



THE WAPITI

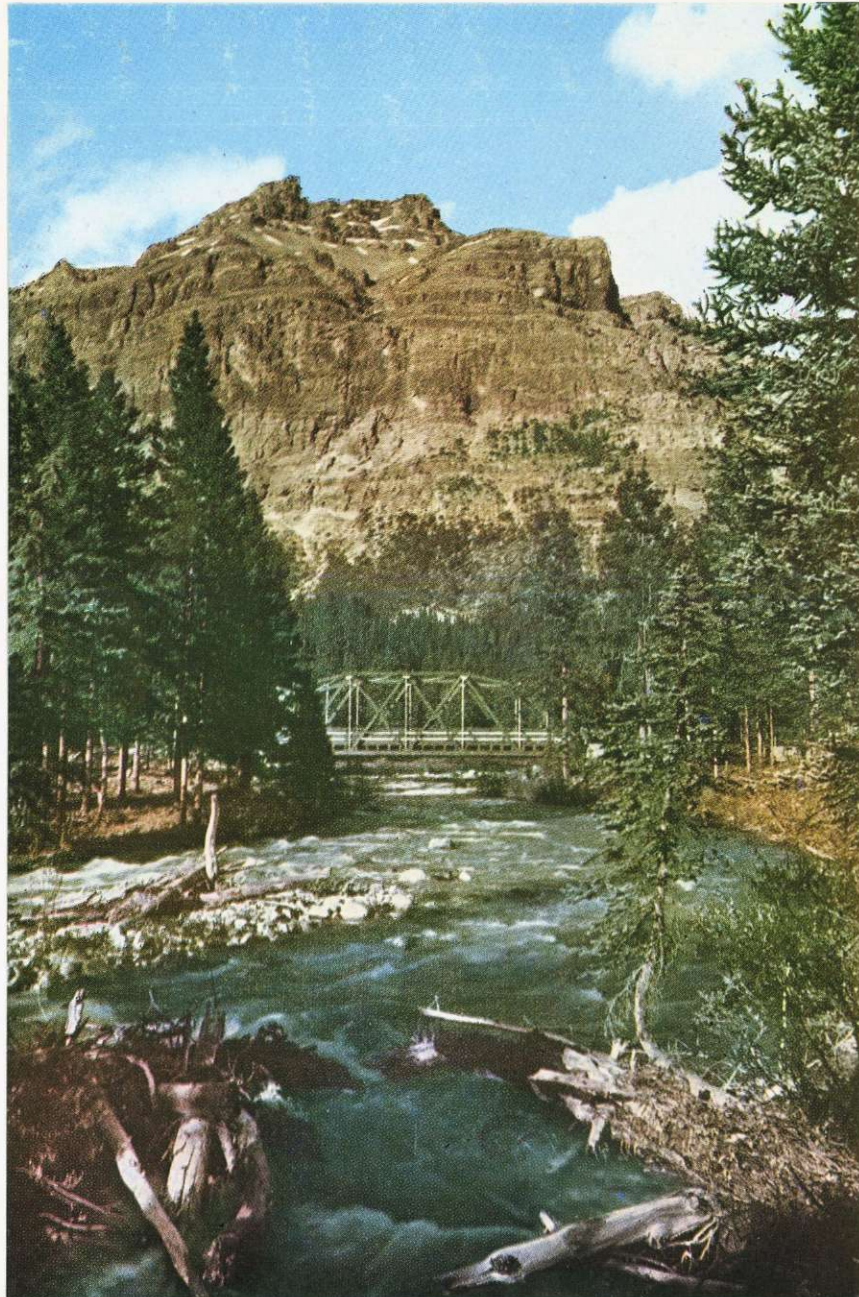
Elk Point High School
Year Book

THE WAPITI



ELK POINT HIGH
SCHOOL

DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS



STAFF



J.V. JACOBSON
VICE-PRINCIPAL



R.E. BEATTIE
PRINCIPAL



MISS S.J. CHESHIRE
INTERMEDIATE

Message from the Principal

On behalf of the staff of the Elk Point School, I would extend my sincere appreciation for the splendid co-operative spirit so evident throughout the school this year. To those who are graduating, I wish success in their chosen fields of employment.

Canada's war effort has demonstrated that a disciplined democracy is efficient in time of war. Our democracy can be made to serve our needs in time of peace. May you help to create that brave new world of to-morrow which can be attained only by the co-operative effort of enlightened citizens, and for which so many have been willing to sacrifice life itself.

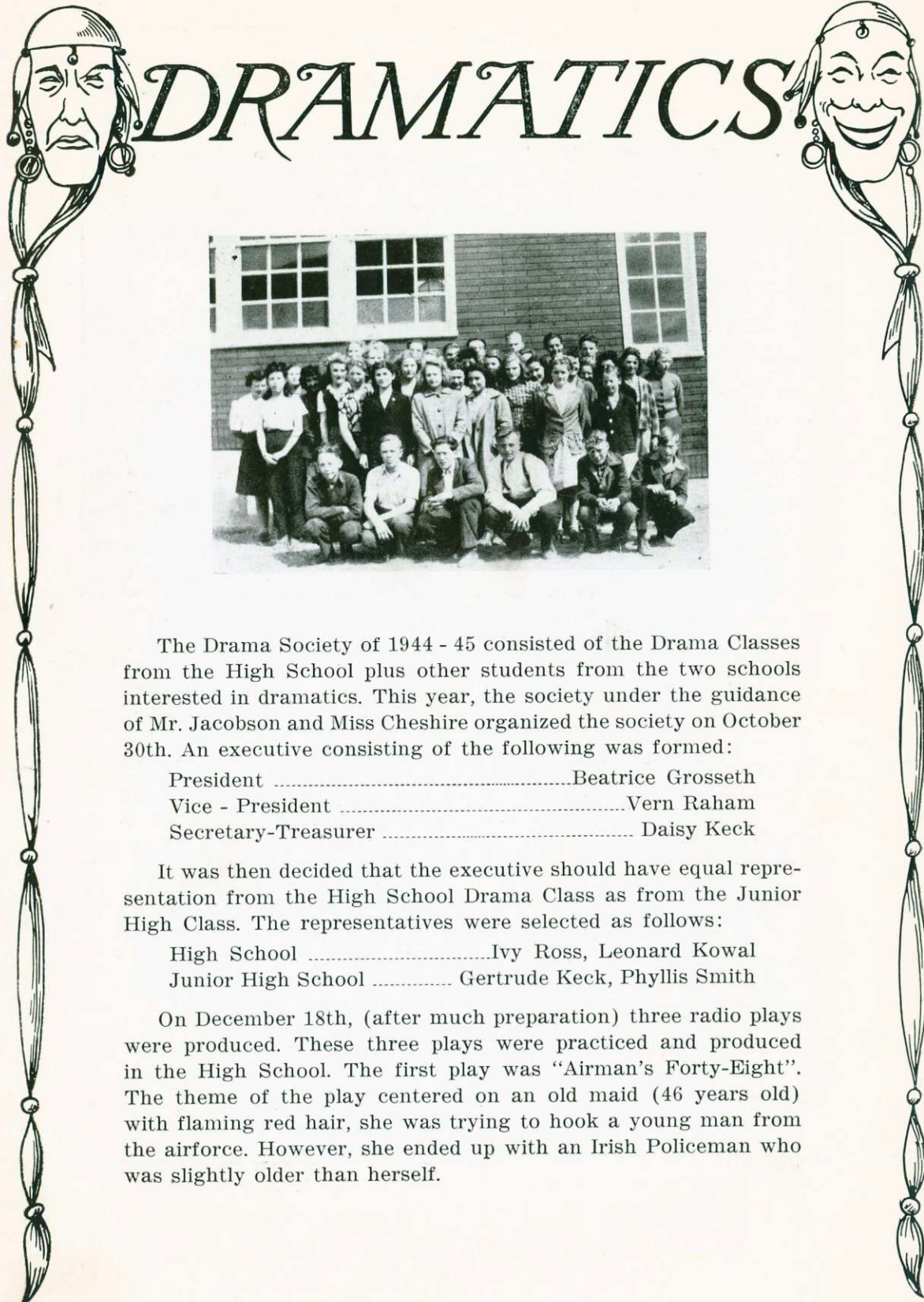
R. E. BEATTIE, B.A.
Principal.

When Time, the great healer, has erased all traces of the little trials and disappointments met with in your high school career, then Memory, that treasure house of the mind, will recall to each one of you many pleasant recollections of the good times you had during your school career; of the true friends you met; and of the joys and sorrows you shared. Then you will, I know, think of the days you spent here at Elk Point High as the brightest ones in your lives.

Aim high; work hard, and all things will come to you. If you succeed in your undertakings; press further on. If you fail; make your failures stepping stones to success.

Such is my message to you as one of the most pleasant teaching years I have ever spent draws to a close.

Your teacher and friend,
J. V. JACOBSON.



DRAMATICS



The Drama Society of 1944 - 45 consisted of the Drama Classes from the High School plus other students from the two schools interested in dramatics. This year, the society under the guidance of Mr. Jacobson and Miss Cheshire organized the society on October 30th. An executive consisting of the following was formed:

- PresidentBeatrice Grosseth
- Vice - PresidentVern Raham
- Secretary-Treasurer Daisy Keck

It was then decided that the executive should have equal representation from the High School Drama Class as from the Junior High Class. The representatives were selected as follows:

- High SchoolIvy Ross, Leonard Kowal
- Junior High School Gertrude Keck, Phyllis Smith

On December 18th, (after much preparation) three radio plays were produced. These three plays were practiced and produced in the High School. The first play was "Airman's Forty-Eight". The theme of the play centered on an old maid (46 years old) with flaming red hair, she was trying to hook a young man from the airforce. However, she ended up with an Irish Policeman who was slightly older than herself.

The play was an hilarious success. The cast was as follows:

- Fred Lambert, Leonard Kowal, Mr. Wilson, Glenna Wilson, Marguerite Dapping, Emily Atkins, Doris Hall, Daniel O'Reilly.

This play was directed by Leonard Kowal.

The second play was "The Florist Shop" which realistically portrayed the picture of an old lady who was always trying to patch up someone else's love affair, which, in this case, she did very effectively. The cast of the Florist Shop was:

- Maude (the florist's book-keeper) Beatrice Grosseth
- Henry, Slovsky, Mr. Jackson Nick Wysocki
- Miss Wells Vera Jurak.

The third play, "The Clown of Stratford" was directed by Mike Sribney. This play pictured a portion of the life of Shakespeare. The characters were:

- Lord Versilam Mike Sribney.
- Lady Versilam Avis Smith.
- Shakespeare Ivy Ross.
- The Servant Marie Pilisko.

"Airman's Forty-Eight" was voted best of the three plays and was presented to the pupils of the Junior High on December 23.

Shortly after Christmas, two one act plays were chosen to be presented to the public. The High School presented "A Wedding" under the direction of Mr. Jacobson. This play was centered around a groom and his lost collar button. The characters were as follows:

- Robert Tisdale (the groom)—Leonard Kowal.

- Alice Grayson (the bride)—Marguerite Dapping.

- Archie (best man)—Nick Wysocki.

- Mrs. Grayson (bride's mother)—Beatrice Grosseth.

- Miss Grayson (bride's aunt)—Avis Smith.

- Mrs. Tisdale (groom's mother)—Marie Pilisko.

- Ted (groom's man)—Mike Sribney.

The characters were outstanding in their performance and recieved many compliments from the audience.

The Junior High selected "Airman's Forty-Eight" under the direction of Miss Cheshire. The characters consisted of:

- Fred Lambert (airman) Vern Raham.
- Emily Atkins (Mrs. Wilson's sister) —Gertrude Keck.

- Mrs. Wilson (mother)—Margaret Holliday.

- Mr. Wilson (father)—Jimmy Arnold.
- Glenna Wilson (daughter)—Phyllis Smith.

- Daniel O'Reilly (policeman)—Melvin McGinnis.

The characters of this play also received many compliments for their outstanding acting.

From the financial standpoint it was quite successful too. The plays and dance brought in the amount of ninety-six dollars after all expenses were paid.

On May 23, a play was presented for the festival. It was called "Our Dream House" and was under the direction of Mr. Jacobson assisted by Marie Pilisko. It was also a great success. The story of the play centered on an average American family and their troubles. The high points of the play were the family portraying insanity before Kathleen and her boy friend. The cast consisted of:

- John Jenkins (man of the house)—Mike Sribney.

- Michael Jenkins (son)—Leonard Kowal.

- Jennifer Jenkins (younger daughter) —Marguerite Dapping.

- Kathleen Jenkins (older daughter)—Avis Smith.

- Alice Jenkins (mother)—Doris Hall.

- Grandma O'Hara (grandmother)—Ivy Ross.

- Chester Nutkins (Kathleen's boy friend)—Nick Wyscoki.

At the completion of the year, the club has planned a party. This party will include members of the society from the Junior and Senior High Schools.

PITTER - PATTER

Definition: Hug: Energy gone to waist.

Husband at door: "I've just cut off my leg in the binder."

Wife: "Well, stay there until it stops dripping. I just mopped up this floor."

Mr. Yakimac: Have you a reservation?

Nick: Do I look like an Indian?

SPORTS

The highlights of the sports for the year was the trip to Vermilion. On May 24, forty pupils from the Elk Point High School and Intermediate School gathered together in the morning to go there for the Empire Day Sports. The trip was a merry one, with everyone joining in the sing-songs. At noon, a truck load of tired and hungry students arrived at the Vermilion Sports' Ground.

Immediately, the High School boys played Lloydminster. Luck seemed to be with the Elk Point teams because they won both games. The boys were well ahead at the beginning, but as it was nearing the end, their opponents unleashed their batteries in a great, though fruitless effort to win.

The girls' game, however, was very even throughout. In the last inning, the girls broke the tie and held the other team down for the rest of the game. The scores were:

BOYS

Elk Point	14 runs
Vermilion	8 runs

GIRLS

Elk Point	10
Lloydminster	9

The players then went to town for a much needed rest and to satisfy their hungry stomachs.

At three o'clock, the teams lined up for another game each. The girls played Vermilion and the boys played Kitscoty. The scores were in favor of the opposing teams this time.

BOYS

Kitscoty	20 runs
Elk Point	6 runs

GIRLS

Elk Point	8
Vermilion	16

The score on the boys' game would not have been so one sided if it had not been for a bad decision on the part of the umpire. However, both of the Elk Point teams played good games, but the opposing teams had better players and so won by a good margin. After the game, most of the Elk Point play-

ers went to the show. The remainder, however, stayed to watch the baseball game between Kitscoty and Vermilion. At 9.15, the truck left Vermilion, taking all of its previous passengers back to Elk Point.

During the winter, the boys formed a hockey team with the aid of a few of the former High School boys. They were successful in winning several games, which they played against Lindbergh.

With a little more than a month of the school season left, the pupils are looking forward to some more games.

FIELD DAY JUNE 8

In Elk Point, on June the eighth, we expect to see a gathering of all the schools of this area for the first inter-school Sports. There will very likely be about one hundred fifty students attending. Ten schools are expected, including Pleasant Dale, Paramount, Richland, Capitol, Lakewood, Muriei, Spring Park and Elk Point.

The students are divided according to age. We have six boys' classes and six girls' classes.

Softball will be an added attraction.

FESTIVAL

The first Elk Point District Festival was held in Elk Point on May 23, 1945. The exhibits of Enterprise Work and handwork were arranged in the five rooms of the Elk Point Schools.

The same schools took part in this as are expected in the Field Day.

The Festival was presented in the Hall in the afternoon. Then a Concert Committee composed of Mr. Jacobson and Mr. Beattie selected the best items for an evening concert. Proceeds from this concert were turned over to the Red Cross.

Adjudicators were:

Music	Mrs. L. Edwards.
Drama	Mr. Jacobson.
Choral Speech	Miss Pedersen.
P. T.	Mr. Beattie.
Division 1	Mrs. L. Edwards.
Division 2	Mrs. Acton.
Division 3	Mr. Racette.

--- ACTIVITIES ---



SCOUTS

GUIDES



The first boy scouts started with a Lone Scout Patrol in March, 1926 which was a group of Junior Scouts (Cubs) under their leader or Senior Sixer J. Jacobson.

The first Elk Point Troop was organized in January, 1928 and their first Scout Master was Rev. R. J. Smith of the United Church. Their Patrol Leaders were J. Jacobson and F. Millar. Mr. Jacobson was an Assistant-Scout-Master in 1930 and in 1935 was second Scout-Master.

From 1928 there were twelve camps held: seven at Lake Whitney, one at Moose Lake and four at Murial Lake.

There were twelve scouts attending the Baden Powell Rally in Edmonton in April, 1935.

The Troop Headquarters has been in the Elk Point United Church since 1928.

The Scouts operated the skating rink in 1941, and from 1935 to 1941, they also operated four toy shops for needy families.

Thirty-four of our former scouts are on Active Service.

Our latest troop began in March, 1945 with J. Jacobson as Scoutmaster, E. A. Bullis as Assistant and James Rylance leader of the Beaver Patrol, and Leslie Young leader of the Antelope Patrol.

ST. JOHN'S AMBULANCE

Our classes in First Aid began late in February with students from grades ten to seven taking part.

We have combined Seniors and Juniors and have studied the Senior Course to get all necessary details for our examination, which will be given by Dr. Miller.

Thursday morning has been set aside for our class and that morning you are likely to see many strange sights issuing from the Junior High School. Broken bones are the order of the day, but we wonder if the victim doesn't need more First Aid after, than he did before.

The Girl Guide Company began in March 1945, under the leadership of Miss S. J. Cheshire, (Captain). Nearly 40 girls attended and all were very anxious to organize a Company. Our meeting was set for Thursday afternoon. Patrol Leaders were elected and Patrol Emblems selected.

Our first guest was Miss Beth Rid-dock, Travelling Provincial Secretary from Calgary. Her very interesting and informative discussion made our Company realize the honor of being Guides.

We were enrolled as a Company on May 12th, by Commissioner Acton of St. Paul, who presented the 34 Guides with their Tenderfoot Badges.

Later in the day the Company sponsored a tea in the Co-operative Store.

Patrols are: Honesty, Red Rose, Trillium, King Fisher, Poppies, Swallow.

Honesty: Daisy Keck, Lila Titley, Susan Johnson, Marion Johnson, Alma Roman, Marlene Vaughan.

Red Rose: June Davies, Olga Yew-chin, Ina Cheshire, Dorothy Taylor, and Evelyn Bartling.

Trillium: Dorothy Wolfe, Bernice Andrulevius, Doris Weigerinck, Annie Abraham.

King Fisher: Avis Smith, Gertrude Keck, Phyllis Smith, Marie Pilisko, Anne Yakimec, Jeanne Scraba.

Poppies: Joyce Babcock, Stella Yew-chin, Shirley Magnusson, Doris Hall, Muriel Haine, Virginia Arnold.

Swallow: Phyllis Aarbo, Minnie Kadutski, Florence Cheshire, Margaret Abraham, Joyce Milholland, Olive Boos, Verda Ross.



On to Victory

During the school year, the students of the Elk Point Schools subscribed generously toward buying War Savings Stamps.

The year was divided into three terms, and a quota was set for each room.

Division one and two of the Junior School were designated 'The Airforce' and given a quota of twenty-five dollars to raise between October the second and December the twenty-third.

The Junior High School became sponsors of the Canadian Army and had their quota set at thirty dollars for the same length of time.

The High School represented the Senior Service, The Navy, and had a quota of twenty-five dollars per room.

Each room was provided with an outline map of the Mediterranean War Front. Each section was to represent ten percent of the quota. These sections were filled in as the stamps were sold.

Another map of the world was placed in each School and convoys carrying material to War Fronts were traced. Each room planned its campaign by choosing an officer to represent its branch of the Armed Forces and his Aide-de-Campe. When gains were made in the quotas and new sections on the maps had been occupied, the Aide-de-Campe sent a communique to the Admiral, in the High School, who in turn marked the progress made on the Combined Operations Map.

The Juniors reached their quotas first in a very short time after the opening of the Drive.

Sales moved slowly at first in the Intermediate Room, so General Lambright and Pte. Smith, C.W.A., planned a basket Social. This was held in our

room on November 24. The baskets were made by the girls and sold to the highest bidder in the auction. The Buyer received the value of his bid in war-saving Stamps, which he in turn divided with his partner.

By December the first, we had passed our quota and at the end of the set time we found that we had three hundred percent of the quota.

The second campaign began after Christmas with the quota set at the same amount as before. The Officers in charge of the Drive were Neil Pringle and Marion Johnson. As added incentive in this drive, small prizes were awarded to the two people buying the most stamps.

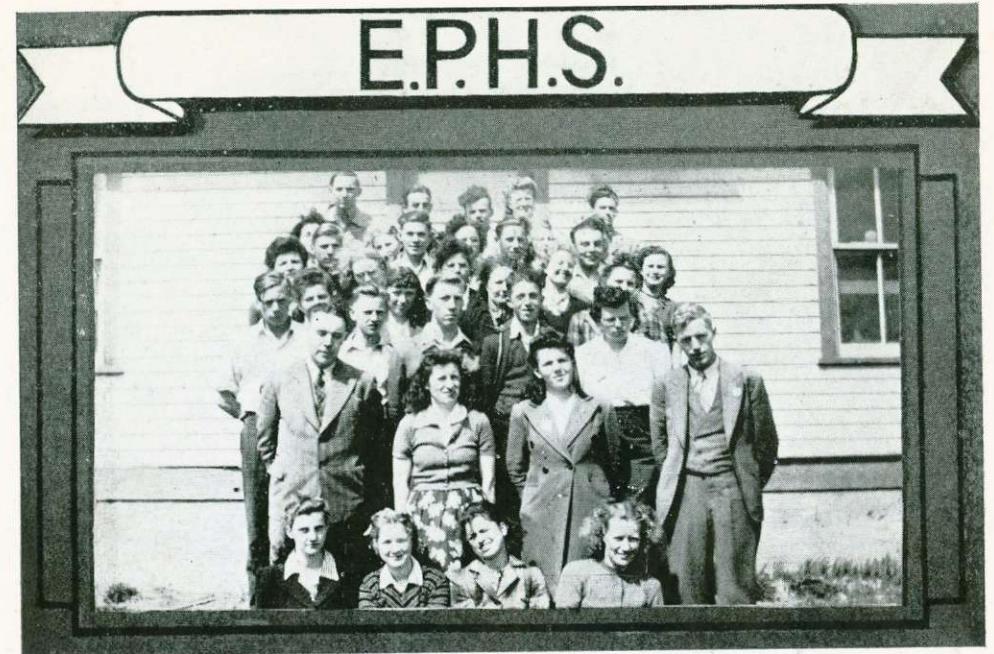
The Quota was reached just two weeks before the close of the term but this time we were not over more than ten percent.

The Juniors again led but we understand some difficulties were encountered in the High School.

The final term was set from April to June. So far our sales have left much to be desired, but we are looking forward to increase in sales soon. Now we have yet to finish our Map of the Pacific. Since this front is still to be liberated we should find it an aid in our Drive.

Our classes did so well before V-E Day so we have no fears as we consider the last lap. We know the tremendous value of freedom and since our young men are ready to fight for it, we are ready to do our part with stamps.

Thanks are rendered to Mrs. Sump-ton, Mrs. MacDonnell, Miss Cheshire, Mr. Jacobson, (our Commander-in-Chief), and Mr. Beattie, who have helped in our Campaign to "Speed the Victory."



DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS

THE CALL AT EVEN - TIDE

Twilight falls, a lonely call,
 Comes echoing o'er the plain;
 From near, yet far, beneath the stars,
 I hear that call again.
 Over yonder by that sandy rock,
 Beneath an aspen tree,
 A wild shape calling to the moon,
 Lonely, sad, and free.

It slinks away, 'ere break of day,
 Just to return again,
 At set of sun, when day is done,
 To call as though in pain.
 I long to hear that lonely call,
 A howl but yet a moan,
 The wild calling for a mate
 Of a coyote, sad and lone.

Marguerite Dapping.

STRUGGLES

"Bonjour monsieur" we learned to say,
 At first we thought it rather gay
 To turn and twist our tongues around,
 And utter foreign sounds.

We kept it up for two good years,
 Without the slightest fears;
 And teacher thought her French II class,
 No one could 'ere surpass.

But suddenly we woke up fast,
 To find that time had passed;
 "Notre Professeur" says to commence
 To learn to speak our French.

Phyllis Aarbo.

YEAR BOOK COMMITTEE



== = Editorial = = =

Another term that will long be remembered by all for its happy days, will soon be over.

As business manager and editor of this year book, I wish to extend thanks to Mr. Jacobson and Mr. Beattie for their unceasing guidance in the compiling of its contents. It is known throughout the class that without them it could not have been a success. Also the students who co-operated so well with the year book executive deserve a bouquet, too.

The year book executive consisted of:
 Secretary—Avis Smith; Cover Committee — Marguerite Dapping, Avis Smith; Advertising—Jack Wiegerinck, Nick Wysocki; Sports—Ivy Ross, Mike Scribney; Cadets — John Taylor, Clarence Boss; Social Page— Daisy Keck, Leonard Kowal; Honor Roll— Dorothy Wolfe, Phyllis Aarbo; Humor Page—Beatrice Grosseth, Stella Yewchin; Students' Union Pages — Mary Loftus, Joyce Babcock, Lloyd Bartling; Students' Council Pages—June Davies,

Helen Jepson; The Staff—Vera Jurak; Poetry Editor—Doris Hall, Olga Yewchin; Drama—Ivy Ross, Phyllis Smith; Class Pictures—Mr. Jacobson; Business Manager and Editor—Richard Miller.

I think that they have done an excellent job and I hope that their efforts are appreciated by all. The time and work done on the book has been tremendous.

A great deal of the financing of the year book has been done by the advertising. Since the Junior High and the Senior High School were united this year for this production, each school put on dances, lunches, and raffles to raise further funds which altogether netted over two hundred and forty dollars. You can see by this that the year has been a busy one.

On behalf of the remaining pupils, I wish to extend a fond farewell to those who graduate this year. Good luck to those who are staying and in the years to come, let us not forget our school motto, "Dum Vivimus Vivamus."



MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

The end of the first term has passed and with it many of the pleasant memories which we shall carry in our minds and hearts throughout our entire lives. The little accidents, arguments, and triumphs that are typical of a spirited youth working to achieve a higher educational goal, these too, have passed.

Many thanks are due to the efforts of our teachers who so willingly guide us along the path leading to knowledge and wisdom. Let each one of us try to show his appreciation by making his life such a success that they may be proud to say, "He was my pupil".

The best of luck to those who graduate this year; we wish them success in their chosen courses or vocations.

Bon Voyage!

Daisy J. Keck.



MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

Another year of school is fast coming to a close at Elk Point High. It seems only last week that school opened for another term. Many new pupils of various nationalities and creeds have come to this old school to form one big happy family. Some are here for two, three, or four years before plunging into their respective careers. This world has bright prospects and each of us has a fighting chance to succeed. In addition to our regular school work we have learned much: teamwork, sportmanship, and co-operation.

Today we are faced with helping win a war which we hope will end soon. Then, when school is far behind us, we shall be able to take up our chosen professions and show the world that we are real and true citizens of a free democracy.

Truly this has been an eventful year at Elk Point High. Under the guidance and inspiration of Mr. Beattie and Mr. Jacobson, a High School Students' Union has been formed. With the co-operation of all the pupils, the "Union" has been a great success. I appreciate greatly the opportunity of serving as President of the Council for the second term.

Mike Scribney.

1 LLOYD BARTLING

Oh! If you knew the pensive pleasure
That fills my bosom when I sigh
You would not rob me of a treasure
Monarchs are to poor to buy.

2 CLARENCE BOOS

Oh! 'Tis a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He's all the mothers from top to toe.

3 FLORENCE CHESHIRE

For some must watch while some must
sleep,

So runs the world away.

Shakespeare

4 MARGUERITE DAPPING

This world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given.

5 JUNE DAVIES

The world was sad! The garden was
wild!

And man, the hermit sighed, till woman
smiled.

Campbell

6 HELEN JEPSON

Far from the mind as vigor from the
limb

And life's enchanted cup but sparkles
from the brim.

7 MARY LOFTUS

Her wit was more than man, her in-
nocence a child.

Dryden

8 RICHARD MILLER

Be calm in arguing for fierceness makes
Error a fault and truth discourtesy.

9 JACK WEIGERINCK

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of
him that hears it

Never in the tongue of him that makes it

10 DOROTHY WOLFE

A heart suseptible of pity and a mind
Cultured and capable of sober thought

11 OLGA YEWCHIN

A woman is always changeable and
capricious.

Shakespeare

12 STELLA YEWCHIN

To get thine ends lay bashfulness aside
Who fears to ask, doth teach to be
denied.

13 LENA TOPILKA

Kindness in women, not their beautiful
looks

Shall win my love.



1 MARIE PILISKO

A merry heart doth good like a
medicine.—Proverbs.

2 IVY ROSS

'Twas a dangerous cliff, so they freely
confessed
Though to walk near its crest was so
pleasant.

—Malines.

3 MARY SMERCHINSKI

Oh woman! lovely woman! Nature made
thee

To temper man; We had been brutes
without thee.

—Otway.

4 MIKE SRIBNEY

You'll find a way.

—Barrie.

5 JOHN TAYLOR

Yours is the earth and everything that's
in it

And what is more—you'll be a man,
my son.

—Kipling.

6 LILA TITLEY

Her head was bare
But for the natural ornament of hair.

7 NICK WYSOCKI

Who can foretell for what high cause
This darling of the gods was born?

—Marvell.

8 LESLIE YOUNG

As idle as a painted ship upon a painted
ocean.

—Coleridge.

9 DORIS HALL

Many a man fails to become a thinker
For the sole reason that his memory is
too good.

10 PHYLLIS AARBO

Cheerfulness is an offshoot of goodness
and wisdom.

11 BERNICE ANDRULEVICIUS

Wise to decide,
Patient to perform.

12 JOYCE BABCOCK

See, she is winding up the watch of
her wit;

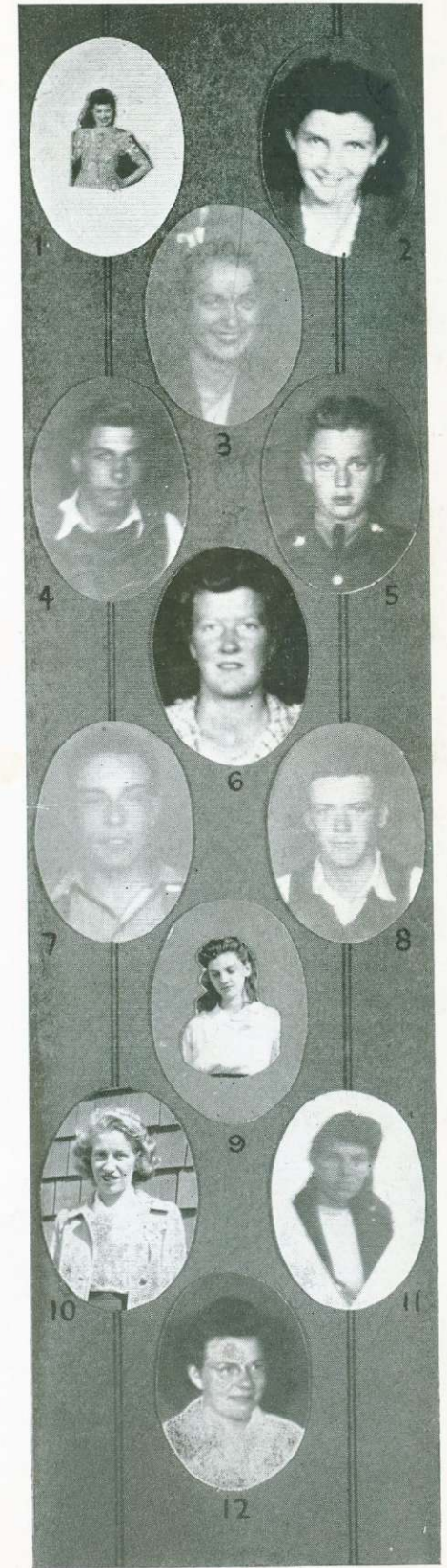
By and by it will strike.

—Shakespeare.

13 BEATRICE GROSSETH

What! keep away a week
Seven days and seven nights?

—Shakespeare.



1 INA CHESHIRE

Too late I stayed, forgive the crime
Unheeded flew the hours.
—Spencer.

2 VERA JURAK

Blessed is the wooing
That is not long a-doing.

3 ALBERT MATLOCK

All things I thought I knew, but now
confess,
The more I know, I know I know the
less.

4 ARNOLD OCKERMAN

Awkward, embarrassed, stiff without
the skill
Of moving gracefully, or standing still
One leg, as if suspicious of his brother
Desirous seems to run away from
t'other.

5 JAMES RYLANCE

A harmless flaming meteor shone for
hair.
—Cowly.

6 AVIS SMITH

A dancing shape, an image gay
To haunt to startle and waylay.
—Wordsworth.

7 ARTHUR VAUGHAN

And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock".
—Shakespeare.

8 GLENN YOUNG

But let me silent be
For silence is the speech of love
The music of the spheres above.
—Stoddard.

9 SUSAN JOHNSON

This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction.
—Byron.

10 MINNIE KADUTSKI

There rose an athlete strong to break
or bend.

11 DAISY KECK

Tresses that wear
Jewels but to declare
How much themselves more precious are.

12 LEO KOWAL

And then the schoolboy with satchel and
shining morning face, creeping
like a snail, unwillingly to school.
—Shakespeare.

**J. JENSON (Former Principal)**

J. DUNKIN	P. ANDRISHAK
M. QUIN	J. WOLFE
B. QUIN	R. CASKEY
W. ETHERINGTON	F. CASKEY
B. VAN ARNAM	G. PRILL
F. DUNKIN	S. SALDON
R. LAMBRIGHT	F. MILLAR
F. LAMBRIGHT	G. JOHNSON
R. FARYNA	F. CROMWELL
A. PRINGLE	G. ARNOTT
E. BULLIS	L. BARTLING
S. HOLTHE	A. FITZSIMMONS
G. VAN ARNAM	J. MILLER
E. SWANSON	A. ARNOLD
B. STEPA	O. BIRKLAND
C. TOPELKA	V. VAN ATTER
A. MELNYK	A. VAN ATTER
L. GROSSETH	F. STANLEY
S. ANDRISHAK	J. CASKEY
W. STETSKO	M. ANDRISHAK
D. LAMBRIGHT	J. MULLIGAN

SOCIAL

TABLE OF EVENTS

Amateur Contest	Oct. 26
Christmas Party	Dec. 23
Dance	Feb. 9
St. Valentine Dance	Feb. 16
St. Patrick's Dance	Mar. 16
Scavenger Hunt	Mar. 26
Truth or Consequences	Apr. 12
Drama Club Plays	Apr. 27
Hike	May 15
Festival	May 23
Empire Day Sports (Vermilion)	May 24
Track Meet	June 8
Graduation Party	June 15

AMATEUR CONTEST

The successful Amateur Contest held on Oct. 26 was the first of the High School socials. Various song hits were rendered: some were sung and some were played on instruments. Folk and tap dances made the contest varied. The bright spot of the evening occurred when the teachers, Mr. Beattie and Mr. Jacobson, blended their harmonious voices in singing—"Show Me The Way To Go Home" and "Sweet Adeline".

We thank the judges: Miss Rose Bartling and Alan Pringle for their careful consideration in choosing the winners: Daisy and Gertrude Keck and our "Swoonatra" Johnny Taylor.

CHRISTMAS PARTY

This function took place on Dec. 23 as a skating party. We skated the bigger part of the afternoon then we returned to the school to distribute the gifts. Mr. Beattie received the nicest gift of all which was a box of snuff done in a dozen different wrappings. The Mistletoe hung above the door and both teachers were treated accordingly. (Quite a tackle Margie and Daisy!)

The lunch committee served a delicious lunch of beans, buns and salad after which everyone said their Merry Christmas's and made their way homeward to spend a happy holiday.

SCAVENGER HUNT

The evening of March 26 was a bewildering one to the residents of Elk Point. A knock at the door, and four eager students would ask for various articles ranging from blue and red ribbons to corned beef tins. All this commotion was caused by a combined party of the Junior and Senior High School pupils and their guests. After littering the school room with bottles, clubs and pails, everybody was busy tidying for games. A tasty lunch was served which was enjoyed by everyone after a wholesome evening of action.

DANCE

The first High School Dance was held on Feb. 9. To the music of Mr. Bartling and Jeanne Scraba, the High School students and their guests had a "hot time". Mr. Jacobson pepped up the evening by including dances such as the "Snake" dance. The evening wound up with "Home Sweet Home", after the serving of a delicious lunch.

WHIST DRIVE

The tables were set up, the cards laid out and everyone set themselves to the pleasant task of trying to win first prize. Tricks were taken or lost until 10:30 when Doris Hall was declared the winner of the first prize, a framed painting. Avis Smith gracefully accepted the consolation prize which was a tiny baby rattle.

The lunch committee then brought the evening to a delightful climax by serving huge helpings of ice-cream and other dainties.

TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES

This function took place on April 12 in the high school. The crowd gathered together at 9:30 and Nick took his place as master of ceremonies. The questions were put and each one who was

able to give the right answer was, obliged to pay the consequences, cheerfully. Mr. Beattie carried off first prize for the best consequence performed.

He gave us a smooth rendition of a popular dance we had never seen before. After a sing-song, the lunch committee served a delicious lunch.

HIKE

A soft ball game at the school preceded this function. The opposing teams were the boys against the girls. The boys of course took the game. Perhaps this was due to Mr. Beattie's pitching. We then went to the Garnmaur where the boys built a huge bon-fire. After playing a few games such as "The Friendly Game", "The Red Light" and "Relay Games", we gathered around the fire for a sing-song. The clatter of forks and dishes told us the lunch committee was again on the job. The buns and weiners were accompanied by generous helpings of baked beans and coffee. Each one having had an enjoyable evening, we made our trek homeward in high spirits.

CHATTER

By Winchell (Or Somebody)

Can you tell us why Daisy prefers boys who wear glasses?

Margeurite tells us "There is something about a soldier which is fine, fine, FINE".

Is Jack showing interest in a career in medicine, by visiting the hospital so often, or could it be something (or somebody else?)

Do you think Leonard will stop at L in the alphabet or will he will go on to M?

Do you think Avis would prefer a boy with a last name of Arnold or a first?

Vera tells us, "It won't be long now".

Can you tell us why John likes to turn the lights on and off in front of a certain house, even in daylight?

Where did Albert get his beautiful hair wave?

We wonder if Marie knows a "guy" named Gerald?

I wonder if Richard is looking for

specimens in Biology, when he strolls along the river bank?

There is some advantage in having a "friend" living nearby, isn't there, Olga?

We hear Mary likes boys with wavy hair, too.

Do mustaches get in the way, Ivy?

We wonder why Arthur is afraid of banging doors?

Did Nicholas ever get that invitation to the Junior High party?

WORRY - WORRY - WORRY

It happened on the evening of May 28. Our Editorial Staff, composed of Mr. Jacobson, Miss Cheshire, Richard Miller, Avis Smith, Joyce Babcock and Mary Loftus assembled at the home of Mr. Jacobson to add the "finishing touches" to our year book, "The Wapiti".

Unfortunately what we thought were only details, turned out to real "Man-sized" jobs. Such a bustle and a scramble, as each one tried to drown the others out with their 'bright' ideas. "Where is that sheet?" "I just can't find those missing negatives." "Joyce you must be sitting on them." "Who spilled the ink?" "I can't shave with that blade after you have been cutting paper with it." "What do we know about Doris that we can put in 'Chatter'?" "What a cute picture of Ina." "Who is Avis' boy friend?" "Shall we knock off for breakfast?"—All this, and more too, was said during the progress of the evening but as the hands of the clock began to point towards 3:00 a.m., things started to quieten down and finally we trudged homeward, weary and tired but with a feeling of a job well done. (We hope.)

Starkle, Starkle little twink,

Who the heck you are, I think.
Up above the high so sky,
Starkle? Twink?

FOR SALE: Three fine suits of men's clothing. Two ants with each.

Said one skeleton to the other: "I'm sick of this museum. If we had any guts we'd get out of here".

"What in the world are you doing down there in the cellar?" asked the puzzled rooster.

"Well, if it's any of your business," replied the hen, "I'm laying in a supply of coal."



RIB TICKLERS



CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Jack Weigerinck four feet tall?
 Nick Wysocki taking life seriously?
 Richard without Ivy?
 Mr. Jacobson not giving tests in French?
 Sue Johnson being rowdy?
 Bernice getting the lowest mark in Biology?
 Phyllis wearing a size eight pair of shoes?
 Marguerite being shy?
 Mr. Beattie not using the expression "quite candidly?"
 The "school kids" being quiet when the teacher is not in the room?

"What was the hardest thing you learned to do at school?" asked the proud father.

"How to open beer bottles with a quarter," said Arnold.

Mr. Jacobson: (Illustrating the effectiveness of whispers to the Dramatics class) "Look out," he whispered, "Here it comes!"

"Where?" questioned Nick in a whisper.

Mr. Beattie: You can't sleep in my class.

Daisy: If you didn't talk so loud I could.

Mr. Beattie: Leonard, how far are you from the correct answer?

Leonard: Three seat's, Sir.

Mr. Beattie: Why are you late Jack?
 Jack: Class started before I got here.

Mr. Vaughan: Well son, how are your marks?

Arthur: They're under water.

Mr. Vaughan: What do you mean under water?

Arthur: They're below "C" level.

DEFINITIONS

Actor: A man who tries to be everything but himself.

Bore: One who insists upon talking about himself when you want to talk about yourself.

Budget: A method of worrying before you spend instead of afterwards.

Friend: One who has the same enemies as you have.

Genius: One who can do almost anything except make a living.

Irony: Giving Father a billfold for Xmas.

Mosquito: Designed by God to make us think better of flies.

Neighbor: One who knows more about your affairs than you do.

Philosopher: One who, instead of crying over spilt milk, consoles himself with the thought that it was over four-fifths water.

Resort: A place where the tired grow more tired.

Yawn: The only time some married men ever get to open their mouths.

Mr. Jacobson: State the number of tons of coal shipped out of the United States at any given year.

Glenn: 1492—none.

Albert: How are you getting along in school?

James: Oh, I'm as famous as Napoleon.

Albert: How come?

James: I went down in history.

Mr. Jacobson: The great city agglomerations vitiate the atmosphere. Morbiferous germs escaping from the inhabited interiors contaminate the air roundabout. In the country, however, the atmosphere remains pure. Why is it so?

Arthur: Because the people in the country never open their windows.

Mr. Beattie: What's the difference between red lead and yellow lead?

Nick: Color.

HOWLERS

Adenoids are the secretion of the adrenal glands.

A litre is a nest of young puppies.

An active verb shows actions; a passive verb shows passion.

One of the by-products of cattle raising is calves.

An axiom is a thing so visible that it is not necessary to see it.

We saw the young lambs gambling in the field.

Cereals are stories which last several weeks.

London has a number of tubercular railways.

Water is used in the blood to 'swish it around so it won't clot up'.

The Gulf Stream is composed of warm currants.

During the French Revolution, many people were gelatined.

Ali Baba means that you were somewhere else when you committed the crime.

Beatrice: Mr. Beattie, I can't stay in class today.

Mr. Beattie: Why not?

Beatrice: I don't feel well.

Mr. Beattie: Where don't you feel well?

Beatrice: In class.

Mr. Jacobson: Today in Biology class, we are going to perform a dissection of a frog. I have managed to procure an excellent specimen of the Leopard Frog. (He reached into his pocket, pulled out a package, carefully unfolded it, to reveal a large ham sandwich.)
 Mr. Jacobson: That's odd. I could have sworn I ate my lunch.

"Dearest Daisy", wrote Melvin, "I would swim the mighty oceans for one look into your deep blue eyes. I would walk through a wall of flame for a single touch of your tiny little hands. I would leap the deepest chasm for a word from your lovely lips. As always, your Melvin.

"P.S.—I'll be over Saturday night if it doesn't rain."

Examination time was nearly over and Mr. Beattie was attending a social dinner.

Dinner Guest: Will you pass the nuts, Mr. Beattie?

Mr. Beattie: (Looking at her, with a far-away look.) Well, I really shouldn't, but I hate to flunk them all.

Clarence: Hey! You can't take that girl home. She's the reason I came to the dance.

Lloyd: Sorry, Clarence, you've just lost your reason.

The class in first aid was discussing fainting. Miss Cheshire advised, "If you feel faint, get your head down lower than your heart. Try leaning down and tying your shoe lace over and over again."

Avis: "What sort of knot should you use?"

"I like the shy, demure type of girl," says Jack, "you know—the kind you have to whistle at twice."

Chinese Agent: "Most Esteemed Client: Kindly refrain from joining ancestors while insignificant premium reposes in offending pocket, since meantime honourable family—not company—holding burlap."

Epitaph for Hitler's tombstone:

"This is positively my last territorial demand on this planet."

Glenn: Did you pass your Social Studies exam?

Albert: Well, you see, it was like this.

Glenn: Neither did I. Shake.

Three means of communication: Telephone, telegram, and tell-a-woman.



TILL TIME

Four o'clock is nearly here,
The day is almost done,
But 'tis not so, because I know,
The work has just begun.

From nine o'clock till half past three,
The hours are long and steady,
To morrow morn and I'm forlorn,
My work, it isn't ready.

There's times I'm so remorseful,
Cause I can't make both ends meet,
But never fear, 'twill soon be here,
The day it is complete.

IVY ROSS.

*

CHEMISTRY

We surge to the lab,
With our manuals in hand;
Mix this in with that,
And it really smells grand,
Just add some more water,
Well the book ought to know;
There was a precipitate,
Where did it go?

JUNE DAVIES.

*

FLEAS

Adam
Had'em.

Anonmous.

(The world's shortest poem.)

HOLIDAYS AT EASTER

The tests are over,
At least for a while,
And ten days are coming,
In which we can smile;
Ten days of freedom, laughter and cheer,
These days are the high lights of our
school year.

Holidays are over,
We're back to the race,
We have to start working,
And keep up the pace;
The struggle, though long, is really
worthwhile
For we'll need all our learning in the
last severe trial.

RICHARD MILLER.

*

LEISURE

What is this life, if full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare?

No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows.

No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

AIR CADETS

The high-light of the year for the Elk Sub-Flight No. 25,—Air Cadets was the Summer Camp. Sgt. Miller, Cpl. Ross, Cpl. Wiegernick, L.A.C.'s Arnold, Lambright, Vaughan and Taylor, under the command of F-O Abrahams, went to Penhold Air Station for a two weeks camp. There most of the Air Cadets had three flights in Oxford Training Planes. They were shown around the station and attended classes on signalling and air-craft recognition.

Officers back from overseas gave them very interesting lectures, illustrated with motion pictures, on bombing and fighter interception. There were other picture shows every second night with two complete showings.

Everyone was obliged to attend drill parades except those on barrack detail. A ceremonial parade was staged before the Commanding Officer of the Station. The Cadets were twice paraded to the firing range, where each one was allowed to fire ten rounds of ammunition.

The Cadets were lucky enough to be still at Penhold when the Sports Day was held. The parts which thrilled us most was the Aerobatics performed by one of the officers, in a Harvard Training Plane. For nearly five minutes, he performed loops, rolls, and dives.

Other Air Cadet Squadrons from Alberta which attended the camp were from St. Paul, Mallaig, Myrnam, and Beaver Lodge.

The Elk Point Sub-Flight No. 125 is now under the command of P/O Bartling who was a former Cadet and a student of this school.

The following Cadets are now enrolled in the Flight.

Flt. Sgt. C. Boos; Cpl. J. Wiegernick; Cpl. J. Taylor; L.A.C. J. Arnold; L.A.C. R. Lambright; L.A.C. Vaughan; A.C.2 B. Spley; A.C.2 A. Abrahams; A.C.2 D. Boos; A.C.2 J. O'Kane; A.C.2 N. Duracher; A.C.2 B. Charest.



MY CREED

To live as gently as I can;
To be, no matter where, a man;
To take what comes of good or ill
And cling to faith and honour still;
To do my best, and let that stand
The record of my brain and hand;
And then, should failure come to me,
Still work and hope for victory.

To have no secret place wherein
I stoop unseen to shame or sin;
To be the same when I'm alone
As when my every deed is known;
To live undaunted, unafraid
Of any step that I have made;
To be without pretense or sham
Exactly what men think I am.

To leave some simple mark behind
To keep my having lived in mind;
If enmity to aught I show,
To be an honest, generous foe,
To play my little part, nor whine
That greater honors are not mine.
This, I believe, is all I need
For my philosophy and creed.

EDGAR A. GUEST.

THE WIND

The wind was rough
And cold and blough,
She kept her hands within her mough.
It chilled her through,
Her nose grew blough,
And still the squall the faster flough.
And yet although
There was no snough
The weather was a cold fough.
It made her cough—
Pray, do not scough—
She coughed until her hat blough ough.

Anonymous—(No wonder)

--- Looking Backward ---

TEACHERS OF ELK POINT S.D. No. 2005

1911 Mrs. Chas. Hood.
 1912 - 1914 Mr. H. Ramsbottom.
 1915 - 1916 Mrs. H. Day.
 1917 Miss A. Irving (1/2 year.)
 Miss E. B. MacDonald (Mrs. C. J. Markstad.)
 1918 - 1919 Mrs. F. E. Van Arnam.
 1920 Mr. Allison (1/2 year.)
 1920 - 1922 Miss Orel V. Smith.
 1923 Miss F. Marie McDougal.
 1924 Mr. B. Kingsbury.
 1925 Miss H. Jenkins.
 1926 - 1927 Mrs. Wm. Rockwell.
 1928 Miss K. Fenton.
 Miss E. McLennan.
 1928 - 1929 Miss K. Fenton (Grades 1 to 7.)
 Mr. J. Dixon (8 to 10.)
 1929 - 1930 Miss K. Fenton (1 to 5)
 Mrs. L. Sumpton (6 to 10)
 1930 - 1931 Mrs. H. E. McQuillan (1 to 5)
 Miss K. Fenton (6 to 8)
 Mrs. L. Sumpton (9 to 11)
 1931 - 1932 Miss A. Pinder (1 to 4)
 Miss K. Fenton (5 to 8)
 Mr. J. Munn (9 to 11)
 1932 - 1933 Miss A. Pinder (1 to 4)
 Miss V. Miller (5 to 8)
 Mr. J. Jensen (9 to 11)
 1933 - 1934 Miss A. Pinder (1 to 4)
 Miss V. Miller (5 to 8)
 Mr. J. Jensen (9 to 11)
 1934 - 1936 Miss F. White (1 to 4)
 Miss V. Miller (5 to 8)
 Mr. J. Jensen (9 to 11)
 1936 - 1938 Miss F. White (1 to 4)
 Miss V. Miller (5 to 8)
 Mrs. D. Jensen (10 and 11)
 Mr. J. Jensen (9 and 12)
 1938 - 1939 Miss Syson (1 to 4)
 Miss E. Johnson (5 to 8)
 Mrs. D. Jensen (10 to 11)
 Mr. J. Jensen (10 to 12)
 1939 - 1940 Miss M. Caldwell (1 to 4)
 Miss M. Paulson (5 to 8)
 Mrs. D. Jensen (10 and 11)
 Mr. J. Jensen (9 and 12)
 1940 - 1941 Miss A. Pinder (1 to 4)
 Mrs. L. Sumpton (5 to 8)
 Mrs. D. Jensen (10 and 11)
 Mr. J. Jensen (9 and 12)
 (1/2 year)
 Mr. Russell (9 and 12)
 (1/2 year)

1941 - 1942 Miss A. Pinder
 Miss G. Swahym (1 to 3)
 Mrs. N. Fenton
 Mrs. L. Sumpton (4 to 6)
 Mr. J. Jacobson (7 to 9)
 Mr. W. Hackett (10 and 11)
 Mr. R. E. Beattie (12)
 1942 - 1943 Mrs. N. Fenton (1 to 3)
 Mrs. L. Sumpton (4 to 6)
 Mrs. H. McQuillan (7 to 9)
 Miss Anderson (10 and 11)
 Mr. R. E. Beattie (11 and 12)
 1943 - 1944 Mrs. N. Fenton (1 to 3)
 (1/2 year)
 Miss F. Clark (1 to 3)
 (1/2 year)
 Mrs. L. Sumpton (4 to 6)
 Mrs. C. Marfleet (7 to 9)
 Miss M. Anderson (10 and 11)
 Mr. R. E. Beattie (11 and 12)
 1944 - 1945 Mrs. E. McDonnell (1 to 3)
 Mrs. L. Sumpton (4 to 6)
 Miss S. J. Cheshire (7 to 9)
 Mr. J. V. Jacobson (10 and 11)
 Mr. R. E. Beattie (11 and 12)

IMPORTANT DATES IN THE HISTORY OF ELK POINT

1906 Mr. C. Hood, first permanent settler arrived.
 1906 First railroad survey through this area.
 1907 First ferry built at Hopkin's.
 1909 Coldest winter. Temperature fell to -70°.
 1909 First Post Office established.
 1910 School was built.
 1911 School was opened.
 1913 First ferry built at Elk Point.
 1914 First telephone line built.
 1919 The "Hard Winter". Influenza took many lives.
 1922 Most of Elk Point destroyed by fire.
 1926 Railway from St. Paul to Elk Point under construction.
 1927 First train arrived in Elk Point.
 1927 Rural High School formed.
 1929 Country school moved to town.

ELK POINT



Classes School Year 1944-45



JUNIOR HIGH

OUR YEAR

*

The Party is over, full desks are no more,
The room is tidy and clean.
The books and pencils are gone for a while,
And no where a pupil is seen.

We remember the work of each long, dreary day,
We remember the parties and fun.
We remember the days when our teacher was ill,
And as usual our homework we'd shun.

For us Christmas went and soon New Year came
With resolutions clear in our mind.
But the long weary months of study and work,
Soon put them far out of our mind.

But now that the long term of work is gone by,
And we who are friends must part.
We'll remember each other all through our lives
With that friendship still in our hearts.

And now to our teacher who really worked hard
And her job was the hardest of all,
Has earned all the thanks we can give her.
And we'll welcome her back in the fall.

This last verse we'll dedicate to our friends
Who are to leave us very soon.
And we hope they'll find as many friends,
As they have within this room.



YEAR BOOK STAFF



Donald Young—Classes; Shirley Magnusson—Cartoons; Marion Johnson—War Savings; Roy Lambright—Editor; Vern Raham—Social; Gertrude Keck—Humor and Gossip; Virginia Arnold—Literary; Anne Yakimec—Grade IX Class; Alma Roman—Festival; James Arnold—Boys' Sports; Olive Boos—First Aid; Phyllis Smith—Girls' Sports.

REALITY

Not what we have, but what we use:
Not what we see, but what we choose
These are the things that mar or bless
The sum of human happiness.
The things nearby, not things afar:
Not what we seem, but what we are—
These are the things that make or break,
That give the heart its joy or ache.
Not what seems fair, but what is true:
Not what we dream, but what we do—
These are the things that shine like
gems,
Like stars in Fortunes diadems.
Not as we take, but as we give:
Not as we pray, but as we live—
These are the things that make for
Peace,
Both after and now Time shall cease.

—Anon.

MESSAGE FROM OUR EDITOR

This year has seen several changes of policy in our schools. This year, our Yearbook, and many of our social functions have shown the close co-operation between the two schools. We have

found there is satisfaction and joy in working together for the whole unit instead of each part considering its own little division.

Our Yearbook staff assistants and classes have helped to the utmost to make our book an unqualified success. Thank you for this help; also thanks to Miss Cheshire for her excellent advice.

During this year we have had many parties, hikes and so on, and I hope there will be many more to come. I believe that grade nine will be able to look back on this as a very enjoyable year. I am sure seven and eight have enjoyed this term as much as we have and will have more fun in the succeeding years of the Junior High School.

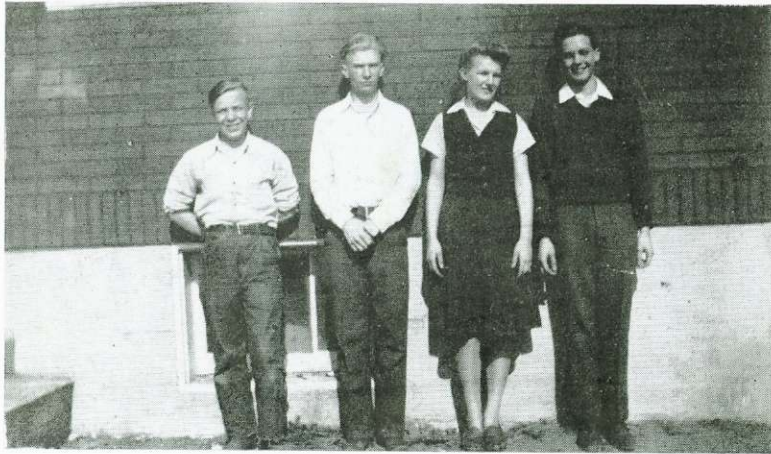
Our class conducted several War Savings campaigns during the year, all of which have been a success. Let us finish the final drive with the real job as we did on the first.

Thank you for this privilege of editing your Yearbook and may all succeeding books be a complete success.

Good Luck and Godspeed.

ROY LAMBRIGHT.

STUDENTS' UNION FIRST TERM



James Arnold, Roy Lambright, Gertrude Keck, Vern Raham

FIRST TERM COUNCIL

The year of the Students' Union began early in October with our organization meeting and election of officers. Those elected were: Vern Raham, President; Roy Lambright, Vice-President; James Arnold, Secretary-Treasurer; Gertrude Keck, Program Convener.

These people were ably assisted by committees chosen to act for various lengths of time.

One of the problems that had to be dealt with by our new executive was the revision of the Constitution. This matter was studied and taken care of by a committee under the leadership of Roy Lambright.

The term was divided into study and pleasure by our many parties, the success of which we owe in a great measure to those who planned them.

And now, a message from our First Term President:

TO MY FELLOW STUDENTS:

Our school years have many beautiful memories for most of us. This year adds but another chapter to the volume, and as years go by its value will increase. We remember studies, games, class-

mates and friends who will always be recalled. My favorite memories are of skating parties and inter-school parties and dances. I remember well the time at our Christmas party when Mr. Beattie got under the mistletoe . . . Tut, tut, girls, was that fair? And Forfeits!—Miss Cheshire was kissed for a minute; from the red we could see, how a fire was avoided we do not know.

Miss Cheshire, and fellow students, I am now in the final year of Junior High School and am looking forward to next year as a member of the classes in the High School, but I would like to tell just how much I have enjoyed the two years I have been a pupil in this room. I came here a stranger but that was not allowed to continue among your friendly group, since you have honored me greatly by electing me to the position of President of your Students' Union. Thank you.

May the succeeding Executive receive the same whole-hearted support that we were given, and to my co-workers on the Executive a hearty "thank you".

Yours sincerely,

—VERN RAHAM.

STUDENTS' UNION SECOND TERM



Stanley Young, Jean Scraba, Gertrude Keck, James Arnold, Phyllis Smith, Nancy Winduik

"I said to a man who stood at the gate of the year, 'Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown.' And he answered, 'Go forward, put your hand into the Hand of God, that shall be to you a light, and safer than the known way!'"

To my fellow students of the Elk Point Junior High School:

Please accept my thanks for a very enjoyable year, a year of many laughs and much fun. It has certainly been a memorial one for me.

I am very honored to be the President of the Second Term Students' Union, and thanks to the class for the opportunity. I have enjoyed the many things we have done together.

This year the High School and the Junior High School have co-operated in many ways, socially, in classes and in sports. This Yearbook will be a fitting memoir of our work and play together, and with it may the work of the two schools go on to more and better things.

Our year has been successful by the full co-operation of pupils and teacher. Each student has taken his or her part financially and otherwise. Truly we have had a lucky year.

I will soon be leaving Elk Point Junior High School and I know I am leaving a swell place.

Many more Executives will administer the affairs of the Students' Union in years to come; may they act wisely and receive from their fellow-workers the support you have given us in all our undertakings. Good luck to them.

We are hoping for world peace soon; half of the fierce struggle for Freedom seems to be over, but until the day of Final peace I urge you to fight on, wherever you are, in whatever way you can, and don't forget—Buy Victory Bonds and Stamps.

May I wish you success in the coming examinations and in the year ahead.

Sincerely,

JAMES ARNOLD.

GRADE NINE

The grade nine class is fifteen kids

Who come from near and far
All are different types and kinds
Well liked for what they are.

Melvin is our rowdy boy
Who teases all the girls
But Alma is the quiet type
Who keeps her hair in curl.

Nancy is our jitterbug
With interests out of town
Roy Johnson is the studious lad
Who works with n'er a frown.

Vern Raham is the Glamour Boy
Whom most all girls adore
But poor Stan Young, Who's never here
Gets scolding by the score.

Marion J. gets the marks
When everybody fails
But through all Art assignments
Shirley really sails.

Johnny's always on the beam
When lessons should come in
And Annie, always catching heck
Just takes it on the chin.

Roy Lambricht is the type of boy
Who hates to go to school
Wee Phyllis Smith, our Muriel maid,
Obeys the golden rule.

Jim is just a common boy
And excels in current events;
Margaret is a studious lass
With spunk and common sense.

Gertrude Keck comes last of all
She's not the quiet type
And when she finds an answer
She thinks she's really bright.

But on the whole, We are good kids,
And to our Teacher goes
A hearty thanks from all of us
Who sit in Grade Nine rows.

G. J. K.

1—Gertrude Keck, 2—Annie Yakimec, 3—Roy Johnson, 4—Roy Lambricht, 5—Shirley Magnusson, 6—Marion Johnson, 7—Phyllis Smith, 8—Margaret Holliday, 9—John Yaecyna, 10—James Arnold, 11—Stanley Young, 12—Alma Roman, 13—Nancy Windiuk, 14—Vern Raham, 15—Melvin McGinnis.



OUR JUNIORS

We are the Juniors of the room, but that means very little for in a few months we will reach the exalted position of grade nine. This year we are slightly in the minority for from records we see that our senior grade has a very high enrolment.

Grade seven can claim an initial enrolment of ten but we have said farewell to two of our friends who have gone to new homes. Signe left early in the fall to go to Armstrong, B.C., and George had returned to the farm at Shamrock Valley.

Now of those who are left: Art is a favorite pastime with Virginia, Joyce and Neil. "Congratulations, Virginia, those prize posters were really good."

Olive's hobby is dancing, and a fine dancer she is too.

Evelyn is to be our housekeeper, what do we get for lunch today?

Gymnastics attract Joyce, Virginia and Olive, while Scouts and Cadets take up the time of Jim and Neil.

Margaret is our errand girl and does so many things it is hard to decide what she does best. This we can say, she will be sorely missed when she leaves us in the near future.

Now a word from our smallest grade, we are only three. At Christmas we lost our artist and singer when Joanne went home to Saskatchewan.

Donald's hobby is teasing girls, and forgetting his homework. That is really down his street.

Dorothy is the milk-maid and we also hear of her being wonderful cook.

'Have you finished that assignment, put down that book,' gives us the key to Jeanne's secret. Yes, of all things she likes to read best, and Wild West Stories will always be on her list.

So we leave our Juniors on the road to success which is theirs to travel, to all we say 'The time ahead is your future, make it count and use it well'.

1—Dorothy Taylor, 2—Jim Ross, 3—Olive Boos, 4—Evelyn Bartling, 5—Joyce Milholand, 6—Margaret Abraham, 7—Virginia Arnold, 8—Neil Pringle, 9—Jeanne Scraba, 10—Dorothy Robinson, 11—Donald Young, 12—Joan Furber.

--- POEMS ---

History

In the valley of Elk Point
Where once a lake did lay
Slowly rose the columns
Of the men who came to stay.
They plowed their fields
And built their homes
And reaped their harvest year by
year,
It grew until we have today,
A town, that's situated here.

—J.W.A.

The Teepee Homes

The teepee homes
Of skins are made
And o'er the ground
With sticks are laid.
They have pictures
Red and green,
From the distance
They are seen.

The river beside them
Flows in blue
The wind blows by singing woo-oo
The evergreen trees
In lullabies sway,
And whisper a prayer
At the close of the day.

—A.Y.

Last Year's Notes

Here lies in dust, my last term notes
Ripe wisdom they betoken,
I never troubled them in life
Nor shall their rest be broken.

—Anon.

My Kitten

I've a little kitten whose name is Tab,
She's sometimes good, but often bad,
She runs about the house all day
Calling "Won't you come and play".
I'm a little afraid she'll never grow,
But I love her very much, you know.

—D.O.T.

There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
There is nothing so royal as truth.

—A. Cary.

The Modern Car

Today, if you go for a quiet walk
You'll very probably meet
A car curtained in, in smothering dust
And a smell not exactly sweet.

It's quite a thing, this modern car,
If you want to go without stopping
But I'm not so particular
I'd just as soon have Dobbin.

—M.J.

Just Overnight

It seemed like yesterday
The world was clothed in white,
Now 'tis green and pretty
Just overnight.

The birds are chirping merrily
The flowers blooming bright,
This world has turned to beauty
Just overnight.

The water is running over rocks
Bubbling in the bright sunlight
Foaming along to the river
Just overnight.

Clouds in the blue sky
Are fluffy and white
Changed from the winter grey
Just overnight.

—V.A.

Mystery?

Who starts this ugly gossip
And tales with fancy frills,
And peddles reckless rumors
Which give the Public chills?

A cryptic being, whom today,
Everybody calls, "They say".
—W. E. Farbstein.

A Wish

Just to be useful everyday
Just to help someone on the way,
Just to be humble,
To learn to say,
"Do not fear, God is near."
This is my wish.

—Anon.

SOCIAL

DEAR DIARY:

Oct. 31

We started out on the right note by having a Hallowe'en party, which went quickly until midnight. Then the ghosts and goblins drove the guests to safer haunts. Our guests of honor were Mr. and Mrs. Jacobson and Ronnie. We were very honored to have Mr. Beattie come in for a few minutes. You should have seen some of the costumes—airmen, gypsies, a cigarette girl, a little school girl, and soldiers. Daisy Keck and Vern Raham won the prizes. They were dressed as an Arabian couple.

Nov. 24

Our second party of the year was a War Savings basket social. Our guests of honor were Mr. and Mrs. Petrowski, who took part in the games and we hope they enjoyed themselves. We had some very unusual looking baskets, some were in the shapes of drums, hats, houses, army trucks and many decorated boxes. At this party we sold \$24.25 worth of war savings stamps. Ivy's box was very valuable and went for \$4.00. You can imagine who bought it. We played forfeits and danced. We bought our baskets at lunch and then went home.

DEC. 21

Our Christmas party was a large event with all the trimmings, ribbons, and nice presents. The mistletoe was hung by our decorating committee, in one of the streamers, but was later changed for it was too visible and was mounted on the typing room door. You should have seen the place, girls were as thick as flies. All of these ladies were waiting for the chance to get their hands on some charming Romeo. Our guests of honor for that evening were Mr. Beattie, Mrs. F. G. Miller

and Mr. and Mrs. Jacobson. Our Christmas tree was all aglow and that heap of presents surely improved its looks. We played games, sang some very nice Christmas Carols, had a short skit, solos, tap dancing and recitations. The presents and cards were given out by Mr. Beattie and then after a delicious lunch, we retired.

MAR. 26

This was a very exciting party. It was the first time the two schools had combined officially. A scavenger hunt was planned and committees travelled all over town to find such things as eggs, canes, combs and milk bottles. The winning couple was given prizes. We played many games including Wink-em and cross questions and crooled answers. The Lunch Committee served lunch before we retired.

Our year is not yet complete and very likely we will have many more notes for our diary before we leave in July. At present we are planning a send-off for Margaret. We will tell more of this as we write in our own Memory books.

Graduation looms just around the corner for many of us. Every day has been a page in our story, with July we will close this chapter and begin again in High School next year.

V. RAHAM.

For many years Gertrude had played with the boys during their games of marbles and baseball, and had ignored dolls and girls' games. One day, during a ball-game, her Mother called her to the house and said, "Gerty, don't you realize that you are too old to play with the boys now?"

Gertrude regarded her with surprise, "Why Mother the older I get the better I like it."

NEWS HIGHLIGHTS

On October the second we began a brand new year, with some brand new resolutions and a brand new teacher. Too bad all things become old.

Our Muriel maid does a lovely job of being the "Heroine". We hear she has a weakness for Air Force Blue.

Red hair reflects a vivid personality, but could it reflect other qualities too? Seems there are weaknesses for red hair in other spots too.

The High School girls could not exist were it not for the Junior High could they? We know some items are important.

We are all dreading the end of May, it will certainly be a sad day for us when Margie leaves us for her new home in the West. Good Luck Margie.

A certain Romeo was quite rushed for some months, now he is recuperating. A blonde is helping.

We hear we are soon to bid good-bye to our English Guests. We hope they will not forget us.

The corner store is the popular place now. Could it be that some people have money to spend?

Some grade nine pupils do not need to leave our class for special interests and—dates. Do they Roy?

St. Paul is not so interesting lately, could it be that those fires affected his 'cookie-duster'.

Heard in the Curling Rink: The new Orchestra Leader is great, say how about introducing me, Florence?

Who was the little girl who refused to say Good-night? We wonder why? Could it be the way?

Easter comes but once a year, so does Ambition to some people.

Fishing is a fascinating pastime but why did you let it get away, Vern? Were you watching someone else?

THE CLASS FROM 9:30 TO 10:15 FRIDAY MORNING

As I glance up from my work I see Don and Joyce fighting over Joyce's scissors.

Gertrude is industriously cleaning her finger nails.

Jeanne is trying to study her Math, pardon me, it's a Cowboy Story I believe that has her eye.

Annie is sucking her pencil with great gusto but is studying her Theorems.

Evelyn is really concentrating, her face is screwed up into a million or more puckers and her mouth has a very discouraged droop.

Phyllis has evidently decided Geometry is not for her. She is energetically drawing circles on her text book.

Dorothy Taylor is watching a herd of cows out of the window.

Margy is cleaning out her desk again, she will never be among the unemployed.

Neil is doing art? But the finger pulling match with Don is very artistic.

Stanley is learning how to behave, he is leaning back in his chair singing "Polly Put The Kettle On" under his breath.

Olive is studying her science from the new "Colliers".

Vern is now noisily dictating to Joyce.

Virginia will be a great writer if the symptoms are right. She is pulling her hair and biting her finger nails.

Roy is pacing the floor like a caged lion, his editorial must be getting the best of him.

Dorothy is pleading with Miss Cheshire to let her open her trap to ask for a ruler.

Marion is doing a chalk drawing and from the expression on her face it is the plague of her life and the cause of most of her grey hairs.

Roy Johnson is watching Stanley with an interested expression.

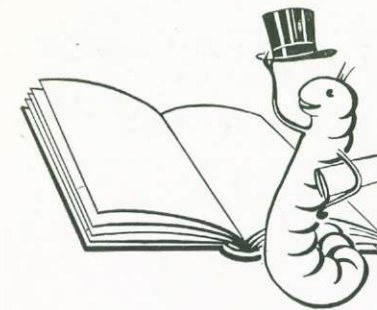
John is studying his Colliers' with evident enjoyment. If only his science aroused such interest.

Melvin has gone into the typing room to confer with Don on a very important matter from the whispers and giggles.

Nancy is looking for art ideas in the Normal Year Book on the Humor Page.

Shirley is busily drawing, but there's something baffling her as she confers with Marion.

The Jimmy's are sick, I guess? Or have the assignments floored them?



EDITH CAVELL

By DOROTHY TAYLOR.

(This short playlet was based on the story of Nurse Cavell and retold by a grade seven student.)

Scene: Time: World War I.

Place: Front Line Hospital tent.

Characters: Nurse Jones, Nurse Taylor, Edith Cavell, Two German Officers.

Announcer: In all the ages there have been men and women who were not afraid to give up their life in the cause of freedom and justice. Nurse Edith Cavell was one of these, but let her tell her own story.

Nurse Jones: (off duty for a few minutes and conversing with her friend and co-worker), Dorothea, hasn't this last six months flown? Why it is now seven months since we left England to come to the front.

Nurse Taylor: No it doesn't seem long, yet the time since the city fell to the Enemy has been longer. Those poor boys—

Nurse Jones: It has been terrible, never knowing what is to happen next—Oh Hello—Here comes Nurse Cavell. That means more work.

Nurse Cavell: (Enters in soiled uniform which she begins to change.) Forty more battle casualties, both sides, are you able to go back on duty girls? (Tired looks pass between the Nurses) I fear the next days will be very trying for you, but let us do our best. (Buzzer on desk rings, E. Cavell answers) Yes—I'm Nurse Cavell. Who did you say? Yes—Where?—The old Ditch—I'll be right out. (Turning to girls.) Emergency dressings for a soldier and I maybe some time. He has to get through the Lines tonight with important messages for the Commander. (Exit).

Nurse Jones: She certainly is braver

TALENT IN BUD

than I would be. If she is caught down there it will mean the end.

Nurse Taylor: Yes but she feels it is her duty. Come we must not let her down here. She's a patriot, but she is also the finest Nurse we have ever seen. (Curtain).

Scene II. (Office of the German Army in the former town hall of this little Belgian city.)

Herr Brinker: (seated at desk, looks up as knock is heard) Come.

Herr Fritz: (enters) Corporal Fritz reporting, Sir. Nurse Cavell was seen on the street again today. What should we do about her, Hans? If she should find out, it will spoil our plans.

Brinker: Bring her to me I will decide.

(Exit Fritz to return later with Nurse Cavell. While he is out Herr Brinker walks thoughtfully about the room, gazes at a map and at the picture of the Kaiser.)

Fritz: Here she is.

Hans: I have decided. We cannot have her around. She will gather information for the dirty British. Let's see, soon it will be dark. Take her to the firing squad. Wait! What have you to say Nurse Cavell?

Nurse Cavell: If necessary, I am proud to die for my country.

Hans: You are very calm Miss Cavell, but you know you have disobeyed our orders.

Nurse Cavell: May I send a message to the nurses at the hospital?

Hans: No. Take her out Fritz. She must not speak.

Nurse Cavell: You Fiends! This I will say 'God Save The King and Long Live OUR COUNTRY'.

(Fritz tries to stop her but cannot so drags her to the door.)

CURTAIN)

THE THREE BEARS

(Revised Edition)

Once upon a time there were three bears, The Papa Bear was big, the Mama Bear was middle-sized, and Baby Bear was little. These Bears lived in a zoo where they had gone to school, they could read.

The Bears lived near a Lumber Camp and one day decided to walk over there to find something to eat. Just before they arrived the Cookie had filled the newly-made lemon-ade into a empty beer keg. Papa saw this keg with the letters BEER on it, but he had never been told about these things so ripped off the top to investigate. All had a cool refreshing drink of lemonade but the keg was soon empty, Father Bear then selected another to take home. The next trip was longer so Baby was left at home to guard the house.

Soon Father and Mother returned, loaded with food. "I'm thirsty," growled Father.

"So am I," answered Mother, and off to the cupboard she went.

"Where's my Beer?" roared Father.

"Where's my Beer?" snapped Mother.

"Hic—," squeaked Baby.

V. R.

THE DAY THE INSPECTOR CAME

Everyone was happy and gay that bright and shiny morning. That was until the teacher told the class that the Inspector was in town, then attention spread over the room. It was so quiet you could hear a watch tick.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a knock at the door. How they jumped. One boy even fell out of his desk. The teacher went to the door. There stood an old man in greasy cover-alls, the janitor wanted to know if the hammer was in the room.

Silence reigned again, broken only by an occasional question, then, rap-rap. Fear again seized the little group. Surely this must be the expected visitor.

"Are the Typing tests ready yet?" asked Jack. These were given to him and all seemed to become quiet again when, crash, and turning quickly, Miss Jones saw Jack and the typing tests in a heap at the bottom of the steps.

Horrors! Who is this bending over him. Yes, it was: the Inspector had arrived.

He is really very nice, but you see we know him now.

V. A.

MY KID BROTHER

If he has red and mussy hair
And doesn't give a care,
You may find him anywhere
He's my Kid Brother.

If he's picking on the girls
Or pulling at their curls
Or yanking off their pearls,
He's my Kid Brother.

If people have to coax
Him not to play his jokes
And fool the village folks,
He's my Kid Brother.

If you meet a funny creature
With a very ugly feature
If he's making fun of the teacher,
He's my Kid Brother.

S. D. M.

SPRING CLEANING

Swish, bang, boom, that's putting it mild.
"Crash;" and mother yells, "Mercy on
us child".

Sister, cleaning out the cupboard
Has dropped the china platter,
And being one of the heavy kind
It's caused quite a clatter.

Then a moment silence reigns,
Everyone's hard at work
When, Brother, who's painting the
staircase,

Falls, and gives his leg a jerk.
And this goes for a day or two,
Till everything is clean and gleaming,
If our nerves last out, it's plenty of fun
Doing the Annual Spring Cleaning.

M. H.

A WINDY DAY

Have you ever been out on a windy day
When the birds are racing high?
The Flower and leaves are dancing
And clouds ride high in sky.

When the sun is smiling down on you
Till a cloud rolls by in its way,
The bees and butterflies are floating
Above the wind-blown hay.

Go out some day when you're alone
When the wind is blowing high,
Let it lift your heart and give you joy
And your troubles from you'll fly.

G. J. K.

Wartime Sign: Come in and look
around but don't buy anything: you
might put us out of business.

CRACKLINGS

Favorite Sayings:

"Leroy"—says a grade nine girl.

"And what now?"—James.

Fiddlesticks—But why Vern?

Stupid—could that have been borrowed from the High School, Mel.

Favorite Pastimes:

Facing the aisles to visit with the neighbor.

Fighting across the aisles—could that mean the blond team?

Forgetting his homework — could mean many people in the class.

Miss C.: Dorothy did you forget something today?

Dot: Didn't I spill any ink yet today?

Note to Boys:

In no cynical way, I advise boys not to let their schoolwork interfere with their education.

At the Opera:

James A.: I think it's from Wagner.

Vern: No, I'm sure it is from Beethoven.

James: (Reviews sign on stage) No, it's a 'Refrain from Spitting'.

Fish Story:

Stanley: One time I caught a 150 pounder.

Melvin: That's nothing—my uncle lost his lantern two years ago when he was fishing, and the other day I caught the fish and the lantern was still burning.

Stanley: Wal, I'll knock off a hundred pounds if you'll blow out that thar' light.

City Slicker: (to farmer) What are you doing, my good man? Are you milking that cow.

Farmer: Naw, I'm just feeling her pulse.

Caller: I'm from the Gas Company, I understand you have something in the house that won't work?

Mrs. Young: Yes, he's upstairs.

Nancy: I want to return this washing machine.

Salesman: What is the trouble with it Madam?

Nancy: Everytime I get in it, it spansks me.

Miss C.: Stanley, have you anything to do?

Stan: Not a thing.

Miss C.: Is that Math assignment done?

Stan.: I said I have a thousand things to do, not a thing.

Miss Cheshire: I can't decide whether to go to a palmist or a mind reader.

Jim Arnold: Go to a palmist, you have a palm.

Annie sat leisurely chewing gum and sprawling all over the aisle.

Miss C.: Annie take that gum out and put your feet in.

Of all the birds I ever knew

I'd rather be an owl

To sit upon the ridgepole

And hear the teacher growl.

Policeman: How did you get up that tree?

Tramp: Ain't you got no sense? I sat on the acorn.

An arithmetic class was in progress.

Teacher: What does milk come in?

Dorothy: In pints.

Teacher: Anything else?

Johnny: I know, it comes in squirts.

Is that a Jersey cow over there? Couldn't say. I can't see the license.

Roy: I'll tell.

Gertrude: Oh please, Roy, don't.

Roy: Oh yes I will.

Gertrude: Oh, Roy, I'll get killed.

Roy: Sure, I will. I saw a crow today.

Confusius say: Man who sit on tack— is better off.

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Table of Contents



High School	1	Poetry	22
Mountain Scene	2	Cadets	23
The Staff.....	3	Looking Backward.....	24
The Drama Club.....	4	Title Page (Junior High).....	25
Drama Club (Art).....	5	Poem—Our School	26
Boys' Sports, Girls' Sports, Field Day.....	6	Year Book Staff, Editorial.....	27
Scouts, St. John's, Guides.....	7	Student's Council	28
Our War Effort.....	8	Student's Council (second term).....	29
Elk Point High School Plate.....	9	Biographies (Grade Nine).....	30
Poem	10	Biographies (Grades Seven and Eight).....	31
Year Book Executive.....	11	Poems	32
Student's Council.....	12	Social Page.....	33
Student's Council (second term).....	13	News Highlights.....	34
Student's Union Pages.....	14-15-16	Literary Talent.....	35
Honour Roll.....	17	More Talent.....	36
Social Page.....	18	Humor	37
Social Page.....	19	Advertisements	38-45
Humor	20	List of Contents, Index to Advertisers.....	46
Humor	21	Autographs	47-48

Index to Advertisers

Alberta Hotel.....	43	MacDonald's Drug Store.....	39
Andrishak's General Store.....	41	Moyer School Supplies Ltd.....	37
Beaudry, J. W.....	39	Martin's Service.....	44
Bell Photo Co.....	43	Neil's Meat Market.....	44
Dark, Francis & Carter.....	44	Olive's Cafe.....	37
Dawdy, C. W.....	38	Palynchuk's Store.....	44
Dollar Cleaners.....	44	Parish & Heimbecker Elevator.....	39
T. Eaton Co. Ltd.....	40	Prusak's Blacksmiths Shop.....	41
Elk Point Creamery Co.....	47	Ramsbottom's Garage.....	41-42
Elk Point Co-operative.....	39	St. Paul Journal.....	38
Elk Point Service Station.....	42	Saldan's Garage.....	41
Garbutt Business College.....	38	Trudeau's Cleaners.....	37
Hayward Lumber Co.....	43	Van Arnam Agency.....	41
Imperial Lumber Co.....	42	Wengzynowski's Service.....	37
Institute of Applied Art.....	37	Windruk's Shoe Repair.....	44
Lambright F. (Mercantile).....	41		

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