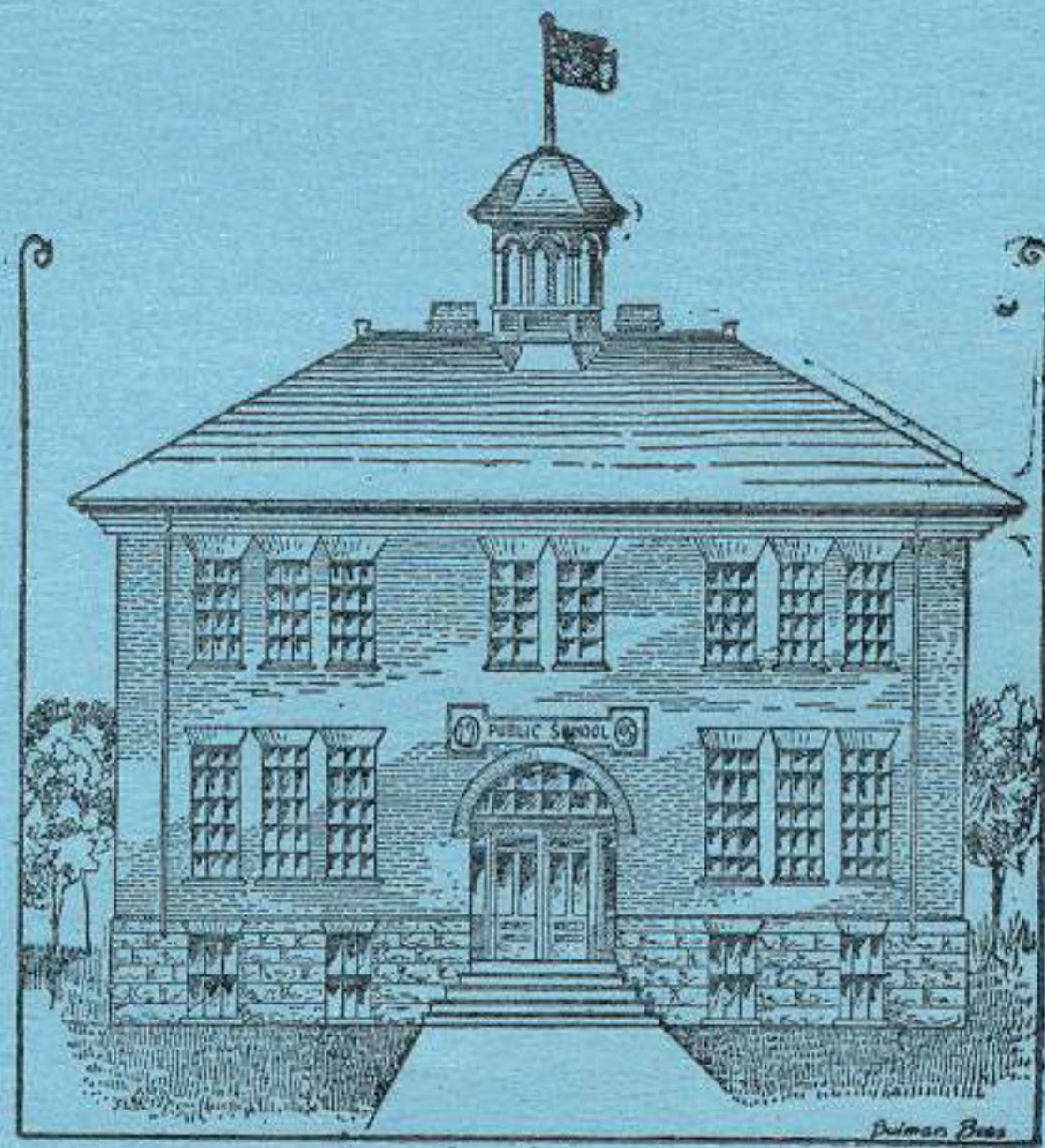


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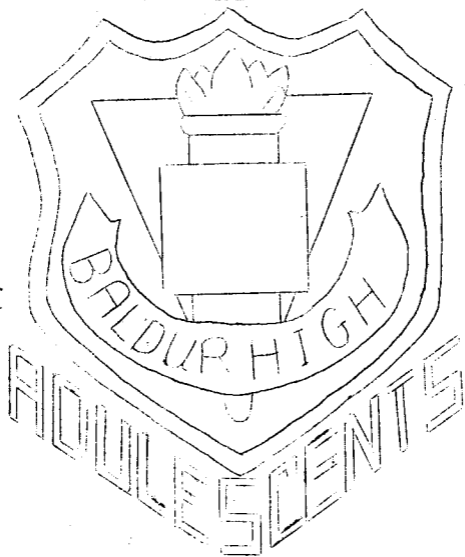
Baldur High School

YEAR BOOK

1955

1954-55

VOX



"The Voice of Youth"

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Editorial

Another year, another year book - a book of rhymes, saws and sayings, and infinite characterizations of the students of Baldur High. To an outsider, some of this may be a bit inane, somewhat absurd, or a little "corny". We don't pretend that it is otherwise but our yearbook fulfills a special purpose for us; and for all who take an interest in it - it represents the spirit of high school, the fun, the friendships, not to mention the frustrations. It represents that spirit which makes us look back on these years as the happiest of our lives (as we are told we will). Our year book is representative not only of us but of our youth and fellowship as we progress from a stage of a little knowledge to a stage of a little more knowledge.

So, even if we lose a few pounds in trying to make the deadline, or if we obtain a few bald spots from clutching our hair over some immediate frustration, we feel that it is all worthwhile because we are recording something - though few will admit it - very precious to all of us.

Elaine Breault.
Editor.

THE YEAR BOOK STAFF

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Vice-president Dorothy Christopherson
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Gr. X Representative Rodney Playfair
Gr. XI & XII Representative Jack Van Den Bossche
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 Mr. C. Bergen, B. Sc., Principal

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Members Mr. H. Woodworth
 Mr. H. Lockerby
 Mr. G. Gilbert
 Mr. R. C. Atkins



PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

When the end of the year is as close at hand as at the present time, a teacher can never quite completely occupy himself with thoughts of the coming vacation. Thoughts of the swift parade of Time and of students may frequently come unbidden and one finds oneself reminiscing nostalgically on the past hours, so full with living, remembering too late the many neglected opportunities and intentions, and sometimes dreaming, misty eyed, of the wonders that will be achieved by the members of this year's classes. And don't doubt for a minute that you will accomplish marvels. What you have done to date is good, but the responsibility rests with you to do even better, for from your midst will be chosen the shapers of this country's future. I, for my part, have no doubt that we have with us the makings of leaders in all fields. It remains for you to see your duty to your fellow-man, your country, and your God and to perform that duty with resolution and fortitude.



ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

"There is a beauty at the goal of life", said a wise poet, and as we look back at the beginnings of our lives and assess our accomplishments we ask ourselves, "Have we progressed nearer our goal?" If we have progressed, then our school activities have enriched our lives, and if we have attuned our spirits so as to never really lose sight of our goal then we have not been merely learning to live but we have truly lived.

For some of you, June will mark the end of a definite period in your lives as you look ahead to new beginnings. We urge you to constantly keep your goal in mind and since you have freedom to choose your course, may we commend that you choose that course which will bring "a beauty at the goal". This is the only truth worth striving for.



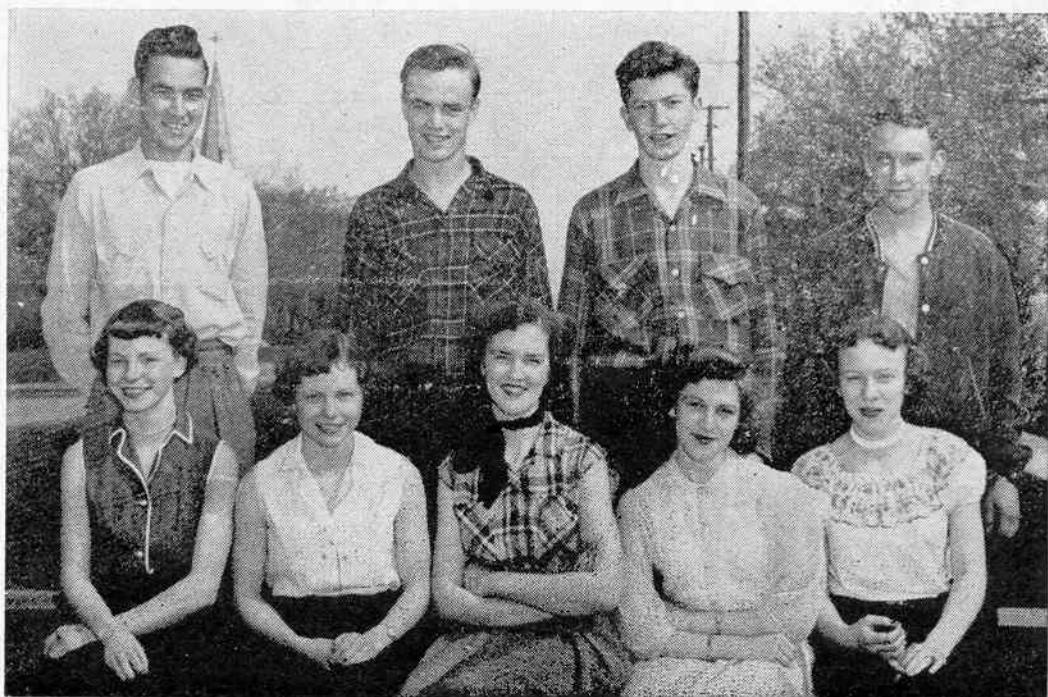
Grade IX and X



Grade XI and XII



The Teaching Staff



The Student Council

Every year when new-comers enter high school, a welcoming committee composed of tens, elevens, and twelves greets them by giving each a slip of paper.

My costume wasn't very complicated. It could have been easier; and yet it could also have been worse. I wore a shirt buttoned down the back, one shoe, and one rubber. To complicate my walking, I wore a sugar sack, which was so tight around my legs, that I had to lift it up to my knees in order to walk. I had my hair in braids, tied with colored ribbons. My face was a sorry looking mess! Dots speckled my nose and cheeks, and a big red "F" backwards on my forehead, made the dots stick out more than ever. Maybe it's wrong to think one would get pity from one's parents: I didn't! They sat laughing at me: their faces red, and most likely their sides aching.

The day, Friday, October 17, 1954, was quite a day. We had to be very polite to our "elders". The Grade Tens were called "Master", the Elevens "Your Majesty", the Twelves "Your Royal Highness". We also had to carry their books and do anything they asked of us.

That afternoon about 3:00 P.M. we walked up town. I could see grown-ups, and children, who hadn't yet started school, cover their mouths with their hands and snicker. A few fingers would point out, and the children who were getting a "kick" out of it all would say "Oh look at her! Isn't she funny? Ha ha!"

Each one of us had a job to do. Mine seemed sort of funny. I had to borrow a broom from one of the stores on main street, sweep the sidewalk in front; and return the broom and say pleasantly, "Thankyou very much for the use of your broom". I must say that some of the store keepers thought I was crazy.

That night we gathered in the Legion Hall for the final episode of the day. While waiting my turn I could hear the other girl initiate screaming. One of the high school boys asked me, "What are you shaking about, Mary?" I just sat there shaking like a leaf in a wind storm. Every once in a while my teeth would meet and chatter. Finally my turn came. They blind-folded me and took me in. First I had to put my hands into the brains of an initiate who hadn't quite made the grade. Next I had to kiss a piece of paper three times. Something was funny about that but I did it and on the third kiss the paper was removed and my face landed in a pan of water. The meanest trick was when I had to balance a penny on my forehead while some girls inserted a funnel in my skirt.

(continued)

Surely enough, they poured water into the funnel! The last thing to be done before I could enjoy myself by dancing and eating was to drink a concoction made of tea and salt. It wasn't the nicest beverage I ever tasted.

Although I felt quite comfortable wearing these clothes, especially the sack because it "itched", I didn't mind that because it was all in fun. So, when you enter Grade IX you'll most likely be met by the same kind of committee as I.

Mary Holmes (Grade IX)

S O C I A L

The social life of this term got under on September 24th, with the election of the Student Council Officers and a wiener roast on Dearsley's hill to celebrate the results.

Our next social gathering was the 'Initiation Party', held in the Legion Hall, on October 15th, in honour of one initiate, who inspite of the tortures they persevered, managed to live! the night. After the shananigans, the rest of the evening was spent dancing, after which lunch was served.

The High School Dance was held November 10th, with the Gardnier Orchestra in attendance. A fairly large crowd was present to enjoy the evening dancing. All the work and management was done by the students themselves.

On December 23rd, the High School and Young People's united for carolling session to the shut-ins of the town. After which we congregated in the Legion Hall for a Christmas Party to which Santa Claus came.

Since Christmas there have not been any social activities due to mumps, flu, and studies. The next big event is our Commencement Exercises and a dance on May 27th. After which we shall all have to study in earnest to make the grade in June.

Margaret McTavish, (Grade XI)

Mother: Were you a good boy at school today?

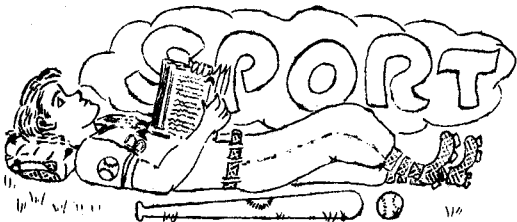
Son: I certainly was. How much trouble can you cause if you're standing in a corner?

X X X X X X X X X

Mr. Bergen: (rapping on desk): Order!

Entire Class: Coke.

X X X X X X X X X



Last fall the students of Baldur High participated in practically no sports whatsoever as a group. The only exception was the boys playing rugby at recesses and noon hours. Beginning in early October we engaged in these fifteen minute "grudge battles" in which tempers flared and fists were often flying. This was carried on until the end of December. It had appeared that Baldur High was not very sports-minded as a whole but the end of November saw the Senior Badminton Club organized and decided to let the High School play badminton on Tuesdays from 6 p.m. until 8 p.m. We are very grateful to the Senior Club who have done this for us. This year enrollments seemed tremendously enthusiastic in badminton over previous years. In one night as many as seventeen played, which is over half the High School. Although nobody became outstanding at the game, the participants had a great deal of fun. While waiting their turn to play, many played cards while others sat sulking over a serious loss.

About mid-January the curling fever hit the High School like a bomb. Four rinks and a curling schedule were quickly organized. These rinks were skipped by Florence McTavish, Elaine Breault, Ross Forbes, and Alan Dearsley. On January 12, the annual High School Bonspiel was held. Eight rinks entered and each had three games. The rink masterminded by Bob Scott won the top laurels. Many promising prize winning curlers were developed, and it is hoped that at least four of them will take part in the Manitoba High School Bonspiel next December. Who knows - we may have a champion.

This spring, softball has dominated in the sports department, but it is becoming difficult to keep the boys supplied with balls and bats. The girls play their own type of softball on their own diamond. I guess they get more hits that way than playing amongst the boys. We only hope that they do not repeat their circus act of playing softball against more athletic girls of other towns and get trounced by a score of so of runs. Of course we boys are always happy to see the girls from other towns come.

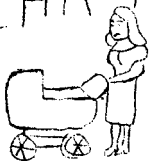
At any rate the sports of our high school has not been entirely dull.

Warren Gillies.
Sports Rep.

OUR CHARACTERS

<u>NAME</u>	<u>PET SAYING</u>	<u>LAST SEEN</u>
<u>GRADE IX</u>		
NORMAN	"CENSORED!"	AT THE HARDWARE
CLIFFORD	WHO'S GONNA MAKE ME	IN HISCOCK'S CAR
EMILY	SMART!	ON A MOTORCYCLE
ELEANOR	HA!	IN THE BACKSEAT
MYRNA	TIDDELY	GREENWAY AT EASTER
BOB	WHAT'S IT TO YOU	COMING IN LATE
MARY H.	AREN'T YOU GLAD TO SEE ME?	TEASING ROSS
MARY S.	I MUST HURRY	DOING HOMEWORK
CHRISTINE	THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK	DRAWING PICTURES
LEWIS	AW HECK	KILLING FLIES
LLOYD	AW SHUT UP	AT THE POOL ELEVATOR
JOHNNY	SERVES YOU RIGHT	IN GRADE VI
RAYMOND	YA DON'T SAY	BY THE CREEK
<u>GRADE X</u>		
PAT	EH? ELAINE	LEAVING THINGS AT HOME
ALEDA	THE DODGERS WON	COVERED WITH CHALK
TED	HOLY BUTCHERS	THANKING AD AMONIUS
DOROTHY	I WAS NOT!	CHASING A REDHEAD
ALAN	YOU THINK SO AYE?	WARRENER'S CORNER
ALBERT	I DON'T BLUSH	CHASING A NEW GIRL
TOOTS	REALLY!	CHASING???
RODNEY	YOU DON'T KNOW DO YOU	AT THE BAKESHOP
GERMAINE	THAT'S ALL RIGHT	AT "BREAULTS"
<u>GRADE XI</u>		
JACK	THAT MAKES 2 OF US	IN THE GRAVEYARD
MARGARET M.	OH NO!	THERE TOO.
WARREN	MIGHT AS WELL FOR ALL	WRITING HIS EXPERIMENTS
	THE TIME IT TAKES	
JCELYN	FOR PETE'S SAKE	PRACTICING
ROSS	OH? I DUNNO	IN THE POOLROOM
<u>GRADE XII</u>		
FLORENCE	BULLY FOR OUR SIDE	AT THE POST OFFICE
MARGARET P.	I CAN'T BE BOTHERED	HANDING IN ASSIGNMENTS
ELAINE	IT'S A GREAT LIFE IF	AT THE CO:OP
	YOU DON'T WEAKEN	
<u>TEACHERS</u>		
MISS HOWELKO	I'M NOT PAID TO BABYSIT!	POLISHING HER RING
MR. BERGEN	CHALK ONE UP FOR OUR SIDE	IN THE DARKROOM

20 YEAR PROPHECY



This is the year 1975. My how time has flown. Why it seems only yesterday that the class of '54-'55 planned a reunion in twenty years. Time is beginning to show on myself, I have grayed considerably and am putting up a fierce battle against wrinkles.

As I have had to come along distance, I am late in getting to the banquet room where the luncheon is to be held.

As I enter the room I see the usual class divisions; the executive type grouped together, the farmers in another group and the professionals in another gathering hob-nobbing.

In the executive group I recognize ROSS now an executive in Monarch Lumber Co. Beside him is WARREN, the newly elected president of the "Gillies & Warren Locker Co. Lt'd". Both these men have acquired wives and children. Also in this group is MR. BERGEN minding one of his grand children and still explaining to the other children how to find the Specific Gravity of a liquid. JACK is chatting with this group. He has long since married my sister MARGARET M. and has become a successful under taker. RODNEY and his wife EMILY have become launched on a baking career together and he is now owner of the "Baldur Playfair Bakery". RAYMOND, who is also here, has become an official in the direction of Icelandic Foreign Affairs.

In another corner of the room I see my old friend ELAINE, who has become a successful journalist and in the attempt has attained a journalist husband. MARGARET P. is talking to her, she is now a Home Economist, who works for the government. I see also CHRISTINE another Home Economist, who has become a Mrs. Lyle _____ and now runs her own home instead of others.

Now I see a group of woe begone faces. This must be the teachers discussing discipline problems. I joined this group because I was once a sufferer in this same cause. In this gathering I recognize ALEDA now a Professor of History at the University of Paris. MARY S. another High School teacher in a Winnipeg school. TOOTS who has long since abandoned this profession and now has her own discipline problems. There is GERMAINE in this gathering who is still teaching Glenora school but is married to a farmer now. PAT is seen here, she has also left the teaching profession to become a flying instructor with the R.C.A.F. And last but not least is MISS HOWELKO one of the greatest teachers. She has vacated the profession but still can pass on advice to us as students.

(continued)

In another gathering I see TED, a successful farmer, and his wife ELEANOR. There is ALAN who farms quite close to Ted, but Alan lets his sons do the work. ALBERT has become manager of the "Balduur Garbage Disposal" unit, along with CLIFFORD who drives the trucks. JOHNNY is a farmer but is considering giving it up to study girls' problems. LLYOD has become a farmer and is interested in Calf Clubs but now his sons show the calves. LEWIS has become a fertilizer salesman.

I see BOBBY and NORMAN conversing on how science has helped the clothing wear business.

In the next group I see the "medical corps", consisting of JOCELYN now a doctor of husbandry. MYRNA, who was a nurse is now a farmer's wife. DOROTHY, once a very skilled nurse especially where men were concerned, has become a doctor's wife and has left the profession.

My how things have changed! I knew I was getting old but never realized how old until now.

Florence McTavish

Emily: My father takes things apart to see why they don't go.

Rodney: So what?

Emily: So you'd better go.

x x x x x x x x

Mr. Bergen: What is a vacuum?

Lewis: I have it in my head, but I can't explain it.

x x x x x x x x

MR. GULLIES' LAMENT

"Where is my wandering boy tonight?

I wonder near or far?"

I anxiously ponder and add,

"And, also, where's the car?"

x x x x x x x x

Rub-a-dub-dub

Three men in a tub

Drat these crowded hotels!

x x x x x x x x

Miss Howelko: You can't sleep in my class.

Johnny: I could if you didn't talk so loud.

x x x x x x x x

U S I N R R H Y M E

Grade IX

Lewis Dalman

Lewis finds his lessons tough,
Cause he doesn't study nough,
Of course he always does get by
Because he hails from Baldur High

Lloyd Dearsley

Lloyd is a student of Baldur High
Every morning he'd like to pass it by
His ambition is to farm some land
And to haul to the Pool would be just grand.

Eleanor Gillies

Eleanor is a grade nine flame
Commonly known as Teddie's dame
At square dancing she's in a whirl
And we really think she's quite a girl.

Norman Guilbert

In Norman's class
He's quite a splash
With the girls at Glenboro
He's quite a smash!

Christine Helgason

Christine. our Nordic Queen
Eyes so true of deepest blue,
Very shy, but we don't know why
All the men make her blue, do you?

Mary Holmes

Mary is a grade nine doll
On her the boys do call
Some are short, some are tall
Who take her out to every ball.

Emily Jansen

Emily's near the top in school
In her work she is no fool
But she really shines the most
When Rodney Playfair is her host.

(continued)

Johnny Oliver

Johnny Oliver is no cad
With a grade VI girl he's quite a lad
For breaking windows he is famed
And you just guess who gets blamed.

Clifford Reykdal

Cliffy is a little brat
We always wonder what he's at
He likes to make the teachers mad
But he really isn't so very bad.

Myrna Scott

Myrna, as every one knows
Has lots of fun wherever she goes
She likes to talk and dance and curl
And sits all day and dreams of Earl.

Bob Scott

Bobby is an all round guy
The grade nine work he does try
The girls with curls he loves to tease
But a certain blonde he loves to squeeze.

Raymond Skardal

Ray is a grade miner who trys his best
In class to pass the test.
To the girls with snowballs, he's a pest
But to Baldur High, he gives added zest.

Mary Stilwell

Mary Stilwell's a joy to teach
Her singing ability is hard to reach
In art, also, she does excell
Whatever she does, she does it well
She's got a zest that's hard to beat
With courage every challenge she does meet.

Grade X

Patricia Breault

Patsy has a clever head
Is it because her hair is red?
She always come to school so bright
I wonder what time she gets in at night.

Dorothy Christopherson

Dorothy C. is quite a girl
A certain red-head makes her whirl
But when she wants him for a date
He never comes, or is always late.

(continued)

Alan Dearsley

Alan Dearsley, Grade Ten! Hurray!
Is rather witty, so they say
His ambition's to be a farmer; a good one too
Alan! Baldur, in years, should be proud of you.

Ted Dearsley

.....Ted is a tall boy from south a-way
Who would like to square dance every day
Because of a certain red-haired girl
In his arms, he likes to whirl.....

Albert Laberge

Young Albert has come to us out of the West
To any discussion he gives added zest.
If Toots holds her sway, she will not rest
Until she's made Albert another conquest.

Lillian McGill

Lillian McGill, better known as Toots,
For responsibility doesn't give two-hoots.
As for boys, you can bet your boots,
She'll grab one with plenty of loot.

Rodney Playfair

Rodney is a grade ten lad
Who thinks baking quite a fad.
In his truck you will see each day
Rodney whizzing by on his way.

Germaine Wilson

Our happy Franch lass, dark-eyed Gerry
Always with a smile so merry.
Her work in school just isn't 'nough
But we all know she just loves "buff".

Aleda Woodworth

Aleda is a gay young lass
She is the history champ of the class
To school she comes to gain some knowledge
Who knows - Aleda may end up in college.

Grade XI

Jocelyn Burton

Jocelyn is not very stupid
She's hopelessly involved with cupid
And she sure is a foxy decoy
In trying to trap the right boy.

Ross Forbes

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Ducks waddle,
And Ross does too.

(continued)

Warren Gillies

Oh me, oh my,
Warren's a nice guy
But he wonders why
His marks aren't high.
(As you can see, by W.G.)

Margeret McTavish

Margaret is a quiet sort of thing,
Who goes out with a certain boy,
They go on many a midnight fling
And they have many a thrill and joy.

Jack Van Den Bossche

Jackie is a handsome lad
He lives on a farm with his Mom and Dad.
He's brilliant too, expects to pass.
His favourite hobby - a cute Scotch lass.

Grade XII

Elaine Breault

Elaine Breault has many romances
That's why she goes to dances
Where she sometimes sees her Tony
Which makes her think of matrimony.

Florence McTavish

Florence McTavish, a Scotsman true
Always has a smile for you.
For talking in school, she has quite a flair
She and Elaine make quite a pair.

Margaret Preston

Maggie P. from down Greenway-way
In her work so prompt and neat.
When teachers see her they always say,
"Teaching her is such a treat".

Teachers

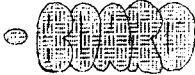
Miss Howelko

Miss Howelko is "on the ball",
Always busy with this or that.
In the greatest game of all-
Did she chase or was she caught?

Mr. Bergen

School days, school days
Is his favourite song.
Although he doesn't go to learn the ways
He goes to pass his learning on.

x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x



NAME

STARRING

Three Brides For Three Cousins: Lloyd Dearsley, Alan Dearsley, Ted Dearsley, Mary Holmes, Eleanor Gillies, and Jeanette Warrenner.

The High and the Mighty: Miss Howelko and Mr. Bergen

The Farmer Takes a Wife: Rodney Playfair and Emily Jansen

Travelogue On Iceland: Johnny Oliver, Christine Helgason, Lewis Dalman, Clifford Reykdal, and Raymond Skardal.

On the Waterfront: Dorothy Christopherson.

Mr. 880 : Warren Gillies (that's the time he gets to school).

Two Weeks With Love: Ross Forbes and Florence McTavish

Can This Be Love: Jocelyn Burton and Norman Guilbert

Story of Three Loves: Aleda Woodworth, Bob, Bob, and Bob

Family Secret: Bobby and Myrna Scott

Bigamist: Albert LaBerge, Germaine Wilson, Dorothy Christopherson, and Lillian McGill.

Ma and Pa Kettle In The Graveyard: Jackie Van Den Bossche and Margaret McTavish.

The Dueling Sisters: Pat and Elaine Breault.

Here Comes The Girls Margaret Preston and Mary Stilwell

x x x x x x x x x

Little fly,
Vinegar jug,
Slippery edges,
Pickled bug.

COVER

LEWIS doing the Mambo
LOYD necking in the show
ELEANOR with short hair
NORMAN skipping Chem. class
CHRISTINE with her glasses on
MARY H. giving her measurements
EMILY sitting still
JOHN not talking about girls
CLIFFORD studying theology
MYRNA staying home from a dance
BOB modelling in a "men's wear" shop
RAYMOND teacher's pet
MARY S. playing hockey
PATRICIA saying nice things about Elaine
DOROTHY giving up hope
ALAN drowning everybody else out
TED not day-dreaming
ALBERT with his ears not red
LILLIAN not making up to a male
RODNEY walking
GERMAINE doing home-work
ALEDA not being teased
JOCELYN not doing something
ROSS listening attentively in school
WARREN passing an exam
MARGARET McT. quitting Jack
JACK not teasing the girls
ELAINE not talking in school
FLORENCE not talking in school
MARGARET P. shirking her duty
MISS HOWELKO coming to school in blue jeans
MR. BERGEN singing at graduation

* * * * *

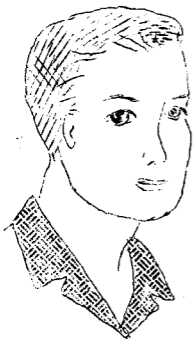
Miss Howelko: (reading Margaret's English) 'I didn't have no fun at the seashore.' Warren, how should she remedy this?
Warren: She should have taken Jack with her.

* * * * *

There are three types of girls, viz.,
i) beautiful females.
ii) intelligent females.
iii) Baldur High females.

OUR DOUBLE

EMILY ASK RODNEY
 ELEANOR HAIR
 MYRNA EARLY RISING
 MARY H. FIGURE
 CHRISTINE CLOTHES
 MARY S. APPENDIX
 PAT HANDS
 ALEDA BOBBY PINS
 GERMAINE COMPLEXION
 DOROTHY BLUSH
 LILLIAN. BEST-LINE
 MARGARLT M. SMILE
 JOCELYN LAUGH
 ELAINE NICK-NAMES
 MARGARET P. LEGS
 FLORENCE TEETH
 MISS HOWELKO SQARE DANCING



BOB. HEIGHT
 RAYMOND TAN
 NORMAN LEGS
 CLIFFORD FINGERS
 JOHNNY. GLASSES
 LEWIS FIGURE
 LLYOD EYES
 TED CLOTHES
 ALAN SHYNESS
 ALBERT FRENCH ACCENT
 RODNEY ASK EMILY
 JACK HAIR-DCS
 WARREN HAIR
 ROSS MEEK LAUGH
 MR. BERGEN MEEK VOICE
 (when he says "THAT'S ALL")

Seen and Heard

<u>NAME</u>	<u>NICKNAME</u>	<u>AMBITION</u>	<u>ULTIMATE FATE</u>
NORMAN	PROFESSOR	SCIENTIST	WORKING IN BURTONS
CLIFFORD	CLIFFY	QUITTING SCHOOL	STAYING
EMILY	TIMOTHY	TEACHER	FARMERS WIFE
ELEANOR	TEDDY	GETTING GR. IX	GETTING A DEGREE IN AG.
MYRNA	SCOTTY	TO GO TO WPG.	MOVING TO GREENWAY
BOB	BIMBO	TRUCK DRIVER	SITTING
MARY H.	MULLY	LEARN TO WINK	NURSE
MARY S.	JANE	TICKET BROKER	USHERETTE
CHRISTINE	CHRIS	COLLEGE	FIGHTING WITH LLOYD
LEWIS	LEWIE	FARMER	DATING BUBS
LLYOD	LLYODIE	SOUTHERN FARMER	NORTHERN FARMER
JOHNNY	OLIVER	FARMER	ROBBING THE CRADLE
RAYMOND	RAY	KILL THE TEACHERS	CLEANING BOARDS

GRADE X

PATSY	ANDY	NURSE	RAISING KIDS
DOROTHY	DCT	NURSE	MARRYING A REDHEAD
ALAN	NETTY	FARMER	TRUSTEE OF WELSH SCHOOL
TED	THEODORE	FARMER	CUTTING UP MEAT
ALBERT	BERTIE	TRUCKING	IMPLEMENT SHOP
LILLIAN	TOOTS	TLACHER	MARRYING MILLIONAIRES
RODNEY	NIPPER	FARMER	RAISING LITTLE BUNS
GERMAINE	GERRY	NURSE	TRAVELLING SALESWOMEN
ALEDA	TICKER	TEACHER	BOBBIN' AROUND

GRADE XI

JACK	BURNIE	DOCTOR V.D.B.	ENGRAVING NAMES ON TOMBSTONES
MARGARET	MAGGIE	LIVING IT DOWN	POACHING EGGS
WARREN	RED	HE HASN'T ANY	ON RELIEF
JOCELYN	NORMY	CHEMIST'S WIFE	EXPERIMENTING
ROSS	ROSSY	TO GET A GIRL	MARRIED

GRADE XII

ELAINE	TONY	WRITER	CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING
FLORENCE	FLOSSY	WORK IN BANK	ACCOUNTANT'S WIFE
MARGARET	MARG	DIETITION	DIGGING DITCHES

TEACHERS

MISS HOWELKO	MISS H.	HER B.(A)	LITTLE HER B'S
MR. BERGEN	BERGY	A BOY	A GIRL

FIRST IMPRESSION

Baldur High School seems pretty average to me. Some kids are very nice, other put up with me, very politely of course. I'm afraid my poor teachers tear their hair at my French, History, Geography, Spelling, Science, Algebra, Geometry, and English (there isn't much left is there), but they are nice to me at recess anyway. They really deserve a medal for putting up with me.

At Baldur there are many outside activities that I know I would miss if I returned to Glenora, among these are: badminton, curling, the occasional canteen, and this year book.

I think the most horrible part of this semester has been the initiation which I dreaded, but I found it was lots of fun.

This school year has been nice and I hope the new-comers of later years will like Baldur High as well as I do.

Germaine Wilson (Grade X)

MESSAGE FROM A POST GRADUATE

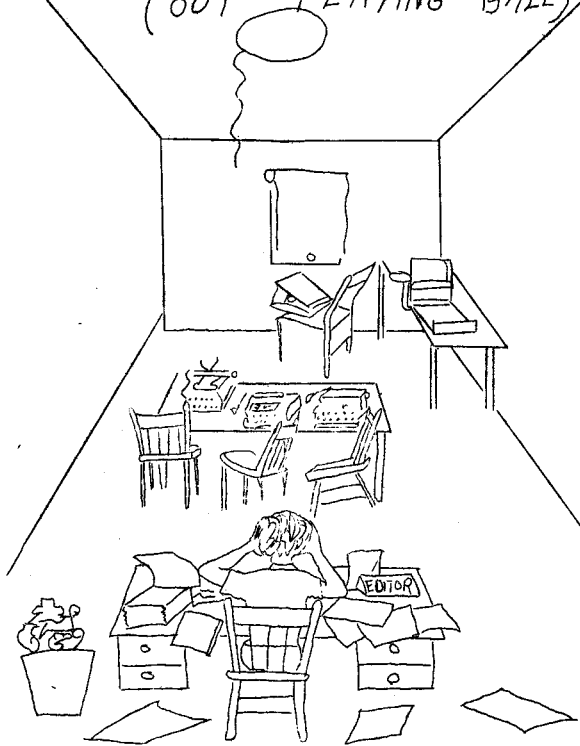
Perhaps one always has sentimental feelings about an old friend left behind. To me, Baldur school is that old friend. As I look back over the many happy years I spent in Baldur school I am sure I will never regret the time spent there.

This year I've started on the first phase of my chosen occupation and it's proving very interesting. I'm still going to school but now the shoe is on the other foot because instead of learning the three R's I'm learning how to teach that same "reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic. As I graduated from Baldur last year, little did I realize how much I would learn not only about subject matter but also about living together in a large institution such as the normal school. In another three months I'll be launched on my teaching career. I sincerely hope that all of last year's graduates are enjoying their chosen occupations.

I wish the best of luck and success to this year's graduates. Perhaps in many ways it has been a difficult year for you but I am certain that you will always be glad that you have come this far. I hope that you will find happiness in the careers which you have prepared for and which you have chosen.

Mary Van Den Bossche

YEAR BOOK STAFF (OUT PLAYING BALL)



JAZZ FROM THE JAILHOUSE

- NORMAN Bombs Away
- CLIFFORD School Days
- EMILY By the Little White School House
- ELEANOR Me and My Teddy Bear
- MYRNA Good-Night Irene
- BOB Bimbo
- MARY H. It's All Over Now
- CHRISTINE When The Iceworm Nests Again.
- JOHNNY Oh, You Beautiful Doll
- MARY S. Homework, I wanta Do Homework
- LEWIS Barnyard Blues
- LLYOD She's Too Fat For Me
- RAYMOND Here Comes Peter Cottontail
- PAT Soldier Boy
- ALEDA When The Red Red Robin Goes Bob Bobbin' Along
- GERMAINE He's Gone
- TED Out Behind The Barn
- ALAN Jeanie With The Light Brown Hair
- ALBERT Girls! Girls! Girls!
- DOROTHY The Typewriter Song
- LILLIAN Make Love To Me
- RODNEY If I Knew You Were Coming I'd Of Baked A Cake
- JACK When You And I Were Young Maggie
- MARGARET M. I Get So Lonely
- WARREN Love 'Em And Leave 'Em
- ROSS Jilted
- JOCELYN When Liberace Winks At Me
- ELAINE It Tickles
- MARGARET P. I'm Walking Behind You
- FLORENCE Love Letters
- MISS HOWELKO Very Square Dance
- MR. BERGEN When I Get You Alone Tonight(After Four)

X X X X X X X X X X X X :

WARREN: Let's teach that dumb blonde what's right and what's wrong.

JACK :O.K. You teach her what's right.

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

ELAINE: Do you serve crabs here?

TOMMY: Sure, we serve anybody, sit down.

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

Literary

How To Be A Millionaire.

I have decided! I am going to be a millionaire. But how will I get my million? That's the million dollar question! One of the most successful and simplest ways would be to invent something very useful such as a never-fail mouse trap or a sure fire mosquito diminisher. But since I have neither the brains nor the energy, this would be out of the question.

Another way might be to teach algebra. This I'm sure would be useful to some poor Grade IX students, but this also is out of the question because to teach the thing called algebra you must have a mentality of at least one thousand, and mine is a mere nine hundred and ninety-nine. However, this is getting me nowhere and I must think of a way to make a million.

At last! I have it - the ideal way to become a millionaire. It is really very simple. All you have to do is marry one. Not only is this the most interesting way, but also it takes the least brains and energy. Probably the best way to "catch" a millionaire would be to become a dumb but beautiful secretary, and marry your rich, young, and handsome boss. But then you ask, "What if he isn't young and handsome?" Well marry him anyway. And if he is very old; this is especially advisable. Then surely he won't live much longer and you'll have all the money to yourself. But of course if he is stubborn and insists on living, there is only one thing to do. That's right! Poison. Only in some cases this doesn't work. You must be very clever. The first step is to hire a butler or a chauffeur. Who cares if you haven't got a car, hire him anyway. After that it's simple. Just blame it on the butler. But even if you do get caught, don't worry, because you can always bail yourself out with your million. Except then you'd be back where you started - broke. But even if you get hanged, don't worry, because where you're going you won't need a million.

Christine Helgason.
Grade IX.

x x x x x x x

The Baldur High School girls philosophize that a kiss that speaks volumes is seldom a first edition.

x x x x x x x

A SNOW STORM ON THE PRAIRES

The air was icy cold with frost on the trees and fence posts. A small yellow sun pierced the grey sky, and sent its shivering rays ground ward. Newly fallen snow blanketed the fields, the trees, and the tiny farm houses which dotted the praires here and there.

The praires were still and quiet. Only now and then an animal scurrying by to secure shelter would crack a tree branch or twang a tau^l barb wire fence which shattered the frozen quietness.

Soon the sleeping breeze began to yawn and arouse itself from slumber. As it awoke, it stirred the snowflakes, swirling them into miniature whirl pools which skimmed dizzily over the snow drift, only to die down and create another disturbance. Then as the wind gathered momentum and was transfigured from a gentle breeze to a violent gale, it whip lashed the trees and scrubs. The sky darkened with only the sun dogs visible. As the snow fell, and as the wind blew it into great clouds, the horizon melted and gave the praires an effect of one expansive ocean of white, angry, snowy waste.

Once or twice when the wind momentarily ceased to gain more power, the sifting snow settled long enough for anyone to notice a small herd of cattle or band of horses huddling together trying to lose themselves among their fellow companions. Often a tiny rabbit which had been caught unaware of the murderous blizzard, scurried by to seek shelter. A deer might have been spotted lying in a gully trying to protect its young.

For weeks the wind raged and bit the earth's unprotected face with its stinging and freezing tongue. Huge drifts formed, only to be re-arranged the next moment with new and original patterns.

Finally, at last, the snow stopped falling and the wind blew itself out. For the first time in many weeks, "lady sun" rose in the late morning, spreading her long pale fingers over the fields and plains, not missing any nook or cranny, and giving the snow a queer bluish tinge. The trees sighed with relief after the horrible ordeal of being mercilessly twisted and turned in all directions.

The grouse awoke and with a joyous lust, gave forth to the new-born day a drumming note which could be heard in the distance.

Once again peace and silence reigned the praires which once again had survived a murderous praire blizzard.

Patricia Breault
(Grade X)

PRIMARY ROOM

The enrollment of the primary room was 31 but three pupils left during the year. The room did well until Christmas with an attendance of 97.9% but with mumps, flu, and colds it has been brought down considerably making it necessary to have the grades divided into several classes for a time.

A Junior Red Cross has been organized. Used stamps have been collected and sent to Junior Red Cross Headquarters where they are able to sell them.

Many pupils are getting to be good knitters; socks, several pairs of mitts, squares suitable for potholders and afghans, and doll clothes have been made.

Congratulations to the Graduates and best wishes for their future.

LOCAL NEWS REPORTER - MORRIS GIROUX (GRADE II)

THE FIRE

In Baldur at the John Deer shop a truck got on fire at the blacksmith shop, the blacksmith shop man weld something on the truck and it got on fire. The Suron bloow about 5 or 6 times and the trucks setts were burning and the tiress were burning and now the tiress are new again.

SPELLING CHAMPION - BETTY BERGEN (GRADE II)

SUNNY

I had a dog his mane was Sunny. My sister and I liked him very much. We usete to have a lot of fun. He liked us and jumped on us. Daddy brought him home frome Dunder Sush. Valeire liked him, and we had a lot of fun. But now he is on Vandm Bache fram. Mommy and Valerie were at their palce.

FIRST PRIZE FOR IMAGINATION - MYRTLE LODGE (GRADE II)

THE ANGRY BOB CAT

Once a upon a time I met a bob cat, he was very mad and angry to. I got into the house before he caught me. I think he would finished me. He was kind of yellow and orange with black stripes on his back. I think she had a nest of kittens or I doh't think she would be that mad. She was snure a big big cat. I think she had about five babies in her nest. in the nest there was a little wee Bobby. I think why she was so mad was why because she thought a dog or something would take some of

(continued)

them. Her whiskers were sure long when I ran into the nest. I think he thought that I tramp on them. and heard some of them. she had dug a nest in the ground where she had her babies. I think if I had the dog with me. I don't think she would have ran after me that time. if the cat and dog had both been with me it would of shure been bad. I never whent out in that bush again at all.

X X X X X X X X X X X

A B C D Puppies.
M N O Puppies.
O S A R; C M P N.

I sat alone in the twilight
Forsaken by women and men
And murmured over and over
"I'll never eat onions again".

Warren : "These are the best eggs we've had in years".
Customer: "Well, give me some you havn't had for quite so long".

Little Daschund
On a log
Forest fire
Hot dog.

Women's faults are many,
Men have only two:
Everything they say,
And everything they do.

Miss Howelko: Come on, a little louder please Jack.
Open up your mouth and throw yourself into it.

Laugh and the teacher laughs with you
Laugh and you laugh alone
The first is when the jokes's the teachers
The second, when the joke's your own.

Valedictory

I am truly thankful to those who have chosen me to give the valedictory speech tonight, although I may state that perhaps I may not have looked so happy when I was faced with writing it. However, I found that task not so difficult for so much can be said at a time of such deep significance as this that I feel inadequate to express it all.

This is an important night in my life as I know it is in the lives of my classmates. Tonight formally marks the close of the first installment in the story of our lives. What the remaining installments contain remains to be seen. We have a great challenge before us, for whether the remaining pages depict aimless wanderings along the road before us, or whether the remaining pages depict the fruitful lives of dedicated men and women with a purpose depends on whether we apply the spiritual values learned during our school years. Our teachers have attempted to teach us not only Trigonometry and Chemistry, but how to live usefully in harmony with others. We have learned to play together at our canteens and our initiations; we have learned to work together during each day of school; and we have learned to face challenges together during every June examination; now we are learning the most important lesson of all - to live together as mature and intelligent adults who no longer need or want the guiding and restraining hand of parents and teachers.

There is a tinge of sadness present tonight, for on going out into the world we will be breaking contacts with friends and loved ones as well as leaving the fun and happiness of our childhood behind; but there is also exhilaration in the air for tonight marks the end of only one phase of a long and exciting drama.

I wish each and everyone of my fellow graduates every happiness in the world in his or her chosen profession and I pray we may all go on to build from our shining dreams of tomorrow a happy and successful today.

Elaine Breault.
Grade XII.

BALDUR GRADS

GRADE XI

JOCELYN GAIL BURTON
ALEXANDER ROSS FORBES
WARREN GLEN GILLIES
MARGARET ELIZABETH MCTAVISH
JACK RAYMOND VAN DEN BOSSCHE

GRADE XII

FLORENCE ELAINE BREAUPT
FLORENCE ALICE MCTAVISH
MARGARET ETHEL PRESTON

CLASS OF 54

MARJORIE ANDERSON BANK STENO. WPG.
ZELMA COOPER WORKING IN BANK, BALDUR
DENNA DEARSLEY M.T.I. WPG.
LUCY TRINDER ACCOUNTANT, DELORAINE
BETTY HISCOCK GRADUATE PRACTICAL NURSE, CARMAN
FLORENCE STILWELL CLERKING IN GLENBORO
MARY VAN DEN BOSSCHE NORMAL SCHOOL
NORA WOODWORTH TRAINING IN GRACE, WPG.

CLASS OF 53

MARGUERITE CHRISTOPHERSON MRS. T. JOHNSON
RONALD KIRBYSON SECOND YEAR SCIENCE BDN. COLLEGE
COREEN SCOTT MRS. C. JOHNSON
FERN BOTTRELL NORMAL SCHOOL
BLAINE GRUNDY H.B.C. POST
MADELEINE VICKERS TRAINING IN GRACE, WPG.
MYRNA WRAY TEACHING

CLASS OF 52

DONNA CHRISTOPHERSON MRS. N. SKARDAL
ROBERT GORDON R.C.A.F.
ERLA HELGASON 3rd YEAR HOME EC. AT U. OF M.
MARJORIE JOHNSON M.T.S. BALDUR
GLADYS LUNDGREN M.T.S. CYRSTAL CITY
JANET VICKERS RECEPTIONIST IN A BEAUTY PARLOR, WPG.

PROGRAMME

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF BALDUR HIGH SCHOOL

FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1955

IN THE

BALDUR MEMORIAL HALL

O'CANADA

INVOCATION MR. J. FREDERICKSON
CHAIRMAN'S REMARKS CHAIRMAN
SOLO JOCELYN BURTON
PRINCIPAL'S REMARKS MR. C. BERGEN
CONFERRING OF CERTIFICATES AND SPECIAL AWARDS
GREETINGS THE SCHOOL BOARD . . MR. C. ATKINS
SOLC MARY STIIWELL
VALEDICTORY ELAINE BREAUT
ADDRESS MR. A. PRESTON
CLOSING REMARKS CHAIRMAN

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

PROGRAMME BEGINS AT 8:00 p.m.

GRADUTION DANCE AT 10:00 p.m.

AUTOGRAPHS

Wanda Scott
Bob Scott Lew. Dalman
Elaine Brewster
Eleanor Gillies
Patsy Playfair
Frances
Emily Jansen
Nonna Jansent
Ross Forbes
Clifford Ryskdal
Alan Searnsley
Margaret McDaniel
Lad Seardley
Albert Laberge
Jack Van Ken Bosch
Mary Holmes Johnny Oliver
Raymond Skandal
Lillian Mc Gill
Allie Gillies
Lester Kannelke
Christine Helgesson
Aleda Woodward
Bernaine Wilson
Mary L. McCall
Margaret Priston
Patsy Breault
Lloyd Seardley
Jacqueline Priston
Christy Jansen
Brogan