

# WHAT'S UP?



At Alexander Galt

Vol. 7 No. 3 FEBRUARY 1993

25 cents

## BE MY VALENTINE

by Tessa Wegert

I'm sure you can remember yourself as a child, around Valentine's day: frantically writing out as many of those "cut on the dotted-line" Valentine cards for your Elementary school friends...bringing them to school to put into that decorated shoe-box with the slot cut in the top, or passing them out directly to your friends. Well, now that we're all grown up, we are no longer bound to giving our friends Smurf scratch-and-sniff "Be my Valentine" cards...there are other options.

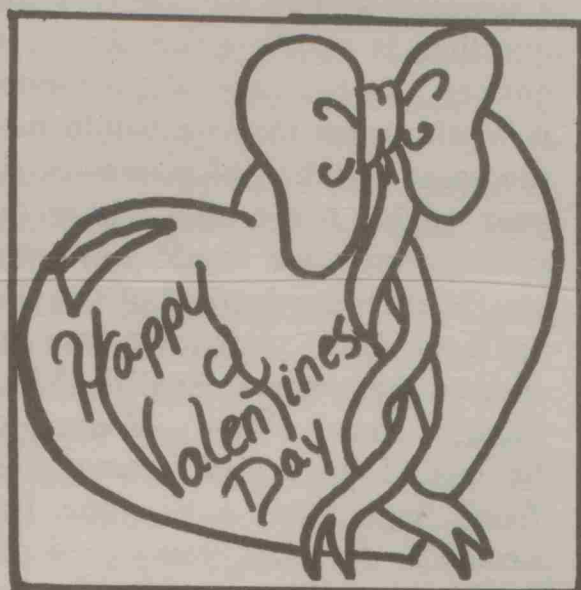
With our modern and developed society today, there are no boundaries for things like Valentine gifts. In fact as many of you know, we can give each other gifts bought directly in our school, since around Valentine's Day there are always things like carnations, balloons, and of course simple friendship notes to send. But, if you want to get a little more personal, don't let your creativity stop there!

One simple gift which can be given on pretty much any occasion, is a personalized picture frame. Simply go to a specialty shop or even a local antique store, and buy a suitable picture frame. Then put in your favourite picture of you and your friends, or, make a sort of collage of pictures...things that remind you of him or her. Not only is this a personal and original gift, but it can also be kept forever, and the picture changed if desired.

Then of course there is the all-time favourite Valentine's gift...candy! And with all of the thousands of different sorts of candy, you can easily mix-and-match those little cinnamon-hearts, and giant heart-shaped chocolate candies!

Finally, if you feel you would rather stick with cards, you can buy one from a choice of hundreds in almost any card store, or get really technical and make a video Valentine card containing greetings from one group of friends, to another!

No matter what kind of person you are, and no matter what kind of gift you'd like to give, there is no limit to wishing a special someone a Happy Valentine's Day!



PROM...For Better Or For Worse!

Tessa Wegert

It's there throughout our high-school years, in the back of our minds, somewhere in-between what we'll be doing on the weekend, and marriage. Prom, and the uncertainty of it all...is it a burden, or the basis of a wonderful memory? Whatever the case may be, the same questions keep turning up over and over again: "Who will I go with?" "What will I wear?" and the ever popular "Which is better, a pin-on, or wrist corsage?" Hectic, isn't it? Nevertheless, for the graduating class of 1993, the day draws nearer and nearer. Just what is "prom" going to hold?

Although from now until May many of us will be worrying about just how to go about prom, it really doesn't have to be that complicated. The regular prom issues are already in place, all that we have to figure out is how we want to go about finding a solution to them. Unfortunately, it's not all fun and games. We have to be responsible enough to decide about things like drinking and driving, staying out all night, and all of the other difficulties that go along with it. But, that doesn't mean that you can't have fun too!

continued on next page

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## YOUR STUDENT COUNCIL

BY: DAVID FAULKS

The biggest student activity of the year is coming up very soon. Carnival Week, the famous feuding of the frightsome four, is soon to commence. The Armadillos, Gremlins, Leaping Lizards, and the Tazmanian Devils will soon fight it out on an icy battleground in a feud more famous than High School Football (almost).

It is only natural that such an imaginative event should be composed and supervised by the student council. Every event has a student council member and a teacher to supervise it.

Speaking of events, lots of very peculiar and humorous events were imagined, toiled over, and finally presented and chosen by the carnival committee. The events include many old standbys and perhaps some new ones (though this is a matter of doubt). These events include Snowball rolling, Volleyball (in winter?!), the tug of war, the Royalty Race (What!?!?), the sprint, and the sled dog race.

Despite all the hoopla, there's a possibility that the Carnival may not commence at the proper time. If there is not enough snow on Thursday, the carnival committee will put off the Carnival to March (snowball rolling in March!?).

Of course, the carnival isn't everything. On February 11th will be this year's only Friendship day, on which students will be encouraged to write letters to their sweethearts or send balloons or carnations to them. You might notice that this year is the only year so far that has only a day for friendships. Before hand you had a whole week. This is because the teachers were complaining (oh the sweet sound of controversy! music to journalistic ears!) that students in class spent all of their time writing notes instead of doing work. At least this year only 1 day will be wasted.

Because of the enormity of the Carnival celebrations, very little else will occur that is known.



Which brings up an often asked question: What is past, and what, is still considered a prom tradition? Even though it's been a part of prom for as long as one can recall, the corsage is still a pretty sweet gesture, wrist, or pin-on.

This is prom...it won't happen for you that often. Don't forget that now, because, you'll never forget it later!

Wherever a prom may take place, in whatever school, whichever province or country, you'll have a hard time finding one which doesn't contain the fundamental elements of prom...flowery decorations, fancy clothes, and, of course, a "theme" song which for years to come will always trigger a memory in the minds of all who attended.

One of the things that makes proms so exciting, is that it marks a major milestone in our young lives. Whether it's that your parents are letting you stay out all night for the first time, or that you know that, very soon, you'll be moving on from highschool to, eventually, your adult life. Either way, prom means more independence. And therefore, you will probably remember prom for the rest of your life.

Now as for the questions you have probably been mulling over in your mind for quite some time, the answers aren't quite as problematic as you might think.

As for the "who will you go with" part, it all depends on how you want to treat the situation. Will it be a date, or just a group-outing? Both are popular as far as proms are concerned, and the best part is, that either way, you get to dress-up!

Where dress is concerned, probably forever, guys will be wearing tuxedos or suits; however for the girls, it seems that for some reason as the years go by, the traditional "Scarlett O'Hara" prom dresses are being seen less and less.

## A Question of Semester

Tessa Wegert

Many schools in our country have already been using the semester system for quite some time, with what seems to be great success. Just what is this system, you may ask. Well, having had the opportunity to attend a school with a semester system for one year, the question is really quite simple to answer. In the case of our school, it would mean that we would have the same number of classes in the year (eight, if we didn't have any spares), only we would have four classes each day instead of six! For example, if, in your level, you had to take the courses English, Math, Gym, Art, Home Economics, Science, French and Drama, then, from September until your final exams in January, you would only have four of them...maybe English, Math, Gym and Art, and then after January you would do the other courses. Sound good? Well, there are advantages and disadvantages to this plan.

First, the disadvantages...there are some prominent ones. Since there would only be four classes a day, each class would be approximately an hour and a half. In addition, instead of taking "mid-terms" in (usually) just a few of our classes in January, we would be taking our finals in all four classes which we had been studying in first semester. That may not seem like much, but when you only have half-a-year to learn a full-year course, it means a lot of studying.

If you dislike a certain class, however, the semester system may seem very appealing to you, since it means that you would only have to take it for half the school year! But if you dislike the course for the reason that you find it very difficult, take a moment to rethink this solution. After the half-year is completed, and your final exam has been written...after you are completely through with the course for the year, unless you feel very ambitious, chances are that, being busy with your next set of four classes, you will hardly look at that course material again until the next year! And, if the course is a compulsory discipline, one that you will need to take again in the next year and build on what you already are supposed to know of it (such as you may have to do with Math or English), this system could mean certain disaster for you.

If you are now considering changing your initial opinion of this idea, listen to some of the advantages first.

Due to the fact that there would be four classes each day instead of six, there would also only be four classes worth of homework, leaving you considerable time for extra activities.

Also because of the fewer classes, you could more easily focus on your subjects, because they would be much more "intense". From personal experience, I can tell you that it is sometimes quite difficult to be doing homework, which is due the next day, in one subject and then to have to immediately switch to another subject and another set of completely different work. You find yourself inter changing information from one subject to another because you can't keep your head clear. And it doesn't help to have to rush through them all because there is work from four or more other subjects waiting for you! I know that we all have a certain number of compulsory subjects in our schedules, but if you were only taking four of those subjects at a time, all of this confusion need not be necessary.

You have now heard both the disadvantages and the advantages to the situation. No doubt you have your own opinion on the topic, but in case you were wondering what I thought of my year in a semester system...I think that we should switch to a semester system as soon as possible...it's too good to pass up!

## "WHAT'S UP?"

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I love you, I love you,  
I love you divine,  
Please give me your bubble gum,  
You're sitting on mine!

Anonymous

Yes, once again it is the day of love and romance when hearts skip a beat and birds sing in the sky. Well, enough with the sappy stuff because I've been doing some thinking. What exactly is the point of Valentine's Day? Whose idea was it to mark a day celebrating love? Well, you won't believe it but according to sources, it was the Romans. Yes! The same peopole who gave us medecine, math, history and architecture also gave us Valentine's Day.

It all began in Rome as a young man's rite of passage to the god Lupercus. Each year the names of teenage girls would be placed in a box. These were drawn at random by young men and the couple was then assigned to each other for the whole year, for their "mutual entertainment" (I leave it to your imagination). When the year was over another lottery was staged. To say the least the church fathers were NOT pleased and sought a "lovers" saint to replace the deity. They found Valentine who had been martyred 200 years earlier. It is said that before he died he wrote a message to a loved one signed, "From your Valentine". Now where have I heard that before? The Church kept the lottery but instead of drawing the names of women the names of saints were placed in the box. One then spent the year acting out the personality of a saint. Eventually, the Church's game caught on and the pagan rites came to an end...hmmm... I still wonder how we came to be exchanging cards and chocolates to our "little melted marshmallows"...

So while on the topic of evolution I began to let my mind wander and came upon another "freak of nature"... DATING! I'm not talking about going "steady", I'm talking about... THE DATE! Some live through it, others watch with amusement the preparations and the stress, many wallow in the trials and tribulations of the gang from 90210 and most search for the meaning of it all in those schnaltzy "teen magazines." Allow me to take you on a journey of an old and often explored ritual as we go back to the early 1990's to find out... what really happened...

In the early days one did not "date" one "called" on the female in question. This involved sitting in the parlour after having been invited in by the mother (!!) and being subjected to close examination. There were severalnuances to the actual call. Rules governed the appropriate time between calls, whether or not food could be served (if you were fashionable there were no refreshments) and even which topics of conversation were to be discussed. Mothers also played an important part in this ritual. The first call was always made on mother and daughter. If, during the following visits, mother remained in the parlour this was a sign for you to go away! Finally, women were never, ever to go to the door to say good-bye thereby avoiding the "embarrassment" of a caller struggling to get his coat on.

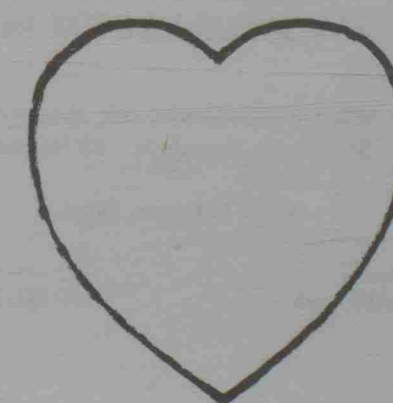
Around 1910 "dating" became quite popular and many were caught off guard. One poor boy asked to call on a girl expecting to sit in her living roomm, instead he found her with her hat on- meaning that she expected to go out. He ended up spending all his salary.

Before one can go on a date one has to be asked and many girls wrote into magazines such as the Ladies Home Journal to ask for advic in asking aboy out. Here was the response,

"Never under any circumstances." Others wrote, "Boys are jealous of their masculine prerogative of taking the initiative" or simply, "Don't ask." Compare that to the typical YM article, "Should you ask him out? Yes!

Speaking of things to complain about, many of us do just that when it comes to social hierarchy at Galt, but this is nothing compared to the dating circles of the early 1900's. Lower class dating took place in the public arena whereas dating in the upper class took place at stuffy cocktail parties - glad I'm middle class...movies.

Anyway it's obvious times have changed and I leave you with only this...Can you imagine what the halls of Galt would've looked like in the early 1900's? HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY!



## GREMLINS GROWL

### GLORIOUSLY

Who could have believed it if he/she hadn't seen it with his/her own eyes. The 1993 AGRHS Winter Carnival grand prize winners were the lads and lasses of the Gremlin variety.

The little Blues were all over the place. They were in your way; they were always where someone else SHOULD have been; they washed your face in snow; they tugged with gremlinical grimaces, they pushed with gremlinisical grace; they fought, ran, scored, leaped and giggled their way to the victory platform and then returned on Monday ready to stuff their gummy mouths with masses of delicious cake while the rest of us grovel and glower enviously.

The snow conditions could not have been better. The team spirit was wonderful. Hearty congratulations go to Bob Halsall and all members of his student and staff committee for a job very well done. We all had a most enjoyable week. Madame Fremont's beautiful green lizard flags will wave yet again in the snowy breeze as this year's second place finishers attempt yet again to move yet higher. We wish the Tasmanian Devils and the Armadillos well. Way to go Gremlins!



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## Someday We'll Win

by: Amanda McCoy

The time is unimportant  
it was not so long ago,  
a woman walked into a shop  
from the cold and biting snow.

Her skin was dark  
her limp hair curly,  
her eyes had seen  
the world too early.

She smiled at the clerk  
who stood proudly by the door.  
As a response the haughty woman  
stared at the carpeted floor.

A row of cocktail dresses  
caught the woman's eyes.  
They were perfect for the party  
in color, shape, and size.

The clerk said rudely  
"Ma'am, go to the other corner.  
There's discounted dresses priced  
more suitable for a foreigner."

The woman left the store  
and walked off into the night.  
She thought of her ancestors  
who fought for human rights.

She thought of how they risked their lives  
and how their blood was shed,  
so she could have her freedom.  
"Someday we'll win." she said.

## Different

by: Birgit Granberg

Look at him.  
Look deep into those stone-cold eyes  
Burning with hatred for me.  
I can feel his blood boiling as he stares,  
I know what he's thinking,  
I hear it echoing through the marrow  
Of his brittle, white bones.  
"He's different"  
I know that the first thing to come to  
mind when he sees me is;  
"Black"  
He's too shallow to dig deeper than my skin  
He avoids me.  
I stand out against a society of bleached faces  
Bleached minds  
I am different...and proud of it.

## The Rain Forest

by: Claire Sweeny

Through the lush green undergrowth you can hear  
The gentle dripping of water from leaves.  
Chirping birds grow louder as you come near.  
Light filters down between branches of trees.  
The fallen leaves on soft ground cover up  
The soft padding of the animals walking.  
Small creatures drink from a pool like a cup.  
The distant clear waterfall is rumbling.

A sudden noise breaks this peaceful quietness.  
It is the heavy thud of trees falling.  
The forest will soon be full of emptiness.  
Now that the trees start falling  
The animals run and chatter in fear  
But no one there cares to hear.

## Two Kinds of People

by: Elizabeth Wilkin

There's the kind that do nothing

There's the kind that study hard

There's the kind that make faces

There's the kind that show off

But there's only two kinds of people

The kind that go unnoticed and unheard

And the kind whose voices are heard

## THE ROSE

by: Ruth Sandford

Gently, the flimsy red petals fell down,  
Falling softly to the ground.  
The light winds scattering them all around  
Little petals forming a soft red mound.  
Soon another bud will bloom to replace.  
From great death alone comes a vibrant new life;  
A fragrant flower meets you face to face.  
A hope for those with a life of deep strife.  
All too soon the balmy days are over;  
And on the lacy leaves the frost appears.  
The pretty petals are dead like clover  
And to our eyes the blustery wind brings tears.  
Long forgotten is the lovely red rose;  
And so one season to another goes.

## God up Above

by: Adrienne Smillie

Some are Buddhist, some are nothing,  
Some say He is God, some don't,  
Although God is the one, no one knows for sure  
If the Bible is just some big scam,  
And the jokers put it together haphazardly,  
John was a prophet, so was Moses,  
Although they might not have been,  
No one knows for sure, but everyone suspects  
That the Bible is not for real,  
And the end of the world is not this Friday,  
Even if it is, it might not have anything to do  
With the god above, or the priests making  
More money out of the gullible people.

## THIS CRUEL WORLD

by: Anne Pellerin

A circle vicious, a monkey's tail,  
The greed for power, Hitler's hail,  
It's a ball of pollution, all rotten and bad,  
For the future generations, yes our children to have!  
This cruel world, getting so much worse,  
Has seemed to some people a merciless curse.  
The kids play with war toys, open your eyes!  
It's their future they're playing with, do realize!  
The music we listen to glorifies war!  
And "inferior races" we've come to ignore.  
Some people out there, if they're black or they're white,  
Cannot live together, there's always a fight!  
The violence, the hatred, prejudice and pride,  
Have spread to all corners, yes even worldwide!!  
God made us well, "in his image" you see,  
Can't we live normally? It really beats me!  
Can't we live in peace? Must we judge others so?  
Can't we love one another? I really don't know.  
In the eyes of a white, in the eyes of a black,  
It's maddening to see all the things this world lacks.  
The famines in Africa, bring tears to your eyes,  
Maybe we could learn peace from the birds in the skies!  
Maybe before we throw cold food away,  
We'll think of the children who're dying today.  
So much we have, so little they've got,  
While we're chasing rainbows for the leprecon's pot!  
If they're dying from war, mal-nutrition or what,  
Our cruel world gave them all they've got.

## The Horse Trapped on the Wall

by: Emily Macgregor

It twists its proud head,  
Longing to be wild and free.  
Its flowing mane is like the sea  
Waving with the wind.  
Its eyes dart across the sky,  
Casting spells on the world.  
It snorts with pure delight,  
For it has sensed the feeling  
Of galloping the sandy beaches.  
Its muscled neck is like a snake,  
writhing its way about.  
The horse feels the bliss of freedom,  
Its spirit is far away  
But its body is still...  
Trapped on the wall forever,  
Only an ornament.

## PRISONERS IN OUR OWN LAND

by: Jackie Hardcastle

It was peaceful  
On the desert floor, wild grasses blew  
Trees stood tall  
Great branches shaded us from the burning sun

Our families lived in harmony  
Children played, dogs barked  
In the desert  
But then it changed

You came with guns  
You brought sicknesses  
You killed, enslaved us  
Banished us to pieces of land  
You called Indian reserves

We were strangers in our own land  
Banished to little villages  
No room to roam  
When you came you told us,

"You can't come out,  
Can't have power,  
You're different."

You cut down the great trees  
Killed the wild grasses  
Tore apart our families  
Built your own villages where ours had been

But now we can come out  
We can have power  
But you still think we're different.

## I Used To Live On Earth

by: Sonia Dougherty

There was once a beautiful time,  
When my family and I lived on Earth.  
We had friends and our community accepted us.

There was once a time,  
When my family and I could walk,  
Without being attacked.

There was once a time,  
When the world was everybody's.  
When we could respect our cultures,  
Without being thrown out of our own house.

There was once a time,  
But now that time is gone.  
And it has been replaced by the time,  
That we are not able to live on this Earth  
As civilized people.

Now we live in our own place,  
Wondering what is happening on the planet Earth.

I hope with all my might,  
That the children of our Indian tribes,  
Will be able to live on Earth.

There was once a time,  
When we were free.

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# A G R H S

## VALENTINE MESSAGES

To My Dear Julie Secretly,  
silently.....I LOVE you.

To Darling T. A. My You're  
Handsome...Please be my  
VALENTINE

I pine for you, S. D. Please smile at  
me...just once.

From J. R. to my Teddy Bear R.  
M. Please be MINE, VALENTINE!

To S. N. from your own D.M.  
...Don't you know I love you?

To Kim, my eternal love,  
from Jo.

To K., from M. You'll never know  
how I really love you!

Roses are red and violets are blue  
as I am without you. To J. C. with  
love, C. G.

Cher Reese V.  
Joyeux Valentin.  
Je t'aime beaucoup.  
MOI...

Mike,  
Veux-tu sortir avec moi?  
Angela

Cher Zedebloe,  
Je ne peux pas arrêter de  
penser à toi. Je rêve de toi.  
JE T'AIME BEAUCOUP!  
Y

Cher Mark P.  
JOYEUX VALENTIN!  
Je pense à toi tous les jours.  
Je suis fière de toi.  
Je t'aime beaucoup.  
S.

Mon Amour -  
Laisse un message au son  
Beeeeeeep. Je t'aimerai toujours.  
Joyeux Saint-Valentin.  
J.C.

Salut C. D.  
Tu ne sais pas, mais je te vois  
souvent dans les corridors de  
l'école. Je t'aime beaucoup.  
BB

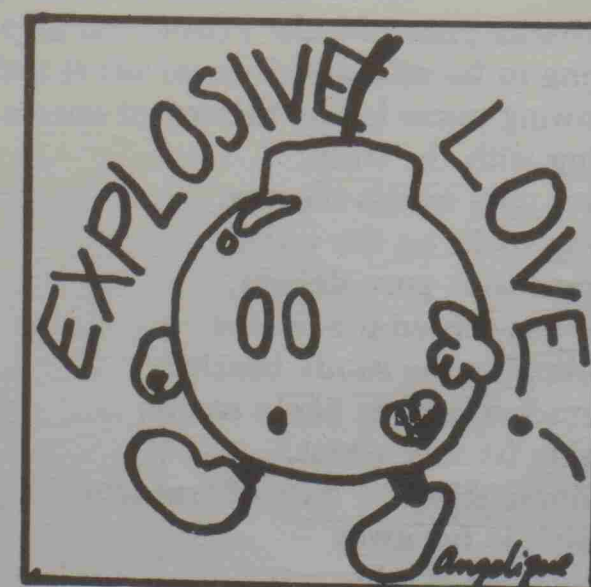
Bonjour chérie,  
Je ne sais pas si tu m'aimes,  
mais je t'aime pour toujours!  
Joyeux Valentin.  
Coeur doux.

Cher Poo-Poo,  
J'ai une grave passion pour  
toi! Je veux te donner un million de  
becs! Ohhhhhhhhhh!  
Prends-moi!  
Guimauve

Angela -  
Quand je vois des fleurs  
Ca me fait penser des heures  
Ce qu'on a fait ailleurs.  
Mike



GALT COUNTRY



THE CANADIAN SMILE



NOW I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO DOING MY HOMEWORK

## GALT PIPERS TRIUMPH

by Dominie

Our beloved senior hockey team,  
coached by our beloved Mr B.  
Heath, assisted by our beloved Bob  
Halsall and Robbie Fisk with Jared  
Haller as Manager, played with the  
ultimate in skill, to grab the  
championship of the annual Loyola  
High Schools Hockey Tournament  
on the weekend of Friday, January  
the twenty ninth.

In brief, our Pipers won all three  
games played, finishing the last one  
around the midnight hour, to  
return to our area exhausted but in  
the glow of having won convincing  
victories of the iceworld.

The first game was a 4-3 win over  
the Lower Canada College squad  
with Walter Pokora scoring the  
winning goal. The second game  
was being won by Loyola High  
School 2-0 in a packed arena hot  
with the cheering breaths of Loyola  
fans, the school band playing and  
all mindsand hearts set to leave the  
laurels in Loyola's hands. But wait!  
With about twenty seconds to go,  
Ron Frappied tied the match and  
Jasen Fauteux scored the winning  
goal in overtime. That was a  
GAME!!

The final game was played against  
St Michael's School of Toronto.  
Don't think the fame of our lads is  
confined to the provincial arena.  
Good old Hogtown, Toronto the  
Good knows well our prowess and  
that we mean business. Or at least  
they should. After midnight, Walter  
Pokora scored the winning goal to  
clinch a solid winning experience.

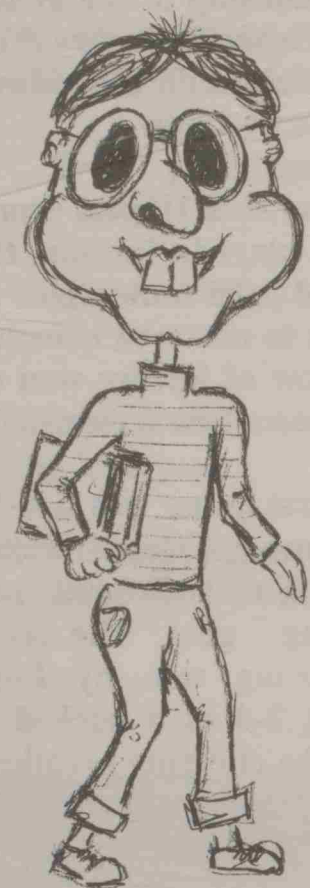
Named to the tournament all star  
team were Walter Pokora, Kevin St  
Pierre and John Graham. All  
members of the team should be very  
proud of their achievement. In all  
games played, the Pipers succeeded  
in winning when their opponents  
scored the opening goals.

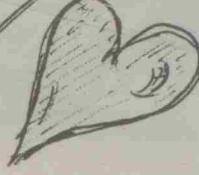
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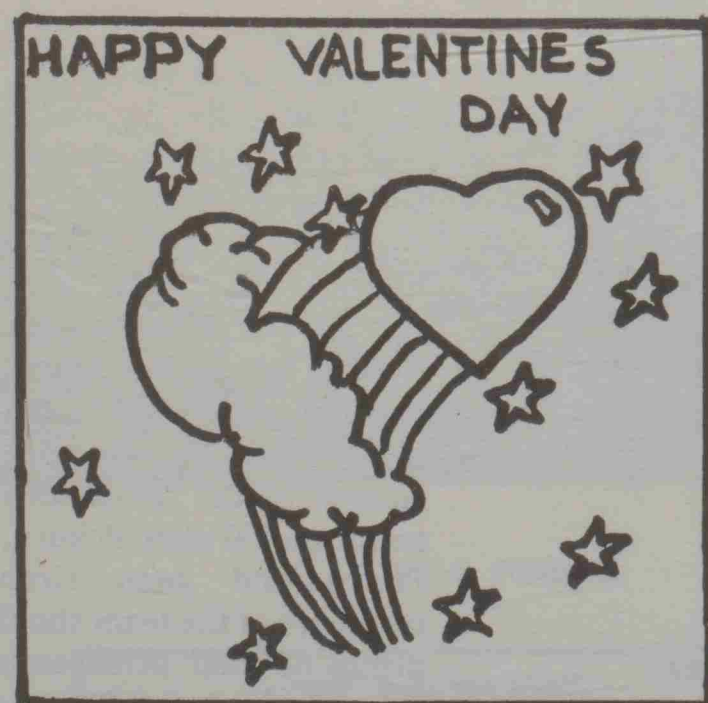
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Happy   
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by Trevor McKinnon




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