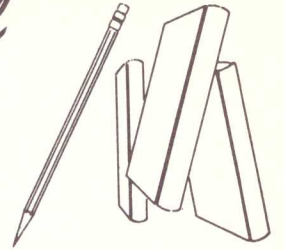
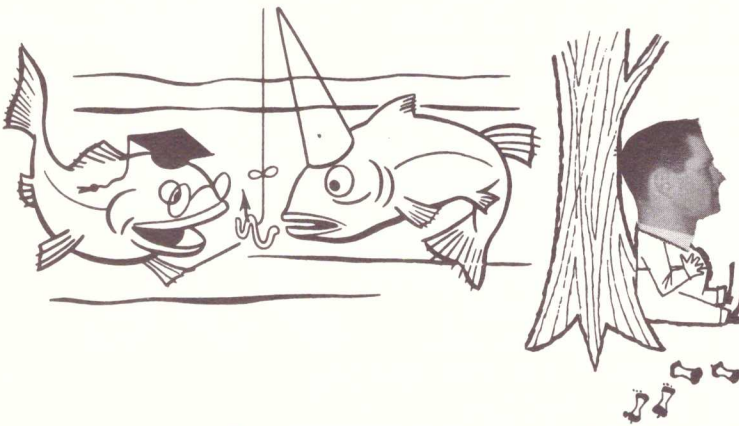
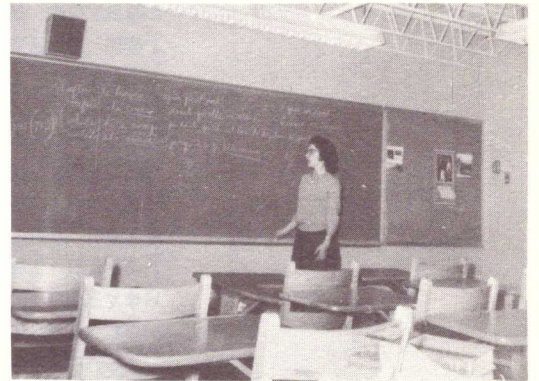


# Teachers of Our School



If you want to infuriate your wife, don't talk in your sleep—just grin. It'll do the trick every time.

"Will you marry me?"  
 "You'll have to see my mother first."  
 "I've seen your mother and I still want to marry you."



"But Daddy, I don't want to walk around in circles."  
 "Shut up or I'll nail your other foot to the floor."



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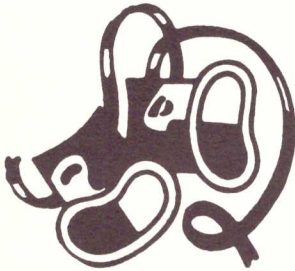
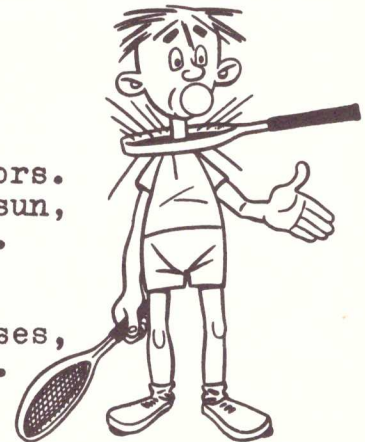


Mrs. Mader



### An Ode to D-2

Here are the people who make our domain,  
And the things we do that make us insane.  
Shirley's sneeze in every class,  
Teddy's comments that give us laughs.  
Douglas' paragraphs all about Eddie,  
Sharon Bougies' going steady.  
Pam playing without a care,  
Victor' love of clear cold air.  
Diane's skirts and black sweaters,  
Yvonne's jokes and funny letters.  
Marg's hairdos with green bows,  
Wayne getting hockey goals.  
Jane and Judy's quiet ways,  
Kevin talking to Ruth all day.  
Gerald reciting sports scores,  
Donnie thumping through the floors.  
Brenda's smile that's like the sun,  
Linda's purse that weighs a ton.  
Evelyn's cheering at the games,  
David calling Gregory names.  
Shawna giggling in English classes,  
Linda and Susan wearing glasses.  
Bill Strum's talks to John,  
Greg leaving his rubbers on.  
Sharon meeting Carol in the halls,  
George making paper balls.  
Madonna and Marilyn at their studies,  
Claudine chatting with her buddies.  
Bill's picture in the news,  
Madonna looking for her shoes.



Our class is far from being best,  
But if you can find better-- BE OUR GUEST.  
-----Susan Brodsky





## The Son of A Birch

I waved a firry limb to Sylvester as we saw the dust of many feet over the hill.

"It looks like the Boy Scouts are at it again, Sylvester," I drawled.

"I just hope they don't pick my limbs for firewood," he blurted back. He was about ten years old and much smaller than I and for that reason was a good choice for the Scout troop.

"I don't like scouts," said Heather, Sylvester's sister. "They always smoke up my bark".

"Is that what I smell?" teased Sylvester.

"You'll laugh on the other side of your trunk in a minute," she retorted. "They're coming this way".

The troop made camp just ahead of us and as he had suspected, Sylvester was their target.

The axe bit deep into his trunk. "Ouch, that smarts!" wailed Sylvester.

The axe continued to crash into Sylvester's knotty frame (he always was rather wayward) and as we looked on, horrified at the fate which was befalling our friend, Sylvester spoke his last words: "I can't stands no more!"

And he didn't, with a crash he fell to the ground.

"I guess that's life", sniffed Heather.

"You mean that's firewood", I corrected. "They get a lot that way".

And Heather chanted mournfully:  
And there he lies,  
Alone on the ground,  
That poor little son of a birch.



Diane Howell, B2

## On Doors

Closed doors always hold unexpected surprise for people.

Behind doors there are many different scenes. There may be the little girl who like to experiment with her mother's cosmetics, the important board meeting, the angry young wife who scolds her husband for an evening with the boys. A door may open to disclose a garbage chute or a ballroom. It is not easy to tell from the size or color of the door what it hides.

Doors stimulate curiosity. They are of no end of value to the gossip. Key holes are always inviting, and if the object or person being spied upon is in the line of vision, the peeker can gain much enjoyment through a door. A door is an ideal object to put one's ear against in order to listen to a conversation.

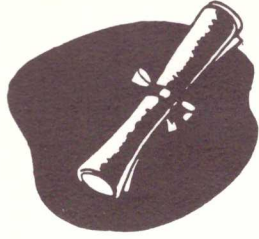
Doors suggest many things. A closed door may suggest privacy, or just an unused room. A door opened wide may suggest an invitation to enter, or perhaps the room behind it is airing. A door partly open may suggest someone has departed quickly, or just carelessness. Many doors have broken knobs or panels which may suggest a fit of anger.

Many different sounds are made by doors. In a new, modern home, the doors will shut softly with a barely audible click. These doors seldom have any "expression or pattern on their faces". The doors in very old, large houses are very expressive. Many of them wear knockers and have figures carved over them, and are usually made from dark, old wood. The sounds made by them on closing are eerie, creaking sounds. No two doors sound the same when they close, and the sounds are usually remembered.

From these few things I have mentioned about doors, I can see that there may be many answers to the question asked by a once popular song - Greendoor, what's that secret you're keeping?



Christine Hull, B2



### The Joys of Job Hunting

Vocation Week brings to mind that most trying of all jobs - trying to find a job. As inevitable as the Provincial Exams, it is an ordeal we must all face. After the preliminaries, locating a possible job and struggling with lengthy application forms, you are ready for the real fun, the personal interview.

The applicant must of course arrive early, this allows ample time for apprehension to grow during the long wait. Those waiting rarely talk, but leaf through old magazines while they go over in their mind the long list of things they have been told to do, and avoid doing, during the interview. When at last our subject's turn comes, he makes a final resolve to attain that famous balance, which we are told makes a good impression. With this balance in mind he enters the office with, what he hopes is, a confident (but not aggressive) expression, shakes hands firmly (but not too,) and finally sits down (erectly but not stiffly). Not yet recovered from this first encounter and conscious of being closely watched and sized up, he, nevertheless, looks the interviewer straight in the eye and makes a concentrated effort to seem friendly and answer questions fully, while avoiding, talking too much and being over familiar.

My own efforts at this juggling and balancing act would, I am sure, get no one on the Ed Sullivan Show, and I have come to some conclusions: The interview will become very unnatural if everyone tries to act out the part created by these rules. If there must be a definite rule - it could be - relax and be yourself. A good impression is probably like sleep, it can happen only when you stop striving to achieve it.



Bruce Beazley, B2

# School In Review

