



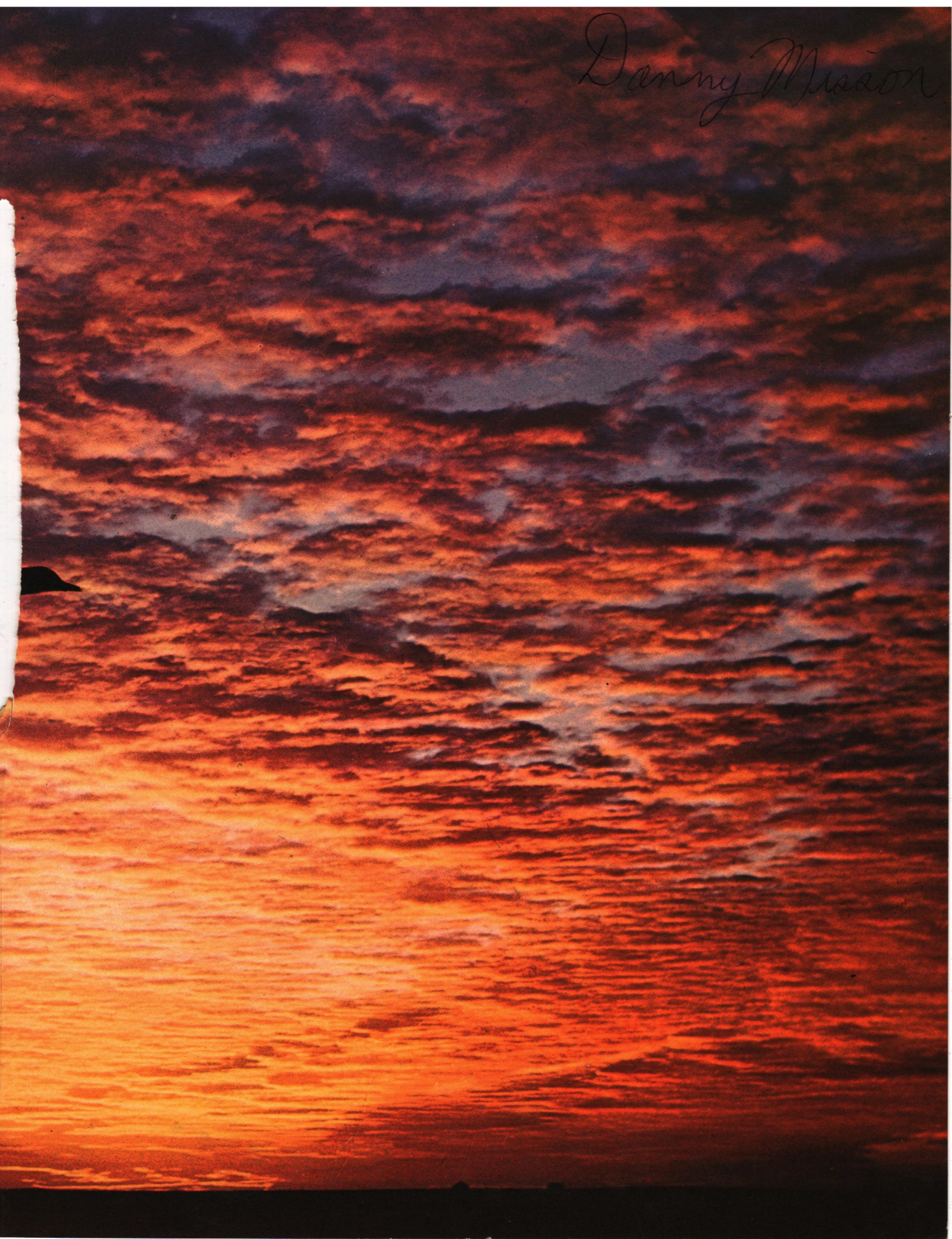
# HORIZONS

1975

DANNY MISSON



Danny Mission



## ABOUT OUR COVER

The cover of HORIZONS 1975 shows a sunset over Jean Lake. We selected this picture because we felt that it depicted the beauty that is often all around us; all you have to do is look for it.

In naming our book HORIZONS, we are comparing the finite horizon of the landscape, which is so beautifully shown in the cover photograph, to the infinite horizons of the Class of '75 and those of the graduating classes of the years to come.

We hope you will enjoy this yearbook.

The Staff

# J.R. SMALLWOOD COLLEGIATE

**PROUDLY PRESENTS**



**HORIZONS 1975**

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**DEDICATION**

We, the staff of "Horizons, 1975" both break and create precedent.

**THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO THE GRADS OF 1975.**

CHAIRMAN'S MESSAGE



# ADMINISTRATION

## CHAIRMAN'S MESSAGE

Dear Students:

Once again it is a pleasure to address you through your "Horizons 1975".

Having close association with schools in the area during the past seven years, it is with great pride that I watch your progress through our local system. I am sure that you are proud as well and that your accomplishments at J. R. Smallwood Collegiate will hold you in good stead as you travel through life.

For those of you who are graduating, my sincerest best wishes. To those who are under-graduates, I urge you to take advantage of the excellent facilities and faculty available here in Wabush so that the foundation you lay for the future may be firm and secure.

I also offer my congratulations to the yearbook staff for resurrecting this annual and sincerely hope that future years will produce the same fine work that this year has.

Sincerely,

James J. Hearn, D.D.S.,  
Chairman  
R. C. School Board

## CHAIRMAN'S MESSAGE

Congratulations! graduating class of 1975.

I wish you all the greatest of success, but know you will not all attain success, to the level which you may at the moment aspire. This may seem to be a dampening note to include in a message to a graduating class, but unfortunately, life does not always allow us to reach the top.

However, whatever you choose to do, and however successful you may be, you need never lose one very important ingredient – that is, you own individuality. Be your own person and do your own thing. You may find that quite often you will have to be an individual within the framework of an organization or society, but let's face it, even the so-called non-conformists, conform to the code of nonconformity and very often they are lost within the group.

I think the training and education you have received during your years in school will greatly help you to be individuals and give you satisfaction in whatever career you decide upon. As you go through life, remember your days in school and of growing up, not with a longing for – “the good old days” – but for what they were, a time of growing and learning, when happenings and events were simple and uncomplicated, and they try to incorporate these into your own future.

Let me again congratulate you and also the editor and staff of your yearbook and again wish you an interesting and satisfying future.

Allan Bradshaw  
Chairman  
Labrador West Integrated School Board

## PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE



Dear Graduates:

"No more pencils, no more books"  
May involve "Unneeded" looks.

In essence though, it does not say  
"I will not learn another day".  
Choices plenty and chances great  
Are often not its running mate.

Continued Success,  
P.J. Furlong  
Principal, Sacred Heart Section.

At J.R.S. our task is done  
If only you're readied for a harder one.  
For education has but its start  
When graduates are about to part.

So whatever life may have in store  
Pencils and books shall make it more.  
For the largest aid in the smallest frame  
Is good common sense in a searching brain?

## PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE



Student of J.R. Smallwood Collegiate:

"Horizon" for me creates a picture of the vast blue sea engulfed by a never approachable Beyond. This makes the task of the navigator of the ship an important, skillful and technical one if he is to reach his destination at any fixed point within that "bowl". In other words, the navigator's job involves planning.

Analogous to the "Horizon and the Navigator" would be you and your future. Like the navigator, "you can't plan for the future in the future – you have to do it now".

Establish career goals for yourself. Through the Guidance Counsellor and your teachers, make sure your school programme prepares you for your chosen field. Living in unison with one's fellow man requires tact, consideration and understanding. Practice these things while still in school and just observe the smoother sailing.

The best of success to you in the years ahead.

R. W. Rose

Principal, Integrated Section

## PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE



May I take this opportunity to extend my personal good wishes to the graduating class of 1975.

Being principal of the Elementary Section of your school leaves me at a disadvantage to discuss any of this past year's events because of my limited contact with students in the High School Section. However, I feel it would be fitting for me to remind each and every one of you that when you have gone your separate ways in June to follow the vocation of your choice, with you goes our hope for this great nation of ours, for you will be the leaders of tomorrow who, we hope, will lead Canada to even greater heights than has already been attained. With the thought in mind that "to whom much is given, much is to be expected", I strongly urge you to strive for excellence in all things and to never be completely satisfied until you have mastered all aspects of any given situation.

Besides knowledge of the textbook variety, I am sure your teachers tried to instill in you a sense of values; I hope that these values will be evident in all your future dealings with your fellow man.

To each of the graduates and to all of the students represented in this yearbook my personal best wishes for success in 1974-1975 as well as in the years to come.

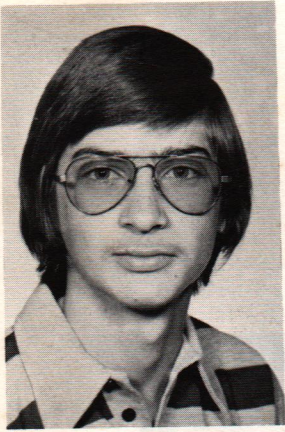
D. A. MacIntyre  
Principal  
Integrated Elementary Section

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# GRADUATES

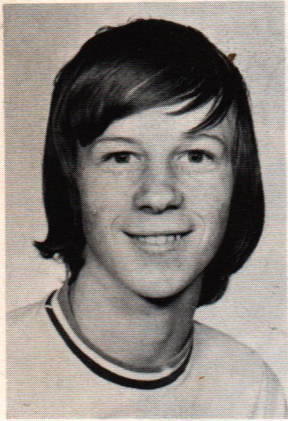
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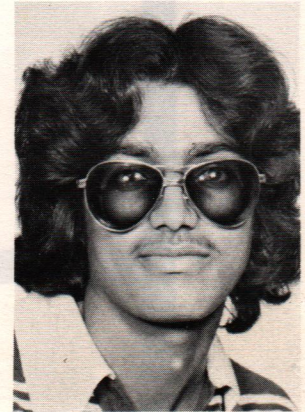
Nottinghamshire, England took a step backward on April 26, 1957 when SHANE MILLS arrived. Millsy likes his women, his cars and late nights (not necessarily in that order). He wants to be a mechanical engineer, but will probably end up hiding from the wicked Sherrif of Naught.



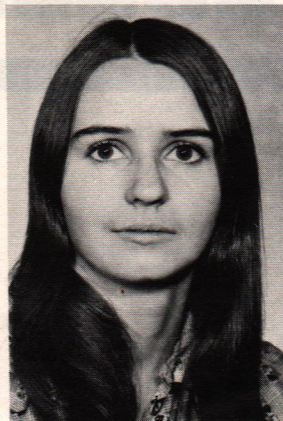
The mayor of Birchy Head, Newfoundland remembers April 21, 1957 – that's when Max first bellowed "Geez, I'd like to hit ya." NARDA OSMOND swims and studies. Her ambition is to try and marry somebody.



Bay L'Argent experienced hearing trouble when TONY LAWRENCE bounced over the airways on September 25, 1958 singing "The Night Chicago Died". Since then Fleckler has clogged airways all over Labrador with a variety of his tunes. He aspires to be an officer in the Armed Forces. Tony's interests includes basketball, soccer, girls and whatever follows.

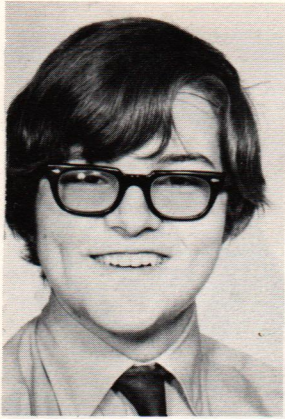
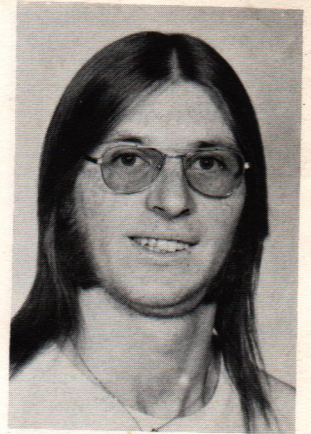


MOHOMAUD ABDUL AKRAM SALAM was born in Resalpur, Frontier, Pakistan on June 1, 1957 screaming "Go Guy Lafleur". Akram's ambition is to study medicine but he will probably end up teaching singing and Kung Fu to the Montreal Canadians. He enjoys sports, girls and, of course, dancing.



CHRIS O'LEARY was first heard saying "Want a slap in the mouth?" on November 23, 1958. She hopes to be a secretary but we see her as a professional boxer. Chris likes skating, movies, dancing and sports.

GORDIE MARTIN came ringing into Bell Island, Newfoundland on October 10, 1956 with his ambition to enjoy life. His interests are sports, music and pretending to play every instrument in the world. He has better interests out behind the barn.

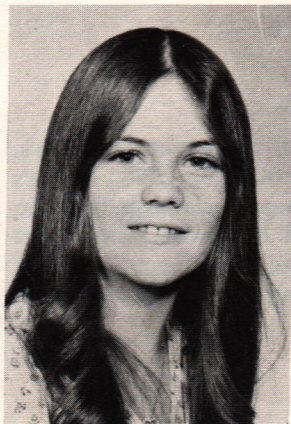
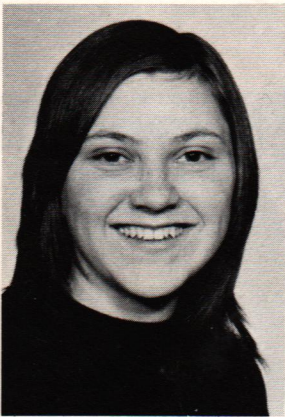


"Pulichritude!" resounded in St. John's on August 26, 1958 when TIM COLE bombed advanced obstetrics. TAC digs motorsports, wine, women and song. He says he wants to be an engineer but will probably push Harry Chapin out of WOLD.

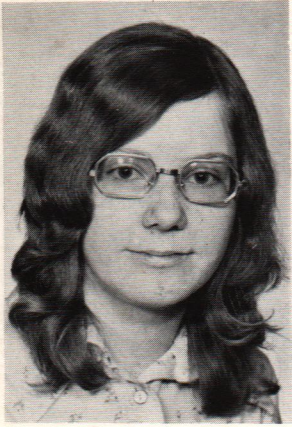
"Ricky, will ya leave me alone" was first hollered on February 26, 1957 in Avondale, Newfoundland. MARY ELLEN DOYLE would like to become a phys. ed. teacher and digs team sports, boys and men.



Corner Brook spawned one GAIL PORTER way back on September 29, 1958. Porkey likes skiing, dancing and boys. She is interested in child welfare.



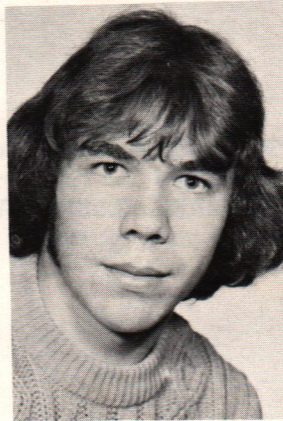
Baie Verte was pleased when the front page of 'The Western Star' bore this headline: "Girl Wonder, ANNA SHEA, hits Baie Verte". She would like to be a psychologist or a journalist. Anna enjoys traveling, reading and sports.



SHARON KEATING came out of the egg in Renew's Newfoundland on July 28, 1958. Besides babysitting, she curls and bowls. Sharon plans on becoming a kindergarten student - or - teacher.



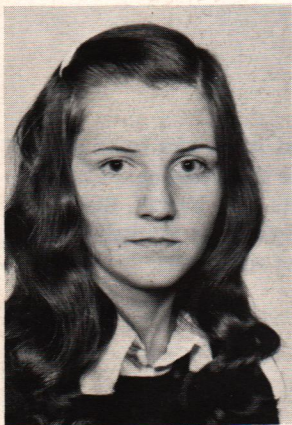
DEBBIE WHEELER was created short in Sumerford, Newfoundland on March 30, 1959. Those in the know bet that the first words to escape her lips were probably "Buzz Off". Debbie's big ambition is to get all her ambitions straight in her head, namely J.L.



"Here come da judge" was heard when VERN OLDFORD bombed Norris Point on February 5, 1957. He wantst to be a dentist. Vern hates fashion shows and goes ape over girls, cars and football.

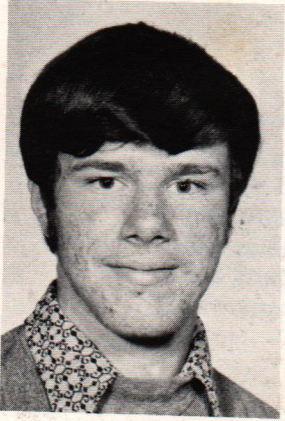


BARRY CHAULK first visited Brookfield, Newfoundland on June 8, 1958. He enjoys movies, snowmobiles and girls. Chaulky hopes to become a brain surgeon.

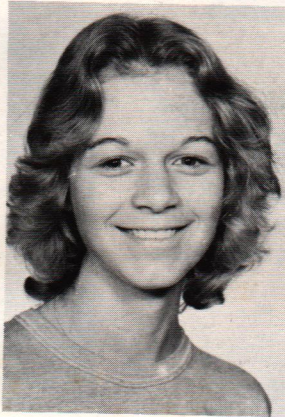


BERNADINE O'NEILL landed in St. John's, Newfoundland on October 6, 1958. Bernie's main ambition is to pass grade eleven and then go on to be a successful housewife. She enjoys sports, dancing, reading and Henry. Her pet peeve is waking up during Economics class.

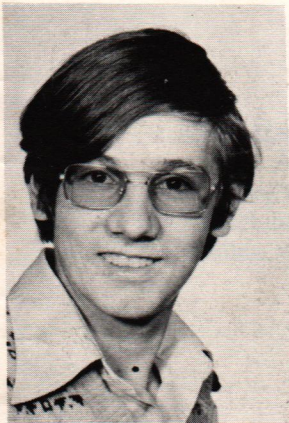
LYNN BARRON: Bubbles wandered into St. John's General in 1958 on December 13th to be exact. She's gonna be a nurse (Help!) and gets off on figure skating – man she's got the figure.



In Glasgow, Scotland on January 29, 1959 STUART MARTIN asked how much the delivery would cost. Father Laredo has ripped off a ham radio and plays golf. He says he'll be a surgeon, and will probably wake up his patient (victim!) for money half-way through an operation.



DARLENE McKIEL opened her form on December 1st, 1958 in Moncton, New Brunswick. She wants to, get this, do the right thing, the right way, at the right time. Darlene's interests include Ron Hunt, painting, sewing, sports and body art.

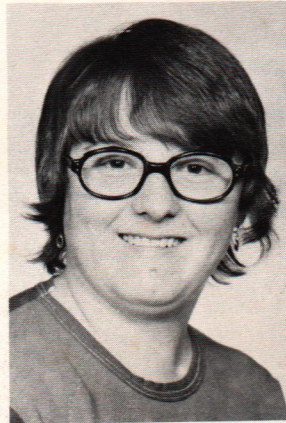
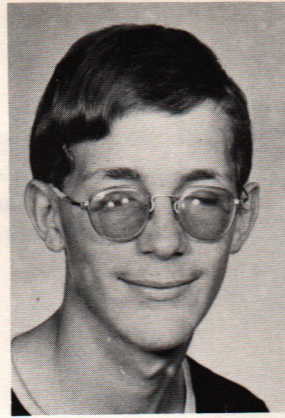


On the 15th, of May 1958 a loud cry of "Over here Gord, I'm in the clear" rocked Stephenville, Newfoundland. That was MARK MARCH'S battle-cry. His ambition is to be an accountant, although he'll probably end up water-boy on the school team. His interests are all sports, girls, music and motorbikes.

SANDRA ACKERMAN slid into Wareham, Newfoundland on the 13th day of August, 1957. The first sound she uttered was probably "G'wan, Taylor". Her ambition is to study shorthand and typing, but her hands are too short for typing. She enjoys sports, T.V. and hates Earth Science.

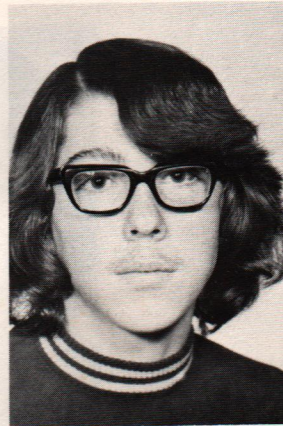


A catastrophe named BOB CARTER struck Collingwood, Ontario on September 13, 1958. Sleepy likes sports and wants to be a Major in the Forces (how about a private in the latrine?).



Red Bay, Labrador was the scene of a disturbance when all the populace was called to the hospital to observe JEANETTE YETMAN. Her ambition is to be a Lab. Technician but will probably be studied instead. Her interests are cooking and crocheting.

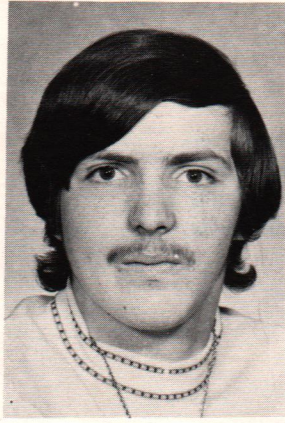
On May 2, 1958, Stephenville Crossing, Newfoundland was burdened with the birth of KENNETH NELSON SHERREN. His ambition is to become a psychologist, but he'll probably end up under the care of Lynne. Ken says he enjoys sports and student council activities, but Lynne knows better.



Lanse - Eau - Clair, Labrador rocked to the tune of EILEEN CHUBBS on October 26, 1958. She likes dancing, music and reading. Eileen is gonna be an airline hostess - Asiatic Slave Traders.

Woodstock, Ontario's day of infamy was June 16, 1958 when SUE ABERCROMBIE came to be. She hopes to become a teacher. Travelling, music and people are Abby's Bags.

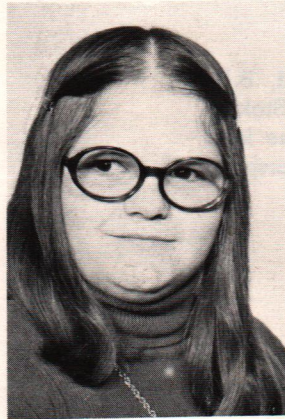




**DANNY MISSION:** June 6, 1958 will go down in the history of the first Sept.-Iles Zoo as the date of the first escape of a 'chimpanzee'. Banana likes sports, girls, and driving cars. His ambition is to get as far as possible without getting caught - fat chance!



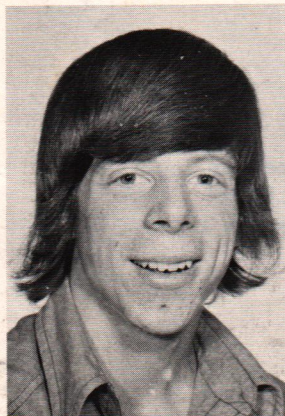
**LINDA MESSERVEY:** The second of two disasters at Stephenville Crossing happened on October 17, 1958. Mess wants to be a nurse, and is interested in curling and basketball.



St. John's went through one of the biggest earthquakes ever on June 3, 1958 when **VALERIE STEVENSON** was born saying "out of my way". Babysitting, tobagganing and walking are her hobbies. Her ambition is to be a secretary.



**SHARON RAYMOND** hit Montreal with a thud on November 1st, 1957, saying "Where's Rob?". Sharon enjoys working with kids. Her interests are reading, dancing, babysitting, soccer, tennis, sailing, skating and most of all Robin Hunt.



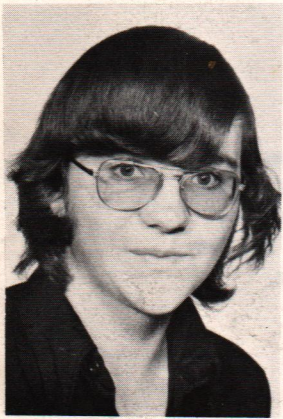
"Aw, come on ref, wake up!" rocked Scherferville, Quebec on September 16, 1958. **DAVE HONSBERGER** was, of course, referring to the penalty he had just gotten. Hockey-freak's ambition is to be a lawyer, or, to need one. His interests include hockey, soccer, basketball, badminton, cross-country skiing and running (to the principal's office).



RICK TILLEY first reved up his Yamaha on September 29, 1958 in St. John's, Newfoundland. His ambition is to be a mechanic but he'll probably end up digging ditches. His interests include soccer, floor hockey and girls.



Smokey the Bear visited Moncton, N.B., on May 24, 1958. LYNN STEEVES collects stamps and reads'em. As ya mighta guessed, she's gonna be a forest conservationist - that's why she bought a chain saw.



PAUL STOKES was born at Brookfield, B.B., Newfoundland on February 9, 1956. Stokesy will probably return there to marry the local exotic dancer. He enjoys parties, motorsports and women and he hopes to be a welder.



LYNN JANES created havoc upon her entrance into the world at Botwood, Newfoundland on February 28, 1958. Lynn wants to be a beautician and as long as Harvey agrees, that's what she will be.

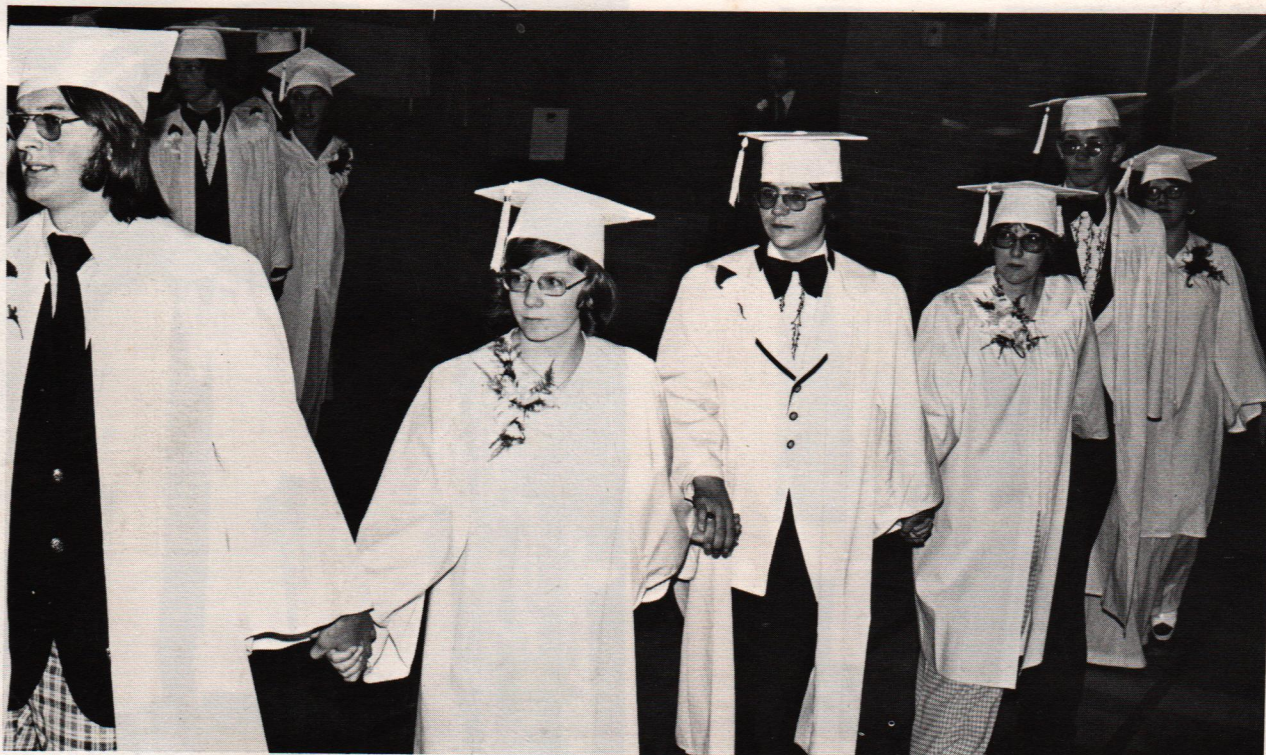


TONY WEAVER hit Toronto, driving a mail van, on July 8, 1956. His interests are hockey, basketball and 'somebody'. Tony hopes to become a heavy equipment repair man.

# FLIGHT INTO THE FUTURE



The graduating class in full regalia.



The grand march in progress.



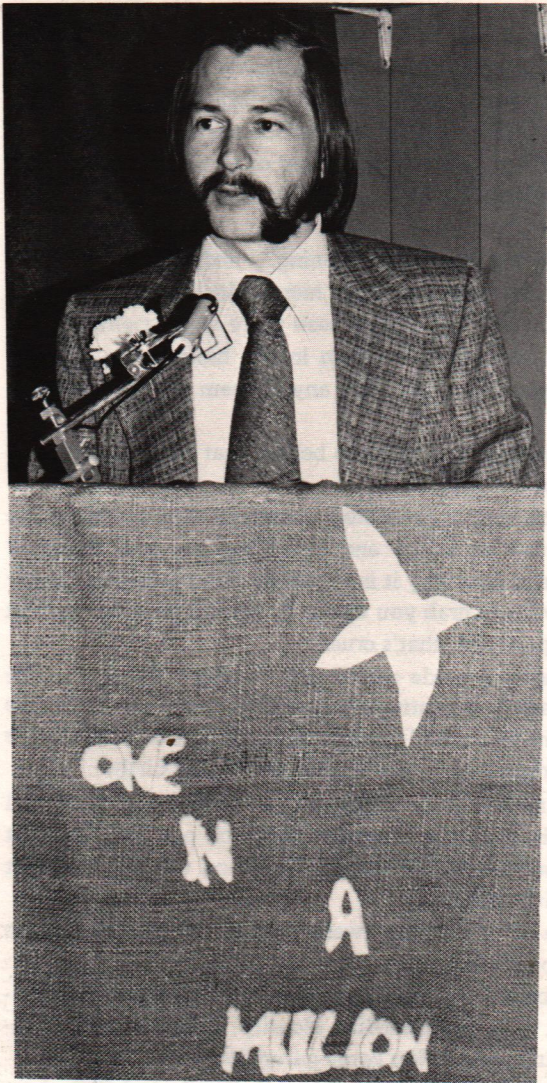
The first dance of the evening.



The dapper Mr. Carter turns away.



Eileen Chubbs and Dave Honsberger lead the Grad March.



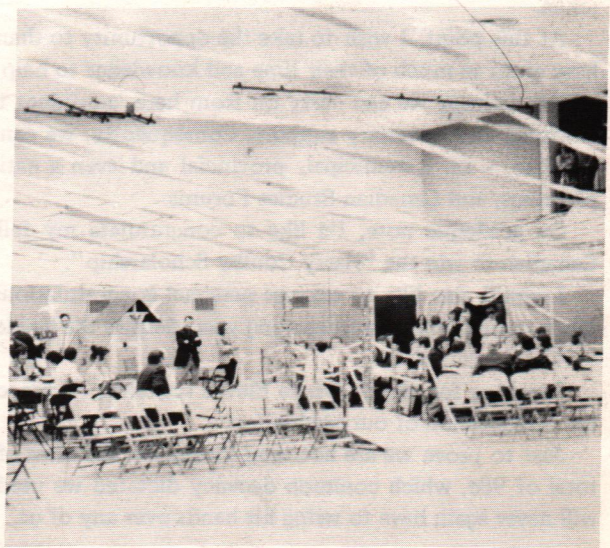
Mr. Butt at the podium.



Rick O'Niell and Gail Porter cut the cake.



The people before.



The gym before.

# VALEDICTORY



At previous graduations, it has been the duty of the class valedictorian to say good-bye to the "hallowed halls of learning".

As one who entered J.R. Smallwood Collegiate in the very first Grade One, I feel I have the right to question that phrase.

Hallowed? Perhaps to some, but those of us who made the long journey to the principal's office beg to differ with that term of reference.

Now, to get to the "Halls of learning", and I grant you, from observation, that this part may have merit. Much has been learned in those halls. In fact, there have been more experiments carried out in the halls over the years than in the biology lab – and I doubt if Mr. MacDonald could grade any of them much better than C-minus.

Speaking of Biology, I've come to believe that we are a fetus not once, but twice in our lives.

The first womb kept us protected, warm and secure until nature ungraciously forced us, naked and trembling, out into the cruel world. I've reasoned now why it is so called: when someone twenty times your size waits to grab you upside down and proceeds to beat a tattoo on your posterior, that's cruel!

School and home provide the second "womb". There, too, we are protected, warm and relatively secure throughout our formative years, but this time we have all the care and guidance of our teachers and parents to prepare us for the second and harder birth.

We will let nature rest, while we, through hard work and initiative, struggle to join the outside world on our own. At least we have the opportunity, this time, to stand on our own two feet and exit with a little dignity!

And if there is something twenty times our size out there waiting, let's hope it's in a cage.

Seriously, though, the transiency existing in Wabush has produced within us, a unique Canadian identity. Tolerance and learning to relate to one another has come naturally.

During the Eleven years I've spent in J.R. Smallwood Collegiate, many friendships nurtured as the two separate school systems for Catholic and Protestant denominations gradually and peacefully in-

termingled. Now, the school is only one step away from total integration. It seems a shame that this step may never be taken.

At this point, I wish to take the opportunity to thank, on behalf of my fellow grads, all the teachers and parents who have given so much of their time and knowledge to help us reach this important phase of our lives.

Let us hope we can carry on from here, confident that we have had the best you had to offer in terms of facilities, teaching, and necessary support. Consequently, we can feel equally confident that we too have some of the best there is to offer – on a municipal, provincial and even a national level, for instance, in sports competitions, school exchange programs, and Canadian Studies Forums.

On academic note, I'd like to congratulate my fellow graduate and close friend, Stuart Martin for being the first Canadian to win the "Harry Coulby Scholarship".

I would also like to express personal congratulations to someone who graduated a long time ago, but did a fantastic job in completing this frustrating year, despite the headaches, tantrums and near nervous breakdowns.

Thank you, Mom.

Speaking for all the Grade Eleven students, I'd especially like to thank Mr. Butt for all the time and effort he put into the organization of our graduation.

Just to prove we are not total losses, we, the Class of '75, have pooled our multiple resources and come up with a sum total of 98¢, which common decency dictated we used for a bottle of hand lotion, a small token in hopes that Mr. Rose will never again have to wring his hands over any of us.

Thank You,  
Susan Abercrombie,  
Valedictorian, Class of 1975