H. D. McLEAN

26-27

26-27

ANNUAL

1926 1927

PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL

VANCOUVER, B.C.

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PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL

VANCOUVER, B. C.

ANNUAL 1926-27

—*TO*—

MR. D. M. ROBINSON

Principal of Provincial Normal School
Vancouver, B. C.

As a token of appreciation by the
Student Body, 1926-27.

Autographs

AN INVITATION

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA TEACHERS' FEDERATION EXTENDS ITS CONGRATULATIONS TO THE 1927 GRADUATES OF THE VANCOUVER NORMAL SCHOOL, AND CORDIALLY INVITES EACH ONE

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I. PROBLEM: What is the Theme of the Picture?
1. The time of day.
2. What the peasant girl is doing.
   a. Analyze her expression. Which of these emotions do you think she registers?
      1. Elation
      2. Joy
      3. Exhilaration
      4. Wonder
      5. Awe
      6. Yearning
3. Why she has paused.
4. The effect of the lark's song upon the girl.

II. PROBLEM: What is the Style of Composition?
1. The girl as the dominating feature.
2. The lark as the center of interest.
3. The rising sun.
4. The depth of sky and its effect.
5. The background of houses.
6. The foreground of stubble.
7. Simplicity of the picture.
8. Color harmony.

III. PROBLEM: What are the Purpose and Message?
1. The life and tastes of the artist, Jules Adolph Breton.
2. Idealism of the French peasantry.
3. Joy in spite of irksome toil.

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The Principal's Message

STUDENTS OF 1926-27.

"A TEACHER is born, not made," is a maxim older than the oldest Normal School. For many years it was held that all that was necessary for success in teaching was the possession of certain abilities, which were largely native gifts. With the recognition of the fact that there is a vast difference between potential ability and trained ability, came the establishment of Normal Schools, the chief function of which is the transforming of potential ability of prospective teachers into trained ability. A Normal School may also create in prospective teachers an interest in and a liking for teaching, but no Normal school can create teaching ability.

It has been a source of satisfaction to members of the staff of the Vancouver Normal School to watch the gradual development of the students in the various classes; to note how many, possessed of fine ability, have done their best in all departments of school work; how some, possessed of less ability, have struggled on in their endeavor to improve. It has, however, been a source of disappointment to note how some few have fallen into the error of believing that ability may serve as a substitute for hard work. All must learn the lesson that success in any line of endeavor must stand out against a background of struggle, the meeting and overcoming of difficulties.

And what does success in teaching mean? What constitutes good teaching? In these times when tests and testing occupy such a prominent place in school work, when immediate results are being emphasized, we are apt to lose sight of other results of the teacher's work—results which are not immediate but remote, for time alone can reveal the full result of the teacher's work in shaping the life and character of pupils. To train pupils to "play the game," to establish in pupils habits of unselfishness, habits of regular and methodical work, habits of ready obedience and thus to lay the foundation for the ideals of sacrifice, duty, service, and respect for authority, this surely constitutes a most important part of the teacher's work. If your pupils are able to look back upon you as a teacher who fitted them for the passing of examinations, you shall have attained a certain measure of success. If, in addition to this, your pupils can in later life point to you as the one who showed them the way to live and deal with their fellowmen, then shall you be a teacher indeed, and your labor shall not be in vain.

D. M. ROBINSON.

The Faculty

A. Anstey

J. A. MacIntosh

D. M. Robinson,
Principal.

Miss E. M. Covey.

Miss W.

Miss Harris,
Secretary.

W. G. Black.

Miss E. A. Burpee.

Major Wallace,
Drill Instructor.

EDITORIA

NOW that the school year is drawing to a close, we place before you the school "Annual." We would hat, whether you find faults to con- commend, this magazine is largely own efforts. It is YOUR "Annual." wed to use a parody, we would say: that shall ye also read." If, per- features which meet with your would remind you that those same give pleasure to others. We confi- t this "Annual" will be accepted in nce that shall make its reception t.

rial we fain would write a message the reader with new hope and cour- t him above the common things of life; that shall strengthen his faith and help him to set a true value on around him. We crave the kind reader while we make a humble a this high task.

You will read in the following the various school activities, and selves what is their res a knowledge of an ideal blending and recreation. We, as teachers, knowledge to all parts of the pro that each one of our pupils shall ga and spir ill be our duty to instil into the re a spirit of co-opera- tion, a l e ability to decide upon, and to a ife. We ourselves must hold fas be cheerful, happy, and always try to be broadminded, tolerant clothe bare justice with sympath nd a love of humanity.

Noo k back over our school year, rec inds of work come flood- ing back aching, of athletics, and many social events fill our minds, and we feel that every one of these ed its part in developing charact We appreciate now the benefits d ons with other students and with l we feel that the time allowed eges is all too short.

In bidding f students, we would say this: L h cheerfulness and courage. Be c right in all you undertake, then g nd all will be well with you. To say the words of Shakespeare:

"This above a be true,
And it must f day,
Thou canst no man."

EDITOR.

Annual Staff
1926-27.
Carol Coates
Literary.
Bruce Clarke
Art & Humor.
Carl Wilson
Business Mgr.
Johnny Moore
Sports.
E. Cassidy
Asst. Literary.
Jack Sansum
Editor.
Ernie Goddard
Asst. Business Mgr.
Sybil Wilson
Society
Photos by
R.A. SPENCER
Doris Thompson
Asst. Sports.

CLASS II ACTIVITIES

TO CLASS II.

"All that the true teacher should ask of the world," says Bagley, "is a living wage, the privilege to serve, and a seat at the table around which the competent members of his guild hold counsel."

These words will bear thought. Service, in its highest sense, implies self-dedication to the work we have undertaken.

ARTHUR ANSTEY.

CLASS II. ACTIVITIES

Class II, consisting of young ladies from "Adams to D'Aoust," was first addressed by Mr. Anstey and duly imbued with the spirit of high endeavor, for it was very carefully pointed out that Class II. had always been the best class and, therefore, in the natural course of things, was going to be the best forever and forever.

Our first interesting display of prowess was demonstrated at the Fall Track Meet. That is a matter of past history, now, of course, but we **did** win the prize; as a matter of fact we won thirty-two prizes, all the same! Yes, lollipops, and weren't they good! At the Spring Track Meet we came very near to getting **the** one coveted prize of a pennant—so our reputation as the best class was soon re-established.

Projects, problems and booklets (how we love those words!) have occupied most of our leisure since September. It has been clearly proved that our budding architects have put William the Conqueror in the shade as far as building Norman Castles is concerned!

It is hardly fair to mention Class II.'s party, because people **will** compare, and, of course, ours was above comparison. The staff must feel it can trust us, because very few of its members were in attendance!

Class II. has not been behind in showing what kind of representatives it can produce. Many have been on Literary and Athletic executives, not to mention debating teams, and Literary afternoon plays.

A feeling of good will and comradeship has been evident throughout the year, and it is Class II.'s sincerest hope that its efforts of co-operation with students and teachers have not been in vain.

TO MR. ANSTEY

It is always a difficult thing to say good-bye to anybody, but it is still more difficult to say good-bye to somebody in particular, especially in such a publication as this "Annual."

We can safely say, however, that we have enjoyed the past year, and hope that you, as our class teacher, have enjoyed it with us. Our parting hope is that next year's class will appreciate you as much as we have. Though brief, our farewell is a sincere one.

THE HEART OF NATURE

In the golden bars of the sunset,
  In the pearl rose of the sky,
In the steel gray blue of the water
  Does the heart of Nature lie—

In the crystal beaded boughs
  That sway in rhythmic motion;
In the seagull's graceful glide
  As it wheels above the ocean.

In the sighing song at sunrise
  Of the wind among the leaves;
In the chirp of baby robins
  And the whirr of winging bees.

In vain do we try to fathom
  The mystic heart that sings,
In the hushed sweet silence of gardens
  And the blur of humming birds' wings.

—C. C.

THE "DAILY DOZEN" IN A NEW FORM

A young bride asked her husband to copy a radio recipe she wanted. He did his best, but got two stations at once, one of which was broadcasting the morning exercises and the other the recipe. This is what he took down:

"Hands on hips, place one cup of flour on the shoulders, raise knees and depress toes and mix thoroughly in one-half cup of milk. Repeat six times. Inhale quickly one-half teaspoonful of baking powder, lower the legs and mash two hard-boiled eggs in a seive. Exhale, breathe naturally, and sift into a bowl.

"Attention! Lie flat on the floor and roll the white of an egg backward and forward until it comes to a boil. In ten minutes, dress in warm flannels, and serve with soup."

CLASS II

PHYLLIS BELSHAM

You ask why Phyllis was made so small,
And why so huge the granite;
The reason why—we all should set
That higher value on it.

Our small but important joke representative. "Say, kids, bring along your jokes."

IRIS BEATON

Queen of Hearts, and of Class II is she
A sweet and dainty maid to see;
All hearts to the feet of her throne are bound,
Only one his kingdom there hath found.

ALICE CLARE

With always a song on her lips,
She brings gladness to every heart.

The North country seems to have a great attraction for Alice. We are all wondering just where her interest lies. We hope it is not really serious, for then we might lose her.

DOROTHY BISHOP

(Our advertising representative.)

Dorothy is one of our star teachers. Everything she undertakes is done in a graceful and dignified manner.

"A charming maiden with a winning smile,
Her charming manner doth all hearts beguile."

ELLA CURRIE

She is the demure little maid that sits in the second seat in the last row of Class II. Ella is very attractive in the singing period as she warbles like a bird with her alto voice. Her desire is to become a poetess. Let us hope that her wish will be fulfilled, and that her poetry will cheer us in our old age.

VELMA BUCKLEY

Favorite expression: "What was I going to say?" Why is she so interested in the Education Department at the University? In spite of her failings for the other sex, she's a star basketball player.

JOYCE BARON

An all-around girl—a good debater, a coming architect (?) —a charming page boy and an excellent teacher. We would hate to tell you her I. Q. You might get jealous!

EVELYN BEST

The smallest girl in our class, but that doesn't say she can't teach. There's nothing she likes better than psychology (?) unless, perhaps, 'tis history. A good runner and a good sport.

LONA BATES

"Peppy, lively, and true blue,
Lona's a sport, through and through

Pet phrase: "Such is life."

ELSIE DALIN

Curly brown ringlets, misty gray eyes, a thought for everyone—as welcome as the birds in spring. This is Elsie, our first Literary Society president.

ANNIE M. CLARK

She was tall and divinely fair,
To see Annie is to know her,
To know her is to love her,
Eyes of blue, wonderful hair,
And a sunny disposition.

She seems quiet, but, oh no! Annie's chief weakness—her inability to keep a blotter for longer than five minutes.

UNA ADAMS

She lives for those who love her,
For those that know her true;
For the heavens that smile above her,
And the good that she can do.

Pet phrase: "It will have to."

ELEANOR L. CATES

"Brown eyes, why are you blue?" This is not true of Eleanor. Besides being Class II.'s star writer, she is famed throughout Normal for her abilities as an actress and for her happy disposition.

GLADYS BENNETT

She is one of those girls who is always willing to help anyone who is in difficulty, always working hard (?) and always quiet (??). She specializes in decorating the table on track meet night, and pulling in the tug-of-war.

OLIFFE CASHATO

As the knave of hearts in our class skit,
Ollie surely made a hit.
To dance and sing and win all eyes,
Ollie surely wins the prize.

JESSIE BAIRD

Dancing gaily here and there
Spreading fun through all the air;
Teaching lessons with a will,
Leading out the class in drill;
Willing worker, friend so true,
That's our Jessie from Class Two.

CLASS II-Continued

EDITH D'AOUST

Edith is our Literary representative and is always very busy, but in her spare time her merry brown eyes and quiet ways gather a host of friends around her who agree that "to know her is to love her."

ELECTA BAIRD

Electa has auburn hair and eyes to match. She appears to be quiet, sweet and demure, but appearances are deceiving. Electa intends to specialize in Primary teaching.

PEGGY BANKS

Just a wee Scotch lassie, but a jolly good sport. Always ready to help her less clever classmates, particularly with citizenship and dog projects. If Peggy has a weakness, it is community singing, and every Thursday she may be heard singing lustily in the auditorium.

LEONA CLARKE

"Set to the right, set to the left." Our twinkling toes (?) keep time with her twinkling fingers on the keys. "Leony" scorns bobs—not for worlds would she locs her tresses long and dark. Her specialty is health lessons on "beating up your little brothers" for exercise.

MARY CROZIER

Mary, one of the standby's for Class II. A fair maiden of high ideals, who was one of the chief architects in our Tower of London. Pet expression: "If only I could do Miss Coney's time tests!"

ARMAN BELL

Who is there who does not envy Arman's ability to paint and draw? She is always willing to help out with dance posters and Norman Castles. Her greatest weakness, "Oh, that five-minute drill review!"

GLADYS BRERETON

Gladys is a member of our basketball team. One of three inseparables. Willing to sacrifice her dignity in being fat lady for the class skits. Her favorite pastime, folk dancing!

FLORENCE BEER

Florence is famous for her artistic efforts in autograph albums and class drawings. One of our star debaters as well as singers. She is the only dotty one in the class as far as music tests are concerned.

FLORENCE BACHMAN

Our Spring Track Meet yell leader and general good sport. Her love for grade 1 B's is only exceeded by her fondness for time tests. Pet expression: "Well, I'll say."

MARGARET BRUCE

Marg has dark brown hair and eyes of blue,
Is loved by everyone in our Class two,
She is thoughtful, practical, clever and gay,
And knows how to do things
In her own sweet way.

ENID BRYER

Favorite expression: "Let's eat." Everybody's friend. Noted bas etball star and good sport.

In Class two, she is one of the busy B's;
Dances and lunches are her specialties.

MURIEL BUTCHART

"I was a little Prairie flower,
Growing wilder every hour,
Normal school has cultivated me."

Muriel was our fall term Athletic representative. Favorite expression: "Have you brought your fifteen cents?"

MABEL BERRY

Mabel is never seen without her counterpart, Florence. Although she occupies a front seat in room 8, she is always the first to see through Mr. Martin's practical problems.

PATRICIA ARCHER

Commonly known as "Pat." She came after Christmas this year, but it wasn't long till she found her place in all our hearts. She's one of our best basketball players and a decided asset to Class Two.

ESTHER BRODWICK

If you want to know who won the relay at the Spring track meet, ask Esther! She's one of our best singers as well as one of our best runners. Always willing to help when there's work to be done.

CAROL COATES

"Carol Coates is clever and gay,
Never late or absent a day."

Carol was our fall term Literary representative, as well as Literary editor of the Annual. Chief worry of her life: Geography tests. Pet expression: "If only I could draw - -"

EDITH BOYNTON

The only time that Edith was blue
Was when her mumps came sailing through.
Her eyes of brown,
She then cast down,
And caused a frown
To mar their hue.

Gladys Brereton.
Carol Coates.
Edith E. Widgosk.
Florence L. Beer.
Margaret J. Grant.
Iris Beaton.
Olivie Cashato.
Edith M. Boynton.
Alice Clare.
Provincial Normal School
Class 2
Vancouver, B.C.
1926 - 1927.
Muriel Cherry.
Irmin Bell.
Eleanor Coles.
Florence Buchmann.
Jessie I. Baird.
Joyce M. Baron.
Wilma C. Buckley.
Vesta M. Dalin.
Muriel E. Butchart.
Evelyn K. Best.
Margaret C. Banks.
Esther M. Brodbeck.
Lona M. Bates.
Gretta C. Baird.
Ella M. Currie.
Leona J. Clarke.
Phyllis J. Belshaw.
Anne M. Clarke.
Enid E. Bryce.
Gladys Bennett.
Iris M. R. Davis.
Patricia R. Drever.
Mary J. Crozier.
Dorothy M. Bishop.

CLASS III ACTIVITIES

TO CLASS III.

Professor Rothenstein says that most children are endowed with creative instincts, which fail them as they grow older. If these instincts were cultivated, he maintains, men and women would be better educated.

Try to use the opportunity which you will have in the teaching of Drawing and Manual Arts to encourage creative work, rather than dull imitation or copying.

W. P. WESTON.

CLASS III. ACTIVITIES

Somebody said, "A write-up of Class III.'s activities"—and at that I knew my doom was come—for if the work of Normal had not already killed me, the writing about such a terribly active class would certainly do so. We have been active though—Class III.—right from Ethel Davis, the tallest, to Muriel Hambrook, the smallest, and from Stella Fordham, the - - - - - But there! Perhaps I had better not mention such a touchy subject as weight. Our first form of activity was "gym." Oh, how stiff we were, especially when our time table ran thus: One, Drill; two, Mr. Weston; three, Mr. Martin; four, Mr. Lord; i.e, Down, Up, Down, Up, then home for dinner. In teaching week, too—how we did dash from car to car when transferring, and how energetically we paced the floor of our classroom in our anxiety to appear ready for work. Next came a track meet at which we surprised everybody—ourselves included—by winning the pennant. From then on we suffered from the "conquering hero introversion," and went through track meets, dances, hikes—not to mention

"Problems and posters and booklets, too;
Psychology and scenes in blue - - -"

in bold manner.

One basketball game with Class VII. is remembered by all—Poor old Class III. What a "cave-man" reputation we gained that day. Is that all—Ah, no! But all I shall mention. I am going to put a quotation at the end—a relic of high school days, which has stuck with me till I found some use for it.

"How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life."

Therefore, dear old Class III., keep up your "pep."

TO MR. WESTON

Looking back over our year at P. N. S., I think that we will call it a very happy one, and among the pleasant memories we find Mr. Weston occupying a prominent place. He has always proved himself a friend in time of trouble, (i.e., first lesson the ellipse), and a good sport through and through. Though our work together has been short, it has been correspondingly pleasant, and the members of Class III. join in wishing him every kind of good fortune for the future.

"THE PERFECT CLASS"

There was a certain class eight,
That never, never was late.
Though they didn't live long
Their memory is strong,
And we all deplore their sad fate.

NATURE

Oh Nature, First Musician of us all!
Oh, listen now to my impassioned call!
Oh play upon my inmost soul tonight
In one wild rhapsody of pure delight!
Let loose my soul, which now for freedom longs,
In endless ecstasy of living songs!

—KATHERINE ELSON.

Anna Jane: "How many ribs has a monkey?"
Florence: "I don't know."
Anna Jane: "Take off your coat and count them."

Mr. Lord: "Where is Hawaii?"
Student (awakening): "What?"
Mr. Lord: "Hawaii."
Student: "Oh, I'm all right."

Policeman (taking down notes from musician who has been struck by a car): "Did you see the number of the car?"
Musician: "No, but it had a horn that sounded 'Doh' in the key of F sharp major."

CLASS III

LAURA BURNS - - - - - Deloraine, Man.

A smile that turns the sunny side of the heart on all the world. Miss Burns is a most welcome and valuable addition to Class III.

DOROTHY DAVIES - - - - - Chilliwack

Laughing and jolly is Dorothy. One of the many nice girls in Class III. Favorite pastime: Training girls to sing "Jimmy Valentine."

EDNA DAVIES - - - - - - - Sayward

Edna hails from the Sayward district. A very active and conscientious member of Class III. We miss her when she's absent, and appreciate her when she's here. Favorite expression: "Pahdon?"

ETHEL DAVIS - - - - - - - - Chilliwack

"Here is a dear, and true, industrious friend."
In Ethel we have one of our most conscientious workers. Though she is not prominent on the field of sports, she is always on hand to help for "Lits." Music is her star and she never loses sight of it, although she has chosen teaching for her profession. Hobby: Writing essays. Chief ambition: To play the pipe organ in the Presbyterian Church.

MOLLIE DELANY - - - - - - Vancouver

Starry eyes and golden hair,
A snappy smile and carefree air.
Favorite expression: "How'd yu' guess? Somebody must have told yu'!" Chief ambition: To be a ballet dancer.

MAE DRAKE - - - - - - - Kamloops

With her naturally curly curls
Mae is captain of Class Three girls;
She has many peculiar ways,
Her pet aversion is health plays.
Favorite expression: "My hat!" Ambition: To get her music dots.

EVA DUNMORE - - - - - - - Vancouver

Our little Eva, calm and serene,
Forever saying, "I do hate to be mean."
But in the nail-driving event,
She, to win, her finger bent.

KATE EASTMAN - - - - - Toronto, Ont.

Worth meeting, worth befriending and worth knowing better.

FLORENCE ELLETT - - - - - Vancouver

This little bit of sunshine is a general favorite—always cheery—always smiling.
"It's as easy to smile as to frown."

KATHARINE ELSON - - Medicine Hat, Alta.

Enthusiastic, keen to remake
This world to lyric verses;
By mutual instruction take
Away our awkward curses.

IOLA FLEMING - - - - - - Vancouver

Her modest answer and graceful air
Showed her wise and good as she was fair.
To our sorrow, we lost Iola at Christmas.

FERN FLOYD - - - - - - Chilliwack

Fern is a jolly good sport, although she is rather unobstrusive. At "Lits" she is a most necessary student, as she plays in the school orchestra. We know she will make a very conscientious student. Chief ambition: To own a roadster. (I wonder why?) Present exclamation: "Good Grief!"

ELIZA FORD - - - - - - - Vancouver

With dancing eyes and ready smile,
She readily our hearts beguiled,
Gone, but not forgotten in old Class III.

FLORENCE SMART - - - - - Melfort, Sask.

Far from cold Saskatchewan
She ever loves to roam,
So now at the dear old P. N. S.
She's found a warmer home.

This lassie is a pal of ours,
Always merry and bright,
Singing in "Jimmy Valentine"
She's Class III's leading light.

MILDRED S. McDONALD - - - - Telkwa

"She sees the best, that glimmers through the worst,
She feels the sun is hid but for a day."
Mildred is a carefree lass. Favorite saying: "We should worry."

EDITH HARDY - - - - - - - Burnaby

Here's Edith Hardy, never late,
Homework done, sitting sedate;
Not studying history from twelve to one,
But thinking that teaching is just mere fun.
Favorite expression: "Osburn says - - -"
"Ignorance of combinations - - -"etc.

MURIEL HAMBROOK - - - - - Kamloops

Her hair is brown,
Her eyes are blue,
And her class spirit
Is surely true blue.

CLASS III-Continued

EVA HANCOCK - - - - - - Vancouver

Eva has a little bark.
Never late is her food chart;
Her hearty laugh and noisy yell
Are always heard until the bell.
She slides down the bannister,
Runs up the stair,
Eva, our Eva, is always there!

Favorite expression: "Sure!"

EDITH HALL - - - - - - - Burnaby

Edith Hall with her raven hair,
And grey-blue eyes which are bound to snare;
She's always innocent—when she's asleep,
So she's best described: "Still waters run deep."

BERTHA HAIGH - - - - - - Burnaby

Her work is always up-to-date,
In painting she is clever;
But when it comes to athletics,
She's just the best ever.

ANNIE GRIMWOOD - - - - - Burnaby

Laughing brown eyes, alluring bobbed hair,
Is there another in Three—so square?
Mischievous, mirthful, full of surprise,
She leads Three in each enterprise,
That's our Annie. Favorite expression: "Oh, my de-e-ar!"

JEAN GEMMELL - - - - - - Burnaby

A slim young miss,
With eyes of grey,
And a smile that lingers
In your memory for aye—that's Jean.

EDNA GEAR - - - - - - - Cumberland

Edna Gear, such a sport,
Does her lessons when she ought;
In school or out, she's just the same,
Depend on her to play the game.

Pet expression: "It's criminal!"

ETHEL M. SMART - - - - Melfort, Sask.

Class Three's nightingale,
Comes from far Eastern lands,
Far from Saskatchewan's frozen snow;
Cheery and bright and gay,
Happy, though skies be gray,
A friend whom we're all glad to know.

STELLA FORDHAM - Fort Saskatchewan, Alta.

A maiden bright and full of fun,
The three-legged race for us she won.

Favorite expression: "Girls, a modulator test on Friday!"

OLIVE FULTON - - - - - - Vancouver

Olive was picked to read Psychology.
When the bell saved her from disaster;
But when we picked her for the sack race,
Not one in P. N. S. could go faster.

Pet saying: "Oh, kids, have you got your writing done?"

JEAN FURNISS - - - - - - Vancouver

Jean was with us until Christmas,
When she took up another career,
Now she says, "Married life beats teaching,
Any old day in the year."

MARY GALL - - - - - - - Nanaimo

From across the gulf in old Nanaimo,
Comes our friend, Miss M. T. (empty) Gall,
In writing and singing, Mary is
Among the best of all.

Favorite expression: "You don't know the half of it!"

JEAN FULTON - - - - - New Westminster

In figure, long,
In friendship, strong,
From New Westminster—
But there's nothing wrong!

Jean Fulton has not been absent or late once during her year at Normal. She got a dot on her first Modulator test! Marvellous! She has had no bad marks, and has made no enemies. You're all right, Jean.

ROSE GOLDBERG - - - - - - Vancouver

Dark and petite,
Charming and sweet,
The bright, shining star of Class Three;
Clever and serious,
We are delirious
Over our Rose—lucky Three.

ANNA JANE FRASER - - - - - Vancouver

"If you knew Susie - - - ."

Anna Jane is one of the merry souls of Class III. Her cheery smile may be seen in the hall or on the stairs at 8:58 a. m. any day. Favorite expression: "That's noble." Chief ambition: To go touring on the P. G. E.

FRANCES GIRLING - - - - - Cloverdale

She's got a saucy tilt to her nose,
She's got a saucy look in her eye,
But she's got the nicest smile,
And a happy carefree style
That makes her very lovable to all.

Favorite expression: "For heaven's sakes."

(Continued on Page 22)

Provincial Normal School
Vancouver, B.C.
Class 3.
1926. 1927.
E. Denmore
M. Weall
O. J. Fraser
E. Hancock
H. Coard
L. Burns
E. M. Fraser
R. Elson
P. Davies
F. Floyd
S. Hardy
G. Foster
F. Kirling
S. Davis
Mr. A. Fulleston
M. Drake
R. Goldberg
J. Fulton
M. Gooding
E. Hall
E. Swartz
M. Perry
B. Haigh
O. Fulton
E. Fordham
A. Grimwood
M. McDonald
F. Elliott
J. Gemmell
F. Smart
M. Hainbrook
E. Davies
E. Gear

CLASS IV ACTIVITIES

TO CLASS IV.

You are now getting restless and eager to be gone from us, as keen to be given charge of your first school as any knight of old the chance to win his spurs. And yours, too, is no task to be undertaken lightly. The parents of your school community are placing a great responsibility upon you when they trust their children to the very great influence of your teaching and above all of your character. The responsibility to God and man is so great that the best of us may well question our fitness to undertake it. May you so live and do your duty as to fulfill the high promise that so many of you give, and never have to say of life:

"It was my duty to have loved the highest;
Is surely was my profit had I known;
It would have been my pleasure had I seen."

A. E. C. MARTIN.

CLASS IV. ACTIVITIES

We are always to be found doing our bit, which, however, may not have been noticed, owing to the close proximity of Class VII. and all its accompanying pairs of healthy lungs.

We are never far behind in the track meets, especially when it comes to table decorating; and as far as giving a rousing party goes—well, we will not boast.

All who saw the play which we arranged in conjunction with Class V. last term must admit that we have talent. For of course you all remember the excellent way in which Lillian Lyons, Thorey Isdal and Vivian Hood played their parts that afternoon.

In spite of the fact that we don't all get our "dots," May Kelly belongs to our class, which fact speaks for itself. The school as a whole must be as proud of Laura Johnson as we are, for the splendid way in which she upheld our side in the debate with Victoria. Doris Leavens also comes from Class IV., and you know how she can play basketball.

We can also boast that both the president and secretary of the Literary Society belong to our class. We don't want to "toot" too loudly, but you must admit, as one member of Class V. did, that we are a "jolly good class."

TO MR. MARTIN

Now that our term at the Vancouver Normal School is drawing to a close, we of Class IV. look back and realize that this year has been made instructive and enjoyable, due largely to the conscientious efforts of our class teacher. Therefore we extend to Mr. Martin our heartiest thanks for the interest which he has taken in our undertakings and his co-operation in all classroom activities.

A sweet lass from Normal School here,
Was out with a young engineer,
But the sweet young thing fled,
The moment he said,
"Do you know what a project is, dear?"

CLASS III.—Continued from Page 20

GRACE FOSTER - - - - - Vancouver

At any time, for any thing,
We can depend on Grace,
In Penmanship, she leads Class III,
She's foremost in the race—for lunch!

MARGARET GOODING - - - - Burnaby

Margaret Gooding, bright and cheery,
Always working, never weary,
Homework always up-to-date,
Ever early, never late—for lunch!
Favorite pastime: Decorating Valentine tables.

HELEN GOARD - - - - - Vancouver

A friend of mine,
A friend of thine,
A friend we're glad to know
Helen certainly showed us how to "roll 'em" (the eyes) when she sang in "Jimmy Valentine." Favorite expression: "That's Jake."

ETHEL M. FRASER - - - - Penticton

Ethel's the girl with auburn hair,
Ethel's the girl who's always there;
One day she killed a rattlesnake
And placed it by her father's plate.
Pet expression: "Well, I should say so!" Ambition: To squash Pauline Johnson.

CLASS IV

DORIS HORNBY

Tall, fair, curly hair, glasses, and the usual expression of: "Now, I ask you"—that's Doris, from Ladner. She is a good pal with Laura and Aileen during lectures or walking over Cambie or about town with Helen. We describe her as "a scream." No offence meant.

DORIS LEAVENS

"'Twas how you talked and looked at things
That made us like you so."

DORIS LEGH

Doris is fair, but not very tall,
She never lets her spirits fall;
She always wears a cheery smile,
Though teaching sometimes doth her rile.

DOROTHY INGRAM

Away up in the mountains,
You'll find her very oft,
Marvelling at the beauties
Of those great peaks aloft.
Then again you'll find her,
In the classroom scene,
Always ready to answer,
Always willing and keen.

INA KEIRSTEAD

Swim, dance, ride, skate,
Snappy, sweet, and up-to-date.

MARY KOSOWSKI

Dark and dashing,
Fast and flashing
First to win and last to lose,
Hobby, history,
Talk of teaching,
Cures our troubles,
Breaks our blues.

MOLLY LOCKHART

Gentle, kind and, oh, so neat,
In peanut races can't be beat,
Her recitations are a treat,
That is Molly, always sweet.

CONSTANCE LINNITT

The girl who, with loving smile
And words of kindly cheer,
Makes hearts grow lighter,
And sunshine brighter
Whenever she is near
Is Constance Linnitt.

LILLIAN LYONS

What would Class IV. do without Lill?
None her place, as captain, could fill.
What would the Lit. do without her
To guide, direct and administer?

SADIE JOHNSTON

"A woman's crowning glory is her hair."
No, Sadie hasn't bobbed hers yet and doesn't intend to. Willing to help, always cheerful, never angry and an all-round sport, that's Sadie.

MARGARET MALMSTEN

One of the three inseparables, Marg, Molly and Lill,
Margaret is quiet, sweet and true,
A faithful friend, and rarely blue.

HELEN HORNBY

Serene in lectures, so sublime,
Helen whispers, "What's the time?"
Before many weeks in September passed, Helen had proved to be a good scout, a steady pal, and a friend to all.

A. WYNDIATTE LOVICK

"It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows by like a song,
But the woman worth while, is the one with the smile
When everything goes dead wrong."
That's our Wyn all over. She is our champion penman too, and we love her for her cheerful smile.

MABEL CHURCHILL

Little Mabel, meek and mild,
Sits in a corner with a smile.

LAURA JOHNSON

You'd describe her as snappy,
As joyous, gay and happy,
And though she's only five feet, two,
Yet, oh, what can't those five feet do!
Especially when it comes to getting dots—That's Laura.

LOUISE JOHNSON

Dark brown eyes, a cheery smile,
Happily working all the while;
Ready to poll, ready to yell,
She'll make a good teacher we can tell.

FLORENCE HAYES

Maiden, with meek hazel eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies,
That's our Florence.

CLASS IV - Continued

MARIE MEACHER

She's a regular "Sweet Marie." She tries to practice the opposite of the old saying, "laugh and grow fat," but she has a hard time putting it into practice, especially during psychology lectures, when she's sitting by Mary. A pal worth having.

MAY KELLY (Maize)

Fussing is her specialty, singing is her art,
Plucky little girl with a great big heart.

VIVIAN HOOD

A smile for all, a welcome glad,
A jovial, coaxing way she had.

EDNA MARTIN

Edna Martin and her sunny smile must have seriously reduced the population of Cassidy by coming to P. N. S. Edna is a proof that good things don't always come in small packages. (No offence meant. Ed.) She loves psychology (??) but her greatest joy is when the week-ends come so that - - - ? Edna is a girl that anybody would be proud to have for a pal.

MARCELLA MOODIE

Privately known as Nell—from Kelowna—dark hair, and black, laughing eyes and a very winsome smile. Chief hobby: Decorating trac'c meet tables. Main ambition: To keep from sitting beside Nora in auditorium lectures. Main difficulty: Cramming for an unexpected psychology examination.

JEAN KEITH

Who more fitting could you find
To centre any classroom scene
Than this sweet winsome maiden
We lovingly call our Jean?

MARGARET LIEMEN

Always ready to help the weak,
Always on the go!
With new ideas whene'er we seek—
Margaret Liemen.

ALICE MULHOLLAND

Our Alice, sweet and dear,
Is in Class IV this year;
This lady fair and fine
Was Class IV's Valentine.

AILEEN HOLLIDAY

Who is it that is gay and happy?
Who knows her history and is snappy?
We all just love her and think she is keen!
Who is she? Why, Aileen!

NORA MERRIN

"To see her is to love her."

We all love little "Little Miss Muffet," with her winsome ways, dancing eyes and dimples. Nora is thoroughly Irish—You can tell that by the way she is always asking for "Killarney" at community singing.

GWEN MORGAN

"Peppy and nice and full of spice."

That's Gwen. Gwen is also a good yell leader, and, to add to her virtues, she plays in the orchestra.

KATHLEEN HOPWOOD

Never worries, often late,
She'll get there at any rate.

THOREY G. ISDAL

Although for the next few years Thorey is going to instruct the future citizens of B. C. in reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic, someday she hopes to grace our law courts as a brilliant orator. Here's wishing you good luck, Thorey, in all your undertakings.

MAMIE V. HARVEY

Favorite expression: "Never told a lie, till I went to High."

Good and sweet, lovable and true,
With always a smile that's meant for you,
Is our Mamie Harvey, through and through.

BERTHA MOORE

A fun-loving maiden, full of smiles,
Of jokes and thrills and cunning wiles.

Almost any day at the P. N. S. you can hear "Bert's" hearty laugh and her pet expression of disgust: "Shay, guy, you're all one big lie."

VICTORIA LOVE

Bobbed is her hair, bright is her smile,
Her friendship, too, is well worth while,
A sweet, good-natured girl is she,
As everyone will quite agree.

Weakness: Minister's sons.

Mr. Anstey: "Why did Hannibal cross the Alps?"

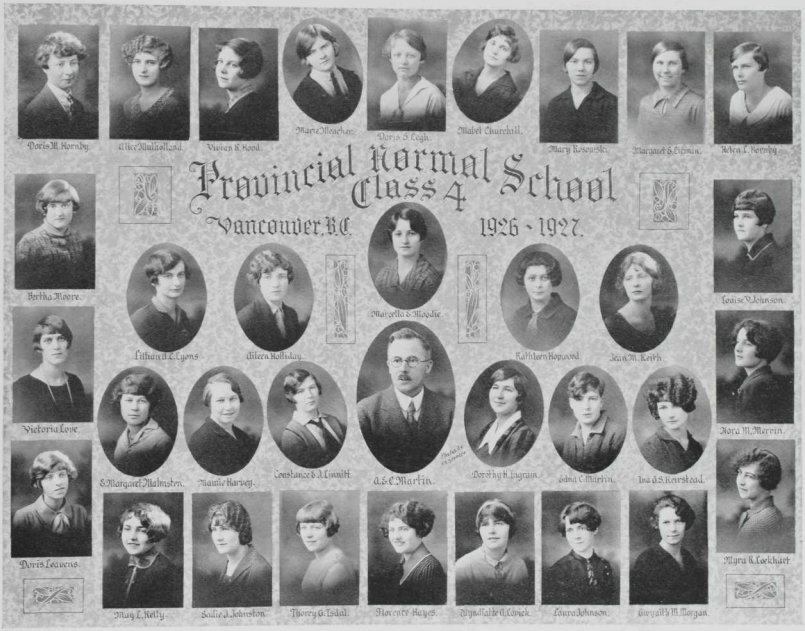
Len Loth: "You can't fool me—for the same reason as a chicken crosses the road."

"Did you see that German count?"

"When did he learn how?"

Norah (scratching her head): "What is it you call a four-legged animal?"

Mr. Halleran: "O - - ah! Ye - - es a quartet."


Doris M. Hornby.
Alice Muriel Ollard.
Vivian R. Hood.
Mary Meacher.
Doris S. Leigh.
Mabel Churchill.
Mary Rosewicz.
Margaret S. Lipman.
Helen L. Hornby.
Provincial Normal School
Class 4
Vancouver, B.C.
1926 - 1927.
Bertha Moore.
Lithia A. L. Lyons.
Aileen Holliday.
Marcella S. Moodie.
Kathleen Hopwood.
Jean M. Keith.
Louise V. Johnson.
Victoria Loye.
Hazel M. Merrin.
E. Margaret Malmsten.
Maude Harvey.
Constance D. J. Linnitt.
A. S. C. Martin.
Dorothy B. Ingram.
Jean C. Merrin.
Ina G. S. Kierstead.
Doris Leavens.
Myra V. Lockhart.
Mary L. Kelly.
Sadie A. Johnston.
Thorey G. Isdall.
Florence Hayes.
Phyllis Mabel Lynch.
Laura Johnson.
Gwyneth M. Morgan.

CLASS V ACTIVITIES

TO CLASS V.

"One ship drives east, another drives west,
  While the self-same breezes blow;
"Tis the set of the sail and not the gale
  That bids them where to go.
Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate,
  As we journey along through life;
"Tis the set of the soul that decides the goal,
  And not the calm or the strife."

The inner world of thought is the real place where we rise or fall. We must endure hardness if we are ever going to make anything fine out of the splendid but difficult enterprise we call human life.

J. A. MACINTOSH.

CLASS V. ACTIVITIES

Class V., consisting of the boys, has set an enviable record for the term. In reviewing the year's activities the best place to begin is with the athletics. Though there were only twenty-eight boys, a very strong basketball team was formed. We need not tell of their games here as they are touched upon in another part of the book.

There was an indoor track meet in each term, at each meet Class V. being divided into two parts. At the fall meet the leaders of the teams were Hockridge and McGown, and in the spring, McLaughlin and Dempsey, the first named in each case leading the winners. Several minor sports carried on during the term included handball, tennis, horseshoes, etc.

Under the direction of Miss Coney, a concert in aid of the Old People's Home was given at Christmas, the class contributing the "Boar's Head Carol."

In the spring class projects were made for both Mr. Lord and Mr. Martin. The first was a model of a silver-lead mine, and the second the story of "Canned Milk" in chart form, which, as primary work, was simple but clear.

One of the most outstanding events was the class party, held in Heather Hall on March 18. We feel that this was a great success as it was well attended by the Faculty as well as by the students.

Before closing, it is only proper that we give some space to the most important of all Normal activities, namely—work. In this the class feels—nay, knows—that it has maintained a high standard in every field. This was obvious by the marks obtained at Christmas in the subjects of Mr. Black, Mr. Martin, Miss Jones and Mr. Anstey.

Not only is our work at Normal of a high standard, but we feel that in teaching we have obtained averages that are satisfactory to all concerned. At all the schools we have visited we have tried to give as little trouble as possible, and to be as helpful as we could. We hope and trust that our work at Normal has been such that Mr. MacIntosh in speaking of us is proud to say: "That is my class."

TO MR. MACINTOSH

For a year Mr. MacIntosh has been striving to bring us into harmony with the art and music of Literature. It is only as the time of parting draws near that we begin to glimpse what he has been endeavoring to show us. We begin to feel that we know him better as we sense the Literary beauties which mean so much to him. As we come to say farewell we can pay him no truer compliment than to say that we appreciate the truth of his message and the wisdom of his teaching.

TO THE BOYS OF CLASS V.

We would like to express our appreciation of the work you have done in collecting over $120 worth of advertisements for the "Annual." We thank you, too, for dropping out of the "Ad" competition in order that the girls might not be discouraged.

THE BUSINESS MANAGER AND EDITOR.

Stan: "If the assessed value of the property is $2700, and a new school is built costing $2500, what is the rate?"
Heavy silence.
Stan: "How will I get it, then?"
Herb: "Try to sell the town."

Bruce: "Lisben, waiter, wake me at 5 o'clock.
Waiter: "But it's 5 now, sir."
Bruce: "Alright, wake me."

CLASS V

H. E. BLANCHARD - - - - - - Vancouver
"Sensibility, solidity, solemnity,
Dignity and dependability."

EUGENE CASSIDY - - - - - - Vancouver
An ambitious young man with the courage of his own convictions. He will preserve the dignity of our language.

BRUCE CLARK - - - - - Edmonton, Alta.
Bruce is described by the girls in the practice schools as a "sweet little boy with glasses." Gifted with a streak of humor, and is a noted aquatic sport.

FRANK CUPIT - - - - - - - Vancouver
Page Paderewski, here comes Stradivarius! Frank Leslie Cupit, a Vancouver boy, comes to us with two years' 'varsity experience. He is the one surviving proof that all true "Sons of the Sahara" do not have straight, slicked black hair. "Cupe" leads the orchestra and specializes in playing "Holy Night." He knows some keen dates and fifty-seven ways of saying: "Materials necessary for the construction."

ROBERT DAILEY - - - - - - Cloverdale
The star of Cloverdale. Vocation: Running tractor. Recreation: Dancing. Renowned for his wonderful ability to read his own writing. Favorite saying: "I don't know"—accent on "I." Pet aversion: Tete-a-tete with R.

DAN DEMPSEY - - - - - - North Vancouver
Our star basketball guard. Also shines in soccer, but this year has no chance to "strut his material" in that game. As regards executive duties, Dan gets off easily as president of the Swimming Club. Class VII. seems to hold a spell over him, but perhaps it is only one member of the class. Common expression: "Give yourself up!"

JACK GILLSON - - - - - - - Vancouver
"A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy that hath a mint of phrases in his brain."
That's our Jack—always a smile and a "wise crack" to season it. Athletic secretary, noon-hour pianist, and hand-ball expert. Dark hair, dark eyes—Class VII. Expressions unprintable.

A. HALLERAN - - - - - - Vancouver
The psychologist of Class V. A man of prominence in the school's affairs, being vice-president of the Literary Society and community singing leader. His sunny presence in class is an assurance that nothing will pass unanimously.

ROBERT J. GRAHAM - - - - - Armstrong
An industrious student from the Sunny Okanagan. Robert is prominent in commanding a drill squadron.
"And gladly would he learn and gladly teach."

E. A. GODDARD - - - - - - New Hazelton
Ernie used to live in the thriving northern metropolis, but reformed and came to P. N. S., where he is showing signs of degenerating into a politician. Chief reason for popularity—constant readiness to laugh. Ernie fills to perfection the position of Literary representative from Class V.

MURRAY HOCKRIDGE - - - - - - Vancouver
Murray is one of the tallest and most amiable members of our class. He ran for the winning team in the Arts '20 relay last year, and stars at basketball, track meet and horseshoes.

LESLIE (Himself) KEITH - - - - Nanaimo
A by-product of the "Coal City." His "line" is the envy of all Class V. Excels in psychology and MacLean Method, and history (?). Hobby: Class parties. Weakness: Class III (???). Pet expression: "Yes, darling."

L. LOTHIAN - - - - - - - - Vancouver
An extremely popular young man, and living proof of the truth in the old adage: "Laugh, and the world laughs with you." Pet aversion: Colorful ties and socks. Hobby: Botanical research.

JAMES E. H. LOVICK - - - - - Vancouver
"The schoolboy with his satchel in his hand, whistling aloud to keep his courage up."
He should have been nicknamed "Sunshine" instead of "Kayo." Always happy and optimistic. A keen student of human nature in any class but his own. You can always hear him say: "Wouldn't that rile you?"

ARTHUR LOWER - - - - - New Westminster
"One of the sheiks from the Royal City." Art is a graduate of Duke of Connaught High School and has spent one successful year at U. B. C. During his stay at P. N. S., he has made many friends, but he has shown a decided preference for Class IV, ably supporting both at class parties and track meets. Weakness: Class parties and girls. Assets: A Star car, fair hair and blue eyes.

LLOYD MAGAR - - - - - - - Lulu Island
A budding musician. Has a decided affinity for pianists of the opposite sex. He takes great interest in all school offices and never misses an opportunity to talk to the girls. Barring weaknesses, Magar is an industrious student, famous as Mr. Robinson's noun clause expert.

CLARENCE W. MICHIEL - - South Vancouver
Mike is a firm believer in the old adage about never letting your studies interfere with your education. Yes, he's a teacher, but he does not boast of his accomplishments. Favorite expression: " - - - - - " (Censored—Ed.)

CLASS VI ACTIVITIES

CLASS OF 1926-27

This is a time of change, of transition. Things are no longer right simply because they always have been accepted; neither are they right because they are new—and therefore fascinating. Much, perhaps most, of our knowledge of what should be taught and of how it should be taught, has yet to be learned. Hence the vital part of your education and of your training begins when you enter the door of your schoolroom next September; it continues so long as you have pupils with minds to be developed; it builds upon the errors and mistakes of experience. With Tennyson, you must believe that:

> "We must rise on stepping-stones
> Of our dead selves, to higher things."

A. R. LORD.

CLASS VI. ACTIVITIES

Class VI.'s first "Class Activity," as I remember it, was a blind rush from the auditorium, up the stairs, and along the hall, in a vain and bewildered search for "Room 6"—shelter for "those from Miss Monroe to Miss Richmond."

Next on my list comes our contribution to the Friday Literary meetings. "Riding Down from Bangor" was wittily portrayed to the accompaniment of four fair maidens' voices. Miss Naomi McPhee suffered paroxysms of fear for her moustache, and Miss Stella Macdonald impressed everyone by the adeptness with which she deposited

> "A tiny little earring
> In that horrid student's beard!"

Time passes on, and the athletes of Class VI. are discovered carefully carrying peanuts from one black line to another in the gym; disporting themselves like playful elephants, with the lower portions of their bodies enveloped in potato sacks; while with set, determined faces, and stiff backs, two teams valiantly struggle to pull a rope apart.

The Christmas holidays intervene and Class VI. has a breathing spell.

Soon after our return we held our very successful class party at "Killarney." Thanks to Miss Marie McCleery—everything was much appreciated, especially the punch.

Just one week later came the second Track Meet, at which Class VI. nearly became the proud possessor of big, juicy lollipops.

"Posters and projects, and teaching week," especially projects, occupied every minute of our time up until the Easter holidays. Miss Alexina Rae, in the directing of our Coal Project, showed us what enjoyable positions we shall occupy at some future date.

I have omitted one activity which is perhaps the most thrilling of all; that of of "returning to our classrooms" with weak knees and fluttering hearts to the pleasant prospect of "just a little test."

TO MR. LORD

"And still the wonder grew." Mr. Lord surprises us more each day by his wonderful knowledge of the geography of B. C. Our periods would have lacked a good deal had he not been always ready with a story (and a true one) of B. C.'s hinterland. His chief duty, however, is Father Confessor to Class VI. When anything goes wrong with "crits.," or other work, his practiced hand will smooth out all the difficulties. Were it not for his ability to spring tests on us and to detect us when we are talking nonsense he would be perfect.

POPPIES

> They were selling poppies today in the street,
> And over the beat
> Of hurrying feet
> I heard them calling aloud in the street.
>
> There is a hill where the poppies dance
> In a wind that sweeps a war-scarred France,
> And there he lies
> Under alien skies,
> Where the slim white crosses grow.
>
> One poppy for him—who sleeps,
> One poppy for me—who weeps,
> And one for you,
> A soldier too,
> War-scarred.

—F. K. WADE.

CLASS VI

ANNIE MUNRO

There's no denying that Annie is one of the most valuable members of the class. Besides being a good sport, she always has some useful material to contribute to all class discussions. Through Annie, we almost won the Fall track meet. Hobby: Having her work in on time.

MARIE McCLEERY

Marie is one of the best all-round girls in our class. She is always to the fore in the activities of the school, especially the social ones, and this term she acts as a very capable class representative for athletics. All agree that Marie is a very fine type of girl.

LUCRETTA McCLELLAND

A small, young, but useful member of Class VI, she makes her presence known. She'll make a good teacher and will look impressive when she's older. Uretta is a living example of the saying that "good things come in small parcels."

HELEN McGOWAN

Helen—our charming, lovable little girl from Scotland. Chief charms: Dark, wavy hair, pleasing personality. Capabilities: Wide-spread knowledge and skill as a teacher. Favorite occupation: Practising "right turn," without rolling the "r's."

CHRISTINE McGREGOR

"Silence is golden." We don't hear from Christine very often, but when we do it's something worth hearing. She has proved herself a good sport on many occasions, and we shall be very sorry when we say good-bye to her.

GRETA McKENZIE

"Her voice is ever soft, gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman."

Greta's strong point is decorating tables.

DOROTHY McLEAN

"Nature made but one and ne'er made such another." She is a good athlete. Tries to be dignified and succeeds—sometimes! Never mind, Dot, we sympathize.

MARY McRAE

Sweet and gentle,
Kind and fair,
Deep blue eyes
And dark, brown hair.

Hobby: Making lesson plans.

MABEL PLOMMER

Tall, dark, willowy, enthusiastic, energetic, painstaking—such is Mabel. Favorite occupation: Mountain climbing.

EVA OMSTEAD

"Multum in parvo."

Eva hails from Saskatchewan. After we got to know her, we wondered why they let her go.

AUDREY MacLEOD

Where Audrey is, you may be sure that there is always plenty of fun. Her ready laugh and the twinkle in her eye are most effective gloom-dispellers, as everyone at Normal knows. Audrey is the captain of Class VI. basketball team and she works hard for its success.

ANNE B. MacLEOD

Her eyes were like the stars. When we first met Anne Barbara, we were attracted by her eyes. Since then we have found that they are not her only asset.

She's full of pep
So she's Advertising Rep.

And she certainly shows literary genius.

NAOMI B. McPHEE

"A maiden sweet with roguish eyes, and ready wit that never fails."

Were it not for Naomi, we would find Normal rather dull at times. Besides being the life of the classroom, she is also the life of the basketball team, and won fame by her dancing at the last track meet. We hear that she is making a good teacher as well. Good luck, Naomi!

M. GERTRUDE LAYCOCK

She was a welcome addition to our class at New Year's. Besides being a good teacher, Miss Laycock is an accomplished musician. Hobby: Composing music.

MILLICENT PURDY

Millicent: Fair hair and dark eyes, wide awake, persevering, loyal. Pet saying: "Come on!" Ambition: To get her B. A.

ALEXINA RAE

"And gladly would she learn, and gladly teach."

At anything from teaching to miners' conventions, Alexina excels. She hails from B. C.'s hinterland where she will probably return to give the inhabitants the benefits of visual instruction. If our Geography project isn't a success this year, it won't be Alexina's fault.

MARGARET McADAM

"I never courted friends or fame."

But Marge has gained both. Her blue eyes, fair hair, keen sense of humor and willingness to do her share in the work of Class VI. have drawn many friends. As a member of "The Sketch Club," she has shown herself to be an indefatigable worker, possessed of considerable ability.

CLASS VI-Continued

JULIA NOBLE

"She's little but she's wise." Julia joined us at the New Year, and has proved a delightful addition to ClassVI. We are sure she is making a fine teacher. Her ambition: To be a politician.

JEANNE NORTH

She's pretty to walk with; she's witty to talk with and pleasant to think about. Favorite expression: "H'lo soaks!"

MABEL PAYNE

Sweet, gentle, adorable, with a lovely personality. Mabel is a leading light in Class VI., excelling in Psychology and "Education." Her efforts are unwearied and her advice never-ending. She is wonderfully patient in interpreting Scotch and disentangling the "burrs."

BESSIE B. ORSER

'Tis greatest folly
Not to be jolly.
That's what I think.

Life is never dry when Bessie is around. Her sterling point is leading yells, but she is very good at singing and walking home.

CORMELIA MacSWEEN

Charming in her manner,
Winning in her way.

Corry, as she is known among us, is a quiet but valuable member of Class VI. Her charm lies in being just herself.

MARGARET PARTINGTON

"Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike,
And like the sun they shine on all alike."

Thus quotes Miss Coney, although perhaps not so accurately, who finds in Margaret's bright eyes—or is it hair? Inspiration (spelled with a capital). Class VI.'s nightingale.

ALICE WILSON PILLSBURY

"Maid of the North
As pure as dew which hides within
Aurora's sun-kissed chalice;
As tender as the primrose sweet—
All this, and more, is Alice."

Favorite expression: "Oh, you dumbell!"

JEANNETTE MacLEOD

"A happy girl with sorrows few,
Beloved by friends both old and new."

Jeannette is a good sport. She hails from Point Grey. Pet aversion: Mutual instruction. Favorite saying: "Ask me; I'll never tell."

BEATRICE RICHMOND

Betty has a keen sense of humor characteristic of Chilliwack people. She has shown an unusual share of ambition and a remarkable sense of duty in every respect, especially as our Literary Rep.

JESSIE MARGUERITE MUNRO

For she was just the quiet kind whose nature never varies. Meta is a member of Class VI., who is always thoughtful, kind and sympathetic.

RAE McLEAN

"None knew her but to love her;
None named her but to praise."

Our Fall Lit. Rep. manages to accomplish a good deal without any apparent effort.

JOYCE McRAE

Joyce's wit and famous smile have made her favorite in Class VI. and elsewhere. She is an all-round good sport and excels at basketball and Japanese crab walk. Her one dread: Modulator drill.

RENA McINTOSH

"If she's smiling all the while—that's Rena."

Never sad or cross, always the same, cheerful Rena. Smile on, Rena, you'll never regret it.

STELLA MacDONALD

"Is not thy mind a gentle mind,
Is not thy heart, a heart refined?"

Stella, the capable leader of Class VI. at the first track meet, is one who will always be remembered for her unaffected graciousness and willingness to help.

IRIS NORCROSS

. . . . And still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all she knew.

Iris is a student of no mean degree, and when it comes to Psychology and Intelligence tests—can she do her stuff? Well—rather!!!

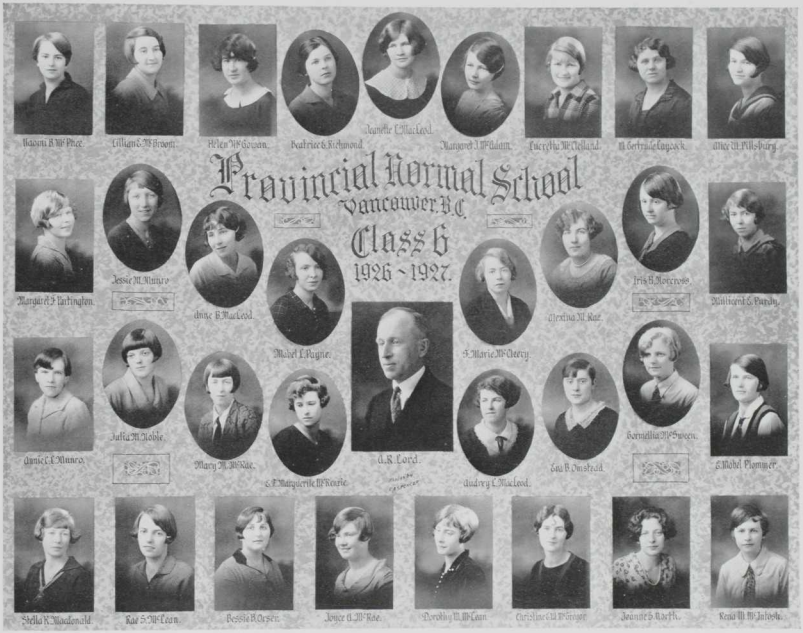
LILIAN McBROOM

Dark eyes, dark hair; enthusiastic, companionable; a collection of good crits—that's Lilian. Pet aversion: Running for street cars.

George (passionately): "The more I look at you, dear, the more beautiful you seem."

Eileen (expectantly): "Yes?"

George: "I ought to look at you oftener."


Naomi B. McPhee.
Gillian E. McBroom.
Helen McGowan.
Beatrice G. Richmond.
Jeanette C. MacLeod.
Margaret J. McBlain.
Lucy Mu McClelland.
M. Gertrude Langevin.
Alice M. Pillsbury.
Provincial Normal School
Vancouver, B.C.
Class 6
1926 - 1927.
Margaret E. Partington.
Jessie M. Munro.
Joyce E. MacLeod.
Mabel L. Payne.
Iris A. Motcrosse.
Mildred E. Purdy.
Christina M. Rae.
S. Marie McCorry.
Annie L. Munro.
Julia M. Noble.
Mary M. McRae.
S. Marguerite McRae.
A. R. Lord.
Audrey L. MacLeod.
Gertrude McSween.
Gay B. Onstead.
Mabel Plommer.
Stella K. Macdonald.
Rae S. McLean.
Bessie R. Oyster.
Joyce A. McRae.
Dorothy M. McLean.
Christine A. McGregor.
Jeanette S. Hoff.
Reid M. McIntosh.

CLASS VII ACTIVITIES

TO CLASS VII.

The joyous play attitude of the little child to his work is the attitude we teachers should hold toward ours. "To sweeten work, with a real joy in the doing, is the high art of the genius of teaching."

LEILA A. BURPEE.

CLASS VII. ACTIVITIES

A Ballad of Class VII.

Come, listen, Normal Students all,
  'Tis of Class Seven that I tell,—
In studies, sports and teaching, they
  The others all excel.

The sweetest of the teachers here
  Is one named Miss Burpee,
And when we want advice or help,
  To her we always flee.

We love to work on projects, though
  Our music often suffers;
And, when it comes to sewing, why,
  Miss Coney thinks us duffers.

The Track Meet in November proved
  Our class was full of pep.
And all the credit for it goes
  To our Athletic "Rep."

The table decorations showed
  Class Seven's artistic talent,
We did not win the prize, although
  We put forth efforts valiant.

Of Seven's name and Seven's fame
  As actors now I tell,
Miss Coney never knew till then
  That we could sing so well.

And then of course we took the "Lit."
  One Friday afternoon,
And captured all the audience
  With stern Miss Crabb's classroom.

The February Track-Meet was
  A most eventful night,
And even though we did not win
  We fought a splendid fight.

The gayest night of all the year
  Was spent at Seven's "hop."
And when, worn out, we staggered home,
  We felt we'd surely flop.

Of all the girls you've ever seen,
  Who've tried and who've got through,
There ne'er was one taught half so well
  As all Class Seven do.

So let us all with shout and song
  Strew flowers as they pass through,
Now cheer the brave and laud the fair,—
  Huroo! Huroo! Huroo!

TO MISS BURPEE

Which teacher has the pleasant smile?
Miss Burpee.
Encourages us all the while?
Miss Burpee.
Which teacher do we love the best
Of teachers all from East to West,
Even when she gives a phonic test?
Miss Burpee.

THE BREATH OF BEAUTY—DUSK

With edges foamed with rose and amethyst, withers again the blue flower of day—there where the ether like a diamond glows, it fades away. The dusky air is stirred by shadowy tumult, sparkle the distant snows and delicate dews. The great deep thrills—for through it everywhere the breath of beauty blows.

LEE WHITTAKER

SUNSET FROM GROUSE MOUNTAIN

The hour was sunset, with golden rays and shadows streaking down the lower hills, all rosy and gray with a strange rich softness. Groves of maples stood isolated from one another—here, crowning a hill with blazing yellow, there, fringing another with gleaming red. The valley to the west seemed filled with a delicate haze, almost like smoke. The white peaks towered proud and aloof, clear cut against the blue. Great black slopes of forest gave sharp contrast, and led up to the gray-walled ramparts of the mountain range, while far below lay Vancouver, the gateway to the east.

RUBY THOMPSON

CLASS VII

SYBIL WILSON

Great brown eyes, boyish bob, lots of pep when she's with the crowd. Yoho, haw, haw—that's Sybil. Her favorite pastime: Eating chocolate eclairs. Her favorite saying: "What's everybody doing?" Her motto: Smile! Smile! Smile!

BERTHA MAY STADE

Happy am I, from all care I'm free,
Why aren't they all contented like me?

To Class VII, Bertha is a decided asset. On the basketball floor she is our "stonewall" defence and has stopped many baskets for the opposing team. Whence hails she? Ask Bertha—why, Chilliwack!

AGNES THOMSON

Look on my tresses
Ye bobbed haired flappers,
And despair!

Agnes has a disposition to be envied—always pleasant, and never backward about giving her opinion on any subject.

MRS. BUTTERFIELD

"Never too old to learn."

FLORENCE WHITE

A busy little soul is she,
Full of mirth and jollity;
Radiating youth and glee,
A future teacher you will see.

EDITH STERLING

She's not very big,
She's quiet too,
But in history tests
She knows what to do.

Her ambition: To be a school-marm.

E. JOSEPHINE SMITH

Jo—alias Susie,
Curly black hair,
Blue smiling eyes,
A pretty little girl,
Whom we all idolize.

(P. S. She can hit the hockey ball!)

RUBY THOMPSON

Ruby's a staunch advocate of Class VII, and the Sketch Club. If it isn't one its Cother. Witness the following: Her hobby: The Sketch club. Her favorite expression: "Class VII." Her hobby: Class VII. Her favorite expression: "The Sketch Club." A class leader worthy of the name—that's Ruby.

MARY VERT

The little girl with black hair from New Westminster. Little, but snappy. If you knew Mary - -! Favorite expression: "What's this?" Hobby: Sand tables and posters.

VIOLETTE WILSON

Violette is a maid with tresses rare,
Oh, how we marvel at her hair;
She's noisy and good as we all know,
And that is why we love her so.

ETHEL SHAW

A flash of red, brown eyes and a big noise. Whassat? Ethel! No spark, but lots of gas. Boast: Nelson is the largest and most important city in the interior of B. C. Nickname: Nemo. Expression: "Appleasance!" Pastimes: Singing—and submerging other honorable members of the Swimming Club.

MARGARET TODD

A girl who looks on the bright side of life,
Trying to forget her "boo.ley" strife,
A lovable girl, a girl of fame,
A nice girl, too; always the same.

ESTHER ROBINSON

Some folks have the idea that Esther is another of our quiet girls until they see her at a track meet; then it's another story. A prime favorite with everyone. Hobby: Practice teaching. Favorite expression: "Where's Hazel?"

LOUISA SWANSON

Quiet? Maybe. But you never can tell about quiet ones. A conscientious worker and a credit to our class. What more could you wish?

HAZEL ROSE

Hazel is one of the quieter members of Class VII., but nevertheless takes an active interest in class affairs. If one asks her if she has done a certain piece of work, she replies, "After a fashion," but we know better. Best of luck, Hazel!

EDNA SKINNER

Bobbed is her hair!
Her friendship, too,
Is all worth while.

Edna has very artistic tastes. Her favorite pastime is falling down stairs.

KATHLEEN WADE

A youthful poetess, Kathleen. Belongs to our Sketch Club, she wears horned-rimmed glasses; but you can just bet Kathleen will some day be one of our shining stars.

CLASS VII-Continued

ANNIE TOPHAM

Disposition: A sweet temper and a ready sense of humor. Favorite expression: "Oh, where's my rubber?" Weakness: Arriving early. Ambition: To teach singing.

DORIS M. THOMPSON

We ain't clever
We ain't rich,
We ain't got nothing to be proud of—
Except Doris.

Doris is our shining star and we are sure she will write her way to fame, since she carried off the Special Merit Diploma in MacLean's Muscular Movement Writing at Christmas.

MARGARET SMITH

When Margie starts with the time test, the Nightingale is put to shame. A fine piano player, a good sport—and can she teach? We'll say she can!

MARGUERITE WILSON

A quiet girl from Coquitlam,
And a good friend is she;
She is not so fond of singing,
But she gets the doh, ray, me.

LEGRETTA TELFORD

Beware of the silent kind! They do the work when it should be done, especially Legretta, who helps to uphold Class VII.'s honor. She knows how to put out good work, no foolin'. Look at her drawing and handwork books!

ROSE YIELDING

Rose is the lady of our Class. She, of the dark hair and eyes, with a voice that "murmurs" lovely as a silver stream," is the refined touch needed in Class VII. Full of lively fun, a love for work and punctuality, and a willingness to help "all and sundry" will make Rose remembered by those who knew her best.

MARGARET SCOTT

Noisy, lovable, good-natured Scottie!
A jolly good fellow is she;
A teacher of merit, and there's no denying
She's fond of her afternoon tea.

VERA TUGWOOD

"When joy and duty clash
Let duty go to smash!"

This is Vera's motto. Her specialty next to doing Seat Work Suggestions is teaching Phonics.

MARY C. STRANG

She says very little, but thinks a lot. That's Mary. Pet expression: "Get out." Destination: China.

BESSIE STONES

"There's nothing half so sweet in life,"
So sang the poet Shakespeare;
He spoke of love, but he had never,
Never, met our Bessie dear—
The pet and baby of our class,
But such a sweet and clever lass.

MABEL SUMMERS

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

This is Mabel's motto. Pet expression: "For Cat's sake."

FLORENCE TRAINOR

If you want information or ideas about projects, track meets, psychology, or, in fact, anything around the Normal School, just ask Florence. Florence is one of our most enthusiastic supporters.

ELIZABETH VROOMAN

Sugar and spice, and all that's nice—Someone else thinks so too. Liz made a wonderful secretary, and manages him just as well. An enthusiastic worker and a friend of all.

EILEEN WHITTAKER

Tall and slim, full of pep,
Lee's our athletic rep;
Plays basketball and goes to swim,
That's why she's so full of vim.

THE RECOLLECTION

A little, lonely mountain lake,
With waters blue and cool and deep,
The cliff, the hills behind it, make
A picture for my heart to keep.

Some flowers were there, so near the edge
Their shadows on the wave were thrown;
While mosses green, and rough gray sedge
Grew thickly round each smooth dark stone.

Oh, little, lonely mountain spot,
Your place within my heart will be
Apart from all life's busy lot,
A true, sweet, solemn memory.

—A. E. WHITTAKER.

"Why didn't Noah play cards in the Ark?"
"Because he sat on the deck."

1926 Provincial Normal School 1927.
Vancouver B.C.
Class 7
Doris M. Thompson.
Bertha R. Thompson.
Margaret B. Todd.
Ethel G. Shaw.
Mrs Butler Field.
Aileen Ruth Parker
Josephine G. Smith.
Bessie M. Stokes.
Mary C. Strang.
Violette L. Wilson.
Isobel R. Story.
Leigh Ella Telford.
Sybil M. M. Wilson.
C. A. Burpee.
Edna M. Skinner.
Mabel Sumner.
Rose Skidding.
Annie M. Sopham.
Margaret Wilson
Dorothy R. Koff Ruff.
Francis R. Slade.
Florence M. White.
Florence E. M. Fraser.
Hazel R. Rose.
Esther G. Robinson.
Vera Tugwood.
Margaret Scott.
Louisa M. Swanson.
Mary G. Yerk.
Bertha M. Slade.
Elizabeth M. Vroman.
Margaret Smith.
Agnes M. Thomson.
Edith M. Sterling.

THE PLACE OF SOCIAL ACTIVITIES IN SCHOOL LIFE

Social activities have, or should have, an important place in school life. Their main value is that they provide a means of escape from close mental application. Since a large part of the day is spent by children at study, it is essential that they play a good deal and mix freely. It is only by constant association with each other that they develop a spirit of helpfulness and co-operation.

As students, we know the pleasure that is to be derived from meeting new people. It will be part of our work in life to help our pupils to become accustomed to meet strangers, and to take a delight in cultivating new friendships.

Thus, if we encourage our pupils to take part in social activities, they will find relief from mental fatigue; they will not be so likely to become self-centred; and they will be enabled to enrich their lives with many friendships.

THE FALL DANCE

On November 10th the students of the Normal School assembled at the Alexandra Dancing Academy to bid farewell to youth and freedom in a last round of gaiety. Dancing was, of course, the order of the evening, and the modern fox-trot was executed in all its marvelous variety. There were those who glided gracefully in a dream world, those who trotted ecstatically hither and thither, those who were old fashioned enough to indulge in a frolicsome two-step, and those who were ardently interested in avoiding instant death under the feet of the swift. "Clinches" of great variety and varying antiquity, from the "pump handle" to the "bunny hug" were in evidence.

Supper proceeded as much as usual except for two young hopefuls who were inspired by the toothsome viands to indulge in a refreshment marathon. It is rumored that the calories thus absorbed were sufficient to raise the temperature of the ball room ten degrees later in the evening.

Altogether, the affair was a great success, and the participants have since settled down with scarcely a sigh to acquiring the imposing exteriors of schoolmarms and masters. Miss Burpee and Walt McGown deserve honorable mention for their creditable management of the event.

CLASS II.'S PARTY

Many and varied were the couples who danced at Killarney on the evening of February 16th, for was it not Class II.'s party? All who were present soon entered into the spirit of revelry, and by the time supper was served at eleven, all were eager for what were supposed to be light refreshments. Those light refreshments, however, were partaken of quite heavily by some starving and thirsty individuals who kept the serving committee busy all the time.

Balloons, frogs and serpentine added greatly to the gaiety and caused much hilarity among certain dancers who were armed to the teeth with pins. With those same pins these same people maliciously tried to destroy the above-mentioned balloons. In spite of these people the party went on happily and ended most pleasantly, much to the delight of all members of Class II.

CLASS III.'S DANCE

On Friday evening, April 8, there was great excitement. Why? Class III. were having their party.

At about 8:45 p. m. we arrived at Heather Hall, and were delighted to see a merry crowd present. We were still happier when the Introductory Committee took us in hand.

Early in the evening we noticed Mr. and Mrs. Weston, who had kindly consented to act as patron and patroness, pleasantly engaged in watching the young people.

Mr. Black arrived at the end of the first dance, and proved to be very popular in the medley in which the girls chose partners. Mr. and Mrs. MacLean came later to join in the fun.

After the refreshments, Dot Davies, Anna Jane Fraser, Molly Delany and Eva Dunmore entertained with some snappy ukelele songs. Judging from the encores demanded, they were a huge success.

Medleys and "cut-ins" occupied the rest of the evening, which we felt had been entirely successful.

CLASS IV.'S DANCE

On January 22, in Killarney Hall, Class IV. set a high standard for the other class parties. The hall was effectively decorated with blue and gold streamers, Japanese lanterns and balloons. Beneath these about forty-five couples danced to the excellent music afforded by the orchestra. The fun was heightened by novelties, consisting of horns, sirens, crickets and ticklers. Although there were many strangers in the crowd, the energetic Introduction Committee saw that all programmes were filled. As we have yet to hear of the person who did not have a "jolly good time," we feel that the party was a great success.

CLASS V.'S DANCE

On Friday evening, March 18, Class V. held their party in Heather Hall. We are glad to say that the dance was attended by all the boys of the class except a few who unfortunately were sick. A good many Normal girls were present, as well as a large number of strangers. The music, supplied by the "Victrolians," was good, and we noticed that the floor was pretty well filled every dance. Mr. and Mrs. MacIntosh, Mr. and Mrs. Weston and Mr. and Mrs. MacLean dropped in during the evening, while both Miss Jones and Mr. Black arrived early and appeared to enjoy the dancing from start to finish.

Punch was "on tap" during the evening, and after the supper interval novelties were given out by Mr. McGown. The music was so much appreciated that many encores were called for, and two of the dances of the programme had to be omitted. We are sure that everyone had a good time, and that all were sorry when, shortly after one o'clock, the home waltz was played.

CLASS VI.'S DANCE

Midnight! "Killarney"! Feb. 4. Moonlight! Dancers gliding to and fro across the gleaming floor. The haunting melody of "Drifting and Dreaming" floated away just as the call to supper was heard. Remarks, complimentary and otherwise, were showered on the "ladies-in-waiting" who flitted about, satisfying the demands of the dancers—Class VI. in action!

The limelight was so overpowering that the ladies were obliged to raise their parasols. This protected them from the sharp glances of admiration thrown from the eyes of the gentlemen, who wielded their ticklers manfully.

The balloon dance had to be eliminated from the programme because the men of the party had previously appropriated the balloons. However, the evening was voted one of the best of the season.

CLASS VII.'S PARTY

April the first! Class VII.'s party! That means a marvellous time. The "gym" was truly a fairyland. Usually it recalls such terrors as mutual instruction, but our party almost surpassed folk dancing lessons! We were glad of the large attendance from all classes for two reasons: We entertained the Debaters from the Victoria Normal, and donated the dance proceeds to the school funds. We are sure everyone enjoyed the party as the dances were heartily encored and all were loathe to leave.

The decorations, floor, orchestra and supper were indescribable, due to the efforts of Bessie Stones, and Supper and Decoration Committees. We must mention several to whom much of the success of the evening is due. To Miss Burpee we are most grateful. We must not forget those members of Class V. for the splendid help they gave.

The following was overheard in the hall: "Class VII.'s party was the social success of the season." We are too modest to say anything ourselves.

(Continued on Page 58)

EDITORIAL

At the close of our year at Normal, we students begin to wonder in what quarter of the globe we will find ourselves and what our portion in life will be. We recall the different studies we have taken and consider to what extent they will be of use.

In our lives as future teachers, Art and Music will necessarily play an important part. It is the privilege of the teacher to lead her pupils to a love and appreciation of any study. Especially is this true in the case of Art and Music.

But some of us will not find our life work in teaching. What then will be the place of Art and Music in our lives? Will we consider our study of these subjects at Normal wasted? Surely the ability to appreciate the beautiful in anything is of great importance in life. Through our study of the technique in Music and Art we can better understand a fine painting or a fine opera. Although the Normal year is so short, I believe the students will say with me that we have thoroughly enjoyed our course in Music and Art and appreciate the privilege we have had.

THE ORCHESTRA

"The man that hath no music in himself
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, strategems and spoils."

Although our orchestra is not large, it has been the source of many delightful moments throughout the Fall and Spring terms. It was present at the Christmas concert and at every meeting of the Literary Society. Among the works presented during the year have been Purcell's overture, "Diocleisan," "The Merry Peasant," "Il Trovatore," "The Blue Danube Waltz," Haydn's "Andante," from a Symphony in G, "William Tell Selection," "Gems From the Opera," "Madeleine Waltz," and selections from "Faust."

Much of the year's success has been due to the able leadership of Mr. Frank Cupit and to the untiring cooperation of the other members of the orchestra: Miss Mollie Delaney, piano; Miss Gwen Morgan, second violin; Miss Fern Floyd, first violin; Mr. Frank Cupit, first violin; Mr. Bruce Clark, second violin; Mr. Lloyd Magar, first violin.

MUSIC

During the past year, music has taken an important place, both in our curriculum and at our Literary meetings. In the latter, the orchestra has favored us with selections from both classical and popular music, while songs have been sung in "Galli-Curci" style. One of the outstanding musical features of the year was the Carol Service on the evening of December 15th, when all classes joined in singing and dramatizing carols, "new" and "old." The next two items of importance were lectures given by Miss

R. A. Spencer
Van. B.C.

Coney in the Assembly Hall. The first was on the subject of "Madrigals," and the second on Henry Purcell. Miss Richmond read a paper on Purcell's life, and the orchestra played the overture from Purcell's "Dioclesian." Another important feature of this phase of our Normal course has been the community singing held in the Assembly Hall each Thursday at 12:30. During the Fall term, the singing was conducted by Mr. Pollard, who was succeeded in the Spring term by Mr. Halleran.

An unusual event happened on March 15th, when the school was dismissed at 1:45 p. m. so that the students might have the privilege of hearing the "Mikado" by the D'Oyly Carte Company at the Orpheum Theatre. Needless to say, the favor was much appreciated and the opera thoroughly enjoyed. Mention must also be made of the Literary meeting devoted to music held on May 13th. The subject was, "The Life and Works of Handel." Miss Stones read a paper dealing with the life of the composer, while songs, dances, and instrumental pieces were given illustrating Handel's various compositions. Miss Kelly very beautifully sang "Come Unto Him." The orchestra played selections from "The Water Music"; members of Classes III. and VI. danced to the Minuet from "Berenice," and the Gavotte from "Otho." The gramophone records of "The Harmonious Blacksmith" and the song, "Oh, Sleep! Why Dost Thou Leave Me?" were heard, while the whole school sang the "Largo." The year's work has been very satisfactory, for the students have increased their appreciation of good music and also their knowledge of some of the best musical selections.

THE CHRISTMAS CONCERT

One of the outstanding events of the year was the Christmas concert, held in the auditorium on the evening of December 15. The concert was arranged by Miss Coney and much of the credit for its success is due to her able direction and untiring effort. A collection was taken and this was used to provide Christmas boxes for the inmates of the Marpole Hospital.

The concert took the form of a Carol Service. A paper on "Carols," written by Miss Coney, was ably read by Miss Vivian Hood, Class IV. The paper traced the history of Carols from their origin to the present day. It was illustrated at intervals during the reading with selections, sung by the choir, and by members of the various classes. The "Carol of the Flowers" was artistically rendered by members of Class II, dressed in dainty, flower-like costumes. A jolly carol, "Here We Come a-Wassailing," was Class III's contribution to the programme.

The Class IV. girls presented "God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen," in a very pleasing manner. Class V. gave a praiseworthy interpretation of "The Boar's Head Carol." Class VI. proved their vocal superiority by being chosen to sing two selections, "Good Christian Men Rejoice" and "Christ Is Born of Maiden Fair," both of which were much enjoyed. Class VII., in their renderings of the "Cherry Tree" and "The Holly and the Ivy," rivalled the performance of Class VI.

An item thoroughly enjoyed by all was the community singing of the old hymn, "Adeste Fideles."

The climax of the programme was an interesting and amusing one-act play entitled "The Holly Tree Inn." Every part was exceptionally well-taken, and the play had the desired effect of convincing the Normal students of the folly of early marriage! The players were: Mr. Sansum, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Lovick, Miss Cates, Miss Lockhart, Miss Stones and Miss Cashato.

Altogether the evening was a very great success and will long be remembered by all present.

FAREWELL CONCERT

On the evening of June 16 a farewell concert will be given in the auditorium under the able direction of Miss Coney. The programme is to be as follows:

O, CANADA!

1. SONG—"The Ash Grove" ..... With DESCANT CHOIR
2. VOCAL SOLO—Selected ..... MISS KELLY
3. PART SONG—"Duna" ..... CHOIR
4. PART SONG—"John Cook's Gray Mare" ..... CHOIR
5. COMMUNITY SINGING.

One-Act Play, "FIVE BIRDS IN A CAGE"
(By G. E. Jennings)

CHARACTERS:

SUSAN (The Duchess of Wiltshire) ..... MISS LYONS
LEONARD (Lord Porth) ..... MR. TAYLOR
NELLY (A Milliner's Assistant) ..... MISS FULTON
BERT (A Workman) ..... MR. SANSUM
HORACE (The Liftman) ..... MR. GODDARD

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

SKETCH CLUB

The Sketch Club was formed at Mr. Weston's suggestion shortly after the Christmas holidays. The enthusiasts met and organized in the usual manner, electing H. E.

Blanchard, president, and Miss Ruby Thompson, of Class VII., secretary.

The plans were to meet every Thursday for an hour or more, and sketch or paint according as fancy dictated. These plans were somewhat upset by teaching weeks, but on the whole some very good work was done, considering the time spent.

Mr. Weston was more than ready to help at any time, and gave valuable assistance and many enlightening tips on sketching from models. Although the results were hardly flattering to the models, nevertheless they were quite promising in many cases.

Sketching gave place to landscape and seacape painting. These were copies of pictures from Mr. Weston's own brush or chalk, and the results were quite striking, and not in a way to "put your eye out" either.

The plans call for an expedition to the great outdoors to do a little sketching from Nature's own models, and it is likely that this will end the activities for this session. However, I am sure that all members will agree that the Club has been both pleasant and worth while.

The most enjoyable of our Sketch Club meetings was held at Mr. Weston's home one evening in March. Mr. Weston's two daughters were kind enough to be our models and generous enough to forgive the outrageous sketches some of us produced. After our strenuous labors were over, we spent some time chatting over our tea cups and thoroughly enjoying ourselves admiring the many paintings we were shown. About 11 o'clock we left reluctantly, vowing that this had been the most interesting and profitable evening we had spent for some time.

STUDENTS 1926-27

Read the following wish of a famous musician of the sixteenth century and do your part in making Canada a "singing country":

"Since singing is so good a thing,
I wish all men would learn to sing!"

ETHEL M. CONEY.

TC MISS CONEY

Miss Coney believes in adopting a middle course; if asked which part of the note she prefers she would unhesitatingly say, "the centre." She also evinces a fondness for Reditch's pins, somebody else's needles, and a superior brand of needlework. However, if Miss Coney does like things done right, she does not stint her praise when they are done so. She makes it worth while. In addition to this no student will deny that our appreciation of good music has in no small degree been aided by her efforts during our year at Normal.

SPRING FEVER

I ought to do psychology—
But when the sap is running free
Who wants to do psychology
On neurones and efficiency,
In Spring!

I ought to read that history book—
I'd rather hear a singing brook;
Than read that dust-dry history book
In Spring!

Geography? Hypocrisy!
I'd rather see the real thing!
The winds are wandering abroad,
Let's soar above this common sod.

Arithmetic? I know it not!
But it knows me—it's often brought
Sad consequence when I forgot
How many acres in a lot!

I'd rather count violets that wait
And mock the purple twilight sky—
Twice twenty-four is forty-eight,
I wonder why?

I'd like to sing of pleasant things—
My teacher won't agree,
She likes to hear the doh ray fah
From everyone but me!

And all the other things that wait
Behind our school's imposing gate—
Oh, well—you know—
It's Spring!
And who can work when Spring's aglow
And wild birds sing?

—F. K. WADE.

Passenger: "Is this a fast train?"
Conductor: "Of course it is."
Passenger: "I thought it was. Would you mind my getting off to see what it is fast to?"

Heard in the hall: "Say, have you got a 'Great Stone Face'?"

"Pa," said Willie, looking up from his composition, "is 'waterworks' all one word, or is it spelt with a hydrant?"

We overheard Pinkie say that he had fallen only once. Reminds us of a basketball game—lots of rebounds.

OUR IDEAL IN TEACHING LITERATURE

"Literature is simply the expression of the eternal things that are in man. It is beauty clothed in words."

If only we could realize the full significance of these words! I am sure if we did, those of us who dislike teaching literature would find what a source of joy and pleasure it may become, and those who enjoy it would teach it even better. For we must first abandon the idea that the prescribed course in literature is something to be taught and drilled on, but rather think of it as alive with possibilities for arousing an enthusiasm for, and interest in, literature as a great whole. What, then, will be the result of such a conception?

No two opinions probably would be the same in answer to this momentous question. We must remember first of all that the elementary school is a preparation for a life in the world, a preparation for leisure as well as for work. It is in the first of these that we find the necessity for a proper appreciation of literature. If, by careful guidance and inspiration, we can so thrill our pupils with the sense of beauty, rhythm, and the divine in the world and in poetry, we cannot have failed to live up to our ideal. As teachers, all we can do is to inspire and awaken that latent desire and craving for the beautiful which is inherent in every child. It is like leading the child into a new wonder-world where we teach the eyes to see, and the ears to listen. What more glorious opportunity could there be?

Children who are trained to love poetry and fine selections of prose cannot fail, in later years, to search for higher and more mature expressions of their own thoughts in deeper and more difficult literature. If we have trained them thus, we have aroused sufficiently the love for literature which will cause them to search diligently, and to enjoy to the utmost, those precious gems of literature of the past, present and future.

We have heard a great deal about booklets, as we know only too well! We apply this system of booklets to many other subjects—why not literature? There is no better way or method than this for building up a love for poetry. Have the children keep a small book in which, under your guidance, or on their own initiative, they can jot down from time to time those selections which are recognized to be fine, or those which particularly appeal to them. As one writer has expressed it, "This shall be the secret law of your heart in the collection and compilation of your literary 'bric-a-brac.' Whatever appeals to you, whatever inspires you, whatever seems to you to be 'lovely,' whatever sets your soul on fire—this must be treasured in your notebook."

LITERARY EDITOR.

AN INTERESTING ADDRESS

One of the most interesting and helpful addresses given to the Normal students was that by Miss Anderson, the President of the Provincial Parent-Teacher Federation. Miss Anderson is what one might call a good advertisement for the teaching profession, for twenty-one years of arduous teaching have not in the least cooled her enthusiasm or quenched the fire of her sparkling wit.

Literary Executive
Fall 1926
Spring 1927.
Estelle McDalin, Pres.
Rit. Blanchard, Sec.
Lillian Lyons, V. Pres.
Lillian Lyons, Pres.
Laura Johnson, Sec.
A. Halleron, V. Pres.
Carol Coates, Rep. Class 2.
R. Goldberg, Rep. Class 3.
J. A. MacIntosh, Hon. Pres.
A. Anskey, Hon. Pres.
Edith E. Doust, Rep. Class 2.
A. Grimwood, Rep. Class 3.
Laura Johnson, Rep. Class 4.
Myra R. Lockhart, Rep. Class 4.
A. Halleran, Rep. Class 5.
Kate S. McLean, Rep. Class 6.
Margaret Smith, Rep. Class 7.
E. A. Goddard, Rep. Class 5.
Beatrice E. Richmond, Rep. Class 6.
Bessie M. Stones, Rep. Class 7.

Humor and pathos intermingled to give us a deep impression of her magnetic and charming personality.

Our Woody-McColl fundamentals could not assist us in computing her age, for she, as one of those rare persons who grow younger as the years pass, is imbued with the spirit of youth.

DEBATING

Vancouver vs. Victoria

On the evening of April 1st, a very interesting debate took place in the auditorium between teams from the two Normal Schools. The subject was: "Resolved, that Nationalism is Opposed to World Progress," the visitors taking the affirmative. The Victoria debaters were Miss Vye and Miss Flett, while our champions were Miss Laura Johnson and Mr. Chris. Taylor. The proceedings were admirably conducted by Miss Lyons, our Literary president. The judges were Mr. Pearson, Dr. Thompson and Mr. Warwick.

Each speaker was allowed twenty minutes, and Miss Vye, after a few graceful words of appreciation of her visit, opened the debate. Lack of space forbids us to write an account of the speeches in detail, but we must record that Miss Vye's voice and manner were good, though her treatment was somewhat wandering. There was a tendency on the part of our visitors to repeat too much and dwell too long on one point, with the result that Miss Vye's time was up before she could finish her speech.

Chris. Taylor then spoke for the negative side. His voice and style were good. His points, six in all, were very clearly defined, and he dealt methodically with each one, afterwards summing them up in such a manner as to weave a formidable argument against which the affirmative side battled in vain. Mr. Taylor then closed his speech by endeavoring to refute some of the points made by his opponents.

The second speaker for the affirmative delivered her speech with a clear voice and determined manner. Although Miss Flett's style was easy and confident, that same tendency to speak too long on one point was present, the result being a certain vagueness which made her points somewhat elusive and difficult to grasp.

The last speaker then presented her case in a clear and eloquent manner, piling argument on argument to show that world progress was hindered by any other cause than that of Nationalism. Miss Johnson added to, and strengthened, Mr. Taylor's arguments, and thus completed a wall of defence which could not be broken down.

While the judges were comparing notes we were favored with a selection by the orchestra. The judges returned after a about fifteen minutes and the chairman announced a unanimous decision in favor of the Vancouver team. Each judge then gave a brief criticism of the debaters' style, manner and material.

After the debate the Literary executive entertained the debaters, the judges and members of the staff at a dainty supper served in the library. Following the supper, Mr. Anstey said a few words on the value of debating, and Miss Isbester, who accompanied the visiting debaters, replied. The party then adjourned to the dance being given by the Class VII. in the school gymnasium.

Later we were overjoyed to learn that our debaters at Victoria were also successful. These were Miss Richmond and Miss Baron, and their subject was the same as above. This is the first time we have won both debates between the two schools, and we feel proud of our debaters. We hope that all future students will uphold the fair name of Vancouver Normal School in like manner.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the Provincial Normal School Students, of the Class of 1926-27, of the City of Vancouver, in the Province of British Columbia and Dominion of Canada, of the age of twenty-one (upwards and downwards), and being of sound, disposing mind and memory, do hereby make, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament, that is to say, we give, devise and bequeath:

FIRST: All St. Patrick's Day surprises, made, signed and administered by Mr. Lord.

SECOND: The freezing gymnasium with its numerous icy swimming pools.

THIRD: All numerous varieties of visual aids permanently catalogued in the fertile brain of our worthy history teacher, Mr. Anstey.

FOURTH: All adverbial objectives, "white-painted" houses and "John-called" boys or any persons, places or things appertaining thereto.

FIFTH: The extensive information on Russia to be found in the voluminous books in the spacious library.

SIXTH: All manner of dots, whether in or out of crosses, in the hopes that our worthy successors will be more "dotty" than we were.

SEVENTH: All writing certificates, paid or unpaid for, which have not been won, or otherwise legally obtained.

EIGHTH: All projects, booklets, diagrams, problems, sewing

"From the Seats of the Mighty--"

"A child's view of a dog is narrow."

"Did you find that information in Cornish?"

"With all our inimitable powers of description - - - "

"Your assignment for next day, class."

"Now don't make little muddles—do it this way, tum tee, tum tee - - - "

"Osburn says - - -"

"We must not be too hasty. We must prepare our work very carefully."

"Yes, that's a fairly good review, but - - - "

"O look what Susie did!"

Visual Aid for Accuracy of Image

FOREWORD AND BACKWORD

This is not an attempt at being humorous; neither is it an attempt to induce "seriosity."—It is an excuse. If, on perusal of the following, **you** find **yourself** mentioned humorously, remember this—"**Do not blame the editor.**" Just "grin and bear it."

However, for your comfort, we might add that—

"A laugh is just like music,
It freshens up the day.
It tips the peaks of life with light
And drives the clouds away.
The soul grows glad that hears it,
A laugh is just like sunshine,
And feels its courage strong—
For cheering folks along."

Vegetarian's Husband (timidly)—"Do you know, my dear, I really think we ought to have a bit of meat once in a while. Three times last night I caught myself whinnying."

specimens, and any material in any way, shape or form related to, or connected with, the above mentioned articles.

LASTLY: We do nominate, constitute and appoint the Class of 1927-1928 to be the executor of this, our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by us made.

In witness whereof we have set our seal, this fifteenth day of May, 1927.

THE CLASS OF 1926-27.

THE SHOOTING OF CULTUS SQUINAS

Cariboo Pat stood in the door of his cabin absorbing the warmth of the December sun. The Chilcotin swept down the great bend beneath the high-cut banks and past the ranch-stead, disappearing behind the wooded point below. It was a muddy, rushing torrent, bearing a burden of silt and sand; but the slanting sun this afternoon made it appear like a boiling flood of molten gold which issued silently out of a valley of mystery, and vanished into a canyon of forgetfulness.

The rancher wished that it might carry away on its bosom the trouble that weighed him down. Instead, it seemed to bring news of strange doings up the river. The time had come when he must seek new winter feeding grounds for his rapidly growing herd. As he pondered, the bawling of the hungry herd, blending with the roar of the torrent, echoed through the valley.

A grant of land had been surveyed for him near the Ootsa Lakes, but before he could occupy it he knew he would have to drive the Indians from the Meadows. The lines about the rancher's mouth deepened. "That means the law," he murmured half aloud. "I reckon I've warned them enough. I'll have it understood I'm boss of those meadows.

He stood meditating deeply, till the fragment of a cowboy's yodle fell on his ears. A moment later a tall muscular figure in chappes and spurs dismounted at the corral gate.

Dusty Rhodes had been range rider for years on the Chilco Ranch.

"How is the feed holding out at the Ootsa Meadows, son?" said Pat.

"Pretty nearly all gone, boss. We'll have to move the bunch in a couple of days."

A moment later, Pat spoke in his usual deep-toned voice. "Ride to the Meadows to-morrow and tell those lousy Siwashes that if the place is not cleared by sunrise, we'll mighty soon clear it for them. It cost me the best years of my life to raise this herd, and I can't—I won't lose it now."

"I suppose it would do no harm to tell them, but it's going to take more than telling to move that bunch. But I'm with you, boss," assured Dusty.

"Keep your eyes open, lad, there's going to be trouble. I'll see to taking the bunch up. The Powers' boys will give me a hand, so look for us about sundown. If you can't get them out, just wait for us, and we'll give you a hand."

The next morning a glorious burst of British Columbian sunshine flooded the valley of the Chilcotin as Dusty turned into the hills where the trail divided. A brisk two hours' ride brought him to the Indian cabin at the Ootsa Meadows. He was greeted at the door by none other than Cultus Squinas, chief of the Anhams.

"Hallo Dusty, what for you come this place?"

Dusty hesitated, then he answered: "Squinas, we come this place to-night. More better you move out."

There was a moment's silence in which the color came and went on the swarthy face of the Indian. "You tell Pat I settle this business with him." Without another word, Squinas backed into the door and, reaching for his gun, he signalled to his squaw to bring him cartridges.

For the first time in his life, Dusty lost the iron composure that made his name a byword in the Cariboo. It was the utter unexpectedness of the thing that shook him.

"You tell Pat to do his own dirty work . This is my place. I hailo move out." The Indian's fave grew livid with the passion of his utterance and he shook his fist in Dusty's face.

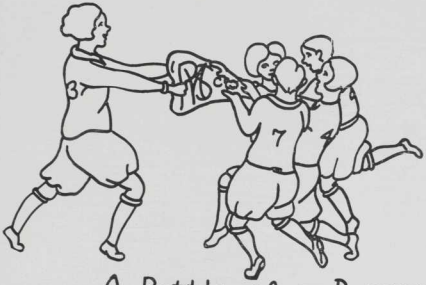
Dusty looked at the speaker for a moment, then his face quickly overclouded with anger. His fist clenched until the knuckles shone white through the skin. In a moment the two were grappling in the snow. For some time it seemed as if the Indian's strength would dominate. Suddenly a shot rang out which resounded through the hills. Then, as if a stroke of lightning had struck him, with blood gushing from his head, the Indian fell in the snow.

The squaw, fearing for the safety of her mate in the hand-to-hand struggle, had loaded the gun, and fired at his opponent. She had missed her aim, and killed her husband!

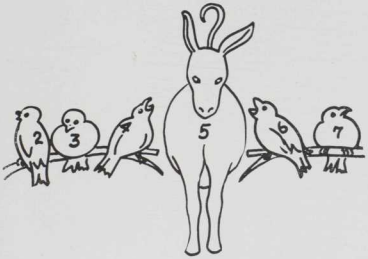
For a moment Dusty stood trembling, then in a flash he sprang at the half frantic woman, seized the gun and ran toward Squinas. But all was over. The old-time warrior lay dead—dead in body, but not in soul, for he still remained lord of the Meadows.

ALEXINA RAE.

Visual Aids for Permanence of Retention



A Battle of a Banner.



Our winsome warblers.

Deadlock.

DREAM GIRL

IT was a hot summer day in Central China and all the inhabitants of Fuchow were feeling drowsy. Old Mrs. Chang bustled into a neighbor's and said, "A baby girl has been born in the Tu household." The news spread rapidly and many curious neighbors crowded in to see the new baby. As one woman handed back the bundle to the proud mother she said, "Too bad, it is not a boy." But joy was in the mother's heart for this was the first girl. If she had been the second or third she might not have been so welcome.

At the end of the first month a big feast was arranged. All the relatives were invited. The little one was presented to the gods and regarded as under their care from that time on. Another feast was held when the baby was a year old. This time the old grandmother of the home carried the baby to the ancestral table, and held her while the little hands lit the incense.

Tsing-cu was a treasured baby, for she had a sweet disposition. One day, when she was six years old, she saw a pair of tiny shoes. She asked her mother whose they were. She was told that they were for her. It was time for her feet to be bound. Although she shuddered at the thought she knew that no man wanted a wife with big ugly feet. The agony she suffered was unspeakable, for each day the bandages were tightened until the little feet fitted into the shoes which were as small as her baby shoes.

Tsing-cu's childhood passed comparatively happily. She learned to sew and cook. Her special task was the care of her little brother. One day when going to bring him home, she slipped and nearly fell into the canal. She was caught, however, by a strong arm, and turned to meet the smiling eyes of a young man of twenty. He said, "Be careful mei-mei (little sister). You were nearly lost. May I help you?" This was unusual, but perhaps he had gone to the foreign devils' school. Big brother said they were very kind. She escaped from him as soon as possible, for it was not customary for a girl of twelve to be seen with a boy. But she never forgot those smiling black eyes or that sleek dark head.

About a year later, Tsing-cu's grandmother said it was high time she was betrothed. The go-between was a relative and he was sure to make a good match. He knew the best family and so he took the date of Tsing-cu's birth to them. It was compared with the birth of their son, and the astrologer said that it was agreeable.

The engagement feast was set for a lucky day and carried on at both homes. But of course the bride and groom could not see each other yet. Gifts were exchanged. The Hsi family paid for Tsing-cu, and the engagement was signed and given to them.

After the engagement was fixed and Tsing-cu felt very sad. She could not forget those smiling eyes and that sleek, dark head. If only she could see him once more!

The next years were busy, for Tsing-cu's trousseau had to be prepared. She was very happy except when she thought of her rescuer. One day she had to go to a neighbor's. There was a rush in the street, for an old man's cart had been overturned by some mischievous boys.

Tsing-cu heard a voice say, "Venerable Father, may my mean person be of assistance?" Where had she heard that voice before? By the canal, on that memorable day some years ago. Forgetting her strict training, she turned to see him. At the same time the young man saw her and came to her saying, "Ah, Little Dream Girl, let me take you out of this." He helped her out of the crowd and she hurriedly said, "You must not come farther." He understood and stood aside, and with one look she was gone. He thought to himself, "If only it were she."

Tsing-cu's days were happy now. She did not mind, for he had called her Dream Girl. She was happy, though her wedding day was coming soon and she did not know her bridegroom. She liked to dream that it was he. But soon she made herself forget that dream, for things like that do not happen to little Chinese girls.

At last the time for the wedding came, for Tsing-cu was now seventeen. A lucky day was chosen for the ceremony. The guests began to come a week before, each bringing a gift. The chair and the wedding gown arrived the night before, amid great noise and excitement. When the morning came, Tsing-cu, to show her filial piety, was reluctant to prepare for the journey. She and her mother wailed and wailed, beating the wall and table to show their grief at parting. At last the women attendants dressed her for the journey. The painful good-byes were said.

Her brothers escorted her part way. All this time Tsing-cu was crying. Then they went back and she got ready to meet her husband's messengers. She was very proud, although she mourned her past life. To-day everyone made way for her and even the proud Mandarin stood aside. Though she could not see through her veil she knew of the deference they paid her.

At last she reached the Hsi household. She was escorted to her room by the mother and sisters of her husband who took down her hair and redressed it. Then

her husband came in and they sat down to a feast which they could not touch. He left the room after this and soon Tsing-cu was led out into the large hall and placed beside him. They stood before the ancestral tablet, bowed three times to it and then to heaven and earth. The attendants gave each a cup of wine. They sipped from these and then the wine was mixed and both drank from one cup. The bystanders chanted laughingly:

"Together they walk, each other aid;
The knot is tied, the covenant made."

The ceremony was over and soon they would see each other for the first time. How his hand trembled as he lifted her veil. They stood fixed, for she was looking into the black, smiling eyes of the boy who had called her "Dream Girl."

—AGNES THOMSON.

AN OBJECTIVE TEST ON THE MODERN DANCE

(For Normal Students Only)

DIRECTIONS: This test contains twelve questions. You are not expected to be able to answer all of them, but do the best you can. You will be allowed half an hour. Try to get as many right as possible. Be careful not to go so fast that you make mistakes. Do not spend too much time on any one question.

1. A student dances thirty steps every minute, and in each step covers 14 inches of floor space. The student dances continuously from 9 till 1. Allowing 30 minutes for supper and drinking punch, how far will the student have danced by the end of the evening? Give your answer in miles.

2. Draw the curve of learning for the Charleston. Express graphically the loss of efficiency in dancing for four hours continuously.

3. Calculate carefully the number of ta fa te fe's in "Bye, Bye, Blackbird." Be sure to check your answer.

4. Think up the probable sentence a student will use when he finds that the orchestra is leaving out the last four dances. Pick out the subject and predicate, and then the most important word in the sentence.

5. Calculate to the second decimal place the food value in the following:

Three glasses of punch.
Two cups of coffee.
Five sandwiches.
Four pieces of cake.

6. Calculate the number of rolls of serpentine a student can safely appropriate in one evening for teaching primary number work.

7. Give specific directions for writing MacLean Method on a dance program.

8. Point out the pictures in the first two stanzas of "Barcelona" and describe them in your own words. What was the poet's reason for staying in Spain?

9. Suggest some visual aids which would be useful in teaching pupils how to Charleston. Be sure to make them practical, and not merely to interest the children.

10. Explain the different heat belts in a ballroom. Name the important winds blowing through it and explain why they don't blow in the opposite direction.

11. Design an evening dress in split complementary harmony.

C. C.

SOME INTERESTING ADDRESSES

During the year we have had the privilege of listening to some most interesting lectures of many different kinds. The one which we probably will remember longest was that given by Dr. Roberts, not because we had to pay something to hear him, I hope, but because we feel it was a rare opportunity which is coveted by many, but granted to only a few. His exposition on the origin of "the nature story" was most enlightening to us as teachers.

* * * *

A real live historian is someone who is an authority on historical subjects, and who can at the same time present those subjects in a pleasing yet forceful way. We were given ample proof one afternoon that Judge Howay is one such historian. Then, when he was good enough to spare us a few minutes of his valuable time, he lived over again, for our benefit, the days of the Cariboo gold rush. Lantern slides helped considerably to place in their true setting the scenes he described. Not one moment dragged, for we were completely absorbed in the humor and pathos of the situations which were obviously so real to him.

* * * *

On the "Open Forum" afternoon of the Literary Society, Mrs. Jamieson gave us a talk on the purpose and programme of the society, of which she is an active member, which is trying to promote peace in the world. Many of us gained considerable information about it through her discourse which was practical and systematically arranged.

The idea she expressed concerning fair play and equity in the treatment of pupils in the school was most aptly put.

(Continued on Page 64)

THE VALUE OF SPORTS IN THE SCHOOL LIFE

"But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks,
'Play up! play up! and play the game!'
This is the word that year by year
While in her place the school is set,
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling, fling to the host behind—
'Play up! play up! and play the game!' "

The value of sports in relation to a school programme is many-sided. To sit for a day in a classroom and to observe indications of physical and mental fatigue is to be convinced beyond question that the schoolroom work and conditions induce a tremendous nervous strain, due largely to the abnormal repression of movement and social intercourse that becomes necessary for the maintenance of discipline and proper conditions of study. This condition may be quickly relieved by a few minutes of free activity in the form of organized games in the fresh air of the playground.

The social development through games in sport is fully as important and as pronounced as the physical development. The timid, shrinking child learns to take his turn with others; the bold, selfish child learns that he may not monopolize opportunities; the unappreciated child gains self-respect and the respect of others through some particular skill that makes him a desired partner or a respected opponent. He learns to take defeat without discouragement and to win without undue elation. In these and many other ways are the dormant powers for social co-operation developed, reaching the highest point at last in the team sports where self is subordinated to the interests of the team, and co-operation is the very life of the game.

Most important of all, however, in the training that comes through sports and games, is the development of will. The little child entering the primary school has very little of the power of inhibition, that power for restraint and self-control which is the highest aspect of the will and the latest to develop. There is no agency that can so effectively and naturally develop power of inhibition as sport.

So, if sports are given their deserved promince on the school curriculum, there will follow naturally the physical and social development and "will" training of our boys and girls which will mean immeasurable uplift to the community.

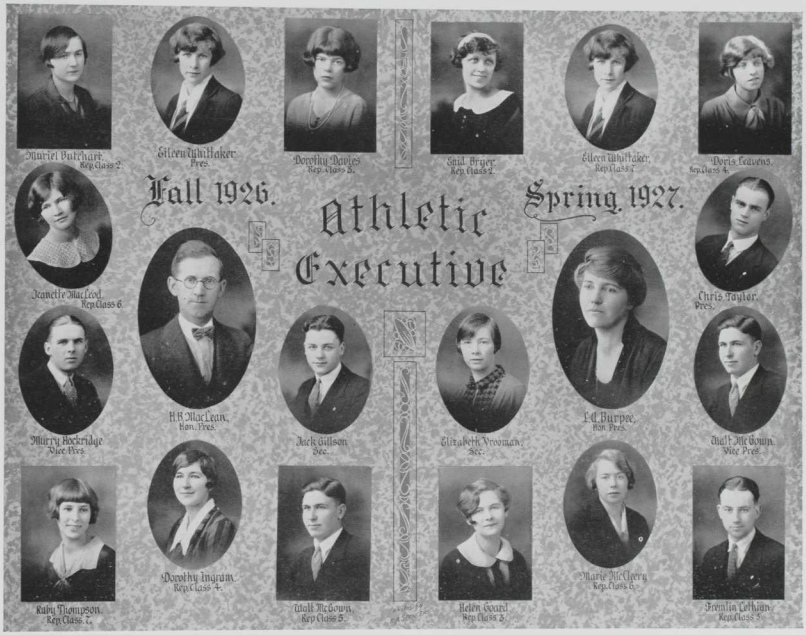
ATHLETIC EDITOR.

MR. MACLEAN

A sport, a friend to all, our athletic leader, and, last but not least, our "Writing" teacher. That's Mr. MacLean. At our first "get together" at Normal he did much to make the evening a great success, especially at the supper table. During the writing lesson he entertains us by telling us brilliant little anecdotes and amusing experiences.

Let us endeavor so to live that when we come to die, even the undertaker will be sorry.

H. B. MacLEAN.


Athletic Executive
Fall 1926.
Spring 1927.
Muriel Burchard, Rep. Class 2.
Eileen Whitaker, Pres.
Dorothy Hayes, Rep. Class 3.
Enid Bryer, Rep. Class 2.
Eileen Whitaker, Rep. Class 1.
Doris Leavens, Rep. Class 4.
Janette MacLeod, Rep. Class 6.
H. R. MacLean, Hon. Pres.
Jack Gillson, Sec.
Elizabeth Vroman, Sec.
L. L. Burpee, Hon. Pres.
Chris Taylor, Pres.
Murry Rockridge, Vice Pres.
Hugh McGown, Vice Pres.
Ruby Thompson, Rep. Class 1.
Dorothy Ingram, Rep. Class 4.
Hugh McGown, Rep. Class 5.
Helen Gourd, Rep. Class 3.
Marie McCleery, Rep. Class 6.
Franklin Cobham, Rep. Class 5.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The Normal Girls' Basketball team established an enviable record this year, finishing second in the Senior "B" Division of the Vancouver and District League. Previous to the opening of the league, the team engaged several Sunday School teams, including Mountain View, Chown United and St. Marks, as well as the Adanacs of New Westminster, and in these games proved that they possessed considerable strength.

During the league schedule they won four games and lost two, V.A.S.C. "A" defeating them twice. In these two games, however, they put up a good fight and it was only the hardest of luck that kept them from at least tying with the winners. The final standing of the teams in this league was as follows:

Team—	Played	Won	Lost	Points
V. A. S. C. "A"	6	6	0	12
Normal	6	4	2	8
V. A. S. C. "B"	6	2	4	4
Y. W. C. A.	6	0	6	0

The team is composed of the following: Eileen Whittaker, Enid Bryer, Velma Buckley, Doris Leavens, Pat Archer, Gladys Brereton, Bertha Stade, Violette Wilson and Doris Thompson. Eileen Whittaker, better known as "Lee," is the star player of the team, being equally valuable on the defense or the attack. Enid Bryer and Bertha Stade fill the positions of guards to perfection and can always be depended upon to hold their checks well. Pat Archer, of last year's team, Velma Buckley and Doris Leavens play the forward positions and possess great scoring ability, giving the opposing guards considerable trouble. Gladys Brereton, Violette Wilson and Doris Thompson fill in as substitutes and always perform creditably. "Johnny" Moore and "Walt" McGown performed the coaching duties, and "Johnny" also acted as manager. Like the boys, the girls had little material to start with and their record is certainly one of which we are proud.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Although lacking experienced players, the Normal boys were able to form a fairly strong team. They engaged a number of teams from the Sunday School league, including Chown Ogopogos, First United, Mountain View, Grandview and the Sixth Avenue team of New Westminster. They then commenced their league schedule, and in these games they met with varied success.

In the first half of the league they finished in third place, losing games to Varsity, Y.M.C.A., and Meraloma "A's." In the second half, however, they dropped to fifth place and they finished the league in this position. During their league schedule they won four games and lost seven.

At the conclusion of the league they epgaged several teams in exhibition games, playing Mountain View, the Audamits of New Westminster, B. S. H. S., New Westminster Technical and King Edward High School.

The team is composed of the following players: Moore (captain), McGown, McLachlan, Dempsey, Hockridge, Taylor, Lothian and Keith. Moore is the star scorer and formerly played out in the wilds of Burnaby; McGown is the largest man on the team and plays a steady game at guard; Dempsey hails from the North Shore and is our star guard. There are rumors that Danney also plays soccer, but we don't know. Murray Hockridge plays centre and can be depended upon to get his share of points. "Pinky" McLachlan is our representative from Haney, and plays a steady game at right forward. Taylor, Lothian and Keith act as spares and can always be depended upon to make a creditable showing.

The team is to be complimented on its fine showing, especially when we consider the fact that it is the first year that they have played together. Many of the players in fact only learned the game this year. Much credit is due to Mr. Ward who so unselfishly coached the team, and the few rooters who did turn out were also greatly appreciated by the players.

INTER-CLASS BASKETBALL

An inter-class basketball league, formed early in the Spring term, proved successful in every way. It aroused a general interest in athletics, and created a keen spirit of class rivalry. After a series of hectic battles, Class II. finally emerged victorious.

All the games were well patronized by class supporters, and although the form of basketball was not of the best, what the players lacked in skill and ability they made up for in spirit and enthusiasm. To a casual onlooker, not familiar with inter-class competition, the games would take on a semblance to basketball, rugby and soccer played simultaneously, with an occasional fist fight, wrestling match, or verbal battle thrown in as an added attraction. One can, indeed, pity the poor, innocent members of Class V. who were obliged to referee the games.

Nevertheless, the right enthusiasm was present, among both players and spectators, and we earnestly believe that the spirit of class interest was greatly stimulated by the formation of such a league.

Provincial Normal Basket Ball Team
Sen. B. 1926-7.

G. Brereton,
Spare.

E. Whittaker,
Centre.
(Captain)

Photos by
R. Spencer

Velma Buckley
Right Forward.

Enid Bryer,
Right Guard.

Bertha M. Slade.
Left Guard.

Pat Archer.
Spare.

D. Leavens,
Left Forward.

BOYS' LEAGUE

The members of Class V. also tried to form a league, but with sad results. Three teams were formed, the Sub-Normals, the Super-Normals and the Ab-Normals. A schedule was drawn up, but the first game, between the Sub-Normals and the "Soupers," ended in a riot, thus bringing the league to a tragic and rather abrupt end. After this miniature "Donnybrook," it was deemed wiser to discontinue the league rather than sacrifice the physical health of Class V.

THE SWIMMING CLUB

Wednesday, 3:55 p. m. Whence comes this rowdy crowd? "We're the P. N. S. Swimming Club." The Swimming Club goes to the Canadian Memorial Tank for an hour's swim from four to five every Wednesday. Thus is lost the student's woe and care. How the others of the P. N. S. can get along without their weekly dip is a bigger problem than the Club can solve. The members are mostly amateurs; therefore their chief delight is in submerging each other. However, a few of our members are champions, and exhibit wonderful feats of diving and swimming —witness Miss Whittaker and Mr. Clark.

One cannot think of the Swimming Club without, at the same time, thinking of its popular chaperon, Miss Jones. No wonder the Club is enthusiastic about swimming, and all the members look forward to Wednesday afternoon! Just think what the others miss!

On February 16, 1927, the Club had a terrible shock. The usually dignified (?) Murray wrapped his arms around two lady members at once! We believe he did it on purpose, though he denies the fact. Of course he was swimming under water, but we would like to know why he came up just at that particular moment. (The Editor would like to know who they are.)

Now that it is all over we let our imaginations carry us back again. We see Mr. Wilson doing, once more, his "Swallow Dive." (And, Oh! how he could swallow!) We see Mr. Magar struggling valiantly and successfully to make "the length"; and Mr. Gillson, a royal blue—but "not from cold." Yea verily, you non-members have missed some of nature's rarest sights! It is unfortunate that the attendance consistently dropped until only some half-dozen enthusiasts remained.

The closing of the pool on April 27 marked the close of the indoor swimming season. No more "bawths" until the bathing beaches become popular again—which is a sad state of affairs, but one which we cannot remedy.

NORMAL HIKE MARCH 26

Causes:

(a) A desire on the part of the athletic representatives to increase the school spirit.
(b) A desire on the part of some students to increase their knowledge of B. C. geography.
(c) A desire on the part of all to forget for a day all thoughts of school and everyday work.

Events:

(a) March 26: The meeting of the forty-eight representatives of the Normal Student body and the two representatives of the Normal staff (Messrs. Black and Martin) at the 10 o'clock North Vancouver ferry.
(b) An enjoyable fifteen minutes on the "Harbour Princess"; which boat, being small, the Normal students quite overwhelmed.
(c) A brief and jerky journey on a Lynn Valley street car to Keith Road.
(d) A long hike of seven miles to Deep Cove on the North Arm of Burrard Inlet, which was reached about 12:30 p. m.
(f) A moment of two of silence as the view was admired by the party.
(g) Lunch baskets were opened and original strength renewed.
(h) For the afternoon the party broke up into three divisions: (1) Those who got boats and went for a row on the calm waters of the cove. (2) Those who explored the immediate vicinity of Deep Cove. (3) Last, but not least, some fifteen valiant souls who longed for higher altitudes, among whom were Mr. Martin and Mr. Black. The snowline was reached after an hour of climbing, but on return to sea level this group found that the others had already left, so they, too, turned their faces toward the setting sun.
(i) One of the features of the hike was the obtaining of a "lift" back into North Vancouver by some of the hikers.

Results:

(a) An increased sense of school spirit in all those who participated.
(b) To some unfortunate ones a stiffness which lasted for several days.
(c) To all a deeper appreciation of the beauties of Nature.

Provincial Normal Basket Ball Team

Int. A. 1926-7.

D. Dempsey.
Right Guard.

J. H. Moore,
Left Forward.
(Captain.)

C. Taylor
Spare.

A. McGown.
Left Guard.

C. M. McLachlan.
Right Forward.

Photos by
R. A. Spencer

M. Hockridge.
Centre

L. Lothian.
Spare.

TRACK MEET, NOV. 26, 1926

Our Fall Track Meet was held on November 26, 1926. A large number of enthusiastic students crowded the balcony and made known their various classes by a series of ear-splitting yells. From the potato to the obstacle race the meet was a grand success to all except the boys, who could not call it a success until after supper. Supper was served in the Normal School basement. The tables were prettily decorated in pastel colors; in fact, they were so well done that we had difficulty in keeping a number of people from trying to consume the decorations. Altogether the evening was a wonderful success, due largely to the efforts of Miss Burpee, Mr. MacLean and the athletic executive.

TRACK MEET, FEB. 11, 1927

On Friday evening, February 11, the Normal gymnasium was the scene of a great commotion, in which tongues vied with limbs in seeing which could go the faster. Class yells and songs were intermingled in the general din, but as everyone added his own peculiar noise, there were no individual differences.

Although many and varied were the races, casualties were few, and the victims soon recovered, at least in time to partake of the refreshments. Class III. found they had a formidable rival in Class IV., and the meet ended with a tie, each having 33 points. The Class stunts were voted excellent. Before our admiring eyes were displayed the talents of Galli-Curcis, Divine Sarahs and Pavlowas, ad infinitum.

At about 11 o'clock there was a concerted movement towards the lower regions, where we knew a sumptuous repast awaited us. Our old dingy lunch-room was changed into a fairyland of light and color, by the nimble fingers and good taste of the committees in charge. Then came a part of the programme in which all could participate. It is rumored that the harmonic temperament of one of our respected teachers was quite sadly shattered by our musical attempts en masse. (This we might quote as a casualty?) Finally, with loud cheers and the usual "Auld Lang Syne," our Track Meet closed with a bang.

Mr. Weston: "Doris, are you ready for your wash?"
Doris: "I had a bath last night, sir."

"Has your son come home from Normal yet?"
"I imagine so, I haven't seen the car for two weeks."

SOCIETY—Continued from Page 39

THE SPRING DANCE

On April 29, the gymnasium was the scene of the Semi-Annual Dance. Many invitations had been sent out by the Athletic Association, and we were glad to see many ex-Normal students present. Some of these were known by the present students, as they are now teachers in various city schools! 'Nough said!

The gymnasium was very artistically decorated in the colors of the rainbow. Of course it was entrancing, for Mr. Weston planned it.

A corner was reserved for the teachers. It was very prettily and comfortably arranged. Another corner was set aside for the "Kollejians," our orchestra, who gave us wonderful music, particularly the "Moonlight!"

During the evening we found some delicious punch in the balcony.

About eleven o'clock, the dancers enjoyed a supper prepared under the direction of Miss Burpee, and we all admired the room so prettily decorated in mauve and peach.

After supper the dancers hurried back to the gymnasium. Soon the balloons were all down. From then on one might have thought there was a riot, judging by the noise. Later, even the most dignified were dancing with the "dinkiest" hats on their heads.

Although many were terribly tired when one o'clock came, all seemed sorry to leave.

FAREWELL PICNIC

Just as we are going to press we hear there will be big doings on June 10. On one of the Union Steamship Company's boats a large and merry party of Normalites, both students and faculty, will go a-sailing to Bowen Island. The weather will be lovely, of course, and a field day will be held. We won't attempt to forecast the result but here's wishing the winning class the best of luck forever and for aye!

Laugh and the teacher laughs with you;
Laugh and you laugh alone;
The first, when the joke's the teacher's,
The second, when its your own.

"Say, Bill, don't forget to wake me up if there's a thunderstorm tonight. You know I can't sleep when it thunders."

WINNERS OF CLASS ADVERTISING COMPETITION

CLASS VI

We are the gang from No. Six,
All kinds of fun we can fairly mix;
We are the pirates, a rickety, rackety crew,
All on deck we number thirty-two,
We never need a blunderbuss to lay our victims low,
Just an artful smile, Oh Boy!
And heels o'er head they go;
We are the jolliest buccaneers
That ever sailed the seas
So all together, my hearties,
Hy, ho; High, ho; High, hee.

LOG OF THE GOOD SHIP "SIX"

Kept By SEAMAN RICHMOND

Three Bells:—All's well. Captain Lord, having found all his crew present departs to his cabin. Lieut. M. MacDonald has left us and her position has been filled by Lieut. G. Laycock. Gunner J. McRae reported that many more Writing Certificates must be captured before the Good Ship "Six" can claim herself Mistress of the Ocean. Paymaster A. B. MacLeod appealed for more funds with which to carry on. All seamen promised to aid in the capture of heavily-laden vessels. Coaling Engineer Rae appealed to the crew to start a private coal mine, as difficulty had been experienced in making the present supply do. Seaman McCleery offered to start the crew pillaging bricks to build the necessary foundations. Pilot McBroom said she would teach the pirates to make letter "Y," so that they could capture certificates, whereupon Midshipmen McLelland executed the hornpipe. Boatswain A. Munro set Seamen J. Munro, McGregor, D. McLean and Norcross swabbing decks, ordered Seamen McAdam, McKenzie and Purdy to paint the life-boats; while Drill Sergeant J. L. MacLeod put the crew through their physical jerks. Ship's cook McPhee then called the crew to dinner which consisted of oatmeal porridge, milk and raisins, during which Ship's Doctor M. McRae discoursed on vitamines.

Seaman Noble sighted a sail which gave us warning of a large fleet of tests that were approaching. Gunner Lieuts. McGowan and Payne made immediate preparations to meet them. Gunners S. Macdonald, McIntosh and A. L. MacLeod provided books, pens and other firearms, while R. McLean exhibited her preparations. Seaman Pillsbury, on the lookout, informed us that a large time test was approaching, whereupon Instructor Partington formed a class for the overcoming of time tests, which was joined by Seamen Omstead, McSween and Plommer. Seaman Orser was put in charge of the ship's supply of pins, and Seaman North was commissioned to hemstitch the sails.

Nine Bells:—A fair moonlight night. Good sailing. Seaman Richmond retires, having completed the log.

JOKES

What kind of cigarettes is Jack smoking now?"
"Baseball cigarettes, Small Change."
"How come baseball cigarettes?"
"Grounders, boy, grounders."

Big Mac: "Ho! Ho! Teacher's pet."
Little Mac: "Do they?"

McG: "Oh, say, I pulled off something big last night."
Pinky: "What was it?"
McG: "My shoes."

Mr. Anstey: "When did Constantinople fall?"
Ollie: "1463."
Mr. Anstey: "Gracious! How did you remember that?"
Ollie: "Oh! I never forget a date."

Mr. Robinson: "Now our system of ventilation is very expensive. Even at the present time the room is being filled with hot air - - -"
And he wondered why the class laughed.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

1. We have no loans that need protecting.
2. Man has his weaknesses, but he wouldn't ruin a $25 hat fighting to save 2 cents a yard on dress goods.
3. It is rumored that Stanley Pollard is going to build, out of his head, a $25,000 school for a town with an assessed valuation of $27,000. My! My! Stanley—how could you!
4. We heard of the man who couldn't get out of the breakfast nook—he ate an extra slice of toast.
5. Bowler hats are coming back—Henry Ford has started to make aeroplanes and we need some protection from falling parts.
6. Some people are about as necessary as the black squares in a cross-word puzzle.
7. We don't have to go to Italy to Rome.

First school girl: "How do you like the new student?"
Second school girl: "She's too loquacious."
First school girl: "Yes, and she talks too much, besides."

Sergeant: "If anything moves, you shoot."
Rooky: "And if anything shoots, I move."

ICE HOCKEY

Hockey, as a game, originated in Canada, where men are ice hounds and women are fancy skaters. It is **the** winter sport.

It is a crime wave on ice. If one man dashes into another on a slippery street, knocks him down, and bashes him between the eyes with a crooked stick, it is premeditated assault. If one man dashes into another in a rink, knocks him down, and bashes him between the eyes with a crooked stick, it is first class hockey.

Thrill seekers have found what they ordered. Here is a game played while every contestant is in the act of falling through space. It makes baseball seem like casual exercise prescribed by the doctor for old gentlemen with stiff joints. Beside it football looks like something thrown into the nursery to keep the children out of mischief. It is a combination of golf, rugby, soccer, prize fighting, "tong" war, and the last riot at Herrin, Illinois.

Hockey is played with a small black rubber "puck," the aim of each team being to deliver it into a cage guarded by a youth whose parents evidently never gave him any good advice. The complete team is composed of six men, not one of whom cares in the least about his physical future.

When it is time for the game to begin a referee skates to the centre of the rink and blows a whistle. (This is a signal for all doctors, nurses and internes to mobilize and prepare for business.) He then drops the puck and flees for his life. The puck is immediately battled for on the theory of an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and a fracture for a try at the goal. During the carnage the busiest man at the arena is the goalkeeper, whose dress resembles a cross between the outfit of a deep-sea diver and the man in the Michelin Tire advertisement, and who has to stop more missiles than the City of Rheims stopped German shells.

At the end of the final period surgeons examine the goalkeepers. The game is then awarded to the side whose goalkeeper has the best chance of recovery.

B. C.

"FACTS"

1. If all the Normal School Students who board were placed end to end at a table, they'd reach.
2. Walter has a rich voice—it sounds well off.
3. Dan thinks North Vancouver is Heaven because the ferries come from there.
4. "Burns—the man who keeps the meat."
5. A peninsula is a long neck of land stretching out to sea.
6. Puppy love is the beginning of a dog's life.
7. Cannibals are said to enjoy college boys; they're so easily stewed.
8. If the neighbors had their way, the cornetist across the street would be a finished musician.
9. When a doctor makes a mistake, he buries it.
10. Ninety-nine and forty-four one hundredths per cent. of the Scotchmen go to heaven because salvation is free.

EPIGRAMS

(In case of need.)

I.

Light lay the earth on Stanley's breast,
His lightsome heart so tender;
But build a castle on his head,
His skull will prop it under.

II.

"Stop, thief," Dame Nature called to Death,
As Theo drew his latest breath;
"How shall I make a fool again,
If thou my choicest model has ta'en?"

"Mother," said little Bobby, bursting into the house, "there's going to be the deuce to pay down at the grocer's. His wife has got a baby girl and he's had a 'Boy Wanted' sign in his window for a week."

THE CALM

'Twas the night before teaching,
When all thro' the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
Why the calm? Don't you see?
The great teacher to be
Was practicing on the entire fam-i-lee.

AS IT SOUNDED TO US

Goddard (In Mr. Martin's period): "If the assessed value is $20,000, and the tax is $40.00, what is the millwright?"

Doris Legh: "That's a terrible gash you have on your forhead."
Doris Leavens: "Oh, next to nothing, next to nothing."

Landlady to Mr. Goddard: "I think you had better board elsewhere."
Mr. Goddard: "Yes, I believe I had."
Landlady: "Had what?"
Mr. Goddard: "Better board elsewhere."

LIMERICK

There once was a student named Lancer,
Who, when asked to recite, said, "I can't, sir."
It chanced that the topic
Was, "Please name a tropic,"
And the teacher thought Lancer said Cancer.

"How would you teach a girl to swim?"
"Oh! lead her gently into the water, put your arm around her waist, and - - ."
"But, it's my sister."
"Oh! Push her off the pier." —(Selected).

Alice M—d:: "What's a polygon?"
Norah M—n: "A geometrical figure."
Alice M—d: "No, a dead parrot."

Cupe: "A street car just went by."
Jimmy: "How do you know?"
Cupe: "I can see its tracks."

A TOAST

Here's a toast to the P. N. S.
The school where we learned to teach
Geography, Spelling and History.—
Oh, the sorrows we had with each.
But it's over now, so let's pledge the school
In a flowing cup and free.
And say "I remember not the grief,
But the joy you brought to me."
So raise your cups on high, comrades,
And echo, "Yes, yes, yes,"
When we cry with all the strength of our lungs,
"Long life to you, P. N. S."

MISS RICHMOND.

"It's no use talking," the fat lady said, when she couldn't get into the telephone booth.

Break, break, break
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!
Broke, broke, broke,
That's what's the matter with me.

S. S. Teacher: "Johnny, do you say your prayers every night?"
Johnny: "I used to when I slept in a folding bed."

"Yes," said Mr. Martin, while describing a search for botanical specimens, "the road up the mountain was too steep even for a donkey to climb; therefore I did not attempt the ascent."

Mr. Black: "A fool can ask questions that a wise man cannot answer."

Mr. Lockhart: "Is that why so many of us flunked in our exams?"

Teacher (to little boy): "How many animals have you at home?"

Little boy: "Four—mamma's the dear, baby's the lamb, I'm the kid, and dad's the goat."

"Barber, I want my hair cut."

"Any particular way, sir?"

"Yes, off."

Cassidy: "Where do hops come in the Syllabus of Physical Training?"

Instructor W.: "Oh, anywhere! It's full of hops."

She (class 7): "That nice looking boy over there might be your brother."

He (class 9): "A good guess. She's my sister."

Miss Coney: What is, (a) a bar? (b) a beat?"

Norah M: (a) "Don't be silly." (b) "Ask a policeman, he knows."

Teacher: "What is the Royal Mint?"

Little Girl: "It is what the king puts on his new potatoes."

Student (after telling legend of the Dipper): "What is another name for the Big Dipper?"

Small Boy: "Leap the Dips!"

Mr. MacLean (teaching the capital "S"): "Why not write the letter with a curve at the bottom?"

Enid: "It looks like "L."

Member of class 4 (?): "Will you show me how to make 'I's' (eyes)?"

Mr. MacLean: "With pleasure."

School teacher Cupit (vexed): "Mary, why are you here if you don't work?"

Mary (very demurely): "I'm here to keep up the average attendance till you leave."

Mr. Black (to young lady in psychology class): "What are the emotions?"

Long hesitation.

Mr. Black: "Well, if you cannot give me them all, give me the first and most important of them."

Young lady: "Why! a - - er" (turning red).

(To be continued next week.)

Mistress (at telephone excitedly): "Hello! Is that the butcher? Well don't send the cat's meat I ordered *this morning—the* dear just brought in a mouse."

Classroom Demonstrations.

Mr. Robinson: "Now watch the blackboard while I go through it."

Mr. Black (in psychology): "How can you tell the difference between a chair and a dog?"

Keith: "Kick it."

During Mr. Black's lecture— M.: "Let me see your watch." S.: "No, you'll be disappointed."

We read a story once which we think is worth repeating. A certain judge in the Old Country, who was noted for his wit, was once trying a case in which the prisoner was accused of stealing a pair of boots. It was an obvious case of guilt, and the judge in a genial manner invited the prisoner to tell the jury about it.

"Well, my lord, I was walking past the shop when I saw the shoes and thought I would have some fun with the shopkeeper. So just for a joke, I took the boots."

"Is that your defence?" asked the judge.

"Yes, your honor, I took the boots for a joke."

"How far did you carry them?"

"Oh, about two miles, your honor."

The judge turned to the jury: "Don't you think that is carrying the joke too far? What do you say gentlemen?"

ON LOOKING AT A PICTURE OF THE RUINS AT STONEHENGE

I.

Ye tumbled masses of an age long past,
  Lifting thine arms suppliant to the sky,
Those gray, gaunt limbs which many an icy blast
  Has in its fierce relentlessness passed by.

II.

Ye tumbled masses, rise and tell the tale
  Of kings and courtiers long since turned to dust,
Ye stones which hoary Druids used to hail
  As symbols of their faith and lasting trust.

III.

Ye tumbled masses, tell what is concealed
  Beneath your crumbling ruins. Fain would I know,
That something to my mind might be revealed
  Of those who labored here so long ago.

IV.

Ye tumbled masses, raise your voice in praise
  Of him whose master mind conceived your form,
Of those whose art your massive walls did raise
  To stand the ravages of time and storm.

—ANNIE MUNRO.

FAREWELLS

TO THE PRINCIPAL

Our year at Normal has had its trials and its unpleasant tasks, but always they have been made as light and pleasant as possible by the atmosphere of friendliness and co-operation which permeates the institution. Much of this encouraging force emanates from our genial Principal who seems to radiate good-will wherever he goes. He has indeed proved a worthy example of the teacher who is a leader and an inspiration to his pupils. We hope we may prove worthy disciples wherever we may find our field of duty, but it is with deep regret that we withdraw from so helpful an influence.

TO THE STUDENTS

Mr. Russell Conwell tells a story about "Acres of Diamonds"—the story of a man who went far afield to find wealth that was near at hand, could he but have seen it. To Normal School students school health work offers just such a wealth of opportunity. Knowledge alone cannot make for the child's health. The goal must be the formation of good health habits, and to be successful the teacher herself must radiate health. To a large extent, the measure of her success is the health and health activities, not only of the class or school over which she may preside, but of the whole community in which that school may be. Sometime evidences of success are immediate, more often they are remote. In any case, Normal Students, it is up to you!

V. JONES.

MISS JONES

Such interesting subjects as Health and Folk dancing, coupled with a personality like Miss Jones'—what more can we ask? We, who are her first students at Normal, join in wishing her every success in the future.

TO THE CLASS OF 1926-27

If in your first school you treat your pupils as Pestalozzi did, being "in loco parentis" for them; if you treat them as Froebel did, as growing organisms, each one different from all the rest, each one unfolding from within in a unique way, each one in need of careful individual treatment; if you seek to know them intimately; if you interest yourself both in their present and in their future welfare and constantly have their best interests at heart: then there will be little doubt as to you chances of success in this all-important profession of teaching, and your period of probation will be an exceedingly profitable and pleasurable one.

W. G. BLACK.

MR. BLACK

The Normal students of 1926-27 know what accessory apparatus they carry around with them, also what organs —sense, end, nasal, and otherwise. They know many kinds of study, psychological, educational and case—especially case! They are acquainted with the mode of obtaining the mode, and a new meaning for mean. Even their range has widened,—and all because of Mr. Black. We can sincerely say that he has stood the test and measured up to standard.

FAREWELL TO DRILL INSTRUCTORS

From the first moment that we set foot in the "gym," to the present, when we are bidding it farewell, we have appreciated the work done for us. As the Normal class of 1927 say good-bye to the "gym" Instructors, they also give them a hearty vote of thanks, and a sincere wish for good luck in the future. Our hope is that they will continue to serve future Normalites as they have served us.

LITERARY—Continued from Page 51

It is only too true that children so often have not the correct idea of their responsibility to each other impressed upon them sufficiently. Mrs. Jamieson's argument was that, if it were impressed on them, the menace of war would be considerably lessened.

* * * *

Among these others who spoke to us, Captain Sinclair we shall most certainly remember. Although deaf (and also blind) his voice carried quite clearly through the auditorium.

His wide experience in life has furnished his keen mind with a fund of true stories which he ably tells to illustrate some basic truth. All the incidents he told us most clearly illustrated a basic spiritual truth.

IN SEYMOUR CANYON

It is like peace in the midst of war—this spot where we come to commune with God. Above, the steep side of the canyon would seem cruelly abrupt did it not harbor a friendly spruce, which sweeps such stately boughs to us in the breeze. To the east the mighty waters burst into view around the jutting rock that makes them rage and foam. With a roar they clear it in one wild leap, and settle into the tranquillity of a quiet pool with only an occasional murmur. They linger among the pebbles near the shore, sighing happily to find, at last, rest. Then venturing again into mid-stream they are caught in the mighty current and are swept out of sight. We hear them only faintly in the roar of the rapids below. As the river flows on to the ocean, only you and I know that there is a place where the waters come to rest for a little while in the depths of Seymour Canyon.

"THE UNKNOWN TEACHER"

"I sing the praise of the Unknown Teacher." With this quotation William Frederick Bigelow begins an article in the magazine of which he is editor. He is dealing with an oration delivered by Dr. Van Dyke at the Sesquicentennial of Phi Beta Kappa, and we print below portions of Dr. Van Dyke's message as reported by Mr. Bigelow.

"Choosing 'Democratic Aristocracy' for his theme, Dr. Van Dyke spoke of its need, its quality, and its ideals. Admitting frankly that the juxtaposition of the words 'democratic' and 'aristocracy' seemed to set up a contradiction in terms, he declared himself unconcerned by that, because 'Life is not logical; it is vital; and paradox is one mark of truth.'"

He then reminded his audience of "that great ideal which Webster, anticipating Lincoln, proclaimed to the Senate in 1820 . . ." "For the perpetuity of this ideal popular education is an absolute necessity. The children who are growing up to the high and perilous privilege of suffrage must be prepared for it. All of them, without exception, must have the key to the door of elementary knowledge through which they may enter, if they have the will and wit, into the higher house of wisdom. The three 'R's' are the deliverers of the state. Reading opens half-blind eyes; writing releases half-dumb souls; arithmetic casts out the deceptive devil who babbles that two and two make five if the people vote to have it so."

In speaking of aristocracy, Dr. Van Dyke said: "If I mistake not its highest aims are three: self-control, serenity and service. In two great points of goodness the world is growing better—the sense of justice and the sentiment of mercy. But in the third element of virtue, self-control, it seems to be standing still or slipping back. The popular gospel of the day is self-expression, which means let yourself go, follow your passions, gratify your appetites, acknowledge no inhibitions. This is cynic doctrine, the doctrine of dogs imperfectly house-broken. But the philosophy of manhood is nobler. It bids us bring our passions and powers into subjection to reason and conscience. Trust no outward agent to do this for you. You must do it yourself. By the grace of God above you and within you, you must possess and captain your soul. According to the measure of this self-mastery comes the serenity of life. The man who has it is thrice-armed against all adversities. He may be troubled and distressed, but he is not cast down nor destroyed. The clamors of the world may annoy him, but they can not break his steadying converse with the Eternal every day. . . ."

And later: "And what of teaching? Ah, there you have the worst paid and the best rewarded of all the vocations. Dare not to enter it unless you love it. For the vast majority of men and women it has no promise of wealth or fame, but they to whom it is dear for its own sake are among the nobility of mankind.

"I sing the praise of the Unknown Teacher. Great generals win campaigns, but it is the Unknown Soldier who wins the war. Famous educators plan new systems of pedagogy, but it is the Unknown Teacher who delivers

and guides the young. He lives in obscurity and contends with hardship. For him no trumpets blare, no chariots wait, no golden decorations are decreed. He keeps the watch along the borders of darkness and makes the attack on the trenches of ignorance and folly. Patient in his daily duty, he strives to conquer the evil powers which are the enemies of youth. He awakens sleeping spirits. He quickens the indolent, encourages the eager, and steadies the unstable. He communicates his own joy in learning and shares with boys and girls the best treasures of his mind. This is his reward.

"Knowledge may be gained from books; but the love of knowledge is transmitted only by personal contact. No one has deserved better of the Republic than the Unknown Teacher. No one is more worthy to be enrolled in a democratic aristocracy, 'King of himself and servant of mankind.'"

"LIFE IS LIKE A FLOWER"

How like a family of mortals does this rosebush appear! Here is a tiny bud, all its wonderful members wrapped up in a suit of common green. It is like a baby whose faculties and ambitions lie as yet undeveloped within that fragile yet ordinary clay. But gradually, wonderfully, the bud expands, revealing through widening apertures its hidden wealth, just as the growing child shows signs of its qualities and powers to be. Now here we find a bud fully opened, indeed a beautiful creation, like the young life which has just stepped pure and strong into manhood. In this state the man remains for a brief space exposed to the blighting influences of his kind and the tempests of misfortune. His actions, like the flower's petals, proclaims him to the world; while his principles and thoughts, as the pistils and stamens of the flowers, lie within him. But what of the small red ball? That is the fruit of the flower; perhaps blighted, or mayhap perfect according to the flower from which it was developed. Even so is man's old age the fruit of his earlier years, and like the fruit of the plant, in due season, man will be garnered in to take his place in a new life.

DORIS M. THOMPSON.

PARAGRAPH

While leisurely paddling our canoe, we silently absorbed the beauty of a coastal scene. Steep banks of massive stone rose in rugged splendor above the mirror of a seemingly transparent sea. The arbutus, with its delicately tinted leaves and bark, gave a touch of beauty to the dull rock, as, at a perilous height, it clung to the bank. In the morning sunlight, the sea shone an endless silvery green, dotted with many rocky islands, small but bold in outline. In the distance, dark blue mountains, with glistening white peaks, were silhouetted against the cloudless sky. The morning stillness was disturbed only by the occasional cry of a sea gull, or the splash of a fish.

MILLICENT PURDY.

TO MR. COCROFT AND MR. HOWLETT

To our engineer and janitor we are indebted for many helpful acts in times of need. When we were making projects, especially, they supplied many of our numerous wants. We all join in wishing them the best of luck for the future.

THE STUDENTS OF 1926-27.

TO THE SECRETARY

This "Annual" would not be complete without some words of thanks to Miss Harris for her ready help in typing "copy" and mimeographing forms. She has been most willing and obliging at all times, and we are glad of this opportunity to express our appreciation.

THE "ANNUAL" STAFF.

WITH APOLOGIES TO TENNYSON

Broke, broke, broke,
  As broke as broke can be!
But I'm glad that my soul can utter
  Some words of comfort to me.

Even though my money has left me—
  Has gone to return no more—
I have gained something greater than money,
  The thoughts I have laid in store.

For money, like fortune, is fickle,
  As well as the servant of all;
But my thoughts and my soul are my own;
Which no one can take or enthrall.

Broke, broke, broke—
  But it means not a thing to me,
For I've faith, and the hope, and courage
  To be what I want to be!

—J. L. S.

AT SEA AT NIGHT

I am gone from the world of today,
  With its noisy and bustling crowds,
To the heaven God gave us mortals,
  To the wind, to the sea, and the clouds.

Flooded by silvery glory,
  Sparkling and dancing in light,
The soft wind lulls and caresses,
  Gently, the waves of the night.

Not a sound breaks the stillness—
  No hard mechanical clatters,
Only the soft creaking of rigging
  And the calm washing of waters.

This peace has so filled my being,
  That somewhere within me has grown
A love that God only gives us
  When we stand with Nature—alone.

—CHRIS. TAYLOR.

JUST SUPPOSE

Miss Jones were fond of coffee;
  Miss Coney couldn't sing;
Mr. Robinson came in late,
  And none of the bells would ring.

Mr. Black forgot our homework;
  Mr. Martin couldn't count;
Mr. Lord got lost in Fairview,
  While in quest of Little Mount.

Mr. Weston, now, were color blind;
  Miss Burpee angry grew;
Mr. Wallace forgot to say,
  "That's a fairly good review."

Mr. Austey give no tests;
  Mr. MacLean lost his pen;
Mr. MacIntosh stood laughing,
  As he said, "Do that again."

C. W. MICHIEL.

H. A. HILL

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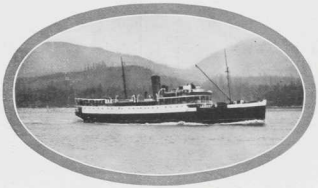

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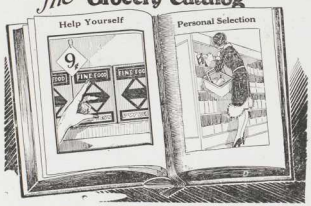

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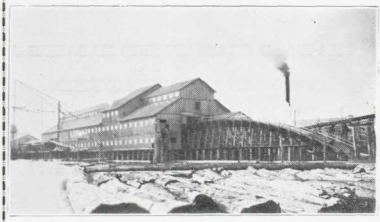

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