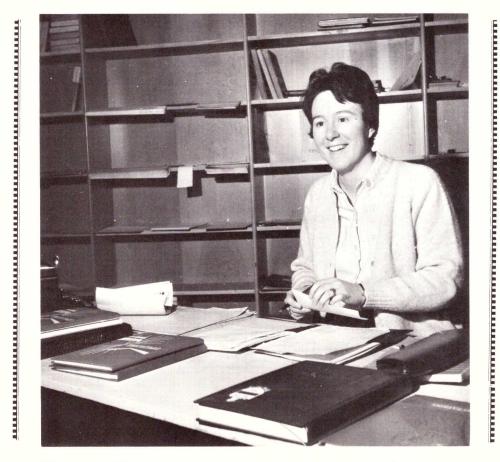
SPECIAL THANKS



For her willing help and great assistance throughout the year, we extend a very special thanks to our Staff Advisor -- Miss V. MacLeod.

Thanks To

Mr. Boyd Christine Hanemann Madonna Marryatt Clark Brown Carolyn Rockwell Nancy Bethune Anna Hackett Mr. F. Boyd Mr. Wall Mr. Kumar Misir Gerrie Bastie Carol Smith
Judy Henson
Veronica Aitken
Jerry Pierce
Steven Griffiths
Jeanette Gallant
Karen Dobson
Nancy Neish
Ida Le Blanc
Peter Haas
Dale Harrigan

Mildred Just



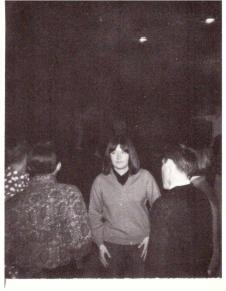
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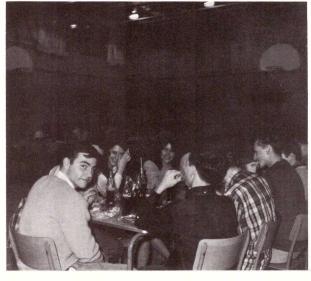
WINTER CARNIVAL



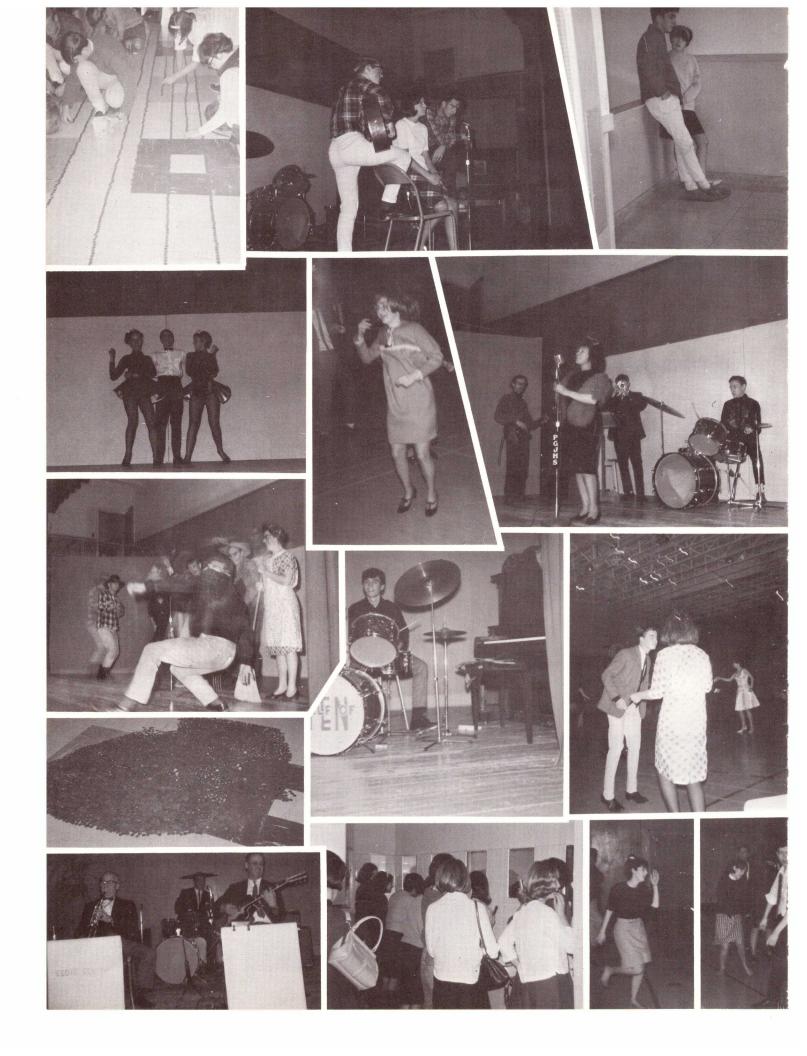
Fun, Fun, Fun. . . . Broomball, Basketball, Skating -Swimming, Tobogganing, Dances, Parties -The year's most exciting week -(some students have scars to prove it)
Queen Theresa Garrigan -King Steven Griffiths -Both were crowned.
Busy lunch periods, Minor? casualties -All in all -Fun, Fun, Fun. . . .





















Time, you've been around a while,
And you've seen the ages pass.
You've known good men and bad ones too,
And now I'm going to ask.

This is my final year at school; I've given it my best. And Time, I really want to know, The secrets of success.



The world's too full of questions,
And the answers you must give.
These lines are just suggestions;
Your own life you must live.

There is not one among you Who'll ever reach the sky. But the one who'll be successful Is the one who hopes and tries.

If you don't work to better yourself, You've no right to complain. The idle man's as good as dead; He'll never earn a name.

If you think wealth brings happiness, Then look around and see; The better things don't cost a cent. The truth shall make you free.

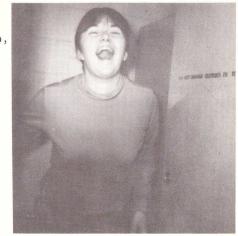
The following thing you ought to know.
I've seen it everywhere.
Men create their own hard times,
And blame them on thin air.

Time won't wait for anyone;
The future's still unfurled.
It's your turn now; so step outside.
Someday you'll rule the world.

Clark Brown 12B

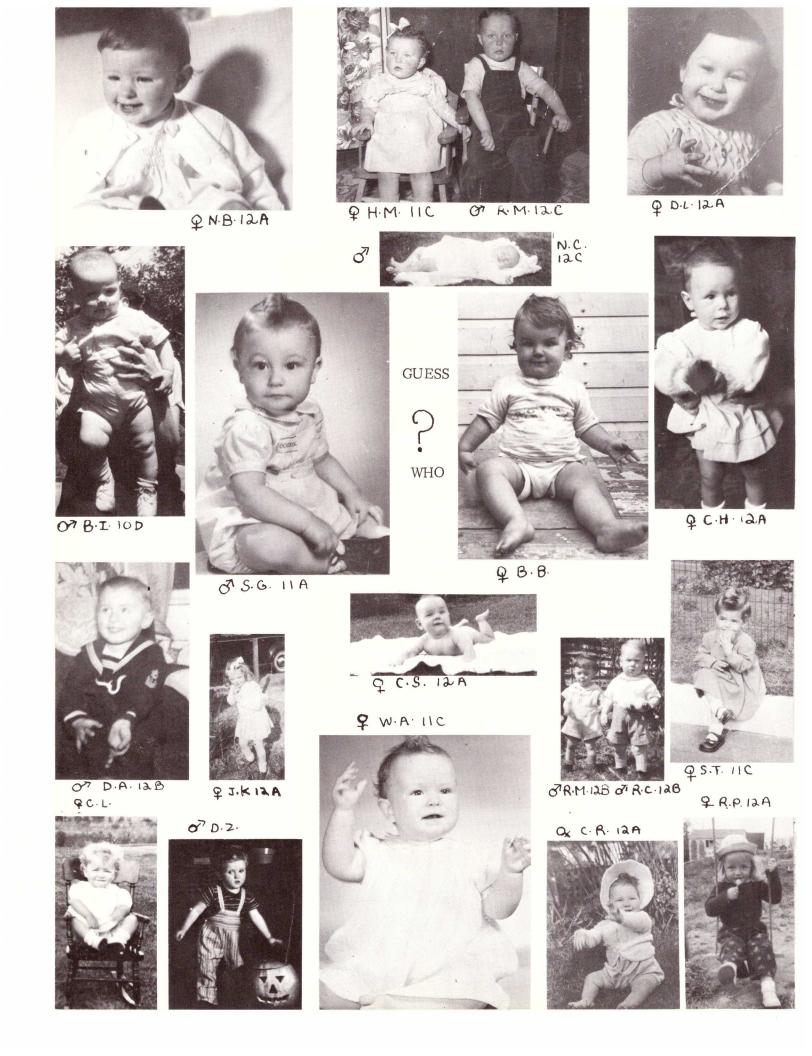












HALIFAX

Green jutland of the Empire, That means so much to me. A jewel Cornwallis was to sire; A fortess raised to face the sea.

Born of desperation, Balanced with New France. She proved her destination; By thrusting forth her lance.

Time has served thee well, And you it twice as much. Many a tale your streets could tell; For history was yours to clutch. Free port of England, Through two world wars. To all she would stand; And still her heart soars.

Nursed by royalty, Raised on pride. Her life is the sea; The spirit of which will never die.

This peninsula of endless green, Crowned by an emerald hill. Presently keeping a peaceful beam; But ever ready to greet the beat of the drill.

Oh, noble spirit of the North, Blessed city of my birth. Mist of greatness breaking forth; Seeming always, center of the Earth.

Allan Doyle 12-B





