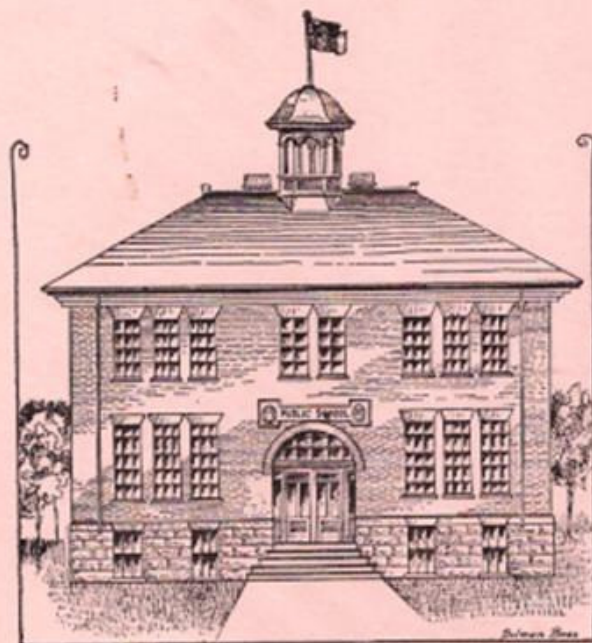


Provided by Inga Bjornson

VOX
ADULESCENTIS



Baldur High School

YEAR BOOK

VOX



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ADULESCENTIA

TABLE OF CONTENTS

FRONTSPICE	1
TABLE OF CONTENTS	2
EDITORIAL	3
STAFFS	4
PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE	5
ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE	6
PICTURES	7-8
EXAMS	9
US II RAINBOW	10-14
FIRST IMPRESSIONS	14
SOCIAL REPORT	15
OUR CHARACTERS	16
SPORTS	17
FRESHIES TO COME	18
ROOM REPORTS	18A
INITIATION	19-20
IT HAPPENS EVERY TIME	21
MELODIES FOR US	22
TWENTY-YEAR PROPHECY	23-24
WINDOW GAZING	24A
RUOR AND JOKES	25
OUR IDEALS	26
TWELVE YEARS IN BALDUR	27
LITERARY	28-30A
BILL BOARD	30A
MESSAGE FROM FCIENNA GRAD	31-32
POETRY	33
VALEDICTORY	34
BALDUR GRADS	35
COMMENCEMENT PROGRAMME	36
AUTOGRAPHS	37
MR. LIBRARI FORECASTS	38

Editorial

Another school term comes to a close and with it comes the completion of the 1956 year book.

The scene in the darkroom was one of excitement for the past few months; typing, cutting stencils, proof-reading, smudges of ink and correcting fluid, and finally the happy hum of the duplicator as it produced the printed pages.

When first told that I was chosen Editor my first reaction was: "I won't do it", but I now resent having said this, because I have enjoyed working on the year book very much.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking all who have so willingly donated their time and talents so this book might be completed; special appreciation is extended to Mr. Embree and Mr. Federovich, who took our pictures, and to Mrs. Edna Johnson who printed our covers and pictures.

This book is far from perfect. You may find typing errors, misspelled words, and smudges on the pages that would not come off, but it is our sincere hope that you will enjoy reading it.

Margaret McTavish

Editor

THE YEAR BOOK STAFF

Editor.....	Margaret McTavish
Assistant Editor.....	Dorothy Christopherson
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	Johnny Oliver
Stencilling.....	Jocelyn Burton
Proof Reading.....	Jack Van Den Bossche
	Ted Dearsley
	Alan Dearsley
Drawings & Titles.....	Germaine Wilson
	Warren Gillies

STUDENT COUNCIL

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Vice-President.....	Jocelyn Burton
Secretary.....	Alan Dearsley
Treasurer.....	Rodney Playfair
Gr. IX Representative.....	George Stilwell
Gr. X Representative.....	Emily Jansen
Gr. XI & XII Representative.....	Lillian McGill
Social Representative.....	Norman Guilbert
Sports Representative.....	Ted Dearsley

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Miss D. Dearsley	Miss S. Gunnlaugson
Miss H. Bateman	Mr. M. Federovich
Mr. J. Labree, Principal	

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

PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

I hope that most of our graduates will continue their studies, and find great success in their chosen professions .

The habits of mind, body, and soul developed in school years are of overwhelming importance; for education is the development of the whole person; it is not the acquiring of information, but the development of the desire to know the truth, the ability to discern between truth and falsity, good and evil, the genuine and the sham, the beautiful and the ugly. As Plato has said of a schoolboy's education:

" approving all that is lovely, he will welcome it home with joy into his soul and, nourished thereby, grow into a man of a noble spirit. All that is ugly and disgraceful he will rightly condemn and abhor while he is still too young to understand the reason; and when reason comes, he will greet her as a friend with whom his education has made him long familiar " .

J. B. Embree

ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

As I prepare to write this farewell message to you, my students, several thoughts pass through my mind. But perhaps more important is the realization that all of you will soon be leaving school to make a place for yourself in your community, and more important, in society. How well you will be able to do so will be in direct proportion to your ingenuity, maturity and education.

In this respect I must quote Rosseau: "...it matters little to me whether my student is intended for the army, the church, or the law. Before his parents chose a calling for him, nature called him to be a man. When he leaves me he will be neither a soldier, magistrate, nor minister. He will be a man..." For you see, some tend to confuse the main objectives of education. They say that the main aim of education is to teach the student to make a living. This is not so. The obvious aim of education is to develop the whole individual, both the intellect and the will. It therefore follows that an education that does not build character has failed.

It will be only with a well balanced and developed character that you will be able to meet the tasks that will be set before you during life. These tasks will be many, for it is you that must meet demands of our society. It is you that must run the affairs of our country. It is you that must preserve the moral fiber and our way of life. In short we, and future generations will look up to you and your works and say: "This one has made the grade; This one has failed." This one has improved everything that he has touched; This one has destroyed all that he possessed; This one was determined to leave the world a better place to live in than he found it, and he and his works are to be respected and cherished; This one has destroyed the basic human freedoms, and is to be despised."

Yes, my students, this will be your inheritance. Meet it with determination and courage. For the valiant seldom fail. And perhaps someday you will be able to look back and say:

'...what feather things we touch and then forget;
A paper with a signature thereon,
A verse our rapture addressed to the dawn,
A doll our childhood lavished cares upon,
And these lie in their silent places yet
When we are gone.....'

Good-bye, good luck, and God bless you.

[Handwritten signature]



GRADE IX

- | | |
|------------------|--------------------|
| Darleen Dalzell | Marion McGill |
| Dorothy Embury | Earl Johnson |
| Harvy Carroll | Donna Stephen |
| Beverly Johnson | Ralph Bannerman |
| George Stillwell | Bob Christopherson |



GRADE X

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| Norman Guilbert | Johnny Oliver |
| Lewis Dalman | Christine Helgason |
| Myrna Scott | Mary Holmes |
| Lloyd Dearsley | Eleanor Gillies |
| Emily Jansen | Rodney Playfair |



GRADE XI & XII



MR. EMBREE



MR. FEDEROVICH



MARGARET



JACK



JOCELYN



WARREN



GERMAINE



TED



DOROTHY



ALAN



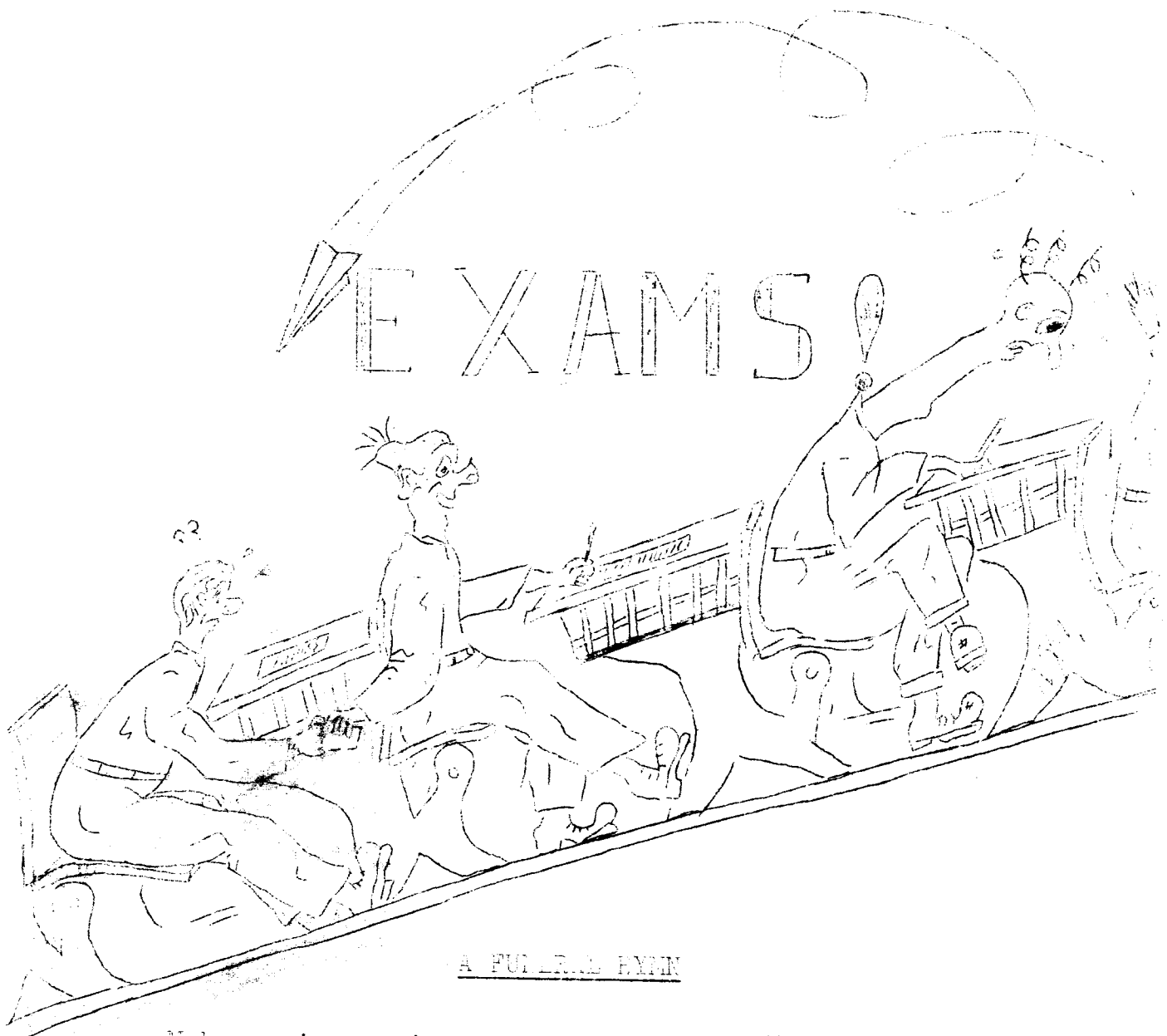
LILLIAN



PAT



ALEDA



A FUGLEAD EYER

Make an impression on your friends while you can, dears
Exam time is here so they say
And when your Pa sees your marks my friend,
You may "accidentally" pass away.

So try to be shy and kind to your friends
This does help, it has been found
For they may have a kind word to say,
When you're finally lowered into the ground.

This was written by one of our noble students while
awaiting the results of the Christmas exams.



Grade IX

Ralph Bannerman

Ralph is a boy who roams
Around the dwelling of Linda Holmes,
But aside from this romantic air
His comrades find him fair and square.

Harvey Carroll

Harvey Carroll is so lanky
He has the locks of being swanky
He's always looking for a secluded nookey,
So he can hide when playing hookey.

Bob Christopherson

Bob Christopherson shocked the nation
By showing up in diapers at his initiation
He made all the girls, oh, so mad,
'Cause they wished they had pretty legs like he had!

Darleen Dalzell

Darleen D., who hails from Baldur High
Likes a mustache on a certain guy;
And at night when she comes home
She exclaims, "Mother dear, it feels just like the
teeth of my comb."

Dorothy Embury

We all think that Dorothy is keen,
Her job is keeping Lake's house clean;
But down at the garage her interests lie
For she thinks Freddie is quite some guy.

Beverley Johnson

Bev Johnson climbed a tree
As nimble as nimble as could be.
In her studies, she studies hard as she can,
So she can be with that certain man.

Earl Johnson

Earl is really quite a guy
But he is rather shy
But someday he will find a girl
Who will give him quite a twirl.

(continued)

Marian McGill

Marian McGill is a grade nine lass
Who is always near the top of her class.
She is not very tall and not very slim
And she goes with a certain boy named Jim.

Donna Stephen

Donna is a lass who is short and dark
In everything she does, she's like a spark
As of now she has many a flame
I often wonder what will be her last name.

George Stilwell

At hockey our Geordie is a whiz,
Delivering papers is his bizz.
He's a grade nine lad-expects to pass
We hope as successful as in dancing class.

Grade X

Lewis Dalman

Lewis is in ten now
I guess he doesn't know how-
He ever happened to get by,
But, of course, he's from Baldur High.

Lloyd Dearsley

Lloyd is cute-o ladies' man-
They all think he's "Dapper Dan."
His cheeks are rosy and smooth as silk-
It's helping his Dad deliver the milk.

Norman Guilbert

In chemistry Norman does excel,
In typing he tries to do well.
He has a sister named Faye
and you will see them working in the cafe.

Eleanor Gillies

Eleanor Gillies of Baldur High
Intends to marry a swell guy
At the present she goes with Earl
Although she's quite a charming girl.

James Gosselin

Jimmy is so tall and slim
Some of the girls sure go for him
At school he ain't do so well
So now he's gone to work for a spell.

Christine Helgason

Christine is a farmer's daughter
She does just what she shouldn't oughter
She likes the boys from Cypress way
Who come to see her every day.

(continued)

Mary Holmes

Mary Holmes is quite a girl
All her laughing keeps
The teachers in a whirl
But her marks are good enough by heaps.

Emily Jansen

Emily is a tiny mountain,
Always around Jim's soda fountain;
At school she works so hard all day
But, oh, at night, she's really gay.

Johnny Cliver

The popular kid from Balaur High
Is surely a witty and mischievous guy,
Sometimes good but quite often bad,
But the neatest goalie we've ever had.

Bob Scott

Bob is short and also fair
In ball and hockey, he plays them square.
He's always busy like the bees
The reason, he now works in Lee's.

Myrna Scott

Petite blonde is Myrna Scott
We know the boys like her a lot,
She skates and dances and sings a bit
When she curls she makes a darn good skip.

Grade XI

Patricia Breault

Patsy Breault winsome wiles,
Half days find her all a smile.
Tall, shapely, red-headed too,
We know some buddy loves you.

Dorothy Christopherson

Dorothy's tall just like a model,
At school work she will never doddle,
Her patients I'm sure will never die,
But their temperatures will all go sky high.

Alan Dearlsey

At the back of the class sits Alan;
In school he's quiet--most of the time;
For often he talks to his pal; on
A farm to live would be sublime.

(continued)

Ted Dearsley

Ted Dearsley has such charms
When Jeanette's in his arms
He loves to dance and loves to twirl
He loves to cuddle with his girl.

Lillian McGill

Lillian is her name but we call her Toots
She is as busy as a bee you can bet your boots.
She cooks and scrubs and yells at Bubs
And hopes to pass her grade eleven without any sups.

Rodney Flayfair

Rodney is quite a lad,
He and Joan sure have it bad;
I'll bet she's taught him not to drool
Because, of course, he still goes to school.

Germaine Wilson

That Glenora raven-haired lass,
Considered the Benedict Arnold of the Gr. XI class,
Her favourite past time is jittering her class time away,
And saying "Uuumngghh!", what did you say?"

Aleda Woodworth

Aleda is a grade eleven lass
Near the biggest in her class;
For a boy she's lookin'
Who'll be attracted by her cookin'.

Grade XII

Jocelyn Burton

Jocelyn Burton of Baldur High
Causes all the boys to sigh;
Warren, Ross, and Floyd were some of those,
But who knows which one will propose?

Warren Gillies

Warren Gillies is no "Brain"
Yet, "highest 'n history" he doth claim;
In baseball, hockey he excels,
And his parents hope he won't be expelled.

David Holmes

David is a boy with quite a line,
Who left our school at Christmas time,
School work he figured would never pay;
And now he does things the Navy way.

(continued)

Margaret McTavish:

She's got wit and she's got style,
She's even got the McTavish smile;
Although she is Scotch a bit,
With the boys she still makes quite a hit'

JACK VAN DEN BOSSCHE

Jack Van Den Bossche from down east a way,
Comes to school, not every day
Humorous, dark, and good looking too,
Jackie won't tell us what he'd like to do.

TEACHERS

MR. EMBREE

Embree is our teacher dear
He loves to have his pupils near,
He says assignments must be done
And keeps us in till set of sun.

MR. FEDEROVICH

Mr. F. is our Maths teacher.
A cute little curl is his main feature,
At Badminton he is pretty smooth
As a curling skip he's right in the groove.

First Impressions

It was 8:30 a.m., time to go to school for my first day at Baldur High. On the way I could not help but wonder how I would get along. I didn't even know what classroom I would be in. How was I to please two teachers at once, and with nine in the class after being alone or with just one or two at Huff? "Oh dear! Are we there already?" Just as I got out of the car, I heard a friendly voice say "Hi, Marian, are you ready for school?" And there standing on the steps were two grade nine girls. We went into the school together. Our teacher was new to Baldur, so we spent the morning getting acquainted, and were then dismissed. The boys and girls were just as friendly the following day. I really looked forward to the days that followed.

Our high school weiner roast and initiation were lots of fun. Initiation was not as bad as we had anticipated, despite the things we had to do. I believe we all had fun.

There were the friendly games of soft ball and football, the buzz session at noon hour, and recess. Then we started badminton and curling; but of course we studied, too!

When I received my first report and saw my high mark in French, I was delighted! All in all I think Baldur High School is tops. For the next two or three years we will welcome the future grade niners and I hope that they will all feel as welcome as I did this year.

Marian McGill

SOCIAL REPORT

It has given me great pleasure to be the Social Representative for Baldur High this year. All the students had fun throughout the entire year, even though we all had detentions galore and many an argument.

The beginning of the year was begun in the usual fashion; every one trying to get that ever-so-popular "Back Seat". Only trouble was, we were all moved later on in the year according to our conduct.

After a few weeks and getting settled down, plans were drawn up for a Student Council. Different students were nominated and the Nomitees carried out campaigns by promising speeches and illustrative posters. After a week of campaigning, votes were cast by secret ballot, and the results were given at a weiner roast on Dearsley's Hill, thus giving Baldur High it's Student Council for the term.

During October, the Seniors made plans for the annual ceremony of Initiation. This is the ceremony that all the Freshies are given before they can be called "High School Students ". Initiation went off like planned --the Freshies cursed, and the Seniors laughed!

Also during October, the entire student body attended a High School dance at Pilot Mound. There were other dances, but we didn't go as a student body. Baldur High wasn't fortunate enough to have a High School dance this year.

November rolled around, and everyone became interested in Badminton. A Club was formed and the students played Badminton regularly every Tuesday night. The rink opened, and the " Curling Bug " caught hold of us. Rinks were made up and draws were played regularly until spring

This year, Baldur sent a rink to compete in the Manitoba High School Bonspiel-- they nevertheless did their best ! Baldur High held their annual 'Spiel in the middle of February and all appreciated the generosity of the merchants and others who contributed the prizes which made the 'Spiel a complete success.

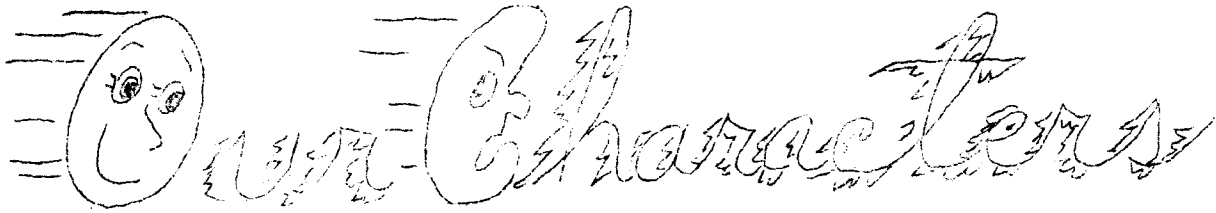
March saw little social activity in Baldur High as most of the students studied for the Easter term exams. This month also saw this Year Book get underway. An Editor was chosen and we all think that she made a wonderful job of editing the Year Book.

April came, and with it the exams. There were some passes and some failures. After the exams , came that common disease called "Spring Fever", which hit our school like a bomb! Everyone's chief objective was just loafing around in the sun.

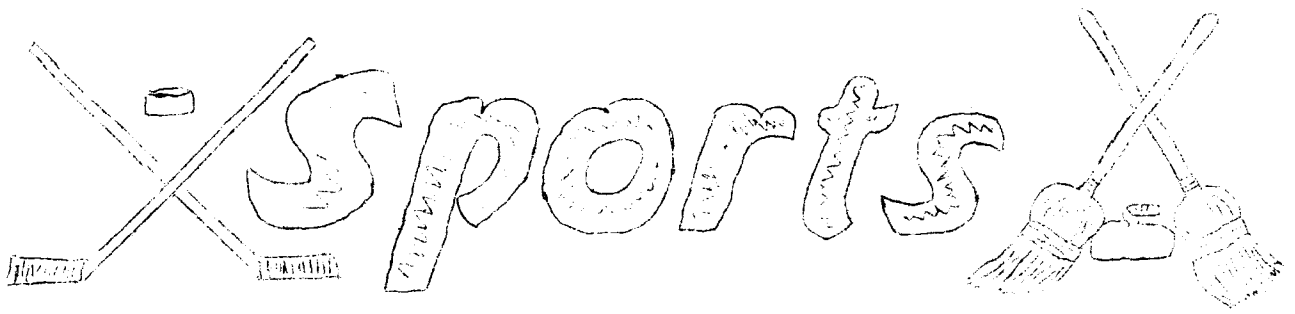
Now it is May, and everyone is planning for tonight's graduation. Fixing up that new formal, or going over speeches, or many of the other little things which are so important.

Now, what lay ahead of us are the most dangerous paths. June will come with the final exams. All will study hard and do last minute cramming for that ever so important mark which may mean a pass or a fail. We are all hoping for the best, and we hope that you hope for the best along with us.

Norman Guilbert
Social Rep.



	NAME	FAVORITE SAYING	LAST SEEN
<u>IX</u>	RALPH	I DIDN'T DO IT	CARRYING BOOKS
	HARVEY	WASN'T ME	DOING UP OVERSHOES
	BOB C.	I'M EXHAUSTED	MEASURING HIS HEIGHT
	DARLEEN	FOR CRYING OUT LOUD	WALKING OUT EAST
	DOROTHY E.	FOR PETE'S SAKE	IN FRED'S CAR
	BEVERLY	ME TOO !	WALKING HOME ALONE
	EARL	I DON'T KNOW	FOLDING PAPERS
	MARION	OH, YOU	OVER AT JOAN'S
	DONNA	YOU KNOW WHAT ?	OVER AT SADIE'S
	GEORGE	CAN'T THINK OF ANY	DELIVERING PAPERS
<u>X</u>	LEWIS	HI-YA	STUDYING FOR EXAMS
	LLOYD	SAY CUCH !	GETTING A HAIR CUT
	NORMAN	BIG DEAL HUH!	IN THE COAL BIN
	ELEANOR	NO, BUT I -----	LOOKING AROUND
	JAMES	WELL, WHAT ELSE !	SHOVELING -----
	CHRISTINE	OH YA	AT CYPRESS
	MARY	GAD	GIVING ACCORDION LESSONS
	EMILY	O.K.	EATING SWEETS
	JOHNNY	WHAT DID I DO ?	GETTING BAWLING OUT
	BOB S.	WHAT'S BE TO YOU	WAITING ON CUSTOMERS
	MYRNA	THERE'S A! DADDY	GUESS WHERE
<u>XI</u>	PATRICIA	LIKES BELIEVING TO BE STUPID	NEW YEARS DANCE
	DOROTHY C.	NO, NOT ME !	USHERING
	ALAN	IS THAT SO ?	" SPOONING "
	TED	WHAT'S FOR HOME WORK??	CURLING
	GERMAINE	GUE!	AT PAT'S AGAIN !
	LILLIAN	NON BYALLY !	MAKING IMPRESSIONS
	RODNEY	I WILL NOT	DRIVING AROUND
	ALEDA	YES DEAF.	LAUGHING AT HER OWN JOKES
	WARREN	I WAS UNDER THE WEATHER	GETTING THE OPERATOR
<u>XII</u>	JOCELYN	OH BEARS	HEADING WEST
	DAVID	PLEASE, REPEAT THAT!	ARGUING WITH THE ADMIRAL
	MARGARET	TOUGH.	FRONING HOME
	JACK	DON'T LAUGH	IF NEELIN
<u>TEACHERS</u>	MR. EMBREE	I SHAN'T STAY FOR THIS	GIVING DETENTIONS
	MR. FEDEROVICH	PARDON????	SETTING HIS HAIR



On the whole, Baldur High's sports activity centred around "the roarin' game", curling, plus a weekly night of badminton. Apart from these two games the sports front has been very quiet, with the exception of a few boys who play Junior Hockey with the local team.

Eight rinks were obtained from the High School and on Monday's and Thursday's two games were played in a Round Robin series. A High School Bonspiel was held on February 11th with ten rinks participating. Mr. Federovich's rink took top honors in the first event and Alan Dearsley's foursome took first in the second event. We are very thankful to the many generous donors who supplied the High School with ample prizes.

A rink consisting of Warren Gillies, David Holmes, Bob Scott, and Earl Johnson took part in the Winnipeg High School Bonspiel, winning two games before going to defeat. On March 17th, another rink skipped by Warren Gillies, with Ted Dearsley, Myrna Scott, and Emily Jansen took top prize in the first event at the Mariapolis High School Bonspiel. Both rinks reported a great time.

With spring will come softball for the girls and hardball for the boys. It is hoped that teams will be formed for the summer season. Thus with our curling, badminton, and baseball to come we can not say the sports activity of Baldur High has been at all dull.

Ted Dearsley

Bev: Hey, Marian...what did Tennessee?
Marian: The same as Arkansas.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Germaine: Did that mudpack I suggested improve Pat's appearance?
Aleda: It did for a couple of days, then it wore off.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Lloyd: Mr. Embree, I'm indebted to you for all I've learned this school year.
Mr. Embree: Oh, it's really nothing, Lloyd!!

FRESH

ALWAYS

FUN ON THE ICE.

One day a little girl named Jane wanted some skates . She did not no how to skate . One Cristmas She found some skates . She liked them . She put them on and went to skate . Whan She got there she fell . she fell agan . she got up and fell agan she got up and went home . her fathe and Mother said did you have fun . She said I fell and got up and fell agan . And cept on falling . And I got up and came home .

Eileen Frederickson
Grade 2, Age 7 .

THE MAGIC EVERYTHING.

Once upon a time as I was going along in a car I went over a bump, and went sailing up in the air . Just then I found myself in a little village . I went walking along the path for a while and I came to a Dead end .There I saw a old witch and she asked me to come in and make myself at home. So! went in and **when** I went in the door a cup fell on the floor but it didn't break. The wich asked me to pick it up and go home the way I came. I said I wouldn't pick it up, and Just as I said I Wouldn't pick it up, the cup Jumped up and hit me in the face. I hit it back and I hurt my hand. I didn't like that so I ran out of the doocr and got in my car. I drove along and soon I was at home again. I told my Mother about my long trip and I told her I would never go there again. But if my Mother was with me I would go again.

And That is the end of my edvencher at the old witches house.

Jean Dearsley
Grade 3, Age 9.

THE TWO CRABS

Once there were two crabs. There names were Wiggle and Waggle.

Every day they went for a walk on the shore.

One day while walking Wiggle looked down at Waggle when he saw how Waggle was walking he decided to ask him why he walked so ooward. So the next time they went walking he said. Why do you walk so ooward, he asked? It is the only way I can walk ! he ansered.

Once when they were swining in and out the rocks they ran into some trouble. They ran straight into a trap. The next day fisherman Joe came and picked up the rope on the board. He took some crabs out but left some in. the ones left in were thrown back in the trap. But Wiggle and

(Freshies Ahead con't)

Waggle were sent to the city . The next day they were put in a circle with other crabs with a roast turkey in the middle.

Allen Gordon
Grade 3, Age 8.

P.S.

Note that these articles are the original copies written by the pupils from the Primary Room. We regret that it was impossible to publish them all. We think they are well done, what about you?
The Editor.

ROOM REPORTS

ROOM II

We have twenty-six pupils in our room this year--nine girls and seventeen boys with Miss Gunnlaugson as teacher. Mrs. Atkins and Mrs. J. Stone taught while Miss Gunnlaugson was sick.

Last fall our class canvassed the town selling poppies for the Baldur Legion prior to the church service November II. We had our usual Hallowe'en, Christmas, and Valentine parties which we enjoyed very much.

This year we cleaned and varnished our desks making a great improvement.

We are now in the midst of preparing for the festival which is to be held at Baldur, May 3rd and 4th.

We wish now to extend to the graduating class of Baldur every success in their future endeavours.

ROOM III

The attendance in Room III has been considerably better during this year. We have had our share of illness, accidents, etc., but being free from contagious diseases has helped greatly.

We have some very capable students in Grades VII and VIII and these have given a good account of themselves. The teacher is grateful to all parents who have encouraged their young people to study; and to realize the cultural, as well as the economic, value of education. It is a pleasure to teach such students.

During the year we received from the School Board a set of large balls for rhythm work among the girls. With the co-operation of girls from Grades VI to X, we were able to show the preliminary steps of this activity at the recent festival. There is a wide range of more advanced individual, and team play still to be attempted; and since this is an excellent form of physical culture, we would like to have it made available to a larger number of girls.

Plans are being laid to install a work bench so that our boys may be able to practise light wood work. We hope this will be ready for fall.

Room III congratulates the Graduates on their achievements of the year, and wishes one and all the best in the adventurous years which lie ahead.

Miss M. Bateman

INITIATION

Near the beginning of this year the grade nines of Baldur High School were initiated. Do not ask me to give you an example of the usefulness of this idea because as a victim of this day I can give you none. I don't believe I felt any older, any wiser, or that I had gained anything after I came out of it. Perhaps I felt a little tired from it all and wet from the dunking but other than that I had no effects.

Initiation Day is a day taken off from schoolwork to give the new high-school students a tough time.

This is a short account of our day of torture at Baldur High.

For days before the actual Initiation Day the senior students of the school were planning costumes, the parade, and the other events of the day. They most certainly did plan a day that we would never forget!

Someone not realizing that this was Initiation Day would perhaps come to the conclusion that people from some far planet had landed in the Baldur school yard. The costumes were certainly enough to cause a person to take a second look.

Dorothy Embury, who led the parade, was dressed in shorts and wore a string of onions around her neck. One of her feet was placed in a shoebox and she wore a chain on her ankle which clanked as she walked.

Bob Christopherson wore diapers which showed off his pretty legs.

Darleen Dalzell and Earl Johnson were dressed as Davy Crocketts and they carried gopher traps on their belts. In the parade they rode together on a clumsy old horse which they somehow managed to stay on.

Donna Stephen was wearing a suit which she had on backwards. She had on old glasses, one black eye and carried a beer bottle in her back pocket.

Harvey Carroll was very amusing dressed in a woman's dress and his hair in curlers.

Marion McGill wore a grain sack for a dress and huge work boots and stupid stockings.

George Stilwell wore a dress, and bonnet, and carried a broomstick.

I was dressed in a tramp's outfit with patched pants, one workboot and a slipper, a pipe and a knapsack.

At 3 o'clock we were dismissed and were lined up for the parade. Dorothy Embury led the parade beating a pan with a big spoon. Behind her came Harvey Carroll and myself in an old car, being pushed by the other students. Behind the car came Darleen and Earl on horseback followed by Marion McGill pulling Raymond Skardal, who was dressed as a woman, seated on a wagon.

Many people gathered to watch the strange parade and later several were treated to a shoe shine by a couple of the grade niners. Two of the kids had to wash cars, two had to inquire about the next trip to the moon in every store on main street. Harvey Carroll and I had to measure a spool of thread with a six-inch ruler.

After this we had to push the old car around with a few of the seniors in it and then when we were ready to drop we were forced to march up and down the streets until we had blisters on

(continued)

our feet. Then we were taken back to the school where we were forced to clean it up.

After this we were allowed to go home and have our supper after being told to be at the Legion Hall at 7 o'clock, with the warnings of what lay before us if we did not, echoing in our ears.

We all sat outside the hall and waited until nearly eight when we were finally allowed to come in. Each of us were led in separately and were blindfolded. Then we were led around the room being met with shoves and pushes and screams on all sides.

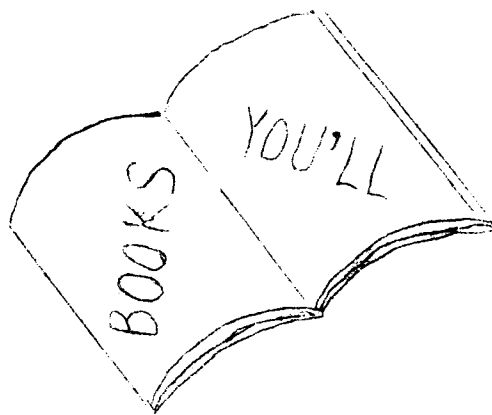
We had to kiss a charter, which was a piece of cardboard over a basin of water, three times. On the third kiss the cardboard was removed and our heads were dunked into the basin of water. We also had to feel brains, which were a mess of spaghetti and to feel eyes, which were peeled grapes. After this we were forced to sit in the electric chair, which contained a pan of water, which we sat in.

We then had to walk the plank off the back step and landed in a tub of water which completed our soaking and our torture.

After we had all dried ourselves and changed our clothes we came back to the Legion Hall where all danced to records and then had lunch.

We all had a very enjoyable time and though we all will remember the bad parts of initiation, I'm sure we will all remember the fun we had too.

Bev Johnson (Grade IX)



The Burglar by Robin Banks
The Knockout by E. Rosa Gayne
Travelling Abroad by Miles B. Yondus
The Dutch Workman by Hans R. Durtee
The Cannibals by Henrietta Mann
The Pup by Watt A. Barke
The Postscript by Adeline Moore
The Untruthful Boy by Eliza Lott

IT'LL HAPPEN EVERY TIME!

YOU JUST CAN'T SEEM TO GET THE
TEACHER TO HEAR WHAT HE'S
SUPPOSE TO HEAR!!!!!!...

Eh? What? Louder!
Can't hear ya...
Speak up ...

BLAH!!
BLAH!!

BUT WHAT
HE'S NOT
SUPPOSED
TO HEAR...
YUP! YOU
GUESSED
RIGHT!!

Alright you two back
there - ten minutes!!

THE EXAMPLES IN MATHS ARE ALWAYS
SO? OH SO EASY....

$3x - x = 2x \dots$
So, that's how you do it,
eh... ugh-huh!!

$$x + z = 2z$$

BUT THE EXERCISES.....
BROTHER!!!

Now, let's see...
 $3x - x = 2x \dots$
then $x - y - 2x = y??$
Nope!! D-duh, let's
see...ah-m-mmm...
Gee...d rnit!!

MELODIES FOR US

Ralph.....Cut Behind The Barn
 Harvey.....Breaking The Rules
 Bob C.....Shrimp-Boats
 Darleen.....Love And Marriage
 Dorothy E.....Just Call Me Lonesome
 Beverley.....Poetry
 Earl.....T.V. Blues
 Marian.....It's In The Book
 Donna.....Live Fast, Love Hard, Die Young
 George.....The Little Paper Boy
 Lewis.....I Don't Stand A Ghost Of A Chance With You
 Lloyd.....Hilkman Yodel
 Norman.....C'est Si Bon
 Eleanor.....Are You Satisfied
 James.....Is There Room In Heaven For Me?
 Christine.....Moments To Remember
 Mary.....Steady Diet
 Emily.....Sixteen Tons (512,000 ounces)
 Johnny.....Don't Do It John
 Bob S.....I'm The Richest Man In The World
 Myrna.....I Want To Go Skating With Willy
 Patricia.....My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean
 Dorothy C.....Teenage Prayer
 Alan.....I'm a-Roving
 Ted.....The Man With The Banjo
 Germaine.....Keep It A Secret
 Lillian.....Tootie Fruitie
 Rodney.....You Belong To Me
 Aleda.....The High And The Mighty
 Jocelyn.....I've Changed My Mind A Thousand Times
 Warren.....Pepper Hot Baby
 David.....Here Comes Santa Claus
 Margaret.....I Need You Now
 Jack.....The Ford Song
 Mr. Embree.....Don't Take It Out On US
 Mr. Federovich.....Anything You Can Do, I Can Do Better

X X X X X X X X X X

Johnny Cliver (boasting): Yes sir, my father and I played our violins before Prince Edward, Prince Rupert, King George--and other notable hotels.



It all began so very innocently, just like any other school day. I awoke feeling quite normal, arose at a late hour, ate a hasty breakfast, and made a quick retreat to Baldur's one and only brain factory approximately two minutes before the bewitching hour.

Much to my joy, the first we dragged through first was Canadian History. After serious meditation which consisted of staring at old men and women with mustaches and glasses so artistly drawn by my predecessors of this book, we had the sickening pleasure of taking up French. Lulled by Mr. Embree's soothing voice, I didn't find it at all difficult to start day-dreaming, but when I got drowsier, drowsier

I awoke with a start! "Good Heavens", I thought, "Why, everyone has gone home." Boy! I feel as if I had slept for twenty years!

As I staggered up the stairs, I met JOHNNY CLIVER standing on the steps who had finally served all his detentions.

Turning around, I stared at a huge red neon sign reading, "Welcome To Baldur 1946". There I stood, riveted to the spot with my eyes as big as saucers.

Before I had time to recover, a sleeking stream-lined automobile came to a stop in front of the huge Waldoph Astoria, opposite the school. I recognized RODNEY PLAYFAIR under the wheel. I should have known that the car was Rodney's, for it was the only one I saw on the four-laned highway, equipped with four aerials, a coon tail, and several multi-coloured contraptions.

The next persons I recognized were FRED CHRISTOPHERSON and GEORGE STEWELL dressed in swallow tailed coats and high silk hats. As they entered the hotel, I noticed that they had both grown to be six feet tall.

Just then, MR. EMBREE came out of the hotel looking very officious, with a large brief-case under his arm. I stopped to ask him if he was still the principal of the High School, when much to my surprise, he asked me if I wanted to buy a subscription to the "Nova Scotian". In a very business like tone he told me if I bought a 25 years subscription, I would be awarded with a book containing the autobiographies of Joseph Howe and Rawhide, voted the most important men of Nova Scotia's history. No sooner had I escaped from Mr. Embree, than I came face to face with MR. FREDEROVICH who stopped me to ask if I wanted some of his Whipsy Dipsy Daves, at which had a Federovich patent on it. As soon as I had made known to him that I didn't wish to buy any of his products I decided to buy something in the Dew Drop Inn.

By this time I was so accustomed to surprises, I didn't even blink when I saw that the Inn had been turned into a rich luxurious night club. I was very pleased to meet some more of my old school mates. MR. EMBREE, who was a bartender, was well-known to spend most of his time watching the famous trio, EMILY

(con't from page 23)

JANSEN, MYRNA SCOTT, and LILLIAN MCGILL dance the Paris Can-Can while dressed in red feathers and lace. At the grand piano in the corner GERMAINE WILSON played a melodious number while dressed in a slinky black creation. The spot light was focused on the star of the show, MARY HOLMES, who was singing a very appropriate song in a low throaty voice.

When I ordered my dinner, I noticed that DARLEEN DELZALL was hat check girl, and since DOROTHY HUBURY had become cigarette girl, sales had been boosted 100%.

Over at the roulette wheel, I saw WARREN GILLIES counting out his hard earned money, as he placed another bet. He was sporting a huge diamond ring, and smoking a two-bit cigar.

As I left the restaurant, I saw another gigantic building, "Baldur Research Laboratory". NORMAN GUILBERT, who was sweeping the walk, was presumably the janitor. In the agriculture dept. ALAN DEARSLEY had just discovered a new strain of wheat which would grow in a Manitoba winter. Now he was trying to invent a machine to keep the snow off the fields.

As I tried to find my way through the metropolis, I passed the phone booth. I heard JACK VAN DEN BOSSCHEL trying to make arrangements for the 1956 World Series to be played in Baldur.

I then met HARVEY CARROLL who was newsboy, and I bought the Baldur Gazette from him.

The headlines which caught my eye read RALPH BARNETT. "Motorcycle Terror of Highway 23 wins top honours". In the corner of the Gazette, I read that MARGARET McTAVISH was editor.

In the announcement column I read that next Wednesday after-noon MR. HJ. LARSON was to give a speech with the theme, "Why the Majority of the Icelanders Raise Goats and Drink Coffee". I also read that the Ray Giggle Show, starring JOCELYN BURTON, "Wonder Woman Guitar Player", would be playing in the Memorial Hall the following night.

Before I read an advertisement written by BLV. JOHNSON, "Super Duper Soapy Suds is Simply Super for Your Duds". I noticed that TED DEARSLEY was now giving lessons for Authur Murray's Baldur Branch. ALIDA WOODWORTH was sponsoring a club, "Reducing To Music".

I then read about the atomic bomb haircut. Translating, this was merely a brushcut on the sides and a pony tail on the top. CHRISTINE HILGASON was the guilty party who originated this coiffure. DONNA STEPHEN was to model it, while dressed in mink drapes and a leopard-skin jacket.

In the gossip column I read that MARION MCGILL was still recuperating from food poisoning caused from eating her own cooking back in 1956. DOROTHY CHRISTOPHERSON was nursing her back to health.

ELLENOR GILLIES'S picture was on the society page. She had won a blue ribbon for her baking at the huge Greenway Fair which had enteries from all over the world.

In the Want Ad column I read that LLOYD DEARSLEY & EARL JOHNSON wished to buy some second hand fleas to train for a flea circus.

As I started on my way home, I wondered what the next twenty years would bring to my school friends of 1956.

Written by
PAT BREAUULT

Window Gazing

WHAT I SAW OUT OF MY WINDOW

As I was looking out the window this bright spring morning I saw a number of very interesting things. The sun was streaming down upon the inhabitants of this peculiar little town of Baldur. There are so many amusing happenings to be seen out of the windows. These amusements can be very educational besides.

One sees tractors chugging by with farmers sitting up right and looking at our school, probably feeling very sorry for us. Often one sees horses plodding just pulling heavy loads of hay in which the farmers are seated very comfortably.

One also sees a great variety of automobiles going by on the road. It is very interesting to note all the differences between the model A's that go rattling down the road and the new '56 Fords that speed along with ease. Besides all the traffic on the highway one can learn a great deal about how the train runs and exactly what time they come in and on what days they are late. There is that modern stream-liner, the *Waboya*, that whizzes past every other day at such amazing speeds. Even the powerful C.N.R. cannot compare with such supreme splendor.

But this is not all one can see on a bright spring day out the window. It is always fascinating to learn what days Mrs. Cahill does her washing, on and how long she leaves it on the line. How if only I had a telescope I could observe how she does her ironing.

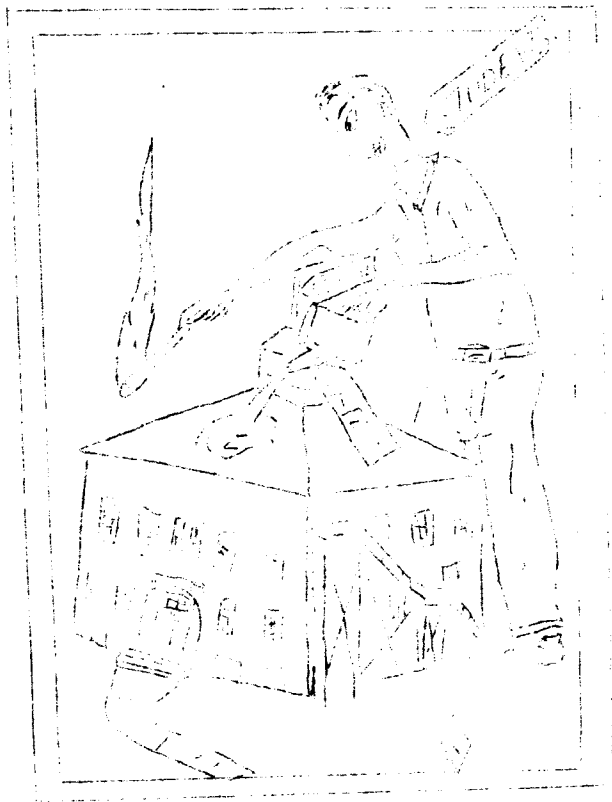
Dogs, cats, and children are also very interesting subjects to observe. The children are spending on their tricycles taking the corners on only two wheels. Every now and then they stop to gaze at our huge building and long for the day when they can be studying hard like we are.

All in all this can be very interesting and educational.

CHRISTINE WELLS

P.S.

This essay was written after Christine got caught looking out of the window while a class was going on.



Mr. Federovich: Toots, name
a great time-saver.
Toots: Love at first sight.

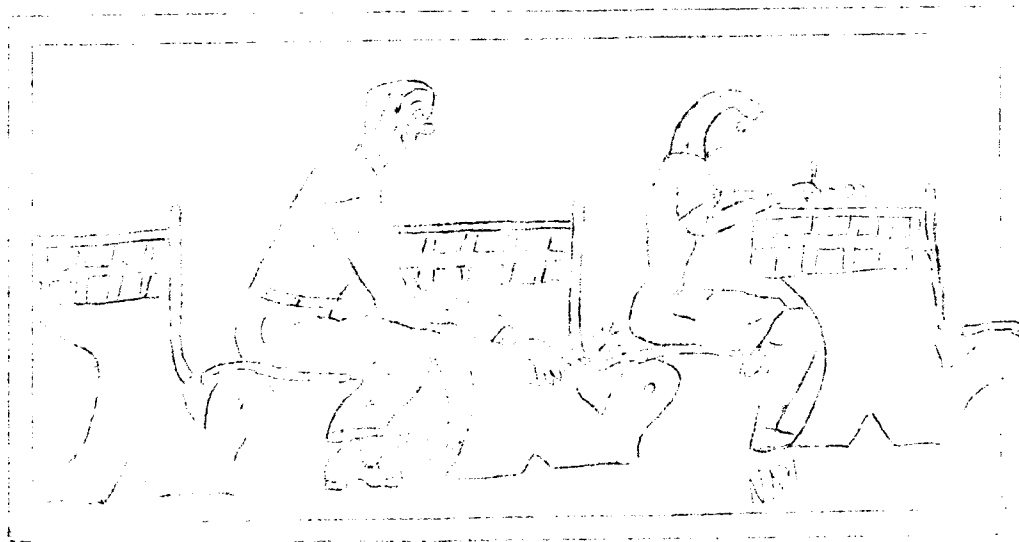
Mr. Embree: James, in what
state were you born?
James: Er-er-sh-umm...Nude!!

Eleanor: How did you like my
marble cake, Earl?
Earl: I took it for granite!

Lew: D-duh...I've added those
figures ten times!
Mr. Federovich: Good boy, Lew.
Lew:...and here's the ten
answers!

Mr. Federovich: Warren, can you tell me anything about the
chemists of the 17th century?
Warren: They are all dead, sir.
Mr. Federovich: Very funny, indeed. Perhaps you can tell
me something about Nitrates.
Warren: Well-er-they're a lot cheaper than Day rates!!

BIG DEAL HUH!!



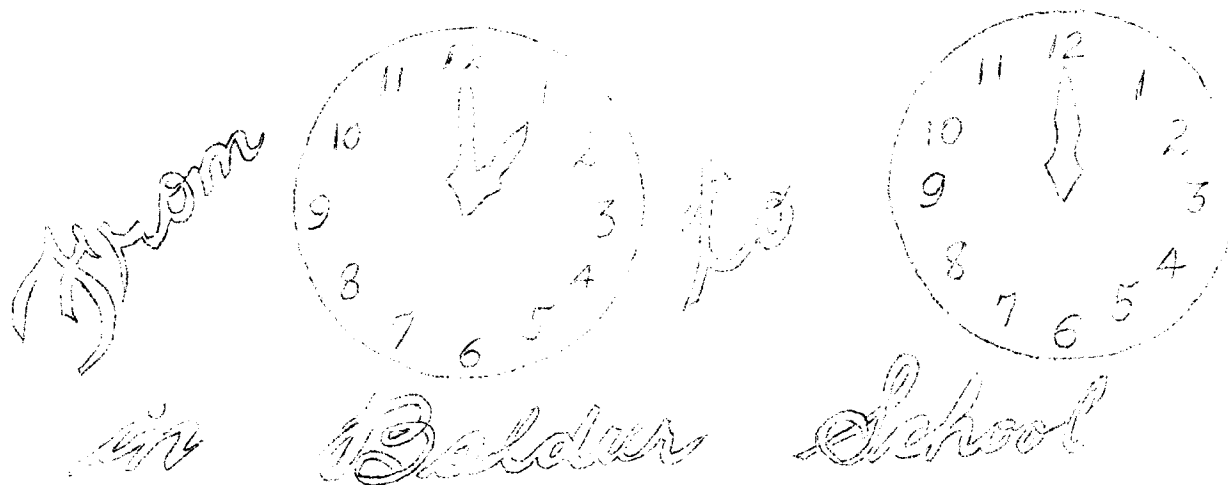
OUR

IDEALS

DARLEEN NOSE
 DOROTHY E. RUN
 BEVERLEY BLUSH
 MARION LEGS
 DONNA BEST LINE
 ELEANOR EARLY RISING
 CHRISTINE SMILE
 MARY DCC-DADS
 EMILY CLOTHES
 MYRNA HAIR
 PATSY SIGH'S
 DOROTHY C. NAILS
 GERMAINE GIGGLE
 LILLIAN TEETH
 ALIDA HEIGHT
 JOCELYN BRAINS
 MARGARET SHYNESS



RALPH FROWN
 HARVEY GIGGLE
 BOB C. HEIGHT
 JAMES LEGS
 EARL SMILE
 GEORGE TEETH
 LEWIS SHYNESS
 LLOYD ATHLETIC
 NORMAN FRENCH ACCENT
 JOHNNY BEST CONDUCT
 BOB NAILS
 ALAN BLUSH
 TED BRAINS
 RODNEY VOICE
 WARREN WIT & HUMOR
 DAVID FIGURE
 JACK EYES
 MR. EMBREE TEMPER
 MR. FEDEROVICH BEST LINE



When I first entered the large brick institution, known as Baldur School, as a grade one student in the autumn of 1944, the Second World War was going full blast. A year later as I returned to enroll for grade two, peace had just been formally declared. While my classmates and I were learning (or at least being taught) the basic fundamentals of our future studies, our "boys" overseas were keeping peace on earth, partly through our buying War Saving Stamps.

After successfully doing our grade three duties, we graduated to our next obstacle, to the top----room two and grades four, five, and six. An annual source of entertainment, the field day, was disbanded about this time because of Baldur's marked superiority in all events.

The annual Western Manitoba Festival then became a yearly event for Baldur students, and they showed they were just as talented, as youngsters from surrounding communities.

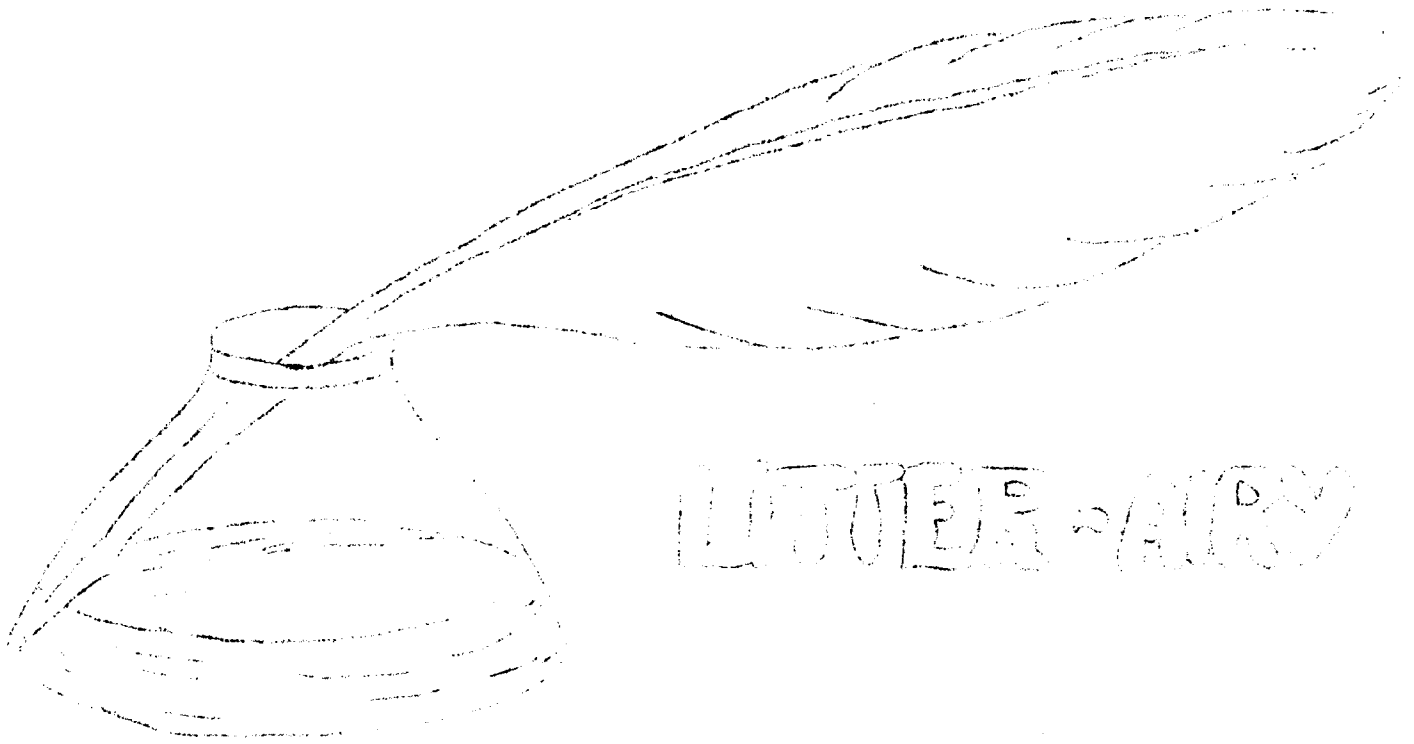
But, alas, school was not all entertainment and as we worked our way up to the pinnacle of success, or grade twelve, our work became increasingly difficult. Perseverance pulled us through and we left room 2, commonly known as Miss Gunnlaugson's room, and entered room 3, Miss Bateman's room. Here school became more like work than like play as we were being prepared to enter high school.

Finally we reached the beginning of the last chapter of our school days by entering high school. Of course we had to pay a penalty for being smart enough to enter high school---initiation. Everyone survived and the brains of a previous year's student had to be put back into the frig, as we were found not to have any. High school also initiated a new system with two teachers as if one wasn't enough to mix us up.

We at least had our recess and noon periods to participate in such sports as softball and rugby, with an occasional game of basketball or soccer. Extracurricular activities provided such entertainment as badminton, curling, and the occasional canteen .

Soon my school days will be over (I hope) and will go out into the world . But as the Four Lads say "We will have these moments to remember".

JACK VAN DEN BOSSCHE



FIRST PRIZE ESSAY

THE LAST HOUR

Dan Mitchen twisted in the straight backed chair. The cop stuck his feet close.

"Okay kid, spill. Where'd you get the liquor?"

Dan didn't know. He remembered another uncomfortable chair, it was a school desk; he had listened to the drone of the teacher's voice, hearing only the rise and fall and the accentuated punctuation period, just as clear as it would be on paper, then the voice continued. Silence. Dan became aware that he had been asked a question.

"Obviously you weren't listening. Maybe you will after four."

"Maybe."

"Take your books and leave," a pause, "Now."

Dan collected his books carefully and strolled to the door. From the corner of his eye he could see the teacher swell with anger.

Out in the sunshine minutes later the last knowing doubt was melted. It was too nice a day to spend in a stuffy old school anyway!

"Hi Dan," Ed called from in front of the rock road. "Got kicked out again?"

"Land sakes boy, what WFR gave you an idea like that," mimicked Dan. "Let's stir up a little something shall we?"

Ed chuckled, "You don't waste time staying out of trouble do you?"

"Say, you'd know where to get some hard stuff, let's slide in and get a bottle. I can get the car and will go to Mike-stone."

"Suits me; the old world at home with a hangover, and just breathing around there is tempting fate."

Half a day later a pale white moon hung in the sky. Dan was driving home. It had been quite a party! There had been more than one bottle. At ten, Ed was weaving in a corner, after that Dan had lost track of time, and Ed.

(con't from page 28)

He didn't remember leaving the party, but he was in the car. He didn't know where Ed. was and he didn't care much either. He glanced at the speedometer, thirty-five, Dan laughed, people always say you drive faster when you're tight. Then the right ditch seemed to keep coming closer.

Suddenly a shadow rose out of the ditch. The figure loomed grotesque in the headlights. The breaks screamed under Dan's foot. The car swerved crazily, but NOT ENOUGH.

Thud! The car lurched. Dan's fingers clung paralyzed to the steering wheel. The word "dead" pounded in his brain. Great beads of sweat stood on his forehead.

Dan saw in his mind a dark mutilated lump on the road. Dan turned down a side road. He needed time to straighten his confused thoughts and to gain strength after the ravages of emotion.

An hour, two hours later Dan got back into the car knowing he had to return to face that which he had tried to escape. He returned to the lump on the road.

Three cars were collected on the highway and moving figures made the headlights blink. Dan parked his car and ran to the cluster of people.

A hard brittle woman's voice rose above the mutterings.

"There he is. You nearly killed a man, you no-good----". Overcome by rage she spit at him.

Two great muscular men attracted by the woman's hysterical screams grabbed Dan's arms and forced him into their car. The woman followed heaping abuse after abuse onto Dan as they drove seven miles to the Police Station.

Their footsteps rattled on the hard floors as they walked into the station. A half hour discussion between the two men, the woman and the chief of Police followed.

Occasionally the Chief of Police shot a question at Dan. Half an hour later he was charged with drinking under age, drunken driving, and hit and run driving.

Dan was led to a cell, seething with rebellion against the last charge which seemed unfair since he had returned. He was given no credit for returning at all. This boiling anger was only slightly lessened by the words of a kindly old cop and the fact that Dan knew the victim wasn't dead.

Dan spent a restless night on a hard cell cot. He relived the night many times in his dreams.

Weeks followed when the injured man clung by a thread to life, weeks filled with questioning and visits from a pale, hollow-eyed mother. Dan never mentioned this because he knew it was hard for her to conceal her worry.

Now, two months later, a man came in and told Dan the accident victim would live and the trial would be in three days. Dan was overjoyed. He was freed from the greatest part of the worry.

It was a sultry August day when Dan was led to the courthouse. Dan looked at the jury, twelve hot, angry-looking faces. If you looked closely you could maybe see sympathy in some of them.

(con'd from page 29)

The judge got into his stand. The trial proceeded.

Dan watched the trial with growing apathy. The person tried was no longer himself but someone he had known a long time ago.

"Dan Mitchem, I sentence you to five years maximum pen-alty or two years minimum in a reform school for boys." Dan heard an "Oh" and without seeing her, he knew his Mother had fainted.

Dan was on the road of a different life.

GEORGE WELSON

SECOND PRIZE ESSAY

THE SUCCESS OF GETTING ALONG

What is this? An essay contest and everyone in High School is eligible! And to make it really simple, the sign says "The essay can be written on any chosen subject" This is just another way of making our year book of 1956 interesting and the work of as many students as possible.

Not many of us have the skill of expressing our ideas in poetical language that Keats has, letting our imaginations run free as Norman is able to do, the ability to draw as Warren can or the patience that Margaret, our editor possesses. But in issuing a year book, as in doing most other things, takes more than poetry, art, imagination, and patience. We must work toward an understanding of one another so that we can get along together with as little effort as possible.

There are many things that we must and can do in order to gain this understanding. First, we must realize that we are all very different from one another and most of us are acting under basically different environments. When we gain this understanding, we can begin working together harmoniously.

As we share our responsibilities and glories we learn that we can never do too much listening but must also praise and criticize where they are due. Not only must we be able to criticize but we must learn to receive criticism and use it to our best advantage. We have to have a liking for people in general and to have to endeavour to get along with them. This can best be begun by looking for the good in them, not only in their characters, but also in their actions and motives. Do not always think that the next person is out to do as much harm to you as he can but realize the value of his friendship, should it be gained, because as we know "Friendship cannot be built on suspicion."

It is nice to excel in some thing! If we do we are naturally under the "limelight" but that is not always where one is happiest. A true leader draws others into the "limelight" and shows that you cannot get to the top alone. He thus gains loyal friends. Doing your best in everything is right and honorable and we are respected for it as we respect others for doing the same thing. Admit your mistakes and faults, everyone makes them. Those mistakes acknowledged are the soonest forgotten. Compliments are encouraging but only if they are honest and not "fabricated flattery."

There are four main virtues which are necessary for a person to live and work successfully with other people. These are

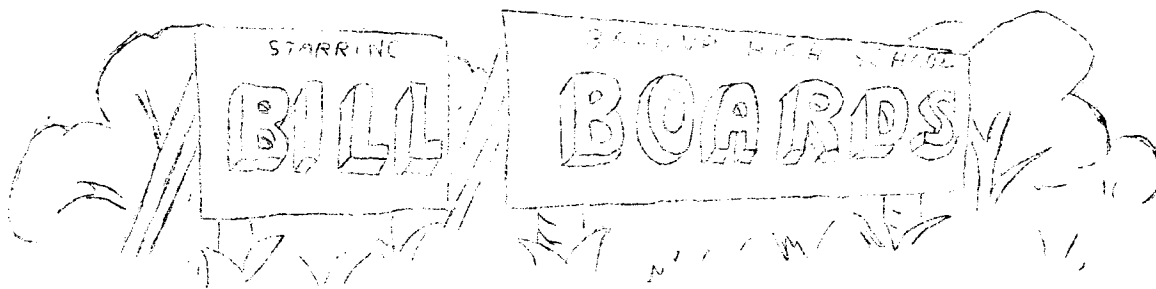
(con'd from page 30)

consistency, sincerity, courtesy, and friendliness. One learns how to deal with a consistent person, one who is not influenced by whims and notions, and we can, therefore feel secure in his friendship. Sincerity wins friends. You can talk your way into a friendship but must, through your actions, prove your sincerity. A constant practise of courtesy enables a person to lift himself above the crowd. Be considerate of friends and enemies and watch your circle of friends enlarge. Showing friendliness does not necessarily prove that you will gain materialistically but you will certainly gain in peace of mind. These are the virtues needed to get along with people but alone, they are not sufficient. We must also practise certain principles.

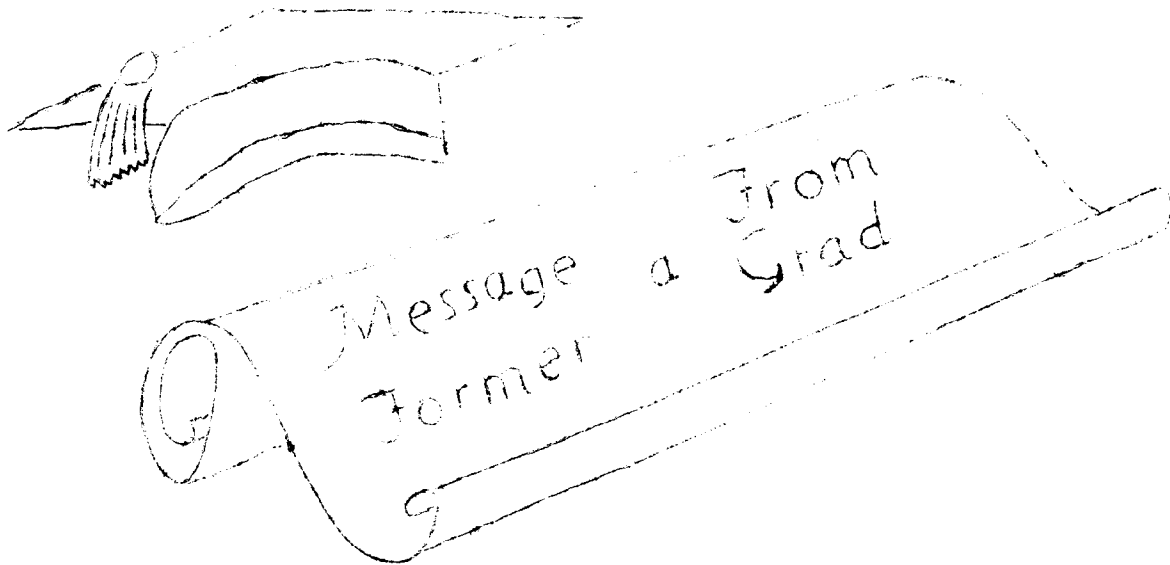
One must be willing to go over half way in friendly overtures, must be modest and moderate, and not quick to take offense in order to work and live in harmony with other people.

So, even if we do not possess any special talent, we can all work successfully together on the year book, in school, and in our future life if we can live and get along harmoniously with the people and instructors that we will inevitably meet.

LILLIAN MCGILL



<u>NAME</u>	<u>STARRING</u>
The Country Girl :	Beverly Johnson and Alan Dearsley
Silver Whip :	Mr. Embree
Blackboard Jungle :	Baldur High School
We're No Angels :	David Holmes, Warren Gillies, and Jack Van Den Bossche
Daddy Long Legs :	Jimmy Gooselin
Count Three And Pray :	Grade XI, when they forget to do their assignments.
Gentlemen Prefer Blondes :	Myrna Scott, Emily Jansen, Harold Williams, and Gary Hainstock



DEAR BALDUR HIGHERS:

It's surprising how time makes things grow. Ch, I don't mean wheat or corn or potatoes--other things. My memories of Baldur High produce a lot of big things and a lot of little things and some big things that shrank and some little things that grew, see what I mean?

Like the blue and red ribbons pinned on your chest on Sports Day; or beating Belmont at softball--these were big things. Like cheering for the Baldur High Rink in the Provincial Bonspiel or maybe getting a good mark on an exam--real big. But these great victories seemed to us to shrink down into steppingstones to lift us up to the next great goals of life: Vocational success and a happy mind.

And the little things grew. Like Mrs. Reid's trying to get us to appreciate Beauty, and Nature in Wordsworth's Poetry. Such a little thing, but it grew until our hearts leap up, too, "when we behold a rainbow in the sky". The tiny spark of learned poetry set off a whole explosion of joy, grateful that we live in such a marvelous world.

Or like the aggravating little "x" and "y" symbols in Algebra and Geometry problems. Those pesky troublemakers left us cold at first. But later on, when we found we could solve some real life problems algebraically, a great big warm feeling grew up inside us and got bigger and bigger.

Then there was the time when Tommy Lee accidentally put his foot through the globe in the Grade Twelve Room. That little hunk of Geography had little meaning for us anyhow. But now, when conflicts rage in Cypress, Algeria, and Palestine, it's a tremendous pleasure to be able to identify the spot for others and say "We studied about it in Baldur High School."

(con't)

Many, many times since we shook hands with the principal and proudly carried off our diplomas, we have wished we had spent more time "getting" the little things in our high school education. The other things are fine, but the little things last longer and do more good.

Great oak trees do not spring up out of nothing, they grow from little acorns cultivated.

Best wishes to the Graduates of 1956.

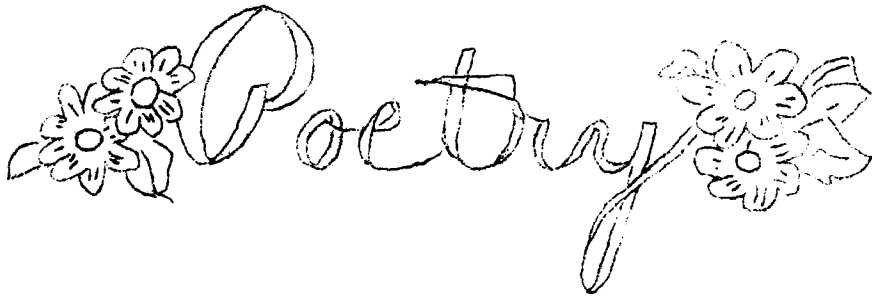
A former student,

Ken Burton.

Rev. Ken Burton
Greenville College
Greenville, Ill., U.S.A.

To every man there openeth
 A way, and ways, and a way,
And the high soul climbs the high way,
 And the low soul gropes the low;
And in between, on the misty flats,
 The rest drift to and fro.
But to every man there openeth
 A high way and a low,
and every man decideth
 Which way his soul shall go.

This fine expression of the spirit of world brotherhood was written by John Oxenham, who even before the Great War was known as a novelist of repute. By his sacred and serious verse he has become one of the great men of his time. More than five million copies of his war hymn, "Lord God of Hosts, whose mighty hand," were sold for the benefit of The Red Cross. Over a million copies of his books of poems have been sold, the most widely known volume being "Bees in Amber." Young people in Canada know him best as the lines written above.



THIS IS WE

This is a tale of industrious grade nine
A sketch of each down the line
About their habits and brains, if any,
Their faults and pranks, which are many.
First comes Dorothy right at the first
Who seems for knowlege to have a thirst,
Next comes Bob, mischievous fellow
Whose antics cause the teacher to bellow,
Then comes Ralph, the studious one,
I wonder if he'll ever have his assignments done.
Then is Darleen working with all her might
So her work will be done so Bob can see her tonight.
Behind her sits red-headed Earl
Who jumps and chatters like a squirrel,
Sitting at the front, in the other row
Is Donna Stephen--Warren is her beau.
Then comes Harvey who's always drawing
Pictures of the class, to keep them hee-hawing.
Then the story-reader who reads during class,
Bubs McGill is the little lass.
Then comes George working away
Always finishing assignments for the next day.
Then comes the writer of this poetry
You guessed it right----little old me.

Bev Johnson

The 23rd Psalm

"Kem-Is-Tree" is my class, shall I never learn it?
It leadeth me into the laboratory,
It maketh me to produce compounds,
It turneth my stomach for good mark's sake,
It restoreth my desire for fresh air, yet the windows are closed;
Yes though I study it much, I shall not know it for it eludes me;
Thine acids and bases comfort me not.
Thou preparrest exam after exam for me in the presence of no helpers.
Thou givest me pass marks in them, I shall not pass.
Surely experiments and manuals shall follow me all the days of my
school life;
And those smells of the Lab shall haunt me forever.

Valedictory

I feel greatly honoured tonight to have been chosen to bring to you this valedictory message and to express to you the thoughts, hopes, and inspirations of the graduating class as we bring to a close this first period of our learning.

These twelve years, spent first in Baldur Public School and later in Baldur High, have been the foundation on which we will, no doubt, build our whole lives, and the amount to which we have taken advantage of these years will determine the measure of our success in the future.

Thinking back over the past, many instances of joy and sorrow come to our minds. We think of the fun we have had together during our leisure hours and the many social activities in which we have participated. We think of the many anxious moments we spent when our assignments were not completed on time or when we faced an examination feeling not too well prepared. As we meditate upon these times, good and bad, we wonder what future life has to offer us. Will it too be a series of joys and sorrows?

As we approach the next phase in our lives, we go forward with the determination that no matter what our vocation may be, we will do our best to uphold the principles given to us at Baldur High, to strive to excel in all that we do, and to carry our share of responsibility as citizens of our various communities, and in so doing, we trust that we may contribute something good and worthwhile to the world in which we live.

We are greatly indebted to the teaching staff, past and present, for the help and guidance they have shown to us throughout our whole school life. And too, we should like to express our thanks to you, the people of Baldur, for the wonderful way in which you have supported all our activities and for the personal interest you have shown in each one of us. We are especially grateful to our parents, whose patience and kindness have strengthened us and created in us a desire for the finer things of life.

In closing, I should like to say that my own happy associations with the students of Baldur High will always remain a fond memory with me, and I wish you all the best of success and happiness in the years to come.



Jocelyn Burton
Grade XII

Baldur Grads

GRADE XI

IDA PATRICIA ANNE BRÉAULT
DOROTHY CAROL CHRISTOPHERSON
ALAN JACK DEARLELY
EDWARD LODGE DEARSLEY
LILLIAN JEAN MCGILL
GERMAINE BEVERLY WILSON
LEDA WINIFRED WOODWORTH
WARREN GLEN GILLIES

GRADE XII

JOCELYN GAIL BURTON
MARGARET ELIZABETH McTAVISH
JACK RAYMOND VAN DER BOSSCHE

CLASS OF 55

ELAINE BRÉAULT.....NORMAL SCHOOL
ROSS FORBES.....SERVING IN THE AIR FORCE.
FLORENCE McTAVISH.....NORMAL SCHOOL
MARGARET TRESTCI.....1st YEAR HOME EC. AT U. OF M.

CLASS OF 54

MARGUERITE ANDERSON.....MRS. E. JOHNSON, WINIFRED
ZELMA COOPER.....WORKING IN BANK, BALDUR
DONNA DEARSLEY.....STENOGRAPHER, WINIFRED
LUCY TRINDER.....ACCOUNTANT, DELORAINE
BETTY HIBCOCK.....TROPICAL NURSING, CAMBRIAN
FLORENCE WINDMELL.....CLERKING IN GLENBORO
MARY VAN DER BOSSCHE.....TEACHING, WOOD NORTH
NORA WOODWORTH.....NORMAL SCHOOL

CLASS OF 53

MARGUERITE CHRISTOPHERSON.....MRS. T. JOHNSON
RONALD KIRBYSON.....TEACHING, BELMONT
CORBEN SCOTT.....MRS. C. JOHNSON
FERD BOTRELL.....TEACHING
BLAINE GRUNDY.....H.B.C. POST
MADILLINE VICKERS.....TRAINING IN GRACE, WPG.
LYRNA WRAY.....TEACHING

PROGRAMME
 COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF BALDUR HIGH SCHOOL
 FRIDAY, MAY 25, 1956
 IN THE
 BALDUR MEMORIAL HALL
 O'CANADA

INVOCATION	MR. F. LYNCH
CHAIRMAN'S REMARKS	MR. F. LYNCH
SOLO	MARY HOLMES
PRINCIPAL'S REMARKS	MR. J. EMBREE
CONFERRING OF CERTIFICATES AND SPECIAL AWARDS	
GREETINGS FROM THE SCHOOL BOARD	Mr. W. BURTON
SOLO	MYRNA SCOTT
VALLEDICTORY	JOCELYN BURTON
ADDRESS	CHIEF JUSTICE I. SCHULTZ
CLOSING REMARKS	CHAIRMAN

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

PROGRAMME BEGINS AT 8:00 p.m.

GRADUATION DANCE AT 10:00 p.m.

ALPHABET

Pety Brouck

James Brouck

Henry Brouck

Dorothy Christopherson

John P. Brouck

Alan Brouck

Myra Scott

Henry Carroll

William Brouck

Margaret McJarish

John Brouck

Frank Scott

David Holme

Jack Van Brouck

John Brouck

Alan Brouck

Norman Brouck

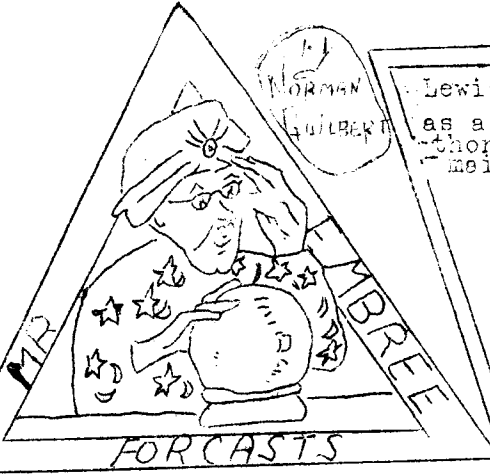
William Brouck

James Brouck

Emily Jensen

Ralph Brouck

William Brouck

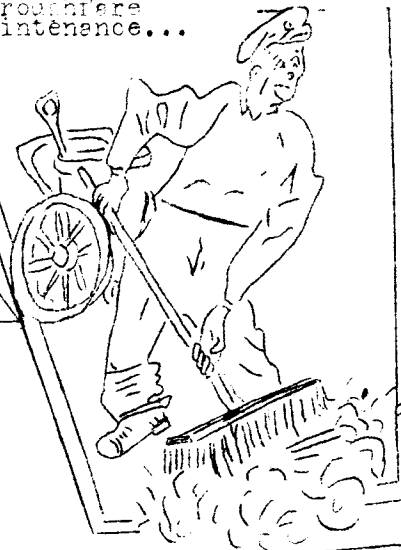


Toots will devate most of her life to modelling!!



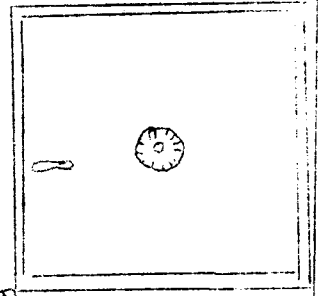
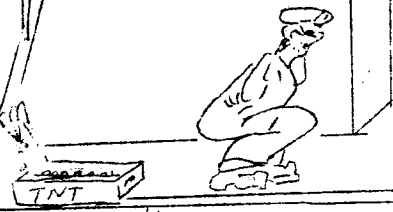
NORMAN
GILBERT

Lewis will serve the Gov't as a sanitation Engineer in thoroughfare maintenance...

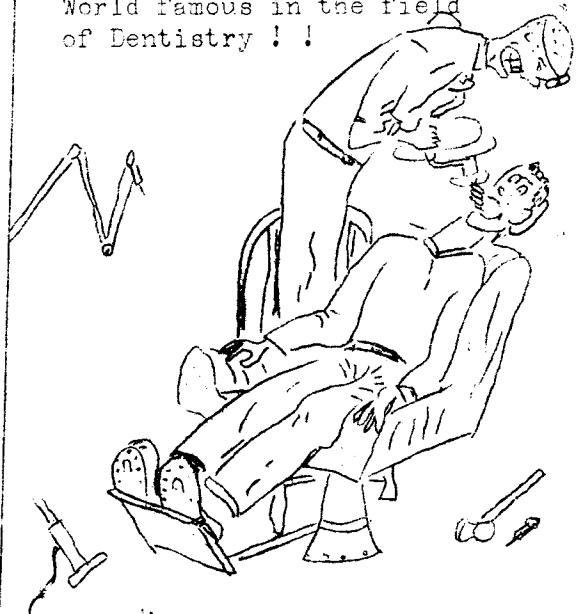


Lloyd will give a great contribution to Agriculture!!

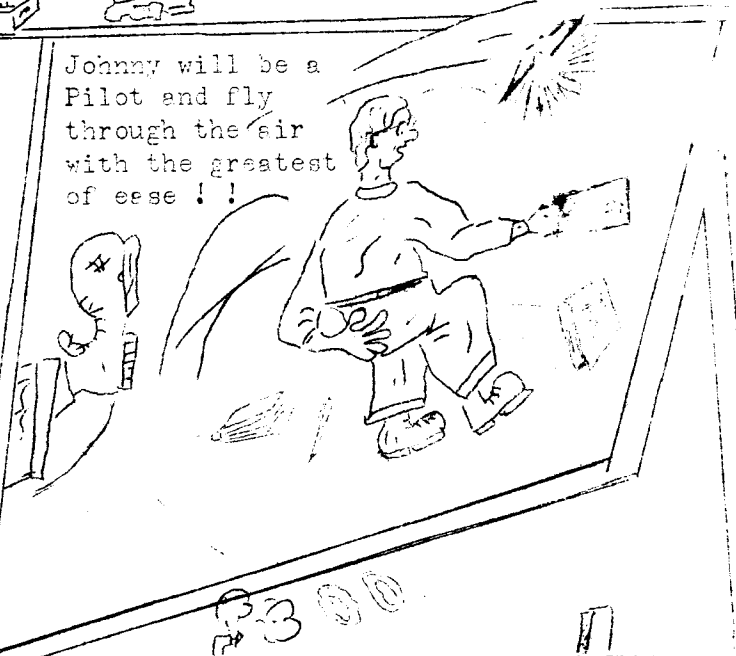
Jack will work in Banks part of his life!!



Werren will be World famous in the field of Dentistry!!



Johnny will be a Pilot and fly through the air with the greatest of esse!!



FAT EMMA
chocolate Bars
J.E. James, Manager