

WHAT'S UP?



At Alexander Galt

Vol. 3 Fall Issue 1988 - 89

10 cents

17TH ANNUAL AWARDS NIGHT

The 17th Annual Awards Night at Alexander Galt Regional High School will be held on Friday, November 18th at 8:00 p.m.

On this occasion, students are recognized for their academic excellence. Our guest speaker this year will be the former principal of Galt, Mr. Frank Boushel.

It is hoped that many of the students receiving prizes, honor roll certificates, bursaries and scholarships will attend.

by Mrs. Smith

MODEL UNITED NATIONS UPDATE

Chris Kyle will sit on the Legal Committee, Andrew McKnight on the Economic and Social Committee and Gergely Horvath on the Security Council. Our three delegates will represent the Federal Republic of Germany (West Germany) at this year's University of Vermont, Burlington Campus, meetings of the United Nations Model Assembly, November 11 - 13. Delegates come from many schools of Vermont, New Hampshire, New York and Quebec.

Each of our delegates will have one or more resolutions to be debated by members of his particular committee. Each committee normally passes only three or four of the dozens of resolutions submitted by member states - just like the real United Nations. Successful resolutions are further debated at the Sunday morning plenary (full) session of the General Assembly in the impressive auditorium of the Billings Student Center.

All participants will hear this year's keynote speaker, a high ranking official of the USSR delegation to the United Nations in New York. Previous speakers heard by AGRHS delegates have been from Spain and India.

As with real-life diplomats, this model assembly meetings occupy Friday night, all day Saturday and Sunday morning from 9:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. Socializing must be accomplished at meals and at the Saturday evening planned entertainment, unless one is polishing a speech for delivery on Sunday morning!

JCB

LENNOX VILLIANS BEWARE

THERE IS A RAPIST ON THE BISHOP'S CAMPUS. HE HAS RAPED ONE PERSON AND ATTACKED ANOTHER. AND THE POLICE HAVE NOT YET CAUGHT HIM. GIRLS ARE STRONGLY RECOMMENDED NOT TO WALK IN TOWN ALONE AND, IF POSSIBLE, NEVER AT NIGHT.

BE CAREFUL. WATCH NEWSPAPERS FOR FURTHER DEVELOPEMENTS.

THE SHORT BUT SWEET

by Angela Locke

Standing in the gym, all alone, you recall the practice. It had started out fine, only you'd been the shortest of them all. But you hadn't let that bother you; no, you had managed to tough it out. Even when that 6 foot 5 inch centre had mistaken you for the ball and slam dunked you. (Boy, that had hurt.)

The cheerleaders had giggled non-stop; you ignored them, and the coach had drilled you harder than any of those jocks. You had done your best, tried harder than anyone else and you had showed them just how good you really were. You were so good, in fact, the coach had no choice but to put you on the team!

Now, you're the 4 foot 8 1/2 inches right defense in the starting line-up, among the 6 foot plus players! Yep, you had showed them all.

Now, with everyone gone, all was quiet. There were no sounds of sneakers squeaking or the pounding of running players or even of the cheering crowds.

You turn around, shoot the ball over your shoulder, and you don't look until you hear the swish of the net and the ball bouncing on the floor.

Turning and walking to the exit, you smile to yourself and remark, "Man, I am good!"

This short story is dedicated to all the short but sweet people here at Galt!

CHRISTMAS CONTEST FOR WHAT'S UP

Two Sections: Cycle I and Cycle II

Format: short story, play, essay

Subject: CHRISTMAS

Length:
Cycle I - 200 words
Cycle II - 300 words

Deadline: December 1, 1988

One prize will be awarded in each section. Winning works will be printed in the December issue.

Please submit entries to either

Mr. John Bertram - Yellow Staff

or

Mrs. Echenberg - Red Staff



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SWITZERLAND (continued)

7:30 a.m. We're in class. I polish my glasses while others are reading or chatting. Herr Rass, my math, geography and music teacher enters. All the students stand up as a sign of respect. "Gruzi, Herr Rass," we all mumble in unison. This is how every class starts. Home room is unknown to them and we start our geometry lesson right away.

11:55 a.m. Another four classes have gone by this way, as well as a fifteen-minute recess. I am now on my way home for lunch. I ride with a little group of friends. The three kilometer trip goes by very quickly, and soon I am back at my grandmother's place for a long noon break.

1:30 p.m. Back at school once again. This afternoon all we have is one class. Tomorrow I'll have more classes; the timetable changes the number of classes in the afternoon. This is fun because we are allowed to go home early; no waiting for a bus.

This afternoon I have biology. We walk around Dressenhofen identifying different trees and taking samples back with us to press and work with next class. I admire the Medieval architecture of the small town. All the houses are hundreds of years old. I can't help but think about my own town, Waterville, in six to seven hundred years; will it still stand?

3:45 p.m. I'm back home once more. My grandmother needs a prescription filled. She asks me to get it for her, and that means taking the train to the drug store. In Switzerland, most villages, big or small, have a train station with a train stopping at least once every half hour. I get on the train to the nearest bigger city. The departure time on the train schedule says 4:06, and 4:06 it is.

The train is like a communal thing. People knit, chat, and visit together during their short or long rides. What's new? You'll hear it on the train.

In Schaffhausen, I meet a friend. We shop together and then decide to treat ourselves to ice-cream. For one scoop we pay about \$2.00. I choose eggnog and hazelnut. Sounds gross, eh? Not a chance! It's delicious!!!

I get home just before 8:00 and have a quick bite to eat. My stomach has gotten accustomed to small suppers since the Swiss eat their big meal at noon. I have some homework - putting finishing touches on a slide show on the Eastern Townships to be shown to two classes the next day.

Herr Brock, my klassenlehrer, is trying so hard to make me feel at home. He is a super teacher.

Dusk falls on the village. The church bells ring again. This time they're calling for people to go to bed. The lights are going out in the village. It's bedtime for me, too.

by Christine Reynolds

LICENCE TO KILL by K.V.N.

It's funny how a few minutes out of your life can make you stop and think.

I was out on King West a few days ago, minding my own business, just sitting in the car, waiting for my dad to come out of a store, when my mom let out a sudden gasp. Looking up through the windshield, I saw a small dog fall to the ground on one side of the car. I heard nothing, not a squeal of brakes, a bark or whimper, or even the hollow thud that movie makers believe occurs. I just saw the car speed past the poor animal and become lost in the traffic, and that poor dog.

The car was going so fast that I thought the dog must be dead, but that would be humane in a strange way. It was alive. There was no blood anywhere, but the poor animal couldn't orient himself enough to get off the road.

It flopped from its back to its side, and to its back again until a young man went into the street and moved it gingerly to a small patch of grass near a telephone pole. Before I knew it, Mom was out of the car and kneeling beside it, feeling for a heartbeat. Sadly, it was there.

A vet couldn't come. The SPCA line was busy. It didn't matter. Within a few minutes the heart stopped and its eyes glazed over and became strong - glassy! I patted it for a minute more and stayed near it. People in passing cars cast sympathetic glances at

me, but I wonder about the person who hit it. Did he/she ever think of stopping? No, they didn't even slow down. Did they justify what happened to themselves, saying it wasn't their fault, and, anyway, someone will help it? The dog wasn't so small that they could have not known they hit it, and one glance in a rear-view mirror would show them what they did. Did they just not care?

Maybe I'm overdramatizing, but I hated watching that dog die! I don't like to cry.

Thinking of all this now, I think of all the sixteen-year-olds fresh out of driving school with new licences in their hot little hands. Maybe not one of them will hit anything living, but kids do drive fast. And it is possible to kill with a car; maybe not only a dog!

Writing this, I'm thinking of two people. The person who will live wondering, perhaps, if they killed the dog, and the person, maybe a little girl, who will find out that her dog was killed. And how I'd feel if I'd done it.

MYSTERY by Tara Musty

It was 12:27 A.M. when I finally finished the best case I had ever solved. I had just fallen asleep finally when I was rudely awakened by the telephone. It was 3:43 A.M. I debated as to whether I would answer the telephone or not, but I was on duty. I wished that I hadn't answered it because I was now forced to go to the scene of the crime. A murder at that!

It was cold and damp outside as it was nearing winter. What a bloody sight! She had been stabbed in numerous locations and it looked as though a cat had danced on her body since she was all scratched and bloody.

The young woman was eventually identified as a Miss Julie Dacre Lawton. Aged: 27; blue eyes, long wavy brunette hair. These characteristics made me realize that on every Friday the thirteenth a young woman fitting this type was murdered. This was the *Friday the 13th*. All the bodies seemed to be found on a waterfront.

The man who had discovered the body and reported it seemed very mysterious. He doesn't live around here and yet he was "just taking a stroll" when he discovered Julie. If I was new around here I certainly would not be taking any kind of stroll on this pier. Very brave young fellow! His name is Jimmy and he speaks with a foreign accent. Afraid of being tied into a scandal on his holidays, he wanted to remain anonymous; and, therefore, gave me his statement.

After a couple of weeks of prying around this lady's background I found out many interesting things. She had been a hooker for some time, but seemed suddenly to be "cured of her lust." She continued to live with her friends with the intention of getting married. She began telling them of a man who seemed to fill her every desire and need. Finally, she was given the chance to fulfill her latest dream of getting married. She accepted and everything was being arranged. She was the envy of all her friends. She was marrying a Mr. John James; 5'9½", blond, blue-eyed and very muscular! Everything changed very quickly. She wasn't sure of Johnny, and she hardly ever saw him or even spoke of him. All her friends were very bewildered but saw that they could do nothing; especially once they found out that Julie was cheating on Johnny.

(Conclusion next issue)

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SKIING THE HILLS

by Christian Glezos

It was the first time that year that I had been skiing. There was a beautiful day ahead for that sport. It was a little before Christmas on a Saturday at Jay Peak. I had all new equipment for the year. I couldn't wait to ski. I had Nordica boots, a great pair of Tyrolia binding and a great pair of Atomic Arcs. There was an enormous amount of snow that had just fallen. Since I was the first one there when they opened, they didn't have time to groom all the trails yet.

The first trail I took was an intermediate trail just to warm up. After a few runs down on intermediate trails, I took a gondola to the top of the mountain. Skiing down the Goat Run was amazing. It was one of the steepest trails that I have ever been on.

Later, after a few runs down expert trails, I decided to go in the woods. There was amazing powder. I was doing beautiful three-sixty back scratches and amazing seventy-twenty helicopters, and one of his favourite double daffys. It was one thing to see it, but it was a whole other thing to do. At one point when I was skiing I did a beautiful jump. When I hit the jump I did a radical double daffy. When I landed I realized that the jump that I took was a lip on the tip of a cliff. I was so stunned at wait to tell his friends.

As I was skiing later on in the day, I had remembered lots of his friends talk about the stupendously huge cliff at Jay. I figured that the cliff that I took was the one that they were talking about so I kept on doing radical air as I had been doing in the woods before. The good thing about it was that I would do perfect landings. After that day I was pooped and tired, not that I did not want to go skiing again, but not for a while. I wanted to take a break from thrashing the hills so my body can recuperate for the next time.

Joyful Moment in Galt History

Saturday, September 24th at 10:30 a.m., North Country High School came to battle the best: Galt. The game began with both blue and white Galt and maroon and blue North Country pounding the ball every which way until both teams got the feel of the ball, especially Galt. Galt started off very well as it was a strong passing game for Galt.

Then Galt put the pressure on and scored three goals right off the bat in the first half. The coach was very pleased with Galt and demanded that they continue their rhythm. Galt was ahead three to zero. The referee blew the whistle to start the second half.

The goalies, forwards, halfbacks and fullbacks ran onto the field with joyful-looking faces, even North Country who were losing at the time. The second half started off with a corner kick for Galt. The right forward lobbed the ball in front of North Country's net and it resulted in a goal for Galt. North Country started off with the ball in center-field. They tried to cross the soccer ball to their right forward but Galt's left halfback intercepted the ball and moved it up very quickly to the left forward who popped up the ball and scored again.

The score was now five to zero and North Country put in another goaltender. The previous goalie moved up to right fullback but that didn't make a difference. Galt still went for the ball and finally something came out of the play. Galt had a breakaway and the shot just barely went in the corner. It was now six to zero. Galt all had a suspicion the game was coming to an end. They didn't let down but kept on the pressure and scored three more goals to terminate the game. The referee blew his whistle. It was all over.

Both teams gathered up and gave a cheer. Galt felt very surprised and happy that they had won the game. They shook hands and disappeared from the field that Saturday morning. 9-0 was the final score. Randy Maxfield Enq 126.

TUBING

The screaming and laughing is still ringing in my ears from the time grade five and six went tubing at Parkside Ranch in Cherry River. We spent three days there and the tubing was the best.

We were all in our snowsuits, ready to have fun.

My friends, Julie and Rachel, got on a big tube with me, and Mr. Dyer, our teacher, spun us around.

It was like I was in a spinning top that was going ninety miles an hour. We zoomed down the hill with the wind blowing in our face. The air was fresh and clear. The snow was smooth and crystal-white. Snowflakes were fluttering through the air like little pieces of paper, each with their own shape.

The tube went flying over the drop-off and we dropped straight down. It was great, even though we were practically flying through the air. We hit the ground and glided about six feet. We were the farthest so far. We giggled so much we could hardly walk back up the steep, slippery hill, dragging the tube behind us.

We had so much fun whizzing through the air and landing with a bounce from the rubber tube that I have to admit it was the best of Parkside and I'll never forget it!

by: Katrina Paxton

date: Oct. 17

English 126

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BREAKFAST AT CHAMP'S

My husband and I decided to treat ourselves to breakfast at a restaurant many of our friends had praised.

When we first entered Champ's restaurant we recognized a few of the other customers, and we were graciously welcomed by the staff. We gave our orders soon after, because the service was quick and efficient.

We felt that the attitude of the management was reflected in the waiter's response to our question about the types of eggs on the special- "You name it, we've got it."

Our breakfast arrived at our table within a reasonable time, looked very attractive and appetizing, and lived up to its promise.

Our waiter was quite attentive about refills of coffee and made us feel at home. The decorations were attractive but not "too cute for words," and the environment was clean and pleasant.

We were quite pleased about our eating excursion, and left very contented with the meal and its price. You can be sure that we will repeat the experience soon.

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HIDDEN WORDS PUZZLE 33

WAY DOWN SOUTH

ALABAMA	KEY WEST
ARKANSAS	LOUISIANA
BEACHES	MAGNOLIAS
BLUE RIDGE MTS.	MARDI GRAS
COTTON	MARYLAND
DELAWARE	MINT JULEP
DELTA	MISSISSIPPI
DIALECT	NORTH CAROLINA
DRAWL	PIEDMONT
EVERGLADES	PLANTATIONS
FARMS	SOUTH CAROLINA
FLORIDA	SUGAR
FORESTS	SUNSHINE
GEORGIA	TENNESSEE
GROVES	TOBACCO
GULF OF MEXICO	VIRGINIA
HOSPITALITY	WARMTH
KENTUCKY	WEST VIRGINIA

SPORTS UPDATE by

Angela Locke

The end of the fall inter-scholastic season has come to a close with the final football game played on November 2, 1988, against B.C.S. Once again, Galt's amazing football team won 18-15. This past year the football team lost only one game.

Unfortunately, Galt's soccer teams lost the finals at the tournament on October 29. The Junior boys made it to the finals, the only team to do so, but they lost.

The sound of pounding basketballs has already begun in the Galt gym. Tryouts for the team have been going strong for the past week. Sympathy goes out to everyone who wasn't able to make it, but hey, there's always next year.

Good luck to all you Larry Bird Birds! Hope you have a fantastic season.

MARATHON RUN by Angela Locke

The final day of Galt's inter-house marathon run was held October 18, due to unfortunate weather. Many runners and walkers participated in the exciting event to pick up points for their teams.

The course consisted of lapping the school in the fifteen minutes allowed. The average runner lapped the school three times, while the

average walker lapped the school twice.

The winner of the Marathon run were the Gremlins. It was a very successful run which started the new interhouse teams off with a bang!

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