



RESOLARAE

66 - 67

MR. ORR'S MESSAGE

It is with a distinct sense of privilege that I extend to all of the students of Centennial Secondary School the sincere good wishes of the Bay of Quinte District High School Board and at the same time convey the hearty congratulations to those responsible for the first edition of Resclarae.

The pages of this yearbook will reveal some of the activities and accomplishments that have characterized Centennial's first year as a school. Upon you who have been its first students, although in your "junior years" in high school, has fallen the responsibility of shaping the early destiny of our newest school. You have done a good job.

But your task is not yet finished. Most of you will continue for the next few years to mould Centennial's development. You will go forth to represent your school in your life and work.

That your first year at Centennial Secondary School has been Canada's Centennial Year points up the fact that you and your confreres now in other schools will be the responsible citizens of Canada's second century. Yours will be a time of wonderful opportunity, yet a time of tremendous responsibility. What will your contribution be?

Yours is an expanding world. It needs great thinkers; it needs great doers. There are enthralling jobs to be done and exciting solutions to be found if you will put your minds and bend your backs to the job. There are places of honour and usefulness to be filled and some of you are going to be called upon to fill them. Who goes where and how soon is up to you. Now, more than ever before, it will be your ability, energy, initiative and enterprise that count. These, coupled with a sense of purpose, are the points on which you will be judged and by which you will succeed or fail.

Such, then, is your destiny. That you will accept the challenge and that your lives may be filled with purpose, achievement and true happiness is our fervent hope for all of you.

MESSAGE FROM THE PRINCIPAL

It is the hope of the Centennial Committee in Ottawa that 1967 will be not only a year to commemorate the past one hundred years, but will be a year in which new programmes for the next century will be initiated. It is not difficult to conjure up dreams about this magazine ten years hence, but one hundred years is a bit staggering.

May I congratulate the staff of the magazine upon their undertaking. It is not small task to produce a yearbook that is comparable to the efforts of other schools with a full complement of grades and much more extensive financial resources. You can be justly proud of your achievement.

All the students of Centennial will have much to remember as they recall the trials and tribulations of attending classes with the cool breezes whistling through the room and happy Louie yelling to his fellow painters at the other end of the corridor. This year has enabled you to develop new interests, make new friends, and face new challenges. I hope the future provides each of you with equal opportunities for a fuller life.

W. J. Musgrove,
Principal,
Centennial Secondary School.



. SHARP D. WHEELER R. FRASER K. WAITE D. THOMPSON R. LeBANC



. PARTRIDGE J. WAITE B. BROOKS B. WILSON J. LAWRENCE



KORVER N. SIETSMA T. HUDSON B. HUNT N. GOYER R. FLEMING



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L. DURANT



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W. BRAK



J. EVANS



M. DOLISNI



C. BRANCH



J. DAINARD



L. BORTHWICK



L. DIXON



ERION



S. BUCKLES



K. BERTRAND



J. CHAMBERS



G. BENT



A. BROADHURST



A. DUNN



R. DERRY



R. BURKE



M. BROADHURST



S. CLARK



L. BUTTON



D. CLEMENTS

I
DIDN'T
HAVE A THING
to
WEAR
(ABSENT)



N. ARMSTRONG



G. CHESHER



B. COOKE



ABSENT

HOVINGA

D. HUTCHINSON

S. JONES

D. HOLLAND

P. FLINDALL

F. CURRAN



J. GILL

B. FELL

J. HALSEY

D. HARRIGIN

D. HARDER

K. JONES



L. FULTON

T. HOLT

D. JONAH

J. GILMOUR

D. GUNTER

S. HUBBLE



T. HEAVEN

J. PHILLIPS

J. KOTRBA

B. FURNER

J. FOLLWELL

F. JOHNSTON



B. FORD

T. HUNT

B. HOULE

L. GREATRIX

W. KNOWLTON

L. GRAY



L. KORDA



C. PAVLICA



R. MACAULAY



J. McMURTER



M. LAYNE



M. LONEY



E. ORMAL



K. PIWOWARSKI



A. McDOUGALL



S. KITCHER



NGSTAGG



M. TSICHLAS



R. MORPHY



T. PATRICK



R. PEART



T. ZEBEDEE



B. LANNING



J. LANNING



D. ORR



S. LOSHAW



D. MILLER



E. PAYNE



P. POSPISIL



C. PRINGLE



B. SWEET



S. REID

ABSENT
M. MICHAUD



S. SHOREY



C. LANE



D. LAWSON



C. PENLEY



L. NOAKES



C. SPENCER



P. PEACOCK



J. PARKS



S. REID

ABSENT:

D. MARKLINGER

M. LANG

SORRY NO PICTURES
AVAILABLE



B. SMIT



M. ROWBOTHAM



L. WEAVER



D. PASCOE



M. THOMPSON



J. WEBB



J. LATCHFORD



C. LAZENBY



R. TURNER



R. VASEY



J. ZEBEDEE



R. RICHARDSON



T. ZEBEDEE



T. JONES



W. STRIKER



G. ROMANOW



D. WINDSOR



C. VARDY



B. SMITH



K. ZINCK



A. SAVARD



D. TRIPP



B. WICKENS



THOMPSON



E. TOWNS



D. THOMPSON



C. SPURGEON



G. PELLIN



H. PERTSCHI



P. HALEY



DAFOE



R. BLAKELY



B. HUFFMAN



J. HAJDA



D. BURSHAW



R. SINE



J. BEAUDRIE



HUGHES



R. HOWES



J. MCGREEVY



D. BOUMA



A. SAVARD



R. LAMBERT



L. CHARD



R. BARKER



S. BEDARD



T. MCGEACHY



A. INESON



B. HOYLE



S. PARKINSON



DAYNARD

E. BEST

L. DUFF

W. WINDSOR

M. L. MURRAY

L. THOMAS



SEMARK

P. SOLOVSKY

V. RABEL

J. WILLIAMSON

B. McMULLIN

L. TWEEDY



YWAART

G. THOMAS R. PARTINGTON

B. PERKS

N. WASYLIW

R. STEENBURG

P. NICHOLSON



P. PATRICK

B. BONSOR

J. LITTLE

D. SHEPPARD

T. CASSIDY

G. NUSKA



STEENBURG

R. NICKERSON

K. LIDSTER

D. PARKHURST

K. BIRD

D. ELLIS

HOPELESSNESS

It started as a regular day for the mail rider on the Arizona stretch. As it turned out, I was that mail rider, simply because I lost in the card game the previous night with some other riders from Missouri. I threw the mail bag on my trusty hay-burner and rode off into the chill morning air. At first, I didn't spot them because of the dunes that hid them from my view but as I topped a crest, a reflection from a belt buckle made me spur my horse to the limit of his endurance. It was El Camero! The legendary mail robber who was usually not seen this far north. Ahead lay a perfect hiding spot which, if I could get to it, would make a perfect hiding place. Over the last crest and I make it and ducked into the box canyon that held my fate in its hands. My horse's sides were heaving as I waited for the bandits to pass. The canyon was fairly small with three sloping walls and one exit. Zggip! A shot whistled past my head and as I turned my head I saw El Camero and his infamous mob lined up around the canyon walls and a feeling down deep inside of me, said that they were not here to pick daisies. What did happen you say? Why they killed me, of course.

Tom Empey

The snow came pounding down the mountain like a wolf on the fold. A large sturdy pine was consumed by the colossal avalanche on its rampage down the snow covered ground. Decending, the mass of ice would suck up some strayed animals. The creatures would scurry and scamper to avoid destruction and the result would be death. Onward the mountain of snow advanced in a strange flux of destruction. As the avalanche met its goal the very heart of the devil was torn out in natures attempt to stop this disaster. And, when at last the terror halted it lay otiose and serene causing, no damage.

DOWN THE WRONG ROAD

I had travelled the road to nowhere many times before to-day. This time there was something added. I had come farther than the other times and before me stood two roads. I had two choices to take. One was the road to riches, the other was to happiness. As any fool would have it, I took the road to riches. I had not travelled far when I met a gloomy sort of fellow with a pack on his back. I asked him where he was headed. He looked at me as if to say, "you'll see", and walked on. It wasn't long before I knew what he meant. I got my riches but I lacked the one most gifted piece of life. That was happiness. I knew then that I was wrong and that in life one must have happiness before he can really be rich, for without happiness you are the poorest person in the world. True wealth is happiness and the road to happiness is still waiting to be trod.

Betty Cooper 10 D

PURSUED

Come on, fellow get your old legs going faster. I got to get away from those mad posse-men. They keep chasing me and I am getting real angry at those lawmen. "Hell!" Why won't they go away? The rocks, "Blood Rock", that's where I'll get them. Here they come, there's that lousy marshall, I'll pin him first, then that mean-mouthed deputy. Afterwards I'll pick off those law-abiding, God-fearing citizens that are doing their duty. Well, I'll get them good and proper. "Dammit", this stupid leg keeps bleeding and bleeding, why don't it stop. Oh well, I'll let it go. Now, here they come, at last my vendetta is going to be paid off, that marshall killed my Pa. Steady, steady, ah, got him in my sights. Now, fire, squeeze the trigger easily. By God, I missed him. I've got to get to my horse but I have no strength, well he'll never get me. There, the blood is so beautiful and silky, it's getting dark.

Lauren Oliver 10 G

FIRE

The fire flickers and dances among the logs, its long red and yellow tongues licking the wood, wrapping themselves about it. The flames envelop the twigs in an all consuming cloak. A gentle breeze floats along through the trees, softly tickling the flames, causing them to fold back. When the breeze passes, the cloak rolls forth again, closing around the pieces of wood. When disturbed, the fire spits out its angry words in bright sparks; while the smoke rushes forward to drive the intruder away to the safety of clear air. A warmth issues from the gay flames. A deceiving warmth it is, for it speaks quietly of friendship and sanction from the cruel coldness of the world. If you listen closely, you can hear the fire cackling and gloating over its immunity to world cares. It laughs and chuckles to itself over the safety it enjoys, the safety which no man shares. Listen--listen to the gaiety of the fire.

Nicky Gardner 10 E

CHRISTMAS EVE

The whole atmosphere of the house was electrified with happiness and expectation that memorable night. Upstairs the children, all nestled in their beds, were trying hard to keep their heavy eyelids open so that they could spy on Santa. Downstairs, the fireplace spilled a soft, golden glow over the flamboyantly decorated living-room. A variety of gay Christmas cards sat hautily on the mantle, singing forth their holiday cheer. Just below the cards, hung three stockings, each a different colour and each a bit larger than the one on its right. The smallest one was mended at the toe. In a few short hours, these stockings would be bulging with nuts, candies, an orange and a small gift peeping above the edge. The great pine tree, that remained alert as a sentry sparkling with shiny decorations, would offer shelter for the multitude of joys on its boughs. Gifts would be arranged about its base like a miniature toyland town. Here a host of laughter would be found on Christmas Morn.

Ruth Ann Sadler 10 F

"GRANDMA SPINKS"

I would like to tell you about a little old lady who comes from Pasadena. Her name is "Grandma Spinks." She lives in a little old house which is inhabited by termites (as well as herself). "Grandma Spinks" is about ninety years old and she collects "mod" music on the latest L. P.'s. Her favourite group is the "Monkeys". She is so crazy about them that she has her own pet monkey. Some people call her "Grannie-a-Go-Go". She goes out every night with her grandson to the discotheques and coffee houses. You could think that she would be feeble but when she gets out on the dance floor she shows everyone off, even the Go-Go-girls. You wouldn't imagine that she was a STARK-RAVING-MOD but, that's life.

Gary Wager 10 G

A HAPPY CHILD

A happy child is the most wonderful and joyous sight to see. Their bright blue eyes sparkle like the stars on a clear summer night. The bubbling expression on their face, the dimples on each side of the rosy cheeks, and the smile extending from one end of the mouth to the other side, showing the space where once a tooth had been. All those small, unimportant things not only show a happy child, but, also a loved and precious child

IT'S WHAT'S HAPPENING

When I walked inside the door,
I fell into a trance,
The sound of work was all around,
I didn't have a chance.

I tried to concentrate on work,
With all the noise in the hall,
One of the painters whistled loud,
And drove me up the wall.

The school is alright, inside and out,
And the teachers aren't so bad,
They may be nice to you at times,
But sometimes get me mad.

We haven't got our lockers yet,
My books are in a mess,
Right now I wish that I was back
At B.C.I.V.S.

This is just a start you know,
But wait! Don't be a fool,
There's more for us in years to come,
At Centennial Secondary School.

Gary Wager 10 G

THE NEW MOON

The pallid moon emitted little rays of light through the gloomy clouds as we sat by the ocean shore counting the jewels of the sky. The beams from the full moon shone upon the waves of the calm ocean as the tide was slowly waving into the rocky shore. The man in the moon appeared to be staring at us with a look of delight as though he wished he were us. The moon seemed to wink like a fat, jolly, old man sometimes does. The sun was slowly peeking over the horizon and the man in the moon drifted invisibly by.

Rod Rogina



CLAUS



N. BRAK



D. CLAUS



J. BRADSHAW



E. CARLETON



V. ANDERSON



. COLE



S. COLLIER



B. CHALMERS



D. CARTER



M. CARSON



P. HAINES



J. BRYSON



L. CHADWICK



S. GROVES



R. FLEMING



. BROWN



L. McCOMB



D. LAWRENCE



D. CHRISTOPHER



B. HOWE



D. LEWINGTON



G. BLAIR



N. HUER



B. DUNNING



C. LAWSON



R. CHALMERS



I. LANGSTAFF



A. MUNRO



S. MARTIN



L. HOWE



S. HUDSON



S. KINZEL



E. KOTRBA



D. MACAULEY



M. L. LEMOIRE



J. KEMP



W. MOSKALYK



L. DEMILLE



S. KEMP



J. WHITE



R. SIDDALL



D. CHADWICK



R. PEARSON



K. WIEBE



D. ROMBOUGH



W. RIDDER



R. MCCOY



L. GUNNING



G. MATIER



J. REYNOLDS



J. TURNER



S. PEARSON



L. MUSCLOW



B. LEWIS



R. RICHMOND



J. PATTERSON



D. SIMPSON



J. WOODWARD



J. WOODWARD



D. McCULLOUGH



B. SCOTT



B. ST. HILLIAIRE



J. MOORE



B. WALLACE



J. WHALEN



E. CAIN



T. CAIN



K. HAINES



A. VESTERFELT



K. PENNY



T. LEWIS



S. TEBWORTH



S. HAMMER



W. CHRISTIE



S. BOYARCHUK



B. COOPER



B. CARLETON



D. GARIEPY



L. GARRISON



J. BURNS



G. ATTWATTERS



S. ELLIS



Y. BEST



K. BATEMAN



R. BATT



M. DENIKE



G. CHRISTOPHER



F. ELLIS



K. BARR



J. BENJAMIN



S. BADGLEY



M. HAYWARD



J. CARRIE



S. CHAMBERLAIN



T. CLARKE



D. FISHER



T. AMO



T. EMPEY



P. CHRISTIE



G. BROWN



H. DeBRUIN



L. FELL



P. MAY



E. KNIGHT



S. GIBSON



G. HOSKING



G. HERRINGTON



C. HILTS



L. GEEN



K. McROBERT



C. McCANN



S. McKAY



L. SMITH



N. GARDNER

ABSENT
R. MALL
R. MALLOY



E. PALMER



S. HUGHES



L. GROVES



R. HUER



P. POTSTRA



G. MALLORY



W. KEMP



D. MACCORMICK



D. KRISTOS



R. KEMP



M. LAYNE



M. MACKINNON



G. LOCKLIN



R. MADILL



M. POIRIER



J. STEELE



J. VANHUIZEN



T. WHITE



T. WIEGAND



R. HEID



B. TILLEY



D. WIEGAND



E. ROGINA



H. WARDAUGH



D. VIEAU



K. THOMPSON



J. WALLBRIDGE



R. ROSE



J. THOMPSON



C. SHONIKER



R. SULKEVICIUS



R. VESSEY



W. THOMPSON



J. RIDDELL



D. ROGERS



R. SMITH



L. WANNAMAKER



L. REDICK



P. STAPLEY



B. RUPERT



S. SHAVER



N. RIEDEL



V. WICKENS



R. SADLER



B. WRIGHT



P. REZLER



D. HARRISON



D. HAGGARTY



D. FORBES



G. WAGER



D. CHARD



K. WILSON



V. PARMAKSEZIAN



D. NERON



L. WANNAMAKER



T. SHOREY



DANIELS



R. LEWINGTON



G. TILL



F. COVERDALE



G. DIGGENS



C. ARCON



L. SHRINER



A. PERTSCHI



L. OLIVER



G. WICKENS



S. GROVES



E. TERRY



B. DOUGLAS



J. MURRAY



J. ROGERS



D. BRUCE

THE RIDE OF THE AJAX KNIGHT

Now listen my friends,
While I recite
The midday ride,
Of the Ajax Knight.

His armour and helmet
Are brilliantly bright,
As he rides through the carwash
So his horse will stay white.

Steel worker, mechanics
And dirty kids too,
A touch of his lance
And their clothes are like new.

He'll attack anyone;
So long as they're dirty,
Anytime from twelve noon,
To the hour of five-thirty.

His way to clean painlessly
Is guaranteed not to hurt,
'Cause Ajax Laundry Detergent,
Is stronger than Dirt!

Tom Empey 10 D

THE DESERTED HOUSE

In the centre of the colourful, lively, street was an old deserted house. The gloom of the monstrous house looked strange compared with the neat, tidy, modern houses that made up the rest of the street. The rotten boards of the huge house were gradually detaching themselves from the disfigured framework which showed, in spots, where the weather had evidently taken its course. The shattered windows and drooping shutters showed positive signs that human existence was lacking. The broken steps seemed to dare any person who threatened to invade their privacy that had so long been dominant.

Patricia Stapley 10 F

BLACK LONER

I walk this road in terror sped
 Afraid they will see my head,
See the colour of my skin
 Mock my race and my kin.

I cannot live a normal life
 Because the whites just for spite,
Laugh and mock and shout things too
 To make me wish I were like you.

Black I am and black they see
 This is why they're cruel to me,
But some day they'll feel alone
 If they walk the streets in my town.

Donna Hutchinson

MY PROTEST

You cannot say that you are free
 If you want to be like me,
For I am in a prison cell
 Yes these chains of war and of hell.

I seek my refuge near a farm
 Where all the family is dead and gone,
There is no sense in war I'm told
 It seems to me its cruel and cold.

So men come and they do die
 For a man who lives a lie,
Now the world is calm and dark
 Left the dead and left its mark.

Donna Hutchinson

A FIELD OF CORN

There is a fine piece of land growing corn down south of the barn. Gazing upon it, it appears to be a field of soldier-plants. The rows are straight and the golden brown banners are flying (high) and waving in the wind. The wind is gentle and there appears to be a sort of camaraderie between it and the soldiers. The neighbouring hay field is an entanglement of grasses, blurred in colour and completely hiding the farmer's sacred soil. This contrast of plant armies makes the corn crop look even better and the dark pine plot to the north, when looking down upon it, demonstrates nature's ability to make the earth's blanket a perfect patchwork of this colour and contrast.

The incandescent sun smilingly beams upon its plant children below and gives them the warmth and energy required to change the fallow corn to a corn with a gold kernelled cob that nearly reflects the sun's glory. Once in a while the yellow fire ball of the skies capitulates to dark clouds. The clouds resemble masses of penicillin mould in my eyes, and a shower of liquid life falls from the heavens, reviving the corn which slowly recovers from the effects of an overdose of the sun's maternal instincts. Soon the sky is again luminous as the hovering clouds slowly retreat leaving the crop a good drink of refreshing water. Again the soldier plants wave their banners and continue to grow, dying to feed man who had started their life. As I view the field of corn all these reflections and aspects of their cycle enter my mind. Yes, indeed there is a fine piece of land for growing corn down south of the barn.

Colleen Hilts 10-E

THE VIEW

As I first look out upon the terraine my eyes are dulled by the fog. Hints of grass still peep from beneath the crystal crust, which has now blanked the grounds. At intervals cars slink by. The crisp ice covering the road crackles under the pressure. An array of sunshine results in the illusion of sparkling diamonds deminishing as the light passes. Beyond the road there is a large naked maple. Those behind it cannot yet be seen due to the mist. Gwen! Gwen! First call to breakfast.

Gwen Herrington 10-E

FIRE AT MIDNIGHT

Fire, Fire! Those shocking words kept flashing through my mind. Only a few hours ago our barn stood as majestic as a mountain; but now it lay in a mount of ashes. As I relived the nightmare again, I remembered standing in the kitchen wondering if there was anything I had forgotten to do before going to bed. My husband had already retired for the night and was probably asleep. Suddenly I saw a flash of light. I rushed to the window expecting to see a car coming up the lane, but instead there was a wall of fire. For a moment I thought my eyes were deceiving me. It took only a sound of panic from the barn for me to realize this was no illusion. In terror my voice let loose in a cry for help. My husband dashed down the steps, out the door and headed straight for the barn. His only thought was to save the cattle, but could only salvage a few. We knew there was nothing to do but stand and watch. All our hopes and dreams became a nightmare.

Carol McCann 10-E

CHURCHILL STEPS DOWN

This man was born Winston Leonard Churchill, son of an Englishman and an American woman. At the age of twenty-one he joined the British Army and served in India. In 1900 he worked as a newspaper correspondent in the Boer War. That same year he was elected to Parliament and remained there during the First World War. During World War II he was put in charge of the British Navy. A year later he became Prime Minister of England. It was during this time that he said that his people would have to expect "...blood, toil, tears and sweat". He also said that England would never surrender. The English endured terrific bombings, but they fought back. Churchill won the Nobel prize in 1953 for literature for his six volume history of World War II. He is indeed a great man in history.

Gloria Attwaters 10-D

LAUGHS AND GIGGLES

Al: What is a wisecracker?
Al: A smart cookie.

Stan: Does your watch tell time?
Stu: No, you have to look at it.

Teacher: How do you spell
"inconsequentially?"
Ally: Wrongly.

Mother: When the naughty boy threw
stones at you why didn't
you come and tell me
instead of throwing stones
back at him?

With: What's your son going to
be when he gets out of
school?

Kid: What good would it do to
tell you? You couldn't hit
the broad side of a barn.

Jones: Very, very old.

Farmer: What are you doing in
that tree?
Ally: One of your apples fell
down and I'm trying to
put it back.

Small Daughter: "Daddy, don't drive
so fast."

Father: Why not?

Small Daughter: "Because the police-
man on the motorcycle can't
get by."

Coach to football lineman: You're out of condition again Jones.
What'cha been doing, studyin'?

Mr. Jones asked his prospective son-in-law if he could support a family.
"No, Sir," was the young man's answer. "I was only planning to support
our daughter. The rest of you will have to take care of yourself."

The mother, seething with indignation, went to see her son's teacher. "Now
look here, Mr. Jones, she demanded. I want to know why you gave my Willie
zero in his history examination." "But," replied Mr. Jones, "What else
could I do, there was nothing written on the paper." The mother thought
for a moment and finally replied, "Well you could have given him some
marks for neatness."

The young man proved his wisdom beyond his years when he paused before
answering a widow who had asked him to guess her age.
"You must have some idea," she insisted.

"I have several ideas," replied the young man with a smile. "the only
trouble is that I hesitate whether to make you ten years younger on
account of your looks, or ten years older on account of your intelligence."

You can always tell a man's nationality by introducing him to a beautiful
girl. An Englishman shakes the girl's hand. A Frenchman kisses her hand.
An American asks her for a date--and a Russian wires Moscow for
instructions.

Word to the wise for teachers--when a student puts an apple on your
desk check for ticking sounds.

We are all responsible for our sins, stated the preacher. It's no use
trying to put the blame on someone else--Adam blamed Eve, Eve blamed the
serpent and the serpent hadn't a leg to stand on.

John said to Jane, (his latest would be conquest) "Kissing is the
language of love--why don't you and I have a long conversation?"



Junior Volleyball Team

Front Row: B. Rupert, C. Hilts, D. Harder

Back Row: P. Stapley, G. Hasking, B. Fell, B. Palmer, N. Riedel

Bantam Basketball

Front Row: P. Stapley, P. Flindall, S. Hughes, D. Marklinger

Back Row: C. Reid, A. McDougall, D. McCauley, N. Riedel, A. Daynard





GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOC.

Front: D. Hutchison 9E, J. Rogers 10G, D. Thompson 9H, President N. Riedel
E. Best 9I
Back: B. Palmer 10E, Y. Best 10D, L. Gunning 10B, L. Weaver 9G, J. Cherry 9D,
D. Simpson 10C

GIRLS' TRACK & FIELD TEAM

Front: Y. Best, A. McDougall, B. Palmer, C. Hilts, N. Gardner, L. Garrison
Back: G. Hosking, D. Harder, M. Dolisni, M. Denike, N. Riedel, D. Gariepy





Track & Field Team

Front: M. Thompson, S. Buckles, J. Riddell, B. Thompson, K. Bertrand
 Back: M. MacKinnon, R. Derry, R. Rogina, W. Kemp, S. Ford, F. Johnston
 B. Howe
 Absent: R. Vasey, M. Tsicklas, J. Lanning, T. Casidy, L. Fell
 R. Lewington, R. Richardson, V. Rabel, D. Fisher

Drama Club

Front: C. McCann, K. Barr, J. Benjamin, P. May, R. Batt, L. Demille
 N. Gardner
 Back: Mr. Asseltine, B. Madill, M. Poirier, S. Badgley, D. Fisher
 S. Chamberlain, P. Rezler, Mr. Holland





Junior Soccer Team

Front Row: J. Latchford, P. Rezler, C. Arcon, R. Barker, S. Buckles, A. Ineson
S. Reid

Back Row: S. Bedard, B. Peart, E. Theobald, B. Howe, N. Goyer, G. Diggins
K. Bertrand, V. Parmaksezian

Boys' Volleyball Team

Fr. Row: N. Goyer, B. Derry, R. Pearson, D. Weibe, E. Theobald
Back Row: R. Sweet, S. Groves





Bantam Basketball Team

Front: S. Ford, S. Buckles, D. Fisher, M. Thompson, A. Eneson
Back: R. Derry, R. Vasey, F. Johnston, M. Semark, L. Tweedy

Junior Basketball Team

Front: R. Peart, D. Neron, D. Skinkle, B. Thompson, S. Reid, G. Nuska
Back: D. Bruce, S. Groves, K. Wilson, B. Howe, T. Amo, L. Wannamaker





STUDENT COUNCIL

Back: D. Thompson, D. Holland, J. Fowell, S. Groves, R. Peart, R. Pearson, A. Dunn, P. Rezler, B. Howe, A. Eneson, B. Hunt
 Front: G. Partridge, A. McDougall, J. Benjamin, B. McLaughlin, T. Amo, Pres. G. Locklin, M. Thompson, S. Shaver, B. Wallace, E. Best

Newspaper

Front: M. Hovinga, P. Rezler, M.V. Huzien, C. Vardy, C. Branch
 Back: D. Kristos, S. Clark, R. Peart, D. Millar, R. Potstra, B. Madill





Keyettes

Front: Y. Best, K. Bateman, L. Garrison, D. Gariepy, S. Hughes, K. McRobert
 Back: B. Douglas, E. Terry, K. Shonider, D. Macaulay, R. Batt, J. Benjamin
 S. Gibson, G. Herrington, G. Hosking, P. May, Absent: S. Ellis, C. Hiltz

Art Club

Front: S. Gibson, S. Badgely, M. Dolisni
 Back: J. Chambers, D. Kristos, D. Clements, T. Holt, Absent: L. Smith





YEARBOOK CLUB

Front: D. Miller, D. Holland, C. Baldwin, D. Chard, F. Ellis, L. Musclow,
B. Douglas, P. Penny
Back: P. Christie, S. Clarke, S. Jones, E. Terry, M. Denike, B. Carleton,
D. Thompson, B. Hunt, D. Wiggins, P. Rozler

RADIO CLUB

Back: J. Hodgson, T. Clarke, Mr. Allcofn, G. Wager, R. Vessey
Front: B. Rupert, N. Riedel, D. Hutchinson





Senior Band

Front: N. Hiedel, B. Rupert, P. May, C. McCann, K. Thompson, M. Denike
 P. Flindall, S. Kitcher, V. Wickens, K. Schoniker, B. Wright,
 S. Shaver
Middle: T. Empey, G. Erion, T. Lewis, M. Poirier, C. Lazenby, R. Kemp
 G. Locklin, R. Layne, T. Clarke, B. Madill, S. Buckles, S. Chamberlain
 W. Chambers, R. Smith
Back: J. Steele, W. Kemp, R. Vessey, M. McKinnon, J. Riddell, R. Postra
 J. Hodgson
Absent: B. Palmer, C. Hiltz, T. White, D. Pascoe, G. Diggins



Technical Services Group

Front: V. Parmakezian, R. Loney, R. White, C. Steenburg, D. Skinkle

Centre: R. Pearsin, A. Savard, H. McCormack, P. Penney, K. Bertrand
P. Solovsky

Back: J. Hodgson, S. Pelling, F. Thompson, S. Clark, S. Bedard, C. Arcon
N. Wasgliew, G. Brown

Chess Club

Front: S. Hamar, G. Bent, R. Kemp, M. Loney, M. Mishaud, R. Peary, R. Potstra
B. Madill

Back: T. Smith, T. Clark, M. Poirier, B. Huffman, B. Fleming, S. Buckles
R. Vessuy, A. Dunn, R. Reid





Geography Club

Front: J. Carrie, J. Steele, M. Poirier, R. Madill, R. Pototra, B. Smith
M. VanHuizin, S. Chamberlain, R. Vessey, B. Thompson, J. Riddell
M. MacKinnon
Back: R. Reid, B.L. Wright, L. Redick, K. Barr, J. Benjamin, P. Stapley
V. Wickens, B. Rupert, D. Hutchinson, T. White

Library Club

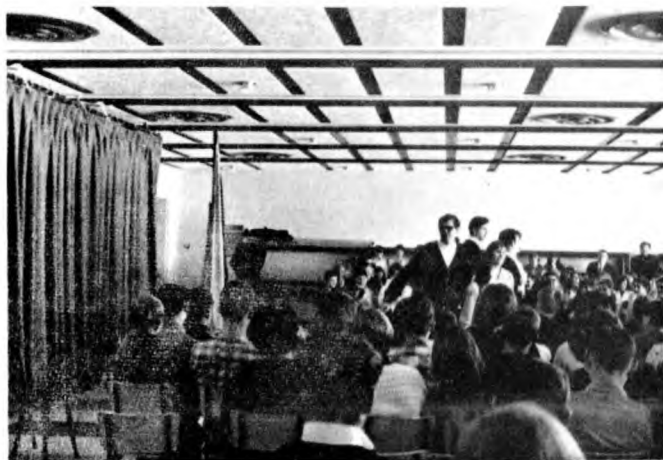
Front: C. Vardy, D. Parkhurst, H. Pertschi, R. Fulton, V. Hie, M. Loney
M. Michaud, E. Ormel, G. Peilling
Middle: P. Thompson, G. Romanau, J. Parks, E. Towns, B. Wright, D. Marklinger
L. Redick, P. Stapley, S. Clark, R. Peart
Back: W. Strider, R. Rose, H. Acherman, L. Dixon, E. Payne, B. Bruce



**Glimpses of Our School
While Under Construction**



Moments to Remember From Our
First Year at C.S.S.

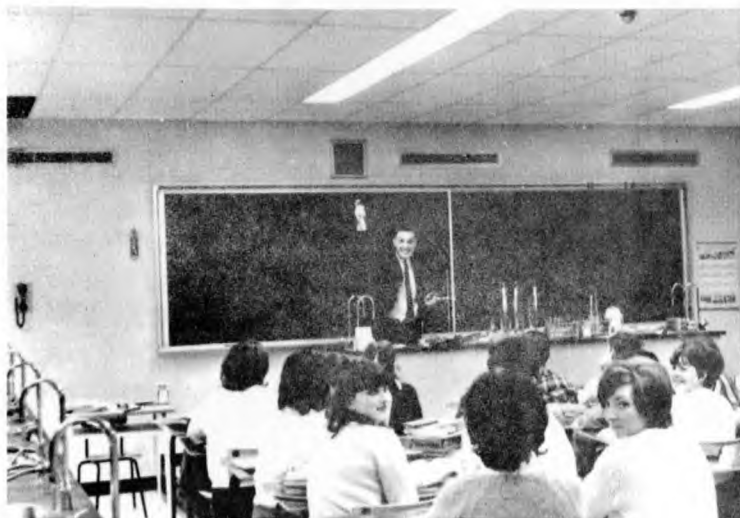




The Loner



**Any of you boys want
a "shot".**



Hile Hitler



**We should have buried
him at the front.**



**Its mink and its
really mine.**