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Aviva, Ann, Hugo, Lisa, Peter, Rizwan, Sarah, Wendy,
and everyone else who gave their time and support.
EDITORIAL

When time has worn
The weary way ahead,
Retrace your steps
And search for dreams discarded in the dust.

J.B.

As most of you know Westmount celebrated its centennial this year. We felt this was cause enough to delve into our past, to write about Westmount's Protestant schools, and the people who made them what they are. So glance at a picture of the grads of '39 or read about the first public school of Cote St. Antoine. The original buildings have since been torn down, the methods of teaching have been revised, but have we, the students, really changed that much?

Julie Bourke
INTRODUCTION

THE HISTORY OF WESTMOUNT'S PROTESTANT SCHOOLS

In 1873, the small community of Cote St. Antoine (later renamed Westmount) separated from the larger municipality of Notre Dame de Grace. Education in the area had traditionally been run by the Roman Catholic majority, but in this year an enterprising group of Protestants decided that it was time to have their own public school. The second floor of a frame house on the south-east corner of Clarke and Cote St. Antoine (now Sherbrooke) suited their purpose well, and under the direction of Miss Turnbull and Miss Greenfield, the school flourished.

In 1874, a new elementary school was founded, a two story building on Stanton Street, capable of accommodating sixty students. For higher education one went to a private school or to the High School of Montreal on Peel St.

The population of Cote St. Antoine was increasing so rapidly that in 1882 the school trustees decided it was time to establish a public school commission. With the inauguration of five men, the groundwork was laid for the future.

In 1887 Westmount's first high school, Cote St. Antoine Academy, was erected adjoining the older structure on Stanton. It was thought that these two buildings would be sufficient to cover the educational needs of the community for some time. However, just five years later, it became necessary to open two branch schools on rented premises to handle the overflow of students. These were closed in 1895 with the construction of the new Cote St. Antoine Academy (Westmount Academy), an all grades school despite its name. By 1896, it had approximately 700 pupils and was tremendously overcrowded. This led to the construction of two buildings to relieve the pressure on primary grades. These were King’s school in ’96 on Western Avenue (de Maisonneuve) and Queen’s on Olivier in 1900. Finally, in 1909, Roslyn School was opened on Westmount Avenue. “Architecturally beautiful, thoroughly fireproof, and up to date in every particular”, this school fulfilled all needs for elementary education in Westmount.
However, having more elementary students meant that many would wish to attend secondary schools. The commissioners decided that rather than tamper with their well organized elementary system, they would construct one large high school. In 1914, Westmount High School on Academy Road was opened, housing grades seven to eleven inclusive. This new institution was enlarged in 1929 and again in 1931 to meet ever increasing demands. Westmount Academy was renamed "Argyle School", and was rebuilt in 1934 as an intermediate school only.

In 1940 this building became Westmount Senior High, and the school on Academy Road became Westmount Junior High. In 1961 the present structure on St. Catherine Street was opened, combining the two high schools under one roof with a capacity of 1,200 students.

Glenn Gold
Julie Bourke
1974 AWARDS

GIRL’S AWARD OF HONOUR (WEST-MOUNT ALUMNAE) JILL FRANK

BOY’S AWARD OF HONOUR (WEST-MOUNT OLD BOYS) TOM LINDSAY

These two students were chosen by their fellow graduates as the ones who contributed the most time and effort in keeping the morale and spirit high during a difficult year. Despite the teachers’ boycott of extracurricular activities, the traditions of Westmount High School such as the Carnival, were carried on thanks to Jill and Tom’s leadership. Their work and involvement are examples for us all to strive for.

Gail Budd Memorial Scholarship
Douglas Lawley Memorial Prize for Latin
Elsie Dewey Memorial Prize for English
Westmount High School Alumnae Scholarship
Howard H. Musells Old Boys’ Memorial Scholarship
Douglas Lawley Memorial Award
Angus McCoy Smith Memorial Prize
Gene H. Kruger Scholarships
Soroptimist Citizenship Award
Nursing Assistant Prizes

HOME AND SCHOOL ASSOCIATION SCHOLARSHIPS

Magdalena Burgess
Barbara Craig
Janet Miller
Ann Rothman
Patricia Saunders
Thomas Shapiro
Mark Surchin
Diana Walker

Westmount High School Recognition Prizes (Class of 1974)

Sonya Barnes
Martha Braide
Linda Cleman
Deborah Esplin
Peter Fennberg
Geoffrey Hampson
Deanna Jordan
Julie Khaner
Janet Victor
Scott Weyman

Westmount High School Staff Bursary - Ruth Tyrell

Westmount High Students’ Council - Jill Frank, President
- Tom Lindsay, Treasurer

Nancy Gravenor
Patricia Saunders
Ann Rothman
Lise Hendliss
Christopher Moreo
Michael Shannon
Ian Strathy
Barbara Craig
Richard Wilson
Sonya Barnes
Brenda Stevens
Shelley Knapp
Armand Tobaly was a fine man and dedicated teacher. He taught French at Westmount High School for twelve years. Mr. Tobaly was of the old school, believing in discipline and hard work, but there was a personal touch to his lessons; his humour and his warmth. We recall: the heated debates in French class over the outcome of the Stanley Cup play-offs; the Daily Verb (to be conjugated in full); his visits to our homes. He made a lasting impression on all those who knew him. Mention his name to any of his students, and they will remember...
PRINCIPAL’S MESSAGE

Recently I looked at a large number of athletic trophies and cups that Westmount High students have won. Here are only a few of the many that show a long history of winning:

- Interscholastic Junior Football League 1902
- Inter-class Baseball 1910
- Spalding Trophy Inter-School B-B 1916
- Ski Trophy (Montreal Ski Club) 1918
- Water Polo Trophy (City of Montreal) 1930
- Hockey 1971

Every day I walk through our foyer, and I see the names of students who have proved themselves outstanding scholars. Take a look and you will see that the first persons listed were Eva Brodie and Mary S. Harvie. The year was 1892. Just look at the many who follow them, year after year. All outstanding.

Look around the foyer at The Awards of Honour, and you will read the names of students who have been chosen by their classmates for performing the greatest service to the school, and for best combining the qualities of honour, scholarship, and sportsmanship.

In the foyer also are listed our students who fought to give us the chance to live as we do. Enter the library and stand before the life-size portrait of Lance-Corporal Fred Fisher, the first Canadian to be awarded the Victoria Cross in World War I.

Those are just a few examples of a long tradition of outstanding Westmount High students in athletics, scholarship, citizenship, and sacrifice for others.

Westmount High is a modern school, living in modern times.

Can you measure up? Will you aim high?

H. N. Hamilton
There are lots and lots of people who are always asking things.
Like Dates and Pounds-and-ounces and the names of funny kings.

A. A. Milne

STAFF

MISS G. AUGUST
Home Economics

MR. J. BARR
Guidance, Art

MRS. D. BERGER
English

MR. D. BERLIN
English
MRS. J. McAULAY
Guidance

MR. J. McAULAY
Industrial Arts

MRS. D. McKEE
Secretary

MR. T. MILLS
Geography

MR. J. MOLLARD
Geography

MR. G. MUZIN
English

MISS C. O'FLAHERTY
Nursing Assistant

MRS. A. ONYSZCHUK
English

MRS. D. ORENGO
French

MRS. A. PEACOCK
English

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Mrs. H. VanderVaart
Languages

Mr. E. Webb
Math

Mrs. M. Welsh
Secretary

Mrs. M. Wilcox
Secretary

Miss C. Wilson
Nursing Assistant

Mrs. R. Windsor
Librarian

Mrs. H. Workman
French

Mrs. S. Wyjad
Instrumental Music

Mr. R. Wilkie
Guitar
THE CAF STAFF

Mrs. E. Elkin

Mrs. R. Yule. ABSENT: Mrs. J. Runciman, Mrs. H. Pedder.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS

Mr. T. Cairney, Nigh Caretaker; Mr. J. Bostock, Head Caretaker; Mr. H. Marchand, Asst. Caretaker.
Graduates
IN MEMORIAM

On July 1st, 1974, Wendy Mercier died unexpectedly while vacationing in England with her family. We, the students of Westmount High School remember her as a cheerful, independent person, always willing to lend a helping hand. She was both a library and a biology prefect, and would have graduated with the class of '75. She liked to ski, and to take walks to the summit with her dog; the Biology lab was a favorite lunch-time retreat.

Death is hard to accept, in one so young. We will always remember Wendy with affection.

Her parents and brothers made a presentation to the school library of a Dictionary of World History in her honour.

THUMBPRESS
-Eve Merriam

In the heel of my thumb
are whorls, whirls, wheels
in a unique design;
mine alone.
What a treasure to own!
My own flesh, my own feelings.
No other, however grand or base,
can ever contain the same.
My signature,
thumbing the pages of my time.
My universe key,
my singularity.
Impress, implant.
I am myself.
of all my atom parts I am the sun.
And out of my blood and my brain
I make my own interior weather,
my own sun and rain.
I imprint my mark upon the world
whatever I shall become.
SYLVAN ADAMS
Now that I’m almost up the ladder
I should no doubt, be feeling gladder.
It is quite fine
the view and such,
If just it didn’t shake so much.
-Richard Armour

HEATHER ASTLE
Ideas are born; they develop;
they are transformed, but
they never die...
PROTO: Diane [my sister]
AMB: To be a social worker.
PROB. DEST: Working, to get there.
WEAK: Getting to bed early.
HAPP. IS: living a happy life.

GAWAHER ATIF
The lintel low enough to keep out pomp and pride; the threshold high enough to turn deceit aside; the doorband strong enough from robbers to defend; this door will open at a touch to welcome a friend.
-Van Dyke

LIZ ATKO
You are most likely to be happy with people whose concept of happiness is similar to your own.
-Raymond Hull

GREG BAIZER
"I sit on a man’s back choking him and making him carry me, and yet assure myself and others that I’m very sorry for him and wish to ease his lot by all possible means EXCEPT GETTING OFF HIS BACK"
-Tolstoy
COULD YOU IM: Mr. Mills telling a lie?

BEVERLEY BARNES
"There are two great tragedies in life: Not getting your heart’s desire, and getting your heart’s desire."
WEAK: Murray’s cinnamon buns, Soapiest smiles, and springtime.
PET AV: Addidas bags

JANET BARRIE
There’s three things that will last ‘till the end of time. In a word they are faith, hope and love. There are these three everlasting gifts from thee. But the greatest of these is “love”.
CHER. MEM: Summer ’73, August 23, ’74.
HAPP. IS: No braces, scoring.
CL. TO FAME: Stripper
WEAK: Blond hair, blue eyes, and french fries.

WENDY BENSON
AMB: Disc Jockey for CKGM
CHER. MEM: Summer of ’74; R.S.: P.G.; J.G.; and Bunk 18
HAPP. IS: A class with Mr. Gointry.
FAV. EX: Far out boogie!
WEAK: Men who are gorgeous.
PARTING NOTE: Always think snow.
COULD YOU IM: Wendy, not being called “Bush”? 
MERLE BESSNER
"When you are sorrowful, look again in your heart, and you shall see that in truth you are weeping for that which has been your delight."
PROTO: "Bez"
CHER. MEM: Harriet and Peanuts, Northcrest Boarding School, Summer of '73.
CL. TO FAME: "Woody"

HEATHER BLACK
I am not immortal Whatever I put off for later May never be...
I remember a track meet, the Long and Winding Road, a blue Fiat, grade 11 friends, crazy parties, summer '74, Booby, rain, Dylan, ocean, bio field trip, Your Song, Funeral for a Friend, long quiet hours spent with special people...

LINDA BETUJK
AMB: Film Director
PROB. DEST: Secretary at Kodak
FAV. PAST: Laughing
CHER. MEM: Marlon Brando Film Festivals
WEAK: shyness walls, S-B
HAPP. IS: Climbing trees
COULD YOU IM: Me meeting M-B
FAV. EX: "What did you say?"

DALE BLanford
Ever have one of those fantastic days when everything goes right, and no one is there to see it?
AMB: to insure my legs at $25,000.00
PROB. DEST: Vericoso veins at 17 years old
PET PEEVE: Flirts
FAV. PAST: Flirting
CHER. MEM: Summer, fall, winter spring and November 4th.

MICHAEL BLANK
"When you ain't got nothing, you've got nothing to lose."
-Dylan

ROSE BLOOMBERG
CL. TO FAME: My chunky soup
FAV. EX: "Don't worry about it."
HAPP. IS: a jar of peanut butter
FAV. PAST: watching cartoons
AMB: MEDICINE
PROB. DEST: Tree surgeon
Life has taught me how to think, but thinking has not taught me how to live.
-Herzen

RICHARD BONDY
PROTO: "Bambi"
FAV. EX: "no sir, Wussy did it."
PET AV: a very "picky" functions teacher
COULD YOU IM: Richard not bringing a peanut-butter and jelly sandwich for recess!
WEAK: being coached by Howie and Bill
HAPP. IS: Kneebends, holidays, G.G.'s and camping with J.B.

JEAN BONNER
I take a picture of myself And with sewing scissors Cut out the face.
Now it is more accurate;
Where my eyes were, every-thing appears.
-Margaret Atwood
JULIE BOURKE
“It isn’t much fun for One, but Two can stick together,” says Pooh, says he. “That’s how it is,” says Pooh.
CL. TO FAME: mad dashes through the halls.
WEAK: The Rothmans’ refrigerator.
FAV. EX: “Where are my teeth?”
field trips, the gourmet club, walking home from school.

LYNNE BRADLEY
CHER. MEM: Feb. ’73 and summer of ’74
FAV. EX You’re kidding, and Merci Much.
WEAK: anything chocolate
AMB: Veterinarian
PROB. DEST: mucking out the stalls.
ACTIVITIES: sports, watching T.V.
FAV. PAST: daydreaming

ANN BROCKLEHURST
Most of the excitement of life is hunting for some.
WEAK: Crocodile Rock

BRUCE BRONEMAN
NICKNAME: Bijoux, Whoosie
CHER. MEM: Stanley Cup ’72-73.
PET PEEVE: Mr. Pichovich
AMB: Ruler of the world
PROB. DEST: Civil servant
FAV. PAST: Beating up Chuck
WEAK: C.H.
HAPP. WOULD HAVE BEEN: Scoring a goal in soccer.
PARTING NOTE: Ta-Ta!

STEPHEN BUCKLE
We can never learn from one another until we stop shouting until we can hear our words as well as our voices.

PETER BUDDEN
Don’t you ever ask them why If they told you, you would cry, so just look at them and sigh, and know they love you.
-Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young
JOHN BURGESS
PROTO: Nebbish
PET AV: Being mistaken for John Burgess.
AMB: Being the only one.
PROB. DEST: Uptight businessman (J.B.) with son J.S.B.
"Ferms are useful."
-J.B.

JOHN S. BURGESS
FAV. EX: Pull up a stump
AMB: Coach the Montreal Canadiens.
PROB. DEST: to succeed Dutchie as Canadian cheerleader
WEAK: Chocolate milk and guts
"A minute's success says the failure of years."
-Robert Browning

RUTH BURGESS
"When a man wants to murder a tiger he calls it sport;
When the tiger wants to murder him he calls it ferocity."
-George Bernard Shaw
AMB: First female player in the NBA.
PROB. DEST: selling peanuts in the stands.
FAV. EX: Let me think!
COULD YOU IM: Ruth without Joyce?

ANDRE CARON
"I don't want to work away doing just what they all say,
Work hard boy and you'll find, one day you'll have a job like mine. Cause I
know for sure nobody should be that poor. To say yes or sink low, because you happen
to say so, say so, you say so."
-Cat Stevens
CHER. MEM: Sylvie in Valley field Jan. '74.

HARRY CHARLTON
PROTO: Herk
CHER. MEM: August 14, '74
AMB: Pro Hockey
PROB. DEST: Coaching the J.H. L.
HAPP. IS: Spending my weekend with someone special, J.B.
FAV. EX: Later
CL. TO FAME: Red Eyes
PET PEEVE: 8:30 AM, 5 days a week

JASON CHANG
It is not the place, nor the condition, but the mind alone that can make any one
happy or miserable.
-L'Estrange
RICHARD CHERNEY
"A man stays wise cuz long as he searches for wisdom;
as soon as he thinks he has found it, he becomes a fool."

LISA COLLINS
"I don't know what I have nor what I lack or the name of what it is that I seek."
WEAK: Guys with long hair, big eyes, and cute bums.
COULD YOU IM: Lisa without Sharon?
HAPP, IS: Wind and rain
PET AV: People who always win arguments.

ANNE MARIE CORMIER
PROTO: Misunderstood.
HAPP, IS: music and the mind
WEAK: Lennon, Tchaikovsky Clapton.
"Standing at the crossroad,
Trying to read the signs;
To tell me which way
I should go to find the answer,
And all the time I know,
Plant your love and let it grow." -Clapton.

JOY COUREY
"Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone, succeed and give, it helps you live, but no man can help you die."
"Really now you ask me;" said Alice, very much confused, "I don't think." "Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hatter.
WEAK: Ed'n a long stretch

FRANK CROOKS
"Neither labour nor idleness has a road that leads to happiness, one has no room for the heart and the other corrupts it."
-T.C.H.

DAVID CROSSAN
AMB: Lawyer
PROB. DEST: Murderer's Row
FAV, PAST: Anything but school.
COULD YOU IM: Everard with straight hair?
CHER, MEM: Zambra's Boogie Woogie in history.
HUGO DANN
"Oo-wee! Ride me high!
Tomorrow's the day in 'bide's
a gonna come.
Oo-wee! We're gonna fly!
Down into the easy chair."
PROTO: Pineapple
FAV. EX: "Don't be Rude!
HAPP. IS: Getting Presents
WEAK: Handbrakes, Melons
COULD YOU IM: Hugo on
time, neatly dressed?

BARBARA DARLING
Christopher Robin, who was
still looking at the world,
with his chin in his hands,
called out, "Pooh!"
"Yes?
"When I'm - when - Pooh!
"Yes, Christopher Robin?
"I'm not going to do Noth-
ing any more."
"Never again?"
"Well, not so much. They don't
let you."
-Milne

LORENE DAVIDSON
Yesterday is but a dream
And tomorrow is but a vision
But today well-lived makes
every yesterday a
dream of happiness
and every tomorrow a
vision of hope
PET AV: Mrs. Huntley's Latin
classes.
PROTO: "Aunt Bluebell"

JIM DEWITT
PET PEEVE: The Snake Pit (the
basement); The Cafeteria
FAV. PAST: Consuming, in large
amounts, the premium export
of Afghanistan; Standing with
my head in the basket so the
other team couldn't score;
Sleeping through Physics lectures.
"It's not worth the effort,
give up."

RONDA DIAMOND
PROTO: Ronzo
PET AV: Angle, macks.
CHER, MEM: Summer
of '73, Easter of '74.
COULD YOU IM: Ronzo
living in New York?
CL. TO FAME: lunín hour fit
HAPP. WAS: Grade 9, Oct. 27,
1974. Smile an everlasting
smile Which brings you near
to me.

LISE DIXON
Things are only worth what
one makes them worth.
HAPP. IS: Skiing, gymnastics
and just living easy.
FAV. PAST: Parties (among
other things)
PROTO: Dixie!

GARY DOBSON
PET PEEVE: You're in
grade 11?
AMB: Doctor
PROB. DEST: Professional
patient.
CHER, MEM: July '74
HAPP. IS NOT: Vector Algebra

NANCY DODGE
We can think about forever,
but we really only
live today...
PROTO: "Mushy"
WEAK: Big brown eyes and
a soft smile.
CHER, MEM: May, '73
FAV. EX: "Aw, come on."
CL. TO FAME: Beating Antony
at bowling.
HAPP. IS: Laughing
COULD YOU IM: Nancy under-
standing a joke?
BERT DONNAY
Wine, Woman and Pedal:
Share, Respect and Try.
For "w" : love is not a
passion, simply a dream
kept alive by hope, ditto.
HAPP. IS: Dylan, harmonica
and a road to pedal.
"Do you see, Pooh? Do you
see, Piglet? Brains first
and then Hard Work."
-Eeyore

RUTH DOREY
He who has never raced has
never won.
AMB: Horse trainer
PROB. DEST: "mucking-out"
stalls.
FAV. EX: Are you kidding?
HAPP. IS: riding "Belinda"
COULD YOU IM: Ruth with-
out braces?
CHER. MEM: Summer of '74
at Spittle of Glenshee.

TIM DOREY
I am fond of talking and
thinking, that is to say,
talking first and thinking
afterward.
-O. Sitwell
AMB: Forester
PROB. DEST: Carpenter
PROTO: Knob
FAV. PAST: thinking
CL. TO FAME: Parties
CHER. MEM: Summer '73,
Rugby '73, summer '74, July 11,
'74.

MELANIE ELLWOOD
"No bird soars too high, If
he soars with his own wings."
-William Blake
WEAK: Sailors.
CL. TO FAME: Hitting people
with squashballs (hardballs)
HAPP. IS: Knowing your
parties have been successful
PET PEEVE: "Pebbles"

SALLY ELSON
Happiness is like a butter-
fly; if you chase it, it
flits merrily away, but if
you turn your thoughts else-
where, it will come and sit
on your shoulder.
-Hawthorne
FAV. PAST: Doodling on desks
CL. TO FAME: Walking into
poles
AMB: Biologist
PROB. DEST: Counting corn
kernels and chasing butterflies.

TOM ELLIOTT
Beans, beans the musical fruit,
The more you eat, the
the more you toot.
AMB: Vegetable
COULD YOU IM: Tom
with a final average of less than
98 o/o.
PET AV: Bird Jackson (tweety
(Tweety)
JIM EVERARD
"Life is too short to walk through, I run."
PHILOSOPHY: "All things cometh to he who waiteth if he worketh like "hell" as he waiteth." -Anon.
FAV. EX.: Hi kids
HAPP. IS.: Running around with V.D.
PROTO: Atlas with a flat
PET AV: Seeing "Mummy" in the halls.
CHER. MEM: Being with Janice.

CHARLES EWING
Listen, people are speaking!
FAV. EX.: Eat my shorts
AMB: to sink two shots in a row.
PROB. DEST: missing both
CHER. MEM: June 24, 1974
Montreal Forum 15,000 people
HAPP. IS.: Going where you want to go, when you want to go.

FIONA FARRELL
Well, allow me to introduce myself to you as an advocate of Ornamental Knowledge...I like the mind to be a dustbin of scraps of brilliant fabric, odd gems, worthless but fascinating curiosities, tinsel, quaint bits of carving...

- Robertson Davies

SACHA FAUST
FAV. EX.: "Pussy"
FAV. PAST: Flirting
CL. TO FAME: Same English teacher 4 years in a row
PET PEEVE: One who knows all
CHER. MEM: summers of 71, 72, 73
HAPP. IS.: A bowl of cherries on a deserted island.
AMB: Masters in electronics
PROB. DEST: Screwing in lightbulbs

ERIC FISHER
CHER. MEM: 1973
AMB: "Marine Biologist"
PROB. DEST: Working the gas pumps at the Magog Marine
FAV. SPORT: Water-skiing
SHONA FRENCH
"No one can tell me
Nobody knows
Where the wind comes from
Where the wind goes"
PROTO: queen of Sheba
CHER. MEM: from 31-10-59
till one moment ago
AMB: Juvenile lawyer
PROB. DEST: the juvenile
COULD YOU IM: Shona as
"the typical housewife"

NANCY FULLER
"And so I say don’t fall in
love,
You’ll be hurt before you’re
through.
You see my friend, I know
It’s true,
I fell in love with you."
HAPP. IS: hockey and horses
FAV. PAST: riding
WEAK: Les Canadiens
CL. TO FAME: Ski East car.

MAUREEN GERALD
HAPP. IS: 95 in Math,
Chemistry and Physics?
AMB: Dentistry
PROB. DEST: Anything but
a bum.
CHER. MEM: French class,
72/73
There are friends who
pretend to be friends, and
there are friends that stick
closer than a brother.
Man is sometimes like a rock
and an island, and a rock
feels no pain and an island
never cries.

GLENN GOLDFARB
There’s a feeling I get, when
I look to the West, and my
spirit is crying for
leaving. In my thoughts I
have seen rings of smoke
through the trees and the
voices of those who stand
looking.
-Led Zeppelin
"Beautiful People"-Melanie
D.B., C.S., S.A., G.K.,
Much love always to L.A.

GAIL GOLDFARB
"I long to write of wisdom,
But that is my demise,
For I have not yet the skill
Involved in being wise."
-Gleann Gold

AVIVA GOLDFARB
"Where all think alike,
no one thinks very much."
-Lippmann

ANNA GOLDWATER
I had a nasty fall the other day.
When I heard a man should put
his best foot forward, I decided
both of mine were. Have you
ever tried moving both of your
feet at the same time?

JOANNE GOODWIN
"And you know who
your friends are by
looking in their eyes;
You know so you smile,
but they never realize
what goes on inside
everyone and you.
Keeps on a-rollin’ on
just keeps on a-rollin’ on"
BILLIE GROSS
I am really a very small part of you, and need little protection, for I dwell in the armour of love.
-V.M.

CARL HAMILTON
I remember my youth and the feeling that will never come back any more-the feeling that I could last forever, outlast the sea, the earth, and all men.
-Joseph Conrad

PATTY HAMILTON
You never know, from where you sit, where the man in the balcony is going to throw his program.
-D. Hamilton
PROTO: Alan Alda
PET AV: Bus drivers
CL TO FAME: my superior wit
HAPP. IS: Camp Carroll, Monroe M*A*S*H
CHER, MEM: Aug. 30, '74
FAV, EX: Stendalism is one of better qualities.

ELLEN HANBIDGE
Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint,
had heard argument
About it and about it
But evermore came out by the same door where in I went.
-Omar Khayyam
WEAK: Centurian one day
diets Booby, leprechauns
PET AV: embarrassing moments

SUE HARBERT
It was only yesterday,
When I heard the teacher say
patiently,
One and two make three,
We were children you and me
Let us pray, for the ones they call
The children of today.
-Gordon Lightfoot
HAPP. IS: being up north at Lac des Seize Iles.

JIM HARVEY
Life is as ugly as sin
and almost as delightful.
AMB: Hot Dogger
HAPP. IS: Knowlton
WEAK: Villa Maria & J.T.
FAV, PAST: Listening (?) to Mr. Mills' stories

JULIAN HARVEY
"Say what you have to say and the first time you come to a sentence with a grammatical ending, sit down!"
-Sir Winston Churchill
PROTO: a suave sophisticate

SUSANNE HILTEBRANDT
It takes longer to hard-boil a man or a woman than an egg.
-F.L. Allen
CL TO FAME: Having lasted for three years of Latin
PET PEEVE: Latin
FAV, PAST: Being late for homeroom
COULD YOU IM: Susanne having her homework done on time?
DAVID HOFFER
You can fool some of the people all of the time
and all of the people some of the time, but you can never fool all of the people all of the time.
-Abraham Lincoln
CHER, MEM: Mount French
July 1974

LARRY HOFFER
PERPETUAL FRUSTRATION:
not making the basketball team five years straight
PET PEEVES: having Mahabir for homeroom two years in a row and being confused with David.
AMB: rich and happy
PROB. DEST: poor and happy or rich and miserable.
CHER. MEM: Summer of 1974 in Israel.

GINNY HOOVER
"With all it's sham, drudgery, and broken dreams, it's still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy."
CL TO FAME: Going with her brother and sister-in-law on their honeymoon.
HAPP. WAS: The bands
HAPP. IS: Skiing with friends
CHER. MEM: My Dad, and other people.

IRA HOPMEYER
"One man with courage, makes a majority."
PET PEEVE: Being shorter than Harry.
FAV. EX: Good story Paul
MOST USED EX: You mean school starts at 8:30?
CL TO FAME: Two spares a day.
AMB: To marry a Rothschild
PROB. DEST: To marry Bowie.

GARY JACKSON
CHER. MEM: July 27, '74
CL TO FAME: Ford Gran Torino
HAPP. IS: Cruising around
PET PEEVE: speeding tickets
WEAK: Water-skiing
COULD YOU IM: Winter water-skiing
AMB: Dental Technician
PROB. DEST: Mechanic
FAV. EX: Sit down sunshine
PARTING NOTE: Work hard! Don't be like me.

CAT HOPE
There is a lot I could say, And a lot, I don't know.
Life is an Adventure. For that I could say too much; But what shall I say? Thanks to friends And go...to a few (not so friendly) And does anyone have any tea, cigarettes, extra dimes food...?
JENNIFER JONES
"Oh Adam's sons, how cleverly you defend yourselves against all that might do you good."
-C.S. Lewis

ANDREA KAHN
Whenever I draw a circle, I immediately want to step out of it.
CHER. MEM: chocolate raisin whistles, blank centaur walls, fourth period, Karma afternoons, wet Wednesday's coffee, backyard pipes, the Renfrew gang.
CL. TO FAME: The last remaining member of the original Renfrew gang.

ILEANA KALFAS
CHER. MEM: May 18, '74 & CNE
AMB: park ranger
PROB. DEST: smokey the bear
HAPP. IS: a weekend at Covey Hill, and Friday Nights out on the town with the gang.
PET AV: being called Ileana
COULD YOU IM: Cori without Jane?
HAPP. WASN'T: that bottle of cider!
WEAK: Cantor's lollipops.

MICHAEL KAZENEL
AMB: A controversial hockey player
PROB. DEST: A referee for a Canada-Russia hockey series
SAYING: Two Scott Joplin records are better than one
"Choosing would be easy If a difference Didn't make things differ."
-Piet Hein

HEATHER KENT
We were taught to love our brothers, but I have learned to love somebody else's brother better.
CHER. MEM: Nov. 29, Dec. 29, '73.
PAST PROTO: Hefty Heather.
CL. TO FAME: Mr. Guinny and Weight Watchers.
PROB. DEST: Elevator operator with a coffee machine.
WEAK: Tall, Blond, Blue-eyed males, Mars bars.
SHELLY KERMAN
"You don’t know what you’ve got till it’s gone."
WEAK: animals, food, blue eyes
PET AV: Monday mornings
CHER. MEM: Dec. '73, April '74, Sum. '74, that weekend in Stowe, D.R., our 4:00 tea, and IRS
AMB: Veterinarian

JEFF KHANER
If I had known the crowd would be so small, I wouldn’t have worn my girdle.

MADELINE KOCH
"Did you get the number of the woman who ran ya over?"
"No, but I’d recognize that laugh anywhere!"
PROTO: Buttons, BB, Sun-kissed
CHER. MEM: Sept. 3, '71, all professional days in Gr. 10
PET PEEVE: typical women
CL. TO FAME: that laugh!

FREIDA KUCZMARSKI
PROTO: teddy bear
CHER. MEM: Sept. 27, at 7:00
HAPP. IS: A special someone
COULD YOU IM: Freida without Dale.
FAV. EX: You’re cute!
WEAK: that special someone’s baby face.
FAV. PAST: Balhi High, Maiden Head...Gin fizzes...
AMB: if it’s good, I’ll take it.
“Beware of staff, they bite!"

JIMMY LAING
CHER. MEM: Washing dishes in Banff.
HAPP. IS: a twelve case of quarts.
FAV. PAST: smoking a cigar backwards.
WEAK: plates, saucers, and bowls.

CATHY LANCASTER
All that is gold does not glitter, not all those who wander are lost; The old that is strong does not wither, deep roots are not reached by the frost. From the ashes a fire shall be woken, a light from the shadows shall spring; RENEWED shall be blade that was broken; the crownless again shall be king.

KAREN LAPORT
"If you see someone without a smile, give him one of yours."
AMB: to learn how to ski
PROB. DEST: the hospital with a broken leg
COULD YOU IM: “Fatso” gaining weight?
HAPP. IS: the guy in the blue Mach 2.

JENNY LEE
If you can bear to hear the truth you’ve spoken, Trusted by knaves to make a trap for fools.
CHER. MEM: Aug. 29, 1973, July 29, 1974
HAPP. IS: Being with the one I love
WEAK: a tall, dark, handsome blue-eyed “cop” (J.M.)
AMB: cuminologist
PET PEEVE: “Trust me.”
JONATHAN LEVY
In society there are four varieties of people -
The lovers, the ambitious, observers, and fools. The fools are the happiest.
-Taine
Half the secret of getting along with people is consideration of their views. The other half is tolerance of them.
-J. Levy

MICHAEL LEWIS
AMB: Astronomer
PROB, DEST: Cleaning lenses on telescopes
PET AV: a full day of school rikazoons
Then trim the bowl with atrabilious liquor pledge our empire vast across the flood. For blood, as all men know, than water's thicker but water's wider, thank god than blood.
-Huxley

BARBARA MAY JAPAN LIGHTER
AMB: to be mean and nasty like Yosemite Sam,
take me to the rubber room. join the mother Kong fan club, family memberships: two cigar tubes,
all of you, have a good. See you in the morning

JANE LLOYD-SMITH
Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know.
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow.
COULD YOU IM: Jane without Cori.
CHER, MEM: May 18 and CNE
AMB: Expert in the art of Equitation
PROB, DEST: Muck out boy at "St. Bruno"
FAV. EX: You turkey!

JON LLOYD-SMITH
Still round the corner there may wait
A new road or a secret gate
And though I oft have passed them by, a day will come at last, when I shall tame the hidden paths that run West of the moon, East of the sun.
-The Lord of the Rings

STEVE LYONS
Old age is golden I've heard it said
But sometimes I wonder as I get into bed
With my ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup
my eyes on the table until I wake up.
TACT: making your guests feel at home when you wish they were.
PET AV: the corn show, the man in Cantors.

SCOTT MACKENZIE
I don't feel too good, I haven't been sleeping well in Physics lately!
AMB: To be successful at... anything!
PROB, DEST: Bottom of San Francisco Harbour
PROTO: The Golden Jet, Elvis
CL. TO FAME: I swear, Mme. Orenco, I did my homework, but I left it at home.

JULIA MAES
A word is worth one coin;
silence is worth two.
-the Talmud
ZANIA MAIN
I hear and I forget
I see and I remember
I do and I understand

DAVID MALLORY
AMB: Forester
PROB.DEST: Lumberjack in Quebec
FAV.PAST: Four wheel drifts up Forden Cres, with J.L.
CL.TO FAME: My basketball dribbling and driving to school.
WEAK: Mercedes-Benz
B.W. Blazers, Jimmy's...
COULD YOU IM: Me not being called "Mal"?
CHER.MEM: Christmas '70

PAMELA MARKLAND
Why be difficult, when, with a little effort, you can be impossible!

MARLENE MARON
"Seeing much, suffering much, and studying much, are the
three pillars of learning."
- Disraeli
HAPP.IS: Getting out of W.H.S.
a year early
PROTO: Motor Mouth.
CL.TO FAME: Phone calls to
anyone who has a few days to spare.
FAV.EX: "Ask me if I care!"
CHER.MEM: May 10, '73
WEAK: Toledo, Ohio

HARVEY MANDELKER
CL.TO FAME: question in class.
HAPP.WAS: Dec. 26, 1970
CHER.MEM: Dec. 4, 1957
WEAK: People
TO ALL UNDERGRADS:
Stick in there, it's not so tough
KEN McCALLUM
"There must be some way out of here,
Said the joker to the thief.
There's too much confusion,
I can't get no relief.
-Dylan

AMB: to be able to see
CL. TO FAME: Big time spender with no income
HAPP. IS: Tripping in the woods.
CHER. MEM: Dylan '74

FIONNA JOAN McGILLIVRAY
There was something they almost taught me,
I came away not having learned.

Turn the page and I will fade away.

KEITH McKENNA
FAV. EX: I feel bad, you?
CHER. MEM: Cape Cod, Summer '73
PET PEEVE: The morning after the night before.
WORDS OF WISDOM: Don't do anything I wouldn't do, but
if you do, be good at it.
WEAK: Fags
FAV. QUOT: Kiss me you fool!

WARREN McMEEKIN
I am I
And you, are you
If by chance, we meet
It's beautiful.
-F.S.P.

PROTO: Curly
PET AV: Straight hair
CL. TO FAME: Scoof 'n booking
COULD YOU IM: Warren sober
WORDS OF WISDOM: "Hie"
WEAK: NIGHTS out with W.K. and company.

KELLY MENDELS
"But dreams they say are only for fools and if time should catch us before we're through cuz there's so little time and so much living ... We could up and run away with a dream we could live on."
CHER. MEM: Friends of '73 '74
Elmer the elephant, parties, skiing, first formal, moving

AUDREY MILLER
"With all it's sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy.
CHER. MEM: Summer '74
HAPP. IS: Riding
WEAK: St. Albans
PET PEEVE: being called Elton
ROY MILLINGTON
"We can learn what we did not know.
We are not only good at destroy-
ing the old world, we are also
good at building the new."
CL.TO FAME: Big lunches
HAPP.IS: longer lunch hours,
friends
FAV.EX: "It's not my fault!"
CHER.MEM: happy days at
W.H.S.

BRIAN MILLS
WORDS OF WISDOM: God has
put us on the earth, to enjoy,
and prosper, not to be dis-
heartened or broken.
FAV.EX: "Peace in Our Time!"
CHER.MEM: Aug. 23, '74
WEAK: Brunettes and Monty
Python
CL.TO FAME: holding a
perpetual open house!
P.P.: B.C.C. AND Dorky

JOANNE MITCHELL
Halfway down the stairs
Is a stair where I sit,
There isn’t any other stair
Quite like it.
I’m not at the bottom,
I’m not at the top;
So this is the stair
Where I always
Stop.
A.A. Milne
P.P: being called Heather
HAPP: no braces, a cold bottle
of champagne.

LYNN MOORE
"In answer to the question,
‘What do you want to be?’,
one third-grader wrote: ‘I
would like to be myself. I
tried to be other things,
but I always failed.’
- Buckminster Fuller
HAPP.IS: a free long weekend,
100 percent.
CHER.MEM: summers ’73, ’74,
L.M.S.
COULD YOU IM: Lynn wearing
jeans?

KATHLEEN MOYER
I am not afraid of tomorrow,
for I have seen yesterday
and I love today.
- William Allen White
AMB: Hotel Administration
PROB.DEST: Ogunquit
P.P: crowded buses
FAV.PAST: almost everything
as long as I’m happy
CHER.MEM: all the good times
in Maine, summers ’73-’74
WEAK: Mr. Hadley Wellington

MAUREEN MOYER
"I must go down to the sea
again,
To the call of the running
tide,
T’is a clear call and a wild
call.
That will not be denied.
- John Wasefield
AMB: Commercial Artist
PROB.DEST: Painting on
McGill College
WEAK: same as Kathy’s
CHER.MEM: Summer ’73, ’74
P.P: Weekend splurges

CAMERON MUIR
“For I know you for what
you are not
for that is really all you are.”
- D. McLean
PET AV: W.H.S., S.F.A.
HAPP.IS: S.L.F.

LISLIE NEME EVER
Cueillez des aujourd’hui
les roses de la vie
- Pierre de Ronsard
For only a short moment does
inspiration stir
Grasp it and create!
- C.N.
HAPP.IS: Crescent St. and a
soft pencil
CHER.MEM: D.N. and E.B.
PET AV: Decisions
CARON NIGHTINGALE
In the mind of every man,
There is a woman.
In the mind of every woman,
There is a man
But who knows what wonders roam
In the mind of a child?
-Anon

JANE PALMER
I's wicked, I's is. It's mighty wicked, anyhow. I can't help it.
-anonymous

ROSS PARKMAN
Don't compromise yourself
It's all you got.
CHER.MEM: Playing ball hockey
in a blinding snowstorm
COULD YOU IM: Chuck
coming over and not eating.
HAPP.IS: B.H. and P.J. in the park
WEAK: Bob Dylan
TO ALL UND: Our 0-3-3 soccer record and hope for a win.
DEREK PATON
And though the holes were rather small
They had to count them all.
-S.P.L.H.C.B.
AMB: Stepping out of this Old Brown Shoe
PROB.DEST: Tripping on my laces.
WEAK: A wet running shoe,
Laura Secord for lunch,
Saturday, Waffles
PET.AV: Patton or a squash ball right between the eyes

RUTH PATTERSON
HAPP.IS: being with a certain somebody
CHER.MEM: Summer of 73 and 74
WEAK: A little kitten
P.P.: “Get me a cup of tea”
AMB: anything but a secretary
PROB.DEST: secretary

DOUGLAS PENNINGTON
FAV.EX: What homework?
PET.AV: Being called Douggy
FAV.PAST: Beefeater’s
AMB: farmer
PROB.DEST: a worker on Old McDonald’s farm
COULD YOU IM: Getting caught skipping on the last day of school?

CHERYL POLANSKY
PART.NOTE: “There isn’t a sport I don’t like.”
(Ha, Ha, D.A.D)
CHER.MEM: Spaghetti fight, Games, summer 72 and 73.
P.P.: gallibleness and walking into doors.
WEAK: Food, sports and my knees
WENDY PRINCE
For the days when we smiled
And the hours that ran wild,
With the magic of our eyes,
And the silence of our words,
And sometimes I wonder
just for a while,
will you ever
remember me?
WEAK: Tall, dark and handsome,
Bert, my bikey, overalls 'n
Pitz.
CHER.MEM: 2:30 am ...
"But ma, the 124 was full! "

NANCY ROBINSON
When you feel like doing a foolish thing, remember that
you have to live with your memory.
AMB: To be a social worker.
PROB.DEST: Looking after young children.
FAV.EX: What's the matter with you?
WEAK: Reading books and not getting her homework completed.

MARILYN PRESTON
Life is short;
live it up.
-Nikita Khrushchev

BONNIE PREVOST
"You have the freedom to be
yourself, your true self, here
and now and nothing can
stand in your way."
-Richard Bach
PROTO: Bernie
AMB: physio-therapist
PROB.DEST: working in a
massage parlor.
COULD YOU IM: Bonnie pale.
FAV.EX: ya know
HAPP.IS: cruising on Lac des
16 Isles

CHUCK RIDER
PROTO: Teddy Bear
FAV.EX: Wang-O
CHER.MEM: One night in
R.P.'s garage.
AMB: buyin' a car
PROB.DEST: taking the bus
PET.AV: uncoordination
CL.TO FAME: scoring for
L.C.C. while playing for W.H.S.
WEAK: ballhockey, and Mac-
Donald's

DAVID RONALD
PROTO: Fred Farkel
CHER.MEM: January 1969
AMB: Professional skier
PROB.DEST: Men's room
janitor at Mont Alouette.
WEAK: Soul, skiing and some-
one
HAPP.IS: being with that some-
one.
FAV.EX: "You turkey!"
CL.TO FAME: Chuck scoring
on me against L.C.C.

CLAIRE ROTHMAN
I'm running through a forest
I'm lost in a maze
I'm talking to a dragon
I'm brave!
PROTO: Layon
CHER.MEM: Gourmands anony-
mous, soccer, peanut butter
fights, and caboose raiding
CL.TO FAME: nous attendons
le..."flood"?
P.P: fake grins

MICHAEL ROWLAND
If you can't get a wife, get a
bear.
-Taj Mahal, The Natch'l Blues
CL.TO FAME: "Buckwheat"
PET.AV: Harvey's lay ups and
being beaten up by Sylvan
CHER.MEM: New Year's Eve
1973-1974
CHUCK SAMUELS
Sometimes one learns something.
Sometimes it's long before one understands what he has learned.
Sometimes he never understands.
One time I learned.
That time I'll never forget.
Thanks.
Mom and Dad.
CHER.MEM: Hey Bob! Wadayaink?

LYNN SCOTT
CHER.MEM: Trip to Gaspe
WEAK: Bob Dylan
PET PEEVE: Joliette
FAV.EX: What are you doing?
AMB: Registered Nurse
PROB.DEST: Patient in a non registered Nursing Home
ACTIVITIES: Basketball

MAURICE SAMUELS
PROTO: Danny Partridge
PET AV: Grease
CL.TO FAME: Having the same last name as Chuck
CHER.MEM: The day David Ronald didn't say, "shut up Maurice."
HAPP.IS: a full roll of life savers.
WEAK: Photography
AMB: World's greatest skier
PROB.DEST: World's greatest skier.

ARDEN RYSHPAN
"One ring to rule them all, one ring to find them, one ring to bring them in and in the darkness bind them."
-j.r.r. Tolkien
"Poetry is a make-believe garden with a real toad in it."

DOUGLAS SELBY
AMB: Head of the mob
PROB.DEST: Mayor of St. Henn
FAV.PAST: comes in cases of 12
CHER.MEM: being pulled through the halls in a garbage can.
WORDS OF WISDOM: He who fights and runs away gets beat up the next day.
FAV.EX: halls
ANNE SEYMOUR
yawn

DIANE STANIFORTH
Hannah Bantry, in the pantry
Gnawing at a mutton bone
How she gawed it,
How she clawed it, when she
found herself alone.
CHER.MEM: lunch in the gym
shooting the Amable du Fond
HAPP.IS: “Devils River” after
a snowfall.
WEAK: Mr. Z’s valentine cards,
a wet running shoe

PETER SMITH
“Many a self-made man was
constructed by forced labor!”
-Alfred E. Neuman
HAPP.IS: being allowed to hand
another assignment in late.
FAV.EX: what the h...is the
matter with you?
WEAK: sanity and my stereo
equipment
PET AV: being called Grecko

JENNIFER STANIFORTH
The Panther-his visage
fixed so long upon the bars
grows dim and stops, the
restless eyes are furled beyond
the rows of countless iron rods
All seems a nothingness, there
is no world.
PROTO: Olga
CHER.MEM: project Whitewater,
saturday night riding
PET AV: St. Antoine Abboc.

SARAH STEAD
“Ever heard of a 5’7” red-
headed prima ballerina? You
might one day!
Sarah de Beauvoir “Steed”
EVELYN SZELL
"All the wealth of the world could not buy you a friend nor pay you for the loss of one."
-C.D. Prentice

JOYCE TARBEY
"I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now, for I shall not pass this way again"
PROTO: little red
COULD YOU IM: Joyce without Ruth

BRIAN TEAKLE
Give us the tools and we will finish the job.
-Winston Churchill
PROTO: Meat
FAV.EX: Poof
AMB: breaking sound barrier with a car
PROB.DEST: Montreal city morgue
PET.AV: power necks

BOB SUTHERLAND
PROTO: Mr. Dressup
AMB: to ski at Whistler
PROB.DEST: Pro at Murray Hill
FAV.EX: What do ya think?
CHER.MEM: H.S. Summer '74

BILL TAIT
CHER.MEM: April 17, '59: I had my first birthday
CL.TO FAME: Winning the Mount Royal G.S. against many equally skilled three-year olds. I was fifteen at the time.
AMB: a poor but happy ski bum
PROB.DEST: an elite world cup racer.
P.P: the fiftywordlimit.

MIRIAM TAYLOR
A pessimist is one who feels bad when he feels good for fear he'll feel worse when he feels better.
-SWIT

EVA TOPKO
"East or West, home is best."
HAPP.IS: getting my dog in Poland.
AMB: to be an expert in foreign languages
PROB.DEST: having trouble with French.
CHER.MEM: my Florida vacations in '74
WEAK: Irish setter and T.V.
JOSETTE VAN FLEET
Everywhere the sun, the stars and the moon are the same only the people are different, and if you don’t go out and see them you might as well have stayed home and milked the cows.

-Jess Birdwell
AMB: Writer
HAPP. IS: Summertime

MIKE VIVIAN
Education: Age old out of teaching baloney skillfully.
AMB: Pro Hockey Player
PROB.DEST: rink rat
P.P.: french class and Rider
HAPP.IS: ball hockey all weekend

VICKI VAN FLEET
Therefore do not be anxious about tomorrow for tomorrow will be anxious for itself. Let the day's own trouble be sufficient for the day

-Matthew 6.34
I have forgotten about my school days, I have a vague impression that they were detestable.

-Oscar Wilde

ANDREW WADE
PROTO: Gemini in more ways than one.
AMB: Atomic scientist
PROB.DEST: Lab prefect in charge of Mr. Collins' coffee
PET AV: Twins
FAV.PAST: Swampwalking “Who says ferns are useful”
WENDY WAINBERG
And when I go I shall take with:
A tear for all the disappointments.
A smile from all my kind friends
A rainbow for all the dreams I dreamt
A falling star for all my wishes and hopes
And a rose for all the many memories.
-Stock's Villing

ROBIN WALKER
"Never underestimate human stupidity"
CHER.MEM: Car Walking
PROTO: Bobo Bolinski
PET AV: Name droppers and faggots

JOANNE WALLACE
"No Time"
There's a time for work and a time for play,
A time for everything good, each day,
But never a time in this short life
For quarrels and angry words and strife.

KELL WARSHAW
"Life is a kumquat"
-Polish proverb
PROTO: Batman
AMB: To spend the rest of my life making posters advertising bake sales.
PROB.DEST: World-renowned artist.
COULD YOU IM: A Warshaw original?
HAPP.IS: Unlikely
FAV.EX: Ask me if I care.
PARTING NOTE: "Life isn't a kumquat?"

JANICE WEBER
If you love something
Set it free
If it comes back
It is yours
If it doesn't
It never was.
-Unknown
FAV.EXP: Hey Gross!
FAV.PAST: Gymnastics
CL.TO FAME: Loving the colour purple.
WEAR: British accents
HAPP.IS: Skiing in deep powder.
TAMI WISEMAN
When I consider the curious habits of dogs,
I must conclude that man is the superior animal.
When I consider the curious habits of man,
I admit, my friend, I am puzzled. —Ezra Pound

COULD YOU IM: Tami with short hair?
WEAK: Tall, dark and handsome

CHER.MEM: Yesterday, today tomorrow.

SUZANNE WOHL
"And so my fantasy becomes reality,
and I must be what I must be
and face tomorrow."

CHER.MEM: Sunlight, snowy days, tears, friends, family,
22 Grove St., and everything else that eased the way through
my adolescent days...

FAV.PAST: Sitting around Aud's table for a midnight gossip...

ALLAN WONG
PROTO: genius
AMB: to become Photo Editor of Penthouse
PROB.DEST: becoming Photo Editor of Vox
WEAK: deals
FAV.PAST: carb
CHER.MEM: cafeteria
COULD YOU IM: Allan in sports

EGAN WONG
"My people and I have come to an agreement which
satisfies us both. They are to say what they please, and
I am to do what I please."
—Frederick the Great

ASAKO YOSHIDA
PROTO: Yoko Ono
AMB: succeeding in whatever I do.
HAPP.IS: eating, sleeping
and music.
CHER.MEM: being in Montreal and in Canada now.

BARBARA ZIEBA
"'Cos having someone believe in me
Is all I need to know
And standing all alone is not the way
I want to go..."
—Rick Springfield

CHER.MEM: New York, August '74
Dear Vic,

I appoint you number #1 fan of the girls basketball team. You deserve to be chairman. (If your not elected—in my eyes you always will.) Good luck in your career as a professional hot dog thief. If you forget me, remember my record! Great luck in your athletic career. Love always,

Cheryl.
DO YOU REMEMBER...

To the west door people:
The last time you ever saw the easy door?
To the east door people:
The last time you ever saw the west door?
To the gym people:
The last time you ever say ANY door?

the welcoming dance and trip to Beaver Lake we never got?
being the largest grade 7 ever?
your grade 7 friends?
when we were terrified of subs reaching for the wall
phone?
...when there even were wall phones?
the ridicule we got for being in the pit in grade 7?
...ridiculing the grade 11's who are still down there?
human awareness?
square dancing?
short, COLD walks to the armory?
long, COLD runs to Debbie's?
lunches in the Prefect Room?
getting caught smoking in the can?
how many times you promised a vice-principal you'd never
do it again?
...how many times he believed you?
the night before your last exam?
...the night after?
the greatest tug of war team this school ever saw?
being the most spirited class all the way through?

how you ever got this far?
...aren't you glad you did?
Room 101: Mrs. Wyjad
Room 103: Mr. Mills


Room 106: Mr. Mollard

Room 107
Mr. Glance


Room 105: Miss August


Room 104: Mrs. Laidler
Room 205: Miss Jakimiec

Room 108: Mr. Elkesassy


Room 109: Mr. Leblanc

Room 110: Mrs. Saicans


Room 111: Mrs. Djihanian
Room 203: Miss Dunn
Room 317: Mrs. Oregno


Room 112: Mrs. Onyschuk

Room 113: Miss Herscovitch


Room 114: Mrs. Workman


Room 115: Mrs. Berger

Room 117:
Miss Wilson

FRONT ROW:

Rooms 310, 118: Mrs. Peacock, Mr. Muzin.

Rooms 301, 311: Mr. Cooke, Mrs. Vandervaat


Room 302: Mr. Collins

Room 303: Mrs. Sharma
SECOND ROW: M. Ackman, B. De La Ronde, A. Chipping, E. Richard,
J. Thompson, M. Hellman. THIRD ROW: A. Leisser, C. Lees, S. James,
B. McNicole. FOURTH ROW: S. Nicolson, A. Degannis, L. Hoffer, J.
Hole. FIFTH ROW: D. Fish, A. Bell, S. Sequin, A. Souccor. SIXTH
ROW: A. Syrodee, E. Palansky, J. Gow, M. Campbell. BOTTOM ROW:
A. DeJouvancourt, M. Azaria, M. Kelly, J. Laskey.

Room 305: Mr. Chetwynd
TOP ROW: S. Pantazes, A. Jones, K.
Kruse, J. Bessner, B. Rubin, D. Kenner.
SECOND ROW: T. Hatanaka, M.
Abramovitz, E. Leblanc, T. Lloyd-
Smith, B. De Carle, K. Ventala, A.
Manshire, M. Villeneuve, M. Zinck.
BOTTOM ROW: R. Harbottle, P.
Mayshall, S. Halihas, M. Carey, F.
ABSENT: G. Shannon, C. Atkinson, K.
Farrel, S. Lyons, S. Nitoslawski, J.
Spiegel, M. Thomhill, D. Wall, G.
Warshaw.
Room 119/120: Mr. Lunn, Mr. McAulay

TOP ROW: K. Grant, A. Cutler, R. Taylor.

Room 201: Mr. Berlin


Room 202/304: Mr. Webb, Mr. Trudeau

Room 210: Mrs. Sabourin


Room 214, 215: Mr. Phillips, Miss Black

Room 306: Mr. Demougeot


Room 313: Mrs. Comber


Room 315: Mrs. Rhodes

Room 316: Mr. Guinny


Room 318: Mr. Richter

Dear Vi,

One more week to the end of the year and then we're through (my one philosphical year and then we're through) anyway future seems a bit more remote as the week. I'm always inclined next you know. I'm really looking forward to next year and I hope you have a fantastic summer. I always remember of you you know. I hope you have a fantastic summer. Always think of you next sept all of you. I hope you have a fantastic summer. Always think of you you know.

Love always,

Nancy
The Students' Council was faced with a hard task at the beginning of this year. Last year there were no extra-curricular activities, and so a lot of school spirit and student involvement was lost. The Students' Council is going to try to get back most of this enthusiasm, and to make students proud of their school. We hope to achieve this through many activities: dances, classroom contests, the formation of new clubs as well as old, and student participation in school matters. Hopefully with the work of Chuck, Lynn, Merle, Heather, Claire, Victor, Meg, Donna, Johanna, Philip, Kirsty, Peter and David, along with all the students of Westmount High, we can make this year the best ever.

TOP ROW: Lynn Moore, Chuck Rider.
SECOND ROW: Merle Bessner, Victor Donnay.
THIRD ROW: Donna McGraw, Meg Dafoe, Claire Rothman.
FOURTH ROW: Philip Seagram, David Ronald, Johanna Berstein.

QUESTION: What do you do with an apprentice editor and a willing but inexperienced staff?

ANSWER: Learn fast!

After much confusion over trapped white spaces, colour agreements, beautiful but totally impractical layouts, beautiful but totally illegible manuscripts, deadlines (was that Nov. 1st or 7th?), and typewriters, (the case of the missing "elite") we finally figured out the essentials needed to produce a yearbook. Of course, had we not opened our hearts and told you of our early misgivings, they would have passed unnoticed, due no doubt to the marvelous capacity of our staff. Admittedly, you may have seen a blurred figure racing through the halls, or a flustered and exhausted student or two, but other than that it was cool, calm, and collected all the way....

Here's to:
the Yearbook seminar (hitching in the rain),
the elegant (?) Vox room,
posters on the mirrors,
ledgers that don't add up,
embarrassing assemblies,
those #1&* photography bills,
retakes of retakes,
our first layouts,
lost marbles,
burning ferns and
typewriters that don't work!
The prefects are a group of responsible students whose function is to see that all activities run smoothly. They are of general assistance to the school staff and participate in activities which involve the well being of the student body.

This year the prefects' main project is to make the junior school feel that they too, are an important part of the school. We arranged a trip for the grade 7 students to Beaver Lake hoping they would get to know us, and each other, better.

During carnival, the prefects will hold their "Penny Fair", which hopefully will be a lot of fun. As far as responsibilities go, we have helped with fire drills, ushered at certain events, assisted at teacher meetings and helped keep order in the halls during lunch hour.

We would like to extend a very special thank you to Mrs. McAuley, our advisor, who helped us with all our projects.
YOUR LOVING BIOLOGY LAB PREFECTS

We, the biology lab prefects (though some have referred to us by other names which we ignore), have had a tremendous time this year, watering the plants, the animals, and sometimes ourselves. We exercise the animals daily, and don't mind showing them to people who wander in, provided they don't mistake us for the animals, in which case they quickly wander out again in a slightly altered state. What more is there to say but: "Hello little bean!"


CHEMISTRY PREFECTS

We regretfully announce that repeated attempts to blow the roof off the school have been unsuccessful. But when we are not perfecting our pyrotechnical skills, we are also engaged in other, less destructive, experiments; not to mention the extra lab work we do for Mr. Collins. Though our experiments are not always successful, they are usually quite stimulating, especially to the nasal linings of the home-room class.

J. Patterson, A. Wade, H. Sager.
LIBRARY PREFECTS

The library prefects, under the guidance of our librarian Mrs. Windsor, have been busy this year. Many students from each grade volunteered their services in everything from checking out books to gluing. All have helped to keep the ever popular library running smoothly, and for the most part, quietly too!

LEFT TO RIGHT: Allan Boyd, Conns Eldinger, Garth Clow, Dixon Kenner, ABSENT: Monica Creery, Carine Cuhar, Pamela Markland, Jonathan Franklin, Lise Dixon, Stephanie Gerald, Pat Thomas, Audrey Kremer Tab secretary.

November 11, 1974

SNOW!!

Snow Department
c/o Saint Sauveur
41 Blizzard Way
Cloud 9
Heaven

Dear Saint Sauveur,

The W.H.S. Ski Club has been working very hard this year. We are planning to have night skiing trips monthly, and day trips on professional days. We are also hoping to have a weekend ski trip in February. Therefore it would be greatly appreciated if you would give us the best damn winter in history.

Yours truly,

The W.H.S. Ski Club

S.W.A.Y.

S.W.A.Y., as most students know, stands for Students’ War Against Yaws. Yaws is a disease which afflicts people in underprivileged tropical countries. This disease can be cured by a simple injection of penicillin, and S.W.A.Y.’s aim is to raise funds, with which this medicine will be bought and administered.

S.W.A.Y. is an international organization with the Montreal head branch being T.M.R. High School. Our first money raising event was a bottle drive with many other such projects planned. We also hope to show a film about yaws. Support this year has not been too overwhelming as yet, but we hope that it will increase in the new year.


Cafe Vendredi is a senior club designed to entertain students on Friday nights in the cafeteria. We have a wide selection of musicians and singers from various downtown clubs and from different areas who come to perform for us. The sessions are a lot of fun and provide enjoyment for the seniors. We’re thankful to Mrs. Rhodes, our advisor, for all the great help she has given us.

CAFE VENDREDI

LEFT TO RIGHT: Marlene Maron, Mrs. B. M. J. Rhodes, Nancy Dodge, Loreen Davison.
BRIDGE CLUB

Every Tuesday and Thursday since September, words such as "Two Hearts", and "Three-no- Trump" have been heard from Room 315 at lunch hour. This is where the meetings of the Bridge Club are held and with some hopeful instruction from our advisors, many a bid has been played successfully. The executive would like to thank our faithful members and advisors who have made this year a definite grand slam.

Bridge Club Executive: Loreen Davison, Janice Weber.

THEATRE CLUB

A lot of clubs started off this year in confusion, and the Theatre Club was certainly no exception. We seemed to have run across every possible obstacle, but thanks to the hard work of many loyal members, we prevailed each disaster.

The choosing of a play suitable for our cast and our audience was difficult. The play will be presented in May.

LEFT TO RIGHT: Madeline Koch, Suzanne Wohl, Susan Frank, Audrey Miller, Ellen Hanbridge.
A. Holden, P. Isler, H. Mandelker, F. Rodick, S. Smith, J. Valyi, D. Kerner, R. Kudo, Mr. J. McAulay

Under Mr. McAulay's watchful eye, this year's club is working on the delicate art of photography. All aspects of this hobby will receive our attention; from taking pictures of everything within the range of our lenses, to seeing what's what in the darkroom. With a little luck, we may get an occasional visit from Michael Drummond, a professional.

CYPRIOT EMERGENCY AID CLUB

The C.E.A.C. is a new club, begun this year, and headed by Peter Pascali. It was organized in order to help the Cypriot refugees on the island of Cyprus. Our first two weeks brought in $85, mainly through a pumpkin sale. Then followed a clothes drive, during the first four days of which $2,500 worth of clothing was collected. Several other money raisings are planned and the club wishes to thank all those concerned for their support and contributions.

THE UGARIAN FOLK DANCE CLUB

Ugaria, as you all know, is the last of the Baltic states, (or the first depending on which direction you are coming from). Due to its relative isolation from the rest of the world, our nation has developed a unique culture. One of the most predominant of its unusual qualities, is the spectacular art form known as Ugarian Folk Dancing. Since the three of us are experts in the field (see picture), we thought it our duty to spread the "Ugarian Movement" through instructing W.H.S. students. Weekly classes are held with an average attendance of approximately 126 students. Although this number is somewhat less than we had expected, the classes are generally successful. The U.F. D.C. appears at dances and assemblies, performed in the Corn Show, and serves as the cornerstone of school spirit and moral. In fact, when one student had a book of his stolen, the R.U.M.P. (Royal Ugarian Mounted Police) was called into action to solve the crime. This was accomplished, and the book was returned unharmed. The four of us (really three, but three has been stricken from the Ugarian numerical system) would like to thank our advisor, Mr. McLamahan.


THEATRE VISITS CLUB

This year an old flame was rekindled, as the Theatre Visits club came back into being. Under the direction of Marlene Maron, the group enjoys monthly visits to the Centaur Theatre. Other plays and shows will be included in the upcoming excursions of the club.
Although we got off to a slow start, (not because of a lack of eager lifeguards, but due to red tape) we are now having a splashing time! I’d like to thank our lifeguard, Winifred Lloyd-Smith, and also Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Lloyd-Smith and Mr. Hamilton for their much appreciated help. With waterpolo, diving, racing and just plain swimming, we hope to have one of the best years ever. The membership has increased tremendously and in the future I hope it will remain so. Good luck future swimmers of Westmount High.

CHECKMATE

As in past years, the Westmount High Chess Club has been successful. About twenty people showed up for the first meeting, and have been coming back faithfully ever since. A chess team has been made up, and though it lost the first tournament to Rosemere, the players are talented, and have high hopes for the future. Many thanks to Mrs. Sharma for helping us attain the checkmate. Keep those Knights moving!

MUSIC MAKERS OF W.H.S.

The CONCERT BAND started off its fourth season remembering when, in a “nostalgia concert.” The annual Christmas Concert was a great success with a packed house, encouraging them. They are also continuing to bring music to various areas of the community and represent W. H.S. in exchanges around town and outside.

The STAGE BAND is now in its third year and performs with the concert band. They also have had the pleasure of playing at private parties and school dances. W.H.S. is one of the few high schools to have the entertaining and talented services of a stage band.

"There’s music in the signing of a reed; There’s music in the gushing of a rill; There’s music in all the things, if men had ears; The earth is but the music of the spheres." -Lord Byron
FOSTER CHILD CLUB

The Foster Child Club has now been running for seven years, with the sole aim to support Westmount High's Foster Child, Valentino Bocals. This is done through cake sales, auctions and various money making campaigns. Valentino, now turning 15 years old, lives in the Philippines. He is doing well and is receiving a good education thanks to the dedication of loyal supporters.


SPLASH

SINCE PEOPLE LOVE ALL SHALL HELP

This year Splash has returned to its usual active self. Our first project selling Hallowe'en candles to help support the Kidney Foundation of Canada, proved quite successful. Christmas was a busy time with Unicef card sales, and organizing Christmas baskets for the underprivileged, both of which added to WHS Christmas spirit. Other projects are being planned and hopefully will be fulfilled by the year's end. Our thanks to all who contributed their time, effort and money.

ART CLUB

The aim of the art club is to bring to the eyes of our fellow students the magnificence of line, colour and dimension. It is for this reason that we have chosen to decorate our school. But this is not our only aim. We want to broaden our outlook on art with the use of films and new projects. This is the first year of the art club and we hope our success will encourage students in future years to carry on.

SPRECHEN SIE DEUTSCH?

This year the German Club has been moving rather slowly, as student meetings, teacher meetings and a lack of members have led to rather infrequent get togethers. However, when we do manage to meet, we read (and try to understand) poems or short stories which are of course written in German. Do you know about: Inder, Inderkinder, Inderkinderkinder, und Inderkinderkinderkinder? From a short story we tried to discover where the holes in cheese came from, but we never did find out. Maybe a change of meeting day will be more convenient, and the members will have more time to practice their German.

LANCERS OF TRIVIA

FIERY DRAGONS OF KNOWLEDGE
SWORDSMEN OF CUNNING

Westmount's flashing Reach for the Top Team came as close as we have ever come to a National Championship, losing to Western Laval by a measly ten points. However, under the astute guidance of our devoted coach, Mr. Burt, we dealt Pius ninth a thrashing they will never forget. A fine turnout of vociferous fans (led by the Ugarian Folk Dance Club) cheered us on, and we thank them. We have, indeed, succeeded in establishing a tradition of excellence for future teams.

GRAD COMMITTEE

"The child applied his office so well
Till that twelve months drew to an end;
He was so courteous and so true
That every man became his friend."

- The Lord of Lorn

We had a lot of fun planning our Graduation Dance this year, and wish following grades as much luck and happiness.
This new club was formed by some grade eight students. So far we have traded, bought, and sold stamps, and subscribed to a stamp magazine. We also hope to go to numerous exhibitions, and receive first day covers from the Canadian government.


ELECTRONICALLY INCLINED

This year we decided to have two presidents - Allan Wong and David Hoffer, with Michael Black as our treasurer, and Mr. Burt as our advisor. Our members' knowledge ranges from the basic fundamentals of short circuits to a vast array of topics - with electronic know-how here and there. We hope to complete a "Satellite-Ground Station", which basically means transmitting to and receiving from Oscar VII, a radio satellite for the use of amateurs. We also hope to build practical and fun projects, such as a "bug", or an "odyssey game" for television, and test equipment to aid and further our electronic capabilities.

Allan Wong, Michael Black, David Hoffer.

PEPPY ENTHUSIASTS

This year, the senior cheerleaders got off to a rather slow start and the football team was forced to play uninspired. Unfortunate circumstances then led to the replacement of the initial head cheerleader by Marlene Maron. Now, in spite of the delay, the basketball teams are lucky enough to have our support. Better late than never!
Boys' Sports
BANTAMS SHOW PROMISE

Three years, Westmount High School football team into G.M.I.A.A. Competed, 1-4-1 was not a spectacular one, talent potential.

somewhat deceiving. The first game was a well played one by both teams, two touchdowns and Jim Gove points. Westmount unfortunately lost touchdown (20-14), and the next four points (18-14).

were against very difficult teams, there beat the Purple and white 10 respectively.

were played against Loyola. In both touchdowns by Westmount gave them (7). In the second quarter of that slips sent in a new play known as the player lines up to the left of the centerockers. John Hillan ran in for his name. Along with John Hillan, Peter well in its first year we can only
Due to lack of service, the younger team decided to go with a team made up almost entirely of Bantam-aged players; this did not mean that the team was not competitive, however. The senior players, such as High Socce, and the younger players all contributed towards a successful season. The younger players, such as Ronald, Rowland, Waibel, D., Dorey, MGR; C. Rider, J. Harvey, B. Bronfman, C. Maris, R. Botman, J. McGurk, W. Osterman, Coach. BOTTOM ROW: Waibel, D., Ronald, M. Rowland, C. Goum, L. Shusterman, M. T. Chapman, A. Shaddick.

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BANTAMS WORK HARD BUT FALL SHORT

This year's Bantam Basketball team had some bad luck. They had a 3-7 record but that wasn't indicative of their ability. Hard work and lots of effort showed up in the games but inexperience killed them. Out of the seven games they lost, six were by a margin of 25 points. Andy Hoffer led the team offensively with 104 points, John Hillan scoring 68 points and Darl Traughton 63, while Carl and Ricky Botman held the defense together. Many thanks to Mr. Muzin for his help and coaches Wayne Kidd and John Burgess.


WE'RE NUMBER ONE!!


To next year's seniors, champs, and would be don't laugh at Pete's (Pistol) Chaps.

Our Junior basketball team under Coach Osterman, finished their season with a 10-0-0 record. The boys played superbly led by Paul Johnson and Super T. (Neil Tolchinsky). Neil showed great agility in a variety of moves under the boards. The junior team defeated all their opponents by large margins. Congratulations!
SENIORS LACK LUSTRE


The boys’ Senior Basketball Team did not enjoy as much success as the Senior Girls’ and Junior Boys’ teams did. They finished in fifth place with an even 6-6 record in a tight division. Coached by Mr. Phillips, Warren McMeekin and the other star players performed well with the support of a strong bench. The highlight of the season was a weekend tournament at Howard S. Billings High School. At this tournament, with a little help from the juniors, the seniors made a clean sweep and brought back a trophy. In all, the seniors were undefeated in seven exhibition games, and combined with their regular season play, they finished with a respectable 13-6 record.
SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT:
IT’S NOT HOW YOU PLAY THE GAME...

The Junior Boys’ Basketball team lived up to its awesome potential as it claimed the City Championship. After undefeated exhibition and regular seasons, the boys plowed their way through the play-offs, experiencing only one near loss. This occurred in the quarter finals against John Rennie. After having been far behind, the Purple and White performed a miraculous comeback forcing the game into double overtime. This game was held before a highly spirited crowd, as W.H.S. students turned out to chant their team to victory. The semi-final, against Sir Winston Churchill, although not quite as tension filled, was a tight defensive game. The final, played against Macdonald High, was viewed by many W.H.S. supporters, who came with various noisemakers, banners, and loud voices. Cheering and tension grew as the game went on, with rhythmic cries of "DEFENSE, DEFENSE," spurring the team onto victory.

6'5" Paul Johnson led the way offensively and proved to be one of the city’s top players, scoring 32 points. He was ably assisted by Neil Tochinsky, who set up most of the plays and showed great leadership on the court. The team’s cooperation and coordination and Mr. Osterman’s consistent coaching led them to a great win. On behalf of the whole school- CONGRATULATIONS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Scores (Play-Offs)</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>John Rennie vs Westmount</td>
<td>58-55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sir Winston Churchill vs Westmount</td>
<td>30-22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Macdonald vs Westmount</td>
<td>58-40</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Our exciting soccer season ended this year in a big disappointment. The girls were undefeated throughout the season but had a tough time in the sudden death finals, losing 14-4 and the championship! We had good team spirit and a lot of great coaching from Mrs. Ross. Our top scorers were: Loreen Davison and Joyce Tarbet. Melanie Ellwood was our very faithful and funny goalie. Even though the ending was bad, we had plenty of fun together and many laughs at our practices. Our highlight of the season was the game against the senior boys' soccer team. They pulled through a 4-0 victory with some pretty hard playing. Some of the guys did not realize how rough girls can be. We'll kill 'em next year though! With our great coach and devoted soccer players, we must charge ahead and win the cup next year. As Mrs. Ross would say, "Come on girls-Boot that d_m ball!"


Oy Vey!
FRUSTRATING SEASON FOR JUNIORS

The junior girls’ basketball team had a tough year as they were all basically new to the competitive sport. Their standing wasn’t good and they didn’t make it to the play-offs. The top scorer and devoted leader of the girls’ team, was Pam Africk, who showed great ability and potential at the sport. Well, there’s always next year!


SENIORS REMAIN UNMATCHED

Once again the seniors won the championship under the coaching of Mrs. Ross, alias "Rhonda Baby". They seem to have a reputation for winning, and why not, with such good players! The top scorers were: Ruth Burgess, Loreen Davison and Joyce Tarbet. Janet Barrie made a sensational shot and scored her first basket. The annual boy-girl game brought out many curious on-lookers, as the boys turned up wearing mitteens and the girls wearing pyjamas (to divert the boys' attention). Despite these handicaps, the boys were victorious. You can't win 'em all!
RARING TO GO

SENIOR AND INTERMEDIATE
TOP ROW: J. Staniforth, B. Barnes, L. Dixon, J. Jones, L. Adams.
MIDDLE ROW: M. Preston, C. Polansky, M. Taylor, I. Kalfas,

JUNIOR AND BANTAM
TOP ROW: J. McKeown, Manager; V. Cox, D. Davison, T. Kalfas, A. Marlow, L. Reid, J. Koslov, J. White, D.

This year's season hasn't begun yet but the teams have been chosen and they are reported to be strong. Unfortunately the intermediate team is not yet completed so please excuse the absent unknowns from the photograph. In any case the teams have already started the long hours of practicing and they're raring to go. So, let's hope they shift into high gear and charge straight ahead!!!
The girls worked hard in gymnastics this year under the coaching of Miss Black. They even took the time to practice during exams, believe it or not. The teams have been undefeated so far and they both have high hopes of becoming number one. NOTE: We have been informed that the seniors came second and the juniors came first in the finals. Congratulations!

JUNIORS:

SENIORS:
WE RAISED A RACKET

This year the badminton teams captured two out of four city trophies for their sport. The senior and intermediate badminton teams placed first in the city. Both the junior and bantam teams made it to the city semi-finals, but their road to stardom ended there. Well, there is always a next year!

SENIOR AND INTERMEDIATE

JUNIOR AND BANTAM
Special Events
In October a group of 32 grade elevens, with a sprinkling of grade tens, went apple picking. They dragged themselves down to the bus station for an early 6:00 am, and caught a bus for the Eastern Townships. After a lot of searching, work was finally found for half the group. They worked hard all day, climbing trees, lugging baskets, with the valuable aid of Mr. Mills. The other group located another job, but unfortunately got fired after lunch due to "incompetence", an unjust accusation since they had not been properly instructed. To pass the time they saw the town, talked and ate apples. The excursion was profitable despite the setbacks. Over $100 was made and donated to the grad committee. We hope that a similar expedition will be held next year, now that we know the ropes.

What do you mean these are pears?

My life insurance?
After much confusion, and a few false starts, the Grade sevens’ Beaver Lake trip finally got off the ground. A kind of getting to know everyone day brought about by the Prefects, it consisted of relay races, leaf tracing, exploring, and many other events that clearly demonstrated the boundless energy of our youngest grade. There was lots of hot chocolate to shake off the chill of the damp November day, (we were very relieved it didn’t snow!) and all in all we had a wonderful time. Many thanks to Mrs. Berger and all the other teachers who followed courageously along.

signed,
The defect prefects
MASQUERADE DANCE

Ste, Catherine and Peel.
TWAS THE WEEK BEFORE XMAS

And the students got treated to the best corn in years

Not to mention class parties after the show
CARNIVAL 1975 (BEWARE OF THE MOB)

The family photo.

LEFT: The Godfather ??
TOP: I'll make you an offer you can't refuse.
PEPPER AND CLEMONTE

What have I done?

The Banana Split
GRAB FOR THE TOP
PURPLE
AND
WHITE

Okay d'abord. Don't press my nerves.
PREFECT PENNY FAIR

Some tried their skill at balloon shaving...

While others vented their frustrations on our beloved prefects.

"munchy McAulay"

Our teachers exhibit their talents
Of course not everyone danced (??)  Ya wanna fight about it?

WASN'T IT THE BEST CARNIVAL EVER?
Creativity
The students are out walking
Rather stunned down the halls
The administration stands gawking at graffiti on the walls.
No one really knows and
No one really cares
Which one is the tortoise
And which one is the hare.
We all run the races
But no one ever wins
The teacher quickly paces
While the student smokes his stick.
But help, what am I doing?
Is it French or is it Math?
I don't know what to learn
I'm just riding down a path.

- A.K.
Life is the snow:
a few flakes drift along,  
bringing warmth and security in the home.
Then midwinter frost, 
with those bad days that come and go 
with bouncy zest somedays, 
diligent business snowflakes on others. 
Flying around, melting together, 
coming and going, 
each one different from the rest. 
Spring, 
and the snow begins to thaw, 
the flakes melt into one, 
and dwindle away into obscurity.

I like to dream 
to let my eyes stray where they will 
to watch the trees perform their spring dance, 
bowing and twisting to the wind's tune 
to feel the world go by 
and hear its swish of life while 
airplanes zoom slowly through the silk sky.

I like to dream 
to rest my eyes on a word 
and watch my mind wander through its paths 
to stare at a bare wall 
and imagine faces on it 
to focus on colours 'til they unfocus themselves 
and let ghosts paint pictures in my mind.

Poems by Madeline Koch

PANDORA'S TOWN

In the House of Destiny, 
the widow Fate struggles 
with the upbringing of her children, 
Disaster, Glorious and Mediocre 
While next door, 
Faith and her husband Hope dress in black, 
mourning the death of their offspring.
Around the corner, 
Respect shares an apartment 
with Compassion and Friendship 
In a building called Love.
Across from them, 
Strength lives alone, 
searching for his family, 
who have disappeared through the years.
Way over, 
on the other side of town, 
all on his own 
lives Hare, 
sending anonymous black packages 
to all his victims.
OUR VANISHING WILDLIFE

Out of the many problems in our problem ridden world, one of the greatest is that of our diminishing wildlife. While I am writing this editorial; or for that matter, while you are reading it; countless animals are being killed, of which a great number are on the danger-list.

The Dodo was one of many species that was exterminated. This bird, when discovered on its native island, had no natural enemies, and therefore no self-defense. Its meat was delicious, and so its quick extermination cannot be marveled at.

The Passenger Pigeon was so plentiful at one point that it blackened our skies and broke many a branch when a group settled down to rest. This bird, unlike the Dodo, could fly and was not especially defenseless, but in a decade it was wiped out. Yet another bird had fallen victim to man's unthinking gun!

The extermination of many other animals is being caused by encroaching civilization, and other factors, like DDT, are taking their toll.

We, as plain citizens, can only do a little to help the fight against this extermination. We can join an environmental club, or a trust like the Jersey Wildlife Preservation Trust, (Les Augres Manor, Trinity, Jersey, Channel Islands, for those who are interested), or we can simply show our concern by writing to newspapers, etcetera.

This is a problem that should concern us all, because not only does every species have a right to survive, but it has a function, and its destruction could lead to our own. Let us act fast!

Steven Kaal
TRUTH

A plate came hurling through the air and crashed into the wall beside his head; once again the spiteful words began to fly. Lifting himself from the chair, he walked as calmly as he could towards the door of the apartment. When he reached the door she screamed: "Don't bother coming back."

As he descended the three flights of stairs he almost believed he wouldn't go back, ever. He would go to New York for a few days. It is a busy place, crowded, and easy to lose oneself in the crowd.

He pulled open the front door of the apartment building and stepped out into the bitter wind. In his mind he couldn't decide which was better, the piercing wind or the airless shelter. Halfway to the railway station he realized he had little money. Turning back, he walked into the first coffee shop he passed. Sliding into a booth, he pulled his hat low over one eye, hoping to cover slightly the bruise on his forehead. He sipped the coffee slowly, letting the warmth run through his whole body. He imagined he was at Tiffany's on a comfortable chair, instead of on the hard backed booth.

He drew his jacket about him and stepped through the hot blast of the heater into the cold outside. The warmth that the coffee had momentarily provided had faded now and he was shivering in a park bench.

He thought of the week before, or maybe it was two weeks before, when he had planned to go to Boston. There had been trouble then too, but the wall had since been cleaned and all was forgotten. For the past few months there had been nothing but trouble. The same actions repeated over and over: fights that he never started, but was always paying for. Each time he told himself that it would be different; he wouldn't give in that time, but he always did. Dreams of leaving always faded as soon as he reached the door. Well, things were going to change this time, he told himself.

He got up off the bench and started towards the apartment. In his mind's eye he was once again walking towards the railway station; when he stopped on the corner to buy a package of cigarettes, he was purchasing a one way ticket.

As he climbed the stairs, the wind blew through the broken windows in the stairwell, the whistle of a train preparing to leave. When he opened the door of the apartment, the rumbling of the train leaving the station was so loud in his ears, he scarcely heard himself say the words: "I'm sorry...."

Anonymous
I am a picket fence
Endless spikes to snag troubled thoughts
Innocent in themselves
Yet heavy burdens to my rickety strength.

-Julie Bourke

WINTER

Approaching slowly
Arthritic old man
All clad in frosted white
Creeps into earth, sky and tree--
Ripping off the leaves
Of tawny gold
Sending them twirling from
The branches
Bare with embarrassment
Onto the snow-shrouded ground.
The sharp cold comes,
Warning the world...

Kitten, soft and white
Playing with a piece of string
Wallowing in mischief.

-P. H.
GRADE 9

Cold orange sun,
Steel concrete reflexions
Cutting the afternoon blue,
Alive beneath the shell,
a moving city.

Cool winds
leaves an' leaves
of red and fire upon the ground
swishy,
drinking from delicate
demi-tasse cups
with silver drop candies
hot sticky buns with raisons
A warm wrap
of every wool color
Classical entwined with Baroque
and a tear
joyous ecstasy
a pair of Afgan Kabuls I brush
gently
placing little sparkles in their hair.

A. Woods

ESCAPE

I am alone
yet not really
I have my dreams
to keep me company.
My mind wanders
to another world
another time,
escaping all the false fronts
of the lonely people of the world
hiding all their true feelings
deep down inside.
I am content
in my other world
where I am free to be myself.

Kelly Mendels

GRADE 9

My Eyes...
Through them my life is shaped
Tears are blinding
Hiding only for a while
The sharpness of my world.
Once, very long ago, in the land of childhood dreams and memories, there lived two very elfish and teasy friends. These two rumbled and tumbled in the grassy fields all day, chasing dandelion fluff, and wading through their favorite pebbly stream. They explored the thick dark forest which beckoned invitingly from beside the field, finding hidden nooks and mottled, crooked trees to climb.

They were both slender and agile. Flowing golden hair blew freely in the wind as they ran and laughed together. The elder, Layon, had clear blue eyes, and was very thinking and kind. Her friend, Mellon, was always just behind her, loving and ready to care.

Not many days before the finish of summer, Layon had a dream. She dreamt that a big cloud had come, covering their home and the grassy field. Rains had followed washing away the clover and sweet grass, drenching the poor white dandelions. Mellon and Layon were forced to move far away, sheltered from this furious storm.

Then Layon awoke, frightened and crying, and ran to Mellon’s warm comfort. They whispered quietly together beneath the calm, knowing lights of the moon, then walked slowly, arm in arm down to the rocky edge of the water. Here they shared the secrets of a life too beautiful to last. Hours passed smoothly by the two golden figures by the water, and as the first soft rays of dawn touched the edge of their field, they rose, their secrets finished. With one sighing giggle they whispered together and ran off to greet the coming of day.

C.R.
ME, THE KNIGHT ERRANT

It was under an Italian noontday sun
That my knight errantry had first begun.
In ancient Florence on the river Arno
I heard the first trumpet sound its first blow,
Then the horses came out (one hundred in all)
keeping their time to the bass drum's great call.

The palace was lit all over with torches
And beautiful ladies stood on the fair porches.
Then out came the teams in "rosy" and "bianci"
Each of the players with a king's own lackey
Next to the field were the dukes own leeches
Imported from the farthest reaches.
Then came the horsemen in all their strength
In the liquid green of creme de menthe.
Next came a man clad all in black
Everyone thought a Medici come back
The expression on his face was stern
For he had nothing left to learn.

The peak of my emotions was right then
so high, inexpressible by pen.
My face was green with envy when I saw
A boy my age without a single flaw.

Then started the game, the "calcio" t'was named
Which in ancient Italy was famed.
The unruly rules of this game are
To kick a ball into goal afar
In any way you can devise
Except maiming your opponent, this, your coach would not advise.

At the first goal they let a flag to the sky
And I do think my heart jumped as high.
Listen closely to what I say
On the second and third my heart jumped the milky way.

So ended this magnificent parade,
And with it, my brief dream, my night's charade.

By Jackie Ward

The night was light and dawn was near,
And silence was beauty to one's ear,
Enchanted by the sky so blue,
Soon the morn to be born anew,

Through the dark forest deep,
No Life, no stir, but a fox may peep,
Upon the face of morning fair,
This time of rest has no compare.

By Jackie Ward

When I am in my class
All bored and asleep,
I wonder how the time pass,
How worms n' dragons creep,
How quickly does the earth turn,
And if the snow is green?
Do elephants have heartburn?
Will Missie Muddy scream,
If her boty should I pinch,
And do whales eat ice cream?

By Harold Georgeson
In a clearing in the jungle, a man lay sprawled on his back. He was engaged in the task of raising his eyelids, a feat that he had never recognized as so difficult. However, after what seemed to be hours, his eyes slowly greeted him to a world of blur. He expected to find himself in his bedroom, suspecting that it was time to go to work. Instead he discovered himself amid giant trees and thick green shrubs.

He had no further time for observations, because he suddenly found himself surrounded by dark-skinned natives. Having no means with which to decipher whether or not they were friendly, he froze, as though asleep. One of the natives approached him cautiously. Out of sheer curiosity the man opened his eyes just in time to see a spear falling toward his head. He rolled over, the sharp blade missing by inches. He felt himself snap to his feet and storm into the jungle. He was screaming frantically. Surprisingly, there was no pursuit. After several minutes of sprinting, he stopped to gather his thoughts. He decided that the natives were cannibals and also realized that they were pygmies. This would explain why they had not given a chase. To them, he was a white-skinned giant, so they were momentarily overcome with fear. Of course, he could not hope for this element to last, and therefore he had to be prepared to be hunted down. Another thing that bothered him was his feeling that he was under some sort of surveillance, but before he could pursue the matter, he was noticeably distracted. It was a simple distraction. Before him stood a fully grown lion. He told himself not to panic, and that the lion would want nothing from him, but he knew better. The lion growled, exposing his flawless teeth. Without turning his head, the man looked around and cited two potential weapons, a rock and a large stick of wood. The lion was just about to spring but the man acted first. He did a full somersault, and in one motion rose to his feet and grabbed the rock. The lion sprang just in time for his head to meet the flying stone. The throw had been well timed. Bleeding profusely from the head, the lion fell. The man lost his control. He grabbed the wood and used it as a golf club, with the lion’s head for a ball. He stared at the gory mess which faced him. He was in shock. He ran as far and as fast as he could, aimlessly. He was now an animal, no longer capable of reason. One object stopped him. It was a pygmy trap, basically a hole in the ground with a single spear pointing upward within it. The pain was incredible. His left leg was pierced above the knee. He eventually twisted free from the spear, causing even more damage to what was once his leg. The trap was designed for smaller animals, so the man had little difficulty in extricating himself, leaving a pool of blood behind. He did his best to hobble away, but after a few moments he collapsed, from exhaustion and lack of blood. Then, he was suddenly surrounded by natives, who had been hiding, just waiting for him to fall. They approached boldly. Despite his condition, he did realize that he was to die. He whimpered like a dog. Suddenly the pygmies halted their advance, and collectively, they smiled. Then, from out of nowhere, a voice blared, "This is Bob Barker in the studio. You have just been a contestant on 'Beat the Circumstances', the game show in which we place people in unusual situations, in order to see how many obstacles they can overcome. For your efforts, Sir, you have just won ten thousand dollars. Congratulations."

The man lay virtually drowning in his own blood and smiled. "Perhaps," he thought, "I can finally get that new car I wanted."
CALM

He waited in the quiet before the dawn, humming softly to himself. The frost on the window etched endless patterns of silver-grey over his world, his sleeping world. He smiled. Nothing mattered now, he reasoned, not even time was watching him in his small dark corner by the window. There were no guards, no prodding doctors, no bright lights to burn and tease his eyes in their cruel playfulness. He sighed. It was his turn to watch them! The silent city stretched out before him, tall concrete shadows silhouetted against the pale sky. He focused on the empty streets, and chuckled delightedly as a cat streaked across an alley, unseen by anyone but him. Yes, the city was his, all his. He blew his breath against the cold pane and watched a cloud of smoke spread and blot out the town, then one by one, he permitted the silent buildings and shrouded trees back into his world. Then suddenly an ominous light lifted across the night sky, weak and sallow, yet steadily growing, spreading its evil arms. He wrenched and sunk into the protection of his corner, watching the new day come with hateful eyes.

Julie Bourke

THE ORGAN

Karl sat himself on the stool before the organ. He pulled the stops and heard the hissing of air in the pipes. He raised his hand over the tiers of ivory keys, paused for a moment, then struck a low A sharp. The deep noise rose up and boomed throughout the church. He held it, testing it, forcing it up out of the pipe, making it climb laboriously until it hit the lofty vault, where it splintered against the ribs, and echoed from arch to arch. Slowly, he released his finger, allowing the roar to slip back into the throat.

Then when the last vestige of sound echoed itself into silence, he raised both hands over the white and ebony keyboard, and uttering a brief prayer, he plunged into the intricacies of a Bach fugue. Music poured into the air from the mouths of the pipes. It marched imperiously up the nave, it twittered like a bird, fluttering about the arches and pillars. It prayed beside the stained glass windows, chanting ceremoniously before gilded altar. Everywhere there was music. It thundered as the host of seraphs before the throne of bronze, “Holy, holy, holy, only Thou art holy.” It roared as the pillar of fire in the wilderness of Sinai. It cried out warning as a voice in the wilderness, “Prepare ye the way of the Lord.” Then with a final peal, it heralded the new Zion, trumpeted and then fell silent.

By Hugo

THE FINAL MOMENT

How many years have we been friends?
How many precious times have we shared?
So many years!
So many times!

We say we will never forget
The many hours we laughed or cried through
So many years!
So many times!

Now we’re parting, what can I say?
But that I’ll hold the memories close.
Those many years!
Those many times!

Janice Weber
"It's all wrong" she began humming to herself, to the tune of "jingle bells". The noise died down, until only Miss Draddle could be heard. She looked up to see the same sea of blank faces, and sighed.

Miss Draddle stared at them, and they back at her, for twenty three and one half minutes. And then the bell rang. In the rush for the door, little Meg's toe was mortally wounded, and little Petey knocked over a desk with a loud clatter. When they had all gone, Mr. Patrick, from next room came in.

"Are you coming for lunch?" he questioned.

"In a moment," said Miss Draddle. "She wanted to finish her doodle.

-by J.M.K

BLACK WEDNESDAY

"I'm doomed," said the girl to her friend as she looked towards the great doors of school.

"I'm doomed I say," she went on. "Tracy said it's a killer."

"Really?" her friend asked. They pried open the great doors which released a blast of warm air and the sound of low chatter, "Meet me in the foyer in five minutes."

The two girls parted like rabbits worried about being late, although they would have to wait half an hour.

The foyer slowly began filling with students who spoke in quick, excited spurs and seemed to glance over at the gym every time a teacher would enter or exit.
Pens and pencils, bunched up in bundles in hands and pockets, seemed to be gearing up for the disaster. Some were even wobbling in the hands of nervous kids. Other pens waved about as people spoke.

The friend appeared first and glanced around looking for someone to talk to. The teachers were running relays between the staff room and the gym, carrying big wads of paper in their folded arms. Today they laughed amongst each other, whereas they usually talked, and felt a smug feeling of superiority over the masses of students.

As the teachers laughed the kids sunk lower into their boots and the foyer began to get crowded.

"Do you think you know it?" yelled the friend above the noise. The girl just shrugged and made a sweeping glance around the foyer.

Time went slowly and the masses started filing back into the hallways leading to the office and to the rooms. The noise grew.

"I feel sick," said the friend clutching her hand.

"Pretty soon now," yelled the girl.

And then it happened. The doors swung open and the vast gym which had nearly three rows upon row, each with a desk covered with maps and posters, masses swelled through the door and disappeared.

"I'd like to get away from earth awhile
And climb black branches up a snow white trunk
Toward Heaven, till the tree could bear no more,
But dipped its top and set me down again.

Robert Frost
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To Those Who Are Continuing - a reminder that parents are also involved in making Westmount OUR school. Are your parents involved?

To Involved Parents - An invitation to stand for election to the 1975-6 School Committee for Westmount High, in October 1975.

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We Shall Leave It 'Till Later... 308 AD 1974 - 1975

General Science
Rm. 303
To all those students (and that one prof) who now have bank balances between 7 cents and $1.21, due to a rash of spending for fun, frivolous Homecoming things, we'd just like to say one thing at this time:
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this room is rated PG (psychiatric guidance suggested)

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