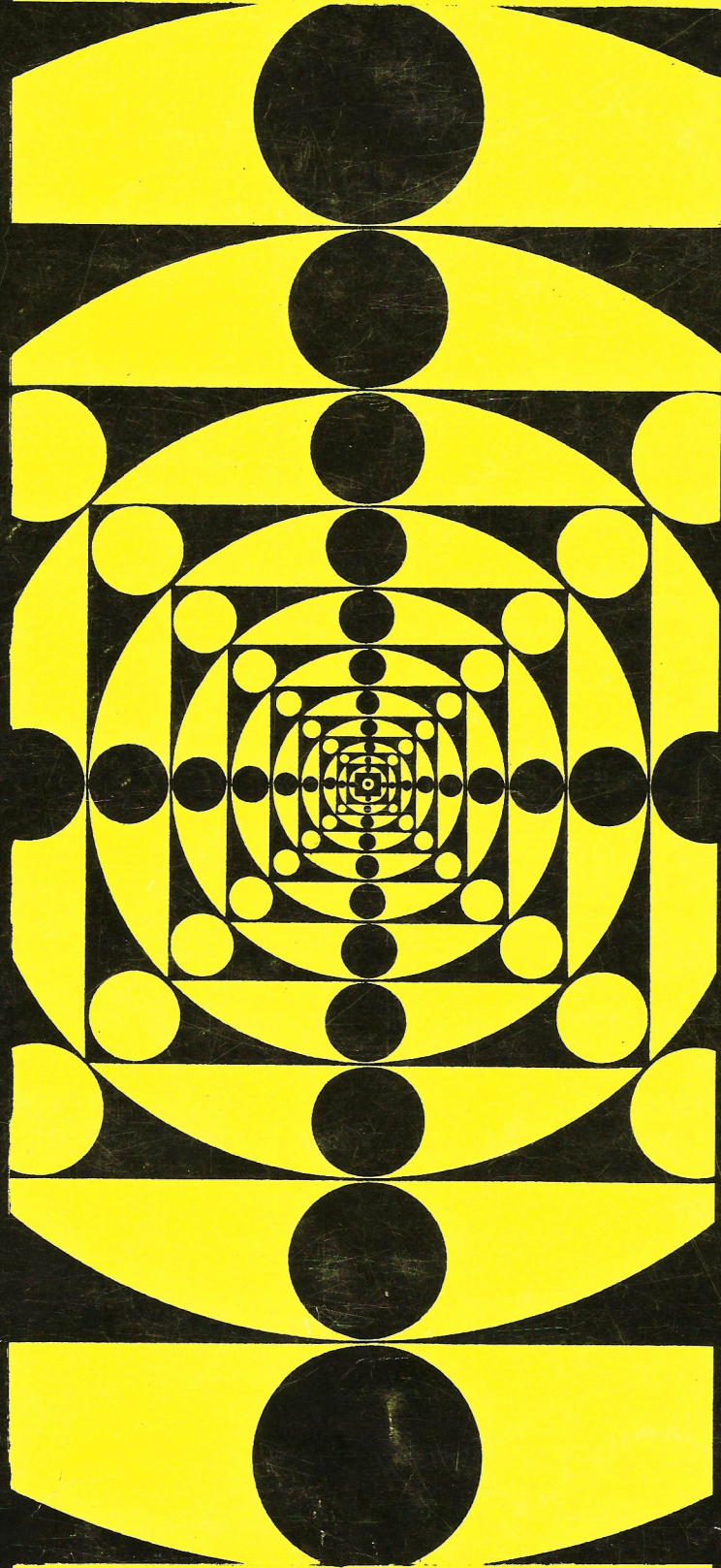
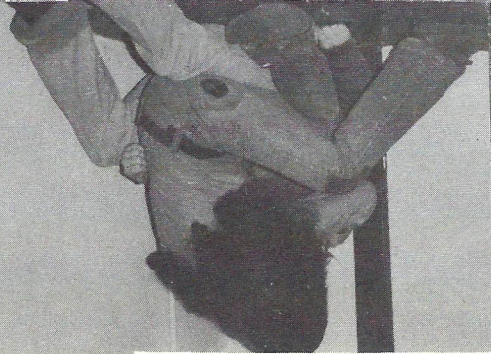
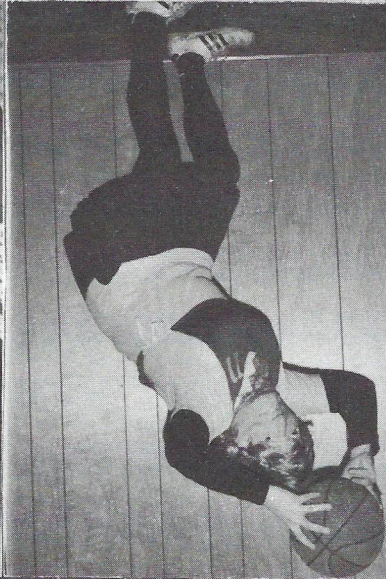
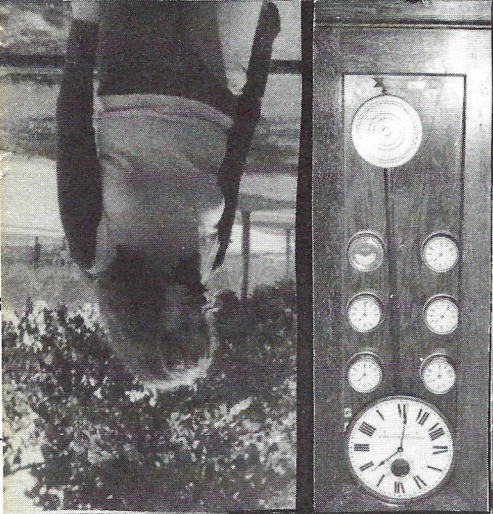
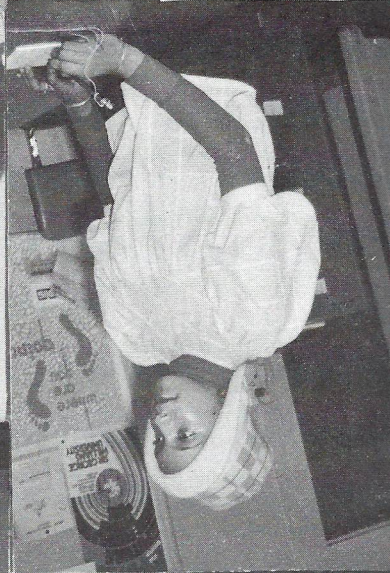


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WORDS FROM THE EDITORS

As editors, we have been faced with many problems resulting from the ban on extra-curricular activities. However, our advisor Miss Box, managed to urge us onward when the prospects of publication seemed dim. To be sure, our staff of four was a busy one. As Advertising Manager, Susan Padveen was a veritable miracle-worker. She succeeded in almost single-handedly financing Perspective '74. Many thanks to Susan, and to Debbie Kessler and Ira Chaikin who also sold ads. We'd also like to thank Vivien King, our Assistant Editor for her assistance.

Perspective '74 has tried to show the diverse opinions of various members of our student body. In addition, we'd like to say that we do not necessarily share the views of these authors.

We sincerely wish the members of this year's graduating class the best of luck in the years ahead!

*Barbara McPherson
Matacha DeLoff*



PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

The young people of today are faced with strong demands and challenges. They may feel urged to align themselves with popular causes or movements and at the same time, must face the practical necessity of preparing themselves for the realities of life. Confronted with conflicting priorities and ideals, they must make choices which will have far-reaching effects upon themselves and those around them. Education has a significant role to play in helping a person to discover truth both through study and through careful observation. Having found certain fundamental answers you will, hopefully, be able to make wise decisions which will enable you to more fully realize your own potential and to make a significant contribution towards the betterment of this world.

To you, the graduating students of Monklands High School, I extend my best wishes for a rewarding life. Go out and seek truth and upon its foundations help to build the kind of world which your energy and idealism can make a reality.

After six long years away from Monklands, I have returned here to the school I enjoyed as a teacher, and this year has shown me that the true spirit of Monklands is still part of its long tradition.

It has been a good year. I have had great satisfaction in working with students who are so cooperative and helpful. Life is pleasant and friendly at Monklands.

This year's graduating class faces many problems, but I am confident they will face these problems and be able to separate the real from the unreal, or, as it is often stated - "learn to separate the wheat from the chaff".

Good luck to all -

P.E. Field.

G. Malcott.

This is just a personal note to thank all at Monklands who have extended their cooperation and thoughtfulness to me throughout the year, and to offer my very best wishes for success and fulfillment to our graduating class. And if I may, a special word of thanks to the Prefects who were always available when we needed them. A happy summer to all.

INTRODUCTION

As the name of this annual suggests, we are trying to produce a clear impression of the school year, '73-'74. We have asked two representatives of the graduating class to express their views on the topic of education in Quebec. In the following essays, the students have attempted to point out the good and bad points of the present system, and by what methods it could be improved.

COMMENTARY ON THE EDUCATION SYSTEM

We live in a Super Industrial Age where efficiency and mass production are more important than the human being. It is necessary for us to be prepared for the de-humanized world which we are about to enter rather than to know what $(x + y)$ equals. We must learn to understand ourselves in relation to our friends and to our community. Should not the classroom be the foundation for this knowledge to build?

I believe that we have naturally inquisitive minds, and at our age especially we have a hundred thousand unanswered questions. We only need the helping hand from our teachers to guide us and encourage us. If we are to understand ourselves, we need to be treated as individuals by our teachers. They must realize that they are not teaching blobs of Jello, we are human beings and we expect recognition as such. Teachers should treat students as they treat their colleagues. Although today they are our teachers, I'm sure that in few years, we will be able to teach them something.

From the age of six onwards, our teachers' attitudes and ideas play a prominent part in the construction of our lives. I feel that it is absolutely essential that the greatest of care be taken in the selection of our educators. There is nothing worse than a teacher who doesn't give a damn about what he or she is teaching.

The education system in Quebec has become old and rusty over the decades, it will take a lot of "fresh new oil" to get the wheels moving again. Already this year we can see the new oil beginning to circulate. The future aim is to do away with the gruelling "Multiple-Guess" Exams. Our marks this year have been split, so 50% will come from day to day classroom work. The other 50% will come from the EXAM. In the past, we have relied upon the June exams for 100%. For many, this meant that their minds worked for only two months of the year: May and June. Now it seems we may have to come to school every day. So it is important that the school becomes a place to which we want to come.

I believe the main problem with our education system is that it has not kept up with the Modern World, nor has it taken into account the new needs of the young generation. As soon as there is some imagination, flexibility and humanistic teaching put into the system, I think our problems will lessen.

-Dede Thorne

EDUCATION IN A CAPITALIST SOCIETY

The following exposition will deal with the educational system today, in the advanced capitalist society. It will be examined from the point of view of its true purpose, that of "conditioning" the thinking of its students. It will also be discussed from the point of view of its inadequacies, and a better type of system will be proposed. I do not claim this to be the viewpoint of a completely neutral person, but the viewpoint of a Marxist.

The essence of education is, putting it simply, to brainwash the students. Students are conditioned into believing in the corrupt, capitalist system, and to becoming tools in its function.

Capitalism is painted up to be a "democratic, just" society where everybody is "equal". Philosophical methods, such as individualism and pragmatism, are drilled into the students heads both directly and indirectly. (This is because the teachers are pragmatists themselves). Students are also being told they are "individuals", that they can become affluent if they work hard. By doing this, working class students are taught to believe that they are "individuals" and not really part of a class. (In fact, the existence of class society is denied outright by some texts and teachers.)

But of course, the members of the robber class living on The Boulevard, like nothing more than to be facing as opposition a bunch of individuals.

All the texts in the schools paint pictures of middle class white society. This society, which exists only for a small percentage of the population, is tried to be made the "ideal" to strive for. Workers and students from the minorities are made to think themselves unnatural, or else to believe they are part of that society. Working class youth are forced into believing that they are, in fact, Middle Class.

The rich history and the enormous strength of the working class are not to be allowed to be seen by working class students. They are taught to have heroes such as the Queen, or Churchill or Roosevelt, whilst the history of the great men who fought to build the trade unions, such as Hayward or Joe Hill, are denied them. Working class history is not even looked at by the much out of date history books.

One of the favourite practices in many courses, especially History and Economics, is slandering Marxism. The history of the Marxist movement is utterly falsified by the "red-baiting" history texts. In many cases, Marxism is not even portrayed as having anything to do with the working class. The history texts love slandering the history of the Bolshevik Revolution, making it up to be some sort of conspiracy by Lenin. The history of Trotskyism and the Fourth International is not mentioned once. Only the crimes of the Soviet bureaucracy are much talked about, and then labelled Marxism or Communism or whatever the books or teacher decides to call them.

The Economics course, with its viciously anti-working class, anti-communist texts, makes up fabrications about Marxist economics (which are just touched on in the books and never taught). The trade union movement is torn apart by the economics texts, being blamed for the inflation (which is really caused by the mad lust for profits of the capitalist class). At some points, the need for trade unions is even questioned.

The lies of the capitalist textbooks (and many of the teachers act as their mouthpieces) are not the only problem with the educational system. The decadence of the teaching methods is also phenomenal. (Of course, this is just a general symptom of the capitalist disease). Students who do show interest or ability in academic courses should be allowed to develop trades or artistic abilities. This is discouraged by the school administration, who encourages students to "go to college". This is definitely a sign of decadence when a future lather operator is studying Functions and a future mathematician is down in the metal shop. (Of course, there is nothing wrong with a lather operator who understands Functions.)

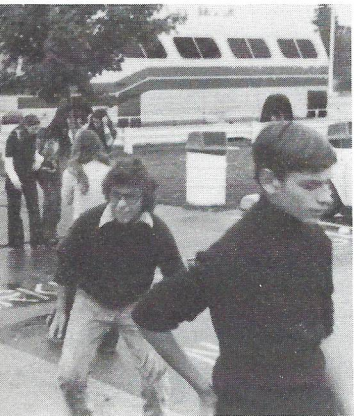
The teaching method which is used in all subjects is the dogmatic, lecture type method. This may fill students heads up with a bunch of facts, but they are meaningless unless students can think. One only learns by taking "theory into practice", in this case actually discussing facts which are brought up. Free discussion is essential in such subjects as History, Economics, English and Geography.

In the Science courses, more time must be spent experimenting and discussing the scientific theories, which presently are shoved down the students' throats without explanation. Students should be encouraged to be more creative, with great changes in the austere music course which is presently taught. Sports should be encouraged so that students can develop physically as well as mentally.

But in order to carry out these changes the students must be the administration of the school. Students and teachers must work together for a creative and democratic educational system. All disciplinary actions should be invested in the power of an elected student government.

Also necessary to an educational system whereby students learn to think and not be brainwashed is more money. There should be more teachers so that classes could be made smaller. Many schools are crowded: new, modern ones should be built. But the capitalist governments have no intention of allotting more funds to education. They've just trying to take back what they've been forced to give. So the solution to the problems of education is also a political one. Only by creating a workers state can such changes be made in the educational system.

SRATFORD



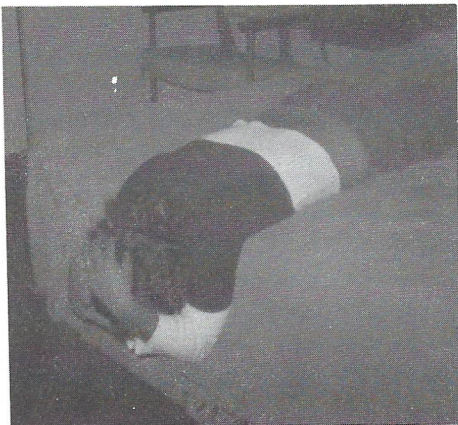
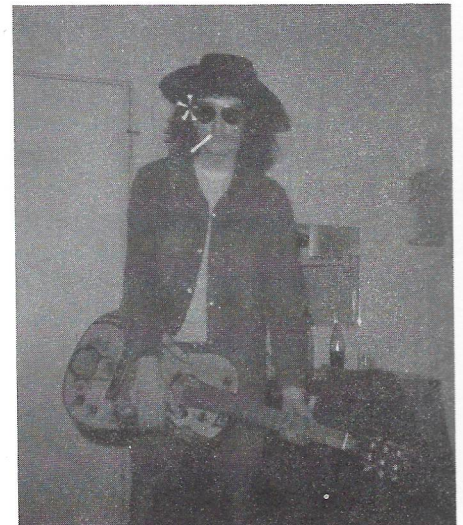
The first and perhaps one of the more successful events of the year was the Srattford trip back in September. It was lots of fun, and for the sake of its intention, fairly educational.

Naturally, the hardest part to bear, as in any long trip, was the bus ride. Eight hours of sitting in one seat (more or less) and staring aimlessly out of a bus window is not exactly enjoyable for anyone. Of course there was some entertainment, but for those who heartily dislike Hendrix and folk songs it must have been an extra pain. However everyone seemed to pull through.

Most of us, I think, found the plays, "The Taming of the Shrew" and "Othello" a lot more enjoyable than we were expecting. We were able to appreciate them as good plays, and not simply an event we were supposed to learn from.

Surprisingly enough, the motel manager seemed to survive the ordeal, and the cleaning ladies managed to "keep a stiff upper lip" as they'd say back in Shakespeare's homeland. But really, the two people who have to receive the most credit are Miss Box and Mr. Friedman, our brave chaperones.

On the whole, everyone seemed to have a good time, although exactly what went on those late nights in each room I think I'd best leave to individual recollection.



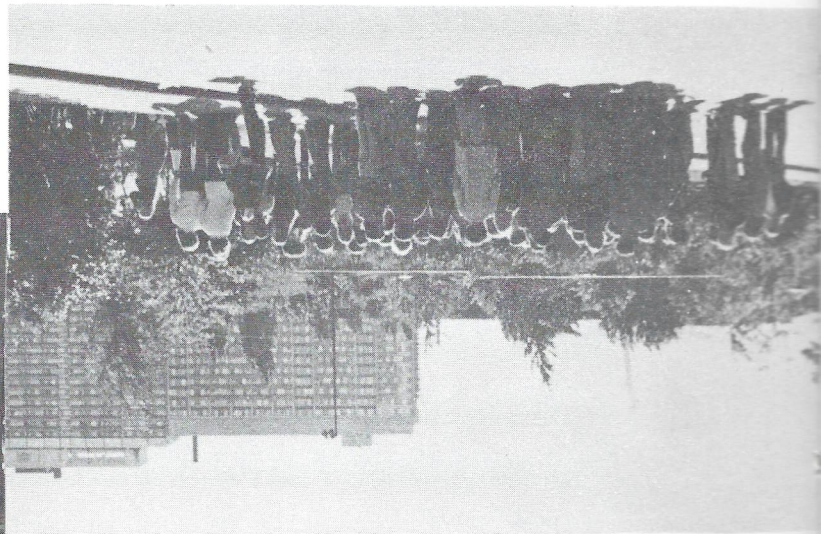
Richard Yampolsky, Chairman, I.C.S.C.

The Intra City Student Council, ICSC, was born out of a cause. It had been thought for many years, and by many different groups of students that an island-wide council should be formed. There was a need for representation to the public on a student level - a unified student body. A council had never successfully been formed due to the apathy of students. This year there was that joining link-declassification. Protestant teachers had been reclassified six years ago but the change in salary had never occurred because the Protestant School Board had subsidized the loss. The provincial government and Education Minister Cloutier announced that that was no longer legal and that the Board had to stop it. That's when the teachers really felt the loss and we lost our Extra-curricular activities. The teachers could do nothing else to show their dissatisfaction.

I.C.S.C. was first formed in early September when a group of students felt that they should band behind their teachers and give them student support. A general meeting was then called for the next week and there were twenty out of the twenty-one schools in the Board represented. A vote was taken and it was a unanimous decision to hold an island-wide boycott of classes on the next day. Monday, September 29, eighteen thousand students from all Protestant high schools were not to be found in their classrooms. Many students who did boycott classes did not understand why, but it was a day off and so they joined the rest. Everyone gathered in Benny Park until ten o'clock and then parted their separate ways. Lack of preparation caused this mess.

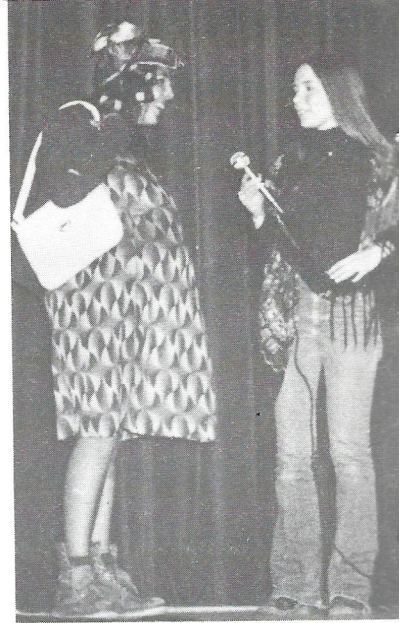
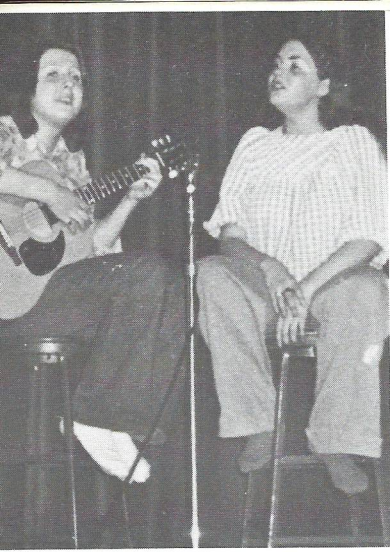
As in all organizations that are just beginning doubts set in. Some people felt that I.C.S.C. was useless as a representative body, without giving it a chance, and they quit. Many of us believed that I.C.S.C. was a necessity and we stuck with it. We felt that it was necessary for students to have more of a say in their destiny. A sub-committee was formed to look into the subject of educational reforms. This committee worked for several weeks compiling a brief and a questionnaire that would be given to every P.S.B.G.M. student. Before we could bring either of these into any school we had to have permission from the P.S.B.G.M. A meeting was called and it was decided that the information we had gathered was good but incomplete. We decided that we would do some more work on it.

I.C.S.C. still has meetings. It is too bad that only about half of the schools attend. We now have representatives at the school board and the people there listen to us. I.C.S.C. is becoming stronger and we have parents' groups and other school boards looking into what we are doing. I.C.S.C. will be in existence next year and hopefully for a long time after.



ICSC

talent show



Typing about the Talent Show, one would have to say that although it was short, it was indeed sweet. Yes, short but sweet.

Many do not realize how much hard work and organization a production requires before it can be successfully staged. I would like to take this opportunity to thank Miss Box, our producer, and the members of the cast for a most enjoyable Talent Show.

Mistress of Ceremonies - Natacha Orloff

Lorna Bagel - as herself (?)

Janet Russell and Patsy Harding - Folk singers

Peter Turner and John Foster - Flute & sax and electric guitar

Margaret Mulrain and Sonia Hewitt - Dancers

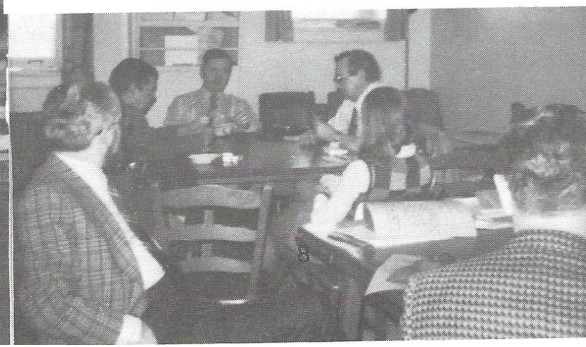
Angela Hewitt and Lita McIntyre - Dancers

Linda MacKay and Susan Padveen - Comedy Sketch

TRACES - James Desmond, Simon King, Henry Levin, Murray Davis and Gordon Adamson

exams

All the trials and tribulations
Of writing examinations
Whilst the teachers
Twiddle their thumbs.



Carnival



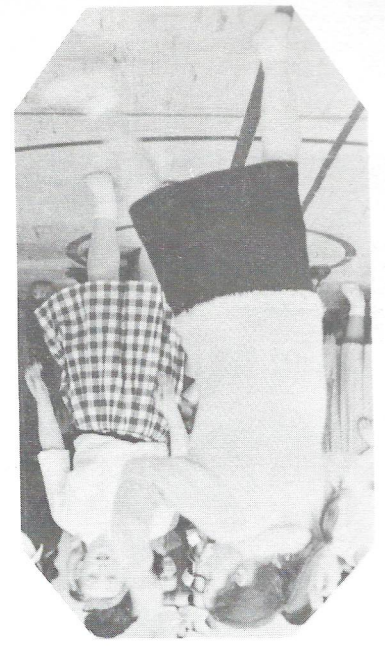
Just about everybody was caught up in the act of squirting
 Brylcreem, swinging chains, and applying and reapplying bright
 red lipstick. Steve, Susan, Blain, and Mike are examples of what
 most of us were walking around looking like all day.

This year's Carnival (February 18-22) had one real-
 ly memorable event - American Graffiti Day. Good
 ol' Rock n' Roll returned to Monklands and a lot
 of people got carried back a few years by the mu-
 sic at the Sock Hop held down in the gym.



The Coronation was the highlight of the
 Sock Hop. King, Denis Bédard, Queen,
 Judy Joseph, Princess, Kiki Souranis,
 and Prince, Ian Norville, made up this
 year's Royal Family seen at right.

The Carnival also consisted of a movie,
 "Lady Sings the Blues", a ski trip to
 Mont Sutton, a football game out in the
 soccer field, and a chaotic and messy
 attempt at having a pie-eating contest. It
 had its bad moments, but all in all it turn-
 ed out to be quite successful.





ROOM 101 — MR. FERGUS

Top Row: Henry Fung, Glenn Barrett, André Lalonde, Antony Selman, Derek Shackel, Rigas Voyatis, Brian Byers, Andrew Barnes.

Middle Row: Robert MacDonald Thomas LaRocque, Robert Dorey, Léonard Gabriel, Curtis Muir, Daniel Canfield, Robert Blake, George Mitsoglou.

Bottom Row: Silva Gore, Katherine Mah, Ann Wong, Vaso Neou, Suzanne Stauffacher, Carole Major, Debra Hill Cory Agetees.

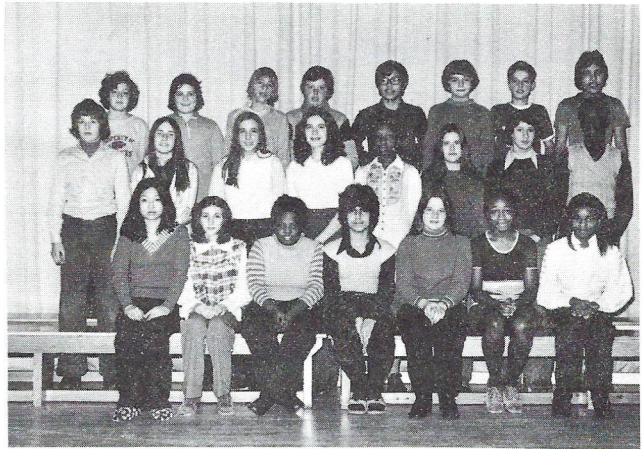
Absent: Brent Cragie, Michael Savery, Emily Rother, Natalie Toyota, Shirley Tricker, Maureen Webber, Yvonne Johnson, Dale Gilchrist, Michael Thomas.

ROOM 102 — MRS. ST. FORT

Top Row: R. Barcan, I. Hefter, S. Karstens, I. Bankley, M. Vivares, A. Citakoff, J. Dasilva, A. Sachdeva.

Middle Row: R. Rewcastle, S. McElcheran, A. Beissel, E. Fisk, K. Williams, K. Russell, S. Radu, L. Campbell.

Bottom Row: S. M. Hong, Elizabeth Gebhard, H. Jones, S. Abu Hakima, W. Scott, C. Brown, D. Redman.



ROOM 103 — MR. JAMIESON

Top Row: Ken Chaput, Dan Gibson, Serge Nesvadba, Rob Hislop, Jim Campeau, Gerry Webber, Ricky Desrosiers, Allan Demers Brian Perez.

Middle Row: Donna Mooney, Kim Duncan, Mary Woo, Cathy Samios, Joanne Vandette, Kathy Biddles, Pat Ellis, Tina Prouata, Karen Taylor, Mr. W. Jamieson.

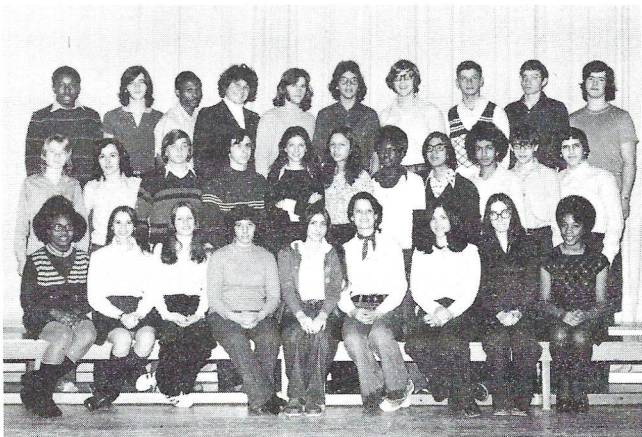
Bottom Row: Jimmy Kerr, Larry Henderson, Costa Fokes, Greg Pernel, Jamie Fraser, Ronald Bennett, Gordon Hunt, Charles Dominigue.

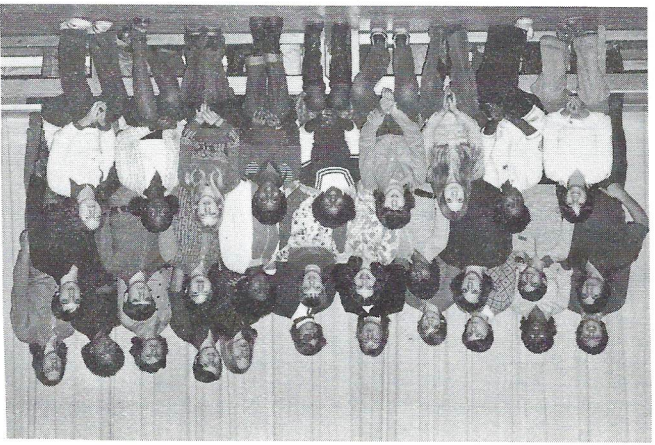
ROOM 108 — MRS. CAMPBELL

Top Row: Peter Holder, John Souranis, Winston Cobham, Lorne Friedenber, David Taylor, Richard Shevloff, Alan Capes, Marvin Schleickhorn, Jan Kral, Morris Miller.

Middle Row: Richard Ellis, Moishe Blenkitne, Robert Spencer, Ken Murdoch, Patsy Savery, Genica Radu, Belin Long, Alan Woo, Moaz Jivraj, Patrick Smith, Harvex Finkelstein.

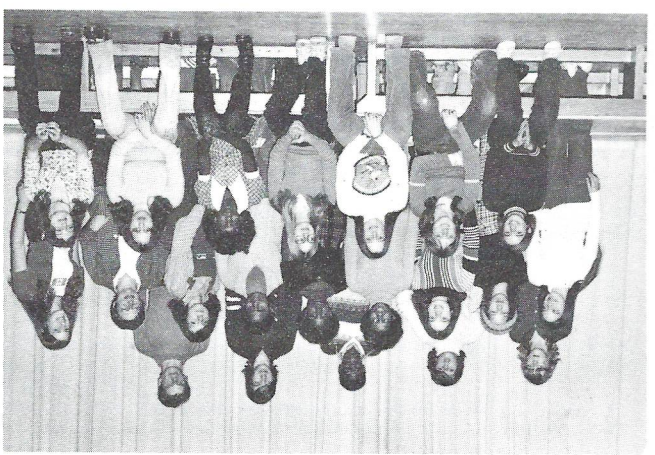
Bottom Row: Wendy Cobham, Margaret Masson, Anne Henderson, Shelly Haber, Linda Lange, Susan Powis, Bonnie Campbell, Louise Miller, Primrose Robinson.



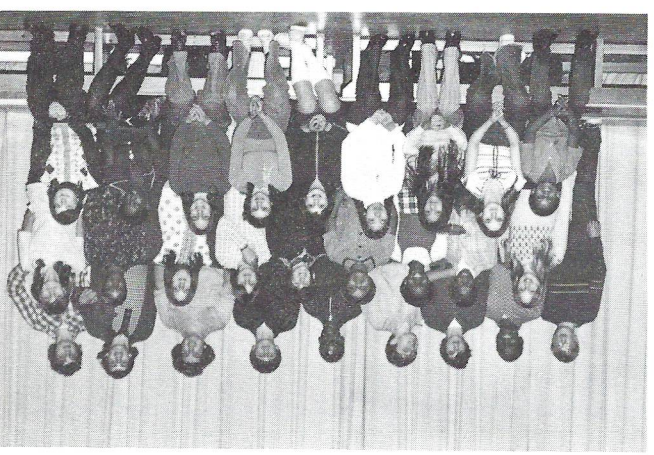


ROOM 112 – MRS. LESSARD
 Top Row: K. Barrada, R. Mohabir, G. Shugar, W. Minett,
 R. Rolling, A. Kulaga, A. Booth, G. Hart, J. Chabros, W.
 Wordsworth, A. Knechtel.
 Middle Row: L. Hodge, N. Boutros, D. Plummer, K. Patel,
 N. Marinow, D. Cartman, D. Bradshaw, J. Ning, R. Gossip,
 S. Barber.
 Bottom Row: L. Woo, P. Mayer, E. Warren, J. Tsikopoulos,
 S. Rodney, G. Dougan, S. Sombir, C. Hayden, A. McLaren.

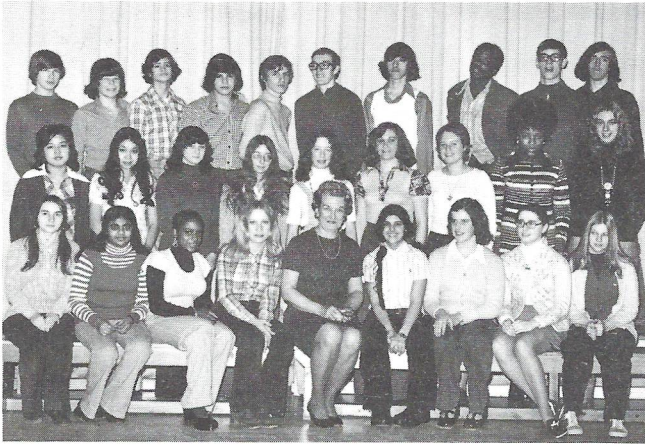
ROOM 113 – MRS. KERKLAAN
 Top Row: Stephen Roberts, John Hum, Bobby Jones,
 Brian Lusk, Dear Perrin, Adel Youakim, Chris Burke,
 Barry Meehan, Rod Rose, Fred Clark, Brendan McGuire
 Middle Row: David Edey, Bob Tom, Wendy Morris, Manie
 Hum, Mrs. Kerklaan, Joy Grogan, Jane Russell, Micheal
 Macy, Mark Riches, Peter Maxwell.
 Bottom Row: Heather Dinner, Varsha Patel, Karen Wong,
 Stella Nicoiaou, Esther Heikkila, Ditty Tsoumis, Pam
 Barrie, Sonia Selman, Card Simmonds, Marlene Waxman.



ROOM 114 – MRS. ROSENFELD
 Top Row: D. Mc Donald, D. Cross, D. Foster, G. Sweet,
 Roberts, S. Faray, D. Gibson, G. Rostig, Mrs. E. Rosenfeld,
 C. Danielson.
 Middle Row: L. Harris, S. Cowiho, H. Yardley-Jones, P.
 Bottom Row: S. Bono, S. Rae, J. Waldorf, G. Vitins, B.
 Walrond, L. Renis, L. Hecker.



ROOM 115 – MRS. KHOI
 Top Row: D. Brambell, D. Medford, T. Hall, L. Copley,
 R. Lynch, R. Finnis, C. Brasloff, C. LaSage, E. Biddles,
 Middle Row: A. Leavens, D. Hunte, J. Carmichael, S.
 Burke, Mrs. Khoi, S. Nickleson, D. Ingham, A. Grippith,
 M. Bauke.
 Bottom Row: D. Weekes, Sheila Lorgan, J. Tam, M. Toy,
 M. Lemieux, M. Toy, S. Olive, M. Rawlins, B. Ingham.



ROOM 116 — MRS. MULLALLY

Top Row: James Jardine, Gordon Thorne, Danny Boyd, Neal Sherman, Paul Mundell, Roger Stauffacher, Hugh Campbell, Claude Mulrain, Michael Urbanowitch, Bryce Maher.

Middle Row: Teresa Yu, Joyce Yee, Debbie Doyle, Patricia Purdy, Barbara Reid, Ren;e Greenberg, Reisa Katz, Cheryl Taylor, Christine Steinmeyer.

Bottom Row: Gaby Fortin, Meeta Patel, Janis Hensley, Susan Walton, Mrs. M. Mullaly, Joanne Major, Leigh Woolmer, Ludmilla Kurktschi, Linda Meikkila.

ROOM 117 — MISS ELLIS

Top Row: Norman King, Peter Robbins, Pierre Lemaitre, "Moose" Legros, Glen Davidson, Donald Jorgenson.

Middle Row: Sheriff Farag, Tony Blake, Doug Kurtz, Richard Burkett, John Holmes, Neil MacFayden, Sheldan Nitkin, Miss E. Ellis.

Bottom Row: Cathy Gibson, Sharon Lipson, Debbie Smith, Auril Bostic, Elke Hebert, Shirley Piepenhagen, Cinoa Mackay, Sara Gossip.



ROOM 201 — MISS CASTRO

Top Row: Roberta Cuttler, Terry Payne, Inez Robinson, Harold Sabin, Marcia Hinds, Angela Burke, Leonard Chodat.

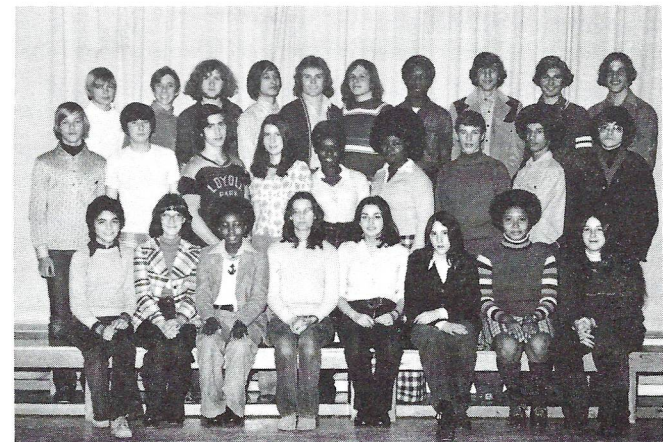
Bottom Row: Karen Hughes, Leslie Windsor, Sharon MacDonald, N. Castro, Darlene Penn, Angela Hewitt, Sandra Gittens.

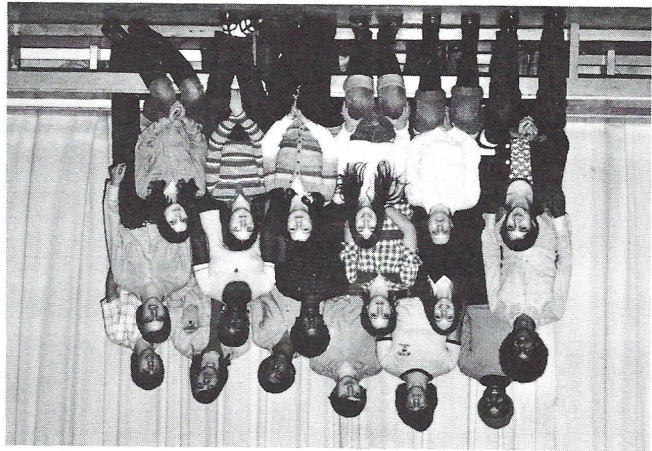
ROOM 202 — MR. LEFEBVRE

Top Row: G. Karjala, R. Platt, B. Fant, G. Lee, B. Lee, B. Hughes, D. Lapierre, R. Selman, D. Lederman, A. Ashair, I. Chaikin.

Middle Row: T. Vaus, G. Reid, A. Covens, A. Wade, A. Bynow, B. Roach, A. Toke, G. Fletcher, S. Yardley-Jones.

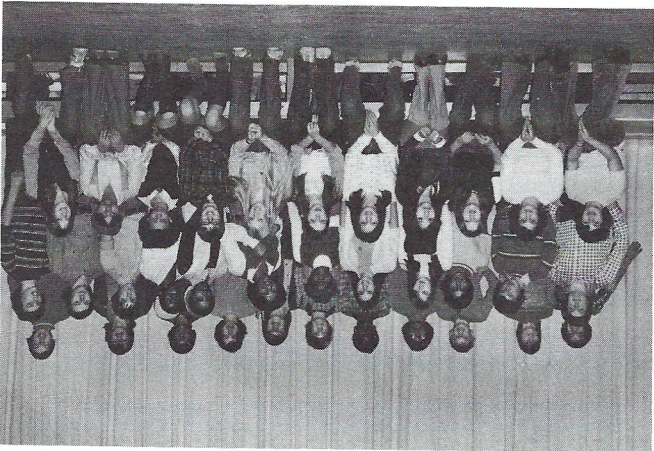
Bottom Row; M. Abu-Hakima, J. Gibson, J. Thompson, J. Fleming, P. Pereira, C. Stauffer, D. Taylor, B. Migicovsky.





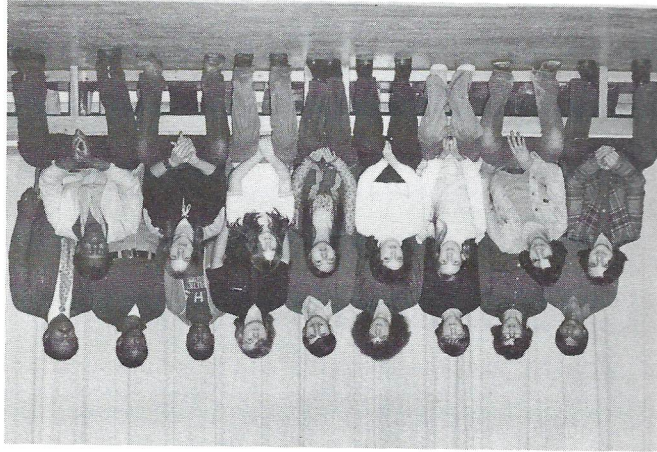
ROOM 206 — MR. LEVINE

Top Row: Robert Hinkson, Mitchell Hopkins, Spencer Bennett, Avily Webb, Gary Clarke, Jack Lerman.
 Middle Row: Stevette Gittens, Linda Weatherbie, Bonnie Lothian, Jennie Forde, Carol Blake, Sander Danovitch.
 Bottom Row: Dennice Higgins, Susan Slabotsky, Ellen Haggerty, Christine Wolford, Sandra Eldridge, Ellen Mackay.



ROOM 207 — MRS. PARKER

Top Row: W. Moy, M. Kurtz, I. Blakely, S. Anjivel, B. Thomas, K. O'Brien, M. Holtgreve, B. Gordon, M. Patel, P. Mandl, I. Gibson.
 Middle Row: R. Papenburg, T. Patak, r. Bhalls, C. Laflamme, B. Ades, B. Lewis, S. Grant, P. Belle, B. Farmer, R. Barber, S. Garner, M. Hamilton.
 Bottom Row: O. Ashair, S. Zinman, D. Livy, J. Yee, C. Andonian, S. Cake, J. Green, D. Laing, J. Nicholls, L. Lattimore, L. Kelton.



ROOM 208 — MR. DEE

Top Row: Fazel Ali, Robert Duncan, Billy Haggerty, Donald Jackson, Thomas Lovannone, Derek Reade, Cyril Davis, David Bishop, L. Dee.
 Bottom Row: Freddie Berlin, Ernie Appeltauer, Leslie Brambell, Carol Larouche, Linda Chan, Joyce Maher, David Hughes, John Fenton.



ROOM 209 — MISS PEASE

Top Row: T. Bourgaize, R. Simpson, G. Murray, W. Louch, R. Murray, J. Hansen, O. Catwell, W. Agetus, W. Minnett, P. Stephenson.
 Bottom Row: M. Bairaktares, K. Chaput, J. McBride, G. Jackson, S. Schellenberg, R. Baynham, H. Page, L. Coe, J. Gard.



ROOM 210 – MR. WILLIAMS

Top Row: Claudette Hastick, Cliff Laroque, Linda Lynch, Doug Small, Anthony Dawkins, Julie Barnes, Glen Dorey
 Bottom Row: Suzanne Lambert, Margaret Mulraw, Ida Brakely, Brenda Alivisatos, Michelle Sager, Arlene Burkett, Jasmine Codrington.

ROOM 211 – MRS. SHALES

Top Row: G. Stockden, S. Chauduri, J. Handleman, J. Wilson, R. Bush, D. Desmond, S. Green
 Middle Row: S. Winefield, G. Bourgaie, J. Brown, R. Paxton, S. McDermet, I. Watson, A. Duncan, J. Isherwood, J. Gibson.
 Bottom Row: D. Costello, S. Wong, C. Lloyd, B. Winfield, R. Forde, B. Maskell, B. Hinds.

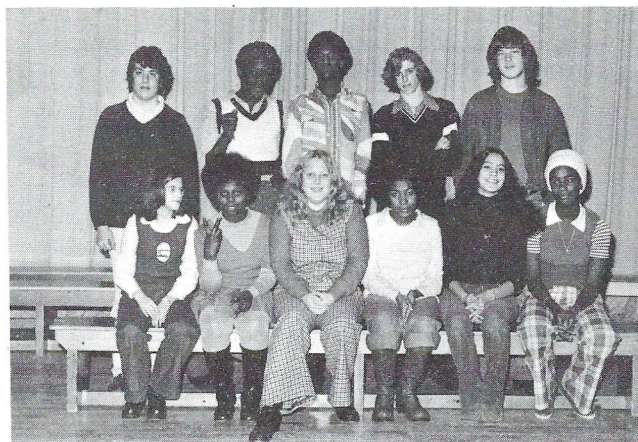


ROOM 212 – MR. MCGEE

Top Row: John Pullen, Ian Barrett, George Kerr, O'Neil Walters, Jimmy Pappas, Tedson Catwell, Michael Mandl, Arthur Simcoe, John Douglas.
 Middle Row: Larry Weeks, Alex Condie, Lorraine Chase, Adrienne Simmons, Nancy Cebry, Janice Campbell, Geoffrey Gower, Robert Engel.
 Bottom Row: Hollie Patterson, Michelle Lalonde, Shirmell Joseph, Susan Jardine, Cleopatra Ashby, Gayle Thornton, Debbie Smith, Sandra Martin.

ROOM 213 – MRS. LICORISH

Top Row: Jeffrey Hodess, Ian Norville, Robert Bernard, David Rudge, Richard Robbins.
 Bottom Row: Phyllis Stein, Eithel Brown, Patricia McGann, Enid Jack, Dawn Lefebvre, Yvette Lynch.





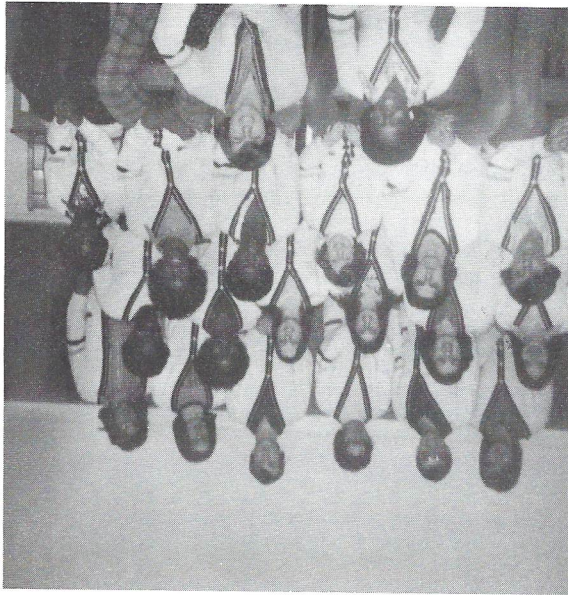
PREFECT BOARD

Top Row (L. to R.): Howard Lee, Michael Gilbert, Sheldon Nitkin, Bruce Phillipson, Bruce Yoffe, Ron Deckelbaum.
 First Row: Wendy Woo, Becky Reytan, Dede Thorne, Martha McKeown, Pauline Wisdom, Spatzie Dublin.
 Second Row: Blair Webb, David Johnston, Dale McCulloch, Belin Long, Steven Gittens, Cecile Blackett.
 Bottom Row: Head Prefects Judy Joseph and Earl Robert-son.
 Absent Prefects: Susan Findlay, Cathy Gibson, Eike Hebert, Janet Russell, Karen Taylor, Frank Donnelly, Bruce Legros, Pierre Lemaitre, Fred Paradis.



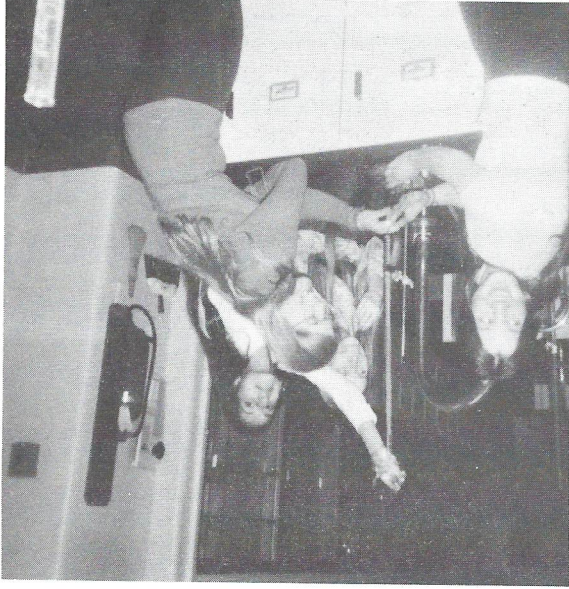
GRAD DANCE COMMITTEE

Deborah Kessler, Melinda Tough, Richard Yampolsky, Martha McKeown, Dede Thorne, Michael Lemieux, Ear Robertson, Bruce Phillipson, Susan Page, Susan Padveen, Linda Mackay, Paul Castle, Vicki Mills, Junie Mason, Becky Reytan, Dail Jacob.



LAB ASSISTANTS

Martha McKeown, Anne Henderson, Neelam Bhalla, Santhy Nelson.



ROOM 218 - MRS. BECKER

Top Row: M. Darai, S. Prescod, N. Panton, A. Fletcher, S. Drodge, S. Craigie, M. Demers, B. Leslie.
 Middle Row: M. Koll, B. Leavens, T. Johnston, J. Gibson, A. George, R. Chonchon, A. Souranis, E. Rumljahn, H. Rose.
 Bottom Row: S. Dorey, J. Duncan, A. Nicolina, Mrs. Becker, A. Grant, A. Harris, B. Astles, S. Hewitt, S. Penn.

Art

13

LITERATURE



Jackie Tsikopoulos

THE KILLING

Joseph B. Ursus had developed in the course of the past few years quite a profligate life-style. He perfected and embellished the act of becoming a society-idol to such a degree that he even exceeded his late father Adolphus J. Ursus. But then of course everything had already been laid out for him. Inheritor of his father's extensive business-firm, young, handsome and a bachelor, willful and self-oriented, he was adored in every social circle as a model of accomplishment. Joseph had been nurtured on luxury since birth and had never experienced anything except the remotest sensation of danger and unpleasantness. In fact, there was virtually nothing foreseeable in his future that might disrupt his pampered, egoistic equilibrium. There was no forecasting of the ghastly morbid misfortune that was about to beset him, slowly poison and decay his life....

It was on a late, formidably dreary November night that Joseph, heavily intoxicated, left the Chatfield's country manor-house. The evening had been dedicated to him as an attribute to his skillful handling of a certain business transaction which turned out to be highly successful. He was in the highest of spirits, profoundly inebriated with his own personal charm and greatness as well as with the vast amount of liquor he had consumed. However it was chilly and forbidding as he stepped outside. An icy wind went straight through him and rain began to come down in heavy torrents. He sensed an ominous aura of doom. There seemed to be an evil, lurking atmosphere enmeshing his very soul. Shuddering, he wrapped his coat tightly around himself and stumbled to his car. The road ahead of him and the trees at either side of him formed a nightmarish, shifting blackness. The dense rain trickling down his windshield rendered his vision almost impossible. Fatigued and drunk, he soon began to fall asleep to the rain tattooing a nocturnal lullaby on his car-roof. His eyes became totally mesmerized by the coiling of the white slippery snake he was following....

Suddenly, he jammed his brakes. A blood-curdling yelp intermingled with a harsh screech pierced his ears. Benumbed with terror, he slowly pulled his car to the side of the road and peered out of his window. A small, crumpled black heap lay in the centre of the drenched road. "God save me," he gasped, his mind paralyzed with a dawning dread. He then jammed his foot on the accelerator and tore down the road.

Come morning, Joseph woke up to find himself comfortably snug in his own bed, his head enveloped in the familiar cloudy haze after a night of heavy drinking. The events of the night before scarcely entered his mind, so remote and trivial did they seem. And so Joseph continued living his routine life; conquering the business world and dazzling society circles. However, the hideous event of that November night was never completely blotted out from his mind. That little black crumpled heap persisted to haunt him. Each time he thought of it, he envisioned it with greater vividness than the time before. At first, he would dismiss the form as that of some dead beast: a deer, or perhaps a dog. But lately he began to sense that this interpretation was not sufficient, not true. The vision of the heap soon developed into a maniacal obsession. It fettered his head, mind, and soul and would not release him. The financial state of his firm greatly deteriorated. The society-circles were immensely perturbed by his strange behavior, his isolation, and the vague expression of his eyes. He was no longer his own man. He had no peace during his waking-hours. It was not long before his sleeping-hours became poisoned and imbued with insanity. He began to be plagued

by an uncanny, recurring dream. It was frightfully vivid and grotesque and would leave him screaming, trembling and feverishly breaking out in cold perspiration. Each night as he closed his weary eyes, a little figure would come to visit and torment him.

A small figure, yes, a young girl wearing a black rain-coat. She stood before him, her pale, oval, moon-like face encircled by long, slippery, snake-like strands of black hair. Her wicked, slanted green eyes stared at him fixedly with an evil mocking expression. Her bloodless lips wore an everlastingly spiteful smile. Her posture and expression were immobile. But her bony right hand was continually bouncing a ball. The decisive, methodical thud of each bounce would echo in Joseph's ears even when he awoke, screaming, sobbing and clutching the pillow about his head....

Joseph B. Ursus had, by general consensus, suffered from a nervous breakdown. By the final, unanimous decision of his relatives, he was confined to a highly renowned sanatorium in Switzerland where he was doctoring by the most experienced and internationally proclaimed of physicians. Months later he emerged from the sanatorium completely cured of his mad obsession. However, he was not the same man as before. Joseph's business firm was irrevocably heading towards bankruptcy and besides he was completely drained of all his former strength and ambition. There was much rumour and gossip amongst the social circles. Joseph now served as their model of mishap and pathos. "Poor Joe" was now void of all his former brilliant charms and magnetic characteristics. Joseph B. Ursus was a broken man....

He formulated a modest plan as to how he was to live out the remainder of his life. Firstly, he decided to pay off the numerous debts of his firm had acquired. Secondly, he would draw up a will, distributing his vasty wealth amongst his relatives. And finally he would sell his mansion and retire to his small country-house, associating only with close relatives and the occasional former acquaintances who may wish to appease their curiosity. He also childishly treasured a precious little dream: to perhaps some day marry and raise a family.

Joseph enjoyed the country air and surroundings the first day he arrived at his new home. Everything seemed to be saturated with a tranquil serenity. It was here that he found peace of mind and relaxation. He couldn't figure out in detail the cause of his former anxieties and sufferings, but he was gratefully aware of their absence. And as he closed his eyes to sleep he was for the first time off into a deep slumber when suddenly there appeared before him to his horror the little tormentress. Yes it was she, dressed in a black rain-coat. Oh God! There she was again, same as before! Yes, there was that pale, oval moon-face, those same slippery black snake-like strands, those mocking, evil, slanted eyes fixedly staring at him, and that cursed everlasting smirk! Joseph screamed. There was the boney hand bouncing the same ball with the same dull, methodical thuds! Joseph wailed, he sobbed for help.... But the storm raged on. The rain had tattooed its nocturnal lullaby upon the windows and had lulled everyone to sleep. Joseph then uttered a final, crazed inhuman shriek. The little girl was now snickering satanically and her eyes gleamed with malicious victory. The ball she was bouncing methodically had all of a sudden taken the form of Joseph B. Ursus' head... complete with gaping mouth and panic-stricken countenance.....

DINNER TIME

Squeal little piggies squeal
 know what it is to feel
Lies and deception
 lack of protection
Pain and the lot
 still you're getting hot
You grunt and you groan
 when you're all alone
You sizzle when done
 wasn't that fun
Everyone's makin'
 nice crisp bacon
It's too late to shout
 now that you're in doubt
You're finally at peace
 when they pour off your grease
And prove it's no feat
 to kill and eat meat
And we are wise
 to know to despise
Animals so low
 or at least we think so
And kill for a game
 it's all just the same
It's living and it's dying
 why don't we stop lying
And admit we like blood
 enough for a flood
And kill for enjoyment
 and some for employment
We've acquired the smell
 of burning souls in hell
And smile when we see
 a dog of pedigree
Walking on the street
 eat him, he's meat!

Richard Yampolsky

Yesterday
I stole death
From under the counter
Stuffed it into my
Brown paper bag,
And headed west
Climbing ladders of sun beams
Through fields of dew drops.
But, they caught me
In the end
Sitting on the hotel john
Crying for my rotten apple.
NOBODY CARES
They locked me up
Said I was nuts.

Dede Thorne

The wind disturbed the dry brown leaves. They cracked and snapped in the breeze, proof that autumn had arrived.

Cyprus had left his shack early that morning. His wife had begged him not to go but the hungry cries of his babies echoed in his ears. He must do it. He must do it now to relieve the pangs of hunger in his wife and children's bellies.

He stole his way into his master's house. He silently rummaged through the cupboards and drawers filling his sack with the medicine that would cure the swelling bellies of his babies. When he thought he had taken enough food he turned to leave. But standing in the doorway were the master's two house boys. They caught him and led him away into the fields.

Cyprus had been missing for a week though none of the slaves dared inquire about his absence.

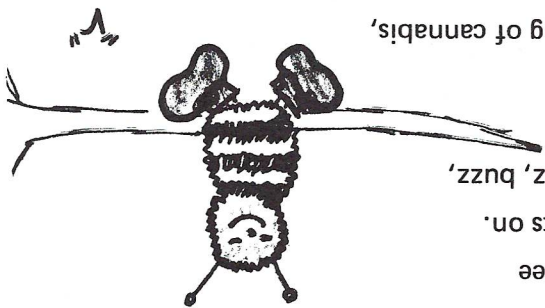
The beautiful autumn colours: gold, rust brown, yellow, and orange ran through the meadows and one colour in particular, the red blood of Cyprus as he lay dead, still in the soft brown willows.

Bonnie Farmer



VERSES FROM "V"

Bumbagast Bee
 Sat in a tree
 With boots on.
 Buzz, buzz, buzz,
 Sing a song of cannabis,
 The herb that brings us peace.
 If anyone's fighting, just smoke 'em up,
 And the fight is sure to cease.



1. am.2. am.How much more to learn?
 More coffee, another cigarette...How many marks
 will I earn? Atoms, molecules, whirling around in
 my head, 3. am.4. am.Forget it, I'm
 going to bed!

HAIKU

- Sheila Grant
 Soft, tired-out puppy,
 In his own happy world,
 Loving every minute!

- Wendy Scott
 Oh beautiful sun
 Sinking low-rising again
 Eternal cycle.

- John Bourgaize
 Honking endlessly as they streak
 V-shaped through the grey crisp sky
 Will any return?

HER

Before me I saw a girl,
 With a head of golden curl,

I moved further to investigate,
 This sexy piece of bait,

Only to find she was of my gender,

I moved away so as not to offend her.
 — Norm Starkey



JOURNEY TO TORONTO

We boarded the train to Toronto
with bag, bags and baggage.
The conductor, with a nice, toothy grin
deposited us on a seat of four.
We settled ourselves
in our coats
and as the train pulled out
filling the station with smoke
we waved "Farewell, dear Montreal, farewell"
(not counting the pollution)
whereupon we kissed our hats.
The passengers were numerous
in number in car nine.
There was
a sleepy owl blinking wearily around,
a plump brown sugar bunny,
an antique croaking old crow,
a lazy brown bear who slept all through the
journey,
a cool, red fish,
a porky pig,
a cross-eyed parrot (yak-yak),
a nosy donald duck,
a shaggy black dog,
a coquettish shrimp,
a lady hippopotamus
with her ardent bull admirer,
a reverend penguin, his black skull cap exactly
on, his pants held by a frizzled cord,
little curls plastered carefully around his ears,
and all sorts more.
But, of course, we must not forget
Les French Canadiens.
With these companions we travelled for 5 hours on
end.
Over ponds and rivers,
still pinned down,
with a thick sheet
held by Jack Frost,
field and valleys almost all in stark brown.
Past small towns and villages
with hardly a soul to be seen
and trees, some wearing a green frock,
others still in winter gown.
A little while after we left,
we stopped at Dorval
for minutes two,
passed a factory smoking mightily along
and stopped again.
Alas and alack
at Brockville

where two brockheads entered our nest,
an old man and his wife
who sat twice a mile apart.
We continued twisting and turning,
reeling and keeling
till arriving at Bellville East
where, surprisingly enough,
no belles were to be seen!
During all these intervals
we read,
we ate,
we talked,
we thought,
we watched
and had a crazy lunch!
The teapot danced a jig,
the candies played catch
and the bread went galumping
down into our stomachs.
We passed
cement hills,
more fields,
more valleys,
and more trees,
unclad, yet proud in their wake.
Now also cottages and barns
with a wide expanse of royal blue sea
to the right
seeming to say
"Come, come play with me"
all the way to Oshawa.
From Oshawa then we continued on
and from our queenly perch
we saw, as we sped along,
children skating,
factories,
construction areas,
yet still more sea
cackling with merry laughter
at being free,
and highways with cars driven by their weary
drivers
at turtle speed!
Finally arriving!
We caught
fanatic Torontitis
(a bad disease indeed)
and stayed three days!

Angelica Beissel







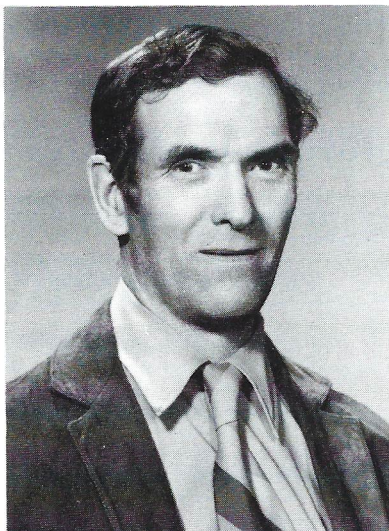
Monklands' Office Staff



MRS. M. MORGAN



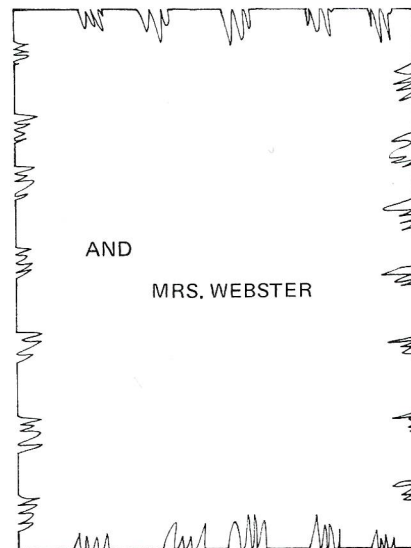
MRS. J. RADONICK



MR. A. HARLAND



MRS. M. ROSE



UNKNOWN, UNFIT SKIER

Oh my good gracious!

Just look what I've done.

I'm not really in shape,

Yet the season's begun.

My lungs just won't pump,

And my legs are like stilts.

My arms are like rubber,

Just look how I'm built.

I see moguls and moguls,

All down the slope.

Should I walk down the hill,

And look like a dope?

My decision it stands,

I'll try it at least.

Make it slow, make it sure,

So I'll land in one piece.

The tree stumps and rocks,

I just hope and just pray,

That there aren't any there,

To ruin my day.

If I make it down all right,

And then go on to the next rally,

Then at least this year's first run,

Won't be this year's finale.

- Howard Lee

KHAWULEZA (HURRAY & HIDE)

Khawuleza

Khawuleza Mama

The children shout from the streets,

As they hear police cars coming,

To raid their home for one thing or another.

Please don't let them get you.

Khawuleza Mama.

Khawuleza

Khawuleza Mama

The children run from the streets,

As the police cars come closer,

Please don't let them get you.

Like they got Father.

Khawuleza Mama

Khawuleza

Khawuleza Mama

The children watch the streets from their hiding-place,

The police car passes.

But they, knowing the car will be back

Say,

Khawuleza Mama

- Pauline Wisdom

TO

To shed a tear,

To love,

To hate,

To be able to be afraid,

To kiss,

To embrace,

To not have to be reminded of,

To share,

To laugh,

To find a common desire,

To fight,

To make up,

To know that you can be helped,

To cry,

To talk,

To say all that you can say,

To let,

To give,

To lean on shoulders happily,

To make love,

To show love,

To sit down and talk it out,

To hold hands,

To walk arm in arm,

To be free to show your affection in the street,

To sit,

To live,

To want to fly out the window and rejoice,

To touch,

To touch,

To know that this feeling is genuine,

To move,

To see,

To feel in your heart this is all that matters,

To have,

To hold,

To be yours for a lifetime,

To be yours for eternity,

To know that lifetime IS eternity.

- Lorne Friedenbergr

**THIS SHORT STORY WAS WRITTEN UNDER EXAMINATION PRESSURES ON A GRADE ELEVEN
COMPOSITION PAPER IN JUNE 1973.**

DAVID GRADUATED LAST YEAR AND IS PRESENTLY FREELANCING IN THEATRICAL LIGHTING.

THE PRODIGAL ELEPHANT

The shifting sand slid from under my feet as I wended my way down the dune. I couldn't wait to get to the water — it was a terribly hot day. Tossing your head to get the hair out of your eyes is a mistake when you've already got a headache, I decided. I wished I had an aspirin. Finally, I reached the last crest of dunes, and decided to rest a bit before going on.

I flopped to the ground in the skimpy shade of one of the young oak trees struggling to eke out an existence on this desert-like stretch of land. A light breeze sprang up, to which I gratefully turned my perspiring face. In the distance I could hear the crying of the seagulls, and I thought, as I always did, of the seagulls along the beach last summer, the time I met Cathy.

She had just moved into the old Carter place that we always used to say was haunted. When she found that out, she fell in with it right away, and told us how the ships used to be wrecked on the jagged Shark's Tooth Rock, and how the crews were all killed and their spirits couldn't rest until they found a house to live in. She said that was a judgement on them, because they were restless spirits anyways, to be abroad on the sea, and they had to find a place to settle or roam forever. Her house being closest, it made sense that she should claim they all went there. The whole gang of us would come out nights, and sit around a bonfire telling round-robin ghost stories, but as soon as her turn came, the rest of us would just shut up and let her go on and on. Nobody could tell stories better than she could. I think it was the brace that did it.

I should explain — you see — she had polio when she was just a kid, and it left her leg weak, and she needed a brace on it. As a result, she couldn't play like other kids, and she tended to sit around and read a lot. She knew the most interesting things — all about stars, and unicorns, and dragons and suchlike. My Dad said she was "trying to escape her circumstances" once, but when I asked what that meant, Mom told me to eat my carrots. So I did.

The way she got in the gang was through me, and that's why this was the first time this year I was going back there — we parted on kind of bad terms. I was going to see the gang, and passing the Carter place, I saw a flag on top of the old flagpole. It was a huge thing, with an elephant on it, and when the wind blew hard you could hear it snapping and cracking for miles. The flag was hers, she said the ghost sailors put it up to feel more like they were on a ship. So I knew someone lived there. I sneaked around back, to see what I could see, and a voice behind me said "Stop! All is discovered — you are powerless to resist." I turned around, and she was right.

She stood there, brandishing a cane like a sword, with her golden hair whipping about her face from the wind. She was wearing faded jean shorts and a plain cotton top, and a tricorne hat with a skull and crossbones on it. So, of course, I fell to my knees and prayed for leniency, and she said she'd try to get the governor to pardon me at the eleventh hour, and — you get the idea. I think I loved her from the first minute.

So I brought her to meet the gang. She was scared to go at first — thought they'd make fun of her brace, I guess. She finally came through — and I vouched for her, and we swore her in, and she didn't mind at all pricking her finger for the blood. Some girls do, you know, awfully.

Anyway, things were fine for most of the summer, until Hank started acting up. We'd been kind of doubtful about him ever since he started hanging around the pool hall, and this finally came to a head over the matter

ATTENTION ALL STUDENTS

ENTER ESSAY COMPETITION... WIN CASH PRIZES

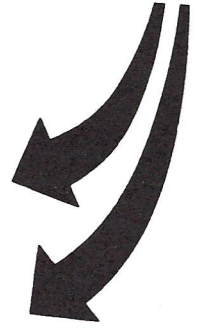
The Montreal branch of the Royal Commonwealth Society will again award cash prizes for the best essays written and submitted by students.

Category	Age	1st PRIZE	2nd PRIZE	3rd PRIZE
Category A	Age 16 to 19	\$ 150.00	\$ 75.00	\$ 50.00
Category B	Age 14 to 16	\$ 60.00	\$ 40.00	\$ 25.00
Category C	Under 14	\$ 50.00	\$ 35.00	\$ 20.00

In addition, every essay given "Honourable Mention" by the panel of judges will receive a cash prize of \$ 10.00.

For full details on the competition get in touch with

Miss F.M. Southwood,
 Royal Commonwealth Society
 1621 Sherbrooke St. W.
 Montreal, P.Q. H3H 1E2
 Telephone: 933-5482



of Cathy. He started making passes at a few of the girls, but they knew how to handle him and he didn't persist. Then he started on Cathy, and she got scared. We didn't figure anything would come of it, but we were wrong — and the next day Cathy's elephant flag wasn't there. She never came over after that, and I heard she started to do serious schoolwork and threw out a lot of books about dragons and stuff.

Dad said something about "intruding reality" and "shock withdrawal" and "broken fantasy" until he saw Mom glance at me and shake her head, and then he began eating his carrots. I wasn't hungry that night. That breeze had gotten stronger, and I wasn't so hot any more, so I thought I'd stop remembering last summer and get on towards the beach. That wind was strong enough for sailing, now. I climbed the dune, feeling vaguely that something was wrong. The seagulls were still crying, but there was another sound mixed in with it — a sort of flapping. The wind blew harder and I heard a snap-crack! and I KNEW... and you've never seen a dune climbed so fast in your life! At the top, I looked down, and there was Cathy's elephant, flying brave.

I gave just one look down the beach the other way, to where I should go meet the gang. Then I trotted down towards Cathy's. We hadn't really been of that crowd, Cathy and I — so I figured I might as well admit it.

— David Brewer.

Report on Interplanetary Intelligence mission, re:- advisability of proposed takeover of Planet Earth.

Special agent: Ms. SPUNEAV ANEDS

Subject of mission: MONKLANDS HIGH SCHOOL

Dated: April 29th, 1974

Length of mission: 8 months

With documented info from Earth spy: LAMDINEYACK

Monklandonians are a rare breed. Colour and size are inconsistent, and the mixture seems to be ripe for an explosion. Breaking the place down by areas, we have observed two main mating places where they gather to pair off. The first, being a small insignificant entrance to the building, will definitely have to be fumigated as the noxious fumes are a distinct danger to our people.

It seems that in MHS the general practice in choosing mates is the male-female type, although there are some other relationships (eg. The Odd Couple) that are for purely emotional reasons and not for propagation purposes. The Benny Entrance, as it is known, houses from 10-30 couples and at least 10 swinging singles. The couples, to prove their love or excitement, engage in wild gyrating movements of the hands, legs, and heads, and rub their lips together to denote friendliness and sometimes hunger.

Defense precautions consist of 3 men with brooms (we believe they're called Janitors) and 3 commander generals located in the middle of the first floor.

Specific information given to me by my Earth spy. I don't know whether it is relevant or not, but here it is:-

Chemical formulas can be worked out in total secret by the Crazy Chemist Mr. F.

Food and all the other "tra-la-las" don't even need to be poisoned due to the quantity of food coming out of the Home Ec. room.

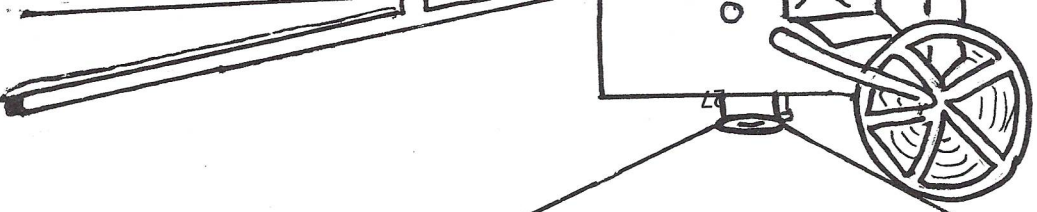
There are also various student-types who will support an armed takeover of Monklands. Comrade Dave has already given us a thorough plan for the new government of the "Workers Co-op" including communal bathrooms, and though his ideas are weird, he will be a dedicated worker. Although last year's organisation for revolution, the Third Floor Clique does not exist this year in any strength, the Grad committee along with the hole-in-the-wall groups will be immensely helpful. One extremely useful device in getting reactionary male teachers on our side is the costumes worn by female students exemplified by those worn by C.G.

Now there are some couples so well established that they will probably oppose any attempt at new management of the school. They include J.R. and M.P., M.M. and R.Y., L.M. and P.R., N.O. and S.K. Old enough to know better they will pose a problem. New miniature members of the colony have joined and are joining a pint-sized by-product of Mr. and Mrs. B., Mr. and Mrs. S., and a prospective child to Mrs. R.

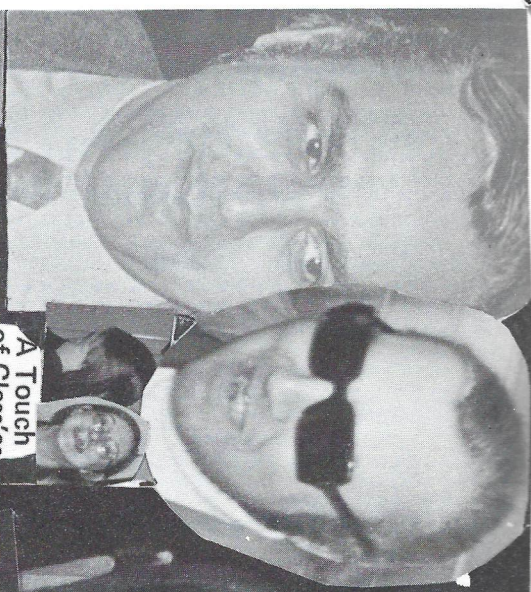
There is also going to be a cut-down in teachers, which will result in the departure of a few troublemakers, so, Goodbye Mrs. S., Mrs. K., Mrs. V., and Mrs. R.

This is the end of my report. Conditions, it seems, are favourable for Plan 10BX.

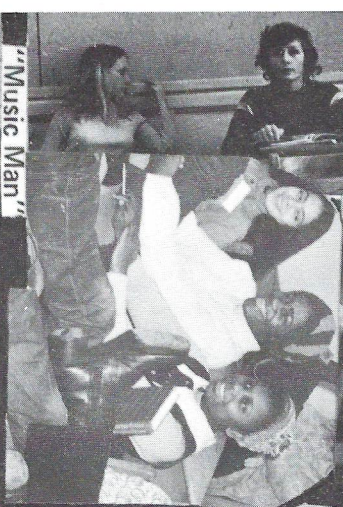
**MANGLANDS'
SILVER
SCREEN**



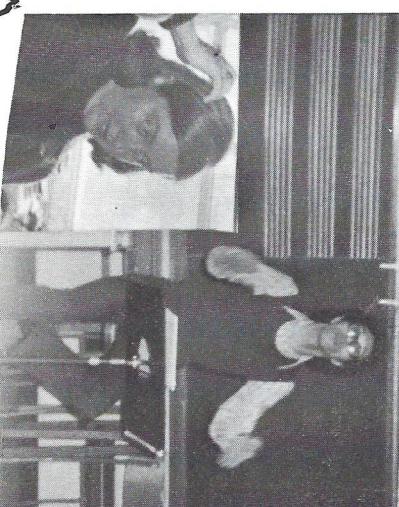
"DR. JEKYL AND MR. HYDE"



A Touch of Class'es

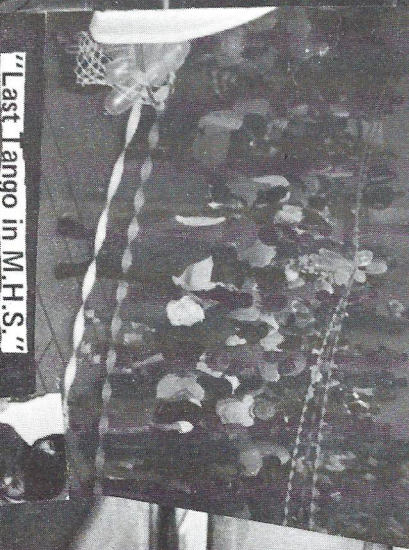
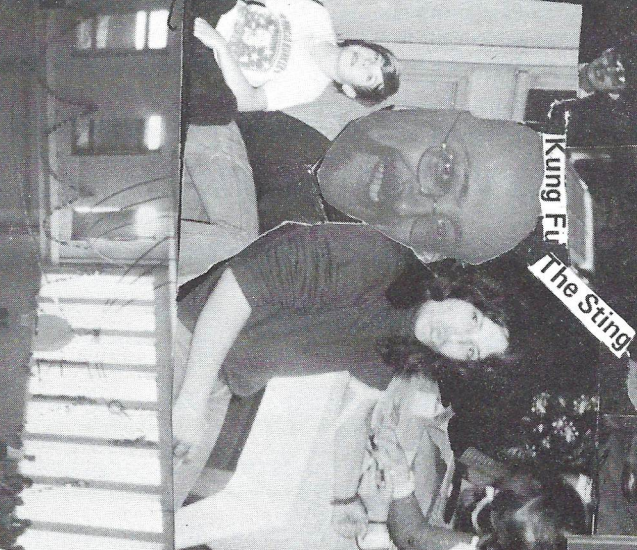


"Music Man"



Kung Fu

The Sting

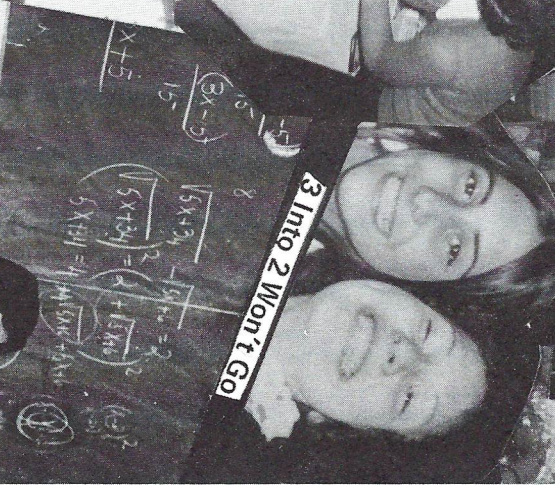


"Last Tango in M.H.S."

You Can't Take It With You



"THE NAKED APPE"



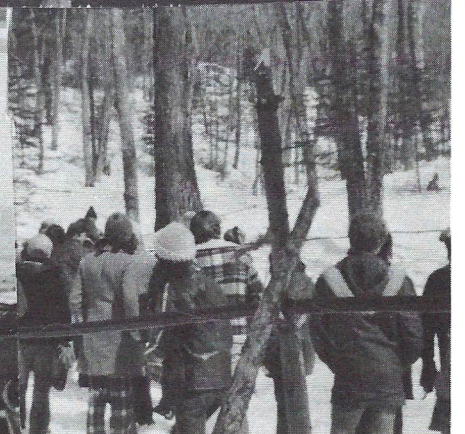
3 Into 2 Won't Go



More Movies for Groovies...

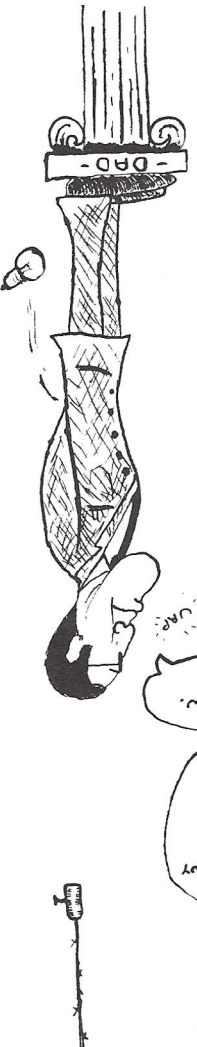
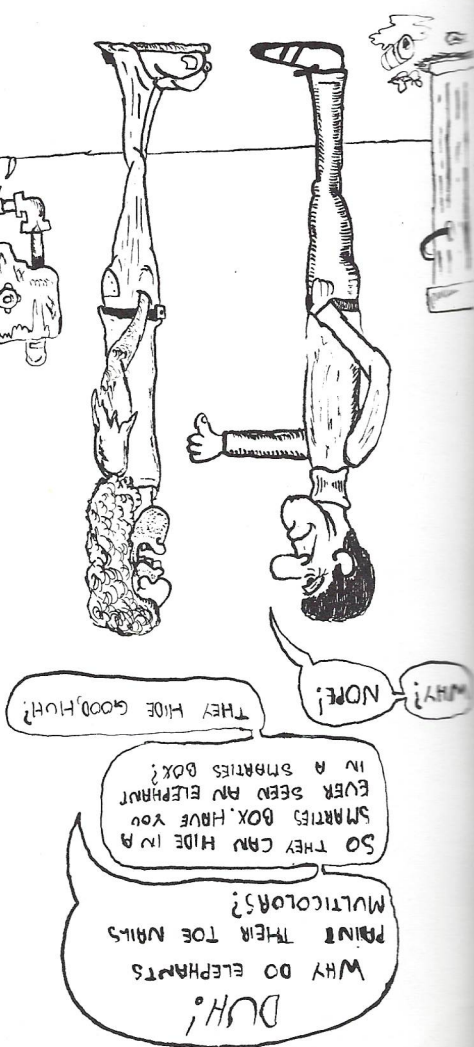


"The Odd Couple" Starring Twinkletoes and Passionate Pansy.....



I look out the window
at four trees
which have grown
tall and strong
just inside the fence.
Awakening after the long winter
they are the first
to turn to the green hue of life.
They seem to be reaching
reaching upward
towards -
None of the trees outside the fence
reach only upwards like these four trees.
All the other trees that I see
Reach upward and outward
towards -
I have looked at these four trees
for four years.
At first I saw them from the ground
and I craned my neck to see
where their branches touched the sky.
Now I see them from the third floor fire escape.
They seem closer although I see them
farther away.
For I, like they,
reach upwards,
not outwards,
just inside the fence
towards -

TOWARDS



A TALL TALE



The day that John met Marlene was the happiest of his life. As he was soon to find out, Marlene was no ordinary girl. In fact, she was a mermaid.
John had met her one day while fishing in one of his favourite coves. She was sunning herself. Not knowing what to do, John stared. Marlene finally got him to talk and after chatting for a while they found that they had a lot in common. Of course, the thing John asked was if Marlene had legs. She answered that once a month for five hours legs appeared and her fish-like tail disappeared. That settled it for John. He was taking her to meet his friends.
On the night this was supposed to happen Marlene was very nervous, although to John's friends she seemed very calm. Even though John really enjoyed Marlene's company, he tried not to fall in love with her. What would life be like with a mermaid? With about five minutes left of her five hours John took Marlene back to the cove. After he kissed her and promised to see her again, a miraculous change happened. John's legs disappeared and in their place appeared fins like Marlene's. After the initial shock John was ecstatically happy. Together, they swam away to start their life as creatures of the sea.

DAYBREAK

How like a Sunkist
rolling on a table
does the morning
flow into the sky
like a train's whistle
in the distance
does the last hoot
from the night owl
echo through my mind
but the marshmallows
on the blue sea
cross over and
block
my view for the eye
slowly peering
over the horizon
and how like the
perfect silence
ringing in my ears
does the morning break
and slowly
I walk
towards
the yellow frown
ahead.
Richard Yampolsky

PROMISES

A baby's cry
The first sound that escapes
this tiny quivering form.
Does it hold the ominous
promise
of things to come?

Death, the end
In the final moment
another cry.
One not of innocence
but of forlornness
and remorse, and mainly fear.

In the beginning
and in the end
A cry out to mankind.

Susan Padveen

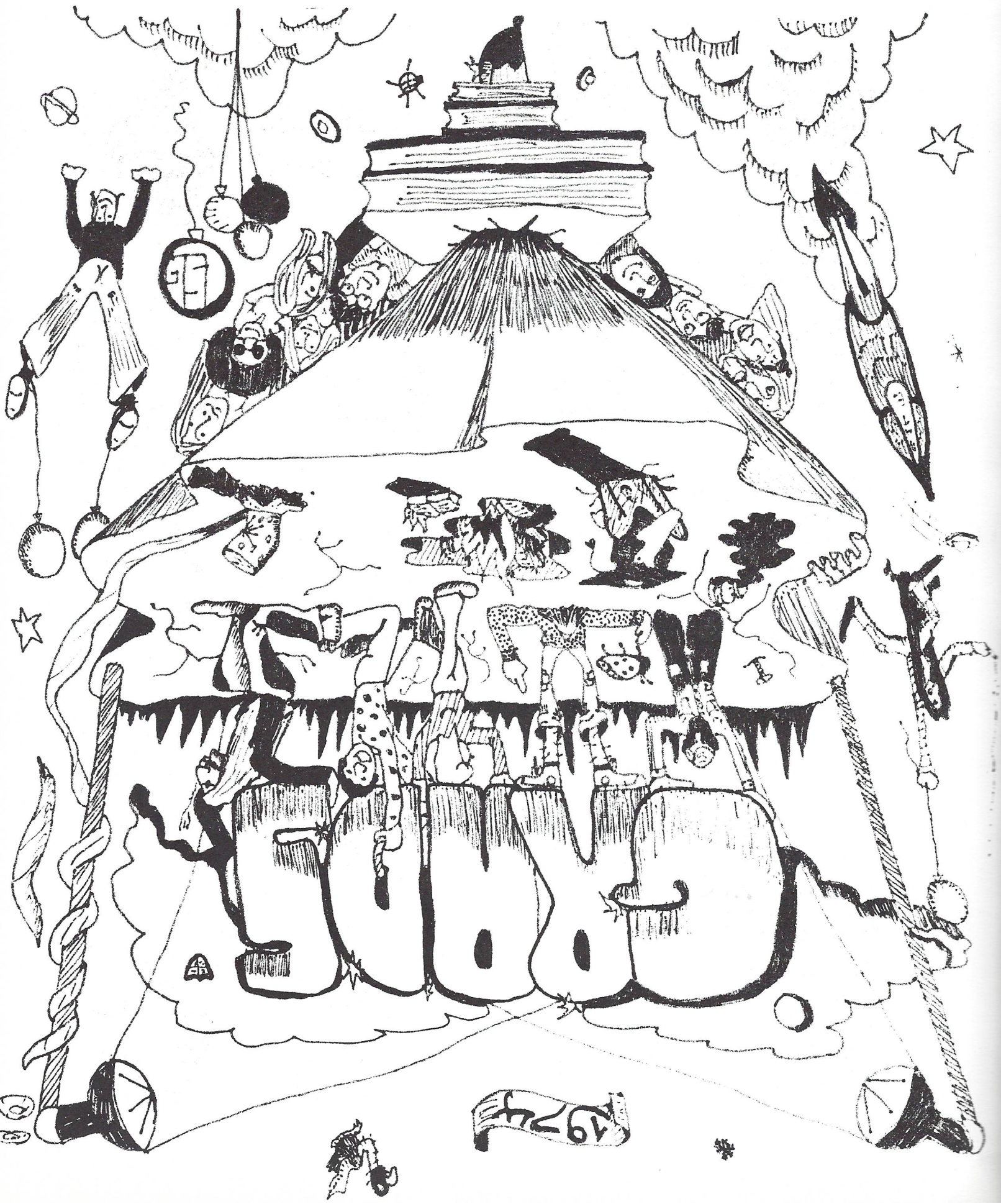
I once knew a man
who had everything
Life to him was beautiful
friends were like the leaves on a tree to him
They were always there, fell away at times
but never ceased to return
He loved them for that

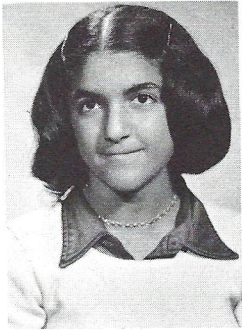
This man had a dog
named Rover
Rover was a special sort of a dog
he could tell when this man
(Whom he loved and who loved him)
was not alright
It was a special trait
this animal had acquired
This man too, when troubled
(and more so on better days)
Would run and fetch his friend
and the two would sit down together
And enjoy each others company
until the thrill was gone

This man had a family too
mother and father
All that is really required
to fulfill the necessities of growing up
And that's all he did -
grew up
He had his good times
as well as his bad
But those were to be expected
as it is the same process for all

One day this man
(who was my friend and knew very well)
Found love -
his first
It was something special to him
for she was warm and tender
But most of all
she loved him
It was new for him
for he had never felt that before
Security and shelter from the world
and its faults
They were happy together
and people even said they looked it
So it made them closer
but this man was incapable
Of fulfilling his commitment
and so was unsure of just what
He could give to his love
and so he went and dug up Rover

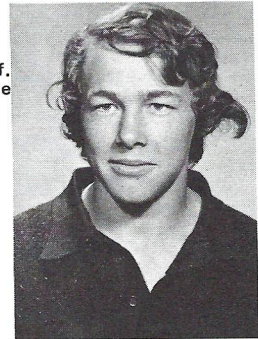
Richard Yampolsky



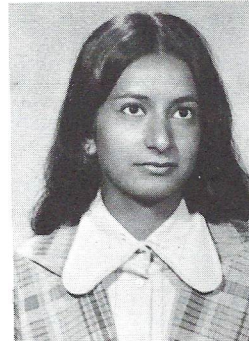
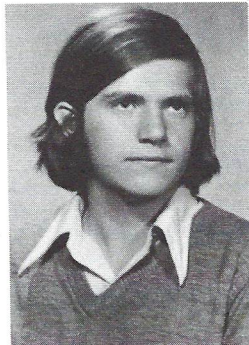


ARWA ABU-HAKIMA
 "Those were the days. . ."
 Cher. Mem.: Life in Jordan.
 Claim to Fame: My Arab name Arwa
 Ahmad Mustafa Abu-Hakima.
 Amb.: To become a doctor.
 Prob. Dest.: Sweeping hospital floors.
 Pr. Poss.: Esther Room 203.
 Fav. Exp.: Tmishi Rouk Tntum.
 Fav. Pastime: Sleeping and fighting.
 Pet Peeve: People mispronouncing my
 name.
 Weakness: Feeling sorry about people.

GEOFFREY BENNETT (J.M.R.)
 Cher. Mem.: St. V s, 1973
 Amb.: Lawyer.
 Prob. Dest.: Beating the rap myself.
 Acts: Soccer, Rugby, House League
 Sports, Hockey MVP.



KEVIN ALDRIDGE
 So I'll meet 'im later on
 at the place where 'e is gone —
 Where it's always double drill
 and no canteen;
 'e'll be squattin' on the coals
 Givin' drink to poor damned souls
 An' I'll get a swig in hell from
 Gunga Din!
 Yes, Din! Din! Din!
 You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din!
 Though I've belted you and played
 you
 By the livin' Gawd that made you,
 You're a better man than I am,
 Gunga Din!

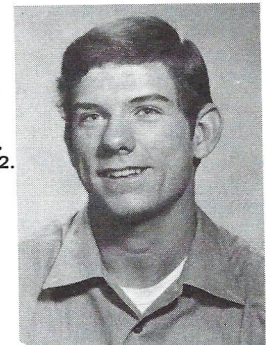


NEELAM BHALLA
 In order to be a true citizen of the
 world, one must first understand and
 serve one's own community, country,
 and culture.
 Cher. Mem.: Aug. 15, 1945 and
 meeting P.M. Indhira Ghandi.
 Amb.: Doctor and Teacher.
 Prob. Dest.: Art-therapist.
 Fav. Past.: Music.
 Acts: Junior Band 70-71, Swimming
 Club, Library Assistant, Lab. As-
 sistant, Red Cross.



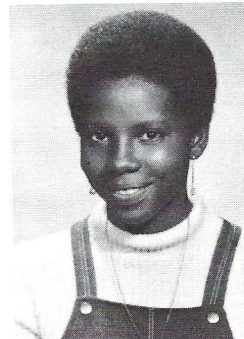
SIDHARTH ANJILVEL
 "Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
 The jaws that bite, the claws that
 catch. Beware the jubjub bird and shun
 the frumious bandersnatch."
 "Life is like an unbuttoned shirt."
 Claim to Fame: Me, myself and I.
 Amb.: Working in the field of
 medicine.
 Prob. Dest.: Working in a field.
 Pr. Poss.: My unbuttoned shirt.
 Fav. Exp.: "Of course, I'm right."
 Fav. Pastime: Living.
 Pet Peeve: Being called Sydney,
 the jabberwock.
 Weakness: Girls!
 Acts: Bridge, Chess.

NORMAN BIRRELL
 Cher. Mem.: Aug. 25, 1969.
 Claim to Fame: Multiple Injuries.
 Amb.: Physical Education Teacher.
 Prob. Dest.: Traction.
 Fav. Exp.: Ah! Come on.
 Acts: Soccer 70,71,72. Band 70-71.
 Floor Hockey 72. Ice Hockey 72.
 Rugger 7's, 71. Tennis 72,73.

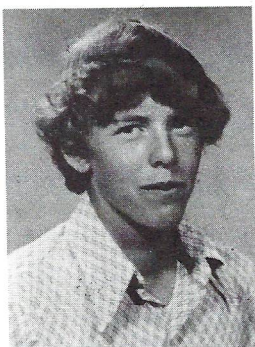


ANASTASIA AVYERINOS

I should say that learning has a
 certain charm which is the pleasure;
 and that the right and the profitable,
 the good and the noble, are qualities
 given to it by the truth.
 Amb.: To travel around the world.
 Prob. Dest.: Going to airport and
 turning.
 Cher. Mem.: Winter of 1956.
 Pet Peeve: Having fun in chemistry.

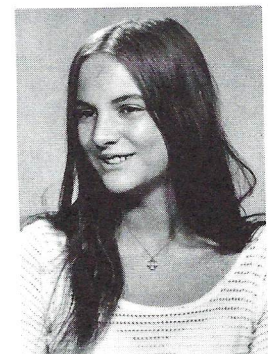


DONNA BISHOP
 "Little axes can cut down big, full
 grown trees."
 Cher. Mem.: When the lights went out
 back home.
 Claim to Fame: Innocent looking
 appearance.
 Amb.: To travel to different countries
 and be a sociologist.
 Prob. Dest.: Not to go troubling
 trouble when trouble didn't
 trouble me.
 Fav. Exp.: Oh no! Not again!
 Pet Peeve: Being the eldest of my
 mother's kids and having to take
 the blame for everything although
 the smaller ones did it.



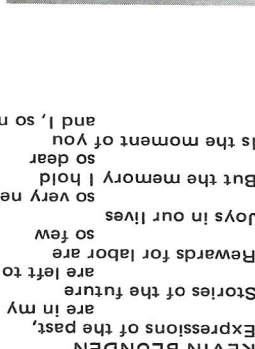
BERNARD BANKLEY
 Professor: "If the young man in the
 back row will remove his hat, I shall
 continue and point out a concrete
 example."
 Fav. Exp.: "Who is number two?"
 Bobby Orr. Eh! Nyisztor.
 Pet Peeve: Pete Mahovlich is great guy.
 Weakness: Number 35.

MYLA BLACKWELL
 "Life it starts,
 Life it ends,
 Day after day,
 Night after night,
 Puberty to maturity,
 Birth to death.
 Amb.: Artist.
 Prob. Dest.: Collecting unemploy-
 ment insurance.
 Fav. Exp.: I wouldn't know, so
 don't look at me!
 Fav. Pastime: Riding horses.
 Pet Peeve: Having Mr. Levine for
 3 years in a row.
 Weakness: My love for horses.

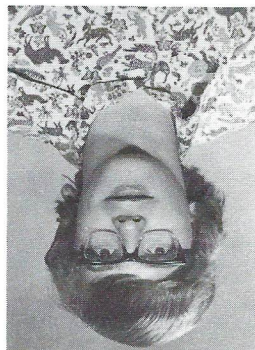




TONY BLAKE
 Will they tell me of a pie up in the sky
 Waiting for me when I die
 But between the day you are born
 and when you die
 They never seem to hear even your cry
 So as sure as the sun will shine
 I am gonna get my share now,
 what is mine
 And then the harder they come
 The harder they fall, one and all.
 — Jimmy Cliff



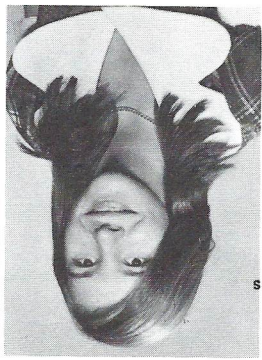
KEVIN BLUNDEN
 Expressions of the past,
 are in my mind
 Stories of the future
 are left to find
 Rewards for labor are
 so few
 Joys in our lives
 so very new
 But the memory I hold
 so dear
 Is the moment of you
 and I, so near.



DAWN BOUTLIER
 The greybeard, old wisdom, may
 boast of his treasures
 I Give me with gay Folly to Live;
 settled pleasures
 But Folly has raptures to give.
 (R.B.)
 Amb.: A legal secretary.
 Prob. Dest.: In the unemployment
 line again and again.
 Pet Peeve: People who say I have
 Red Hair.
 Acts: Gymnastics 4 years straight.



JOHN BRASLOFF
 Cher. Mem.: The day I leave Monklands
 High in 1987.
 Amb.: Brain Surgeon.
 Prob. Dest.: Toilet Cleaner.
 Pride Poss.: My collection of empty
 beer cans.
 Fav. Exp.: 1) How's your bird?
 2) You Turkey!
 Fav. Pastime: Trying to think of a
 Favourite Pastime.
 Pet Peeve: Looking forward to those
 long weekends, and not knowing
 what the hell to do.
 Acts: Going to the Can for a smoke.



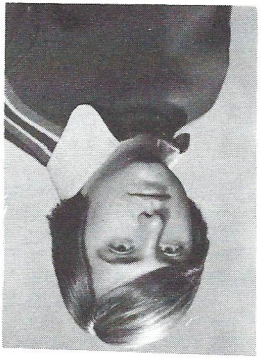
PAUL CASTLE
 And it's whispered that soon, if we
 all
 Called the tune,
 Then the piper will lead us to reason,
 And a new day will dawn for those
 Who stand long
 And the forests will echo with
 laughter.
 —Zepplin.



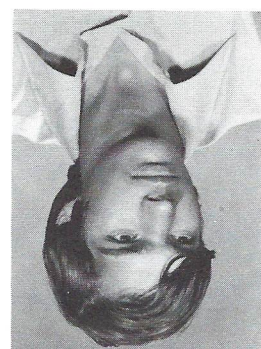
ROBERT BRUCE
 "I'd rather be my height than taller"
 Claim to Fame: Having two first
 names.
 Fav. Exp.: Hey...! Did you do
 Your Physics?
 Pet Peeve: 1) People who don't know
 which is my first name and which
 is my last name.
 2) Learning things from someone
 younger than me.
 Cher. Mem.: Summer Activities '73
 Amb.: Various occupations including
 an engineer and an industrial
 worker.
 Prob. Dest.: Various occupations
 including bench warmer in the
 unemployment agency.



NADINE BROWN
 "It is better to be small and shine
 than tall and cast a shadow."
 Fav. exp.: I don't care. It doesn't
 bother me.
 pet peeve: laryngitis
 can you imagine me: quiet, healthy,
 punctual, attending school regu-
 larly, and without my own phone?
 amb.: to leave a mucus coloured
 school; travel; and get up in the
 world.
 prob. dest.: getting lost while climb-
 ing vanier's scenic flight of stairs.
 cher. mem.: cbb'73, insty'73,
 nety'73



ANTHONY CALDBICK
 Cher. Mem.: Every June 23, and
 Christmas.
 Claim to Fame: Telling dirty jokes.
 Amb.: Being a vet.
 Prob. Dest.: Getting bitten by a
 friendly pooch.
 Pride Poss.: A faithful 303.
 Fav. Pastime: Night Life.
 Pet Peeve: Writing examinations,
 J.I.J.I.
 Weakness: Being a brain and calling
 my dog, chum-chum.
 Acts: School, countyclub, nightlife,
 210.



JANET CHALMERS
 "Not everything that is faced can
 be changed;
 But nothing can be changed until
 it is faced."
 Claim to Fame: Enthusiasm and
 uncontrollable laugh.
 Weakness: T-Shirts.
 Pet Peeve: 5 flights of stairs 4 times
 a day.
 Cher. Mem.: August 1973-Bermuda
 Band Exchanges 1972-1973.
 Amb.: To star in the Ice Capades.
 Prob. Dest.: Skate sharpener and
 boot lacer.
 Acts: Bands 70-74, Volleyball,
 Badminton.





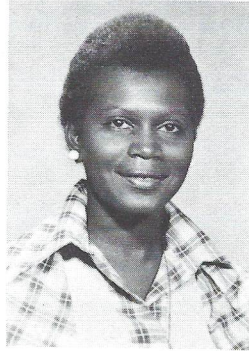
DEBBIE CLARKE
 Cher. Mem.: Sept. 29, 1973 with R. G.
 Claim to Fame: My freckles.
 Amb.: To travel across the world.
 Prob. Dest.: To get as far as N.D.G.
 Fav. Exp.: What a nut!

Fav. Pastime: Seeing R.G. every week-end.
 Pet Peeve: People who are too big for their "Boots".
 Weakness: Not growing taller.
 Acts: Travelling on the Delson Bus.

LAURENCE DAREY
 Cher. Mem.: First Functions class with Mr. Manson.
 Amb.: Structural engineer or architect.
 Prob. Dest.: Designer for the year-book.
 Fav. Exp.: I would if I could but I can't.
 Fav. Past.: Looking for a cat standing on its head.
 Pet Peeve: People who are always serious.
 Weakness: Winter camping.



JOAN COLLINS
 Claim to Fame: My style of walking and my Knock Knees.
 Amb.: Fashion Designer, Airline Stewardess.
 Prob. Dest.: Changing diapers.
 Pride Poss.: My body.
 Fav. Exp.: Give it to me.
 Fav. Pastime: Being with someone special.
 Pet Peeve: Walking past a group of boys.
 Weakness: Feeling sorry for people.

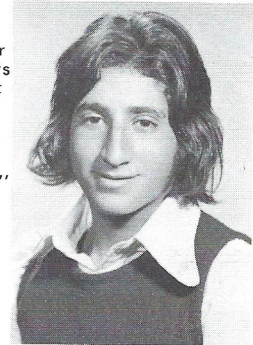


MICHAEL DAY
 "If you wish to see the valleys, climb to the mountain top;
 If you desire to see the mountain top, rise into the cloud;
 But if you seek to understand the cloud, close your eyes and think."
 — Kahlil Gibran
 Claim to Fame: That irresistible charm.
 Amb.: Physicist.
 Prob. Dest.: Mad Scientist.
 Pet Peeve: People.
 Acts: Band, Being cool.

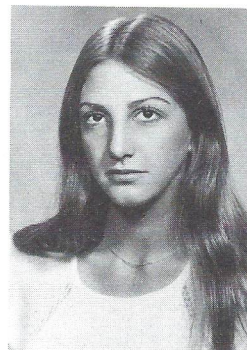
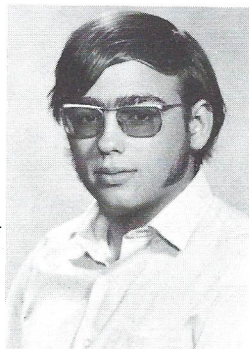


MARGRET COPLEY (Maggie)
 Cher. Mem.: September 6, 1971.
 Claim to Fame: Solving other people's problems except my own.
 Amb.: Officer in the army.
 Prob. Dest.: Peeling potatoes on K.P. duty.
 Can You Imagine: Maggie being in school a full week?
 Fav. Exp.: "Check it out" or "Are you serious?"
 Fav. Pastime: Finding excuses to stay home from school.
 Pet Peeve: Being alone without D.M.
 Acts: Smoking by the exits and hoping I won't get caught.

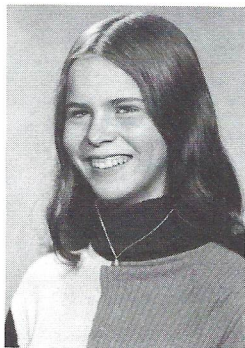
RONALD DECKELBAUM
 "Come gather round people wherever you roam, and admit that the waters around you have grown, and except that soon you'll be drenched to the bone. If your time to you is worth saving, then you better start swimming or you'll sink like a stone, because the times they are a-changin'."
 — Bob Dylan.
 Acts: Hockey, Ski Team, Water Polo.



ROSS CRAIGIE
 "All the world's a stage and all the people merely players with their exits and entrances."
 Amb.: Chartered Accountant.
 Prob. Dest.: Office clerk in an accounting firm.
 Fav. Pastime: Chess.
 Acts: Students' Union 72/73; Chess Club 71/72/73/74, Chessclub Pres. 72/73/74, Chess Team 73/74
 Pet Peeve: Showoffs.

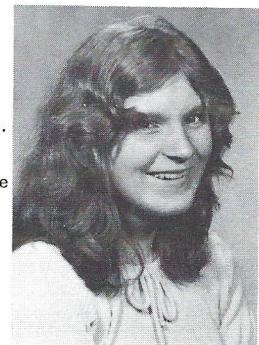


RITA DEMERS
 "I know I've dreamed you
 A sin and a lie
 I have my freedom
 But I don't have much time.
 Faith has been broken
 Tears must be cried
 Let's do some living
 After we die."
 — Rolling Stones.
 Cher. Mem.: Summer of '72, '73.
 Amb.: Nurse Demers.
 Prob. Dest.: Patient in psycho ward.



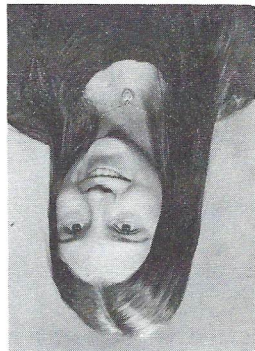
SUSAN CRYANS
 "It is better to have one friend of great value than many friends who are good for nothing."
 — Anarcharis, Sec. 105
 Claim to Fame: My innocence.
 Pride Poss.: Tom.
 Amb.: Stewardess.
 Prob. Dest.: Bus girl in a two bit restaurant.
 Fav. Exp.: Annnnnnnne!
 Pet Peeve: Getting caught talking to M.L., J.M., and B.R. in Physics.
 Fav. Past.: LEARNING to drive.
 Weakness: LENDING J.P. money at recess.
 Acts: Band, getting to school on time.

NANCY DESROSIERS
 "Smile an everlasting smile,
 a smile can bring you near me.
 Don't ever let me find you down,
 cause that would bring a tear to me.
 This world has lost its glory
 Let's find a brand new story.
 Right now, there'll be no other time
 that I can show you my love."
 — Beegees - Words.
 Cher. Mem.: Feb. 9, 1972
 Claim to Fame: My smile and my insane laugh.





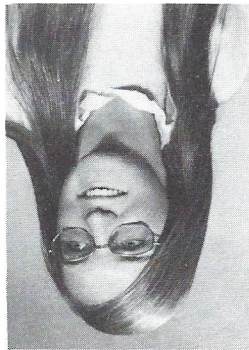
BARBARA FULMER
Creation
Woman was created from the rib of a
man,
Not from his head to be above him,
Nor from his feet to be walked upon,
But from his side to be equal,
Near his arm to be protected,
And close to his heart to be loved.
Cher. Mem.: Nov. '14, 1972
Weakness: D.M.



ERIC EISENBERG
"Time dissipates to shining ether
the solid angularity,"
Cher. Mem.: Nov. '72
Amb.: Medical Doctor.
Prob. Dest.: Stretcher-Bearer for
St. John's Ambulance.
Pet Peeve: The fact that the long-lived
misconception that people write
Banner "Biographies" about
themselves still exist.
Acts: Bridge Club 1973-74, Chess
Club 1970-73.



LAURA GOLDBERG
"To know is nothing at all; to imagine
is everything," —A. France.
What is beauty. Not the show
Of shapely limbs and features. No;
These are but flowers
That have their dated hours,
To breathe their momentary sweets
and go,
'Tis the stainless soul within
That outshines the fairest skin.
—Sir A. Hunt



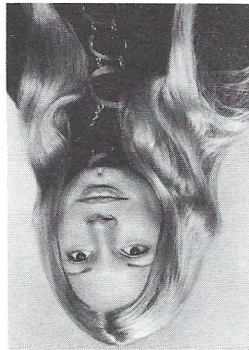
CAROL EDWARD
"If knowledge is the food of man,
we have a bad case of malnutrition
on our hands."
Cher. Mem.: Wouldn't you like to
know.
Claim to Fame: When I'm 30 I'll look
25.
Amb.: Nurse.
Prob. Dest.: Being stepped on by some
cute doctor who didn't see me.
Fav. Exp.: Bug off, Dumbo.
Pet Peeve: People who put an 's' on
the end of my name, Mr. L. Nils.
Can you imagine: Carol understanding
her Functions!



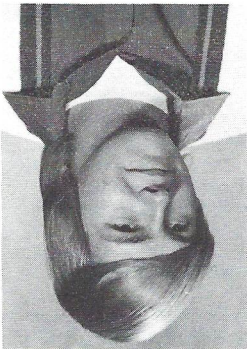
SPATZIE DUBLIN
"What you see is what you get."
Cher. Mem.: My London trip.
Claim to Fame: My dimples.
Amb.: Stewardess.
Prob. Dest.: Cuba.
Pride Poss.: My body.
Fav. Pastime: Looking over the new
guys.
Fav. Exp.: "If he only knew,"
Pet Peeve: Being hit on the rump.
Weakness: Being kissed on the neck.
Acts: Basketball '70-'71, Badminton
'70-'73, Volleyball '70-'73,
Soccer '70-'72, '73-'74, Pres. G.A.A.
'73-'74, Pref. '73-'74, Guidance Rep.
'72-'73, Red Cross Rep. '71-'72.



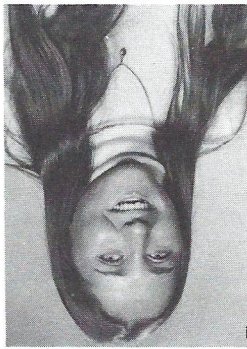
TERESA GORAL
My first year and last — Great balls of
fire! What a year. My most cherished
memorable time was when I walked
up the stairs into Monklands High. It
was hard to get to know people but
with a little help from my friends, ex-
friends now, especially Bryce Maher I
went crazy after one month. There
are only two people who really made
school going to worthwhile. First of
all there's Mr. Williams, one who al-
ways had a smile on his face, even
when he was mad, and the second one
I won't mention due to the grounds
of incrimination. My ambition after
school is to become a sexy secretary.



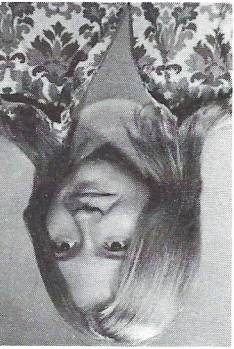
MICHAEL GILBERT
"A girl is like a poem
She can be loved and remembered,
But seldom UNDERSTOOD."
Cher. Mem.: Quebec Trip, April '73,
Summer '73 and phone calls for
L's "Happiness."
Claim to Fame: My cool blue shades.
Amb.: B. Eng. (Chem.)
Prob. Dest.: M. Eng. (Chem.)
Pride Poss.: My big little black book.
Fav. Exp.: If you do not learn by
your mistakes, what is the use of
making them.
Fav. Past.: Listening to L's
"Happiness", and teachers calling
me by my last name.



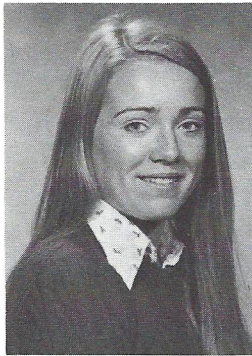
CATHY GIBSON
By all called sweet and peaceful
the dove
is a most cruel animal
that members of his own kind
will mutilate.
And love named tender and pitiful
is a hard yielding jewel
that pain into hearts can grind
deeper than hate.
Cher. Mem.: July 71, June 16, '73



DONNA GARLEY (Cannon wop!)
"A plumber PUMPS to get a HEAD!
Cher. Mem.: Summer '73 at Myrtle
Beach. Claim to Fame: My bum.
Amb.: To work at Vic Tanny's.
Fav. Exp.: Suck!
Pet Peeve: Being called Meatball.
Fav. Pastime: Talking on the phone.



Sir A. Hunt
"To know is nothing at all; to imagine
is everything," —A. France.
What is beauty. Not the show
Of shapely limbs and features. No;
These are but flowers
That have their dated hours,
To breathe their momentary sweets
and go,
'Tis the stainless soul within
That outshines the fairest skin.
—Sir A. Hunt



SARAH GOSSIP

The treasure which you think not worth taking trouble and pains to find, this one alone is the real treasure you are longing for all your life. The glittering treasure you are hunting for day and night lies buried on the other side of that hill yonder.

—B. Traven.

Cher. Mem.: A.P.'s big dive. P.T. waking up in the morning, D.S.'s go-go-go, S.G.'s big yes, D.G. holding my hand in the hall. Seeing T.P. in school at least once a month. The Silicone Kid. Quebec City. Lorraine's bread.

ANN HENDERSON

Age and youth look upon life from opposite ends of the telescope; to one it is exceedingly long, to the other exceedingly short.

—H.W. Beecher.

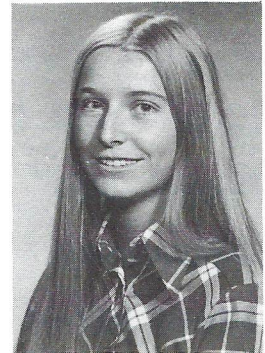
Wrinkles should merely indicate where smiles have been.

—Twain.

I have never let my schooling interfere with my education.

—Twain.

Cher. Mem.: Summer of 1492. Acts: Bands '70-'74.



SANDRA GREEN (Bomber)
"A friend with weed is a friend indeed."

Cher. Mem.: J.T.'s party '72 and Stone's Show '72.

Pet Peeve: Greasers & school. The day D.G. shot gum in my hair accidentally!

Amb.: To own "LABATT" Brewery!

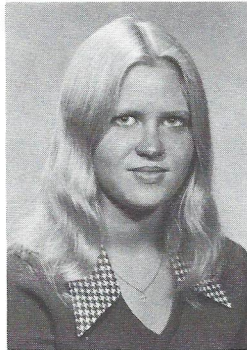
Prob. Dest.: To keep on drinking it!

Claim to Fame: Her blonde hair.

Fav. Pastime: Going to W.W.

Pride Poss.: Her earrings or Jimi Hendrix.

Fav. Exp.: "Are you serious?"



SONG HONG

In un-dying memory of the certain teachers of M.H.S.

Roses are red, violets are blue,
And please forgive me if I say,
That their colors remind me
So much of you
Red with Anger,
Blue with Rage...

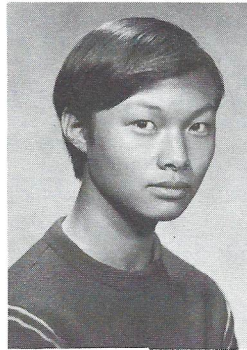
"A wise man has his mouth in his heart;

A fool his heart in his mouth."

Cher. Mem.: 1st Prize, Quebec Open, 1973.

Amb.: Psychiatrist. A T.K.D. instructor.

Prob. Dest.: An inferiority complexed psychopath.



LAURA GUBEREK (Gubie)

Sing a song of farewell, and with a backward glance of sentiment, a sad, quiet moment of memories, we watch a shadow drop, covering a period of our lives.

Cher. Mem.: Escorts... Medford... Not playing those confounded instruments... wet sleeping bags... constipation blues... an obscene phone call... behave yourself! ... too possessive, too religious... too many "toos".

Claim to Fame: Cow brown eyes.

Amb.: Social Worker.

Prob. Dest.: Social Menace.

Acts: B.D. Smiggs.



GAIL HUNT

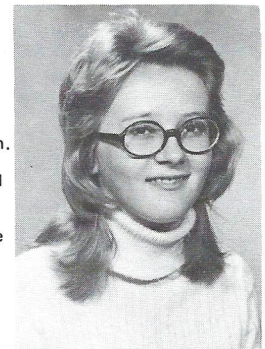
If I can stop one heart from breaking,

I shall not live in vain.
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
I shall not live in vain.

—Emily Dickinson.

Pet Peeve: Mothers who believe breakfast is the basis of all good things.

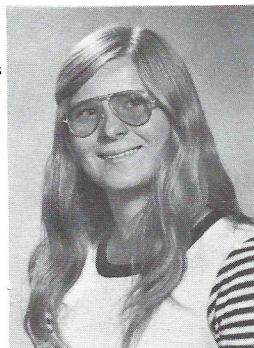
Weakness: Reading Medical encyclopedias and finding out I have all those diseases.



ELKE HEBERT

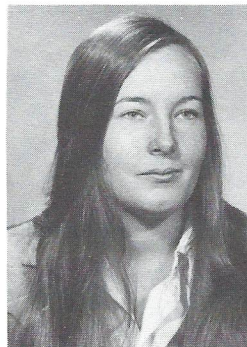
In the whole history of the world, in all the nations of the world, there has never been a time I would rather graduate than in the year 1974 from Monklands.

Cher. Mem.: Summer - Fall 1973.



DAIL JACOB

Whispering wind came uninvited
Looking for somewhere else to go.
Here is a lamp I've left unlighted
Aren't you someone I should know?
Memory's flame is soon ignited
Lighting my lamp with amber glow
Quietly friends are reunited
Singing a song of long ago.
Claim to Fame: Living in the sticks.
Pet Peeve: People who ask me if Delson is long distance.



RENÉ HELESIC

"Keep smiling and people will wonder what you're up to".

Cher. Mem.: 210 at lunchtime; summer of '73.

Claim to Fame: My outstanding popularity.

Amb.: Aeronautics (getting solid gold handlebars for my Norton).

Prob. Dest.: Being paid \$100. to fly my bike over the Grand Canyon.

Pride Poss.: My Norton, My County and My Home life.

Fav. Exp.: What's Happening.

Fav. Pastime: Enjoying life in the country; going for a forty mile ride on my bike instead of going to the store.



ERIC JOHNSTONE

Cher. Mem.: Rockies '73

Claim to Fame: Being the biggest big-mouth.

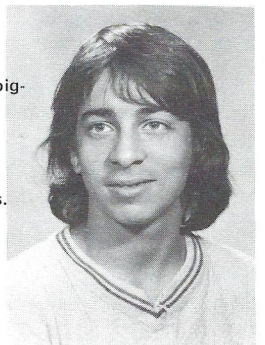
Amb.: Pilot.

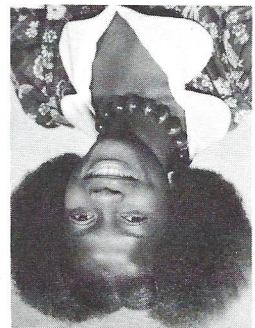
Prob. Dest.: Being accepted by the team of expects.

Pride Poss.: My bicycle.

Weakness: Saying the wrong things.

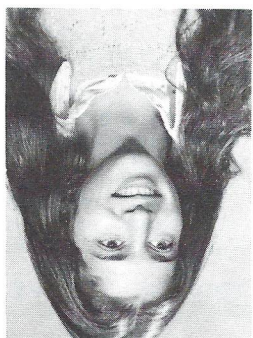
Acts: Tennis, Hockey, etc.



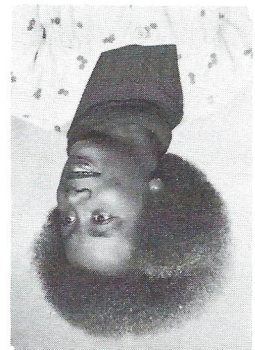


JUDY JOSEPH
 Beyond the meadows valley wide, I kiss the clouds and then I smile. If I was made to smile and dance. Then it I was Diana, I had a chance.
 Cher. Mem.: The first day I kissed "You know who."
 Claim to Fame: My great sense of humor.
 Amb.: Airline Stewardess, Screen Star and professional model.
 Prob. Dest.: Taking care of babies.
 Pride Poss.: Making up my own poses in modelling.
 Fav. Exp.: Honesty?
 Pet Peeve: Boys bugging me for my phone number.
 Weakness: Seeing sick babies.

DEBORAH KESSLER (Debbie)
 A little kingdom I possess,
 Where thoughts and feelings dwell;
 And very hard the task I find
 Of governing it well.
 —Louisa May Alcott



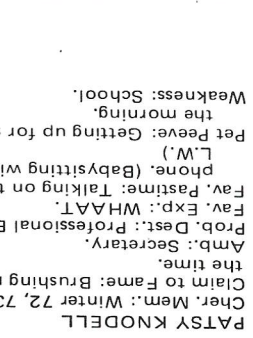
MARCIA KHOURI
 "Until I was loved, I was alone."
 Cher. Mem.: Oct. 22, 1972.
 Claim to Fame: Speech.
 Amb.: Speech Therapist.
 Prob. Dest.: My diamond ring (C.R.)
 Fav. Pastime: Hankie Pankie.



NORMAN KING
 "I never let my schooling interfere with my education." —Mark Twain
 Cher. Mem.: Hair that looks like I stuck my finger in a light socket.
 Amb.: Sports broadcaster.
 Prob. Dest.: Selling hot dogs at Jarry Park.
 Pride Poss.: My dog and cat.
 Fav. Pastime: Skipping school.
 Pet Peeve: Girls who are taller than I am.



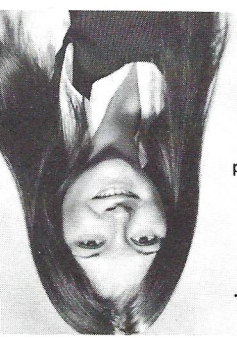
VIVIEN KING
 I just want to know about the rooms behind your minds.
 Do I see a vacuum there, or am I going blind?
 Or is it just remains from vibrations and echoes long ago,
 Things like 'Love the world' and 'Let your fancy flow',
 Is this true? Please let me talk to you.
 —Jim! Hendrix



PATSY KNODELL
 Cher. Mem.: Winter 72, 73, with R.F.
 Claim to Fame: Brushing my hair all the time.
 Amb.: Secretary.
 Prob. Dest.: Professional Babysitter.
 Fav. Exp.: WHAT.
 Fav. Pastime: Talking on the telephone. (Babysitting with D.G. and L.W.)
 Pet Peeve: Getting up for school in the morning.
 Weakness: School.



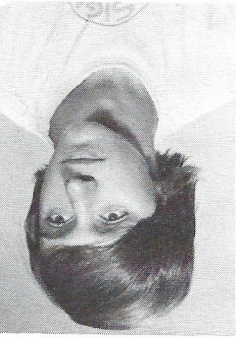
DOUGLAS KURTZ
 "Poems are made by fools like me, but only God can make a tree."
 Joyce Kilmer.
 Claim to Fame: That red hair.
 Prob. Dest.: Being replaced by Ted Baxter.
 Amb.: Broadcaster.
 Pet Peeve: "Hey! Kurtz, lend me your homework!"



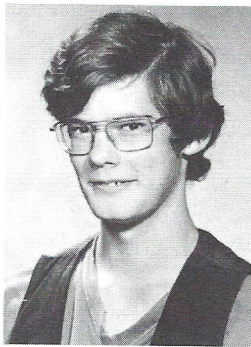
HOWARD LEE
 "You can't get rid of a bad temper by losing it."
 Cher. Mem.: Mt. Suton - 1972.
 Claim to Fame: Brain of Monklands.
 Amb.: Professional freestyle skier.
 Prob. Dest.: Mount Royal Kiddie Ski School director.
 Pride Poss.: My ski equipment.
 Fav. Exp.: Skiing, skiing and more skiing.
 Pet Peeve: Homework, assignments and exams.
 Acts.: Rugger, prefect, H.L. sports, skiing.



FRANK KOLL
 If winning in life means working in school,
 Then I guess I'm going to be a loser.
 That ain't so on Klym's front,
 Cher. Mem.: Quebec & Stratford trips.
 Claim to Fame: Nothing.
 Ambition: Professional businessman.
 Prob. Dest.: Professional bum.
 Pride Poss.: Telephone listings.
 Fav. Exp.: ---ki and "EH".
 Fav. Pastime: What else! (N.B.: If you have the same pastime as me, then, get out of Monklands!)
 Pet Peeve: D.M., D.M., and D.M.
 Weakness: Falling asleep in all my classes.

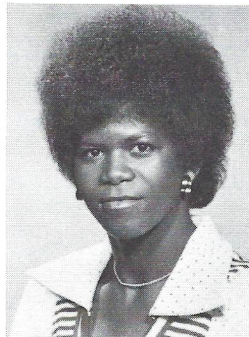


PIERRE LEMAITRE
 Don't come to me with your sorrows anymore,
 I don't need to know how bad you're feeling today.
 I declare I've had my share and I've heard it all before.
 It's time for me to be stealing away.
 Home was quite a place
 When people stayed there.
 Let those rain clouds roll out on the sea
 Let the sun shine down on me.
 James Taylor.



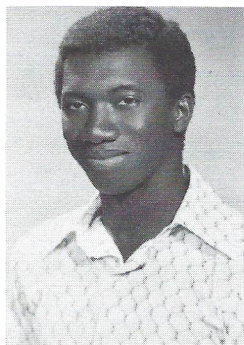
MICHEL LEMIEUX
 Give me wine, a woman and an hour
 and I'll give you a new-born
 drunken baby in nine months.
 Cher. Mem.: My first bottle of beer,
 when I was three years old.
 Claim to Fame: My drinking capability.
 Amb.: Being a solid citizen.
 Prob. Dest.: Becoming a drunken
 Montreal Expos' fan.
 Pride Poss.: A rare bottle of 1972
 Labatts 50.
 Fav. Exp.: "You Dummy".
 Pet Peeve: An empty bottle of beer.
 Fav. Pastime: A beer guzzling contest
 in the park during lunch hour.

RUBY LEWIS
 "Man never misses water till the well
 runs dry."
 "Do unto others as you would like
 them to do unto you."
 Amb.: Decorating.
 Fav. Exp.: "Oh brother! "
 Fav. Pastime: Reading
 Pet Peeve: Ruby-doo-bee-doo.



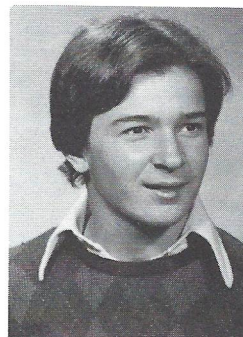
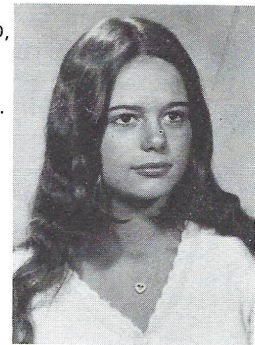
DENISE LLOYD
 "The time will come when three words,
 uttered with charity and meekness,
 shall receive a far more blessed reward
 than three thousand volumes written
 with disdainful sharpness and wit."
 Cher. Mem.: January 10, 1973.
 Pet Peeve: People asking me stupid
 questions.

ALLYSON LONG
 "Remember how time flies, Monkland
 is a memory.
 Cher. Mem.: Knowing someday I will
 forget to do my homework.
 Claim to Fame: Speed, it's the only
 way.
 Amb.: Lab Technician (maybe).
 Prob. Dest.: Regretting (maybe).
 Fav. Exp.: Fuzz.
 Pet Peeve: Going to school in the
 snow.
 Acts.: Track 72-73, House League
 72-73, chess.



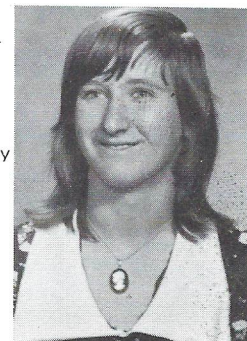
DEBBIE LONNI
 "The best way to secure future
 happiness is to be as happy as is right-
 fully possible today."
 Cher. Mem.: Summer '73 and two
 certain people.
 Claim to Fame: My cold, clammy
 hands.
 Can you imagine: Debbie without a
 tan? ! !
 Amb.: Fashion Buyer.
 Prob. Dest.: Thread cutter.
 Weakness: Trying to grow my stubs.
 Acts.: Band, Drama, Giggling, Gum
 Chewing.

SUSAN MacDONALD (Suzie)
 Cher. Mem.: Aug. 10, 1973 - Nov. 10,
 1973.
 Claim to Fame: Her animals.
 Amb.: Veterinarian.
 Prob. Dest.: Housewife with ten kids.
 Pride Poss.: "Brandy".
 Fav. Exp.: "Males! " "Get Serious".
 Fav. Pastime: "Horseback riding,
 party time."
 Pet Peeve: Weekends in Montreal.
 Weakness: Homework!



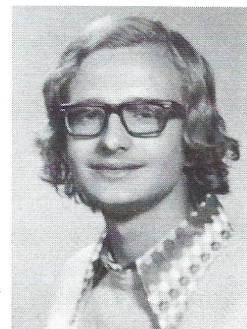
NEIL MacFAYDEN
 "Happy the people whose annals are
 blank in history books! "
 —Thomas Carlyle

BARBARA MacKAY (Barb)
 "If wisdom is dangerous — I'm harm-
 less."
 Cher. Mem.: Summer '73.
 Amb.: Kindergarten Teacher.
 Prob. Dest.: Playing with building
 blocks for the rest of her life.
 Fav. Exp.: (1) Nancy, do we have any
 homework?
 (2) Will you hurry up,
 you're so slow.
 Fav. Pastime: Watching people.
 Pet Peeve: People who have a very
 high opinion of themselves.



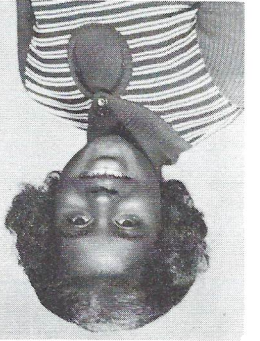
LINDA MacKAY
 "The brightness fades,
 But a brief thought of happy days
 Is like a puff of passing breath
 Kindling the dying flicker
 To a flaming glow once more.
 Let's remember those days. . .
 Claim to Fame: My facial expressions.
 Fav. Exp.: "Ta-da-ta-da. . ."
 Pet Peeve: My ears; my dainty
 instrument? ; Bugs!
 Fav. Pastime: My "wop", hysterics
 with S.P.; crying at anything sad.
 Amb.: Liberated occupational
 therapist.
 Prob. Dest.: Suppressed occupational
 wife seeking therapy.
 Cher. Mem.: March 1973.

NEAL MADRAS
 "Go placidly amid the noise and the
 haste, and remember what peace
 there may be in silence."
 — Desiderata.
 "Men occasionally stumble over the
 truth, but most of them pick them-
 selves up and hurry off as if nothing
 had happened."
 — Churchill.
 Claim to fame: "You mean that's
 really your uncle? "
 Amb.: Number one.
 Prob. Dest.: "We try harder."
 Pet Peeve: People who don't spell my
 first name right.





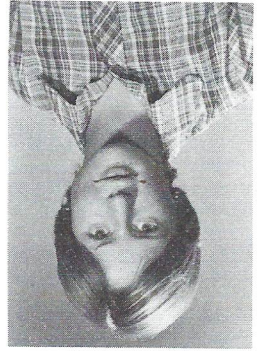
BARRY MAGER
 "When a father helps a son, both laugh.
 But when a son must help a father,
 both cry."
 "If I am not for myself, who will be for
 me.
 I.., and if not now, when?
 — Rabbi H!Nel.
 Cher. Mem.: June 27, 1970.
 Amb.: Orthodoxist.
 Prob. Dest.: Wire Cutter.
 Claim to Fame: Ned. (W.M.)
 Pet Peeve: Anti-Semites.
 Weakness: Good Jewish Cooking.
 Acts: Bridge Club.
 Pride Poss: Nunchuckoo.



Laura Marinow
 "Well, I think it is fine building Jumbo
 planes, or taking a ride on a cosmic
 train, or switch on summer from a
 slot machine, yes get what you want
 to, if you want, cause you can get
 anything.
 I know we have come a long way,
 we are changing day to day,
 but tell me, where do the children
 play?
 Cher. Mem.: Summer '73.
 Acts: Avoiding Mr. Black's drum
 sessions.



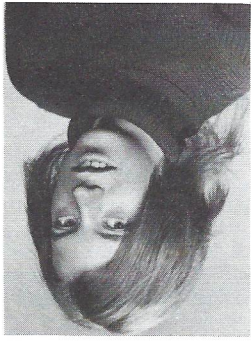
Junie Mason (Pussy La Rue)
 "now that it's all over, I'd love to do it
 all over again!
 (I must be crazy.)
 Fav. Exp.: "What did ya say?
 "Holy..."
 Fav. Pastime: Thinking of 7, S + D
 Amb: Wouldn't you like to know?
 Cher. Mem.: Part' 76 ...
 Pet Peeve: Well,.....



DALE McCULLOCH (Mooky)
 "The world is like a giant jigsaw
 puzzle!
 All it needs is a little peace."
 Cher. Mem.: (1) August 21, 1973.
 (2) CL and the blackboard.
 Claim to Fame: Ability to misplace
 my shoes five days a week.
 Amb.: A shoe-maker.
 Prob. Dest.: Trying to find them.
 Pride Poss.: My spearpoint gun.
 Fav. Exp.: What am I going to do?
 Pet Peeve: (1) Chest colds
 (2) F.F. Gang. (3) See F.K.
 Fav. Past: Being with A.L.
 Weakness: My neck.
 Acts: Badminton, Volleyball, Skiing,
 Prefect.



BARBARA MAYNE
 "The mind of a man is like a clock
 that is always running down, and re-
 quires to be constantly wound up."
 "Smile and the world smiles with you,
 snore and you sleep alone."
 Claim to Fame: Soul sister.
 Amb.: Machine operator.
 Fav. Exp.: "No kidding",
 Fav. Pastime: Dancing.



BARBARA McPHERSON
 "Remember that even the great
 Napoleon was defeated."
 "True; but, of course, Napoleon
 couldn't play the piano."



VICKI MILLS
 "The glory of friendship is not the
 outstretched hand, not the kindly
 smile, not the joy of companionship;
 it is the spiritual inspiration that
 comes to one when he discovers that
 someone else believes in him and is
 willing to trust him with his friend-
 ship." — George Douglas.



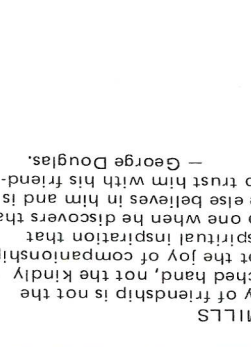
MORRA McNEIL (McNeilly)
 "Be yourself: no one can tell you
 you're doing it wrong."
 Cher. Mem.: Summer of '71 & '72.
 Claim to Fame: All my fat!
 Amb.: Veterinarian.
 Prob. Dest.: Cleaning up after horses
 on the mountain.
 Pride Poss.: My inflatable dolphin.
 Fav. Exp.: (1) Ma Christiel!
 (2) Please!
 Fav. Pastime: Passing time.
 Pet Peeve: Conceited or sadistic
 people and a certain English
 teacher.
 Weakness: Tall, blonde & blue eyes.
 Can you imagine: Me coming to
 school five days a week?

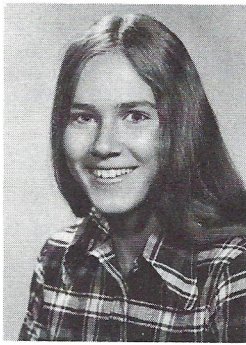


LESLIE McLAREN
 "Gaelic Blessing,"
 "May the road rise to meet you,
 May the wind be always at your back,
 May the sun shine warm upon your
 face,
 The rains fall soft upon your fields,
 And until we meet again,
 May God hold you in the palm of His
 hand.



JENNIFER MOON
 "Pleasant words are as a honeycomb,
 sweet to the soul, and health to the
 bones." — Proverbs 16:24.
 Cher. Mem.: December 25, 1971.
 Claim to Fame: Royalty.
 Amb.: To live in a place where French
 has never been heard of.
 Prob. Dest.: France.
 Fav. Exp.: Don't ask me.
 Pet Peeve: Teachers that talk and talk,
 and talk...



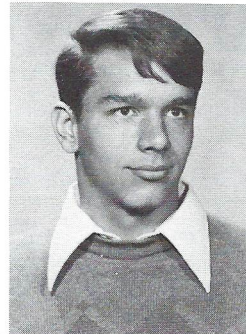
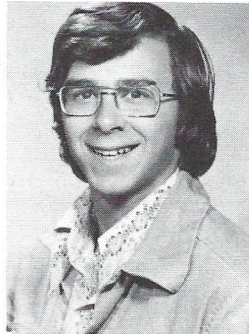


SYLVIA MORIN
 Si un homme ne suit pas
 ses compagnons
 C'est peut-être parce qu'il perçoit
 une vibration différente.
 Qu'il suive le rythme
 qui lui est propre,
 peu importe la mesure
 ou le temps.
 — Henry David Thoreau
 Amb.: To have a good life.
 Acts.: Band, Gymnastics, Skiing.

SHELDON J. NITKIN
 "Shut up, Zazoo" — N.M.
 Claim to Fame: Amazing amount of
 homework.
 Amb.: Chartered Accountant.
 Prob. Dest.: Rolling pennies for the
 bank.
 Pet Peeve: A certain M.T.A. ruling.
 (My thanks to Mr. Klym).
 Acts.: Prefect, Bridgeclub, Chessclub,
 Library Assistant, and avoiding
 S.R. and B.M.



KEN MURDOCK
 "All's well that ends well."
 — Shakespeare.

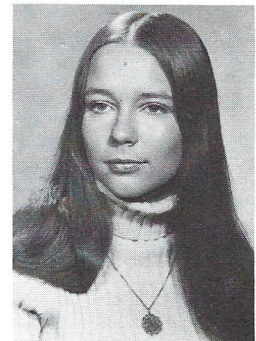


DANNY NYISZTOR
 "Life is a chart as well as a coast,
 and a little care will keep you
 clear of rocks, reefs and sandbars."
 Pride Poss.: My Physics books.
 Fav. Exp.: Too bad Brad Park is
 second behind Bobby Orr as best
 defencemen in the NHL.
 Pet Peeve: New York Rangers
 supporter.
 Acts.: Bantam Soccer, Junior Soccer,
 Senior Soccer, Junior Hockey.

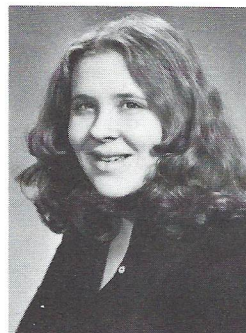
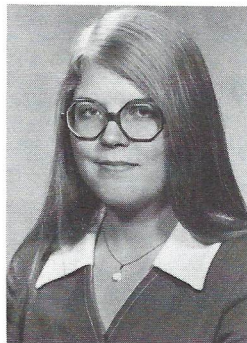


KRISTINA NAGY
 Cher. Mem.: June 1, 1973, Summer
 1973.
 Claim to Fame: My fast-moving tongue.
 Amb.: To be a doctor or enter some
 language field.
 Fav. Exp.: Why does everybody ask
 me?
 Pet Peeve: People who misspell my
 name and think I am French.

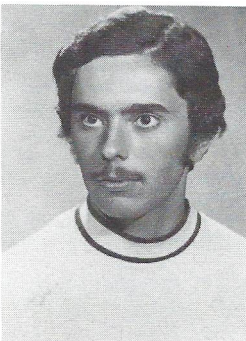
NATACHA ORLOW
 Cher. Mem.: May 25, 1973



SANTHY NELSON
 "The loss of a friend is like that of a
 limb; time may heal the anguish of
 the wound, but the loss cannot be
 repaired."
 — Southey.
 "The light of friendship is like the
 light of phosphorous, seen plainest
 when all around is dark."
 — Crowell.
 "False friends are like our shadows,
 keeping close to us when we walk,
 but leaving the instant we cross into
 shade."
 — Bovee.



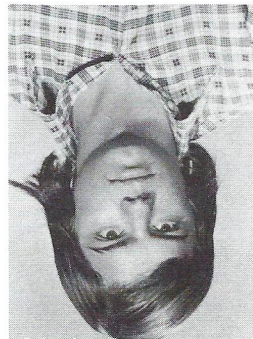
SUSAN PADVEEN
 "To see a world in a grain of sand,
 And a heaven in a wild flower,
 Hold infinity in the palm of your hand
 And eternity in an hour."
 Pride Poss.: Gold-plated crutches, my
 menagerie.
 Claim to Fame: Dirty looks, neatness.
 Fav. Pastimes: Sneezing, laughing,
 tea-drinking with friends.
 Pet Peeve: $\frac{\pi R^2}{\text{Log} A}$, decisions,
 hospitals.
 Cher. Mem.: Cherry bubblegum,
 backstage sessions, drama 1973
 Weakness: nibs, puppies.
 To my Friends: I wish you all -
 sweet dreams fulfilled.



GEORGE NESVADBA
 "Children aren't happy with nothing
 to ignore,
 And that's what parents were created
 for."
 — Ogden Nash.
 Cher. Mem.: Mr. Novosel's facial
 expressions.
 Claim to Fame: My typically Anglo-
 Saxon surname.
 Amb.: A career in aviation.
 Prob. Dest.: Sweeping runways at
 Dorval.
 Fav. Exp.: "You've had it!"
 Pet Peeve: Four years at Monklands.
 Acts.: House league sports, cross
 country.

SUSAN PAGE
 "It is not who and what your friends
 are; it is who and what you are. To be
 yourself is your greatest pride. To be
 another you have lost it.
 Cher. Mem.: Summer '73
 Claim to Fame: Caves, clavicles
 (ecetera).
 Amb.: Ballet Dancer.
 Prob. Dest.: Belly Dancer
 Weakness: Giggle, giggle, giggle.
 Acts.: Talent show, Drama club.





FRED PARADIS
 "It's not whether you win or lose, it's how you cheat that counts."
 Cher. Mem.: That incredible weekend.
 Claim to Fame: Unmatched modesty.
 Amb.: Professional alligator wrestler or mahar.
 Prob. Dest.: Alligator shoes salesman or being reincarnated as an alligator and wrestling Mad Dog Vachon.
 Fav. Past.: Leaping over tall buildings in a single bound.
 Pet Peeve: Bovin's mathematical explanations.

GEETA PATEL
 "Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be; Yet oh, how dear it is to us, this life we live and see."
 Cher. Mem.: Summer of 1973 in India.
 Claim to Fame: Long black hair.
 Amb.: To help people in India.
 Pride Poss.: My Indian record and tapes.
 Fav. Exp.: I don't know.
 Fav. Past.: Listening to Indian music.



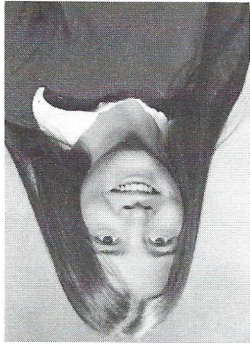
MELANIE LEA PEREIRA (Me)
 The road of life is like a path of newly driven snow; be careful how you tread it, for every step will show.
 Cher. Mem.: 1) My sister's wedding. 2) Summers in Bermuda. 3) My 16th birthday. 4) M.H.S.
 Claim to Fame: Always wearing something blue.
 Amb.: Bilingual, executive secretary.
 Prob. Dest.: My cherished memories.
 Fav. Exp.: "You wish" and "Oh God!"
 Pet Peeve: In justice.



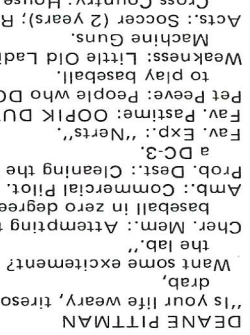
BRUCE PHILLIPSON
 "It gives me a good feeling to hit a guy and hurt him."
 Cher. Mem.: Those three metal balls.
 Amb.: Independent businessman.
 Prob. Dest.: Sponing off my parents for the rest of my life.
 Fav. Exp.: Let's be serious.
 Weakness: Don't be ridiculous!
 Acts.: Sr. Football, Bantam, Jr. Rugby Bantam, Jr. Swimming, House League Sports, Prefect.



SHIRLEY PIEPENHAGEN (Shie)
 People were made to be loved
 Things were made to be used
 The reason for all this chaos is
 Too many things are loved and
 Too many people are used.
 Cher. Mem.: Summer 73 and all my new friends esp. V.J.
 Claim to Fame: My year round colds.
 Amb.: Accountant.
 Prob. Dest.: Sharpening pencils.
 Pride Poss.: My diary and V.J.
 Fav. Exp.: Farout, groovy, solid and right on.
 Fav. Pastime: (censored)
 Pet Peeve: Hypocrites
 Weakness: V.J.
 Acts.: Always talking and V.J.



ANNE PINEDO (Bunny)
 You are my love and my life, you are my inspiration, just you and me, simple and free, baby you're every-thing I've ever dreamed of. — Chicago.
 Cher. Mem.: Dec. 27, 1973.
 Claim to Fame: Mod Squad.
 Fav. Exp.: Well what can ya do?
 Fav. Pastime: Talking on the phone to certain people.
 Pet Peeve: History.



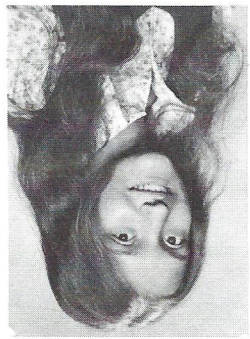
DEANE PITTMAN
 "Is your life weary, tiresome and drab,
 Want some excitement? Blow up the lab."
 Cher. Mem.: Attempting to play baseball in zero degree weather.
 Amb.: Commercial Pilot.
 Prob. Dest.: Cleaning the Galley on a DC-3.
 Fav. Exp.: "Nerts",
 Fav. Pastime: OOP!K DUTY.
 Pet Peeve: People who DON'T want to play baseball.
 Weakness: Little Old Ladies with Machine Guns.
 Acts.: Soccer (2 years); Rugby; Cross Country; House League Sports.



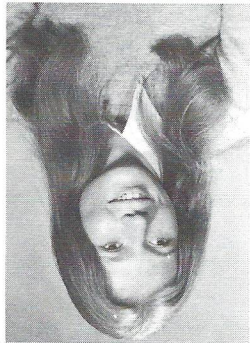
SUSAN J. POWIS
 There was an old owl
 Who sat in an oak,
 The more he saw,
 The less he spoke,
 The less he spoke,
 The more he heard,
 Why can't we all be like this wise old bird.
 Amb.: To become successful in my modelling career and to get my Masters for teaching.
 Prob. Dest.: Sooner or later with the Charriot of the gods.
 Pet Peeve: Being called a Hard Rock by certain someones.

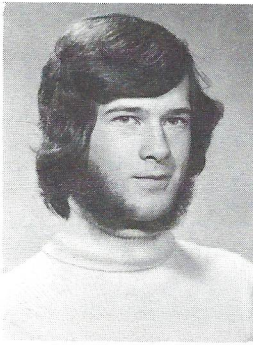


TERRY PRICE
 Claim to Fame: My big bustline.
 Pet Peeve: Monklands.
 Fav. Exp.: High! My name is Glen Campbell!
 Cher. Mem.: See D. Smith.
 Pride Poss.: My stereo & Doug (in that order).
 Amb.: To marry M. Jagger.
 Prob. Dest.: Marrying D. Watson.
 Fav. Pastime: Having a few with the gals.
 Weakness: Donna's grandparents.
 Acts.: Like a FOOLI (grandpa)

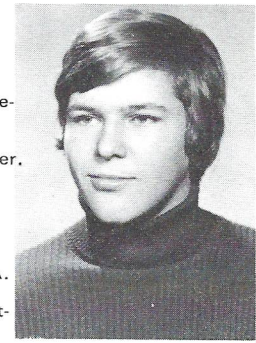


LINA PIETRONIRO
 I've played a little
 And I've worked a lot,
 I've lived and I've hated,
 As who would not?
 I've had some fun,
 And I've had some sorrow
 And I've had to steal
 I've had to steal
 And I've had to borrow
 But all in all
 I've hardly tasted Life at all.
 But death just smiled as
 He beckoned ahead
 "That was life," he gently said.
 —Milt Bronston.





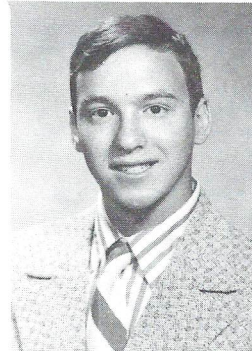
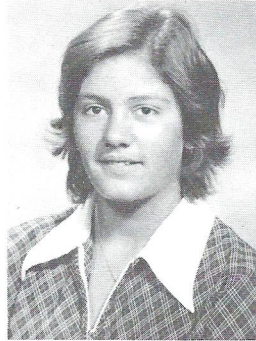
MICHAEL PULLEN
 Amb.: To finish this biography.
 Prob. Dest.: To be put in the S.M.
 Pride Poss.: My Hofner.
 Pet Peeve: Those people who said I
 had a thing for frizzles.
 Fav. Pastime: Living up to that thing.



EARL ROBERTSON
 "The only good thing about
 women's lib is Bra-burning."
 Cher. Mem.: Rugby M.V.P.
 Claim to Fame: Sandy's Functions,
 Physics, Chemistry, Human aware-
 ness and Study hall partner.
 Amb.: Business executive.
 Prob. Dest.: Dating the boss' daughter.
 Fav. Exp.: "Bug off".
 Fav. Pastime: The martial arts.
 Pet Peeve: Mr. Bradley.
 Weakness: Gender of the opposite
 sex.
 Acts.: Student Union '71-'72, B.A.A.
 Exec. & Pres. '71-'74, Senior
 Football '71-'72, Jr. & Sr. Basket-
 ball '71-'73, Weightlifting '71,

ELENA RADU

Lead me not into temptation,
 just tell me where it is and I'll find
 it myself.
 I sit and think, but mostly I just sit.
 I don't know where I'm going but
 I am on my way.
 Friends, Romans, Classmates,
 Lend me your homework.
 I would have loved thee, school,
 Had I not loved weekends more.

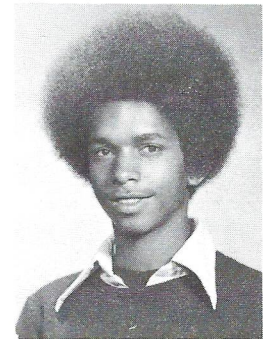


SIMON ROZANSKI
 "Man enjoys no greater pleasure than
 that of aiding his fellowman."
 — Albert Einstein.
 Claim to Fame: My eagerness to learn.
 Amb.: Doctor of Medicine,
 Prob. Dest.: Prime Minister of
 Canada (a just one!)
 Pride Poss.: My (hidden) E.S.P.
 Fav. Exp.: You're kidding! ! ! Not
 another test? ? ?
 Fav. Pastime: Memorizing Com-
 mercials.
 Pet Peeve: Liberated women.
 Acts.: Bridge Club, Chess Club.



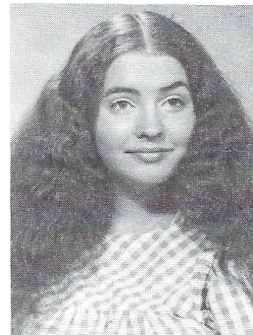
BECKY REYTAN (Bec)
 It seems to be an immutable law of
 human nature that each new genera-
 tion will dress, speak, make love, and
 listen to music in the way best calculat-
 ed to infuriate their elders.
 Pride Poss.: My stuffed dog and my
 guitar.
 Fav. Exp.: You think so? You really
 think so?
 Weakness: Male objects' tall, dark,
 and handsome ones.
 Pet Peeve: Climbing six flights of
 stairs four times a day.
 Acts: Prefect, riding on the Delson
 bus.

COURTNEY RUDDOCK
 A little gain a little pain
 A laugh lest you may moan;
 A little blame, a little fame
 A star-gleam on a stone.
 Cher. Mem.: Nov. 2nd 1972.
 Amb.: Electrical Engineer.
 Pride Poss.: M.K.
 Pet Peeve: Oats.
 Weakness: Sickness.
 Acts.: Soccer.
 Fav. Exp.: Poop-Face-M.K.

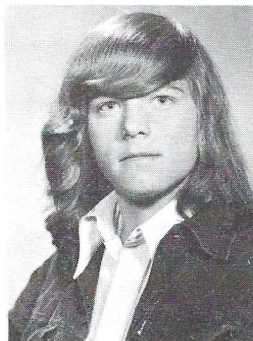


DOROTHY ROBINSON

To love for the sake of being in love
 is human,
 But to love for the sake of loving
 is angelic.
 Fav. Exp.: Pauline you should have
 seen this GUY.
 Cher. Mem.: Summer of '73 with G.G.

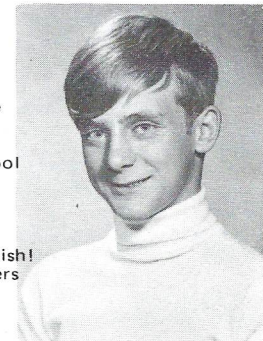


JANET RUSSELL
 Some people go to school
 Just to learn how to teach
 Some people go to school
 Just to learn how to preach
 But if you can't teach
 Without goin' to school
 You ain't no teacher
 You're an educated fool
 And that's all.



PETER ROBBINS
 "Those who cannot remember the
 past are condemned to repeat it."
 —George Santayana.
 To most of us the future seems unsure.
 But then it always has been;
 and we have seen great changes
 must have great hopes.
 —John Masefield.
 Repetition is the only form of
 permanence that nature can achieve.
 —Peter Robbins.

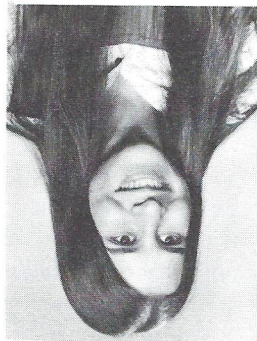
J.P. SAVAGE
 "May I be in heaven a half hour
 before the devil knows I'm dead."
 Cher. Mem.: Having Mr. Prokes rate
 our Pornography Blackboard
 Drawings during study hall.
 Claim to Fame: Never being at school
 on time, except for on holidays.
 Prob. Dest.: Requiring my own
 services.
 Amb.: Defence Lawyer.
 Fav. Exp.: 'Tis be the luck of the Irish!
 Fav. Pastime: Being taken by hustlers
 the pool hall.





PATTI SCOTT
 On a hill
 He stood
 Silhouetted against the evening red
 As if to run
 Muscles tensed,
 At any moment
 From the silence,
 'Temper is a valuable possession;
 don't lose it! ;

VITA SINUK
 As time goes on.....
 Fav. Exp.: I'll never do it. There's
 just so MUCH!
 Chet. Mem.: Examination schedules.
 History 42. Listening to those
 suffering through the year of The
 Great Depression. Squeaky pipes.
 Susan and her cherry bubblegum.



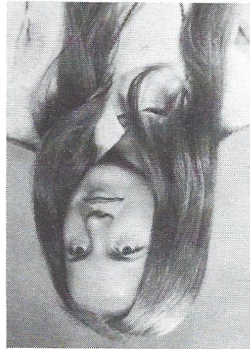
CAROL ANN SMITH
 Chet. Mem.: Sept. '73 at 3 A's and
 G and K's smiles.
 Claim to Fame: The day's I am in
 school.
 Amb.: To get out of Monkland's and
 spend another 5 years somewhere
 else.
 Prob. Dest.: To become an Interior
 Decorator.
 Pride Poss.: My stuffed dog.
 Fav. Exp.: You Fool!
 Fav. Pastime: Drinking and just
 thinking of my homework and not
 doing it at all, just drinking.
 Pet Peeve: Getting up early just to
 come to Monklands High.
 Weakness: Beer, guys and dirty lookers.



DEBBIE SMITH (Mizzie)
 "Comme Stai"
 Chet. Mem.: Jethro Tull's House
 Party '73 & The Stones' show '72.
 Claim to Fame: Her tiny feet.
 Amb.: Fashion designer.
 Prob. Dest.: Making Barbie clothes.
 Fav. Pastime: Talking on the phone.
 BENNY INSPECTION LINE!
 Weakness: John Calvin.
 Fav. Exp.: It's TOO FARI

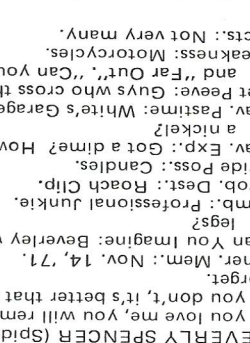


VALERIE SMYTH
 You can't always get what you want
 But if you try sometimes
 You just might find,
 You get what you need.
 —Rolling Stones.
 Chet. Mem.: June 22, 1974.
 Amb.: To find one.
 Prob. Dest.: Never finding one.
 Fav. Exp.: I don't know.
 I don't understand.
 Pet Peeve: Being called a red-head.
 Acts.: Going to school.

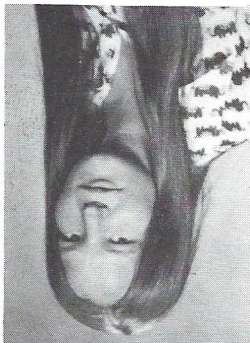


MARY ANN SOMBIR
 It is important that people know
 what you stand for. It is equally
 important that they know what you
 won't stand for.
 Amb.: Veterinarian.
 Prob. Dest.: Assistant kennel cleaner
 at a local S.P.C.A.
 Pet Peeve: Writing this biography.
 Greatest Accomplishments: a) Still
 surviving after walking up five
 flights of stairs four times a day,
 five days a week for ten months.
 b) Actually passing this year and
 leaving this school forever.

INKERI SORILA
 Insist on yourself; never imitate.
 Your own gift you can present every
 moment with the cumulative force
 of a whole life's cultivation; but of
 the adopted talent of another, you
 have only an ephemeral half-
 possession. That which each can do
 best none but his Maker can teach
 —Emerson.
 Chet. Mem.: Summer '73
 Amb.: Interior Designer.
 Prob. Dest.: Renovating Monklands'
 Interior.



BEVERLY SPENCER (Spider)
 If you love me, you will remember,
 If you don't, it's better that we both
 forget.
 Chet. Mem.: Nov. 14, '71.
 Can You Imagine: Beverley with short
 legs?
 Amb.: Professional Junkie.
 Prob. Dest.: Roach Clip.
 Pride Poss.: Candles.
 Fav. Exp.: Got a dime? How about
 a nickel?
 Fav. Pastime: White's Garage.
 Pet Peeve: Guys who cross their legs,
 and "Far Out", "Can you dig it?"
 Weakness: Motorcycles.
 Acts.: Not very many.

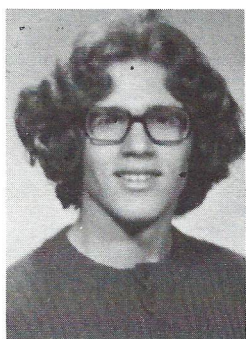


JONATHAN SPINK
 "Show me a milk man with high
 heels and I'll show you a Dairy
 Queen."
 Chet. Mem.: Oct. 25, 1973 and
 many more.
 Amb.: Commercial pilot.
 Prob. Dest.: Finding my name on the
 seaward list.
 Pet Peeve: Someone pulling my hair!
 Weakness: Sandy, Diane, Gloria,
 Janie, Cathy...



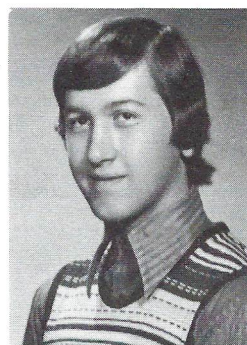
NORMAN STARKEY
 Chet. Mem.: One semester with
 Esther.
 Claim to Fame: Mr. Levine three
 years in a row.
 Amb.: Lawyer.
 Prob. Dest.: Cleaning the Judge's
 gavel.
 Pride Poss.: A dictionary free of
 charge from the school.
 Fav. Exp.: What test?
 Acts.: Going to school, House
 league sports.



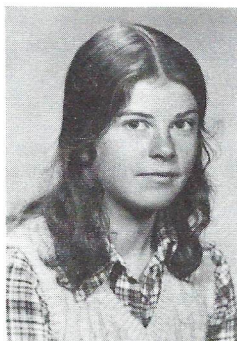
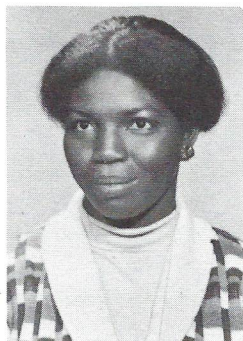


NICOLINO STEINER
 "To be or not to be
 That is the question..."
 —Shakespeare.
 Anyone has an answer
 —Nicolino.
 Women are supposed to be loved,
 not understood. —Oscar Wilde.
 Cher. Mem.: A memory to be forgotten.
 Claim to Fame: My laugh.
 Amb.: Pianist.
 Prob. Dest.: Organ Grinder's monkey.
 Fav. Past.: (censored).
 Pet Peeve: Bags.
 Acts.: Chess Club.

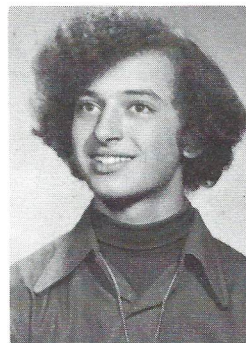
BRIAN THOMPSON
 "A frown is a smile turned upside
 down."
 Cher. Mem.: I met John Diefenbaker
 and Governor General Roland
 Michener at a banquet in
 Saskatoon.
 Amb.: Is to become an artist.
 Prob. Dest.: Arts field.
 Pride Poss.: Books that I find of
 interest to read.
 Fav. Exp.: You know.
 Fav. Pastime: Various projects.
 Pet Peeve: Keeping a car clean.
 Weakness: Inability in sports.
 Acts: Golf, Curling, Bowling.



JANETTA STEPHENS
 "Ye are not of the truth and the
 truth abide not in thee".
 Oh Judgement thou had fled to a
 brutal people and meaning had lost
 their reason.
 Cher. Mem.: 30th Sept. '72
 Amb.: To be a degree nurse.
 Fav. Exp.: "I will try".
 Fav. Pastime: Singing.
 Pet Peeve: Edwin.
 Acts.: Cooking, Basketball and Music.



DEBRA THORNE (Dede)
 When it comes time for parting,
 May it be for what we have learnt
 than for what we do not know.
 Amb.: To get the government out of
 our Education System.
 Prob. Dest.: Minister of Education.
 Fav. Pastime: Do you really want to
 know?
 Cher. Mem.: Going for a walk.
 Pride Poss.: My jeans.
 Fav. Exp.: Giggle, giggle.

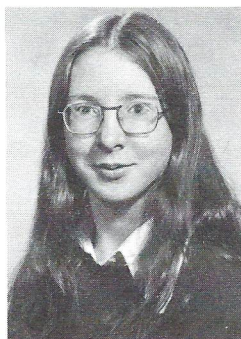


RICHARD STRUB
 "You will never know how a girl will
 turn out until her folks turn in!"
 Cher. Mem.: Holidays in Switzerland,
 hopefully the grad.
 Fav. Exp.: The Canadiens will whip
 the New York Reekers and Boston
 Babies every year!
 Fav. Pastime: Rumble Rink.
 Pet Peeve: My anonymous names:
 Ruby Roo, Scripple, Ripple,
 Dipple, etc...
 Acts.: Bt., Jr. & Sr. Soccer (cancelled
 due to political actions), Girl
 analyzation, Skiing, beginner Ho.
 Dogger.

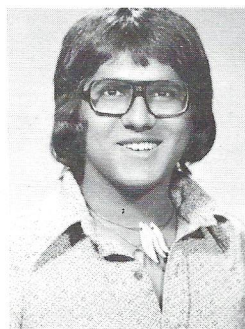
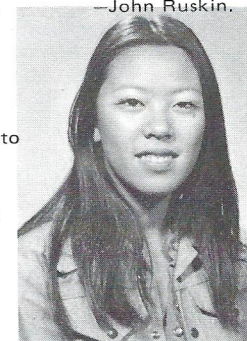
PNINA TOPEREK
 Claim to Fame: My name.
 Pet Peeve: People who say "What is
 a Pnina?"
 Cher. Mem.: Summer '71 in Hem-
 minghamford, Que.
 Fav. Pastime: Bugging V.G. and
 R.M.D.
 Fav. Exp.: Oh, shut up!



**DIANNE TAYLOR (Dianne La
 Banane)**
 "The love in your heart wasn't put
 there to stay. Love isn't love til
 you give it away."
 Cher. Mem.: South Carolina 72/73.
 Claim to Fame: Dancing in the halls.
 Amb.: Dancer.
 Prob. Dest.: Professional babysitter.
 Pride Poss.: "AL" from my girlfriend
 M.O.
 Fav. Exp.: Oh Shute!
 Fav. Pastime: Driving with my Dad
 on his motorbikes.
 Pet Peeve: People that are conceited.
 Weakness: Always being picked on.
 Acts.: Travelling on the Delson Bus.

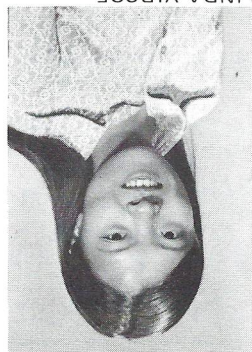


MELINDA TOUGH
 Is it so small a thing to have enjoyed
 the sun,
 To have lived life in the spring,
 to have loved, to have thought,
 to have done;
 To have advanced true friends;
 and beaten down baffling foes?
 —Matthew Arnold
 All things are literally lovelier,
 and more beloved for the
 imperfections which have been
 divinely appointed, that the law
 of human life may be Effort, and
 the law of human judgement,
 Mercy. There is no wealth but
 life.
 —John Ruskin.



HUSSEIN THOBANI
 A man spends half of his lifetime
 learning in schools and the rest of his
 life looking for a decent job.
 Amb.: A dentist.
 Pet Peeve: Never answer a teacher's
 question, cause he likes it.
 Acts.: Modelling in Las Vegas.
 Cher. Mem.: V.G.X.
 Prob. Dest.: Skipping twice a week.

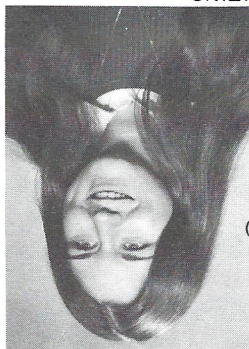
LILY TOW
 I do my thing
 You do yours
 I am not in this world to live up to
 your expectations.
 You are not in this world to live up to
 my expectations.
 I am I
 You are you
 And if by chance we should meet,...
 then it is beautiful,
 If not, it cannot be helped.
 Claim to Fame: False eye-lashes.
 Pride Poss.: L.W. R.G.
 Fav. Exp.: I do not know.
 Fav. Pastime: Guys.
 Pet Peeve: School
 Acts.: Try dancing at beer bashes.



LINDA TOY
 The world is too much with us:
 late and soon
 Getting and spending, we lay waste
 our powers:
 Little we see in Nature that is ours
 We have given our heart away, a
 sordid boon!

—William Wordsworth

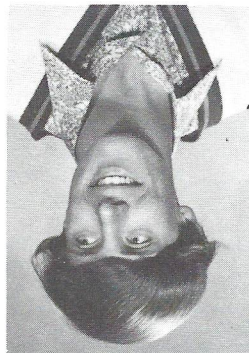
LINDA VIRCOE
 "To thine ownself be true,"
 Chet. Mem.: Summer '73, Calgary, Alberta.
 Claim to Fame: My dimples.
 Amb.: Farmer's wife.
 Prob. Dest.: Farmer's wife.
 Pride Poss.: Bozo and Batman (kittens)
 Fav. Exp.: "Oh, was there school yesterday?"
 Fav. Pastime: Stephen Cikes.
 Pet Peeve: Grade 11's who act like grade 2's.



RUTVA VITINS
 Because the tardy gods grew kind,
 Ureast and care were cast behind;
 I took a day and found the world,
 Was fashioned to my mind.
 Chet. Mem.: Aug, Sept, '73.
 Fav. Exp.: What do I do now? (in Functions class).
 Fav. Pastime: Doing some kind of sport.



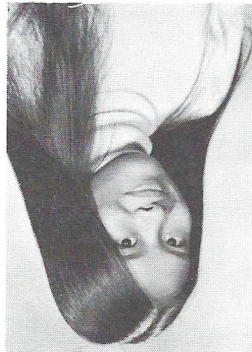
BLAIR WEBB
 "One man out of a hundred is born to be a leader of men; the other ninety-nine, followers of women,"
 Chet. Mem.: The funny expressions on Mr. Novosel's face.
 Claim to Fame: Longest feet in Monklands.
 Fav. Exp.: What a farce!
 Fav. Pastime: Catching football passes with one hand.
 Pet Peeve: Teachers that hate me singing in class.
 Acts.: House league sports, Jr. Hockey, Jr. Soccer, Jr. Rugby, Sr. Soccer.



PETER WEINSTEIN
 Starkie, Starkie, Little Twink,
 Who the hell you am I think?
 I'm not under the afluence of inkhol,
 Though some thinkie peep I am,
 I've had just tee many martoonies and a Skottie of Botch!
 Fav. Exp.: "There's no gravity: The Earth Sucks!"
 Chet. Mem.: June 21, 1974
 Claim to Fame: Hair
 Amb.: Ecologist.
 Prob. Dest.: Street cleaner.
 Pet Peeve: M.H.S.
 Weakness: Writing poems for bio-graphies.
 Acts.: School Bands.



SUSIE WONG
 Everybody knows one and one is two
 And all take for granted that it's true
 Everybody knows that the world is round
 Although it doesn't from the ground
 But what if one and one is five
 And the world not really round
 Just a huge flat piece of ground
 What would your impression be
 How would you react
 Would you simply smile and say
 Don't be silly, go away.



WENDY WOOD
 When I heard the learn'd astronomer,
 When the proofs, the figures, were
 ranged in columns before me,
 When I was shown the charts and
 diagrams, to add, divide and
 measure them,
 When I sitting heard the astronomer
 where he lectured with much
 applause in the lecture-room,
 How soon unaccountable I became
 tired and sick,
 Till rising and gliding out I wander'd
 off my self,
 In the mystical moist night air, and
 from time to time,
 Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

—Walt Whitman.



PAULINE WISDOM
 "They do not love,
 that do not show their love,"
 —William Shakespeare.
 Chet. Mem.: Edmonton '73,
 certain friends.
 Claim to Fame: Those skinny legs.
 Amb.: To live life to its fullest.
 Fav. Exp.: Man, that is cool.
 Fav. Pastime: Enjoying my friends.
 Acts.: Library '71-'72, Swimming '72-'73, Prefect.
 '73, Prefect.



MARILYN WILLIAMS
 Time is like a fashionable host
 That slightly shakes his parting guest
 by the hand,
 And with his arms outstrech'd, as
 he would fly,
 Grasp in the comer; welcomes
 every smile,
 And farewell goes out sighing.
 —Shakespeare.
 Amb.: Social Worker.
 Prob. Dest.: Listening to social advice.



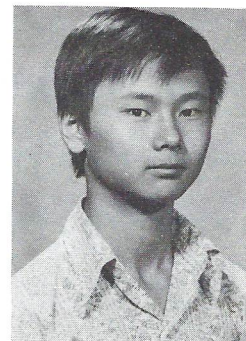
ALBERT WOO
 "A sore loser is a person who plays
 against a constant winner."
 Claim to Fame: Those beer commercials.
 Amb.: To graduate from Monklands.
 Prob. Dest.: Ending up as janitor of the third floor.
 Pride Poss.: The pen I wrote this biography with.
 Pet Peeve: Homework.
 Acts.: House League Floor Hockey.





RICHARD YAMPOLSKY
 "And I am still waiting for the meek to be blessed and inherit the earth."
 —L. Ferlinghetti.

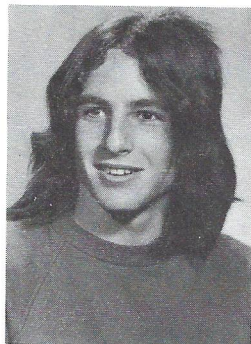
JAY YOON
 Graduation is never having to say goodbye.
 Claim to Fame: Watching T.V. until 3 a.m.
 Amb.: Engineer.
 Prob. Dest.: Sitting at home watching T.V.
 Fav. Exp.: Pardon?
 Acts.: Student.



BRUCE YOFFE
 In golf, it's distance;
 In a cigarette, it's taste;
 In a phone booth, it's difficult.

The only way to get up every morning with a smile on your face is to go to sleep with a coat hanger in your mouth.

Acts.: Bantam, Junior and one game of Senior Soccer, Junior Hockey, Junior Rugby and Prefect.



THE FACELESS FEW

AZIZ-H-AL-HARAZI
 Try it you will love it.
 "Can I come in, sir?"
 Cher. Mem.: 9th of Oct. '62
 Claim to Fame: Not saying a word in Biology.
 Amb.: Accountant.
 Prob. Dest.: Prime Minister.
 Fav. Exp.: Take it easy.
 Hey Man!
 Fav. Pastime: Kissing girls.
 Pet Peeve: Nicknames.
 Acts.: Basketball, Weight lifting and Soccer.

LINDA ELLIOTT
 He knew more about than I thought he knew of what I thought he didn't know about.
 Cher. Mem.: The day I had a sore behind after the bumps!
 Claim to Fame: My big mouth!
 Amb.: Medical secretary.
 Prob. Dest.: Owning a horse ranch.
 Pride Poss.: Polaroid land camera.
 Fav. Exp.: "Search me!" or "Don't act dumb" or "Don't act so immature!"
 Fav. Pastime: Being in Drama!
 Pet Peeve: My nickname "Starr" & popularity.
 Weakness: My strength. (lack of)
 Acts.: Drama, Talent show of '72-'73, boy watching.

SHERIF FARAG
 Claim to Fame: Being called fag.
 Amb.: To become involved with international travel and to race sports cars internationally.
 Fav. Pastime: Going out with girls, reading and fixing European cars.
 Weakness: Those gorgeous brunettes and Dartiheads.

DORIS JORGENSEN
 Most accidents are caused by people and most people are caused by accidents.
 Cher. Mem.: June 23, 1971. (NFLD)
 Claim to Fame: My laugh.
 Amb.: Secretary.
 Prob. Dest.: At home living off my parents.
 Fav. Exp.: Cute!
 Pet Peeve: Always being wrong and arguing for nothing.
 Weakness: Sad and happy endings.
 Acts.: Bowling, skating.

SANDRA MACDONALD
 (Woodstock)
 Cher. Mem.: Summer '73
 Nov. '73
 Claim to Fame: Being skinny and short.
 Amb.: Designing sets.
 Prob. Dest.: Cleaning sets.
 Pet Peeve: Being called shorty.
 Fav. Pastime: Ripping off B.B.'s U.F.O.
 Pride Poss.: B.B.'s U.F.O.
 Fav. Exp.: What's happening Man?
 Acts.: Inter-house league Basketball, Gymnastics.

DOUGLAS McLEAN
 "The door to success is marked PUSH!
 Cher. Mem.: "The Inn".
 Claim to Fame: Monday morning Blues.
 Prob. Dest.: Inmate at Bordeaux.
 Amb.: To enjoy Life.
 Pride Poss.: Fur coat.
 Fav. Exp.: "I scored."
 Fav. Pastime: Being part of the Al's furniture.
 Pet Peeve: 9:00 a.m. — 3:30 p.m. Monday thru Friday.
 Weakness: A tavern in the town.

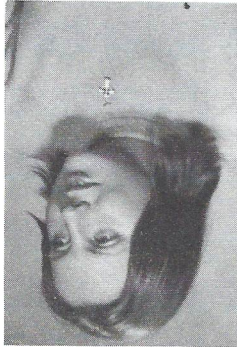
DAVID JOHNSTON
 Cher. Mem.: Beating Riverdale for the City Championship in Rugby last year 22-16.
 Acts.: Football, Hockey, Rugby.

ANNE WILKINSON
 Darkness is unloved light.
 Johnny Rivers.
 Cher. Mem.: May 7, '72.
 Claim to Fame: Getting my own way with D.R.
 Amb.: Secretary.
 Prob. Dest.: Being house maid to my husband.
 Fav. Pastime: Bugging D.J.
 Pet Peeve: Big shots.
 Acts.: You guessed it!

THE SILENT MINORITY



HUGH CAMPBELL



PATSY HARDING



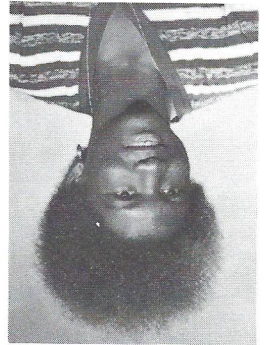
SUZETTE WEEKES



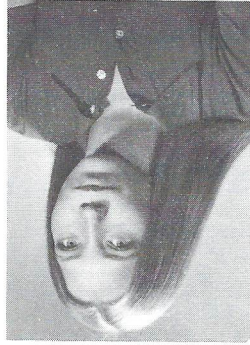
ALLEN BARRETT



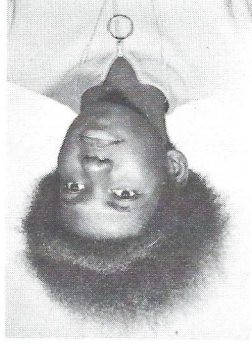
EDWIN FLOWERS



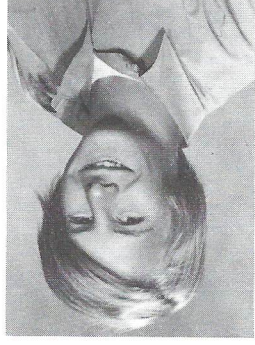
BELIN LONG



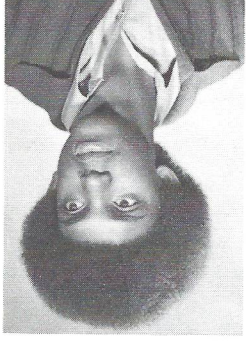
SANDRA PATE



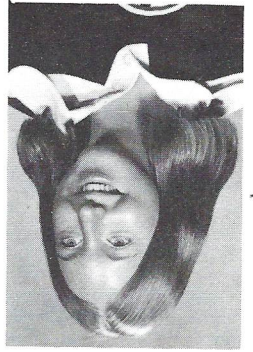
SHERRI WOMBLE



CRAIG JOHNSTON



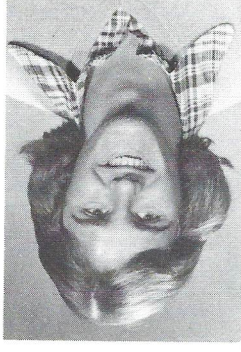
RICHARD SPICER



ELIZABETH ELLIS



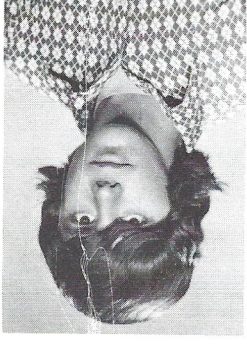
PATSY SAVERY



DAVID JOHNSON



CECIL BLACKETT



CONSTANTINE HALARIDES