Jim Pincock	--	Grade 11
Roger Cavanaugh	---	Grade 10	Tom Paul	--	Grade 9
Miss M. Leggat -- Staff Adviser					

YEARBOOK



Mr. H. Anderson - Angela Olsson - Doug Pincock - Sharon Abra - Skip Dolan

THE STAFF

Staff Advisor	---	Mr. H. Anderson
Chief Editor	---	Doug Pincock
Class Write-Ups Editor	---	Skip Dolan
Activities & Sports	---	Sharon Abra
Literary Editor	---	Angela Olsson
Artists	---	Bruce Fuller, Gail Dolan, Doug Jordan, Dave McGee, Diane Kehoe, Eric Metcalfe, Earl Austin, Sharon Moore

TEACHING STAFF

$$1+1=3$$

cat



$$7 \times 7 = 71$$

Front: (L. to R.) Miss J. Soper, B.Ed.; **M.A.**; Miss G.M. Gamache, B.A.; Miss M. Caty,
Mrs. F. Potter, B.A.; **Miss M. Leggat B.A., B.Ed.**
Back : (L. to R.) Mr. D. Weir, Mr. MA Zaharia, B.A., B.Ed.; Inst. Capt KL Miller, B.A.;
Mr. RD Beattie, B.A., B.Ed.; Mr. W Vellutini, B.A.
Absent: Mrs. F.A. Kinley, Miss H. Blyth, B.A.



Mr. H. ANDERSON:

According to accurate sources, Mr. Anderson was born "way back in the distant past" on a homestead in Alberta. He seems to have a special preference for that province as he received his elementary and secondary schooling there and attended the University of Alberta. Mr. Anderson occupies the prize position of being form master of the grade twelve and thirteen classes. Apart from making History amusing and English a "must" (even in France) we find him quite humorous at times. He is returning to Alberta this summer but hopes to return in ten years or so to survey the progress the countries have made.

Mr. BEATTIE:

Mr. Beattie, one of our gym teachers, originally comes from Grand Prairie, Alberta, but has lived in an even cooler climate -- Yellowknife, N.W.T.! He attended Ottawa University and has taught right across Canada. The grade nine form teacher has the job of making General Science acceptable to his class and also the delicate task of teaching the girls to pitch ball correctly in Physical Education. Then there's the grade thirteen Trig class..... Although Mr. Beattie has been with us for only one year, he and his wife will return to Canada this fall, to teach in Grand Prairie. Mr. Beattie's comment on the near future is "I am looking forward to enjoying a cooler climate."

Miss CATY:

Miss Caty came to Metz from Kingston where she taught at the Army school in Fort Henry. She took her teacher's training at the University of Ottawa and originally comes from Timmins. Miss Caty returns to the limestone city this summer, and she is looking forward to her stay there. When asked about the lengthy correspondence, she keeps with Mr. Vellutini, Miss Caty insisted that the notes were purely self defence. Miss Caty teaches the high school Conversational French, in the hope that we may all be bilingual some time in the near future.

Miss GAMACHE:

Miss Gamache came to us this year from "way up north" in Whitehorse. She expects to return there the year after next. Miss Gamache originally comes from New Westminster, B.C., and went to the University of British Columbia to receive her B.A. Miss Gamache is not committing herself in making a comment for the year book -- but everyone knows her as the nice-looking, quiet teacher who gets her point through to her pupils.

Mrs. KINLEY:

Mrs. Kinley arrived in our midst during the year in order to help Mr. Weir with his grade eight class, and to relieve him for other duties. Both teachers insist that they like teaching those students. Mrs. Kinley attended normal school in Victoria and originally hails from Penticton, B.C. She has taught in Ontario, British Columbia and Quebec. Her only regret is that she cannot procure a permanent position as a full time teacher -- but she's married into the Air Force.

Miss M. LEGGAT:

Miss Leggat seems to be a European enthusiast at heart, because she started wandering here as a child and then returned for the Olympics in 1952. She did not leave until she had satisfied herself with seeing the Coronation and attending University in London for awhile. Although she is familiar with Europe, Miss Leggat's real home is in Winnipeg where she was born, schooled and eventually taught. Miss Leggat is one of the most popular teachers with the "kids" and we are all sorry to see her leave. Who else gets so much done for us? However, Miss Leggat is looking forward to a nice quiet third-floor classroom in Kelvin High School, Winnipeg. Good-bye and good luck.

Mrs. POTTER:

Mrs. Potter was the one teacher in the limelight at the beginning of the school year -- reason? -- she changed her name from Miss Bellehumeur to Mrs. Potter. She insists that she was calm and collected on the big day, and had to leave school the day before only because the students were so excited. Mrs. Potter's home town is Larruinvillie, Quebec. She taught in St. Hubert before coming to Metz. Because distance is a hinderence, Mrs. Potter is moving to 4(F) Wing, where she will teach next year.

Miss I. SOPER:

Miss Soper, a true Westerner, received her education at the University of Alberta. She also did postgraduate work at Stanford University in California. So much has she enjoyed life in Europe that she moved downtown in order to perfect her French. When not learning even more of this language, she tackles the hopeless task of drilling it into our heads. Next year she will return to Strathcona Composite High School in Edmonton.

Mr. VELLUTINI:

Mr. Vellutini is a British Columbian through and through. He was born and lived in Trail B.C. where he also taught for seven years. He attended the University of British Columbia. Mr. Vellutini does miracles with his grade seven class -- they all enjoy his endless humour and think the world of him. Although his job this year has been primarily keeping his class (the largest in the school) in line, Mr. Vellutini is looking forward to teaching in the high school next year. He enjoys Europe very much -- especially Italy where his relatives are and where he gets those lovely tailor-made suits.

Mr. WEIR:

Mr. Weir came to General Navereau this year with his wife and little boy. He was chosen to be one of the boys Physical Education teachers. Mr. Weir is completely a Toronto man, as he was born, attended school and then Teachers' College there. We will be seeing Mr. Weir around the school next year as he has a special attachment to the grade eight class and the store room.

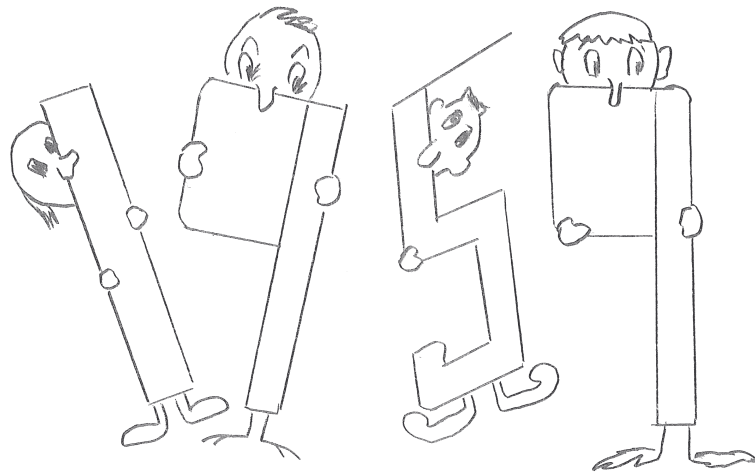
Mr. ZAHARIA:

Mr. Zaharia is known around the school as our Vice Principal, and for his Campus "Animal Humour" joke book. The days start the proper way if he is your first teacher. As everyone knows, Mr. Zaharia lives in Nancy with his wife and two daughters. He will be in Metz for another two years teaching science. Mr. Zaharia has quite an educational background -- he received his B. of Ed. at the University of Saskatchewan, his B.A. in British Columbia, and was an Education Officer in the RCAF. Mr. Zaharia's appropriate comment to the student is "Final examinations -- the time of life when some students discover that modesty is not always a virtue. They regret they didn't let education go to their heads."

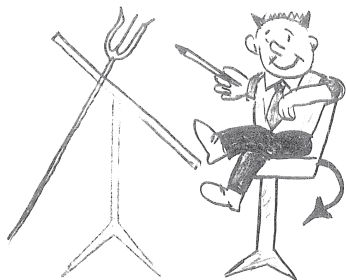


CLASS

WRITE - UPS



C.D.



IT COULD BE RHYME

GRADE 13



Angela aims at a nursing career.

She'll go to Toronto at the end of the year.

But first - 'cross the Atlantic on a trip all alone,

Adventures and romance - comme ce sera bon!



For many weeks we've had to survive

The tromboned creations of one of our five.

Yes, Earl has been working and practising hard,

Although all his progress he claims we retard.

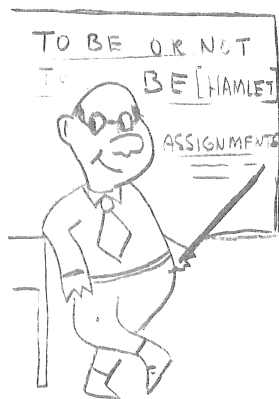


Now Eric our boy with the mustachioed face

Has decided, "For drafting, Vancouver's the place.

For he has planned with great care his future in life

Let us hope it's a good one - without any strife!



Then we have in our midst a sports fan - yes Doug,

Whose mind runs to basketball, baseball, and grub.

Next year of engineering at Queens he has hopes,

Then building log bridges when he's learnt all the ropes.



Now as custom prevails and the editors insist,

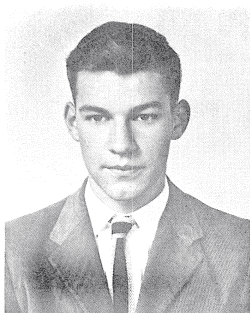
I am forced to admit there is one I have missed.

What lies in my future is uncertain you see,

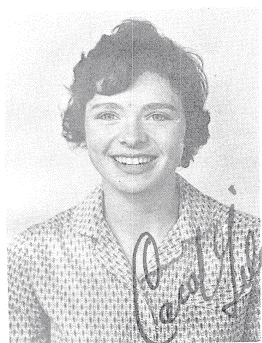
For the present's enough of a worry to me.

Gail Dolan
Grade 13

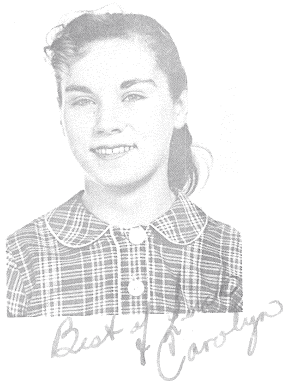
Grade 12



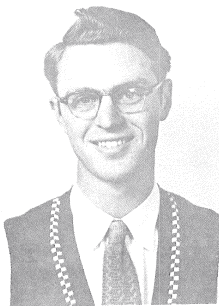
SKIP DOLAN: Skip has made a name for himself in the celebrated dramatic theatre "Twelfth of Navereau" as Macbeth. This is not surprising to those who know him best, for we already know his talent as a devil and as a cannibal.



CAROL GILCHRIST: Carol will prove that anyone - absolutely anyone can crash the sound barrier in a Citroen. A peek into the future has revealed Carol as the head of a junior class in Upper Canada College (?) This seems to be a drastic change in the normal teaching staff.



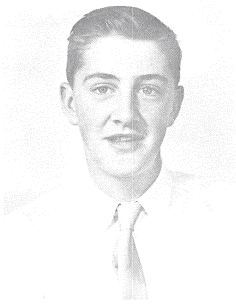
The nursing profession has beckoned to CAROLYN JACKSON. If she can sail around the operating room with the same ease that accompanies her on the dance floor, she is bound to make a hit as an R.N.



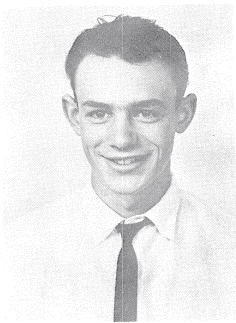
DOUG JORDON: Doug, who recently hailed from Trenton, has decided to enter the field of commercial art or architecture. One might say that he does portraits of a certain nature. Examples were on display at the dance on March 13th.



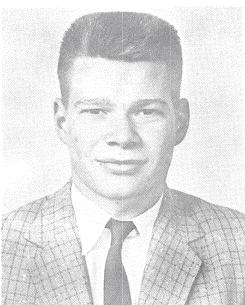
Unlike most of us MARY OLSSON has not yet decided on an ambition. She believes that practice makes perfect and so she hopes to become completely bilingual by writing a certain person in Normandy.



Gary Running has something in that head of his that ticks and it occasionally displays itself during Chemistry periods. His constant companion is a luscious brunette - weighing about 600 pounds and having a speed of 70 M.P.H.



Doug Shaw, a professional model of the "take life in your stride" look, shows such keen interest in so-o many professions that he's finding it a problem to choose a specific one. Recently he has been seen going "thataway" on his new scooter.



Dennis Simmons is a chap who is known to have many original ideas that he always manages to carry out. Dennis seems to have taken "Tour du Monde en Quatre-Vingt Jours" seriously as far as his plans for the distant future are concerned as he wants to see the world after going through R.M.C.



Business combines with pleasure and the result is Fern Wonnacott as the secretary of the years ahead, although at this time she knows neither typing nor shorthand. Before this, however, she is out to conquer the ski slopes of the Vosges - in more ways than one.

North Bay has claimed Melanie Bell and Navereau has certainly felt the loss. It won't be long before she enters the nursing school of her choice. All the best to you Melanie from across the sea.



JOKES



A POEM ??

MY DOG

I got a dog, his name is Rover,
He's fluffy and soft and brown all
over.
He's cute and cuddly as sugar babies,
It's sure too bad that he's got rabies.

Vince: What's the name of this fellow?

Manager: Zsychliplichyszutei.

Vince: Fine, put him on the team.

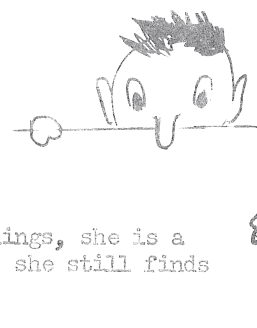
I never did like the announcer for AFN.

A young man took his city-bred girl friend
into a night club which was decorated
elaborately in cowboy style.

They were there a short time when the
girl arose and excused herself to go make
up her face.

She returned a moment later, her count-
enance a blushing red. "Ted," she said,
"you'll have to help me. Am I a heifer or
a steer,"

GRADE 11

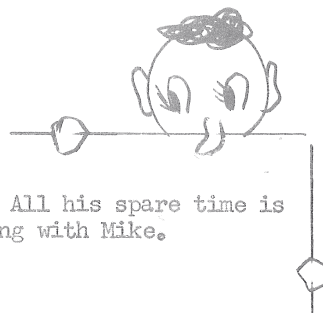


SHARON ABRA

Sharon, also known as Fuzzy, is quite active around the school. Among other things, she is a member of the girls' basketball team and of the Year Book staff. Nevertheless, she still finds time to yodel. Note to Mr.

GWEN AUSTIN

Gwen, who is known as Doll, wants to be a secretary, and is therefore taking the Commercial Course. Gwen is the treasurer of the Students' Council.



RICKY GILLESPIE

Called "legs" by the girls, he seems to prefer the girls at One Wing. All his spare time is spent trying to break 90 up at Luxembourg. He is usually found fighting with Mike.

MAUREEN GILL

Maureen, known to everyone as Moe, wants to become a nurse. In case you can't tell by her name, Maureen is Irish and she hates people who say that Saint Patrick came from Scotland. Moe is a member of the cheerleaders.

ROGER HEATH

Roger makes his presence known around the school with his peculiar sense of humour. He is well known for his track ability, and has lately been trying to promote a race with a certain Physics and Chemistry teacher.

LARRY JACKSON

Larry reminds us of Linus in "Peanuts". He sits quietly at the back of the room, smiling to himself which is easy to do in our room. He intends to become a minister. Good luck!

RAY JORDAN

This new arrival is always telling us what it's like back home. With his new hair cut he looks like Yul Brynner with a fur hat. He has an intense dislike for dents in his shiny new scooter.

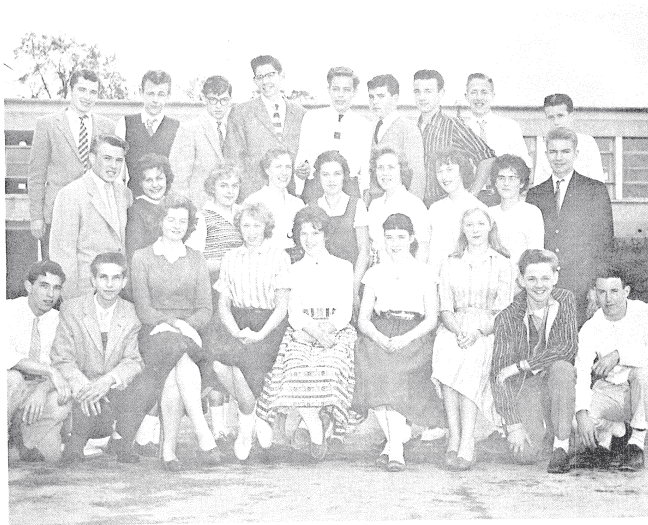
SHARON KITCHEN

Most people call her Kitch, but since her haircut a few people call her Brigitte. Her ambition is to get out of school. When she reads this write-up, she will probably use her favourite expression "Oh Gads".

DAVID MAGEE

Dave, known to everyone as Magoo, is quite a character. His main ambition is to convince Miss Leggat of certain unorthodox ways of doing Geometry. His favourite expression is "But if you do it this way".

GRADE 10



MARJORIE BARKER

Marjorie spends most of her time chumming with Gail Trimble. She wants to become a housewife.

DOUG BOLAND

Doug is another weightlifter. At the Gym Show he liften 200 pounds -- Not bad!

CAMERON CAMPBELL

Cameron is a member of the softball team. Every noon hour finds him practising some sport.

DENNIS CAMPBELL

Dennis may usually be found with his brother. His pet aversion is homework.

ROGER CAVANAUGH

Roger is the only American in our school. He is also our representative on the Students' Council.

MIKE COVEY

He likes dancing, parties, Wendy, and fooling around. Teachers say his case is incurable.

DAWN DURSTON

Although Dawn is quiet and shy, she is often found giggling. In spite of the surroundings she manages to get good marks.

BRUCE FULLER

Bruce, our class cartoonist, was one of the stars in the tumbling display this winter.

DIANE GODERRE

Diane gained fame as "Helen of Troy" in the Gym show.

JUDY HENDREN

Judy, who has an extremely good nature, wants to be an Air Stewardess after leaving school.
PROBABLE DESTINY: Miner.

MIKE HENDREN

Mike is one of our shorter members. His pet aversion is his older sister.

DIANE KEHOE

Diane is one of our class artists. Somehow she also finds time to get good marks.

KEIR KITCHEN

Keir seems to be able to do just about everything with one hand. His great ambition is to break 200 in bowling.

MICHELLE LALONDE

Michelle, who in case you can't tell by her name, is a French Canadian. After leaving school, she wants to become a secretary.

REG LEOB: Reg, a new arrival at the school, seems to be fitting in well at our school.

CAROL-ANN MILFORD: Carol-Ann, who is known as "Squirt", is our class Latin expert. She wants to become a private secretary.

PETE REMPEL: Pet's idea of Paradise is the whole world speaking German.

DWIGHT RODGERS: Dwight is our Grade Ten hockey hero. His pet aversion is being called "Tweety".

KAREN SCHROETER: Karen, who is secretary of the Students' Council, is one of the few sensible people in our class.

GAIL TRIMBLE: Gail spends most of her time with Marjorie at the Colin Caserne. She is an Elvis Presley fan.

GORD TRIMBLE: Likes weightlifting and swimming. Until recently he was very interested in Inter-Wing trips.

PAT VARALEAU: This girl is well known for her swimming ability. She says she wants to quit school. PROBABLE DESTINY: Teacher.

BROCK WALSH: Brock is one of our class athletes. His big ambition is to play ONE hockey game without getting hit in the face.

DAPHNE WRAY: Daphne is a member of our girl's basketball team. She is a popular student and gets good marks in school.

NANCY WRIGHT: When you see a smiling freckle-covered face, you know that Nancy is around. She seems to have an interest in grade eleven.



Grade 9



Name - Dale Armstrong

Quotation - If looks could kill our boys would be six feet under.

Ambition - Stenographer

Pet Aversion - John-alias-Sweetie-pie

Pastime - Passing dirty looks towards naughty pupils.

Name - John Bennett

Quotation - He'd make a lovely corpse.

Ambition - Joining the Air Force

Probable Destiny - Owner of aircraft scrap yard.

Pet Aversion - People who are always asking what his pet aversion is.

Pastime - Listening to dear Pat?

Name - Carol Boland
Quotation - I was gratified to answer promptly --- I said I didn't know.
Ambition - Meeting Elvis Presley
Probable Destiny - Second wife to Pat Boone.
Pet Aversion - Spinach
Pastime - Pesty Peter.

Name - Claude Charland
Quotation - It is easier to get out than stay out.
Ambition - Demolition Expert
Probable Destiny - Blowing his top on the job
Pet Aversion - Math Teachers
Pastime - Scouting

Name - Bev Davison
Quotation - I do not mind being angry, but I hadte innaccuracy.
Ambition - Swimming the Amazon.
Probable Destiny - Struggling across the width of the Metz Plage.
Pet Aversion - Salty popcorn
Pastime - Talking

Name - Ian Dudley
Quotation - God made him, and therefore let him pass as a man.
Ambition - Electronics engineer
Probable Destiny - Connection for a short circuit.
Pet Aversion - Teachers who misunderstand him
Pastime - Fiddling around with radios.

Name - Sharon Fenton
Quotation - When angry count to four, when very angry swear.
Ambition - Stenographer
Probable Destiny - Type-writer maker
Pet Aversion - Tea leaves
Pastime - Throwing darts at Pat Boone pin-ups.

Name - Eddie Gaudet
Quotation - To a rock that will become a corner stone.
Ambition - Becoming a Mountie
Probable Destiny - Joining the Foreign Legion
Pet Aversion - Math teachers
Pastime - Les jeunes filles francaises

Name - Gail Holmes
Quotation - Silence is a virtue
Ambition - Singer
Probable Destiny - Inmate at Sing-Sing.
Pet Aversion - Pat Boone, of course
Pastime - Talking about Der Elvis.

Name - Peter Jordan
Quotation - What cannot be cured, must be endured.
Ambition - Scientist
Probable Destiny - Guinea pig for latest laboratory experiment.
Pet Aversion - Pat Boone
Pastime - Throwing ping pong balls off the Empire State building.

Name - John Kehoe
Quotation - Though this may be play to you, its death to us.
Ambition - Engineer
Probable Destiny - Engineer of "Siberian Express".
Pet Aversion - False teeth
Pastime - Serving his detentions

Name - Becky MacLeod
Quotation - Man is the only animal that blushes, or needs to.
Ambition - Veterinarian
Probable Destiny - City dog-catcher
Pet Aversion - Boys that don't dance.
Pastime - Blushing

Name - Norman MacMurchy
Quotation - To be or not to be -- not to be
Ambition - Civil Engineer
Probable Destiny - Community ditch-digger
Pet Aversion - Girls
Pastime - Getting ready to go home

Name - Bonnie Magee
Quotation - She doth nothing but talk of her horse.
Ambition - Getting her R.N.
Probable Destiny - Nurse aid
Pet Aversion - School?
Pastime - Combing her hair.

Name - Sharon McElroy
Quotation - Give me a boy smart enough to make a fool of himself.
Ambition - To someday understand herself
Probable Destiny - Passing away all mixed-up.
Pet Aversion - People who are always saying "too bad" or "too much".
Pastime - Getting good marks

Name - Richard Meloche
Quotation - Resist not Evil.
Ambition - Auto mechanic
Probable Destiny - Baby buggy builder
Pet Aversion - Frogs
Pastime - Roberta

Name - Tom Paul
Quotation - The fair sex is my department
Ambition - To manage Gordie on his singing career.
Probable Destiny - Stage hand
Pet Aversion - Flirty girls (HMMMMM?)
Pastime - A certain grade 10 girl with pony-tail

Name - Kingsley Pauze
Quotation - Why's everybody always pickin' on me
Ambition - Mechanic
Probable Destiny - Run down by his own invention.
Pet Aversion - Math class
Pastime - Fixing his bike.

Name - Fred Pincock
Quotation - All the worlds a stage and let me play the fool.
Ambition - Playing on Charlie Brown's baseball team
Probable Destiny - He'll probably make it!
Pet Aversion - Math class
Pastime - Playing better baseball





JAMES BOUGHEN: Jim is going back to Canada this summer and is particularly happy that Winnipeg is the city -- why?

NICOLE CHARLAND: Nicole is a typical fun loving French Canadian with a happy grin and a gay personality. Nicky has made amazing progress, for in only two and a half years she has learned the English language.

DAVID ELLACOTT: Although he missed three months, David has done well this year. We hope to see him next year in Grade NINE.

AUDREY FAIRHEAD: This girl hails from the North Bay region. Since arriving here she has made big advances in her school work.

CANDY DE LA FONTAINE: Candy is very good in sports, excelling in volley-ball and baseball. She was the captain of a school volley-ball team and pitched for the grade seven and eight softball team.

SCOTT FULLER: "What, me worry?" is Scott's favourite expression. He usually lives up to it.

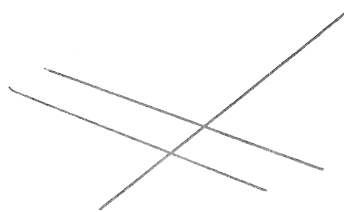
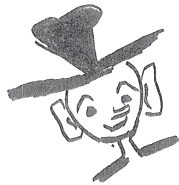
DOUG GAGNON: Doug is one of our better athletes. Although small in size, he is big in words.

NETTA JENNER: Netta is a very co-operative and well-liked pupil. She may usually be found with a certain boy in Grade Eleven.

KENT: Kent is very quiet and studious. He also likes sports.

PHYLLIS LINEHAM: Phyllis is another one of our class athletes. She is also a Girl Guide.

JANICE MALON: Janice, a quiet, hard-working girl, worked hard enough to skip Grade Seven. She is well liked in our class.



IAN MUNROE: His busy little fingers are now writing their way into the business world as the Grade Eight speller.

LORRAINE PARKER: Lorraine is one of the smarter students of Grade Eight. She often gets into trouble because of her talking, but it doesn't seem to bother her. How are those lines coming along, Lorraine?

TERRY SHAW: Here we have a young lad with a very unusual ambition.....it seems he wants to be a dracula. Although he is sometimes restless he manages to sit still long enough to do very well in school.

PETER STANLEY: He is said to be the brain of grade eight and from what we've heard, he's a pretty good fighter too.....

BERYL STEVENS: Beryl, a fourteen year old, hard-working, polite girl, comes from Durham, England. She likes sports and is very good natured.

BILL STOVER: This newcomer from 3(F) Wing has settled down very well here. His blond hair and blue eyes have made quite a hit with the girls around him.

JILL SWEET: Jill plays sports well and excells in class. Her favourite expression is "What did I do"? She usually blushes when told.

LINDA THOMPSON: Linda, a happy girl with a nice personality, is a bright student who has a keen interest in sports. Linda was one of the volley-ball champs who helped us win our games against the French.

PAM THOMPSON: Pam is a very polite girl who has a warm spot in her heart for animals. She is also an Elvis Presley fan.

JOHN WAINWRIGHT: John is an all-round athlete. His favourite song is "My Three O'clock Thrill is a Girl Named Jill". Quite a coincidence.



GRADE 7



NAME: Tom Adkins

AMBITION: To be a Ground Control
Approach Operator

FAVORITE CITY: Arnprior, Ontario

NAME: Lorna Anderson

AMBITION: To be a nurse

FAVORITE CITY: Ottawa, Ontario

NAME: Doug Archer

AMBITION: To be a pilot

FAVORITE CITY: Baden Baden, Germany

NAME: Leslie Banville

AMBITION: To be a nurse

FAVORITE CITY: Winnipeg, Man.

2

NAME: Bruce Bennett

AMBITION: To be a forest ranger

FAVORITE CITY: Los Angeles

NAME: Elizabeth Branagh

AMBITION: To be an air hostess

FAVORITE CITY: Maasterich, Holland

NAME: Anne Bouchard

AMBITION: To be a nurse

FAVORITE CITY: Portage La Prairie

NAME: Wayne Calvert

AMBITION: To be a pilot

FAVORITE CITY: Comox

NAME: Nancy Carroll

AMBITION: To be a nurse

FAVORITE CITY: Sault Saint Marie

NAME: Jack Cardiff

AMBITION: To be a pilot

FAVORITE CITY: Winnipeg

NAME: Connie Cliffe

AMBITION: To be a dress designer

FAVORITE CITY: Calgary

NAME: David Cochrane

AMBITION: To be a pilot

FAVORITE CITY: Halifax

NAME: Gwen Davies

AMBITION: To be an air hostess

FAVORITE CITY: Manhattan

NAME: Doug Davison

AMBITION: To be a school teacher

FAVORITE CITY: Goose Bay

NAME: Debbie Dodds

AMBITION: To be a nurse

FAVORITE CITY: Ottawa

NAME: Judy Dobson

AMBITION: To be a nurse

FAVORITE CITY: Victoria

NAME: Bruce Edwards

AMBITION: To raise and breed dogs

FAVORITE CITY: Vancouver

NAME: Nancy Edwards

AMBITION: To be a nurse

FAVORITE CITY: Vancouver

NAME: Nancy Gaudet

AMBITION: To be a nurse

FAVORITE CITY: Lac St. Denis

NAME: Carol Goderre

AMBITION: To be a nurse

FAVORITE CITY: Ottawa

NAME: Bob Gray

AMBITION: To be a geologist

FAVORITE CITY: Whitehorse, Yukon

NAME: Vivian Hendren

AMBITION: To be a model

FAVORITE CITY: New York

2

NAME: Gena Hollingshead

AMBITION: To be a typist

FAVORITE CITY: Winnipeg

NAME: Robbie Ireland

AMBITION: To be a scientist

FAVORITE CITY: North Bay

NAME: Douglas Isaac

AMBITION: Zoologist

FAVORITE PLACE: British Columbia

NAME: Vicki McElroy

AMBITION: To be an air hostess

FAVORITE CITY: Vancouver

NAME: Billy Nicholls

AMBITION: To be a pilot

FAVORITE PLACE: Nova Scotia

NAME: Curtis Nordman

AMBITION: To be an aeronautical engineer

FAVORITE CITY: Winnipeg

NAME: Gaye Olsson

AMBITION: To be a nurse

FAVORITE CITY: Whitehorse

NAME: John Parker

AMBITION: To join the U.S. Navy

FAVORITE CITY: Boston

NAME: Barry Penner

AMBITION: To be an aeronautical engineer

FAVORITE CITY: Vancouver

NAME: Jane Penwill

AMBITION: To be a housewife

FAVORITE CITY: Windsor

NAME: Carolyn Riley

AMBITION: To be a nurse

FAVORITE CITY: Courtenay

NAME: Malcolm Robertson

AMBITION: To be a pilot

FAVORITE CITY: Ottawa

NAME: David Rippon

AMBITION: To be a mounty

FAVORITE CITY: Ottawa

NAME: Ronnie Running

AMBITION: To be a forest warden

FAVORITE CITY: Cold Lake

NAME: Jean Simmans

AMBITION: To be a nurse

FAVORITE CITY: Winnipeg

NAME: Tom StGermain

AMBITION: To be a jet pilot

FAVORITE CITY: Montreal

NAME: Lynn Taylor

AMBITION: To be a teacher

FAVORITE CITY: Brighton

NAME: Harold Teal

AMBITION: To join the Air Force

FAVORITE CITY: Greenwood

NAME: Betty Tew

AMBITION: To be a dental nurse

FAVORITE CITY: Ottawa

NAME: Jim Vine

AMBITION: To be a R.C.A.F. Controller

FAVORITE CITY: Edmonton

NAME: Roberta Wray

AMBITION: To be a secretary

FAVORITE CITY: Montreal

NAME: David Walker

AMBITION: To be a doctor

FAVORITE CITY: St. Boniface

NAME: Lionel Woodruff

AMBITION: To be a naturalist

FAVORITE CITY: Winnipeg

NAME: Bonnie Wright

AMBITION: To be a hair dresser

FAVORITE CITY: Ottawa



Activities

58-59

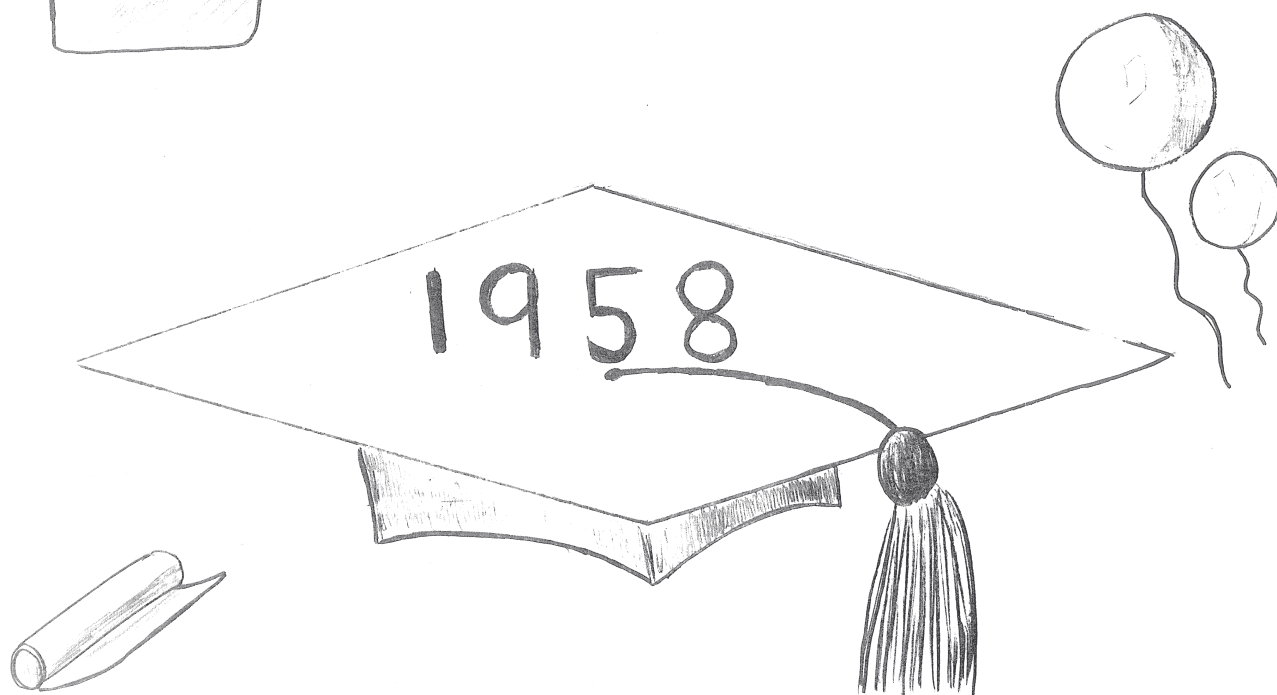


Our Graduates

1957	Roberta Kerr	--	Queen's University
	Eddie Gillespie	--	University of New Brunswick
1958	Leanna Bradshaw	--	Royal Victoria Hospital
	Nancy Godwin	--	Sir George Williams College
	Janet Williams	--	Beingham Young University
	Peter Bell	--	University of British Columbia
	Donna MacMurchy	--	Ecole Barbot (Planning to enter University of Manitoba)
	Jackie Abra	--	Ecole Barbot (Now working in Bank of Montreal)
	Michel Dansereau	--	No news!



G RADUATION



Last year, on the night of June twentieth, the annual Graduation Dance was held in the Recreation Hall. The receiving line was followed at eight-twenty by the presentation exercises. Acknowledgements were made of the Athletic Teams, Driving Course Candidates, Year Book Staff, Student Council, and presentations were made to the Air Division Championship sports teams, the School Song Contest Winners, and the French Essay winner. Home and School Honour certificates were awarded also.

The decorations were of an appropriate nature, featuring a beautiful cobweb swept up in the centre by a large silver and blue mortar board which displayed smaller likenesses - each bearing the name of a graduate. A modernistic piece of art backed the orchestra; and each table boasted a vase of flowers.

A highlight of the evening was a bunny-hop composed of the graduate students. At twelve-thirty a delicious cold buffet was served, after which the students, the friends and families dispersed from the hall, ready to meet again for "After the Prom" parties.

It was a wonderful dance, and will be well remembered by all -- especially those whom it honoured.

Angela Olsson
Grade 13

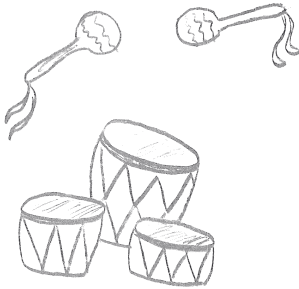


INITIATION

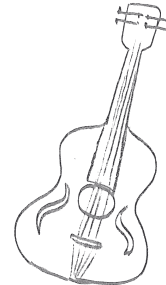


The first party of the year, a dance and weiner roast, was put on by the 57/58 Student Council. The ping-pong room was transformed with brown and yellow maple leaves and streamers. It looked almost like Halloween as all newcomers were being initiated. After the dancing, the party of teen-agers moved over to the rear of the Officers' Mess for the weiner roast. There, two boys demonstrated their Boy Scout talents and after a few tries (about ten) a roaring fire was begun and soon everyone was merrily munching hot dogs. Singing was started and the time passed quickly away -- too quickly -- and soon it was time to go home.

Gwen Austin
Grade 11

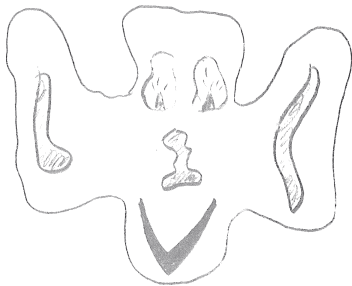


CALYPSO CAPERS



The flashy posters advertised, "Hear Bruce and his Bongo-Beaters". "See a gay assortment of dancing girls collected in Trinidad, Barbados and Jamaica". Sure enough, there they were! The girls passing fruit, and the "Bongo-Beaters", pounding away. In a brilliant red hue the theme "Calypso Capers" was easily distinguished. In the food line there was cake, and plenty of it; and washing it down there was coconut water in true Caribbean style. The dance finished to the sound of steel-drums sounding into the darkness.

Bruce Fuller
Grade 10



HALLO- WEEN



Perhaps goblins and spooks weren't riding the skies the eve of October 31st, but they were certainly aboard the buses heading for 3(F) Wing and the Halloween Dance. Costumes ranging from Frankenstein to a 1920 Bathing Beauty moved about the dance floor to the rhythm of a German band that was really "in the groove". 1 Air Division claimed one reward of the evening when a certain clown displayed his "get up and go". After a delicious lunch, the creatures from Heaven knows where, regretfully said good-bye to the scene of care-free fun and returned to Metz under the generous supervision of F/Sgt. and Mrs. Jackson, and WO2 and Mrs. Metcalfe.

Mary Olsson
Grade 12

Council Elections

Every year at the beginning of the first term, it's campaign time. What campaign? Why, the campaign for the new Student Council of course. This year we had a wonderful group of kids nominated. It was easy to see that no matter who was elected there would be a great Student's Council.

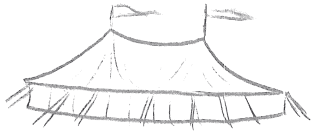
Those nominated for the various positions were Gail Dolan and Angela Olsson for president. The boys, taking a look at the competition in the president position quickly snapped up vice-president. These were Skip Dolan and Dennis Simmons. Fern Wonnacott was also nominated for vice-president but was eliminated since it was against the Student's Council Constitution which states that there must be one girl and one boy in the position of president and vice-president. There was no keeping that girl out though as later Fern was chosen class president to represent grade twelve and thirteen. For Secretary there was only one nomination, Karen Shroeter, therefore, she became secretary and the first member of this year's Student's Council. Gwen Austin and Sharon Abra were nominated for Treasurer. As soon as all the nominees were made known to the high school students there commenced one of the zaniest campaigning programmes ever to take place in General Navereau School. There was a rush by all the campaign committees for available wall space for posters. In less than a day there was not a square foot of wall space left. Some diehards put posters on the ceiling and even some were put outside the school. Teachers found it hard to find blackboard space. Each nominee had to give a speech. At the end of campaign week with the casting of the votes the Student's Council of 58/59 was formed.

Gail Dolan, for the second time, was elected president; Dennis Simmons was made vice-president; Karen Shroeter secretary, and Gwen Austin treasurer. The class representatives were elected as soon as the winners were made known. They were, Tom Paul for grade nine; Roger Cavanaugh for grade ten; Jim Pincock for grade eleven, and Fern Wonnacott for grades twelve and thirteen.

"CONGRATULATIONS KIDS FOR A BIGGER AND BETTER YEAR"

Earl Austin
Grade 13

CARNIVAL CAPERS



Our dance Carnival Capers, chaperoned by Miss Soper and Mr. Valentini got into full swing when the side booths opened. Here we could fish, guess the number of beans in a jar, throw rubber rings over pegs, have our picture taken behind a girl in a bikini, or many other things. Prizes were given for the largest and smallest feet. After a while the booths closed and everyone settled down to dancing. Refreshments were served and everyone went home, having had a wonderful time.



Maureen Gill
Grade 11

Sadie Hawkins Dance

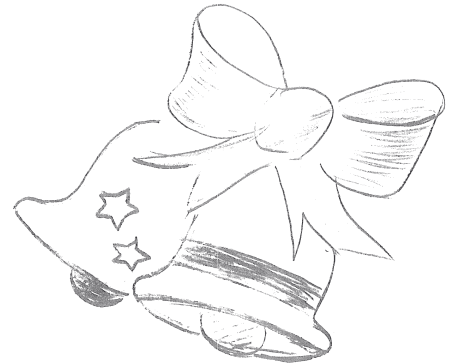
On November 21st, after the strange garb of Sadie Hawkins' Day had been cast aside, the students flocked to the kindergarden room which had been transformed into a part of "Dawgpatch" by the grade elevens.

Everyone danced happily until it was announced that those who had disobeyed Sadie Hawkins' Day rules would be tried by a kangaroo court. With cries of "I didn't do it" or "I did do it" the guilty ones were dragged before the crowd. Each in turn was found guilty and dire punishments were handed out by the merciless judge. Dancing then continued until 11:30, when, after a few "last dances", everybody left "Dawgpatch" to the brave clean-up committee.

Diane Kehoe
Grade 10



CHRISTMAS DANCES



The Student Council with the help of S/L Senior worked to make our Christmas dance one of the loveliest put on. The normally barren walls of the Recreation Hall were camouflaged with a gigantic festive-coloured web caught up in the middle with a tempting bunch of mistletoe. An abstract design with Santa's eight reindeer decorated the bandstand where a five-piece orchestra played all tempos. Two large trees added a finishing touch with their multi-coloured lights.

We were fortunate in having the teenagers from 1(F) Wing and 2(F) Wing and representatives from 4(F) Wing joined us.

After being served a delicious salad plate, we regretfully left one of the best dances of the year.

Angela Olsson
Grade 13



The 26th of December found General Navereau students on their way to a Christmas dance held at 2(F) Wing.

The Recreation Hall was colourfully decorated with streamers which soon had everyone in a festive mood.

Their band displayed its best during a rock and roll contest which was won by a couple from 4(F) Wing. W/C and Mrs. Abra were the chaperones for this event.

After refreshments and a few more numbers we started our trip home.

Sherrill Wray
Grade 11

Bewitching Ball

Most dances start off with the soothing strains of some dreamy melody, but the Grade Twelves had to be different! Students were greeted at the door by a witch and a cannibal, alias Carol Gilchrist and Skip Dolan, who led the victims through a "House of Horrors", where such delectable items as Mary Olsson's head, dripping blood, was left lying carelessly on the table. More entertainment was provided at half time when Sherril Wray was forced to put her finger into an empty "eye socket" which she did, not without letting everyone know how she felt about it -- especially when she felt how squishy the hole was!

Everyone survived the ordeal well enough to dance steadily before the refreshments and surprisingly enough even the green, purple and red cakes were eaten! Miss Leggat and Mr. Anderson, were chaperones and they seemed to enjoy themselves and the whole evening was a gay and great success.

Fern Wonnacott
Grade 12



At eight o'clock, April 19, 1959 an old-time northern saloon was found in full swing, and right here in Metz too! A large curved bar with a background of empty whisky bottles greeted you as you entered. Such specialties as "Monster Juice" (5¢ plus your life) and "Hiroshima Fallout" were advertised for sale but the buyers were few and far between.

When you had checked your guns at the bar you could enter the "Last Chance Saloon" itself, with a Roulette wheel, Over and Under booth, and Blackjack cardsharps. Steadily the "Klondike Kash" flowed (20 paper nuggets for 5¢) and everyone was gambling. Such famous personages as Mr. Anderson and that notorious gambler and cardsharp Miss Caty were there. Sheffif John Kehoe, and his deputy John Gaudet strolled around along with Ian Dudley of the Mounted Police handing out tickets for such atrocious crimes as hair too long and wrong colour shoes. Later in the evening they tried in vain, except for Daphne Wray and Dwight Rogers who were forced to dance nose to nose, to punish the offenders.

The lucky winners of the specialty dance won genuine (painted that is) gold nuggets and the door prize was a solid gold brick. Earlier in the dance, at a booth run by Fred Pincock, ballots had been cast for "Klondike Kween". The winner Becky McCloud was crowned by Mr. Anderson.

At 10:15 refreshments were served, a delicious punch (what a knockout) and a variety of cakes. The end of the dance finally came with everyone agreeing that the Niners had a smash hit of a "Dawson City Drag".

Norman MacMurchy
Grade 9



With the booming of surf and the blue-green hue of the deep sea, the grade thirteen class transformed the kindergarden room into an aquarium. On May 22, the students entered a room of fishnets, mermaids, corals, sharks, and darting big-eyed fish. There was even the hull of a ship in a corner. Only the water was missing. Some saucy fish disturbed the dancers now and then, but everyone seemed to enjoy themselves.

The bowling awards were presented during the evening by Mr. Beattie and Miss Blyth, our chaperones. At ten thirty, a delicious cold plate was served and dancing continued until eleven-thirty. The senior class dance was unanimously acclaimed a huge success.

Angela Olsson
Grade 13

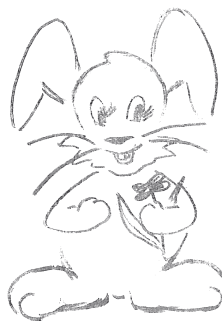
Graduation Dance



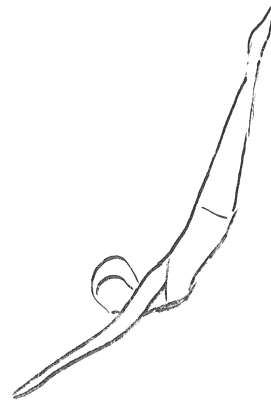
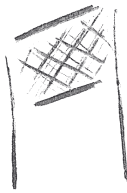
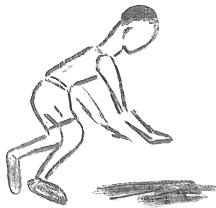
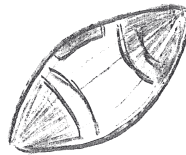
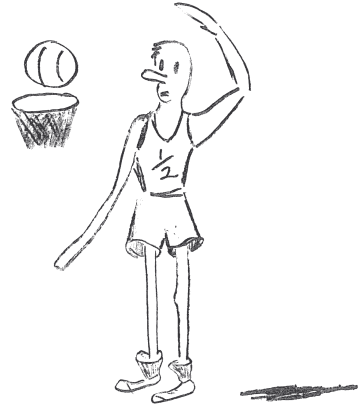
Preparation for this year's Graduation Dance is being made now in an effort to make it the best dance yet. S/L Senior is again leading the Decoration committee, and rumour has it, the new School Crest is being used.

The dance is going to be held on June 25 with the receiving line starting at 8 o'clock. The presentation exercises will be followed by a night of dancing. A buffet will be served later in the evening.

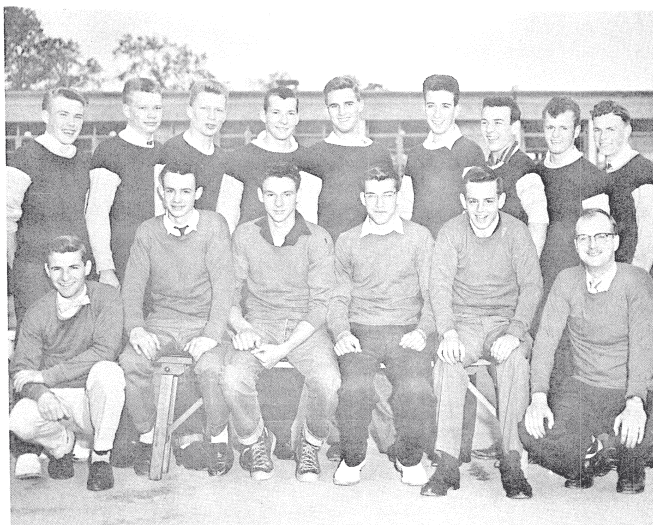
All in all, this Graduation Dance is designed to give everyone a wonderful time. From what we have heard, no matter how good other dances have seemed, this one -- don't let me tell you, come and see for yourself!



SPORTS



FOOTBALL



Front (L. to R.) E. Austin, D. Shaw, E. Gaudet, S. Dolan, R. Heath, E. Metcalfe.
Back (L. to R.) B. Fuller, D. Simmans, P. Simmans, J. Metcalfe, D. Pincock, R. Gillespie, B. Walsh,
G. Moore, G. Millford. Missing J. Pincock.

The high-school football season was climaxed this year by four games against other wings -- two against 2(F) Wing and two against 3(F) Wing. Although the team seemed to have good possibilities at the start of the year, the final record was a rather disappointing no wins, three losses, and a tie. Due to a lack of suitable equipment and proper training the teams played flag football with eight men to a team. This arrangement seemed to make the offense much better than the defense and therefore scores were very high.

In the first game of the season, played at Metz, General Navereau tied a powerful 3(F) Wing team 33-33. It was the only game they didn't win in the year. Metz's attack consisted mostly of an excellent passing game and very little running. Ends Gary Milford and Rick Gillespie racked up most of the points on pass plays. The 3(F) Wing team had a powerful running attack which got them yardage almost every play and so the two opposite offenses produced a tie.

The second game was played at Grostenquin against the 2(F) Wing team which had lost previously to 3(F) Wing. The contest was played in a driving wind and rain which made play difficult and the 2(F) Wing boys carried off a 19-13 decision. General Navereau never could get moving smoothly and proved a disappointment for our team who were expecting to win.

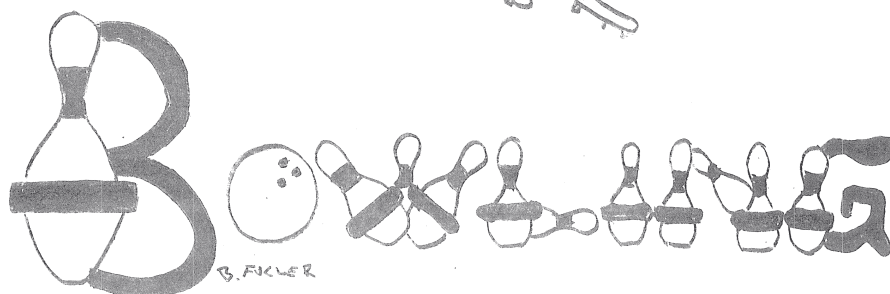
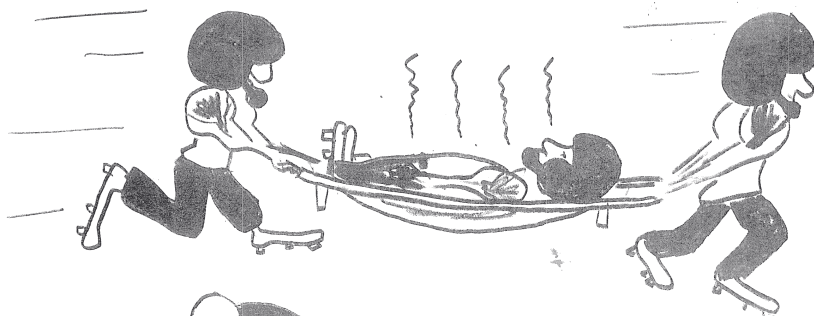
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The next game, Metz travelled to Germany to play 3(F) Wing team again at Zweibrucken. Enthusiasm was really high after the previous tie with both teams wanting to prove who was best. Unfortunately Metz came out on the bottom of a 55-41 score. The 3(F) Wing team built up a three touchdown lead in the first quarter but in the second half Metz came storming back to give them a real scare. In spite of the loss our team could be proud of their second-half effort.

The final game against 2(F) Wing at Metz was one of the best of the season. Metz seemed to outplay 2(F) Wing in everything except points scored and so went down to a 24-21 loss. The high point of the game came in the last period when General Navereau seemed about ready to sow up their first victory as they moved inside the twenty yard line but 2(F) Wing intercepted a pass and ran it back for the touchdown that put the game out of reach of our team.

Although the team's record was not too good the season was enjoyed by all and a better year is hoped for next year. As the old Brooklyn Dodgers used to say, "Wait 'till next year", and remember, they finally won.

Jim Pincock
Grade 11



This year, for the first time, we had a bowling league. Right from the start this proved to be a big success. Eight teams were formed and a round robin series was played. Earl Austin's team came out on top. Since the teams were not quite even in the first series they were reformed and a second schedule was played with the teams being split into two leagues. Gail Dolan's team and Jack Metcalfe's were the winners.

HIGH AVERAGES

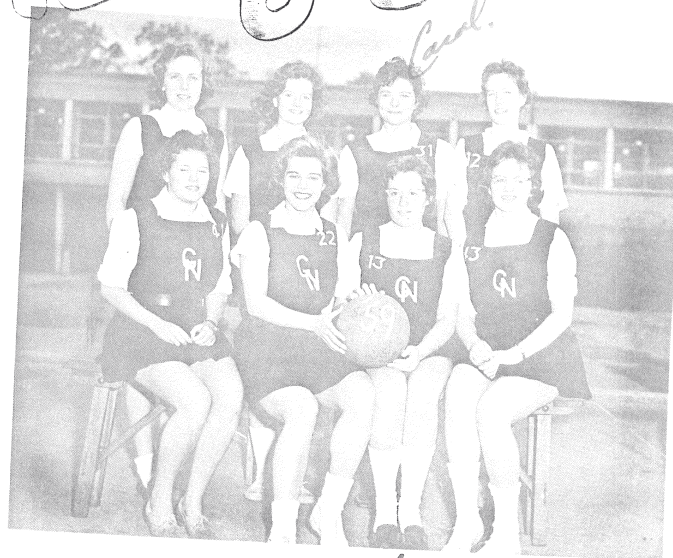
Boys

J. Pincock	202
D. Pincock	174
J. Metcalfe	169
E. Austin	167
D. Simmons	165

Girls

K. Schroeter	152
G. Dolan	144
C. Gilchrist	143
G. Austin	139
S. Wray	135

Girls BASKETBALL



Front: (L. to R.) Sherrill Wray, Gail Dolan, Fern Wonnacott, Sharon Abra.
 Back : (L. to R.) Karen Schroeter, Daphne Wray, Carol Gilchrist, Dawn Durston.
 Absent: Mrs. Donnett (Coach)

Although there was no Inter-Wing league this year, the girls had a very successful exhibition schedule. This was highlighted by two very decisive victories over last year's champions, 1(F) Wing.

On May 1, they entered the Inter-Wing tournament at 3(F) wing to compete for the Canadair Cup. In the first game their opposition was 1(F) Wing. The game got off to a very slow start as both teams got used to the strange court. Then our girls started to pull into the lead. At the final whistle they were ahead by a 24-12 score. A strong defense which held 1(F) Wing to only four points in the first half was an important factor in the victory. Gail Dolan and Daphne Wray led the scoring with 8 points each.

In the championship game against 3(F) Wing our team met a determined opponent. The game was hard fought all the way with Metz gradually building up a lead. They never fell behind as they won 26-14. In this game, as in most of the others, much credit is due to Gail Dolan, who played an outstanding game at guard, and Carol Gilchrist, who did very well at centre.

After the game, the Canadair Cup was presented to Gail Dolan by W/C B. Hanley.



Front: (L. to R.) E. Austin, J. Metcalfe, D. Pincock, S. Dolan, G. Running.
 Back : (L. to R.) E. Gaudet, R. Gillespie, D. Jordan, G. Millford, R. Jordan.
 Absent: J. Pincock, Cpl. Vandecasteyen (Coach), R. Cavanaugh.

Although we did not have an Inter-wing league this winter, the boys' team managed to play quite a few games. Under the coaching of Cpl. Vandecasteyen, who has worked with the boys for the past three years, the squad had a very successful season.

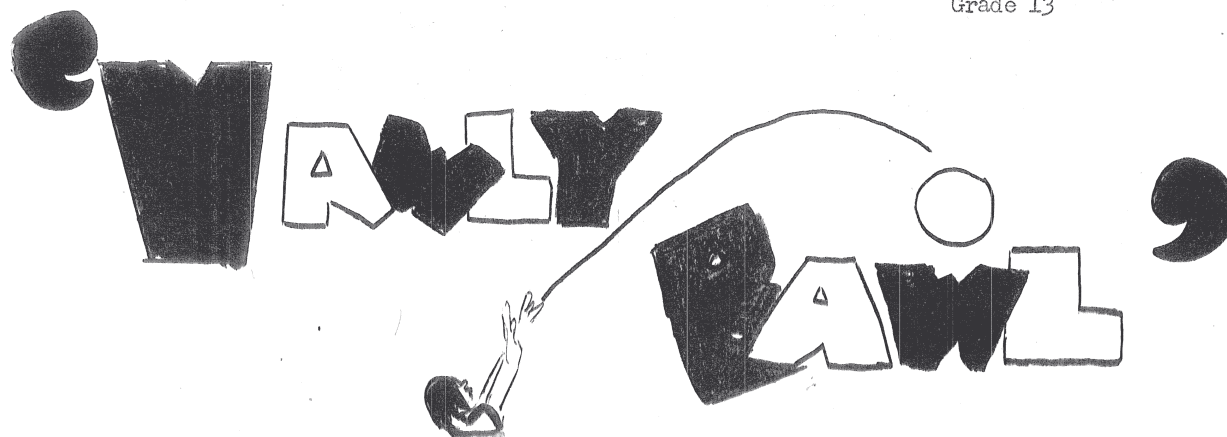
The year was climaxed by an Inter-wing tournament at 3(F) Wing on May 1st in which the Canadair trophy was at stake. At 11 AM our boys met 4(F) Wing in the first game. This match was hi-lighted by the fast moving co-ordination of the Navereau team. The score at half time was 29-2 for Metz. The second half found Air Division playing it's second string until, in the last two minutes, the starting five came on again to pile up 12 points making Navereau the winner with a decisive score of 47-12.

Later on in the afternoon, Metz played 3(F) Wing in the final game. This was very rugged and got off to a slow start marked by many fouls. However, toward the end of the first half Navereau started to pull ahead. In the second half both teams played much better and Metz gradually increased her lead. Jim Pincock ended the game with a total of 15 points while Doug Pincock scored 16 although (according to the 3(F) Wing coach) he had three guards.

(continued)

When the final whistle blew, our boys had won the game 44-31. Immediately after the girls' game, W/C B. Hanley presented the cup to co-captains Doug and Jim Pincock. Now, for the second year in a row, the big silver trophy adorns the halls of Navereau.

Gail Dolan
Grade 13



Front: (L. to R.)
S. Wray, G. Austin,
G. Dolan, F. Wonna-
gett, C. Gilchrist,
S. Abra.



Back: (L. to R.)
D. Durston, D. Ge-
derre, M. Gill, G.
Holmes, K. Schroe-
ter.

The girls' high school volleyball team played their first game this year at the Lycee downtown. Our team was beaten rather badly in all three of the games but we still enjoyed ourselves. Afterwards a nice tea was served.

The second series of games was played on the station against another French team. This time we were more successful as we beat the French girls in all three games.

Next year we hope to be able to play a few more games against both French and Canadian teams.

Dawn Durston
Grade 10

CHEERLEADERS



Honey Wright, Sandra Mitchell, Sharon Moore, Maureen Gill, Heather Shearer



Cheerleaders! Every school has them but never as nice as General Navereau's and this year was no exception. We had an all girl squad this year, made up of seven girls -- five regulars and two spares. The girls organized themselves with some help from Miss Leggat who looked after selecting and gave helpful ideas when they were necessary. All in all we had fine cheerleaders and we all hope that next year's will be as successful.

Sharon Abra
Grade 11

J.R. VOLLEY BALL



Front: (L. to R.) Linda Sinclair, Lorraine Parker, Nicole Charland, Beryl Stevens, Jill Sweet.
Back : (L. to R.) Jean Simmons, Gay Olsson, Candy de la Fontaine, Pamella Thompson, Phyllis Lineham.

Our first game was to be held at the Lycee de Jeunes Filles. As we approached the school, some older girls, came to meet us. They led us to the gymnasium where we changed into our green sweaters and shorts. Our opposition seemed shy and so were we; we didn't speak to each other before the game.

We found that the French girls play a different type of volley ball. They only volley once, whereas we were taught to volley twice. They were quite fair though, and allowed us to do the same as we were taught. The first two games we won with the scores being 15-7 and 15-8. Mr. Weir, thinking that it was unfair that we had the advantage told us to volley once, making it harder for us.

After a more difficult match, we finally won with the score of 15-12. After the game, we started talking in our broken French, to the girls. They were very friendly then, and led us to another school where we washed and ate a lunch of tea and biscuits. We left then after promising to have a return match.

We had our second game at the Air Division gymnasium. This game was different from the first and much harder to win.

(continued)

Our opposition was a different team this time but just as friendly. We started off quite poorly, but managed after a long game to win with a score of 15-11. The second game was won by the French girls with some wonderful serving and spiking. The third game we won, but it was quite close; our team made a hopeless blunder that took us back a few points. The score being 15-13. The fourth and last game was very exciting, both teams leading off and on. Finally we reached the 15-14 point win but we found that we must lead by two points. We served and lost it, then the ball was given to the French girls. We returned their serve and the girl couldn't get the ball over the net. When we served the French team tried and failed to reach the ball. There was an applause for us and we took our friends to the washroom to clean up and change. We then went up to the room above the gym where we ate sandwiches, cookies and cokes. When we had finished we saw the French girls off and promised to go to their school to teach them baseball.

Pamela Thompson
Grade 8

JR. BOYS

VOLLEYBALL



Front: (L. to R.) Peter Stanley, Douglas Gagnon, Scott Fuller.
Back : (L. to R.) Malcolm Robertson, John Wainwright, Kent Smith, Harold Bolton.

Our junior volleyball team, with Doug Gagnon as captain, was introduced to our French opponents from the Lycee des Garcons on our first volleyball match.

After changing we escorted our friends up to the gymnasium. Finishing our warm-up, we then started the games. At first our team started rather shakily but soon settled down and played a steady game. The game finished with the score 15-6 for the French. The final two

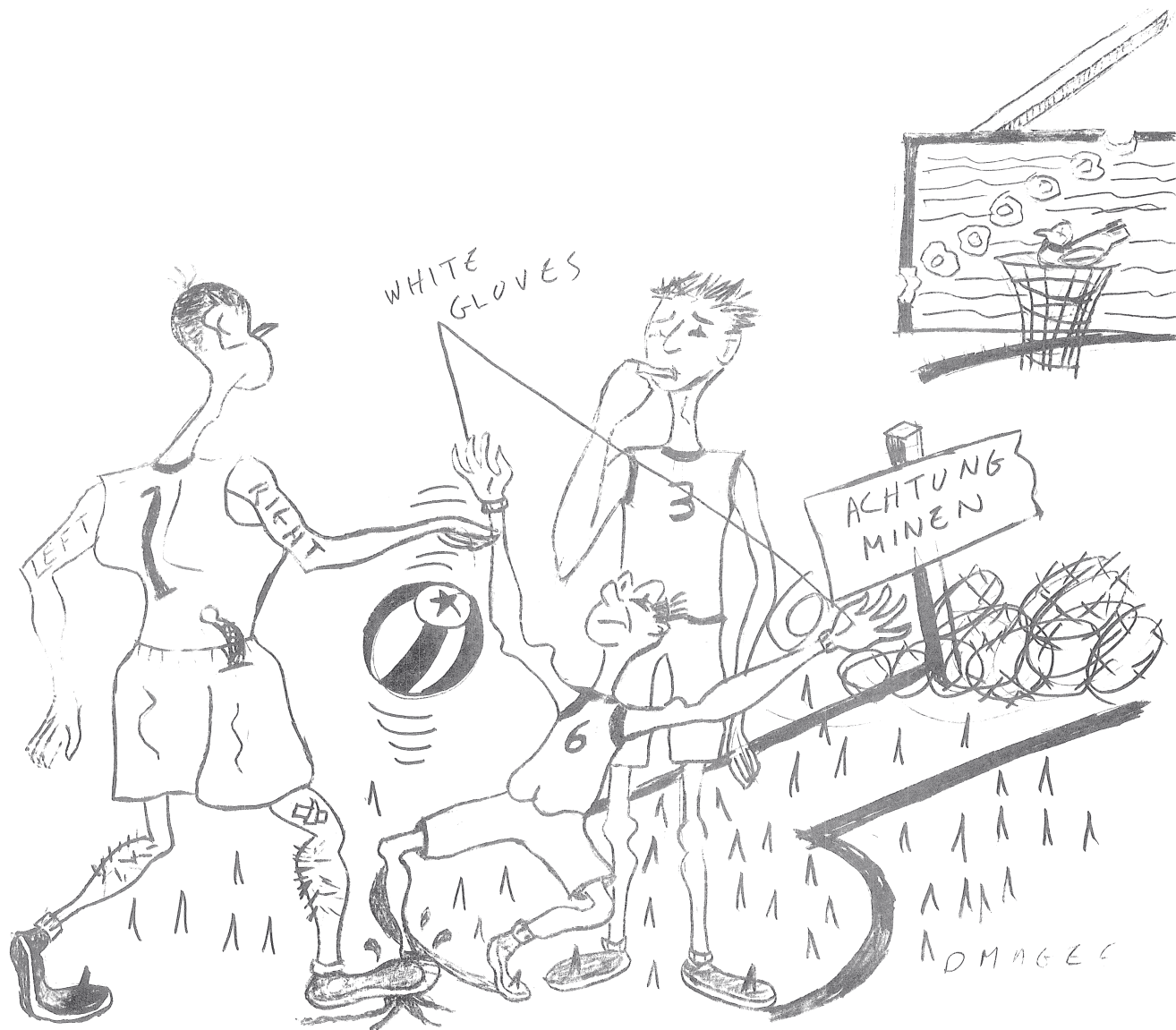
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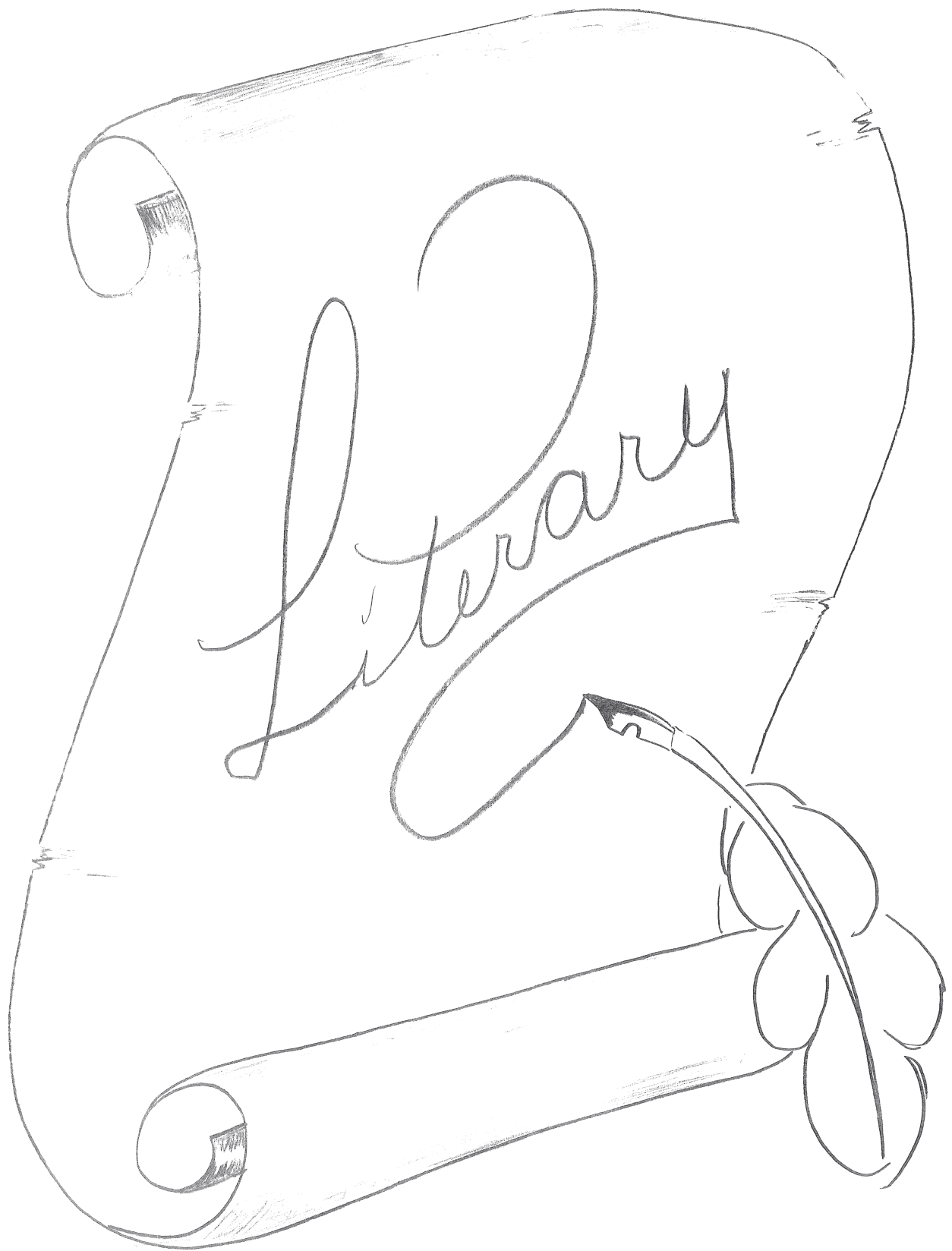
games were hard-fought battle. Skillful plays were performed by each team and there were many long, thrilling rallies during the matches. However, the wonderfully-trained French boys showed their skills by doing excellent passes and marvellous spikes, and slowly gained ground on our fighting team. The scores, however, do not give a true picture of the games for they were filled with thrills and spills to match the best junior school teams. The eventual scores of the final two games were 15-7 and 15-6 in favour of the Lycee.

After changing we marched to the Airmen's Mess where we enjoyed an excellent meal. During the meal we became well acquainted with the French boys in spite of the language difficulty and we became good friends.

All in all, the game was a great success not only in the field of sportmanship, but also in the field of good relations between French and Canadians.

Peter Stanley
Grade 8





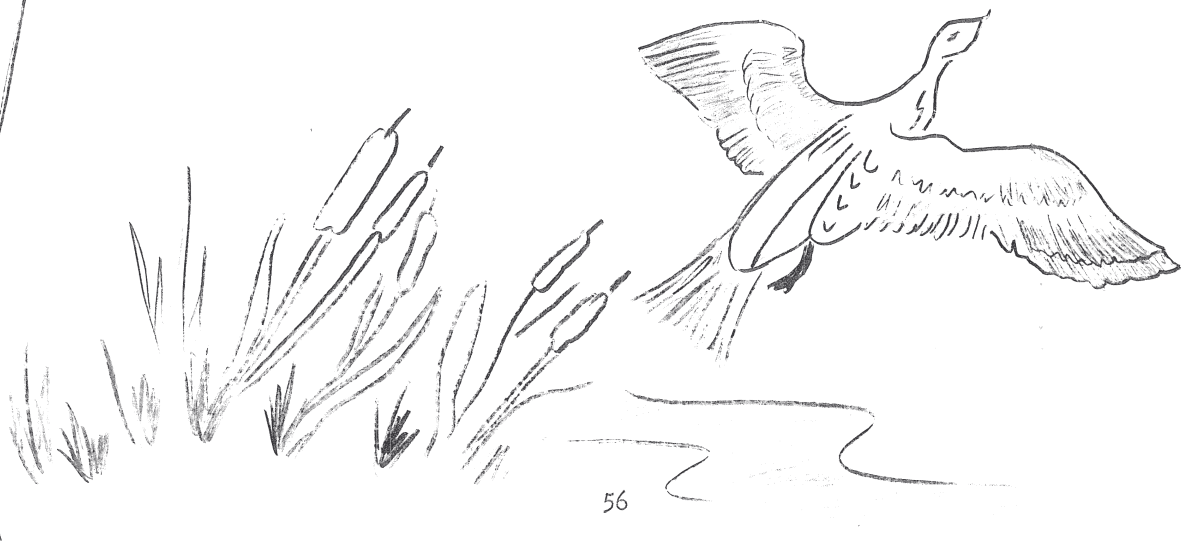


About Autumn

Like feathers floating lightly in the breeze
The bronze and crimson patterns downward fell
And splashed the earth with colour from the trees,
A splendor that no force could ever quell.
High up above, the cold sky sparkled clear,
No clouds in sight. The frost had touched the leaves,
Great flocks of birds stream southward for the year,
And the lonesome marsh their silent parting grieves.

Not winter yet, but summer more than gone.
A quiet age, a time of rest and peace
When work has stopped. Now all men wait upon
The snow, the spring, and summer without cease.
Only the Lord continues at His task.
Is there more for which mankind could ever ask?

Gail Dolan
Grade 13



DUN - SUR - MEUSE

In spite of the extreme heat and the sticky air in the car, I had high hopes for a pleasant week ahead. These, however were soon dashed when, after a careful glance at my surroundings, I didn't perceive one honest-to-goodness single teenager. They all seemed to be married.

Dun-Sur-Meuse is a small town just north of Verdun, situated along the right bank of the Meuse, a picturesque river winding among green hills. The town itself has little to boast of besides an old, stone church resting on the crest of a steep hill that overlooks the valley.

Notre Dame is a cool, bare church, but a beautiful one -- the interior done in Gothic style. During the evening, huge floodlights facing it, are lit and one is able to see the illuminated church for miles.

Dun-Sur-Meuse is quiet and peaceful during the week, but each Sunday afternoon in the summer months, gaily-dressed folk from the surrounding towns come to Lac Vert, as a nearby lake is simply named, to picnic, swim, or lie in the sun. The lake offers much to the prospective camper; a large casino is available for dancing and a cafe, plus boats and marvellous swimming facilities makes the site ideal.

The first few days that I spent here crawled by uneventfully and I was almost suffering from a severe case of boredom, when I was unconsciously rescued. Just as the sun dipped behind pink hills, I noticed a group of men building a huge bonfire nearby. Hesitatingly my sisters and I approached the gay spectacle, but upon invitation we followed our host's example and soon found ourselves seated on warm blankets around the "pyre". Here many enjoyable hours passed as we sang songs and exchanged ideas of refreshment. Our new friends were astonished when we handed them "chewy" toasted marshmallows, and in turn they gave us a baked potato cooked under the roaring fire.

The next afternoon was spent in gathering dead, dry branches and stacking them in high piles for another bonfire. This time we offered them popcorn. They gave us delicious, freshly caught trout baked over the hot flames by hanging on a forked stick. How nice it tasted with salt! Soon our shyness wore off and we freely joined in the laughter as an amusing fellow-camper sang an Algerian chant and did a lively dance in accompaniment. As a cold breeze blew across the waters, hot beverage was handed around which warmed one from head to toe, expelling the uncomfortable chill in the air.

The remainder of our stay passed quickly. Friends are so easily made when one is camping, I believe, for we certainly had many new acquaintances when the day of our departure had arrived. Generous gifts of fresh fish supplemented our breakfast and bore a taste I shall never forget.

It was with regret that I first viewed this small town, but it was with deeper regret that I left it to return home.



Mary Olsson
Grade 12

Professor: "Mr. Jones, I hate to tell you, but the truth is your son is a moron".
Jones: "Where is he? I'll teach him to join a fraternity without telling me".

Suiter: "Your daughter has promised to become my wife".
Father: "Well, don't come to me for sympathy. I knew something like that would happen with you hanging around here five nights a week".

CAUGHT!

As we crossed the lake after a good day's fishing Tom and I noticed the black dreary storm clouds moving sluggishly across the heavens. A cold, bleak wind swept around us and provoked the waters into angry white caps. Within five minutes the distant shore was lost from sight. Tom shouted over the roar of the wind, "We shall never reach town in this swell"!

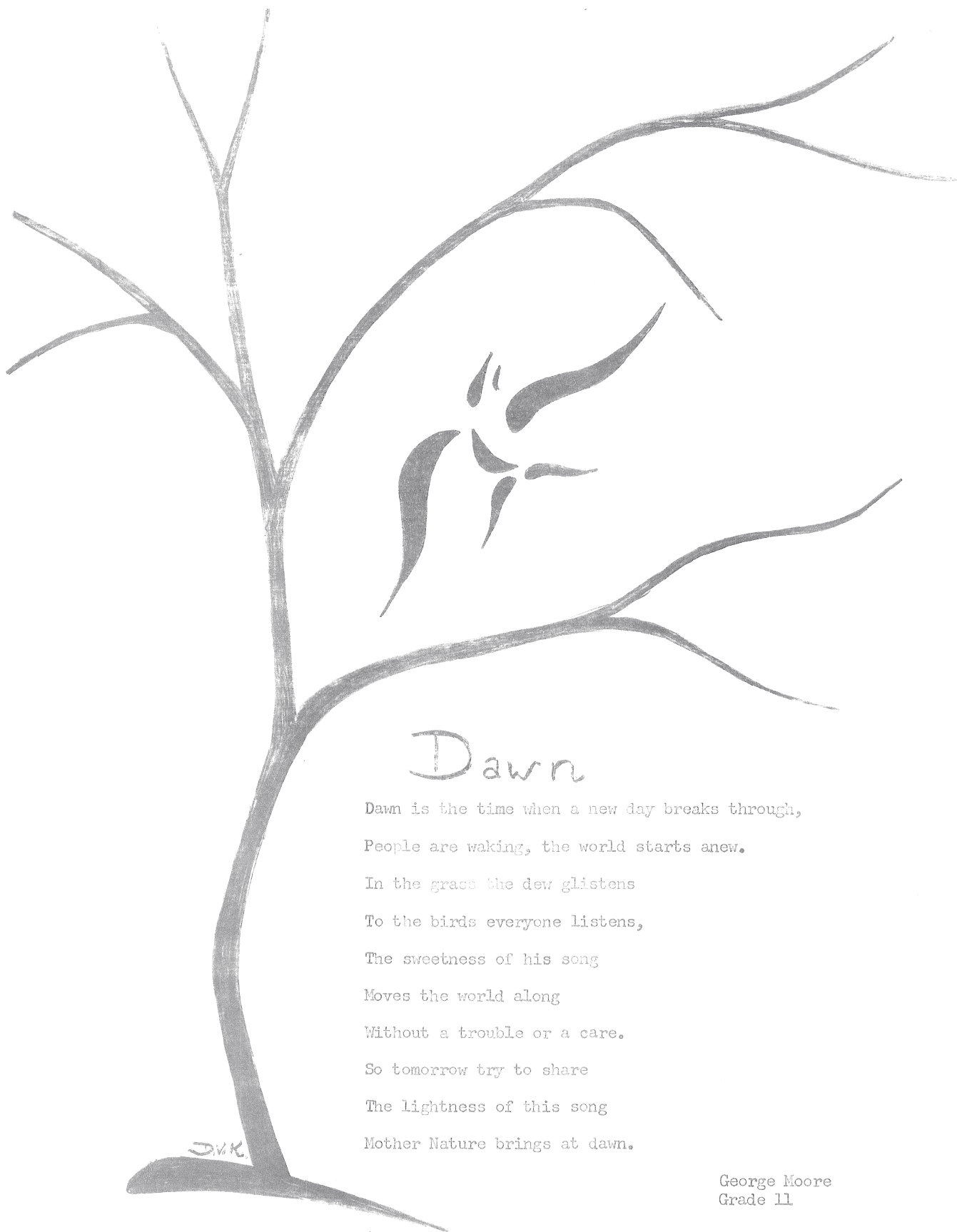
"Then what is there to do if not to go on", I mumbled while bailing some water from the bottom of the boat.

The boat floundered helplessly as the wind had aroused a swell. Just as I thought everything was lost, Tom cried out, "Look! Over to the right is Skull Island. Let's try to reach it and stay there until this ugly storm blows over".

With the help of our small outboard motor and the oars, we reached the island. It was bare except for a clump of old rotten trees with their once bold limbs hanging by their sides. We hauled the boat up to the trees and then with their feeble support we made a crude shelter. Once under the boat and out of the rain we examined our clothes and our packs. Both of us were drenched to the skin and shivering cold. In the packs there was nothing but soggy bread and a tin of pork and beans. Tom was too hungry to complain as he wolfed his share of the food. Although the rain could not reach us, the wind raced around us and made our clammy clothes harden to our skin. After four dreary, damp, cold hours, the wind subsided, the moon lit out hackneyed abode and the stars glistened like jewels in a pirate's treasure chest. When all signs of our villainous intruder had vanished, we again set out for home. The waters were still in a bad humour as they slapped against our craft, but in an hour we arrived home only to find that we had been in Hurricane Edith!

Jack Metcalfe
Grade 11





Dawn

Dawn is the time when a new day breaks through,
People are waking, the world starts anew.
In the grass the dew glistens
To the birds everyone listens,
The sweetness of his song
Moves the world along
Without a trouble or a care.
So tomorrow try to share
The lightness of this song
Mother Nature brings at dawn.

George Moore
Grade 11

STRANDED

The sun began to slip slowly behind a high protruding mountain across the valley and with it a deathly silence settled on the two climbers. Its gently glow cast a red light over the two who struggled in the deep snow but its beauty was lost on them. A chill, which would soon turn to a biting cold and drive itself through their parkas like nails, seemed to seep in with the fast descending shadows. The silence was broken by Bill's voice.

"We'll never make it now, Tom. It's too far", he said and his voice was edged with fear. He had heard of others who had died on the mountains after a night out without shelter and even seen them carried down by the too-late rescue teams. He shivered slightly and shrugged the parka more tightly about his shoulders. "It's only the cold", he said to himself.

"Well", said Tom, in an easy drawl, "there isn't much we can do about it until we come to some sort of shelter. We can't stop right here, that's for sure". He tried to make his voice sound sure and unafraid but he couldn't hide the tremor in it. He had to keep Bill moving because he knew it would be suicide to stop.

The two plodded on in silence. The wind had increased now and was whipping the snow about them in eddies and flurries. Bill wiped the cakes of snow off his face to reveal a blank mask of fear. Up ahead, the older Tom showed grim determination. Usually he had a twinkle in his eye and a smile on his lips but not now. It was hard to joke with death staring in his face.

"Let's stop as soon as we can find a good spot", Bill shouted through the wind and snow to the shape in the dark that was Tom.

"We had better just keep on", cried Tom with "we'll keep warmer that way than sitting in the snow and freezing".

"But it's too dark to see where we are going!"

"If we always go down we'll be all right", said Tom and forced a grin onto his face, "there's no need to worry".

Bill trudged on, his feet dragging. With each step he seemed to be going more slowly and his feet grew heavier. The wind howled and ripped around him and the cold was playing tricks on his mind.

"We're going up", he mumbled to himself. "It's too steep to be going down". Farther ahead he could just barely see Tom pushing his way through the storm and the night. The next thing he knew, his face was very cold and he realized with a shock that he was lying in the snow. He clawed his way to his knees and then noticed Tom had disappeared in the night.

"Help me! Help me!" he screamed into the night and then moaned with fear. In a moment Tom had staggered back to his side. He hauled him roughly to his feet and the two staggered on, side by side like tow ghosts, their clothes caked with snow.

"We have to stop", Bill sobbed, "we have to stop and rest or we'll never get down".

"Come on, we'll make it, it's not very far". Tom said with fading encouragement.

They stumbled on for awhile but to Tom they seemed to be only wandering aimlessly. Suddenly the men hit something solid and both fell down in a heap in the snow. Tom felt with his hands and then his spirits soared.

"It's a building, Bill, it's a building" he shouted over and over. "We made it"! It was a small hovel in the snow and only a mountaineer's hut but to them it meant safety. Bill dragged Tom inside and then closed the door against the storm. The sound of the wind seemed almost peaceful.

"I knew we'd make it, Tom". Bill said and a delirious smile creased his face.

"Sure", Tom answered kindly, "sure Bill" and then he began to pull his stiff cloths off.

Jim Pincock
Grade 11

Parting of a Friend

She is leaving,
The words struck my sad ears;
My true friend.
She was with me through thick and thin,
She is parting.
I will bid her a fond adieu;
Until our next meeting.
The memory of her true friendship
Will make the time fly quickly.

George Moore
Grade 11

The voice of a loved one is so soft and true,
It is known to me and possibly to you.
The voice of a loved one is pleasing to hear
The words can be joy, sorrow or fear.
The voice of a loved one is music to the heart
It frequently makes the pulse stop and start.
The voice of a loved one is a most beautiful sound,
And not another like it in the world can be found.

George Moore
Grade 11

TOURISTS ABROAD



Travelling about this wide, wonderful world of ours, we come upon many strange sights, but to me, perhaps the strangest of them all is the typical North American tourist. Have you ever stopped to examine this peculiar species of human life? If not, try it some time for it will prove a very interesting and educational surveillance.

Let us take a look at a typical group of tourists on their way through Paris -- the city of romance. Spring is in full bloom on the Champs-Elysees; the city seems to nestle in the warmth and promise of the coming days. Suddenly, down the margin of the boulevard comes a little stout man, garbed in Bermuda shorts and a conservative blood-red shirt -- with yellow designs, of course. Balanced in his knobby left hand is a wide collection of travel-folders, guides, and a light meter. While around his neck swings the ever-present camera.

His wife is staring into the windows of the huge stores, and behind one thick hand she snickers, "Oh Elmer, look at that girl stare -- you'd think these foreigners had never seen strangers". Not once does the woman realize that he bright pink shirt and orange slacks that she is wearing would make anyone stare. So our happy couple continue on their way down this historic avenue, pausing from time to time, to snap pictures or to laugh at the antics of all "these aliens".

In one of the hidden, out-of-the-way, antique shops, a smart-looking woman squeals to her companion, "But I know it's a Raphael -- and it's priceless. Look at the woman's face -- her ears -- painted the way only Raphael could. This was before his change in style, you know -- before he painted the Vatican walls. I must have it"! With the air of a mighty connoisseur the woman descends on the clerk. As the two women leave the store, the young salesman leans toward his companion and muses, "Yes, Jose finished that one three days ago -- they sell very quickly -- several this month". But on the sidewalk the women are still congratulating themselves on their great "steal".

What irritates the Europeans most about our people is the manner in which we, the visitors, treat them the countrymen. Some people seem to think that they are doing these continentals a favour by visiting them. Our brusque businessman charges through the restaurants and nightclubs thundering, "What kind of a place is this -- pay good money and the people don't even speak English". He never once considers the fact that he might be the one who is out of step with the language. That there is a great deal of truth, however, in the conception that the Europeans put over many a 'fast deal' on unsuspecting travellers, is a well-known fact. Nevertheless, it must be agreed that certain of our continental travellers deserve this kind of treatment. I know that if one of these typical curiosity seekers came poking around my lodgings, making himself obnoxious I would endeavour to do something about it.

Taking everything into consideration, we must realize that this funny little man in the vermilion shorts and the equally funny but big wife and their thousands of counterparts that go abroad each year are responsible for the multi-million dollar industry of tourism. However, many a European who is sitting quietly in a sidewalk cafe, enjoying a leisurely afternoon drink when his peace is abruptly shattered by a loud visitor charging down the street, bumping from wall to wall, must wonder if it is all really worthwhile.

Gail Dolan
Grade 13

The Knife Fight



While travelling alone in England, I once chanced upon a very interesting person. I was lucky, for about the only thing one can do in those closed railway compartments is talk.

I had seen in a newspaper that an M.P. had been robbed near Parliament and when I mentioned this he immediately replied, "Oh, I was robbed in the same district".

"Were you really"? I asked.

"Why yes. You see, I work in that district at the foreign office and one night on the eve of the French elections I didn't start home till about two o'clock in the morning.

"There was a light fog in the air and it was so cold that in the very heart of London I could not see another person.

"I had my hands in my pockets and I was toying with a rubber knife that I had bought for my son.

"Suddenly, from behind some steps a man jumped out, holding a huge knife. There was no mistaking that he was a robber and without really thinking, I brought out my own knife".

"Well, the thug looked very surprised indeed and then he turned and ran. I set after him".

"We ran for about two blocks; then he ducked into a blind alley. I didn't notice it because of the fog but he tripped on something so I was able to follow".

"The way in was covered with garbage so that once in, it would have taken some time to get out".

"Once I had him trapped, he was ready to fight and, as I said, I couldn't run and I was too stubborn to give up".

"What a queer fight! Each time I stabbed, I had to be careful I missed and each time he stabbed, I had to be really careful that he missed. After ten minutes, we were both exhausted".

"Then I tripped and fell; my knife bounced out of my grasp, and I was beaten. He took my wallet, my watch and a ring before he left".

"As I came out of the alley, I found he had dropped his knife, so that I picked it up and examined it".

"Was it very sharp"? I asked.

"Not very", he sighed, "it was made of rubber".

Rodger Heath
Grade 10

CONFUSION

Crunch!! Somebody had slammed the door, mistaking my foot for the doorstep. Orange peelings, apple cores and occasionally the odd hat or glove went sailing past in an amazing aerial battle. Huge hoops engineered by miniature screaming "eight year olds", and finally lumps of dirt heaved with the greatest accuracy at some unsuspecting passerby. At last a welcome sound -- the bell!!!
End of confusion!

Pompeii

Pompeii is an unforgettable sight. Four square miles of this ancient Roman city has been remarkably uncovered. Although the volcanic mountain, Vesuvius, has erupted many times since it buried Pompeii with its flaming-hot ashes, the most destructive blow came to the citizens of Pompeii in 79 A.D., when Vesuvius split asunder filling the sky with red-hot flames and shaking the earth with its thunderous explosions. Thinking about this tragedy we can almost see the anguished, terrorized faces of the men, women and children as they tried desperately, but to no avail, to protect themselves from the burning ashes.

The reason we can see today the way these people lived hundreds of years ago, is because the city was covered with the ashes of the volcanic fire and not with the lava which would have made it impossible to uncover. The excavators gradually uncovered the city, and when they discovered air pockets in the soil, they filled them with plaster of paris, and waited for them to harden. When these plaster pieces were removed, they turned out to be the shapes of human and animal bodies. One of the most interesting of these, which I saw, was a mold of a man who was presumably a slave because of the wide iron-like belt which encircled his waist. His face outlined to me the terror that gripped every person in this city. It was actually possible to see and feel the fear with which this man was overcome.

This is only one small part about Pompeii, and there is so much more to see and tell about, that if I went on writing I would end up with a book. It is something I will never forget and I believe the best way to learn about Pompeii, is to see it for yourself and draw your own conclusion, as I have.

Karen Schroeder
Grade 10



LONELINESS

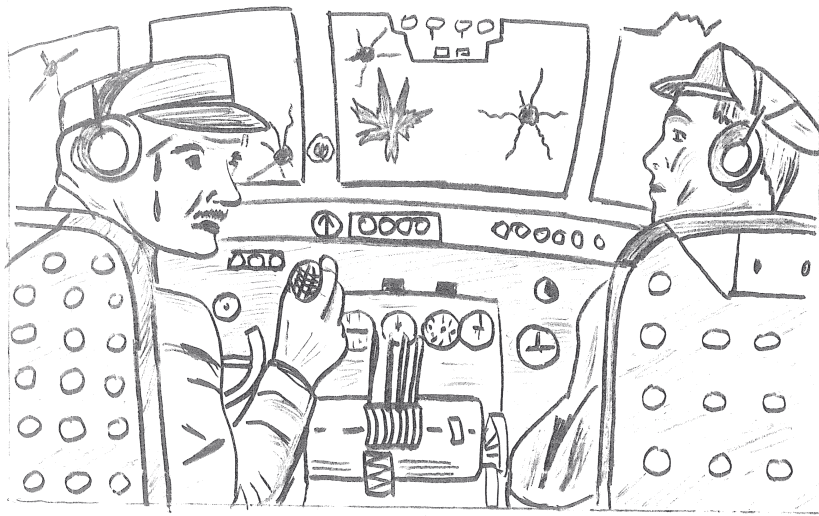
The incessant drip drip of a light rain,
Or the resounding shriek of a night train,
Fills me with a never-ending refrain
of loneliness.

The rumbling of trucks about noon-day,
A scurrying of birds who never stay
In one spot to long-enough delay
my loneliness.

A monotonous mixture of endless noise
Re-echoes my longing for absent joys
That never try to enter the days
of loneliness.

How can the world rush by oblivious
Of countless heartaches, void of bliss,
When only a gentle word may kiss
away loneliness.

Angela Olsson
Grade 13



THE LAST FLIGHT

"Big Bill calling Little John. Come in, Little John. -- It's no use", muttered the pilot Jim to his co-pilot Bob. Jim was sitting in the pilot seat of the crippled B-29 with his shoulders hunched and perspiration oozing from beneath his helmet and earphones. His eyes glared out the bullet-swept windshield, trying to penetrate the inky blackness. His strong hands gripped the kicking controls, trying to hold the plane steady in it's two engines.

"We're losing gallons of gas by the second", exclaimed Bob. 'Look at him' he thought, 'he's scared stiff too, but he's just too proud to admit it'. There was stark terror lurking in his youthful eyes as he stood there staring. He had seen all the men parachute out of the plane to land in the enemy territory below. 'That's even better than going down with the aircraft', he thought. 'Jim is nuts to stay up here! I owe it to my wife and kid to get out'.

Bob was awakened fro his thoughts when through the plane ran a violent shudder which launched him through the air, smashing his head against the cabin's panel. Blood seeped from a deep red gash on his forehead where a switch on the panel had ripped the flesh. He lurched to his feet muttering that he was all right, but the hazy look in his eyes revealed to Jim the pain that was racking Bob's body. 'He's going to crack', Jim thought, 'He's going to crack. I've got to get him doing something'. Quietly he said to Bob, "See if you can find our position".

There was silence for about five minutes as Bob frantically traced lines on the big navigation map. "We've got about five minutes left in the air", muttered Jim to himself. He realized that there was not a sound behind him. He turned his head and shivered fiercely as he saw Bob. The co-pilot's hair was tousled and caked with blood. His blank, terror-filled eyes stared around the cabin, seeing nothing. "Five minutes. I gotta get out. I gotta get out"! It started as a whisper and ended as a choked cry. He leaped forward, thrust open the cabin door, and jumped. The last thing he saw was his parachute still on the co-pilot seat.

Jim ran over to the door, after setting the auto-pilot, and looked out. Everything was black. A small tear appeared in each eye. Mentally, he blamed it on the wind wiping against his face. Just as he was about to shut the door, something below caught his eye. A smile broke his face as he returned to the pilot seat. He had caught a glimpse of what was under him. It was not the rocky terrain of France, but the choppy water of the English Channel.

As he was landing his battle-scarred plane on the runway with its fuel gauge at zero, he lifted up his eyes to look at the heavens and said the simple words "Thank You".

Mike Nicholson
Grade 11

Vimy Ridge

I was built as a memorial to honour the dead of Vimy Ridge. Construced of marble sent over from Canada, I stand in memory to a noble battle well fought.

I was built so that my upper portion, split in two, is decorated with a few statues, while around my base is etched the names of those who fought and fell in World War I. Under my ponderous weight and round me lie the many bodies of men, who are buried where they fell, unfound by pick or shovel. The others rest close by, arranged in orderly cemeteries.

If one were to stand quite close to me and run one's eyes over the names, one might faintly hear the whisper of these men answering the roll-call --

"Brothman"

"Yah"

"Carmen"

"Here"

"Mathews" -- silence -- "Mathews"! No answer. Then faintly,

"He's still on the field".

"Out on the field", still in battle for freedom, still fighting like any soldier, digging the trench deeper and wider -- six by three -- rising, firing, digging again. Then buried in the next shell burst.

"Mathews"!!

"Yah".

It is to these men, especially those lost or missing, that I stand in humble silence, hoping for a lasting peace.

For through my concrete and stone structure still rings the din of war brought from the minds and souls of those fallen. The clash of steel on steel. The incessant roar of artillery and of shells, the drum and patter of shrapnel on stone and steel. The agonizing cries of dying and frightened men, lost in the drift of gas or the muffled roar of exploding bombs, rolled into underground bunkers. These I have heard and they re-echo inside me. But, like all vibrations they slowly faded. During the twenty's a subtle peace reigned.

Then in the late thirty's the noise began its gradual ascent in volume, till on December the eighth, nineteen hundred and thirty nine, I was again shaking, rocking, and otherwise tortured by the rumblings of war, but this time, they were multiplied ten fold.

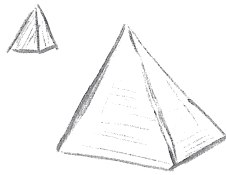
For months on end I ached, my ears rang as the dinbeat unmercifully against my nerves, pounding, crushing, battering me to a nervous wreck. Then gradually through the agony I noticed a slight relief.

Yes it was a relief, the sounds were diminishing -- war again was at an end -- and I could now sit back and lick my wounds. Around me grew the cemeteries, bursting at their seams with bodies, until more were built to hold the steady flow. All day and part way through the night I could hear the clang of shovels on rock, the scrunch of another shovel biting into the top soil. Then mournfully the trumpet calls, the padre's quiet words, and another is laid to rest. Rest.

Silence, a foreboding quiet, broken by the song of birds. But blessed peace would not last for long. Distant came the drumming, the pounding, while I suffered each shell-burst burying another unknown on the shores of a foreign oriental world. I mourned for each body that lay mutilated by flying steel, while his buddies stumbled on in the smokey ruin of destruction and death. Then came peace, rest, the birds chirp on, but still I writhe in pain -- the rumbling remains.

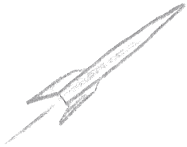
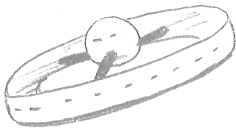
Will I have to suffer another War? Shall I need to wince as another body falls, bathed in its own blood, or shall I stand here in eternal peace while the birds sing on.

Eric Metcalfe
Grade 13



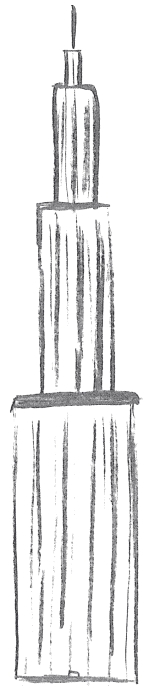
The Passage of Life

He rose with the dawn and began a new day
Of adventure, excitement and rollicking play.
His world was a great one--the imagination was free,
There a hill was a mountain, a shrub a great tree.

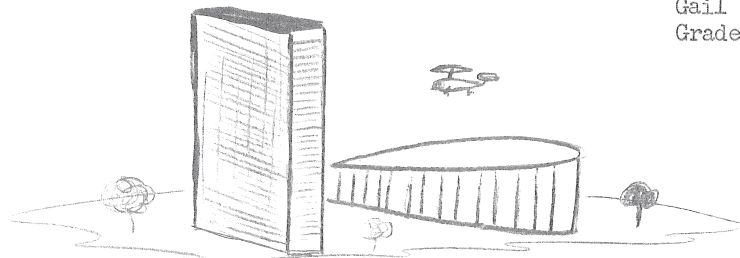


So carefree was he, this tousle-head lad
In the essence of youth, life never was sad.
He went through the years at a breath-taking pace
And fought every inch to win the great race.

But now he was older and time had begun
To rob him of youth and take out the sun
From his body that once had held life so dear
And could not accept the end that was near.

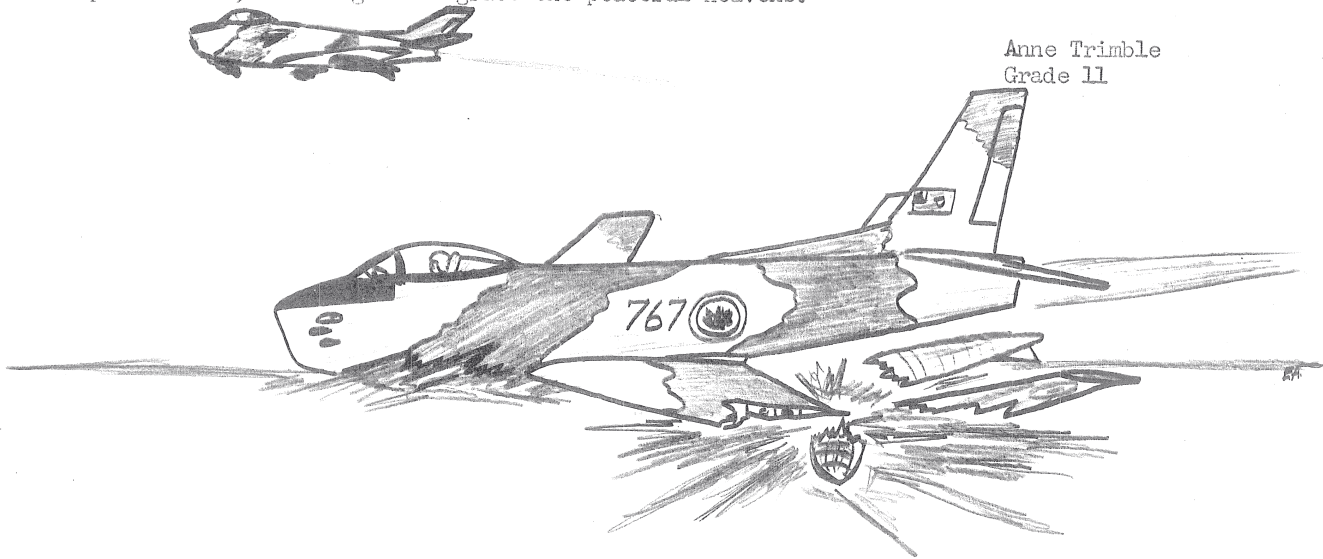


Gail Dolan
Grade 13



Conclusion

First a door of the huge green hangar slowly screeched open, and then the great silver bird rumbled over the paved surface. The wings glinted in the brightness of the outdoor world, and the dome of the cockpit reflected light upon the ground. Slowly it went, and cautiously, advancing towards the meandering runway. Then from a hangar opposite, came a twin jet and it too, rolled over the ground. The second plane came parallel to the first, and together they started off. They seemed to glide over the smooth surface, their painted tails leaving an impression behind them. They dipped into the hollow of the hill and reappeared, to climb over its brow. And then, once at the top of the stretching runway, the two planes stopped. There was a dead silence. Suddenly a crash like thunder ripped through that silence. Long spurts of fire came rushing from the after-burners, like tails from rockets. And then the two jets shot down the runway. But something was wrong! The plane on the left kept jerking towards the right. The pilot seemed to be having trouble straightening it up. His twin stayed beside him although they both should have been in the air by now. But the jet was now weaving back and forth, and lurching forward instead of flowing smoothly along. The other jet took off into the clear blue sky, for the runway was coming to an end, and huge mountains loomed up in the distance. From the hangars, the scream of an ambulance was heard, and the roar of a crash truck. Meanwhile the jet on the ground was coming closer and closer to the mountains, and lurching even more wildly than before. Black smoke came pouring from the exhaust and filled the clean air with choking gases. The fire engines seemed to be so far and the mountains so near. Then the wing of the jet suddenly flipped over and pulled the body to a slant. There was a scraping as the wing ran along the cement and a grinding as it crushed into the pavement. And then it stopped, even more abruptly than it had started. The fire engine was almost by the side of the wounded plane, and a man jumped out to help the pilot out of his cockpit. Together they raced over to the truck and drove away from the scene of the wreck. As soon as the truck stopped about five hundred yards away, an explosion shattered the silence. The great silver bird went up in flames, never again to grace the peaceful heavens.



Anne Trimble
Grade 11

Waiting

A cloudless sky, a warming sun
Yet I was cold.
An August day, bright, happy
Yet I was not.

I remember our parting
The silent prayer to meet again
Then I was alone.

Swirling leaves of gold and red
These bespoke autumn.
Biting winds, dark days
And winter entered.

A faint tapping of rain
Dewdrops clinging to blossoms
Cooling breezes kissing one's cheek
Spring.

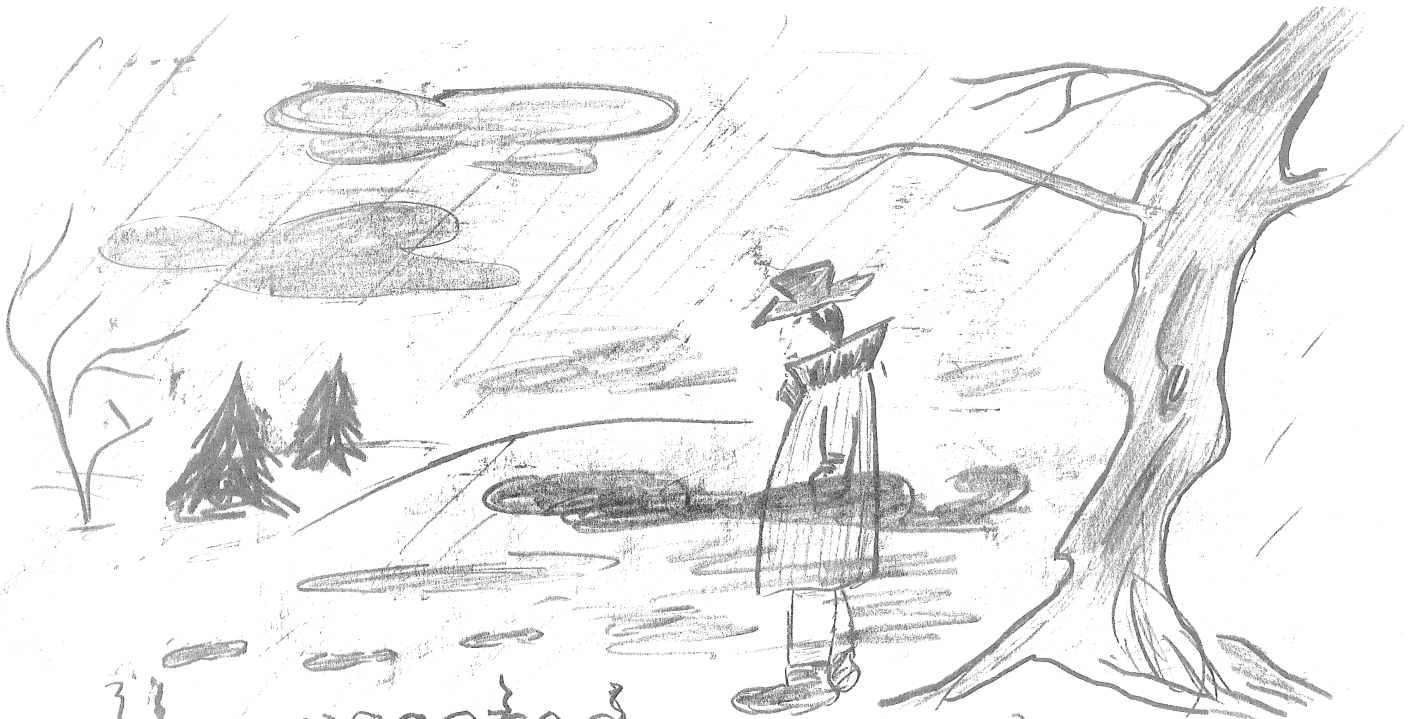
How slowly that year crept by
And how I cursed each day.
Letters, Photographs, Memories
That was all.

Summer arrived, as did August
But he did not.
Another year began
-- I waited.

Still I wait --
Through endless days
Time passes, taking a part of me
Yet hope remains.
-- Perhaps one day.



Mary Olsson
Grade 12



Unexpected Encounter

The night was bitter. The inky heavens were filled with heavy black clouds smothering the stars and pressing against the sodden earth. With every awful crack of the clouds, the pelting black rain renewed its force flooding the roads, the fields and the forests. Thudding onto the barren surroundings, it ~~lost~~ the narrow path into a thick bed of mud. What the scenery of the countryside was composed of was difficult to say. Only a few feet of land was visible through the haze.

Suddenly, out of this swirling grey appeared a solitary figure trudging head down through the muck. Over his hunched shoulders he wore a tattered coat. His hat was pulled low over his eyes to keep out the driving rain. On his feet, which were for the most part lost in the soggy mud, he wore an old pair of army boots. His visage was colourless and unemotional. That he was accustomed to the life of a solitary road traveller could be seen in every line of his body. Then he was caught in a new onslaught of rain and his body surrounded by grey mist, he passed out of sight. All at once he stopped. "What was that? No it really couldn't be", he reasoned, "Not a fire on a night like this -- and in this wilderness".

Nevertheless he changed directions and sloughed on through the mud to the light. As he neared the place, he slowed down and veered off the little path. Cautiously, he bent over and moving with the stealth of long practice, he worked his way to a point of vantage. Balancing himself against a huge pine tree he peered down at the little scene. Below him, a rough lean-to offered a peaceful haven from the stinging lash of the wind. Indeed, the wind seemed to be actually avoiding the little hut. Inside, a loney figure sat hunched over the fire. A pot full of steaming coffee sat on one side of the bricks and our unnoticed visitor could feel his stomach burn at the thought of the warm brown liquid. "This is enough", he said and emerging from the protection of the tree, he walked into the fire light.

"Hello", said the figure. "Frightful night, isn't it"? "Yes, miserable", replied the newcomer, thankful that he had been so casually accepted. "Sit down out of the rain and have some coffee -- you must be hungry too". With this the figure leaned over the fire and drew the pot towards him. Suddenly, he realized that the figure was a woman, and a strange one at that. Her long straight hair hung damply over her shoulders, her face had a very strange colour, and her dress hung limply from her boney shoulders. But it was her eyes that caught the man's attention. They were wild and feverish and darted rapidly from side to side, intensely alert. Nevertheless, he shrugged as he mused that none of it was really any of his business just as his doings were none of hers. This said, he devoted himself to becoming comfortable and took off his heavy boots setting them by the fire.

(continued)

Having dried his outer apparel, he settled back to eat. From somewhere the woman had produced a delicious meal, and since he hadn't eaten for two days, he began to dispose of it in a frenzy.

Then the two began to talk. "Aye, yes indeed", she began, "'tis a miserable night. No one should be a travellin' on sech a night -- unless he has some special business about", she finished inquisitively. Ignoring her open question, the man agreed. "Yes, it is a terrible night but the roads are not crowded".

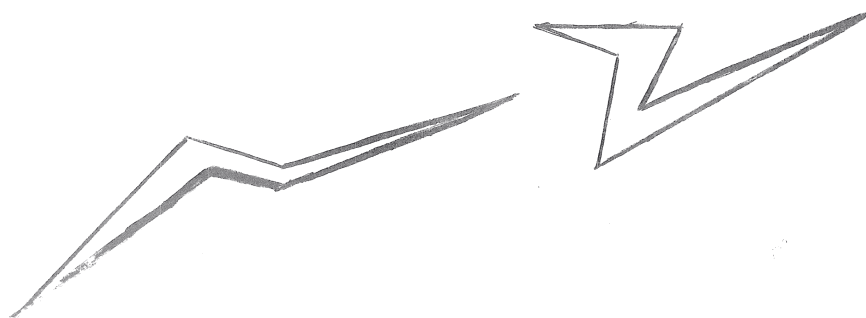
"Aye", she cackled, "that is true. And what might your business be in this neighbourhood?" was her blunt question. "Well", he said "you might say that I am a travelling speculator", and he broadly smiled his satisfaction, for that was true. If one were to tell the complete truth, he was really a foremember of a gang of thieves. He scouted the country looking for prospective jobs. At this time, he was in a very difficult position. The local police had somehow caught onto his scheme and thus he had been forced to take to the road to escape capture.

"Aye, the last time we had a storm like this was the night they hanged ol' Lady McGrewn" the old woman added. "What's that?" he questioned -- for it was vital that he know the temper of the countryside. "Oh yes! It was near here too. As a matter of fact, on the old hemlock tree. She was a bonny lass, was Mrs. McGrewn then she was married. That was nigh onto twenty years ago the trouble started. Her husband up and left her -- for no reason at all. She was terribly upset -- changed her completely. Then a plague came to the county -- took her two children. Some say she went insane then. Some weeks later, strange things began to happen. People were dying -- mostly children. I don't know why, but folks blamed Mrs. McGrewn. They said she was a witch -- poor lass". Throughout this narrative, her visitor sat spellbound, absorbing every detail.

"Well, you don't mean to say that they actually hanged her"? he queried. "Aye that they did, not thirty feet from where ye are sittin'", with this she pointed her bony finger toward the huge black tree. At the base of the old tree, a sombre black shadow stretched across the field and the mist seemed to avoid the outstretched arms of the giant.

"Folks say that she still walks the country around here". "Ridiculous"! "But she was a witch, laddie". "Oh well, I am sure she won't bother us any", he said, more by way of re-assuring himself than anything else for the woman's story had disturbed even his cool heart. "I say, I'm thirsty", he said. "Is there a creek around"? Upon being assured that there was, he donned his boots and stepped out into the storm. Retrieving his water, he turned and again approached the camp. Treading softly, he entered the glow of the fire and stopped short. The old woman had turned to fix the fire and was facing the trees on the opposite side. Something wet and heavy was hanging down her back. It was a rope, and one end was knotted around her scrawny neck. The knot was the kind that is used in a hanging. Then, the ancient hag stretched her gnarled hand into the heart of the fire. As the flames hit her flesh they turned a shining green. With a start, the traveller dropped his cup and turning on his heel, he raced madly down the path and out into the night. Behind him, the old crone threw back her head and cackled at the thundering midnight sky as the storm rose in a blaring crescendo and the heavens seemed to rock with the powerful force of the storm.

Gail Dolan
Grade 13





The game was almost over. The score was two all. The crowd was tense and I was counting green hats by this time. There were one hundred and seventy-nine red hats in section "A". The pitcher and catcher were having another conference on that little hill the pitcher stands on. A cheer rose from the crowd. Keeping in mind I was on the fifth row, left side with ten green hats, I looked to see what happened.

Doug turned to me and said in an excited voice, "We ought to have some action now. Joe Fransooski's up to bat!"

I looked blank. "Joe Fransooski"? I queried but Doug didn't hear me above the din. I continued counting hats -- eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen -- no that's chartreuze -- fifteen, sixteen --

"Why that dirty...." Doug sneered.

I forgot about my hats. Doug never swore! Something must have happened. A coke bottle went flying by and shouts of "Kill the Ump" were heard on all sides. "Kill the Ump". Now there at least was a phrase I knew.

Timidly I tugged at Doug's arm (he looked ready to hit me one) and said, "What happened?"

"Weren't you watching? That umpire needs glasses. He called that pitch a strike!"

"The batter looks worried", I said just to bring the conversation back to my level.

"He has reason to be. The count's three and two".

"Three and two? Three and two what?"

Doug stared at me aghast and said with greatly exaggerated patience, "Two strikes, three balls".

"Oh".

I could feel the tension in the air, everyone was on the edge of his seat. The pitcher swung his arm a bit then let the ball go. It was a ball! The fans went wild. Joe dropped his bat and loped off to first base. A man in a suit came onto the field.

"Who's that man coming onto the court"? I asked.

"The diamond".

"That's the manager coming out to give the pitcher advice. He needs it". Doug said gleefully.

After a few minutes talk the manager left and a short fat sinewy man came up to bat. Doug groaned.

"Isn't he any good?"

"He's famous for his pop flies".

"So?"

"So if he hits a pop fly into the infield he's out automatically".

"Why?"

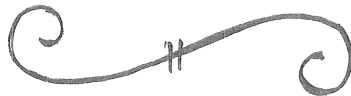
"Because there's a man on first and second".

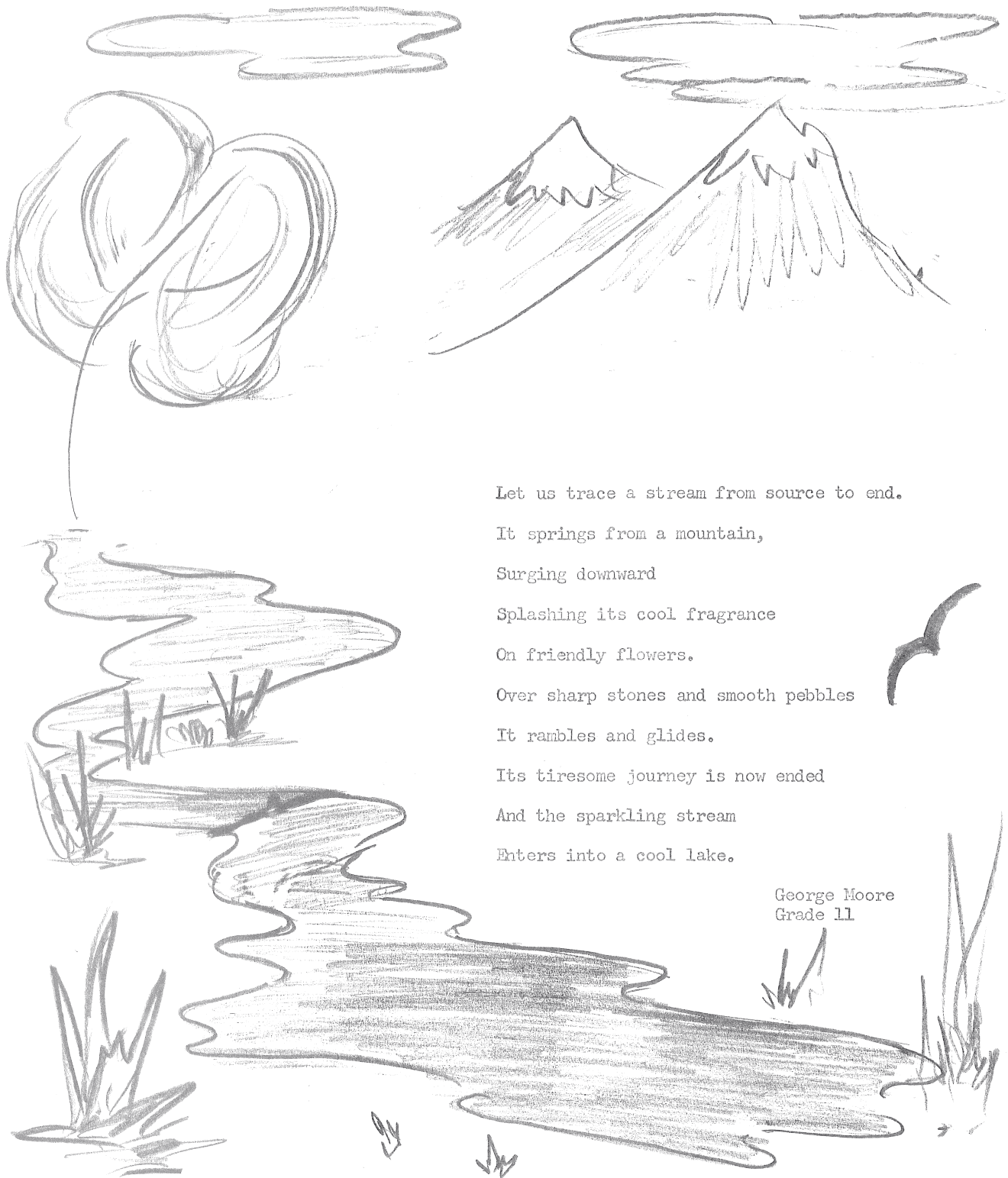
I looked and there was two men there. I waited quietly for the pitch. I was interested now and didn't have to count hats. The pitcher wound up and let the ball go. The batter swung. Wham! The ball sailed through the sky and over the fence. A home run! Doug slammed me on the back and grinned. He had already forgotten that I was ignorant when it came to baseball.

"That means we'll have another game next week that we can go to!"

And believe it or not I can't wait.

Sharon Abra
Grade 11





Let us trace a stream from source to end.

It springs from a mountain,

Surging downward

Splashing its cool fragrance

On friendly flowers.

Over sharp stones and smooth pebbles

It rambles and glides.

Its tiresome journey is now ended

And the sparkling stream

Enters into a cool lake.

George Moore
Grade 11

THE RETURN

The angry wind blew sharp blades of grass against her bare ankles, causing them to lash the tender skin like many tiny whips. With a tired motion of a hand, she pushed her dark hair away from her eyes and cast a quick glance about her. Putting her lantern on a nearby rock, she silently seated herself on the damp ground, her gaze directed on the churning waters of the sea. A distant voice whispered in her ear and, unlike previous times, she let it carry her back to a similar night many years before.

"I must go Lisa!...they are after me....I'll return....one day....wait for me here at the chapel....I'll return....wait....wait....".

All was still again. Even the wind was silent as it playfully scampered through the grass and bracken. Labouriously Lisa returned to the present and with a faint sigh continued on her way, stumbling along the uneven stony path to the darkened chapel.

The mission was a small, crude building overlooking a tiny Italian village that rested in the green, fertile valley. It was very old, dating back to the 17th Century. The dim interior was plain but held a quality of peacefulness that drew many a troubled soul to its shelter. Ten years previous it had beckoned to the fleeing youth, Antonio, and to his beloved Lisa. That stormy night when Antonio had accidentally killed the son of the wealthy landowner of the district, and had to bid a hasty adieu, the chapel comforted the two and had proved to be a refuge for Lisa during the unhappy years that followed.

Reaching the summit of the hill, she paused, bowed her head, and swiftly slipped into the chapel. With a steady hand she lit a candle and knelt in prayer. In the feeble glow of the flame her face appeared pale and drawn, the skin tight over prominent cheek-bones. Thick lashes rested on her cheeks and hid deep blue eyes. Her lips were full and rosy. Not a single crease marred the smooth skin and without the suffering that was pictured in her eyes, one would think her to be younger than her twenty-six years. The fingers clasped in meditation were long and slender, without adornment.

How long she knelt thus she did not know. A sudden breeze caused the light to flicker wildly. With a soft moan, Lisa instantly turned towards the door, her eyes wide in expectancy.

"Good evening, my child", the elderly cure said kindly, "you are Lisa -- are you not"?

She nodded her head dumbly. Lisa was in a stupor, only occasionally hearing that which was being said. All that mattered was --

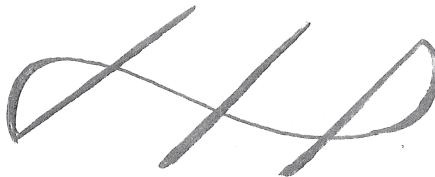
"....he has lost a great deal of blood", the priest was saying, "....must have walked for days. Of course his blindness didn't help the poor man any, but with plenty of care...."

His blindness!

Oh Antonio, Lisa wept, you who loved all and everything about you....

The raw world, it's bitterness and sin had left it's mark on Antonio, but when he felt the gentle touch of Lisa's fingers on his moist brow, and heard the loving voice once more, he realized that he still had the most prized possession he thought he had lost forever. He had kept his promise; he had returned.

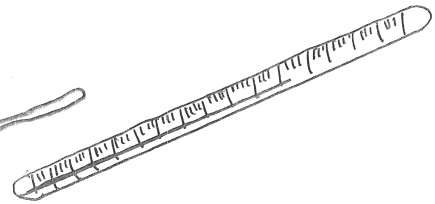
Mary Olsson
Grade 12



A theater usher was astonished to see a big brown bear sitting in the front row contentedly munching a bag of peanuts.

"Hey", he whispered, "where'd you get the peanuts? I thought the machine was broken".

Ambition



To wear a cap so white and stiff,
And aid man's every pain and sniff
With tonics, pills, and brisk massage
To read a temp. and time the pulse
Dress a wound with sterile gauze,
Inject an arm for intravenous
See to children who are sleepless.
Listen to a new-born cry
Bandage the little boy's eye,
All these things and much more
Makes one wear out the floor.
But none will dare doubt it's worth--
A Nurse's profession is best on earth!



Angela Olsson
Grade 13

A FACT

Man rules the earth -- so we have heard
But women know this is ABSURD.

Gail Dolan
Grade 13



The Last Patrol

Through the small ice-choked channel in the Bay of Loss, Captain Meers guided his destroyer, the Halford. Its heavy bow had been specially outfitted for icebreaking. Beyond the entrance to Lake Biscin was a mass of drift ice packed solid by a northwest wind. In that white waste a fleet of freighters had been trapped by the ice. This ship must free them.

Captain Meers' voice cut the crisp air sharply. "Call Mr. Stearns. We'll need all hands busy till we reach that stricken cargo fleet."

The watchman scurried down the ladder to the sleeping quarters of the crew.

The captain grasped a rail as the ship shuddered with the impact of the ice. Slowly the destroyer pushed on, shearing through the ice with a steady crashing roar. From astern came the rhythmic throbbing of the diesel engines. All was going well.

Opening the door to the pilothouse, Captain Meers shouted, "All ahead two-thirds. Ask the engineer for more steam, Mr. Paisley."

This done, he looked out upon the barren waste. Far in the distance he could make out the outline of six vessels trapped in the ice. They must be set free.

Mr. Paisley, also watching the fleet, began to think about the captain.

He turned his young face to watch that tall scowling figure, weathered by forty seasons at sea, on the bridge. He was the oldest captain on active duty and was making his last patrol. His career had been quiet, not easy mind you but quiet. Instead of risking his ship and his men's lives by some foolhardy stunt, he had calmly brought it out of many clashes with his worst enemy, Nature, untouched. Mr. Paisley watched him. The restless eyes beneath the visored cap, the aggressiveness of his shoulders, the stubborn mouth and the hard, straight lines of his jaw gave an impression of anxiety.

With the engines throbbing and smoke pouring from the stack, the Halford soon closed the gap between herself and the convoy. She was near enough now for the crew to see that the deck of the nearest vessel was covered with ice.

The Halford slowed down when she was about three hundred yards from the ship. The first mate, with instructions from the captain, was lowered to the ice by a hoist and went over to the other boat. A rope ladder was put down the side and he climbed up briskly.

Going at once to the captain's cabin, he was given control of the ship. The engines were speeded up and steam was used to clear the ice from the decks. When the decks were clear, he signalled the Halford. In response, the Halford cut alongside the ship and in front of it. The ship broke free except for a few small pieces of ice clinging to it at the stern. These were melted away by steam.

The freighter fell in the wake of the destroyer and the Halford proceeded immediately towards the next vessel.

Three days later the Halford had five ships in tow and was proceeding towards the last one.

The remaining ship, the Ottawan, had one side covered with ice. In some places it was four feet thick. The sheltered side was free except for a thin layer of ice on it. The Ottawan would not be easy to free.

(continued)

Captain Meers led the party of four men, chosen from his crew, across the rough ice. They staggered on until they reached the sheltering lee of the Ottawan. The party was helped aboard and given warm food and coffee.

"Let's get this over with", said the captain. The party were supplied with pick-axes, ice-boots, dynamitecaps and a fuse. They went over the side one by one, each person knowing what would happen if a cap was incorrectly placed.

The wind howled as they began digging holes into the ice on the side of the ship. Each man had to dig three holes in special places and place a blasting cap in each. If one was positioned wrongly, a hole would be blown in the ship's side.

A dozen caps were placed in the ice and the party gathered to watch the captain set the fuse. The two terminals were connected and the timing device set for thirty minutes. If the power in the battery was too much, it could possibly melt some ice and the water would cause a short circuit. If this incident occurred, the four men may all be killed before they reach the Halford.

During the return trip to the destroyer the men were unable to see clearly because of the sleet now coming down. The mate stumbled and was knocked unconscious. Ordering the others to return as quickly as possible, he slung the mate's body over his back and started out again. Twenty-five minutes had elapsed.

The captain staggered on, carrying the body of his mate. He wanted to stop and rest but he knew he couldn't. Sometimes he wanted to leave the mate on the ice and save himself but his conscience kept him plodding on. Twenty-eight minutes had elapsed.

The Halford suddenly loomed up before him and he saw men running to help him. Almost exhausted, he gave the mate to one of the men and the other helped him back. Thirty seconds before the scheduled blast the men were helped on board the Halford. The injured mate was taken to sick-bay and the captain was helped to his cabin.

The dynamite went off right on schedule. Ice hurled against the armour plates of the Halford and embedded itself in the wooden components of the super-structure. Anyone on the ice during the blast would have been pierced a thousand times by flying splinters of ice.

When the air cleared, the crew of the Halford saw that the other ship floated free and that her crew were now steaming off the last remnants of ice which clung to her deck.

Instead of the captain's usual entry in his log book, there was a different one. It stated "Mission accomplished but with considerable difficulty".

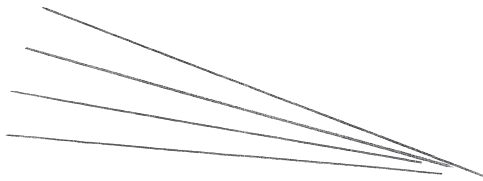


Ray Jordon
Grade 11

TO MY OLD GLOVE

Now at last we must part. With great sadness I place you into the garbage can, for you are old and broken now. It was not always so!

Do you remember the joyful summer days during our youth? You never failed me when there was an important catch to make. Naturally you missed sometimes but it was never your fault. What fun we had together! Day after day we did nothing but play baseball. There was sadness too. Do you remember the day when, while on the hand of another, you missed the ball that would have won the game? I forgave you though; he just didn't understand you. Many times people have mocked you calling you an "old hunk of leather" and a "bird's nest"! Let them have their fun; we knew better. You were the best glove anyone could have. There will never be another like you.



Doug Pincock
Grade 13

At some time or other during our high school days, we are taught the proper method of writing business letters and invitations. Naturally after a period of time one becomes a little rusty on a few important points. To aid us in refreshing our minds on the finer points in correspondence writing, Rodger Heath has kindly consented to give us "the perfect example for letter writing".

Sunnybrook School
Kingston, Ontario
Jan. 1, 1959 A.D.

T. T. Twedee, Esq. M.A., B.L., P.H., R.I.P.
123 Singsong Ave.
Markinville Hill, Ont.

Dear T. T. Twedee Esq.

We have heard that you will be in town for a few days addressing the Bird Watchers Society. By the way, the ~~wardens~~ principals suggestion I have been volunteered to ask you to address our classes on your bird watching techniques.

We are especially interested in your record, "Bird Calls I Have Known". I never knew a tufted swift could sound so beautiful, while the bald eagle with a hot-foot was awe inspiring.

We might even be able to have the whole school go on a bird watching outing, but as this depends on behavior, I doubt it.

I shall contact you or your approval as to your decision. I wouldn't worry about the bird watching outing as you'll be queer enough bird for us.

Yours truly,
Rodger Heath
Bird Watcher & Chief of Sunnybrook School.



Two men were seated together on a crowded street car. One of them noticed that the other had his eyes closed.

"What's the matter, Bill," he asked, "feeling ill?"

"I'm all right," answered Bill, "but I hate to see ladies standing."

XXXXX

Grandpappy McCoy, a hillbilly of the Ozarks, had wandered off into the woods, and failed to return for supper. So young Rasputin was sent to look for him. He found him standing in the bushes.

"Gettin' dark, Grandpap," the boy ventured.

"Yep."

"Supper time, Pap."

"Yep."

"Comin' home?"

"Nope."

"Why?"

"Standin' in a b'ar trap."

XXXXX

Sherlock Holmes arrived on the scene. "Gad, Watson," he said, "The situation is more serious than I thought. This window is broken on both sides!"

XXXXX

"When I grow up," bragged four-year-old Vera, "I'm going to be a Brownie."

After a thoughtful silence, three-year-old Albert declared, "Well, I'm going to be a bologna sandwich."

XXXXX

Burglar: "Get ready to die. I'm going to shoot you."

Victim: "Why?"

Burglar: "I've always said I'd shoot anyone who looked like me."

Victim: "Do I really look like you?"

Burglar: "Yes."

Victim: "Then shoot."

XXXXX

The professor asked Sam who had signed the Declaration of Independence. "I don't know and I don't care," was the reply.

The professor called the student's father to his office and explained what had happened the day before.

The father frowned, then turned to Sam and said: "Damn it, if you signed it, admit it."

XXXXX

Having been married twenty years, a couple decided to celebrate by taking a trip. While talking over their plans one evening, the husband now and then glanced into the next room where a little old lady sat knitting. "The only thing," he said in a hushed voice, "is that for once I'd like to be by ourselves. I'd like to take this trip without your mother."

"My mother!" she exclaimed. "I thought she was your mother!"

XXXXX

Prof: "How many seas are there?"

Stud: "Seven"

Prof: "Enumerate them."

Stud: "1,2,3,4,5,6,7."

XXXXX

Have you heard about the new soap that's being put out now? Lumpo, it's called. Doesn't lather, doesn't bubble, doesn't clean, -- just keeps company in the tub.

XXXXX

"So Ivan Ivanovitch died gallantly in the midst of battle," sobbed Katerina Mikhailovna Mikhailovitch. "Do you say that he uttered my name at his last breath?"

"Part of it," replied the returned Russian, "part of it."

XXXXX

A maiden at college named Breeze, Weighted down by B.A.'s and M.D.'s, Collapsed from the strain, Said her doctor, "It's plain, You are killing yourself by degrees!"

XXXXX

Autographs

