

Intimate Glimpses Of The G.H.S. Commencement -- With Variations

UNKNOWN SCRIBE FEELS OF NO. 1--PROMISE "MORE TO FOLLOW"

(Anonymous)

True to his word, our unknown contributor, who has already convulsed readers with his account of the Hockey Team to Galt, and a second column of potpourri, dropped this account of the G.H.S. Commencement in the small box last week. Accompanying the article as a note, warning us that if we made its contents public, Mr. X could "re-open" and lay waste to Harold O'Leary. But when our anonymous author not only provides amusement for our readers, but pins a five dollar bill to his note, asking that it be added to the High School's contribution to the Holders Comforts Fund, we think it only proper to let everyone know of his location.

Two weeks ago I gave fair warning to the citizens of Georgetown and surrounding district that I expected to attend the Georgetown High School Commencement on April 16th with the experience of writing an account of the affair for this paper. I heard anyone who felt that he may be offended to speak there and I would forever hold my peace. As yet I have heard no anguished voices crying out in protest against these literary stab-wounds, and so once again I boldly inflict my worst upon the innocent and silent suffering public.

To be serious though, I did not use the names of the people mentioned in this article with any idea whatsoever of making them appear ridiculous in the eyes of the public. This story is meant to be no more than a bit of harmless fun and I feel certain all those concerned will accept it as such.

Now, I have terrible news for you. As you know, I promised two weeks ago that this would be my final article. However, you know how the best plans of mice and men will sometimes go astray, and I found when I wrote the story out that it was far too long for a single edition, so that monopolizing the paper, that is so I found it necessary to leave the rest until next week.

If there is any other person in town who appreciates reading these stories, besides myself, he can show his appreciation in a practical manner by taking any old fifty dollar bill which may be lying around the house, writing his name and address on the back of said bill and mailing it to the "Georgetown Herald's Holders Comforts Fund." It will be greatly appreciated by Georgetown and the Herald and the Holders and the Fund. But I am getting impatient to find out how I made out at the Commencement and so I leave my hand to scrawl what it will, while my eyes follow eagerly in my own hen tracks.

I told you the other week that I was coming into Georgetown to see the High School Commencement, but I came pretty far from getting to town. You see a couple of nights ago I was out with the boys and I didn't get in until 9:00 p.m. with the result that the following morning I slept in until 4:30 a.m. My boss was pretty mad about that and he gave me quite a calling down, besides telling me I couldn't go out at night any more. In fact he had a very heated argument which lasted both long and long. The boss talked and I listened. But he came back later in the day and said "I'm very sorry but I regret to inform you that I find it necessary to dispense with your services."

So quick like a flash I said, "It's no use apologizing now, for I have decided to quit." I did quit, too, and I have a new boss now. He is a very kind man and he said I could go to the Commencement and sleep all the next night as far as he was concerned--providing it didn't interfere with my work.

And so on April 16th, the day of the Commencement, I hurried and got my work done in half a day in order to give myself time to get ready. Since twelve hours are considered on the farm a half a day's work, I didn't have a great deal of time at that. In fact I didn't even get time to wash, but I knew it would be dark in the theatre anyway so that didn't matter. So I threw off my clothes which had gotten a little dirty, then usual at work that day I went down to the barn to get my horse Buford. Providence is beyond ford.

Now Buford could be by no means be called a perfect specimen of horse-hood in fact when I first brought him I was going to call him "Army," because I had marched on his stomach. But I didn't mean to make fun of Buford for he was a faithful beast, and a very good horse to ride too. Besides I crossed my legs so my feet wouldn't drag. My brother was the only other person who could ride that animal comfortably, because his legs were bowed enough to take up the slack. Of course Buford wasn't naturally away-backed by any means, but he was accidentally caught under a barn door one day and rather badly bent.

However, regardless of Buford's shape, I mounted him and away he went with a jerk. Yes, you have guessed it. I was the jerk. Now I don't like to brag, but I am a pretty skillful horseman. My friends always say that I ride so well that look as though I were part of the horse. Hm-mm. Now that I think of it, I must ask them some day which part they mean.

As I rode along in the warm spring air listening to the birds sing and the breeze whispering through the trees suddenly I found myself thinking of all the beautiful music, written by the great composers of the past. Before I realized it, I had begun to sing Schubert's immortal classic in A sharp minor entitled "On Don't Bend Me Back to the Challenging Warden, For I Love it so Well Here in Sing Sing." Edges of spring were to be seen everywhere as I came within the town limits. Children were playfully

clapping and running about. A few blue boys were down on their knees, pulling marbles and farther down the street I saw some men down on their knees too--but not rolling marbles. The little chap, about six years old was running merrily along the street, pushing an automobile tire. I don't think I have ever seen anyone so small run so fast before. But then he had to run pretty fast for these savage men chasing him for the tire would have caught him soon.

When I got right into town, I picked up a newspaper (off the street) to see if there was anything going on that I hadn't heard on the party line. You will probably call that stinginess to pick up an old paper like that, but I call it economy. We people from the country are just naturally economical. Why every time the roads freeze out our way hold a party they always turn off the lights when the music comes up--to save electricity of course.

Well anyway, I saw one of those big advertisements in the paper urging people to spend less money on recreational goods so they would have more to spend on War Savings Certificates. That made me feel a bit guilty so in order that people wouldn't think I was flouting money, I thought I had better drop into the local tavern and get my two dollars well changed.

When I got into the hotel, I saw the bartender standing behind the bar, looking off a first class with his apron. There were quite a few customers sitting around, peering off a few glasses too. Almost everyone discussed the war situation in there and since the bars that day had been a little worse than usual some of the boys were fairly staggered by it but they decided to just sit tight and wait for the next draught.

However, I was in for some bad news myself, because the bartender informed me that he didn't have quite enough change on hand to change my two dollars, and that I would have to take out the difference in merchandise. Of course you understand I accepted this proposition only with the greatest reluctance.

After I left Hotel Macdonald I beg your pardon, Hotel Macdonald I rode on down to the theatre. There was a large crowd going inside for this great event. People had come from miles around on their gasoline lawnmowers to attend. One group of especially prominent women from the adjoining district, who considered this mode of transportation below their dignity, had chartered a motor conveyance for the occasion. Unfortunately, the racks got stuck and the truck driver had to lower the ladder over the side as daintily as he would a bag of grain.

But now a new problem faced me. What was I to do with Buford? I couldn't leave him outside alone, for there were too many hungry looking dogs running around. Finally I struck on a daring plan. I would throw my expensive coat (and I don't mean expensive) over him and take him inside with me. After all he was a dog to the ground as I mentioned before and no one would know but what he was a customer who had dropped some change and was down on all fours looking for it. And so, clad in my droopy, drabby drape Buford followed me into the theatre. Strange to say, I attracted more attention than Buford.

I was rather surprised to see that everyone around us had a cold, for as soon as we came in they all began to sniff and clap handkerchiefs to their noses. We stood for a while at the back trying to decide where to sit. When I gave Buford my coat it left me in my shirt-sleeves, and since it was a little chilly without the rest of the shirt, I decided to take my coat back again.

Just then an usher came over to us and in a very apologetic tone he said, "I'm very, very sorry sir, but the people are beginning to complain a bit about the--uh, the--uh, well, you know what I mean and I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to do something about it."

Well he was very nice about it, and besides I didn't want to make a scene so I agreed to leave providing Buford got a good seat. That must have been my lucky night though, for one of the other men in the front row was a real friend of mine and while Mr. Lambert wasn't looking, he managed to get me back in again. I was in a gorgeous mood just then, and I was going to give Don a tip for his trouble, but I couldn't seem to get the padlock off my purse. In fact, I was still searching on it when the Commencement commenced to commence.

Mr. R. B. Foulis acted as chairman for the evening, and started the program off with a very short speech which was quite appropriate to the time and the occasion. During Mr. Foulis' speech, however, someone a certain gentleman (question marks) who sat near me, insisted on trying to distract the attention of the audience by making a great deal of noise. Finally, Mr. Foulis apparently quite exasperated at trying to make himself heard, stopped abruptly in his speech and stood stock still staring silently out upon the audience. A great hush came over the gathering and it became so quiet that one scarcely dared to breathe for fear of being heard. After this pause, Mr. Foulis continued his speech. When the show was over I rushed up to congratulate Mr. Foulis on his address. Your speech was perfect," I said. "Why that dramatic pause which you used had the audience simply spellbound wondering what you were going to say next."

"Is that so?" replied Mr. Foulis, "Well, so was I."

The Reverend W. G. O. Thompson presented the shields to the students with the highest individual standing in each of their respective forms. It seems, however, that each of these students had also received a sum of money a few days earlier for their scholastic achievements. When Re-



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verend Thompson asked those students who had any of this money left to put their hands. I was half way out the door for the police before I realized that this was quite an innocent request out of curiosity, and that no hold-up was intended.

The Commencement by the way, happened to take place on the same night as the sixth Stanley Cup hockey game between the Toronto Maple Leafs and the Detroit Red Wings. Since everyone was anxious to know how the Maple Leafs were making out in their bid to tie up the series, Jack Evans, kindly offered by running back and forth between the post, hall and the theatre every half hour or so, in order to keep everyone informed of the game's progress.

Bill Kelly sang a song with the peculiar title of "Caro Mio Ben." The reason this title was written in those strange words was because it was a military song. However, I worked hard to decipher this cryptograph and at last I found that translated into English "Caro Mio Ben" meant "Caro Mio Benito."

The Rev. Mother Mabel for the hidden message was written with a hidden message to Keith Dalton. This award particularly impressed the gathering because everyone realizes how essential it is to be a good shot with a gun these days. For instance, just check how wonderful it would have been if that man who tried to shoot Pierre Laval some time ago, had been a better marksman.

When the boys choir sang it reminded me of the days when I was in the choir at school. I wasn't any good on the classical selections, so whenever we sang the "Anvil Chorus," the others carried the tune and left me to carry the "anvil."

The gymnastic display staged by the boys was very well done. I was amazed at their agility the way they jumped, rolled, twisted, dived and turned. They really put on a splendid show, and I might say that their knowledge of gymnastics will stand them in good stead whenever they may happen to meet any lady car drivers. By the way, Bill Long gave me a great disappointment. Not that his performance wasn't good. I hasten to add, but when he held those three other boys up all by himself, my faith in Captain Marvel and Superman was utterly and dimly shattered.

The one-act play was opened by Agnes Reid who read the prologue. Agnes was in fine form. In fact some of the boys couldn't refrain from whistling. Alas! it is over thus, or to misquote Shakespeare on the in-

cident: "The jests at stars, who never felt a tomato in the face," unma-quoted.

The early part of the play centered around Peter Spike (alias Ormie Carter) whom the heroine was trying to persuade to take unto himself a wife, namely, herself. Ah, that theme struck a responsive chord in my memory, and I recalled when I was young how I too took a wife once. Unfortunately for us, however, my bicycle wasn't quite as fast as her husband's and he caught us just outside of Norway.

Miss Petch, as the gardener, wore a very large and flowing pair of pants. How so much cloth got past the "Cloth Conservation Committee" is a mystery to me. Perhaps it was because the pants were covered so liberally with the very latest styles in patterns. In fact these pants had a British built inside and out. Is no one going to say, "Tain't pummy no more?"

Bill Kelly, dressed in the very latest fashion, gave the courtesy of D. Red & Co. gave a stirring performance as Captain Hamerford. Oh, the very notion, I expect that name is correct. "Fray" should be Captain Hamerford. By the way, Bill, did you get that red hat and coat plus all that gold braids? I'm almost positive that it was the same hat and coat I used when I was with the Ringling Brothers' Circus back in 1912.

Most people don't know it of course, but at that time I was in sole charge of all the performing animals with the circus. How I long for those prosperous days once more. Ah, yes, I really cleaned up in those days.

As I thought it would, the Commencement brought back old memories, and as I sat watching, tears came to my eyes, and something swelled and burned within my chest. Alas! I knew not what stifled me so, but I rather surmised it was those confounded liver pills I have been taking recently. Ah yes, I was taken back in fancy over the years, to the days when I too was a pupil at good old "G.H.S." In fact, had Mr. Lambert seen me sitting there, I probably would have been taken back to re-surface a few decks. But I recalled with pleasure those days gone by, when my schoolmates and I were all familiar with--(read fast for best results)--Marathon, Knicker, Lebanon and Babylon, Pericles, Sophocles, Demosthenes and Frank Cleaves, Houdini, Mussolini, Roosevelt and Edgar Kennedy, Agnes Reid, Agnes Reid, Agnes Reid, Dolsons, Plesser, DeWilder, Cassar and Squesser, Shakespeare, Paul

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