

Mix business, pleasure

Leave it to Cartwright High School to mix some delightful entertainment and music in with the school's commencement exercises Saturday evening at the Blackstock Recreation Centre.

The program, which featured the presentation of graduation diplomas, prizes, scholarships and other awards, included selections by the school's glee club and a one-act play, the Mystery of Mouldy Manor.

Janis Dorrell delivered the valedictorian address, as follows:

"I don't know about you, but I thought if you received a letter during the summer holidays, from your High School principal it could mean nothing but bad news.

Mr. Paisley assured me however, that his news would warm my heart but would probably spoil the rest of my glorious vacation.

My first premonition was right. Since then, I have been trying to condense five of the best years of my life into a few moments for this evening. It is an honour for me to have been chosen to give this Valedictory address on behalf of the graduating class of 1975, as we share our last commencement.

How many of you here tonight have found it a real asset to have come from a small town? The first big question at Carleton always is "Where are you from?" Those from Toronto haven't much of a conversation piece but when Mr. Tall, Dark and Handsome asks ME where I call home, I have his entire attention for the next few hours, just explaining. And if he dare make the mistake of asking about my school, I have him hooked for the evening.

I remember only too well, as I'm sure many of you do, those famous Cartwright initiations. In fact the clean-up was so thorough that week, I haven't had to wash my hair since. We grade niners knew that if we made it through initiation we could handle anything!

In our school almost everyone was involved. It might be Glee Club, Dramatics, Librarian, Cheerleader or as a member of the Students' Council. Events such as Field Day, Township clean-up, Outer's Club, Heart Fund and the school trips to Stratford ALL helped to add to the tremendous school spirit of CHS.

Although our school was small, every day was special. If it didn't start out that way we did our best to make it so. It was easy to keep in touch with the other students but if you hadn't been to the latest gossip session in the locker room, love letters or newsflashes could be found posted on the bulletin board. On one occasion, we found one of tonight's graduate's literally tacked to the board as well.

When things got dull or we just wanted to bother the studious one at the back of the room, our favourite game "Charades" would get under way. The all-time stumper was 'Chicken in the Bathtub.' This later became the Grade 13 anthem, replacing the Grade 12 hit song, 'Mini Mini Ravioli'. If our studious student still hadn't joined in the festivities, drastic measures would then be taken; 'Beat the Clock', relay races using metre sticks, or, if all else failed, walking on top of the desks with the right shoe switched with the left one. The would drive even the most devout brain into hysteria.

The boundaries of education hold no limits. No pot of gold is achieved when your formal schooling ends. In fact your long journey to 'the end of the rainbow' has only just begun.

And so to you, the present students of CHS, it is necessary that you not only enjoy your high school life but also set your sights in order, so that you can decide what your real values are. You should learn to think for yourself, not just to cram or memorize. Don't limit yourself. There is much in this world to see and do. As once said "Never let schooling interfere with your education!"

Prouder of you my fellow graduates I could not be. If the worth of a school is to be judged by the calibre of its products then we have in you an asset which will be a credit to the nation. I know that whatever challenges are offered, each of you will accept and succeed. Each will be a credit to the community whether it be business, health care or as a liberated 'domestic' engineer. I know we will all try to reach the personal goal that each of us has set, however high and hard it seems.

To night we realize that the fun and work of high school are over. Most of us are now living away from home - facing a strange world. We do not stand on our own merits. Our teachers, our churches and our communities have moulded the foundations upon which we are to build our future lives.

But there are those here tonight to whom it is most difficult to say Thank You. Words cannot possibly express our appreciation to parents. We are grateful to you for your guidance, for the set of values you have taught us and your courage in defending them. We hope we will not fail you.

Parenthood is the most difficult career anyone can choose, poor hours, no overtime pay, never a holiday -- and for all this responsibility you'll never get a raise, not even 10 percent. Success in this career is a reward found only in your own hearts.

Well, Katie's getting a little weepy and Dalt's just

dropped off for the second time, so I'll take my cue and wish you all a good night and to the graduating class for whom there will always be a place in my heart, Bonne Chance!

Poor George, he really must have been wondering if this could be a new approach in learning, when he came in to clean our room.

1975, Women's Year is the perfect time for our class to graduate, as you have probably noticed the high ratio of girls. Oh well, it kept a constant smile on Paul's face. We liberated CHS in many ways. One of which was disposing of the Snow Carnival Queen by replacing her with a king.

A landmark now dearly missed I'm sure, from the CHS parking lot, is the hottest Chevy Blackstock has every seen, a truly unique car, which for several months lacked reverse gear. It was most appreciated on those cold January Phys Ed Days when our entire class filled it to capacity as we all preferred even it to walking. Rumour has it the Students' Council wish to

purchase and bronze it as a monument to our class.

Sure, there were times when we got bored and when we'd had a rough morning. Then I'd suggest we all go to Vancouver for noon hour, but they'd all change their minds when they realized I was driving.

Most of the time our class was lucky - tragedies were few - losing a beau, gaining five pounds, or perhaps the greatest disaster - breaking the zipper on your favourite pair of levis.

We learned much more than the basics at our school. It took several years for us to realize that our teachers were human. Now we know how trying we were and can appreciate what dedication and hard work they put into their jobs. Mr. Paisley, we thank you for your tolerance and patience.

Mrs. Procuier never failed to amaze us with her endless knowledge of economics. Sarg's classes were NEVER boring, but if a late night before forced one to yawn in her history class, it

wouldn't be long before Mrs. Christie's boisterous, enthusiastic voice would ring out "Clear, or clear as mud."

It wasn't all play. I can think of many times when we would like to have gone out, but we had essays, assignments or tests to work on. When November, January, March or June exams rolled around one could count on two weeks of freedom being stolen away...and if you've ever wondered what it's like to arrive at school at 9 a.m. to discover you've studied for the wrong exam, I can tell you about that too. First, the chances of doing well are slim. Secondly, a Grade 11 math course and a Grade 11 English course have very little in common.

But looking back one can even laugh at the toughest of times. The challenge comes when we try to look at the future and keep our optimistic smiles. Our high school days are over and we realize

that education is more than just passing exams. We have learned the value of study, hard work and the satisfaction that comes from applying ourselves to the task at hand. Perhaps the most valuable result of all education is to make you do the thing you have to do, when it ought to be done, whether you like it or not. It is the first lesson that ought to be learned and it is probably the last lesson one learns - thoroughly.

Our generation is in desperate need of people who are honest, with the kind of honesty which considers a lie contemptible and a broken promise a disgrace - people with a passion for work - not necessarily for fame or money - but for the satisfaction which comes from achieving the difficult or attempting the impossible.

We will need to discipline ourselves in the face of luxury and easy living and THIS TAKES COURAGE.

March 3, 1976 — 3



Cartwright High School held commencement exercises at the Blackstock Recreation Centre on Saturday before a packed house of parents, friends, officials and former students. Cartwright's presentation included a one act play as well as musical selections. Seen here with valedictorian Janis Dorrell is school principal Gord Paisley and M.P.P. Bill Newman.



Port Perry branch of the Royal Canadian Legion held their annual public speaking contest and the four winners from this area will now go to the zone level to be held in Uxbridge this weekend. They are, from left Claudia Liebscher of Columbus; Barry Van Camp of Blackstock; Elizabeth Carnegie of Prince Albert; and (seated) Leslie Forder of Port Perry.