

GRADUATION



Class of '76 in full regalia.



Grad King '76 Butch Barron.



Grad Queen '76 Bev Pearce.



Dance of the grads?



Grad and Grad.



Grad and parent.



Grad and date.

LAST WILLS AND TESTAMENTS

I, Jose Arruda, of sound mind and neatly combed hair leave my comb to Mr. Collins (he needs it).

I, Brian Barnes, leave my ability to do Algebra questions wrong and convince Mr. MacCara that it's right to the grade 11's of next year, and to Mr. Shepard's hair I leave my deepest sympathies.

I, Butch Barron, being of unsound mind and running body leave the toilet unflushed.

I, Mike Beauregard, of very sound body and no mind at all do hereby leave my broken golf tees to Mouse Gage and all my books and notes to the biggest bonfire I can find.

I, Gerald Carter, of corrupt mind and useless body, leave, gratefully.

I, Marilyn Chubbs, willingly leave all my Physics headaches to the grade 10 students and my second counting in Chemistry class to any other desperate student.

I, Gary Dean, after a year of misery and complete indoctrination, leave all my suppressors - Mr. Babin, Mr. Cull, Miss MacCardle, Mr. MacCara - with a lifetime pass to where teachers gather - the Waterford Hospital in St. John's.

I, Anthony Feretycki, leave Walter Joy my bike because he looks like he could use the exercise, my books to an empty outhouse in Newfoundland, and to Larry Hennessey my turntable and decrepit speakers.

I, Kevin Fletcher, leave my messy, dirty lockers to the next guy, and to Mr. Cull I leave my last world politics questions in my best hand writing.

I, Mark Fletcher, leave to the student body a common interest to abolish the present system, to the administration my deepest regrets, to Wavey my seat at the old desk, to anyone who wishes my seat at student council.

I, Shaun Gage, of nil brain and small body hereby leave Gary Porter my broken gold irons and my greatest curling ability to Steve Hunt.

I, Val Goodyear, in sound mind and very little body hereby leave my tongue to the speechless.

LAST WILLS AND TESTAMENTS

I, Anna Hayward, being of supposedly sound mind and body do hereby bequeath to all the Grade 11's of '76-'77 all the extra happiness I had in my grade 11 year. Also to Mr. Kelly I leave my Economics chapter tests so he won't have such a difficult time with the next class.

I, Gary Hayward, in sound mind and questionable body (?) hereby leave my moustache to Mrs. Jesseau.

I, Frank Hearn, consisting of little body and littler mind, leave all my excuses for Homework not done in my locker for the next "hanger" around J. R. S. C.

I, Larry Hennessey, not being; leave my speaking ability to j-j-j-joe, not to mention my 40-minute lines to Mrs. Jesseau.

I, Pauline Howard, being of sound mind and short legs do hereby leave my ability to play volleyball to Maureen March or someone else who can reach the top of the net.

I, Peggy Howard, leave to the diliquents still unfortunate enough to darken the halls of this institute of education, my old age and extreme height. I also leave my battered physics books for some poor student who falls for Mr. Sheppard's con- job as I did.

I, Walter Joy, of sound mind and body hereby do leave . . . (period).

I, Sheila Kennedy, being of unstable mind and body do hereby leave my under-developed brain to Mr. Babin, and my worn-out smile to next year's grade elevens for use in obtaining higher marks from some of the teachers.

I, Pam MacWilliams, do hereby leave all my finances to Louise Rogers who is in desperate need of a brace job, hopefully she will return the favor and to Holly I leave all my volleyball skill, Lord knows she needs it.

I, Valerie Marshall, hereby leave my books and place in school to anyone who wants it. I hope they enjoy it as much as I did.

I, Lydia Moores, leave all my problems in Physics for Mr. Sheppard to remember me by.

I, Thora Osmond, hereby leave J. R. S. C. wishing that all the people still inside won't look at the time cause then it will go faster.

LAST WILLS AND TESTAMENTS

I, Audrey Ozon, do hereby leave the classification of "student" with the hope of gaining a new and more spiritually fulfilling one.

I, Judy Parsons, being of insane mind and extra wide body, hereby leave the lucky grade 10's another beautiful year of hard work.

I, Ron Parsons, leave this school with less knowledge than when I entered.

I, Bev Pearce, of sound mind and skinny body leave school in hope of having more time to eat.

I, Rodney Pike, being of sound (?) mind leave: to Mr. MacCara a can of Carlton badminton shuttles, to Thora a glass of water and to Pam I leave my body.

I, Sharon Pitcher, being of sound mind and body since I left, leave the frustrations of both economic and physic courses to the coming Grade 11's.

I, Louise Rogers, leave my extra tooth to Pam MacWilliams who is missing one in front.

I, Freddy Saunders, leave my clothes to whoever it fits, my body to Louise Rogers (cause I knew she would love to have it).

I, Reg Sherren, do hereby leave my gym shorts to some unfortunate sop who hopefully has a cold.

I, Susan Taylor, do hereby leave all my lockers to the school, one quart of milk for Mr. Gamblin on E. P. A. , my congratulations to Mr. Sheppard, this yearbook till next year and this school.

I, Mary Weaver, of sound mind and questionable (?) body hereby leave my long legs to Donna Little.

I, Avlon Whalen, hereby finish school never to return.

I, Lorraine Whitehorne, leave to the graduates of 1977 all the pains and arguments of organizing the grad dance.



Start of procession.



As we go round



and around



Loop of air chain



to the windmill



Brian Barnes
Grace



Mark Fletcher
Student Council
Vice President



Susan Taylor
Class valedictorian

Mr. Wayne MacDonald
Guest Speaker



Lorraine Whitehorne
and Larry Hennessey
Cutting of grad cake





Mr. Ray Rose
Principal



Mr. Pat Furlong
Principal



Mr. Ian MacCara and Mrs. E. Furlong



Dr. J.J. Hearn
Chairman



Mr. A. Bradshaw
Chairman

VALEDICTORY

Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. MacDonald, Fellow Graduates:

"As you know, tonight, we as graduates enter a new season in our lives. Through the years we will be continually changing like the seasons and passing through the transition on our own. And so, the graduating class felt that the 'seasons' was an appropriate theme for our graduation.

These past years that we have been growing together in this school have been good years. We have all enjoyed our springtime at J. R. Smallwood Collegiate, and to me, it has been a memorable experience to share this with my fellow graduates.

This our spring, has been the time when our seeds have been sown. The growing and harvesting of our other seasons depends on how well the seeds of this, our spring, have been sown.

For in our world the seasons change and everything has a time and a season.

To everything there is a season and a time for every purpose under heaven.

A time to be born and a time to die,

A time to plant and a time to pluck up that which is planted,

A time to weep and a time to laugh,

A time to mourn and a time to dance,

A time to cast away stones and a time to gather stones together.

Through our lives, the friends we have made will always seem close and if they are forgotten then these years will be lost.

People like Kung Fu Fred, Our loveable RP, and Mouse Gage may lose their appropriate nicknames once we leave. However, there is still some doubt in our minds whether or not Francis Barron will ever lose the name "Butch".

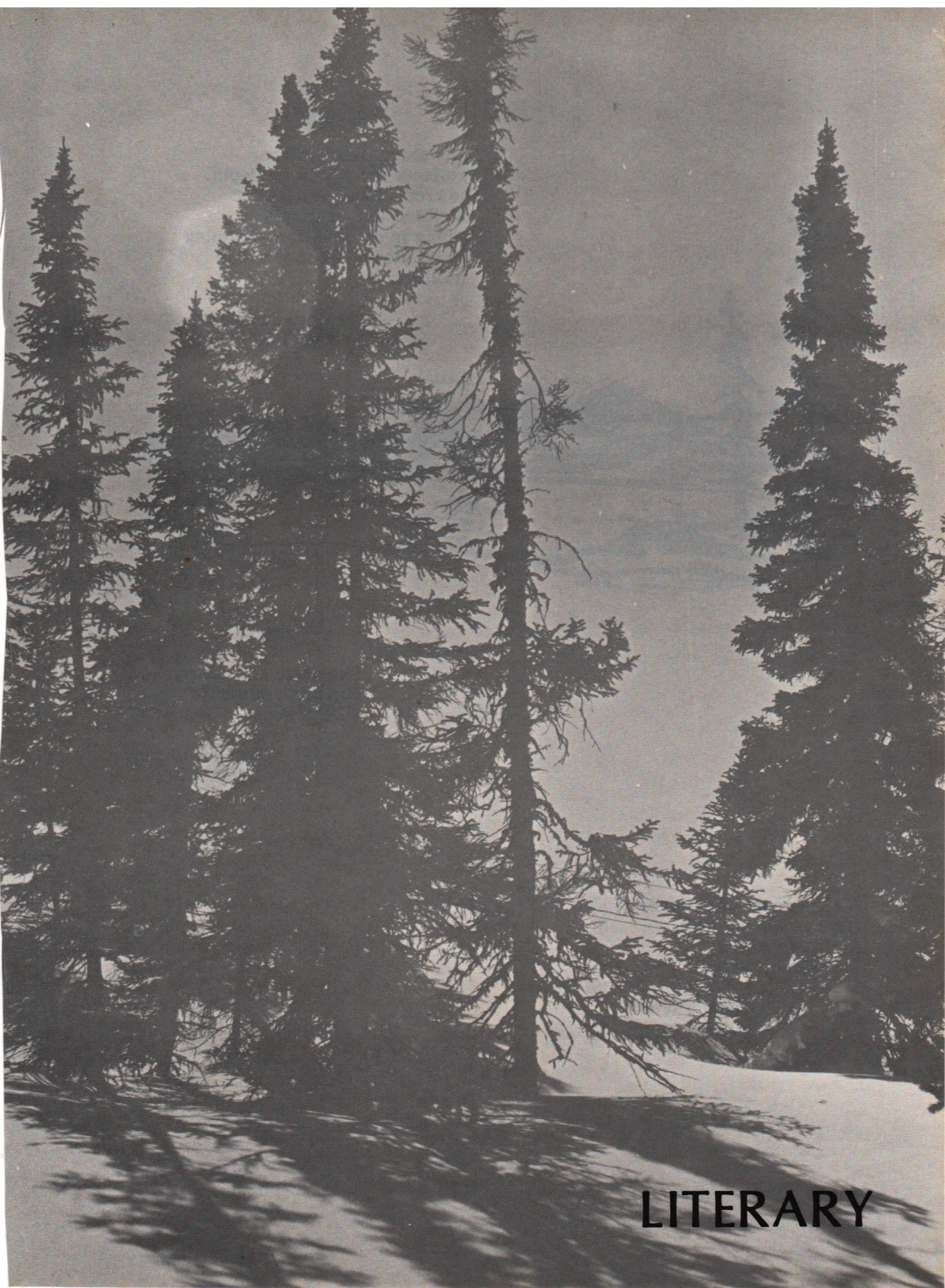
All our friends as they were, will remain implanted in the warm corridors of our memories long after our spring has ended, and though we may wander far, we will never forget.

It is impossible for us to try and properly thank all those who have contributed to this most important season of our life, our years of education here at J. R. S. C.

This is not because we do not appreciate the time and effort that all our teachers, our parents, our friends and each other have contributed, but because we could never show enough appreciation to possibly express the gratitude that we feel is deserved by all those who made it all possible.

Thank you very much. "

Susan Taylor
Valedictorian
Class of 1976

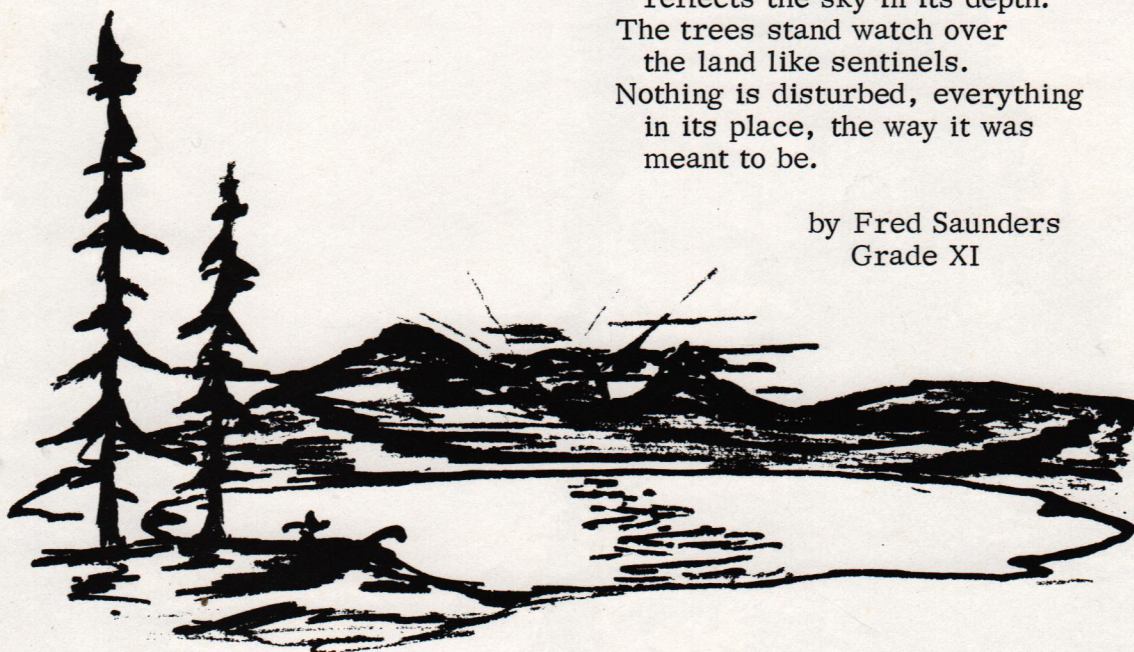


LITERARY

"Borealis"

The water, like a mirror
reflects the sky in its depth.
The trees stand watch over
the land like sentinels.
Nothing is disturbed, everything
in its place, the way it was
meant to be.

by Fred Saunders
Grade XI



"School"

The death of children
The birth of adults
A beginning.

by Gail Murley
Grade IX

A classroom of children,
hands waving high,
A cluster of kids,
waving good bye.

by Debbie Taylor
Grade X

Silence!
Buses coming.
Crowded halls, Noise.
Chalk on blackboards.
Lockers slamming doors.
Silence!

by Les Janes
Grade X



"Teachers"

See how they teach
With a belt and stick.
See how they yell
With their mouths open wide
You can see what's inside.
But before you can say
"chocolate bars with chocolate munchos"
Their mouths are closed.
Teachers may act terrible and mean,
But inside they're like a jelly bean
Nice, soft and sweet.

by Dawn Adam
Grade VI

"The North"

The North, the North,
It brings me forth
Across a frontier of snow.
Year by Year
It draws me near,
Each time I come and go.

The Life, the Life
It pierces like a knife
For all those animals that live.
What has this race?
What has this place?
To hold the things that give.

To freeze, to freeze
It makes me sneeze
When I get a cough or cold.
I love one thing,
And that is Spring.
For it forms a special mold.

So come, so come
Wherever you're from,
To this land of beauty and grace.
This place can hold
The things foretold
With all its land and space.

by Cathy Troke
Grade VI



"Life"

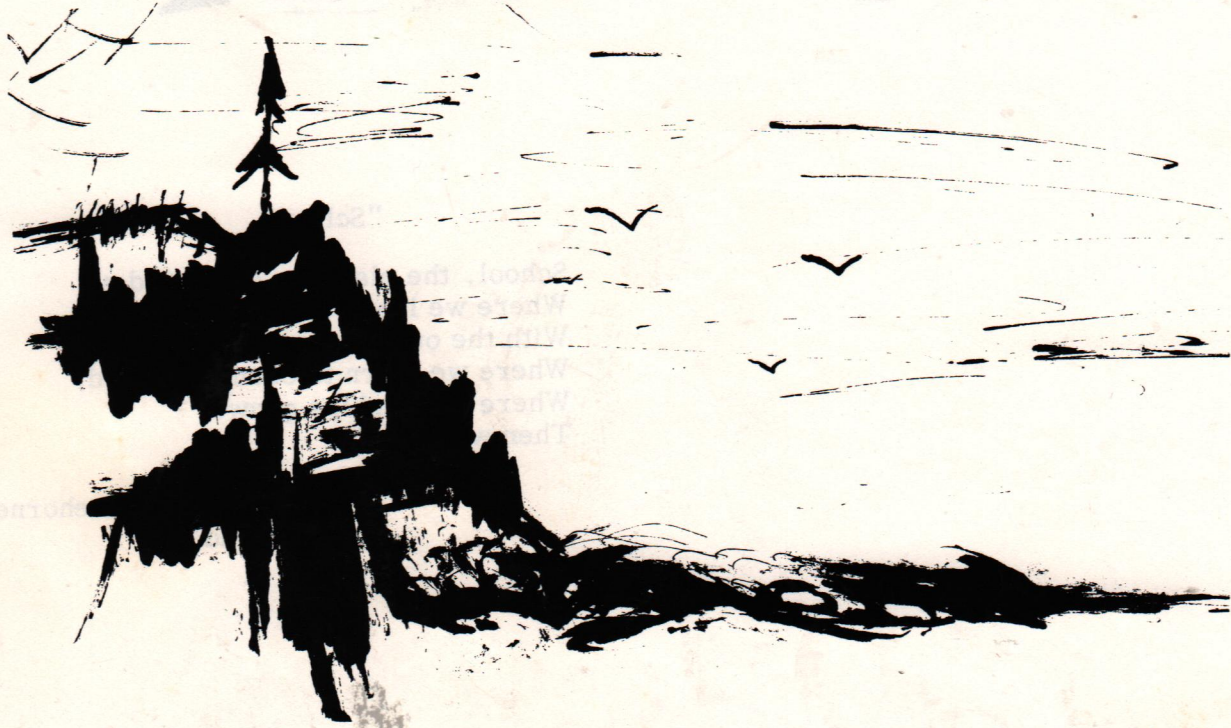
I had the courage for two.
I was stronger than you.
I have your tears
I live only to carry your burdens on me.

Now I'm a breeze in the wind
Now I'm a wave in the sea.
Now I'm a flame in the wind.

I am now in that stage of life,
That what ever life has prepared for me,
I shall have to take.
Life, why did you abandon me?
I have a thousand reasons why you shouldn't have.
What did I do that was so wrong?
Life, you screamed into the world,
The deep sympathy you had for me.

Now I'm a flame of anger,
In that stage of life you prepared for me.
Life, why did you abandon me?
I have a thousand reasons why you shouldn't have.
What did I do that was so wrong?
Life, you screamed into the world,
The deep sympathy you had for me.

by Joe Pileggi
Grade IX



"School's Reality"

The long dragging out of the hours.
The coldhard halls, the hard work.
Hot in summer, cold in winter
But all of a sudden it's over.
And you miss those warm soft
Corridors of your memory.

by Scott Taylor
Grade X



"School"

School, the place we go each day
Where we learn to cope
With the outside world,
Where we learn to count and read,
Where friendships grow.
Then we leave!

by Loretta Whitehorne
Grade X

"An Indian's Decision"

And so the chief,
Climbed the mountain,
Sat on a rock,
And wondered,
And looked serene,
And thought of what he should do.
The wind was slow,
Barely blowing wild flowers
While he thought of a surrender,
And then he remembered,
And thought of the sorrow,
And vanquished the thought.
Then he stood up,
Faced the once owned valley of the Sioux,
His eyes turned dark,
And he heard the wind soar,
And saw the flowers stand strong!
And decided what he should do.
Then he walked slowly down the mountain.



by Clara Jean Howard
Grade VIII



"Far in the North"


Far in the north
Where the polar bears roam
Over snow covered plains
To them it's their home.

Where the seals lay so still
In the ice packs so thick
Where the hunters come by
Killing each with a stick.

As the night grows cold,
And the sky becomes clear,
The plains are so empty,
There's not much to fear.

by Debbie Beason
Grade IV





"Northern Lights"

Flickering through the night,
I watched the stars in flight,
Changing from green to white,
Then fading into the night.

I sat and looked at all
The green, grey, and bold,
I then watched with sorrow,
As the lights flickered into tomorrow.

by Ron Parsons
Grade XI

