

HHS



1959-1960

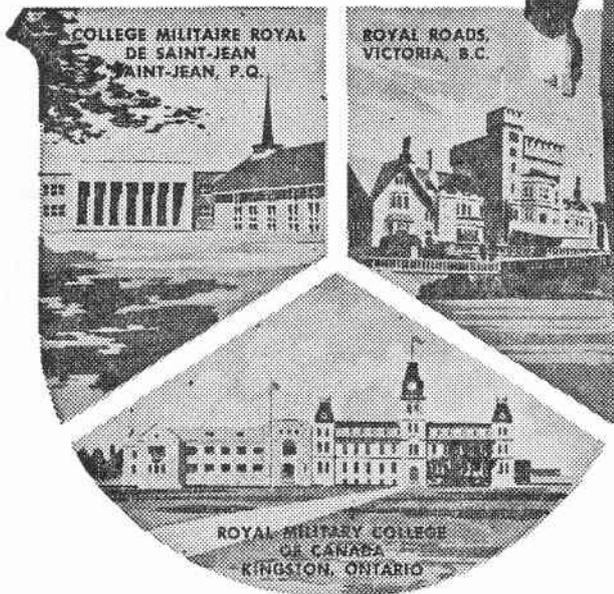
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HULL PROTESTANT HIGH SCHOOL



Annual Year Book

1959 - 1960

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David R. MacLelland, M.A., Principal

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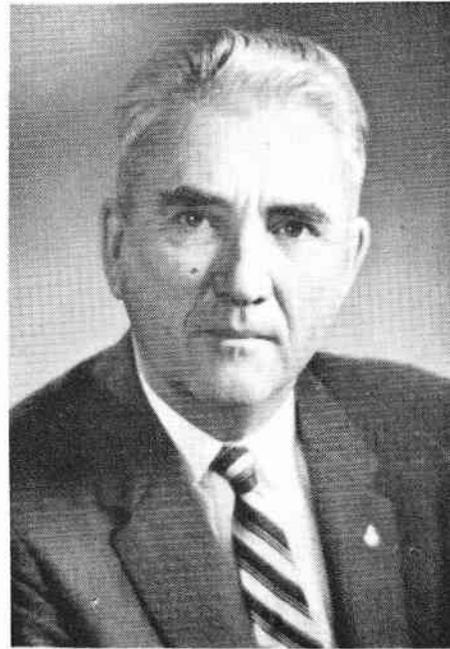
C. W. Nickel, Secretary-Treasurer



-THE -
RED AND WHITE REVIEW

PUBLISHED BY
THE STUDENTS OF
HULL HIGH SCHOOL
1959-1960

Principal's Message



I wish it were possible to distil, from the countless messages given to students, all the choicest things to say at the close of a year. You would be fortunate indeed to have access to such treasure. But of course I do not have Aladdin's wonderful lamp nor any special means of giving you anything better than the sort of thing usually said at this time.

This year, for the first time in the seven year history of this school, the students with their staff advisers have achieved something of no small importance—the publishing of a year book. I offer my heartiest congratulations to all who have made this possible. We realize that its preparation represents many long hours of planning and hard work. We also realize that during the history of this school our students have won many athletic awards, have participated in many debates, concerts, students' council activities, as well as in many other extra curricular events. But more important still they have kept their scholastic work on a high level, often in spite of handicaps and have won many scholarships. All of these things clearly point out that we have reached full stature as a school.

What does a good school mean to you, the students? In the years to come it will become more and more evident that these "dear old

golden-rule days" were your best. You will, I hope, always be grateful for your parents' watchful care and affectionate interest along the way. You will also look fondly back on your school friends and your teachers, who attempted to prepare you for the uncertain challenging future. Something of these teachers will always live in you.

For you in the senior class, graduation time draws near—an occasion which means a great deal to you. The curtain closes only for a moment, followed by your entrance to the next stage—life in the new, confused age. Your preparation at school will serve as a light house to your path and in humble gratitude you will look back to these happy experiences at school.

Perhaps my thoughts for you and my best wishes for you all can be seen in this stanza from Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra".

"Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids not sit nor stand, but go!
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pangs, dare, never
grudge the throe!

D. R. MacLelland.

Hull High School History

Hull High School! Naturally, we just burst with pride when someone inquires as to what school we attend. "Oh, yes," we say, "we've the best and newest school in the district". But what, may I ask, do we do when they ask for a portion of the history of Hull High? More than likely, one stutters and stammers, and says, "I dunno". Therefore, if you'll bear with me for a page or so, I shall endeavour to relieve this shameful state of affairs.

It was common thought that Hull was due for a break, in the form of a new school. Early in 1949, the building began to take shape, not physically but mentally. After much deliberation on the part of the staff and residents, two committees were set up, a building committee under the chairmanship of Mr. John F. Taylor and the financial committee with Colonel W. F. Hadley as chairman. Inquiries were made as to a site, and to the financial arrangements, such as procedure, cost, etc. The rate-payers authorized the School Board to proceed with the new school, even before it could place the entire problem before them at a General Rate-payers' meeting, held in the City Hall on April 25, 1951.

Mr. Lucien Sarra-Bournet was engaged to prepare preliminary plans, which were submitted to and accepted by the Board and the Department of Education. From Sept. 26, 1951 to March 1952 negotiations continued between the Architect and the School Board, a great deal of time being devoted to this cause by Mr. R. E. Brown, Sec.-Treasurer. He passed away during this time, and negotiations were temporarily held up. His splendid job will be remembered by all for years to come. The working plans were finally accepted.

The tenders were called for and accepted, and early in June financial arrangements were made. The Board received \$450,000 from the government, and the same day the tender of Ed. Brunet & Sons for \$618,000 was accepted.

Excavation commenced June 2, 1953 with 80 men on the job. We were very fortunate in having the late Mr. G. F. McLean as chairman of the School Board. He was on hand nearly every day, and kept the Board and the residents well-informed on progress being made. By July 7 the forms had been started. One of the most memorable dates was July 9 when Ron Larose, a grade VIII pupil, fell into the water and wet his trousers! From August 25

to November 4 the cement was poured. Then, the brickwork was begun. In December, January, and February of that winter, divisions were put in the class rooms and finished, the heating and air-conditioning equipment was installed, and a great deal of pipe work and fittings were completed by the plumbers and electricians, Kearns & Bromley, Montreal, and Universal Electric respectively. The lovely Terrazzo flooring was laid on March 17, 1953 by Canadian Tile and Mosaic. Rough plastering and finishing coats were completed from March 17 to May 15, 1953. From the latter to the opening date the final touches were added to a masterpiece, the culmination of which is modern and desirable in education.

The school contains 14 classrooms which measure 22' by 32'. The woodwork was done by the Lachute Lumber Co., and although there were only 8 carpenters in the school, let us not forget the many who worked diligently in Lachute. A combined assembly hall and gymnasium, 60' by 90', is equipped with a stage, 50' by 20', including the most up-to-date lighting and sound equipment. An inter-communication system connects all parts of the school to the Principal's Office, a fact not appreciated by the pupils. A system of efficient electric clocks is found throughout the school and an automatic fire-alarm system is connected direct to the main fire station. Of course, a school such as ours is equipped with drinking fountains, showers, and lockers, and wash-basins in every class room. The Assembly hall, which accommodates approximately 600 people, forms our much needed community centre. The cafeteria, with a seating capacity of 300 or more, serves nutritious and appetizing meals. On hand are—5 varieties of soup, 6 of sandwiches, milk, ice-cream, hot chocolate, and a candy and soft-drink bar.

On September 9, 1953 the great day arrived, and I believe that we all agree that it was a day worth waiting for!

The official opening took place September 28, and the Hon. Alexdanre Taché formally opened the building. Guest speaker was Dr. W. Percival, Director of Protestant Education in the province of Quebec. Therefore, another page has been turned in the history of education, another great contribution made to modern society.

R. W. Saint-Pierre.

Our thanks go to

- Mr. Saint-Pierre, who was always ready with advice and encouragement.
A great deal of his spare time was sacrificed to make this Year Book a success.
- Mrs. Christie, who ran the business end of the magazine and made it a financial success.
She devoted many hours of her spare time, also, toward the development of this worthwhile project.
- Malmberg printers and Bo-Flan engravers who gave us so much extra time and help, and did such excellent work on the magazine.
- Mrs. Burden and the typing classes, who produced legible copy from the countless pages of illegible hand-writing.
- Mr. Potvin, for his skilful work on the photographs.
- The advertisers who so generously make this magazine possible.
- The students who contributed to making "The Red and White Revue" a success.

Congratulations to

- David Lee and Sandra McLelland for their splendid leadership this year.
- The prize winners at the Commencement Exercises.
- The scholarship winners.
- The graduates.

We welcome

- Mr. Rolston, Mr. Barclay, Mrs. Andrews and Miss Taylor in their first year of teaching at Hull High.

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Sandra McLelland
Paul Morin
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Lynn Ross

Phil Roy
Shirley Sharpley
Penny Steele
Donna Thomas
Eddie Van Zant
Jim Wyman

Special thanks are due to

- All students whose names are not listed above but assisted in one way or another with the advertising campaign.

Head Boy and Girl



Our thanks go to David Lee and Sandra McLelland who have made 1959-60 a successful year at Hull High.

Year Book Staff 1959 - 60

| | |
|--------------------------------|---|
| Advisors | R. W. Saint-Pierre Mrs. F. Chirstie |
| Editor | Merle Hébert |
| Assistant Editor | Karen Chapman |
| Literary | Mrs. O. MacIntosh David Lee Sandra MacLelland |
| Finance | David Lee Sandra MacLelland |
| Advertising | Mrs. F. Christie June Carnahan Sandra Brown |
| Photography | Sandra Brown Beverley Iles |
| Art | Mr. Rolston Roger Larose Micki Kaminska Sylvia Keays |
| Humour | Storme Genge |
| Sports | Mrs. R. Bate |
| Character Sketch Writers | Sandra MacLelland Shirley Sharpley |
| Cover Design | Micki Kaminska |

HULL PROTESTANT HIGH SCHOOL

Teaching Staff 1959 - 60



Front Row: Left to Right — Mrs. Burden, Mrs. Sally, Mrs. Christie, Mr. MacLelland, Mrs. MacIntosh, Miss Theobald, Mrs. Elliott.

Second Row — Mr. Rolston, Mrs. Bate, Mrs. Beswick, Mrs. Salter, Mr. Barclay, Miss Taylor, Mr. McCabe, Mrs. Andrews, Miss Smith, Miss MacNeill, Mr. Saint-Pierre.

From The Editor

Each year, each month, each day, people all over the world embark upon new projects. This year, Hull High School is launching its new-born year book, "The Red and White Review".

As this is the first edition, the Editorial Staff is pleased to dedicate its work to the 1959-60 graduates. This will be something tangible to remind them of their many days in school.

It is true that High School is only one grade in the school of Life. However, when we go beyond this grade, we begin a new chapter in our own history book. Here, there are no more leaning posts, no more banisters to help us climb the steps toward success. Here also, we are finally introduced to the world as adults, for we must use our own judgment, make our own decisions and fight our own battles. The very nature of a high school training prepares us to cope with these realities, not only by giving us an ample supply of book knowledge but also by showing us good sportsmanship and the way to independence.

This edition of our year book brings these facts to light, for in a few years from now each graduate will be able to look back and recall the excitement in the air when coveted trophies were won for basketball or other important victories gained. He or she will almost be able to feel the uneasiness experienced before a public speaking contest or current events quiz. She will have recollections of twisted ankle from cheerleading or perhaps of Buz Monroe and his Orchestra at the Winterland Prom. He will probably remember the vegetable corsage he was forced to wear at the Sadie Hawkins dance.

When you, the undergraduates look through this year book, we hope you will feel proud to belong to a school such as Hull High. We also hope you will follow the urge to continue our project. It may have cost us money and work, time and worry, but it certainly has been worthwhile.

As editor of "The Red and White Review", I wish to thank our staff advisors, Mr. St. Pierre and Mrs. Christie, our amateur photographers, our artists, our typists, our publishers and advertisers, without whom this would not have been possible.

On behalf of the year book staff of "The Red and White Review", I wish to express to my fellow graduates the hope that they may have not only success but also all the happiness they desire in the years to come.

Merle Hébert,

Grade XI.

Dedication



GRADUATING CLASS 1959-60

Front Row: Left to Right — Margaret Martin, Beverly Sullivan, Shirley Sharpley, Joan MacDonald, Donna Thomas, Sandra McClelland.

Second Row — Mr. Saint-Pierre, Margo Smith, Marion England, Elizabeth Fish, Jo-Ellen Roo-broeck, Merle Hébert, Karen Chapman.

Third Row — Robert Swan, Richard McLaurin, David Lee, Mark Kujala, Jim Wyman, Paul Morin, Klaus Dellin.

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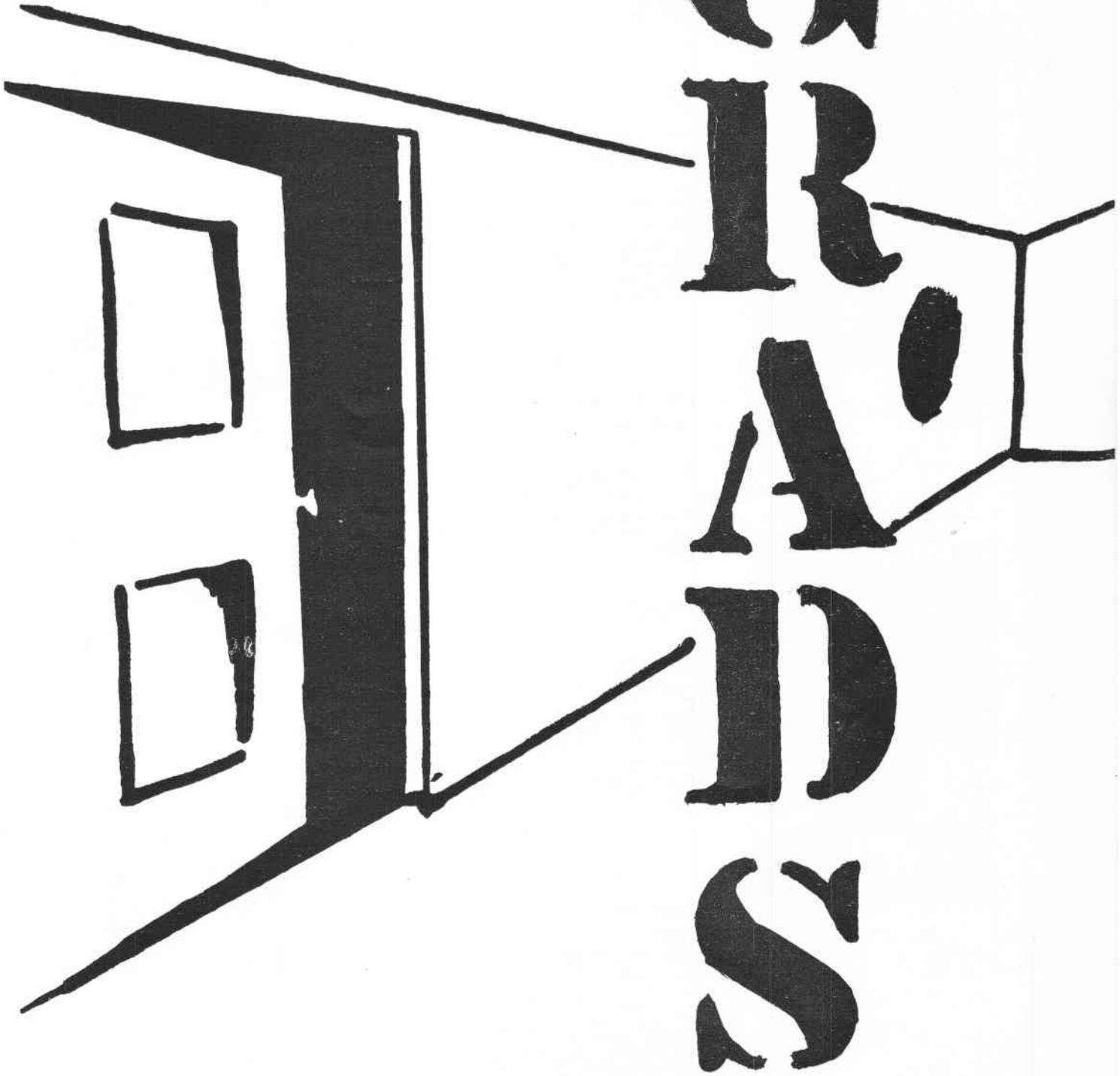
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ROBERT SWAN:

"Silence is silver, skiing is golden."

Robert is one of those rare individuals who doesn't abuse his gift of speech, but reserves it for such activities as skiing. His is a familiar face around Camp Fortune and he is tops in the Junior B Class.

Although Robert is a very active student, he still manages to remain a first rate member of our grade.



MARGO SMITH:

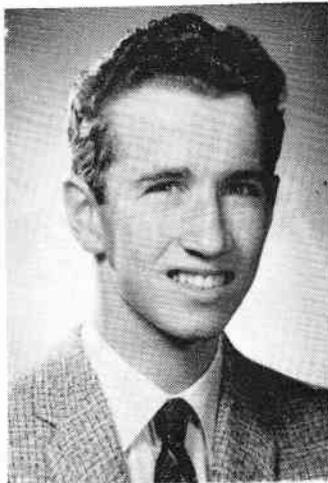
"You're up at six when you live in the sticks."

Hailing from Rupert, Quebec, Margo is another of our medical-minded students and plans to continue her studies at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal. Although this is Margo's first year at Hull, she has already become "one of the gang". A smile for everyone, Margo and her bubbling personality will not easily be forgotten by her friends. Everyone wishes you the best in the future years, Margo.

BEVERLY SULLIVAN:

*"Midst twenty people in her class,
This is one that's bound to pass."*

A petite five foot miss, Bev hails from St. Lambert, Quebec. Although she's in Hull, we all know that her heart and thoughts are still in Chambly High. If she isn't studying, you'll find Bev at the movies, watching T.V., or buried to her ears in movies mags. She plans to be a secretary, but will probably end up with a hand full of bills and a house full of kids. Luck to a swell gal.



DAVID LEE:

"The answer is in the back of the book . . . Sir".

David, who is President of our Students' Council, hardly finds a moment to relax. Council meetings and school projects occupy the best part of David's day, so goodness knows how he has time for his studies. In spite of all this, though, David is a top rate student.

His favourite pastimes include skiing and swimming.

MERLE HEBERT:

*"Happy am I, contented and free
Why can't everyone be like me?"*

This pretty mademoiselle who is the world traveller of our class, joined us in Grade ten. Her favourite pastimes include current events contests, public speaking, cheerleading, and a certain guy named (need I tell you) "Mark". Merle's sparkling personality, keen wit, and enthusiasm have dispelled many blue days for her friends. As for her future, who can tell? She plans to continue her education so may we wish her the best.



KLAUS DELLIN:

"How's your mother? Like, Yeah!"

Klaus, one of Hull's newest arrivals, was imported from the Ottawa Technical School. Each morning about five minutes to nine, a low roar is heard below grade eleven's window. On observation, we see Klaus "plugging in" the "Little Blue Puddle Jumper". Klaus is an active pupil and can be a good student when he wants to. Good Luck, Klaus!



KAREN CHAPMAN:

*"Some think the world was made for fun,
Among that noble gang, I'm one."*

This ball of energy owns a pair of bright blue eyes which seem to make friends with everyone she meets. Besides presiding over The Red Cross, Karen takes part in cheerleading, public speaking and debates. She also enjoys swimming and skiing, and has even had a try at acting. We have a hunch that Europe will be seeing more of Karen in the near future.



RODGER BRUNET:

"Time passes, why can't I?"

This cool, calm and collected old-timer has been among us for a good many years. Although he was the class livewire in years gone by, he has somewhat "fused out" a little this year, reserving his energy for activities such as basketball and track and field. Much of Rodger's fame comes from his well-known hunting and fishing stories in the recess huddle.

His future? . . . Uncertain. But whatever it is the best of luck to a real sport!



ELIZABETH FISH:

*"In class I sit, quiet and sober,
Waiting patiently for the day to be over."*

This attractive young miss, originally from Eastern Canada, hears Wedding Bells in the near future. Joining us in grade eight, Liz has become well-known in the school. She is an excellent public speaker, although she's quiet as a mouse in class. Everyone wishes you the best of luck for the future, Elizabeth!



JOAN MacDONALD:

*"Written on St. Peter's parchment,
Cause of Death: Embarrassment."*

This charming little redhead came to us two years ago from South Hull. Especially noted for her cute sayings, Joan has that young innocent look which is sometimes very deceiving. Her activities include swimming, bowling and J. W. I. Joan's ambition—to be a secretary, will probably succumb when the boss begins relay races around his desk. Much good fortune for the future, Joan!

MARGARET MARTIN:

*"We tease her and we make her blush,
You know the reason why . . . but hush!"*

Marg has attended Hull for two years and it seems that she is the only Grad brave enough to enter the teaching profession. Although she comes from Gatineau, hardly a day goes by that Margaret's cheery face doesn't appear about 8:15. She is an active student and excels in track and field. We all wish Marg the best of luck and certainly hope her plans are successful.



PAUL MORIN:

"Sorry, I can't go. I have to burn the midnight oil."

Another recruit from Chambly High. Paul has been with us for three years. Last year he was a member of the Senior Boys' Basketball Team. Besides basketball, Paul's favourite extra-curricular activities include swimming, bowling and skiing. All these, of course, don't enter the picture as far as a particular blonde is concerned, as Karen manages to monopolize a good deal of Paul's spare time. His future is also undecided but everyone wishes him the best of luck.



SANDRA McCLELLAND:

*"A gift from heaven we were sent,
Its label said "Vice-President".*

A tall, pretty, brunette with a friendly smile for everyone fairly well sums up Sandra, our head girl and vice-president. She has been with us since first year high and can usually be found rushing madly about the school in search of David, the president. Sandra's favourite activities include swimming and basketball. She was captain of the Girls' Senior team last year and won the Best Girl Athlete trophy for '57-'58. Future? Undecided.



DONNA THOMAS:

*"She's got pep and she's got wit,
And she's so much fun to be with."*

A petite gal with the nicest dark hair, Donna is well-known for her good humour and ready helping hand. She plans to lead the glamorous life of an airline stewardess. Her favourite pastimes include basketball, swimming and skiing. As long as Donna is around, there's never a dull moment. We wish the best to a wonderful friend.



DICK McLAURIN:

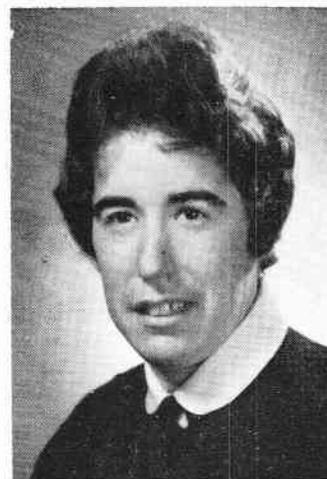
*"The bigger they come, the harder they fall.
So Dick, be thankful that you're so small."*

"Fuzz" is another one of our students who hails from Gatineau. During the three years he has attended H.H.S., Dick's enthusiasm and readiness to tackle any new projects has made him many friends. His fame comes mostly from a swell sense of humour, a mischievous grin and a shock of brown curly hair. His main interests include hockey, hunting and a petite gal named "Sybil". Future plans? E.O.I.T. of course.

MARION ENGLAND:

*"Though she gives the impression of being shy,
There's more to this girl than meets the eye."*

Marion has attended Hull since grade six and previous to that went to Aylmer High. She is the quiet type in school, but outside, who really knows. Marion is active in many sports, her favourite being skating. She spends most of her spare time making history notes. Her future plans include being a teacher. Bonne Chance Marion!



MARKKU KUJALA:

"Steambath anyone?"

This blond recruit from Finland seems determined to shove Einstein out of his place when it comes to Chemistry and Mathematics. Besides being one of our top cage scorers, his activities include skiing and swimming (preferably in mid-winter in a hole in the ice). He spends the rest of his spare time trying to speak French. To this modest and shy (?) guy we wish only the best with his test tubes.

JO-ELLEN ROOBROECK:

"Her big dark eyes and long black hair make people notice that she's there."

Jo-Ellen, who came to us this year from Amherst, N.S., has the reputation of having the longest hair in the school. Her favourite pastimes are reading and watching T.V. Jo-Ellen plans to go to college next year, perhaps in Montreal. She loves to travel also. Her future is still undecided. Lots of luck to a swell gal.



SHIRLEY SHARPLEY:

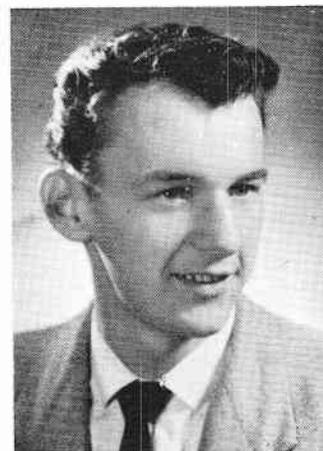
"She'll never run out of firemen . . . they can't resist her red flame."

This tall, slim redhead who has attended H.H.S. for four years, travels from Gatineau to be with us each morning. Known especially for her good nature and winning smile, Shirley has made many friends during her years at Hull. Among her favourite activities, cheerleading ranks a close second to the army and an extra-special guy named "Pat". Our only commercial graduate, Shirley's future is still undecided, but we may be sure she'll be shining brass and pressing uniforms. Good luck, Shirls!

JIM WYMAN:

*"By nine o'clock he's reached the hall,
'Tis better late than not at all."*

This tall, easy-going graduate travels each day from Gatineau to be with us. Jim is especially noted for his excellent essays which have the most unusual topics. He is present at just about every basketball game, but we suspect he finds the cheerleaders the most interesting (because K.B. is one, of course). Jim hasn't revealed what his future plans are, but we know he will do well. Luck, Jim.



farewell to school

Graduation, one of the most important and memorable events of our lives is drawing near. On the completion of this ,our final year we will have decided upon which fork in the road of life we are best suited and we shall proceed on our way. To some, it will mean a business career, and to others, it will mean college and the continuation of their education. In either case, occasions will arise when it will be necessary to rely on basic knowledge and fundamentals which we have learned in Hull High School. In this way, we should look back on high school as the "foundation" of our education. A foundation which has been slowly strengthened and constructed over the past eleven years. It now depends on you to either let this foundation fall to ruin or to create and build to it.

A wonderful new and exuberant feeling has settled over Grade XI on the eve of graduation but with it is mingled just a little regret. Regret that we shall soon be leaving our classmates, the carefree times, and the various sports and activities in which we have participated.

On behalf of my fellow-classmates I would like to extend a special thanks to our teachers. Without the kindness, patience and help they have shown us over the years I feel certain many of us would not be on the threshold of graduating. Also, "thanks" to the staff advisors, the librarian, the basketball coach, and the teachers who have so generously given their time and effort to make possible this edition of "The Red and White Review", our first year book.

Lastly, I think our Student Council deserves much credit as much of the success of various projects undertaken this year is due to their ambition and boundless energy. Again, we say, "thank you".

To the under-graduates we wish every blessing and much good fortune for the future. I hope that you will keep up the standards we have tried to set and at the same time recognize that you should constantly strive to achieve even higher achievements and greater conquests.

I would like to take this opportunity to wish our graduates every wish for future success and happiness. Also, may they fulfil their every goal in life and find a worthwhile place in which to serve in their community.

Grade 11

Rodger Brunet

friends

Life is sweet because of the friends we have made
And the things in common we share,
We want to live on not because of ourselves
But because of the people who care.
It's in giving and doing for somebody else
On that all life's pleasure depends,
And the joy of this world when you sum it all up,
Is found in the making of friends.

ode to graduates

You can tell a freshman,
By his silly, eager look.
You can tell a sophomore,
'Cause he carries one less book.
You can tell a junior
By his dashing air and such.
You can tell a senior
But, boy, you can't tell him much!!

Best Wishes

to the

HULL PROTESTANT HIGH
SCHOOL

from

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Rideau and Dalhousie

Ottawa

"ye old graduates

After much research and "digging" into last year's 1959 Graduates, I have discovered what they are now doing with their time.

About one third of the Graduates decided to advance further their course of studies.

At the Eastern Ontario Institute of Technology an eminent graduate such as Graham McLaurin is taking a course in chemical technology (P.S.—we have enough hydrogen bombs!) Ottawa Technical High School has our "Joe" Laberge. (What, Joe, no sports this year?) Lisgar Collegiate has claimed the notorious Dick Lamb (Bursary Winner)—"You didn't want to work but you do now . . . ! Anne Routliffe is with the Glebe Collegiate. Hull High School has the honour of having Dick McLaurin back again this year (. . . it takes "guts" not to admit defeat, Dick). Attending the Faculty of Science at the University of Ottawa, is Karin Lynch (Bursary Winner)—"Careful with those chemical explosions Karin, the hospitals are already overcrowded." At Carleton University in the Faculty of Journalism is Paulette Morin (Bursary Winner)—"They said it couldn't be done, huh Polly—never say die for Math! Also at Carleton University, in the Arts Faculty is Barbara Hammond. "How's studying Barb?"

One of our young ladies, namely Dorothy Cameron, has gone into the teaching profession (daring I'd say). Sybil Fredenburgh has preferred the limelights of stenography, while the E. B. Eddy Company has the valuable assistance of Bob Bagley. (His destination finally came true . . . !) Guest Motors could not do without "petite" Rose Wolfe, so they tell me. After talking to Terry Hill, (How's the fan club coming along, Terry?), I found out what he was doing for a living. Being very modest, of course, he reluctantly admitted that he was merely "doing things" around the Bank of Nova Scotia. I wonder what Terry means by "doing things". Jim Larose and Don Rom-bough are industriously working their way through Government. (Knowing Jim and Don, this is hard work . . . !) Garry Periard has decided to take over his year again at Aylmer High School—wonder why?! Last but not least, is Helen Nitschke, a busy secretary for a busy boss.

In conclusion, the 1959 Graduates wish the best of luck and success to the 1960 Graduates. I wonder in what prominent position the 1960 Graduates will be next year? That still remains to be seen . . . !

Grade XI

Paul Morin

Willis Business College

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GRADUATING CLASS 1958-59

First Row: Left to right — Rosemary Wolfe, Paulette Morin, Anne Routliffe, Dorothy Cameron, Sybil Fredenburgh, Karen Lynch, Barbara Hammond, Helen Nitschke.

Second Row — James Larose, Don Rombough, Graham McLaurin, Garry Périard, André Laberge, Richard Lamb, Terry Hill, Richard McLaurin.

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STUDENTS COUNCIL



Front Row: Left to right — Billy Garrioch; Wendy McGlashan; Ricky Kohler, Treasurer; David Lee, President; Sandra McClelland, Vice-President; June Carnahan, Secretary; Carol Banister; Garry Yuen.

Second Row — Kenny Trudel; Merle Hébert, Year-Book Editor; Karen Chapman, Red Cross Chairman; Corinne Larcher; Carol Dougherty; Penny Steele; Nicholas Schultz.

Third Row — Mrs. Christie, Staff Advisor; Bruce Burnett; Mark Kujala, Sports Representative; Grant McClelland; Brian Saunders, Mrs. Bate, Staff Advisor; Ann French, (Absent); Linda Brown, (Absent).

president's report

On behalf of the students of the graduating class, I accept the dedication of the Year Book and wish to thank Mr. Saint Pierre, Merle Hebert, and the many others whose time and energy contributed to making this first edition a success. It is the hope of the class that this practice will be continued and bettered in future years.

The Council began the season by setting up a decorating committee and turning the Year Book over to the supervision of Mr. Saint Pierre. Markku Kujala was appointed sports chairman and Karen Chapman, Junior Red Cross President was asked to attend the meetings. The first few dances, including the Winterland Prom, have been highly successful due to the efforts of the decorating committee and the individual grades involved. For the younger

grades, the Council sponsored a Hallowe'en Party and later on an Ice Carnival.

Mrs. Christie, our staff advisor deserves special thanks for the time and effort she contributed to advise the council and to aid in the organization of our social events. Heartfelt thanks go out to Mrs. Bate for her interest and coaching in our everenlarging sports program and to Mr. Saint Pierre who has worked so diligently for this annual.

Sincere appreciation is extended to my executive and last but not least to Our Principal, Mr. MacLelland without whose co-operation and aid the council would have been greatly handicapped.

To future student councils and their presidents I wish satisfaction, co-operation and fulfilment of their every endeavour.

David Lee,
President.

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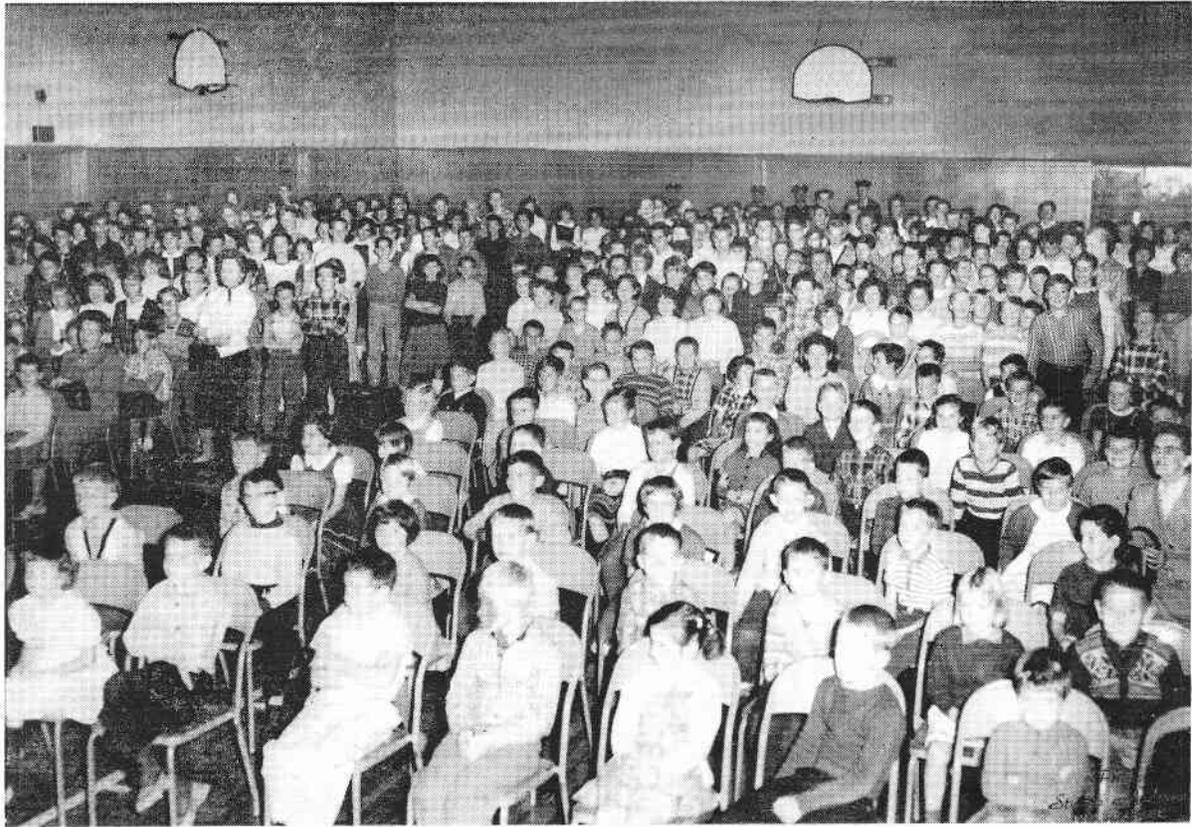
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ASSEMBLY TIME



don't quit

When things go wrong as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all up
hill,
When the funds are low and the debts are
high
And when you want to smile but you have to
sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit
Rest if you must, but don't you quit.
Life is queer with its twists and turns
As everyone of us sometimes learns,
And many a failure turns about
When he might have won had he stuck it out;

Don't give up though the pace seems slow—
You may succeed with another blow.

Often the goal is nearer than
It seems to a faint and faltering man,
Often the struggler has given up
When he might have captured the victor's cup,
And he learned too late, when the night slipped
down

How close he was to the golden crown.
Success is failure turned inside out—
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt.
And you can never tell how close you are,
It may be near when it seems afar;
So stick to the right when you're hardest hit—
It's when things seem worst that you mustn't
quit.

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Librarian
Mrs. O. MacIntosh

our library

The central library came into being in the autumn of 1953 with the opening of the present school building. Preparations had begun the previous spring when Mrs. Grace McCabe organized a group of teachers and pupils to catalogue, according to the Dewey System, all the books in the classroom libraries of Grades IV to XI.

To this nucleus of books, additions have been made from time to time by the Quebec Department of Education, the Hull School Trustees, the Home and School Association, the Student Council and many interested individuals. Money collected as fines on overdue books has also been used to purchase new ones. There are at present approximately thirty-six hundred books in the school library.

Members of the Home and School Association have rendered valuable assistance in repairing worn books, and thus prolonging their usefulness.

The library contributes in many ways to the development of the pupils—it provides reference materials in encyclopaediae, pamphlets and clippings; it encourages the development of reading skills by its wide selection of interesting stories; it makes history come alive with the reading of biographies and historical novels; it awakens in the pupils of the lower grades a keen interest in science; it cultivates a taste for good literature by providing the best in English prose and poetry; it keeps

the pupils versed in current events through magazines and newspapers. The library is, also, a quiet retreat for those who wish to make the best use of noon hours and spare periods to do their home work. Thus the library, with its varied offerings, plays an important part in our school programme.

commencement

The annual commencement exercises were held in the auditorium during the month of October before a large audience.

After Mr. McLelland's remarks many valuable prizes were presented to the pupils in all the classes for their outstanding work during the previous year. Many awards and trophies were also presented to several boys and girls who showed outstanding ability in different sports and their eagerness not only to win but to play the game.

Several pupils are to be commended for their winning of scholarships and bursaries. The Student Council Bursary of \$125. was won by Karen Lynch, the E. B. Eddy Co. Scholarship of \$100 went to Paulette Morin, Dorothy Cameron became the proud possessor of the \$50 bursary awarded by the Home and School Association, while Dick Lamb picked up the \$100 cheque given by The Gatineau Protestant Teachers' association.

A reception was held for all graduates, prize winners and parents in the Cafeteria immediately after completion of the programme, and after the reception there was dancing in the Gym to round out a memorable evening for the prize winners and Hull High's graduating class.

H.H.

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IMMEUBLES

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The prize list for the commencement exercises of October 1959:

Grade VIA—Miss Theobald

First Prize General Proficiency, Ruth Weiske, H.S.
Second Prize General Proficiency, Valerie Chen, H.S.
Third Prize General Proficiency, Annie Van Der Greft, H.S.
Prize for Progress, Diane Charron and Richard Last, H.S.
Prize for Neatness, Valerie Chen and Kathryn Jones, H.S.
Prize for French, Susan Delaney, H.S.
Prize for History, Ruth Weiske, I.O.D.E.

Grade VIB—Mrs. Salter

First Prize General Proficiency, David Ross, S.B.
Second Prize General Proficiency, Kenneth Trudel, S.B.
Third Prize General Proficiency, Margaret MacLeod, S.B.
Prize for Neatness, Dianne Milks, S.B.
Prize for Progress, Sally McGlashan, Eddie O'Hara and Alison Charland, S.B.
Prize for French, Penny Steele, S.B.
Prize for History, Margaret MacLeod, I.O.D.E.

Grade VII—Mrs. Bate

First Prize General Proficiency, Ann French, S.B.
Second Prize General Proficiency, Sylvia Labelle, S.B.
Prize for Progress, Marcel Begin, S.B.
Prize for Geography, Sylvia Labelle and Michael Scally, S.B.
Prize for French, Ann French, S.B.
Prize for History, Sylvia Labelle, I.O.D.E.

Grade VIIIA—Mr. McCabe

First Prize General Proficiency, William Lamb, I.O.D.E., \$10.00.
Second Prize General Proficiency, Mark Owen, Jill Ellwand, I.O.D.E. \$2.50.
Prize for General Progress, James Brunet, H.S.
Prize for English, J. Ellwand, H.S.
Prize for Combined Mathematics, Lorne Reid, H.S.
Prize for Science, William Lamb, H.S.
Prize for French, Jill Ellwand, H.S.
Prize for History, William Lamb, I.O.D.E.

Grade VIIIB—Mrs. Conley

First Prize General Proficiency, Anne Secman, I.O.D.E., \$10.00.
Second Prize for General Proficiency, Mara Phillips, I.O.D.E., \$5.00.
Prize for Progress, Hans Oehling and Lionel Wright, S.B.

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Prize for Combined Mathematics, Bruce Burnett, S.B.
Prize for French, Anne Seeman, S.B.
Prize for History, Anne Seeman, I.O.D.E.

Grade IX—Mrs. Christie

First Prize General Proficiency, June Carnahan, I.O.D.E., \$15.00.
Second Prize General Proficiency, Margaret Fraser, I.O.D.E., \$10.00.
Prize for General Progress, Philippe Roy, H.S.
Prize for French Progress, Ricky Kohler, H.S.
Prize for English, Margaret Fraser, H.S.
Prize for Mathematics, June Carnahan, H.S.
Prize for Shorthand, Elizabeth Bullock and Sandra Brown, H.S.
Prize for History, June Carnahan and Margaret Fraser, I.O.D.E.

Grade X—Mrs. MacIntosh

First Prize General Proficiency, David Lee, I.O.D.E. \$15.00.
Second Prize General Proficiency, Robert Lawrence, I.O.D.E., \$10.00.
Prize for History, Paul Morin, Beverley Sullivan and Donna Thomas, H.S.
Prize for French, Merle Hebert.
Special Prize for French, Merle Hebert, Dr. Fleischauer.
Prize for Science (Chemistry and Physics or Biology), Robert Lawrence, H.S.
Prize for English (Literature and Composition), Merle Hebert, H.S.
Prize for Mathematics (Algebra and Geometry), Markku Kujala, H.S.
Prize for Shorthand, Nancy Chapman.

Grade XI—Mr. St. Pierre

First Prize General Proficiency, Richard Lamb, I.O.D.E., \$15.00.
Second Prize General Proficiency, Paulette Morin, I.O.D.E., \$10.00.
Prize for History, Richard Lamb, I.O.D.E.
Prize for French Progress, Barbara Hammond, S.B.
Special Prize for French, Paulette Morin, Dr. Fleischauer.
Prize for English Subjects, Karin Lynch, S.B.
Prize for Science Subjects, Richard Lamb, S.B.
Prize for Mathematics, Richard Lamb, S.B.

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Girl Athlete of the Year

Vivian Charron, Mutual of Omaha.
Beverley Iles, Mutual of Omaha.

Boy Athlete of the Year

Robert Bagley, Mutual of Omaha.
Rodger Brunet, Mutual of Omaha.

Student Council Bursary \$125., Karin Lynch.

E. B. Eddy Co. Scholarship \$100, Paulette Morin.

Home and School Association Student Teacher Bursary \$50, Dorothy Cameron.

Gatineau Protestant Teachers Association Scholarship \$100, Richard Lamb.

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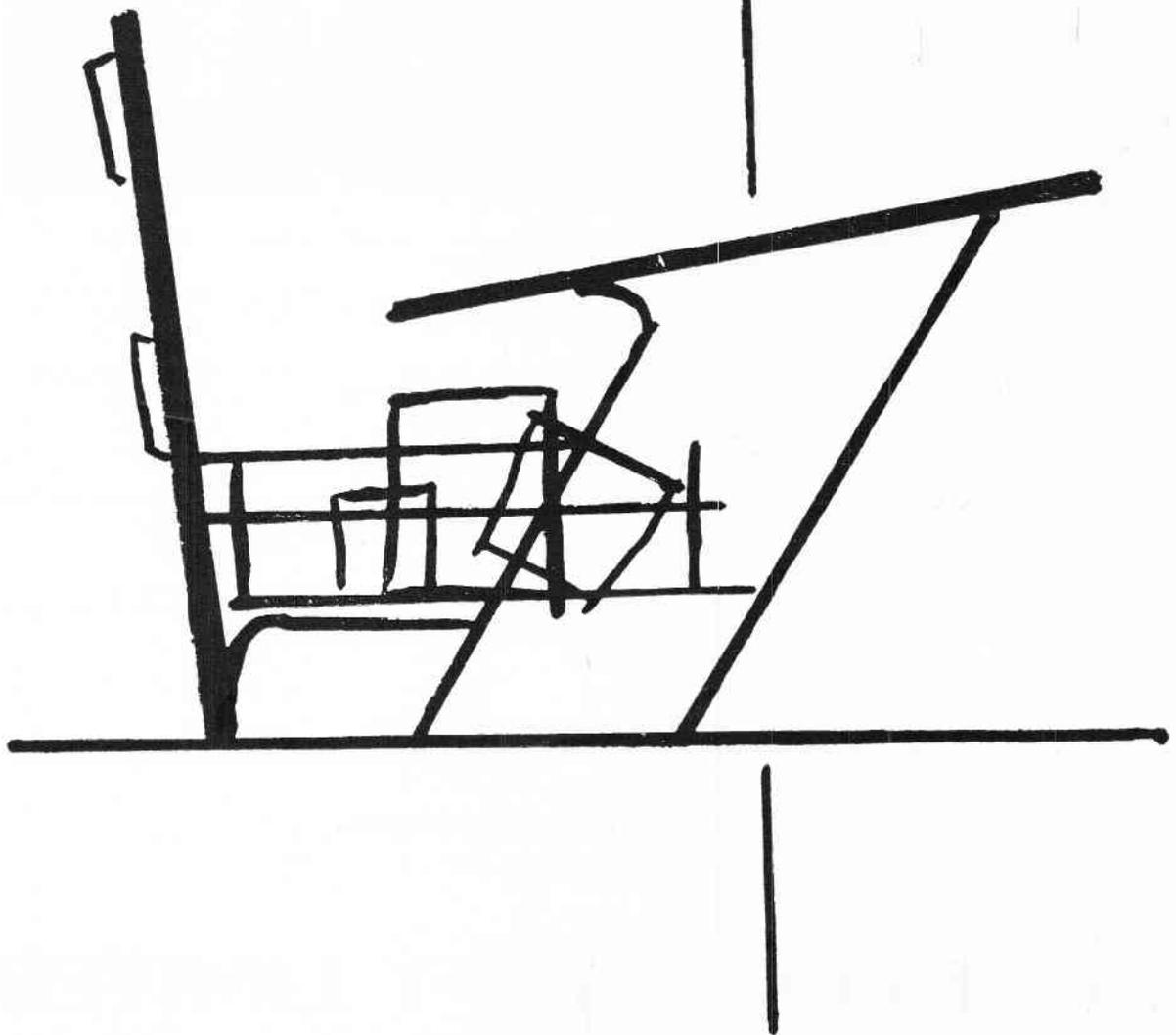
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UNDER GRADS



Grade 10



Front Row: Left to Right — Dianne Lee, Karen Brown, Gwen Stroich, Rosamond Derraugh, Ray Hetherington, Kathy Khel, Vivian Charron, Sandra Brown.

Second Row — Mr. Barclay, Micki Kaminska, Mary Lynn Ross, Joyce Madaire, Barbara French, Kathleen Smith, Beverley Reid, Beverley Iles, Isabel Young, Marilyn Dawson, June Carnahan, Marilyn Bénard.

Third Row — Barry Bryant, Michael Deriger, Philippe Roy, Frans Van Der Gref, Erich Noorthoeck, Skip Lebrun, Robert Delaney, Edward Van Zant, Hubert McClelland, Richard Kohler.

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who's who in grade 10

| Name | Favourite Expression | Pastime | Destination |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|--|--|
| Mr. Barclay | Look it up! It's in the book. | ? ? ? ? | Absent-minded professor |
| Barry Bryant | I've been robbed! | Bothering June | Canada's skiing representative to the Belgian Congo. |
| Robert Delaney | I dunno. | Ann | T.V. Repair Man. |
| Michael Deriger (Flub-a-Dub) | Don't Panic! | Peroxiding his hair. | Howdy Doody Show. |
| Richard Kohler | Sit Down! | "Fixing" the books. | Astronautical Engineer. |
| Skippy Lebrun | Never! | Borrowing Homework. | A sweater-boy. |
| Hubert McClelland | Get Lost! | Catching greased pigs. | Veterinarian to the 110.tentols. |
| Reid McConnell | So! | Playing hockey. | Growing tomatoes in Siberia. |
| Ron Nitschke | You big brute! | Beating up bullies. | Prize fighter. |
| Eric Noorthoek | I sank when the ship drowned. | Making knots. | Chief petty officer. |
| Philippe Roy | What's her number? | Cutting classes. | Chartered accountant with sideburns. |
| Edward van Zant | What do you think of her? | Winking at girls. | Fiddling with radios. |
| Frans van der Greff | Oh! Women! | Mumbling | Maintenance Engineer |
| Marilyn Benard | Shick! | P.S. | Helping Jr with homework. |
| Karen Brown | I won't and nobody can make me. | Waiting for the Mountie to get his girl. | Writing Beatnik poetry. |
| Sandra Brown | Oh bugs! | Telephone conversations. | Baton-twirler. |
| Vivian Charron | Where's Reid? | Basketball | Serving soldiers in the Fr. foreign legion. |
| June Carnahan | What d'you want fur nuthin'? | Fighting with Phil. | Testing detergents for CBC. |
| Marilyn Dawson | Phooey! | Attending rock n'roll shows. | President for the Hi-Fi Club. |
| Rosamond Derraugh | Hit the road, toad! | G.G. | House-wife. |
| Barbara French | He bugs me! | Parties | Leading "Doc" to the Altar. |
| Ray Hetherington | Life is too short! | Looking for Bonnie. | Westgate. |
| Beverley Iles | That's life. | Anything active | Guard for 1963 Canadian Olympic Women's Basketball team. |
| Micki Kaminska | Sir, I don't understand that. | Waiting for her one and only. | Running a manicure shop in South Africa. |
| Kathy Kehl | Santa Maria | Doing Algebra. | Broadway. |
| Dianne Lee | Oh boy! It's snowing! | Skiing | Designing ski clothes for short people. |
| Beverley Reid | I'll get it! | Phone calls. | Taking Mr. St. Pierre's old job in Gaspé. |
| Lynn Ross | Eh! Gad! | Going into moods. | Looking after papooses on a reservation. |
| Kathleen Smith | I haven't a thing to wear. | Eating nutty buddy's at noon. | Marrying the boy next door. |
| Gwen Stroich | I'm going to have a bird | Doing nothing. | Goodness only knows! |
| Isabel Young | Look what the cat dragged in. | Buying skirts with mink pockets. | Marrying the Bosses' son. |
| Joyce Madire | Really! | Keeping quiet. | Playing piano in Carnegie Hall. |

On which no man can frown,
I serve a purpose in this school,

And keep the average down.
I gently enter into class,

hull high survey

This survey is the result of a poll taken among senior students during the month of February by Sandra Brown, June Carnahan and Ricky Kohler.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Who is your favourite singer? | 1 - Pat Boone 2 - Perry Como 3 - Fabian |
| 2. What is your favourite television program? | 1 - Riverboat 2 - Perry Como 3 - Father knows best. |
| 3. Should the girls wear uniforms to school? | Yes, 25%; No, 74% Comment: Many felt that the individuality of the girls would be lost if uniforms were worn. |
| 4. Do you believe in going steady? | Yes, 50%; No, 33%; Uncertain, 17% |
| 5. Do you feel Hull boys are suitably dressed? | Yes, 66%; No, 20%; Uncertain, 14% |
| 6. Do you feel parents are too strict? | Yes, 13%; No, 80%; Uncertain, 7% |
| 7. What do you do in your spare time? | 1 - Sports 2 - Read 3 - Part time job |
| 8. Do you feel that juvenile delinquency in Hull is serious? | Yes, 50%; No, 45%; Uncertain, 5% |
| 9. How much time do you spend on homework each night? | Average: 2.2 hours per night. |
| 10. Do you read Shakespeare or poetry for enjoyment outside of class? | Yes, 23%; No, 77% |
| 11. Should Shakespeare be taught in school? | Yes, 67%; No, 20%; Uncertain, 13% |
| 12. Are examinations too stiff? | Yes, 40%; No, 44%; Uncertain, 16% |
| 13. Should driving be taught at Hull High School? | Yes, 75% No, 21% Uncertain, 4% |
| 14. Should Hull High employ a monitor system in the halls? | Yes, 34%; No, 66% |
| 15. Does Hull High have a good school spirit? | Yes, 46%; No, 45%; Uncertain, 9% Comment: Students felt that the school spirit has steadily improved but is not as good as it should be. |

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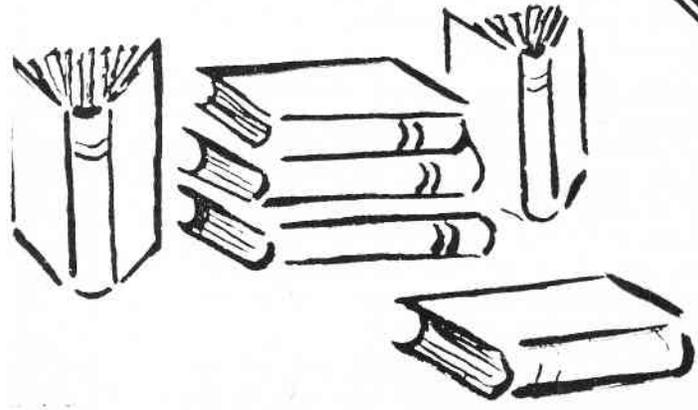
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LITERATURE



the texas rangers

As their name tells us, they had to range far, wide, and fast to carry out their duties! A ranger's equipment, therefore, was limited to a rifle, a pistol, a knife, a good horse, a Mexican blanket tied behind his saddle, a wallet for carrying salt and ammunition, some parched corn, spiced and sweetened to relieve the thirst out on the desert, and tobacco. The rangers carried nothing else with them in the way of equipment when they were out on long missions which sometimes took months. They were dependent wholly upon wild game for food. However, what the Texas Rangers lacked in the way of equipment, they more than made up for in the way of cool courage and burning desire to fight for justice. And the big chunks of those qualities that they always carried with them while out on their missions, earned them countless honours of which the following poem quoted from Phelson is an example.

They fought grim odds and knew no fear,
They kept their honour high and clear,
And facing arrows, guns, and knives,
Gave Texas all they had—their lives.

Grade 7B

Harry Koch

the egyptian mummy

In the very old and bizarre country of Egypt, the Egyptians are very religious. The people of this fairy land for ages have followed their ancestors' practice of mummifying their kings, priests, and other great men. A procession of men, women, and children march mournfully toward the fantastically huge pyramids. The beautifully carved coffin is carried by four men, dressed in their native costume. The mummy is dressed in beautiful white linen and laid in a burial box which is then stood up in the shape of a man. Around the coffin is laid exquisite cloth and jewels of all shapes and colours. On rare occasions several kings are laid together in different sections of one large pyramid. And in the centre of a huge part of the cave, is a large glass dancing floor where the people come every year to worship Mohammed and to drive away the evil spirits that might disturb the sleep of their kings. It is said that sometimes the mummy, when disturbed, roams the tomb, or the bare, lifeless streets of the city, at night, in search of the intruder. Some believe this tale and others don't, but no one knows exactly. I wonder.

Grade 7A

Ursula Guenther

progress in transportation

Through the ages, men of science have sought to find quicker and more convenient ways of transportation. The boat was probably the first of these attempts at convenient travel. But Man strove to attain even greater heights of luxury and ease in conveyance. Soon roads appeared, rough at first but as time progressed, they smoothed out and the railway train came into being, spanning the wide stretches of land, pouring forth its smoke defiantly across the country. But Man was not yet satisfied and soon. He again dreamed of soaring across the heavens like an eagle. Soon airplanes hummed through the sky like giant birds. And yet Man pushes onward and upward trying to reach the moon and stars. Men scoffed at the idea; but didn't they also laugh at the automobile and the airplane? The moon has been reached and passed but to be truly successful, Man thinks he must land and live on other planets. Space is one of our only unconquered frontiers and it will take some time to conquer it. When even it has been defeated, what will Man's next goal be?

Grade 7B

Ruth Weiske



sir winston leonard spencer churchill

Few people in history have been outstanding in as many fields as Winston Churchill. He has won world fame as a war leader, writer, and public speaker.

Churchill's father was English, a descendant of the famous Duke of Marlborough. His mother was an American. Born in 1874, Churchill joined the British Army at 21 and served for a time in India. In 1900, while working as a newspaper correspondent in the Boer War in Africa, he was captured. He made a daring escape and returned home a hero. In that same year he was elected to Parliament.

During World War I, Churchill held an important position in the British cabinet. In the years following the war his importance les-

sened. But before World War II began, Churchill again became prominent by warning about the danger from Hitler. When World War II started, Churchill was put in charge of the British Navy. Less than a year later he became Prime Minister.

It is as Prime Minister that Churchill is best known. He became leader of his country in May, 1940. The following month, Italy joined Germany in the war against France and England. Within days France surrendered. Everyone thought England would soon be invaded. Churchill told his people they would have to respect "blood, toil, tears, and sweat".

In his speeches he gave them confidence and courage. The English endured terrific bombing but they fought back. Churchill gave them the will and spirit.

Churchill had written many books. In 1953 he won the Nobel prize for literature for his six-volume history of World War II. He may well be numbered as one of history's great men.

Grade 8

Sylvia Labelle

flowers

Beautiful colours all around,
Swaying gently on the ground,
Some are short and some are tall,
Others climbing up a wall.

Tiny buds are opening up,
Hoping to be a buttercup,
Different perfumes fill the air,
From beautiful flowers ev'rywhere.

Gardens of every shape and size,
With faces turned up to the skies,
The clouds will burst and rain will fall,
To earth, a quenching thirst for all.

Then lovely flowers will remain,
Spread over all this vast domain.

Grade 8

Cheryl Owens

a sonnet

A sonnet is hard to write.
I sat and wracked my brains all night.
Finally, the solution came before my eyes
Just as the sun began to rise.

Should I write about an eagle,
Or just a plain old dog named BEAGLE.
Hastily on paper with pen I wrote,
The thoughts that I should quote.

With flying fingers and words that rhyme
I was getting mixed up all the time.
Finally things fell into place,
And a smile came on my face.

When at last I took my bonnet,
I had fully completed my sonnet.

Grade 8

Beryl Allen

winter

The snow has fallen all night through,
The earth has now a cloak of white,
The Heav'nly Maker, Him, we knew;
Who made this wondrous sight.

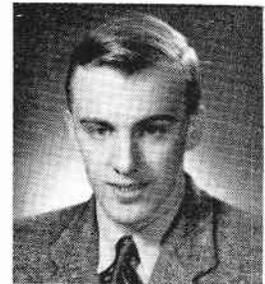
The once bare trees now have a glow,
Their arms outstretched to God on high,
They stand so straight along a row,
To greet all passers by.

The children love to greet this day,
Their eyes reflect their hopeful joy,
In snow mounds high they love to play,
Every happy girl and boy.

It seems to us God has brought peace,
Where noisy battles seldom cease.

Grade 8

Diane Christie



the uniter

In the great immensity of space it was nothing—less than nothing. It was a grain on the vast beach of eternity, but it was a man, the first spaceman—a hero!

He caught himself screaming and stopped. His will was still strong enough for that. Then he cried like an imbecile, half smiling, uttering self pity. He strapped himself into a chair. Floating made him feel like a ghost. Then he decided to take hold of himself and try to think back to the beginning. The trip was almost over. If he survived, he'd be the first man who had conquered outer space and had landed on Mars.

His mind travelled back many years, many lifetimes, back to the beginning. He remembered talking to the chief about how he had

passed the tests with flying colours. He tried desperately to remember every last detail of that last briefing. He was ordered to orbit around Mars and to land if possible. There had been a warning—"the time element". Time might differ from what it was on earth. He had been given permission to see his bride of a month before he had left.

Only a few men who had worked on the project were there at blast-off because it had been kept top secret. But, he thought, when he returned there would be crowds cheering. His name would be on the lips of every person on the globe. He remembered the agony of the blast-off, the ripping speed that seemed to tear him inside out, then the lack of gravity in free flight, the weightlessness, the eerie feeling that brought nightmares. Days, months, years must have passed—he lost all track of time. He was floating in the vast infinity of space. Man is not made for that bleak nothingness and loneliness. That was the worst to bear. Several times he had lost his senses; for how long he didn't know. Sanity had returned for a while when he was in orbit around Mars and he had brought the ship down on the barren sands of a planet.

On the way back, each minute that passed was worse than the last one. Suddenly his mind snapped back from the past. He could see the earth below, a luminous ball, coming closer every minute. He radioed the landing field and brought his battered little ship safely down. They rushed him to a small office in a gigantic building to be questioned but he was too confused. He didn't understand what he had done.

You see, the time element differs in outer space. He'd been gone 400 years and was astonished at his surroundings. His wife, his friends were gone. No one was left. He was alone.. Looking out of the window, he noticed a statue, his statue and it was inscribed "The Uniter".

Grade 9

George Grebenschikov

war echoes

A pleasure cruiser's route in North Wales, a quiet beach in Norfolk, or a residential street

in London—in each of these places I have seen the rewards of a never-to-be-forgotten war. Though these memories still haunt my mind they represent only the smallest fraction of the real heartbreak and torments of those six terrifying years.

As I am writing this I can see the masts and tunnel of a sunken oil tanker marring a little harbour in Wales. The water, black and forboding, that gently lapped the ruins, created an atmosphere of quiet solitude and remorse. A portion of the ship's hull could be seen, covered in barnacles and moss, where seagulls now raise their families. This ship once had sailed the seas to bring relief to the war weary people of Britain.

The holiday spirit flows freely in Norfolk but at one end of the beach, coil upon coil of rusted barbed wire, large pieces of broken gun shields and once a soldier's helmet are dug from the cool, wet sand. On the cliffs above this gloomy scene, field guns daily boom a promise of peace or, perhaps, a grave warning into the hearts of a people who know.

Finally, closer to home, on a street in London, bombsites and air raid shelters are commonplace. Bombsites, now merely piles of rubble, tell the whole story of a household's existence while remains of treasured articles can be found midst the bricks and broken glass. Where the house broke away from an adjoining building, the divisions of the rooms, coloured wallpaper, and the outline of a fireplace grace the weather beaten wall.

Although I did not live while the war was being fought, the destruction and misery which have met my eyes make me realize what a wicked and terrible thing man brings upon himself. I sincerely hope that when we grow to be the leaders of our country we will not place ourselves and our children in danger of a Third World War.

Grade 9

Jill Ellwand

a scene from the past

"Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats."

Robert Browning's famous poem, the Pied Piper comes charmingly to life each summer in the ancient town of Hamelin, West Germany. Once again the "Pied Piper's" silvery notes ring through the cobbled streets and the townspeople re-enact the old tale, dressed in medieval gowns. The "rats" are played by young boys who seem to enjoy getting dressed up and parading through the streets to the edge of



the famous river Weser. During the performance, the baker sells small bread rats to souvenir hunters and curious tourists. My brothers must have had a hungry look on their innocent faces for the sympathetic lady who was in charge of the shop gave them each a bread rat. Proceeding to eat them she called out "Nien, nien," and explained in broken English that they were to save and not to eat. Looking very disappointed at the outcome of their present she again had pity on them and gave them each a pastry. Altogether her sympathy cost me two marks or approximately fifty cents; but the bread rat souvenirs will always serve to remind me of this delightful scene from the past.

Grade 9

Storme Genge



this modern age

One thing which almost every home in Canada has is a television. This is an indispensable box of goodies for the kiddies but makes the mothers want to break the tube when it's bedtime. From early in the morning to late at night the television blares its varied sound effects from sweet wake-up, good-morning music to the volley of Roy Roger's pistols to the eerie music of the late, late, late shows. Every day for 365-1/4 days this endless cycle continues until either the TV or the owner suffers a nervous break-down.

Instantly, the repairman has to be called over if it's the television and again you're twenty-five dollars out. Back to the sweet, continuous melody of the commercials, which beg you to try their products, each of which is the better one. The only people who enjoy the commercials are the little tykes who go begging mommy to buy them a certain cereal that has a real, honest-to-goodness flashlight inside. You try to put up a protest but those little beaming faces instantly melt your doubtful heart. At last the great day arrives and you open the box. There is a silence as you put your hand in and finally your fingers close over a little plastic bag.

"This can't be it" you think, but as soon as you look at it in the light, it happens to be a

flashlight. The children are delighted, and you have a super-large box of cereal which even the dogs won't eat.

Another "beef" against commercials is that they interrupt the most-exciting scenes. A man is just opening the door to his dark, gloomy apartment, a hand reaches out with a gun and—suddenly, a light flashes,—there is a picture of a stove and a droning voice demands, "Are you satisfied with your present stove-cleaner?" Now the film returns but somehow there's no more suspense. You never know when these devils will enter the picture, but after a while they grow on you and before you know it, they are merely an oversight.

Although, from another point, television is quite good. There are many educational programs and nursery schools for the pre-school age children. Another good point is that there are films in the daytime so, if you're sick all you have to do is flick on one of the knobs and there you have a feature film.

After this commentary of television's good and bad points, I have to say that the picture-box is a wonderful invention or else all the youngsters on the block who can read will be after me one of these days.

Grade 9

Ann Seeman



forest of flame

Each blade, in turn, shuddered, curled, and withdrew from the relentless blast that was the foretaste of their doom. Flowers, once majestically colourful, stood with wilted leaves and faded heads. The leaves of the aspen quivered and pulled at each other in a frantic effort to escape the fate a careless hand had set for them.

The chaotic wall slowly inched its way along the forest floor, devouring hungrily any obstacles the parched earth thrust in its way. Pine trees blanched; then blazed, as the millions of hungry flames attacked their luxuriant growth. Tiny saplings stiffened their new born branches in feeble defiance to their conqueror, then sank and died as the all consuming flames

swept them aside with reckless disregard of their opposition.

And then, there was nothing. Not an emerald inch raised its head to the welcoming rains. The bodies of once grateful deer and laughable bear cubs lay charred and silent in mute tribute to their master, fire. Only blackened trunks, devoid of all finery dared to point an accusing finger at the rain laden clouds that had come, but too late.

These, the victims of a careless moment, were the remainder of life. The few animals that had escaped the inferno, either by chance or design, gazed with mourning hearts on the new drenched desolation, then with nostrils quivering at the scent of death, turned their backs on the home of a life-time. They, at least, were still alive, but for how long.

Grade 10

Ray Hetherington

a tree and I

As fresh as spring itself I stood,
Beneath a budding tree,
And counted all the feathered buds
That I could plainly see.

I daily watched them grow, unfurl,
In green profusion thrust
Upon the branches, how they fed
My growing wanderlust.

Then, as the days waxed long and hot,
I sat beneath its shade,
Protected there within the orb
Its spreading shadow made.

When cooler days began to come
To herald winter's blast,
Harsh, blazing colours inched their way
Among the green at last.

As days have died, so did the green;
In layers of gloried hues,
That turned to grey as one by one
That trees its leaves did lose.

Now, bare and empty stretch the limbs
Above the barren ground,
We'll wait for spring to come again,
With colour, sun, and sound.

Grade X

Ray Hetherington

our future

As if it were a distant cloud,
Our future hides itself
Behind a shroud of mystery,
Like dust upon a shelf.

But slowly, as our lives go on,
The misty clouds recede,
To show to us our futures, planned
By thought, and word, and deed.

All go to make our complex lives,
As if we were the cast,
And all these things the hardening clay,
Our future, present, past.

Grade X

Ray Hetherington



inhumanity

The quotation "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," has been illustrated throughout history.

In prehistoric times a man discovered fire and was put to death, as he was considered as a threat that had to be destroyed. Even in those days men were cruel to each other and many were the tears that were shed.

During medieval times, trial by ordeal was responsible for the death of thousands of innocent people. The Romans found amusement in seeing men, women, and children torn apart by lions or burned at the stake.

Cruelty and inhumanity spread like a plague over the face of the earth. Dictators used cruel methods to force the submission of the populace to their will. People were beaten, starved, slaughtered, and maimed as an example to others.

Recently in Communist China, Christians were murdered for their religious beliefs. An example is the case of a humble peasant who was forced to have gallons of water poured down his throat until his stomach was swollen with it. Then his stomach was burst by being jumped on and he died a cruel and painful death.

In Hungary, thousands of people, between the ages of twelve and thirty were shot down and executed to crush their fight for freedom. Many of the survivors emigrated to Canada to seek new lives but still shed many bitter tears for their loved ones that they left behind them.

Wars have also contributed to the loss of millions of human lives. The persecution and slaughter of six million Jews during World War II, was due to one man's hatred of that race.

If the tears that have been shed throughout history could be gathered together, they would double the depth of the oceans and cover the entire earth. Men have never learned to live in peace with one another and never will. There seems to be a devil in them that cries out for more bloodshed and destruction. But out of the masses come brave men, women, and children who struggle to overcome this "devil", often with the donation of their lives to the cause.

With God's help they will someday triumph and those that caused the deaths of millions will have to face the wrath of God on the day of judgement. Until that time, men will continue to follow the quotation stated.

It will be a hard battle to overcome the inhumanity of men to man, but there is a strong hope in the souls of all people that the deaths of the millions of dead will one day be justified.

Grade 10

Lynn Ross

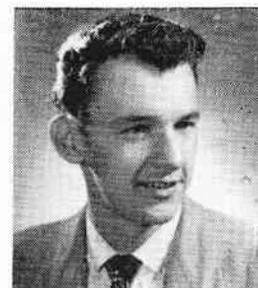
don't panic

Last summer, I was working as bell-boy at one of the lodges at Jasper Park, unsuspecting the orgy I was to experience. I had been reading in the newspapers of the miraculous escape of the "Mad-bomber" from a New York jail, when he sauntered a typical American tourist. He was the "big-daddy" type with a little white goatee. As he approached the counter, I rushed for his bags. He told me to bring them up to his room while he talked with the manager. I wondered why . . . As I ascended in the elevator, I pondered on what he could have in his suitcase that could be so heavy. All of a sudden the elevator lurched and the light blinked and went out. I pressed the emergency button and waited for the emergency-generator to restore air-circulation and lighting. A voice crackled over the intercom and what I heard merely gave me convulsions of the large intestines. Apparently, "big-daddy" was the "Mad-bomber" and he had a time-bomb in one of his suitcases. The bomb was concealed in a golf-ball. Now I knew what was in the big suit-case, hundreds of identical golf-balls. Which one was it? Unless I could find out in thirty-minutes, my short life would come to an abrupt end! Immediately, I set to the task of uncovering the right one, tapping each one with impatient hesitancy. Finally, I was down to the last few with only ten minutes to go! Naturally the last one was it. I carefully dropped it down

the elevator shaft and just as it touched bottom, "Boom!" You can imagine, that was the busiest half-hour I ever spent.

Grade X

Richard Kohler



baby sitting

Have you ever heard of the art of baby sitting? I doubt it. You are always hearing people talk about the art of painting or the art of writing and you take it for granted. You might think anyone can baby sit but to be a good baby sitter requires the brains of a genius, the patience of a teacher, the soft touch of a mother and at times the hard hand of a father. Even with all of these qualities one has a difficult time baby sitting as there are so many different types of babies.

First you have the "loud mouth" who is about the size of a kitten but can roar like a bull elephant which may lead to bursting one's ear drums. One would like to ram a bottle down his throat at times but one must be patient. Then we have the so called "night squawker" who squawks all night until he can sit up and watch the late, late show while you try to sleep. When one gets to baby sit with babies who are old enough to talk as well as cry, the baby sitter then needs brains and must proceed with extreme caution. For one has to watch what one says and does or the parents find out from their sweet little innocent blabbermouth that you had a friend over or that you ate all the candy and spilled coke over the chesterfield. We then find the baby who is able to creep or even walk a little but can cover ground and cause more damage than a dozen ten year olds. He can tear the newspapers, break vases, dump the water out of the gold fish bowl, pour ink over the carpet, swallow safety pins and fall downstairs. Yet he's mommy's little angel and one mustn't touch. Yes these are the innocent little villains that a baby sitter has to out manoeuvre. Therefore in conclusion one can see that to be a good baby sitter one must be an expert at the art of baby-sitting.

Grade XI

Jim Wyman

grade 8



Front row: Left to right — Blanche Lortie, Julia Fleischaur, Penny England, Carole Lee, Beryl Allen, Lorna Scullion, Lillian Ford, Marlene Guilbault, Gloria Mathieson, Sandra Lawrence.
Second row — Mr. L. Rolston, Judy Wormell, Diane Christie, Cheryl Owens, Sandra Leduc, Sylvia Labelle, Gail Rathwell, Teri-Ann Payette, Judy Anderson, Kathy Hudson, Cheryl Hunter.
Third row: Left to right — Grant McLelland, Bob Richter, Lovell Young, Barry Costello, Roy O'Hara.
Fourth row — Kerry McLaughlin, Mihcael Scally, Garry Swan, Wayne McGillivray, Graham Gagne, Nicholas Grebenschikov, Richard Roussel, Robert Fanning.
Absent — James Milks, Anne French.

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PAPERMAKERS

MILLS AT HULL AND OTTAWA



it came, it went

The storm crashed down upon the tranquil earth
 And rains began to pour;
 The big black clouds, as if to show their mirth,
 Made thunder clap and roar.

The wind upswept each object lying still,
 Each fallen leaf and twig;
 The fragile flower fought for life until
 It found the odds too big.

A streak of lightning flashed across the sky;
 It brightened every place;
 The somber earth was forced to blink an eye,
 To cover up its face.

Then, quick as it had come, the storm was gone;
 It hardly left a mark.
 The sun shone bright to dry each rock and stone
 And take away the dark.

But still, the storm had left a colored bow,
 Its tail held pots of gold;
 And from its lips, a smile began to flow—
 "All's well on earth," it told.

Grade XI

Merle Hébert

return

Back to a house filled with memories
 Of the days and the years gone by,
 I look around with a heavy heart
 And my voice doth utter a sigh.

To remember the loves and the fears I had,
 The times of joy and of woe.
 Don't look too near, you may see a tear,
 For my heart is now aching so.

But now I must turn to a new life
 And what new days may hold in store;
 Perhaps I'll forget about this, but yet,
 I long to belong here once more.

Grade XI

Margo Smith

our future scientists

Twice a week at one fifteen,
 Chemistry comes around;
 Not one of us seems on the beam,
 The Class, just makes no sound.

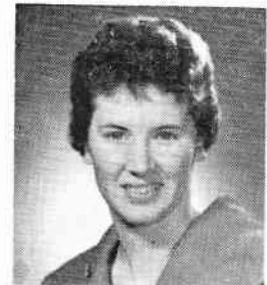
When Mr. Barclay tries to teach,
 We all just sit and stare,
 He must think we're quite hard to reach,
 There's not a class more rare.

We just can't balance an equation,
 Few formulae we know,
 We never will get a promotion
 If more work we don't show.

When half past two rings loud and clear
 The prof. thinks there's no hope,
 We should work hard to pass our year
 And fool those tired folk.

Grade 11

Rodger Brunet



romeo and juliet

Romeo and Juliet
 They greatly loved each other
 But every road of love is blocked
 (In this case 'twas her mother).

Their fathers feuded long and hard,
 'Twas said there was no hope.
 The children of these stubborn men
 Decided to elope.

But other plans were made. It seems
 A wealthy gentleman
 Decided Juliet to woo,
 (Her mother lent a hand).

The child then to a sorcerer went,
 And begged of him a boon,
 A magic potion, which she drank
 And fell into a swoon.

Her parents thought her dead and so
 They placed her in a tomb.
 When Romeo heard this he thought
 His love had caused her ruin.

She woke and hurried to the place,
Wherein he thought he'd hide.
She found him dead, a tiny vial
Of poison by his side.

She wept and thought she couldn't live
Now that they had to part,
And so she bravely drew his sword
And thrust it through her heart.

Which only goes to prove that love,
Whether in great or small,
Can drive a man to bravery,
For true love conquers all.

Grade 11

Sandra McClelland

winter wonderland

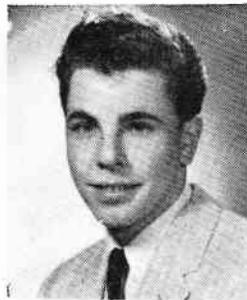
Frosty, misty winter morn,
Icy droplets haze my view,
Bright blue patches in the grey-clouded sky
Welcome the warm sun's golden hue.

Goblins on my frosted window
Tell the story of last night;
How the soft flakes sifted downward
Covering the drab earth from sight.

Trees, like watchful sentinels stand tall,
With outstretched arms to grasp and hold
The fluffy, shimmering flakes of glassy snow,
And all around is felt the nipping cold.

Grade XI

Donna Thomas



popular superstitions

Some people form habits around superstitions, while others blindly ignore the fates. People who believe in signs, will go out of their way to avoid "bad luck", while others will disregard precaution against superstitions.

Some of these habit-forming superstitions are encountered every day by anyone who may choose to look for them.

A ladder leaning against a building causes many people to walk out of their way to avoid

it. People won't let a black cat cross their path preferring to change direction to avoid "bad luck".

Many young couples, holding hands when walking, will not walk one on either side of an obstacle such as a lamppost for it indicates a separation or a fight is about to happen.

Other superstitions do not so much form habits as make people do odd things. People handling mirrors are very careful not to break one, for fear of having "seven years bad luck". To prevent bad luck, people throw salt over their left shoulder and in the hope of finding a "good luck" charm, they search for hours in grass where they might find a four leaf clover.

Although these popular superstitions cause people to form habits and do odd things, is there really any reason for it?

First, take walking under a ladder. When walking under a ladder it is quite possible that something could fall on a person from above, thus there is a good reason not to walk under it. But could anything happen by allowing a black cat to cross our path or by walking one on either side of a lamp-post? Absolutely not! Nor do your four-leaf clovers, horse-shoes, and throwing salt over your shoulder bring "good luck", or breaking a mirror bring "bad luck".

Yet as they say, "People are strange," and they believe in and follow these popular superstitions.

Grade 11

Klaus Dellin

homework

Homework's a nuisance we all do agree,
Especially when it takes two hours or three
Of our valuable time during which we could see
The Deputy or Donna Reed on T.V.

We keep putting it off for the weekend will do,
But Saturday, Sunday, there's T.V. then too.
Next day is Monday and, "Who has it done?"
The teacher asks, but there isn't a one.

"I didn't know we had it", is one good excuse.
We beg for her mercy, but its not any use.
She warns us and scolds us, then piles on still
more,

Though we tell her we've already done it
before.

Sometimes we wonder how we'll ever live
through it.

But there's one answer to homework and that
is, "Just do it".

Grade XI

Beverley Sullivan

grade 9



Front row: Left to right — Corinne Larcher, Heather Yuill, Judy Radmore, Anne Seeman, Sylvia Keays, Storme Genge, Mary-Lew Bagley, Joane Petch, Vikki Skinner, Jill Ellwand.

Second row — Mrs. Christie, Mark Owens, Edgar Elliot, Lorne Reid, Linda Nugent, Bruce Burnett, Judy McEwen, Hans Oehling, Roy Bannister, Tom Roobroeck.

Third row — Bill Lamb, Bill Maxwell, Roy Reid, Gordon Charland, Douglas Smith, George Grebenschikov, Earl Noorthoek, Martin Bailey, Glen Guilbault, David Roy, Absent—Bill Nash.

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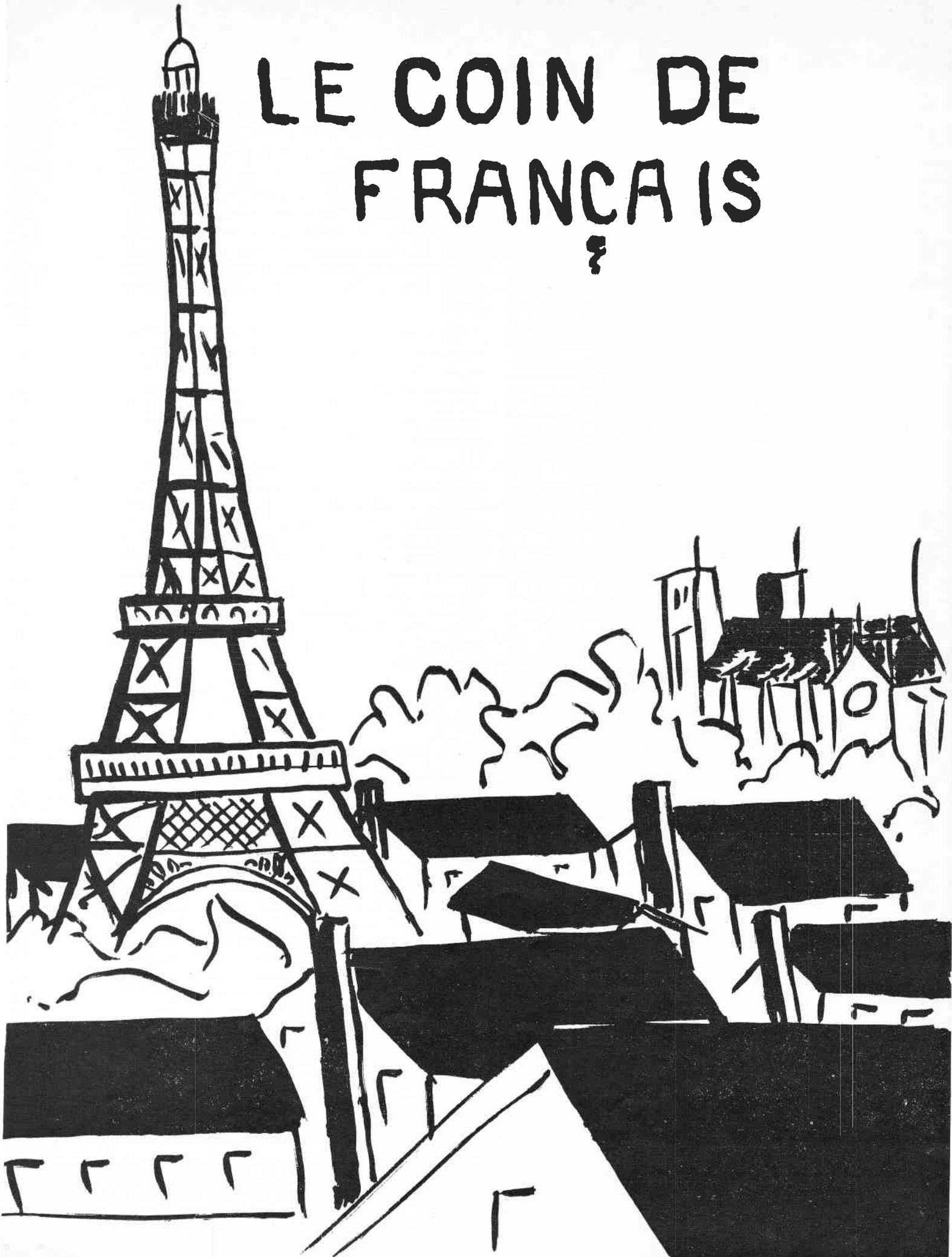
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LE COIN DE FRANÇAIS



les treize diables

C'était un soir dans une vieille maison où douze soldats se sont réunis pour jouer un petit jeu. Le plus vieux a dit "qui n'a pas peur du diable?" Personne n'a rien dit et tout d'un coup un soldat a levé la main. Le plus vieux a dit d'aller au cimetière exactement à minuit et que le reste des soldats le rejoindrait à minuit et demie. Vers minuit ce soldat est allé au cimetière et a décidé de faire peur à ses compagnons. Il est allé au magasin et a acheté un costume de diable. Quand les autres soldats allaient le rejoindre ils voulaient faire peur au soldat au cimetière et eux aussi ont acheté des costumes de diable. Quand ils sont arrivés au cimetière tous les douze soldats étaient très surpris. Le plus vieux a compté tous les soldats et en a trouvé treize au lieu de douze. Il a tout de suite ordonné aux soldats d'ôter leurs masques. Douze les ont ôtés et un treizième est resté sans bouger. Ensuite le treizième "diable" a commencé à rire comme un fou et puis a disparu en riant. Moi, je crois que c'était un vrai diable. Et vous?

Grade 8

Nicolas Grebenschikov

le printemps

Je me rappelle les jours de ma jeunesse quand j'habitais La Belgique. C'était vers la fin d'avril et ce devait être un certain jour de repos; j'ai quitté ma maison de bonne heure et m'en suis allé seul, au hasard me promener sur les grandes routes. Les ormeaux n'avaient pas encore de feuilles, mais ils s'étaient couverts de bourgeons: les prairies ne formaient qu'un vaste jardin fleuri de marguerites, le soleil vif et chaud, faisait chanter les alouettes et semblait les attirer plus près du ciel. Il y avait partout des insectes nouveau-nés que le vent balançait à la pointe des grandes herbes et des oiseaux qui passaient deux à deux à tire-d'aile et se dirigeaient soit dans les blés, les foin ou les buissons. De loin se promenaient des malades ou des vieillards que le printemps rendait à la vie, et dans des endroits plus ouverts où le vent était plus fort, des enfants lançaient des cerfs-volants. En revenant à la maison je me sentais plus rafraîchi et plus fort.

Grade 9

George Grebenschikov

la montagne majestueuse

Un matin mon amie et moi, avons décidé de gravir la montagne qui est située sur l'autre côté de la rivière. Nous sommes partis de bonne heure le matin et avons traversé la rivière en

bateau. Bientôt nous sommes arrivés au bord de la montagne. Nous avons attaché le bateau près d'un grand arbre et avons commencé notre voyage au sommet. Le chemin le plus facile semblait nous conduire à travers le bois et alors nous avons dû monter la face de la montagne, mais en réalité il était très difficile. En grim pant, j'ai laissé tomber dans la rivière notre dîner. Je suis retourné et j'ai vu que nous étions à la cime d'une falaise ce qui me faisait grand peur dès le commencement de l'expédition.

Enfin, après une longue et fatigante journée, nous sommes arrivés au sommet. Nous y avons trouvé des arbres où il faisait frais et nous nous sommes reposés un peu, tout en mangeant des bleuets que nous y avons trouvés. Que c'est merveilleux de ne pas être dérangé par d'autres personnes!

La rivière était de couleur bleue foncée et les bateaux étaient comme de petits morceaux de bois. J'étais si contente d'avoir apporté mon appareil et nous avons fait plusieurs photos. Après quelques temps mon amie a suggéré d'aller chez nous. Je trouve qu'il est plus facile de descendre que de gravir la montagne. Bientôt nous étions de nouveau sur la rivière et allions vers le cottage. J'étais très heureuse d'avoir fait des photos pour mon album et je sais que je n'oublierai jamais la montagne majestueuse.

Grade 9

Ann Seeman

une tempête sur la mer

Une tempête affreuse se levait sur la mer. Les nuages couvraient le ciel, le vent soufflait avec une violence extraordinaire. Il y avait un seul navire sur la mer avec plusieurs passagers. Le navire roulait beaucoup à cause du vent. Les vagues qui devenaient hautes tombaient sur le pont du navire. Il n'y avait pas de danger que l'eau pouvait arriver aux passagers car ils pouvaient se réfugier dans une petite cabane en bas du navire. Tout le monde était réuni dans cette petite cabane parlant avec beaucoup d'émotion et d'une voix triste. Le capitaine et ses hommes faisaient leur possible pour rendre les passagers heureux. Parmi les passagers il y avait des petits enfants qui pleuraient de peur.

La nuit noire s'approchait lentement et le vent continuait. Tout le monde sur le navire dormait enfin.

Le lendemain la tempête cessait, peu à peu, et enfin le soleil se faisait sentir. Bientôt après

le vent a cessé, la mer ne roulait plus et tous les passagers étaient heureux encore une fois. Mais malgré tout cela, une situation dangereuse existait. Le capitaine a essayé, plusieurs fois, d'envoyer un message demandant du secours du bureau de sauvétage, mais pas de chance.

Quelques heures plus tard le capitaine a remarqué qu'un navire se dirigeait vers eux. Les passagers, voyant ce navire, pleuraient de joie. Le capitaine et ses hommes ont fait débarquer les passagers et leurs bagages. Tout le monde se hâtait de descendre et une fois en route ils se sont dit, "Je pense que je n'oublierai jamais ce terrible incident qui s'est passé sur la mer la nuit dernière.

Grade 9

Jean McConnell

ma première vue du canada

Le soir du 25 juillet, 1950, il y avait beaucoup d'excitation à bord de l'Impératrice du Canada. Elle venait d'entrer le fleuve St. Laurent et les passagers étaient sur le pont absorbant la beauté de leur premier coucher du soleil canadien.

Ce soir-là, à cause de toute cette excitation, je n'ai presque pas dormi, et par conséquent j'étais une des premières sur le pont le lendemain matin. Là, tracée vaguement dans le lever du soleil, apparaissait la cité de Québec, enveloppée d'un brouillard blême. Les fenêtres d'un édifice renommé, le Château Frontenac, ont saisi la lumière du soleil et l'a réfléchi en rayons d'ors sur les quais.

A Québec, l'Impératrice du Canada a jeté l'ancre à quatre heures et plusieurs passagers ont débarqué. Nous avons fait la connaissance d'une autre famille suisse avec laquelle nous avons mangé un dîner de poulet succulent. Plus tard nous avons fait une promenade en taxi par des routes serpentine vers le Citadelle de Québec, qui donnait sur le fleuve avec une fière manifestation française. Au bout de nos quatre premières heures sur le sol canadien, nous étions de nouveau sur le transatlantique avec un trésor de films à développer, et quelques souvenirs que nous avons achetés dans les boutiques.

Cet après-midi, au milieu du bruit des sirènes des navires, nous sommes partis vers Montréal. Le lendemain de bonne heure, nous avons regardé par les sabords mais n'avons vu que la brume qui engloutait le paquebot. Plus tard quand nous étions sur le pont, nous pouvions discerner les remorqueurs traînant notre transatlantique dans le port. Voilà, enfin, nous sommes arrivés à Montréal!

A l'instant le navire était attaché au quai, on voyait commencer partout beaucoup d'activité. J'étais fasciné par une grue énorme qui baissait sur le pont un filet dans lequel on mettait des valises, des malles et toutes sortes d'autres choses. Alors le filet plein était levé vers le quai, et la marchandise était déchargée sans trop de soin.

Après deux heures bruyantes, nous étions enfin capables de descendre la passerelle et de quitter l'Impératrice du Canada pour la deuxième et dernière fois.

Par une raison inexplicable, nous étions presque les seules personnes dans la longue ligne qui n'étaient pas obligées d'ouvrir nos valises.

Nous sommes arrivés à Ottawa le soir du même jour—le 27 juillet. Les cloches dans la Tour de Paix sonnaient comme s'ils voulaient nous souhaiter la bienvenue. Je me souviens de ma mère remarquant qu'elle allait apprécier de vivre ici.

En conduisant dans les collines du Gatineau, comme preuve de ces mots, le coucher du soleil était réfléchi dans le ciel de l'ouest formant un joli tableau de petits nuages rouges foncés. Une mélange de couleurs a fondu dans le liquide du ciel et des doigts de couleur jaune, orange, rose et violette se montraient lentement dans le ciel créant un des plus beaux couchers du soleil canadiens que j'ai admiré plusieurs fois depuis ce moment-là.

Grade 10

Katharina Kehl

cache-cache

Cette histoire s'est passée en Allemagne il y a bien des années.

Il y avait une fois un jeune Prince et ses compagnons qui marbhaient à travers le bois. Tout à coup ils ont réalisé qu'il était très tard. A une certaine distance ils apercevaient une petite lueur. Comme ils s'approchaient, ils apercevaient que la lumière venait d'une hutte située près d'un magnifique château.

Le Prince a décidé d'aller frapper à la porte. Un vieillard robuste, vieilli par les années, leur a répondu. "Je me nomme Le Prince Erich Von Helmut, et demande asile pour la nuit pour moi et mes compagnons. "Le vieillard les a acceptés naturellement et présentement tous se sont installés à table pour un bon souper.

Par curiosité, le Prince a demandé à qui appartenait le gros château voisin. Il lui a répondu, "Ah . . . c'est une longue histoire."

Cela a commencé quand je travaillais pour le Comte à qui appartenait le Château. Ce dernier avait une fortune collosale et il avait une fille d'une grande beauté qui s'appelait Léonora, qui était sur le point de se marier avec un Prince très riche.

Le jour du mariage, ils ont eu une grande fête au Château. Tous ont décidé de jouer à cache-cache, et à la fin de la partie, tous se sont retrouvés sauf Léonora qui avait disparu dont les traces n'ont jamais été retrouvées.

Après ce triste événement, le Comte est parti de ne jamais revenir, avec son désespoir et le concierge n'a jamais entendu parler de lui encore.

Quand le Prince avait entendu cette histoire, il a décidé d'examiner le Château. Après être entrés dans le Château, ils ont décidé de jouer à cache-cache.

Le Prince est monté sur un petit escalier en courant et s'est caché derrière un rideau rouge. Soudainement il a remarqué, qu'en poussant un bouton, le mur s'ouvrirait. Il est entré et s'est trouvé prisonnier dans une petite chambre. Le mur s'est refermé et il est entré dans une autre grande chambre où se trouvait une jeune fille qui dormait sur un lit. Il pensait que c'était une des filles du vieillard mais quand il a voulu la réveiller, il s'est aperçu qu'elle priait. Il ne savait pas quoi faire quand il a remarqué un cahier sur lequel il a vu ces mots écrits: "Toutes personnes qui enreront ici, auront le même sort que moi, car je suis Léonora!"

Tout à coup il a entendu un chat qui criait. C'était le chat qui était devenu son ami dans la hutte du concierge. Le chat était entré par une petite ouverture trop petite pour le Prince. Il a décidé d'écrire une petite note et de l'attacher autour du coup du chat espérant que la note arriverait au concierge lui sauvant la vie.

Grade 10

Richard Kohler

un voyage d'ete

Il y a deux ans que j'ai fait un voyage dans l'ouest du Canada. Quel excitation quand ma mère m'a dit que la famille allait visiter mon oncle sur l'île de Vancouver. Pendant les semaines avant de partir nous étions très occupés faisant les malles et emballant plusieurs autres choses dont nous aurions besoin pendant le voyage.

Enfin le jour de partir est venu et nous avons pris un taxi pour aller à la gare. A la station, il y avait beaucoup de va et vient et le temps

a passé assez vite. Tout à coup, nous avons entendu le train dans la distance, et bientôt mon frère a remarqué un petit point sur l'horizon qui s'approchait vite. Il semblait être un rêve quand nous sommes montés dans le train et il a commencé de s'éloigner.

Le paysage tout le long de la route était très beau. En Ontario, nous avons passé par des villages dans la vallée de l'Ottawa. Le deuxième jour nous avons passé les lacs Huron et Supérieur et les forêts d'Ontario du nord. Les repas étaient excellents et après avoir fini nos repas, nous montions dans le dôme où il était possible de voir de longues distances et d'admirer, tout le long de la route, le beau paysage canadien. Peu après notre départ de Winnipeg nous avions sommeil, alors nous nous sommes couchés de bonne heure. Le matin, en nous levant, nous avons aperçu que le train était déjà arrivé à Moose Creek, Saskatchewan. J'ai admiré beaucoup les champs de blé et les puits d'huile que j'ai vus tout le long de la route. A la fin de la journée nous nous sommes trouvés dans les Montagnes Rocheuses. Je n'ai jamais vu des montagnes si grandes et si majestueuses. Le lendemain matin nous nous sommes rendus à la belle ville de Vancouver.

Après un long voyage en autobus, nous sommes arrivés au quai où nous sommes montés sur un Bac. Le détroit de Georgia était calme ce jour-là et bientôt, nous pouvions voir la ville pittoresque de Nanaimo.

Je me suis bien amusé pendant le voyage entier, et ma famille et moi, nous nous rappelons souvent l'été que nous avons passé à travers ce beau pays qui est le Canada.

Grade 10

June Carnahan

la tete dans la lune

C'était la veille de ma dernière heure. J'avais eu cette assignation pour plus d'une semaine; mais à cause d'une paresse incorrigible, je l'avais remise au lendemain jusqu'à ce que je ne pouvais plus la remettre. Oui, j'avais une composition d'environ trois cent mots à écrire, un choix d'une dizaine de sujets, mais pas une seule idée dans ma cervelle de moineau. C'était comme si mon entier système cérébral s'était mis en grève; cela m'arrive de temps en temps! Soudainement, j'ai trouvé une ouverture dans mon département d'imagination. Etant curieuse, j'ai regardé et je me suis vue, dans une demi-douzaine d'années, assise dans le bureau central du "New York Times".

Quelle vie, c'était absolument magnifique! Naturellement mes histoires frappaient toujours la première page. Ce jour en particulier, on

m'envoyait pour couvrir une nouvelle internationale au Panama. C'était mon premier rôle comme correspondente, alors j'étais très excitée. Mes doigts devaient avoir des ailes; sans doute le crayon que j'employais était magique car je n'avais jamais trouvé une histoire aussi facile à écrire. En vingt-quatre heures, j'étais retournée à mon bureau pour lire mon article qui avait de nouveau pris sa place habituelle sur la première page.

Mais, tout à coup, à ma surprise, j'ai vu que le journal devant moi n'était pas vraiment un journal mais simplement une feuille blanche, déchirée d'un cahier; mon crayon magique n'était qu'un vieux crayon jaune dont le bout avait été mordu. Quelle déception! Ce jour glorieux n'avait été qu'un rêve-moi, je n'étais qu'une personne très ordinaire dans un monde turbulent et pressé. Je travaillais fort vers quelque chose à quoi je tenais bien, sachant que ce rêve d'être journaliste, un jour, ne serait jamais réalisé si je ne pouvais même pas écrire un simple essai de deux ou trois cent mots.

C'est alors que je me suis aperçue que c'est très facile d'écrire, si seulement on emploie un peu de curiosité et d'imagination. Ne croyez-vous pas que j'ai raison, car voici ma composition, toute finie, n'est-ce-pas?

Grade XI

Merle Hébert

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A C T I V I T I E S



christmas is in the air

Eight o'clock approaches . . . the house lights slowly dim. A large audience hushes and quietly the curtain parts. Under the multi-coloured stage lights the chorus sings several popular melodies ushering in the Christmas season as the title so aptly suggests. Thanks go out not only to the members of the chorus but to all who took part in the concert and toiled many hours to prepare this worthwhile project.

While many worked ceaselessly behind the curtains, a formally dressed Donna Brand took over the spotlight to introduce the different items on the programme. We at the concert were treated to many fine selections in both French and English. A great deal can be said for this type of entertainment as it creates a truly bilingual atmosphere. The most we can say is "thank you" to all who participated for providing us with a very enjoyable evening.

The youngsters in Grade one, two and three seemed to have established a tradition in Hull High of providing the most hilarious skits in the concert. This year they outdid themselves as they gracefully bounced their way through numbers like, "Santa's Shabby Suit," "When Santa had the Rheumatiz" and "What's wrong with Dirt". One of the highlights of the evening was the presentation of that wonderful Christmas play "No Room In The Inn" by Grades 7A and 7B, directed by Mrs. Andrews and Mrs. Bate.

The music for the entire concert was under the direction of Mrs. Van Dyck, Director of music at the school.

Thanks must also go out to Mr. Saint-Pierre, director of the concert, the great numbers of people who worked behind the scenes with him, make-up, stage crews, ushers and costumes, and to the members of the staff who took their valuable time to contribute their efforts to the concert—without them, who knows what would have happened?

M.C.

winter carnival

On January 28, 1960, a carnival for grades one to four was held on the large rink at the school. Parents and visitors were invited to attend. The weatherman was very co-operative and produced a mild day just perfect for the occasion.

Events commenced with the judging of the costumes worn by the children. The prizes came in three categories, the best, the most original, and the funniest.

The grade ones had many pretty costumes and the awards went to Pamela Friedebrown, a very authentic gypsy, for the best, Margaret Brunet, a pretty little valentine, for the most original, and Myron Huntsington for the funniest hobo that afternoon.

Grade two produced quite an array of costumes. The best costume was that of a valentine girl worn by Patty Sladin, the most original was Donnie Banister's robot, the funniest was "Terry, the Turkish Lady", disguising Ann Smythe.

Grade three had the most costumes of any grade and the prizes went as follows: Pamela Gilmette in an attractive skating outfit had the best costume, Gordie Derraugh had the most original, a soldier's uniform, and Lynn Brown, a member of a barber shop's quartet, was the funniest.

In grade four, the prizes were awarded to Kathy Lee, a Spanish senorita, for the best, to Alison Taylor, a Front Page Challenge Billboard, for the most original, and to Gail Green, a witch, for the funniest.

In the finals from all the winners, the best costume went to Pamela Gilmette, the most original went to Pamela Friedebrown, and the funniest was Lynn Brown.

Next came a series of thrilling races. In girls, ages 6-7, first went to Susan Garrioch and second to Dana Shaw. There was no third prize to this event, because a nine year old boy raced and came in third. He was picked out but quickly disqualified. It turned out that no one knew who had really come in third. This caused a lot of confusion, I might add.

In boys, ages 6-7, David Storay, Ronnie Kerr and Wayne Green came in first, second, and third respectively.

Girls, 8-9, first prize went to Elizabeth Kaminska, second to Sandra Joliff and third to Pamela Gilmette.

Boys, 8-9, Brian Cushman came first, Peter Weir came second and Kenneth Bilingsley, third.

Girls over 9, Kathy Lee, Helen Gagne, and Heather Macintosh came first, second, and third.

Boys over 9, Alex England came first, Steven Broadhead came second and Frankie Radmore came third.

After the events on the rink were completed, everyone proceeded to the cafeteria where hot chocolate and doughnuts were served by grade eleven students and prizes were awarded. Everyone involved had a wonderful time and our carnival was an overwhelming success.

Grade 10

June Carnahan

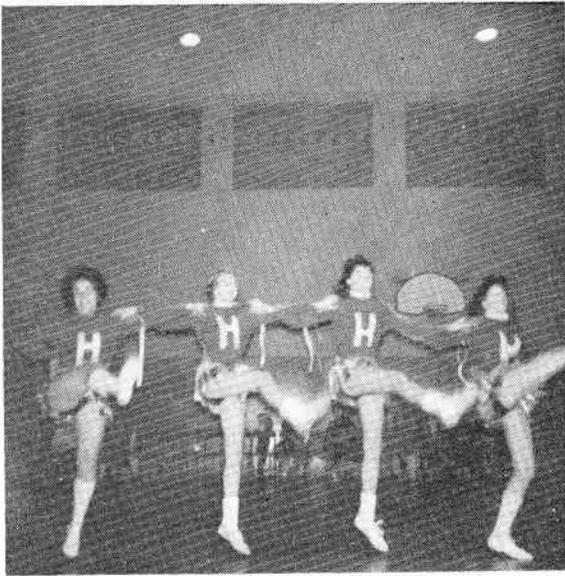
It's Your World



In a second game in the Ottawa Citizen's "It's Your World" radio contest Eastview High School managed a half-point win over Hull Protestant High School. The Hull School was represented by, left to right around the table Merle Hebert, Mark Kujala and Karen Chapman and Eastview by Keither Bezanson, Alan Coombes and Gayle Webb. Well done Hull! Better luck next time.

HULL HOME AND SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

Wishes the Graduates of Hull High School
continued success in their chosen careers





a trip to parliament

On Monday, February the 8th of this year it was the privilege of the two senior high school grades to attend a session of Parliament. We journeyed to Otaawa in two groups, the girls in the first bus with Mrs. Christie, the boys in the next bus under the direction of Mr. McCabe. After disembarking from the buses at the Chateau Laurier we walked to Parliament Hill, where we beheld the magnificence of the Peace Tower and Parliament Buildings. On entering the lobby, we were summoned by the guards to wait until the Symbol of Parliament, the Mace, was brought from its keeping place to the House of Commons by the Sergeant-at-Arms escorted by the guards and the Clerks of the House, garbed in three cornered hats and ceremonial robes. A bell rang, summoning the members to their places, after which we proceeded from the lobby to the Gallery.

There we saw the room in which so many important bills are debated. The House is divided into two halves. On the left side, the Government Party in majority sits as well as the opposition party and the overflow of members from the government. At the far end of the House is located the Speaker's Chair, which is a large canopy covered chair mounted atop a platform. Around the edge of the platform sit the Page-Boys who run the many messages and errands for the members and clerks. Before the Speaker's Chair is the table around which the Clerks sit. It is on this table that the Mace remains while the House is in session. Further down the centre aisle sit the Hansard Reporters who copy in shorthand every statement that is spoken in the House by the Members, Clerks, and the Speaker.

After the House was called to order by the Speaker a number of small bills and issues were passed. Then began a debate which lasted for a lengthy period. Of the two hundred and sixty-five members approximately forty sat in on the debate which was listened to by only two of the twenty members of the Cabinet. Although we were pleased with the appearance and ceremonial dignity of the meeting it was unfortunately a solemn day in the House. The trip did however illustrate the dignity and importance of our parliament and most of all it made us appreciate living in a democratic country where we govern ourselves.

Grade 10

Hubert McClelland

visit of the registrar of carleton university

At nine o'clock, on February ninth, the High School Grades gathered in the gym to listen to an address from the registrar of Carleton University, Mr. McLeish, M.A., P.H.D. He spoke to us about going to University and gave details about Carleton. He emphasized that we must choose the career we are to follow in high school and select it according to our talents and interests. The expenses of going to University at Carleton and other Universities were quoted. In connection with this he spent much time informing us of the various scholarships, bursaries and loans. He also told us about the great social life in a university, even a small one like Carleton. Some mention was also given to the academic standing required to enter Carleton and other Universities.

Next we had a question period in which the subject of financial help was again brought up. Having successfully skipped the first period Grades VIII to X returned to their classrooms while Grade XI remained for further discussion.

Grade 10

Diane Lee

nursing

"With loyalty will I endeavour to aid the physician in his work and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care" a nurse vows at graduation.

A nurse must have certain qualifications to be successful in her profession. She must be in perfect health and have endurance against fatigue as her job keeps her on her feet most of the time. A nurse must be intelligent enough to take the necessary precautions against her own sickness. She must have moral strength to face unpleasant realities and keep a happy outlook on life. A friendly disposition, tact, sympathy and patience are important characteristics to be a good nurse. Also she must be able to follow accurately the physicians orders and be able to be corrected without feeling hurt or becoming angry.

A high school education is essential to enter a school of nursing. Some provincial nursing acts state certain subjects which one must take. The course is usually three years at the end of which a nurse writes provincial examinations to qualify as a registered nurse.

A nurse has many interesting fields open to her into which she can enter and expand her

knowledge. There is hospital work with opportunities for medical and surgical nursing, obstetrical, children's and operating room nursing. Public health nursing enables the individual to work with school children and people in the community interested in maintenance of health. Also, there are opportunities in private nursing, tuberculosis, psychiatric, nursing armed services, mission work and other fields too numerous to mention. There is a job to suit almost any taste.

Nursing is a career of the future. Nurses are in continual demand so that the registered nurse need worry little about unemployment. Nursing is always useful and helps in homemaking. A married woman is able to do relief nursing and work only a few days a week to help the family bankbook. A nurse has an opportunity for travel and employment abroad because a Canadian nurse registration certificate is highly regarded. Nursing, most of all, is a very satisfying profession. A nurse is always working with people and their problems. She is able to help people when help is most needed. Her training enables her to alleviate suffering when others are only able to stand by and sympathize. The nurse is respected everywhere because her contribution to humanity is great.

Grade 11

Margo Smith

the nurse

The world grows better year by year
 Because some nurse in her own little sphere,
 Puts on apron and grins and sings,
 And keeps on doing the same old things.
 Taking the temperatures, giving the pills
 To remedy mankind's numberless ills;
 Feeding the baby, answering the bells
 Being polite with a heart that rebels.
 Longing for home and all the while
 Wearing the same old professional smile;
 Blessing the newborn babe's first breath,
 Closing the eyes that are still in death.
 Taking the blame for the Doctor's mistakes,
 Oh dear, what a lot of patience it takes,
 Going off duty at seven o'clock
 Tired, discouraged, and ready to drop
 When we lay down our caps and cross the bar
 Oh Lord, will you give us just one little star,
 To wear in our crowns with our uniforms new
 In that city above, where the head nurse is
 YOU.

who should go to college?

In answering this question, I think, that we should first consider the requirements for entrance into a college or university. First, a student must pass his matric exams with an average of 60% or over. Next, he must be able to pay an annual tuition fee of approximately \$500.

According to statistics an estimated 70% of Canada's pupils pack up their school books before they finish Grade 12. It is also interesting to note that of an estimated 33% who are intelligent enough to go to college only 9% actually do reach this level. Economic necessity is not the only, or even the main reason for students leaving school.

Factors for "drop-out" students include disinterest in school, inability to see any purpose in further education, desire for change, early marriage for girls and little encouragement for schooling from home.

However, there are a number of steps which might be taken to improve this situation. Disinterest in school is often caused by poor teaching, therefore an even greater attempt should be made to obtain well qualified teachers. Smaller classes and better equipped labs and libraries would also help to remedy the problem. Many high schools have found that vocational guidance is effective in stimulating high school students' interest in further education. Lastly, I think there should be an increase in the number of scholarships, bursaries and loans offered and that they should consist of larger amounts of money.

Finally, looking at the question from an entirely materialistic point of view it pays a boy or girl to remain in school just as long as he or she possibly can. Statistics show that male high school graduates have a medium wage of \$65 a week, while "drop-outs" earn \$52. A girl with a diploma makes \$44 a week whereas the girl who hasn't finished high school picks up a paycheck of only \$26. Also if a student continues his schooling and enters the business world with a university degree his salary should average at least \$10,000 per year.

In conclusion, I think, that the 33% who can benefit from a college education should go and this would be possible if as one university president said "Canadians paid more than lip service to education."

Grade 11

Karen Chapman

Social . . .

SADIE HAWKINS DAY

THIS IS THE DAY THE GIRLS WENT TO TOWN,
INVITED THE FELLOWS AND SQUIRED THEM 'ROUND.
PUMPKINS, CORSAGES, BARE-FEET—WHAT A SIGHT!
MADE THE SADIE HAWKINS DANCE SHEER DELIGHT.

SWEETHEART DANCE

A GREAT BIG HEART IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FLOOR
BROUGHT US BACK TO THE GYM ONCE MORE.
MANY HEARTS WERE PIERCED BY CUPID'S LANCE—
VERY A PROPOS FOR THE SWEETHEART DANCE!

SPRING PROM

RIGOR MORTIS SETTING IN,
JUST WHEN LIFE SHOULD BEGIN.
INSTEAD OF ENDING WITH A SHOUT,
THE SOCIAL YEAR JUST PETERED OUT.

teaching

Teaching is tremendously interesting to persons with the right characteristics, for the teacher deals with a group of individuals, each one is different from the other and changing from day to day.

To be a good teacher you require the same sort of qualities which are needed for success in other professions: good health, personality; a good academic background, and a knowledge of your job.

To enter teachers' training one must have a high school leaving certificate which represents a pass in ten subjects. Then ten subjects must include the four compulsory subjects, Oral French, Written French, English Literature, English Composition and any six of the following subjects, Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, North American Literature, Chemistry, Biology, Physics, History, Typing, or Shorthand.

There are several features which make teaching attractive. One is the excellent pension plan which is provided for members of this profession and the good salary which is gradually being raised. Another is the opportunity to further one's education. Teachers have a two month holiday in the summer and many teachers take advantage of this time to attend Summer School. Teaching is one of the few professions which you can leave and return to several years later. Working conditions in schools range from poor to excellent. But generally schools are modern, and well equipped. All share these advantages to varying degrees, but all enjoy the satisfaction which comes from putting forward their best.

Few satisfactions in life are comparable with those which come from service. And service is the key note to the teaching profession.

Grade 11

Margaret Martin

SKAFF

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OUR SCHOOL NURSE



This is Miss Mae Robertson, our school nurse who was born in Scotland and educated in Edinburgh. When she came to Canada on a holiday, she loved the country from coast to coast, so she decided to stay. After making that decision, she went to The Womens College to learn the technique of nursing in Canada.

After completing her course, Miss Robertson came to Ottawa and very soon became School Nurse for Papineau County. This means working in conjunction with the Health Unit contriving to protect the health of school children against communicable diseases and skin diseases.

As well as protecting health, school nurses try to detect and correct any defects such as eyes, ears, nose and throat, teeth and orthopaedic defects. Each child is weighed and vision tested and parents are advised of the results.

And lastly they try to promote health. Health education is taught in the classroom, as a subject, and the school nurse's aim is to create within the child, the desire to be clean and healthy.

Such is the life of a school nurse!

Grade 11

Sandra McClelland

Commercial Class



First Row: Left to Right — Eileen Wiggett, Lorna Chamberlain, Mrs. E. Burden, Jean McConnell, Lois Fleury.

Second Row — Isabel Young, Kevin O'Keefe, Beverly Iles, Jim Brunet, Shirley Sharpley, Marilyn Dawson, Reggie Lorrain, Marilyn Bénard, Lionel Wright.

Mrs. Evelyn Burden is the teacher of the Commercial class and to her goes a good deal of the credit for the establishment of this course. In 1955-56, Mrs. Burden began to teach some of the Commercial subjects. In that year she taught Typewriting to Grades IX and X. In 1956-57, Typewriting was extended to include Grades VIII to XI, and Grade IX started taking Shorthand. The following year, 1957-58, Typewriting was again taught in Grades VIII to XI, and Grades IX and X took Shorthand. In 1958-59 Grades VIII to XI studied Typewriting and Grades IX to XI, Shorthand. This year,

1959-60, it was decided to separate the Academic and Commercial courses.

In Grade IX the students take French (oral and written), English Literature, English Composition, History, Arithmetic, Spelling and the Commercial subjects, Shorthand, Typewriting and Bookkeeping.

There are nine students in Grade IX who are taking the Commercial course, four in Grade X, and one in Grade XI. Students taking the Commercial course receive a High School Leaving Certificate in Commerce and are qualified for secretarial and junior accountancy positions.



9/25/54



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Basketball

In 1955-56 Mrs. Bate undertook to coach our girls' basketball team. That year the girls won the Western Quebec League and the Payette Trophy which had been donated by Mr. John Payette of Hull for the first time. Proceeding on in the Provincial eliminations, Hull met the Lachute girls to lose to them in a two-game total point series.

In 1956-57 Hull came through with laurels, winning the Western Quebec League by defeating Lachute and Hudson to win the O.V.S.A.A. tournament and trophy. In February, the Provincial eliminations began, Hull meeting Lachute first in their gym and played to a 26-all tie. The next game at Hull ended with the Lachute girls being defeated by a score of 46-31. In the second elimination series against Hudson, the Hull girls defeated Hudson by a score of 47 to 20, Hudson conceding the series.

This was the turning of the tide for Hull. Exhilarated with joy and hope the girls continued on to the Provincial finals in Lennoxville, and there on their first trip down they proceeded to win the Provincial Championship and the much coveted MacLeod trophy.

This was the girls greatest year, having won five basketball trophies and the O.V.S.A.A. softball trophy. They brought great honour to their school.

The year 1957-58 brought Mrs. Bate and the boys' team together much to the consternation of the girls who feared Mrs. Bate might favour the boys and neglect her already famous team.

This year saw the beginning of our boys taking their share of victories. Both teams won the Western Quebec League, also the Newton and Payette Trophies. The boys also won the O.V.S.A.A. tournament. Both girls and boys proceeded to the Provincial play-offs in Lennoxville.

In the first game the Hull girls defeated Ayer's Cliff 42-10, but lost in the semi-finals in a two period overtime. Granby won 38-37. The boys won a hard game against Lennoxville, the score was 55-48. But, they lost the semifinals to Lachute in a score of 56-40. Bob Bagley although playing only two games in the tourney was the high scorer.

The year 1958-59 saw the girls winning the Western Quebec League, but the boys losing the league to Shawville by 6 points. Both competed in the O.V.S.A.A. tourney, the girls defeating Brownsburg in a home and home series, while the boys lost to Lachute by a mere 2 points, in a sudden death game.

Both teams again travelled to Bishop's gym, Lennoxville. The boys were eliminated in the semi-finals by Knowlton. The girls, due mostly to the refereeing lost in the finals to Hudson. The score was 50 to 42.

The girls played hard and although they did not win, were certainly a credit to their school.

Hockey

In the past few years it has been the custom to hold an all-day hockey tournament in Buckingham. Hull has taken its share of the spoils. Last year was Hull's best year in the school's hockey history.

Under the coaching of Mr. John Wallingford our Sr. boys won the Fennigan trophy at the Western Quebec tournament. They then started the elimination series towards the Provincial play-offs: First team to meet defeat was the Lachute crew. Then the Hull team motored to Montreal to meet the Shawinigan crew who had eliminated the Quebec High. Again Hull won, and were praised very highly by all those who saw this game. Then to Granby, where our boys who were heavily hit by penalties, lost in the finals to Sherbrooke.

We are very honored and proud to have had our own Billy Smith, centre on our hockey team, chosen to play for the Toronto Maple Leaf farm team the "Marlboros". Latest news is that Billy has been chosen on the "All Star" team.

Softball

There is not too much activity in softball. The Hull girls entered the O.V.S.A.A. tournament in 1957 and won all their games. This was a gruelling day and we have not participated since because of distance and requirement of games to be played in one day.

Track and Field

In shivering temperatures and a light drizzle of rain, Hull fielded a strong Senior team at Laurentian High School grounds on Saturday, May 23, 1959, to capture the Highest Aggregate Cup and the Senior Cup in the eighth running of the Gatineau Valley Field and Track meet.

Although Aylmer High School won the mid-get and intermediate cups, everyone was extremely proud of the performance of our own students in these two divisions. The total points for Hull were 129 and the runner up had 119. It is clearly evident from these facts that it was a team effort all the way.

High honours of the day went to two of our Senior students. The Brunet brothers, Rodger

and Jim, both broke the Senior High Jump record with heights of 5'7" and 5'4" respectively. This was the only new record established during the meet.

The day was ruled a complete success as each pupil journeyed home knowing he or she had done their part for our school.

Special thanks from all the pupils on the basketball teams, hockey teams, and track teams, go out to our Athletic Directress Mrs. Bate, and all the teachers who through the years have done everything they can to help us, the students of Hull High, make a proud name for our school in the field of Athletics.

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GRADUATES

Senior Boys' Basketball Team



Front row: Left to right — Markku Kujala, Rodger Brunet (Co-Captain), Skip Le Brun, (Captain), Robert Delaney, Jimmy Brunet.
 Second row — Bill Lamb, Reg Lorrain, Grant McClelland, Mrs. Ruth Bate, (Coach), Roy O'Hara, Hans Oehling, Douglas Smith.

Jimmie Brunet—leading scorer - good ball handler and good rebounder. Favourite saying "Estie".

Rodger Brunet—terrific dribbler - very good rebounder, possesses a fine shot. Favourite saying, "My stupid broder".

Markku Kujala—good playmaker and ball handler, has a fine shot. Favourite pastime "Walking up the Tetreau Hill".

Skip Lebrun—captain and an inspiration to the team, terrific rebounder and play maker. Favourite Expression "Don't Panic".

Robert Delaney—For first year on team is doing very well - has a fairly good shot.

Hans Oehling—Also first year player, is doing well - good rebounder. Favourite expression "Wake up and die right".

Grant McClelland—first year player - shows promise as a good guard and playmaker. Favourite expression "Zak"..

Reggie Lorrain—Experience is what is needed in this case, also first year on team.

Bill Lamb—Improving very fast during first year on team - good playmaker. Favourite pastime: Snapping fingers.

Douglas Smith—Another of the first year boys and is developing fast. Favourite pastime 'Chasing girls'.

Roy O'Hara—needs only experience to become a good player.

Captain,
Skip Lebrun,

Co-Captain,
Rodger Brunet.

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Senior Girls' Basketball Team



Front row: Left to right — Diane Christie, Sylvivia Keays, Beverly Iles, (Captain), Vivian Charron (Co-Captain), Sandra Brown, Jean McConnell.
 Second row — Ann Seeman, Sandra McClelland, Storme Genge, Mrs. Ruth Bate (Coach), Judy Radmore, Donna Thomas, Judy McEwan, Absent—Ann French.

Sandra Brown—Third year, left forward, second high scorer, quick tempered, back checks to her advantage and is an all-round athlete. Favourite expression. "That's not fair."

Sylvia Keays—Third year, center, good rebounder, basket hanger, small but wiry. Favourite expression. "Oh well".

Vivian Charron—Third year, right forward, high scorer of Western Quebec League, good shot, interceptor, and athlete of 58-59. Favourite pastime. "Telling the guards what to do".

Judy Radmore—Second year, forward, fast and good drive, and is doing well. Favourite expression. "You witch!"

Donna Thomas—Second year, center forward, small but fast and good rebounder. Favourite expression. "Oh! He's cute."

Diane Christie—Second year, forward, dribbles with left hand and is easy to play with. Favourite expression. "Me!"

Ann French—First year, good fighter and has shown a remarkable improvement during the year. Favourite expression. "Oh no!"

Sandra McLelland—Fifth year, old pro at guarding and plays it cool. Favourite expression. "Darn-it!"

Beverly Iles—Third year, guard, good interceptor, good at passing to forward under the basket. Athlete of 58-59. Favourite expression. "Oh heavens!"

Jean McConnell—Second year, guard, good fighter, fastest player on the team, and also plays forward. Favourite expression. "Mondaine!"

Judy McEwen—First year, guard, learning fast and has height to her advantage. Favourite expression. "Gosh it's my fault."

Ann Seeman—First year, guard, quick-tempered learns tricks of basketball easily. Favourite expression. "Hey, wait for me!"

Storme Genge—First year import from Fisher and passes well. Favourite pastime. "Getting fouls."

Mrs. Bate—Coach, likes her team to win and when we don't we get a good workout on Monday. Is very kind to her players. Other teams would give their eye teeth to get her.

Captain—Beverley Iles,

Co-Captain—Vivian Charron.

The Feminine Touch



Front row: Left to right — Karen Chapmen, Kathleen Smith, Merle Hébert.
Second row — Micki Kaminska, Shirley Sharpley, Karen Brown.

Hull High Cheer Leaders:

Karen Brown—Leads the cheers, yells loud, and really puts her heart in cheering.

Karen Chapman—Import from Lisgar, jumps high, kicks well, does cart-wheels, and is a real asset to the squad.

Merle Hébert—Kicks high, yells loud, jumps high, and puts life into the cheers.

Shirley Sharpley—Our red head, is an old pro at cheering and is an asset to the leaders.

Kittie Smith—Jumps and kicks high, does cart-wheels and learns fast the ideas of cheering.

Mickie Kaminska—Shy, reserved, and soft spoken, finishes off our sprite group of cheerleaders.

basketball

Ladies Senior "B" Canada Championship

The first game scheduled for Hull, was against Pepsi in a two game total point series. Hull lost the first home game by a score of 43 to 40. In the next game held at the Lisgar gym the team downed the Pepsiettes by a score of 54-33 and captured the Eastern Ontario Championship.

The Hull squad advanced to the play-downs against Montreal St. Lambert which were held at Chambly High School on March 26. This game was lost by a score of 46-36 and when Montreal returned for the second game, the deficit could not be overcome and the Hull squad went down to a 44 to 33 defeat.

If the team had been successful, it would have had to beat Toronto to become Canadian Amateur Basketball Champions. Further still, the team would have advanced to Kelowna B.C. for a tournament and a glorious one and a half-week trip.

Boys' rule team members were as follows: Sylvia Keays, Captain; Norma Sally, Co-captain; Barbara Jones, Phylis Gulick, Muriel Lee, Vivian Charron, Sandra Brown, Sandra McClelland, Jean MacConnell, Judy Radmore, Judy McEwan, Beverly Iles.

Coach: Mrs. Ruth Bate.

Lennoxville—April 1

At 8.30 on Friday morning our Senior girls' and boys' basketball teams departed for Lennoxville to compete for the Provincial Championships.

We reached Sherbrooke at 3.30 and by eight-thirty the girls' team had played and defeated Lennoxville High School at Bishop's College Gym by a score of 43 to 31 which put them in the semi-finals. The boys' first game was played on Saturday morning when they defeated Stanstead by a score of 55 to 42.

At one-thirty, our girls' team met and defeated Shawinigan 59 to 20 which put them in the finals against Chambly High School. The boys, not to be outdone by the girls' swamped Thetford by a score of 61 to 29. Both Hull teams were now in the finals, scheduled that evening at 7.30, against Chambly High School.

That night the girls met the Chambly team. The game was close all the way, and kept

everyone in suspense. Finally, the last quarter Hull pulled ahead and the astonished Chambly team was beaten by a score of 42 to 29. The girls' victory was all the boys needed. They played a terrific game all the way. The game ended with Hull on top, 39 to 34.

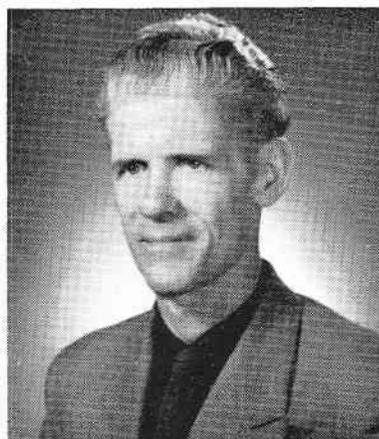
More glory was heaped on the boys' team when Rodger Brunet was voted the best all-round player by a group of judges. The defensive playing of our boys' team was voted as the best in Eastern Canada.

This was the first Provincial Championship for the boys and the second for the girls. It marked the first time that both teams from one school had come out on top.

This certainly was a thrilling climax to a happy year of basketball.

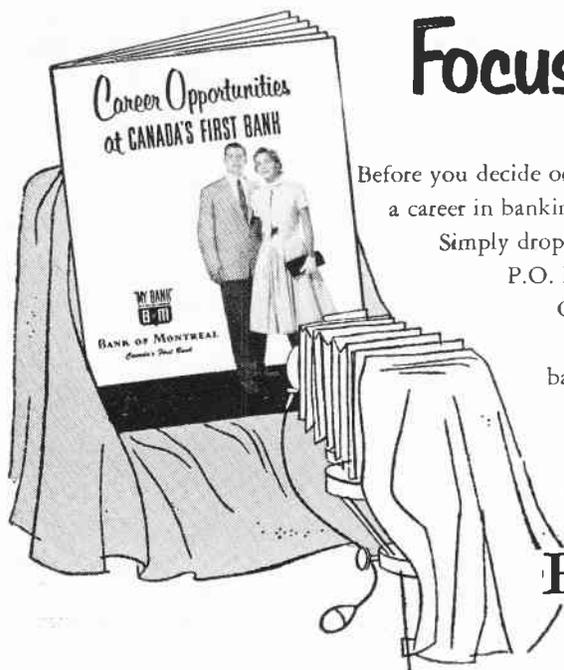
Members of the three basketball teams and cheerleaders extend their hearty thanks to our coach, Mrs. Ruth Bate, for all the time and energy she has spent with us during the past years.

Beverly Iles.



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the corn field

Smart Guy (getting on bus): "Well, Noah, is your Ark full?"

Driver: "No, I'm short one donkey. Come on in".

Lady of the House: "And what can I do for you."

Tramp: "If you don't mind, I'd like a coat sewed on this button".

Mrs. Jones: "Did you give the goldfish fresh water?"

Maid: "What's the use? They didn't drink what I gave them yesterday."

Teen-ager (stopping his car in filling station): "I'll take two quarts of gas and a pint of oil."

Filling Station Operator: "O.K., sir, and would you like me to sneeze in your tires?"

Lost: Green fountain pen by a man half full of ink.

Coed: "Is it true that carrots are good for the eyesight?"

Roommate: "Well, I never saw a rabbit wearing glasses."

Mother of a small boy told the school Psychiatrist:

"Well, I don't know whether or not he feels insecure, but everybody else in the neighbourhood does."

A woman opened her back door one day and found a sad man on her top step.

"Please, Ma'am," he said, "I haven't eaten in four days."

The housewife was properly astonished. "My good man," she exclaimed, "you should force yourself."

Two men were seated together in a crowded street car. One of them noticed that the other had his eyes closed.

"What's the matter, Bill," he asked, "feeling ill?"

"I'm alright," answered Bill, "but I hate to see the ladies standing."

A young theologian named Fiddle refused to accept his degree.

For, said he, it's enough to be Fiddle without being Fiddle, D.D.

Introducing Thomas Alva Edison at a dinner, the toast-master mentioned his many inventions dwelling at length on the talking machine. The aged inventor then rose to his feet, smiled and said gently:

I thank the gentleman for his kind remarks but I must insist upon a correction. God invented the talking machine. I only invented the first one that can be shut off!

Teacher: What's the most outstanding product chemistry has given the world?

Pupil: BLONDES.

Teacher: You can't sleep in my class.

Pupil: I could if you didn't talk so loud.

Statistics prove that no matter how careful a girl is if a fellow kisses her, it's ten to one, he'll do it right under her nose.

Teacher: Jimmy, your essay on milk was only half a page long, the others wrote six or seven pages.

Jimmie: I wrote on condensed milk.

Jack: "What do you mean by telling Mary that I was a fool?"

John: I'm sorry. I didn't know you wanted it kept a secret."

Mrs. B.: "Did you mark the place where the fishing was so good?"

Mrs. C.: "Yes, I put an x on the side of the boat".

Mrs. B.: "That's silly, what if we should get another boat?"

I had 8 bottles of whisky in my wardrobe, and was told by my wife to empty the contents of each and every one down the sink, or else!!!!

I said I would, and proceeded with this unpleasant task. I withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured it down the sink, I extracted the cork from the second bottle, and did likewise with it, I then withdrew the cork from the third bottle and poured the glass

down the sink, which I drank, I pulled the cork from the fourth bottle down the sink and poured the bottle down the glass which I drank, I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork down the pour.

When I had everything emptied, I steadied the house with one hand, counted the glasses, corks, bottles, and sinks with the other, which was twenty-nine, and as house came by, I counted them again. Finally I had all the houses in 1 bottle, which I drank. I'm not half as thick as you might think I am. I fool so foolish I don't know who me is, and the drunker I stay, the longer I get. I'm not under the influence of alcohol, as some think peep.

Goodnight!!!!

ricky's little cold

Ricky had a little cold, but wouldn't stay at home;

And everywhere that Ricky went, the cold was sure to roam;

It wandered into Sandra's eyes and filled them full of tears—

It jumped from there to Barbara's nose, and thence to Vivian's ears.

It painted Karen's throat bright red, and swelled poor Philippe's head;

Skippy had a fever, and a cough put Reid to bed,

The moral of this little tale is very quickly said—

He could have saved a lot of pain with just one day in bed!

ould doctor ma'ginn

The ould doctor had only one failin'
It stayed wid him, faith, till he died,
And that was the habit av wearin
His darby a thrifle wan side.

And twenty times daily 'twas straightened,
But try as he would for a year,
Not thinkin', he'd give it a teether
A wee bit down over wan ear.

It sat him lop-sided and aisy;
It troubled his kith and his kin—
But och, 'twas the only thing crooked
About our ould Doctor Ma'Ginn.

You couldn't be countin' the childer
He brought to this troublesome life,
Nor the ould that he aised into slumber
At the end av their worry and strife.

But now that he's gone to his glory—
Excuse me, a bit av a tear—
Here's twenty to wan that his halo
Is slantin' down over his ear.

a wise old owl

A wise old owl sat on an oak
The more he saw the less he spoke;
The less he spoke the more he heard;
Why aren't we like that wise old bird?

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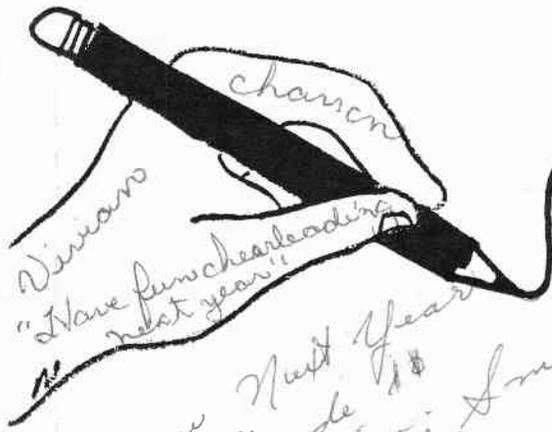
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yours till you get your "one and only", sarasabrown.

Divians
"I have funcheadleading
next year"

See you Next Year
In Grade 8
Kutter Smith
Hope your troubles will
be few.
Barbara French

Polish your track shoes
Michael Reiger

Best wishes in the future
Lynn Ross Jimmie
Best of luck
Merle Albert Brunet

Good luck Mike
Dianne Lee

lots of love
Sarah
Sarah

Wonderful job on the cover
But watch the angle
Dawn
I really don't think you're "dense"!

Rodger Brunet
Best of luck in future
Sylvia Keys

Best Wishes
Skip Lebrun

Good Luck.

Luann Strach

Wishing you find
the boy.
C. L. Van Zant

Best wishes to a good friend
Shirley Sharpley

Do your best
and forget the rest
Star Kujala

Stick in all your future
undertakings
Donna Thomas.

Love lives upon hope,
Friendship upon
memories
your friend
Karen C.

Hope you pass
French next
year

Good Luck
Bee Sullivan

Beverly Des.

Margaret J. ...

J. J. ...

E. Burdett

Best wishes
Margaret J.

E. C. Barclay

[Signature]

John A. Bate

H. M. ...

Good Luck!

Hubert M. ...

[Large mark]

lots of luck in the future!!!
June Carnahan

Jim Wyman

to my most
disagreeable
friend
Kacey
Dawson

Best Wishes
Helen Dellin

Hope you're never as
blue as this sock!
Ray Hethington

"Love lives upon hope
friendship upon memory!"

Vault Poirer

yours till U.S.A.
winks "Canada
Dry"
Beverley Reid

Best Luck in future
Ambitions
Beverly Reid

Good Luck & all that jazz,
Marlyn Bernard

The best of luck
Joyce Madure

Good Luck, Micki,
Marlyn Dawson

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