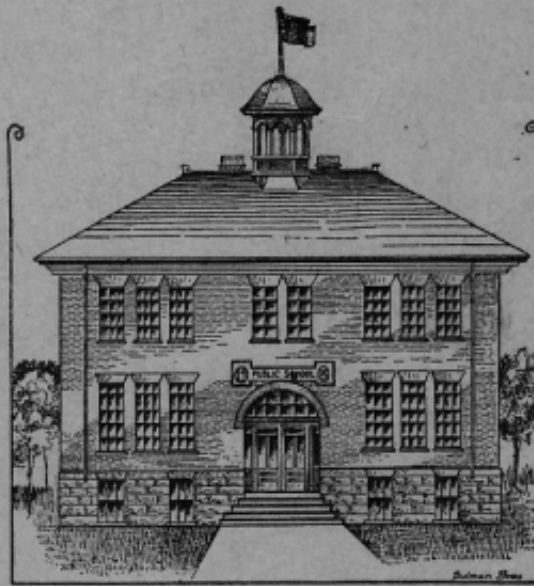


**Provided by Norman Guilbert**

VOX  
ADULESCENTIS



*Baldur High School*

***YEAR BOOK***

VOX



ADULESCENTIS

# E ditorial

As another year at Balour School draws to a close, we again present the "Vox Adulescentis" for your approval and enjoyment. With the addition of new ideas, we hope that this year book will meet the standard set by predecessors.

In the edition of "Vox Adulescentis" we bring to you a record of events which happened during the school year. The task of publishing a year book is by no means an easy one, but we now realize that we are the ones which profit from this assignment. By producing a year book, we have made fellowship bonds which otherwise would never have been known.

Many may not realize that progress has been made. In grade seven or eight, if a student did not have his homework done, he would say, "I haven't got it done." A high school student would be ashamed to say such a thing; instead he would say, "Due to circumstances beyond my control, I was unable to complete my homework." I hope that this little example will prove to you that progress has been made.

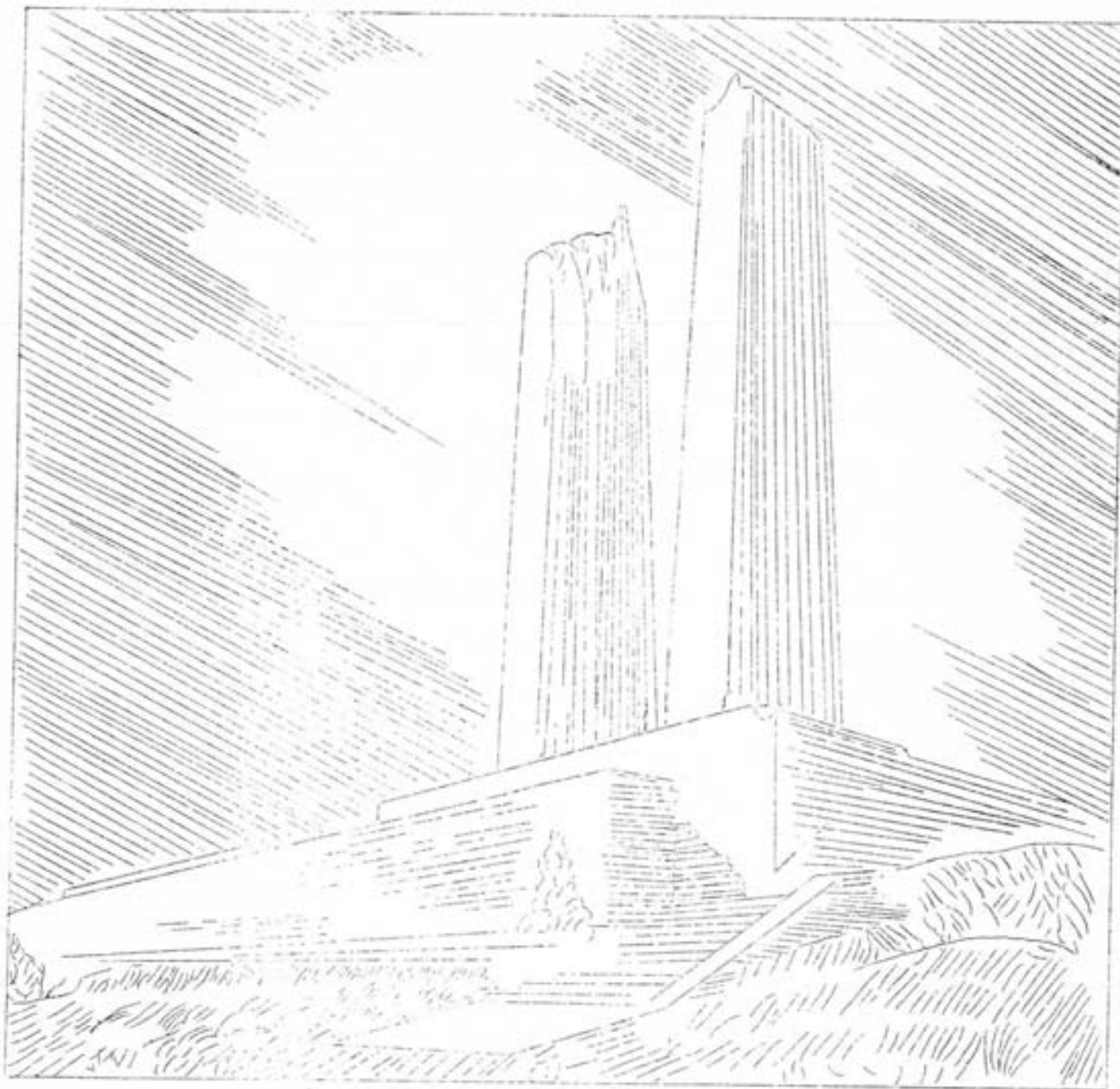
This year book would not have been possible without the cooperation of many students, the advertisers, Mr. Elliot, the photographer, and Mrs. E. Johnson for the printing of the pictures.

So, at last, here is your "Vox Adulescentis." We hope you like it.

*Emily Johnson*

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VINY MEMORIAL

IN MEMORIAM





## PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

To the Graduating Class.

Many years have gone by since you first came to school. Now you are suddenly cast out into society. You are on your own. What will next year bring? Where will you be? What will you be doing?

The small amount of training you have already had should enable you to select your goal. It should also help you to a fuller appreciation of life and make you a better citizen. Above all, it should make you realize that you only get out of life what you put into it.

Do not let your education end now. Go through life with an open mind, and you will be much happier.

*J. Holman*



## ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

To the Graduates:

Time flies. You are now at one of the most important steps of your life. While school may seemed to have been a drudgery, on looking back in years to come it will be remembered as the most carefree days of your life. It is to be hoped that these days may also have been profitable to you.

May you always have the desire to find what is "just around the bend" on the road of life.

*Madge E. Halder*





Grade IX



Grade X



Grade XI



Grade XII



Teaching Staff



Student Council



Year Book Staff



Winnipeg Rick

# US L W R Y M E

Barbara "Barb" Lockerby  
Barbara Lockerby is our girl,  
To all the boys she gives a whirl.  
As for boys you can bet your boot,  
That she'll grab one with plenty of loot.

Dianne "Dinie" Cornock  
Tall and fair  
She is no square  
Comes our Dianne  
From Greenway, Man.

Diane "Sputnik" Freddy  
Diane Freddy is a Grade IX lass,  
and in her grade she'll likely pass.  
She likes the boys from Glenboro way  
For she talks about them every day.

Billy "Sad Seck" Fredrickson  
Billy Fredrickson is tall and slim,  
Schoolwork doesn't appeal to him.  
Except for curling he's seldom seen,  
And everyone wonders where he has been.

Richard "Dicky" Holder  
Richard Holder of our Grade IX  
Can say that High School's really fine.  
Even with his mother there  
He gets the girls all up in a flare.

Leonard "Tee Hee" Woodworth  
Leonard arrived in Baldur High,  
and he thinks he knows why.  
Usually he is as busy as a bee,  
But when teacher's out, you'll hear "tee hee".

Barry "Tag-a-long" McGill

Barry McGill, short and handsome,  
Goes with a girl and then some.  
Each day you see him buzzing by,  
Along with Dewain he's quite a guy.

Dewain "Beagle Brain" Bresult

Dewain is from Greenway school,  
He came to Baldur to obey the rule.  
With machinery, he is great,  
But for school he is sometime late.

Gwen "Gwennie" Lodge

Gwen Lodge is a country lass,  
Who is in the Baldur Grade IX class.  
In school work she does excell,  
And with farm chores, does very well.

Marvyn "Butch" Grant

Marvyn Grant, to one lady does seem  
The perfect young man in her dream.  
Certain bad habits he seems to stress,  
That's why with the teachers, he gets into a mess.

Ronald "Mitch" Mitchell

Ronald Mitchell is in the Grade IX class.  
And he goes with a Huff School lass.  
Every morning for breakfast he grabs a cookie,  
And the next day, he's liable to play hookey.

Patsy "Patty" Christopherson

Patsy lives down near the creek,  
And you can bet she isn't very meek.  
She comes to school every day,  
But she doesn't chase the boys away.

Jimmy "James" Dalzell

He sits in the very front chair,  
So the teacher will know he is there.  
He's tiny, but mischievous, no doubt about that,  
Yet walks these winters without a hat.

Allan "Midge" McDougald

Allan McDougald is our star goalie,  
He's big and tall and shy.  
And a certain country gal  
Thinks he is quite a guy.

Edwin "Ed" Clark

Edwin Clark he is no fool,  
For he came back to Baldur School.  
We all think Ed is a swell guy,  
And we are glad to have him in Baldur High.

GRADE X

Lois "Burton" Burton

Lois in school work does very well,  
In music she does excell.  
But she has her heart set  
On a hydro guy she has met.

Lynda "Lindy Lou" Young

Lynda Young, she's our gal,  
Full of fun, she's everyone's pal.  
Her ponies are not her only love, we know  
But she treats them better than any beau.

Fleurette "Cowboy" Desrochers

Fleurette was a Welsh School lass,  
But joined the Baldur Grade X class.  
She works hard for every test,  
And often her marks are the best.

Shirley "Vicky" Hutlet

Shirley Hutlet is a Grade X lass,  
Who came from the south to join this class.  
She was a victim of initiation,  
Which to her and others was quite a sensation.

Herby "Goliath" Hutlet

Herby is not very tall,  
But what's wrong with being small,  
Freddie and he are best of pals,  
And not very often are seen with gals.

Blanche "Namie" Lodge

Blanche is a very nice girl,  
Although is doesn't dance or curl.  
When the boys give her the eye,  
Her heart flips over and nearly flies.

Freddie "Fritz" Andries

Freddie Andries so petit,  
All the girls thinks he is sweet.  
But of them all his is wary,  
For he only has eyes for Mary.

Iva Lynn "Iva" Conibear

Always happy, always gay,  
That's Iva Lynn's own sweet way.  
At Mariapolis dances is the bell of the ball,  
That is if she ever gets into the hall.

Yvonne "Vonny" Conibear

She's quiet, she's lo, she's nice to know,  
And to our knowledge with Alec does go.  
With subject hard, school does hate,  
Good Luck, Yvonne, in '58.

Joan "Jones" Dearsley

Joan Dearsley from Baldur High,  
Likes to go with every guy.  
Joan is blonde and loads of fun,  
And never gets her Algebra done.

Elaine "Laine" Gordon

Elaine Gordon is tiny and shy,  
She sets her goal on studies high.  
On passing her exams she is certain,  
And her best pal is Lois Burton.

#### GRADE XI

Lewis "Uncle Dewy" Dalman

A Grade XI guy is Louie,  
Who thinks school work is really phooie.  
He drives around in his old grey chevy,  
And the left side sags cause he's kind of heavy.

Mary "MA-ry" Stilwell

Mary is our Grade XI scholared girl,  
Who likes very much to curl,  
We all like to listen to her sing,  
And we watch her come when the school bell rings.

George "Curly" Stilwell

George has a winsome smile,  
Plus a head of curly hair.  
And you can bet, he won't walk a mile,  
When his car is waiting there.

Bob "Snead" Christopherson

Bobby Christopherson is quite a guy,  
He's cute and short and very shy.  
He plays baseball, basketball, hockey and curls,  
Is that why he hasn't got time for girls.

Earl "Squirrel" Johnson

Earl works on Wednesday night,  
Folding papers with great delight.  
Other work he doesn't mind,  
Especially if it is the right kind.

Dorothy "Dot" Embury

Dorothy's clever, all of us can see,  
At History and Grammar, she really makes a go.  
But when it comes to geometry,  
"Er, well" I just don't know.

Beverley "Bevie" Johnson

Beverley Johnson is someone's pal,  
And we know she's a great gal.  
In all her work, including farming,  
She finds the Gov. Rep. most charming.

Joy "Groucho" Tosh

Hair of Black, eyes of blue,  
Oh, what she can do!  
She can skate, curl and dance,  
And help develop her own romance.

Jeanette "Jenny" Warrener

Jeannette Warrener is in Grade XI  
When with a certain guy, she's in 7th heaven.  
In her class she does her best,  
And hopes to beat all the rest.

Arlie "Sky-High" Sutton

Arlie is our short little gal,  
And we all think she is swell.  
To one man goes all her attention,  
But there is no need for his name to be mentioned.

### GRADE XII

Norman "Pierre" Guilbert

Norman Guilbert comes from Baldur High,  
At making jokes, he's quite a guy.  
But on certain nights, he goes away,  
To see a girl, down Glenboro way.

Mary "Mully" Holmes

Mary Holmes clever and bright,  
Works at school with all her might.  
She always says she hasn't a beau,  
But we know, to one she wouldn't say no.

Myrna "Scott" Scott

Myrna Scott is from Baldur High,  
And to the south-west her heart does fly.  
As at the end of day, her thoughts do wing,  
To a "way" down south-west, and that good old fling.

Emily "Timothy" Jansen

Always with the latest fad,  
Emily proves she is no cad.  
Of course her only dream in life,  
Is to become someone's wife.

Mrs. "Prof." Holder

She teaches well, she scolds well, too.  
And if you're bad, she'll surely scold you.  
We'll like her more when July is around,  
Cause only then is she out of bound.

Mr. "Mr. H." Hjalmarson

Mr. Hjalmarson is a high school professor,  
Every morning you see him in front of his dresser,  
He washes his face and combs his hair,  
But sometimes at 9, when the bell rings, he isn't  
there. (where, at school).



# FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Swallowing a king-sized yawn I stretched and got up. Today was my first day at Baldur High! How could I forget that? Shakily I dressed and skipped breakfast. Who was hungry? Certainly, not I! The five miles to Baldur stretched into an eternity. A million questions raced in my perplexed mind.

Before I could catch my breath I had walked up the steps and was inside this impressive building and my heart beat wildly, like a crazy calypso drum. Feeling very nervous I glanced around foolishly. Which room was I supposed to go in? Mrs. Holder came to my rescue.

Everything was so confusingly different. Here I was with eleven classmates and two teachers compared to the last nine years when I'd been by myself with one teacher at Welsh.

All the boys and girls glowed with friendliness and I felt so happy! All the previous tenseness and nervousness was gone. The days passed and I loved it here.

To celebrate the election of the Student Council Executive a weiner roast was held on Dearsley's hill and all had a superb time. (eating to bursting point!)

After the turmoil and confusion we Freshies went through at Initiation we all emerged in one piece.

Every day proved to be a new adventure. I would not give Baldur High up for anything and I sincerely hope that all newcomers will feel as I do.

*Theretta Buerchner*



# INITIATION

What kind of day was it? It was just an ordinary day but, at Baldur High it was to be the much dreaded-INITIATION. The morning started off right until I thought of the costume which I was to wear. Of course it had been chosen by the Seniors.

From morning until night we poor Freshies were kept busy doing errands for the Seniors and giggling at one another's costumes. We even had one dressed as a baby in diapers and all.

At three o'clock we had our Freshies parade which included a tricycle, tractor, hayrack and a horse drawn carriage. Singing and beating out a song, which had been composed for us by a beloved Senior, we marched across town. Following the parade we Freshies were assigned to do various tasks around town such as measuring the sidewalk, washing doorsteps with a toothbrush, etc. You can rest assured that we had a large audience of curious onlookers and surely any strangers in town must have thought that at last the Martians were invading our country.

At eight o'clock we were all sent down to the Legion Hall where it would be decided whether or not we were fit to enter high school. After being put through breath-taking tactics such as walking the plank, being branded, swallowingcat's eyes (really peeled grapes dipped in castor oil), kissing the charter etc., we recieved an electric shock. All those who entered the hall that night emerged as new Seniors of Baldur high.

All in all, the days tactics didn't seem too hard when we thought of the honor it would be to call ourselves students of the one and only "Baldur High". There is no place that I'd rather be.

I hope that next years freshies won't shy away from Baldur High for the fear of Initiation for I'm sure that you'll enjoy Initiation more than we'll enjoy torturing you.

# "SOCIAL REPORT"

The first social event this year in the Baldur High School was our annual weiner roast out on Bearsley's hill. After the lunch a short program was put on by a group of the students and then came the high-light of the evening, the announcement of the officers of the Student Council for the year.

The next big event was the dreaded initiation of the Freshies. After the torture, the Freshies and the rest of the High School were treated to a lunch served by the High School girls.

We held a High School Dance with music supplied by "The Silhouettes" near the beginning of the year. Although there was far from a record crowd everyone seemed to enjoy themselves.

The High School was invited to several of the nearby High School's dances and carloads were taken to Pilot Mound, Glenboro and Cypress River where it was reported everyone had a lot of fun.

Several of the students brought the suggestion to the Student Council that we should have dances to records on Saturday Nights in the Legion Hall. It was decided to try it and if it was successful they would continue. A very good crowd was in attendance and all were in favour of having more of these dances. Since then they have been held quite regularly and have been a lot of fun.

In regard to our Saturday night dances I would like to thank all those who helped me out by supplying record players and records and helping keep things running smoothly.

All in all this has been a very enjoyable year and I was glad to be able to play a small part in trying to make it such.

*B. W. Johnson*

# SPORTS

# REPORT

The 57-58 term started with the best in sports, especially for the boys. The boys this year were really sports minded and practically all took part.

It all started in September when the girls set up the ping-pong table. Then the boys bought a new pigskin and played through the most of the fall.

This wore off and curling began. The first curling was probably done by George Stilwell, Bob Christopherson, Edwin Clark and Billy Frederickson. This rink represented Baldur in the Manitoba High School Bonspiel.

With the making of ice in the local rink, the High School started their curling schedule. Eight rinks took part, skipped by both the boys and the girls. As the season progress a school bonspiel was held, with Edwin Clark winning all the marbles from the twelve rinks entered.

Meanwhile hockey was no less important. The school seventeen and under team went undefeated in the four games in which they played.

With the coming of spring, winter sports quickly died. Then someone rolled a soccer ball on to the field and it was kicked right through until the field became dry.

Now soft-ball is important and both boys and girls are batting the ball around.

*Earl Johnson*



# WITTY WISDOM

Earl kissed his first girl and smoked his first cigarette on the same day. He has never had time for tobacco since.

\*\*\*\*\*

The judge was reprimanding the souse, "You've been brought here for drinking."

"O.K.," said the drunk, "lesh get started."

\*\*\*\*\*

Mr. H.: "You missed my class yesterday, Joan."

Joan: "Not in the least I assure you."

\*\*\*\*\*

C is for Octopus. So the boy octopus married the girl octopus and they marched down the aisle hand in hand, hand in hand, hand in hand, hand in hand, hand in hand, hand in hand, hand in hand.

\*\*\*\*\*

Teacher: "What is the function of the skin."

Barry: "To keep the soap companies in business."

\*\*\*\*\*

"Those are my brother's ashes on the mantel," said Mary Stilwell sadly.

"Oh your poor brother passed on to the great beyond."

"Shucks, no, he's just too lazy to find an ash tray."

\*\*\*\*\*

Freddy: "May I have the next dance?"

Patsy: "Sure I don't want it."

\*\*\*\*\*

Mrs. Hutlet: "About the girl you want to marry, has she good connections?"

Herby: "Well she has never come apart when I was with her."

# OUR CHARACTERS

<u>NAME</u>	<u>FAULT</u>	<u>FAVORITE FOOD</u>	<u>ULTIMATE FATE</u>
<u>GRADE IX</u>			
BILLY LEOPARD DIANE F.	Playing Hooky Chewing Gum Talking to Butch	Spareribs Spuds Onions	Hobo Mathematician Going North
MARVYN	Losing his ruler	Rhubarb	Mayor of Greenway
DIANNE C. ALLEN PATSY	Curiosity Being good Dreaming of Barry	Stew Mustard Horsemeat	Teacher Undertaker Farmerette
RODOLD BARBARA RICHARD	Going to Wylies Quietness Pestering Barbara	Garlic Sausages Heart Hamburgers	Passing Gr. IX Trying to Dance Scientist
GWEN JIMMY	Laughing Sprawling	Mushrooms Beans	Milk Maid Reporter of the Baldur Gazette
BARRY DEWAIN Edwin	Arguing Chasing a Blonde Sending Notes	Sauerkraut Carrots Tongue	Implement Dealer Giving Driving Lessons Racing
<u>GRADE X</u>			
BLANCHE SHIRLEY FLEURETTE LOIS	Studying Shyness T.V. Itis Blushing	Hash Dill Pickles Wild Cats Liver	Working in the Bank Violinist Teacher at Welsh Beethoven the Second
FREDDIE	Getting in the way	Hay Seed	Having a six foot son
HERBY	French	French Toast	Goalie for Montreal
LYNDA	Letter Writing	Horse Radish	Owner of Horse Ranch
JOAN ELAINE IVA LYNN	Cold-Sores Maths School	A Date with a Peach Garlic Gum	Old Maid Historian Married to a French- man
YVONNE EDWIN S.	No Girdle Grin	Yorkshire Candy	Farmerette in England Premier of B.C.

<u>NAME</u>	<u>FALLS</u>	<u>FAVORITE FOOD</u>	<u>ULTIMATE FATE</u>
<u>GRADE XI</u>			
MARY S.	Thinking	Fish	Winning the Noble Prize
JCY	Small Ears	Jelly	Butter-Milk Maid on Fig Farm
DOROTHY	Working	Rodney Cats	Going Steady
BOBBY	Size	Gro-pup	Athletic Coach
BEVERLEY	Getting up at Dawn	Burrs	Substituting for Mrs. Starr
EARL	Money	Carrot-tops	Junk Dealer
GEORGE	Ringlets	Frog-legs	Curling Champ
ARLIE	4 ft. 10 in.	Dates	Farmerette at Welsh
JEANETTE	Combing her hair	Pure-bred short-horn meat	Banking
LEWIS	Loving School	Chop-Suey	Gas Hop
<u>GRADE XII</u>			
EMILY	Swallowing Gum	Chocolate coated Worms	Getting Married
MARY H.	Being Late	Stewed Ants	Testing Grain
MYRNA	Scratching	Pickled Grass-hoppers	Teacher at Tiger Hill
NORMAN	Temper	Red Peppers	A Bigamist
Mr. Hjalmarson	Breakfast at recess	Crabs	Taking off to the moon
Mrs. Holder	Giving Homework	Shrimps	Another year at Baldur High



Mr. Hjalmarson: Do you know anything about Chlorine?  
 Earl Johnson: No, what grade is she in?

Bobby C. : Say dad, the teacher told me to find the lowest common denominator.

Mr. Christopherson: Good Night! Is that thing still lost?  
 The teacher had me looking for it when I was a kid!

Mr. Hjalmarson : I'm tempted to give you a test this afternoon.  
 Class(in unison): Yield not to Temptation.

# Rural Views

I remember one day when I was a lad of ten back in Ontario we went on a "(Logging bee)" I'll tell you about it.

One evening our mother told us to go to bed early. She said we were going to the Browns next day on a "logging Bee". In those days people went to bed early anyway but we went extra early. She said that the Brown's lived four miles away, and we would like to get started early, as we had to ride behind the oxen over a bush trail.

Next morning we got up early and mother had a big pot of porridge ready, in the big fire place. We had our breakfast and away we went. On the way there father told us that we were going on a "logging bee"

When we got there they were just starting to cut the trees. After that they had a contest to see which team of oxen could pull the biggest stump. We were the ones that won. Our team pulled out one three feet in diameter, a big cottonwood.

When night was coming on we had supper. That night I nearly bust I was so full of roast venison, potatoes, vegetables and apple pie.

Then they had a dance. Dad played his fiddle and called off some good old square dances. The babies all slept on robes on the floor. Then we went home. When we got home we talked about what a good time we had and that was the end of a long hard days work.

John Davidson, Grade 5, Huff School.

## THE LAUGHLY SNOWMAN

Once there was a big snow bank. Then the little boy and little girl went out and made a snowman. This snowman was very bad because he was a white as snow. (probably because he was made of snow.) So he'd lie down every time he saw the boy and girl and they thought he had melted but he didn't melt. Then one day a cow stepped on him and broke him so the boy and girl found the pieces and put him back together. Then he wasn't so bad but he did something. He went where there was a big tree so he could have some shade. At night he went back to his place. But one day it was cold and windy so the snowman wanted to be warm so he went into the house and stood beside the fire place. He began to get hotter, hotter and hotter. Then he began to melt. When the little girl and boy got back there was no snowman. It was a puddle! They couldn't put him back together this time.

Lucile Desrochers, Grade 5, Welsh School.



The pupils of "Rosehill School" were asked this question. "If you had one extra hour in every day, how would you spend that hour?"

These are some of the answer:

- "I would like to sleep." Betty Ward, Grade 1.
- "I would like to slide down the hills in winter or go camping in summer." Jerry Storie, Grade 2.
- "I would like to draw." Joyce Hutlet, Grade 3.
- "I would train our dog." Kenneth Storie, Grade 4.
- "In the extra hour, I would like to horse back ride." Gail Ward, Grade 5.
- "If I had an extra hour I would spend it sewing." Beverley Tosh, Grade 7.
- "I'd spend my extra hour drawing, painting and collecting pictures of the Royal Family." Diane Smith, Grade 8.
- "If I had an extra hour in each day I'd spend it learning to play some musical instrument." Sharon Jean Smith, Grade 9.

#### A LOAF OF BREAD

First the wheat is cleaned and put into bins. Then it is put into the drill and sown. It grows to about a foot tall. So we spray it to kill all the weeds. We leave it now to let it grow.

When it is tall and gold looking we swath it and leave to dry. We leave it about a week. Then it is combined and taken to the elevator. Then shipped to the mill and washed and dried several times. Then crushed into flour. It is put into bags now.

We put it on a train and its taken to the bakery. We mix it with other materials to a doe then put up to rise. After awhile it is cut into loaves and put into the stove to bake. About an hour after our bread is ready to come out. It is a nice loaf of golden bread.

Bobby Biles, Grade 4, Mimir School.

#### THE DOG

I have a little dog,  
He plays with a Frog,  
He sleeps like a log  
Down by the bog.

#### AUTUMN DAYS

The golden days of fall,  
Bring joy and fun to all,  
And all the leaves fall,  
On the ground and on the wall.

Wendy Biles, Grade 3, Mimir School.

No changes have been made from the original copies.



# WRITERS OF TOMORROW

A Story about a cow.

Once upon a time there lived a cow. But this cow was no plane cow. This cow was magic, if you put it's tail money will drop out. Now the farmer that owned the cow did't know that. But some robbers know. One night the robbers stol the cow then they took the cow to their hide out. Next morning the farmer went to milk the cow. When the farmer saw that the cow had been stolen. He called the cops pretty soon the cops had cot the robbers, and the farmer got his cow.

MEL MITCHELL

A cat and mouse story.

A cat and mouse story.

Once there was a mouse that always was wishing for sometsing he didn't need. When he saw a cat he wished he was a cat and get delishes cake that people gave to them. One day he smeled sometsing delishis so he followed the smel. All at once the cat jumped out of behind a chair he ran after the mouse but he was to old and pcky to catch him. The mouse moved to his old friend in the country and they lived ever after.

Carla de BROCKERT

(Carla came to Canada from Holland one year ago.)

My Funny Pet Calf.

I have a pet calf, his name is Spot. He is all brown with a white face.

Daddy always used to feed him, but one day he said that from on I could feed by myself.

So the next day I started feeding him. I got some chop and gave it to him. Then I got some hay. While I was reaching over to give him his hay with one hand, he started to suck my other hand, he must of thought it was the hay.

GILLEN CARROLL

A store of a kitten.

I have a kitten it name is Snoop. My kitten is pretty. I like my kitten very much. He run and jump's. I play with him. Once when dad put him out there was a another cat. When Snoop saw him he run fast in to the house. Snoop sleeps in my Box sometime. He sleeps all the time. When he is asleep I come up and scared him. Once Snoop scare so I jump. He like to eat dogfood. He has fun. he plays outside. At night when I go to bed Snoop comes up and scares me.

GONNIE BRANTON

No changes are made from the original copies.

# ROOM REPORTS!!

## ROOM I

Our room is well filled this year with 12 pupils in Grade I, 5 girls and 7 boys, and 20 pupils in Grade II with 10 boys and 10 girls.

We had a very good attendance until Christmas but measles hit us after and nearly every pupil had them and some even took them the second time so our good record was spoilt.

About 18 pupils are taking part in the Festival at Glenboro. All have enjoyed the books in the library and many can read the stories quite fluently.

In art we have had some very pretty and interesting pictures drawn and coloured.

We were very pleased to get new green boards in our class-room and have the old ones painted the same colour. The writing on them can be seen so much better and they also brighten up our room.

We wish the Graduates success in whatever they undertake in the future.

## ROOM II

We have Grades III, IV, V in our room this year with an enrollment of 24 pupils with 16 girls and 8 boys.

We have worked hard this year and enjoyed our play time. We have taken a lot of library books home for reading this year, and we have received a lot of enjoyment from following Anne's adventures as Miss Gunnlaugson read the "Anne" Books for us.

The attendance has been very poor this past year what with Asia Flu last fall and colds, measles, etc. in the winter.

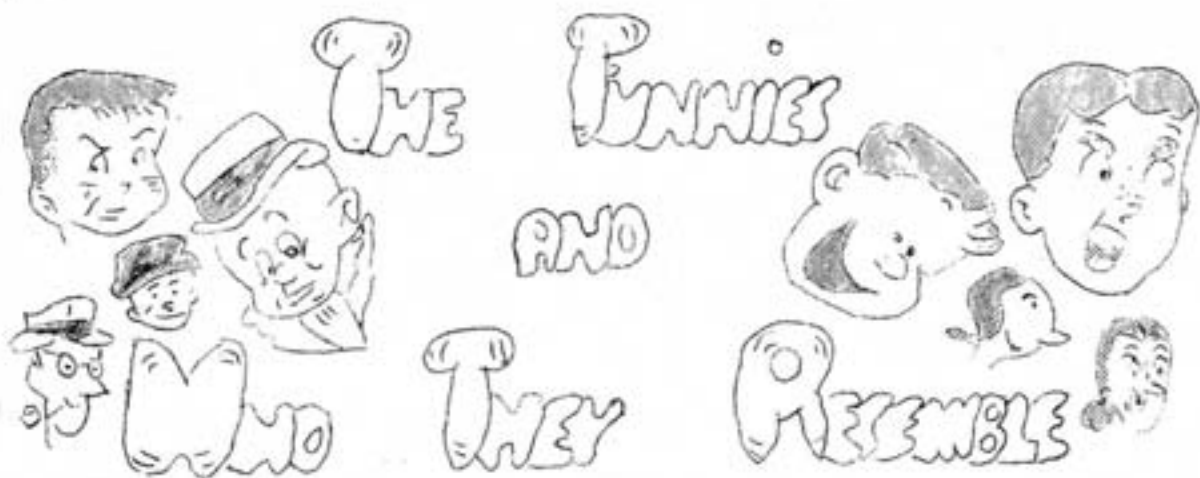
As we are writing this some of the pupils are getting ready to take part in the Festival at Glenboro. We tender them every good wish for a successful participation and hope they bring home good marks.

We wish the graduating students good wishes for every success in their chosen vocations and also success to all other members of the school in their various grades.

## ROOM III

In Room III, we have Grades VI to VIII, with twenty-two enrolled. We have had a very broken attendance during the year, due to the epidemics of various diseases. Last year we had several students with perfect attendance, but this year we shall be fortunate if we have even one such.

We wish the members of the Graduating Class success, not only in their pursuit of whatever vocations they may choose. And, we sincerely hope that some may even make such valuable contributions to Professions to Business, or to Sport, as have many others who in years past have walked the corridors of Baldur School.



BARBARA	Betty
BARRY	Archie
PATSY	Veronica
DIANE F.	Midge
ALLAN	Noosie
DEWAIN	Jughead
RONALD	Reggie
MARY H.	Mrs. Andrews
MYRNA	Mrs. Cooper
EMILY	Mrs. Lodge
MR. HJALMARSON	Mr. Weatherbee
MRS. HOLDER	Miss Gundy
BILLY	Bugs Bunny
LEONARD	Elmer Fudd
EDWIN C.	Tweety
JIMMY	Sylvester
MARVYN	Donald Duck
GEORGE	Dewry
BOBBY	Huey
EARL	Louie
JEANETTE	Daisy Duck
HERBY	Mickey Mouse
YVONNE	Minnie Mouse
NORMAN	Goofy
JOAN	Ellsworth
LEWIS	L'il Abner
JOY	Mammie Yokum
BEVERLY	Daisy Nae
DIANNE C.	Nightmare Alice
RICHARD	Porky Pig
BLANCHE	Petunia
FREDDIE	Cicero

Don't take it to heart kids, we are only  
being comic.



It was a wonderful feeling to be whizzing along in our lovely new car, the breeze blowing our hair and the wheels singing beneath us. Suddenly a huge truck loomed in front of us. We veered crazily from side to side. There was a screech, and a dull thud, the crash of glass and then darkness.

"Are you going to sleep all day?" A voice called to us from the darkness. We raised ourselves and there smiling at us was IVA LYNN COBBLEKAT, with long red hair and big dangling earrings, dressed in a potato sack.

"Where are we?" We asked bewilderedly.

"On the moon, where do you think?" she said, "Get up so I can clean the streets". She explained that she was a street cleaner on the moon and had been here for twenty years, as had the rest of the Baldur High School. We explained that we were hungry and she led us down a cobblestone path, bordered on each side by huge pink trees and clusters of tiny black flowers, until we came to an immense gilded castle studded with star-dust, and a huge Noo-on sign flashing out the words JOAN DAKELLY'S Ritzy Rooms and Fabulous Food. We were met at the door by LEOHARD TUCKER who helped us into his flashy red car and drove us to our table. We took our seats and waited for our order to be taken. Suddenly we felt someone tugging at our skirts and looking under the table we spied little FREDDY ANDRIS waiting to take our order.

As we waited, we gazed around the beautiful room and were surprised to see RICHARD HILBER in a dazzling business suit seated with a beautiful girl; and talking to him we learnt that he was a Lunar Engineer investigating the collapse of the Trans-creter bridges. He had accepted a contract to rebuild a bigger and better bridge and other bridges which would collapse bigger and better.

After our meal we visited Joan's private office, where chatting with her, we learned that she was very happy with her hundreds of boarders and very proud of her lovely home.

We went outside and hailed a taxi and DEWAIN BALABET drove up in his Two Wheel Buick Sputnik. We decided that now he had a reason for having only two wheels on the ground. He turned on his Hi-Sky radio and turned the dial to the H.B.C. (Moon Broadcasting Corporation.) The familiar voice of LEWIS DALLAN was immediately heard drawing out the news. First of all he

announced that the dietitian, ANIL BUTCH, had invented a wonderful new product called Cyrilite for the short people. He went on with local news stating that MILLY JAMES had gone home for the holidays in her own rocket ship leaving her little Moon-lite pupils behind for a few days. The news was concluded by an advertisement by "Mitchell's Driving School," stating that RONALD MITCHELL would give you personal driving lessons in one of his new space ships. Dewain remarked that he had gone into this business because he didn't have to stop at stop signs or hear any screeching of brakes.

We stopped to pick up the "Interplanetary Gazette" edited by EARL JOHNSON. The bold headlines read, "MARY HOLMES of Baldur Movie Production makes a hit on Mars, Venus and Jupiter," immediately caught our eyes.

Other items of interest to us were first of all that BARRY MCGILL had been named "Green Cheese King." A sideline to Barry's cheese business was his cheesecake business which employs the prettiest girls on the Moon, including PEARLY CHRISTOPHERSON who's voice had finally been recognized in the outer world. She can be heard for miles singing songs which the little green men dance to as they tramp down the cheese with their little bare green feet.

Dewain offered to show us around and our first stop was at "New Moon Harbour" where JEROME WALKER was happily constructing a Statue, the Statue of "Comoonity" a Community project. Here HARRY RUTLAND had a thriving business driving tourists to and from the site in his red, white and blue speed boat with SHARLY RUTLAND sitting close beside him, clutching her driver's Licence.

We wandered over to the Harbour Lite Dance Hall, where we found JIMMY BARRELL taking money at the door. When we entered he was busy picking up money he had spilt. Here we saw MARVIN GRANT, the dance instructor, trying to teach LINDA YOUNG to Mumbo. He told us she was not doing too well and with a gleam in his eye said that she must have extra attention.

Suddenly we noticed a change in the tempo of the music. As the spotlight swept across the stage we saw LOIS BURTON playing her rendition of the Moonlight Sonata.

We were told that at intermission there was always a variety concert and when the applause died down it was announced that next would be MYRNA SCOTT and MARY STILWELL singing a duet. As the curtain opened we spied Myrna standing alone clasping her hands nervously and looking toward the door as Mary came bounding in, late as usual.

The main attraction of the show was GENE LOGG giving her imitations of several of the well known Moon people.

Our next stop was MR. WALKER'S Chemistry Laboratory where he was engaged in trying to teach a bunch of Lunar-ites some chemistry. He was assisting NORMAN GUILBERT in building a satellite which will fly from the Moon to Baldur, non-stop, and FLEURANTE DESROCHES has already been hired as air-stewardess.

In another section of this huge building we found the office of LILLIAN GORDON where she was busily writing the history of the earth. Her friend YVONNE COFFMAN was aiding her in her work, rushing back and forth supplying her with ink, paper, pens and so on.



We drove out to the race-track where a race was just beginning. Those participating whom we knew were, LEOIE CLARK, who had entered his Grandfather's new Chev Rocket 88; BOBIE CHRISTOPHERSON in his huge Perfect-Inter Moontown car; and looking dazzling in her Motorcycle jacket and cap, was JOCKEY LANSBURY, who was behind the wheel of her roaring Model-A looking very confident in her machine.

On our shopping tour we entered the "Diane Shop for Tall Girls," and had a chat with the owners DIANE FRELOY and DIANE CORROCK. They told us that they had a very good business and their styles designed by BLANCHE LODGE were very popular.

We next met BARBARA LOCKERBY who had been recently elected Miss Hockey of 1978. She proudly told us that RAYMOND SHAKDAL was coach of the undefeated Moon team in the Interplanetary League. ALLAN McDUGGALD was largely responsible for their victories, due to his brilliant goal keeping.

After meeting all our friends, we left for the airport to go home. As we tried to hurry along, we were forced to stop due to a traffic tie-up and we discovered GEORGE STEWELL giving MRS. HOLLER a traffic ticket for running over BILLY FREDERICKSON who had fallen asleep in the middle of the street.

Then we had to leave as we had to report back to Earth within five minutes, or we would lose our jobs taking stock, which we plan to continue doing until the farmers catch us.

JCY TOSH

-and-

BEVERLY JOHNSON

# # # # #

#### GEOGRAPHY LESSON

"Is she Hungary?" Jimmy asked Bill.

"Alaska," Bill replied.

"Yes, Siam," she said.

"All right. I'll Fiji," Bill promised.

"Oh, don't Russia self," Jimmy told Bill.

"Give her a Canada Chile," Jimmy suggested.

"I'd rather have Turkey," she said.

So they had Turkey without any Greece.

When the waiter brought the check, Jimmy said,

"Look and see how much Egypt you."

And the waiter threw them all out of the restaurant.

-----  
Prof: "Young man, are you the teacher of this class?"

Young Man: "No, sir."

Prof: "Then don't talk like an idiot."

# HIGH SCHOOL GOSSIP

I hear JOAN DUNSMLEY spent some of her Easter holidays in Brandon. We hope everything was FINE up there Joan.

MARY HOLMES seems to have taken a liking to "WCCDY WCCDPLCKER" comics ever since last fall. We wonder why?

Why is it that whenever Grade XI and Grade IX change rooms BARBARA LOCKERBY always sits in BOBBY CHRISTOPHERSON'S desk?

EMILY JAMESON seems to have a smile on her face all the time lately. We wonder if it's because someone is "CCLIN'" on her?

IVA LYNN COLEMAN was seen in town with a strange young man, we wonder who he is.

How'cum NORMAN GUILBERT and BARRY MCGILL spend so much time in Glenboro these days? I guess NORMAN'S 'roamin(?) days aren't over yet.

HAROLD WILLIAMS once said he wasn't as young as he use to be and it was about time he settled down. We wonder what effect this will have on MYRNA SCOTT?

LEWIS DALMAN has been getting to school very late in the mornings. This must be due to late nights, who with???

MR. JOHNSON has been receiving mail from the AGRICULTURE REPRESENTATIVE. We wonder what the connection is between BEVERLEY JOHNSON AND the AG. REP.?

We wonder if YVONNE COLEMAN can coax her parents to change over to the SCHLUSSETT CREAMERY.

What truth can there be in the report that RAYMOND SKARJAL has decided to go to school in BELMONT? What could the attraction be, possibly not studies..

DOROTHY EMBURY'S means of transportation facilities has improved from a motorcycle to a 1930 Model A.

RONALD MITCHELL seems to have very little interest in school. We wonder if Glenboro girls were going to Beldur School, if he would have any more interest. We think so, don't you?

We wonder why FLEURETTE DESROCHER blushes so much when a certain name is mentioned, could this name be possibly a boy's?

# A DAY IN BALDOR HIGH

"Each week consists of seven days," to quote a well-know rule,  
Does it seem fair to have to spend five of them in school?

At nine a.m. the wild bell clangs, and those arriving late  
Must saunters to the dark room, and there await their fate.

French period lingers on, and "nous ne parlons pas" as yet,  
Except Man'selle Desrochers, notre petite French Fleurette.

A study comes, a study goes, and Joan puts away  
The murder story she began in study yesterday.

Earl ceases, for a moment the tale he's telling Marvyn,  
And Mr. Hjalmarson says to Norman, "Desks are not made for carvin."

Herby's french sentence Shirley says, "Does not make any sense,  
Is that verb a new invention, or a past or present tense?"

The french marks are taken and quote Emily with a groan,  
"Herceforth I do my French and leave Mary's alone!"

"This algebra is easy," whispers brilliant Lois B.  
"Of course," replies Freddy, "It's as clear as mud to me!"

Jimmy Dulsell takes his daily stroll, and Eddy starts to hum,  
Dorothy is now requested to "please remove the gum!"

What problems Bob and George discuss no persons seems to know,  
Could it be Health? Geometry? Or was it last night's show?

The battle of the windows that's been going on all day,  
Is o'er with Lewis the loser, the victor being Ray.

The rest pretends to study as time drags on to four.  
The lost bell rings; the "Queen" is sung; we scramble for the door.

If education you should seek and long for with a sigh,  
Come join our classes, my friend, at "BALDOR HIGH!!"



W A N X O W

I M A G L N E

BILLY .....Minister of Education  
LEONARD .....flirting  
DIANE F. ....getting home on time  
MARVYN .....dating a girl from Greenway  
JIAINE C. ....not going to Mariapolis  
ALLAN .....leekin' out the window  
C.EL .....driving their Edsel  
RICHARD .....getting a "shock"  
BARBARA .....without gum  
RONALD .....going steady  
PATSY .....two timing  
JIMMY .....sitting in a back seat  
BARRY .....dating Connie Christopherson  
JENNIF .....on four wheels  
EDWIN .....studying while sitting still  
BLANCHE .....without cows to milk  
SHIRLEY .....without "Adams" gum  
FLEURETTE .....marrving a cowboy  
LOIS .....not hounding the P. C. for a letter  
FREDDY .....with ringlets  
HENRY .....having growing pains  
LYNDA .....wearing spikes  
JOAN .....with one steady  
YVONNE .....doing a cha-cha  
IVA LYNN .....finding "Parkers"??  
LMAINE .....playing hookey  
EDWIN S. ....as Romeo  
LE IS .....not having to push his "Chevy"  
MARY S. ....missing a day at school  
GEORGE .....being unable to answer a question  
BOBBY .....walking to school  
DARRL .....going steady  
ARLIE .....bleaching her hair  
JEANETTE .....with a poodle cut  
JOY .....not giggling or smiling  
JACQUELY .....giving up Rodney  
BEVERLY .....not giggling during history class  
RAYMOND .....buying a new binder  
NORMAN .....enjoying "Pride and Prejudice"  
MYRNA .....substituting Chem. for a Date  
MARY .....getting 100% in Physics  
EMILY .....not dreading lab. periods  
  
MRS. HILDA .....not stressing the important French verbs  
MR. HJALMARSON .....telling the students not to cooperate

“ Page 31 ”

Emily: "Jimmy you need guidance."  
Jimmy: "Who's he?"

Mrs Holder commented on the Grade IX's improvements in chewing gum, after lessons had been introduced.

Mr. Hjalmarson: "Where's the far East?"  
Class: (no response)  
Mr. Hjalmarson: "Well, where's the near East."  
Herby: "Greenway!!"

Mr. Hjalmarson acknowledge to us that Stewart Foster told him that Brain Frederickson had conclusions of the head.

(Overheard)  
Norman: "Yes sir, I'm as strong as any other girl my size."

We noticed the remarkably behaviour of all the High School just before Xmas.

Berry: "What shall we do tonight?"  
Patsy: "We'll toss a coin. If it's heads, we'll go to the dance; tails we'll go to the show; and if it stands on edge, we'll stay home and study."

Lewis becomes very irked at having to shave once a month, and is now determined to place his face in hot water and let the fuzz peel off!!!!

Myrna: "I'll have a hamburger, Please."  
Emily: "With onions?"  
Myrna: "Yes, if you cook them."  
Emily: "The Hamburgers? of course."

Joan serenely sits at the front of the room. The teacher's words of wisdom floats to the back library, are reflected at the right angles and finally hits Joan's ears. Here are again reflected, since it is difficult for anything to penetrate great densities.

# MR HJALMARSON FORECASTS

541 NORMAN GUILBERT 1958

Roll over -- the doctor told be to you a shot!



MARY HOLMES IS GOING IN FOR NURSING



Watch the blackboard close while I go through it!

$$\csc \theta = \frac{1}{\sin \theta}$$

$$\csc \theta = \frac{1}{\sin 24^\circ 48'}$$

$$\csc \theta = \frac{1}{.4206}$$

EMILY JANSEN IS GOING TO BE A MATHS TEACHER.

RICHARD HOLDER IS GOING TO GO INTO THE PROFESS- OF ENGINEERING.



MECCANO SET & BUILDING BLOCKS

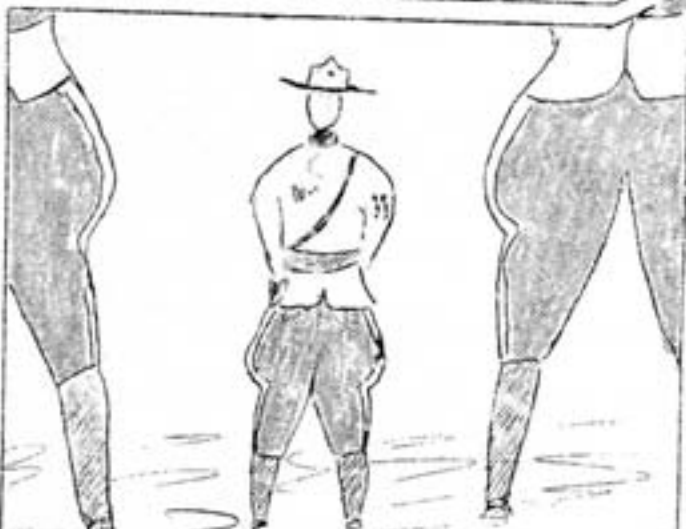


RAYMOND SKARDAL IS GOING TO MAKE THE NAVY HIS CAREER -- SOMEDAY HE'LL BE CAPTAIN OF HIS OWN SHIP.

ELAINE GORDON IS PLANNING TO STUDY HISTORY OF THE ANCIENTS.



'This civilization seems to end here....!'



GEORGE STELWELL IS DREAMING OF BECOMING A MOUNTIE.

# MODEL SPECIMENS



## QUALITY

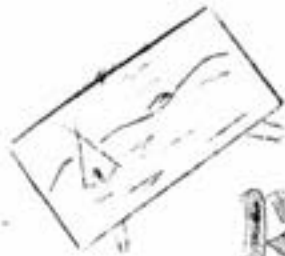
Eyes  
Teeth  
Dimples  
Shortness  
Feet  
Musical Ability  
Hair  
Complexion  
Humour  
Smile  
Laugh  
Voice  
Blush  
Walk  
Brain  
Freckles  
Wit  
Neatness  
Pep  
Finger Nails  
Profile  
Hands  
Figures  
Clothes

## MALL

Norman Guilbert  
Eddy Clark  
Edwin Sveinson  
Freddie Andries  
Allan McDougald  
Herby Hutlet  
George Stilwell  
Bob Christopherson  
Earl Johnson  
Lewis Dalman  
Leonard Woodworth  
Ronald Mitchell  
Mr. Hjalmarson  
Jimmy Dalzell  
Richard Holder  
Dewain Bresult  
Marvyn Grant  
Herby Hutlet  
Ronald Mitchell  
Barry McGill  
Edwin Clark  
Billy Fredrickson  
Allan McDougald  
Norman Guilbert

## FEMALE

Shirley Hutlet  
Yvonne Conibear  
Mary Holmes  
Archie Sutton  
Gwen Lodge  
Lois Burton  
Iva Lynn Conibear  
Diane Freddy  
Beverley Johnson  
Mrs. Holder  
Joy Tosh  
Mary Stilwell  
Myrna Scott  
Fleurette Desrochers  
Elaine Gordon  
Blanche Lodge  
Emily Jansen  
Barbara Lockerby  
Jeanette Warrenner  
Dianne Cornock  
Dorothy Embury  
Patsy Christopherson  
Joan Dearsley  
Lynda Young



# BILLBOARDS

Rain of Terror

NORMAN GUILBERT

The Littlest Outlaw

FREDDIE ANDRIES

As You Like It

BEVERLY JOHNSON, JOY TOSH

The Hard Man

LEWIS DALMAN

Hell Drivers

EARL JOHNSON, BOB CHRISTOPHERSON  
EDWIN CLARK, RAY SKARDAL

Kiss Them For Me

JOAN DEARSLEY

Hear Me Good

MR. HJALMARSON, MRS. HOLDER

Sweet Smell of Success

MARY STILWELL

Anything Goes

DOROTHY EMBURY

The Conqueror

GEORGE STILWELL

Guys and Dolls

MYRNA SCOTT, JEANETTE WARRENER,  
ARLIE BUTTON, HAROLD WILLIAMS,  
DUANE WILLIAMS, CYRIL WARRENER.

Teacher's Pet

MARVYN GRANT

The Man Who Never Was (a man)

HERBY FURLET

Lady Killers

DEMAIN, BARRY

Jailhouse Rock

BALDUR HIGH SCHOOL

Gaint

ALLAN McDOUGALD

Les Girls

FLAURETTE, SHIRLEY, BLANCHE,  
GWEN, LYDIA, DIANNE.

The Delicate Delinquents

RICHARD, LEONARD

The Man In The Shadow

MARY HOLMES

Tammy and the Bachelor

YVONNE COXIBLER (and the bachelor)

The Happy Road

No. 23 HIGHWAY

# HAPPY FACES

## GRADE IX

BILLY F. ....having plenty of cigarettes  
 LEONARD .....sho ing others how to do maths.  
 DIANE F. ....when the roads aren't blocked  
 MARVYN .....if school were only a day  
 DIANE C. ....receiving answeres to her questions  
 ALLAN .....fighting in the snow  
 PATSY .....sitting in the back desk  
 RONALD .....when the girls can come  
 BARBARA .....getting a good deal  
 RICHARD .....working with electrical devices  
 GWEN .....knowing the latest gossip  
 JAMES .....when school is out  
 BARRY .....when the Glenboro boys are at home  
 DEMAINE .....if he can have the Buick.  
 EDWIN C. ....when he's allowed to talk

## GRADE X

BLANCHE.....when she passes her exams  
 SHIRLEY.....when she's at a dance  
 FLOURETTE.....if she doesn't have to dry dishes  
 LOIS .....when the hydro man comes back  
 FREDDY .....when Frankie brings his sister  
 HERBY .....getting a girl  
 LYNDIA .....being helped with homework  
 JOAN .....when a new border comes  
 YVONNE .....arguing with her brother and sister  
 IVA LYNN .....at dances in Mariapolis  
 ELAINE .. .History instead of spares

## GRADE XI

LEWIS .....not coming to school  
 JEANETTE .....when a red truck comes along  
 ARLIE .....not missing a day at school  
 EARL .....cracking 'okes  
 BEVERLEY .....not going home early  
 GEORGE .....scoring goals for Baldur  
 BOBBY .....when his Austin runs  
 DOROTHY .....chewing gum and swinging her legs  
 JOY .....getting to every dance  
 MARY S. ....when she gets to school before the bell

## Grade XII

MARY H. ....going to Winnipeg  
 MYRNA .....getting her own way  
 NORMAN .....not working in the cafe  
 EMILY .....with a date from Belmont

MRS. HOLDER .....when Grade XI know their French  
 MR. BJALHARSO .....when the room is quiet



# PROBLEM ACE?

Dear Mr. U. R. Smartt,

Everytime I put my tongue into a small cavity in my tooth, it feels so large. how can I prevent this feeling?

Yours truly,  
Miss Fremolar

Dear Miss Fremolar,

Don't fret! It is only a natural tendency for the tongue to exaggerate.

Yours truly,  
Mr. U. R. Smartt

---

Dear Mr. U. R. Smartt,

Everytime I take a drink of tea, I get a stabbing pain in my right eye. What shall I do?

Yours truly,  
Miss Limey

Dear Miss Limey,

Remove the spoon from the cup.

Yours truly,  
Mr. U. R. Smartt

---

Dear Mr. U. R. Smartt,

I have a very irritated complexion. What shall I do?

Yours truly,  
Miss Gillette

Dear Miss Gillette,

Tell him to shave.

Yours truly,  
Mr. U. R. Smartt

---

Dear Mr. U. R. Smartt,

Being a n intelligent person, I study eight hours every night. The teasing about high marks and studying has caused me to be very sensitive. How can I lower my marks?

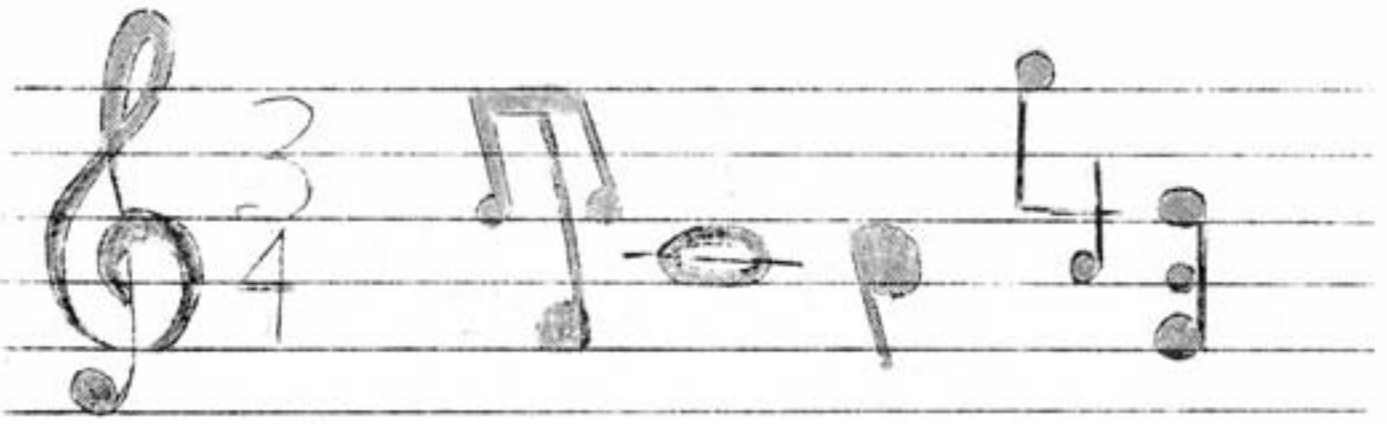
Yours truly,  
Mr. Gray Matter

Dear Mr. Gray Matter,

- 1) Read the material once so you won't be smarter than your teacher.
- 2) always use a pencil instead of ink. If it is indistinct enough the teacher might think it is right.
- 3) Studying during lunch gives you free time to evenings and weekends.
- 4) Gather information from outside sources, such as T. V. radio, partylines and cafe.

Yours truly,  
Mr. U. R. Smartt

---



BARBARA .....	High and Mighty
PATSY .....	My Shoes Keep Walking Back to You
DIANNE C. ....	Dianna
BILLY .....	Put a Light In the Window
DIANE F. ....	I'm Available
RICHARD .....	A Guy is a Guy
LEONARD .....	Milk Cow Blues
BARRY .....	What's the Use of Crying
DEWAIN .....	I'm New at the Game
GWEN .....	Back to School Again
MARVYN .....	Just a Bumping along
RONALD .....	Rip It Up
JIMMY .....	Waiting in School
ALLAN .....	Catch a Falling Star (I'm tall enough)
EDWIN .....	Jail House Rock
LOIS .....	I Sit in My Window
LYNDA .....	I Want to be a Cowboys Sweetheart
FLEUREITE .....	She's Neat
SHIRLEY .....	I Love a Violin
BLANCHE .....	The Stroll
HERBY .....	I'm Just a Country Boy
FREDDIE .....	The Joker
YVONNE .....	It's You
IVA LYNN .....	Oh Boy ! (s)
JOAN .....	Wake Up Little Joanie (it's 7.00 a.m.)
ELAINE .....	Dream
EDWIN S. ....	Yellow Dog Blues
LEWIS .....	In a Small Forgotten Town (Stockton)
MARY S. ....	The Golden Ladder
GEORGE .....	The Cat Came Back
BOB .....	Don't be Cruel (To my CAR)
EARL .....	Around the World in Eighty Days
JORCTHY .....	Remember you're Mine
JOY .....	Angels Smile
BEVERLY .....	Belonging to Someone
JANETTE .....	Don't Let Go
ARLIE .....	Tell Me Why (I'm so Short)
NORMAN .....	Buzz, Buzz, Buzz
MARY H. ....	That's Why I Was Born
EMILY .....	At the Hop
MYRNA .....	A Very Special Love
MR. HJALMARSON .....	Why Don't They Understand
MRS. HOLDER .....	There's No Excuses





Jimmy Dalzell: "I never had such a tough time in my life! First I had ANGINA PECTORIA followed by ARTERIOSCLEROSIS. Just as I recovered from these, I got MENINGITIS. Followed by PULMONARY PHTHISIS and TUBERCULOSIS. Somehow I got over them in time to get APPENDICITIS, to say nothing of PYORRHEA. All in all, I don't know how I pulled through. It was the worst spelling test I ever had!"

-----

Freddie: "A little bird told me I passed in history."  
Mrs. Holder: "It must have been a little cuckoo."

-----

Glenboro Lass: "Oh, Norman, why are you turning out the lights?"  
Norman: "I just want to see if my pipe is lit."

-----

#### FOST MORTEN

Hair's a mess!  
Skirt just hangs!  
Posture looks like  
A boomerang's.  
Fingernails chewed!  
Feet black-and-blued-  
Graduation was last night!

#### THE HAZARDS of SCIENCE

A green little chemist  
On a green little day  
Mixed some green little chemicals  
In a green little way.  
The green little grasses  
Now tenderly wave  
O'er the green little chemist's  
Green little grave.

Mr. Hjalmarson: "My topic today, is The Lie. How many of you have read the 25th chapter of the text?"  
Nearly all of the students raised their hands.  
Mr. Hjalmarson: "Good! You are the group to whom I wish to speak, there is no 25th chapter."

-----

Mrs. Holder: (rapping on desk) "Order, please!"  
Lewis (in a sleepy voice) "Hamburger with onions for me."

-----

#### MORAL

He ate a hot-dog sandwich,  
And rolled his eyes above.  
He ate a half-a-dozen more,  
And died of puppy love.

#### THE SAD TRUTH

Experience is a teacher,  
But here's what makes us burn,  
She's always teaching us things  
We do not care to learn.

Mrs. Holder: "Fermez la porte, mademoiselle Jansen."  
Emily, blankly looks around, rises and puts her gum in the waste paper basket.

-----

Barry: "Your neck reminds me of a Typewriter."  
Dewain: "Why?"  
Barry: "Underwood."

# BILL OF EXPENDITURES

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Pictures & Printing	49.25
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Stationary	<u>3.75</u>
	137.51

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	179.00

## PROFIT

	179.00
-	<u>137.51</u>
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# LITTER-ALRY

## GRADE IX

He was not prepared for the spectacle that spread before him as he came insight of the river. Old Jim's cabin was surrounded by painted warriors of Chief Big Bear's Tribe. He could see not sign of Old Jim so he decided he would see what those Indians were up to. For one half an hour he watched them. Much to his disgust they did nothing but sit around and smoke and jabber away in some sort of Cree-French dialect. Suddenly he started his horse down the slope towards the cabin at a reckless pace. He could read no sign of anything from the Indians expressionless faces. He tried to make them understand what he was saying, when old Jim threw the cabin door open, and said, "What's all the racket about?"

"Shucks it's getting to be that a fellow can't even make his friends a few flapjacks without the whole country knowing about it. Someday I'm going to run out of flapjack flour and you loafers are going to be sorry, Yes sir, mighty sorry."

DIANE CORNOCK

He was not prepared for the spectacle that spread before him as he came in sight of the river. It was crystal clear and ice cold. Fed by a glacier ten miles distant, it emptied into a crystal clear lake which did not have a ripple on it, because of its sheltering grove of trees. They put the canoe into the lake and headed across to the mouth of the river. The canoe paddle cut the water, distorting the calmness. The dazzling beauty made him forget, for the moment, the thing he was after. By this time he had drifted down stream and had come to some shallows. He looked down. There it was! Gold!

RICHARD HOLDER

Every young Canadian should learn to swim. As we all know every year there are many drowning accidents reported throughout the province of Manitoba and Canada. These accidents can be prevented by learning how to swim. First of all you should know the rules of water safety. There are important to all non-swimmers and swimmers. If you have a swimming instructor, he will provide you with any other necessary details.

(continued)

Each year in most communities the Red Cross provides swimming lessons to children and grown-ups. We should all learn the rules of water safety to protect ourselves and others from swimming disasters.

DIANE FREEDY

GRADE X

### THE BLIZZARD

Have you ever been caught in a prairie blizzard? If you have you'll know how I felt, when I was caught in one. It was about three years ago that it happened. I remember that the day started like any other ordinary dull winter day, with no sign of the coming storm. I was alone for the rest of the family had gone to town.

After I had finished the dinner dishes, I decided to go for a walk. Outside, it seemed as if the sun was trying to come out and shine. Here and there the snow sparkled and glistened like diamonds but for the most part the snow was in a dull gray shadow.

It seemed so lovely that I didn't know in which direction to go. Finally I decided to walk down by the shelter belt. The trees in the shelter belt stood stark and naked with their arms outstretched and waiting. They seemed so pitiful, not at all like their gay merry selves in the summer. As I walked it began to snow, but I didn't think anything of it at the time.

Lost in my own thought I kept walking, so I didn't notice that it was slowly becoming stormier and stormier. If I had, I would have been able to make it back to the house, before the blizzard started. But I didn't.

Suddenly everything seemed to become dark and cloudy. The snow rose in whirlpools in front of my eyes. The snow was every where, obstructing my vision. The flakes were big and icy, blinding my eyes. I stood still, not knowing which way to turn. I could feel the panic rising slowly in me. I told myself not to panic, but to remember to keep on walking no matter what. I started to walk. On and on I walked. My feet began to get heavier and heavier, but I still plodded on. The snow was stinging and blinding my eyes which made me feel tired and sleepy, but still I kept going.

I walked for what seemed hours and hours. Suddenly I saw a tiny light. I had to make it, I told myself. Each time I faltered I reminded myself of the light that was ahead. Slowly the light became closer and closer. Finally I arrived at the light. It was the light of my neighbour. I pounded on the door twice before I was let in. How happy I was to be safe and warm, and how glad I was to be well and alive, for I knew that I could easily have been become more and more lost. I thanked God that I was safe and well.

ELAINE GORDON

My name's Joey. I live with my Ma and Pa and seven brothers and sisters. We have a lovely place here on Slumm Avenue, one room, real fancy and we even have curtains on the south window!

My Dad's a professional stage coach-driver but it seems he hasn't been in much demand for the past forty years but he's still sitting at home hoping.

My Ma is a lovely old laundry maid and she sure is nice to us kids. Last week we came home from raiding garbage for dinner and we hadn't found a thing. Seeing us she wiped a tear from her beautiful blue eye, looking around at the cracked plaster, the apple-box table, the straw piled in the corner (Nancy would never make her bed in the morning), the tin cups and spoons in the cupboard and then she turned, ran her rough and gnarled fingers through my hair and said: "Joey". I was so thrilled, that was my name you know.

Jamie my oldest brother is a real fine lad. He is a great help to Mom. Often when we younger kids had come home empty handed and broken hearted after vainly searching for food, Jamie will look at us, and saying nothing, put on his coat and leave. In a few minutes he'll be back and seeing us dejectedly sitting on the floor he'll come in, dejectedly sit on the floor, empty handed and broken-hearted too.

Jamie is growing up real fast and Mom said that a fine young man like him would certainly be able to get a good job real soon. I've heard that before, but that was long ago at Jamie's fortieth birthday party. Maybe she forgot.

My favorite sister is Clarabelle, she may not be very beautiful, nor intelligent, nor fun, nor even human, but she's still my favorite sister. Maybe I'm influenced that way because she's the only girl in the family.

Ever since I was old enough to be out alone I have done odd jobs for everyone in the neighbourhood and take my word for it some of the jobs were very odd!

However, when I am older I plan to have my own garbage truck so that I will be sure my kids will have first pick. I know that truck driving sounds like a pretty silly thing on my part, but who knows, with a guy with my brains and ambition I might just make it! I guess we'll just have to wait and see.

BEVERLEY JOHNSON

## Grade XII

(English)

In the distance two tiny objects could be seen. In the far distance a wolf was howling in discord with the low moaning of the breeze as it slipped through the needles of the mighty firs. The sun glided behind the horizon leaving the colour of many hues in the inky sky. Suddenly, the air was cut by the shrill scream and a swish of wings of a hawk as it loomed earthward in pursuit of some unfortunate victim.

The two objects slowly advanced as if creeping, revealing two humanly shapes. The beings ambled on--on towards an arched house dressed in moss and vines, with a T. V. aerial reaching into the inky sky. The figures reached the shabby dwelling. Slipping inside, the rusty hinges squealed as if in protest of the disturbance. They stopped abruptly before a closed oaken door. From within a voice of terror fell upon their ears. "Stand where you are, or I'll shoot". A cold shiver jiggled its way down their spines. The calmlike voice spoke on. "I am warning you don't move." Suddenly there was a scuffle. The still evening air was cut by a deafening roar from a gun.

The oaken door softly swung open, revealing the room within. The figures shuddered, not knowing what was to encounter them. Suddenly their visages melted into a relieved grin. For within Mr. C'Brian, in his favorite chair, was viewing with interest WYATT EARP.

(French)

Au loin on a pu deux petits objets sombres. Au lointain on a pu entendre hurlant au discord avec gémissant bas de la Forte brise comme elle glissait parmi les aiguilles des sapines depuissant. Le soleil se glisse dernière l'horizon, laissant la couleur de beaucoup teinte dans le ciel taché d'encre. Soudain, l'air étoit coupé par le cri perçant et un cinglé des ailes d'un epervier comme si'l a paru vers la terre à poursuite de quelque victime malheureuse.

Les deux objets avancèrent lentement rampant, révélant deux formes humaines. Les étants allèrent son chemin--vers une maison agé, habillé dans des masses et des vignes, avec une antenne T. V. pénétrant dans le ciel taché d'encre. Les formes pénétrèrent à la habitation de pauvre apparence comme ils entrèrent furtivement les fonds rustiques criant comme si en protestation de la confusion. Ils arrêtèrent brusquement avant une porte chêne fermée. De dedans une voix de terreur tomba sur leurs oreilles. "Restez debout où vous êtes, ou je tirerai." Un tremblement froid agita leur passage en bas leurs epine-dors les. La voix avec calme parla sans cesse; "Je vous prévins, ne faites pas de moivement pas." Tout à coup il y avait une bagarre. L'air de la soirée tranquille ce pait par un grondement assouedissant d'un revolver.

La porte de chêne balanca ouverte révélant la salle. Les formes frissonnèrent, sans sachant ce qu'ils allèrent rencontrer. Soudain leurs visages fléchèrent dans une grimace de soulagement. Car dedans Monsieur C'Brian, dans son fauteuil favorite, considerait avec l'intéresser, WYATT EARP.



# 12 YEARS IN BALDUR HIGH

The past twelve years at Baldur School have been years of intermingled happiness and sadness. When I started school there were about fifteen of us. Now there are only three of the original class left.

In the earlier grades, life was carefree and gay. As the years passed, my understanding of life and people increased. My studies became harder, and I no longer looked upon Baldur School as a place for enjoyment alone. As my grades advanced, my responsibilities also became greater.

I have been to festivals, dances, initiations, and weiner roasts. I have made new acquaintances and lost old ones.

After graduation from Grade XI, I realized that I would soon be leaving Baldur and that I would have to make up my mind as to what I would do in the future.

The past twelve years will always be cherished by me as perhaps the happiest years of my life.

*Mary Holmes*



# A MESSAGE FROM A FORMER GRAD



Dear Graduates:

I hope that when you leave school you will have as many happy memories of Baldur School as I have. As I write I recall the lovely gown I wore in a dance at a school concert when I was in grade two.

The lonliest period of my life was the two years I spent in the Children's Hospital for Polio treatment. When I finally returned to school everyone was kind, and I will never forget the boys who carried me up and down stairs to the second floor rooms.

I think your high school years are the most important years of your school life. It is during that time that you begin to think of your future. You set your goal and you strive to reach it. It sometimes is a long, hard road, but don't give up, for what you achieve at the end is worth some hardship.

I, a former graduate, have reached my set goal, and I am happy in my achievement. I hope that you the graduates and under graduates of 1958 in your owntime also reach the goal you set for yourself.

Janet Vickers

# VALEDICTORY

Mr. Chairman, distinguished Guests, Members of the Teaching staff, Fellow Students, Ladies and Gentlemen.

Being chosen Valedictorian for this year has been a great honor indeed, and I would like to say a very sincere "Thank You" to my fellow students for giving me the privilege of saying farewell on their behalf, and for the privilege of ending my school life at Baldur with what will surely become a cherished memory.

We must first look up to those who have influenced our lives and equipped us with the best resources available to face the unknown. To our parents we owe our everyt. ing. They are the unsung heroes who have spent freely often depriving themselves in order to provide for us. They certainly form the corner stone of that great and essential edifice "Education". Let us this day show our appreciation and assure them that our goal will justify their faith in us.

At this time it is only fitting that we should mention our teaching staff. To them "Congratulations" for their staunch support in seeing us through from our trials to triumph. To them we express our most heartfelt thanks.

Graduation is a milestone in our lives where we must decide which fork to take. Some of us will continue our schooling; others will venture forth into various responsibilities. For the first, it is a time of preparation to meet future trials and obligations. For the latter, it is a time when good judgement, tempered by faith training and experience must seek to preserve peace in a world ill at ease. Together we should be able to build a new confidence in the future and assist tomorrow's generation to build a world based on Christian principles and democratic ideals.

In our task as citizens of tomorrow we should do well to remember that our duty to day is to protect those things for which our forefathers so ardently fought. We enjoy these freedoms now. Let us be prepared to preserve them and keep them alive and vital, for we know from experience how easily we can lose them. When there is no respect for righteousness there is evil, and where evil prevails there is eventually chaos. It is our duty to avoid it.

In closing, I would once more pay tribute to our citizens, assure the teachers and above all our parents, that our days at Baldur have contributed in maturing us into men and women better equipped to face the world's problems and do our share to solve them. Though this is the parting of the ways between those remaining and those going to take their responsible places in society, there is comfort and solace in Douglas Mallock's words:

"If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail;  
If you can't be the sun, be a star;  
It isn't by size that you win or you fail—  
Be the Best of whatever you are!"

Thank You

Mary Holmes

# PROGRAM

PARE LL EXERCISE OF BALDUR HIGH SCHOOL  
FRIDAY, MAY 30, 1958  
IN THE  
BALDUR MEMORIAL HALL  
O'CANADA

INVOCATION.....REV. M. LAKE  
CHAIRMAN'S REMARKS.....CHAIRMAN  
MESSAGE OF CH SCHOOL BOARD.....TRUSTEE  
SCLC.....LOIS BURTON  
PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE.....MR. J. HJALMARSON  
CONFERRING OF CERTIFICATES AND AWARDS  
SCLC.....BARBARA LOCKERBY  
VALLEDISTORY.....MARY POLLEIS  
ADDRESS.....DR. C. HANWEE  
CLOSING REMARKS.....CHAIRMAN

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

PROGRAMME BEGINS AT 8:00 p.m.

GRADUATION DANCE AT 10:00 p.m.



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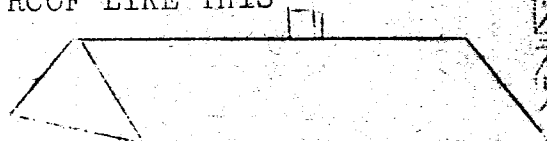
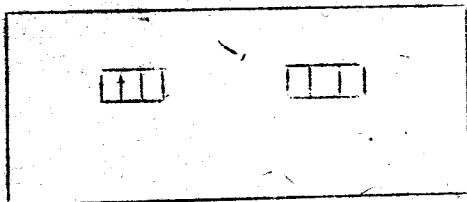
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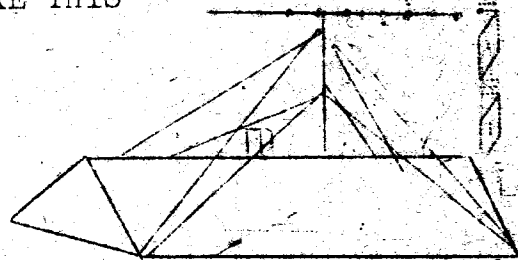
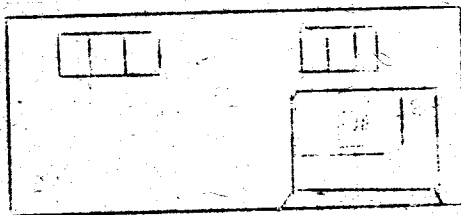
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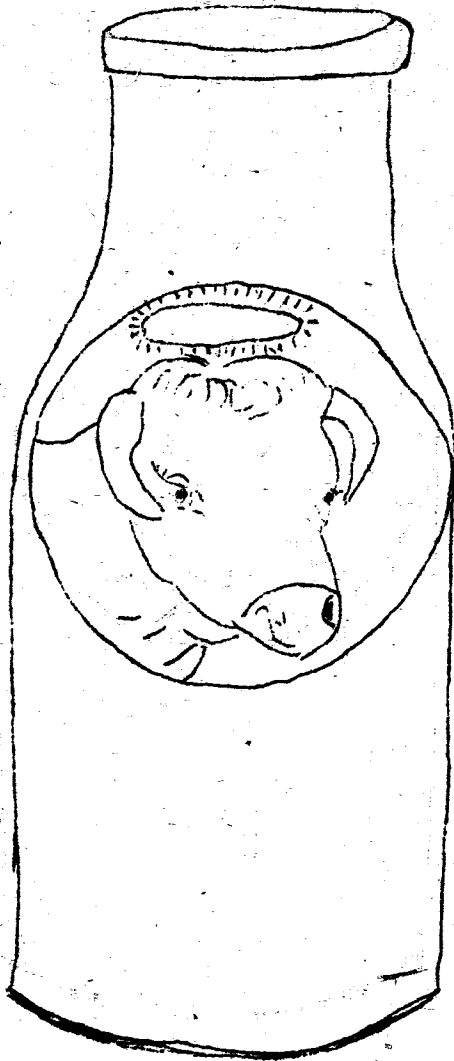
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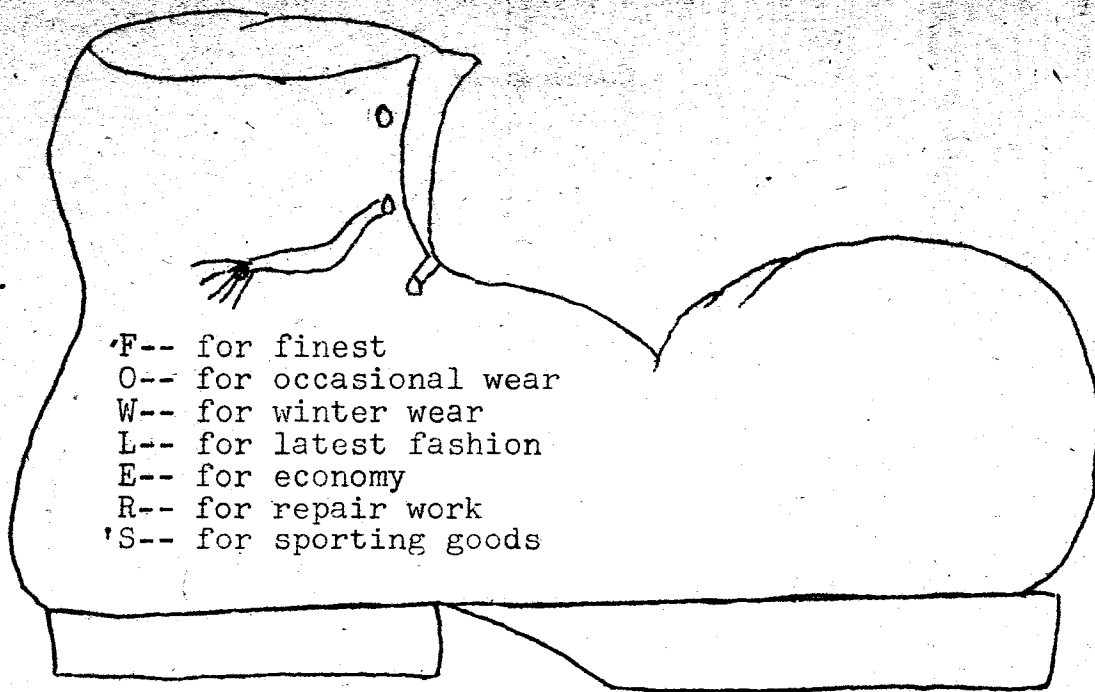
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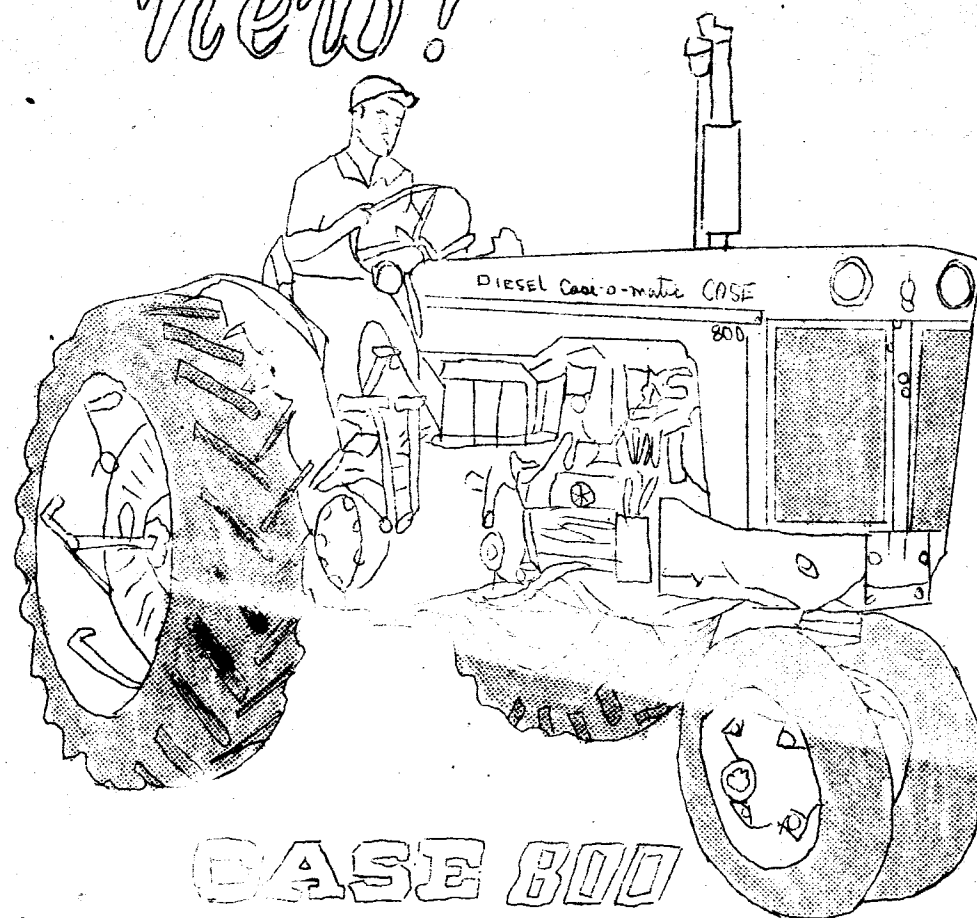
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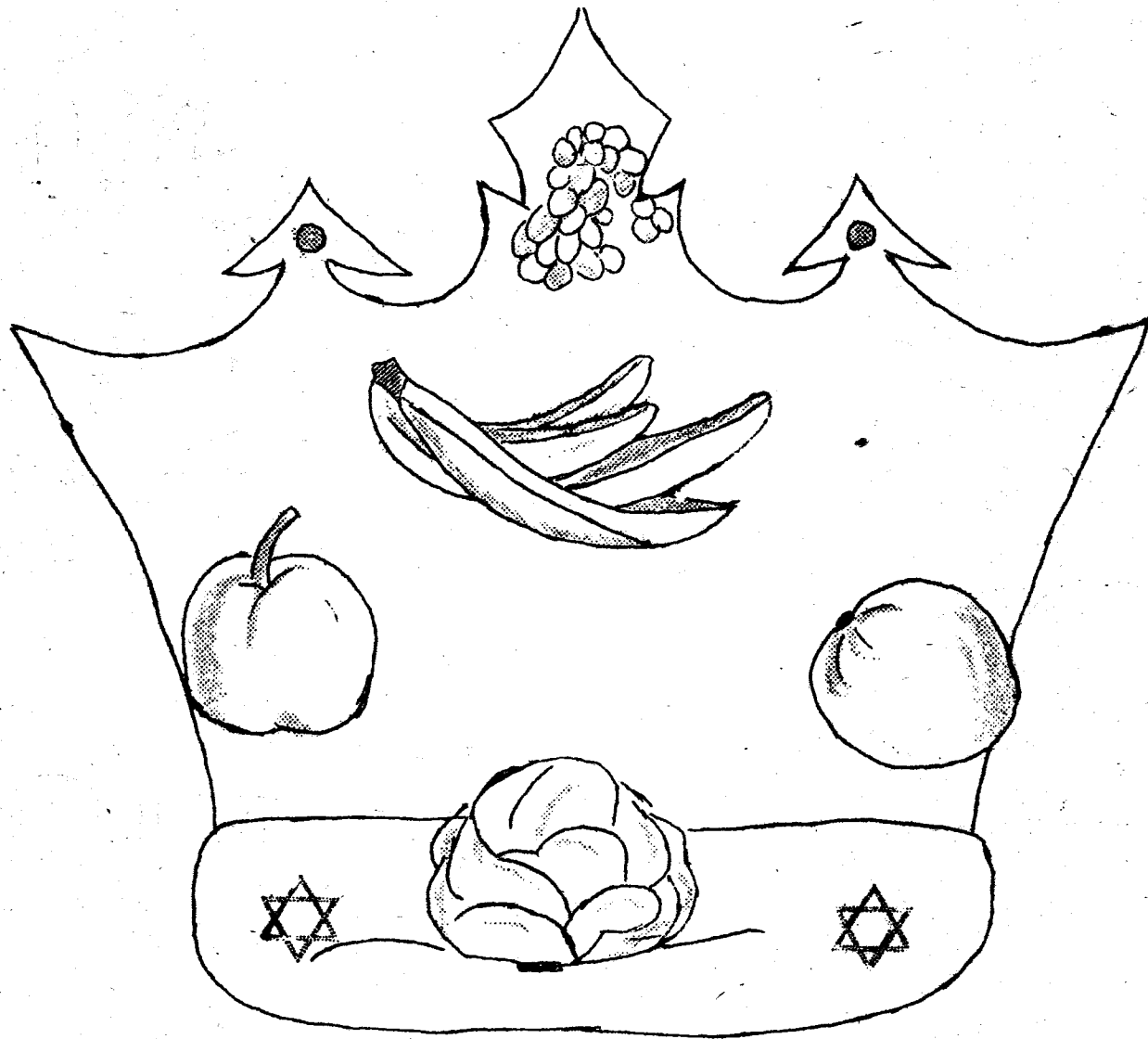
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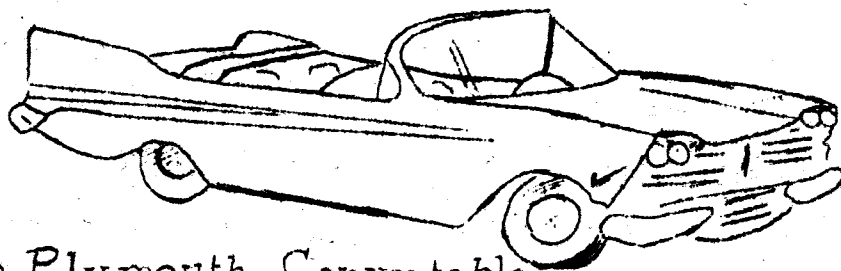
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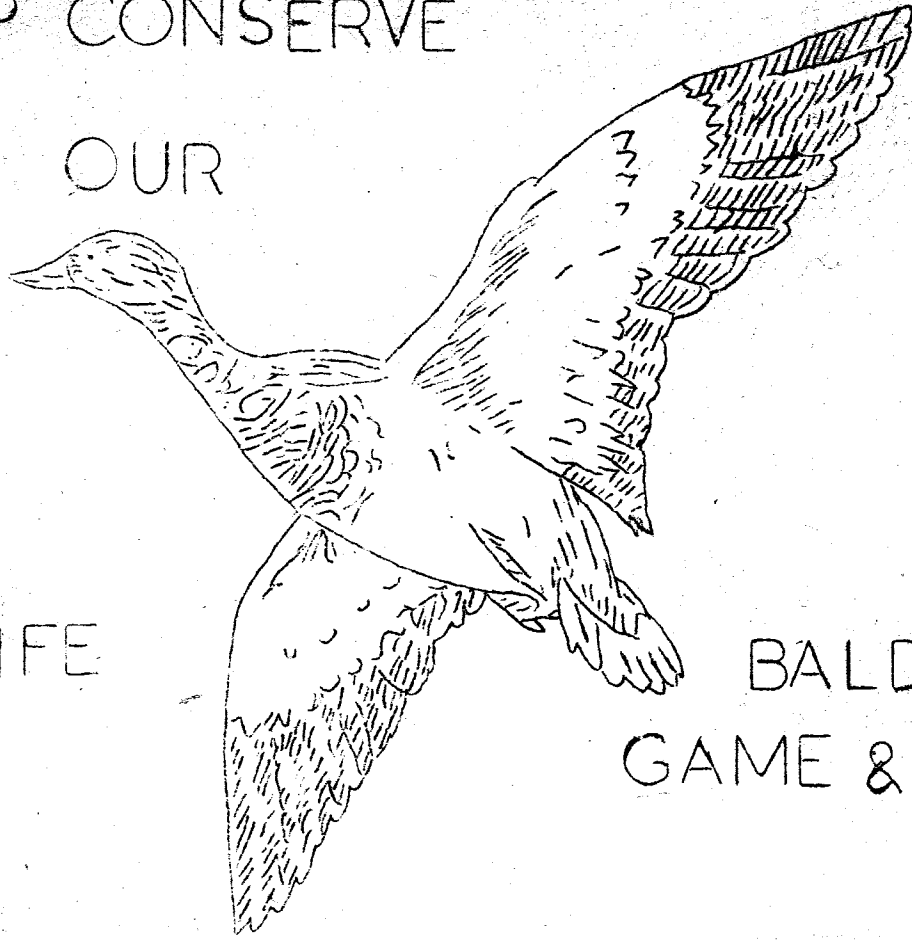
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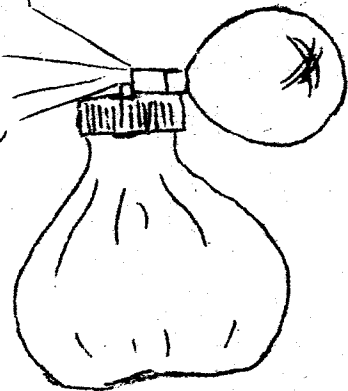
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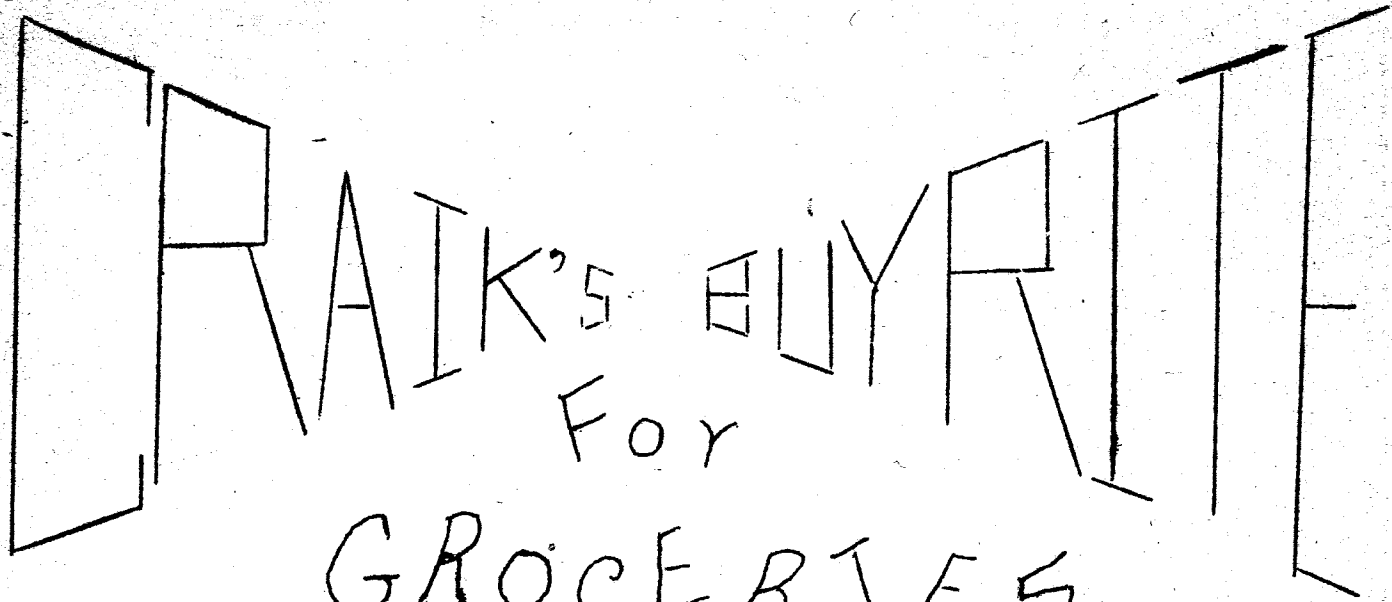
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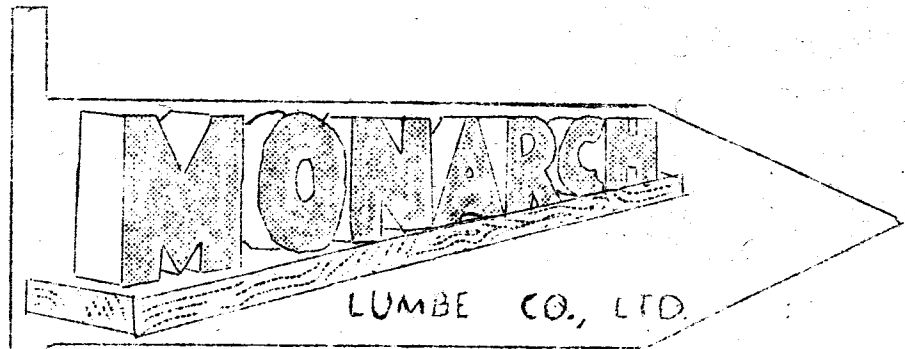
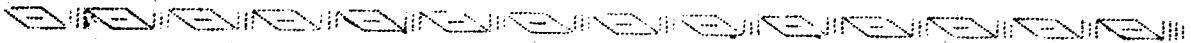
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Dick Macpherson Mgr.

please say you saw it in Vox Adolescentis

PONTIAC

BUICK

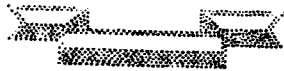
G. M. C. TRUCKS

JOHN DEERE FARM EQUIPEMENT

REPAIRING & OVERHAULING

R. RAMAGE & SONS

PHONE 11



THE SUCCESS OF

VOX ADULESCENTIS

DEPENDS UPON

YOU

THE ADVERTISER

Thank you for your Co-operation



COMPLIMENTS

OF

BALDUR

CO-OPERATIVE

ELEVATOR

ASSOCIATION

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OUR TRUCK CALLS

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MAN

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Yep! I'm sure goin' ta  
play it smart this fall by  
bringin' muh grain to CANADIAN  
CONSOLIDATED. Yep! I'll be goin'  
there with a load o' grain 'n'  
come back with a winter's  
supply o' muh favorite coal!

ALF BASS; Agent

PHONE: 114

BALDUR, Man.

IS THIS A PICTURE

OF YOU?



- ARE YOU TIRED OF 1) USUAL CLEANUP AFTER BAKING?  
2) USUAL FAILURES?  
3) SHORTNESS OF TIME?

IF SO

WE HAVE YOUR ANSWER!

AND YOUR PICTURE

WILL CHANGE

TO THIS.



DEAL AT

BALOUR BAKERY

COMPLIMENTS  
OF

H.T. CHRISTOPHERSON

MECHANIC

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WELDER

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EXCELLENT HALL FOR

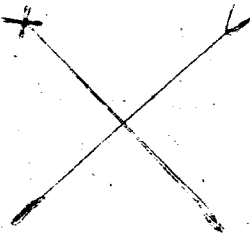
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★ TEAS

★ TEEN CANTEENS

# POOL ROOM

Haircuts  
Shaves  
Billards  
Drinks



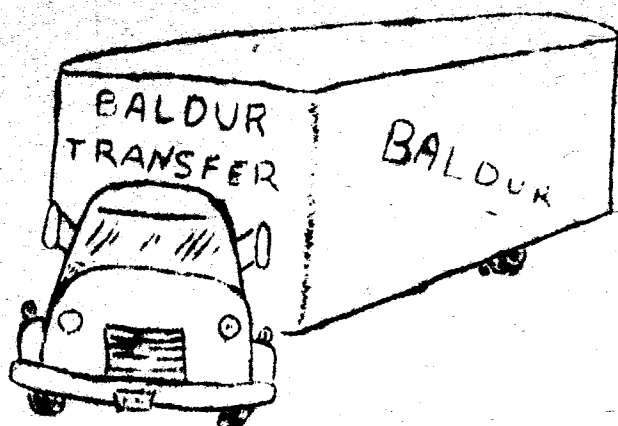
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Cigars  
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