

HIGH TALES

PUBLISHED BY STUDENTS OF GEORGETOWN HIGH SCHOOL

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The Future of the Graduating Class

Rhoda Dixon
Because Fifth Form has great hopes of graduating this June, the members have decided, practically for sure in most cases, what their occupations will be next year. The plans for the future are as follows:
Bety Jean Anderson—Toronto Teachers' College.
Bill Cohen—University of Toronto, engineering.
Bob Crawford—University of Toronto, electrical engineering.
Peter Darlington—University of Toronto, electronics.
Rhoda Dixon—Toronto Western Hospital School of Nursing.
John Dorsey—Ryerson Institute of Technology, Toronto, electronics.
Bill Farmer—University of Toronto, architecture.
Sandra Fox—Toronto Teachers' College.
Brian Hyatt—Ryerson Institute of Technology, radio electronics.
Jacqueline Lucas—Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, chemistry.
Frank O'Neill—Flying (to the moon?).
Laurie Reed—University of Toronto, maths and physics.
Sandra Scott—Ontario Teachers' College.
Carole Seddon—Guelph General Hospital School of Nursing.
Barry Timleck—Work. P.S. — He needs a job.

11B REPORT

By Linda Mino
Welcome back to the grind. Easter holidays are over, and it's time to start settling down for the last stretch. Exams aren't too far off now, in fact they're too close. Teachers are beginning to talk about what's to be on the final exams. Some are rushing so as to finish up the course, and still have time for review.
Cadet inspection isn't far off now. The school is being emptied onto the football field, and the air is filled with such as the following: left, left, left right left, right right; Attention; Stand at ease! Middle and Upper School is refreshing memories, but many of the first formers are turning right when they should be going left, marching out of step (not knowing how to get back in), and continuing after the command of halt. But after the second time out, they're improving considerably, and picking it up fast. Thank goodness that even though we're sloppy right up to the night before the inspection, we make a fine showing that night. Everyone looks trim in uniform, and there isn't a soul out of step, or turning the wrong way.
I've been told that this will be the last edition until next year. I'd like to say "thank you" to all the people who've taken the time to read this column, and for their many kind comments. Also, the best of luck to all my class-mates on their exams, and I hope that they all, including myself, get through with flying colors.

CHATTER IN THE HALLS

Mabel
I don't think much studying was done during the Easter holidays. The weather was much too nice.
The T.B. mobile unit visited the school last week. Sandra, do you really think you will have spots on your x-ray or was it the metal in your blouse bottoms?
I heard that Frank didn't get home from the hockey celebrations until very early in the morning. He figured that they needed his help.
Why did a fifth former suddenly take an interest in Sunnybrook hospital?
Because this is the last edition I would like to thank all those who have read my columns. Good luck on the exams.

SUMMARY OF A YEAR WITH 9C

A year with 9C has had its ups and downs like every other class. We've been fortunate to have a bunch of good hearted students which makes the year a lot more fun and interesting. For the girls we've covered quite a bit in home economics; we've made aprons, guest towels, blouses, skirts and a few have made jumpers. Now we at least know how to boil water without burning it. We have Mrs. Hess to thank for that—I certainly don't know how she could put up with such a big class as ours at times. We've also had lots of laughs in our P.T. classes learning how to square dance. All in all we've had a pretty good year, and in my opinion the teachers of 9C were High as Hertz.

EDITORIAL

Dear Readers:
Our last edition of High Tales for this term has gone to press, and we are wrapping up the year's school work in preparation for the final exams.
As we look back at this year we see the many improvements which have been made in our old school and adding in our new school expansion and we see the school expanding in response to new demands. Our intercom system which was supposed to be installed when the new school was built is now being put in, much to the amusement of the pupils and the annoyance of the teachers.
The one final thing before exams is our cadet inspection. On the 28th of May the boys and girls of GHS become smart-looking cadets. We hope to see many people at the park that evening.
We of the paper staff would like to thank Mr. Roberts for the help and censorship he has given. Mr. Biehn receives our gratitude for the space which he gives up.
Until next fall, when we hope to see you again, we remain
Yours sincerely,
THE EDITOR.

THE TATTLE TAIL

Karen Scott 10A
Boy we are gone modern. G.H.S. Incorporated now boasts a P.A. system. These little boxes that hear and tell all will put us on guard from now on. With one little flick of the switch Mr. Lambert can find out who hasn't got their math done, who's chewing gum (again) and who is getting a lecture for poor history notes and many other minor details that are going on in our sanctuaries. Also the teachers will now use their mellow tones for their sermons in case their loud voices blow the fuses, and we can't afford new ones.
I can see it now. At 9 o'clock in the morning the order for the day will come through "uh hum; Good morning children. I have an announcement which is as follows: 'Anyone with lines for me get them down here pronto'—and students, have you read our latest addition to the school library entitled The Life and Loves of Jesse James. Just in hot off the branding iron, it will make your hair curl and eyes water. Now if anyone has any problems bring them to me in my office. That is all. You shall now have your attendance taken, uh hum!" — Click!
The reply is as follows: "Good morning, Sir, all's well at 9 bells in cell, all accounted for including one who is residing at the Main and Water Academies. Other than that, oh yes, Lu Lu wishes to know if she may go to the dentist at 10.05 for a distraction. Other than that the home front is quiet "Crash"—Sir, may we return the baseball to the fields. Thank you, Sir"—Click.
And the lessons will be "Cathy, will you read to us aloud the "Rusty Nail by Homly." It won't be as before "O.K. George, seeing you have so much to say, you read—page 49 and stand up."
But for all the points against it we foresee a softer life for having the eaves-dropping tattle-tail in the room and may its batteries have a long life.

11A REPORT

M. O'Brien
With a flurry and scurry of human beings some weeks back, "The Challenge" our year book, went to press. Bill spent days taking and sorting his various photos, and at the same time Pete was writing to all the companies and sorting out the money. A person connected with the printing of this year's book is Frank. He is the lad who, while studying hard for exams, carries around great piles of literature which will eventually make sense.
Cadets have started practising for the inspection at the end of May and from what we can gather the squad of girls under the leadership of Barb Alcott has learned more in two weeks than the boys have learned all year. As one of my Indian loving friends in fifth said while watching the girls perform "What have they got that the boys don't have?" Of course the answer was patience and a sense of obedience.
The T.B. x-ray came to old G. H. S. last Wednesday and never arose such a clatter. It was in report that some of the boys in fifth had to be x-rayed three times. Why? Because it was a simple matter of breathing; they forgot how! Also the fact has come to light that some paint was scratched off the ceiling of the bus. John, after this walk on your knees. Well, I've got to go. Those men in the white coats are back.

HIGH SCHOOL CAPSULE

Frank O'Neill
Now that we are past Easter the school year sweeps into the home stretch with the students, furiously cracking the books and the teachers cracking the whip in an effort to get through the prescribed course.
Grade XIII are still writing exams and after a short respite will commence the "Departmentals"—The Year Book is at the Herald and we hope that it will be ready for distribution about the beginning of June.
5th Form are going down to the Crest Theatre on Thursday to enjoy a rare social evening together. They will see, "She Stoops to Conquer, a witty and thoroughly enjoyable play.
The track and field competitors are awaiting word from Guelph to hear if there is any field day this year.
Well, since this is the last edition of High Tales for the current year this is my last column for the school paper. I have enjoyed the opportunity of expressing myself in this organ of the High School and sincerely hope for its continuous support and success.— au revoir.

9B REPORT

Luke Janssen
Here we are back again with another term which I imagine will be the hardest of all. It will be short—only about 34 schooldays left now before we get out for the summer holidays. Then we can quit throwing chalk, shooting papers and of course attending lessons for awhile, and the teachers can have a breathing spell.
The year book will be coming out in a while and we hope it will be as successful for there has been a lot of work done on it; pictures taken, reports written and articles thought up.
In his year Hank DeBoer and Gerald Felker left school and were replaced by Willy Montgomery who was transferred from Acton High School.
Last week the curtains were closed as the new building is being constructed immediately outside our classroom. Most of us for some reason like watching the workmen rather than the teachers.
This is the last time for the school year 1956-57 that the High Tales will appear. We now have to study for the finals and for some of us this will be hard. I want to thank all the readers of High Tales for showing interest in the news and views of Georgetown High. Till next year — au revoir.

9A REPORT

By Lois Niven
Well! May has closed in on us and I suppose in no time at all June will do the same!
June will be a very mixed-up month for everyone. Studying, preparing for and writing exams will occupy a majority of the last few weeks. Then, of course, the holidays—two happy, carefree months of leisure and relaxation. Suddenly, September rolls around and—oh I mustn't interrupt this day-dreaming (at least it seems so these days) by a nightmare.
But really my first year in High School has been very exciting and a lot of fun. I have enjoyed it and I'm sure the other grade nines feel the same or maybe I should bring that subject up on a warm summer day about the fifth of July when everyone is in a reasonable mood.
To bring us around to more present activities, Cadets have begun again this year for the girls. Apart from the regular commands and rules of training, we have learned how to dig up mud by sloppy marching; to turn in the direction opposite to everyone else who is obeying the command correctly; and tell everyone they are the wrong way; to march over coats, boots, and shoes, lumber or what-have-you which is strewn all over the field and to ignore mock commands from the "great soldiers" who should be getting goals in their own games at P.T.
On Wednesday we had tuberculosis x-rays which we were so fortunately allowed to have by the Halton County Tuberculosis and Health Association.
I hope you have enjoyed reading my column and all the others from time to time as much as I have enjoyed writing them. I am sure you were kept well informed of school activities by the writers of High Tales. I hope to be with you again next term, so until then—goodbye.

JOB PRINTING—When you require printing of any description, call The Georgetown Herald, TR. 7-2301.

10B REPORT

Karen Tuck and Audie Peregood
After a two week holiday we came back to school to write the last report of the year on 10B. (This wasn't the only reason we came back, but we couldn't think of anything better).
What's with the year book? We haven't heard of any recent news on how it is coming along.
On Wednesday morning we all took time out of our classes to have our TB chest x-rays. What certain girls liked having their x-rays taken and why?
We are back once more to the old grindstone to slave (?) and study (?) for our exams which appear faithfully every June. These exams are such a bother to both students and teachers, we wonder why we even have them. They are a lot of trouble for the teachers to mark when we know we've failed, and it would be a lot easier not to even have them at all. Even so, we hope everyone will do his best in the exams. Good friends.

FOR A SICK FRIEND

In our composition class we had to write a letter or composition to cheer up a sick friend. Here is part of one of the best, written by Martha Mulder.
Dear Jemima:
It was a shame you weren't at Fanny's wedding; you would have died laughing. The groom was strange to all of us you know, and he became even stranger when he walked in to take his place in dirty overalls, rubber boots plastered with mud, and an old straw hat made of hay, so it seemed. When Jenny asked him what had happened to him, he said he had forgotten to mix fertilizer with the seeds in the garden, so he dug up the whole garden to put in the forgotten fertilizer, exclaiming that work came before pleasure. Aunt Hilda was crying and her face was red with shame, while that dumb ox of a groom stood there grinning like a gorilla. Poor Fanny! She nearly fainted when she saw the duke. The minister of course couldn't keep a straight face, but I was glad I was sitting at the back or I would have shocked the whole crowd. I practically fell off the seat from laughing.
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