

WHAT'S UP?



At Alexander Galt

Vol. 4 No. 3, December 1989

10 cents

GALT INTELLECTS TRIUMPH OVER CVR

By Angela R. Locke

The first round of the 1989-90 Intellectual Olympics opened November 29, 1989 at Chateaugay Valley Regional High School in Ormstown, Quebec. Hosting for the first time as well as competing, CVR welcomed the Galt team and spectators, who travelled the distance to watch the exciting event, before commencing.

Engineering kicked off the afternoon. Each team had to fabricate a balance to weigh five objects from specific material. CVR choose the conventional balance whereas Galt used an original sliding balance. The percentage of points was given at the end of the afternoon with Galt at 94% and CVR at 25%.

To liven up the meet, a debate then followed. The resolution, that the family is the most important institution in society, was debated very thoroughly with Galt standing strongly on the affirmative side and CVR on the negative. Kathryn Napier, the first speaker for Galt, defined a family and its importance in today's society. The first negative speaker commented that a child is in charge of his/her own life and that a family should not be given credit for the kind of person he/she is. She also mentioned that teachers develop the child, showing what is right or wrong, whereas parents have very little influence. Lori Gear, Galt's second speaker, came back with much determination. "Children need

to be loved and cared for, given words of encouragement. A teacher has thirty other students."

Last remarks were presented. CVR showed weakness by talking in circles and not debating on the actual resolution. Galt, confidently asked the audience if they were totally convinced by CVR. The end result was 77% for Galt and 71% for CVR.

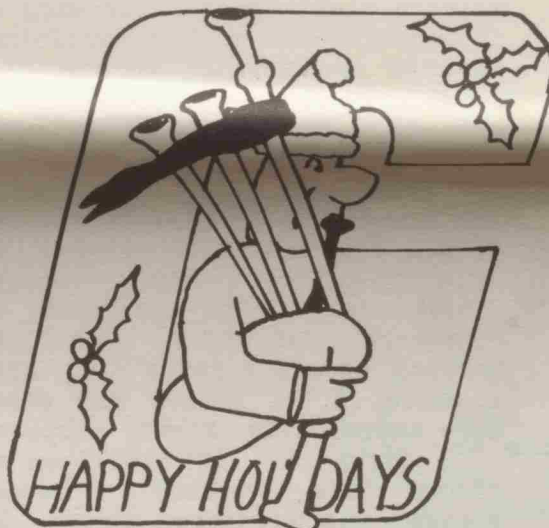
The drama skits were then presented. Each team had to create a sculpture in which they would work around for their skits. CVR's production centered on the massive pressure society uses for absolute perfection, which, to them, has taken over today's peoples' dreams and their desires.

Galt whose sculpture seemed to be much of a surprise to the audience, who even went so far as to state, "It looks like a blown up vacuum cleaner," centered around an artist whose work with garbage reflected her outlook on today's environment and its people.

Although superbly presented, CVR won this event with 83% to Galt's 83%. The art sculptures were judged 80% for Galt and 7% for CVR.

The current events category was won by Galt, stealing most of the questions from CVR who sat bug eyed with mouths hanging open. The score, 235-140, showed Galt's strength in this event.

The final category for the afternoon was math and science. CVR roared ahead



early, leaving Galt staggering behind. Finally realizing their fate, Galt went full speed ahead, overtaking their opponents. With Galt now in the lead, CVR didn't stand a chance and remained trailing. As Galt had done before, CVR found some unknown strength and pursued their adversaries. The end result came as a blow to Galt who lost by 10 points to CVR's 240.

Galt, the winner over CVR, was then presented certificates and promoted to the Division B of the Olympics, which will be held at Galt in February.

The team of intellectuals enjoyed their stay with their counterparts. Spectators who made the long trip to Ormstown, also enjoyed the event. Congratulations to the Galt team and good luck for February.

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT

MODEL UNITED NATIONS

Finally after weeks of preparing and mild anxiety, it was time. Were we ready? Yah, sure we were. We, the delegation from Singapore, had researched our topics, written resolutions and learned about our country. For three days of meetings we had to play pretend; we had to hold opinions that might not be our own, argue positions we didn't agree with and ally ourselves with countries whose policies we might find abominable. All this was 'of the essence' for a successful model U.N.

Unfortunately, we hadn't a full delegation, so Alex, Tim and I were in three of the six committees: we held positions on the Legal Issues Committee; the Disarmament and Related Committee; and the Social, Cultural and Humanitarian Committee respectively. Thankfully it's not as intimidating as it sounds, but we really hadn't any idea of what to expect in the way of debate or what the other delegates would know about the world and current events. I was intimidated before I got there, even though Tim and Alex say they weren't.

"There are three kinds of kids here..."

We entered the Anchorage Hotel to find the lobby FULL of kids. Even though it was early in the check-in time it was already swarming with kids and supervisors and bags and some already harried UVM students who were running the show. We were given another, updated package of information and shipped off to our rooms. Again, because there were only three of us, we were placed with other people. Now, I knew this was

coming and I saw the potential for disaster: I could see myself getting roomed with three overly competitive nerdlings from some excessively strict background. The weekend would be ruined. I took my time finding the room, dreading the horrible ogres I'd have to share a bathroom with. Outside the room were four girls, all very pretty and looking sort of impatient. Introducing myself, I told them I'd be sharing a room with them and said I hoped they didn't mind. "Well, yes, we do," came from the blond leaning against the door. Then she smiled really wide, "Just kidding. I'm Jennifer," and she went on to do other introductions. I was rooming with her, Melissa and Gretchen all seniors from Mount Mansfield High (another friendly and gorgeous blond, Crispin, was in the room most of the time too). Their school, I learned, had a population of 800 and sent 24 people to the weekend! In all, there were 250 kids there from 16 schools in Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine. We were the only ones from Canada. (cont'd on next page)

Are you pregnant?
Is it an unwanted pregnancy?
Confused?
Need someone to turn to?

Now there's someone to help. Maybe you've seen their posters, or one of their brochures. S.O.S. GROSSESSE is a hotline, staffed with bilingual volunteers, that can help you deal with your situation.

This service, which began in September of 1988, is run by volunteers who have completed a 45 hour course given through the Université de Sherbrooke. This course, "Aide à la Grossesse", involves modified psychology and psychiatric training, role-playing exercises and lecturers from the Family Planning Center, an adoption agency, doctors who perform abortions, as well as lectures dealing with the sort of resources available for pregnant women, regardless of their age. Did you know, for example, that there are places that will lend maternity clothes, cribs and baby clothes?

In a telephone interview I spoke to Mrs. Shirley Hall, a volunteer who has listed her home phone-number as a place to reach an English speaking volunteer. She told me that most of the volunteers are students who are enrolled in social assistance courses at the University of Sherbrooke, and when they complete the course each pledges four hours of service on the hotline, which is open weekly from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. and from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on Saturday.

One of the things they learned in the course was how to comfort and calm the caller, something that is difficult when, "you're just a voice on the other end of the line". Many women who call have been referred by a C.L.S.C. clinic or another help group, and "too many are pregnant because of [a contraceptive failure]".

Volunteers are trained to give a caller all the information they need to make their decisions. Personal opinions don't come into play when information is given, either: Mrs. Hall told me that by the time the course is completed the student realizes the diversity of options and the differences between individual cases, and instead of trying to help make the decision for a caller, they simply present the resources available and offer to "be there" and listen.

Often women will arrange to come by the help center for a reliable pregnancy test, since the volunteers are trained to administer a the same test given in hospitals and clinics. As well, many women feel more comfortable seeking assistance in a one to one situation.

Mrs. Hall is a very caring person and is committed to the helpline, and if all the volunteers share her concern the service can only be a success. The number to call is 562-2377 for an English volunteer, and 822-1181 for assistance in French. It is a confidential service.

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One of the greatest things about the weekend was that it was very easy to meet people: there was always some way to break the ice because everyone had something in common there, whether it was because you were in the same committee or because you had a question about something, there was always a way to get to know someone and everyone was very friendly and open. Melissa put me further at ease with a piece of U.N. veteran advice (it was her third year there); she said that there were three kinds of people who came to the weekend: the kind who were so keen they prepared all summer and were absolutely KILLER debaters, the kind who was there because it looked good on college transcripts and they were mildly interested and the kind who were there for the socializing, of which there was plenty. Their advisor hadn't helped them prepare at all, he was only there because they needed an adult with them, and they'd done all their preparation themselves (Thank God we had Mr. Bertram!). Basically, she told me to relax, have fun and let myself ease into what was happening. She was right and I was glad I'd turned up with the rooming assignment I had.

Alex and Tim got the nerd.

"Would I lead you astray?"

The "fleet" of buses that were supposed to take us to the campus turned out to be one bus, so Mr. Bertram led us down to the campus on foot, promising not to "lead [us] astray". He didn't. After a short speech welcoming and introducing us to the organizers we were shipped off to the first briefing, where any questions we had about our country's policies, customs and actions answered by a U.V.M professor.

Next we all assembled in the Campus Center Theater for -get this- Jeopardy! We played for lollipop-prizes for correct 'questions' to answers about the different sections of the United Nations, world affairs and, after a while, T.V., movies and other, more universally known, subjects.

After the last lollipop was thrown the weekend's keynote speaker was presented to us. Mr. Jean Gazarian, who has been involved with the United Nations since its creation, gave an amusing speech filled with anecdotes and encouragement. Originally from France, he has a superior knowledge of languages, has served as Director of General Assembly Affairs and is presently a Senior Fellow with the United Nations Training and Research.

This speech was the first of two he delivered during the weekend, and he circulated amongst the committee meetings and was continually available for private discussions and questions. I was impressed that they inticed someone from such a high level of the U.N. to come to the U.V.M Model U.N.

"Point of ..."

After a passable dinner we were separated into our committees and led to a classroom with space-age curved tables and comfy swivel chairs. We were divided into Blocs, meaning that where we were seated depended on the continent in which our country was situated.

Being placed in a section with countries that hold the same type of policies, commitments and religious or moral ideas helps in caucusing. The important thing to remember here was that we weren't from Canada anymore, and we couldn't think like it. For example, I had to ally myself with the delegate from China because Singapore is dependant on China for a lot of shipping trade. I had to sign a resolution asking that the United States hand over a pro-democracy demonstrator who sought refuge in the U.S. embassy. If released, this person, Fang Litzhi, will be killed with a single bullet to the base of the skull: the Chinese method of capital punishment. Singapore's reaction to the Beijing massacre was "regret", and nothing more, so I had to sign. This type of problem came up for a lot of people, I often heard people say: "I don't think I agree with this..."

One thing we all agreed with was that all the rules were confusing. Before leaving home we got a package of 21 very specific rules, and no one was quite sure how to use them all: what, for example, was the difference between a point of inquiry and a point of information? After a while it was all sorted out, and we later learned that each chairperson was interpreting them their own way.

That night the meetings went on until 11 o'clock, and the curfew was at midnight. That left a lot of time for "improving international relations" as one ambitious Casanova put it. All the delegates were staying at the same hotel and there was a rule that all the doors had to be open before curfew. That night we must have had 20 people go through the room, and Courtney, a junior from South Burlington High joined us as another 'roomie'. Everyone was really friendly and it was easy to see how competitive U.S. colleges are getting; everyone we met knew their ranking within their school, their SAT scores and had already sent in at least one college application. It was difficult for me, having CEGEP ahead, to understand the kind of pressure they have on them. I've never been asked so often which university I'll be attending. I wouldn't even want to think about it yet.

"Belly dancing should have an international holiday..."

The next morning we were up and functioning by 7:30, and meetings began again at 9:15. I could see what Melissa had meant: there were a few kids who spoke all the time and those who were doing a lot of caucusing work and drafting behind the scenes, but there were also a few who never spoke to anyone and never seemed to get involved. Funnily enough, those weren't the ones who did a lot of socializing either. I figured that at \$99 dollars a pop, if you went, you spoke!

Resolutions are like bills that countries sign obligating them (in principal) to an idea, whether the resolution is about the ozone layer or chemical warfare. Many delegates came with prepared resolutions, and before they could be presented you had to get 6 other nations to co-sponsor it. On the third floor of the building we were in they had set

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up a delegate services center with typewriters and copiers. On average, 15 resolutions were proposed, and most failed in debate. Each committee had to choose two to go before the General Assembly the next day, and most that got that far were good resolutions. Not all, but most, and consequently most passed the G.A.

One of the tension-relievers in meetings were the joke resolutions, short, silly resolutions about frivolous things. Most of them were pretty hilarious, like the Legal committee's proposal that belly dancing have an international holiday; subclauses required that all belly-buttons be lint-free! The delegate beside me (Adam from Egypt) wrote a resolution declaring The Police a truly awesome band and it proposed that you "call her up a thousand times a day and ask her to marry me a thousand different ways". Flaky, yes, but funny. That day meetings went until 6 o'clock.

That night there was a banquet where Mr. Gazarian spoke again, telling us more stories about the U.N., how "gracious diplomats" sometimes behave by banging shoes on desks (Krushchev) or storming off the podium to sit down huffily at an interpreter's table (an Asian leader who was never named). He was an animated speaker and a kind man who encouraged us all to achieve what we could and improve the world we live in.

Later that night Tim and Alex went to a reggae concert (and had a great time) and got in after curfew. Some of us had planned to go out dancing but we had or plans nixed by the Mt. Mansfield Advisor and we wound up staying in the hotel watching SCTV and talking. I'm glad, though, because there were a lot of great people there that I'm glad I got to know.

"G. A."

The next day, Sunday, we all gathered in the Billings auditorium again for the last meeting. We worked from 9 a.m. until 3 p.m., and throughout that time delegations were leaving quietly to begin their treks home. We stayed until the end and said good bye in the auditorium. On the way back Tim and Alex lost all their marbles and became extremely strange, but Mr. Bertram and I chalked it up to the strain. We all agreed that the weekend was great, and we want to go next year. I'm really sorry that there wasn't more interest in the Model U.N. at Galt; I know a lot of people who would have gotten a lot out of the experience. I hope next year Galt students turn out in better numbers for the U.N.. Anyone who goes is sure to have a great time.

ESSAIM

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BOOKS, BOOKS AND MORE BOOKS By: Kathy Locke

The annual bookfair at Galt was held December 5-6-7 in the conference room. Books ranged from adult to the very young; including colouring books, dot-to-dots and much more. There were book marks, door knob hangers and books about anyone who was ever famous!

The bookfair, open to the public, was a huge success. People searching for that special gift for the person who had absolutely everything, knew they couldn't go wrong with a book. Whether it was a Christmas gift or a treat for the person, everyone enjoyed the bookfair! (Especially the twenty minutes out of one English class the whole school was allowed to miss in order to see the books!)

Congratulations to Mrs. Belden and her committee on running the important event.

ANIMALS USED IN

PRODUCTS TESTING

by Sara Ruck

Did you wash your hair this morning? Do you know that most of the products you use are tested on animals, products made by Gillette, Helene Curtis Inc., Johnson & Johnson, Noxell Corp., Procter & Gamble Corp., and many more.

Major problems associated with these tests include disregard for the humane treatment of test subjects and unreliable results. The Draize test often causes blindness and extreme pain in the tens of thousands of rabbits subjected to the tests each year. The end results do not even come close to justifying the means. Rabbit eyes do not closely approximate human eyes because rabbits have less efficient tear glands and thinner corneas. The U.S. Food and Drug Administration was unable to prove to the court, in a case against a shampoo manufacturer, that the results of tests on rabbits eyes can be extrapolated for humans. Further reliability of the Draize test is questionable because scoring is based solely on the opinion of the researcher, which may vary from one person to another. A 1971 study asked government and industrial laboratories to use a set Draize eye irritancy test to determine the irritancy level of 12 compounds. There was extreme variation in the assessment of nine of the compounds. For example one laboratory labelled ethoxylated lauryl alcohol as highly irritant and another labelled the same substance as a non irritant. Evaluating the degree of irritancy of a particular product lay this method is obviously very subjective.

In conclusion, we must all decide which products of these food and drug companies are really needed by us and how many products sold merely appeal to our variety.

On The Bright Side by Christina Reynolds

On Friday November seventeenth, a small portion of Galt's student body was present at the Awards Night Ceremony.

By receiving honor roll certificates, awards or scholarships, each student was recognized for hard work, and had a chance to officially celebrate their success with friends.

Mr. Royal Orr, a former Galt student, was the guest speaker for the evening. His speech centered on "communities", emphasizing that we, as part of AGRHS, should try to build a solid community within our school. He told us how much he learnt at our school, urging us to take advantage of all its possibilities.

Mr. Orr also gave a few details on the very first day Galt opened; he had us laughing with stories of classrooms without desks or blackboards, rolled up carpets as seats, and especially, shower stalls without walls.

The evening was extremely successful and proved to us that by working hard to overcome obstacles, we can be part of the solutions, not the problems, of everyday student life at Galt.



"WHAT'S UP?"

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W E T S K R O W E M O H H D R A K E L E
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WORDS TO SEARCH FOR

SEPTEMBER
 SUMMER
 LABOUR DAY
 SCHOOL
 TEACHERS
 STUDENT
 HOMEWORK
 DAYDREAM
 WEEKENDS
 THIRTY DAYS
 NEWS
 RAKE
 FIG
 STEW
 LEAP
 DICED
 KINGS

OCTOBER
 FALL
 THANKSGIVING
 TURKEY
 PUMPKINS
 PIES
 YOM KIPPUR
 HALLOWEEN
 FULLMOON
 DRESS UP
 TRICK OR TREAT
 CANDY
 APPLES
 HAIL
 RAIN
 THAW
 SONGS

NOVEMBER
 WINTER
 REMEMBRANCE DAY
 FLOWERS, SNOW
 POPPIES
 WAR
 SOLDIERS
 STATUE
 BRAVE
 NAMELESS
 MEN
 HERO
 COLD
 ICE
 SLIP
 STORM
 LOVE

DECEMBER
 CHRISTMAS
 PRESENTS
 FEASTS
 STOCKINGS
 SANTA CLAUS
 TOYS
 GIFT
 EXCITED
 CHILDREN
 CANES
 RED
 GREEN
 WHITE
 LIGHTS
 BOXING DAY
 END OF YEAR

When you have finished this search you will notice there are extra letters. Fill in the blanks below with these letters to find the secret message.

by: Justin

HOROSCOPES BY KIMBERLY

Capricorn : December 22-
 January 20

This month you are feeling swamped with responsibilities; pull yourself together. You must focus on all the major events in your life. Watch your actions for that may have a lasting effect.

Aquarius : January 21 -
 February 19

This month you are longing to streak ahead of the pack and distinguish yourself in "the crowd". You do not like being told what to do, but you have a lot to learn and gain from keeping an open mind. There are people who would be willing to help you achieve your goals, if you could only let them.

Pisces: February 20 - March 20

This month, you will be trying out new ideas and broadening your horizons. Now you must unfortunately weed out some of those projects that are too time-consuming. You must focus on the ones that will have a positive impact.

Aries : March 21 - April 20

The secret to your success is to be yourself. One of your greatest strengths is your willingness to talk to other people. But this month, your advice may put you in hot water. But try not to be a counselor, just be a friend and give your honest opinion.

Taurus : April 21 - May 21

Your pushy and impatient attitude are two of your greatest faults. Although you have a great sense of fashion and setting trends, you seem to overdo certain projects in your life. To make your life happier stick to simpler things. But always keep your "fun" look on life.

What's red and
 white and green
 all over ??

Santa, after drinking
 too much eggnog !!



Gemini : May 22 - June 21

There are a thousand odds and ends you can no longer put off. You now realize that you must buckle down and do some serious thinking that concerns your future. Some of these choices will be difficult to make. Confide in friends and family, they are more than willing to help. But, follow your instincts and do what's right for you.

Cancer : June 22 - July 23

Your highly spontaneous, living life by the minute. Your charm and high spirits make people want to be with you. Your extraordinary energy is like a magnet. People seem to be attracted to you. Use your charm wisely. You may be able to achieve your needs. But, be careful you don't hurt anyone.

Leo : July 24 - August 23

This month you will achieve the power you have strived for. This is finally your turn to be in the spotlight. Although your time is limited, you will have learned from this experience. Keep it in mind for the future.

Virgo : August 24 - September 23

You are the warm-hearted type who takes everything seriously. At some point in the month you will feel the urge to change. Buy yourself something new. You'll find in the end that it will give you more self-confidence.

Libra : September 24 - October 23

Your energetic attitude combined with your party instincts classifies you as the life of the crowd. But now you want to shed that image and be just a touch more subtle. This month you will experience a bit of a change towards your new look. In the long run, you might find that your new image is the best.

Scorpio : October 24 - November 22

You will discover a certain side of you that you didn't know you possessed. A certain side that loves excitement. Feed your hunger for fun. Throw a party; gather some friends and have a good time.

Sagittarius : November 23 -
 December 21

You need space. You'll find that you'll solve most of your problems alone. You will find a load will be lifted of your shoulders. Just don't spend too much time alone. You'll find great pleasure in being with your friends.

Livraison: Sherbrooke et environ.
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Fleuriste Lennoxville

The gun shot was heard by the four friends as they entered Greg's house. Darren flew up the stairs with Arie, Molea and Adrian close behind. Fear struck the friends as they entered the bedroom.

Inside the room, Greg lay huddled in the middle of the floor, the silver gun hanging loosely from his hands. Darren rushed to him rolling over Greg's trembling body. A picture of Greg and Shawn lay shattered in a million pieces not two metres away. An ugly black bullet hole was visible through the wall where the picture had hung.

Greg stared into Darren's eyes, not able to see his buddy.

"I couldn't do it man," he sobbed, "I couldn't do it."

Darren held Greg, thanking God he had not been able to do it and praying Greg would soon be able to accept what had happened to his brother.

Arie Meldrum was in love. For the past two weeks he had been following the beautiful brunette wherever she went yet she had not noticed him so far. Finally one Friday afternoon in mid November, he found the courage to approach Felicia as she was standing at her locker.

"Hello. Felicia?" he said standing beside her.

"Yes," she said turning towards the voice.

"Hi. My name is Arie Meldrum. I'm a good friend of Deon Loew's," he held out his hand but she paid no attention to the friendly gesture.

"Yes, he's my advisor her," she smiled, wondering what Arie looked like.

"I was wondering," he said shyly, putting his hands in his pockets, "if you would like to go to a movie or something tonight."

"Well, I don't,..." she was suddenly interrupted by Deon.

"Hi Felicia! How are you?" he walked up to the two, slapping Arie on the back.

"Deon! Hi," she said, looking towards him.

"Can I help you with your things to the car," he asked handing her the walking stick from the locker.

"Sure, thanks. Arie, are you still there?" she asked.

Suddenly the realization of why Felicia had never really noticed him, hit Arie in the face. At first he was confused and stunned. Why hadn't he ever noticed? It's been weeks since she came. The gang had been spending a lot of time with Greg, probably nobody had even noticed the new girl.

"Y, yes. I'm still here. Look, I understand if you don't want to..."

"Is it because I'm blind?" she asked.

"N, no," he stuttered unsure of what to say.

"I would like to go. Really, I would," she smiled.

"Are you ready Felicia?" Deon asked.

"Deon, I think I'd like to walk Felicia home, if it's okay." Arie said hoping Felicia would accept.

"That would be nice, Arie," she said.

"Okay. Here are your things Felicia. I guess I'll see you Monday then," he handed her the bookbag.

"Sure, bye. Thanks again, Deon, for everything," she smiled, glad that she had been able to make some friends at her new school.

"Take care of her, buddy," Deon said leaving the two alone.

Walking along the sidewalk, Felicia finally broke the silence.

"You seemed surprised that I accepted your invitation for this evening," she stated.

"Well I wasn't sure you'd be up to seeing a..." he stopped, embarrassed, "up to going out. After all you don't even know me."

"I've heard much about you," she said, "From Deon, mostly. He's been such a great help to me. I was so afraid people would be, well, that they wouldn't be able to accept me, because I'm blind."

"That's silly," he said holding her arm as they walked across the street.

"Well, not really..." she broke off remembering past experiences.

"Are you okay?" he asked concerned at the strange expression on her face.

"Yes, I'm okay," she said counting her steps

GARAGE M. LOCKE

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carefully, "I think we're here."

"How did you know?" he asked amazed.

"I've memorized how many steps it takes to get to and from places. Would you like to come in for a bit?"

"Well I guess I could for a while," he said following her up the steps and through the door smiling. He knew he could make it work out between them.

Renee sat in the armchair that was in her bedroom. Her parents had gone on a week's vacation to California to visit some friends, leaving her all alone. Too alone, she thought eyeing the calendar. It was Friday, November 17 and she was alone. Suddenly her mind flipped through the events of the past summer, and, that night.

It had been a Friday night much like this particular one. Felix had called earlier saying he would pick her up to go to a special beach party he was having. She had been ready for an hour before he finally arrived. Normally excited to see each other, she glared at him when she opened the door. He was wearing a muscle shirt, cut off jeans and had reeked of alcohol. Her heart had skipped a beat at his great looks, especially on that night, but her mind told her to wise up, something was very wrong. Felix almost never had a drink, let alone get drunk. He asked if she was ready, in a rude manner, then escorted her to the car. She had insisted on driving but he had refused, speeding away from her house. Never in her life had she been so terrified driving in a car with him...

"Felix, please slow down!" she begged. Felix placed a tape in the machine, tuning it on to full volume. Renee sat praying she could calm him down before anything happened to them. Finally they stopped at the beach, but no one was there.

"Get out of the car," Felix commanded as he slammed the door. She sat in the car shivering, not wanting to get out. He came over to the passenger side, opening the door.

"Get out of the car. Now!" he shouted at her. She nowed as he grabbed her wrists, pulling her out of the car.

"Felix, stop. You're hurting me," she cried as he grasped her wrists even tighter, "Where is everyone. You said there would be a party when you called..."

He stopped for a moment, looking at her. She begged him to let her go, to talk about what was bothering him, but he didn't see her. He saw his parents, heard them screaming in his face, telling him where he would be going to college, away from here, away from her. He would give her just what they always dreaded, just what they don't want him to do. He dragged her along the beach, panting, sweat running down his face. He could smell the ocean; he could feel the heat pounding on top of him.

He viciously pulled her down to the ground. Pinning her arms above her head, he undid his shorts quickly, then ripped at her shirt and shorts.

"Felix!" she cried with horror registering in her eyes, "No! Please, I don't want this!"

She struggled desperately but it was of no use, he was oblivious to her terror filled screams. He heard the shouting of his mother, then his father. He felt the anger, the madness. Finally, there was nothing left between them and he surged madly.

"Felix!" Renee screamed, "NO!"

Christmas Fare

BEN'S CHRISTMAS

by Susanne Millard

"We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!" sang the background music, sounding like a cracked record, in the shopping mall as the noisy crowd rushed past Ben as he sat on a bench, watching and studying each and every one of the people who passed.

A struggling mother of five passed by, a load of groceries and parcels in her arms and children hanging on by purse strings and skirts. An oblivious teen wearing headphones sauntered past with not a care in the world.

A man dressed in a Santa Claus suit walked up ringing his bell, "Give to the poor!" he cried as Ben flipped a quarter in the basket. All was as it usually was on a boring Thursday afternoon at Ben's bench, where from opening to closing time Ben would sit.

All of a sudden, something very much out of the ordinary happened! A large group of kids came by, laughing and talking. They stopped in a large area of the mall and set up music stands. A couple of girls had out their flutes and sheets of music, a man stood in front to direct, and . . . and it was beautiful! Ben sat quietly listening. Many other people had stopped to listen too. On and on the group of happy young people sang, sometimes in harmony and sometimes in unison. It seemed to Ben as if a choir of angels, dressed in jeans, had come down from heaven.

All too soon they stopped, quite out of breath, but still smiling. A couple of girls went to Ben's bench and sat down.

"I was just wondering," started Ben, why you came here to sing."

"Oh, I guess mostly to cheer people up. Everyone's too busy buying 'round here to remember what Christmas is really about," one girl explained.

"What's that?" asked Ben curiously.

"Oh, you know, Jesus came to Earth as a little baby, born in a manger.

"Yeah," agreed the second girl, "like in 'Away in a Manger' we just sang. Didn't you listen?" she added.

The girls asked, "Wanna come back to the church with us for hot chocolate?"

Surprised, Ben agreed. So, Ben's mundane day at the shopping mall ended with a most enjoyable evening of singing and games at the girls' church.

"Christmas isn't so bad after all," thought Ben.

CHRISTMAS IS . . .

by Frank Sparkes

More than any other season of the year, Christmas brings into bold relief the wonderful truth of divine love, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son". When God, in the fulness of time, sent forth His only begotten Son, it revealed that, in addition to being almighty and all-holy, God was also the all-loving Father. His love was as great as his power and holiness. In other words, His attributes knew no measure or end. This Christmas we ponder again the marvel of God sending His only begotten Son into the world as He sends every person into it - as a helpless infant.

It was the way God would have it: quietly, softly, beautifully, in a humble stable in the lonely village of Bethlehem did the Virgin Mary give birth to the baby Jesus. Here was God the Father's supreme gift to his children. In the fields nearby where shepherds kept watch over their flocks by night, an angel of the Lord proclaimed the message, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto us is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord." And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

Three wise men from the east journeyed long and far just for a glimpse of the Christ Child. And, lo, the star which they saw in the east went before them. To humble shepherds the angels proclaimed the holy birth. To wise men a guiding star in the heavens appeared. It was humble men and wise men who were led to Jesus. Throughout the ages, men of humility and men of wisdom are the ones who have found Him and the meaning of Christmas.

We cannot understand the full meaning of Christmas unless we think of Jesus as Christ the risen and ever-living Saviour, as well as Jesus the child. His mission was to fulfill the will of God. Through the sacrifice of Himself and his triumph over death on the cross, He kindled a new hope in the hearts of men of all races and nations the world over.

Perhaps the best response to the gift of God is to give of ourselves. It's the best gift of all.

Quote of the Month:

The future is beyond knowing, but the present is beyond belief.

by: William Irving Thompson

CHRISTMAS

by: Laura Madokoro

When we're young and it's around Christmas time we always think about what we want and what we're going to get. I was like that until the Christmas of 1976 when I was twelve years old...

Our family, Mom, Dad, my sister Kate and I (Jennifer) had been roasting chestnuts by an open fire when there was a small knock at the door. At the time I was a goody-two shoes and a snob and so when I answered the door and saw a small boy, dressed in rags and barefooted I was astonished. How... why was this child knocking on my door? Also I had always thought that everybody in the world had everything I did: clothes, shelter, friends, family, money... The reason for this was that I had attended private school and so I was sort of removed from the rest of the world.

Anyway, my mom came to the door and invited him in. He said we were being too kind. All he needed was a little food, maybe some boots, but good ol' Mom insisted and he finally came in.

The boy's name was Thomas. His parents had abandoned him two years previously. Since then he had wandered the streets... poor kid... how could anyone abandon their own child?

My parents insisted that Thomas stay overnight. Our family was warming to him, he was so trusting and caring. I could tell my parents wanted to help him, they just weren't sure what to do.

The next day Tom was gone... just like that. We never saw him again but his memory stayed with us. Each Christmas our family chooses a charity and each member makes a donation. Thomas taught us a lesson about Christmas... it's not what you get, it's what you give...

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NEW TEACHERS AT GALT

Would you believe it? There's only three more new teachers! Don't worry; that doesn't mean that's the end of my column; rather, it tells us that in the next issue you get, you'll learn some facts about the new students.

The three new teachers I've interviewed for this issue are Mr. Perras, Ms. Guilbault, and Ms. Brochu.

Mr. Perras, who now teaches two English classes here at Galt, just moved here from Lindsay, Ontario, where he has been teaching for the last eight years.

In 1973, Mr. Perras received his high school leaving papers when he graduated from Beaconsfield High School, Montreal. He continued his studies at John Abbott for two years, then at Bishop's for three years (where he graduated in 1978) before going to the Université de Québec de Trois Rivières for one year. While he was taking a teaching course during his three years at Bishop's he taught at Galt for two weeks. Mr. Perras was in Scotland for six months and also in Edmonton, Alberta for six months before he began to teach in Lindsay, Ontario.

What he likes most about being at Galt is, "It feels like coming home but the people here are much more friendly than those in Ontario."

When I asked Mr. Perras why he became a teacher, he replied, "I thought I'd enjoy it. I liked sports so I thought I'd like the coaching aspect. I decided to try it and if I didn't like it I'd try something else."

Sophie Guilbault, qui est un des nouveaux professeurs de français, a déménagé de Drummondville en septembre. Elle a étudié à l'Université de Sherbrooke et elle a gradué en 1988. Avant de travailler à Galt elle a enseigné à Richmond.

Elle a décidé de devenir professeur quand elle avait 12 ans. Elle a choisi cette carrière lorsqu'elle était étudiante elle-même. Quand elle allait à l'école elle pensait que les instructeurs n'expliquaient pas assez bien le travail, alors elle a voulu devenir un meilleur professeur qu'eux! Et par les remarques de ses élèves, elle est un bon professeur.

WHAT A NIGHT by: K. Fahmy

Friday, November 3rd. What a night!

Galt's first dance of the year was underway.

The dance did not start off slowly, everyone was dacing and I'm sure everyon loved the imaginative (and weird) outfits that were displayed.

Amid all the clothes, friends, and fun the main attraction was, of course, The Few.

Mark, Pierre, Alex, and Janet were most certainly the hit of the night.

Quoiqu'elle ait toujours habité Sherbrooke, Danielle Brochu a fait ses études à l'Université York à Toronto d'où elle a reçu son baccalauréat en 1979. Mlle. Brochu est un des nouveaux professeurs de français en secondaire 1 et 5.

Avant de travailler à Galt elle a enseigné à Toronto surtout et quelques semaines à East Angus. Je lui ai demandé, "Quand avez-vous décidé de devenir professeur et pourquoi avez-vous choisi cette profession?" Elle m'a répondu, "J'ai décidé de devenir professeur quand j'étais en première année au primaire. J'avais six ans. Je me disais qu'il devait être très intéressant de connaître toutes les réponses comme les professeurs."

Don't forget, if you want to find out more about that gorgeous guy with curly hair, brown eyes and great features and also that blond haired, blue eyed girl from Montreal, read my next column in, "What's Up?"

by: Justin

CHRISTMAS- A TIME FOR GIVING By Shannon Ross

Christmas is a time for counting your blessing and sharing. It is also a time when fellow humans reach out and help one another. One way of helping is to contribute to our Christmas Basket Campaign. Just a small donation of money or canned foods may help a family in the area have a nutritious holiday meal. Or you can volunteer a small portion of your time to help pack baskets for distribution.

"Men exist for the sake of one another," said Marcus Aurelius.

Remember this quotation when you are being asked to bring in your donation of money or food. Make an effort in the name of generosity and Christmas. Spread the "Yuletide cheer." Give. Please.

"To be a man is to feel that through one's own contribution one helps build the world," suggested Antoine de Saint-Exupery.

We heard lots of music from the Stones, The Who and lots of other popular 60's bands but The Few's own songs were the real boogey tunes,

We're all hoping to see The Few appear at our upcoming dances. Keep your fingers crossed!

If you're looking for down sides there really were none. The Student's Council raised tons of money and the students selling refreshments did a great business raising money for the London/Paris trip.

The Dance Committee found the dance a super success. They were all pleased with their efforts and with a great group like them, Galt's dances will

SPORTS UPDATE

By: Angela R. Locke

The senior girls basketball team is currently 5-3 after eight seasonal games. At a recent tournament in Quebec, they won 2 games and lost one: against Pias; they won one game and lost two: and in league games they are 2-0.

"They are playing well," said Mr. W. Rourke, head coach, "The competition is good from the Montreal region teams, Centennial, Vaudreuil and even from Quebec High."

At the top of the stat sheet is Lori Gear who is scoring 12.8 pts per game. Amy Sharman, 10.3 pts, Tiffany Crook, 8.2 pts and Sarah Allen 7.4 pts.

On the average the team is scoring 47.6 pts per game and only allowing 30.

"Our defense is really great," commented Rourke, "the only thing is that we have eight seniors this year who will be moving on. Hopefully we'll still pull through next year!"

The team will be playing at home on December 20 and 21 after school, against Richmond, a strong team. If you want to catch them during the holidays in action they will be playing at Champlain on January 5-6-7. We wish them the best of luck.

BANTAM GIRLS BASKETBALL

By Sarah Heath

Galt, started yet another hectic year of basketball. The November tryouts were hard on the coaches but they had to make a decision. The Bantam Girls' coach, Mrs. N. Brown had to make a choice from approximately 35 girls, to make a 12 member team.

Galt has already played three league games. Brown says that they were all relatively easy. The first game Galt won by 14 points with a score of 35 - 21. This win was against B.C.S. The second game was also a victory; they won against Richmond. The outstanding score was 94 - 14...some game!! The third game was played against Seminar de Salisien. Galt again won, with a score of 30 - 14.

Brown says, "We have improved a little...considering that we've only had three practises. I hope to improve a lot during the season."

In the next issue will be another update on the Bantam Girls Basketball team. Stay tuned and buy the copy of "What's Up?" !

always be hits!

The Dance Committee and Student's Council want to thank everyone who showed up and look forward to the Christmas Dance coming up Saturday, December 15th.

Peace!

Something to Remember

by Christina Reynolds

Most people who attended the Remembrance Day service on November 8th, probably expected the guest speaker to be a war veteran or someone who lived to remember those dark days.

It was a pleasant surprise to all to find that a recent Galt graduate, Mark Haseltine, showed up that day to tell a different kind of story. Not about some distant war—the one said to end all wars, but about present peacekeeping in which hundreds of proud Canadians are participating daily.

Two other troopers, Gary Hadley and David Sylvester accompanied Mark to our commemoration where he talked about their experience as members of the UN Peacekeeping force in Cyprus, just half a year ago.

"It's very tense most of the time. Imagine a demilitarized zone about half the width of this stage. On one side are armed Turks; on the other armed Greeks. We Canadians are part of the United Nations Peacekeeping force in the middle."

Mark's speech really had us thinking hard. It faced us with the reality of these happenings today.

Several others read the traditional passages. Chantal Lambert brought some words from the prophet Micah, Angela Chretien read the poem "In Flanders Fields", Christina Reynolds led the group through a period of prayer and reflection, and last but not least, Mr. Patton gave the introduction based on two

excerpts from the singing of our national anthem, accompanied by Mrs. Warlund.

At the end of the ceremony, two members of our student council, vice-president Tiffany Crook, and president Jeff Grapes, laid the wreath before closing with a moment of silence and the playing of The Last Post.

This Remembrance Day service went deeper than just remembering the dead on the cenotaphs; thanks to Mark, it made us realize that every day many Canadians are still risking their lives to help others, and are keeping Canada ever proud.

YOU SHOULD REMEMBER

by Chris Russell

You should remember
the people who died,
their spouses, their children,
the people who cried.

You should remember
they went to war.
We needed the freedom
that they fought for.

You should remember
that they really cared.
So Remembrance Day
is a day to be shared.

AN UNSUSPECTING VICTIM

NOWHERE TO TURN

BY: k.m. Fahmy

This series is supposed to teach Galt students about the terrible things in the world today, but hopefully this does not concern anyone at Galt, student or teacher.

Everyone hates the thought of abuse at home. Mental abuse sexual abuse, so many forms. All of them hurt and many go too far.

How far? Suicide. Suicide is becoming one of the deadliest killers in North America. Worse than drugs, drunk driving and many other problems teens have to face these days.

Not only children are abused. Marital abuse is almost as bad a problem. But this time it doesn't lead to suicide, not often anyways, murder is usually the "grande finale."

Although it usually is the abuser who ends up the murderer, the victim sometimes finds herself (or himself) killing, driven mad by the constant abuse.

Everyone has verbally abused someone at one time or another. Have you ever been told to shut up, or that you were stupid. If so, you've been verbally abused. It becomes a real problem when it happens constantly and goes past a certain line. Unfortunately verbal abuse is terribly common and the victim must

take control.

Mental abuse ties in closely with verbal abuse but in this case it includes visual scenes such as seeing your parents take drugs. It may not seem like abuse but it is. Threats, warnings, and the like are all

part of mental abuse.

Physical abuse is exactly what it's called, abuse in any physical manner (slaps, punches, etc.).

Not too many children are affected but there are cases. The main victims are wives, girlfriends, fiancées, women who have personal relationships with men. This kind of abuse is relatively common and as mentioned before, can lead to murder.

This kind of abuse affects the victim physically and mentally and is hard to overcome. Again, it is in the hands of the victim. They must find help.

Now, of course, we must address the most horrible scariest form of abuse, sexual abuse.

We all know what it is. We've all been taught about it and we've all been told what to do if it happens to us. When it comes down to it, it's not as easy as it seems.

Sexual abuse means many things. The dictionary defines abuse as "mistreatment" and sexual as "involving sex" therefore sexual abuse is simply mistreatment in any sexual way.

If you've ever been shown an X-rated film against your will, that is sexual abuse. No need to list all the forms. The most common is when anyone touches you in any place that may be considered private. It

can go much farther to the point when the victim is actually forced to have sex. Not a pleasant thought.

The problem with sex abuse is that most times the victim has a hard time knowing if it is actually abuse or friendliness.

Some countries, such as The United States are very careful about sex abuse, some teachers have been fired for giving hugs or pats on the back.

Sadly the way out always appears to be suicide but there are other ways such as counseling or simply talking with friends. They are the first steps.

Every one has a right to their privacy.

All the forms of abuse are frightening and people do not want to believe it happens. It does.

Christmas

Christmas is coming,
It's right around the corner,
It's not a time for a sad
person,
Or an unhappy mourner.

It's to cheer us up,
And make us smile,
It will keep us happy,
Just for awhile.

You've got to rush,
To get everything done,
Or Christmas will beat you,
And soon it will be gone.

Buying presents is a hassle,
But you rush around,
Getting different things then
falling,
Exhausted to the ground.

And the maddening rush,
To get us set and ready,
Christmas is changed,
It's not what it used to be.

So this Christmas time,
Slow down your pace,
And have a great Christmas,
At your family place.

by: Justin