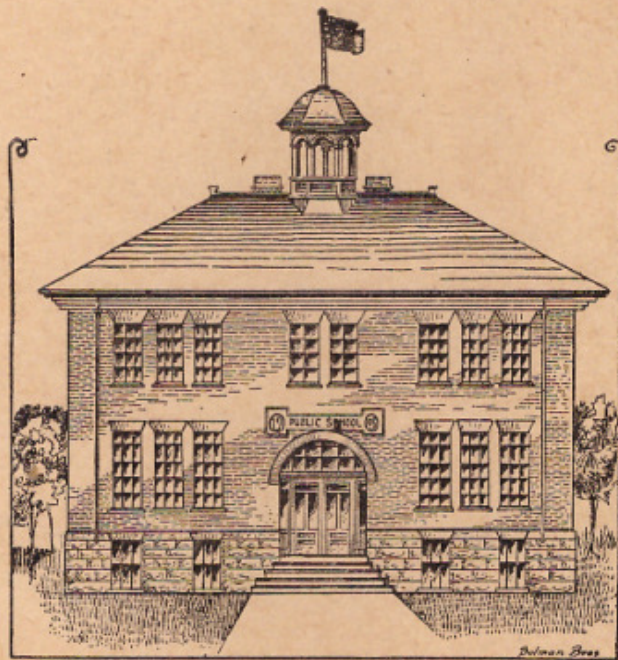


**Provided by Inga Bjornson**

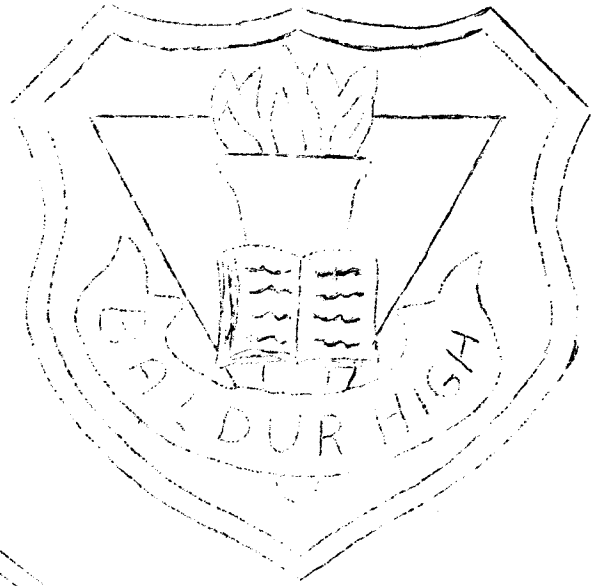
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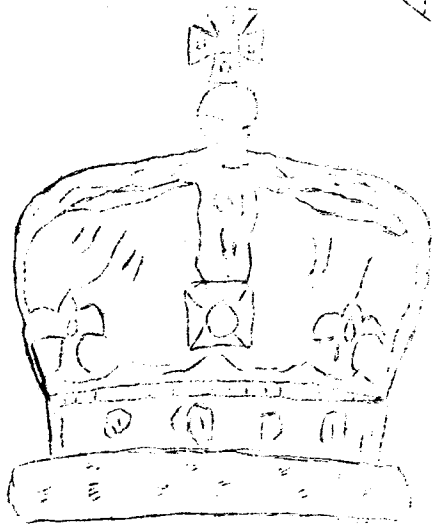
**Baldur High School**

1952-53

VOX



HOWELL NEWS



"The Voice of Youth"

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# Editorial

"When angry, count four; when very angry, swear!" This advice from Mark Twain might apply to the Year Book staff.

Another Year Book has been completed, and another Editor is worn thin. There has been much rush, though plans were made for an early start, and there has been much worry for fear the Year Book would not be completed in time. We faced many trials and made many errors but everyone did his share in making the Year Book a success, and everyone enjoyed playing a part in its production.

We have tried to present a variety of interesting reading, and we hope that our effort is worthwhile.

On behalf of the Year Book staff, I wish to thank everyone who helped in making the 1953 Year Book a success, and we give special thanks to Mr. W. Elliot, for his very good reproduction of our class pictures, and to Mrs. Edna Johnson for her printing of the pictures and the covers.

Marguerite Christopherson  
Editor-in-Chief

### THE YEAR BOOK STAFF

Editor- - - - - Marguerite Christopherson  
Ass't Editor- - - - - Madeleine Vickers  
Production Manager- - - - - Myrna Wray  
Stencilling - - - - - Mary Van Den Bossche  
Proof Reading - - - - - Ron Kirbyson  
Printing- - - - - Blaine Grundv  
Drawing - - - - - Fern Bottrell

### STUDENT COUNCIL

President- - - - - Fern Bottrell  
Vice President - - - - - Ron Kirbyson  
Secretary- - - - - Myrna Wray  
Treasurer- - - - - Blaine Grundy  
Gr. IX Representative- - - - - Jack Van Den Bossche  
Gr. X Representative - - - - - Donna Dearsley  
Gr. XI & XII Representative- Coreen Scott  
Social Representative- - - - - Madeleine Vickers  
Reporter-- - - - - Marguerite Christopherson

### TEACHING STAFF

Miss D. Dearsley                      Miss S. Gunnlaugson  
Miss M. Bateman                      Miss S. Howelko  
    Mr. C. Bergen(Principal)

### SCHOOL BOARD

Chairman - - - - - Mr. W. Burton  
Secretary- - - - - Mr. G. Hall  
    Mr. H. Woodworth  
    Mr. G. Fowler  
    Mr. G. Gilbert  
    Mr. R. Atkins



### PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

The end of the school year marks the beginning of vacations and also affords an opportunity for the assessment and evaluation of the year's efforts. The critical evaluation, the acid test, will be completed within the month. I am happy to assure you that we have a very reasonable chance of carrying the colors of Baldur School to honor.

It is inevitable, however, that our ranks will suffer casualties as many of you move on to other activity elsewhere. When the fog of chalk dust settles; when the scene of your recent struggles clears; when the survivors take stock of the remains---the vacancies you are creating will be our first concrete evidence of your physical absence. We expect that you will remain much longer with us in spirit. We shall certainly continue to follow you as you assume your places as members of this and other communities. May you add to those communities as you have added to the community of your school.



### ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

Another school year is drawing to a close and in a few weeks you will face the toughest opposition of the year-- final examinations. To some of you the exuberance of reaching a goal will be somewhat clouded by the reflection that final examinations are not the only trying task of life. During the school year you have been beset by problems which you have met courageously. If you are one of the newer members of the high school, you have had to make many adjustments, but out of the many trials you have gained experiences which will be invaluable to you, no matter what tasks you face in the future. We trust that all of you will face life's oppositions with a stout heart, and we hope you have every success in your life's work. We shall be watching your progress with great interest.



AYRKA



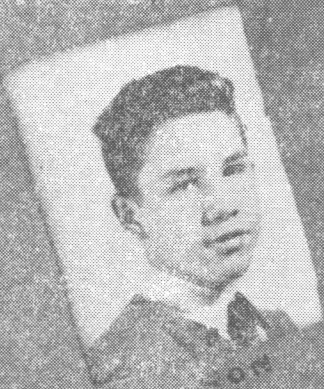
MADGELEINE



FERN



BOB



BOB



COLEEN



BOB



ELLEN

GRADUATES

XI & XII

1952-53



BOB



NOAN



MARY



BETTY



FLORENCE



J. FREEDY



BUNCE



MAYBEE



WARREN



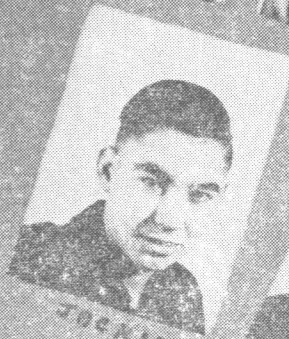
HANNETTE



ROSS



SHIRLEY



JACKIE



ALLAN



GENNY

GRADES

IX & X

1952-53

MARGARET



MARGARET



DONNA



ELAINE



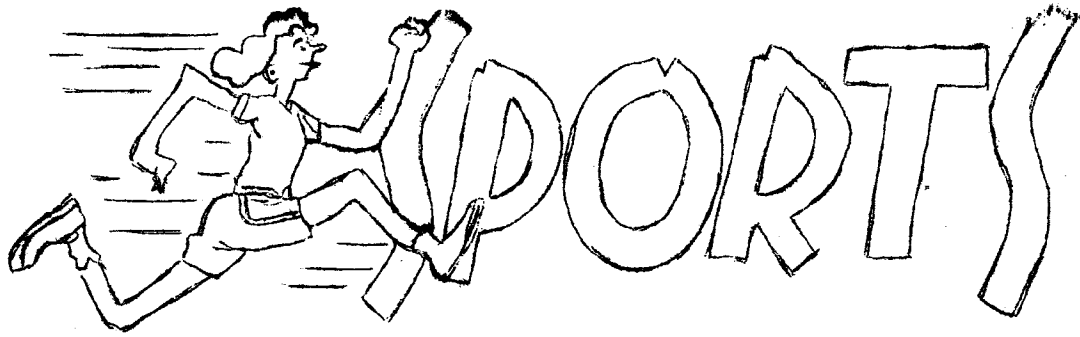
DAVID



FLORENCE



GEORGE



There was not as much indulgence in sport in our school as there might of been, had there been more boys.. However what boys there were had a fairly busy time, in between sessions of homework. Of course there were girl's sports but we don't dare make many comments.

One of the most important pastimes was curling. There was a local high school curling schedule which was fairly successful except that it was not entirely completed because of early spring thaws. Representing Baldur in the Brandon High School Bonspiel was a rink composed of George Hanna, David Holmes, Dunny Magnusson, and Ross Forbes.

The girl's soft ball team participated in a League with the two Belmont teams, Ninette, and Hilton. Somehow they managed to squeeze into the four team play offs.

The Baldur Legion is sponsoring a boy's midget team (16 and under) and from all reports the team is quite a powerhouse. We are in a league with Belmont, Glenboro, and possibly Ninette.

There was an attempt to establish badminton last fall but because of the numerous other activities it was not too successful.

There was not too much hockey action in Baldur this past year and the only games were bantam affairs against Belmont and Glenboro. Belmont was lucky enough to defeat us 5-4 and the Glenboro club also beat us.

Ron Kirbyson

SPECIAL: Pursuant to the Constitution of the Baldur School Student Council we are happy to publish the following summary of the High School Students' investments in their school and contributions to Society:

Typewriter.....	\$149.50
Bubbler Fountain.....	13.53
Record Player and Records	23.49
Brandon Curlers.....	20.00
Gifts and Charities.....	<u>64.98</u>
Total.....	<u>\$271.50</u>

B. Grundy & C. Bergen.



In beginning my first year at Balduz High, I wonderd how I would ever be able to make myself at ease among all the strange pupils. I soon found that the pupils and teachers were friendly and solved my problems for me.

High School certainly was differnt! The subjects and methods of teaching were new to me. There were many homework assignments which required a great deal of time to complete.

The Student Council was my first experience in a democratic government on a small basis. The Student Council supervised all activities of the Student Body with great efficiency. Whenever the Student Body planned an entertainment it was the Student Council who did most of the work arranging the program.

Initiation was an occasion looked forward to with much fear and horror. The seniors with their tales of woe made initiation seem worse than it really was.

The Canteens were enjoyable occasions at which we square danced. Although we did not do these dances to perfection everyone had a splendid time.

The pupils and teachers of Balduz High have done their utmost to make this year a pleasant and memorable year for me.

Florence McTavish

#####

WOMAN CUSTOMER(In bank): "I would like to get a loan."

CLERK: "You'll have to see the loan arranger."

WOMAN: "Who?"

CLERK: "The loan arranger, the loan arranger."

WOMAN: "Oh, you mean the one who says 'Hi Ho Silver!'"

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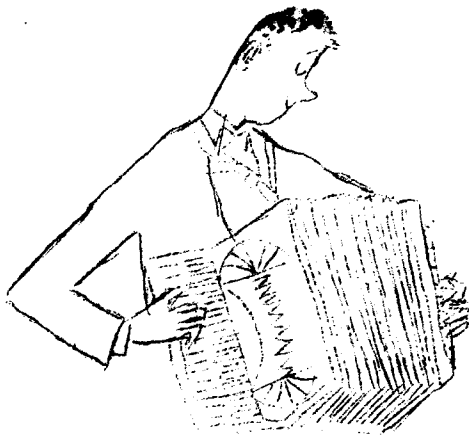
JACKIE: Mr. Bergen told us that everything filled with hot air rises.

ROSS: What's keeping you down?

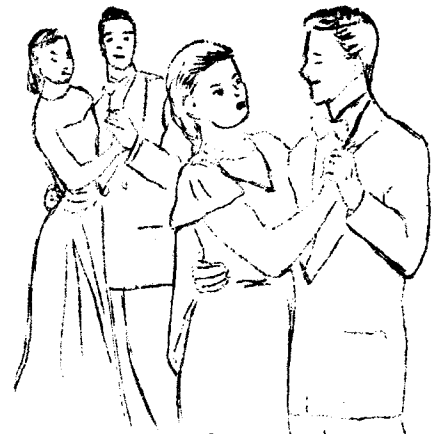
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# OUR CHARACTERS

	NAME	NICK-NAME	AMBITION	ULTIMATE FATE
<u>IX</u>	DUNCAN	SCOTTY	STATION AGENT	BABY SITTING
	JOHNNY	JOHN	TO OWN A FARM	TAKING GRADE X
	SHIRLEY	BUSTER	BALL PLAYER	DELIVERING FREE PRESS
	ROSS	GENERAL	AN ARMY MAN	DOING K.P.
	MYRNA	SNOOKUMS	NURSE	WORKING A WARD
	ANNETTE	NETTIE	STRIP TEASER	WORKING IN GLUE FACTORY
	JOCELYN	JOSEY	CONCERT PIANIST	TEACHING SUNDAY SCHCOL
	JACKIE	BUSHY	TO OWN A CHEV	MILKING COWS
	WARREN	FRECKLES	TO GET RID OF THEM	CUTTING MEAT
	ELAINE	NIGGER	TO GET MARRIED	FARMERETTE
ALLAN	SATCH	DRIVING TEACHERS NUTS	BEING EXPELLED	
<u>X</u>	ELAINE	LAINE	TO GO TO FRANCE	PIERRE
	MARJORIE	MUDGE	TO LIVE IN ALASKA	CHEWING BLUBBER
	DONNA	DON	FIND OUT HIS NAME	NEW SURNAME
	FLORENCE	MACINTOSH	LONGER CORRIDORS	FARMERETTE
	MARGARET	MARG.	NURSE	TEACHING EXCELSIOR
	DAVID	HUMPHRY	PASS AN EXAM	TAKING X OVER
	GEORGE	HAWK	LIVING OUT SOUTH	FARMER
<u>XI</u>	COREEN	KEENY	TO MAKE GRADE XI	SUPERVISOR (GRUND)
	ZELMA	DOZY	TO WRITE LOVE LETTERS	RECEIVING ANSWERS
	MARY	MELLY	5 SCHOLARSHIPS	TEACHER
	NORA	PIP SQUEAK	SECRETARY TO BLAINE	FLOWING THRU' DCCRS
	MARGUERITE	MUGGA	STENOGRAPHER	LOOKING AFTER TRYGG
	FLORENCE	FLOSSIE	NEW YORK MODEL	STILL KNITTING
	RON	THE ATHLETE	GIRLS BALL COACH	DELIVERING THE TRIBUNE
	DUNNY	DUNCY	WORKER ON TRACK	HOTEL COFFEE MAKER
	BETTY	BETSY	TO BE A GOOD COOK	STAYING HOME
	<u>XII</u>	FERN	SIPPY	INTERIOR DECORATOR
MADELEINE		POCKY	HANDSOME INTERNE	STEWARDESS
MYRNA		MYRN	TEACHER	TEACHING AT THE AIRPORT
BLAINE		ROOTY TOOTY	IMPROVING HIS MANNERS	SOCIETY REPORTER
<u>TEACHERS</u>	MISS HOWELKO	STELLA	MAKING DUN DO SOME WORK	STILL TRYING
	MR. BERGEN	THE WARDEN	HAVE SOMETHING QUIET	STILL LOOKING FOR IT



*Social*  
REPORT



The first event of the year was the election of members to our Student Council. This year a new plan was followed in the election of President, Secretary, and Treasurer. Instead of nominating candidates and voting immediately, two students were nominated to each post. They followed a week of campaigning during which the hallway was filled with posters reading something like this: "Vote for Wray" or "They like Ike, We like Bottrell". On Friday each candidate made a speech and then the students voted by secret ballot. That evening a weiner roast was held on Dearsley's Hill. During the evening the election winners were announced.

The first duty of the Student Council was to plan the initiation of our twelve initiates. A canteen was held in the Legion Hall and an attempt to get our boys dancing was not too successful.

A dance was held on Hallowe'en night and the Memorial Hall was suitably decorated with Jack-O-Lanterns, owls, cats and black and orange streamers. The music was provided by The Royal Canadians and a large crowd was present.

The Christmas Canteen was very enjoyable. Games were played for a while and then to our joy, a few male members of our High School got up and square danced. We each received a present but Santa Claus was not present because he felt his suit was not respectable enough to appear before a group of young ladies and gentlemen.

During the winter we enjoyed a skating party at the rink. I would like to thank the rink committee for allowing us to use the rink free of charge. It was appreciated greatly. After skating for a while we went to the school and had lunch and square danced.

Another square dancing party was held in the school and I am happy to say nearly all our boys square danced. It was hoped that we could have another party before school ended but time has slipped by so quickly that Graduation, exams, and holidays are nearly here. So with our Graduation Dance social events will end for another year.

In closing I would like to thank our teachers for their share in all social events and I sincerely hope that as many or more social events will be enjoyed by next year's students.

Madeleine Vickers  
Social Rep.

# Us In Rhyme

## GRADE IX:

### JOHNNY BANNERMAN:

Johnny B. is a Grade IX boy,  
Who, in his work finds no joy.  
But at night he roams afar  
In Terry Hedley's motor-car.

### JOCELYN BURTON:

Jocelyn Burton is a clever young lass  
Near the top of the Grade IX class.  
Her ambition is to be an office girl.  
And we all know that her friend is Shirl'.

### ANNETTE CAHILL:

Annette is a Grade IX girl.  
She's given everything a whirl.  
In her school work she does okay  
And finds it hard to keep the boys at bay.

### DUNCAN CHARETTE:

With smile so gay and clothes so neat  
The Greenway Dude is hard to beat.  
He's never late when called to eat--  
And knowing him has been a treat.

### ROSS FORBES:

Ross is a Grade IX lad  
Sometimes he's good, sometimes he's bad  
But when S.S. will not speak to him  
It makes him very sad.

### WARREN GILLIES:

Warren Gillies, a grade nine guy  
For the top of the class does try  
But out of school at the show he will be, you may bet,  
Could the attraction be a certain usherette?

### ELAINE HAMILTON:

Elaine is a lass from the grade nine class  
And she is hoping that she will pass.  
She's sometimes good and sometimes bad  
But when Eugene doesn't come she is very sad.

### MYRNA ISBERG:

Myrna is a Grade IX lass  
Who does very well in her class,  
But when Garry comes around  
She goes riding in his Ford.

continued-----

SHIRLEY STEPHEN

Shirley plays on our baseball team  
And hits the ball a mile, it does seem.  
She has a boyfriend known well  
That's her secret and we won't tell.

JACKIE VAN DEN BOSSCHE

Dark-eyed Jackie, cute and clever  
Likes sports and schoolwork too.  
As for dating girls---Jackie says "never"  
Though we know perfectly well this is not true.

ALLAN WARD

Satch is our playboy, tall and dark,  
To Baldur High he added a spark.  
But since he left the dear old school  
We have nobody to break a rule..

GRADE X

MARJORIE ANDERSON

Margie's head is light in weight.  
Most every night she has a date,  
Not always with her man of dreams  
But this one's good enough it seems.

ELAINE BREAUULT

Elaine Breault is the brains of Grade X,  
She's super with a pencil and a pen.  
She comes out number one  
For her all the boys run!

DONNA DEARSLEY

Early as the rising sun  
Donna rises full of fun.  
Her greatest joy is to dance,  
A boy who can't hasn't a chance.

GEORGE HANNA

George comes to school, every day, on a bike  
At sports and studies "He does alright."  
This lad is very mechanically minded,  
If you've got a squeak, He's sure to find it.

DAVID HOLMES

David's the sole lad of the Grade X class,  
We wonder whether he will pass.  
But this doesn't worry him a bit,  
'cause his ambition is only to quit.

FLORENCE McTAVISH

Florence comes to school each day  
In hopes that she will lose her way.  
Even though she knows she may  
Find the place where the Hanna's stay.

continued-----

MARGARET PRESTON

Margaret Preston drives each day  
Up to Baldur from Greenway.  
She's a little bit timid and a little bit shy,  
But there is a twinkle in her eye.

GRADE XI

ZELMA COOPER

Zelma, a lively blue-eyed lass,  
Has plenty of personality and lots of class.  
Her "thoughts in the clouds" don't hide from us though  
That her heart at times does "skyward" go.

MARGUERITE CHRISTOPHERSON

Blue eyes, blonde hair,  
She is our lady fair.  
In school activities she takes her share,  
And she and Trygg make a happy pair.

BETTY HISCOCK

Betty is a quiet lass  
Who is trying to master the French class.  
Her main ambition is to cook  
And polish up each cosy nook.

RONALD KIRBYSON

Ronald Kirbyson, so shy and sedate,  
To school never would come late.  
In sports he is so quick and spry,  
His goal is ever do or die.

COREEN SCOTT

Coreen Scott is in her prime,  
With Carl she spends most of her time.  
She's a good student, or so they say,  
But she'll be a farmer's wife some day.

FLORENCE STILWELL

Florence is a member of the Grade XI class.  
In her schoolwork she tries to pass.  
Every night she does her homework like a good lass,  
While the rest try leaving theirs for class.

NORA WOODWORTH

Nora Jean is her name,  
As a nurse she wishes fame.  
Physics and Chem. are her detest,  
During those periods she'd rather rest.

MARY VAN DEN BOSSCHE

Big brown eyes and light brown hair,  
Some of her marks we'd like to share.  
Although she pretends she does nothing but work,  
All of her homework isn't schoolwork.



continued-----

DUNNY MAGNUSON

Dunny went over the mountain  
To see what he could see.  
He came back with a curse on his tongue--  
He saw a plantation of tea!

GRADE XII

FERN BOTTRELL

Fern is a girl from the Grade XII class  
Who knows that this year she will pass.  
And when she comes to school each day  
She's always happy and always gay.

BLAINE GRUNDY

Blaine is our Grade XII lad.  
Although Chem makes him sad,  
In the lab he is no cad.  
And also, his typing is not too bad!?

MADELEINE VICKERS

Madeleine is our favorite usher.  
Clever, pretty and popular too.  
A lot of boys would like to rush her.  
Seriously, "Pooky, we're proud of you".

MYRNA WRAY

Our secretary is Myrna Wray.  
Normal is next stop on her high-way.  
Good-luck, Myrna, and much success.  
Always remember-- kids love recess.

TEACHERS

MISS HOWELKO

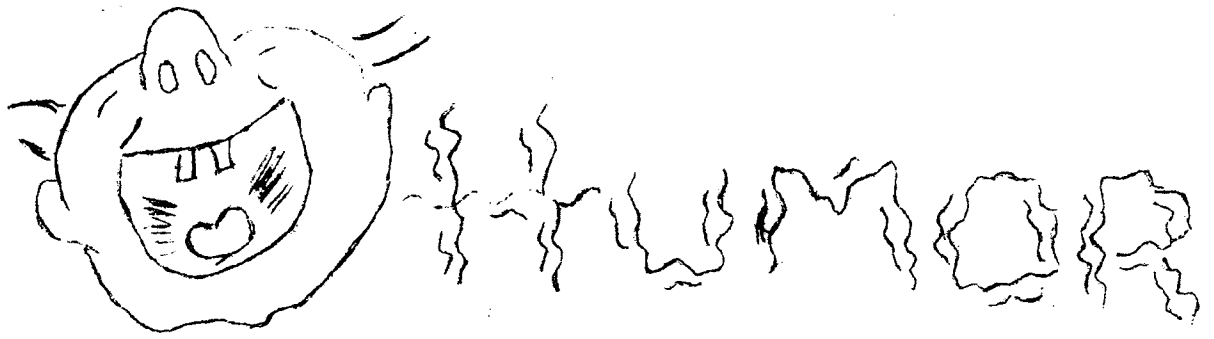
She teaches us many subjects in school,  
And we always listen (as a rule).  
She tries her best to make us pass,  
And shows much interest in the class.

MR. BERGEN

Mr. Bergen is our warden dear.  
Our activities he can steer.  
He rules the school with an iron hand,  
And on all school matters he takes a stand.

THE SCHOOL

In nineteen five our fathers did erect  
This "Nightmare of an architect".  
With added horrors - east and north  
It has in years since blossomed forth.  
Nigh onto fifty years it has persisted.  
And when away, we've often missed it.



Miss Howelko- When was the Revival of Learning?  
Betty- The night before examinations.

-----  
Mr. Bergen- (in geometry class)-Now Nora, does it make any  
difference what kind of a triangle I make in this con-  
struction?

Nora- (agreeably)- It makes no difference to me.

-----  
Clerk to student- "Here's a book that will do half your  
work for you."

Dunny- "Swell, I'll take two of them."

-----  
An army rookie passing the mess hall asked the cook:  
"What's on the menu tonight?"  
"Oh, we have thousands of things to eat tonight."  
"What are they?"  
"Beans."

-----  
Miss Howelko- Take this sentence: "Let the cow be taken  
out of the garden." What mood?

Warren- The cow.

-----  
David- "Hey, Kirbyson; did you hear about the terrific fight  
on your street last night?"

Ron- "Fight? No, tell me what happened."

David- "Bergen choked his car."

-----  
He - "Please."

She- "No."

He- "Just this once!"

She- "I said no."

He- "Aw, all the other kids are going barefoot, Ma."

-----  
Elaine had a wad of gum, it was as soft as dough, and  
everywhere that Elaine went her jaws were on the go.

-----  
Florence- "Are you a good carpenter?"

George- "Yes."

Florence- "Then how do you make a Venetian blind?"

George- "Stick your finger in his eye."  
-----

# ROOM REPORTS

We have had a busy year learning to spell, read, do arithmetic etc. The enrollment of our room has <sup>not</sup> been large, the highest number being twenty-six, nineteen boys and seven girls. Four pupils have moved to other schools during the year. Measles, jaundice, colds, and flu made our attendance very poor between Christmas and Easter.

We have enjoyed films on nature and Social Studies also the fifteen minute Radio programmes Monday afternoons with Miss McCance on "At School in Silver Hollow."

We are glad to have an organ in our room, thanks to Mr. and Mrs. R. Mitchell for donating it to us. Better lights are much appreciated on dark days as the new fire escape shuts out the daylight.

Our Junior Red Cross made use of the film "The Royal Journey" by showing it in the Memorial Hall and taking a collection making \$46.56. After paying expenses, rent of hall, film, and advertising, \$20. was given to the Red Cross Campaign, \$10. to the Crippled Childrer's Fund, and \$5. to the Convalescent Unit.

Sixteen of our pupils took part in the Music Festival at Cartwright, making good marks.

All classes enjoy reading the Library books.

Good wishes for every success to the Graduates in their future vocations and all other members of our school.

Room I

#####

We have had a fluctuating enrolment during this term. We started our term with twenty-nine pupils. Jimmy Koldyk left our Grade V class for Winnipeg in November. Audrey Isfeld arrived from Arborg in February to join our Grade IV class and Loa Gunnlaugson left Grade IV for Glenboro at Easter, bringing our enrolment to twenty-eight at present.

Our average attendance during January, February, and March was low, owing to measles, colds, flu, etc. which swept through the grades.

We have had a good year of work and play. The cooperation of the children, during any canvassing or work to be done, has been excellent.

Room II generously donated towards a Cancer Fund, realizing approximately sixteen dollars. They gave sixteen dollars and ninety cents to charity during the year.

Continued-----

Crades IV,V,&VI sent out salesmen to canvass the town of Baldur selling Poppies. They realized forty dollars for the Baldur Legion.

We sent several contestants to the Cartwright Festival and they brought home very satisfactory marks.

We wish to extend to our graduating class of Baldur every success in their future endeavors.

Teacher and Pupils of Room II

#####

### INITIATION

It was a beautiful Wednesday morning, I jumped out of bed ready to enjoy the fresh air and bright sunshine. When I remembered what day it was, I sank back into my bed.

That day "initiation" seemed to me to be one of the craziest schemes man had ever thought up. I put on the garb that reminded me of tramps clothing. Slowly I trudged down stairs, had a bit to eat, and waited. I waited until I saw the other "victims" making their way to school. At ten minutes to nine, I shyly sneaked part way to school until the scholars noticed me. Then straight for the school doors I went, hoping to join my fellow freshies. As I got inside the building I was immediately surrounded by about thirty laughing little "gaffers" from the Primary Room. I finally made my way to the cloak-room, where I rested with my comrades.

When the nine o'clock bell sounded, we sighed with relief but we soon found ourselves working for some moving company. We carried books up and down stairs till our arms were sore.

At last we were enjoying school work! Finally the dreaded recess came. We had the job of picking up papers that the seniors, of course, had scattered. To the seniors disgust we suprisingly had help from the sympathetic Primary Room. The bell rang and we again were moving books and more books. I didn't know that students could use so many books in one period.

Noon finally came and we all flew home. I lay resting on the couch till my dinner was ready. Some of us had most of our fun after dinner. Each wearing a great deal of lipstick, we sneaked up on the other boys and kissed them. The cameras started to click. You would honestly think we were Niagra Falls or the Grand Canyon.

(Con't)-----

The bell rang and the same old moving project was carried on. We did the easy school work as if it were nothing. At about half past three we filed out of school but were marched to the Memorial Hall where the Annual Fashion Show was being held. We nervously displayed our costumes and hurriedly left there. We were marched back to the school and from there to the much dreaded front street. We only went as far as Lee's though. Here our generous principal bought us each an ice-cream cone, which we very much appreciated.

Three long hours I waited but it seemed like twenty. The time was passed though by "a-next-to-nothing" two hours homework. The time came when we were to go to the school. We marched up front street, stopped at the vacant lot between Burtons and Fowlers, turned, and faced the Cairn, and bowed our heads for a supposedly two minute period. Then we were struck by one of the worst sand-storms ever to hit the Sahara. Over the fence came box fulls of saw-dust and down our necks it went!

On to the Legion Hall we went with our itchy backs. First there was some cooking done under the supervision of Cook Grundy. Then there was dancing and the much dreaded actual initiation. We were enclosed in a dark room. We were taken out one by one, blindfolded, and forced to walk the "gangplank" and jump into the sea, which was a bench with a tub of water at the end of it. We were then lead around to a table with a board on it. When we had kissed the School's Constitution, we had become a senior. As I stepped up to it, "they" grabbed my head, bounced it against the board a couple of times, and then into a tub of water. We were then given frog's eggs or "something", which were really skinned grapes. Then another thing to eat was shoved into my mouth. I have never tasted anything like it before, and I don't care to again. After we had lunch and the excitement was over, I dragged my weary body home. All I can say now is "NEXT YEAR'S FRESHIES BEWARE".

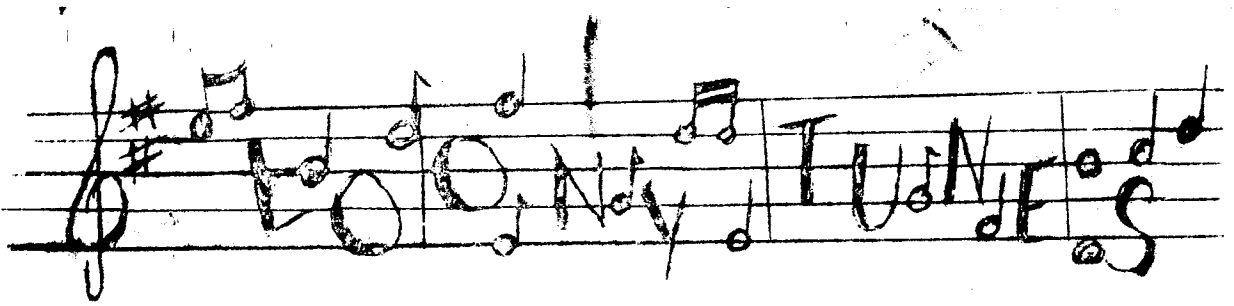
Warren Gillies..

### PUT IT LIKE THIS

An old-timer is one who remembers when it cost more to run a car than to park one.

A pessimist is a person who is sea-sick throughout the entire voyage of life.

Many a man marries a girl like a magazine cover and expects her to wear like a Bible.



GRADE IX

SHIRLEY	IF YOU'VE GOT THE MONEY I'VE GOT THE TIME
WARREN	ONE MEAT BALL
JACK	IN YOUR EASTER BONNET
DUNCAN	IS THERE ROOM IN HEAVEN FOR ME ???
MYRNA I.	MUSIC-MAKING MAMA FROM MEMPHIS TENNESSEE
ANNETTE	DEADLY WEAPON
ELAINE H.	JEANNIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR
ROSS	OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE
JOHNNY	DEAR JOHN
JOCELYN	IT'S NO SECRET

GRADE X

DONNA	THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL HOUSE
ELAINE B.	GABBY THE GOBLER
MARJORIE	DON'T ROLL THOSE BLOODSHOT EYES AT ME
FLORENCE M.	BUNDLE OF SOUTHERN SUNSHINE
MARGARET	DOWN YONDER
DAVID	HOW MUCH IS THAT RAZOR IN THE WINDOW
GEORGE	YODELLING HILLBILLY

GRADE XI

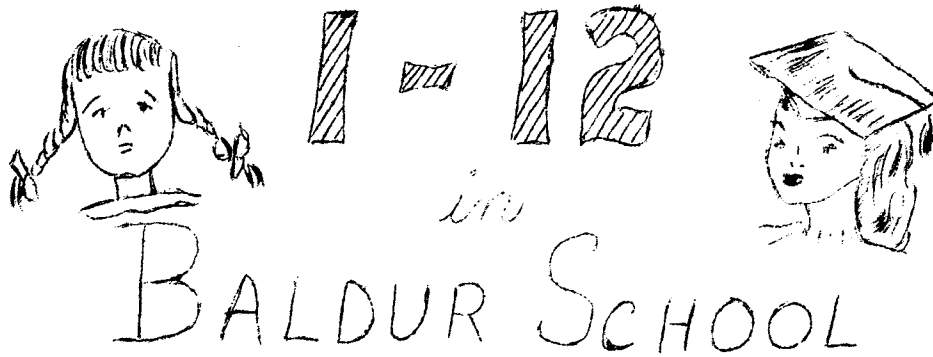
MARGUERITE	SLOW HORSES, FAST WOMEN
MARY	I DIDN'T TRIP, I WASN'T PUSHED, I FELL
FLORENCE S.	LET'S PRETEND
DUNNY	SICK, SOBER, AND SORRY
RON	BUTTERMILK SKIES
NORA	I WANT TO PLAY HOUSE WITH YOU
ZELMA	THE MAN IN THE FLYING MACHINE
BETTY	SEVEN LONELY DAYS
COREEN	I'LL BE ALL SMILES TONIGHT

GRADE XII

MYRNA W.	BEAUTIFUL GIRL OF THE PRAIRIES
FERN	BELMONT BOOGIE
MADELEINE	NURSIE, NURSIE
BLAINE	HERE COMES SANTA CLAUSE

TEACHERS

MISS HOWELKO	TILL I WORK AGAIN WITH YOU
MR. BERGEN	TOO OLD TO CUT THE MUSTARD



As the words of the song "School Days, School Days" resound in my ears, my school days end and after twelve years in Baldur School I am prepared to go my own way in this world. It was in the fall of 1941 that I entered this noble institution along with numerous other "beginners". During these years I have gained new classmates and lost old ones and now I, alone, of the original grade one class, remain to graduate.

My school days have been happy ones, full of both work and play. In the primary room we learned the "three r's", sang, played, had fun at parties and field day. But during those years the war cloud hung dark and low over our country and while our boys were fighting on foreign soil, we did our small share by buying War Saving Stamps.

When we were in grade four, the Public School presented a variety concert. We worked hard for many months and our work was worthwhile, for the concert was successful.

Grade seven and eight were good years and I still remember our attempts to draw our own faces during art classes every Tuesday and Thursday. I must confess that, that was the only year my art work was any good.

Then finally, after eight years of preparing and planning for it we entered grade nine and were now High School students. These last four years have been full of activities-- initiations, canteens, ball games, badminton, curling and always those dreaded and fateful exams.

Now my school days are nearly over and soon I shall go from beneath the protective wing of home and school, but always, no matter where I go or what I do, I shall cherish the memory of my twelve years in Baldur School.

Madeleine Vickers.



The car honked outside the door as I hurriedly grabbed my bags and dashed out so as not to miss my train. As I sat back in the car which was headed toward good old Greenway Station, I wondered idly about the "kids" who had been going to Baldur High twenty years before, when I was taking my grade ten. I wondered if they were realizing their ambitions as I, who was on my way to France. I was soon to find out.

The first place I ran into any of them was in a dusty old saloon "The Last Chance", just off Rosser Avenue in Brandon. Could I be seeing right? There was BLAINE HAMILTON hurriedly filling them up for DUNCAN who was drowning his sorrows over the last baby-sitting episode, and ROSS who was celebrating his promotion to private first class after fifteen years in the army. JACKIE was gazing adoringly in the direction of the piano where JOCELYN was pounding out the latest hot tune. FERN was just going into her "torch" number after complaining to the manager about the colour scheme. I glanced at the chorus girls doing high kicks and noticed FLOSSIE. There was ANNETTE who was getting ready for her number in a slinky black "gownless evening strap". As I slipped unobstructively out the back door, I saw WARREN busy broiling steaks in the kitchen. Outside GEORGE was waiting for Flossie in his brand new garbage truck.

I had a lot of trouble getting where I wanted (I later found out that BLAINE was a new station agent-after giving up his physical culture job- and his secretary NORA was so confused she got all the trains mixed up) so I wound up at Altona. I walked down the streets of this thriving city, I saw MR. BERGEN on a park bench, surrounded by his grandchildren, explaining how to find the value of "X". In a large mansion across the street, I found MISS HOWELKO, in a strapless evening gown, hostessing a tycoon's party.

At a sports ground, I found SHIRLEY being coached by the world's champion in badminton- RON. while MYRNA I. was being awarded a medal for sports. In Arthur Murray's dance studio I found DONNA, a dance instructor, teaching Jick how to overcome his self-consciousness on the dance floor. In another busy building I found DUNNY lecturing to the U.W.C.C. (United Woman's Cooking Class) on how to make coffee, while COREEN, in another room, was thoughtfully listening to a lecture on how to run milking machines.



Continued---

The back was a newspaper office in which MARGUERITE, editor of the Johnson Review, was writing a column about ZELMA - gay young divorcee with a string of six behind her, but still looking for her soldier boy.

In a large University, I discovered MARY teaching an all male class, while BETTY was a professor of Home Economics.

Just then a travelling salesman zoomed by ; it was DAVID selling Grade X text-books.

In a large theatrical building, I found MARGE director and producer of the play Wa--Wa--Water Babies in which FLORENCE S. and MARGARET had leading roles.

As I boarded my plane for France, I ran into MADELEINE who was the air hostess on a plane carrying troops to Korea (male ones), one of whom was ALLAN. MYRNA W. was busy broadcasting her programme to entertain the boys overseas.

After seeing all my former classmates, I decided that even though none of them were internationally known for their contribution to society, they were, each in his own way, certainly contributing something.

Elaine Breault.

#####

Junk Dealer: "Any rags, cans, clothes?"

Mr. Bergen: " Sorry, the wives out of town."

Junk Dealer: "Any BOTTLES?"

-----

Man(from overturned canoe)-Hi, Hi, I'm drowning! Drop me a line!

Fellow on bridge- What's the use? Ain't no post office where you're going.

-----

Coreen - Zelma, you know you don't really love Don. It's only puppy love.

Zelma - HOT DOG!!

-----

WISERY

PERSONIFIED



GRADE IX

JOCELYN  
JACKIE  
WARREN

SHIRLEY  
MYRNA I.  
ELAINE H.

ANNETTE  
DUNCAN  
JOHNNY  
ROSS

Homework  
Cleaning boards  
When teachers catch him  
slouching  
Delivering papers ablone  
French verbs  
When Fork's car breakes  
down  
Nothing to talk about  
The night Myrna baby-sits  
Walking  
Getting to school before  
10 a.m.

GRADE X

ELAINE B.  
MARJORIE  
DONNA  
FERENCE Mc.  
MARGARET  
GEORGE  
DAVID

Getting up  
Skirts  
Missing a dance  
Measles  
Snowstorms  
Talking girls  
Shaving

GRADE XI

ZELMA  
MARY  
NORA  
RON  
DUNNY  
FLORENCE S.  
MARGUERITE  
COREEN  
BETTY

No summer furlough  
Missing school  
Taking care of Junior  
Literature assignments  
Work of any kind  
English grammar  
Kid sister  
Exam week  
Waiting ???

GRADE XII

FERN  
MYRNA W.  
MADELEINE  
BLAINE

School  
Poetry that won't scan  
Ushering  
Mathematics

TEACHERS

MR. BERGEN  
MISS HOWELKO

Grade IX  
Rainy weekends

# CAN YOU IMAGINE?

<u>GRADE IX</u>	Allan Warren Jackie Ross Duncan Myrna I. Annette Shirley Jocelyn Johnny Elaine H.	At school a whole week Without a brushcut Not a Jerry Lewis Not teasing Doing Maths correctly Without a papoose haircut Not looking for a pair of pants Delivering papers alone Missing Sunday School Passing Gr. IX Not working at the Hotel
<u>GRADE X</u>	Elaine E. Marjorie Donna Margaret David George Florence Mc.	Not talking Quitting Walt Being nice to David Not working in school Without his mustache Bringing tea for dinner Looking at the clock after a dance
<u>GRADE XI</u>	Mary Zelma Coreen Nora Betty Florence S. Marguerite Ron Dunny	Failing in anything Not writing love letters Speaking Icelandic Remembering her lunch-kit Getting home by five after school Listening to the Hit Parade Typing a whole line correctly Sitting in the front row at the show Walking fast
<u>GRADE XII</u>	Myrna W. Fern Madeleine Blaine	Being a cranky school teacher Not being athletic Getting lost in a hospital Not doing experiments
<u>TEACHERS</u>	Miss Howelko Mr. Bergen	Getting along with David Not expressing his opinion
<u>GENERAL</u>	Grade IX Grade X Grade XI Grade XII	Not staying in Understanding their Algebra All passing in Chemistry(it happened) Not having their Fri. P.M. coffee

## THE YEAR'S ACTIVITIES IN A RURAL SCHOOL

### HOLA SCHOOL REPORT

The activities of Hola School were varied.

At the beginning of this term we joined the Junior Red Cross. Collection was taken every two weeks.

Last winter we made puppets. We dressed them in costumes for a puppet theatre. The trustees of the school were very helpful by making us a puppet theatre for the concert.

We joined the Audubon Bird Society. We made a feed rack for the birds and hung strips of suet in the trees to attract them. We are making birdhouses; also an electric bird namer.

Vases were covered with brightly coloured paper cut into many small pieces. The edges were painted and then a coat of shellac finished the project.

With the help of our parents and trustees we made a curling rink at our school. The curling rocks were made of cement in jam tins.

This winter we started making charts on Health, Science, and Social Studies. Some were painted and others were outlined in Indian Ink. A rack was made and we hung them on it.

The pupils entertained their parents by an Icelandic film in the school one night. A social evening with lunch followed.

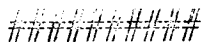
Last winter we started a collection of animal skulls for Science- coyotes, foxes, rabbits, muskrats, deer, badgers, and a mouse. We have them in a glass-covered box.

We entered the Department of Education Library Contest. Our efforts were rewarded by one of us receiving a prize- a book, "Wild Horses of Rainrock", also a recording book.

We listened Cornation broadcasts on the radio, and are compiling a scrapbook of the Queen.

For Mother's Day we made plaster-of-paris plaques, using coloured flowers for the front.

We are working on our flower garden now.



### WELSH SCHOOL REPORT

August 28- Everyone was hurting up his lunch kits and books, for this was the first day of school. The first couple of days were spent getting used to the school routine again.

A Junior Red Cross was organized and meetings were held every two weeks.

Sometime in September we received Mr. Lockhart's visit to which we all looked forward.

Thanksgiving and Teacher's Convention were holidays, and then came the first exams.

October 31- A Halloween Party was held with all the pre-school children invited. Games were played and lunch was served.

Continued---

November 11- A short programme was held at the school and the afternoon was a holiday.

Towards the end of November plans were started for the annual school concert. The first couple of weeks in December were busy with exams and practising.

December 18- Finally the big night arrived. Our chairman was Rev. E. Johnston who added a great deal to the programme by his remarks.

February 14- A party was held with pre-school children invited. Valentines were passed out and lunch was served.

February 20- A whist drive was held and proceeds were given to the Red Cross. A bouquet of flowers and an angel cake was raffled. The sum of \$17.26 was raised.

Easter exams and then Easter holidays in which we all had a rest and enjoyed the arrival of spring.

Arbor Day- We gave the school and school yard the yearly cleaning. After that we enjoyed a weiner roast.

We are planning a programme for Coronation and we will unveil the picture of the Queen which we received from the Department of Education.

Towards the end of June everyone will be busy studying and hoping to pass with honours---and then will come holidays.

Best wishes to the Graduates.

From the Pupils of Welsh School.

-----  
Duncan- (showing art picture)- It's a new idea of mine- I got that effect by rubbing out.

Miss Howelko- The idea was good but it's a pity you didn't carry it further.

-----  
Boy- I never saw such dreamy eyes.

Girl- You never stayed so late.

-----  
COWBOY: "What kind of saddle do you want?-- one with a horn or one without?"

DUDE: "Without, I guess. There doesn't seem to be much traffic on these prairies."

-----  
BURGLAR: "Get ready to die. I'm going to shoot you."

Victim; "Why?"

Burglar: "I've always said I'd shoot anyone who looked like me."

Victim; "Do I look like you?"

Burglar: "Yes."

Victim; "Then shoot."

-----

# OUR IDEALS

## GIRLS

HAIR - - - - - MYRNA I.  
 HANDS - - - - - MARGUERITE  
 BRAINS - - - - - MARY  
 CLOTHES - - - - - DONNA  
 FIGURE - - - - - SHIRLEY  
 LEGS - - - - - MADELEINE  
 EYES - - - - - MYRNA W.  
 SMILE - - - - - ELAINE H.  
 TEETH - - - - - FLORENCE S.  
 LAUGH - - - - - ANNETTE  
 ATHLETICS - - - - - FERN  
 COMPLEXION - - - - - BETTY  
 BEST LINE - - - - - ZELMA  
 DISPOSITION - - - - - CORNEEN  
 SINCERITY - - - - - JOCELYN  
 BLUSH - - - - - FLORENCE M.  
 WIT & HUMOUR - - - - - MARJORIE  
 SHYNESS - - - - - MARGARET  
 VOICE - - - - - ELAINE B.  
 TARDINESS - - - - - NCRA  
 TEMPER - - - - - MISS HOWELKO



## BOYS

HAIR - - - - - WARREN  
 HANDS - - - - - DUNCAN  
 BRAINS - - - - - JACK  
 CLOTHES - - - - - DUNNY  
 FIGURE - - - - - DAVID  
 LEGS - - - - - ALLAN  
 EYES - - - - - GEORGE  
 SMILE - - - - - JOHNNY  
 TEETH - - - - - ROSS  
 LAUGH - - - - - BLAINE  
 ATHLETICS - - - - - RON  
 BEST LINE - - - - - MR. BERGEN





# OUR KOMIX



NAME

COMICS

Shirley Stephen  
 Ron Kirbyson  
 Annette Cahill  
 Jocelyn Burton  
 Ross Forbes  
 Jackie Van Den Bossche  
 Marjorie Anderson  
 Elaine Breault  
 Donna Dearsley  
 David Holmes  
 George Hanna  
 Florence McTavish  
 Blaine Grundy  
 Nora Woodworth  
 Dunny Maggnusson  
 Madeleine Vickers  
 Duncan Charette  
 Warren Gillies  
 Myrna Isberg  
 Johnny Bannerman  
 Allan Ward  
 Coreen Scott  
 Marguerite Christopherson  
 Mary Van Den Bossche  
 Florence Stilwell  
 Betty Hiscock  
**Zelma Cooper**  
 Myrna Wray  
 Fern Bottrell  
 Margaret Preston  
 Miss Howelko  
 Mr. Bergen

Daisy Mae  
 L'il Abner  
 Wolf Gal  
 Olive Oyl  
 Popeye  
 Dennis the Menace  
 Teena  
 Pipsy  
 Blondie  
 Dagwood  
 Horace  
 Dottie  
 Lord Plushbottom  
 Lady Plushbottom  
 Superman  
 Lois Lane  
 Jughead  
 Archie  
 Veronica  
 Smitty  
 Denny Dimwitt  
 Myrtle  
 Dale Evans  
 Scarlet O'Neil  
 Tilly the Toiler  
**Kitty**  
**Little Lulu**  
 Little Iodine  
 Minnie Mouse  
 Jane Arden  
 Cookie  
 Alexander



# Literary

## A LAKE SCENE

The sun was slowly sinking behind a purple, snow-capped mountain; nearby, the serene water of the lake seemed almost stagnant while cold, blue water tumbled over the well-worn rocks of the waterfall and then sped away to an unknown destination.

An owl slowly flittered across the colour-streaked sky and settled in the branches of the weeping-willow beside the waterfall. The ancient plant leaned towards the falls as if it wanted to follow the stream and desert its lonely existence. A gentle breeze murmured between the trees as a quiet mist moved off the lake and drifted over the countryside. The owl moved across the sky once more and came to rest in a tree on the other side of the falls. The soft clouds began to darken and gradually blotted out the sun; the voice of the wind became deeper and stronger. The black clouds became heavy and the wind tore mercilessly at the surroundings; huge white caps beat the shore. Suddenly, the lightning flashed, thunder rolled, and torrents of water fell to the earth. The scene of peace and tranquility was now a scene of wind, rain, and darkness.

Ron Kirbyson

## The Park After A Wet Clinging Snow

A world of white glimmered in the radiant rays of a new sunrise. The park lay very silent, as though its heavy coat of clinging white snow was keeping it from expressing its own views. The towering pines, the park's crowning beauties, proudly adorned in a new suit of hoarfrost, a tribute to last night's frost and snow. The benches stood patiently burdened under a blanket of white. Here the pond which was so cool and refreshing in the summer was now a frozen mass lying quiet and unmoving, hidden under the new coverlet. But not all was motionless. In and out among the high pines and stunted bushes flittered a few drab sparrows, loudly acclaiming the park's new-found loveliness. Suddenly, life came to this still kingdom. That great master of the heavens, the sun, broke upon the scene with all its shining glory. The sun's glistening rays were mirrored on the new fallen snow. The park became alive. The sparrows chirped more loudly than ever, dogs howled, carhorns tooted, and people scurried about. The spell was broken.

Mary Van Den Bossche



## MY FIRST DANCE

The big night had finally arrived---I was going to my first dance. All week had been a turmoil and people were saying "Going to a dance at her age, Why, it's scandalous!" I was thirteen and quite grown up--so at least I thought.

I had hoped to get a new pair of shoes for the dance and I believe I got more than I bargained for. My Dad had bought a pair of WAC shoes for Mum to do chores in. Unfortunately they did not fit her and they did fit me. Therefore I inherited the twenty inch long and two inch wide monstrosities. They came complete with black overshoes to match.

Someone conceived the idea that I should wear those new shoes to the dance. Nothing I could protest would change her mind. Just then some joker said, "Those shoes just fit your feet and should last you a good long time." That person certainly knew what he was saying because those shoes are still as good as ever---no matter what I do, rain or shine, they never will wear out.

My complete costume was ; a short pleated plaid skirt, a white shirtwaist blouse, long cotton stockings, my "new shoes" and a black coat similar to the one my friend owned and which we had termed "our funeral coats."

My friend and I went to the dance together. Several butterflies romped in our stomachs as we entered the front hall door. We finally paid our admission and made our way to the dressing room but not before I had stumbled over a box.

The music had started. "We must get out on the floor and dance. That's what we came for," I thought. So we ventured to the floor. My friend had had some instruction in the art of dancing before, but unfortunately I had not. How graceful we must have looked "side-stepping" around the floor! "Why," I thought, "Don't the other people watch where they are going?" when we just received a blow in the ear from a dancers elbow.

The next dance was a moonlight waltz. I wondered if that handsome young man with the grey pants and leather jacket would ask me to dance. But Oh, no---along came a quaint-looking character with a big nose and buck teeth. I had been told to dance with everyone who asked me, so I got up. I saw he was as much of an amateur as I was. Finally he said to me, "I think we had better sit down, I see you don't know the new step." "No," I mumbled, "I guess I don't," but really I thought he didn't either.

Finally the orchestra played, "God Save The King" which meant the glorious evening had ended. What an evening it was----I will never forget it.

Myrna Wray.

## FATHER MINDS THE BABY

Very bravely and confidently he said, "You go ahead, mother, and enjoy yourself. I'll look after the wee bairn until you return." So with a parting, "She should have her bed-time bottle any time now," and a few well founded qualms, mother toddled off for her evening of gossip and other such female revelry.

An optimistic estimate placed her as bearing down on the intersection half a block away at the time of the first of a series of infant howls began issuing, in a manner that brooked no inattention, from the respiratory and vocal system of the supposedly sleeping babe. Calmly laying down his latest Perry Mason, checking the furnace, the supply of three-cornered mystifiers, safety pins and the stock of liquid refreshments commonly known as FORMULA, and then methodically and with the cool deliberation of a surgeon about to incise (or whatever they do to make an incision) father puffed appreciatively at what might be the last cigarette of the evening, rolled his sleeves and set about the anti-noise campaign before him.

A fleeting glance seemed to indicate discomfort in three regions of the diminutive anatomy, to wit, the central area and the terminal extremities. Flipping a three-sided coin he carried for just such emergencies, father settled on starting procedures by remedying the status quo in the nether regions. It might be added here that the man has since learned to reconize the futility of attention in this theatre until all other territories have been properly administered.

Now, technically, the 'changing of the flannel' is a simple process involving the removal of and replacement of some four safety-pins, interrupted at the mid-point by the flip-out-flip-in of the previously mentioned flannel. This is in line of a time-motion study of the operation. In actual practice it is much more likely to be interrupted by a good many other things, such as the front door bell, the loss of the left sock, the back door bell, the loss of the right sock, the telephone bell, and the loss of both socks in any order, and possibly the wetting of one or more replacement flannels.

Much, much later a rapidly tiring father betook himself to the kitchen, efficiently selected the bottle containing the Pabulum mixture that earlier in the day had failed to pass through the nipple, warmed it to more than the boiling point, cooled and reheated it to a very approximate approximation to wrist temperature, (this man was by this time no mere amateur). Only then did he discover the Pabulum obstruction. He repeated the heating-cooling process with a solution of SMA in aqua pura, and with the babe in arms, bottle in one hand, and a fresh didy in the other began OPERATION FLASK whilst walking three miles, to the detriment of the living room linoleum. Tentatively, he exhaled, through a handkerchief. How sweet! The little dear was actually sleeping.

(Con't.)

After depositing the bundle in its cot (for the night?) and tippy-toeing down to his favorite easy chair, father once more returned to his book and resumed his sleuthing. Fifteen and a half lines later, just when Mr. Mason was about to arrest the butler, a lusty shout from the nursery announced the result of whole-hearted and complete disagreement between the baby's gastronomical tract and the food so recently placed therein. A hurried investigation revealed the fact that a miniature eruption of Vesuvius, in which curdled milk and digestive juices played the role of lava, had occurred. This called for the bathing of all parts above the solar plexus and the changing of all garments of that region as well as those below which seem utterly unable to withstand a crisis of any sort.

Now, such an operation with all its attendant applications of oil, talcum and what-not may be considered to be about as comparable to the changing of a diaper, as the erection of the Eiffel Tower is comparable to the throwing up of a mole-hill. Actually, father lost no time at all-- he fully utilized the entire hour and three-quarters at his disposal. He finally gave up the idea of putting the youngster to sleep and sat down. He is still not sure whether his dominant emotion was one of elation or of mortification when shortly thereafter he heard sounds indicative of infant happiness.

As if by pre-arrangement, This was the moment mother chose for her return to the domicile. As she entered to the cooing, gurgling and general ebullient noises of a happy infant, she asked about the health of her husband and child, while he, summoning every bit of reserve strength within him responded cheerfully enough, "Are you back already? We hardly knew you were gone-- we had such a wonderful time." So saying he fell to the floor in a dead faint.

C. Bergen.

Acknowledgement: To Valerie Bergen, without whom the above would have been without any factual source material.

~~~~~

Mr. Bergen-"When we speak of the Seven seas let's be specific"  
Donna-"Okay, teacher, you be specific and I'll be Atlantic."

-----

Mr. Anderson-"What is the head of an Indian tribe called?"

Marjorie-"The chief."

Mr. Anderson-"What is his daughter called?"

Marjorie-"Mischief."



It is indeed a great pleasure to address you tonight and to express the sentiments of the Graduating class. Therefore I would like to thank my classmates for having given me the privilege.

This night marks a turning point in our lives. We are going from under the protective wing of our homes and our teachers out into the rugged world. Soon we will become fully fledged members of the school of Life, where every day is an examination and where no professor awards kindly criticism.

On a night such as this, our thoughts cannot help but turn to the past---the first day of school, the concerts, the festivals, the canteens, the ball games, the initiations, and always those June exams. Even as we think of the past our minds are turned to the future---a future which lies before us in all it's splendid glory. A future which is ours to use as we see fit.

To our teachers we must express our most sincere thanks. You have always given us your help and your sympathy when it was needed. Your untiring efforts have certainly helped to prepare us for the future. On leaving Baldur School we do not say good-bye to you in any final sense and we extend to you our best wishes for your future welfare. Through your inspiration we can say:

"Life has not been wholly vain,  
And now we bear  
Of wisdom, plucked from joy and pain,  
Some slender share."

To my fellow classmates I wish every success in the future. May your lives be long and full of happiness. To the smaller children I offer encouragement. So often in the lower grades you wonder if all these years at school are really worth it and if you will ever reach the top. As we near the end of our school days we realize the battle really was worth it. You must always remember there is room up there at the top for you.

Our time together is now narrowed down to only a few weeks---a few weeks which will seem like only a few days. Then it will be time for us to say good-bye to our school days and our school friends and say hello to the world in which each of us will go his or her own way. As we part may we always try----

PROGRAMME

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF BALDUR HIGH SCHOOL

FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1953  
IN THE  
BALDUR MEMORIAL HALL

O CANADA

|                                               |                     |
|-----------------------------------------------|---------------------|
| INVOCATION                                    | REV. E. P. JOHNSTON |
| CHAIRMAN'S REMARKS                            | REV. E. P. JOHNSTON |
| SCLO                                          | FERN BOTTRELL       |
| PRINCIPAL'S REMARKS                           | MR. C. BERGEN       |
| CONFERRING OF CERTIFICATES AND SPECIAL AWARDS |                     |
| GREETINGS FROM SCHOOL BOARD                   | MR. W. BURTON       |
| CHOIR                                         | GRADES VII & VIII   |
| VALEDICTORY                                   | MYRNA WRAY          |
| ADDRESS                                       | MR. N. P. ZACOUR    |
| CLOSING REMARKS                               | CHAIRMAN            |

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

PROGRAMME STARTS AT 8:00 p.m.

GRADUATION DANCE AT 10:00 p.m.

# '53 GRADS

## GRADE XI

MARGUERITE CORINNE CHRISTOPHERSON  
ZELMA FERN COOPER  
ELIZABETH ELAINE HISCOCK  
RONALD CRAWFORD KIRBYSON  
COREEN MAITLAND SCOTT  
FLORENCE ANN STILWELL  
MARY THERESA VAN DEN BOSSCHE  
NORA JEAN WOODWORTH

## GRADE XII

EDITH FERN BOTTRELL  
BLAINE GILBERT GRUNDY  
FRANCES MADELEINE VICKERS  
MYRNA EILEEN WRAY

# POST-GRADUATES

DONNA CHRISTOPHERSON..... WORKING IN THE BANK  
ROBERT GORDEN.....R. C. A. F.  
ERLA HELGASON...HOME ECONMICS AT UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA  
MARJORIE JOHNSON..... WITH MANITOBA TELEPHONE SYSTEM  
GLADYS LUNDGREN..... WORKING IN THE BANK  
JANET VICKERS.....COVALESCING FROM A SERIOUS OPERATION

L L I O G R L I L S

Henry Bannerman

Nora Woodworth

Florence Stilwell

Margaret Preston

Blaine Blaine Breault

Blaine Blaine Grundy

Cross Forbes

McLarich

myrna Labry

Fern

Green Scott  
Gonna <sup>Jack V.</sup>

Blaine Gearson  
Madeline Hamer

Myrna Vickus

Wray Wray  
Wray Gillis

Van den Bessche

George W. Hanna

Bettrell

Betty

Hiscock

W. K. Anderson

Margaret

Christopherson

Florence

Danny Magnusson

Ron Kuhlsson

Dave Holmes

Duncan Charette

G. Bergen

Zelma Cooper

Annette Leahie

J. Nowelka

Joelynn Burton

Shirley Stephen