

THE SUPER SEVENTIES 1974 - 1975

Goat the move to metric
 IN THE aaron breaks Starsky &
CRAB & babe's record Hutch
 aerosol sprays BARYSHNIKOV Pink
 harm ozone DEFECTS Panther
 layer NIXON REIGN = *The Hustle*
 U.J. PRESIDENT FORD *MEMORIES...*
Stealers win 2 Super Bowls WERE: JIMMY
 CHIANG KAI-SHEK DIES WELCOME HOPPA
 Get down, K.C. **BACK KOTTER** MISSING
 tonite and aristote
HEIRESS the Sunshine Band *Onassis*
BARRY MANILOW - Mandy
PATTY HEARST KIDNAPPED Dies
 FLYERS TRILLA IN "LOCOMOTION"
 win CUP MANILA Trudeau wins
 "People" *Olivia Newton-John* & majority
 magazine *John Sullivan dies* rhoda
 The hits stands WITHDRAWAL IN
Sting GOLDA SERPICO SINAI **LIVE**
ALL'S MEIR RESIGNS ~ TALKIN'
get Grey Cup - 75 *ram* Comedian
 SEASONS In the SUN LOVE WILL * Jack Benny
 KEEP US TOGETHER Dies
THE EXORCIST INTERNATIONAL
 REDS BEAT RED
 SOX IN SERIES... **WOMEN'S YEAR**

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The Sign of the Times

The pulsating 70's are on their way out,
They've brought many changes without a doubt.
To human intelligence I give an apology,
For look at the advances made in technology.

Conceiving a baby is a natural action,
That has been reduced by quite a huge fraction.
Artificial insemination is one way maybe,
But now we've got the test tube baby.

The Beatles are no longer around,
A substitute music had to be found.
Disco's emerged and is now number one,
So get up and boogie, you're sure to have fun.

Hairstyles changed to a frizz from a tease,
Away with the curlers, a blow dryer please!
Have it long or short, tucked under or lifted,
The hairdressers today are truly gifted!

A show of legs covered the street,
For skirts and dresses were short and petite.
Now they're worn way below the knee,
There's not much leg for the men to see.

So now you see how time has flown,
Take a look at your children, my how they've grown!
So when an orange resembles a lime,
Just remember it's a sign of the time.

Lori Karpman

Our Decade

From Vietnam and Watergate,
The Ford and Carter debate,
The massive Brittany oil spill,
The Jonestown suicidal chill,
Elvis Presley's untimely death,
The test tube baby's commencing breath,
Patty Hearst and her bazaar case,
The U.S.-Russian weapons race,
The miraculous computer age,
The swine flu vaccination rage,
Alex Hailey and his Roots,
Cheryl Tiegs and her swim suits,
The glorious victory of the E.R.A.,
America's 200th birthday,
Secretariat and Seattle Slew,
Henry Aaron and Rod Carew,
The present crisis in Iran,
The Camp David long fought peace plan,
The two latest Popes John Paul,
Star Wars and Annie Hall,
Archie Bunker of New York,
Our newest visitor Mork from Ork,
The threat to Canada's unity,
South Africa's version of liberty,
E.L.O. and Fleetwood Mac,
To MacDonalds and their Big Mac Attack.

From nineteen seventy through seventy nine,
This decade shall forever be our time.

Glenn Saxe



SH'79

THE SIZE OF THE TYPES

In the pit of Cote St. Luc
Three storeys into the sky
An unconquerable capital "T"
Is disguised as Wagar High.

This structure and its yard
An institution so immense
Is very securely guarded
By a six-foot fence.

A main hangout Caldwell
Lies to the southeast
Where students thrive on skipping
And on junk food they do feast.

To the north lies Parkhaven Park
Where a Wagarite seldom roams
On the other sides of Wagar
Sit the old folks' homes.

The school may seem like a paradise
But behind those walls so stern
Lurks a truthful untold history
Of which you are about to learn.

The front entrance is well kept
Occasionally a window is broke
The side entrance is distinguishable
By its mushroom cloud of smoke.

Eight-thirty every morning
The bell rings for class
And now we take you through the doors
Of metal bars and glass.

Grade eights dash to class
The veterans take their time
No one dares be late
Committing the ultimate crime.

The bulletin is read
The teacher drinks her cup
Yawns fill the air
As the zombies are waking up.

Recess is fifteen minutes
Time for a quick smoke
Or a trip to the cafeteria
Where survival is no joke.

Five minutes between classes
To their lockers students race
Exchanging books and papers
At a hypersonic pace.

Fourth period goes slowly
All eyes are on the time
As the students anxiously await
That lunch-bell to chime.

Lunch in the cafeteria
Is quite a hectic scene
Food all over everything
The tables are never clean.

The food one buys is risky
And known to make strong men ill
The aftertaste is treacherous
And life expectancy's nil.

Food fights are common
Throwing cartons and rolls
Keeping a sharp eye out
As the lunch mummy patrols.

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“Please put your tray away
When you’ve finished eating
Or you’ll go to the Vice-Principal
For a very severe beating.”

The ticket wicket sells
Radio Wagar plays the best
The bands go to practises
And the basketball teams compete.

At three o’clock the day ends
We’ve made this look too sad
Actually Wagar High School
Isn’t all that bad.

The Student Council elections
Liven up September
Activities are being planned
For a year we’ll all remember.

Greaser Day’s a panic
With fifties music and dress
A sock-hop in the Gym
And a sticky Bubble Yum mess.

The sports teams are competing
Putting themselves to the test
And coming out on top sometimes
As the best teams in the west.

The Fashion Show’s a winner
With disco dance and threads
Wagar’s top models
See lots of turning heads.

The Beauty Pageant’s a laugh
As the guys give it their all
Making complete fools of themselves
And also having a ball.

Winter Carnival’s loaded
With lots of shows and events
The action’s at a climax
With a spirit one can sense.

The hypnotist, a movie
A variety show and more
We have a Royal Family
And a ski trip still in store.

The art class goes to New York
The band exchange is great
The prelude staff is busy,
Meeting the deadline date.

The activities are endless
There’s something for everyone
Wagar’s surely proved
That high school can be fun.

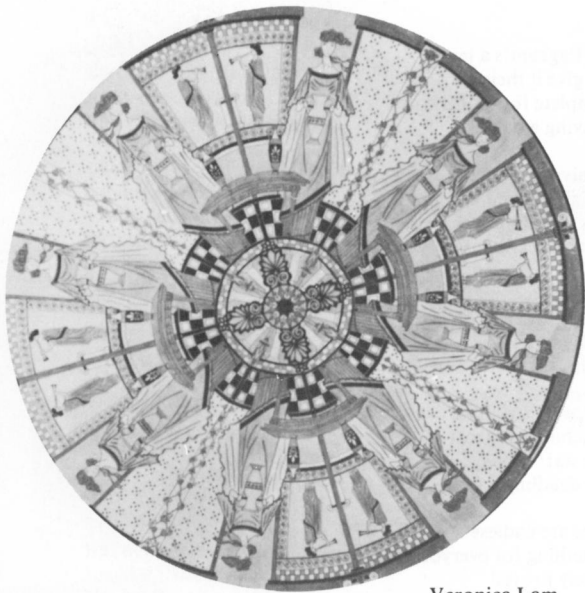
When May comes around
It seems the end is near
Students will be off to college
Others back next year.

The Grad is a celebration
Of four years so divine
This message we write to you,
The Class of ’79.

There were triumphs and losses
Laughter and tears,
We leave with a thousand memories
To be cherished for the rest of our years.

Best of luck to all our fellow grads,

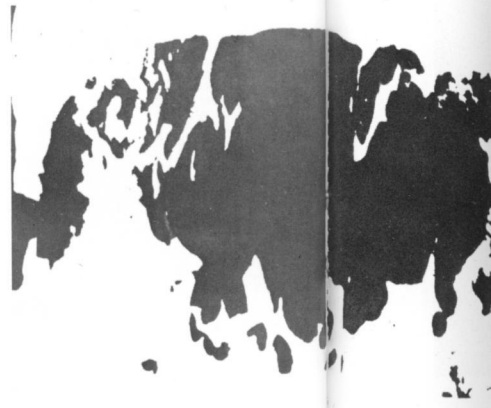
Howard Lis and Crayne Spanier



Veronica Lam



Billy Bloom



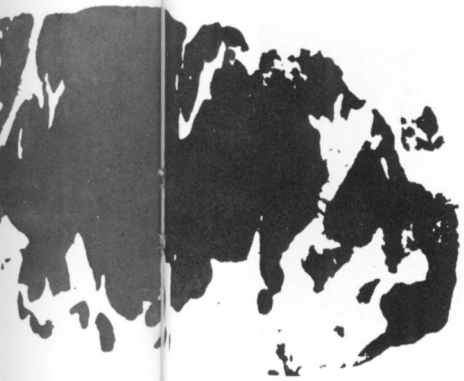
Warren Yane



Randy Sokoloff

Janice Diner





Paul du Berger



Monice Marcovici



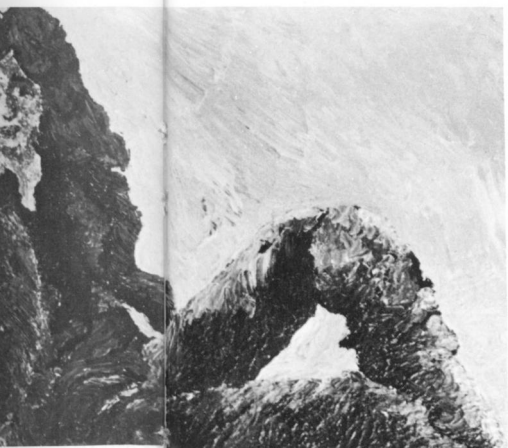
Kevin Segal



Sharon Koenig



Gail Agensky



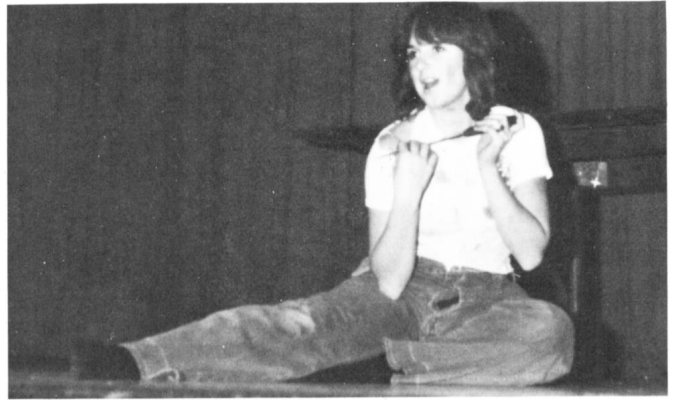
Susan Rudner

ART

D r a m a



Debby Cohen



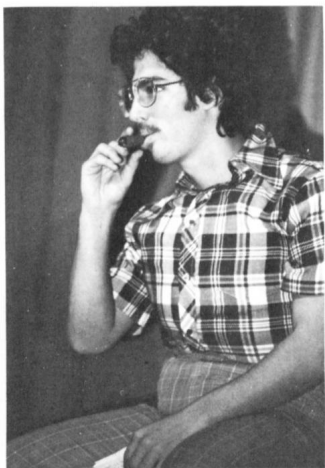
Jody Branman

Do you enjoy showing off? Do you sometimes imagine you are someone else? Are you interested in the mystery of the human psyche? Do you play the games people play? If so, you've probably been a member of a Developmental Drama class this year. You've probably enjoyed acting in skits, using your body to mime weird and wonderful things, and making up dialogue on the spur of the moment. Do you think Developmental Drama is a Mickey Mouse course? Do you like to cut down on "real" class work? Are you basically lazy? Then you too have probably taken Developmental Drama this year. You've missed a lot of classes and you've let down your peers when they needed you for a sketch . . . and you've driven your teachers crazy! Are you interested in working with other people — even people you don't know or don't like? Do you try to find a way to get on with even with the most difficult personalities? Is your ambition to be a full, warm, functioning, kind, cooperative human being? That's what Developmental Drama is really all about and we hope you have not only enjoyed the fun, but that you have discovered its hidden purpose! As far as your future is concerned, as they say in show biz; "Break a leg!"

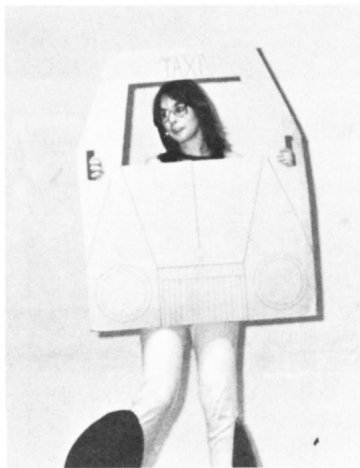
P. Rodriguez



Anne Levy

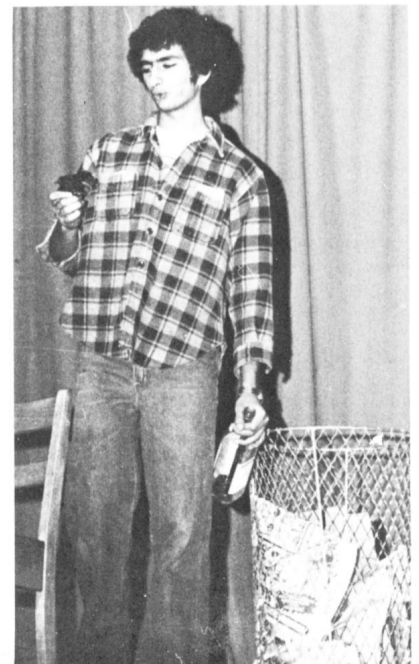


Bruce Gornitsky



Brenda Gossack

Israel Cohen



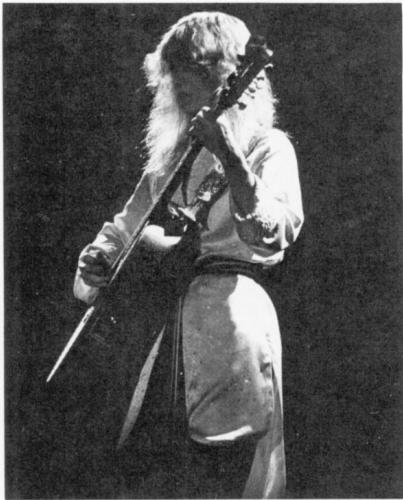
Photography



L. Goodfield



L. Goodfield



L. Goodfield



L. Goodfield



H. Lis



M. Fagan



M. Fagan

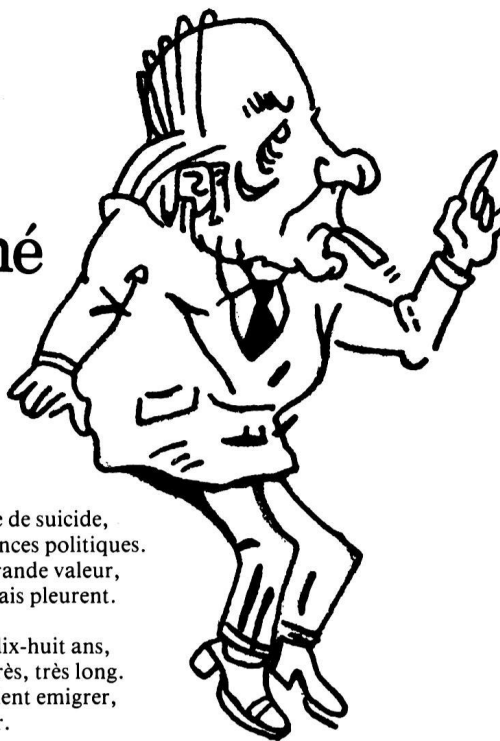


L. Goodfield

Rock Love by D. Flomen



Pauvre René



Dans sa bouche se trouve une forme de suicide,
Dans ses lignes de visage ses expériences politiques.
René Levesques est un homme de grande valeur,
Mais il ne sait pas pourquoi les anglais pleurent.

Le Parti Québécois n'a pas encore dix-huit ans,
Et son chemin d'indépendance est très, très long.
Les grands hommes du Québec veulent émigrer,
Et pauvre René commence à pleurer.

Robert Green



L'Indien

Je le regarde.
Cet indien qui travaille jour et nuit.
Qui parle aux rennes sans qu'ils fuient.
Qui part à la chasse pendant le jour.
Qui fait tomber la pluie au son d'un tambour.

Je le vois.
Cet indien qui se prépare pour la guerre.
Qui embrasse toutes ses femmes, ses petits enfants chers.
Qui aime la vie et toute la nature.
Qui respecte l'air frais et boit de l'eau pure.

Je le regarde.
Je le vois.
Je l'admire.

Flora-Lee Bendit

“Freedom”

“F-R-E-E-D-O-M”, the boys spelled the word out loud and then shook his head.
“Freedom? . . . but what does it mean?”

His grandmother gently took the book away from him.

“It’s something that people had when I was a little girl.”

“Why don’t people have it anymore? Oh, you can tell me,” he continued when she hesitated. “I’m sixteen and I understand most things now.”

“People . . . people don’t have it anymore because they threw it away.”

“Threw it away! What did it look like?”

“Oh, it wasn’t anything you could touch. Freedom, well freedom meant you could ‘do your own’ thing as we used to say.”

He laughed.

“Then how could you throw it away?”

“People just didn’t look ahead, or behind for that matter. The price of that was their freedom. Once the act was committed, those in power punished the innocent as well as the guilty.”

“When did all this happen?”

“I grew up in the seventies as you know. There had always been tension between the two cultures; but everyone thought it was under control. As the decade progressed the relations grew strained, but the first blow didn’t come until after the P.Q. had taken power. Things rapidly worsened soon after. Bill 101, referendum, separation, it was horrible at the end. We lost our freedom soon after.”

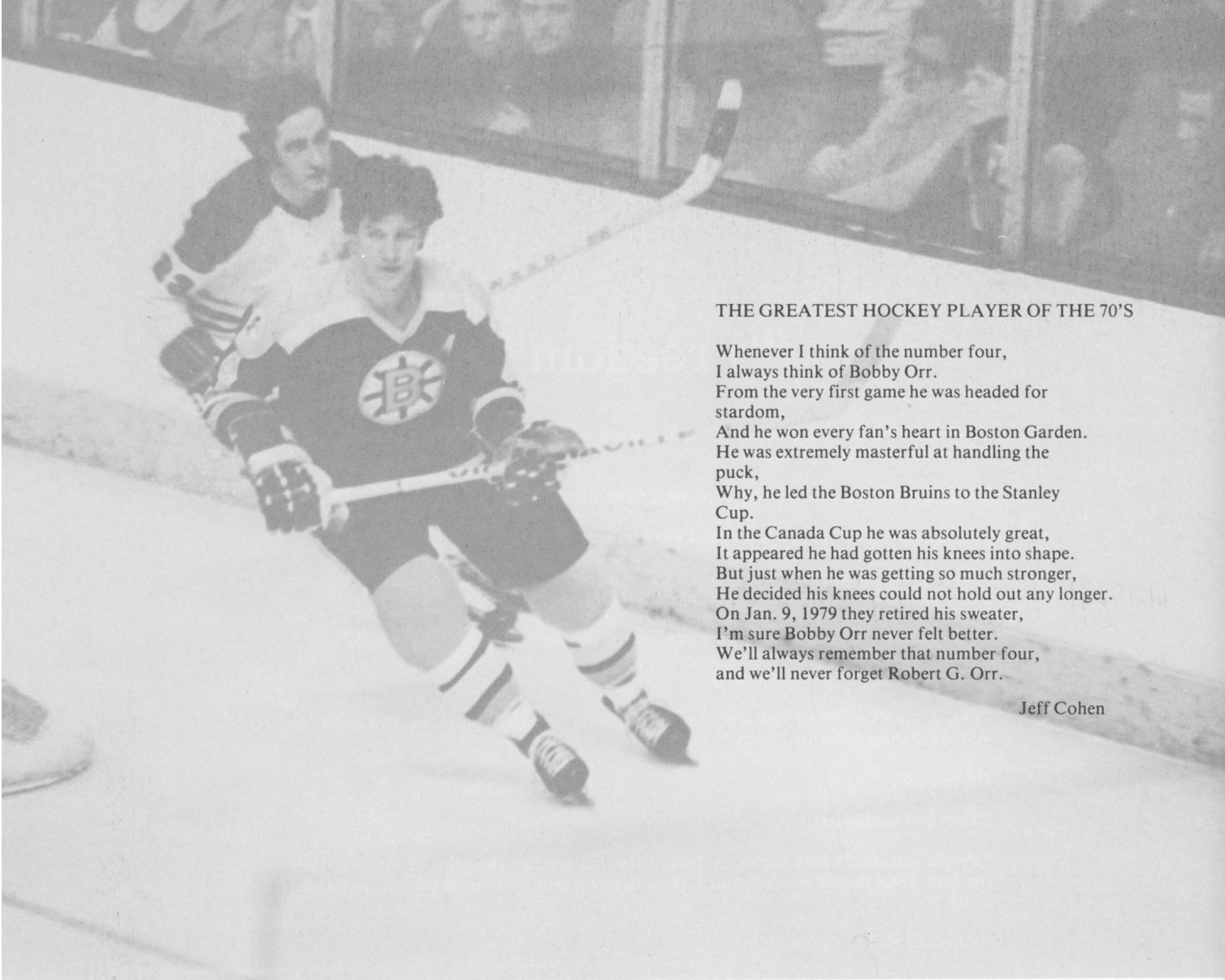
“Don’t you think it was our fault it happened?”

“I think it was more of a human nature error. Some people just can’t live together, so all around them suffer.”

She closed her eyes, the conversation was over. Promising to return soon, he kissed her good-bye. Closing the door softly behind him, he quickly found a telephone. Speaking curtly he said simply, “Non. Elle n’est pas coupable. Elle est de notre côté.”

It was all he could do.

Denise Theodore



THE GREATEST HOCKEY PLAYER OF THE 70'S

Whenever I think of the number four,
I always think of Bobby Orr.
From the very first game he was headed for
stardom,
And he won every fan's heart in Boston Garden.
He was extremely masterful at handling the
puck,
Why, he led the Boston Bruins to the Stanley
Cup.
In the Canada Cup he was absolutely great,
It appeared he had gotten his knees into shape.
But just when he was getting so much stronger,
He decided his knees could not hold out any longer.
On Jan. 9, 1979 they retired his sweater,
I'm sure Bobby Orr never felt better.
We'll always remember that number four,
and we'll never forget Robert G. Orr.

Jeff Cohen

A Musical Tribute to the Montreal Canadiens

Their records are undefeated,
Their players top the charts,
Their performances are memorable,
and breathtaking to our hearts.

This group has seen Hall of Famers,
Like Richard, Beliveau and Morenz,
Dick Duff and Boom Boom Geoffrion,
The Montreal Canadiens.

Their centers play the face-offs,
With much more skill than luck,
The goalies play the net,
And the defence play the puck.

The referee sings that whistle,
The team sings with soul,
When they rock and roll down the ice,
There's bound to be a goal.

The fans at the forum swing,
Cheering loud and clapping hard,
Guy Lafleur scored another one,
From Robinson and Savard.

Scotty and the boys have won,
More Stanley Cups to date,
Than Beatles had hit records,
In 1968.

They put on a show at the forum,
To which Bowie couldn't compare,
Their concerts get more ovations,
Than Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire.

Their legend will live forever,
And if history is any sign,
Our Canadiens will be stronger than ever,
When we whip 'em in seventy nine.

C. Spanier