



The Report Card

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Inukshuks All

IT MUST SURELY be one of life's comforts that most of the world's great ideas stand the test of time and weather the onslaught of elements natural and sometimes unnatural. So it is with the northern Inuit peoples' relatively unheralded but long-standing practice of building large stone structures to help fellow-travellers on their way through vast tracts of sparsely populated land. These "inukshuks," impressive yet simple in their construction, have garnered the same sort of admiration for the artistry of their stone combinations as have the finest-crafted dykes or walls of master stonemasons. Their initial purpose as prominent signposts has grown and developed to take on a larger, symbolic significance. They have come to represent the guidance and encouragement that we all need at times as we forge our paths through life and venture with each new day into uncharted territory. The relevance of the metaphor is even greater for young people whose journey through the challenging terrain of adolescence can often be a testing experience where something or someone to trust can be the saving grace.

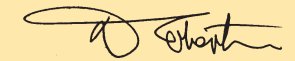
Most parents or adults can remember only too well the periodic discomfort of those volatile teenage years where the angst of self-image is matched only by the fear of failure. Stir in a dash of raging hormones and the resulting cocktail can indeed be a mercurial one. At these times, something solid becomes a godsend, and something of substance to trust in and to rely on for direction can bring welcome relief from the turbulence. For me, it was the calm but unfailingly consistent re-

inforcement that took place at home that gave me the confidence to sift through the confusing menu of choices that the teenage years bring and enabled me to make largely good or safe ones. Beyond that, a couple of special teachers and coaches supplied crucial guidance and reassurance at key times to further the expedition through that development.

Parents, grandparents, teachers, coaches, mentors and friends can indeed all be the inukshuks that young people need at the more confusing moments of their journeys. When you think inukshuk, you think solid, you think reliable, you think, "through thick and thin," "through fair and foul," you think direction, consistency, comforting familiarity, and, above all, you think trust. Most people would gladly accept any of the roles or the epithets in a description of themselves and, indeed, many of us aspire to those and more in our interactions with young people. How fitting it is that we should extol the symbolic possibilities of something, especially when that symbol can inspire. The words are the stones and we can all benefit from remembering the value of the far-from-exhaustive list of terms above. On the other hand, of course, I can see the odd Shawnigan grade eight or nine student seizing upon the assignment and coming up with a very different list of adjectives that might describe the would-be "guides" in their lives: ancient, dilapidated, grey, heavy, quaint, overbearing, squarish and perhaps even opaque—all of these could well feature on the alternative list, but, comfortable in my adult idealism, I'll leave others to decide which of the two lists has more

merit. Either way, the message stays the same—look for what could be an inukshuk in your life and try to be one for somebody else!

The real job of a school is to supply or supplement the framework of values that can provide the points of reference to help with what some have called "the endless stream of choices that is youth." Structures as well as people can play their part, just as the Chapel here at Shawnigan is often a haven of reflection or a source of comfort and inspiration. Life can be a tough trek at times for young people, and the hardest decision is often whom or what to trust. The advice of the seasoned campaigner would surely be to pick something solid, which of course is where our unmoving piles of stones come in. If our children are looking out for their inukshuks and we, the said inukshuks, are looking out for them, then we can indeed lessen what I call the "Star Trek" effect ("To boldly go" . . .). They have to realize that other people have invariably been there before and that what the teenager perceives as a unique challenge or confusing situation is often more of a well-trodden path than they think. Despite that, we know that growing up can provide all sorts of opportunities to "find yourself," and you don't have to be in the middle of the Sahara desert for it to happen. If you are, you probably won't find an inukshuk, but that does not mean that you don't need one!



David Robertson, Headmaster



At the annual polar bear swim, the graduating class sold tickets for the chance to push the Headmaster into the icy depths of Shawnigan Lake . . . pictured here is the winner, a grade nine student from School House.

On the Cover . . .

a photo of the Senior Ice Hockey squad, resplendent in their new kit, celebrating their 5-4 win in a very exciting "showcase" game against local rivals, Brentwood!

—photo by Stephen Lane

Hats Off to Our Board of Governors!



Mike Waites, PP
Chairman of the Board
Finning International,
Vancouver



Dave Schieldrop '82
Vice Chairman of the Board
Lehman Brothers, New York



Rita Dodge, PP
Businesswoman, Vancouver



Walt Weaver, PP
Norland Holdings, Coquitlam

A GREAT SCHOOL needs skilled, competent administrators and a committed Board of Governors. Shawnigan is fortunate to have both. Our Governors bring unique talents and personalities to the board table, but they all share a common passion for the School. They are all volunteers. There's no pay, not great glory and very high expectations.

Board members are expected to give of their time, talent and treasure—or as recently expressed at a strategic planning retreat, board members should bring at least three of the “four Ws” to the table: wisdom, work, wealth and wallop. Wallop being described as clout, influence or wow factor.

Who are these men and women responsible for safeguarding and securing the School's future? They are from all walks of life. Shawnigan Board members are lawyers, developers, entrepreneurs, investment bankers, chartered accountants, philanthropists, builders and

resort owners. Their careers span backroom politics, international boardrooms, restaurant chains, car fleets, worldwide portable shelters, mining and heavy equipment sales. Throw in parenting, back-packing, flying, fishing, masters rowing, war canoe racing, squashing and skiing and you get an eclectic mix (strange brew!) that is Shawnigan's Board of Governors.

With one exception, they have a long association with the School—either as alumni of Shawnigan or its former sister school, Strathcona and/or as current or past parents. In short, they have paid their dues—in fees or as survivors of Shawnigan or Strathcona in days less halcyon than now. Collectively, they bring incredible experience to steer Shawnigan on a fiscally prudent path to excellence in education, sport and fine arts and the development of great kids of character. And now without further ado . . . here are Shawnigan's current Board members. **SKH**



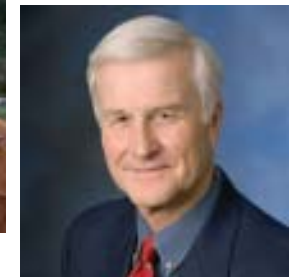
Jack Colbourne '82
Babcock and Brown Ltd.,
London



Jim Dal Pozzo, PC PP
The Jacmar Companies, Newhall



Roy McIntosh '59
Chartered Accountant, Vancouver



Craig Stewart
Apex Foundation, Seattle



Marily Mearns '65
Valley Properties
Ltd., Vancouver



Bob Murdoch '60
PP
Lafarge
International
Advisory Board,
SaltSpring



Kim Macmillan '64
Belmac,
Vancouver



John Alexander '73
Lawyer,
Victoria



Brian Mitchell '59
PP
Schuss Holdings
Ltd., Vancouver



Barry Allard,
PP
Allard
Contractors,
Coquitlam



Brian Johnson '66
PC PP
Weatherhaven
Resources,
Vancouver



Brian McGavin '56
PP
Macdonald
Development Corp.,
Vancouver



Rick Grafton, PC
Canaccord
Capital, Calgary



Judith Scott
PP, Budget
Rent A Car,
Victoria



Richard Pearson '76
Lawyer, Vancouver



Rick Bourne '69
Langara Fishing
Adventures,
Vancouver



Chris Le Fevre, PP
Le Fevre Group,
Victoria



Darrell Oswald '78
PC PP, Phillips Hager
& North,
West Vancouver



Ann Dillon,
PC PP, Lawyer,
West Vancouver



John Norton, CP
Business Lawyer,
Vancouver

Christmas Comes to the Woodwork Shop!

The shop has been a wonderful, creative place for many students for a very long time.

WHEN THE WOODWORK students returned from their Christmas break, they entered a newly outfitted shop, with the new machines in green—an appropriate Christmas colour from General Machines! With great thanks to a very generous Shawnigan Family, we were able to upgrade several of our smaller and older pieces of equipment with industrial-quality items. The new tools include a manufacturing-level 2, 37" double drum bed sander, a 20" disc sander, a large drill press and an oscillating spindle sander. The quality of these machines is such that they will still be here, working well, when my great grandchildren come to Shawnigan! This equipment will allow our students a greater range of project options and fewer frustrations along the way. Although a good crafts-person will never blame their tools, having good quality equipment to do the job is a great help!

We are a bit of an anomaly, in that I am not aware of any other independent school in Canada that has a programme like ours at Shawnigan, initiated when the School began in 1916. Woodwork is an integral part of the curriculum for all grade eights and nines, and a sought-after elective for

grade ten. As well, the Fine Art Programme flourishes after school. Woodwork is a change in the day from regular classroom learning, and if change is sometimes as good as rest, then woodwork is a break for students. There is unique, transferable learning that takes place in this environment, accompanying the great, tangible satisfaction that comes from a job well done. I still own many of the items that I made as a student many years ago.

Woodwork is a major part of the "well-rounded" philosophy that Shawnigan embraces. The shop has been a wonderful, creative place for many students for a very long time. The machinery we received has taken us to another level that is "real world" and allowed us some more creative options and design flexibility. These are items that make a difference every day.

— Gordon Smith

Below: 37" double drum bed sander.

There is unique, transferable learning that takes place in this environment, accompanying the great, tangible satisfaction that comes from a job well done.



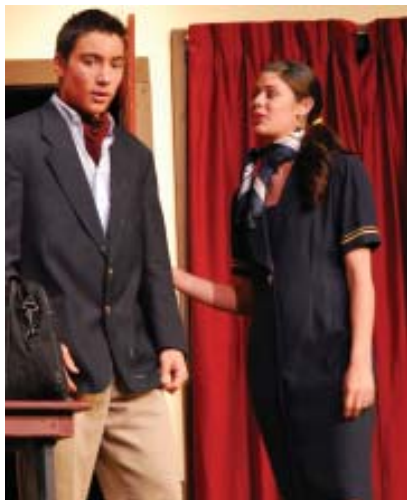
Above: 19" drill press.

Below: 20" reversing disc sander and oscillating spindle sander.



"Noises Off"

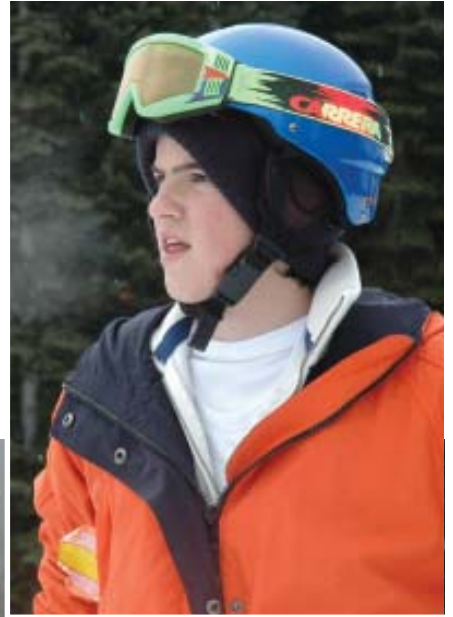
From start to finish, from back stage to centre stage, "Noises Off" was a wonderful presentation. The huge audiences laughed almost non-stop during the two-hour comedy. "It is a play I have wanted to do for a long time," said Director Morgan McLeod. "It's the first play I saw my own high school Drama teacher, Colin Skinner, perform in, so it means a great deal me. There is a lot of great physical comedy in it." The hijinks of this particular cast were a highlight of the Shawnigan year: Cassy C., Kimberley C., George H., Sarah K., Sam M., Alison M., Marcus P., Christoph S., and Nick W. Special thanks to Doreen Deane and the Deane Team and Stage Managers, Loni J. and Paul D. and their stage crew! —photos by Stephen Lane



Ski Week 2007 – The Tradition Continues

Taking the entire School away for four days of skiing at Manning Park is a tremendous and daunting undertaking. It wouldn't be possible without the efforts of many staff members, but in particular, without the months of preparation put in by Mark Hall and Wendy Woollven, our Ski Week co-ordinators. Ski Week is not just about skiing—we do far more than that. Ski Week is about community building, about making lasting friendships, about trying new things and about working together to create something unique. Staff work hard to ensure that students are busy with skiing, snowboarding, snowshoeing, cross-country skiing, swimming, karaoke, broomball, hockey, tobogganing, Inter-House snow sculpture and Reach-for-the-Top, Carnival, and even special guest presenters (this year we had Brad Saville '89, magician and master juggler and John Dunn, a current parent and arctic explorer and photographer). In Wendy Woollven's words, "Ski Week isn't just a ski trip. It is a week that lets kids shine in areas other than the standard school ones. It lets kids see staff in an environment other than the classroom (and staff see the kids) and is an excellent break from the sometimes dull weather and low energy of the winter term." —photos by Jenny Rolston and Wendy Woollven





International Week . . .

International Week is more than a week filled with dancing, eating and fun. The week is about learning. The Headmaster put it this way in Chapel, "We all come from somewhere. It is a perfect thing for a Canadian School like Shawnigan to explore the cultures that make up our identity." With thirty-four countries represented at the School, the diverse cultural experience gave us rich ground to mine during the six days put aside for International Week. Every student signed up to be part of a country group, and weeks of preparation went into the creation of the following experiences. International Week began on Monday, 20 November, with the opening ceremonies and the presentation of flags from all of our country groups, and later in the evening, Marion Hall was transformed into a galleria of amazing culinary delicacies. On Tuesday morning, we enjoyed hearing about the history of International Week from Liz Leary, past leader and creator of the week. After classes on Wednesday, the country groups put on workshops to teach us how to cook or dance, play games or do arts and crafts specific to their country. Thursday began with a multi-lingual Chapel service and ended with the very beautiful lantern festival. On Friday, we all flocked to the foyer of the Main Building where English tea with scones and clotted cream and jam were served. On Friday evening, the Assembly Hall was packed with parents and students to see the extra-ordinary stage show put on by all countries. The week finishes up where it began, in the Chapel. During our multi-faith service, guest speaker Charles Peacock spoke to us about Christianity and religious tolerance.



. . . More Than Great Memories!



Thanks for this year's wonderful event must go to the many people without whose time and considerable efforts we could not enjoy such a diverse and interesting week. Thanks to the parents who sent costumes, family heirlooms and recipes and some of whom were able to join us for events. Thanks also to our guest speakers, including Bud Patel, who took the time to write us a letter that was read at the opening ceremonies. A tremendous thank you goes to Shawnigan teaching, administrative and support staff who made everything happen. And thanks to our organizer, Sue News, whose behind-the-scene work started many months before any of the rest of us had even begun to think about International Week!

Gift Givers

MRS. KINGSTONE READ “The Giving Tree” by Shel Silverstein in Chapel before Christmas and discussed the spirit of giving and the expectations that we may have in giving gifts. She asked us to examine our reasons for giving and to think seriously about the way we receive gifts from others. She challenged us to give and to receive deliberately. To make her point, Mrs. Kingstone called up six students. She gave them each an envelope containing twenty dollars and asked them to spend the money on a gift during the Christmas break. What follows are their stories.

Yudai N. '07 (Duxbury)

As some of you might know already, I went to Japan during the Christmas break. When you think of Japan, perhaps you think of a sea of people swarming towards the train station surrounded by fancy shops, but my hometown is a small village of about 9,000 with lots of old farmers. Beautiful mountains and trees surround the village, and it snows a lot during the winter.

When I started thinking about who I was going to give my gift to, I considered the question, “Who needs it the most?” The children in Africa, the street people, various facilities—I thought about everyone who could use help. But I wanted to take this opportunity to give back to my own community because that’s what we’ve been doing at Shawnigan. I donated my gift to a children’s shelter, about an hour away from my home. This facility is special because it’s a home for forty-six children who could not live with their parents for various reasons. Domestic violence and spousal abuse is a

growing problem in all communities, and this facility provides a safe place to stay for young people in the community. Then I thought about what the most meaningful and useful gift I could give with twenty dollars would be. After a long thought process, I went to the local video store, owned by my neighbour. I told him what I was doing, and that I was looking for Disney videos in English. I wanted to give them English videos because I feel that it has really helped me to learn how to speak the language and to get the pronunciations right. So he pulled out some for me from the back storage, and I was able to give fourteen videos in all. Some of them were videos that came out about a decade ago, but they were still brand new. To name a few, *Tarzan and Jane*, *Sleeping Beauty*, *Hercules*, *The Great Mouse Detective* and *The Hunchback of Notre Dame II*.

Some public schools in Japan are now starting to teach English from grade three. When to start teaching English is still a very controversial issue in Japan because there are not enough English teachers in Japan, and not all families can afford an English tutor outside of school. I imagine that the kids in the shelter don’t often interact with native English speakers, so I hope these videos will help them in the near future.

Amy R. '07 (Renfrew)

My little adventure starts back in Chapel. I remember Mrs. Kingstone calling students to the front and praying to myself, “don’t pick me, don’t pick me!” When she called my name, I was expecting to answer some survey questions or do some crazy dance in front of the School. But when I realized the task that I had been given, I was actually quite excited. The whole day I thought about so many different options. My first thought was to provide rice for the Indian contractors in my compound back in Saudi Arabia. They live in horrible apartments away from their families and often don’t receive payment for months.

But then I remembered Mrs. Kingstone explaining her reason for choosing us six. She knew we would be travelling to different areas of the world for the Christmas holidays. With this in mind, I decided to hold off until my trip to Thailand. On vacation with my family, we visited the coast of Pattaya. Like most people in Thailand, the Pattayan people suffer greatly from poverty. I decided then to donate a larger sum of money towards a larger cause. When I first thought of donating to the orphanage of Pattaya, it made perfect sense. My congregation at home donates money to the exact orphanage every year. So I decided to visit the grounds and donate the money in person.

On a bright Monday morning, my family and I squished into a bus and headed for Father Ray Brenon’s Orphanage of Pattaya. As we walked along the dirt path towards the main office, I remember how quiet and peaceful the grounds were, as if lifted from the chaos of the city. We were greeted by a young Dutch volunteer, Anna, who would show us around.

Our first stop was the baby ward. Before entering, we were required to remove our shoes and wash our hands. The minute we stepped inside, we could hear the little giggles of each child and the odd cry here and there. It was amazing to see that each child had a brand-new crib with their very own personalized comfort blanket.

I was so impressed by the whole facility, from the incredible sanitation precautions to the overall cleanliness of the grounds. In addition, a brand-new baby ward with miniature toilets had just been built, along with an assembly room still filled with toys from Christmas.



Shawnigan Gift Givers

I knew that the money I was donating allowed these children to have a wonderful home—safe, clean and always there for them to return and visit their true families.

Hugh C. '08 (Ripley's)

Who knows who Doris Ogden is? Of those people, who has ever said hi to her or taken the time to talk to her? Well, for those of you who don't know who she is, Doris is the main cleaning lady around the Main Building and she also does work all around the campus: in the chapel, and in some of the House Directors' homes. Doris does so much for the School and it seems that we, as a community, do not give enough back to her or even recognize what she does for us. We all see her working hard all day while we go from class to class talking to each other and walking right by her.

I propose to pay for a tree to be planted in front of or around the Main Building with a plaque that is dedicated to Doris for all of her hard work. This will in the end cost a little bit more than twenty dollars, but I think you would all agree that Doris deserves it.

Malcolm G. '08 (Lonsdale's)

Not many of you may know this, but I live in Whistler. When I got my twenty dollars, I tried to think of all the people who need it the most in my community. After a lot of thinking, I realized that there aren't that many people who really need twenty dollars in Whistler. So, I decided to use my gift elsewhere. One of our family friends works at the B.C. Women's Hospital in Vancouver. It is a non-profit organization that helps women and their families who are in need. They deliver over 7,000 babies each year, which is nearly twenty per cent of B.C.'s babies. They also support women with breast cancer, and women who have been sexually assaulted. Sadly, I found out that they do not receive many donations, as most people decide to channel their donations towards the Children's Hospital. So, when I told our friend that I would be donating twenty dollars towards their cause she was, as you can imagine, elated. The money I gave to the hospital will help to buy new equipment and help to fund research. Now I know that you may think that my twenty dollars is not much, but it meant a lot more than just the money. It symbolized my personal effort towards the cause. I encourage each one of you to give something, big or small, to someone in need because as you have probably heard before, it is in the selfless acts of philanthropy that we truly receive.

Cassy C. '07 (School)

Well, I definitely did not go to Japan or Thailand or even contributed money to another country. This is where my story begins. After Mrs. Kingstone had sent each of us an email saying that she chose us because we were all going to interesting places, I decided that maybe you don't need to go so far to make a difference in someone's life. I had no idea what I was going to do, but I did know that I wanted to make sure I did something in Vancouver. Every year, there are more and more homeless people in Vancouver. These people don't even have the simplest things that we take for granted. My aunt had mentioned a shortage in jackets and socks amongst the homeless of the lower east side of Vancouver. I knew that my twenty dollars wouldn't be able to buy a jacket, but I could at least buy a dozen pairs of socks. With that in mind, I asked my dad if he could

maybe drive me around to hand them out. He agreed to this on Christmas Day. So, that evening, we got in his car and began to drive around. All of a sudden, he pulled over, looked at me and said, "Get out." I looked around and realized that we were on Main and Hastings (and for those who know where that is, you may also know it isn't the most pleasant place to be after dark). I looked at him and realized that he wasn't kidding. He repeated himself, "Get out of the car, Cassy." I didn't move. He turned off his car got out and opened my door. He laughed at me and said, "I promise I'll stand right next to you." So I got out and held onto my dad so hard he looked startled with my strength. I started to hand the socks out to people. Before I knew it, I was crowded by eager people who all wanted socks. Twelve different people received socks on Christmas night. I was there for less than three minutes (most of the time I was arguing with my dad about getting out of the car).

Taylor S. '08 (Kaye's)

It took me a long time to figure out how I was going to spend my twenty dollars because there are so many options. In the end, I decided to pick something that would make a lasting difference and also something that we could all relate to—the need for light.

We can all relate to not having light because of all the power outages we had this year, and how it was fun at first, but after a few times, it started to get quite frustrating because we couldn't do anything or get anything accomplished after the sun went down at 4:30. Well, I imagine that is how people all over the world must feel who live without a light source every day.

I donated my twenty dollars towards buying a bike that generates electricity, through the "Light up the World Foundation." It works on the same principle that the wind-up flashlight works: you wind it up and it stores the energy to produce light. These bikes are sent to various countries all over the world, to places where they have no means of obtaining light safely. Many places use oil lamps as their source of light, which is dangerous and can cause several problems. Many people have health issues due to oil lamps because their lungs fill with black soot, and another major problem is that the lamps can cause devastating fires that result in people dying, getting severely burned or having their houses burn to the ground. Having light after sundown is a huge advantage because people are able to extend social time and continue to work—either school work or work on their trade. Having light for an extra few hours a night would make a tremendous difference in many people's lives.

This bike will last a long time and provide many people the opportunity to get an extra few hours out of each day and improve their quality of living. Each bike costs \$200, so to raise the rest of the money, I am holding a dinner at my house, and I have invited nine of my relatives over and each one will bring a donation of twenty dollars. The dinner is in honour of my 23-year-old cousin, Jordan. Jordan is from Duncan, and just before Christmas, his car hydroplaned and he hit a tree. He is now paralyzed from the chest down. I decided to donate the bike in honour of him. The dinner will be held in candlelight to simulate what it would be like without electricity.

I decided to donate the money to buy a bike because I think that this will have a great impact on a family and help to improve their quality of life.

Strathcona Memories

by Gina (Chung) Verster '77



OVER 30 YEARS AGO, I made a very long journey from the sandy beaches of north Borneo to the forested lakeshores of Shawnigan Lake. Strathcona Lodge School would be my home far away from home for the next three years. I was thirteen years old and it was to be my first experience at a boarding school!

I can still remember quite vividly the first time I was driven up to the school before it officially opened for the new school year of 1974–75. I was introduced to Miss Angela Brown, the classic Headmistress from England, in her office below the dining hall. She was a little intimidating, but her formality was softened by her warm smile. After a brief meeting, we were taken on a tour of the well-maintained school grounds. I took in the lovely

view of the lake, the pristinely whitewashed dormitory buildings, with their large glass windows glinting in the late summer sunshine, and the tranquillity of the setting, and I recall thinking to myself that I was going to like it here. (No, really I did!)

Even though I was only thirteen, I was assigned to Grade 10. Being two years ahead of everyone else just made me look smarter than I really was! But I was already quite the worldly and well-seasoned traveller, having toured parts of Asia, Australia and North America with my parents. Out of the nineteen girls in my class, I took to two of them immediately—Sonjia Karram from Jamaica (another exotic islander like me) and Sara Austin from Vancouver (a proper “English” type like the British colonial children I grew up with).

I was assigned to St. Luke House where Joyce Wong from Hong Kong was my ever-patient house sister who tried valiantly to help me adjust to the volatile living conditions with the other “bull-dogs.” The first night in my dorm room, which happened to be in the basement level and at the end of the long hallway with a door leading directly into the dark encroaching forest, was a sleepless one. And not due to the fear of the usual wild animals and scary bogeymen creeping out of the woods, but for the interminable exchange of summer adventure tales between the two Grade 11 girls that we had the pleasure to share our room with.

I did not know the term “culture shock” back then, and even for me now, “shock” would have been too strong a word for my impressions of this foreign world. I was sometimes bewildered, usually mostly amused, but always enlightened. All things considered, I think by being fairly tolerant and intuitive (and already fluent in English) made adjusting to the boarding school lifestyle a little easier. The structure and rules helped because otherwise I would just meander fruitlessly around in my usual free-spirited norm!

On our first weekend in civvies, we were excited to be permitted to explore beyond the school boundaries. Sally, who was the designated “brain” in our class, invited me for a walk down to The Galley for treats. She surprised me by dropping four quarters

into my hand as we walked. I was so grateful that I tried to show her my appreciation by linking my arm with hers in a gesture of friendship, which is a very common practice in my culture, but I realized too late that it was not appropriate behaviour for same sex westerners here! She untangled herself from me rather gruffly and was never quite as friendly to me after that!

Soon enough the notion of the boys across the lake became a favourite subject of speculation. We anticipated with bated breath all the movie nights and dances scheduled for our commingling throughout the year. Most Saturday afternoons were dedicated to carefully choosing (and borrowing) the most tasteful attire for the evenings ahead. The suspense would keep building up through the barely touched suppers, and throughout the chatty, bumpy bus rides over to Shawnigan. We usually arrived at the sunset hour and the golden light would cast a goddess-like glow on our absolute “natural” loveliness! All the eagerly awaiting boys would swarm around us with mouths agape in wonderment. (Yes, I do seem to remember it like this—we were all young and radiant once, you know!)

For the lack of much physical activity (since you just sit in a boat!), I became somewhat, shall we say, rounded on the heavy but basic Vancouver Island regional diet, such as it was served in our bright and airy dining hall. The exuberant local cooks at Strath were overly indulgent with the starchy and the sweet, and always generous with the portions. I learned to love many, many things. . . cinnamon toast, Saturday’s roast beef and Yorkshire pudding after church service (Father Crawley always stayed for lunch), peanut butter and jelly sandwiches for supper, birthday cake for every single girl’s big day, and, of course, those huge chocolate chip cookies!

Outside of the school menu, we supplemented our daily meals with a somewhat steady supply (what our \$2 per week allowance could afford, anyways) of twizzlers, jujubes, potato chips, chocolate bars and those thousand-caloried “sombros” at The Galley. Each of these concoctions involved a doughnut topped with two scoops of your favourite ice cream, drizzled with caramel and finally sprinkled with chopped peanuts, and Mr. Prenevost always served them up with a big smile and a wink! Some of us surely evolved into Rubenesque proportions on those sombros alone! There were so many multi-faceted girls (so many fascinating boys!), and so many farcical antics! This essay could easily stretch into a book if I can take more time to recount them all.

Over the years, I stayed in touch with two old friends with whom I enjoyed some riotous times, Jacquie Strom and Nicky Morgan. They were uncomplicated and fun loving, and through them, I acculturated to the norms and tastes of regular, but slightly more privileged, teenagers from the west coast of Canada. My family eventually immigrated here, and after completing my Fine Arts degree at the University of British Columbia, I have stayed on in Vancouver. I have returned to Shawnigan Lake only a couple of times since I graduated (which was the last year the school was in operation), the second time for our twentieth anniversary reunion in 1997. Shawnigan had kindly hosted our small group of Strathies and generously included us in their weekend of festivities. It was hard to believe then that it had been twenty years, but now it is even harder to believe it will be thirty years! CHERCHONS, indeed!

Remembrance Day Address

by Steve Housser '67

I AM A SHAWNIGAN GRAD and the father of four sons. Three of them are here today, Alex in grade 11, and Jamie and Graeme, who are graduates of Shawnigan. Their uncle, Bruce, and cousin Sarah, also Shawnigan grads, are here as well, and my wife Anne, too. Our first and eldest son, Chris, is not here. It is his absence that sparked me to want to talk to you.

Yes, I volunteered—and was pleased to do so—until it came to figuring out exactly what it is that I want to say. What is an appropriate message on Remembrance Day? First, and so obviously simple, to remember. To remember the limbs lost, lives ended, families shattered by the death of a brother, son, daughter, husband or father. To remember the sacrifice of those who fought and died for our freedom.

Of course, it is difficult to remember something of which most of us have had no experience. With the exception of our fine veterans, for the vast majority of you, your parents weren't even born when the Second World War ended sixty-one years ago. So what can you realistically know of war? In some ways, you are surrounded by war: The War in Iraq, the War in Afghanistan. The War on Terror, the war on drugs, the war on obesity, gas wars, Star Wars, Warcraft, War at Home—endless electronic games that simulate, but inevitably cheapen war's true meaning and horror.

I think as a nation and particularly as a school, excellent efforts have been made to ensure that we, who are blessed by knowing nothing directly about war, do know something of the sacrifice we are honouring today.

Earlier in the week we invited some veterans for lunch and a chat with our students. The two Olsons, both teachers at the School, dad and son, talked, about the meaning of Remembrance Day for them. Reverend Detchon and the Headmaster have also talked about the significance of Remembrance Day. Hanna D. just read out the names of the forty-three young Shawnigan grads killed in war.

I don't want to get bogged down in statistics, but think of the size of the School during the Second World War. About 125 students, with, say, twenty graduating a year over six years and maybe thirty new kids a year for a total pool from 1939 to 1945 of approximately 400 students. Roughly the same as our current student body. Now imagine if we were to lose forty-three of you.

In our family, one of my brothers, Stuart Lane Housser, was named after one of my dad's great pals when he was at Shawnigan, Stuart Lane, whose name was just read out as one of the forty-three Shawnigan grads killed in the war. One of our Shawnigan war vets with us today, Michael Piddington, lost two brothers. The toll was devastating. Forty-five thousand Canadian soldiers died in the Second World War. These were brave men and women, just a few years older than you. We remember their sacrifice; we honour their memories, in this, one of the most solemn occasions of the year.

Al Olson told students earlier in the week that he hated Remembrance Day because his father, a war vet, would break down crying and get rip-roaring drunk as he remembered his comrades killed in war. I understand Al's reaction completely, but it is so different from my own. Curiously, I have always loved Remembrance Day. The chill blast of trumpet. At the going down of the sun. The Silver Cross mum laying a wreath

for a lost son. Dignified, tottering old soldiers still marching in unison. Ancient vets in wheelchairs with blankets across their legs to keep out the cold. Marvellous hymns. Abide with me, fast falls the eventide, the darkness deepens. A poignancy to the point of tears.

As a television reporter, I used to love covering Remembrance Day. This was strange, as most reporters avoided it like the plague, but I always found it so moving and emotional. I still do.

Now something else has crystallized my interest in war, honour and sacrifice—made it all painfully compelling and current. Our eldest son, Chris, the one not here today because he's on manoeuvres and in training for deployment to Afghanistan in January. Right now he's near Wainwright, Alberta, in a fake Afghan village. It comes complete with actors playing the role of innocent Pashtun villagers, or alternately, deadly Al-Queda snipers.

Chris graduated from university in the spring. He put himself through by working part time in the Reserves. Even though he has many options, he wants to put his military training to the test. Of course his mum, brothers and I are worried sick. And worse, we, or certainly I, am conflicted about the wisdom of the war in Afghanistan. You want desperately to support your son, we are certainly proud of him, and all our soldiers in Afghanistan, but can we support his mission? I don't have the answer yet. That struggle leads me to the second part of my message about Remembrance Day. The first was the obvious one mentioned off the top—remembering the sacrifice of those who fought for the freedoms that we enjoy.

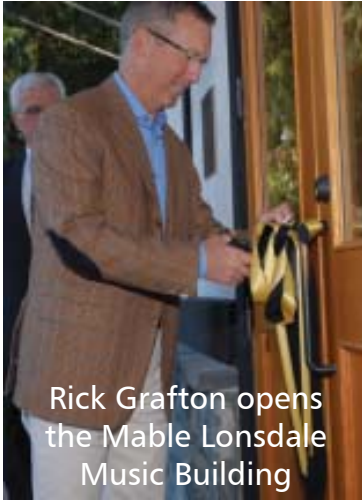
The second part is tricky because one of the ways to best remember and honour those who gave their lives is to ensure that it never happens again. I have always believed this is a central theme of Remembrance Day. Lest we forget. Let us not forget—so it never happens again. That's because war is horrible, ghastly, destructive and possibly downright stupid. But this is a delicate proposition.

How do you celebrate the sacrifice of war that these brave vets and their comrades made, yet in the same breath suggest that it was horrible and possibly wrong? Not only would that be highly offensive, but it would also be a false re-interpretation of history. Their war was against a great evil. It was a noble cause. There was no option. I am sure that many would do it again. But as a country, as a people, do we want to risk a repeat? If our freedom and values are at stake and if there is no other choice—yes! You have to hope that brave people would once again come forward. But these are big questions, big ifs—if there is no other choice.

And this is where you all come in. It is your responsibility, to question, to examine, to read, to debate the options. Should we be in Afghanistan? I wrestle with that one daily. I wish we weren't. But wishing doesn't make tough problems go away. Again, it is open discussion, debate. Informed choices. Don't let the big decisions pass you by or be made by some one else. Get involved. Be against war. Be for it. But know and articulate your reasons. We have that magnificent freedom to discuss these great questions because of the sacrifice that our veterans made. Let's honour them, not forget them, by using our freedoms wisely and well.

Founder's Day

Photos by Stephen Lane '67



Rick Grafton opens the Mable Lonsdale Music Building



Shawnigan Choir performs in Chapel



Rea (Kapler) Sauter '96 reads a lesson in Chapel



Peter Ladner '66 makes Founder's Day address



Ripley's boys sing their House hymn at the unveiling of the new Ripley's Lion.



The Douglas family donates a new Ripley's Lion



Robin Douglas '60 and David Robertson at Ripley's House



Graham Anderson '46 and Graham Hunter '66 (who played the organ for us in Chapel)



Jay Fellows '66



Feisal Panjwani '86 and Ian Donaldson '86



Guest and Raylene Mar '96



Ryan Koenig '96 and Sarah Pearse '96



Hamar Foster '66



Christopher Macintosh with daughter and Stewart Candelaria watch the Colts XV on Canada field



Jules Seaman '96 and Steve Hale '96



John Barclay '66



Horace McClelland, Blair Carson '86, and Geoff Smith '56



Ron Hudspith and Scott Larsen '76



Beth and Mark Hall '69, Paul Le Blanc '86, and Glen Templeton '86

Rugby in San Diego

by Rob Creighton '66

FOR THE FOURTH consecutive year, Shawnigan, through the stellar work of Matthuw Ronald-Jones '93, Director of Alumni Relations, arranged a gathering of 40 SLOBs, SLOGs and assorted SLS friends for the February 10 and 11 U.S.A. Sevens International Rugby Tournament, held this year at Petco (Padres Baseball) Park in the heart of San Diego's Gaslamp entertainment district.

For the early arrivers, Thursday evening set an auspicious tone for the weekend. The quick thinking and brilliant verbal skills of Nick Gudewill '66 and Fraser Ballantyne secured official "Canada Sevens" entry for themselves as well as for John '62 and Rob Creighton '66 and Doug Farel into a lively cocktail party sponsored by the World

Trade Conference at a trendy new Australian pub restaurant.

Friday's daytime entertainment included a round of golf on Coronado Island for some, while several others of the group took in the sights of San Diego or ventured out to Ocean Beach to watch Shawnigan's own Jill Payne represent Canada in the Women's Sevens event.

Canada defeated the U.S.A. for the championship at Petco Park on Saturday night, with Jill assisting on one long try, and then sprinting eighty yards for another.

Following the France–New Zealand men's round-robin match on Saturday, the Shawnigan group gathered for beverages and dinner in the downstairs private dining room at the popular Yard House Restaurant. Watching twenty-plus rugby matches in one day certainly makes you thirsty! While most of the group stayed in the Gaslamp quarter for after-dinner entertainment, rumour has it that a few of the younger (relatively speaking) SLOBs ventured south of the border.

On Sunday, following Fiji's championship win over runner-up Samoa, some of the group headed to the airport, while others headed back to favourite dining spots on Fifth Avenue, ending up for after-dinner drinks with the Canadian Sevens team.



Rob Creighton '66 and John Creighton '62 watch the game with friends.



Andrew Handley '97, Erica Shepard '98 and Evan Hall '97

Vancouver Gathering



Ann Burnett, Andrea Van Ryn, Marion MacRae '70 and Barty Schmidt '42

MORE THAN SIXTY PEOPLE made it to the Vancouver gathering for Shawnigan Alumni, Parents and Friends held at Steamworks Brewing Company on the edge of Gastown. Michael Waites, Chairman of the Board, spoke about the School and introduced other Board members in attendance. David Hutchison, Director of the Annual Fund, stepped in for the flu-ridden headmaster, David Robertson, and gave a quick update on the school year along with a slide show. Guests also viewed the latest DVD, *Shawnigan Then and Now* created by Steve Houser '67, Director of Advancement. Nine lucky winners went home with door prizes. The formal part of the evening came to a close by singing "Happy Birthday" to Mark Hall '69!



Alana Husby '93, Sarah (Houser) Lucas '93, Medina Hahn '93, Monique (Sandercombe) Vodrey '93



Peter Roaf '67, James Roaf '05, Anthony Kaul '87, and Mike Vopni '87

London Dinner

by John Sarsfield



Tamara Justice '95 and
Colleen Sarsfield '95

It was wonderful
to be able to
renew
acquaintances,
and for grads to
meet other grads.

Right: Sandra Sarsfield, Ros
and David Trafford-Roberts '43

ON THE EVENING of Thursday, 8 February, eighteen Shawnigan people met at Brown's Court Rooms in St. Martin's Lane, London. In attendance were Tamara Justice '95, Diana Chang '06, Nick Smith '92, Rolfe Swinton '88, George Bryan-Orr '88, Faisal Lalji '94, Genevieve Ritchie '02, Erica Shiozaka '02, Jack Colbourne '83, Ali Quinn '91, Jocelyn Sarsfield '98 and Colleen Sarsfield '95. In addition to these grads, it was a pleasure to welcome David Trafford-Roberts '43 and his wife Ros—it was interesting to hear David's reminiscences about the School. Also in attendance was Robyn Campbell, daughter of former Headmaster Doug Campbell, and her, husband, Darren Wasylucha. I was joined by my wife, Sandra.

We were able to show the new Shawnigan video, *Shawnigan Then and Now*, and the new music video. It was wonderful to be able to renew acquaintances, and for grads to meet other grads. Brown's provided a fabulous array of canapés, and it was, all in all, a lively and happy event. My thanks to all who came, particularly given the weather conditions (a snowfall virtually shut down the city!), to Matthuwl Ronald-Jones for his work arranging this event from Shawnigan and to Colleen Sarsfield for her work on the event in London.



George Bryan-Orr '88, Rolfe Swinton '88, Faizul Lalji '94
and Nick Smith '92



Diana Chang '06 and
Jocelyn Sarsfield '98



Above: Genevieve Ritchie '02, Erica Shiozaki '02 and Colleen Sarsfield '95



Jack Colbourne '83, Robyn Campbell and Ali Quinn '91

Staff Giving to the Annual Fund 2007

Those gifts literally changed my life, and I would not be here today otherwise. To take on this role then, is a powerful way for me to give back—I hope that this year we can change another child's life.

At the launch of the Annual Fund this year, David Hutchison, Director of the Annual Fund, made a special plea to the faculty and staff at Shawnigan. We feel that it is important for our community to know that the entire Shawnigan family is asked to give to ensure the success and strength of our School.

This is a project that touches all of us in far more ways than as simple gifts, so I beg your indulgence for just a few minutes.

To those who are new, I am the Annual Fund Director—to those returning, it may have come as a small surprise that in the middle of the summer I gave up three of the biggest passions in my life—teaching, rowing and Lonsdale's House.

To introduce myself and why I took on this challenge, let me say this: I had the privilege of an independent school education thanks, of course, not only to the tremendous sacrifice by my parents, but also thanks to generous gifts from many people whom I never met—to my school's annual fund. Those gifts literally changed my life, and I would not be here today otherwise. To take on this role then, is a powerful way for me to give back—I hope that this year we can change another child's life.

What is the AF?

Like everything in Advancement—it supports the mission of the school. It is the ongoing annual gifts to the school that range from \$25 to \$25,000, depending on the means of the donor.

It supports a variety of areas—Headmaster's Fund (unrestricted) Scholarships and Bursaries, including named funds to honour people (the Hyde-Lays and Graham Anderson to name a few). Donations can also be made to specific purposes—Library, Chapel,

Tours, Fine Arts and so on—any area of the School that you are passionate about.

Why give—you already give of your time?

By all supporting, we can honestly have a much easier time when we tell donors that one hundred per cent of the staff are behind this—it is powerful statement. It is not just a statement by our Advancement Department—it is felt by schools and universities across the continent. In doing this, some staff support their own programme—I have given to the rowing team in the past, for example.

I ask that you look at the higher purpose in this campaign, and to give with your heart. Your work makes a huge difference to my job. For example, the School you help to create inspired Rick Grafton to generously support the new music building. Above and beyond your time, your financial gifts cover the tuition of one student. (In practical terms, it helps several.) Consider this: If you didn't work here, would you believe the good work of the School and its effect on students to be worthy of a gift? This year, I will be donating towards Scholarships, and I challenge everyone to get behind something or someone that is important to them with a gift to the fund.

How else can you help?

Please help dispel the cynical talk of fundraising and help us to create a culture of giving at our School—I keep in regular touch with Kip McDaniel, our Closing Day speaker last year. When I told him what I was about to take on, he gave me the usual smug reply—"Oh, a fundraiser." I replied to him, in good humour, of course, that two of his four crewmates here were fully supported by the Annual Fund. It is not a stretch to say that without fundraising he would not have won a medal in St. Catharines, he would not have gone to Harvard or Cambridge and he would not have won a medal at the World Championships. Kip immediately wrote back that although he had little income as a national team athlete, he would make a contribution and he would lend his name (and his work) to raising money for the School.

Above and beyond your time, your financial gifts cover the tuition of one student. (In practical terms, it helps several.)



David and Jessica Hutchison at the Cops for Cancer presentation.

GLA Scholarship

Vicki Stronge '94 (School) was the first winner of the Graham L. Anderson Scholarship. She used the funds to pursue graduate studies. Vicki visited the School last spring to talk to our science students about immunology, with a specific focus on the search for vaccines for cancer, malaria and HIV. Vicki introduced the basic concepts of immunology—the cells and organs of the immune system—and how an immune response is created and what happens when this system breaks down and results in disease. She then described how a vaccine works and talked about the current available vaccines. Vicki has worked on both malaria and cancer vaccine projects and hopes that she has encouraged students to consider the field of immunology and, in particular, she is interested in encouraging our young women to go into the sciences since they are still under-represented at the higher academic levels, especially in the physical sciences.



Vicki Stronge '94

The Graham L. Anderson Scholarship

was established by some of G.L.A.'s former students. One scholarship of \$2,000 may be awarded each year.

An applicant may be:

- A current student who wishes to go on an exchange to learn more about the world and to broaden his or her mental horizon.
- A former student who wishes to pursue graduate studies.
- A Grade 12 student graduating this year to help with the cost of first-year studies at a post-secondary institution.

All applications should be directed to the Headmaster and received no later than 31 May. A small committee formed for this purpose will review them all, and the Scholarship will be awarded on Closing Day.

International Women's Day

THE WOMEN OF SHAWNIGAN had a fabulous time at our International Women's Day dinner organized by Jo-Anne Kingstone, our Deputy Head. (The boys were okay—they all went out for dinner!) We enjoyed a beautiful meal, slide show and an address by guest speaker Lucy Smith. Another highlight of the evening was the presentation of a special booklet, about being young women in today's world, written by our students. What follows are a few quotes from the booklet.

"It means everything to me to be a young woman in today's world. I feel if I have the determination to do something, I can do it. I feel privileged to live in a country and at an age to have all the rights and freedoms I do. Being a young woman in today's world is one big opportunity." —Courtney H.

"Any woman that can overcome a trial or challenge in her life inspires me. I have many mentors because each of them has a special quality that I admire. Whether it is their incredible athletic ability, their love for music, or

their contribution to international peace, each of the women I look up to are outstanding in their field. Their perseverance, determination and skills have got them where they are, and I hope to follow in their footsteps." —Francesca C.

"To be a woman in today's world is to satisfy a long list of contradictions; it is to be independent yet in tune to the needs of others, to be strong yet courageous enough to show weakness, to be driven and passionate yet at once poised and gracious. It is an era that demands our innate ability to multitask, requiring us to utilize our intuition while remaining open to risk and possibility; to be humble but not embarrassed by our talents, to be educated, nurturing, creative and proud while upholding a certain degree of elegance and charisma in all of our many endeavours." —Hanna D.

"I want to be like my mom because I admire her strength and moral values. She also loves easily—I only hope I will be like her. I hope to explore reaching my full

potential and above all I want to inspire a good change in the world. Although the journey there is unseen, I know my destination." —Lucy S.



Shawnigan in the Far East

Our first graduate from Hong Kong was in 1970.

SHAWNIGAN HAS HAD STUDENT TIES to Asia for nearly forty years. Our first graduate from Hong Kong was in 1970. That relationship continues and is now strengthened by several Shawnigan graduates from the Far East sending their children to the School.

In November and December, David Robertson and Steve Houser visited many of our families in Asia. The trip began in Korea and featured a new challenge. Despite the Headmaster's common refrain, "it's cool to sing at Shawnigan," neither Robertson nor Houser could be persuaded to sing karaoke.

That's likely because so many of our Korean parents proved to be such highly trained professionals! The normally reserved and distinguished Captain Sam Park demonstrated a whole new side to his character as the King of Karaoke. Maybe it was the Guinness! It also didn't hurt that one of our Korean parents, Hye Sook Lee, is a famous actress with a great singing voice. While they wimped out this time, Robertson and Houser have promised that next time they will give it a go. Do Scottish ballads work in karaoke?

In Taiwan, there were parents' dinners in Taipei and Taichung. For the second year in a row, the Taichung turnout was larger than in Taipei. What's going on? The Taichung families say it is a reflection of the economic supremacy of their city. Take that, Taipei.

Although the Shawnigan/HK gathering at the Hong Kong Country Club looks not well attended, that's only because Houser forgot the camera until the last moment when only the stragglers were left—our hosts, the Hennigs, plus John Ma '70 and the unrelated Anna and Michael Ma. In all, twenty-seven parents and prospective parents had gathered to get an update on the school and to see the spectacular Christmas decorations. The whole HK Country Club was wreathed in lights, baubles and poinsettias.

In Macao, Chief Executive Edmund Ho, a past parent, described the remarkable growth of the former Portuguese colony. The expansion of casino gambling there rivals Las Vegas.



Above: Shawnigan's Korean parents and alumni at the Seoul Club.

... neither Robertson nor Houser could be persuaded to sing karaoke.



Above, l-r: John Ma '70, Steve Houser, Margit and Helmuth Hennig, David Robertson, Anna and Michael Ma.



Above: Shawnigan's Korean parents enjoy a Guinness in Seoul.



Above: Captain Sam Park, AKA "The Karaoke King."



Above: Shawnigan Taiwan gathering in Taichung.