

The G.B. Chimes

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WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

APRIL 17, 1970

THE CHIMES REPORT

Hello again! Welcome back after the Easter break. In case you're wondering, the horrid weather we experienced over our holidays was all pre-planned by the teachers and principals of Winnipeg. They did this so all your bunny eggs would freeze. (I bet that kept a lot of you hopping!!) Hope you all had fun, though! Old Steve was so busy jumping like a rabbit from basket to basket, he got a sore back; but at least he had fun getting it.

"Pot-Pourri" will be here in one week for the Senior Highs of Gordon Bell and will star "The Good Fortune" and the card tables!! Just in case you couldn't tell from the name, the dance has no specific theme, but decorations may range from witches and Santa Claus to spring flowers and bare walls!! This, by the way, is still not too late to step forward to volunteer for decorating the gym. Find out particulars from Judy Crease in Rm. 131.

Some sort of word is out (official or otherwise) that the students will be getting a lounge, perhaps even next month. (Keep your coffee mugs crossed, Gr. 12's) There will, however, be no smoking there (yet) and naturally, the room will be open to the Staff. Don't think too many will come in to a room filled with a horde of wild, coffee-drinking kids, anyway!!! I certainly hope this comes through soon and that everyone takes full advantage of this pleasure.

You lucky people in Gr. 11 have just escaped by the skin of your pencil!! No June board exams for you next year!!?!?! It will set a wonderful tempo for your Gr. 12 work by relaxing pressures on you. Wait till you see the entrance exams!

Hey, where are my buddies, the Junior Highs this week (and last week, and the one before that.....??) Come on kids, there's only a handful more of Chimes issues left this year, so let's get something in, even if it's late in the year.

I'll take my leave now. (I don't want it staying here anyway.) I'll see you all in two weeks. (Yes, that's a threat!!!)

Chow!!

It was a blistering afternoon in late June. The golden sun was high above my head and the salty beads of sweat trickled down my forehead as I walked along the tree-bordered gravel road. I had just left the little, red, one-room school-house that had meant so much to me during the last twelve years. That morning we had heard a lecture, informative but boring, on the "modern" educational system in respect to the outdated systems of yesterday. I was given an hour for lunch but I decided not to waste my time eating on a beautiful day like that. My adventurous soirt overcame me and I ran into the dense forest in search of fun and games.

In a short time I came upon a small open clearing in the thick brush and there before me was a monumental, brick building, the likes of which I had never seen. It was dilapidated and decrepit and I was certain that the rotting structure would crush me if I even breathed. Finally, I built up my courage and entered the building through two huge glass and metal doors, now broken and rusting with age.

The first room that I came upon appeared to have been at one time some sort of administrative office. There was a counter and four ancient typewriters resting upon large oak tables. The cobwebs filled the room and now the only inhabitants are the spiders and their helpless prey. I walked down a long dark hall and up a flight of stairs to a giant room.

The walls were hidden by the towering shelves and scatt red upon the shelves was an occasional book or novel. I carefully moved through the toppled desks and rubble to a shelf, and brushed the dust off one book. Hamlet by William Shakespeare, probably a cheap trashy novel from who knows where, and with that I threw the book back into the dust and left the room.

I came upon another large area. The floor was blanketed with dust and dirt and the windows were bricked up, choking the room of its supply of life-giving sunlight. It seemed like a prison without a blade of sunlight to cut through the dust-laden air. Through the grime I noticed the remains of a once green carpet, decaying from age and lack of care. "What an eloquent touch for a cell" I thought, as I gladly left the bleak, lifeless room.

Soon I came upon a small room, which was novel in a jungle of giant monsters, and as I entered my eyes skimmed over the overturned desks, their glass fronts shattered. As I came to a desk, I noticed an old recording machine which had been outdated centuries ago. "What a strange place", I said to myself as I walked out of the little room.

Realizing that my time was quickly flying, I departed from the weird monument. On the way out, I caught a glimpse of an inscription on a cornerstone. I walked up to it and brushed away the dust and moss but the name was not familiar. I hurried back to reality and the little school house and as I sat in my wooden desk the inscription on that cornerstone flashed before my eyes: "Gordon Bell High School: 1956."

C.R.P. #6

(6!! My, that's half of a 12, already)

Let's flip back the leaves of volume II, number 13 to page 6 and review the perilous situation that Kasey Beere has unwillingly dug himself into. Two weeks ago, Kasey just managed to extricate his flabby flesh from the frightening jaws of Mrs. Rabinowitz and Bowser, CRP's mascot. But no sooner extricated than entrapped again! As Mr. B. was sauntering over to CRP's patio recreational centre (the backyard hammock) he was confronted by an Afganistanian Abominable Amphibian straight from Siberia. As we left Kasey, Heclif; all Afganistanian Abominable Amphibians are called Heclif, (information from-"Funk and Wagnalls Encyclopedia of Afganistanian Abominable Amphibians-1901 abridged dictionary; volume 12, Gender and Nominal Forms of") was about to sink his slimy, germ infested fangs into poor dismayed and helpless Kasey Beere. But enough procrastination! Let us grab our insect nets, size XL, and rescue Kasey and Heclif.

Kasey knew that his only chance for survival was to distract the creature for at least a brief second. (But that isn't easy when you remember that Afganistaian Abominable Amphibians have thirty-six bulging eyes to spy at you). Kasey's minuscule cranium strained under the pressure and finally formulated a plan. Taking a deep breath, Kasey screamed "RAID". All thirty-six eyes turned in search of that insectile menace. During these brief moments Kasey dug deeply into his back pocket and Retrieved his bottle of homemade hooch. Biting off the cork, he guzzled all but one potent drop of this concoction and poured the last bit on Heclif. The 200 proof solution (that's stronger than 18 molar to all you budding chemists) ate into Heclif's poor defenceless body and in excruciating pain he hobbled away on all ninty-nine gruesome legs screaming Afganistvain phrases, not suitable for publication.

Kasey was now safe as well as inebriated. He staggered over the hammock and plunged into the beckoning canvas. However, this monumental weight had never been exerted upon the flimsy hammock before and under the great mass, the hammock buckled and the two supporting palms snapped at their bases. There was Kasey, intoxicated and trapped in a canvas hammock between two trees that could fall at any moment and splatter him all over CRP. As Mr. B. struggled, the trees grew more and more unstable and he knew that the slightest movement would send the trees tumbling down upon him. At that instant something caught Kasey's bloodshot eye and in horror Kasey stared at a yellow bellied sap-sucker that was about to light upon one of the branches of the tree!!!!!!

Oh, Holy lumberjacks! Will the feathered inhabitants of the CRP area finally gain their revenge upon Kasey Beere, the possessor of a bird-eating feline? Will Kasey become one of the rotting limbs that inhabit the back yard? Will Mr. B. regret that he ever bought that mangy cat? Let us hope and pray that the yellow bellied sap-sucker decides that that tree isn't the best place to suck sap and that Kasey Beere can remember how to imitate a yellow bellied fussy-cat eating sap-sucker!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Buy volume II, number 15 and see if Kasey's vocal cords are up to par!!!!!!

MORE! MORE! MORE!

The current experiment in education at Gordon Bell is nothing short of amazing. Good grief, the freedom!! I don't regret the type of education I had, but let's face it, we didn't know any better then. But this!! This freedom, this limitless room for development, this "doing your own thing" is great.

Great on paper and greater in its implementation, and even greater in its eventual success. The big problem right now is that too many students are "old fashioned". Too many students still expect to be ordered to do something, too many have to be begged, bullied, or badgered into handing in assignments; too many are doing their own thing, which unfortunately is nothing. That's on the one hand. On the other hand we have the ultra-moderns who want more and more privileges and when they got them, don't know how to appreciate them.

When I say too many, don't get me wrong. I don't mean the majority. Too many is a small percentage, but a small percentage is enough to put a taint on the whole sweet smell of freedom. The small percentage is at present busily undermining a great number of vertebrae in the school back-bone.

Take a look around: Year-book, Journalism Club, Swim Club, Math Club, Current Affairs Club, and even this School Newspaper, the student voice, for crying out loud, all of these among other activities have either fizzled out or are struggling for survival. There's no one to blame but....?? So take a look around. Look at yourself. This is a good school. Let's change the cry of More! More! More! and make it, More! More! More! Morale!

Mr. Grossetti

THE SUGGESTION BOX

Due to the box's new location in the Guidance office and the sudden lack of participation, the Suggestion Box will not appear this week.

The Box-Keeper

JOKE::

"What's green and goes bang, bang, bang, bang??"
 "I dunno, what?"
 "A four door pickle!!!!!!!!!!"

ANNE of the THOUSAND DAYS

Anne of the Thousand Days is the story of Anne Bolyn and Henry VIII. The king is portrayed as a horrid person. Using people and then discarding them. At first he tells Anne he loves her but after she grew attached to him, he neglected her. Anne was very high spirited and had a mind of her own. This movie shows what life was like during that age and makes history vividly real. The story itself is tremendous and the romantic at heart and historically interested should see it.

 CRITIQUE

Tiptoe through the Tumbleweeds, the "gala Western extraordinaire", (as once quoted) was certainly "extraordinaire"!! The cast of thousands obviously enjoyed themselves tremendously, and the 250 people present absorbed the humour reasonably well. The odd drag in the play was complemented by the zany antics of some of the Staff:- the saloon brawl will not soon be forgotten! All in all, it was a uniquely exciting sequel to Tiptoe Through the Tombstones. This play was voted, by the Senior High Student Council, the coveted "Can-Can Cactus," for all those touchy lines!! Congratulations, group!!

The Critic

 CHIMES STAFF

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LED ZEPPELIN BOMBS MINNEAPOLIS

On Sunday, April 12, Led Zeppelin proceeded to absolutely destroy the audience at the Minneapolis Sports Center with one of the most fantastic exercise in emotional fever ever witnessed by man! When the four sexy English lads strolled onto the stage, the 12,000 heads were immediately overcome by the magic charisma radiated by Led Zeppelin. The show lasted from 10 P.M. until 12:30 A.M., and due to the Stanley Cup game there in the late afternoon and technical difficulties, Crow and Joe Cocker did not appear, to no apparent loss.

Led Zeppelin is composed of four virtuosos in their respective fields. Jimmy Page plays lead guitar, and at the show, produced an unbelievable array of sounds you would never think could emanate from a guitar. John Bonham pounds the drums, and gave a flawless performance as well as an impeccable solo. John Paul Jones doubled on organ and bass guitar, and was excellent at both instruments. Last, but not least, Robert Plant established himself as the best rock singer in existence, with the most professional, and outrageously sexy performance, ever given before by any lead vocalist.

At the concert, 12,000 Minneapolis kids, composed of mostly suburban middle-class long-haired teenagers, gave the platinum lemon-squeezers four standing ovations. Needless to say everyone was really wiped out due to the strange-smelling fog inside the arena. From the very first song, the audience rushed the stage and stayed standing throughout the whole act. The highlights of the show were John Bonham's 20-minute drum workout, a 20-minute Dazed and Confused, and Whole Lotta Love. Robert Plant held every girl in the palm of his hands with his singing, dancing, and other effects.

The group formed in October 68, and have now proved themselves to be the best space-age electronic sex-rock group in the world. They have two gold and platinum albums for Led Zeppelin I and Led Zeppelin II, both of which have sold in excess of \$3,000,000 each. Led Zeppelin III, to be released this summer already has over \$1,000,000 in advance sales. Their recent hit, "Whole Lotta Love", only sold about 800,000 copies.

All in all, the show was beyond description, and everyone who missed the group should catch them the next chance they have. There will be more articles in Youth-Beat, out on Thursday April 23, as well some outasight photos of the Led Zeppelin show!

 RIDDLE

"Who is this child?" -----

It is not your Brother... and not your sister,
but it is a child of your mother and father??

Who is it?

(NOX)

VACUUM CLEANER

Hi-a, gang! Personally, I think the whole crowd is keeping awfully cool,- for springtime, especially! Oh well, there's frost in the ground yet, I suppose.

Tony G. rm. 131, has spent a long grueling trial period without old faithful Marg. But they're back together now; so it's congratulations to the re-found couple. We all knew everything would work out in the end: Tony not only got Marg back, but I detect a slight reappearance of fuzz. He says it has something to do with looking older.

Speaking of fuzz, K. C. of 310 has modified her hair style drastically. Oh, well, Kate, we all have to simmer down sometime!! We all call her "Skin head" now. (For those of you who are wondering what the hook on the back of her dress is, it's just one of her hang-ups!!) Old Skin Head's sister, J. C. of 303, is now called "Skin nose". But please don't laugh; no-one told her you're supposed to keep your balance on a trampoline.

Mary C. of 111, has sure come up with a goodie! Oh well, some girls need more support than others, I guess. Hey, how many guys have signed that cast?

Ed of 131, what does Tony have that Helen doesn't--wait!! Don't answer that! Next time you better let her know where you're going so at least she'll talk to you now and then. Teddy T. of 323, has sure gone to the dogs!! What does it feel like to be the chosen friend of a dumpy female dog??

R.M. had an exciting party during Easter thanks to D.H., C.D., B.P., D.E., R.H., etc... It's hard to believe all these people were there, Rick. Are you sure you weren't seeing double? Poor Jeanny, has Mr. Bothe been giving you a rough time? At least he didn't get HIS name out of you!!

I hear Tony G. (with the Biscayne) from 131 took a newie, Leslie, to a drive-in. Good gracious! Can you imagine what a drive-in would be called if there was no movie!!!!???

Look at some more of these little Gr. 12 devils: Frank M., Tony G. (the French one), and Frank A., popped down to the States over the holidays. Are the American girls all that dumb--or, I mean, new.. or are such fine examples of Northern manhood so irrisistable? (The preceeding was a paid comment!) J.M. 131, and Darlene in Gr. 10 are having a barrel of fun: don't fall in, Jack. B.O. of 131 wandered over to Sacred Heart for a Grad there. Must have had fun because he didn't get home till 7 o'clock the next morning. Ive never known you to play solitaire that long, Bri'!!

Vacuum Cleaner cont'd

Mike D. and Louise C. have been "Romping out" a lot--but it's not chickens they're eating!!

Let's hear it for S.D. and J.C. both of 129. M.T. of 129 seems to have a liking for E.B. of the same room, but she's playing hard-to-get!! Yeah, man, but once you've got her!?...... Congrats to B.B. of 305 and G.H. of 114 and A.W. of 306 and B.B. of 114--both teams are doing well. By the way Rod 129, don't give up on C.S. of 117!!!

On these suptuous notes I'll say aurevoir to B.C. and J.C., and J.G. and J.S., and oh---I'm confused already !!! Bye-Bye, and keep it coming, kids!!!

La Bouche

CARPET SWEEPER

Good-day, all you star-struck lovers. I have been having a little trouble finding out who you are. Why is everyone being so quiet? Let's see if I found out about your romance.

First of all, P.C. formerly of room 222, has found a new girl in Grade 8, but she doesn't seem to get the hint when he won't talk to her in Ing's.

C.D. of 309 and B.J. an outsider, are still going strong. (It's nearly a year and a half now! Isn't it Claire?)

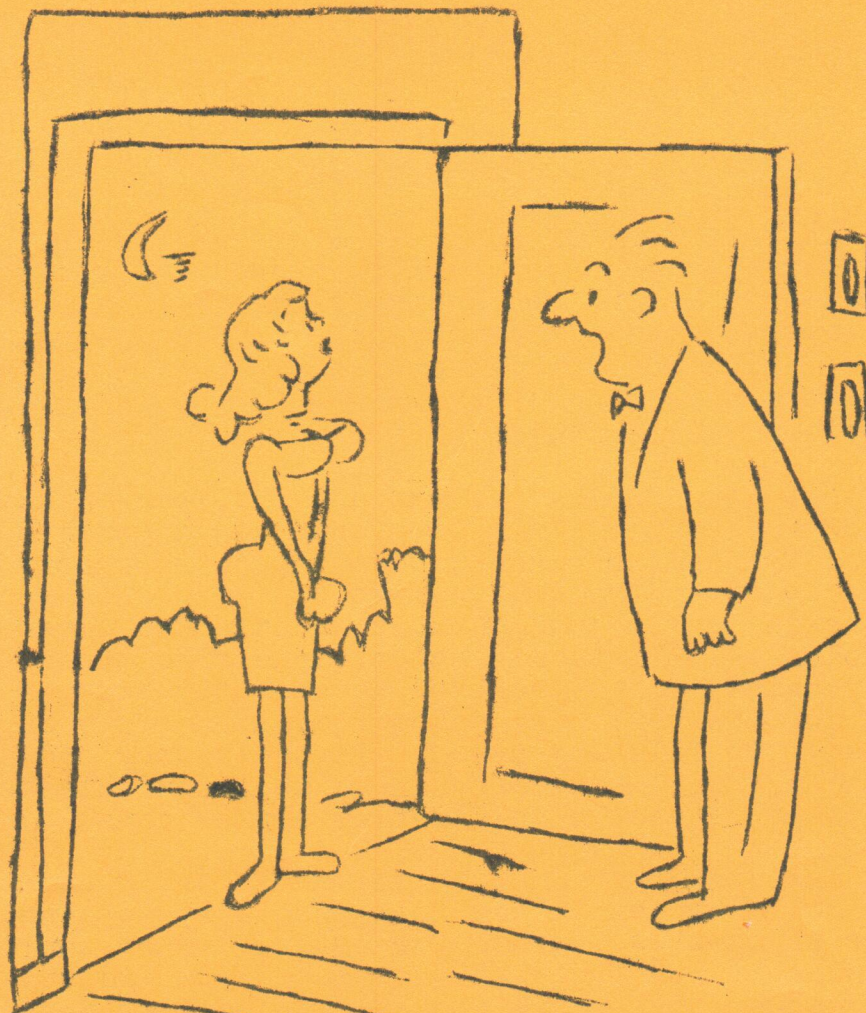
A.K. of 227 and D.T. of 227 have been after each other for a long time. Too bad Doug doesn't come to school more often or you two could get together a lot faster!

W.T. of 120 and B.B. an outsider, have been going around together since the last dance; keep it up!!

A.A. of 130 and S.B. of 130, have been goofing around a lot lately. How do you like your new name, Tigee pooh???

Here's another one for ya! G.W. of 130 and J.K. of 220 have a very casual relationship going. D.H. of 220 and R.D. have been going around since last Wed.

Well that's about it for this week. Keep the mail coming into the suggestion box, because my spy-glasses are getting awfully tired!!!



"ARE YOU THE SITTER, BABY--I MEAN, BABY,
ARE YOU THE SITTER, ER, BABY SITTER?"

In A Kid's Abandoned Mind

Buh bub bub aah
Buh bub bub aah
I gotta whole lotta love
And a yellow submarine
In a little green bag
I see a new World coming
And Atlantis sunk in the Cold Kentucky rain
Mrs. Robinson and I see a bad moon rising
Along with a Led Zeppelin full of Beach Boys
And Monkeys, better run for your life!
And suddenly there's a hush all over the world!
It's the age of Aquarius,
So let's all celebrate!
Woodstock and Monterey
In my committee; down on
Bluejay way there's a fool on the hill (Mighty Joe)
I don't know why you say good-bye
I say hello -ooo-ooo!!!
Hey li le li lah; hey li le li le lo
Hey li le li le
ooooo Hoooh

The Great Innovators

In Youthbeat of April 9, there was an article which stated the Manitoba Teachers' Society proposal for a tri-semester school year. This scheme would divide the year into three terms: September-January, February-June, and July-August. A student could finish junior high or senior high by attending two semesters a year for three years, or by going for six straight semesters and finishing in two years.

Notwithstanding the expense involved in keeping school open during the summer, at a time when our parents are worrying about taxes, the system has few advantages. How many students are going to attend school year-round? You know yourself that ten months is long enough without an extended recess. Who is going to volunteer for summer school, and miss the beach, travelling and possibly a job, so that he can stay home and watch the snow fall in December? The schools will be empty during July and August. To fill the schools in the summer and satisfy the taxpayers, will some of us have to attend classes? If so, then we, the draftees, should definitely be consulted!

Assuming that enough kids would study during the summer, what would happen in the fall when they returned a term ahead of their classmates of the year before? They would still be, technically speaking, in the same grade and unless the present teaching staffs are reinforced, would be timetabled with that grade. Teachers would be instructing two levels of students at the same time and would have such a demand placed upon them that they would not really teach anyone.

If the Manitoba Teachers' Society is concerned about thrift, which is unprecedented, why do they not suggest the use of schools as summer drop-in centres for youth activities? Surely they are not advocating change merely for its own sake!

JOKE

What's purple and goes mmmmmmm
 I dunno, what?
 An electric grape!!!
 Why does it go mmmmmmm
 I dunno, why?
 It doesn't know the words?!!!

Show me a person who cooks with pots. And I'll show you a panhandler....

Drama Festival 1970

Gordon Bell is represented by four entries in this year's Drama Festival. All plays will be presented at the Manitoba Theatre School, 160 Portage Avenue, East in the evenings. Admission is 50¢ per play. All members of all casts would greatly appreciate your support at these performances.

Tonight, Happiness will be the theme at the Festival with a group from Gordon Bell presenting a pot-pourri of skits on that theme. It promises to be fast moving and thoroughly exciting.

On Monday, April 20, a mixed group from almost all grades in G. B. will perform Hallowe'en Madness. It's the story of how a bunch of kids can turn a typical Hallowe'en night into an evening of tragedy.

Sister Gervais and her Humanities group will present a play on April 23 called Sisters Under the Sun. The characters in this one are sure to impress you.

On the 22nd, there is a delve into the macabre with the sinister story of the Fall of the House of Usher by a Gr. 12 group. It promises to be performed in the unique style of the honour of Edgar Allan Poe.

Be sure to see all of these fine productions next week, they are well worth your money and your attendance will help the actors immeasurably!

La Dramatiste

POEM

Teach us sprite or bird
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine:

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That the host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out wild bells, and let him die.

Darius the Mede was a Mede was a king and a wonder.
His eye was proud and his voice was thunder.
He kept bad lions in a monstorous den.
He fed up the lions on Christian men.



derisive

(dĕ-rĭ'-sĭv) ADJ.

EXPRESSING RIDICLE; AS A DERISIVE GESTURE.



ROVER! COME
HERE DEAR
BOY!!

ulterior
(Ūl-tēr'-ĭ-ēr) ADJ.

UNDISCLOSED; LYING BEYOND
WHAT APPEARS ON THE SURFACE;
AS, ULTERIOR MOTIVES.

CELEBRITIES

Congratulations and best of luck to Sister Gervais who was recently elected president of the Manitoba Teachers' Society. But no need for luck, we are all confident of your capabilities!

And also, congratulations to Werner Ilse and Crest Blaschuk (filling in for Ashley Finlayson), who, though they fell victim to Churchill High, put in an impressive showing at the finals of the Kiwanis Club debating contest held at the Fort Garry Hotel last Wednesday. With this team, the trophy is certainly ours next year!

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They Shoot Horses, Don't They?

This story is set in the depression and is about the people involved in a marathon dance contest to see which couple could dance the longest. The movie deals with the peoples' lives to show why they did join and how the gruelling contest affects them. The central figure is a girl called Gloria who, when she finds out what the marathon is really made of, commits suicide. The movie has a knock-them-in-the-aisle ending! The movie is fantastic but shows an ugly reality. I don't recommend it to people who are romantic dreamers!

EULOGY FOR DAVID

Through wisps of long shining streams of hair,
your smile held pining hearts to endear.

God giveth,
and God taketh away!

Our hearts grieve for thee,
But should they?
As we know not what comes after death.
You may find that love,
and peace of mind follows you.
All we notice with our tear-stained eyes
As your trivial, but well adored habits.

Plentiful are the friends you held.
And shall you ever have,
until such time as the end of eternity.

Yes we love you
Everyone did.
No one escaped the void
hypnotic state,
in which your immutable
personality entranced us.

If that incantation of the
searing pain
of the meretricious pride,
lessons you to remember the
vows we swore to you.
Please, Please, we humbly ask
your forgiveness.
And ask you to take heed
of the literature which follows.

"Remember, Dear David, that the good
die young!"

Darlene Jacuk
In loving memories of David Jones

SENIOR HIGH DANCE

POT-POURRI

APRIL 24

ALL GO

!!!



1000