

WHAT'S UP?



At Alexander Galt

Vol.4 No. 7 May 1990

10 cents

A.G.R.H.S. Leaders Speak

By Newspaper Staff

A . G . R . H . S . representatives, Jeff Grapes, President of the Regional Council and Angela Locke, "What's Up" Managing Editor, spoke to members of the Eastern Townships School Board at an E.T.S.B. meeting of April the twenty-fourth. Student leaders from Richmond Regional High School, Kathay Carson and Tara Hughes also addresses members of the Board.

Annually the Chairman of the Board, Mrs. M. Paulette and the Director General, Mr. H. Auger, invite our student leaders to present student concerns and express leaders' views on school life. Each speaker held members' attention with thoughtfully prepared remarks.

Following the presentations, members on the Board and the student leaders engaged in discussion will take place each year.

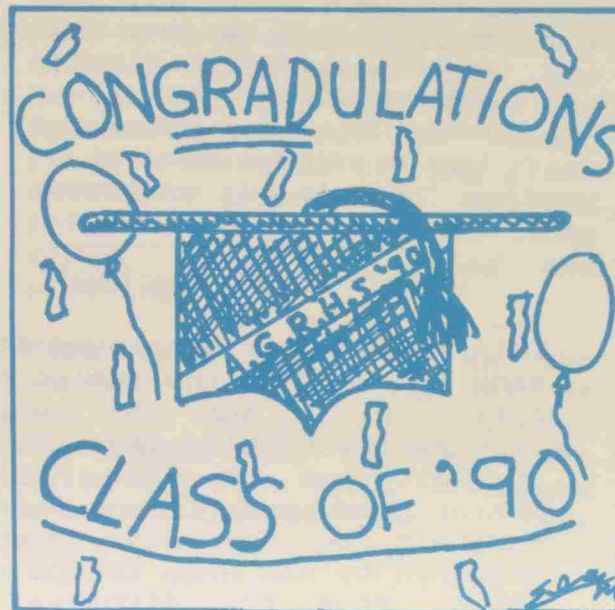
THE CONCERT

by Christina Reynolds

During the week of April eighth, a group of thirty-two students were busily preparing for the evening they had ahead. These Senior Band members and their teacher, Mr. Pille, looked forward with some anticipation to the night when they would perform their year's best at their annual Spring Concert. The work in preparation for this night came from far back in the early months of the school year and was built upon until an arrangement of sixteen songs was ready to play in public. These pieces went from the classical marches to the music from other parts and times of the world.

Not only did this concert benefit its listeners as well as its players and conductor, it also collected over 410 dollars of proceeds to go towards the Children's Wish Foundation.

It was a rewarding experience and it is with more concerts like this that people will get to know and appreciate Galt's Senior Band.



NOT NOW DARLING!!

GALT'S FINEST
DRAMA PRESENTATION
BY K.U. FAHMY

On Thursday, April 26, Friday, April 27, Saturday, April 28 and Monday, April 30, AGRHS presented their Spring Drama Presentation entitled Not Now, Darling!!, by Ray Cooney and John Chapman.

It starred Alex Ross, Andrew Sudlow, Meg Steele, Vicki Gagnon, Dana Sarrasin, Jennifer Langlois, Steve Kerr, Meg Steele, Lori McHarg, Lean Thomson, Melissa Gelinas & Philip Clarke.

It takes place in a fur salon in England and I must say that set designers and builders, Bruce Giddings and Mike Waterman did an excellent job.

This was Galt's first comedy in three years and the response was tremendous. "Love it, love it, love it," says Galt student Sherry Grimard, "the best drama presentation in years." Very professional," school committee member, Magi Faulks says.

In my opinion, and I do have quite an opinion, this play was perfectly portrayed. The accents were right on; the play rolled along efficiently; even the intermission flew by. I found Jennifer Langlois hilarious not to mention Arnold Crouch, played amazingly well by Andrew Sudlow.

One audience member, who decided to remain anonymous said, "I've been to other Galt plays and I find this one has questionable content. I find it sexist."

I brought this question to

DEDICATION

by Angela Locke

Another school year is slowly drawing to a close. Preparations for the 1990 Spring Prom have long since started. It has been five long years for the graduating students of 1990 but their time has come and we sadly bid them farewell.

From the days when Green/Blue, Red/Purple and Orange/Yellow were competitors in Interhouse, Carnival and other activities, from the days of "crowded" hallways, foodfights in the cafeteria and school musicals, these students have endured five years at Alexander Galt through change, dilemmas and mid-life crises! It's the school where you all came together, became friends and shared everything from your first "real" relationship to getting your driving licence.

Some may stay together for life, some for only a few years and others may be leaving now but no one will be forgotten.

In ten years at the Galt Reunion you will unite with careers, families and share the memories once more.

Next year, this year's Level Fours will follow your path as will the next level and so on, a never-ending cycle of friendship. Each graduate has left something behind, a precious memory to the level below which will be carried through the years to come, whether it be a lesson, a story or an accomplishment. The memory will be treasured always.

To all graduates, may you live long and healthy lives in whichever direction you choose to follow in the future.

Mr. Gonyer has a metaphor about characters and plays which I thought everyone would find interesting. "Casting is like finding a key for a lock. Each character is a unique lock and the actors who try out are individual keys. The task is to find the right key for each lock."

He also told me about the two jobs a director has to do;

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor and Staff

Congratulations on the fine work you have done this year on the school newspaper. Readers have been able to discover and find out more about the positive actions of Galt students. People can understand that the vast majority are really fine citizens.

I personally was able to keep in touch with an institution and population who are no longer a part of my daily life. The experience has been both satisfying and rewarding.

Please keep up the good work. This is especially important at a time when a few reckless and stupid young people have caused a cloud to rest over students in Lennoxville.

Thank you for presenting Alexander Galt Regional High School as it really is, and for all your fine efforts to bring this into print.

Yours sincerely

Lillian Echenberg.

ED. NOTE. Lillian Echenberg guided the founding of "What's Up?" in the autumn of 1986.

GALT TEAM AT DYNAMATH

KEEN TO RETURN

by "What's Up?" staff

Six Level Two students, Victor Lee, Jamie Crook and Cynthia Giroux on ETSB Team 1 and Todd Allen, Christopher Raymond and Jessica Mills on ETSB Team 2 are keen mathematicians. Mr J Greer went with these six candidates to a day-long event called Dynamath at Lake of Two Mountains High School at Deux Montagnes, Quebec on Thursday May the third. As the activities began at 8:30 a.m., the students were billeted overnight prior to the event.

Students from more than twenty-five Quebec school boards were present as well as a delegation from Zion Heights School of North York, Toronto where the organizer of the event, Mr Andrew Gaston had been working in the previous school year.

Competitors participated at five different sites during the day: computers, graphing, maps, mathematics and Lego techniques (sic). Each student had a total of forty minutes at each site, all work accomplished being handed in at the conclusion of each time period.

Needless to say, our AGRHS participants are already looking forward to the possibility of attending a second time or at least being able to publicize the event for those selected to attend next year! Many contacts were made and the competition was challenging. This year, Wagar high School secured first place followed by Lower Canada College and Zion Heights School in second and third places respectively.

(NOT NOW, Darling cont'd)
What one individual considers inappropriate, another may find perfectly acceptable, even wonderful. The dramatists' task is to create and present. The task of the audience is to is to, for whatever reasons, like or dislike. Mr. Gonyer also made a point of saying that all the actors were committed; everyone worked and studied with it.

I thought I might mention that Philip Clarke brought many laughs and smiles. Not Now, Darling!! was beautifully written, beautifully directed and beautifully acted. I extend my sincere congratulations to everyone involved.

I can't wait until next spring!

(Galt on Review, continued)

This year, Galt displayed its many features to the public on April 25. And oh, what displays! Everything imaginable at Galt was on show. From Senior Band concerts and piano recitals to delicious goods prepared by the Home Economics class. From Art displays to a Model Parliament. Wonderful Science experiments of all kinds. In the cafeteria, there were all sorts of booths including Save the World, the Catalyst and many, many more.

But where would "Galt on Review" be without the support of the public. Numerous parents, students and future students filled the halls. But of course, what would "Galt on Review" be without the organization of the many teachers and students. This year, as all years, "Galt on Review" was a complete success!

Anne of Green Gables

By Sarah Heath

The Township's Theatre is presenting the 'musical', "Anne of Green Gables". Throughout the winter months, the actors and actresses have met for 'play practice' in the Galt auditorium, each Tuesday evening.

Anne is being played by Jessica Mills, Gilbert by Stephane Langlois, Marilla by Debbie Drummond, Matthew by Donald Duncan and Julie Heath is Diana Barry.

Bit-by-bit the scenes are being put together. There is still much work to be done, but they assure us they'll be ready. The Music Director, Mrs. L. Warlund, says, "There are some rough spots, but it's coming." The play is filled with wonderful songs, which must be in perfect "tune" for the first show on May 17th. The play is being put on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings...the 17, 18, and 19th of May. There will be a Sunday matinee on the 20th.

The Director, Phil Desormeaux, says, "It's nice to see so many folks from the Townships getting together to do a play."

A warm welcome is extended to everyone! As Mrs. Warlund says, "Bring your friends and relatives to watch!!"

The R.C.M.P. and Mr. Dion
by: Justin

If any of you saw the man with the funny yellow stripe down the sides of his legs, and was wondering what he was, and what he was doing here, question no longer. His name is Mr. Richard Dion and he is a R.C.M.P. officer. He graduated sometime around 1970 (he did not want to tell us how old he was) from, would you believe it, Alexander Galt Regional High School. Mr. Dion has been in the police force for 17 years. Some of the places he has been stationed are: Rock Island; Coaticook; Sherbrooke; Quebec; Trois Rivières; and now he is in Montreal Quebec. Mr. Dion went to Regina (Saskatchewan) to do his training which lasted six months.

During lunch hour on April 25 he was in the cafeteria informing any students who wanted to know more about the R.C.M.P. I missed the chance to see him then but I just happened to be in the class that he spoke to after lunch. What he had to say was very interesting, and though not all the people from my class are going into the police force he held our attention for the whole period.

Some of what Mr. Dion had to say included the salary (about \$26 700 a year when you start your training in Regina), transfers (about every five years), number of people being hired this year (1200, 15% being women), and also he talked about pension plans. All in all, I found the session very interesting and well worth it. Thanks go to Mr. Dion for coming and spending time with us and to Mrs. Belden for asking him to come for our class.

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FRIENDS FOREVER
by Angela Locke

Life went on for everyone, yet no one was the same as before the accident. Their lives had been torn apart and nothing they did could mend them.

Dion went on to participate in his track meets. Although he was unable to make the nationals, he did what he knew was right for him, not using the drugs given to him by his coach, and he felt himself to be the only true champion.

Renee kept at a distance from Felix as well as from Cassandra, Mojca and Adrian. Still feeling dirty, hurt and angry, she knew she couldn't continue much longer.

Arie went on from day to day; he was no longer the active comedian he was before the accident. He had no life left inside him. Preferring to distance himself from his friends, he spent hours alone.

The weather quickly changed from winter to spring as the months flew by. As May approached, preparations were being finalized for college, work and, of course, the spring Prom. Although there was no excitement in these preparations, everyone worked diligently, wanting to get it all done and over with.

The theme was kept simple, nothing difficult that would require a lot of time. The ceremonies were to be dedicated to the two friends who had been killed in February.

On the Saturday before the Prom, Mojca, Cassandra and Adrian had gone shopping for a few final accessories. Renee had once again declined to go out with the trio.

"Renee said she didn't think she was even going to go!" Adrian said, astonished.

"Of course she'll go," muttered Mojca, who paid for her items and then waited for the other two. "Everyone goes, no matter what."

"It's not going to be the same. . .," Cassandra looked at the other two. Yes, this year would be very different.

Many things had been taken from them this year. The year they had always looked forward to had ruined their lives.

"Look, let's go get something to eat now," Mojca said, not wanting to think about it.

"Arie, c'mon man," Darren pleaded. "You have to get a tux!"

"I don't want to go..." Arie whimpered.

"You have to go, even if it's just to see me give my valedictorian speech!" Felix said, trying to get a smile out of Arie.

"Hey, if it will make things easier, we'll all go with ya!" Deon said excitedly.

"Look, I appreciate you guys trying to help out." He turned from the group and opened the blinds in his bedroom. "But no one can bring her back home. No one can bring Greg back so he can go to the Prom with that redhead. How can anyone even think of partying?!"

"Okay, Okay," Darren motioned towards the doors, "we're leaving. I'll call you later, man." He went over to Arie who just shrugged away from his friend's hand. When Darren shut the doors quietly behind him, Arie grabbed the picture of the whole gang from the Christmas party and threw it against the doors. The wooden frame cracked as all the glass shattered around the smiling friends. They lay on the floor, unmoving, crying and bleeding.

That week crept by as the others had before. The day of the Prom was warm and sunny. The grass was greener, the white and pink apple blossoms showered the trees as did many other spring flowers in the town.

The girls had appointments with hairdressers in the early afternoon. Renee did not call Cassandra back so the trio had gone ahead with their plans to dress at Mojca's where the rest of the gang would go for cocktails before dinner out in the Leyenduk's beautiful gardens, with many flowers in full bloom.

The caterers had arrived at noon to begin preparations for an early dinner at five-thirty. This way there would be time to be at the school for eight-thirty when the ceremonies would begin.

"Do you think Renee will go?" Cassandra asked the roomful of girls.

"I don't know," Adrian answered through clenched teeth while doing up Mojca's corset, "I hope she will!"

"Darren had better appreciate my dress," Mojca gasped for breath, "I've been through hell and back while it was being made!"

"You look stunning," Cassandra smiled, "We all look stunning!" The three girls giggled as they eyed themselves in the huge mirror, "It's 'our' big night. This is the night that is supposed to be perfect." Cassandra continued, "The night we finally graduate from high school. What could be more perfect?"

The doorbell rang and the girls realized it was already five o'clock. Leaving the room, Mojca began closing the door when she had a horrendous thought.

"Nothing will be perfect, not tonight. Not ever again." She followed Cassandra and Adrian down the long staircase leaving the door slightly open.

Mojca joined Darren outside on the patio with a drink. The rest of the gang seemed to be enjoying themselves, somewhat.

"Where's Arie?" she asked looking at the friends who were in the garden.

"He said he didn't want to go unless Felicia could go with him." Darren took a sip of his drink.

"Adrian was excited about going with Deon. It took him ages to ask her," she smiled, "Nick and Cassie are an original couple, if I do say so myself. I never would have pictured the two of them together."

"What about Renee?"

"I guess she isn't feeling well." Mojca turned to look at Darren. "Everything is so different, everyone has changed..."

"I know..." he muttered returning her gaze.

"Why won't you tell me?"

"Tell you what?" he asked confused.

"What happened that night with Felix and Renee?" she probed.

"I, I don't know what happened," he said choking on his drink.

"Oh, I'm sure you don't," she snapped walking to the table as the caterers served the meal.

"Mojca!" he said, then stopped himself. There was no point to telling her. She would eventually find out. He just didn't want to be the one to tell her.

Felix had come alone so he sat at the head of the table, toasting each person over and over again with pleasure, trying to avoid thinking of Renee.

By eight-thirty, a huge crowd had gathered in the gym of St Francis High School. There was dancing and mingling as the graduating students awaited the formal ceremonies. Speeches were delivered, some by teachers, one by the principal. Then a diploma was handed to each and every student. Slowly, as the stage filled with people, Mojca felt a sense of happiness flow through her. For the first time in months, she smiled a true smile when the diploma was placed in her hand. Hugging each person down the line to her spot, she glowed radiantly. She passed this glow on to the entire graduating class. When the last person took his place on the stage, a certain excitement filled the gym and it wasn't until the principal spoke again that it came to an abrupt end.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, the graduates of 1990 from St Francis High School." As the clapping died, he continued, "Unfortunately, two of our students are not with us tonight. Felicia Tradley and Greg Mardin are in eternal rest due to an automobile accident earlier in the year. We remember them tonight as we honour the students who will live on with the memories of their friends and of high school." The crowd suddenly became silent.

(continued on next page)

(continued from previous page)

The water lapped harshly upon the shore. The night was clear and the sky full of stars. Renee sat on the beach at the very spot where "it" had happened. Flashes of Felix's face passed through her mind, her screams haunted the air, although long since silenced by time. She picked up the bottle and drank the rest of the stuff. It was warm going down, making her feel in control.

After much thought, she stood, holding her head against the dizziness and shook the sand off her prom dress. She walked to the car knowing her fiery hatred would finally be dissipated later that night.

Felix stood with Darren in the washroom, holding out his shaking hands.

"I can't do it, man, I can't do it!" he said nervously.

"Yes, you can and you will!" Darren laughed at Felix's lack of confidence in himself. "Hey! you owe it to Greg and Felicia..."

"Yeah, I do," he splashed water on his face. "I owe it to them."

Arie sat in the chair in his bedroom listening to the loud music penetrating through his headphones. Pain racked his body as tears welled up in his eyes and gently fell down his cheeks. He was scared, angry and hurting; no longer able to think straight, he decided to join Felicia and Greg. He belonged with them, not here. Suddenly feeling energetic and excited, he prepared his exit as Felix stepped up to the podium at the school to begin his speech.

The attention of the crowd was focussed on Felix as he began his speech. "I must admit that I was quite nervous about doing this. I almost chickened out of doing it but then a buddy of mine reminded me whom this was for, not just the people graduating, but," he paused. Mojca clenched Darren's hand, holding it tightly as he looked into her eyes, feeling the same pain. Cassandra wiped her eyes with Nick's handkerchief as Adrian put her arm around her friend, "but for Greg and Felicia. Two of the greatest friends in the world were chosen by god, to be with Him..."

The gym doors crashed open as Renee burst through. In one hand she held what was left of a bottle of whiskey and in the other she held a black, shining pistol.

"They weren't the only ones chosen, Felix Pineau," she shouted, walking up the aisle. People screamed and pushed out of her way as she came closer to him.

"Yes, Felix. I do believe you were also chosen to burn in hell." She laughed wickedly. "How many people did you tell? How many?"

Felix felt his heart pounding. All colour drained from his

face. He was hot and cold at the same time and he was scared to death.

"Damn it! how many people did you tell? how many know you raped me last summer? Viciously, savagely raped me!" She stopped no more than a few meters from Felix, pointing the gun toward his chest. "I hate you, Felix Pineau. Burn in hell..." The gun was fired. Felix fell to the floor, blood gushing from his mouth and from his wound. He held out his hand, as if to grab onto Renee. She fired the gun twice more before he lay in a pool of blood, dead.

Screams echoed through the gym as chaos filled the panic-stricken crowd. Cassandra ran up to her best friend but before she was able to get too close, Renee began firing blindly at her. Mojca screamed even louder as she watched the horrific sight before her. Adrian fainted and was pushed to the floor by the force of the people wanting to get out before they were the next ones to be shot.

Renee stood watching the people leave. Nobody touched her or even tried to get close. Mojca, Darren, Nick, Deon and Adrian huddled, frightened, in a corner as they watched Renee. She knelt beside Cassie. She began to scream and cry. Pausing for some breath, she placed the gun to her head and pulled the trigger. the sound of the gun rang through the crowd's ears. Blood spattered on the floor.

Three blocks from the school, arie sat in his father's car in the garage. His eyes were getting heavier each moment. He smiled as he felt himself slip away from the carbon monoxide coming through a hose placed in the car window.

Friends will never part.
The memories of loved ones
Will always live on
Inside the wind;
To be smiled upon
Or to have tears shed upon.
For there is a pact between
such friends
That they will remain
Friends Forever

SHOULD YOU GO FIRST

Anonymous

Should you go first and I remain
to walk the road alone,
I'll live in memories' garden dear
with happy days we've known.
In spring I'll touch the roses red
when fades the lilac blue
In early fall when brown leaves fall
I'll catch a glimpse of you.

Should you go first and I remain
for battles to be fought
Each thing you've touched
along the way
will be a hallowed spot.
I'll hear your voice, I'll see your smile
though blindly I may grope
The memory of your helping hand
will buoy me with new hope.

BOOK REVIEW IF YOU COULD SEE WHAT I HEAR.

By Justin

This fascinating biography tells of a blind man who struggles to achieve the goals he has set in his life. It tells of him learning to deal with each problem that comes his way with precision and determination.

This book makes a person stop and realize just how lucky they are to be able to see. When we hear, see, touch, taste, and smell the same things every day, we sometimes forget they are there. Tom Sullivan (the blind man in the book) gives examples of how he uses his healthy senses to make up for his loss of eyesight. One of the examples he gives of having to use his hearing and touch, is when his daughter fell into the pool, was drowning and there was no one but himself there. Tom listened for the "blip" of bubbles and started searching for his daughter. He finally found her when he touched her small body, on the bottom of the pool, with his foot.

Though this man is blind he is a normal person and the book tells of his ability to survive in a world that does not understand him, his actions, difficulties and solutions. This book also makes us rediscover the things around us which we are taking for granted every day.

Should you go first and I remain
to finish with this scroll
No length'ning shadows shall creep in,
to make this life seem droll.
We've known so much of happiness
we've had our cup of joy
And memory is one gift of God
that death cannot destroy.

Should you go first and I remain
one thing I'd have to do;
Walk slowly down that long, lone path
for soon I'll follow you.
I'll want to know each step you take
that I may walk the same
For someday, down that lonely road,
you'll hear me call your name.

CONGRATULATIONS, GRADS OF '90

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UNE JOURNEE TRES SPECIALE



Monsieur Paul de Grosbois, auteur, dans Y-102



Monsieur Ribaux, Mlle Danielle Brochu et la classe



Paul Prefontaine et David Degrace



Marie-Claude Dezan et Patricia Currier



Rachel Bury et Robert Côté

UNE VISITE SPÉCIALE

Dans notre vie, on lit beaucoup de livres, et ce n'est pas à tous les jours qu'on a l'occasion de rencontrer l'auteur d'un de ces livres. Mais au début du mois d'avril un petit groupe d'élèves de notre école a vécu une telle expérience spéciale: la rencontre de l'écrivain Paul de Grosbois.

En préparation de sa visite, les étudiants dans la classe de français ont lu un des romans écrits par l'auteur; soit "La Cratère du Lac Lyster", "Métro Caverne", "Vol de Rêves" ou "Les Initiés de la Pointe-aux-Cageux". M. de Grosbois a parlé de sa vie d'écrivain: ses méthodes de travail et ses manières de ramasser des idées. Il a expliqué qu'il a toujours l'œil ouvert pour des morceaux de description qui rempliraient le casse-tête d'un livre plus tard.

A la fin de la période, les élèves ont pu lui demander des questions et apporter des commentaires sur les romans qu'ils avaient lus. C'était une expérience à la fois enrichissante et exceptionnelle qui a fait plaisir à tous ceux présents.

Espérons que ce genre d'activité se reproduira plus souvent pour permettre à tout le monde de participer à un atelier aussi intéressant.

FRANCHEMENT

UNE BONNE

EXPERIENCE

Paul de Grosbois

Le 11 avril dernier, nous avons le plaisir d'accueillir l'écrivain Québécois Paul de Grosbois à notre école. M. de Grosbois nous a démontré une technique pour écrire un livre ainsi que plusieurs trucs du métier. M. de Grosbois est l'auteur de plusieurs livres pour adolescents dont "Vol de Rêve", "Les Initiés de la Pointe-aux-Cageux" et "Le Mystère du Lac Lyster" qui furent au programme du cours de Français Langue Maternelle pour les niveaux un, deux et trois. Sa visite fut fort appréciée. Nous remercions M. Paul de Grosbois et espérons que d'autres personnes auront l'occasion de vivre une expérience similaire.
F.S.B.

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MON GRAND-PÈRE

Mon grand-père s'appelait Ralph George Coleman. Il est né à Scotstown au Québec, en 1913. Il y avait treize enfants dans sa famille; il a marié ma grand-mère, Faye Ord en 1941. Peu de temps après, mon grand-père et deux de ses frères sont partis pour se battre à la Deuxième Guerre mondiale. Quand il est arrivé à Hong Kong, il a été fait prisonnier de guerre pendant quarante-huit mois. Il était affamé et il a dû manger des serpents et des souris. Durant la guerre, un de ses frères a été tué au combat. Il a attendu avec impatience pour retourner à sa nouvelle mariée.

Quand il est revenu, il a débarqué du train pour voir ma grand-mère qui avait économisé son argent pour acheter une nouvelle robe. Mes grands-parents pouvaient enfin commencer leur famille. Ils ont eu une fille et un garçon. Leur garçon est mon père.

La bravoure de mon grand-père en risquant sa vie pour sauver la vie de plusieurs autres personnes me rend très fière. Quand j'ai l'occasion d'expliquer comment je suis contente qu'il ait survécu à la Guerre et qu'il ait eu la chance de connaître la joie d'une famille heureuse et d'un mariage merveilleux, j'ai souvent les larmes aux yeux.

Mon grand-père est mort le 12 février 1990. A ses funérailles, il a été honoré par les membres de la Légion de notre ville, Bury. Ce sont des vétérans de la Guerre; ils ont mis des pavots sur sa tombe et ils ont présenté ses médailles de Guerre à mon père. Maintenant chaque fois que je regarde ses médailles je l'aime d'avantage. Pas juste parce qu'il s'est battu pour notre pays, mais parce qu'il a survécu et qu'il a élevé mon père pour être un père merveilleux.

ROBIN COLEMAN
Secondaire IV

Corrigé par Chris Cohn

At Last A Loonie Machine

By William Lee

One of the biggest hassels of today, affecting all Canadians alike, are the very annoying loonies. Not only do the coins fall out of your pockets when you sit down, there are hardly any machines that accept the coins.

I was angry, whenever I got some change from the cafeteria, and recieved a loonie. I usually get a snack for on the bus, when I walk over to my next class. But if I have a loonie, the snack machine wouldn't accept them. So, I had to walk over to the door in the cafeteria, and ask the change guy for change.

Now with loonies being accepted by the chocolate bar machine, I don't have to take the time to goto the guy. I would just like to write this article to tell everyone that loonies are accepted at the machine, because it really is helpful to everyone.

Changing Style of Music

by William Lee

While listening to the radio during the long weekend, I noticed a shocking song. The song was Tone Loc's "Wild Thing", and that made me notice something is missing in today's rap songs. The missing property was humour, something that over the year has been missing in some singers.

I find that today's rap artists are replacing humour with a more danseable beat, like in Young M.C.'s works, and his new Pepsi commercial. While listening to Canadian rap artist, Maestro Fresh Wes's second song "Drop the Needle" was lacking completely humour. Another problem was that there was no enjoyable beat to it. So, naturally I hated the song, and don't think that the song will be a success. So, indeed humour has dissappeared from some rappers.

Even veteren rappers such as DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince, have changed their style. After listening to the first tape and some of his new released songs, I noticed a great change. "Parents Just Don't Understand" lacks the great beat and rhythm of new songs like "I Think I Can Beat Mike Tyson." I believe that he has kept lots of his humour because that sound track is gut-busting funny, not to mention a crazy music video.

With this article, I would just like to say that I think that music is everchanging, and usually for the better. That is except some singers who rush their second tapes, resulting in a terrible second tape.

TRACK AND FIELD by Angela Locke

As the weather warms up, the sun shines longer and the old pair of spikes that were hidden deep within a closet are being searched out, the 1990 track and field season begins. The first day of practice, April 23rd, was sunny and sixty-two students showed up for a gruelling two hours of training.

This year Galt is joining the Cantons de l'Est League. More schools from the region will participate in events as well as Richmond, B.C.S. and Stanstead. most of the meets are on Saturdays in May and June.

Mr Brian Heath, head coach, will be doing most of the coaching this year with help from Jiah Surjadinata who will coach mostly javelin and triple jumps. Jeff Warren and Mary Durrell may come back to help as they have done in the past but they are still uncertain.

The first meet was held at B.C.S. on May 2nd in the afternoon; this was a practice meet for the new bantams. Other meets are scheduled for most weekends well into June. The 1990 ETIACs will be at Galt on May the twenty-sixth. come and check out the team.

Good luck goes out to all athletes for a rewarding season!!

LIFE

By Justin

Life is something to enjoy,
It's not all fun and games,
It's not like a toy,
You have to take life seriously.

Life is filled with war,
It's lost all sense of peace.
Soon life will be finished.
You have to take life seriously.

At the beginning life was good.
Nothing went wrong,
In our childhood.
Take life seriously.

When you were young you obey,
But now it's fun to go your own way.
Next you'll be gone.
Take life seriously.

Soon you start high school,
Now you drink and smoke,
That's it. Now you're cool.
Life is serious.

You go to parties everywhere,
Getting drunk and very high.
Your life is finished.
Life was serious.

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The City

The beams beat down on their flushed, dizzy faces,
 with the pavement boiling beneath their feet.
 The only relief from the sun's burning rays,
 is the shade from the six-storey skyscrapers.
 The city's beat, strong and steady,
 like a well-oiled machine.
 The feet keep moving,
 stomping, stomping.
 Soldiers dressed in business suits
 off to their cool office lobbies,
 where the floors are marble,
 and the air-conditioners
 steadily blowing
 artificial air.
 The cities
 to which country folk long to go,
 to see the sights,
 to live in comfort and riches,
 Little do they know, that while they try to get in
 the city's captives long
 to get out.

Censorship poses problems for schools

Should certain reading materials be censored in schools? Who should be the authority to make decisions concerning censorship? What criteria should be used?

Today, perhaps more than ever before, teachers and librarians are questioned about the suitability of books they select for students to read. Reading material is expected to be wholesome and educationally sound.

But what do these words really mean? And who is qualified to define them in a manner that will satisfy everyone?

Critics or censors have their own widely varied and often very personal standards of evaluation.

Books may be called obscene, anti-Christian, pro-Christian, racist, anti-family, anti-establishment, pornographic and dozens of other names in the interest of espousing a particular viewpoint.

Ironically, what is condemned by one group of critics may be praised by another. In addition, time has a way of changing people's values and standards. Literature that is rejected as unsuitable in one year may become acceptable or even recommended in another.

Over the years book critics (including parents, teachers, administrators, and students) have challenged or caused to be removed from classrooms and libraries a wide range of reading material. Some of the better known books that have been censored include Shakespeare's MACBETH, Melville's MOBY DICK, Salinger's CATCHER IN THE RYE, Orwell's 1984, Twain's HUCK FINN, Lee's TO KILL A MOCKING BIRD and even the BIBLE.

It is generally accepted that questionable books intended for high school students should be scrutinized and evaluated fairly. However, all too often, criticism is irrational and arbitrary. Many censors do not understand or care to believe that exposing readers to new ideas, values, and controversial topics can broaden their education and, as is often surmised, not necessarily produce negative results.

It is time for common sense to prevail. All critics (in reality every reader) should strive to reject personal opinions and place reliance on honest, objective evaluation when considering the educational value of any piece of literature.

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WHO WAS ALEXANDER GALT?

WHAT DID HE DO?

by newspaper staff

Alexander Tilloch Galt was the youngest son of a Scottish novelist, John Galt. It is more accurate, however, to think of his father as a businessman-land speculator active in Upper Canada. Alexander's life stretched from 1817-1893, a long life for those days.

Our hero attended school in Chambly, Lower Canada. In the late 1830s and through the 1840s he was active in the British American Land Company. Surprisingly, most grants went to French-speaking citizens anxious to leave the old seigneuries; the Company's activities ensured a steady influx of French Canadians into areas not settled under the French regime of Their Christian Majesties, the French kings.

Galt successfully obtained money for the world's first international railway, the St Lawrence and Atlantic between Montreal and Portland, Maine. In the previous year, 1849, he had embarrassingly signed the famous Annexation Manifesto which proposed union with the USA - a signing of which he did NOT like to be reminded as he grew older!

In 1856 Galt had joined the French-Canadian leader, A.A. Dorion to replace the peculiar unified Province of Canada with a federal type of government for Canada East (Quebec) and Canada West (Ontario). Two years later Alexander Galt moved a resolution for a union of ALL the colonies of British North America. He was a keen supporter of the Confederation idea and became, in 1867, Canada's first Minister of Finance.

Although Galt left the halls of Parliament in 1872, he was appointed to various government commissions and was Canada's High Commissioner in London from 1880 to 1883. He remained a supporter of the federal type of government for Canadians.

It should occur to readers that had many of the present group of provincial and central government leaders been in power back in the 1860s, we might not have had such a grand scheme as Canada. In the 1860s, the politicians had little of this world's material goods and very few means of fast communications but they did possess vision and a sense of purpose. Do many of the present leaders have any thoughts beyond their own political survival, no matter what the cost to the Canadian people? Alexander Galt, a politician of vision died in 1893 and is buried in Mount Royal Cemetery in Montreal.

Some thoughts on
education!

"Education has produced a vast population able to read but unable to distinguish what is worth reading"

George M.
Trevelyan
1876-1967

"Education has for its object the formation of character"

Herbert Spencer
1820-1903

"Human history becomes more and more a race between education and catastrophe"

H.G. Wells
1866-1946

Students Names To Look For

ANDERSON, Lisa
 BENNETT, Christine
 BILODEAU, Karen
 BIRD, Christina
 BLACK, Christopher
 BOBBITT, Corinne
 BOULANGER, Eric
 BOURQUE, Michelle
 BRINK, Timothy
 BUCKLE, Penny
 BUFFITT, Shawn
 BUZZELL, Tina
 CABANA, Marc
 CHIECO, Timmy
 CHISLETT, Angela
 CONWAY, Murielle
 COOPER, Michael
 COUTURE, Marie-Eve
 CRUCHON, Melissa
 CUNNINGHAM, Benjamin
 DEGRACE, David
 DESETURST, Steven
 DESLOZES, Jose
 DOHERTY, Paula
 DRISCOLL, Lindsay
 DUNN, Amanda
 ELLIS, Sarah
 FOUCAULT, Caroline
 GOODSSELL, Matheau
 HODGE, Andrew
 HONSBERGER, Chris
 HOULE, Nicole
 KNAPP, Aaron
 LAVALLEE, Amy
 LAWLESS, Margo
 LAWRENCE, Geoffrey
 MARTIN, Brad
 MCCARTHY, Patrick
 MCKINNON, Mary
 MCMURRAY, Thomas
 MILLS, Jessica
 MORIN, Kathleen

NOBLE, Shelley
 OLDLAND, Jeremy
 ORGAN, Owen
 OSBORNE, Dawson
 QUELLETTE, Mark
 PEARSON, Mark
 PERRON, Michael
 PIPER, Kyla
 PREFONTAINE, Holly

RICHARD, Nancy
 RUSSELL, Christopher
 SHATTLER, Joy
 SMITH, Camille
 STRICKLAND, Kathy
 TAYLOR, Nancy
 TICEHURST, Steven
 TRUDEL, Eric
 TOBIN, Joel
 VIGNEAULT, Salina
 WARD, Andrew
 WELLMAN, Trina
 WILKEN, Mary
 WILSON, Erica

ON I R O M K O F R T G U T R U O C N A L L I A V
 S W O S E Z O L S E D E G R A C E K T S W S O T B
 B L H B E O D V I G N E A U L T Y F O U C A U L T
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 K G B W T Y C N E R U M N L C S I T B E N T R O W
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 A Y K L R I P D G A C K E N U T C B U S R E L G E
 N H K K E P D I F W O S T D C U A I L M U H T C S
 D T K E A O R I E N R O T E H R B N A I S O T H S
 O R K N T T I B B O B L E C O S A J N T S D A I O
 N A K O A R S L F C D R I B N T N L G H E I H E R
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 W L C U N N I N G H A M I L L S I C H I S L E T T
 O U E L L E T T E T I C E H U R S T I F R E P I P

By: Justin

Teachers Names To Look For

Ms. BROCHU
 Mr. GOLDFINCH
 Ms. GUILBAULT
 Mr. PERRAS
 Mr. RIBAU
 Mr. WICKETT



HOROSCOPES by Kimberly

CAPRICORN: Dec22-Jan 20
 Finally, summer vacations! What are you going to be doing? Working on your tan? No, unfortunately, you're working on your summer job! Don't let it get you down; just think of your pay cheque.

AQUARIUS: Jan 21-Feb 19
 You just found out that your cousin is coming to visit. Wouldn't it happen to be your most annoying one! Don't worry; no house guest can stay forever.

PISCES: Feb 20-Mar 20
 The perfect summer is upon us. Time with your friends and family. What more could anybody ask for? Enjoy your summer while it lasts.

ARIES: Mar 21-Apr 20
 You are only a few out of the bunch who are going to miss the daily routine of school. You know that when summer comes, your friends all go their separate ways. One way of resolving your problem is to ask your friends over when they are in town!

TAURUS: Apr 21-May 21
 Summertime blues! You can't seem to concentrate on studying for your exams. You'd rather be out having a good time than hitting the books. In the long run, you will feel that you have accomplished more by studying. Besides you still have a full two and a half months to have fun!

GEMINI: May 22-Jun 21
 What a mess! You have just found out that your family has decided to drag you to the most boring vacation spot ever created. What do you do? Make the most of it! Years later, you'll probably look on this summer as the best one of all.

CANCER: Jun 20-Jul 23
 Your summer is perfect. You have a job that pays and for you, life couldn't get better. Everybody envies you. So, go out and enjoy your summer. It's only three months short!

LEO: Jul 24-Aug 23
 The holidays are a time when you have spare time. You begin to pamper yourself. At the end of the vacation you look absolutely marvellous! Why not do it again this year!

VIRGO: Aug 24-Sep 23
 What to do? When you are on holidays, you feel bored out of your mind; you can't seem to find anything to do. Maybe this year an elderly neighbour could use your help.

LIBRA: Sep 24-Oct 23
 It's that time of year. Should you study hard for exams and try to pull your marks up or should you cram at the end and just pass? Here's a tip. Leave at least a week for a good review of all your subjects.

SCORPIO: Oct 24-Nov 22
 Friends, friends and more friends. you plan to spend all summer doing what you enjoy with your friends. Just be careful; your family needs you too!

SAGITTARIUS: Nov 23-Dec 21
 Oh no! The family reunion returns! You have to put up with that aunt who smells like mothballs! Think of it this way; your family is the most important thing you have.