

HIGH TALES

PUBLISHED BY STUDENTS OF GEORGETOWN HIGH SCHOOL

VOLUME 3, NUMBER 10

Wednesday Evening, April 6th, 1955

GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

Camp Ipperwash Offers Cadets an Opportunity

Bill Hardman

Hello again. Well spring is here again and a young man's mind turns to—how to skip cadet periods with a legitimate excuse? A young man's mind also turns to the future in the spring. What are you doing this summer? Are you working or putting in another holiday? If you are over 15 and physically fit you can enjoy the best summer of your lives.

Each summer at Camp Ipperwash, on the shores of Georgian Bay, a cadet camp is conducted for the period of seven weeks. Each candidate needs only to be a member of a recognized cadet corps, at least 15 years of age and be able to meet the physical standards of the medical board.

After the first two weeks the cadet receives \$20.00 and another \$30.00 on the completion of the course. The total pay is \$100.00 for seven weeks training, plus clothes, meals and lodgings, while at camp.

As you can see it is a well organized, busy schedule. There are over 1600 cadets in camp with over 160 in each company.

There is a fully-equipped hospital for everything from emergencies to coughs. Each company has a sick parade every morning and afternoon. There is also a fully-equipped dental office for the cadet services. Both medical and dental services are done free of charge. A well-balanced religious program is also arranged with Protestant and Roman Catholics also. Hours are arranged in the training syllabus. To cover all the advantages of the camp would take far more space than our editor could allow. I have taken enough now. If there are any cadets who are interested in attending Camp Ipperwash this summer either contact Mr. Prouse or myself for further details. Dates are usually from the end of June to the third week in August. A full summer and a great experience.

The average day runs as follows: 6.30 reveille; 6.45 meal parade; 7.15 end of meal parade; 7.30 company parade; 7.45 battalion parade; 8.00 - 10.30 training lectures; 10.30 - 11.00 morning lunch period; 11.00 - 1.30 training lectures; 1.30 meal parade; 2.15 - 3.45 recreation (basketball, soccer, football, volleyball, horseshoes, darts, ping pong, boxing, wrestling, track and field, baseball); 3.45 - 5.30 recreational; 6.00 meal parade; 6.45 - 7.30 recreational; 7.30 - 9.30 retreat; 9.30 - 1st Post; 9.55 - last post; 10.00 lights out.

UNSUNG HEROES

Richard Sienko

Reading last week's Herald, I noticed something which has given me a topic for this week's article. In reading about the Commencement, I noticed that everybody was praised except the directors of the plays—Mr. Lambert, Miss Pierrey and Miss Parkinson. They were just mentioned as having directed the plays, that was all.

Well these three are the unsung heroes of this article. They are the forgotten people of the Commencement. If it weren't for the directors we would not have had the entertaining plays presented for your benefit. You would have seen presentations and choir numbers, heard some speeches and then would have gone home. No plays, no laughs, no chills, no nothing. The importance of these three cannot be put into words. If they hadn't have gone to considerable trouble over Commencement, there would have been a definite lack in the programme but with their hard work and patience Commencement was a great success.

Quite a bit rests on the shoulders of these people. If, in choosing characters for their plays, they had made one small mistake, it might have ruined that play. If they hadn't worked hard and long and patiently with the actors the plays would have taken on a haphazard appearance and would have been complete failures. And who would have taken the blame for the failure—none other than the directors!

Because the plays were a success—the actors, are naturally (and rightly) praised. But if the plays had been poor or some actor had forgotten his lines, one is inclined to blame the directors for picking the wrong girl or boy to play the part.

Yes directing can be difficult even if it is only a pastime, yet these three going through their actions, actually seemed to enjoy their work. So to the three directors of Georgetown High School's "Dramatic Theatre we of High Tales thank you for all your patience, perseverance and promptness."

John L. Barber, Normandy Blvd., was injured in a truck accident near London a few weeks ago and was hospitalized in London. Three trucks were involved, and Mr. Barber was helping one truck when he was struck by another vehicle.

The Choir's Critic

Sue Crabtree

Well here we are, with regular periods and hard work being thrown at us once again. Yes—Commencement is over and we're back to a normal school routine again. I see many people took my advice and came to hear the choir at the commencement. What did you think of our choir? Actually we were quite proud of ourselves considering the way our last couple of rehearsals went.

In "Louisiana Hayride" you could almost hear the three parts trying their best to blend. Even if I'm not a Scotman myself, I think the Scots must have been quite proud to hear us chanting "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doonee". I think in that number we surprised both our choir leader and ourselves. Of course nursery rhymes would not be nursery rhymes in our books if we did not miss a few entrances or sing a wrong note loudly during a soft interlude but you must remember that we actually finished the piece. Believe me, that is something!

As for the boys "Riff" song, it was not too bad, but it seems odd that when at practice, in a fairly small room they bellow so loudly that you wonder whether you're still in the room or not—but in an auditorium with people all prepared for a blast, what do they do—the very opposite. If you had not seen them in play, believing their heads off afterwards, you would almost have thought they had laryngitis. "Come to the Fair", there was one, you must agree with me, that really went over quite well. I don't know, maybe I'm prejudiced, but at least we all hit the right notes!

This column is beginning to sound like a famous writer in the Telegram who writes the TV and radio news, so I'll change my tune for the solos. With Pat Willson singing "Ships of Arcady" on Thursday, one person in formed us afterwards they were going to sign her up for Ed Sullivan's "Toast of the Town". Of course Sandra Scott's "Ich Liebe Dich" (which is "I Love Thee") on Friday night kept the audience almost in a trance. You could not imagine how true this was unless you were up on the stage looking over the audience during her performance. Both girls did a wonderful job.

For the amount of time the duets had to prepare their number I believe they did quite well.

Well, that seems to sum up the choir's part in the Commencement. I hope you found it worth while to come and hear us. I believe that our next performance will be at St. John's United Church in Georgetown on Good Friday evening. Watch your paper for more news about this. So long till next time. Happy Easter.

Pen Pal Receives One of Those Letters

Lynn Treleaven

There hadn't been much doing in 9A lately but the other day we had a good laugh.

Mr. Lambert came up to the room and we were all standing around waiting to get in. The principal announced that our form teacher, who would be unavoidably absent that afternoon had the keys; therefore, we were locked out. Mr. Lambert told one of the boys to climb up the ladder to room 10 which adjoins room 4 and see if it was locked. It was. So he went downstairs for a moment, but when he was gone two boys had an idea. Mike O'Brien pushed Earl Burt through the transom at the top of the door. He landed in one piece and opened the door for us.

The pen pals were a good idea. Many of the pupils hear interesting things from their foreign correspondents.

One girl in our class had a pen pal in India up until about two weeks ago. He wrote her a sob story telling her that his house had burned down, his parents died and he had to look after the family. He also told her he was out of work, that they were starving and that he would send her a parcel to sell for him. When it arrived she didn't even open it but reread it and returned it with a similar story for good measure. A few days later an item appeared in the Herald to beware of this kind of trickery, a means by which some people are trying to get out of working.

The Herald tells us to ignore such letters, and certainly our classmate did a good job with the one she received. A letter such as the one she received does certainly not create a very favourable impression, when it has such an old trick attached to it.

It won't be long until you have an extra hour after supper for gardening. Daylight Saving Time will come into effect in Georgetown on Sunday, April 24th.

Editorial

Don Souther

We would like to take this opportunity to publicly thank Mr. Ernie Forgrave, chairman at the commencement, for his kind remarks about High Tales.

In his remarks Mr. Forgrave also spoke on a subject which has often occupied a great deal of space in this column—that of a high school gymnasium and auditorium. Two years ago before the G.H.S. addition was built a strong representation was made to the Department of Education to get permission to build an auditorium as part of the addition. This was refused by the Department even though hundreds of others besides this column supported it. The Department is definite in its explanation that it cannot afford what it has termed facilities for "frills" in education—physical training, for example, even though it is compulsory.

This puts the matter squarely in the hands of the local taxpayers. It is estimated that a gymnasium and auditorium combined would cost \$80,000. This must all come from local taxes if students of expanding G.H.S. are to have any place in which to carry on physical training, basketball, debating, dramatics and many other activities usual in modern secondary schools of today. Due to lack of facilities G.H.S. is deficient in some of these forms of student training. Since some of the money to provide an auditorium gymnasium must come from you, the taxpayer, it is your choice whether we have an auditorium or not. Georgetown is growing fast. Must the present high school of almost three-quarters of a century (1887) remain the centre of secondary school education for this up-and-coming industrial centre?

Or would you like to see a new high school—one with adequate seating capacity for an ever-increasing attendance, a school to which we can point with pride and one that is a symbol of our citizen's interest in education? What is your opinion?

GRADE 10

Doug Wrigglesworth

Ten Grade 10 of Georgetown high school consists of two parts 10A and 10B.

Ten A the larger of the two take Latin, French, Science and other obligatory Subjects.

Ten B takes a commercial course with a choice of either French or Science or both.

We have the same home room—"Cellblock" 6 in the new section with Miss Pierrey as our form teacher.

Here are our teachers and their subjects.

Miss Pierrey: Form teacher, Latin and History.

Miss Luke: French.

Miss Parkinson: Girls PT and English.

Mr. Prouse: Boys PT and Geography.

Mr. Baxter: Science.

Miss Inman: Mathematics.

Miss Stone: Art.

Mrs. Hess: Home Economics and Commercial (10B).

Mr. Harrison: Music, Choir (Most of the boys in our room take choir but very few girls do).

Our stars from an academic standpoint are Marilyn Souther and Pete Canham with a newcomer from England, Neil "Clem" Wallace, giving them some keen competition. Congratulations to Marilyn who received 2 awards for proficiency at the commencement; North Halton School Board class scholarships for 9A; Canadian Legion Proficiency Awards for 9A.

We're proud of our Orator Club McCumber who won the Lions Club public speaking competition here in town and made a creditable showing in Brampton in the larger district contest.

Active in the Cadet Corps are Pete Canham, Barry Jeffrey, Bob Kidd and "Yours Truly."

All in all, grade 10 is a happy lot and to top it off we have a good sport as our form teacher Miss Pierrey. If you don't believe us, listen to a typical morning in grade 10 life.

This will be a report from student's point of view. Only the teacher remains anonymous for obvious reasons. First bell: ten to nine—students lined up at back of classroom door ready to break it down. Teacher arrives shoulders way and opens door, opens it upon tidy rows of desks and clean boards. Half a minute later, desks all over the room—eager beavers drawing cartoons on the blackboards.

Second Last Bell: Teacher re-enters room, reminds boys not to sit on the desks and finishes taking the attendance.

Last bell rings: attendance not quite complete—students leave the room and in the distance we hear "fir Hopper here?" Next bell, first period starts—Everyone struggles into the room, aises mysteriously disappear and teacher stands calmly up at the front under a barrage of various missiles until finally peace is restored.

Early minutes later the warning bell rings to bring the period to a close. The hubbub increases in a dull roar and the teacher finally

In the Wings

Leanne Darou

While you sat watching the Commencement plays, did you happen to notice some indications that there was more to that play than met the eye? Did it ever strike you that there was plenty of action going on, on the other side of the walls? For instance, was the prompter in a panic because the actors had skipped a page, and as a result the boys running the buzzers for the telephone were momentarily lost? Well, that's what happened. Out shout from the director, for a ring, brought results and the phones started ringing again. I don't think anyone noticed this simply because it was so well-covered up by the remarkable acting and the wonderful stage crew. Incidents such as this one would have made an exciting and hilarious play in themselves if the stage had been turned back to front and you, the audience, viewed the happenings "behind the scenes."

Or while you watched, did you notice the walls shake and pictures or calendars fall down? I guess you did because nothing could hide that. The explanation is that the space between the back of the stage and the walls of the set were no more than a foot and a half. Also every few feet along this passageway there was a support for the walls of the set and these supports were quite high enough to trip anyone who failed to lift his feet high enough when passing. Twice, to my knowledge this unfortunate accident occurred. The first time was on Thursday night, when one ambitious soul, trying hard to be helpful, decided to cross from left to right wing to find out from the prompter, the last line of the play, so that the "curtain puller" would know when to pull the curtain. On the return trip, in her haste to give this information, this person found to her horror and embarrassment that her foot had come into contact with the said supports, while the foot was travelling at a great velocity.

Quickly she slid into the nearest and most hidden corner, but a red face betrayed her guilt. Someone might have said "she'll learn," but she didn't.

On Friday, the following night, when the choir had taken off their gowns, they returned to the auditorium to find a shortage of chairs. Those who couldn't find one crowded into the rear of the auditorium to stand. Now our clumsy friend and a companion could not see over the heads of the crowd at the back of the hall, so they brilliantly decided to go back stage and have ringside seats for the second play of the evening. They found holes in the scenery, through which to peer. Unfortunately the holes were small and very little could be seen through one hole, so naturally they continually shifted from one hole to another to get a complete picture of what was going on.

However, the bangs and clatters that they caused could easily have been part of the effort to create a stormy scene outside. In this play (thunder, you know!) This information was received first hand since, needless to say, the intruding nuisances were our favourite (and only) choir reporter and yours truly.

Another scene of activity was in the wings during the third and last play. The calamity was caused by the fourteen minor characters, who were crammed into this minute space. Everyone was fighting to get sitting on one of the two chairs. As soon as someone was successful in getting a seat, he had to get up to make his or her debut, which in half the cases was the saying of a difficult speech, "your call please!"

Most of the "actors" and actresses who could not find a seat, occupied themselves by playing peek-a-boo with the operator who was giving her services at the time. This game was played through the holes in the

gives up and the students go to their next classes.

The morning periods go on generally in the same manner until the last forty minutes come to a close with the warning bell.

Frantic teacher calls to students: "That's only the first bell."

These cries fall on deaf ears as the class rushes down the hall. Free at last.

We are the answers to the question: why teachers become grey and bald prematurely.

switchboard with the purpose of making the operator laugh.

In the wings Tom Dobbie could have opened a barber shop, for a small fee, and during the intermissions he could have shaved anyone who so desired, for a small fee, with his murder weapon. Everyone would have been thoroughly satisfied with Tom's work, for they would never have had such a close shave in all their lives.

IT'S THAT TIME AGAIN!

Terry Harley

At G.H.S. we do not look for the ordinary signs of spring. By that—I mean melting snow, robins, buds on the trees, and so on.

Those students who have attended the "educated Kremjyn" for two or three years begin to notice the approach of the green season in certain other ways. For instance, just the other day one of the inmates who lodged in our corm, noted for his meekness and mild-mannered action, came strutting into the room as though he was head man of the True Blue Knights of the Orange Hebrews, plunked his books on the desk and shouted: "It is now officially spring!"

Before we could ask him what in the blue-eyed world made him say that, he explained:

"I, I, just plunked the 'Keep off the Grass' sign into the muddy lawn. Another observation we made was just at the beginning of a PT period.

The Gobi Desert all stars were making their usual hasty entrance onto the soccer field which meant flinging open the back door, clearing the sidewalk in one bound and roaring off across the vast playing field in a cloud of snow. Not until the first three out of the door sunk into murky depths of a sea of mud did we realize that the game would be slower than usual that day. From the spot where the victims disappeared we could hear "glub, ub glub," which translated means "I knew we came out the wrong door. This is the Home Ec room and they're making pea thoup again."

4-H FORESTRY CLUB

Sheila Carney

The president, Bob Crawford, opened the meeting at 12:15.

The club leader, Mr. Armstrong told the members of a summer trip to one of the government experimental stations, a tour through a large manufacturing plant, plus a general picnic outing, which is being planned. All the members are eagerly looking forward to this.

Mr. Groves told the members that a trip was being planned to St. Williams on the sixteenth of April, to see the tree nurseries. This trip should prove very interesting.

Mr. Groves then gave a talk on the different ways in which a woodlot is sold. For instance, some are sold for a lump sum, which means the whole

woodlot is sold for a certain amount of money. This is not a good method and usually the farmer is cheating himself.

Another way in which a woodlot is sold is in plots. This is almost as unwise as selling for a lump sum. The small trees are destroyed and the cycle of growth cut.

The best way to sell is tree by tree—that is, just mature and damaged trees are sold. In this way the farmer gets a good profit and the cycle of growth is maintained.

Mr. Groves turned all the meetings over to the president after this interesting discussion, and the meeting was closed.

Contest Entry Appears In French Newspaper

Leanne Darou, a Grade XII student at G.H.S. has entered a contest sponsored by the French news paper "L'Alliance". One of her answers submitted to several questions was published in the latest edition of "L'Alliance", and she is in the running for one of the three major prizes. Our best wishes to you, Leanne.

Here is her answer, first in French, followed by a translation into English (although much of the beauty of a language is lost in a translation).

Quel interet avez-vous a etudier le francais? Poutaque le francais est la premiere langue qu'on a parlee au Canada, sauf les dialectes indiens, mon interet principal est d'apprendre la langue de mes ancetres. J'ourtant je crois que tout le monde devrait savoir parler l'anglais et le francais parce qu'on peut voyager dans ces cas dans tous les pays du monde sans difficulte.

Le francais est la langue la plus musicale de toutes, donc je l'etudie pour le plaisir, le profit et l'interet.

What interest have you in studying French? Since French is the first language that was spoken in Canada except for Indian dialects, my principal interest is to learn the language of my ancestors. Nevertheless, I believe that everyone should know how to speak English and French because one can travel in this way in all countries of the world without difficulty.

French is the most musical language of all; I study it for pleasure, profit and interest.

HIGH TALES CONTINUED ON OPPOSITE PAGE

AIR-WAY VACUUM CLEANERS SERVICE Bags and Supplies Triangle 7-3487 4-6

MR. 2 BY 4

WE HAVE What You Need in LUMBER and Builders' Supplies

Frames - Sash Doors

"The roof lifts up to air out kitchen odors!"

THE GEORGETOWN LUMBER CO. LTD.

TR. 7-3211

LUMBER - MILL - WORKS - BUILDERS SUPPLY

GEORGETOWN ONT.

travel treats for... Springtime

Philadelphia 24.80 Montreal \$ 17.55

Chicago 23.15

Tickets and Information CORNER CUPBOARD TR. 7-3051