



AYLTON

145

The Archon

1964 - 1965



Published by

THE STUDENTS OF KING CITY COMPOSITE SCHOOL

King City, Ontario

Table of Contents

PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE	Page 3
EDITOR'S MESSAGE	Page 5
VALEDICTORY	Page 7
ARCHON STAFF	Page 7
GRADUATION SPEECH	Page 9
FACULTY PHOTOS	Page 11
GRADUATE AND FORM NEWS	Page 15
FORM NEWS	Page 22
LITERARY	Page 55
SOCIAL AND HUMOUR	Page 63
ACTIVITIES	Page 67
SPORTS	Page 77



PRINCIPAL—MR. B. T. O'BEIRN



VICE-PRINCIPAL—MR. J. TURCHIN

The Age of Change

To the student of to-day the challenge of the future presents an exciting panorama of change. He is amazed by the frenzy with which emerging nations propel themselves into world affairs. He is perplexed by race riots and demands for civil rights. He fails to comprehend constitutional changes and the conflict between provincial and federal controls. He is confused by labour codes, pension plans, and increasing social legislation. He asks which political ideology should and will prevail. He dreams of dynamic scientific and technological advances. He wonders where mechanization and automation will lead. He notes that western society is unsuccessful in reducing the imbalance between jobs and workers. He falls a prey to the speculation that the population explosion will be solved by an exodus to the moon or to other planets. It is an age of change, an age of adventure.

Each student must thrill to the realization that he lives in an age of intense intellectual, political, economic and social development; unpredictable development. Fortified by a sound basic education, inspired by high ideals of truth and charity, every student may courageously play his role in shaping world events for the better. Let each one heed the poetic message of Arthur Hugh Clough:

"Say not, the struggle naught availeth—
—And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright."

B. T. O'BEIRN, *Principal*



Aurora District High School Board — Members

Dr. J. S. Webster, Mr. N. C. Baldwin, Mr. A. E. Starr, Dr. E. J. Henderson, Dr. R. H. Kenney
 Sitting—Mr. Stan Baker, Mr. J. M. Hunter (Vice-Chairman), Dr. J. L. Urquhart (Chairman), Mr. E. J. Eveleigh, Mr. J. C. Dew.

A
*tradition
 of fine
 banking service*

For over ninety years, the Commerce has been the sign of the finest in banking services. Either at home, or wherever you travel, let the Commerce take care of your financial problems. There are branches in every major centre in Canada to offer you the finest in convenient, courteous service.

**CANADIAN IMPERIAL
 BANK OF COMMERCE**
Over 1300 branches to serve you

Editor's Message

Look to this day!
For it is life—the very life of life.
In its brief course lie all the varieties and
realities of your existence:
The bliss of growth,
The glory of action,
The splendor of beauty.

Look well, therefore, to this day!
With courage salute each dawn!
—From the Sanskrit



This has been a good year for King. It has been our best year in sports. Our drama and music groups have successfully tackled more difficult productions. Improvements have been put into effect in our Student Parliament. But more important than this has been the willing help and good spirit of the students in every project and event throughout the year.

This yearbook is the biggest and we hope the best in King's history. It has taken much hard work and planning from many people. Thanks should go first to the staff advisors: Mr. Lemke, Mr. Englebert, and Mr. Smereka, who unobtrusively kept things going behind the scenes. Thanks is due to the English teachers who helped to collect all the literary work and class news. The typing class deserves our gratitude for their work in typing the copy.

To the various section editors goes my own personal thanks. Without your valuable assistance this yearbook would be non-existent.

The art editor and photography editor deserve a great deal of credit for providing the artistic and pictorial part of the yearbook.

Lastly we give thanks to our advertising manager and sales manager who campaigned tirelessly to finance this book (even to the point of picketing the Township Offices for advertising!).

Fellow students of K.C.C.S., as you look through this book, and remember the past year, may you overlook the mistakes and may your memories be pleasant, because it is your book about you.



Simpson's

CANADA'S YOUTH CENTRE

Valedictory

When I was preparing this speech and some of the aspects of life at King were passing through my mind, I realized that I could have simplified the introduction by addressing the Family of King City Composite School. You will see that we have here all the members of a family, an Old English family. There is a father—the School Board fills this position. They make sure that we have a roof to keep the rain off our heads, fuel to keep the house warm, and food to keep us nourished both mentally and physically. We have a mother to make sure that we eat the food put before us, and use the roof and fuel to the utmost. You will see that Mr. O'Beirn is our mother. Of course, no Old English family is Old English unless it has a Nanny or a Governess to keep the children in line and well disciplined. Our Nanny is Mr. Turchin. There are the tutors, who are of course our teachers. And finally there are the children. I think Nanny will agree, a typically rambunctious lot, always ready to play instead of work.

But there are still two members of the family; both are named Love. One is love for the family as a whole—in our case it is called school spirit. And as I think of school spirit and look out over the gym I don't see people arranged neatly in rows—I see class reps frantically lay-

ing down pennies. I see those bleachers and doorways filled with stamping, clapping, shouting, King City students, cheering as the basketball team scores, sighing as they miss.

The other member love is the love that the other members of the K.C.C.S. family must have for their work and us. Would you come back, day after day, year after year, to do what, with some classes of pupils can often amount to nothing more than babysitting for rude, thoughtless children?

A closer contact between the student and staff member produces what I think is the set of most vivid memories we shall carry from high school—those of the staff members with whom we were associated last year:

During the past two months, of my University life, I have had a chance to compare the training that others have received with that which I have received. For me the results of this comparison can be stated in one sentence: I thank my stars that when I was at King those staff members were here too.

When you are on this stage and are saying farewell, be proud of the fact that you were a part of King City Composite School, truly the greatest school.

DOUGLAS PARSONS



Yearbook Staff

Back Row—Richard Smith, Dennis Marr, Shane Belknap.

Middle Row—E. Smaraka (Staff), C. Lemke (Staff), Susan Hiscocks, Kirsten Eif, Flora Wakefield, Judy Hayward, Pat Hiscocks, Mara Petersons, J. Coupland (Staff), E. Engelbart (Staff).

Front Row—Lynn Maynard, Peter Kratzman, Karen Pierto, Bob Gardiner, Frances Osborne, Michael Curran, Barbara Brown, Greg Anderson, April Warren.

Absent—Henri Blasinaki, Gail Kerr, Lynda Taylor, Jim Moore.

SPONSOR—William V. Curran, Councillor, King Township.

**EATON'S
HAS JUST
TWO WORDS TO SAY
...THANK YOU!**

We at Eaton's are very glad to have met two such direct young people, who represent your school. They are the ones who guide our activities planned especially for your group! Our Young Shops are geared to meet your needs, fashioned for your busy lives, stocked with the items you want, for every day use and special occasions. It is a challenge for us . . . we think you will like the way we have met it!

Gregory Anderson



Lynn Emerson



**EATON'S THE
STORE
FOR
YOUNG
CANADA**

Speech delivered by Dr. L. Evans at the Graduation Banquet
on November 6th, 1964.

Aristotle said that the educated compare with the uneducated as the living do with the dead. Today his words have even a greater significance. Either people will educate themselves in the spirit of peaceful accomplishments or they will perish. Just as physicians study abnormalities to seek health, likewise the downfall of Nazi-Germany must be studied in order that her course will not be followed. In Germany, there was a frightening uniformity and subservient mediocrity. This type of education led them finally to a well-deserved downfall. In our society uniform mediocrity is not needed. The emphasis should be placed rather upon excellence, upon independence of thought, upon freedom of discussion, upon critical spirit.

You will be subjected all your lives to the most insidious pressure of modern society: the pressure of standardization. Every day we are influenced through pictures, print and propaganda to pursue the same goals, admire the same people, to enjoy the same pastimes, and to think the same thoughts. Hundreds of companies, organizations, clubs and societies tend to submerge the individual in the tide of some mediocrity. The obligations of good citizenship cannot mean regimentation and standardization of thought. The deep spiritual forces of liberal education should develop critical minds that can stand up against the dreary platitudes which attack us.

Bravery and courage are needed in intellectual matters. The spirit of adventure should inspire us in the realm of thoughts. Work out bravely your own ideas, choose your own stan-

dards, have your own scale of values, and stick to them. Juvenile delinquency is not to be found where there are values, beliefs, ideals.

Develop your own toughness of mind. Self-reliance is not the same thing as conceit. Being self-reliant means that you will not follow the crowd. You will make up your own mind and you will not believe everything that appears in print. You will pay more attention to the spirit of the words than to the letters. Study the opinions of others, of course, and see what outstanding people had to say, but do not change your opinions unless you are convinced of something.

Independence of mind is not incompatible with good manners. Bad mannered people do a great deal of harm. Good manners should come from within. They reflect an attitude of consideration for others.

There is still plenty of room at the top. Well-trained minds with imagination and readiness to take responsibility are needed in all fields. Get honors at your university or teachers' college. Don't be content with mediocre results.

After these few words stressing the need of excellence, critical minds and good manners, may I add that I have been associated with most of you for two or three years, and this association has been a happy one. The long Friday afternoons are over, the snowy days of winters have gone, the years have glided by. But the memory of your ever-smiling faces remains and will remain. Be happy and lucky wherever you go, and cherish the memory of our Alma Mater, our King City Composite School.

Jack Blythe Ltd.

Real Estate and Insurance

Phone 773-5241 Yonge St., Oak Ridges

VINCE SMITH HARDWARE

Visit Us for Toys and Gifts

"It's a pleasure to serve you"

Phone 939-2361

Schomberg, Ont.

Municipality of the Township of King

The Council of the Township of King wish to take this opportunity to congratulate King City Composite School on the publication of the school year book. Wishing Your School Every Success . . .

Reeve and Council
TOWNSHIP OF KING

STAFF OF KING CITY COMPOSITE



K. Carson
Head of Science Dept.



J. Coupland
Eng. & Mat.



E. Englebert
Business & Commerce



R. French
History & Gen.



Miss J. Chamberlain
Home Ec., Food



A. G. Cressman
Head of Guidance &
Mat.



Dr. L. Evans
Latin & History



Mrs. Fulton
Home Ec., Clothing



P. Christie
Auto & Drafting



Mrs. R. Duhar
Latin, English



T. L. Ferguson
Mechanical



Mrs. I. Gondor
Business & Commerce



D. Cluthey
Head of P. Ed. & Gen.



A. C. Edwards
Library, Genp.



S. D. Fidler
Head of History Dept.



Miss F. Gumsly
Eng. & Mat.



J. K. Hall
Business & Commerce



J. Hunt
Electrical Shop



M. Makarchuk
Math, Science



Mrs. J. Morning
Eng., Hist. & P. Ed.



Mrs. N. Hashem
English, Physical Ed.



Miss I. Jennings
French



W. Marsh
Carpentry



K. H. Nicholls
Head of English Dept.



E. Hodge
Math, Science



D. Knight
Math, Science, P.E.



R. McClure
Science, Math, P.E.



Mrs. G. Ogden
Head of Commercial Dept.



Miss C. Hossack
English, History, P.E.



C. Lemko
English, Guidance



A. McNeil
English, Guidance



N. Glynyk
Math, Music



Dr. V. Postelca
Head of French Dept.



T. J. Simpson
Chemistry



Mrs. J. Stuckey
Eng., Hist., Geo.



H. W. von Brunnstein
Mathematics



R. Sandersen
Head of Mach. Dept.



E. P. Smereka
Science



E. Tanquy
Occupations—Boys



W. C. Wilson
Technical Director



E. Serjeantson
History, P.E.



Mrs. C. P. Stephen
Occupations—Girls



P. A. Tipold
Business & Commerce



Mrs. D. Wright
French, P.E.



P. Wright
Drafting



Mrs. M. Harvey
Secretary



Mrs. H. Wyer
Secretary



Cafeteria Staff

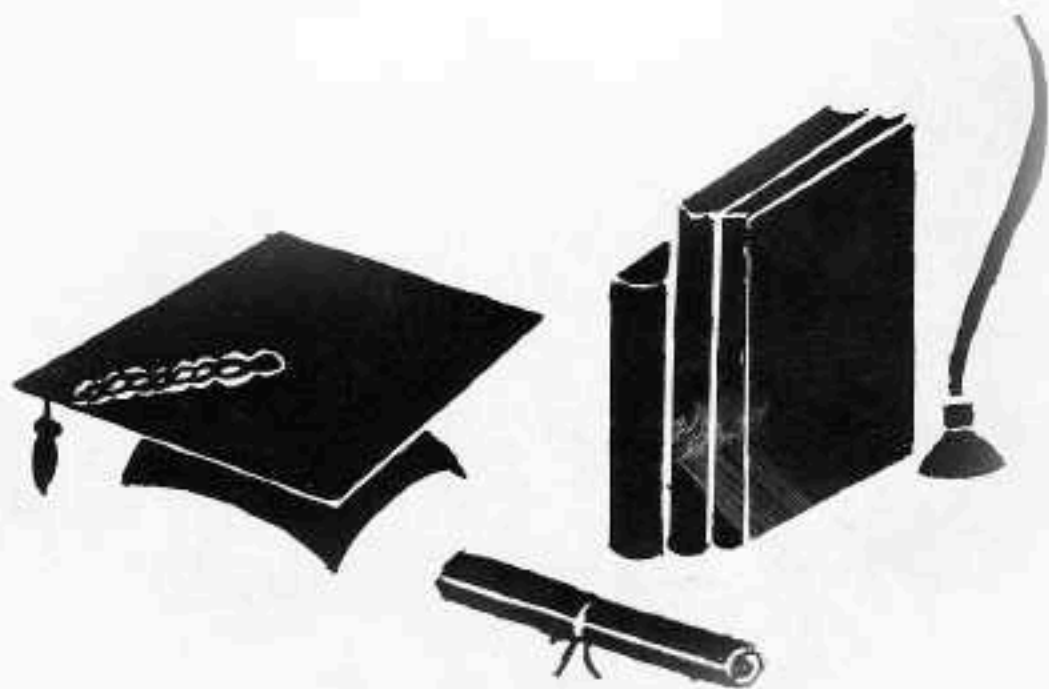
Mrs. Holding, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. McToggart, Mrs. McKenzie.



Maintenance Staff

*Front Row—A. Cooper, Mrs. B. Wilson, B. Peters,
Back Row—A. Ferguson, J. Grech, A. Ryman, H. Mitchell.*

Graduate and Form News



*Head of hockey team
Greg Anderson*



GREGORY ANDERSON
"I would rather be first man here, than second in Rome." Greg has been so busy this year, that we don't see how he had any time left for school. Besides filling such important offices as our representative on Eaton's Junior Executive, and Manager of the Magazine Sales Committee, Greg played senior football and was on the track team. He also served on the executives of the yearbook, the B.A.A., and the ski club. Next year he will study business administration at Western.



*Jane Abrahams
3 B.*

JANE ABRAHAM
Jane is certainly lucky that "civilized man cannot live without cocks." Her cooking for certain hockey players should provide excellent practice for her planned career as a dietitian. Besides cooking, Jane enjoys sewing, cheerleading and has actively participated in the Math and Badminton Clubs. Next year, Jane plans to attend MacDonald Institute to study Home Economics.



JOHN BAMFORD
"I will be brief." John's main activities this year consisted of burning the midnight oil, skiing, and wrecking the family car. Next year John plans to attend York University and study towards his B.A.



HENIA BLASINSKI
"An open hand, an easy shoe and a hope to make the day go through." Henia's future plans are as yet indefinite. She is on the yearbook committee and an active member of the G.A.A.



BOB CAIRNS
"A merry heart that makes a cheerful countenance." During the fall Bob starred on defense for our Senior Football team. With the arrival of winter his interests turned to shinning at the Knob-town Arena. During the remaining brief moments of his time, Bob kept his nose in worn out text books and under the hood of worn out cars. Next year, he plans to study Electronics at Ryerson.

Bob Cairns



WAYNE CAMPBELL
"Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die." Wayne's interests this year were Oldsmobiles and blondes, in which order we aren't too sure. He was an active member of the ski club and the badminton club. He plans to study biology at Western University.

Wayne Campbell



LYNDA CASSELMAN
"But for mine own part it was Greek to me?" This is becoming a very popular saying. Lynda plans on becoming a nurse but as yet, she is undecided as to where she will train.

Lynda Casselman



NANCY CHAMBERLAIN
"Ask me no questions, I'll tell you no fibs." Nancy is another one who keeps the class on its feet with her witty remarks. She has been an active member of the cheerleaders and plans on attending Nightingale School of Nursing.

Nancy Chamberlain



LEE COOPER
"Minority is no disproof. Wisdom is not so strong and fleet as never to have known defeat." Lee has been an active member of the Senior basketball team for three years. She intends to take a business course at I.B.M. after this year.

Lee Cooper



MIKE CURRAN
"I do want that glib and oily art; to speak and purpose not." Mike's play on words won him the starring role in the Drama Club's play. He was the business manager of this publication and also served on the Student Council, and Camera Club executives. Next year, he will attend Toronto University and study towards his B.A.

Michael Curran

*Mike Davis*
MIKE DAVIS

"I dare do all that may become a man; who dares more is none." When Mike isn't busy excelling at football, hockey, raggy, or baseball, he can be seen in Chemistry class pursuing his most profitable sport, coin flipping. If he manages to pass this year, he plans to attend university.

**JUDY HAYWARD**

"Good health and good sense are two of life's greatest blessings." Judy shows her talents by being an active member of the Drama Club. She is also on the yearbook committee. Future plans include nursing.

*Bill Dorey*
BILL DOREY

"One catches more flies with one spoonful of honey than with twenty casks of vinegar." Bill has been in the enviable position of guaranteed success this year. He had already passed Grade 13 but was coming back to get higher marks. Bill's extra curricular activities again consisted of flirting with the feminine population. Next year he will study pharmacy at the University of Toronto.

**KENT HILL**

"He who diggeth a pit shall fall into it." Kent is an ardent philosopher who thinks that life is just a bowl of cherries. Now all he has to do is convince himself that they aren't all sour, and he will be all set. His favourite sidelines are hockey and the weaker sex. Next year he hopes to attend Toronto University.

*Kirsten Elf*
KIRSTEN ELF

"The action is best which procures the greatest happiness for the greatest numbers." Kirsten lives up to this statement very well. She is on the yearbook committee, a student parliament executive and she is also Simpson's representative. After a trip to Europe she intends to become a nurse.

*Wayne Hill*
WAYNE HILL

"The world stands aside to let anyone pass who knows where he is going." Wayne is one of the few students in our class whose marks keep improving from year to year, and with a little effort, we are all certain that he will make it this year. He also plays shinny for the renowned Aurora Tigers. He plans to attend university but hasn't decided which one.

*Lynn Emerson*
LYNN EMERSON

"The sweetest essences are always contained in the smallest glasses." However "Pixie's" activities are not in proportion to her size. This year, she is our Vice-President and Eaton's Rep. She has actively participated in Junior Volleyball and Basketball teams, and was a member of the French and Math Clubs. Next year, Lynn hopes to attend University.

**SUSAN HISCOCKS**

"Someone said it couldn't be done, but she, with a chuckle, replied that maybe it couldn't, but she'd be the one who wouldn't say no till she'd tried." Susan fills her year by being an active member in the Drama Club, on the Student Council and the Literary head on the Yearbook Committee.

*Brian Gellatly*
BRIAN GELLATLY

"If I'm content with a little, enough is as good as a feast." Brian was the tall man of the Senior basketball team this year, and he was also a member of the badminton club. Next year Brian plans to attend the "University of Work."

*Ron Holding*
RON HOLDING

"Lying in bed would be pleasant if one had a crayon long enough to draw on the ceiling." Ron was a member of the badminton club this year. He is also a billiard buff and an enthusiastic coin flipper. Maybe next year we can arrange to have clubs set up for these sports. Ron hopes to study Engineering at Royal Military College.



Joe Huson
JOE HUSON

Joe has returned to school after a year's absence to enhance his education. He was a welcome addition to this year's football squad as one of the mainstays of a fine defensive squad which allowed only 3 points in league play. Joe's future plans include becoming a successful playboy, educated at Utah State University.



George Loney
GEORGE LONEY

"Not that he loves work less, but that he loves pleasure more." George is easily identified by the long slide rule he carries. His activities this year included, the chairman of the Nomination Committee, ass't manager of the Magazine Sales Committee, drama club, and the senior basketball team. A math course at Waterloo is included in his future plans.



Paul Kenny
PAUL KENNY

"A sound mind in a sound body." Doc is a veteran senior football player. For three years he has been one of King's best linemen, both on offense and defense. He also serves on the B.A.A. executive, and there are some rumors that he plays a little hockey to break the monotony of school work. Paul hopes to study engineering at the University of Toronto next year.



Gail MacTaggart
GAIL MacTAGGART

"Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others, can't keep it from themselves." She is a member of the Senior basketball team. Future plans include teaching physical ed. and attending U. of T.



Pete Kratzmann
PETE KRATZMANN

"The epitaph a man applies to another, usually fit himself best." (Thanks for writing our quotes Pete!) Pete is a four year veteran of the Senior football team, who also had enough time to play Sr. Basketball, work on the Magazine Sales Committee, Yearbook sports editor, and participate in the drama club. Next year he plans to study geography at Toronto or York University.



Michelle Marks
MICHELLE MARKS

"Not by years but by disposition is wisdom acquired." Her cheery hello always brightens up the morning. Mickey's future plans include teaching.



Dave Leckie
DAVE LECKIE

"With malice toward none; with charity toward all." Dave has limited his activities this year to concentrate on studying, and it seems to have worked out very well for him. Next year, he plans to study electronics engineering at the University of Toronto.



Lynn Maynard
LYNN MAYNARD

"Doing easily what others find difficult is talent." Lynn has great ability for decorating and hairstyling. She is head of the decorating committee and does the hairstyles for drama night. She plans on attending Ryerson to become a lab. tech.



Heather Lister
HEATHER LISTER

"I sit beside my lonely fire and pray for wisdom yet; For calmness to remember or courage to forget." Heather helps keep the class on its toes with her witty remarks. Future plans include teaching and plans to attend Lakeshore.



Ed Millard
ED MILLARD

"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest, Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum." Ed's main activities are sports, and his favourite sport is a roasting game of chess. He was also our heavy-weight wrestling champion, and a member of the football and rugby teams. Next year he plans to study Mechanical Technology at Ryerson.



Jim Moores
JIM MOORES

"His brow is wet with earnest sweat". Jim has been a friend and classmate throughout since grade 9. He has always been quiet and sincere in everything he undertook, and we wish him the best of luck at York University next year.

Dave Nattress
DAVE NATTRESS

"I keep six honest serving men, whose names be what, why, when, who, where, and how." Dave is another of those lucky few who had a couple of precious spares each day. This gave him enough time to play for the Senior Basketball team. Next year he will study agriculture at Guelph University.



Susan Nickle
SUSAN NICKLE

"A fair little girl sat under a tree.
Sewing as long as her eyes could see."

Could this be our Sue who is giving her talent to Drama Night; heading the Costume committee this year? Her other interests include cheer-leading, watching hockey games, and eating. Next year, Susan hopes to attend MacDonald Institute to specialize in sewing.



Frances Osborne
FRANCES OSBORNE

"Simplicity of character is no hindrance to subtlety of intellect."

Attempts to subvert Frances this year have proved futile. Although she is Editor of our Archon, our Student Council Rep., and active in Volleyball, Drama and many other school activities, Frances reached her goal of 88%. Next year Frances plans to attend University of Toronto to specialize in Biological and Medical Science.



WARREN QUINN

"There is nothing wrong with him that becoming a taxpayer won't solve." This fall Warren moved into K.C.C.S. from Bayview High School, behind the wheel of his powerful Austin. Though he is a demon on the road, he is a quiet-spoken, pink-blushing young chap in the class room. His extra curricular interest is track and field. Next year he plans to attend either Ryerson or the University of Toronto.



Paul Rollinson
PAUL ROLLINSON

"What funny fancy lips from 'tween these cheery lips." Paul has a tough role to play this year, as president of the Student Parliament. Usually grade 13 students shy away from this task, but Paul has met the challenge very capably, as well as starring for the Sr. Basketball Team. Next year, he will attend McMaster to study for his B.A.



Lynn Scott
LYNN SCOTT

"To be or not to be?" Will Lynn devote her talents to teaching little folk? As yet she is undecided, but whatever path she chooses, we are confident that her friendly smile will be a big asset to her. Besides keeping up on events at Queen's at U. of T., Lynn has devoted herself to Trigonometry with determination to make it as good as Geometry.



FRED SHIELDS

A member of the Latin Class Fred says he wouldn't have it any other way. Somebody has got to keep all those pretty girls happy. Fred plans to get a bigger car next year so that his motorcycle boots will fit in the trunk.



Duke Skutelnik
DUKE SKUTELNIK

"He hath five and thirty black slaves, half a hundred white." A man whose charm is appreciated by the ladies of 13B, whose wit is cherished by the gents of 13B, and whose parties are remembered by all. Next year Duke plans to study Geology at the University of Toronto.



BILL SMITH

"Wit is the salt of conversation, not the food." Our man on the slopes wishes he could spend his winters in Austria instead of behind a desk. Since there was very little snow this winter, Bill got his exercise indoors, playing for the Senior basketball team. Next year, he will take post graduate work at K.C.C.S.



Roberta Starkey
ROBERTA STARKEY

"The world was sad, and man sigh'd till woman smiled." Her cheery smile greets us every morning. Roberta plans to take an I.B.M. course after completing this year.



JOAN WALL

"Patience is the best remedy for every trouble." Joan hands out some of the cleanest checks ever in basketball. Her future plans aren't definite but she thinks she'll work a year before deciding.

Joan Wall



GLEN STAINTON

"I can't! I saw! I conquered!" Glen is halving the work and doubling the pleasure this year. He is taking Grade 13 in two years, so that he has plenty of time to play for the Senior Football team and chasing a truck, I mean a "Lorry".

Glen Stainton



TED WESTBROOK

Ted has been setting the geometry class on its ear this year with his snappy answers. He even went as far as to arrive at school on the afternoon of the morning geometry exam. However, outside of geometry class Ted assumes his normal likable personality. Future plans include Ryerson.

It's Always Edward

Edward Westbrook



JUNE THOMPSON

"It is easier not to speak a word at all, than to speak more words than we should." Although she never says much, you can be sure she is thinking. June's future plans are as yet indefinite.

June Thompson



STEVE BAKER

"The secret of being interesting lies in not telling everything." Steve's school life is a paradox. One moment he receives Dr. Postec's praise for his brilliance in French, the next he incurs his wrath. Steve's future plans are indefinite but we are sure, that they are in the right direction.

Steve Baker



Marlene Turner
MARLENE TURNER

"Heaven sends us good meat but the devil sends cooks." Marlene takes pleasure in skating, sewing, and sometimes cooking. She plans to attend Ryerson or Mt. Sinai to train as a Lab. Tech.

Marlene Turner



BEN VAUGHAN

"My candle burns at both ends; yet it gives such a lovely light." At the best of times, Ben was only with us a few periods a day. But sometimes he vanished altogether for a couple of days. He was always an inspiration to the northwest corner of the chemistry lab. Next year he plans to attend Ryerson.



Flora Wakefield
FLORA WAKEFIELD

"The best time to enjoy a trip to Europe is three weeks after unpacking." Flora plans a trip to Europe after this year. She is the humour editor of the yearbook and belongs to the Drama Club.



GERALD WHALLY

Gerald's interests include scrambling (anybody know what it is?) and shunting. He is a member of the language class and the proud owner of a pair of blue denim gym shorts with Carhart, (his old school) showing proudly on the back. Gerald's future?

**KENT WILSON**

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men." In the words of Mr. Turchin, "What a soft gentle voice you have, Kent." Kent served the double purpose of class clown and philosopher. Next year he plans to study mechanical technology at Ryerson.

Kent Wilson**BERYL PRING**

"Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves."

Beryl's future plans are indefinite, but not when on either a basketball or volleyball court. She seems to have a passion for hitting heads. Her quiet cheerfulness is always welcome when she occasionally visits her Home Room for some of her classes. Beryl is contemplating a career in Home Economics.

and Pring speaking**JACK WRAY**

Following his modified course in grade thirteen Jack is planning to attend Utah State University on a football scholarship. This only goes to show that his sports activities both in and out of school are beginning to pay off. The best of luck to you, Jack.

Jack Wray**PETE VELTHEER**

Upon completion of this school year Pete plans to paddle a gondola in Venice with his left leg. He is also a motorcycling and sailing enthusiast.

**FRED TEMPLEMAN**

Fred has returned to us after a year in an American University with some wild stories about something he called campus life. Fred plays football at a break-neck pace so much so, that he almost broke his neck and the resulting injury sidelined him for the season. His future is undecided.

MARY JANE CHAPMAN

Although she has left us to work, Mary Jane's imprint has remained in sports, Dance committees, Home Economics projects, and many other school activities.

**King City Tire & Service**

COMPLETE STOCK OF GUARANTEED NEW & USED TIRES
ALL MAKES

Emergency Road Service And Towing
Mechanical Repairs

833-5111**KING CITY****KEELE 5****After High School, what?**

PLENTY! Especially at the Bell, where career opportunities for grads are varied and interesting. And it's full pay while you train. Come on down to the Bell Office. We'll gladly tell you about opportunities waiting for you at the Bell when you've graduated.

The Bell Telephone Company of Canada





Front Row—Mara Petersons, Esther Natale, Mary Dennett, Sandra Forester, Sharon Clark, Bonnie Huycke, Janet Stubbs, Beth Cairns, Lise Hansen.
 Second Row—Carol Reid, Angela Hughes, Wendy Rowan, Barbara Palmer, Rosemary Davidson, Phyllis Frazer, Catherine Whalley, Sharon Bean.
 Third Row—Bruce Robson, David Campbell, Gary Broad, Wayne Boyce, Bernard Beaupré, John Veltheer, Martin Arlidge, Bill Marks, Chris Wilson, Jim Ellison.
 Fourth Row—Andy Currie, Bob Gardiner, Tom Swan, Ray Irvine, Dave Hughey, Gordon Reynolds, Norman Cairns, Grant Smith.

12A

With perennial apologies to Shakespeare
Martin Arlidge—"Well, honour is the subject
 of my story." "This fellow's of exceeding
 honesty."

Sharon Bean—"I have of late lost all my mirth."
Bernie Beaupré—"Enjoy the heavy honeydew
 of slumber."

Wayne Boyce—"Oh, why should life all labour
 be?"

Gary Broad—"All things have rest, why should
 I toil?"

Beth Cairns—"But if he be at hand, I shall be
 satisfied."

Norman Cairns—"An absolute gentlemen, of
 most excellent differences."

David Campbell—"Tis not possible to under-
 stand in another tongue."

Sharon Clark—"She turns to favour and to
 prettiness."

Andy Currie—"Steady thy laden head."

Rosemary Davidson—"There's Rosemary, that's
 for remembrance."

Mary Dennett—"This skull had a tongue once
 and could sing."

Jim Ellison—"What should a man do but be
 merry?"

Sandra Forester—"She liked whate'er she
 looked on."

Phyllis Frazer—"Full many a flow'r was born
 to blush unseen."

Bob Gardiner—"I desire no more delight than
 to be under sail."

Barbara Palmer—"Anon, as patient as the
 gentle dove."

Lise Hansen—"All I ask is a merry yarn from
 a laughing fellow rover."

Angela Hughes—"See what a grace is seated on
 this brow."

Dave Hughey—"I know that we shall have him
 well to friend."

Bonnie Huycke—"The lady shall say her mind
 freely."

Ray Irvine—"A little learning is a dangerous
 thing."

Bill Marks—"And drunk delight of battle with
 my peers."

Esther Natale—"Friends am I with you all and
 love you all."

Mara Petersons—"Rightly to be great is not
 to stir without great argument."

Carol Reid—"I have a speech of fire that would
 blaze."

Gordon Reynolds—"What is my name? Whither
 am I going? Where do I dwell?"

Bruce Robson—"Am I entreated then to speak?"

Wendy Rowan—"Days meet adoration to the
 household gods."

Janet Stubbs—"Be not too tame neither."

Tom Swan—"If I could pray to move, prayers
 would move me."

John Veltheer—"You are the first that rears
 your hand."

Cathy Whalley—"Follows knowledge like a
 sinking star."

Chris Wilson—"For he is given to sports—and
 much company."

Grant Smith—"O there has been much throw-
 ing about of brains."



Back Row—Louis Latour, John Wilson, Jim O'Neill, Danny Maboe, Wayne Adair, Arthur Fink, Allan Gary, Peter Roots, John Lacey, Shane Bulknep, Pat McGrath.
Middle Row—Douglas Ransom, Bob Parker, Elaine Powell, Diane Wallace, Marie Seager, Barbara Lutes, Sheila Gellatly, Diane Glass, Robert Mooy, David McLorinan.
Front Row—Marg MacDonald, Lynn Ground, Betty Tucker, April Warren, Gail Thompson, Lynda Fuller, Pat Neate, Sandra Hollingshead, Carol Kerr.

12B

Wayne Adair—Dr. Posteuca's friend!

Gary Allan—Another Mario Lanza?

Shane Gelknep—Our Fearless Leader.

Art Fink—Those pocket novels you read have reputable covers but . . .

John Lacey—Doing his second 12B stint, John is glad the G.B.S.S.A.A. lifted eligibility rules.

Louis Latour—Neither seen nor heard, but most certainly there.

Danny Maboe—Does Algebra to relax.

Pat McGrath—The saxophone player's answer to Louis Armstrong.

David McLorinan—Being sued for libel by the 12B boys.

Robert Mooy—"Written any good books lately?"

Jim O'Neil—With a Latin mark like that you should have been born two thousand years ago.

Bob Parker—All Star football player.

Doug Ransom—Escapes comment!

Peter Roots—12B's straight man.

John Wilson—"Are you just blushing or did you fall asleep under the sunlamp again?"

Lynda Fuller—Her future plans do not include school.

Sheila Gellatly—Mr. Fidler is beginning to wonder about Sheila or is he convinced?

Diane Glass—I think my tie looks sophisticated.

Lynn Ground—Her life is centred around her father.

Sandra Hollingshead—Gee, we're going to miss you next year Sandy!

Carol Kerr—Plan for the future is nursing.

Barbara Lutes—A sneeze. Is that what you call it?

Dale Maboe—Quiet? Or is that just around us.

Marg MacDonald—In chemistry class she adds extra zip to the experiments.

Pat Neate—Pat always tells us when it's lunch time.

Elaine Powell—Enjoys sports.

Marie Seager—A cow goes moo moo.

Gail Thompson—Just can't seem to sit still.

Betty Tucker—A nice girl!

Diane Wallace—"Beatle Fan."

April Warren—Spends most of her time at sports she says.

LADY-O ICE-CREAM

11 YONGE ST. NORTH

Business No.
727-6701

After Hours
773-5666



Front Row—Bev Hunter, Lenore Hesp, Lorraine Daoust, Lynn McCoppen, Peggy Mortenson, Christine Holt, Nadine Derrick, Susan Herring, Sharon Patton, Judy Paxton.
Middle Row—Nick Henshaw, John Arlidge, Bernie Wyer, Don Ailles, Dan McKinnon, Ron Clegg, David Brooks, Bruce Machon, Lars Eif, Russell Arbuckle.
Back Row—Alex Gallacher, John Crocker, Murray Earl, Jerry McNeil, Richard Herring, Ed Perkins, Ken DeCarle, Sherwood McLernon, Norval Lippsett, Randy Templeman.

12C

Don Ailles—French . . . what's that?

Russel Arbuckle—One day he actually answered a question.

John Arlidge—The Tall One.

Dave Brooks—Always has something to say, wise or otherwise: usually otherwise.

Ron Clegg—One of 12C's football heroes.

John Crocker—Stirling Moss has nothing on this lad.

Lorraine Daoust—Poetry in Motion.

Ken De Carle—Sits quietly some of the time and absorbs nothing all of the time.

Nadine Derrick—Another one of our French wizards.

Murray Earl—"Squirrely" beats a real mean tom-tom.

Lars Eif—12C's flyboy.

Alex Gallacher—"I'll do it for nothing sir, cause we're buddies."

Nick Henshaw—Says a great deal about nothing.

Richard Herring—My son the Folksinger.

Susan Herring—"Will's" kid sister.

Lenore Hesp—This is one girl who doesn't let her schooling interfere with her education.

Christine Holt—Full of the right answers.

Beverly Hunter—First class class rep.

Norval Lippsett—Self-confessed extrovert.

Bruce Machon—Word has it that our Student Parliament treasurer is planning a South American holiday.

Lynn McCoppen—As innocent as she looks.

Dan McKinnon—Silent Partner.

Sherwood McLernon—Guns, guns, guns.

Jerry McNeil—Hey Red!

Peggy Mortenson—Did Peggy say something or just breathe?

Sharon Patton—Resides in Downtown Pottagewille.

Ed Perkins—With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.

Randy Templeman—Randy adds some spice to Chemistry class, and English, and Drafting, and Algebra, and . . .

Bernie Wyer—At K.C.C.S. the wolves howl in the daytime too!

• BUSINESS STATIONERY • CONTINUOUS FORMS
 • CATALOGUES • ARTWORK & PHOTOGRAPHY
 • WEDDING & SOCIAL STATIONERY

NOBLETON PRESS LTD.

BOX 142, NOBLETON, ONTARIO

For All Your Printing Needs

Tel. 859-0777



Back Row—Jean Armstrong, Karen Piirto, John Bootle, Norma-Jean Weir, Susan Fike.
Front Row—Barbara Brown, Donna Zaiser, Linda Keates, Gail Banton, Gwen Newton, Wendy Sparks, Lois McGann.
Absent—Nancy Brown, Ruth Dunn.

12D

Jean Armstrong—The ACE of the I.B.M. machine.

Nancy Brown—Nancy is a mystery when she disappears for History.

Karen Piirto—Little Miss Argumentative.

Barb Brown—The carrot of our crop.

Donna Zaiser—How's the 'BIG' toe these days?

Susan Fike—12D's only natural blonde, (almost).

Gwen Newton—"What's wrong with 20 words a minute?"

Gail Banton—Grumpy in Shorthand, but a real sweetie.

Wendy Sparks—Left for greener pastures.

Linda Keats—Absconded.

Lois McGann—"Dera'tis."

John Bootle—The flirt of the nation, He causes a sensation, Oh . . . lead us not, into temptation.

Ruth Dun—Ruth Alwaysgetsthings Dun.

A B A
AURORA ALIGNMENT
BEAR

Front End
Alignment

Wheel
Balancing

PA. 7-6692

BERCZY STREET — AURORA, ONTARIO

COMPLIMENTS OF
KING CITY SUPERMARKET



Front Row—Hans Hansen, John Landl, Don Ruston, Bert Graham, Dave Heaslip, Chris Margerum, Richard Smith, John Turnbull, Robert Ritchie.
Second Row—Woody Walker, Susane Raymond, Janet Mitchell, Norine Cooper, Pat Hiscocks, Leslie Head, Nena Fog.
Third Row—Charles Cameron, Francis O'Neill, Alan Huycke, David Deering, Jim Sacharuk, George Folliott, Ron McNaughton, Rick West, Edgar Nickle, Danny Brooks.
Back Row—Bob Osborne, Leslie McKenzie, Peter Bell, Jim Leslie, Dave Heaslip, Ron Hubbard.
Absent—Mike Kordyback, Deborah Johnston.

11A

Peter Bell—Petit Pierre.
David Deering—"A peevish schoolboy worthless of such honour."
Leslie Head—Hey! dig those purple socks that Jim's got on.
Paul Henry—Magnus malus Paulus.
Allen Huckle—11A's angel (with a crooked halo).
Danny Brooks—The tiger in "Tide".
Janet Mitchell—It's not the schoolwork giving me trouble, sir, it's the teacher.
Richard Smith—A Vic Tanny reject.
Wendy Walker—She's not really that quiet—she's busy playing euchre!
Nena Fog—She still looks longingly at the science room, but even the rats are gone.
Robert A. Ritchie—The Jolly Green Giant.
Charles Cameron—Reputable Zorro with murder up his sleeve.
Jim Sacharuk—Brains of the gold machine (duh!)
Francis O'Neill—Ambition: President of Canada Dry. Fate: Pop cooler "filler-upper".
John Landl—Ambition: To get out of German class. Fate: Guten Morgen, Herr Professor.
Ron McNaughton—And Ronny is an honourable man.

Pat Hiscocks—Her occasional flashes of silence makes her conversation delightful.
George Folliott—President of the peroxide club.
Mike Kordyback—"Crutches Kordyback".
Jim Leslie—It's not the question I don't understand, it's the answer.
Chris Margerum—Bait the hook, I'll bite!
Leslie McKenzie—He's "just breaking" our hearts.
Don Ruston—"Like uh and all that!"
John Turnbull—Ambition: Oceanographer. Fate: Cleaning gold fish bowls.
Dave Heaslip—He is given to sports, to wildness and much company.
Ron Hubbard—Who me? What again!
Edgar Nickle—11A's Casanova.
Rick West—One good reason teachers turn grey.
Hans Hansen—Ambition: Benny Goodman II. Fate: Hans Hansen II.
Bert Graham—Wine, women, and song.
Norine Cooper—"What's in the purse, Norine?"
Debby Johnston—Ambition: Psychoanalyst. Fate: Psychopath.
Sue Raymond—"What are you looking at me like that for?"
Bob Osborne—Author of all this nonsense!



Front Row—G. Kerr, S. Perry, B. Jorgensen, A. Witteman, J. Baker, B. Bunn, J. Chapman, M. Sampson, E. Finch.
 Middle Row—G. Draper, J. Bell, L. Platt, G. Rose, J. Kenney, J. Clapp, L. Taylor, S. Chesney, B. Wall.
 Back Row—L. Fuller, H. Hellier, D. Warren, L. McPhee, R. Orton, B. Emerson, A. Cole, S. Dennett, E. Goldthorpe, L. Boak.

11B

What would happen if . . .
 Judy Baker married a bread man?
 Janet Bell stopped prompting Mrs. Dubar?
 Lorraine Boak reached six feet?
 Brenda Bunn didn't ask us if we knew our Latin vocabulary?
 Judy Clapp didn't say "I bet Brenda will ask us if we know our Latin vocabulary?"
 Judy Chapman didn't have a perfect answer in Home Ec?
 Sheryl Chesney took a pep pill?
 Allan Cole stood up without being told?
 Sheila Dennett didn't lend her notes to anyone?
 Gillian Draper had known that ostracism didn't mean "to bury one's head in the sand?"
 Bruce Emerson hurried to French class?
 Esther Finch remembered the clip board?
 Linda Platt didn't inquire as to the health of "thou" in the mornings?
 Lois Fuller married the Fuller Brush man?
 Evelyn Goldthorpe stopped being so conscientious?
 Brenda Jorgensen became a world-famed singer?
 Hilda Hellier forgot to "construct" a pretty picture in Math class?
 Jane Kenney competed with a hyena with dimples?
 Gail Kerr didn't carry a darranger in her garter?
 Ron MacDonald hadn't been a traitor to 11B?
 Lynn McPhee became an opera singer?
 Roger Orton hadn't "quit" school?
 Susan Perry took the wrong way home?

Glenda Rose and "company" didn't come into Math late?
 Muriel Sampson rolled?
 Linda Taylor wasn't so puzzled in Math and English?
 Betty Wall had a temper to match her red hair?
 Donna Warren did her history homework?
 Adrianna Witteman didn't shake when hearing Mr. Carson's voice?

KEN STIFF FURS LTD.

- REPAIRS
- COLD STORAGE
- RE-STYLING
- HOLLANDERIZING

Creature of Distinctive Fashions in Furs

884-3001

RICHMOND HEIGHTS SHOPPING CENTRE
 RICHMOND HILL

Teacher—"Mary, what would you do if a man-eating tiger was chasing you?"
 Mary—"Nothing, I'm a girl."



Back Row—Bill Scott, Jim Thomaon, Matt Stoddart, Rick Skinnulis, Arond Akkerman.
Middle Row—Grazio Muscat, Phil Lacey, Brian McKee, George Clarke, Don Kitchen,
 Herman Mooy, Paul McDonald, Barry Wilkins, Dave Douglas.
Front Row—Honka Illohan, Lillian Deary, Peggy Ground, Marg Cook, Barb Smith, Shirley
 Knight, Sheila Heintzman, Sharon Sierolawski, Bev Mears, Sharon Heintzman.

11C

Arond Akkerman—"Roses are Red My Love,"
 yeah.

George Clarke—"Live, Love, Laugh and be
 happy."

Marg Cook—Shy, quiet type.

Lillian Deary—Best things come in small
 classes.

Dave Douglas—The Friendly Farmer.

Peggy Ground—Says nothing; just giggles.

Sharon Heintzman—Has little to say in class.

Sheila Heintzman—Just can't seem to get
 enough of school.

Honka Illohan—Giggles and Wiggles!

Don Kitchen—11C's contribution to the Senior
 football team.

Shirley Knight—Innocence, poses a sweet pic-
 ture.

Phil Lacey—A man of the world!

Bev Mears—Quiet, but the wheels are always
 turning.

Herman Mooy—Quiet, but cunning.

Grazio Muscat—Always smiling . . . never loses
 his temper.

Paul McDonald—"Innocent little me?"

Bill Scott—The mouse that "roared."

Pete Scott—"Do I look worried?"

Sharon Sierolawski—"Tell the truth, what
 would you kids do without me?"

Rick Skinnulis—Not likely to become another
 Einstein!

Barbara Smith—Petite but neat.

Matt Stoddart—Homework? Well it was here
 sir!

Jim Thompson—Speaks his mind!

Barry Wilkins—Watch out girls—he breaks
 hearts.

Compliments of

ROUT BUILDING SUPPLIES



1 mile south of King
 on Keele St.

TE 3-5121



Front Row—H. Spoelder, J. Murray, J. Lees, P. Hurley, H. Leonard, J. Winters, M. Rawlings,
L. Lowana, B. Brydon.
Middle Row—W. Tindale, L. Cane, S. Shipley, S. Irvine, M. Courtney, V. Casselman, S.
Brown, C. Richmond, N. Emerson.
Back Row—B. Rowland, H. Rutledge, T. Hunt, G. Watson.
Absent—S. Prentice.

11D

Shirley Brown—A white sports car and a pink carnation.

Bev Brydon—The Mad Bomber.

Linda Cane—Little Miss Mischief.

Vicki Casselman—"James, James, hold the ladder steady!"

Mary Courtney—Saturday Night At The Movies.

Neil Emerson—Big Nelly.

Tom Hunt—The little man with the big voice.

Pat Hurley—"Yor kidding?!!!!"

Sue Irvine—Small but mighty; that's our Sue.

Janet Lees—"But Sir, I wasn't talking."

Helen Leonard—BIG, BIGGER and BIGGS.

Judy Murray—11D's Charles Dickens.

Sharon Prentice—She likes those big black Chev's.

Mary Rawlings—She's crazy about those Englishmen.

Barry Rowland—Leader of the Pack.

Henny Spoelder—She has left us to look for greener pastures.

Bill Tindale—Tall, dark and woops.

Harold Rutledge—"Tell us another one, Bull."

Charlene Richmond—"Oh sir, but I did do my homework."

Janette Winters—The world's worst goalie.

George Watson—"How's the Shorthand coming, George?"

Sandra Shipley—Yea, Yea, Yea, Beatles!

Lynda Lowana—Pastime; Grease Monkey.

833-5191

Ev. 833-6330

King City

FLORISTS

BIRTE EIP

Wedding and Funeral Floral Arrangements

KING CITY, ONTARIO



Front Row—Barry Snider, Ronald Broad, Guy Pate, Stig Larsen, Keith Boutilier.
Back Row—Arild Jensen, Joe Houston, Ken Bursey, Roy Adshead, Larry Couse.

LIE

Roy Adshead—Charity to none, malice to all.

Keith Boutilier—"Raminagrobh."

Ron Broad—Yeh, Yeh, Yeh.

Larry Couse—Wears Squeakers in Phys. Ed.

Joe Houston—"Monsieur Wessel."

Arild Jensen—Ha, Ha, you're stuck with it.

Stig Larsen—Eats a pound of sugar a day.

Guy Pate—"Big old winemaker me."

Barry Snider—The only one in our class with a bronze medal.

Ken Bursey—In French his mind is like cement
—mixed up and firmly set.

RICHMOND HEIGHTS CENTRE

RICE'S FLOWERS

"For All Occasions"

884-1812

285-1812

250 Yonge St. N., Richmond Hill

FROZEN FOOD

WE ARE SPECIALISTS IN FOOD FOR YOUR FREEZER

RED AND BLUE BRAND BEEF

If you are looking for that better quality

CALL 833-5173

KING CITY COLD STORAGE

SERVING YORK COUNTY SINCE 1948



Back Row—Keith Griffin, Peter Rupke, Jack Bell, Bill Burlison, Laurie Doolittle, Frank McCormick, Joe Ball, Pat Taylor, Paul Christofferson, Dale Patton.
Middle Row—Dave Hemming, Warren Carson, Alfred Hellemen, Dave McElwain, Bruce Byles, Bob Brazier, Ron McDonald, Victor Pirto.
Front Row—John Cooper, Francis Franklin, Bob Anderson, Bruce Dalziel, Robert Burns, Brian Forsyth, Gary Kruger, Brian Peelar, Doug Woolner.

11F

Bob Anderson—Past with flying colours (RED),
Joe Ball—"Come on JOE, get on the BALL."
Jack Bell—From a JACK to a king.
Bob Brazier—Leads the 11F pack!
Bill Burlison—"Our Sun Tanned Man."
Robert Burns—With a name like that you'd think he'd be tops in English.
Bruce Byles—Classroom Cassinova.
Warren Carson—He rates Chevy's over Fords anyday.
Paul Christofferson—Short & Sweet.
John Cooper—Mr. Wright's Right-Hand Man.
Bruce Dalziel—Vic Tanny Failure.
Laurie Doolittle—Even though his name is DO LITTLE, he is one of our most ambitious students . . . well just about.
Brian Forsyth—Flunko Award Winner.
Francis Franklin—His great grandad used to fly kites.
Keith Griffin—Intelligent, (?) underspoken, (?) ambitious, (?) student.
Alfred Hellemen—Every class has to make a few sacrifices.
Dave Hemming—While he is taking holidays he is in his glory. But at school it's a different story.

Gary Kruger—Drives the women wild.
Ron MacDonald—11F was fortunate to receive such a Wizard as Ron.
Dave MacElwain—Got his future set on a craftsmen.
Frank McCormick—Drafting is quite in his line.
Dale Patton—Likes to study!
Victor Pirto—Stands out in our class.
Peter Rupke—Is it true blondes have more fun?
Pat Taylor—What ever happened to the 3-day weekends?

BARTH'S

CLEANERS & SHIRT SERVICE
 LIMITED

For Prompt Service
 PA. 7-9411



Back Row—Pat Crook, Doug Armstrong, Robert Hughey, Peter Dunlop, David Dawson, Ed Lissets, Doug Groombridge, Doug Bolton, Ralph Flear, Terry Coles.
Middle Row—Paul Mooy, John Duggan, Craig Heintz, Ann Jaeger, Linda Flanagan, Laura Graham, Kendra Brown, Keith McPhee, John Larsen.
Front Row—Marilynn Duggan, Carolyn Hammett, Linda Towers, Nancy Ellison, Cathie Kerr, Gail Goldthorpe, Linda Hunt, Sandra-Lyn Berry, Mary Hubbard.

10A

Doug Armstrong—Sitting there with head in hands Not even he knows his plans.

Sandra-Lyn Berry—Sandra is a busy lass She does her homework in Science class.

Doug Bolton—Always got the blame you see But is as innocent as can be??? Favourite saying: "Hmmm, I thought you was."

Kendra Brown—Greets you with a cheery smile Says only things that are worthwhile???

Jerry Coles—Does six hours homework in one English class He's faster than any other lad or lass.

Pat Crook—If Mr. Semereks only knew, The pile of gum that Pat can chew!!!

David Dawson—Slow and steady, wiser each day, We feel that David is going a long way.

John Duggan—John, we must confess, With the help of Leone, made up this mess.

Marilynn Duggan—Marilynn is a friend to all, When she is around, like is a ball.

Peter Dunlop—Peter loves work, he can sit around and watch it for hours.

Nancy Ellison—Nancy sure is a real sport, And mighty good on the Basketball court.

Linda Flanagan—Can Linda be brave? Can Linda be bold? All we know is She's got a heart of gold.

Ralph Flear—Ralph likes to speak; On the football field he's at his peak.

Leone Graham—Is cute, blue-eyed and fair; Never seems to have a worry or a care.

Gail Goldthorpe—Gail is a brain in our class; She's a lass that's sure to pass.

Doug Groombridge—He gets detentions in a mass Whenever he's in Miss Jennings class.

Carolyn Hammett—To the sky she will fly with the greatest of ease Trip on a cloud and fall flat on her knees.

Craig Heintz—Is the heart throb of 10A In this class we hope he'll stay.

Lorna Houston—Is quiet and shy; her style is neat, She's one kid no one can beat.

Mary Hubbard—In Room 203 Mary is a pain She nearly drives Poor teacher insane.

Robert Hughey—Let another hail the rising sun I'll stay in bed till my sleep is done.

Linda Hunt—Linda tries to do her best each day, And she is clever in many a way.

Ann Jaeger—Ann's brain is scientific, In all subjects she's terrific.

Cathy Kerr—Busy, busy as can be, Never quiet as we can see.

John Larsen—John is always in the right Does his homework every night.

Ed Lissets—Rings on his fingers, bells on his toes, A teacher's heartache, wherever he goes.

Keith McPhee—Keith is a really noisy kid, Never worries or flips his lid.

Paul Mooy—Paul, we know is real cool, We wonder what he's like out of school!!!

Linda Towers—Is really cute and gives all 10A satisfaction But in many a class can cause distraction.

Tom Wilson—Tom is our class rep Through all the meetings he has slept.



Front Row—Elsie Umpleby, Brenda Matthews, Joanne Moody, Bonnie McDonald, Jane Owens, Lynda Kitchen, Ruth Vollick, Hope Beacom, Nancy Cooper.
Middle Row—David Rollinson, James Ritchie, Linda Wilson, Donna McCutcheon, Heather Webster, Beverley McDougall, Sandra Brodeur, Susan Anderson, Tom Wray, Howard Barrie, Larry Smith.
Back Row—Bruce Rumble, Jim Heaslip, Raymond Johnson, Dennis Marr, Gordon Spence, Gunter Schlag, Don Orr, Charles Barrie, Spencer Natale, Bill Walker.
Absent—Pat McGuire.

10B

Susie Anderson—Black-eyed Susan.
Charles Barrie—An expert at sitting on tacks; plays clarinet well, but what about girls.
Hope Beacom—If you have tears, prepare to shed them soon.
Sandy Brodeur—Who's your latest heart-throb.
Nancy Cooper—"How did my locker get in such a mess?"
Jim Heaslip—The modest type—first to admit, "I am the greatest."
Ray Johnson—Blondie wants his Christmas tree.
Lynda Kitchen—Kitch keeps Donna out of mischief.
Dennis Marr—Dennis vacated early in the term.
Brenda Matthews—Better known "Brenda, Brenda feminine" by Dr. Evans.
Donna McCutcheon—"Don't you ever come up for air?"
Bonnie MacDonald—"I don't like boys." ??????
Bev McDougall—Bev's a grade A student and friend of the class.
Pat McGuire—Horses are her hobby, but what about boys?
Jo-Anne Moody—She's the kind of girl you won't forget.

Spencer Natale—"Spencer! Pull your self together!"
Don Ore—Don's writing is next to none!!!
Jane Owens—Our popular class rep likes them tall.
Jim Ritchie—"Why so much attention ahead?"
Dave Rollinson—Rockin' Rolly, Leader of the "ROBER" Barons.
Bruce Rumble—the "pink golf ball" boy.
Gunter Schlag—Dr. Evans pride and joy.
Larry Smith—10B's man of few words.
Gordon Spence—SAxy Gord, 10B's Beagle on Sax.
Elsie Umpleby—Girl with all the answers.
Ruth Vollick—Lend me a piece of paper will you?
Bill Walker—10B's pint-sized giant when it comes to fun.
Heather Webster—Heather's motto: It's "Do little or nothing."
Linda Wilson—Tiny Linda relates mighty elephant stories.
Tom Wray—Hockey in the morning, hockey in the evening, hockey at supertime.
Howard Barrie—From high society to peanut butter sandwiches.



Back Row—Kend Lawson, Sherry Agnew, Elaine Osin, Beth Scott, Bonnie Stoneman, Linda Blyth, Linda Jenkins, Susan Larkin, Jennifer Hopkins, Margaret Boyle.
Middle Row—Linda Loughran, Jill Rowan, Jill Armstrong, Kathie Curran, Judy McCutcheon, Susan Roberts, Dianne Parsons, Linda Nicholson, Donna Judge, Shiela Woolner, Judy Winter, Heather Wilson.
Front Row—Linda Couse, Mary Evans, Christine Loney, Kathleen Ball, Krysta Blasinski, Connie Coleman, Nancy Forester, Jan Corgill, Susan McLaughlin.
Absent—Margaret Thomson, Joan Pawliw.

10C

Sherry Agnew—There was a little girl who had a little curl . . .

Jill Armstrong—Although she's small and quite petite,
 Jill is mighty, and very neat.

Kathy Ball—Mum's the word.

Krysta Blasinski—Krie-Krie, our class rep,
 Happy and smiling and full of pep.

Linda Blyth—Georgie, porgie, puddin' and pie,
 Kissed the boys and made them cry.

Marg Boyle—Although not an instigator at heart,
 Our Marg readily fills the part.

Jan Corgill—"But Sir, that's absolutely ridiculous!"

Connie Coleman—Often seen, but never heard.
Linda Couse—One, she loves; two, she loves.

Three, she loves, they say.

Kathy Curran—"Simple Simon." Ha, ha, ha.

Mary Evans—When she was good, she was very, very good. But . . .

Nancy Forester—Giggle on, giggle on, oh Nancy,
 don't stop,
 If you do, our class will be a big flop.

Jennifer Hopkins—"Hoppy" loves to smile and blush . . .

Susan Larkin—Although very lady like, Sue can giggle with the best of them.

Kendra Lawson—The longer she stands, the shorter she grows.

Christine Loney—Is it cool, calm, and collected?
 No it's Chris.

Linda Loughran—Volleyball, basketball,
 Phys. Ed's know it all.

Linda Jenkins—If all the boys lived over the sea,

What a good swimmer, Linda would be!

Donna Judge—Fudge is also quiet in class,
 But out, oh boy, beware of the clash.

Judy McCutcheon—Judy's Math, is always neat,
 Even though it's incomplete.

Susan McLaughlin—With mirth and "laughin',"
 let old wrinkles come.

Linda Nicholson—Quiet, shy and not very tall,
 But watch for her in basketball.

Elaine Osin—Osie, Osie, where have you been?

Dianne Parsons—Oh Diana, faithful is thy heart.

Joan Pawliw—Here am I, little jumping Joan,
 When one's with me, I'm always alone.

Susan Roberts—Sue, she would a woo-ing go,
 hm-m, hm-m.

Jill Rowan—Little Bo-Peep has fallen asleep.

Beth Scott—Scottie's little sister.

Bonnie Stoneman—My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
 Oh where, or where can she be?

Marnie Thomson—How's the weather at Camp Borden, Marnie?

Heather Wilson—Look in her mirror and you will see,
 As lively a girl as ever could be.

Judy Winters—Judy reminds us of "Summer Time", proving you can't tell a book by it's cover.

Shiela Woolner—"Devil or Angel?"



*Front Row—Janis Lehman, Mary Sutton, Mary Gillen, Susan Hird, Linda Millard, Carol Rumble, Gail Powell, Phyllis Martin.
Back Row—Bob Jessop, Dwight Pennie, Jim Armstrong, Bob Lawrence, Gerald Flatt, Bob Orton, Paul O'Neill, Cecil Barraclough.
Absent—Heather McLarnon, Linda McKinnon, Garry Graveatte.*

10D

Gail Powell—Gail's a pretty good athlete but her biggest school problem — she wiggles and giggles.

Bob Jessop—Bob's the class clown; he has perfect co-ordination—from ankle to knee.

Carol Rumble—Ambition: to go to Holland some day. Fate: to be out in her own garden with "two-lips."

Phyllis Martin—Phyllis enjoys school — except for a few details.

Janis Lehman—Janis is a Ringo fan. She gets everything of his she can (including tonsils).

Bob Lawrence—Ambition: to be a pro football player. Fate: to be a waterboy for the Toronto Argonauts.

Bob Orton—"I was attacked by a teen-age werewolf."

Linda McKinnon—Linda's our wise philosophy leader who strongly believes in the sayings, "Absence makes the heart grow stronger" and "Never on a Monday."

Jim Armstrong—Jim's our strong and husky hero, but he feels his greatest asset is his charm.

Paul O'Neill—"There was prophecy of great and wonderful things to come; so here I am!"

Mary Sutton—Every once in a while she gets the urge to work in history class — she just lies down and rests till it goes away.

Heather McLarnon—The personality plus girl who appears to be very quiet. (It's usually always quiet before a storm!)

Dwight Pennie—Dwight ran in the "cross country race" and as a result — he found they don't make running shoes like they used to.

Cecil Barraclough—His dry humour is a sauce for his good wit.

Mary Gillen—Our mathematical wizard who brightens up the room and proves "Gentlemen do prefer blondes."

Susan Hird—She likes people; people like her — *proving* — she either uses "DIAL" or her flattering "SMILE".

Gerald Flatt—Fits any description, definition or demand because he's "a-er-a".

Garry Graveatte—A few more like Gary, a few less like me. Then, oh how happy our 10D would be! "He's A-OKAY".

Linda Millard—"It was I. (with some help) I must confess. Who tried my best to make up this rotten mess!"



Back Row—Danny Davis, Alan O'Hara, Linda Boyce, Margo Dalton, Linda Davison, Dianne Hunter, Kathryn Hayward, Jack Tiley.
Front Row—Luis Courtney, Gloria Bell, Barbara Huska, Susan Broad, Shirley Hodgins, Brenda Corcoran, Terry Conway, Shirley Barry, Dianne Jennings.

10E

Shirley Barry—Her favourite pastime is arguing in Math class.

Gloria Bell—She's out of DREAMSVILLE this year.

Linda Boyce—The shy quiet type.

Susan Broad—Sue goes for certain types of cats.

Terry Conway—Class just wouldn't be complete without Terry.

Brenda Corcoran—Leader of the Pack.

Luis Courtney—Nice things come in small packages.

Margo Dalton—She seems the quiet type until you get to know her.

Danny Davis—"But Mrs. S., it takes two to tangle so who was tangling."

Linda Davison—"Oh darn! I forgot the attendance board."

Sharon Harrison—Enjoys singing in Geography class.

Kathy Hayward—It's French for "her."

Shirley Hodgins—"Tell me, I'm going to pass, tell me, tell me."

Dianne Hunter—Dianne goes for hot-tasting spices.

Barbara Huska—Favourite saying, "I never touch the stuff."

Diane Jennings—Life is one big laugh for this girl.

Allan O'Hara—It was either Bookkeeping or Church. Result — CHURCH.

Glen Patton—10E's philosopher.

Jack Tiley—Future heavyweight champ.

CONNOR'S GROCERY

— OAK RIDGES —

Fresh and Cooked Meats
 Fresh Fruits and Vegetables

WE DELIVER

PHONE 773-5591

A man was introduced to a circus sword swallower. Not having seen a sword swallower before, the man asked him to demonstrate his act, whereupon the fellow ate some pins and needles.

"But," protested the man, "those aren't swords."

"I know," was the reply. "I'm on a diet."



*Front Row—Margaret O'Brien, Sharon Proteau, Joan Corcoran, Wendy Munro, Sharon Woolner, Ruth Mathews, Shirley Thompson, Carol Munshaw, Sandra Zimmerman.
Back Row—Diane Redfern, Linda MacDonald, Mary Clarke, Shirley Johnson, Elaine Kingsley, Faye Neill, Karen Smith, Christine Little.*

10F

Sandy Zimmerman—Sandy's sudden interest in hockey is appalling.

Chris Little—She has a weak spot for "uniform and Camp Borden".

Sharon Woolner—Most of Sharon's day is spent in hoping she won't be asked to answer a question.

Sharon Proteau—10F's own "Gravel Girdy".

Diane Redfern—Has trouble keeping track of the Weekend Before.

Faye Neil—What's the latest in the Peanut-Butter Commercials — "A Whole Batch".

Karen Smith—Warning People — Tread lightly with the Cool Chick.

Mary Clarke—Beware all Beatniks.

Shirley Johnson—Consistently argues with Mr. Tipold . . . Who is much opposed.

Joan Corcoran—Chews gum like an Irish cow . . . only it has an intelligent look on its face.

Linda MacDonald—Mr. French's sparring partner.

Wendy Monroe—"Oh well." Who needs book-keeping to get married.

Terry Merry—You don't need a dictionary — just bring Terry.

Carol Munshaw—This chick may look shy of boys, but watch out.

Margaret O'Brien—Has a passion for "Motorcycles" and "Leather Jackets".

Ruth Mathews—The quiet, controlled type.

Elaine Kingsley—Has a deceiving smile.

TUNE TOWN

Your Family Entertainment Centre

Television - Hi-Fi Stereo - Tape Recorders
Record Players, Lamps & Occasional
Tables, L.P. & 45 Hit Records
Full Service Dept.

AURORA SHOPPING CENTRE
727-6521

Compliments of

Marvin Hunter

Insurance Agency



Back Row—Chris Turtlebury, Bastiaan Van Willigan, Michael Thorn, Bruce Ralph, Bob Orpel, Wayne Hall, Paul Wostyn, Paul Williams.
Front Row—John Stewart, Sandy Young, John Nanowski, Stephen Griffin, Wayne Henniger, Jerry Thivierge, Gord Churchward, Gord Suddes, Geoffrey Aitchison.
Absent—Larry Bowie.

10G

Geoffrey Aitchison—Loves laying vast stretches of tire rubber.

Larry Bowie—"I did my homework, Sir, but I can't seem to find it."

David Churchward—David is our B.A.A. representative.

John Nanowski—Always helps Steve interrupt the class.

Steve Griffin—"Quit talking while I'm interrupting."

Paul Wostyn—"I just don't understand it, Sir."

Chris Turtlebury—He has lots of brains, but he seems to have misplaced them.

Paul Williams—Paul argues with everyone and anyone.

Michael Thorn—He is clever it seems because when marks are out his face gleams.

Bruce Ralph—With Bruce and the teachers it's just a game. When he insists that Bruce is his name.

Wayne Henniger—Ambition: To become an airline pilot. Fate: To fly paper air planes.

Wayne Hall—Ambition: to become a college graduate. Fate: washing the college floors.

Bastiaen van Willigan—Here one day, gone the next.

Bob Orpel—It is proved again that big things come in small packages.

John Stewart—"Homework! What's that?"

Gordon Suddes—He has gone on to better things.

Sandy Young—Sandy's our class representative but to look at his attendance you would think he resents it.

Jerry Thivierge—I come here six hours a day and they expect me to work too.

Compliments of

Upper Canada Glass

ALL TYPES OF GLASS AND MIRRORS

Phone 773-5203

Yonge St. at North End of Oak Ridges



Front Row—Steven Biggs, Bill Annand, Gordon Henshaw, Dave Burns, Harold Beach, Ken Anderson, Martin Beaupre, Edward Catania, Gordon Ball.
Middle Row—Jim Davis, Barry Hilliard, Chris Jones, Frank Lotto, Don Black, Bob Abercrombie, Ricky Bishop, Allan Quinn, Bill Leighton.
Back Row—Bob Allen, Bill Courtney, John Calvert.

10H

Robert Abercrombie—Bob's motto is "Love them and leave them".

Robert Allen—Sometimes we wonder if he likes the teachers.

Kenneth Anderson—The "kid" that made up this mess.

William Annand—Bill is just a bit girl crazy.

Gordon Ball—Gord is new to the school and we're glad to have him.

Harold Beach—Kind of a nut but aren't we all.

Martin Beaupre—Martin Beaupre or just Jack to his friends.

Steven Biggs—There is only one thing on his mind "H. L."

Ricky Bishop—Rick is quiet, but when the teachers aren't looking!

Donald Black—Don is usually seen in Aurora or Newmarket.

David Burns—"He is trying very hard in History, isn't he Sir?"

John Calvert—John remembers most of this work from last year.

Edward Catania—Crisp as a soggy corn flake.

Bill Courtney—Bill is a Gordie Howe fan.

James Davis—Jim just loves school but it doesn't like him.

Chris Jones—That lump of flesh sitting in the Desk quiet as can be.

William Leighton—Bill's a great thinker (out loud).

Frank Lotto—Frank is a nice sort of a guy.

Allan Quinn—Old evil eye, stares at girls.

David Rupke—Keep it up, you're doing good.

Gordon Henshaw—Gord is (in his mind) always on the farm.

Barry Hilliard—Sometimes we wonder what makes him tick.

Congratulations of

HARRIS & DAY

DISPENSING CHEMISTS

PR. 3-5431 — cor. Yonge & King Side Rd.

OAK RIDGES, ONT.



Front Row—Larry Newton, Phil Biggerstaff, Peter Visser, Roger Powell, Jim McGeehan, Richard Craddock, Phil McLeod, Carl Mactaggart, Hans Piepers.
Back Row—Jim McKee, John Vander Kooij, Tony Ouwendyk, Frank Weller, Donald Ough, Garfield Munshaw, Donald Spence, Donald Schmidt, Jim Thompson, Edward Metherall.

10J

Phil Biggerstaff—Hair spray sure beats that greasy kid stuff.

Richard Craddock—He came from California and we wish he'd go back so we can visit him.

Phil McLeod—10J's Brain distorter.

Carl Mactaggart—He leads our class to greater heights of learning, also more trouble!

Ed Metherall—Follows in his brother's footsteps.

Jim McKee—Very pleasant and co-operative in every way.

Jim McGeehan—James dreams of tossing a hemi-head in a Mini.

Larry Newton—His friends call him fig (Newton).

Don Ough—Our class "Charles Atlas"?

Tony Ouwendyk—From now on Tony's sticking to milk!

Roger Powell—Our class "Playboy Club" member.

Hans Piepers—Tall, dark and—well, nobody's perfect.

Richard Smith—Comes and goes as his pool money runs out.

Don Spence—There's only one like Don.

Don Smith—A rugged individualist.

Bruce Sagar—Our "New Boy."

Rick Thomson—Our heavyweight champ.

John Van der Kooij—"Aw, Mrs. Stuckey, I don't want to stay in the hall."

Mrs. Stuckey—"Boys, boys, quit swinging on the drapes and get to work."

Peter Visser—Tulip tramper from the Marsh.

KINGSDALE ANIMAL HOSPITAL

DR. CARL HEDER

Veterinary Surgeon

240 KING ST., KING CITY

Phone: Temple 3-5401

Compliments of

R. B. Walker

Lumber Co. Ltd.

Station Rd.

833-5311



Back Row—Robert Cooper, Murray Closs, Barry Jurgens, Doug Merry, Joseph Romagnoli.
Middle Row—Sandra Kaake, Sandi Walker, Pat Carrey, Tuula Kukkonen, Margaret Boucher, Betty Brown, Lynda Clegg, Lorna Handy.
Front Row—Sam Templeton, Ronald Lahey, Eric Simpkin, Jim Rainey, Robert King, Roger Pengelly, Murray Gordon, Joseph Maidick, Brian McDonald.

10K

Marg Boucher—A very good friend with a great sense of humour. By the way, her favourite colour is red.

Betty Brown—Betty takes after her brother "Charlie" she wonders "Why is everybody always pickin' on me?"

Pat Carrey—Holding hands in Math class with Eric is one thing, but when she's going steady —tut tut???

Lynda Clegg—Lynda still hasn't gotten over the fact that the "BEATLES" including "George" have gone back home.

Murray Closs—Murray's not a bad kid, his only faults are, he's conceited, a practical joker, and he talks for everyone in the class.

Robert Cooper—Robert is a teacher's wish come true, he's here everyday.

Murray Gordon—Murray lives for two purposes only . . . his "minie" bike and Fury.

Lorna Kandy—Lorna disagrees with Mr. Serjeantson, she says, "I never bother you in class, I should get a better grading in class attitude."

Carol MacDonald—Carol's a girl, that's never been coy, Until she met that "Herbie" boy.

Douglas Merry—Doug lives for the Royal Winter Show, where he shows off his prize animals.

Roger Pengelly—Roger is the sole football player in our class With him how did we lose??

Jim Rainey—Jim is very quiet, but of course it's always the quiet ones to watch. Right Jim?

Joseph Romagnoli—In every class there's a Romeo, and sure enough we have our Little Joe.

Eric Simpkin—Eric is our Romeo runner-up. His main interests are nail-cracking, building boats, and girls.

Sam Templeton—Although Sammy has threatened to quit school, he knows he'll miss his dear English teacher.

Sandi Walker—Boys, he's your dream all in one package.

Barry Jurgens—Well, with a name like Jurgens, you've guessed it.

Sandra Kaake—Although Sonnie didn't hate us, she did quit. Good Luck Sonnie.

George Kerr—George is our Professor of Grammar, he don't no why we have to even take the stuff.

Robert King—With a name like that, who wouldn't feel on top of the world? That's right, Robert doesn't.

Tuula Kukkonen—Her name is out of this world, I think she makes periodic trips to the moon.

Ronald Lahey—Just before Christmas he came to school with his face all patched up. He said it was from hockey, but . . . ??

Joseph Maidick—Joe tends to be the rock of our class—but down deep?

Brian McDonald—Brian is our Professor of Knowledge. Ask him anything and he won't know the answer.



Back Row—Barry Ellison, Mike Hughes, Henry Verbruggen, Ken Swayze, Tom Jensen, Eugene Clarke, Barry Hall, Wayne Oakley.
 Third Row—Larry Wilson, Neil Watson, Danny White, Brian Butler, Harry Turritt, Bruce Ferguson, Earle Groombridge, Jerry Jackson, Alan Kaake.
 Second Row—Richard Fitzallen, Tjeerd ten Hove, Delynda Paton, Loretta Latour, Marie McGoldrick, Bernard Beard, Charlie Seager.
 Front Row—Margaret Calvert, Linda Baguley, Patsy Robinson, Susan Scott, Carolyn Scott, Joy Holland, Margaret Holleman, Pat Heenan, Jan Cooper.

9A

Linda Baguley—Linda's favourite pastime is giggling.

Janice Cooper—Our faithful Latin secretary.

Margaret Calvert—Our volunteer.

Patricia Heenan—"What's so special about 9L, Pat?"

Margaret Holleman—She's got that mischievous look in her eye.

Joy Holland—Joy is "a little foggy" about selecting a career.

Loretta Latour—Our quiet one.

Marie McGoldrick—"Pass this up to Patsy."

Delynda Paton—"Had your History posted in 214, lately?"

Patricia Robinson—"I couldn't get my Math, again!"

Carolyn Scott—9A's own amateur Cupid.

Susan Scott—"Scooter, turn around!"

Bernard Beard—Mr. French's Little Friend.

Brian Butler—9A's Redhead.

Eugene Clarke—One of the quiet ones.

Barry Ellison—The class clown.

Bruce Ferguson—The teachers' pest.

Richard Fitzallen—Richard's favorite phrase—"Well um".

Earl Groombridge—Take a bath.

Barry Hall—Tall, dark and — Well two out of three isn't bad.

Tjeerd ten Hove—Tjeerd has got a secret but we won't tell.

Jerry Jackson—Words can't describe Jerry.

Tom Jensen—"Give this note to Janice, will you?"

Allan Kaake—Big things come in medium-sized packages.

Wayne Oakley—Wayne would make a good Santa Claus.

Charlie Seager—No brains — no brawn.

Ken Swyze—"Smiley."

Harry Turritt—"Happy Harry."

Henry Verbruggen—The quietest of the quiet.

Neil Watson—"Mumbles."

Larry Wilson—What's so special about 9E Larry?

Danny White—Big things come in small packages.



Back Row—Lorraine Flear, Jamie Lutes, Wendy-Sue Bishop, Lucille Graham.
Middle Row—Sandra Hawken, Diane Brooks, Nancy Jennings, Karen Mitchell, Paulette Bice, Ruth Crossman, Brenda Church.
Front Row—Camille Natale, Sheena McLernan, Wendy Bennett, Lois McCoppen, Lindsay Dennett, Mary Elliott, Mary McPhee, Anne Heaslip, Alison Fraser.

9B

Karen Mitchell—"What do you say Mitch?"
 (Mr. Coupland).

Jamie Lutes—The quiet one; but what we don't know.

Mary McPhee—"Oh no! I forgot my book!"

Sheena McLernan—Oh those questions in Math class!

Ruth Crossman—Everybody's friend.

Lucille Graham—Just what does she do during those studies?

Anne Heaslip—Our class model and horseback rider.

Nancy Jennings—"No sir, I don't agree with you."

Alison Fraser—Whatever the situation, good old Alison keeps on smiling.

Paulette Bice—Short, sweet, and lovable.

Lois McCoppen—Watch it boys! She's already taken.

Lindsay Dennett—While Lindsay reads her composition, the others pray they won't get asked to read theirs next.

Mary Elliott—What would Mary do without that package of wine gums for math class?

Sandra Hawken—That innocent look.

Wendy Bennett—"Oh no, not Latin next!"

Wendy Bishop—Leader of the pack.

Brenda Church—"Oh champion," is her favourite saying.

Diane Brooks—Our English scholar.

Lorraine Flear—"Hey Bishop."

Camille Natale—"Hey Mary, can I borrow your pen?"

NORM COOK

Clothes for the well dressed student

13 Yonge St. S., Aurora, Ont.

Phone 727-4801

Compliments of

*Town & Country
 Beauty Salon*

NOBLETON, ONT.



Front Row—Sue Spence, Joyce Stevenson, Barbara Kitley, Sharon Gellany, Marlene Woods, Barbara McLeod, Verna Nicholson, Judy Adamson, Carol Douglas.
Middle Row—Sylvia Scott, Susan Towers, Laurie Orr, Dennis Wallace, Linda Wade, Anne Scott, Jackie Wood, Anne Seymour.
Back Row—Dan Finch, Marty Mooy, Jim Hunter, Clyde Newman, John Agar, Doug Abraham, Mike Doost, Ken Marland, Steve Millard.

9C

Anne Seymour—Never a dull moment with Anne in the midst.

Sylvia Scott—The slender ankled maiden Persophone.

Carol Douglas—Students' best friend.

Judy Adamson—Brown-eyed Beauty.

Jackie Wood—Short, sweet! and Studious.

Laurie Orr—Laurie loves Latin class.

Marlene Woods—"Hookey Woof" — the ever cheery leader of the Woof Pack".

Barbara McLeod—Ding aLing Woof — the ever cheery member of this Woof Pack.

Linda Wade—9C's real clown in disguise.

Sharon Gellany—Sharon's tops in everything, and we are proud she's our representative.

Sue Spence—Watch out for Sue on the Sax.

Verna Nicholson—Speedy and Nimble, Verna is the star of our gym class.

Anne Scott—She may be quiet but so are some of the best things in life.

Barbara Kitley—Bokkles, bangles and beads.

Susan Towers—Mighty Mathematician.

Joyce Stevenson—What's up in cloud nine, Joyce?

Compliments of

IRELAND'S DRUG STORE

KING CITY

CLEARVIEW MOTORS

KEN McQUARRIE, Prop.

• Complete Auto Service

• Certified Mechanics

King City

833-6642



*Back Row—Tom Stevenson, Thomas O'Neill, Terry Crittenden, Ted Doig.
Front Row—Richard Westbrook, Richard Orton, Linda Gray, Glenda Thomson, Jennifer Carr, Robert Smith, Tim Gillen.*

9D

Tom Stevenson—Leader of the Pack (Rat Pack).

Linda Gray—She's got what it takes to get into the movies — 25c.

Jennifer Carr—Only her hairdresser knows for sure.

Glenda Thomson—Are you nuts or something, Stevenson.

Tim Gillen—Tall, dark and — oh well, two out of three isn't bad.

Ted Doig—Ted's on the three-year pension plan.

Terry Crittenden—A stork flew over Crittenden's hut. And there he dropped a little nut.

Tom O'Neill—Girls, Girls, Girls.

Bob Smith—Head ruff ruff!

Richard Westbrook—"Have you ever met a guy named Hendricks?"

Richard Orton—CENSORED.

Roy A. Jennings

General Store

Men's and Boys' Wear
Everything in Footwear
Admiral — Moffat — McLary — Easy
Electrical Appliances

Schomberg

Phone 939-2962

Compliments of

Natale Bros. Paving Co. Ltd.

Toronto

Oak Ridges



Back Row—Brian Ough, Kathy Lapelle, Mary Boden, Scott Ferguson, Brian Cole, Lynda Frampton, Sarah McDonald, David McKendry.
Middle Row—Marlene Archibald, Wanda Spear, Linda Potter, Ida Chamberlain, Rosemary Davis, Penny McNeil, Shirley Eglin, Susan Peterson, Marg Pearce.
Front Row—Marlene Cook, Kathy Armstrong, Pat Wassink, Anna Echli, Barb Leonard, Brenda Chesney, Liz Barrett, Linda Armstrong, Carol McLachlan.

9E

Margaret Pearce—Wherever there is trouble, Mary is sure to find it.

Susan Peterson—Our champion volleyball player.

Brian Ough—One of the batteries that keeps 9E alive.

Marlene Cook—She may not be a whiz in general, but she is a brain in math.

Mary Boden—When she is quiet watch out, you never can tell what she will come up with next.

Elizabeth Barratt—Our opposition in English class.

Brenda Chesney—Our great class and grade representative.

Kathy Lapelle—My she's got a powerful swing.

Katherine Armstrong—Having a sister in the same room has its problems, doesn't it Kathy?

Linda Armstrong—She's unpredictable.

Brian Cole—Our business man.

Sarah-Ann McDonald—Our daydreamer in history class.

David McKendry—When David's near have fear.

Scott Ferguson—Apparently Scott isn't from France.

Marlene Archibald—What will she do next???

Rosemary Davis—The sweet little blonde of 9E.

Shirley Eglin—Next to school work Shirley enjoys horses.

Carol McLachlan—Our tongue-tied little friend.

Ida Chamberlain—"Forgetful."

Anna Echli—The toy student who holds our great class together.

Pat Wassink—Our French genius.

Linda Potter—She just lives for P.E.

Wanda Spear—Our great historian.

Barbara Leonard—You have got to watch these quiet types.

Penny McNeil—She has a bit of trouble making sure that everyone hears her.

Lynda Frampton—The vampire of 9E.

ARMSTRONG'S VARIETY

GREETING CARDS — TOYS — TOBACCOS

GROCERIES — CANDY — SCHOOL SUPPLIES

KING CITY — Phone 833-5316



Back Row—Ted Rowe, Walter Ardeit, Brian Laing.
Middle Row—Wally Lavigne, Gordon Thompson, Roseanne Harrison, Carol McIntaggart,
Georgia Godfrey, Mary Ellen Hanley, Margaret Ashely, Michael Warren, John Reid.
Front Row—Diane Churchward, Aleta McGarvey, Sharon Cox, Sue Adamson, Carol Dalton,
Linda Proctor, Carol Coulter, Bonnie Bingham, Sue Casselman.

9F

Sue Adamson—Oh! Those Bows.

Walter Ardeit—Small things come in big packages but this is ridiculous.

Margaret Ashely—Nice girl and we like her.

Bonnie Bingham—

Sue Casselman—Bombshell from Hammertown.

Diane Churchward—Is it true BLONDES have more fun?

Carol Coulter—Here's a laugh and a half.

Sharon Cox—Our Business Practice Fiend.

Mary-Ellen Hanley—It just wouldn't be the same in typing class without Mary-Ellen.

Rosanne Harrison—Cute and Quiet but underneath she's a real riot.

Brian Laing—Our Brian getting 98%, IMPOSSIBLE.

Wally Lavigne—Our Football Hero.

Aleta McGarvey—She's a real whiz when it comes to being a typist.

Carol MacIntaggart—It happens to the best of us, Carol.

Linda Proctor—Where the boys are.

John Reid—Our import from England.

Ted Rowe—Where the Girls are.

Gord Thomson—The Mad Scientist.

Allan Johnson—Moved to Greener Pastures.

Georgia Godfrey—Short and sweet.

Compliments of

Maple Egg Grading Station

R.R.1, RICHMOND HILL, ONT.

EGGS — BUTTER — CHEESE — POULTRY

PRospect 3-5119

EMpire 4-4847

Compliments of

Barker Electric & Hardware

W. W. BARKER

KING RD., NOBLETON

PHONE 859-0411



Front Row—Linda McGinty, Phyllis McGrath, Jo-Ann Pudifin, Heather Sinclair, Barbara Warnica, Lita Mueller, Marilyn Wood, Margaret Willett.
Middle Row—Anja Kukkonen, Cheryl MacTaggart, Heidi Kursawski, Della McNaughton, Linda Lewis, Brenda McCombe, Carol Orton, Marilyn Hughson.
Back Row—Rosemary Newton, Linda McIntaggart, Patricia Lawder, Irene Johnson, Irene Crane, Beverley Haseman, Marilyn Rutledge, Patricia Proteau.

9G

Cheryl MacTaggart—Great Scott!!!

Betty Thomson—I will follow him.

Pat Lawder—Short but sweet.

Brenda McCombe—Brenda's pastime—eating and talking.

Jo-Ann Pudifin—Always doing something she's not supposed to do.

Anja Kukkonen—If you don't keep your eye on him, he may disappear.

Lita Mueller—Occupation: Secretary (on the boss' knee).

Linda Lewis—Leader of the pack!!

Margaret Willet—Clown of 9G.

Pat Proteau—Cool and Collected Pat.

Marilyn Hughson—Sweet nothing.

Heather Sinclair—The shy type, but who knows.

Della McNaughton—Naughty McNaughton.

Irene Crane—Does she or doesn't she???

Marilyn Wood—Just call her "shorty".

Phyllis McGrath—"Well, it's this way Sir."

Linda MacIntaggart—Nickname—"Ringo".

Marilyn Rutledge—Every class has to have a brisn.

Rosemary Newton—She's glad all over.

Barbara Warnica—How do you manage to pass those tests, Barb?

Irene Johnson—Nice, eh!!!

Heidi Kursawski—Blonde and bewitched.

Linda Johnston—Never says a word in class but out of class . . .!!!

Linda McGinty—"Whose clothes are you throwing down the stairs now?"

Carol Orton—Always on the move.

Beverley Haseman—"What ya' say??"

AURORA GREENHOUSES

LIMITED

TELEPHONE 727-4651

172 Yonge Street South

Aurora, Ontario



Back Row—Roy Anderson, Dennis Gariepy, David Davis, Grant Peter, Wayne Dove.
Middle Row—Douglas De Carle, Gary Adair, Gerald Allen, Kim Good, Dennis Cairns, Malcolm Cocking.
Front Row—Charles Beckett, Victor Bachlow, Richard Dawson, Peter Kerr, Delbert Kemp, Bob Campbell, Andrew Haddock, Neil Hamilton, Bill Ball.

9H

Gary Adair—"I only got 90 per cent of that test."

Gerald Allen—"I can't hear you Gerald!" "That's because I didn't say anything."

Roy Anderson—Roy's the quiet one of the class.

Bill Ball—"But Sir I didn't get that book."

Neil Berry—"Sir, may I get the attendance board out of the Geography room?"

Dennis Cairns—Ambition: pilot. Fate: Flying paper airplanes.

Bob Campbell—Tells fortunes with an ink stamp.

David Davies—Dave's a hunter who catches colds.

Richard Dawson—"You've got ten seconds to get out your homework Dick."

Doug DeCarle—"While Neil gets that attendance board may I get the one out of French?"

Wayne Dove—He acts quiet but is he?

Dennis Gariepy—"Yes Sir, I did all of my homework, but I left my books at my aunt's house."

Kim Good—Kim likes cars and radios—occupation undecided. Yet . . .

Andrew Haddock—Andrew digs cars but tries not to fail auto.

Neil Hamilton—Neil keeps the library busy supplying car books.

Delbert Kemp—Ambition: air craft designer. Fate: making paper planes.

Peter Kerr—Ambition: forester. Fate: Junior Forest Ranger.

Grant Peter—"Yes Sir, but my name isn't Peter Grant."

Victor Bachlow—Victor's everybody's friend.

Malcolm Cocking—"Sir, I did the question right. Is it my fault 277 people didn't?"

Charles Beckett—Ambition: policeman. Fate: an usher at the theatre.

Bob Hendricks—Bob's the tough guy of the class.

McKINNON'S

GROCERIES — MEATS — FRUITS
 VEGETABLES — CONFECTIONERY
 FROZEN FOODS

PHONE 939-2341 SCHOMBERG, ONT.



Back Row—Gary Rowan, Randy McMinn, George Logue, Bob Young, Gary McCall, Adam Szeler, John Watson, Len Loochran, Raimo Kukkonen.
Front Row—Ed Lowans, Richard Mason, Druek Leonard, Kevin McKee, Richard Pellow, David Pyke, Leo Peters, Pete Lacey, Seppo Sipila.
Absent—David Windsor, Leslie Zaiser.

9J

Raimo Kukkonen—Little boy blue.

Pete Lacey—Another day—another "D".

Brock Leonard—Favourite saying, "She be goin'".

George Logue—Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
 If it weren't for teachers
 George's mind would rust.

Len Loochran—All-star.

Ed Lowans—Peak politician.

Rick Mason—Big Boy.

Gary McCall—The Big G.

Kerion McKee—Big Eats.

Randy McMinn—Brains of 9J.

Tim Moreau—The hardy ring-a-dinger.

Richard Pellow—Leader of 9J.

David Pyke—Tall, dark and

Leo Peters—Another big lad.

Gary Rowan—Mascot of 9J.

Seppo Sipila—Gomer Pyle of 9J.

Adam Szeler—"What's in that heavy briefcase?"

John Watson—Mad scientist.

Frank Weller—"He's the greatest."

David Windsor—"That there" Dave Windsor.

Bob Young—Our gullier,

Leslie Zaiser—"Where are you?"

Grandma—Give me a mousetrap quick. I have to catch a bus.

Clerk—Sorry, ma'am, we don't have any that big.

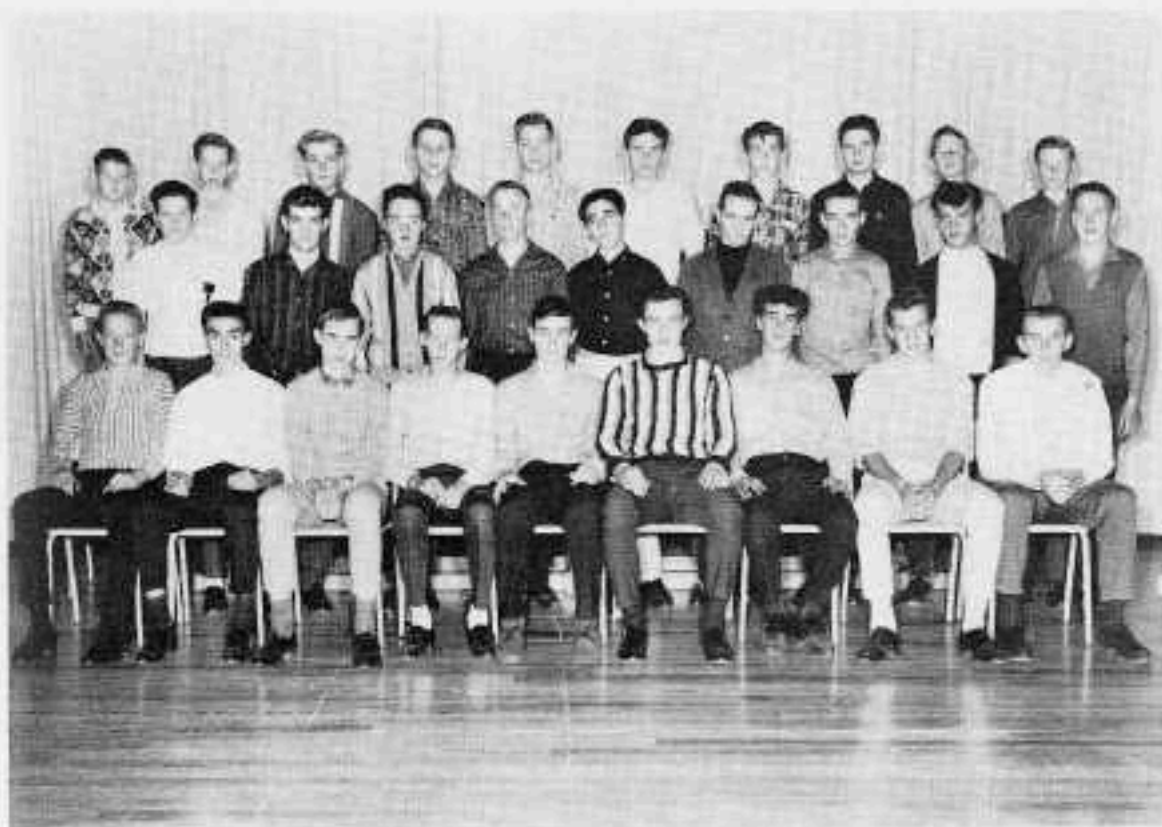
KING CITY HARDWARE

COMPLETE HARDWARE LINE

glass and glazing
 tool rentals

PHONE 833-5481

KING CITY, ONT.



Front Row—Robert Barber, Bruce Carson, Henry Christopherson, Paul Coulter, Richard Lee, Stan Dera, Robert Beaupré, Leonard White, Frank Halings.
Middle Row—Jim Aylett, Dan Graham, Paul Duggan, Dan Douglas, Jim Melia, Paul Campbell, Larry de Vries, Ken Garbutt, Ron McMichael.
Back Row—Wayne Fletcher, Tom Burton, Gary Brown, Michael Eschli, Doug Flucker, Ernest Logue, Darrell Element, Larry Heacock, Patrick Joyce, Fred Duckworth.

9K

Jim Aylett—Jim is a mover.

Bob Barber—"Ba Ba."

Bob Beaupré—Bob always has his homework done.

Gary Brown—"Chub."

Merrill Brown—"Farmer Brown."

Tom Burton—Small but noisy.

Paul Campbell—Can't wait to see his girl.

Bruce Carson—Tall, dark and—oh well.

Henry Christopherson—Best legs in 9K.

Paul Coulter—Just a young "colt".

Larry De Vries—He wrote a book about a girl.

Stan Dera—Has an interest in 12D.

Fred Duckworth—"Ducky."

Doug Flucker—Merry rhymes make merry times.

Wayne Fletcher—"Can I borrow a dime?"

Darrell Element—His jokes light up the class.

Mike Eschli—He's the quiet type.

Paul Duggan—Hot shot.

Dan Douglas—A big wheel.

Larry Hickok—"But, heck sir!"

Patrick Joyce—Mr. Wright's pet.

Richard Lee—"Hurry up, it's lunch time."

Ernest Logue—"Sorry sir, I have to walk my girl friend home."

Len White—He'll get his license yet.

Ken Garbutt—Leader of the pack.

Ron McMichael—Car crazy.

Frank Horlings—Drives his Dad's car.

Jim Melia—Jim is always early.

KING CITY GARAGE

ESSO PRODUCTS — GENERAL REPAIR

PHONE 833-5461



Back Row—T. Moffit, S. Newton, T. Hunter, J. Prentice, D. Scott, C. Bunney, H. Thompson,
R. McGinn, R. Laing.
Middle Row—G. Meyer, A. Skelhorn, R. Newstead, D. Kennedy, J. Zaizer, J. Wain, I.
McLeod, L. Seed, G. Tjepkema, K. Suddes.
Front Row—R. Wist, P. O'Mahony, R. Newton, D. Van Willigen, D. Ground, P. Oetelaar,
O. Van Dylk, G. Newton, M. Timms.

9L

Tom Moffitt—"Aw, Grounds."

Stewart Newton—Tall, bronde and handsome.

Ron Laing—What's so special about 9B?

Ted Hunter—But I didn't say anything.

Paul Shiner—Comes to school and hopes to pass while all he does is sleep in class.

Ross McGinn—The dollies went this way.

Charles Bunney—Bunney Sir, B-U-N-N-E-Y.

Doug Kennedy—Just can't leave Rosebud alone.

Gary Newton—Dead eye.

Ronald Newton—I lost my book Sir.

Dave Ground—Santa Claus disappointed me.

Peter Oetelaar—Has a bad influence on the class.

Lairy Seed—Who turned on the lights.

Rick Newstead—The calm before the storm.

Don Scott—All right, who swiped by English Book.

Harold Thompson—A diddle bit of a doodler.

Oddie Van Dyke—Teachers' heartbreak.

Michael Timms—Quiet but destructive.

Gary Tjepkema—My homework was here a minute ago.

Dick Van Willigen—The only flying Dutchman.

Frank Phelan—I see it, and I got it, but I can't do it.

Ian McLeod—I didn't do it Sir.

Rick Wist—All this and Rick too.

Jim Zaizer—Deserves everything he gets.

Joe Chard—Dropped in suddenly without warning.

Geno Meyer—Can't control himself around girls.

John Wain—Little boy Rosebud.

Paul O'Mahoney—Ambition — NHL Player — Fate — Pee Wee Coach.

OAK RIDGES Building Supplies

OAK RIDGES, ONT.

773-5271

- TOOL RENTALS • LUMBER
- BUILDING MATERIALS



Back Row—John Fitkin, David Sinclair, Paul Shirer, Don Thompson, Dave Swan, Bob Gibbons, Danny Graham, Ted Spoelder, Barry Crowder, Wayne Skutelsnek.
Middle Row—Tom Irvine, John Snyder, Doug Kent, John Beaupre, David Hume, Larry Lowaska, Philip Howard, Vern Pennock, Danny Lakey.
Front Row—Colleen Cobden, Donna Spence, Catharine Boyle, Angel Parr, Georgina Muscat, Selby Ash, Gail Heaton, Mary Eglin, Ann Romagnoli, Sharon Graham.
Absent—Shirley Boyd.

9M

Selby Ash—Selby is always telling people how nice their clothes are.

Shirley Boyd—She doesn't like school.

Catherine Boyle—Friends with everybody.

Mary Eglin—Watch that wiggle and sway, Mary!

Sharon Graham—Dynamite comes in small packages.

Colleen Cobden—She gets angry very quickly.

Gail Heaton—Tell us his name Gail?

Georgina Muscat—Always snapping.

Angel Parr—She has all her sewing equipment on time.

Ann Romagnoli—The little one of 9M.

John Beaupre—"Little Honda".

Barry Crowder—Always clowing.

John Fitkin—For a little guy he talks a lot.

Robert Gibbons—"The laughing boy."

Danny Graham—A very quiet boy.

Philip Howard—Our Professor of Math.

David Hume—He hates drafting.

Tom Irvine—"Mr. Know-it all".

John Snyder—"That's not right, Mrs. Hashem."

Theodoor Spoelder—He's "Mr. Lonely".

Dave Swan—Favourite saying, "I'm going."

Donald Thompson—Favourite passion: making funny noises.

Donna Spence—Where are you?

Douglas Kent—"Little Flirt".

Danny Lakey—"I know the answer, Mr. Hodge."

Larry Lowaska—He loves giving book reports on time.

Vern Pennock—"Sir, I'll bring my gym suit next week."

David Sinclair—Our girl hater.

Wayne Skutelsnek—Wayne is our favourite clown.

The old lady was shocked at her grandson's use of slang. So she said, "There are just two words, Willie, that I wish you would stop using. One is 'swell' and the other is 'lousy'?"

"O.K.," answered Willie, "what are they?"

SCHOMBERG GENERAL STORE

C. J. Henry

PHONE 939-2151

Compliments
of
12A



Designers and Suppliers
of
SCHOOL INSIGNIA
PINS — RINGS
MEDALS — TROPHIES
PARTY FAVOURS
PRESENTATION GIFTS

BIRKS
JEWELLERS
134 YONGE STREET
TORONTO

FOR ANY VERY SPECIAL OCCASION

EXOTIC ICE CREAM

EXCITINGLY DIFFERENT NEW FLAVORS

FOR THE FINEST IN DAIRY PRODUCTS AND ICE CREAM

Cousins
Dairy Co.
LIMITED



1st Prize Poetry

A Lost Race

Time, the mocking jokester, plays merrily
through infinity,
Teasing hair, tempting blood with visages of
immortality.
Our birth he heralds with the happy indifference
Of a Christmas morning child—delighted,
But too busy with all toys to hold one in
reverence.
The years leap by, like drinking deer all
suddenly affrighted;
Far faster life than is the thoughtless calendar
That was the passing notion of the once great,
now dead Caesar.

Young is youth, and youth is living
High for instants 'tween minutes of crying.
For fleeting seconds we match Time's grace;
Glimpse through half-closed eyes the mirage of
man's eternity.
The image dissolves but Time rapid his pace,
And we whether searching for our lost eternity,
Or else running blindly from habit, after him
strive.
After the tireless leader with the leering face
and scythe.

Always we're looking for the future, wishing to
be clairvoyant,
But being not, neither being satisfied to float
the current.
But youth succumbs to age, and age succumbs
to weariness.
Our stiffened steps stagger, stumble, trip, fall:
We are down, To sand returns our flesh;
To nothing returns our soul. But laughing Time,
behind leaves all,
Oblivious to the loss of worn out rife,
Oblivious to the hour that we call life.

MICHAEL CURRAN, 13B

1st Prize Prose

The Conscience

The unnatural spell of calmness which hovers
over the office from five a.m. to nine a.m. was
shattered by the metallic whirr of venetian
blinds. As I swung open one of the window
panes, the gap filled with the crisp, cold air of
December. From the congested street directly
below me, rose the steady hum of a thousand
tires, highlighted by a sprinkling of impatient
horns; some near, some far, some high, some
low; all echoing and re-echoing from the walls
of the concrete and glass canyon. On the side-
walks too, all was animation. An endless stream
of humanity poured from the mouth of the sub-
way exit across the street. True, each member
of this flood was different from the next, in

personality, clothing, and appearance, but the
common atmosphere of restless hurry which was
generated, destroyed these differences, and
draped a grey sameness over it.

But all was not motion, all was not sound on
this bleak winter morning. Resting against one
of the lofty spiralling pillars of the stately bank
building beside the subway exit, was the only
still figure in sight. Still, not because he didn't
want to move, anchored there on the hard, un-
yielding sidewalk but because he couldn't move.
He wore no shoes; he had no feet. His thread-
bare trousers were tucked underneath him, poi-
gnant reminder of the days when they were a
part of healthy limbs. Between these stumps
stood two metal cups, one sprouting an array of
bright yellow pencils above the rim, the other
containing the pennies which were the lifeblood
of his meagre existence. He was a beggar of
necessity, not of choice. Everything about him
cried of hardship and need. His soiled grey
topcoat was obviously too big for his gaunt
frame, and encompassed him like some tumble
down puppet. The moth eaten skeleton of a
fedora resting on his head could do little to
protect him from the downy, wet snowflakes
which had descended on the scene on silent
wings. It was the first snow of winter, but no
one had time to notice it. There was a sudden
lull in traffic, and through the hollow vacuum
it created, entered the thin pleading notes of
the beggar's appeal. Already it was drowned by
the next wave of screeching tires and blaring
horns. He looked lifeless, except for the thin
white wisp of vapour which accompanied his
breathing, rose a few feet and vanished.

No one had heard his cry. Everyone was too
occupied within their own cold, hard shell of
self-centred activities, to stop for an instant of
compassion. No one needed a yellow pencil that
morning. Yet the beggar didn't seem out of
place. He merged inconspicuously with the im-
personal grey concrete background. In this geo-
metrical landscape of skyscrapers he has be-
come a permanent fixture. He is the conscience
of a selfish city. But alas, like most consciences,
his message goes unheeded.

PETE KRATZMANN, 13B

2nd Prize Poetry

On Rumour

Can any man that fate has left
Of station, state and pride bereft,
Ere hope his former niche regain?
Must he in life's lost wake remain?

Or can a word in anger tossed
Be unretrieved—forever lost,
Like heroes slain in tales of yore,
Exiled to some far Stygian shore?

SPONSORS—Drs. Hardy, McPhee, Sanders, King City.

No word or phrase, no thought or deed,
 Be it of love, of hate or greed,
 Can ever vanquish or eclipse,
 A former stain left on the lips.
 So if in anger ought is found,
 That uttered here, and whispered round,
 Could cause unnecessary shame
 Or silent hatred, unjust pain—
 Then guard your tongue and quash that thought;
 Lest when some friend to sorrow's brought,
 By rumour's thrust, so deadly true,
 You find the blade was forged by you.

FRED TEMPLEMAN, 13A

2nd Prize Poem

Tuesday's Bell

On Tuesday morning, George did a dreadful thing. He went to the church, which was always open for praying as churches should be, although no one ever prayed there in the middle of the week. He stood in the hall, where you could hang your hat and sometimes your coat if you got there first, and stared at the Bell rope. The stairs that led to the Bell were in the corner behind a very small door which you had to stoop up under to get through. Funny that on the one day that the priest had forgotten to lock the door to the Bell, George did this thing. And so George climbed through the very small, unlocked door to the Bell and stood before the stairs. They were dirty, especially in the centre where muddy boots had clomped to the Bell to clean birds' nests out of it.

George climbed the stairs to the Bell. It seemed peculiarly quiet for a Tuesday morning. No birds were tuning up and no throaty bellows from children and no squabbling noises from the back fence hen ladies. No Tuesday morning sounds at all. George hated the noise his feet made, the echoes, the sounds that even the back fence hen ladies must have heard. But no one clambered up the freezing cement steps after him, no one called for him to help with the dishes.

There was the Bell. It looked splendid in the morning sun and the inscription on it looked dashing and young. How can an inscription be young? This one was though.

George was looking down the hole that guided the rope to the hall for coats in the church. It made him giddy, that little hole and he wanted to laugh but he thought it might spoil it, the sounds being so loud and all. The floor was full of dead flies and wasps and here was a bird with a broken neck lying in one corner. George again wanted to laugh but at the same time he had to cry for all he could see was the giant Bell and the dirty rope and the dead flies.

George clamped his hands to the rope and pulled. The sound of it nearly knocked him to the floor, but he saw the flies and said, "I will not be one of them" and caught his balance. Tears were falling steadily down his face and he was laughing but the Bell drowned out the noise of his laugh so that he could not hear himself.

There were people, people like letters in a book, small and black against the sidewalk, staring up at this person who rang the Bell on Tuesday morning.

And still George pulled the rope and still he laughed and still he cried. His shirt was wet from sweat and his arms began to ache but his hands were frozen to the rope.

Someone's head appeared at the top of the stairs. George kicked at it, but it darted and hit against the cement walls and fell. "Like the flies," thought George.

Then George saw the sun and the sky and he stopped. His laughing, his sobbing ended, his hands fell from the rope and the fearful echoes softened slowly. Two men grabbed his arms, but George let them while he stared at the sky. George had done what he wanted to do. He hadn't expected it to end any other way. But there was this: he had done it.

ANN JAEGER, 10A

3rd Prize Poetry

Totems

Carved by some long-departed hand,
 The sightless totems, waiting stand
 Along the shoreline desolate;
 Listening for the wild wind's sigh,
 Listening for the shaman's cry,
 Standing stark, inanimate.

Straining to hear the sounds once heard
 Of killer whale and thunderbird
 And songs of an ancient tribe,
 Only the murmur of grasses sear,
 Only the moaning of wavelets drear
 Chant a dirge for a Nation's pride.

ROSEMARY DAVIDSON, 12A

A Message for the Southpaw

The number of people that are left-handed is growing in number at a great rate. Years ago left-handers were forced to convert to the conventional right-handed writing. They were taught that our way was evil and illegible. Some of the southpaws survived and now we are growing in force, we're not being called odd anymore. Soon a society will be established for

SPONSOR—Dr. J. L. Urquhart, Aurora.

left-handed people. It will grow in importance and size and soon we will have things our way: there will be left-handed ticket booths and left handed toilet knobs! Other items such as left-handed butter knives, pens, basketballs, footballs and toothbrushes will become common commodities. We will outnumber the right-handers! They will not call us oddball. Southpaws, arise! Shake off the oppression of our right-handed leaders. Convert them to our way. Start a movement in your town. Now is the time to attack!

SHANE BELKNAP, 12B

The Question

"Budge" says the fiend. "Budge not" says my conscience.
Who to follow? That is the question.
Through many a frenzied hour I pace,
The carpet, worn with imprint of my anxiety.
Those haunting voices plague my spirit,
Tear my mind between the two:
To ask him, or to ask him not. How is it I'm
to choose?
Ask him!
"But what to gain?" I ask myself
A single dance, one single evening, of which will
soon be gone?
"And what to lose?"
A single vegetable corsage
I must be strong; I must be brave,
And do as Sadie would have done!
(Although her motive is unknown to me.)
But with aggressiveness I march
To small machine that will determine my
success.
My icy fingers quiver,
My heart is pounding madly.
Silence prevails
I dial each number with remorse,
And wait—the busy sign is heard!
O! How my fretful mind does wander!
O! The agony of which I undergo!
Another hour relentlessly plods onward.
Indecision wearies me, but I must phone once
more!
Again that painful process I experience—
One in which I hope will broaden my mind—
If nothing else!
On distant line I hear a drone—
"Hello" was answered. It was him!
My stomach soared, my mind did swim,
And with a voice unlike my own
I asked him that most fatal question . . .
And waiting what he had to say
With casualness, I least expected,
He calmly said "O.K."

SUSAN McLAUGHLIN, 10C

Howdy!
I'm Sheriff Mac Sim Butler.
That's right.

This is Selma.
Yo' a stranger here?
Wall, glad tuh meet yuh, stranger.
We don't get many Northerners down here.
Ha! Use to call 'em Damyankees.
Oh no! Not now!
Now yo' all are just as good as us'n any old day
o' thuh week.
Nice little town we got here.
Quiet.
Peaceful.
Everybody knows everybody else.
Friendly.
Not like over in Burningshm.
Why the sheriff over there was just walkin'
down thuh street when he got jumped on,
By a paratrooper.
Complete with an army field kitchen, 5 jeeps,
and a four star general.
Yeah, it were a shame.
Completely ruined his composure.
It's too bad about whut happened there.
A terrible fuss.
National Guard.
Marines.
Presidential Intervention.
Thuh works.
By thuh way stranger,
Whut's yo' line?
Civil Rights Worker?
Yo' is under arrest, nigger-lover!

GEORGE LONEY, 13B

The Indignity Of Life

A mouse runs;
lost in the chaos
of life.
He scurries;
running from that
which he fears.

His world is crumbling,
like parchment in
the wind,
before the onslaught
of another
more powerful than he.

He is chased,
feeling until numb;
is caught,
then dies;
and thus moulds all his life in vain,
And is forgotten.

His life
has no meaning, no dignity.
He was too scared
to fight.
This mouse was a man;
but why a man
in name only?

RICHARD SMITH, 11A

SPONSOR—Sir Ellsworth and Lady Flavell, RR2, King.

A Nursery Rhyme of Man

Once long, long, ago a man came upon a huge tree. There was a haughty dominance to its character. He felt compelled to break its spirit.

"I wonder what the ground looks like from high above," he pondered. So began his ascent. From the beginning he had to struggle and strive; to gain the first branch he had to jump. The next was a mere stub yet it was a means of advancement. Although it was just beyond his scope, he was able to reach it by clinging to the tree trunk with his thighs and blindly fumbling for this next grip with his free hand. Each rough piece of pine bark was an aid he could not afford to refuse and he was thankful. He could have turned back then, the drop would have been short; instead he forged ahead, under the weary eye of the wan sun which stumbled from its hilly bed preparing for another day's effort and each succeeding one became easier to reach as if he had found the key to climbing. Now larger and stronger, the branches seemed to be spaced in an upward path as if Destiny had known before the tree was a seedling that one day he would need to climb it. Each step was ruthlessly calculated and every worthless branch which obstructed his path to a greater one was broken. Loosened pieces of bark and twig fell on his back and harried him upwards. Several times he reached a dead end and retreated to take a wiser route to the top.

His eyes flaming with zeal, his nostrils flaring with uncaught breath, he paused to rest and enjoy the fruits of his climbing. A gentle wind whispered love songs through the pine needles which winked a thousand winks in answer to the midday sun.

But this was no time to relax. The sun already had begun to fall, just a notch, and even greater beauties awaited him at the top. He saw many branches ahead. Before moving on, he firmly established each foothold and never depended on one grip when two were available. With the anticipation of the sight at the top of the tree, he drove himself onward. "I've got to reach the top before the sun goes down," he said. "I've got to conquer this tree." Promising not to look down until he could climb no higher, he hurried upward leaving destructive evidence of his passage behind. On his frenzy he broke the weak branches, even the live twigs which weren't in his way, and cursed the rough bark which scratched his hands and stuck in his sweaty hair. Since the sun was gradually disappearing, starving the beauty from the landscape, he stole a hurried glance. Beautiful, but not as perfect perhaps as the view higher up. Impatiently he scrambled by decayed branches and didn't take time to inspect them for safety. He grasped anything handy and finally mastered the last branch. Like the proud ape who straddles his doomed prey and thumps his chest

in victory, he stood higher than the tree itself. He had saddled and ridden this wild stallion! Eagerly he looked around to view the landscape from his vantage point. But it was nothing. The very branches he had defeated, blocked the view beneath him and the merciless wind blew in a cold darkness. It wasn't worth the climb. He had seen more when he was on the ground and the sun was shining. He wanted to go down but he had broken some of the branches which would allow him to descend. As he pondered the situation, the rotten branch beneath him, gave away with a sardonic crack.

He fell to the ground and broke his crown.
BOB GARDNER, 12A

The End

The final cloud had sifted down,
The tremors had subsided,
The mist now shrouded field and town,
And solitude abided.
No sign of life could he discern;
Each moment he felt bolder;
And yet his blood ran colder.
The streets were littered with the dead,
His enemies had perished.
Revenge and greed whirled through his head,
They'd ruined all they cherished.
Mankind had been so clever that
They'd killed themselves and left a rat.

JANET STUBBS, 12A

Lost: One Life

Gentle is the loving child,
Cooing in his crib,
Smiling with his twinkling eyes
And dribbling on his bib.
Now this boy is nine or ten,
With black eye, bump and bruise;
A bat and ball, his heart's delight,
His frog he must not lose.
When at the age of twenty-one,
With car and girls galore;
Comes cupid with his little dart,
Our bachelor is—no more.
As father of a new born child,
Awakened by every cry,
He stumbles to the infant's cot,
To find his diaper . . . dry?
Now this man is old and grey,
His life is well-nigh spent,
Old memories linger in his mind,
Of what his childhood meant.
If I could just relive my days,
How thoughtful I would be,
I'd stay a bachelor all my life,
And die less miserably.

BARRY WILKINS, 11C

SPONSOR—J. S. D. Tory, Kinghaven Farms.

The End

In a man-made cavern
Deep in the bowels of the Urals,
A star-studded man of evil
Pulls at the switch, releasing—the birds of the
Devil.

From hidden nesting-places
Rise flocks of projectiles,
Trajectories excellent, flying well,
Speeding to their destination—the fires of Hell!

The electric eyes of man
See them speed across the polar cap.
The disciples of evil are raised from the
gloom,
Called from their dark tombs—the corpses of
doom.

A whispered word,
A nod from the leader of men.
A voice through the telephone echoes through
the night,
A pull of the switch, releasing—the angels of
Death!

EPILOGUE:
Thousands of mushrooms sprout across the
world.
Thousands of fires start simultaneously—
Billions of voices wail their death-song,
While an infinity of dreams and hopes are—
gone forever!

ED PERKINS, 12C

The Mind Divided

All by the self is measured,
All for the self is taped;
People, objects, distant or near,
Are measured and given their rate.
"This one here will aid me;
This one is no good;
This one sympathy lends me
This one is understood."
And thus the calculating mind of hell and ego
Meets men, never losing sight of the most
important thing:
The self.

But quenching, quenching flows the spirit,
Checking checking mind of self;
Dousing brimstone thoughts reminding:
Patriots, martyrs their bodes have shelved,
Ego this does not consider;
Beyond Id's scope to this thus ply;
The taste of death is dreadfully bitter—
Not with this character doth self comply.
"Tis thus: the amorous mind of heaven and
Christ
Meets hell in men and heals it
Never losing sight of the most important thing:
The other.

MICHAEL CURRAN, 13B

SPONSOR—John H. Addison, M.P., York North.

Alexander

His name was Alexander and he was a Negro.
His skin was like chocolate or brown velvet—
warm, rich, and smooth and he stood among the
pallid white men in the centre of the smoky
room. Like those of his Nigerian ancestors, his
features were brown and solid. It was his broad
flat nose and shiny black eyes encircled by pure
white that made him singular. Above the wan
heads of the whites rose Alexander's head, black
and curly. He had a tan sweater flung over his
shoulder and he looked like a lone lion standing
on the plains of Africa, brave and noble. So
much more powerful than the vapid white race
was Alexander.

ANN JAEGER, 10A

Horace the Heinous

I am constantly harassed by Horace.
His poetry? It lays me low,
When disguised in his Alcaic metre,
He delivers his archaic blow.

I wander through mythical meadows
Ne'er knowing nor heeding the way,
Till past similes, lined with chiasmus
I arrive at the end of the day.

Yet at evening, sweet Horace bides with me,
Through my mind, how his proverbs do bore.
They chasten, their volume still roaring,
Though I close and bolt tightly the door.

How I've longed to lay hands on his spectre.
Tear the laurel from off his grey brow,
And with Grecian muse hastening after
Chase him off; someone else to endow.

For I've no love for his ancient drivel,
And the two thousand years he's been here,
He's done nothing but bore to distraction
And confuse students' memories each year.

FRED TEMPLEMAN, 13A

This Thing Called Death

What is this thing
called Death?

Death must be faced
by all.
Death must be experienced
by all.
No one can escape it.

To some; it is Darkness.
It strikes suddenly, unexpectedly,
leaving a once-glowing creature
cold, silent and still.

To some; it is Light,
It is the revelation
of the Truth of Life
bringing peace, security and joy.

What lies after this thing
called Death?
To some, with faith,
it may be the most wonderful
experience of all.

Of such is Death.

REV HUNTER, 12C

Stranded!

In the morning, glaring rays of a tropical sun wedge open my heavy eyelids. Consciousness brings discomfort. Not only has my throat the texture of a coarse file, but it is also void of moisture. Not even one drop of saliva has it left, to soothe for an instant the burning of my arid, swollen lips. A lingering dampness envelopes my limbs, and as I labouringly force my aching muscles to pull me to my feet, my bed of soggy sand remains caked to the tattered remnants of my apparel. There, just a dozen steps from my bare feet lies the same ocean which only a few hours earlier had clutched me firmly in the bared talons of its vulture-like waves. Although the fury of its tempest has exhausted itself, and a smug smile is now spread over its endless expanse, it is still the same cunning ocean, taunting me with its apparent calmness, again inviting me to try to conquer it. But my meagre weapon against its arrogant might, lies crippled, clinging to a submerged reef about a league out; like some drunken derelict clinging desperately to the sign post outside the village pub. And so, stranded on this overgrown sandbar in the South Atlantic, on this twelfth day of the ninth month, of the Lord's year 1659, I, Robinson Crusoe, the sole survivor of my ship's crew of sixteen souls, begin my lonely vigil for a speck of sail on the vast horizon.

PETE KRATZMAN, 13B

The Student's Lot

To do, or not to do;—this is a question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and arrows of an outraged teacher,
Or to pit my pencil against a sea of homework,
And by doing so complete it? To toil; to slave
No more—this is my wish; And were it so
I'd end

The head-aches and the thousand natural shocks
That the student is heir to;—'tis a privilege
Devoutly to be wished. No toil, no work,
More sleep—a chance to dream!—Ay, but there
is a rub!

For in that life of esse what would we live on?

KEN DECARLE, 12C

Hunted

Run—faster, harder,
Look how the hunters gain.
No matter how fatigued,
Or how severe the pain
Scramble blindly onward
Let not escape be vain.

Stop—breathless, weary,
Must find a place to hide.
Quench that wretched thirst
That leaves the throat all dried,
Lose the determined hunters
And check their gaining stride.

Listen—hard, look back—see
The distance that you ran.
Think carefully, quickly,
Devise a cunning plan,
How to gain your freedom
And be once more a man.

CATHERINE WHALLEY, 12A

Old Baptiste

Ruined!—a careless slip of the skinning knife and a prime pelt was ruined. It was fit now only for the banded top of some trade mocassin. As he piled the furred oval onto the growing heap of discards beside his stool, Old Baptiste spat and a copper splotch appeared in the dirty corner of the littered room in which he sat.

It was strange he thought, how much like these mixed furs, they were, he and old Jean. They too were no longer of any real use. A mere boy of fourteen could do the work of both of them in half the time, and it was only Carter's respect for what they had once been, that enabled them to earn the few paltry dollars they needed to keep wood in the stoves of their old cabin, and a bit of meat and porridge in their bellies.

A sharp pain from an old wound in his back bit hotly, and he shifted his weight slightly, for the momentary ease it gave him.

A few dollars! Ha! Why when he returned from a winter's work with the brigade and drew his pay each year at rendezvous, he used to swill in one night, more cheap trade brandy than a month of his present wages would buy.

And Pain! He was the toughest of the "hommes du nord". Had he not carried four trade packs at a trot across the treacherous "Horse Portage", a feat which no one but the legendary Bonga could match? And had he not cracked the skulls and battered the bodies of the crew of a "Montrealer", alone and waited one night at Grand Portage? He had known no pain, save the thrilling sting of the frozen snow lashing his cheeks, as he bent low over his paddle, trying to reach Longue Ile before freeze-up.

SPONSOR—A. A. MacKenzie, M.P.P., York North.

No weakling he! His hand in the stern and Jean's in the bow, with eight good comrades between them, had brought many a load down the white water that others were forced to portage.

The gnarled hands, that now could only sort the pelts, brought by the reservation Cree, had once gripped the handle of the flashing blade, that won him fame as the greatest brigade leader in all the waters from the Great Slave to Grande Portage.

The mind that now was occupied with the worrisome tally of dusty furs in a dusty room, had once with cunning and keen wit, bargained for the furs of the Cree and Stoney.

Ah Yes! How he remembered the time that—but what was this? Little Sylvester tugging at his sleeve and calling: "Papa Baptiste! Papa Baptiste! It is time, you promised!" Promised? Had he? Promised what? "A story, Papa Baptiste! A story, you promised!" Ah Yes! A story. A story from Papa Baptiste. A story of Voyageur Baptiste and of the times and the glorious past which were his, the excitement and danger that had been his, of the life he had known, of the life poor little Sylvester would never know—poor child, born too late!

Very well, but he would make it short, for the light from the window was high on the wall and even now old Jean would be readying their evening meal of soup, in the little cabin. But he owed it to the boy, this child who must live his life in a settlement cabin, cut off from all that made life, life. He owed it to the boy, because he had so much, he was so rich, while the child had nothing. And so Voyageur Baptiste began.

FRED TEMPLEMAN, 13A

Our Yellow Monster

My mornings are haunted by a monster, yellow.
The moment I wake I envision that fellow.
I know he is devouring the minutes and miles,
Gulping school books and girls in high styles.

Touring the country he swallows young lads,
With their insect collections and the latest fads.
His appetite increases. He charges along
Gulping late gossip and popular song.

He hungrily surveys all houses en route,
Perhaps catch a victim to add to his loot.
Belching quite loudly he stops at our gate,
The time has come; I must run to my fate!

His yellow sides bulge. His mouth opens wide
And I push and I puff and I struggle inside.
What is this great monster, the cause of the fuss?
Haven't you guessed 'tis the old school bus.

BETH SCOTT, 10C

Spring

Spring is the beginning of winter's end;
Trees are blooming, birds are singing:
People are happy and in the trend
Of being themselves and being with friends.
It's the time for people to realize
That Mother Nature is back again,
Being herself, in her own disguise,
Waiting for people to open their eyes.

BILL TINDALE, 11D

Calling All Foxes

Cold and ominous dawn was just breaking over the eastern horizon when I approached a cedar swamp, studying the snow for signs of the elusive fox. A weather-beaten old log caught my eye. It blended with the hardwoods and scattered pyramid cedars which edged along the old weather-beaten rail fence.

I listened intently for a few moments. Tears blurred my vision and frost tinkled the ear lobes as a gusty wind met my face, driving me back with the force of a cyclone. It then disappeared as quickly as it had come, leaving an air of expectant stillness. I crouched down behind the old stump.

This particular hunt was unique due to the fact that I had never before set myself up as the quarry and expected or even hoped that an animal would try to hunt me down.

As I huddled against the stump, I recalled the instructions on fox calling. I pulled up my collar, cursing the fact that I neglected to prepare myself adequately for this climate. Snow began to drift, as I reached for the fox-caller. It was a new invention and supposedly fool-proof. Blowing on it produced a loud call and attracted foxes within a radius of two miles if the wind was right.

Uttering a few blasts, I was surprised by the instant reaction. Out in the distance came an answer.

Few fox-callers have been attacked by the fox. The fox becomes usually simply interested in the call, running to the spot where the sound came from, expecting to participate in the eating of a fallen deer or other foe.

At night hunters using this "caller" have flashlights and, as the wolf approaches, the hunter aims his rifle at the place between those two shiny spots in the distance. Many hunters of this kind may become rather worried if two or three approached from different sides. This could be hard on the nerves because foxes are cunning and certainly do not lack courage in times of famine.

But, alas, I sit here shivering and discouraged, for all I get is another answering call across the hills. It does not seem to be getting closer. Perhaps I am not the only one who possesses a fox-caller.

ROBERT MOOY, 12B

SPONSOR—Roy Jennings, Reeve, King Township.



SOCIAL



Welcome

There is no way to better introduce a grade nine student to the sparkling social life of King than to place the honour in the hands of an old master of the art—grade thirteen. As brazen senior girls clad in bold name-tags, bearing various credentials, chased "9" lads down corridors, the chivalrous senior male lured timid female flowers from dark corners. By the close of the evening the nines were acquainted—especially with the thirteens.

Hallowe'en

The hour of bewitchment had arrived. Transformed figures bearing student activity cards and clad in Hallowe'en attire streamed into the camouflaged gym. Gleaming pumpkins and the dangling noose set the atmosphere. The climax of the evening was the costume revue where a robust saloon girl—Linda Lowens—and little George Loney, treasuring sucker and teddy-bear, were awarded first prizes.

Sadie Hawkins

Daisy Mae was put to shame in the month of November. Promptly after the first announcement, panting King City females were seen darting about the corridors claiming that certain doomed male. Clad in typical Daisy Mae style we danced, conversed and peered into the K.C. portable "John".

The ladies must be congratulated on their complete transformation—an evening to remember.

Basketball Dances

As tradition has it after a rousing basketball game full of school spir-r-r-it, a dance must follow. "King" does more than simply follow tradition, she brings along her school spirit to the dance (especially if she wins).

This year the games have been many and rousing—so have the dances. Masterfully M.C.'ed by such well-known celebrities as Paulus Rollinson and Lynn Emerson, we shimmied, popeyed, hitch-hiked and (waltzed) to the renowned music of the stage crew on the record player and in general raised our victorious voices.

This Night Has 7 Hours

Anyone for a basketball game, perhaps a wrestling match, rather a Hootenany—maybe a dance? King City was recorded in the pages of history on the evening of February 4, no one left dissatisfied, an evening catering to the tastes of the popular—we did everything.

As dainty young things gave squeals of delight when bodies rippling with muscles were hurled to the floor, the more ecstatic fans watched Paulus Rollinson dribble down the floor for a fast pass to Vir Templi.

After a thrilling evening the exhausted fans met in the gym to exchange acclamations and were promptly serenaded by such old crooners as Dave Heslip, Les Zaiser and King's contribution to the Purple Onion—the Dennet Sisters and the Baby Boy Quartet.

Sois Ma Cherie

The evening was no different than any cool February eve, only when one entered through the glass doors the transformation came. Perhaps one noticed first the sing to chair adorned with red cushion and placed upon a radiating stage, or the shadow of floating hearts upon a sea of silver; the petite dolls dressed in spotless white with red rose; the latticed garden making a perfect setting for the proficient work of photographer Dave MacLorenan, or the dancers under the arching streamers, swaying to the music of Dave Black and his orchestra.

At the hour of ten the doors of the salle a manger were opened. Here a detectable array of hors d'oeuvres and tantalizing punch were spaced upon the white tales in true French buffet style.

Le moment est arrive. Paul Rollinson with a great crumple of paper proclaimed that la petite belle Angela Hughes was to be queen of the prom. Attended by her jolie princesses Norma-Jean Weir, Kirsten Elf and Judy Hayward, the glimmering crown was placed upon her head by Flora Wakefield.

La fin? mais non. The memory of that enchanting evening will remain. Thank-you so much Lynn Emerson and your committee for the most memorable dance of the year.

Elephant Killers

Question—Why did the elephant sit on the marshmallow?

Obvious Answer—To keep from falling in the hot chocolate.

Question—How can you tell when an elephant has been in your refrigerator?

Obvious Answer—You can see his footprints in the Jello.

Question—How can you make an elephant float?

Answer—Ten scoops of ice cream and a quart of ginger ale.



Quotable Quotes

If at first you don't succeed, try doing it the way she told you to.

People who have an hour to spare, usually look up someone who hasn't.

Let's profit by the mistakes of others; we may not live long enough to make them ourselves.

Don't judge by appearance. She who looks like a dumb blonde may be a bright brunette.

It's easier never to say an unkind word about a person if you talk only about yourself.

A neighbour's cheap, noisy, old car can be very annoying; but so can his quiet, new, expensive one.

A philosophical father said: "Oh, I don't worry about my daughter. She'll get married quick enough, as soon as the wrong man comes along."



I DON'T CARE WHO THINKS THEY'RE IT!

Teachers & Students

Student: "Coach, liniment really makes my arm smart."

Mr. Sarge: "That's good. Try rubbing some on your head, too."

Mr. Limpson: "This bottle contains deadly poison. What steps would you take if it escaped?"

George: "Long ones, Sir."

Mr. Larson: "Class, do you realize that I have to make my living by my wits."

Susan: "Well sir, half a living is better than none."

Ted—Teacher, should I be punished for something I haven't done?

Teacher—Certainly not!

Ted—I didn't do my homework.

On Society

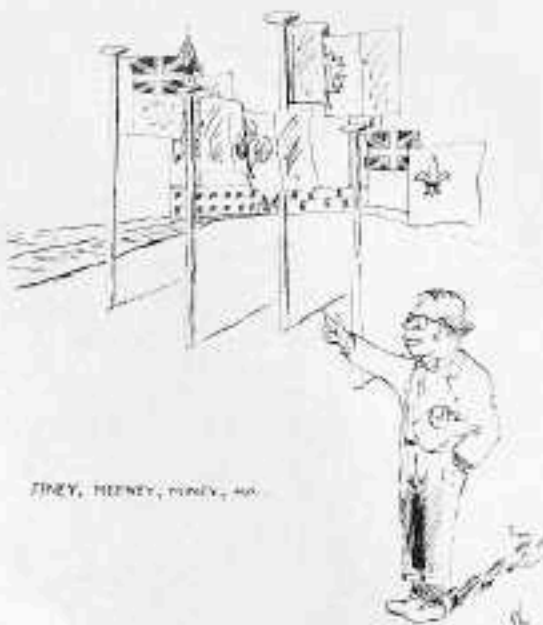
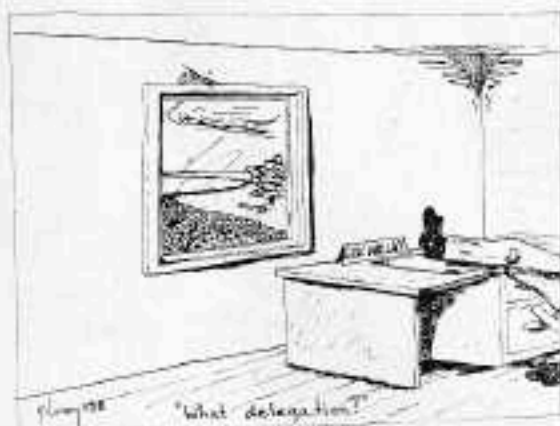
Socialism: You have two cows and give one to your neighbour.
Communism: You have two cows; the government takes both and gives you the milk.
Fascism: You have two cows; the government takes both and sells you the milk.
Nazism: You have two cows; the government takes both and shoots you.
Bureau-ism: You have two cows; the government takes both, shoots one, milks the other and throws the milk away.
Capitalism: You have two cows; you sell one and buy a bull.

Early to bed and early to rise and your girl goes out with other guys.

Livin' Latin

Boyabus kissibus pritty gallorum,
 Girlibus likabus, wanta somorum,
 Popibus hearibus bigga smakorum,
 Kikabus boyabus outa backdorum,
 Boyabus limpabus allaway homorum
 Swarabus kissabus girli nomorum.

Irregular Verbs—Bluffo, bluffere, flunki, flunkum.



Daffy Definitions

Head Cold—Rheum at the top.
Psychiatric Examination—A checkup from the neck up.
Cold War—Nations flexing their missiles.
Hiccup—A message from departed spirits.
Coffee—The morning hafta.
Rotisserie—Ferris wheel for chickens.
Laplander—A clumsy person in a crowded bus.
Blind date—A date you expect to be a vision but who turns out to be a sight.

Slang

Wife—bell and chain.
Ignoramus—bonehead.
Woman—skirt.
Doughnut—sinker.
Saloon—booze foundry.
Insolence—lip.
Strong drink—coffin varnish.
Cemetery—bone orchard.
Alarm bell—bug.
Doctor—croaker.
Kidnaper—body snatcher.
A judge—Pontius Pilate.





Student Parliament

Front Row—Mr. Turchin, Terry Conway, Bev Hunter, Paul O'Neil, Lynn Emerson, Paul Rollinson, Angela Hughes, Bruce Muchon, Jane Owens, April Warren, Mr. Sanderson.
Second Row—John Cooper, Larry Wilson, Sharon Calleney, Mary Elgin, Frances Osborne, Kirsten Eif, Jane Kenney, Barb Brown, Linda Lewis, Sue Hiscocks, Lois McCoppin, Mike Curran.
Third Row—Wayne Fletcher, Francis O'Neil, Larry Seed, Wendy Sparks, Sharon Heintzman, Krysta Blasinski, Sandra Hollingshead, Mara Petersons, Sharon Woolner, Terry Crittenden, Walter Ardelt.
Back Row—Sandy Young, Bob Gardner, Barry Lawland, Kieth Boutelier, Shane Belknap, Ed Lowans, Doug Merry, Don Graham, Lars Eif.
Absent—Brenda Chesney, Charles Beckett, Tom Wilson, Dave Burns, Hans Peppers.



Student Parliament Executive

Front Row—Mr. Turchin, Bev Hunter, Paul O'Neil, Lynn Emerson, Paul Rollinson, Angela Hughes, Bruce Muchon, Jane Owens, Mr. Sanderson.
Back Row—John Cooper, Larry Seed, Kirsten Eif, Jane Kenney, Mike Curran, Shane Belknap.



Nominating Committee

Mr. Turchin, Sheryl Chesney, Dave Hasslip, Lynn Maynard, George Loney, Mary Peterson,
Dave McLorinan, Mr. Sanderson.



Committee Chairmen

George Loney, Lynn Emerson, Beverly Hunter, Kirsten Eif, Lars Eif.



Magazine Subscription Campaign

Standing—H. W. van Brummelen, Mike Curran, Jim Moore, Judy Hayward, Bob Gardner,
Bill Smith, Pete Kratzman.
Front Row—Janet Stubbs, Bev Hunter, George Loney, Greg Anderson, Norma-Jean Weir,
Mary Dennett.



Book Store

Christine Loney, Janie Lutes, Cathy Curran, Lois McCoppen.
Absent—Bob Gardner.



*Front Row—Mara Petersons, Mr. McNeill, Mrs. Stuckey, Ron MacNaughton, Carol Reid.
Back Row—Mary Dennett, Bruce Machon, Richard Smith, Pat Hiscocks.*

Debating

A few times during the past school year an announcement similar to the following one may have been heard—"The King City Debators successfully defeated etc., etc."—Not many are aware of the existence of the Debating Club or its activities. It is time then, we, of the Debating Club, gave you a little information about ourselves.

Debating just as any other interschool activity, such as football or volleyball, takes a lot of work, but gives in return satisfaction and above all fun. Hours and hours were spent searching our minds for expressions to make the audiences laugh, writing speeches and practising them. Each word and sentence was ably criticized by Mrs. Stuckey and Mr. McNeil,

our coaches. Our Saturday afternoon practises were not in vain for we did become the champions of the northern division and are debating against Thornhill for the title in our league. The factor bringing us greatest happiness, however, was being able to talk without being interrupted to teachers, friends and other school-fellows who otherwise would not listen to us.

Great talkers of K.C.C.S., this year's teams composed of Bruce Machon, Ron MacNaughton, Mara Petersons and Carol Reid are looking for recruits for the 1965-66 season. If you love to talk a great deal, about little, please do not forget us!!!

MARA PETERSONS, 12A

COMPLIMENTS OF
KINGMARK HOMES LTD.



K.C.C.S. Band

Front Row—Bev McDougall, Sandra Brodeur, Charles Barrie, Jim Headlip, Doug Abrahams, Susan Herring, Susie Anderson, Art Fink, Ron Hubbard, Pat McGrath, Gordon Spence.
Back Row—Hope Beason, Russell Arbuckle, Hans Hansen, Jim Ritchie, Bob Osborne, Mr. N. J. Olynyk, Dave Rollinson, Michael Warren, Dave Headlip, Bill Walker.
Absent—Alex Gallacher.



K.C.C.S. Orchestra

Front Row—Krysin Blasiraki, Beth Scott, Kathy Curran, Judy Winter, Sherry Agnew, Sheila Woolner, Bob Osborne, Susan Larkin, Gillian Draper, Kathy Ball, Linda Couss.
Back Row—Sandra Brodeur, Charles Barrie, Russell Arbuckle, Hans Hansen, Jim Headlip, Doug Abrahams, Jim Ritchie, Mr. N. J. Olynyk, Linda Blythe, Carol Douglas, Michael Warren, Gordon Spence.
Absent—Bill Walker.



Stage Club

*Front Row—Mr. Marsh, Doug Woolner, Herman Mory, Geoffrey Aitchison, Mr. Hunt.
Middle Row—Lore Elf, Bob Brazier, Harold Busch, Larry Couse, Paul Campbell.
Back Row—Bill Annand, John Calvert, Bill Borlison, Ken Anderson.*



K.C.C.S. Glee Club

*Front Row—Janet Bell, Lynn McCappen, Camille Natale, Art Fink, Richard Smith, Dave Pyke, Mr. N. J. Olynyk, Krystia Blasinski, Janice Cooper, Susan McLaughlan.
Middle Row—Mary Dennett, Shiela Dennett, Esther Natale, Lindsay Dennett, Sharon Golleny, Carolyn Scott, Anne Scott, Kendra Lawson, Margaret Boyce, Shiela Woolner, Judy Winter, Beth Scott, Carol Douglas, Mary Evans.
Back Row—Kathy Curran, Betty Wall, Rosemary Davidson, Brenda Burn, Linda Blythe, Susan Larkin, Sherry Agnew, Kathy Bell, Linda Platt, Linda Couse, Jennifer Hopkins.
Absent—Joan Mustat.*



Camera Club

*Front Row—D. McLorinan, D. Campbell, Mr. Simpson, B. Forsyth, M. Curran.
Back Row—J. Turnbull, D. Lawson, J. Jackson, B. Gardiner, D. Rushton.*



French Club

*Back Row—Bonnie Stoneham, Beth Scott, Susan Larkin, Diane Parsons, Kendra Lawson,
Susan Peery, Judy Clapp, Sherry Agnew, Mary Evans, Jan Cargill.
Middle Row—Miss Jennings, Sue McLaughlin, Sheila Woolner, Jennifer Hopkins, Jill Rowan,
Lorna Judge, Judy McCutcheon, Kathy Curran, Sheryl Chesney, Judy Winter.
Front Row—Robert Ritchie, Brenda Burns, Betty Wall, Adriana Witteman, Krysta Blasinski,
Linda Blyth, Linda Couse, Judy Baker, John Turnbull.*



*Back Row—Ron MacNaughton, Danny Brooks, Richard Smith,
Front Row—Robert Ritchie, Mr. K. Carson, John Turnbull.*

Biology Club

Last year, under the advice and help of Mr. Battle, the Biology Club was formed. The idea of the club is to interest students in the field of the biological sciences through experimentation and observation. Our major experiment last year was the study of the formation of the chick embryo under artificial incubation. The chicken eggs were put in the incubator and temperature, humidity, and time started the process of life within these shells, with special care taken by the club members to check all details needed. For the first week we opened an egg a day to observe any new developments and for the next two weeks one egg every two days was opened. We observed each stage and preserved them for mounting.

Also, last year, under Mr. Battle's instruction, we learned about the respiratory system, the circulatory system, and the many components of the human body. On film we saw how microscopes were invented and developed, and also the wild-life of Point Pelee National Park on Lake Erie.

This year, under the direction of Mr. Carson, our five club members have attempted to permanently preserve our specimens in plastic so that future students may observe the growth of the chick embryo.

No project is scheduled for the immediate future, but we will endeavour to explore another field of biology. We look forward to any new project and also to interested students who would like to join us in science.

Compliments of

GALLACHER'S FOOD MARKETS
LIMITED

YONGE ST.

OAK RIDGES

LANGDON'S COACH LINES CO. LIMITED

• • •

CHARTERED COACHES
FOR ALL OCCASIONS

• • •

PHONE TE. 3-5351

KING CITY, Ontario



SPORTS





Badminton Club

Back Row—Peter Rapice, Dan Brooks, Judy Clapp, John Lacy, P. T. Wright, Janet Mitchell, Alfred Hellman, John Cooper.
Front Row—Leslie Head, Gail Kerr, Judy Paxton, April Warren, Marg MacDonald, Elaine Powell, Pat Hiseckles.



Cheerleaders

Sharon Clark, Jane Abrahams, Linda Lewens, Lynn McCoppon, Pat Neale, Susan Nickle, Nancy Chamberlain.

Girls Track & Field '64

The following girls set records in the 1964 meet at King City:

JUNIOR:

Lorraine Book—60 yd. dash—8.5 sec.
Linda Wilson—100 yd. dash—13.3 sec.
Linda Nicholson—standing br.—6' 10 1/2"
Kirk Richards—running broad—12' 10"
Theresa Conway—shot put—24' 1"
Theresa Conway—discus—83' 11"
Theresa Conway won the junior championship.

INTERMEDIATE:

Jane Darrach—100 yd.—12.7 sec.
Gail Powell—high jump—4' 4"
Gail Powell—running br.—12' 2"
Sue Hiscocks—discus—70' 5"
Gail Powell won the intermediate championship.

SENIOR:

Sue Herring—100 yd. dash—14 sec.
Sue Herring—220 yd. dash—31.9 sec.
April Warren—high jump—4' 3"
April Warren—running broad—12' 4"
April Warren—shot put—31' 5 1/2"
April Warren—discus—91' 6"
Henia Blasinski—standing br.—7' 1/2"
April Warren won senior championship.

5. Girls' Athletic Association (G.A.A.)

Staff Supervisor: Mrs. Hashem

Executive: April Warren—president, Wendy Walker—vice-president, Marg. MacDonald—sec.-treasurer.

Members: Lois McCoppen 9BD, Jackie Wood 9CM, Pat Wassink 9E, Cheryl MacTaggart 9G, Carol Coulter 9AF, Linda Flanagan 10AB, Donna Judge 10C, Gail Powell 10DE, Marg Boucher 10FK, Wendy Walker 11AB, Linda Lowans 11CD, Marg MacDonald 12A, April Warren 12B, Bev. Hunter 12C, Barb. Brown 12D, Henia Blasinski 13A, Frances Osbourne 13B.

A gorilla walked into a drugstore and ordered a 50-cent sundae. He put down a \$10 bill to pay for it. The clerk thought: "Gorillas don't know much about money" and handed the animal a one-dollar bill in change. The clerk's curiosity got the best of him, and he said, "We don't get too many gorillas in here." The gorilla replied, "No wonder, at nine dollars a sundae."



Grade 9 Volleyball

Back Row—Elizabeth Barratt, Brenda Chesney, Pat Wassink, Anne Heaslip.
Front Row—Georgina Muscat, Denise Wallace, Ruth Crossman, Miss Hassack, Susan Peterson, Anne Seymour, Anne Eschli.

2. Girls' Senior Inter-school Volleyball

Coach: Mrs. J. Morning

Team Members: Betty Wall, April Warren (Capt.), Sharon Heintzman, Wendy Walker, Sandra Hollingshead, Gail Powell, Marg, MacDonald, Frances Osborne, Elaine Powell, Sheila Heintzman, Lynn Ground.

King City senior girls volleyball team participated in a volleyball tournament held at Huron Heights Secondary School on October 21, 1964. The teams competing were Huron Heights, Aurora, Newmarket and King City. King City came out the victor by winning three out of three matches. On October 27, 1964, another tournament was held at Langstaff. The participants at this tournament were Thornhill, Richmond Hill, Bayview and Markham. Markham won that tournament. A playoff match was held at Langstaff between King City and Markham for the district championship on November 5, 1964. King City won the championship after defeating Markham 2 out of 3 games. Our team not only won the championship that day but also the right to represent Georgian Bay South at the Georgian Bay Secondary School Association, tournament held at Huntsville on November 14, 1964. With encouragement from our coach and one-man cheering squad, Mrs. Morning, King went on to defeat Uxbridge, Barrie North, and Parry Sound and succeeded in keeping the G.B.S.S.A. trophy for another year at K.C.C.S. The team would like to thank Mrs. Morning for the time and encouragement she gave during the season.

3. Girls' Junior Inter-school Volleyball

Coach: Mrs. Hashem

Team Members: Lois McCoppen (Capt.), Janet Mitchell, Linda Flanagan, Susan Towers, Linda Laughran, Susan Spence, Judy Winter, Wendy Bennet.

On October 26, 1964, King City girls' junior volleyball team participated in a tournament at Huron Heights. King was defeated by Huron Heights and Newmarket, but managed to defeat our old rivals, Aurora. Huron Heights won that tournament and went on to defeat Thornhill at Langstaff on November 5, 1964. It may also be noted that Huron Heights represented Georgian Bay South at the G.B.S.S.A. tournament on November 14, 1964, and won, thus keeping the junior G.B.S.S.A. trophy in the south. King juniors played an exhibition game against Woodbridge on Wednesday, October 28, 1964. They were defeated by Woodbridge, but gained a considerable amount of experience and had a lot of fun.

4. Girls' Grade Nine Volleyball Team

Coach: Miss Hossack

Team Members: Elizabeth Barratt, Brenda Chessney, Linda Guay, Susan Peterson, Pat Wassink, Anna Eschli, Anne Seymour, Georgina Muscat.

King City Composite School grade nine team did an excellent job this year placing second in their tournament against Newmarket, Stouffville, Huron Heights, Aurora, Bayview and Bradford. Huron Heights tied King for second place with Stouffville, taking first. Their tournament was played at Aurora on November 11, 1964.

Girls Interschool Basketball

SENIOR TEAM MEMBERS

April Warren (capt.), Marg MacDonald, Elaine Powell, Lynn Ground, Sandra Forester, Lee Cooper, Gail Powell, Judy Clapp, Judy Paxton, Wendy Walker, Gail MacTaggart.
Coach—Mrs. Wright.

GIRLS JUNIOR TEAM MEMBERS

Linda Towers (capt.), Linda Flanagan, Sherry Agneau, Cathy Curran, Heather Wilson, Carolyn Hammett, Linda Jenkins, Joan Pawliw, Marg Boyle, Nancy Ellison, Chris Loney.
Coach—Miss Hossack.

King girls' basketball team played host to Huron Heights on Jan. 6. The senior girls defeated Huron Heights by a score of 32 to 17. The junior team played a hard fought game but were defeated by Huron Heights Jrs. King's next game was also a home game with Newmarket as visitors. The senior game was close with Newmarket pulling ahead at the end to win by a score of 30-28. Juniors were also defeated. Senior girls began to pick up after that close defeat and went on to beat Aurora at Aurora with a score of 34-26. The juniors tied their game at Aurora but defeated them when they played a tie-breaking period at King.

The chance for championship of this district looked bright for the senior team when they continued on to defeat Huron Hts. at Huron Hts. The jrs., encouraged by previous tie with Aurora made an all-out effort to defeat Huron Hts. but lost by a small margin. Both teams were defeated when they went on to play Newmarket at Newmarket. The senior score was 21-19. As the score indicates it was a close well-fought game.

King finished their season with victory over Aurora at King. Both Sr. and Jr. teams had played an excellent season.



Senior Volleyball

*Back Row—*Marg MacDonald, Gail Powell, Mrs. Morning, Lynda Ground, Sheila Heintzman.
*Front Row—*Frances Osborne, Betty Wall, Wendy Walker, April Warren (Capt.), Sandra Hollingshead, Elaine Powell, Sharon Heintzman.



Junior Girls' Volleyball Team

*Linda Flanagan, Mrs. Hashem, Linda Loughran, Judy Winter, Sue Spence, Lois McCoppen,
 Wendy Bennet, Janet Mitchell, Susan Towers.*



Senior Girls' Basketball

*Back Row—Judy Clapp, Lee Cooper, Lynn Ground, Marg MacDonald, Mrs. Wright.
Middle Row—Gail MacTaggart, Wendy Walker, Judy Paston, Gail Powell.
Front Row—April Warren (capt.), Sandra Forester, Elaine Powell.*



Junior Girls' Basketball

*Back Row—Nancy Ellison, Marg Boyle, Kathy Curran, Sherry Agnew, Carolyn Hammett,
Linda Jenkins, Jean Pawliw, Chris Loney.
Front Row—Linda Flanagan, Linda Towers (capt.), Heather Wilson.*





Rick Thomson, Jim Leslie, Steve Biggs, Wally Levigne, Bob Abercrombie, Jim O'Neill, Bob Burns, Nick Henshaw, Bob Lawrence, Dave McLorinan, Bert Graham, Ralph Floor, John Lacey (Mgr.), Bruce Ralph (Mgr.), Allan Huyeke, Ron Hubbard, Rick Skinulis, Joe Ball (Capt.), Jim Sacharak, John Turnbull, Peter Bell, Mr. Sergeantston, Laurie Doolittle, Guy Pate, Gord Henshaw, Alex Gallacher, Chris Wilson (Capt.), Dave Heaslip, Richard Smith, Jim Ellison, John Agar.

Junior Football

Woodbridge 7, King City 6

This being our first game of the season, our coach Mr. Sergeantston was quite pleased with our showing. Our only scoring play came on a halfback option pass by flanker Chris Wilson to end Rick Skinulis, who made a spectacular catch on the goal line while surrounded by defenders. The defense led by cornerbacks Pat McGrath and Steve Biggs played a strong game and contained most of the outside running.

King City 26, Pickering 12

This game had a tragic beginning when Q.B. Mike Kordyback received torn cartilage in his knee when tackled from two sides. Mike had engineered an early T.D. drive climaxed by Joe Ball carrying in from the six yd. line. After a rather heated half-time pep talk, reserve Q.B. Chris Wilson finally began to start the team rolling. With excellent running and blocking by our halfbacks, Bert Graham and Dave Heaslop who each scored a T.D. and fullback Richard Smith with one T.D. we came on to our first win of the season. Chris Wilson booted a convert and a single to round out the King scoring.

King City 32, Harbord 2

This was one of our most gratifying wins of the season as it was the first time we had ever

met one of the powerful Toronto teams. The defense starred in this game by continually holding Harbord's offense at a standstill and recovering fumbles. Nick and Gord Henshaw with Ron Hubbard and Joe Ball played outstandingly well. The offense also had some fine performances especially by our "one-two punch" halfbacks Dave Heaslip and Bert Graham who each rushed for well over a hundred yds. and scored one touchdown each. Smith, Wilson and Skinulis, on a pass from Wilson, scored T.Ds. End Alex Gallacher made many key blocks and caught a pass for a convert as did Skinulis.

King City 32, Aurora 0

This was the first of 3 successive league game shutouts by our powerful defense. Joe Ball, Rick Henshaw, Peter Bell, Ron Hubbard and Rick Thompson completely bottled up Aurora's offense with outstanding efforts. Steve Biggs and Bob Burns ran back punts very effectively. On offense, Dave Heaslip consistently ran up the middle for over 125 yds. as did Bert Graham for over 100 yds. Bob Lawrence and guards John Agar and Ron Hubbard continually opened up running room. T.Ds were scored by Graham, Heaslip, Smith and Wilson on a ten yd. quarterback sneak. Wilson connected with end Rick Skinulis for another T.D. Alex Gallacher and Laurie Doolittle with some fancy running, scored converts.

Con't on pg. 58



Front Row—Bob Parker, Gary Allen, Norval Lipsett, Greg Anderson, Paul Kenny, Norm Cairns, Bob Cairns, Dave McElwain, Ron Clegg.
Middle Row—Mr. McClure, Glen Stainton, Randy Templeman, Jack Wray, Dave Campbell, Bill Marks, Ron McDonald.
Back Row—Brian Forsyth, Russ Arbuckle, Don Kitchen, George Clarke, Peter Kratzman, Roger Pengelly.
Absent—Mike Davis.

Senior Football

What must a football team have to win? Fast running, accurate passing, hard blocking, and aggressive tackling are all necessary, but if these abilities aren't generated by desire, the results will be negative. Desire has always been the focal point around which our coaches have built their teams here at King, and this fall the usual desire, combined successfully with the other skills we achieved, the results which put our senior football team in first place in their division.

We won all of our regular league games, outscoring the opposition 69 to 1 in four games. In two exhibition games with Pickering College we won one game by one point and lost the other by the same slim margin.

But football is a game of breaks, and in our sudden death playoff game with Thornhill, the ball not only refused to bounce our way, but we also met a team which was quick to capitalize on the other team's mistakes.

Naturally the players were disappointed at not fulfilling their championship aspirations. Yet we only have to look back three years, to when our first football team hardly won a game; in order to realize how far football has advanced at K.C.C.S. in such a short time. The players rightly feel that a lot of the success was made possible by the coach Mr. McClure, who was helped by last year's excellent coach Mr. Clutchev.

King 7, Pickering 6

The K.C.C.S. Raiders started the season with a narrow 7 to 6 victory at Pickering College. Mike Davis accounted for all the points, scoring his touchdown on a dazzling 65 yard end sweep, and kicking a single in the third quarter which became the margin of victory. The whole defence combined to hold a big, strong Pickering team to an early T.D.

King 3, Aurora 0

Despite the score, this was an exciting game, in which both offenses marched up and down the field repeatedly, but the defenses each time made thrilling goal line stands. King's points were scored by Greg Anderson on a single and Norval Lipsett on an alert safety touch. Jack Wray, Paul Kenny, and Randy Templeman led the tough defensive squad.

King 33, Newmarket 0

Until this game King's offense had been held to one touchdown, but finally they exploded for five in one game. Touchdowns were scored by Mike Davis, Jack Wray, Ron McDonald, Greg Anderson, and Glen Stainton. Paul Kenny added a safety touch and Mike Davis kicked a convert.

SR. FOOTBALL (cont'd.)

Pickering 8, King 7

If they had to lose, the players were glad that they picked an exhibition game to do it. The game was played in heavy rain seasoned by hail, which hindered play greatly. Ron McDonald ran for the T.D. and Pete Kratzmann added the convert. On defense Norval Lipsett played outstanding at end, while Pete Kratzmann controlled plays down the middle, and Jack Wray was everywhere.

King 15, Aurora 1

In this game which clinched the division championship for K.C.C.S. the Raiders came up with their best team effort. The game was a stalemate in the first half with neither team scoring. After an inspiring half time pep talk from Mr. McClure, the offense exploded for two quick touchdowns by Mike Davis and Jack Wray. Greg Anderson kicked two singles, while Pete Kratzmann added a convert.

King 18, Newmarket 0

King finished the regular season with an easy victory on the strength of two touchdowns by Mike Davis, one on a spectacular over the shoulder catch, and a third touchdown on a quarterback sneak by Greg Anderson. Don Kitchen, Joe Huson, Ron Klegg, and Ed Millard were outstanding defense.

Thornhill 15, King 3

Things started out well in this playoff game. A thirty yard field goal by Pete Kratzmann, gave King an early lead. But a backfield fumble on our ten yard line was quickly converted into a Thornhill touchdown. They added another touchdown in the second quarter and then settled back to protect their lead. Although our players gave their utmost, each attempt at a touchdown fell short. But even after a last quarter touchdown was nullified by a penalty, our boys still fought desperately to win. There was certainly no disgrace in losing in this fashion.

JR. FOOTBALL (cont'd.)

King City 23, Newmarket 0

Once again the defense, led by Gord Henshaw, Peter Bell, Bob Burns and Guy Pate played an outstanding game. Steve Biggs made an interception and ran back punts with his usual drive. Although the first quarter was marred by our fumbles we finally got on the score sheet when the defense recovered a fumble on Newmarket's 2 yd. line. Dave Heaslip got two touchdowns (after he learned how to hold on to the ball) and Richard Smith one. Laurie Doolittle made King History by kicking a 30 yd. field goal. Gallacher and Skinulis both made two fine catches each.

King City 26, Aurora 0

Aurora came out fired up for this game after being humiliated 32-0 previously but we started again just where we had left off. Nick Henshaw and defensive captain Joe Ball turned in their usual steady performances, while Rick Thompson and Gord Henshaw along with Biggs and Turnbull, played outstanding games also. Chris Wilson played his best game yet at quarterback rambling for over fifty yds. and one T.D. Dave Heaslip scored one T.D. and Bert Graham two. Joe Ball rushed over ninety yds. and Laurie Doolittle gained 30 yds. and kicked one convert.

King City 18, Newmarket 19

This was our first loss in seven games and was a heart-breaking defeat for the whole team including Mr. Serjeanston. After being up two touchdowns at half-time, on a 21 yd. run by Dave Heaslip and a halfback pass from Heaslip to Rick Skinulis who ran forty yds. for the touchdown, we let down and Newmarket went ahead 13-12. With just three minutes left Bert Graham burst through the line and exploded for a 25 yd. touchdown, but just two minutes later Newmarket's speedy halfback romped to our 10 yd. line, and just two plays later they scored the clincher.

King City 25, Pickering 8

This game was played on a slippery field blanketed by an inch of snow. After Wilson fumbled the first two snaps from centre and Pickering converted this into a single point, the King offense finally got rolling. Bert Graham made one of the finest showings ever by a King Football player in scoring four T.D.s of 90, 20, 12 and 11 yds. The later three being produced by sheer desire and 2nd effort after he seemed stopped. Bob Lawrence was the other offensive star, he had the toughest job on the field in centring the slippery ball but handled it expertly all game. Steve Biggs made another of his key interceptions, and Laurie Doolittle split the uprights with a convert.

Newmarket 19, King City 0

This wasn't a very appropriate finish to our fine season and was most disappointing to Mr. Serjeanston. After losing 19-18 to Newmarket at home I don't think many of us were able to get up mentally for this big game. Although we never gave up we weren't able to muster any sort of an offense at all.

Good season guys, maybe next year will be the championship team.

On behalf of myself and the whole team I would like to thank our coach, Mr. Serjeanston for all the time and patience he spent with us while moulding us into a team. I'm sure that some of his tremendous desire to win has rubbed off on many of us and we will never forget it. Thanks again coach! CHRIS WILSON, 12A

SPONSOR—Donald M. Findlay, Q.C.



Mr. Serjeantson
Harold Rutledge, John Lacey, Peter Kratzman, Ron McDonald, George Clarke, Bill Smith,
Fred Templaman,
Randy Templaman, George Loney, Mike Curran, David Natras, Paul Rollinson, Greg Anderson.

Senior Basketball

This team, enthusiastically coached by Mr. Serjeantson is our first senior basketball team to have a winning season. The team, over half of which consisted of Grade 13 students, practised long hours, and played hard. As basketball teams go, ours wasn't a tall one, but they managed to hold their own on rebounds, and had a well-balanced offence.

In their six league games the squad trounced Huron Heights twice, outclassed Newmarket twice, and lost two close games to Aurora. This earned them second place in their division, and a berth in the league playoffs. The playoff game was lost to Thornhill, whose players have, during their five years of high school, been developed into one of the best teams in Ontario. Thornhill went on to win the tournament, so at least we lost to champions.

On an athletic night, the seniors played a squad of the best dribblers on our teaching staff, which was bolstered by two who graduated from K.C.C.S. last year. Although the refereeing was very one-sided for the teachers, the seniors nevertheless won, 47 to 29.

During their eight games, the seniors outscored their opposition 355 to 285. 185 of these points were scored by Paul Rollinson who led the team on both offence and defence. Pete Kratzman added 47 points. Greg Anderson had 39, Mike Curran had 38. Ron MacDonald and George Clarke were our best playmakers and rebounders.

Congratulations should go to the whole team for their sincere effort and to Harold Rutledge who, as team manager, performed one-hundred and one little chores to keep accurate statistics, take care of equipment, and provide refreshments for the players at half time.

SCORES

Aurora 41, King 26
Huron Heights 7, King 45
Newmarket 38, King 51
Aurora 42, King 37
Huron Heights 23, King 52
Newmarket 37, King 50
Teachers 29, King 47
Thornhill 70, King 48

PETE KRATZMAN, 13B



Front Row—Rickey Thomson, Ed Metherall, B. B. Hendricks, Bruce Ralph, Adam Secher, Fred Templeton, Mr. Clutchey.
Middle Row—Doug Kent, Doug Ronson, Richard Smith, Ed Millard.
Back Row—Geo. Follich, Don Ough, Doug Merry, Doug Croombridge, Roger Pengelly, Cliff Gilroy, Dwight Rennie, Don Scott.

Wrestling Team

This year King had its first wrestling team. After many nights of hard practice sessions the team met and defeated a combined team from Aurora and Bayview on Feb. 14. The following week the King team went to Richmond Hill and won twelve of the fourteen bouts against a combined team from Aurora and Richmond Hill. On Feb. 22nd the team was at Markham for the G.B.S.A. south tournament where they again finished in first place. Individual championships went to Bruce Ralph, Ed. Metherall, George Follich, Rick Thompson and Ed. Millard.

On Feb. 28 the G.B.S.A. tournament took place at Port Perry and King finished in fifth place, which was not bad for a first year team. Although King had no champions, each member gave his best effort and quitted himself well.

The highlight of the year was the trip to London where the team took part in the all Ontario championships. The team, although it lacked experience, fared far better than expected, winning 9 bouts and Ed. Millard qualifying for the consolation final to give King a sixteenth position out of sixty-five schools.

The real credit, however, for the team's fine showing goes to Mr. Clutchy without whose guidance and effort, enthusiasm and sacrifice the team would not have been.

It was April and the father of the household called the telephone company and ordered a 50-foot extension cord put on the phone. He explained: "Now that spring is here and the weather is nice, I want my daughter to stay outdoors more."



Intermediate Boys' Basketball

Absent—Jim Leslie, Mike Koryback, Dave McLorinan, Len Spence, Ricky Bishop.
Front Row—Danny Lasey, Hans Hanson, Gerry McNeill, Dave Deering, Cliff Gilroy.
Back Row—Bob Burns, Charles Bunney, Phil Howard, Harold Beach.



Junior Boys' Basketball

Back Row—Dave Ground, Bob Lawrence, Andy Hadcock, Mr. Hodge.
Middle Row—John Agar, Pete Kerr, Jim Hunter, David Davie.
Front Row—Robert Hughey, Doug Abrams, Don Orr.



Golf Team

*Front Row—Mike Curran, D. Knight, Jim Heaslip, Brian Butler.
Back Row—Spencer Natale, Tom Swan, Sandy Young.*

Golf Team

Under the direction of Mr. Knight, a golf team was organized for our boys this fall. About fifteen players turned out for our intramural tournament held at Sharon Golf and Country Club. From these, the two top players in the senior, intermediate, and junior classes, were chosen to form our school team. The two seniors were Mike Curran and Tom Swan. The intermediate team consisted of Spencer Natale and Sandy Young. The juniors were Brian Butler and Jim Heaslip. At the Georgian Bay Tournament also held at Sharon Golf and Country Club, the team made a good showing, although it didn't win any trophies.

Intermediate Basketball

On the whole, the Intermediates did not meet with too much success in terms of scoring, but valuable experience was gained by everyone, most of whom will be returning next year.

Many of our better players were unfortunately disqualified early in the season because of marks, and we were left with a team comprised mostly of players in their first year of basketball and/or intermediate competition.

Thanks to the coach, Mr. Knight, and a wish of good luck for next season are nevertheless in order for the team.

DAVE McLERNON



Front Row—Barry Snider, Herman Mooy, Dwight Penney.
Back Row—Bruce Rumble, Paul Christofferson, Adam Szab, Mr. McClure.

King City Cross Country Team

The King City Cross Country Team composed of Paul Christofferson, Herman Mooy, Dwight Penney, Barry Snider and Adam Szab who were seniors and Gunther Schlagg and Bruce Rumble who were intermediates competed in three cross-country events.

The first was at Richmond Hill where we did exceptionally well with our top runner Barry Snider coming in first and the rest following closely behind.

The second one was at Orillia to which we only sent a senior team. There we placed fourth out of thirteen schools.

The third was held at Boyd Park. This was a very difficult course comprising of tremendous hills, crossing through streams and running along pavement. We didn't place because we didn't have a complete team.

Congratulations to the members of the team and special thanks to our coach Mr. McClure who helped us during practice and gave us the encouragement we needed.

Junior Basketball

Enthusiasm in any team is desirable and a part of the total experience. It was this experience that our boys lacked and in the end was their main obstacle. The team worked hard under the expert coaching of Mr. Hodge, but failed to gain any victories for their efforts this year. However, they eagerly look forward to their next season when, it is hoped, their fortunes will surely improve. The team was defeated in all six games played.

RESULTS

King 4, Aurora 50
King 6, Huron Heights 32
King 7, Newmarket 38
King 2, Aurora 60
King 4, Huron Heights 19
King 16, Newmarket 35

ANDREW HADCOCK, 9H

COMPLIMENTS OF
Bragg's Pharmacy & Ziggy's Casuals
NOBLETON

BARR'S 5c — \$1.00 STORE
OAK RIDGES, ONT. "AT THE STOP LIGHTS" SIMPLICITY PATTERNS

James M. Dunwoody & Company
CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS

MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

Cornwall Trenton Oakville Welland Fort William
Atikokan Fort Frances Dryden Kenora

A complete printing service

LETTERPRESS
ROTOGRAVURE
OFFSET



**MURRAY PRINTING
& GRAVURE LIMITED**

2973 WESTON RD., WESTON, ONTARIO
CHerry 4-1161



SEE YOU NEXT YEAR!