

HIGH TALES

PUBLISHED BY STUDENTS OF GEORGETOWN HIGH SCHOOL

BALLINAFAD

EVOKE MEMORIES WITH OLD HATS

With historical research as a meeting theme, members of Ballinafad Women's Institute, meeting at the home of Mrs. Dan Campbell last Wednesday, answered roll call by wearing the oldest hat they could find. Fifteen members and a visitor were present.

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Gord Alcott Reminisces

by Doug Wrigglesworth
The name Gordon Alcott will always be synonymous in Georgetown with good sportsmanship. What started small scale here in Georgetown has spread across most of our Province — the formation of the little NHL. Mr. Alcott is now president of this league, and Joe Primeau is the honorary president. Boys who join the little NHL must pledge themselves to keep many worthwhile rules. This is just one example of Mr. Alcott's leisure time activities — an outstanding one is his large Young People's Bible Class of Weston which he organized and teaches. His actual business is salesman for the Sun Life Insurance Co. His hobby — "Youth."

Mr. Alcott has very kindly mentioned some of the more humorous happenings during his sojourn at GHS in his letter, from which I quote a few excerpts.

Perhaps my chief claim to fame as a graduate of Georgetown High School is that I hold a record, unenviable as it may be, and I am sure that it will stand for a long time. It is that I entered high school in 1922 and graduated in 1934!

After five years in the business world, I decided to go back to school to finish up my senior matric and at the same time, I went back to first form to pick up botany and art — a first former at age 21!

It was at this time that I offended the first formers by referring to them as youngsters at a Literary Society meeting. I remember that Mary Feller Biehn was one who took exception so, to add a little salt, one day Jimmy Evans and I took all day suckers to them.

They retaliated by bringing arrowroot biscuits the next day and made quite a presentation to Jimmy and me.

That year we had our first school dance, the first school magazine, The Challenge, our first rugby team, Ken Richardson was the team's scoring hero. He scored our only touchdown. He interpreted a four word pass and was so surprised he forgot to run until he saw a 200 pounder bearing down on him.

During my first term, we had the epic wrestling matches between Garfield McElvray, Olaf Shuck, Stapleton and Lorne Cave. They wrestled on the way to school during lunch hours, after school. They were the first tag team match!

On completion of his course, he may try for his B.A. and M.A. About the future possibilities of his course, Ola is bent on research in physics. What kind of research? atomic or astronomy or anything that remains unsolved. Chalk River is the only atomic plant in Canada, interests him. When finished his course, he will be a theoretical physicist. Other men in the field are Einstein and Oppenheimer.

Ola is of Scandinavian descent, his father and mother live on their farm near Lamehouse. Being very thrifty Ola never indulged in excessive entertainment, except books and now he makes certain all his money is channelled into board at the Art's Building, transportation home on the weekends and back and books. To earn extra money, Ola worked last summer at Provincial Paper and hopes to do so this year as well.

On advice to younger students, he believes it wise policy for a student to know in Grade 9 his further intentions and then no fooling around. The minute he graduated from Grade 8 in public school he knew, no doubt, what he wanted. He made a specialty of mathematics on top of his regular curriculum. A thing rarely done.

Being very modest he just won't exert himself any more than to say his course is "pretty hard". Ola's brother Elting is studying to be a chemist in the engineering department. So with Ola doing the research and his brother the engineering there might emerge in the future, a new company known as the "Berg Brothers." Who knows? And now we take this opportunity to wish Ola and his brother the best of everything throughout their future years for their hard work.

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Exit Another Student

By Gerald Scott
The year just passed witnessed an important event—maybe not to you, but to a certain individual. A quiet, modest and very bashful youth passed—scanned with a critical eye and then passed through the gates of the University of Toronto. This was no dream, this was reality. He had fought and studied for this, and was about to venture into an even more venturesome future. Ola BERG had entered his career—"the only one" he proudly states, and, I might add, "A hard one."

In High School he pursued the academic course, achieving many honors through the grades, and graduated from Grade XIII with a majority of first and second class honours, naturally in science and mathematics. I can remember many times hearing a slow, long drawn and cracked groan "Oh no" as a vexed French teacher stood stamping impatiently, demanding of him to do his French homework instead of calculating the gravitational pull on Mars.

Before commencing his studies he received as he says "gladly" the Atkinson Foundation bursary for students of \$400 and the University College bursary of \$300. These bursaries help to pay Ola's board. Ola is now in the Faculty of Arts Division at the University of Toronto where he is studying Honour Mathematics and Physics, a four year course. The first year consists of mathematics which includes algebra, calculus, geometry and statistics. Physics this covers a very wide field, including heat, velocity and electricity, chemistry and astronomy besides minor subjects like English.

The next three years he drops chemistry and concentrates on physics, mathematics and astronomy. Recently I asked him what was the cause of northern lights. Lo and behold he bombarded me with a theory of hydrogen atoms leaving the sun on volcanic eruptions and sealed with a burning zeal from which I gladly would have taken refuge under the table.

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SOCCER A LA FEMME!

By Lynn Treleaven
The girls have pretty well taken over the boy's game of soccer. We girls find it fun to play soccer in our own inimitable style. Our game isn't quite as rough as the boys'. It is even more fun when Miss Piercey or Miss Parkinson joins in, or the girls from grades ten and eleven join us in our combined P.T. period. So far we have been fortunate in having no mishaps, except an over-shoe full of snow. We hope in our future games we will be just as fortunate.

• EAVESTROUGHING
• PLUMBING
• HEATING

Don Houston
TR. 7-2506

Scholastic Interlude

'HOW STUDENTS GET THAT WAY'
8:45 a.m.—Phone rings in principal's home. He crawls out of bed picks it up, growls "Yes". A very timid voice answers, "Please, Sir, is there any school today?" Another growl, "Go back to bed, this is Sunday," hangs up.

8:58 a.m. A little blue "car" chugs into the school yard. It is hidden behind the old building. That back door comes in handy on these occasions.

9:00 a.m. Amazed student stands in the hall wondering if school is out for the day, as he has heard enough bells in five minutes to awaken Confucius.

9:01 a.m. Principal just reaching his office, bows at poor defenceless student. "Why aren't you in your room?"

9:02 a.m. Bells ring again as student is carried out by stretcher-bearers.

9:05 a.m. Principal is overworked. Phones relief teacher.

9:15 a.m. Relief teacher arrives just as building shakes. "There's a riot in Cell Block 7!"

9:16 a.m. Extra guards are rushed in. Too bad. False alarm. Just a teacher blowing off steam. Some helpless student did not have his home work done. He had forgotten his book in his locker, and had dragged himself up to the school at midnight, but nobody was there to let him in.

9:30 a.m. Tired, overworked student wanders into the office, a dog at his heels. Comes a roar "Get that mutt out of here." Student sees dog "Come Pedro, this isn't the meat market."

9:31 a.m. "What do you mean by coming in at this time?" "Please, Sir, you told me that this is Sunday, but my mother says it's Friday."

9:47 a.m. The bells and buzzers go again. One to wake the students up, and one for them to move to another room, and one to go back to sleep on.

9:48 a.m. Riot again, this time in Cell Block 8 because teacher was caught putting disappearing ink in ink bottles before a stiff exam.

9:49 a.m. Principal rushes to the scene. Dog catcher quietly sneaks off to his room.

9:50 a.m. Principal arrives at lab. Can't see for the gas that Grade XIII have produced in chemistry period.

10:00 a.m. Student is seen walking away from pencil sharpener and is given an essay of 500 words to write by 4 o'clock subversive influence.

10:07 a.m. Teacher staggers in and explains to class her absence, "I was too loaded coming up the hill!" Students look at condition of teacher and believe it.

10:46 a.m. Teacher in western pants and western boots, western lingo, 23 4308 gallow hat finishes his story for the day and begins physics class. Students put away their lassoes and six shooters.

11:05 a.m. 3rd period of morning ends. Amid confusion, 20 kids in hall someone yells "Teacher coming!" everybody ducks in their lockers.

11:07 a.m. 31 kids stuck in their lockers, can't be removed are all given reducing pills.

11:11 a.m. Teacher appears, all lips black, been drinking duplication machine fluid on a flat-top (stable) couldn't find drinking fountain.

11:31 a.m. Chief instructor's radar sounds as he pushes through the remaining 542 examination papers yet to be marked, to spot two boys sneaking out back door of school with skates and hockey sticks.

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lines for each boy.

11:43 a.m. Bells sound — kids pour into hall. Same large mass beams through the hall, shouting "You're not supposed to be out here yet. Get back, get back."

11:44 a.m. Scene of desolation — the hall—200 open locker doors, books, pencils, bottles, clothes strewn throughout after principal explosion.

11:45 a.m. Tired, starving students head for home.

12:50 p.m. Teacher with stopwatch smiles as students freeze outside locked door.

12:60 p.m. Student sneaks in through keyhole, is thrown out.

1:00 p.m. Students are let in one by one after being checked for guns, and muddy boots.

1:05 p.m. Locker raided. Empty, bottles, picture of Stalin, 2 packages of gum, pair of roller skates and skipping rope. Red flag seized by chief rider.

1:55 p.m. "Sniff!" What's that, Grade XIII again? Student replies after sniffling, "No Sir, it's just the girls in home economics burning the toast!"

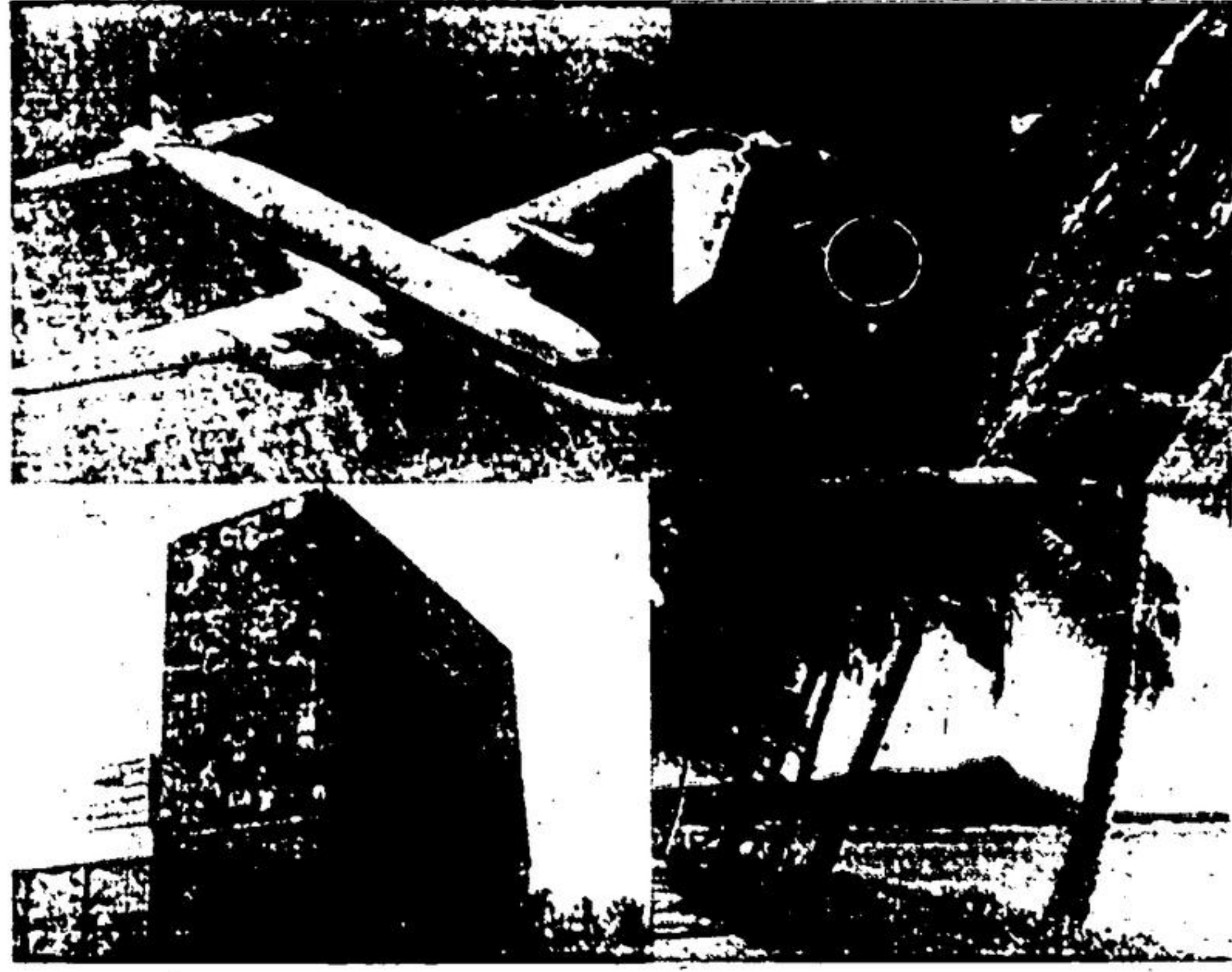
Rest of afternoon passes without incident, students too weak to fight back.

3:55 p.m. Town students stagger home as rural students are packed one on top of the other in the bus. Weary teachers have their 4 o'clock tea—what no crumpets?

For fear of persecution beyond our control the writers will remain anonymous.

With Quebec the only province still unsigned in the Trans-Canada highway agreement, some 4,500 miles of the Trans-Canada Highway are considered passable to traffic.

High cost have pushed most imported wool cloths into the so-called "special" brackets whereby they enter Canada under greatly reduced duty benefits to the detriment of the Canadian textile industry.



VACATION LURES FOR CANADIANS: Late winter vacations are becoming "a must" with many Canadians who wish to escape the bitter cold of late winter or the slushy snows of early spring. Canadian Pacific Air Lines' new service to Mexico and South America offers a quick escape from Old Man Winter's last cold clutches to the sunnier climes of the south. A direct service from Vancouver to Mexico puts that charming latin land within 10 hours of Canada. Equally quick flights by giant new DC-6B aircraft also put the alluring Hawaiian Islands within easy reach. Special tours in Mexico have been arranged including visits to famed Acapulco (upper right), America's own Riviera, where native divers defy deathly daily (see circle), plunging from towering heights into the broiling waters of the Pacific. At Mexico City visits to the new University, library of which is shown here (lower left), and to the famed "floating gardens" are musts for vacationists. Sunbathed Hawaii offers, among other attractions, Diamond Head and one of the world's best-known beaches, Waikiki (lower right).



The Bourkes family in the Bell Cafeteria (left to right): Leonard 31, Toll Twisting, Montreal—Nagawa, 34, Toll-Operator, Montreal—Linda, 17, Biographer, Montreal—Ray, 22, Central Office, St. Lambert Plant—Susan, 30, Biographer, Montreal—Gaston, 28, Toll Twisting, Montreal.

The Bourkes all work at the Bell!

Away back in 1922, a young man by the name of Arthur Bourke joined our company. Little did he realize that his children—all six of them—would follow in his footsteps to careers at the Bell. Today Mr. Bourke would be more than proud of his handsome family. We know we are!

The Bourkes, like all telephone people, know from their own experience that the Bell is "a good place to work". They have found pleasant associates and interesting work at good wages. They have also found satisfaction and opportunity in serving the public in an essential business.

And this is as it should be, for good telephone service depends upon people who like their jobs, and convey this feeling to our customers. This is the feeling that is largely responsible for "the spirit of service" you find in Bell employees wherever you meet them.

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