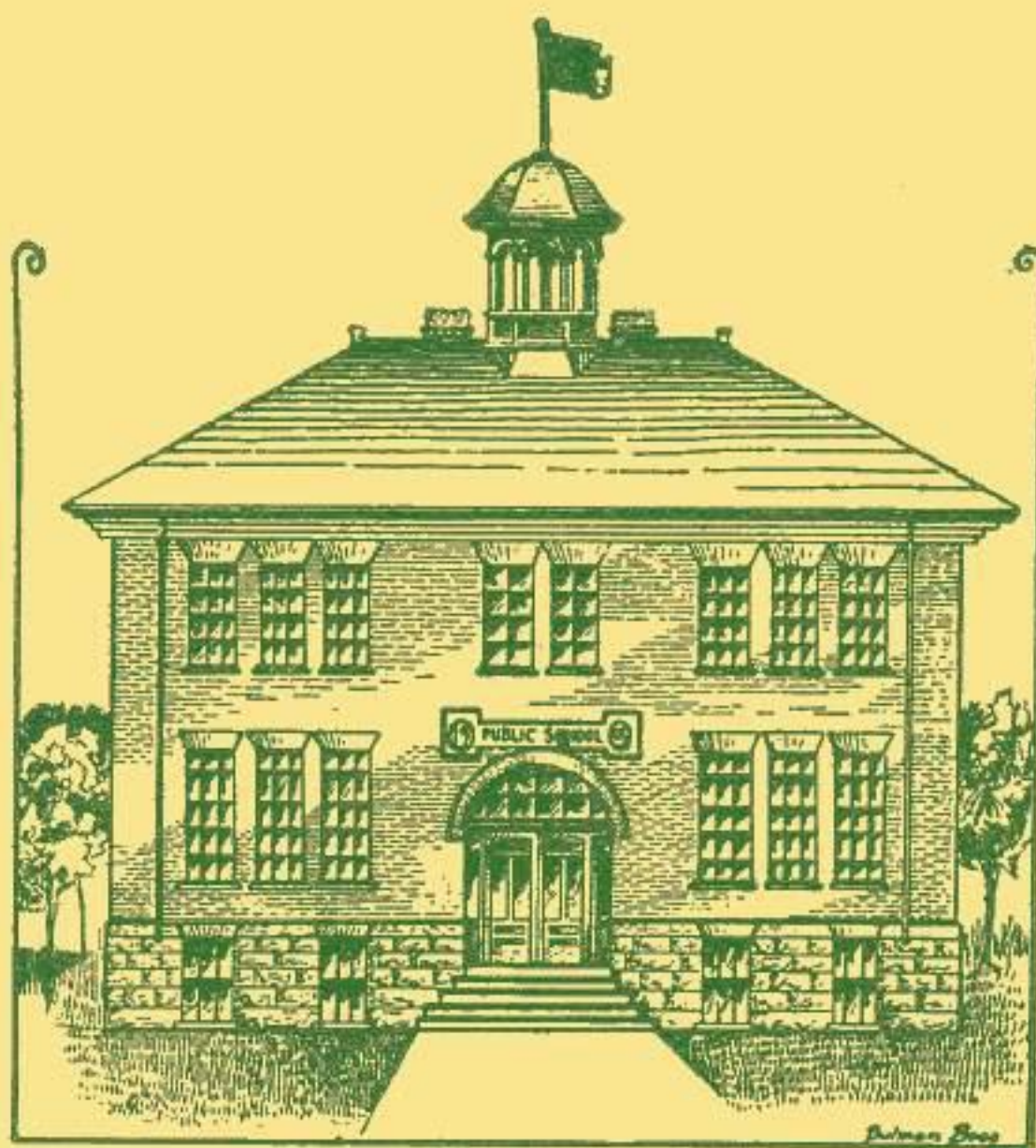


VOX ADULESCENTS



**BALDUR
HIGH SCHOOL**

YEAR BOOK

1961

V O X



60

61

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Editorial

Once again the time of the year has come for the final finishing touches to be done on this years edition of "Vox Adulescentis".

When I was chosen editor of the "61" edition, my first thought was that there was a lot of work ahead with very little satisfaction derived from this work. Each year something new has been added to the edition ~~which~~ each one thinks is a great advancement. This year we instituted a few coloured pages and many coloured headings. Some of the pages did not turn out very well but this was a new field and a great deal of learning was done. Perhaps coloured ads may be instituted next year but this remains for the editor of the "62" edition to decide.

This last week before production seems to be in terrible turmoil because we don't know if everything will be completed. Now the deadline nears and still a few pages, of which this is one, must be produced. However, I am sure that if the co-operation which has been shown in the past continues the problems will be erased and production will be on schedule.

If the year book does nothing else, it shows that young people can do a job quite well and with practice will benefit and not hinder human endeavour.

L. G. Woodward

PRINCIPAL'S

MESSAGE

Many good friends have I made at Baldur Collegiate Department. Although we're the smallest high school in Tiger Hills Division, I think our accomplishments are worthy of reconsideration--strong and willing teams in all possible sports and an energetic dramatic group. Above all, and of most importance, there has been a fine and proud spirit in all our activities.

The greatest test is yet to come, of course, and I hope that after the June results are known we will be able to "blow our horn" just a little bit about our academic prowess, too. Good luck to you all, from the whole staff.

H. O. Stewart

DIVISIONAL

MESSAGE

The Board of Trustees of the Tiger Hills School Division #29 wish to extend their greetings and congratulations to the Baldur High School students for the initiative and desire that they are showing in publishing this Year Book. Projects of this nature, while extra curricular, are of very great importance to students anxious to broaden their scope of learning.

The Divisional Board, consisting of:-

Mr. C. A. Sundell, Holland, Chairman

Mr. Jas. Williamson, Belmont

Mr. Wm. Burton, Baldur

Mr. T.E. Oleson, Glenboro

Mr. S.A. Robertson, Treherne

Mr. S.A. Oleson, Secretary-Treasurer,

hold their meetings in the Division Office in Glenboro, and are doing everything they can to provide the highest possible standard of education to every child in the Tiger Hills Division.

C. A. Sundell,
Chairman

President's Message

During the past school year I have had the pleasure of being President of the Student Council.

We have had a fairly active time in extra-curricular activities, mainly in sports. The boys participated in Football, Hockey, and Baseball. The girls this year have a soft-ball team. Everyone enjoyed curling through the winter.

We did not do too well at the Track and Field Meet at Holland this year, but we did get some ribbons.

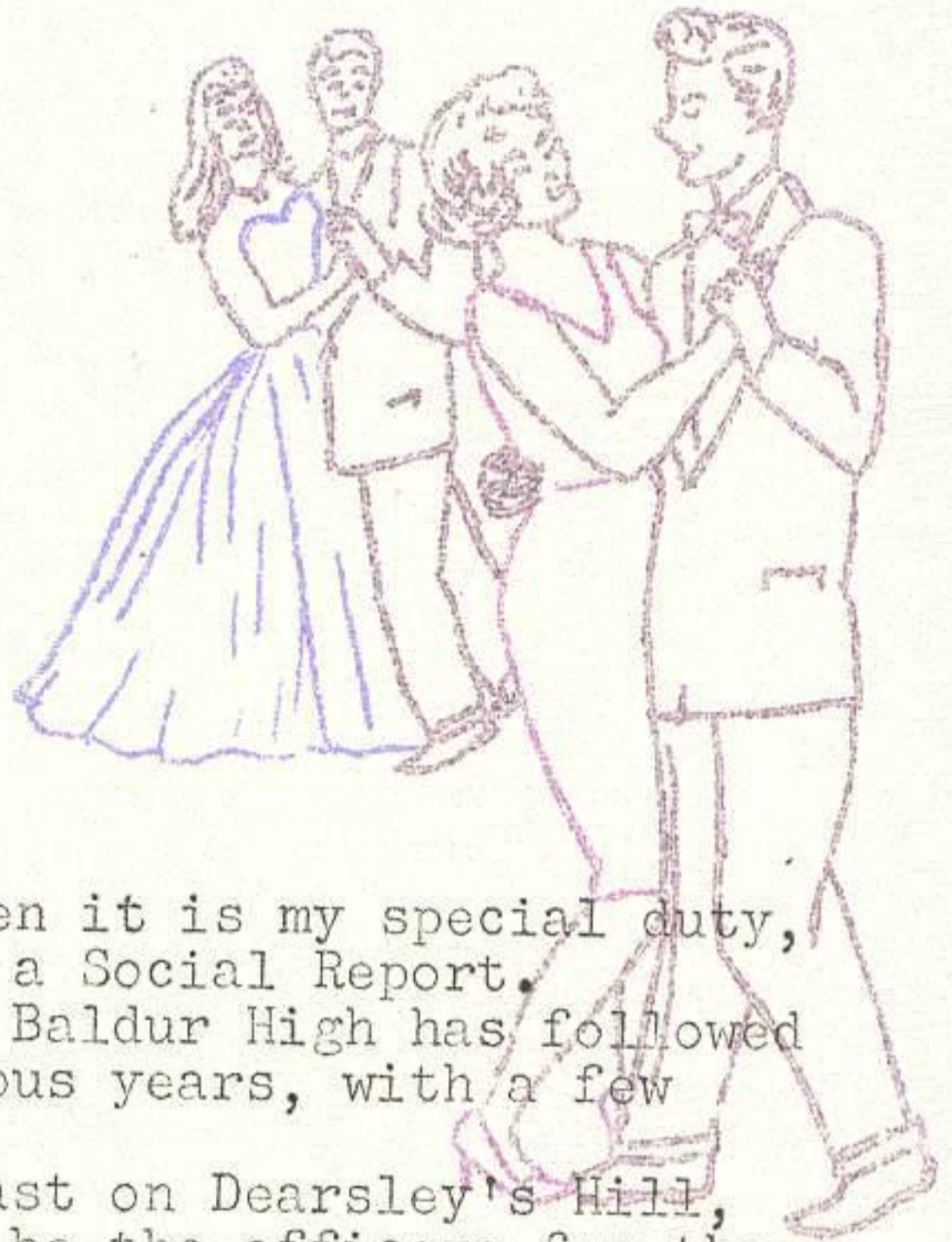
½ mile.....	Primary...	First...	Leo Boulet
Senior....	Third...	Leonard Woodworth
220 yd.....	Primary...	Third...	Leo Boulet
Junior....	Third...	Freddie Andries
100 yd.....	Primary...	Third...	Leo Boulet
Broad Jump..	Junior....	Third...	Freddie Andries
High Jump...	Junior....	Third...	Freddie Andries
Shot Put....	Primary...	Second..	Leo Boulet
Senior....	First...	Allan McDougald
High Jump...	Junior....	Third...	Inga Bjornsson
Senior....	Second..	Diane Smith

I would at this time like on behalf of the whole Student Body to thank all the persons and businesses who made donations to our bonspiel, bought ads in this Year Book and especially those who put up with our nonsense at Initiation. Your help and patience was greatly appreciated.

President Student's Council

Richard Holder

Social REPORT



The time of year has come when it is my special duty, as Social Representative to write a Social Report.

The Social Life this year in Baldur High has followed much the same pattern as in previous years, with a few added enjoyments.

We held our annual weiner roast on Dearsley's Hill, where we also learned who were to be the officers for the school year. A full time was had by all.

On November 25th. we put on a play and a Sadie Hawkin's Dance. The play was put on by the High School Square Dance Club and the dance by the High School, with music by the "Town's Orchestra". They were both a big success.

On January 17th. the High School chartered a bus for a trip into Winnipeg to see the Van Gogh paintings. At noon we had our lunch in the "Paddle Wheel" at the Bay Store. We were then taken through the Parliament Buildings, Crescent Creamery, and the Winnipeg Museum. We then drove around the University Campus after coming from the Polo Park Shopping Centre, where we had been given some free time. After a dinner in the "Cactus Room" we were brought home, tired, but full of knowledge.

On February 10th. another High School Dance was held in Baldur with the music being supplied by the "Town's Orchestra". This was a big success.

A play we had put on in the winter was again staged at the Drama and Musical Festival where it won second place.

So all in all this year in Baldur High has been a lot of fun, but now it's time for study again.



Lois Lockery.



SPORTS

EVENTS

Last fall things started with a bang in the field of sports. Football was the most popular sport, but because of the graduation of last year's senior students, most of the old skill and confidence was lost. The team had to be formed again and it seemed that we might succeed but competition could not be obtained because of the fabulous teams of previous years. However we played two games with Treherne, which we lost by scores of 18-6 and 14-9. Belmont was then challenged and two games were played which Baldur won by scores of 12-0 and 9-6. The school still feels confident that next year Divisional Football will become a reality.

Winter arrived and with it came soccer but no games were played because of the cold weather.

Hockey started after Christmas and a Divisional League was formed. Baldur ended in third place, tied with Holland. A sudden-death game was played which Holland won. A very creditable performance was shown by the local squad considering the conditions under which they had to play.

Curling also became a popular activity after Christmas with weekly curling. Warm weather, however, came before the competition was finished. Several rinks went to other bonspiels. Two rinks skipped by Dianne Cornock, and Leonard Woodworth went to Glenboro to participate in the Divisional Bonspiel. Tough ice caused the local foursome to lose. Another couple of rinks went to Mariapolis, skipped by Richard Holder and James Dalzell. They had even harder luck because of the keen competition. A rink went to Winnipeg to enter the Provincial Bonspiel but hard luck also plagued them.

The highlight of the curling season was the High School Bonspiel held in January from which all participants reported a good time. The first event was won by Leonard Woodworth's foursome consisting of third, Barry McLennan, second, Stewart Foster, lead, Henry Everett. The second event was won by James Dalzell's foursome of Bruce Cornock, Inga Bjornsson, and Malvrene Hutlet.

With the return of warmer weather comes baseball and the beginning of boy's baseball and girl's softball under the Divisional guidance.

Track and field looms in the future and many students have high hopes for our athletic ability.

Leonard Woodworth

Group A: Winnipeg Rink

Brian Cramer Ken Oliver Garth Lockerby
Allan McDougald (Skip)

Group B: Winners Second Event, Baldur H.S. Bonspiel

Marlene Hutlet Inga Bjornsson Bruce Cornock
James Dalzell (Skip)

Group C: Winners First Event, Baldur H.S. Bonspiel

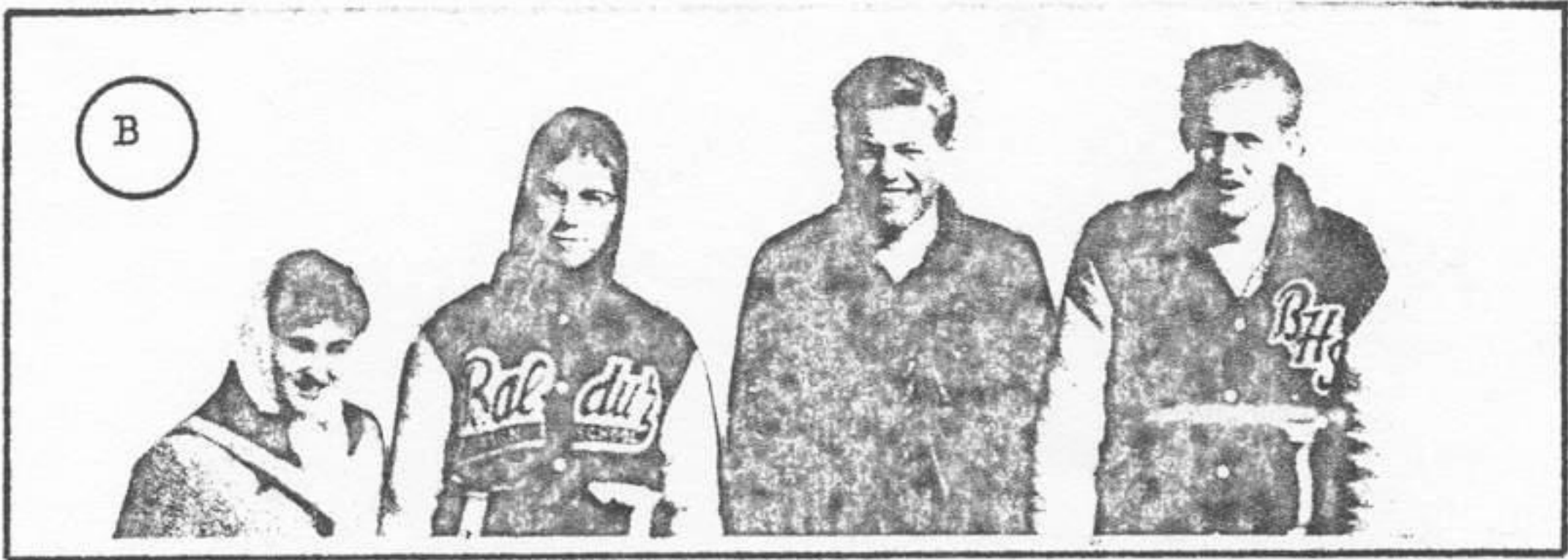
Henry Everett Stewart Foster Barry McLennan
Leonard Woodworth (Skip)

Group D: Mariapolis H.S. Bonspiel Rinks

Diane Freedy Barb Lockerby Dianne Cornock Richard Holder (Skip)
Maria Roeges Marg McDougald Fred Andries James Dalzell (Skip)

Group E: Divisional Bonspiel Rinks

Brian Cramer Bruce Cornock Marg McDougald Dianne Cornock (Skip)
Maria Roeges Gail Breault Garth Lockerby Leonard Woodworth



Room I

First door to your left in the basement of Baldur Memorial Hall was our Grade I classroom for 1960-61.

We had ten girls and fourteen boys when school opened. By September 28 Lavona McGillvary came to make a class of twenty-five.

We are able to read and can spell too. We liked the parties at Halloween, Christmas and Valentine time. How we laughed when we hunted for Easter Eggs! One frosty day we skated at the rink.

When our teacher was ill after Easter Mrs. Sole taught us. We liked saying our festival poems for Mrs. Stewart and Miss Bateman taught us the festival songs. The rhythm band and dances were fun.

To the graduating class of 1961 we wish you the very best. Thank-you for printing our report.

D. Stone (Teacher)

Room II

As our year in the basement of the hall draws to a close many memories return to our minds. We have shared many pleasant moments with the grades one and three.

Although we only number nineteen, along with our teacher, Mrs. Stewart, we have participated in many activities. Our first party was at Halloween when we saw ghosts, witches and even Indians appeared. At Christmas we decorated a tree which was soon covered with gifts for everyone. The grade one, two, and three had a concert for themselves which was topped off with lunch. On Valentine's Day we found our Valentine envelopes bulging and spent the afternoon playing games. Other activities included the making of a farm, skating parties and a hike in the fall. Now we are busy getting ready for the festival and are heard daily hopping across the floor by the grade threes, practising our folk dancing, rhythm band, singing and poetry.

Although Graduation seems quite a long way off to us at present we would like to wish all the grads the very best in the future and hope they may carry many happy memories of Baldur School wherever they may go.

B. Stewart (Teacher)

Room Reports...Cont'd

Room III

Grade three has had twenty-five pupils this year twelve girls and thirteen boys.

Our attendance has been good in spite of colds and flu.

We have enjoyed being with grades one and two in the basement of the hall. We had our Halloween, Christmas, and Valentine's parties together. A great deal of time was spent on festival work and the pupils enjoyed the Folk Dancing and the Rhythm Bands.

We wish the graduates every success in all their future endeavours.

R. Scott (Teacher)

Room IV

Grades four and six had three parties during the year.

In March the boys twelve and under challenged their mothers to a hockey game. The boys had an easy victory but it was a very enjoyable evening. From this venture fourteen dollars and twenty-five cents was realized. This was sent to the Junior Red Cross.

With both Christmas and Easter exams prizes were given to the ones in each grade, who had the greatest increase in average from previous exams.

At Christmas awards were as follows:

Grade IV	Judy Goodman
	Bonny Reykdal
Grade VI	Linda Lodge
	Janet Fowler
	Fred D'Hoore

At Easter awards were:

Grade IV	Sandy Fowler
	Cathy Kay
Grade VI	Glen Walley

H.M. Smith (Teacher)

Room V

Our first year of Consolidation has been quite a happy one. We welcomed a lot of new students from smaller schools and we hope they enjoyed their year with us.

We have thirty pupils in our room. George Fisher left before Easter for Thompson, Manitoba and we welcomed David August from Winnipeg in April.

We organized a Folk Dance Club and thought we could take Folk Dance lessons, but our plan did not materialize. However, we sold tickets on a grocery hamper and have money on hand. We gave fifteen dollars to the Red Cross Society.

Room Reports...Cont'd

We took part in the Festival in Baldur and we did quite well. The choral reading came second with 83½ (the winner got 84). In Spoken Poetry our Beverly Parsonage won the cup for the year with a mark of 84. Karen Templeton came second with 83½, Alan Thorleifson came in third with a lot of others. The Grade 3,4, and 5 Choir won First Prize with a mark of 83. Girls from the room also received first and second in their grade in Pianoforte.

While my Grade 5's go for music twice a week. I teach Grade seven and eight Health. I have enjoyed working with the older youngsters and I hope the feeling is mutual. I know the Grade 5's enjoyed their singing thoroughly with Mrs. Holder.

We have worked hard and enjoyed our year. The youngsters are looking forward to the new school but we will have many happy memories of the old.

We wish our graduating classes in the High School the best in their future endeavours.

S. Gunnlaugson (Teacher)

Room VI

Grade VII and VIII have had a rather crowded class room this past year. We now have thirty-six students enrolled. In the fall when consolidation became effective, many new students were welcomed into the classroom. For many it was a great change from the smaller schools, but we hope that they have enjoyed their first year here, as much as we have enjoyed having them.

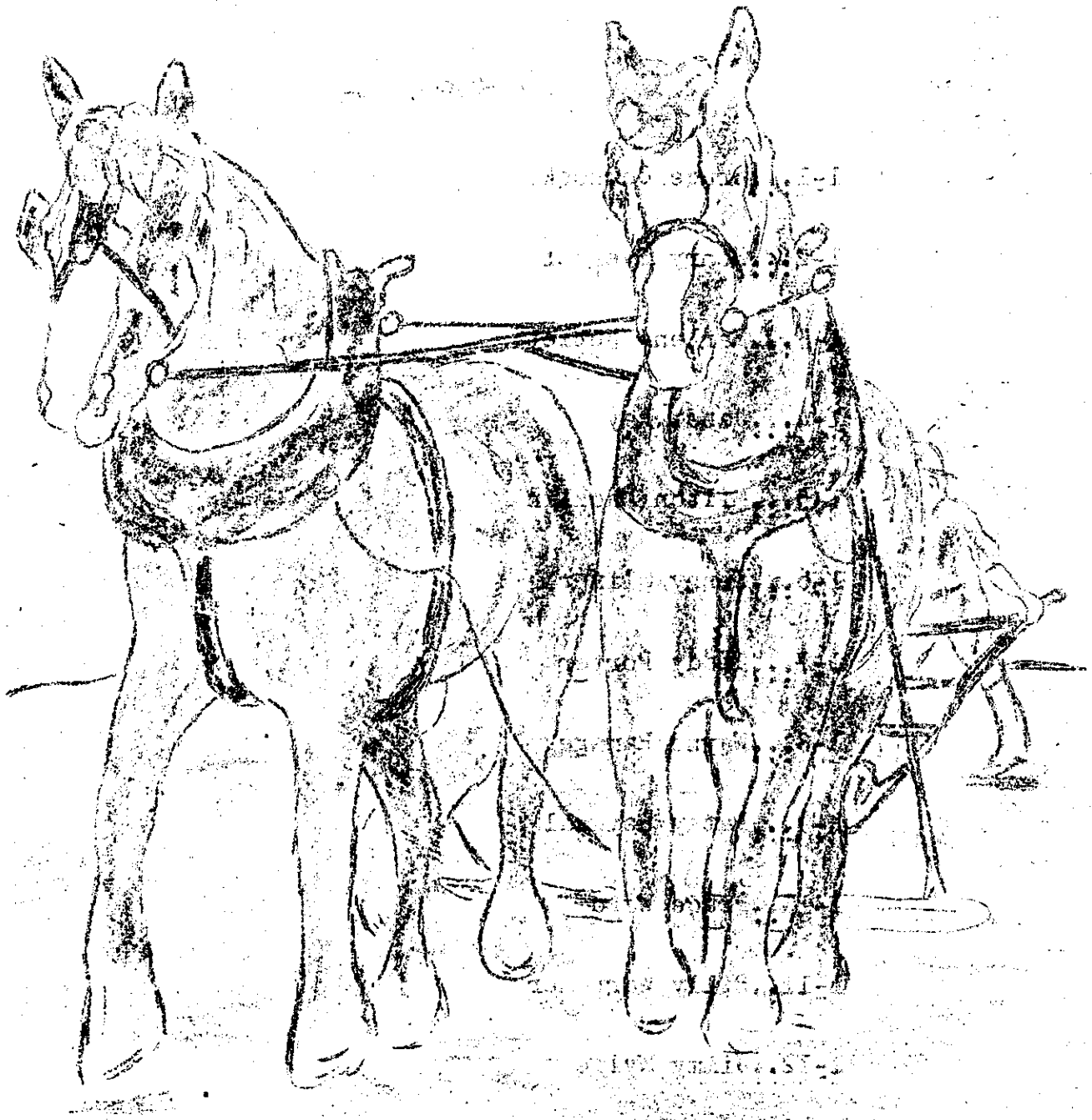
This room took an active part in the Festival this year. Along with Grade VI, a choir was entered. While we didn't receive the top award, we did improve considerably from last year, and everyone enjoyed working together. The entries for the spoken poetry were a credit to our class.

Carol Gudnason's art and Gail Ward's writing were chosen to enter in the provincial competition for the Brooke Bond Travel and Education Awards. Good luck girls.

Some of the boys have taken an active part in sports, mainly foot-ball and hockey. We hope they may continue to improve their games. Some of the Grade VIII students entered the High School Bonspiel and were quite successful.

The future Grade VIII Class is looking forward to the new school but will not forget the pleasant events that were a part of the "old" school.

M. Holder (Teacher)



Drawn By Carel Gudnason (Grade VII)

1-1...Bruce Cornock

1-2...Henry Everett

1-3...Marlene Hutlet

1-4...Janet Kay

1-5...Milton Macklin

1-6...Kenny Oliver

1-7...Teddy Porter

1-8...Wayne Ramage

1-9...Patsy Reykdal

1-10..Bruce Ward

1-11..Billy Warrener

1-12..Jimmy Wylie



• 1-1



1-2



1-3



1-4

Grade 9



1-5



1-6



1-7



1-8



1-9



1-10



1-11



1-12

- 2-1...Mary Andries
- 2-2...Elaine Bannerman
- 2-3...Inga Bjornsson
- 2-4...Leo Boulet
- 2-5...Lorne Dearsley
- 2-6...Faye Gilbert
- 2-7...Billy Jansen
- 2-8...Garth Lockerby
- 2-9...Lois Lockerby



2-1



2-2



2-3



2-4



2-5



2-6



2-7



2-8



2-9

G
R
A
D
E
10



3-1...Gail Breault

3-2...Brian Cramer

3-3...James Dalzell

3-4...Barbara Lockerby

3-5...Allen McDougald

3-6...Margaret McDougald

3-7...Maria Roeges

3-8...Edith Rowley

3-9...Diane Smith

3-10..Myrtle Smith

3-11..Sharon Smith

3-12..Marilyn Warrenner

3-13..Barbara Wylie



Grade 11

4-1...Freddie Andries

4-2...Dianne Cornock

4-3...Lewis Dalman

4-4...Diane Freedy

4-5...Richard Holder

4-6...Leonard Woodworth

4-7...Mrs. Beauchamp

4-8...Mr. Falk

4-9...Mr. Stewart



4-1



4-2



4-3

Grade 12



4-4



4-5



4-6

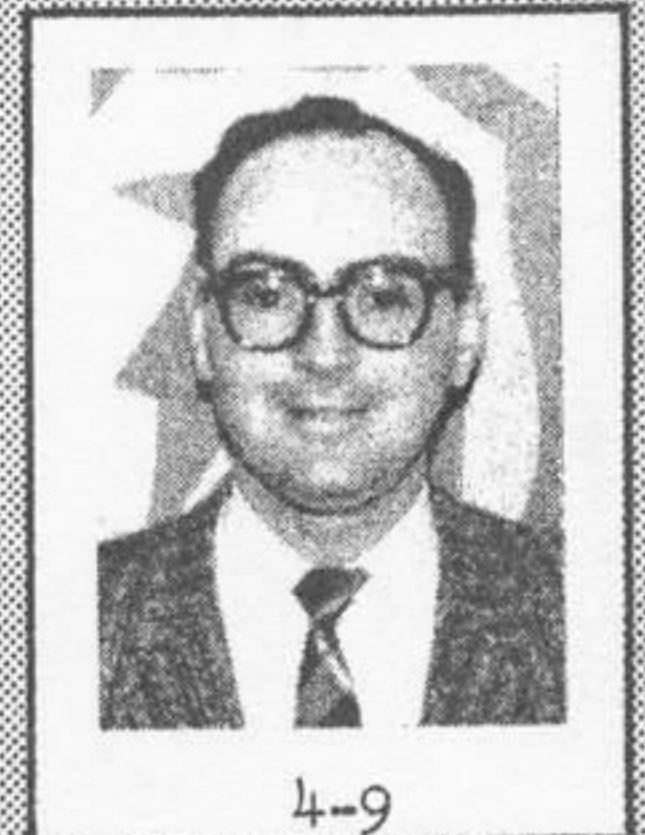
Teaching Staff



4-7



4-8



4-9

US IN RHYME 80-81

For the time being

If these poems insulting are,
Don't roll us in feathers and tar.
Our humble apologies please accept,
At writing poetry we aren't adept.

GRADE IX

BRUCE CORNOCK

Bruce comes from Greenway on the van
To fight with Marlene's little man
They both think she's quite a girl
And she gives them quite a whirl.

HENRY EVERETT

Oh! Henry, Oh! Henry you're always in demand
At football he is a dand(y).
Henry looks so very meek
But he's proved he is not very weak.

GLENN HISCOCK

Glenn is a grade IX lad
In curling he isn't too bad.
To Glenboro he likes to go
What lucky girl has this beau?

MARLENE HUTLET

Marlene is a petite mademoiselle,
Who in school does very well.
But there's one male she values highly
And that lucky guy is Jimmy Wylie.

JANET KAY

Always happy, always gay,
That's Janet's own sweet way.
To all her friends she's a pal sincere
And she's bound to succeed in her chosen career.

MILTON HACKLIN

Milton is really quite a guy
But sometimes he is rather shy.
When asked for his homework he will say,
"Oh, but I haven't it done today.

Continued...

KENNY OLIVER

Reserving the front desk,
Is Ken, the High School pest
Wherever he is, he's a brat.
We wonder if Jeannie knows that.

TEDDY PORTER

Teddy Porter, our star border
Hopes to make his school days shorter
By sawing wood, as a good boy should,
And skipping lessons that he shouldn't oter

WAYNE RAMAGE

Paper Boy! Paper Boy!
Always on his route
If the papers don't get here
We have to do without.

PATSY REYKDAL

Fatsy Reykdal is a grade IX gal
Who has behind her many a pal
And in school she never gets bored
Because she rides in a '51 Ford.

BILLY WARRENER

Billy comes to Baldur High
To a few girls he gives a sigh.
We all like the way he curls
When down the ice, his rocks he hurls.

BRUCE WARD

Sitting in a grade IX desk
In the play he did his best,
He's a real keen scholar
You can bet your bottom dollar.

JIMMY WYLIE

Jim is a boy we like
And in school he does alright.
His wit and humour makes us smile
Without him school wouldn't be worthwhile.

GRADE X

MARY ANDRIES

Our Mary's quite a little girl
With Allan she had quite a whirl
Then another from her flock
She selected one--Sherlock . . .

Continued...

ELAINE BANNERMAN

Elaine is an attractive blonde
To Bob's wishes she does respond,
If you want her---look to Cartwright way,
To see her and Bob late in the day.

INGA BJORNSSON

Inga, Inga, as you can see
Is full of life and jollity
She can get good marks like one, two, three,
But now she's too busy with Lockerby.

LEO BOULET

Leo is a handsome lad,
Whose standing is more than bad.
He's on our very best hockey team,
And, wow! How he can put on a steam.

LORNE DEARSLEY

As Chester he is known
By Baldur gals and gents.
Much shyness he has shown
Though he's always on de-fence.

FAYE GUILBERT

Tom, Tom John's son
Stole Faye and away he run
Tom was glad, but Faye was sad
Because she missed her Mom and Dad.

BILLY JANSEN

Billy, Billy, don't be silly,
The weather out side is far too chilly,
You Can't find your gun, your car won't run,
So sit down and get your homework done

GARTH LOCKERBY

Garth Lockerby is our Grade X pest
To pass his exams he tries his best.
With Inga he sometimes goes
And maybe someday he will propose.

LOIS LOCKERBY

When Saturday finally rolls around
You usually find Lois in this town.
In spite of weather or come what may,
She's either home or around with Faye.

Continued...

GRADE XI

GAIL BREAUULT

Gail Breault from Greenway
Likes to go to Pilot Mound, so they say
She goes to dances nearly every week,
No wonder, the odd sleep in school she does sneak.

BRIAN CRAMER

Brian plays an active part in school?
And really is a shark at pool.
At physics his knowledge is vast indeed,
If only he would learn to read.

JAMES DALZELL

James Dalzell is thin and tall
He grows a mustache in the fall,
To all the girls Jim calls,
"Come now and I will tickle you all."

BARBARA LOCKERBY

Barbara is a Grade XI gal
Everyone wants her for a pal.
With the boys she does like to go,
Especially with Don, for he's her beau.

ALLAN McDOUGALD

Allan sits at the back of the class,
Dreaming of a certain lass,
While playing hockey and football
He can hear Audrey's cheer and call.

MARGARET McDOUGALD

Margaret lives across the tracks,
She doesn't believe in snacks.
Ask her a question and she knows the facts,
There is nothing she lacks.

MARIA ROEGES

Maria comes on the Greenway van.
If we can't do Maths, she always can.
As for curling she'll make a star,
While keeping an eye on a red and white car.

EDITH RUMLEY

Edith is a Rock 'n Roll fan.
Who can jive? She really can.
She's dark haired and lots of fun.
and gets along with everyone.

Continued...

DIANE SMITH

Diane is a Grade XI lass,
And sits at the front of the class.
To Kilarney she often goes,
To see someone we don't know.

MYRTLE SMITH

Myrtle is without conceit,
Although at History she's very neat.
She is full of joyous glee,
But away from Maths she'd like to flee.

SHARON SMITH

Sharon is our Grade XI lass
Who tries hard to be first in class.
In the lab she is no cad.
And also, her typing is not too bad.

MARILYN WARRNER

Marilyn is a Grade XI attraction.
She has her troubles with the algebraic fraction.
To Lyal she is quite a flare,
Together they make quite a pair.

BARBARA WYLIE

Barbara Wylie comes to town each night,
To meet Wayne from Cartwright.
They drive around in a car all night,
While Wayne holds her tight.

GRADE XII

FREDDIE ANDRIES

Freddie is a small guy
And when the girls see him, they hit the sky,
But when Patsy sees him, she's got her ways,
Which put little Freddie in a daze.

DIANNE CORNOCK

Dianne Cornock is a Grade XII lass
For Jimmy, Bill and Buck she makes a pass.
You can usually see her with one of these boys
It's plain to see that she's through with toys.

LEWIS DALMAN

Lewis seems to be all for the cause
Of going with pretty [REDACTED]
He sits all day in his desk
Thinking of who he can pester next.

Continued...

DIANE FREEDY

Diane Freedy's French phonetics
are more potent than most anesthetics.
and in History she is so adept
That in some of her classes she's sat back and slept.

RICHARD HOLDER

quiet morning
Still and clear
Until..
Dick's here, we do fear.

LEONARD WOODWORTH

Leonard, our Editor, is known as Ticker,
Nobody but he gets things done quicker.
He has a mustache which makes him flash,
So we see some girls who have a small rash.

MRS. BEAUCHAMP

For teaching the dopes in Grade eleven
She will surely go to Heaven.
Patient and gentle and always kind,
She keeps us from getting too far behind.

MR. FALK

Mr. Falk, our teacher dear,
Of him we have no fear.
He walks fast and always looks well
And is often late for the bell.

MR. STEWART

Mr. Stewart is the principal of our school
He really makes us obey the rule.
at all of us he pokes
His many little jokes.

The Once-over

That is when you look at this.
like girl pretty a

Twenty Years Prophecy

We are ready to board the fantastic jet liner at Idlewood Airport, New York to begin our world wide tour, when Barbara and I began to look anxiously around for our travelling companion, Margaret, who appeared to be late as usual, and who had in her possession all our airplane tickets and our baggage stub tickets. The loud speaker was just announcing the last warning for all those leaving on flight 101 to board immediately, when we spied her waving to us from amidst the jostling crowd. Breathlessly catching up to us and then with one last burst of energy, we boarded the plane, landing in a heap at the feet of a stewardess. Glancing up sheepishly, to our surprise, the stewardess turned out to be none other than DIANNE CORNOCK. Gracefully stooping down she began to sort us out, right us to our feet, and escort us to our reserved seats.

Once relaxed, we leaned back in our seats to wait for Dianne to return to us after having attended to the other passengers. Dianne asked if we would like to view the cockpit and told us that there was someone of interest in there. Trooping up the aisle behind her, we entered a room filled with all sorts of clocks and gadgets. From the back of his head the pilot looked vaguely familiar. Upon turning around the speak we immediately recognized him as being our old school buddy, LEONARD WOODWORTH. After the usual exchange of greetings of old friends, we asked Leonard how he liked flying. He stated it was much improved since the days we knew him back home in Baldur, where he used to fly around in his Dad's black '50 Plymouth. Not wanting to keep Leonard away from his job we immediately returned to our seats just in time for dinner. After a hearty meal and a little cat nap, we awoke to see a sign flashing "Fasten your safety belts", and the stewardess calling out "Iceland, next stop."

After landing and deciding whether or not we would venture into the cold climate, our curiosity got the better of us. We ventured forth, dashing across the street from the airport, to shop advertising heavy, warm, fur coats for sale. The proprietor of the shop turned out to be LOUIS DALMAN, who graciously fulfilled our desires. After a chat with Louis, we learned that FREDDIE ANDRIES had finally entered the airforce and was now shivering in his boots at the Icelandic Air Base. So far Freddie had man-

aged to wreck only one plane, lose another, and make a general mess of the airbase with his practical jokes. From, Louis, we also learned that MRS. BEAUCHAMP and her family had moved to Iceland upon her retirement from the teaching profession. Obtaining her address from Louis, we decided to look up our former teacher. We climbed into to nearest taxi dog sled and recognized the driver to be BRUCE WARD. With a mush to his dogs, Bruce got us off to a flying start. Arriving at our destination, with a rather abrupt start, we climbed out in front of the Beauchamp mansion. We rapped on the door and then waited a few minutes. The door opened rather slowly and a huge black dog darted out at us. After recovering from our scare, we were astonished to see the dog trainer, GARTH LOCKERBY, bound out the door in hot pursuit of the dog. Upon passing, Garth had only time to raise his hand in recognition before disappearing around the corner. Contrary to our first greeting, the butler BRUCE CORNOCK tried to make things proper again. After being seated in the living room and meeting Mrs. Beauchamp once again, the maid, MARLENE HUTLET, graciously served coffee, but was unable to stop for a chat.

Bidding farewell once again, we made it back to the airport in the nick of time. This time we headed for England. During our stay there, we decided to go to see the horse races. Entering through the gate, we walked up to the wicket to get our tickets. Here we found HENRY EVERETT busily doling them out. Henry gave us a hot tip that one of the horses running that day was "Tar Baby" owned by KENNY OLIVER and BILLY WARRENER. Kenny and Billy were also know to have talked JIMMY WYLIE into the partnership as jockey.

Leaving Engalnd far behind, we again set out on our tour. The next stop was Paris and we were anxious to see the sights. Hailing a taxi cab, we were surprised to see BRIAN CRAMER at the wheel. After rather hastily being pushed into the cab, and the luggage having been stacked on top of us, we spoke to Brian in French, and somehow managed to reach our destination. This was as much a surprise to Brian as it was to us. The last we saw of him, he was still scratching his head and reaching for his translation dictionary.

After leaving the cab, we hurried into the lobby of the Hôtel de Ville and up to the reception desk. The chief Bell Hop approached and grabbed some of our baggage. Astonished, we recognized him as TEDDY PORTER. On his command, out rushed MILTON MACKLIN, who hastily rushed our baggage and us to our room.

First on the agenda included a fashion show at the famous Paris Fashion Centre. Entering the centre we were encountered by FAYE GUILBERT, selling programmes and dropping hints about the coming fashion parade. Rushing to our seats just as the first model appeared. Rushing to our seats just as the first model appeared, we sighed in relief. We stared at the model in mute amazement for we

recognized her to be our old acquaintance, DIANE FREEDY looking gorgeous in an original creation, created especially for her by BARBARA LOCKERBY. The beautiful model who appeared next in bridal attire was none other than INGA BROCKSSON, wearing the gown created by SHARON SMITH. After a chat with Diane and Inga we learned some of the latest gossip. Apparently our old French professor, MR. STEWART, is the only teacher left who teaches French Phonics.

Leaving the Fashion Centre, the sights of Paris and the old friends behind, we once again boarded a plane, this time for Moscow, Russia. In Moscow we looked up Margaret's brother, ALLAN McDOUGALD, who was still trying to make a hockey team out of the Russians. Although a considerably older man, Allan was still considered the best goalie of the Russians--1981 National Team. Through a rumour, we learned from Allan that CORNE DEARLEY had become a full fledged Russian scientist and was soon to send his partner, JAMES DALZELL, into orbit. We couldn't help thinking that perhaps James should take along his hamster to keep him from getting lonely.

After bidding Allan farewell, we headed for Hong Kong, China. Arriving at the bustling, bustling airport, bewildered, when we spied an empty rickshaw being pulled by the old High-School sprinter LEO SOULET. Climbing in and giving orders to Leo, we managed to see all the sights of Hong Kong, in record time before leaving to reboard our plane, the same afternoon for San Francisco.

By accident, in San Francisco we bumped into a lady detective at the airport. She happened to be MARY ANDRIKS. Mary admitted that because of her dangerous occupation she must have a safe "sure lock" on her door at night. From Mary we learned also that LOIS LOCKERBY and ELAINE BANNERMAN had become torch singers in a local night club called the "Cartwright." At the time we wondered if the name had anything to do with it.

Mary also informed us that RICHARD HOLDER and his Baldur Bear Cat Trio were taking the country by storm. It was rumoured that they had enough money from their few years in show business to retire for the rest of their lives.

Leaving Mary after having seen the sights that San Francisco had to offer, we flew, this time for Detroit. There, we looked up BILLY JACSEN, who had become owner and manager of an automobile factory. From our chat with Billy we discovered that just recently Billy had employed I.R. Falk as his experienced Test Driver. JANET KAY was his personal secretary, having replaced MARILYN WARDNER who had left Bill's services to get married.

Not having much time left, we decided to get back to the airport. We left Detroit behind and landed again at New York. That night we attended a concert held in Carnegie Hall. Having heard MYRTLE SMITH play before, we were not too surprised to see her name in lights, as the featured pianist. We went back stage after the performance to offer Myrtle our good wishes. Here, we were frightened to see Myrtle's agent, DIANE SMITH, pulling out her hair and Myrtle running in circles. When we asked what all the excitement was about we were told the United States President

had just been entering the building. Peeping out from behind the curtain we were surprised to see the first lady president, GAIL BREAUULT, gracefully seating herself in the front row. Myrtle informed us that Gail was elected suddenly, within the time we were on the tour. Myrtle also mentioned that PATSY REYKALE was caretaker of the hall having been recommended by the Municipality of Argyle for having done such a good job of cleaning their office.

The next morning we left New York for the last time and headed for Canada. While flying over Manitoba, we asked our pilot if he could land us at Baldur. Being unable to do so, because of the lack of airport space, he loaned us three parachutes. Putting them on, we bravely jumped. While peacefully floating to the earth, we had a chance to observe the old town. We noticed the Ramage Garage was sporting a new sign now, that of WAYNE RAMAGE and son. Upon landing on top of the Baldur Hospital, we met the matron, EDITH ROWLEY. After exchanging some local town gossip, we set out to see the old town. While wandering around, we suddenly lost all sense of direction. The town had become enormous we have never been able to find our way out of it since. Looks as if we are home, this time to stay!

Margaret McDougald.
Maria Roeges.
Barbara Wylie.

SAY IT WITH MUSIC:

7:00 a.m. "Sleepy Time Gal".
8:00 a.m. "Slowpoke".
8:30 a.m. "Clang, Clang, Clang, went The Trolley".
9:00 a.m. "Hail, Hail, The Gangs All Here".
ALGEBRA-"Oh! Dear What Can The Matter Be".
HISTORY-"I'll See You In My Dreams".
RECESS- "Candy & Cake".
FRENCH- "J'attendrai"(for the period to end).
CHEMISTRY-"Strange Things Are Happening".
LUNCH-"One Meat Ball".
LITERATURE-"Tell Me A Story".
GEOGRAPHY-"How Deep Is The Ocean".
ENGLISH-"Accentuate The Positive".
3:30-p.m.-"It's All Over Now".
3:45-p.m.- "Walking My Baby Home".
4:00 p.m.-"Home Sweet Home".

WEAKNESS

FIVE

LAST SEEN

<u>Name</u>	<u>Weakness</u>	<u>Last Seen</u>	<u>Ultimate Fate</u>
Henry	Cigars	Sneaking Downtown	Black Jumbo
Bruce C.	Memory	Fighting with Dianne	Mountie
Patsy	Boys	Cartwright	Farmer's wife
Teddy	Loving school	Playing hockey	Grade X
Milton	Girls	Rock Lake	Track star
Bruce W.	School	Playing ball	Farmer
Kenny	His car	3 1/2 miles south	Chauffeur
Billy W.	Stubbornness	Glenora	Going Steady
Wayne	Speed	Fishing	Gargeman
Jimmy	Work	Milking cows	Farmer
Janet	Candies	At home	Teacher
Marlene	Shortness	Brown '53 Ford	Model
Billy J	Convents	Bruxelles	Banker
Lorne	Eating	With Leo	Yankee 1st baseman
Inga	Hair styles	Walking	Secretary
Garth	Food	Chasing girls	Clown
Mary	Screaming	With Maria	Detective
Leo	"Boats"	With Lorne	Montreal Canadiens star centre
Elaine	Bob	Cartwright	Bank manager's wife
Lois	Wayne	Mad at Barb	Nurse
Faye	Tom	Necking	Doctor
Barbara W.	Laughing	3 A.M.	Witherman
Barbara L.	'60 Pontiac	Cafe	Witherman
Margaret	Bankers	Walking home	Old Maid
Allan	Belmont girls	Belmont	Owner of "Old Macdonalds farm"
Diane S.	Blushing	Fighting with KilShaney	Doctor
Sharon	Freckles	Jiving	Missionary
Gail	Left hand	Bank of Mont.	Home Economist
Marilyn	Shopping	Going home	Assistant Manager
Brian	Bragging	Kenora	Yankee backcather
Myrtle	Doing homework	Smoking a pipe	With short hair
James	Haircuts	Studying	Bachelor
Edith	Strength	Doing chores	Chauffeur for her brother
Maria	Plymouths	Drive-in	French Professor
Richard	Brunettes	Buying shoes	Professor
Leonard	"White" women	Sand Hills	Going to Bruxelles
Freddie	Red-heads	Wawanesa	Farmer in the Sand Hills
Lewis	Throwing water	Driving a '53 Meteor	Married in 30 years
Diane F.	Temper	C'Earling	Teacher
Dianne C.	Flurting		Mother

FBI Files

Eyes	Dianne C.	Billy W.
Teeth	Mary A.	Lewis D.
Dimples	Marylin W.	Garth L.
Shortness	Barbara W.	Freddy A.
Profile	Janet K.	Milton M.
Musical Ability	Myrtle S.	Freddy A.
Hair	Gail B.	Brian C.
Complexion	Lois L.	Jimmy W.
Humour	Barbara L.	Mr. Stewart
Smile	Dianne C.	Kenny O.
Laugh	Barbara L.	Richard H.
Voice	Sharon S.	Leonard W.
Walk	Inga B.	Mr. Falk
Brain	Myrtle S.	Leo B.
Mood	Faye G.	Billy W.
Freckles	Sharon S.	Bruce W.
Neatness	Edith R.	Leo B.
Height	Diane S.	Allan McD.
Jockers	Diane F.	Garth L.
Wit	Mrs. Beauchamp	Lorne D.
Pep	Patsy R.	Wayne R.
Hands	Janet K.	Lewis D.
Clothes	Margaret McD.	Lorne D.
Feet	Mary A.	Richard H.
Nails	Diane F.	Teddy P.
Figure	Inga B.	Henery E.
Agility	Myrtle S.	Leo B.
Nose	Marlene H.	Glenn H.
Late Commers	Margaret McD.	Jimmy D.
Gaze	Maria R.	Bruce C.

TV

CHARACTERS

"You'll Never See"

Bruce Cornock.....Sack Miller
 Henry Everet.....Doberman
 Glenn Hiscock.....Col. Ed. McCoughly
 Marlene Hutlet.....Angel
 Janet Kay.....Kelly Greig
 Milton Macklin.....Lt. Jacoby
 Kenny Oliver.....Batt Masterson
 Teddy Porter.....Josh Randal
 Wayne Ramage.....Ed. Sullivan
 Patsy Reykdale.....Susie
 Billy Warriner.....Paladin
 Bruce Ward.....Perry Como
 Jimmy Wylie.....Paul Drake
 Mary Andries.....Kitty
 Elaine Bannerman.....Eileen Sherwood
 Inga Bjournason.....Mandy Peoples
 Leo Boulet.....Danny Thomas
 Lorne Dearsley.....Bub
 Faye Guilbert.....Blabber
 Billy Jansen.....Dennis
 Garth Lockerby.....Peter Gunn
 Lois Lockerby.....Dinah Shore
 Gail Breault.....Kate McCoy
 Brian Cramer.....Chester
 James Dalzell.....Sgt. Bilko
 Barbara Lockerby.....Ruth Sherwood
 Allan McDougald.....Mat Dillon
 Margaret McDougald.....Toby Robins
 Maria Roeges.....Mrs. Mitchell
 Edith Rowley.....Ethyl Mertz
 Diane Smith.....Julliette
 Myrtle Smith.....Hassy
 Sharon Smith.....Dixie
 Marilyn Warrenner.....Mary Francis
 Barbara Wylie.....Pixie
 Freddie Andries.....Huckleberry Hound
 Dianne Cornock.....Mrs. Danny Thomas
 Lewis Dalman.....The Rebel
 Diane Freedy.....Dela Street
 Richard Holder.....Dr. Hyde
 Leonard Woodworth.....Gordie Tapp
 Mrs. Beauchamp.....Lucy
 Mr. Fulk.....Mr. Appopilis
 Mr. Stewart.....Shelly Birman

Can You Imagine?

Henry.....Smoking a "White Owl"
Bruce C.....Remembering his books
Patsy.....Not being at Cartwright
Teddy.....Not playing hockey
Milton.....Going home with cookies
Bruce W.....With a crewcut
Kenny.....Breaking the speed limit
Billy W.....Not talking
Wayne.....Being Funny
Jimmy W.....Growing
Janet.....Without candies
Ma rlene.....Failing an exam
Billy J.....Without a toothpick handy
Lorne.....Catching a ball
Inga.....Talking Icelandic
Garth.....With a toupee
Mary.....Weighing over 130 pounds
Leo.....Being a reckless driver
Elaine.....Smoking a cigar
Lois.....Giving swimming lessons
Faye.....Not waiting for Tom
Edith.....Missing a Mariapolis dance
Brian.....Doing the Rumba
James.....Smoking a pipe
Allan.....Managing the Belmont Lumber Yard
Margaret.....Failing an exam
Maria.....Visiting her neighbour
Diane S.....High Jumping
Myrtle.....Not doing her homework
Sharon.....Not complaining
Barbara W.....Dying her hair
Barbara L.....Staying out too late
Freddie.....DRINKING WATER
Dianne C.....Two or three timing
Louis.....Not burping
Diane F.....Learning Dutch
Richard.....Getting home early
Leonard.....Visiting at Pilot Mound
Mr. Stewart....Getting sunburned
Mr. Falk.....Coaching Fastball
Mrs. Beauchamp.Finding her pen

GOSSIP OF BALDUR HIGH

As Compiled By The Gossips (the Girls)

We heard that Leo Boulet received a special delivery "Dreamboat" message one day at noon.

MARIA ROEGELS seems to like going for their cows, that is if they're at the north end of the pasture.

DIANNE CORNOCK SEEMS TO BE VISITING MARILYN WARRENER quite often. Could this be a way of getting to see more often???

BARB LOCKERBY and BARB WYLIE still seem to prefer the Withers Bros. to any others.

We wonder if ELAINE BANNERMAN, FAYE GUILBERT, DIANE FREEDY and LOIS LOCKERBY are the personnel attracting the Cartwright boys to Baldur.

LEONARD WOODWORTH tells us that he went to Pilot Mound on Saturday night just to buy a pair of suede shoes. Somehow we just don't believe this!!!!

OVERHEARD:

MRS. BEAUCHAMP (referring to Lewis burping). There goes Old FAITHFUL AGAIN.

LEWIS: Who wrote Bernard Shaw? Oh, yeah, You Never Can Tell.

It is rumoured that a new movie production of BIG ABNER and FAZIE Mae will be started in Baldur.

MR. STEWART: Does anyone know what the softest thing in the world is???

Girls from other towns have stopped complaining since the B.H.S. boys have shaved off their moustaches.

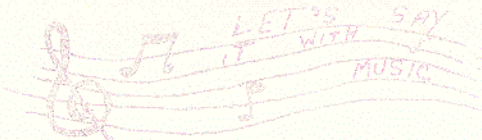
FREDDIE ANDRIES adMEYERS a red-head from Neelin.

RICHARD HOLDER wore ear-muffs through-out the last Student Council Meeting, true, we were having a "HOT" discussion but after all!!!

Curling was going strong, and this was heard on the curling ice, "What will I do now? Has anyone got a pin?"

Play and Here Let Come!

These Wilder Years.....	Freddie Andries Richard Holder Leonard Woodworth
Seven Men From Now.....	Seven Men Barb Lockerby Dianne Cornock
No Sleep Till Dawn.....	Allan McDougald
Wake Me When It's Over (School).....	James Dalzell
War And Peace.....	Diane Freedy Dianne Cornock Lewis Dalman
Storm Centre.....	Grade XII room at recess
Kiss Them For Me.....	Lois Lockerby Inga Bjornsson
Friendly Persuasion.....	Mrs. Beauchamp Mr. Falk Mr. Stewart
Anything Goes.....	Garth Lockerby Billy Jansen
Partners.....	Leo Boulet Lorne Dearsley
Man With The Golden Arm.....	Mr. Stewart



THIS YEAR'S TOP 47

- BRUCE CORNOCK.....Let's go, let's go, let's go.
- BRUCE WARD.....Lonely Teenager
- TEDDY PORTER.....Ready Teddy
- MILTON MACKLIN.....Just a Little Boy Blue
- GLENN HISCOCK.....Young Dreams
- HENRY EVERETT.....Hoochie Coochie Henry
- MARLENE HUTLET.....Jimmy's Girl
- JANET KAY.....Blue Angel
- JIMMY WYLIE.....Marlene
- WAYNE RAMAGE.....Lively
- BILLY WARRENER.....16 Reasons(to go to Belmont)
- KENNY OLIVER.....Once in a While
- PATSY REYKDAL.....Some o' N'Else's Love
- GARTH LOCKERBY.....You're a Heartbreaker
- MARY ANDRIES.....I LOVE a MEAN, MEAN MAN
- LEO BOULET.....I Got a Woman
- ELAINE BANNERMAN.....Three Nights a Week
- FAYE GUILBERT.....You Talk Too Much
- INGA BJORNSSON.....Love 'em and Leave 'em
- LORNE DEARSLEY.....Lonely Boy and Pretty Girl
- LOIS LOCKERBY.....Burning Bridges
- BILL JANSEN.....Since You Went Away To School
- BARBARA WYLIE.....Trying To Get You
- BARBARA LOCKERBY.....Poetry In Motion
- MARGARET MCDUGALD.....Wait For Me
- ALLAN MCDUGALD.....Lipstick On (My) Collar
- DIANNE SMITH.....There He Goes
- SHARON SMITH.....Shoppes Around
- MARILYN WARRENER.....You're So Much A Part Of Me
- GAIL BREAUULT.....Playing For Keeps
- BRIAN CRAMER.....I'm In Love With Jimmy's Girl
- MYRTLE SMITH.....Teen Angel
- JIMMY DALZELL.....Gambling Man
- MARIA ROEGERS.....Hot Rod Lincoln(plymoth)
- EDFTH ROWLEY.....Don't
- DIANE FREDDY.....My Empty Arms
- RICHARD HOLDER.....Beep Beep
- LEONARD WOODWORTH.....Lover Boy
- DIANNE CORNOCK.....Henkey Tonk Girl
- FREDDY ANDRIES.....North To Alaska(Glenboro)
- LEWIS DALMAN.....Squaws Along The Yukon
- MRS. BEAUCHAMP.....Many Many Years Ago
- MR. FALK.....Isn't It Amazing
- MR. STEWART.....C'est Si Bon
- Gr. XII.....Fools Rush In
- Gr. XI.....Hip It Up
- Gr. IX & X.....I'm Going To Be a Wheel Some Day

Our Poetry In Motion

Old Refrain, by Richard Holder

I'm through with dames; they cheat and lie.
They'll prey on us males till the day we die.
They tease and torment us, and drive us to sin....
Hey! Look at that blonde that just came in!

Small Comfort, by Leonard Woodworth

I admit with regret
That the girls that I get
Do not shine as a Hollywood star;
But I am not sad,
For I'm not doing bad
For a guy with a '50 car.

Owlsh Adage, by Freddie Andries

Early to bed,
Early to rise;
And your girl
Goes out with other guys.

Ode to Upper-Classmen, by Mr. Stewart

You can tell a freshman
By his silly, eager look.
You can tell a sophomore
'Cause he carries one less book.
You can tell a junior
By his dashing air and such.
You can tell a senior
But, boy, you can't tell him much!!!

Big Baby by Mr. Cornock

A baffling parental problem,
A sequence unforeseen,
How to get the baby to sleep,
After she's seventeen!

Modern Mary by Mary Andries

Mary had a little lamb
Given her to keep.
It followed her around until
It died from lack of sleep.

GRADE XI ESSAY

As the couple pushed their way through the crowded streets, Mrs. Simms was picturing in her mind's eye, a smart and stylish garment for evening wear. It should be a pink one this time because the one she got four years ago had been a blue-green color which was now in rags. However, not only must the color be different but the material must be much more expensive than the cheap cloth she had formerly had.

"You'd better not be workin' your brain t' git the bes' cloth an' t' mos' expensive 'cause yer not spendin' a whole pile a' dough jus' fer a dress t' wear!" grudging her husband breaking in on her dreaming. He threw a sarcastic and significant glance toward her which would have slammed anyone else against the wall.

"I weren't thinkin' of any such a thing," Mrs. Simms protested as they passed through the door to the fashion shop for ladies. "Here's where the cheapes' material in the whole town is," she told him vehemently. He scowled and grunted as if to tell her to hurry up.

Immediately, they were approached by a smart-looking young sales-clerk. "Could I help you?", she asked in a well modulated voice. Mr. Simms just gazed at her as though she had come from Mars.

Without realizing where he was going, Mr. Simms followed his wife and the sales-clerk to a counter. He was still staring at the girl, who politely told him that the very dress she was wearing was made from material from this store. He nudged his wife.

"Git some like that," he said nodding to the girl, "and I 'spose y' may as well git a pattern like thet too."

The sales girl, embarrassed by his remarks to his wife, could feel his eyes sizing her up.

Poor Mr. Simms allowed his wife to take his wallet only to find himself still gazing at the sales girl. Suddenly the flustered woman moved away from view and Mr. Simms demanded angrily "How much did that cost anyways."

GRADE X ESSAY

By Saga Bjornason

Are you aware of nature? This is a direct question to the people of Manitoba. Are you aware of the wonderful changes around you? No, you're probably thinking of all the wonderful sights you'll see when on vacation in Florida, California, or even Europe. And of all the fun you'll have while you surf board ride, water ski or bask in the sun. Not for me, I'd trade any of those in anytime for a good old-fashioned sleigh-ride or toboggan party. What fun to fly around at a merry clip, snuggled down in auto robes, with the frosty air biting your cheeks! You feel so good to be alive! And what a breath taking toboggan ride down a steep hill, the climb back, only to have a better thrill the next time. This is winter on the prairies! This is the time of the year when the ground is covered with millions of diamonds and when the houses tantalize you with the smell of cakes and cookies, smoked meats, canned mince-meat pie and pine trees. These are the Christmas smells, the best smell of the year.

But I am forgetting that there are three other seasons. I'll start with Spring. Spring is the season of re-birth. All the buds on our maples, poplars, and elm trees begin to appear and all the animals that hibernated emerge into a fresh, sparkling, new world. The flowers burst forth into bloom, and all the hills and meadows are in vivid color like an artist's palette. The birds fly home again to places like our Manitoba and begin building their summer residences. As our feathered friends work, they cast a mystic spell over the land, singing songs whose tunes have no equal.

Summer is a pleasant season. The skies are the most beautiful blue and whipped cream clouds float here and there. The parent birds are looking for worms in our newly plowed garden. The bees are busily gathering honey from the tall hollyhocks beside my window. A golden butterfly flutters by and I reach out my hand to touch his beauty, but he is gone. Out of my bedroom window I see our apple orchard, a maze of white blossoms. There will be a storm tonight I am thinking because it has been so hot. I can almost smell the freshness there will be tomorrow mornin'.

And finally Autumn, a season of different colors. There are yellows, reds, and browns on the trees. The apples are a rosy red, and they taste so sweet! The farmer is harvesting his grain. The birds are flying south again and soon the snow will come. The golden butterflies are spinning their cocoons. We are digging up our flower roots, and bringing in our vegetables. When I think of Autumn, I always think of Thanksgivings with all its wonderful food, the turkey, apple salad, pumpkin pie and many other favorites of mine. Yes, we have so much to be thankful for. You tell me you're going to stay in Manitoba for your Christmas holidays? You're going to take an old fashioned sleigh-ride? Good! It sounds like a lot of fun.

Initiation

I woke up this morning with a feeling that something dreadful was going to happen. It probably would, for today was initiation. I got up early and donned the costume I was supposed to wear, smeared my face with cocoa, braided my hair and I was ready. I didn't feel ready though. The weather was dreary that morning, matching my spirits. All too soon the van arrived and I was on my way to what would surely be the most dreadful day in my life. Before I knew it the van was stopped at the school and I was expected to get off. Why hadn't I stayed home? When the nine o'clock bell rang everyone rushed to his seat. We were expected to work until noon. Everything was quiet, except for the steady clattering of chains and the ringing of cowbells. The onion necklaces which adorned the neck of many a victim didn't smell as they looked. The aisles were littered with guns, knives, clothesbaskets, and other articles. At two o'clock the nightmare really began. All the freshies had to parade up town in their costumes. A visitor would have thought the town was crazy. All the while it was raining just enough to make everyone miserable, but not enough to call the whole thing off. When the parade was over the seniors had a few chores which we were supposed to do. Some had to sweep the streets, some washed hub-caps and others did other little jobs that didn't need doing. When three-thirty finally arrived we were told we could go home, but we had to return at night. At seven o'clock we went to the hall to be put through some tortures BLINDFOLDED, we were led into the hall. We were forced to taste different kinds of horrible mixtures, specially concocted for us. We had to stick our hand into a bowl of lizards which is fine, until you find out what you've been handling. At last, realizing how tired we were the seniors allowed us to sit down and relax. Exhausted, we sat down only to receive an electric shock. Then the blindfolds were taken off and we were allowed to see what we had touched and tasted. The day wasn't as bad as ever you said it would be, but still I was thankful when it was over.

Marilyn Huth

First Impressions

The High school opened August 30 at nine o'clock A.M. A lone grade nine student stepped out of his van. He stepped on ground which seemed hostile. He knew many of the other students, but they seemed like strangers in a strange school.

The school itself was a lonesome building which seemed tired of noise, long silence, and of endless footsteps.

This boy's first impressions of his surroundings were varied but as time passed they changed. He found classes interesting and his associates interesting. He found the school interesting. His impression of the work was poor. He detested it at first, but gradually began to accept it.

The subject of Initiation dwelled in his mind. All the heart stopping jokes which he heard from the other students filled his heart with terror. This changed when he knew they were just trying to frighten him.

As time passes the impression changes from a lonely point of view to a friendly one. The student finds everyone interesting, also he hopes the work will become interesting too!

Ferry Everett



TWELVE YEARS
IN
BALDUR HIGH

The past twelve years in Baldur High have been the most important years of my life. Memories of it will long be remembered by me, as well as by my fellow students, as the happiest years of my life.

In the lower grades we thought of school as a place for fun, but as we progressed along the road of education we began to realize its value and started taking our work more seriously. However school isn't all work and no play, for after homework and examinations are finished there is always time for School Dances, Baseball, Hockey and various other activities.

I am looking forward to the future, but I shall always cherish the past twelve years around which so many pleasant memories are centered.

Diane Freedy

Message
from
former
grad



As many of you face the decisions which are part of graduation, questions as to the validity of your past four years and the purpose of those ahead must rise in your mind.

Education itself is a rather hazy concept, and sometimes seemingly materialises as a huge set of facts which must be memorized if one is to do well. If one's idea of education goes no further than the amassing of information, then surely the time and intelligence of the student as well as that of the teacher is being grossly misused. I do not mean to suggest that your education should make "good men and women" or "good citizens" out of you, it may do this incidentally, but primarily it should open your minds, not only to the larger community around you, but also to the rich heritage that is yours as a Canadian.

If your high school has done this, you will be richer people, who regardless of your ultimate station, will have understood more of the world.

Much is being said today about the importance of education in practical terms, eg. those of job opportunities. This undoubtedly is important because we all have to earn our living. But if school is attended in order to get a job which pays well, then the job is usually done because of wages rather than because it is interesting. While there are some jobs which can never be interesting, too many people find themselves unnecessarily employed at a boring and seemingly senseless job.

I fully realize that many of you will say these ideas are utopian and impractical, and I fully agree I question the validity of planning one's future in practical materialistic terms.

I would like to wish you God's speed in the coming years.

Aleda Woodworth

Awards

AS COMPILED BY THE TEACHERS OF BALDUR HIGH

- Best Time Waster.....Garth Lockerby
Fastest Mover.....Milton Macklin
Most Energetic.....Bruce Cornock
Squeekiest Sealer.....Mary Andries
Most Incurable Dreamer.....Inga Bjournason
Proudest Pouter.....Kenny Oliver
Noisiest Nuisance.....Marlene Hutlet
Biggest Fisherman.....Henery Everet
Most Likely To Be Heard.....Faye Guilbert
Most Legible Writer.....Leonard Woodworth
Most Sensitive Post.....Richard Holder
Most Colourful Vocabulary.....Lewis Dalman
Most Original Historian.....Freddie Andries
Most In Need Of A Haircut.....Jimmy Dalzell
Saddest Eyes.....Brian Creamer
Best PARLAY-VOCS.....Gail Broadut
Toughest Discipline.....Blaine Smith
Jaintiest.....William McLaughald
Most Likely To Evade Homework.....Nythle Smith

ANTHOGRAPHS

Garth Lockerby

Allan Mc Dougald

~~to some woodwork~~

Margaret McDougald

Diane Smith

Gift to Mother

George Hulbert

Lain Lockerby

Mary Gledits

James

James Dalgell

Edith Rowley

Inga Bjornsson

James Larnock

Bill Womum

Laine Hammon

Janet

S. Beauchamp

Leo

Bowlet

Billy

Boyd Wylie

Lorne Dearalay

Geoffrey!
Bartholomew

J. L. Salmon
Pat Kaykald.
Marie Payer

Best Wishes
Deane Peedy