

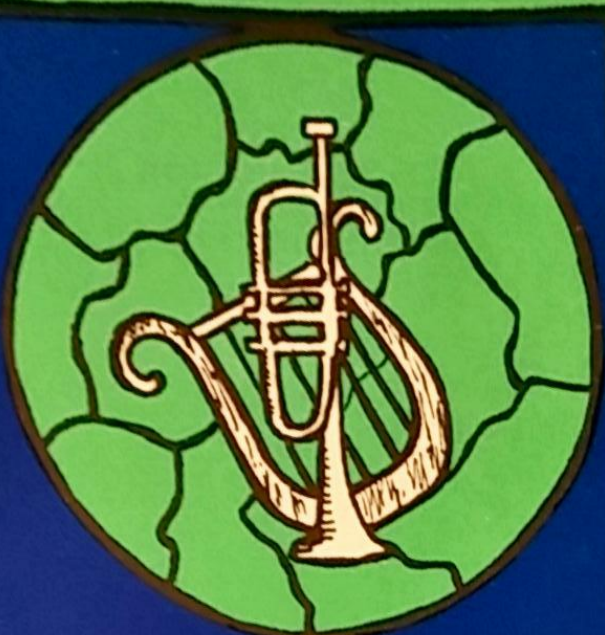


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PRELUDE

P R E L U D E





EDITORIAL

It has been said that every one of us has a little poetry in him. It may be further said that each of us has a sense of art and to the latter proposition we dedicate *Prelude 1967*. Art is surely the highest order of man, for regardless of a person's beliefs (religious or otherwise) he may worship beauty and be transported by it. And only through his creative instinct can man rise above and divorce himself, however briefly, from the confusion and absurdity of his existence. The promptings of that instinct produce images of a man's soul and reveal to him his deepest motivations, his secrets and desires. They lead him to his own interpretation of beauty and to the achievement of sanity and relevance in the ugly chaos around him. A work of art is the medium for the escape of the artist's spirit to freedom, in the most complete and meaningful sense of that worn-out word. It is an ultimate goal—dependent on all that came before it and led to it, yet whole and final in itself.

This role of art, of aesthetic achievement, if you will, transcends the differences between past and future; it survives the changes of time and progress. The age in which we are living has seen the greatest and fastest scientific and techno-

logical advancements. In reaction to this trend we are now experiencing mass glorification of the individual and a return to culture. "Art" is the cry of the new generation. This is a new art, the product of a society which has become "mass-ized" through mass education, mass media of communication and lesser, more banal manifestations of the same. It is not perhaps in the same class as are the works of the old masters or even of the "greats" and "greater" of fifteen or twenty years ago; and perhaps it has lost somewhat in quality what it has gained in popular appeal. Perhaps it is not a positive movement but only a response to the horrible prospect of "The Unknown Citizen" or worse still, merely the result of an increase in leisure time. Certainly we are too close to it to judge. But whatever it is, it is here and it is welcome. And *Prelude* pays tribute to all the roadside musicians and subway artists, to all first-time-last-time authors and contemplative youths, with its own meagre contribution to the new culture. We have adopted the motif of this new art in order to voice our approval and to encourage all its potential exponents. And that means you!

Sylvia Sayka

Editor-in-chief

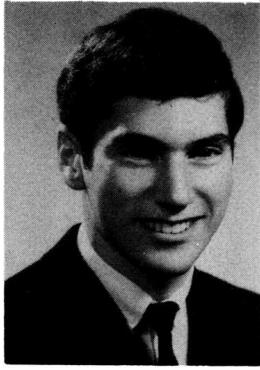
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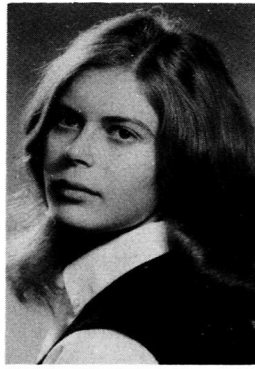
The greatest mystery is not that we have been flung at random between the profusion of the earth and the galaxy of the stars, but that in this prison we can fashion images of ourselves sufficiently powerful to deny our nothingness.

-André Malraux.

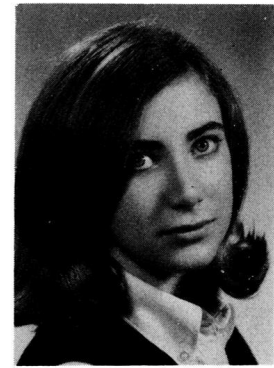
PRELUDE BOARD



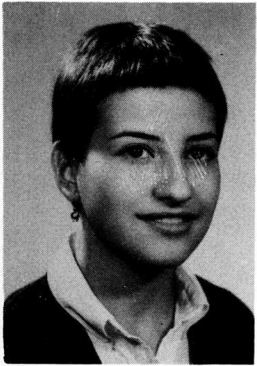
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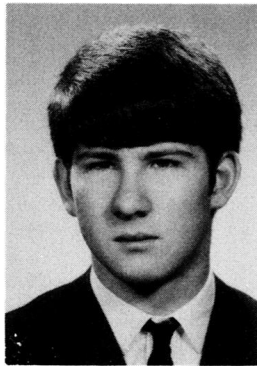
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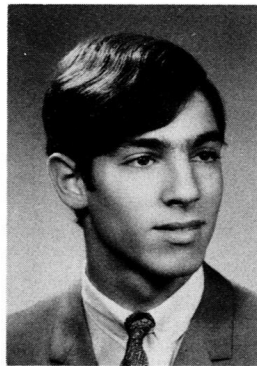
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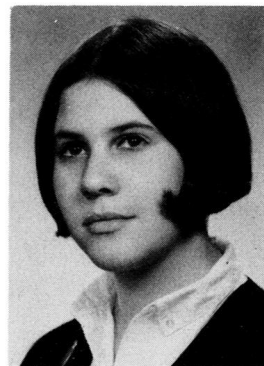
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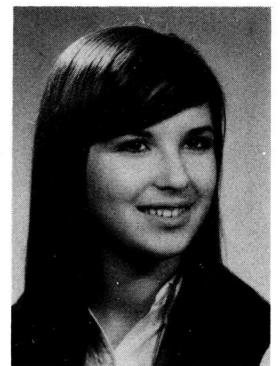
Gary Ticoll
Activities



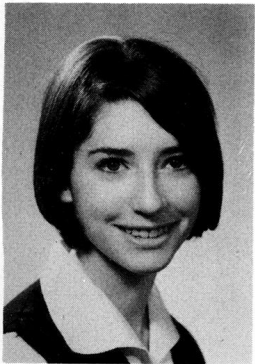
Cary Kitner
Advertising



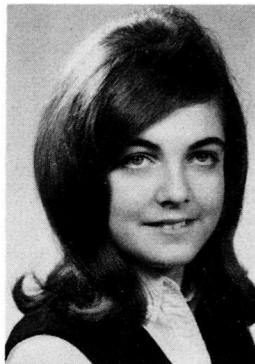
Cindy Chazan
Art



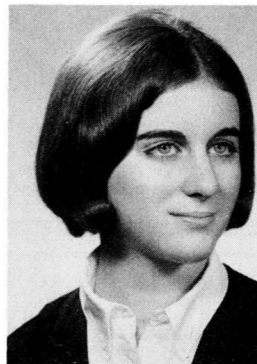
Annette Wolfstein
Art



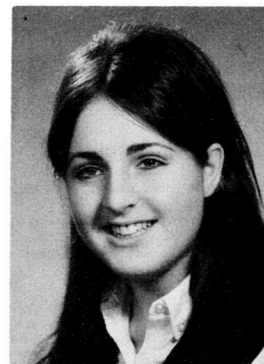
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Art



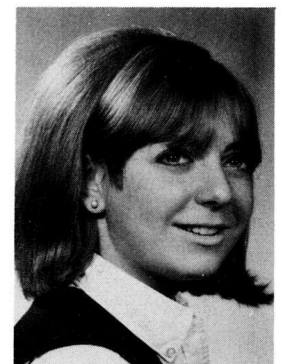
Ruth Libman
Features



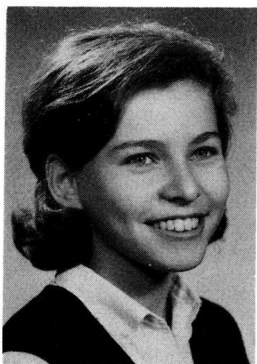
Barbara Sourkes
French



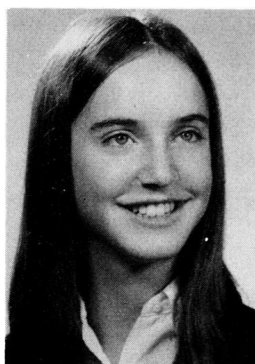
Annette Drabinsky
Graduates



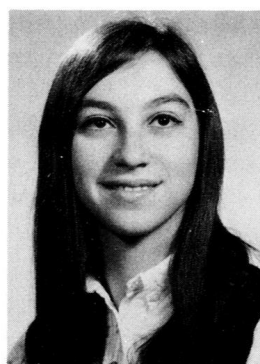
Evelyn Handman
Graduates



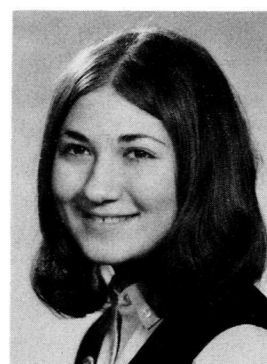
Irene Gutmann
Lay-out



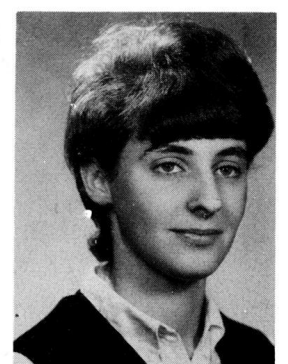
Dede Leibovitch
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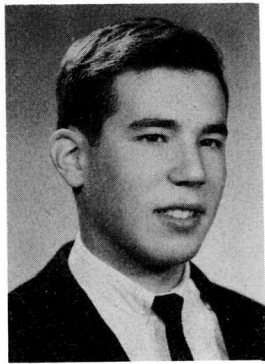
Deena Sacks
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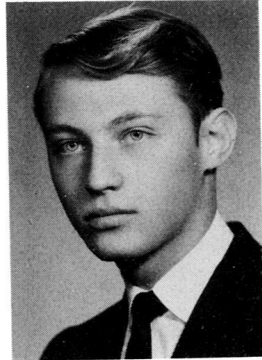
Ruth Rapkowski
Literary



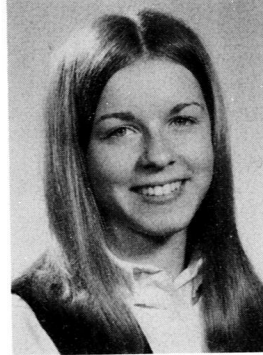
Ruth Rosenfield
Literary



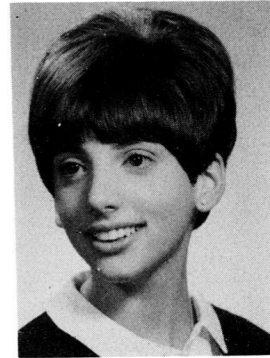
Bruce Singer
Photography



Kopel Smilovics
Boys' Sports



Karen Russman
Girls' Sports



Cheryl Rockman
Co-ordinator



Mrs. Schrier
Advisor

ASSISTANT EDITORS



Seated: Ronna Miller, Barbara Henneman, Brenda Chmielarz, Pat Barrow, Judy Kawalek. Standing: Michael Silverstein, Audrey Wolfe, Heather Freed, Stephen Schneiderman, Saul Surkis. Absent: Brenda Mendelson, Ella Schwartz, Sharon Walfish.



PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

Dear Graduates,

By the time you read this, Expo 67 will have opened, and we will be in the midst of our celebration of Canada's Centennial. What an exciting time to be young, for you are part of these historical events which will never occur again.

Looking back, you are well informed on what has happened in our nation over the past hundred years; looking forward, you can reasonably expect, thanks to future advances in medical science, to share in most of - perhaps all of - the next hundred years.

In the lifetime of your grandfather, we reached the modern scientific age; in your father's time, the technological advances of World War 2 period; and in your short lifetime, the space achievements. All of this covered approximately fifty years. What astounding things will the next half century bring?

One of the most interesting speculations is the early possibility of contacts with intelligent beings from elsewhere in the Universe. One cannot help but be aware of the growing and serious concern by governments and the Services over what are called Unidentified Flying Objects. When this contact is made, it

can well be, as General Douglas MacArthur said, the greatest experience of the human race.

When I was in High School I became an avid reader of Science Fiction. Most adults then considered such reading tastes as somewhat peculiar, and I am sure many of you in the same way and for the same reasons are smiling at my reference to visitors from outer space. But what I am really saying is that other events and experiences, almost as startling as this one, will certainly happen in the next twenty-five years, or even ten years. Are you prepared for them? Is your mind open for new concepts and phenomena, for the revelation of hidden forces of nature, and for the things of the spirit?

Because I have been closely associated with you during your four years at Wagar, I know that many of you have a good start on this preparation. You are thinking, and inquiring, not accepting the too easy answers of the past. May I also hope that the materialistic outlook of life will no longer satisfy you?

Let me wish you a hundred years of excitement and discovery.

Yours, with confidence,

J. F. Stewart



Mr. A. Johnson
Vice-Principal

"Education is a controlling grace to the young, consolation to the old, wealth to the poor, and ornament to the rich."

Aristotle

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Albert J. Johnson".



Mrs. S. Paltiel
Vice-Principal

To the Graduating Class; my congratulations!

It may surprise you to learn that, simply by reaching the last year of high school, you have become members of a select company. Many of the students who started school when you did back in Grade 1 have already dropped out somewhere along the way. (Of every hundred Canadian pupils who start, only fourteen remain to graduate, even in this age of universal secondary education!) It makes one stop to think of one's social responsibilities, doesn't it?

When I was graduating from high school (away back then . . .) the "smart" quotation to write in your graduation biography was: "If you ain't got an education, you gotta use your brains". Today's scientific and technological revolution has modified this old homespun truth, and now brains alone "ain't" quite enough, while even those with an education "gotta use their brains".

Here's to all of you! May you use both your brains and your education, and may they help to bring about betterment for mankind and fulfilment for yourselves.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Sarah Paltiel".

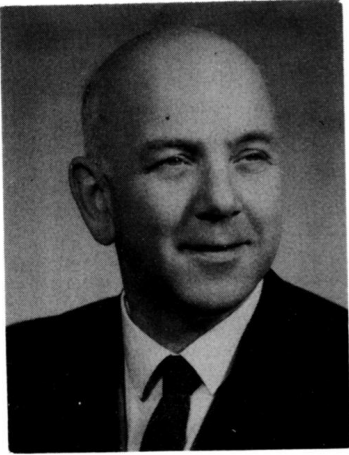
Come — sit by me and listen
to my lament.
Listen to my story of friends
Who came... and went..
All too soon...

How exciting it must be to graduate 1967. What a challenge we each have as we enter into Canada's 101st year together. And what a wonderful time for nostalgia as we look back on our eleven long years with a system. Now it's time to step out, be it into the University or into the cold hard world of soaring prices, strikes, high cost of living and demands for better living and working conditions. It is a challenge that we are all equipped to handle. But handling it is not enough. We have to go out from this place and learn to take hold of life and wring from it the sweet juice of success. It is indeed a glorious time. Here is Expo, waiting to show us "Man and his World", there is Canada, waiting to give of itself the heritage it took a hundred years to create. Be greedy, my friends, and take what you can because as you take, you will flourish and as you flourish so will this great country. This is not really the dawn of time as you have been led to believe. Your schooling has brought you to 1967 aware, alert and eager to prove your worth. The cruel world is like the dark lonely night. The happy morning is over. The darkness of evening is yet to come. The time is noon.

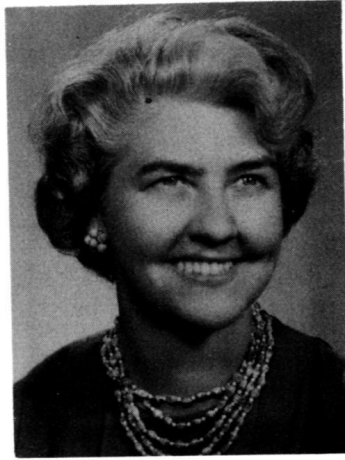
What will you do for Canada? What difference will there be by your association with this great Dominion? Only time will tell. But don't put your great deeds off for too long. We want to hear from you — Soon. We want to see all of those wonderful things that you are just bursting to do. But we want to see them, this afternoon. Because — The time is Noon.

A. G.

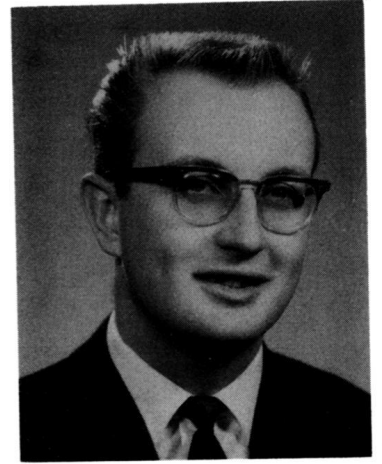
DEPARTMENT HEADS



Mr. D. Chodat
French



Miss H. Ferguson
English



Mr. R. Kurys
Math



Mr. K. Mann
Science



Mr. T. Mayer
History

MR. H. R. W. GOODWIN

Vice-Principal Wagar High School
1963-66 Personnel Office Protestant
School Board of Greater Montreal 1966.

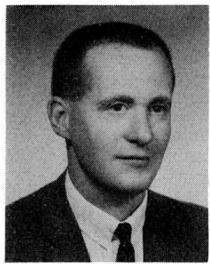
Vice-principal, mathematics teacher,
Wagar's first year, Prefect Board, Stu-
dents Council, Prefect Conferences, ex-
amination schedules, timetables, lockers,
assemblies, school activities

These and so many more of our groups
and activities, helped and furthered by
Mr. Goodwin's knowledge and experi-
ence.

For this and for your patience and
understanding, Mr. Goodwin, we thank
you.



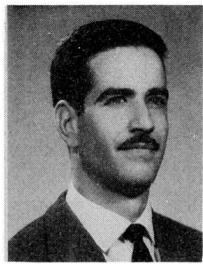
WAGAR STAFF



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Mr. M. Amzallag



Mr. L. Benarrosch



Mr. A. Bernstein



Mr. D. Best



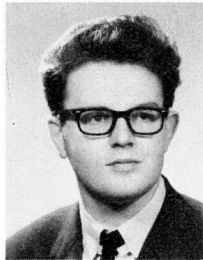
Miss R. Bidner



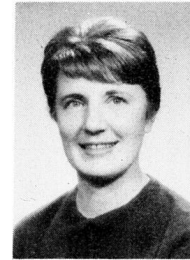
Mr. J. Black



Mrs. M. Blydt-Hansen



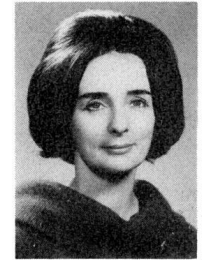
Mr. F. Cottam



Mrs. M. Crosby



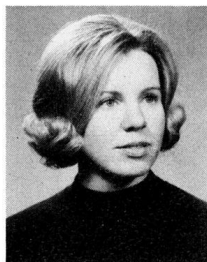
Miss G. Davies



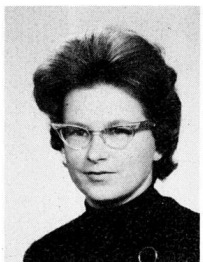
Mrs. M. Dewolfe



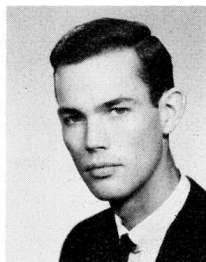
Mrs. M. Dow



Miss M. Duff



Miss J. Ebbet



Mr. G. Eckersley



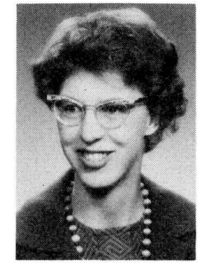
Mrs. M. Eisenberg



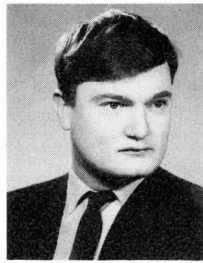
Mr. H. Elmoznino



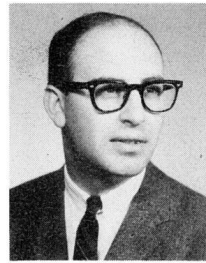
Miss E. Engelsberg



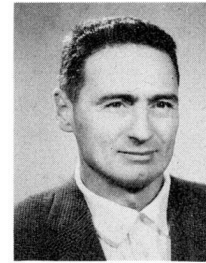
Miss R. Gale



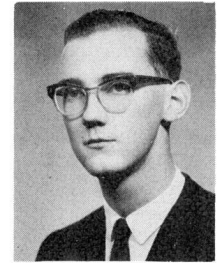
Mr. N. Garbutt



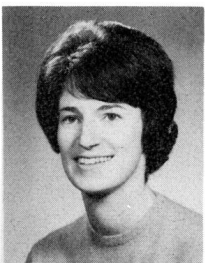
Mr. A. Greenberg



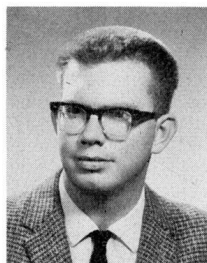
Mr. A. Henderson



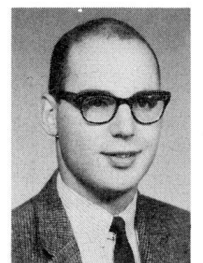
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Miss N. Hicks



Mr. I. Hodgson



Mr. A. Horovitch



Miss C. Irigo



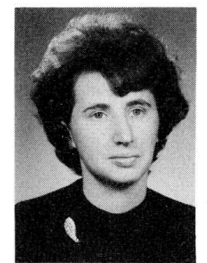
Miss I. Irwin



Mr. J. Jones



Mrs. R. Rabin



Miss P. Lamont



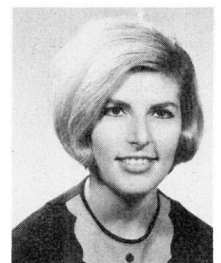
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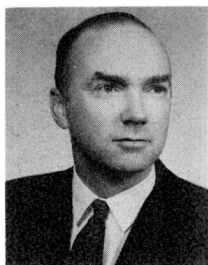


Mrs. R. MacDonald

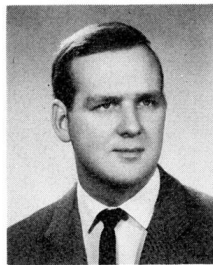


Mrs. M. Marcovitch

WAGAR STAFF



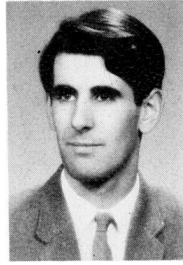
Mr. R. Maw



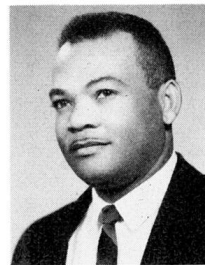
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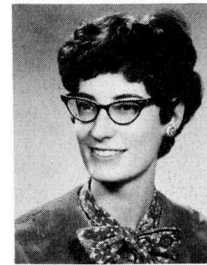
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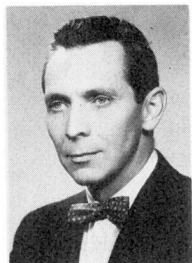
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Mr. H. Parkin



Miss S. Parrish



Mr. J. P. Pellow



Mrs. M. Reich



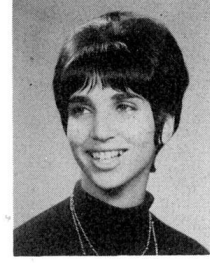
Mrs. D. Rillie



Mr. N. Rosen



Miss R. Rosenoff



Mrs. K. Rosenstein



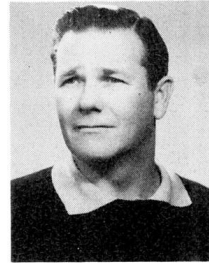
Mrs. M. Ruttenberg



Mrs. E. Sacks



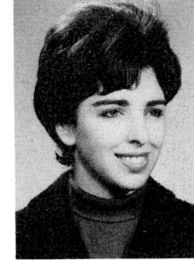
Mrs. G. Schrier



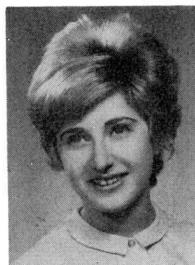
Mr. C. Seary



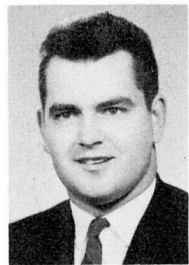
Mrs. S. Siegal



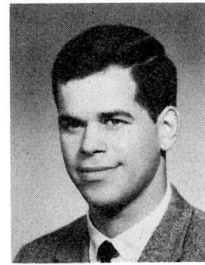
Mrs. E. Seligman



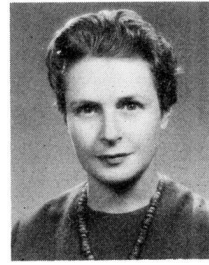
Mrs. S. Sherman



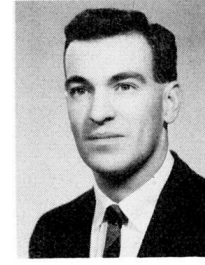
Mr. R. Smith



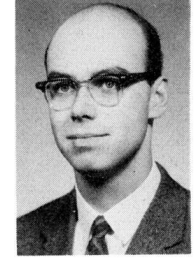
Mr. L. Sorg



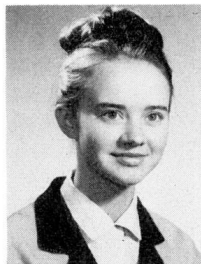
Mrs. E. Speyer



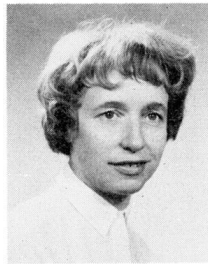
Mr. R. Sumner



Mr. S. Sutherland



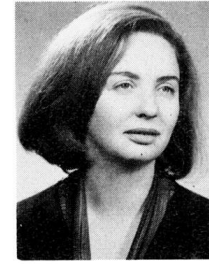
Mrs. H. Sutt



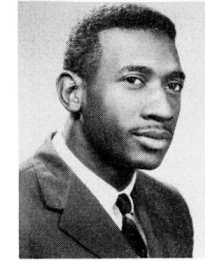
Mrs. M. Tassel



Miss S. Turner



Mrs. S. Vogel



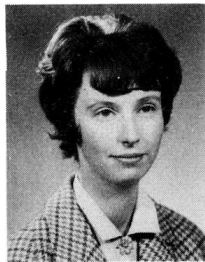
Mr. J. Walker



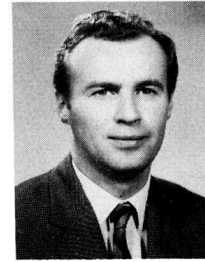
Mrs. A. Yaphe



Miss D. Yellin

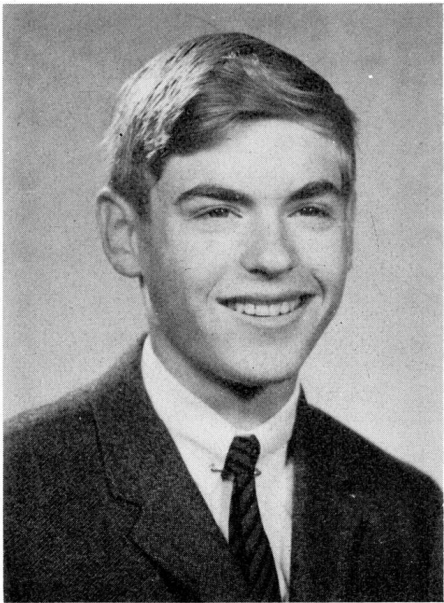


Miss C. Young



Mr. R. Young

VALEDICTORY



Geoffrey Grinstein

Mr. Chairman, Mr. Stewart, Ladies and Gentlemen:

A Valedictory speech is at once a look into the future and the past. But for those of us who are assembled here for our final official visit to Wagar High, the emphasis must surely be on the past.

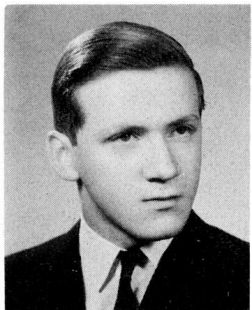
We must embark upon our separate ways. Higher education, the world of business — regardless of our goals the knowledge and maturity acquired here will serve us well. Less tangible, but every bit as significant, we take away a host of memories. Associations with varied groups of people, the lasting friendships forged through common experience, the humorous incidents of high school life, and that inexpressible something called school spirit: all these strike a nostalgic chord when we review our days at Wagar.

We leave our school with a debt of gratitude which can never be repaid. To our teachers and the members of the administration, for their endless patience and dedication, a simple "thank-you" seems so inadequate. The genuine enthusiasm they displayed for their respective subjects could not help but be contagious. Nor was the contribution of our teachers limited solely to academic instruction. Their willingness to provide advice and guidance deserves our heartfelt thanks. To parents, who, with their support and understanding, helped us weather the inevitable crises of learning and growing, goes our deepest appreciation.

This evening we stand upon the threshold of a wealth of new experiences. We anticipate the road ahead with eagerness, for it smacks of new horizons, fresh dreams and aspirations, challenges and adventure. Yet our eagerness is tempered with the sadness of this last farewell. "The moving finger writes and having writ moves on," wrote Omar Khayyam. Certainly our feelings are ambivalent, for tonight we write the last few lines of a chapter in our lives.

It is not without certain trepidations that we regard what lies ahead. Along with the greater independence comes the burden of added responsibility. The difficulties of adjustment are undeniable — but they have been minimized by the preparation we have received here. As we leave, a little bit of the spirit of our school comes with us, and in turn, a little part of each one of us remains behind. To you Wagar High and to graduates present and future — Hail and Farewell.

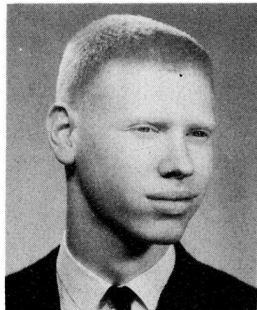
LEADING STUDENTS



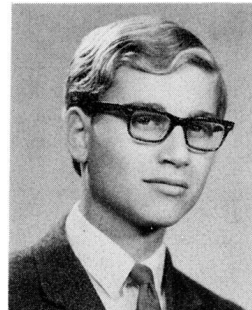
Jacob Lazarovic



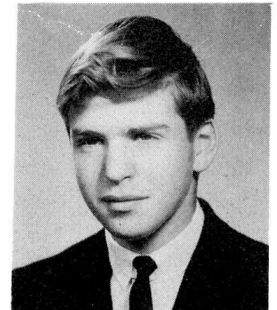
Edward Gedalof



David Tanny



Kenneth Futornick



Michael Rubin

AWARDS — GRADUATION 1966

THE PROTESTANT SCHOOL BOARD OF GREATER MONTREAL SILVER MEDALS:

LEADING BOY: Geoffrey Grinstein
LEADING GIRL: Phyllis Lutsky

ROY E. WAGAR MEMORIAL PRIZE:
B'NAI B'RITH SCHOLARSHIP (Cote St. Luc):
KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS (Ivanhoe Lodge):
STEINBERG'S BURSARY:
STEINBERG'S BURSARY:
SUBURBAN BURSARY:
BIRKS SILVER MEDAL FOR SCHOLARSHIP:
BIRKS BRONZE MEDAL FOR SCHOLARSHIP:
WAGAR STAFF AWARD:
WAGAR STUDENT COUNCIL SCHOLARSHIPS:

WAGAR STUDENT COUNCIL SERVICE AWARD:
WAGAR DRAMATIC SOCIETY BURSARY:
WAGAR ORDER OF THE LION:
MCGILL UNIVERSITY ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS:

<i>Peter Berkowitz</i>	<i>Edward Gedalof</i>
<i>David Blitz</i>	<i>Geoffrey Grinstein</i>
<i>George Engelberg</i>	<i>Jacob Lazarovic</i>
<i>Michael Frankel</i>	<i>Robert Matyas</i>

SIR WILLIAM MACDONALD SCHOLARSHIP:
SIR EDWARD BEATTY MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP IN MATHEMATICS:
STEEL COMPANY OF CANADA SCHOLARSHIP:
ROTARY CLUB BURSARY FOR OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY:
SIGMA ALPHA RHO FRATERNITY INTERNATIONAL SCHOLARSHIP:

MATHEMATICAL CONGRESS—HIGH RANKING PRIZE:
MATHEMATICAL CONGRESS—HIGH RANKING PRIZE:
MATHEMATICAL CONGRESS—HIGH RANKING PRIZE:
MATHEMATICAL ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA AWARD:
DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORT BURSARY:

Geoffrey Grinstein
Jacob Lazarovic
Edward Gedalof
David Tanny
Kenneth Futornick
Michael Rubin
Geoffrey Grinstein
Phyllis Lutsky
David Tanny
Eric Slone, David Blitz
John Trachtenberg
Susan Cheifetz
Naomi Abracen
S. Tanny G. Grinstein

Michael Rubin
Eric Slone
David Tanny
John Trachtenberg
Michael Frankel
Geoffrey Grinstein
Geoffrey Grinstein
Dale Jacobson
David Saltzman
Barry Fine
Geoffrey Grinstein
Kenneth Futornick
Michael Rubin
Geoffrey Grinstein
George Engelberg

HONOURS AWARDS FOR FIRST CLASS STANDING IN MATRICULATION EXAMINATIONS:

Geoffrey Grinstein
Jacob Lazarovic
Edward Gedalof
David Tanny
Kenneth Futornick
Michael Rubin
Eric Slone
David Blitz
John Trachtenberg
Robert Matyas

George Engelberg
Michael Frankel
Peter Berkowitz
Seymour Kaufman
Mark Krasnick
Samuel Minzberg
Michael Herzig
Michael Brownstein
Harvey Solomon
Phyllis Lutsky

Viviane Zicherman
Diane Saibel
Lynn Miller
Sharon Hymer
Edith Schneiderman
Henry Cukoff
Solange Silverberg
Beverley Katz
David Saltzman
Ellen Mintzberg

AWARDS --- GRADUATION 1967

THE PROTESTANT SCHOOL BOARD OF GREATER MONTREAL SILVER MEDALS:

LEADING BOY: Stanley Nattel

LEADING GIRL: Yvonne Steinert

COTE ST. LUC LODGE, B'NAI B'RITH SCHOLARSHIP:
 IVANHOE LODGE, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS SCHOLARSHIP:
 STEINBERG'S BURSARY:
 BIRKS SILVER MEDAL FOR SCHOLARSHIP:
 BIRKS BRONZE MEDAL FOR SCHOLARSHIP:
 SUBURBAN BURSARY:
 WAGAR STAFF AWARD:
 WAGAR STUDENT COUNCIL SCHOLARSHIPS:

*Sandor Goldstein
 Stanley Nattel
 Mark Gersovitz
 Yvonne Steinert
 Stanley Nattel
 Yvonne Steinert
 Robert Stanley
 Sylvia Soyka
 Gerald Spiegel
 Cheryl Rockman
 Sylvia Soyka
 Stanley Nattel
 Annette Drabinsky*

WAGAR PRELUDE SCHOLARSHIP:
 WAGAR STUDENT COUNCIL SERVICE AWARD:
 WAGAR ORDER OF THE LION:
 BOARD SCHOLARSHIP FOR STUDENT TEACHERS:

McGILL UNIVERSITY ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS:

*Mark Gersovitz
 Marc Gold
 Sandor Goldstein
 Elaine Harris*

*Susan Herschorn
 David Ilson
 Reena Kronitz
 Stanley Nattel*

*Liane Odze
 Cheryl Rockman
 Barbara Sourkes
 Sylvia Soyka*

*Gerald Spiegel
 Gary Ticoll
 Max Wolpert
 Yvonne Steinert*

SIR EDWARD BEATTY MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP
 IN MATHEMATICS:

SIR WILLIAM MacDONALD SCHOLARSHIP:
 STEEL COMPANY OF CANADA SCHOLARSHIP:
 CANADIAN ASSOCIATION OF PHYSICISTS PRIZE:
 MATHEMATICAL CONGRESS - HIGH RANKING PRIZE:
 STEEL COMPANY BURSARY:

*Stanley Nattel
 Gerald Spiegel
 Annette Drabinsky
 Stanley Nattel
 Stanley Nattel
 William Rosenberger*

HONOURS AWARDS FOR FIRST CLASS STANDING IN MATRICULATION EXAMINATIONS:

*Barbara Berger
 Joyce Borenstein
 Gabriel Blum
 Howard Cohen
 Rhona Davine
 Joan Diamond
 Annette Drabinsky
 Donald Echenberg
 Robert Engelberg
 Gerald Felsky
 Mayda Friedlander
 Mark Gersovitz
 Marc Gold
 Sandor Golstein
 Theodore Granofsky
 Barbara Greenspoon
 Elaine Harris*

*Susan Herschorn
 Gerald Hollinger
 David Ilson
 Barbara Kaufman
 Cary Kitner
 Reena Kronitz
 Jack Kugelmass
 Alexander Laufer
 Diedre Leibovitch
 Ruth Libman
 Mark Madras
 Felice Mendell
 June Morris
 Stanley Nattel
 Liane Odze
 Ruth Rapkowski
 Roger Reens*

*Cheryl Rockman
 William Rosenberger
 Marsha Rudner
 Irwin Schwartz
 Lorne Segal
 Bertha Shenker
 David Shenker
 Kopel Smilovics
 Barbara Sourkes
 Gerald Spiegel
 Grace Srebrnik
 Sylvia Soyka
 Robert Stanley
 Yvonne Steinert
 Gary Ticoll
 Max Wolpert
 Arlene Zuckernick*

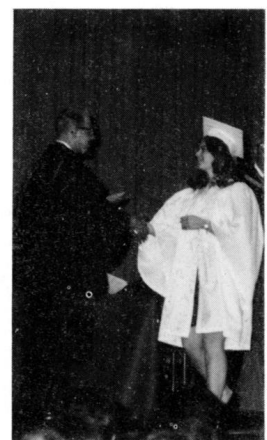
YVONNE STEINERT



STANLEY NATTEL



SYLVIA SOYKA



VALEDICTORY



Stanley Nattel



It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us.
Mme. Chairman, Mr. Stewart, Members of The Staff, Ladies and Gentlemen,

These words are written by Dickens in description of Europe immediately prior to the French Revolution; yet, how accurately they describe our high school years.

Any graduation ceremony is a memorable one for the participants. These commencement exercises in particular will be the subject of many nostalgic reminiscences long after their completion; for tonight, we share a last view of the world which was ours for these four eventful years.

We benefited much from our secondary education — perhaps more than we can appreciate. Irrespective of our futures, the knowledge, maturity, and attitudes acquired here will prove invaluable to us. As a result of this education, we are emotionally and mentally prepared to cope with the freedoms and responsibilities of a more independent life.

Less tangible, but no less significant, is the wealth of associations and experiences developed. Close relationships forged in striving for a common goal, exposure to a wide range of situations, reflecting both the humorous and more serious elements of life, and a sense of comradeship closely related to that indescribable quality "school spirit", established the character of our years of high school education. As such, they will always constitute a nostalgic memory reminiscent of this part of our life.

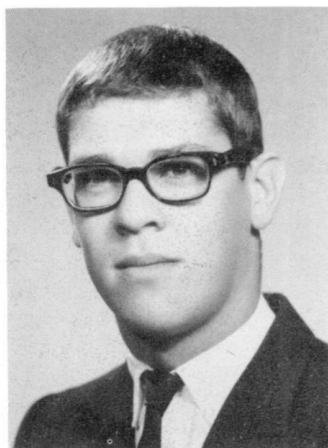
We part tonight owing a debt we sense can never be honoured. There can be no equitable reward for the genuine, enthusiastic effort of the staff. Their consistently valuable counsel, their aiding us when we, and perhaps even they, felt we could not be helped combined with the assistance and support of our understanding parents to guide us through a most difficult and unstable stage of our development. We can never repay them.

The threshold has been reached, and we must cross it. The world we leave is one or more secluded, more sheltered than that which we enter, with fewer of the freedoms we now take for granted, but a no less rewarding one. We do so with an anticipation of novel, exciting experiences awaiting us, of a broader, freer world; and yet, with a certain regret, a sadness at leaving this portion of our life behind, to remain with us but in memories.

The world will soon be ours. Like Tamburlaine we "hold the fates bound fast in iron chains", and with our hands "turn Fortunes wheel about." Man progresses by taking first one step, and then another step. Tonight we are taking one fateful step. We move on, the rich, beautiful days of high school are gone, and other, newer days are here. We must make the best of them, and we shall.

LEADING STUDENTS

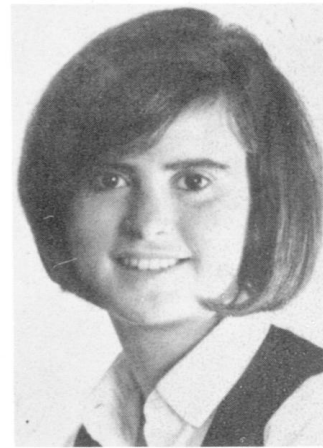
Sandor Goldstein



Mark Gersovitz



Yvonne Steinert



TIME CAPSULE 1966-67

INTERNATIONAL



The world spotlight in 1966-67 was focussed on Southeast Asia. And nothing better exemplifies the restless revolutionary spirit than the Red Guard in China (picture above). These youths, some not even in their teens, took the words of Chairman Mao Tse-tung a little too literally and conducted a "cultural revolution", bringing China to the brink of civil war. It has now become obvious that the future of the world will be closely related to developments in Red China.

NATIONAL



It took a hundred years, but when our centennial finally arrived, Canadians organized a year of national celebrations unparalleled by any country at any time. The centennial train, Pan American games, and numerous other events helped to make 1967 a most memorable year for all of us. Canada has advanced tremendously in these first hundred years — from a non-autonomous colony to a prosperous nation commanding the world's respect.

LOCAL



EXPO '67 was acclaimed as the biggest show ever, and so it was, with over seventy countries participating. An enthusiasm unprecedented in Montreal's 325 year history prevailed when Expo opened in April and continued throughout its six-month duration. Mayor Jean Drapeau's other great contribution, the ultra-modern Metro, symbolized the fantastic growth and building boom Montreal experienced in 1966 and '67. Our fair city continued to take on a cosmopolitan appearance, yet still retained her Old World charm.

AT WAGAR



On November 2nd, 1966 Wagar High School students showed their displeasure over a Protestant School board ruling concerning examinations and "went Berkeley". A mass rally in the lobby at recess soon led to a spontaneous protest march to the Board headquarters. This "walk-out" was later shown to have no effect on the eventual modification of the ruling, but it stood out as a typical example of the demonstrations of various sorts which have in recent years become ridiculously frequent.



GRADUATES



ADELE ABRAMOVITCH

I am kind, loving, and understanding . . . until I get mad!

Proto: Schmelki Amb: Haven't a clue. Prob. Dest: Detective Assets: A picture is worth Weaknesses: A thousand words. Act: F.T.Q., ski club, Student Council Rep., Guidance Council Rep. Can you imagine Adele without that cute dot at the end of her nose?

**BARBARA ADLER**

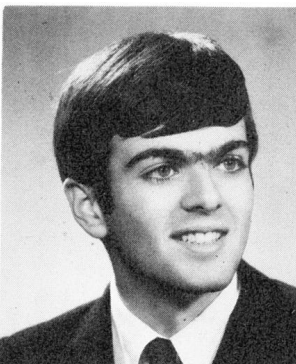
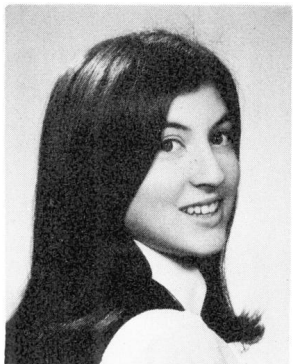
I only open my mouth long enough to change feet.

Proto: Twin with Curl Free (see N. Vilinsky). Fav. Exp: Sue, why don't we know any normal guys? Cher Mem: Summer 65, when she met that certain Norwegian and Gary. Assets: Her blue eyes and sunny disposition. Weak: Blonde boys (especially Norwegians). Pet Peeve: Gary going to Vietnam. Can you imagine Barbara getting a new perm?

ELAINE ABRAMOVITCH

Love is being content now and then to lie by one's sleeping love and shield his eyes from the sun.

Proto: One half of the Gruesome Two-some (see F. Heller) Fav. Exp: Cutie! He's a small shot! Amb: To go on the Abramovitch-Holtzman tour of the U.S. East Coast. Prob. Dest: Visiting the Maritimes. Can you imagine Elaine in Fr. Class?

**ALEX AIZENBERG**

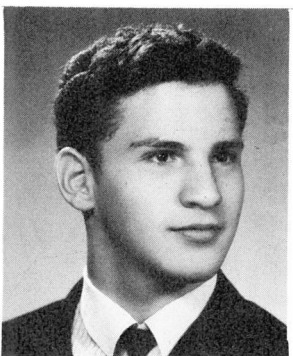
I used to be conceited but now I'm perfect.

Proto: Playboy. Fav. Exp: Don't wrap it, Bag it. Amb: Business Administration. Prob. Dest: Administrating traffic violations. Weaknesses: Cute blondes. Act: skiing, weight lifting, class sports. Can you imagine Alex being with his "pal" in Physics?

IAN JACOB ABRAMSON

People who walk with their noses in the air usually have smelly feet.

Proto: Sugar Bear. Fav. Exp: That should be my biggest worry. Amb: Architect. Prob. Dest: Using modern architectural design in piling garbage. Assets: Well, nobody's perfect. Act: Bantam volleyball, Junior football, Engineering Club.

**TRUDY AKMAN**

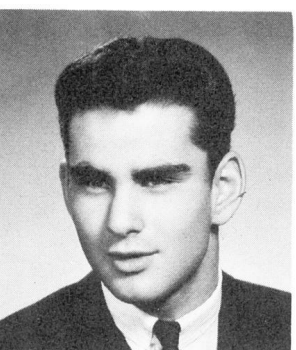
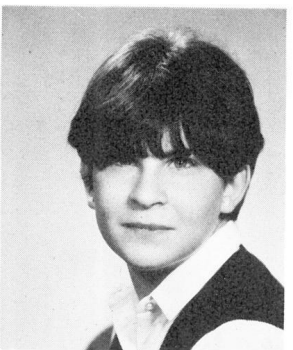
The elevator to success is broken. Please use the stairs.

Fav. Exp: What do you want— a medal? Pet Peeve: Blind dates. Amb: To go to college and get her B.A. Prob. Dest: To get her M.R.S. Assets: The strongest voice box ever. Weaknesses: Boys with good looks. Can you imagine Trudy not being a good kid?

SHARON ABRAMSON

Look for the beauty of things, you can find the bad anytime.

Fav. Exp: Small wonder. Cher. Mem: Inter-Provincial student exchange trip. Amb: Physical therapist. Prob. Dest: Keeping doctors hopping. Unrec. Hist: I refuse to answer on the grounds that it might tend to incriminate me. Can you imagine Sharon freckle-less?

**RON ANGERT**

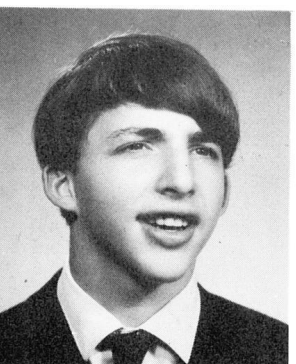
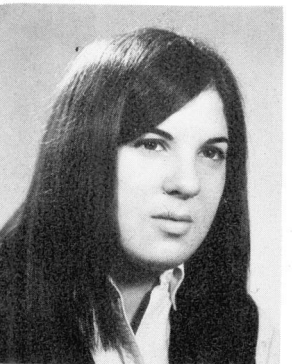
Death comes twice, at the end of one's life and in July and August, 1967.

Proto: David Jansen (The Fugitive). Fav. Exp: Knock it off, eh? Cher. Mem: Usually once a month. Pet Peeve: Blondes in sports cars who want to drag. Amb: Very undecided. Prob. Dest. Shangri-La. Can you imagine Ron being crowned?

HELEN ADAM

They're comin to take me away . .

Proto: Crazy karacter. Fav. Exp: DUH! Pet Peeve: Crazy Dutchman! Claim to fame: Much gum sans wrappers. Amb: College graduate. Prob. Dest: Grad of Haileybury Jail! Assets: See fav. exp. Weaknesses: Collecting gum wrappers. Can you imagine Helen without an iron?

**HARRIS APPLE**

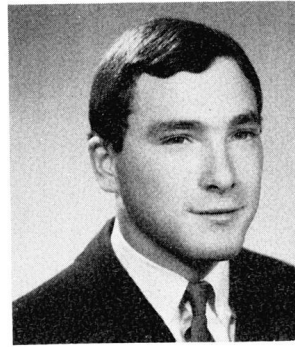
Nitrates are cheaper than day rates.

Cher. Mem: The hand at his first job. Claim to fame: His reputation. Pet Peeve: People who bug him about his reputation! Amb: Lawyer. Prob. Dest: Hanging around the bar. Act: Strictly extra-curricular. Can you imagine Harris being a good boy?

SUZI APRIL

Some people ignore me— If there's anything I can't stand, it's ignorance.

Fav. Exp: Guess who I got a letter from today? Pet Peeve: Returning those unclaimed articles. Amb: to become a citizen of the U.S.A. Prob. Dest: Miss Elizabethtown 1971. Unrec. Hist: Those inspiring Friday nights (see E. Stern, J. Diamond). Act: Cercle Francais, interclass sports. Can you imagine Suzi "March"?



BERL BARON

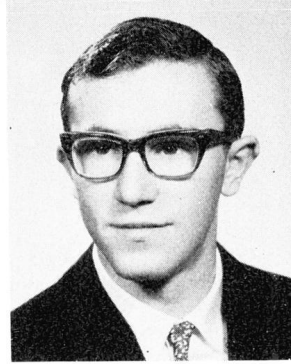
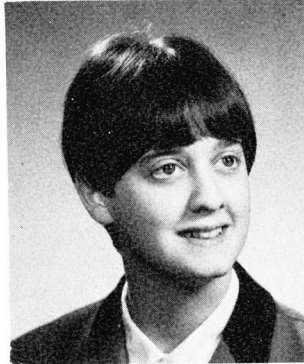
When you cross a sheep with a porcine you get an animal that knits its own sweaters.

Prot: Pip (he's got great expectations). Fav. Exp: Trust everyone but cut the cards. Cher. Mem: Spending those wonderful weekends with out-of-town girls. Amb: To be a member of the bar. Prob. Dest: To be flat out in front of it. Assets: A certain antique store on Mountain St. Can you imagine Berl as an example of insincerity?

DEBRA ASTROFF

All the world's a stage, and most of us are desperately unrehearsed.

Prot: The non-conformist. Fav. Exp: Be reasonable. Cher. Mem: Feb. 23—meeting backstage with Liberace. Pet Peeve: A bad man saying what is good. Amb: Missionary, doctor or pianist. Prob. Dest: Playing Chopin at the tip of a witch doctors spear. Assets: Un enfant unique. Weaknesses: The inability to remember what I knew the day before. Can you imagine Debra not being national?



HOWARD BARON

Love is like a coin—you keep using it.

Proto: The answer to every girl's dream. Fav. Exp: What an exciting lesson! Cher. Mem: The shoe of education, technical drawing 65-66. Amb: instructor at a girl's college. Prob. Dest: Playing the field. Assets: Being teacher's pet. Weak: Being dogged around. Act: Wrestling, engineering club. Can you imagine Howie on a white charger?

PAULA ATKIN

Be good, and you'll be lonely.

Proto: Innocence in Disguise. Cher. Mem: June 25, 1966. Amb: To be a buyer. Prob. Dest: Buying her way into a man's heart. Weaknesses: Having a heart as big as a hotel-enough room for everyone. Can you imagine Paula not having "man"-y thoughts?



LYNDA BATIST

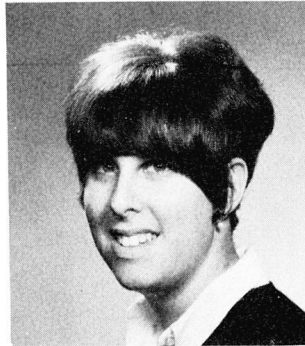
Yesterday between sunrise and sunset were lost two golden hours, each set with 60 diamond minutes; no reward is offered for they are gone forever.

Proto: The Frantic Philosopher. Amb: To drink from the fountain of happiness. Prob. Dest: Burp! Weak: Arguing with a certain so-and-so! Can you imagine Lynda being accident prone?

GAIL AXLER

Yesterday is but today's memory and tomorrow is today's dream.

Proto: Female hockey promoter. Cher. Mem: Oct. 15, 1966. Pet Peeve: Seeing Canadiens lose a hockey game. Amb: To be a teacher. Prob. Dest: Being replaced by automation. Weak: Clothes (17 magazine). Act: F.T.Q., Cercle Francais, jazz club. Can you imagine Gail rooting for the Rangers?



PETER BELAND

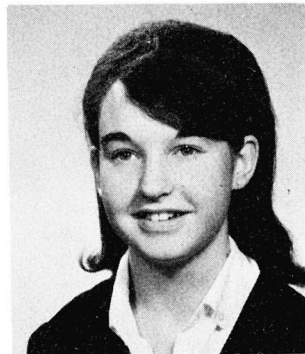
Why do homework tonight when you can do it tomorrow morning.

Proto: A cool kid. Cher. Mem: When I did my homework. Amb: Teacher. Prob. Dest: Staying in fourth high. Act: Teaching French and flunking Latin. Assets: Being a Guy. Weaknesses: Companionship. Can you imagine Peter the charming Frenchman?

TINA BALINSKY

Each is the architect of his own future.

Proto: The side of innocence (there's two sides to every story). Fav. Exp: I can't explain—you know what I mean. Cher. Mem: That Chem. mark. Pet Peeve Curly hair. Weak: Tall, dark, and handsome. Unrec. Hist: Those sleepless nights cramming for exams. Act: Cercle Francais, library volunteer. Can you imagine Tina winning an art prize in Grade II?



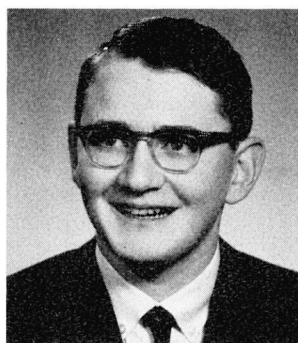
MARILYN BELZBERG

Even the mighty oak was a little nut like me!

Proto: Wagar's answer to the perfect lady! Fav. Exp: You want a left hook? Pet Peeve: People who don't like her pony tail. Amb: Social worker. Prob. Dest: Fixing up people for socials. Assets: Knowing a lot of boys. Weaknesses: Having to fix them up. Act: Cercle Francais, class sports. Can you imagine Marilyn missing a "funny"?

BARBARA BERGER

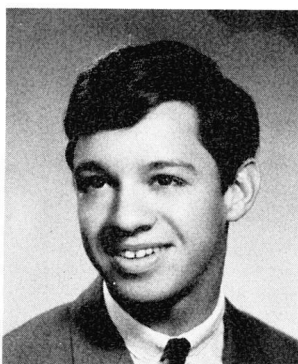
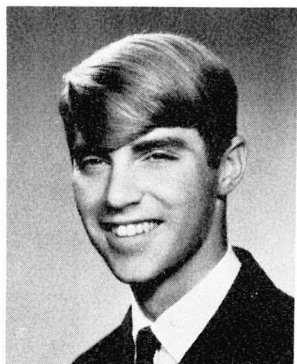
Happiness is no laughing matter.
 Fav. Exp: I don't understand. Amb: Scientist. Prob. Dest: 4C3H5(NO3)3-12 CO2&6N2&O2. Unrec. Hist: Counting all the fire alarms in the school as a detention; coming to school with two different shoes. Act: Band, current events club, book club. Can you imagine Barbie "understanding."?

**MICHAEL BLACK**

Many a good theory has been killed by putting it into practice.
 Proto: There is only one. Fav. Exp: Nicetalk. Cher. Mem: Those ten months between summers. Claim to Fame: Havana-tampa. Amb: Doctor. Prob. Dest: Lots of luck! Unrec. Hist: My life to the present day. Act: Student Council, Red Cross Volunteer 65-67, class sports. Can you imagine Michael not talking Baby-talk?

JEFF BERNSTEIN

Pleasure is a good way of doing business.
 Proto: Conceit Personified. Fav. Exp: You don't seem to understand. Cher Mem: The night in the House of the Rising Sun. Pet Peeve: Does he or doesn't he? Amb: Professional Drummer. Prob. Dest: Banging on desks? Unrec. Hist: My first job. Can you imagine Jeff giving a compliment?

**GARRY BLUM**

Five days make one school week, three days make me week.
 Proto: Chairman of the Bored. Fav. Exp: I have plenty of ambition. I just hate to waste it on work. Amb: Chemical engineer. Prob. Dest: Sanitary engineer. Weaknesses: See quotation. Act: Bantam and Jr. basketball, Jr. soccer, Jr. volleyball, interclass sports. Can you imagine Garry having anything but "Chikita" brand?

SHARON BERNSTEIN

Men say woman can't be trusted too far, women say men can't be trusted too near.
 Proto: "Eyes". Fav. Exp: Ster-and-ge. Cher. Mem: The day Miss Hicks marked my typed letter mailable. Amb: Medical Secretary. Prob. Dest: Sitting on the doctor's lap taking maleable letters. Assets: "Mathematical Genius" (2 plus 2 equals 5). Weaknesses: Food. Act: Sharon is always active-doing what we don't know! Can you imagine Sharon without eye make-up?

**JOYCE Katherine BORENSTEIN**

A child said to butterfly 'you live but a day.' 'But a day' said the butterfly 'is a lifetime.'
 Fav. Exp: But I'm not finished. Amb: To reach for the stars. Can you imagine Joyce as the first woman on the moon? Or would you believe . . .?

SYDNEY BERNSTEIN

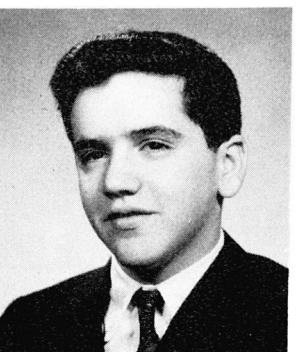
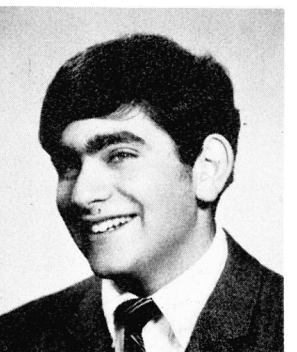
Looks help a lot. Boy! Do I need a lot of help!
 Proto: I must look like someone. Fav. Exp: Mrs. Dow! I regret to say that your language is too copious for my diminutive comprehension. Cher. Mem: Tripping Mr. McTavish during a science class. Weak: His diminutive comprehension. Amb: Chem. engineer. Prob. Dest: Cleaning test tubes. Can you imagine Sydney looking like no one?

**MAXINE BORENSTEIN**

Grant to me that I be made beautiful in my soul and all external possession be, in harmony with my inner man.
 Proto: Sarah Bernhart. Amb: To feel the pulses of life and be a true actress. Prob. Dest: We are the masters of our fate. We are the captains of our souls. Assets: A touch of the Poet. Weak: the blue sky and its reflections. Can you imagine Max joining the Actors' Guild?

MORRIS BIBERKRAUT

A stitch in time saves a draft.
 Proto: Every woman's dream. Fav. Exp: Hello there granny! Cher. Mem: The summer that I became a man. Amb: To be distinguished from a super-cool Persian Ivy-Leaguer. Prob. Dest: To meet his twin and not recognize himself. Assets: His father's diamond company. Weak: Beautiful black-haired girls. Act: Ski Club, interclass sports. Can you imagine Morris—the answer to a prayer?

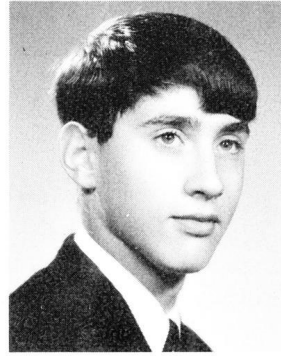
**IRWIN BRAUDE**

Don't drink while you drive — you might hit a bump and spill your drink.
 Proto: Boo-Boo Bear. Cher. Mem: Coming to Trig. equipped. Pet Peeve: The Jazz Club! Claim to Fame: Good Looks. Amb: Chemist. Prob. Dest: Exploding the bomb. Can you imagine Boo-Boo with Yogi?

IVAN BRISKIN

I feel good when I help people who have problems.

Proto: A successful person. Fav. Exp: Us redcoats always get our man. Pet Peeve: Not to be able to run around the class during periods. Amb: To be an accountant. Prob. Dest: A bookmaker. Weaknesses: I can't resist helpless females. Act: Prefect (redcoat) 1965-66. Can you imagine Ivan at the roundtable.

**ALEX CARSLY**

Come lie with me and be my love, Binnorie, O Binnorie.

Proto: James Bond, Casanova, Hugh Hefner, and Richard Burton. Cher. Mem: The day Miss Ferguson frowned. Amb: Playboy heart surgeon. Prob. Dest: Obstetrician. Assets: Great Lover. Weaknesses: Latin women. Unrec. Hist: All those nights under the balcony where I serenaded my true losses. Act: Pres. Public Speaking and Debating Clubs. Can you imagine Alex the Lone Ranger?

GLORIA BROMBERG

Strength is a man's charm but charm is a woman's strength.

Fav. Exp: Oy, what should I do? Cher. Mem: That certain buoy. Amb: Occupational therapist. Prob. Dest: Finding an occupation. Weak: My conscience. Act: Red Cross Rep., F.T.Q., inter and senior band 63-65. Can you imagine Glor having a good CHUCKle?

**CINDY CHAZAN**

All mirrors are magical mirrors; never can we see our faces in them.

Proto: Clarabelle. Fav. Exp: This is no pencil case—it's my "Secret Sam". Cher. Mem: Y.C.C. 66. Pet Peeve: If you don't stop ringing those bells. Amb: Commercial Artist. Prob. Dest: Waitress at Murray's. Assets: Good looks, sense of humour, story telling ability. Weaknesses: 4th year McGill Students. Act: Prefect, Prelude Art Editor, Volunteer, Debating. Can you imagine Cindy not telling a fable?

PAULA BROMBERG

Laugh and Paula laughs; cry and Paula is still laughing.

Proto: A crunchy bar: sweet and nutty. Amb. Teacher or Business Worker. Prob. Dest: Teaching her children to be business-like. Act: Interclass sports, Grad. Rep., Operetta, Cercle Francais. Can you imagine: Paula as a Stereotype?

**CLAIRE ANN CHENOY**

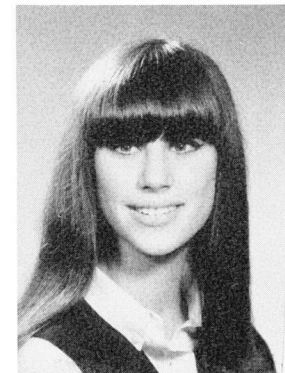
And in his heart my heart is locked and in his life my life.

Proto: Prima Ballerina. Fav. Exp: But Ellie, you don't understand! Pet Peeve: People who tell me what to do. Amb: ballet teacher. Prob. Dest: Keeping him on his toes. Can you imagine Claire without her friend?

SHARON BROWNE

Never bend over backwards in a Greek restaurant.

Proto: I'm the Browne you see after lunch. Fav. Exp: Brown-with an E. Cher Mem: July 28, 1965—bringing Transylvania home to Mamma. Pet Peeve: People who cut their toe nails at the breakfast table. Amb. French specialist. Prob. Dest: A member of the Pepsi generation. Assets: A laugh that makes hyenas blush. Claim to Fame: The day I bent over in a Greek restaurant.

**MINTZY CLEMENT**

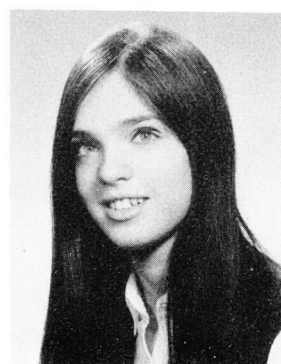
Are chipmunks really smarter?

Fav. Exp: Ho Humm. . . Cher Mem: September 1967. Amb: Teacher on Kibbutz. Prob. Dest: Kibitzing with the teachers. Unrec. Hist: Being a kindergarten dropout. Can you imagine Mintzy making Israeli Goulash?

GLORIA BRUMER

Her heart is like a moon—there's always a man in it.

Proto: Dear Abby. Fav. Exp: It's not fair. Cher. Mem: May 7, 1965. Pet Peeve: People who do not agree with her. Amb: Psychologist. Prob. Dest: The main difference between men and boys is the cost of their toys. Assets: Her hair dressing ability. Act: Students Council Rep. Choir, Guidance Rep., Jazz Club. Can you imagine Gloria being a charm teacher?

**SHARON COBRIN**

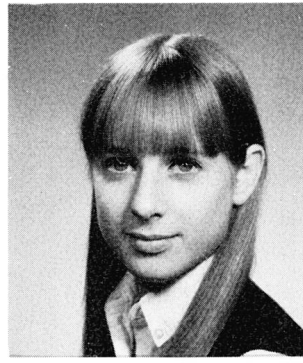
High heels are for little girls who get kissed on the forehead.

Prot: Lady Godiva (see E. Oppen). Fav. Exp: Sit down, Eric, I already have a boyfriend. Cher. Mem: A certain Xmas vacation in Florida. Pet Peeve: Boys who ask her if she has an older sister. Amb: To leave her footprints in the sands of time. Prob. Dest: Beachcomber. Weaknesses: King of the road (trucking transport). Act: Girls Athletic Rep. Can you imagine Sharon with a REAL Florida tan?

ELAINE D. COHEN

It's just a triviality this thing called punctuality.

Proto: Kid Lightning. Fav. Exp: I've led a sheltered life. Cher. Mem: None-I've led a sheltered life. Pet Peeve: See me after class. Amb: Physiotherapist. Prob. Dest: Rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a tub. Assets: Her punctuality. Weaknesses: Her teddy bear. Act: Class sports, Cercle Français, Student Council. Can you imagine: Elaine without her teddy bear?

**SUSAN CREATCHMAN**

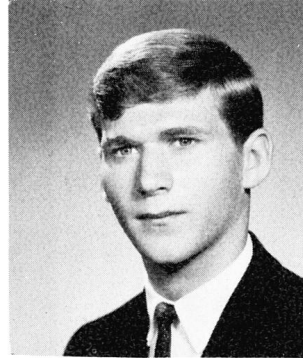
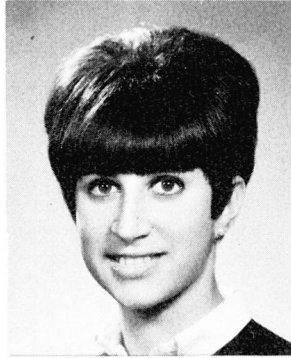
Never part without loving words to think of in your absence. It may be that you will never meet again.

Proto: Alice in Wonderland. Fav. Exp: Yeah, right! Cher. Mem: The hot chocolate of years gone by (see B. Prizant). Act: Students' Council Rep., interclass sports. Can you imagine. Creachy as a "dull" brownette?

ELAINE M. COHEN

Life is like a symphony if you touch the right chords.

Prot: Michel's Belle. Fav. Exp: Oh Judi, but that's what you always say (see JG) Cher. Mem: Summers, week ends, and holidays. Amb: First to Sir George then to Mac. Prob. Dest: . . . then to Mike. Assets: Beautiful hair, beautiful eyes, beautiful nose?? Unrec. Hist: Jan. 14, 66—a date to remember? Act: FTQ Cercle Français, Jazz Club, Ski Club. Can you imagine her with an original name?

**CLARENCE CRITCH**

Call ignorance my sorrow, not my sin.

Proto: UNIQUE. Fav. Exp: Uh-huh (on the telephone). Cher. Mem: July 28, 1949. Pet Peeve: People who call him "Crotch". Amb: Airline pilot. Prob. Dest: Getting his wings. Weak: Staring at girls. Unrec. Hist: The time he made a perfect duck dive off water skis. Act: Sr. soccer 1966. Can you imagine "Crash Critch"?

HOWARD COHEN

There would be no racial violence in the South if the North American Indians had enforced their immigration laws.

Proto: Clark Kent in disguise. Fav. Exp: F-U-N-N-Y. Amb: To make the big lights of Broadway. Prob. Dest: Electrician at the Claude Neon Company. Unrec. Hist: Shaking John A. MacDonald's hand. Can you imagine Howard starring in "The Littlest Lighthouse?"

**PAMELA JOY DASH**

*Women's faults are many,
Men have only two,
Everything they say,
And everything they do.*

Proto: Devil with an angelic smile? Fav. Exp: Better believe it honey! Amb: Elementary teacher. Prob. Dest: Being taught from the beginning. Assets: "Cheeks". Weak: A certain someone pinching my cheeks. Can you imagine Pammy with a perfect attendance record?

LINDA COHEN

As a Chinese pest once said: I,— why???

Proto: The littlest lymph. Fav. Exp: But, Mr. Rosen, Gordie and I have a date after school. Cher. Mem: How she earned \$412 last summer. Pet Peeve: Trombones. Amb: Unknown. Prob. Dest: Eventually pondering the unknown. Assets: Her story book glass-case. Weaknesses: Money and males. Unrec. Hist: The hist. notes she never does. Can you imagine Lemi-poor little rich girl?

**RHONA DAVINE**

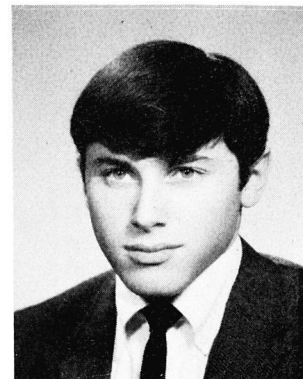
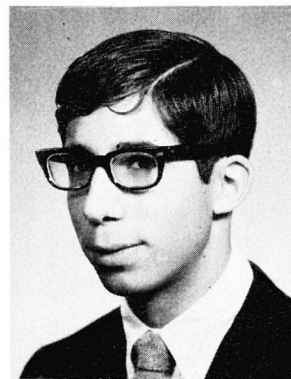
It is well to think well; it is divine to act well.

Proto: President of Vice-Bongo Fab. Fav. Exp: You're kidding or Mates . . . fold! Pet Peeve: People who don't do their Latin homework. Amb: French Specialist. Prob. Dest: L'amour toujours l'amour! Act: Vice-Pres. Students Council; Junior, inter and senior bands; Class sports; Interschool basketball and Track and Field. Can you imagine Rho losing her "penny"?

MICHAEL COHEN

Just because you brush your teeth with gunpowder doesn't mean you should shoot your mouth off.

Proto: String. Fav. Exp: Keep it bent for lent. Cher. Mem: Visit with School Board psychiatrist. Amb: To own Brink's. Prob. Dest: Collecting money from the Unemployment Insurance. Assets: His father's lawyer. Weak: None to speak of. Act: Bantam, Jr. Sr. soccer. Can you imagine Mike taking a joke seriously?

**ANDREW DAVIS**

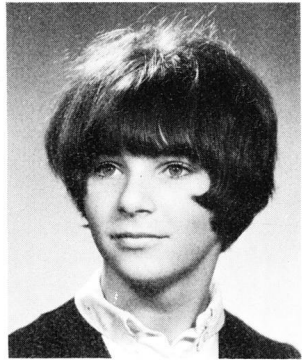
I grew up to be the kind of boy my mother wouldn't let me play with.

Cher. Mem: summer '66. Amb: Lawyer. Prob. Dest: Writing out the laws of multiplication and division. Act: Football, track and field, interclass sports. Can you imagine Andy submitting an acceptable article?

PATRICIA DAVIS

*What you dare to dream,
dare to do.*

Proto: Lucky Van Pelt. Fav. Exp: In a minute. Cher. Mem: Being able to leave the laundry room when the hospital strike finished. Amb: Social worker. Prob. Dest: social butterfly. Act: F.T.Q. Cercle Français. Can you imagine Pat not caring for others?

**JOAN DIAMOND**

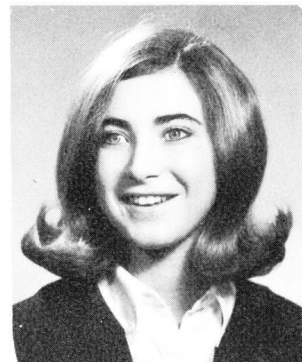
*True friends are like diamonds—
precious and rare.*

Proto: Fang. Fav. Exp: No, you're beautiful. Cher. Mem: Being close by a 'rippling' stream. Pet Peeve: Tongue, ears and toes. Claim to fame: Her solitary dimple and tongue spasms. Unrec. Hist: Those inspiring sessions (see E. Stern. S.-April). Act: Interscholar basketball 1964-66 and badminton '66. Can you imagine Joni red in Colour War?

**JUDY DOBSKI**

*In the spring of life there must be
time for thought or there will be
no ripening in the summer.*

Proto: The Wanderer. Pet Peeve: Inhibitions. Amb: To stop wandering. Prob. Dest: Trapped. Unrec. Hist: The day I became a grandmother. Act: Prelude Co-Editor, Treasurer Ski Club, interclass volleyball, inter-school volleyball. Can you imagine Judy wearing a regular tunic?

**ANNETTE DRABINSKY**

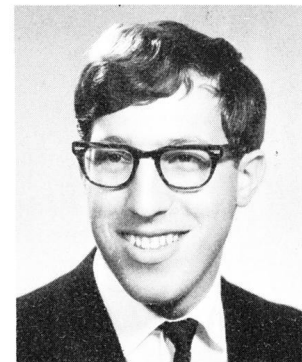
*We can easily forgive a child who is
afraid of the dark; the real tragedy
of life is when men are afraid of
the light.—Plato.*

Proto: Swiss chocolate—sweet and nutty. Fav. Exp: Last night I had the strangest dream. Pet Peeve: People who don't adhere to the Freudian school of thought. Assets: Sophistication? Weak: Boredom toys. Act: Grad. Editor, interschool sports. Can you imagine Annette bubbling with mirth?

**PERRY DROBETSKY**

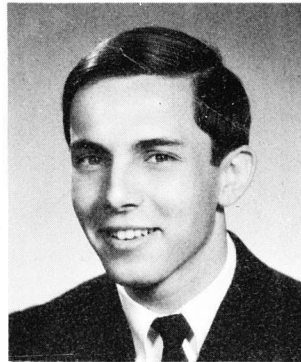
*It is not what we intend, but what
we do that makes us useful.*

Proto: The whale. Fav. Exp: You're out of your tree. Pet Peeve: When it's colder in the winter than in the country. Amb: Electrical Engineer. Prob. Dest: Sanitary Engineer. Act: Chess Club, football, basketball, volleyball, badminton. Can you imagine Perry as a French Professor?

**BRAHM DUBIN**

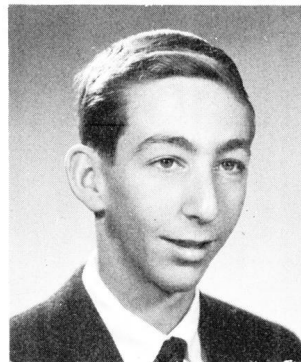
*Wine, women and song spell ruin,
so I'm giving up singing."*

Proto: Mr. Sarcasm. Cher. Mem: Last Year's Graduation Exercises — meeting C.J.F. Amb: A McGill scholar for understanding Virgil. Prob. Dest: Giving away his Prefect jacket and crying. Weaknesses: Hitting trees while in a car on a dirt road in N.Y. Act: Bantam basketball, tennis, prefect, senior soccer, senior basketball, interclass sports. Can you imagine: Big "brother" Brahm?

**STEPHEN DUBROFSKY**

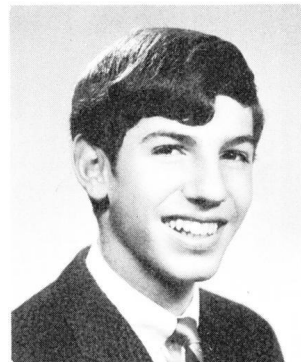
*Blessed is he who sitteth on a tack
for he shall surely rise to great
heights.*

Proto: Walter Mitty. Fav. Exp: Oh! Crum. Cher. Mem: A year with Stan and the "Psychological Hump. Amb: Dentist. Prob. Dest: Drilling holes. Weaknesses: Math. Act: Red Cross '64. monitor '64. Can you imagine Steve-a disciple of Confucius?

**DON ECHENBERG**

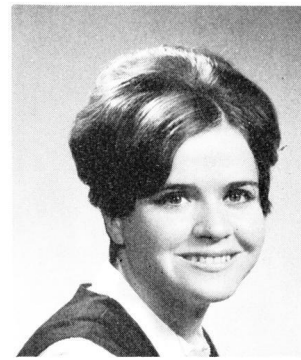
*When they passed out brains I
thought they said trains and missed
mine.*

Proto: The card shark. Fav. Exp: You must be twins; no one person could be so dumb. Cher. Mem: January 23, 1950. Pet Peeve: People who call him Donald. Amb: To get to university with over 750. Prob. Dest: To be rejected with 699. Assets: None—that's my biggest weakness. Weaknesses: See assets. Can you imagine Don thinking of another way to solve (geometry)?

**MARILYN ELSTER**

*A secret is something you tell to
one person at a time.*

Fav. Exp: Now, there's a MAN! Cher. Mem: Those algebra classes with Mr. Lecker and Barbara. Pet Peeve: Monday to Friday. Amb: Writer. Dest: Writing in her diary. Act: Choir, Glee Club. Can you imagine: Mar having a new secret?

**SUSAN ELTES**

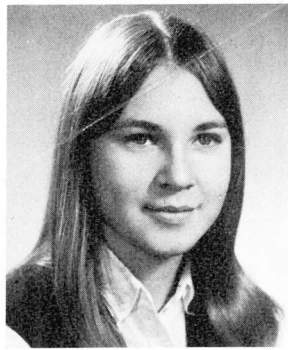
Time is the rider that breaks all youth.
Proto: Lazy Susan. Fav. Exp: 1. Fine! 2. . . . you know Pet Peeve: Boys with long hair. Amb: To get married, to travel, and to become a dietitian. Prob. Dest: To marry a fat travelling salesman. Can you imagine Susan with out a telephone?



ELYSE ENGEL

*Health adds years to your life but
LOVE adds life to your years.*

Proto: More verve to the curve. Fav. Exp: Boy, Gaipman! Do I have something to tell you! (see B. Gaipman). Cher. Mem: A certain chapter in AZA. Amb: Teacher. Prob. Dest: Baby Sitter. Assets: She sits on them. Weaknesses: Boys. Unrec. Hist: One night on her way to Diane's house. Act: FTQ, Jazz Club, Cercle Français, Interclass sports. Can you imagine Elyse as an English school "Marm"?

**DOREENA FAERMAN**

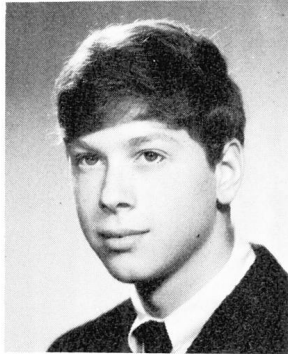
*Behind every rich man stands a
woman with nothing to wear.*

Proto: The dream of 'nosey' people. Cher. Mem: The day her heart stopped roaming Apr. 1, '64. Amb: Elementary school teacher. Prob. Dest: Teaching her own school of kids the elementary facts Assets: That infamous American styled ring. Weaknesses: A certain foreign correspondent. Can you imagine Doe without her car?

BOBBY ENGELBERG

*Is it a bird? Is it a plane? Ptt!
It's a bird!*

Proto: Spaghetti. Fav. Exp: Censored! Pet Peeve: the "Black Hawks" folding in the stretch. Amb: Lion tamer. Prob. Dest: lion food. Weaknesses: arms. Act: Student Council Rep., treasurer graduating class organization, math club, model Parliament '64-'65, wrestling '63-'64. Can you imagine Bobby not being a history fan?

**JONIE FEIGELSON**

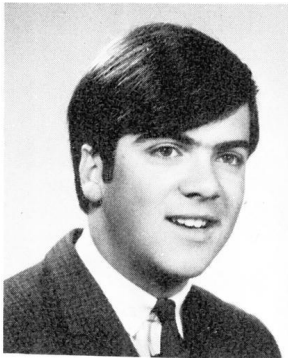
*Love is like a well; good to drink
out of but bad to fall into.*

Proto: "Saint" Joan. Fav. Exp: Dale—we gotta get out of this place! Cher. Mem: "Cherish" and that Toronto trip. Amb: social worker. Prob. Dest: So shall I work? Assets: Out-of-town camp friends. Weaknesses: Wanting to visit them. Act: Interscholastic basketball, Red Cross Rep., '64 ski club, senior band '63, '64. Can you imagine Jonie not wearing her beaney?

RICHARD ERAMIAN

I came, I saw, I am leaving (I hope).

Proto: Sheepdog. Fav. Exp: But Mr. Johnson, I just got a haircut 2 months ago. Cher Mem: The day Mr. Chodat tried to tear his hair out. Amb: Chartered Accountant, long hair. Prob Dest: Looking at figures all day. Asset: His long black hair and Liverpool accent. Weaknesses: Girls with long blond hair. Can you imagine Ricky alone in the cold?

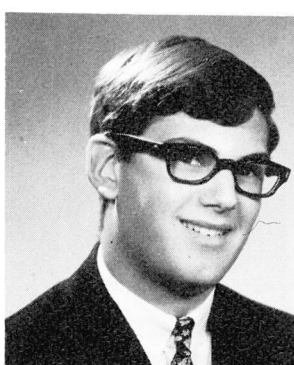
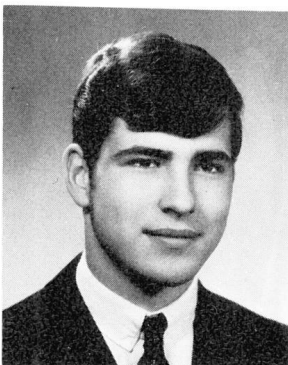
**BARBARA FELGAR**

*To begin is to finish. I have finished—
only to begin.*

Proto: Aren't two like her. Fav. Exp: Quit flitten' around. Cher. Mem: Summer in the U.S. 1966. Amb: To marry a sprite. Prob. Dest: I now pronounce you wife and sprite. Act: Ski club, interclass sports. Can you imagine Babsie without Mel?

DANNY ERNEST

The strong, silent type . . .

**GERALD FELSKY**

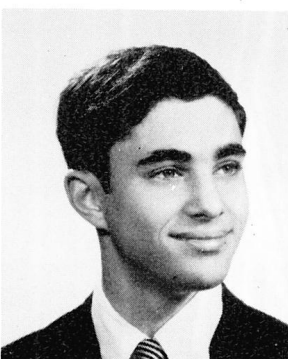
*In the land of the blind, the one-
eyed are kings.*

Fav. Exp: No homework, Mr. H., I find that hard to believe. Cher. Mem: Extra Physics labs at 7:30 a.m. Amb: Research chemist. Prob. Dest: Bunsen Burner Blowerouter. Can you imagine Gerald lighting the fires of friendship?

IRWIN ETCOVITCH

*The rain in Spain falls mainly
where the clouds are forced to
precipitate.*

Proto: Ambitious(?) Fav. Exp: Is that a fact? Cher. Mem: In charge of drink machines at a school dance. Pet Peeve: Writing French. Amb: Physicist. Prob. Dest: Juggling Trapeze Artist. Unrec. Hist: The day at work when his pants ripped in half and he got stuck in the freight elevator. Can you imagine Irwin with laryngitis?

**STEVE FINKELSTEIN**

*Confucius say, He who plays tid-
dley-winks under tree, shady person.*

Proto: E. P. Taylor. Amb: To own a race horse. Prob. Dest: stable boy. Assets: Being short. Weaknesses: Not being tall enough. Act: Soccer, badminton, interclass sports. Can you imagine Steve quoting Confucius?

LYNN FLEICHMAN

Not lazy, just tired of progress.

Proto: Hell's angel. Pet Peeve: Those who condemn what they do not understand. Assets: 1. Her long brown? hair. 2. That famous ability to dive into unknown water with Dale J. Weak: Those out of town 6'2" long-haired blondes. Unrec. Hist: April 2, '66 at the 'Sin-bin'. Can you imagine Lynn with a beetle bob?

**DAVID FRIEDMAN**

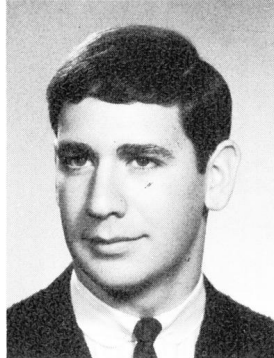
It is alright to live it up—as long as you can live it down.

Proto: Jolly orange midget Fav. Exp: You gooner. Cher. Mem: Getting my hair straightened. Claim to fame: My size. Amb: Not to have curly hair. Prob. Dest: To have no hair at all. Act: soccer, hockey, basketball, Red Cross Rep., Engineering club. Can you imagine David—Wagar's Napoleon?

ALLAN FRANK

If at first you don't succeed, don't bother.

Proto: Jolly Green Giant. Fav. Exp: Ivan, I am going to pound you! Cher. Mem: Arm wrestle with Mr. Garbutt. Amb: Rich and married. Prob. Dest: Rich and married. Assets: being 9' tall. Weak: Not being able to talk at the right time. Unrec. Hist: Seeing Mr. Stewart up close. Can you imagine Allan being "frank"?

**RITA FRYDMAN**

To be or not to be . . . better be!

Proto: Trying to be myself. Fav. Exp: Oh, I can play, it's not broken yet? Amb: Research in the Biology field. Prob. Dest: Personal Research. Assets: Boys who call nightly. Weak: Romantic atmosphere. Pet Peeve: People who say they know me better than I know myself. Act: Band, Volleyball, Drama, Basketball, Badminton, Field hockey, Red Cross. Can you imagine Rita reading historical poetry?

JACK FRIDHANDLER

Teachers think you're lazy but parents drive you crazy.

Proto: If I don't know, you'll never guess. Fav. Exp: What's the big deal, don't worry about it. Cher. Mem: Miss Elliot's grade 8 math. classes. Pet Peeve: Latin. Amb: To go to McGill or Sir George. Prob. Dest: Time will tell. Can you imagine Jack playing Julius Caesar?

**BARBARA GAIPMAN**

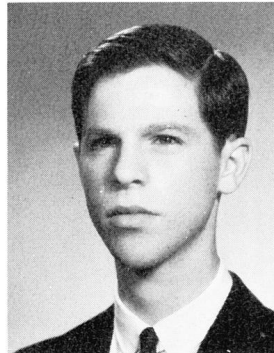
It's not what a girl knows that worries her parents. It's how she found out.

Proto: More bounce to the ounce. Fav. Exp: Hey Engel you're going to crack up when you hear this. (see E. Engel) Amb: occupational therapist. Prob. Dest: giving therapy to . . .? Assets: That "innocent" look. Weak: McGill men. Fav. Past: Trying to convince certain people she's not Naive. Can you imagine Barb not talking with a mike?

LYLE FRIEDBERG

Everything has its beauty but not everyone sees it.

Proto: Myself. Fav. Exp: Don't bug me. Cher. Mem: April 3, 1950 (my birthday). Pet Peeve: Week days. Amb: College. Prob. Dest: Educated? Assets: Unlimited. Act: Interclass sports. Can you imagine Lyle being anybody else?

**GLORIA GANDELL**

At twelve I gave up Girl Guides and became a Boy Scout.

Proto: Nucleus; she belongs in a cell. Fav. Exp: Watch-em-a-cull-it? Cher. Mem: That stormy Feb. night. Amb: Nurse. Prob. Dest: Quickening pulses and raising temperatures. Assets: Big blue eyes. Weak: Dark brown eyes. Act: Jazz Club, F.T.Q., class sports, Cercle Français. Can you imagine Gloria—Dr. Zorba's assistant?

MAYDA FRIEDLANDER

Don't worry—it may never happen.

Proto: Shaggy Dog. Fav. Exp: I don't know what to do! Rho—Fold!!! Pet Peeve: Wearing bands in grade 11. Claim to Fame: Unique tie clip collection. Amb: Biologist. Prob. Dest. He loves me, he loves me not, he loves me? Can you imagine Mayda having a long talk?

**DANNY GARFINKLE**

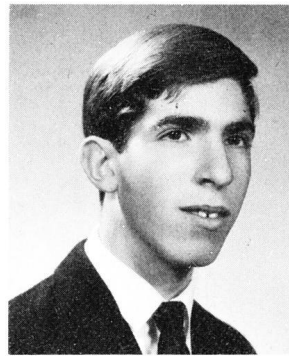
When women go into fish markets it is better to keep nose plugged than ears pierced.

Proto: Little Davy Jones. Fav. Exp: Only \$81 more dollars till I have my muffler. Now all I need is my motor, wheels, etc. (see A. Lowy). Unrec. Hist: At 6 years old sitting on the steps of Disneyland thinking I was Daniel Boone and shooting visitors with my water pistol. Can you imagine Danny with a pink comb?

RONNY GERO

May God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, courage to change the things I can, and wisdom to know the difference.

Proto: Sabra. Fav. Exp: If you don't stop that . . . Pet Peeve: Subject promotion. Amb: Research pharmacist. Prob. Dest: Searching for a researcher. Can you imagine Ronny being a Chem. champ?

**JAMES GLADSTONE**

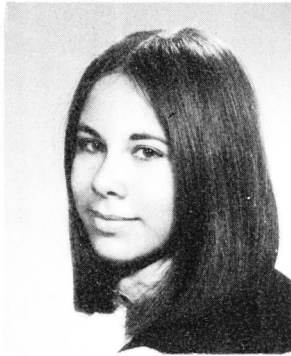
All men are born free, but are everywhere in chains.

Proto: Bobby Darin (If I were a Carpenter) Fav. Exp: You animal. Cher. Mem: That half hour. Amb: To make the stage. Prob. Dest: Carpenter. Can you imagine Jim not chiselling out Happiness?

ELISE GERSOVITCH

Experience is the best of school-masters, only the school fees are heavy.

Proto: An individual. Cher. Mem: Connecticut Conclavette—April 1, '66. Amb: To achieve all my goals. Prob. Dest: Hockeyplayer. Weak: Big German Shepherds and cuddly Mongrel puppies. Unrec. Hist: Let's keep it that way. Act: Student Council Rep., Track and Field, '63-'65. Can you imagine Elise representing Wagar in the 'mock' olympics?

**BERTHA RACHEL GLAIT**

I am not afraid of tomorrow for I have seen yesterday and love today.

Proto: Rachelle. Fav. Exp: What is the sound of one hand clapping? Pet Peeve: People with big mouths and small minds. Claim to Fame: Being in the "Valiant" at the Barrel Theatre. Amb: To be recognized as an actress. Prob. Dest: Wayoff-Broadway. Assets: That little difference that makes the big difference. Weaknesses: Geometry deductions. Can you imagine Bertha giving a bad performance?

MARK GERSOVITZ

Gersovitz talks best when others are talking.—Mr. Kurys.

Proto: Le Marquis de Sade. Fav. Exp: Just so. Cher. Mem: Nattel and the Hydrogen Generator. Pet Peeve: Hearts game—Nov. 2, 1966. Amb: To solve logs. Prob. Dest: A bump on a log! Can you imagine Gers having a beer bash?

**RHONA GLAZER**

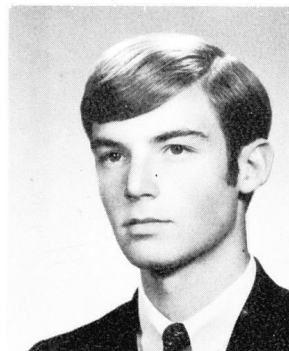
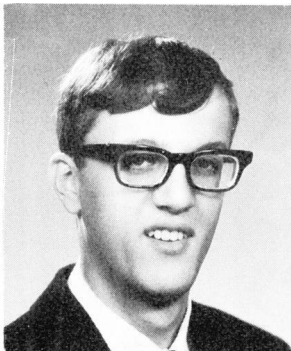
A friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature.

Proto: The "o" in ox. Fav. Exp: If anything good happens, call me. Cher Mem: "The List". Pet Peeve: Pond's Cold Cream. Amb: Occupational Therapist. Prob. Dest: Successfully inclined. Assets: Red highlights. Weaknesses: Anything immoral, illegal or fattening. Act: Badminton, Tennis, Volleyball, Drama. Can you imagine Rhona being partial to "fish"?

STUART GIBSON

Education makes people easy to lead but difficult to drive; easy to govern but impossible to enslave.

Proto: James (Stuart?) Fav. Exp: How about that! Cher. Mem: June 30, 1967. Amb: Lawyer. Prob. Dest: A good man at the bar. Assets: School. Weaknesses: Low marks. Act: Students Council Rep. 64-65, Current Events Club, Wagar Watch, History Seminar, Debating and public speaking, Inter-class sports. Can you imagine Stuart campaigning for Mr. "Mayor"?

**MARC GOLD**

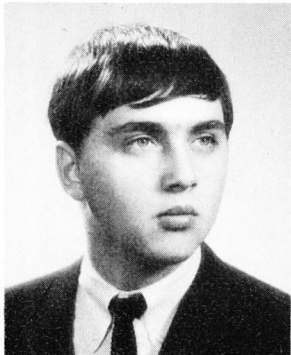
Democracy dispenses a sort of equality to equals and unequals alike.

Proto: Mike 'Woolhat' Nesmith. Amb: To follow in his father's footsteps. Prob. Dest: Athlete's Foot. Act: President Student Council, Treasurer Student Council, Jazz Club, Current Events Club. Can you imagine Marc having fewer cavities?

ARNOLD GILBERT

The weaker sex is the stronger sex because of the weaknesses of the stronger sex for the weaker sex.

Proto: Cupid. Fav. Exp: "Bad . . . news". Pet Peeve: Those Friday afternoons in school. Amb: Chartered Accountant. Prob. Dest: Playing with figures. Can you imagine Arnold not being kind and considerate?

**RENA GOLD**

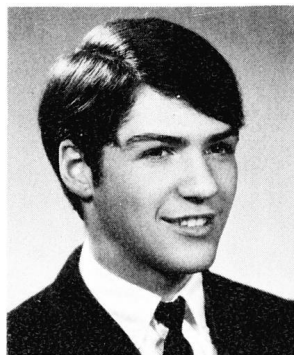
Amongst all rose gardens are a few weeds.

Proto: As sweet as candy. Amb: Stewardess. Prob. Dest: Flying high. Assets: Ability to make friends. Weaknesses: Losing them after making them. Can you imagine Rena being dubbed "Smiling-Joe"?

JACOB GOLDBERG

It's moral cowardice to leave undone what one perceives to be right to do.

Proto: The eighth wonder of the world. Cher. Mem: Having grade sevens to boss around while in grade 8. Amb: First man in history to be awarded alimony when divorcing his rich wife. Prob. Dest: And it's another first for J. Goldberg and the male race. Can you imagine Jacob walking to school?



GERRY GOODIN

Confucius says: He who sit on tack shall rise to great heights.

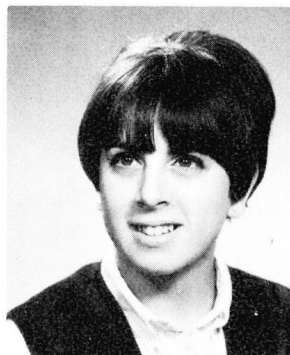
Proto: Tall, dark and . . . 2 out of 3 Fav. Exp: Are you serious? I don't believe! Pet Peeve: Getting back exam marks Amb: Chartered Accountant Prob. Dest: Dealing with figures Act: Inter-class basketball, Engineering Club, Track and Field. Can you imagine Gerry becoming a prophet?



MARLENE GOLDBERG

All great woman die young—I don't feel so good myself.

Proto: The rock of Gibraltar—always dependable. Fav. Exp: Hey! Did you hear about . . . listen listen! Cher. Mem: Being "Sweet 16". Pet Peeve: People who don't take her seriously. Amb: Commercial Artist. Prob. Dest: Official mustache painter on billboards. Assets: Quick wit and ready smile. Act: FTQ, Basketball, Badminton, Volleyball. Can you imagine Marlene "Little Player of the Air"?



LOUISE GOODKIN

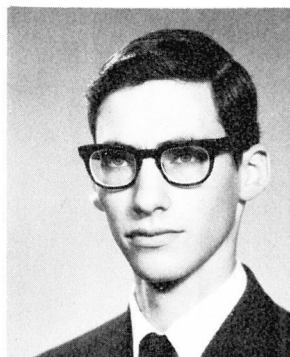
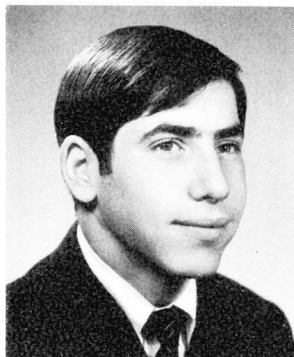
The more I see of man, the better I like dogs.

Proto: Little Miss Muffet. Fav. Exp: Blah Charlie Brown Blah! Cher. Mem: July 17, 1574. Amb: Journalist Prob. Dest: Dear "Goodi" column Assets: Ears that are in everyone's mouth Weaknesses: Dimples. Can you imagine Goodi being a "bad" girl?

HOWARD GOLDENBLATT

Those who can do but those who can't watch. "I see", said the blindman as he well fell down the stairs.

Proto: Maynard G. Krebs Fav. Exp: You you're a big root. Cher. Mem: Sept. 4, 66 Washington D.C. Amb: Psychiatrist Prob. Dest: Lie down on the couch, Miss Jones. Weak: Beautiful Can. girls, beautiful American girls., etc. Can you imagine Howie in Atlantic City?



AVROM GOSSACK

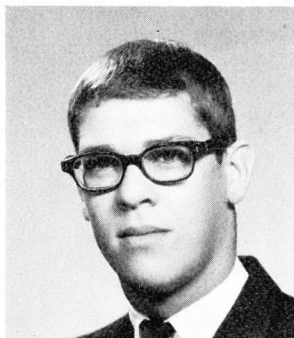
The grass isn't always greener on the other side. Those are only weeds!

Proto: My father Fav. Exp: Don't talk unless you have something to say. Cher. Mem: Blueberry pie Amb: Nothing but money is sweeter than honey. Prob. Dest: To collect old age pension. Assets: On the ball . . . Weak: Pax Romana Unrec. Hist: It' a secret Can you imagine Avrom joining the Hellenic Society?

SANDOR GOLDSTEIN

One of the most likely uses of atomic energy seems to be the cooking of the world's goose."

Proto: Rough, tough cream puff Cher. Mem: The day he tied Sylvia in an arm wrestle Pet Peeve: Having marks deducted in an Eng. paper for mental untidiness (courtesy Outside Reader) Amb: Surgeon Prob. Dest: Yes, Mrs. Penn, what cut of meat would you like? Act: Prefect; Exec. Graduating Class Org.; Students Council Rep. Can you imagine Sandor giving up his lectures?



ARLENE GOULD

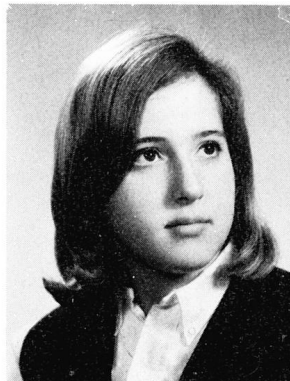
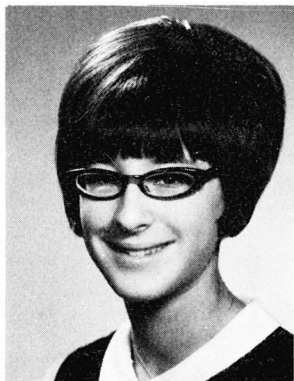
In school she's quiet and demure, but when outside we're not so sure.

Fav. Exp: Lets do something different Cher. Mem: The week of Sept. 2-7 '66 Pet Peeve: people who call her "S.H.E Always doing the same thing Amb: Registered nurse Prob. Dest: Nurse's aid Act: Student Council Rep., choir. Can you imagine Arlene comme little ol' lady?

MARLA GOMBERG

People are like shoes. The cheaper they are the louder they squeak.

Proto: M. G. The Great. Fav. Exp: Could be tense-oops, sorry about that chief Cher. Mem: The day she snuck on the bus as a child under 5. Pet Peeve: People who kid her about being in grade 8 and don't believe she's 16. Amb: Biologist Prob. Dest: Let me tell you about the birds and bees. Can you imagine Marla joining the "Wee" folk?



FRANKI GRANNER

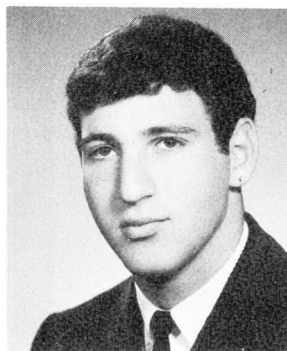
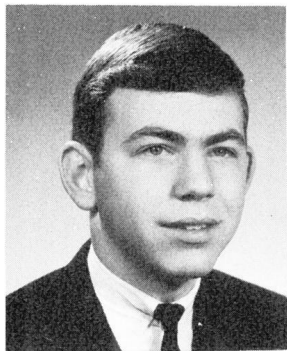
All mirrors are magical mirrors; never can we see our faces in them.

Proto: that dynamic giggle. Fav. Exp: None— just laughter. Cher. Mem: Those remarkable victorious summers. Pet Peeve: Teachers who question the fact that she's a girl with a boy's name. Amb: Social Worker Prob. Dest: Corrupting society Act: Cercle Francais, guidance rep., class sports. Can you imagine Franki writing "Dear Mike"?

TED GRANOFSKY

If at first you don't succeed . . . fake it!

Proto: J. C. Tremblay. Fav. Exp: Hey, man that's suave. Pet Peeve: People who don't like his prototype. Amb: McGill with Scholarship. Prob. Dest: Peretz School with subsidy. Act: Jr. Football 64-66, Bantam Hockey 64-65, Jr. Basketball 65-66, Jr. Volleyball 65-66, Stagecrew 63-66, Class Pres. 63-64. Can you imagine Ted an Aqua Velva man?

**HERSHEY GRODINSKY**

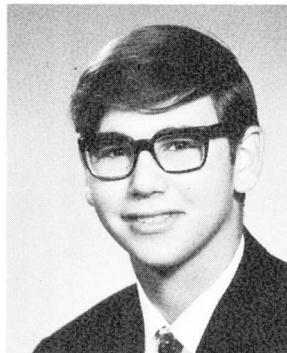
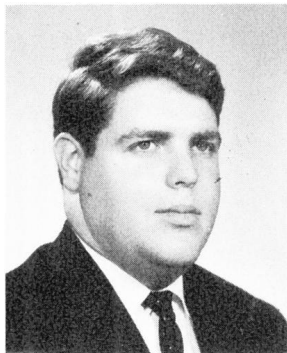
Where there's a will there's a corpse.

Proto: Jim Clark of Cote St. Luc (racing driver). Fav. Exp: Name, phone number, vital statistics. Cher. Mem: An introduction to a certain someone. Pet Peeve: Not getting the wheels. Amb: Dentist. Prob. Det: Filler' up. Unrec. Hist: A certain event last winter. Weaknesses: Figures. Can you imagine: Hershey-the roller skater?

GERRY GREEN

Conscience is the thing that hurts while everything else feels great.

Proto: The Jolly Green Giant. Fav. Exp: You got a chance like a snowball in hell! Cher. Mem: One night I . . . Amb: Draftsman. Prob. Dest: Opening and closing windows. Weaknesses: Girls. Assets: My ability to . . . Act: Wrestling 63-65, Class pres 64, Red Cross Rep 63. Can you imagine Gerry riding a bicycle?

**BILL GRODINSKY**

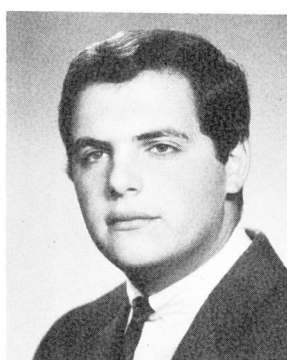
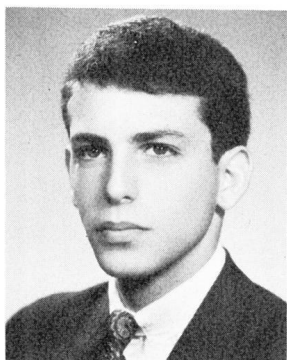
An honest man is the noblest work of God.

Proto: Le Gros Bill. Cher. Mem: November 2, 1966. Amb: Architect. Prob. Dest: Making castles in the sand. Act: Junior football 64-65; Senior soccer 66; Interclass sports, Current Events Club Can you imagine Bill as Mr. World 1984?

LAWRENCE GREEN

Individuality is man's greatest asset.

Proto: "Being myself" Cher. Mem: Missing a hole in one by rimming the cup. Pet Peeve: Girls wearing excessive make-up. Amb: Professional golfer Prob. Dest: Duffer. Act: Student Council Rep., interclass sports, golf. Can you imagine Larry not blabbing?

**LARRY GROSSMAN**

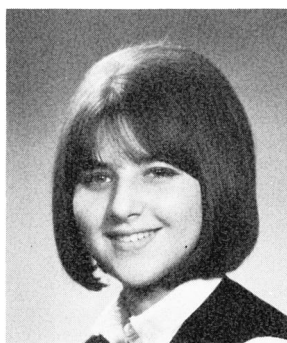
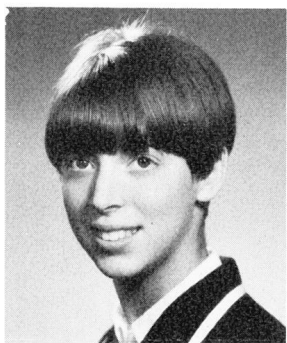
Fun and school don't mix. Girls and school don't mix. Boy! Somebody up there doesn't like me!

Fav. Exp: But I have no money. Cher. Mem: 8-G and Mrs. Schrier. Pet Peeve: Teachers with monologue dialect and bright red pens. Amb: Law or Bust. Prob. Dest: Perpetual student or ski bum. Assets: Handsome, smart, what more can I say? Weak: Girls with green. Unrec. Hist: Teacher's pet 62. Can you imagine Larry-a mixed up kid?

DALE GREENFELD

It's nice to be important, but it's more important to be nice.

Proto: Chip & Dale. Fav. Exp: Joni, we've got to get out of this place! Cher. Mem: A certain Swiss boy. Amb: Social worker. Prob. Dest: Teaching her children to be socially fit. Assets: Red hair. Weak: Red-headed temper. Unrec. Hist: Summer in Israel '66. Act: Eaton's Junior Council Rep., ski club. Can you imagine Dale forgetting her foreign experience?

**JUDI GRUMET**

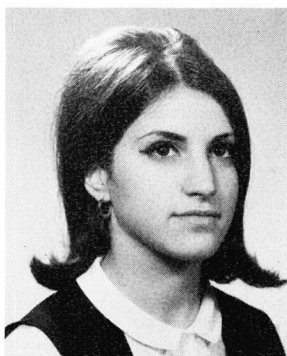
Life is not a goblet to be drained but a measure to be filled.

Proto: Girl with the high blush pressure. Fav. Exp: Elaine, I don't believe it. (see E. M. Cohen) Pet Peeve: Certain geometry periods. Amb: Commercial artist. Prob. Dest: Teaching her children to draw. Act: Cercle Francais, F.T.Q. Can you imagine Judi thinking something is bad?

BARBARA GREENSPOON

A revolving door chops a crowd into people.

Fav. Exp: I dunno. Cher. Mem: Escape from school, Wednesday lunches. Amb: I dunno. Prob. Dest: To prove Lady Clairol wrong-it's not true blondes have more fun! Assets: Long dark brown hair. Weak: Tall, dark and handsome. Unrec. Hist: La Soupiere-summer '66. Act: Interschool volleyball team 63-65. Can you imagine Barbie "yellowknife"?

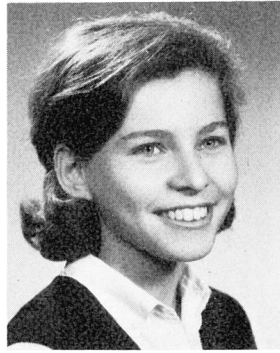
**JOY GUTTENBERG**

Your joy is your sorrow unmasked -the deeper that sorrow can carve into your being, the more you can contain.

Proto: Joy to the world. Cher. Mem: Those short weeks in grade ten. Pet Peeve: Waiting. Amb: To go to India. Prob. Dest: Visiting Caughnawaga. Act: Red Cross, Choir, class sports. Can you imagine Joy using Ivory Liquid?

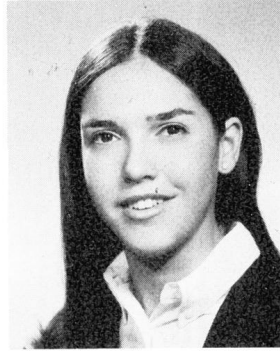
IRENE "Irena" GUTMANN

There is no royal road to geometry.
 Prot: The Flying Dutchmaid. Fav. Exp: For Pete's sake. Cher. Mem: Morelia Mexico (that 1st long talk). Assets: Her Happy Disposition Weaknesses: Having no idea of time. Always late, never in a hurry. Act: CBC Youth Councillor, Lay-out Editor of Prelude; Vice-Pres Current Events Club, Band 63-65, Cercle Français; Track and Field; Folksinging, Ski Club. Can you imagine Irene without sparkling eyes?



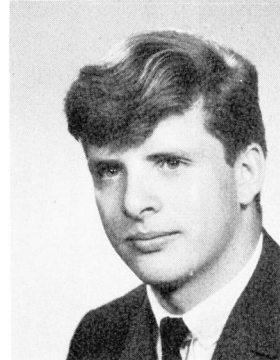
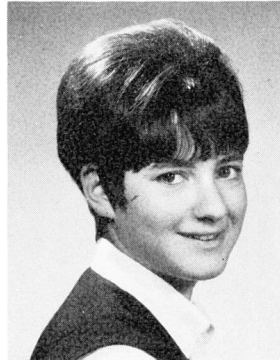
FREDA HELLER

To many people live in the past too much. The past must be a springboard, not a sofa.
 Proto: The other half of the gruesome twosome (see E. Abramovitch). Fav. Exp: Phwo! He's such a cutie! Pet Peeve: Really "super-cool" guys who play games. Amb. To become a model. Prob. Dest: Modelling galoshes. Assets: Her God-like ability to predict the future. Weak: Blond lifeguards. Can you imagine Freda with a paleface?



ESTHER HABER

Smart people speak from experience; smarter people, from experience, don't speak.
 Proto: "little" Esther Fav. Exp: I have to rest now! Cher. Mem: Feb. 5-7, 1965; Sept. 4, 1965 and 1966. Amb: Teacher. Prob. Dest: Replacing Miss Ellen on Romper Room. Act: Cercle Français, F.T.Q., Jazz club. Can you imagine Esther, "None of that back-talk, Mr. C.!"

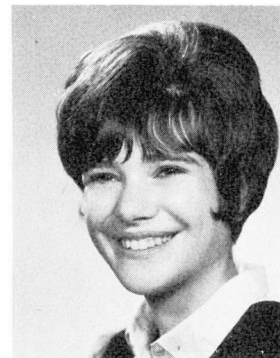


GORDIE HELPS

You don't have to be Jewish to go to Wagar but it Helps.
 Proto: The Prod. Fav. Exp: Hey J— Cher. Mem: 34 plus 1. Claim to Fame: Paper hanger. Amb: Flying Planes. Prob. Dest: Playing with flies. Act: Football, Hockey, Cross Country, Decorating.

ROSELYN HABERKORN

A stolen kiss may sometimes lead to marriage . . . Hey! What am I waiting for?
 Proto: Tiger (without the Stripes). Fav. Exp: Hey Judy, Sheila! Do you see what I see—Red Blinkers!! Cher. Mem: That certain surprise party in Sept. '66. Pet Peeve: People who don't dig Wine Toronados. Amb: Registered Nurse. Prob. Dest: Nursing her register. Can you imagine Roselyn getting her stripes?

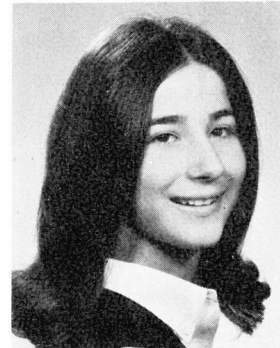


ROBERTA LYNN HERMAN

Nothing succeeds like success.
 Proto: The bubble in champagne. Fav. Exp: I don't believe it! Cher. Mem: June 26, 1963. Amb: To obtain my B.A. Prob. Dest: Learning my abc's. Assets: Intelligence, charm and modesty. Weaknesses: Are you kidding? Unrec. Hist: The day I was offered a part in a Broadway musical. Can you imagine Roberta without her sweet smile?

EVELYN HANDMAN

Let today embrace the past with remembrance and the future with longing.
 Proto: Evie Fav. Exp: Sir, I didn't say a thing. Cher. Mem: Each new day brings new memories. Pet Peeve: Naive people. Claim to Fame: Her eyes. Amb: Nurse. Prob. Dest: Taking im-pulses. Act: Prelude Grad Editor, Grad Ring Rep., Book Club, Ski Club, Cercle Français. Can you imagine Evie attending gym classes more than twice each year?

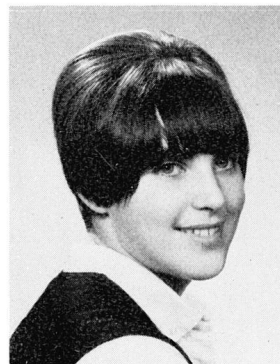


VERONICA "Vera" HERMAN

Today well spent makes every yesterday a dream of happiness; and tomorrow a vision of hope.
 Proto: King ugly. Fav. Exp: Oh, Poochie! Cher. Mem: Those summers in Pennsylvania. Amb: A great deal. Weaknesses: American letters. Act: President of the Ski Club, class and school sports. Can you imagine Vera burning her skis?

ELAINE HARRIS

Brain . . . What brain? Mine's been on order for sixteen years.
 Proto: Esther Williams. Fav. Exp: But seriously . . . Pet Peeve: People who say I am going to place. Amb: Physiotherapist or Biochemist. Prob. Dest: Fizzy Jerk. Act: Inter-class and interschool volleyball, Basketball, Track and Field, Vice Pres. F.T.Q. Can you imagine Elaine not making a school team?



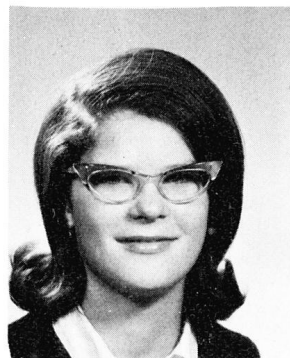
CECILE HERMELIN

Canadian boys make good mates, but Man! Dig those cute guys from the States.
 Proto: Her jaw is at work a mile a minute, always gum or gossip in it. Fav. Exp: You owe me a coke. Pet Peeve: Mailmen who don't get through rain, snow, etc. Amb: Nothing for myself, but for my mother a tall dark handsome son-in-law. Prob. Dest: Sorry Ma! Act: Well, I was a blackboard monitor in gr. 3. Can you imagine Cecile petitioning the pony express?

SUSAN HERSCHORN

Too many people live without working and too many work without living.

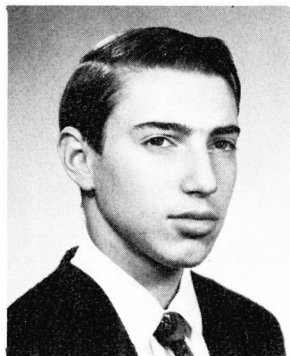
Proto: Miss Curl Free 1966. Fav. Exp: Thanks! Thanks a bunch. Cher. Mem: Trip home from Fitzroy and what happened when she arrived in camp. Pet Peeve: People who make fun of her second name. (T.K. Outremont High). Amb: Degree in bio-chemistry. Prob. Dest: Where were you the night of . . . Act: Cercle Français, Current Events Club. Can you imagine Susan—our Maggie Muggins?



ELI HERSCOVITCH

Not that I am not, for I am.

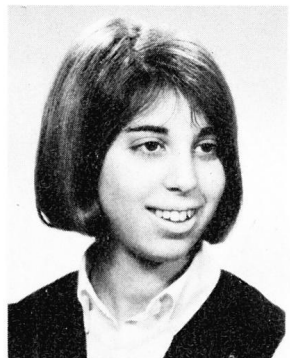
Proto: Frodo Baggins. Fav. Exp: Everything I say is original—laugh and the world laughs with you, cry and your hanky gets wet! Cher. Mem: The day the Fugs were played in the jazz club. Pet Peeve: See Family Portrait by Irving Layton. Assets: Huh? Unrec. Hist: I sat beside Leonard Cohen at an A and W once. Act: Jazz Club, Student Council Rep., Senior band. Can you imagine Eli not being poetic?



HANNAH HERSHMAN

Unthinking, idle, wild, and young, I laughed and danced, talked and sung.

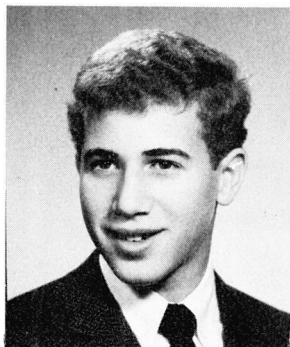
Proto: Oh, Sweet Pea. Fav. Exp: Could you? Cher. Mem: April 31, '66. Amb: Phys. Ed. teacher. Prob. Dest: Fullback for the Montreal Beavers. Assets: So short. Weak: Love those tall boys! Act: Head Cheerleader, Student Council Rep. Can you imagine Hannah as Tall Tim The Tree Topper?



STANLEY HERSHMAN

I finally figured out why Robin Hood stole from the rich—the poor had no money.

Fav. Exp: Don't sweat it. Are ya out'a your tree? Claim to Fame: His hair. Pet Peeve: Bald history teachers. Act: Ski club, Current Events Club, Student Council. Can you imagine Stanley being combed by Friar Tuck?



GERALD HOLLINGER

A man's reach should exceed his grasp.

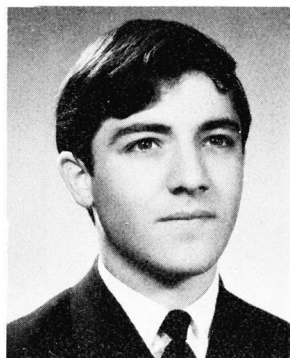
Proto: Napoleon Solo. Fav. Exp: You don't know what you're talking about. Cher. Mem: Burning a controlled jet hydrogen, bleaching with chlorine. Amb: Chemical Engineer. Prob. Dest: Lab Technician. Unrec. Hist: YCC/66—a streetcar named desire. Act: Pres. Chess Club, Debating, Bridge, Math Club. Can you imagine Gerald being a "star" in grade 1?



LEON HOLT

Poet of the Piano.

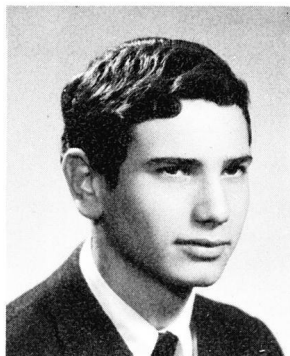
Proto: Roger Williams. Fav. Exp: Censored. Amb: To be ambitious. Prob. Dest: Orthodontist. Assets: Would you believe charm and personality? Weaknesses: Expensive musical equipment. Unrec. Hist: Private school dropout. Act: The Rubber Band. Can you imagine Leon not wanting to play?



ARTHUR HOSIOS

You can always tell a happy motorcycle officer by the bugs on his teeth.

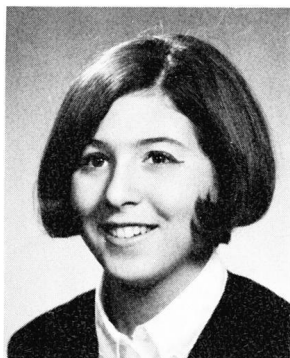
Fav. Exp: You never know what lonesome is until you get to herdin' cows. Pet Peeve: Ze work supplementaire. Amb: Architect. Prob. Dest: playing with figures. Act: Foreign correspondent for the Wagar Watch, interclass sports. Can you imagine Arthur reading High Flight?



PEGGY HUBSCHER

The course of true love never never did run smooth.

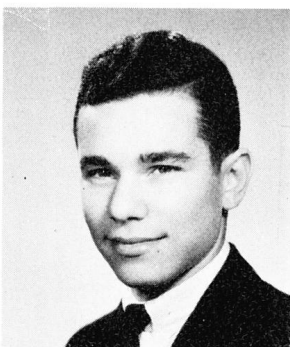
Proto: The trouble maker. Fav. Exp: I hate him with a passion. Cher. Mem: Summer at Pine Valley '66. Amb: A teacher. Prob. Dest: To teach my own little ones. Assets: Boys in town. Weaknesses: Boys from out of town. Unrec. Hist: The day I went without laughing. Act: Prefect '64-65, Cercle Français FTQ, Red Cross. Can you imagine Peggy not being affected by the "white" Knight?



DAVID ILSON

Since no one is perfect—I must be no one.

Proto: I'm unique; there is only one of me. Fav. Exp: I had a pint in Sorrel 5 plus 8 equals 13; Look out for the "been". Cher. Mem: Mr. Litwack, Mrs. Gamulka, Mr. Horowitz. Pet Peeve: Ridiculous French axioms. Amb: Straight haired millionaire. Prob. Dest: A bald Scrooge. Assets: I'm still searching. Can you imagine David taking a long trip into Mathematica?



BARBARA JACOBSON

If you see someone without a smile, give him one of yours.

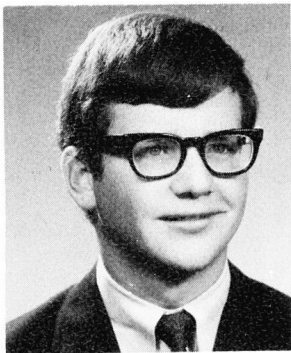
Proto: The undiscovered literary genius. Fav. Exp: Don't forget to wake me up when the period is over! Pet Peeve: Getting up in the morning. Fav. Past: Writing letters. Amb: Fashion Designer. Prob. Dest: Salesgirl at Reitman's. Assets: Her letter writing ability. Unrec. Hist: The day she put a \$1 deposit on \$14 shoes (3 months before buying them). Can you imagine Barb losing "the" election?



JERRY JACOBSON

Whenever I feel like working, I lie down till I feel better.

Proto: The lifeguard. Fav. Exp: It can't be said because it's obscene! Cher. Mem: L. Margulies on my bus pass. Act: Inter-school wrestling, track and field, cross country, hockey (Sr. AA and Bantam Jr.) and Inter. Band, Captain of Intra mural Championship team. Can you imagine Jerry—the muscle bound beach bum?



LARRY JACOBSON

Whenever I feel like doing homework I lie down until the feeling passes away.

Proto: I'm original, don't you think? Pet Peeve: Being awakened during French class. Amb: Accountant. Prob. Dest: Accounting all the reasons why I don't become one. Assets: My good looks. Weaknesses: Hard work. Can you imagine Larry as a "star" reporter?



ALEX JAKEROV

An ass and his assets are soon parted.

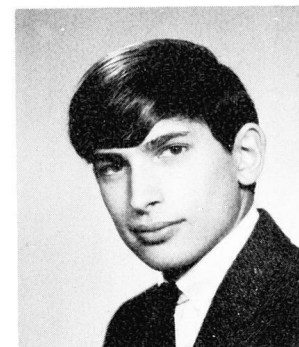
Proto: George Harrison. Fav. Exp: Don, you're off-key. Cher. Mem: The 'Lachute' episode. Pet Peeve: Haircuts and Vitalis. Amb: George Harrison. Prob. Dest: Jeff Beck. Assets: Utter conceit. Weak: Wine and women. Claim to Fame: Phase II Unrec. Hist: The great depressions. Act: setting the date. Can you imagine Alex being unsuccessful in Chemistry?



DAVIS JOACHIM

Boys are boys and girls are girls, why spoil it.

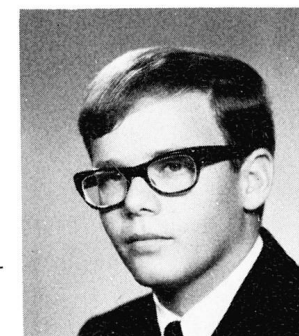
Proto: I must look like someone. Fav. Exp: So, what else is new? Cher. Mem: Them good old days when boys was boys 'n' girls was girls. Amb: Electronic Engineer. Prob. Dest: Short circuits. Assets: Black hair. Weaknesses: You name it! Act: I'm thinking. Can you imagine, Davis—yes, there is a difference.



PAUL KABAK

Don't smoke in bed; the sleeping bag you burn may be your wife.

Fav. Exp: Boy, are you a sick guy! Cher. Mem: Refusing to play James Bond because I was too busy with pre-camp. Amb: Zipper manufacturer. Act: Student Council Rep., Volley ball, Basketball, Inter-class sports, Ski Club. Can you imagine Kabak fooling around?



KEN KADONOFF

To be or not to be; what kind of a question is that?

Proto: Jolly Red Giant. Cher. Mem: When I was three feet tall. Amb: Would you believe a skyscraper? Prob. Dest: A well-bumped head. Assets: Tall, dark. Weak: Short women. Unrec. Hist: censored. Act: Head Prefect, Student Council 63-65, Audio-Visual crew. Can you imagine Ken not wanting to go to Stowe?



TED KANE

A born loser is a guy who sticks his hand to signal a right turn and hits the cop right in the mouth.

Amb: To be recognized for what he really is. Prob. Dest: To be crucified. Assets: Able to leap tall buildings in a single bound. Weaknesses: Fear of heights. Act: Debating Champion 64-65, Class President, Hockey, Football, History Seminar, Tennis Team, Ski Club. Can you imagine Ted not being censored?



SHARON KARPMAN

Why worry? Today's the tomorrow you worried about yesterday.

Fav. Exp: Wee! Guess what day it is today? Amb: getting her R.N. Prob. Dest: Getting her R.H. Assets: Her smile. Weak: SGWU men. Unrec. Hist: The day he phoned "2" days early (Dec. 6, '66). Act: F.T.Q., jazz club, Cercle Français. Can you imagine Sharon worrying about exams?



ARTHUR KATZ

School makes you numb at one end, and dumb at the other.

Proto: Laughing boy! Fav. Exp: That's close. Pet Peeve: Taxis Saturday night. Cher. Mem: February 5, 1966. Amb: Flying high in California. Prob. Dest: Settling at the bottom of the Grand Canyon. Act: Bantam hockey '64, Jr. Basketball '66. Can you imagine Arthur having the "slows"?



BARBARA "Babs" KAUFMAN

Character is the diamond of life that scratches all other stones.

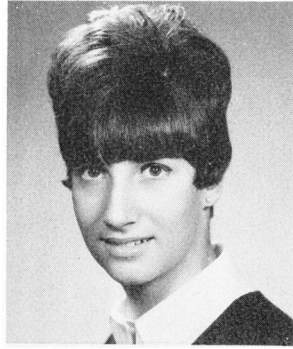
Cher. Mem: Florida '65. Amb: Happiness. Prob. Dest: Here's to the future! Act: Literary Editor of the Wagar Watch, interclass sports, Cercle Français. Can you imagine Babs having a riot?



NANCI KAVANAT

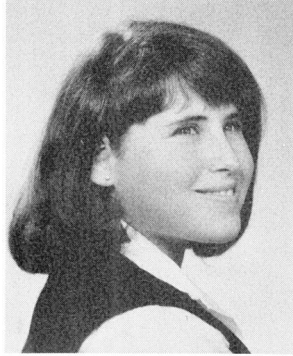
How far that little candle throws a beam. So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Proto: Dear Abby. Fav. Exp: Linda, do you want to hear something? Cher. Mem: Working at Expo. Pet Peeve: Biology labs before lunch. Claim to Fame: Her shorthand notes teachers can't decipher. Amb: Foreign Correspondent. Prob. Dest: Emptying waste paper baskets for "Suburban". Can you imagine Nanci at 10 words per minute?

**SUESAN KELLER**

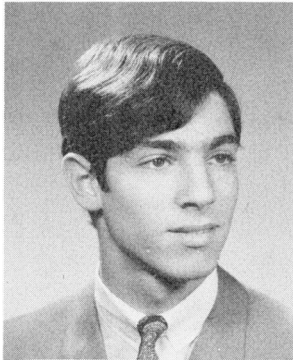
A dictionary is the only place where success comes before work.

Proto: Hurricane Suesan. Cher. Mem: Algebra Matric-grade 10 rm. 208 to be exact. Pet Peeve: Susan unanswered whys! Weaknesses: Il-y-a. Unrec. Hist: Gene Krupa the 2nd. Act: Red Cross Rep., 65-66; Red Cross Vice Pres 66-7; School choir, Poetry Appreciation Club, Interschool and interclass sports. Can you imagine Suesan being a badminton buff?

**CARY KITNER**

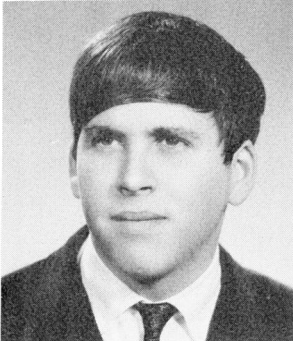
Girls are magnetic-easier to attract than drop.

Proto: Hugh Hefner (sans l'argent). Fav. Exp: Who, when, where, why? Cher. Mem: Mar. 15, '65. Pet Peeve: Having to use my favorite expression. Amb: Engineer. Prob. Dest: Figuring out what makes Janet tick. Act: Math Club, Ski Club, Jazz Club, Soccer, Wrestling, Interclass sports, Winter Carnival Chairman Prefect, Prelude. Can you imagine Cary not in Mr. Kury's room?

**MARTIN KLEIN**

Friends, Romans, Countrymen; lend me your homework.

Fav. Exp: Sorry I'm going skiing this weekend. Amb: Electronic Engineer. Prob. Dest: Snow cat driver at some ski centre. Act: Jr. football ('65), tennis, class sports. Can you imagine Martin falling down the Novice run?

**JACK KOZLICK**

He who keeps his nose to the grindstone and his back to the wheel ends up with a sharp nose and a bent back."

Fav. Exp: Maigu Guy Chou (no sweat in Chinese). Pet Peeve: Small prefects. Act: Wrestling teams, intramural croquet champ, bowling team. Can you imagine Jackie thinking of something better to say?

**REENA KRONITZ**

Foot prints in the sands of time were never made by sitting down.

Proto: Reena—she's an original. Fav. Exp: None, she never repeats herself. Pet Peeve: Monday thru' Friday—the 7 o'clock alarm. Amb: To obtain a B.A. Prob. Dest: To obtain a bachelor. Assets: The six senses including common sense. Weak: Non-cents! Act: FTQ, Cercle Français. Can you imagine Reena not being a geometry whiz?

**MICHAEL KRUPP**

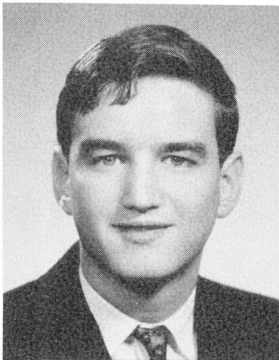
It is in spending oneself that one becomes rich!

Proto: A guy who gets into embarrassing situations. Fav. Exp: I'm a funny guy! Pet Peeve: girls under 5 feet tall. Amb: A business tycoon. Prob. Dest: A cutter in a Pepsi-Cola factory. Act: Red Cross, disc jockey for soc-hop. Can you imagine Mighty Mike the Money Maker?

**JACK KUGELMASS**

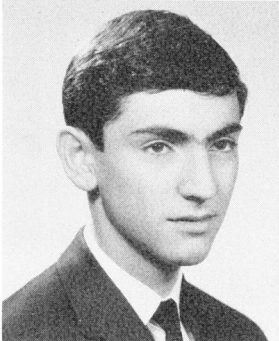
Experience is the name everyone gives to their mistakes.

Proto: Innocence personified — George Hees. Fav. Exp: When I want your opinion I'll rattle your cage. Cher. Mem: Dashing out of Latin class without putting up a chair. Amb: Constitutional Lawyer; Paleontologist; Prime Minister. Prob. Dest: Professional student. Assets: An interesting locker; one year of Hand-sards. Can you imagine Jack without a joke?

**SAUL KUJAVSKY**

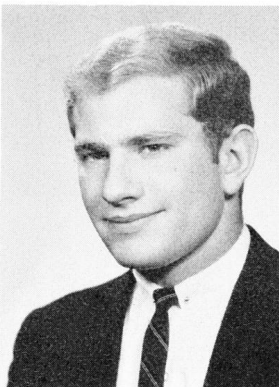
One reason experience is such a good teacher is that she doesn't allow dropouts.

Fav. Exp: Whad'ya mean I failed?? Cher. Mem: The last time I passed an exam. Amb: Scientist. Prob. Dest: Cleaning test tubes. Act: Class sports. Can you imagine Saul labelling boxes for Dominion Bureau of Statistics?

**GARY KUZNETZ**

Girls are a dime a dozen—here's a nickel, get me six.

Proto: Tall blond and . . . Fav. Exp: I'm not blushing, that's my high blood pressure. Cher. Mem: Teaching Mr. H. about 's between same parallels. Amb: Surgeon. Prob. Dest: Keeping people in stitches. Assets: So Many . . . too numerous to mention. Weaknesses: Well, there's what's her name . . . and . . . Act: Students council Rep., Basketball, Badminton. Can you imagine Gary "travelling" places?



DIANE LABOW

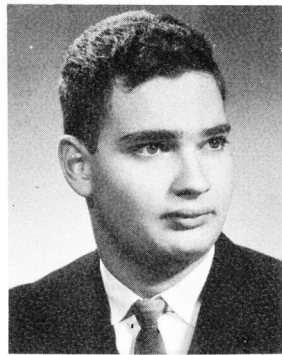
Peace in the world or the world in pieces!

Proto: Anne Mansfield Sullivan. Fav. Exp: Sir—I protest! Cher. Mem: The day Mr. Greenberg called her “happiness”. Pet Peeve: Her straight hair that often seems to have that natural curl. Amb: To teach the blind. Prob. Dest: Being blinded by a handsome fellow. Act: Pres. of FTQ, Cercle Français, Interclass sports, Debating Club. Can you imagine Diane being unenthusiastic?

**JOSEPH LERMAN**

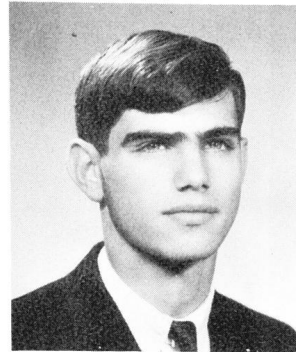
Friends, Canadians, countrymen lend me your ears (and mind).

Proto: Misunderstood genius. Fav. Exp: But couldn't it be . . . Cher. Mem: Passing exams. Amb: Engineer, scientist, or accountant. Prob. Dest: Storekeeper. Weaknesses: Eyesight. Act: Library assistant, math. club. Can you imagine Joseph as 007?

**GARRY LANSKY**

I may not be going anywhere, but I sure enjoy getting there.

Proto: Bruce Banner. Fav. Exp: You don't say. Cher. Mem: Walkout. Amb: Engineer. Prob. Dest: Working with nuts and bolts. Assets: Dimes, nickels and pennies, but mainly pennies. Weaknesses: Girls. Unrec. Hist: G.L.'s better that way. Act: Interclass Track and Field, Chess Club, Soccer. Can you imagine Garry having a sit-in?

**MARILYN LEVENSTONE**

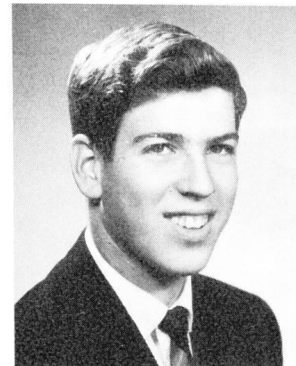
I'd rather be short and shine, than tall and cast a shadow.

Proto: Just like a sugar cube—small and sweet. Fav. Exp: I don't believe! Pet Peeve: People who say I'll phone you later and then don't. Cher. Mem: Labour Day Weekend. Amb: Medical secretary. Prob. Dest: Cleaning woman in a medical building. Weaknesses: Lobster. Unrec. Hist: Ha! Ha! Act: Red Cross Rep., 65, 66, 67. Can you imagine Marilyn not being a pal?

**ALEX LAUFER**

A chip on the shoulder indicates that there is wood higher up.

Proto: Rationalizer. Fav. Exp: Isn't that too terrific? Amb: Recognition. Prob. Dest: Notoriety. Assets: Never makes hasty decisions. Weaknesses: Always makes wrong decisions. Act: Soccer, volleyball, debating, Student Council. Can you imagine Alex being quiet in study hall?

**FREDA LEWKOWICZ**

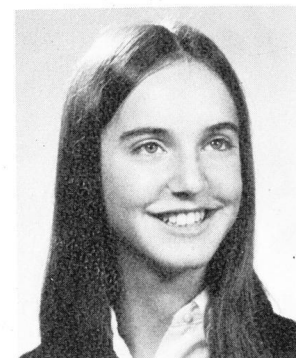
Learn from other peoples' mistakes, you cannot make them all yourself.

Proto: Pip (she too has great expectations). Fav. Exp: I'm not going to worry but what should I do? Cher. Mem: Those glorious years at WHHS. Pet Peeve: Poor mailmen. Amb: To set the world on fire. Prob. Dest: Pyromaniac. Asset: Her height. Weaknesses: Our southern neighbours. Unrec. Hist: Escapade on the basketball court. Can you imagine Freda going out with boys from Canada?

**DEIRDRE “Dede” LEIBOVITCH**

If I can keep one heart from breaking, if I can save one life the aching, I shall not live in vain.

Proto: Little Miss Sunshine. Fav. Exp: Oh! Is that great! Cher. Mem: The friends she has made and good times she has had through the years. Amb: Social worker or psychologist. Act: Class sports, Prelude Layout Editor, Secretary of Cercle Français, Book Club. Can you imagine Dede joining “Frowners Anonymous”?

**RUTH LIBMAN**

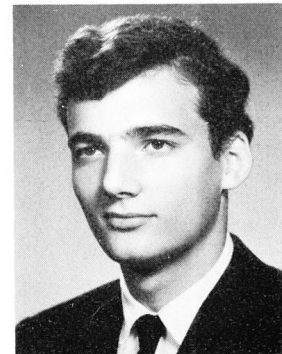
Great minds discuss ideas, average minds discuss events, small minds discuss people.

Proto: Frustrated Musician. Fav. Exp: I can't take it! Pet Peeve: People who call her Ruthie. Amb: Geneticist. Prob. Dest: Mending junior's jeans. Assets: Writing ability. Weaknesses: Writing Micawber letters. Unrec. Hist: Playing a guitar solo without any mistakes. Act: Feature Ed. of Prelude. Can you imagine Ruth without “Ann”?

**PETER LEIBOVITCH****JOSEPH LIEBMAN**

Men who have a good deal to say use mighty few words.

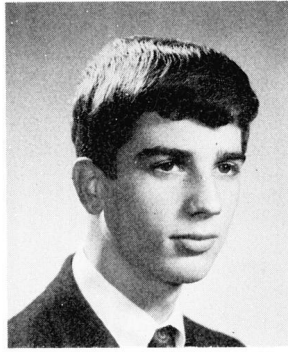
Proto: James Dean. Fav. Exp: Who cares? Cher. Mem: My summer in Atlantic City. Amb: To become a dress designer. Prob. Dest: Enzo Ferrari's racing driver. Act: Hockey, interclass sports. Can you imagine Joe being loquacious?



JOEL LONDON

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Proto: Bobby Rousseau. Fav. Exp: What? Are you out of your tree? Claim to Fame: His ability to get along with teachers. Amb: To play with the Montreal Canadians. Prob. Dest: Hockey scholarship to the University of Florida. Act: Red Cross Rep., Student Council Rep., Senior Hockey. Can you imagine Joel without his freckles?

**JANIE MARGOLIS**

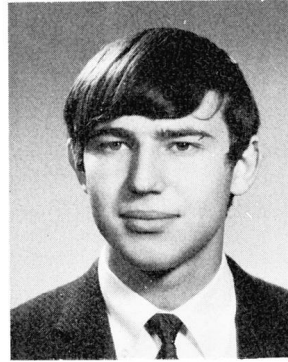
Absence makes the heart grow fonder. No wonder the school loves me!

Proto: Jungle Jane. Fav. Exp: But, Mr. Rosen . . .! Pet Peeve: People who say she shouldn't have cut her hair. Amb: To meet her tarzan. Prob. Dest: Marrying an ape. Weaknesses: 5-day weeks. Act: Ski club, Cheerleader, Cercle Franais, Basketball. Can you imagine Janie recruiting for the tween set?

ALEX LOWY

N e comme par une erreur de destin.

Proto: Nick Jagger (Shake). Fav. Exp: \$5 more and I can buy a windshield wiper. Now all I need is a trunk, tires, etc. (see Danny Garfinkle). Amb: To sing his way across the continent. Prob. Dest: Selling Singer Sewing Machines from door to door. Act: Bantam and Junior soccer, Junior basketball, Senior band, Interclass sports. Can you imagine Alex comme Frank Sinatra?

**LONNI MARGULIES**

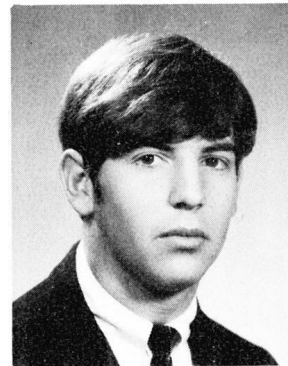
I never accept compliments—they don't say enough.

Fav. Exp: 1. Heck no! 2. That's your opinion against millions. Cher. Mem: J. Jacobson written on top of her bus pass. Amb: To be college bred. Prob. Dest: A 4-year loaf of her father's dough. Can you imagine Lonni play-acting?

ERIC LUDWICK

To begin is to finish; I have finished only to begin.

Proto: This side of innocence—there are two sides to every story. Fav. Exp: What can I tell you? Amb: Dentist. Prob. Dest: Pulling teeth out of combs. Assets: Take a look at the Picture. Weaknesses: Take a better look! Act: Wagar Football Team '64-'67, Track and Field, Golf, Basketball, All interclass sports. Can you imagine Eric as Wagar's own "Boy Wonder"?

**ROBERT MEADE**

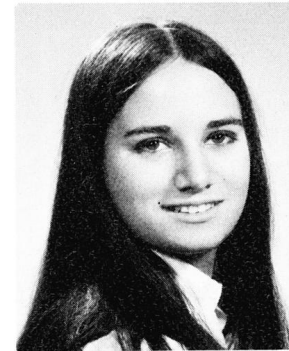
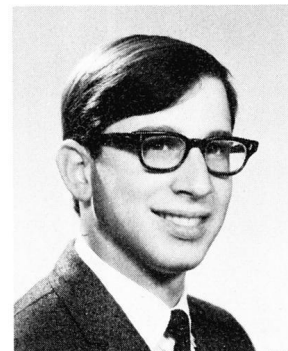
If you don't take a bath for a long time even the flies will ignore you.

Proto: Attila the Hungry. Fav. Exp: Push me once more Hersh and I'll . . . Cher. Mem: The day I milked my first goat. Amb: Help Hersh get her. Prob. Dest: Get her myself. Assets: Good appetite, ambitious, hard working, friendly . . . Weaknesses: Food; 5'5" blond and cute. Unrec. Hist: The hayloft at the farm. Act: Hockey; Soccer; Wrestling. Can you imagine Robbie switching instead of fighting?

VICTOR LUMER

Repose and leisure; idleness without measure.

Proto: The Thin Man. Fav. Exp: Mistake 'ubble to you. Cher. Mem: That beautiful summer '66 and a certain girl. Amb: To be successful in all aspects of life. Prob. Dest: Only my college board knows for sure. Unrec. Hist: "Streetcar named Desire" Y.C.C. '66. Can you imagine Victor posing for the thinker?

**FELICE MENDELL**

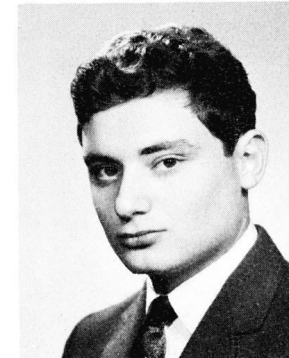
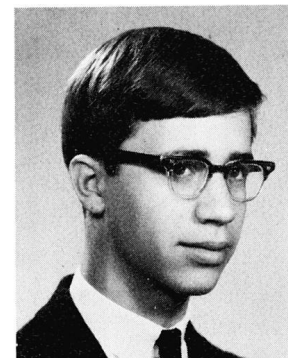
Absence is to love what wind is to fire; it extinguishes the little and kindles the big.

Proto: Felich . Amb: Architect. Prob. Dest: Building blocks with Junior. Cher. Mem: Streetcar Named Desire. Act: Math Club, Cercle Franais, Class Sports. Can you imagine Felice designing new weapons to catch men?

MARK MADRAS

Roses are red, but so are other flowers.

Proto: The Doctor. Fav. Exp: Don't lose any sleep over it. Amb: To work in a medical research lab. Prob. Dest: Washing slides. Unrec. Hist: "Streetcar Named Desire". Act: Ski club, Interclass sports. Can you imagine Mark "bleeding" (see last name).

**MIKE MOND**

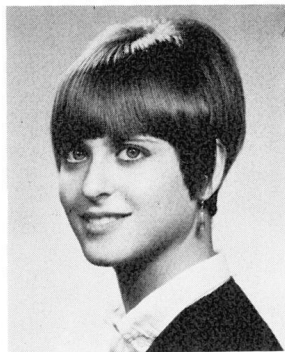
Recipe for a good speech; add shortening.

Proto: Norton. Fav. Exp: Ah! Who ever. Cher. Mem: December 27, 1949. Amb: Accountant. Prob. Dest: Bookie Assets: Generous. Unrec. Hist: The day Mrs. Ferguson didn't smile. Act: Class sports, weight lifting. Can you imagine Mike grinning boldly?

AYLENE MORANTZ

The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world.

Proto: 5'2" eyes of blue. Cher. Mem: 82% in Algebra matric. Pet Peeve: That certain geometry class. Claim to Fame: Big baby blue eyes. Amb: Criminal lawyer. Prob. Dest: Raising little gangsters. Act: Red Cross Rep., class sports, Cercle Francais. Can you imagine Aylene understanding Chem?



STANLEY NATTEL

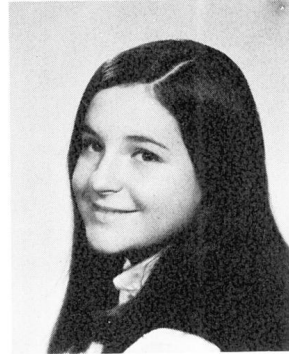
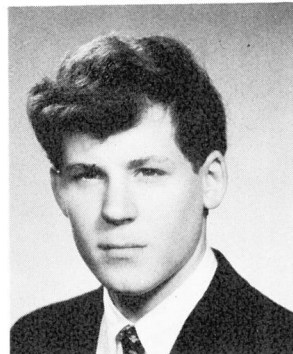
Give me a place to stand on, and I will move the earth.

Proto: Archimedes. Amb: To move the earth. Prob. Dest: Steam shovel operator. Act: Math. club, History Seminar Wagar Watch. Can you imagine Stanley wrapping a present in an ordinary way?

HAROLD MORANTZ

I came to bury Caesar, not to praise him. So give me back my shovel!!!

Proto: Captain Crunch Fav. Exp: Someone lend me your geometry work. Amb: Architect. Prob. Dest: Making holes in lifesavers. Assets: You name it, I've got it! Weak: See assets. Unrec. Hist: Married twice, 7 children! Act: Captain of the Turtle Racing club. Can you imagine Harold—a digger of ditches?



HEIDI NELSON

Liberty of thought is the life of the soul.

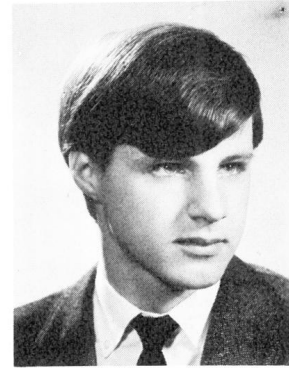
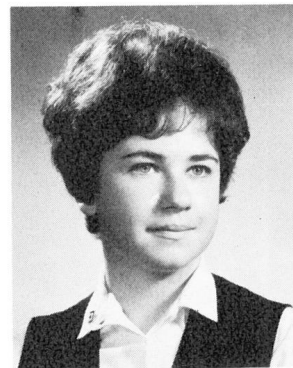
Fav. Exp: Surely you jest me! Pet Peeve: Ignorance. Amb: Masters Degree in Social Work. Assets: Her high pitched voice. Weaknesses: A smile and a wink. Can you imagine: Heidi not interested in BBG?

JUNE MORRIS

So many worlds, so much to do, so little done, such things to be.

—Tennyson

Proto: Florence Nightingale. Fav. Exp: It's so precious. Cher. Mem: Centennial Voyager-summer '66. Amb: Social Worker. Prob. Dest: To climb the social ladder of success. Act: Red Cross President 66-67, Secretary of Public Speaking and Debating, Band 63-66. Can you imagine June not being proud of Canada?



ALEXANDER NEUMANN

You'll be a man before your mother.

Proto: Wolf in sheep's clothing. Amb: Chemist. Assets: Me and my shadow. Weaknesses: When the shadow got further than me. Can you imagine Alex out of style?

BILLA MOSCHEL

However dark the night, the dawn must inevitably break.

Proto: Billy-compliments of Mr. Young. Fav. Exp: Sir, you're always picking on me! Cher. Mem: Piling into a maroon Volkswagen. Amb: To rise to great heights. Assets: Innocent blue eyes. Weaknesses: Books and Anthony Perkins. Unrec. Hist: Finding out my matric mark a month after everyone else. Act: Volleyball; basketball; Red Cross. Can you imagine Billa sitting on a tack?



JOSEPH NEWMARK

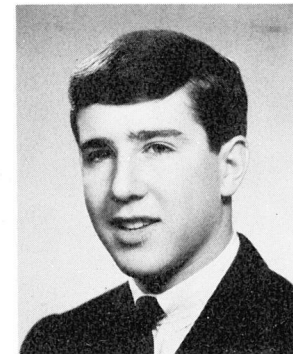
The causes of most accidents are that drivers watch the wrong curves.

Proto: James Thomson (Wall St.) Fav. Exp: Kenny, I can't go with you. Cher. Mem: 3:10. detention. Amb: Stock market executive. Prob. Dest: Executive of a "Hawk shop". Weaknesses: Going to bed with an empty stomach. Act: Junior Red Cross Rep 63-67; Prelude photography; badminton; Engineering club; Camera club. Can you imagine Joe without a picture in his locker?

JOEL MOSS

A rolling stone gathers no moss.

Proto: Calm, cool and collecting. Fav. Exp: Dubin, are you two back together again? Pet Peeve: Chicago not winning the Stanley Cup. Amb: Lawyer. Prob. Dest: Pressing suits. Assets: His ability to insult on impulse. Weak: A certain tree near Saranac Lake. Act: Soccer, Student Council, interclass sports. Can you imagine Joel 'switching' instead of?



ELLEN OBRAND

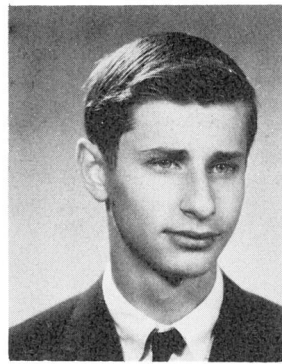
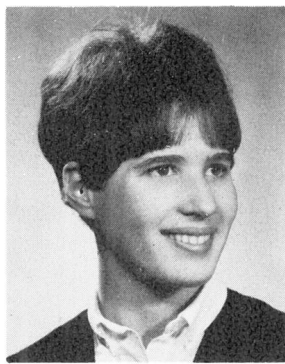
The best substitute for experience is being 16.

Proto: Miss Ellen. Fav. Exp: It's about the situation-cuties. Cher. Mem: That Thursday night in April 66. Amb: Ballet teacher. Prob. Dest: Walking around singing Twinkle, twinkle little star . . . Assets: Those strong legs. Weak: Those BLAH diets. Can you imagine Ellen not taking a good picture?

LIANE ODZE

You can conquer the world with a smile.

Prot: Wizard of Odze. Fav. Exp: But, sir everyone else talks just as much as I do! Cher. Mem: Trying to get through those Chem Labs on Fri. afternoon. Amb: Doctor. Prob. Dest: Trailing white coats. Assets: Her friends. Act: Band (64, 65, 66); Athletic Rep (65, 66); Class sports; Winter Carnival Committee. Can you imagine Liane auditioning for Twinkle Toes?

**EARL POVITZ**

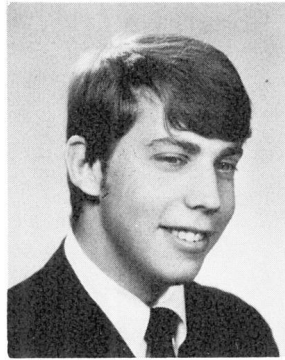
Life sure is a funny game; just by the time you learn the rules you're too darn old to play.

Proto: Arnold Palmer. Fav. Exp: I don't have the faintest idea! Cher. Mem: The day I got my driver's license. Amb: To become a big name lawyer. Prob. Dest: A big time Con. Pet Peeve: The five days between the weekends. Can you imagine Earl-the-hitch-hiker?

ERIC OPPEN

Speak to me only with thine eyes for I can't stand your breath.

Proto: Sterling Moss with long side-burns. Cher. Mem: The day that I became a man. Amb: "C.A." chartered accountant. Prob. Dest: "C.A." cleaner's assistant. Weak: A certain girl with green eyes and long hair who already has a boyfriend (see S. Cobrin). Unrec. Hist: A certain few days in Washington D.C. this past summer. Can you imagine Eric standing still?

**MORRIS PRESSER**

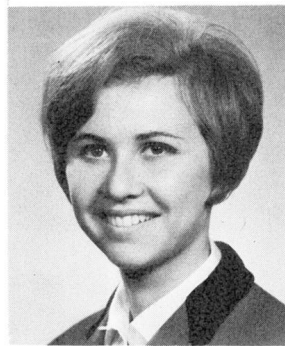
Men who trim themselves to suit everybody will soon whittle themselves away.

Proto: Gump Worsley. Fav. Exp: But sir, it wasn't me . . . 3:05, all right. Amb: To play in nets for the Habs. Prob. Dest: Cleaning the ice between periods at the forum. Act: Co-ordinator of Students Council; Wagar Watch Sports Editor 65-66; Pres. of the Clock Fund Interschool Sports. Can you imagine Morris being unco-ordinated?

AMY OSHER

Love is a word people use carelessly without really knowing its meaning.

Proto: Babyface Fav. Exp: You slob! Cher. Mem: Camp Sinai 1965. Assets: Here's to the charmer whose smile we prize, Here's to the girl with the big brown eyes. Weak: French Lovers Unrec. Hist: A certain lab. Would you believe a factory Mr. Herman? Act: Head Prefect, ski club. Can you imagine Amy head of the RCMP.?

**BOBBI PRIZANT**

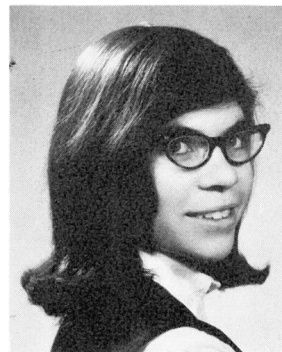
The first sign of love is the last sign of wisdom.

Proto: Everybody's pal, nobody's enemy. Cher. Mem: The hot chocolate of years gone by (see S. Creatchman). Act: Ski Club, Interclass sports, Cheerleader '65-'67. Can you imagine Bobbi buying Dinky Toys?

SUSAN PARIS

You only have one life to live but if you play it right, once is enough?

Proto: Atalanta. Fav. Exp: Basketball practice again! Pet Peeve: People who pinch her cheeks. Amb: Olympic track star. Prob. Dest: Running between Wagar and home in record time. Asset: A neat little package. Weak: 4th finger on left hand. Act: Interschool basketball, volleyball, track and field. Can you imagine Shifty Susan?

**MARILYN RABIN**

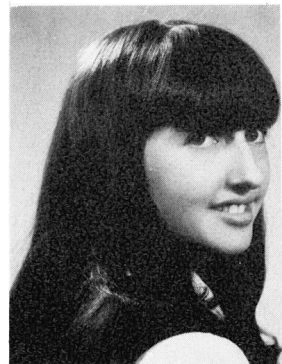
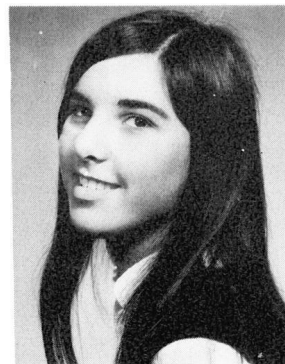
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, if algebra didn't kill me geometry must.

Proto: A flying raven Fav. Exp: Oh . . . I don't know. Cher. Mem: The day she brushed her teeth with Brylcream. Pet Peeve: Getting up at seven o'clock. Amb: To excel in what she undertakes. Prob. Dest: Your guess is as good as hers. Unrec. Hist.: Wouldn't you like to know? Act: F.T.Q. Can you imagine Marilyn and the 3 bears?

ARLENE PERVIN

A smile is a crooked line that can set everything straight.

Proto: Little Miss Pervin sat on a turban setting her . . . curls and waves? Fav. Exp: I'm going to, have a cow! Cher. Mem: Those Grade 10 lunch hours. Amb: B.A. and . . . Prob. Dest: Wagar until 1984. Assets: Tall, dark and available. Act: Red Cross Rep; Student Council Rep; Interclass Volleyball Young Montrealer Rep. Can you imagine Arlene blonde, fair and . . . ?

**PAT RAMSAY**

The early bird catches the worm; but the early worm gets caught.

Proto: The silent one. Fav. Exp. There's a test next period! Cher. Mem. Those crazy biology labs. Amb: R.N. at the Montreal General. Prob. Dest: Cleaning bottles in the chemistry lab. Assets: My baby blue eyes. Weaknesses: Exams and class tests. Can you imagine: Pat not being prepared?

LINDA RANDOLPH

I want nothing for myself, only a handsome son-in-law for my mother.

Proto: 5'2" eyes of blue. Cher. Mem: December 28, 1965. Amb: Teacher for the retarded. Act: Athletic Award Winner, Athletic Rep., interclass sports, interschool sports- basketball, badminton, volleyball and track and field. Can you imagine Linda not being athletic?

**RUTH RAPKOWSKI**

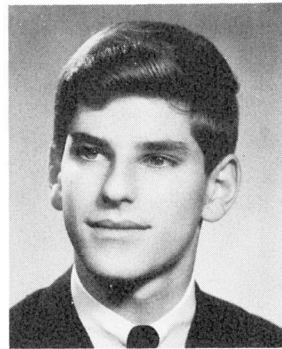
A wet bird never flies at night.

Proto: Klee Wyck. Amb: Philosopher. Prob. Dest: Discovering there is no such occupation. Assets: My height. Weak: Philosophical glib. Unrec. Hist: Getting my first WEDGIE. Act: Tennis, Volleyball, Basketball, Badminton, Prefect, Prelude. Can you imagine Ruth eating a fattening lunch?

**PHILIP RASHKOVAN**

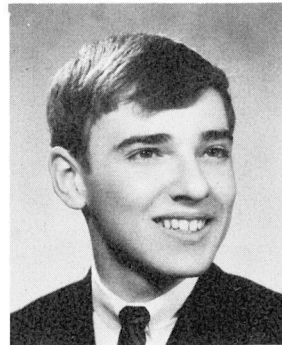
Counting time is not as important as making time count.

Proto: Bobby Rousseau. Fav. Exp: Not too bright a statement! Cher. Mem: The day Mr. Rosen split his pants. Amb: lawyer. Prob. Dest: Bailiff on Perry Mason Act: Interclass sports, Red Cross Rep., Basketball. Can you imagine "Rash" having an "itch".

**ROGER REENS**

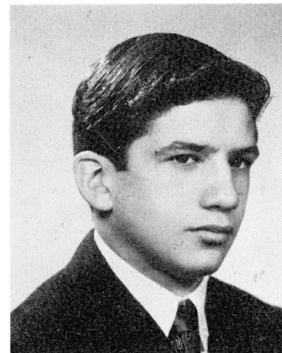
Modesty is becoming to the great. What is difficult is to be modest when one is a nobody.

Proto: Don Quixote. Fav. Exp: You're asking me? Cher. Mem: See weakness. Amb: Archeologist. Prob. Dest: Grave digger. Weaknesses: His illness? Act: Eaton's Junior Executive, Advertising Editor Wagar Watch. Can you imagine Roger playing pool?

**GARY RESNIK**

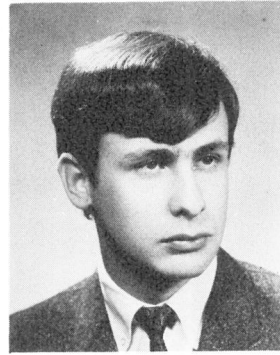
When I feel like working I lie down until I feel better.

Fav. Exp: Yeah, do you understand? Don't generalize. Cher. Mem: On my 15th birthday I received a shoe in the eye, a hockey stick in the head and got thrown into a snowbank! Pet Peeve: Gary, not Allie. Amb: Pilot. Prob. Dest: Flying kites. Act: Bantam, Junior, senior soccer; Track and Field; Cross country runner; Ski Club. Can you imagine Gary buying a computer?

**MARK REZYKA**

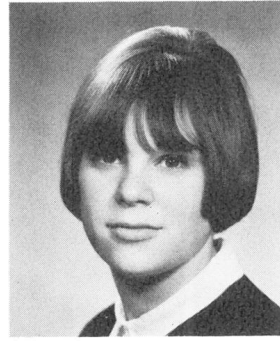
Whenever I feel like doing homework, I lie down until I feel better.

Proto: James Bond. Fav. Exp: Kill it! Pet Peeve: Cookies. Cher. Mem: Getting a VG in grade 4. Amb: Architect. Dest: President of the U.S. Act: Football. Can you imagine Mark not being serious?

**TERRY RICHARD**

The light of friendship is like that of phosphorous, seen plainest in the dark.

Proto: The other half. Fav. Exp: "Reis, I gotta tell you something!" Claim to Fame: Her giggle. Pet Peeve: The alarm going off at 7:30 a.m. 5 days a week. Amb: To go to Sir George or Macdonald. Weak: Giggling, losing books. Assets: People who loan her things she's lost. Can you imagine Terry with a hic-up?

**JANET RICHLER**

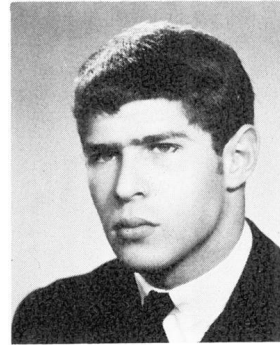
Man has a will; woman has her way, and where there's a will there's a way.

Proto: Scatter brain. Fav. Exp: I'm so mixed up! Cher. Mem: The bus ride home from the band concert at Chateauguay Apr. 65. Pet Peeve: Who? When? Where? Why? Amb: To sit next to Liane in Chem. Prob. Dest: Letting a little thing like a desk come between them. Act: Cercle Français. Can you imagine Janet with nothing to "Cary"?

**RONNIE RIMER**

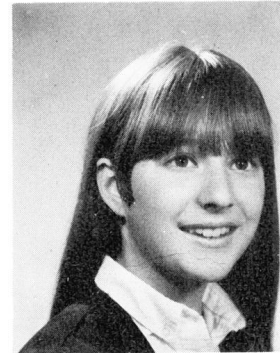
Don't spit in a man's face unless his moustache is on fire.

Proto: Bob Hayes. Fav. Exp: No, Mrs. Sacks. Cher. Mem: That certain day upon a chair lift with a certain girl who accidentally fell out and broke her leg. Amb: Giving Al Hirt trumpet lessons. Prob. Dest: Greatest Trumpetist. Act: track and field, volleyball, band, wrestling, senior soccer. Can you imagine Ronnie a man about town?

**CAROL RITZ**

Education is the process of driving a set of prejudices down your throat

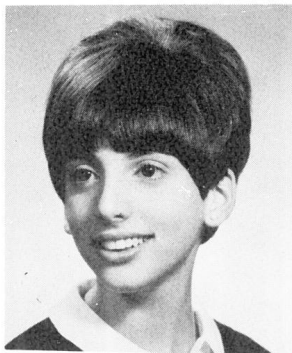
Fav. Exp: Look at that typical boy! Pet Peeve: Typical people. Cher. Mem: The day she got her driver's licence November 3, '66. Weaknesses: Red-headed boys. Act: Class sports. Can you imagine Carol with a "poor" boy?



CHERYL ROCKMAN

I'm very responsible. Whenever anything goes wrong I'm always responsible.

Proto: RockyJ. Squirrel. Fav. Exp: Hey Rusty (see K. Russman). Cher. Mem: The day they found out the truth about my teeth. Pet Peeve: How come the whites of your eyes are blue? Amb: Physiotherapit. Prob. Dest: Twisting the right arm. Act: Prelude Co-ordinator; Volleyball; Badminton. Can you imagine Cheryl lacking spirit?

**FRANCES ROSEN**

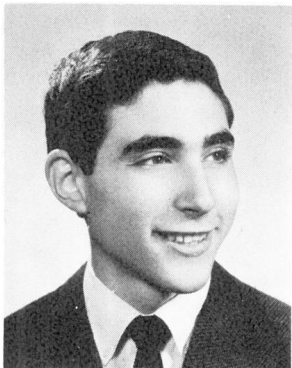
Always dreaming in class and elsewhere.

Proto: Tallest Midget in the school. Fav. Exp: Everybody is bugging me! Cher. Mem: My Sweet-16 party. Pet Peeve: Listening to long speeches. Amb: To work in a general office. Prob. Dest: Marriage. Assets: My looks. Unrec. Hist: The day I started smoking. Can you imagine Frances not acting jolly?

**BILL ROSENBERGER**

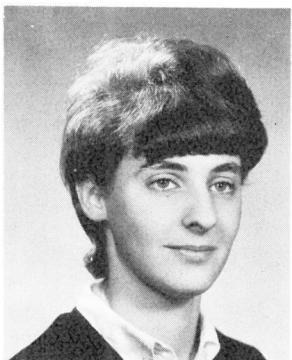
Better to remain silent and be taken for a fool than to speak and remove all doubt.

Proto: Kaiser Bill. Fav. Exp: Salve. Amb: Model for Senior Students. Prob. Dest: Dummy for Senor Wences. Act: Reporter for Wagar Watch, jazz club, chess club, ski club, Jr. and Inter. Bands. Can you imagine Bill a campaign manager?

**RUTH ROSENFELD**

To be bored by essentials is characteristic of small minds.

Proto: Nursery school drop-out. Fav. Exp: Oh, you just don't know. Cher. Mem: Being fired from the Prelude staff. Pet Peeve: People who doubt her authenticity. Amb: Never to have to play the Cruel War again. Assets: Her creative talking ability, talented fingers Unrec. Hist: Missing an opportunity to criticize. Act: Prelude Literary Editor Can you imagine Ruth "playing"?

**JUDI ROSENSTEIN**

"Love me or leave me! Hey, where are you going?"

Proto: Original. Fav. Exp: Oh help! Lend me the French homework! Cher. Mem: January 1965. Pet Peeve: The five days between the weekend. Amb: Maintaining a secretarial position. Prob. Dest: The only position she'll ever get is sitting on the boss' sknee. Assets: Her good profile and her deep, dark eyes. Weaknesses: MEN!!

**MIRNA ROSENZWEIG**

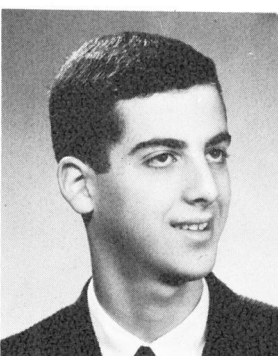
If a person can smile in the midst of trouble, chances are he has just found someone to blame it on.

Proto: The other half. Fav. Exp: Iris, what should I do? Cher. Mem: Summer in Maine-66. Pet Peeve: Having hot dogs in the cafeteria five times a week. Amb: Graduate and go to Sir George. Prob. Dest: See Prelude 68. Weak: Strength. Act: Badminton; winter carnival; class sports. Can you imagine Myrna with no bangs?

**RICHARD ROSS**

He who owns a second hand car knows it's hard driving a bargain.

Proto: 6'4". Bill Cosby. Fav. Exp: Opps! I nearly stepped on him. Cher. Mem: Nov. 2, '66. Pet Peeve: Girls with dirty blond hair and good figures. Amb: Social worker. Prob. Dest: Cleaning up after socials. Assets: Fun loving, loveable, handsome guy. Unrec. Hist: The summer up north at H's house when his parents were in the city. Can you imagine Richard quiet during English?

**SHARRON ROTCHTIN**

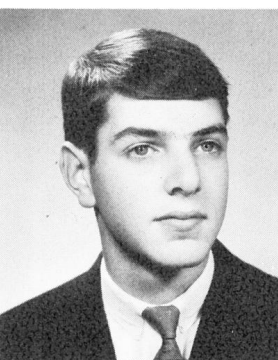
The worst moment for an athiest is when he has something to be thankful for and no one to thank.

Proto: Topo Gigo. Fav. Exp: Eddie, kiss me goodnight. Amb: Undecided as yet. Prob. Dest: Guidance Councillor, Assets: Trick Knee. Act: Guidance Counsellor. Rep., class sports. Can you imagine Sharron with a Florida tan?

**BILLY ROTCHIN**

You're on the road to success when you realize that failure is only a detour.

Proto: Sandy Koufax. Fav. Exp: Get serious I just shaved yesterday. Cher. Mem: One night at Bonaventure. Pet Peeve: Not having the wheels. Amb: Millionaire. Prob. Dest: Politician or thief (or both). Weaknesses: Sharp Blondes. Act: Ski Club, Basketball, inter-class sports. Can you imagine Billy having an accident?

**HOWARD ROZEN**

Talent is the ability to do something ordinary extraordinarily well.

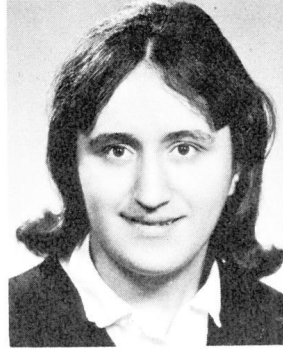
Proto: Dean Martin Jr. Fav. Exp: Only -days left to the weekend. Cher. Mem: Summer Camp 1966. Pet Peeve: Homework assignments on the weekend. Amb: A specialist in the medical profession. Prob. Dest: Professional scalpel sharpener. Assets: 2 ears, 2 eyes, 2 arms . . . Weaknesses: B.K. (rm 202). Act: Red Cross Rep., Guidance Councillor Rep., Can you imagine Howie being silent?



SAM RUBINFELD

Studying is for these weeks that have no Fridays in them.

Proto: Dobbie Gillis. Fav. Exp: Good luck. Amb: A doctor who will take care of his patients. Prob. Dest: S.P.C.A. caretaker. Unrec. Hist: Reading Shakespeare for kicks. Act: Tennis, water-skiing, swimming. Can you imagine Sam in "Esquire Magazine".



SUSAN RYANT

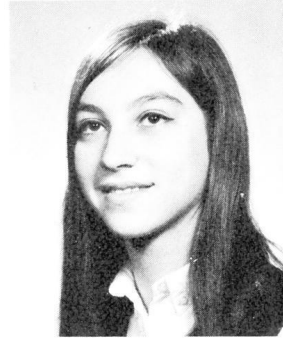
Early to rise, early to bed-makes you healthy but socially dead.

Proto: One of me is surely enough. Fav. Exp: Are you kidding? I can't believe it. Cher. Mem: Sept. 8, 1964. Pet Peeve: When Sharon and Judy say to me—Susan, can I borrow a pen please? Amb: To be a secretary as long as possible. Prob. Dest: The Boss's girl. Can you imagine Susan procrastinating?

DIANE RUCKENSTEIN

If you ever need a helping hand, just look on the end of your arms

Proto: Lady Godiva. Fav. Exp: None—just expressive silence. Pet Peeve: Bigotry, self-righteousness, and self-deception. Amb: Psychiatrist. Prob. Dest: Psychopath. Act: Cercle Français, Volunteer, Inter-class volleyball. Can you imagine Diane playing the flute?



DEENA SACKS

Men seldom make passes at girls wearing glasses, but contact lenses catch more menses.

Proto: She's unique. Fav. Exp: Go put some wood on the fire. Pet Peeve: Conformists. Amb: To be the only one of her kind. Prob. Dest: We the people . . . Cher. Mem: Summer at Hagshama '66. Act: Prelude Lay-out Editor, Prefect, Students Council Rep., interschool volleyball. Can you imagine Deena—"Yes, Mr. Kury's, I understand."

MARSHA RUDNER

I'm not that quiet; it's just that everyone else is so noisy.

Proto: High blush pressure. Fav. Pastime: Answering the telephone. Pet Peeve: Monday through Friday. Amb: To go to McGill. Prob. Dest: Passing McGill on the way to Montreal High Assets: A good ear and a good tongue. Weaknesses: A telephone call. Can you imagine Marsha comme the "Little Red Riding Hood"?



SHELLY SACKS

Speak when you're angry and you'll make the best speech you'll ever regret.

Proto: The Original Copy. Fav. Exp: Oh well, that's life! Cher. Mem: Finally separating the egg whites. Assets: Being a good egg. Weak: Separating the whites from the yolk. Amb: To have an ambition. Prob. Dest: Finding it. Can you imagine Shelley buying a chicken farm?

CAROL RUSSELL

Accidents occur through carelessness. Fav. Exp: Y'eh muckball. Claim to Fame: Her hair and eyes. Blushing Angel. Amb: Secretary. Prob. Dest: Sitting on the boss' knee. Act: Class sports, badminton, basketball. Can you imagine Carol not real sweet and good to eat?



ESTHER SALTZMAN

All the best things in life are immoral, illegal or fattening.

Fav. Exp: What room, Heather? Pet Peeve: Being called Mon Estée. Amb: Social Worker. Prob. Dest: Dear Este Assets: Ability to get brief cases for \$5. Fav. Pastime: Changing the spelling of her name. Weakness: Uncontrollable laughter in geom. Act: Band 65-66; inter-class sports; Cercle Français. Can you imagine Este not asking what happened?

KAREN RUSSMAN

*To be good is to be gracious—
Goodness! Gracious! Me!*

Proto: Height (of Innocence?) Fav. Exp: Hey Rocky! (see C. Rockman). Cher. Mem: Feb. 5, 1966. Amb: Physiotherapist. Prob. Dest: Strengthening weak muscles and weakening strong hearts. Weak: Pussy "katz". Act: Princess 64-65, Prefect, Prelude Sports Editor, Cheerleader, Interschool sports, Queens 66-67. Can you imagine Karen having the "slows"?



STEPHEN SANDERS

Peoples' minds are like cement—all mixed up and permanently set.

Proto: A masterpiece of art. Fav. Exp: It takes all kinds to make this world! Cher. Mem: When people say I look like a brilliant student. Amb: Architect. Prob. Dest: Building skyscrapers in the sky. Assets: Studying up there. Weak: Not being able to come down. Can you imagine Steve being an algebra whiz?

JULIETTE SAVVIDES

Romeo, O Romeo, where for art thou Romeo?

Proto: Juliet. Fav. Exp: Did you do your Latin? Cher. Mem: That wonderful summer in Greece. Pet Peeves: 1, People who smoke while I'm eating; 2, Getting up early in the morning. Amb: Dentist Prob. Dest: Drilling holes in my Romeo's teeth? Unrec. Hist: Princess of Cote-St-Luc. Can you imagine Juliette sans a Romeo?

**RENEE SCHNAPP**

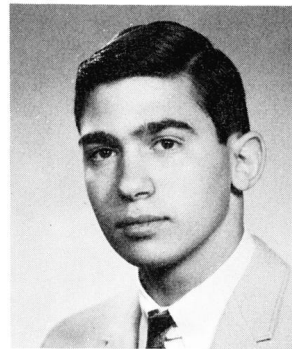
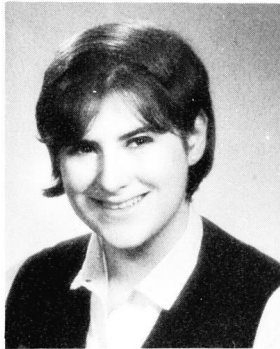
Roses are red, violets are blue, do you swim?"

Fav. Exp: Really I am not French—honestly I'm not. Amb: To study Interior Decorations. Act: Red Cross Rep., French Club, Drama. Can you imagine Renee changing her name to Renie to avoid mistaken identity?

SELMA SCHACHNER

Other things go around in the dark besides Santa Claus

Proto: Smile, you're on Candid Camera. Fav. Exp: You wanna know the truth or can I lie? Pet Peeve: People who crack their joints. Claim to Fame: Coming to school Monday morning smiling. Amb: Interior decorator. Prob. Dest: Padding her own cell. Weak: getting her words wixed. Can you imagine Selma with the right pictures?

**NEIL SCHNEIDER**

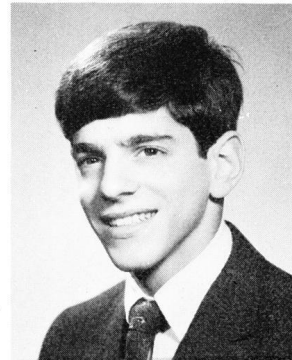
Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your homework.

Proto: Paul Simon (Simon and Garfunkle) Fav. Exp: They're all crazy. Cher Mem: June 23, 1966. Amb: Chartered Accountant. Prob. Dest: Cleaners Assistant (C.A.). Assets: His smile. Weaknesses: Teachers. Unrec. Hist: Poet Act: Grad Ring Rep., Gymnastics. Can you imagine Neil grinning in Verdun?

MAUREEN SCHAEFER

"Success is getting what you want; happiness is wanting what you get.

Proto: A kettle full of steam. Fav. Exp: Drop dead. Cher. Mem: Nov. 12, '66. Amb: Social Worker. Assets: Her white eyebrow, blond streak and blue eyes. Weaknesses: Boys and a quick temper. Unrec. Hist: The day she walked into the men's room at the Snowdon Theatre. Act: Head Junior Prefect 64; Prefect; badminton; volleyball; basketball. Can you imagine Maureen without "the kick"?

**DAVID SCHNITZER**

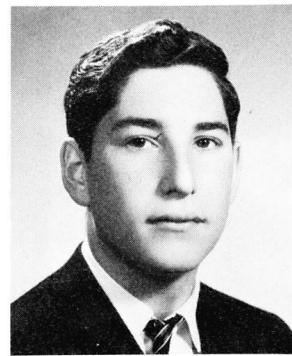
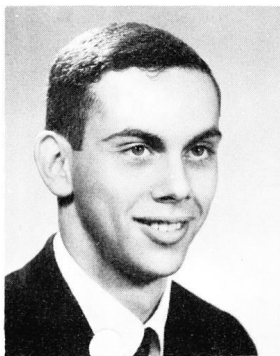
I really had a rough childhood, even my rocking horse died.

Cher. Mem: Getting a 75 in Algebra. Pet Peeve: Being allowed back into class after being thrown out. Amb: Chicken farmer. Prob. Dest: Ficken Charmer. Weak: Touchdown passes (the ones that count). Claim to Fame: His brother's compositions and French speeches. Act: Class sports and general good person. Can you imagine David outstanding in his field?

JACOB SCHILDKRAUT

Can't get enough of those sugar crisp.

Proto: The host with most . . . Fav. Exp: Uhhnn (groan) Cher. Mem: The day I passed an English exam. Amb: Airline Steward Prob. Dest: Being number one to the sun. Assets: One Prefect jacket Weak: School law-breakers with sob stories. Pet Peeve: Granny Goodwitch. Unrec. Hist: Being mistaken for Richard Burton. Act: Prefect, Red Cross V.P. Can you imagine Jacob—Sugar Pop Pete.

**LEONARD SCHREIBER**

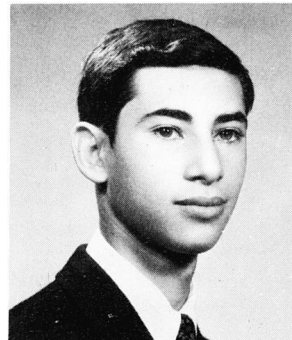
Life's a Magazine.

Proto: E. P. Taylor. Fav. Exp: Quiet cheat! Cher. Mem: Garbage Truck Safari Amb: Business Administration. Prob. Dest: Outer limits. Act: Interclass Basketball, Weight Lifting, Badminton. Can you imagine Leonard not a good sport?

FRANCES SCHIPS

Every family tree has its sap.

Proto: "Kokamo" Fav. Exp: Tommy! Takes me home. Cher. Mem: Sharon. Put it down. It's not a shopping bag—it's a lady. Amb: Teacher for the mentally retarded. Prob. Dest. "F-F-F-Fun! AYE?!! Act: Cercle Français, band 63-65, inter class sports. Can you imagine Francis without a chuckle?

**IRWIN SCHWARTZ**

If your wife wants to learn how to drive, don't stand in her way.

Proto: Pooch the pup. Fav. Exp: Humachuck. Amb: Pharmacist. Prob. Dest: Pharmassitant. Act: Class president 66-67, Prefect, jazz club, ski club. Can you imagine Irwin — the "N" stands for . . .?!!

MARILYN SCHWARTZ

Distance lends enchantment to the view.

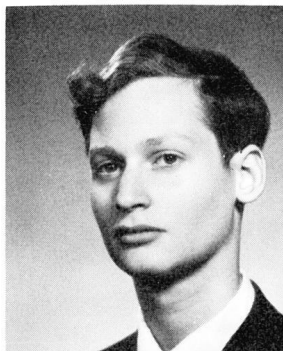
Proto: Marilyn. Fav. Exp: I only like him as a friend. Cher. Mem: The time there was enchantment and no distance. Amb: Getting her B.A. Prob. Dest: Using her B.A. (Bachelor Attraction). Unrec. Hist: That night on the yacht. Act: Cercle Français, ski club, jazz club. Can you imagine Marilyn as the long distance runner?



LORNE SEGAL

Drive your cart and plow over the bones of the dead. —Blake

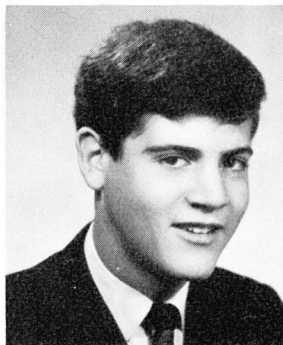
Proto: Plato. Cher. Mem: That crystal instant of psychedelic rapture. Pet peeve: Impractical Idealists. Claim to Fame: He ate his chicken soup. Amb: Poet. Prob. Dest: Elegy Assets: His contemplative patience. Weak: Moderate among Radicals. Act: Student Council Rep., Jazz Club. Can you imagine Lorne writing a 'divine' comedy?



MIKE SEGAL

If you don't think girls are expensive, just try and drop one.

Fav. Exp: Are you for real? Cher. Mem: that long hot summer. Amb: To get out of high school. Prob. Dest: Hi, Mr. Stewart, I'm back again. Act: Class sports, ski club. Can you imagine Mike enjoying a "hot" day?



SARA SEGAL

Strength is a man's charm, but charm is a woman's strength.

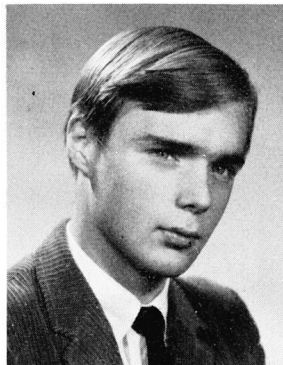
Proto: One Sara is enough. Fav. Exp: Next term I'll study. Cher. Mem: May 29, 1963. Pet Peeve: People who talk like a record player when the volume is off. Amb: Baby nurse Prob. Dest: Nursing my own twenty kids. Act: Student Council Rep., jazz club, interclass volleyball. Can you imagine Sara not wanting more . . . fun?



HARRY I. SELICK

What goes up must come down . . . including exam marks?

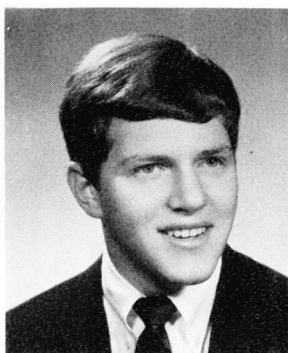
Proto: Eddie Shack. Fav. Exp: Now what do I do? Cher. Mem: Oct. 2, 1966. Pet Peeve: Taking haircuts. Amb: Business tycoon. Prob. Dest: Floor sweeper. Claim to Fame: His ability to do the right things in the wrong places. Act: Jr. Volleyball, golf, Class Pres., ski club. Can you imagine Harry without "Dooley"?



DOUG SHAPIRO

Whenever there is work to be done Dougie is always 'the missing one'.

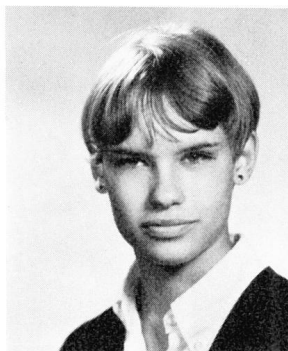
Proto: No Limit. Pet Peeve: Going outside for recess with Joe and Dave. Amb: To be successful in all undertakings. Prob. Dest: Successful undertaker. Act: Class Pres., Jr. Football, Senior Hockey, Band, Student Council Rep. Can you imagine Doug rather going to a hockey game?



IRENE SHAPIRO

I'm going to destroy him, the rat. Ha! Ha!

Proto: Mia Farrow. Fav. Exp: You have a bad habit, you breathe! Cher. Mem: October 12, 1950. Pet Peeve: The click-not really. Amb: To become a big man's wife. Prob. Dest: The big man's wife. Weakness: Good-looking boys. Unrec. Hist: Things I couldn't tell. Act: Riding. Can you imagine Irene making the big league?



JOEL SHAPIRO

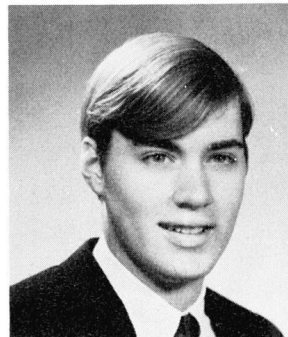
It's not that I don't like school, it's just that school doesn't like me.

Proto: 5'10", eyes-brown, male caucasian. Fav. Exp: Well! It's like this sir . . .? Cher. Mem: The day I came to Wagar. Amb: Biochemist. Prob. Dest: Being a gardener. Assets: Take a look. Weak: Take a better look. Unrec. Hist: The day I leave Wagar. Can you imagine Joel becoming a vital statistic for a Crest survey?



ROBERT SHAPIRO

Does he or doesn't he?



MICHAEL SHAPSON

If at first you don't succeed, on your next try, steal it.

Proto: Jack Benny. Fav. Exp: What are you doing Friday night? Cher. Mem: A certain phone call S.N. until 5 a.m. Pet Peeve: Paying for cabs to St. Laurent. Amb: To attend M.I.T. Prob. Dest: To attend Michael's Institute of Trick Driving. Act: Interclass sports, Current Events Club, Stamp Club. Can you imagine "But it is sourer . . . Mrs. Howden."



DEBBIE SHEINER

Shakespeare wrote many plays, several of which are great tragedies.

Proto: Little Napoleon. Cher. Mem: The day she finally got the right answer in History. Amb: Chem. and Hist. teacher. Prob. Dest: teaching Napoleon's gas laws. Assets: Her height (4'11"). Weak: Restraining herself from kicking those who tell her to "grow up". Can you imagine Debbie not reaching for the top?

**ESTHER SILBERSTEIN**

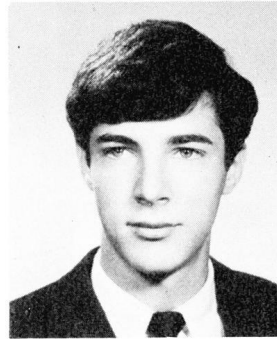
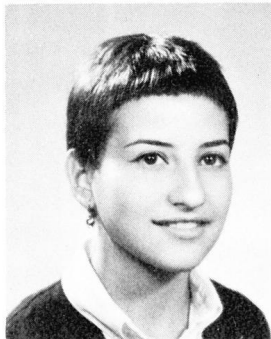
If you see someone without a smile give him one of yours.

Proto: "Twinkletoes" Fav. Exp: Jump in a swimming pool Cher. Mem: Friday the Thirteenth. Pet Peeve: Fast talkers (people who talk fast) Amb: B.A. Prob. Dest: Bored Adult Act: F.T.Q. Can you imagine Essie forgetting . . .?

BERTHA SHENKER

We must take the current when it comes or forever lose the venture.

Proto: Mia Farrow. Fav. Exp: Good grief. Cher. Mem: The day Wagar struck out. Pet Peeve: people who aren't friendly. Assets: That short, short, short hair. Weak: Samson in reverse. Act: Prelude Activities Editor, Cercle Français. Can you imagine Bertha as Rapunzel?

**JON SIMON**

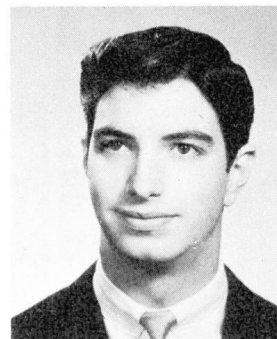
It takes a brave man to admit to his mistakes—especially in a paternity suit hearing.

Pet Peeve: A certain fraternity called Upsilon Lambda Phi. Amb: Naval officer. Prob. Dest: Lint-picker. Unrecorded History: That night in Port Authority (New York City Bus Station). Cher. Mem: June 27, 1950. Can you imagine Jon a "family" man?

DAVID SHENKER

Life is an endless series of footsteps; each step forward leaves a tremendous impression behind.

Proto: Typical Canadian Student SH-ED-001-405. Amb: To enter the field of geology Cher. Mem: Good old days. Act: Ski club, Cercle Français, interclass sports. Can you imagine David anything but a nice guy?

**NORMAN SIMON**

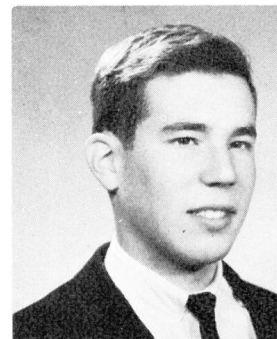
Tall, dark and dumb.

Proto: George Hamilton??? Fav. Exp: Ya, sure. You tell us. Pet Peeve: Girls who don't mean what they say. Amb: Successful businessman Prob. Dest: Girl chaser Assets: The muscle that I have Weaknesses: Blondes! Can you imagine Norman writing neatly?

GAIL SHERMAN

Most of us keep one eye on the temptation we pray not to be led into.

Proto: Unpredictable. Fav. Exp: I have a problem. Cher. Mem: Venezuela. Pet Peeve: Insincerity Amb: Scientific researcher. Prob. Dest: Being under observation. Weak: Desserts. Act: Cercle Français, Red Cross Rep., volleyball, ski club. Can you imagine Gail not getting her "fill"?

**BRUCE D. SINGER**

One of the greatest labour saving inventions of today is tomorrow.

Proto: Allan Funt (Mr. Candid Camera) with hair Fav. Exp: How did you get into the picture? Pet Peeve: Photogenic people Amb: Engineer Prob. Dest: Coal Stoker for the T. H. and B. Railroad Act: Students Council 66-67; Prelude Photographer 64-67; Wagar Watch Photographer 64-67; Interclass sports. Can you imagine Bruce on Candid Camera?

LINDA SHUBERT

A smile is worth a thousand groans in any market.

Proto: Daughter and tears. Fav Exp: No, I'm not crying. Pet Peeve: People who call me 'Shubie'. Amb: Psychologist. Prob. Dest: Analyzing the eleventh hour ink blot. Act: Cercle Français, FTQ. Can you imagine Linda being sad?

**REISA SMILEY**

All women were created equal, then how come I'm so short.

Proto: The other half (see T. Richard) Fav. Exp: I don't believe! Cher. Mem: Her scholarship in grade 8 Pet Peeve: People who talk while she is interrupting Claim to Fame: Her giggle Amb: To raise a family Prob. Dest: Elevator going up! Weaknesses: Eating and giggling Unrec. Hist: Her contact lenses. Can you imagine Reisa "frowning"?

TERRY SMILEY

It is impossible to cheat in life. There are no answers to the problems of life in the back of the book.

Prot: Does she—or doesn't she? Fav. Exp: Peggy act human! Cher. Mem: July 29, 1966 Pet Peeve: Frizzy hair weather Amb: To find herself Prob. Dest: To keep looking! Unrec. Hist: Looking for and finding Carol's contact lens in Le Metro Act: class sports; Current Events Club; Can you imagine Terry with hair all the same colour?

KOPEL SMILOVICS

If you have a headache, stick your head through the window and the pane will go away.

Prot: Illya Kuryakin Fav. Exp: Here, let me check your homework. Pet Peeve: Kopel Smilovics??? Amb: Gladiator Prob. Dest: Janitor in the forum: Weaknesses: Wine and women—not necessarily in that order Act: Cross Country Endurance Run; Soccer; Prelude Sports Editor; Volleyball. Can you imagine Kopel being accused of talking?

SARA SOCHACZEWSKI

There is no cosmetic for beauty like happiness.

Proto: Cold and sarcastic Fav. Exp: Anyone going to Toronto this weekend Cher. Mem: The last two weeks of the summer of '65. Pet Peeve: Kids going to Toronto and leaving her behind. Amb: Teacher Prob. Dest: Teacher's monitor Act: F.T.Q., Student Council '64-'65, choir. Can you imagine Sara being a "Canadian" fan?

BARBARA SOURKES

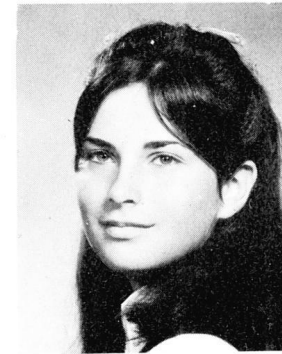
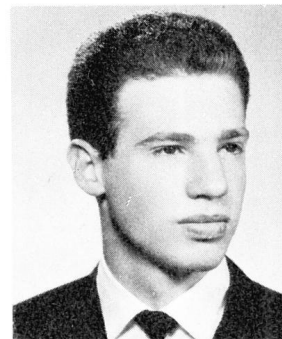
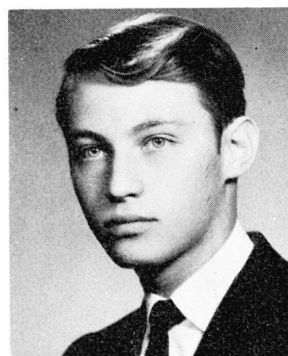
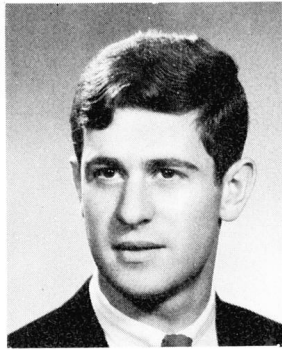
The answer my friend, is blowing in the wind.

Proto: Alice in Wonderland Fav. Exp: Guess what? Cher. Mem: Grade 7, Rm 14 Amb: To pursue 1001 different interests Prob. Dest: To fulfill 1000 Assets: Her big eyes Weak: Folk music Unrec. Hist: Missing a folk music concert Act: Prelude French Editor, Prefect, Student Council Rep. Can you imagine Barbara minus a record?

SYLVIA SOYKA

That hot upon the burning revelation we perpetuate absurdity is life's continuation and its tragedy.

Prot: A belly-button. Cher. Mem: My last incarnation. Fav. Exp: — Sad, sad, sad . . . Amb: To be a Cliffie. Dest: Hanging-over. Assets: My Peruvian wallhanging. Weakness: Pipes. Act: Editor of Prelude; Ski Club Pres.; Stud. Coun.; Book Club; Reach For The Top.

**PETER SPEYER**

Life is a bowl of cherries and I got all the pits.

Proto: John Glenn—way out. Fav. Exp: I personally think; put it this way. Cher. Mem: Finding out who my real sister was. Amb: To go into economics Prob. Dest: Looking up figures Assets: Dancing Weak: School Unrec. Hist: Finding my pants hanging by a thread after doing the splits. Can you imagine Peter out of rhythm?

JERRY SPIEGEL

There's one thing we know for sure about the speed of light; it gets here too early in the morning.

Prot: Albert B. Feldstein. Fav. Exp: Nice day if it don't rain, Miss Turner! Cher. Mem: Wagar goes "Berkeley" Pet Peeve: Ye Olde outside reader. Amb: To revolutionize the educational system. Dest: Staying at Wagar long enough to do it! Act: Prelude Co-Editor; CBC Youth Council. Can you imagine Jerry with yellow socks?

MITCHELL SPEIGEL

Crime doesn't pay but the hours are good.

Proto: Snagelpuss. Fav. Exp: Oh, no! I left some more books at home! Cher. Mem: Getting up at 4:30 to go to work. Amb: Physicist. Prob. Dest: Soda jerk. Act: Prelude, engineering club, interclass basketball. Can you imagine Mitchell with an orange and red polka dot tie?

ROBERT SPIELMAN

Few persons have courage to appear as they really are.

Proto: Bob, Bobby, Rob, Robert Spielman. Fav. Exp: Mr. H., doesn't the proposition go like this? Pet Peeve: People who put on acts (Shakespeare). Amb: Millionaire. Prob. Dest: Printing his own money. Can you imagine Robert as a park attendant?

RIVA SPIER

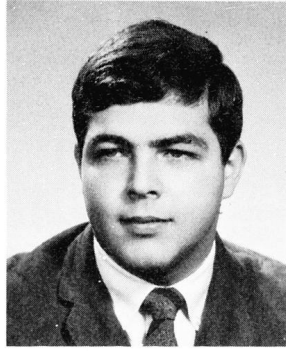
Fortune is like glass—the brighter the glitter, the more easily broken.

Proto: National Velvet. Fav. Exp: Vulcan—don't bite! Pet Peeve: People who ask if her horse is fast. Amb: 3 day event rider. Prob. Dest: Hoof-in-mouth disease. Act: School band, interschool sports, interclass sports. Can you imagine Riva not riding?

MICHAEL SPIRO

I never let school interfere with my education.

Proto: The Little Emperor. Fav. Exp: Hi there Mr. Cool. Cher. Mem: Summer '66. Amb: engineer. Prob. Dest: Teacher Weaknesses: Long blonde hair, blue eyes, mini skirts, etc. Act: Football 64-66, Hockey 64-65. Can you imagine Frenchie making like "Speedy Gonzolies"?

**GRACE SREBRNIK**

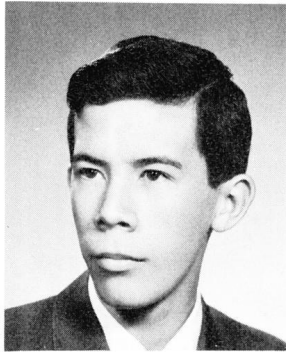
Life is like a pathway of newly fallen snow. Be careful how you tread on it, for every mark will show.

Proto: Alice-in-Wonderland — she too lives in a world of fancy. Fav. Exp: I'm ruined forever! Cher. Mem: Those beautiful summers in Atlantic City. Pet Peeve: Falling off a sidewalk and fracturing her ankle. Amb: To reach the peak of success and happiness. Prob. Dest: Mountain climbing. Act: Cerle Français. Can you imagine Grace being satisfied?

**ROBERT STANLEY**

Farewell, a long farewell to all MY greatness.

Proto: I didn't know I had an equal. Fav. Exp: People are like sheep—they follow each other. Cher. Mem: A certain promotion. Amb: Architect. Prob. Dest: Doodler. Assets: \$1.50. Act: Editor-in-chief of Wagar Watch, Math Club, Ski Club. Can you imagine a holiday without Robert as office monitor?

**NEIL STARR**

A butcher who backs into a meat grinder gets a little behind in his order.

Proto: Yul Brynner. Fav. Exp: Your getting under my skin. Cher. Mem: The hair he lost. Amb: Dermatologist. Prob. Dest: Hair today, gone tomorrow. Act: Class. Pres., Prefect, Students Council Rep., Vice-Pres. Graduating Class Organization. Can you imagine Neil—"Etoile"?

**FRANKI STATTNER**

I'd rather have a fool to make me merry than an experience to make me sad.

Proto: Girl with the high blush pressure. Fav. Exp: Fabulous phenomenal, ludicrous—This could prove to be tense. Cher. Mem: Those summers at Timberland. Amb: To go to Sir George Williams University. Prob. Dest: Marrying either George or Williams. Act: cheerleader, Student Council Rep. Can you imagine Franki with a sassoon cut?

**LINDA STEIN**

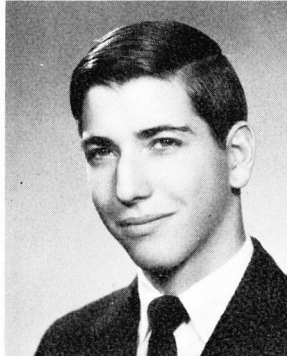
A friend is one before whom I may think aloud.

Proto: The absent-minded physicist. Claim to Fame: Those well developed dimples. Pet Peeve: people who ask her if she just cut her hair. Amb: Physio and Occupational Therapist B.P.T and B.O.T Prob. Dest: BTOPTOPTTBT! Act: Bands 63-66, F.T.Q. Secretary, Track and Field team '66. Can you imagine Linda being serious in Mr. Mann's class?

**NORMAN STEINBERG**

Minds are like parachutes—they only function when open.

Fav. Exp: Are you serious? Cher. Mem: Trip to California. Amb: Doctor. Prob. Dest: Rebuilding people. Unrec. Hist: The day I swam the lake. Act: Student Council, S.C.O., public speaking, ski club, interclass sports. Can you imagine Norman without a license?

**JOANNE STEINFELD**

Miles to go before I sleep—Frost.

Proto: Bazooka Jo. Fav. Exp: Not telling. Amb: Interior Decorator. Assets: Look at my picture. Weaknesses: Take a better look! Act: Cheerleader 65-67. Class President 63-64, interclass basketball. Can you imagine Joanne being feathered Indian Princess?

**DAVID STEPNER**

The world knows nothing of great men . . . Let me tell you about myself.

Proto: Yvonne Plouffe. Fav. Exp: Wake me when the bell rings! Pet Peeve: Simonizing Falcons. Amb: Social worker. Prob. Dest: Receiving social aid Assets: His curly hair. Unrec. Hist: You believe it. Act: very!!! Can you imagine David being bored in class?

**EVVY STERN**

No wonder so many people get lost in thought; it's such unfamiliar territory.

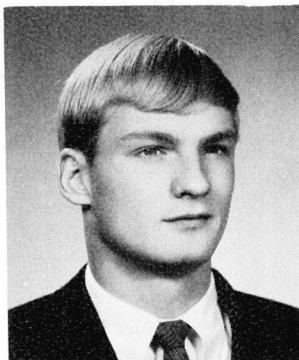
Proto: The Great Pumpkin. Fav. Exp: Well, kids, I outdid myself today! I finally hit midnight blue! Claim to Fame: Her right-angled bi-septum. Unrec. Hist: Those inspiring sewing sessions (see S. April and J. Diamond). Act: Cerle Français, Winter Carnival Committee. Can you imagine Evvy being out of it?



BRIAN STONE

Hey! What's our homework?

Proto: Oh, I'm so tired! Fav. Exp: Hey man! What homework? Cher. Mem: One week of 8:00 a.m. detentions. Pet Peeve: School rules. Amb: R.C.N. officer. Prob. Dest: Rub-a-dub-dub. Act: Ski club, gymnastics, folk singing, class sports. Can you imagine Brian being a big shot on a destroyer?



HEATHER STROLL

To attain true happiness it must first be divided and later multiplied.

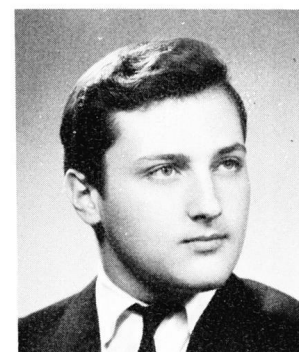
Proto: Sugar and Spice and a dash of pepper. Fav. Exp: Would you believe ?? Cher. Mem: Summer 65—the beginning of many cherished memories. Pet Peeve: Dietic lunches. Amb: A fountain of knowledge. Prob. Dest: A little squirt. Weak: Boys with dark features and royalities. Can you imagine Heather not feeling 'fine'?



MARTIN STRYKOWSKI

To be or not to be—that is the question! Well—what is the answer?

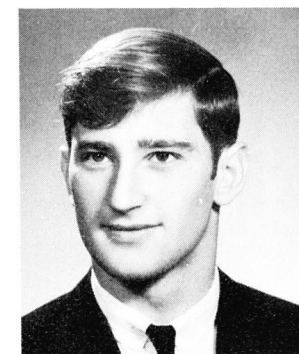
Proto: Mad's answer to Liberace. No? Would you believe Maxwell Stuart? Fav. Exp: 'When you hear the bell toll, beware, it tolls for thee.' Pet Peeve: Doing homework on a week that has Friday in it. Amb: To be a nuclear physicist. Prob. Dest: Raising mushrooms. Assets: Tall and handsome. Can you imagine Martin paying attention during Geometry?



JULIUS I. SUSS

Book learning is only a small part of education.

Fav. Exp: Shut-up-Suss. Cher. Mem: The day he was born. Amb: Engineer. Prob. Dest: Sanitary Engineer. Act: Treasurer of the Red Cross 63-64; Head Monitor of Cafeteria 64-65; Co-ordinator of activities 65-66; Secretary of the Students Council 64-65; Pres. Folksinging club 65-66; Choir 63-64; Drama 65-66; Pres. of the grad class organization. Can you imagine Julius without any activities?



GRETA TABACHNICK

One is never so close to a person as when he has to be separated.

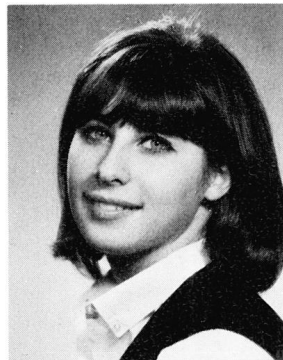
Fav. Exp: you think so, eh? Amb: Unknown. Prob. Dest: time shall tell. Act: Interclass badminton, volleyball, basketball. Can you imagine Tabby not being in good shape?



LINDA TABAH

Homework is mind over matter— if you don't mind it doesn't matter.

Fav. Exp: Didn't you know that the only time I open my mouth is to change feet! Cher. Mem: The rip-roaring day in Burlington. Amb: Teacher. Prob. Dest: Ski bum. Assets: Blue eyes. Weaknesses: 5 day week. Unrec. Hist: Her water skiing ability. Act: Ski Club; Jazz Club; Red Cross Rep.; Volleyball. Can you imagine Linda with no gum in her mouth? Would you believe 25c?



KEIKO TACHIBANA

Don't be yourself—be someone a little nicer.

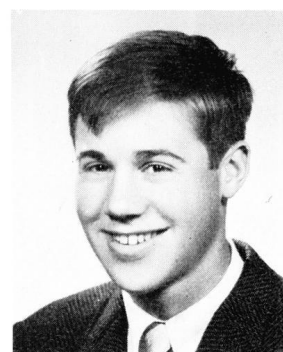
Proto: Common Japanese girl. Fav. Exp: I don't know! Cher Mem: The one week I spent in the Canadian Rockies. Amb: To attend International Christian University (in Japan). Prob. Dest: "?". Assets: Obedience. Weak: Cramming for exams. Act: Class sports. Can you imagine Keiko not climbing to great heights?



BRAHM TAVEROFF

Work never harmed anyone, why take a chance.

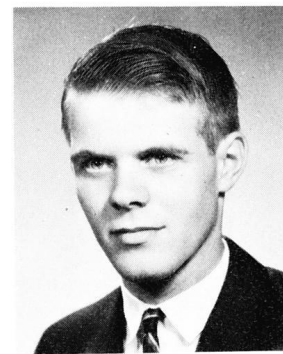
Proto: Jim Thorpe. Fav. Exp: What me worry? Pet Peeve: People leaning on me. (David). Amb: To become a lawyer. Prob. Dest: Not being allowed into court until I'm twenty-one. Can you imagine: Brahm defending the rules?



ANDREW WILLIAM TAYLOR

A person who drinks is spiritually inclined.

Fav. Exp: Hey! Slow down. Cher. Mem: Meeting Bea K. Amb: Air traffic controller (Dorval)? Prob. Dest: Official runway sweeper? Act: Prefect 64-67, Student Council Rep. '67, V.P. of engineering club, Glee club '63. Can you imagine Andy not wanting to go places?



KENWOOD TAYLOR

Never do tomorrow what you can do today.

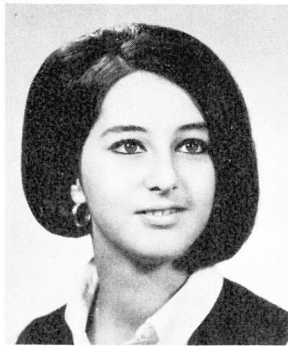
Fav. Exp: Nematode's ech! Pet Peeve: Chemistry Labs. Amb: Chemist. Prob. Dest: Chemist? Act: Nothing you would want to know. Can you imagine Kenwood becoming a biologist?



GAIL TENDLER

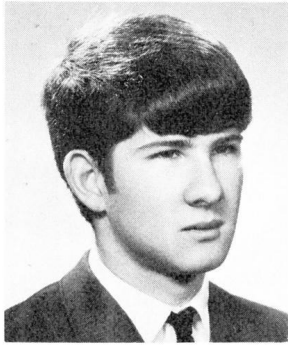
*I don't believe in love at first sight—
so I take a second look.*

Proto: "Headlights" —my goggles of course! Fav. Exp: Oh, ya? Cher. Mem: Flying through the door with the greatest of ease. Assets: Ability to look at things in a round about way. Weak: Blonde hair, blue eyes. Act: Sen. Band, Cercle Français. Can you imagine Gail not wearing base?

**GARY TICOLL**

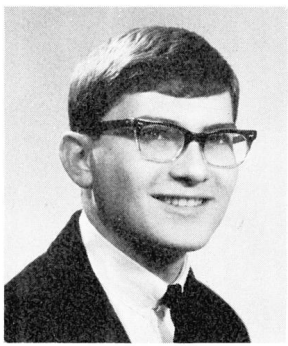
*The one good thing about real life is
that it takes your mind off all the
suffering on TV.*

Proto: Angry young man. Fav. Exp: That'll teach you to tangle with a tickle! Pet Peeve: French classes. Amb: Lawyer. Prob. Dest: Pressing suits. Act: Bantam Hockey; Junior football 66-67; Current Events Club Pres., Wagar Watch Feature Editor; Prelude Act. Editor; Co-chairman Constitution Committee. Can you imagine Gary sitting up front in English?

**GEORGE TOROK**

*If at first you don't succeed,
there's always school.*

Proto: Enzo Ferrari. Fav. Exp: Rats! Cher. Mem: Girl next door. Amb: Mechanical Engineer. Prob. Dest: Sanitary Engineer. Weaknesses: Girl next door. Act: Gymnastics, Engineering Club. Can you imagine George beside another door?

**IRIS UNGER**

*The brain is a wonderful organ, it
begins in the morning and it doesn't
stop until you get to school!*

Proto: The other half. Fav. Exp: Look Mirna, I have enough problems! Amb: Teacher. Prob. Dest: Bored of Education. Unrec. Hist: Keeping the Bell Telephone Co. in business. Pet Peeve: The right people calling at the wrong time and the wrong people calling at the right time. Can you imagine Iris cuddling a bull dog?

**JUDI VARNAI**

*An agreeable person is one who
agrees with me.*

Proto: Girl next door. Cher. Mem: 1. That summer in Europe when she met. . . ?? 2. A certain blind date. Pet Peeve: People who tell her that she looked better with long hair. Amb: B.A. in McGill. Prob. Dest: Browsing through Loyola. Fav. Past: Fixing her friends up. Can you imagine: Judi Miss Congeniality 1967?

**NATALIE VILINSKY**

I am part of all I have met.

Proto: The twin without the curl free (see B. Adler). Fav. Exp: Don't bother me, I have to write a letter to Barbara. Cher. Mem: The day she realized A.G. had an older brother. Amb: To marry at 20. Prob. Dest: Hurry, you only have a year and half left. Assets: Her turned up nose. Act: Interschol volleyball; Volunteer 65; Red Cross Rep.; Jazz Club. Can you imagine Natalie at a Pickle Party?

**BONNIE WAGNER**

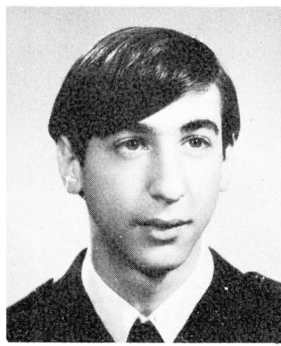
Happiness isn't a Buy product!

Proto: Bonbon—she's as sweet as 'candy' Pet Peeve: Spending money. Amb: Kindergarten teacher. Prob. Dest: Teaching her kinder. Weaknesses: Licorice allsorts. Act: Guidance Council Rep., Cercle Français, F.T.Q. Can you imagine Bonnie living in Candyland?

**KEN WAXMAN**

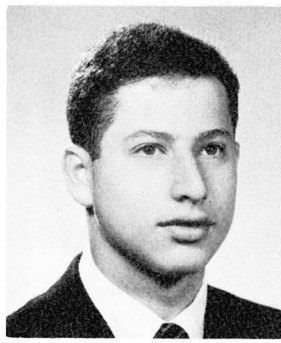
Issues transcend labels and hair cuts.

Proto: Anarchistic iconoclast. Fav. Exp: Could've fooled me. Amb: Immortal Literary Genius. Prob. Dest: Editor Wagar Watch. Assets: Literate, blues based, poetic, realistic. Weak: Mania for blues and blondes. Act: Student Council 66-67, Jazz Club, Current Events Club. Can you imagine Ken a "Dickens" lover?

**DAVID WEINER**

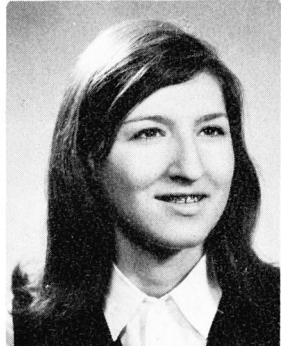
*I just can't find enough time for
wine, women, and song. So I've
decided to give up song.*

Proto: All American. Fav. Exp: Don't bug me. Cher. Mem: The first compliment that sent me on the road to conceit. Pet Peeve: Montreal Canadians. Amb: Business Executive. Prob. Dest: Bus Driver. Act: Hockey, Basketball, Interclass Sports. Can you imagine a modest David?

**CAROL WEINTRAUB**

*Life is the art of drawing without
an eraser.*

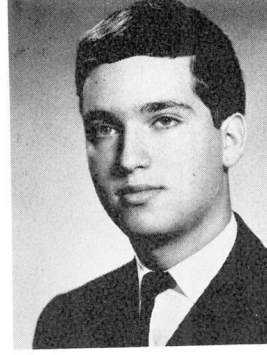
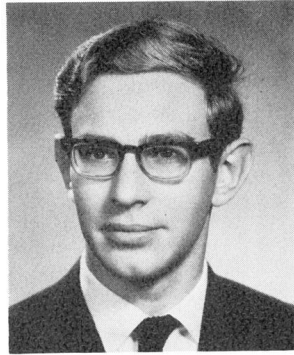
Fav. Exp: Are you serious? You're joking! Proto: An original model. Amb: Helping exceptional children. Dest: Being exceptional. Act: Student Council Rep., Future Teachers of Quebec. Can you imagine Carol serious?



BRIAN WENER

Censored.

Proto: Bobby Rousseau. Fav. Exp:— Cher. Mem: Dreaming up that quotation. Amb: Playing Pro Hockey. Prob. Dest: Scraping eggs off the ice at the forum. Act: Senior Hockey, Soccer, Student Council, Volleyball, Badminton, Junior Football. Can you imagine Brian without his hockey stick?

**MAX WOLPERT**

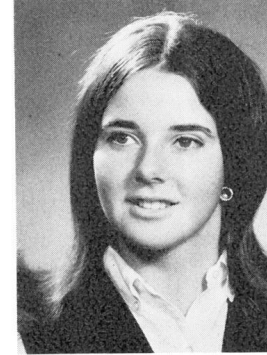
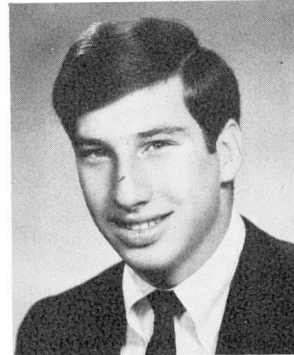
Remember the Alamo!

Proto: Robin Hood — He takes from the rich. Fav. Exp: What can you do in 50 minutes? Weak: Salesmen. Amb: Alex Bowden's understudy. Prob. Dest: Benchwarmer. Cher. Mem: Beating Nattel in the PSAT. Act: Students' Council, Wagar Watch, Football Team, 65-66, 66-67, Canada Day 66, Model Parliament 67. Can you imagine Max being prompt with assignments?

BRIAN WHITE

Some people never need glasses; they drink straight from the bottle.

Proto: George Knudson Fav. Exp: Swaive, Merce Cher. Mem: May 21, 1965 Amb: To get my P.H.D. Prob. Dest: Getting my P.H. (see Peggy Hubscher) Assets: My nose Unrec. Hist: Summer at Camp Pine -Valley in 63 Act: Golf 63-66, Sr. hockey, Sr. volleyball. Can you imagine Brian as the 'white' knight?

**SANDRA WOTICKY**

The future belongs to the physically fit, and those strong enough to endure it.

Proto: Honey West Fav. Exp: You fool! Pet Peeve Flabby boys Amb; Woman surgeon Prob. Dest: Surgeon's woman Unrec. Hist: The day I slipped on Wagar's soaped floor Act: Basketball, school band, track and field, volleyball, badminton. Can you imagine Sandy playing her trumpet?

HEATHER WISE

Late to bed, late to rise, makes Heather healthy, wealthy and wise.

Proto: Perpetual motion. Fav. Exp: Are you serious? Cher. Mem: It's taboo! Pet Peeve: A drumming headache Amb: A commercial artist. Prob. Dest: A resident of Greenwich Village. Unrec. Hist: Your brother and sisters are blonde—what happened to you? Act: Track and Field 64-65, Inter-class sports, Athletic Rep. 64-65. Can you imagine Heather with curly hair?

**ARLENE YAFFE**

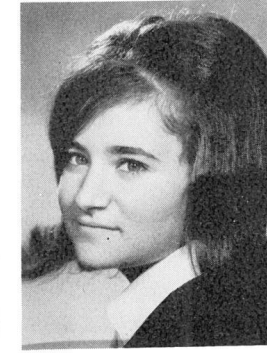
If all women were created equal I was cheated.

Proto: Minnie Mouse Fav. Exp: I am so "five feet" Pet Peeve: People who don't ski Amb: To get a BSc Prob. Dest: To get a BSk (Bachelor who skis) Act: Cercle Français; Inter-class sports; F.T.Q. Can you imagine Arlene starring in the wonderful world of colour?

ANNETTE WOLFSTEIN

When you've made your mark in the world, watch out for guys with erasers.

Proto: More luck than brains. Pet Peeve: It's beautiful. What is it? Amb: M.A.W. (millionaire's artist wife). Prob. Dest: Maw. Assets: Never getting caught. Weak: Seldom doing assignments. Act: Prelude Art Editor, Red Cross Rep, Jazz club. Can you imagine Annette painting a 'bad' picture?

**EDIE ZADEK**

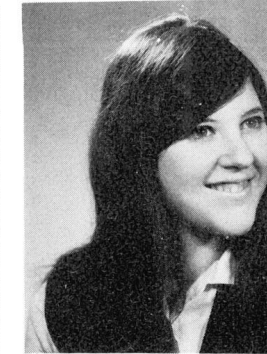
If she's not near the one she loves she loves the one she's near.

Proto: It's original Fav. Exp: Carol, Sue what am I going to do? Cher. Mem: Last years bio. labs Amb: She would like to work with little kids Prob. Dest: Becoming a mother and looking after her own little school of kids Assets: Those large blue eyes and dimples Weaknesses: Only Edie Knows for sure. Can you imagine Edie telling her weaknesses?

STEVE WOLOFSKY

The way to be heard is speak up. The way to be seen is look up. The way to be appreciated is shut up.

Proto: Hoss Cartwright Fav. Exp: How 'bout that; I might care. Pet Peeve: Empty refrigerators Amb: Engineer Prob. Dest: Best basketball player in the C.N.R. Act: golf team, skiing, blackboard monitor, sports. Can you imagine Steve as the 'Big Bad Biology kid'?

**ROSLYN ZBRIGER**

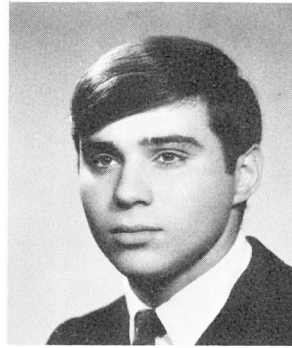
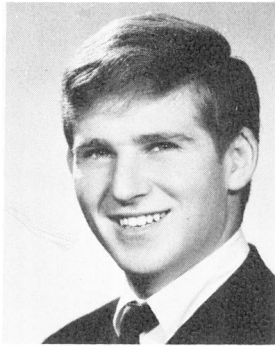
Among the things most often opened by mistake is the mouth.

Prot: My brother's sister Fav. Exp: Oh, I have so much homework tonight Cher. Mem: Getting extra homework from Mr. Benarrosh for talking Amb: Secretary Prob. Dest: Char woman for the United Nations Weaknesses: History and well . . . school in general Unrec. Hist: Passing a history exam Act: Choir; Volunteer. Can you imagine Roslyn making French History?

JACK ZELIGMAN

*Love me or leave me . . . Hey!
Where are you going?*

Proto: No one else is so fortunate. Fav. Exp: Tough bananas, girls! Cher. Mem: Counting the money after his Bar. Pet Peeve: Vanity. Amb: Chemical Engineer. Prob. Dest: Inventing an alcoholic "Kool Aid". Assets: Extremely handsome, wonderful personality; great character, exceptionally modest. Weaknesses: Inferiority Complex. Can you imagine Jack being anything but Jack?



NICK ZIZOS

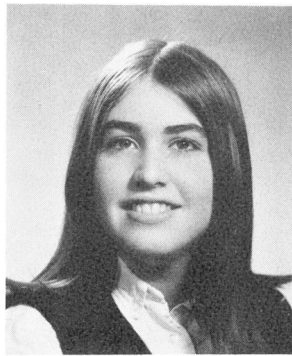
The river of life is deceptive, for it is full of uncertainty and wrought of undercurrents. Swim with care.

Proto: Greek God Fav. Exp: Hang loose Cher. Mem: Censorable. Assets: Some. Weaknesses: The other element Act: Extra-curricular. Can you imagine Nick-the modern Casanova?

ELENIE ZIZOS

The fruit of self-sufficiency is freedom,

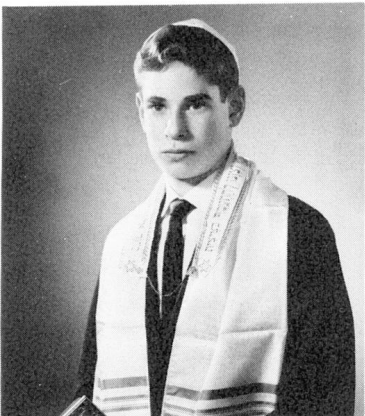
Cher. Mem: July 1966. Amb: Teacher. Prob. Dest: Never to get through first year university. Weaknesses: JB. Act: school choir, interclass volleyball. Can you imagine Elenie having a brother in the same grade?



ARLENE DAWN ZUKERNICK

Life is like a beautiful symphony if you touch the right chords.

Proto: The optimistic pessimist Fav. Exp: Oh, you should see what happened! Pet Peeve: Ellen Davis at Everdale Place and T-ST=EO Gloria at typing. Amb: To transform the dusk of ignorance to learning's dawn Prob. Dest: To sleep late Act: FTQ; Students Council. Can you imagine Arlene teaching kindergarten?



BRIAN MARCUS

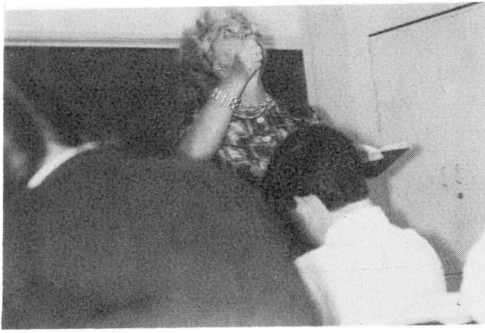
1953 - 1967

Here in the wake of life
We press for the new and the great,
We breathe deeply and cross
With confidence the rising waves,
Our youth in tow.
Somewhere behind the firm rhythm
Of our steps there lies a wealth
Of untapped worlds,
Where profundity is soft purple
Scented mists and sight
Is a phenomenon of perfumed mists.
Here, there is soul in fingertips -
Ears vibrate with Nirvanic chants
And the 'raison d'être' is the pulsation
Of the transported brain.

THERE IS ALWAYS DOUBT ABOUT THE NATURE OF LIFE. WE ARE NEVER QUITE SURE THAT WE ARE NOT BEING CHEATED OR PLAYED WITH. THAT THIS IS NOT SOME LARGE FARCE. THE ONLY THING WE KNOW IS THAT IF LIFE IS A JOKE, WE ARE THE JOKERS. WE ARE FIRST AND LAST RESPONSIBLE, AND THIS ABSURDITY IS OUR IGNORANCE. THE SENSELESSNESS OF THE AGELESS SCHEME IS OUR SENSELESSNE

So off we ride
On an endless carousel
Of living and some other life
Called dying;
And mourning can only be bad luck for the dead,
Because death is a mystical happening
And who knows what will
Rules in the perfumed realm.

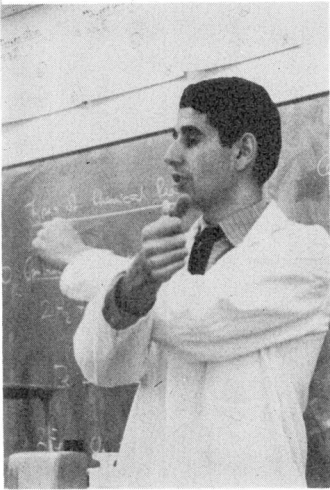
The Art of Remembering . . .



Miss Ferguson



Miss Ferguson



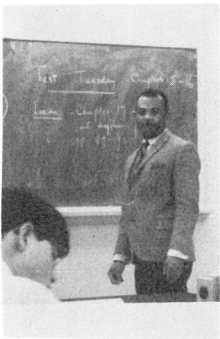
Mr. Munby



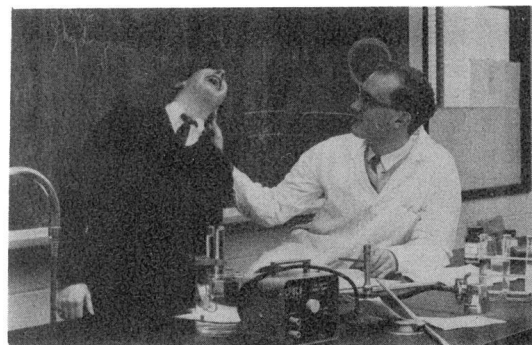
Mr. Greenberg



Mr. Eckersley



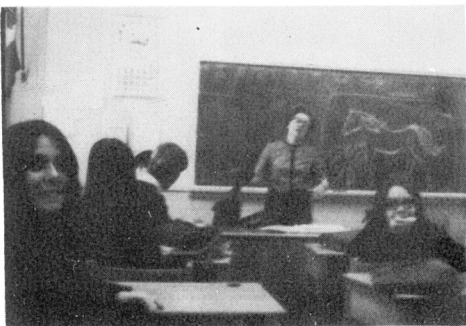
Mr. Parkin



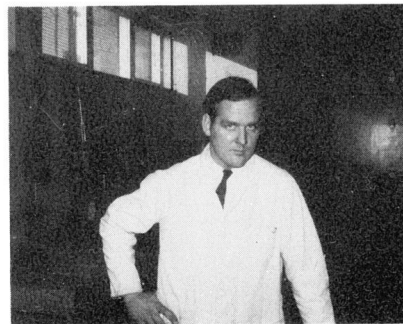
Mr. Herman



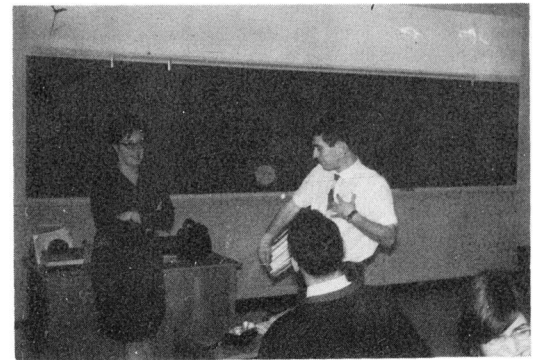
Mr. Rosen



Mrs. Sacks



Mr. McKelvie



Mrs. Lazar

. . . Our Teachers

By-and-large we remember Mr. Mayer, but we won't go into that.

"But can't you just see it in technicolour!" exclaimed Miss Ferguson.

"What?" asked Miss Irgo.

"Mrs. Schrier padding around barefoot during SATS and endeared to certain Wagar students through her signature," added Mrs. DeWolfe.

"Quote — what an ironic situation!" said Mrs. Dow.

Mr. Greenberg grimaced. "Well, on Tween Set last week—"

"Look, this stopping has got to talk!" interjected Mr. Rosen.

"You remember when Killer Kurys was trounced by the Inter. Alg. Idiots on a certain Thursday afternoon, don't you?" questioned Mrs. Speyer.

Snapped Mr. Herman, "Of course, how can you expect a bunch of *girls* to learn chemistry, anyway?"

"Another lesson beginning on a sour note," sighed Mrs. Montani.

"You mean you don't *want* to do Latin homework?" exclaimed Mrs. Rillie in amazement.

"And then there was Mrs. Sacks and her valiant struggle to keep her picture out of the annual," said Miss Davies.

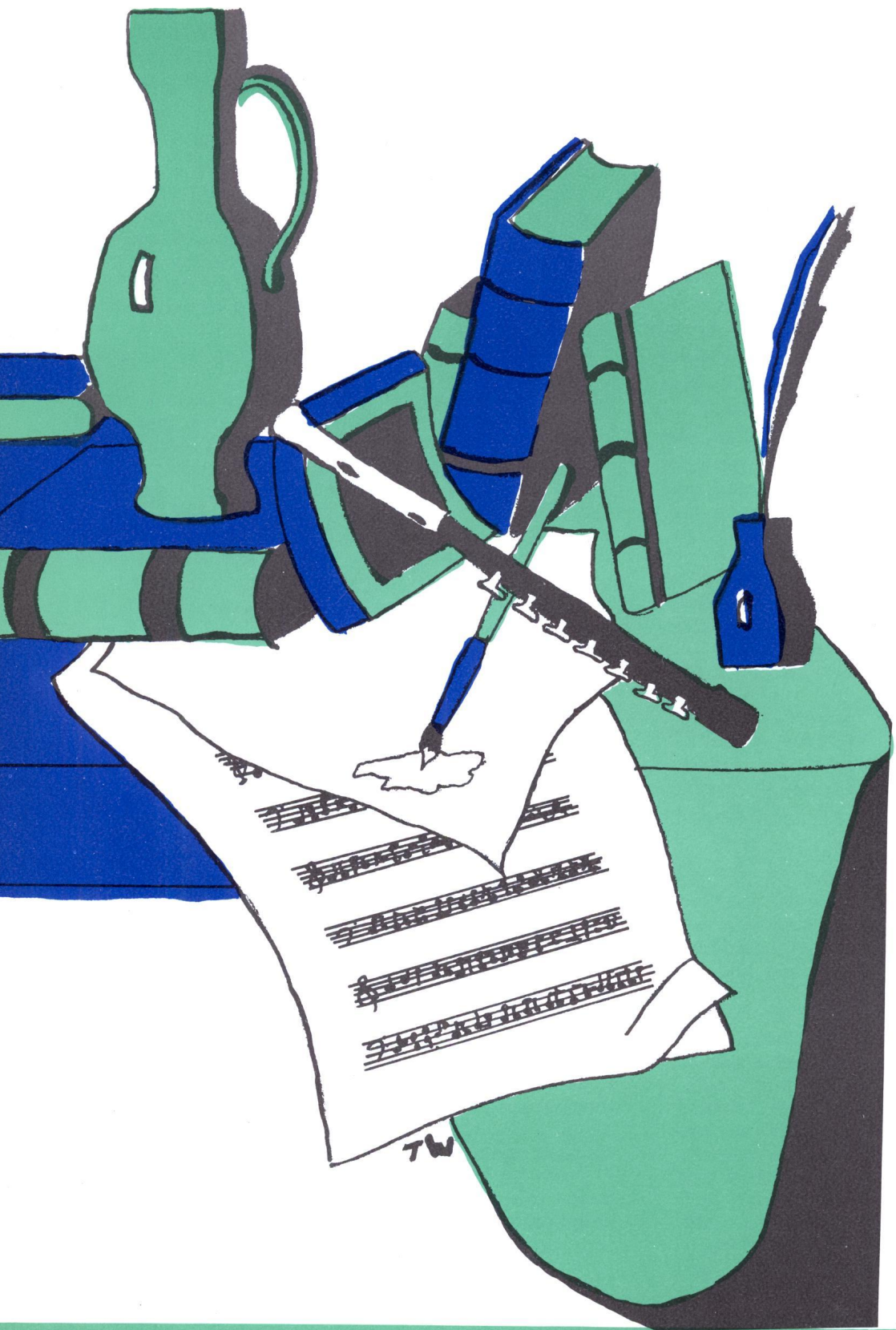
"But they finally got her," grinned Mr. Horovitch.

"I've got a little trick to remember that!" chimed in Mrs. Paltiel.

Mr. Mann winked, "Got the gimmick?"

. . . . but we love them all.

ARTS & MUSIC



PRAYER IN MID-FLIGHT

DEAR LORD, WE PRAY

I love you, yeh!

FOR OUR DAILY BREAD

but she loves you too

AND FOR YOUR FORGIVENESS

and your xke

FOR ALL OUR SINS.

so mosey on down

LEAD US NOT, WE ASK

to the corner bar

INTO TEMPTATION

wth your new blond broad

BUT DELIVER US

in her red sports car

FROM ALL EVIL.

Sylvia Soyka

Rm. 305

Level 4.

OF APES AND MEN

A pastoral romance

Summer had come early to Camp Pococotopectin, so early, in fact, that campers were forced to march through two feet of snow in a raging blizzard to arrive at their tents. In a few months, however, the snow had disappeared and it became warm enough to venture outside. Being in a venturesome mood, I gathered together my two confrères, Dexter and Ichabod and, machetes in hand, we set forth to penetrate the thick underbrush of the Amazon River.

It was a long journey (3,436 miles to be exact) but at length we reached the mouth of the Amazon and were at once swallowed up by the river. We would surely have drowned, but I, in a stroke of cunning brilliance, grabbed Ichabod's algebra book¹. I quickly turned to the appendix and found the logarithm tables with which I constructed a rough log raft.

We paddled day and night for three hours when we decided, with great fear and courage, to step ashore.

As we walked through the dense, uninhabitable jungle, we noticed its queer inhabitants. A bemused man in a loin cloth appeared, beat his chest and exclaimed, "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?" Unabashed we moved along until a savage, cannibalistic head-hunter jumped into our path. In his hand was a skull, and with a fierce look in his eye, he expostulated, "Alas poor Yorick, I knew him well."

Much affected by these strange events we rambled on, saying nothing. Soon we came to a clearing, and there we saw the wizard who had recently transformed Dexter and Ichabod into dirty, disshevelled tree trunks (which, incidentally, was the form in which they were now travelling). My friends were naturally afraid of meeting with the wizard, but by quoting to them from "The Power of Positive Thinkng" and other deep philosophic works, I convinced them to

greet the wizard, who promptly converted them to a pair of grinning orangutans. The wizard burped and galloped away. By the time I had finished laughing over the sad misfortune of my friends, I saw that they were nowhere to be seen.

I set out at once in search of the pair. Although it was becoming dark I kept up my spirits by humming the tuneful strains of Mozart's Requiem.

My quest soon took me to the famed Orangutan Hilton, which is the summer home of any ape who's anybody (or anybody who's an ape). I sauntered into the recreation area (wearing dark glasses to make myself inconspicuous). I spied two apes who were playing ping-pong. Could these be my friends? I went over to them.

"Are you my friends, Dexter and Ichabod?" I asked politely.

"No habla Espagnol," one of them replied caustically, hitting me on the head with his ping-pong paddle. These were obviously not my friends.

I spotted two other likely orangutans, playing chess. They were absorbed in thought. Cautiously, one of them moved his rook with his right foot. It was useless to interrupt them at such a critical moment so I waited the end of the game. Later I asked them,

"Are you Dexter and Ichagod, my friends?"

They broke out in a dazzling chorus of "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

Alas! They, too were not my friends.

Suddenly, I saw in the distance two orangutans. They were dirty, unkempt, and drooled at the mouth. As I approached them they grunted and scratched their sides, I was overjoyed. These were surely my friends. For a moment I thought of leaving them there and going off without them, but I decided against it. For the best laid schemes of apes and men gang oft a 'glae.²

Without losing my casual manner I sauntered over to them and said coolly, "Dexter and Ichagod, I presume?"

"Eep, eep," replied Dexter.

"Eep, eep," replied Ichabod.

We then hurried back to Camp Pococotopectin, so as not to be late for the backgammon tournament with Camp Mitygitchiemanitou.

¹ Ichabod carried his Algebra book with him at all times for often, in a moment of frustration and/or despair, he would take out his Algebra book and meditate upon its sublime truths.

² Any reader attempting to find a connection between this statement and the story will be extremely disappointed.

Michael Silverstein
Room 204
Level 3.

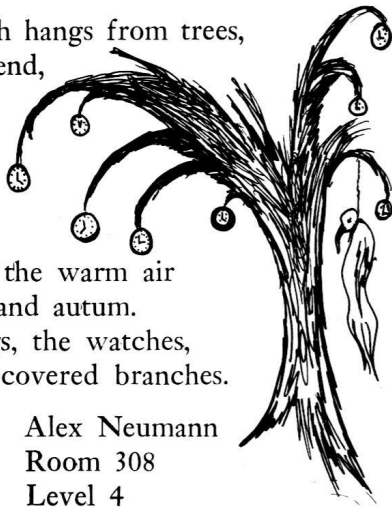
GIFT OF SPEECH”

-Simonides

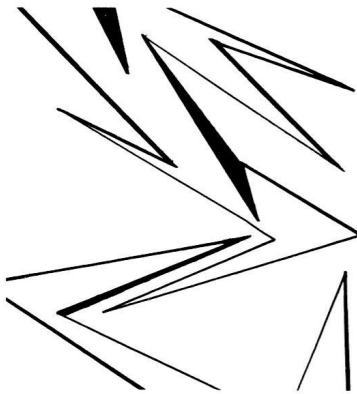
THIRD TIME TREE

be there time, which hangs from trees,
signifying its own end,
along with the end
of others.

but like spring,
there is a rebirth,
all is new, young,
allowed to breathe the warm air
of spring, summer and autumn.
then again it swings, the watches,
from lonely, snow-covered branches.



Alex Neumann
Room 308
Level 4
Wagar Page 51



ON WAITING FOR THE BELL

There are no birds today,
No birds to greet my searching eyes.
No birds to help me pass away the time.

Gliding,

Zooming across satin cushions of air.

Gone for the winter.

They have gone,

For it is cold out there.

And why should they freeze

just to make my mind light?

——— only the cauliflower sheets and laundry,

bouncing reluctantly in the wind;

pulling on the line.

I know — for like me they pass the time,

Still, ——— no birds.

Eli Herscovitch
Room 311
Level 4

L'ORGEUIL EST TOUJOURS PUNI

Il y avait, une fois, un arbre d'une taille impressionnante qui régnait au bord d'un lac majestueux. Même le vent le plus violent ne parvenait à faire plier ses branches. Ses racines immenses et ses feuilles d'un coloris splendide étaient l'orgueil de ce roi qui gouvernait son domaine. Cependant, aussi beau, aussi somptueux qu'il parassait à la surface, son âme était noire. Car cet arbre avait un coeur de glace.

Mais hélas, son bonheur causait le malheur de ses voisins. Car ses racines gigantesques chassaient celles des autres habitants de son domaine. A cause de leur impuissance et de leur manque d'espace, les autres arbres suffoquaient petit à petit.

“Je te prie, O Roi de notre domaine,” supplia une épinette. “Donne-nous un peu d'espace pour que nous puissions vivre aussi à notre aise.”

“Tu es tellement grand et robuste,” ajouta un sapin minuscule, “que tu peux te permettre de nous faire un peu de place.”

Mais leurs supplications aussi touchantes qu'elles fussent ne pouvaient guère faire fondre la glace qui couvrait son mauvais coeur. L'arbre était trop fier de lui-même pour aider son prochain. De jour en jour la même scène se répétait, mais en vain.

Lorsqu'un jour, finalement, le destin changea son cours pour un meilleur but. Des bûcherons qui passaient par hasard, s'aperçurent de la triste situation dans laquelle les petits arbres se trouvaient. Et parce que c'était leur devoir, ils commencèrent à abattre et à déraciner cet arbre egoïste, qui à son tour comprit ce que c'est que la souffrance et la peur de mourir.

Peu de temps après, il succombait sous les coups des hâches des bûcherons. Finalement, il expira.

Mary-Loo Artinoff
Room 203
Level 3

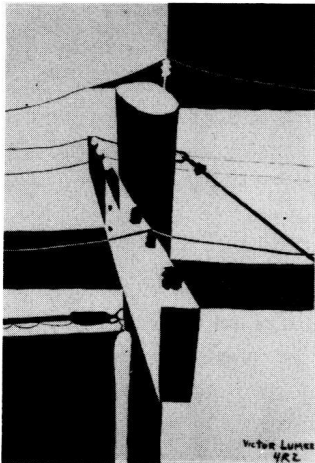
LA PAIX

La Paix:

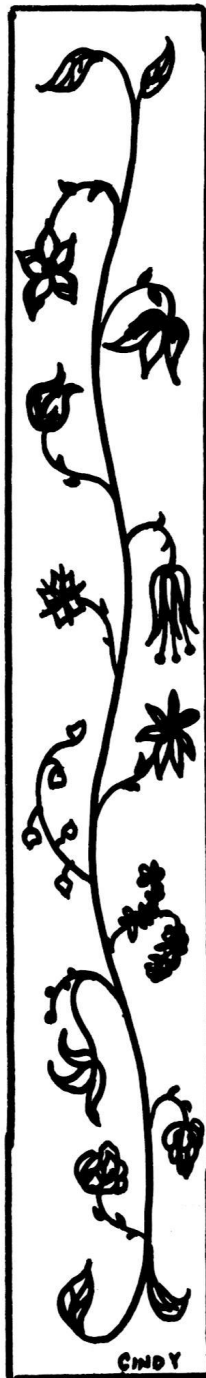
Qu'est-ce que c'est?
C'est un monde tranquille,
Le soleil qui brille
Sur tout ce qui est bon.
C'est un enfant riant,
Un oiseau qui chante,
Bonheur d'occasion.
C'est la mer roulante
Les vents chuchotants
Les fleurs douces.
C'est la pluie nouvelle,
Un arc-au-ciel
Qui mène au pot d'or.
C'est la cloche de la joie,
La lumière de l'espoir,
L'amour pour tous.
C'est

La Paix . . .

Barbara Sourkes
Rm. 300A
Level 4.



Victor Lumer



THE WORLD OF THE SUN

She lay in the numbing heat of the noonday sun, drowned in the stillness of deserted windlessness, prostrate on a gaudy tourist beach-towel. The sensitive skin of her arms and legs was dry and red, and it hurt to look at.

It was the sudden shadow more than the sound of approaching that made her stir. The intermission - - the abrupt obstruction of the heat — sent shivers along her body and she opened her eyes, slowly lifting the lids to reveal wide, open brown life beneath them. Her first awareness was of the sun pulsating above her — it was feeling rather than seeing: Her eyes knew its intensity. She wriggled the toes of her right foot in the sand. Hot. Burning. A slight breeze came from the water and on it the dry smell of salt. She craned her neck to see the ocean; instead she saw a vague green mass against an infinite yellow-blue. Slowly she put her head back on the towel and looked up.

I'm burned.

I know.

It will hurt.

Get up — slowly. Wait. Put your shoes on first: You can't walk in this sand barefoot.

I know.

The wooden shutters were pulled down and the sunlight streaming in between the slats was harmless. The electric fan purred softly in the siesta-quiet of the darkened room. The cream was cool on her burning stomach and his hand was soothing as it spread the medicated grease on her body.

Have you finished?

Go to sleep now. It has to sink in or something. You'll feel better later.

I am too heavy for me to move myself. Even my mind is an unbearable burden.

Why did you lie in that sun? You knew what would happen.

I wanted to broil my skin. I wanted to feel you soothe it and restore its sensibility. I wanted to lie without thinking. Why don't you smear my body with raw tomato?

Go to sleep.

She stole from her bed and tip-toed out of the room so as not to wake him. He moved his legs. She stopped. No, he was still sleeping. She shut the door with a sigh of relief. The next door opened into the bathroom: Water would only dry out her skin.

Across the hall, through the open archway, was a recessed entity which for a moment appeared a doll-house room. She blinked and walked into it. The sun was not as strong here so the shutters did not have to block the afternoon daylight. She stopped in front of

the refrigerator, stretched and pulled the handle. The door open, she stood, somehow transfixed, contemplating the subtleties of sun exposure on the Riviera Adriatica. Reaching into the cool of the fridge, she felt for the large bottle of milk until she found it, then held it before her face, determining whether to drink all that was left from the bottle. In the end she poured half the contents into a glass. She put the glass on the table and, after returning the bottle to its place, sat down.

For a moment she stared at the sheets of paper and ball-point pen which lay on the table, trying to focus her memory on that morning when she had abandoned them there, and marvelling at the potent silence.

I sit here in my transparent watermelon, watching — but there is no contagion in that huge fireball which flames in and over the natives. Still, sadness falls with the night and the laughing trees mock the coloured lights, and the rolling tide roars a danger to the lonely. A sand-filled love weaves a drunken way among the unwarned: The sky's warmth misshapes even steel into disguise.

Goddamn. She ground her teeth, her one hand gripping the other. The beauty of her words, the aptness, never escaped her. But she hated their senseless expression, their discontent, the gripe of their spoiled comfort. She hated their truth. The doubt that the words told of plagued her. She stood undecided on the question they raised, unwilling to judge the case they presented and afraid to interpret the situation they described.

On these words hinged the reality of her entire existence. If they had accuracy beyond their rhythm, beyond their sound, beyond their objective meaning, then her life was a farce: Her paradise of search was a burst bubble and the heat of her skin was the beginning of hell. Then again, should the subjective significance (she sneered scornfully at the pompous phrase) of the words be misguided, her poetic passion was a lie and her innate lyric instinct a sorry joke.

The stairs creaked beneath her feet; she tried to walk lightly. After an eternity of concentration she reached the bottom and carefully let herself out of the building. Damn. She was wearing nothing but a rather less-than-more bathing-suit. No sweat — she pulled a wrap off the clothesrack standing by the door . . .

She kicked a stone — her bare toe! too late. The decision on those words lay with her. But the whole thing was impossible! She could not deny either of the two elements of her most essential self. Her poetry, her writing was her pride, her assertion, her

identity (she jumped at the hanging arm of a tree above her and broke off a small branch). It was her voice, the media of her thought. Could it be merely an affectation? Her love was her joy, her truth, her womanness; it was a growing, developing ultimate — the perfect paradox. If it were not pure . . . And yet her spontaneous expression slandered its security, its very being.

She had broken up the branch, bit by bit. Where was she? She looked up. Lost. No, she was everywhere. She closed her eyes and smelled the green shade and the late afternoon sunlight in the air. She spun around and, in careless hope of going in the right direction, began to run. After about fifty yards she opened her eyes to check her surroundings. Then she ran in earnest.

She bounded up the stairs and, suddenly remembering the borrowed shift, cascaded down again and on reaching the rack, flung the garment over the top, almost knocking the whole contraption on its side.

Hey! What's going on down there?

Wherever you are, stay put — I'm coming up to get you!

She found him in the kitchen, one hand on her unsolved dilemma, recently dismissed, now erased by its dismissal.

Did you go because of this? He gestured toward the words written on the top sheet of paper. She nodded impatiently. It's good, but —

I know, I know. I figured it out just now: I was tired and I wanted to be burned. Besides.

She went to him. She laid her cheek against his breast.

You're fire to touch. It must hurt terribly.

The words are quite beautiful, but hard.

I know.

Ti amo.

I know.

Sylvia Soyka

LA CIUDAD DE MARAVILLAS

Los atracciones, que la ciudad, Madrid, ofrece a los turistas, son de una gran variedad. Con una poblacion de dos million, Madrid clasifica como una de las mas grandes capitales de Europa.

Sin embargo, logro retener su propia superior individualidad. Esto hace Madrid una ciudad de contrastes fuertes y distintos. Dentro de algunas yardas de las avenidas extensas y ocupadas, Vd. puede encontrar calles y plazas, silencias y tranquilas. Cerca de los rascacielos muy modernos, hay, tal vez, una iglesia antigua o la entrada barroca de una casa de alguna familia noble. Pero, de algun modo, la mezcla rara de lo que es nuevo y de lo que es antiguo no ha danada la unidad extupenda de los cuartos diferentes de Madrid.

La forma de la ciudad recuerda exactamente las fases sucesivas del crecimiento de Madrid. El castillo antiguo (después — El Alcazar, reemplazado hace doscientos años por El Palacio Real) se cree haber sido construido una vez sobre este mismo risco escarpado que ascende del mangen izquierdo del rio Manzanares, y bajo su proteccion el centro de la aldea morisca gradualmente formo. Sin embargo, después que la aldea fué libertada por los espanoles cristianos en el siglo duodécimo. Como la Reconquista progreso, el pueblo ceso estando una avanzada fortificada y, en 1202, los derechos de una ciudad municipal se concedieron. Progreso continuamente durante todo la Edad Media.

Fernando y Isabel mas enriquecieron la ciudad por el establecimiento de varios edificios notables; y en sus bordes, ellos construyeron el Monasterio de San Jeronimo que se puso un palacio famoso de reposo para los monarcas ocupados.

Sin embargo, no era hasta el siglio décimonono que el crecimiento de la ciudad en todas direcciones logro un ritmo nuevo y mas rapido. Las puertas antiguas que hasta entonces fueron los limites de la ciudad, estan todas encontradas en el centro de la metropoli moderna. Los varios progresos grandes todos reflejan el crecimiento incesante de la capital espanola. Las personas amistosas y el ambiente encantado combinan para dar a Madrid so tono y calidad especial!

Shirley Blaichman
Room 214
Level 2

FREEDOM REVISITED

"Are the birds free, Mother?"

"No son, they're not."

"The deer are free, aren't they, Mom?"

"No love, they are not."

"Are we free, Mother?"

"I fear we are not."

"Are we ever free?"

"At last the answer yes, my son.

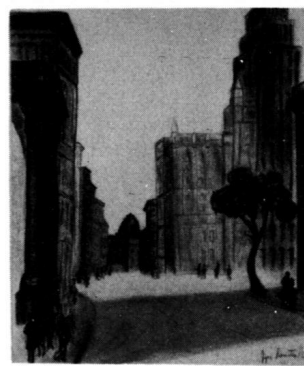
We are like the free, free wind,

But the wind is not alive

And so we are free like the wind,

But only after we die."

Patricia McQuillan
Room 118
Level 2.



Joyce Borenstein

WINNER — JUNIOR POETRY

IT HAS TO BE ACCEPTED, I GUESS

I hear

A tiny bird

Let out its cry of anguish
of knowing

That it's an orphan,
for its mother was
caught and tangled
roughly

in a barbed wire
which was put up
by the farmer

To keep out trespassers.

While I was riding in the bus one day,

A wasp

buzzed in bewilderment

Angrily, widly,

Not knowing how it got in
and how it was

to get out,

An eager, lively puppy

with those huge soulful eyes

saw the crow upon the grassy hill
and wanted to

chase it into the fields of poppies,

But a leash

Man-made

and Man-held

Limited its freedom

A drowsy horse

tired from

pulling a milk-wagon,

standing in front

of a wood factory

While tied up

is suddenly terrified and bewildered

by the scraping

of cranking, chunking

Churning metal wheels

of the dusty machines

and of the harsh

Screech of splintering wood.

Carol Brodtkin
Room 106
Level 2

THE BOY

There he was, leaning nonchalantly against the railing, looking at the ties of the railroad tracks beneath him which stretched out to his freedom. A smile spread over his face, as if he were musing over possible escape routes. His wide shoulders and slim waist suggested an athlete although his blond hair was really too long for football. He raised his hand, long slender fingers and clipped nails to brush away the hair from his eyes, a remarkable blue against his dark tan. His teeth also formed a startling contrast to his skin. He wore a silver ring on his right hand and as he lowered his arm the metallic glint of it on his hand blinded me.

He turned and strode off quickly heading towards the city. His loafers made little sound against the cobbled stone of the bridge. The throb of industry caught him up in its grasp as he walked, in between his two worlds, towards security and away from beauty.

He often returned to this other world, this place which had no mediocrity or ugliness. Only humans could spoil it, and they did.

Where did he go? To another place as dazzling in the morning, as hushed at night. Where do we all go in search of a place of repose, and who intrudes?

Ruth Rosenfield,
Room 305,
Level 4.

J'ATTENDS

Les jambes sont engourdis
Les mains sont gelées
Je lève les yeux au ciel glacial
Si clair, si noir, si cruel.
En réponse, il envoit un vent brutal qui pique ma
pauvre figure — pour un moment seulement.
Encore, le silence glacé.
Je me sens suffoqué,
Isolé,
Sans contact avec le reste du monde.
Il n'y a aucun son . . .
Tout à coup je détecte un murmure, éloigné.
Il est faible, mais je suis sûr.
Le murmure grandit à un grondement.
Le coeur palpite au battement du moteur.
L'autobus arrive.

Ruth Libman
Rm. 300A
Level 4

PERSONIFICATION

Your gait, forward, always,
Carrying your mathematical shoulders hunched,
Chanting of your perfect knowledge,
As if you knew all, but had since forgotten,
Yet, your beacons of bifocals still precede
you down corridors of pedagogy;
Why travel to academe?
Perhaps to show others their errors,
Those unfortunates in dischord with your multifold
unchallenged asides;
Though they do not noticeably tremble at your
assuative views,
And you must screech phosphoric insults to assert
your power,
Then, when like geometric pellicans, they still
refuse your handout
Your luminescent crown disappears around angles,
Muttering of effete innuendos.
Myopic, misguided maniac,
I sincerely hope you might shut your vision once,
And truly see,
Outside as well as in.

Ken Waxman
Room 210
Level 4.



Deena Sacks

*... To not recognize another's existence is the
best weapon conceived . . .*

Eric Anderson.

Pass thee by, O righteous one
Look not in the haunted eyes
Hear not the silent pleading cries
Of those mirrors from which you run.

The addict and the prostitute,
Victims of the 'Greatest Age'
Food for lunatic ranters' rage
The homeless and the destitute.

The lush on a bender, drunk and blind
From incomprehensible problems fleeing
And yet another sub-human being
The criminal with his twisted mind.

Ignore them, they do not exist for you
Why bother with the inferior?
You so secure in being superior
Perfect Man — pure right through.

Do not equate yourself with those
Don't taint yourself with internal strife
Of ones who cannot face the life
The cold sterility which you choose.

The 'drug-fiend' junkie and useless bum
By all society have been forsaken
Society straight-laced never mistaken
Says "They aren't of us, they are gutter-scum."

The lonely ones, the ostracized,
The weaker ones, the gullible,
The imperfect, the fallible,
The innocent, the victimized.

Beg forgiveness at their feet
Pray for pardon and give them aid
You, the great ones, have betrayed
Those whose eyes you will not meet.

Diane Soroka
Room 204
Level 3.

"POEMS WITHOUT WORDS"

—Horace

The paintings themselves are the thing. There is very little to add. We present them in full colour as a tribute not only to those whose work is here but to all those who

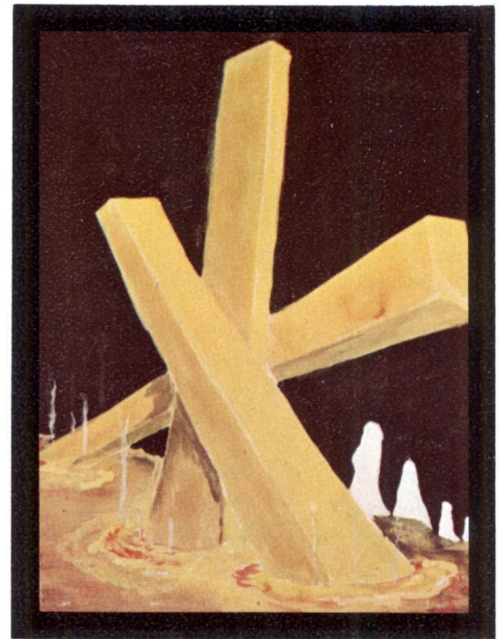
have ever contributed to our heritage of art, to all those who are painting now and especially to those whose talents are as yet untried and undiscovered.



Joyce Borenstein



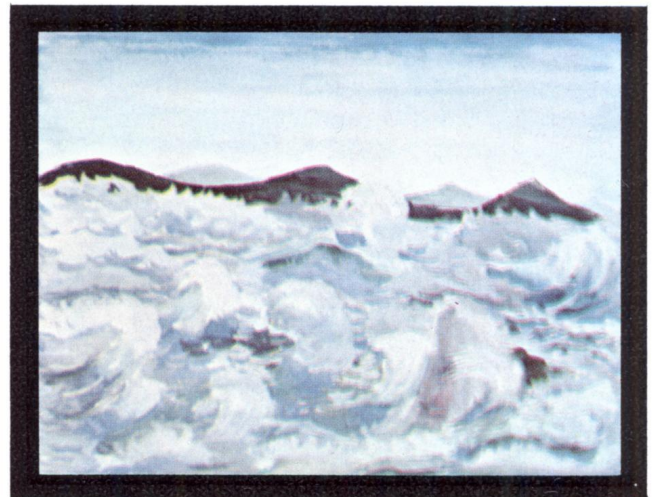
Amy Osher



Jenny Nicholls



Heather Wise



Frances Levine

"POEMS WITHOUT WORDS"

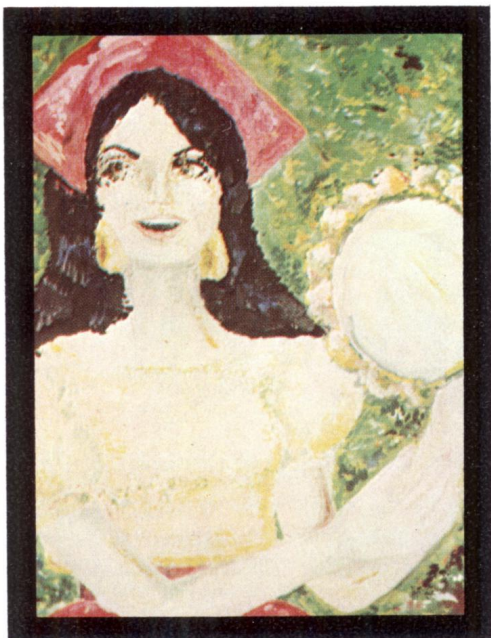
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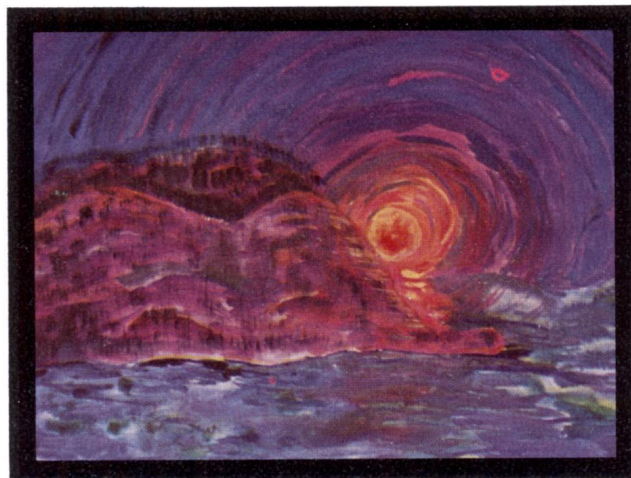
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Bronia Hecht



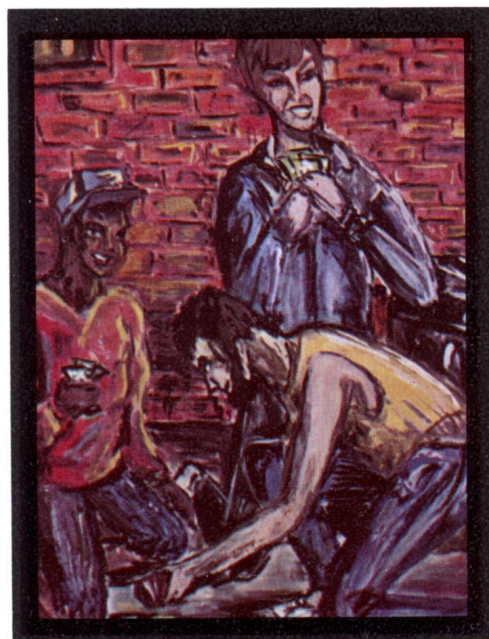
Isabel Albert



Barbara Greenspoon



Isabel Albert



Annette Wolfstein



Jenny Nichols

MORNING

Morning drops the blanket that has
 wrapped her, with a sigh,
 And gentle, slender, fingers, she drops
 it on the sky.
 It covers up the heavens, like grey and
 lifeless shrouds,
 And we raise our eyes to see it, and we
 call the blanket – clouds.
 Morning peers below her from a double-
 poster bed,
 Then falls back with a shudder, and pulls
 a quilt about her head.
 For she saw the graceless day, and the
 withered autumn leaves,
 She saw a tree's bare branches, and a
 field of wet corn-sheaves.
 But Morning is a mother, so she ups and
 looks around,
 For she can't neglect her children,
 and soon she's earthward bound.
 From a pouch of cool brook waterdrops, she
 flings a scattered few,
 And transforms a meadow glistening, in
 dank green grass and dew.
 She throws her freshest fragrance,
 and it pierces musky air,
 She scatters scarlet poppies that
 bloom wild in her hair.
 She touches up a drab brown leaf
 in paints of red and gold.
 She roams wild through the country-
 side, and warms the chilling cold.
 When Morning is nigh finished, and,
 when her work is through,
 She trips back to her hiding-place,
 there is no more to do.
 For Autumn is her season, so she
 left a morning glitter,
 But the nights are growing longer,
 and the days are growing bitter.

Maureen Kolomeir
 Room 214 Level 2

TIME PASSING BY

In the endless monotony of time, life slips by unheeded and unobserved. There is a restlessness in the air and as autumn approaches and departs I feel the surging need for creativity. This need is often overpowering and my mind assumes a holocaust of hazy obscurities that just as quickly fade into total oblivion, and die unheeded like the autumn leaves. The earth is stripped of its fruits and the trees stand naked and bare. As you look at the trees and see their barrenness, the emptiness of time is vividly apparent. Strange to view life from a window yet this is how I see it. In the classroom I see life through glass and it looks gloomy and cold. Then a strange indifference seizes me and I feel dead. Dead, just like the leaves, lonely and dead. Apprehension envelops me and my mind screams frantically to re-awaken and make use of all the time that is slowly creeping by, now faster, then even faster. How ugly is this curse of time yet rarely am I able to shake it off and it eats me and I waste more time. Then I realize I have nothing but time and it hurts to know it's going by and soon will very surely die.

Yona Berkowitz
 Room 314
 Level 3



LES ADOLESCENTS D'AUJOURD'HUI

Les adolescents d'aujourd'hui sont très différents des adolescents des années précédentes. Ce changement a été causé par la manière fantastique dans laquelle le monde a progressé.

La science a développé la façon de faire les choses. Le résultat de ceci est que beaucoup d'adolescents d'aujourd'hui sont des paresseux, qui refusent de faire le travail à la fois physiquement et intellectuellement. Une grande partie de leur paresse est causée par le fait que dans la génération moderne, dans laquelle nous vivons maintenant, bien des choses peuvent facilement se faire, simplement en pressant un bouton ou tournant un commutateur. Les parents insistent sur le fait qu'un peu de travail ne fait jamais de mal à personne, mais beaucoup d'adolescents d'aujourd'hui trouvent cela difficile à croire. Parce que nous vivons dans une génération avancée en science, les adolescents se sont conformés justement.

Les adolescents d'aujourd'hui veulent l'indépendance et la liberté de leurs parents. Malheureusement, beaucoup d'adultes n'essaient pas de comprendre ce problème, et les difficultés arrivent souvent.

Par la compréhension et la patience entre les adolescents et leurs parents, les adolescents grandiront et seront dignes de la société d'aujourd'hui.

Steven Prashker
 Room 211
 Level 1

THE KISS

—a narrative

1
Time whispered to our hearts
. . . He's gone, it said. And we
listened to his pistol from the
void, with his palest hand
grasping at the blackest thoughts
to fire at his pain (and ours).
Recollection stabbed me with
the peace it held. Vague
remembrances gave tranquil
agony.

2
Flashes of the aura 'round
his face in Stanley Street's
harsh cellar cigarette smoke.
Angelic blonde, soft eyes, soft
smile: he told us of his hopes
and we dreamed with him.
He was a poem. A stranger and
a friend. A brother. When we
met to chords of deaf guitars.

3
Familiar mystery, always fleeing
panting from a fire far in
deep memories. A fallen
angel he, perhaps, I thought.
Fallen, yet above our farthest
wishing-star. Faded
he became. (Let me weep now
for him.) When I saw his eyes
then I knew about the gun today. .

4
His poems songs of loveliness,
of men, of beauty. Painted
in my passions with his blood.
His muse ripped him apart until
his tears were flailing
wildly. Wretched muse to
ravage him. Rainbow rhymes
breathe tenderly and comfort
me. From dark to dim.

5
He gave himself to us; he tried
to yield his dreams to her. He
tried. Crazy thought. He
was a crystal spark. She could
not hold elusive sparkling misty
wind. Wisp of something
steadier than flesh. An instant's
soundless flicker in his life. Blue
ways lay ahead — he walked
the road.

6
We follow him, he beckons us. . .
tantalizing fingertips of soul.
We see him when the bullet
in his chest dug in all
through his life. It took him
much too long to die. Queries
never enter: his replies have all
been felt. He touched me while
I lowered him in his grave.

Lorne Segal
Room 303
Level 4

“UN”NESS

I looked down the abyss winding on and on, smaller and smaller, the black spiral enclosing the tunnel twisted into nothingness. Mesmerized I began my journey hesitantly placing one foot before the other as I walked through the passage-way — leading I knew not where

Something summoned me from far away — something vague in meaning but forceful in urgency. I followed. The tunnel seemed to be turning and the black stripes moving, but I ventured on, not frightened but wary.

I reached the termination. There was a black curtain draped over an entrance. An entrance to what? I knew not — yet only the heavy dark material separated me from that knowledge. I pushed it aside and entered . . .

A transparent film tinted with lavender softly colored everything. A velvet moss stretched like a carpet covering as far as I could see of an uncontained region. The misty sky filled the upper heights and gently nudged the billowing clouds swaying slightly in compliance with the rippling breeze. Floating weightlessly to the ground was a multitude of feathers drifting with the slight wind until they came to

rest upon the smooth moss. At intervals in the moss had pushed through several weeping willows basking in the soft glow of the sun, brushing the ground with their velvet leaves barely touching the grass.

Among the willows glided a population of fairy-like creatures. Clothed in gowns of silk they appeared to be sleep-walking and thus drifted through the violet haze with angelic smiles playing about their lips. Each was dreaming — dreaming obscure and shadowy dreams.

Soon dusk fell and as the shapeless shadows stole over the fantasy scene, I was drawn back whence I had come . . .

I blinked several times to re-adjust myself. The blacks and grays glared at me from various positions around me. The geometrical bars and hard walls surrounded me. The naked light bulb threw a harsh yellow light, revealing the ugliness of the cell. A rat squealed eerily and quickly vanished into the crack in the wall.

I was cold as I lay under my thin rough blanket. A sickly stench hung pungently in the room and mixed with my odors and dried sweat.

A bell clanged piercing the comparative silence. The bell commanded reality and I obeyed . . .

Ruth Rapkowski
Room 308
Level 4



NOSTALGIE

Seul, tellement seul,
Pas un ami.
Seul tellement seul,
Seul jusqu'à la fin de la vie.

Cherchant, seulement cherchant,
Pour quelque chose de meilleur.
Cherchant, seulement cherchant,
Pouvoir obtenir mon plein.

Stupide, tellement stupide,
D'imaginer que je pouvais simplement attendre.
Stupide, tellement stupide,
D'attendre, car maintenant c'est trop tard.

Seul, tellement seul,
Pas un ami.
Seul, tellement seul,
Seul jusqu'à la fin de la vie.

Beatrice Kaenel
Room 202
Level 3

UGLINESS

The face stood out like a candle — bright,
Three warts, six scars, such a fright.
My expert eye could detect those little traces,
Of a sparkling reflection from the braces.
The eyes were crossed, behind glasses tan,
A graceful figure like a moving van.
The lithe movements with dance steps gay,
Like Shriners' elephants on opening day.
The voice was sparkling, a nymph-like sound,
Breaking all eardrums for miles around.
Such is what I observed it to be,
As I walked from the mirror — was it ME?

Sandra Kalb
Room 119
Level 2



Maxine Borenstein

WINNER — JUNIOR PROSE

A MEMORY

I gazed across the blowing grass and tall flowers, in the direction of the small nimble figure scampering about the field. How wonderful the young child looked, as his long blond hair glistened in the glorious spring sunshine, and his face thrilled with the fun of running across the land, so recently awakened from winter slumber!

Feeling flushed with affection and pleasure, I continued to watch the boy. His tiny hand waved at me. I smiled and responded to his gesture, overwhelmed with happiness as I witnessed his delight with nature and her fresh beauty. Yet a nagging pain crept into my heart. Before my mind the picture of his brothers whirled by. It had been so many years since John and Tad had frolicked in that way. As they had grown, life's pressures and problems had engulfed them in its vise-like grip. And now I thought that there would be no escape for this child. He would grow older and take up his role with all the others, assuming the grave responsibilities and entering the endless struggle which constitutes life!

But for this moment the child was truly free! Free from all conflicts; free from suffering and hardship. His pleasure with life was real and profound. However, it would only be temporary. Other sunny springs would come, bringing with them the same crystal-like freshness of air, gently warming sunlight, and tranquillity of lands and seas. Yes, these would remain; but the child would change. The boy would grow to manhood, and from there to old age. His life would change with every step taken, becoming more complicated at every turn along the path. I hoped that his life would be easy and worthwhile. But most of all, I silently wished that he would be able to return to this spot at various times, and laugh and frolic freely in the innocence and beauty of an untroubled life.

While I thought of all these things, the child, his hands outstretched and holding flowers, began running in my direction. This last picture stabbed at my heart and I silently cried; "Stop." I wanted him to remain forever unchanged. — But there could be no stop. It was now a memory!

Renée Karp
Room 119
Level 2

HE WAS A MAN

Was he a child,
When all was so simple —
Black was black, and
White was white, and he knew not that —
He knew so little?

Was he a boy,
When running to play baseball with
'the other guys',
He would trip,
And fall,
And still be able to
run home to —
Mommie?

Was he growing up,
When he began to question,
And rebel, and hurt, and
"Why do people die, and kill, and love,
How do I know what is good
Or bad
Right
Or wrong!"

What was he when he
Knew his ideal,
Yet could not reach his goal —
And began again?
When he was husband,
Father,
Provider,
. . . and God,
When he found
There was no place to run
And hide
And that only the close few cared if he
Lived or died?

HE WAS A MAN. Francis Venetsky
Room 118 Level 2

"AND STILL HE RAN ON"

A glowing child shrieked wildly as he scampered on the hill-top overlooking the tiny village that struggled against its bosom; at the far end of the grassy slope a dilapidated hut protruded against the sky — the home of Steven Yearling. His face portrayed the innocence and exhilaration that so frequently accompanies youth as he lifted his shining eyes to the sun hovering above. He was playing a game — a wonderful, magical game that transported him down a million miles to that village below. It was, in his eyes, a happy, joyous village and yet he was afraid of it and even he did not comprehend the source or the reason for this fear.

A door opened and slammed shut and a voice that dripped with vehemence and hatred shattered his reverie. A massive woman, grotesque and surly, appeared, beads of perspiration glistening on her forehead. Her name was Angela; her occupation — prostitute. The bright colour of Steven's cheeks disappeared and was replaced by a deathly pallor.

Fear tinged with hostility glazed his eyes as he stared at her his mind numbed, paralyzed.

"Keep your mouth shut, understand?" she lashed out.

"Just keep your lousy mouth shut and we'll get along just fine."

He continued to stare at her and suddenly she was afraid. "Damn you; will ya quit starin' at me like that?" Steven blinked but continued to gaze at her and his eyes seemed to bore into her. Her breath quickened and she began to shout.

"Stop it, ya hear. O God make him stop it!" Angela walked toward him and dealt him a stunning blow across the mouth and he fell backward. He rose and his gaze rested longingly on the village below. Angela grinned cunningly:

"Like to go there wouldn't ya? You're chasin' a dream, boy — you're never gonna see the insides of that filthy town." And she spat. "Not while ol' Angela's around, ya ain't."

And then as his eyes brimmed with tears she added, softening:

"If I told ya once I told ya a million times — thar ain't nothin' down thar but a lot o' ol' fat women — besides ya should be grateful — after all it ain't ever' woman who'll take a kid in just 'cause his ma an' pa happen to run off and leave him."

Even as she spoke she was sure that he would not venture down the mountain — not merely because she forbid him to do so but because he was a coward — afraid of people, afraid of life.

Yet this time Angela was wrong for as Steven gazed broodingly at the cramped village it seemed to be beckoning to him, and extending its arms in invitation . . . He began to run; the wind slapped his face threateningly and the rocky ground his feet and still he ran on . . . As he approached the village the nauseating odour of the fish market sickened him, the cackling of the fishwives shrilled in his ears and still he ran on . . . And then he stopped abruptly as the chaotic scene became more subdued and only excited whispering could he heard.

"Ain't he the young feller who was stole some five years back?"

"That's the one all right and no mistake."

"Where'd he come from?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I ain't rightly sure that he's the same"

"He gotta be — hey — somebody call Agnes — after all he was her kid!"

A haggard woman stepped out from the crowd. "Who here's been a talkin' 'bout . . . ?" The last word froze in her mouth as she gazed at Steven. She broke into a loud wail and put out a thin bony hand imploringly. He drew back, anguish and torment pinching his countenance as his brain whirled in a frenzy. He must go — this was a nightmare, and yet suddenly he knew that it wasn't. He quivered and turned blindly. And still he ran on

Sandra Margulis
Room 313
Level 1



PARIS AFTER DUSK

As all the quiet nuns retire with the flaming sunset, they utter prayers. Their conservative, sparse, little cell-like rooms are flooded with scarlet light from the ball of fire which is now setting. Its scarlet and orange arteries pulse throughout the heavens, and gradually fade, and disappear. The nuns, exhausted after charitable and merciful work of the day, sleep. For the majestic blazing brilliance in the sky has led to dusk in Paris.

And there is a hush.

Without warning, Paris suddenly becomes alive. It now has become the "City of Lights". The Champs Elysées is swarming with streaming traffic – Citroens, noisy motor bikes, Ferraris, and Volkswagons. The colours blend together like a Renoir masterpiece and slowly, they too fade.

For now, the bistros, cafés, nightclubs, and discothèques are swinging with the gay people of Paris.

In the little bistros, couples are laughing and singing, sitting at little tables covered with red-checked tablecloths. Wine is brought out and toasts are made. The delicious aroma of good French Onion Soup perfumes the merry atmosphere. And accordions become louder, awakening the tired little nuns sleeping across the way in their plain convent. And they close their eyes again, sighing.

Other couples, in love, are sitting in other places, the famous and dim cafés. Eating their fondue and drinking cider and wine, they too are happy. The sad gypsy with his tattered

clothes wanders from table to table playing his violin sweetly and sorrowfully, causing a young Parisienne to weep. The giggling tourists, who think all is charming, are thought of as curious by the people of Paris. The poor nuns are restlessly rolling over in their hard, narrow cots.

The loudest music comes from the high-class discothèques. Here, there are great mixtures of people. Women in Dior and Cardin gowns, scented with Jean Patou perfumes, and girls in micro-skirts and long, swinging, shiny hair. The originals sway, but the young move and bounce. And the men, young and old, are trying to keep up. Here, the music is booming, harsh, and ultra-modern unlike the little accordion in the bistro. There isn't any French cheese or wine. The tinkling of the champagne glasses add to the music. An occasional young nun wishes dreamily, but sinfully.

While under the bridges of Paris, lovers are holding hands and walking. Quiet, yes, but their love is the only music they need.

One by one, the stars appear. The silvery moon rises high in the sky. Night life in Paris has begun.

SHADOWS

Shadows and shells,
 insubstantial nothingness,
 faceless all, with form
 and shape and voice
 but shadows.
 i am one and
 no more real than others,
 walking blackly, deathly
 thru the unreality of light.
 and the houses are
 opaque bubbles and cars
 blaze by, or sit,
 the live darkness of shadows frightening.
 And my head is echoing empty
 and the harmonica's shrill bounces
 in planes through
 the vast vacancies of mind.

Karyn Marczak
 Room 203
 Level 3

Antonia Zerbisias
 Room 203
 Level 3.



ACTIVITIES

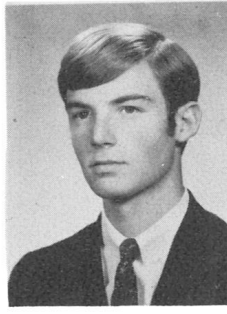
STUDENTS'



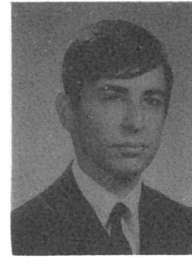
Morris Presser
Co-ordinator



Rhona Davine
Vice-President



Marc Gold
President



Richard Arfin
Treasurer



Allen Krasnick
Secretary

Bottom: Miss Engelsberg; M. Gold; R. Arfin; A. Krasnick; R. Davine; M. Presser; Mr. Herman. *2nd Row:* M. Morein; B. Kirshner; G. Hollinger; H. Hershman; J. Cohen; P. Tucker; S. Creatchman; L. Segal; K. Waxman. *3rd Row:* S. Cymet; B. Biber; A. Taylor; R. Langer; M. Prazoff; B. Kitai; S. Smith, G. Small; H. Letovsky. *4th Row:* S. Engel; S. Goldstein; B. Sourkes; D. Sacks; M. Feldstein; I. Gutmann; F. Stattner; L. Zimmering; E. Pascal; G. Roback.



PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DEBATING



The pounding on the lectern resounds with a boom
Fridays after school in the Viz-ed room;
For here do a group of students meet
To learn how to debate and public speak.

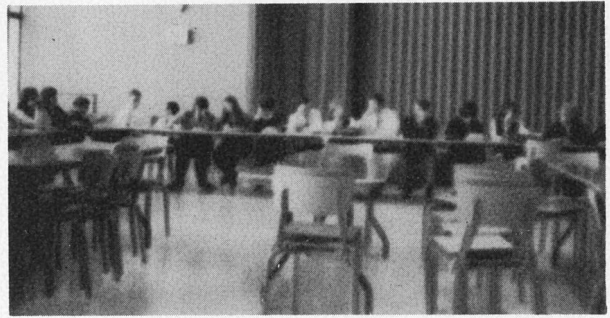
The address, the stance, the projection we do
Under the leadership of our President "Stu".
We all sincerely would like to say —
That you will be listening to us — someday.

First Row (left to right): C. Chazan; A. Drabinsky; G. Hollinger; A. Krasnick. *Second Row (l. to r.):* M. Sperber; Mrs. Montani; N. R. Kist; A. Carsley; J. Eurovitch; J. Morris; S. Gibson, president; D. Labow; L. Batish; S. Moffman; J. Spiegel; J. Faylowics; D. Astroff. *Third Row (l. to r.):* M. Silverstein; S. Feder; S. Rudick; E. Goldstein; G. Robach; A. Gossack; G. Ticoll.

COUNCIL

The Student's Council — Wagar's voice
Speaking for you, the reps of your choice.
Questions and problems brought up by the reps
To make Wagar better, they take the steps.

Though under the guidance of Mark and Rho
They still don't have much excess dough.
Committees were formed and activities planned
And the students invited to take a hand.
Each meeting is classic to say the least,
Since Gersovitz' antics have yet to cease.



The S.C. hard at work



5th Row: N. Starr; J. Spiegel; S. Soyka; B. Singer; R. Raskin; M. Goldstein; S. Rudick; E. Physicky; J. Suss.
6th Row: C. Kitner; N. Steinberg; M. Gersovitz; N. Cheifetz; G. Ticoll; B. Engelberg; B. Glait. 7th Row: D. Spiegel; Z. Kaufman; R. Migicovsky; F. Krelbaum; S. Segal; D. Wallen; E. Gersovitch; B. Granner; H. Schildkraut.

CURRENT EVENTS CLUB



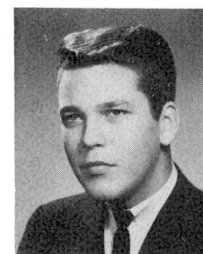
Left to right: G. Ticoll, president; I. Gutmann, vice-president; B. Ticoll, secretary.

Wagar's Current Event Club is the best,
Their speakers always have that zest.
The executive works day and night
And Mr. Mayor suggests what's right,
From Laurier Lapierre and autonomy
To Professor Vogel and economy.



Laurier LaPierre at Wagar

P R E F



Ken Kadonoff
Head boy Prefect

Front Row: A. Drabinsky, M. Gomberg, K. Russman, Mr. Johnson, K. Kadonoff, A. Osher, D. Astroff, L. Zimmering.
Second Row: J. Schildkraut, B. Dubin, N. Starr, R. Rapkowski, C. Chazan, D. Sacks, B. Sourkes, R. Libman, A. Taylor, R. Stanley, A. Goldstein, I. Schwartz.

The Redcoats are coming
Quick! Hide your gum!
(The Redcoats are coming)
Or offer them some.



Amy and Ken are top of the brass
And with their force they control the mass.
The Prefect conference is an annual affair,
Ideas are exchanged and problems are air'd.

LIBRARY CLUB

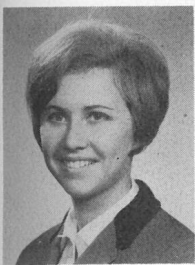


The Library Club members number eight,
They make sure that customers never wait,
They let first-time offenders off the hook
But make sure repeaters are brought to book.

Left to Right: R. Gulko, J. Zimmerman, J. Cohen,
A. Sheres, J. Lerner, R. Gahan, P. Rubenstein, K.
Remy.



ECTS



Amy Osher
Head girl Prefect



The Red 52 have some big plans,
But no movies or dances could gain them fans.

Front Row: C. Malkin, P. Baker, B. Mendelson, G. Labow, K. Kadanoff, Mr. Johnson, A. Osher, S. Walfish, A. Gunner, M. Charness, *Second Row:* C. Fainer, M. Cass, M. Prazoff, R. Miller, G. West, M. Friedman, C. Dollin, P. Barrow, V. Faze- kas, S. Singal, D. Leibsan. *Third Row:* D. Freedlander, S. Surkis, S. Schaefer, L. Miller, S. Tirer, S. Schneiderman, D. Tarasofsky, R. Walvis, D. Nayman, H. Eidingen, M. Darell.



At every assembly they line the walls
And are prompt to answer when duty calls.

WINTER CARNIVAL COMMITTEE

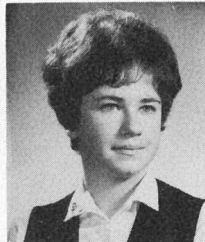
This is the Winter Carnival Committee
Turn to page 80 — their work to see.



Front row, left to right: S. Cymet, H. Walters, M. Schaefer, C. Kitner, J. Boro, S. Cohen. *Second row:* B. Kirshner, C. Chenoy, H. Schilkraut, S. Waticky, M. Presser, J. Schilkraut, R. Spielman, C. Stein.



RED CROSS



June Morris
President

1st Row: Left to right: R. Pitcovitch, S. Blaichman, P. Zerkowitz, 2nd Row: A. Abrams, P. Wittas, R. Salmon, 3rd Row: L. Grossman, D. Berku, J. Richler, G. Bromberg. 4th Row: C. Schwartzman, H. Mendelson, A. Pervin, 5th Row: S. Schachner, J. Kastner, J. Neumark. 6th Row: J. Doe, R. Migicovsky, A. Klein. Missing: S. Keller, Vice-president.

1st Row: K. Witzling, L. Ilson, L. Browman, M. Levenstone, M. Margolese. 2nd Row: L. Katz, A. Borenstein, S. Apple, H. Blushitz. 3rd Row: E. Dubrofsky, A. Morantz, M. Eckstein, I. Sloan, 4th Row: L. Batist, S. Hershman, B. Cohen, H. Hershman. 5th Row: G. Sherman, M. Belzberg, J. Mersan, L. Gilman, Mrs. Rillie.

Wagar's Red Cross team
Should be held in high esteem—
For aiding the poor, and entertaining the blind,

And other worthy projects of various kinds.
We hope this will start a trend,
For this work, there should be no end.

GUIDANCE COUNCIL



Mrs. Eisenberg



Top row, left to right: C. Kitner, L. Rachelson, E. Goldstein, E. Seedman, H. Rosen, P. Gold, S. Rosenblume, T. Ekstein, S. Morris, Harvey, S. Rudick, M. Margolies. 2nd Row: M. Bernstein, V. Chazn, G. Young, F. Heller, A. Abramovitch, S. Schwartz, M. Wagner, G. Brumer, A. Krasnick, B. Weitzman. 3rd Row: E. Abramovitch, R. Fox, D. Leibovich, S. Birch, B. Silverman, A. Goldstein, B. Wagner, J. Savvides, A. Coviensky, S. Rotchin, 4th Row: D. Berku, C. Dollin, B. Kaenel, D. Cohn, H. Weiner, P. Berlin.

The Wagar Watch



Front Row: R. Abrahams, Mr. Bernstein, R. Stanley (Editor), R. Claire, M. Mintzberg. *Second Row:* A. Drabinsky, S. Aronson, E. Loevenson, E. Goldstein, S. Nattel, B. Kaufman, R. Libman, R. Reens.

The "Wagar Watch" is our paper's name,
The editorial page has gained much fame.
The opinions bring on much controversy
And the Student's Council begs for mercy.

The news is always up to date
Points are made which bear much weight.
The Literary Page try never to pass
And the Features Section lacks no class.

CERCLE FRANÇAIS

Attention tout le monde
Voici le club
Who promotes francais
Sans le English snub.

Cinquante in all
They have a ball
Speaking French couramment
Without a mistake — mais pas frequemment.



First Row: M. Belzberg, G. Sherman. *Second Row:* D. Leibovitch, R. Libman, B. Sourkes, M. Freedman, A. Gunner. *Third Row:* S. Woticky, L. Batist, A. Drabinsky, L. Stein, B. Chmielarz. *Fourth Row:* S. Engel, L. Meltzer, A. Robinson, A. Morantz, I. Gutmann. *Fifth Row:* S. Browne, F. Schips, E. Fleichman, R. Fox. *Sixth Row:* Miss Davies, E. Stern, S. April.

First Row: M. Gomberg, A. Yaffe, E. Haber, D. Labow, P. Kramer. *Second Row:* S. Futterman, G. Bromberg, B. Gaipman, L. Cohen, A. Pervin, B. Wagner. *Third Row:* E. Gaipman, F. Granner, E. Engel, T. Balinsky, A. Osher, G. Axler. *Fourth Row:* F. Mendell, L. Shubert, E. Saltzman, R. Kronitz, D. Greenfeld, J. Varnai. *Fifth Row:* J. Margolis, M. Ekstein, P. Zelokowitz. *Absent:* E. Cohen, C. Chazan.

INSTRUMENTAL



SENIOR BAND

Hey friend, say friend,
Is the year of the fair
All our senior musicians
Will play at Expo and elsewhere;
Competitions and festivals are sheer delight
Whether we win or lose, we'll fight, fight, fight.



JUNIOR BAND

(To the tune of "Twelve Days of Xmas")
It was our first year of music
And Mr. Pellow taught to us
A Bar is not a chocolate,
A Flat is not a house,
A Staff is not not a person,
A Base is not on the ball park,
A Chord is not to tie us,
And music became a re-ality.



JUNIOR BAND



JUNIOR BAND

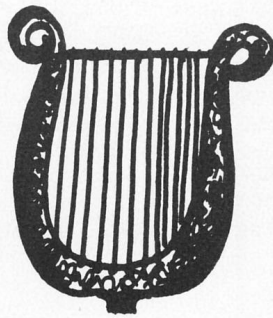
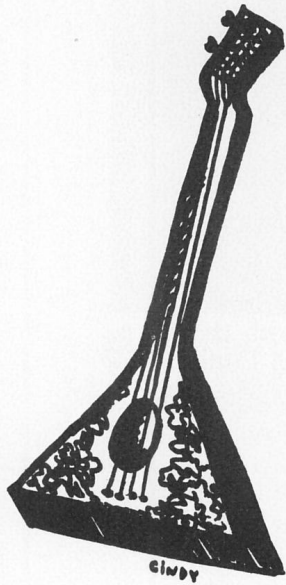


Mr. Pellow

MUSIC

INTERMEDIATE BAND

It was the night of a concert
And all through the band
Excitement was mounting
Until we took to the stand.



Mr. Pellow his baton lifted up high
And music did come and reach to the sky,
The hours of rehearsing melted away
The satisfaction of playing was the order of the day.



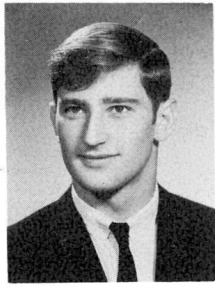
ORCHESTRA



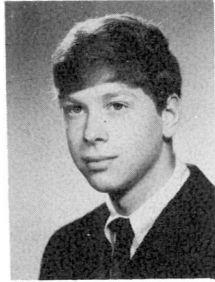
Mr. Edwards



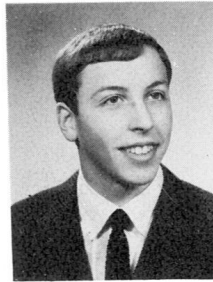
GRADUATING CLASS ORGANIZATION



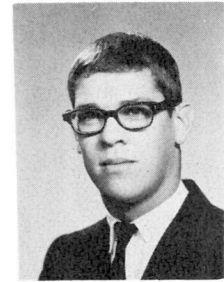
Julius Suss



Robert Engelberg



Neil Starr



Sandor Goldstein

For Graduates of the '67 corps
The G.C.O. has some great plans in store.
The successful sale of grad rings
Was really not an unusual thing.

Then the event all Grads look forward to --
After four years of working with this crew
— The Banquet and the Grad Dance
Ended by burning our books, perchance.

The raising of money
Though not so funny
Was got through movies, hops, (and begging?)



Dale Greenfield, Roger Reens

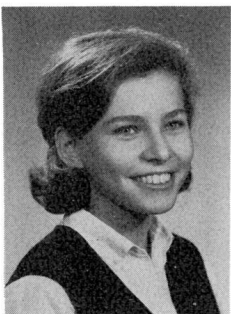
EATON'S JUNIOR COUNCIL

The Council has two reps from each school,
114 in all — it's really cool.
A programme or dance is planned each week
And a trip to Expo they will seek.
The Council offers every recreation
Theirs is a friendly association.

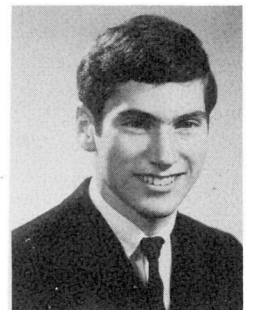
C.B.C. YOUTH COUNCIL

The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation
Sponsors this Council Organization
In an effort to improve communication
With the youth of this growing nation.

From radio series "Breakthrough" to "Reach for the
Top",
Always a project, never a stop.
But now the year's over, and when all is reckoned
This was the best year. (If only the second.)



Irene Gutmann



Jerry Spiegel

FUTURE TEACHERS of QUEBEC



First row, left to right: M. Cass, B. Chmielarz, L. Wolman, L. Stein, D. Labow, E. Harris, M. Gomberg, E. Lerner, P. Hubsher. *2nd. Row:* Mrs. Eisenberg, R. Miller, P. Barrow, J. Morris, Marcia, C. Weinbaum, D. Faerman, E. Engels, A. Drabinsky, H. Fried, A. Yaffe. *3rd Row:* Veronica, G. Sherman, M. Freidman, R. Kronitz, L. Fleishman, A. Wolfe, G. Labow, G. Axler, Paula, B. Mendelson.

Interested in education,
Teaching as an occupation.
Teachers the nation does desire—
So fifty members are preparing for hire.
At Mackay Centre they observe,
Methods to note, children to serve,
To other places too they proceed,
Learning is the starting seed.



Cindy



Pass the puck,
Kick the ball,
Score the basket,
But most of all —
It's the way you play the game.
Yeah Wagar!

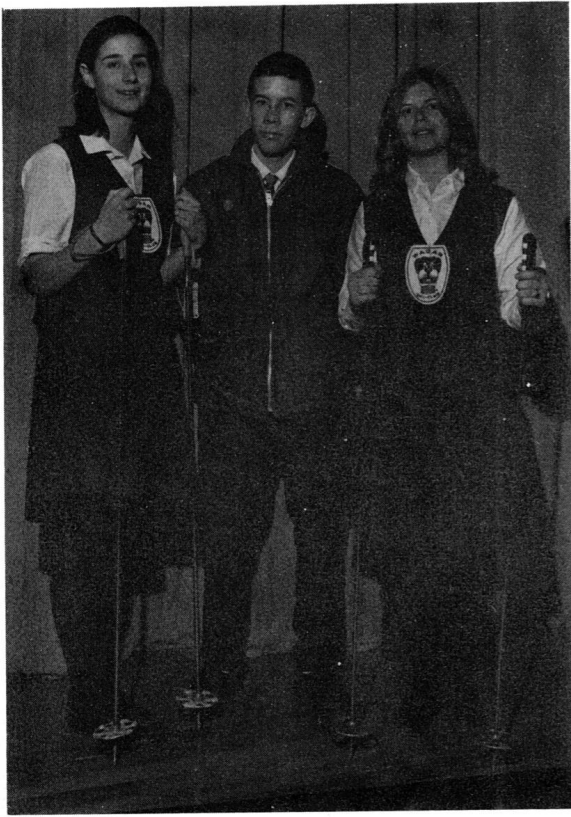
Singing in the rain
Is an old refrain,
But cheering in the rain
Is another thing again,
The shortest cheerleaders are in Wagar we know,
Perhaps cheering in the rain will help them grow.
Y-e-a-h W-A-G-A-R!

CHEERLEADERS



First Row, left to right: Mrs. Yaffe, J. Steinfeld, C. Fainer, C. Rockman, L. Burke, J. Margolis, *2nd Row:* B. Prizant, M. Liberman. *3rd Row:* H. Hershman.

SKI CLUB



V. Herman, B. Stanley, S. Soyka.

Among the clubs at Wagar
Is a group that loves the snow;
Its paradise is skiing
And fondest wish is Stowe.

They had a trip at Christmas
Mont Sutton's where they went;
It was a great success
But their plans are northward bent.

When they get on the ski slopes
They always have a ball;
Though they can't be seen for snow
Because they fall and fall and fall.



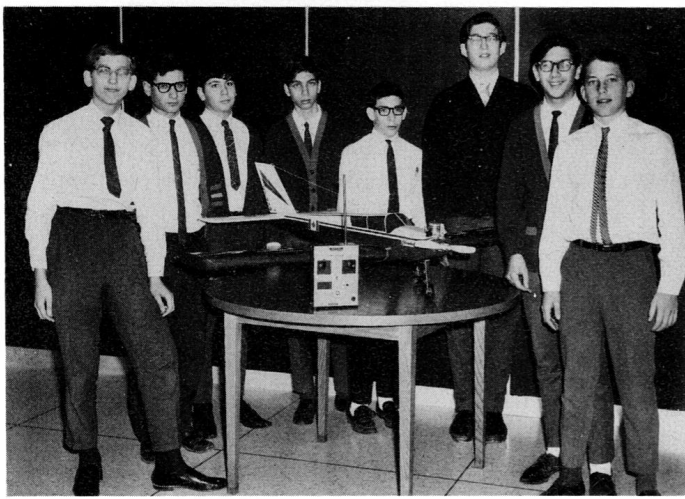
JAZZ CLUB

We have a group that sits around
With a record player on the ground,
In reams of records, that it has
The only thing you'll find is jazz.



Front Row, left to right: A. Wolfstein, F. Schnieder, J. Varnai, S. Keller. 2nd Row: R. Siccler, A. Lowy, A. Robinson, E. Engel, H. Schwartz. 3rd Row: K. Waxman, L. Segal, M. Sperber, K. Taylor, A. Newman, Mark, E. Herscovitch-pres.

MODEL CLUB

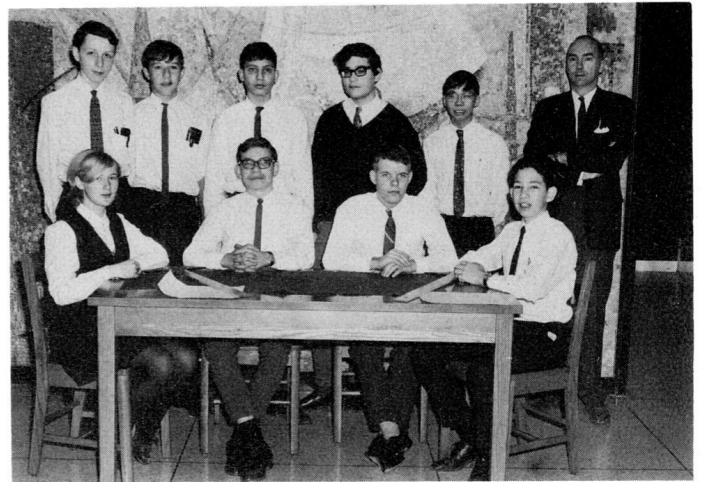


Left to right: B. Weinbaum, S. Rudick, M. Goldenberg, R. Weisbloom, M. Bero, T. Weinbaum, J. Presser, P. Garbar.

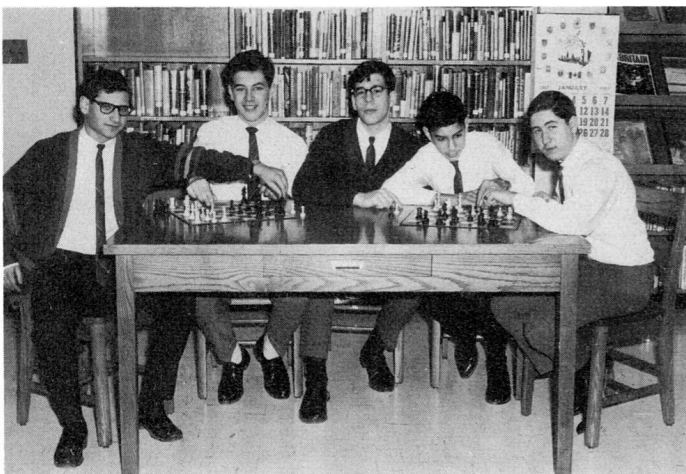
Ladies and gentlemen, may I present Wagar's Model Club, who for months have spent The time of Robert Wisebloom and company, Planning projects that will go down in history. To build models or bust is their proud motto, (Of course, there are sometimes problems making them go).

ENGINEERING CLUB

Work on the shopping centre was coming along,
But then it appeared that something was wrong.
Where was Thomas? Where had he gone
The work must stop — how can it go on?
Without his advice, without all his cares
What use were blueprints, rulers, or set-squares.



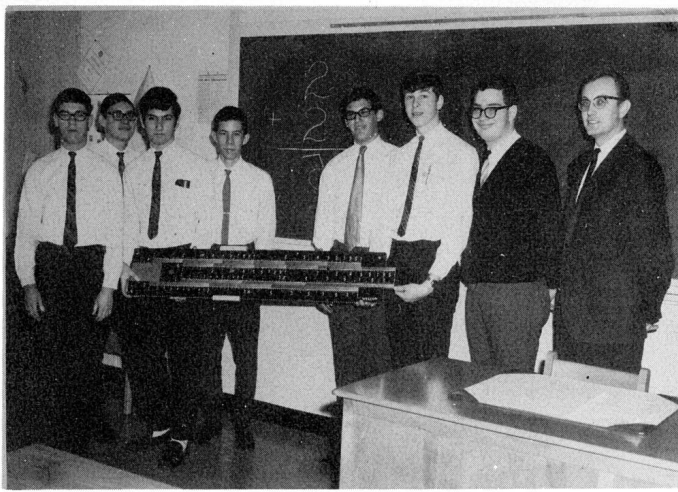
Left to right: B. Cooper, S. Stein, A. Taylor, J. Bailis, H. Cohen, D. Boulanger, L. Krolik, D. Saffran, D. Young, Staff Advisor Mr. Maw.



Left to right: G. Robach, J. Urivitch, N. Cheifetz, M. Margolies, absent Gerald Hollinger, Pres.

CHESS CLUB

Castle! Queen-check! Take that pawn!
Fight team! Fight team! Onward, on!
Under Hollinger as the prez.,
The club never lost — or so he says.



Left to right: S. Goldstein, S. Nattel, J. Spiegel, B. Stanley, S. Rule, G. Felsky, B. Engelberg, J. Lerman, (Advisor) K. Kurys.

MATH CLUB

Together they assemble in 302
 Chanting their strange hieroglyphics,
 To Euclid, Einstein and Newton so true
 These patrons of trig., analyt., and physics.

Members are many — no thanks to Nattel
 And Big Brother Joe's constant spying.
 Their aims, their squiggles, they all know full well
 On their advisor they are relying.

POETRY APPRECIATION CLUB

Poetry appreciation
 Takes a lot of concentration
 Needs much time of contemplation
 Frequently brings consternation

Meeting as often as they can
 They sit together and discuss
 Man's inhumanity to man
 And other such et ceteras.



Left to right: M. Schwartz, A. Krasnick, S. Soyka, R. Rapkowski, G. Roback, S. Rudick, J. Urivitch.



Seated, Left to right: G. Opolsky, H. Eidenger, L. Miller (Pres.), N. Cheifetz, B. Reiter. Standing: D. Freedlander, S. Tirer, S. Lipsey, S. Weinstein, J. Jospe, G. Wong, I. Ash, M. Sperber, L. Leiter, S. Spiegel, H. Mendelssohn, P. Garmaise, B. Friederer, Not Present: Staff Advisor Mr. Eckersley, B. Leve, N. Weinstein.

BRIDGE CLUB

The Wagar Bridge Club, as all know,
 Runs a legitimate casino.
 There, Larry Miller, Mr. Eckersley too,
 Teach the tricks of the trade, both old and new.

But seriously folks, it's not that way,
 The members are content to play
 Contact bridge to their heart's content
 Practising for the inter-school tournament.



First Row, left to right: T. Melman, P. Bailey, R. Chad, H. Hershman, S. Polger, H. Silver, P. Baker, F. Schneider. *2nd Row:* J. Brownstein, A. Drabinsky, M. Goldstein, Mrs. Sherman, A. Fried, M. Hurtz, B. Berish, E. Cohen, C. Chazan. *3rd Row:* L. Wolman, J. Frager, H. Freed, F. Norych, R. Glazer, B. Glaitt, E. Kadenofsky, R. Katz, J. Friederer, F. Mendelsyz, J. Savvides, A. Krasnik. *4th Row:* A. Carsley, S. Stein, J. Klugg, T. Messer, D. Abramovitz, I. Rosenberg, J. Goodman, J. Schildkraut, T. Nigrofsky, H. Schildkraut, F. Greenberg, M. Margolies.

DRAMA SOCIETY

Wagar's stage is getting strong
 Our one act play is moving along
 As Mrs. Sherman will come through
 The acts will multiply by two.
 If you and you would like to act,
 Don't hesitate; report the fact.

STAGE CREW



H. Schildkraut, T. Granofsky, J. Schildkraut, R. Greenberg.

OPERETTA SOCIETY

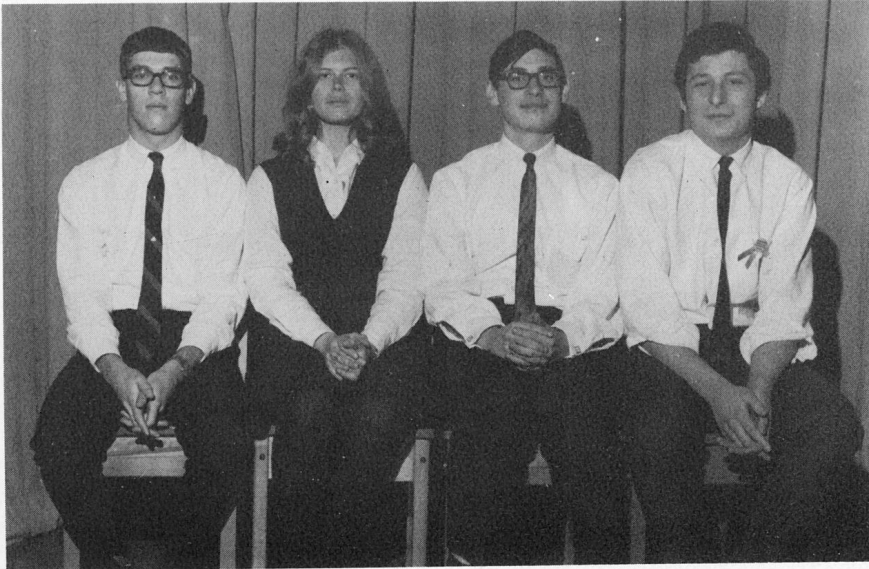
The Operetta — Wagar's first
 Was a success — a great endeavour
 I think that we can safely say
 It was our best one ever!



First Row, left to right: P. Barrow, I. Gurman, N. Godlovitch, D. Hoffman, S. Keller, S. Schwartz, R. Monde, M. Gerson, C. Brockin. *2nd Row:* E. Schapp, S. Tenebaum, S. Pinkas, E. Ceidman, A. Zerbiisias, J. Nichols, P. Bromberg, Randy. *3rd Row:* G. Roback, H. Harris, B. Chmeilaz, A. Sheres, A. Greenberg, S. Smith, R. Glonastensky, J. Suss, R. Spielman, N. Simon, M. Kolomier, Mrs. Blydt-Hansen, L. Randolph, J. Lipson.



The quiz team four are we
 You watched us on T.V.
 We won three games
 But what is fame
 Compared to a money tree?

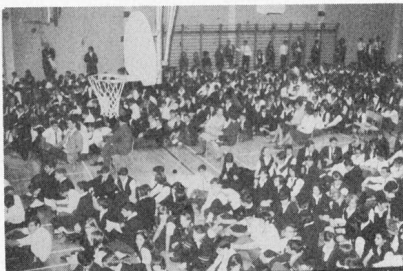


S. Goldstein, S. Soyka, S. Nattel, M. Gersovitz

The loser's pin is brass
 And we hate brass, alas
 One never knows
 Which way it goes
 And when it comes down to brass
 tacks a pin is better than a C.B.C. pencil

MODEL PARLIAMENT

Radical Reformers, Canadian Nats, X-
 Moderates too,
 All gather together to make quite a
 a stew.
 For now it has come — Model Parli-
 ament's here,
 And all grades participate — in this
 Canada's year.



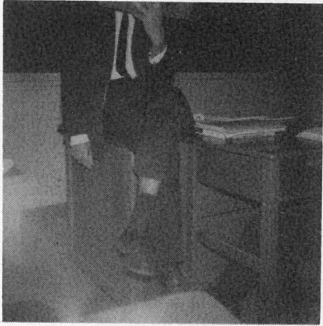
Model Parliament assembly



Left to right: M. Gersovitz, G. Ticoll, J. Spiegel,
 G. Hollinger, J. Kugalmass.

PRELUDE DAY

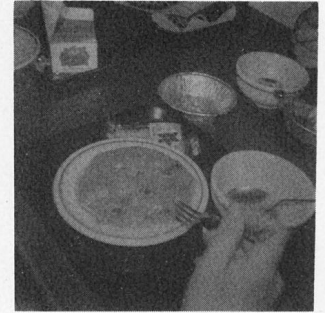
candid camera winners



Miss America 1903?

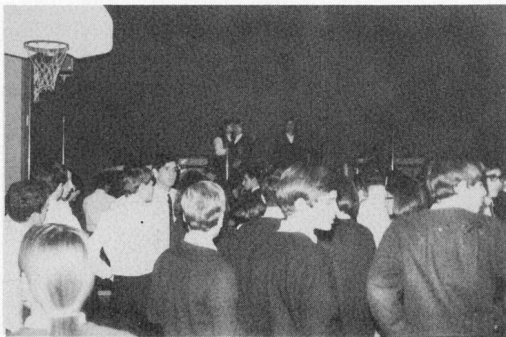
Candid Camera and Prelude Day!
Here comes the lens — don't look away!
So many pictures were snapped on the sly
That the contest ended as a tie.

snapped by allen sheres



No comment

Three in the kitchen



"53 in 67"
Also known as Class Ad heaven,
When at the Sock Hop all was told
The looks on kid's faces were sights to behold.



Still the Prelude dance was a real success
With seven hundred Wagarites, and — oh yes,
Three in the Kitchen were also there
And by our own *Rubber Band* not an ear was spared.

The Rubber Band



cindy



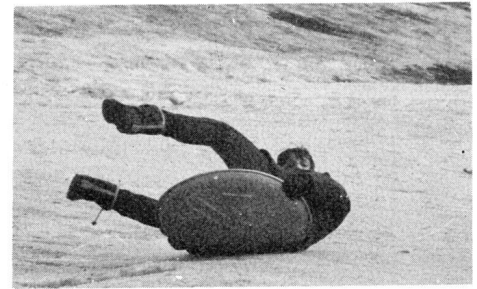
c.c.

Both of the bands really made the scene
(As did Connie's dog — if you see what we mean)
Their sound was a blast; and the kids had one too,
But then that's Prelude at work for you.

WINTER CARNIVAL



The best event was Beaver Lake
We left at 2— to sleigh and skate;
And the Hootenany too
Was a “really great shew”.



Sculptures aplenty all over the yard
Made choosing the best, a decision quite hard
But the prize finally went to “Winnie the Pooh”
Who was the best sculpture — out of the two.



The basketball game
— To uphold our name
Was lost to Westhill
(We were never the same.)



But Broomball had more success—
A fantastic game, without a doubt
The girl’s showed up
But the boy’s chickened out.

The Coronation Ball must be given a hand
The gym was quite packed—
(With crepe paper and band)
But the “Esquires” were tops
so give them some credit
And the Committee worked hard
the scene, they set it.

By Friday voting all was done
By Saturday night these had won:
King Jake Goldberg
Queen Karen Russman
Prince Gary Levine
Princess Janice Lewis

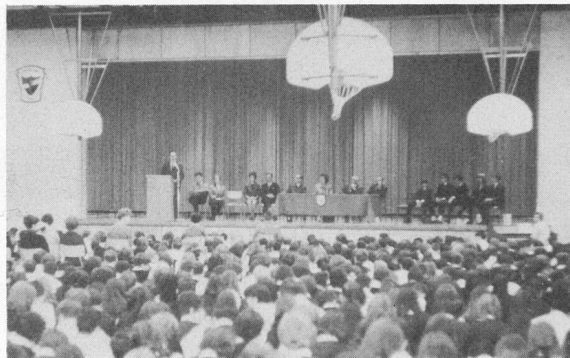


The Royal Couple

SPECIAL EVENTS



Room 303's penny drive



U.N. Day assembly

WAGAR CLOCK FUND



Left to right: J. Shildkraut, J. Cohen, H. Shildkraut, M. Presser.

By means of sock hops, donations and coke
The Wagar Clock Fund tried to invoke
A school with spirit, a school with vigour,

To make us best — the way we figure.
With Morris and Jacob at the head
The Clock was installed — what more could be said.



California — here we come!



Physics Conference

TO WAGAR IN MEMORY

As Wagar has given us so many wonderful memories, we, the Graduating Class of 1966-67, feel obligated to bestow upon this school a few articles of value, so that Wagar may have a lasting memory of us.

In exchange for bruised-up apples, dried-up oranges, and canned fruit cocktail, we donate a year's supply of *real* fresh fruit to the cafeteria, to keep Wagar's dieters happy.

In return for the frustrations we underwent on finding our most precious possessions gone, we leave to the Lost and Found various useless things.

To all classrooms on the Kildare side of the third floor, we bequeath a new ventilating system, knowing what it is to suffer lack of fresh air for at least fifty minutes a day.

Recalling all those times when we have run, deathly ill, to the Nurse, only to find the two beds already occupied, we feel it fitting to donate our old camp sleeping bags to the Medical Room, in order to accommodate all sick Wagarites.

To the Chemistry lab we give gas masks, which we feel are necessary to preserve the lives of students during the collection of poisonous gases.

To future Inter. Alg. and Trig. students we leave some good advice: drop them while you can. (Or get yourself a good alarm clock!)

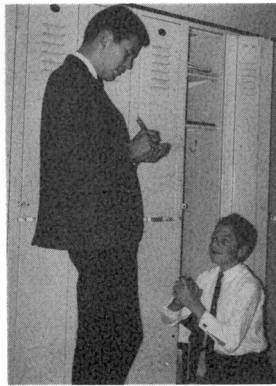
Remembering those times when we have tried to wrest some water from our drinking fountains and have come away with injured thumbs, we bequeath handles to all debilitated water fountains, out of consideration for the thumbs of future Wagarites.

To all teachers, we restore their sanity — something we have stripped them of during our years as their students.

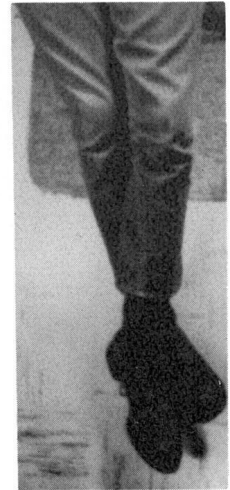
And finally, to next year's Prelude staff, we pass on (as we pass out) the problems of creating an original Last Will and Testament.

Your Graduating Class of 1967

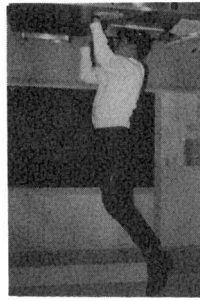
THE ART OF SPONTANEOUS EXPRESSION



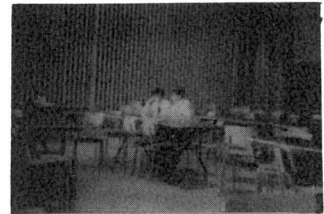
And the big guy said to the little guy, "What's your name?"



Ghosts on walls



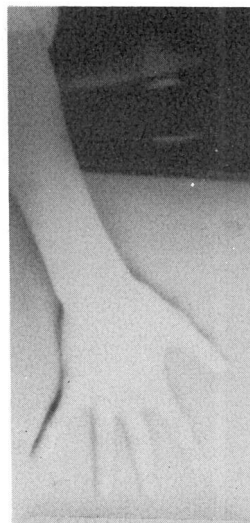
Well . . . there's something wrong somewhere.



All alone — we're so all alone. . . .

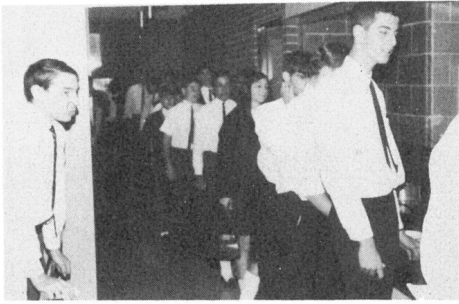


I'll get you, you big bad wolf

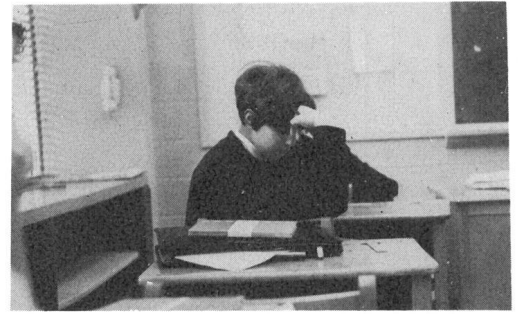


Nobody's paying attention to me. . .

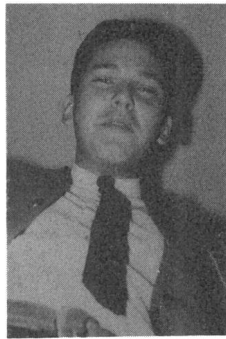
THE ART OF SPONTANEOUS EXPRESSION



Hey is Ken around?



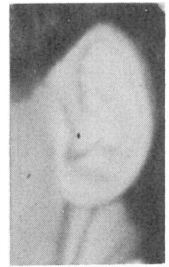
The Thinker



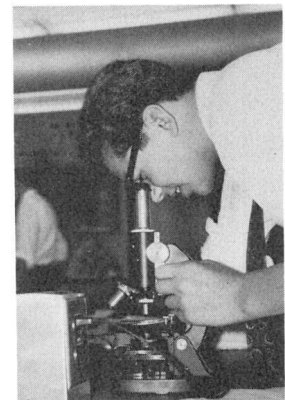
The Jolly Red Giant



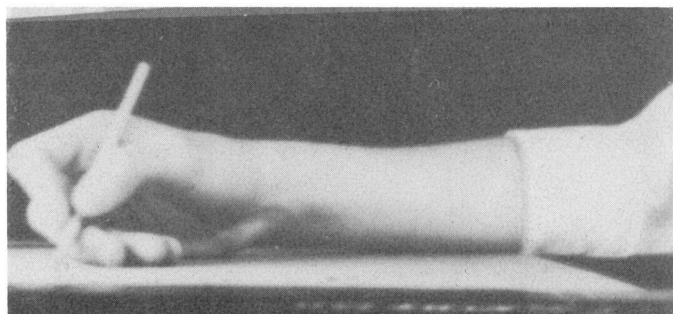
The day we were out in the cold



Aklavik or bust!



Oh what I see!





SPORTS

BOYS' SPORTS

SOCCER



Front Row, Left to right: Mr. Seary (Coach), P. Spunt, A. Lauffer, B. Marks (Captain), B. Burton, G. Opolsky, J. Muller, J. Cohen (Manager). *Back Row:* A. Zeesman, G. Kornstein, H. Eidinger, P. Malewski, G. Wilkenoc, S. Kugel-mass, M. Mintzberg, B. Ornstein.

JUNIOR SOCCER

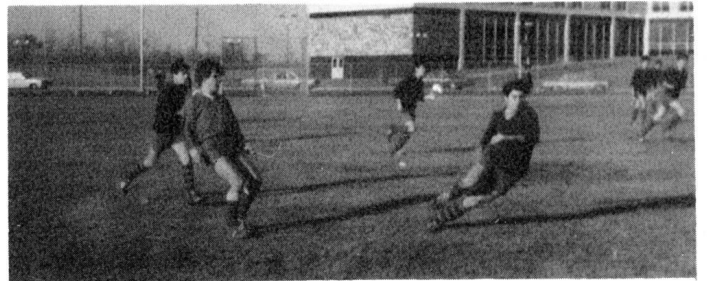
They got off to a roaring start,
But as they made their bid for fame,
They faltered, they lost heart,
And muffed it in their last two games.



Front Row, Left to right: J. Spiegel, B. Grodinsky, G. Resnik, B. Ordell, M. Presser, G. Lansky, K. Smilovics. *Back Row:* H. Schildkraut (Manager), R. Mede, R. Rimer, B. Wener, M. Cohen, C. Critch, C. Kitner, B. Dubin, Mr. Seary; *Absent;* J. Suss (Captain), D. Friedman, Mr. Garbutt (Coach).

SENIOR SOCCER

First they got a team together,
Then they tackled foul weather.
Their greatest lack was scoring punch,
And strategy was but a hunch.

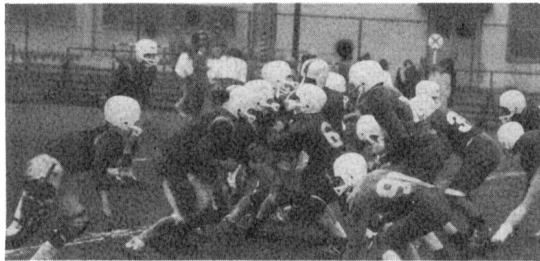


A Sound Mind in a Sound Body

FOOTBALL

JUNIOR FOOTBALL

Their sweaters blue, their helmets white,
All they did was fight, fight, fight.
Thirty strong, what a pun,
They played six, they won none.



Seated Front, Left to right: M. Wolpert, R. Levine, G. Ticoll, L. Zimmering, N. Lithwick (Captain), S. Nudelman, B. Taub, D. Kanigsberg. *Standing in Back row:* Mr. Henderson (Coach), H. Bernstein (Manager), R. Walvis, G. Wong, M. Egan, L. Climan, J. Geiger, J. Riven, K. Shinya, L. Cohn, R. Abrahams, M. Hersh, E. Ludwick (Manager), M. Presser (Manager), M. Spiro (Manager).

VOLLEYBALL

BANTAM VOLLEYBALL

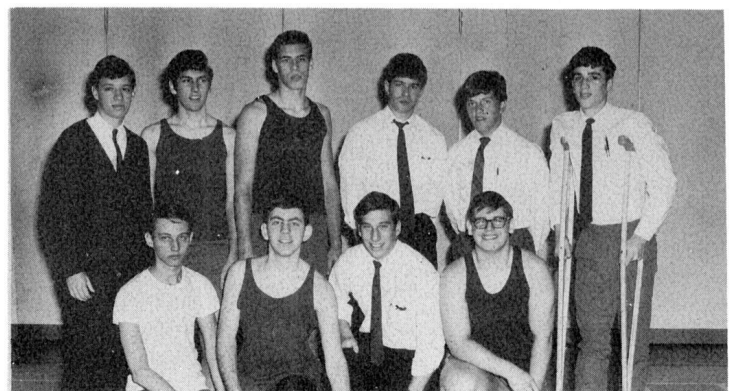
This team almost won the finals,
And never lost a game till then,
But they gave way to their rivals,
Even though they played like men.



Front Row, Left to right: A. Silverstein, B. Marks, M. Mintzberg. *Back Row:* R. Abrahams, I. Abrahams, L. Chernin, R. Cohen, G. Opolsky, G. Georgieff, Mr. Seary (Coach).

JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL

This team won their division,
A unanimous decision.
In the finals they did yield,
To a far superior field.



Front Row, Left to right: K. Smilovics, T. Granofsky, B. White, M. Presser. *Back Row:* G. Blum, J. Spiegel, D. Tarasofsky (Captain), R. Rimer, D. Shapiro, J. London; *Absent:* D. Ernest.

HOCKEY



Front Row (l to r): I. Sonabend, B. Ticoll, R. Reben, E. Malkin, P. Garber, C. Prupas, M. Weir; *Back Row (l to r):* A. Krasnick (Manager), L. Pinsky, A. Merman, B. Wolfe, S. Nashen, A. Zeesman (Captain), D. Bernstein, J. Yassi, S. Solomon, Mr. Smith (Coach); *Absent:* H. Saibil, H. Reisler.

BANTAM HOCKEY

A booming shot, the light goes on,
The pattern of the game is drawn,
A goal against, now two, now three,
This team just can't get victory.

SENIOR HOCKEY

This is a team that does their best,
Because they play with much zest.
Skating on ice, shooting the puck,
All they miss is old lady luck.



Front Row (left to right): T. Granofsky, D. Shapiro, J. Jacobson, M. Presser, J. Ditkofsky, C. Critch; *Back Row:* S. Schoel, B. Engelberg, S. Gale, J. London, Mr. Herman (Coach), B. Wener (Captain), B. White, R. Mede.

BASKETBALL



Front Row (left to right): J. Caplan, S. Kugelmass, P. Malewski, R. Abrahams (Captain), H. Bock, M. Shaffer, Mr. Rorke (Coach); *Back Row:* E. Young, M. Nathanson, E. Burton, L. Rothenberg, D. de Sanctis, L. Breger, J. Merson, M. Welik (Manager).

BANTAM BASKETBALL

Basket, Basket, on the wall,
Wagar players oh so tall,
Dunking balls into the net,
The championship we hope is set.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Their winning streak has not altered,
 For these boys have never faltered.
 They're on their way to win the season,
 So hail to them and with good reason.



Front Row (left to right): B. Ornstein, M. Morein, R. Cohen (Captain), K. Shinya, P. Spunt; *Back Row:* A. Berger, I. Abrahams, L. Chernin, Mr. Seary (Coach), A. Carsley, G. Opolsky, G. Georgieff, L. Brown (Manager); *Absent:* S. Lazarovic.



Front Row (left to right): H. Blutchitz, A. Krasnick, J. Yassi, E. Karanofsky, N. Abramovitz; *Back Row:* J. Merson, R. Berger, A. Zeesman, G. Roback.

BADMINTON

Up in the air, over the net,
 Flies the bird like a jet.
 Rackets in hand, hopes up high,
 All adversaries they defy.

GOLF

Five on the team and full of spirit,
 They tried to win but came not near it.
 Seventeenth was how they rated,
 A rank better left untemplated.



Left to Right: A. Zeesman, L. Green, S. Wolofsky; *Absent:* D. Ernest, B. White.

TRACK AND FIELD '66

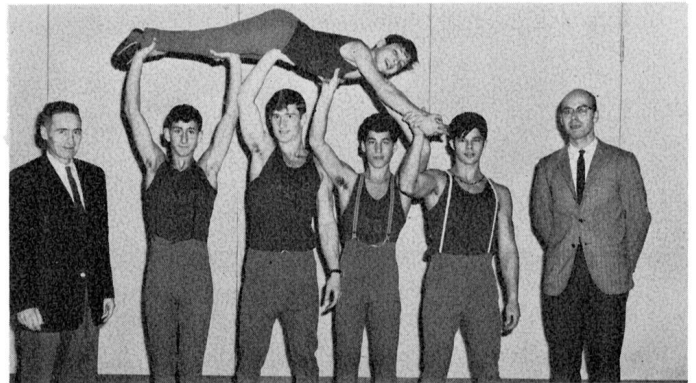


Front Row (left to right): H. Cohen, B. Burton, S. Levenstone, J. Abracen, I. Ash, D. Shapiro; *Second Row:* Mr. Seary (Coach), M. Buchfurer, H. Bock, R. Rimer, J. London, G. Opolsky, R. Abrahams, G. Georgieff, L. Cohn, A. Zeesman; *Third Row:* J. Muller, D. Tarasofsky, B. Wener, J. Goldberg, D. Cohen, L. Breger, Z. Kaufman, M. Ravitsky, K. Shinya.

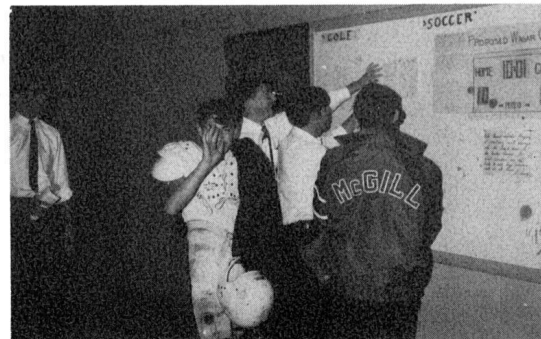
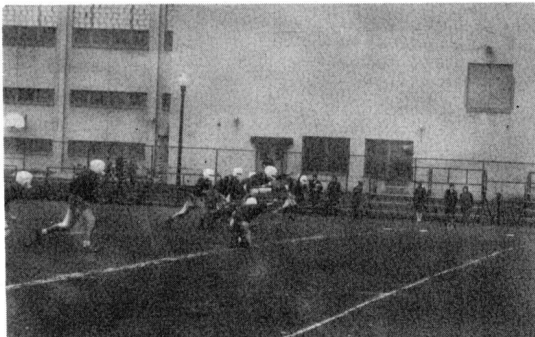
Racing swiftly down the track,
Vaulting, hurdling with great knack,
Trying their hardest to succeed,
In many fields they took the lead.

GYMNASTICS

In sports they do indulge,
That's why their muscles bulge.
Swinging, jumping and vaulting,
They win without defaulting.



Standing (left to right): Mr. Henderson (Coach), B. Burton, J. Suss, R. Abrahams, A. Silverstein, Mr. Sutherland (Coach); *Above:* J. Cohen.



GIRLS' SPORTS

VOLLEYBALL

The numbers stood out as bright orange they were,
The rules had been altered so the team was unsure,
The net was raised and the players decreased,
They set their volleys high and the score was
increased.



BANTAM VOLLEYBALL

Front Row: A. Deimer, S. Goldberg (Captain), C. Kugelmass. *Second Row:* Miss Yellin (Coach), D. Silver, L. Hecht, N. Palley, K. Gold, E. Walfish. *Absent:* L. Barrow, S. Verner.

JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL

Miss Rosenoff (Coach), G. Rucker, E. Schusheim, S. Finkelstein, S. Futterman, H. Gossack. *Absent:* L. Tiffenberg, L. Brener, L. Bloom (Manager).



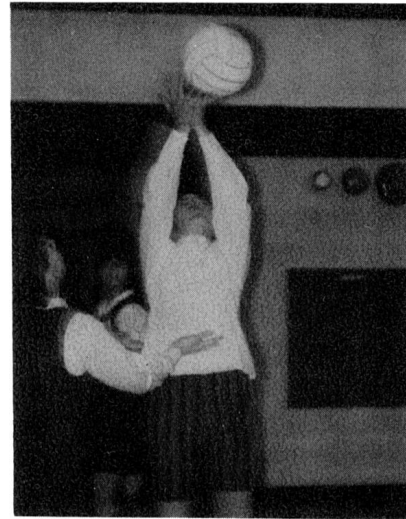
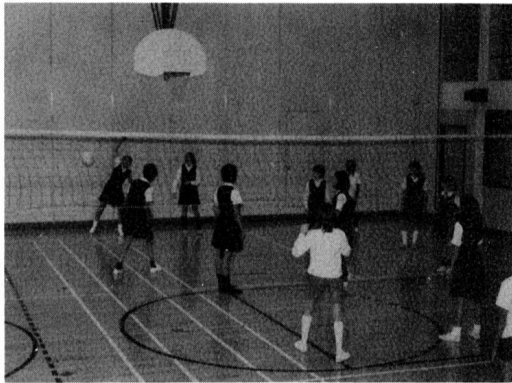
INTERMEDIATE VOLLEYBALL

Front Row: J. Lewis, B. Cordes, S. Schaefer (Captain), Z. Abramson. *Second Row:* Miss Blydt-Hansen (Coach), J. Abrams, E. Tebovici, D. Berku, K. Remy, H. Schauder.



SENIOR VOLLYBALL

Front Row: D. Sacks, S. Paris, K. Russman. *Second Row:* Miss Bidner (Coach), M. Schaefer, E. Harris, R. Rosenfield, V. Herman, R. Frydman. *Absent:* E. Arbamovitch.



FIELD HOCKEY

No, it's not played on ice and skates are not used,
 In hot competition, they are often fused,
 Curved sticks raised high, with scurrying feet,
 They rush to the goals and the enemy defeat.



Top: P. Kramer, L. Potter, Miss Young, S. West, B. Cooper. *Front:* L. Cordes, K. Wilkinson, G. Small.

BASKETBALL

Jump-shots, lay-ups, foul-shots and sets,
We practiced all these till perfection was met,
Finally boys' rules we did enforce
And ahead to the playoffs we galloped full-force.

BANTAM BASKETBALL

Front Row: J. Reider, H. Spiro, G. Small, J. Silverstein, E. Walfish. *Second Row:* S. Kritsberg, M. Tisenbaum, A. Yassi, C. A. Curl, P. Kein, F. Jacobs, Mrs. Sutt (Coach).



JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Front Row: H. Gossack, S. Futterman, *Second Row:* E. Harris (Ass't. Coach), S. Finkelstein (Captain), E. Schusheim, Mrs. Sutt (Coach), B. Pokorski, G. Strulovitch.

INTERMEDIATE BASKETBALL

Top: S. Schaeffer, D. Berku, L. Wexler, Miss Irwin (Coach), G. Labow, D. Graham, G. Mayman. *Front:* S. West, R. Gornestanski, K. Wilkinson, D. Soroka, C. Fainer.





SENIOR BASKETBALL

Front Row: A. Drabinsky, C. Rockman, K. Russman, S. Cynamon, S. Paris. *2nd Row:* M. Schaefer, E. Harris, S. Woticky, Miss Irwin (Coach), J. Feigelson, R. Rosenfield (Captain), V. Herman. *Absent:* E. Abramovitch.

BADMINTON

The court is unchanged, the net is the same,
 Instead of nine or thirteen, only two play this game,
 The right side serves first and sets that bird high,
 The other team waits and slams it right by.

BANTAM AND JUNIOR BADMINTON

Front Row: S. Finkelstein, S. Futterman. *2nd Row:* M. Goldstein, B. Berish, C. Dolan, M. Gordon, B. Hollinger, M. Brock, K. Remy, G. Labow.



INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR BADMINTON

Front Row: K. Russman, M. Friend, S. Keller, C. Rockman. *2nd Row:* E. Zadek, M. Schaefer, E. Harris, S. Woticky, V. Herman, R. Rosenfield.



TRACK AND FIELD

On your mark, get set! The Racers rush forth,
The expressions are tense, the muscles are forced,
High-jump, broad-jump, discus and relays,
The blue and red ribbons are the proud displays.

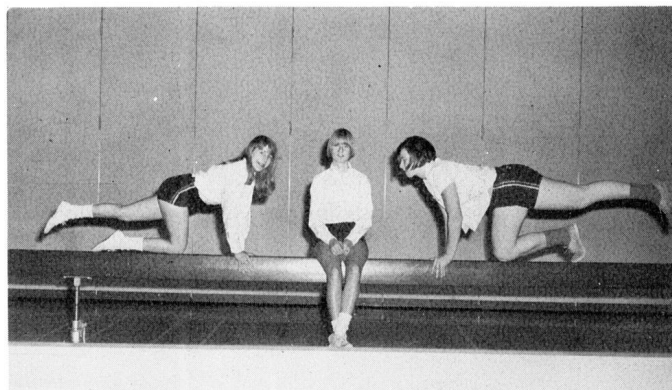


Front Row: B. Cooper, L. Potter, J. Nichols, L. Stein, S. Paris, S. Futterman, K. Russman. *2nd Row:* R. Davine, E. Gersovitch, K. Greenspan, E. Harris, S. Woticky, K. Remy, D. Graham, H. Cadogan, M. Goldberg.

GYMNASTICS

Flips, tumbling, splits, somersaults,
On the horse they do expert vaults,
Their style is graceful and routines superb,
When working on the beam they exhibit much nerve.

P. Kramer, L. Potter, K. Greenspan.



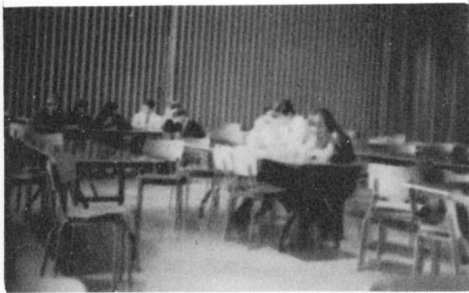
THE ART OF WORKING



... on the floor



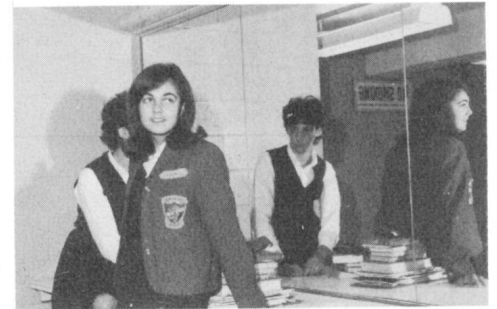
... on your face



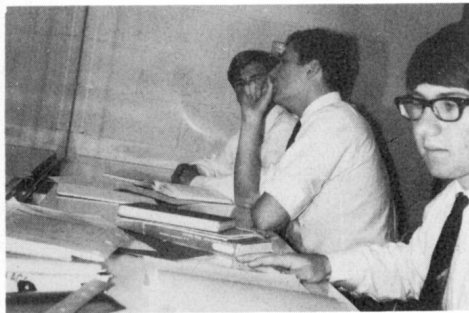
... at the student council meetings



... on Prelude



... in the annual lounge



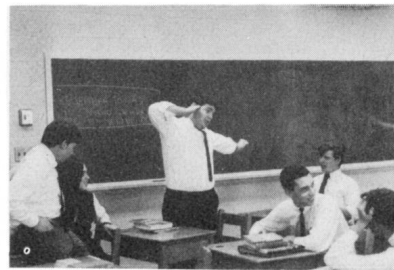
... doing homework



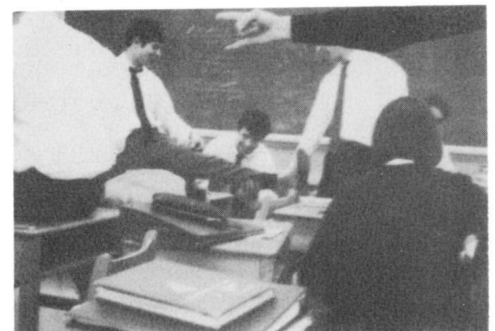
... on the stairs



... on prefect duty



... and—well forgive him; he's had a hard day



... in the classroom?



UNDERGRADS



**ENGLISH
3E1**



**ENGLISH
3R1**



**ENGLISH
3R2**



**ENGLISH
3R3**

**ENGLISH
3R4**



**ENGLISH
3R5**

**ENGLISH
3R6**



**ENGLISH
3R7**



**ENGLISH
3R8**



**ENGLISH
3R9**



**ENGLISH
3R10**



**ENGLISH
3R11**

**ENGLISH
3R12**



**ENGLISH
3G1**

**ENGLISH
2E1**



**ENGLISH
2E2**



**ENGLISH
2E3**

**ENGLISH
2R1**



**ENGLISH
2R2**

**ENGLISH
2R3**



**ENGLISH
2R4**



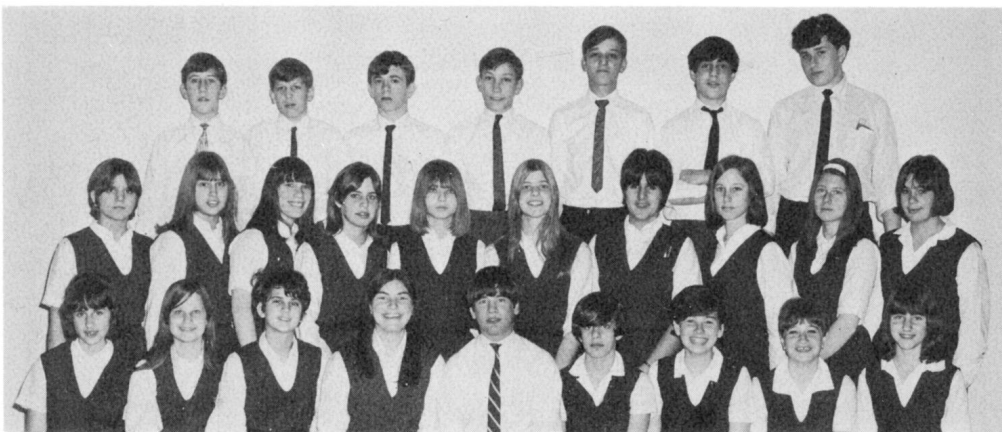
**ENGLISH
2R5**



**ENGLISH
2R6**



**ENGLISH
2R7**





ENGLISH
2R8



ENGLISH
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ENGLISH
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ENGLISH
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**ENGLISH
1E2**



**ENGLISH
1R1**

**ENGLISH
1R2**



**ENGLISH
1R3**



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1R4



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ENGLISH
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**ENGLISH
1R8**



**ENGLISH
1R9**

**ENGLISH
1R10**



**ENGLISH
1R11**

ENGLISH 301



Teachers and Students of Wagar —

You have finally reached the last page of Prelude Proper for 1966-67. By the time we got to this point in putting the annual together, we were exhausted but pleased. We thanked each other in semi-conscious gratitude through a deep haze of fatigue for the respective work we had done.

Now that you have arrived here too, we feel that this well worn cliché is in order: "We honestly could not have done it without you" — any of you! (After all, who would have posed for the pictures?) Prelude is in debt to you for your infinite (almost) patience and co-operation all through its trying creation (Remember all those irretrievable homeroom periods, not to mention the other six every day?) and in thanks, it has offered you its very being in these pages.

In any book the author must make his acknowledgments, so we have made ours. And it was not an empty task. Still, there are a few people to whom, we feel, special mention is due — Mrs. Ruttenberg whose assistance on innumerable occasions was invaluable; Miss Irgo who gave us expert advice and much help; Miss Hicks, the typing classes and especially Nancy Kavanat who spent time typing for Prelude; Mrs. Dow who was a paragon of patience and whose co-operation every morning was the very life's blood of this annual; and lastly, Mrs. Schrier who was first and last, and without whom this Prelude truly would not be what it is.

Prelude Editorial Staff
1967



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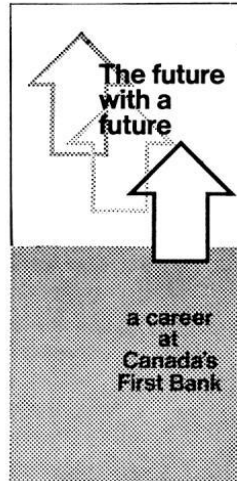
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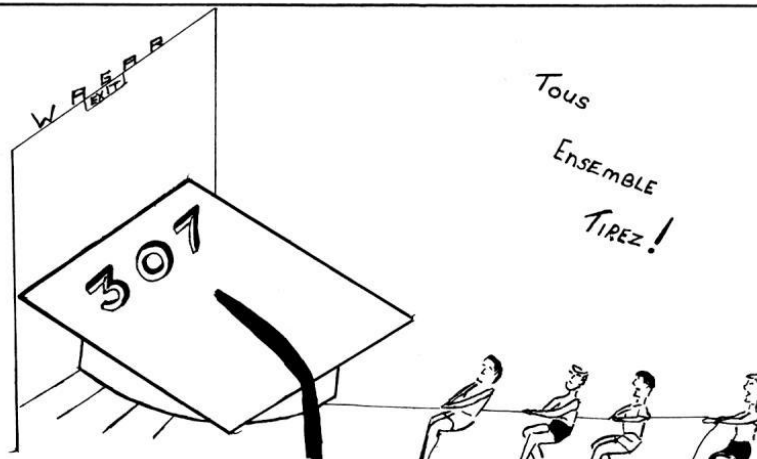
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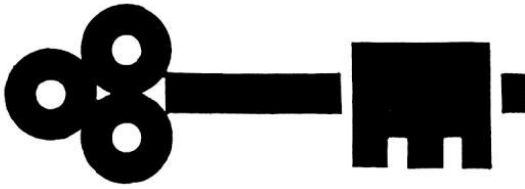
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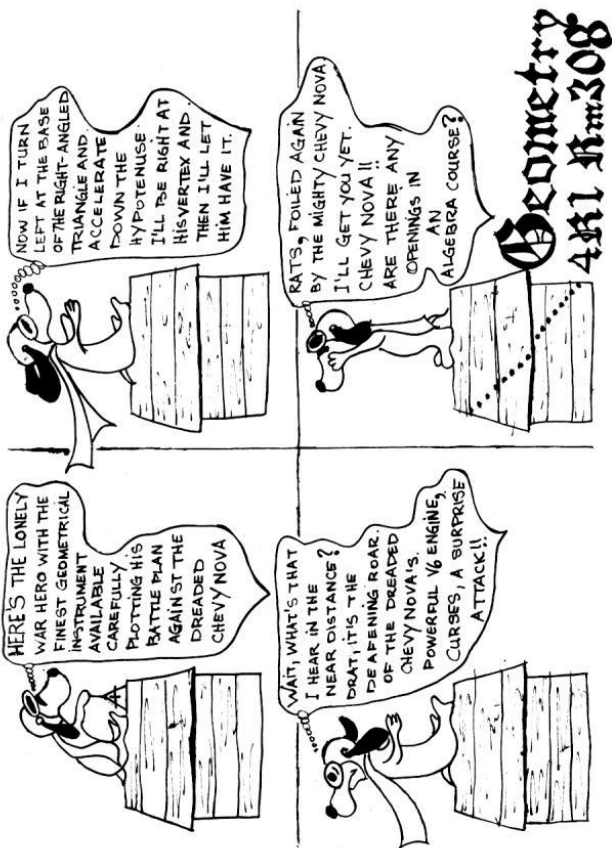
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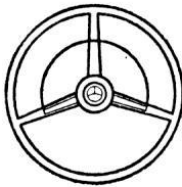
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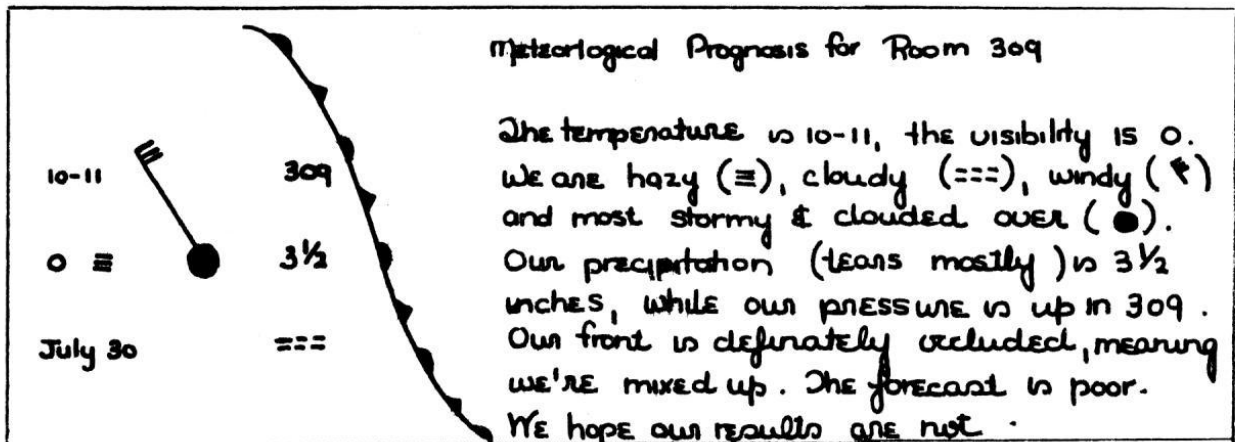
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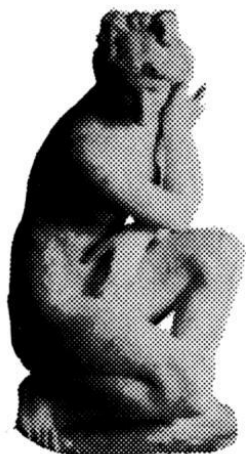
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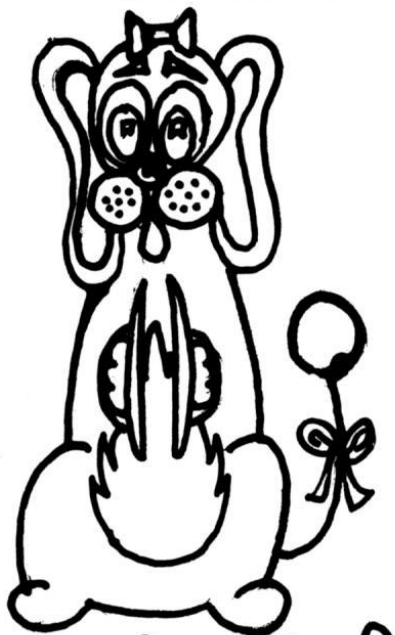


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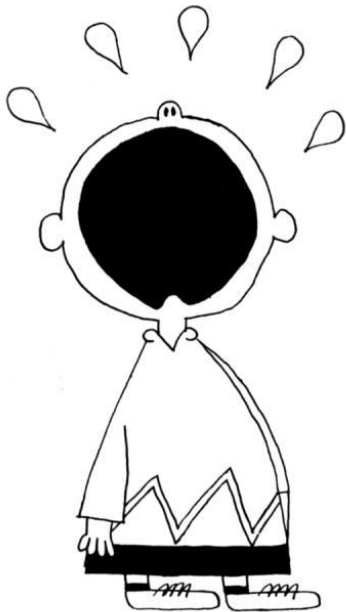
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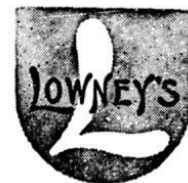
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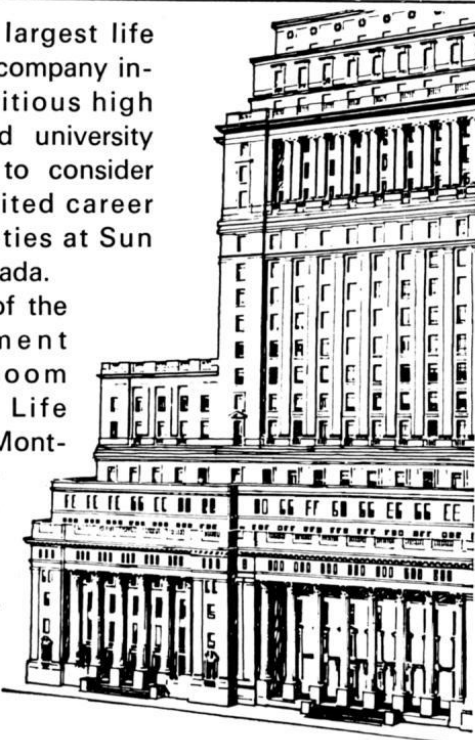
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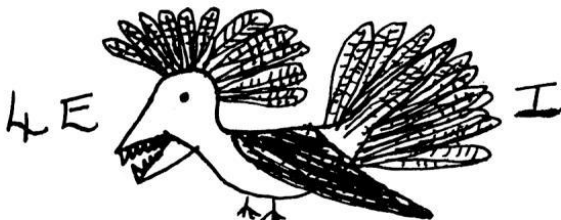
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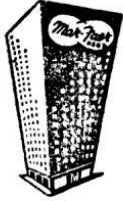
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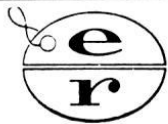
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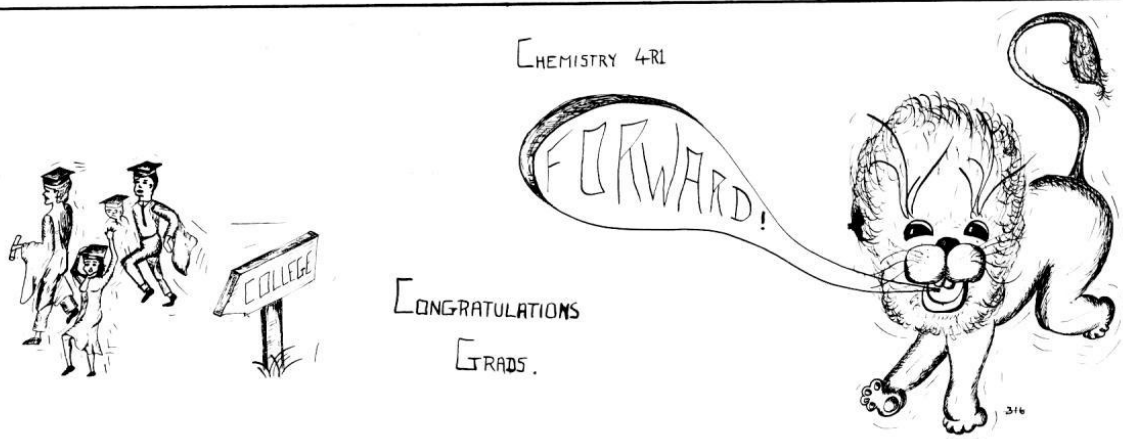
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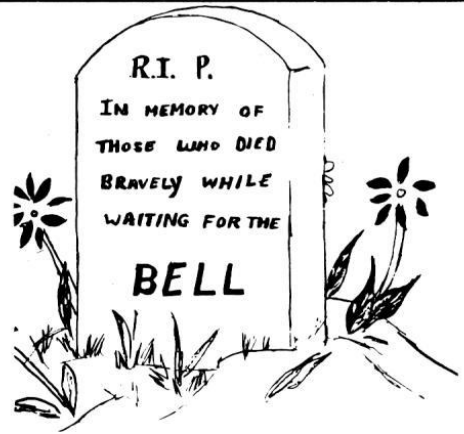
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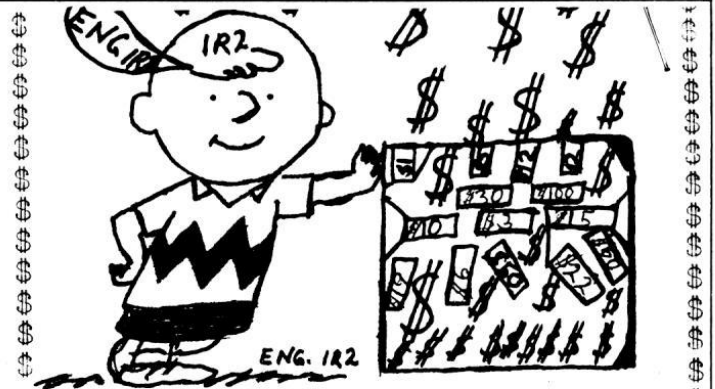


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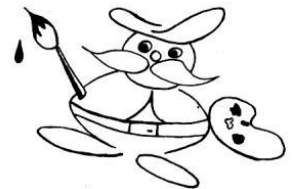
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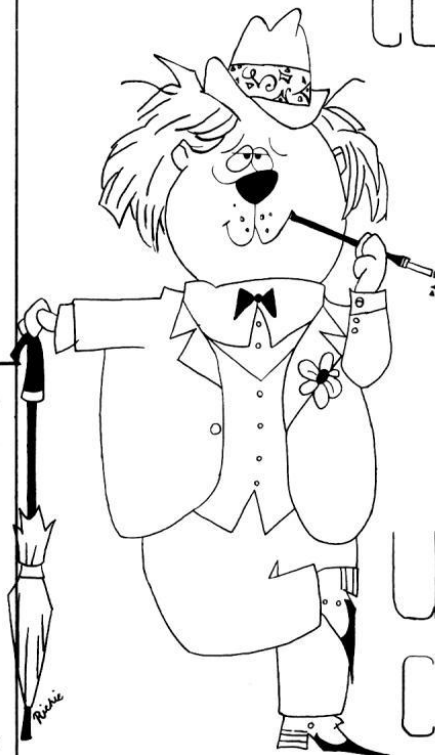
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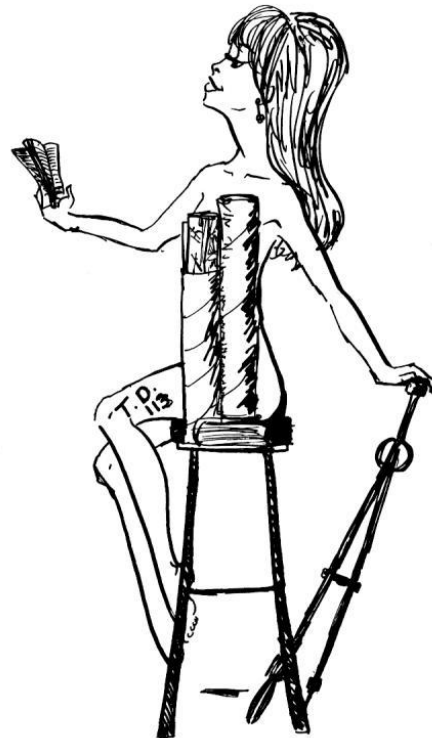
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