ANNUAL

NINETEEN THIRTY-FIVE • NINETEEN THIRTY-SIX

H. B. MacLean
35-36

PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL

With the compliments of
the Annual Board

1935-1936

PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL

SPLENDOR SINE OCCASU

DEDICATION

The students dedicate
this annual to our friends and masters
The Principal and Members of the Staff
of the Provincial Normal School,
Vancouver, B.C.

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SPLENDOR SINE OCCASU

VALEDICTORY

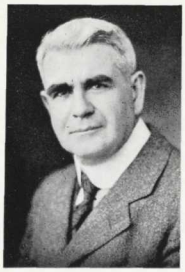
THE great purpose of education is to lead men from the dark valley of ignorance, superstition, and fear to the glorious heights where shines, undimmed, the light of knowledge; to unbind the prisoners who mistake the shadows of sense for true realities and lead them forth to where the sunlight sparkles on an infinity of glorious truths.

But, in order to be thus led, men must have teachers, and it is to the work of training such teachers that the Normal School has been dedicated. Here, amid the bustle and activity of economic life it stands, granite-formed, lawn-fronted, quiet, where the student, pausing, takes refuge for awhile and learns the art of imparting true knowledge.

Though the methods of imparting knowledge of tangible things, such as reading, writing, and arithmetic, are taught here with painstaking thoroughness by a competent staff, the student gains most, perhaps, from the teaching of intangible things. This teaching is done not so much by precept as by example; not so much by exhorting to climb as by beckoning to ascend the heights gained by men and women of experience, wisdom, and integrity, who are our teachers. And no student could see this vision of higher things, could feel this urge to greater attainments without definitely resolving to lift himself to the very limit of his capabilities.

We, the students, came here as strangers to one another; we part as friends. We came viewing members of the staff as teachers only; we leave, knowing them to be worthy friends, competent guides and counsellors, and men and women eminently fitted for their high calling.

Now, the time has come to leave this place of brief sojourning. We do so with mingled feeling of regret and joyous anticipation—regret at leaving associations grown dear to us, anticipation of our work in the great task which lies before us. And wherever our field of effort may be, we shall have pleasant memories of our stay here and will, throughout life, be constantly spurred to our best efforts because of the impetus given to us in this place.



THE PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

Students of 1935-36:

AS the close of the session of the Normal School approaches, it may not be out of place for you, as students, to look back on the course and ask yourselves the question, "What have we acquired from our year's training?" Most of your time has been occupied in a somewhat intensive study of the various subjects which constitute the Course of Study for the Elementary School. You doubtless have secured a wider and a deeper range of knowledge of these subjects. You have, in addition, learned the methods by which the various subjects may be presented to a class in school. Thus your work has been largely the mastery of "Matter" and "Method".

If, however, you have acquired nothing more than a certain knowledge of "Matter" and "Method" you are not going out to your schools sufficiently equipped to overcome the difficulties which you will surely meet. If you have not acquired an interest in and a liking for the work of teaching; if you do not realize to some extent your great responsibility; if you are not leaving Normal School with the fixed determination to do your best as teachers, then we have fallen short in the most vital points of your training.

We wish you every success in your chosen profession. Keep ever before you the thought that success in teaching consists in obtaining results, remote as well as immediate. Immediate results—those which can be estimated by examination or achievement tests—are too often over-emphasized. Remote results of your management and teaching do not show to their full measure during the school life of the pupils, but no teacher can be said to have attained success unless he has properly started his pupils on the road to good citizenship.

Make the thought of the following lines your own:

"May every soul that touches mine—
Be it the slightest contact—get therefrom some good,
Some little grace, one kindly thought,
One aspiration yet unfelt, one bit of courage
For the darkening sky, one gleam of faith
To brave the thickening ills of life,
One glimpse of brighter skies beyond the gathering mist,
To make this life worth while,
And Heaven a surer heritage."

If this be the result of your management and teaching, then shall you be teachers indeed, and your labor shall not be in vain.

Principal.

To the Members of the Graduating Class:

KINDLY accept my best wishes for success in your teaching careers.

I trust that you will have an early opportunity to put in practice the theory and instruction you have obtained at the Provincial Normal School.

Yours sincerely,

G. M. WEIR,

Minister of Education.

SPLENDOR SINE OCCASU

THE FACULTY

D. M. ROBINSON.

A. E. C. MARTIN.

H. B. McLEAN

W. P. WESTON.

MISS I. P. COURSIER.

MISS E. M. CONEY.

MISS M. E. MAYNARD.

DR. J. M. EWING.

MISS L. G. BOLLERT.

J. A. MacINTOSH.

SGT.-MAJ. FROST.

MRS. H. E. DOIDGE.

A. ANSTEY.

THE FACULTY

IF it be true that the strongest influences brought to bear on the developing personalities of young people are those exerted by educators, then the graduates of the Vancouver Normal School are doubly fortunate. Not only have our characters been molded and strengthened by our daily contact with the Faculty, but in this group of men and women we have set before us criteria by which we may judge our own teaching lives. Perhaps Normal is not unique as regards the individual excellence of the instructors (though it seems so to us), but almost certainly the general spirit of the school—the relations between teachers and students—is strikingly different from most institutions of higher learning. There is a more personal interest, a more kindly consideration of student problems here, and these things have meant more to us than we can ever adequately express.

MR. ROBINSON

One can only describe our Principal in superlatives. We are sure that nowhere could we find a more humane and kindly teacher, a more efficient executive. It is the unanimous opinion of the student body that never have they received Grammar instruction so lucid, comprehensive and interesting. However, it is from Mr. Robinson's talks on general school management and teacher's problems that we have derived the most benefit. If we succeed in following his advice and imitating his example even partially, we feel confident that our teaching lives will be both successful and enjoyable.

At the close of our brief period of work together, I would remind you that it is the "spirit" of teaching rather than its "content" that is basic and fundamental. To those who devote their lives to it Education is a joyous adventure, just because the teacher is ever a learner. May you have an early opportunity to prove your worth and to experience the satisfaction of work well done.

ARTHUR ANSTEY.

MR. ANSTEY

Mr. Anstey has left no stone unturned in an effort to mould us into well-informed, effective and efficient teachers. An unsurpassed artist in words, he has often disclosed new musical resources in our language, and, apart from intellectual conceptions, we shall always remember his flashes of wit in treating with delicate satire our many shortcomings.

At the close of the year it seems fitting to look back and sum up the accomplishment.

Has your art work led you to see your surroundings in a different light than hitherto?

If so, has it in any way increased your appreciation and consequent enjoyment of things in general?

Finally, do you feel in better position to help your prospective pupils in the same direction?

I sincerely wish you all success and happiness in the future and trust that your relationship with your pupils will be as friendly as that existing between ourselves.

W. P. WESTON.

MR. WESTON

If one were allowed but one adjective to describe Mr. Weston, "cultured" would probably be that word. Not only artistically would it apply, but far more generally, for there is about a truly cultured person a subtle atmosphere of quiet, unflurried competence and tolerant, kindly wisdom. Such a man is our art master. A highly talented artist in his own right, he has the gift of inspiring us to see beauties hitherto unnoticed and to more keenly appreciate fine architecture and design.

As a parting word, let me submit the following quotation from Herbert Spencer, "Devotion to Science is a tacit worship—a tacit recognition of worth in the things studied; and by implications in their cause. It is not a mere lip-homage, but a homage expressed in actions—not a mere professed respect, but a respect proved by the sacrifice of time, thought, and labour."

A. E. C. MARTIN.

MR. MARTIN

Mentor of Class IV and a staunch advocate of the modern method of teaching arithmetic, has a diversified and extensive knowledge which embraces everything from primary number work to the study of nature. Mr. Martin's advice is invariably sought and has always proved extremely helpful in carrying out those perplexing lesson assignments.

In teaching literature we should try to make more attractive the literature of power. We have many selections which enable us to gain knowledge quickly and in an interesting way, and these have their value. But the great literature of the world stimulates originality, imagination, and faith in the reality of the spiritual life. It has much to say of truth, and beauty, and love in the world of Nature and in the mind of man. Grow more familiar then with this better literature and it will enrich all your teaching. Seek the great lords of the spirit who have walked in the world, learn from them and soon their light will illumine all your way.

J. A. MacINTOSH.

MR. MacINTOSH

There are many teachers who obtain the respect of their pupils but remain unpopular. There are others who are very well liked, yet not respected. Mr. MacIntosh belongs to neither class, for it would be hard indeed to say whether we will remember him longest as a cultured man of letters, whose learning and philosophy call forth our deepest respect, or whether the memory of a truly sympathetic friend will take precedence. Certainly our English teacher

has won both our esteem and our affection by his eager desire to help us in all our problems and his sane and broad-minded advice regarding our future lives.

In education, as in most things, two extreme attitudes may be distinguished. First there is a stubborn adherence —though often unacknowledged—to the dead forms of use and wont, an insensitive traditionalism in the face of a changing world. Second, there is an urge toward fine-spun theorizings, an insatiable enthusiasm for change in the child-like belief that it is synonymous with progress. And, strange though it may seem, there are not wanting those who preach the second and practise the first.

Doubtless extremists have their place and even their value in the scheme of things—but for ourselves, we may safely assume that the middle road is the way of wisdom.

JOHN M. EWING.

DR. EWING

Psychology has been termed the science of living. One might almost say that Dr. Ewing's most valuable material on this subject is an object lesson—himself. It is quite certain that if you told him that he seemed the embodiment of all that a teacher should be, he would either be highly amused or distinctly uncomfortable. Nevertheless, did you ever in your life know anyone who was such a combination of brilliant and systematic brain-power and kindly, tolerant, and downright joyful personality?

Dr. Alfred Adler, world famous psychologist, when asked the way to train a child so that it would be launched into life with the best and most useful pattern for living, answered: "By teaching it, from the very first day of its life, to contribute, to share, to co-operate, to be socially-minded".

After being associated with Class VII for the past year, I feel that you must have had good teachers, for most assuredly you have been trained according to this theory. Now as you go out yourselves to be good teachers, I wish for each of you true success.

GRACE BOLLERT.

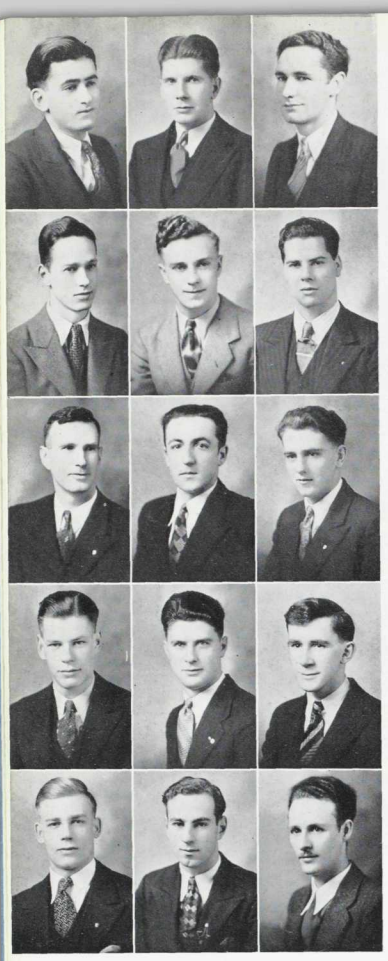
MISS BOLLERT

Miss Bollert's fame as a teacher had preceded our arrival at Normal School, and we were promised a pleasant and happy year under her guardianship. That prophecy has been fulfilled and our only regret is that the year is so soon drawing to a close. With her keen interest and enthusiasm for her subject, she is the inspiration for many aspiring primary teachers. To the whole school she has given a clearer conception of what the ideal teacher should be. With this very inadequate expression of our appreciation for her kindly advice and leadership, we have attempted to pay homage to an inspiring and helpful teacher, "our" Miss Bollert.

(Continued on page sixty-three)

PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL

SPLENDOR SINE OCCASU



Class II

BEN BARU—An Agr. student at Varsity before coming to Normal. Ben is a good student and is well liked by everyone for his cheery disposition and willingness to help at all times.

ROY W. ATKINSON—A Normal grad from Saskatchewan, who was with us for three months. He quickly distinguished himself by his musical ability and interest in dramatics.

DONALD B. ATWATER—Don is another member of Class II's ex-Varsity contingent. He is a valued player on the school soccer team. Plays basketball, swims and is the class authority on economics.

JAMES CURR—Another of our B.A. s, he writes swell poetry Incidentally, his ambition is to become a poet. Jimmy distinguished himself as an athletic representative this year.

BILL CRELLIN—Hails from Nanaimo and is proud of it. Bill was captain of Class II's track team. His weakness is folk-dancing, (ask any girl).

MAX BEDFORD—Max hails from Salmon Arm, is the life of Class II, leads all discussion and is a very good debater. He is our Annual Board representative and president of the Swimming Club.

ROBT. T. CUTHBERTSON—A man of diverse abilities—scholar, statesman and farmer. He is the pillar of Class II. It is through Bob's able management of the student body's finances that we are kept out of the red.

TED DENNE—Ted is from Powell River, where his favourite sport was working in the paper mill at night. Took part in baseball, football and track. Ted is a Varsity grad., was vice-president of the Soccer Club and manager of inter-class soccer. Likes chemistry, hates writing and hopes some day to be a city high school principal.

AKSEL EBBESON—Aksel came down from Matsqui to attend Normal. He plays basketball and swims. He excels in both of these sports.

BILL GADDESS—Very popular with both teachers and students. His executive ability was discovered early in the Fall term, when he was elected vice-president of the Literary Society. He has been very busy as assistant business manager of the Annual. Also member of Badminton and Sketch Clubs.

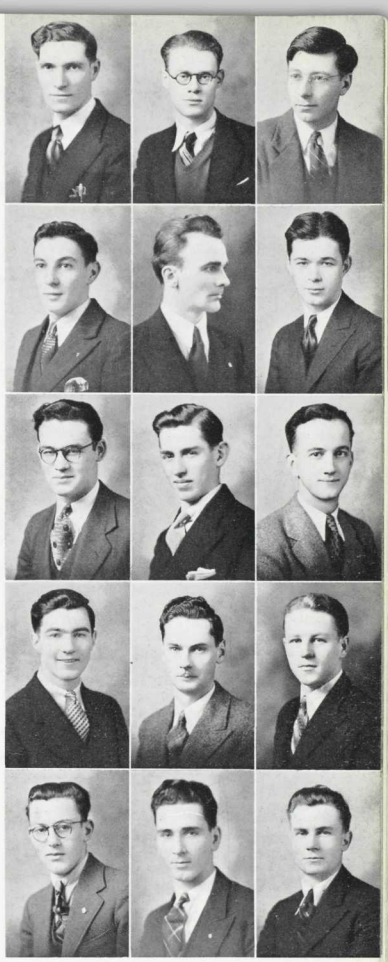
DOUG. FAIRBAIRN—An all round athlete. Takes part in basketball, football, running, swimming, dancing, etc. One of Comox's sturdy sons, and they may well be proud of him.

WALTER R. FERGUSON—Fergie, as he is called by his class mates, is one of Chilliwack's contributions to V.N.S. A versatile contribution he is too—for Walter filled a berth on both the basketball and soccer squads.

WILLIAM S. GLADWIN—Another country gentleman. He hails from Langley. The class wit and strong man. He also stars at folk dancing.

HAROLD D. GOARD—Just another local boy who made good. A fine athlete and an industrious scholar.

EWALD GORANSON—Ed, one of our Varsity graduates and incidentally one of the best students, was the class representative on the Literary Executive in the Fall term, and business manager for the Annual in the Spring term. He plays the piano well, excels in art work and is a member of the Badminton Club.



GEORGE A. GRAHAM—His cheery tenor may be heard any time along the corridors. He was our honoured song leader and he is an earnest, industrious, diligent student. He is also a local boy.

GORDON GRAY—Hails from Vancouver. Hobbies: music and drawing. Sports: badminton and swimming. President of Sketch Club.

JOSEPH F. HAMMETT—It would be hopeless to attempt an adequate dissertation of this magnanimous character. He promulgates our over-animated discussions with such characteristic expressions as "Now, at Chesterfield, we used to do . . . ." Stars at English. Wrote and directed a successful play staged by Class II.

J. C. HILL—Tall, slim, and graceful. He is active in sports, especially basketball and weight lifting. A conscientious student, he hails from Mission, and they may well be proud of him.

DAVID R. JAEGER—One of the more serious students who aspires to make the world a better place to live in. With many interests, he still finds time to play in the orchestra and assist in school dramatics. His hobbies are research in natural science and economics.

G. F. JONES—A Varsity graduate in Commerce, George is a good student and contributes sound material to all discussion. A cynic, he is noted for his subtle sarcasm, yet is of sunny disposition. He is well-liked by all the class.

F. R. KELLY—Another one of our worthy athletes. He takes part in all sports, especially soccer and basketball. Mr. Kelly comes from Ocean Falls. His pet hobby is Class III.

WARD W. KELLY—Ward is one of the quietest, but scholastically keenest members of Mr. Anstey's intelligent group. His ambition is to inculcate the highest morality into the youngsters of his native Chilliwack.

JOHN R. KIDD—Jack, who hails from New Westminster, is one of Class II's most competent students. He wins the writing "hanging" regularly. Pet remark—"Pipe down, Hammett!"

NORMAN LLOYD—From Kamloops, the land of sunshine. His serious countenance belies the mirth within. Takes part in all social activities and is an excellent debater.

WALTER C. LOCH—Walter (he of the dapper moustache and sunny smile), is an embryo manual instructor. For recreation he plays badminton, being one of the top-flight members of the school shuttle fraternity.

ALVIN WILLIS MOONEY—Another Varsity grad. Al is a quiet, efficient student of cheery spirit. A basketball player of ability, he also swims like a duck and is the mainstay of the Life Saving Club.

G. LLOYD MORRILL—Lloyd is an ex-Varsity who deserted the rigors of Applied Science for the ease of teaching. Besides liking swimming, badminton and hiking, Lloyd is keen about amateur radio.

ERNEST M. MC ALLISTER—Ernie is one of our best athletes. He plays centre on the basketball team, and also shines at track.

DONALD O. SMITH—Another Normal grad from Saskatchewan. Interested in athletics and plays the violin. He is liked by everyone because of his quiet, pleasant nature.

Class III

IVY APPS (Langley)—
So friendly and so very sincere.
The class she always keeps in cheer
Prominent in sports of every kind
With just as keenly active mind.

BETTY ALLAN (Nakusp)—Betty is noted for her posture and poise. Favourite occupation is making Primary toys.

GLAYDA ARBUCKLE (Cold Creek)—
Sparkling eyes and twinkling toes
Happy laughter (she has no foes)
She will do well in any race
In "Matter and Method" she takes high place.

PEGGY ARCHIBALD—
The Editor-in-Chief is she
Of this fine Annual you see.
Original and clever too,
And can out-swim the most of you.

ROSA BAILEY (Nakusp)—
Undoubtedly a teacher she was born to be,
Possessing a charming personality.

SIGNE AUSTRING (Pitt Meadows)—
S for Sport,
I for Industry;
G for the Gold in her hair;
N for Neatness;
E for Excellence. A girl beyond compare.

JEAN BALLANTINE (Vancouver)—
She's a pert little miss
With a cute little grin,
She has rhythm when she dances
And a dimple on her chin.

CATHERINE BALL (Michel)—
A friendly spirit and tongue most witty
A pal to all is popular Kitty.
Another student born to teach
Who in Class III heights does reach.

MARGOT BATE (Nanaimo)—Another member of Class III who never finds time dragging. Special talents: art and singing. Special sports: badminton, basketball and swimming. The reason for her popularity and success in teaching is not far to seek—personality plus! (Society Ed. for Annual)

OLIVE BIDDLECOMBE (Vancouver)—
Olive has a charming air
Deceivingly demure,
A splendid teacher she will make
Of that we are quite sure.

DOROTHY BLACKWELL (Kamloops)—
Amber eyes and red gold hair,
With cute little freckles and humour rare;
As poetess and athlete she does her share.
A credit to Normal anywhere.

RUTH BORROWMAN (New Westminster)—Ruth is one of our "intelligentsia." One of those very rare students who always does her best work from day to day.

IRENE BRUGGY (Vancouver)—
A combination of the best,
Full of vim, vigour and zest.
Her infectious laughter gives delight
And makes our work and troubles light.

JEAN BRODIE (Comox)—
A "front row" girl but nevertheless
Can teach a lesson as well as the best.

EVELYN BRIGGS (Albion)—
Oh, "Briggsy" is a blond most rare,
Eyes of blue, complexion fair;
The sparkling kind who'll take a dare.

MARY BURDITT (Van Anda)—Mary is a Varsity grad of fine executive ability who has given unstintingly of self and time. She is an ardent hockey player and an excellent debater. (It's the Irish in her.)

LILLIAN BUCKNALL (Vancouver)—
A diligent student, the whole long day,
Gives her opinion in such a clear way,
Does her folk-dancing so sprightly and airy,
When one's in distress, she's a Good Little Fairy.

GERALDINE BRYDEN (Blakeburn)—
Excellent in English and in Art as well,
Has far too many virtues for us to tell.
(Plays basketball and loves "sleigh-riding?")

CATHARINE BURNETT (Maple Ridge)—
In history she is remarkable,
In English she is very capable,
Arithmetic she finds detestable,
In everything she is most acceptable.

RUTH CAMERON (Rosedale)—
A valley girl, a "pally" girl,
And full of fun is she,
With talent for art, she does her part
And leads in History.

PHYLLIS BURR—
"A most charming personality" says every crit;
Talented and gracious, president of the Lit;
A lovely voice for singing or speaking:
She heads the class each week in teaching.
Plays the Piano-Accordion with zest,
Badminton is her sport. (When does she rest?)

DULCINA CARPENTER (Smithers)—
Oh, Della is our Athletic "Rep."
A grand girl—just full of pep.
She leads in art and basketball too,
In fact, there's not much she can't do,
(In charge of the Red Cross Portfolio).

EDNA CARTER (New Westminster)—A quiet friendly member of Class III, who is a good, all-round student and teacher, particularly active in the Swimming Club and at basketball.

LAURA CHAMBERLAIN—
She is of the quiet kind
But in fun is not behind.
Bring her most flowers or trees
And she will name them all with ease.

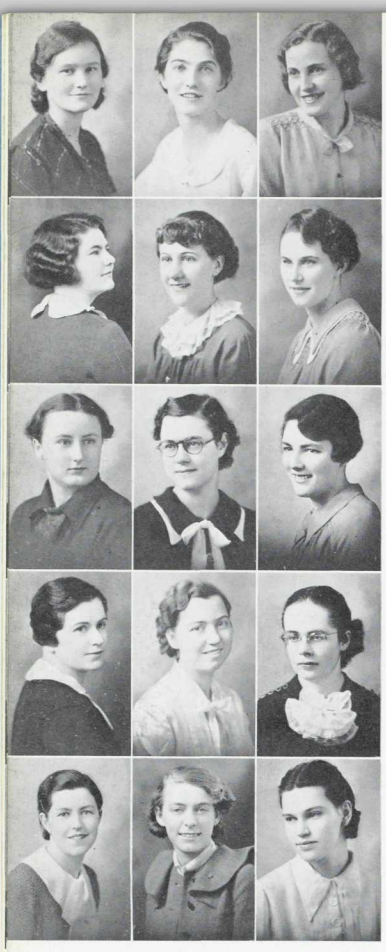
MARGUERITE CHRISTENSON (Haney)—
Miss Maynard says "The perfect blonde"
And to this we all agree.
In swimming she has won her Bronze.
And now a "class" has she.

ELSIE CHRISTENSON (Vancouver)—
Hockey and basketball to Elsie
Are as simple as A.B.C.,
(Captain of our Softball team).

AUDREY CLARK (Vancouver)—
A genuine girl with bright blue eyes,
Whose industry does not surprise
Music and nature are among her best
And the Annual Board has known her zest.

GRACE CLARK (Vancouver)—
A charming maid with auburn curls,
You surely must have seen,
A favourite with both boys and girls,
In English—quite a queen;
Mischievous eyes, a voice most rare,
She is the Lit's famed "Secretaire."

DORIS BOWSER—
If all Eastern girls are as nice as this little person, we can't understand the famous remark, "Go west, young man, go west!"



Class IV

BETTY CLELAND (Merville, Vancouver Island)—Betty is a quiet, willing worker, demonstrating her artistic talents by supervising Class IV's decorations at the track meets. You might guess that Grade I is her pet teaching assignment.

MARGARET COLLYER (Cloverdale, B.C.)—Peggy is the clever good-looking girl with the golden voice (Little Bo-Peep). She's a peach, a pearl, and so trim—an excellent example of Class IV's vim.

LELA CORBETT (Straiton, B.C.)—Our tall, beautiful blonde, who has a keen sense of humour and, as a result, an inimitable way with children.

MARY COBB—Vice-president and secretary of Sketch Club. Member of class basketball team. Her modesty is a candle to her merit. We can always rely on Mary to help with table decorations, refreshment committees, etc.

JEANNE CUNLIFFE (Revelstoke, B.C.)—She may sit at the end of the row, but she's by no means backward. Jeanne was a very able speaker in the class debate, and also promises to be an outstanding historian.

PATRICIA de WIELE (Vernon, B.C.)—
Our Pat excels in basketball,
She swims and dives with zest.
For looks and pep she's over all,
Of sports rep's she's the best.

MABEL ELLIOTT—
Dark brown eyes and dark brown hair,
The latter at basketball often she tears.
—She's a sweet little cr'ature
With a lovable nature.

FRANCIS EVANS (Langley, B.C.)—She's very quiet, hiding a remarkable sense of humour beneath a reserved manner. However, there's a very mischievous twinkle in her eye in between teaching weeks!

GWEN ELLIS (Comox, B.C.)—Interests: basketball, swimming.
Rosy cheeks, hazel eyes, black hair,
At sports she excels with never a care.
—Gwen is the cream of the class and one just can't help but laugh with her.

LEAH FRANKLIN (Vancouver, B.C.)—Favourite expression: "Excuse me, but . . . . . ."
Pianist for our dear old class
Is our Leah, a grey-eyed lass.
She sits on the bench, her fingers prance,
All eyes open wide and look askance
At one who sweetly makes the keys dance.

RUTH FISHER (Ladner, B.C.)—
Ruth is our famous mathematician,
She looks at a problem and makes her decision.
Down goes the solution with concentration intent.
Then soon comes results—100%.

HELEN ELGIE (North Vancouver, B.C.)—Interests: basketball, badminton and music.
Helen is a snappy girl
With lots of fun and zest,
With us here at Normal
She ranks among the best.

FLORA GILLIES (Vancouver, B.C.)—
She's small, she's sweet,
A girl to meet,
At work she's neat,
At play she's fleet.

ELSIE GILDERS (Langley, B.C.)—
One of the few quiet, industrious members of the class,
Is this fair-haired, blue-eyed lass.

WINNIE GALL (Vancouver, B.C.)—Interests: Red Cross Portfolio, class debator, member of folk-dancing team.
A graceful maiden is Winnie Gall,
Tall, slim and friendly with all.

HILDA GODDARD (Vancouver, B.C.)—Vice-president Literary Society (spring term), pianist and folk dancer. Shall we ever forget the Class IV Primary Afternoon Lit., which she so ably directed as the dear old Woman in the Shoe?

MONA GRACEY (Vancouver, B.C.)—Interests: badminton and folk-dancing. (Member of "Festival" team). Though she loves to argue she is by no means formidable in the class-room, and pupils like her immensely.

MARGARET GOODYEAR (Langley, B.C.)—Margaret would be an asset to any class, for her artistic ability is outstanding. Mr. Weston's blackboard test held no terrors for her, you may be sure.

DOROTHY HARTSHORNE (Cloverdale, B.C.)—Interests: Sketch Club, penmanship, art. Dorothy is dark with lots of spark. In her quiet way she'll make the mark.

PHYLLIS GRANT (Arrowhead)—Interests: every sport you can think of. Poise and personality! How "Phyll" did shine at everything but "knees full bend!"

NANCY GREENHORN (New Westminster, B.C.)—Adjectives? Blue-eyed, smiling, energetic and happy. Nancy is a dandy sport in every way, basketball being one of her chief enthusiasm. Seldom seen without Vera Griffin.

EFFIE GUTHRIE (Comox, B.C.)—Interests: basketball, Sketch Club. Effie is efficient in organizing, fun to have around, and famous for basketball. We'll long remember her untiring energy in preparing for track meets. (Athletic Rep. Fall term).

SUSIE HARKNETT (Vancouver, B.C.)—Interests: hockey and basketball. Chief assets: red hair and pep. Pet hate: being called "Miss Susie."

VERA GRIFFIN (Vancouver, B.C.)—Pet hate: teaching successive discounts. Appearance: petite and blond. Disposition: sunny. I.Q.: very high. Hope for the future: a little red school-house.

PAT HEADING (New Westminster, B.C.)—Activities: Annual rep., basketball player, member of folk-dancing team for Festival. She's tall, she's fair, and full of zest. Standing in sports—one of the best. Standing in street cars is her pet hate. Favourite expression: "Don't exaggerate!"

EVELYN HENDERSON (Kelowna, B.C.)—
Emphasis on heart appeal!
Heart-shaped face, big blue eyes,
Full of fun and yet quite wise
Plenty of that thing called "it."

ANNA HOLOBOFF (Rossland, B.C.)—Interests: folk-dancing for Festival. At first sight she seems a demure little maid—but don't be deceived. She giggles like Gracie Allen!

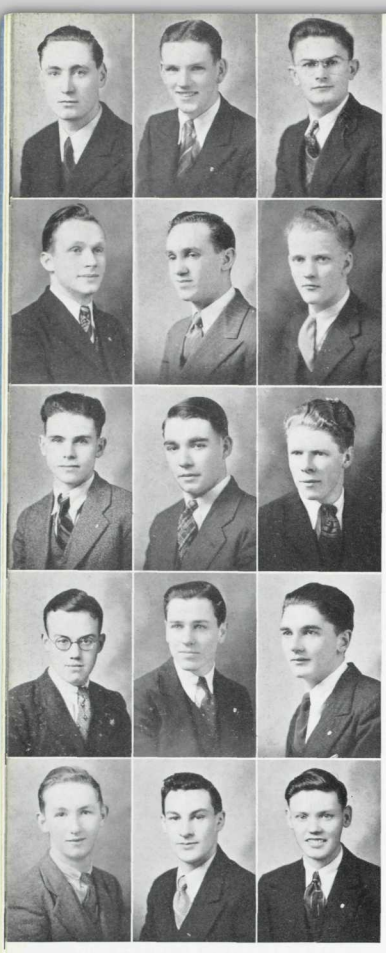
BETTY HOUSTON (New Westminster, B.C.)—Her motto is "Absence makes the heart gow fonder." Betty is one of those quiet girls who is quite a treat these hectic days.

ALICE HUNTER (Langley, B.C.)—Interests: Literary rep., Fall term, class debator, tennis player. Alice is a tall, dark-haired girl, who is always willing to venture forth. She is clever, friendly and a grand person to know. Her pet hate is staying in the city.

RUBY HORNE (North Vancouver)—
Dark she is, and very clever,
From her friends she's hard to sever.
Yes, in teaching she's the kind
Who'll firmly make the pupils mind.

LYDIA HINKE (Vancouver, B.C.)—
Lydia's dainty, clever and kind,
A better student you'll seldom find,
She specializes in primary work,
Though other duties she's never shirk.

MARGARET HUMBLE (Vancouver, B.C.)—Interests: basketball, swimming, folk-dancing. Margaret is jolly, dark-haired, daring and neat. She's popular and a willing helper. Seldom seen without Pat Heading.



Class V

J. D. MacGREGOR MACKINTOSH (Vancouver)—A quiet fellow, about whom we know little. Ambition: to see the world. Hobby: reading history.

WILLIAM McLACHLAN (Vancouver)—Bill is one of the more popular men about school. A first-class scholar, supreme in sports, and full of personality. Sports: basketball, soccer, baseball. Hobbies: acting.

WILLIAM S. McNAB (Vancouver)—Sensibility, solidity, solemnity, dignity and dependability—a fair summary of Bill's personality. Sports: soccer and basketball.

RUSSELL H. OSBORNE (Chilliwack)—
"His ready wit and winning smile
Do all the Normal girls beguile;
A smiling face from Chilliwack,
A teacher pupils all want back."
Starred at soccer and basketball.

ISADORE PELMAN (Vancouver)—"Izzy" is always jolly, always ready to help. He ranks high in the council of the Class V tribe. Activities: debates, manager of the soccer team, basketball. Famous last words: "The Normal School has a soccer team. You may laugh——"

ALFRED PARMINTER (New Westminster)—Tall, slim, and nice to meet. Like many good things he hails from the Royal City. Hobby: sailing and skating. Ambition: to produce a play in three days.

WILLIAM J. NELLES (Abbotsford)—A quiet, unobstrusive fellow, a conscientious worker who will fare well. Hobby: farming.

JOSEPH T. PATTERSON (Chilliwack)—Give him a place to stand and he will move the world. Trainer of the soccer team. Sports: fishing, swimming, boxing. Pet hate: anything pertaining to symphonies.

NORMAN RENWICK (Vancouver)—"Bright blue eyes and reddish hair, Winning smile and roguish air." President of the basketball club, and an expert at badminton. Ambition: to be an aviator.

DAVID J. SMITH (North Vancouver)—One of Class V's shining lights, Dave is never so happy as when he is analyzing compound-complex sentences, or dramatizing psychology experiments. Hobby: scouting. Sport: badminton.

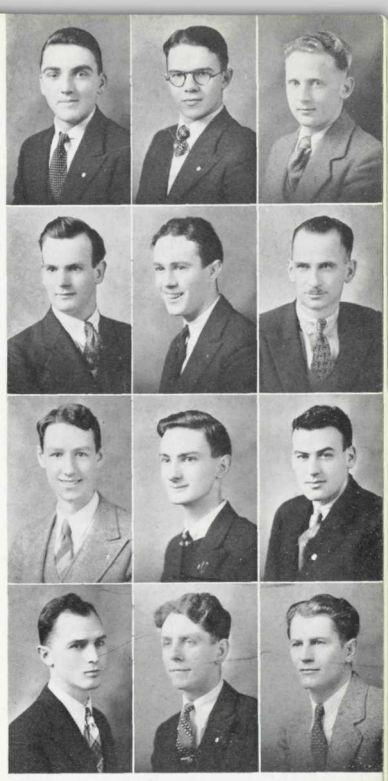
CECIL R. SHANTZ (Vancouver)—Good scholar, good fellow, good athlete, good teacher. Sports: soccer, basketball, checkers.

DONALD A. SMITH (Langley)—Ambitious and full of mirth. President of the Badminton Club. Sports: badminton, tennis, baseball.

GEORGE F. SMITH (Vancouver)—A common name but a singular personality. Class V's representative in the orchestra—ta-tai-ta, George! Miss Coney will miss you. So shall we! Sport: boxing.

JAMES R. C. SMITH (Vancouver)—Our own Jimmy is well stocked with original ideas, which usually have the unanimous support of Class V, and sometimes that of the instructors. Ambition: to be a writer. Sports: badminton, tennis, running (to beat the second bell).

JOE SMYTH (Vancouver)—First a banker, now a teacher. His beaming smile and personality have gained him many fine friends and much popularity. Class V's interior decorator. Sport: swimming.



GORDON S. TAYLOR (Kamloops)—One of our strong, silent boys from the interior, of whom it can truly be said: "Still waters run deep." Ambition: to collect rare flowers.

WALTER D. THORNE (Kincolith, Nass River)—A retiring young man from the North Country, with a wealth of forceful personality behind his quiet demeanor.

LAURIE P. TODD (Vancouver)—
"Lessons and studies are his line,
Yet full of mischief most of the time."
Debator, Pres. of Soccer Club, Pres. of Athletics (Spring term). Laurie is a superb athlete, excelling in soccer and badminton. Pet hate: P. E. Monday morning.

CHARLES UNSWORTH (Vancouver)—
"A quiet, unassuming lad,
Immune to fashion, freak, or fad."
Sport: badminton.

EWART U. WALKER (Langley)—Ewart's achievements have in no way lowered the high standard that Langley exacts from her "will be" teachers. A stout fellow, a conscientious worker, and an inspired humourist. Pet hate: folk dancing. Sports: badminton, boxing, baseball.

MERVIN W. WARWICK (Nanaimo)—The leading light in class discussions, Mervin has impressed us deeply with his logical eloquence and literary ability. Ambition: to be an English professor. Debator, Pres. of Boxing Club. Pet hate: teaching primary.

CHARLES J. WHITTAKER (Chilliwack)—Charles can be found at any time in the library. His quiet, unassuming manner, his friendly smile, and his nimble wit have carried him to the inner sanctums of Class V. Ambition: to become a teacher (now on the wane).

ROLAND F. WHITTAKER (Vancouver)—Roland presents a sober appearance, but his sense of humour has given his class mates reason to know that beneath his exterior calm lies a heart full of warmth and mirth.

JACK C. WILKIE (Vancouver)—Our contribution to the ranks of big, strong, silent(?) men. Miss Coney says, "Little birds that won't sing must be made to sing." Yes, Jack sings now. Sports: boxing, swimming.

EUGENE (ED.) D. WOODWARD (North Vancouver)—Another bank clerk who saw the errors of his ways. (We must say he has corrected them). A front row boy, but how he plays the bagpipes! Sports: boxing, tennis. Pet hate: women(?).

KEN. W. T. WRIGHT (New Westminster)—His athletic prowess was known to many of us before we met him, but his fine character and dependability have been equally demonstrated since we became Class V of '35-'36. Pres. Men's Athletics (Fall term). Ambition: ping-pong champ. of New Westminster. Sports: basketball XXXX, soccer.

WILLIAM THOMPSON (Vancouver)—Bill intoxicates us with the exuberance of his verbosity. He has a splendid voice, and plays the violin. Bill came to us from Alberta, secured his certificate at Easter. We miss him.

EDWARD H. B. McGOUGAN (Vancouver)—A big man with a big heart. General publicity man. Ed.'s pet hobby is making posters. Sports: badminton, basketball, and running for the street car.

Class VI

KATHERINE KILTY—
Katherine studies hard,
And she's proved a friend to all,
She's very good at racing,
And playing basketball.

DOROTHY IRWIN—
Dorothy leads our hockey team,
She makes an A1 nigger.
We think her dancing's quite supreme,
Her worry is her figure.

EDNA JOHNSTON—
She's a girl that we all like,
'Cause she's so full of pep.
In basketball she does her part,
In orchestra, the Class VI "rep".

MADGE JONES—
She'll make a dandy teacher,
And she's good at basketball.
Keep up your spirit and have your fun,
Until you get your school in the fall.

BETTY JONES—
Sweet dispositioned, can dance and sing,
As a lovable teacher, she'll happiness bring.

LOLA HUTTON—"A friend doubles our joys and halves our sorrows," and Lola is such a friend. She is Class VI's pianist and general fun-maker, and we'll certainly miss her when she goes back to Grand Forks.

LEONE KILTY—
Petite and neat, in basketball fleet,
Leone's a person you'd like to meet.

ALICE KJOS—Who's our: Secretary of Girls' Athletics, coach of the winning girls' basketball team, general class leader? Alice Kjos, of course.

AUDREY LANE—
We don't hear very much from her,
But know that under her smile,
There's a thoughtful mind,
And a heart that is kind—
Two things, we think, most worthwhile.

IVERNA LINDSAY—
With her kind and gentle air,
All small children love her,
Older ones respect her,
And her best friends adore her.

DOROTHY LATTEN—
I never up to the teachers play,
I do my work from day to day,
I may be shy(?) but I'm lots of fun
If you only give me a chance to run (needle and thread race).

ISABELLE LING—
A quiet little teacher is Isabelle Ling,
A very hard worker and rather promising.

MABEL MARSHALL—
Mabel's the vice-captain of our hockey team,
She has a charming manner,
And her jokes are quite a "scream".

MARY LOVICK—
"Lending a helping hand to all,
Lets no one by the wayside fall."
Mary was our Literary representative for the Fall term.
She works hard and is certain to make a good teacher.

ALICE MAIR—
Mysterious brown eyes,
A cheery smile;
In volleyball, Alice works all the while.

KATHERINE MARTIN—
Most always has a sunny smile,
And sure knows how to chatter,
But it's certainly worth listening to,
'Tis intellectual patter.

MARGARET MARTIN—
With Irish eyes and Irish wit
She came from Burnaby,
In dramatics she made a hit,
And she shone at grass hockey.

PHYLLIS MARSHALL—
In elocution you seem to shine,
As cheer leader, annual "rep." you're fine,
Your work is always up to par,
Keep up the good work, Phil., and you'll go far.

WILMA MOUNTAIN—Wilma excels in folk-dancing and already has a class of young tap-dancers. She is a good student, a gruff "Mr. Barrett" and an able organizer.

ETHEL MOFFAT—Appearances are often deceiving and the angelic side of Ethel's makeup is left behind in the school room. Athletic rep., singer, debator. Let me prescribe to the male population—attentive repetition.

OLIVE MURRAY—Olive's cheery smile and happy disposition helped to pull the members of Class VI over many a weary day.

MARY McLAUGHLIN—
She's helpful, kind and cheery,
A girl of whom you never weary;
Pleasant and thoughtful, too,
Her poetry will delight you.

HEATHER MACKINTOSH—
She's a girl who is sweet as the heather,
She's a girl who knows how to act,
She's very pretty and clever,
And no one surpasses her tact.
Lit. rep., play director, debator.

NELLIE MacDOUGALL—
Nellie is a very charming
Little brown-eyed lass,
She has a ready, sunny smile,
And can handle any class.

MARGARET MacKENZIE—
Mardy's a slender brunette,
Full of vigor and vim,
She always looks forward to teaching week,
And she certainly shines "in the swim".

FLORA MacEACHERN—"Still waters run deep." Under her quiet exterior, Flora hides a friendly sense of humour as well as a very clever brain. Out of school or in school she is always a good sport.

MARGARET MacDONALD—Peggy's catching smile has endeared her to her friends at Normal. She has a lovely voice and is always ready to help with anything that might need doing.

JEAN MacKENZIE—
Her kindly words and gentle smile,
Have spread their sunshine many a mile.

ALEXANDERINA MacAULAY—
Her suppleness makes her a P. E. star,
She runs and springs with ease,
She sings and dances with rhythm and rhyme,
Why! She's like the girl on the flying trapeze.

AUDREY MacDONALD—
Sweet and demure,
And oh! so secure,
When it comes to writing exams.

Class VII

JEAN MacLEAN—One of our dearest and most enthusiastic members. As Literary rep. and track captain in the Fall term and pep leader for the Spring track meet, she was largely responsible for our success on these occasions.

ELFREDA McLEOD—It isn't everyone who can be such a good sport about being in "the front row," but Elfreda will go up and "take the gong" for her efforts as an amateur.

MARGARET McLEOD—Just another hill-billy! With good-will towards all and malice towards none, she pursues her course at Normal with serenity. Plays class basketball.

AILEEN O'DRISCOLL—Irish! Humorous! Jolly! Aileen is director of the school orchestra, and music rep. for the Annual.

MARJORIE McMAHON—
At first you think she's quiet,
Then you know she's not;
She is pretty as a picture,
And a happy little tot.
Plays class basketball.

ELSIE McRAE—
I know a good teacher I'm going to be,
With my summers all spent in the great Agassiz!
Class rep. for the Red Cross Portfolio.

JEAN PORTER—This Burnaby maiden knows how to blush! She also excels in swimming and playing basketball, as well as in her class work.

MYRTLE PORTER—
In arithmetic she's speedy,
Leaves us gasping with dismay,
Kazoo-playing is her forte,
And she's always bright and gay.
Secretary of folk-dancing.

LORNA PEARSON (Sardis)—Debater, singer, athlete! What more could one ask? Lorna was track captain for the Fall term and athletic rep. for the Spring term. Played basketball and hockey.

JEAN ROBERTSON (Rosedale)—A "born teacher" with a truly gracious manner, Jean enchants us with her smile and wins the hearts of all who know her.

MAY RESTON—A Scottish lassie with a bright manner and a cheery disposition. May has the ability to bring back good crits.

EDITH PULLEN—Comes from Whonnock, B.C. Edith is the smallest member of Class VII, which helps her to "get there" in obstacle races. Plays hockey.

IRENE RUTLEDGE (Manitoba)—The second half of Class VII's comedy team. Irene "pursues the even tenor of her way" until Mary Thorson leads her astray. Plays grass hockey.

BETTY SINCLAIR—"B" stands for Betty and badminton, but "A" is her rating in both athletic and scholastic achievements. As athletic rep. for the Fall term Betty led us to victory in the track meet.

MARGUERITE SINCLAIR—Marguerite is fortunate in possessing a bright, cheerful personality and a forceful, confident manner in teaching. Swimming Club.

AVRIL STEVENSON—Assistant "guardian angel" of the property box. As class Annual representative she hounds us for personals and pictures. Everybody's friend and a good student.

MARJORIE STOKOE—A University grad. Marjorie is a quiet, conscientious person with a pleasant smile for everyone.

MAY SPENCE—
This little girl from North Van. came,
And as "the toad" she won great fame.
The "doubting Thomas" of the class, her wit matches her hair—always flaming. Star hockey shot.

JOSE TEBBUTT (Abbotsford)—The tallest member of Class VII, Jose is noted for her dry wit and humour. She ably assisted Class II in their dramatic efforts—but admits that her pet aversion is singing.

MARGARET THOMPSON (Langley)—Like all little girls, Margaret wants "to know". A vivacious, competent person, she has the happy-go-lucky nature of all the Irish folk.

ELEANOR THOMPSON—A blonde maiden from North Vancouver. One of the quieter members of the class, Eleanor nevertheless makes her presence felt, in many a friendly way.

EFFIE VICKERY—A devotee of winter sports, Effie is a native daughter of West Vancouver, who spends most of her leisure time up the mountain. President of the Outdoor Club and secretary of the Badminton Club.

MARY THORSON—Mary is our wide-eyed "blues singer" —with a striking sense of humour and an enchanting drawl. She is seldom seen without Irene Rutledge, both eating candy.

MARGARET WHITELAW—Peggy knows most of the answers! She comes from Blakeburn and is endowed with most of a teacher's virtues which the rest of us strive to possess.

MURIEL WILSON—A great asset to Class VII, Muriel is a capable librarian, pianist in the orchestra and worked very hard as director of our plays for the Literary.

MARGARET WILLIAMS—
Peggy, like Ruggles, comes from Red Gap,
Can sing but one note, finds art a snap;
She dressed us all for both our lits.,
And brings home eighties in her crits.
Guardian of the prop. box.

STELLA WILKINSON—Highly ambitious! Extremely vivacious! Pronunciation splendiferous! Stella was president of the Literary Society for the Fall term.

BETTY WOOLLARD—
In History and English Betty's honors brought her fame,
For nonchalance and friendliness she has made herself a name!
Literary Editor for the Annual and our Literary Representative for the Spring term.

KATHLEEN WRIGHT—
Kay is in class so very demure,
But out of class—we're not so sure!
Track captain for our successful Spring meet, and basketball captain for the year.

MARGARET WINTER—
Marg. has given us many a laugh
By the salads she carries so oft to the caf.
A naive smile has endeared her to all, and
She's a very good teacher, altho' she's so small.
Secretary of Lit. Society for Fall term.

EDITORIAL

IN your hands you hold the result of several months of patience and worry on the part of your Annual Board, and it is with no little trepidation that we present the result of our labours. A few changes have been made this year and we sincerely hope that they meet with your approval.

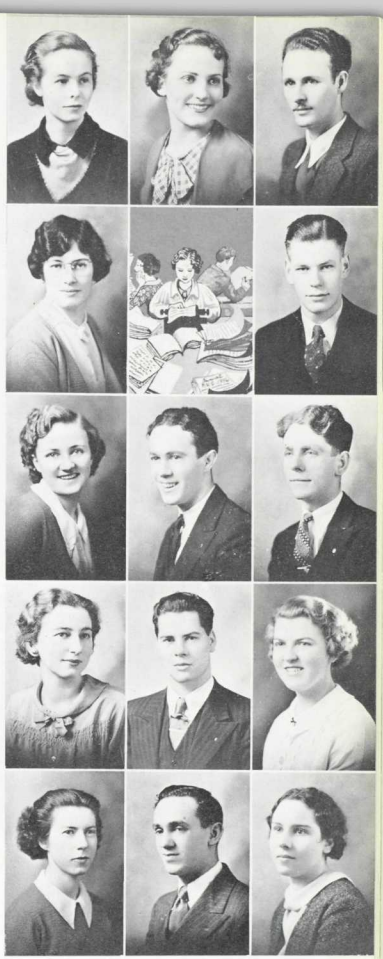
To all those who contributed material of any sort we give our warmest thanks, and our gratitude also extends to all the people who have helped in proof-reading or copying.

Too much credit can not be given to the Business Staff, who worked against heavy odds in securing all the necessary advertisements which put us well "out of the red" financially. Under the capable and enthusiastic leadership of Mr. Goranson and his assistant, Mr. Gaddes, much selling talent was developed.

The ready and helpful assistance of Mrs. Doidge on business matters is greatly appreciated, and Mr. Weston deserves our thanks for advice on artistic details. Mr. MacIntosh, our Staff Advisor, has set an example of whole-hearted diligence to us all, and with his kindly advice has steered us away from many a pitfall.

In closing, it is our hope that when in future years you turn these pages, you will be reminded of busy, happy hours in the classroom, gym, and grounds; that here you will find some things to make you think, some to stir your feelings, and some to call up a smile.

ANNUAL BOARD



BETTY WOOLLARD
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PEGGY ARCHIBALD
Editor-in-Chief.

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Business Manager.

MURIEL WILSON
Asst. Lit. Editor.

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MAX BEDFORD
Class II.

AUDREY CLARK
Class III.

AVRIL STEVENSON
Class VII.

IZZIE PELMAN
Class V.

PHYLLIS MARSHALL
Class VI.

AN INVITATION ★★

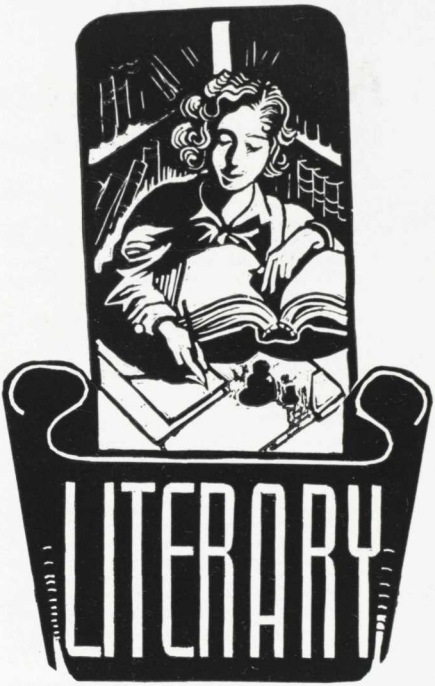
We extend our hearty congratulations to the 1936 Graduates of the Vancouver Normal School, and cordially invite each one to become a member of the

British Columbia Teachers' Federation

(The Teachers' Professional Organization of B. C.)

All who make application while at Normal School will be enrolled immediately as Student Members without payment of any fee, and will be transferred to full membership upon commencing active teaching, and upon payment of one-half of the regular Federation fees for the first year.

Further information may be obtained from
HARRY CHARLESWORTH, *General Secretary*
ALDINE HOUSE, 1300 ROBSON STREET
VANCOUVER, B. C.



PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL

SPLENDOR SINE OCCASU

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

The Literary Society, organized at the beginning of the Fall term, has had a very successful year in carrying out, with enthusiasm, an interesting and varied programme. The work was begun under the capable leadership of the following executives:

President . . Miss Stella Wilkinson
Vice-President . . . Mr. W. Gaddes
Secretary . . . Miss Margaret Winter
Treasurer . . . Mr. R. Cuthbertson

and was ably carried on by the Spring term officers:

President . . . . Miss Phyllis Burr
Vice-President . Miss Hilda Goddard
Secretary . . . . Miss Grace Clark
Treasurer . . . Mr. R. Cuthbertson

The first programme of the Fall term was miscellaneous in character, including an orchestral number, piano solo, vocal solos, dances, and a talk. The following programmes each presented by one class were on such topics as dramatization of Alexander Mackenzie's trip, historical pageant of Hallowe'en, war time play, "Nerves," "Belles of Canterbury," and a Christmas Pageant, "Nativity." These programmes were of a high standard and, as well as being most interesting, brought to the attention of the students the latent talent of their fellows.

In the second term the programmes were of an exceptionally high standard, each class being responsible for one programme, but drawing talent from the whole school. The programmes presented were: "Barretts of Wimpole Street," "Local Products," A. A. Milne; "Pied Piper of London Town," Canadian programme, and a Vancouver Jubilee programme. Each of these was greatly enhanced by the valuable assistance of the orchestra. At this time, the Literary Society wishes to extend its thanks to the Faculty advisers—Miss Coney, Miss Bollert and Mr. Anstey, for their enthusiastic co-operation in making this year such a successful one.

THE DEBATE

On Friday, May 8, we had our much anticipated debate. The subject was that very pertinent and ever-popular controversy of Socialism versus Capitalism.

The affirmative team upheld the resolution, "That Capitalism Be Abolished." The first speaker, Mr. Warwick, who led the team advocating this change, gave a remarkably lucid and forceful exposition of the case. Clear reasoning, comprehensive material, and easy, compelling style combined to make his speech one to remember.

Mr. Bedford, the leader of the negative team, had a very different style—dynamic, volatile and humorous. A wide range of current knowledge enabled him to make an excellent job of defending the institution of capitalism. A born orator, Mr. Bedford carried his audience with him, and several times spontaneous applause broke out.

The second speaker for both teams gave very earnest and forceful support to their sides. Miss Lorna Pearson of Class VII, speaking for the affirmative, presented some very interesting arguments, and Miss Margaret Collyer of Class IV, refuted several of the affirmative arguments most incisively —particularly their interpretation of the resolution.

The decision, which was in favour of the negative team, was made by Mr. Anstey, Miss Catherine Burnett of Class III, and Miss Ethel Moffat of Class VI, who acted as judges.

VISITING SPEAKERS

OVERSEAS EDUCATION LEAGUE

We were honoured this year with a visit from representatives of the Overseas Education League. Mr. Hepburn from Scotland gave an address on measurement tests in education, a very pertinent and timely subject, as the students can testify.

MR. G. BEDDOES SMITH

Mr. Smith came to us from the B.C. Safety League with a plea for more safety education. As future teachers we should be familiar with life-saving and first-aid methods, and must be prepared to teach all forms of safety education.

MR. HUMPHRIES

Mr. Humphries, with his unusual and beautiful coloured slides of British Columbia, paid his annual visit to the school, to bring to this year's students a glimpse of our province's beauty.

B. C. TEACHERS' FEDERATION

From the B.C. Teachers' Federation came Mr. R. P. Steeves, President; Mr. Charlesworth, Secretary; and Mr. Mitchell, who outlined to us the aims and programme of the Federation. To those who go out as teachers next year, this organization will be of great assistance.

MISS RUTH WHITBECK

Miss Whitbeck, Provincial Organizer of the Junior Red Cross, brought to us an interesting and instructive programme in the form of a model meeting by Grade I pupils from Tecumseh School.

ON the next few pages we present, for your approval, the Literary Section of this Annual. The selection has not been easy, but after much care we have decided that the following productions are worthy, both in nobility of thought and ideal and in power of language, of permanent record here. We hope that the result will contribute to your pleasure now and serve as an inspiration for the future.

We would like to extend our sincerest thanks to Mr. MacIntosh for his kind help throughout the past year. Not only has he encouraged us all in our own literary attempts, but he has also been the Literary Section's unfailing source of advice.

LITERARY EDITOR.

"AUFFORDERLING ZUM TANZE"

Carl von Weber

A crystal ball-room whose many-mirrored walls reflect a gay scene of richly dressed courtiers with their ladies; a scene of polished floors, whirling figures, glittering chandeliers filled with myriads of flickering candles—this is the picture presented to the thoughtful and imaginative listener when Carl von Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" is played. Here is no modern atmosphere of the dance, with its uncouthness and mad gyrations, but rather throughout the composition there is the marked feeling of the stateliness, the quaintness of former days. In contrast to the saxophone's discordant blare and the pulsation of the traps are the rich vibrations of the 'cello, the dulcet tones of the violin. As one listens, fascinated by the brilliancy of this musical picture, misty Dresden-like phantoms in billowing gowns, irridescent with jewels, others in pastel tinted frock-coats with their undulating folds of fragile lace, float in imagination before one's eyes. In what contrast to those of today are the feelings and emotions aroused by the interpretation of this rhythmic melody!

The introduction to the dance is being played. One hears in fancy the refined bass tones of a gentleman inviting a lady to dance. She replies with a light assenting murmur, and arising with a low curtsy, takes the hand of the gentleman. So with an exchange of courtly salutations, they sweep off into the gay abandon of the dance, soon to be lost in the enveloping maze of forms.

The main movement of the composition is made up of a vivid pattern of contrasting episodes, through which runs a vivacious, spritely refrain. It is to this accompaniment that the assembly begins the dance. The room is filled with whirling, dipping figures, which are dignified, however, in spite of the animating power of the music. The dancers glide on into a more stately step, one that is charming and piquant, but which gradually increases in crescendo to

break into a brilliant, capricious reel. One can almost see the flashing eyes, the glowing cheeks of the dancers, caught by the enchanting spirit of rhythm. They repeat the refrain and then, as the notes die away, the lilting tempo of the concert waltz fills the air. The figures rise and fall, gracefully turn and glide; a curtsy; a bow; the swirling of silken garments—the rhythm begins gradually to accelerate and then suddenly, as if the dancers are resting, comes the pause. A final, grandiose repetition of the stirring refrain carries the dance on with gradual quickening and stimulation, until, with resounding bass chords, the climax is reached. The dancers are transported for the moment in excitement, which fades in a delicate and subdued finale. The dance has finished. The gentleman, his soft full tones in striking relief after the heights of the music of a moment before, takes reluctant leave of the lady. She answers with a still softer cadence, punctuating her words with a sequence of deep curtsies. The chords reverberate and die away. The vision is gone.

The vision vanished; but what remains? Throughout the composition the listener is inspired by the elevating and chaste sentiments which it arouses. As the last murmur of this musical interlude fades and one is left refreshed and invigorated, one feeling is uppermost in mind—the regret that the grace and elegance of the past is gone, maybe forever.

HELEN P. J. ELGIE, Class IV.

WELCOME, SUMMER

(A Child's Poem)

'Twas on a sunny morn in May,
The sky was bright and clear.
The world of Nature seemed to say:
"We greet you, Summer dear."

The robins in the tree-tops tall,
The swallows on the wing,
The jays, the sparrows, one and all
Joined in the welcoming.

A crystal stream flowed gaily past
And joined the chorus, too.
"The summer has returned at last.
Again the skies are blue."

Each daisy raised a golden head
Towards the smiling sun;
While clover blossoms in the mead
Called, "Summer has begun."

From every tree and beast and bird
It echoed far and near.
O'er all the land the song was heard;
"At last the summer's here."

MARGARET HUMBLE, Class IV.

THE INDIAN'S FAREWELL

Is it farther west? Is it farther west,
The isle of peace and the land of rest?
I had thought to lie where my fathers lie,
Where my fathers died I had thought to die,
And the notes of my death-song low and clear
To die away in my strong heart here.

But in vain the hope—the wish in vain.
I turn my steps to the west again;
I turn from the mound so green and low,
Where the sunlight falls and the south winds blow,
While waves of agony shake my breast,
To the distant west, to the far-off west.

I have journeyed long o'er hills and plains,
O'er rivers wide, o'er mountain-chains;
I have slept while the light of the stars was bright
In the broad blue tent of the skies at night,
And heard the strong north wind that blows
From the icy lips of the god of snows.

I hear the loud Pacific roar,
As the dark waves dash on the sandy shore.
Must I tempt the deep in my light canoe?
Must my paddle sound on the waters blue?
And is there an island upon its breat
Where the aged warrior at last may rest?

Oh, wan is the light of my once bright eye;
I am weak and old and soon must die;
I had thought to find my brothers here,
And hunting grounds with the fleet, young deer,
Where birds might sing and young bees hum,
And the sound of the white man's voice ne'er come.

I had thought to find in those dingles deep
Full many a haunt where the wolf might sleep;
Where the cougar's eyes in glaring bright
Look down through the thick green leaves at night;
I had thought my arrow again might rest
With unerring aim in the eagle's breast.

But in vain, in vain, I can only die
With a heart untamed and a tearless eye.
They will scoop my grave in the yellow clay,
And the white man's children o'er me play,
With their lips of rose and golden hair.
But where are the red man's children? Where?
A scattered and wronged and broken band—
But there is rest in the Spirit Land.

EDWARD H. B. McGOUGAN, Class V.

GEORGIUS REX

The crown has fallen from his kingly head,
In grief and tears, a nation mourns her dead.
Three score and ten, his years have swiftly passed;
Our sailor king has gone to his last rest.
And as he comes to Thee, his race is run;
We bow in grief, but yet Thy will be done.

In that dark hour when reft of his kind hand,
Treasuring his words, "How does the Empire stand?"
Our eyes we lift to Him, the Royal heir,
He will not fail, his will it be to dare
The battle of our modern life, and bring
Peace unto us—Long live the King!

ELSIE McRAE, Class VII.

A SPRING DAY

Think of a day in May—a perfect, sunny, spring day. In the hush just before the dawn's breaking, the birds had been twittering, and the first peep of the sun over the eastern hills was the signal for a joyous outburst, a veritable spring carol, such as arouses a glow, an inexpressible joy in the heart. There is something in that early morning music of the birds that fills one with an inarticulate longing, a desire which most people are at a loss to put into words. The sound is rather other-worldly, an intangible link with the infinite. Its echo comes in the evening twilight, when, with a faintly audible sigh, the bird-calls gradually become softer, gentler, more remote, as they lull the weary world to rest.

The day was like a phrase in music, which begins with a slow crescendo of awakening notes, rouses the listener to rapture and admiration, then reaches a climax of pure beauty, and slowly dies away in a haunting cadence.

We set out with spirits high, prepared to enjoy every season to our camp, which we had not seen since the previous fall. There was always a thrill for us on this occasion, and we welcomed the rousing songs of our bird neighbors as they called us to an open-air holiday.

We set out with the spirits high, prepared to enjoy every moment of this precious day. The route we followed was familiar, its scenes dear to us since childhood days. Always our first pilgrimage of the year along this way was fraught with interest.

Each vied with the other in discovering the changes which had occurred since our last visit to these haunts. Here a settler had started building his home, and there the farmer had constructed a fine new barn. The sight of some calves and an adorable frisky colt necessitated a stop while the whole party trooped over to admire and exclaim.

The summer's dust had not yet appeared to dim the young green beauty of trees and grass by the road. Atop a knoll nearby, a man was guiding a plough. Peace and calm permeated the whole picture and brought quietude to hearts and minds which had too long been enmeshed in the seething city life.

Our destination reached, we set out to explore old paths, rushing from one dear nook to another, laughing and talking joyously, as we recalled other such happy occasions. Surely, nowhere was the grass greener, the sky more blue. At our feet appeared a fairy ring of daisies, while overhead a dogwood's blossoms were starred against their background of evergreens. Dainty wind-flowers swayed in the gentle breeze which played about them. Beside the path grew tiny pink briar roses, and in a shady ingle there drooped a clump of bleeding-hearts.

With beating hearts we followed the trail down the cliff to the water's edge. Down here all was silence save for the wash of the waves on the stones. Somehow we seemed suspended between earth and ocean; earth's sounds grown dim and remote, and ocean's vastness and unceasing motion arousing in each one of us a meditative mood.

For some time we sat thus, all deeply engrossed in thought, until the arrival of other visitors roused us, and we relieved our pent-up emotions in a jolly rough-and-tumble, in which all participated.

We made our return to the camp by a different route, in the course of which we renewed acquaintances with people and scenes along the way.

The remainder of the day was spent in wandering about the many trails and by-paths which constitute one of the charms of the place. Each new turning brought some fresh delight. Once we startled two little rabbits who had been having a merry gambol. Then again we aroused the ire of a saucy squirrel who resented our intrusion within his precincts and informed us of his disapproval in no uncertain terms. We had a chipmunk almost persuaded to friendship, when a noisy crow broke in on our little party and Master Chipmunk fled in dismay.

It was a very tired, but exceedingly happy, group that drove home in the sunset's afterglow. The birds were calling their good-nights, vespers which echoed the matins which had awakened us.

And with sighs of absolute content, we thanked the Creator of all lovely things for a perfect spring day.

MURIEL WILSON, Class VII.

PARADOX

We come from blaring music and harsh light
Into the dusty blueness of the star-lit streets.
Thin clouds float low in the deep blue sky,
Trees swayed by the tender breeze
Cast fitful shadows on the gleaming walk
And the air is heavy with the scent of lilacs.
Yet, say we nothing of such things;
We have no words to praise this magic.
The picture we just saw was dull and very insignificant;
But on this subject we are voluble,
Having a stock of clever barbs and deft comments
With which we thrust and parry as we walk,
Pushing the beauty around us back, lest it quite usurp our minds.
How strange!

PEGGY ARCHIBALD.

THE ROAD

It is strange that a common object, by reason of its very familiarity, is seldom noticed or meditated upon to any great extent. Its presence is an accepted part of our lives. Yet when we see such an object after an absence, even a short one, our interest in it is aroused anew. This is especially true if the object is vested with some unfamiliar characteristic, which, if it be extremey striking, may result in a lasting impression.

So it is with me as regards the particular road to which I refer here. When I travelled over it frequently, it had no greater importance to me than any other country thoroughfare, or any city street, for that matter. Certainly the value of the road was merely that of any other: it was a means of transportation, and nothing more. Therefore all thought of it ceased with my change of abode.

That was several years ago. During those years the forces of Fate must surely have been conspiring to make me realize that the road was a part of my early existence. How can I think otherwise, when such an aspect of it was before me on my recent journey over it? Nothing marred the beauty of that lane of pure untrammelled snow. For miles it continued, up hill and down, through groves of snow-laden trees, and past peaceful farms. In the distance rose the mountains, stately and serene in the calm of early morning. How sorry I was when this dream-world was replaced by the bustling reality of the city!

Yet have I really ground for regret? I have lost nothing indeed, I have gained much. I can recall a wonderful snow-scene; and in addition a host of pictures of which I was formerly unaware—old homely pictures of my childhood, become dearer and more beautiful through absence from the place with which they are associated. The most vivid ones are of the road, over which I walked morning after morning, afternoon following afternoon, to and from school. Now I danced along a fairy lane through a country lovely with the rain-washed green of spring, now I trudged over a dusty ribbon between parched fields and limp-leaved thirsty trees; again I trod a peaceful path through the rainbow-land of autumn. Yet again I hurried along a muddy trail through the bleak and melancholy scene of winter.

As the road is the dominant feature in all of these pictures, so it is outstanding in my past being. Indeed, it is symbolic of my life. As a child, I feared the hills on the course of the road; now these same hills seem somehow to lead into valleys less deep. So it has been thus far with the Road of Life: the valleys that were to me so deep have now vanished, and the road is smooth and sunny as it stretches into the dimness of the past. Now it is continuing onward into Reality. Ahead I cannot see. I suppose, however, that the road will traverse shadowy valleys and shining heights; I

know that it will lead through Reality, and that it will ultimately pass into Eternity. But, whatever the character of the way, there will be much to comfort me on the way.

Much of this consolation will proceed from experiences along the road itself. I hope there will be friends. Certainly there will always be seas to smile beneath, summer skies and mountains to flush at the sun's first warm caress. Some happiness, too, will be afforded by beautiful memories, mellowed by time, of a happy childhood. These will I owe to a humble country road, which, through them, has acquired a great significance for me.

MARGARET L. GOODYEAR, Class IV.

VANCOUVER

A century ago men knew her not.
She slumbered in the dreams of red men sage,
And in the hearts of patient fir and cedar.
Contented still to pass the few short years,
In waxing mighty for the appointed hour.
Then, fired by ambition in her pioneers
When scarcely half a hundred years had passed,
She woke; and dawn glazed bright in exultation
O'er dreams come true and visions realized.
The eager forest gave it's stalwart might,
The sea and rivers proffered her their stores
Predestined from of old for her employ.
And thus she grew, all worthy to be named
The "Gateway of the West," "Pacific's pride."
To-day the inlet swells with siren blast,
The airship mocks the mountains towering height,
And "Progress," merciless in its ruthless grasp
Compels her with Ambition to go on.
On where the Future stands in hazy glory
And beckons, "On! Vancouver, on to me!"

WILLIAM SEDGEWICK GLADWIN, Class II.

THE VALUE OF TACT

Tact is of real value in three ways: because of the pleasure it gives to the individual who exercises it, because of the pleasure it gives to those with whom this individual comes in contact, and because of the material gain.

A pertinent illustration in this regard is that of a great steam engine. Its enormous power is delivered so quietly that the onlooker has difficulty in imagining what tremendous effort is being exerted. Its large shafts move rhythmically and with no apparent effort. Why? The steel of which it is made is, of course, of the best, and the workmanship that has gone into its construction has been as nearly perfect as human workmanship could be. But would this be enough? Not by any means. The machine must have oil between all its moving parts. Where else would be friction there must be a lubricant. Without this lubricant the machine would destroy itself because of the heat produced by its own efforts at accomplishment.

Thus it is in the relationship between human beings. These relationships are necessary for man's happiness, but they do produce heat. How often we see anger and bitterness result from the contact between individuals! Surely there can be no happiness where such unlovely things exist. What is needed is the lubricant of tact which will provide a film, so to speak, between two different, and differing, personalities. The accord thus produced can not fail to bring happiness.

While the individual is thus bringing happiness to himself by the use of tact, he is also giving happiness to those around him. By refusing to hold anyone up to ridicule, by forestalling any possible embarrassment of a fellow mortal, and by a kindly, sincere desire to help, the individual spreads a measure of happiness around him which no conceivable amount of money could produce.

Nor should this display of tact be confined only to our relationship with strangers. It should be used, also, in our home life. Far too often the feelings of those near and dear to us are disregarded, with consequent great unhappiness. Tact should not be discarded, with the overcoat, at the front door, but should be brought into the intimacies of the home.

Neither should tact be used only with those from whom we anticipate favors. It should be used with all men. For tact is neither the cringing servility of the slave nor the hypocritical condescension of the haughty, but rather the true majesty of a heart sincere in its kindness.

Also, in the, perhaps, baser motive of material gain, tact is of great value. How many men have risen to the heights because of kindness and gentleness, given spontaneously and without thought of financial reward. By their refusal to justify selfishness by the name of firmness, desire for acquisition by the name of adherence to rights, vindictiveness by the name of justice, they have so endeared themselves to all men that the scaling of the heights has been made easy for them.

Thus tact is of value in all our relationships. The witty, cruel retort unuttered; the sharp, stinging reprimand unsaid; the pleasures of the lightning rapier-like thrust foregone—

all these give to the soul of the man practising tact. "That peace that floweth as a river." Not like the brook, babbling on and caring not whither, but like the river, glorious in its quietness, yet great, in the might of its onward sweep. And as twilight gives to a river the glory and peace and contentment of the sunset glow, so the later years of the life of the man who practices tact will glow with the beauty of proven friendships and will have a calm peace and contentment beyond earthly price.

M. WARWICK, Class V

THE GENIUS OF THE WOOD

(Written on a theme suggested by Milton's "Paradise Lost")

When into yonder mossy wood I stray,
Enchantment and the spell of woodland lore
My fancy seems to carry far away,
And bury in my thoughts for ever more.
For ever more?—or is it just the time
Man takes to form a pure and fanc'ful dream,
Inspired by the rose and eglantine,
Or running of the bright refreshing stream.
And sometimes from my semi-conscious sleep
I do awake and find myself again,
And from my idle reverie I keep
A memory of nature—not of men.
Whenever in yon wood I chance to go
(Is't due to elfin spirit bad or good?)
No matter! Always is my spirit so.
I owe it to the Genius of the Wood.

W. H. GADDES.

COURAGE

Courage consists not in hazarding without fear, but being resolutely minded in a just cause. It is a quality which must be practised and encouraged in order to bring success in life. Disappointments come and, unless one is prepared to face them with courage, life will be difficult. It is better to confront danger than to wait for it. Impossibilities fly before the one who is not afraid of them. If you confront difficulties with courage and perseverance, and you should then fail, you will be honoured; but shrink and you will be despised.

It takes a crisis to show who the true heroes are, and to bring us up single-handed to face danger. It is not courage which makes us rush with the multitude into the jaws of destruction—sheep will do that. But when one finds himself alone before a crisis, true courage is found in people of shrinking nerves or in weak and timid women, as in great, burly people. Thus courage is a moral, not a physical trait.

Many people think that courage is confined to the field of battle. This is a great mistake. There are other struggles with adverse circumstances—struggles with habits, appetites or passions, which require more courage and perseverance than the brief encounter of battle. Everyone finds many obstacles in his pathway to struggle against. These difficulties must be encountered courageously and misfortunes and poverty endured. We must not lose heart, but we must struggle again and again, because the one who never gives up enjoys a spiritual triumph of which nothing can deprive him. Courage has a great influence on our lives because it gives us energy for the trial.

There are many forms of courage—the common courage to be honest, courage to resist temptation, courage to speak the truth, courage to be what we really are and courage to live honestly within our own means. It is moral courage that marks the highest order of humanity—the courage to do what we think is right. For example, a teacher must possess moral courage to deal with his pupils in the way which he feels is right, even though popular opinion is against him and he is making enemies for himself. Nevertheless, for his conscience' sake, he must suffer and endure in solitude.

Thus courage is the essence of character. The highest form of courage is moral courage. It demands firmness of character in order to surmount the obstacles in life. Examples of this are the poet who sacrifices his life for his work, and the mother or father who makes a sublime sacrifice. They usually live unrecognized and unrecompensed and must suffer in silence.

MARJORIE STOKOE, Class VII.

RISING STORM—
WEST COAST

Crashing thunder on the rocks,
The sea comes roaring in,
With a black outward surging
Laying bare the foam flecked shale.
The rising wind with slow rushes
Whips the whitecaps 'cross the waves;
The Arbutus bends its twisted form
Wind born, wind seared, wind moulded
To its present shape, swaying from
The power that made it;
While sea-gulls wheel and cry
And the darkening sun grows dim.

C. L. BURNETT, Class III.

NOSTRI DOMINO

O ruthless, gnashing, savage sea,
Why wilt thou e'er relentless be,
Nor cease to flaunt a frothing crest—
Thy camouflage for bitterness?
O thou wouldst lord and master be,
But dost forget who walked on thee.

O child of man, must be thy lot
To breast a sea with tempest fraught,
To strain for each frail spar of wreck
And thrust thy fellow deeper yet?
Why, earth, strive thou for mastery—
Hast thou forgot who walked on thee?

O softly, gently, calleth yet
The voice of Him whom men forget;
And as of old on Galilee,
His hand shall still our troubled sea.
Foul mists shall flee and e'er let shine
A glorious radiance, serene, divine.

PHYLLIS BURR, Class III.

EXTRA!
BANK ROBBERY!

James Norton, diminutive messenger for the Bank of Columbia in Toronto, was worried. He had just left the steel-and-plate-glass security of the bank's branch at Yonge and Cornell Streets, carrying a small attache-case crammed with notes to the value of $100,000.

Naturally, such a responsibility would cause worry in anyone's mind; but Norton felt remarkably insecure, since a series of systematic robberies had taken place in Toronto by an organized gang of ruthless bandits. They used a large, black Cadillac sedan, and specialized in holding up messengers who carried money from bank to bank.

Thus, as James Norton headed rapidly down Yonge Street toward the seven blocks distant Elm Street branch, his thoughts were in a turmoil. What would happen to him if he were held up? He might be mortally wounded by deadly slugs from the killers' notorious sub-machine guns. If he escaped injury his position would be forfeited—he might even be sentenced to serve a term of years in the penitentiary! Ah! he had reached one block in safety—would ne never get to the bank? Why, oh why, had he become a bank messenger? There's a tough-looking fellow across the street, wonder if he's a bandit? He wished there were more people about. Two blocks gone now—only five more, and he would be safe. Why hadn't they picked someone else for a job like this? He felt the cold, hard butt of the heavy automatic pistol in his side pocket, and gained some small satisfaction from its icy coolness. Three blocks passed now—nearly half-way there! Perspiration poured down his face, although the day was not a warm one. How much longer did he had to endure this agony? He walked faster, yet he did not seem to get anywhere. People looked curiously at him. What did he care what they were thinking of him? They didn't carry $100,000 with them! Four blocks reached now. He glanced at his wrist-watch—he'd been gone five minutes, yet it seemed more like five hours since he had left the bank. The money seemed to burn the very fingers with which he grasped the leather container. Every person he saw now seemed a potential robber. In his mind's eye he could see the newspaper tabloids of that afternoon, "Extra! Extra!—Bank Messenger Held Up!—$100,000 Robbery!" He could almost visualize the story beneath these imaginary black headlines. Five blocks now—only two more to go—but what was that?

Hot rubber squealed in an ear-splitting crescendo of sound, as a large, black automobile careened toward the curbing. Norton stood petrified with fear. He was in for it now! That was the car! What could he do? He might throw the bag away and run for his life—but he found that he could not stir an inch. If he ever got out of this alive, he would never carry another cent for anyone!

The door of the car swung open, and the trembling messenger heard the heaven-sent words:

"Taxi, sir?"

"No, no thanks. Why—er—that is, I guess so," stammered the astonished Mr. Norton.

He would travel in safety for the next two blocks, at any rate. A thought struck him—suppose he were being kidnapped, with the money. The driver's appearance had not been very prepossessing! But the car kept on, straight up Yonge Street. One more block to go! He could see the bank now. Would the man stop, or would he carry the unlucky messenger on to some unknown destination? Norton's shirt felt clammy against his back, since perspiration was oozing from every pore. Ah! the car was slowing down —it was stopping—right before the portals of the bank. What a relief!

Flinging the chauffeur his fare, Norton jumped out of the taxi, and dashed up the stairs into the bank. He pushed rudely through a group of startled customers, and at last was safe in the manager's office. Whew! what a day he had experienced!

"Well, what do you mean by breaking in like this?" thundered the outraged manager.

"Oh—I've brought over the money—the hundred thousand you telephoned for."

"What hundred thousand? It came ten minutes ago in the bank's special armoured car! What's in this case?"

Click!

"Only wads of paper! Oh, I see! They must have used you as a decoy for any stray bandits that might happen to be around. Why, what's the matter?"

Thud!

James Norton had fainted.

CHARLES J. WHITTAKER, Class V.

THE FOUNTAIN

Warm was the night,
A light breeze fanned our faces,
Fragrant and warm as an infant's breath
Caressing our cheeks.
The heat of day had waned,
And all around, veiled in soft mist
The thickets clustered, and in the sky above
Stars burned with a clear cold light.
One silvery moonbeam,
Filtering through a softly rustling sycamore
Caught a waterspout, which like a million brilliants
Spilled in a milky pool.

E. GORANSON, Class II.

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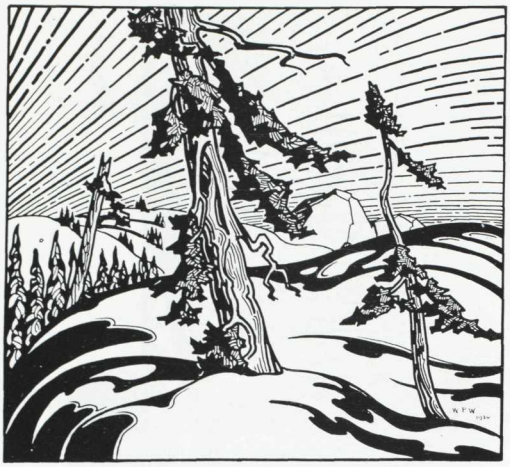


THE SKETCH CLUB

The Sketch Club, under the guidance of Mr. Weston, has provided several interesting and profitable evenings for the students. Unfortunately, few meetings were held because the club was not organized until February.

The first meeting was devoted to sketching; the members making rapid pencil portraits of one another in various characteristic poses and another was held at Mr. Weston's home where our gracious host showed us lantern reproductions of Canadian paintings, and some of his own work. Perhaps the most interesting meeting was the one conducted by Mr. Ross Lort of the Little Theatre. He demonstrated to a small, but enthusiastic audience, a working model stage, fitted with all the lights, dimmers and sets to be found on a full-size, completely equipped stage.

While his son shifted scenes, Mr. Lort gave an outline of the history of the theatre from the earliest Greek ceremonial performances to the magnificent opera of today. This was an evening not soon to be forgotten.

MUSIC

MUSIC! That word echoes down the ages. It has been said that "were it not for music we might in these days say the beautiful is dead." During the cold, dreary days in winter we miss the harmonious sounds which fill the air, the songs of birds, the whisper of leaves, and the ripple of waters on the sandy shore.

How fortunate we are in having had bequeathed to us such a glorious legacy of compositions from old masters; selections for every occasion and to suit every individual, whether it be operatic, orchestral, or simple songs for community singing. We are fortunate indeed, and how we should appreciate the opportunity given us at the Normal School of pursuing further our musical studies, for well may it be said, "Music will live forever."

AILEEN O'DRISCOLL, A.T.C.M., Music Editor.

THE ORCHESTRA

The Normal School Orchestra, under the efficient conducting of Aileen O'Driscoll, A.T.C.M., has completed a most successful year, adding greatly to the pleasure of our Literary meetings with their well chosen selections.

With loyal co-operation and enthusiasm its members—Phyllis Burr, Edna Johnstone, Doris Bowser, Muriel Wilson, Norman Lloyd, George Smith, Norman Renwick, Bill Thompson and David Jaeger—have arranged some splendid numbers, outstanding among them being, "Maritana," "The Bee and the Floweret," and the "Prelude to the Toy Suite," which was played as an introduction to Class IV's Literary programme. To this selection were added instruments of the Rhythm Band, and it proved a delightfully entertaining introduction to the novel programme which followed. Special thanks are due to Bill Gaddes and Bill Gladwin, who so kindly assisted in this number.

Another outstanding achievement of the Orchestra was its appearance over the air, broadcasting from such well known Vancouver stations as CJOR and CKMO. Splendid programmes were presented and a word of praise is due here to George Smith and Norman Lloyd for their fine interpretation of "Convent Bells," a duet for trumpet and cornet, and also to Muriel Wilson for the excellent piano accompaniments, which are so essential to every orchestra.

Miss O'Driscoll, in speaking of her orchestra, remarked, "It was indeed a pleasure to conduct such fine musicians, and the success of the orchestra was due to their outstanding ability and splendid, loyal support."

COMMUNITY SINGING

This year community singing was held during Thursday noon hours in the Auditorium, under the capable direction of George Graham and George Smith and the kind supervision of Miss Coney, and proved a great attraction to the student body.

With the assistance at the piano of various students, many old favourites were musically harmonized, including such well known numbers as "Sweet Genevieve," "Begone, Dull Care," "Hark, Hark the Lark" and "Flowers of the Forest." As always, singing in groups helps greatly to promote the spirit of friendship and good-will, and the students, by their regular attendance at these meetings proved their enjoyment and appreciation.

THE PORTFOLIO

Hungary! What rich associations are condensed in that name, what compelling suggestions of European glamour pass before the mind at mention of it: visions of full, multi-coloured skirts, strains of wild Gypsy music, tapping red heels . . . and sun-browned workers in the sugar-beet fields . . . the thunder of the Danube . . .

But sometimes, to us who travel by means of books, there comes a time when vivid impressions cannot dispel a feeling of remoteness. It is then that a more personal touch is needed, something more tangible, to make these distant peoples vibrant with life again and to infuse in our hearts a spirit of warm friendliness towards them.

It was this feeling that prompted the exchange of portfolios two years ago between the Normal Schools of Vancouver and Budapest. This year, we were the recipients again of a similar manual, illustrating in particular the beautiful art work done there, and revealing the delightful effects and surprising harmony which may be produced by combining a variety of brilliant colours artistically. The portfolio which we are sending in return contains material representative not so much of one special branch of work as of the many subjects on our curriculum. In addition, sketches of Vancouver have been included. The students responsible for supplying this material to some extent, and for collecting it, are Misses D. Carpenter, W. Gall, K. Martin, E. McRae, Mr. Gray and Mr. Warwick. Miss Bollert has assisted greatly with suggestions and in helping in general, and we should like to take this opportunity of thanking her very much. We should also like to express our gratitude to all those whose willing contributions have made it possible to produce so large and attractive a portfolio.

HEATHER MACKINTOSH, Superintendent.

SOCIETY

Do you remember being told that you would find your year at Normal the happiest of your life? Now we believe it. Many and varied social functions have helped to make our year a merry one. The social highlights were, of course, the two Semi-Annuals and the Co-ed, but of almost equal importance were the successful dances held by the Basketball, Soccer, and Badminton Clubs and by the various classes. With the exception of the Spring Semi-Annual, all of our parties were held "at home," with the result that our classrooms and gymnasium have been frequent scenes of gaiety.

THE SEMI-ANNUALS

On November 29, Normalites, many Normal graduates, and all members of the staff gathered in the gymnasium for the much anticipated Semi-Annual. For the gala occasion the gymnasium was gaily bedecked with balloons, modernistic wall decoration, and a huge central lantern. The evening climaxed in a blare of horns and a confusion of ticklers and dilapitated hats and streamers.

The Spring Dance was held on March 6 in the Alma Academy under the gracious patronage of the staff. Decorations of purple and gold, Dean Cairns' music, and the distribution of favours all combined to make the affair even gayer than its predecessor.

THE CO-ED

1936 gave the girls an excuse to hold a leap-year Co-ed. This year Alice Kjos and her committee intensified traditional informality into a Barn Dance. The gym., decorated in true rustic style—hay, scare-crows, rakes, shovels and hoes, and silly signs and animals on the wall—was an appropriate setting for the barn dance, square dance, and polka antics of those present. The damsels proved able escorts—at least no complaints have as yet been heard from the swains.

Miss Coursier, Miss Maynard, Miss Bollert, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Weston and Mr. Anstey acted as patrons and patronesses.

THE CLASS PARTIES

On October 25, Classes II, V, and VI were co-hosts at the first party of the year. One of the interesting phases of the function was the "Date Bureau" under the supervision

of Laurie Todd, whereby young ladies of retiring character were supplied with escorts (while they lasted!).

Class VII opened the Christmas season with a party in their home room on the evening of December 20th. Cheery Christmas scenes, holly, streamers and balloons made the scene of festivities a bright one and offered a decided contrast to the foggy world outside.

Dancing ceased for a few moments while everyone enjoyed Mr. MacLean's adept performance as a magician. Miss Bollert was patroness for the evening.

Time, 7.30-12.00; Place, Room, Normal School; Date, January 31, 1936.

Why, of course, we remember Class IV's party—oh! that floor which was so slippery it nearly brought many a fair maid to grief!

Patriotic decorations in red, white and blue, an interesting programme of dancing and contests, and buffet supper in the library made the evening one of the most happy events of the season. Mr. Martin was his class's patron.

The Art Room never looked more artistic than it did the night of Class III's party, February 21. A crispy winter evening without, and gay decorations within—brightly coloured balloons, warm lights, soft music—what more could anyone want? It was a pleasant evening that no one present will forget.

Patrons and patronesses included Mr. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Weston, and Miss Bollert.

PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL

SPLENDOR SINE OCCASU

ATHLETIC SOCIETY

Officers elected at the beginning of the Fall term were:

President . . . . . Ken Wright
Vice-President . . . Doug. Fairbairn
Secretary . . . . . Ivy Apps

New officers were elected for the Spring term, and those chosen were:

President . . . . . Laurie Todd
Vice-President . . . . Ted Denne
Secretary . . . . . Alice Kjos

Bob Cuthbertson, the business manager of the Students' Council, acted as treasurer for both terms.

To enable the greatest number of Normal students to participate, inter-class competition was stressed by the society. The boys' soccer team was the only entry in a city league. Inter-class rivalry was keen in girls' basketball, boys' basketball, soccer, track and softball. Badminton, swimming, and girls' grass hockey were also sponsored.

The semi-annual dances, the Fall held in the gymnasium, and the Spring held in the Alma Academy, were as successful as any in the history of the Normal School. At present plans are being made for the annual picnic at Bowen Island.

The members of both executives are very thankful to Miss Coursier, Miss Maynard, Mr. MacLean, Mr. Weston, and Mr. Martin for their untiring efforts to make the Athletic Society a success.

TRACK MEETS

The Fall track meet was held in the gymnasium on November 1. The spirit of co-operation, enthusiasm, and sportsmanship displayed by all the classes made this a memorable event. Class VII easily won the girls' pennant, while Class V walked away with the boys' championship. Classes IV and II also won trophies, the "Ketchups." It seems the girls' "Ketchup" pennant was mislaid, perhaps by a member of Class IV, but the ever efficient executive immediately produced a bottle of the original "Heinz".

On February 14th, 1936, the Spring Olympiad was held. Although they received far more opposition than in the Fall, the members of Class VII once again won the girls' pennant. Class IV, believing in consistency, received the "Ketchup" (the same bottle) award for the second time.

Class II, inspired by the challenge of their leader and angered by the taunts of the Athletic president (a member of Class V) entered the meet with a determined spirit of "do or die". They won the major events in the gymnasium, and with three events to go were 15 points ahead of Class V, their arch rivals. However, the members of Class V were fighting with their backs to the wall and staged a spirited rally to win the three big events and thus tie for the championship. They were materially aided when the leader of the Class II started their song in the right key but the wrong time.

ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Fall Term

DOUG. FAIRBAIRN, Vice-President.

KEN. WRIGHT, President.

IVY APPS, Secretary.

EFFIE GUTHRIE, Class IV

MARY BURDITT, Class III

LAURIE TODD, Class V

ALICE KJOS, Class VI.

ERNIE McALLISTER, Class II.

BETTY SINCLAIR, Class VII.

Spring Term

TED DENNE, Vice-President.

LAURIE TODD, President.

ALICE KJOS, Secretary.

JIM CURR, Class II.

DELLA CARPENTER, Class III.

PAT DE WIELE, Class IV.

BILL McLACHLAN, Class V.

ETHEL MOFFAT, Class VI.

LORNA PEARSON, Class VII.

SPLENDOR OCCASU SINE

BACK ROW, READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: H. MCDOUGALL, I. LING, K. KILTY, E. MOFFAT, O. MURRAY, LEONE KILTY. FRONT ROW: M. JONES, E. JOHNSON, A. KJOS, D. IRWIN, F. MACEACHERIN.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

President . . . . . Kay Wright

At a girls' basketball meeting, which was held in September, it was decided to form an inter-class league within the school. Consequently, inter-class games have been played every possible Friday afternoon. These games were followed with interest, and much of the leagues' success was due to the coaching done by Ernie McAllister, Doug. Fairbairn, Bill McLachlan and Ken. Wright.

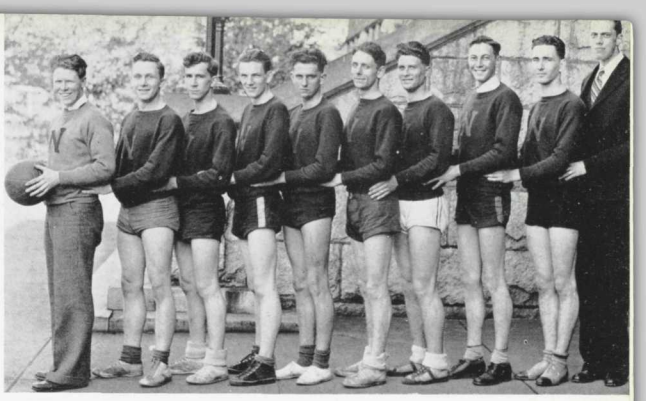
Class VI won both the before and after Christmas leagues, Class VII being a very close second. As a reward Class VI had their names inscribed on Normal girls' cup, and their pictures in the Annual as the winning team.

The members of the teams wish to thank Miss Coursier for her untiring efforts as referee and coach.

GIRLS' GRASS HOCKEY

Captain . . . . . Dot Irwin
Vice-Captain . . . Mabel Marshall
Secretary . . . . . Effie Guthrie

A well-attended meeting, under the direction of Mr. Anstey, was held in the Fall, and a Girls' Hockey Club was formed. Unfortunately, however, we soon lost our practice ground, when excavation for the new city hall started. The lack of a suitable playing field caused the withdrawal of the Normal team from the City League. This is the first time in many years that the Normal School has not been represented in this branch of sport.



LEFT TO RIGHT: NORMAN RENWICK, RUSS OSBURNE, BILL FERGUSON, BILL MACLACHLAN, AXEL EBBESON, KEN WRIGHT, DOUG FAIRBAIRN, JIM HILL, ERNEST MCALLISTER, ED MCGOUGAN.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

President . . . . . Norm. Renwick

The class of '35-'36 had a very successful year in basketball. In the Fall there was a large, enthusiastic turnout at the first meeting—nearly every boy attending Normal was present. From these players four teams were picked, the Omego and Eels in Class II, and the Orioles and Falcons in Class V. Doug. Fairbairn, Ernie McAllister, Bill McLachlan, and Ken Wright were chosen captains of the respective teams. The Orioles won the league.

The climax of the season came with two games against the Victoria Normal School. In the first game, played in Vancouver, we won by the narrow margin of two points, the final score being 42-40. The Victoria boys were guests at our Spring Semi-Annual Dance.

On April 3rd we paid Victoria Normal a return visit and were very fortunate in winning 35-34. Those members of the Basketball Club that made the trip were royally entertained by the Victoria staff and students.

Four outstanding players in city leagues were members of the school team: Bill McLachlan and Doug. Fairbairn of the champion Mt. Pleasant Club; Ernie McAllister of Beresfords, and Ken Wright of the Adanacs.

NORM. RENWICK—President. Norm. was chiefly responsible for the success of the Boys' Basketball Club.

RUSS. OSBORNE—Guard. Russ. plays a very robust game and is a fine defensive player.

DOUG. FAIRBAIRN—Guard. When playing running guard, Doug. was one of our high scorers. He was a member of Mount Pleasant, B.C., Intermediate "A" champions.

ERNIE McALLISTER—Centre. Ernie is a very good offensive player, being chiefly dangerous under the basket. He played for Beresfords, Senior "B".

BILL McLACHLAN—Forward. Bill was one of the best shots on our team from any distance. He is always full of "pepper" and a continual source of worry to the opposing guards. Bill was also a member of the champion Mount Pleasant Club.

(Continued on page fifty-eight)

BACK ROW: NORMAN RENWICK, DOUG FAIRBAIRN, TED DENNE, T. R. KELLY, ED MCGOUGAN, KEN WRIGHT, ALF. PARMINTER, BILL MACLACHLAN, W. THORNE, JOE PATTERSON. FRONT ROW: IZZY PELMAN, DON ATWATER, BILL FERGUSON, LAURIE TODD, CECIL SHANTZ, JOE PATTERSON, JIM HILL.

NORMAL SOCCER CLUB

At the instigation of a small but enthusiastic group of players, a soccer team was entered in the G.V.A.A. competition, where Normal made quite a name for itself in minor sport circles. The team lost three games, tied three and won eleven for a total of 25 points (April 17). This put Normal second in the League with 37 goals for, and 21 against, six points ahead of the next team. Four or five players who lived out of town were not able to play during the Easter vacation, and we lost two valuable points through a default.

Perhaps the most thrilling game of the season was that with the league-leading "Furriers," at Queen's Park, New Westminster, for the final of the Black Cup. Normal led 3-0 in the second half, only to have three goals scored, one of which was a glaring "handle." In the overtime, Ferguson scored the winning counter, giving the Normal Soccer Club the distinction of bringing home the Normal School's first trophy.

A feature of this Club is its fighting spirit and its sportsmanship, and these qualities, combined with a good brand of football, have made Normal an extremely popular team.

The Club wishes to thank its supporters for turning out faithfully in all kinds of weather, and also the student body and Athletic Executive, whose generosity enabled the Club to meet the season's expenses.

PERSONNEL

JIM HILL, Goal.
Jim has a fine quality of team spirit and handles a ball well

RUSSELL OSBORNE, Right Back.
"Aussie" is one of the mainstays of our defence. His coolness and ability to outguess his check saves his goal time and again.

DOUG. FAIRBAIRN, Left Back.
Fast and deadly on the tackle, Doug. has one of the strongest kicks on the squad and is a tower of strength at all times.

(Continued on page fifty-nine)

SPLENDOR SINE OCCASU

THE SWIMMING CLUB

President . . . . . C. M. Bedford

Every Wednesday afternoon from three o'clock until five, from October to Easter, the sixty or so members of the Swimming Club disported themselves in the customary splashy fashion at Chalmer's Pool.

The season's activities commenced with a meeting early in October at which C. M. Bedford, of Class II, was elected President.

A number of the girls, under the excellent supervision of Miss I. Coursier, commenced immediately to train preparatory to taking the bronze medallion life-saving test. The boys were slow in starting, but under the guidance of Mr. A. E. C. Martin, who has had no little experience with this work, with A. W. Mooney of Class II in direct charge, progress was rapid. Land drills were soon the order of the day during noon hour at Normal. At the pool on Wednesdays the practice continued in the water.

After the Christmas holiday, the following students were successful in passing their bronze medallion tests: Girls—M. MacKenzie, H. McDougal, M. Christensen, G. Ellis and M. Humble. (Miss P. de Wiele, by coaching these girls, obtained her teacher's certificate in life-saving.) Boys—E. McGougan, A. W. Mooney, Wm. S. Gladwin and C. M. Bedford.

A number of the above students are now preparing others to take the bronze medallion tests, thus to win the teacher's certificate for themselves. Some, too, are planning to take the silver medallion tests.

In November, a friendly competition with U.B.C. took place. Normal didn't fare so well, but all enjoyed themselves.

The Crystal Pool was the scene of the Normal School Swim Meet on Thursday, May 7. About thirty of the school's best swimmers turned out to show what they could do, while a large gallery of enthusiasts lent hearty support to their classmates in the events. These included various styles of races, relays, underwater swimming and diving. The class stunts, which concluded the events, favored mid-

(Continued on page fifty-nine)

BADMINTON CLUB

President . . . . . Don Smith
Vice-President . . . Ed. McGougan
Secretary . . . . . Effie Vickery

The Badminton Club got away to a fine start this season, with a membership of about seventy. The enthusiasm of the members during the Fall session was very much shown by the large crowds that turned out on the week nights. But with exams looming in the near future, the number of players gradually diminished. However, some fine games were played on club nights.

During the Fall term a mixed doubles tournament was held. This proved successful and a similar arrangement was made in the Spring. No tournaments with other clubs were held.

The Badminton Club held a dance in the gym, which was a very successful event. Our many thanks to Miss Maynard, who helped to make this affair a success.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

(Continued from page fifty-five)

KEN. WRIGHT—Forward. Ken. was the veteran of our team. He is well known for his one-handed hook shot, from which he has derived the nickname of "Hooker". Ken. played for the Adanacs, Senior "A".

ED. McGOUGAN—Centre. Ed. is 6 feet 6 inches tall and uses his height to advantage. His chief delight is to take a pass over his check's head and nonchalantly drop the ball down into the basket.

JIM HILL—Guard. Jim is a good defensive and offensive player. He proved to be a very valuable substitute.

WALLY FERGUSON—Forward. Much to the disgust of his check, Fergie was always everywhere at the same time. He was a very good shot under the hoop.

AKSEL EBBESON—Forward. Aksel is tall and rangy and played some fine games. With a little more experience, he should develop into a very good player.

BILL McNAB—Guard. Although Bill was one of the shortest members of our team, he made up for his lack of height with speed and aggressiveness.

SOCCER CLUB

(Continued from page fifty-six)

DON. ATWATER, Right Half.
Don. is one of our strongest players.He counts himself a veteran now, and his passing and footwork back him up.

LAURIE TODD, Centre Half.
Captain and President of the Club. Been playing for ten years now in various company from a juvenile brand of game to Dominion championship. Says he has enjoyed the Normal team the best of the lot.

TED DENNE, Left Half.
Ted is valuable anywhere, and when put on the forward line scores goals. Always wants to show Fergie how to play centre-forward.

REG. KELLY, Outside Right.
Reg. is another fast one and has a knack of converting first-timers into goals with either foot.

BILL McLACHLAN, Inside Right.
Bill has picked up this game very quickly. He is one of the hardest working men on the team and a big menace to opposing defenders.

KEN. WRIGHT, Inside Left.
"Hooker" carries his basketball ability onto the soccer field. His knack of passing and getting into a position for a pass make it a pleasure to play with him.

WALTER FERGUSON, Centre Forward.
Our goal-getter. "Fergie" previously played inside right, but found that late Friday nights did not agree. Has scored 20 goals.

CEC. SHANTZ, Outside Left.
Smallest man on the team, but one of the most effective. Fast, tricky and a clever dribbler.

IZZY PELMAN, Manager.
Without our manager and our oranges we would be lost. Always cheerful, always has the good of the club at heart and has done much to foster football at Normal. He has lately been showing the boys how to play instead of telling them.

ED. McGOUGAN, Publicity Manager.
Most helpful and efficient advertiser around the school. Always on hand and gets a real kick out of soccer.

JOE PATTERSON, Trainer.
Divides his time between running the line and "rubbing down" Fairbairn.

Much credit is due to Wally Thorne, Bill McNab, Alf. Parminter, Red Renwick, Joe Hammett and Bill Crellin, who have helped the squad generously from time to time.

SWIMMING CLUB

(Continued from page fifty-seven)

Victorian bathing suits and a gala swim formation. The inter-class competitions were keenly contested and were won by Class VI (girls) and Class II (men). Miss Coursier, Mr. Anstey and Mr. Martin were the judges, and Joe Hammett ably handled the megaphone.

All in all, thanks largely to the co-operation of the staff, particularly Mr. Martin and Miss Coursier, and the fine spirit of the students participating, a successful year's swimming has been enjoyed by all.

HALL OF FAME

Name	Appearance	Pet Saying	Ambition	Weakness	Theme Song
Alice Kjos	In the Papers	I'll do it.	To teach a certain young man to play basketball.	Tall blonde saxophone players.	Play to me, Gipsy.
Ethel Moffat	Sophisticated	Never the same twice.	He goes to U. of W.	Can't find any.	It's Been So Long.
Marjorie McMahon "Marj."	One of the inseparables.		Mrs. Bootles.	Mr. Bootles.	You've To Be a Football Hero.
Stella Wilkinson "Wilky"	On the Stage	Oh, cawn't !!	To be an actress.	Acting.	Cling to Me.
Jack Wilkie	With the Girls.	Say-y-y Lissen.	To date all of Class IV.	Feminine Glances.	Nobody's Sweetheart Now.
Kenneth Wright.	With Wilkie.	On Your Backs, Down!	Miss Coney's Front Row.	His Conscience.	I'm Shooting High.
Isadore Pelman "Izzy"	With a Grin.	Yes, we have a soccer team!!!!	To coach a championship table tennis team.	Dance Tickets.	Saddle Your Blues to a Wild Soccer Team.
Ewald Goranson "Bus."	Debonair.	We've got to sell more ads.	To get rid of his giggles.	The Greek Ballet.	Spring Song.
Betty Woollard	Attractive but aloof.	I know I shouldn't but . . .	To be a History Professor.	In New Westminster.	(Off-key).
Margaret Winter	Flickery.	Children cry for me.	To have children cry for her.	Do-me-so-do!	Cherry-ripe. (Track meet.)
William Gladwin "Weary Wullie."	Worried.	I'll take the tenor.	Premier of Canada.	Sliding around the gym.	O, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast.

Name	Appearance	Pet Saying	Ambition	Weakness	Theme Song
Joseph Hammet "Hammy".	Very unusual.	Oh Gee!	Joseph von Hammetstein, Hollywood Director.	Anything in skirts.	I Yam What I Yam.
Douglas Fairbairn "Dougie"	Dangerous.	Let's Rationalize.	Basketball coach for a hopeful team.	The Lady in Red.	I Feel Like a Feather in the Breeze.
Margot Bate	Striking. (Ask Aussie).	You should!	Comox.	Moonlight cruise.	Please Believe Me.
Phyllis Burr	Too seldom.	Oh-h-h-h, Norman!	Radio star.	Afternoon tea.	The Music Goes Round and Round.
Evelyn Briggs	Too young.	Where's Irene?	To look adult.	Nanaimo boys.	Let Me Sing!
Alfred Parminter	Beautiful.	One at a time, girls!	Hirsute adornment.	Blushing.	You're Too Good To Be True.
Mc. Gougan "Gougie"	Awe-inspiring.	When I grow up ——	To out-dizzy Disney.	Ping-pong.	Everybody Loves My Marguerite.
Margaret Humble	Briefly during tag-dances.	Well-l-l, O.K.	? ? ? ? ? ?	Victoria Blondes.	Lovely Lady.
Patricia de Wiele	Behind dark glasses.	Get in the swim!	Farmer's wife.	Anything called Pat.	You're the Top.
Effie Guthrie "Euphemia".	Healthy	Gosh, kids!	Has not been discovered.	Not apparent.	Goody! Goody!
Gwen Ellis "Gwennie"	Talking.	Censored.	Physical instructress.	Sergeant Frost.	Bend Down, Sister.
Ewart Walker	Demure and Appealing.	What'll I do now?	To out-Gable Gable.	Day-dreaming.	Foot-loose and Fancy-free.
Peggy Archibald	In a hurry.	What! More copy!!!	Nobel prize-winning novel.	1-2-3, ta-ta-te-fe.	Work for "dead-line" is coming!
Kilty Sisters	Together.	We ——	Tap-dancing sister act.	Late hours.	The Kilties are Coming.

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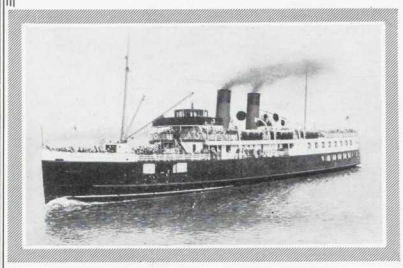

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SPLENDOR OCCASU SINE

FACULTY

(Continued from page ten)

We cannot expect to go through life without some thoughts of regret. They come to us all.

The following quotation from Shakespeare's "The Winter Tale" has been of great help to me, and for this reason I am passing it on to you.

"What's gone, and what's past help, should be past grief."

E. M. CONEY.

MISS CONEY

Terror of the "slacker" and true friend of the conscientious worker, Miss Coney has enriched our lives with new conceptions of music. She sends us out filled with zealous determination to stamp out potential "monotones" and transform them into little larks who, if they ever reach Normal, will never, never be consigned to the "front row".

As you leave the Normal School, I wish that your new road will be one of success and happiness. As teachers you will become leaders. There are many kinds of leaders, but, "the ideal leader is an artist, an artist working in a medium which is at once complex and universal. His material is people." "Talent develops itself in solitude; character in the stream of life."

MARGARET E. MAYNARD.

MISS MAYNARD

This charming and gracious lady has made herself absolutely indispensable at Normal, and it would be hard indeed to imagine one of our famous track meets without her behind the scenes smoothly and efficiently ensuring a scrumptious repast to follow our endeavours. Class VII have also very pleasant memories of the able manner in which she stepped in as their class teacher while Miss Bollert was away. By the way, will you ever forget her utterly unexpected and infectious little-girl giggle? Endearing!

"It is not the hours we put in, but what we put into the hours that counts."

H. B. MacLEAN.

MR. MacLEAN

Through the medium of the Writing Manual, something of Mr. MacLean's personality reaches out to all B.C. children. But it is to those who finally reach Normal that the real Mr. MacLean is revealed. His boundless energy in all his work in classroom has instilled in us the spirit of optimism necessary to progress. As a school law instructor he has no parallel, and as an organizer he has few equals. This fact is attested by the excellence of every track meet—indeed in the memory of the classes of 1935-36, track meet will be spelled, "Mr. H. B. MacLean".

(Continued on page sixty-five)

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SPLENDOR OCCASU SINE

FACULTY

(Continued from page sixty-three)

Your sole contribution to the sum of things is yourself. (Frank Crane).

MISS COURSIER.

MISS COURSIER

Though her grace and dexterity in sport inspire us all with admiring awe, Miss Coursier is not one of those people who are content only to exhibit their skill. Instead, she is the very personification of patience and perseverance, in helping us to emulate her perfection.

In bidding good-bye to the students of 1935-36, it is my wish that you may enjoy your teaching lives to the utmost extent, and look back upon your year at Normal with nothing but pleasure.

SERGEANT-MAJOR FROST.

SGT. FROST

After teaching weeks it was Sgt. Frost's delight to rekindle in us that vital energy which comes from a condition of well-being in mind and muscle. The spirit in which the students hasten to his classes is significant of the success he has made in the teaching of physical education.

MRS. DOIDGE

Much credit is due Mrs. Doidge for the whole-hearted way in which she has always co-operated with the students. Her kindliness and good nature has won for her a host of friends.

MR. COCROFT

Genial and jocular, Mr. Cocroft looks after the students in an almost fatherly way. No matter whether it is preparing for parties, opening a stubborn lock, finding our lost belongings, or just cleaning up after us, never have we seen anything disturb his smiling good nature.

MR. HOWLETT

Quiet and rather reserved, efficient and most eager to help the students to the utmost of his ability, Mr. Howlett always has a smile and cheerful greeting for Normal students.

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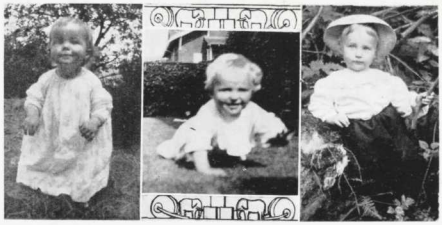

Do you recognize the three dignified members of the Annual Board? Reading from left to right: "Betty," "Peggy," and "Bus."

THE PICNIC

On May the twenty-ninth nearly two hundred Normalites, worn out by innumerable true-falses, will sail for a day's relaxation and jollification at Bowen Island. If we may judge by tradition, the day will serve as a fitting climax to our year at Normal. Weather permitting, we will display our various abilities at field sports, swimming, and (we hope) devouring ham sandwiches.

And so with keen anticipation we await Friday the twenty-ninth!

Two Normal men met after a lapse of several years.

"Married yet, old man?" inquired one.

"No," answered the other, "but I'm engaged, and that's as good as married."

"It's better if you knew it," said the first, sighing deeply.

We Pride Ourselves

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SO TIRED! (NOT TAKEN IN AUDITORIUM)

BELOW - THE PIE-EYED PIPER AND HIS FOLLOWERS

"SCRAM"

LEFT - AN INTERRUPTED SIESTA

RIGHT - FOLK DANCING?

JUST A LOVING CUP

AFTER THE BATTLE

FOUR FROM SIX

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HUMOUR

FOUR STAR PICTURES OF 1936

"Thanks a Million"—Homework borrowers.
"Three Little Wolves"—Shantz, Todd and Crellin.
"Follow the Fleet"—Class VI basketball team.
"It Had to Happen"—The measles.
"Anything Goes"—The lit.
"The King of Burlesque"—Fergy.
"The Voice of Bugle Ann"—George Smith.
"Chatterbox"—Gwen Ellis.
"If You Could Only Cook"—Ed. Goranson.
"I Dream Too Much"—Joe Patterson.
"The Littlest Rebel"—Irene Bruggie.
"Crime and Punishment"—School law.
"Rendezvous"—The little gypsy tea room in the caf.
"A Night at the Opera"—The Class IV Lit.
"Hands Across the Table"—Supper at a Normal dance.
"I Live My Life"—Jack Wilkie.
"Song and Dance Man"—Billy McLachlan.

Young Hopeful in Primary Class: "Mr. Hammett, what is the exact meaning of the verse beginning: 'Jack Spratt could eat no fat?' "

Mr. Hammett: "In simple terms it is as follows:'Jack Spratt could assimilate no adipose tissue; his wife, however, possessed an aversion for the more muscular portions of epithelium, and so between them both, you see—they removed all the foreign substances from the surface of that utilitarian utensil, commonly called platter.' Have I made it clear, Cicero?"

Normal Student: "Johnny, can you tell me what a hypocrite is?"

Johnny: "Yes, ma'am. It's a boy what comes to school with a smile on his face."

"What kind of boys go to heaven?" asked an optimistic Normal student while trying to "inculcate the highest morality" in a class of darling (?) six-year-olds. "Dead boys," yelled back the most recent addition.

Mr. Anstey: "Can you tell the class the name of the belt north of the equator?"

Patterson:"Can't, sir."

Mr. Anstey: "Correct."

The vicar was taking to task one of the young members of his flock.

"David," he said, "I hear you have been raising false hopes in several maiden hearts. Rumour says that you are engaged to one girl here in North Vancouver, another in New Westminster and a third in Vancouver. How do you come to do such a thing?"

David grinned uneasily.

"Why, parson," he explained, "I've got a bicycle."

I wish I were a kangaroo,
Despite his funny stances;
I'd have a place to put the junk
My girl brings to the dances.

Deke took his aunt out riding,
Though icy was the breeze.
He put her in the rumble seat
To see his anti-freeze.

Effie: "Are you in the habit of speaking to ladies you don't know?"

Fergy: "Yeah—the ladies I do know won't speak to me."

One thing about being an idiot, admits Carl De Vilbiss, is that nobody brags how he made you what you are.

DICTIONARY

Taxi: The longest distance between two points.

Traffic Light: A little green light that turns red as your car approaches.

Socialism: Communism with spats.

Worry: Interest paid on trouble before it becomes due.

Rigid Economist: A dead Scotsman.

Pedestrian: A man whose son is home from college.

Hill "What's on your mind?"

McAllister: "Thoughts."

Hill: "Treat them kindly. They're in a strange place."

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We wish the students to bear in mind the fact that it has been through the courtesy of our advertisers that the present issue of the Annual has been made possible, and we hope that in return these firms will receive the patronage of the students of 1936.

THE ANNUAL BOARD.

Marj: "What makes you so foolish?"
Bill: "It's my mother's fault."
Marj: "Why, how is that?"
Bill: "She made me sleep under a crazy quilt."

Smith 1: "I hear the sergeant called you a wooden-headed dolt."
Smith 2: "Well, he didn't actually go as far as that."
Smith 1:"What did he say, then?"
Smith 2: "He just said 'Hi, you! Better put your hat on. Here comes a woodpecker!' "

The less a person knows the surer he is of it.

"Ignorance is a disease," says a psychologist who doesn't know what he's talking about. There are so many who couldn't be that sick and still live.

"You know Bill Gaddes? He claims to be a born actor."
"Oh, he is no good. He got only one encore in his life."
"Yes."
"Yes, just once, and that was when he was born. He was a twin."

A friend of ours is so timid that we wouldn't even strike an attitude.

Autographs

Autographs

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