



The Georgian

1970 - 1971



ST. GEORGE'S SCHOOL
VANCOUVER, B.C.



The Old School

THE HEADMASTER'S MESSAGE

"Ma'm wants the Headmaster's Message," said the Georgian Editor, eyeing me. "By tomorrow," and he eyed me again in such a way that I knew this matter could no longer be left at the bottom of my pending tray. The thought of writing my Last Message fills me with dismay. When a man starts to write his Last Message, he should presumably know All The Answers. I don't think I know even many of them.

When I first came to St. George's to teach in 1932, I was often mistaken for one of the students. Well, there is no danger of that happening now. So I grew a rather sad-looking moustache. It has been with me ever since. In 1932 in Vancouver there was a severe depression. Thousands and thousands of people were unemployed. There were free soup kitchens for the hordes of hungry men, women and children. When people tell you what fun they had in those days, perhaps they forget how hard it was to get a job or keep one, how many people slept under the bridges because they had no home. Today, though there is still serious unemployment, poverty often means having only one car. The boys of today are taller, stronger, healthier, cleverer than the boys of 1932. Such diseases as diptheria, polio or T.B., were rife in 1932. Today they have practically disappeared and most people live a great deal longer than they did then.

In the late 30's and 40's a war was fought. The forces of Hitler, which stood for unbridled tyranny and cruelty, were defeated, so that you could still live in a world where you may criticize the Government, take the job you want, move about as you like. When the war had been won, the victorious nations with much good sense and compassion set to work to build up and restore their former enemies, some of whom are more prosperous today than they.

In 1932 only a privileged few went to University, but today everyone stays in school much longer and higher education is within reach of almost everyone. In 1932 travel was very limited and the prerogative of the well-to-do, but now many people travel tremendous distances and see the most remote parts of the world, including and especially young people. True, racism still exists, but in far less a degree than it did in the 30's and under such heavy attack one feels it will soon be on the shelf along with slavery.

I don't believe in the "good old days." I don't agree with protestors who claim that the past generation has made a mess of the world. I believe that the world is a wonderful place and it is your fathers and grandfathers who have made it so.

Certainly there are great problems which face you, the rising generation; problems of pollution, over-population and hunger, but you will solve them and the world will march on to better things just as it has over the last 40 years.

In just the same way I am sure that this School will march on to better things. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new, and God fulfills Himself in many ways, lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

I shall not venture to express any hopes for you. I have been doing this so often and for so long—except perhaps, I should like to say, one cannot always "do one's thing." Sometimes it is more important to do one's duty. More people are likely to benefit that way, including you.

Good-bye and God bless you.

P.S. If ever you find yourself on North Pender Island, my wife and I shall be most pleased to see you and shall guarantee a bed. The name of the house is Waterlea. You may rest assured, you will not be put on Satis.

D. E. Harker



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1970-71

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Editor-in-Chief wishes to thank Julian Harrison for his faithful and dedicated work throughout the year, in research as well as in his editorial duties. We owe to the persistent and thorough work on the proofs and repros by Lawrence Talbot, who has been solely responsible for the proof-reading, what we hope is a fair degree of accuracy. Credit for the photographs must go, first, to the artistic skill, speed and technical ability of the team of Rick Gregory and his father, Mr. Justice Gregory, as well as to many other enthusiasts, masters, old boys and present boys, who have taken much trouble to illustrate the annual. Michael Overton came back to edit the Old Boys' section and to track down news and dates with his old efficiency: the advertising managers have shown much initiative in technique and arrangement. For the final paste-up, the Senior Student Editors have worked many hours with good humor and a slide-rule, assisted in the Grad. section by Harry King, and elsewhere by G. Weller and two Junior Editors, J. Weston and N. Findley. Finally, we should like to thank all the contributors, governors, masters, old boys and boys, for articles, art and all the many details we have required to be verified by them. To the typists who have, as ever, typed drafts and fair copy at short notice (and several times) and to Mr. Alexander, who has run a shuttle service between us and the printer, we can only ask forgiveness for importunity, and plead the demands of the deadlines which always lie just ahead. Without the generous and uncomplaining assistance of all these people there would be no book.

CALENDAR OF THE YEAR 1970-1971

FALL TERM

- September
10 School opens
21 Reach for the Top—St. George's vs. Charles Tupper
26 1st XV, 2nd XV, U.16, U.15, U.14 vs. Pt. Grey High (H)
- October
4 Arts Club meeting
6 Inter-wing Cross Country Run
12 Thanksgiving Holiday
17 1st XV, 2nd XV, U.16 vs. Brentwood College (H)
3rd XV, 4th XV, U.15 vs. Brentwood College (A)
School Committee Dance
20 Parents' Night—Grade 8 and 9
24 1st XV, 2nd XV, U.16 vs. Shawnigan Lake School (A)
3rd XV, 4th XV, U.15, U.14 vs. Shawnigan Lake School (H)
25 Arts Club meeting
- November
2 Half-term Holiday
6 B.C. High School Swim Championships
7 B.C. High School Swim Championships
11 Remembrance Day Service.
Speaker: The Headmaster
14 1st XV, 2nd XV, U.16 vs. University School (H)
3rd XV, 4th XV, U.15, U.14 vs. University School (A)
17 Parents' Night—Grade 10
21 1st XV, 2nd XV, U.16 vs. University School (A)
3rd XV, 4th XV, U.15, U.14 vs. University School (H)
23 Canadian Headmasters' Conference in Montreal
27 Old Boys' Dinner
28 1st XV, 2nd XV, U.16 vs. Shawnigan Lake School (H)
3rd XV, 4th XV, U.15, U.14 vs. Shawnigan Lake School (A)
29 Arts Club meeting
- December
5 1st XV, 2nd V, U.16 vs. Brentwood College (A)
3rd V, 4th V, U.15, U.14 vs. Brentwood College (H)
12 House Supper
14 Christmas Exams begin
16 Carol Service at St. Philip's Church
18 Term ends

SPRING TERM

- January
13 School opens
18 Junior Basketball vs. St. Thomas Moore (H)
Headmaster's General Knowledge Examination
20 Senior and Juvenile Basketball vs. St. Thomas Moore (A)
22 Gymnastic Meet vs. Shawnigan Lake School (H)
25 Junior Basketball vs. Notre Dame (H)
27 Senior and Juvenile Basketball vs. Notre Dame (H)
28 Tricycle Race—Prefects vs. Student Council
29 New Year's Gala Dance for Parents and Friends
Tricycle Race—Grade 12 vs. Grade 11
31 Arts Club meeting
- February
6 Basketball vs. Shawnigan Lake School (H)
Newman Cup Inter-School Debate at Crofton House School
8 Junior Basketball vs. Notre Dame (A)
9 R. H. Tupper Recitation Contest
10 Senior and Junior Basketball vs. Notre Dame (A)
Musical Evening
13 Independent School Cross Country Meet at Brentwood
Student Council Dance
14 Arts Club meeting
15 Junior Basketball vs. St. Thomas Moore (A)
16 Palfreyman Cup Debate vs. Crofton House School
17 Senior and Juvenile Basketball vs. St. Thomas Moore (H)
19 I.S.A. Ski Meet at Whistler Mountain
Independent School Girls' Basketball Tournament
20 I.S.A. Ski Meet at Whistler Mountain
21 I.S.A. Ski Meet at Whistler Mountain
22 Mid-term Holiday
I.S.A. Ski Meet at Whistler Mountain
24 Open House for Grade 11 and 12
26 I.S.A. Music Festival at Brentwood
27 Basketball vs. Brentwood (H)
- March
3 Open House for Grades 8, 9 and 10
6 Basketball vs. University School (A)
Independent Schools' Gymnastics Meet at Shawnigan Lake School
Car Rally at Senior School
9 Careers Day
11 Skating Party—Grade 8—10
13 Independent School Soccer Tournament at Brentwood
Entrance Exams for September Applicants to St. George's
Independent School Badminton Tournament at Brentwood
14 Arts Club meeting
19 Inter-Private School Prefect meeting—Convent of the Sacred Heart
20 Inter-Private School Prefect meeting—Convent of the Sacred Heart
21 Inter-Private School Prefect meeting—Convent of the Sacred Heart
25 School Play Dress Rehearsal
26 School Play
27 School Play
- April
2 School closing
3 Scholarship Exams

SUMMER TERM

- April
19 School re-opens
23 Vancouver Relays
24 Vancouver Relays
27 Centennial Lecture—Mr. Helmcken, Provincial Archivist
- May
1 Dog Show—Junior School
2 Rowing—V.R.C. Spring Regatta
7 Visit to Vancouver of H.M. The Queen—School Holiday
8 Country Fair
Rowing—Seattle Regatta
9 Confirmation Service—His Grace Archbishop Gower
I.S.A. Tennis Tournament at U.B.C.
14 Knights of Columbus Track and Field Meet
15 Cricket vs. University School (A)
Tennis vs. University School (A)
Hockey vs. Brentwood College (A)
Rowing—Shawnigan Regatta
Knights of Columbus Track and Field Meet
16 I.S.A. Swim Meet at University School
I.S.A. Sailing Regatta at Victoria
Vancouver 6-A-Side Cricket Tournament (H)
19 Inter-Wing Track and Field Meet
22 Rowing—Western Sprints: Greenlake Fours
24 Victoria Day—School Holiday
27 Inter-Wing Swim Meet
28 Visit of Rt. Hon. Roland Michener, C.C., C.D., Governor General of Canada
29 Tennis vs. Brentwood College at U.B.C.
Hockey vs. Brentwood College (H)
30 I.S.A. Track and Field Meet at U.B.C.
Cricket—Cameron Cup at Brockton Point
Rowing—V.R.C. Regatta
Arts Club
- June
4 B.C. High School Track and Field Meet at Victoria
5 Cricket vs. Shawnigan Lake (A)
Hockey vs. Shawnigan Lake (A)
Tennis vs. Shawnigan Lake (A)
B.C. High School Track and Field Meet at Victoria
6 Cricket vs. University School (H)
Tennis vs. University School (H)
8 Vancouver Cricket Finals at Brockton Point
11 Prize Day—Guest of Honour—The Lt. Governor of B.C.
13 Valedictory Service
Speaker—The Headmaster
14 School Examinations Commence
Government Regular Examinations Commence
16 School Examinations End
Term Ends
17 Government Matriculation Regular Examinations End
18 Government Scholarship Examinations Begin
Graduation Dance—Hotel Georgia
24 Government Scholarship Examinations End
September
9 School Re-Opens



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EDITORIAL

Headmasters, by the nature of their office, are lonely men. They are one-of-a-kind; expected, at the same time, to understand problems in a complex institution, to compromise between the dissident voices of boys, staff, parents and governing body; to present to an expectant and often critical public an image which will represent the philosophy of their school. In a province where independent schools must support themselves, there might well be a certain dichotomy.

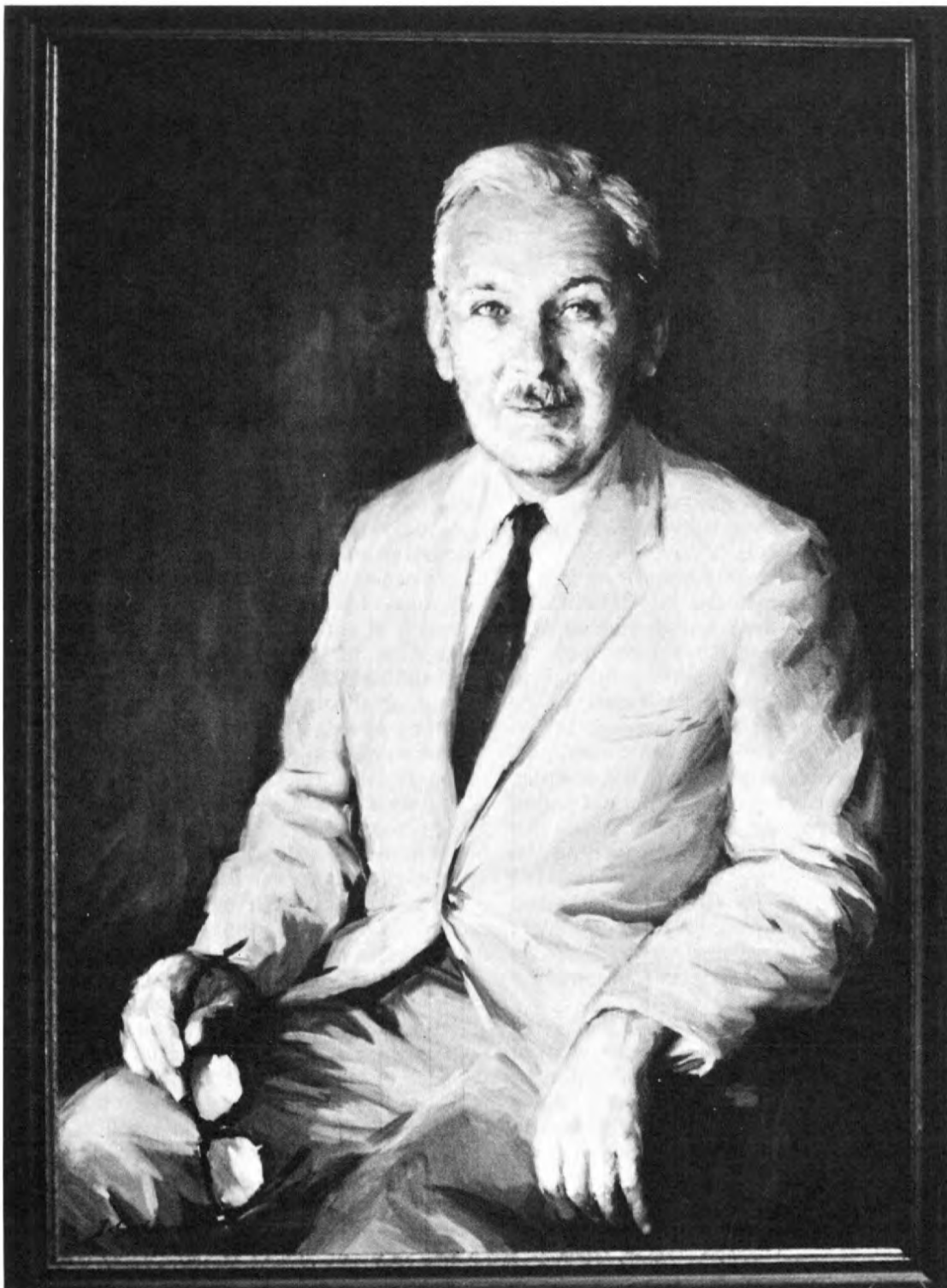
But St. George's has been indeed fortunate in the men who have administered the School. Mr. John Harker, Headmaster for over thirty years, was the pioneer. He brought with him the traditions of a great English school and, adapting them with skill to the new place and the circumstances of the time, he laid the foundations for what was to follow. His respect for hard work and scholarship, his insistence on games-playing as part of the whole life of men, his wit and humour, his splendid anger, his love for dogs, stay in the memory of all the Old Boys of his day. When he came back to read the lesson in the Cathedral at the School Service in the summer term, present boys were excited to see and hear him. His portrait gazes down on them from the wall of the library, viewing them a little quizzically. He is still a presence in the school, a legend in his own lifetime.

Mr. Douglas Harker, who now takes leave of us, was a contrast to his brother, though his years at the school were as eventful and his influence as all-pervading. He brought here from the world of business the concept of a more structured institution. He gave St. George's a more professional look. Under his guidance, both schools, the new Senior School on Topside and the flourishing Junior School, began looking beyond their own confines towards the community and the world be-

yond. Groups of students began to tour the artistic and industrial centres of the city, to explore the province, to cross oceans and continents with teams or in search of experience and knowledge. Men came from outside to talk to the boys and to share experience, and the boys themselves exchanged with students from other schools across Canada. None who attended St. George's in Mr. Douglas Harker's time will forget his encouragement to staff and students in projects or with ideas, his praise in accomplishment and his kindness in failure. He was talented, eloquent beyond the reach of many men, modest, anxious alike for the success of work and of games. He was always available and involved: every member of the staff and all the boys felt they had taken leave of a friend as they said goodbye. It goes without saying that the whole school family wish him well.

The new Headmaster comes to the school from the academic world. As an Old Boy he grew up in our traditions but he has been away for long enough to see us with objectivity. In the few weeks he has been here, it has been apparent that he has an easy approach to people, a quick grasp of problems, a serious and thinking attitude towards solutions. It is obvious that he will foster our best traditions of scholarship, of games and sportsmanship, of humanity. He may make great demands upon us for he is young and energetic. He can be assured of a warm welcome among us. We much look forward to the years to come.

In this annual magazine, which seeks to present a record of the year at the school, we have endeavoured in this issue to look backward occasionally in summary of an era which has now, irrevocably, gone. The future is ahead, unknown and challenging.



DOUGLAS E. HARKER
HEADMASTER — January 1963 - June 1971

The Portrait donated to the School by the Board of Governors

DOUGLAS HARKER

For the occasion of a birthday party for Douglas Harker—which event was not long after he assumed the appointment of Headmaster of St. George's School—I wrote some facetious and much worse than bad lines of verse. The last few, bad as they were, were serious and sincere. They went (almost) like this:

"And now he is indeed the Head,

.....

With humour, compassion and great insight,
He'll give all boys, both dull and bright,
Bad and good, and mean and kind,
The ultimate of his heart and mind."

He has done no less, as surely he could not.

He added immeasurably to the burden of his office by his sensitive awareness of and concern for the problems of the boys of the School. Many will know better than I what energy and time, frequently accompanied by anguish, he devoted not only to the educational problems, but also to the many personal problems of the students of his School.

Happily aided by a robust will and a like conscience, an incomparable sense of humor and an unusual command of language, he strove to make St. George's a school firmly dedicated to doing its best without arrogance or humbug in the education of young and adolescent boys and moreover, a School in which the boys are expected to do most of the difficult jobs for themselves and for each other. That the boys have been able to respond to the expectations of their School during the past difficult years with considerable success and generally with affection for their School and its people, is tribute enough to the person and the great qualities of heart and mind of Douglas Harker.

Writing as one of the Governors of the School, I can surely say on behalf of all of them that they greatly appreciate the years of service of Douglas Harker as Headmaster of the School and greatly admire the fortitude and humour with which he bore the unrelenting and heavy burdens of his office. We wish him well not in his retirement but in the further adventures in the service of his fellows which will inevitably be his.

A. J. F. Johnson



D. E. HARKER

OUR HEADMASTER RETIRES

"It is not easy to convey in the limited scope of this magazine what we all feel about the departure of Mr. Douglas Harker to join the Colours. Since his arrival, in the spring of 1932, until the present time, all his energies and abilities have been centred in St. George's and the School's growth and progress, since those early days are, in no small measure, due to his individual efforts. One time (or another) Cub Master, Scout Master, Play Director, Organist and full-time Director, Vice-Principal, advisor and friend, he will be sadly missed by those who worked with him."

The lines above appeared in the "Georgian" of 1939. He left St. George's to join the Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles. He was wounded in action, mentioned in Dispatches, and emerged at the end of the War as a Major in the 28th Armoured (B.C.) Regiment. He was for a brief time a staff-writer with the "Calgary Herald" before becoming Director of Training and Personnel at Woodward's. As we all know, Mr. Harker returned to St. George's to become its Headmaster in 1963. He is now retiring, and Georgians will feel the loss keenly, a second time.

He has always been passionately devoted to teaching, and has always believed in the value of small classes. In his early years at St. George's, he was known as the "Daltonian", for introducing and maintaining the Dalton Plan, whereby every student was assigned work in each of his subjects, which he completed at his own speed, before receiving a second series of assignments. The teacher was available at all times, and in this way, each



The boat: are all these things going in it to Pender Island?



student received as much individual attention as he needed. His belief in the importance of individual help remains, and, despite economic pressures, he has never sacrificed quality to quantity.

He has always believed in the importance of sports in a student's education. I could almost be said that his personal motto is "a sound mind in a sound body." In one of the first "Georgians", he wrote:

"Geometry will teach your sons to reason; composition will show them how to speak and write their own language; algebra . . . I cannot remember what it is algebra teaches them, but organized games should impart something more valuable than either."

He practices what he preaches, and still runs in the school's annual interwing cross-country race. In 1933 he came in first in this event.

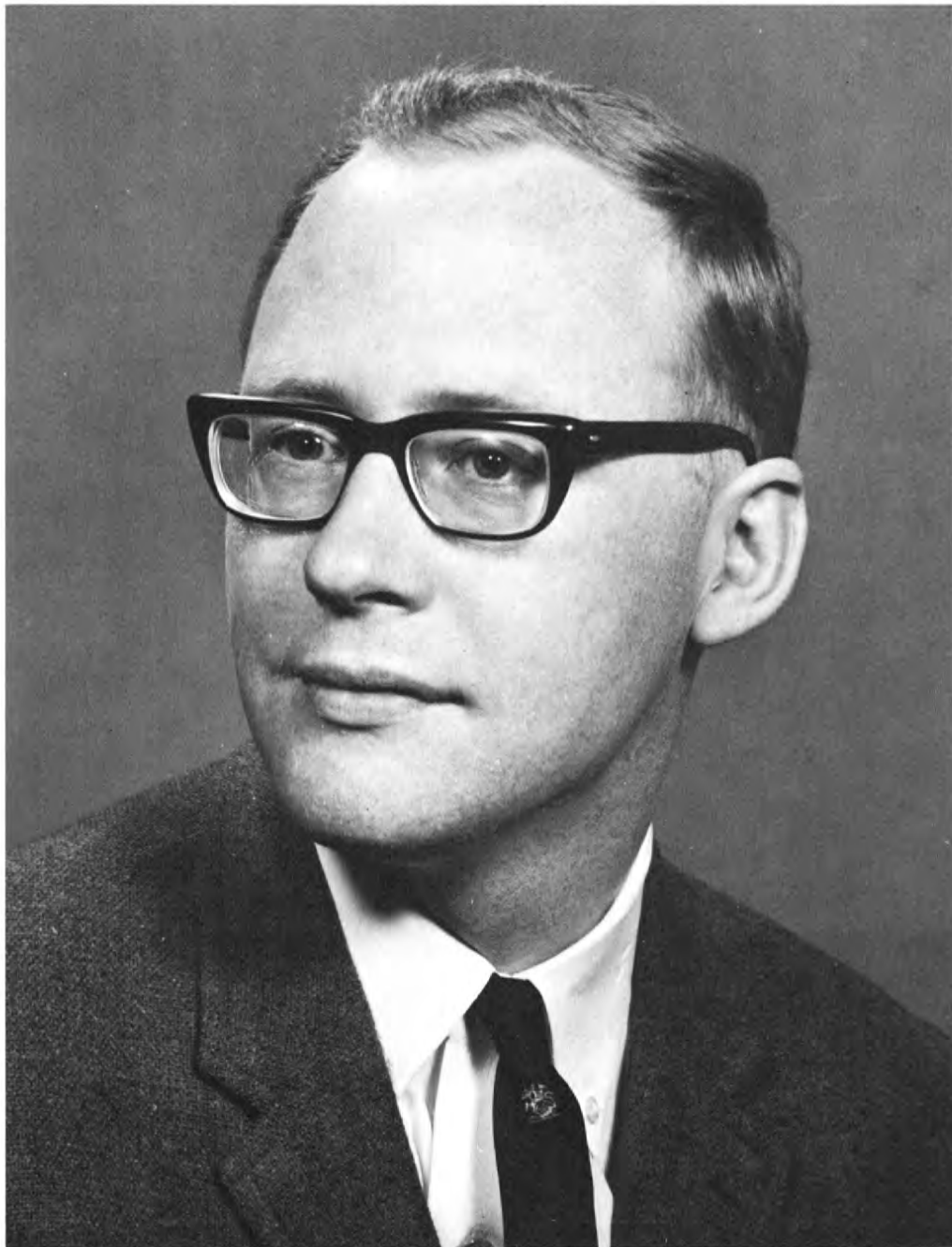
The School has gone through an unprecedented period of growth under Mr. Douglas Harker. Under his leadership the New School was built, and several more playing fields were purchased from the Jesuits. On prize-day, in the summer of 1968, he stated that he would not retire until the School had its own swimming pool. This was considered by most present to be a mild joke. Two years later, due to Mr. Harker's drive and enthusiasm, St. George's had an operating swimming pool.

The Headmaster has taken a great interest in the School from its beginning. He was one of the first two Directors of the School, and an Honorary Vice-President of the Old Boy's Society. Those who attended House Suppers will know that Mr. Harker has not missed one, with the exception of the War years.

He was involved in every facet of the School's life, and he will be missed by all of us. It is to be hoped that in the years to come, he will occasionally forsake the comfort of his houseboat in the Gulf Islands, and visit the school so that future first fifteens may be inspired by the sight of a man and his dog, cheering on the sidelines.

J. Harrison, XII-A





THE NEW HEADMASTER

Alan C. M. Brown, M.A.T. (Brown), B.A.Sc., (Brit. Col.), Dip. Ed. (Oxon)

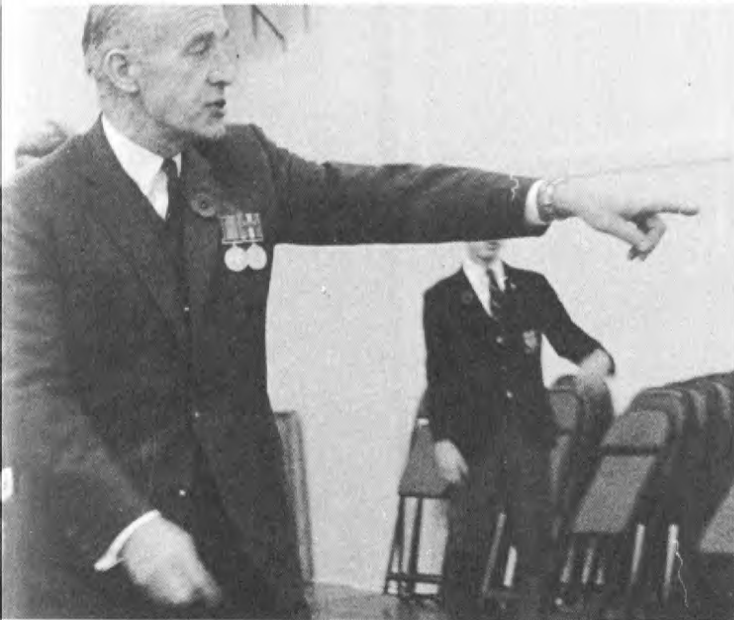
It is not possible to say, in a few words, all that I wish for St. George's in the years ahead. Yet I welcome this opportunity to affirm my faith in the school and my confidence in its future. The intensive style of learning and living, and the courtesy that pervades this school community, are its hallmarks, and they account in large measure for the spirit that binds it together. As an old Georgian, I

19

can testify to the strength of this bond.

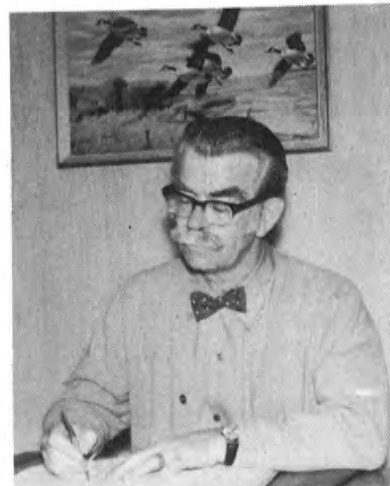
My earnest hope is that, following in the footsteps of Mr. Harker, I can make a like contribution to the prosperity of the school and its members. It is a hard act to follow. Yet, though evolutionary change will naturally proceed apace, we shall remain faithful to the principles, if not always the practices, that have so well guided St. George's.

Allan C. M. Brown.



SOME OF THE FAMILIAR FACES (Random Sample)





More familiar faces.





301 YEARS OF SERVICE

Back row: Mr. I. Garcia, Mr. D. J. Collins, Mr. J. Powell, Mr. D. R. Overton, Mr. G. Atkinson, Mr. T. Young, Mr. T. Silva.
Middle row: Mr. A. Parker-Jervis, Mrs. M. Amaral, Mrs. J. Ashbough, Mrs. W. G. Ayles, Mrs. C. Cameron, Miss W. Marriott, Mr. J. Coxwell.
Front row: Mr. J. E. Blackmore, Mrs. R. Westmacott, Mr. P. McDonnell, Mr. D. E. Harker, Mr. E. Colchester, Mrs. E. Colchester, Mrs. V. Gautchi, Mrs. T. S. Roxburgh.



SCHOLASTICS



John Spouge

LATE NEWS

Olympiad

185 writers in Canada.

JOHN SPOUGE—2nd—\$1,000 prize (London Life Insurance)

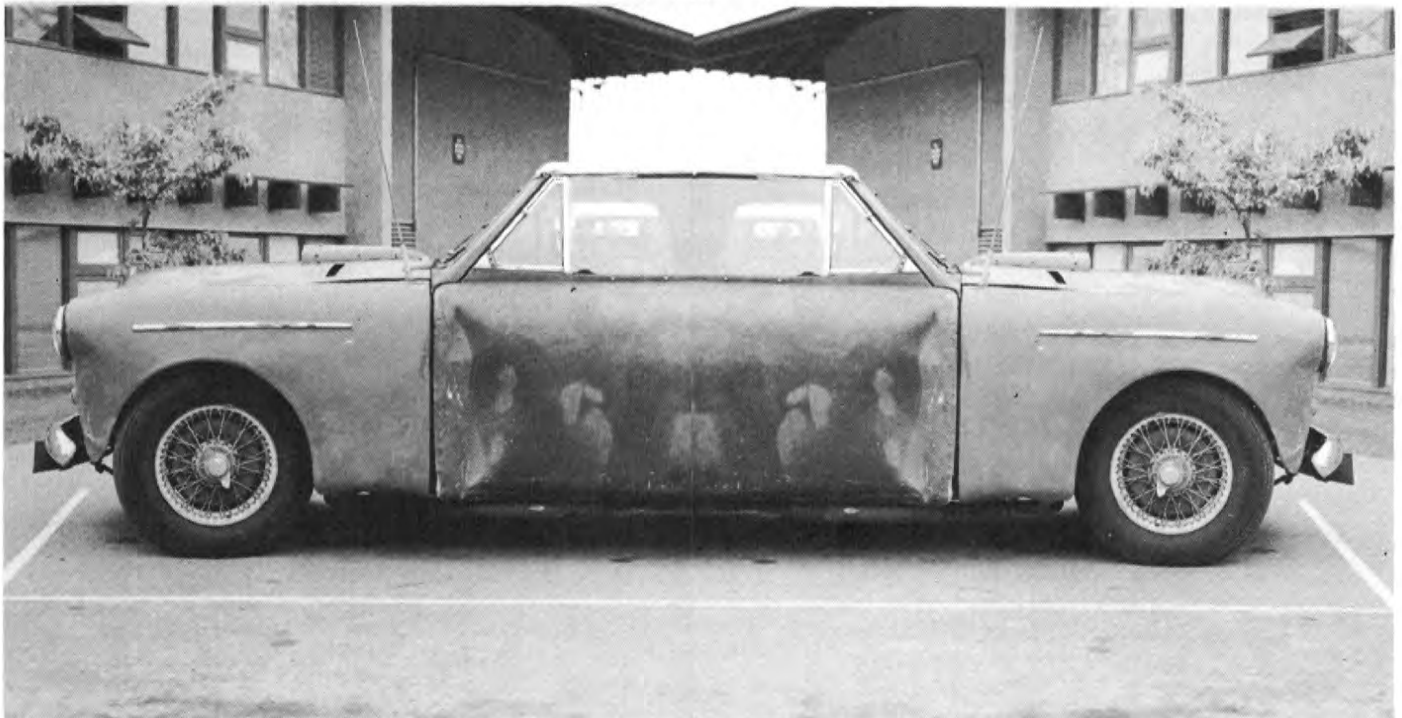
HARRY KING—6th—\$200

JULIAN HARRISON—20th—Hon. Mention.

GEORGIAN EDITORS J. Harrison and Murray Heath take time out to examine the LIBRARY OF MATHEMATICS volumes presented to the School for coming 3rd in Region IX in the Annual High School Mathematics Examination, sponsored by the Mathematical Association of America and the Society of Actuaries.



"I may have a little trouble, y'know, getting it through the city test."



ONTARIO JUNIOR MATHEMATICS CONTEST

This year St. George's placed third in Canada, and first in British Columbia, among the 883 schools writing the contest. This Canada-wide contest is open to any high school student up to Grade 11. One hour is permitted for the test, with 140 possible marks. The basis for scoring on this test is Right Minus One Quarter Wrong. Those who wrote the contest, and their marks and positions:

	Mark	Place in Canada	Place in B.C.	Place in District 6
N. Brown (11-A)	116.75	6th	2nd	1st
E. Chau (11-A)	95.50	35th	8th	2nd
N. Chan (11-1)	87.50	63rd	15th	5th
Team Score	299.75	3rd	1st	1st
A. Griffin (11-A)	85.50	74th	18th	6th
G. Smyth (11-A)	85.50	74th	18th	6th
D. Galbraith-Hamilton (11-A)	68.00	—	—	23rd
M. Sandberg (9-A)	60.00	—	—	33rd
P. Fairey (10-A)	54.75	—	—	44th
J. Dolman (10-A)	32.00	—	—	44th

G. Smyth, XI-A

MATHEMATICS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA CONTEST

This exam was written in mid-March and is open to all High School students in North America. The test is out of a possible 150 marks with deductions for wrong answers. A school's team score is the sum of the top three students' scores of that school. Zero is a medium mark for an average student, and anything above 80 is excellent.

This year's team and the scores are as follows:

J. Spouge (12-A) —117.50— 1st in B.C.
H. King (12-A) — 63.50— 5th in B.C.
J. Harrison (12-A)— 51.25—10th in B.C.

St. George's Team Score—232.25—1st in B.C. by over 60 marks. Third in Division IX (B.C., Alberta, Yukon, Alaska, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Utah, Montana, Wyoming and Colorado).

Also writing this exam were P. Carver, L. McDonald, T. Sehmer, N. McLennan, N. Brown, E. Chau, D. Galbraith-Hamilton, A. Griffin, and G. Smyth.

CANADIAN ASSOCIATION OF PHYSICISTS CONTEST

This year was the first time St. George's entered students in the C.A.P. Contest. It was written soon after returning to school after the Easter Vacation. A school is permitted to enter two Grade 12's and one Grade 11 student. Due to a special arrangement our school was allowed to enter three Grade 12's. The four students who wrote all did extremely well. The Exam is a three hour one on General Physics and not classroom physics. Those who wrote and how they did:

Grade 12

H. King —2nd in B.C. \$100.00 prize 99/120
J. Spouge —4th in B.C. } Honourable 86/120
J. Harrison—6th in B.C. } Mention 79/120

Grade 11

N. Brown—1st Honourable Mention in Grade 11
64/120

The average mark for this exam was about 35/120.

G. Smyth, XI-A

1969-1970 JUNIOR MATRICULANTS

* G. Abbott	+	K. Giles
E. Allen	*	P. Goldman
P. Ankerman	*	J. Grant
B. Becher	+	A. Hamilton
W. Boardman	*	G. Galbraith-Hamilton
C. Brown		T. Horton
G. Buchanan	*	P. Johnson
M. Bull		D. Johnstone
L. Bulling		N. Kellett
K. Campbell	*	W. Kershaw
G. Collin		T. Kum
R. Cooke		N. Lam
P. Davey	G*	M. Latham
+ C. Dunbar		D. Lees
B. Edy		C. Lester
P. Fahrni		E. Li
H. Germyn		C. Locke

* = 1st Class

+ = 2nd Class

S = Chris Spencer Scholarship

R. Liu		R. Pachal
C. Lyall	+	A. Peat
+ W. Mackenzie		M. Pellatt
I. MacLean		S. Pocock
S. MacPherson	+	M. Pottinger
E. Mak		M. Ritch
D. Malkin		M. Roddan
H. Marler		D. Scholefield
S. Mathews		J. Scott
* J. McConville	*	J. Sehmer
SM* D. McDonald		E. Sigmundson
P. McDougall	+	G. Sim
W. Mercer		J. Sutherland
I. Metherell	+	S. Tarbuck
S. Millen		R. W. Waters
J. Nitti		G. S. Williams
C* M. Overton		V. Wong
		T. Yeung

M = W. H. MacInness Math Scholarship

G = General Motors

C = B.C. Classics Teachers' Scholarship

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE EXAMINATION

1st	P. Carver (12)
2nd	L. MacDonald (12)
3rd	D. Galbraith-Hamilton (11)
1st (grade 11)	D. Galbraith-Hamilton
2nd (grade 11)	G. N. W. Smythe
1st (grade 10)	P. Fairey
2nd (grade 10)	C. Fraser
1st (grade 9)	M. Sandburg
2nd (grade 9)	Watts
1st (grade 8)	Posener

SCHOLARSHIP EXAMS—1971

The following winners of the Open Scholarships to St. George's Senior School offered by the Old Boys' Association, The Ladies' Auxiliary and Mrs. J. G. A. Hutcheson are announced:

Scholarships

Into grade 9: P. Hilton (St. George's)
 Into grade 8: J. Weston (St. George's)
 Into grade 8: H. Killas (Athlone)



D. MacDonald receiving the Engineer's Slide Rule for coming first in B.C. in Physics.



The Russians haven't seen anything yet!



Open House



REACH FOR THE TOP

As in past years our school has been invited to compete on this quiz programme by the C.B.C.

Just after the school started in September we assembled the team of Chris Caple, Julian Harrison, John Spouge and Harry King (with Tim Sehmer as our spare) under the direction of Mr. Roxburgh.

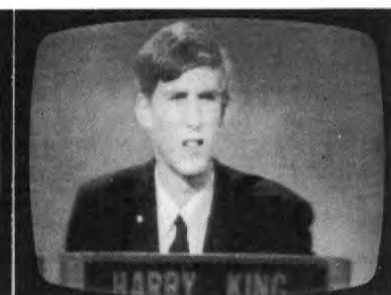
This season was similar to the last. We first met Sir Charles Tupper School. With 4 minutes left, the score was tied. Our side gained momentum, ending with a 100 point lead. There was a large cheering reaction in the audience.

The second game was against Eric Hamber, a much larger school. They had the contest the whole time, except for the odd moments. With this defeat, this year was ended.

Our team only had one person representing the humanities versus 3 for the sciences.

For the future, with a better balanced team, we might advance further.

C. Caple, XII



ROYAL COMMONWEALTH ESSAY COMPETITION

B.C. Mainland Branch—1970-71

CLASS A

Second Prize	William Parker	93%
Hon. Men.	G. McRae	85%
Hon. Men.	B. Cowan	82%
Hon. Men.	A. Mackenzie	80%
Commended	E. Brown	78%
Commended	R. A. Clarke	75%
Commended	T. Griffin	75%
Commended	L. Talbot	75%
Good Effort	B. Armstrong	
Good Effort	J. McLaren	

CLASS B

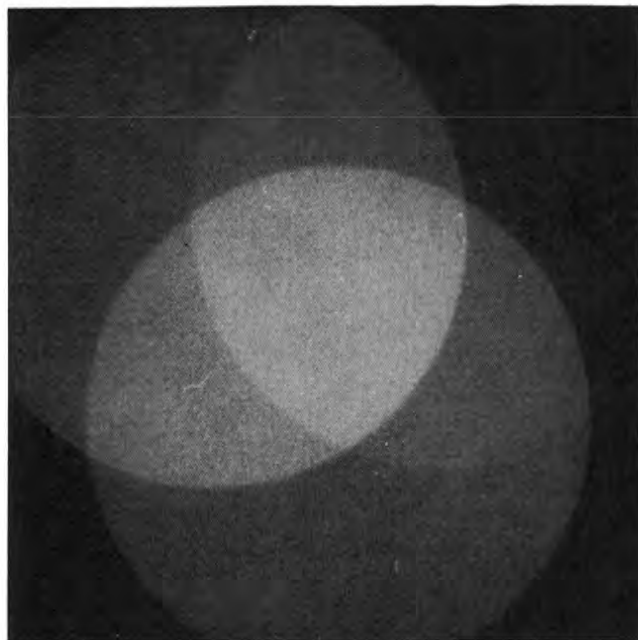
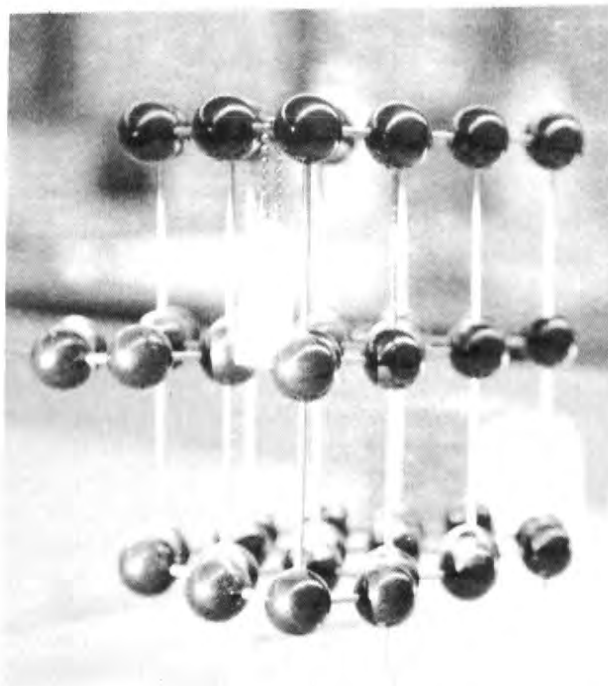
Third Prize	F. Duncan	90%
Hon. Men.	D. Galbraith-Hamilton	85%
Hon. Men.	R. Deering	84%
Commended	D. Scherz	77%
Commended	G. McKenzie-Smith	77%
Commended	B. Gough	76%
Commended	J. Seller	76%
Commended	J. Fleming	75%

CLASS C

Hon. Men.	W. Walker	85%
Hon. Men.	B. McGeer	85%
Commended	D. Romer	79%
Commended	B. Johnston	76%
Commended	B. Paterson	76%
Good Effort	B. McKay	

R. H. TUPPER RECITATION

The R. H. Tupper Recitation Competition took place on February 9th. Competitors were Carver, Parker, Harrison and Sehmer. The poem chosen was "Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey" —the first 115 lines. Mr. Tupper's prize of \$50.00 was won by W. G. Parker. Harrison was second.



Field Trip to Westham Bird Sanctuary.





The science centre in Seattle.



Mt. Rainier National Park, Washington, with an alpine meadow in the foreground.



A couple of eminent (?) biologists. Note the woodpecker holes in the tree trunks.



Photographer-biologists on a nature trail in Mt. Rainier National Park.

Our portable laboratory where we worked diligently in the cause of science.



BIOLOGICAL FIELD TRIP—MT. RAINIER, NATIONAL PARK, WASHINGTON, U.S.A.

May 13th, 1971, was a sunny day and around the rear of the Senior School one could see hordes and hordes of food and camping equipment. Where was it all going? Well, we were about to stuff it all in the back of the white station wagon along with six very studious biologists. Who was head of our little expedition? Of course everyone knows Captain Formaldehyde. With all kinds of paraphernalia pouring out of the sides and back of the van, we started our long journey to Mt. Rainier National Park in Washington to count specimens.

The first night we pulled off the road and slept outside Seattle. It rained that night.

The next morning we travelled back into town and hunted around for the Science Centre in Seattle all day, enjoying the models and demonstrations. That evening we made our way to the park and slept another Rainy Night.

On Saturday our big hunt for specimens came up. We drove further into the park and made stops along some of the hiking and nature trails. We got many interesting things—slime molds, liverworts, representative species of higher plants and various invertebrates. We drove through Paradise Valley where we were amazed at the abundance of snow. Later in the afternoon after we had reached camp again we made slides and classifications of our specimens—had dinner and expected another rainy night.

To our "delight?", when we awoke the next morning, Sunday May 16th, we had the pleasant experience of a blizzard and about five inches of new fallen snow. We vamboozled out of there fast and headed back to Vancouver, since the car was not equipped with snow tires. (We did have a shovel, however.)

All in all it was a truly informal educational experience.

A Fun trip—wasn't it?

Mr. B. Atchison,

Students: S. Dunn, J. Ford, G. Gage,
G. Richmond; L. Talbot.



PRIZE DAY, 1971

Friday, June 11th dawned grey and threatening, and not till one o'clock was it decided that the ceremony would take place out of doors as usual, and all predictions and omens to the contrary, the sun shone.

At this, Mr. Harker's last Prize Day as Headmaster, the Guest of Honour was the Lieutenant Governor of British Columbia, accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel John Toogood, his special A.D.C. and a Governor of the School.

The Headmaster opened the proceedings with a report of the school year, presenting some of the outstanding awards, both academic and athletic, during the course of his speech. He then asked the Lieutenant-Governor to present the prizes and cups, a list of which appears below. In his remarks afterwards, His Honour referred to the pleasure and value that he personally, and, to judge by their display of loyalty and affection, the people of British Columbia had derived from the close association they had experienced recently with the Queen, whose representative he was.



The School Captain's Valedictory Speech, which is reproduced elsewhere in this magazine, was followed by the giving of three presents to Mr. Harker on his retirement. The first of these was the tie of the B.C. Rugby Football Union marking the granting of Honorary Membership of the Union in recognition of his great contribution to the game in British Columbia, presented by the Past President of the Union, Mr. Graham Budge. The second was a white First XV 'Colour' sweater presented by



Bishop Gower opens the ceremonies.

Mark Angus, Captain of Football, who thanked the Headmaster for his constant and unfailing support and encouragement of the First XV throughout the year. Lastly, Michael McGeer, the President of the Students' Council, pronounced his valedictory to their retiring Headmaster, and presented the combined gift of the boys and staff, a twelve foot "Boston Whaler" type boat and out-board engine, with a number of accessories including gas tanks, life jackets, fishing tackle, crab pot and captain's cap. This was brought forward on a trailer through the audience of parents and boys by four members of the Students' Council while the speech was being made, a most dramatic and fitting end to a memorable and moving occasion of bidding "Farewell" to the friend of so many.



The Headmaster-elect presents the Clark Cup.



EXTRACTS FROM D. E. HARKER'S SPEECH

"It is a source of great satisfaction to me that students from independent schools, once regarded as havens for the retarded and delinquent, now almost invariably find their way to the top of the list in public competition. I can honestly report that the academic standard at St. George's is high and continues to improve . . .

. . . We have much friendly competition and rivalry with Vancouver high schools, but it is mainly with the three other senior independent schools that the contest is keenest; that is to say—Shawnigan Lake School, Brentwood and University School. This year, in competition with those schools, we won the Inter-independent School trophies in most events — gymnastics, ski-ing, senior swimming, junior swimming, junior cross-country and, perhaps best of all because this is the first time in 15 years, junior track and field and senior track and field . . .

. . . In spite of all this athletic success, I have to record, with regret, a growing tendency of a few boys to avoid and to shirk their games commitments and to fail to recognize how important this is to their total training. I hope that next year this tendency will entirely disappear. . .

. . . I am glad to be able to say that at this moment our enrolment for next year is already full, with a substantial waiting list in all grades. However, as this is the last time that I shall address you, I want to emphasize to you parents my hope that you will continue to press in every possible way for Government recognition and partial financial support of independent schools. Such schools are the last bastions of democracy and without such support, their survival will remain threatened . . .

. . . When your new Headmaster spoke to the Junior School on his visit last February, he said, and I remember his exact words: 'I think the world is a magic place and life a marvellous adventure.' When I heard him say this, then I knew that the Directors had made no mistake in selecting him for this appointment, not only because he is a brilliant young man who will take this School forward to new heights, but also because of his philosophy. Surely, though we live in troubled times, we have nothing to fear except cynicism, apathy and indifference . . .

. . . I hope the School will remain strenuous and informal; that it may still be possible to look up and see a dog sitting in one's classroom. I hope that compassion and humour may remain a part of it."



*Speech given by M. McGeer on
Prize-Giving Day, 1971*

*Your Honour, Governors, Distinguished Guests,
Ladies and Gentlemen, Headmaster.*

—On behalf of the students, it is my privilege to thank you for all you have done for us over the years. Although you are leaving us at the end of this term, you will never be forgotten at St. George's. During your tenure, the physical assets of the school were greatly expanded—the Senior School, the swimming pool, the Student Centre and new playing fields were added. In the field of academic achievement, St. George's is now well-known throughout Canada.

And now I would like to present you with this gift from the boys and masters of of an 11½ foot Boston Whaler with a 9½ H.P. Johnson outboard engine. The boat is equipped with a fitted cover, lifejackets, crabtrap and Captain's cap.

I am sure you will be as fine a skipper of this ship as you were captain of the school. No doubt many of the boys will visit you and share some of your nautical adventures.

Thank you, Headmaster.

THREE CHEERS FOR MR. HARKER!

*M. McGeer,
President, Student Council*

PRIZE GIVING 1971

FORM PRIZES

Grade VIII-2	C. Kennedy
Grade VIII-1	P. Burke
Grade VIII-A	B. McGeer
Grade IX-2	B. Lewis
Grade IX-1	C. Hornor
Grade IX-A	M. Sandberg
Grade X-2	P. McCusker
Grade X-1	D. McDowall
Grade X-A	P. Fairey
Grade XI-2	L. Duri
Grade XI-1	N. Chan
Grade XI-A	N. Smyth

SUBJECT PRIZES

English

Grade VIII	J. Posener
Grade IX	M. Sandberg
Grade X	M. Sihota
Grade XI	L. Talbot
"Literature Appreciation"	G. Robertson
Grade XII, Old Boys' Literature Prize	J. Harrison
"The Brown Trophy"	P. Carver

French

Grade VIII—Given by Government of France	J. Posener
Grade IX—Given by Government of France	T. Briggs
Grade XI—Given by Government of France	N. Smyth
Grade XII—G. Thomas Memorial Trophy	P. Carver

Geography and History

Grade VIII-A	C. Bennington
Grade VIII-1	G. Allen
Grade VIII-2	P. Frampton
Grade IX	T. Briggs
Social Studies X	M. Sihota
	P. Fairey
Social Studies XI	N. Smyth
Geography XII (New Course)	S. Dick
Geography XII (Old Course)	N. McLennan
History XII—Hugh Thomson Memorial Prize	L. McDonald

Mathematics

Grade VIII	M. Fairbank
Grade IX	M. Sandberg
Grade XI—Grade	N. Smyth
Special	N. Brown
Grade XII	J. Spouge

Russian

	M. Sandberg
	T. Sehmer

Sciences

Grade XI Biology	L. Talbot
Chemistry	N. Brown
Physics	N. Brown
Grade XII Biology	L. McDonald
Chemistry	J. Harrison
Physics	H. King

Art

Grade VIII and IX	D. Austin
Grade X	P. Gourley
Grades XI and XII	T. Caine

SPECIAL ACADEMIC AWARDS

Ontario Junior Mathematics Contest	
The following team from St. George's—First in British Columbia, Third in Canada	
Team	N. Brown
	E. Chau
	N. Chan
High School Mathematics Contest for B.C. and the Yukon Top School	St. George's
Team: Cheque for \$125.00	J. Spouge
Cheque for \$50.00	H. King
Cheque for \$25.00	J. Harrison
Finalist in the Annual Symposium of Arts and Science, University of Victoria	J. Harrison
Duke of Edinburgh "Gold" Awards	S. Dick
	J. Olesen
	D. McPherson
	G. Richmond
Royal Commonwealth Essay Competition	
Second Prize in Class "A"	
Cheque for \$75.00	W. Parker
Third Prize in Class "B"	
Cheque for \$20.00	F. Duncan

Winner of Open Scholarships into Grade IX at St. George's
P. Hiltan
M. Fairbank

Canadian Association of Physicists Prize Examination (CAP)

Grade XII—Second in B.C.	H. King
Honourable Mention—Fourth in B.C.	J. Spouge
Honourable Mention—Sixth in B.C.	J. Harrison
Grade XI—Honourable Mention	N. Brown
Invitation to attend Royal Canadian Institute Summer Science Programme at York University	H. King
1970 Mathematics Contest—Bronze Cup	St. George's
Creative Writing Prizes (Given by St. George's Auxiliary)	
Intermediate Poetry	W. Walker
	G. Weller

Intermediate Short Story	I. Bray
Intermediate Essay	M. Collins
Senior Poetry	D. McPherson
Senior Short Story	D. McPherson
Senior Essay	S. Jespersen
Headmaster's Book of Good Writing	P. Gourley
	M. Shier
Service in the Library	R. Wohlford
General Knowledge 1970	D. Andrews
General Knowledge 1971	S. Fraser
"Georgian" Editorial Pencil	J. Harrison
"Georgian" Photography	R. Gregory
Aeronautics Trophy	J. Hislop

GAMES AWARDS

Inter-Independent Schools Successes

Gymnastics	C. Spiers, Capt.
Swimming—Junior	G. McKenzie-Smith, Capt.
Senior	J. Hamilton, Capt.
Cross Country—Junior	M. Lechtzier, Capt.
Skiing	N. McLennan, Capt.
Track and Field—Junior	J. D. Parker, Capt.
Senior	D. Nilson, Capt.
Basketball—All Star Award	G. Peat
Harker Privett Trophy	M. Angus

Wing Sports Trophies

Cross Country	McDougall's
Individual—The Pottinger Trophy	D. Nilson
Woodward Rugby Cup	Tupper's
Swimming	McDougall's
The Clark Cup (Aggregate)	Clark's

Individual Sports Awards

Rugby	
Maitland Cup	G. Walker
Defence Cup	D. Walker
Freddie Germyn Under 15 Rugby Trophy	R. Muringer

Gymnastics

Freddie Germyn Gymnastics Trophy	D. Bibby
----------------------------------	----------

Swimming

Freddie Germyn Senior Trophy	J. Hamilton
Stevenson Memorial Junior Trophy	B. Fleming

Cricket

Bat (presented by Mr. Frank Willson)	L. Unrau
Senior Bowling Trophy	K. Eliot
Junior Bowling Trophy	G. Young

Rowing

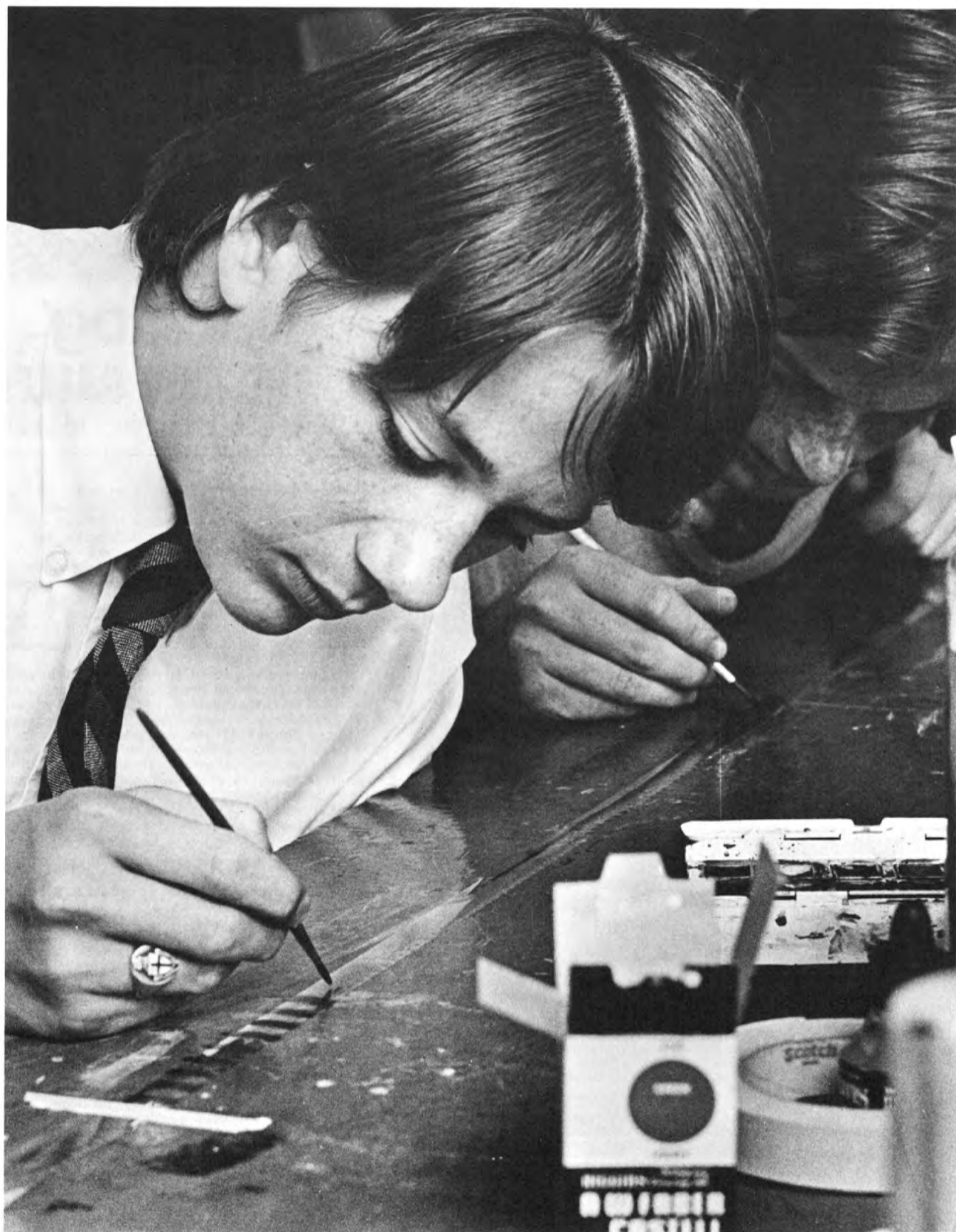
The Newall Cup (for the Best Oarsman)	D. P. Richardson
The Norris Cup (for the Most Improved Oar)	R. Sager

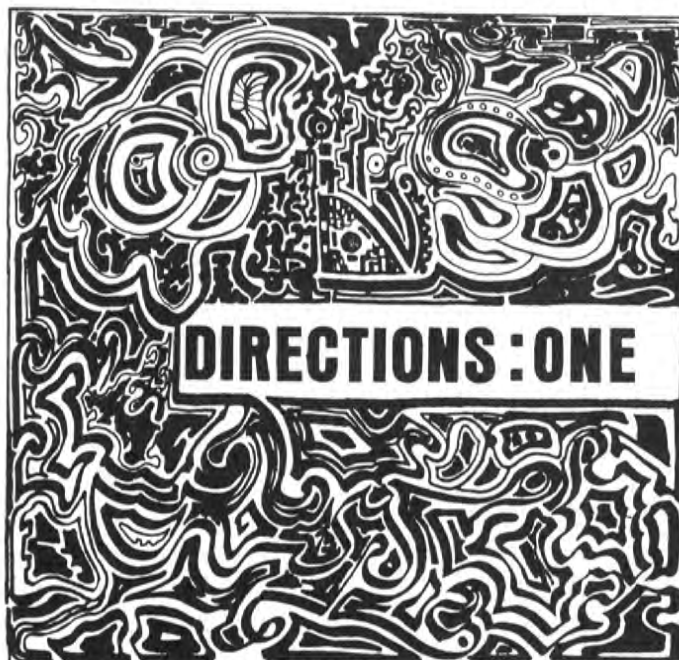
INDIVIDUAL AWARDS

The Monitor's Trophy	J. Locke
The Cruise Cup (Best Intermediate Athlete)	D. Walker
The Fleck Cup (Outstanding Effort and Sportsmanship, Regardless of Ability)	C. Coleman
The Watts Cup (Best All-rounder in Grade VIII and IX)	L. Unrau
The Colts Cup (Best All-rounder in Grade X)	J. Locke
The Hugh Thomson Memorial Bowl (Service, Enthusiasm and Citizenship)	B. Webster
The Sims Cup (Gentleman, Sportsman and Scholar)	G. Peat
The Captain's Cup	D. J. Richardson

ARTS & SCIENCES

Sun Photo



DIRECTIONS: ONE

'backlog'
THE NEW GALLERY
 DECEMBER 2ND.-8TH. WEEKDAYS:

The establishment of an area in which — because of its absolute neutrality and flexibility — a great variety of activities could take place — was an important and valuable step in creating some exciting possibilities for the expansion and integration of the Arts at St. George's

Room 19 — once stripped of its references to the classroom — desks, blackboards, etc., the walls covered in white pin-board, the ceiling lowered with a simple black, wooden grid on to which small flood-lights could be placed — became a space at once ideal for displaying paintings, drawings etc., showing film and lecturing to small groups; workshops and poetry readings.

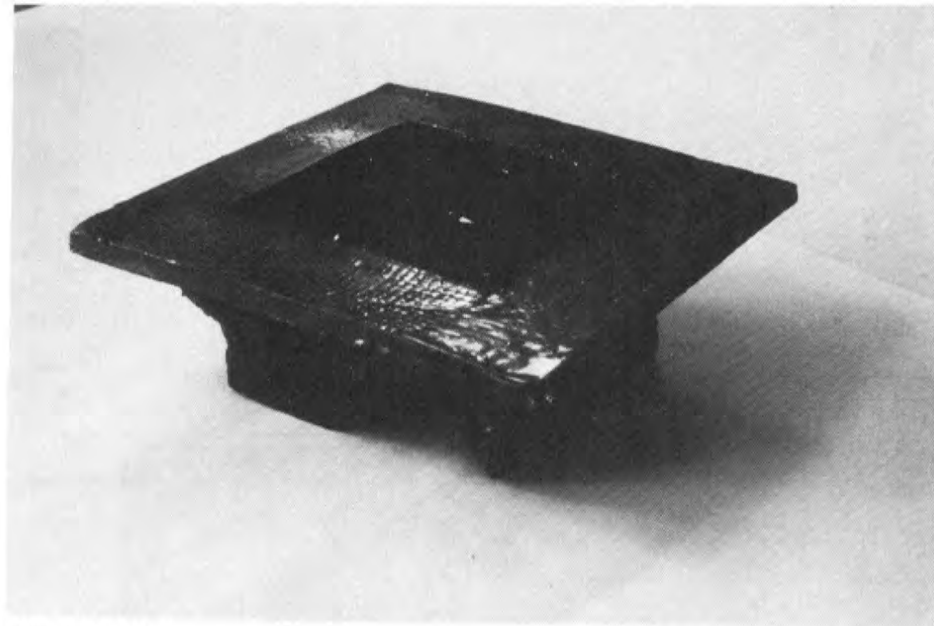
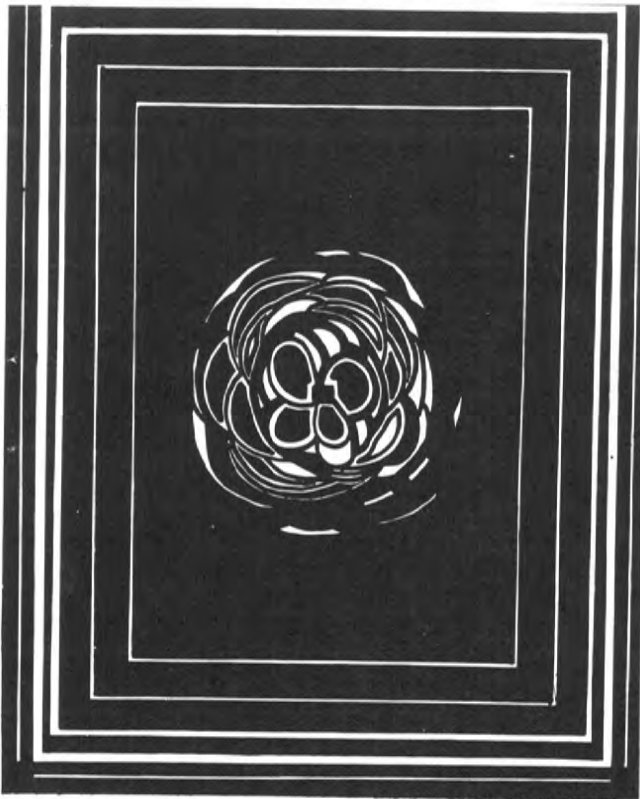
Inviting young Vancouver poets to read to small, voluntary lunch-time audiences has been popular and worthwhile and we shall certainly continue it in the future while at the same time expanding the possibilities for creative people in other fields — film, music, etc., to perform, etc., also. I would like to think that more old-boys of the school — people who are involved in creative writing programmes at University, etc., would come to talk and give readings, etc., within this lunch-time situation. James Maw, Judy Copethorne, Andreas Schroeder, Gerry Gilbert, Brad Robinson, David Ellis and Richard Harper have all been the guests of the programme during this year.

Exhibitions have shown aspects of our own concerns in the art room—sculpture, painting, collage, etc., and have also introduced boys to the work of people outside the school — photographers, printmakers, etc. This part of the programme will expand considerably next year and it is our intention to plan a good many workshop, lecture and seminar sessions to do with all facets of the new Visual and Communication Arts programme.

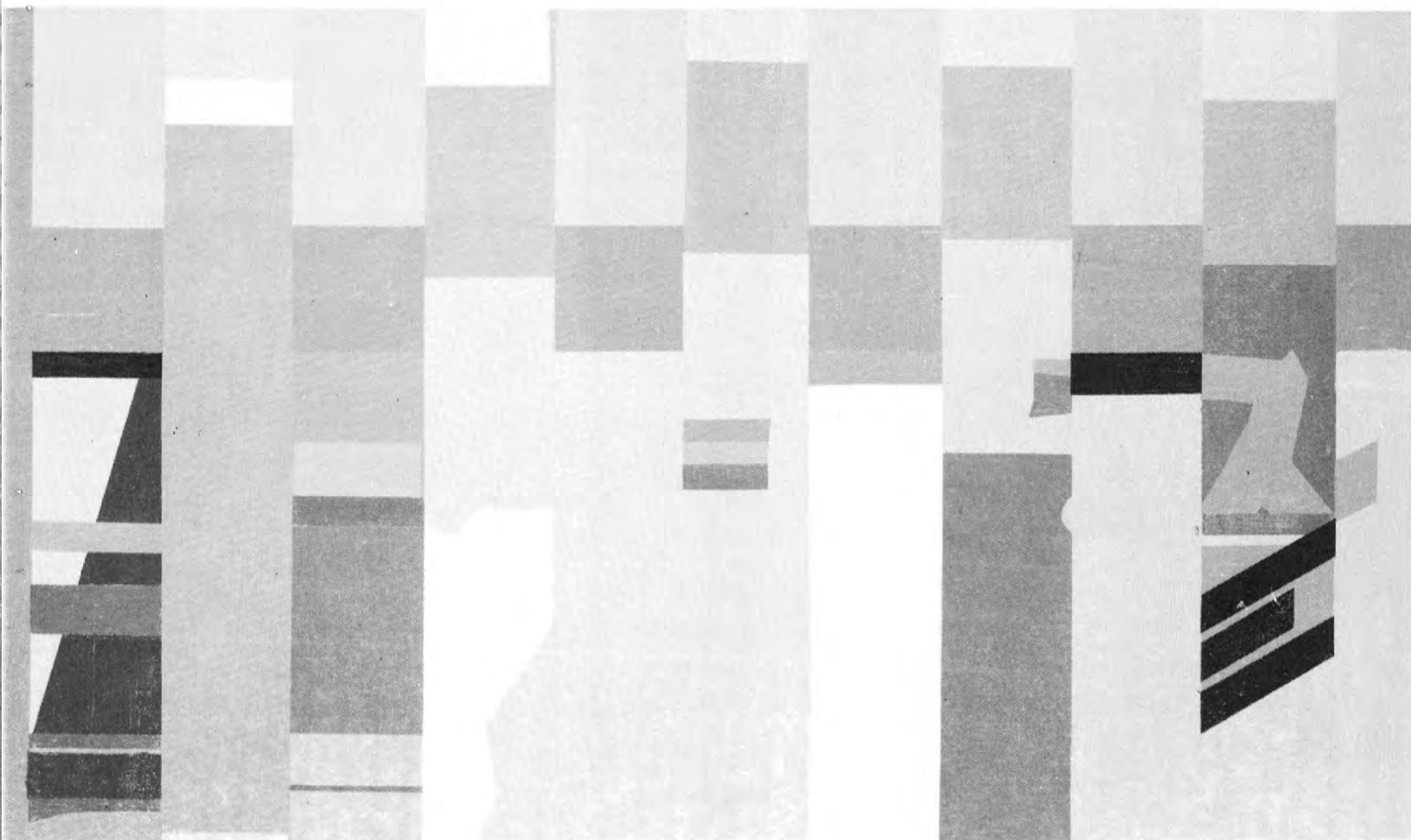
The expansion of the activities of Mindsight Unltd. into graphics and further publishing endeavours will also be an important part of the future development of the Arts within the school.

Experiments with film making grew into a very successful multi-media presentation of poetry, music and image in the last weeks of the term. Out of this has emerged a tremendous enthusiasm for the potential of such media and, through the generosity of the Ladies Auxiliary, we hope to be very active in this area next year — drawing together; through film, Drama, Art and English into a more integrated whole.

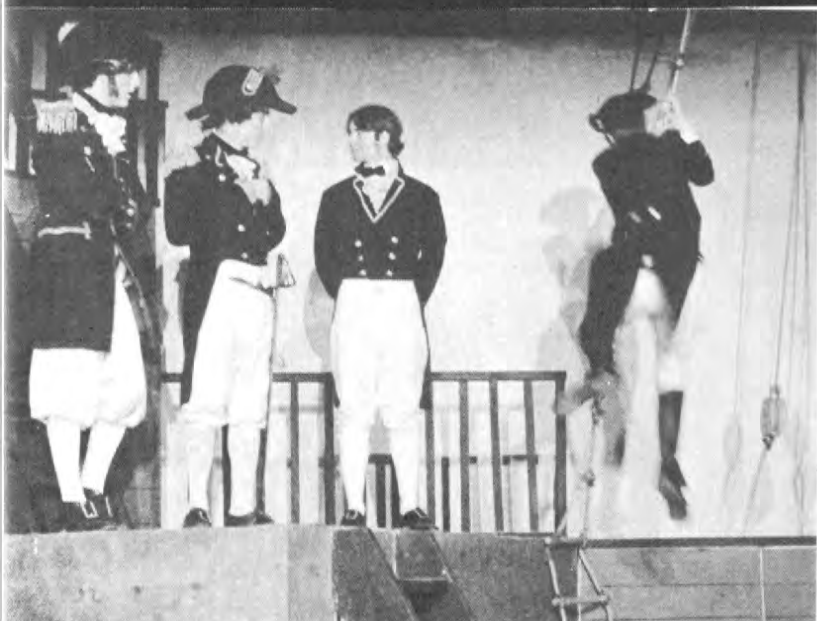
J.H.B.



The Art Room



BILLY BUDD



BILLY BUDD

March 25th - 27th, 1971

THE CAST (in order of appearance)

Jenkins, Captain of the Maintop	Chris Hase
The Dansker, Mainmast Man	Malcolm McLaren
Jackson, Maintopman	Ronald Hulton
Claggart, Master-at-Arms	Blake Scott
Butler, Maintopman	Daniel Cox
Talbot, Mizzentopman	Peter Boxall
Kincaid, Maintopman	Peter Fairley
Messboy	Stuart MacKinnon
O'Daniel, Maintopman	Phillip Stewart
Squeak, Master-at-Arms Man	Edward Burtinshaw
Gardiner, Midshipman	George Gregory
William Budd, Foretopman	Michael Moore
Surgeon	David Goldie
Edward F. Vere, Captain of the Royal Navy	William Parker
Seymour, First Officer	Philip Wilhelmsen
Ratcliffe, First Lieutenant	Harold Cruickshank
Duncan, Mate of the Main Deck	John Hislop
Drummer Boy	Blake Elworthy
Rea, Midshipman	Peter Drabble
Wyatt, Sailing Master	Angus Christian
Stoll, Helmsman	James Percy
Byren, Helmsman	Joel Clarkson
Hallam, a Marine	Brian Cook
Blunt, a seaman	Glen Walker

Director: Soren Hammerberg, with special assistance
from Old Boy, Steven Millen

PRODUCTION AND STAGE CREW

Mark Angus	John Dolmage	David Kozak
Carlos Binz	Steven Dunn	Roger Masson
Tod Caine	James Ford	James Morrison
Chris Caple	David Gellatly	Alistair Palmer
Dan Cox	John Hislop	Brian Webster
David Davidson	Steen Jespersen	
Set Design		D. Gardiner
Scenery Design		S. Jespersen
Lighting		R. Leith
Costumes		Watts Costumes
Make-up	Mr. R. Buchanan, Mrs. E. Denison, Mrs. E. Colchester, Mrs. A. Nutter, Gordon Gage	
Production Director		D. Gardiner





Claggart and the Dansker

BILLY BUDD

The senior play this year, based on Herman Melville's last novel, was a succès d'estime. That the young actors were not always audible to the back rows of the audience was due in large measure to the difficult accoustics in the Gym, but the excellent stage sets, the groupings of the actors, the costumes and make-up, and, above all, the acting and characterization were always a pleasure to watch.

The play is set in the British Navy, at the time of the Napoleonic Wars, when discipline was savage and the press-gang was used to raise extra hands to man the men-of-war. Billy Budd, a lad of sixteen, is the victim of such a press and the story line centres round the events following his arrival on board, the effect of his personality on the officers and men, a classic and moving dilemma which develops against the background of brutality and suspicion at sea in August of 1798.

The captain, who is forced much against his inclination and popular demand, to do his duty and implement the harsh rules of the Navy of that time, was portrayed by Bill Parker with a serious dignity and remoteness well fitted to Melville's rather gloomy philosophy. Blake Scott played Claggart, master-at-arms, a more complicated figure, with great assurance and a touch of mystery: the part of villain is never easy but



Squeak and Billy Budd

he never lost total sympathy from the audience. A number of the lesser roles were no less effective, particularly Malcolm MacLaren as the Dansker, mystic and wiseman from Northern lands, had a part well suited to his own poetic interests; Edward Burtinshaw was adequate in the part of Squeak, Claggart's jackal; Gregory, the very embodiment of an earnest, if somewhat bumbling, Midshipman; Boxall brought the right touch of fo'c'sle manner as leader of the lower deck.

Captain Vere addresses the Court Martial





The excellent acting during the court martial, while the senior officers debated the fate of Billy Budd, made the scene memorable. Philip Wilhelmsen, as Seymour, the First Officer, was by far the most accomplished actor on the stage, showing clearly that he could put to good use the training he gained at the Banff Summer School last year. He used not only his voice (he was completely audible), facial expression, gesture and movement but also stayed in character whenever on stage. Angus Christian, another officer, with a surprisingly good stage voice, should prove a great asset for future plays.

The part of Billy Budd, the hero-almost-too-good-to-be-true, is one of extreme difficulty. Michael Moore, throughout the performances battling an attack of laryngitis, and in spite of clothes so large for him that they hampered definition of movement, succeeded in giving it life and making it believable, a feat which might have daunted a much more experienced actor. If there is one criticism of him, one might suggest that he should have used his stammer more emphatically in the early scenes for true dramatic foreshadowing. But at the last moment of the foregone conclusion to the tragedy, when he turned and shouted "God bless Captain Vere!" as he climbed the rigging to his death, he achieved real theatre.

"God Bless Captain Vere!"





SENIOR LIBRARY

Despite the dash of chaos which is an inevitable ingredient in its function, the Senior Library has managed to complete another year. Over 900 books have been added; as well, Ray Wohlford has mended, numbered and covered about 3000 books. Several sections have been greatly enlarged, notably Geography, Biology, Applied Science and Art. Many books on subjects of current interest, such as Ecology, Cultural Anthropology, and the Indian Peoples, have been added.

Many thanks to the following for their gifts: General Clark, Mr. Doug Gardiner, Mr. McPherson, Dr. Chapman, Mlle. Sellon, Col. Burton, Mr. Walker, Dr. Williams, M. Vissavona, Tim Auger, John Grant, Stuart Tarbuck.

An interesting development for next term will be the *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature*. This is a cumulative index for magazine articles. It should be very useful to people needing current references for essays.

In the way of physical amenities, the bottom floor of the Library has been carpeted. This has led to a much-reduced noise level and to a much more relaxed atmosphere. The Storage-Wall file and the 'Copy-Mite' copier, both given by the auxiliary last year, are in constant use.

Mr. Ian MacLean, who graduated from St. George's in 1964, came back in February to help with cataloguing. He had not seen the Library since

he left, and now notes a great change of emphasis. In 1964 it was just a place to go and read a good book. Now it seems that it is very similar to a University library in that it is mainly used for reference—for finding further information on topics set in class.

The Library could not function at all without a great deal of student help. Richard Bobkof, Carlos Binz, Ernest Brown, Noel Smith and Lawrence Talbot have been in charge of the desk. Godfrey Miller has been useful in making signs and organising the Storage-Wall file. Gordon Weller has taken good care of the Social Science section. Donald Paterson has looked after Science and Brian Paterson has kept Fiction organised. Timothy Naegele keeps order in the Literature section. Ralph Post has not yet gone cross-eyed sorting cards for the catalogue. Special thanks to Ray Wohlford for a tremendous amount of work in processing and magazines.

And finally, thanks to Mrs. Colchester. The Canadian School Library Association recommends that a school of St. George's size have two full-time librarians and a full-time clerk. That Mrs. Colchester manages to run successfully both libraries using only volunteer help is indeed worthy of praise.

I. MacLean



*B.C. Outdoors
The Library Centennial Project*



Lunch time in the Gallery



*Japanese print brought
by the boys who
went to Tokyo
for Expo '70*



The Arts Club.

THE ARTS CLUB

This year, as ever, the Arts Club was a very successful activity. The year's discussions covered a wide range of topics: one evening was devoted to travel, and each member recounted his experiences and impressions of countries he had visited; at another meeting many members read pieces of literature they had written (including Mr. Harker, who read us a short story he had written when he was in England and which had even been published in a newspaper); one meeting was devoted to music, each member bringing a record with one of his favourite tunes; and the final evening was centred around a very comprehensive talk on Canadian politics given by Peter Carver. Thanks must be given to the Harkers and the Colchesters for hosting the meetings, and to Soren Hammerberg for organizing them.

It is hoped that the Club will continue next year despite Mr. Harker's departure, as we, the members, all found it a tremendously interesting and intellectually cultivating activity.

T. Sehmer, XII



THE FRENCH CLUB

THE FRENCH CLUB

Two times in the past year the members of Mademoiselle Sellon's Grade 12 French Class met at her house for an evening of conversation and fun. Mr. Harker and Mr. and Mrs. Colchester also attended both functions.

The first meeting was in November. The basic idea was to give students a chance to speak French for an evening, and in fact it was required that they do so. Conversations sometimes reverted to English, however, despite valiant efforts. The evening began with a quiz in French, and continued with the hostess' colour slides of the ancient city of Carcassonne. Everyone was then treated to "Quiche Lorraine" for supper, which proved to be delicious. The evening ended with a French song-fest. All in all it was a very enjoyable night.

Indeed it was so successful that a second one was arranged in February. This time several Grade XI students came, as well as Mr. Dutson. The same format was followed (for some unknown reason the Grade XI's dominated the quiz), and everyone had fun. The thanks of all participants go to the French Department and especially Mademoiselle Sellon.



Le coq d'or et le petit chou!

THE NEWMAN AND SERRA CUP DEBATES

In the spring term the school entered four teams (pro and con, senior and junior) in the Inter-independent School Debates. The seniors debated the resolution "Resolved that Canada should claim jurisdiction over its coastal waters to the edge of the Continental Shelf." The juniors argued the relative merits of television. Special mention must be made of the team of Fairey and Gregory, which was the second best affirmative team. As the winning affirmative and negative teams had debated against each other in the first round, the second ranking teams were required to stage an exhibition debate for the finals. Despite having less than half an hour's warning (we will try to forget that they had already torn up their notes) they put on a very fine performance.

J. Harrison, XII

THE HAMMARSKJOLD CUP DEBATE

The Debating Club's last major event of the year was the Hammar skjold Cup Debate at North Burnaby Secondary School. This debate is held annually, open to all of the province, to select a team to represent B.C. in the inter-provincial debates in Ontario. St. George's entered one senior team (Sehmer and Heath) and two junior teams (Fairey and Gregory, McGeer and Sandberg).

The senior team debated the negative side of the resolution that overdevelopment is a greater threat to humanity than underdevelopment. A combination of Sehmer's facts and Heath's delivery easily defeated Delta School, the opposing team.

The junior teams debated the resolution that the invocation of the War Measures Act was fully justified. McGeer and Sandberg, on the negative side, won their debate through what seemed to be a continuous appeal to the audience's sense of justice; they won more through their extremely forceful style than their actual argument. Fairey and Gregory, on the other hand, who were debating the positive side of the resolution, won their debate against Burnaby North through a well-planned and concise argument that covered all the angles and rendered their opponents' speech relatively ineffective.

Although we won all our debates, Brentwood had the highest scoring team and so won the cup. We have already decided, however, that next year St. George's will win it!

T. Sehmer, XII



THE PALFREYMAN CUP DEBATE

The Debating Society of St. George's was blessed with luck, grace, and skill this year. One achievement was the success of the debating team in a victory over Crofton House, bringing the Palfreyman Cup to St. George's for the first time since the cup's inception eight years ago.

For the first time each school submitted two teams for battle, one for the affirmative and one for the negative and vice versa. This way no advantage might be given to either side through the chosen topic. The topic this year was: Resolve that "Love makes the world go round."

The St. George's team consisted of Tim Sehmer, Peter Carver, Murray Heath, and Julian Harrison. The Crofton House opponents were Sara Bell-Irving, Susan Nicholls, Candice MacDonald and June Mortifee. The two debates provided for a very refreshing evening of entertainment.

Peter Carver, with his enticing natural wit, and Tim Sehmer provided a very informal argument to which the first team for the affirmative replied with a serious straight forward oration. The ballot was cast and George's emerged 409-403, a close victory.

In the second and last debate, Julian Harrison and Murray Heath took a very facetious approach to the topic. Harrison led the charge with his introductory speech and when concluded, the duo presented their opponents with a large heart-shaped box of chocolates to put into practice what they said. Heath followed up his partner's attack, and together they overcame their opponents slightly wilted but serious to the last, argument.

Of course, St. George's won the debate spectacularly 453-419. Credit must go to the debator's manager, Mr. D. Gardiner, for his efforts. The judges were Mr. J. Field, late of St. George's History Staff and now at the University of B.C., Mother Page, a scientist of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, and Prof. Belshaw in the English Department of U.B.C.

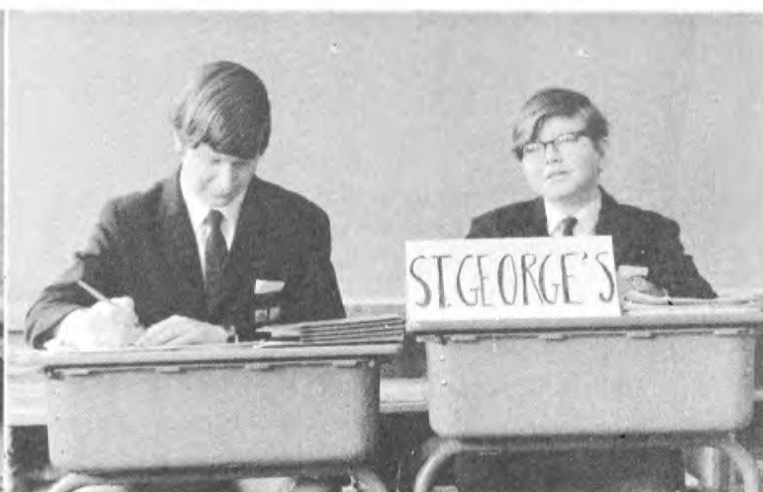
P. Drabble



Newman Cup Debate Teams



The Juniors suffer last minute butterflies or radiate supercilious calm . . . While the Senior make notes or watch the girls go by . . .



Other Occupations
elsewhere

Drama Workshop—Grade X

MUSICAL EVENING February 10, 1971, 7:30 pm

Martin Fairbank (Piano)	
Sonatina	Kuhlau
Warrior's Dance	Kabelevsky
Craig Jory (Piano) and Michael Walker (Guitar)	
Obladai-Oblada	
Hey, Jude!	
Bill Parker (Piano)	
Bridge Over Troubled Waters	
Gordon Weller (Piano)	
Moonlight Sonata-1st Movt.	Beethoven
Broken Baroque	Weller
David McPherson (Guitar)	
Canadian Railroad Trilogy	
Home From The Forest	
Graeme Wilkinson (Piano)	
Two Part Invention #1	J. S. Bach
Mr. Peter Swayne (Guitar)	
Spanish Leather	
The Natural Girl For Me	
Jamaica Farewell (audience join in chorus)	



SYMPOSIUM OF THE ARTS AND SCIENCES
UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA, APRIL 15 - 17



Combine 75 students and 25 sponsor-teachers from across B.C. with Victoria's Empress Hotel and U.Vic., who do you get? Beside a great time, you get the University of Victoria Humanities and Science Symposium. Representing St. George's this year was:

Julian Harrison, presenting his paper in "*Building a Reflecting Telescope with Eventual Aim of Celestial Photography*," and three "observers" who were chosen to attend but not to present their papers: Harry King—"Electronic Analog Computers"; David McPherson—"Journal of a Kayak Voyage"; Steen Jespersen—"The Death of Art"; with Dr. and Mrs. Spray as sponsor-teachers.

The Symposium was held this Easter over one full day and part of two others. A unique feature of this year's Symposium was that accommodation was at the Empress Hotel. This resulted in a very interesting atmosphere as well as a topic for many jokes—"Down to the Bengal Room for a Pink Gin" we'd say. Music at the Empress was provided when desired (and often when not) by David McPherson who, it seemed, never put down his guitar and reams of Gordon Lightfoot music sheets. Other

highlights of the Symposium were the great "Is Space-Time a manifestation of Matter-Energy or is Matter-Energy a manifestation of Space-Time" argument, and listening to accounts of Jespersen's "extracurricular" activities.

As well as the usual discussion of student's papers, the University arranged to have Dr. Smiley, Professor of Political Science at the University of Toronto, speak to us on "English Speaking Canadians in Search of a Country." Between discussions, tours of the Dominion Observatory and Centennial Museum were arranged. To offset the academic aspects of the programme, a social night was organized on the second evening at the University and later, continued at the Empress.

Summing up the Symposium, one can only say that it was a great success with all students and teachers enjoying themselves immensely. The only complaints the students could think of was that the Symposium was too short and that the scrambled eggs served at the Empress for breakfast left much to be desired.

Harry King, XII

ACTIVITIES



*Dave McPherson gets his Gold Award
from the Duke of Edinburgh on the Royal Yacht "Britannia"*

SCHOOL PREFECTS



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN IN VANCOUVER

About twenty-five boys—school prefects, members of the Student Committee and a few others—were present at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre on May 7th to witness the Citizenship Ceremonies attended by Her Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness, the Prince Philip. The St. George's nominee, George Peat, was among the thirty-eight who received Student Citizenship Awards from the Honourable Arthur Laing, M.P.

To say that this was a memorable occasion is almost to belittle a most impressive and stirring event.

The Student Awards were presented as each boy or girl entered alone to receive his or her award and the applause of the over three thousand members of the audience, boys and girls, men and women.

Then the stage was set for the most solemn and impressive part of the ceremony, the Citizenship Court at which forty-two new Canadians became Canadian citizens and solemnly pronounced the Oath of Allegiance "to Her Majesty the Queen, her heirs and successors," after hearing a very moving explanation of the responsibilities and privileges of citizenship from the presiding judge.

When the new citizens had been welcomed as such by the Honourable Robert Stanbury, Minister

in Charge of Citizenship, the stage was set for the moment to which all the preceding ceremony had led. Heralded by a flourish of trumpets, the Queen, smiling and at ease, walked slowly down the long aisle of the theatre and mounted the stage, waving to the excited applause of all present.

The New Canadians were then presented to the Queen and Prince Philip, who had been very well briefed on the recipients and was able to talk at some length to each, and, whenever necessary, to include husband and wife. There followed the address by the Queen to not only the audience, but to all Canada, in which she spoke of the bonds uniting the citizens of Canada and the Commonwealth and the diversity of peoples that make up our nation.

The proceedings finished with God Save the Queen and then the Royal Party withdrew, walking slowly up the full length of the other theatre aisle, smiling and waving.

The predominant feeling produced by one's presence at this very memorable and significant ceremony was one of closeness and intimacy with the Queen and the friendliness of everyone in the theatre and out of it, where an immense crowd surrounded the Queen's car with cheerful disregard of formality but absolute deference.

E. C.



SCHOOL COMMITTEE



Car Rally—The Navigators plot the Course



Grub Day.





THE GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA VISITS ST. GEORGE'S TO GIVE THE AWARDS FOR THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S SCHEME.

The Governor General and Mrs. Mitchener, accompanied by Commander George Manson, National Director of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award in Canada, visited St. George's on the 28th of May to distribute a number of Duke of Edinburgh's Awards.

Four Gold awards had already been presented by Prince Philip, in person, aboard the Royal Yacht, "Britannia," as reported elsewhere. The awards presented by His Excellency consisted of one Gold, completed since the first awards were made, one Silver and five Bronze.

His Excellency arrived in beautiful weather, and was greeted by the Headmaster, Mr. Douglas Harker, Mr. Douglas Gardiner, Chairman of the Board of Governors, The Senior Master and the Captain of the School. He proceeded on foot through a double line of boys to the Student Centre to view the display of work put on by the award winners and candidates. On his way to the cafeteria, where he met the Staff and parents of awards winners, His Excellency saw the Swimming Pool to the cost of which he had contributed through the first "Walkathon."

After coffee and signing the Visitor's Book, he went out to a dais erected on the field, where the awards were made to:—

Geoff Richmond—Gold
Ronnie Hamilton—Silver
Ian Dick—Bronze
Billy Stewart—Bronze
David Forde—Bronze
Stuart MacKinnon—Bronze
Blake Lewis—Bronze

The Governor General then spoke to the award winners and assembled school, senior and junior, who were sitting on the grass in a semi-circle. He spoke of the value of the Award and the important values that it fosters—self-reliance, service and endurance. Before he left, the Headmaster told the story of the rescue of two canoeists from the Similkameen River by Mr. Geoffrey Stancombe. His Excellency, who is the Chief Scout of Canada, greeted Mr. Stancombe with the Scout salute and congratulated him. He then left by car, having impressed everyone with his easy charm and obvious sincerity.





The Governor General remembered sponsoring a boy in the first walk for the Pool.



Reynolds and Angus with animal projects.

THE RECEIVING OF GOLD AWARDS ON BOARD THE ROYAL YACHT 'BRITANNIA'



This year fifteen students from Vancouver Island and the Lower Mainland journeyed to Victoria to be presented with their gold awards from His Royal Highness Prince Phillip, the Duke of Edinburgh, on board the Royal Yacht 'Britannia.'

On Tuesday, May 11th, we were summoned by Commander G. J. Manson, C.D., R.C.N. (Retd) to the Empress Hotel for a briefing prior to the ceremony. The award winners were accompanied by their parents, our sponsor teacher, Mr. C. Brangwin and the board of directors of the scheme. Of the fifteen to receive their awards, four represented St. George's School. These were Stuart Dick, John Olesen, Don Nilson and David McPherson.

After Commander Manson, the national co-ordinator, had introduced everyone we were led to an enclosure on the docks to await the arrival of the yacht. Issued with boarding passes we stood the most anxious amidst the large crowd that was assembled.

As the ship sailed gracefully into the harbour bells rang from the direction of the impressive Parliament buildings and in return the signal flags went up and the band on board retired with one

last song. The first to come off the yacht were Mr. and Mrs. W. A. C. Bennett who were among the centenary travellers. He remarked as he came down among the crowd, "It was a wonderful trip."

We were then ushered aboard into the receiving room and took our seats. As we came up to receive our awards the Duke questioned us on different phases of our achievements and then dismissed us with a nod and a smile. He seemed satisfied with our answers. He then concluded with a speech that commended the scheme and also our teachers and parents who had guided and encouraged us.

It was over very soon but on our departure we were more assured of the importance of it than we had been at the beginning and were filled with an even greater admiration of the man who had initiated the scheme.

Indeed we owe a great amount to Mr. C. Brangwin who introduced us to this most worthwhile scheme and who guided us so successfully through it. We are sorry to see Mr. Brangwin leave St. George's and we truly hope that his work with The Duke of Edinburgh Awards continues after him.

D. McPherson

34th SCOUTS



Mr. Grasse and his Indian dancers.



Miss Marriott snares a brace of Scout Masters.



The late Mr. Tomozer.

1970/71 could be classified as one of the most successful years ever.

After a very enjoyable summer camp 1970, we decided to raise money to buy our own troop canoe. With an active new group committee, Mr. McDougal as our Chairman, we managed to swing into a programme oriented toward fund raising activities. Parental, school and friend support assisted us in buying seven new "Fronteersman Fiberglass canoes." At this point, special thanks for this project should go to Mrs. Jean Croteau, Group Mothers, the Ladies Auxiliary and Mr. Har-ker for tremendous assistance.

Activities throughout the year included a Museum trip, "soggy" cookouts, camps to Alice Lake, San Francisco and Bowen Island, scout chapel services and general scouting evenings.

Two scouts, Harmon and Cowan assisted the Venturers in a honour guard for the Royal Family and the troop acted as a colour party for Governor General Mitchener. Drew Southart handled the job as troop leader and was supported by his Patrol Leaders Cowan, Harmon, Frampton and Gamage.

Scout of the Year award went to Michael Anfield with special recognition to B. (Crash) McCullough.

A summer canoe camp is planned this year for Kamloops and the Thompson River.

Finally we should thank our assistants—Venturers G. Hunter and D. Richardson and Assistant Scout Master Mr. M. Ritch.

IN MEMORIAM

The Troop would like to pay tribute to a wonderful man, without whose support many activities in the past two years would not have been possible. We only wish he could still be with us to see and enjoy the canoes he worked so hard to help us obtain.

MR. CHARLES TOMOZER

VENTURER REPORT 1970-1971

Venturer Advisor — Mr. Terrance J. B. Jenkins
Venturer President — Glen Hunter
Venturer Vice-President — Jack Richardson
Venturer Treasurer — Gordon McIntyre
Venturer Secretary — David Ballard
Venturer Members —

Bill Carter
Jim Silver
Steven Rickaby
Steven Jones
Stedham Wood
Roger Masson
David Richardson
Michael Walker

Assistant Venturer Advisor — Mr. Michael Ritch

I would like to start off by explaining briefly what Venturing is. First of all I am not a leader, I am "An adult who works in an advisory capacity to the Venturers in the Company." Venturing is a challenge to all boys 14 to 18 who subscribe to the Venturer Promise and accept the Constitution and By-laws of the Company. Venturers are given the responsibility of drafting their own constitution and by-laws. They have six areas in which to explore as a group; competence, cultural, exploration, fitness, service to the community and vocational. The aim of the program is to help boys to develop their character as resourceful and responsible members of the community by providing opportunities and guidance for their mental, physical, social and spiritual development.

This year, as a company, we have been involved in numerous activities. We started off by having our elections and forming a very successful company. We were involved in a couple of distinct activities, such as the night hike held on the University Endowment Lands. We had two groups of boys go on unsupervised, but very successful camping trips to Black Tusk and Hollyburn Mountains. In early February the Venturer Company took a trip down to the Boeing 747 Plant in Everett, Washington. As mentioned in the Scout report we also helped in numerous fund-raising activities for our canoes.

The boys took part in the honour guard for the Royal Family at the City Hall May 7th of this year. On May 28th we had a Colour Guard for His Excellency, The Governor-General Roland Mitchener. The Governor-General told me that he was very happy to see the Colour Guard and he asked me to thank the boys for him.

A number of the boys received awards for their efforts this year. I would like to finish up by thanking all the boys for a very successful year. I also would like to thank Mr. Michael Ritch for his assistance.

Terrance J. B. Jenkins



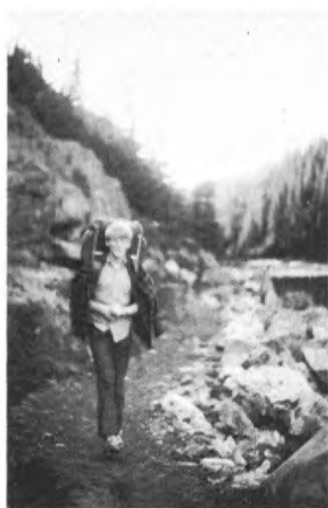
Sheepshank





*Scout-Venturer Canoe Camp
Summer 1971.*





THE GREAT OUTDOORS WITH MR. POWELL



EXPO '70 - JAPAN

EXPO 70 JAPAN TOUR

July 8 - 30, 1970

At 1:30 a.m., the St. George's contingent rendezvoused with a large school group from Vancouver Island, making a party of about 100 in all. We never did establish a final total.

Saints were as follows: Chris Coleman, Mark Panther, Graham Allen, John Wolfe, Cal McCarthy, Gordon McIntyre, Bruce Monk, Brian Edy, John Grant and Eric Sigmundsen. CD and his pregnant wife were theoretically in charge.

Flying via Anchorage, Alaska over the deepest parts of the Pacific Ocean, our pilot steered us to a safe landing at Tokyo International Airport. The weather was hot and sticky, as expected, and so it remained.

We took the 120 m.p.h. bullet train from Tokyo to Osaka, then transferred by bus to our first base in Kobe. Here we stayed in a school high on a hill overlooking the harbour, whence we made excursions daily to Expo on impossible local trains. Why didn't someone tell us you had to line up on the platform opposite the place where the door would stop?

To put it mildly, Expo was overcrowded, and the only thing we could really hold against the Japanese was that too many of them wanted to see their own pavilions! There were some fine exhibits, notably the Canadian pavilion, which later won the principal design award.

Everywhere in Japan we were struck by the industriousness of the people. They are alert and lively. They perform the simplest of tasks with grace and dexterity. In spite of the pressure of population and a fiercely competitive economy, they retain marvelous traditional standards and politeness. They went out of their way to make us welcome, overcoming language difficulty by facial expression and sign language. One man offered us a portion of his packed lunch—rice balls wrapped in seaweed. We could not offend him by refusing, so we did our best to enjoy it.

Mr. Sasaki was probably our favourite. One of three guides from the Tourist Bureau, who gave us impeccable service, he was nicknamed Osaka Joe. Patiently we followed his little flag through the crowds. In the bus one day he was asked the whereabouts of the Tokyo Hilton hotel, to which he replied: "Please be so kind to look along your backsides and you will see it." Collapse of bus.

We barely survived a hurricane during the long sea passage from Japan to South Korea. Our boat would have been more appropriately cast in a Cecil B. de Mille saga about pirates off the Barbary Coast. All of our students occupied mattresses on the floor of a cargo-type hold, and devised the simple expedient of having the central gangway divide the boys from the girls, thereby adding a semblance of morality to the whole proceedings.

In South Korea we split into groups of about thirty, each group spending a few days in Seoul the capital and in Chongju, a village in the interior. We were hosted most capably by the YMCA and the United Church Mission.

In Korea there was a constant tension in the air. Convoys of troops, Korean and American, moved around in trucks everywhere; railway tunnels were all guarded for fear of Communist infiltrators from the north. The country is also very poor and leans heavily on Japan for economic aid, while maintaining a conscious and consistent enmity for the Japanese, whom they still regard as conquering warlords of old. This terrible split in their affections leads to an atmosphere of unrest and instability.

We flew back to Tokyo by charter plane for the last week of our stay, sightseeing and journeying to places of interest around. One highlight was a trip to Mt. Fuji, which is a national shrine. Some intrepid members of the group climbed the last 5,000 feet from the car-park to the summit and spent the night in huts at the top, to witness a most glorious sunrise at 4:30 the following morning.

And now about those students: Who lost his passport and only made the ferry to Korea by dint of political intrigue?





Which one was first to the top of Fuji and who encouraged him? Who swung late at the Quebec discotheque? Which member thought Eastgate was Westgate at Expo, and followed it up by setting his watch an hour fast the very next day? Who was interviewed by a Korean newspaper editor? Did someone lose his razor? Who fell in a sewer and gave rise to many jokes? Who did not take his 3 Entero-Vioform tablets before breakfast each day? Who did not get his own back for my sake?

Loaded with cameras, radios, prints, lacquerware and a wide range of other products from the bazaars of the East, we staggered off our plane, back in Vancouver. Customs men, only half awake themselves at this unearthly hour, heaved a sigh and waved us through.

We should like to thank our hosts in the East for their fine hospitality; the parents, for footing the bill; the Wolfes and McCarthys for supplying gifts and letters of introduction on behalf of the B.C. Government; Mrs. Phillips and David Phillips for their part in enabling us to join the group; Air Canada for good service and safe transportation; and last but not least, all our students, without whose interest and enthusiasm the whole thing would not have been possible.

C. S. Dutson

MORE SAINTS IN THE ORIENT

After departing from the school on June 3, 1970 and travelling to Seattle where our party boarded the freighter S.S. Hong Kong Mail, we embarked for the Orient.

Five days later, a rainy Tokyo enchanted Tony and me with its size and people. Tokyo also choked us with its smog. We made many trips around the city including trips to the Ginza and Tokyo Tower. We were also guests at a Japanese home and stayed in Japanese Inns.

Osaka was the next port of call and, because there was no dock space, we spent the day we had planned to go to Expo on the ship in the port of Kobe.

A trip through the inland sea took us to Pusan, Korea, where we got our first impressions of Korean life.

Inchon, Korea, (Port for Seoul) has no docks, because of 40 ft. tides, so we were transported to shore by a 'walla walla', a small motor ferry which could hold 10 people. After a short trip by bus we arrived in Seoul. Two of the places visited were the original gates of the old city and the Chang Pule Palace and the secret gardens there.

A day of sailing across the South China Sea took us to Keelung, Port for Taipei, Taiwan. After waiting an hour extra for our shore passes and enduring a 30 mile trip in a bus with no windows, we reached Taipei, only to find that we knew of no place special we wanted to go, so we walked (miles) around the streets comparing the ancient and modern shops and trades. The following day most of the passengers on the ship went on a tour that showed us The Presidential Palace, National Palace Museum, Handicraft Centre, and Jade and Pottery factories.

Hong Kong, the jewel of the Orient, also with no dock space and under the threat of a typhoon, provided us with our next temporary home. Once again we were taken to shore by a walla walla. Vincent Lee, a classmate of our at St. George's lives in Hong Kong so we looked him up and, on board ship a few days later, held the 'Saints in Hong Kong Reunion.' We took many interesting side trips to such places as Macao (by hydrofoil), up the side of HK Island (by tram-car) around HK Island and through Kowloon.

For three days following our departure from Hong Kong the ship crept along in the wake of Typhoon Olga.

Finally, on June 6, we reached Expo 70. The next two days were spent rushing about the complex, talking to the people, signing autographs, and having our pictures taken with the Japanese.

A week and a half later, after visiting Nagoya and Tokyo, we returned home with many stories to tell of the events of the past six weeks.

I would like to thank Mr. Harker for his support in allowing us to leave school early for without it the trip would have been an impossibility.

Ray Wohlford, IX



Kelly and Peter with Petrovic in their boarding-house Common Room.



Kelly George and Peter Sam with John Hislop at St. George's, Vancouver.



John McLaren and Bill Parker with Mr. Harding, the Principal of St. George's, Lytton and Mr. Colchester.

St George's Student Residence,
P.O. Box 60,
Lytton, B.C.
February 25th, 1971.

Dear Mrs. Colchester,

We appreciate this opportunity of expressing our thoughts on the subject of our visit to your school before Christmas. When Mr. Harding (our counsellor and the deputy administrator) asked us if we would be interested in an exchange visit between your school and our residence we were both taken with the idea. However, we did have certain after thoughts. To start with we are both fellows from a rural environment. Neither of us had travelled much and we were a little unsure of ourselves. We were not experienced in dealing with a strictly urban society and with people who lived in that type of environment and this was a little difficult for us, at least at first. Secondly, neither of us was aware of what an independent boys school was all about, but we were prepared to learn.

Over the years we had heard a lot about racial prejudice. Although we had never really experienced prejudice first hand we had heard that it was, in Canada at least, a pretty subtle thing. I don't think we expected any prejudice and certainly there was no indication given to us by anyone at St. George's that we were not fully accepted as individual human beings. Admittedly we did feel that in many instances we were the first Indians that your students had met and that because we didn't wear war paint and buckskins, we must have been a little disappointing, particularly to the young students.

We were particularly impressed by the friendliness shown to us by the students and staff, particularly the fellows with whom we stayed at Hunter House. Our stay at your school gave us an opportunity to compare your residential facilities with our own at Lytton. The first thing we discovered in this area was the difference in numbers and size. Our Residence at Lytton was constructed in 1927 and consists of five large dormitories and two smaller ones. We live in a dormitory with four other boys (the smallest in our Residence), but right next door to us is a larger dormitory of 24 boys ranging in ages from 13 to 16.

We discovered that your older students seem to be much more independent (in some areas) and that they tend to have a greater degree of individual freedom than is possible in our Residence. This is due partly to the fact that we are located some three miles outside of the nearest town and also because our Residence is co-educational. However, we did feel that there were greater degrees of external discipline placed upon your students. We have been taught at Lytton that we must make most of our decisions and accept the consequences of our actions, good, bad or indifferent.

Both of us felt that the fact that your school is for boys only might be beneficial from an academic point of view, but we know that we would certainly miss having the girls around for dances, social activities and sports events.

We were both impressed by the obvious high quality of teaching that existed in most of the classes that we visited. We were surprised to find that there were no facilities available to teach vocational and commercial skills. We understand that most of your students are taking a university entrance programme but we felt that skills at handling a typewriter might be advantageous to them when they enter university.

We both appreciated the opportunity of being allowed to play basketball for your school team. This was a great honour and it gave both of us a sense of complete acceptance. We appreciated your confidence in us in this regard and we trust that we didn't let you down too badly.

In closing we think that we discovered a great deal about your school. We made some new friends and we were able to relate some of the things that we have learnt in school and in our residence to a new and very different situation. The interest that was shown in our traditional culture and heritage also set us thinking more about ourselves and what we had come from and we think that this has helped us develop a sense of pride in our Indianness.

We would both like to thank you all for having us and we look forward to a return visit by some of your students to our residence. To the Headmaster, Mr. Colchester, our student hosts and your student body at large, our most sincere thanks.

Yours very truly,
Kelly George Peter Sam

LYTTON TRIP

We left Vancouver with the Colchesters at about 3:00 p.m. on Friday afternoon, May 14th. It was a beautiful day when we left, and we hoped we would have similar weather in Lytton. The drive up to Lytton took about 4½ hours in all, and, after a stop at Boston Bar for supper, we arrived at St. George's School in Lytton at about 7:30 p.m.

A word or two about the school itself: St. George's School in Lytton is not exactly a school; it is an Indian Residence run by the Department of Indian Affairs for the Indian school-children of the Lytton area that live too far away to get to school every day. It was built in 1927, and accommodates about 150 kids of all school-age groups. The institution was founded by the Anglican Church, and a good sized chapel made almost entirely of stone was also built some years ago.

The school is situated about 400 yards back from the north bank of the Fraser River, on the Lillooet Highway, about 3 miles west of the town of Lytton. It was getting dark when we arrived that night, and we spent the rest of the evening settling in, getting to know our hosts, and playing chess (they seem to play an incredible amount of chess there).

The next morning, after breakfast, there was mention of a branding at the farm. The story about the farm is that the school owns quite a bit of land in the area (about 800 acres); most of this they lease to a farmer who has about 150 head of cattle, and also quite a few pigs. Peter Sam, who is one of the two Grade 9's who came to Saints from Lytton, works at this farm on weekends, and in his spare time, and later on that day, we helped with the brading of about 25 calves. Its quite a thing to see; I've never had a chance to see one before.

Sunday morning we went to church in the chapel attached to the residence. Mr. Harding, who is in charge of the residence, is also the Anglican minister for the Lillooet District. In the afternoon there was a softball game. We felt somewhat rusty at the game, because we never get a chance to play it at school.

Monday was pretty well the climax of the visit; we followed Peter Sam and Kelly George who came down to Saints for a week, through their classes at Kumsheen Secondary School in the town of Lytton. Eighty per cent of the kids at this school are Indian, but oddly enough, all of the teachers are white. It is a modern, well-designed school, with a well equipped Industrial Arts Department. From what we could see, most of the seniors seemed to be on Academic-Technical or Industrial-Technical program, making full use of the Drafting, Metal-Shop, and Woodworking facilities. They seemed to like the school, as they did the Residence, the latter apparently better environment than their own homes. They travel to and from school every day by 'bus,' which didn't allow them much time in Lytton itself; even on the weekend they didn't seem to be able to get to Lytton very easily, nor did they appear to want to.

Monday afternoon, it was very warm and sunny, and it felt dry; we were told that this was what it was like most of the summer—hot and dry. We had earlier said that we would like to see some of the country, as neither of us had ever been off the Trans-Canada Highway at Lytton before. So we piled into the truck that Mr. Harling uses, and set off on the road to Lillooet. This road follows the Fraser Valley, and is one of the most scenic drives I have ever taken. All along the bank there are cattle ranches carved out of the valley. We noticed that there was extensive irrigation on these ranches, because of the insufficient rainfall.

Just outside of Lillooet, we saw an interesting piece of ecological foresight—a river running from a lake back in the hills has been dammed for hydro power, but because this river is also an important salmon run, part of it has been diverted and made into an artificial spawning ground, running in shallow streams for the benefit of the salmon.

When we were on the 'bus' the next morning for Vancouver, we felt we had learned a few things about the people of Lytton. We were glad to have been able to see some of the wild, scenic country of the area, and I personally would very much like to go up there again sometime.

W. G. Parker and
J. McLaren



Parker and McLaren helping with branding cattle at the school ranch.



The school



Mr. Harding and Mr. Colchester outside the stone-built chapel.

VISITORS FROM BISHOP'S COLLEGE, LENNOXVILLE, QUEBEC.

TO THE STUDENTS AND FACULTY

Upon arrival in Vancouver International Airport, we had mixed feelings concerning our ensuing visit at St. George's School. In our minds echoed a curious conglomeration of excitement, anticipation, and fear, while numerous questions were awaiting answer.

The main boarding house, which was to be our home for the next six weeks, was rather different from what we had expected. The most noticeable thing about the house was that the rooms were quite different from those we had grown accustomed to at Bishop's. While B.C.S. takes a private individual approach by having rooms which each accommodate two people, we noted that St. George's uses an approach which tries to instill co-operation and trust among the boys, by having larger, dormitory-style rooms.

The general atmosphere of the house is fairly good; since there are relatively few boarders, they seem to stick together, thus producing a tremendous bond among these boys. This is very favourable, because it shows the boys the values of friendship and living well with other people.

We were impressed by the way the school is spread out through a suburban district, thus making it an inconspicuous but important asset to the community. This is especially beneficial for the boarders who, at the same time, enjoy easy access to downtown Vancouver, and the peacefulness offered by this residential area.

Just as we encountered slight differences in the boarding system, we also found a few differences in the educational system itself. For instance, B.C.S. takes a more independent approach by having smaller numbers of students in classes, thus allowing the teachers to give each student help inde-

pendently. Also, the classrooms themselves are different, as, instead of having separate home rooms for each class, we have large "complexes" containing a carrol for each student in the grade. Surrounding each "complex" are adjoining lecture rooms, and the whole area is fully carpeted to allow students to travel in and out of the rooms while not disturbing boys who are working. However, the available subjects are much the same.

Our respective sports programs are also aimed along slightly different lines. Your system emphasizes mostly the competitiveness and sportsmanship aspects of athletics, whereas our system places more emphasis on the physical fitness and team spirit angles. This is partly shown by the fact that St. George's has sports on four weekdays, while Bishop's has games on six days. The sports themselves also differ slightly to suit the respective climates. Thus the needs for facilities are also different; for instance, it is more natural for you to have a swimming pool, while we have an indoor skating rink.

In these times of rapid progress Independent Schools are faced with their greatest challenge. Confronted with rising costs of education and the need for improvements to keep abreast with the present day world, private schools are hardest hit. However, for St. George's, Bishop's and schools like them, we are confident their future will be a bright one, upholding the high standards these institutions are known for.

In closing, we would like to thank everyone concerned, who have all helped to make our visit one to remember, and to you all we wish the best of luck in the future.

Yours truly,

Guthrie Stewart Charles Ponder

VISIT TO ST. JOHN'S RAVENSCOURT SCHOOL

St. John's-Ravenscourt is a long established boys private school located at Fort Garry in Winnipeg. Four St. George's boys embarked on a DC8 for Winnipeg on February 13th, 1971. When we arrived we were met by Mr. Schaffter the Headmaster of Ravenscourt. He introduced us to our hosts, whose homes we would live at for the next week while attending the school. The weekend was spent touring the city and when Monday came I stepped on a bus bound for St. John's-Ravenscourt. The school complex consisting of Junior and Senior Classrooms, a gym, an ice rink, a shooting gallery and the boarding facilities is set off in a wooden area on the shores of the Red River. One of the playing fields, in spring, is nearly a foot under water when the river floods. The day is divided into eight periods, four before lunch and four after. The periods consist of much the same subjects as St. George's except for a few exceptions.

In the curriculum boys are required to take a period of gym or hockey a day. Since they have the facilities, they have hockey as their major winter sport. After the academic part of the school is over either sports or some form of recreation is arranged for the boys till 5:30 when the school bus arrives to return the boys to their homes. Some of these activities are cross country, skiing, snow shoeing, hockey, shooting, gym activities, etc.

While in Winnipeg we visited a number of places. The Agriculture Centre at the University of Manitoba, the Tribune Newspaper, the Pan Am Pool and the Richardson Building were some of the interesting places we saw.

On Saturday we again boarded a plane, and returned to the land of many mountains.

Bennington; VIII-A



Various Exchange Students.

SPORTS





FIRST FIFTEEN

Back row: Mr. Harker Dr. Spray, Zinca, T., Allan, D., Cook, B., Walker, G., MacKenzie, P., Bull, P., Hamilton, R. I., Waters, R., Palmer, A., Mr. Stancombe, Mr. Duston.
Front row: Balfour, R., Hamilton, J., Dolmage, J., Angus, M. (capt.), Peat, G., Greig, R., Mitchell J.

RUGBY

1970-1971

FIRST FIFTEEN

This year's 1st XV was potentially one of the strongest sides the school has had in recent years, but due to unusually poor weather, the team was not able to show its full strength and ball handling ability.

The scrum was the most powerful of all the Independent and Public schools. Mr. Dutson and Dr. Spray, both good scrummers themselves, coached the scrum and initiated many good plays. Half way through the season we lost Mr. Dutson because of a bad knee injury but his place was filled with another excellent player, Mr. Stancombe.

In the short time that Mr. Stancombe coached the 3-line, he taught them a few tactical move-

ments which brought the standard of play up to what it should have been earlier in the season.

Some of the outstanding players this year were: Rob Grieg (full back), George Peat (wing), Glen Walker (prop), and Jim Mitchell (hooker).

On the whole the team was a very strong and aggressive side. The spirit was good, the play was fair, and, win or lose, the team always showed good sportsmanship.

Mark Angus, (Capt)

RUGBY TOUR

A Rugby Tour of England is planned for December 1971. It is hoped that the Tour will last two and one half weeks and will include five matches in different areas of England.



2nd XV

The 2nd XV, under Captain Soren Hammerberg, had a very successful season this year. In the Independent School matches notable victories were gained over Brentwood and University School. Both matches with Shawnigan were lost, but the second one was lost by only the narrowest of margins on the ice covered field. All the Public School matches were won, a significant victory being the large score posted against Point Grey earlier in the season. Phil Wilhelmsen performed most capably at scrum-half, dropping a fine goal against Brentwood. Tom Jennings was prominent with his devastating tackling, and the all-round play of Craig Speirs and Peter McKee deserved much commendation. Schoen, Baker, Williams and Richardson were stalwart members of a good scrum.

3rd AND 4th XV

Team members from both the 3rd and 4th XV were interchanged as the season progressed, which accounts for this combined report.

Season openers for both teams seemed to point towards a poor outcome. The 3rd put up a brave but weak defense against the victorious and beefy Argyle 1st XV, while Churchill proved to be much superior to the 4ths.

The 3rds took heed of their mistakes and improvements produced a draw in the first Independent School game against Brentwood. All other games were victories.

The 4ths ran against a bit of hard luck in their season mainly because of the constant changes in team positions, but, nevertheless, their games against the Independent Schools gave them three wins and one tie.

The 3rd XV's success is attributed to a generally enthusiastic team morale and the fine individual efforts of each player.

On behalf of both teams we would like to thank the dominant winning combination of coach Mr. Young and the strategic assistance of Mr. Roxburgh.

"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

Eric Giesbrecht—3rd XV Capt.

Rich Bobkof —4th XV Capt.



RUGBY







UNDER 15 RUGBY

For the third year in a row the Under 15 Rugby Team has been led to an undefeated season by Mr. C. Brangwin. Mr. Brangwin's disciplined training and the spirit which he installed upon the team was the reason for success. The team was led by Stephen Rickaby who in tough situations kept up the team spirit with his continuous encouragement and excellent play. The forwards led by Peter Clarke showed determined drive and constantly dominated the opposition in set scrums. The backs after a slow start early in the season improved greatly with persistent practise.

The strongest part of our game was the outside running which was provided mainly by Peter Muringer. Special recognition should also go to Blake Lewis who always played a steady game on the wing, and Bill Legg who often cut through the opposition cleverly. On the whole during the season the players worked well together, not depending too much on any one individual. This aspect was evident at Shawnigan Lake in our toughest game of the year in which we won 25-8 against the hard playing Island side.

On behalf of the team as a whole I would like to thank our coach, Mr. Brangwin, for a very successful year and wish him luck in the years to come.

Stephen Rickaby
Peter Muringer

1970 — UNDER 14 XV RUGBY REPORT

With only two players left from the previous season's team, there was much team building that had to be done in the initial weeks. However, we were fortunate to have an enthusiastic group of boys, several of whom clearly have good potential as rugby players.

Owing to weather conditions and the inability of University School to field a team, we were restricted to eight matches. Of these only two were lost, and these by narrow margins.

The feature of the team this year was the three-quarter line, which developed into a fast and constructive unit. Outstanding in this department were Patrick Burke, a very fast and determined winger, Brad Johnston at centre, and Jack Richardson on the other wing. Ian Donaldson captained the side from wing-forward, and did a creditable job. Charles Pitts and Don Jennings were the halves and developed a good understanding. The best of the forwards were Doug Watson at Hooker, who always put in a tireless effort, Michael Collins, Grant McIntosh and Michael Keenan. Peter Hilton proved himself to be a safe full-back, who also learnt to join in the three-quarter line to good effect. B. Johnston and W. McElroy were the kickers, and between them scored the vital points.

RESULTS: v. Lord Byng—won 14-0; v. Point Grey—won 10-3;
v. Windermere—lost 8-14; v. Brentwood College—lost 3-5;
v. Point Grey—drawn 8-8; v. Shawnigan Lake—drawn 0-0;
v. Lord Byng—won 9-3; v. Shawnigan Lake—won 8-3;

Team: I. Donaldson (capt.), C. Pitts, D. Jennings, B. Johnston, P. Hilton, P. Burke, J. Richardson, D. Watson, C. McKenzie-Smith, M. Keenan, M. Collins, W. Malkin, J. Tyhurst, W. McElroy, W. Walker, I. Jones, J. Pearson, M. O'Brien, G. McIntosh, A. Bibby.



JAPANESE NATIONAL SCHOOLBOYS' RUGBY TEAM

TO THE GREATEST HOSTS IN THE WORLD: HOW WOULD ST. GEORGE'S FARE?

In March, a Japanese National Schoolboys Rugby Team was selected to tour Canada. This was a first in the history of Canadian Rugby. British Columbia were to be the hosts and St. George's was to do its part. The boys from Japan were to be at St. George's for three days.

Having had a wonderful tour already, what could we at St. George's hope to provide to equal what had been going on the previous two weeks? Since it was at the end of the tour, however, everyone wanted to take advantage of the peace and quiet to relax.

On the Saturday night an informal dinner was held, and the girls in the kitchen said later that they had never seen food disappear in such quan-

tity! (Obviously enjoyed.) Mr. Harker made a short speech which only the Japanese boys understood. (It was done in Harker Japanese.) Having been entertained, the boys sang some national songs to everyone's delight.

On the Sunday we saw the highlight of their tour — the game against the British Columbia Team. This was probably one of the finest games I have ever seen. Both teams must be congratulated for an outstanding exhibition of Rugby.

When the boys left on Monday there was a feeling of great sadness. They had made a tremendous impression on our lives, and I hope that we at St. George's and the people of British Columbia gave them something to remember.

C.A.



SOCCER — 1970-1971

TERM I: Once again soccer has been played as a club activity in both Terms I and II. In Term I it was restricted to Grades Eight and Nine, and it was soon clear that we had an enthusiastic and not untalented group of players from which to pick a team.

Altogether, five matches were played in Term I, and only one was lost, and that against Killarney H.S., whom we had already previously beaten. Laurence Unrau very ably captained the side and played well at Centre-half. Both Andrew Bibby and Bill Walker as the inside forwards worked hard and constructively, and were responsible for some fine movements. Peter Hilton, and particularly Brad Johnston, showed considerable speed and skill on the wings, and put across many valuable centres. Peter Grant and Don Jennings were industrious wing-halves, and both Ian Busfield and Walter McElroy were dependable full-backs. Peter Clarke in goal was always a tower of strength, and displayed a safe pair of hands.

TERM II: In Term II we slightly reorganized the team structure to include some senior boys—in readiness for the Independent Schools' competition.

This year was the first time that an inter-Independent-Schools tournament was held. It was hosted by Brentwood College on March 13, and proved to be a most successful occasion. The

standard of soccer was generally good, and perhaps with a bit more luck in the draw we could have made the Finals. However, we acquitted ourselves well, narrowly losing to Shawnigan Lake 3-2, but defeating University School 3-2.

In the Final, Shawnigan Lake played Brentwood, and in an exciting game which often produced good soccer, Shawnigan emerged the winner by 2-0. Our thanks to Brentwood for organizing such a wonderful day—but we give notice that next year the trophy will be ours!

The team to represent the school on that occasion was: C. McGill (capt.), M. Cleeve, (vice-capt.), B. Thomas, P. Gourlay, P. Clarke, A. Bibby, W. Walker, (B. Johnston, absent, ill), K. Eliot, G. McPherson, W. Legg, L. Unrau, P. Grant, I. Busfield, N. Tucker.

It should be noted that Michael Cleeve played with distinction at inside right, as did Brad Thomas, against University School. Of the others, mention should be made of Laurence Unrau at centre-half, and Bill Walker—who put in tireless efforts.

My thanks to Chip McGill who captained the senior team so enthusiastically, and to all the players who made this my most memorable season.

C. Goodwin

RESULTS:

Sept. 24	v. Killarney H.S.—won 1-0;
Oct. 22	v. Killarney H.S.—lost 0-3;
Nov. 7	v. Charles Wright Academy, Tacoma—won 6-2;
Nov. 12	v. Glenyon School—won 1-0;
Nov. 15	v. Vernon School—won 7-0;
March 5	v. St. Michael's School—won 1-0;
March 30	v. The Masters—won 2-1;



BASKETBALL 1971

SENIOR BASKETBALL—"YEH MEASLES"

This year turned out to be a building programme for next year's team, most of the players being of junior age and returning to St. George's next year.

First, I would like to say that had it not been for a very dedicated group of boarders who turned out faithfully to practices, we would have been without a team. As usual, most day boys want to get home as quickly as possible, doing as little as possible and consequently, Mike Cleeve was the only day boy to even tryout for the team.

Captained by George Peat, (who was an all-star in the Independent Schools) the team had many exciting games, and although we did not win many, enthusiasm was certainly a strong point. Peat, John McLaren and David Goldie consistently seemed to account for the majority of the team's points and along with Clutch Coleman, were those team members to receive colours.

Although we didn't win many senior games in our Independent League, we did beat Brentwood and won many of our games in the Junior Division by scores of over sixty points. One very important win was in the Vancouver and District Junior Tournament against Templeton, and we lost a final league game to top ranked St. Thomas More by only one point in the final ten seconds.

In February we went to Vancouver Island to play Royal Roads. Team Manager "Dribbling" Drew Allen and myself decided that it was high time the team was shown how to play the game. Being "donkey champion twice removed," needless to say, the team, and the game was nothing but sensational with the "little men" Petrovic Puselja and Duri performing in their usual "circus."

Other highlights of the year saw Rob Greig foul out of the game and the team in the Dragon Tournament at King George; with Capt. George scoring five successive break-aways.

Other players I haven't mentioned are such all-stars as the team's "Key Filler" Richard Bopkof, Jumping Jake Locke, and Charlie "The Phantom" Joy.

Finally it should be noted that in the heat of evening practices at the junior school, the score often exceeded 100 points, with Coleman and Bopkof almost always on the losing team.

I would personally, on behalf of the "coaching staff," like to thank the members of this year's team, for an enjoyable basketball season and I look forward to bigger and better scores next year; but I would like to leave you with just one question: "What are we searching for?"

G. Stancombe





JUVENILE BASKETBALL



Due to the enthusiasm of the players we had a successful and enjoyable year; this success could also be attributed to the coaching and assistance given by new coach, Mr. B. Hay.

Although we did not attain play-off standing, the team was certainly to be reckoned with, especially upsetting many more experienced teams.

Stacey captained the team and, when he and Solden did show up for practice, played quite well. Locke, J. received colours and when in complete self-control made an excellent guard and "floor leader."

Other notable players included Burns, Horner, Joy, Hamilton, R. Hougen, Unrau, L. Gilley, Ballard and Goodman.

Many grade eights such as Sloan, Burke, Frampton, Pearson, Southard and Jones, I., turned out for practice and although they did not always make the team, they certainly added a great deal of spirit.

Unfortunately the age old problem of having to compete for the gym for practice time loomed as a definite problem.

It is hoped that all these boys will continue to play forming the nucleus of next year's Juvenile and Junior teams.

G. Stancombe



CROSS COUNTRY

The X-C Team set out in January this year to win the Independent school's meet. About 25 people from grades 8-12 joined in a rigorous training program through Jan. and Feb. These people trained at various times; before school, lunchtime, and after school.

Fifteen were chosen to go to Shawnigan on Feb. 13. Our program had been upset by an epidemic of German measles, which severely crippled the Senior team. As a result, they came 4th. However, the Juniors made up for this by winning their competition.

Individually, M. Lechtzier won the Junior race (3 miles) and D. Nilson won the Senior race (4 miles).

JUNIOR	SENIOR
1. M. Lechtzier	1. D. Nilson
4. G. Burns	8. G. Richmond
6. D. G. Hamilton	19. D. McPherson
14. R. I. Hamilton	24. L. McDonald
18. D. Cleeve	27. M. Lang
26. J. Spouge	28. P. Fleming
	29. S. Jespersen
	30. W. Parker

X-C Team sent 2 entries to the Palmer Read Relays at Stanley Park. The course is a 3 mile course along the Park Drive. It was entered by over 20 teams throughout the province, all of high school level. St George's "A" finished 6th, St. George's "B" finished 16th.

ST. GEORGE'S "A"	
D. Nilson	M. Lechtzier
G. Richmond	C. Hornor

ST. GEORGE'S "B"

R. I. Hamilton	D. Cleeve
D. G. Hamilton	P. Fleming

We had a new addition this year—an Under 14 X-C Team. They competed against three other schools at Athlone. The course was not very difficult, but the discipline required was hard to find in such young runners. I see particular promise in C. Jory who came 7th, and in C. Dodds, and R. Deering who came 22nd and 23rd respectively.

Of all the X-C meets this year, the Saanich International had probably the most interesting course. The run consisted of a quick "5½ mile" sprint through a river of 6" mud. If you could find your shoes after running through this mud then the course was laid out so you could wash off in a nice river which you waded across. Although there was a bridge at every river, you were prevented from using it by a nice man who pushed you in. After the mud, rivers and prickly bushes, you passed through a chicken farm which had a most lingering scent to it. I could hardly breath! The course continued up a cabbage patch for a mile, only to come back down. After going over, under, around and through some barbed-wire fences, the course finished with a sprint.

JUNIORS	
12. M. Lechtzier	
16. C. Hornor	
36. R. I. Hamilton	
M. L. — D. B. N.	



TRACK AND FIELD

This year was one of our most successful ever in track and field.

Our season started early with Richmond Invitational Indoor Meet for which we combined with the Sacred Heart Convent. Both our Junior and Senior Teams qualified for the finals. In the Senior Finals we finished a strong 3rd. Best individual performance of the meet went to Duane Walker with a Pole Vault of 9'6".

At the Vancouver Relays Bob Hamilton placed 4th in the Junior Hurdles, Geoff Richmond placed 5th in the Senior Javelin and Peter Bull high-jumped a personal best of 5'10".

Again we joined forces with the Convent in a dual meet with Burnaby South, but were defeated. Personal bests were recorded by Richmond in the javelin (143') and Peter Bull in the high jump (6'). Craig Spiers also pole vaulted 9'9".

Many good performances resulted from the Knights of Columbus Track Meet. Peter Bull tied for the Senior Aggregate Trophy with 1st in the high jump, 2nd in the 110m hurdles and shot, and 4th in the 300m hurdles. Double event winners were Team Captain Don Nilson (1500, 3000 metres) and George Peat (L.J., T.J.). Laurie McDonald tied for First in the 400m, while Rob Greig placed Third in the 100m, 200m, and Discus. Junior event finalists were Parker J.D. (1st H.J.), P. McKenzie (2nd T.J.), M. Lechtzier (3rd 1500 and 3rd 800), D. Walker (3rd D.T.) and Bopkof (3rd S.P.). Burns was 3rd in the juvenile 800m.

The inter-wing Track Meet revealed a much higher calibre and more competitive meet than ever before. New school records were broken or established in the under 14's, by B. Johnston (L.J.,

T.J., 800) J. Richardson (P.V., J.T.), Burke (100), J. Fleming (220) and W. McElroy (D.T.), in the under 16's by J. D. Parker H.J. 5'7") and M. Lechtzier (1500, 3000), and by L. McDonald (300m hurdles) and P. Bull (H.J. 6") in the Seniors.

At the Independent Schools T. and F. Meet, history was made and repeated all in one year! Our senior team won the Senior Trophy for the first time ever, while our junior team walked away with the Junior Trophy for the second consecutive year, by almost doubling the score of the second place team.

The Team Captain, Don Nilson, led the senior team with a triple win in the 880, mile and two mile events. Rob Greig also earned his share of the points with two firsts (220 and Discus) and a second in the 100. Drew Allan won the 100, Ridley won the Shot and Peter Ball won the High Jump and placed Second in the Shot.

Duane Walker lead the junior team with a triple win in the Shot, Discus and Javelin. Other winners were Parker J. D. (1st H.J.), B. Clarke (1st P.V.), M. Lechtzier (1st 2 Mile) and Burns (1st 880).

The following seven boys represented St. George's in the B.C. High School T. and F. Championship: Bull, Peat, Nilson, McDonald, Allan, Greig, and McKenzie. Bull was fourth in the High Jump with 6' and our 4 x 100m relay team placed fifth in the finals.

McKenzie triple jumped a personal best of 40'3".

We are greatly looking forward to next year and more T. and F. successes both as a team and as individuals.

R.S.



Wing
Track
Meet





FIRST ELEVEN

Back row: G. Gregory, M. Panther, R. Hulton, M. Moore, C. Coleman, A. Palmer, N. Smythe, J. Locke, Mr. Goodwin.
Bottom row: P. Fairey, P. Gourley, L. Unrau, R. Waters, K. Elliot, B. Bird, C. Masson.
 v Shawnigan Lake — lost by 84 runs.
 v University School — won by 7 wickets

THE FIRST ELEVEN REPORT:

At the time of writing we have played eight matches against schools and won them all very convincingly. Only Shawnigan Lake have proved a challenge. In this game runs proved hard to come by, neither team scoring freely. On a difficult wicket the bowlers were often menacing, and St. George's scored only a modest 79. However, Shawnigan found batting just as difficult, and Keith Eliot had a devastating spell of eight wickets for thirty-four runs, allowing Shawnigan a score of only 63. The University School had a poor day against us, scoring only 11 in their first innings; we're not sure if this is some sort of record, but credit must go to our main bowlers, Eliot and Waters, both capturing five wickets. Laurence Unrau batted well for St. George's, scoring 31.

In the Vancouver and District Cricket Association league, the standard this year was not high, and we have often won far too easily.

Our other success has been in capturing the Malcolm McGregor Shield in the six-a-side tournament, held on May 16th at St. George's.

With only three more matches to play in the league schedule, we are hopeful of winning that trophy too. We have also to play the return matches against University School and Shawnigan Lake.

Credit must go to the team for its consistent enthusiasm and good fielding. The batting, although adequate, will need to show greater consistency in England later this summer, if we are to do well on tour. The bowling and fielding should be good enough to give our batsmen a chance.

We are looking forward with eager anticipation to our tour of Great Britain, where we will play against ten schools in seventeen days. A copy of the itinerary is printed below, and we shall be sending back reports of these matches by our own correspondent! One thing is certain, the tour is going to be a tremendous experience for us, and with a little bit of luck we should put up a creditable performance.

Team: R. Waters (capt.), K. Elliot, L. Unrau, A. Unrau, P. Fairey, J. Locke, C. Coleman, P. Gourley, M. Panther, M. Moore, N. Smyth, B. Bird, C. Masson, R. Hulton, G. Stewart (on loan from Bishop's College), R. Gregory: Scorer.



THE RESULTS

THE LEAGUE:

- v. Burnaby North—won by 10 wickets.
R. Waters 6 wks, for 0, K. Elliot 4 for 5.
- v. Lord Byng—won by 72 runs.
L. Unrau not out 66.
- v. Hillside—won by 17 runs.
K. Elliot, 5 for 28 runs, R. Waters 20.
- v. Vancouver Technical—won by 90 runs.
K. Elliot 6 for 14, R. Waters 56, A. Unrau 28 not out.
- v. Winston Churchill—won by 10 wks.
M. Moore 25 not out.

TO PLAY:

- v. West Vancouver—
- v. John Oliver—
- v. Britannia—

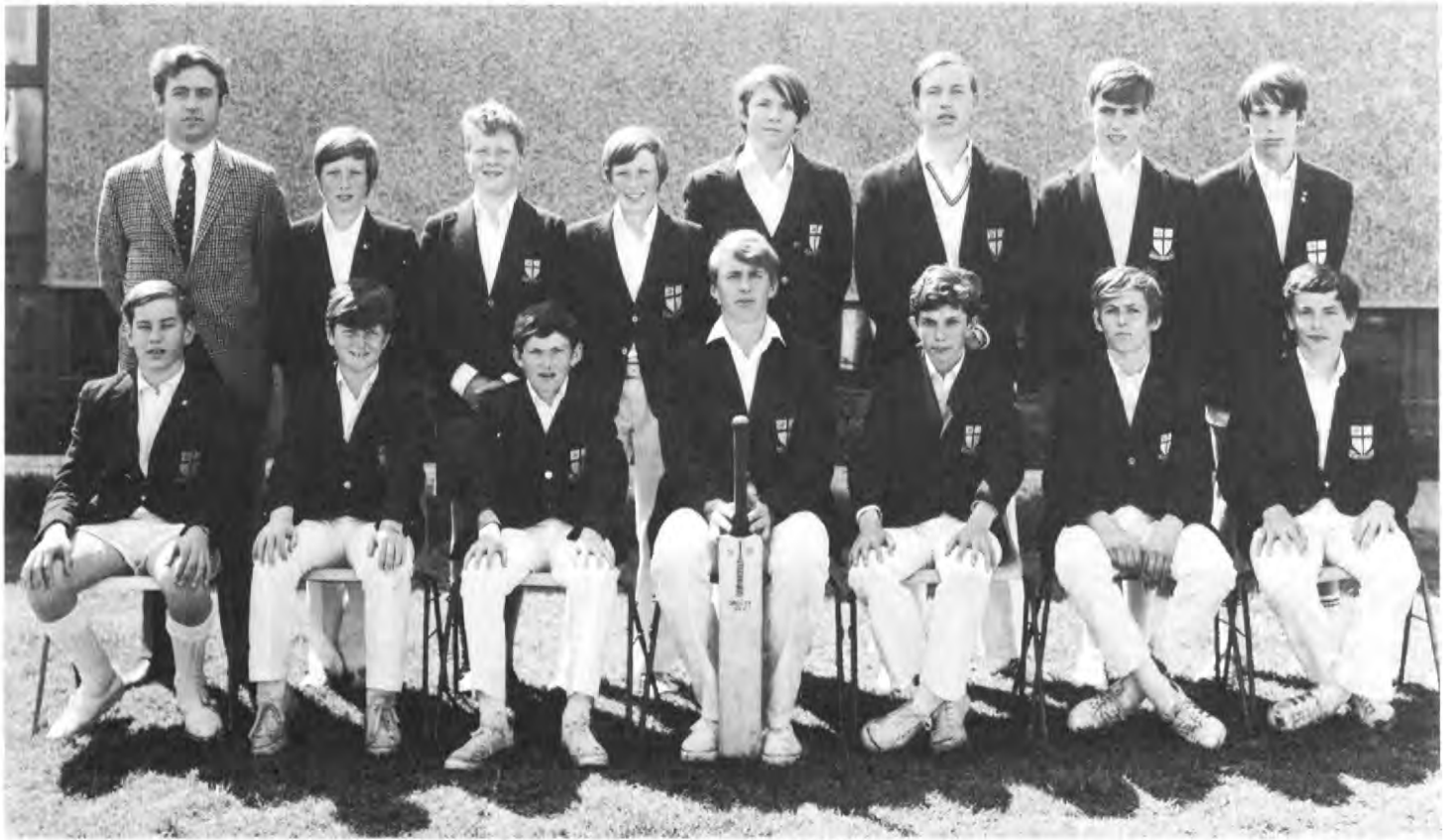
INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS

- v. Shawnigan Lake School—won by 17 runs.
Elliot 8 wks, for 34 runs.
- v. University School—won by an innings and 35 runs.
K. Elliot 5 wks, for 3 runs, R. Waters 5 for 8 runs.
(Second innings) P. Fairey 5 for 26 runs, L. Unrau 31, K. Elliot 25 not out.

TO PLAY:

- v. Shawnigan Lake—
- v. University School—





UNDER FIFTEEN ELEVEN

Back row: Mr. Brangwin, Bibby, D., Frampton, P., Bibby, A., Goodman, Porter, A., Collins, M., Hilton P.
Front row: MacKenzie-Smith G., Watson, D., Young, G., Busfield, I., Overton, J., Mason, R., Walker, W.

ENGLISH TOUR—SUMMER 1971

First Bulletin by Express Air Mail from Roving Reporter Ray Wohlford:

Shrewsbury, July 1st, 1971

Today the St. George's Touring Cricket team recorded its second victory in three games; it might well have won the third had not some rain intervened to make conditions very difficult for our batsmen. After a dismal practice match with Mill Hill School in which we made too many elementary errors, the team made a dramatic effort to improve and succeeded in a way that was unexpected.

Results:

Mill Hill School: Lost by 76 runs. Mill Hill 219 for 8. Eliot 6 wickets for 88. St. George's 143. Eliot 49, Waters 45.

The Perse School: Won by 16 runs. St. George's 106. Waters 31, Eliot 18, Bird 15. The Perse 90. Eliot, 7 wickets for 39, Waters, 3 wickets for 39.

Shrewsbury School: Won by 6 wickets. Shrewsbury 91. Eliot 6 for 48; Waters 4 for 27. St. George's 95 for 4. Unrau, L. 44 runs not out, Moore 28, Waters 17.

Ellesmere: Drawn: Ellesmere 155 for 8 (declared). Coleman 2 wickets for 15, Fairey 1 wicket for 13, Eliot 4 wickets for 70 runs. St. George's 68-9. Locke 20 runs, Fairey 8 not out, Bird 15, Eliot 10, Coleman 3. A lucky draw due to Fairey's prolonged defence, ably abetted first by Chris Coleman and then by Jake Locke.

Stop Press: Cheltenham, July 4th, 1971.

Fielding first on a firm wicket, the St. George's bowling suffered at the hands of sound batting. Cheltenham declared at 210 for 5 wickets. The only highlights in the St. George's fielding were two catches well held by Moore and Panther. The St. George's batting was curtailed by a torrential down-pour, although 60 runs were scored for three wickets. Once again Moore proved himself to be seeing the ball well with 29 runs not out. Waters scored 22. At this point the game was abandoned.

The tour is led by Mr. C. J. Goodwin, aided by Mrs. I. Gourley, who kindly came along as matron and laundress. We arrived at Gatwick airport on the 25th of June. After a night in a Y.M.C.A. in Stockwell the party proceeded to Mill Hill. After two days there 'Fangio,' our Italian racing bus-driver, took us at great speed to Cambridge, and the Perse School, where we were taken in to the homes of the boys from Cambridge.

Next on the itinerary was Shrewsbury and Shrewsbury School. After two nights at the school, we travelled via Chester and Wrexham in Wales to Ellesmere. Sixty miles to the south lay Cheltenham and Cheltenham College where the movie 'If' was filmed. It is from there that I write now.

The tour has been most interesting. We have mixed with the boys from other schools and seen interesting sights at all our stops. It's on to Oxford tomorrow and (hopefully) another win weather permitting—although on the whole we have been lucky.

Hello and good luck to the Georgian Staff from the team.
 P.S. Tea score at Oxford—124 all out (Waters 40).

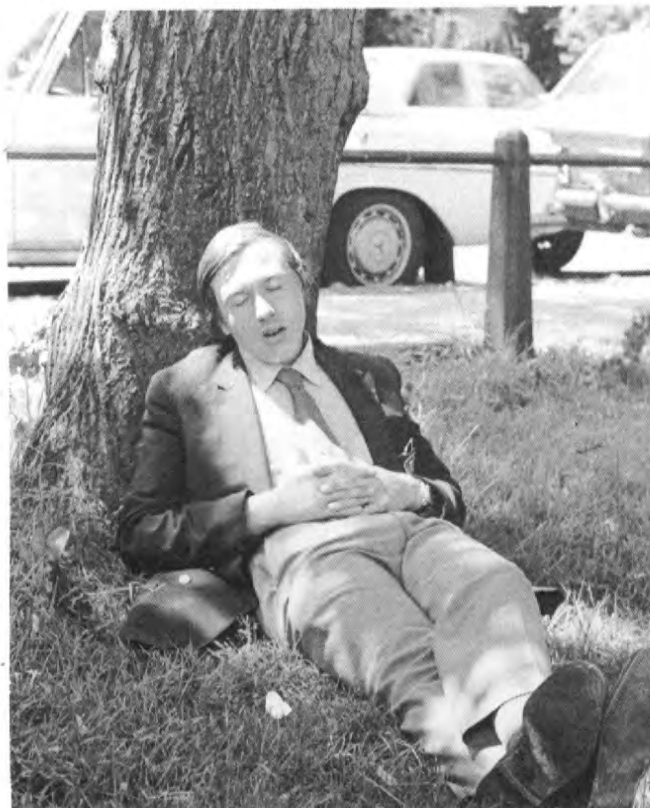




THE TOUR

ITINERARY

June 24: depart Vancouver
 June 26: v. The King's School, Canterbury
 June 27: v. Mill Hill School, London
 June 29: v. The Perse School, Cambridge
 July 1: v. Shrewsbury School, Shrewsbury
 July 3: v. Ellesmere College, Ellesmere, Shropshire
 July 4: v. Cheltenham College, Cheltenham, Glos.
 July 5: v. St. Edward's School, Oxford
 July 8: v. Cranleigh School, Surrey
 July 10: v. Canford School, Wimborne, Dorset
 July 12: v. Elizabeth College, Guernsey, C.I.





GYMNASTICS

This year was a very successful year for the GYMNASTICS TEAM as we won both the meets which we entered.

The first meet, a dual meet against Shawnigan Lake School was held at St. George's. Among the individual winners Bibby D. showed his talent by winning the vaulting and coming second in the tumbling. Beggert won the floor exercise. Waters came first in the rings, Lawson came first in the parallel bars and Lester won the vaulting.

The next meet was the Independant Schools Meet with Shawnigan Lake, Brentwood, St. George's and University School taking part. We regained the trophy after losing it to Shawnigan Lake School last year.

Bibby D. won floor exercise and vaulting, and Waters won the high bar.

This year our team was greatly strengthened by our Grade 8's, especiall Bibby A, Bibby D, Beggart and White. The calibre of gymnastics was greatly improved this year and many of the younger members of the team show excellent potential for future gymnastics. Next year's team should be able to retain the trophies we won this year.

C. Speirs



ROWING



This year we began rowing in September. This way we were able to teach eighteen boys the basics of rowing. On March 31st we began practising in earnest going down three times a week. We planned to have a rowing camp on the 17th and 18th of April. This required giving up two days of Easter holidays but if we were to put up a competitive team the following week at Brentwood this was completely necessary. By this time the hours of training and hard work had dwindled the numbers to twelve. We put in twenty-two hours of practice between the first day of rowing camp and the Brentwood Regatta. We went in completely psyched up to win. Our heavy weight four came last by two lengths and our light weight four lost by nearly six lengths. This was very discouraging but it was good experience as this was the first regatta any of us had ever entered. Back to heavy training. At the V.R.C. Spring Regatta only our heavy four was able to compete. Last again, but only half a length this time. Again we were getting experience. Now for a lot of practise because we knew from the last regatta we were getting better. We left on Friday afternoon for Seattle and stayed the night in Lakeside School. The regatta was held the next morning on Green Lake. Our experience and heavy training began to pay off as we were able to place fifth in the heavy four and fourth in

the light four. At this regatta for the first time we entered a Novice Eight. To our surprise we came in behind two American teams, soundly beating Shawnigan by two lengths. What a thrill! The next week seemed to fly by what with all the training; Monday and Wednesday at six o'clock in the morning and, Tuesday and Thursday at five at night. Our final regatta was to be at Shawnigan on the 15th of May. Again we left on the Friday night and stayed the duration in the Shawnigan gym. Our coach wouldn't let us enter any other event so as to save our energy for the Novice Eight. It was our race all the way. We put a length on Shawnigan in the first two hundred metres and were able to pull away continuously. We crossed the finish line in first place ahead of Brentwood by nine seconds, Shawnigan taking third and fifth places. Fourth was taken by an American entry from Seattle. What a way to finish a season. The members of the eight all received colours for their dedication and the hard work they put into rowing for St. George's.

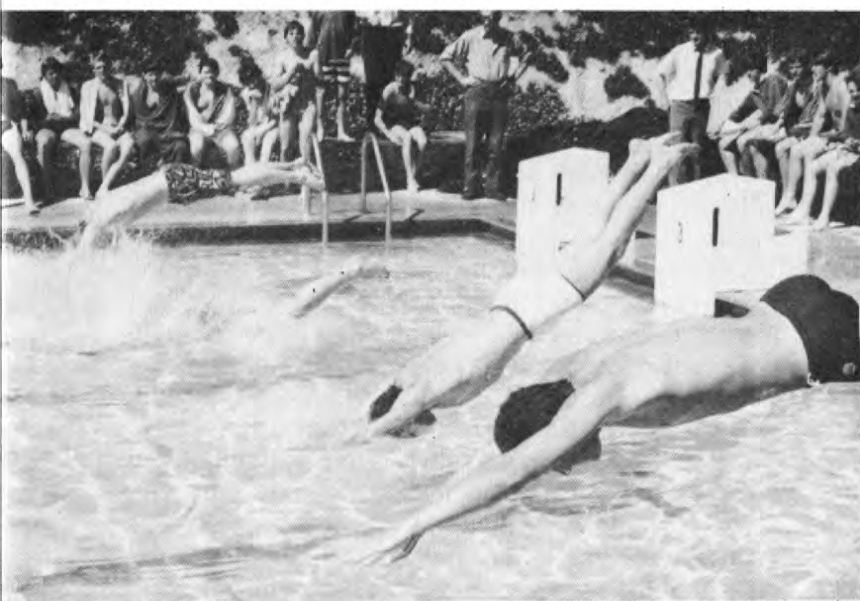
The rowers would like to thank the man responsible for our victories. He was a great rower himself and we are very proud to be able to call our coach. Thank you Mr. Hart.

Rowing Crew: Cox. Bob Petrovic; Stroke, Don Richardson; 7. Bruce Falkins, 6. Jim Hamilton, 5. Richard Sager, 4. David Richardson, 3. Mark Yancey, 2. Pete Armstrong; Bow, John Frederick William Yerbury. Manager and Coach Boat Driver, McIntyre; Spare Cox. Hunter.

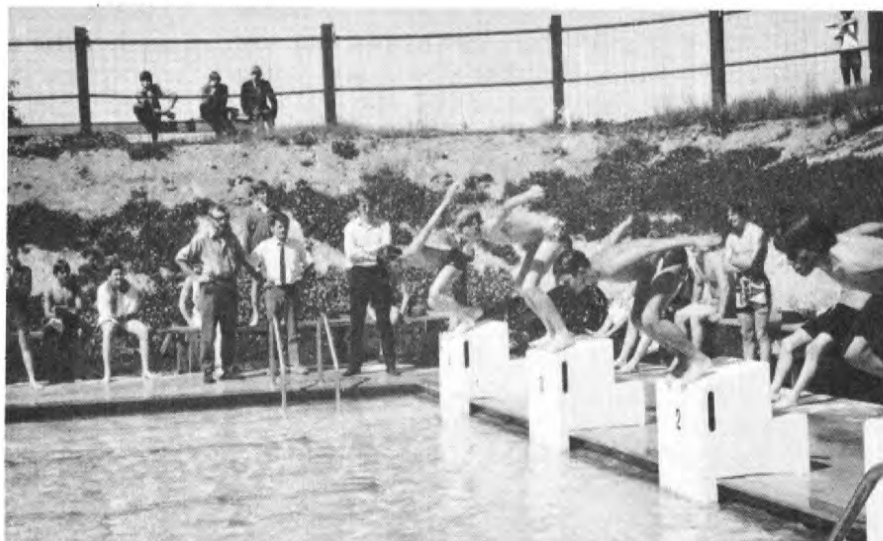
D. Richardson



Regatta at Seattle.



SWIMMING POOL





SWIMMING

Swimming skill and conditioning has greatly improved this year after five months of using our new pool. The Swim Team has swelled in numbers as well as enthusiasm. We are looking forward to using the pool for the complete school year starting this September.

After a month of conditioning, we challenged four public schools to dual meets in our pool during October and November. St. George's won all four meets with many fine performances, and many school records either established or broken. Outstanding swimmers in these meets were: Bufton, McKenzie-Smith, Barrie Fleming and Team Captain Jim Hamilton.

St. George's entered the B.C. Championships and placed Barrie Fleming fourth in the Junior Backstroke, and John Dolmage and Peter Armstrong 2nd and 4th respectively in the 'B' Freestyle event. Also Jim Hamilton set a school record in the senior breaststroke.

In the Independent Schools Meet, after last year's two second place finishes, this year we won the Junior Division, and were a disputed First in the Senior Division. Event winners were, for the juniors: Bachelor (of the Junior School), Bufton, McKenzie-Smith, and Puttkamer, Barrie Fleming and Jim Hamilton for the seniors.

The Inter-Wing Swim Meet showed the results

of our much improved aquatic program with a much higher swimming level than last year. Event winners were: B. Fleming (3), J. Hamilton (3), B. Clarke (4), Hamilton R. Waddell, Bufton, Archer and McKenzie-Smith (4).

Thanks to our new swimming instructor and coach, Mike Allan, the enthusiasm and condition of our boys was greatly enhanced.

Within the last month of school the Board of Governors, the Vancouver City Council and the Vancouver Planning Board have given their approval of our new air-supported bubble. The contract for the cover is expected to be signed within the next week, and, with luck, construction for the bubble anchoring will begin the day after exams are finished. We hope to set the bubble in place during the first two weeks of September.

This summer our pool will mainly be rented by the Dunbar Community Centre, the Dolphin Swim Club and a local soccer association. The hours of public swimming will be doubled from last year. School activities in the pool this year have included:

P.E. Classes	Life Saving course
Swim team practices	Mile swims
Recreational swim	Swim meets—both inter-school
Scuba Diving lessons	and inter-wing.

R.S.



FIELD HOCKEY

This year, with so many boys playing the game, we have been able to select an excellent 1st XI team. This team has already defeated Shawnigan Lake by a handsome margin and has also defeated Brentwood twice. When this annual went to the printer, we were planning to enter the Provincial Tournament at U.B.C. A 2nd XI team has also been formed, and even though they lost narrowly to Brentwood in one game, they look very good for the future as they were mostly in the Junior grades.

The coaching this year has been exemplary, Mrssrs. Hayes, Swayne and Webster came out to help. Mr. Collins, of course, was the main influence in hockey this year and helped in many ways.

The 1st XI promises to be strong again next year as few of its members are graduating.

Scores: S.G. vs. S.L.S. 9 - 0
vs. B.C. 2 - 0
vs. B.C. 2 - 1

Team: T. Zinkan, N. Tucker, N. Caine, N. McLennan (Capt.), D. Galbraith-Hamilton, D. Williams, S. Dick, I. Pollock, (Vice Capt.), A. Griffin, H. Claxton, R. Clarke.

INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS ASSOCIATION SKI MEET

This year the Independent Schools Association held its first Ski Meet at Whistler Mountain. This event promises to be an annual event on the Independent Schools Association calendar. This year all the Independent Schools planned to enter a team but Brentwood withdrew the week before the competition.

The Meet consisted of two races; a giant slalom on Saturday, and a slalom on Sunday. The

two courses were set by a ski instructor for the Jim McKonkey Ski School. Under the noble auspices of Mr. Brangwin, the races ran smoothly. Mr. R. Hughes and Mr. P. Gardiner, from Shawnigan Lake and University School respectively, helped with the officiating.

When this competition comes around again next year, it looks as if we might win again.

Team: N. McLennan, D. Williams, J. Wolfe, M. Perry, B. Lewis, M. White.

N. McLennan

GIANT SLALOM AND SLALOM EVENTS

Overall Results

Giant Slalom—1st	 St. George's
2nd	 University School
3rd	 Shawnigan Lake School
4th	 Brentwood College (by default)

Slalom—1st	 St. George's
2nd	 Shawnigan Lake School
3rd	 University School
4th	 Brentwood College (by default)

Individual Results

Giant Slalom—1st	 McLennan, N. (St. George's)
2nd	 Wolfe, J. (St. George's)
Slalom—1st	 McLennan, N. (St. George's)
2nd	 Wolfe, J. (St. George's)

BADMINTON

Due to the excellent coaching and supervision of Mr. Stevenson, the calibre of badminton in the school this year has improved many times over the previous level. The boys grab every opportunity to play and improve their new found skills.

Last year only eight boys represented the school, but this year about twenty boys participated from Grades 8 - 12.

This year we competed in many events. Our first match was against Gladstone, which we won easily. We also beat Shawnigan easily. In other dual meets, we beat Brentwood easily, twenty-three matches to one, but in the Independent Schools Tournament, they turned out a different team, with much better players, and we eventually lost. Individually, outstanding performances are credited to Baker and Ferrie, who won the doubles, and honourable mention for Killas and Moody who played the best matches of their career, but were eventually downed.

We also competed in many local tournaments such as the Junior Vancouver Lawn and Badminton Club Invitational. In this tournament, Ferrie won the boys under 14 singles, and was in the finals of all three events in his age group. Other tournaments were the Arbutus Club Junior, and the Vancouver City Junior.

The tournament in which we showed our best performances was the Canadian Youth Association Tournament. In this we combined successfully with Crofton House, winning the U-16 and the U-14 mixed doubles. Other events in which we did well were the under -14 boys singles and doubles, won by Ferrie, and the U-16 boys Singles won by Moody. Baker and Reynolds combined successfully to win the Senior Doubles.

Again this year we held the School Tournament. It was extremely successful and received good participation. In the A Singles, Kosti Killas proved he is the best player in the School by beating Chris Ferrie. Killas also combined with McGeer to win the Doubles. Other winners were Jake Locke in the B Singles, and Peter Clarke who won the Grades 8 - 9 Singles, and then partnered Brad Johnston to win the Doubles.

It is hoped that next year school-wide participation will continue, and the calibre of play will continue to rise.

P. Moody, X



TENNIS

This year we initiated the Independent Schools Tennis Tournament for the individual player rather than the team. The tournament showed that we had the strongest players as all four finalists were from our School. Singles finalists were: Killas and Moody, and Doubles finalists were: Killas-Ferrie and Moody-Gilley. Best match of the tournament went to Chris Ferrie, our number three player who downed the second seeded player from Hong Kong.

In dual matches we were defeated by Brentwood, and we defeated Shawnigan Lake School. University School withdrew.

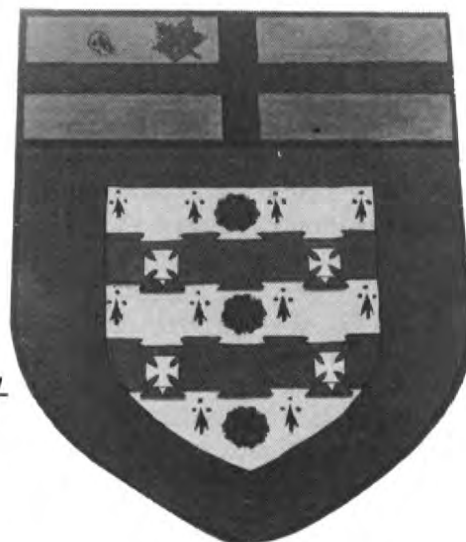
Special mention must go to Kosti Killas, in his final year, as one of the most outstanding tennis players to graduate from this school. He is presently ranked second in Canada in the under sixteen age group.

R.S.



CLARK

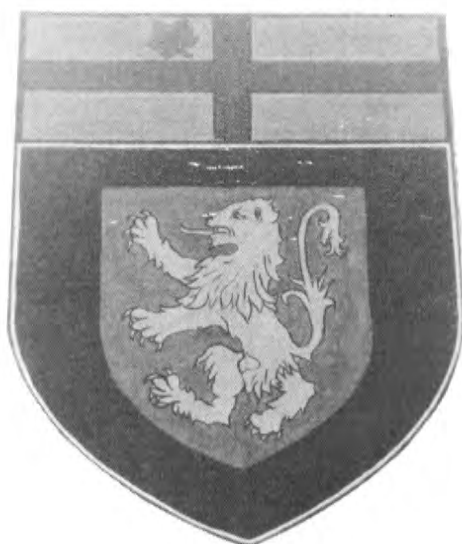
THE WINGS



FELL

WING COMPETITION

		Clark	Fell	McDougall	Tupper
<i>Cross Country</i>	Senior	5	3	1	7
	Under 16	7	5	3	1
	Under 14	4	3	1	2
<i>Rugby</i>	Senior	4	1	4	7
	Junior	4	7	1	4
<i>Swimming</i>	Senior	7	1	4	4
	Under 16	4	1	7	4
	Under 14	3	2	4	1
<i>Track</i>	Senior	7	1	3	5
	Under 16	7	5	3	1
	Under 14	3	4	2	1
TOTALS		55	33	33	40
		1st	3rd	3rd	2nd



MacDOUGALL



TUPPER

JUNIOR SCHOOL

JUNIOR EDITORIAL

In this day of "open-area" teaching, non-graded schools and the like, it has become, it seems to me, more and more important that the Junior School maintain its rather old-fashioned sanity. This, of course, does not mean that our methods and aims should be, or are, less progressive nor our standards diminished.

It may be that our desire to keep boys looking like boys is out of date, but to me it is still desirable. Boys not only need guidance but seek it and respond to it. There may be many who disagree with these views, but not many of them are in the ranks of the Junior School. The result has been

another successful and profitable year.

Academically we have had an excellent year. In the Grade 8 Scholarship Exam, we placed: 1st—John Weston; 2nd—Alistair Fyfe, and 3rd—Nigel Findley.

On the games field we have given a good account of ourselves in every activity and, more important, have shown the wonderful school spirit which has become the trademark of our teams.

Credit for all this goes to both Masters and Boys, and to both I say a heartfelt thank you for another enjoyable year.

J. Blackmore





JUNIOR SCHOOL STAFF

Back row: Mr. C. Grass, Mr. B. Ashton, Mr. J. Pratt, Mr. A. Bartell, Mr. J. Malecot, Mr. G. Nixon, Mr. F. Carter, Mr. N. Chandler.
Front row: Mr. W. G. Ayles, Mr. C. Austin, Mr. R. Westmacott, Mr. J. Blackmore, Mr. D. E. Harker, Mr. G. Martin, Mrs E Colchester, Mr A. Nutter.



JUNIOR PREFECTS

Back row: W. Stevens*, R. Dybak*, N. Moseley*, P. Thornton*, K. Wall*, Mr. Anfield*, B. Stewart.*
Middle row: Mr. G. Martin, M. McLoughlin, G. Connolly*, D. MacDonald, M. Budge, J. Dexter, A. Eckhardt*, Mrs. Colchester.
Front row: N. Findley, J. Weston*, J. MacDougall, M. Turner, T. Baker, B. Muirhead, A. Fyfe, P. Rigg.

(*Library Prefects)

1871 AND ALL THAT



Staged and Written by G. Nixon, Esq.
Music Composed and Directed by
F. Carter, Esq.
Presented by St. George's Junior School

WE'LL B.C.'n YOU
We'll be seeing B.C.
Through another century
Those who said it wouldn't last
Have been buried with the past
And the past is buried too
Only the future has come true
A hundred years from this day
They'll hear our children say
We'll be seeing B.C.
Through another century
Those who said it wouldn't last
Have been buried with the past
And the past is buried too
Only the future has come true.

This land is yours
This land is ours
We have come here
From far and near
A bounteous nature
Has granted to all
From beautiful valleys
To mountains tall
From its gleaming sunrise
To the wonderful glowing sunsets
Let your days be full
And all your hopes be met.

We'll be seeing B.C.
etc

Scenes with Cast in Order of Appearance in Speaking Roles

INTRODUCTORY SONG J. Blackmore
NARRATOR J. Weston
COMMERCIAL R. Jensen, A. Best
AL MACKENZIE A. Peakes, B. McElroy
DAVE THOMPSON J. Sachs, M. Bell-Irving
SIM FRASER C. Christensen, F. MacKay
SIR WALTER REALLY B. Pattison, A. Rigg, J. Stovell, M. Budge
COLUMBIA FRANCAIS G. Lewis, D. Oldaker
IF B.C. WERE RUSSIAN Couser, Connolly, McYoughlin, Charmell,
Dexter, White, Simons
YANKEE DOODLE DANDIES Beaton
IF B.C. WERE SPANISH Font, Berlow, Lopez
IF B.C. WERE INDIAN A. Rigg, Kassis, Stovell, Kenning,
N. Findley (Smiling)
IMMIGRANTS I. Brown
COMMERCIAL Phillips, Beaton, King, Hawkshaw
"OUR" C P R Block, J. Nicholls
PAST SCIENCE Burge, Christopher
ASIGHT FOR SORE EYES J. Beames, Stevenson, Cromonese
PAST FASHIONS G. Lewis, Baker
CENTURY OF INDIANS PROGRESS A. Rigg, MacKay, M. Seed,
Sharon, M. Munro, Linsley
COMMERCIAL B. W. Harmon, Thomas, Muirhead
STRIKE WON C. McLoughlin, Scott, Smyth, I. Brown, Simons,
Oldaker, N. Findley, D'Hollander
CANADIAN CONTENT Shand, Baker, Dexter, Malmgren, P. Clerides, + ?
MODERN ART Connolly, G. Lewis
OUR STATESMEN N. Findley, Ratner, Eckardt, Turner
I WANT TO BE A SENATOR D. MacDonald, A. Fyfe
FOUL POLLUTION Dolman, Cumming, Paynter, S. Parker, Clarke
UNSAFE AT ANY SPEED W. Unrau, P. J. R. Irving, Mortifee
SES SAME STREET D. Gamage, Cowan, Harmon
OPEN AREA SCHOOLS Kent, Lund, Mathieson, Norgan
PREP B. McCullough, Budge
SKI TRIPPED Rolfe, J. J. Irving, Wallace, Peart, White, Sachs,
J. Clerides, B. MacDougall, Davidson, J. McCullough, J. Livingston
SCHOOL DRESS R. Simms, R. P. D'Hollander, Talbot, Redpath,
M. Brown, Wallace, B. MacDougall, J. Clerides, White
APPRECIATION Messrs. Grass, Malecot, and Ashton
OFF COURSE D. Beames, A. Hamilton, B. Stewart, Oldaker,
Campbell, R. D. D'Hollander, Moir, (and Dolman, C. McLoughlin,
Beaton, Dundas, G. Lewis, G. Muirhead)
POLICE BULLETIN Locke
GENERATION GAP B. L. Stewart
JUST LIKE US Cumming, I. Brown, Best, N. Findley
GETTING OLD Dundas, Best, R. P. D'Hollander, I. Brown
FINALE: "WE'LL B.C.'n YOU" Everyone
Singers on Stage: I. Brown, N. Findley, C. McLoughlin, Simons, Campbell,
R. D. and R. P. D'Hollander, Best, Oldaker, Kassis
Soloists: N. Findley (Smile), I. Brown, C. McLoughlin, Scott (Strike Won),
N. Findley, Best (Just Like Us), I. Brown, R. P. D'Hollander (Getting Old)
Gymnast: Cumming, Norgan, Dolman, Font, R. Nelson
ASSOCIATE PRODUCER Mr. C. Austin
STAGE MANAGER A. Noble
DIRECTOR'S AIDE K. Wall
Electricians J. McDougall, M. Anfield
Backstage Crew P. Thornton, B. Bennett, B. Batcherlor,
C. Dodds, A. Griffiths, R. Dybak, D. Woodley
Off Stage Choir H. S. Waldoock, P. Sterling, F. Livingston,
M. Hamilton, D. E. Pennington, Pfeiffer, Cox, Tomozzer, Gibb,
Chung, Croteau, Maseley, W. Hudson, Cleave, A. Munro, R.
Bennett, Currie, R. Nelson, C. Brown, P. Litherland, Gish,
Oliver, A. Lewis





THE JUNIOR SCHOOL DAY

or
1871 and All That

My immediate reaction on being asked to attend and write about this year's Junior School play was, frankly, not one of unbounded enthusiasm. To be blunt, I was horrified at the prospect. However, gritting my teeth, and thinking "at least it won't be long," I went. Expecting the worst, I settled back into my chair (as far as one can "settle back" in one of *those* chairs, that is!). About half way through the first skit, however, I came to a sudden, nasty conclusion. I was wrong. It was good. It was *very* good.

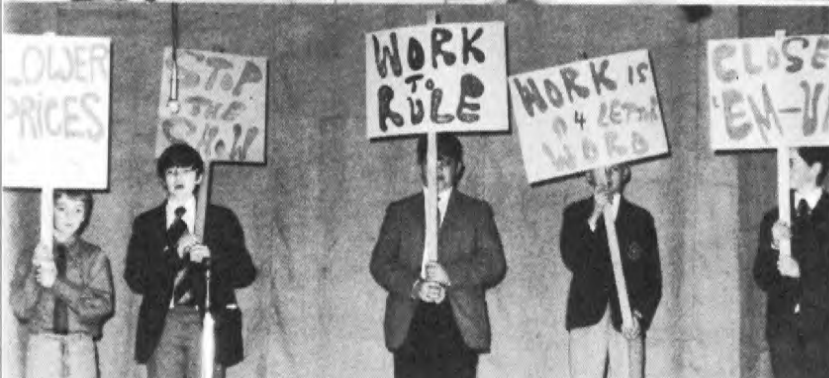
As the evening progressed, a remarkable version of B.C. history unfolded. New light was thrown on those well known explorers; Al. Mackenzie, Dave Thompson, Sim. Fraser, and Sir Walter Really, while "our" C.P.R. reminded the Indians who sold Manhattan Island that we too have made some remarkable deals! "Columbia Francais" is perhaps the closest St. George's will ever come to ballet! Both it and the "If B.C. were . . ." group presented some interesting ideas as to what might have happened if history had developed slightly differently.

Some contemporary topics were also dealt with—"A Century of Indian Progress" showed, in a skit both funny and bitter, the "benefits" of a century of "civilization" for our native people. Radio station C.R.V.D. presented us with some good, solid Canadian content (J. B. must join a rock group!, while the "Police Bulletin" presented us with the case against that ever popular Canadian, the tax-man. Tony Emory or Jack Shadbolt might not have been amused at "Modern Art"—but the audience was! St. George's did not escape entirely unscathed—while all shows must have a sponsor, one feels that the "Commercials" presented were not quite the image that the school wants to project!

To give credit for this most enjoyable evening to all those who deserve it is, unfortunately, impossible. Mr. Nixon and Mr. Carter deserve considerable credit for the words and music, as does Mr. Blackmore, both for his performances and for putting up with a fair bit of good natured ribbing. A. Best, unfortunately stricken by the 'flu after the first performance, and those who, on very short notice, learned his parts, must be thanked, as must the guitarists, who presented us with most pleasant musical interludes—both of songs in English and Spanish. Of course last, but far from least, we must thank the many actors without whose time and trouble a most enjoyable evening could not have been produced!

J. Grant





"A ROYAL VISIT"

Friday, May 7, was a very exciting day for me. I went with my Mother, sister and two brothers to see the Royal Family in Burnaby. The Queen walked from her car about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile to a Royal booth where she signed a visitor's book and on to the Municipal Hall. Crowds lined her route. Well, we saw her get out of the car and start walking, speaking occasionally to individuals. After she passed us we nipped out of the crowd and split up and got in the crowd a little further along, seeing her again. We did this a few times and about the 3rd time I called "Welcome Your Majesty." "Thank you" she replied. "Do you live here, in Burnaby?" "No, I live in West Vancouver," I answered. "Oh you just happened to be here?" "Yes," I replied. "How do you like it here?" "Very much so thank you." "Well I must be moving along now, Good-bye." "Good-bye," I said, feeling very pleased.

Clive, my bother, was near by and heard the whole conversation.

Clive and I started to walk away, feeling very good, and Clive made some remark about Prince Philip. Remembering that we didn't see him we ran back, just in time to see him walk by. I also welcomed him, and he thanked me. Proving to be about the most exciting day in my life.

Ian Brown, VII



CHIEF DOMINIC CHARLIE

Chief Dominic Charlie visited our school yesterday. He talked about how the Indians used to live and how the warriors used to cut off the people's heads that they killed and drunk their blood.

They used to eat mussels, clams and sea eggs. They used to eat all sorts of grass too, but they don't eat it any more because there is oil on it.

He said the white man had wrecked his life with beer, whiskey and drugs and cigarettes and things like that. He said he caught his grandson taking drugs and he gave him such a licking that he nearly killed him.

After he told us that, he sang a couple of songs. We gave him a school crest for a souvenir.

Gamage, III





LAC le JEUNE

This year everyone enjoyed the ski trip to Lac le Jeune immensely. There were several minor accidents of course, but nothing worth a visit to Kamloops Hospital. (I understand that the nurses there are worth a broken leg!) Malmgren sprained his ankle and missed some skiing; Rolfe hurt his knee (but fortunately could still ski); McCullough got a touch of the flue, but recovered quickly; Christiansen hurt himself going over a jump as his tips dug in (that was worth a stretcher-ride); Lopez hurt his ankle on the slopes; McDonald's thumb was sprained and almost everyone had his share of falls on the ice (including Mr. Blackmore). Stewart broke a ski but, luckily, he had taken out insurance on it and didn't have to pay for it. The ski conditions were good most of the time and everybody enjoyed the skiing almost as much as the pillow fights at night. Many new friendships are made each year, and I think that the Lac le Jeune ski trip is a very good tradition to be upheld.

John Weston





Sun Photo

THE ART ROOM

This year the art room has been a great success, mostly because of Mr. Bartell's efforts to get supplies and equipment for the art room. I also think that the co-operation between the students and Mr. Bartell has contributed to the success of the art room. So far this year the students have done abstract wood-work, figures of wire, ceramics and mobiles. They are presently doing drawings of all kinds, mostly faces and effectiveness with repeating lines.

In late April we were lucky enough to have the local press come to do an article on the Junior School's art room.

This was not only good for the art room, but for the public relations of the school.

A. Eckardt

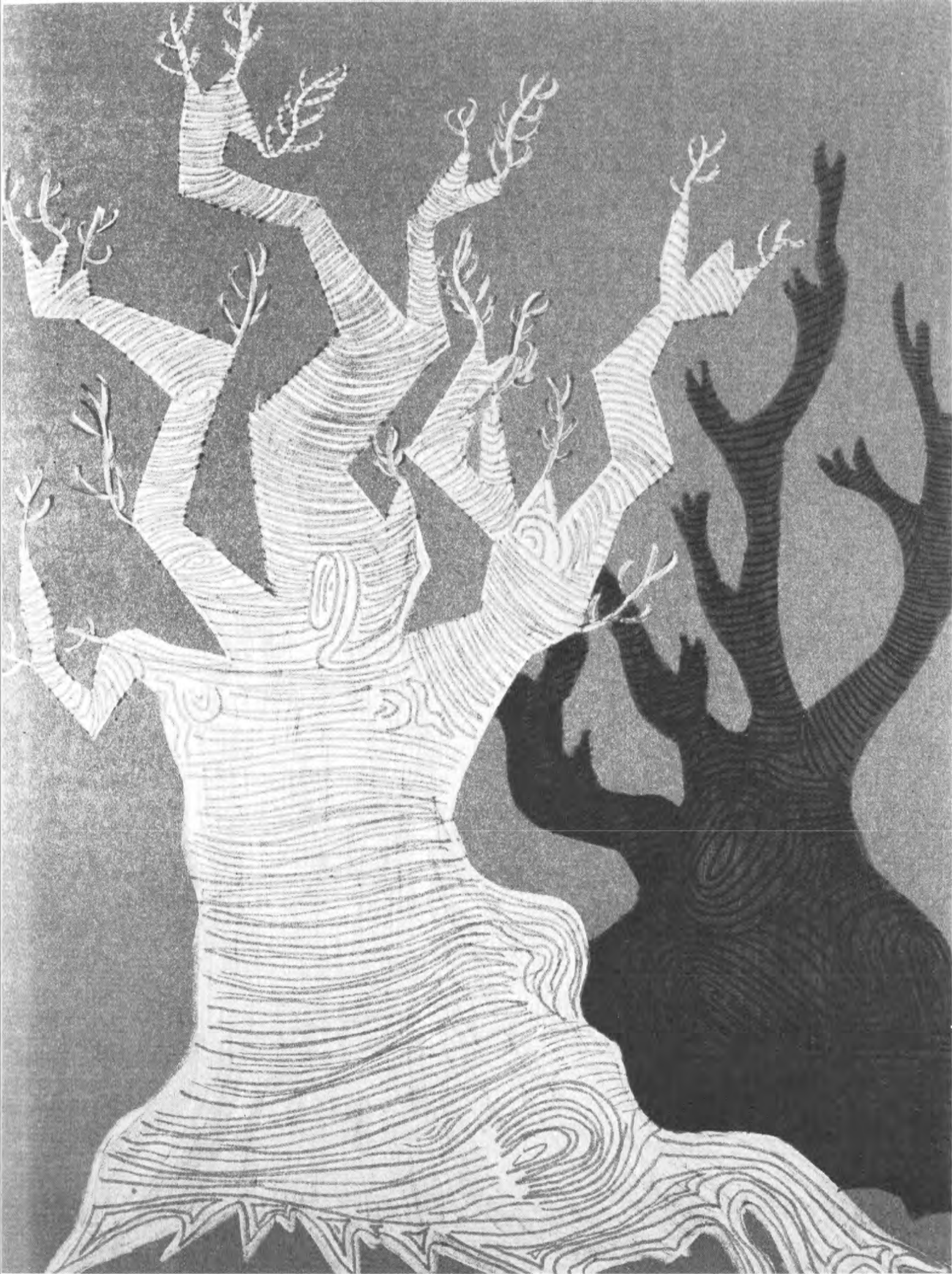


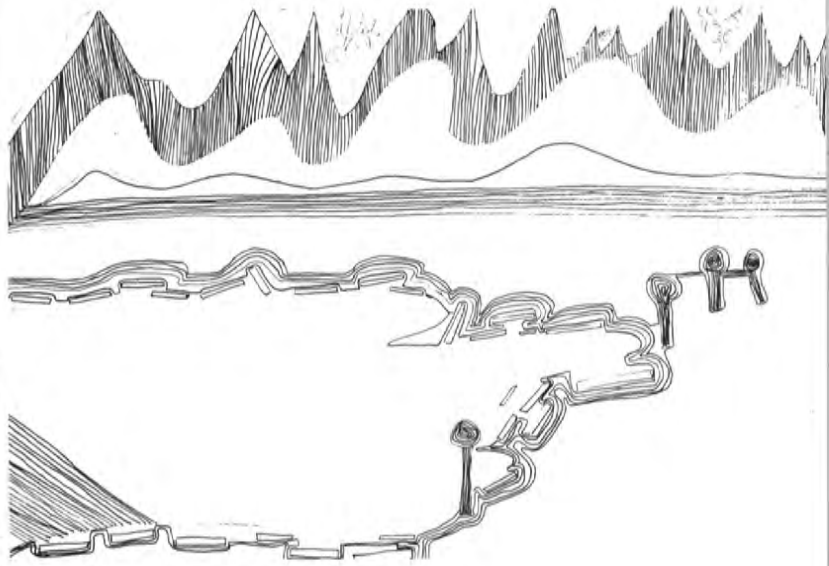
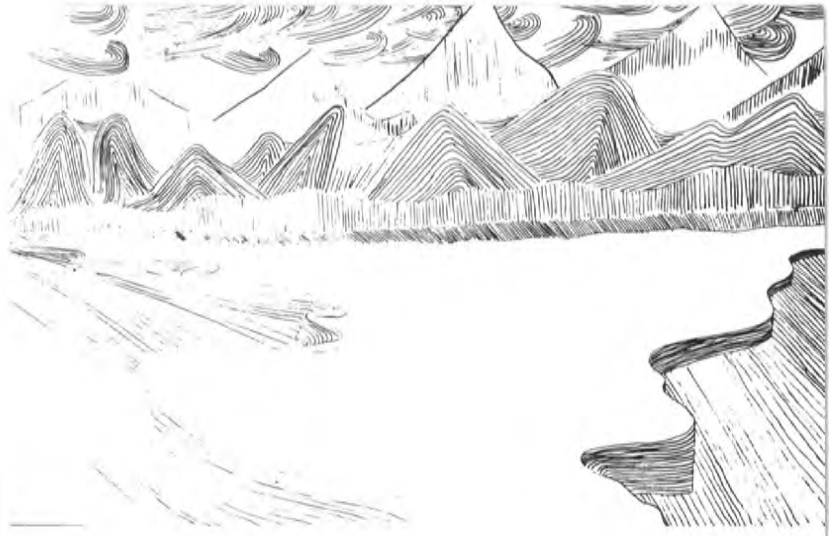
THE LIBRARY

We have had a very gratifying year in the library. In addition to a greater selection of books, we have acquired a copying machine and a filing cabinet, both gifts from the Ladies' Auxiliary. We are building up an exciting supply of material in the filing cabinet, and the copying machine is also a great help to the boys with their reports. In the display case we had two interesting exhibits on "Sea Shells" and "North American Indians."

The library prefects were John Weston, Brad Stewart, Mike Anfield, Nicholas Moseley, Billy Stevens, Kevin Wall, Peter Thornton, Robin Dybak, Giles Connelley and Alan Eckardt, led of course, by Mrs. Colchester.

John Weston,
Head Library Prefect





GRADE II REPORT

... One day we went to see trilliums and hyacinths and the lady gave us cookies.
 ... We went to my father's plant which is Evergreen Press and Mr. Young gave us some scratchpads and an envelope and he showed us some machines.
 ... We went to the woods. I liked the spider when he climbed his web. We got leaves and pressed them. We made splatter paintings.
 ... We all went to see Vanessa my baby sister have a bath and be fed. We took a present.
 ... In January a policeman came to school. He told us the safety rules and showed a funny film.
 ... Mr. Martin gave us some frog's eggs. They turned into tadpoles. Soon they will change into frogs.
 ... May 14 the grade two's went to the Art Gallery. It was a "Please Touch" Exhibition. We went through the tunnel and down a slide.
 ... In September and May my brother Jamie came to school with me and my mother. He has grown one tooth.
 ... Last fall we went to Dairyland and saw machines. The lady gave us a ruler and some icecream and showed a funny film.
 ... One day my dog went to school. Stan tried to pet it but it ran away.

OUR VISIT AT THE PLANETARIUM

One day in November we went to the Museum at the Planetarium. When we walked in we all took our jackets off and sat down to wait for the ladies who were to show us around. After a while they came and they split us into three groups.

The first thing our group saw was a printing press, a telephone switch board, the inside of a typewriter and an old organ. We even saw a bean grinder to make coffee. Then we saw an old-fashioned living-room. After that we visited an old-fashioned kitchen with one sink, guns, old-fashioned hand-washing machine, and an old-fashioned bellow and a partly made log cabin, and hand tools. There were no electric tools. There were lots of other things.

All the things were interesting and some of the things you may have never seen before. We all enjoyed the Indian masks, clothing, baskets and tools. The whole visit was exciting for all of us.

I. Fyfe, III

Going to Art in the snow.



Trilliums

6-A REPORT

We began our year by welcoming into our class several new members, making 6A the largest class in the Junior School. All went serenely until the card craze started. Cards were flying every which way. Fights turned into small riots. Teachers unfortunately collected growing amounts of confiscated baseball, football, and hockey cards. Finally a band of exasperated teachers banned cards outright.

We celebrated the closing of school with a class party. Glorious holidays.

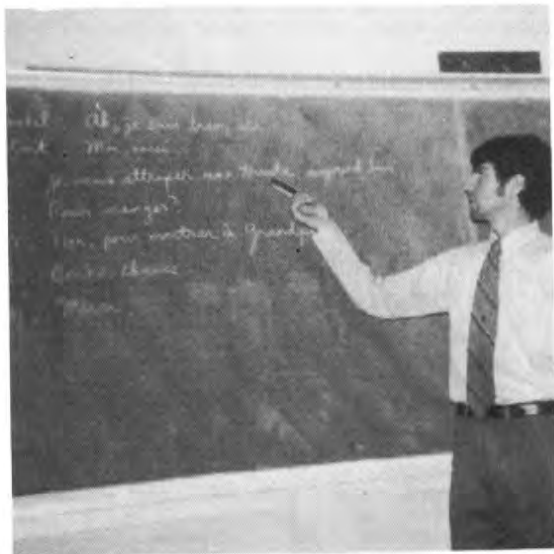
The snowstorms which raged over the Lower Mainland caused many of our class to have their holidays extended. When we came back to school, we found out that Bourdillion had left us. Then the play practices started. Our class was well represented in the play "1871 and All That." The play and the snow sometimes left only around ten boys in the classroom. Many boys in our class have been on the Second Eleven and have helped to win a few games.

We have had a happy year with Mr. Chandler and wish to thank him and the other teachers for an interesting and fun year.

R. D. D'Hollander, 6A



We all went to the Senior School to see the Governor General, but some of us thought that he was the soldier in the grand uniform (including the photographer).



Mr. Malicot thinks everyone should be bi-lingual.



Mr. Grasse expects everyone to be an anthropologist.

CLASS REPORT—IV-A

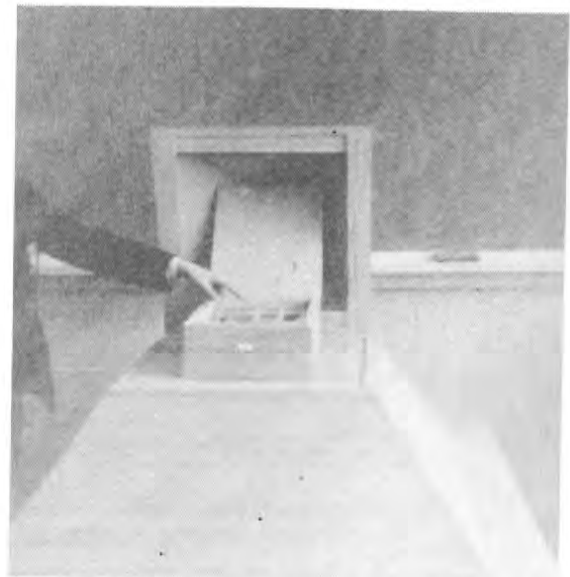
We went on a bus trip to the Endowment Lands where we saw the Fraser River emptying into Georgia Strait. The class watched tugboats towing logs to the mills up the river.

Once IV-A went to the Museum. We saw baby salmon, Indian tools and tents, and water projects. The water projects were to help fish go around dams. The models were small glass rectangles with a dam in the middle. There is a pump pumping water through the dam and red toy fish.

IV-A went on a science trip to the swamp. We went looking for frog's eggs, tadpoles and beasties. One frog was caught but we let it go because we did not want to disturb the wildlife any more than necessary.

An anonymous member of the class stepped in deep water and caught frog's eggs in his boots. When we got back we started an experiment to find whether frog's eggs will hatch more quickly in warm or cold water.

Just recently we went to the forest across from the Senior School looking for beasties. We looked under rotted logs and rocks for wood bugs, beetles, newts and centipedes.



Turner built a pyramid, inside and outside.



THE LONG WEEK-END FOR GRADE IV-A

The big news of the long week-end was Mr. Stancombe's rescue of two men from the rapids in the Similkameen River—but here are some of the other things that happened:

..... This weekend our family went out on our yacht to Alexander Island, and let the dinghy down and walked around the Island. Then we went to Snug Cove for an hour. Then we went home.

..... Our family left for Crescent on Saturday morning. We played football when we got there. I painted the fence and all the paint fell on the flowers. Then I went sailing and the boat got a hole in it, but I got to shore all right.

..... I went camping at Nelson Creek with my brother and a friend. We went fishing and got eight trout. We had clam chowder soup, and we read the label and it said "one cup of milk" and we did not have milk, so we ate it with no milk, and it was yummy, and we saw a lousy parade and we went to Stanley Park.

..... On Friday night I left for Cub camp. I went on rafts, and we had a cook-out on Sunday. Also on Sunday we had the 1971 Olympics.

..... On Friday night I got a baseball mitt. On Saturday I went to tennis lessons. Then we went to pick up my brother from the cricket field. On Monday we watched our dad play cricket.

..... On Saturday we went to Wreck Bay and then we went to North Beach. I got into my wet suit and I went out to surf, and at Wreck Bay my dad caught a 12 foot wave and made a wipeout.

..... When my family came home from church they found that our dog was out all day. Later we started to Squamish and found that a half-ton truck went over the cliff. Then we went on to an Indian Reserve. An Indian lady told us about Indian work. Then we had a hamburger and went home.

..... On Saturday I went sailing at Sunset Beach, and in the evening I went to see a movie called "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" and on Sunday I went to a rodeo.

..... When I was at Qualicum on Vancouver Island I saw the cruise ship Meteor burning up. There were tow helicopters and about five rescue boats around it.

..... We went to a pond and got water for my fish-tank where we kept our tadpoles, and on Sunday my dad went fishing and caught a salmon 20 inches long.

..... On Saturday I went golfing at Richmond. I got a few holes in one. On Sunday I went to Langara and putted, and hiked around. On Monday night, we had a party and ate hamburgers and hot dogs.

..... We had a baby cousin called Sean. He got up at 6:00 a.m. He cried because he was homesick. I changed his diapers and fed him cereal.

..... Friday night our running lights didn't work, so a policeman stopped us one mile out of Clinton. I got to bed at 2:00 o'clock in the morning. I got up at 6:00 o'clock. We got to Lattice Resort. We went up to Soccer Lake. We got a total of 25 Rainbow Trout.

..... We went to Chilcotin Lodge. On Saturday we had a five hour ride for 19 miles. On Sunday we went for 9 hours—20 miles.

..... I went to my friends and on Monday I watched the Mayday parade in West Vancouver, and went shopping.

..... On the weekend—Friday I stayed home because I banged my back. Saturday I played catch with my cousin, and then played Scrabble with my cousin, and then we went to watch T.V. After we went swimming, and then I caught a fish, but my cousin went a bit too fast, and I lost my time, and so no fish, but I caught one a lot later, and we had enough for fish stew. Sunday I just stayed home and on Monday too.

..... This week we went to camp on Bowen Island. We were going to put the float in the water. My friend John and their friends came up and they had a real smart dog. We played hide-and-go-seek. On Sunday morning we went fishing in John's kayak, but there was no luck. Monday there wasn't much fun because it started to rain.

..... We went to Parksville and while we were in the water we saw a school of killer whales and the weekend went so fast. I found it was Raymond's birthday on Monday. He is my brother.

AN EXPEDITION TO THE WOODS WITH GRADE IV-B

..... I saw a beetle and got ants in an old tree. We found bottles and I found worms and a dog. I got wood bugs and mud bugs. I got a slug. He was spotted and black and got all of my animals on him and I had to get some more.

..... I saw all kinds of bugs . . . all but one, which was a spider, ran into grass. I caught four worms and a centipede and two wood bugs. My centipede almost got away once. . . . I found wood animals, beetles, and lot of other animals and a big slug. The slug is sticky and makes a trail. In Germany I found a snake but it is blind and she is always under big rocks and dirt, and here in B.C. I've got lots of fish.

..... I found a centipede . . . long, about one and a half inches. It had about twenty legs.

..... I found a beetle and it got away. I found lots of beasties. I found some centipedes.

..... When we went on our field trip I saw a beautiful beetle. When we first saw it I saw that . . . had it. It was sure a big one. I grabbed it but it got away.

..... I found a worm in the trees. I found a plank that would not snap so I used it to whack . . . on the head if he hit me again. I found a wood tick.

..... I found an earwig and I climbed the stump. The stump had a hole in it so I went down into the stump. It had a lot of animals. I got a beetle and a centipede and two spiders. One is black and one is a Daddy Long Legs with four legs and a pair of antennae.

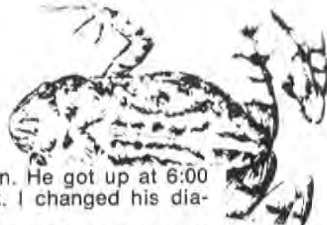
..... I got beetles and insects and worms. You could find them under trees. It was wet there. Sometimes you could find them and leave them. I found a Daddy Long Legs' egg . . . but that I got!

..... I just about got a beetle and a worm . . . but he went in his hole. Then I got a centipede and another worm. I just about got a snake but he went in a tree too high in the tree . . . and he got away.

..... The day I went in the woods and saw a beetle I got him and put him in my petrie dish. When I looked at him he escaped. Then I got myself a woodbug and he did not get away. I put some dirt and wood in and I looked and looked for some more bugs but I did not get any.

..... I found a worm and on a trip I found a beetle but it got away. I got a centipede and a wood bug.

..... I first found a beetle-like insect. I guess it can fly for it got away. Then I caught three red ants. I found a centipede and it was two inches long. I caught wood lice. It was on a dandy day.



JUNIOR SCIENCE

This year we have done some very interesting things in Grade Seven Science.

We started off the first term with general physics, which deals with vacuums, oxygen content, and oxidization, as well as many other things. For instance, one experiment that we did dealt with expansion, as well as partial vacuums. We put about an inch of water into a shallow tray and stuck a candle upright in it. We then lit the candle and slammed a sealed tube down over the candle. After about a second the candle went out and the water filled the tube until it was just about level with the candle wick. Everybody thought that this happened because the candle burnt all the oxygen causing a partial vacuum which sucked up the water. Later we found out that it was a bit of this, but mostly that when the tube is coming down the candle heats the air which expands and escapes out of the bottom of the tube. This causes a partial vacuum which draws the water into the tube.

By the end of the unit everything was covered with vaseline jelly with which we sealed the tubes.

That same term we did a unit on bones. Mr. Martin bought us some dog bones, cats, chickens, minks, and a stillborn mountain goat. We paired up and each pair received an animal. We then skinned and cleaned the animals and then gave them to Mr. Martin to boil. This was to aid stripping the flesh off the bones. During this process, the science lab looked like a witch's den, with big, bubbling pots of water with a leg or tail sticking out.

By the time we got around to stripping the meat off the bones, the dogs and cats had gone bad and had to be disposed of, leaving some people without animals. These were supplied with small animals like frogs or turtles.

After the flesh was removed, the difficult part began. The bones had to be stuck together supported by wire. The mountain goat proved very difficult, because most of its was cartilage.

At last the term ended and only two or three skeletons were complete. The mountain goat was still in the first stages of development.

Most boys were so exasperated that they were ready to throw their bones out of the window and were glad for the term to end. Mr. Martin felt the same way.

The second term we did a unit with molds. We isolated, studied, transplanted, developed, and worked with bacteria, until we were all sick to death of it. This was another term we were glad to get over with.

This last term we have done some more physics, this time dealing with the surface tension, viscosity, and density of various liquids. We have measured the time it takes for different liquids to drip out of bottles with various sized holes in them, seen how strong surface tension was for different liquids, and measured density.

This has been an easy term compared to the first.

Mr. Martin has changed with the units. The first term he was a physicist, then a mad scientist boiling animals in pots. The second term he was an avid gardener, then the third term a physicist again.

Mr. Martin is a very varied character and a superb science teacher.

N. Findley, VII

THE JUNIOR SCIENCE COURSE

School science program attempts to develop young scientists who not only have an understanding of some of the factual material that comes under the heading of Science, but who are also familiar with some of the methods by which one arrives at an understanding of his world. Important concepts such as how to design a properly controlled experiment, how to make astute and accurate observations, and how to avoid some common reasoning errors in arriving at valid conclusions are stressed. An emphasis is placed on doing and observing, so that the understanding of the student results in most part from a primary investigation with the real world, and not solely from secondary sources such as books and knowledgeable people.

With the aid of the Ladies' Auxiliary, and our very competent Isias Gracias, our Junior Laboratory is exceptionally well suited to this approach to science.

G. Martin



IS WINNING THE ANSWER?

In our environment today, there is a big trend in sports to "Win At Any Cost." Is this the right attitude? In many cases the answer is yes. Professionals rely on results for a living. When they lose they do so in more than one way. The game, and in time, their jobs. In other cases the answer is no. Many people play for the pure love and enjoyment of the game. My big concern today is, should our children be brought up with the idea that this professional attitude is the only thing that matters? What are, at St. George's, we trying to produce? Professional athletes or athletes competent enough to be able to enjoy the various sports and be able to cope with outside standards.

I believe we do this at St. George's, we try to teach the youngsters the basic fundamentals of as wide a range of sports as possible and most important of all to teach them sportsmanship. I think that sporting activities can be divided into two groups — gamemanship and sportsmanship. The boys learn from their coaches, parents and friends. The person who probably has the biggest influence on them is the coach. If he is sloppy in his ideas and appearance the boys soon pick this up. He may be very competent and sport concerned but the instruction must be carried out competently. One of my biggest criticisms of all sports activities in Canada, is the barracking that the officials get. I agree that there may be times when one's pulse is high and control of one's vocal chords has been lost for a second, this may be excusable but in many cases the barracking is inexcusable. For example: in baseball it is the done thing to jeer the umpire's decision when he calls a ball or strike. In basketball it is the done thing to cheer when the opposing team draws a penalty. This, to my way of thinking leads to poor sportsmanship.

When coaches question the decisions made by officials the boys follow suit and soon the game turns into a talking match between coaches, officials and players.

I like to win. I play to win and I coach to win but not at any cost. When playing myself I try to give my best and if I have done this I feel content. If the boys in our teams give their best then I am happy. I don't care if for example, in soccer we lose a game 10-0. If the boys have done their best then I can ask no more. It does not do me or the boys any good to get angry with the officials or the boys. It may relieve a few frustrations but then I must expect this from my teams. After all, they would only be following their coach's example. However, I do believe that a team should go on to the field or into the arena wanting to win, but again, not at all costs.

This year we have covered eleven different sports, ranging from gymnastics to rugby. The soccer has produced some sparkling competitiveness. The rugby has helped some of the less co-ordinated to participate in a good team game. Cross-country, basically an individual sport, has shown that with training it is not as bad as it seems. Cricket was probably the most difficult to arrange, however some boys have shown keen interest. Softball as always has been competitive. The standard of swimming has improved greatly and I hope that it will continue to do so. Lacrosse, a new game, was probably the most popular. Track and field, with more concentrated training and instruction, has been excellent. Many records have been broken this year. The tennis programme was continued and the entrance into the school competition showed that its popularity is growing in St. George's. Basketball probably the most popular among the Grade Sevens, produced a very competitive school team to extremely high standard wing competition.

The new mats for the gym have raised the standard of gymnastics. Particular thanks to Mr. Wallace and the Auxillary for their gifts of gym mats.

All in all I think we had an extremely good year on the games field and in the gym.

C.A.



1ST XI SOCCER

Again this year St. George's hosted the Annual Independent Prep Schools Soccer Tournament. The visiting schools, St. Michael's, Glen Lyon, Cliffside, Vernon and Athlone, all arrived for an early start.

At 11:00 a.m. on the Saturday, the tournament began. Each team played three games. The standard of soccer was extremely good. That evening, some of the boys from the Island and the Interior were entertained at the School, and a pleasant evening was had by all. On Sunday, with the rain coming down, the soccer continued, with each team playing twice, the boys continued to play well.

St. Michael's were the winners of the tournament and must be congratulated on their fine performance. We thank all the participating schools for coming and look forward to their participation next year.

The Har ker-Twight Soccer Trophy played for 'in friendly rivalry' between Vernon and St. George's was won by St. George's.

Results:

St. Michael's	9	Cliffside	4
Glen Lyon	8	Vernon	3
St. George's	5	Athlone	1

J. MacDougall (Captain of Soccer)

ROUND ROBIN, OCTOBER 4 - 5.



Soccer



SWIM MEET

As last year, the Independent Junior School Swim Meet was a great success.

St. George's finished first with close competition from St. Michael's. All together 5 schools attended the swim meet. Batchelor, captain of the swim team, showed his worthiness to be in that position by coming 1st in the 50 metre butterfly and making a fine showing in the relays.

The support was magnificent for St. George's. We must thank all the masters who worked so hard to make the swim meet such a great success. We give special thanks to Mr. Martin for organizing the meet with the other schools.

All in all, the swim meet came off with flying colours!

A. Fyfe



JUNIOR RUGBY

This year the Rugby season has been superb. The boys have shown more interest and enthusiasm in the game than in any previous year. We must admit we did not win all of our games—however, it's how you play the game that counts. I strongly recommend this sport to any boy who likes a rough, fast, thinking game, and hope that the game of Rugby will be played even more in this school and throughout the world.

PLAYERS:	Budge (Captain)	— R. Second Row
	Charnell	— L. Second Row
	Bennett	— Line out
	Fyfe	— Hooker
	Lewis	— Vice-Capt. Scrum half
	Connolly	— Stand off
	Rigg	— Line out
	Annett	— Wing
	Cunningham	— Wing
	Echart	— 8th Man
	Noble	— Prop
	Dexter	— Prop
	McDonald	— Prop (Spare)
	Muirhead	— Safety man
	Cromie	— Line out
	Anfield	— Prop
	Couser	— Line out
	Shand	— Line out



M. Budge

GYMNASTICS

This year the gymnastics programme has been more successful than in any other year. There has been much greater participation in all of the gym activities. Mr. Martin has been conducting a weekly gymnastic class after school every Friday, which has helped to stimulate interest in gymnastics. The Junior School now has a full set of plastic coated foam mats that are a valuable piece of equipment. Among the gym activities are tumbling, rope climbing, high jumping, "box" jumping, basketball and many others. The trampoline, although it has not been used too much, makes an exciting change once in awhile. On the whole I feel this has been a great year for gymnastics.

Basil Rolfe



BASKETBALL

In the first term basketball started as a group meeting on Thursday. As it got later in the term basketball became a more popular sport in the school. So the coach Mr. Martin started Tuesday practice as well.

In the second term the basketball team consisted of Tim Baker, John Dexter, Bill Connolly, Jose Lopez, Geoff Lewis, John Weston, Jeff Malgrem, Michael McLoughlin, Peter Cunningham, Charles Dodds, Philip Rigg, Dean Macdonald; Tim Baker was captain. We played four games, won one and lost three. In the third term basketball became a major sport. Mr. Martin arranged to have interwing basketball competition. Our star player, Bill Connolly, also on the Fell team broke an arm while high jumping. It was a bad blow to the school team but even more to the Fell team.

So far Budge, Baker and Dexter are the highest scorers.

John Dexter and Tim Baker





TENNIS

This year the standard has been raised considerably. In the Independent Schools Tournament we did better than in the past years. Tim Baker and John Dexter, our doubles pair, did extremely well. They won three out of four matches. John Weston, our first singles, came up against very strong opposition and did well to win one of his games: Philip Rigg, our second singles, split his results two and two. Glen Lyon were the winners, Cliffside was second and St. George's were third.

In the school competition we had more entries than before and a high standard of tennis was produced. In the doubles, John Nicholls and Paul Irving, (Grade 5) came up against Tim Baker and John Dexter (Grade 7). The outcome was thought to be a foregone conclusion. The two younger boys played some excellent tennis. They were not frightened to go for their shots and, at one point, had the older boys on the run. The eventual result was that Baker and Dexter won 6-4, 6-3. This, however, bodes well for the future. In the singles, Baker played Dexter. Again some excellent tennis was played. Baker, although he at times had to work extremely hard, eventually won 6-4, 6-2. All in all, an excellent competition.

C.A.

CROSS COUNTRY

For the first time the Independent Prep Schools Meet was held at Athlone. We only entered a U.12 team because the Senior School produced a U.14 team. However, one boy was asked to run by them, Charles Dodds, and he ran extremely well. Our U.12 team ran very well and we won that competition. Individual placings were: 2nd, Brent Harmon; 3rd, Philip Rigg; 5th, Barry Lamb; 13th, Paul Irving; 14th, Geoffrey Scott; 15th, Michael Turner; 20th, Carl Christensen; 21st, Christopher Thomas and 23rd, Andrew Rigg.

Philip Rigg.

The Wing Cross Country was an extremely good meet. Over 190 boys took part and although some took their time everybody seemed to give his best. The Tiddler Race was won by Alastair Cunningham. The Nipper, by Brent Harmon and the Junior, by Arnett. The Overall Wing Championship was by Steven Arnett. The Overall Wing Championship was won by Tuppers.

C.A.



TRACK AND FIELD

In the Independent Schools Track and Field Meet held in Victoria we did very well. We came third out of six schools. It was an extremely well run meet and our host, Glen Lyon, must be thanked for this. Although we did not win many events, our boys must be congratulated for their efforts. Michael Budge won the Discus and placed in the Shot Putt. Arnett placed in the 400 Metres, MacDougall ran an excellent 1500 Metres to place 6th, Lamb placed 5th in the 100 Metres, Harmon placed 5th in the 200 Metres, King, 3rd in the 400 M, Rigg and Lamb, 1st and 2nd respectively, in the 800 M, Turner, 1st in the Long Jump, Harmon, 5th in the Triple Jump, and Anfield, 6th in the Discus. Our relay teams did extremely well and their change-overs were probably of the highest standard. Well done, everyone.

C.A.



SPORTS DAY

We were fortunate once again to have good weather. Many records were broken as a result of improved standards which took place before Sports Day. There was some extremely fine running, particularly in the relays which are always hotly contested races. In the Juniors, Arnett ran a very fine 400 meters. Eckhardt won the 100 M and the gruelling Steeplechase. Hawkshawe won the 200 meters.

Records broken in the Junior age group were: Shot Putt, M. Budge, 10.25 m.; 800 M, P. Rigg, 2.35.4. In the Nippers: Lamb won the 100 meters; Harmon, the 400 meters; Smyth, the 200 meters.

Records broken in the Nippers age group were: 200 M, B. Harmon, 30.4 secs.; Long Jump, M. Turner, 13'5"; 800 M, B. Lamb, 2.39.5; Cricket Ball, B. Christopher, 57.9 meters. Smyth won the Nipper Championship on an all round effort.

Arnett won the Junior Championship after a hotly contested battle, again with an all round effort.

It was pleasant to have Mrs. Harker to present the prizes since this was her last appearance as Headmaster's wife.

Thanks to Mrs. Ashbaugh and Mrs. Collins for coming up with hot dogs, pop and tea.

Our thanks to all the staff who helped to make this a successful day.

C.A.



Mrs. Harker gave away the awards.





PRIZE DAY

PRIZE DAY—JUNIOR SCHOOL

St. George's weather—not this year! Under the direction of Mr. Blackmore and Mr. Austin, the boys set up the chairs outside—then under threatening skies—brought them to the Gym—then, when blue showed through, brought them all out again ten minutes before the parents began to arrive. The only casualty was the stage which had to be left inside. But none of the platform guests seemed to mind and everyone saw all that went on.

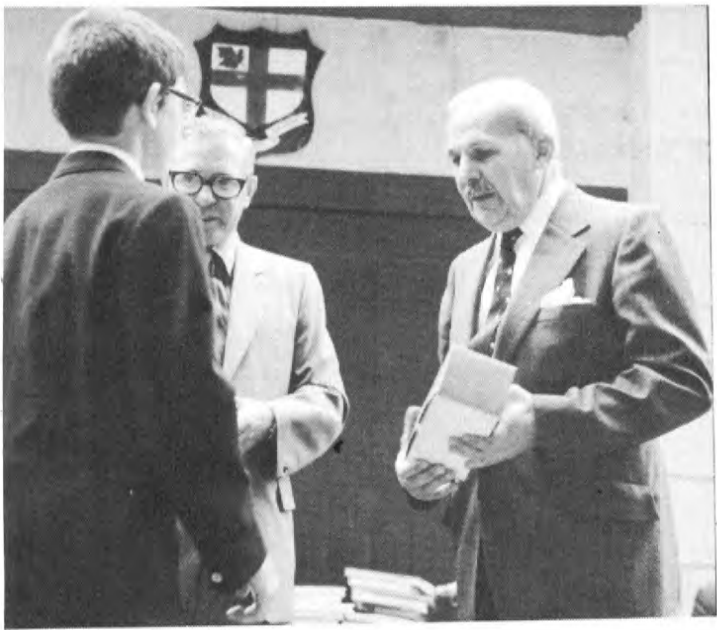
Mr. Blackmore, Head of the Junior School, reported on the year.

Mr. Douglas Harker, the retiring Headmaster, gave away the prizes and Mr. Alan Brown, the Headmaster-elect, was there to meet parents and boys.

As time went on, one or two mothers put up a tentative umbrella, feeling rather disloyal, but the weather held long enough for the presentation to Mr. Harker (a splendid hand-carved log with the name of his Pender Island house "Waterlea" on it). Mrs. Harker was given a set of spoons with Provincial crests on the handles. The gifts were the choices of the boys themselves.

Cheers were called for "The School" first, obediently shouted, then for "Mr. Harker" and the "Holidays", when the noise volume really rose. The year was over; and everyone could go home with a feeling of satisfaction. Let it rain!





JUNIOR PRIZE WINNERS

FORM PRIZES

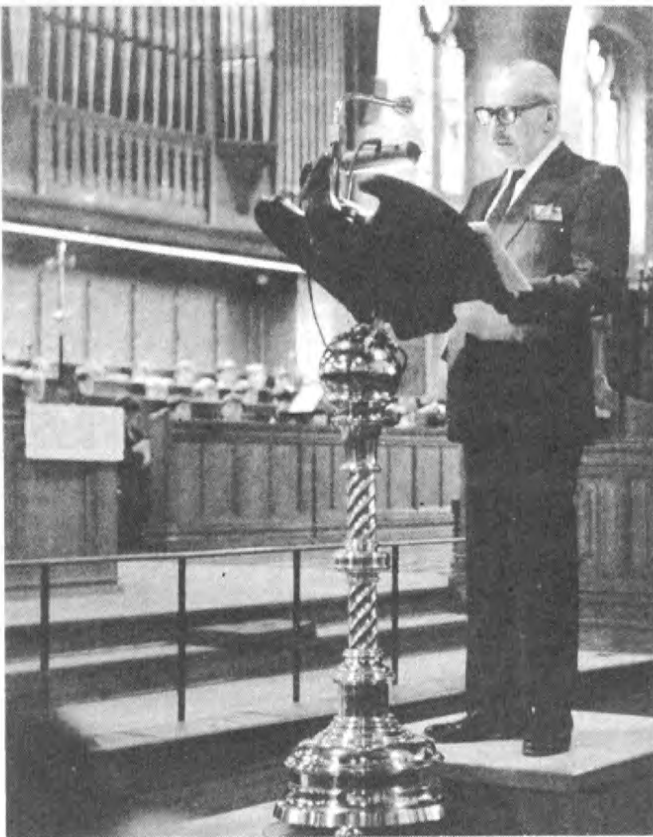
Grade 2	Effort	C. Becker
	Art	P. O'Grady
	Reading	B. Wilson
	Mathematics	B. Simms
Grade 3	1st	R. Findley
	Effort	M. Wolak
	Citizenship	B. Deeley
	Mathematics	P. Palmer
	English	G. Gamage
	General Proficiency	I. Fyfe
Grade 4B	1st	M. Mills
	Social Studies	H. Waldoek
	Effort	M. Fisher
Grade 4A	1st	T. Anfield
	English	J. Simms
	Spelling	P. Litherland
	Effort	P. Sterling
Grade 5B	1st	M. Futrell
		R. Cremonese
	Effort	C. Brown
	Mathematics	J. Beames
Grade 5A	1st	C. Campbell
	Effort	W. Currie
	Science	V. Boeker
	Social Studies	Paul Irving
	English	A. Block
Grade 6B	1st	R. Preston
	Effort	J. Stovell
	Mathematics	A. Pearkes
	Projects	B. Pattison
Grade 6A	1st	P. Dolman
	Effort	D. Mathieson
		S. Parker
	Mathematics	M. Kent
	Social Studies	Peter Irving
	Art	Peter Irving
Grade 7B	1st	T. Cromie
	Effort	B. Bachelor
	Mathematics	B. King
Grade 7A-2	1st	D. Holland
	Effort	J. Balfour
	Science	R. Jensen
Grade 7A-1	1st	J. Weston
	Effort	J. McDingell
	English	J. Weston
	Science	I. Brown
	Mathematics	A. Fyfe
	Social Studies	D. Beames



SPECIAL PRIZES

Grade 7A	A. Fyfe
Citizenship—Grade 7A	J. Dexter
Grade 6B	M. White
Grade 5B	B. Hudson
	L. Mandlemann
<i>French</i>	
Grade 7A-2 (Presented by the Consul General of France)	D. Holland
Grade 6A	M. Peart
	B. Cummings
Grade 5A	Paul Irving
<i>Creative Writing (Prizes given by the St. George's Auxillary)</i>	
Grade 7A—Prose	N. Findley
Grade 7A—Poetry	J. Weston
Grade 5A	J. Nichols
Grade 3	R. Findley
<i>Gardiner Shield</i>	N. Findley
<i>Roberts Cup</i>	T. Baker
<i>Captain's Shield</i>	T. Baker
<i>Wing Championship for Term and for the Year</i>	
1st—Tupper	62
2nd—Fell	59
3rd—McDougall	48
4th—Clark	31

CHAPEL



Mr. John Harker reads a lesson





THE CHAPEL

It was unfortunate that the school did not have a chaplain this year, because there was an obvious lack of student participation. The boarders' Sunday Services were continued, however, with the Reverend Mr. Thirkell presiding at the Communion. For this we should like to thank him very much.

There were, of course, the traditional School services. The Remembrance Day Service was one of the better services we had, and was attended by many parents, whose presence was appreciated.

The Carol Service was the best School service in at least the last four years. Great thanks must be given to Mr. Atkinson for this, because of the way in which he strived to form a good choir.

The Saint George's Service was one in which many feelings ran high, as it was the Headmaster's last service in his capacity as our Head. All went well, and we received a very good address from Dean O'Driscoll.

The last major service of the year was the Confirmation Service on May 9th. His Grace Archbishop Gower received about 25 boys into the Church.

All things considered, we did quite well, and I am sure this will continue.

A. Coleman, XII-A

EXTRACT FROM D. E. HARKER'S VALEDICTORY—JUNE 13, 1971

"I spoke, at the beginning, of equipment for the journey. That is what we at St. George's have been trying to help you assemble. Above everything, you need a standard and a purpose. If you lead your life believing that anything goes, that the important thing is to be 'with it,' that to 'do your own thing' is more important than to do your duty, then truly you will be building on sand and paving the way for an unhappy future . . .

. . . Though I know that some of you do not favour church services, and I regret this, you must surely agree that the Christian standard is the best recipe for human happiness . . .

. . . Your purpose in life must be to be of some use. We didn't ask to come into this world, but, here we are. We might just as well live in it with generosity and goodwill for all men, as with indifference or contempt, or wrapped in selfishness . . .

. . . This is not a School just for academic instruction, but a way of life. I hope so much that you may have found a standard during your years here that will help you on to happiness and usefulness."



AUXILIARY & COUNTRY FAIR



THE AUXILIARY

This year the October reception was held at Cecil Green Park for the first time. The first General Meeting was in November, where new members were welcomed and new officers introduced. Mrs. Colchester, Mrs. Kellet and Mrs. J. Conway were presented with Honorary Life Memberships in appreciation for all the time and effort they have given the Auxiliary, and school. The meeting was followed by a demonstration of the new Video-recorder.

At the February meeting, it was reported that, under new lottery regulations, it now costs us \$100 for a licence to run the Raffle. Mrs. Sandra (W. H.) Clarke, our Raffle Chairman, was a little shaken to find the "Vice Squad" on her doorstep, until she learned that they were investigating all raffles, etc! It was agreed to give \$350 for a carpet for the Senior School Library. Country Fair arrangements were discussed, and then followed an interesting talk by our Guest Speaker, Mr. Douglas Harker.

Our third meeting was held, for the first time, in the Junior school gym, to save the boarders the chore of moving all the chairs into the dining room and back. The experiment was successful apart from the acoustics. As usual this meeting was taken up by finalizing arrangements for the Fair and with last requests from the Convenors concerned.

The Fair and Raffle were again a great success, thanks to the hard work and generosity of all our members, the Staff and the boys, the latter ably led and directed by Mr. Blackmore. I would especially like to thank our competent Raffle Chairman, Mrs. W. H. Clarke, and Mrs. Audrey Findley—a comparatively new mother—who bravely took on the job of Fair Convenor, and worked tirelessly to make the Fair a great success. Also, Mrs. R. E. Baker, who kindly let us hold three of our Board meetings in her house, and provided us with delicious refreshments. She is our Treasurer, and, on Fair day, long after most people had gone home, was counting and baking our profits. It was 7:30 p.m. before she left, and to date she has paid \$9,000 into our account, but we still have some outstanding expenses. We already have a long list of

projects from the Headmaster, one being a cover for the Swimming Pool. The cost of this will be \$4,500 and will be voted on at our General meeting on June 14th.

Mrs. Douglas Harker will be sadly missed by our Board and also by the Plant stall where she is usually to be found helping at the Fair. It has been a great pleasure to work with Mr. Douglas Harker, who has always been available for advice and help. I am sure all members will miss his sincere and inspiring talks as Guest Speaker at some of our meetings. He has often explained that the aim of St. George's is to develop a boy's character, turning out not necessarily academic geni, or athletic supermen—but as the Headmaster of Rugby once said—"Christian gentlemen." During his eight years as Headmaster we have seen the school split into two separate buildings—a new Senior school and a swimming pool (opened by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh) and a student centre—no mean feat in such a short time. We wish Betty and Douglas a wonderful future, and every happiness at "Water Lea" on North Pender Island.

Mr. Alan Brown, who was in Vancouver for a week in the Spring attended a Board meeting, and we were all very pleased to meet him. He told us that his Mother had been active in the Auxiliary. We wish him success in his future as Headmaster of St. George's.

Thank you to all members of the Auxiliary for your tremendous help and support. As long as governments refuse to recognise, or give our taxes, to the private or parochial schools our children attend, Auxiliaries are going to be essential to raise money. If this school is to enjoy the same facilities as the public schools: maintain its educational standards, not raise its fees so that it becomes a school for the very rich, nor to fold (as several schools are doing), I would appeal to all parents to get actively involved, if this is the type of school you want.

Thank you for twelve happy years association with St. George's.

D. Barbara Sehmer, Chairman

ST. GEORGE'S COUNTRY FAIR 1971

Despite all our fears beforehand, the 1971 Fair was quite as successful as usual. May 8th proved to be a perfect day; sunny, but not too hot, and, although the holiday to celebrate the Queen's visit to Vancouver on the day before the Fair must have tempted a number of people to be out of town for a long weekend, we seemed to have the usual number of supporters. Perhaps there were not as many St. George's boys as we should have liked.

All the booths did very well and the conveners are to be congratulated on their results. Never have I seen such a hard-working group of ladies and I thank them all for their support and loyalty to St. George's.

Mrs. Colchester worked hard for weeks, sorting and pricing books and records, and her most successful stall took in more money than ever.

Mrs. MacKenzie Smith took over the boutique and deserves a medal for her hard work, while her husband also had a booth and made a great success of selling the silver crested ware.

The cake-walk was a gay affair, run by Mrs. Livingston, while Mrs. Charnell coped admirably with the candy stall. Mrs. Helmchen took charge of the coffee stall and revived many a flagging spirit. Mrs. Overton organized her popular fish pond, while Mrs. Dick froze at the gate, in spite of the sunshine!

An ordinary classroom was transformed by Madame Seed into a most attractive hat salon and Mrs. Beames produced a most imaginative home-sewing booth just full of clever ideas. Well done, ladies!

The home-produce stall was convened by Mrs. Bray and Mrs. Carter and, as usual, was sold out long before closing time. Mrs. Lechzier with the help of Mrs. Lester, took on the jewellery, gifts and art once more and produced a very attractive stall.

Mrs. Mortifee is so efficient in her organizing the Midway, that it seems effortless. Amazing!

Mrs. McLennan nobly took on the plants, with Mrs. Conway to help, and what a tremendous success their booth was!

I offer thanks to Mrs. Fairey and her helpers who made such delicious sandwiches and to Mrs. MacKenzie and Mrs. MacDougal for the snack bar.

Mrs. Forrest Angus organized the tea-room—and what a delightful transformation there was from the boys' dining room to a dainty tea shoppe!

Mrs. Finnerty came back once more to organize her gigantic superfluities booth. She and her helpers worked so hard and did a wonderful job.

Mrs. Boxall coped with her big job as Donations Chairman in her own efficient way and Mrs.





W. Clarke made a tremendous success of the raffle.

Mrs. Stevens came back again with her Post Office booth, and sold surprise parcels, wrapped and stamped. These proved to be a delight to the younger children.

Mrs. McCusker was in charge of publicity and, judging by the numbers of people at the Fair, she did an excellent job.

Mrs. Ariel Hamilton, who has no real connection with the School, was kind enough to tell fortunes for us and she was terrific!

Jill Harker's portraits proved to be as popular as ever and she was kept exceedingly busy all afternoon. Thank you, Jill!

Mrs. Baker was our very efficient treasurer and what a lot of money there was to count this year!

Mrs. Sehmer, the President of the Auxiliary, was there to help and advise.

Many members of the Junior School Staff, and some from the Senior School, gave invaluable help and were always willing to lend a hand in setting up stalls, running them and, then, clearing up in the crazy dash before the Confirmation Service the next morning.

Quite a few boys helped and they were really appreciated. They ran hither and thither and we could not have managed without them.

Mrs. Ashbaugh and the kitchen staff worked very hard and helped in so many ways.

Isaias is so hard-working, dependable and cheerful. What should we do without him?

To all you good people, may I offer my thanks.

Then there is Mr. Blackmore, who not only suffers his school to be turned upside down, but even helps! He knows exactly what should be done and without his calm organization in the background, I dread to think what would happen. Thank you for being such a good sport, Mr. Blackmore!

This year we had three new groups of helpers. Under the supervision of Mr. G. Stancombe, the Scouts ran a most successful shooting gallery. Mr. C. Goodwin and his cricket team organized a toy stall, while a Seventh Grade Pop Group, "The Storm" entertained and gave a very gay and fiesta-like atmosphere to the Fair.

It really was a "Fun Fair" and I think that everybody must have enjoyed it. So many people worked together, donated, begged and borrowed and all with the same aim.

How sorry we all are that this was Mr. Harker's last Fair as Headmaster! However, it was a happy and successful one and we are so glad that he opened it for us.

PROCEEDS OF COUNTRY FAIR

	1971	1970
Books	\$ 342.84	\$ 225.66
Boutique	240.74	307.68
Cake Walk	106.26	126.20
Candy	81.21	104.18
Coffee Bar	11.10	14.05
Crested Ware	872.00	180.25
Cricket Team	107.80	—
Hats	212.80	109.61
Home Produce	305.55	330.79
Home Sewing	389.23	394.59
Jewellery, Gifts	231.60	463.03
Plants	1,397.91	1,231.55
Sandwich Bar	96.47	108.84
Scouts	48.20	—
Snack Bar	168.22	161.05
Superflutes	253.00	327.03
Tea Room	21.70	23.00
Donations	56.00	65.00
Raffle and Admission	3,808.04	3,029.05
Midway	789.63	848.05

\$8,049.61

Misc. booths in 1970 not used in 1971 and Gate receipts on Fair Day kept separate in 1970 and kept with Raffle receipts in 1971 and Fish Pond

473.23

GROSS	\$9,541.30**	\$8,522.84
Less prizes and expenses	2,294.32	1,577.04

Net proceeds \$7,246.98 \$6,845.80

*1970 expenses not complete as some bills paid in 1971.

**Subject to Audit.

MIDWAY

	1971	1970
Addup Darts	\$ 31.64	—
Balloons	7.08	6.79
Add up Pens	—	12.30
Bingo	90.92	50.20
Bar-B-Que	81.35	102.56
Car Wash	14.00	26.00
Clowns Mouth	13.79	19.00
Candy Floss	21.50	21.80
Cork Guns	22.48	21.29
Darts and Balloons	29.00	60.10
Hoop-La	26.84	48.70
Golf Pitch	—	10.65
Horse Ride	10.55	17.95
Milk Bottles	68.61	36.79
Roll the balls	43.55	—
Throw Pennies	21.16	47.64
Water Winging	37.96	54.35
Treasure Hunt	—	5.95
Fortunes	13.25	9.30
Portraits	17.40	—
Postman	50.00	47.36
Merry-Go-Round	—	57.60
Dimes in Bucket	—	4.37
Fish Pond	76.30	67.47
Auction	112.25	187.35

GROSS	\$ 789.03	\$ 848.05
Expenses (included with exp. on general booths)	187.05	200.97

Net \$ 502.58 \$ 647.08

*Incl. in General Booths extras of \$473.23.

LIST OF DONORS ST. GEORGE'S SCHOOL COUNTRY FAIR 1971

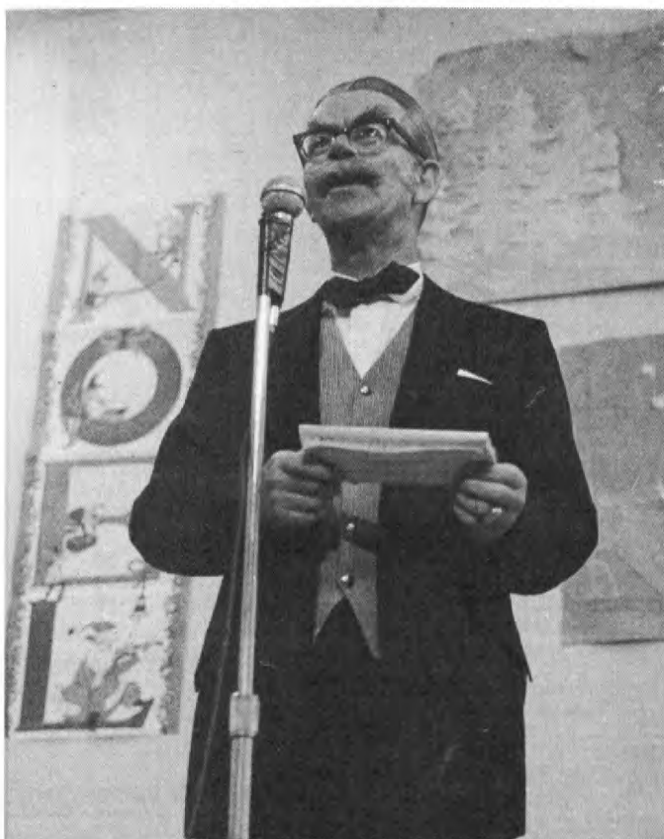
A & B Sound (Mr. Steiner)	Records
Alexander Fraser Galleries	2 paintings for auction
Barton of Canada Ltd.	Toys for Midway
Canada Safeway Ltd.	\$7.50 Gift Certificate
Canadian Fishing Co.	Box of tinned fish
Fred Deeley Cycles Ltd.	10 speed bicycle for raffle
Dunbar Theatre	Movie passes
Duthie Books	\$20.00 Gift Certificate raffle
E. B. Peerless Ltd.	\$10.00 cheque
Graham the Cleaner	\$10.00 Gift Certificate
George Sparling Ltd.	Golf cart—raffle
Henry Birks & Sons Ltd.	Large box of china and glass
Ideal Bakery	Cake for cake walk
Jaffray's Sporting Goods	Tennis racket—raffle
Mrs. Briffin	Painting
Kerrisdale Lumber Co.	Ping pong table for raffle
W. H. Grassie Jewellers Ltd.	Silver chafing dish—raffle
Jones Tent & Awning (K. Jones)	Down filled sleeping bag—raffle
Marty's Ltd. (Mrs. Lloyd)	\$35.00 Gift Certificate—raffle
Malkin & Pinton Supplies Ltd.	Power tool—raffle
Milnes Bakery	Cake
O. B. Allen Ltd.	Evening bag
Mr. and Mrs. Yerbury	Mink collar—raffle
Qualitie Made Bakery	Cake
Smith Davidson & Leckie Ltd.	Key tabs
Swift Canadian Co. Ltd.	Hams
Swartz Bros. Ltd.	Cheque \$10.00
The Bay	Misc. articles
Western Industrial Supply Ltd.	\$25.00 cheque
Woodwards Ltd.	\$25.00 gift certificate—raffle
Johann Strauss Cabaret	2 tickets dinner and dancing—raffle
Mrs. R. K. Lester	Turkey
Mrs. A. Cleridas	Turkey, Meat, Coffee
Mrs. R. Cliff	Plants
Mrs. Mary Stewart	Plants



LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS ON RAFFLE

Boys 10 Speed Bike	Gregory Caine, 14459 Mann Park Crescent, White Rock
Tape Recorder	Mr. Whitton, 2033 Comox, Van.
Skil Jig Saw	S. Ricaby, St. George's School
Mink Collar	Mrs. M. Lang, 958 W. 22nd Ave., Vancouver
Woodwards \$25.00	Mr. J. Gantry, 6131 W. Blvd., Van.
Grassie's Chafing Dish	Mrs. J. Watts, 4200 W. 8th, Van.
Marty's Gift Certificate	Mrs. Mary Brown, 480 Webster, Richmond
Johann Strauss dinner for 2	Mr. R. Poppy, Box 520, Langley
Sleeping Bag, Jones Tent & Awning	Mr. F. Angus, 3370 W. 42nd, Ave. Vancouver
Kerrisdale Lumber, Ping Pong Table	Brent McIntosh
Sparling, Golf Cart	Mr. P. Scheer, 1660 Barclay, Van.
Duthie Books, \$20.00	Mrs. Millard, 3220 Mathers, West Vancouver
Door Prize \$50.00	Mrs. Thomas

SOCIAL EVENTS



VIVE LA

Now boys of St George's I'll sing you a song
It's not very short and it's not very long.

1. 'Tis the season of JOY, don't be MOODY, old BIRD
KNIL SON, like a CHRISTIAN and confess what oc KER red.
2. Where's the COLEMAN? It's FRIESEN! Let's order some PEAT
GREENWOOD we FAIR EY's no use for heat.
3. I really don't know what I've DUNN with McGEER
If I search in the WATERS maybe it will appear.
4. Put on your PARKER, you're TALBOT you're GRAY
COE out on the HEATH, give the old BULL some HAY.
5. In the kitCHAN we've the COOKE, BAKER, MILLER—WATTS MOORE
We've the CARVER who CLEEVEs the WOLFE by the WOOD door.
6. BENTLEY's, HUDSON's, FORD's, DUTSON's, AUSTIN's, MARTIN's,
we've lots
PARKER-JERVIS' SELLON is a car with no KNOX.
7. RICK-A-BY baby on the tree top
If you start to WHINE I'll send for a COPP.
8. Come to the WHITEHOUSE on the LI by the FORD
STA-CEY! Tere's McKEE I'll unLOCKE it, MI-LLERD.
9. I have BINZ filled with SILVER and SELLERS with rings
I'm a RICHARDSO NaBOB, with a house like a KING's.
10. The PANTHERS are MASSON and hungry for CHAU
Each weighs OVERATON—I shall WALK(er) out right now.
11. HI - SLOP - py and DRABBLE - ing; I cannot refrain
From giving the PRATT a sMACK with my CAINE.

In spite of the holidays now drawing near
With parties and similar orgies
I hope you'll be ready to come back next year
To the welcoming arms of St. Georges.

CHORUS:

Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour,
Vive la, vive la, vive l'esprit,
Vive, la, vive la, vive la reine,
Vive la compagnie.

SOCIAL EVENTS

The House Supper was notable for a much higher standard of entertainment than has prevailed for some years. Speeches were brief and amusing; in particular, the School Captain was able to say a few words with regard to a selection of staff members which were much enjoyed by the school and showed a nice appreciation of man's (and woman's) character and foible. The editors meditated publication of the speech in full but were afraid that the financial state of the Georgian might not be equal to the damages levied for libel.

Dances were held in the Student Centre—a room not built for dancing; we missed the sprung floor, decorations and the light show of the last few years in the gym. 'Nuff said.

The Grad was enormously successful, although the only man who was photographed, four times, proved to be Mark Angus — showing his 'comment' to be apt under any circumstances.





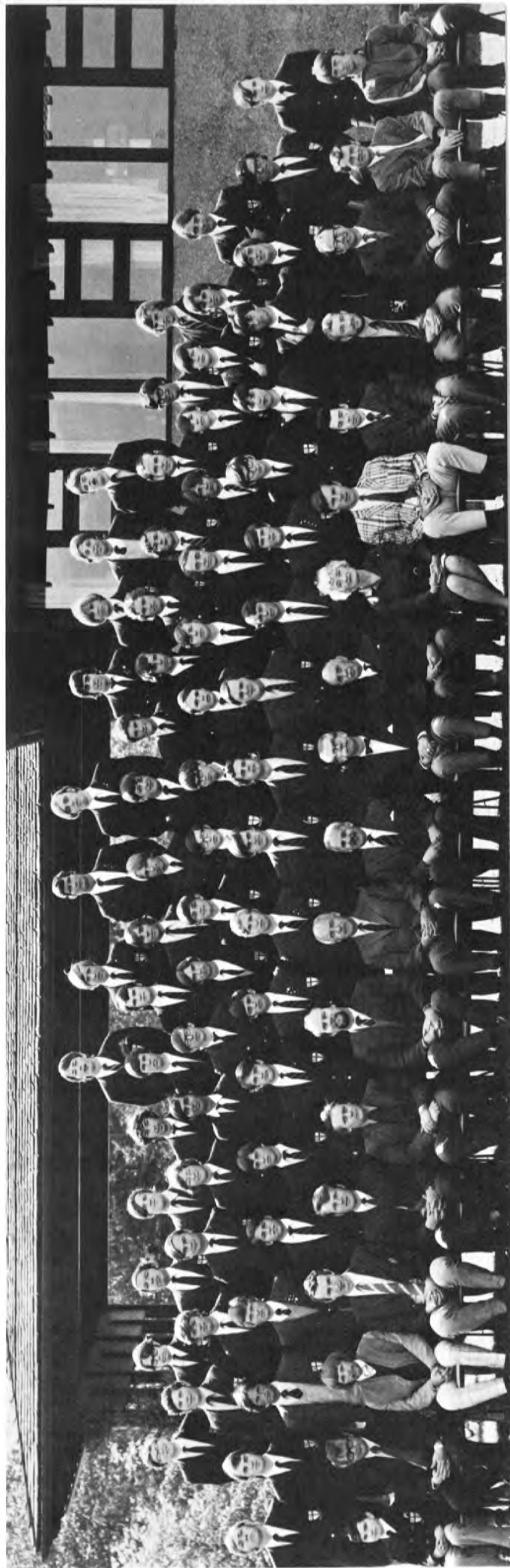
Grades VIII and IX



Grades X and XI

THE ANTE-GRADS.

GRADUATES



Head Boy's Valedictory Speech

Your Honour, Mrs. Nicholson,

Ladies and Gentlemen, Fellow Students:

To most people in this complex and confused world, today is just another day in which to struggle for survival, be it in peace or in war, but to us of the Graduating Class of '71 today is the biggest day in our lives so far, and one which we shall always remember.

Tomorrow we shall no longer be just kids in high school, but young men in society and as such, expected to play our part in the adult world.

St. George's has prepared us for that change, for here we have learned how to co-operate with each other, whether at Math. Break in Room 29 or at rugby on the Island. By our involvement in the many school activities we have learned how to guide and govern ourselves in life itself.

Let me now say a little about the Faculty of St. George's. Like the student body they differ widely in their ideas and actions, but they all share a common bond—they are dedicated to teaching. Some we have liked from the start; others we have gradually learned to respect and in so doing have added to our education.

It is to these men and women that we of the graduating class owe such a debt. They have so shaped and moulded us that we shall be able to go forth into the world equipped to play our part in tackling such pressing problems as the population explosion and the pollution threat to global ecology.

Some of us have proven harder to prepare for this day than others, but the Faculty have never faltered in their efforts to help us all. So, on behalf of the graduating class I wish to thank you, not only for being teachers in the academic sense, but for being understanding and individual human beings in a day of depressing and colourless conformity.

To Mr. Harker, our devoted Headmaster, I say that we fully realize there is no way in which to express our gratitude. You have taken the time to get to know each one of us and to guide us through the years we have spent here.

As most of you know this has been Mr. Harker's last year in a profession he has served for so long. We have tried to make it his best one; we hope we have succeeded.

Now, for both our Headmaster and ourselves, this is past history and all we shall leave behind us are some soon-to-be-forgotten names on the Honour Rolls and a collection of out-of-date pictures on the school walls, but with us we shall carry fond memories of St. George's, which will remain with us to the end.



RICHARDSON, D. *o N*

School Captain, House Prefect, 2nd XV (Colours), Captain Rowing, Captain of Tupper Wing, Outdoor Club.
The Q.C.I. Kid is a real swinger.



NILSON, D. *o N*

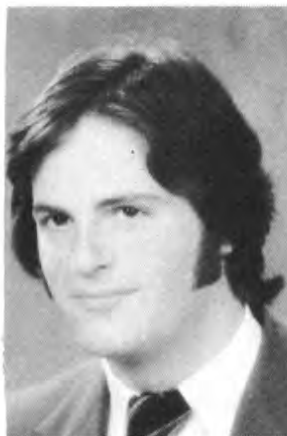
School Vice-Captain, Captain of Athletics, Captain of Cross Country, 2nd XV, Bronze Medal 1500M. (B.C.) Gold Duke of Edinburgh Award.
"I dream of Jeannie with her Adidas on."



ANGUS, M. *ark*
 Captain of Rugby, Prefect,
 Captain of McDougalls, 1st
 XV (Colours). Junior Georgi-
 ans, Georgian Staff, School
 Play.
*"The eagle, he was Lord
 above and Mark was Lord
 below."*



ANNABLE, B. *lake*
 Cross Country, Music.
Johnny Winters II



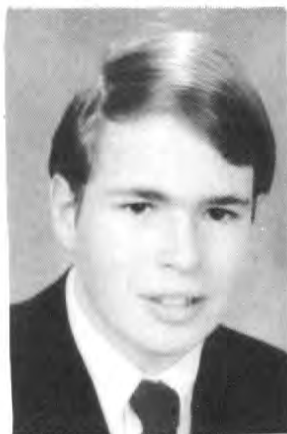
BALFOUR, R. *richie*
 Prefect 1st XV (Colours),
 Junior Georgians, Swim
 Team, Arts Club, Art Gal-
 lery Committee.
*If of herself she will not
 love, nothing can make her.
 Let Richy take her.*



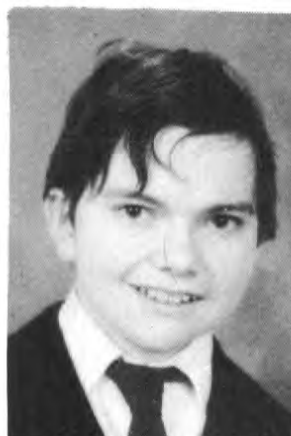
BINZ, C. *avlar*
 4th XV, Track Team, Librar-
 ian, School Play.
Really I'm Swiss.



CAINE, T. *odd*
 4th XV, Rowing Crew, Cross
 Country, Scuba Diving.
He tried in a Mini-What?



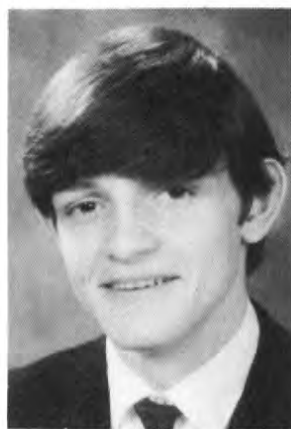
CAPLE, C. *chris*
 Reach for the Top, Honour
 Student, Debating Team,
 Georgian Staff, Arts Club,
 School Play, Sailing.
*Chris is the brightest stu-
 dent in 12A.*



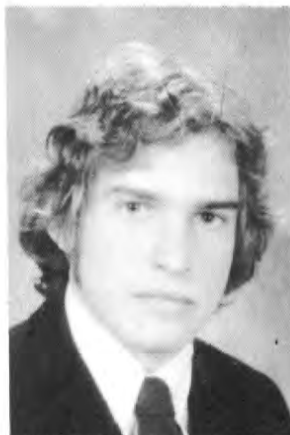
CARVER, P. *steve*
 Honour Student, Debating
 Team, Arts Club.
Pet Peeve: Colin Coe.



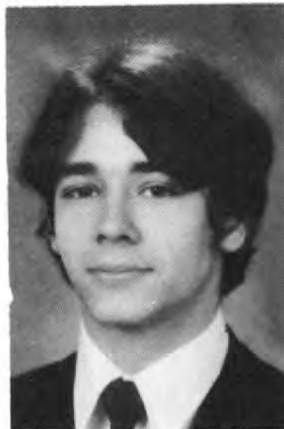
COE, C. *colin*
 Cross Country, Soccer, Sat-
 irist.
*Better dead than Red, Yel-
 low, Black . . .*



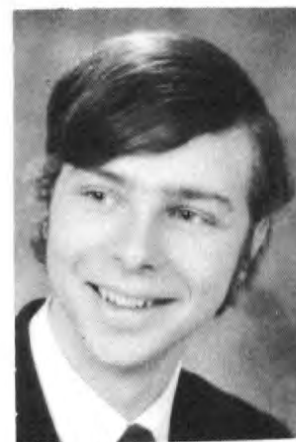
COLEMAN, C. *chris*
 3rd XV, Basketball (Col-
 ours), 1st XI Cricket (Col-
 ours), Junior Georgians,
 Georgian Staff, Boader's
 Committee.
*Those sure are neet look-
 ing legs there, Chris.*



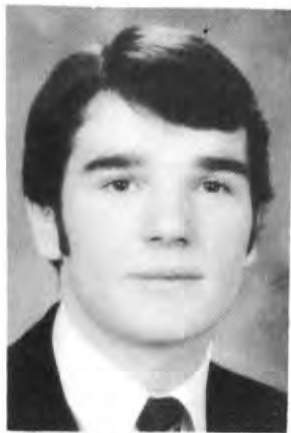
COOK, B. *brian*
 1st XV, 1st XI Cricket,
 Swim Team, Junior Georgi-
 ans, School Play, Tennis.
Hey, Honkers!



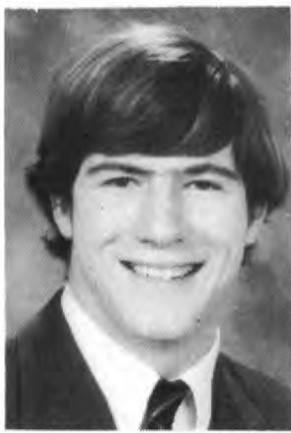
CRUICKSHANK, H. *herald*
 Ice Hockey Team, Junior
 Georgians, Grass Hockey,
 School Play
*Father Harry from Brier-
 crest.*



DAVIDSON, D. *david*
 Grass Hockey, Music.
*If Davo comes, can Au-
 tumns be far behind?*



DICK, S. *Stuart*
School Committee, 3rd XV (Colours), 1st XI Grass Hockey, Swim Team, Gold Duke of Edinburgh Award, Georgian Staff.
Pet Peeve: English Class 1st period every morning.



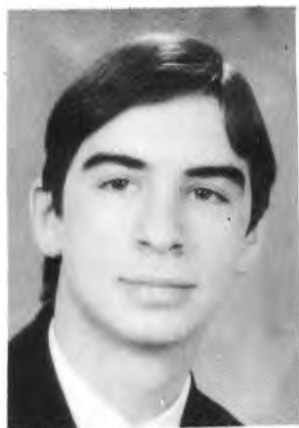
DOLMAGE, J. *John*
Prefect, Captain of Fell Wing, 1st XV (Colours), 1st XI Cricket, Gymnastics, Swim Team, Scuba Diving.
Sir! Sir! UUUUMMMM UU- UUMMM UUMM



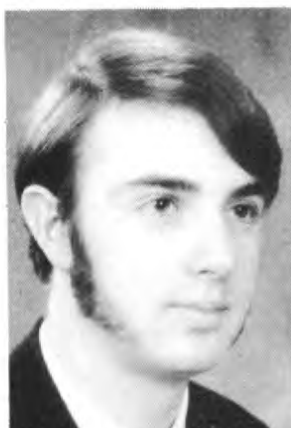
DRABBLE, P. *Peter*
House Prefect, 3rd XV (Colours), School Play.
Overheard on the Rugby Field, "Don't Dribble Drabble."



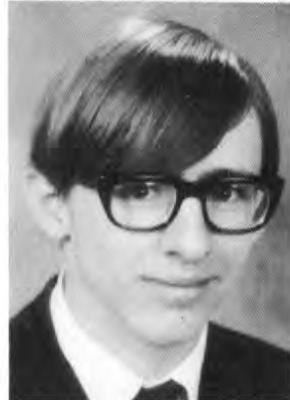
FALKINS, B. *Bruce*
2nd XV (Colours), Rowing, Newall Cup.
Chin up, Bruce, it's only a small dent.



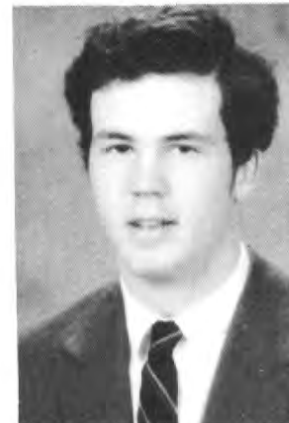
GALPIN, B. *Bruce*
4th XV, Skiing.
Pig Pen's brother.



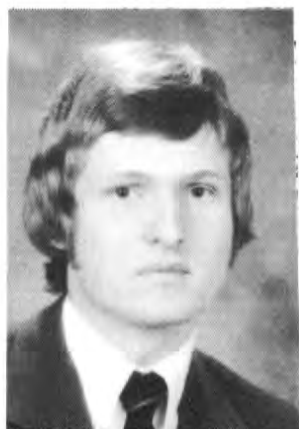
GIESBRECHT, E. *Eric*
3rd XV Captain (Colours).
Eric's the BIG scoop.



GREENWOOD, J. *John*
Cross Country, Soccer, Grass Hockey.
Passtime: Cutting down greasers.



HAMILTON, J. *Jim*
School Prefect, Capt. of Clark Wing, 1st XV, Van. Rep. (under 17), Junior Georgians, Rowing, Arts Club.
Sorry I'm late Sir, slept in again you know.



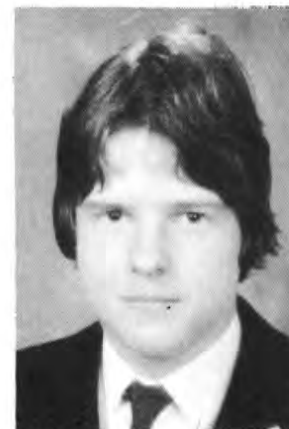
HAMMERBERG, S. *Steven*
School Prefect, Capt. 2nd XV (Colours), Track Team, Tennis Team, President Arts Club, Director of School Play, Georgian Staff.
Son, you got anything with your name on it? "Sorry Officer, just my underwear."



HARRISON, J. *Julian*
Reach for the Top, Honour Student, Debating Team, Math Team, Olympiad, Victoria symposium, Georgian Student Editor, Arts Club.
Pet Peeve: Haircuts with salad bowls.



HEATH, M. *Murray*
Georgian Staff, Swim Team, Cross Country, Debating.
Are some of those clothes for real, Murray?



HEBB, P. *Phil*
Art Gallery Committee, Ski Team.
A Retiring IL Penseroso.



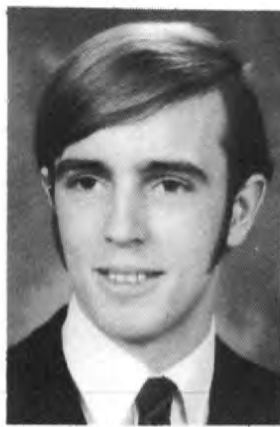
HISLOP, J.

School Committee, 2nd XV, Track Team, School Play. *The Flying Tiger.*



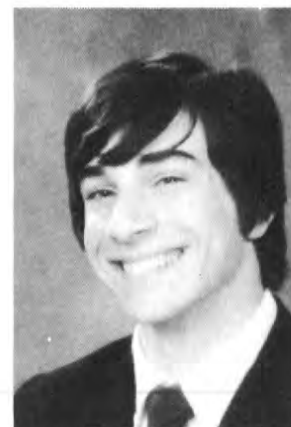
JENNINGS, T. *om*

2nd XV (Colours), Swimming, Grass Hockey. *The third but not the least of his clan.*



JESPERSEN, S. *teen*

School Committee, Gymnastics, Track Team, Arts Club, Victoria Symposium, School Play, Cross Country Team. *Steen had a real ball at the Victoria Symposium.*



KILLAS, K. *ost*

Captain of Tennis and Badminton, Track Team, Grass Hockey. *Kost Knose All.*



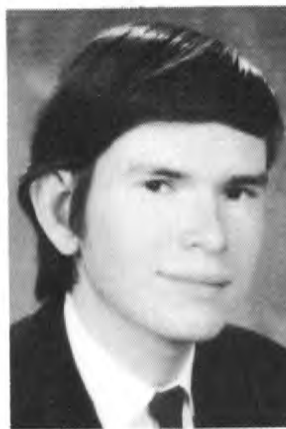
KING, H. *arry*

Honour Student, Victoria Symposium, Reach for the Top, Math Team, Summer Science Programme, Physics Club. *Going to M.I.T. Harry?*



LUCKEY, T. *ad*

School Prefect, 3rd XV (Colours), Cross Country, Scuba Diving. *His stature belies his name.*



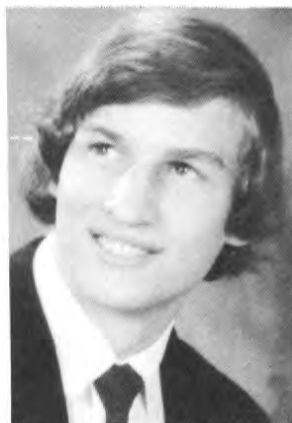
MAITLAND, R. *obert*

Extra Work! 3:10 Club. *100,000 Mile Car Club.*



MILLERD, D. *oug*

Soccer, Golf, 3:10 Club. *Douglas, The Invisible Man.*



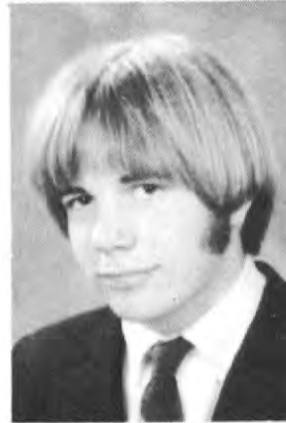
MITCHELL, J. *im*

1st XV (Colours), Junior Georgians, Van. Reps. (under 17). *Has anyone seen where Waters is went?*



MCDONALD, L.

School Prefect, Honour Student, Cross Country, Track Team. *It's free? I'll take a dozen O.K.!*



McGEER, M. *ike*

President School Committee, Badminton, Tennis, Grass Hockey. *Let's have a big clap for Brud.*

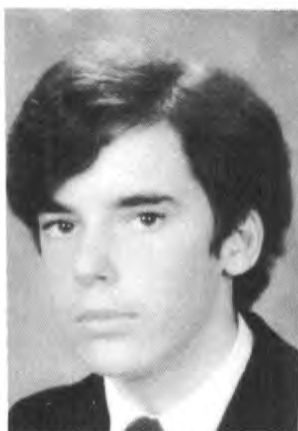


McKEE, P. *eter*

2nd XV, Scuba Diving, House Prefect. *Your deal, Pete.*



McLAREN, M. *alcom*
House Prefect.
The Poet's Poet.



McLENNEN, N. *iel*
4th XV, Captain of Field Hockey, Ski Team.
Little boys should be seen and not heard.



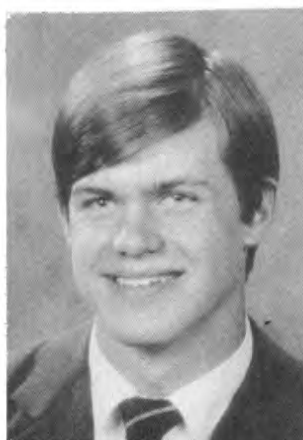
McPHERSON, D. *ave*
Track Team, Cross Country Team, Victoria Symposium, Gold Duke of Edinburgh Award, Arts Club.
Heads up, Fritz.



PALMER, A.
1st XV, 1st XI Cricket, Junior Georgians, Vancouver Reps. (under 17), Art Gallery Committee, School Play.
Big Al runs the show here.



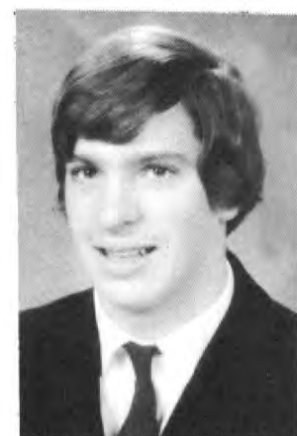
PEARCY, J. *in*
Music.
Beauty is only chin deep. Don't worry, you still have a chance.



PEAT, G. *orge*
School Prefect, House Prefect, 1st XV (Colours), Captain of Basketball (Colours), Track Team, Junior Georgians, Arts Club.
Rumour has it that Charlie the Tuna will soon have George as a son-in-law.



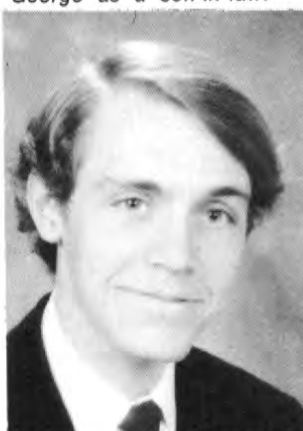
PETROVIC, R. *obert*
Basketball, Rowing Crew.
All you need is a Busy Bee.



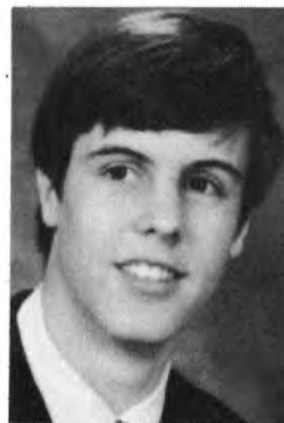
RIDLEY, B. *ob*
2nd XV, Canoeing.
I've never seen so many wheels!



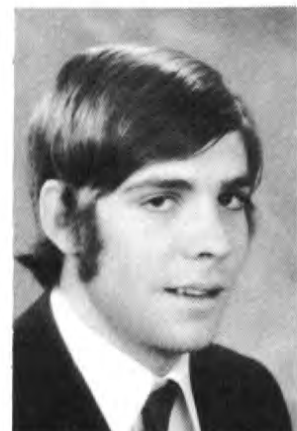
SCHOEN, M. *hp*
Swimming Pool Committee, 2nd XV (Colours), Swim Team.
Here's my 20c. Just one more you guys.



SCOTT, B. *lake*
Swimming, School Play, Philosopher.
Blake got his wings clipped for Grad.



SCOTT, T. *om*
Badminton, Cycling, Soccer, Grass Hockey.
A very groovy cat.



SEATON, D. *ave*
Track Team, Rugby, Swimming.
I thought I had him in the fourth round.



SEHMER, T.
Reach for the Top, Debating Team, Honour Student, Georgian Staff, Arts Club. Captain Canada ???



SPEIRS, C.
School Prefect, 2nd XV, Junior Georgians, Captain of Gymnastics, Swim Team, Track Team. Boy! Those 747's are big!



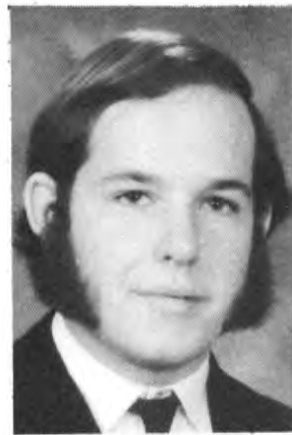
SPOUGE, J.
Math Team, Honour Student, Olympiad, Arts Club. Say Sir? Where do you think I can get a 49 Hillman?



SPRUNG, J.
4th XV, Swim Team. Big Bad John.



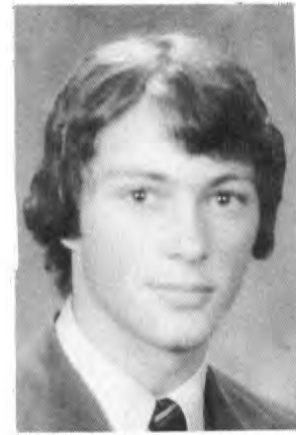
STOTHERT, D.
4th XV, Rowing, Swimming. Admires periodic tests from afar.



WALKER, G.
1st XV (Colours), School Play, Georgian Staff. "You're going to kill yourself, yu' know."



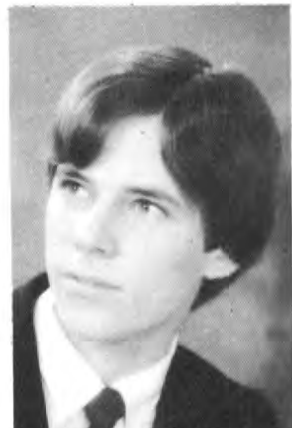
WALLACE, D.
2nd XV, Badminton, Golf. The true success is (sometimes) to labour.



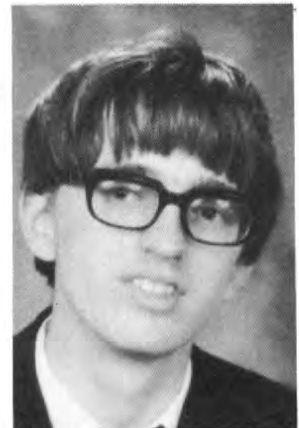
WATERS, R.
School Prefect, 1st XV, Captain of Cricket (Colours), Gymnastics, Vancouver Reps. (under 17), Junior Georgians. Anybody know where I can get a hairy-bellied, pink throated thrush egg?



WEBSTER, B.
3rd XV (Colours), Gymnastics (Colours), School Play. His vocabulary might astonish his erute namesake.



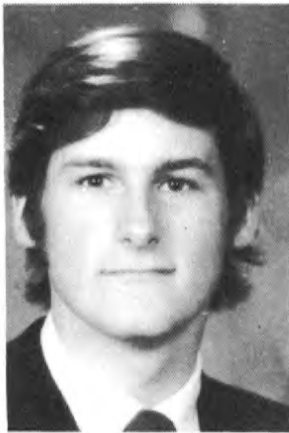
WHITWORTH, C.
Rowing Crew, Grass Hockey. It's nice to see you've got ears.



WHYTE, C.
Cross Country, Swimming, Math Club. Pet Peeve: Same as Harrison's.



WILHELMSSEN, P.
Boarder Committee, 2nd XV. (Colours). 1st XI cricket, Swim Team, Actor. Look close—it has an inner meaning.



WILLIAMS, D.*ave*
2nd XV, 1st XI Grass Hockey,
Sailing, Georgian Staff.
Buckle up for safety!



WILLIAMS, G.
Cross Country.
Our head man from Smithers.



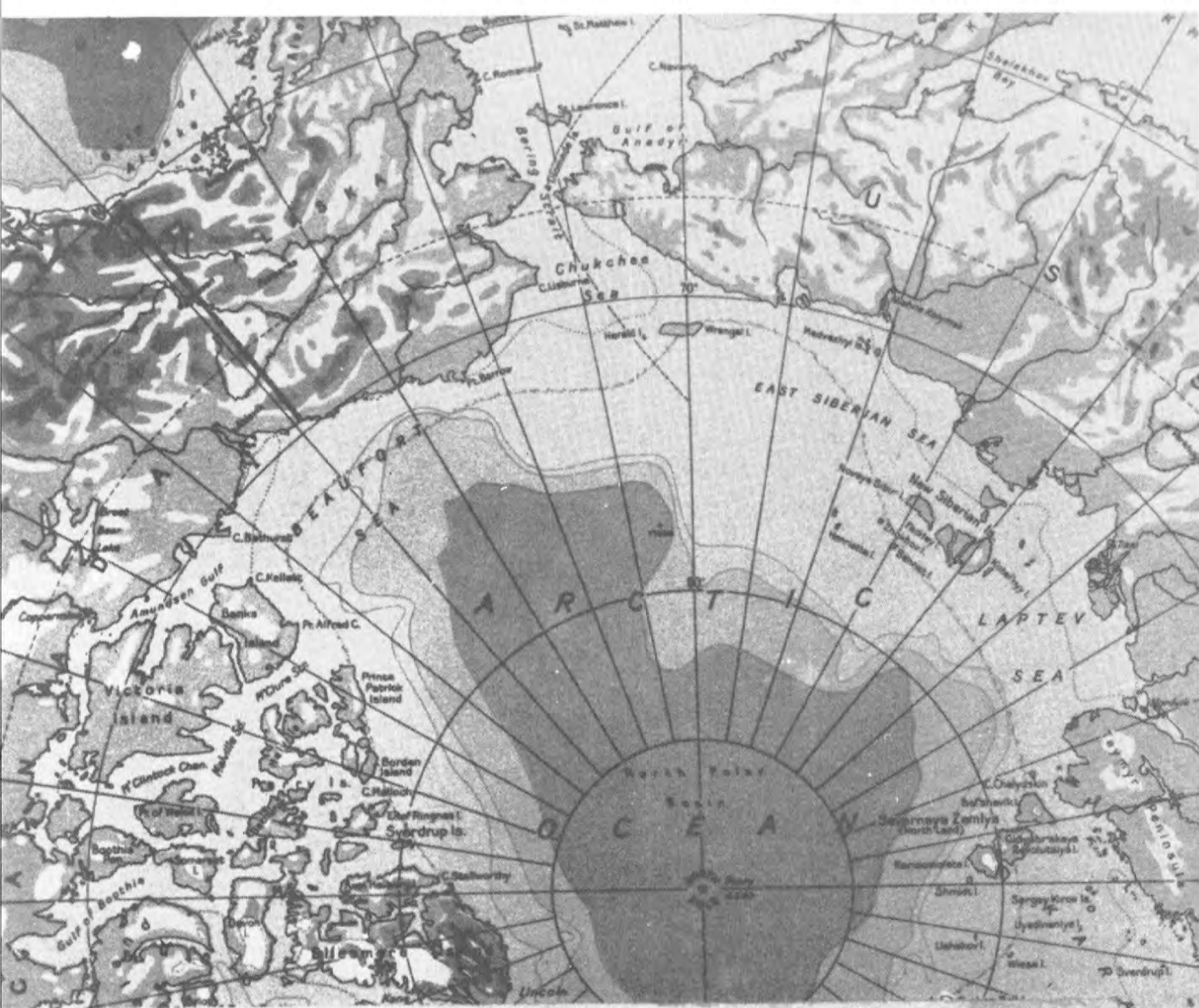
YERBURY, *Fred*
Rowing Crew, Cross Country,
Outdoor Club.
Nothing like a fat, green cigar after dinner.



"A Good Bird Dog!"

GRADUATING CLASS 1971

ANGUS, M.	3370 West 42nd Ave., Vancouver 13	226-0745
ANNABLE, B.	735 King George's Way, West Vancouver	922-9535
BALFOUR, R.	3580 Wellington Ave., West Vancouver	921-9112
BINZ, C.	Avenida Monte Blanco 930, Mexico 10, D. F. Mexico	
CAINE, T.	604 - 2180 Argyle Ave., West Vancouver	922-5808
CAPLE, C.	6044 Collingwood St., Vancouver 13	261-9123
CARVER, P.	4528 West 3rd Ave., Vancouver 8	224-5432
COE, C.	908 Tsawwassen Beach, Ladner, B.C.	943-3895
COLEMAN, C.	R.R. #1, Port Washington, B.C.	539-2477
COOK, B.	3964 Bayridge, West Vancouver	922-7044
CRUICKSHANK, H.	8255 Manson Drive, Burnaby 2	937-5848
DAVIDSON, D.	5950 Athlone St., Vancouver 13	261-6167
DICK, S.	5838 Adera St., Vancouver 13	261-7151
DOLMAGE, J.	1868 Inglewood, West Vancouver	922-5433
DRABBLE, P.	58 Rutland House, Calgary, Alberta	
FALKINS, B.	1022 Eyremount, West Vancouver	922-6806
GALPIN, B.	4427 West 15th Ave., Vancouver 8	224-1204
GIESBRECHT, E.	5 Semana Crescent, Vancouver 13	263-3431
GREENWOOD, J.	102 Queens Ave, New Westminster	522-7079
HAMILTON, J.	527 Crescent Boulevard, Calgary, Alberta	243-5819
HAMMERBERG, S.	3295 Uplands, Victoria, B.C.	922-0056
HARRISON, J.	4514 West 6th Ave., Vancouver 8	224-0314
HEATH, M.	439 Eastcot Road, West Vancouver	922-1837
HEBB, P.	1251 Matthews Ave., Vancouver 9	738-3844
HISLOP, J.	Productos Quimicos Esso S.A., Apartado 118, Castellorm, Espana	
JENNINGS, T.	919 Odlin Road, Richmond, B.C.	278-2828
JESPERSEN, S.	406 East 48th Ave., Vancouver 15	321-1031
KILLAS, K.	2525 Wallace Crescent, Vancouver 8	224-1675
KING, H.	1691 Somerset Crescent, Vancouver 13	266-8016
LUCKEY, T.	104 - 235 Keith Road, West Vancouver	922-3504
MAITLAND, R.	709 Sylvan Ave., North Vancouver	988-1375
MILLERD, D.	3220 Mathers Ave., West Vancouver	922-5624
MITCHELL, J.	1837 West 58th Ave., Vancouver 14	261-2118
McDONALD, L.	4775 Connaught Drive, Vancouver 9	736-0036
McGEER, M.	4116 Angus Drive, Vancouver 9	733-7178
McKEE	3509 Capilano Road, North Vancouver	985-3449
McLAREN, M.	2601 40th Ave. West, Seattle, Washington 98199	AT 4-5398
McLENNAN	2961 West 49th Ave., Vancouver 13	733-1015
McPHERSON, D.	6185 Eastmont Drive, West Vancouver	921-9197
NILSON, D.	2247 Nelson Ave., West Vancouver	926-2764
PALMER, A.	3789 Cedar Crescent, Vancouver 9	733-1282
PEARCY, J.	544 Amess St., New Westminster	521-4858
PEAT, G.	104 South High St., Thunder Bay, Ontario	807-345-2630
PETROVIC, R.	1663 Carney St., Prince George, B.C.	563-9585
RICHARDSON, D.	Meadow Creek, B.C.	Duncan Lake 221
RIDLEY, B.	1692 West 40th Ave., Vancouver 13	263-6161
SCHOEN, M.	10159 - 125th St., North Surrey, B.C.	581-5049
SCOTT, B.	5973 182th St., North Surrey, B.C.	574-5216
SCOTT, T.	1529 West 35th Ave., Vancouver 13	261-3520
SEATON, D.	121 28th St., West Vancouver	922-0385
SEHMER, T.	7276 Blenheim St., Vancouver 13	261-9423
SPEIRS, C.	3329 West 43rd Ave., Vancouver 13	266-4850
SPOUGE, J.	6211 Wiltshire St., Vancouver 13	263-4887
SPRUNG, J.	1068 Eyremount Drive, West Vancouver	922-0739
STOHTER, D.	424 Haddon Drive, West Vancouver	922-9652
WALKER, G.	3943 West 9th Ave., Vancouver 8	224-7326
WALLACE, D.	1350 Connaught Drive, Vancouver 9	261-4388
WATERS, R.	2046 Quilchena Crescent, Vancouver 13	261-4589
WEBSTER, B.	6907 Laburnum St., Vancouver 14	266-8998
WHITWORTH, C.	1031 Clyde Ave., West Vancouver	922-7971
WHYTE, C.	5960 Marine Drive, West Vancouver	921-9718
WILHELMSSEN, P.	4751 Drummond Drive, Vancouver 8	224-3045
WILLIAMS, D.	2857 South West Marine Drive, Vancouver 13	263-4513
WILLIAMS, G.	Box 400, Smithers, B.C.	847-9420
YERBURY, F.	1788 176th St., Surrey, B.C.	336-8572



Carried by hand to
North Pole 5/19/71



CANADIAN
EXPEDITION
TO THE NORTH
POLE, APR. 1971



Mrs Ben Sweet
2595 Beller Ave

via courier



ICE ISLAND T-3
LAT 52° N. LONG 79° W



OLD BOYS

"You don't just stand there and do nothing."



◊ Commander Roger Sweeney, R.C.N. ('39), as Chief of Staff Operations, Northern Region Headquarters, based on Yellowknife, was invited by the Commissioner of the NWT to be a member of the Canadian North Pole Expedition, 1970. Although weather conditions turned out not to be favourable for a landing for the official party at that time, we reproduce, on the opposite page, an envelope showing the postmarks on a letter written to Commander Sweeney's mother while on the flight. He is now posted to Esquimalt to serve temporarily on the R.C.N. supply vessel "Provider" stationed in Northern waters. 'Sweeney's House' is named after his father.

Geoff Stancombe ('63), now on the Staff of St. George's, teaching Socials and P.S., made a heroic rescue of two canoeists from the Similkameen River on the 24th May long weekend. He had previously warned them not to tackle the river. After pulling one canoeist out of the icy water, he drove his car a mile and a half along the highway, dived into the river and rescued the second. The "Sun" later mixed up two articles and published Mr. Alan Brown's name under Mr. Stancombe's picture. As someone put it "Hero one day, Headmaster the next."

ST. GEORGE'S OLD BOYS ASSOCIATION

Among the events held by the Old Boys during 1970-71 was the annual dinner on November 27, 1970, held in the Students Centre at which some 80 turned up. The spring cocktail party was held February 27, 1971 and was a great success with some 300 people attending.

Tim Douglas, now living in Williams Lake, has retired after two years as the hard-working President of the Old Boys. The annual meeting was held May 10 and John MacDougall (40's) was elected President, with the Executive including Bruce Allan (60's) and Ray Dixon (40's) as Vice Presidents, Bill Clarke (40's) as Treasurer, Cedric Hawkshaw (30's) as Secretary and Bob Bentley (30's).

At the annual meeting, approval was given to formulate plans for setting up a Charitable Foundation to honour the many years of service to the School of John and Douglas Harker. This is expected to be a major undertaking of the Executive in the near future in the belief that with over 1,000 Old Boys of past years and with some 60 being added annually, a broad base exists to permit the raising of substantial monies to advance the aims and objects of the School.



We say goodbye to Douglas Harker after nine years as Headmaster of the School. His association with St. George's goes back nearly 40 years and we wish him well in his retirement.

We also wish to express our sincere thanks to Mrs. Taylor who for the past two years has undertaken most of our secretarial work, as well as maintaining and up-dating the address files.

AN OLD BOY AT OXFORD IN THE SEVENTIES

If you come up to Oxford for the first time before the year begins, the town strikes you as a stage setting waiting patiently for its players. There are plenty of people about, milling along the modern shops on Cornmarket Street, or walking along the stalls in the Covered Market buying the day's groceries. But the great colleges are dark at night and their quadrangles are empty, except for the odd tourist admiring the flower-boxes of Brasenose, or the huge unfinished cloisters of Christ Church, or the towers of All Souls.

Oxford—that is, the University—really only lives in three eight-week bursts each year; Michaelmas, Hilary and Trinity terms. Then the colleges fill up with undergraduates and their tutors, the libraries are crowded, students browse endlessly in Blackwell's Book Shop, and rock music thumps incongruously from windows in buildings three or four centuries old. For a student coming from Canada perhaps the 'oddest thing is the fact that there hardly seems to be such a thing as the University

of Oxford. The big libraries and laboratories belong to the University all right, but your life is tied up mostly with one of the colleges, which by Canadian standards are still surprisingly independent of each other. You eat in your college hall, and depending on which college it is you may have to eat dinner in academic gown; my college—Wadham—just abolished that rule this year. You are probably assigned tutorials, weekly one-hour private teaching sessions, with one or other of the Fellows in your college; each college has tutors in practically all the subjects that are taught at Oxford. You live in your college as well for at least your first year, in anything from an enormous ancient "set" or sitting-room and bedroom to a compact single room in a new building at the back of the college.

There are twenty-five or so of these colleges; only a quarter are for women, and a very few, mostly graduate colleges, are coeducational. (Some of the men's colleges, though are beginning

to toy with the idea of becoming coeducational themselves.) The architecture of its buildings gives each one a distinct character. Christ Church is huge, impressive and strong; Merton is cozy and mediaeval; New College is lofty but sprawling; Wadham is unfussy but well-proportioned. The wealthy eccentric of the lot is All Souls: large, empty, and rich enough to afford having no students at all, only Fellows, and (so they say) the best wine-cellar in England.

On a sunny spring afternoon, you are quite ready to believe that Oxford life is something that cannot change. The golden stone of the colleges glows in the light; the rowing eights clunk their way rhythmically up and down the Isis; and from where the cows graze in Christ Church Meadow you look across to a view of walls and spires that was exactly the same two hundred years ago. But the life is

changing of course: the girls walk along High Street in minis and maxis of every kind, the traffic roaring by never seems to stop, and college walls are chalked with slogans like, "No man is good enough to be another's master," or, "Smile—Smash the System." Some of the changes are sad; Oxford Union, a private debating society where you can still see a debate conducted in full evening dress and leisurely elegance every Thursday evening, is losing far too much money on its dining rooms, libraries and billiard rooms and may virtually disappear soon. Yet many of the changes are necessary and for the good; and Oxford life will probably go on to entertain and educate us for a few centuries yet.

Joost Blom, ('63),
Wadham College,
Oxford, May 1971

GEORGIAN RUGBY CLUB

(Founded 1961)

The club's tenth season held promise of being an outstandingly good one. Many experienced and many new young players could be called on. And so it started out, until injuries began to take their toll and then we seldom fielded a first XV at full strength. We did enjoy some good wins, notably over Meralomas, Ex-Britts, Rowing Club and Capitanos; we lost narrowly to Kats and heavily to UBC, the latter largely through abuse of the off-side law.

Barry Stubbs had to relinquish the presidency of the club owing to business commitments. We thank him for his support over the years and hope to see him back with us again soon. Thanks also to Clive Austin, especially for his help in founding the Georgians Juniors, where many of our young players did extremely well against the Japan High Schools' Touring Team.

Mike Chambers, who led the club after the captain's withdrawal through injury, and Chris Lefevre, who gave much inspiration by his own strenuous efforts on the field, have also earned our gratitude, as have all those who contributed directly or indirectly to the club's activities through the season.

In the Sevens, we relinquished our four-year hold on the Spray Cup, going out to a fit Trojans side in a close game.

Andrew Spray, Clive Austin, Mike Chambers and Chuck Plester played for Nor-Wes Reps against the all-conquering UBC side in the McKechnie Cup. Plester unfortunately went out of the game after a few minutes with a dislocated shoulder.

Angus Stewart and Bill Sleath were reserves.

Before being injured in the B.C.-Ontario championship final, Colin Dutson captained the B.C. team when they beat Alberta in Calgary.

It appears that few, if any, of our players are in contention for places on the Canadian tour to Wales in the Fall. Considering the tremendous performances that some of our team put in during the year, this is nothing short of scandalous, and we can but hope that the selectors will see the light of day in time.

Our warmest thanks and appreciation are also due to two other men who are leaving us this year: Thor Young and Douglas Harker. They have both given unstinted support to club activities since its inception. We thank them sincerely, wish them well for the future and hope to see them at our functions whenever they are back in Vancouver.

At the annual banquet, winners of awards were as follows:—Firbank Trophy (Most Valuable Player) Angus Stewart; Harker Trophy (Best Rookie) Alistair Hamilton; Harker Junior Trophy (Best Schoolboy) George Peat.

We are looking to a good season next year and in this context wish the new Captain, Chris Lefevre, the very best of luck. Members new and old are asked to get fit in plenty of time, to aim for a full playing season, and to put all their energies behind the club's plans for building a clubhouse and going on a tour in 1972; last but not least, to help in any way they can with the fund-raising campaign which will be directed to these goals.

C. S. Dutson, Captain, 1970/71

OLD BOYS' NEWS

Tim Auger ('64) is working for the National Parks Dept., at Yoho National Park at Field, B.C., and also at the warden station at Lake O'Hara, one of the most popular mountain-climbing areas in the Rockies.

Adrian Belshaw ('69) is "thinking" this summer under Doctor Peter Larkin, applying Computer Science and Mathematics to Ecology.

Joost Blom ('63) graduated from Law School, U.B.C., with a Commonwealth Scholarship. He is now at Wadham College, Oxford, studying law and the English way of life. (We print an article from him in this issue).

Ned Bowes is running a bookstore on Duns-muir, specializing in Western Canadiana.

Bill Brady ('65) came back from two terms in helicopter service in Vietnam and is now at Puget Sound College.

Aidan Butterfield has been awarded the University of Lethbridge Research Scholarship in Arts and Sciences—value \$1,000.00. His subject is geography.

Garry Caple ('55) is a research engineer in communications for Bell Northern Electric in Ottawa.

Bill Clarke ('48) is hoping to enter political life, we understand. He has two sons currently in the school.

Huntley Chapman ('64) is graduating from U.B.C. Faculty of Medicine and will intern at Toronto General Hospital.

Tim Douglas ('66), Chairman of the Old Boys' Association for the last three years, has left his stock-broking office in Vancouver for the automobile business at Williams Lake.

Cooper Drabble ('36), who graduated in Engineering from Queen's after serving in World War II, has specialized in oil pollution. He has been in Australia for the last four years, working for Esso (Standard Oil) in N.S.W. and Victoria, Australia. His son, Peter, graduates this year from St. George's.

Evan Evans-Atkinson ('42) is now Night Editor of the Vancouver Sun. He has done a lot of sailing in the last thirty years in the Caribbean and the Mediterranean, among other places, but has not yet sailed round the world. As for the Trudeau wedding scoop—that was 'just another night'. His son, Bruce, is now in Grade XI at St. George's.

Bill Fraser ('62) studied for his Ph.D. at Queen's and had his child christened in the Chapel at St. George's last Christmas.

Gregory Galbraith-Hamilton ('70), about to enter Electrical Engineering at U.B.C., has now dropped the 'Galbraith' as it will not fit on any computer forms.

Peter Heap ('64) received his M. Phil. in History from Yale University this year. He now has a Canada Council Scholarship and is working on his Ph.D. thesis in Warwick, England. He still plays cricket.

Mike Horsey ('60) married Miss Canada and is now personal assistant to the Mayor of Calgary.

Jim Hudson ('66) graduated from U.B.C. and is now a chartered accountant at Yellowknife: his brother, Alan, is entering Law School at U.B.C. this Fall.

Malcolm Hunter ('69), now at S.F.U., and Steve Millen ('70), now at U.B.C., returned to St. George's to talk about their respective experiences. Steve helped with the School Play and Malcolm is coaching rowing at another school.

Dave Kennedy ('64) now works in C.P.A. at Prince George. He has seen much of the world since joining the company, including a tour this spring to Tokyo and Hong Kong.

Thomas Kum, Nelson Lam and Robert Lui (all '70) are attending McGill University and at least one was responsible for sending a Chinese greeting on a French Christmas card to a certain St. George's Old Boy in Vancouver. The reply was sent in Latin and allegedly understood.

Mark Latham ('70) added to his earlier winnings with a \$4,000 scholarship from General Motors on entering U.B.C. At sixteen, he is now about to enter second year Honours Science.

John McDougall ('30) is the new President of the Old Boys' Association and has two sons at the Junior School. His wife, Rosemary, is the new President of the Auxiliary. St. George's, beware!

Ian MacLean ('64) graduated from Queen's last year. Since Christmas, he has been working in the libraries at St. George's and will enter the School of Librarianship this fall at U.B.C. on the new Master's programme.

Ken McVicar ('62) has received his Ph.D. in Poli-Sci. at Queen's, where he is now teaching.

Henry Mallin ('69), after two years in Israel, working in a Kibbutz, has returned to Vancouver to



Lunch in SUB at U.B.C.,
some well known faces
from '70



Cocktail party

take a course in hotel management at B.C.I.T.

Peter Melhuish ('66) graduated from U.B.C. in Archaeology. After a year in post-graduate studies, he is now studying for an M.A. in psychology.

Pat Moore ('66) has been seen on Television and in the press as opposing the Amchitka underground bomb test. He is now a graduate student at U.B.C. "The time has long passed when the majority of mankind recognised the unacceptable nature of nuclear conflict and that the very presence of nuclear weapons represents a threat to world security and human survival."

John Muirhead ('64) graduated from B.C.I.T. in financial planning.

Don Ratcliffe ('64) graduated in Urban Planning from U.B.C. and is now in London, England, working on Freeways for the Ministry of Transport.

Michael Reimann ('54), Ph.D., is working on the Vancouver Stock Exchange, using his experience with computers; he is also the Treasurer of the Alliance Française.

Michael Robinson ('69), in Anthropology and English at U.B.C., found time to run a close fought but unsuccessful campaign, with Adrian Belshaw, for positions on the A.M.S. This summer he is engaged on a survey of archaeological sites in B.C.

John Ross ('58), now on the staff at the Bedford Institute in Nova Scotia, is involved in Sonar Underwater Research.

Murray Ross ('58) is one of four Canadians sent by the Royal Bank of Canada to London to join in Oran Multinational Services. This new organization, which is composed of emissaries from Canada, the United States, Germany and Britain is to advise large organizations on the European Common Market. Murray will be involved in this undertaking for three years.

Sedley Sweeney ('35), now farming in Wales, has founded and is directing the "Strive" project, aimed at teaching Tibetan refugees from the Himalayan camps the elements of hill farming with simple tools. "In the evenings, after tending the sheep and milking the cows, the Tibetans sit around the stove cooking their favourite food "Momo", minced meat in dumplings, and playing their flutes. They will raise oats, barley and root vegetables, using bullocks as they do in India. Mrs. Sweeney will teach the girls on the project to maintain their ancient rural domestic crafts of butter- and cheese-making, pottery and weaving. They have a monk-teacher for the art, music, dance and drama, and the religious element." The aim is to send the young people, eventually, back to India when funds permit a school to be opened there.

Ret Tinning ('64) is working for a stock broker in Vancouver; Campbell is, as ever, playing many roles.

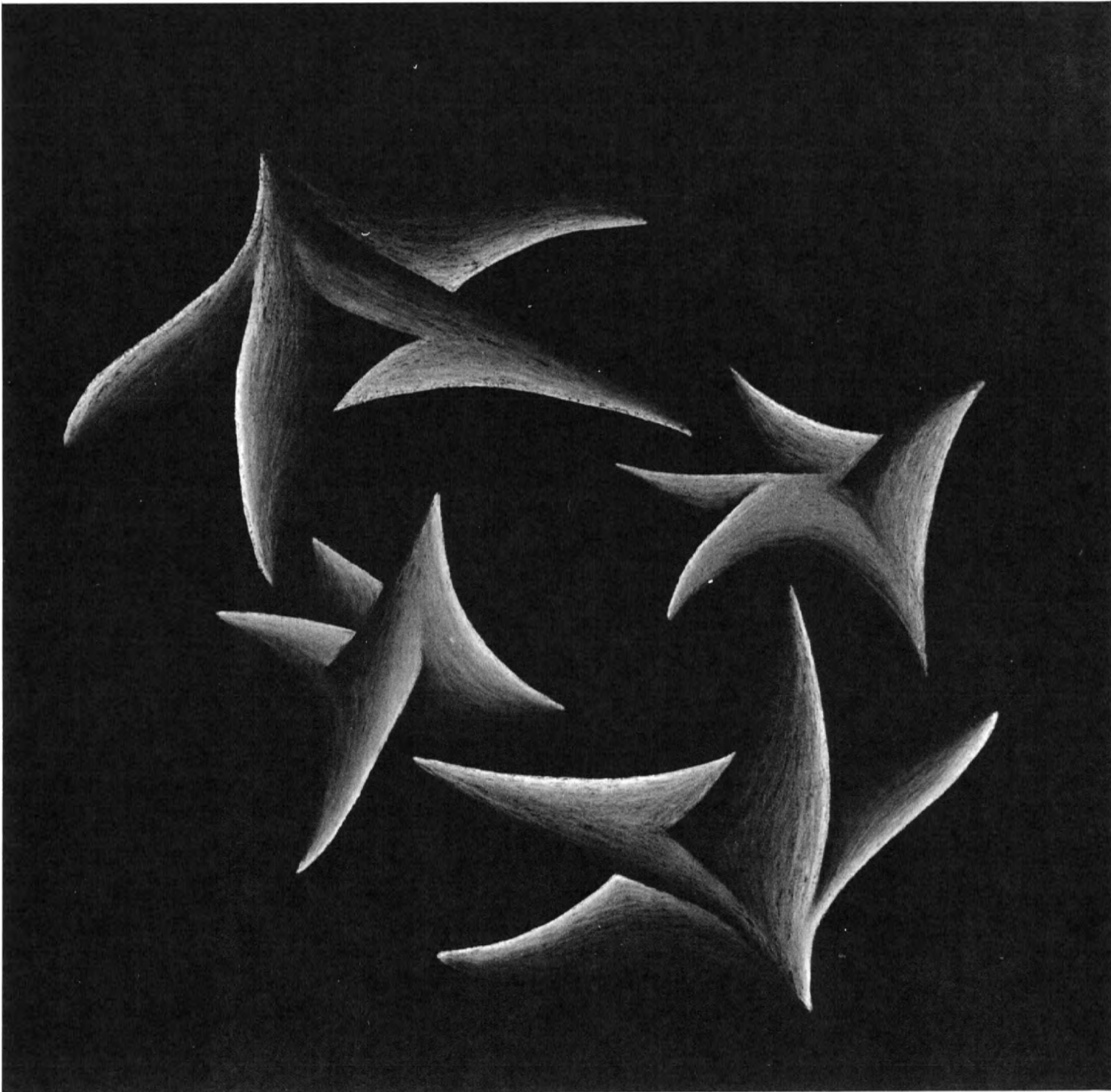
Chris Wood ('64) completed his M.Sc., with Honours in Physiology at U.B.C., and was awarded a Commonwealth Fellowship by the British Government for three years to do a research project at the University of East India. This leads to a combined degree of Ph.D. and D.Sc. in Physiology. He has also been made an official member of the British Bird Watching Team and is involved in research with waterfowl in the Fen area.

Bill Wooster ('53), who has been living in Tacoma for some years, will be returning soon to Vancouver.

Ian Wright ('54), still at Eli Lilly, working in Biochemistry doing syntheses, has recently played ice hockey against a Canadian team in Toronto.

David Renney ('60) received his invitation to the Cocktail Party while serving with Canadian Armed Forces on a NATO Exercise in Norway. It came up to the top of a mountain pass three hundred miles inside the Arctic Circle, being delivered to the forward a.p. with the rations and ammunition.

CREATIVITY



LITERARY COMPETITION RESULTS

CREATIVE WRITING COMPETITION SPONSORED BY THE AUXILIARY

SENIOR:

Poetry:

First—David McPherson.
Hon. Mention—
M. Sheir, N. Brown,
M. McLaren, P. Gourlay.

Essay:

First—Steen Jespersen
Hon. Mention—Julian Harrison.

INTERMEDIATE:

Poetry:

First (tie)—W. Walker, G. Weller
Hon. Mention—
P. Burke, G. Weller.

Descriptive Piece (Essay): First—M. Collins.
Hon. Mention—W. Walker.

JUNIOR:

Grades VI and VII

Poetry:

First—J. Weston.
Hon. Mention—
J. Dolman, R. D'Hollander.

Prose:

First—N. Findley.

Grades III to V

Poetry:

First—J. Nichols.
Hon. Mention—
M. Oliver, A. Block,
A. Simons, C. Campbell.

Prose:

First—R. Findley.
Hon. Mention—
H. Waldock, W. Reidel.

HEADMASTER'S BOOK OF GOOD WRITING:

Prize Winners: P. Gourlay, M. Shier

SELECTIONS from the works of prize winners and others are printed on the following pages. The Editors much regret that it has not been possible to print David McPherson's short story owing to its length, nor Julian Harrison's essay on telescope making, which was his presentation to the Symposium at the University of Victoria, owing to its extremely technical nature. We have, however, been able to include some of his photographs in the Arts and Sciences Section.

We congratulate David McPherson on having one of his poems accepted for publication in the Spring in the forthcoming "Resource Publications" for B.C. to be published by Harry Smith.

We were delighted to welcome one of our long-time writers, David Ellis, who came into the Library on a visit from U.B.C. and stayed to read his latest work to a fascinated audience of Grade Eight Library classes.

OUR SINCERE THANKS go to our judges, Professor Belshaw of the English Department at U.B.C., Mr. J. Field of the University Library, U.B.C. and Mr. D. Gardiner of the Senior English Department, St. George's, who took much time to give thoughtful and constructive appraisal of the work of our students. The final collections come at a time when all those engaged in academic work are particularly busy and involved in other exacting tasks and we indeed appreciate their continuing interest and kindness in this matter.

THE DEATH OF ART

Senior Essay

Today people are confronted with so many problems, such as our ecological crisis and war, that a totally different kind of crisis has crept up on us, without our recognizing it. Soon to join the ever increasing list of extinct animals, is an almost-forgotten species called art. This animal, so abundant since the time of Cro-Magnon man, has recently become very rare and is nearing extinction as unrestrained commercialism grows by leaps and bounds. For those readers who have never seen an "art" ("work of art" to the more erudite reader), I feel it is necessary to describe what art is.

Art by definition is a very delicate subject. Like a bubble it will burst if looked at too closely or too analytically. Its composition, as a unit, and the genius that went into it, will fall away, leaving only disjointed blotches of oil paint on the canvas. Thus it could only be judged on the basis of technical merit. There is more to art than that. Into every piece of art there must go a piece of its creator, a portion of his skill and genius. Art is not a tangible thing that can be labelled and defined with facility, it is a feeling.

One can get up early on a spring morning and see the mountains bathed in a soft purple light, the sky a delicate shade of gold, reaching over the horizon. As you take a breath of crisp fragrant air, you can feel your body acclaiming its vitality. This is art in its purest form. In this instance, however, the author is divine rather than human.

As art approaches extinction, so does a rare breed of man called the artist. The two are inseparable, as they depend on each other for their existence.

The artist of old could be found in a poorly furnished attic, which served as his studio, or in deep discussions on the finer points of art with his contemporaries. He was a dedicated man. He asked for nothing more from life than he be allowed to pursue his chosen career in his search for truth. Many of these great men were motivated to express themselves by enormous internal conflicts. This suffering led to many artists becoming mentally deranged and subsequently mutilating themselves or attempting suicide. Ears had a particularly rough time during this period.

When the public became aware of the magnitude of these men's talents they began to associate erratic behaviour with genius. All one had to do to gain public recognition was to produce art that no one could understand and act eccentricly. The end was at hand.

A new breed of artist had arrived . . . the non-artist. The non-artist comes in three basic forms, all terrible. The most common type is the one who doesn't create anything, but claims to be searching for identity. He has two main reasons for calling himself an artist: he feels that being an artist gives him licence to do anything he wants to and secondly, calling himself an artist sounds better than calling himself a bum.

Another kind of non-artist is the man who does things which nobody really understands. He works on the principle that one can't criticize what one can't understand. To this group belongs many of the more successful non-artists. Because their work is "ultra—avant—garde" it appeals mostly to people who are behind the times.

The last type of non-artist is the most convincing and therefore the most dangerous. He works in sculpture and painting. In place of technical skill, he uses chance. He may indiscriminately throw paint on a canvas or he may choose to paint lines and square on it instead. If some of his work is pleasing to the eye, the credit should not go to him, for in that case the artist is Chance not him. He is worse, heaven forbid, than the man in the street whose conception of art is a 12 x 12 inch glossy print of Johnny Unitas, for the non-artist is an imposter profaning the name of art. He is, of course, a master of self-delusion and will eventually sell his work to an even bigger fool than himself. This brings us to the next point: The art buyer.

The blame for the downfall of art cannot be placed totally on the non-artist for, after all, they were only complying with the public's wishes. The blame rests on the collective shoulders of the art lovers, the art critics, and the art buyers.

In our society, art and art appreciation have become status symbols, in as much as they indicate that a person is cultured and refined. Thus not wishing to appear uncouth in the eyes of their peers, people rave about pseudo art only because the other people are doing it. Someone must start off, for other people to follow. The instigator of this sheepish "follow the leader" movement is the art lover, whom we shall cover later. It is sufficient to say that the art buyer will buy



exactly what everyone else is buying. By reading deep, profound meanings into meaningless junk, the public has created the nemesis of art . . . the imitation art syndrome.

It is impossible to say when this highly contagious disease was introduced. However experts agree that it was roughly the same time that the non-artists began to appear. This can-



cerous disease is most abundant, strangely enough, in our nation's art galleries, where it has phased genuine art out of existence.

The sudden mushrooming of this disease can be attributed directly to two main causes. The first is the failure of the artist population to increase according to the population

explosion (it seems that their number are inversely proportional to the population), the second is the sudden awakening of American (as in North America, not U.S.A.) interest in art. Having been centuries behind the Europeans in affairs of art they have finally emerged from the backwoods to take their rightful place in the world of culture, at the bottom of the heap. Overnight a market appeared for "original" paintings, to replace the cheap prints one finds in almost every home on this continent.

This vacuum was quickly filled by imitation art. Anything that wasn't a print sold rapidly, its only merit being that it was, indeed, an original. It seems that the American public has not yet learned to distinguish between the pseudo and the genuine.

A woman wearing expensive jewelry is almost certain to be submerged in a sea of women wearing glittering glass brooches and festoons of synthetic pearls hanging from their necks. By the same token, there has been no distinction made between art and imitation art. The only excuse one can offer in the defence of the American people is that, maybe, due to their recent emergence from the backwoods, they are still to be regarded as cultural tyros.

It would seem that with the advent of pseudo art, the people connected with art are more interesting to study than art itself.

Much more interesting than the art buyer is the art lover. He can be a constant source of amusement, if studied in his natural habitat, the art gallery. The art lover is easily identified by such key phrases as "a brilliant man struggling to express himself" or "at first I didn't like him either, but after a while I learned to appreciate what he's attempting to do." Art lovers can be found in small herds in the local gallery admiring the water fountain in silent awe. One ventures to ask the name of the artist who created it. Upon receiving the answer "Jensen Sanitation & Utility Co." they mumble something to the effect of "Hmm yes . . . I've heard of his work before . . ." and quietly disperse.

This one creature has done more to hasten the demise of art than any other single factor.

Art critics can be divided into two very distinct groups. The first is the critic who tells the art lover what to love. Being a modified art lover himself, this is an easy job. His opinions and evaluations are carried in all the major newspapers. Usually his opinions aren't worth the time it takes to read them and his evaluations are even worse. Here is the man who will pan Salvador Dali for lack of imagination and in the same breath expound the virtues of the works of a local non-artist. If not a sacrilege, it is, at least, an unimaginable outrage.

The critic should know better. By virtue of his position he should be much more competent on this subject than his peers. This, unfortunately, is often not the case.

The second type of critic is readily recognized by his call sound that can be heard reverberating through the art galleries of the world, "... my five year old kid could do better than that . . .". If you happen to see one, you are in luck, for usually this entity only makes it to the art gallery once in its lifetime. Like a salmon, having fought its way upstream to spawn, he is so exhausted by the effort that he heartily condemns the art world and vows to spend his Sundays, from that day forward, drinking beer and watching a football game.

If you have the luck to run across one of these creatures, don't let his rather scruffy appearance put you off, he is completely harmless. Listen to what he has to say, for although his criticism may be rather coarse and hasty, it's closer to the truth than what the other breed of critic has to say. He, at least, does not indulge in flagrant self-delusion, he calls them as he sees them, through the untempered eyes of a child.

At the very top of this newly formed hierarchy is an elite group of non-artists. They are probably the only people who can see the present situation in its true perspective. Men such as Andy Warhol, who after giving the public's leg a good yank, go laughing all the way to the bank.

There are probably many people who will disagree with me on the subject matter of this paper. They will say that what is happening in art today is the greatest renaissance in its history.

I say they're wrong. What we are experiencing are the death throes of a proud animal. If you listen . . . you can hear its pulse weakening.

S. Jespersen, XII

THE PREPARATION OF ELEMENTAL IODINE

Question: Sodium Iodate can be obtained from the plateaus of Chile. Suggest a commercial method for obtaining iodine from this source.

The strictly chemical part of this process is quite simple. The difficult part of the problem lies in the transportation of the raw materials from the high mountains of Chile.

One can rent a yak, with herder, in Santiago for 25 cents per day. One yak will carry about 50 pounds of anything, including NaIO_3 . Llamas could be used, as they are capable of carrying up to 50% more, but they are not so trustworthy on steep mountain trails. Also, anyone who has been hit in the face by a goodly amount of green spittle on trying to load a llama with more than it considers to be fair will realize that llamas lack some of the natural charm of yaks.

When the NaIO_3 has been brought down from the mountains it must be placed in an acid solution. A source of iodide ions must also be added so that the following reaction can take place:



A cheap source of H^+ ions will be required as will a cheap source of iodide ions. HCl and KI would serve admirably.

A factory to make iodine would be a very simple sort of an establishment. First, the ore would have to be ground up. This could be accomplished by driving the herd of yaks over it every morning on their way up the mountain. The ground ore would then enter the reaction vat, where the above mentioned reaction would take place, and elemental iodine would be released. Nobody wants to buy wet iodine so some method of driving off the water would have to be devised. Probably the best method would be to use an electric drying oven. Electricity is not cheap in Chile, and as there would often be days when the weather forbade mining in the hills, the yaks could be put to work in treadmills. Yaks are tough little beasts and might be capable of producing as much as one kilowatt. With the whole herd at work enough power would be produced to run the plant, with some left over which could be sold at a profit to a nearby town.

The total time required for this method of producing iodine is about two days—one for the yaks to fetch the ore, and one for the drying of the finished product. This, however, assumes perfect alteration of good weather days and days on which the weather is ghastly, because the plant will be idle when all the yaks are up in the hills. Let us say, then, that it will require about one week to completely process the ore.

COST PER TON OF IODINE

Six tons of iodine will be produced from 2.2 tons of NaIO_3 . Allowing for impurities, let us say 3 tons of ore. This amount of ore can be carried in one day by 120 yaks. In one week we shall assume that there are five clear days, one rainy day, and one religious holiday. The rate determining step of this operation is the speed with which the ore arrives at the plant. Thus, in one week, five tons of iodine will be produced.

Payment for 120 yaks for one week	\$ 210
Price of 4.3 tons of HCl	\$ 400
Price of 4.6 tons of KI	\$1,000
TOTAL COST (6 tons)	\$1,610
minus profit from sale of 500 kilowatt-hours	\$ 25

TOTAL COST PER TON IODINE PRODUCED \$ 264

This is obviously the cheapest way of producing iodine from ore obtained in the high Andes. All other methods involve great outlay of capital to build complex conveyor or haulage systems.

DISADVANTAGES

- 1) Who wants iodine that smells of yak?
- 2) As Chile becomes more highly developed there will be greater exploitation of hydro-electric potential, and the Chileans will turn to this cheaper source of power instead of buying electricity from the plant at the inflated rate of 5 cents per kilowatt-hour. The resultant loss of revenue could be enough to cause the factory to go bankrupt.

J. Harrison, XII



VISITORS AT LONG BEACH

We watched
silenced
the impact of the waves
the steaming of the wide strand
the western strand
while we were midbeach
behind our driftwood palisade
trying to warm to
and yet escape the smoke
of a rainwood fire
sandspit and sparking
drawn as the sun to the rumble
of water curling, forming far back
and as the hawk the sun's rays
flashed like talons hooked
and closed upon the tumbling waters.
But too often the sun soared off
letting the looming cloud
a moving sandbag
sweep in from far off
to rip open over and rain sift
as sandshower and drift upto shore

in the mistiness of the suns leave.
A smoked salmon was the beachs grey back
drawn out and dried by the sun's bake
. . . . ruined in the rain
and the natives running back
to their shelter
we to our canvas to huddle
to hear it past
and the fire to smoke out.

In its length there is strength
and the first native who saw it
slashed past to come to it
must have run
thrust himself toward the sea
threw himself to the waves
marvelled
found himself wanting in strength
and atuned to it as we were
to dropped water on thick sands
almost he would have been turned
to stone to have looked back.



So at the duskiness of day
 when we hacked
 from Wreck Bay on
 and were sunk to the mire of trails
 sent into the highstalking Salal
 for the hightide
 and crept out again
 when we could
 along wet ledges
 atop pinacles of rock
 rising on the coast
 and tumbling tides engulfing and swelling
 and blowing spray from fissures . . . from whalerock!
 We were afraid then and
 embraced to the sea
 but for safety and deceiving declining darkness.
 we broke our embrace
 and because the tide came
 to the forest fringe by the taste
 of water salty from a flowing stream
 we camped wary of the tides prowess
 unable to estimate what would be its progress and
 unable to judge we trembled
 to the thunder of waves while we made up
 our minds calmed just so to sleep
 only after a torrent of rain partially
 drowned the booming cannon sound.
 But because we were agile
 we pulled in camp, our tent pitched
 in a hollow on all sides hugged by bush
 and slept we . . . in sequences . . . waking in shifts
 for fear of a climbing tide that would

pull down our tent and send us to retreat
 farther back, to the confusion of darkness,
 in our nakedness, to stumble, and formidable
 salal forest in ground swampy and stumpy by decay.
 But the tide stayed down
 although its sound was always near us
 and what seemed a torrent of rain
 appeared little more than dewy on our canvas
 when we peered out the next morning . . .

Thus we folded up, backed off
 into the interminable tunnels
 through the unpreferable bush
 and walked into innumerable bays
 we thought that we couldn't have passed
 in the lateness of yesterday
 and lifted TAI, my dog, over obstacles
 and were thankful that he had a ruff of fur
 that we could carry him on
 and that he didn't chase the seagulls
 off these cliffy slippery shores
 with the tide running in down below
 and we were content that we had only ourselves
 to contend to
 over the raggedness of this coastline
 the remoteness of these seawalls
 next to the separateness of islands
 at edges off
 the great masses of the main.

D. McPherson, XII

THE MARTEN

How my heart dropped
 that day I checked the trap
 and found the Marten I pretend
 I saw crawl into the clamp.
 But I must have known it longer
 for I could not call to warn it;

In the tear of its claws
 as it clutched for the bark . . . and struggled
 In the scratching, his head hung . . . and strangling

How I threw off my pack in haste . . . and raced
 past it to break
 the dead limb of a tree to use
 as a club to kill
 How glad I was to have it snap off easy
 as I hurried
 How I was trapped at the moment and wrestled
 with the hopelessness of an idea
 How I wanted to free him
 present there at his dying

I swung hard and I heard it pierce
 its lungs and life cry . . . at my approach and strike
 I swung till I saw the spill of blood
 stain the wet snow
 till I felt its body give the last quiver
 and excrete its last excrement
 and dangled away from the folds of the tree . . . off the chain

I tossed the club I held so firm . . . unnerved
 and stared at the closed grin of the snapped trap
 and I looked at the furpiece soiled and the body curled
 and recoiled
 I felt marred while the trees among me
 tried to muffle
 the wind of its cries and shelter me
 enclosed . . . as something dies.

David McPherson, XII



WINTER WAITING

I am a long time waiting for
that first frostwiped morn
that harshgrips the fold of land
that cages that last dwindled dew
and will turn no thaw.
When the pines and cedars will tingle
with iceshaking
in the morning breezes
the pond, in all its stillness,
will splinter the crusty shoreline
with scales and hard puddles
and crackle
the ridge and peak that lap overhead.
Totems that spire on the cony bluff
starkly waiting the breaking sun
to blaze on their shoulders
and the falling rubble of slippery rock
in crispness cut ladders for the sun.
Allfast . . . enfolding
waring in the flashing,
beating as the trapper
his self-serving track
through the confines of dark and heavy

hung forest,
between the cold twist of trees
a molten sheen comes
softsmearing the icewaxed columns.
Behind the knoll that kneels
and peers into the descent of valley
a cloudburst mountain climbs
amidst the span of snowy timber
like the bristled back of porcupine
and where the river goes,
in the shadow of its plunge,
clouds blow racing
to thin to block the sun.
Steam is huffing;
the sky bares a widening cast.
A blue blast sparkles
in the flask of wintry water
closed upon
by a netting
of fringing forest
darkly
snowcropped.

David McPherson, XII



You never thought
that darkness
was nauseating
until
I turned out the light

You never thought
that grains of sand
were tiny
until
I spoke to you

You never thought
that I was human
until
I wept
and walked away.

Guy Robertson.

The doggeral I ripped
from my notebook
was about you

I tore it into tiny pieces
and threw them into my trash can

As I'd like to do
with most unhappy memories.

—Guy Robertson.



EVENING

The evening.
The white moon hanging
Over the graphite-black sea.
I climb on deck, and all I see
Are silvery sails
On wet, glistening wood.

N. Brown, XI-A

THE SUPREME LIGHTBULB

It was like a great
all-encompassing
falling star, burning
up right in front
of me, almost on
top of me, in the street.
Light and heat and
confusion, all in
unreal quantities, were
all I could sense in
the last quarter—
second of my life.

N. Brown, XI

THE CITY I

Wind
 Wind blowing.
 Wind and sand blowing.
 Wind and sand blowing, hissing and crying in the desert.
 The desert of a dead city
 The wind and sand rushed towards the city,
 Scraping and pushing at its dried out, dead, remains
 Around the city there was desert, dried, drought-ridden, dead
 and deadly,

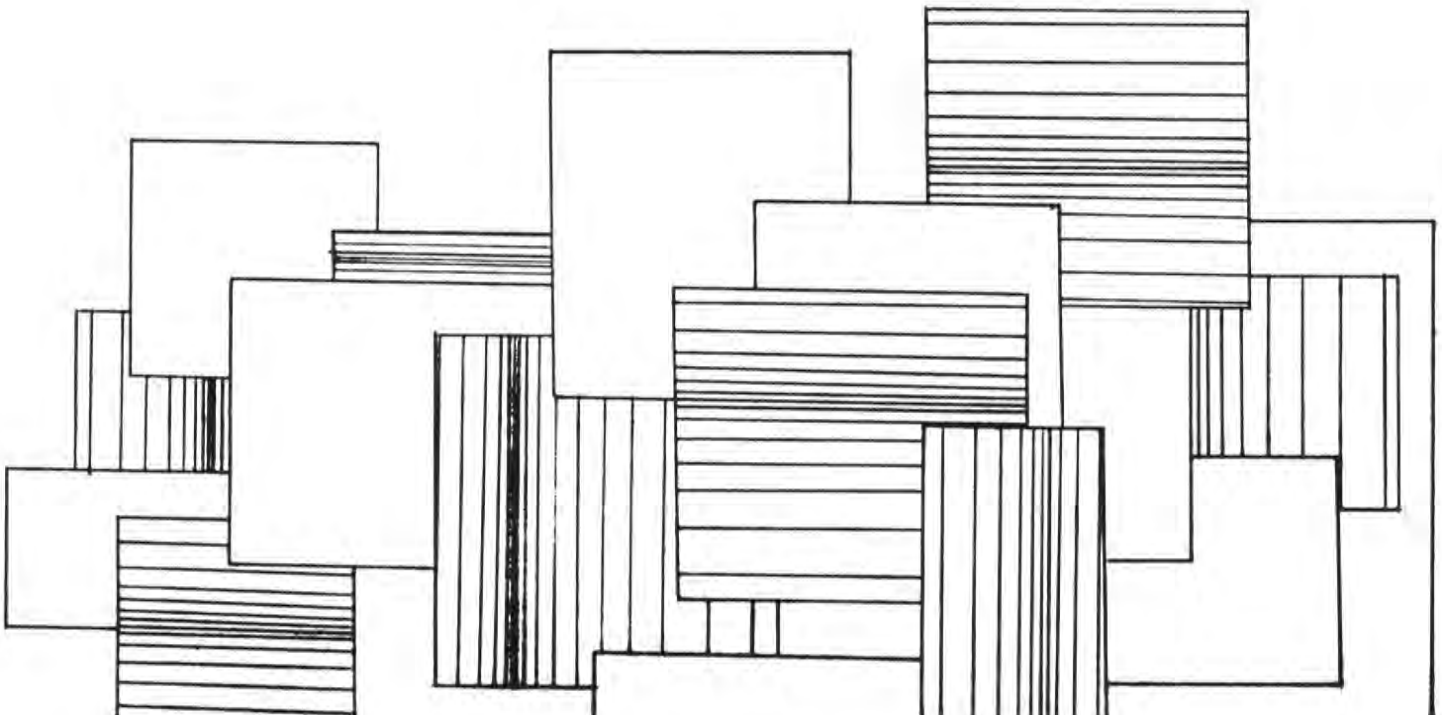
Desert.
 Sometimes, but not very often now, after a storm,
 It would glow at night, and the city would glow also,
 Flickering and faltering, making the landscape look like
 Some weird painting, alive, but dying.
 The city was slowly collapsing now,
 Parts of it falling with a shriek and a crash,
 Like some huge dying animal, the last of its race.
 The occasional fall of a building was its only sound
 that interrupted the ever present sand wind.
 Wind.
 Wind blowing.
 Wind and sand blowing.
 Wind and sand blowing, hissing and crying in the desert.

M. Shier

THE CITY II

The city was old
 It was dying, dead,
 Unliving.
 It was dried, dusty, dark, deserted
 No one lived there, no one died there,
 No bird flew in the grey sky overhead.
 No beast walked on the ground.
 No man walked in the City.
 There was no sound.
 No clank, clack, clatter or crash.
 There was no sound
 No sound but the wind
 Whistling
 Through the city
 Grating with blown sand whished from the ancient
 Desert.
 Rushing through the long dead city.
 The only moving thing among
 Death, and what one lived.

M. Shier



HAIKU (Style)

The park is deserted and
The writing on the bench
Means nothing now.

Visitor, some of us
Noticed when you arrived
But no-one fainted.

All the birds are flying
West—it is summer
Or is the world dying?

The banister is quite smooth
and I can slide right down
Into nowhere.

N. Brown, XI-A

I find myself in a bit of a quandary as to how to explain the matter. I find myself in a bit of a quandary as to how to explain the matter. I find myself in a bit of a quandary as to how to explain the matter.

RAINSTORM

The Mother Goddess and the Horned God are the deities on the old religions of the Celts, Druids and others. They are, or were, worshipped also in the forms of Diana, Aphrodite and Baal and Horus. Worship of them is sometimes called Wicca (witchcraft) but in witchcraft there is no 'pact with the devil'. The word devil itself means "little God." The devil as thing with horns and breathing sulphur was invented by Christians in Europe, who were persecuting members of the "old religion."

THE SKY

Darkness.
But lo,
A glowing light in the east,
An awakening.
The emerging sun,
Slowly rising,
Reaching, groping,
The shadows disintegrate,
Retreating,
Climbing and falling back.
Shimmering droplets of dew,
Glistening, like diamonds,
Melting, then gone.
Piercing sunlight through forests,
Bursting and disappearing,
Dazzling to the eyes.
The creeping mist,
Slithering like ghosts,
Speeding towards the nucleus,
Building and boiling,
Growing,
Forever growing,
Darkening,
Blotting out the sun,
Playing havoc with the sky
Growling like a frothing, maddening giant,
Then . . . Exploding
The clouds,
A sea of clouds
Like rushing water
In constant turmoil,
Slowly receding,
Calm,
Complete serenity,
The fading sun,
Like fading life,
The last rays reach upward,
And colours paint the sky,
Then slowly fade away.
Darkness.

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AMULET

Steve Renton and his crew arrived at the base camp by dusk. As the jeeps and trucks rumbled in, shrouded in dust, his wife ran out, her face showing the great relief that she felt.

"Oh, Steve, I was so worried. You've never been out this long before. I didn't know what had happened, I thought . . ."

"It's alright, dear," Renton said while clambering down from a lorry. He pulled her into his arms and kissed her, then turned to direct the drivers where to go.

"Julie," he said, barely able to contain his excitement, "This is it, the break we've been hoping for. We've had a find, after all these months, we've had a real find!"

"Steve, that's wonderful," she said, as he stood before her, hot and dishevelled. The cool desert breeze sifted through the damp strands of his dark hair, which, hours before were plastered to his forehead as he toiled at his work.

"It's a big one, Julie, we got a few skeletons on one level, and we've just dug around the top of a shrine of some sort. Come into the tent and I'll show you." "Larry!" he yelled to a man descending from a covered truck, "get Joe and Pete to help you bring the skeletons into my tent."

"Right, Steve."

The lantern in the tent sputtered as the desert breeze was allowed to enter, sending shadows filtering eerily across the roof of the tent. Joe, Pete and Larry gingerly lifted a box of numbered bones wrapped in cloth and cotton and placed it gently on the table by the lantern.

Renton and his wife took seats by the box. The archeologist flipped through his notebook until he came to a picture of the bones. After this there were several sketches of the bones as they were found in the dig, numbered for easier assembly. His wife lifted a corner of the cloth and gazed at the grimy bones beneath. She shuddered.

"O.K., Julie, I'm ready. Help me with the cloth, careful now." Between them they lifted the top cloth away from the bones. Steve began lifting the bones out of the box, brushing the dirt off them and placing them on the floor mat according to the diagram.

"We were digging on different levels, like a stair, you know, you've seen us, so we found the skeletons first and not the shrine. After we drew and numbered them, we started digging on the next level and hit the shrine. At least we think it's a shrine."

He continued brushing and sorting the bones for a few minutes, then burst out, "Oh yes, and we found this charm." He pulled it out of his pocket and showed it to her. As she peered into his palm at the trinket, his fingers seemed to close slightly as if reluctant to share his prize.

"Had trouble getting it away from the boy who found it. Funny thing, that. He wouldn't give it up when I saw it fall out of his pocket. It was covered in dirt and he was working around the skeletons earlier, so I thought that he'd put it in his pocket to sell or something. He really put up a fuss, though, said it was his. I almost believed him until I found part of the chain lying near the hand of one of the skeletons. He was one of my most honest boys, I wonder why he wanted it?"

"I don't know. It's certainly very pretty," his wife said as she examined the dirty, though beautifully carved green stone. "What's it made of?" she asked.

"I don't know, looks like jade."

"No," said Julie, "it isn't jade, jade is deeper in colour."

"You sure?"

"Positive."

"Hummm. Might have been coloured by the owner, or it also might be a freak rock, sort of an accident that produced the colour."

"May I see it, Steve?"

Certainly, look closer."

"No, I mean handle it myself." Steve's fingers tightened convulsively over the amulet.

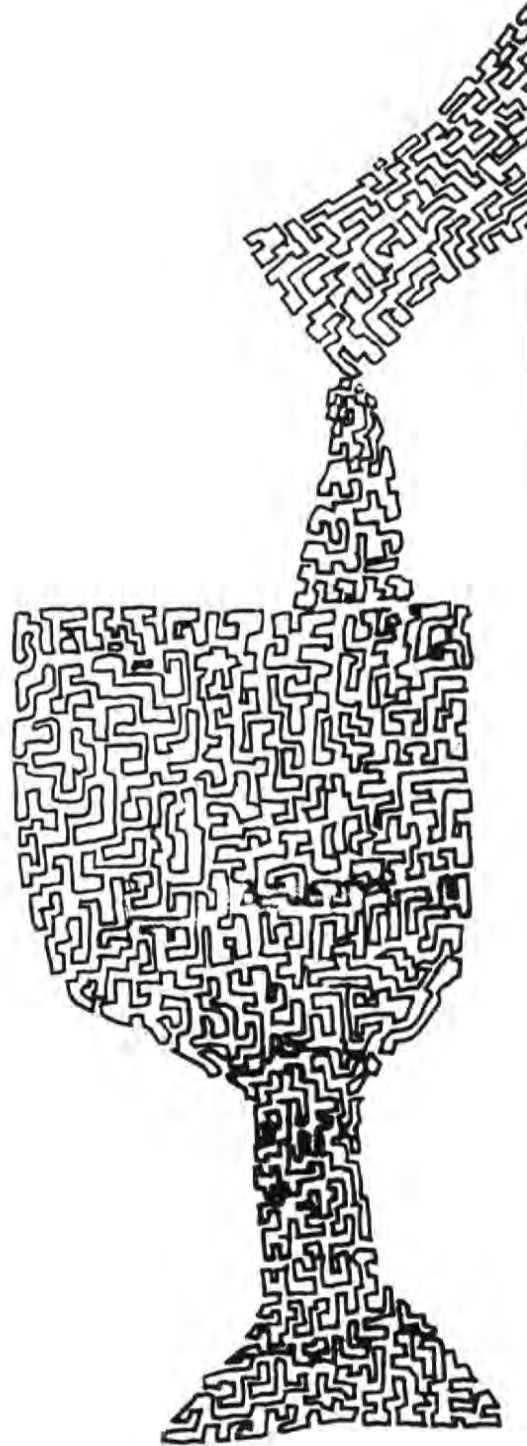
"It's alright, you can see it well enough from where you are."

"Please, I just want to look at it more closely."

"No, I don't want it to get damaged before the experts can appraise it."

"But you know me, love, I wouldn't hurt it . . ."

"Just forget it!" Renton bellowed.



Ayard had the stone. He had found it originally, in the big shiny object that gave off steam. Ayard had seen it first, and explored it first, before the others knew about it. He had been hunting for mammoth with the rest of the tribe, and had strayed away after finding some tiger tracks. He had followed them until he had seen that the trail had been obliterated by the moving sand. Far off, in the distance, he caught the glitter of a shiny object. He loped across the intervening ground until he came to a huge thing that steamed like water poured over bright stones. It was immense and its smooth surface reflected the sun brightly, and it had an open end. At least Ayard thought it was open. As he was about to enter the strange object, he collided with an unseen force, something hard, yet invisible. Ayard tried again and again to get in, but every time he tried he was repelled. Finally, in his anger, he hurled a large boulder at the obstinate hole, and was astounded when it went through, giving a strange cracking noise. Upon closer inspection he discovered millions of tiny pieces of a smooth transparent substance on the ground. He ran his finger over it and cut himself on its surface. He sucked on the wounded digit and stared at the myriad small pieces. Then he looked at the opening which had previously barred his way. Strange, there was a distinction now as if the unseen barrier was gone in places.

He stepped forward, careful not to let the sharp pieces of the invisible shield pierce his feet. Yes, he had been correct, he could get through by knocking more of the barrier away with a stone. This he did until he could enter the object without being cut by the surrounding sharp edges.

The inside of the large object was hot, and there appeared to be fire near the back. The interior was utterly unknown to Ayard. He could not understand it at all. On the floor he found two bodies, hopelessly bruised and cut. One was stuck on something, its body slumped over some projections, the other was evidently still living, though death was not far off. As Ayard lifted the dying thing to a sitting position, he nearly let it fall back, it was grotesque, unearthly. Before he could pull himself together the thing reached for the charm around its neck.

Instantly Ayard felt his mind seized by the charm's unknown power. He felt himself walk to the back of the contrivance, close to the flames, and grasp hold of a strange cylinder. As he was returning to the dying thing he felt a sudden snap, and his mind was his own again. He dropped the cylinder. The creature had perished.

Ayard bent down and removed the amulet from the dead alien's neck, and hung it around his own. Then he had to leave, for the flames were getting closer, and the combined heat and smoke were unbearable.

Ayard was the envy of the tribe. They all admired his new amulet and marvelled at his courage. There was a big party that went out to the shiny object, but by now the fire had eaten everything, and all that was left was a charred, smouldering ruin.

There were the unbelievers, the sceptics, but Ayard was honest, and most of the tribe believed him. Many wanted to inspect the green stone, but Ayard let no one touch it. He flew into a rage when even asked to take it off.

The old ones of the tribe felt that Ayard's behaviour was abnormal. It wasn't like him at all, he was usually kind, and shared whatever he had with the other members of the tribe. There had even been talk of having Ayard becoming the new chief; but now since this strange behaviour had taken hold of him, everyone began to dislike him. How fast people forget one's past good deeds for one mistake in the present. The old ones continued puzzling.

Meanwhile the people began grumbling. Why should Ayard alone have the stone? Could it be that it had a strong magic, and that Ayard was greedy enough to want it all for himself? Was that it? They were determined to find out.

In the dead of night they stole into Ayard's cave and looked for the charm. It wasn't there, and neither was Ayard. Suddenly, at the mouth of the cave, silhouetted against the moonlight, Ayard appeared. But it wasn't the Ayard they had known, it was a different Ayard, an Ayard who was stooped over and cackling. His mind had snapped under the spell of the charm, which still operated, though it had no direction from an alien. The tribesmen rushed forward with cries of recognition, but the ghoulish tatters of Ayard's mind realized their purpose, and he fled.

About a mile away lay the shrine, where the fathers worshipped unknown gods. It was in the nook of a cliff, and was a place of silence and beauty. Though his mind was gone, Ayard's body was still in excellent condition, and he outran the rest until he discovered a bird's nest on the ground, and he stooped to pick it up, they were upon him. He bit and scratched and finally tore away, running till he came to the shrine. He leaped onto the altar, clinging to its roughly carved surface, while the tribesmen approached him cautiously. As they neared the rudely constructed altar, he flung himself in their midst, screaming insane cries, and uttering gurgling noises.

They killed him.

The shrine and its altar fell against the canyon wall, weakened by the battering it had taken during the struggle. The ensuing landslide covered everything.

"The shrine's gone at the foundations," said Renton the next day. "It was weak and caused a cave-in, burying the whole kitincaboodle."

"Steve, where's the amulet?"

"Why?"

"I was just wondering."

"Oh its around somewhere, I guess. Haven't seen it though."

"Well the cablegram said to send it ahead of the other artifacts, they said something about it being an extra-terrestrial specimen, that it's like one they found on a U.F.O. wreck. The Board said not to have it in your possession for too long because . . . what did it say? . . . oh yes . . . it has strange mind-dominating powers."

Two days later Renton announced that it was nowhere to be found.

"Strange," he said, "I thought it was around here somewhere."

"Steve, what will we tell the Board? They were more interested in that one piece of rock than anything else."

"It'll work out."

"But Steve, we might be sent away, you might lose your job."

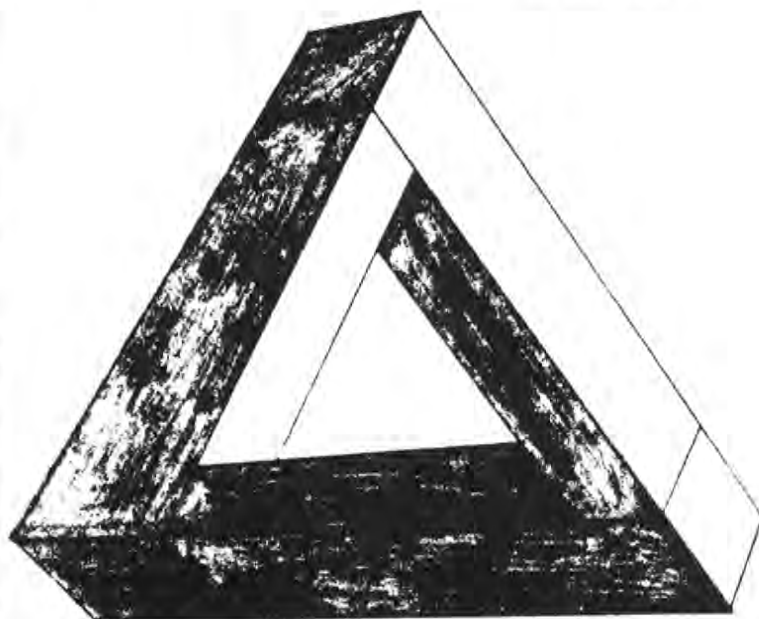
"Don't worry, darling, we'll be alright. Besides, I can't help it. We've searched the place with a fine tooth comb, but it's not here. We've even checked the boys."

"Well, Steve, we've had it. They wanted it badly and we've lost it!"

Renton sighed. "You're right," he admitted. "I don't know what's going to happen."

He fingered the amulet in his pocket and thought, "It's all mine, now. It is me and I am it."

Ian Bray, IX-A



FRENZY ON THE FREEWAYS

The man emerged from a typical suburbia house, dressed in a typical executive suit, and like thousands of others he was about to experience the frustration, anger and satisfaction of driving on the freeway. For identification purposes lets call our man Joe.

Joe mounted his faithful steed, a red 1967 Pontiac. He screeched out of the suburban neighbourhood and soon reached the freeway, whereupon he circled looking for the all-important hole in the blur of flashing metal.

Joe's hand tensed, waiting . . . his timing had to be right. Then he lunged forward his foot flat down on the accelerator. He was in! He had stationed himself behind a frail looking man with glasses who was hunched over the wheel, his white hands clawing for a better grip. Just then a huge express truck came barreling up the center lane followed by a school of sneaky little imports. Joe, who was getting tired of looking at the man with the funny glasses, realized this was his chance to really get going.

Joe's conditioned reflexes acted perfectly and he shot out into the center lane, executed a neat body check and sent the truck and all its followers into the milling mob of the slow moving far lane. He then leaped ahead pulling a neat feint on a grey volkswagen.

Suddenly a flashy little sports car swerved ahead of him, sending him sprawling into one of those fat, greasy 1950 Chevies with a driver of the same appearance. Joe swore aloud and turned on the radio. "One of those snobs from from Crayton," he thought. "Them and their little sports jobbies." The radio blared on about the fine freeway condition for five uneventful minutes.

And then Joe spied a perfect victim, a Texan in a huge Caddie with four-foot fins and blinking neon lights. He stalked up cautiously using a purple pickup as cover. Then he darted out, faked a turn then spurted on ahead and sent the Texan and his Caddie whipping into an exit ramp, the Land of No Return.

Joe's exit was approaching, so he picked his way delicately through the lanes and launched himself in a perfect trajectory towards the ramp. He got off with no scratches.

Joe entered his office and met Charley sorting out some files. Charley greeted him and asked if he had got in without any trouble. "Just another drive," he said, "I just wish there was something you could do."

P. Burke, VIII



FRENZY IN THE FRONT PEWS

One would hardly have thought that it could have happened in the church — in the midst of one of the Reverend Thurman's most devastating sermons. Who was to blame? The builders, or our minister? I think I'll let you decide that. It happened in this way:

That Sunday was a glorious day in summer, and the Reverend Thurman was in an unusually good mood. This probably accounts for his exceptional zest. After a hymn or so, he stepped up to the pulpit to speak. I thought that the pulpit swayed very slightly, but I couldn't say for sure.

As you may know, ministers tend to chose a text from the Bible on which to base their sermon. Today, his sermon was "I shall be amongst you."

He glared at the congregation, starting from the north aisle and carried on till his eyes reached the south aisle, then glared back at the north aisle again (where I incidentally, happened to be sitting). Then he repeated it again in a loud voice, saying "I shall be amongst you!" Finally, he repeated it for the third time, this time thumping his fist on the pulpit, roaring the text out as if he wanted to drill it into the congregation. "I shall be amongst you!"

Suddenly, the flimsy pulpit collapsed from under him, and, luckily, the Reverend Thurman fell clear of the falling pulpit, and fell amongst the old ladies in the front pew.

Having recovered himself, he apologized profusely, but one old lady piped up with "That's all right — you warned us three times already!"

G. A. Weller.
VIII-A.

THE OLD WOMAN

She was now ninety-one. She thought about it as she poured her coffee and set the heavy pot back on the stove. She glanced about the room. She saw the hand-woven curtains her grand-mother had given her, and the stained sink below them. Then she looked up at the shelves which were filled with relics of her family; her father's cufflinks bearing an engraving of Queen Victoria, a picture of her mother and father at their wedding and other things that were as old as the hills. Then she looked down at herself, her apron which had once been bright and colourful, was now faded and torn, the sweater that she had knitted herself was now stretched out of shape. She had not a tooth in her head, only ancient dentures which she soaked every day. Her face and hands had about as many wrinkles in her face as a map has contours. As she sipped the hot coffee she thought "ninety-one years, I've come a long way."

M. Collins.
VIII-A.

INVADED

The old woman pleaded desperately with the Russian soldiers. They had just finished taking over her country. She stood, weeping in great despair, on the tank-rutted pavement. In her outstretched hand was a picture of two men shaking hands, and in the other was her nation's flag. Large numbers of young and middle-aged men moping in the background. The old woman clothed in a thick sweater and black dress, was, in a patriotic way, depicting her opposition to the invaders; but with only words to attack their guns and tanks, it seemed terribly hopeless. It was a day of sorrow and anguish. Their country no longer belonged to them, it belonged to the Russian tyrants.

Bill Walker.
VIII-A.

THE STORM
or
CELESTIAL FANTASIA

(Based on the film, "Sky")

I. Harkening of the New Day

At the junction where sky
Meets earth;
In the place where no man
May go,
The celestial ball of burning amber
Is lifted by Apollo
To the flaming sky.

As the silent purple mountain
Watches in wonderment,
Night retreats in awe, like a cloak,
From the bald mountains,
As evil shys away from good.
And light falls, scattered,
On every twinkling drop of crystal dew,
Which shine in minute beauty;
Filtering through their prison walls.
And as it passes through,
Throws fireworks of rainbows to the sky,
Which fade away—
—Merging with the new-born day!

The Sun in all her glory,
Rides in a graceful arc through
The great Expanse;
Piercing, throbbing, through
The great wooden giants
Of the Forest.

II. The Storm

Nature's powers stand
Remote
From any miracle of man,
(it matters not how great)
And this will continue to be so
Until the end of time.

Thus, on this not-unusual day,
Nature stood 'twixt earth and sky,
And with her mighty rolling voice
Bit the Elements together.

They came from out of sea and sky,
And rose up as if bewitched,
Speeding towards their goal;
Vapour from the greeny-yellow
Ocean
Formed into fluffy, bouncing
Clouds,
Rising over hills and mountain-tops.

Now changing, now appearing,
But now disappearing again,
These clouds cast eerie shadows
On deserts and grass-land,
Like wild beasts, or an army
On the march.

Over great cities they raced,
Like alien forms;
Fleeing from the winds
Whose hot breath they felt
Behind them.
But one and all, they gathered
At the point of rendezvous.
Then — Nature raised her baton;
The lights were dimmed,
The sea began to beat upon the rocks,
And the rain upon the ground.

The clouds cumulated together
Into one great oowering mass
And burst open with eager applause,
While the darkness generated
Unfathomless depth, reaching, stretching,
Grasping, overtaking.
Suddenly—At its height, everything was stilled.
The clouds hurriedly parted
And swiftly and silently raced back.
The sea became calm
And got its colour back.

The Storm had ended.

III. The end of it all

The thing that began has finished
And now the earth is calm.
The setting sun's rosy fingers
Cast magic visions on the rocks
And the clouds float lazily
In the glow of the dusky sky.
As the stream-lined clouds
Hang gracefully in the pink sky,
The dying sun sinks to rest
Behind the purple mountains.
"Ab ovo usque mala"—
—This is the beginning and the end of it all.

G. Weller





THE BIRTH OF THE FOREST FIRE

Pentiction had not been blessed by rain for many weeks. The land around was very dry. The leaves on the trees were brittle. A warm, dry breeze blew through the parched forest. The small trees were withering and dying and the drought had left its mark on the large trees also.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, black thunderheads piled up above the forest until the whole sky was black. There was a thundering roar and a bolt of lightning seared down, like a fiery serpent, and struck a tree. The tree was enveloped in tongues of flame as orange fire-drops were carried to the next tree by the wind. This was soon blazing as brightly as the first.

The fire creatures hissed through the underbrush and struck at other trees. They were soon ablaze. The animals had smelt the smoke that was being carried by the breeze and had panicked. They were all desperately trying to escape the fire-snakes of their flickering forked tongues.

The fire monsters kept on devouring trees and shrubs; eating their way to certain death.

At last the fire burnt itself out and all that was left of the once majestic forest were ashes and charred remains of once stately trees. The fire had been a major tragedy as acres of valuable timber had been destroyed.

N. Findley, VII

S.G.1

One day, on parade, Mr. Blackmore asked for three volunteers for a very special task.

He looked at us all searchingly for a moment and, receiving no answer, he said "I'll have you, you and you," pointing to Oldaker, Fyffe and myself. "Wait for me here after chapel."

As soon as chapel was over Mr. Blackmore led us down to his back garden. We went in and immediately saw a gleaming metal pillar. It was a rocket!

"There it is boys," Mr. Blackmore said with reverence, "S.G.One!"

We all looked up and saw the nosecone shining in the morning sun, fifty feet above our heads.

Mr. Blackmore handed us a space suit each and helped us to put them on. They were balloon-like affairs, with joints at the hips, knees, shoulders, elbows and wrists. We also wore flexible gloves and helmets.

We felt that the rocket was as raring to go as we were.

Just as we were waddling towards the elevator to take us up to the capsule, Mr. Blackmore gave us a thick binder each. "Here you are," he said. "This is all the prep you'll miss. Get this done by the time you've circled the moon once and landed here in my garden. If you land in Mr. Martin's garden next door, you get a detention."

Our faces fell and we started to unbuckle our space suits.

N. Findley, VII

Junior Prose

WAS IT ANNE BOLEYN?

It was a glorious day and I was on holiday. I was visiting the Tower of London to imbed a little more of its history. I was examining Henry VIII's armour in the armoury, with tourists milling all around.

Suddenly, I looked up. The room was empty. Even the Beefeater at the top of the stone stairs had gone. The silence was intense. Then I heard steps behind me. Then I was running, running, down the cold stone steps, out into the courtyard. There, before me, was Executors Hill, but instead of just a grass court with a plaque bearing all the names of the people beheaded there, I saw a chopping block and an executioner with his axe, in front of me. I stopped running, caught between two evils. Just then, the thing behind me emerged from the doorway and a strange mist blew up out of nowhere. Through the ghostly mist I could make out the figure of a lady without a head walking towards me. Then I was running again, desperately trying to get away from the horrible spectre behind me. Before me was the Bloody Tower. I dashed through the archway, while the portcullis crashed down behind me, its cruel spikes missing me by mere inches. Ahead of me was Traitor's Gate, but I knew that there was no escape for me that way. I turned right and dashed out of the Main Gate into the sunshine.

N. Findley, VII



"TO BUILD A FIRE"

He set out from the camp in the morning
And pulled the muffs over his ears,
He then realized the extent of the cold—
It was worse than it had been for years.

He spat and the spittle was frozen
Before even reaching the ground;
The silence of the forest was broken
By the spittle's sharp crackling sound.

His husky trotted behind him—
He envied the coat of the hound—
Their spirits were deadened by the cold
And they trod with scarcely a sound.

The trapper's senses were dulled by the cold,
And he thought it was fifty below.
It was nearly below minus eighty,
But how could the newcomer know?

The faithful dog knew naught of degrees,
But he had an instinct that told
That it was unwise to wander about—
He knew the extent of the cold.

As he walked toward his companion's camp,
The man realised he'd made a mistake;
As he stepped where the snow appeared to be deep,
The ground underneath him started to quake.

The ice cracked suddenly as he fell,
The water went up to his knees.
He cursed as he climbed back onto the snow
And his voice echoed back from the trees.

He would have to build a fire now
Or he'd be certain to lose his feet,
For they were already becoming numb
As he frantically worked to make heat.

He brought out his matches and then lit some twigs
Which he placed on a pile of wood.
The life-giving flames were indeed a relief—
He'd be off in an hour, if he could.

But before the warmth had reached his bones,
And before his socks were dry,
The snow fell off a hanging spruce
And the life-giving flames did die.

He struggled to build another fire
But his limbs were already numb,
He struck the match on the pant of his leg,
But the flames were reluctant to come.

He could not move his fingers now
And his feet were like weights of lead
But he knew that, alone and without a fire,
Within half an hour he'd be dead.

He clutched the matches with his wrists
And, making a desperate stand,
He clenched his teeth as he lit the things—
They were already burning his hand.

He could smell the pungent burning flesh
And his robust colour turned grey;
He held the matches under the wood
As the smoke drifted up and away.

He held the matches under the wood
But it was to no avail;
He suddenly realised he'd let them drop
And he knew what it was to fail.

Suddenly seized by a desperate thought,
He quickly remembered his friend;
If he could warm his hands inside the dog,
He could stave off his horrible end.

But the husky sensed that something was wrong
And he growled and stepped further away—
Even if the man could catch the dog,
He could not hold his knife, anyway.

The drowsy man sat down in despair;
He suddenly felt very warm—
He fell in the snow and went off to sleep,
And the dog lay by his dead form.

J. Weston, VII



SPRING

I like the spring, with skies so blue,
With no wet rain to soak me through,
But golden sun, and lots of fun;
I like the spring, with skies so blue.

I like the spring, with pools so cool,
No more work, and no more school,
But lots of trees, and buzzing bees;
I like spring, with pools so cool.

I like spring, with lots of flowers,
With silver bells, ringing the hours,
With juicy fruit, and birds so cute,
I like the spring with lots of flowers.

J. Dolman, VI

THE TRAIN

The train comes speeding down the track
The wheels on the track go clickety-clack
Clickety-clack, clickety-clack
The train comes speeding down the track.

The passengers sit in the speeding train
Looking into the pouring rain
Clickety-clack, clickety-clack
The train comes speeding down the track.
The train comes speeding round the curve
And round the trees it starts to swerve
Clickety-clack, clickety-clack
The train comes speeding round the track

R. D'Hollander, VI

MY FEET

Big feet little feet all around the world
Stepped on swept on never ever curled
Not to big not to small always in between
Very useful especially on Halloween
Sometimes hairy sometimes not
Very useful when you're being fought
Five little toes at the end
Sometimes used to kick your rear end.

FIRST LAST

Arian Block sat in his crib
Adrian Block had egg on his bib,
All the green soap and all the blue bleach
Turned poor little Adrian pink and peach

A. Block, V



MY MATE

My mate is a friend,
I can trust to the end,
A person who'll like me,
Who'll borrow and lend,
A person who's loyal like a good plant in soil
And a person I'll like,
But won't buy me a bike
There are the signs of a real good friend,
A person who's groovy no matter the trend.

M. Oliver, V

SUPERMAN

There's a *really* odd thing about Superman
He's sort of a *freak* from the planet *Krypton*
But one *thing* about *him* that I *feel* is too bad
Is that he was around when my Dad was a lad.

Now *why* can't I have my own here for me,
There's no *reason* to share him with *everybody*
So I *think* I'll forsake him and Batman too,
And I'll look for a guy who has followers few.

I must think of a name — maybe Killer or Crunch,
He'll be all on his own — not just one of a bunch,
And I'll tell you for sure just one basic truth,
I won't have him change in a draughty phonebooth.
J. P. H. N. Nicholls. V.

POLLUTION

Cars, boats, trucks, tractors,
these are all pollution factors
it turns the blue sky all shades of grey,
and blocks out the suns shiny ray.

The fish lie dead on the littered shore,
the tankers keep leaking more and more,
the rivers are coated in a slimy layer
and this type of thing is seldom rare.

The radios, tapes and loud toys,
creat confusion by means of noise,
if everyone helps we can find a solution
to all these horrible kinds of pollution.

J. Nicholls, V

SPINACH AND CARROTS

Spinach and carrots are
eaten by people from near and far,
they're soft and mushy,
and get all slushy.

You put it on the heat,
they say they have a treat,
they say it is to eat,
and they say the taste,
is hard to beat,
to me it tastes like smelly feet,

The farmers seed,
because they say we need,
our spinach and carrots.

P. Henniger, V



CENTENNIAL YEAR WITH GRADE III



BRITISH COLUMBIA

A hundred years ago, British Columbia joined Canada. The Queen came to help celebrate. It was the sixth province to join Canada.

The flag of British Columbia is made from the Union Jack, three blue and white waves and the rising sun. The Union Jack stands for the British people. The waves stand for the coast line. The rising sun stands for the sunshine.

The emblem of British Columbia is the Dogwood. It has white flowers in May and September. In May the Dogwood has six petals. The flowers on the Dogwood in September have five petals.

Palmer, III



VANCOUVER

Vancouver is British Columbia's largest city. It is a seaport.

Vancouver has a beautiful park called Stanley Park. In Stanley Park there are all sorts of animals. There is an aquarium. In the aquarium there is a whale called Skana and there are all sorts of fish too. Vancouver has a Planetarium. In the Planetarium there is a theatre that shows movies about discovering new stars and planets. Under the Planetarium there are the Centennial Museums. In the museums there are things the pioneers and Indians used.

On Little Mountain there is a Conservatory and in the Conservatory there are all sorts of plants. There is beautiful beaches too. There is riding down at the flats and small farms and many people are fishermen.

Gamage, III

THE CONSERVATORY

On February 9th, 1971, three exciting things happened. The Apollo 14 Astronauts splashed down after their trip from the moon; There was a total eclipse of the moon; Grade III went to the MacMillan Bloedel Conservatory.

After break, Mr. Alexander took us in the big school bus. There were eighteen boys and Mrs. Westmacott.

At the Conservatory we were divided into small groups and each group was shown around by a guide. The Conservatory is divided into five areas; rain forest area, North West area, arid area, tropical plant area and display area. The tropical area had banana plants with green bananas and an Elephant Foot plant which looked like an onion to me. There was a bridge over a pond with gold fish in it. There were bamboos and big ferns.

The display area had lots of pretty flowers like daffodils and an Australian totem pole.

The arid area had different kinds of cacti.

We saw lots of pretty finches flying about and a big Macaw called Mike.

It was a lovely trip and we all enjoyed it very, very much.
R. D. Findley, III

THE FUN OF SNOW

Snow glorious snow! Vancouver is covered with that lovely stuff. It's such fun to jump into snow and have snowball fights. If you climbed a tree and hung onto a springy branch you would have an instant catapult. When I look at a tree I think I'm in fairyland. My favorite game is snowballing. There are eight boys in our class today instead of eighteen boys. Now I think it is going to rain! Boo Hoo!

Rodney Findley, III



THE FROG

The frog starts as a very tiny egg inside a big mass of jelly. A few days later the egg hatches and the baby tadpole comes out of the jelly. The tadpole when it comes out of the jelly has a thin body and a long thin tail with small feather-like gills. Gradually the gills disappear and the body gets fatter. After that has happened, two little bumps appear at the base of the tail and two little back legs come out of the bumps. Soon after two little bumps appear at the front of its body and two little front legs come out. After this has happened the tadpole stops eating and its tail absorbs its body for food. When its tail is gone it has to live on land as a fully grown frog.

Gamage, III

THE BLACK BEAR

There are a lot of black bears in British Columbia. A black bear has long, shaggy fur and a very short tail, as the cinnamon bear, grizzly bear and polar bear have.

When a male bear comes the mother slaps the cubs and they go up a tree while the mother fights with the male.

All bears are all good fishermen. They like honey, bacon and fish.

Bears can run as fast as the pony, and they hibernate in caves. They look funny on their back feet but they really are fast runners. All of them have sharp claws and sharp teeth.

Riedel, III

ADVENTUROUS DAY

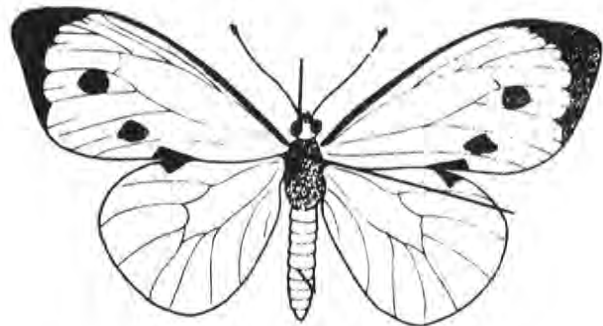
My name is Henry Flutter. I am a butterfly with double wings. My wings are beautifully decorated.

One bright sunny morning I unfolded my wings and set out for some adventure. After flying for a long time I rested on a buttercup to have lunch. A bee charged from behind some deep grass. I went as fast as possible to a flower bush that looked like my wings. Soon the bee could not see me. I ate my lunch and flew for more adventure.

Many people tried to catch me with green nets but I dodged them.

I thought I had had enough adventure for that day so I went home.

Henry Waldoch, III



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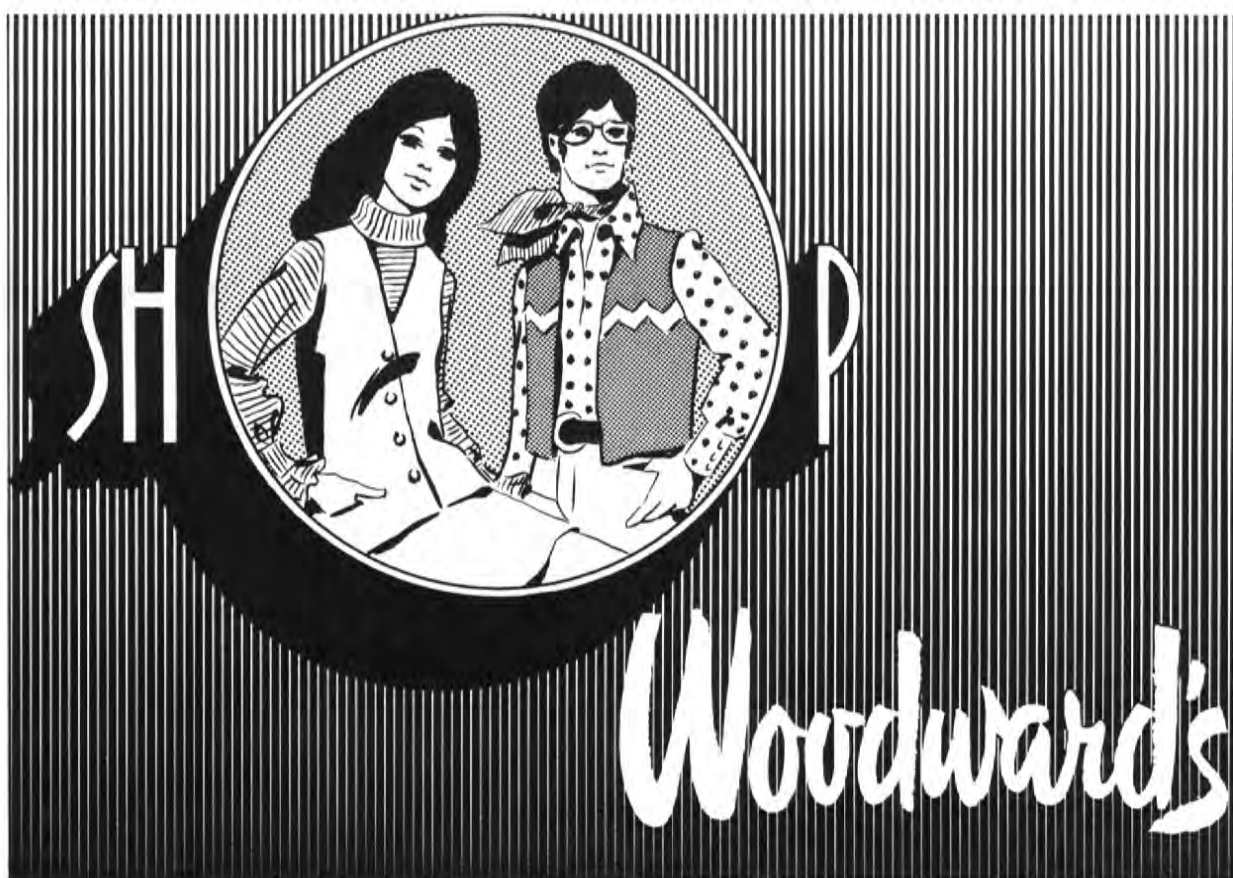
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