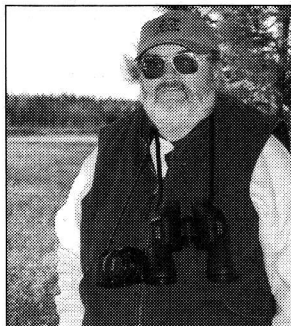


No colours compare to the **MAROON AND GOLD**

My age is no secret for anyone who has the 1974 Souris High yearbook. It is hard to believe I squeaked out of the school 35 years ago. I have had considerable contact with classmates and fellow grads recently. It isn't difficult to find them - over the produce counter, coaching soccer, driving an ambulance or fire truck, fly-fishing, golfing, mediating disputes, recruiting for the RCMP, stocking shelves, tonging oysters, in the news or moving quietly in the world.

Recently I came to the realization that unless I live to be 109, I have lived the majority of my life. The days at Souris High were enjoyable and carefree. I am comfortable in my memories - both good and bad. To be a Spartan was better than being a Blazer, Blue, Colonel, Falcon, Marlin, Redman, Torchman or a Viking. Maroon and Gold were the Souris colours and you were proud to wear them. (Points if you can remember which school the nickname belonged to). Football in the fall and hockey in winter saw a following not only from the school, but also from the town and region. Pride shone when Souris defeated the townies.

The corridors, gym, library, parking lot, furnace, changing, smoking and weight rooms were meeting places - and sometimes hiding places. One closet in particular will remain in memories for years to come. Dances



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were eagerly anticipated. Terrific bands came to Souris High - April Wine, the Blue Crystals Minglewood, the Missing Links, Sam Moon, and many more. Winter carnivals were a highlight after mid-term exams.

There was controversy - the student strike of 40 years ago and the visit of the poets from UPEI. There was sadness, loss of fellow students to accidents and two teachers. We had the odd celebrity appear - Anne Murray's brothers Bruce and Stewart. Global events were broadcast over the school PA system as well as the announcements. The school rang with applause the Friday afternoon Apollo 13 touched down.

My best day at Souris High was September 28, 1972. With fellow students, we watched the Paul Henderson goal of the Canada/Russia Hockey series in the old Room 3. Not only did Canada win, but I got a hug from the most beautiful girl

in the school. Room 3 was an appropriate room to watch hockey for the windows allowed snow to drift in during storms.

Student Council, Debating Club, Yearbook and Newspaper, Athletic Association, Reach for the Top, and more were all part of the fabric. Too often books and studies sat on the back burner. Some of my friends majored in girls rather than Economics, History or heaven forbid - Home Ec. Times have changed. In 2009, it is cool to be a chef or a musician. Mrs. Townshend's Theatre Arts was my favorite. It was a class where no one ever fell asleep. The wisdom shared by John McIntosh in the furnace room is remembered and still referred to.

Extracurricular activities aside, there was success. Everyone found a niche, some too briefly, in the world. Andrea, Claire, Dianne, George, Laurie, Terry, among many others never will be forgotten. We didn't realize it at the time, but we were fortunate to attend Souris. Thirty-five years down the road - thanks for the education and the good times.

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