

WHAT'S UP?



At Alexander Galt

Vol. 7 No. 1 OCTOBER 1992

25 cents

1993 - 1994

GALT'S TWENTY - FIFTH YEAR

The next school year here will be a special year for all students in the school as well as for all ex-students and perhaps for some future students as we all take part in the activities for the twenty-fifth year of Alexander Galt Regional High School.

You have already seen the student bulletin call for logo designs to help us all celebrate the 1993-1994 year. Many colourful and very original and interesting designs have been submitted for scrutiny by a special committee and results should be announced as soon as they are available. The idea is that ALL paper used during the year including all letter paper, envelopes, bulletins, notices and even reports will feature the design chosen to publicize the special year.

In school, a committee will soon be formed to make everyone here aware of the year's special significance and an attempt will be made to have practically all school events and school invitational events named as, for example, "Our Twenty-fifth Year Basketball Tournament" or words to that effect. Students presently in Level Four who hope to be elected to Student Council positions will certainly find themselves busy with a celebratory element as part of all student activities.

Students, teachers, administrators and all personnel associated with the school who have ideas for the committee or ideas for inclusion in the year's special events should contact, at present, Mr. Halsall, Mr Rourke or Mr Bertram.

Apart from all the activities which will take place during the 1993-1994 year, a local committee of graduate students has met at least three times about their plans for a special Galt Weekend over the days Friday July 1st - Monday July 4th, 1994. The weekend will feature a family



ALL THAT JAZZ

BY: K.M. Fahmy

Their music echoes through the halls at noon-hour. Their sometimes sweet sounds provide bored students with a certain amount of distraction. They are Galt's first-ever Jazz Band.

I had the opportunity to talk with Mrs. Cathy St. Pierre as well as most of the members of the band. As it turns out, the creation of the band had as much to do with a few good students as one ambitious teacher. Mrs. St. Pierre, with her kind and loving heart (right Cathy?) was very eager to give talented students who may not have been able to take Instrumental Music for whatever reason a chance to develop and show their skills.

The band practise 2 times a week and according to them all is going well. They describe themselves as crazy but under all the madness none can deny that they are a dedicated bunch. Also, according to Mrs. St. Pierre, a talented one.

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picnic, a dance, a dinner, breakfasts or brunches and possibly one or two tournaments for ALL graduates, their families and present and past members of the school staff and community.

Galt's Twenty-Fifth Year - watch for it!

WELCOME TO GALT

BY: K.M. Fahmy

Summer always seems to get shorter and shorter. One day you're writing your finals and the next you are already back for yet another school year. This school year began on August 31st (can you believe that - August!) when Alexander Galt opened its doors for its 24th year.

Students from levels 2 to 5 are moaning and groaning as usual about having to come back. But to make up for those there is always an eager group of level ones. I encourage these younger students to get involved. This may sound corny and is a ridiculously old cliché but **YOU'RE ONLY YOUNG ONCE!** Try out for sport teams. Already Football, Soccer, and X-country Running are well underway. There are lots of clubs that satisfy all types of interests as well as the School Play, Intellectual Olympics, and the Jazz Band. I'm sure all the level ones out there will find that doing lots of other things makes school seem almost fun (notice I said almost).

This school year is off to a flying start. The EH420 class has already taken their yearly trip to Mount Megantic and we have a large group going off to Switzerland for two whole weeks!

The staff of What's Up? wishes all students, new and returning, an incredible school year. And just think, every day that goes by the closer we get to summer. Well, it's something to look forward to...

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Although she downplays her importance, Mrs. St.Pierre is the force that keeps this varied group of students together. Three times a week she practises with her school band and she is more than willing to give up her other two noon-hours so that she can help the Jazz Band. And no one wants to let her down, says trumpet player Danny Wilson. "We are all totally dedicated to Mrs. St. Pierre! She's the backbone of us all."

"We could not survive without Mrs. St. Pierre," says keyboardist Meme Napier. "Her inspiration and devotion make us want to try harder."

Mrs. St. Pierre has as many good words for the band as they have for her. "They are really very talented, as well as dedicated. I just feel glad that they have opportunities, especially for those who can't take music; now they won't have to give up their music."

Another driving force in the band's continuing eagerness and dedication is sax player Stu Lepitre. "He's been in here every day since school started," says Mrs. St. Pierre.

"Stu holds the band together both with his humour and his dedication, though often his dedication may not show," Meme Napier says.

As for the future of this group, it looks good. They will be playing on October 17th at Centennial Theatre and will be included in the annual Spring Band Concert. As for future years Mrs. St. Pierre says, "Yup, it will go on." Her tone led us to wonder how happy she was about that.

On a personal note I must say that I was impressed by the band. It seems that nowadays all activities are dominated more and more by the same overall group of people; with this Jazz Band Galt has found a group of people who very well may never have had a chance to display their talents.

We wish Galt's Jazz Band the best of luck, not like they need it!

GALT'S JAZZ BAND

Conducted by: Cathy St.Pierre

Kim Therrien - Alto Sax
Stu Lepitre - Alto Sax
Andy Ward - Alto Sax
Mike Edwards - Tenor Sax
Daniel Bennett - Tenor Sax
Jenny Bolduc - Tenor Sax
Phil MacDonald - Baritone Sax
Jonathan Millard - Trumpet
Danny Wilson - Trumpet
Julie Boisvert - Trombone
Suzanne Millard - Piano
Marie Claude Desindes - Piano
Meme Napier - Keyborads
Mike Binney - Drums
Tim Brink - Electric Bass
Todd Allen - Electric Guitar

SPLITTING CLASSES...

IS THERE ANY OTHER WAY?

by: Tessa Wegert

As we all know, over-crowded classes, from all levels in the school, are being split. Students, who are already used to their teachers and classmates, are being transferred to a whole new environment, and many are not happy about it.

Being one of thoses students myself, I felt that this was a great injustice to us. It was a mystery to me why all this had to be sorted out now, already a month into school. Why not within the first week of school, if it had to be done at all? And why have many of our classes been crowded up to numbers of 39...49?!

I had the opportunity to speak with Mr. C. Smith, one of the principals of our school, and I am now better able to understand the situation.

As Mr. Smith explained to me, this problem does happen every year, and is unavoidable. First of all, it has a great deal to do with the students...believe it or not; we are actually contributing to the problem which we are protesting against!

We are very fortunate to attend this school, above all else, because of all the options we are offered. From Art to Drama, Music to Computer Science...few other schools in the area can say that they offer all of these options to their students. These courses can, however, result in conflicts in students' timetables...many of these courses only have enough students enrolled in them to make up one class...and, obviously, the time at which it is offered can not accomodate everyone.

Besides this reason, factors such as new students, students who have failed subjects, and returning grads, all must be fit into their chosen classes somehow.

As well as coping with students who later decide to switch courses, counsellors have a difficult job to do prior to the school's opening. Since some students cannot be contacted, it is impossible for every single timetable to be perfected. Still, most every other timetable is without conflicts, and the classes are of average size before school begins again...and before uncontrollable factors take effect. This is when over-crowded classes are split, and teachers take on extra classes, or else go from working part-time, to full.

Since it is our government which tells the province's schools which courses they must run, we can not cut any classes to help control the problem either. The bottom line is that all of this chaos takes time to control, and as for splitting classes? There really doesn't seem to be any other way around it...is there?

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"WHAT'S UP?"

Editor Emeritus
Lillian Echenberg

Staff Advisers
Lorraine Codere
Ron Belden
Alden Edwards
Ron Haddon
John Bertram

Contributors
Kareem Fahmy
Trevor McKinven
Lindsey Montague
P.L.A.
Stephen Sirois
Tessa Wegert

Livraison: Sherbrooke et environ.
Claudette Beaudry, prop.
tél: 564-1441



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Lennoxville, Qué.
J1M-1K1
Fleuriste Lenoxxville enr.



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JUST A THOUGHT

The Sweat and the Tears

by: K. M. Fahmy

Every four years athletes from all over the world gather in some spectacular and exciting city to try and fulfill their dreams of winning that incredibly elusive Olympic gold. This year the city of Barcelona, Spain was the site and it provided a stunning background for the spectacle that would ensue.

Between July 20th and August 9th I was on a total Olympic buzz. We're lucky here in Québec to have three different channels that carry the Olympics: NBC from the States, CTV here in Canada, and TVA, the French network that had nine and a half hours of live coverage every day. And all that was free! We're also better off than our American neighbours whose only alternative to NBC was the "Olympic Triplecast" (also known as the Olympic Ripoff).

In a few words, Canada was outstanding. I'm still in shock. Sure the Americans won a whole lot and bragged about it. And of course the Unified Team was incredible but every time a Canadian won a medal you felt like you had won it as well. Nicholas Gill, who started it off with his bronze in Judo, Mark Tewksbury, Mark McKoy, and our incredible rowing team. Four gold medals in that sport plus one bronze from the courageous Silken Laumann who in May suffered a serious leg injury and was back in August to fulfill her seemingly unattainable Olympic dream. And who will ever forget the tragedy of Sylvie Frechette who fought the grief of her fiancé's suicide to come to Barcelona as the favourite in the solo synchronized swimming competition, only to lose the gold because of a judging error.

We only won ten medals in Seoul and by the end of the first week in Barcelona we already had that many.

But there was one thing that bothered me about these Olympic Games. Barcelona was a nice city, the competition was exciting, but some of the athletes just got on my nerves. Not surprising to me most of them were American. Okay, fine, they were second in the overall medal count, they cleaned up, but they acted as if they were the greatest thing in the entire world. Melvin Stuart, who won a gold in swimming was a total jerk. Mark Lenzi, a gold medalist in diving, had the nerve to say that his

teammate, the world champion, never had and never could do a better job than him (Lenzi had only been diving for three years).

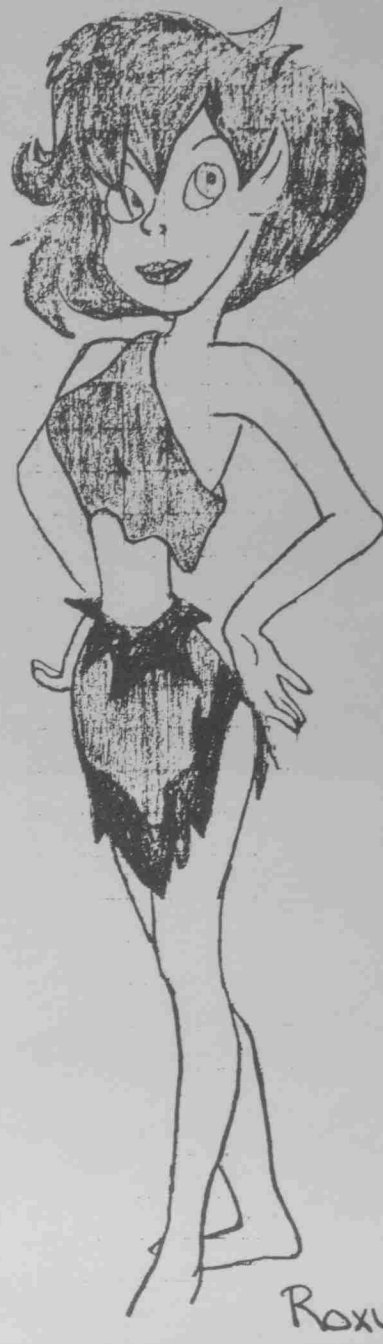
Oh, how can I not mention the "Dream Team"? They were stunning and I was cheering for them all the way. However, Charles Barkley, what is it with him? All the others: Magic Johnson, Michael Jordan, Patrick Ewing, David Robinson, they all had the class and kindness to treat the other teams with respect and friendliness even if they were going to pulverize them. But Barkley just had to show off, hot dog, hang on the rim, and elbow foreign players out of the way just to look like a big shot. Grow up Charles! Okay, you did a good job, but get some manners! Maybe the heat in Phoenix will mellow him out when he moves there this year to play for the Suns.

The idiotic men's volleyball team from the U.S. also got to me. They won a match against Japan only to have their win revoked the next day when it was discovered that the officials had made a mistake and Japan should really have won. In protest, every member of the American team shaved their heads bald to rally behind their teammate, Bob Samuelson, who was involved in the error by the officials. The poor bald babies didn't even medal. Ha-Ha!

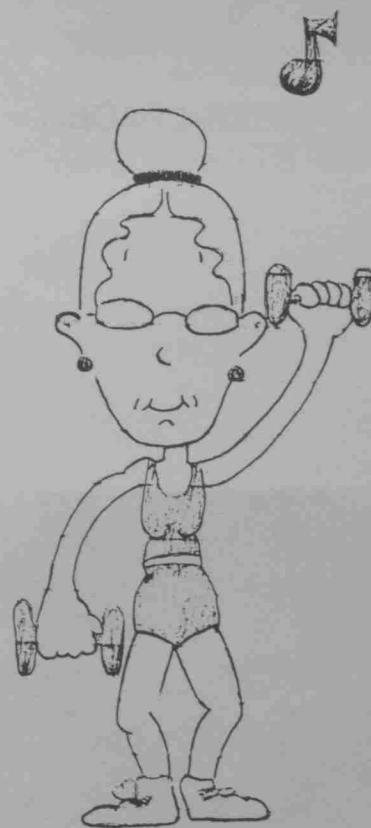
And those NBC commentators never ceased to amaze me. When their cueballed volleyball faced our own Canadian team they seemed genuinely shocked when we came one point away from beating them. I suppose they expected the team to arrive wearing parkas and that half of them would be Inuit and the other half Frenchmen named Guy.

Just one more pet peeve before I go. Some of my least favourite things were athletes who would complain when they won a silver or a bronze medal. Again it was usually an American. Just shut up you crybabies!! You should be happy that you won a medal at all and at the very least try to be a little considerate of all the athletes who weren't fortunate enough to even win a medal. No one cares that you didn't win a gold or set a new world record. Take your medal, whatever colour it might be, and smile.

It's all over now. It will be four long years until the world gathers again to compete and win. This time in Atlanta, Georgia. Great, the entire American team will be on one great ego trip. I can hardly wait! Oh well, Just a Thought.



Angie Organ





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JEER LEADER



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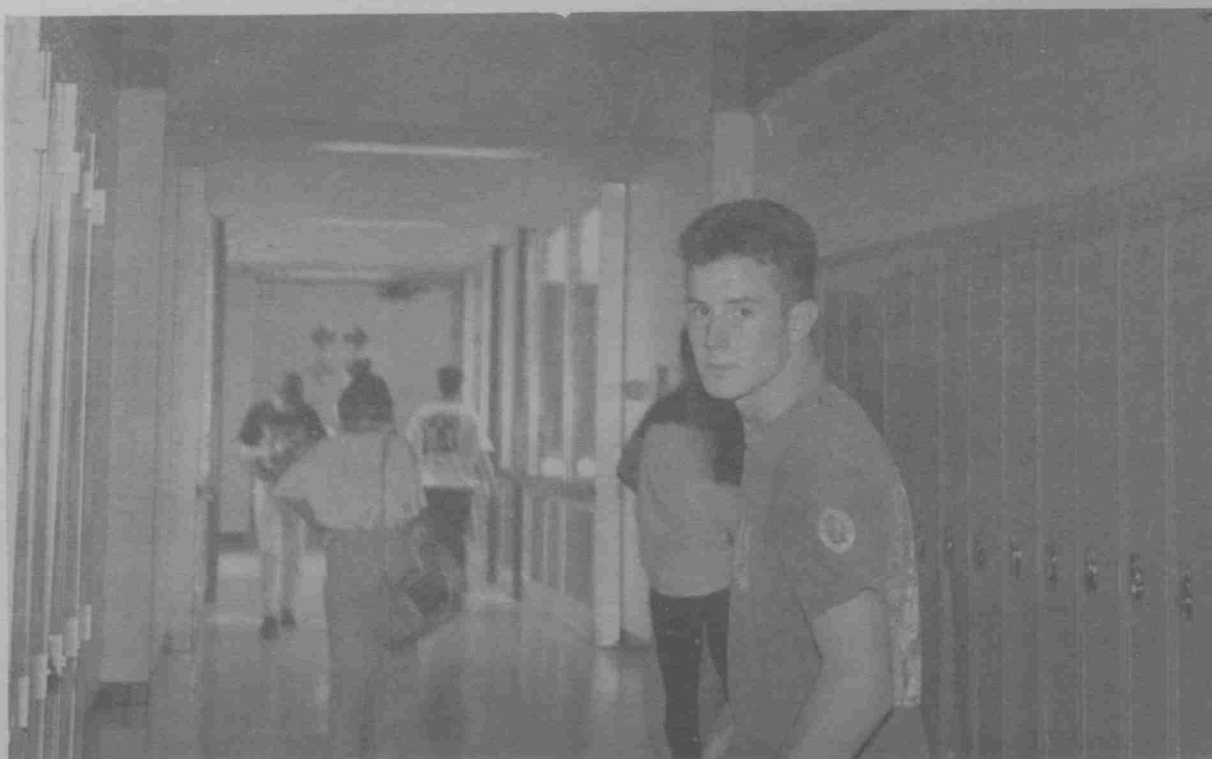
THE EYE SEES.....



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AND ANOTHER THING.....

PICK OF THE MONTH

SINEAD O'CONNOR
"AM I NOT YOUR GIRL?"

by: K. M. Fahmy

The bald bombshell is back. Yes, Sinéad O'Connor, the hairless wonder from the Emerald Isle of Ireland. Her reputation is as a sometimes popular, often controversial pop-folk singer, however, on *Am I Not Your Girl?* she has provided her listeners with something they have never heard before. Sinéad is doing jazz.

Obviously influenced by the piece she did for the album *Red, Hot + Blue* Sinéad has dedicated her new album to such jazz and big-band greats as Ella Fitzgerald and Sarah Vaughn.

To those who may doubt Sinéad's ability to pull off a project of such ambition, I assure you that this album is indeed a triumph for this 23 year-old singer.

You will not hear any acoustic guitars on this album, but you will hear plenty of violins, saxophones, and trumpets, all in the traditional *big-band style*. Sinéad did not write any of the songs on *Am I Not Your Girl?*, however, she seems to have found an excellent team of writers who worked on this album because the result is nothing short of spectacular. *Why Don't You Do Right?* is the tale of a swinging con-man in the 1940s and is an excellent lead-in to the rest of the album. The show-stopping *Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered* is destined to be a classic, with a slow melodious style and excellent lyrics. Easily one of the best things Sinéad has ever recorded. Her usually soft and tender voice is nearly overwhelmed in the extremely loud *Secret Love* but rolls beautifully through the sad, morose *Black Coffee*.

The first single off this album is a personal tale called *Success Has Made A Failure Of Our Home*. Sinéad's ex-husband and father of her son, John Reynolds, plays feverish drums on this cut - probably the best song on this entire album.

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One thing that did trouble me about this album was Sinéad's decision to do covers of some very famous songs. Included in the liner notes is this quotation: "These are the songs I grew up listening to. They are the songs that made me want to be a singer." That's the 'why?' It is obvious that many people tried to dissuade her from trying a drastic change such as this and thankfully it didn't work since this a truly great record. However, covering famous songs is something that very few artists can pull off; Sinéad just barely makes it. Don't Cry For Me Argentina is the well known show-stopper from the Andrew Lloyd Webber musical *Evita* but on the Sinéad album it is a fascination. There are two versions of the song: one vocal version very similar to the original and a jazzy, upbeat instrumental version that closes out the album. An interesting choice and definately not one her fans were expecting. Sinéad also does a cover of that funny little tune called *I Want To Be Loved By You*, again, a bizarre choice but one that adds a little colour to the album.

Gloomy Sunday is a sad, slow ballad. *Love Letters* is more of the same only a little more up-tempo; if there is a choice of the worst of the lot, this is probably it. *How Insensitive* is a depressing story of a failed romance and is very much reminiscent of the old blues style that used to be so popular just a few decades ago. *Scarlet Ribbons* is the only example of the "typical" Sinéad, no violins or trombones. Just two down-home instruments, the tin whistle and the uilleann pipes. The album is concluded with a non-musical monologue by Sinéad stating outright some of her very pointed views about the failure and corruption of the Roman Catholic church. She seems to be really worked up about this issue as those of you who might have seen her performance on a recent episode of *Saturday Night Live* will undoubtedly know.

That is it, *Am I Not Your Girl?* in complete. Try it, it truly is worth hearing.

CHOICE PICKS: "Why Don't You Do Right?" "Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered" "Success Has Made A Failure Of Our Home" "Black Coffee"

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A SCHOOL, OR A PRISON?

BY: CLARISSA

I am not the only one who poses this controversial question, and the fact is, this is a question which needs to be answered.

We go to school. We arrive, and the first things we see are gates, and a booth for a guard. We are fenced in, and cannot leave the grounds without a note. It is a prison!

The youngest students in this school are at least eleven; the oldest, seventeen or older. Even most elementary schools do not bear such a resemblance to a penitentiary as Galt! We are no longer at the age when we will run out onto the street like toddlers! Some may argue that the fences are to keep some sorts of people out, but in the center of large, dangerous cities, fences are not always seen either! And where are we? In the middle of the countryside!

We are urged to learn responsibility and independence, but how can we ignore the mistrust we are presented with evry day at school when we see those fences? If we are continually treated like children, how are we to become adults?

Almost every other province in Canada functions with schools which allow students freedom. Even our own Montreal has schools which allow students to leave the school grounds during free time, such as noon-hour and spares. Not all of us at Alexander Galt could get very far, not having driver's licences, but for those of us who do, a great injustice is being perpetrated.

As a student of Alexander Galt I want my freedom, and cannot comprehend why it can't be provided. Can you?



If witches returned, they'd do fine in some places but, generally, they'd have some fun going about on vacuum cleaners!

WHY DO WE HAVE CONFLICTS IN OUR TIMETABLES?

by: P.L.A.

This is a question that the students must inquire about. Why do we have these conflicts, and is there anything we can do about it? Somewhere along the way something went wrong. This question has caused great levels of discussion among students.

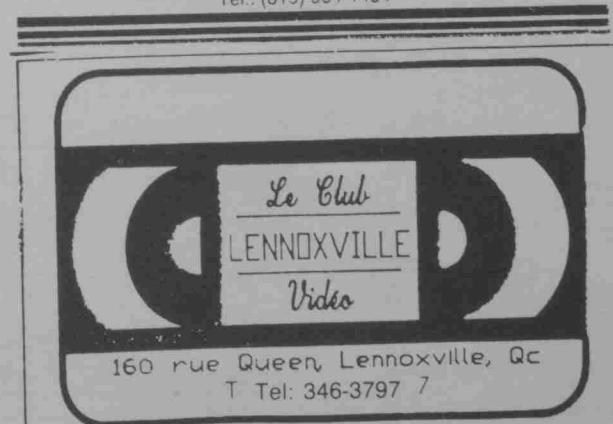
Some students end up with courses they don't need or don't want and nothing can be worse than being in a class that you hate and knowing you will never need. What about those students who desperately need an advanced math or science course and can't get into it because of conflicts in their timetables? Some students may not even be accepted into CEGEP, or if they are, they will have to take make-up courses that should have been completed in high school. In the long run they will waste time that could have been spent on courses that they need now.

What is the reason for all of these spares and conflicts? Could it be a high enrolment or a lack of teachers. Why haven't these conflicts been dealt with? The social workers end up with an extra workload which doesn't make their jobs any easier. They have to try to satisfy the students and the teachers at the same time, which isn't an easy task.

The only real answer that we can obtain for this question is that it needs to be remedied. Hopefully, whether the conflict is a high enrolment or lack of teachers, the school board, working for this, can pull together to make ours a healthier, more prosperous learning environment.



102, King Ouest
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A Salute To Entertainment

by Tessa Wegert

As you may have read in the last few school bulletins, a youth variety show was to take place at Bishop's Centennial Theatre on Saturday, October the seventeenth. The show was a huge success, and sold out, with people on the waiting list!

The atmosphere at the "Salute to the Youth" variety show, presented by the Lennoxville-Ascot Historical and Museum Society, was quite casual and relaxed. Backstage, however, there was bustling excitement. Many of the performers had to wait there and nurse their butterflies, (or celebrate their confidence!), several acts before their own, due to there being a lack of seats in the theatre.

Just as the show's title suggests, all of the nineteen acts' main performers were our youth, and all under the age of twenty-one.

"Variety" is definitely the word to explain the show. There were bands and choirs, dancers and actors, and even a juggler!

It's safe to say that more than a few of the performers hail from our school. The Galt Country Dancers demonstrated some typical examples of country dances, and we heard some compositions from the Alexander Galt Regional High School Senior Band. Many of Galt's student's were also a part of the Estrie Young Singers Choir, as well as the E.T. Highland Pipe Band Dancers...and we even heard a few student's solos in vocals and piano, and witnessed an outstanding juggling act!

As M.C., our own Mr. Patton did a wonderful job in keeping the show running smoothly, doing everything from announcing the acts and filling in time, to being the pianist for the Country Dancers, and giving directions to the washrooms before the intermission!

There is talk of possibly putting on another show next year, but until then, we'll still be talking about this one!





Hallowe'en, Does Age Really Matter?

Natalia Bonapart

Remember Hallowe'en nights when you were a kid? All that make up, costumes, U.N.I.C.E.F. boxes, candy, candy and more candy! Now the question has come up, are we too old for Hallowe'en now that we're teenagers? Is it immature or good clean fun?

What better opportunity to bring out the actor inside yourself. Originality counts for something too, now that we're old enough to figure out our own costumes, we can really let our imaginations run wild.

Okay, so what if the little ones receive more goodies than us older kids, half the fun is getting dressed up anyway. If you're too embarrassed to go trick-or-treating, or adjust yourself accordingly; throw a masquerade party or dress up and scare the little kids who come to your door.

There's a little ghoul in all of us and the stage is already set. This October 31, open your coffin and find a neck to bite! CHOMP!

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