

**Magee High School 50<sup>th</sup> Reunion Presentation**  
**by Bob Dreyfus (Drayton)**  
**WHAT I LEARNED AT MAGEE**

It's wonderful and strange to be with you after so many years. Strange to be at such a different stage of life - from large amounts of awkward uncertainty in high school about what's going to unfold, and "is my life going to work" - to now, where it basically has happened - whatever that was. And so among us are those who've had conspicuous worldly success and made piles of money, and those who have had more ordinary careers. It seems that at this point in our lives, that's become rather unimportant. We've survived and we're here!

I want to say thanks for two things. Tulk for his exquisite delicacy when IU asked who would be here, for skating around between "we can't locate them" and "they're dead". And for none of you pillorying me over the policies of our insane U.S. government. Actually, when I talk to my brother here, and complain about our outrageous government corruption and incompetence and terrible health care system, he matches me with the government corruption and incompetence here, and how frustrating Canadian health care is. Where I have him cold though, is when I point out how intelligent the Canadian position is on marijuana, the death penalty and same sex marriage. No contest!

So what did I learn at Magee? I did learn to love literature thanks to Mr. Murray (or was it Duncan - I can't remember). And I appreciate Mr. King for gently discouraging me from singing in The Magic Flute. This was done by tempting me with the new string bass that the school had just bought. I remember walking down the hall to my locker with this huge thing, and strange hands reaching out to pluck the strings as I went by. I learned that Latin is a very complicated language, that is of no use in medical school, and that conjugating Latin verbs is totally ineffective in calming the fires of carnal lust.

Other learnings were extra-curricular. I learned on the way to a party with Judy Leckie (oh dear, I hear she's now in a convent - hope it wasn't my fault), that as dashing as it was to drive right up to the front door in my lightweight Morris Minor, that sidewalks aren't built for that. The father was remarkably tolerant of my smashing his sidewalk. Going up to the Grouse Mountain chalet with Hi-Y, I learned that taking slugs of rum on the ride up the chairlift gave very good protection against the cold if you hadn't dressed warmly enough. I got quite toasty warm, but as soon as arriving indoors, learned that I was actually quite drunk! But I got scared straight when Hale and Mackenzie and a bunch of us went out to the garbage dump on Lulu Island - a safe place to get shit-faced without police interference. The evening proceeded well until Mackenzie turned on the headlights and we heard this insanely noisy scurrying and the reflection in the eyes of thousands of rats that had surrounded us. I recommend this utterly terrifying experience to anyone who needs encouragement at getting off the sauce!

I know I learned much more than this, most importantly the value of good friends. I'm grateful for the opportunity this weekend to reconnect with you and to share some of the triumphs and sorrows we've gone through. So good night and my best wishes until we meet again.