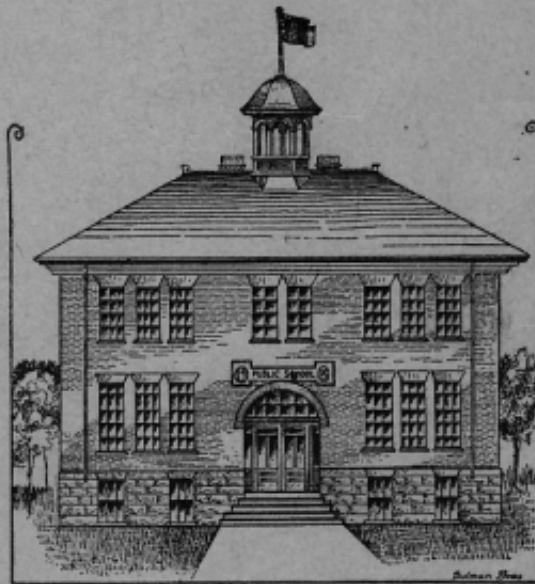


Provided by Norman Guilbert

VOX
ADULESCENTIS



Baldur High School

YEAR BOOK



WAX

AND PENCILS

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Editorial

This year book is one of our attempts to prove ourselves in your eyes.

You wonder often, I am sure, whether the money and interest you put into the high school is wasted. You wonder when you see us racing down main street in Dad's car, and when you see us congregating in front of Lee's to go to a dance fifty miles away.

I think you will have to concede that we do merit your interest. And I think we will have to concede that we don't merit it all the time. But I think we merit it here, in these pages, if we do anywhere.

The work and co-operation which has been required of us by the very nature of this book has taught us to work together in an adult manner. We have been forced to test our ingenuity, imagination and creative ability.

I hope you are able to get some of this "spirit" as you leaf through these pages, for it, more surely than anything else, is the true test of our success.

Alecia Woodworth

STAFF PAGE

THE YEAR BOOK STAFF

Editor	Aleda Woodworth
Assistant Editor	Patricia Breault
Production	Norman Guilbert
.	George Stilwell
.	Edwin Sveinson
Stencilling	Dorothy Christopherson
.	Emily Jansen
.	Christine Helgason
Proof-Reading	Johnny Cliver
.	Jeanette Warrenner
.	Myrna Scott
.	Joan Bearsley
.	Mary Holmes
Drawings & Titles	Germaine Wilson
.	Warren Gillies
.	Mary Stilwell

STUDENT COUNCIL

President	Ted Bearsley
Vice-President	Lillian McGill
Secretary	Beverley Johnson
Treasurer	Lloyd Bearsley
Gr. IX Rep.	Joan Bearsley
Gr. X Rep.	Marian McGill
Gr. XI & XII Rep.	Johnny Cliver
Social Rep.	Emily Jansen
Sports Rep.	Warren Gillies

TEACHING STAFF

Miss J. Bearsley	Miss S. Gunnlaugson
Miss M. Esteman	Miss L. Parbec
Mr. J. Bjalmanson, Principal	

SCHOOL BOARD

Chairman	Mr. W. Burton
Secretary	Mr. A. Beaufoy
Members	Mr. E. Woodworth
.	Mr. E. Lockerby
.	Mr. G. Guilbert
.	Mr. R. C. Atkins



THE PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

To the graduating class:

May this first step in your adventure of living be a crossroads at which you may pause to look back on all that has gone before and to prepare yourself for a future which can be even brighter.

I do not wish you luck, for luck is seldom the essence of success. Instead I wish you a worthy goal, the courage to pursue it and the humility to appreciate it once it is attained.

John Hjalmarsson



THE ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

To The Graduating Class:

For the past twelve years, you have been learning theories. For the rest of your life you will be attempting to turn these ideals into realities.

You won't change the world--it will change you. But it will be a change for the better if you have the courage still to believe in your ideals even though the rest of the world doesn't. Your schooling has equipped you with an abundance of ideals but you must get your courage from a church. Only there will you find the true worth and dignity of those ideals.

I hope you always will be young enough to wonder and old enough to believe.

John Beauchamp



Elaine is from the Gr. IX class
 Who has hair as shiny as glass.
 She gets good marks in History,
 How she does it is a mystery.

Elaine Gordon



Ronald comes from Baldur School,
 Though you may think him quite a fool,
 He is very smart in his classes
 And also with the little lasses.

Ronald Mitchell



Lynda Young is our Greenway girl
 With that certain Frenchman she is a whirl
 With horses she is quite a fan
 And also with that Herby man.

Lynda Young



James Dalzell does nothing all day
 But causes disturbances in every way.
 He is always finding himself in trouble
 But never fails to leave the school on
 the double.

James Dalzell



Sharon's a girl from Baldur High
 Blonde and kinda cute,
 To some boy she gives a sigh,
 To others the toe of her boot.

Sharon Clark



Iva Lynne Coribear is a girl from Thor
 school
 Came to Baldur High to obey the Golden Rule
 Red-headed is this Gr. IX gal
 Who has Elaine for her pal.

Iva Lynne Coribear



Lois Burton always dressed so sharp
 Always is as happy as a lark
 In all subjects she does well
 But in music she does excel.

Lois Burton



Joan Dearsley is a High School lass
 Who presided in the Gr. IX class
 She loves the boys short or tall
 In other words--she loves them all.

Joan Dearsley



Edwin is a Gr. IX boy
 Who gives the girls quite a joy
 He is often quite a rogue
 And is better known as Og.

Edwin



Blanche Lodge blond, petite,
 Always has a smile so sweet
 Tries so hard to do her work well
 100% we think she's swell.

Blanche Lodge



Jeanette Warrener, Jenny we call her,
Is a Baldur Gr. X scholar.
Everywhere that she does go
All can see Duane is her beau.

Jeanette Warrener



Yvonne is a girl from our Gr. X class,
She's a bluish-eyed Greenway lass,
They all say she is really nice, and
She wants to be Alec's dream in life.

Yvonne Coribear



With Joy we have lots of fun
For she's always bright as the sun,
In school she is bright too
And those ahead of her are very few.

Joy Tosh



Bubs McGill, an average kid,
To Toots she often blows her lid.
"Jelly" is her nickname so cute,
Call her that and you'll get a boot.

Marian McGill



Marlene Johnson comes from Bru
Where the skies are very blue.
She came to study oh so hard,
And we think she's quite a card.

Marlene Johnson



Geordie has curly hair,
 It's dark not fair.
 He loves to pester all the girls,
 Is that the reason for his curls?

George Stilwell



Dorothy is a quiet clever girl of Gr. X
 With dark eyes that attract the men.
 She goes to Lakes' to do housework every
 day
 And at night listens to what Rodney has
 to say.

Dorothy Embury



When Bobby came to Baldur High,
 He was short and very shy.
 And now that time has passed,
 He is growing very fast.

Bob Christopherson



Earl is a redheaded lad
 Who makes all the girls mad.
 Folding papers is his chore,
 And he wants to go to school no more.

Earl Johnson



As the bell rings out so loudly,
 Who comes at that tremendous gait?
 It's Mary Stilwell, every morning,
 Hoping that she won't be late.

Mary Stilwell



Arlie Sutton is an energetic kid
 For a guy named Cyril she makes her bid.
 To her he is her idol,
 Never once will you find her idle.

Arlie Sutton



Beverley Johnson comes from Bru
 When making coffee, she makes quite a brew,
 As for men she's had quite a few,
 Beverley we are proud of you.

Beverley Johnson



Norman Guilbert, dark and handsome,
 Adds spice to our class, and then some.
 In chemistry he does excel,
 In French he doesn't do so well.

Norman Guilbert



quiet road,
 Settled dust,
 Here comes Mary
 What a muss!!

Mary



John is our high school pest
 He's forever getting into a mess.
 He makes his classmates very gay,
 But he's famous for turning teachers gray.

John



Myrna Scott is short and fair
 Many a ticket she does tear
 She plays the piano and does sing
 And to the south her heart does wing.

Myrna Scott



We all know that handsome guy Sam
 The teachers brand him as a ham..
 Likes to do the things forbidden
 But they don't long remain hidden.

Lloyd Dearley



Patsy's from Greenway
 Patsy's alright.
 She proves to us every day
 That we're not so bright.

Patsy



Eleanor Gillies sets the style
 Always has a great big smile
 And her classmates greatly fear
 That she won't come back next year.

Eleanor Gillies



Lewis Dalman, Such a pest!
 At teasing shows up to his best.
 He tries to fix his car each day
 So he won't have to push it all the way.

Lewis Dalman



Emily is quite bright
 Of boys she has no fright
 Her favorite pastime is to fight
 Even though she tries to do what's right.

Emily Jones



Christine's blond and smart and nice
 When the boys look they look twice
 She says, of course, she likes it here
 But doesn't plan to stay next year.

Christine McGil



^u
 Lillian McGill is a Gr. XII lass
 She wonders if she will pass.
 Swerves, curves and smiles
 She gives her teachers lots of trials.

Lillian McGill



Nine o'clock
 Sweet repose
 Here comes Warren
 Tucking in his clothes.

Warren



Aleda Woodworth known as "Woody"
 Pretends at times to be a "Goody-Goody"
 She blushes so hard she's darker than
 crimson
 And uses words that stem from Ziddism.
 (P.S. Ziddism means words stemming from
 archaic German)

Aleda Woodworth



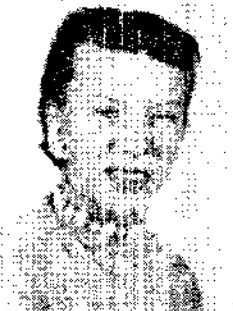
From Glenora she does come,
To work and slave and join the fun
This year '57 she is through
But hasn't decided just what to do.

Lenore Wilson



Tall and dark with waves in his hair
He causes many a gal to stare
It's Ted's last year at any school
And at banjo-playing he is "real cool".

Ted Deurley



Dorothy Christopherson we all know her
At Baldur theatre she is an usher
Her ambition is to be a nurse
We hope her patients won't get worse.

Dorothy Christopherson



Miss Parobec, straight from Europe,
At square dancing really does whirl it,
Very short with fancy clothes
A certain guy thinks she's the most.

Mr. Hjalmarson tall and lanky
Tries his hardest not to get cranky
His hair was quite red when he first
arrived here
But a few gray hairs are showing as a
result of this year.

John Hjalmarson



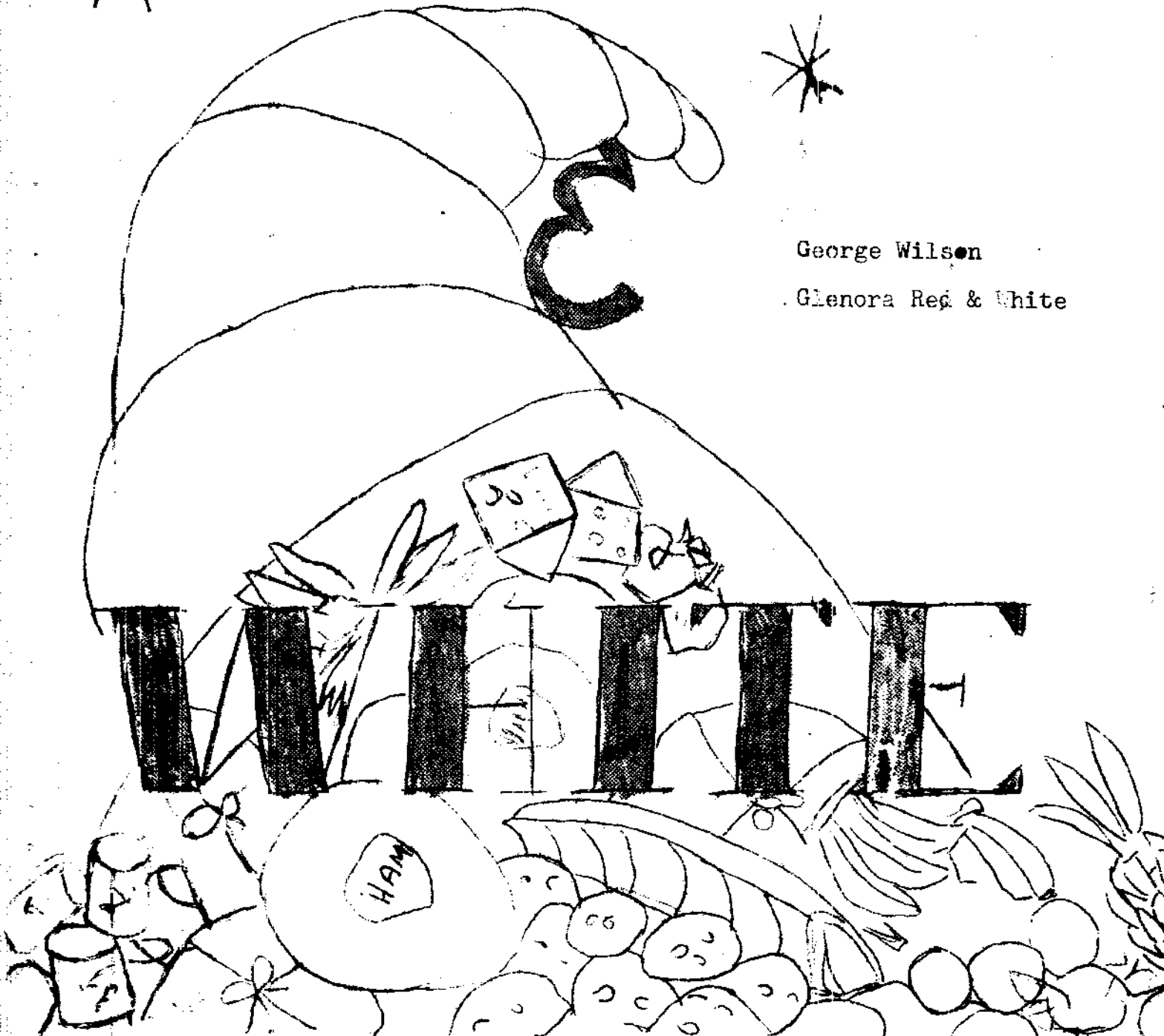
RED

CE

George Wilson

Glenora Reg & White

WINTER



First

Memories

The thought---attending Baldur High---was the most constant one which crept through my head!

On waking from a restless night's sleep, I dressed for school--- "Rather spakily!"

About 8:30, one of my former pals from Basehill School called in to tell we wrapped ourselves towards the Big School house.

Did we really have to come here? Yes, I wanted an education. What a day this was!

There were new kids, some I knew, some I'd seen before, and others I didn't know. But I wasn't the only one in this nervous first day predicament as ten other kids were now here: several others having attended Baldur Public School Centre.

After considering we first were the five classrooms, two teachers, and fifteen in my class; my being used to one classroom, one teacher, and only me in my class.

There was also the recess and noon-hour sessions when every one relaxed themselves (or at least tried to), chatted, joked, and met new friends.

Then of course, we settled down to work, when the bell rang.

This and the following days were just as interesting. The new kids were just as --or more--friendly.

I was in love with Baldur High.

Then on Sept. 20, -- how could I forget--Initiation came when we poor freshmen were put through the most difficult and cruel episodes. Some liked it and some didn't but me, I had a happy barrel of fun!

Also we attended a vainer feast on Beansley's Hill to celebrate the results of the election of members for the Student Council Executive.

It was nice we sang carols to the start-up of the term.

During the winter I attended N.S. and practically the whole High School spent the curving bus.

Besides these High School activities there were routine conferences.

I think Baldur High is tops and I wouldn't give it up for anything. I'm enjoying my going to Baldur High very much. I hope that you who come next year will enjoy it as much as I do and I know you will!

By Jack

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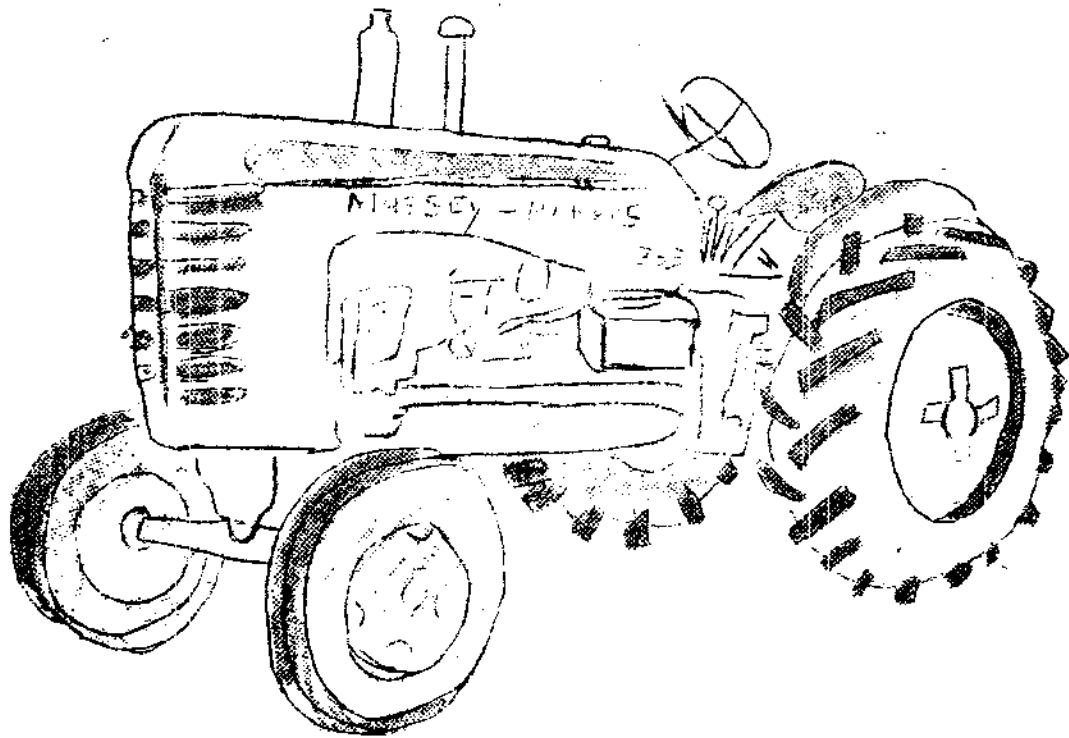
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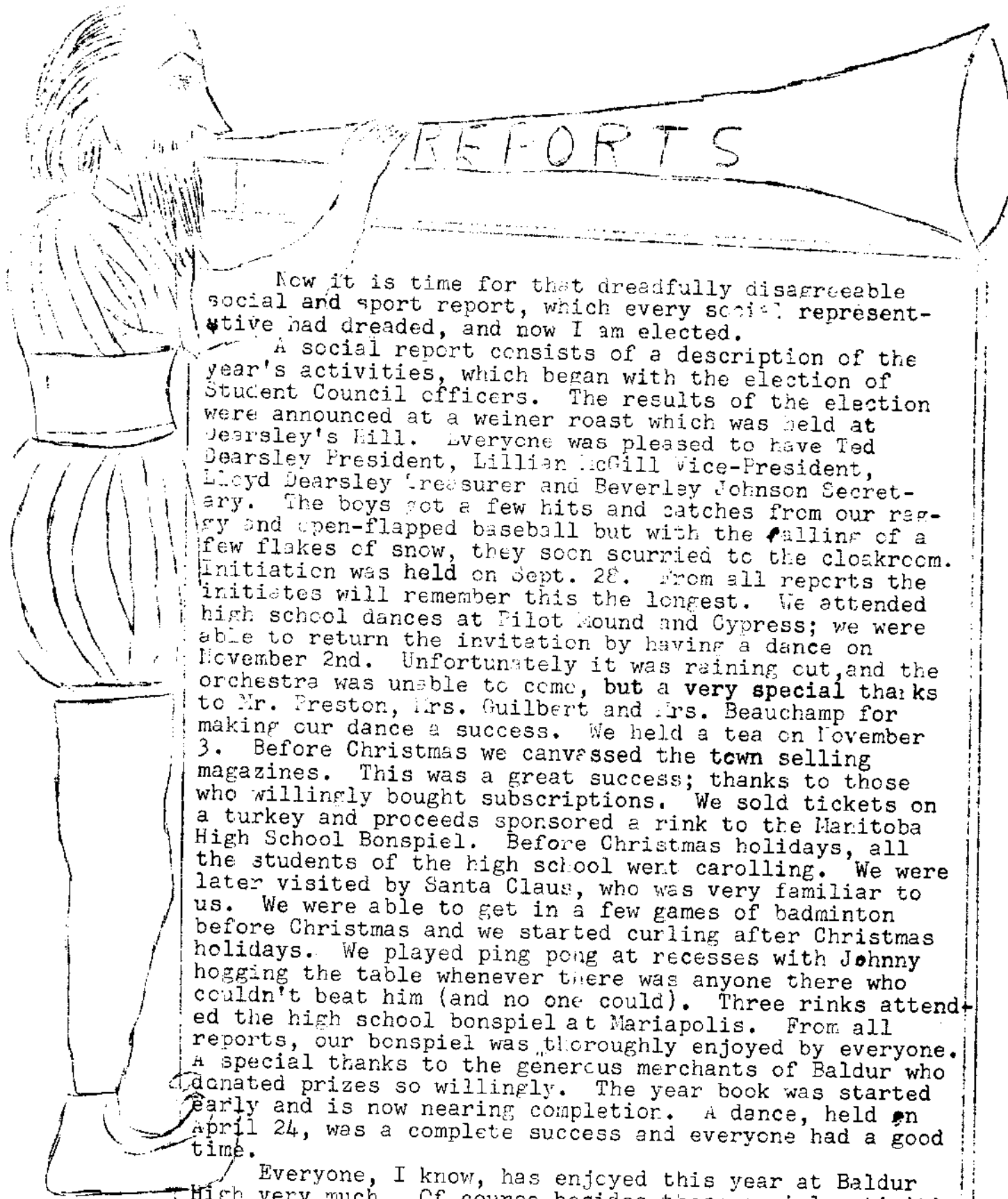
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REPORTS

Now it is time for that dreadfully disagreeable social and sport report, which every social representative had dreaded, and now I am elected.

A social report consists of a description of the year's activities, which began with the election of Student Council officers. The results of the election were announced at a weiner roast which was held at Bearsley's Hill. Everyone was pleased to have Ted Bearsley President, Lillian McGill Vice-President, Lloyd Bearsley Treasurer and Beverley Johnson Secretary. The boys got a few hits and catches from our raggy and open-flapped baseball but with the falling of a few flakes of snow, they soon scurried to the cloakroom. Initiation was held on Sept. 28. From all reports the initiates will remember this the longest. We attended high school dances at Pilot Mound and Cypress; we were able to return the invitation by having a dance on November 2nd. Unfortunately it was raining out, and the orchestra was unable to come, but a very special thanks to Mr. Preston, Mrs. Guilbert and Mrs. Beauchamp for making our dance a success. We held a tea on November 3. Before Christmas we canvassed the town selling magazines. This was a great success; thanks to those who willingly bought subscriptions. We sold tickets on a turkey and proceeds sponsored a rink to the Manitoba High School Bonspiel. Before Christmas holidays, all the students of the high school went carolling. We were later visited by Santa Claus, who was very familiar to us. We were able to get in a few games of badminton before Christmas and we started curling after Christmas holidays. We played ping pong at recesses with Johnny hogging the table whenever there was anyone there who couldn't beat him (and no one could). Three rinks attended the high school bonspiel at Mariapolis. From all reports, our bonspiel was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. A special thanks to the generous merchants of Baldur who donated prizes so willingly. The year book was started early and is now nearing completion. A dance, held on April 24, was a complete success and everyone had a good time.

Everyone, I know, has enjoyed this year at Baldur High very much. Of course besides these social activities we worked.

Emily Jansen

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Baldur Man.

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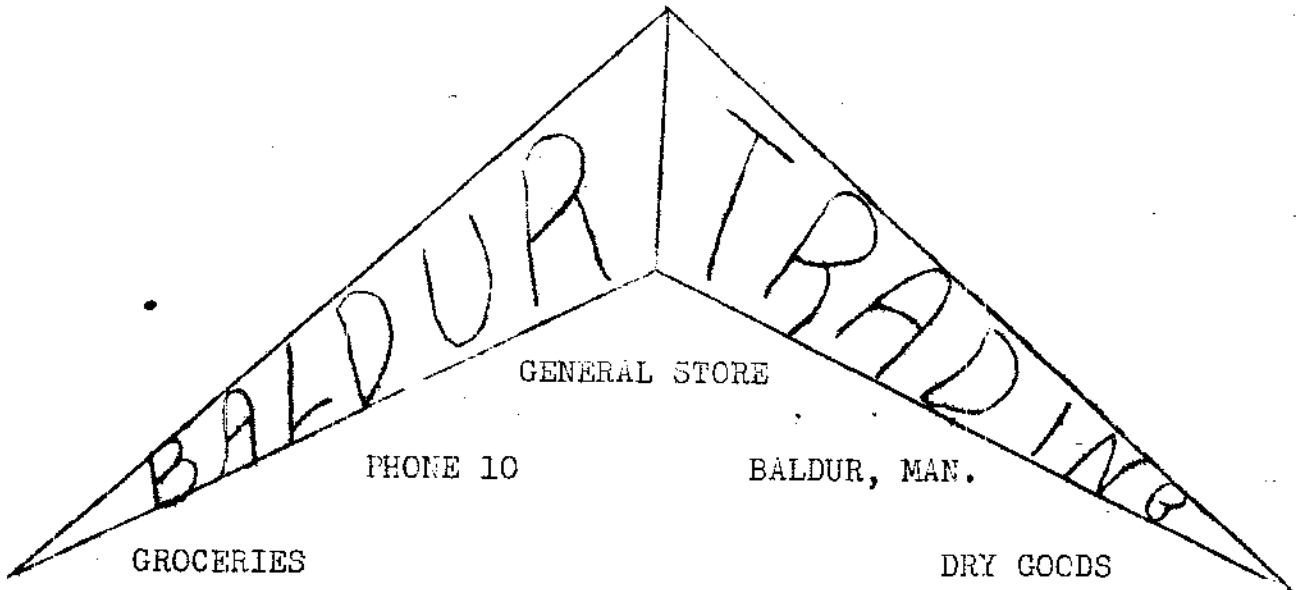
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Box 43
Baldur, Man

OFFICE: DEW DROP INN

JIM GUILBERT

PUPPET SHOW

NAME	PUPPET SAYING	LAST SCENE
GRADE IX		
DAVID	OH	GETTING SUPPER
JOHN	OH YEAH-AH	LOOKING AT THE GIRLS
SPENCER	VERY FUNNY!	WAITING FOR THE GIRLS
ERIC	OH SPOOK!	WATCHING T.V.
JOHN	I DON'T CARE	IN THE FRONT SEAT
SCOTT	IF YOU -A-R-E BOY	DRIVING THE TRUCK
BRADY	OH SHIT IT!	WALKING -OH
BRADY	YEAH	READING AVAILABLE PART OF BOOK
LYDIA	OH CAROL!	READING JOURNAL
LYNNE	I HATE!	DANCING IN LIBRARY
GRADE X		
DAVID	COULD OF FOOLED ME	TEASING THE GIRLS
JOHN	HAAAAH	PUTTING TALKS ON BEAM
SCOTT	HOLY OC	COMBING HIS HAIR
BRADY	WHY SHOCK!	I ITALIANO P.M.
JOHN	DON'T BE SILLY	FIGHTING WITH PER FOR THE
JOHN	OO-OAH	LEARNING TO DRIVE
YVONNE	GOOD HEAVENS	CHAMBER'S SCENER
JOHN	OH YEAH	WATCHING T.V.
JOHN	YOU'RE NOT FUNNY	GOING HOME WITH GIRLS
JOHN	YOU HATE THAT	CHANGING A TALK ON BEAM
MARY	MY KISS	CREATING AN AFFAIR
JOHN	THAT WASN'T FUNNY	WAITING BY THE BUS
GRADE XI		
JOHN	IT WAS RIGHT ANYWAY	FLIRTING
JOHN	MY CERRUBULUM HAS REACHED	FIXING UP HIS HAIR
JOHN	ITS CAPACITY	
JOHN	ETC. ETC. ETC.	SAILING AT THE
BRADY	DON'T BE SILLY	WITH PER FOR THE
JOHN	AM SHIT UP	LEAVING HOME
JOHN	AMT YOUR AGE	DOING CHORES
JOHN	BROTHER BREAD!!	LOOKING FOR THE BEST
JOHN	A FLU!	MAKING TIME
JOHN	NOT SATISFIED	FINISHING
CHRISTINE	GET OUT OF MY JUNG!	LOOKING FOR THE BEST
GRADE XII		
JOHN	WAIT A CLODY!	AT THE TELEPHONE OFFICE
JOHN	IT'S ORIGINAL	FIXING HAIR
JOHN	OH! NOT REALLY	PUSHING PLUGS
JOHN	WELL I'M HERE -OH	HITCHHIKING TO JACKSONVILLE
JOHN	SESIDE OF OH?	PONING WALKER
JOHN	YOU MISSED THE BROOM	ON CORNER OF ELIZABETH ROAD
MR. BUCKLEBUSH	WHAT DO WE HAVE NOW CLASS?	TALKING TO THE GIRLS
MRS. PAROBIC	PUPPET HOME GUN IN THE BASKET	PUTTING UP PER FOR
MRS. BRACCHIA	THAT'S LOVELY	TRYING TO GET A WALKER

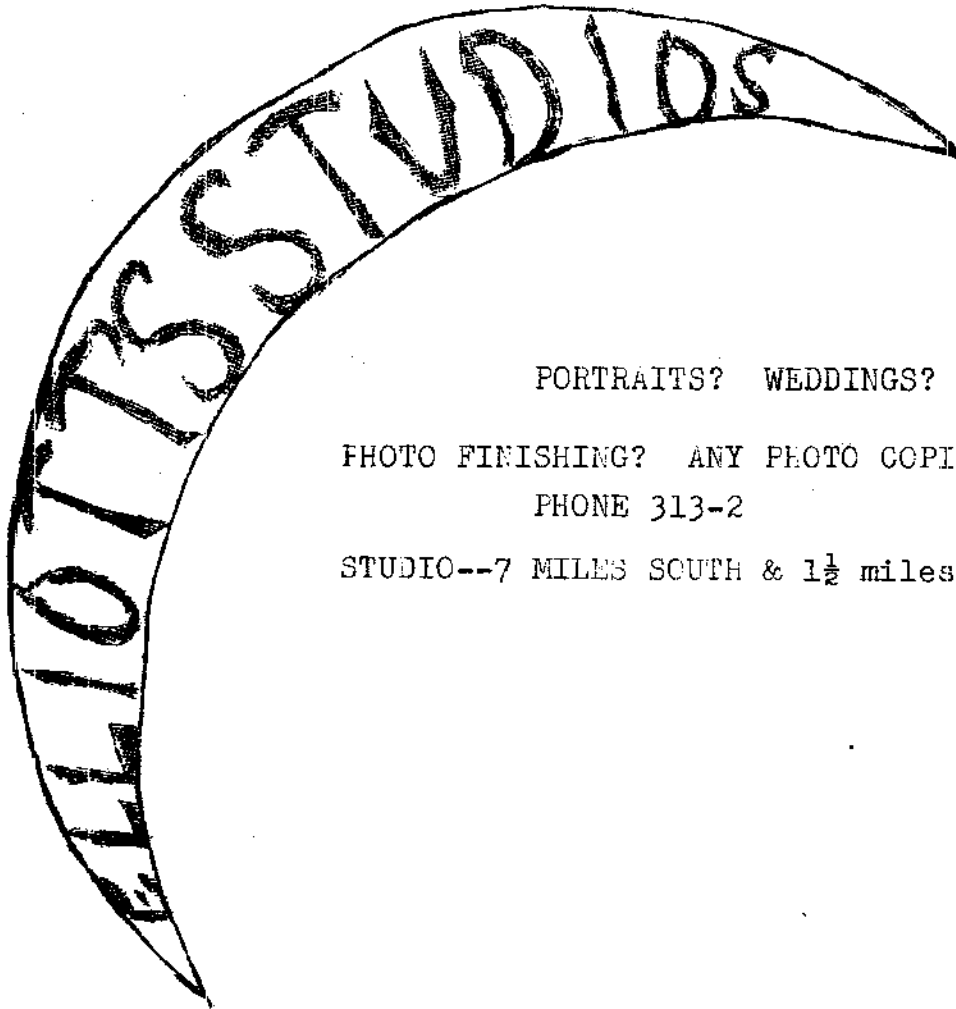


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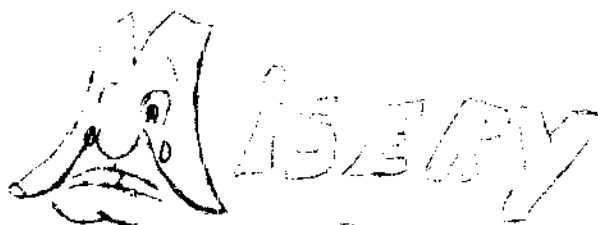


PORTRAITS? WEDDINGS? GRADUATIONS?

PHOTO FINISHING? ANY PHOTO COPIED? FRAMES, MOUNTS

PHONE 313-2

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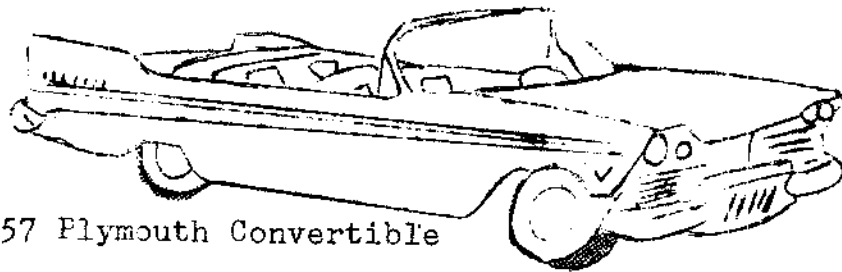
BEAVY



PERSONIFIED

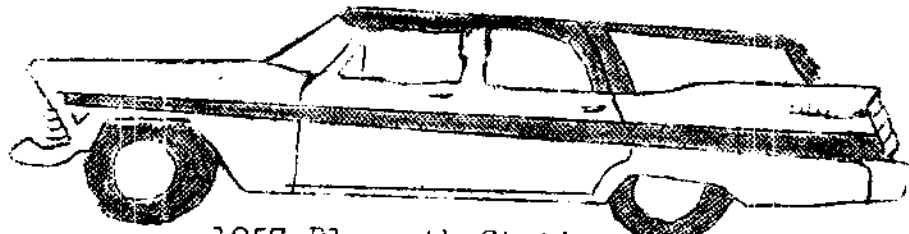
KIM BEING TALKED
 JIMMY BOOKS?
 EDWIN DOING MATHS
 LCIS WITHOUT A PIANO
 BLANCHE WALKING TO TOWN
 JOAN GOING STEADY
 SHARON WITHOUT A COMB
 LYNDA NOT BUYING A HORSE
 ELAINE WITHOUT A BOOK
 IVA LYNN NOT SEWING
 EARL NO GAS
 BEVERLEY NOT TALKING
 MARIAN NOT DRIVING TO SCHOOL
 ARLIE BEING CALLED SHORTY
 JOY NOT GOING HOME WITH NEIGHBORS
 JEANETTE NO LETTERS
 DOROTHY E NO "PLAY FAIR"
 MARY S ILLUSTRATIONS FOR YEAR BOOK
 YVONNE GOSSIP
 MARLENE WEARING HER GLASSES
 GEORGE DELIVERING PAPERS
 BOB NOT TEASING
 LLOYD WITHOUT HIS TRUCK
 EMILY "LA LOND" WITHOUT ROSES
 MYRNA MISSING A DANCE
 NORMAN NOT SIGNING HIS JOHN HENRY
 LLEANOR WHEN TED RUNS OUT OF MONEY
 MARY H WITH NO ELVIS RECORDS
 CHRISTINE WITHOUT NEW CLOTHES
 LEWIS ACTING ALIVE
 JOHN DOING HOMEWORK
 PAT MENTION OF DYING HAIR
 WARREN NOT GETTING THE CAR
 GERMAINE HAVING ALLEDA AROUND?
 LILLIAN ON A DIET
 ALEDA BUYING INK
 DOROTHY WITH SHORT FINGER NAILS
 TED EXPLAINING? (EVERYTHING)
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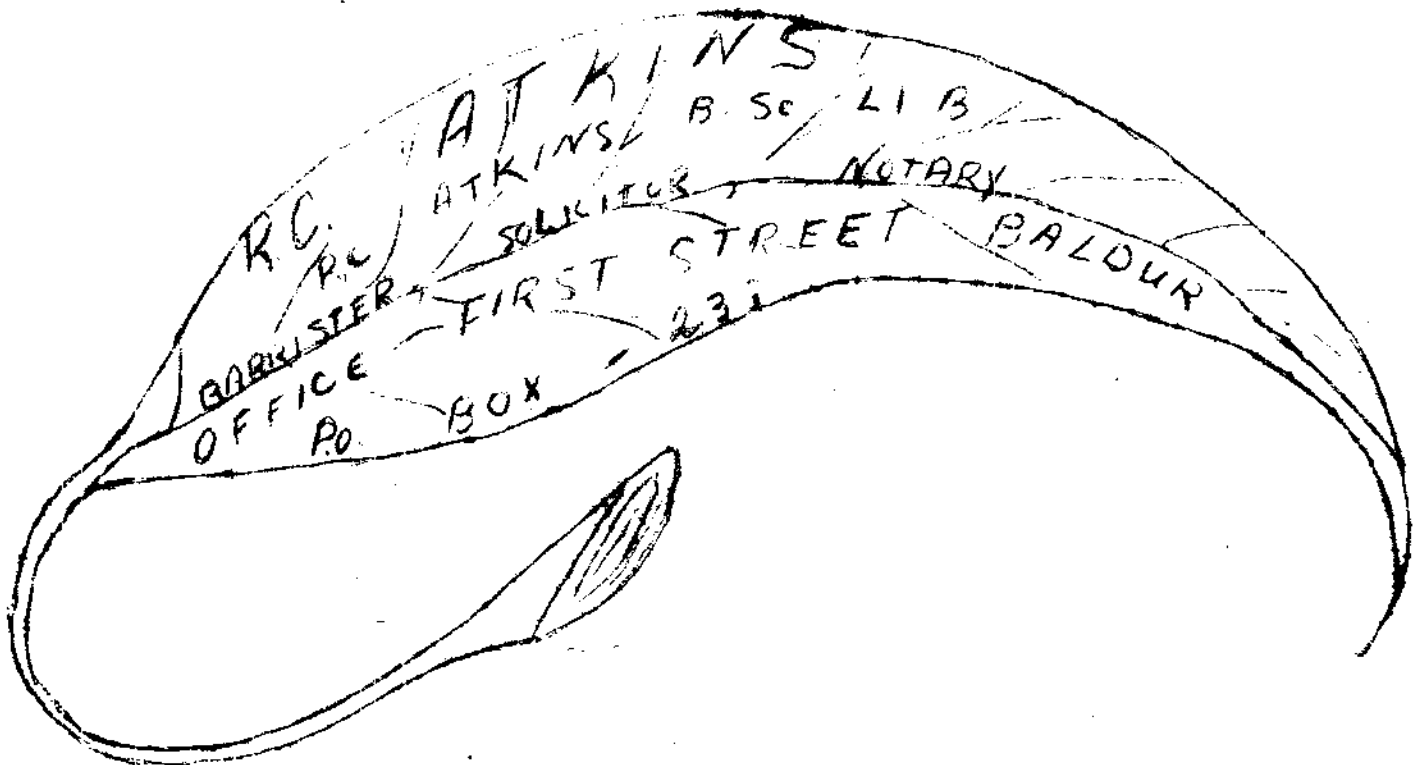
EVA LYNN	THE GRASS WAS GREENER
LYNDA	THE STAR YOU WISHED UPON LAST NIGHT
JIMMY	ROUND DOG
SHARON	SINGING THE BLUES
EDDIE	WHERE IS THE DOGGONE GIRL OF MINE
RONALD	PETTICOATS OF PORTUGAL
BLANCHE	JUST WALKING IN THE RAIN
BLAINE	IF I
LOIS	HONEY CHILE
JOAN	EDDIE MY LOVE
CONNIE	TWO DIFFERENT WORLDS
GEORGE	THE PAPER BOY
BEVERLEY	BALLROOM BABY
MARIAN	TOO MUCH MONKEY BUSINESS
ARLINE	JUMPS, GIGGLES & SCOUTS
DOROTHY E.	FRIENDLY PERSUASION
MARY S.	JUST IN TIME (FOR SCHOOL)
YVONNE	WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO YOU?
BOB C.	CONSCIENCE, I'M GUILTY
EARL	LIVE & LET LIVE
MARLENE	CRUISE UPON A DREAM
JANETTE	SEARCHING
JOY	MAMA LOOK WHAT FOLLOWS IN THE HOUSE TONIGHT
JOHNNY	ANY PLACE IS PARADISE (EXCEPT SCHOOL)
LEW	HOW LITTLE WE KNOW
PAT	THE CHERRY FLOW
CHRISTINE	LOVE ME TENDER
ELEANOR	SLOW TALK
BOB A.	I GOTTA GROW
EMILY	HONKY TONK
JOHN	NITE LIGHTS
LLOYD	STANDING ON THE CORNER
MARY	BEATIN' THE BLE
MISS FARGUES	WHEN I GROW TOO OLD TO DREAM
MR. FJALMARSON	EVERY DAY OF MY LIFE
WARREN	THE GREAT PRELUDER
GERMAINE	DREAMER'S HOLIDAY
WILL	LONG TAIL SALLY
LILLIAN	THE AUCTIONEER
DOROTHY	SEVENTEEN
TED	READY TEDDY

This is not a "Believe it or not"
But Baldur has really got---

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BALDUR



YEAR'S PROGRAM

On arriving at Baldur after returning from a stretch in the air force, we were not surprised to note the size of the city because we had flown over in our atomic planes several times.

We hailed a taxi and were surprised to see EARL JOHNSON in the driver's seat. During the hour it took to get to our hotel, Earl told us what had happened to our old school pals. We were happy to note that Ted was the municipal Reeve and JOHNNY JOHNSON was our Icelandic representative from Baldur in the Federal Government. Coming to a stop sign we saw GEORGE STIMPALL directing traffic. Continuing our journey we noticed a huge sign saying "LYNDA YOUNG'S thoroughbred horses in suburbs of Greenway." We were able to tell Earl that DOROTHY CHRISTOPHERSON was a nurse in the air force. Earl also told us that IVORRE CONIBLAR and MARLENE JOHNSON had become missionaries in Africa. We decided to shop before going to the hotel. While walking past a chemical shop we were fared by an explosion. K.F. GUILBERT shot through the window and landed on the sidewalk. Getting up he said, "You know, I just made a new gunpowder with my own little charred brains." We congratulated him and walked on. While buying clothes in Latons of Baldur we met BLANK GORDON clerking. When again out in the street, while walking by the Parliament Building we heard a terrible scream above us and LEWIS landed in a heap in the street. He had been polishing the Golden Boy when the rope slipped. Yes, Lewis had finally made a big hit. Well, like true friends we scraped him off the sidewalk and placed him in an empty cigar box and put him in a garbage can. After this ordeal we headed for the nearest night club. The barkeeper was tipsy GILLIES. We had a few drinks. Quite a guy that Gillies. We were pleased with the floor show. Especially the 4 J's: JOAN, JOY, JEANETTE, and JELLY (BUBS) who did a cancan. Also we enjoyed the piano players featuring LOUIS BURTON. The customers started shouting for Meggy Miles and one waltzed ARLIE SUTTON. Then we went to the Mitchell hotel owned by RONALD MITCHELL. He sent us to the manager to get our key and there stood EDDY SVELINSON. In the morning we ordered wheaties for breakfast and saw on the box an advertisement. It read: "BOB CHRISTOPHERSON ate wheaties and he is now wheat king of the Canadian prairies." After breakfast I picked up the W.P.C. Free and said to John Cliver that BLANCHÉ LODGE was writer of the women's page. Also I saw a huge ad for women's clothing designed by IVA LYNN CONIBLAR. On the next page there was a picture of GERMAINE WILSON designing Rock Hudson's wig. On the last page was an ad announcing a sale of the University year book. ALLEA CODWORTH was the editor.

Turn on that blinkety blank radio, Sam. "That good, John? Yeah." Tune in to Jimmy (Fiddler) Dalzell from Hollywood. Great news today folks. EMILY JAKSEN is starring in "The Last Woman" to be shown in New York in a week. MARY STILLWELL will be in

London this week attending and performing in the 1987 Opera Derby. Also SHARON CLARK has just finished directing a new western entitled "The Short Men." Now, while I get a breath of air, listen to something different.

The secret of happiness is the ability to be fair to others. When shopping, take your youngsters to DOROTHY HARBURY's day nursery and she will teach your children to "Play fair."

Now the news around the clock, around the world, CKY brings you the news every hour, every half hour:

"There was a near fatality in the Baldur suburbs when Willy's farm truck driven by MYRNA SCOTT went out of control, side-swiping a semi-trailer truck, several cars, hurtled an embankment, and came to rest in the Baldur Creek. Myrna is being treated for shock.

Flash!! PAUL BREJULT won a trans-atlantic trip to Europe for her prize-winning cherry pie in the annual pie contest.

Flash!! ELEANOR GILLIES was exhausted after swimming the mouth of the Baldur Creek. For a prize she will receive a new bathing suit to account for the one she ruined when striking shore.

Flash!! Students at Baldur Collegiate are thrilled to know that their teacher will be Miss? LILLIAN MCGILL.

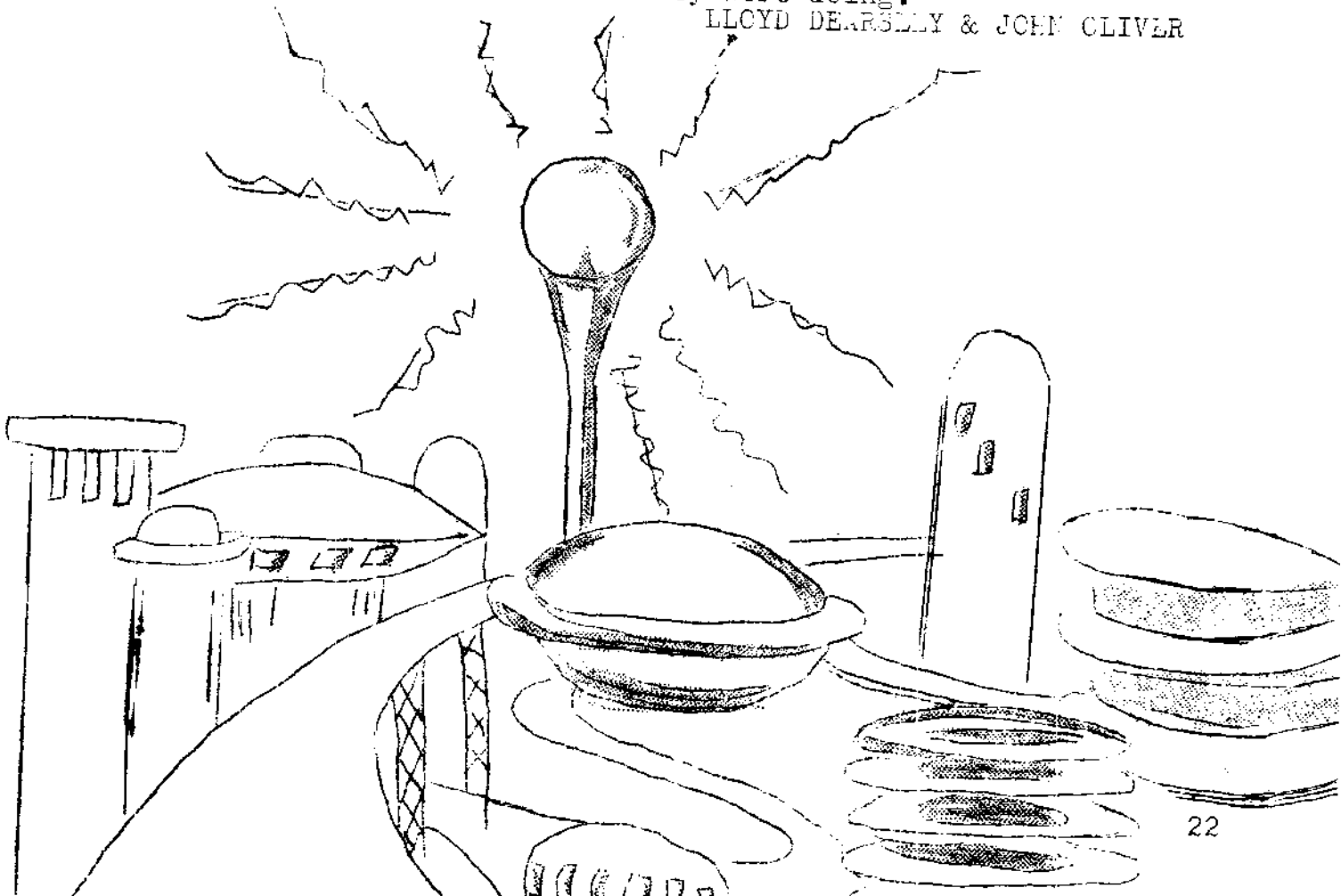
We now return you to Jimmy (Fiddler) Dalzell.

It has been announced that MARY HOLMES and CHRISTINE HELGASON have been starred in the movie "The Girls Still Can't Help It."

That's all the news from Hollywood today.

We then decided to go out and as we were leaving our hotel for an evening of entertainment we noticed MRS. BEAUCHAMP and MR. HJALMARSON drive by in a car full of kids and dogs. We never did find out what they were doing.

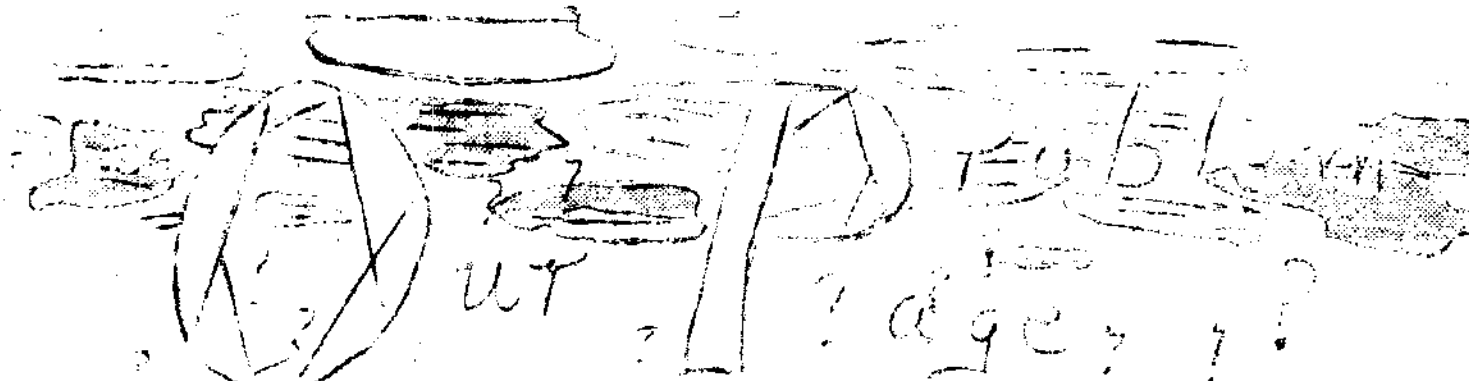
LYOYD DEARSELY & JOHN OLIVER





Keep Her For a Pet
Shop Here
DONT LEAVE HER.
and
of your
cant cook

Baldwin Bakery
For the Buzziest Buns
Full line of Home Cooking



Dear Louella Luvlost,

I am 50 lbs overweight, have a mole on my right arm. I am pop-eyed, buck-toothed, bow-legged, my ears protrude and I talk with a lisp. I have a problem. I think I am unpopular because of this mole. Could you please help me to think of some way to conceal it.

Wallflower

My dear Wallflower,

Have you tried using a band-aid?

Dear Louella Luvlost,

I am an usherette and I have a major problem--when some people come in, I flash my light on, and go down one aisle. They go down the other. Please tell me what I should do.

Frustrated Usherette

Dear Frustrated Usherette,

Remove the center row of seats.

Dear Louella Luvlost,

I believe myself to be a typical housewife. My measurements are 44-36-43. I weigh 190 lbs. To preserve my beauty, I cream my face every night, but I have a problem. My husband stays out late every night. What should I do?

Distraught Housewife

Dear Distraught Housewife,

Don't cream your face at night.

Dear Louella Luvlost,

I live alone with my dog and find it would be much more cosy if there were 3 of us. What should I do?

Knee Deep in the Blues

Dear Knee Deep in the Blues,

Buy another dog.

Dear Louella Luvlost,

Everytime I sleep on board, I get seasick. How can I remedy it?

Sailor Boy

Dear Sailor Boy,

Why don't you try a bed?

Dear Louella Luvlost,

Last week when I was out with my boyfriend, I ran over him with my car. He hasn't spoken to me since. I love him very much, so what shall I do?

Lady Driver

Dear Lady Driver,

Have you tried artificial respiration?

Burton's



- * NO CRIP
- * NO SPINAL
- * NO STRENGTHS
- * NO WORK

Jellenaime |
May be the Difference

The first year at Baldur High

When students enter their first year at Baldur High, there is one fear in their mind--of course, it's initiation. They tell us to blame of initiation beforehand until you feel like skipping it, but it's not as bad as all that, although there is a feeling of relief when it is over.

A few days before initiation day we were handed slips of paper with our torture costume written on it. We searched the town to find the certain article on our list which at some time may have been used but now is out of circulation. Mine was red stockings and I ended up buying a pair of plain ones. The rest of my costume consisted of a tank suit pulled over a short white skirt, curly hair (unfortunately my hair was very short) with a ribbon in each curl, and other articles including roller skates.

On the morning of Sept. 28--Initiation day, I managed to pull on the "garments" and waited for the girls to arrive at my house. We decided to be late and miss the crowd of kids, but when I opened the "lounge" door, there awaited room V. Two of them took me by the arms and I slid into the room. We were ordered to obey our seniors so were continually sharpening pencils, etc. I burst into laughter when I saw Sharon in pig-tails, hipwaders, and stuffed with pillows, Ronald with pig-tails pulled over his face and the rest in their comical costumes.

At about 3:30 in the afternoon we had to parade thru the town. We had to shout a little poem and walk with the most beautiful step, corrected by one of the Seniors. It was most difficult to walk this way with roller skates, so I returned to the plain ordinary slip. Then we had certain tasks to do--wash windows of cars, etc. My job was to polish shoes. After this we had to cover the town, be gone for food for the hospital. I guess they were short--Ha! Ha! Then we were marched to the school, and ordered to clear it. When we were finished we were allowed to retire.

At 8:00 in the evening we were obliged to go to the Legion Hall--or else! and receive our further punishment for entering Baldur High. There we were blindfolded and taken through a room. They were sure you were dizzy before they started the tortures.

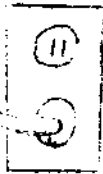
First you were taken to a terrible noise which blew wind (evidently we recognized it to be a vacuum cleaner) where we were cleared of lower grade germs. Then we were taken to a place where we had to feel real live worms. The next was "Kiss the Charter--3 times"--the third time was alum as I was told. I didn't taste it because they covered my nose on the "Charter". Then we were taken through other torture--one of which was the feeling of the brains of one of last year's Freshies who didn't quite make it. This was hilarious and by this time I had partially lost my voice. Then we went to a door where they said "Enter this door and you become a full senior. They had a shock attached to the knob and somehow they had it rigged so when I ran my roller skates on I was grounded. I felt the shock only when the skate touched one of my feet. Finally after having pictures taken we were allowed to go home and change our clothes. Then a dance followed and I'm sure all who attended it, enjoyed it.

One word to next year's Freshies--
Beware of us.

Baldur Electric

T.V. & RADIO SALES & SERVICE

ALL ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES



STEINI Johnson

HATS

COATS

SUITS

DRESSES

TC SUIT

MILADIES

TASTE

AT

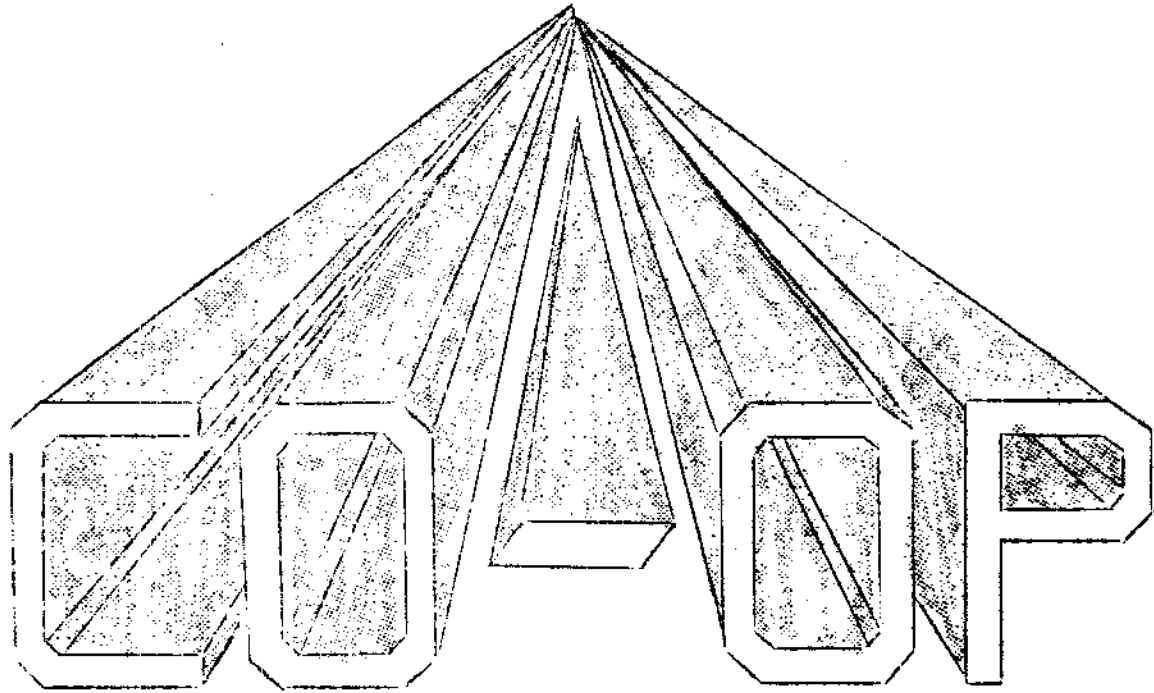
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Phone 35

Baldur, Man.

Waves

Splashing on the rocky shore,
Scundng on the empty dock,
Moving as if in search
of something more
But pausing only to mock
The quiet of the countryside
the slowness of the tide,
Icy fingers with nails of white
Reaching out to capture the land,
as if jealous of its might
and wishing to cover with its hand,
All the beauty that the earth may hold
Leaving nothing only water: bitterly cold.

Christine Helgason

THANKS

A great deal of the success in our social activities and in the balancing of the Student Council budget could only have been achieved through the splendid co-operation received from the people of Baldur and district. Special thanks should be given to those who willingly donated prizes and money for our local high school bonspiel, the subscribers who bought subscriptions from the school convassors, and to those who helped finance this year book by advertising their businesses in it. We would also like to thank you, the reader, for supporting the High School by buying this year book. Without this wonderful support we would not have been able to have our bonspiel, our weiner roasts, nor would we have been able to finance this year book. Your help and co-operation is greatly appreciated.

Ted Dearsley
Pres., Student Council

X X X X X X X X X

OVERHEARD: Mr. Hjalmarson, while organizing ads for the Year Book and wondering where to inquire for the Manitoba Power Commission, said enthusiastically, "Ask Lorne Boucher. He can tell you where to go."

X X X X X X X X X

OVERHEARD: Johnny: My arms are so strong from shovelling fertilizer that if I once put my arms around Marilyn Monroe she would be a dislocated blob of atoms.

X X X X X X X X X

OVERHEARD: Emily--while walking through a mud puddle dreaming of "roses", said: "This mud is dirty."

Literary

AN OLD HOUSE

The old house stood on a high naked cliff. In its younger days it might have been considered handsome, but now it was bare and ugly. Where the windows should have been there were only dark black holes. The once handsome door was warped and worn. Its color was a wared-out ivory. I took the rusty old handle in my hand and slowly and creakily opened it. The door by its creaking seemed to protest my entrance.

The room that I had entered was dull and dingy. The curtains were a dull faced red, all tattered and worn, with patches on them. When I touched them they fell apart. In the middle of the room stood an old piano. The piano was battered and warped. In many places the paint was peeling off. I struck some of the keys. They were dull and shrill. They seemed to shriek in sadness.

In each threadbare room I went. In the master bedroom a dirty grey carpet lay on the floor. In places it was impossible to see the carpet because of patches on it. The bed was old and crumbling. The bedspread was a wared-out color that I guessed had once been a lovely pink.

After I had looked into every shabby old room, I went back to the room where the mournful old piano stood. In the left corner of the room was a squat old armchair. I gingerly sat down in it. It held my weight. I began to wonder who had lived here? Why they hadn't taken their furniture away? For I found that in nearly every room there was some piece of furniture. I wished the old piano could talk. What wonderful stories it would have been able to tell! Of the grand old balls with the ladies in their rustling silk dresses, their hair piled high on their heads, of the gentlemen in their finely cut coats, and their breeches, three corner hats on with a fine ostrich plume in the middle, of the merry laugh of the young folks and the quiet talk of the old. The old piano and piano if they could have talked would have told of weddings, birthdays and funerals.

As twilight came I began to feel sorry for the old house. The house that had once been so graceful was now ugly. It was like an old woman who wouldn't admit she was old, and so had not grown old willingly. She had pretended to be young with cosmetic results.

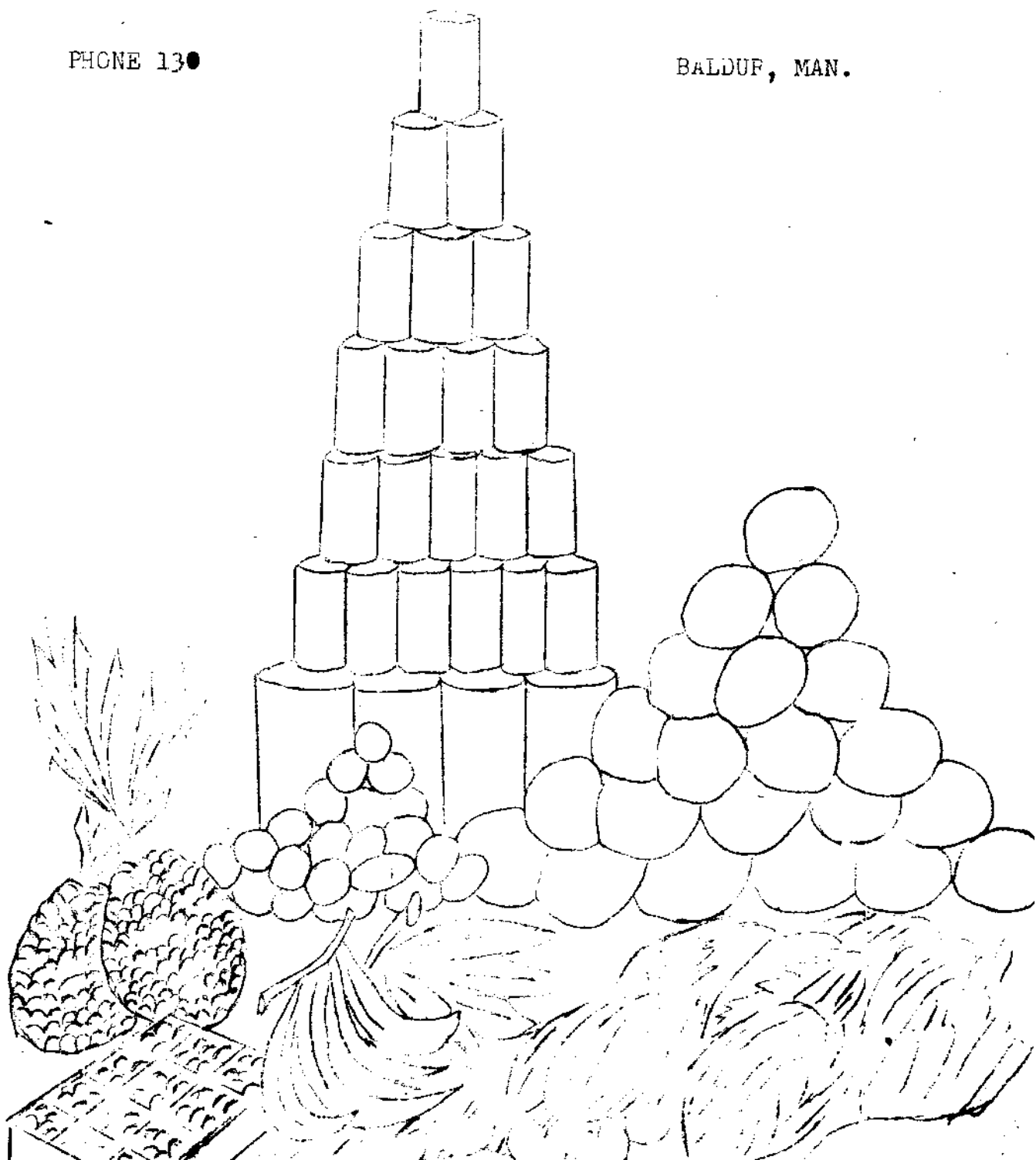
The outside of the old house was all warped and worn. The paint was peeling off. The windows were broken and in some places missing. The house ever upward it was dilapidated and magnificent like an old dowager. I thought of all the young frivolous causes, and wondered if when they grew old, would they have such a heart as this old house?

LEE FOON

GENERAL STORE

PHONE 130

BALDUF, MAN.



HOW I SPEND MY EVENINGS

I leave the school after four and go directly home. Here I lock myself in my room and soon become absorbed in my school books. At six o'clock I take fifteen minutes off for a quick supper, and return to my studies as quickly as possible. At 10 o'clock I leave my studies and exercise my tired muscles by walking to the kitchen for a drink of water. Then I resume my lessons until eleven o'clock, and after then I go to bed and say my memory work over until I fall asleep. Of course sometimes I have time for fun. On Saturday nights I take half an hour off to watch the cars drive by and view the people going in and out of the theatre, have lunch and then study til 12, because I don't have to go to school the next day. I like school very much and expect to spend a great deal of my future there.

Beverley Johnson

I WAS ONCE AN ORANGE

I grew in Florida with a bunch of my brothers and sisters. When we were first born we were a small flower. We lived on a tree. Next we formed into a small orange. We grew and grew til our master picked us off the tree.

Then we are picked over and placed in small wooden boxes. Next we were put on a train. We travelled, and travelled and travelled til we thought the train would never stop.

The next thing I knew I was put on a station platform. Then we were put in a truck with many other parcels. After a short ride a man carried me into a house. The house had four children in it. Each child ran towards me with outstretched arms. I was handed to the oldest one, it was a girl.

I was placed under a glamorous Christmas tree. On Christmas day the four children and their parents opened all the presents around me. They all did a lot of talking but they were so excited I couldn't figure out what they were saying.

The next thing I knew the mother was opening my box. Then she put her hand around me and put me on the breakfast table beside the oldest girl's plate. I can't tell you anything else, because I was eaten up.

Myrtle Lodge

Dear Elvis,

I overheard on the street corner of Baldur that you had a new Continental. Since I don't have one, I thought you would give me one of yours. I just love you and your singing. Please send the car as soon as possible.

Yours queerly,
Mary Holmely

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GMC TRUCKS

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BEST WISHES

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THE GRADUATES

from

CLEGHORN'S

DRUG STORE

PHONE 131

GRADE XI & XII ESSAY

"A THOUSAND WORDS"

"One thousand words" cried the Devil as he stuck his fork in the coal, "One thousand words", cried his assistant, as he passed the word down the line, "And every word must be a compliment to the gory place known as Hell." The sub-assistants grinned with glee, as they added the finishing touch, "And for every lie, it's a thousand more that **you'll** write".

The tormented faces in the crimson glow sank deep in agony. A thousand words to compliment Hades is not in any vocabulary. One enthusiast who tore his hair and broke his nails said, "At last, it lends variety." So the Devil who overheard, set each soul to a duller task for a thousand years or so.

Then one day the Devil bethinks of his decree, "A thousand words, I said, and not a one have I seen." So he polished his horns and sharpened his fork and created a gruesome sight. A visit he paid to his dejected company. The tired beings in an immortal hell, shuddered as he strutted about. A timid soul who lately came to this warm world suggested quaveringly, "There is no paper." The angry eyes of the Devil gleamed with pure delight, "You may write your thousand words on the sole of your foot with a needle so hot that it's green.

"It's always warm," said a helpful soul, as he commenced to write more fully about this single advantage. A sudden chill came over the place. The devil, you see, had **set** out spies to report on any nicety.

This peculiar state of affairs continued another thousand years. The Devil became moody, and broodingly contemplated, "Can it be there is no one who loves hell as I do? I'm sure a completed essay should by now have come to me."

Another thousand years passed, uneventfully, a few new tortures discovered, a few old ones discarded, then a special delivery letter came for, "El Diablo Esq." The Devil gazed in wonder for never in millions of years did he see such saucy black inscriptions as these. The Devil held the letter with shaky, trembling hands and read the words that aptly described the bloodiest scenes that ever occurred in this most sinister world. This magnificent masterpiece was completed with these immortal words, "And where can these great things be found except in the region of Hell?" Now, the Devil recognized an understanding heart and ordered the author be brought to him at his home. He sent his servants straightaway to fetch the person whose cunning mind conceived this glowing manuscript.

The author came in a cloud of smoke and stood before the Devil.

Ah! Such beauty the Devil had never before beheld. Her face was the most transparent green and hair as black as jet. But, the Devil was so captivated by the large, long, slant-green eyes that he saw nothing else. "Methinks," he cried, "that hell is better ruled by two." Poor Devil, he never realized that her heart was molded of evaporated India ink. She smiled a little and said not a word.

XXXXXXX

It was truly the jolliest wedding that Hades ever beheld. The Devil and she dined on the blood of vampire bats and imp-stuffed witch's cat. "Oh! Woe!" cried the Devil as he fell beneath the table, for badly inebriated was he. The She-Devil brought out a cigarette-holder longer than a foot and a half, then with her spike high heels she ruthlessly rolled the Devil under the couch. Now demons are not widely known for their long-enduring loyalty, so politely of course, the assistants joined forces with She.

With the Devil safely out of the way She aptly commenced her rule. She set the souls to work sweeping coal dust up and sorting various sized lumps into bins marked one, two, and three.

One day, Hell having become so efficient it required no further cure, she sat down to think. It came upon her suddenly, "where can the Devil be?" She rushed to the couch and gazed beneath. She searched hell from end to end then upon returning home, she saw him sitting in proud disdain upon a throne that she had come to consider her own.

She stood, open-mouthed, amazed, for she was much betook by his handsome looks. How warm the firelight played upon his shining horns, how very evil the light in his eye. "Oh, Ho!" she breathed, "now this is a better man than before," and her heart promptly melted to gold.

Now the Devil was really rather pleased to find his wife so smart. Why how very dull death would be with a very agreeable person. So the Devil let her off lightly, only whipping for one hundred years but then she winked at him and he ordered that she be free.

So they both lived happily ever after, or as happy as Hell can be. When they were happy the fires were neglected, but when they quarreled things really hopped.

So that's what happened when the Devil decreed that a thousand words be written, (so please take care before once again you ask a thousand words from me).

X X X X X X X X X

When Jack and Jill went up the hill,
They went with no thought of peril,
They carried a pail to get Adam's ale
From out of the water barrel.

But Jack, poor lad, a bad fall had
As he hurried along the track,
Not watching the ground he suddenly found
Himself lying flat on his back.

He split his head, and how it bled!
As around him Jill did caper
and bandaged his head as the story read,
With vinegar and brown paper.

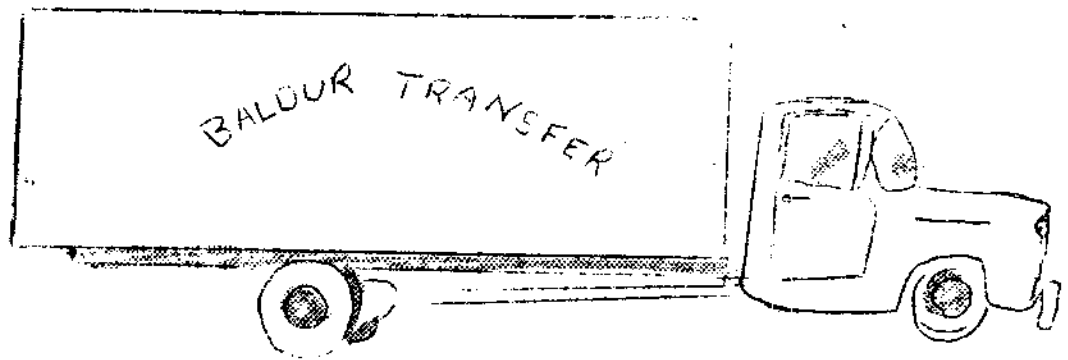
Beverley Johnson

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Baldur



Year Book Staff



Student Council



Winnipeg Rink



Spring



Miss Parobec



Initiation



Wolficwers

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J.C. Skardal prop.

Phone 1



Our cows aren't just
Contented
They're downright
Tickled
to be of service to
You!

CRAMER'S DAIRY

BOON REPORTS

One time when we were all asleep that cold night,
Some bears came in and what a sight.

One was brown and one was black;
One sat right on a tack
Was he ever in fright, that cold, cold night.
Eileen Frederickson, Grade III

I wish I were a kangaroo,
They are very strong and handy too.

Put your hand in their pocket,
You won't find a locket,
But a cute little Baby Roo.
Margaret Atkins, Grade IV

There was a young man from the west;
He had such a blocking big chest,

His ruckles were swollen
From rockin and rollin.
Avis Campbell, Grade IV

Once there was a boy called Bobby,
Scaring people was his favorite hobby.

One day he said Eoc
To a little kangaroo
And scared him out of the hotel lobby.
Bobby Frederickson, Grade IV

There once was a boy called Bill
Who lived beside a hill

One day he had a tickel
And went to bed with a tickel
And the next day he had to have a pill.
Sandra Skardal, Grade V

A FLT

Once upon a time there was a Mother Cat who had just had three baby kittens. In two weeks their eyes would open, just then their eyes were shut. Tommy said that they were born two days ago. Tommy calls them Tim Tom Timmy. "Mew Mew", she said. One morning Tommy woke up and what do you think he saw? Oh he saw three pairs of eyes looking at him. In a second he was downstairs and telling his Mother about it. Then they hisered a sec "mew, mew," all three kittens were coming down stairs. "Mew mew" they said.

Janet Fowler, Grade II

BALDUR THEATRE

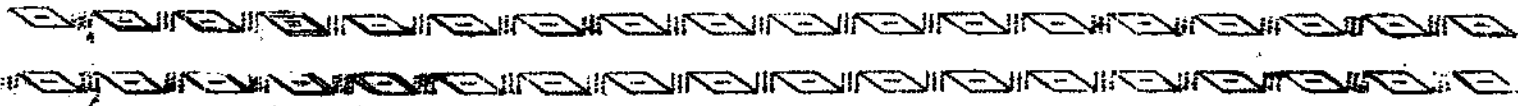
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W. BRAY

AUCTIONEER

If you are planning on leaving
and about current prices are grieving,
a good auctioneer will sell the least for the most
Even down to your last fence post.

BABY'S NEW NAME

Once there was a Rabbit named Baby. The day before his Birthday he had the hiccups and he could not stop it. When we got home it was his Birthday and he was ten years old and he was still called baby. But at lunch he picked a treat. So he said "hic-I-hic-want a nice new name. Let me see" said Mrs. Rabbit. "I know a good name," she said. "I'll call you hiccup. So the next day he went to school he sang this little song. I hiccup all the time so my name is hiccup the large Rabbit.

Garry Lamaze

I WAS ONCE AN ORANGE

I grew in Florida with a bunch of my brothers and sisters. When we were first born we were a small flower. We lived on a tree. Next we formed into a small orange. We grew and grew till our master picked us off the tree.

Then we were picked over and placed in small wooden boxes. Next we were put on a train. We travelled, and travelled and travelled till we thought the train would never stop.

The next thing I know I was put on a station platform. Then we were put in a truck with many other parcels. After a short ride a man carried me into a house. The house had four children in it. Each child ran towards me with outstretched arms. I ran towards the oldest one, it was a girl.

I was placed under a glamorous Christmas tree. On Christmas day the four children and their parents opened all the presents around me. They all did a lot of talking but they were so excited I couldn't figure out what they were saying.

The next thing I know the mother was opening my box. Then she put me on a table and put me on the breakfast table beside the oldest girl's plate. I can't tell you anything else, because I fell asleep.

Myrtle Lodge

ROSEY

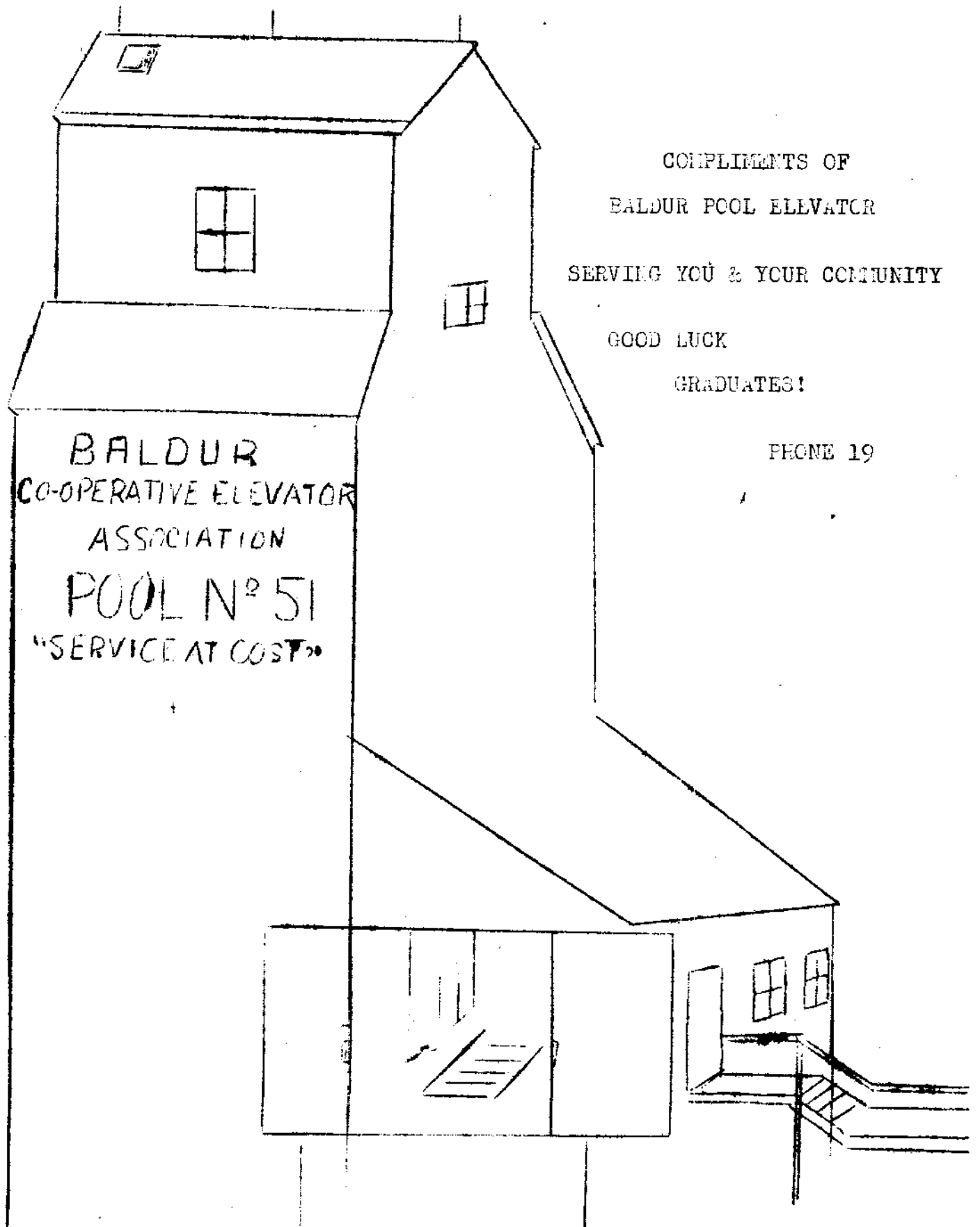
Once upon a time there was a little girl who lived with her parents. One day she found a goose who had hurt its wing. They fixed up its wing where it was hurt. Then after it was tame she let it fly. It flew to do some tricks one trick was she could fly up to the top of the house and flap its wings. But when spring came the mother told her when spring came it was time to let the other birds go. So when spring came it went away but she had to let it go again the next year. The little girl was glad to see it again and tried to teach it to do some more tricks.

Linda Laura Lodge

1947

A greedy, ambitious, coveting the throne of his king, stole the king's crown and took the throne. He stored the crown in a box on the roof of his hut. That night the roof of the hut collapsed, killing the greedy thief.

Moral: Greedy thieves shouldn't steal thrones.



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GOOD LUCK
GRADUATES!

PHONE 19

AUSTRALIA

Australia is the largest island and smallest continent in the world. It is situated south west of Asia and north west of New Zealand. It is surrounded by the Indian Ocean on the west and Timor and Arafura Seas on the north. The Pacific Ocean is out from the east and south coasts. The Tropic of Capricorn crosses through the centre of the continent.

The surface of Australia is higher along the coasts than in the centre of the continent. Along the eastern coast are mountains that are a part of the World Chain of Mountains. Along the coast of the Great Australian Bight there is a solid chain of rock for about seven hundred miles without water. From the Great Australian Bight to the eastern coast there are fertile lands. The northern parts of the continent get a very heavy fall of rain. The western coast doesn't get as much rain. The mountains along the east coast stop most of the rain from coming inland.

Australia has a lot of plant life. Among these plants are the desert pea, kangaroo paw, and the golden wattle. The golden wattle is the Australian emblem.

Some of the Australian animals are the kangaroo, platypus and the koala bear. The koala bear lives entirely on eucalyptus tree leaves. The koala is exactly like a teddy bear - only it's alive. The kangaroos have short forelegs and powerful hind legs with which they leap. They have strong tails use for support in standing or leaping. The kangaroo can travel at a rate of twenty miles per hour. The female has an external pouch in which it carries its young. The platypus is a curious animal. It has a duck-shaped bill, webbed feet and fur on its body. Its length is about two feet. Its fur is soft and long, and makes beautiful wraps. The platypus lives in burrows in the river bank.

The most beautiful bird of Australia is the lyre-bird. The bird has a lyre-shaped tail. The white cockatoo is also very beautiful. Other birds are the kookaburra, black swan, and ducks.

Sheep-raising, cattle raising, and fruit growing are the chief industries of Australia. Some fruits grown there are: pineapples, oranges, grapes, cherries, peaches, and pears. Fishing is another means of living there also. Sugar cane, bananas and cotton can be grown successfully in Australia.

Goods manufactured in Australia are iron and steel goods, heavy machinery, engines, and automobiles. Shipbuilding is also becoming an important industry.

Tasmania is the only part of Australia where electrical energy can be developed.

Sydney is the capital of New South Wales and the largest city. Melbourne is the capital of Victoria and the second city in size. In 1851 gold was discovered within sixty or seventy miles of Melbourne. Melbourne, like Sydney, is a very important shipping port. Adelaide is the capital of South Australia. Brisbane is the capital of Queensland. Perth is the capital of Western Australia. And Hobart is the capital of Tasmania.

Margaret McDougald

This work was done by a Grade VII
from a film which they saw on Australia

SAVE TIME WITH

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ALSO

SEE OUR NEW DIESEL TRACTORS

FRANK'S GARAGE

PHONE 121

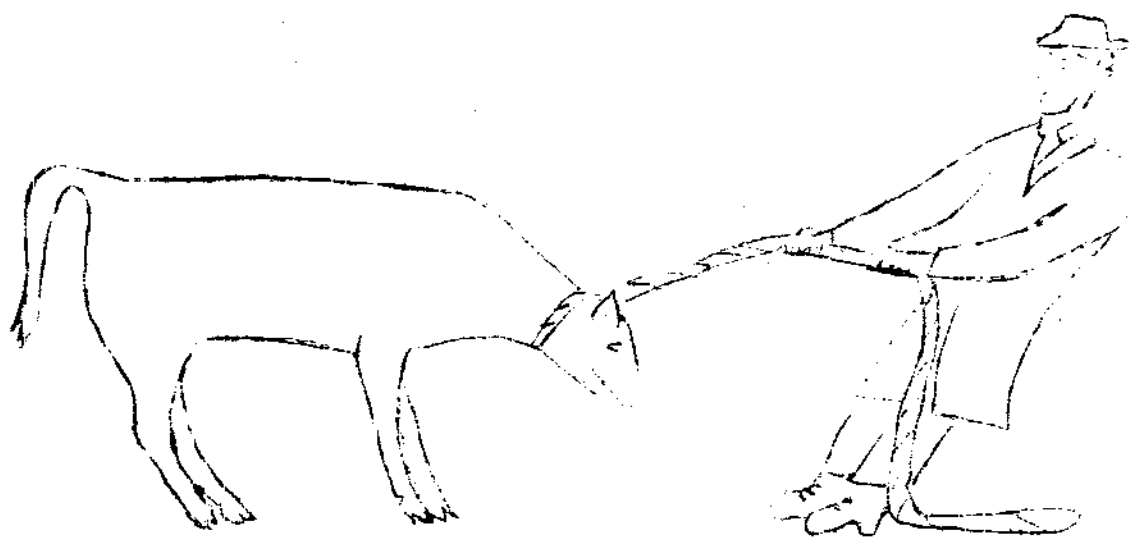
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BALDUR LOCKER SERVICE



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FROZEN FOODS

A. GILLIES-PROP.

PHONE 23

YOUR LOCKER DOESN'T COST - IT PAYS



12
Years
in
Baldur School



TWELVE YEARS IN BALDUR SCHOOL

Twelve years have passed since I first entered the then impressive brick building of Baldur School. These years have passed swiftly and will always be remembered.

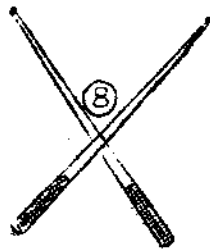
These years contain memories of Field Days, Festivals, Red Cross meetings, sing songs in Miss Bateman's room, and school parties. The first few years were comparatively easy, sometimes even more fun than work. But as the years passed the work gradually became harder until we finally come to the real summit of hard work and of our basic education--high school. High school means harder work than public school and of course becomes harder until you reach the very top--Grade Twelve. But high school is not all hard work. We have had our fun--weiner roasts, canteens, and initiation--when it's for somebody else--and making the year book?

Now we have come to the last phase of our lives as "school kids" and we are ready to go out into the adult world with both its problems and its happiness. These years will always be remembered though we do not regret leaving them behind for the outside world.

Dorothy Christopherson

POOL ROOM

HAIRCUTS
SHAVES
BILLIARDS
DRINKS

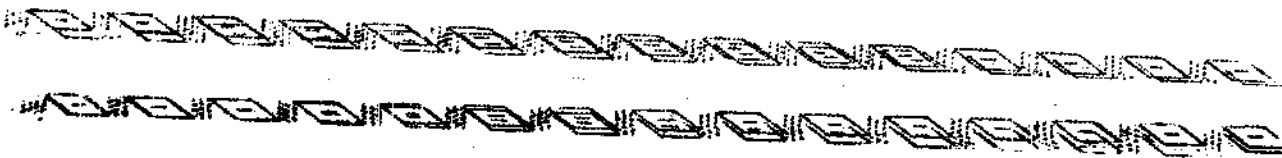


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LLOYD CYNRIC DEARSLY
ELEANOR LYNDRE GILLIES
NORMAN PHILIP GUILBERT
CHRISTINE EMILY BELGASON
FREDENCE MARY HOLMES
EMILY CAROL JANSEN
JOHN ALBERT OLIVER
MYRNA IRENE SCOTT

GRADE XII

DOROTHY CAROL CHRISTOPHERSON
EDWARD LODGE DEARSLY
WARREN GLEN GILLIES
LILLIAN JEAN MCGILL
REYNOLDS GERMAINE WILSON
ALIDA MARGARET WOODWORTH

CLASS OF '56

JCOLLYN BURTON WORKING IN HOSPITAL, VANCOUVER
MARGARET McTAVISH NORMAL SCHOOL
JACK VAN DEN BOSSCH NORMAL SCHOOL

CLASS OF '55

LEAINE BREAU TEACHING AT ABBOTTS
ROSS FORBES R.C.A.F. AT SASKATOON
FLORENCE McTAVISH TEACHING AT CHITLEVILLE
MARGARET PREDSON WORKING AT UNIVERSITY

CLASS OF '54

MARJORIE ANDERSON MRS. W. JOHNSON, WFG.
ELMA COOPER MRS. D. LIVREULT, WFG.
JONNA DEARSLY MRS. A. SALTER, WFG.
LUCY TRINDER ACCOUNTANT, DELORAIN
BETTY LESCOCK PRACTICAL NURSING, CARMAN
FLORENCE STEWELL CLERKING IN EDMONTON
MARY VAN DEN BOSSCHE TEACHING, WFG.
MORA WOODWORTH TEACHING AT SPANAKA

VALEDICTORY

I am very much honoured and sincerely grateful to those who have chosen me to address you tonight on behalf of the graduating class. I hope that I shall be able to bring to you at this time, their sentiments as well as my own.

Balour School will remain in our memories as a scene of happiness, activity and good will. Our thoughts tonight are going back into the past. We see reflections of the first day of school the field days, the festivals, the initiations, the parties and above all the final examinations. But soon our thoughts must be turned to the future. A future whose challenge we must accept honestly.

Our future has been well prepared for us in the public and high school training we have received. This training will prove to be the foundation of our life. Our teachers have made conscientious efforts to guide us toward the better things in life. They have not only taught us scientific theories but have also helped us to cultivate those moral ideals which make us better citizens in a better world. Although we may not have been completely co-operative at all times we realize now that our teachers have made a great contribution to our future and we cannot show them enough appreciation for it.

We are also grateful to our parents who, by their work and guidance, have given us the opportunity to acquire this training. We realize that our future will not always be one of prosperity and happiness, as in the past, but that we will have many difficult, discouraging tasks. May we thank our teachers and parents who have taught us to cope with these future experiences.

We would also like to thank the people of this community who have supported our activities by their generous donations.

There is very little time left to spend together. Soon we will be departing and each will be seeking his own vocational goal.

I wish my fellow classmates a long and active life in which they will find contentment. And I hope that their aims and dreams will all be realized.

James H. Jones

PROGRAMME
COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF BALDUR HIGH SCHOOL
FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1957
IN THE
BALDUR MEMORIAL HALL

O CANADA

INVOCATION.REV. M. LAKE
CHAIRMAN'S REMARKS.REV. M. LAKE
PRINCIPAL'S REMARKS.MR. J. HJALMARSON
CONFERRING OF CERTIFICATES AND SPECIAL AWARDS
GREETINGS FROM THE SCHOOL BOARD. . . . MR. W. PURTCH
SOLO.LOIS BURTON
VALEDCICTORY.WARREN GILLIES
ADDRESS.REV. E. P. JOHNSTON
CLOSING REMARKS.CHAIRMAN

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

PROGRAMME BEGINS AT 8:00 p.m.

GRADUATION DANCE AT 10:00 p.m.