



the **B**



BREBEUF COLLEGE SCHOOL

GRADUATION 1992



*This Graduation Issue of
The 'B' Newspaper
is dedicated to the memories of
Edward Benoit &
Marc Agcaoili*

THE 'B' NEWSPAPER

MODERATOR

Mr. Halton Doyle

EDITOR & LAYOUT

Michael da Costa

ASSISTANT EDITOR

Duane Crichton

SPORTS EDITORS

Kevin Doyle
Imamu Tomlinson

ENTERTAINMENT

Karim Ramoul

ART DIRECTOR

Andrew Ng

CONTRIBUTORS

Sandro Morassutti
Peter DeNicolais
Mr. Barry
Daniel Johnson
Jan Kosiba
Andrew Tsang
Louie Commendador
Maurizio Chen
Michael da Costa
Kevin Doyle
Mr. O.P. Gazeley
Brother Maher
Andrew Ng
Michael Yen
Brian O'Neil
Mr. H. Doyle
Matthew Dale
Craig Rodrigues
Warren Boudrea
Richard Chung
Robert Andriuolo

*Special thanks to Brother Maher for
his generous financial support for
this issue, and Peter Perrin at Kwik
Kopy, 6024 Yonge Street (250-7750)*

BREBEUF COLLEGE: IRREPLACEABLE

MICHAEL DA COSTA

Brebeuf College School has been like a second home for the past five years. We have seen changes take place over the years, but many things have remained constant. I often wonder how much we take the school for granted. How often do we really think about how lucky we have been to go there? In my opinion, Brebeuf is irreplaceable.

Brebeuf is not a common school. It is the product of over thirty years of hard work and dedication of many people to making a school with a difference. Their efforts are a large part of what makes Brebeuf the school that it is today, and part of the reason we should be proud of it. Brebeuf cannot be recreated again!

Firstly, Brebeuf is, to the core, an academic school, due to the enduring Jesuit influence. In an age where most schools offer courses on everything from astrology to make-up application, this is quite an accomplishment. Brebeuf is an Advanced school which offers the fewest number of options than any other school. To some, this is unfortunate, but the aim has always been to direct students towards university. Not that there is anything wrong with not going to university, but in reality, at Brebeuf the question is not, "Are you going to university," but, "What university are you going to?" Few other schools can boast this. In times like ours a university degree is a virtual necessity. We have compulsory speech contests and science fair projects. We get homework from hell, along with seminars, projects, labs, essays, the list goes on. The fact that our students don't have 99.9% averages

is a testament to the high (or impossible?) academic standards.

Brebeuf is a Catholic school in every sense of the word. The Presentation Brothers, the religious order which runs the school, and the staff, ensure this. Sadly, most new Catholic schools are not run by religious congregations. The Brothers give Brebeuf a clear sense of direction with their expertise at running schools throughout the world. Their commitment to Christian education of youth to their best potential combines well with the traditional Jesuit beliefs in academic excellence and leadership. Their experiences, like the Third World, open the eyes of students to our Catholic duty to help others selflessly. Programmes like B.R.I.D.G.E. (Bringing Relief in Doing and Giving for the Elderly), Can-Aid, and Jamaica Joe are all testaments to the Christian service nature of Brebeuf.

I think it would be impossible to find a staff more dedicated than the one found at Brebeuf. Each and every staff member seems to offer their unique qualities with truly selfless dedication. The work to rule campaign was definitely not just hard on students; teachers seemed miserable too. Brother Maher is probably the most generous man of the century. Most teachers stay for hours after school coaching, guiding, planning, and everything else to make the students happier. If all teachers were like ours, I'm sure there would be fewer kids swarming on Centre Island. We've been lucky.

I think that most people can recognize the uniqueness of Brebeuf. It is an institution that is worthy of the praise it receives, and probably deserving of more. I hope that everyone tries to stay in touch through the Alumni Association. We might be leaving Brebeuf, but the spirit and memories of our years at Brebeuf will never leave us.



The **B**-BOY



BRÉBEUF: *THE MAN BEHIND THE NAME*

by **MR. E.J. BARRY
MICHAEL WILLIAMS**

(The following article appeared in the very first issue of The 'B' Newspaper in 1963)

St. Jean de Brebeuf, the patron of our school, was a Jesuit priest born in France on March 25th, 1593. On March 16th, 1649, he bravely died at the torturing hands of the fierce Iroquois Indians near Midland, Ontario. On Thursday of this week, we, the first students of Brebeuf, will journey to the Martyrs' Shrine at Midland to pay our tribute to this noble Jesuit missionary after whom our school is named.

Who was this Brebeuf? From the size of his coffin discovered in 1956 at Fort Ste. Marie, we can conclude that he was a huge man well over six feet in height. The Huron Indians, with whom he worked, called him *Echon*, meaning 'one who carries burdens'. Physically he was a giant of a man.

Spiritually, he was also a giant of a man. Living in the midst of paganism and savagery, he never forgot his God, his faith, or his fellow man. When the day came for him to die for his God, his Christian faith, and the Huron

Indians, he wrote one of the most amazing pages in the history of Christian martyrdom.

The Iroquois revered him as a symbol of all that was noblest and best in the Huron. Therefore, on the day of his torture they tried to make him cry out for mercy. If they could break this giant 'Blackrobe' of the Hurons, they could humiliate the whole Huron nation.

Brebeuf was fastened to the torture stake. The hot coals beneath his feet began to burn his tender flesh. Iroquois knives delicately carved painful lines on his legs and arms. He didn't blink an eyelash. An opening was made in his wrist. A thin stick was pushed beneath the skin until it reached the elbow. Red hot tomahawk blades were placed around his neck. Still Brebeuf showed no sign of pain. His Huron friends watched on proudly. His angered Iroquois torturers began to rage. They poured boiling hot water over his head in derision of Christian baptism. They punched him in the face.

Then Brebeuf did something that stunned the Iroquois. He opened his mouth and began to preach to the Christian God. The Iroquois who admired oratory second only to bravery were

beaten at their own game. They rushed out and cut out his tongue. Brebeuf looked at them and seemed to speak with his eyes. They cut out his eyes and stuffed hot coals in the sockets. Then knowing that they had been defeated by this giant Blackrobe, they cut out his heart and drank his blood to share in his bravery, nobility, and courage.

This, students of Brebeuf, is the man after whom our school is named.



THE BREBEUF CREST

Way back in Grade Nine, Mr. Barry gave the present graduates a speech on the life of St. Jean de Brebeuf and the school crest. Chances are most people have forgotten the significance and some of the details of the school crest. The crest is not simply a worthless symbol but a true representation of what Brebeuf hopes to achieve in its students. Below is a little refresher about the significance of the crest that we've worn on our blazers for the past five years.

The cross is that of St. George of England, and the maple leaves represent Canada. The cross represents the coming of the United Empire Loyalists to Canada. It could also symbolize Brebeuf bringing Christianity to the native peoples in Canada.

The flames on the circle symbolize the infinite love of Christ, and the little cross, the pinnacle of that love.

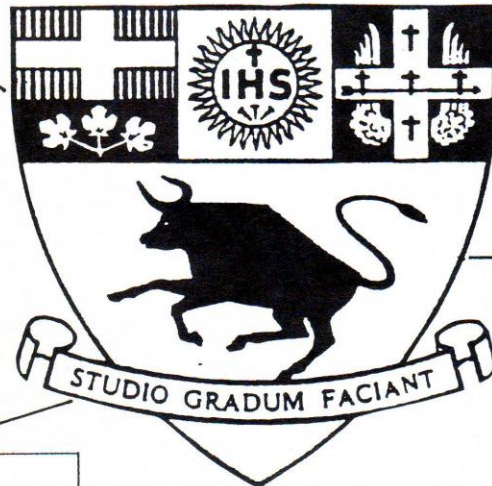
The Greek letters "iota", "eta", and "sigma" are the first three letters of Jesus' name.

The three nails below represent the pain and suffering of Jesus at his crucifixion.

The five crosses within the cross represent the Canadian Martyrs (Jean de Brebeuf, Gabriel Lalement, Antoine Daniel, Charles Garnier, and Noel Chabanel).

The arrow running through the three little crosses is a symbol of these saints' martyrdom at the hands of the Iroquois Indians.

The wings behind the cross are those of St. Michael, patron saint of the Archdiocese of Toronto.



The black bull is taken from the family coat-of-arms of St. Jean de Brebeuf.

The school motto, in Latin, Studio Gradum Faciant, meaning, "To win merit through study."

DEEP THOUGHTS

by SKA BOY

Try to write things that people can relate to. Okay.

I hate irritating people. So you may say that this doesn't make sense. Well, I don't know what to say. I like the Nutcracker. I'm glad I made it through five years of Brebeuf with minimal damage. Right now, I'm practising flash writing.

I really hate irritating people. Sometimes you just feel like taking the text book that you're writing in and smashing it over their head and screaming, "Do you mind?" That punctuation mark was Mr. Barry's gift to the world. It was used improperly, but it's...there. It's called a interobang.

Cool. I guess this isn't really a normal Deep Thought, but I don't know...what to say. I'm alive, I'm dead, I'm a stranger. So long. Good-bye. It's been real. Now what exactly does that mean? I mean, why do people say that? It's been real. Real what? Boring? Smelly? Ugly? Doesn't that bother you? No, not really. I'm not going to talk about a cynical play dealing with moral decadence. Okay, stop - this is getting really weird. I'd like to leave you with my grandfather's

6 last words, "A truck!"

QUOTES FOR SUCCESS

Edited by LAWRENCE YU

"Where he falls short, 'tis Nature's fault alone;

Where he succeeds, the merit's all his own."

Charles Churchill

"Success is counted sweetest by those who ne'er succeeded.

To comprehend a nectar requires sorest need."

Emily Dickinson

"These success encourages; they can because they think they can."

Virgil

"To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labour."

R.H. Stevenson

"Take short views, hope for the best, and trust in God."

Rev. Sydney Smith

"Don't steal; government hates competition."

Lawrence Yu



FORMAL '92

by MICHAEL DACOSTA

Thursday, May 28 marked the party of the year, the annual Brebeuf Formal at the Paradise Banquet Hall. With over eighty couples present, the evening was a huge success. The recent work to rule campaign could not stop a Brebeuf tradition, and so senior students Brian O'Neil, Sandro Morassutti, and Justin Fung took it upon themselves to make sure that the party went on. Many took advantage of Brian's 'Party Bus' that took couples from the O'Neil residence, where there was an awesome cocktail party.

Everybody looked fantastic! After a great and filling four course meal, the dance part of the evening started. An excellent mixture of rock and house seemed to keep everyone happy and on the dance floor.

A special presentation was made to Mr. H. Doyle on behalf of the Graduating Class for his service to Brebeuf; a testament to his popularity.

All in all, the evening was a huge success. Typical of Brebeuf students, there were no problems. Infinite thanks must go out to Brian O'Neil, Sandro Morassutti, and Justin Fung for their hard work and time in putting the whole event together. (Wouldn't these guys make a great council?)

TRIPLE BRONZE POETRY

LITERACY

I'm lernin ta ryte.
I'm learnin ta wryte.
I'm learnen too wright.
I've learned to write.

by *MATTHEW DALE*

YOUTH

Youth is not a time of life-
it is a state of mind.
Years wrinkle the skin, but doubt
wrinkles the soul.
You are as young as your faith,
as old as your worry;
As young as your self-confidence,
as old as your fear.

by *KELVIN TSANG*

GRADUATION

An empty locker and footsteps echoing
through a silent corridor
doors opening and closing a
shivering on a warm, June f

by *ANDREW HOGG*

The world's a shamble.
Life's nothing but a gamble.

by *RICHARD CHUNG*

HEROES NEVER DIE

When I was a young child,
I believed my teddy was real.
When I was a young boy,
I thought Superman was made of
steel.

I grew into my teens,
Wore big shirts and funny jeans.
But now I'm an adult,
And I don't act like I did.
But as I think of how it used to be
I wish that I still had my teddy,
My Superman books, and my funny
jeans,
For as I grow older, I seem to need
my heroes,
More now than I ever did.

by *DANIEL JOHNSON*

WEEKEND ASSIGNMENT

Brebeufian boys,
Spending a lot of time,
Finding lines that rhyme.

by *WARREN BOUDREAU*

THE WALL

Singing late into the night
The dreaded wall will be out of sight.
Piece by piece, the wall goes down
Chips and blocks fall to the
ground.

Everyone in joining hands,
Jumping, laughing with their
friends.

The Iron Curtain is finally down
The people cheer with glorious
sound.

by *CHRISTOPHER TAN*

PILOT OF FATE

You wonder what it's like to fly
To fly in the sky so high.
But if you think you're flyin',
And you're drinkin' and drivin',
You're not really flyin'; you're dyin'!

by *ROBERT ANDRIUOLO*

NIGHT OF THE LITERARY DEVICES

I bent over the desk in
concentration, searching for
objective correlatives.

Suddenly, a simile ran up
behind me, like a bat out of hell and
grabbed my neck.

I heard a thud as
onomatopoeia jumped up from
under the desk to join the rumble.

I broke free from the grasp of
the simile, and ran an iambic metre.

I tried to avoid a paradox,
but the farther I ran away, the closer
I seemed to get to it.

I accidentally bumped into an
alliteration, which proceeded to
perniciously punch me.

I saw a limerick approach
me, but I kicked it all the way back
to Nantuckett.

I attacked a flashback which
seemed to be distracted by a distant
memory.

I was tripped by a theme
which tried to worsen my human
condition.

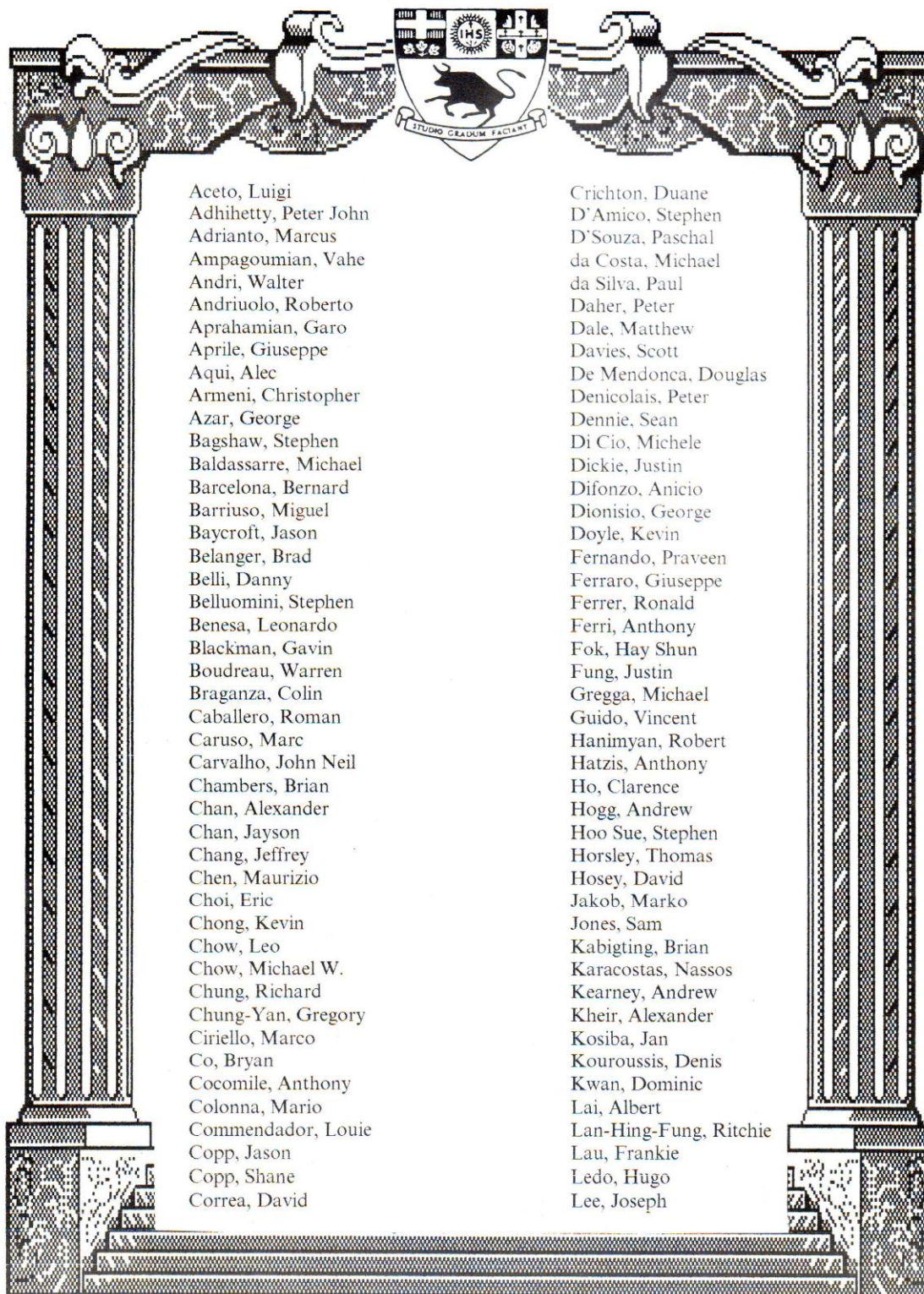
A pun hit me on the back of
the head with an irony and I keeled
over in pain.

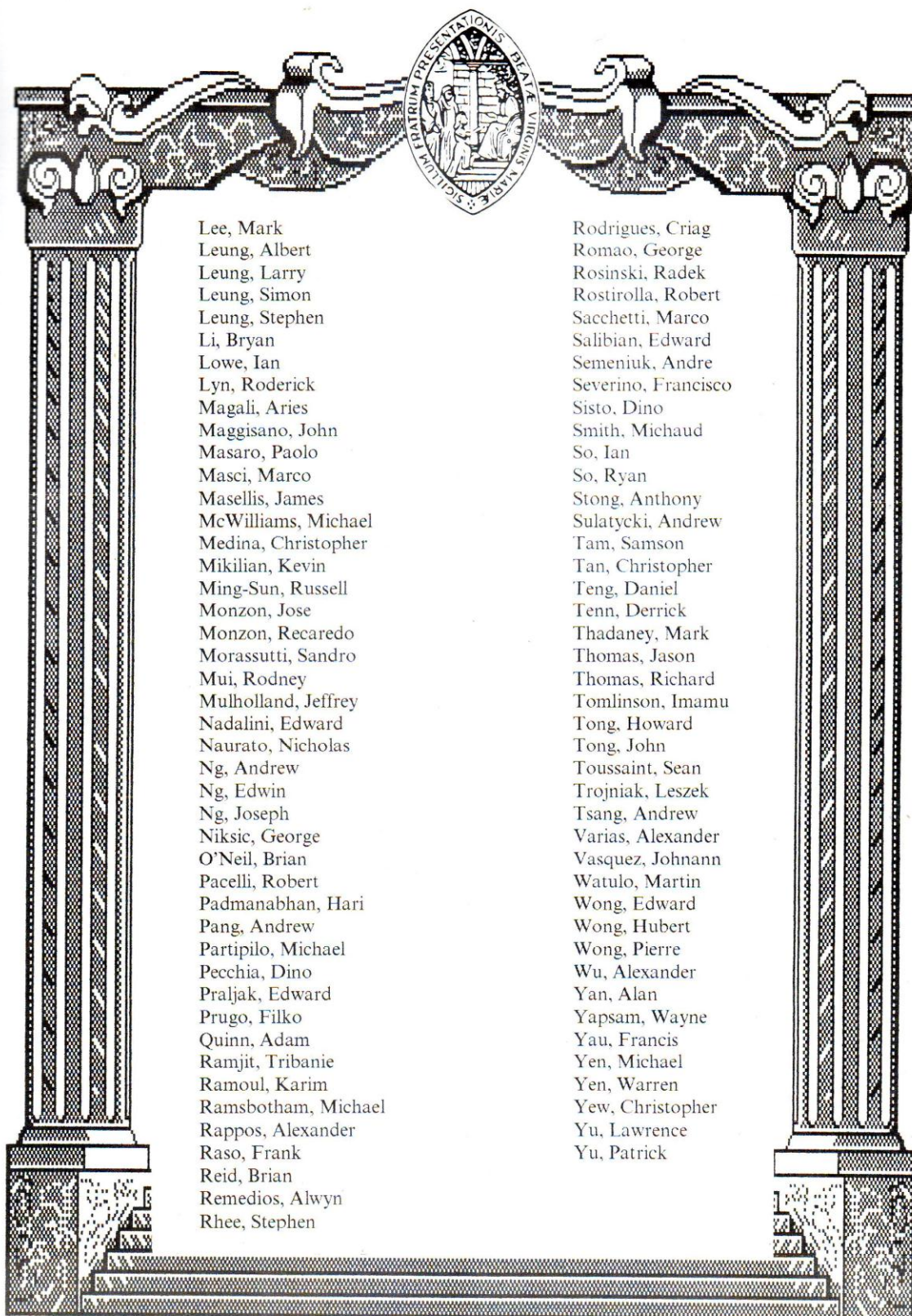
I began to see an archetype as
I slipped into the subconscious.

I never did find the objective
correlative.

by *CRAIG RODRIGUES*

GRADUATES OF 1992





Brebeuf Reflections

FINAL THOUGHTS

by KEVIN DOYLE

As the sun sets on five memorable years at Brebeuf, it is with mixed emotions that I write my final article for The 'B'. I look forward to the excitement and new experiences that the future holds for me and my fellow graduates. I also realize that things will never again be as they are right now in my fading moments as a Brebeufian. I feel lucky to have spent my high school years with such a dedicated staff and truly great friends who made coming to school each day something which to look forward. Despite the 'cancellation' of activities in the second half of this year, I will leave Brebeuf with many fond memories. Here, then, are some final comments, questions, and suggestions as the door closes on our high school years.

* When will the Rogers brothers realize that the best of hockey teams is in Toronto and not on the other side of Windsor?

* Let's be honest Mark, pole-vaulting isn't a real sport!

* The inflation rate in the caf is at 10

least 25% (wasn't a Coke fifty cents in Grade 9?)

* I never did figure out why the library doesn't open until 8:29 - maybe that's when the speakers that blast Frank Sinatra all day are being hooked up.

* Is it just me, or are Sandro and Brian sporting new wardrobes since the formal?

* Elvis has been found, disguised as one Jean-Guy Bernard!

* Was there any reason for us getting out so late this year? I think the Grade 13's deserve the privilege of early exams - a Brebeuf tradition.

* Tony, the janitor, should be the spokesman for Duracell; he keeps going and going...

* Why is Brad so huge?
(The above is a paid advertisement)

* I think Camp Olympia is a great idea. I only wish we had gone there in Grade 9.

* Will any of us ever be able to wear a black blazer with grey pants again without immediately asking everyone we see if they happen to have an extra tie?

* Does Harvey's do any business

in the summer?

* does Mr. Lee say, "Please disregard that bell," fewer than three times per day?

Thanks again to all my teachers and friends. I only hope that the next five years can live up to the past five and are filled with as much fun, laughter, and friendship.

Goodbye, Brebeuf!

PER ANGUSTA AD AUGUSTA

(Through hardships to greatness)

by LOUIE COMMENDADOR

Where would we be today without high school? Who would your friends be? What would you be doing right now? What accomplishments would you have to show for without those five years without high school?

Remember June 1st this year, "National skip off day"? It took place in only one day and the headlines read like anarchy had taken over Centre Island. It is all too common these days to find people our age on their own, without an education, on welfare, and on drugs. They take to the streets in search of a purpose only to find a crime and drug-ridden

Brebeuf Reflections

world where violence and prostitution are common daily occurrences.

Why must the world be filled with such stark and foreboding contrasts? Why should we at Brebeuf be so lucky while the next person down the line suffers a life of misery?

These are questions with no easy answers. At the same time these are the very questions we have spent five years trying to answer, and the conclusion is unique to each and every one of us.

Life is what you make of it. When things looked bad for us in the past, time and time again we all seemed to come together and pull through. Over the past few months, despite the idiocy of work to rule, we have managed to keep our cool in the face of this adversity and make it through to graduation.

So here we are ready to make the next big step towards a higher education. Looking back, it's hard to believe that we went the distance, that all the good times and hardships we endured helped mould us into what we are today. It's hard to believe we no longer will don a uniform we spent five years trying to alter.

I can't bear to think that right now. Everything remains so clear, and my friends so close. Take a moment to stop thinking of the past or the future & realize where we are. Congratulations guys, we made it!

A CLASS WITH CLASS

by BRIAN O'NEIL

A strange thing happened to me the other day (no, I didn't arrive at school on time or go to class in full uniform). I entered the cafeteria and couldn't find a place to sit. There was plenty of room, but no one to sit with. It was at that time that I realized that for five years this has been a rare occurrence. Sure, we all do it upon entering the caf. We pause and make a quick glance to the general vicinity where our respective friends tend to monopolize, then confidently stride over to join them because we are all a little self-conscious. God forbid that we have to sit alone.

For five years I have entered the caf and sat wherever I wanted and with whom I pleased, and for the most part, been welcome. The sleepers, the card players, the hockey poolers (and anything else they could possibly bet on), you can sit with anyone and belong. That's a pretty good feeling. I know you're saying, "Brian, maybe they didn't want you there," but at least they were polite enough not to tell me over ham, cheese, and apple juice ("Yes sir, I'm sure that's apple juice", No sir, I'm not using these bottles

for illicit purposes. I'm taking them home to use again tomorrow.") Sorry, got off on a tangent there, a rare occurrence as you know.

It's amazing that some two hundred graduates and I know pretty much everyone by name (except for that guy whom, after a whole year of hearing his name called during attendance, you still turn around and say, "I have never seen you before in my life!") We're a pretty tight knit class. No, we didn't all get together each weekend and go bowling, but as far as school goes, we are pretty close, and there is a reason for that. We were a case study in that failed experiment of having all the Grade Nines in the port-a-pak all the time, daring to venture to the main building for gym, lunch, and perhaps art. We rarely saw the first floor, let alone the second, although some of us did see the office on occasion! Those two hundred and seventy Grade Nines have been filtered, shaped, and toned into a fine group of young gentlemen, known as the Brebeuf College graduates of Nineteen Ninety-Two. A group of guys for whom I have the deepest respect for, and most importantly, a group of guys that I am proud to call my friends. Truly a class that's got class.



Brebeuf Reflections

ALREADY? BUT!!

by JAN KOSIBA

My life at Brebeuf College School started 5 years ago, as it did for most of us. I was out of grade school and finally in the 'big league'. Then I discovered that my new home was a tin can known as 'ninerville'. The day started at 8:30, forcing us to wake up at the ungodly hour of 6:00. The biggest shock came to me with the startling realization that we didn't have lockers and were forced to carry our books, gym clothes, and our entire lives on our backs for 6 painful weeks.

Slowly the homework load of eight subjects became a regular part of daily life, which didn't get better over the next few years. Relief came for most of us at the end of Grade 10 when the words 'full schedule' were a joke and we were able to experience the glory of a spare without the fear of getting caught for skipping. The homework load didn't get any lighter though.

Grade 11 was the coming of age year, when it became the time to run for student council. Those were the last real elections our school saw with spirit. In Grade 12, the administration threw us a curve by switching from nine 40 minutes periods to four 75 minute

2

periods, on rotating days, messing

up the internal clocks of hundreds of students. It was also the first year that our free bus tickets, which were given to us on a monthly basis, and gambled away on a daily basis, were revoked.

And finally, we were the kings of the heap; Grade Thirteen had finally come around. Suddenly, it became imperative that you made the grade. Incidentally, night school was packed second term. For the few of us without driver's licences, of lack of a car, the bus strike was a harsh reality. Perhaps the biggest black eye to our high school memories was the work-to-rule campaign brought on by the teachers' union which ended all extra-curricular activities in the second half of our final year (we know that many teachers are victims of majority, so we don't blame all of them; just a few).

Over the years, we've watched the portables multiply, the population explode, everyone else get taller, and people come and go. Yet during all of these hardships and suffering we had to endure, we came out of it together. In the process, we made friends and memories that will last a lifetime. We have come one step closer to discovering who we really are, and given the chance, I would do it all again, and do it all the same.

You have all made the difference, and for this I thank you. Good luck in the future and stay alive.

ONE LAST DEEP THOUGHT

by SKA BOY

Okay, let's write one last article for The 'B'. We'll keep it non-nostalgic or mushy or any of that boring stuff. Let's talk about some words of advice.

Mr. Barry left this ingrained in my mind. Never throw keys in the air like you do when you're walking down the street when you're bored, especially if you happen to be in a strange city and the keys are your car keys and you happen to be standing over a grate, because they might fall in if you drop your keys down there. Mr. Barry tells from experience.

Always buy first class (Mr. Vindischman).

Work hard, play hard, party hard (Mr. G. Rogers).

And finally, if you have an electric lawn mower, don't mow over the extension cord. This one was not from experience.

Thanks for five years and God Bless.



GRADUATE MOST LIKELY TO...

by **SANDRO MORASSUTTI**
MICHAEL DA COSTA

...become obsessed with rugby (like he's not already!):

Andre Semeniuk

...play in the N.B.A.:

Imamu Tomlinson

...become Governor-General:

Michael da Costa

...work for Chippendale's:

Justin Dickie

...win an off-road championship:

Ed Nadalini

...set a new record for car insurance premiums:

Walter Andri

...start his own brewery:

Brad Belanger

...be indicted for tax evasion:

Sandro Morassutti

...displace Thor Ackerland as Nintendo world champion:

Garro Aprahamian

...work at Wonderland for the rest of his life:

Mike McWilliams

...own a golden shovel:

Brian Reid

...become GM of the Ottawa Senators:

Kevin Doyle

...play in the PGA:

Tom Horsley

...run around the world in record time:

Andrew Hogg

...grow: *Andrew Ng*

...work in a cemetery:

Jan Kosiba

...become the next captain of the USS Enterprise:

Alex Rappos

...win the America's Cup:

Hugo Ledo

...become a star:

Mario Colonna

...open a fishing lodge:

Justin F., Kevin M., Brian O., Brad B., Edie N., & Sandro M.

...become P.M., sharing his time between 24 Sussex Drive and the penalty box:

Brian O'Neil

...become the first Brebeufian to reach the North Pole:

Peter Daher

...become dictator of a small South American country:

Rob Hanimyan

...most likely to disappear off of the face of the earth:

Mike Ramsbottom

...work eight jobs:

Richard Chung

...play Juan Valdez in a coffee commercial:

Jose Monzon

...figure out the Caramilk secret:

Steve Bagshaw

...spot Elvis in a Harvey's:

Dino Sisto

...open up his own billiard hall:

Johann Vasquez

...go to a Tom Vu seminar:

Shidan Gouran

...replace the 'Refrigerator' Perry:

Sean Dennie

...rip off every Cindy Crawford picture:

Geoff Dionisio

...appear on American Gladiators:

Peter Adhihetty

...appear on Studs:

Justin Fung

...start a 1-900 line:

Paulo Massaro

...open a chicken wing store:

Trebani Ramjit

...capture Bigfoot:

Tony Stong

...be the person inside Polkaroo:

Andrew Sulatycki

...climb Mount Everest:

Dave Correa

...own Maple Leaf seasons tickets:

Nassos Karacostas

...find the Loch Ness monster:

Nick Naurato

...introduce his own line of colognes:

Luigi Aceto

...buy Papparazzi's:

Mike Partipilo

...become the first black NHL coach:

Sean Toussaint

...become a circle researcher:

Dennis Kouroussis

...live in a border town:

Mark Thadaney

...drive a fire engine:

Karim Ramoul

WHEN THE GRADS WERE NINERS

by MICHAEL DA COSTA

It's hard to believe that the five years since Grade Nine has passed so quickly. 273 mere boys came to Brebeuf, and now 180 leave as young men. Just as we've changed, so has the school we attend. The following are some memories of our 'Niner' years.

When the Grads were Niners:

* Senior students wore the old uniform of an awful brown blazer and beige pants.

* The port-a-pac was reserved for Grade Nines only, and most of us never went into the main building except for gym or lunch.

* JUGS (Judgement Under God) after school were the punishment of the day as opposed to cleaning the cafeteria

* There was only one portable and we actually had a half-decent student parking lot.

* The only food you could buy in the cafeteria was sandwiches, candy, and drinks, located in a makeshift 'shanty' counter

* Jean jackets were strictly taboo

* It was cool to go to Brebeuf dances and people actually had fun there!

* We didn't get lockers until the end of October and had to carry our books and uniform around for months

* It took everybody months to realize that the McCarthy uniform pants were bellbottoms and needed tapering badly!

* The doors around the school were actually made of wood.

* It was Brebeuf College School's Twenty-Fifth anniversary and the year was full of special events.

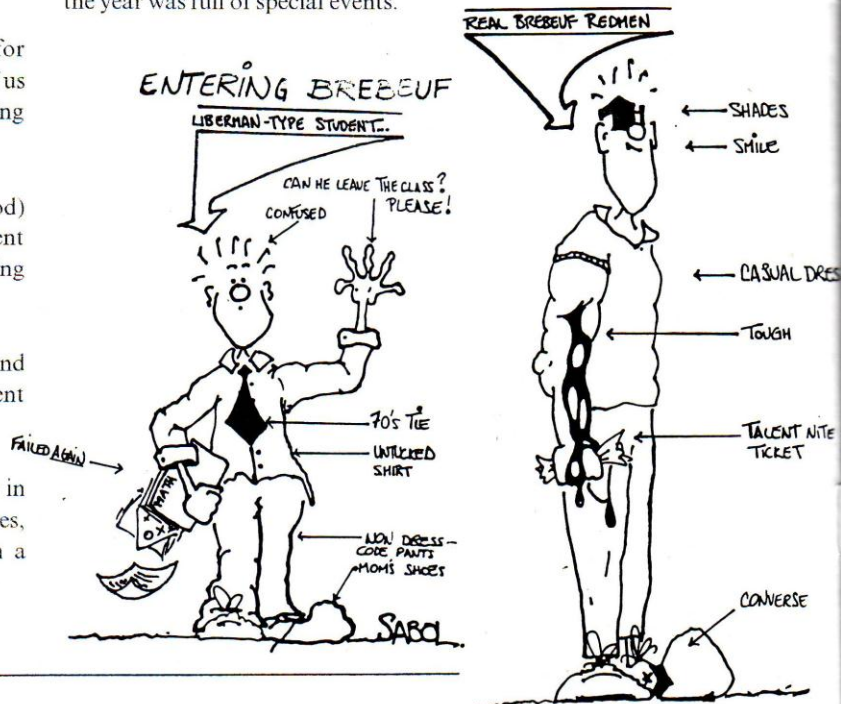
* Radio Brebeuf was alive and kicking. Most memorable was their visit to St. Joe's which was greeted by the barking of dogs.

* We were all divided into 'Nations' for extra-curricular activities (Marauders, Raiders, Rockies, Knights, Blue Devils, Golden Hawks).

* Students had the option of walking through the pathway at Conacher (thought at their own risk for fear of getting either lost in the smoke or lung cancer).

* Grade Nines never believed they'd be as cool as the Grade Thirteens.

LEAVING BREBEUF



REDMEN SPORTS

RUGBY RETROSPECT

by BRIAN O'NEIL

I first discovered the sport of rugby in Grade Eight from the sidelines of Fletcher's Fields where I watched my older brother and Brebeuf's Junior Rugby Redmen compete in the Barbarian Cup. The fast paced action was confusing, yes, but exciting nevertheless. I was sold. Brebeuf College School gave me rugby and I am indebted forever.

I know what you're thinking I must be exaggerating, but I'm not so sure that I am. To those who don't play, the game is a swirling mass of confusion. To those who do, it's poetry in motion, the perfect contest, challenging every aspect of the human body.

At Brebeuf, rugby is more than a sport; it's an entity. To those outside the rugby community, the rugby team is those rather obnoxious group of guys who yell a lot and bounce balls off of the cars in the parking lot. To those who have ventured to join, the team is much, much more; it's a home. For four years, the same group of thirty odd guys have sweated, bled, prayed, and cried together. Spring and Fall, we trained and trained, striving for

perfection. Hard work did not go unanswered, and we were fortunate to be blessed with four winning seasons. Our ultimate goal, of course, was that elusive O.F.F.S.A.A. championship. This year it should have been ours for the taking (as most of the province will attest to). Regretfully, because of work to rule, we were denied the opportunity to even play. It is unfortunate that labour relations in this country require hostage taking.

Brebeuf rugby, you have given me priceless memories and enduring friends (granted some I wouldn't take home to meet Mom). I am grateful, and in return I leave you with this.

REDMEN RUGBY TOURS

England & Wales, 1989

Ireland, 1991



HALFTIME

*Sweat rolling from our foreheads,
a Dream in our hearts,
and a look of determination in
our eyes, that could have moved
mountains that day.
Clutching each other's jerseys, we
huddled together like brothers
in arms.*

*We listened, our tears hanging on
every word.*

*"This ball is the gold medal,
give it to a friend, or keep it
to yourself. Don't give it away."*

*Our opponents never had a
chance.*

*We had an extra man of the
field that day,*

Our Motto,

*"Pain is temporary,
Pride is forever."*



Congratulations Graduates of 1992

Dear Graduates of 1992!

I am very proud to be the Principal of Brebeuf College. This pride stems partly from the fact that I have been privileged to work with some of the finest young men that I have met over the past 42 teaching years. You seem to have matured in a very responsible manner. It should go without saying that the majority of you are dedicated to Brebeuf and that you care not only for yourselves, but for your peers as well. It is evident to all of us that your spirit of 'fair play', be it in academics or in athletics, is high on your agenda.

Now that you are leaving Brebeuf, I do hope and pray that you will remember and put into practice the values taught by the staff during your time here. I wish you every success and ask God to bless you.

*Brother Lawrence Maher, F.P.M.,
Principal*

I am pleased to offer my congratulations and best wishes to Brebeuf's 1992 Graduates.

You have been a vital part of the Brebeuf community, but you have also been a vital part of the larger community which embraces family, parish, village, town or city, and country. You must continue to be that vital part of the total community. Now you have the opportunity and duty, as you advance to further educational institutions or to the workplace, to live by Catholic Christian principles which can bring not only success in your chosen field of work, but also peace to yourself and your neighbour.

May God continue to bless each and every one of you, and may the Holy Spirit guide you in all your future endeavours.

*Mr. O.P. Gazeley,
Former Vice-Principal*

It has been a very real pleasure to work with you as vice-principal. I hope you will be able to find the time to return to what is now your old school. Keeping in touch is important. You will carry a bit of Brebeuf wherever you go. I wish each of you good luck in your studies. You are positive witnesses to our motto, *Studio Gradum Faciant*.

*Mr. P.W. Lee,
Vice-Principal*

One major goal of your young career has been reached. Hopefully during your years at Brebeuf, you have learned to distinguish the important things in life from the not-so-important.

I wish all of you a future filled with true inner peace, and may you spread that peace wherever you go. Congratulations and all the best to you.

Mr. D. Clattenburg, Vice-Principal

'You can take the man out of BREBEUF but you can't take BREBEUF out of the man!'

All of us, Grads of '92 and those staff that are leaving, have shared a great experience. We have all been part of a unique educational institution. We have all been marked by it and always will be.

I would like to wish each of you much success in your future studies and vocations. Be sure to attend the Alumni events to keep in touch.

Good luck, and if you're ever in Ottawa, look me up. All the best

Mr. H. Doyle

P.S. Be sure to take at least one *real* course at university - *HISTORY!*