



# THE LOG

'64





# THE LOG



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## *Dedication*

This year's Log is dedicated to the new spirit which was born with the new P.C.S.S. As a reflection of this spirit, the Log this year acknowledges all the teachers, all the subjects, and especially all the students' activities which have provided a new future for our school.

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## Thinking about your future?



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BUSINESS CAREER?  
CONTINUING  
YOUR EDUCATION?  
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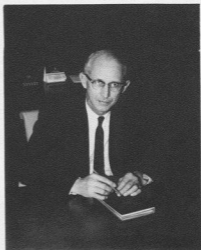
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# Principal's Message



This is the first issue of The Log to be presented in the new Port Credit Secondary School. Those of us who were, as students or teachers, a part of the old school especially appreciate the splendid facilities which we now enjoy and use.

Since we have complete instructional areas and equipment for courses in all branches, we now are able to serve all the students in the Port Credit area, whatever their interests and aptitudes may be. We are also pleased to have with us this year many students from the Cookesville area and from the Lorne Park area, where the secondary schools are not yet able to offer certain programmes.

We hope that your experience as a student this year has been an enjoyable and profitable one. This will be so if you have made the best use of the time and facilities provided for you. May you now approach the final examinations with confidence and with the knowledge that the most earnest desire of your teachers is that you will have a successful completion of the school year 1963-64.

E.C. Scratch.



MR. HOWDEN  
Vice-Principal



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Physical Education,  
English



MR. R. ALLEN  
English, History



MRS. GILHAM  
Library, English



MR. BAILEY  
English



MRS. ROMANKO  
Geography



MR. HODGE  
English, Science

# Staff



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Science



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English, Typing



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Physical Education,  
Mathematics,  
History



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Commercial  
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Typing



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Shop Director



MR. GOHEEN  
Science



MRS. KAPOs  
French



MISS TURVEY  
English, Latin



MR. WHYTE  
English, Music



MR. CROPPER  
Physical Education  
Mathematics



MR. PICKERING  
Guidance  
Department Head



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Mathematics



MR. SCHATZ  
French, German  
Department Head



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CHILLINGWORTH  
Commercial



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Mathematics  
Guidance



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Science



MR. HARPER  
French, German



MR. YURCHUK  
Mathematics



MRS. MATISKO  
French



MR. PENNY  
French, Latin



MR. CANTELON  
Mathematics



MR. WINTER  
Bookkeeping, Typing  
Business Arithmetic



MR. CHAUDHRY  
Bookkeeping,  
Economics



MISS GRIFFITHS  
French



MR. LAINE  
Mathematics



MR. VOLPE  
Physical Education  
Department Head,  
Guidance



MR. INGLIS  
Sheet Metal  
and Welding



MR. SISLER  
Science  
Dept. Head



MR. PHILCHUK  
History, Physical  
Education



MR. THIRD  
Electricity Shop



MR. SALTER  
Building  
Construction Shop



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Physical Education



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Science



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Department Head



MRS. SALIWONEZYK  
Typing, Shorthand  
English



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Drafting



MR. POLLARD  
Art



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English



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MISS CARSCULLEN  
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Drafting



MR. SHIPLEY  
French, Shorthand



MRS. NURM  
English



MR. MICKEVICIUS  
Geography, History



MR. LANKIN  
Music



MR. BLANEY  
Electronics



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Bus. Arithmetic



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Superintendent



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Caretaker



MRS.  
VANDERWATER  
Secretary



MR. FORDE  
Physical Education,  
Science



MRS. TROTTER  
Secretary



STANDING L-R: Dr. J.R. Johnson, Mr. Ronald Bruce, Dr. D.W. Clarke, Mr. J.D. McCrea, Mr. A. Bond,  
SITTING: Mr. D.W. Urquhart, Mr. H.M. Greene, Mr. A.E. Bradley, Mrs. R. Wickens. ABSENT: Mr. G. Grice.

for **ACTIVE** people...



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## President's Message

As I write this message, the new Year lies just around the corner, the first new year that our new school can call its own. Our new building is something of which each of us can be proud. The greater number of students has been answered by a greater response to our activities, both athletic and academic. The enthusiasm with which you respond to activities is an asset

to the name of our school, which is everywhere respected for its spirit. So far in our first year at the new Port Credit we have done well to preserve this spirit.

In conclusion I would like to thank everyone who made it possible for me to become your President, an honour to which I hope I will do justice.

Tracey Hopkins

## Editorial



For another year, really the beginning of a new era, the school has put up with the running around, the Log Office parties, and the hustle-bustle of the Log Staff, with this Yearbook being the result. I hope it is as satisfying to everyone as it is to us, for the real satisfaction of such a job comes with the P.C.S.S. Log.

The new challenge in this school has been answered successfully by the teachers, the students, and, I hope, by your Log Staff. Through co-operation, hard work, and a little grit at times, a Yearbook has been put together for your pleasure and benefit. This can only be done by support of school activities, "happily associating" with teachers, and, of course, studying.

This year will be a new experience and will give new ideas to everyone, for new friends, new spirit, and new teachers (some not so new) will give P.C.S.S. the reputation it has always received and deserved. I hope we have contributed to this reputation.

Fred Joblin



MR. H. ALLEN  
Staff Advisor



JANICE BOLTON  
News Editor



ALEX TEMPORALE  
Art Editor



MR. BRYANT  
Advertising Advisor



MAIJA THOMPSON  
Social Editor



MISS CARSCALLEN  
Literary Advisor



DAVE ADAMS  
Copy Editor

# LOG



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Editor-in-Chief

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News Editor



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PAUL CALDWELL  
Advertising Editor



IAN MacMILLAN  
Business Editor



MR. POLLARD  
Art Advisor



# Log Representatives



FIRST ROW: Peter Hall, Steve Gard, Pat Black, Bob Hurley, Randy Scott-Wood, Jim McMillan, Bob McCorquodale. SECOND ROW: Barb Bassett, Ann North, Gail Atkinson, Carol Boyd, Pat Buckley, Kathy O'Marra, Brenda Williams, Patty Deming, Pat Thornton, Joanne Maxfield. THIRD ROW: Tom Dyer, Brian Cooke, Paula Dickson, Vidas Stukas, Bill Schoenhardt, Douglas McCloy, Alex Hall, Olaf Petzshler, Rob Maurice. ABSENT: Mike Kitchen, Carol Marshall, Barb Davis.

# Log Assistants



FIRST ROW: Barbara James, Bob Sibthorpe, Reeve Eveleigh, Alice Fagg, Gail Walsh, Jan Haugh, Margaret Ostrowski, Dawn MacRae, Kathy O'Marra. SECOND ROW: Norma Henderson, Mary Martin, Diana McTavish, Michele Murray, Ann Vair, Helene Nessim, David Perry, Minton Wing, Paul Rathwell, Bill Percy, Dave Waite. THIRD ROW: Maija Thompson, Janice Bolton, Dianne Kostynik, Nellie Van Duyvenbode, Linda Woligrowski, Peggy Lobb, Vicki Redding, Mary Quick, Carol Gilbert.



# Valedictory Address

Helen Blake

It is an extremely hard task to assess what high school means to us and what it has done for us. As we look back upon the past years, we remember even now the good times and the bad that we shared at the old school; and we remember perhaps a few, a very few, facts and figures that we learned there. I don't know what the most important aim of school is, and I venture to say that if you asked ten educators what it was, you would probably get ten different answers. As I say, I don't really know what it is, but I can tell you that the following is what I feel to be the greatest change in its graduates; that is, in us.

When we first entered high school, we had no real values, judgments, morals, aims or knowledge that we could call our own. All of these things were formulated by others more responsible than ourselves. We were told what to do, how to do it, and occasionally why we were to do it. The only decision we had to make was whether to obey or whether to be punished for not obeying. However, by the time that we had completed high school, we were no longer usually punished for not following someone's advice. Our decision is no longer to do or not to do, but rather why to do and not to do; and herein is the greatest change that high school has brought about in us. Not only has high school taught us that we must make our own decisions, but more important it has helped us to learn how to make what we consider the right decision. If we make more right choices than wrong ones, then our education has been extremely successful.

It is evident from contrasting the new and the old buildings that the physical future of the school will be much different from the past. But more important, the education gained within the school will also undergo an improvement. If we ever took the time to think about it, most of us realized that the old school system was a compromise and that it compromised itself right out of existence. It was a compromise in that it tried to teach one curriculum suited to both the students who would graduate from Grade 13, about ten per cent of all students who enter public school, and those who would leave before then, about ninety per cent of all students. We graduates are the ones for whom the system did a reasonably good job.

It must be admitted that a person who is going out to seek a full-time job in the labour market at the age of seventeen or eighteen will not benefit from the same type of education as a student who intends to live in the comparatively sheltered academic life until the age of twenty-two or twenty-three. It will be the former group who will mainly benefit from the new programme of vocational and technical skills, but the latter group will also benefit from the new stream-lined programme by being able to cover more university calibre material in high school. I am sure that all students will derive great benefit from it, and I hope that it works out as successfully as planned.

I would like to express our thanks and gratitude to the two teachers who left last year, Mr. Neuwelt and Miss Collip. Their abilities and personalities added a great deal to our school reputation and school life.

In conclusion, I would like to say a word from all of us to all of you now in Grade 13. I know that at the time it is a hard struggle and the exams are quite tough. However, I know that we all vowed that we would never forget our exams, and yet even after five months they don't seem as bad as I thought. I guess our memories get a little soft in our old age. Anyway, just remember this - don't mumble and grumble and groan and complain too much. Save all your grumblings for university, because you'll really have something to complain about then.

**KATHY ADAMS**

Int: Choirs, students' council, moon games, dramatic society, honour society 9, 10, 11. Amb: Teaching. Prob Dest: Being taught. OOOs: Temper costs, tolerance pays. Pet Peeve: Teachers who won't let me correct homework in class.

**GORD BECKET**

Int: football, gymnastics, white water kayaking. Amb: Forestry at New Brunswick. Prob Dest: Woodchopper. OOOs: Going steady for three years - what more to say? Pet Peeve: prudes.

**PETE ADAMS**

Act: Football, BAA, Amb: Business Administration at Western. Prob Dest: Riding shotgun on a hot tomale wagon. OOOs: Without them what would little boys do? Pet Peeve: Feminine resistance. Fav. Say: The kid's been having a pretty good time.

**MARGARET BELL**

Int: ESCF, skiing, sailing, swimming, music, guides. Amb: To know Christ and to make him known. Pet Peeve: Mirrors. Fav Say: I don't get it!

**WENDY AITKEN**

Int: Drama Club, Arts and Crafts, Choir. Amb: Physiotherapy at U of T. Prob Dest: Scrubwoman in some far away hospital. OOOs: Uh-huh! Pet Peeve: People who always ask if my physics homework is done. Fav Say: Funny thing!

**CAROL LYNNED BLACK**

Int: Volleyball, basketball, dancing, badminton, French, Honour Society. Prob Dest: working at the World's fair with Leslie. OOOs: They make the world go 'round, don't they. Pet Peeve: Curling hair.

**JULIE ALEXANDER**

Int: Students' Council, G.A. A., Log, Chorus, Referees, Archery, canoeing. Amb: Teaching. Prob Dest: Paddling a canoe down the Danube! OOOs: Comme ci, comme ca. Mostly comme ca!! Pet Peeve: Losing dimes on Credit-Graydon Games.

**GARY BLACK**

Int: Baseball, danceband, Honour Society, hockey. Amb: Engineering. Prob Dest: Sterilizing utensils for Ben Casey. OOOs: Positively! Pet Peeve: Wardens in the cafeteria. Fav Say: What do you say, goof?

**PAUL APPS**

Int: hot-rodding, car styling, oil painting. Amb: Draughtsman with Ontario Hydro. Prob Dest: Artist's Village. OOOs: She's great. Pet Peeve: Automatic six-cylinder cars. Fav Say: You better believe it!

**JANICE BOLTON**

Int: Choir, Log, Students' Council, Y.P.U., Intramural sports. Amb: Queen's or Teacher's College. Prob Dest: Graduating from Queen's with P.H.D. OOOs: Her view is limited. Pet Peeve: Saying goodbye.

**JOHN BOND**

Int: Basketball, Intramural sports, Honour Society, Golf. Fav Say: You've got one minute to clear the halls. Amb: Engineering at U of T. Pet Peeve: Serfing conditions on Lake Ontario. OOOs: Their peer on earth shall never be.

**JOHN BURNS**

Int: Football, Basketball, Track and Field, BAA, Log. Fav Say: Who wants to know? Amb: Engineering. Prob Dest: Who knows? OOOs: Because of my inexperience in this field I am not qualified to elaborate on this topic.

**ROBERT BRYAN**

Int: flying, curling, golf, judo, swimming. Amb: Dentist. Prob Dest: scrubbing towers at Texaco with a toothbrush. OOOs: How come the standard model doesn't look like that. Pet Peeve: time. Fav Say: nice play, Shakespeare.

**TERRY BUTT**

Int: Male Chorus, Choir, Dramatic Society, United Nations Club. Amb: Business administration at Western. Prob Dest: Flood supervisor in a Fizzles factory, or herding ants. OOOs: Some are real balls of fire but don't get ball-ed up. Fav. Say: Sweet scenes.

**JUDY BRYDON**

Int: Students' Council, Honour Society, noon games, archery, swimming, skiing. Amb: Nursing at Queen's. Prob Dest: Putting the air-holes in flesh-coloured, plastic-strip bandages. OOOs: They must have some good points, but not many. Pet Peeve: Work.

**JOE CAIN**

Int: push ball, gym team, girls. Amb: out of grade 13. Prob Dest: teaching ducks and lead weights how to swim. OOOs: depends on number of significant figures. Pet Peeve: horses who don't come in first.

**PAT BUCKLEY**

Int: Choir, Log, Intramural basketball, assistant coach of the Red Wings (paperweight division) Amb: B.A. at McMaster. Prob Dest: Coach of a professional hockey team. OOOs: Where have all the young men gone? Pet Peeve: Girls who blow smoke in my face.

**TRUDY CALIS**

Int: Library club, Inter-form basketball, Archery Club, Electrical Services Club, Tennis. Amb: Teacher's college - in Hamilton! Prob Dest: Sitting in the study room. OOOs: God's gift to women. Pet Peeve: People who call me Gertrude!

**RICK BUNT**

Int: Football, basketball, track, Honour Society, Science Club. Amb: Engineering at Queen's. Prob Dest: Snapping third down punts for Aubrey Linne. OOOs: The beauty of the world; the paragon of animals.

**SUSAN CARR**

Int: Referee, badminton, canoeing. Prob Dest: Stalling Austins in the middle of Yonge Street. OOOs: They need help! Pet Peeve: People who keep reminding me to smile. Fav Say: Hey guys!!



DALE CONGRAM

Int: Golf, basketball, Prob  
Dest: P.C.S.S., OOOs: Well  
...they serve their purpose,  
I guess, Pet Peeve:  
People who get all their  
Physics questions.



JANICE DEYMAN

Int: Hobbies, swimming,  
sewing, skating, Jr. Chorus,  
Library club, Inter-form  
volleyball and basketball,  
ISCF, Amb: Elementary  
School Teacher, Prob Dest:  
The front of a classroom,  
OOOs: They're here to stay!



DOUGLAS CONNELL

Int: Rods, Rovers, horse-  
back riding, football, golf,  
male and senior chorus,  
Amb: Topass French, Prob  
Dest: Starter at Cayuga,  
OOOs: Great!! so why wait?  
Pet Peeve: Replacing rear  
ends in Triumphs.



PETER DILLON

Int: Basketball, football,  
skiing, Honour Society,  
Amb: Honour Math at U of  
T. Prob Dest: Yes--man  
for a math professor, OOO  
S: Vive la difference, Pet  
Peeve: Grad write-ups and  
the people who collect them,  
Fav Say: none.



JUDY COURT

Int: Log, Choir, referee,  
Honour Society, noon hour  
games, Amb: Nursing at  
Queen's, Prob Dest: Selling  
money at a profit, OOO  
S: Unfortunately there is no  
alternative, Pet Peeve: People  
who call me a flirt one  
minute and stuck-up the  
next.



BILL DODD

Int: House League, football,  
murder ball, golf, fratern-  
ity, Amb: U of T. Pharm-  
acy or Engineering, OOO  
S: sure got the old Credit  
beat, Pet Peeve: A yellow  
TR when it won't start;  
and the D-room.



RON DEAN

Int: football, Choir, Log,  
Electrical Services, Amb:  
Chemistry at Western, Prob  
Dest: sanitary engineer for  
T.T. OOOs: impartial, Pet  
Peeve: P.C.S.S., Fav Say:  
my gosh!



BILL DONALDSON

Int: Sports cars, folk songs,  
travelling, Amb: Business  
at U.W.O., Prob Dest: Selling  
guitar strings in Green-  
wich Village, OOOs: Is there  
anything as perfect? Pet  
Peeve: Distance between  
P.C. and Ottawa Teacher's  
College, Fav Say: Cool.



LESLIE DEWSON

Int: IS.C.F., G.A.A., Choir,  
Track and Field, Amb: Mc-  
Gill--French and German,  
Prob Dest: English Informa-  
tion Booth at 1967 World's  
Fair, OOOs: The Love  
of my life, Pet Peeve: The  
long trek from French to  
Algebra.



IAN DYMOCK

Int: Fishing, water skiing,  
Nick's, Amb: Chemistry at  
U of T. Prob Dest: making  
bombs for FLQ, OOOs: The  
members vary, Pet Peeve:  
Masses of graduelness tam-  
ped down halls at noon,  
Fav Say: I'll think about it.

**BOB ELLIOTT**

Int: football, Choir, golf, scouting, music, Amb: Accountance; Commerce and Finance--U of T or Western, Prob Dest: dog-walker for Vetoscope. OOOOS: If only there were more, maybe I'd get one, Pet Peeve: people who compliment my speed, Fav Say: "horrors and tragedians".

**BRENDA FREEMAN**

Int: Skating, skiing, tennis, badminton, Amb: Teacher, Pet Peeve: Those slow pokes, Fav Say: But Sir!

**ROGER ELLIS**

Int: United Nations, ISCF, golf, Young Peoples, Fav Say: Aye Laddie, that it is! Amb: Ministry in the Lutheran Church, Missouri Synod.

**JOHN FRYER**

Int: basketball, Choir, electronics, Amb: Electronics Engineering at Waterloo, Prob Dest: sweeping floors at Admiral, OOOOS: Absolutely no complaints, Pet Peeve: Filling out Grad write ups, Fav Say: How 'bout that?

**ADELE ERLACH**

Int: Choir, L.S.C.F., archery, volleyball, Log, singing, swimming, skating, Amb: Nursing, Prob Dest: Taking a certain doctor's pulse, OOOOS: Confined to a certain U of T Meds student, Pet Peeve: Not enough hours in the week-end.

**IAN FYFE**

Int: Hockey, skiing, golf, tennis, B.A.A., Amb: Business at Western, OOOOS: Like 'em all, Pet Peeve: A fourth period lunch, Fav Say: How about that.

**PAUL FAUGHT**

Int: Photography for the Log, Amb: Undecided, Prob Dest: Cleaning test tubes OOOOS: matter has never been better arranged, Pet Peeve: Problems, problems, everywhere, Fav Say: I haven't done that question, Sir.

**FRANK GARNER**

Int: Football, Choir, Gym Club, noon basketball, BAA, canoeing, Amb: Physical education south of the border, Prob Dest: Scrapping barnacles off war canoes, OOOOS: They must be good for something, Pet Peeve: People who try to reform me.

**LOUIS FAVRIN**

Int: Football, basketball, hockey, Amb: High school Math, Teacher, Prob Dest: European sculpture, Pet Peeve: Chemistry homework, Fav Say: Them's the hazards.

**LYNN GATHERCOLE**

Int: Choir, dramatics, volleyball, basketball, Honour Society, debating, Amb: Economics at McMaster, Prob Dest: Killing flies in 101, OOOOS: see below, Pet Peeve: Opposite sex, Fav Say: Oh rats!



**DOUGLAS GIBB**

Amb: To pass French first time round, Prob Dest: Finance and Commerce at Western or McMaster, OO OS: She's really cute, Fav Say: How 'bout that!



**LEE GILLESPIE**

Int: Badminton Club, guitar. Amb: L.V.C., to pass French. Prob Dest: extra French classes, OOS: I dig 'em, like mathematically. I mean like in figures, Pet Peeve: Interchanged Algebra and Geometry classes.



**JIM GORDON**

Int: Football, basketball. Prob Dest: Night school at P.C.S.S., OOS: They must be good for something, Pet Peeve: Homework---what else! Fav Say: Hey Dale! Where do we go now?



**DAVID GREENHILL**

Int: Swimming and water skiing. Prob Dest: High pressure salesman. Amb: At present, to get to university, OOS: Interesting Pet Peeve: No time for fun. Fav Say: Hurry up!



**JANIS GREENHILL**

Int: Jr. Hospital Auxiliary Honour Society, swimming, water-skiing, Amb: Chemistry at U. of T. Prob. Dest: Your neighbourhood druggist, OOS: Some are very nice. Pet Peeve: Not enough hours in a day. Fav Say: What are you going to wear?



**JUDY GREER**

Int: Archery, Choir, Referees, skiing, volleyball. Amb: Physiotherapy, Prob Dest: Giving physical fitness classes at the Y.M.C.A. OOS: You can't beat them, I think. Pet Peeve: O those Monday mornings!



**CAROL GUNTER**

Int: Archery, noon-hour, volleyball and basketball, Choir, Canoe Club, Amb: Nursing at U. of T. Prob Dest: Stacking bed pans at Toronto General, OOS: Sweet.....aren't they? Pet Peeve: Claudia! Fav Say: Ah, come on guys!



**CLAUDIA GUNTER**

Int: Choir, Art Club, riding, noon-hour sports, Amb: To get ambitious, Prob Dest: Lord only knows OOS: I'm prejudiced, Pet Peeve: Just plain Carol, Fav Say: I can't, I have to go babysitting.



**ALEX HALL**

Int: Log, History, Business in general, Amb: Business Administration in Sales or advertising, or perhaps a history teacher, Prob Dest: Delivering advertising folders, OOS: Troublesome, but nice, Pet Peeve: Math "problems" that are "impossible" to solve.



**BOB HANEY**

Int: Intra-mural Football, Fav Say: You're putting me on. Amb: To understand one German Authors sentence, Prob Dest: Professional wrestler, OOS: Censored, Pet Peeve: Distance to the new PCSS.



**MARG HARE**

Int: Canoe Club, archery, skiing, Choir, Amb; Laboratory technician. Prob Dest: washing out test tubes for Mr. Wilson. OOOs: Haven't figured them out yet. Fav Say: Don't take this too seriously.



**MARJORIE HOMER-DIXON "HOMER"**

Int: Track, cheerleading, basketball, G.A.A., paddling, Log, Arts and Craft, Choir, Amb; Phys. Ed. and Health at U of T. Prob Dest: Pee Wee hockey team goalie. OOOs: Must I say Pet Peeve: Peter VanHouten!!! Fav Say: I can't eat that, I'll get fat!



**GORD HENDERSON**

Int: Football, hockey, golf, Amb: Ryerson. Prob Dest: Carrying the water bucket for Credit football teams. OOOs: Automation can't replace them. Pet Peeve: John's attempts to destroy me in chemistry class. Fav Say: Twere always thus.



**JIM HOSHKO**

Int: Students' Council, basketball, loafing, Rovers. Amb: Dentistry - U of T. Prob Dest: trying to find teeth in a chicken. OOOs: They're opposite all right. Pet Peeve: Grad, write ups. Fav. Say: They wouldn't print it.



**DAVE HENDRICKS**

Int: Football, basketball, track & field, BAA, Rovers, Choir, Amb; Engineering, U of T, or Waterloo. OOOs: That's a broad subject. Pet Peeve: Sprained ankles. Fav Say: Sir, I have a question.



**VALERIE HUDSON**

Int: Noon-hour games, library, Jr. Aux. of South Peel Hospital. Amb: Teacher. Prob Dest: Teaching birds how to fly. OOOs: Best thing ever invented. Pet Peeve: People whoshow up late! Fav Say: Oh, you nasty!



**BRIAN HICKS**

Int: Drum Corps, sailing, skiing, Amb: Architectural, Industrial, or Mechanical Engineer. Prob Dest: Selling Remalts in Detroit. OOOs: How-bouthat(those)! Pet Peeve: People who want to be on time.



**JUDY HUGILL**

Int: Badminton, sewing, archery, Arts and Crafts, Amb: Laboratory Technologist. Prob Dest: Measuring soap suds in a laundromat. Fav Say: Is that right!



**DONNA HILL**

Int: Students' Council, Choir, L.S.C.F. Amb: social working at Acadia. Prob Dest: Charging batteries at the drive-in. OOOs: With-out them what would little girls do? Pet Peeve: A certain car with a two-way radio.



**BILL HUTCHINGS**

Int: Football, hockey, Students' Council, track and field, Amb: Business administrator. Prob Dest: substitute for Jimmy Duranie. OOOs: You wouldn't print it. Pet Peeve: Certain 'LOG' rep. who wants Grad. write ups quickly.

**BILL JACKSON**

Int: Electrical Services, Science Club, Student's Council, Lorne Park Rifle Club, Log. Fav Say: Wh-a-a-at? Amb: I wish I knew. Pet Peeve: Lack of money. OOOs: Wow!

**ROMAN LASH**

Int: Cars, Amb: Social work at U of Buffalo, Prob Dest: This can't be printed, Fav Say: "CENSORED". Pet Peeve: 7th period lunch. OOOs: What opposite sex?

**DIANE LAST:**

Int: Senior cheerleader, G AA curator, Choir, Apparatus Club. Amb: Psychology at Dalhousie or Queen's. Prob Dest: Post graduate cheerleading at PCSS. OOOs: One thing for sure they are here to stay. Pet Peeve: Little black Volkswagens that don't go faster than 30 mph. Fav Say: Hamph!

**TED JOHNSON**

Int: Flying, skiing, girls, Honour Society, Students' Council Treas., Electrical Services, Radio Club. Amb: Business Administration at Western. Prob Dest: Profiting by selling money. OOOs: Oh well, who's perfect? Pet Peeve: All-male ski classes. Fav Say: One less Math class to go.

**SUE LAWRENCE**

Int: Choir, Modern Dancing, Sailing, Water-skiing, Wild weekend excursions on Aquilla III. Fav Say: Izzat right? Amb: To get my license. Prob Dest: Literary critic for True Confessions. Pet Peeve: People who criticize my driving habits. OOOs: It'll do.

**MIKE KITCHEN**

Int: Skiing, sailing, folksinging. Prob Dest: Educated beach comber. OOOs: No comment on the present situation. Pet Peeve: Homework that interrupts his extra curricular activities.

**MARY LAZAR**

Int: Honour Society, Volleyball, basketball, Archery, French, sewing, rowing. Amb: Teacher. Prob Dest: Knitting baby booties in laundromats. Pet Peeve: Decisions. Fav Say: Firmness can grow from the gentlest heart. OOOs: Here I am, guys.

**TONY LA ROCHE**

Int: Gymnastics, hunting, fishing. Amb: Structural engineer or Phys. Ed. teacher. Prob Dest: Poor house. OOOs: reason for probdest. Pet Peeve: People who crush crackers in tomato soup. Fav Say: Would you look at that!

**TONY LEGAULT**

Int: Football, track & field, R.A.A. Amb: Physical Education at Queen's. Prob Dest: Waterboy at Queen's. OOOs: Fine. Pet Peeve: People who ask me when I'm going to grow.



**ROGER LESLIE**  
Int: Football, basketball, lawn-bowling. Amb: Whats that? Prob Dest: Peeling potatoes for Uncle Sam. OOOs: Reg is kinda shy. Pet Peeve: People who spell his name with a 'd'. Fav Say: It's a Yankee.



**RALPH MacDonald**  
Int: Football, basketball, girls. Amb: So what else is new? Prob Dest: ground keeper at Varsity Stadium. OOOs: I'd like to.....Pet Peeve: Covers a broad range. Fav Say: Now, coach, now.



**RICH MacDOWELL**  
Int: Electrical Services, Choir, Radio Club, Dramatic Society, Current Events. Fav Say: "Well boys .....Pet Peeve: People who call me MacDolt. Amb: U. of T. Chemical Engineering. OOOs: Affinity is directly proportioned to proximity.



**IAN MacGREGOR**  
Int: Wine, more women, and even song. Prob Dest: Becoming a "Road's" scholar. OOOs: Loveable-no matter what size, shape or height. Pet Peeve: People who drive at ridiculously low speeds. Amb: To tolerate French for one more year. Fav Say: Swinging.



**BILL MacMILLAN**  
Int: Rovers, football and other sports. Amb: Engineering in the navy. Prob Dest: Beachcomber. OOOs: I prefer French. Pet Peeve: People who make the letter 'm' in my name a capital. Fav Say: Did you get those Physics problems?



**MIKE MAHER**  
Int: Travelling, track, roller-skating. Amb: Business Administration. Prob Dest: Coaching the Stanley Cup--New York Rangers 1970. OOOs: The more opposite, the better. Pet Peeve: People who think I celebrate.



**RON MAJEAU**  
Int: Girls, basketball, football, skating, hockey. Pet Peeve: School.



**TIM McCABE**  
Int: Sleeping, shooting pool, sitting on the bench during football games. Fav Say: Hey! Tomorrow is Saturday. Amb: To wake up the day after Labour Day and not have to go to school. Prob Dest: Grade 13. Pet Peeve: Outlines for grad write-ups. OOOs: They'll do till something better comes along.



**DON McHENRY**  
Int: Football, BAA, Track, Log, skiing, skating, golf, swimming, basketball, cars. Amb: Architecture at U of T. Prob Dest: Being late for his own funeral. Pet Peeve: Distance between PC and London. OOOs: Far away fields look greener.



**MARGOT McHENRY**  
Int: Archery, G.A.A. skiing, track, Drama, Students' Council, cheerleader. Amb: Honour English at Western. Prob Dest: Chasing sailors in Toronto harbour. OOOs: I like them in crowds. Pet Peeve: People who don't like kids. Fav Say: I know I talk too much!



**JOHNNY NASATO**

Int: Football, hockey, swimming. Amb: Teaching (Machine Shop). Prob Dest: Proud owner of a spaghetti shop. OOOO: Purr! Fav. Say: Promises, Promises.



**JON PEDDIE**

Int: scouting, history, books, current events, sports. Amb: History teacher. Prob: Dest: Making toothpicks out of telephone poles. OOOO: Nice. Pet Peeve: People who try to borrow my French homework (its always wrong).



**LINDA PETCH**

Int: Choir, G.A.A., volleyball, basketball, Log, Students' Council. Amb: Nursing. Prob Dest: bedpan brigadier at some hospital. OOOO: partial to Medical students. Pet Peeve: long G.A.A. meetings. Fav Say: no, I don't have any relatives in a cleaning establishment.



**SHIRLEY O'GORMAN**

Int: Senior Choir, Archery, Senior Orchestra. Fav Say: Oh, Marge!!! Amb: Pharmacy, U of T. Prob Dest: Personal mechanic for Ken's car. Pet Peeve: Boys that make her walk home from a dance! OOOO: Let me say this about that....!



**AL PLEWES**

Int: Football, track, choir, Orchestra, water skiing. Amb: retired at 21. Prob Dest: water skiing and basket-weaving at the Univ. of Florida. OOOO: They're almost as nice as sports cars. Pet Peeve: Now what's wrong with it? Fav Say: Sorry, I'm late but....



**JOE OLEXY**

Int: Football, track & field. Amb: Some day I'll be great. Prob Dest: Chairman of the entertainment committee for various football teams. OOOO: I'll take a short brunette, a medium blonde, a tall etc. Pet Peeve: Grey Buicks, school, and why are all the cute girls in second lunch? Fav Say: I say OK.



**JUDY PRIOR**

Int: Choir, badminton, archery, skiing, noon-hour games. Amb: Psychology at Western. Prob Dest: Majoring in surfboarding at U of Miami. OOOO: Oh! Is there one? Pet Peeve: Dissecting earth worms in zoo. Fav Say: But Mother I don't want another sister.



**CRAIG PARKES**

Int: Drama, Electrical Services, debating, Choir, current events. Amb: Greater omniscience. Prob Dest: Aunt Meg's School of Drama and Ballet. OOOO: the terpsichord is my favourite instrument. Pet Peeve: Tight hairnets that give you headaches. Fav Say: Thereby advancing the evolution toward the vortex of pure intellect.



**MARY QUICK**

Int: Choir, cheerleading, Eaton's Reg., Log, Gym Club, Honour Society, Referee. Amb: Arts or psychology at Western. OOOO: Tall, dark, and 23! Pet Peeve: No thanks, I prefer my own brand.

**DOUG RAMSDEN**

Int: Track and field, football, billiards, hunting, fishing, music, swimming. Amb: Business Administration at Western, or Arts. Prob Dest: Installingscreen doors on submarines. OOO S: I think they're sensational; I'll take a dozen.

**PETER SCHMOCKER**

Int: Football, track and field, B.A.A., Students' Council, basketball. Amb: Languages at McMaster. Prob Dest: Showing card tricks to the Mau-Mau. O OOS: Next to the wounds the best things are hand-ages. Fav Say: I've got a minute, tell me all you know.

**ELAINE RANKIN**

Int: Choir, Honour Society, badminton. Amb: To know ambition. Prob Dest: Minding stray cats. OOOOS: I'll never tell. Pet Peeve: People who call me Nancy. Fav Say: Well!

**BILL SCHOENHARDT**

Int: Football, Rovers, Sailing. Fav Say: Darn this problem! Amb: Renting surfboards in Hawaii. Prob Dest: Renting surfboards in Hawaii. OOOOS: Necessary to make the world go round.

**JOE REID**

Int: Bullwinkle Club, Mountain Climbing, Golf, Soupy Sales Club, Hockey. Fav Say: When are you paying me the money you owe me? Amb: Mathematician with lots of money. Prob Dest: U of T, Pet Peeve: People who steal lunches.

**SUE SELF**

Int: Referees, Choir, paddling, badminton, volleyball. Prob Dest: Driving teacher. OOOOS: Well, off hand I can't think of anything better. Pet Peeve: People who make fun of the way I drive. Fav Say: Scrounch on you.

**HEATHER ROWDY**

Int: Choir, badminton, referee, sorority, piano, Student's Council. Amb: B.A. at Queens'. Prob Dest: "Laff in the Dark" at the C.N.E. OOOOS: Confusing, interesting, and lots of fun. Pet Peeve: Not having her own phone.

**DAVID SHAW**

Int: Dramatic Society, Astronomy, music. Amb: Science at U of T. Prob Dest: Selling ties in Eaton's basement. OOOOS: An added attraction. Fav Say: All right.

**BILL SCARTH**

Int: Students' Council, Simpson's Rep, Honour Society, Choirs, basketball. Fav Say: How ya been? Amb: Pharmacy at U of T. Prob Dest: Acting Shakespear at PCSS. Pet Peeve: Giving out money. OOOOS: Great to have at a dance!

**JANE SHAW**

Int: Choir, skiing, Jr. Hosp. Aux. Amb: Art at Queen's. OOOOS: So what else is new? Pet Peeve: The 102 hours between Monday and Friday.

**BILL SHORNEY**

Int: Hot-rods, boats, go-karts. Amb: U. of T. General Arts, at New College. Prob Dest: Receiving old age pension at P.C.S.S. OOOs: "Nice" Pet Peeve: "34" Ford Deuce saufs floor. Fav. Say: "Much fear."

**HERBERT SIEBERT**

Int: Log, photography, badminton, tennis, water-skiing, swimming, electrical services. Amb: Bachelor of commerce - U. of T. Prob Dest: Cracking peanuts at A & P. OOOs: There's only one like her. Pet Peeve: German-English translation exercises. Fav Say: Well, that's life.

**ALLEN SMITH**

Int: Intramural football, basketball, Students' Council, Drama. Amb: Lawyer. Prob Dest: Selling real estate in the Sahara. OOOs: Burnhamthorpe has mine. Pet Peeve: Fellas that wear skirts in gym class. Fav Say: I'll bite.

**NO PHOTO  
AVAILABLE**

**IAN SMITH**

Int: Football, hockey basketball, golf. Amb: Honour Math. at ?? or beachcomber. Pet Peeve: Getting up before noon.

**ELAINE SOULES**

Int: Cheerleading, Choir, Dramatic Society, Log. Amb: Teacher's College or Domestic Engineering. Prob. Dest: Domesticating an engineer. OOOs: All basically the same. Pet Peeve: School in general, homework in particular. Fav. Say: I never say the same thing twice.

**GAYLE STEEVES**

Int: Honour Society, reading, sewing. Amb: Medical Lab Tech. Prob Dest: Falling off ladders for physics problems. OOOs: They make the world go round backwards. Pet Peeve: Physics problems that defy solutions. Fav Say: I'm going on a diet tomorrow.

**RUSS ST. LOUIS**

Int: Water-skiing, French, senior Science, skating, Don Rowing Club. Amb: Dentistry at U of T. Prob Dest: Doing toothpaste commercials. OOOs: They present problems worth solving. Pet Peeve: People who criticize other drivers.

**CALVIN STRONG**

Int: Choir, Male Chorus. Amb: Aeronautical engineering. Prob Dest: Making paper aeroplanes. OOOs: Interesting. Pet Peeve: Censored! Fav Say: Misérable.

**GERALD TAYLOR**

Int: Football, hockey, basketball. Amb: Civil Eng., Waterloo. Prob Dest: Scrubbing backs in a public bath. Pet Peeve: People who don't have red hair. OOOs: I like large quantities in small doses.

**ROBERT THOMPSON**

Int: Choirs, hydroplanes, skiing, skin-diving, students' council, S.S. Amb: Soc & Phil - U of T. Prob Dest: Cleaning fish for a resort in Muskoka. OOOs: UHHHH (passionately) Pet Peeve: Flash cameras at night. Fav Say: My back teeth are floating.

**NO PHOTO  
AVAILABLE**

**WENDY THOMPSON**  
Int: Students' Council, Log, Choir, Drama, volleyball, basketball, skiing, skating, painting. Amb: To go to Teaching College. OOOs: Oh! la la, c'est magnifique! Pet Peeve: Good French conversationalists.



**PETER VAN HOUTEN**  
Amb: Business Admin. U. N.O. Prob Dest: Repeating Grade 13. OOOs: Don't turn your back on 'em! Pet Peeve: Zoology class. Fav. Say: It ain't got a thing, if it ain't got that swing!



**MALJA THOMSON**  
Int: Arts and Crafts, Log, Students' Council, Sunday School teacher. Amb: Arts at U of T. Prob Dest: R.M. C. OOOs: There's something about a guy in uniform. Pet Peeve: Morning art classes.



**JOHN VANZANTE**  
Int: swimming, intramural pushball, doing Johnny's homework. Amb: Business Administration at Ryerson. Prob Dest: Surveying figures? OOOs: Easy come, easy go. Pet Peeve: People who won't go to Kapuskasing with him. Fav Say: Ignorant.



**GREG WALLACE**  
Int: Golf team, B.A.A. sports cars, sports. Amb: Phys. Ed. at Chicago. Prob Dest: A tsetse fly catcher on an elephant ranch. OOOs: Like the one at Eastwood! Fav Say: Wholey cow!



**JANE TURVEY**  
Int: Art club, United Nations, Drama Society. Amb: B.A. at U of T. Prob Dest: ??? OOOs: well....!! Pet Peeve: People with big cars Fav Say: Ring-a-ding-ding.



**CHRIS WARD**  
Int: Football, basketball, school. Amb: To have an ambition. Prob Dest: Taxi driver between school and Mississauga area. OOOs: Still puzzled, needs assistant to help him. Pet Peeve: Having to walk home Fav Say: O! Come on.



**BEN VAN DER TUIN**  
Int: Drum corps-Ambassadors, Male and Senior choir, swimming, travelling. Amb: Business Admin. But who knows where or when? Prob Dest: Doing Lady Clairol commercials. OOOs: Sugar and Spice and everything nice - Some of them anyway.



**BILL WATTS**  
Int: Football, basketball, water-skiing, Choir, golf. Amb: Public Relations. Prob Dest: Selling elevated shoes at Dixie hockey games. OOOs: Thou art the burden of my praise. Pet Peeves: (at Mike's) 12 o'clock curfews. Fav Say: Hey shortie!

# COMMERCIAL Grads



**GENA BATTAGIN**

Int: Library, part time job at Carl's, dancing, bowling, sewing, reading. Amb: Travel, find job as bilingual secretary. Fav Say: Paradox? OOOs: Nice to have around---sometimes. Pet Peeve: Two-day weekends.



**ELISA DE SANTE**

Int: Choir, co-ed badminton, Archery. Amb: Accountant and trip to "Pescara" next summer. Prob Dest: Wine factory. Fav Say: Oh heck! Not another one! OOOs: Che belle, Pet Peeve: School in general, exams in particular.



**GARY BRETHOUR**

Int: Football, weekends, girls. Amb: to get as much as possible with as little as possible. Fav Say: What's matter me? What's matter you? OOOs: Oh, I like boys. Pet Peeve: Girls with streaked hair.



**BOB EVELEIGH**

Int: Girls, sport cars, sports. Amb: Start second million. Prob Dest: African pump attendant. Fav Say: One of these days, I'm gonna. OOOs: Very interesting. Pet Peeve: People asking too many book-keeping questions.



**SUE CARTER**

Int: Chorus, skating. Amb: Changes with the weather. Prob Dest: One of two places, first one is heaven. Fav Say: Maureen, what did you get for cash? OOOs: Sex? Pet Peeve: School in general, homework in particular.



**SUE HEARN**

Int: CYO member. Amb: Secretary, get married. Prob Dest: Are you kidding? Fav Say: What did I just say? I wasn't listening. OOOs: Great, especially ONE! Pet Peeve: No elevators in school.



**CLARA CATALANO**

Int: Library staff at Kennedy, French Club, Drama Club, Log. Amb: Get the most out of work. Money maybe? Fav Say: For heaven's sake why.....OOOs: Not bad, Pet Peeve: Crying during sad movies.



**WENDY HOWES**

Int: Young People's president, teach Sunday School, Life boy leader. Amb: Mother craft nurse. Prob Dest: Typist. Fav Say: oh, no! OOOs: Great, especially one! Pet Peeve: Speed test and people talking to me while I type.



LINDA JOHNSON  
Int: Music, Young Peoples,  
skating. Amb: Secretary.



DIANE LITTLER  
Int: Track and field, cheer-  
leading, skating, Gym Club,  
sking. Amb: Private sec-  
retary. Prob Dest: First  
to pick up unemployment  
cheque. Fav Say: Man, what  
a hunk. OOOs: The more  
the merrier. Pet Peeve:  
Damp weather.



RUTHANNE JOHNSON  
Int: Skating, dancing, Young  
People's. Amb: Secretary.



MAUREEN MCCARTHY  
Int: Drama, Chorus, skat-  
ing, sewing, cooking, ski-  
ing. Amb: Receptionist or  
secretary. Prob Dest: Stew-  
ardess to moon. Fav Say:  
It's been said before, Pet  
Peeve: People running me  
down at lunch.



MEL JOYCE  
Int: Intramural sports, car  
racing, football, hockey,  
music. Amb: Business for  
myself after Grade 12. Prob  
Dest: Fender bender. Fav  
Say: How about that? OOOs:  
Harder to resist than be-  
fore. Pet Peeve: Girls who  
carry water pistols.



SHARON MARQUAND  
Int: New Toronto's Tea-  
chers' College, bowling.  
Amb: California and typ-  
ing above 20 words a minute.  
Prob Dest: Looking for...  
Fav Say: That a fact? OOO  
s: Nice necessity. Pet  
Peeve: People who don't  
know the size of their feet.



MERYL KIRKBY  
Int: Choir, GAA, swim-  
ing, skiing, skating, Stu-  
dent's Council, volleyball,  
Log. Amb: See the world  
Prob Dest: First to swim  
the ocean. Fav Say: You've  
got to be simple. OOOs:  
A necessity. Pet Peeve:  
Teachers who can't pro-  
nounce my name.



JUDI MATHER  
Int: Flying, skiing. Amb:  
Wife of a pilot. Prob Dest:  
Wife of a pilot. Fav Say:  
She'll have a hairy fl.  
OOOs: OK if you like boys  
Pet Peeve: Running for the  
bus Monday morning.



LINDA LAIRD  
Int: Tennis, sewing, girls,  
hockey games, typing. Amb:  
Meet a fascinating Don Juan  
on Riviera. Prob Dest: Live  
on farm after I get Don  
Juan. Fav Say: Oh, heavens!  
OOOs: Yeah man! Pet  
Peeve: Cars with standard  
shifts, etc.



JOHN MILLER  
Int: Sports car driving,  
coins, billiards, bowling,  
girls, hockey. Amb: Dun  
Vacation Lodge. Prob Dest:  
Sprite driver. Fav Say:  
There's a Corvette behind  
us. OOOs: I have no right  
to degrade them. Pet Peeve:  
Lemon Sports Cars.



**GREG PAIGE MITCHELL**  
Int: Skiing, flying, boat racing, gymnastics, football.  
Amb: Business Administration at Ryerson, Prob Dest: Trying to stop my wife from bringing her girlfriend on our honeymoon. OOOO: Marvellous, Pet Peeve: Girls who are always late.



**DIANE POLLOCK**  
Interests: Choir, basketball, modern interpretative, jazz. Amb: Secretary  
Prob Dest: Having as many children as her mother.  
Fav Say: Gail's wrong--It's the women. OOOO: Of what? Pet Peeve: People who call me Bleach.



**SHIRLEY NEWBOLD**  
Int: Electrical services, modern interpretative dancing, Young People's. Amb: Social work and run an orphanage, Prob Dest: Living in Giggleswick, Fav Say: I'm always in trouble. OOOO: They're okay---In their place. Pet Peeve: Born too late.



**VICKI REDDING**  
Int: Dramatic Society, Arts and Crafts, Amb: Interior decorator or TV--to travel after I make my million. Prob Dest: Writing love-lorn column, Fav Say: That's fantastic! OOOO: Greatest! If I have sports cars, Pet Peeve: Waiting for someone..



**DEL NEWMAN**  
Int: Hairdressing, Amb: Go to Europe and have sport's car. Prob Dest: Work in a travel bureau, Fav Say: I kid you not! OOOO: For the birds--let's sprout wings! Pet Peeve: School interrupts weekends.



**CELIA ROBERTS**  
Int: Swimming, tennis, skating, skiing, fun. Amb: Airline stewardess and travel. Fav. Say: If he doesn't call me....OOO: Ape or Angel? Right now, angel. Pet Peeve: People with their own natural hair colour.



**ANN NORTH**  
Int: Log, volleyball, skating, swimming, skiing. Amb: Private secretary. Prob Dest: Another year at Port Credit. Fav Say: You'd better believe it. OOOO: Wow! ! Pet Peeve: Certain person who smokes a pipe.



**NANCY ROSE**  
Int: Square dancing, boys, Amb: To be a good secretary, Prob Dest: Probably married. Fav Say: If you can't beat them, join them. OOOO: Great if they're a mile away. Pet Peeve: Getting up in the morning.



**LEE ORR**  
Int: Art Club, boy watcher, expert at looking busy, doing nothing. Amb: What's ambition: Prob Destiny: Swimming-instructor for the YMCA. OOOO: Where've all the boys gone?



**BRUCE THOMSON**  
Int: Gymnastics, swimming, records, skating, girls. Amb: Europe and travel. To get out of homework again. Prob Dest: Hogging water pistols from Linda. OOOO: I like. Pet Peeve: Girls that talk back.



JILL YOUNG

Int: Synchronized swimming, powder puff football, Hi-Y, sewing, figure skating. Amb: Get into naval reserve. ProbDest: Bringing up little sailors. Fav Say: Where's that sailor? OOOs: Pretty "darn" nice. Pet Peeve: I'm always blushing.



ED ZABLOTNY

Int: Skating, track and field, sports. Amb: Topass Grade 12 Commercial. ProbDest: Unknown. Fav Say: I don't think you're all there. OOOs: Can't say with 23 girls in same class. Pet Peeve: People who mispronounce my name.



O, HAROLD FLOOD

Int: Intramural sports, noon-hour referee, visiting the dentist, extended vacations, broad jumping, filling out seating plans. Amb: Perfect attendance, and, to be seen and not heard of so much. ProbDest: Working in a missing persons bureau. OOOs: You mean there is one? Fav Say: I volunteer, sir. Pet Peeve: Real people.

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HARRY FLOOD  
- NIGHT -



12C

**FIRST ROW:**

DONNA NEWMAN: Great people die everyday; I feel sick myself.

KAREN KNOX-LEET: Has passion for red Volvos.

KITTY VANZANTE: Always cheers for number 31.

PAT HEARN: She's going to fight you, thilly.

JUDY PIPPY: No, Judy, it's ish-bi-ddilie.

JANICE HUGILL: Sweet 'n shy.

BETTY FOWLE: Who me? Worry?

ALAYNE HILLMAN: Rest is the beauty of labour.

**SECOND ROW:**

SUE TILTON: Her heart travels between here and Chicago.

PAM NEWBOLD: I can resist anything except temptation.

ANN JOLLEY: Always has someone to walk to class with.

ROBERT TURVEY: The chemical kid.

DIANE DAVIS: Do blondes really have more fun?

NORMA HENDEISON: How sweet it is, oh Norm?

MICHELE MURRAY: Get thee behind me Satan and push a little.

**THIRD ROW:**

HUGH MACGREGOR: Hugh, your shoe is on the wrong hand.

TOM LUCAS: .....Charlie?

RICHARD GARBUTT: Sometimes I sits and thinks; mostly I just sits.

IAN MOFFATT: Muff the Magic Dragon.

JOHN WATSON: John, you've all ready worn that sweater once.

JON DICKINSON: 12 D's Rembrandt.

MIKE THORNTON: Confucius say: He who scratches

head, beware of splinters.

LARRY BANDIERA: Gets his sleep after 9 a.m.

**FOURTH ROW:**

PETE TERNOWAY: Doesn't know his health too good.

BOB PHILLIPS: But Mr. Pinnegar, I don't have page 98

JOHN BURROWS: Corrupts little blondes.

DAVE COX: Women are necessary evils, more evil than necessary.

HAROLD ADAMSON: He's a big boy!

**ABSENT:**

JIM DONALDSON: When do you collect your pension, Jim?

JOHN DUDLEY: Silent but deadly.

MURIEL FLEMING:

BOB GILYANA: (track) star.

JASON HAUGH: 12D's pool expert.

HAROLD KERBY: Hey, what did you vote in the elections?

GORD PYPE: Has acquaintance at the back of algebra class.

PAUL RATHWELL: For this we have no explanation.

KAREN SHUTE: Forgot what she learned, guessed what she knows.

RON VENNING: 12D's Big Bear.

PETE WAGLAND: Likes senior cheerleader (s)

GENO MAZZOCATO: Drives for Al Capone.



12C

FIRST ROW:

VICKI BLOWER: Garrie bothering you again?  
 IRENE WEBSTER: Darn ol' school anyways.  
 CAROL ZABLOTNY: Talk, talk, talk.  
 SUE STICKLEY: Can't hear you, Sue.

JOE BROWN: Main interest?

CAROL NEWBOLD: I like hen parties.

KATHY MURPHY: Mamma Mice,

PAT WILSON: I wish my hair was straight.

SECOND ROW:

DIANE WROBEL: Who? Me?

HELEN WILLMAN: Run silent, run deep.

LYN JENNINGS: Carolyn - no relation to J.F.K.

MILLIE VUKOVICH: 14 years?

MARY IRELAND: Quiet but nice,

CHARLOTTE ZAVITZ: Everybody's friend,

JELTJE MAZEREEUW: Future Librarian.

CURLINA ROBSON: Goldie Locks of 12E.

WENDY RANDALL: Long, dry week-days.

THIRD ROW:

MARY SUE MELLOR: Is she tall?

DAVE COMEAU: "Little squirt"

DON WETMORE: No comment

BOB McCORQUODALE: Case boy for Jr. A's.

MAC HICKOX: Pull those knees together, Mac!

JON SELLYE: Wake up, Jon.

BILL GEORGAS: School starts at 8:55 B.H.L.

PETER DUCK: O.K., who said motorcycle?

FOURTH ROW:

ROBERT PEEBLES: Like an apple, sir?

TOM ARNOTT: A real mover.

GARRIE O'NEILL: Likes mustard, relish, and black-

outs,

DAVE YOUNG: Creator of Nobel Prize in Literature.

DAVE WHARTON: Girls and cars.

GEOFF PEARCE: Carman Chemist.

BRIAN TERNOWAY: Moose with the ascott,

CLIFF CROFTS: Our guitar picking pal.

PAUL WEAKLEY: Manager for powder puff boys.



FIRST ROW:

CORRY VAN ZEYL: Our G.A.A. rebel.

LINDA PARKER: One who supposedly drives.

SUZANNE WAD: Fight! Fight! Fight!

MARG WEST: Miss Smiles and Chuckles.

SUE SADDINGTON: Yes, Miss Byerson.

RTA RIGGS: Quiet in class, but only in class.

DIANE BECKET: Future manager of "The Villagers"

PAT MARTIN: Singing at 6 a.m.?

SECOND ROW:

RON GASTON: General of the 48th.

CHARLES MacINTYRE: Teenagers aren't too soft!!

EVAN HAYTER: Friday night out with the boys.

LARRY BARNSTAPLE: Always beside something big??

PAT BOTHAM: Nursing in Ottawa, eh Pat!

RON TESSIER: B.D.R. fan.

RICHARD ROBINSON: More steam, Rich?

NORM GREEN: How sweet it is!

GREG GRIESBACH: Midland Import.

THIRD ROW:

DEAN OLDERSHAW: Paddles and blonds.

CHET TRUSLER: What happened in 1805, Chet?

MICHAEL PALETHORPE: Colour him red.

GORD WHEELER: Future B.D.R.

BILL SIRUNAS: All star bench warmer.

ROSS JARVE: What's the attraction in 12B, Ross?

TERRY KIVELL: His hobby is pool.

TOM HARMEN: Even I didn't know that!

FOURTH ROW:

IAN REED: Night classes at the leaf.

JOHN O'BRIEN: Another pool shark.

HARLEY KITCHEN: Returned to work.

PAUL CLARK: Reject from pigmy tribe.

DON LOCKWOOD: Gentlemen prefer blonds.

RON MOULDS: Thinks he can play basketball.

ABSENT:

BERNARD JACKA: The quiet man.

CARL O'CONNOR: We know him by his laugh.



12B

**FIRST ROW:**

JANET KROUT: A Physics fan.  
 KATHY O'MARRA: Get thee behind me, Satan - and shove a little.  
 TERRY BESWICK: Test? What test?  
 HELENE NESSIM: Authority on Edgar Allen Poe.  
 TRACEY HOPKINS: Our group had 25% fewer iron filings.  
 PEGGY LOBB: Finger-nail cultivator.  
 SHEILA WOODS: Does she, or doesn't she?  
 SHIRLEY SLADE: Fred's "sweet, innocent, and impulsive" insistent editor.  
**SECOND ROW:**  
 GLEN SMITH: But sir, the alarm didn't go off!  
 TOM HURLEY: It's Sinatra all over agin.  
 EUGENIE STUKAS: Sir, may I please wash my hands?  
 DIANA McTAVISH: Time shows on a woman-especially a good time.  
 CAROL GILBERT: Hey! I've got something good to tell!  
 MARY JANE MARTIN: Worry? Who, me? you're darn right!  
 ANN VAIR: Do you rent skates?  
 MIKE CARTER: Ever meet any girls like that, Mike?  
 BILL BRADLEY: The chess master.

**THIRD ROW:**

DAVE ADAMS: Come on George, give me back my notes!  
 FRED JOBLIN: All great men are dying - I feel a bit sick myself.  
 DON CHAMBERS: I should like to point out that....  
 BILL CHAMBERS: You guys don't have to cut up, just because I am.  
 ERIC GRAY: Curb thy tongue, knave.  
 IAN MacMILLAN: 12-A's "Clark Kent" of the school Log.  
 GREG FINLAYSON: Where's your Latin homework?  
 PAUL CALDWELL: Dave, did you hear we won?  
**FOURTH ROW:**  
 ALEX TEMPORALE: Handy with a brush-an off sea son painter.  
 BOB ROWE: Certain Latin teacher who catches me off guard.  
 GEORGE WILL: Keep 'er moving stick.  
 BRUCE WILSON: Miss Pattee, about those supplementary readers.  
 WAYNE MATTICE: Loves vigorous calisthenics.  
 ABSENT:  
 HANK VANDERSAAR: Drag-racing fan.  
 SANDY BREWER: Always newswing around.



11k

FIRST ROW:

MARY JEAN PARKINSON: Seems quiet but.....!  
HAZEL PAGE: Avid hockey fan.  
PAT NEVINS: But we didn't take it that way last year.  
PAT DICKSON: That gruesome twosome.  
MARILYN O'DELL: Just loves Latin class.  
GAIL BROOKS: Mr. Pollard, I refuse.....  
SUE ARNOTT: See you in Paris, Heather.  
MARY BLENKARN: Hey, when does 3:15 Friday come?

SECOND ROW:

SHARON HILL: Which teacher is it this year?  
GLORIA MICHAELS:  
CHERYL SMITH: Serrez-lui? Her motto or mistake?  
TANYA SCHEERLE:  
DAWN MacRAE: Cheryl, please stand up and take off that sweater.  
HEATHER ROSS: Not if I can help it, Sue.  
SALLY HENDRICKS: Sorry, Sal; he won't accept books like that!  
VALERIE COXWORTH: A real bombshell in English battles.

ABSENT:

DIANE DUNFORD: How's the guy with the dark glasses Di?

THIRD ROW:

TONY PALMER: Alias Gene Krupa.  
TED BAKER: Hey, Ted wrong Page, wrong book.  
JENNIFER JONES: Quiet on the outside but inside-dynamite!  
SANDRA TEMPORALE: Does your father still make that stuff downstairs?  
CAROLYN CONNORS: What do you mean you're hungry? It's only 9:30.  
DAVE PEEBLES:  
STEVE BONYUN: Another Victor!  
GRAHAM HOWELL:  
FOURTH ROW:  
DAVE SMITH: Tuer de femmes!!  
DAVE JOHNSON: Wake up Dave, the period's over.  
DAVE WALKER:  
MIKE McCANN:  
CLINT HOWEY: Aims: To breakland speed record and to achieve 50% in June.  
ROGER ANDREWS: Love those ties, Roger.  
GRANT McMILLEN: But officer, he hit me!



FIRST ROW:

LEONORA CRAIG: Our class genius.  
BETTY MANCINI: Small but powerful.  
BARBARA DICKSON: I'm not the shortest one this year  
CONNIE CARUK: Laughs at constant sneezers.  
FLORENCE STEPHENS: 52 days, 10 hours, 10 1/2 seconds.  
CHRISTINE MICHALIK: Where's "Moon Doggie" today?  
DIANE RECK: Quiet but thoughtful.  
SANDRA ROBB: Censored.  
SECOND ROW:  
DONNA COULTER: But, sir, I can't come in tonight.  
NORMA BORDIGNON: Dreams of Kenny with the light brown hair.  
SHEILA MORREN: The dairy maid of 11K.

JANICE WILSON: Silence is unnatural to man.

FAYE CANNING: F-A-Y-E, I saw Mike today. Who with?  
MAUREEN McCANN: Our Log Rep.  
BETTY DONNER: Just because she's quiet doesn't mean she's.....  
VALERIE ROLLINS: The girl in a hurry to go nowhere.  
THIRD ROW:  
CAROL DUGGAN: Our import from Camp Borden.  
PAT BRISCOE: Cup Cakes, little sister, Patty Cake.  
CATHY DUGGAN: No, I'm not related to Carol.  
SUSAN HEAD: Only my friends call me that.  
BETTY KILLEEN: Miss-Know-R-All.  
JOAN MURRAY: George, Bill Donny-I don't know which one.



**FIRST ROW:**

ROSSLYN LONG: She's got everything under control.  
 ANGELA O'SULLIVAN: But Sir, I don't understand.  
 LINDA SHARP: The blonde bombshell.  
 SUSAN AMIS: Quiet?....Modest?....Shy?  
 CATHY BLACKMORE: I!H's Einstein.  
 LYNN PICKERING: Sweet and Innocent?  
 BEV GOLDTHORPE: Music Lover.  
 SHARON COLBERT: What do you mean we have a test this period.  
**SECOND ROW:**  
 MEL LLOYD: Strong Silent type.  
 HARRY MCINTYRE: I haven't got it done.

BOB WHITEHEAD: Wakey, Wakey, Robert.

BARRY STANFIELD: Love that typing teacher.

JOHN AINSWORTH: What, Me worry?

TONY RUTHVEN: Son of a gun, I'm a Log Rep.

WAYNE LARGE: Has a typing detention scholarship.

**THIRD ROW:**

JOHN YORKE: Greased Lightening (Indian Hater)

GRANT HALL: Future Russ Jackson??

ANGELA CALBERT: Likes '59 Pontiacs and 64 Chev-  
 elles.

TOM PERKIN: Likes 3-day weekends.

HUGH SPRIGGS: Would you repeat that, Miss Gates?

**ABSENT:**

SHEILA LARSEN: You Want to Believe It!



**FIRST ROW:**

SHARON MARTIN: What method of Math did you use today?

ROSALINA PIAZZA: Who owes you money today, Rosy?

BARBARA PELL: Basketball players appeal to this blonde.

LINDA BARNSTAPLE: Her favourite hobbies are talking and boys.

CAROL ROBINSON: Only I can read my shorthand.

MARSHA REEB: Marsha's Motto: Let George do it.

MERRY HEAL: Mr. Tague's mathematical genius?

MARY SCAMURRA: Temperamental locker!

**SECOND ROW:**

VICKY HERBERT: Usually quiet and reserved.

BARBARA GRAY: Hey Marg, there goes that little green car.

NANCY HOWARD: There he goes.

CATHY CAMBRAY: Pet peeve: Boys with super speedy cars.

PAULA DICKSON: Works weekends at the A & P, but doesn't complain.

ANN EVERETT: The Beauty Queen of 11J7

MARGARET CUTHBERTSON: Here comes you know who's nephew, Barb.

CAROL BRYCE: But, sir, that doesn't make sense.

ABSENT:

LYNDA MADDEN: Teachers!!!!



**FIRST ROW:**

JO ANNE MAXFIELD: Alias pre-shrunk.

SUE JONES: Crazy about a certain red head.

MADELYN CATON: I think my freckles are going away

JOAN SANDERSON: Her noon hour rides give her ulcers.

RONNIE BATES: Kayak-racer par excellence.

SUE CRAPPER: But I want to join the union too.

JILL HAWLEY: Likes a certain no. 50 at St. Mike's.

JANE BOAZ: Rembrandt.

ANGELA BSOVEY: Ambition: to live on Pinetree Cres.

**SECOND ROW:**

NANCY HAMILTON: I'll think of something later.

HELEN LAZAR: Supplies 11G's homework.

SHEILA WAITE: Sudden interest in Lakeshore Bears.

GEORGIA GARDINER: I was supposed to write his.

GAIL BUSBY: Well, I'll do my Latin in Physics and..

LEONA D'AMOUR: Always smiling...at boys.

GERRI FLYNN: Latest import from St. Jo's.

GLENDIA MOULT: Love that Latin.

COLEEN THOMPSON: Interest lies at Kennedy.

JOHN FINCH: Tall taller tallest.

**THIRD ROW:**

RON KALUSIK: Hey Kerry, did you do your French?

BRYAN CONGRAM: Thinks he's a pool shark.

FRED ALCOTT: A real doll with S.A. plus.

DAVE KENYAN: But now I can't see out the window.

CHARLIE GARNETT: Quiet but bright.

GARY BROWN: Frat man.

ART HAUGH: Genius runs in the family but it hasn't caught him yet.

TIM ALEXANDER: Wake me at 3:15.

BILL HALLIDAY: Genius is mainly an affair of energy.

**FOURTH ROW:**

KERRY HOLLAND: Interests: cars, girls, football, and girls.

GARY ROE: Nothing is as popular as kindness.

JOHN RITCHIE: Hustler, Bryan says.

JIM FISHER: Ambition: to pass Grade 11.

FRANK VOLPE: What could the Seniors do without him?

RON SHMON: Do you study for French, Ron?

ERNIE MALTBY: But I was supposed to write hers.

CHUCK AMES: Great men are not always wise.





#### FIRST ROW:

JOANNE HILL: Still waters run deep.  
 NANCY ABLE: Likes stuffed dogs.  
 BONNIE CARUK: A certain drummer for this girl!  
 THEA VAN STIPHOUT: A certain someone in 11-F  
 BRUNA SEVERIN: To tease, or not to tease!  
 JEAN McNABB: Cleo!  
 SUSAN McKILLIP: A certain No. 70.  
 MARILYN CAMPBELL: Only her hairdresser knows for sure.  
 CAROLYN SHEPPARD: Favourite colour-blue.

SECOND ROW:  
 GREGORY MARTIN: Dynamic tension?!  
 WAYNE BLOWER: "Artephernes" Blower.  
 BILL BAYLISS: What's the question again, sir?  
 ARCHIE THOMPSON: Good guy of 11-E.  
 MICHAEL MCCARTHY: How's about that "chuck full of", sir?  
 RON STICKLEY: Keeps everyone laughing.  
 BOB BONYUN: Girls, pool, girls, golf, girls.....  
 ROBERT WILSON: Anthony?!  
 PETER KERR: Blow that horn, Pete!  
 DOUG BURGESS: Got any more (pop) bottles, anyone?

#### THIRD ROW:

KEN POTTER: Ambition: to break 40 for 9 holes.  
 JEFF PICK: No, the name's not Chester.  
 BRIAN DYKEMAN: Dragman No. 2.  
 JOHN ASCOTT: Beware of the briefcase.  
 GRANT DICKSON: Can't wait for lunch.  
 JOHN JANSEN: Always laughing.  
 JACK JULIUS: John Finch? He's transferred, sir!  
 PAUL DAMUDE: Drives a 327 (Volkswagen?)

#### FOURTH ROW:

BRUCE BOUND: You never can tell.  
 MICHAEL LYNCH: Yes sir-I take Latin!  
 JAMES McKNIGHT: Bruce Kidd the second!  
 FRASER GAGNE: French verb "gagner", sir?  
 PERCY HARCOURT: Beware of the little grey bomb!  
 RON DRYGAS: Port Credit's own dragman.  
 LYN GARDINER: Man in the white running shoes.  
 JOHN FORREST: Sorry, sir, I can't hear for the fan.  
 ABSENT:  
 LYNDA STONE: Known as "Pebbles".  
 GARY VERSTICK: You spell it like it sounds, sir!



# FIRST ROW:

SUZANNE POOLLOCK: Where there's noisy innovation, Suzies there.

CAROL BOOSE: 11F's gift to boys.

BEVERLY DAVES: The only thing she hates about French is the language.

CAROL O'GORMAN: Ready smile, dancing eyes, A Little Devil in Disguise.

KAREN MONTMINY: As good as the best, as bad as the rest.

JUDY STRONG: Young, intelligent, vivacious.

PAM PARNELL: Don't tell me, I know I'm wonderful.

BERYLE TAYLOR: The answers I get, the questions I don't.

MAUREEN BUTT: Well, if you won't announce it, then I will.

MILARY MEEHAN: Trust me, Mr. Linney, my homework's done.

# SECOND ROW:

GARY DIRKBY: Quiet and shy, but crafty and sly.

DOUG GIBSON: But sir! I am standing.

RON FINN: Our only brain.

LEA TAYLOR: Now's a real cutie, when 20, she'll be a beauty.

IRENE THOMSON: Irene will make a great sales-lady selling fish.

JULIE HART: Angel? With black wings and a rusty halo!

DIANE NICHOLS: Hey there, dig that Florida tan (Man-Tan).

CHARLES HARE: A rabbit's best friend.

BILL SIMMONS: Should be on the stage, R leaves in 5 minutes.

DAVE WAITE: Our intellectual S.C. Rep, stands tall over any teacher.

# THIRD ROW:

DAVE WEBBER: Lookout everybody, here comes "Daredevil Dave"

MARTIN DYKEMAN: Is really swell; he will succeed, we can tell.

JIM MASTERS: What would class be without him; almost normal.

DON NAUMOWICH: Our BIG Fraternity man, the pride of 11F.

DAVE CARDY: Robert's pal.

BILL REDDING: New at our school but making friends fast.

PETER HALL: Here's Pete, a nicer guy you couldn't meet.

MURRAY SEDLESKY: Murray, put your glasses on.

# FOURTH ROW:

BILLY ETCHES: Handsome, intelligent? Surely a paid announcer.

THOMAS BRYDON: Fullback or Bust (U.D., chalk boy of PCSS).

PAUL BATES: Stands top of our list watch it Paul, you might fall.

MIKE DURBAN: French? That's Greek to me.

PAUL READ: Igor Sikorski in blue jeans.

ED DRAGOSITS: Our Expectant football star; cause Drag's no lag.

ROBERT D. ELY: 11F's LOG representative and most popular fellow.

PETER STANFIELD: Mr. Cantelon, please, I'd rather do it myself.



# FIRST ROW:

ROSE LAZAR: Ah! Speak up, Rose.

PAT POWELL: Have you done your French homework yet?

KAREN THOMAS: Bright of our class.

JANICE RICHARDSON: Our blue-bird.

SUSAN MUELLER: Makes out pretty white library slips.

SHARON PEROLD: "And her little douce coupe."

PAT GARRINGER: Future Mosport winner-when she gets her licence.

NANCY AUBERT: Wake up, Nancy! Physics is over.

# SECOND ROW:

JANET COLLETT: N-nervous when cheerleading! Certainly not.

DALE URSACK: The quiet wonder.

JANIS DYER: ....? Ask Hank.

SHEILYN HARRISON: Sherry Baby.

SUE DEVANA: No knees, Please!

JO-ANN OLLERENSHAW: The gypsy of 11D.

HEATHER SINCLAIR: "Feather".

SUE FORAN: Tall, dark, and sweet.

# THIRD ROW:

DON PATULLO: Where are my number.....oops.

SANDY MACKAY: It's Mackay, sir!

BILL OSBORNE: Shy like a bear.

MARGE KENNEDY: Hard to move.

GLEN HARRISON: Mr. Sisler, Mr. Sisler, please!

ERWIN EMBACHER: A lot of talk--no show.

MIKE McMAHON: Experience lies in Lorne Park.

FRANK BRYAN: Loves Physics class.

# FOURTH ROW:

DON CAUNTER: Striped shirts galore.

DICK BELFORD: Put the shovel away Dick.

KENT HARVEY: Parlez-vous francais?

BOB SOMERSET: Come on over for a bath.

JIM MacDonald: An innocent bystander.

GARRY CALS: Is it true blondes have more fun?

ALSTAIR ANGUS: Loves English class, eh Al?

FORD CLANCY: Like a fuel infected car--never stops thinking.



FIRST ROW:

ROBERT LAMBERT: Mr. Smiles,

JIM KRAUSE: Loves CHUM,

LEA WILLIAMS:

IAN MacGREGOR: A summer forest ranger,

DAVE ANDERSON: Walks the wrong way up.

JOE ROSE: A sweet kid.

RON COLE: The kid with the Duals.

TIM O'GRADY: Short yet humorous.

SECOND ROW:

LLOYD FERRIS: Lost his calendar.

TERRY FILCE: A Karate expert.

JIM BONE: Yea Kennedy!

DALE HANSCOM:

MURRAY PROUD: Every day is Saturday.

JIM SMITH: Likes motorcycles.

DAVID TOBIN: The quiet one.

THIRD ROW:

BRIAN COOKE: Our athlete.

ROBERT JENKINS: Wine, women and cars.

BRUCE BEYAIRT: Wants a six day week.

KEN PASTON: Will make anything go.



**FIRST ROW:**

VALERIE LAMB: Do you want it?  
 SUSAN HARE: Sure I'll take it.  
 IVANA BELLUZ: You know what I mean!  
 RUTH CHERNIA: I don't care if you are Napoleon...!  
 JANE ROBERTS: Alice in Wonderland.  
 LYNDA WALACH: Hates the name Lynda; prefers Al-  
 kinson.

LYNDA McCREA: You're right; it is a psychological  
 complex.

VIRGINIA YOUNG: Hey Ginny, May I borrow your  
 homework?

**SECOND ROW:**

JOHN WILL: Where there's a Will, there's a John.  
 PIETER DUNKER: Man with a plan.  
 SCOTT HOGG: Red skies in the sunset.  
 LAUREL HASSELL: Enjoys being a waitress at Boys'  
 Camp.

DIANE TAIT: Got any interesting letters lately, Di?

ANGELA ERLACH: Studies diligently at noon-hour.

BARBARA BEAL: Finally made the team....cheers....  
 boys.

VICTOR SHAW: There's no business like 'Shaw'  
 business.

RON MILLEGAN: Mighty Milliwatt Milligan Modulates  
 Monstrously.

**THIRD ROW:**

KEN STRATTON: He makum heap big smoke with sold-  
 ering gun.

MURRAY SCHWIEDER: ? plus ? equals Murray.

FRANK HOGG: The lone football star of 11C.

JOCK MAC RAE: Always smiling-what has he been up  
 to?

KEN KORPI: But sir, this isn't Jock's seat!

DAVID McLAREN: 11C's bugologist.

JON SCHEETZ: 500 Twin-choice.

BOB HUDSON: Not Physics again.

**FOURTH ROW:**

ROBERT DAY: Quicky, quicky.

DAVID FITZ-GIBBON: He came, he saw, he conquered?

JIM WOODS: Every second a painful throb.

TOM DYER: A mild-mannered reporter-Superman in  
 disguise.

SID COOPER: The Flying Scotsman.

STEVE JONES: Plays with balloons.

BRUCE FARRINGTON: Applying Einstein's theory of  
 relativity we can see that....

MURRAY GREEN: Safe suds level.

ABSENT:

LARRY CRANE, ERIC PARKER.



**FIRST ROW:**

BOB HURLEY: Just another excuse.

GLEN YEARSLEY: Lucky number 13!

DOUG GREEN: Visits Mr. Thompson...frequently.

BOB McWHIRTER: Vacations in washrooms.

MIKE LONG: Supplies 11-A's homework.

DOUG LUCAS: That's BO-GUS, sir.

**SECOND ROW:**

WAYNE KULCZYK: Hey, sir!

ROSS CONNELLY: His curls attract girls.

GARY HOLMES: Silent but deadly.

SYD BELFORD: Stay awake, Syd!

RON BEAUCHAMP: Our Phys-Ed, hero.

RON LAY: Hates writing comments for other people.

KEITH DAVIS: Don't know what to say - about him.



10M

**FIRST ROW:**

LORNA BARBER: Hey Lorna, write me a note.  
 BONNIE GODFREY: Oh, her long hair on rainy days.  
 HEATHER HAVILLAND: Just call me Mo.  
 JEAN COMEAU: Little Miss Forgetful.  
 FRANCIS POLKA: Always thinking about that special someone.  
 LYNDIA BURKIMSHER: Our fastidious note keeper.  
 DOROTHY LA FAY: Silent in school, But out!  
 GWEN ROBINSON: Wild one. (Tamer needed).  
**SECOND ROW:**  
 PATTY DEMING: Hey Boys, the door won't open.  
 CAROLYN DUDLEY: Quiet one except for--"What homework?"  
 DONNA LEE PEDDIE: Quiet but lots of fun.  
 DENISE GRATTON: Our little French girl.

LINDA McKEE: Sorry, can't touch my toes.  
 CAROL PEKESKI: On the loose, 'for now'  
 YVONNE MURTON: The girl who keeps us waiting.

**THIRD ROW:**

WANDA PAVAN: Our little speeder,  
 CECILIA BATTAGIN: She won't admit she studies.  
 DOROTHY KENYON: Where the boys are  
 JANICE FREEMAN: Pet peeve-boys not named Loren  
 ELEANOR THOMPSON: But Wayne, I hate dancing.  
 DONNA SPARK: Tell me, which way did he go?  
 VERNA LEITCH: Very exciteable at times.  
 SANDY BECHTEL: Boys are for the birds; let's sprout wings.

**FOURTH ROW:**

BARBARA CAMPBELL: Oh, that long run for 'home'  
 BARBARA ALLEN: The 2 seconds-before-nine girl.

JACQUELINE LITTLER: Pet Peeve, the name Hughie.



10K

FIRST ROW:

SUE COPELAND: Never makes a sound  
NANCY WELLER: 10M's Electrical Services Rep.  
LORRAINE SAMUELS: You know.  
SANDRA GORDANEER: There he is, over there.  
DONNA FORREST: Oh, my gosh!  
LINDA GRAY: Hurry up, he's on the third floor.  
CAROL HOLLINGSWORTH: Never a dull moment.  
DONNA HUNT: Quiet one, when it comes to answering questions.

SECOND ROW:

SUSAN HUBBLE: Model with dreamy eyes.  
ANITA ROBINSON: What's the answer to this, Linda?  
DENISE BRULOTTE: Ruth, what did you get?  
BRENDA BURROWS: Do you understand this Brenda?  
SUSAN PECK: Ooh! he's looking at me!  
GLORIA SHERING: Oh! my hair!  
LYNDA VENNEN: Hope we go to the cottage this week-end!  
MARY HARRISON: Wonder why Mary goes to the farm?

THIRD ROW:

VALERIE HEAD: Have you seen Mary?  
RUTH BUDVET: Never gets a D.  
MILLY ROBYN: Study? What's that something you eat?  
SUE CARRUTHERS: I missed Blondie again.  
GWEN PEPPER: I don't like peppermint.  
SANDY McDONALD: Ask me if I care.  
LYNDA SELLEY: Which one is it today, Lyn?  
LINDA SHERRARD: Oh! isn't he a doll!

FOURTH ROW:

DIANE HARTMEN: Hurry Wendy, Brain's down in 106  
WENDY HINES: I saw Dave & Rick up at the cottage  
CHRISTINA ALLAN: Gosh, darn it  
CAROL MARSHALL: What's wrong with my arithmetic book?  
EARLINE HARRIS: Guess who I just saw?  
LINDA HARRISON: Oh! Look, look  
LINDA WOLIGROSKI: Always has an answer.  
ABSENT: DIANE McGRATH; NELLIE VAN DUYVEN-BODE.



FIRST ROW:

HEATHER GRAFF: The little one  
NANCY GUTHRIE: Why can't Bob and I get along better?  
MICHELLE LAVEREAU: Quiet and friendly.  
JANE WALSH: Don't worry about Math.  
CHERYL-ANNE ROBB: Flirt or just friendly?  
ELIZABETH CHRISTOFFERSEN: You know where to find Liz if Rick is near.

SANDRA PELLEY: He's blonde, has blue eyes, and he's mine.

DALE KINNEAR: A recruit for the navy.

SECOND ROW:

JOHN WHALLEY: Front seat sitter  
LARRY RITCHIE: Lonely boy  
GARY McKAY: What detention?  
HANS DEJONG: Quiet.  
DAVID HAMMOND: True baritone, we think.  
DOUGLAS JONES: What's he up to now?  
KENNETH NEVISON: I forget.

THIRD ROW:

BERT COLE: 10 words a minute if he would get them right.

WILLIAM NICHOLS: Get's his money's worth.

KENNETH GARDNER:

JAMES HAMMOND: Quiet in school, hates answering questions.

TOM FLEMING: The loyal seaman-to which navy?  
DAVID KIRKWOOD:

ALAN OAKLEY: A great PE man; but where is your gun?

PAUL HADLEY: Do I have to now?

FOURTH ROW:

JOHN WILLIAMSON: How am I supposed to know?  
ROY HOBBS: Duh, I don't know why I got up this morning.

MIKE BROOKES: You all got any pen juice?

BOB SCOTT: Ain't that a kick in the head?

ABSENT: LORNE TATTON.



10J

#### FIRST ROW:

CAROL STEPHEN: Short and cute.  
 BETH WOOD: Quiet but friendly.  
 LINDA MARCUCCI: Boys, boys, boys  
 JANICE MERCER: But Miss Newmam, I disagree.  
 ERIKA BORDENKA: Is it nearly lunch time?  
 PAMELA McFEE: Very good student  
 AGNES VANDERSAIE: One of our true blondes.  
 BONNIE BUCHANAN: An enthusiastic canoe club member.  
 BONNIE FINDLAY: Have a nice summer, Pounce?  
 GAIL WALSH: 10H's favourite  
 SECOND ROW:  
 JO-ANNE ARMER: Does everything well.  
 ANN JANSEN: Always ready to please.  
 BARB BASSETT: Where The Boys Are.  
 CATHY WILSON: Where are the boys?  
 KARINA MULDER: Wow!!!  
 JOAN JOLLEY: A real sweet kid!  
 GAIL KARGES: One of our faithful clock watchers  
 LAUNI KNIPFEL: One of our Cheerleaders.  
 STEPHANIE HARRISON: But Mr. Pollard, I can't help it.  
 HEATHER SMYTH: 10H's girl athlete.

#### THIRD ROW:

BOB DIVER: Short, but not on words.  
 ROBBIE POTTER: His bark is worse than his bite.  
 BRIAN BOUND: Walking Miracle?  
 WENDY ZAVITZ: Shower Queen.  
 NANCY EASSON: Looking for a tall blonde?  
 LINDA JOHNSON: You ought to be in movies.  
 BILL GRANT: Big bad Bill  
 MINTON WING: Talk Back Tremblin' Lips  
 JIM THOMSON: Homework not done again, Jim?

#### FOURTH ROW:

DAVE COULTER: Friends, Romans, Students, lend me your homework.  
 RICHARD SWAIN: B.A.A. rep.  
 NIGEL HESS: Pres. of Clock Watcher's Society  
 GARY BENNING: The boy you can't forget.  
 DAVE McCLEARY: Oh, those water fights in Art class  
 RICK SHORNEY: An individualist.  
 JIM STEWART: Student council representative.  
 GRAHAM COOKE: Tall, dark, and oh well.  
 JOHN RAYNOR: His tongue runneth over.



10G

# FIRST ROW:

DIANE MIDDLEBROOK: School is no effort to this young lady.

PATRICIA EARL: A great little gal.

KAREN GRIESBACK: A barrel of fun.

DONNA NORTH: All good things come in small packages.

SUZANNE ALLERSTON: This pretty girl is a dancer

BRENDA ASCOT: Short and sweet, cute and ever so neat.

JANICE THOMSON: I thought you knew him!

LINDA MAHER: I've got you pegged, Job.

# SECOND ROW:

ANNE STEWART: Leads the sopranos.

GERRY WALTERS: Probable destination--selling bus tickets.

JUDITH BERRY: Cute as a button and bright as a berry.

MARGARET DEAN: Mr. Kettlet's pride and joy.

LINDA BURNETT: Pat! Reg, move over.

MARIE BELJAERT: The quiet ones are always the worst.

NANCY BOND: Interests at Kennedy more than Port Credit.

PATRICIA BLACK: Talk! Talk! Talk!

# THIRD ROW:

JOHN MARSHALL: Judy, will you lend me your homework?

BILL COWIE: Loves to talk.

IDA KRST: Alias beautician.

LINDA DONALDSON: Cheerful and friendly.

TONY MAZEREUW: Quiet in school, but who knows?

BRENDA KIRK: The soft spoken one.

DONALD KONDO: He never gives up.

# FOURTH ROW:

MURRAY DUFOE: Girls frighten him.

BOB FLEMING: Oh no, not another test.

GORDON BURNIE: How 'bout a spare!

TINO TEMPORALE: The Rudolph Valentino of 10J.

DON HORNICK: The quiet one.

REG JACKSON: The end's end.

EDWARD RUCK: A real Tarzan.

MIKE GILLET: Tall and dark, but?

ABSENT: Diana Harvey.



Job

# FIRST ROW:

LORRAINE BRICK: What strength in those hands?

CATHY HOWSON: "Good things come in small packages."

PAT KENNEDY: Summed up in one word--MIKE

JANICE SMITH: Eyes of blue, but OH what she can do!!

BARB JAMES: Better late than never.

JANIS APTE: Sadder but wiser.

BONNY BOVDIS: Sweet and friendly with baby blue eyes

NANCY JACKSON: Have you heard the theme from "LAWRENCE OF ARABIA?"

# SECOND ROW:

STEVE DERBYSHIRE: 10G's Baby Heny.

MARY BALL: Oh, boy!

MARY MCTAVISH: An innocent face is often misleading.

AFTON BEATTIE: Get out from in front of my locker.

SYDNEY BROOKS: "But sir! My lemon tree had a lemon!"

LYNN DILLON: What colour will she try next? Green?

LINDA CAMPBELL: Loves kitten sweaters.

DEVON HASSARD: Likes to spend her time in empty classes after school

NANCY KNOTT: "Which boy do I go with?"

ALICE FAGG: A walking I.B.M. machine.

PAUL HICKOX: Has been known to do his homework.

# THIRD ROW:

BILL HALLDAY: Thin and short, but powerful in resort.

LORETTA DRYGAS: Speaks softly, but.....

KAREN HONSBARGER: Quiet and bashful, but what does she think.

JANET SIMPSON: Ask Dave Dinning how she does in instrumentals.

SHARON RICHES: But I didn't have time to finish

JANET SHARP: Knows everything, even good jokes!

STEVE GARD: Won't buy ruler.

BOB BUNT: Countdown last thirty seconds of period.

# FOURTH ROW:

RICH SOUTHEE: At least you can hear him.

MIKE LAURICE: A good football player, deserves a pat

JOHN PEARCE: The man with the red face and long nose.

DAVE FRASER: A quiet boy, but actions are sometimes deceiving.

DAVE DINNING: I could have slept all day.

SCOTT BURNS: Enjoys golf and food.

DAVE PERRY: Good things come in long packages.

RICHIE BAYES: 10G's perennial all-star.



10E

#### FIRST ROW:

SANDRA THOMPSON: Our great little cheerleader.  
SHELAGH YOUNG: Quiet in Science.  
MARY NEWITT: Another opposition for the English teacher.

WENDY DYMOCK: Has the attention of all boys.  
LORRAINE MAURICE: Favourite hobby: voicing her own opinion.

MARILYN MACELHINNEY: Silence is Golden.  
MARG OSTROWSKI: Hidden talent.

PENNY O'DRISCOLL: Can't keep her shoes on in French.

ANNE VANDERLINDEN: Slides down school banisters  
JENNET PIDGEON: Very quiet.

#### SECOND ROW:

JOHN DANBY: Quiet, but who knows?

BRIAN GRAINGER: 10E's Hockey star.

PAUL MORRIS: Our squeaky mascot.

BEVERLEY BEGG: A very cheerful person.

LIZ LANKIN: Smiles 'n Chuckles '63.

MELANIE THEOBALDS: She'd be rich if speech were golden.

PAM PEARSON: Fairly quiet, but who knows?

ANGELA MACRAE: A member of the Giggles Club.

BOB SIBTHORPE: A mouse the size of a Moose.

JOHN HACKETT: Livens up Latin class by his answers

PAUL WHITEHEAD: A weary squad leader.

#### THIRD ROW:

GARY MOFFAT: Full of promises.

DAVID DRAGOSITS: Baul!

REID DEWSON: Sporting bench warmer.

BRUCE SYLVESTER: Quiet guy with a briefcase.

PAUL JOHNSON: English teacher's opposition.

DOUGLAS CARPHIN: Relaxed all the time.

BILL KING:

PAUL O'MEARA: Should've stayed home.

#### FOURTH ROW:

MARK O'BRIEN: Has more paint on himself than the pictures.

BOB MCWHIRTER: A blur in gym, but elsewhere...?

BRUCE MACRAE: A French scholar.

DAVE DILLON: Where's Chester?

ALLEN TITANIC: Did he go down with the ship?

RON DAWICK: A star football player.

BILL PERCY: Balids muscles and chases girls.

VUDAS STUKAS: Has disputes with the English teacher

#### ABSENT:

JOSEPH UNGARA: Would be poor if silence was golden.

JUDY BENDER: Has trouble controlling the French teacher.



10D

**FIRST ROW:**

NANCY BROWN: Never confuses the issue with thinking.

CONNIE GASTON: Known as 'heartbreaker' to certain individuals.

YVONNE GARTON: Small, dark, and quiet.

DORETTA PEPPER: A big Cliff Richards fan.

PAT TILSON: 10F's can-can dancer.

DONNA OAKES: No, Donna, that is not right.

LINDA McNABB: Wow! Those wild weekends!

JEANNE SEVERINE: Huh? Oh! Well, uh, like, um....

**SECOND ROW:**

JOANNE BIRCH: Fascinated by typewriter bells.

ANN SHERIDAN: Always has her homework done.

MARY JANE RATHWELL: A smile goes a long way.

LYDIA PATER: Lydia, we can't hear you!

MAUREEN SALMON:

LINDA LEITCH: You can have the car, I'll take the boy.

CHRIS BIRD: A blonde bombshell; and popular too!

WENDY CARPENTER: Without her, 10F would be almost normal.

**THIRD ROW:**

ROD HUGHES: Part-time comedian.

JOHN JOBLIN: Has pull on Log staff.

VAL COUSINS: Cute, cunning, and co-operative.

JUDY PRENDERGAST: Of which boy friend are you speaking?

BARB STEWART: Smart and sociable.

JOHN KNIGHT: Constantly autographing a certain teacher's black book.

WAYNE LANNAN: Extra-curricular activities like....

DAVE HINE: Favourite period-Phys. Ed. (Ha, ha!)

**FOURTH ROW:**

PETE FAVRN: Them's the hazards!

CARL VAN HOUTEN: Can't wait for History classes.

MIKE DILLY: Likes teasing a certain green-eyed blond.

DON HENDERSON: Hercules of 10F.

BOB VAIR: Heh, Yogi!

KEVIN BIRCH: Great in everything-ask him

MIKE CUMMINGS: Just loves Latin!

ABSENT:

BRENDA SCHOT: Likes everyone and liked by everyone.

PAT HOTSON: Quiet in school but who knows?



**FIRST ROW:**

DAN SULLIVAN: Looking for girls his size.

BOB STEVEN,

PAT BLACK: There's what's her face.

JOHN BAUMANN: Likes four-wheel skids on cars.

DENNIS RUGGLES: Future BDR with his Golden Hawk Blazer.

HAROLD MOXAM: One special one in Grade Nine.

PAUL WOODMAN;

BART JACOBS: More interested in girls than work.

**SECOND ROW:**

BILL ROBERTSON: Boy with appeal, a banana peel.

JIM KELLY: Good writer?

DON BUSBY: Oh! Mr. Cantelon, you must be kidding!

WALTER EDMISTON: Hates noisy people but loves girls.

DON WRIGHT: Nice guy once you get to know him.

TREVOR ELPHICK: Running the track head first.

PETE DOHERTY: Boy with the hot car.

BLAKE PIERCE: Loves 1 do and the seventy-six only wagon.

**THIRD ROW:**

AARON MOORE: His metal mind is tops.

JOHN STEWART: All day long, sports cars.

RAY KAAKE: Star football player?

RON JACK: Always asking about girls

NORM FEKE: Loves Chevys (409)

FRANK DURGON: The boy with girls and music on his mind.

NORM COLLENS: Eyes right!

RALPH EADES: Thinks always of Linda and song.

**FOURTH ROW:**

RICHARD HOLMES: Alias Sherlock Holmes.

PAUL MARSHALL: Natural jinks on TR3 and girls.

DAVID BOLTON: Detention, what's that?

GREG HARMEN: The electrode who digs that electronics jazz.

ABSENT:

ALLAN DEANS: Port Credit's answer to Elvis Presley.

10E



100

FIRST ROW:  
 RICK HORBACZYK  
 FRED KING  
 HAROLD BLOWER  
 BOB HILL  
 POE PRITCHARD  
 RICK HUMPHREY  
 KEITH RUSHWORTH  
 TERRY GLENISTER

SECOND ROW:  
 RANDY SCOTT-WOOD  
 IAN BRYCE  
 MICHAEL INGHAM  
 GARY KIVELL  
 DWIGHT LARKIN  
 WAYNE COOPER  
 GARY HOLLANDS

THIRD ROW:  
 LARRY KIVELL  
 LARRY RIDDLE  
 JERRY BROUWER  
 JACK HUGHSON  
 KEITH BAILEY  
 WALTER MACK  
 WAYNE IRWIN  
 RON DUKE

FOURTH ROW:  
 MICHAEL WALTERS  
 DON RIDDLE  
 BOB NEW  
 GORDON BAGGALEY  
 CHUCK DUNCAN



101

FIRST ROW:

MICHEL THIBAUT: Our golf pro.  
 BILL HARE: Fingers don't weld together.  
 DAVE MACDONALD: Drafting is not his subject.  
 KEVIN AYER: How about that drafter?  
 ROSS TOMLINSON: Never without his comb.  
 JIM HOPKINS: The red bomb.  
 ALAN YATEMAN: Too bad, sir, you missed her.  
 PAUL HARRISON: A real hooter on his new scooter.  
 SECOND ROW:  
 DAVID WILSON: Some day Daytona Beach.

JIM TOWNSEND: Honest when it comes to girls.

DAVE WALKER: Girls, girls, girls.  
 ALLAN FARRELL: Our football hero.  
 GARY STAFFORD:  
 BILL SPROATS: Hey-Hey, what's her name?  
 DOUGLAS McCLOY: Drive that wagon.  
 ROGER PARKER: A good-looking fellow, he thinks.  
 DAVE CRADDOCK: Science is my favourite subject.  
 DEAN SHARPE: Our debating king.

10B



FIRST ROW:

RET WILLADSEN: Class mascot.  
 WAYNE MORGAN: Says-"Brains aren't everything."  
 SCOTT BRADFORD: From ancient Rome or, Girls,  
 Girls.  
 ROBERT RUTTER: Constantly waving at the teacher.  
 ROBERT KISS: 10A Track Star.  
 BRIAN MacGREGOR: Always picking on Dave.  
 HARRY BRINKHOF: Harry the hairy ape.  
 RANDY FESSEY: Randy Dandy.  
 STEVE EVELEIGH: Sam Snead?  
 DAVE WHELPDALE: My torte-Girls, of course.  
 SECOND ROW:  
 CHARLES BENDALL: Water boy for the football team.  
 DAVE MUELLER: Any excuse in Math.  
 WILLIAM NUBURY: Likes fruit, especially blue-  
 berries.  
 ROBERT MINERS: Likes a hot calypso.  
 BRIAN KEAVENEY: King of the Leprechauns.  
 RON GEDDES: Likes to make noises with his hands.  
 ERIC ATKINS: Can't make up his mind.  
 DON MacDONALD: Different story every day.  
 JIM REARDON: Teachers like his full name.

THIRD ROW:

JON COXWORTH: Rocks in his head.  
 DARRYL HILLARD:  
 DAVE BENISH: Cars-especially custom.  
 MICHAEL GHENT: 10-A Critic.  
 DENIS KELDIE: Alfred E. Numan.  
 DON VALLERY: Big boy on a little motorscooter.  
 DAVE RICHARDSON: Happy-go-lucky import from St.  
 Catherine's.  
 MICHAEL BELL: Class clown.  
 FOURTH ROW:  
 DENNIS HARE:  
 WAYNE SMITH: President of the anti-Arthur league.  
 ARTHUR BRITTEN: Always looking for armies.  
 ANDY PARKINSON: Likes to hit his head with school  
 books.  
 LARRY BRAID: Dandy long legs;  
 LLEW COUNSELL: The man in black and blue.  
 BRIAN MEDCALF: Black ball in the side... I hope.  
 HUGH O'LEARY: Objective-Grade 11.



Loretta Blower  
 Donna Cameron  
 Penny Capes  
 Wendy Carr  
 Carol Cherwalko  
 Katharine Connelly  
 Mary Farrel  
 Sharon Grainger  
 Bill Guest  
 Brenda Hall  
 Donna Harrison  
 Wayne Henshaw  
 Kathy Howard  
 Veronica Ide  
 Gail Johnson  
 Linda Jones

Linda Kutschke  
 Wendy Lowry  
 Joanne Morton  
 Karen Nelson  
 Ellen Orzechowski  
 Lynne Pattinson  
 Danielle Pavan  
 Sharon Ritchie  
 Patricia Smith  
 Bill Terrel  
 Nancy Thom  
 Elly Vlietman  
 Beverly Cliney  
 Barbara Cliney



**FIRST ROW:**

LINDA OAKS: Quiet, but nice kid.  
CONNIE WALKINSHAW: Our second pint-size boy charmer.

BARBARA THOMPSON: Gave a little act in History one day!

CAROL BENNET: Wild one of 9-0?

JOANNE HARRIS: Loads of fun.

SUSAN LUSCOTT: How's Bob, Sue?

SANDRA McCLENNAN: Pint-size boy charmer.

SHARON BAIRSTOW: Future Barney Ann Scott.

**SECOND ROW:**

SHARON SMITH: 9-0 Journalist.

DONNA McCOMBE: An angel from below.

SHARON GILLIES:

GAIL GALIPEAU: Quiet, studious.

MARIE MIZUN: Always knows the answers.

NANCY SANDERSON: Sir, she's just putting stuff in my eye.

GAIL ATKINSON: Better known as Bunny, Kodie, Chun-ky, or Bubbles.

JILL PALETHORPE: Speak up, Jill.

**THIRD ROW:**

CHERYL HAY: 3,600 seconds till 3:15.

JUDY BURROWS: Quietness may deceive.

DONNA DAVIS: Hey, follow that boy!

MARILYN EVERETT: Our mad, speedy typist.

DIANNE SEARLES:

BARBARA PASTON: Parlez-vous francais?...What!!!!

DIANNE LITTLE: Homework? Sir, what homework?

**FOURTH ROW:**

PAM McINTYRE: Is that right?

BONNIE McDONALD: Always found getting an excuse slip.

JUDY MacLEAN: Too quiet for a comment.

DARLENE STRACHAN: Angel? Who, me?

SUSAN TANNER: My name's NOT Sally.

DIANNE KOSTYNYK: Sorry, I only kiss horses.

MARGARET STREET: Grinds melted chocolate bars into floors.

ABSENT:

SHARON GALLINGER: Love that Bob??



**FIRST ROW:**

LEILA THOMS: Quiet in school but who knows about after?

WENDY LARGE: Favourite saying: you're kidding!

PAT COMERY: One of two of a kind.

PAM COMERY: Double trouble

LINDA HATTON: Sweet and neat

JUNE WRIGHT: Tomatoes Incorporated.

MARY DOYLE: Which way did HE go?

JUDY JENKINS: Anyone for a cup of tea,?

**SECOND ROW:**

BRENDA CAULFIELD: A good kid to know!

JANICE KENT: Has high hopes but heights make her dizzy.

JOAN HENRY: Good things come in big packages.

JOANNE ELLIOTT: She's all eyes when it comes to boys.

JOYCE ALDERDICE: Never a dull moment.

ISABELLA BURNETT: A blushing brunette.

EDNA NOBLE: Never hear a peep out of her.

LIZ WARNER: If you beat 'em, join 'em.

LYNDA JONES: Did you say he goes to this school? Well!

**THIRD ROW:**

LIZ DUNCAN: Has a bubbling personality.

JOAN BUCKHURST: Don't do today what can be put off indefinitely.

GAIL BROOKES: Can I borrow some money?

JANET KILLEN: French? I love it!

KATHLEEN McCANN: In Math, how do you number 19.

MABEL COOK: Her favourite pastime is distracting boys.

SHARON STIRCHUN: A menace for sticking the type-writer.

SUE HARTNOLL: I'm with you but where are we?

**FOURTH ROW:**

LYNDA GINGER: You need ambition to pass that nasty Algebra.

DIANNE WHITE: Personally, I prefer Regina.

NANCY WILLIAMS: Her quietness may be deceiving boys.

ANNETTE ALLMAN: She's got high hopes to match her height.

JANE TAIT: School! What's that?

YNEZ HARDING: Has anybody seen Brian?

MARILYN CHROMIE: Rebels, blue jeans, and extra large sweaters.

VIVIAN FAHR: The Duchess.



#### FIRST ROW:

LAURIE FAUGHT: Flirtatious.

JULIA McCRON: Woman's gift to man

DOROTHY GRABOWSKI:

LINDA FRANK: Way out!

KAREN VAN HOUTEN: Appreciated because of her value and worth.

SHARON O'NEILL: W-a-s-h (with a smile).

TERRY MURPHY: A Menace to the sewing room.

CATHY FLEET: Is she as innocent as she looks?

#### SECOND ROW:

DAVID TAYLOR: Small at status but big as voice.

MARTHA WAITE: Don't those big brown eyes send you?

RUTH FRYER: Hollywood has Red Skelton—we've got Ruth.

ANNE-MARIE AUBERT: Please speak up!

JOHANNA POWELL: Eyes of blue, I think she'll do!

COLLEEN WRIGHT: 2nd longest (and lightest) fingers in the class.

MARY WATTS: That's him over there.

JANE DYELLE: Jane likes those phone calls from Forest Hill.

SYLVIA MERNIEKS: Say, who is he?

DICK HARDWICK: Absent minded golfers amen.

#### THIRD ROW:

JOHN MacINTYRE: A doctor who operates on the tennis court.

DOUG GREER: His hobby is trying to be funny.

DON KING:

JIM HOLLAND: Tall, dark, and skinny.

RANDY SMYLIE: Randy with head so shaved is not

always well-behaved.

WARREN McCURE: His high pitched voice often heard in class.

KENT GELLESPIE: Scientist at heart experimenting

with people's tempers.

PETER HALL: This brainy book worm is our Log rep

#### FOURTH ROW:

RICHARD GODARD: His hobby is getting his own way

JIM THORNE: Say did we have that for homework?

ALLAN WILL: Needs high chair to see what's going

on.

WILLIAM KENNEDY: Leo to the boys, Yukon to the girls.

ROY BROCK: I didn't get it done Sir.

BARRY GREEN: Our curly haired Math wizard.





FIRST ROW:  
CAROL BOYD  
SHIRLEY GAULD  
YOLANDE OUELLETTE,  
SUSAN HOLMES  
LUCILLE BANDIERA  
DIANNE WEST  
WANDA WILLIAMS  
MARBETH KITCHEN

SECOND ROW:  
RICK MURPHEY  
BRYAN ORR  
JERRY SMITH  
ALFIO DICROSE  
SHARON O'CONNOR  
JACK McLEAN  
NORMAN ROBERGE  
RON BARNETT

THIRD ROW:  
NORMAN SIMPSON  
DOUG KELK  
DON RECK  
RON McRAE  
BILL FREEMAN  
TIM PLAXTON  
BRIAN CARR  
ROD CHISHOLM

FOURTH ROW:  
ANDY WIBER  
LORNE YATEMAN  
BILL LLOYD

ABSENT:  
ERNIE RUCK  
JOHN TWEEDIE  
BRUCE CLARK  
LINDA BELFORD  
DAVID McALLISTER



FIRST ROW:  
JEANIE LAST: N's so neat.  
LINDA HILL: Let me out of my locker.  
WENDY HIGLEY: Good heavens!  
PAT THORNTON: Although quiet in school, out of school, who knows?  
LINDA CHANDLER: But gee whiz?  
KRISTINE RICHARDS: One word vocabulary-boys.  
SANDY GALLINGER: I can't be bothered; you do it.  
NANCY DILLY: Cute, but silly.  
BARBARA MacDONALD: I'm getting my hair cut to-morrow.  
SHEILA SMITH: Rosanne Cockroach.  
SECOND ROW:  
DAVE YOUNG: Carrot-top has good homework to copy  
BETH BABCOCK: But I wasn't talking, sir.  
CHERENE STINTON: It goes something like this.  
LINDA HARRIS: She has her eye on one certain boy  
JANIE-LOU LAWSON: I don't know, sir.  
MARG CONKLIN: This mockingbird migrates south when lacking sunflower seeds.  
ALLISON WELCH: Alley always forgets her glasses.  
LYNDA HOGGEN: Her interests are in 121.  
LAURIE THOMPSON: Our Rhodesian Ridgeback lover  
DEIDRE PEPPER:  
JOHN JOLLEY: Alas, what a physique! What a mind! What a man!

THIRD ROW:  
SUE MICKLES: Medium tall, quite a ball.  
DON WARREN: Better known as Don Juan by the girls.  
MARILYNNE COOKE: Always learns; all she does is flunk her year.  
DARLENE MOULDS: I'll think about it.  
LYNN SOMERSET: She has no toys, but has tall boys  
SUE DICKINS: O no! Not again.  
SCOTT LEE: 9J's all round rugged athlete.  
ROBERT PASSFIELD: Last one in class, first one to leave.  
FOURTH ROW:  
ROBERT BURGESS: An astronomy and electrical bug  
STUART PURSER: If you're broke, a pocket from to lend.  
RONALD SAYTAR: A friend true and kind, count on Ronald anytime.  
TERENCE MCCARTHY: One in a million  
JOHN CHESTER: I'm startin' 'mother story.  
BARRIE CLIFT: Heavens to Maloneys, percussion instruments.  
RUSSELL KONDO: The Silent One.  
ROBERT DETENBECK: An intelligent, likeable person to work with.



#### FIRST ROW:

JUDY MUNNINGS: Judy's turn to cry.  
 PATRICIA MADDEN: There are two sides to every question.  
 NANCY JANEWAY: Sometimes quiet is a unquiet thing.  
 LINDA MURRAY: Indescribable!  
 JANICE GARVAN: Devil or angel?  
 SHELLEY HASSARD: Pretty blue eyes.  
 SONIA MAMA: Intelligent, clever, lazy, and crazy on acting.  
 MARION MIDDELAER: Horseback rider, ponytail, skiing, fun--all together.  
 MARY JANE LYNCH: Definitely different!

SECOND ROW:

ELAINE LAMP: The Yankee.  
 SUZANNE LEGAULT: After school activity: French.  
 BONNIE HICKS: She'll find the right one someday.  
 SUSAN GREEN: A real--uh, good egg.  
 LINDA MATCHUK: She's a riot to be with!  
 KRISTI McNAUGHTON: Bangles, bongos, and boys.  
 JEAN MARCUCCI: Determined not to have any office D's.  
 BARBARA DEANS: Cute, but always on the go.  
 MICHAEL PICCALO: Intelligent, bright, but a little short of height.

ALLEN PETTIT: Class Romeo.

BRIGITTE HORN: Work fascinates me. I watch it for hours.

JUDY LAWSON: Don't let that English accent fool you.  
 MARY GIBSON: She's a devil in disguise.  
 NANCY CANNING: He that would eat the kernel must crack the nut.

JANICE HAMILTON: A little quiet is the only diet.  
 SANDRA PROUD: She follows the boys!

MICHELE GREGOIRE: She seems quiet, but??  
 CHRISTOPHER PARR: Is glad teachers don't inspect lockers!

#### FOURTH ROW:

RENE McCRON: I quote others only to express myself better.

ROBERT CSBOJNE: Goofs off in physical education.  
 DAVID LICHACZ: Dave wants to become a metallurgist.

GEORGE INKPEN: When you're a 90% kid, you're set!  
 PETER MASCARIN: Too much for words. Wants to become a lawyer.

RICHARD PERIN: Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde!  
 MARTAIN O'ROURKE: His backyard is the local football field.



# FIRST ROW:

ROSEMARY O'SULLIVAN: You're not so tall yourself.  
SHARON WATLING: Good things come in small packages.

TINA PRIETZ: Short, sweet, and to the point.

BRENDA WILLIAMS: Fellow greenhorn.

MARILYN SCHWIEDER: She likes drawing mice.

JOANNE WALKER: Back seat gabber

LYDIA SHEVCHUK: There's plenty of horse sense under her mane.

ANN SEXSMITH: Smarter than she looks.

ALICE WHITE:

SANDRA SIMONS: Likes sitting at the back of the room.

# SECOND ROW:

BRIAN BURTON: Small in size, small in brains.

PAUL CLUER: Specialty-long, long weekends.

PAT FARRELL: Last in the class, first to leave.

PETRA SCHWABE: "Hubb"!

RUTH YOKALL: Quiet, but -

NANCY WARD: Little town flirt.

GEORGIA ROBSON: She's last but not least.

RANDY SLEMIN: Combines honour marks with greatness in sports.

BRYAN WILLIAMS: Brains can take only as much as seats can endure.

JOHN WALKER: Says the right thing at the wrong time

# THIRD ROW:

GARY RODDEN: A very big boy.

STEVE DUBEN: One of the gang, a real nice guy.

DON HODGSON: All round nice guy.

RON SADDINGTON: The big hustler.

DAVE HOFFMAN: He's the bright light of 9H.

GARY ROSE: Has a terrific brain and some day it may show through.

RICHARD ANDREWS: Prince Charming in disguise.

JOHN DOHERTY: Not short nor fat, nice to look at.

TOM WEBSTER: Hey, John, what was the homework?

# FOURTH ROW:

LORNE MOUSLEY: He's a nice guy and a good friend

PETE BEARDSWORTH: Mild mannered person with a

good sense of humour.

FRED GARVAN: Detention champ

RON BROGNA: Student in the know.

DALE FORSBERG: To mess his hair is unforgivable.

DAVE BARBER: Shy; girls are enemies.

BOB GOODALL: Lost without his comb.

RICHARD DUDLEY: Our football star.



# ROW ONE:

FRANCES BURCH: Always in smiles.

PATRICIA DUNKER: Short and neat, cute and sweet

RIA ASPEREN: Worry wart.

BEVERLY WESTMORE: Cleo.

JUDY COYNE: Pale and quiet.

JUDY CRAPPER: Pet saying--Nah, I don't wanna do that.

LOIS LONG: Quiet in class, noisy out

ANTONIETTA BARDIGNON: Pet saying-- did I phone you last night?

LINDA GALLINGER: Good rugby player.

# ROW TWO:

DAVID BUSBY: Cat's got his tongue.

CONNIE GARBUTT: Hobby-talking

SHARON FLEMING: Going to be a nurse

SUSAN DICKSON: Love struck.

MARILYN CARPHIN: Does nothing, says a lot.

BARB DAVIS:

JOAN DICKSON: Helena Rubinstein must be making a million.

GLORIA DICKSON: Flying nurse

STEVE JONES: Can't stand females (he is scared)

# ROW THREE:

TERRY CRAG: Knee high to a grasshopper

ELGIN McDONALD: Favourite period-lunch.

MICHAEL WIELAND: Big wheel.

GORD LANG: Smile, you're on Candid Camera.

JOHN CLAYTON: Class clown

JOHN LOGAN: Plays football on Junior B.

RICKY FROH: Doesn't bother anyone.

TOM EVANS: Real ham.

JOHN GILLESPIE: Current events man.

LAWRENCE HOWE: Brain child.

# ROW FOUR:

HARRIS FRASER: Favourite saying-But, Sir!

GRAHAM HESS: Our ski champ

JOHN REID: Pet sayin g-Get outa here!

DOUG CROWE: Very sensible (if not thinking).

TOM EVANS: Real ham.

LAURIE WILLIAMSON: Girls, girls, girls,



**FIRST ROW:**

**HARRY VAN ZEYL:** It's about this fact; you need a shave.

**KEN BLOWER:** How's she going?

**ARCHIE HARKINS:** Why do the teachers always pick on me?

**JIM McMILLAN:** Dark-room operator (pictures, that is).

**RICHARD DAVIS:** In my opinion--

**LES CORBETT:** I agree wholeheartedly.

**SECOND ROW:**

**JOHN MODESTO:** Always looks at girls but never bothers with them.

**GARY GUNNEL:** Rub onion juice on it and it will grow.

**GORDON LAWSON:** Money is the root of all evil (who cares?)

**DAVID CONNELLY:** Wants career in Navy.

**DAVID McQUEEN:** The big boy with big ideas, and a mind that tends to wander.

**GREG STEWART:** Unlike Captain Blythe, Greg's O.K.

**ALPHONE DE JONG:** No opinion of himself or others.



**FIRST ROW:**

BOB MILES: Little, big boy.  
MIKE LINDSAY: Red-headed fireball.  
TOM MOKAM: Cute!  
JOHN COVE: I can't see, I can't see, where are my glasses?

CYRIL HARE: Laughing Jackass.  
BOB COLLISON: Seldom finds time for homework  
RICHARD MCCORMICK: Often spoiled by the preceding dictator.  
DAVE VOYCE: Tom, quit necking with Sharon and speak to me.

**SECOND ROW:**

TERRY LESWICK: Toronto has Kldid, we have Terry  
GUY MECHAN: Small but tough-  
TOM JACKSON: Nice kid but "Il est bete."  
GERRY GAIT: Respectful, friendly boy!  
RAY WHITMORE: Broken track on his model railroad.  
BLAIR BAGULEY: Our class comedian.  
LARRY MARTIN: No, I excuse maker  
PAUL CRAWFORD: Follows Terry Black

**THIRD ROW:**

DON FINDLAY: Could be Santa Claus' brother.  
GLENN KIRK: 65% Academics-65% Phys. Ed.  
LESTER KIRKLAND: Last one in class, first one to leave.

BILL KULY: A good excuse maker.  
GARY TRIFFE: Mr. Howden's best customer.  
JOHN RENNIE: Quick tempered!  
STEVE BAIN: Where's the clipboard?

**FOURTH ROW:**

TERRY BLACK: Girl crazy????  
ROBERT MAURICE: All girls, no sports.  
NICK WENNEKES: Gone with the wind to Kennedy.



**FIRST ROW:**

BRUCE TOWNSEND: Small but brilliant.  
BARRY TROUT: The fish of 9 C.  
RON MURTON: Oh yes, I'm being good.  
COREY DOYLE: Our Log rep.  
DALE KEAVENEY: Albert Einstein in Science  
BOB HIRANO: Eighty! Is that all?  
JACK DAWSON: Not really a funny man.  
ROD SCHEETZ: Tony's faithful sidekick.  
**SECOND ROW:**  
PAUL LOBLAW: Loves his French.  
BOB BABCOCK: All eyes.  
BOB EVOY: Chunky Grade Nine veteran.  
NEIL BATTIE: Hey, Galipeau, got any sm.....?  
RICHARD DOBB: Never leaves his machine.

JOHN HARKINS: Always at school.

KEN ELLS: Ah, I don't know, sir.

MIKE LAZAR: Look at Galipeau!

**THIRD ROW:**

BOB OLIPHANT: I left my car outside.  
JIM MADIGAN: No, Bill, it was the blonde.  
BILL LEE: Hey, Bill, your hair's on fire!  
JIM KILEEN: How's the air up there, Jim?

HARLAND SUTTE: Six feet and growing.  
RON GAND: Trying to stay in auto.

PHILIP PETCH: Knows his French.

**FOURTH ROW:**

TONY KRYWAN: Suspended! What'd I do now?  
GORD HEIGHT: Loves his French.  
JACK McCHESNEY: Learning how to add.

GARY GALIPEAU: Class funny man.



#### FIRST ROW:

GARY DILKS: Main occupation--hunting for a girl four feet tall.  
 GEORGE HIGGINS: Algebraic equation.  
 WILLIAM GUMMERSON: Don't chew at me!  
 FRED NASATO: Pet peeve-favourite dish, spaghetti and meatballs.  
 GARY CUNNINGHAM: What, no girls?  
 BARRY DUKE: Main occupation-Du Maurier salesman  
 ALLAN TIPPETT: Buy a cycle for two bills? Impossible!  
 JOHN LERETTE: Work? What's that?

#### SECOND ROW:

KEN DRUITZ: Terror of the percolators.  
 PAUL CADEAU: What teacher gave you the black eye?  
 GEORGE MORIN: Do we write this French test in English?  
 JIM GOODMAN: Round and plump but he's jolly.  
 BRYAN GRAHAM: Gym shorts have their faults.

ROGER STERLING: If at first you don't succeed, quit.  
 GREGORY PARKER: I don't know!

KERRY MARSHALL: Hyenas haven't anything on him.

#### THIRD ROW:

DAVE LAXTON: Hey, Sir!  
 GLEN CARY: Favourite saying-which way did she go?  
 GEORGE COPELAND: Can I copy your homework?  
 SCOTT PETRIE: Loves putting flies down exhaust system in Lab.  
 RAY DAVIS: Where did all the girls go?  
 PETER RYK: Pet peeve-flooding rinks.  
 DENNIS STEFFLER: Likes Math in the detention room.  
 BLAKE FRANCIS: 9A's class idol.

#### FOURTH ROW:

GUNTHER JAKUBOWSKI:  
 MICHEL MARTIN: What a book of a man.  
 BRYAN HENRY: Pet peeve--\$8 Morris clutches.  
 HENRY VAN CAS: Pastime is always sleeping in class.  
 RICK INESON: Likes French chick.

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FIRST ROW:

BOB BELL: Faithful friend of timid Scott,  
BOB BOND: Ya, I guess so,  
PETER COLEMAN: Could you repeat that, sir?  
JOHN ROBERGE: Quiet, but who knows?  
BILL KENNEDY: Our Wee Willy,  
KEITH BURTON: Grade 10?  
LARRY BOWERS: No comment!  
BILL VANZANTE: Knows everything; ask him.

SECOND ROW:

LARRY BIRD: Would you please repeat that, sir?  
VICTOR BUSBY: Always knows everything.  
NORM SNIDER: Always chewing something.  
KEN BROWN: Wears shirts two sizes too big.  
JEFF BOYCHUCK: No Sir! I don't have a book.  
WAYNE TAYLOR: Always wears black.  
ERIC ZIMMERMAN: Honest S.C. Representative.

BOB CHERWAICO: Dislikes French.

THIRD ROW:

SCOTT ROBB: Quiet and timid.  
BRYAN McPHERSON: Part time comedian.  
RICHARD CLARKE: 9B's most aggressive student.  
NORM PATCHETT: Likes sports, but.....  
OLAF PETZSCHLER: Log representative.  
BOB GILBERT: Dislikes being called Ichabod.  
DON EVERINGHAM: Last one in class, first to leave.  
GUNTHER SALLER: Friend of Jeff.

FOURTH ROW:

GARY WARD: 9B's most timid occupant.  
JOHN KAHN: Have Volkswagen that won't go.  
CLAUDE BALLAS: Our French import.  
GORD COUSINS: Likes chess and electronics.



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 GRANT CLARK  
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 JAMES DANBROOK  
 ROBERT DANBY  
 BILL DODD  
 JAN DUNKER  
 BETH FARKAS  
 ROBERT FARRINGTON  
 ROBERT FOWLE  
 BLAIR GAGNE  
 GEORGIA GILLESPIE  
 LINDA GREEN  
 DIANNE HARDWICK  
 KATHLEEN HAUGH  
 BRUCE HICKS  
 KATHRYN HORNE  
 LINDA LACEY  
 DELLA LOCKWOOD  
 PETER McCANN  
 JAMES McMAHON  
 NEIL MORGAN  
 PETER MOSSOP  
 BRUCE MURCHISON  
 BRYAN OSATCHUK  
 PAUL OSTROWSKI  
 DOUGLAS PANTER  
 GORDON PARKINSON  
 KELTON PEARSON  
 JIM PICK  
 ALAN PURSER  
 NANCY RANKIN  
 KAREN ROGERS  
 KENT SCOTT  
 TED SHELLEY  
 LINDA SUMBLER  
 BRUCE TINSLEY  
 MICHAEL TROTTER  
 TERRY VAN der SAR  
 DOROTHY WAGLAND  
 GARY WATSON  
 ELEANOR WEBBER  
 ROBERT WEIR  
 DONNA WHEELER  
 MICHAEL YOUNG

Commerce, McMaster University  
 Ryerson Institute  
 Science, University of Toronto  
 Engineering, Ryerson Institute  
 Psychology, Queen's University  
 Sociology and Philosophy, University of Toronto  
 Occupational and Physio Therapy, University of Toronto  
 Ford Company  
 Arts, Waterloo University  
 Aeronautical Technology, Ryerson Institute  
 Texaco Oil Company  
 Arts, University of Toronto  
 Grade XIII, P.C.S.S.  
 Maths, and Physics, University of Toronto  
 Lakeshore Teacher's College  
 London and Lancashire Insurance Company  
 Science and Chemistry, North Dakota University  
 Lakeshore Teacher's College  
 Arts, Queen's University  
 Nursing, Victoria, Hospital  
 Sociology and Philosophy, University of Toronto  
 Nursing, Victoria Hospital  
 Department of Transport  
 Arts, University of Toronto  
 Arts, Queen's University  
 Nursing, Royal Victoria Hospital  
 Business and Commerce, Mount Royal College  
 Commerce and Finance, University of Toronto  
 Business and Finance, Western University  
 Math, and Chemistry, Queen's University  
 Modern Languages and Literature, University of Toronto  
 Chemical Engineering, University of Toronto  
 Chemical Engineering, University of Toronto  
 Arts, University of Toronto  
 Science, University of Toronto  
 Chemical Engineering, University of Toronto  
 Arts, Carleton College  
 Business Administration, Western University  
 Science, Queen's University  
 Arts, Western University  
 Science, Royal Roads College  
 Arts, University of Toronto  
 Secretarial Science, Ryerson Institute  
 Business and Commerce, McMaster University  
 Arts, Western University  
 Science, University of Toronto  
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63 64

Simpson's

CANADA'S YOUTH CENTRE

# LOG COLUMN

JANICE BOLTON



SANDY BREWER



PEGGY LOBB

CAROL GILBERT

Monday  
February 25  
1963

An assembly was held in which the Public speaking Contest took place. A representative from the Lions Club was present, since the competition is an annual event sponsored by them.

Tuesday  
February 26  
1963

A Junior basketball jamboree team went to T.L. Kennedy to play teams from the area. Congratulations in tying for first place.

Wednesday  
February 27  
1963

Port Credit's Debating Team held victory for the second consecutive year. Congratulations to Craig Parkes, John Van Zante and Bruce Wilson.

Monday  
March 4  
1963

Hats off to our Midgets who are the new Western TDIAA champions!

Wednesday  
March 6  
1963

Curtis prizes were handed out after school to-day.

Saturday  
April 6  
1963.

The Choir Concert was a huge success. Mr. Lankin was presented with a beautiful sweater in appreciation of all the work he did with the choirs. Soloists in the Concert were Terry Hill, Pat Martin, Angela and Adele Erlach and Jeltje Mazereeuw.

Wednesday  
April 10  
1963.

In the Boomer Races - 12B placed 1st, 13A 2nd, & 11E 3rd.

Thursday  
April 11  
1963.

Athletic Night will be held April 28. In the Badminton Tournament Eleanor Webber placed first with Gwen Nicholls a close second. Good work girls!

Tuesday  
April 23  
1963.

Summer School applications must be filled in and returned on Friday. What a thought!

Thursday  
April 25  
1963.

There was a track meet at Lorne Park. Gordon Graydon - 1st, Port Credit - 2nd, T.L. Kennedy - 3rd.

Friday  
April 26  
1963.

The Senior Chorus made its annual trip. This year we sang at Guelph Collegiate Institute and were given a warm welcome. Afterwards the choir went to the Elora Gorge for a picnic.

Tuesday  
April 30  
1963.

The T.O.G.T.A.A. Championship was won by Eleanor Webber and Gwen Nicholls.

Friday  
May 3  
1963.

Girls have been practising for several weeks for the Track meet today. Congratulations to junior champs, Laurie Knight; intermediate winner, Reta Riggs, and Senior, Karen Shute.

Friday  
May 3  
1963.

Field Day!  
Champs are: Boys, Int. Jim McKnight  
Jr. Mike McCarthy Sr. Don McHenry

Tuesday  
May 7  
1963.

An assembly was held to introduce the candidates for Students' Council to the Student Body.

Monday  
May 13  
1963.

Cleaning Day in the Log Office. Logs from 1963 on were on sale for 25¢ each.



Tuesday  
May 14  
1963.

The last Students' Council meeting of the year was held during which G. Parkinson presented Mr. Neuwelt with a camera.

Monday  
September 16  
1963.

1,400 students attend school.  
Port Credit defeated by Kitchener, 7-6.

Tuesday  
September 17  
1963.

First meeting of the B.A.A. reps. I.S.C.F. started their year with topic "What is a Christain?"

Wednesday  
September 18  
1963.

The Log sales campaign now in full swing.

Monday  
September 23  
1963.

Today our new school had the first fire drill in its history, and it was cold, cold, cold outside. Boys intermural football schedule to-day. Check the list, boys. An event much awaited - the opening of the new library.

Wednesday  
September 25  
1963.

This year for the first time in many we have orchestras - two of them.

Thursday  
September 26  
1963.

Port Credit Junior Football Team defeated T.L. Kennedy 18-6. The Students' Council sponsored a Grade 9 & 10 "Get Acquainted Party" - it was a howling success!

Friday  
September 27  
1963.

Game between Port Credit and T.L. Kennedy - Juniors won 9-6. Seniors tied 7-7. The Log campaign extended another week. Objective? 1,000 copies.

Wednesday  
October 2  
1963.

Assembly - Fred Joblin, Editor-in-chief of the Log, presented the plaque to those classes achieving 100% Log Sales. Kathy O'Marra 12A, and Bill Schoenhardt 13A jointly received the plaque. Fred promised to produce "the biggest and most bestest Log ever". The orchestra under Mr. Whyte played two good numbers. For their first performance both the 12A Quartet (Dave Adams, Don Chambers, Bill Chambers and Tom Hurley) and the orchestra are to be congratulated. Introductions: the Cheerleaders and the Football captains.

Thursday  
October 3  
1963.

Junior B defeated Lorne Park 19-10.

Friday  
October 4  
1963.

The Seniors were defeated by Lorne Park 12-6. There will be a rousing dance to-night entitled "Rugby Rumble". Cross Country race was won by Port Credit. The I.S.C.F. holds their hay ride to-night.

Monday  
October 7  
1963.

Nearly 800 Logs have been sold during the campaign and many thanks to all those who supported the Log.

Tuesday  
October 8  
1963.

The Current Events Club is presenting the first part of a six part discussion on China.

Wednesday  
October 9  
1963.

Log photographs were taken; and the Juniors and Seniors defeated Lorne Park, 19-0, 7-6 respectively.

Thursday  
October 10  
1963.

Greg Wallace won the golf tournament with a 73. The Juniors defeated Graydon last night 20-7. Grade Nine parent's night was a success.

Tuesday  
October 15  
1963.

The Current Events Club held the second part of its study of "China, and its Culture".

Wednesday  
October 16  
1963.

Assembly Day! The guest speaker at the assembly was Rev. Richard Jones, Methodist minister and president of the Society for Christians and Jews. This world traveller outlined his "recipe for happiness". The talks, different in each assembly, were enjoyed by all. The honour society members were presented with crests by Bill Scarth, their president! Remember, the secret is to know only 3/4 of all the work you are taught.

Friday  
October 18  
1963.

Game against Kennedy - shortened periods! The volleyball team played at Lorne Park. Juniors won 15-5, but unfortunately Seniors were defeated 13-8.



Wednesday  
October 23  
1963.

Junior B team beat Kennedy 8-0. The Current Events Club is discussing Chinese philosophy and religion to-day.

Thursday  
October 24  
1963.

The Junior volleyball team lost their game against Graydon. The Seniors won.

Friday  
October 25  
1963.

Gordon Graydon Seniors won here 13-0. But our Juniors won 6-0. To-night is "the boys night out". The Witches' Brew came to PCSS via the G.A.A.! The prominent events were the marriage ceremonies for all interested.

Tuesday  
October 29  
1963.

The French Club is showing two movies to-night. Girls volleyball team is playing at home against New Toronto.

Wednesday  
October 30  
1963.

Another Assembly! This is presented by the Dramatic Society, and we heard the Junior Orchestra for the first time. One scene from last year's "Pride and Prejudice" was performed.

Thursday  
October 31  
1963.

Junior B football team defeated Lorne Park 7-6. Now we have some winners. Tentative time-tables are out! Wow! Exams are only 3 weeks away!



Tuesday  
November 5  
1963.

Boys' Gymnastics Club begins next week.

Thursday  
November 7  
1963.

Junior B's won the series. Official opening of school; dismissed at 11:45

Friday  
November 8  
1963.

Commencement tomorrow! Congratulations to all those who will receive recognition.

Tuesday  
November 12  
1963.

Senior volleyball finals against Mimico

Wednesday  
November 13  
1963.

Junior Volleyball finals today. Seniors lost game against New Toronto. Out of finals!

Thursday  
November 14  
1963.

Junior volleyball team won game against Graydon in the semi-finals, and will now play Mimico in finals.

Friday  
November 15  
1963.

Theme of formal "Midnight in Moscow" was won by Tony Palmer.





Wednesday  
December 11  
1963.

Double-header basketball game tonight against Kitchener.  
Cast for Christmas Play meeting.

Thursday  
December 12  
1963.

Our basketball team won both games against Kitchener 40-4.  
Students' Council sells diamonds for 5¢ each tomorrow for Claus Seckel's Christmas Gift.

Friday  
December 13  
1963.

President of Electrical Services is Don Chambers, Secretary, Jennifer Jones - all should be at Activity Banquet by 6:00.

Monday  
December 16  
1963.

Junior and Senior basketball team tryouts at 4:00. Junior Basketball teams play Richview at 3:15.

Wednesday  
December 18  
1963.

Our orchestra is playing at Lynwood. One more day to bring toys to L.S.C.F. South Peel Vocational School volleyball team won 15-6, 14-8 against SK.

Tuesday  
January 7  
1964.

Casting for The Monkey's Paw takes place in the Auditorium.

Wednesday  
Jan. 8  
1964.

L.S.C.F. meet tonight with Rev. Claycombe at 3:15. Meeting of TOPS Club. Wrestling teams will practise at 4:00.

Friday  
January 18  
1964.

Fabulous "Sock Hoot" was greatest ever; over 600 witnessed this indescribable event.

Friday  
January 31  
1964.

Students' Council formal with the theme "Midnight in Moscow"; Belle of the Ball was Eugenia Stukas.

Tuesday  
February 4  
1964.

Fred (your Log editor) begins his long nights as the Log must go to press in four weeks!

Wednesday  
February 5  
1964.

Today the pep-talk for the big basketball game on the fourteenth began. Now's the time for all good students to come to the aid of their basketball teams!!

Today was the advertisement assembly of the first scene of this year's play - "The Importance of Being Earnest". Vicki Redding and Mr. Schatz urged our support on the three nights.

Thurs.  
February 6  
1964

Tonight is the première of the first-class performance of "The Importance of Being Earnest"; despite a wailing snowstorm, there was a good attendance, and an excellent exhibition of Credit's talents.

Friday  
February 7  
1964

Another successful evening for the Dramatic Society. Our able Herr Schatz has another perfect play to add to his previous successes! Tomorrow night concludes the performances.

Monday  
February 10  
1964

Well, with Tracey, Hank, and Judy all their normal hair colour, we begin another week. Remember, only 327 shopping days before Christmas!

Tuesday  
February 11  
1964

Today many humorous posters decorated the halls of Credit, advertising the important basketball game on Friday.



Wednesday  
February 12  
1964

The basketball teams presented an hilarious assembly starring Terry Butt, to inspire school spirit into the sleepy hearts of Credit's crowd.

Friday  
February 14  
1964

Happy Valentine's Day! The night of the big Graydon vs. Credit game too!

Monday  
February 17  
1964

The boom was lowered today! Two Graydon wins! Both our Seniors (43-30) and our Juniors lost! Better get busy, boys!

Tuesday  
February 18  
1964

Boys, get your gals for "Blue Heaven", the last dance of the term, the best dance of the year!!

Wednesday  
February 19  
1964

Today we enjoyed "uproarious" assemblies by the G.A.A., as an advertisement for Posture Week! Don't be a Sally Slouch or Penny Poke, girls! The assembly was climaxed by an rousing song by "The Pilots" to advertise "Blue Heaven".

Thursday  
February 20  
1964

Good news! Our Senior girls lost to Mimico, but our Junior basketball team won. Hurray! All attend the great B.A.A. "sock hop".

Friday  
February 21  
1964

Well, the "sock hop" was cancelled, but let's all urge our teams on to "VICTORY" in their double-header against our rivals in the North (T.L.K.).





Monday  
February 24  
1964.

Our Seniors swamped Kennedy! Hurray and Congrats! The contestants for Miss Port Credit, to be crowned at "Blue Heaven", are Leslie Dewson, Adele Erlach, Elaine Rankin, Kathy Adams, and Lynn Gathercole.

Tuesday  
February 25  
1964.

Our Bantam basketball team battles the South Peel Vocational School today. All girls still wearing both ribbons report to the gym at 3:15.

Wednesday  
February 26  
1964.

Today came the Juniors' presentation of "The Monkey's Paw". Congratulations on a job well done. I.S.C.F. has a meeting with the topic "The Meaning of the Crucifixion". Their guest was Rev. Joblin.

Thursday  
February 27  
1964.

Miss Posture Queen, Shirley Slade, for 1964 was chosen at the "February Frolic" this afternoon.

Friday  
February 28  
1964.

Teachers' Convention, so for us a holiday. Well earned and well-deserved, of course!





*Mary Quick*

**THANKS  
from us  
to your  
EATON  
reps!**

---



*Dave Hendriks*

**THE  
JUNIOR COUNCILLOR  
AND  
JUNIOR EXECUTIVE  
FOR 1963-64!**

---

The she and he we would like to  
lift our hat to!

A hard-working pair who  
represent you and your ideas.

We like their school spirit!

We like their plain talk!

They give us the goods on what  
you like—guide us your way on  
all the projects and services  
we plan for you.

**EATON'S—The Store for Young Canada!**

# LITERARY

## Meet Me At Idlewild

Dave Young

With effortless grace the great plane touched down on the runway and glided to a stop. The doors opened and Matthew Burke walked down the stairs bathed in the sunny smile of the stewardess who bade him goodbye and asked him to watch his step. The sun shone, the sky was blue, and Matthew Burke, a rugged and vigorous man of sixty-two, strode briskly towards the terminal feeling a wonderful sense of freedom and well being.

He was indeed free. Three days ago he had signed the final papers in the sale of his farm and all the rolling acres that flowed up into the Halibarton hills beyond it. Now all the fat cattle were the responsibility of someone else. The stables, the chores, the worries over weather and crops, the taxes, the machinery repair bills, all these things now belonged to another man. Matthew had only money in the bank and one living relative, his nephew Tim, who was to disembark from another plane at this vast air terminal.

The man at the flight information desk looked briefly down at the schedule and then up at Matthew. "Flight 639 from Mexico City exactly ontime and will arrive in twenty-five minutes", he told him. Matthew thanked him and strolled to a seat where he could sit

and study the passers-by while he meditated upon his own good fortune.

There was a marvelous feeling of almost suspended animation in this place. Matthew thought, as he gazed upon the people streaming past him. Nobody belongs here; under this soaring dome travellers just paused briefly, as if to gather momentum, to draw breath while they planned the next lap of some indescribably mysterious journey.

Two nuns, their pale faces like marble, walked silently past in their starched wimples; business men with bulging leather cases almost struck sparks from the echoing floor as they marched by; three young women from India, dark and beautiful in their saris were presently joined by a slim, young, man whose white turban rose in great folds above his black eyebrows.

Matthew was extremely happy and wondered if any passers-by, glancing at him, could possibly tell that he, too, was on his way to high adventure, that he had taken his first step towards the hot sunshine and indolent, exciting, life of Mexico.

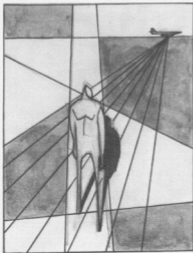
As he thought of the surprise he had in store for his nephew, Matthew could have hugged himself with joy. A dozen times during the past two years, since the sudden death of his wife, Marian, had left Matthew a widower, Tim had written him, from his artists' colony, saying "Come here and stay with me. Stay as long as you like. Forever if you want to. There's an empty cottage to live in, with endless sunshine and the warm sea. It is a lazy Bohemian way of life and it would do you good."

But it had taken Matthew two years to shake the shackles of Marian's farm from his shoulders. He always thought of it as his wife's farm because she loved it so. She was a born country woman, an excellent housewife, with a host of amiable, gossiping friends who were always exchanging recipes and patterns. Matthew could vividly remember her distress when Tim decided to leave university after two years, to paint in Mexico. "A heathen dirty place", she called it (she had never travelled beyond Toronto) "full of disease, because they never wash their vegetables." However, Tim, unmoved by the thought of heathens and dirt, had left, and Matthew had faithfully sent him a cheque each month because Tim was his dead brother's only child and he had to eat, whether or not he sold his paintings.

Matthew glanced up at the clock. Still ten minutes to wait for flight 639. He reached into an inner pocket and drew out a letter. It was Tim's last letter which had reached Flying Goose Farm a month before. Matthew began to reread it.

"Dear Uncle Matt,

Since you flatly refuse to visit my 'island in the sun' I'm coming to New York to see you. If you will get on the plane at Malton the morning of the 30th



of this month you can meet me at Idlewild because my plane will arrive there at 11 a.m. You can't refuse me because I've already made reservations for us at the Berkshire. We can see some good plays together and eat some rich New York food. I'm dying to see you again, of course, but there's another reason for my visit. I'm having a show! All my canvases are packed ready to ship, and I have a good gallery just off Fifth Avenue. I'm desperate to sell some of my work because I need money. This 'art colony' business is a wonderful way of life but none of us seem able to keep our heads above water. (We need a good business manager). If it weren't for some of our cheques, I'd have packed up some time ago. You'll never know how grateful I am for your encouragement and support. By the way - there's another interest in my life, Mary Layton, an English girl who wandered in here one day. She calls herself a tourist but she's more than that. She's wonderful. Her parents died last year and since then she's been jaunting around the globe. She has a marvellous mind and makes me wish I hadn't quit school when I did. Oh well - meet me at Idlewild, won't you?

Tim"

Matthew smiled as he folded the letter and decided that he would announce his surprise to Tim by saying, "You said you needed a business manager. You have one. I've run a successful farm. I can run a profitable artists' colony. You say you need money? You can use mine and repay me as your work sells. You've invited me to live with you many times, now I'm accepting because I'm tired of snow and ice, long winters, and hired work."

A metallic voice rang through the terminal, "Flight 639 from Mexico City is arriving now, at gate thirty-nine."

Matthew sprang to his feet and hurried forward with the throng. Soon he was in sight of the runway to watch the shrieking jet glide to earth just beyond gate thirty-nine. Men, women and children emerged, looking crumpled and relieved and there, at last, was Tim descending the stairs. How bronzed and rugged he looked, life in the sun had improved him. He was talking earnestly to a slim young woman who fell in step beside him and looked up at him with a radiant smile. He saw Matthew instantly as he came through the gate and practically hugged him.

"Uncle Matt!" he cried, "It's wonderful to see you!" He turned swiftly and drew forward the girl who had walked with him.

"Uncle Matt - this is Mary - my bride of one week!"

Matt's jaw fell, "You mean you've-----"

"Yes," smiled Tim. One week ago to-day we got married. Couldn't wait a moment longer. There wasn't time to invite you to the wedding but since

we're spending our honeymoon with you, we thought you wouldn't feel slighted."

Matthew began to mumble good wishes and congratulations, his mind in a whirl. One thought rose uppermost, "Tim still needs me. An artist with a wife needs money twice as desperately as an artist alone."

Tim slipped an affectionate arm across his uncle's shoulders.

"Come on uncle," he smiled, "Our baggage will be ages yet. Lets slip in here and have a cup of coffee while we tell you our news."

Seated at the marble-topped table with coffee before them Matthew felt it was high time he produced his surprise.

"You were telling me in your letter that you were short of money - you won't be from now on, because....."

"How did you guess?" laughed Tim. "Does she look that expensive?" He leaned over and tweaked Mary's ear, then he turned to Matthew looking almost shamefaced as he said, "My wife's loaded, you know. But I had no idea of this until after we were married. Her father left her a pile of money and she's been trying to force it on me for the last week."

"Then, that remark about a business manager," said Matthew, "are you still going to need one at your place in Mexico?"

"Not any more," said Tim cheerfully. "There's no more place in Mexico as far as I'm concerned. Mary hated it. Called it a lot of Bohemian nonsense, thought it was rather dirty. So I sold out my interest lock, stock, and barrel."

Swallowing his last dregs of coffee Matthew managed to say weakly, "What are you going to do for a living from now on?" Tim threw back his head and roared with laughter.

"Now I have the most marvellous news of the century for you, Uncle Matt, I'm going to do exactly what you and Aunt Marian always wanted me to do when I was young and foolish and hadn't any sense. You see, it turns out that Mary loves Canada. In fact, she really married me on the strength of my being a Canadian - solid, stable, worthy and all that kind of thing. When I told her the other day about your farm she went wild with delight. She wants us to live with you, - we could buy the cottage down by the lake if you like - and she'll try to take over Aunt Marian's duties for you. Wouldn't that be great? Then I'll go back to university, take my degree in agriculture, and be your right-hand man." He turned to his smiling wife and said, "I told you Uncle Matt would be surprised, didn't I? I think we've knocked him absolutely speechless. Come on, lets go and look for our luggage, then we'll give him his chance to talk."

## Grass Breaks Loudly But Easily

a great wide field  
of tall grass images  
broken, cracked and twisting

with a club, blue-spiked  
I smash and clear a path  
through the sound of crumbling glass  
I crush a path  
through halves of broken bottles,  
upturned,  
with jagged edges leering  
I flatten their smiles  
with thick-soled climbing boots...  
and pass on.

# Going to Church

Margaret Bell

Three thousand years ago, the psalmist, David, joyfully exclaimed, "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord." Today, unfortunately, the prospect of Sunday worship is rarely greeted with such enthusiasm. Indeed, thousands who profess to be Christians never darken the doorstep of a church.

To understand the importance of church-going, one must first know what a church is. Essentially it is a called-out gathering of people who trust in the promises of God in Jesus Christ. Although the church originated in the New Testament, it has its roots in the Hebrew tabernacle. Just as in the days of Moses, God commanded the Israelites to keep the Sabbathday holy by worshipping at the tabernacle, so He commands us today to keep Sunday holy by worshipping at our church. Thus, church-going is part of a moral law.

Those who tag themselves Christians, yet never frequent a church, often explain their absence by one of the following arguments. Some advocate that they are as good as any churchman and that church-goers are hypocrites. To this accusation the reply is obvious. "Come and join us. There's room for one more." Others, like hermits, believe organized religion is not necessary, and shun community worship. However, St. Paul warns us in his epistle to the Hebrews, "not to forsake the assembling together of ourselves as the manner of some is."

Unfortunately, a large percentage of ardent church-goers are motivated by guilty consciences. They come to ward off the hounds of God, to feel safe for the remainder of the week. Yet this is not the purpose of going to church.

It is for our spiritual benefit that God has commanded us to worship together in life. He has appointed times and seasons, a time for work and a time for rest. As the human body requires periods of physical and mental recreation, so the soul, which is an integral part of our personality, needs spiritual recreation. At church it is provided.

To develop, the physical body requires nourishment. At church, spiritual nourishment is provided for the soul through the preaching and reading of the word of God. "As newborn babes," St. Peter wrote, "desire the sincere milk of the word that you may grow thereby." If we neglect going to church, we are spiritually starving ourselves.

In the worship service a man, by his words and actions, communicates his faith to his neighbour sitting beside him. A spiritual fellowship, in which the binding thread is the presence of Christ is enjoyed by the worshippers. For, where two or three are gathered together in His name, He is there in the midst of them.

It is at church that we are confronted with our sin, for "there is no-one righteous, no not one." Yet at the same time, assurance of God's forgiveness through Christ, is preached. For whosoever calls upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall we call upon Him in whom we have not believed? and how shall we believe in Him of whom we have not heard? and how shall we hear without a preacher? - without going to church to hear the preacher?

Finally, it is at church that we are blessed with a sweet foretaste of heaven. Therefore, at the invitation of God Almighty, let us joyfully go to church!



# World Untouched

Adele Eriach

The moon rides high on frosty clouds,  
The snowflakes fly and form the shrouds  
That wrap the world in stillness deep  
In frozen earth. On resting hill  
The moon rides soft and keeps the still  
In spellbound bliss.

A pale light creeps o'er settled snow,  
A shy ray peeps, and then lies low;  
The blazing sun spreads golden light,  
And wakes the snow to sparkling bright;  
But heart, be glad for this--to find  
No man's hard hand to tear and bind  
This world untouched, this paradise  
Which free survives. O man be wise  
And stay thy hand!

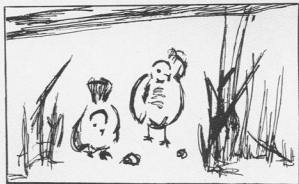
# Happiness

Tracey Hopkins

Happiness is a butterfly.  
Web-woven it may lie  
Chrysalis-bound,  
Through the cold of winter,  
But with the sun-spun rays  
Of Spring, the veil of uncertainty  
Parts, and full-blown joy  
Flutters at first on trembling wings  
Which later, strengthened by time,  
Dance in diamond-dazzle  
With others like itself;  
Fulfilled, unlonely.

# Pigeons on the Grass'- Alas

Shelagh Young



As Peter McClintock approached his usual bench in the park, he saw that it was occupied. A thin tall man was sitting there with a brown paper bag in his lap. He was eating his lunch from the bag in what seemed to Peter a rather furtive and unhappy way. A dozen or so fat pigeons were strutting in the grass at the man's feet, heads swivelling this way and that, eyes turned to catch the fall of a crumb from the man's hand.

Peter's first thought was to walk on by to another bench, a thought which he quickly dismissed. These pigeons were his noon-hour friends, waiting for the bag of peanuts in his pocket. He sat down, amid a welcoming whirl of wings, and swiftly took stock of the other occupant of his bench. He saw a lean, brown, bitter face topped by iron grey hair, crew cut in a deliberately boyish way. The suit was obviously new, and cut in a way that Peter disliked, with lapels too narrow and trousers too slim. Peter couldn't quite place him. A tourist perhaps, - but why was his expression so tense and anxious?

Peter opened his bag of peanuts and was immediately surrounded by pigeons. They perched on his knee, his shoulder, and his wrist, awaiting their accustomed treat. With his free hand, he scattered nuts around his feet and laughed softly to himself as the birds flew down and began to peck greedily.

The stranger turned and looked Peter over.  
"Those birds have been hanging around here for the last ten minutes", he said. "They never got a crumb from me. They're nothing but vermin, and scrounging vermin at that. Nobody's going to scrounge off me."

Peter looked amused.  
"I never thought of them in that way," he said, scattering another handful of peanuts into the grass.  
"I happen to like them, and I think they're beautiful, but I suppose that birds are rather a hobby of mine. I watch them and photograph them a lot."

The stranger looked incredulous.  
"Is that your job?" he asked, "taking pictures of birds?"  
Peter smiled.

"Unfortunately, no. I work back there," he said, waving over his shoulder towards the tall granite towers that loomed beyond the park, "but I'm lucky enough to commute to the country every night. We have lots of trees there, and lots of birds."

The other man looked at Peter with sudden interest.  
"You must have had lots of pull to get a job in one of those offices. A pretty good job, too, I'd say. You look well-heeled to me."

"Yes, I've a good job," said Peter, "I'm an architect. But I didn't get it through pull. I started at the bottom, and last month, after twenty years, I became vice-president. It's a good life, my wife's happy, and my three boys are doing well and want to get into the firm with me when they're through college. I wouldn't say I'm well-heeled, but I have a lot of pleasures that money couldn't buy, anyway."

He turned to the other man and asked, "What's your line of work?"  
"Well," said the stranger, "you might call me a Jack-of-all Trades. Promotions and gimmicks are really my stock in trade. I like to make a fast buck. No steady plugging for me. That's not my line."  
"Don't you find life rather precarious?" Peter asked, "There must be a lot of ups and downs. Have you a family to support?"

The other man's mouth twisted bitterly, "I did have a family. I met and married a girl while I was in Europe. I was in the money then, and I knew her family was loaded. We had one kid and everything was fine as long as my money lasted. When that was gone she called me a lousy bum and went back to her old man, and took the kid with her."

"That's too bad," said Peter. "What are you doing now?"  
The man's face lit up.  
"I've got something big going for me now," he said, "really big. I've got an appointment to see a guy this afternoon. That's why I'm killing time among these lousy birds." He kicked at a pigeon strutting around, his foot looking for a last peanut. He turned to Peter eagerly.

"Tell me, how do I look? I've hocked everything to get these new threads. Front is everything in my business."

"You look very - smart," said Peter, using a word he loathed, but being as honest as he could, "and I hope you swing the deal. By the way," he said suddenly, "you don't, by any chance come from Georgia, do you? There's something in your voice that is very familiar."

"I sure do," the man said, "a small town called Minson."  
Incredulously, Peter stared at him. "I do, too. Did you go to Minson High?"

"I sure did," answered the other. "I was an honour graduate. Hey, were you there the year the mayor died, and left a ten thousand dollar grant to the most promising student of the year?"

"Yes!" Peter exclaimed. "I was there that year. I tried for that award but didn't get it."  
The other man turned to him with a wry smile. "I knew who you were as soon as you mentioned Minson. You haven't changed all that much in the last twenty-five years. I'm the one who's changed the most. You see, I'm Marvin Charleton. I'm the guy who won it."

# The Haunted House

Peter Hall

Upon the dreary hill it stood  
Its timbers dark with age,  
Upon the cracked and blackened wood  
Were all the marks of nature's rage.

It reared its towers in the sky,  
And stood with mighty breath  
It threw its pinnacles away on high  
Where all the birds had fled.

Framed against a blood red moon  
It glowed with crimson light,  
The insane laughter of a loon  
Was heard to break the night.

From silent murky depths it rose,  
To top the very clouds  
From dismal mystical repose,  
Long lost in misty shrouds.

It loathed the very light of day  
And loved the blackest night  
It bore the stigma of decay  
For time had showed its might.

# A Sin To Kill

Susan Hubble

John bounded lightly up the first two flights of stairs, taking the final three steps in one triumphant leap. He stopped, fixed his clothing, wiped his brow, took one last breath, and entered his shabby apartment.

The living-room was empty, but there were sounds coming from the kitchen where his wife, Mary, was probably preparing dinner for him. John sighed loudly, and plopped down heavily onto his favourite chair. He buried his head in his hands and became a perfect picture of depression.

Mary came out of the kitchen, but he did not show any signs of interest. He only sighed loudly.

"You saw them?" Mary asked.

He nodded silently, moving his hands with his head.

"They rejected it?" she asked.

Again he nodded.

This time Mary sighed, with a worried look on her slowly aging face. "They're the last publishers, aren't they?" she said, with a little hope in her voice.

He lifted his head and looked at her, shrugging his shoulders helplessly.

"I've taken that darn novel to every publisher in this stupid business," he said, "every last one."

"I think it's a good book," she replied, trying to make him feel better, but without much success. John smiled his thanks weakly, finally defeated and nothing, absolutely nothing to turn to.

"Let's have a cup of coffee and a piece of that blueberry pie you were promising to make," he said, "and then let's kill ourselves."

She sighed again, wiping her hands on her apron. She bit one nail. "I guess there's no alternative, is there?"

He shrugged. "We don't have a cent. Our whole lives are tied up in that book. If no one will publish it-----" He stopped and shrugged.

"I'll get the coffee and pie," Mary said.

"I guess I'll clean the gun."

As she walked to the kitchen, he went to the bedroom and took the gun out of his drawer. He carefully emptied the chambers of all their bullets and looked cautiously down the barrel. He then pointed it at the pillow, closed his eyes, put one finger to his ear, and pulled the trigger. It clicked. He let out his breath and fired several more times. Finally, convinced that it was empty, he wandered back into the dining-room. John had often read of people killing themselves while cleaning a gun because they had thought it was empty.

He seated himself in his chair and proceeded to clean his gun with his handkerchief when Mary returned with the coffee and pie. Laying down the gun, he came to the table and together they ate several bites of pie.

"Good pie," he remarked. "Make it yourself?"

"With my own little hands," Mary replied.

"It's really good," John assured her. "I mean it. Definitely tastes better; don't use a mix anymore."

"I won't. I won't use anything anymore." She glanced over his shoulder to where the gun was lying.

He gave a little chuckle, ate his last piece of pie, washed it down with a great gulp of coffee, wiped his mouth and said, "I guess it's about time I stopped teasing you." He smiled at her, with a gleam in his eye.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

He smiled again and leaned back into his chair. He reached into his shirt and withdrew a piece of paper, which he tossed carelessly across the table. She picked it up.



"It's a cheque," she said, "for two thousand dollars. To you, from-----"

"It's an advance on the novel," he said, beaming.

"They liked it. They bought it," he began to rise, "and they're going to publish it. We'll be rich! rich! rich!"

"Oh dear!" Mary said.

"What do you mean, 'Oh dear!'?" he exclaimed, surprised at his wife's lack of enthusiasm. "Don't you understand? They bought the novel. We're rich!"

"It's just that guns are so messy."

"We're not going to use the gun," he said. "That was just my joke. We don't have to kill ourselves now. We're rich. For the last time, we're rich."

"I couldn't bear the thought of strangers finding us dead with blood spattered all over us from the gun, so I poisoned the pie," she announced, quite calmly.

# Too Late

Helene Nessim

Life wanes;  
And like the mist that shrouds a waking lake  
When slain by the mighty rays of the morning sun,  
It fades,  
Then "Is" what human minds will not conceive,  
Death the Dreamer silently appears,  
and hails  
The cycle of returning birth of "Self",  
Whose vanished mist leaves no departing trace  
To dim  
The future memories of other "selves".  
But, chance may be, a damp, forbidden hint  
Still lives,  
And breathes in nooks of the unconscious mind.  
The known light of its day may gleam,  
It calls-  
In hope the steps will hear and turn,  
They - unfaltering, firm - on the path  
Echoing strange...

# Requiem

Ron Gaston

Sunrise, Yellow over the mountain.  
Heat, Sudden and unyielding,  
Pouring unmercifully at cock's crow;  
Irritating as before, inviting another day-  
Another day promising imitation of its brothers.  
Labour again shali be lost. No work should be done  
Under this harsh heat of Ré.  
Is this a punishment to the plantation owner,  
Who, having reached a height  
Steps on others to maintain it?  
Or to the workers, who, hating the hand that had  
Plucked them from starvation,  
Rebel against the brute force of that hand?  
Such is the world we live in  
Sunstrength aggravates the brain.

# Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep

Douglas McClay

Now I lay me down to sleep  
With my books piled in a heap,  
If I die before I wake  
Here are precautions you must take.  
Lay my math book at my feet,  
Tell Mr. Yarchuk it's got me beat.  
Lay my history on my chest,  
Tell Mr. Philchuk I did my best.  
Lay my science in my hand,  
Tell Mr. Forrester I didn't understand.  
Lay my drafting by my head  
Tell Mr. McCormack I'm glad I'm dead.

# The Elm

Dave Waite

Gigantic. Massive. Spreading out and reaching up,  
Its height invoked dizziness even when on earth.

Long, thick, black branches twirled upwards to ends  
Like a newborn litter of garter snakes.

The bright sun fought with this twining jumble of black,  
Exposing it deep loam brown here and there.

Against the deep sea blue of the sky swayed long, thin  
and spiny ends, scraping at the blue.  
They did not disturb the blue though;  
It was well out of reach.

This blue had an accomplice, however..  
White puffs of the north wind.  
The ends again swung fruitlessly with all their might  
Against these passing white puffs.

But presently, from all their swinging and jabbing  
These ends did catch something:  
a bird.

Thousands of green spots hid some of the loam brown.  
They were trying to shake themselves free to fly off  
Farther  
Than their rather futile fluttering on the ends.

They knew not their own strength.

Rising as swiftly as the upswing of a hawk's dive,  
The trunk disappeared into the green, the blue, and the white.

I lay at the base trying to absorb the shade of the trunk.  
It's shadow, though, obviously wanted to be rid of me,  
For I was pursued slowly around the tree.

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THIS IS OUR EDITOR

OUR GROUP HAS  
41 76 FELLOW  
MEMBERS

LAPTOP  
ARE WORK

HEADWATER

LITTLE BOY DEAR

BUT WHAT DO I  
DO NOW?

I-IT'S A GIRL! WHAT'LL  
I DO ???

EDITOR



SEATED: Marg Cuthbertson, Carol Zablotny, Tracey Hopkins, Judy Brydon, STANDING: Mr. Tague, Bill Scarth, Jim Hoshko, Bev Goldthorpe, Bob Whitehead, Ted Johnson, Mr. Clupa.

## *Students Council*



FIRST ROW: Scott Bradford, Steve Durban, Bob Hill, Doug Keik, Dennis Ruggles, Randy Smiley, Mike McCarthy, Doug Lucas, Murray Dufoe. SECOND ROW: Janice Apted, Sandy Thompson, Susan Luscott, Elizabeth Duncan, Marsha Reeb, Susan Green, Linda Woligrowski, Joan Dickson, Sue Arnott, Julie Alexander. THIRD ROW: Irwin Embacker, John Modesto, Roger Leslie, John O'Brien, Dave Waite, Glen Carrey, Jim Woods, Bob Vair, Bruce Wilson. FOURTH ROW: Barrie Stanfield, Heather Rowdy, Kathy Adams, Malja Thompson, Liz Christofferson, Shiela Waite, Helen Willman, Don Warren, Dave Wilson, Jim Stewart.

# Scholarships



LYNN GATHERCOLE  
Middle School General  
Proficiency



BILL SCARTH  
Grade XII Music



LESLIE DEWSON  
Grade XII English



MARG BELL  
Grade XII Art



JOE REID  
Middle School  
Mathematics



RICK BUNT  
Middle School  
Science



ELAINE RANKIN  
Middle School French



JAN DUINKER  
Province of Ontario  
Scholarship



DIANNE HARDWICK  
South Peel Kinsmen Club  
Scholarship



PETER MOSSOP  
Upper School General  
Proficiency  
Prov. of Ont. Scholarship  
Queen's Un. Prov. Scholarship  
Ont. Sec. School Teacher's  
Federation (South Peel Branch)  
Scholarship



BRUCE MURCHISON  
Province of Ontario  
Scholarship



PETER DILLON  
Middle School  
Latin



HELEN BLAKE  
Memorial Scholarship



BRUCE WILSON  
Grade XI English



DAVID HINE  
Grade IX History



JAMES WOOD  
Grade X History



PEGGY LOBB  
Grade XI History



BRUCE FARRINGTON  
Lower School General  
Proficiency



PATRICIA MARTIN  
Grade XI Music



DAVID ADAMS  
Grade XI General  
Proficiency



JEANINE SEVERIN  
Grade IX General  
Proficiency



ALEX HALL  
Grade XII History



VALERIE LAMB  
Lower School Science 81



LYNDA McCREA  
Lower School Science



THEA VAN STIPHOUT  
Lower School  
Mathematics,

Winners

Prize



# Honour Society Executive :

SEC: Bill Schoenhardt  
PRES: Bill Scarth  
VICE-PRES: Dave Adams



## GRADE X

Linda Barnett, Elizabeth Christofferson, Linda Gray, William Halliday, Milly Robyn, Linda Wolfroski, Vikas Stukas, Larry Kivell, Wendy Dymock, Nancy Brown, Barbara Stewart, Robert Vair, Jonathan Hackett, William King, Lorraine Maurice, Robert McWhirter, Afton Beattie, Stephen Gard, Paul Hickox, Nancy Jackson, Mary McTavish, David Perry, Sharon Riches, Paul Whitehead, Janis Apted, Mary Ball, Sydney Brooks, Robert Bunt, Scott Burns, Linda Campbell, Reid Dewson, Lynn Dillon, Alice Fagg, Ian Fraser, Catherine Howson, Nancy Knott, Michael Lawrie, Janet Simpson, Rick Southee, David Dinning, David McCleary, Angela MacRae, Heather Smyth, Yvonne Steenhorst, Joseph Ungara, Bonnie Buchanan, Douglas Carphin, David Hine, Laurel Knipfel, Linda Okamura, Margaret Ostrowski, Shelagh Young, Melanie Theobalds, Bruce MacRae, Dianne Middlebrook, Jeanine Severin.

## GRADE XI

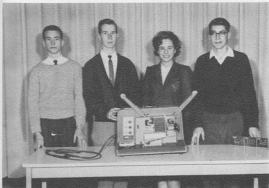
Carol Bryce, Margaret Cutlbertson, Anne Everett, Jaroslava Fousewicz, Susan Head, Sandra Robb, Valerie Rollins, Betty Mancini, Linda Barnstaple, Robert Whitehead, Ronald Milligan, Ivana Bellus, Tom Dyer, Angela Erlach, Bruce Farrington, Murray Green, Laurel Hasell, Frank Hogg, Ken Korpi, Valerie Lamb, David MacLaren, James McTaggart, Jock MacRae, Jane Roberts, Victor Shaw, Bill Simmons, James Woods, Virginia Young, Barbara Beal, Peter Duisker, Ronald Finn, Susan Hare, Scott Hogg, Lynda McCrea, David Orr, Eric Parker, Peter Stanfield, Diane Tait, Lynda Walach, Tom Brydon, Leona D'Amour, Bruna Severin, Thea Van Stiphout, Percy Harcourt, Susan Pollock, Robert Wilson, Julie Hart, Marjorie Kennedy, Dale Ursaki, Madelyn Caton, Ron Shimon.

## GRADE XII

David Adams, Sandra Brewer, Paul Caldwell, Bill Chambers, Tracey Hopkins, Tom Hurley, Fred Joblin, Peggy Lobb, Ian Macmillan, Helen Nesstn, Eugene Stukas, Alec Temporale, George Will, Bruce Wilson, Mary-Jane Martin, Terry Beswick, Richard Garbutt, Eric Gray, Brian Ternoway.

## GRADE XIII

John Bond, Ricky Bunt, Judy Brydon, Leslie Dewson, Peter Dillon, Deborah Evans, Lynne Gathercole, Ralph MacDonald, Rick MacDowell, Bill MacMillan, Elaine Rankin, Bill Scarth, Bill Schoenhardt, Jane Shaw, Reid Smith, Gayle Steeves, Robert Thompson, Janice Greenhill, David Handriks, Mary Lazar, Mary Quick, Judy Hugill, Joseph Reid.



## Electrical Sciences Club

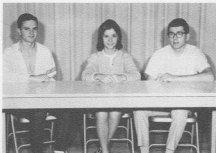
MEMBERS: Tom Hurley  
Rick MacDowell  
Jen Jones  
Bill Jackson

ABSENT:  
PRES: Don Chambers  
MEMBER: Ron Dean

This year, on account of the size of the school, the club membership is double that of last year, and a new four member executive has been established. We are more active and members are frequently found either in classrooms or in the auditorium projection room showing films on one of the two new projectors. The addition of a dimmer system allowed us to produce very effective lighting for stage productions. Equipment is assembled in our own room now, and with new audio equipment in the cafeteria more pleasant dances are produced for the student body. Again we have proved ourselves indispensable.

## Arts and Crafts Club

PRES: Ron Tessier  
VICE-PRES: Ted Baker  
MEMBER: Bonnie Caruk



Happyness is not a quiet art club, It is a colourful, positive thinking group of young student artists joining to work creatively. Each year our activities include decorating for dances and banquets, designing murals and posters, and occasional trip sketching or visiting an art exhibit.

The executive of the Arts and Crafts would like to thank our staff sponsor, Mr. Pollard, and all of the members who helped the Arts and Crafts Club to have a happy and successful year.



*Senior*

*Chorus*

*Junior*



MR. LANKIN



## Senior Chorus Executive



MEMBERS: Malja Thompson  
BRI Scarth  
PRES: Janice Bolton  
MEMBER: Kathy Adams

## Male Chorus



## Junior Chorus Executive



PRES: Valerie Cousins  
VICE-PRES: Pete Doherty  
SEC. Mary Jane Lynch  
TREAS: Kevin Birch

# Junior



FIRST ROW: David Taylor, Richard Hardwick, Mr. Whyte, John MacIntyre, Kent Gillespie. SECOND ROW: Roy Brock, Karen Van Houten, Anne-Marie Aubert, Doug Greer, Warren McClure, Randy Smylie, Donald King, David Kennedy. THIRD ROW: Peter Hall, Dorothy Grabowski, Cathy Fleet, Johanna Powell, Colleen Wright, Sylvia Mernicks, Jane Dyelle. FOURTH ROW: Martha Watte, Mary Watts, Jim Holland, Barry Green, Richard Goddard, Alan Hill.

# Orchestra

FIRST ROW: Janice Smith, Cathy Howson, Lorraine Brick, Mr. Whyte, Barbara James, Dorothy Grabowski, Nancy Jackson. SECOND ROW: Steve Derbyshire, Devon Hassard, Mary Ball, Nancy Knott, Steve Gard, Bob Bunt, Loretta Drygas, Afton Beattie, Sydney Brookes, Ian Fraser. THIRD ROW: Joan Jolley, Mary McTavish, Lynn Dillon, Jo-Anne Armour, Karen Honsberger, Fiona Stewart, Alice Fagg, Pat Kennedy, Janis Apted. FOURTH ROW: Janet Sharp, Sharon Riches, Ilona Mernicks, Janet Simpson, Scott Burns, Ann Jansen, Jeltje Mazereeuw, Angela Ertach. FIFTH ROW: Dave Perry, Dave Dinning, Richie Bayes, Paul Hickox, Rick Southee, John Pearce, Mike Lawrie.



# Senior



# Dramatic Society

VICE-PRES: Bill Searth  
PRES: Vicki Redding  
SEC: Marg West  
TREAS: Lynn Gathercole

This year the Dramatic Society was in charge of the Christmas assembly. It consisted of carol singing and a short one-act play entitled "A Christmas Star For Olga".

The major undertaking of the year is scheduled for February 6, 7, and 8. "The Importance of Being Ernest" is a short comedy, which we hope will be of interest to all age groups. It is open to the public and most of the cast won its fame from last year's "Pride and Prejudice".

Later in the year we plan some small productions, in which we hope to include some of the Grade Nine students in order that as many students as possible can take part.



# Library Society

SEC-TREAS: Hejlene Nessim  
PRES: Susan Mueller  
VICE-PRES: Jen Jones

"The Library Club is a girls' club", I've heard many boys say. This is not true. During the past year we have had more boys join the club than anyone had expected. And why shouldn't they?

In the Library Club we are dedicated to keep the library running smoothly. The members card and shelve books, help keep the library neat, and under the expert supervision of Mrs. Gilham help you in your search for interesting books.

The club consists of about forty members this year, and with the new system of morning, lunch hour, and after school work periods, we are trying to do a better and more effective job for you.

If you see some girls or boys flitting busily around the library in the future, you can be sure that they are members of the Library Club.





# ISCF

MEMBERS: Kent Gillespie  
Hazel Page  
PRES: Marg Bell  
MEMBER: Angela Erlach

"To know Christ and to make Him known," is the aim of the Inter School Christian Fellowship.

Why should students seek to know Christ personally? Because He seeks to transform our lives, so that we are no longer islands unto ourselves, but are full of His love and concern for others. "Behold I stand at the door and knock. If anyone hears my voice and opens the door I will come in and sit down to supper with him and he with me."

Through discussions, Bible studies, prayer and films, we seek to know Christ--our first aim. Through our socials such as hay rides, sports nights and Laurentian Ski Camp we enjoy a lot of fun together.



Most people regard the meeting of the Chess Club as rather an intellectual stimulus; however, our real purpose is to provide the students with a competent, interesting game of chess each Wednesday night. Occasionally, the top eight players are given an opportunity to participate in tournaments with other schools. If you find yourself without commitments on a Wednesday afternoon between three fifteen and five o'clock I suggest you join us for a rapturous afternoon. Even students who have had no previous experience whatever are welcome since anyone of our experienced players would be only too happy to give instruction.

## Chess Club

MEMBER: Eric Parker  
PRES: John Ascott  
MEMBER: Lyn Gardner





## Archery Club

The Archery Club consists of girls from grades 11, 12, and 13. This year the competition among the members was very keen and all the girls did very well. We had several tournaments and, for the first time, practice novelty shoots.

We have enjoyed a long year of archery this year and have, I'm sure, profited by it.

FIRST ROW: Shirley Newbold, Corey Van Zeyl, Margot McHenry (Vice-President), Judy Greer (President), Janet Krout, Ruth Churnia, SECOND ROW: Marg West, Adele Eriach, Curleena Robson, Mary Sue Mellor, Carolyn Connors, THIRD ROW: Gail Brookes, Sandy Brewer, Mary Blenkarn, Jan Haugh, Sharon Hill, Pat Wilson, ABSENT: Carole Newbold (vice-president).

## Wrestling Club

FIRST ROW: Mike McMahon, Russ St. Louis, Ron Milligan, Steve Gard, Bill Bradley, Scott Hogg, SECOND ROW: Ross Connolly, Don Henderson, Vidas Stukas, Bruce Farrington, Mr. Philchuk, THIRD ROW: Rick Southee, Bill Percy, Ralph Eades, Dave Fitzgibbons, Bill Knott, Gary Holmes.



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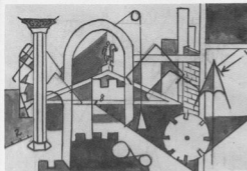
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## Pre-Engineering Club

The executive for 1963-1964 is:

President: Gary Black

Vice-Pres: John Bond

Sec-Treas: Russel St. Louis

Programme Co-ordinator: John Fryer

Staff Sponsor: Mr. Third

A new student activity in Port Credit was initiated on January 28, 1964 under the name "Pre-Engineering Club" with the prime purpose of having student members study, on a co-operative basis, the curriculum, campus living expenses, and general activities of various Canadian universities. Reference files will be kept to assist future students in their choice of a university and a suitable course.

Guest speakers and field trips are included in the club programme.

## Gymnastics Club

FIRST ROW: John Doherty, Kent Gillespie,

Barry Cliffor, Bruce Clarke, Lawrence Howe,

SECOND ROW: John Joblin, Mike Dilly, Fred

Joblin, Bob Masrice, Mr. Ewart. THIRD

ROW: George Higgins, Paul Rathwell, Tony

LaRoche, John Logan, Joe Cain.

This year's Gymnastics Club, coached by Mr. Ewart, looks forward to bigger and better things. It will put on a display early in March, and will participate in the big TDIAA Meet on March 13.

The new apparatus provides more fun (and occasionally a few spills) and better opportunities for advancement. Generally it is agreed that gymnastics is one of the best sports to watch, for in it one sees the grace, strength, and skill necessary for a good routine. In this light, our team of hopefuls should make the Olympics at least; if it doesn't, well, there's always 1968 to look forward to.





## French Club

The French Club, this year under the much appreciated direction of Mr. Harper, is holding its monthly meetings at the homes of teachers and members. With activities including games, music, singing, films (downtown too!), slides, and pastry, all "à la française", plus the motto "French can be fun, you know", we are enjoying the many facets of this fascinating culture.

In the planning stage are visits to the French Clubs of neighbouring schools and a dance to help sponsor a trip to Quebec at Easter.

With the increased school enrolment and all the present stress on biculturalism, we are expecting that more students will join and enjoy the club.

## Track & Field Champs



STANDING: Mike McCarthy, Don McHenry, Jim McKnight, John Dudley. SEATED: Laurie Knipfel, Reta Riggs, Karen Shute.

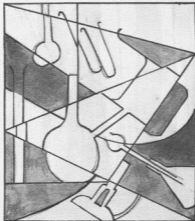
# Girls' Tumbling Club



FIRST ROW: Rosemary O'Sullivan, Judy Mannings, Jeannie Last, Loretta Blower, Laurie Faught, Nancy Weller, Tina Prietz, SECOND ROW: Beth Babcock, Linda Murray, Jane Larsen, Sheila Smith, Janice Kent, Terry Murphy, Mary Jane Lynch, Mary Ball, Elly Viletman, Valerie Cousins, THIRD ROW: Chris Richards, Heather Smythe, Wendy Zavitz, Mary Gibson, Dianne Hartman, Janet Simpson, Angela MacRae, Laurie Knipfel, Michelle Gregoire, Sandy Proud, Diane Kostynyk, FOURTH ROW: Corey Van Zeyl, Sue Dickson, Marilyn Carphin, Linda Matichuk, Marilyn Cooke, Barb Davis, Jill Palethorpe, Gail Johnson, Ann Vander Linden, Marg Ostrowski.

## Science Club

The Science Club tries to promote studying beyond the school curriculum in the fields of Mathematics, Chemistry and Physics. Our members are from Grade eleven, twelve and thirteen. Our main projects so far this year have been the construction of solar energy cells and an Earnstein polarograph. We have also acquired a dial selector unit from the Bell Telephone and electrical components from Admiral, which we plan to use in future projects.



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# Boys' Sports

FRANK GARNER

From the old school to the new,  
School support dropped and made us blue,  
And when our football team, I fear,  
On a sad note did end the year,  
It's time we, the students, gave support  
And make again Port Credit tops in sport.

Our annual track and field meet produced Mike McCarthy, Jim McKnight and John Dudley, Don McHenry as Junior, Intermediate, and Senior champions respectively. Led by Dave Lamb, Pete Schmocker, Don McHenry and John Dudley, our mile relay team roared to the winner's circle in the TDIAA Finals, held at East York Stadium, and finished a close second in the Ontario Championships.

Our new accommodations should prove beneficial to this year's Track and Field Club.

Mr. Philchuk's Jr. B's produced bright hopes for the future by defeating such teams as TLK, Gordon Graydon, and Lorne Park, and by producing a successful season marred only by one loss. This year's Jr. A squad, coached by Mr. Forde, ended in a first place tie in their league. The team entered the playoffs against Brampton and lost a close game 13-12, and thus ended a good season.

The senior team looked forward to a successful season when the Warriors lost a very close contest to Kitchener, 7-6. A good record of two victories, one tie, and only one defeat kept The Warriors in close contention, but just as the Romans fell, so did the Golden Warriors. Two losses to Kennedy and Graydon ended the season on a sad note.

With the basketball season just under way, all four teams are holding their own and are still in contention for their respective titles.

We also have this year wrestling and gymnastic teams.

We think that Port Credit can once again obtain her reputation in sports if more people were willing to participate.

# Girls' Sports

MARJORIE HOMER-DIXON



On September 18, 1963, the senior girls' volleyball team was chosen. Those girls involved were Karen Shute, Cheryl Smith, Charlotte ("charlie") Zavitz, Pat Garringer, Carol Gilbert, Pam Parnell, Pam Newbold, Norma Henderson, and Joan Murray.

On the same day the junior girls' volleyball team was chosen. The girls representing our school were Wendy Zavitz, Bonnie Buchanan, Mary McTavish, Sharon Perold, Sue Green, Jill Harvey, Margaret Ostrowski, Marilyn Carphin, and Carol Boose.

On Monday, October 21 at the opening game of the season, our juniors won over Lorne Park. Our seniors were not so fortunate.

On Wednesday, October 23, Gordon Graydon played at Port Credit. This time the process was reversed - our juniors lost and our seniors won.

On Tuesday, October 29, New Toronto played at P.C.S.S. The juniors won and the seniors lost.

On Monday, November 4, Port Credit played its first away game at Mimico. Our juniors lost and our seniors won.

The semi-finals were played on November 11. Our mighty juniors won over Gordon Graydon and our fighting seniors lost to New Toronto.

November 18 was D-Day for the juniors, when the finals were to be held. Mimico beat P.C.S.S. juniors for the district championship.

Just wait until next year! We'll plough all over them!



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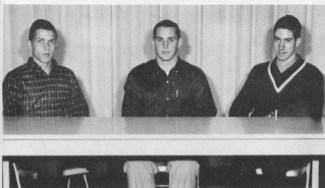
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PRES: Frank Garner  
SEC-TREAS: Ian Fyfe



## *G. A. A. Executive*



SEC: Meryl Kirkby  
PRES: Charlotte Zavitz  
ASST: [unclear]  
VICE-PRES: Marjorie Homer-Dixon  
TREAS: Judy Pippy

# GOLDEN



MR. N. VOLPE  
Coach



DOUG RAMSDEN



GEOFF PEARCE



PAUL CLARKE



TONY LEGAULT



RICK RUNT



GORD WAGLAND



PETE ADAMS



GERALD TAYLOR



DON MCHENRY



GORD BECKET



BILL SCHOENHARDT



BILL WATTS



GARRIE O'NEILL



IAN SMITH



# Warriors



MR. EWART  
Coach



JOHNNY NASATO



FRANK GARNER



GORD HENDERSON



PAUL WEAKLEY



CHRIS WARD



BILL MacMILLAN



PETE SCHMOCKER



JOHN WATSON



BOB ELLIOT



LOUIS FAVRE



GEORGE WILL



JIM FISHER



DAVE HENDRIKS



BRIAN COOKE



# Junior "A" Football



FIRST ROW: Sandy McKay, Doug Lucas, Alan Farrel, Mike Lynch, Evan Hayter, Hugh MacGregor, Don Reck, Bob Hurley, Mike Laurie, Dave Cordy. SECOND ROW: Mr. Forde, Mac Hickox, Bill Osborne, Brian Ternoway, Reg Dickson, Greg Finlayson, Pete Favrin, Eric Atkins, Paul Caldwell, Wayne Mattice, Paul Damude, THIRD ROW: Paul Bates (manager), Doug Burgess, Dick Belford, Frank Hogg, Mike McCarthy, Brian Henry, Randy Scott-Wood, Kerry Holland, Percy Harcourt, Peter Hall.

# Junior "B" Football



FIRST ROW: John Pearce, Jeff Pick, Bill Simmons, Paul Johnstone, Bud Bendall, Al Dicoore, Deid Dewson, Graham Hess, Mark O'Brien. SECOND ROW: Ian Bryce, Ron Stickely, Bob Mill, Ron Dawck, Pete Mascarin, Richy Bayes, Paul Whitehead, Rick Southee, Ron Kalusik, Fred Nasato, John Forrest. THIRD ROW: John Logan, Ray Kasko, Jim Madigon, Steve Derbyshire, Jack Julius, Scott Burns, Lester Kirkland, Phillip Petch, Lorne Yatesman, Mr. Philchuk.

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# GOLDEN EAGLES



ABSENT:  
Ron Moelds



DAVE YOUNG



BILL SCHOENHARDT



GARRIE O'NEILL

ABSENT:  
Bill Watts



PETE DILLON



RON VENNING



RALPH MacDONALD



DAVE HENDRIKS



JIM HOSHEKO



JASON HAUGH



GEORGE WILL



JOHN WATSON

# Junior Basketball Team



FIRST ROW: Frank Hogg, Graham Cooke, Brian Ternoway, Dave Cox, Fraser Gagne, Don Naumowich, Bill Osborne. SECOND ROW: Mr. Cropper, John Will, Jim Macdonald, Reg Dickson, John Bond, Tom Dyer, Paul Damude, Geoff Pearce.

# Midget Basketball Team



FIRST ROW: Paul Whitehead, Paul Bates, Jack Julius, Paul Hickox, Wayne Lannan, Mike McCarthy, SECOND ROW: Mike McMahon, Steve Derbyshire, Bob New, David Dillon, Richie Bayes, Bob Bonyun, Frank Durrigan, Mr. Hands.

# Bantam Basketball Team



FIRST ROW: Corey Doyle, Chris Parr, Brian Burton, Bob Hirano, Ron Saddington, Terry Craig, Randy Slemin, Tom Moxam. SECOND ROW: Mr. Forde, Barry Green, Dave Kennedy, Alan Will, Scott Lee, Steve Bain, Graham Hess, Paul Gilbert, Pete Hall, Terry Black, Mr. Volpe. THIRD ROW: Bob Mairice, John Joblin, Bill Simmons, Peter Beardsworth, Terry Leaswick, Gerry Galt, Guy Mechan, Bob Bunt.

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E. BUCHANAN



D. HASSARD



S. THOMPSON



G. ABBOTT



L. KNIPPEL

## Cheerleaders



R. WAIN



E. SOULES



D. LAST



M. MCHENRY



J. COLLETT



B. BEAL



M. HOMER-DIXON



J. DITTY

# Senior Volleyball Team



FIRST ROW: Miss Newman, Pat Garringer, Pam Parnell, Karen Shute, Cheryl Smith, Mrs. Matisko, SECOND ROW: Mary Newitt, Charlotte Zavitz, Joan Murray, Carol Gilbert, Norma Henderson, Pam Newbold,

# Junior Volleyball Team



FIRST ROW: Susan Green, Marg Ostrowski, Carol Boose, Wendy Zavitz, Jill Hawley, Mary McTavish, SECOND ROW: Miss Newman, Mary Newitt, Bonnie Buchanan, Sharon Perold, Marilyn Carphin, Mrs. Matisko.



EUGENIE STUKAS

## *Belle of the Ball*

Leslie Dewson  
Marg West

Sue Wain  
Sue Arnot



KATHY ADAMS

## *Miss Port Credit*

Adele Erlach  
Elaine Rankin

Lynn Gathercole  
Leslie Dewson



SHIRLEY SLADE

# *Posture* *Queen*



Where did you say middle "C" was?



Please accept, sir, this trophy as a small token of our esteem.



Ha Ha, I wonder who's locker I just kicked in!!!



111 The Maestro at work.



That, sir, is a cracker.



Altogether now.....!



I still think I'm not guilty!



HELP!!!!!!



UGH! Me Jane!



I use Brant X Toothpaste.



Ab, your mother wears army boots!!



Well- a bird, bird, bird  
is the word.



She's got that look in her eye.



Aw, c'mon, they can't ALL be playing, hoockey!



All right, all right, who threw the chalk?



Hey! Its a girl!



Hey! Whazzst up there?



DARN! It worked in the last class.



Say! waddaya know! I'm on da wrong page!

# Literary Supplement

## The Key

The world to a child is a bright and shining thing, a bauble on a Christmas tree, always twinkling and sparkling. Even the most ordinary object is fascinating to a child's eye. So it was that a chance sunbeam caught the girl's attention. It was shiny, sharp, out of place in the hazy greyness of the world she usually travelled in.

The woman beside her smiled. Her face was one of a woman who had acquired patience through disappointment, and who, in consequence, was always cheered by any small improvement. "Look, she sees the sunlight!" she said to the man seated opposite her.

The girl did not hear her. Nor did she hear the man's cautious reply. Why should she? To a child the imaginary world is more real than the actual world, and to the girl, the world she built for herself was very real indeed. Slipping from her chair, she began to follow that fascinating golden beam. It danced before her, sometimes hiding shyly, but always returning.

"How pretty she is," the man exclaimed. "He sighed, 'I suppose you know the extent of our explorations in these fields?'"

To the girl watching from the corner, the room seemed suddenly to swing into focus. She was no longer a traveller on the border road between two worlds. For an instant she saw the woman, leaning forward and talking excitedly. In that moment of increased perception she saw the hope in the woman's eyes, heard her voice saying, "...but there must be hope!" If no one knows...." She saw the hands in the shabby gloves clutch at the handles of the dingy purse as if for comfort. Only for an instant - then, just as quickly, the traveller found herself in the other world. She was alone except for the sunbeam. It had disappeared again behind the bookcase and suddenly the sun beam was not a sunbeam. Its golden dancing light was breaking on the sleek golden sides of a fierce tiger. The sunlight glinted on his fierce golden eyes, picked out the highlights of his burnished coat, and caressed his burnished tail. There was a tiger behind the bookcase - a sunlight golden tiger hiding behind the bookcase.

The girl screamed. She must run. She must escape from this world to the other world - to the world of the man who sat beside the desk and the woman with the tired eyes who fingered her purse so desperately. She ran; she screamed. The tiger's growling filled her, supported her, and then - the growling became words. The tiger was talking to her! She came back from that world to the other. The man was holding her, talking to her. "Do you see?" He said gently to the woman who was staring at him. Her mouth was a colourless thin line. "There's no hope?" she asked. Her voice was as colourless as her face.

The man released his hold on the girl. "We can do our best", he said wearily. "She is calm now".

The girl looked in front of her and smiled. Gone was the golden tiger, and in his place the friendly sunbeam. "You see", the doctor went on, "a schizophrenic patient lives in two worlds. We must find the key to unlock the door between two worlds. Perhaps it lies in the sunbeam she is following so intently."

The man and the woman looked at the girl. The girl did not hear them. Why should she? The world is a bright and shiny thing to a child; even the most ordinary object is fascinating to a child's eye. She was looking at a sunbeam.





# The Four Seasons

Shirley Slade

When I look back on seasons past,  
I dream of summer on golden sand,  
Of a hot sun burning, and surr  
Pounding on the land,  
I dream of a fall with whirling leaves,  
A crystal day, and smoke  
Drifting through the trees.  
I dream of a winter and dazzling snow,  
Of drifting whiteness when  
The cold winds blow,  
I dream of a spring with sweet newness in the air,  
Of warm soft breezes  
Rippling through my hair.  
When I look back on Season's past,  
I dream of seasons to come.



# Unto Dust

Bruce Wilson

Growing old will my  
Enfeebled clay feel death?  
I do not conceive it,  
Old men fade and wither and die,  
Returning to the earth's warm womb  
Will I?

Scan the sea;  
Where blue meets blue  
Limbo lurks.  
My mind cannot  
Comprehend you.

Peer into night's sky;  
Endless star  
On endless star,  
My mind cannot contain you.

Mind, frail  
Dust encased  
Between oblivion  
And infinity.

Sun-rise o'er smokey chimney  
Void voice  
Putrid pungency of decayed debris,  
Sooty, sordid, splendid sphere,  
I love You.  
Must I go?



Work, work, work.



Chow time in the zoo.



Would you, sir, like to step outside and repeat that?



The vicious mob



Hmmmmmm, 2 plus 2 equals ?????



This Electronics class sure is shocking !!!



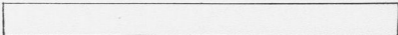
Let's see, now, I knew where my locker was yesterday.



Hey! You're spilling coffee all over my test papers!

# Joblinian Geometry

What does our editor, Fred Joblin, do when he isn't working in the Log office? Last year, Fred, our mathematical whiz, through a series of curious doodlings, and plain hard thought and work, added several chapters to the Grade XI geometry text in his writing 'THE JOBLINIAN BOOK OF GEOMETRIC THEOREMS'. Mr. Neuwelt, (our math. teacher now in Owen Sound) was so impressed by this collection of new propositions based on the "joblect" (a geometric shape resembling a football) that, through Mr. Neuwelt, the book eventually reached the editor of the "ONTARIO MATHEMATICS GAZETTE", who published it in this magazine of province-wide circulation. To quote the editor, "We publish it as an excellent example of deductive reasoning with a bit of humour added.....the significant thing is the pattern of mathematical thought proceeding from definitions to theorems thereon." Mr. Neuwelt gave Fred a period to teach the class about "the hyrotuse point...the Joblo-chord...the Joblection point", and some of the problems which can be solved with them. Too bad Fred had to spoil his interesting lecture on JOBLINIAN THEOREMS by giving us homework! Congratulations, Fred, on the success of your most fascinating project.



## In Memoriam

Early this year, the school was saddened to learn of the death of one of its students, Bernard Jacka. He had been struggling against cancer for several years and, after an operation last year, returned to school not knowing whether it had been successful or not. Bernard was later forced to return to the hospital, and he died there after being in a coma for several days. He was a cheerful, determined student in his last months at school, enjoying especially singing in the Male Chorus and Senior Choir. The choirs and the whole student body join in remembrance of a truly courageous student.





# Autographs



## On Their Merit

Young men attending the Canadian Services Colleges and Canadian universities under the tri-service Regular Officer Training Plan (ROTP) train for challenging and rewarding careers as officers in Canada's Armed Forces. High school graduates of Senior Matriculation or Junior Matriculation standing qualify for entrance on a competitive basis. These young men are selected and will advance on one basis alone—**ON THEIR MERIT.**

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# *Autographs*

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