

WO SAY SO

WO Say SO
Waterloo Oxford Student Newspaper



June, 2017
Volume 1, Issue 2

Why Many People Won't Read This, But Should

The W-O Say-So is attempting to start up again in a time when “print” newspapers are steadily losing their readers. Many newspapers have decided that it’s simply not worth the effort to put together something that less and less people are appreciating. Take the W-O Say-So: it chose to close up shop a couple of years ago.

Now that W-O Say-So is back, what will make the good people in and around W-O care? There are already countless media sources vying for our attention. Some are successful for good reasons (reporting on the Migrant Crisis), some not so good (Donald Trump).

However, if you’re still reading this, I bet you’re looking for something more than what’s out there. And I think that’s what the W-O Say-So is about. Something more than scores to last night’s game. Something more than social networking, gaming, and celebrity worship. Even something more than what national news outlets like the CBC can provide.

The W-O Say-So is a voice for perceptive and articulate students to explore issues relevant to W-O students and the community. It makes sense. These writers know their audience because ***they are the audience.*** So, check out this newspaper. You should find it worthwhile. After all, it was created for you.

By Mr. Kolodziej 2016

INSIDE THIS ISSUE

Farm Life Actually.....	2-3
Driving For Dummies....	4-5
Locker Numbers.....	6-7
Highway through Hell ..	8
The Tank.....	9-12
Dear Younger Me.....	13



Farm Life Actually

By Rose Danen



Waterloo Oxford District Secondary School; a school of hicks, rednecks, and farmers. That's what we are known for; that's our brand. You can pet a pig while eating your lunch for goodness sake. So why is it that I am continuously finding myself among only a handful of kids who actually know what it's like to live on a farm? Why, during Barnyard Bash, do I find myself the only one whose cowboy boots actually have cow turd on them? Why is it that when I mention anything farm related I receive blank stares from people who just don't understand? I live on a farm, and this is what it is actually like.

“Why...when I mention anything farm related I receive blank stares..?”

Growing up was fun. The whole “not afraid to get dirty” mentality that is associated with farmers is actually true. My siblings and I spent our days climbing trees, and driving our toy tractors through the feed alley. We went to a small town school (even smaller than Tavistock) that no one has ever heard of; a student body of 200. School was a big wake up call for us farm kids. We went from being outdoors all day to being confined to a desk, like a horse in a stall during winter. We were very easy to spot, shifting in our seats and fidgeting. And if that didn't give us away just mention animal rights or that you were a vegan and you could spot us instantly. I had one girl in my class tell our teacher she shouldn't drink commercialized chocolate milk because producers use the chocolate flavouring to cover up the fact that they use milk that has gone sour (not true by the way). I nearly exploded with facts. By the time I was finished, her eyes were wide with surprise. We are definitely a passionate breed of humans. Being a farm kid means that every time someone insults the agriculture industry, they insult your childhood, your family, and everything you know.

Beginning high school was a disappointment. Coming to W-O, I was expecting to finally be surrounded by my own people. I'd be able to complain about my 4-H calf being a brat, and how I slipped and fell last week and spent an hour washing shit from my hair. But I was wrong. My teachers would ask whom within the class lived on a farm and my hand always stood in the air alone. My frustrations grew as I realized I'd be the only one skipping school to go to the Outdoor Farm Show and grew even more so when I walked into class and everyone's eyes went straight to my cowboy boots. Do you guys even realize that you do square dancing wrong? You don't two step while you do your sets, and your swings are child's play compared to the way I originally learned it (yes, even the Grade 12 swing).

4-H is my favourite pastime. Don't you even ask me what that is because I wouldn't know how to explain it and neither does any other 4-Her. We just love it and can only tell you that you have to experience it for yourself to understand. Through 4-H, I have mastered the art of showing cows (again, don't ask) and through that I have made so many friends who know and -

Continued Pg. 3

FARM LIFE ACTUALLY CONTINUED:

...understand the struggles of farm life. We talk about how we weren't allowed to go shopping last month because our families were tight on money. We talk about the latest barn open house and what kind of robot milker they had installed. We talk about the pompous judge we had last show that totally had a bias for jerseys.

And people just don't understand. People don't understand that farmers love animals probably more than anyone else. I have a sixth sense for animals and can tell you when a baby calf is getting sick even before it starts coughing. My heart bleeds whenever we have a down cow who can't get up and we have to wrap the hip lifter around its body. I hate seeing a cow have to be put down because of milk fever but know that it's the circle of life and that I can't do anything about it. I have seen death hundreds of times and I'm only 17, and my immediate response to seeing a dying animal that I can't help is to let nature take it's course. People don't understand that we work hard...so very hard. We are constantly battling the naive opinions of the obnoxious mouths that we feed. We continue to feed them even though they try and tell us that what we work so hard to make is bad for them. We get up at 6am every morning (sometimes even earlier) and we have to get up at midnight sometimes to assist with a baby delivery. We sit in the tractor all day going back and forth across the field from dawn until dusk.

“I've learned to be proud...of who I am and...what I do.”

Others tell me how lucky I am that my parents are home all the time but don't realize that I might not see them for more than an hour a day.

People don't understand that the farm is a part of me. Living on a farm is the best gift my parents could ever have given me. Because of this life that I have been given, I live for getting dirty. I take each challenge as a part of life and work hard through the worst of times. I've learned that we can't have everything, because sometimes the quota comes before clothing or toys. I've learned to be independent because sometimes my parents can't be there for me and I need to solve my own problems. But most of all, I've learned to be proud; proud of who I am and proud of what I do.



Driving For Dummies

By Miranda Schultz

A SIMPLE “HOW TO” GUIDE

How To Drive Like A Jerk For Dummies

Are you a good driver? Have you ever wondered what it would take to be a menace on the road? If you have, follow these simple steps and you will be “road-hogging” in no time. Please be aware that you **MUST** have an excellent insurance policy before attempting these new skills.

1. Blind Other Drivers: Can you help it if your new headlights were designed for searchlights on helicopters? Of course not. This is a basic skill that any new obnoxious driver can learn. All you need to do is leave your (unearthly) high-beams on, when a car passes you at night. Just ignore it when the other driver signals for you to turn your lights down. They are only really saying that they wish their headlights were as bright as yours.

2. Tailgate: One of the most frustrating thing for new drivers, and *old* drivers, is for someone to tailgate them. The trick is to follow as closely as possible, but look way down the road so you know where stop signs, and stop lights are.

If you own a truck or an obnoxious SUV do not tailgate small vehicles, because if you hit that tiny car in front of you, most of the damage will show on their car, and therefore it will be easy to prove the accident was your fault.

If the person in front of you pulls over, speed past him or her in an epic display of how important you are, and then tailgate the next vehicle you come across.

3. Park Crooked: You don't even have to be in the vehicle to anger other drivers.

When you pull into an almost empty parking lot, or a lot where the lines are faint, look for one of the most central spots. Pull into that spot, and park with the yellow line directly between your tires. In other words, pull in so that your vehicle straddles the line dividing two spaces, then park on a nice 45-degree angle. Leave your vehicle and watch the rage erupt from afar.

4. Pull Out Unexpectedly: As we all know, you are the most important driver on the road, and therefore you should have the right-of-way no matter what. Make sure to watch for when traffic is about to get heavy, and then pull out randomly in front of car. No signalling required for this maneuver, just summon your inner “lead-foot,” and get out in front of that other driver. This usually provides an excellent opportunity to tailgate the vehicle in front of you, if there is one.

5. Never Signal When Changing Lanes: You can make that sharp turn no problem, and the person behind you as a least a metre of stopping distance-no sweat!

Whether you are on the highway or just on a dirt road, not signalling is an easy way to tick off other drivers, and pedestrians. Make sure that you leave as little room as physically possible, then wrench the wheel in whatever direction you desire to go. Don't bother to push that little signal lever. The fast jump into the other lane will cause just about every other driver around you to slam on the brakes.

If you do this at a four way stop, make sure you turn slightly then put your signal on. It will confuse pedestrians and they will do an entertaining hop back to the sidewalk as they see you are coming, and have no plans of stopping.

If you are unable to completely negate signaling, then wait until the last possible moment. This will deliver frustrated reactions from other drivers and pedestrians.

6. Don't Stop: This final trick has a variety of executions and uses. Pull up to a stop sign, but because you are in such an Earth-shattering hurry go ahead and roll right through. Why slow down for crossing-guards? Those kids can move for you! Why slow down for any animal smaller than a deer? That's why road-kill-cleanup-people are hired! In fact, you would just be giving them more business.

In order to perfectly execute this step, you must adopt a particular attitude. Whether you channel your inner road raging hulk, or believe that the driving gods granted you driving immunity, find whatever horrific mindset works for you.

All kidding aside, the truth of the matter is that horrible drivers have absolutely NO right to act the way they do. We live in a country with exceptional roads. For the most part they are clean, (sometimes) well paved, and maintained, and we have laws to protect us. What makes our roads unsafe are the people that drive on them. That's a problem good infrastructure can't fix.

Always consider the other driver first. You wouldn't want your grandmother to have a huge ugly truck tailgating her. So why do it to others? You wouldn't want to find out that a loved one was in a car accident. So don't make that happen for somebody else's mother, father, brother, sister, aunt, uncle, or cousin.

You wouldn't want to *lose your life to a bad driver. Then don't risk anyone's life with your driving.*

It all comes down to that little golden rule we were taught as children. Treat others the way you want to be treated. In life, and very importantly, on the roads.

In the end it's simple.

Only *dummies* drive like jerks.



“...the locker numbers at Waterloo-Oxford are a joke, deliberately crafted by jokers.”

Figure 1 *The One Exception*

Locker Numbers

By Micah Kipfer

In beginning to investigate the locker numbers of Waterloo Oxford, I expected the numbers to be either purposefully ordered or accidentally chaotic. If the lockers were well-ordered, then I planned to create a guide that would allow the reader to locate any locker number in the school; if the locker numbers were haphazard, then I planned to poke fun at them. However, after careful study, I've come to the conclusion that the locker numbers of Waterloo Oxford are a joke, deliberately crafted by jokesters.

I first suspected that the locker numbers were designed by clowns after I entered the school from the bus turnaround, and noted of the numbers on the right-hand side of the hall. The numbers begin with 1012, and increase by twos to 1020 before skipping down to 1006. Then, they increase by twos to 1008, then skip to 1034 and decrease by twos to 1030, then skip down to 1022 - followed by 1024, then skip to 1036. This jumble of numbers is too chaotic to have been caused by incompetence alone, but must have been designed by numberists who had chaos as their goal.

Now, besides the numbers in the science hall, the locker numbers of Waterloo Oxford appear fairly organised. There is some number skipping throughout the rest of the school, but - by and large - the numbers are sensical. I presume that after ordering the numbers by the bus turnaround, the numberists were put under heavier supervision, and so they designed the rest of the lockers with ostensible order. However, this appearance of order is simply the setup for the numberists' ultimate joke.

This setup is a series of rules that dictate the locker numbers nearly everywhere in the school with some rule-bending in the math hall and a small section at the end of the music hall that leads outside. These two portions were surely designed by someone who wasn't aware of the joke. For all intents and purposes, these two portions are not part of Waterloo Oxford.

Continued Pg. 7

ROOM NUMBERS CONTINUED:

The following are the rules that set up this joke:

Rule 1: The Thousands Rule

Every locker number in the school has four numerical digits, the first of which signifies the level to which the locker belongs. If the first digit is one, then the locker is located on the first floor. If the first digit is two, then the locker is located on the second floor.

There is only one exception.

Rule 2: The Odd/Even Rule

Throughout the school, odd numbers are located on one side of the hall, and even numbers on the other.

There is only one exception.

Rule 3: The Letter Rule

When branches split apart from the main hall, these branches are denoted with a letter in front of the number (eg, *N1001*). Numbers in the branch that sprouts into the science hall and the geography hall are marked with an “N”; numbers in the branch that sprouts into the sports hall, the music hall, and a smidge of the tech hall are marked with an “S”.

There is only one exception.

Rule 4: The Uniqueness Rule

Every locker number in the school is unique; there are no duplicates. This rule is necessary for locker numbers to function. If duplicates could exist, then the locker numbers would be complete chaos.

There is only one exception.

And now, the exception. The punchline.

S1254. This fine locker is located on the second floor, in the geography hall, on the odd-number side. It is located between N2121 and N2125. In my research, I have found no other number (besides those in the ignorable math hall and music-hall-offshoot) that violates any of the four rules. This number alone stands in defiance of the principles that define Waterloo Oxford’s locker numbers. Refer to *Figure 1*. *On the top, S1254 in the geography hall. On the bottom, its music-hall doppelganger.*

And so it is. The pranksters behind the locker numbers of Waterloo Oxford pulled a fast one on us. They slipped it right under our noses. They made fools of us. Alas, they won. Alas, alack, the jokesters won a laugh.

Highway Through Hell

By Rose Danen

A METAPHOR

A highway; a tragically overused metaphor. And yet, one metaphor seems to trump them all. The highway through hell that is school. Have you ever thought of the similarities between the roads of our world and school life? This is a list of why a school hallway should basically be called a school highway:

1. We are all like cars. We hold stuff in our back packs like a car trunk. We all look different and come from different car dealerships. There are old cars and new cars. We all travel through the hallways like cars on a highway.
2. Everyone stays to the right. From your first day of Grade 9, you learned that when travelling from class to class you stay to the right and if you go the wrong way you get trampled.
3. There are new drivers. Speaking of Grade 9's, they are basically new drivers that just got their learner's permit. They have not yet learned the rules of the road.
4. We travel in groups like a little convoy. Our groups converse and we follow each other around, trying to find out where we are all going.
5. We treat the cross sections of the hallway like a 4-way-stop. When you come by the sports hall cross section (the busiest of them all), what do you do? You stop, look both ways, wait for an opening. Simple as that.
6. There are car accidents. People run into each other. Perhaps they were texting and driving and weren't paying attention. Perhaps they were speeding down the hallway and didn't look both ways when they turned a corner. There are papers everywhere; pencil cases fall open. And of course, passing cars slow down to stare.
7. Our hall monitors are basically highway patrol. This one is pretty straight forward.
8. There is a rush hour. There are always people in the hallways, no matter how hard the teachers may try. But of course, the busiest times are in between periods as people try to get to class.
9. Going to class is like going to work. If you ask any student, they'll say school is basically a full time job. So it makes sense that a classroom could be compared to an office building.
10. If a classroom is work, then your locker is your home. It's where you keep all your stuff and is basically your home base. Different homes are of different quality. Some people are never home, some stop by on a regular basis, and some basically live at their locker.
11. Different halls are like different neighbourhoods. Each hall has it's unique traits and is usually defined by the people who live there. For instance the tech hall is the sketchy neighbourhood on the south side, the sports hall is the gated community and the main hallway is main street.
12. There are billboards that no one really pays attention to. Each hallway is peppered with posters trying to advertise something to buy or an event to attend.

As you can see, there are a lot of similarities. What do you think? What are your reactions? Did I miss any analogies?

The Tank

By Trevor Bean



The hot and dry desert wind whipped up a dust devil. It appeared to be the only other moving thing besides the German Panzer IV. But that ended quickly. The crew first saw the cloud of dust which was quickly followed with the blast of a gun. The shell came milliseconds later. It ripped through the tank. Shrapnel and engine pieces scattered in every direction and the tank caught fire. The culprit quickly sped past as it made its way to the next target. The Allies had come, and with them, a new, fast, and powerful tank. Although this tank would help them win the war against the Nazi Army, I'm bringing it to your attention because it held a name that stands out at our school. Here's its story...

We start in the late 1930's. Britain was designing more tanks in preparation for a war. They also wanted to replace their existing Cruiser IV tank series as they were quite costly.

So they began looking at a tank called the A13. This tank was named Cruiser Tank Mk V* and was known as the Covenanter. It had poor engine cooling and due to that issue the tank was nearly forgotten.

But then Nuffield Mechanisation and Aero Ltd. took the A13 and went out to improve the tank by themselves. They called it the A15, and it was known as the Crusader. The original Crusader had two mini-turrets. Both were on the front glacis plate- one for the driver and one for the bow gunner- and were armed with 7.92mm BESA machine guns. But, there were still some problems with it. It still had the poor engine cooling issue like the A13. On top of that, the transmission was unreliable and the crew compartment's ventilation was an issue. However, when the General Staff saw the Crusader, they deemed it good enough and the tank was put into production.

Continued Pg. 10

The first finished Crusader was a totally different vehicle than the Covenantor. It had broken away from the familiar British cruiser look as it now had five road wheels on each side for better weight displacement, instead of four. It was also more thickly armoured than preceding cruisers as its armour was 40 millimetres thick, and it had a two pounder (40mm) main gun. A rear-mounted V-12 gasoline engine produced 340 horsepower and the tank had a range of 320km. It could reach speeds of 42 km/hr. This version also lost the mini-turrets. This was the Crusader Mk I. The Crusader Mk I is below:

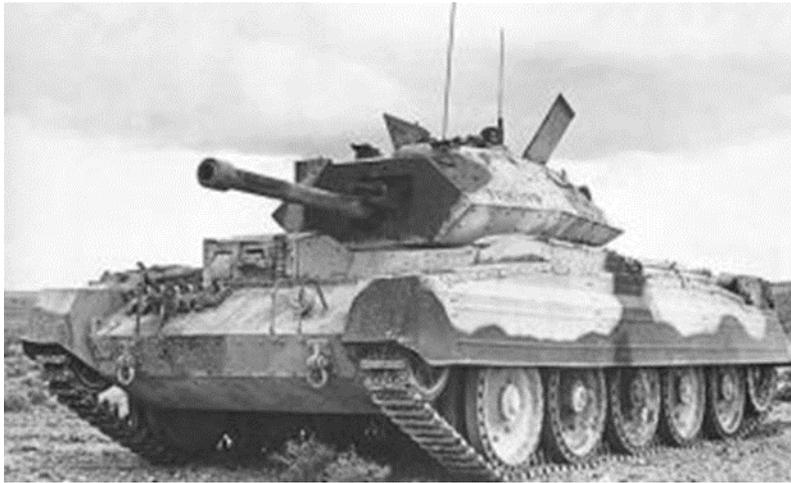


The Crusader Mk II was similar, except it's armour was now 51 millimetres thick on the front of the tank. This version also lost the mini-turret on the glacis plate. The Crusader Mk II is below:



The early Crusaders had trouble with the German Panzer III and Panzer IV tanks. The two pounder gun wasn't powerful enough to do any real damage and the armour was too thin. While the armour was upgraded in the Mk II, the Mk III was where the tank began to make good history. It was now finally armed with a fairly effective gun - a six pounder (57mm) and had decent armour (51mm). It had its debut in the North Africa Campaign where it was used with the 1st Armoured Division. It destroyed the Axis' defenses and won at Tobruk in late 1941. Crusaders then went on to help win at El Alamein, and then in Tunisia, where the campaign ended. The Crusader Mk III on the next page:

THE TANK CONTINUED:



Throughout the whole war, 5,464 Crusaders were made and the Crusader was one of the main tanks used by the Allies early on. But, with the completion of the North African campaign, Crusaders took a back seat in the war effort. This was mainly due to the fact that America was now mass producing the M4 Sherman. Nevertheless, many versions of the Crusader could be found throughout the entire war. They did duties ranging from anti-aircraft - Crusader AA Mk I / Crusader AA Mk II / Crusader AA Mk III; clearing debris - Crusader Dozer; and recovery - Crusader ARV (Armoured Recovery Vehicle). Some were even used as tractors - Crusader Gun Tractor. These were just some of the many versions and roles this tank had. It also was modified into another cruiser tank called the A24, and named Cruiser Tank Mk VII. This tank was known as the Cavalier.

Even after World War II ended, it was still used. The Argentinian Army used some of the 75mm and 105mm Self-Propelled Gun (SPG)** versions of the Crusader in their armed forces.

Looking back at this tank, it's a good thing to remember that the name Crusaders doesn't refer only to medieval knights, but are also World War II weapons who helped fight for freedom and justice.

THE END

NOTES:

(* *Mk* means "Mark", and is more commonly known to us as "Version"

(**) *A Self-Propelled Gun is just mobile artillery that has its own motor and can be driven by itself, it doesn't need to be towed like some other artillery.*

Want to see the Crusader tank in motion?

Go to: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-Z2d73x8SPU>

**Flip to Page 12 for examples of the
Crusader tank!**

Crusader
Gun
Tractor



left side views of the
three Crusaders



Crusader Mk II



Crusader Mk III



Crusader SPG's
used with
Argentinian Army



Crusader
AA Mk I



Crusader
AA Mk II



Crusader
AA Mk
III



Crusader
ARV



Crusader Dozer



Dear Younger Me

By Brianna Ernest

Dear Younger Me,

If there is one thing that you need to know, it's that everything gets better. It may sound overused, it may be cliché, but believe me when I tell you, that it's true. The next five years of your life will be busy and chaotic, but they will also change you to be the person you are today.

You'll stumble and fall on your own for a while, before facing a life changing diagnosis. The eating disorder that the doctor diagnoses you with will change not only you, but the lives of your friends and family. These days will be the hardest. You will lose many things that you once held dear to your heart, you'll be pulled from the soccer field, you'll unlace your dance shoes and you'll kiss gym class goodbye; and for a while you won't know who you are. You'll try to lean upon people that are not stable, you'll slip further down the slope, and before you know it a year has gone by. You'll go to many different appointments and you'll see many different professionals. Your numbers will go up, even when you feel like your grip on reality is going down. You'll start getting better. You'll climb up the slope of recovery. There will be times that you will slide back down and reach rock bottom once more. These slips will cause fights among friends, medications to be taken and family dinners to be eaten in silence. But trust me when I say that everything happens for a reason.

During your recovery you are going to meet many different people. Some will stay in your life for a while and some will stop in for a quick visit before stepping out again. You'll meet your first love and a few months later you'll experience your first heartbreak. You'll be told that what you are feeling is a phase, but don't doubt yourself. You know what you are feeling better than anybody else does. Never regret meeting somebody no matter how bad the relationship ends, and trust me when I say you'll have a messy break up. People will ask, people will look, but in the end, she teaches you a lot about yourself, your interests and your boundaries. Most people wouldn't even jump a puddle for love, but you? You jump an entire ocean, and still do to this day. Nothing holds you back, not the criticism of your parents, not time zones, not even yourself.

You will be a person that steps into somebody else's life and changes it for the better. You will travel, to the East Coast of Canada, to Switzerland and Austria, to Mexico and France, even India. Here you will learn about your love of languages and helping others, you'll learn that you can be independent and you'll learn what the definition of *Home* really is. You'll leave part of yourself in each country that you visit, whether it be your heart, your kindness or even your inspiration, you will always leave the countries with eyes full of tears, sad hugs and shaky *see you later's*, but never goodbye.

Time flies when you're living life. Life may be rough at some points in time, but you are a strong, courageous, kind hearted person that will put others before yourself (another thing, to this day, that you are still struggling with). All I'm trying to say is that everything happens for a reason. Don't question or dodge the things that life throws at you. Accept everybody as they are. And remember everything gets better, you may just have to hold on a bit longer.

Love,

Me

Wishing You A Spectacular Summer!

WO Say So plans to return in September 2017! Listen for announcements next school year, and talk to Mr. Cvetich if you are interested in taking part! Hope to see you!

It's that time of year again! We are heading into exams, and counting the seconds until summer vacation. Time flies, and the WO Say So would like to thank our readers and supporters as we started up again this year (perhaps a little slower than expected, but better late than never).

We wish all Crusaders the best of luck on their exams, and have a safe and memorable summer!

See you in September!

