

Mr Chairman, Guests, Members of the Staff, and Fellow Graduates.

Commencement Day has for us, the members of the graduating class, a double significance. Today, perhaps for the first time, we fully realize that we have left our high school days behind us, and more, that we are embarking upon a unfamiliar sea, a sea often stormy and at times even cruel, but a sea full of adventure and of the joy of life. Thus, it is with mingled feelings of joy and regret that we come to Port Credit High School tonight. We greet this last gathering as we do the New Year-- joy at the thought that for most of us, our five years here, during which we have all had our moments of discouragement, have at last culminated in some degree of success. Regrets when we think that tonight for the last time, we are here, as students of Port Credit High School. Henceforth, we are to be known as graduates of this institution.

What a balm it is to the wounded spirits of those of us who are now attending University to come back to our Alma Mater, and find ourselves recognized and welcomed, after 3 months, during which we were made to fully realize just what a huge puddle this world is and what decidedly little toads we are,

As we enter this Assembly Hall tonight, this same room into which we were herded that bewildering day 5 yrs ago and where we have come to say good-bye, the last 5 years pass before us, one by one.

How different things seem now from that first day, so long ago, when we gazed in wonder at the green lockers, the cool corridors, & the classrooms. I believe the teachers must have regarded us despairingly as they looked at our awe-stricken faces devoid of hope or the least glimmer of intelligence. Later, on the brink of the chasm of examinations we learned that "Ignorance is NOT bliss" In our first year we did little less than establish a foothold in this institution. I will not dwell on our first struggle with the mysteries of Algebra and Latin, nor our various ways of becoming acquainted with detentions, as that is all a very old story to most of us.

Second year was the most carefree of all-- gone as quickly as it had been acquired was the inferiority complex which we carried about with us in the first form.

Then in fifth form loomed the highest hurdle of all the senior matric, from which unfortunately there was no escape for us. I want to thank our teachers for their patience, their advice and their keen interest during this trying time.

The school is the melting pot of youth. We come to it rough and unrefined. In it are moulded the great and lasting things of life, which endure long after we have left the classroom and playing field. Consider the number of famous friendships begun in ~~the~~ school such as that of Tennyson and Hallam.

Another important and essential element developed at highschool is character. From what I have heard character even more than knowledge is the ideal of education, - and rightly so.

For character plays the greatest part in the transformation from boyhood ~~and~~ and girlhood to manhood and womanhood

It was perhaps in fifth form that we began to realize that our teachers are rather human after all and not, as many of us had hitherto considered them, our natural born enemies.

During the 5 years we were admirably entertained by the Literary Society (though why they call it a "Literary" Society I have never found out) We are proud of our basket ball and Rugby teams who have shown great ability. No account of our schools activities would be complete without mention of the dramatic society and the splendid work it has done under the leadership of miss SISSONS I must not overlook another great factor in the school namely--THE GLEE CLUBS --especially the Girls which has won several trophies in the Peel County Festival. In oratory, music academic work and school spirit Port Credit has always shone in splendour

To night, entering the cafeteria, I was reminded of the noon hours spent there gossiping and eating ice cream cones, while a vigilant teacher observed us. Then I glanced at the gymnasium door and I remembered the times spent in the track watching exciting volley & basket ball games

There is one debt which we can never hope to pay in full --that is--the debt we owe to one who stood by us when the going was hardest, our principal, Mr DOUPE. But for his co-operation, his guidance and most of all his sympathetic understanding

understanding of our little worries, we should not have made the grade.

Then we go forth into the world to make our respective ways, some of us may soon be forgotten here by all and sundry, others will be remembered for awhile by their records in athletics, ~~xx~~ school work, dramatics, detentions, times late, and misdemeanors WE may not have carved our names in the P C H S Hall of Fame but at least we may have written our initials on the desks

And now the time has come to say good by~~e~~. On that never to be forgotten day last June when, very weary, we laid down our pens with an enormous sigh of relief and walked out of the side door of this building, we would have found this an easy task. We shall now say good-bye but we mean AU REVOIR. Whether we have chosen to pursue the course of learning still farther or to try our hand at the business world we shall come back from time to time for a friendly chat and a word of encouragement or advice from the teachers.

The youth of Athens gave an oath to their city an becoming citizens As citizens of Port Dredit High SCHOOL, we, in turn repeat "We will never bring disgrace to this our school by any act of dishonesty or cowardice-- thus, we will transmit this school not less, but greater, better, and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us. ~~ANDXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

And you who remain --the future of this school of ours lies in your hands --may it be a glorious one!