

HIGH TALES

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GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

Norval Bridal Will Live in

A couple who were married in Germany later this year, where the groom, William Melville Staines, will be working for the A. V. Roe Company.

Rev. Frank Dunlop of Toronto was the officiating clergyman at the wedding ceremony which took place in the United Church, decorated with standards of gladiolus and chrysanthemums. Rev. C. D. Lemke assisted, Miss Elaine Laird played the organ and Mrs. Clark Lyons sang "I'll Walk Beside You" and "O Perfect Love" during the service.

Principals in the wedding were Mary Isobell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Carney, Norval, and William Melville Staines, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Staines, Agincourt. The bride was also an Avro employee before her marriage.

The bridal gown was of ivory satin and Swiss chantilly lace, the skirt ending a train. She wore a floor length veil, coronet headdress of pearls and the groom's gift, a string of pearls, and carried Sweet-heart roses and orchids.

Four bridal attendants were Mrs. Noel Butterworth, matron of honor.

LOONEY BIN

MaBeth

Well, Easter holidays are now in progress. Or should I call them National Slave Week, My idea of holidays is to lie around doing nothing except eating, sleeping and being merry. But during these holidays all we do is study, have a little sleep and then a little food. All available time is spent studying. From personal experience I know this is not a good way of spending a holiday. After holidays spent in studying you return to school hoping to obtain a little rest. Boy, are your hopes shattered! The teachers think you have had a nice vacation so they pile on the homework. People who say school is fun are crazy!

In reading the Herald a couple of weeks ago, I noticed the editor had given us a help in asking for people to offer scholarships. We of GHS are very grateful to Mr. Buhn for this space in his column. One thing Mr. Buhn forgot to mention, he also is one of the persons in town who offers a scholarship.

Talking to Helen, Student Council President, I find out that this high school costs the first year. These costs are not very high and show you how easy it is to wear a new dress, and so on. Well, people who say school is fun and that you are going to your school, so see you are not representing about a crescent moon, yourself and the school favour. They are only five or six two or three.

On Tuesday, the 17th of April, the Georgetown High School choir will present its annual concert. The concert will be held at St. John's United Church in the church itself. A silver collection will be taken with the proceeds to go to the St. John's Scholarship Fund. This should be a very enjoyable evening and I hope the church full!

Well, that is about all I can think of to write now, so I'll see you in a couple of weeks, if I survive my holidays.

CHOIR REPORT

Rev Hyde

Howdy, folks, choir periods have been as joyous as ever and our leader is beginning to show signs of fatigue. The poor man thinks we are all "off our rockers." Two of the mezzoes have a great time adding sound effects to the music and the outcome is unimaginable. It's something really worth hearing. At these little noises the whole choir suddenly stops singing and starts laughing, while our leader starts sputtering. Once the choir gets started in these laughable incidents it takes more than one choir leader to stop them. Then suddenly the bell goes and the leader seems to brighten a little, but not for long.

During the singing of one of the duets which happens to be a march, the groups of girls sitting at the back became a band, (much to the delight of the singers and exasperation of the pianist). The instruments being pencils, stray ink bottles and books. After the girls have been chased (and I do mean chased) out of the room everything is quiet for a few seconds until a group of heads are seen peeping around the door.

This goes on indefinitely. This is only one incident from our dusty memoirs and to tell them all would take too much paper, so I'll sign off now, dear readers. Please don't be too shocked at our conduct, because a little exaggeration will do wonders.

A Lively Corpse Study Habits for Language Students

Audrey Bishop

Jack Morris had been reading over a history of his family ancestors. "Fascinating lot," he thought. One in particular caught his attention. Arthur Gaylord, who had lived in the early part of the nineteenth century. Apparently he had been quite a gay one with the ladies, and, also, was frequently in trouble with the law. After one particularly unpleasant incident he had been taken to the gaolhouse. The booklet made very little reference to his death, and one was left guessing as to whether he had served his term and been released, dying of natural causes in later years, or whether he had met his end in captivity.

One thing Jack did know was: Gaylord was buried in the family plot, which had been on the grounds for over a century.

"Yes, indeed, Gaylord must have been quite a character," he said aloud.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," Jack whirled around. What he saw would have made his hair stand on end, if he had had any. He stood petrified, rooted to the floor. It wouldn't have been half as bad if it had just been an ordinary ghost, but this one, dressed in the costume of the middle nineteenth century, stood, as Ann Holcyn of English history "with his head tucked underneath his arm."

"Your head, isn't it a kind of out of place?" stammered Jack, making a variant but unsuccessful attempt at composure.

"Oh no, not at all, old chap. It makes everything much more effective, don't you think? For heaven's sake, don't look so petrified. I'm not going to harm you, I just wanted some company."

Jack relaxed a little.

"You know it gets rather lonesome out there in the graveyard just the same old souls, no one he knew, been added for years."

Jack tried so hard to act naturally, that he forgot himself, and, without a little, "Have a cigarette," he said.

The ghost's hollow laugh echoed through the room.

"I would, old fellow, but you know what our head is rather impossible. Quite a number of these fellows at the quillotine, a head is so important. Yes, indeed, very inconsiderate of them. Oh by the way, I forgot to tell you I am Arthur Gaylord."

Well, certainly, old chap!

"I can't say I really have been a character, but I don't think I was an awful one, as he has said, and I think I was a pretty good one. Yes, indeed, very inconsiderate of them, but I really think I was a pretty good one."

Miss M. Luke

So often we hear students say: "I can't learn French. My father was no good at it." Perhaps all that is needed is a revision of study habits. With the examination crowding us, we thought a few hints might be a help.

First of all, we cannot learn merely by "thinking" about it. We must PRACTICE, PRACTICE, PRACTICE. It is as easy as — as hard — as that.

One way to memorize new material at home is to read it over silently. But if you study out loud, you double your efficiency by using your "auditory" (ear) memory. If you also write out your material, you also double your efficiency again, because you are using your "motor" (muscle) memory which is the most efficient of all.

Then, too, don't spend two interrupted hours trying to memorize a set of basic sentences. You will do a poor job of memorizing and will probably go stark, raving mad in the process. Start off with twenty minutes to half an hour at the most, then turn to some other work, then come back for another twenty minutes, and so on. Two hours divided in this way will produce far better results than one hundred and twenty minutes of agonizing study.

We hope that with these rules you may be able "To follow knowledge like a sinking star, Beyond the utmost bound of human thought."

GRADE XII

Rev Hyde

Open sesame (pardon the spelling). At last they're here, Easter holidays. Those precious few days we've been waiting for since January 4th. But with the holidays came a geometry exam. Well, well!

Two boys from Grade XII are going to drive to Quebec for the holidays. I'll know more about that when they return. I believe they intend to take some pictures and print them in High Tales so it should be interesting.

The editor has a very hard time getting reports from the reporters and it's great fun watching him practically beg and cry for them. He won't even let you walk around the yard, but he will write all the stuff he has to write. Don't waste time waiting, start writing! He has a very good plan to get the reports, he will tell him to write the reports in High Tales, and I think both you and I could write them in a very short time.

I am so excited about the holidays and this is due to the thought of the geometry exam, I shall be able to say no more. So happy Easter to one and all from the occupants of cell No. 7 or sometimes called on winter (especially) teaching No. 7.

GRADE XI

Al Darby

caretings one and all
Our theme for this week is shown in the following rhyme:
Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
This won't be much,
Cause there's too much to do.
We know we'll never be poets, but it expresses the situation which confronts us.

The last couple of days we have accomplished nothing other than giving our beloved staff more gray hairs, and dreaming of our gray holidays. As we told you at Christmas time we would be spending our holidays studying for our January exams, well we will be very frank this time when we say that our intentions were good, but our will-power was nil, so our motto for this Easter holiday is "Keep your abused backs in their desks at school, and enjoy yourself."

We don't want to disappoint you people so we are going to stick to our theme in the poem and say "Goodbye Now!"

P.S. We wish to send you our related Easter wishes for a Happy Easter.

The Blind Beggar

Al Darby

Many of us, in fact probably all of us have heard at one time or another of the petty thief who robbed a blind newspaper salesman. I was reading the paper the other day and an article along much the same line happened to catch my eye. It was about a young lad who while buying a paper, noticed the large amount of money in the cash drawer. He picked up the money, and walked away, all of a sudden the blind man called out to him. "The lad," thinking he was caught in the act, ran, not watching where he was going, he was hit by a truck and killed instantly. The blind salesman when being questioned, stated that he did not know that the lad had taken the money, he had called out to tell the lad that he had forgotten his newspaper.

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