

HIGH TALES.

PUBLISHED BY STUDENTS OF GEORGETOWN HIGH SCHOOL

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Wednesday Evening, March 14th, 1956

GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

IF I HAD THREE WISHES

Miss F. Luke

There is an old French story which tells of the experiences of a poor wood-cutter. One day, as he was working in the forest, he was beaming his sad fate. Suddenly a fairy appeared and promised him three wishes. When he arrived home, he told his wife. They began discussing what they would like. As they were eating, Jules chanced to look at his meagre meal and said, "I would like a sausage." And the sausage appeared on his plate. His wife began berating him and in his exasperation, Jules said, "I should like to see the sausage on the end of your nose." Obediently the sausage went up on Marthe's nose. Then, with typical French irony, the story relates that the couple had to use the third wish to remove the sausage.

You can see how foolishly Jules used his three wishes. I should like to tell you mine. As they are intangibles, I shall never know whether they have been granted.

First of all, I would wish for the gift of friendship. Friends double our joys and cut in half our griefs. They share our interests and add sparkle to our lives by sharing their with us.

My second wish would be that of an open mind. With this gift I would hope to acquire an appreciation of the culture of races and creeds different from my own. I would like to learn of the history, science, art and literature of the world. One of the people who encouraged me most in my student days was a woman who had never gone beyond Grade VIII. Yet, because of her extensive and appreciative reading, university students came to her for help with their essays.

My third wish would be that of a sense of responsibility. It would bring with my family. It was my family who undertook my maintenance when I could not look after myself. They grieved over my defeats and rejoiced over my little triumphs. As a student, I would feel some responsibility to my teachers who were doing their best to give me a good start in life. As a teacher I would feel the responsibility to my students and to their parents to put forth every effort to train to the best of my ability the people entrusted to me. As a Canadian, I would feel some responsibility into making myself into a good citizen and thus make some contribution to the growth of this country. Some fifty years ago, a poor immigrant family arrived here from Russia. In the intervening years, that family has contributed two doctors, two lawyers, a dentist and a dental nurse to Canada. One of the lawyers earned his way through university by shining shoes and selling newspapers. He rose to be a member of parliament and is now a senator. His name is David Croll. At a testimonial dinner given in his honour in Windsor a few weeks ago, Senator Croll said, "My country owes me nothing. To Canada and its people I am eternally grateful." Finally, I should like to feel some responsibility as a citizen of the world. I can elaborate on this theme no better than by a quotation from Rustaveli. "When men share their labour, talents, good counsel, sympathy and understanding with those who need them, they receive in turn the same gifts back again — a widening circle that could, in time, make all men friends."

THE CHOIR GROWING PAINS

Terry Harley

Since the recent addition to the bass section of the G.H.S. choir, bird watchers have frantically reported more song sparrows turning around and heading back south than ever before. This addition or subtraction, (opinions vary), is made up of eight or ten social outcasts from grade twelve. Some of them do not know the high "c's" from the bounding main—but nobody is perfect. When they break into a chorus of "Oklahoma" (they have to break in, they can't find the key), choirmaster Ken Harrison, who knows more about music than Jeff Chandler knows about Apaches, winces painfully, but nevertheless, continues to conduct the musical hurricane.

These newcomers have not been idle in the brain department however. Why not, comes the query, have plastic song sheets so the choir members can watch the leader without raising their eyes from the notes? To think it took a fourth-former to come up with such an obvious improvement. This suggestion comes of course, from the same vocal varmint who still thinks an octave is a giant squid.

As if they were not provided with sufficient material, the bass section frequently becomes impatient between ditties and begins a rousing chorus of some recent popular song. Last week they had just begun "Leave the Horse in the Bathtub Mother, We Never Did Have a Plug," when a certain Principal, believing the steam pipes were acting up again, burst into the room. He made a point of seeing that the lovely ballad was not further strangled.

Since then the boys have settled down considerably. Those few who joined because they liked the idea of a frequent twenty-two beat rest are taking serious interest, and with a concert coming soon, all the horseplay has been put aside. The horses have been gargling with Ajax everyday in an effort to reach their peak form. Who knows if all goes well at the concert, the student council may help buy jackets for the choir too.

GRADE NINE REPORT

K. J. L. Scott

During the last couple of weeks the Grade Nines have been having dancing, under the leadership of Miss Piercey, on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. Now that it is getting muddy outside these sessions will be switched to P.T. class.

Room 6 and 7 hold the crowd and the music's supplied by records. These sessions are in preparation for the possibility of a dance after Lent for Grade 9, 10, 11, which will be held to keep the peace between the Upper and Middle School classes, and which arose over the formal at Hill Top.

The dancing has been very successful up to date and will be carried on for a couple of months longer.

I haven't heard any complaint so I guess everyone is happy with the arrangement.

Amen, Amen, OH, man.

P.T. REPORT

S. Scott

For the last couple of weeks P.T. has been carried on inside, due to muddy grounds. Having a double room in the school has been a great asset. P.T. now consists of square-dancing. The boys are as bashful as ever, saying that they would be only too happy to operate the record player. Since this only takes one person there are numerous long faces. I think this is a great opportunity for students to brush up on their dancing before the coming formal. See you next edition.

Mr. Baxter

G. Scott

In our series of trying to bring to you a little knowledge about your teachers, we i.e. my cohort Leanne and I find it necessary to restrict the length of what we write. We have found our teachers very interesting people who have had many and varied experiences in this country and abroad and are seasoned travellers. We would like to share with you their philosophy, experiences, and broad mindedness. We haven't space enough, so we leave that up to you. We hope by giving you the outline you will rid yourself of your timidity and get to know your teachers better. We want you to make friends with them, share their experiences and wisdom, so that you appreciate your teachers as good friends, and they you.

Our teacher this week is Mr. Baxter our chemistry, physics, and if required, zoology, geology, botany and mathematics teacher. As is often the case what father is, so is son. Born of school teaching parent in Transcona, Manitoba (about 6 miles east of Winnipeg) he seemed destined and in all probability had no choice but to teach. His father was principal of the forty-roomed Collegiate Institute and his mother before marriage was a public school teacher. He attended public school and the collegiate in Transcona and graduated young. He then proceeded to the University of Manitoba and enrolled in medicine. After three years of medicine he turned to Geology, Zoology, Chemistry, and Physics. The depression had set in and jobs on the prairies were very scarce, so in order to eat he worked as a store order clerk for the stores and purchasing department of the CNR for seven years. Ever dream of going 1500 miles to see a hockey game? Well he and his friends did. They would leave on Thursday night and travel to Toronto by pass to see an NHL game on Saturday night and get back to Winnipeg at 9 o'clock Monday morning one hour late for work!

After the depression began to level off he started teaching in Northern Manitoba as a principal for \$320 per year. They still owe him two week's salary, about \$12.30. While there he did a little detective work and located the charter for Pegus band of Indians. In appreciation their chief Nathaniel Asham gave him a beaded Indian jacket which he still wears.

He moved later to Goodland's, then to Kennan (which incidentally if we have any hockey fans is the home of Turk Broda) and then to Fort Garry, principal of an 18 room high school, and where the University of Manitoba is located. At times a teacher's job can involve anything as it did when he was at Goodlands where he took 83 children to Winnipeg by train, a distance of over 200 miles to see the King and Queen in 1939.

Coming east, Mr. Baxter taught at Alton for 2 years then came to Georgetown which was in 1947, 9 years ago. During the war the government took him from teaching and employed him in Defence Industries on nitroglycerine analysis and control in the manufacture of chordite. In 1941 they sent him to Bristol aircraft where his physics was put to practical use in locating the centre of gravity of all airplanes before the air force would buy them.

Mr. Baxter has two sisters who also graduated in honour science from the University of Manitoba. One is a senior technician for the Banting Institute and the other formerly with Connaught Laboratories.

Mr. Baxter has several hobbies but the ones he likes best are philately, le stamp collecting, especially Canadian stamps; and the raising of the expensive German breed of dog called the Doberman pinscher. He also has a very interesting picture of which I think all of you would like to see.

There are only 3 in existence — of which the other two belong to the CNR. It is a picture of the locomotive that pulled the king and queen of Canada on their tour of Canada in 1939. It is coloured in the actual paint used on the locomotive. He can recall being at the throttle of the engine when they took it out on its final trial run. Ask him to show it to you.

Mr. Baxter has two children, Duncan and Blake of Georgetown, and is still not very far from his father and mother, who now live in Brampton, and his father is nearly 90 years old, 65 of these years were spent as a teacher, 29 years a principal of the collegiate Institute of Transcona. Mr. Baxter has taught 20 odd years himself but still has a long way to catch his father. Altogether amongst his father, mother, and himself they have nearly a 100 years of teaching in Canadian schools, and that is quite a feat — one to be proud of.

A-WHALING

Jim Gill

One day I went a sailing,
Over the deep blue sea,
One day I went a whaling,
"In the smallest boat there be."
I had to get some money
To buy a bigger boat,
But the only way to do this
Was to catch a whale afloat.

The day was cool,
I felt a fool,
To be out in such a boat,
For a whale is strong,
And will fight for long
With a harpoon in his throat.
I came upon a frisky one,
He took me for a ride;
The blood was spurting out of the
hole,
The harpoon made in his side.

He fought me long,
He fought me well,
He fought me to the end.
But I got my money,
And I got my boat
And I loved him like a friend!

Diogenes

B. Hess

This dancing in the halls at noon, it's just the most. This Charleston step has got to be seen—the Charleston went out with the flappers thirty years ago, but the students are still doing it at Georgetown! They learned it from one of the teachers I suspect.

With a wiggle and a jiggle and an umph, umph, we start off. Left foot before the right. That's it. One quarter turn of left foot and a draw to side; one quarter turn right foot; left foot down; right foot to side; now for the wiggle; shoot right arm and foot forward. This is so difficult that the body is naturally shaking. Right leg and arm down with a little jump as they pass the left leg going up in the air behind. As you can see, this is where the jiggle comes in—quite dangerous as the wiggle is still going around, and is liable to collide with the jiggle—then r-r-rip. Now hands up in the air and flutter—you've seen it before, our hairy four-legged friends in the zoo thought of it first. Left leg down and a rotating motion is imported to the hips. This is the umph—somewhat reminiscent of the bumps and grinds. Kindly note the stag line against the wall. Meanwhile left and right legs are quarter-turning back and forth all the way. Now cross left foot in front of right. I don't like this. A second wiggle is set in motion! At this point transverse all over the body with hot and cold spasms close behind. But dangerous side forces are at work; the first wiggle in hurrying to catch up to the umph—wurry out, here it comes, watch out—urumph. I always forget to uncross my legs.

As the girls are helping me up from the floor—Oh, I like it, I like it,—I gingerly set one foot ahead of the other and sadly make my way past the smiling graduates' portraits, through the swinging doors and leaving the hulabaloo behind, climb the old oak stairs, passing the waltzing maidens in the art gallery. What they really need is a good copy of "The Sabines". I climb into my room, close the door, and pull the walls in around me, which isn't very difficult since there is only enough room for two people and the walls are pretty close. In fact, and we are proud of it, there is only one room in the school which is smaller—and we all know where that is!

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BENNETT'S BEAT

D. Bennett

Mr first duty this week is to apologize for something written in my last column. I thought it was rather funny, but I guess I have a poor sense of humour. I treated the matter with an air of jest, but it became somewhat serious. The persons involved will know what I am talking about, and I am very sorry for any wrong I have committed.

I was told the other day that one reason we do not hear any news of Grade IXB is that it is "a very quiet class; everything and everybody runs like clockwork." (That last phrase was quoted by one Grade IX student). Another student, very close to me, tells me it is a "riot." There is supposed to be a girl known as a real clown. (no offence). I don't know about the clown business, but she is a nice person to know. I also don't know about the class activities, so I am offering both sides of the story and let your own ideas be the judge.

A week ago, Monday, March 5th, to be exact, the commercial class spent a hilarious period in room 10. I was wondering if the books they were reading were really as funny as they seemed to be.

Why did our Chemistry teacher and the students of Grade XIII look so surprised when a fellow student was caught sticking her legs in the lab desks? This is the atomic age, man, it is an impossibility for a girl to be a lady. Besides, it's more fun this way.

Concerning the forthcoming formal — it seemed that some grades felt neglected when they were not invited to the formal. Now as I understand it, ten couples from one grade have been asked and they don't want to go. Not knowing too much regarding this matter, I will say no more; but I think they are very lucky to be invited.

This little gem of news really gave me a charge. It sees that one Grade 12 student, on the night of the formal, is going to receive flowers of course. The funny part is that they are intended to be in a flower pot. Who else but Bob could think of an original idea such as that.

Soon GHS is going to be an additional Arthur Murray studio. Such smooth and relaxing music as "Rock Around the Clock," has been flowing through the halls lately, proving that we have our own "jukebox babies," and "Dungaree Dolls." (go, man, go.) I would like to add that none of my columns are written in a sarcastic way, or through personal dislike, although some may give those impressions.

See you later, Alligator.

GRADE XII REPORT

Frank O'Neill

There is a certain young lady from Borneo who hangs around room 2. She is not ugly, then again she is not beautiful. She is a lady with piercing, soul-searching eyes. You can stand in any of the four corners of the room and without moving a muscle of her body, she will be scrutinizing you. In case you haven't been in room two recently, I will explain to you who and what this phenomenon is. She is a Dusun from northern Borneo, a picture on the wall. I suggest that Mr. Lambert should if he wishes to bring the attention of his pupils to the front of the room, hang this picture above the middle blackboard or better still, organize a safari consisting of Grade 12, into Northern Borneo, to search for her. A person who can command attention like that with such apparent ease should be a teacher. Therefore when we have found her, we shall send her to teachers' college. She will become as famous as Mona Lisa. People will flock to Georgetown (of course, she will teach at GHS after graduation from T.C.) to see her. The population of Georgetown will increase by leaps and bounds, industry will be pleading to be let into Georgetown and Georgetown High School will become the tourist attraction across Canada. Grade 12 boys will be honoured at a banquet, thrown by the "city" fathers and retired for life with a yearly income. Thus fooling everybody, including themselves, by making good in this world.

The football team members have each received from the Student Council a monetary amount from our Student Council for crests. On behalf of the team, thank you.

WITH THE CADETS

Cadet Lt.-Col. B. Timlock

The NCO courses were started last week under the supervision of Lt. Teeter and Sgt. Sauve.

The junior NCO's were given a lecture on the fundamentals of cadets. Questions such as "Why are there cadets?" and "What work do they do?" were answered by Lt. Teeter. The second period was taken on the parade square. The potential NCO's were given rifle drill and later each one in turn gave orders in order to practice his voice for the annual inspection.

The parade was dismissed and rifle firing followed.

Army boots have been issued to all ranks this year for the first time. This movement by the corps chief instructor, Capt. A. Prouse, is to help to promote enrolment in the cadets throughout the school.

Anything. Apparently when the final count was made of those were to attend, it was found that there was room for approximately 20 more people, which accounts for Grade XI's last minute invitation.

Incidentally a few small white "guided missiles" seem to be floating around room 4, in spite of our teacher's valiant efforts to stop them. Some "after-four court-martials" however, have caught a few offenders.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

IN THE ESTATE OF Dorothy Swan, late of the Town of Georgetown, in the County of Haldon, widow, deceased.

All persons having claims against the estate of Dorothy Swan, late of the Town of Georgetown, in the County of Haldon, widow, who died in the City of Guelph on or about the 23th day of September, 1954, and all others having claims against her estate are hereby notified to send post prepaid, or otherwise to deliver to Hewson and Ord, Georgetown, Ontario, Solicitors for the undersigned administrator of the estate of Dorothy Swan, on or before the 21st day of March, 1956, their names, addresses, descriptions and full particulars of their claims and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them and that immediately after the 21st day of March, 1956, the administrator will proceed to distribute the estate of the said deceased amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which the administrator shall then have notice.

DATED at Georgetown, this 20th day of February, 1956.

George C. Hewson,
Administrator
by his solicitors,
HEWSON & ORD
Georgetown, Ont.

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