H. B. MacLean

29-30

THE UNIVERSITY OF
BRITISH COLUMBIA
LIBRARY

The ANNUAL

1929-1930

PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL

Vancouver, B. C.

To

Principal D. M. Robinson

this Volume is respectfully dedicated by the Students

of

The Provincial Normal School

Vancouver, B. C.

If Professional Training has not been just to your liking

—or—

If you have taken it just for the sake of experience

—or—

If you have taken it just as a precaution

—or—

If the overcrowded condition of the profession has prevented you from securing a position

—or—

If the positions offered are not in districts where you would care to live

If for these or any other reasons you have decided not to teach

LET US SUGGEST

That a Good Course in one of the

SPROTT SHAW SCHOOLS

of Commerce, Wireless Telegraphy and Aviation

Might be Just What You are Looking For.

NINE SCHOOLS IN B.C.
FIVE IN VANCOUVER

Write to Head Office for Particulars

R. J. SPROTT, B.A., President

336 HASTINGS STREET WEST, VANCOUVER

AN INVITATION

The British Columbia Teachers' Federation extends its congratulations to the 1930 graduates of the Vancouver Normal School, and cordially invites each one to become a member of the

TEACHERS' PROVINCIAL ORGANIZATION

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

Further information may be obtained from

HARRY CHARLESWORTH
General Secretary
614-616 Credit Foncier Building Vancouver, B.C.

OUR ADVERTISERS

have done much to make this Annual possible

We owe them our support

SCHOOL STATIONERY and EQUIPMENT

DRAWING MODELS
MAPS AND GLOBES
DESKS, TABLES, CHAIRS, LOCKERS
HYLOPLATE, ASBESTOSLATE
FRAMED BLACKBOARDS
PAPER TOWELS

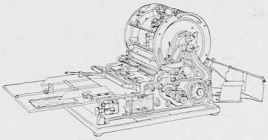
OLD RELIABLE
HYLOPLATE
TRADE MARK
BLACKBOARD

EXERCISE BOOKS
FOOLSCAP
CHALKS AND CRAYONS
INKS AND PASTES
PENCILS AND PENHOLDERS
PENCIL SHARPENERS

MACLEAN'S "BEST-EVER" PENS, PENCILS, PENHOLDERS, COMPENDIUMS, PADS and BLANKS
CHAPMAN'S LOOSE LEAF RING BOOKS. FILLERS: ALL RULINGS, ALL SIZES

EDISON-DICK
MIMEOGRAPH
9
MODELS TO CHOOSE FROM
SPEEDY AND ECONOMICAL

Prices Range from $75.00 to $415.00



ENDURANCE
SCHOOL DESKS
SILENT, SANITARY,
SERVICEABLE

Healthy, Comfortable, Beautiful,
Strong, Economical in Space.

Kindergarten Materials

The CLARKE & STUART
CO. LIMITED

550 Seymour Street Vancouver, B.C.

Primary Supplies

Editorial

WE ARE soon to close what should be perhaps the most important year of our lives. By electing to spend it within these walls we have definitely cast in our lot with a great profession, a profession whose importance is only beginning to be widely realized. It is natural, possibly even beneficial, that each profession should tend to consider itself the particular one that matters. When we consider that the whole rising generation, on which the future of the world depends, passes through our hands and comes under our influence to a marked degree at a most plastic period, we may be pardoned for having a large idea of our importance as an organ in the body of civilized life.

If, however, we realize our influence, we must also not forget the resultant responsibilities. It is sobering and stimulating for a parent to understand that, in the child's earliest years at least, he or she represents the ideal of human excellence to that child. The teacher fills a similar role in later years, and, as with the parent, active realization of this may result in the greatest benefit to both sides.

How is this influence to be exerted? Every profession has its tradition, and whom does tradition say are the great teachers—not necessarily educationists—and for what are they remembered? One immediately thinks of men like Arnold of Rugby and Jowett of Balliol. These are remembered because they first made men, and then scholars. The greatest lessons they taught were not from the text-book.

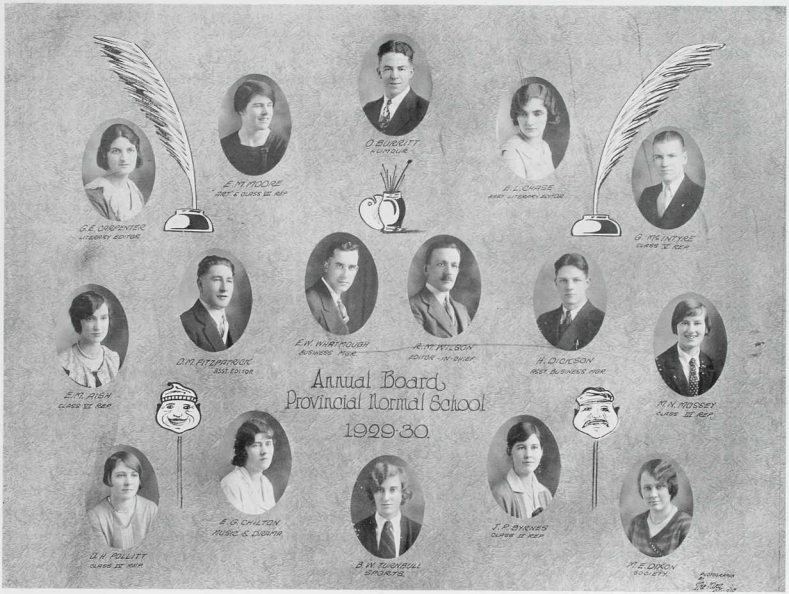
What is this secret of personality that raises such teachers so far above the ruck? We are told it is some elusive spark, which no breath from outside can fan into flame. Yet are we to say, "Kismet! Nothing can be done?" No! Our personalities are but ourselves and to admit the impossibility of self-improvement is to admit the futility of existence.

One last word. This individuality in the teacher is not everything. Our regard for Mr. Robinson would not reach quite such heights if (impossible thought!) he were not so completely master of his subject.

In presenting this Annual we are glad to acknowledge the invaluable assistance of Mr. Robinson and Mr. Ewing in connection with the literary side, of Mr. Weston in connection with the art, and of the secretary, Mrs. Doidge, in connection with the thousand and one little details that kept cropping up. The absence of Mr. MacIntosh, the adviser of previous years, was keenly felt.

To the large number of students, both on and off the Annual Board, who have given of their time and talents, we tender our thanks.

THE EDITOR.


G. E. CARPENTER
ASST. EDITOR
E. M. MOORE
ASST. CLASS III REP.
O. BURRITT
ASST. EDITOR
E. L. CHASE
ASST. ADVERTISING MANAGER
G. McINTYRE
CLASS I REP.
E. M. FISH
CLASS VI REP.
D. M. FITZPATRICK
ASST. EDITOR
E. W. WARTMOUGH
BUSINESS MGR.
R. M. WILSON
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
H. DICKSON
ASST. BUSINESS MGR.
M. N. MOSSEY
CLASS III REP.
Annual Board
Provincial Normal School
1929-30
D. H. PULLITT
CLASS IV REP.
E. G. CHILTON
MUSIC & DRAWING
B. W. TUNYBULL
SPORTS
J. P. BYRNES
CLASS II REP.
M. E. DIXON
SOCIETY

The Principal's Message

STUDENTS OF 1929-30

AS THE close of the session approaches it may perhaps be appropriate that each of you should look back on your past year and ask yourself the question, "What has my year at Normal School meant to me?" We hope that you are taking away with you something more than a wider knowledge of the various subjects of the Course of Study and some idea of the best methods of presenting these subjects in the classroom. We hope that your outlook on the teaching profession has been broadened, that your enthusiasm and interest in the profession have been materially deepened, that there has been developed in you a keen sense of your responsibility together with a sense of duty and service.

It has been a source of great satisfaction to members of the staff to watch a very decided change of attitude towards work in the great majority of the students—the enthusiastic and co-operative spirit shown in the daily tasks and the degree of excellence exhibited in work done. We regret that there are still a few students who have not yet found themselves in their work, who have shown a marked proficiency in following the path of least resistance and in making excuses for work of a very mediocre character. On these few we wish to impress the absolute necessity of a very decided change in attitude towards work. Ability undoubtedly counts for much, but keen sense of responsibility and a desire to reach the highest standard of efficiency are essentials to success in any of life's endeavors.

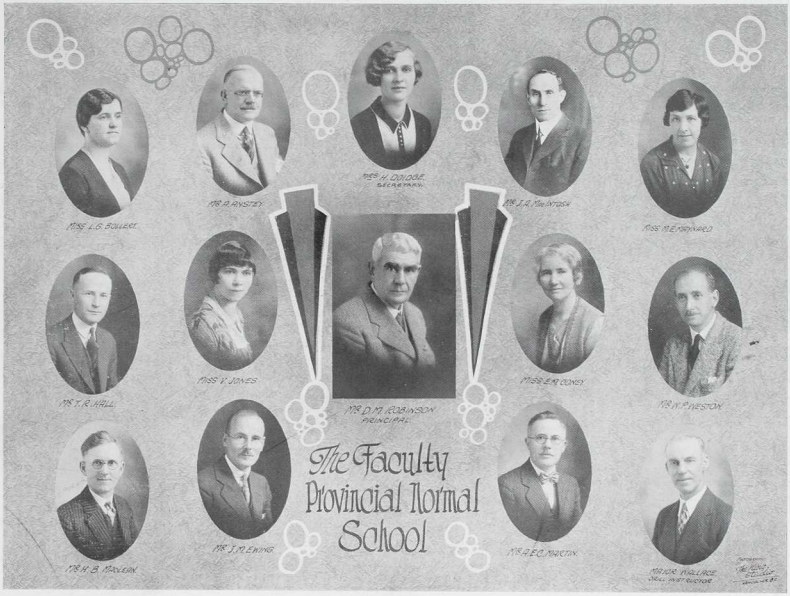
We should like to impress upon you all the importance of giving your best attention to detail. Remember that the long race is made up of many steps, that life is the sum total of a mass of detail. Look after the details of your profession and the larger items will look after themselves.

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

Strive to make your management and teaching such as will develop in your pupils the best that is in their nature. Much has been said of the teacher's part in the development of character in pupils. Keep in mind this simple thought—the habit of doing what one thinks is right is the essence of character-building. Develop this one habit in your pupils and you will continue to live in their lives.

"The teacher lives forever. On and on
Through all the generations he shall preach
The beautiful evangel;—on and on
'Till our poor race has passed the tortuous years
That lie fore-reaching the millennium.
And far into that broad and open sea
He shall sail, singing still the songs he taught
To the world's youth, and shall sing them o'er and o'er
To lapping waters, 'till the thousand leagues
Are overpast,—and argosy and crew
Ride at their port."

Principal.


MISS L.G. BOWLER
MR. R. RYSTEY
MISS H. DOUGOR
SECRETARY
MR. J.A. MACINTOSH
MISS M.E. HOWARD
MR. T.R. HALL
MISS V. JONES
MR. D.M. ROBINSON
PRINCIPAL
MISS E.M. JONES
MR. W. PRESTON
MR. H.B. MACLEAN
MR. J.R. EWING
MR. A.E.C. MARTIN
MR. R.R. WALLACE
SKILL INSTRUCTOR
The Faculty
Provincial Normal
School

1929-30

The Faculty

"A company of wise ones"—The Hetropadesa.

IN VENTURING to record our impressions of the Faculty, we, the students of P. N. S., do not wish it to be thought that we are attempting anything in the way of "reprisals." The staff have, always with the kindliest intentions, often expressed their opinions of us, it is hoped to our advantage. In return we dare to let the thought cross our minds that our views of them may be of some interest, and, while we lack the assurance to say they may be helpful, our aim is to express ourselves entirely in the friendly spirit that is actually felt towards those whose guidance has meant so much to us.

We trust that it will be realized that the inadequacies and imperfections in the portraits are entirely due to the cameras and not to the unwitting sitters.

MR. ROBINSON, Principal

"The universal voice declares the splendour of my government."—Jemshid.
"He's in jest bell the time when he seems to be sternest,
When he seems to be joking, be sure he's in earnest."—Anon.

In endeavouring to build up a sort of composite picture of Mr. Robinson so many glowing eulogies poured in that consideration for his natural modesty and even the exigencies of space inspired us to boil them down into the first of our quotations. Of him it is said that we cannot go very far astray so long as we have our genial sentinel of the halls, not can we come late very often.

If on occasion he points out our shortcomings, we all know that his criticisms are only "the faithful wounds of a friend."

During the regrettable absence of Mr. MacIntosh, Class V had the good fortune to come more directly under his paternal influence.

MR. ANSTEY

"There seemed in him
Knowledge and goodness eminent."—Husheng.

The benign champion of visual aids and the problem-project method is fully convinced that we, as prospective teachers, a group of such highly enlightened and intelligent individuals, can, in our superior wisdom, be nothing less than an inspiration and boon to the rising young hopefuls of the Province.

This, of course, is all delightfully vague.

MR. WESTON

"With busy pencil draws designs."—Aldrich.
"The larger heart, the kindlier hand."

As some facetious wag has said in a literary paper, Mr. Weston addeth "a touch of color." But that is not all—he addeth marks to some fortunate few who know how to draw and the rest of us stay out in the cold.

On hikes his supply of raisins has helped many a weary traveller over the crest and at Normal his ready smile has taken the sting out of many an adverse criticism.

MR. MacINTOSH

"From me, young man, learn nobleness of soul and true effort."—Virgil.

To Mr. MacIntosh, the guardian of Class V, we extend our heartiest best wishes and our sincerest sympathies in his illness. The unexpected separation shortly after Christmas was a shock to us all and it was only then that we realized how much we esteemed Mr. MacIntosh and the unfailing readiness with which he would assist us.

MR. MacLEAN

"Experience joined with common sense."—Matthew Green.
"Over, swing, 1,—2."

We all know that the MacLean Method is going to make our fortunes. Look at what it has done for Mr. MacLean.

Ovals are his specialty and track meets a hors d'oeuvre. We like his taste in ties and shall be sad to lose the treat we have learned to expect every week.

In his hands the pen is truly mightier than the sword.

MR. MARTIN

"He called the hidden to the light of day."—Moses ben Nachman.

If it were not for nature projects we could forgive Mr. Martin in spite of what Osburne says. However, the hikes we have enjoyed have done much to cement his memory firmly in our hearts. By way of correlating nature and arithmetic we wonder how long it would take Mr. Martin to ski around the world.

MR. EWING

"Besides, he was a shrewd philosopher,
And had read every text and gloss-over."—Butler.

We would say of Mr. Ewing, "Here he is, take him for what he is worth," but unfortunately the world's supply of cash is limited. Long-distance chess-player, psychologist, father to Class VII, temporary uncle to Class V, general good fellow—what is there more to say of him? Idiosyncrasies?—yes—lots of them—especially a fondness for psychology and the Italian method. Eccentric?—no—not eccentric but unique.

MR. HALL

"He cannot flatter, he—
An honest fellow, and plain he must speak truth."—James.

We cannot help feeling fortunate that we enjoyed Mr. Hall's only year at Normal, although we all know that our coffee booklets deserved a higher mark.

Pets—"wuz," "becuz," and the humanistic viewpoint.

Clear, concise, easy to follow—easy to like. We hope the vacancies in the Okanagan are many and within our reach.

Has been heard to say, "It simply can't be done."

MISS CONEY

"Her fingers witched the chords they passed along."—Campbell.

As Miss Coney might say:

"So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be."—Tennyson.

From her we learnt to subdue the demon Taa and the lesser imps Taa-aatai, Taataitee, and their like. It may be she has helped us to subdue other demons as well.

Perhaps, judging from class response, Miss Coney might think that we do not appreciate her. But before we leave Normal we wish to state that many nice things can be said about Miss Coney without diverging one bit from the paths of truth. We cannot all enter freely into the mysteries of the modulator, but even the front row can appreciate Miss Coney's untiring sincerity and high ideals.

MISS JONES

"Zeal was the spring whence flowed her hardiment."—Fairfax.

Full of life and good humour, Miss Jones makes T. B. and measles a pleasure.

Although some of her games are murderous we have managed to survive them and hope soon to try them out without the danger of an adverse crit in teaching week.

MISS BOLLERT

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command."—Wordsworth.

A great help in time of trouble—that is, when we have to teach Grade I. But even Miss Bollert caused us nightmares sometimes. We enjoyed her handwork periods but the less said about the seatwork book the better.

We realise that our gain in having Miss Bollert here has meant a loss to some class, and hope that her inspiration may enable us to compensate many classes for that loss to one.

MISS MAYNARD

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman."—Shakespeare.

Miss Maynard was with us this year for the first time so we may say that we have contributed toward her education. At least we hazard the suggestion that she has learned something about lumber camps and sawmills. However, anything we may have done for her has been repaid manyfold, and her instruction in matters that we feel have not in the past had proper recognition on the curriculum has been such that it may now be said that even Class V's members will provide some lucky girls with jolly fine wives.

MRS. DOIDGE

"She doth little kindnesses, which most leave undone or despise."—Lowell.

The world's champion at answering questions. Students looking for everything from shuttlecocks to Mr. Robinson, go to Mrs. Doidge and obtain usually the desired information and always a pleasant smile.

We understand now how big business men succeed." They have secretaries.

MR. WALLACE

Perhaps we do not know how dumb we are when it comes to Strathcona Trusts but it is certainly not Mr. Wallace's fault. He has told us often enough.

In energy and activity he and his associates remind us of the Three Musketeers.

MR. FROST

Although we have not seen much of Mr. Frost we have had no difficulty in discovering that he knows his P. T. and is not ashamed of it. He has a wicked bark in drill periods but he also threw a wicked pair of Indian clubs at the track meet.

MR. PINK

Jovial, full of "old Nick," not too pedagogical, Mr. Pink mitigates the tedium of mutual instruction by turning somersaults in the corner. He is a master of facial as well as ordinary and extraordinary gymnastics, though we cannot say that this is any great help when one is about to demonstrate marching with right about turn, 1—2—3—4.

IMPRESSIONS

SCINTILLATE, SCINTILLATE
GLOBULE VIVIFIC------

I.Q. TESTS

YE EDITOR.

GONE BUT
NOT FORGOTTEN

—A. K. V

Class II.

ELVA ASHLEY.

Elva, the most cheerful of our merry band, plays the fiddle in the school orchestra, sings in the choir and does a little study now and then. Elva is one of our best students and has endeared herself to us all. There are always silver linings to Elva's clouds.

EUDA AVERY.

Small but peppy. Fond of singing and dancing. Always arguing or laughing or soothing Elva's temper. Have you ever got peeved at Euda? Just try it! She'll laugh that irresistible laugh and if you don't laugh too—well, you're not human.

VIOLET BAIN.

This modest Violet, originally from Langley, came to us with several years of Varsity training. Her industry and enthusiasm set us all an example of hard work, while her sympathy and understanding make her one of our best-loved members.

HAZEL BARNES.

Hazel, who comes from Robert's Creek, is one of the quietest members of our class. A sincere friend and a good sport, she is sure to win many friends and to be a success in her chosen profession.

ETHEL BEAMISH.

Ethel is another happy New Westminster girl who has brightened our class room since Christmas. She is a faithful helper, a good worker and twangs the guitar for diversion.

KAY BEAMISH.

And here's to Kay Beamish,
An Irish colleen,
A girl who writes stories,
And plays hockey keen.

Our class captain in the track meet; she is crowned with a shock of burnished gold.

LYLA BOWELL.

Lyla is pretty as well as talented. She will always be remembered for her Dutch dance at Class II's Lit. Lyla sings in the choir and takes an interest in class activities. We all wish fair weather and pleasant places for Lyla.

K. BREWER.

Lively, witty, happy and gay,
Always willing to work or to play,
Put them together and there you have Kay.

MARJORIE BROWN.

How come Marj Brown was chosen for our first athletic rep?
Because we wanted someone who could furnish lots of pep.
Oh boy! you ought to watch this bonnie, brown-eyed lassie step!
She knows her tastefe's, she's a wow at basketball.
Has she kindness, sense of humor, "it"?
You bet she has 'em all.

VIOLET BRUIN.

Not the traditional shy little violet but one with a jolly disposition, a turned-up nose and a firm belief in the joy of living. Studies are a bore, but oh! those teaching weeks.

MARY BRYANT.

M—is for Mary so happy and gay,
A—is for absent—first half of the day,
R—is for rich—her ambition is high,
Y—is for years of which Mary has few.
Best of luck, Mary Bryant,
We're wishing to you.

GRETA BRYER.

Gee, what can we say of Greta? Basketball? Yes! Dance? And how! Toothache? Yes! From New Westminster? Yes! (Sh! Escaped? No, no!) A good friend? You bet. Any favorite expressions? Yes, two. "Gee, I'm hungry!" "Oh, you big brute!"

ENID BULMER.

As President of the Athletic Society, Captain of the Grass Hockey and "A" Basketball teams, Enid leads a busy life. She enjoys everything from cutting out paper bunnies to singing time tests. Enid is an all round athlete, going in for all sports, even golf (sh-sh). Favorite expressions: "Um! Cow!" "Doodadie."

DOROTHY BURNETT.

Favorite saying: "Poop-poop-a-doop."
Favorite activities: "Tap" dancing and homework.
Dot is a lively and cheerful member of Class II. She simply dotes on peppermints and music and never misses an "A" grade in teaching. She will make an excellent school-marm. Dot's ambition is to be a golf pro!

PATRICIA BYRNES.

In all Class II there is no one sweeter,
For an all round friend you cannot beat her.

Pat's "home town" is Whonnock, where she hopes to retire this September. Famed for her height and for sleeping peacefully through all lectures.

VELMA CAMPBELL.

As one of our best future teachers Velma will long be remembered for her conscientious work and jolly disposition.
Chief characteristic—Always in a rush.
Favorite Expression—"I'm sunk—that's all!"

GWEN CARMICHAEL.

Popular, likeable, peppy you bet,
One of the best you have ever met.

Needs little introduction—her personality and sunny smile are well known. Class II's representative of the famous Similkameen. Favorite Pastime—Telling Grace all about her latest. Ambition—To be a saleslady. Class II's shoe sale.

GRACE CARPENTER.

Her astounding ability to ask questions makes Grace an asset to any lecture. As Vice-President of the Junior Red Cross and Literary Editor of the annual, she is an earnest worker. Grace possesses a vigorous sense of humor which will come out, and when it does—
Whatever would we do without you, Grace?

V.H. CAMPBELL
M.C. CLEMENTS
H.B. CROSTER
V.G. BROWN
M.R. DAVIES
H.R. BARNES
M.E. DIXON
L.H. FINCCETT
M.E. BURNISH
R. CRITTLEDGE
L.R. BOURELL
E.M. RIXLEY
F. BLOMER
B.A. NIXSON
R.E. CARSON
G.B. IVVOY
E.L. CHASE
M.E. BROWN
M. FOURCHELL
J.M. FERGUSON
L.I. CLARKE
I.E. COLE
S.M. CROSTER
E.G. CHILTON
C.H. BAKER
Y.M. CROSTON
K.M. MEITNER
I.R. TODD
B.F. BISHOP
G. CRAWFORD
D.D. BURDETT
G.D. CRAWFORD
E. CURTY
E.M. CORMERY
E.L. EDWARDS
E.R. DAVIS
M.M. BRYANT
V.B. BURN
Mr A. Anstey
Class II
PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL
VANCOUVER B.C.
1929
1930
Photographed by Perry Studio Vancouver, B.C.

Class II. (Continued)

HAZEL CARTER.

Brown eyes gaze demurely from behind specs. and a dimple flashes from the corner of her mouth. Hazel comes from Langley with a very deep store of knowledge. Her masterly dissertations on such things as force pumps and duties of an M. P., leave us gasping.

Best of luck, Hazel.

ANNIE CARTLIDGE.

Sweet and pretty.
Shy but witty.
One of the girls from the North Van. City
Our gentle Annie has a strong sense of humor and will make an excellent school-marm.

KAY CATHER.

If she has a perfectly adorable smile and is a good friend to anyone any time, if she swims, dances, plays tennis, badminton and basketball; if she is our athletic rep. and a very good student—who could it be but Kay Cather?

EVAH CHASE.

Dreamy eyes, crinkly nose.
Five foot one from head to toes
Wistful smile; a firm young chin,
A pretty mouth and a friendly grin.
A philosophy of life that's bright,
Foresight to make it come out alright.
And with it all patience and tact,
We all love Evah, and that's a fact.

SYLVIA CHESTER.

Sylvia is Kaslo's contribution, and one of our leading swimmers. She is usually to be found where work is to be done.

A good friend, good sport, a ready help: we all agree
That Sylvia's just as nice as she can be.

ELEANOR CHILTON.

This clever person with the irresistible laugh is prominent in all literary activities. She is a capable organizer and specializes in music and public speaking. Her curly hair and charming personality make her the pride of West Van. as well of Class II.

MARGARET CLEMENTS.

A shining example showing that brains may go hand in hand with youth. Each morning Margaret comes all the way from a far-western part of the North Shore to contribute to the Class the curliest hair in the Normal School.

Indoor Hobby—Playing her violin in the orchestra.
Outdoor Hobby—Posting (?) letters.

EVELYN COLE.

"Her kindly words and gentle smile
Have spread their sunshine many a mile"

As a member of the school choir and "class pianist" Evelyn has taken her share in school activities and we feel sure that she will make a great success in teaching.

THELMA CROSSON.

Miss Maynard always says to us
"Brunettes, beware of blues!"
But Thelma looks quite scrumptuous
In any of these hues.
Her hair is brown, her eyes are brown.
Her smile is sweet, and so
She's just the sort that anyone
Would really care to know.

LUCY CURRIE.

A serious expression and an inquiring disposition mark Lucy. Sincerely liked by instructors and fellow-pupils, she promises to be a successful teacher.

ELSIE CURRY.

Who's that racing for the North Van. Ferry? Elsie of course and still smiling. She never loses her jolly manner, works hard at studies and play, and beams on all and sundry with the kindest of brown eyes.

ENDA CUTHBERT.

Ignoramus: "Why is Enda one of the nicest girls in Class II?"

Know-all: "Didn't you know that Enda comes from New Westminster? Besides that we could never do without her untiring efforts in our class-work, and her cheery manner at all times.

MAI DAVIS.

You might change her here and there.
Change the way she does her hair.
But no matter how you change her
There will never be a danger
That she'll be less kind and fair
Is she "subtle," is she "coy"?
Has she "it" and looks?—oh boy!

ROSALIND DAVIS.

R—ose for short.
O—pinions of her own.
S—tudious very and
A—cquits herself nobly.
L—ittle but wise, a terror for her size.
I—nterested in all,
N—aturally peppy and gay
D—rives from Westminster every day.

MURIEL DIXON.

Muriel "D"—Smart as can be
Kind as a sister, the Girl Friend for me.
Muriel "D"—Peppy is she
Best little sport that we ever did see—
And that's what we think of you,
Muriel "D".

GLADYS EDWARDS.

Who? Gladys.
Where from? Chilliwack.
How like? Industrious and sweet.
What do? Smiles 'n chuckles.

MAY FAIRFOULL.

Our petite black-haired May from Merritt has a sparkling manner and works unselfishly for the good of the class. Can we ever forget an interesting trip around the world?

INEZ FAWCETT.

She has curly hair like burnished gold and lovely bright eyes, too.
She's always ready at any time to do what she's asked to do.
To play her fiddle, to dance, to sing,
To work, in fact to do anything.

MABEL FERGSON.

Mable is Ladner's contribution to Class II. She looks at the world through rose-colored glasses and has one of Nature's most priceless gifts—a keen sense of humor.

HARRIET FOSS.

It's the things worthwhile that make a smile
And Harriet's smile is a thing worth while.

This shy little girl is at home in Vancouver, and is one of the Normal's "big" features. Here's to success in your teaching, Harriet!

Class II. (Continued)

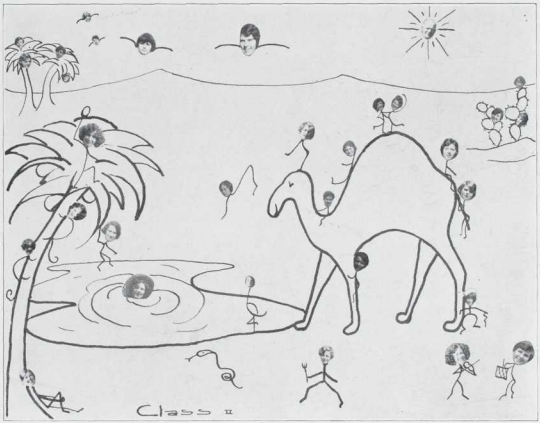
MR. ANSTEY

ONE of our regrets in leaving Normal is the going of separate ways of teachers and pupils who have been together for nearly a year. We shall miss Mr. Anstey and we hope that he will sometimes think of us.

When we are in the "thick of things" next year, we shall recall a sturdy figure who encouraged us to do our best, advised us in the difficulties we met from day to day, took an interest in each one of us, and all our doings, and cheered us with his splendid optimism.

We shall remember, too, some interesting stories and the engaging twinkle which told us he was not to be taken too seriously.

Among all, gone and going through these halls who wish him well, there will be none more sincere than Class II, 1930.



(Continued on Page 82)

Class III.

"A nest of singing birds."
—Mr. Anstey.

HILDA COPELAND.

Vivacious and happy,
A basketball star;
We all think she's snappy;
We know she'll go far.

HELEN GERHART.

Her golden voice so merry and bright
Has done its best to put us right
When we were feeling blue.
She did her best on track meet night;
In tug-of-war with all her might
She helped to pull us through.

MIRIAM GOLDBERG.

"Funny old" Effie.
"Funny old" Jean.
"Funny old" Miriam.
But she's just keen.

DOROTHY GRAHAM.

She's cute and she's petite
She's snappy and she's neat;
In pep and personality
She sure is hard to beat.

MAMIE GRAY.

"MISS MÂMIE"
At basketball and grass hockey
Mamie's sure alive.
She also is a favorite
With some members of Class V.

JEAN HALL.

One of the best is Jean Hall.
Without a doubt.
When your up to your neck in hot water
She'll help you out.

WINNIFRED HALL.

Class Three's nightingale
From England doth hail.
From graduation to Normal she came
To become a primary teacher of fame.

JOY HAZLEWOOD.

She's the joy of Class Three
As all students can see:
She's gay, popular, impulsive:
She is all these three.

GLADYS HOUGHTON-BROWN.

Oh! those eyes!
And O! that voice!
In singing Gladys
Is Class Three's choice.

EFFIE INGLIS.

Although Effie is quite petite
Yet in running she's hard to beat.
In track meets we can't do without her
And in class there's not a smile that's sunnier.

DORIS JACKSON.

A dainty maid is she
Ever happy and free
Much appreciated by Class Three.

GRACE JAMIESON.

On land and in water our athletic rep.
Is cheery and jolly and full of pep.
In track meets her leading makes our class the best
And in swimming she passed a life-saving test.

MARGARET JAMIESON.

A practical maiden
Of cheery intent;
She left admiring glances
Wherever she went.

EVELYN JENNINGS.

Keeps her counsel.
Doth her duty.
Cleaves to friends.
And loveth beauty.

MARJORY HILL.

A quiet zealous member
Of Class Three's glorious band.
But ne er a lovelier maiden
You'd find in all the land.

MAY HININGER.

Pal of our student days.
Jolly and true always;
Since she has come to Class Three
She's been as sporty as a girl could be.

BERNICE HOUGH.

She is merry, she is free.
And in elocution doth excel.
The jolly members of Class Three
Do love her smiling face full well.

E.E. MILNEWILL
R. McDONALD
J.M. METCALFE
M.N. MOSKY
B.B. JAMIESON
L.L. LANGDOWNE
D.M. PERRY
D.M. BARMAN
W.H. KEEN
E.L. MALLEWOOD
M.M.M. HILL
I.M. KINNINGER
W.H. HALL
F.E. MORRISON
G.K. HOUGHTON-BROWN
R.S. LIVINGSTONE
C. McDONALD
K.M. COVELANO
K.S. LACIAILA
M.K. JAMIESON
D.D. JACKSON
A.K. MOUDE
M. GOLDBERG
Mr. W.P. Weston.
R.J. HALL
M.J. GREY
M.B.C. KURTL
E. JENNINGS
A.C.B. BOUCH
E.F. MELLISH
C.B. HENT
E.F. INGLIS
H. GERWRO
PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL
VANCOUVER B.C.
Class III 1929-30
E.M. MUIR
H. LONDON
M.I. LITTLE
K.M. MATTHEWS

Class III. (Continued)

KATHLEEN KEEN.
In track she is a whiz.
In class she knows her biz.
She runs rings round those dreadful combinations;
In stunts she makes a hit,
And also in the Lit.,
With her cheery, sad, and comic recitations.

MARION KIRK.
Marion hailed from gay Canoe:
Knowledge at Normal to imbue.
To be a teacher is her intent
Of learning to teach the rudiment.

CONNIE KENT.
Connie is so neat and exceedingly sweet.
She is musical and very petite;
She's full of pep and fast on her feet;
One reason more why we won the track meet.

NORA LACKALA.
Nora is a blonde:
The girls all think she's shy;
But don't you see this cannot be.
For here's the reason why "Gents prefer blondes."

LAURA LANSDOWNE.
Laura is jolly;
Laura is free;
Laura's full of pep;
She's the life of Class Three.

MARY LITTLE.
Three cheers for our cheer leader.
"Pep," "go," and "it" has she;
When it comes to Rah! and Yea!
Yip! Zip! Whoopee! and Hey!
She's always sure to win the day;
Three cheers for our cheer leader.

ANNIE LIVINGSTONE.
Can Annie run?
You ought to see
The way she won
For old Class Three.

HAZEL LONDON.
Curly is her hair
And laughing is her eye:
And with such pep and fun and go
Our Hazel will get by.

HELEN MATTHEWS.
Nice to chat with,
Good to know;
We like to have her
Where we go;
For she's full of pep and laughter.
All Class Three will tell you so.

KATHLEEN MAUDE.
We thought at first that she was shy,
And tried to find the reason why;
We found out that it was our error.
For speech to Kathleen hath no terror.
Kathleen is our Literary Rep., and are we well represented?—and how!

NELLIE MELLISH.
A most industrious member of our class is she.
A graduate of the University;
In drawing she does most excel,
And also teaches life-saving well.

JOSEPHINE METCALFE.
O! Jo is one of the best;
She comes from Gibson's Landing;
In good old Class Three's annals
She's a student of high standing.

EVELYN MITCHELL.
A shining star in basketball,
In running just the same;
In track she's hot,
She's helped a lot
To win old Class III's fame.

FLORENCE MORRISON.
Her favorite saying—"Greetings."
Her ambition—teaching school.
Her hobby—acting flapper.
A joyous member of the Normal School.

MARGARET MOSSEY.
Character! Industry!
Interest! Pluck!
That accounts for Margaret's luck
In winning from the staff and class
A reputation that will last.

MARION MUIR.
A charming maiden
With a winning smile;
Her pleasant manner
Doth all hearts beguile.

CATHERINE MacDONALD.
Catherine is quiet and shy
But still waters run deep;
Her place in our hearts is high
And it's a place that she will keep.

RUTH McDONALD.
Ruth, the Red.
Sure isn't dead:
The class says, "Yep,
She's full of pep!"

MRS. PERRY.
Although you came to us late
And your stay in months were few;
We certainly all did hate
The thought of losing you.

Class III. (Continued)

TO MR. WESTON

We've got the teacher that the Normal School adores.
We've got the teacher that the Normal School adores.
Who does the things that are just right?
And helps us out with all his might?
Weston of the old Class 3.

If we could choose we'd choose the teacher that we've got,
For he's the one that Normal students like a lot.
He's got the go, he's got the get,
And who's the one that's got the pep?
Weston of the old Class 3.

So here's to Weston, prince of all the Normal School.
So here's to Weston, prince of all the Normal School.
He's nice to me, he's nice to you:
We know that Weston is true blue;
Weston of the old Class 3.

M. LITTLE.

Tune: Inky Dinky Parlezvous.

DEDICATED TO MISS MAYNARD

A gum-chewing girl
And a cud-chewing cow
Are something alike
Yet different somehow.
Oh! what is it—I know now
The thoughtful look on the face of the cow.

WHO WAS SHOT?

A duel with pistols was once fought by Andy Shott and Thomas Nott. Nott was shot, and Shott was not. In this case therefore, it was better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, but Shott avows that he shot Nott, which proves that either the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot, or that Nott was shot.

Either the shot Shott shot, shot Nott, or possibly the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself, which would mean that Shott would be shot and Nott would not be shot. It is believed, however, that the shot Shott shot shot not Shott, but it seems difficult to tell who was shot and who was not.

CLASS III—CAN YOU VISUALIZE—

1. Joy Hazlewood walking quietly in the halls?
2. Annie Livingstone laughing out loud in school?
3. Mrs. Perry telling a Scotch joke?
4. Mary Little singing "Sweet Genevieve?"
5. Evelyn Jennings beating 9-8 time?
6. Miriam Goldberg teaching arithmetic by hand signs?
7. Ruth McDonald being anything but happy?
8. Mamie Gray eating "dynamite"?

Some of Class III

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR THE NORMAL TEACHERS

1. Thou shalt rarely give thy pupils homework.
2. Thou shalt not doubt thy pupil's word (often it has required considerable thought).
3. Thou shalt not gaze at thy pupils with darkened brows.
4. Thou shalt not spring unpleasant surprises (in the form of tests and reviews.)
5. Thou shalt not talk about one class to another.
6. Thou shalt ignore any disturbance in the class room.
7. Thou shalt not be sarcastic.
8. Thou shalt let thy pupils stroll in at any hour of the day which pleaseth them and question them not.
9. Thou shalt remember that the school closeth at 2:30 (and the pupils may be anxious to be elsewhere).
10. Thou shalt not have any unfriendly feeling toward any of the pupils (even me.)

(Continued on Page 84)

Class IV.

MARGARET McKAY.

Adjectives—Margaret is tall and fair; cheerful, humorous and kind.
Nouns—Captain of the Fall track meet; a good teacher and a true friend

EVELYN McKENZIE.

"And many a mirthful jest and mock reply
Lurked in the laughter of her eye."
Want a pal? Meet Evelyn—our class pianist
Goodness!

GWEN McLAREN.

Good in basketball and hockey as well.
(Until her ankle began to swell)
Willing to work and help others too.
Ever faithful to the choir.
Never lacking a pleasant smile.
That's Gwen!

NAOMI MacMILLAN.

O, Naomi MacMillan's a rare good scout.
For when you're in trouble she helps you out.
And her manner which seems so demure
For the blues is a very good cure.
For her merry chuckle and cheerful smile
Make her indeed a friend worth while.

MAMIE McMURRAY.

Mamie McMurray's sunny smile
Will many and many a heart beguile.
And win her friendships by the score
Just as it did in the old Class IV.
For no matter what our Mamie tries.
Painting a poster for a prize—
Declaiming as an actress should—
Inspiring pupils to be good—
She does it all in the small bright way.
So we know her smile is there to stay.

JEAN McNAUGHTON.

A friend to all. Jean is a girl of many talents, hidden deep it is true, but, when exposed to the proper conditions—fresh air, sunshine, rest, etc.—she is sure to shine. She has a merry twinkle behind her specs and is one of Miss Coney's stars. She's a "reg'lar feller."

WILLENA McPHEE.

"——and here we have Billie. She may sign herself Willena McPhee on her application, but you know, and I know, and we all know that such a name smacks of too much dignity for such a free manner and sunny smile as Billie possesses—not that she lacks dignity. Billie was our Athletic rep. in '29 and plays a true game on "A" Basketball team. We won't forget our "Toy Soldier" or Necktie Heroine" either.

SARAH McWHINNIE.

Laughing brown eyes; curling dark hair—that's Sarah. The longer we know her the better we like her. When she leaves Normal we know Sarah will be a good cook for has she not had plenty of practice in preparing suppers for our hungry Class IV? A saving of Sarah's—"When I m out in the sticks." Luck to you, Sarah, in the sticks or not.

MARGARET PARK.

Who wrote the winning Normal Yell?
Margie Park.
Who jokes a lot yet teaches well?
Margie Park.
Who's full of life and pep and go?
Who teaches swimming like a pro?
Who gets her dots for every "doh"?
Margie Park.

DELIA POIRIER.

Raven locks and bonny brown eyes.
Sunny smile like summer skies.
In all her work she's sure to score,
Our happy Delia of Class Four!

Always cheery and full of fun.
Yet she gets her work well done;
Not only that, she's ready too
To help a friend her work to do.

DOREEN POLLITT.

We'll all remember Doreen as a leader in literary work. She was Class IV's Lit. rep. of 1929 and did such successful work that she was elected by the student body as treasurer of the Junior Red Cross. Her future pupils will be fortunate for Miss Pollitt has a high teaching standard.

EDITH PORTER.

E—xcellence in teaching is her aim.
D—ear to Class IV is her twinkling smile;
I—n all things Edith plays the game;
T—ruly she will many hearts beguile;
H—ere's to Edith Porter and her music-making fame!

MILDRED PRENDERGAST.

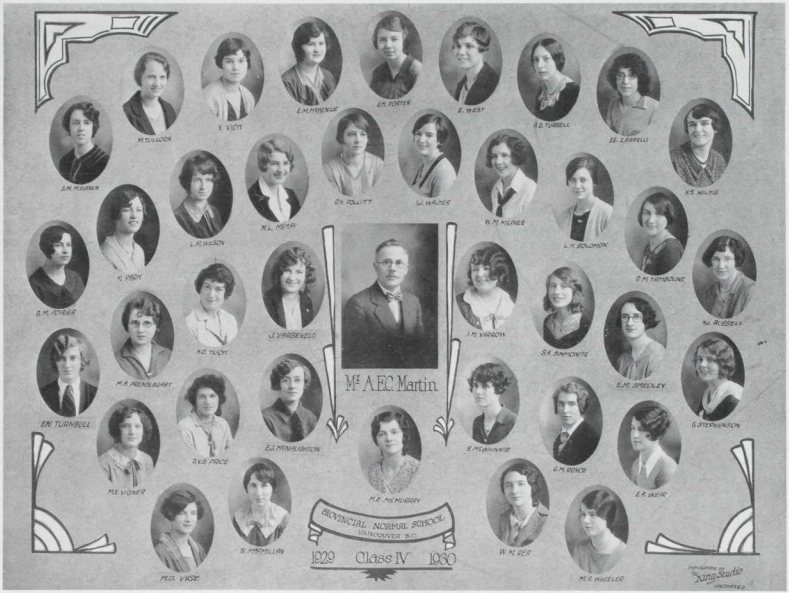
"A skin you love to touch, a voice you love to hear." Combine these with sweetness and earnestness of character and you have Mildred.

DOROTHY PRICE.

Dorothy is tall with a mass of dark, curly hair. Her dependability makes her the loved captain of "B" basketball team. Her stature fitted her to be both the venerable chief in our Class IV and VII Indian program and the stately camel in our Track-meet skit.

WINNIE RAE.

Our petite English beauty with the blue eyes and jet-black curls is better known to her classmates as "Winks." She is a bundle of pep and enthusiasm. There is, however, one thing Winks must do to prepare for teaching next year and that is—buy a good alarm clock.


B.M. MUSGRAVE
M. TUGLEDOR
V. VICOT
E.M. MORENDE
L.M. PORTER
E. WEST
R.D. TURBELL
I.E. ZORELLI
M.S. WILDE
L.K. WILSON
M.L. PEPEAY
G.K. POLLETT
W. WALSER
W.M. MERRIE
L.H. SOLOMON
E.M. TATHBOUNE
N.J. RUSSELL
D.M. POWELL
K. FISH
M.D. TUCKY
J. VANSEVELD
Mr A.E.C. Martin
M.S. WARROW
S.R. SMITHWHITE
E.M. SPEENLEY
E.S. STEVENSON
E.M. TURNBULL
M.B. FRENDEBURY
E.J. MANNINGTON
E. MCKINNIE
E.M. ROYCE
E.R. WEIR
M.E. VIDNER
D.V.B. PRICE
M.E. McMURDY
W.M. REID
M.R. WACELER
M.D. VISE
N. MACMILLAN
PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL
VANCOUVER B.C.
1929 Class IV 1930
King Studio

Class IV. (Continued)

GLADYS ROYCE.

"Still waters run deep."

Gladys is a demure and tidy little blonde with a depth of character still a mystery to us. She is a conscientious worker and a good student, and we only hope her pupils will appreciate her kind manner and infinite patience.

HILDA RUSSELL.

"She is one of the quiet knowing ones."

This can be truly said of our Hilda. Nevertheless there is one time we do hear from her and that is when she uplifts her lovely voice in glorious melody—in the school choir.

STELLA SIMMONITE.

Her school-mates will remember Stella as the lively Jumping Jack in Class IV'S prize skit, but we like better to remember her as happy Stella of the grey-green eyes.

EVELYN SMEDLEY.

Evelyn hails from Vanderhoof and is the first teacher that little town has produced. She has a keen sense of humor and loves to argue. Our class reporter, too; she has

A kind heart, a willing hand.
To help in every way she can.

LILY SOLOMON.

Lily is both old-fashioned and new-fashioned—long skirts and long hair—neither will ever be shortened for fashion. Her intellect is, however, more up-to-date and alive than most girls of today. As a friend she is one of the few who would rather do a friend a favor than ask a favor of a friend.

GLORIA STEPHENSON.

The girl with the rhythmic name and the Madge Bellamy eyes. Some are uncertain whether Gloria has Madge's eyes or Madge has Gloria's. She is of much interest to Class V and agrees with Mr. Robinson that out-of-school work makes one cranky and old.

DOT TAMBOLINE.

She is from Ladner, patriotic to her community and faithful in her schoolwork.
Chief Weakness—Peanuts.
Pet Habit—Attending matinees.
Pet Subject—Psychology.
Pet Saying—Well! gee—

ANNIE TUCK.

Let's give three cheers for our athletic rep.
The game little sport with the excess pep.
On track meet night she wins ribbons galore.
And her side line is our basketball score.
She calls us to volley and baseball too,
There isn't a sport that our rep canna do.

MARION TULLOCH.

Always to be remembered as the glorious winner of the peanut race. Marion is a quiet girl with a friendly smile for everyone. Although she came to us rather late in the fall she is now one of the top girls of old Class IV.

BETTY TURNBULL.

Fair Betty is like Greek Diane
A Goddess of the field;
In every sport doth she excel,
To her the laurels yield!

And yet in school she also shines.
Would I were on a par!
Yet she's so modest that withal
She's rightly popular.

AUDREY TURRELL.

Who has big brown eyes? Who is very quiet and dignified?
Who assists the hockey team when called upon?
Who is quite a chorister? All from Class IV!
Yes——Audrey Turrell.

JO VARSEVELD.

Jo has a personality as striking as her hair. A friendly manner, a cheery laugh, a wealth of golden locks, a natural bent for badminton—and you have that popular girl Jo Varseveld.

VIOLET VICK.

Vi is our interior decorator who always assures us of the prize when table decorations are in question. How her pupils will appreciate her spontaneous smile! Everyone likes Violet because—well, because she's Violet.

MARION VIGNER.

Marion is one of our basketball stars, playing on the Normal "B" team; and we must not forget her speedy running in the track-meet. We nicknamed her "Wiggy"—haven't you ever seen that fuzzy wig? Her pugnacious instinct comes to the fore at noon hour, especially when Jo is around.

DOROTHY VYSE.

Who can sing beyond compare? Who—Why, Dot Vyse!
Who can run as though on air? Favorite saying—Now at Nelson—
Who can do her work with care? Favorite pastime—Going to choir practice.

IVY WALKER.

"She's little but she's wise;
She's a terror for her size."

Who? Why, Ivy J. Walker, the little girl from Nelson. Ivy belongs to the swimming club and takes a principal part in all school musical events. Although she has a natural bent for classical dancing she has decided to take up the more prosaic existence of a Public School teacher.

EVELYN WEIR.

Ev's boyish form gained her the distinction of being one of Class IV's Toy Soldiers in our Toymakers' Dream—and boy! what a soldier! Ev is one of our swimming champs and her naive and ready wit has many times saved Class IV from the depths of despair. Her favorite expression "Oh Yeah!" is typical, but her nickname "Weiry" is not.

EDNA WEST.

"Eddie!" "Edna!" or "West!" and her big brown eyes will turn in your direction to help you in any way she can. We wonder how Edna can always be so pleasant especially after her meagre lunch of just one chocolate bar. Her hobby is writing poetry in her spare moments.

Class IV. (Continued)

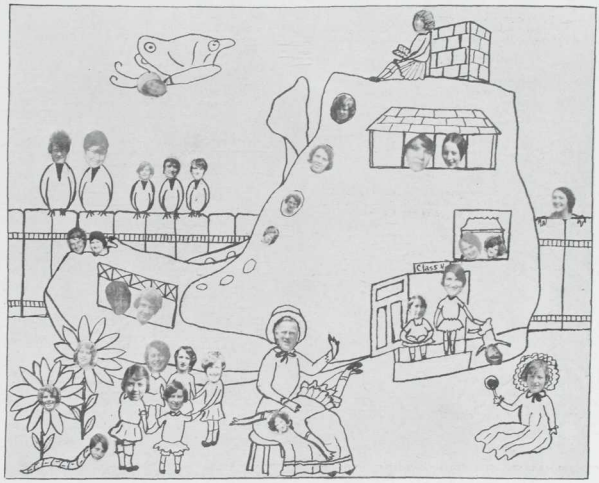
MARJORIE WHEELER.

"I chatter, chatter as I flow
To join the brimming river."

Marj devotes her surplus energy to basketball and helping the school choir along.

SYBIL WILKIE.

Sybil is such a worker—of course wonderful crits are the result. To see her studying gives the rest of us a guilty conscience at our neglect. Nevertheless Sybil still has time to take a keen interest in dramatics and to be one of the stars of the hockey team.



(Continued on Page 85)

Class V.

JOHN ALLAN.

"The fickleness of the women I love is only equalled by the constancy of the women who love me."—The Philanderer.

Jack left us at Christmas—the old school hasn't been the same since.

OSCAR BURRITT.

"His youth is full of foolish noise."

"He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper—for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks."—Much Ado About Nothing.

The brains and brawn of our Basketball Team.

REGINALD BURROWS.

"I am nothing if not critical."—Shakespeare.

Reggie, ofttimes yclept Cannonball. Reg coaxes sweet music from the clarionet.

JACK CHAPPELL.

"Graceful, delicate songs flitted each morning from his lips."—C. Augustin Sainte-Beuve.

Track-meet star and the mainstay of the Basketball team. Jack has a wonderful tenor voice, and oh! how he can tafatefe! Tho' usually happy, Jack can be serious at times—he got married at Christmas.

RICHARD CLARE.

"Gravity is only the bark of wisdom's tree."—Confucius.

A strong, silent man from the swamps of the Similkameen. He's married too—perhaps that explains his silence.

GORDON CLARK.

"He draweth out the thread of his discourse finer than the staple of his argument."
—Shakespeare.

Gordie mooches from the moors of Port Moody.

JAMES COOP.

"Thou art no bumpkin; one would almost think thee a scho'ar."—Cervantes.

Jimmie's smile would melt the heart of the coolest damsel—and often does.

KEN DALRYMPLE.

"All the threads of my hair are golden."—Rossetti.

A quiet youth from the sloughs of South Vancouver. Ken is suspected of having his hair marcelled.

PERRY DICKENSON.

"You may call it the accidental and fortuitous conglomeration of atoms."—Palmerston.

Perry left us at Christmas. When last heard of he was still looking for a job. Best of luck, Perry.

HARRY DICKSON.

"No softy I, to stomach well-concocted lies."—Thompson.

Harry is an all-round sportsman, excelling at Basketball and Rugby. Inclined to be curious during psychology lectures.

DUDLEY FITZPATRICK.

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."—Goldsmith.

Fitz is from the Okanagan—he's O. K. (note pun). Favorite expression: Egad!

MORLEY GILLANDER.

"A chunk of a gentleman."—Brown.

He and Fitz must have been named by the same person. Morley should be a wow at teaching the MacLean Method to the Chinese.

FRED HARDY.

"The Ass knows seven ways of swimming."—Armenian Proverb.
(We refer only to the swimming.—Ed.)

A hermit from Harrison Hot-Springs. The Lothario of the Library.

JACK HORBURY.

"He receives comfort like cold porridge."—Shakespeare.

Jack doesn't say much but he coached the girls' basketball team to victory.

WILLIAM IRVINE.

"His tott'ring, trembling limbs advance
And try the long forgotten dance."—Anacreon.

Bill commutes from South Burnaby. Quoth Bill:
Maybe I'm tall, maybe I'm thin,
But I'm a darn good guy
For the shape I'm in.

ALAN KIRKBY.

"Where eloquence flows like drippings of sweet poppy syrup."—Macaulay.

Tony Kokoros wrote his personal, but it was censored—Tony and Alan are such great friends. However, Al is the champion orator of the class. He hails from Chilliwack.

ANTONIO KOKOROS.

"And marvels with his pencil wrought."—Whittier.

Tony makes the funiest noises heard on earth. Just a ten o'clock guy in a nine o'clock school. Like our province, Tony is full of natural resources.

GARLAND LYONS.

"Unpunctuality is permitted of a gentleman."—Gladstone.

This fair-haired adolescent wonder descended on us from North Bend. He has since terrorized the school by ejaculating at intervals, "Goodness!" His clever acting as Mr. Spriggins in "Ici On Parle Francais" will not soon pass from memory.

WESLEY MAXWELL.

"A head all hid in hair gives even to a most wicked face a sweet proportion."—Dekker.

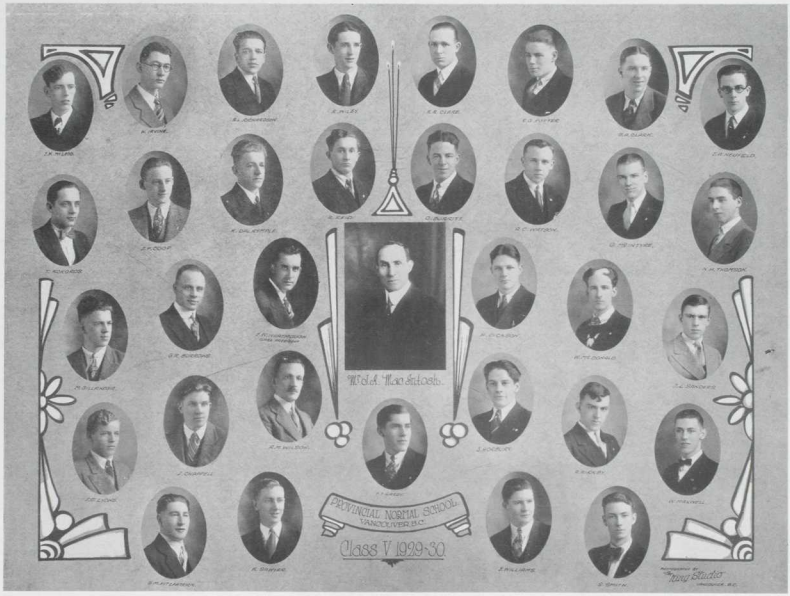
"He's too thin; such men are dangerous; would he were fatter."—Shakespeare.

However, Wesley shines at track meets and in the orchestra.

WILFRED MACDONALD.

"On occasion turbulent, sometimes only noisy, but a good lad."—Merrick.

A certain girl nominated Wilf for president of the "Whatnot" Club, her reason being that Wilf was such a nice boy. Reassure yourselves, girls, he's not.


We do not Mean Sixty-Sixth.
PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL
VANCOUVER B.C.
Class V 1929-30
Photographed by
Reid Studio
VANCOUVER, B.C.

Class V. (Continued)

GORDON McINTYRE.

"I won't say I've not been intimate with parties less nice than myself."—George Eliot.

A son of the Yukon with a high desire to go back. Singer, athletic rep. (in the fall term) and understudy to Tony Kokotos. Gordon has a flare for journalism. At present he is at the foot of the ladder and spends his spare time settling newsboy scraps for the Vancouver Sun.

Good luck to Gordon—and to Dawson City.

JACK MacLEOD.

"In faith a worthy gentleman—and wondrous affable."—Shakespeare.

Mac is very musical, he plays the scales on the fish.

JAKE NEUFELD.

"Tho' modest, on his unembarrassed brow
Nature has written gentleman."—Byron.

Jake leads us in community singing. Long after we've forgotten other things, we'll still picture Jake holding Book 5 in one hand, and wildly beating time with the other.

GLEN POTTER.

"I'm never glummer than I look."—Froissart.

Glen's home is situated near Trout Lake where bathing suits are unknown. Perhaps that explains his wonderful coat of tan.

ADAM REID.

"Athlete and player have I grown."—Mosyln.

HAILS from Cloverdale.
REIGNS in the Library.
SNOWS 'em under at Basketball.
BLOWS in on all the dances.
FROSTY??? . . . NEVER!

A seasonable chap.

LEEDS RICHARDSON.

"I have a good name, and, as I have heard my master say, a good name is better than bags of gold.—Cervantes.

Leeds is our most loyal Normalite—he's never missed a Basketball game or dance.

JACK SANDERS.

"Give me some music."—Shakespeare.

The class pianist and dancer—we'll never forget his French minuet.

KEN SAWYER.

"A hugye giaunt, stiff, and starke."—Sir Cauline.

Otherwise known as the skyscraper. Ken soars above us in stature as well as in mind—he's always thinking of the "better half."

RONALD SMITH.

"Hail thou whose strides are long!"—The Book of the Dead.

Smitty's from Salmon Arm. His favourite pastime is picking fights with Ken—don't be alarmed though, they're the best of friends.

NORMAN THOMSON.

"A youth, intelligent, and of good disposition."—Sadi.

Norm is really the quietest boy in the class. We've often suspected that—Oh, well—boys will be boys.

ANTHONY WATSON.

"A lusty youth, and high he leapes."—Percy's Reliques.

Tye drifted in from Port Alberni—another of Class V's super-athletes.

EWART WHATMOUGH.

"He seems to have strange influence."—Jamboo.
"His exterior pleases not half so much as his withinsides."

Class President, Business Manager for the Annual; he can explain his ideas to those of any age, and more than that, get the desired reaction (we nearly said "response"). *What mo'* could you ask?

RUDOLPH WILEY.

"Twas a grand recess, but for the subsequent necessity of work."—Thomas.

Habitat: Sea Island.
Hobby: Looking for paste during primary periods.

JESSE WILLIAMS.

"Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there should be no cakes and ale?"—Shakespeare.

Jesse always has his work up-to-date—a true friend in time of need.

MORRIS WILSON.

"I know many songs, but I cannot sing."—Armenian Proverb.
"Whilst I view the youthful throng
Fancy whispers I am young."—Anacreon.

He ranks high in the council of the Class V tribe. Debater, chess-player, editor-in-chief, and teacher-to-be—a truly welcome Christmas present.

AVE ATQUE VALE

EVERY student in Class V regrets the prolonged absence of their teacher and friend, Mr. MacIntosh. Hopes were raised during the Easter holidays that his presence again in Vancouver meant he would resume his place in Normal. We were disappointed, however, upon learning that our beloved mentor intended to remain indefinitely in the Interior.

Perchance these lines may come to his notice, so we wish to say how grateful we are for his kindly guidance while among us, and how sorry we feel that we cannot say goodbye personally, as we embark on our different journeys down the river of life.

Here's hoping that Sept., 1930, may see Mr. MacIntosh back in room V, that those who come after us may learn his sterling qualities, as we did. Friend, Teacher, and understanding Guide—Au Revoir.

American Can Co. and Eastman Kodak are developing a new kind of food container made of cellulose. This substance is said to be nearly as strong as metal and as transparent as glass, but lighter than either.—*Reader's Digest.*

Class V. (Continued)

EXTRACT FROM THE CASUAL OBSERVER

(Taken From the School Newspaper)

EVENTUALLY we reach the boys' basement where many heated discussions take place. Even now there is one in progress.

Mr. Wiley: "Say, McIntyre, have you heard the one about the travelling salesman and the farm—"

Mr. McIntyre: "Why don't you ever think of anything new? That was in the Vancouver Sun six years ago."

Enter Mr. Kirkby pompously. He disposes of his gloves, his hat and coat, clears his throat and prepares to utter an oration.

Enter Mr. Clark who takes the words out of Kirkby's mouth, turns them around and delivers them himself.

Mr. Clark: "I tell you, Kirkby, Dean Quainton may be an entertaining speaker, but he is not an orator. Why, Demosthenes and Cicero—"

Mr. Kirkby: "See here Clock—what do you know about great men? I say Mussolini is the only great man today and he is the first one since Napoleon.

Mr. Clare: "O Rats—don't you fellows ever get tired of arguing?"

Enter Oscar Burritt trippingly. But this is a sane and serious paper so we cannot print what Oscar said.

Then forth spake bold Jack Horbury—but what he said isn't printable either.

Mr. MacDonald, who had been listening intently, at this moment closed his mouth, made funny University noises with his teeth, giggled, began to speak, forgot what he was about to say, so giggled again.

Enter Smith and Sawyer fighting. They retire into the corner to settle their little affair. Our guide tells us that Smith has been acting strangely ever since the bear hit him on the head at Capilano Canyon, but there is no excuse for Sawyer.

But who is this we see through the cloud of smoke?—a little fellow bearing all the markings of Santa Claus except the white beard. It must be Santa Claus because it looks like Santa Claus. But no, he is a breezy little chap and has dissipated some of the smoke screen. We are able to see that it is Reg. Burrows himself. He steps forward to speak his time-honoured piece, which runs something like this, "I say, Kirk, old fellow, what would you say to a cup of coffee?"

Kirkby, drawing himself up to his full commanding height: "That depends on what it said to me." Mr. Kirkby, you know, is something of a rustic humorist when he is taken off his guard.

The coffee problem having been settled, exit Mr. Burrows, Mr. Kirkby, Mr. Whatmough, and Mr. Wilson. They will pick up Mr. Ewing and carry him off to the corner coffee shop—there to solve the problems of the world. If these problems are ever solved it will be a heavy blow to the trade of Brazil.

Enter Tony Kokoros, ten minutes late. We all know Tony—suffice it to say that he and Mr. MacDonald have much in common.

Tony: "What! is everybody still here? I saw Lyons sneaking in the fire escape so I didn't think it was worth while coming at all."

Mr. Maxwell: "Tony, come here a moment, Richardson wants a cigarette." Here there is a very embarrassing pause in the conversation. Exit Tony.

During our tour of the Normal we have noticed that many of the boys who had not taken part in the discussion, had a sort of bewildered, not-at-home expression. We inquired of our guide, a man of infinite observation, namely one Jack Chappell, who explained the phenomenon to our entire satisfaction. It seems that these are simple souls who are unable to follow the profound logic of the common-room debates. These gentlemen obtain their store of knowledge in lectures—chiefly by the ancient method of question and answer. In the common-room the same method holds and our learned sophists are often interrupted by the voice of Mr. Dickson in the petulant query, "What causes that?" or, "Why should that be." We should like to inform Mr. Dickson, but unfortunately we do not know why that should be.

D. M. FITZPATRICK.

Mr. J. Coop plays the Frenchman in "Ici on parle francais."

IRVINE DEMONSTRATES THE SLOW MARCH

A. K. V.

(Continued on Page 82)

Class VI.

EVA AISH—Matsqui.

"None know her but to love her."

Aishie is one of those qualitative specimens with a girlish giggle and happy disposition. She is a man-hater and believes in the Flapper Vote. Her chief ambition is to get through Normal without teaching a grammar lesson. Pet expression—"Where's that Hurum?"

ADA ALBIN—West Vancouver.

Ada has red hair but not the temper that goes with it. Her favorite subjects are drawing and mathematics. Favorite occupation—Pushing Eva's chair out of place.

GLADYS ALLEN—Vancouver.

She's a dear little maiden
With a great deal of charm
And a sweet little girl
Who'd do no one harm.

A girl with the blackest of hair and the cutest of chuckles and a very friendly disposition.

EDNA BAILLIE—Clayton.

"Her kindly words and cheery smile
Have spread their sunshine for many a mile."

E—nergetic
D—etermined
N—atural
A—rtistic—That's our Edna.

KATHLEEN BARRETT—Fort Langley.

"A friend in need, is a friend indeed." That's Kay. Another one of those ambitious members of Class Six. Kay is not too quiet and is not as shy as first impressions might imply. Favorite expression—"Gee, did you get all your homework done?"

ILMA BEAMISH—New Westminster.

Specializing in teaching the "dear little six-year-olds." You can't be in Class Six very long before you hear Ilma's merry laughter. Favorite expression—"Well, listen girls." Chief worry—History.

BETTY BROWN—Cloverdale.

Betty is always scurrying hither and thither about something. She is very fond of collecting dates, and we don't mean fruit either. Betty is full of vim and pep and is always ready to lend a helping hand. And we mustn't forget to mention her pretty brown hair with waves that are the envy of more than one girl in Class Six.

DOROTHY CALVERT—Ladner.

Dot is a jolly good sort and has proved especially efficient in catering for track meets and class parties. She doesn't make a very big noise around the Normal, but she is a great friend to have and, Oh Man, what a teacher she is going to be!

JEAN CAMERON—Agassiz.

"Cam" is a dear, everyone is fond of her. Blessed with a striking personality, black hair and mischievous eyes—(Unless just before a time test, when those mischievous eyes have a worried look).

JEAN CATTO—Aldergrove.

Catto likes psychology but isn't so enthusiastic about the Italian Method Experiment. She wasn't so crazy about teaching at first but now her marks rank among the highest. Pet expression—"Gee, is it that late?"

PEARLE CHAMBERLIN—Gibson's Landing.

A gem in every sense of the word. Who ever saw Pearle scowling? She is a girl of happy disposition, spreading sunshine wherever she is. Favorite expression, "Oh, you kids."

ANNA COTTRELL—Hope.

She has a cut little face
And a nice little smile
And if Nan's your pal
She's a pal worth while.

Anna is impulsive and fond of asking questions, especially in psychology, excels in Nature Study and never gets behind in any of her work.

BETTY CUMMINS—New Westminster.

A shy little maid with a quiet way
Who works very hard from day to day.

Little girls should be seen and not heard, so thinks our Betty, nevertheless she is a conscientious and hard worker.

NELLIE DEANS—Aldergrove.

Nellie is always around today,
To help another along the way.
She's always sweet with a winning smile
And girls like Nell make life worth while.

Deans has a keen sense of humor and is friendly with everyone. Chief worry in life—music.

ALICE FIGG—Cloverdale.

Our star penman but then she stars in everything except music, her particular aversion being six-eight time. "Figgie" is one of the hardest workers in Class Six (and oh boy, she gets results) but is never too busy to help any of her numerous friends.

RUBY FIGG—Cloverdale.

Like her sister, is a good worker with a helping hand. If it's true that the early bird gets the worm, Ruby should get it, always the first to come and the last to leave. If you want a loyal friend, get Ruby.

OLGA FORE—Matsqui.

This quiet lass of modest grace
Is fair in heart and fair in face.

Nature has endowed her with a quiet smile and a bashful air. Always dependable, especially at lining up Row Three at Physical Ed.

BETTY GILDERS—Harmsworth.

She is tall, she is slim,
To be a school-marm is her whim.
Her marks are good, her score is high
And Betty will get there bye and bye.

Betty is one of the finest girls in our Class. She is clever and hardworking and always ready to help others. Favorite expression—"Gee, that's nice."

R. FIDO
G.E. ALLEN
M.J.E. BARRETT
I.M. HENDERSON
O.M. FORDE
A.G. COTTRELL
M.M. DOUDELL
A. FIDO
E.M. FISH
I.B. BERRIGAN
M. LAWN
N.B. DEARS
R.A.M. CRAVERT
P. DRISCOMM
E.M. COLLARD
E.M. GOLDSTONE
B.W. JOHNSTON
E.B. COMMINGS
Mr I.R. Hall
K.L. COMMAY
E.R. BALLIE
B.L. HARRISON
P.S. CHANNEL-RIN
E.E. BROWN
N.E. HUMPHREY
N.M. MILL
I. GLEAVE
J.A. OTTO
B. HUNDUM
J.G. CAMERON
M.Z. MILLIN
J.M. WRIGHT
A. HILBIN
PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL
VANCOUVER B.C.
1929 Class VI 1930

Class VI. (Continued)

IVA GLEAVE—Kamloops.

Iva is our Yell leader and Class poetess. To all appearances, she is a quiet little thing but you don't know Iva! And she owns the cutest grin. Pet saying—"Imagine my embarrassment." Favorite subject—Grammar!! ??

ELEANOR GOLDSTONE—Sullivan, Surrey.

Always calm, always serene
This is our Eleanor
Whenever she's seen.

Eleanor is quiet, ambitious, and studious, and does the outward lunge a la perfection!

MAY GOODELL—Chilliwack.

Blessed with glorious red hair. She is a very dependable and friendly girl. Although she did not join us till after Christmas it was not long before everyone knew her to be a jolly good sport.

HELEN GORMAN—Glenrosa.

"She can be as wise as we, and wiser if she wishes."

One of the few quiet girls in our room and one of the few who has her work up to the minute. She is good in all subjects and prefers grammar.

PATRICIA GROSSMAN—Chilliwack.

A little girl is Moi Amie
Whose friendship means a lot to me.
Brown-eyed, dimpled and so sweet,
A better sport you couldn't meet.

Pat is our Lit. Rep. She still clings to her boyish bob and wears it very becomingly. Pet saying—"Where's Dot?"

KATHERINE HAUGH—Chilliwack.

"Just a modest country daisy
Blooming in the valley,
But her smile brings joy and sunshine
Wherever she should sally."

"Kay" is a very conscientious teacher judging by the late "80's." In fact she is beginning to be noted for her school-marm air. We are quite sure that Kay, with her rich sense of humor and practical disposition, will be highly successful in life. Here's luck, Kay!

ISABELLA HENDERSON—Vancouver.

Isabel, Isabel, where have you been?
To raise a racket to deafen the queen.
With a flashing smile, not lacking in grace
She's a girl whose arguments heat up the place.

History is her favorite subject. Ambition—To marry a millionaire.

NORAH HILL—Mission City.

A charming miss is Norah Hill,
She does her work with a right good will,
Bright, clever, happy and gay,
With always a cheery word to say.

Efficiency absolutely oozes out of Norah. She is a wow in everything except music, and we'll never make a Prima Donna out of Norah.

HELEN HUMPHREYS—West Vancouver.

Helen's sweet manner and lovable way
Have always shone bright on the dullest of days.

Besides this, Helen is also a good sport, quiet but energetic. Pet aversion—The West Van. Ferry.

STELLA HURUM—Matsqui.

Class Six is proud to have THE pianiste of P. N. S. in it's midst. In Stella the teachers see a capable efficient student, but we see besides this a fun-loving girl who is always getting in and out of scrapes. Did a day ever go by without Stella getting the giggles?

MYRTLE IRWIN—Vancouver.

Curly hair. Blue grey eyes. The sweetest dimples. Lots of vivacity—Myrtle. Our star athlete. Her greatest ambition is to be married in an aeroplane.

BESSIE JAMIESON—North Vancouver.

"She is a modest maid, for learning much inclined."

Bessie is a diligent student, although those "little exercises" in history do bother her. She is very enthusiastic about teaching. What eighty percenter would not be? But she has a higher aim than teaching ordinary subjects, she wishes to specialize in Art.

ALBERTA JOHNSTONE—Port Alberni.

A girl who laughs and talks all day,
Who shakes the blues like a sunshine ray,
A girl who's always blithe and gay.—That's Girlie.

She has a weakness for men, but not for Klapper and Thorndike.

JEAN KNIGHT—North Vancouver.

One of the liveliest members of Class Six. She is very fond of sports, her chief concern being swimming, which takes up most of her noon hours. Favorite pastime is making announcements five seconds before the last bell.

CAN YOU IMAGINE—

Class VI without "Ketchup"?

Albin answering without the teacher saying, "Did the class hear that?"

Olga kicking up a rumpus?

Gleave taking up grammar for a pastime?

A quiet lecture with Henderson present?

Brown without a "date"?

Class VI without Hurum's "giggle"?

The register called without Jean Knight's, "One moment please, I have something to say"?

Aish being late without blaming the "Beastly Electric"?

Catto first at school in the morning?

Nan without her supply of questions?

The day passing without Ilma's "Gee, kids, I've got a run in my stocking"?

Pearle without her grin?

Nora without her notebook?

Deans calm before a time test?

Haugh looking interested in Arithmetic period?

Cameron looking happy in music period?

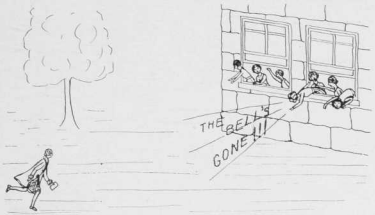
N. DEANS

Class VI. (Continued)

MR. HALL:

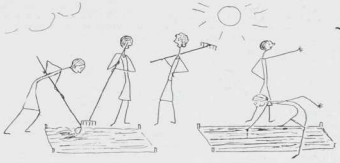
IT IS with regret that we think of saying farewell to Mr. Hall, our class-teacher—ever ready to help and encourage, always considerate, and never overloading us with work; but with some of us it will just be *"Au revoir"* if we are lucky enough to get a school in his Okanagan inspectorate. He has duly initiated us into the mysteries of the problem-project-method in geography, warned us against the "initial error" in spelling, and shown us how to eliminate "inner vocalization" in reading.

Class Six can barely express its admiration and esteem of Mr. Hall, and hope he will remember us in spite of our many shortcomings.



SIDELIGHTS ON CLASS VI

CLASS VI—the best class in P. N. S. On entering its charming midst one is at once enthralled by the business-like air and apparent activity of its inmates. The air fairly hums as busy tongues ceaselessly wag. A lively discussion is in full swing between Pat and peppery Isabel over Canadian Immigration Policies and the extensive knowledge of these brainy individuals is heatedly displayed. An excited exclamation suddenly arises, "Oh, my seeds are sprouting," and Ada waves an imposing germinating case in which eight or ten marigolds are making their first straggly responses (or should it be reflexes?) to the light of day. From the far corner, the favorite retreat of Betty Brown, Girlie, and Dot, a warm discussion is ', progress on



Spring has Sprung!

politics, religion, and the last dance. Just then Jean Knight interrupts, "Oh, girls, I want to make an announcement!" Good old Jean—she works awfully hard at swimming and has everyone there "Johnny-on-the-Spot." Above all this din there comes a heart-rending droning sound of doh-doh's and taa-tai's, the laborious toil of the ambitious but otherwise musicless members. Norah, Figgie, and Cam, as they painfully attempt to catch that elusive rhythm of doh's. Their kind-hearted coaches, the two Helens, cheerfully keep up a continuous rhythmic swing of 4-4 time as motor-imagery. Then as a visual aid Stella and Aishie keep perfect time by delicately patting with dainty powder-puffs their features of wondrous beauty. (At this point Mr. Robinson enters).

However, soon tiring of this monotonous pastime, these two heroines organize a marvellous fire-brigade, and aided by Iva and Ruby, they construct a fire of brilliant proportions. With a great deal

'Crit Day'

(Continued on Page 86)

Class VII.

JESSIE LAMBERT—Matsqui.
"She was pleasant, good-natured and civil."—Cayley.

AILEEN LOCKHART-SMYTH—North Vancouver.
"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

MARGARET LYON—Vancouver.
A winning way, a pleasant smile, that's Margaret.

RHODA MAILES—Matsqui.
Rhoda's cheerful, Rhoda's gay;
We miss Rhoda
When she's away.

ELLINOR MAXWELL—Langley.
"A dark-haired, dark-eyed, winsome lass."—Thorne.

EILEEN MONTGOMERY—West Vancouver.
"A scholar, and a ripe and good one."—Shakespeare.

AMY MONTIETH—Vancouver.
"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired."—Crabbe.

ELLEN MOORE—Vancouver.
For originality specific,
Ability superfine,
There's no one quite so perfect
As our Ellen of Ireland.

GANOVEFA MUKLEVICH—Durieu.
"Looking as though she lived on laffin', her face was so full of fun."—Sam Slick.

DOT MURRAY—Vancouver.
"A smile for all, a welcome glad,
A jovial, coaxing way she had."—Aytoun.

IDA MacGREGOR—Cranbrook.
Jolly, happy and always gay,
Never too tired to go out of her way.

GRACE McINTOSH—Vanderhoof.
A McIntosh Red, the judges have said,
Takes, as a prize, the first place.
But they cannot compare,
No matter how rare,
With the McIntosh that we call Grace.

VIOLET McKAY—Chilliwack.
"Her faults are all genteel."—Burns.

FREDA McKENZIE—Ladner.
"Few things have failed to which I set my will.
I do my most and best."—Tennyson.

DORIS MacRAE—Mission City.
We figure figures are her meat,
But nevertheless she's very sweet.

MILDRED NAY—Newton.
Bright and smiling Mildred Nay
Never has too much to say,
But always lends a help ng hand
To any classmate that she can.

SUSIE NEUFELD—Sardis.
"And sweetly sings, with accent clear and strong."—The Ramayana Valmiki.

GENEVIEVE (HAL) NORRIS—Nelson.
Tall and dark and prim (?)
Hal is always trim!

EDNA PALMBERG—Lulu Island.
"She's pretty to walk with,
She's witty to talk with,
And pleasant with it all."

BARBARA PAVEY—North Burnaby.
"Much mirth and no madness,
All good and no badness."—Skelton.

MURIEL (BILLIE) PEARSON—Port Coquitlam.
"A rosy-cheeked, laughter-loving imp."—Ingoldsby Legends.

BEATRICE PICKEN—Harrison.
"Thou sayst an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way."—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

MARY PRICE—Vancouver.
"Her talk was like a stream, which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses."—Praed.

ISABEL QUAYLE—New Westminster.
"She is not one of your nervous sort."—Thackeray.

BLANCHE RENDLE—Bella Coola.
"She's stately, like yon youthful ash
That grows the cowslip braes between."—Burns.

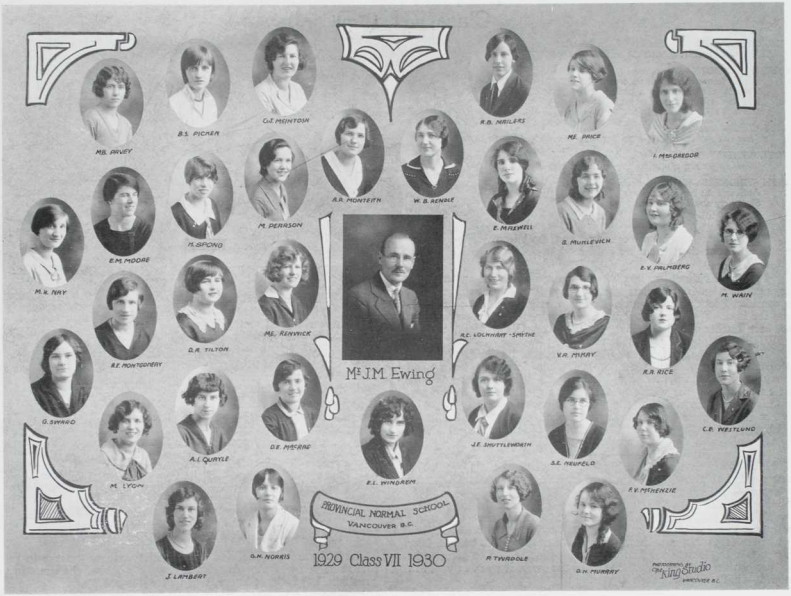
MARGARET (BUNTY) RENWICK—Vancouver.
"Lady, very fair are you,
And your eyes are very blue."

ROSA RICE—Prince George.
"Though she be but little, she is fierce."—Shakespeare.

JEAN SHUTTLEWORTH—Vancouver.
A girl she was, to all her classmates dear.

HELENA SPONG—Burnaby Lake.
"... where her grin is,
It makes brass farthings look like guineas."—Hood.

GUNDEL SWARD—Matsqui.
"Nature hath cast her in a mould philosophique."


M.B. ARVEY
B.S. PICKER
C.E. McINTOSH
R.B. MIELERS
M.E. PRICE
I. McGREGOR
A.R. MONTEITH
W.B. RENDLE
E. MASWELL
G. MUILLEVICH
E.V. PALMBERG
M. WAIN
M.K. NAY
E.M. MOORE
M. SPONG
M. PEARSON
M.L. KENWICK
A.C. WOLNHART-SMITH
V.R. MURRAY
R.R. RICE
E.F. MONTGOMERY
D.R. TILTON
Mr J.M. Ewing
G. SYRAKO
M. LYON
A.I. QUAYLE
D.E. McFARE
E.L. WINDREM
J.E. SHUTTLEWORTH
S.E. NEUFELD
F.V. McKENZIE
C.B. WESTLUND
J. LAMBERT
G.K. NORRIS
PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL
VANCOUVER B.C.
1929 Class VII 1930
R. TYVARDOLE
G.H. MURRAY
King Studio
VANCOUVER B.C.

Class VII. (Continued)

DOROTHY TILTON—Garden City, Lulu Island.
"Mistress of herself, though China fall."—Pope.

PHOEBE TWADDLE—Vancouver.
We all know the Scotch do crow,
They inherit their pride at birth;
But this little lass of the seventh class
Outwits them all for mirth.

MARY WAIN—Langley.
"Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child."—Dryden.

CECYL WESTLUND—Stave Falls.
"She is a maiden of our century, yet most meek."

EDITH WINDREM—Weyburn, Sask.
Although she has a pretty wit,
She's very shy of using it.

MR. EWING

Gather round, children, and you shall hear,
About the teacher we hold so dear.

Fellow students:

I presume I should at least attempt to convey to the audience our very real affection for our class teacher (Ray! Ray!) but as that might be considered lacking in dignity, I shall merely express our great regard for him. If we do not win all the track meets, at least we have the best teacher in the school. (Chorus of Class Seven, "AND HOW!!!") and we all realize the fact.

Aside from this we are not likely to grow old and sour (raucous voice from gallery, "Senile decay?") or soon forget the many and hearty laughs we enjoyed during his lectures. We feel that not only our class, but also the whole school benefits greatly from his humor, also his infinite knowledge of stimuli and responses.

It is with these few remarks that I shall close the inexhaustible and highly interesting subject of Mr. Ewing, (feminine cheers) realizing as we all do that enough can never be said of him.

I always had an idea that "high", as applied to slightly putrified meat referred to the phrase, "smelt to high heaven." But I read the other day—

In the old days in England when one went hunting, great quantities of fowl and meat were brought in at one time and stored for future consumption. The "bag" was usually placed on hooks and shelves towering to the ceiling. The castle cook would, being a lazy fellow, take the lowest one first and by the time he had to get out the castle stepladder to reach down the rest of the game, it was . . . well . . . "high"—that's all.—*Reader's Digest*.

MODERN MOTHER GOOSE FOR LITTLE NORMAL STUDENTS

Higgledy, Piggledy, teaching again,
Means we have to make lesson plans,
Sometimes nine, and sometimes ten,
Higgledy, Piggledy, teaching again.

Mary, Mary, working on primary,
How does your handwork go?
For baby bears she paper tears,
And sets them all in a row.

Ride a street car, to South Van, the wild,
To practise your teaching on some little child,
Capture a street car at twenty to eight,
You're lucky indeed if you don't have to wait.

Farmer: "An' how's Lawyer Jones doin', Doctor?"
Doctor: "Poor fellow! He's lying at death's door."
Farmer: "That's grit for ye—at death's door an' still lyin'."

The first parachute jumper mentioned by Shakespeare:
The quality of mercy is not strained
It falleth like a gentle Jew from heaven.

Newly arrived Englishman (watching archery practice in public park): "I've heard that America was a little behind the times in preparedness, but I didn't know things were this bad."

Class VII. (Continued)

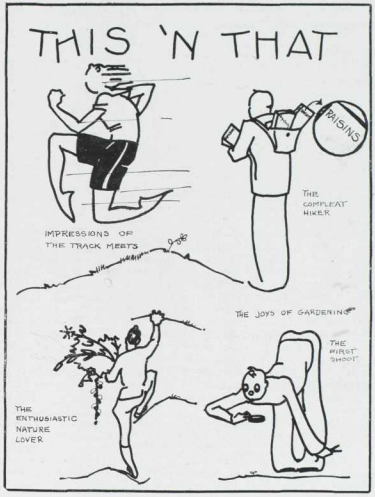
AN alphabet for the guidance of Normal students in knowing who's who and why in Class VII.

A is for Aileen, whose hobby is primary.
B is for Bunty, our golden lit. secretary.
C is for Cecyl, always so still.
D is for Dorothy, which one you will.
E is for Eileen, who plays the big 'cello.
F is for Freda, a very good fellow.
G is for Ganta, laughing and gay.
H is for Hal, with her dark winning way.
I is for Ida, a titian-haired girl.
J is for Jean, hair all a curl.
K is for Klever, all of the Klass.
L is for Lambert, athletic young lass.
M is for Margaret, bright as the day.
N is for Mildred, whose surname is Nay.
O is for Ours, the teacher we prize.
P is for Pavey, with such laughing eyes.
Q is for Quayle, she's never a bore.
R is for Rendle, a girl we adore.
S is for Susie, who sweetly does sing.
T is for Twaddle, Scotch, lucky thing.
U is for Us, the best, so they say.
V is for Violet, who's also McKay.
W is for Windrem, a girl very nice.
X is for Xtra pep, brains and spice.
Y is for Youth, that what we've all got.
Z is for Zeal, and we all have a lot.

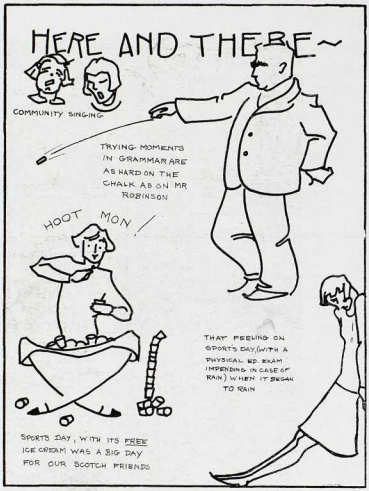
These are not all of whom we can speak.
To tell all the nice ones would take all of a week.

The common slang expression, "all balled up" originated supposedly in the Maine hills. In winter, horses going along the roads collected balls of snow inside their shoes which, acting nicely as skates, frequently got things "all balled up" until removed.—*Reader's Digest.*

A local newspaper recently said that scientists have invented an earthquake detector that goes off like an alarm clock. What most of us need is an alarm clock that goes off like an earthquake!



A missionary wrote home: "The natives here are starving and are badly in need of food—send more missionaries."



THE SCOUT MOVEMENT AND EDUCATION

SINCE the 21st anniversary of Scouting which was held in England last year, many people are stopping to think, and to ask what Scouting is. The answer which they have given to them is that Scouting is a free-time, play-time activity for boys and girls. The thought immediately arises on receipt of this answer, that this is a play game for children. So it is, but it is a play game which is so arranged that the boys and girls do it because they like it and in this play game are engendered things of such educational value that a group of educationalists gathered together at the Jamboree last August, pronounced after careful study that the Movement was both psychologically and educationally sound. Pronouncement like this coming from such men as were gathered together at that Conference which caused the London "Times" to say that the best educational minds of the world were gathered together for a Conference, causes us to stop and think that there must be something in it more than a play-time activity.

The public schools of England have been stirring themselves in the matter for the last twenty years and in many cases have taken up this work and fitted it into their school system. The fact that in Scouting and Guiding there are no negatives, helps children to do things because they are put on their honor. A negative policy will always irritate the average child, but given something positive, he responds immediately. This can easily be found out by reading up the text books. The Scout and Guide Law which says that a Scout and Guide is honourable, is clean in thought as well as deed, places the responsibility upon the child to live up to that positiveness which is in the game; it is a code of morals accepted by the boy and the girl in the school room or on the playing field, teaching them honour and discipline in the truest sense of the words and the proper way of applying them to their lives. This system of Scouting and Guiding is being studied by school teachers now throughout Canada and they realise when they have made a careful study of the organisation that it can help them considerably in their work in the school. This applies equally to the large city school and the small country school, in fact, wherever boys and girls congregate together, the Movement is of use to them. The truths of uprightness are engendered in the youngsters in such a way that they really love to learn. Then the badge system which has been evolved is such as to assist children in their school work, helping through play to teach them many things that they already have to learn at school. Natural history, chemistry, woodcraft, history, and many other parts of the school curriculum come into the play time activity of the boy and girl in the Scout and Guide Movement. This Movement is well worth the careful study of teachers either young or old, in Canada today.

Scoutcraft has not been put forward as a substitute for schooling; its purpose is rather to utilize the boy's time out of school, which after all is in the ratio of four to one to the time he spends within school walls.

Many men of eminence in the teaching profession are giving their hearty support to this work as a supplementary means of attracting a boy's interest, of stimulating his ambition, of fixing in him habits of observation, honour, and duty, and, as vocational guidance, through the training for proficiency badges.

E. WHATMOUGH, CLASS V.

Letter From The Minister of Education

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF THE VANCOUVER NORMAL SCHOOL

LET me congratulate you all on the success that has been achieved by you in the examinations and tests through which you have just passed. It is always a great satisfaction to be able to feel that our efforts have been rewarded, and our objective attained.

You who are now graduating from the Vancouver Normal School are about to take up the real duties of life. You are to be honoured by having placed in your charge the children who in years to come will direct and govern this great Province.

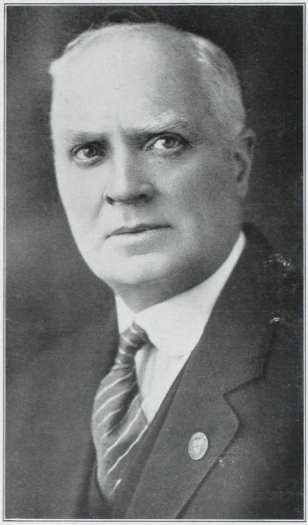
I wish you all to remember at all times that with honour comes responsibility, and since the honour that comes to you is great, great is the responsibility that you assume.

If you honestly shoulder this responsibility and steadfastly keep in mind the great future for which the children in British Columbia are being prepared, you will be able, in years to come, to look back upon your work as teachers with just as much satisfaction as you now look back upon your career as students.

May this great satisfaction come to each one of you!

J. H. Michaud

Minister of Education.



"Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man."—Bacon.

ON these pages are printed some of the literary efforts of our student body. The Annual Board wish to express their gratitude to all those students who have so willingly contributed to this literary supplement for it has been only through their co-operation that success has been possible.

As we complete our year of Normal training we realize, perhaps more than ever before, that the teacher has a great life to live, and a great responsibility is hers as she goes forth to train the future citizens of our country.

During our years of preparation we have acquired much of our knowledge and many of our ideals through reading good literature, and today we realize that much of our appreciation of that which is noble, good, and beautiful has come through our study along the literary path of learning. Fortified with this knowledge and ever delving deeper into its hidden mysteries, we now go forth feeling it will be our greatest privilege to impart a deeper appreciation of literature to the children of our Dominion, leaving ajar the door of the great literary store house, in such a way that the growing youth may open the door still further and enter into reading of their own choice.

EDITOR.

AN EXILE'S DAY

At dawn before the bush
Of night is broken
And the Cascade hills
Are dim with drifting mists,
Through the clearing to the east
I gaze—but see
Dawnlight soft on Himalayan snows.

There at noon the grain fields lie
Shimmering in the dancing heat.
There sound temple bells, and dust,
White and dry, bears pilgrim feet.

At evening ere the dusk
Is pricked with stars,
And the calm yellow moon
Rides down the cloudless sky,
Through the shadows of my mind
There comes a mist—
I see the smoke of little fires.

P. BYRNES.
CLASS II

FACULTY ADVISERS
Literary Executive
Fall Term 1929
Spring Term 1930.

J. M. DENT & SONS LIMITED

PUBLISHERS

Aldine House, 224 Bloor St. W. Toronto, Ont.

To THE GRADUATE TEACHER:

Books are the Tools of Your Profession.

Let us help you to make a wise and useful selection.

You are cordially invited to visit our Vancouver Showroom where, for your convenience, we carry samples of our complete line of Educational Publications.

Catalogues and Circulars Upon Request to

W. G. STEPHEN

Western Representative

401 Credit Foncier Bldg. Vancouver, B.C.

G. L. POP

MANUFACTURING FURRIER
TAXIDERMIST

Operating one of the most up-to-date fur shops in the city, and carrying a large and complete assortment of Fashionable Fur Garments and Neckpieces, enables us to cater and give exceptional service to the most fastidious buyers.

We Mount

GAME HEADS, BIRDS
FUR RUGS FUR TANNING

Phone Fairmont 3593

Factory and Showroom: Corner Sixth and Main Street
VANCOUVER, B.C.

Canada's National Jewellers

Diamonds and Watches

Vancouver
Calgary
Edmonton
Saskatoon
Winnipeg
Hamilton
Toronto
Ottawa
Montreal
Quebec
Halifax

BIRKS

Hylyghtes of Ye Hollyburne Hyke

ON THE 1st day of March in the nineteenth year of the reign of King George, the sunne, as was his wonte, rose, but, contrary to his custom, shone brightly, the sky being unobscured by smoke and other opaque matter common to ye great citie.

Divers students of ye goode Normal School, perceiving this, were moved by the beautie of the morning and bethought themselves of those goode olde days when picnics were in flower—when ye goode knighte errant and ye faire damosel of yore "made whoopee" 'neath the greenwood tree.

So, having gravely consulted with the "gallivanting master," one Mr. Martin—a worthy man, and versed in all the lore of greenwood ways, of frogs and toads and humming-birds, a man moreover, who hath been known to sneak up on a barnacle and take it unawares, it was deemed seemly that a partie should wend their joyful way to yon high crest called Hollyburne.

Accordingly, while the day was yet young, ye West Van Ferrie took on a precious cargo, and being favored by fair winds, deposited full soon, upon the northern strand, its load of budding teachers.

On the upward trail, many were the difficulties encountered by the toiling students. The path, it soon became known, was builded of rocks of varying bigness and of unvarying cragginess; the way became rougher—of ever-increasing steepness so that the climbers feared to look down lest they should, with one accord, topple over backwards and come to naught at the foot of the mountain.

Nevertheless, although at times sorely pressed for want of breath wherewith to climb, by dint of exceeding great perseverance and effort, they reached that high eminence where hangs ye cold eternal snow. And then, for the crest of Hollyburne was yet a long way skywards, great was the lamentation that instantly broke out among the climbers, for although muscles must needs still persist in becoming tired, no place could be found on which to rest weary bones without grave damage to ye warm hyking breeches, because of the wettness of the snow.

At length, however, after much noble striving, ye leaders of ye long line, which had by this time attained a length of three leagues, espied, at the end of ye hard climb, a woodpile of portentous proportions and some small houses, builded of logs rough-hewn from the forest.

Already glorying in ravenous anticipation of the festal board, the partie hastened forth, crossed the clearing and entered ye sylvan lodge.

The hour was twelve o'clock.

And in that lodge were found certain Swedes, who have, in common with the monks of yore, a service to perform unto the citizens of the kingdom. This service is to purvey unto such of his Majesty's subjects as brave the mountain airs, a most stimulating decoction of an aromatic, Abyssinian herb—coffee—a beverage well known and approved by our learned professor, Mr. Hall, he having instructed himself on that point by the perusal of some two hundred and fifteen volumes, ably discussing the subject.

But in this coffee trade did the students straightway find much at which to marvel; for it could, in no way, be discovered how three men, albeit Swedes, might pack up the mountains a sufficient quantity of coffee to satisfy the greedy mountaineers. For each one quaffed more than thirteen long Scot's gallons ere the end of the afternoon.

Thus refreshed, many stout fellows, and fair maids as well, took to the skis—a most perverse and unmanageable contraption, invented by one Roald Swintson, a thief and a murderer, having wide reputation for acrobatics and contortions.

Knowing this, but nothing daunted thereby, the intrepid students essayed to guide these fell machines adown the steep incline.

And then's when the real honest-to-goodness fun began.

For it was soon discovered, even by those possessed of the smallest I. Q., that these two dangerous engines could in no wise be induced to proceed down the glistening glade via the same route. Many a lusty youth was brought into grave peril, and many a brave maid perforce came to the rescue.

Moreover on reaching the valley a new difficulty was perceived, in that ye cumbersome skis resolutely refused to go uphill and no persuasion nor compulsion known was of any avail.

By four of the clock, success being painfully achieved in carrying ye goode skis up the hill, ye wild partie began their mad descent down ye white slippery path.

Soon ye sea-going craft was again boarded so that ye stout skipper feared for his ship lest the waves leap up and swamp it.

While crossing the blue waters ye tired hykers joined in many an olde ballad, and tall startling tales concerning afternoon hykes up a hill called Everest, were related by our Mr. Weston, Mr. Weston whom the Normal School adore because he addeth a touch of color.

But even now, ye great citie loometh up ahead. Ye stout vessel cometh to her moorings. The hyke is at an end.

So sinks the broad red sun.

D. M. FITZPATRICK,
CLASS V.

Richard Turner, an English temperance advocate, who stuttered slightly (poor man), invariably spoke of t-t-t-total abstinence. From this his supporters received the exalting name of "Teetotalers."

A TRIP THROUGH THE CLOUDS

"THAT is the easiest way to climb a mountain," said my friend, as he climbed out of the skip at the top of the incline. Early that morning we had left the little town snuggled close under the mountain, and gaily we had entrusted our lives to the tramway operators. We were bundled into a large ore skip, a bell rang, and we were off.

It was raining heavily, and a thick fog hung like a blanket over the valley. It was not pleasant journeying through the fog. Enmeshed in its clinging folds, we were in a weird, white world of our own. We were almost sorry we had ventured to make the trip on such a day. Of course, there was a certain thrill in the adventure; one cannot climb a mountain in ten minutes every day; but somehow we were not very cheerful or very enthusiastic. There was nothing to break the monotony, save the business-like hum of the steel cable as it slipped by our skip.

Presently we came to a halt under a large shed. We were glad indeed to climb out of the skip and warm ourselves at the fire in the operator's cozy cabin. Half of our journey was over, and the fog did seem to be lifting ever so little. "You will soon be in the sunshine," said the operator. Warmed and somewhat cheered, we once more took our places. Again a bell rang, and we were off on the last lap of our adventure. Quite suddenly the fog thinned, and before we could realize what had happened, we burst out into glorious sunshine. A minute more and we stopped near a convenient platform, onto which we stepped. We had reached an altitude of nearly six thousand feet in ten minutes.

A few moments of vigorous exercise and we were ready to enjoy the view. What a glorious view it was! A sea of fog hung over the valley below us, completely obliterating the dizzy way we had come. Far away to the west and south, range after range of jagged peaks pierced the fog. Teeth of the mighty Cascades, their snowy sides glistening in the morning sun. And, mightiest of them all, Mount Baker stood, in lonely majesty, crowned with eternal snow, Queen of the Coast Range, peaceful and serene.

R. R. CLARE,
CLASS V.

THE KEEPER OF THE BEES

"AND don't you wear a veil when you look into the hive?"

"Oh, no! There's really nothing to be afraid of, you know—speak gently to them and move slowly—that's all." This from the height of two weeks' experience to a bee-man of several years' standing. He only grunted and turned away—those old people never believe in new ideas anyway!

Next morning I went to look at my bees. Negligently puffing a little smoke into the hive I lifted the lid. It was stuck so I gave it a good yank. Up it came with three heavy combs and what seemed half a million bees. Those bees kept right on coming! With one hasty look I dropped the lid and ran. Oh! Why didn't I wear a veil, why didn't I wear a shirt with long sleeves and tie up the bottoms of my overall legs? Those bees were down my neck, up my legs, around my waist and over my arms. Twenty of them lit on my right ear, about a hundred lodged in my hair. Yelling frantically, I fled down the orchard, lept wildly across the stream and crawled under the hedge, but the bees still remained. That one in the small of my back—ye gods! couldn't someone hit it? Finally I lost them all and staggered feebly towards the house. Through one half-shut eye I sought the blue-bag and retired to anoint my wounds.

About a week later the bee-man enquired about my bees. "Oh, they're fine," I cheerfully lied. "They are interesting little creatures," he continued. "You'll find them awfully absorbing." "I'm sure of it," I replied feelingly!

P. BYRNES,
CLASS II.

FOAM FAIRIES

The Ocean is an azure floor,
  Whereon the white foam fairies dance.
Or, one might say, a bright domain
  Where glitt'ring sun-sparks burst and prance.

The fairies, in their lacy gowns,
  Ride on the crests of rolling waves,
Along the great, wide avenue
  That golden, gleaming sun-sparks pave.

They leap, and kneel, and twirl, and toss
  Themselves about with great display,
While such a carnival as this
  Makes Neptune's home a palace gay.

I've watched the fairies of the foam,
  When, far as roving eye had viewed,
They hurried shoreward, dancing still,
  Their streaming hair with mist bedewed.

In gowns a goddess wore, they're draped.
  Oh, Aphrodite's happy band,
Is it ordained that each must fade
  And come to naught upon the sand?

ISABEL YARROW,
CLASS IV.

PSYCHOLOGICAL ALGEBRA

(With Due Apology to Mr. Ewing)

THE day of the dreaded supplemental in Algebra arrived. Reluctantly, with despair in my heart, I made my way to the threshold of the examination centre. As most of the candidates had already arrived, I spent a few melancholy minutes studying the various groups assembled there.

In every case the stimulus, Algebra, was the same—but ah! how different were the responses! Some looked grimly hopeless, others giggled hysterically, while a few feverishly scanned much-thumbed text-books in a last moment attempt to grasp some fleeting formula. But in all my observation I was struck by one fact: The "Law of Readiness" was not manifested on a single countenance!

Just as we were about to enter the Inquisition chamber a faithful comrade dashed to my side, waving a tiny pellet before my astonished eyes.

"Cheer up!" she smiled at me. "You have nothing to fear. Don't look at me like that. I'm not insane. Do you remember learning that certain drugs weaken synaptic resistance, resulting in Niagara streams of knowledge?"

I did not remember, nevertheless her theory sounded reasonable to one in such dire distress.

"It is only a very little strychnine," she explained, putting it to my lips. "Swallow."

I swallowed, and departed to my fate.

Horrors! As I gazed at the first question, I realized that even a barrel of strychnine would be powerless to help me now. The Binomial theorem. Even in my wariest moments, I had never fancied my skill automatic at this—erratic would have been a much more suitable word. In vain did I strive to recall, in vain did I dig deeply into my Unc., striving to unearth a few scattered shreds of formulae. Whatever had become of my automatic response?

My helpful friend had suggested that her magic remedy would break down synaptic resistance. Ah, I had it! In her haste her psychology had become mixed and she had given me a concoction of morphine and nicotine. As a result synaptic resistance had formed such a barrier that beside it the Wall of China looked like a paper fence in a "Three Bears" project.

Nicotine—I heaved a bitter sigh. Why, oh why, had I surreptitiously smoked that cigarette two years ago? For the first time genuine compunction seized me for my stealthy act.

Once more I applied myself to the Binomial theorem, then laid aside my pen. After all, what was the use? My emotional condition was all wrong for I was consumed with anger against my ministering friend and somewhere deep within my neural structure, a pugnacious instinct stirred.

At this point, the examiner struck a little bell, delivering himself of that original speech, common to all such officials.

"The three hours are up. Finish your papers. There are only five minutes left."

I gave him a bored look. For my part, he might have made his announcement two hours and forty-five minutes before. I gazed at the blank expanse before me, dimly realizing that the Law of Exercise had not functioned.

Outside the classroom waiting in patient expectation stood the helpful one.

"Well?" she queried eagerly, "How did it work?"

I looked at her without the vestige of a smile, for I was in the clutches of the grim Law of Effect.

"Tell me about that strychnine," she repeated impatiently. Then I spoke.

"There was only one thing the matter with that strychnine," I replied firmly. "And that was this—there was not nearly enough of it. Bring me a cupful right away."

And I collapsed into her outstretched arms.

J. McNAUGHTON,
CLASS IV.

READING IN EVERYDAY LIFE

THERE is an old saying, "He who runs may read," which appears peculiarly applicable to this high-pressure age in which most of us are rushing hither and yon, hastening if not speeding. Although perhaps the time left for the runner to read is less than ever, a mass of literature, or, we may say, reading material, pours from our presses in increasingly greater floods.

How then is Mr. Busyman's delving into prose and poetry to be as productive as possible? If he attempts to follow the critics he will waste the bulk of his scanty moments in finding and perusing their often contradictory comments. How else is he to attempt to separate the sheep from the goats, the grain from the chaff?

It seems to me that the advice of Dean Farrar of a previous generation is most worthy of consideration. His dictum was, "*Lege, lege, aliquid haerebit*," which may be translated as, "Read, read, something is sure to stick!"

If we have cultivated at some time a taste for the worth while, and an ability to realise it, this alone will be what is sure to stick; and, as the mercury extracts the gold and silver and discards the dross from the crushed ore, so may our minds be enriched by the gems that are met and be uncontaminated by the obscuring rubbish.

R. MORRIS WILSON,
CLASS V.

REMINISCENCES OF TEACHING WEEKS

By Little Johnny Pedagogue

AT THIS Normal School everyone talks glibly about philosophy, psychology, and the theory of everything. We have had mountains of the theory of teaching piled upon us but so far no one has ever said a word about the theory of teaching-weeks.

What would be wrong with a little psychology of critic-teachers and a little less psychology of pupils? We want marks—no less—and are interested in the most expedient ways of getting them.

So, although we are late in finding this out ourselves, for the benefit of those who follow, we have worked out the "New Method of Pupil-Teaching." This, we feel, is worthy of the great Osburne himself or of any of the multitudinous Thorndikes. It is astounding and preposterous that such rudimentary considerations should have been neglected by these eminent educators. Is it not perfectly clear that before one can be a good teacher one must be a good pupil-teacher? Then let us train pupil-teachers and let the teachers take care of themselves. They will do so anyway.

What have we done ourselves? Do we remember, as a bad dream, our first harrowing experience last September, when we found ourselves lost in a strange school—a group of nervous would-be teachers—a prey to the boring eyes and cheap witticisms of several hundred unsympathetic children? And then the teacher—do we remember her? Did we knock timidly and feebly—expecting a fearful apparition? Were our marks good that week? Were we downhearted? Well—yes—most of us were.

This is all to be changed. Learning to teach is soon to become an absurdly simple process, an overnight affair, the results are to be wonderful, like those of a correspondence course.

Since Christmas many of us have ceased to be so punctiliously, painstakingly proper in the schools. Before, we were good till it hurt. To gaze upon us must have pained other people.

We have discovered that teachers have a sense of humor. Moreover, they have "feet of clay" and, contrary to general opinion, sugar will melt in their mouths.

Much of our timidity has been laid aside. Many of us step boldly up to the door of the scene of the next teaching struggle. It is becoming a pleasure—like a good game of chess—a battle of wits. Some of us own the school—some only part of it—but, in direct proportion to the amount of school owned by the pupil-teacher, so ranks his marks. Theoretically, if one owned the whole school, one should get one hundred per cent. But this is a condition that never occurs and here is the only flaw in the whole theory. It has been found that no student, however clever, has been able to brow-beat a janitor out of the last few points. Consequently ninety-odd per cent. is the highest score that has yet come to the Normal. But we must not be discouraged. We may yet find a janitor who will weaken.

It is a shame to be forced to quote so many figures, but it is absolutely necessary in order to impress upon the public the infallibility of our new method.

We hope that this scheme will in time abolish Normal schools and that hereafter no one will be put to the inconvenience of studying deeply or doing projects.

Unfortunately the main part of the method has been omitted so far, and there is no space left in which to include it.

For further particulars write to Little Johnny Pedagogue.

D. M. FITZPATRICK.

TOD INLET

NATURE is more wonderful than many of us realize. In some countries, as in the Alps of Switzerland, she has made wonderful beauty spots which impress one with the grandeur of a great cathedral. In other places she has made scenes which are equally wonderful, but which are simpler, more subdued and peaceful. I think that Tod Inlet, near Victoria, is one of these.

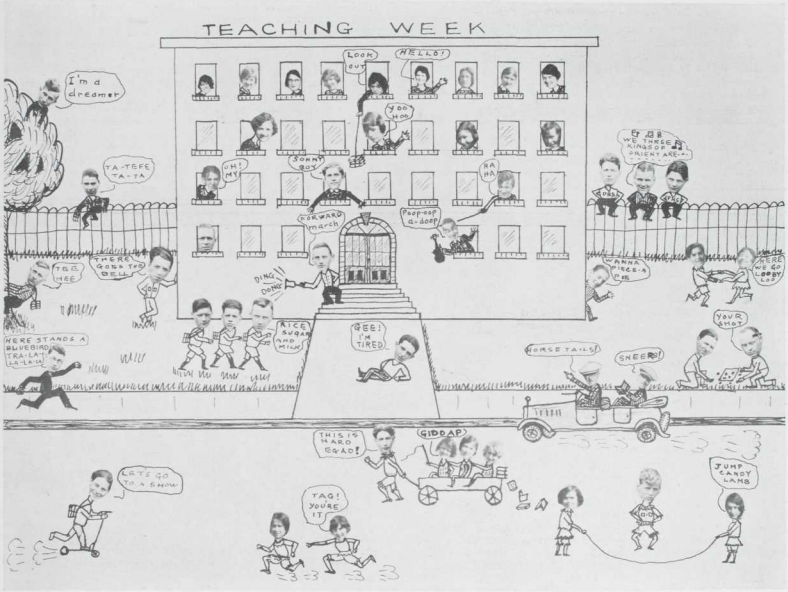
Tod Inlet nestles among hills clad with stately trees. In summer when everything is calm and still, the reflection of the trees makes a vivid green shadow along the shore of the placid inlet. In the evening, as cool breezes ruffle the surface of the water, the birds sing a merry song in the branches of the trees along the shore. The sun sends long shafts of sunlight among the leaves and flecks the glorious surface of the water, deluding the silent watcher.

In winter all is changed. The trees stand out like gaunt skeletons, where the frost has made them sparkle in the sunlight. It is a calm day and the sun adds a dazzling brightness to everything. It touches the distant hills, crowning them with a golden glory. Now, there are no birds to twitter as the evening draws to a close, but their presence is unnecessary in the calmness of the inlet.

Such a scene makes one realize the power of nature, and how wonderful she is, to be able to make such beautiful places, glorious in summer and winter alike. If I were always at Tod Inlet, I would never doubt that, "God is ever near."

LILY SOLOMON,
CLASS IV.

The Moors, the bold pirates of the Mediterranean, used to seize ships coming through the Straits of Gibraltar, tow them into their port, Tarifa, and there levy a sort of blackmail, upon the payment of which the ship was allowed to proceed. Thus originated the word "tariff," and even in this day of enlightenment a good many of our citizens still think it is a holdup.—*Reader's Digest.*


TEACHING WEEK
I'm a dreamer
LOOK OUT
HELLO!
YOO HOO
YA-TEE TA-TA
OH! MY
SOUND BOY
HA HA
FORWARD March
POOP-POP A-DOOP
THERE GOES TOM BELL
TOM MEE
DING! DONG!
RICE SUGAR AND MILK
HERE STANDS A BLUEBIRD TRA-LA-LA-LA-LA
GEE! I'M TIRED
HORSE TAILS!
SHEER!
YOUR EYES
ANNA RICE-A CHE
HERE GO LOPSY LOU
THIS IS HARD A-A-D!
GIDDAP
LET'S GO TO A SHOW
TAG! YOU'RE IT
JUMP CANDY LAMB

THE STORM BRINGS GIFTS

THE hot mid-day sun beat down on a row of waving elms and a grassy trail winding up to a rickety gate. Beyond the gate bloomed a tangled garden and amid the garden squatted a log house, half hidden in a mass of creepers.

The drone of bees about the half-choked flowers gave place to the hum of a motor car which swept into the lane, slowing up for the rough old road. At the gate it stopped and a man jumped out. He glanced eagerly around, then turned for approval to his companion. She smiled, and said tartly:

"Very beautiful and idyllic, Don, but in a year or less you will be tired of it, and hurrying back to town. You, a farmer? You'll never stick."

"But I must, Eileen," was the determined reply. "Of what use is a college course if I never use it."

"It will never make you happy."

"Some day I hope it may make us both happy." Don was undaunted by her coldness. She laughed "Count me out. I'm no farmerette," she said lightly. "But let's get back now."

When only the drone of the bees remained in the air, a slim, tanned girl rose from among the flowers and stared after the vanished car. Laughing blue eyes glinted steel gray; two red lips pressed tightly together, and two brown hands clenched into fists. Suddenly the eyes blurred; the lips trembled, and the rigid figure drooped sobbing to the grass. How she hated those two and their money! They had taken away her home, the happy dream of her childhood.

Molly Forster's life had been hard. Once she had lived here happily, but times had grown poor, her father had died, and now she and her mother struggled along in a little shack in the valley, while their home belonged to a stranger.

A man's surprised voice checked Molly's sobs. She raised her head and saw before her the cause of her trouble.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I had no idea anyone was here. I dropped my gauntlet".

Molly rose to dignified rigidity. "I'm sorry if I'm trespassing."

"Oh, not at all." He smiled engagingly. "You're quite welcome to come."

Molly hastily wiped her tears. "I shall not trouble you," she said coldly, turning away. Donald Carstairs watched her out of sight, then promptly forgot her to dream of happy success with Eileen Steed.

Work was begun at once on the old homestead. During the winter it became a splendid modern farm, except the house, but still Donald had not come to live. Molly had grudgingly availed herself of his offer, going often to the old log house to dream of happy hours spent there. With each visit her hatred of the intruder increased. Yet she fervently wished that he had been anything but what he was at their first meeting.

One evening in early spring, after a week's absence, Molly walked up to the vine covered house, to discover Carstairs smoking on the porch. He had come at last, then, and this must be "Good-bye."

His voice roused her. "I'm glad you have been coming," he said.

Disregarding his remark she spoke at last. "I wonder how long you will leave even the house and garden?"

"Oh, I shall always leave this," answered Carstairs. "Even if I build another. This place is too beautiful to destroy."

Molly thawed perceptibly and smiled. "I am so glad. I love it." She hesitated but his smile reassured her.

"Please sit down while I try to justify this sacrilege"—waving an arm to the big barn and its equipage. As she complied he wondered vaguely why he should justify himself. He had bought the place.

Nevertheless, he told his story—his dreams, his college course, the opposition at home. He even spoke ardently of Eileen. "And it has just got to go," he finished. "Dad finally backed me, but everyone scoffed—even Eileen."

"Farming is bad here now. It's too dry." Molly knew it was true, but she was only saying it for spite. She was angry because she found it so difficult to go on hating Donald Carstairs.

Spring became summer. The crops showed promise but they needed rain. Through the hot, dry weeks Donald watched the sky anxiously. His sunburnt face became thinner and looked a bit worried. Molly wanted to pity him, but would not. It became harder and harder to hate him. Sometimes she even found herself unconsciously watching the sky too.

Throughout June no rain came, and July commenced hot and dry. One day Molly met Donald at the gate as he passed toward town. She was startled by his look of desperation. A sudden thought struck her. "If his crop fails he will leave." She tried to think how glad she would be, but she felt instead a disturbing sense of loneliness.

That night she sat on her little porch trying to get a breath of air from the sticky atmosphere. As it grew dark she saw a faint glow on the sky-line. It grew and became lurid. Suddenly realizing its meaning she jumped up crying, "It's fire at the old homestead!"

Five minutes later she was urging her horse and telling herself, "Little fool, let it burn and that will be the end. He can't stand a fire now. Let it burn." But she knew she couldn't.

The fire was in the barn. When Molly saw, she shuddered. The stock must be in there. Frantically she forced her way into the house to telephone; then out she rushed and into the swirling smoke. She cut and slashed at halter hopes, opened stall doors, ran blindly on in the deadly smother, until she dropped exhausted still thinking, "Oh, why didn't you let it burn and be rid of him."

Meanwhile men gathered to fight the flames. They found Molly's horse, but frantic searching failed to find Molly. A mile away a big car rushed toward the fire. Over the wheel bent a haggard man driving like a maniac. His companion laughed sneeringly:

"Don't be an idiot, Don. Let the thing go. Why risk your life for a barn and a few animals?"

"That is my life," the man gritted, waving an arm toward the homestead.

A man met the car. "Miss Forster is in there," he panted.

Don groaned and leapt from the car to disappear into the inferno of smoke and flame.

It seemed an eternity before he staggered out, burned and choking, carrying a limp burden in his arms. As he emerged, a look of wonder and immense relief covered his face as he turned it heavenwards. "Rain," he gasped. "Thank God."

Two days later Donald appeared in the door of Molly's room, much bandaged, a trifle pale, but smiling. Molly held out an eager hand to welcome him. "You're all right?" she demanded.

"Oh yes, everything is all right now. A day's rain has saved the crops and you saved the stock. And of course the barn was insured. But Molly! you did it, and why?

Molly smiled. "It was once my home, and I loved it," she exclaimed.

"Once was home," Don repeated. "Molly, won't you make it home again, and go on loving it—and me? Oh, Molly——"

She laughed contentedly as she snuggled her bandaged head against his bandaged cheek.

KAY BEAMISH.
CLASS II.

DAY

A soft faint light in the gray-dyed east;
The dawning has begun.
The sun in a blood-red sea of fire;
Another day has come.

Soft rays light slipping through the trees,
Deep shadows on the ground.
Birds trilling sweet in the quiet woods
Shower melody around.

Deep crimson streaks in the golden west,
A low descending sun.
Then millions of stars in the dark blue sky;
Another day is done.

ETHEL A. BEAMISH.
CLASS II.

THE BUSINESS EDUCATORS' ASSN. OF CANADA
BEA
AFFILIATED SCHOOL

DAY SCHOOL
NIGHT SCHOOL
SUMMER SCHOOL

DUFFUS

SCHOOL OF BUSINESS
SEYMOUR AND PENDER
VANCOUVER, B.C.

Actual Business Offices in Operation
Phone Seymour 5771 for Catalog.

A POEM FOR THE ANNUAL

THERE must be something the matter with me. Perhaps I am not of the common herd. Let it go at that.

On more than one occasion when, succumbing to the no-hat craze, I have foolishly ventured within the precincts of Woolworth's, or the like, and, failing to find what I wanted at a low enough price, I have gazed around in what I fondly imagined to be a superior manner, and been mistaken for a floor-walker. At times I have been rather cool, only to be met with a look of pity or scorn for my stupidity in not being able to answer. On other occasions I have been bolder and endeavoured to hide my discomfiture by carrying out the role thus thrust upon me.

Just last week a similar fate overtook me. Announcing herself as one of the annual staff, a guileless-appearing young lady (it is always a female) deplored what she referred to as the paucity of poetic propensities noticeable in this institution, and went on to say, "I'm sure you could dash us off something. I just know you're quite a poet." A poet no doubt is a cut above a floor-walker so I tried to appear flattered, and—fatal weakness!—emitted some non-committal mumblings. The sprightly feminine mind immediately translated those feeble growls into a hearty assent, and I was assailed with, "Splendid! We'll look for just a few stanzas about anything that suits you. Let us have them by the tenth. All right. So long."

Oh, dear! Not content with having been an impostor in one sphere, I must needs be one in another. Some slight consolation is found in the thought that poets, like great men (or, should I say, other great men?), may perhaps not only be born great, or achieve greatness, but also have greatness thrust upon them. One never knows what one can do till one tries. What hidden possibilities may lurk within my crude exterior?

Boldly I begin to consider the thing. A poem about anything! How I loathe that indefinite "anything"! It is supposed to be so helpful, to give one such freedom, such scope, such a free rein to the imagination. Bah! such drivel! All that "anything" does to me is to plunge me into a morass of indecision where I stick, not knowing whether to go one way or the other and so going nowhere. I commence to dislike that artless creature who used the horrid word. She might as well have said "nothing."—By Jove! there's an idea! a poem about nothing! That surely will be original, though I have distant recollections of poems which might just as well have been about nothing. But I shall not scorn my one inspiration. The muse must not be flouted when first she smiles upon me. See! I am getting the atmosphere. There is nothing, not even a bacillus, that is more prolific than an idea.

Now that the subject is decided on, the form must be chosen. What shall it be? A sonnet, an ode, a lyric, or an epic? This is awful! No sooner is one question settled than others, like soldiers from the dragon's teeth, spring up to take its place. Alas! I am no Jason. Why did not that deluded damsel say what she wanted? Poets should not have to be bothered with sordid details: they should be in the clouds, communing with the majesty of the universe or something like that. Let me see now. A sonnet! That must be so many lines, no more, no less. It will not do. My fancy is soaring like a bird from a cage. It must not be confined. I am permeated with inspiration. The poem shall be a combination of them all, and if it happens to have fourteen lines, I may title it—"A Sonnet to Nothing."

Now to begin. The first line comes easily—

O hole in the doughnut!

The second starts well—

O void in the——

Now what on earth has a void in it? . . . I've got it!

O hole in the doughnut!
O void 'neath my thatch!
How well the sweet vacancy
With my dome doth match!

Who said I couldn't write poetry? I'll show 'em!

At this moment the one person who successfully maintains an alleged right to look over my shoulder at my writing breaks in with, "What in the world is this about, and when did *you begin* to discover great truths?"

After a vain attempt to construe this as a compliment I answered that this was just a little fancy of mine, and that I was expected to scribble something in the way of a poem for the Annual.

"Well from now on you're expected *not* to scribble something. The idea of stuff like that appearing over the family name! Just forget about it, old dear."

That is all very well, I think, but that editress individual won't forget about it. I am faced with a problem whose solution, within my knowledge, has never yet been successfully attempted, the problem of pleasing two women of different minds at one and the same time.

Oh, Muse, you got me into this mess (I would blame someone but myself) now get me out of it; grant me just one more inspiration. . . . Thank you, kind goddess.

Next morning I approach the young lady from the annual armed with a rolled up sheet of foolscap, neatly tied with the inevitable pink ribbon.

"There, I knew you could do it. May I read it?"

I nod. This moment must be lived through somehow.

The sheet is unfurled. At the top is written—

"Sonnet to Nothing."

On the fifteenth line is the signature—

"Nemo."

"But where's the poem you promised me?" is the somewhat mystified inquiry.

I edge off a trifle, answering, "I'm afraid you're not quite up-to-date. That's the very latest thing in"—here I edge off some more—"blank verse!"

I disappear.

R. MORRIS WILSON.
CLASS V.

"CLOCKS"

"CLOCKS"—the very word spells Romance. Big clocks, little clocks, important cathedral clocks, and unimportant mantel clocks, Big Bens, and many little Bens awakening people from every walk of life to their daily tasks; all clocks, with their tireless energy, ticking on, on, on, unnoticed, unassuming, play a part in the lives of all. They tick on day by day, hour by hour, measuring life with a restless, unescapable rhythm, which means peace to many, and horror and death to others. To the one with a dark outlook on life, there is something relentless about their ceaseless ticking; but to others, who live with a joyous optimism, this ticking represents just one more moment of which they may make the best use. So clocks spell Romance. They see the intimate scenes of every-day life, and the momentous scenes of history.

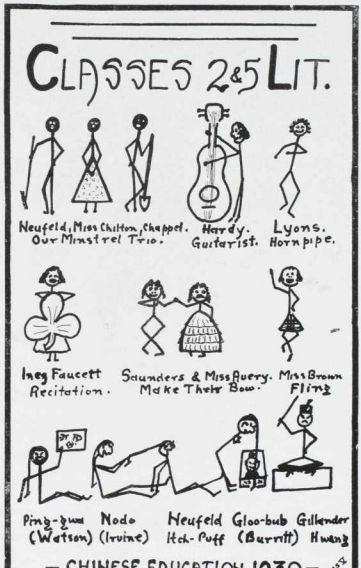
The grandfather clock is the most lovable type of clock—in a beautiful case of fine, dark wood, or perhaps an old time-worn case still preserving its beauty of line, and its chimes becoming more lovely as they are mellowed by age.

One of these fine old clocks suggests the Old World. It stood, surrounded by pictures of lines of ancestors, in an old baronial castle, overlooking a long polished ballroom floor; and it viewed the funeral proceedings of the real men and women whose pictures now adorn the castle, and whose spirits seem to fill it with an air of mystery.

What scenes has it not witnessed? In its last days in the castle it looked down upon the wooing of the castle's fair mistress, and upon the betrothal feast. On the wedding day, its silvery notes added happiness and joy to the sumptuous repast, with the tinkling of wine glasses, and the merry laughter of fair ladies and gallant gentlemen; and its ticking synchronized with the rhythm of the music and the gliding of many feet.

Many happy faces it saw for many months; and then a silence seemed to pervade the home, until the clock saw the barren old castle brightened again, this time by a little boyish figure, which, in later years, ran in and out amongst its rooms spreading sunshine everywhere.

Then one day the clock ticked on, very hurriedly it seemed to the little family which was furtively seeking an escape to the New World.



For a long time the clock was in darkness, and knew little of what happened in the outer world. When it saw the light again, it found itself in a little log cabin surrounded by tall dark trees. An old cedar chest filled with beautiful silken things was the only thing which it recognized now. For years it stayed in the cabin home. It heard the whirr-bang of falling trees, and the loud tattoo of hammers, and saw the surrounding country become inhabited with busy, merry people. Fields were cultivated, and later, factories and streets were built, and it found itself removed to a lovely white home nearby.

Its beloved mistress and master, their son, and their son's children are gone, and still it ticks on. The scene and the characters have changed, though the events have not. It still gazes silently upon love, marriage, birth and death, and loves the "high-stepping" youth of today as well as that of yesterday, for it sees that their hearts are the same underneath their outer sham. It still sees small, eager feet rushing around worrying mother, who loves them the more for it. It sees informal parties instead of grand balls, where the young people are gayer than their ancestors. It ticks as the lovely young girl in short modern finery is escorted to a dance by a neat young man in black and white; and still ticks when she comes creeping in in the early morning, and is ashamed of itself when its ting-ting nearly awakens its master.

And so this romantic old grandfather clock goes on, and is likely to go on much longer. It makes one wonder what other things it will see. I think they will be much the same—"Life's little whirligig."

MURIEL DIXON,
CLASS II.

THE POWER OF POETRY

WE may ask the question, "Where dwells the happy spirit which glides silently into our hearts, whispering bright thoughts and weaving shadowy patterns of life's fleeting hours?" Yet who has not experienced its subtle charm and its power to enthrall our hearts in the glory of the fading sunset when a single star shines calmly from the serenity of a blue summer sky? When slumber smoothes our tensed and weary limbs, it has held sway in our dreams, where thoughts and scenes of our waking hours were so blended with fancy's warm gay colors, that we have dwelt for a while in an enchanted world whose lovely images the memory likes to hold.

Other times it has come upon us unexpectedly. It has stolen upon us as we breathe spring's scented blossoms and gaze at sunny skies and blue waters, sending through our hearts a warm exotic happiness. We have felt its power as the soft sighs of summer winds went murmuring by, a sweet harmony of waving firs and low sounds of rippling waters mingling musically. Then again, as autumn flaunts its gorgeous hues and replaces the more delicate tints of the summer woods, when every passing breeze chants a low dirge and stirs the faded leaves, then it has caused a music which, being sadder, is more majestic and profound. The soul of poetry is in all these.

Its home is with the beautiful where, from the rich treasures of ages, it scatters with a profuseness light and music to enhance our pathway, and from fancy's rich casket gems the misty past, the Mercurial present, and the mystic future.

Often have we mused on the world of thoughts which its very name calls up. Carried on their swift wings we may be removed to the time, long eons ago, when poetry first began on our little planet its divine benefits. It was, and is still, a potent charm. Like the finger of Midas, it touches all things with its golden hues. Yes, even better is the power of poetry, for it gives the beauty of gold without the hardness of that cruel metal. It is a boon to all.

Yet a multitude of other precious gifts are hers. She donates that priceless state of mind that, being the medium through which all external objects are viewed, imparts to them its own magic tints. Such a mind, even having lost these outward realities, may still, with their forms treasured in memory's hidden depths and in the use of our ever present imagination, create within itself a world so beautiful, as would rival the wonders of a Fairyland. To one she proffers a painter's brush, and lending her inspiration, forms conjured from the real and visionary, glow upon the canvas. To another she gives a sculptor's chisel, and guiding his hand over the cold marble, traces out a lovely creation where dwells a living spirit like a forest nymph or dryad.

The humble and poor have felt its power, indeed often more strongly than the worldly-minded rich, for to them it is the glory touching their every familiar scene. We may follow its living path over the pages of history, a path which shines undimmed by the dust of centuries. We owe to this happy spirit, this benign fairy, a mighty debt, yet few think of her as the charmer of youth, the genius of our ambitions, or the diffuser of brightness for life's fading years.

Some think of her only as that spirit which, dwelling in the poet's mind, comes forth only in the words which flow from his pen. In what themes it takes form! The soft and pensive, the boldly sublime, the tragic, the mirthful, all have been tried. The poet is indeed marked out by Heaven, and his work, his joy, which Man has called poetry, is a gift of Heaven alone.

W. J. MacDONALD,
CLASS V.

In the 15th century Milan took the place in the fashion world that Paris does now. Naturally a person from Milan was "well-dressed," so it came to be that a "well-dressed" individual was called a "Milaner" —hence "milliner."—*Reader's Digest.*

WISHES

Some folks are always wishing
  For the things that cannot be;
Which is very, very foolish—
  Or so it seems to me.

But sometimes in the gloaming,
  Just at the close of day,
I find myself a-wishing
  I could live some other way.

I wish I were the meadow-lark
  With such a wondrous song!
I'd sit up in the tree-top
  And sing the whole day long.

I wish I were a fairy
  And I'd dance about at night
To the soft enchanting music
  In the wan and pale moonlight.

I wish I were a little child,
  To scamper and to play
In the rain or in the sunshine—
  Out-of-doors the live-long day.

I wish I were an artist,
  With the power to display
To the eager world around me,
  The wondrous beauties of each day.

So, when I find myself a-wishing
  For the thing that cannot be,
I have to say, "Now what's the use?—
  I can't be anyone but ME.

And if I were these other folks,
  As I'm wishing I could be,
I'd most likely be a-wishing
  I could be—just plain old ME."

INEZ H. FAWCETT.

"Cold shoulder" was used long before this "flapper age" began. In England when a guest had overstayed his welcome he was served, not with the hot juicy mutton for which England was famous, but with the "cold shoulder"—a gentle reminder.

—*Reader's Digest.*

Announcement

MRS. M. L. McDERMID

late representative of the
Canadian H. W. Gossard Company
announces the opening of

THE McDERMID CORSET SHOP

under her personal management at
802 Robson Street at Howe Vancouver, B.C.
Phone Trinity 3741

PERMANENT WAVES that are
Beautiful as well as Permanent

One of the outstanding differences between the No Heater System of Steam Permanent Waving and any other system, is that the hair becomes WETTER and WETTER during the steaming, not drier and drier. Water actually drips off the hair into small cups on the end of each cutler.

There is never that dry brittle bleached effect with a No-Heater wave which can be had only at the Clou Salon. Your wave will be given personally by

JACQUES CLOU

PARIS COIFFEUR LONDON

Robson and Howe (upstairs) Douglas 2040

Madame Louise

announces

Complete Showing of the Latest Creations

of Leading Modistes at her

NEW MILLINERY PARLOR

recently opened in new and improved quarters at

Phone Seymour 6932 802 Robson Street

Close to Welch's Candy Shop

FROM THE SCHOOL NEWSPAPER

I was walking down the hallway of this edifice of learning
When I came upon a lively group of girls:
Some were powdering their noses, some were looking in the mirror,
So that they could see to comb their waves and curls,
And in all they did, they chattered like the brook the poet speaks of,
About everything, from "cabbages and kings"
To the members of Class V, and everybody's teaching average,
The Strathcona Trust exam, and other things.
There arose from thence a cackle unmistakably Dixonian,
"That is just the funniest joke I ever heard!"
So she told the joke to Mai in several confidential giggles,
While the others strove in vain to catch a word.
"Oh Muriel, how subtle!" cried out Mai in approbation,
"But I wish you wouldn't tell me jokes like that."
Then we heard a little gurgle, and a snicker, and a gurgle—
(Might have known we couldn't keep a joke from Pat!)
Meanwhile Kay was telling Mamie that the dance would be a failure
"The thing'll flop if we can't sell some more!"
When up jumped Inez and Greta and with well-concerted utt'rance,
"In New Westminster we'll each sell 54!"
From the sounds that issued steadily from Mrs. Doidge's office
We should gather that none *could* emerge alive:
But it's only Bet and Enid counting hockey sticks, and laughing,
And Billy trying to phone Fairmont 25.
But these sounds are now subjected to keenest competition,
With raucous ones which issue from Class III:
'Tis the Class III quartette singing (?) (Smitty joining in the chorus)
And "the sweet-voiced nightingale" at doh-soh-me!
Now they all were in the doorway, and Miss Yarrow couldn't pass them,
But she did not her desire to them reveal—
Instead she shrugged her shoulders as she said with resignation—
"A can gang out through the window jest as wee!"
Then I heard someone ask someone who was standing right beside her,
"Oh, say Eleanor, can you tell me the time?"
And I heard her answer "ten-to" and I knew I must be going,
So I guess I'll leave you with this little rhyme.

E. CHILTON,
CLASS II.

Prices for beautifying your dog: Eyebrows plucked, $1; permanent wave, $15; shampoo, $4—$15; and teeth brushed, $2—at a certain Beauty Parlor in New York.—*Reader's Digest.*

MISS JONES' TRIP

(From Miss Jones' talk at the Literary)

ONE of our most entertaining literary meetings was that in which Miss Jones gave an account of how she and a friend saw America by car.

When school was over last June Miss Jones and Miss Kerr lost no time in taking the highway to adventure.

On the road many amusing incidents occurred although at the time perhaps they did not appear so humorous. At the Mexican border some little altercation was experienced with immigration officials, but the adventuresses were eventually successful in pursuading these gentlemen that they meant no harm and would never do it again.

Throughout the whole trip they accepted no masculine help in changing tires though at times punctures were crowding one upon the other, especially on the old Spanish Trail. When they got to Dillon, N. C., they entertained thirty southern gentlemen by a masterful demonstration of how Canadian school teachers change tires. Apparently such a spectacle is seldom seen in Dillon, N. C.

We wish we could reproduce Miss Jones language in her description of the Grand Canyon, but most of us were fortunate in hearing her, so we did not suffer so much from a literary lack on the part of the writer.

From Vancouver the route lay along the Pacific highway to Los Angeles, where a five-day stop was made, then to the Grand Canon, to Juarez, Mexico; through Texas to San Antonio, then to New Orleans and Florida. At Miami the car was overhauled for the first time while the travellers visited Havana.

The journey to New York was made through the Atlantic states, including North and South Carolina, Georgia, and Virginia, with stops in Washington and Atlantic City.

From New York they proceeded to Chicago, to Yellowstone Park, to Bryce Canon, to Portland, along the Columbia River highway—home.

It is a shame that space does not allow us to dwell in more detail on the very interesting occurrences of the trip. Miss Jones fully enjoyed her holiday, and for that we are glad. We are also glad that she consented to give us the benefit of her experience.

We do not wish Miss Jones any hard luck but we almost hope that she has some tires to change at the Normal. Will we help her—?

Teacher: "A person who cannot express himself so that people can understand is an idiot. Do you understand me?"

Voice from back seat: "No."

MAURICE COLBOURNE ON BERNARD SHAW

ON Tuesday, January 21st, Mr. Maurice Colbourne, the actor-manager of an English company reproducing some of Shaw's plays in the city, gave us an interesting insight into the life of the distinguished playwright. His early poverty and subsequent affluence, his perpetual intellectual force and readiness of wit were clearly portrayed, chiefly by the recounting of Shavian anecdotes. We regret that space will not permit of reproducing some of these, but his audience will readily recollect how they gave us a vivid picture of different sides of Shaw's character, his brilliant mental powers, his hatred of convential shams, his human heart beneath it all.

LANTERN-SLIDE LECTURE BY MR. HUMPHREY

ON Tuesday, February 25th, Mr. J. M. Humphrey entertained and instructed us with an illustrated talk on the Revelstoke district of British Columbia. The manifold beauties of this section of the province were excellently impressed on all present by—dare we use the terms?—visual aids and oral descriptions. We were urged to emulate his work (these are the writer's words) and submit choice photographs of B. C. scenery for exhibition so that the wonders of our land may be visible, at least pictorially, to the many who may not have the good fortune to be able to visit them.

CLASS V DEBATE (MARCH 7th)

I AM sure that all who heard the debate last Friday will agree that it was one of the most interesting and instructive afternoons we have spent in the auditorium.

The subject of the debate was: "Resolved That It is in the Best Interests of Canada for the British Empire to be Organized into an Economic Unit."

The affirmative was ably taken by Mr. Kirkby and Mr. Wilson, the former receiving special mention from the judges for his excellent presentation.

Mr. Fitzpatrick and Mr. Clark defended the negative so well that they gained the victory by a two to one vote of the judges, who must have had some considerable difficulty in making their decision. Mr. Clark for the negative, received special mention for his excellent material.

While the judges were making their decision the orchestra played a selection and Mr. Neufeld led the singing in a few songs.

Possibly the most striking feature of the debate was the very keen interest displayed by the student body. Seldom this year has there been given such quiet attention as the debate received. Apparently the students like debates. It is to be hoped that there will be more of them.

DEAN QUAINTON'S LECTURE

ON Tuesday, March 25th, we were fortunate enough to have the opportunity of listening to Dean Quainton on "The Place of the Teaching of Peace in Education."

Though comparing himself at the outset to a "lion in a den of Daniels," he and his audience were *en rapport* from the start. He emphasized the peace mind as a factor in good citizenship and advocated specific lessons on the League of Nations, which, as an historical fact, could not be ignored. Insistence was placed on teaching more than just an outline of its composition and powers. "Who wants to embrace a skeleton?" was his question. Patriotism was not necessarily confined within the bounds of nationalism, he continued. Each of us could and should say, "I am a debtor," the debt being payable first to one's family, then to one's community, later to one's country and then to the world as a whole. Besides, Canada was definitely committed to the League of Nations and her children should realise that loyalty to the one involved loyalty to the other. The pugnacious strain in us all need not be emphasized, but rather the humane side of our natures. The growth of peace in ever-widening circles was explained, as was the idea that the events of the world in their complexity called for some central power. He stated his belief that God meant the world to live together.

Apt illustrations, in which the League of Nations was called the world's one fire-engine, led to the final appeal to sublimate the lower instincts and fight stupidity, disease, ignorance, and sin, and to use the many means he suggested to take for ourselves and arouse in others a real interest in the League of Nations and the cause of peace.

MRS. MAHON'S ADDRESS

THE President of the Affiliated Parent-Teacher Associations of B. C., Mrs. Mahon, on March 28th, addressed the student body on the work of the various P.-T. Associations. The object of these was to bridge the gap between the two professions of parent and teacher.

In British Columbia they were voluntary associations, free from strings in the shape of government aid, and had progressed far enough to have the organizations of Nova Scotia and Saskatchewan ask for information and assistance. Affiliations were not only national but international.

After the war they had been busy raising money for school equipment, and it had been thought that this was their main objective, but the chief purpose was rather to develop a sane study of child educative problems.

There was a goodwill department stressing contact with other nations. Other aims were the formations of libraries, beautification of school grounds, the provision of auditoriums and gymnasia.

The speaker concluded by urging the formation of new Parent-Teacher associations, these to co-operate with school-boards and show real desire to help, not just to criticize.

MR. ALEXANDER'S LECTURE

ON Tuesday, April 3rd, Mr. Alexander of the Dominion Forestry Department gave an interesting exposition of the inner workings of trees. Numerous well-chosen slides displayed wood in sizes from many feet in length to specks of a fraction of an inch. The importance of the lumber industry was explained, with special regard to this province. The speaker concluded by exploding the popular fallacy concerning the annual rise and fall of sap. *"Verbum sap,"* we hope.

SCHOOL DEBATE

THE second debate of the year was held in the auditorium on the afternoon of April 4th, and was much enjoyed by everyone present. The subject under discussion was: Resolved that education beyond Grade VIII. should be vocational rather than cultural. Two of the participants in the first debate were again on the platform: Mr. Clark and Mr. Kirkby, who presented a good case for the affirmative. On this occasion we had the pleasure of hearing two of the ladies speak, the negative being upheld by Miss Chilton of Class II. and Miss M. Gray of Class III. Their presentation was so good and their arguments were so well-supported by authorities that they received the unanimous decision of the judges, although both sides were criticized for evading the main issue.

The judges were Mr. Anstey, Miss Coney, and Mr. Martin, and judging by the applause their decision was a popular one.

The orchestra was with us again and favoured us with a selection in their usual capable manner. This was followed by Community Singing led by Mr. Neufeld.

DEAN QUAINTON'S SECOND LECTURE

ON THURSDAY, MAY 1st, Dean Quainton again addressed the students, this time taking as his subject, "The Use and Misuse of English."

He began by quoting authorities who stated that the noblest literary study and the only possible basis of a liberal education was the study of English, and that the noblest gain was the mastery of that language. To attain this end precision in thought and expression must be cultivated. The prevailing laxity in searching for the right word was censured, and the diction of many public speakers was declared to be positively *vile*. To grasp these exact shades of meaning he advised the reading of great literature, and to acquire skill in their use he suggested "sedulous aping"—as practised by Robert Louis Stevenson—, paraphrasing, and the preparation of digests.

He then went on to impress on our minds that the first essential in a good style is clearness, and to give many well-chosen examples of the opposing literary sins, such as ambiguity, verbosity, and the too frequent use of superlatives or words of Latin origin. The Johnsonian or Latinized version of "Twinke, twinkle, little star," beginning, "Scintillate, scintillate, globule vivific," amusingly showed to what extremes it was possible to go. The next faults to come in for condemnation were mixed metaphors, too much quoting, and the use of colloquialisms and vulgarisms.

A discussion of slang followed. According to the Dean, there was "slang *and* slang." He alluded to the wonderful American faculty for coining words, some of which he believed would eventually be admitted as correct usage, while others would fade into the obscurity they deserved. The slow but continuous growth of the language by the addition of scientific words and slang terms was expounded. He urged giving these latter a chance, and at the same time pointed out that we need not depend entirely on them, as the English language is rich in idioms.

He concluded characteristically with a pertinent anecdote about a clergyman who, in preaching on the misuse of the tongue, uttered this ambiguity, "If you are in the habit of misusing it, cut it out!"

HIKE

STILL MORE HIKE

HIKE

THE TOYMAKERS DREAM

THE SPORT THEY FALL FOR

PROMINENT MEMBERS OF CLASS TWO

DUTCH TREAT

FALL TRACK MEET

Zip! Boom! Bah!
Zip! Boom! Bah!
Normal - Track - Meets
Rah! Rah! Rah!

WHAT does that make you think of? Even the dumbest of Normalites—even the luckless one who hasn't got his "dots" or even an idea for a nature project—can holler with vim and vigor.

"A BIG NIGHT"

Every class was working (as Class II aptly put it) to "Win the pennant or die".

Percy Williams had nothing on us in the way of speed, did he? There were relay-races, peanut races, obstacle races—in fact, every kind of race. And what a tug-of-war—how they tugged! And after that, of course, we had to eat.

No oil-cloth covered tables for us. We were "track-meeters" and the best was none too good. Do you remember Class III's boat floated away with the prize?

In between and from behind bites we discussed the stunts which had previously increased our poundage by making us roar with laughter.

I wonder what's become of A. B. and his whoopee hat or Q. T. and her lipstick.

Is Bluebeard's beard still blue?

Which one of Class II's "break-away" has forsaken teaching for "stepping"?

Remember Class VII at the photographers?

Anyhow, Class II won the pennant, with Class IV a close second. Class VII was still "Ketchin' Up."

Then how the "raftus" rang to "School Days," "Weston Song," and even poor bedraggled "Alouette!"

SPRING TRACK MEET

"SPRING had sprung" and so had another track meet. However it didn't look very much like Spring that night! Did it rain! We noticed that several permanent waves looked water-logged. However, all the Normalites and a crowd of spectators managed to float successfully to the gym.

On entering, we had to laugh at the antics of the cheer leaders and the weird and wonderful contortions of the rooters! And, oh! what sounds they emitted. Whoops! Zips! Booms! and Bah! Not to forget the Rah! Rah! Rahs!

Did you sense the rivalry between Classes III and IV? We got quite a thrill out of watching them run "neck and neck!" But finally Class III won by a nose. They seem to have an affection for the old pennant.

In the skits the "Toymaker's Dream" (Class IV) was a winner. The nifty sailor-lassies hauled down second (Class VI), and the third prize rode away on "A Bicycle Built for Two" (Class VII).

Oscar Burritt proved to be a "ringleader" of the old school (Normal?). The rest of the circus was a big kick with "flying aces," "snake charmers," and even "Fords."

At last we rattled over to the "caf" to eat. And we did! To drink! And we did! (cafe). To listen to speeches! And we did!

But at last the time came to go home. So we did!

Radio for teaching purposes is already in use in England and is being introduced in the United States. Soon we will have nothing to do but tune in and sit down and twiddle our thumbs all morning or better still—take a nap.—*Reader's Digest.*

"Kosher" bacon as been invented in Milwaukee—made out of steer not pig.—*Reader's Digest.*

Athletic
Executive
MAE O. MARTIN
ADVISER
MRS. B. MELLON
ADVISER
Fall Term
1929.
Spring Term
1930.

Girls' "A" Basketball Team

1922-23

MARGARET LYON and BETTY TURNBULL. These two forwards should always be spoken of together. They combined in some very good plays with the center and were undoubtedly the two best shots in the league. Their faults were two, slight signs of temperament and loose checking of the opposing players.

ENID BULMER was captain and played center and guard. She contributed to the team the ability to arrange combinations, check, dribble and score long shots. The same fault as the forwards was evident in her playing.

MAMIE GRAY is our star guard. In this her first year of basketball, she has had offers to play with other teams next season.

BILLIE MCPHEE also played center and guard. Her playing is always noticeably vigorous, which makes her respected in any game.

MYRTLE IRWIN played well until an injury to her knee let her out of the game.

LUCILLE WILSON, HILDA COPELAND, and KAY CATHER played during the latter half of the season and showed considerable development when play was finished.

Girls' "B" Basketball Team

DOROTHY PRICE, captain. Just try to get the jump on our centre forward.

ANNIE TUCK. Mickey, a dashing forward, was the pep member of the team.

MARION VIGNER. Wiggie, another speedy forward, had an eagle eye for baskets.

ADA ALBIN. An alert guardian of the hoop. Ada kept many a score from rolling up against us.

FREDA MCKENZIE. Able co-defender of Ada's. Freda broke up many plans of ambitious forwards.

MARJORIE HILL, forward. Marj. could be relied on to make lots of trouble for opposing guards.

MARJORIE WHEELER, guard. One of the girls who helped keep the "Bees" in existence during the last of the season.

GWEN MCLARNIN, guard. Her speedy and valuable services were lost early in the season due to a sprained ankle.

GRETA BRYER, forward. While Greta was with the team she showed signs of becoming a capable player.

MARJORIE BROWN, forward With experience and practice Marj. will keep any guard busy.

Grass Hockey Team

THIS year a grass hockey team was organized under the wing of Mr. Anstey, who acted as coach and general manager. A new league was formed in the city, namely the Women's Hockey League of the Lower Mainland. Normal entered in this league along with Ex-South Vancouver, Ex-North Vancouver, Ex-Britannia, U. B. C. and Varsity. At the beginning of the season Normal was fortunate and succeeded in having 20 players on hand for practice. In the League Normal was fairly successful at first. On one occasion they held North Vancouver, who were then the League leader, to a 4-4 draw. But alas! Lady Luck soon departed from our fold and consequently Normal had to withdraw from the League owing to the fact that it was impossible to field a full team. Better luck to grass hockey in the coming years!

An interesting feature of the new league was an exhibition game between an all-star team from the city High-School League and an all-star team from the Lower Mainland League, which resulted in a 2-1 victory for the High School students. Normal was well represented in the game, Betty Turnbull and Mamie Gray obtaining berths on the latter team.

Boys' Basketball Team

JACK HORBURY—The author of the following scurrilous remarks. He also managed the girls' "A" team.

SAWYER—Center. Played brilliantly when he did play.

BURRITT—"All right gang, fall back now. Remember the five-man defense." Played guard.

DICKSON—A good guard. Harry was captain during the first half of the season.

CHAPPELL—A natural and wonderful basketball player. Played guard and was a dangerous shot.

MAXWELL—Our rangy center, fast, untiring, and dangerous. Wesley played in every game. Ask Ripley for particulars.

WATSON—Speedy and aggressive; a great asset during the second term.

SMITH—Old enough to wear long pants. A speedy forward.

ALLAN—Right forward; played a steady game.

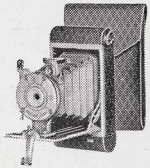
COOP—Right forward; our crack shot.

REID—A hard worker. His best game was against the Junior High.

HARDY—A very fast guard consistently good.

RUDY WILEY—Our manager. "Say, what's Hardwick's phone number?"

Kodaks Petite in Lovely Colors



Come in and see these gay little cameras

They are all their name implies—smart, small, Paris-inspired; in five lovely colors—green, grey, lavender, blue and old rose.

The moment you see them you'll want to own one. And no reason why you shouldn't. Their cost is but $6.75; carrying case to match, $1.25.

Picture size 1⅝ x 2½

Eastman Kodak Stores, Limited

610 Granville Street

The great men of the Peace Conference were sitting around a big table, everyone talking at once, to decide who should be Secretary-General of the League of Nations. Clemenceau, who was dozing, woke with a start, looked around and, seeing only one man in the room who wasn't talking, he said to Lloyd George—"Who is that man?" "Oh!" said the little Welshman, "he is my secretary." "Good, we'll give him the job—he never says anything."—And he closed his eyes again. Oddly enough the man in question, Sir Eric Drummond, did get the job and is still Secretary-General.—*Reader's Digest.*

Everything for Every Sport

AT

The SPORT SHOP

Phone Sey. 3775 924 Granville Street

Special Prices to Clubs and School Students

The Most Fashionable Women are Wearing the Smart, Pure Wool

SHAGMOOR TOPCOATS

—AS—

Sport Coats, Town and Country Coats, Motor Coats, Train Coats, Steamer Coats, Yacht Coats, Aviation Coats, Business Coats, Shopping Coats, Tea-Party Coats.

In Other Words: All-occasion Coats

PRACTICALLY WEATHERPROOF—BEAUTIFUL OF LINES—EXQUISITELY TAILORED—PERFECT FITTING — MOST ECONOMICALLY PRICED

Sold in This City Only at

DAVID SPENCER

LIMITED

VANCOUVER, B.C.

GIRLS' "A" BASKETBALL TEAM

IF THE READER will observe the picture of this team, he will see an expression of cheerfulness and humor on all the faces. That is a permanent characteristic of the whole group and was in evidence in the final game of the senior girls' series. In that game they defeated First Church Excelsiors and won the trophy shown in the picture.

From the point of view of athletics, it is unfortunate that the Normal School course is not of two years' duration. If the team could be together for one more season they would probably at least win the league championship.

They used a system of set plays and signals from the tip off. Thus when the members were determined they usually outplayed their opponents.

The team was very well managed by Jack Horbury and coached by Oscar Burritt.

THE OUTDOOR TRACK MEET

ON FRIDAY, MAY 2nd, Normal turned out in full force for the hurriedly-arranged Outdoor Track Meet. The threat of the physical education examination was dispelled by the warm sunshine of the afternoon. Although there was very little time for training, several competitors were clocked in good time. Jack Chappell, the star of the meet, performed brilliantly in winning first place in all the boys' events but one. (Bravo, Jack!) Watson surprised everyone by winning the two-twenty and following Jack in the hundred.

Mamie Gray led the girls by winning both the hundred and the fifty yard dashes, doing the hundred in excellent time. (We're with you, Mamie.) Dorothy Vyse upheld the glory of Nelson by placing second in the hundred, and third in the fifty. Enid Bulmer, who holds several records in Inter High School Track, could not dash because of an injured knee, but was the best of the broad-jumpers and placed third in the high jump.

The day ended, as all Normal festivities do, with refreshments. 'Tis said that some of the girls ate as many as six ice creams and as for the boys———.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

THE boys' team representing the school was of the combination type as opposed to star and followers method. We had about a dozen players all of whom could fill in when called upon to do so. The outstanding feature of the group was the use of set plays and controlled defense. Using this method of play, the team played First Church Excelsiors, B. C. champions, but lost to them, 18 to 15, in a good game.

The record of games played is fairly bright, and at the same time quite poor. We lost twice to Dunbar and once to the Vikings. On the other hand we beat the Normal Grads, and gave the Monarchs one of the three defeats in all their league games. One of the most enjoyable contests occurred at the end of teaching week at the Templeton Junior High School, and was played before a howling mob of students whose yells of encouragement made things quite exciting.

In enumerating the members, it is impossible to write down the names of five regulars and a group of spares, so even was the standard of play. The only exception to this rule is Jack Chappell who played at left guard all season.

GIRLS' "B" BASKETBALL TEAM

THE pride of Normal! Edmonton Grads had better look to their laurels if this team is to continue playing together. Their playing was superb, but, alas, they were always superbly outplayed. Cellar position would have been keenly fought for but no other team strove to take this honor from the "Bees."

Although they were the ketchup of the league they provided some opposition to the other teams. In the last game with the "A's" they actually led at quarter time! Have they an alibi for their defeats? A good one? "Lack of school support," wailed the girls, "there goes another game."

LIFE-SAVING

IN December Miss Nellie Mellish entered a class for the Bronze Medallion, all of whom passed very creditably. Those who passed are: Miss Grace Jamieson, Miss Kay Cather, Miss Sylvia Chester, Miss Jean Knight and Miss Margaret Lyon. Miss Nellie Mellish obtained her Honorary Instructor's Certificate.

Miss Betty Turnbull intends to take her Award of Merit in the spring.

The following have classes practising for the Bronze award which they hope to put through in the spring.

Miss Kay Cather, instructor. Class: Miss Evah Chase, Miss May Fairfoull, Miss Elsie Currie, Miss Mary Bryant, Miss May Davis and Miss Ethel Beamish.

Miss Betty Turnbull, instructor. Class: Miss Mary Price, Miss Isabelle Quayle, Miss Bunty Renwick, Miss Evelyn Weir, Miss Marjorie Wheeler, Miss Annie Tuck, Miss Enid Bulmer and Miss Elva Ashley.

Miss Jean Knight, instructor. Class: Miss Alberta Johnstone, Miss Myrtle Irwin, Miss Isabel Henderson, Miss Iva Gleave, Miss Nan Cottrell, Miss Eileen Montgomery, Miss Aileen Lockhart-Smythe, Miss Kathleen Barrett and Miss Dorothy Calvert.

Miss Margaret Park, instructor. Class: Miss Rhoda Mailes, Miss Marjorie Brown, Miss Mamie MacMurray, Miss Ivy Walker, Miss Dorothy Price, Miss Lucille Wilson and Miss Winnie Rae.

Foster's Fine Furs

Oldest Fur House in B. C.

Designers and Makers

A style for every woman fitted to her particular type, creating an air of individuality in patterns which is an essential to the well dressed woman.

Call to see our selections

PHONE SEYMOUR 6320 706 SEYMOUR ST.

The New GRESHAM Full Fashioned Pure Silk Stocking with the Latest Style FRENCH HEEL. $1.29 PAIR

B. M. Clarke LIMITED
443 Hastings W.
726 Granville St.
GRESHAM
ALSO AT VICTORIA AND NEW WESTMINSTER

"GRESHAM'S" LAST LONGER

EVERYTHING FOR SPORT
WE PLAY THE GAME INDOORS AND OUT

George Sparling Sporting Goods

718 ROBSON STREET VANCOUVER, B.C.
Phone Douglas 4131

The Modern Girl

Selects her beauty shop with the same discrimination she uses in choosing her clothes.

Our shop and operators meet in every way her exacting requirements.

We Are Now Featuring

Artist's Permanent Wave, $10

Entire Head, Including Shampoo and Finger Wave

The HAIRDRESSING ANNEX

470 Hastings West at Richards (Upstairs)

Seymour 5443

GRADUATE

the habit of asking us for ideas and helps to make your social functions successful. Our Social Department is equipped to provide for all your needs in Stationery and Printing.

Wedding, At Home and Reception Cards

GEHRKE'S
566 SEYMOUR STREET

Bridge Scores Dance Programs

BADMINTON

THE game of pushfeathers commenced with much enthusiasm last fall. A club was formed, Miss Jo Varseveld being elected president and Mr. Perry Dickenson, secretary. Players were soon keen for a tournament and draws were arranged. The Christmas holidays arrived, however, with only one championship being declared, Miss Varseveld and Mr. MacLean having won the mixed doubles. Owing to the mid-term graduation of some of the players, champions were not declared in the other sections.

Tuesday, April 1st, found members of the staff and club journeying to White Rock to fulfil a challenge to a tournament. Play was very close during the evening. The mixed doubles finished 8 all, but White Rock forged ahead in the men's doubles to win the tournament 13-10.

We challenged them to a return engagement in our gym and on April 16th hostilities were renewed. Being on our own floor we had an advantage and finished on the long end of a 15-9 score.

VOLLEY BALL

WHEN Basketball was over Volley Ball speedily drew to the gym a number of keen supporters, who, with the able coaching of Mr. Martin, have made great progress. Some, 'tis said, have even been known to serve the ball over the net twice in succession.

As played in the gym, Volley Ball is a very interesting game to watch, consisting chiefly, as it does, in many and varied poses, leaps, rolls, and tumbles, calculated to produce great mirth among the players.

It has been suggested that some of the lanky members of Class V be required to play on their knees, since their habit of reaching over the net to drop the ball proves distinctly annoying to the opposing side.

Of course, as in all games, several bright stars have arisen. Connie Kent has perfected an infallible stroke to send the ball out of bounds over her head, while Isabel Yarrow is claimed by all to be a good little player.

Kathleen Keen is also supposed to be a keen shot and as for Class V, Fred Hardy and Adam Reid know all about RUGBY.

CHESS GAMES WITH U.B.C.

During the latter part of the school year two consultation chess games were started between P. N. S. and the members of the University Club. Mr. Ewing, assisted by Mr. Wilson, led our forces. The Varsity final examinations caused a break in the battle, and at the time of writing the games have not been finished. We feel justified, however, in saying that we have at least held our own on both boards.

EVERY Wednesday Mr. Martin's car went packed with swimmers to Canadian Memorial tank. There, from 3:30 to 4:30, under his watchful eye and helping guidance we went through varied antics and found we could do many things formerly thought impossible.

The major event of the swimming season was the inter-class swimming meet, held on March 26. Representatives competed from each class. Classes VI and VII combined efforts, since only four could swim at a time in the tank, and we did not want to take time with eliminations. Class II carried off the honors with twenty-seven points, while, pressing them all the way, Class IV followed with twenty-three points. Class III did not prove itself as able in swimming as in other sports events and came third, most of its points being won by Miss Grace Jamieson. Miss Betty Turnbull deserves credit for her fine work in getting points for Class IV.

The boys put up a very good showing, being divided into two teams, Mr. Chappell's and Mr. Hardy's. Mr. Chappell's team came first in all but the diving, when Mr. Hardy scored against Mr. Horbury.

A very interesting item on the program was the obstacle race, which afforded much amusement to the spectators. Miss Mamie MacMurray won this with great ease.

The program was followed by a stunt in which almost all swimmers took part.

This meet was under the very able guidance of Mr. Martin. The judges for the swimming were: Mr. Martin, Mr. Hall, and Mr. Weston and judging the diving were Miss Maynard, Miss Gwen Cather, and Miss Dorothy Turnbull.

CHESS

Since writing the first notice the games have been resumed, but it will not be possible to give results before publication.

Music and Drama

"I AM MUSIC"

"SERVANT and master am I; servant of those dead and master of those living. Through me spirits immortal speak the messages that make the world weep, and laugh, and wonder, and worship.

I tell the story of love, the story of hate, the story that saves, and the story that damns. I am the incense upon which prayers float to Heaven. I am the smoke which palls over the field of battle where men lie dying with me on their lips.

I am close to the marriage altar, and when the graves open I stand nearby. I call the wanderer home. I rescue the soul from the depths. I open the lips of lovers, and through me the dead whisper to the living.

One I serve as I serve all; and the king I make my slave as easily as I subject his slave. I speak through the birds of the air, and insects of the field, the crash of waters on rock-ribbed shores, the sighing of wind in the trees, and I am even heard by the soul that knows me in the clatter of wheels on city streets.

I know no brother, yet all men are my brothers. I am the father of the best that is in them, and they are the fathers of the best that is in me; I am of them, and they are of me. For I am the instrument of God.

I am Music."

MISS CONEY

"YOU cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear;" yet you, Miss Coney, undertook the stupendous task of teaching music to over two hundred ignorant and unappreciative Normal students. How often you must have felt discouraged as you looked into a roomful of blank faces! How often must you have been devoutly thankful that Mendelssohn could not hear us as we desecrated his immortal works!

Now I should continue by saying that we shall all leave Normal School with a thorough knowledge of all the five music books, not forgetting Curwen's Modulator and the inevitable time-tests. This alas! is impossible. But although there are many of us who will never know the doh-la interval, and to whom the intricacies of the "tafa tai" will always remain a profound mystery, we shall carry away with us higher ideals of music as a whole, a richer understanding of harmony, and, what is most important, a desire to learn more.

CHOIR ACTIVITIES

THE students and their friends have been treated to an enjoyable musical evening twice during the year.

On December 19th, the choir and orchestra, directed by Miss Coney, presented an evening of Christmas music. Miss Carpenter read a paper on the origin of Christmas, which was illustrated by the different classes of the school. Two delightful solos by Miss Hall and Miss Chilton, "The Annunciation," by Miss Chilton and Messrs. Chappell and Neufeld, and "The Three Kings of Orient," by Messrs McIntyre, Neufeld, Smith and Sanders, rounded out an enjoyable programme, on which were, of course, old favorites such as "Nowell" and "Immanuel."

On March 28th, we spent "An Evening with Mendelssohn." From a paper read by Miss Dixon we learned much of the life and works of this great composer, and listened with greater understanding to such of his compositions as were rendered by choir and orchestra. Miss Chilton sang "O Rest in the Lord" from that immortal oratorio "Elijah," while Miss Vyse's rendering of "On Wings of Song" was enjoyed by everyone. Miss Walker interpreted in dance the charming "Spring Song," and Miss Hurum showed us another mood of Mendelssohn in "Rondo Capriccioso." A chorale from the "Hymn of Praise" made a fitting close to a delightful and instructive evening.

Miss Coney, exasperated at student's silence: "What's the matter, you haven't sung a note this period?"

Embarrassed student: "Er, I have a corn."

Miss Coney: "That has nothing to do with singing."

Student: "But I always feel the beat with—my foot."

PRIMARY NURSERY RHYME

Mary had a little lamb,
Her father shot it dead;
And now it goes to school with her
Between two chunks of bread.

COMMUNTY SINGING

VISITORS at the Normal have been startled, on Thursdays, by weird sounds coming from the auditorium. On making inquiries they have found that for one brief hour a week Jake Neufeld has charge of the students. It seems that Jake has hypnotic powers which he has learned from Jack Chappell, his predecessor at the Thursday noon functions.

This hypnotic power Jake uses to make the students do his bidding, and, being of a musical turn, he herds them into the lecture hall where he dominates their minds to the extent that they disturb the peace.

Jake has an intimate acquaintance with the contents of Book V—especially with the "Anvil Chorus" and "Rachel, Rachel," also "Begone, Dull Care." These selections resound through the academic halls with shocking regularity and often in shocking time.

Moreover, certain members of Class V, whose minds are too powerful to be submerged by the mesmeric influence of Mr. Neufeld, have been known still further to disturb the peace. These certain members, well-known in singing circles, have at times taken it upon themselves to improvise a descant. The harmony of their descant can scarcely be imagined and certainly can never be appreciated except by those with the most sophisticated musical taste. A liking for such music is like an appetite for olives—it is entirely acquired.

But notwithstanding all this, community singing has been on the whole a great success. It has even met the approval of Miss Coney—a fact which is not lightly to be considered.

ENCOURAGE
MUSIC
STUDY

Beautiful in Appearance and Tonal Qualities

THE study of music besides giving one of life's greatest enjoyments, develops the memory and powers of concentration, making study a pleasure.

Music's basic musical instrument is the piano, and a Mason & Risch Piano is ideally suited for bringing out latent musical talent.

DIRECT FROM OUR
FACTORY-TO-YOUR-HOME

Terms to Suit Any Income

MASON & RISCH LTD.

738 GRANVILLE STREET (Vancouver Block)
VANCOUVER, B.C.

NELSON—513 Ward Street, Box 615
KELOWNA—Bernard Ave., Box 415

The Path to Success Lies Through a Business Training at the

PITMAN
BUSINESS COLLEGE

A Thorough and Intensive Secretarial Training will Fit You for a Position of Trust and Responsibility.

Our Courses are given by Individual Attention

Subjects Taught

Bookkeeping and Higher Accountancy	Rhythmic Touch Typewriting
Bookkeeping Machines	Stenotypy
Commercial Arithmetic	Filing
Commercial Law	Office Practice
Business Correspondence	Mimeographing
Penmanship	Multigraphing
Calculator Machines	Dittoing
Adding Machines	Comptometry
Pitman Shorthand	Secretarial Routine and Technique
Gregg Shorthand	Office Appliances

and All General Business College Subjects Taught

Our Graduates Are Always Placed in Good Positions.

DAY AND NIGHT SCHOOL

Enroll at Any Time

PITMAN BUSINESS COLLEGE LTD.

Vancouver's Leading Business College

422 Richards Street Phone Seymour 9135

Corner Hastings Street

THE ORCHESTRA

ALTHOUGH the orchestra for this session was not a very large one it exhibited a creditable amount of musical talent. At the first meeting of the members, Mr. Maxwell, first violinist, was appointed "orchestra leader." This position involved numerous responsibilities and none more difficult than that of convincing the other members that they must all turn out to practise at the same time, rather than choosing various hours and days to appear.

Beside featuring in the programmes presented for the Christmas and Pre-Easter Musicals, the orchestra has played at the Literary Meetings throughout the term. Most of the selections which were played were those more easily adapted to the stringed instruments, but the wind instruments have featured very successfully in several pieces. The orchestra's repertoire includes selections from "Il Trovatore," by Verdi; "The Blue Danube Waltz," by Strauss; pieces chosen from the Sam Fox Orchestrations, and several well-known compositions by Mendelssohn. The latter were perhaps the most ambitious of their undertakings.

On the whole, the orchestra has had a very successful year. It has been not only an asset to the school but also a source of enjoyment and valuable practice for the members.

The members of the orchestra are: Violinists, Mr. Maxwell, Misses Ashley, Fawcett, Metcalfe and Clements; Violoncellist, Miss Montgomery; Pianiste, Miss Hurum; the wind instruments are played by Messrs. Coop, Chappell and Burrows.

A special word of thanks is due to Miss Stella Hurum, who has given unstintingly of her time and talents on all occasions. Not for her brilliant solo work, which brings its own applause, but for the unspectacular task of accompanist to choir, orchestra and soloists. Her digestion and patience remain uninpaired by hurried noon hours and "temperamental" artists, and many have cause to be grateful. Stella, we thank you!

MURDER

March 28: "Miss Coney and the choir took Mendelssohn's life."

Mr. Anstey had finished a lesson and asked: "What shall we do next."

Dreary Jen: "Let's act the 'Lotus Eaters' and go to sleep."

I know two school teachers; one has no princip(al) and the other has no class.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

NO school is quite complete without a Literary Society. Surely no other society plays such an important part in Normal School life. As a rule, "Lit" meetings were held every fortnight, on a Friday afternoon. The interesting programmes during the fall term proved the wisdom of the students in electing Mr. Burritt president, Miss Pollitt vice-president, and Miss W. Hall secretary. These officers, with the aid of the Executive, did splendid work in presenting programmes of various kinds. One programme worthy of especial note was presented by Classes VI and VII, who rendered the pretty operetta, "Snowdrop and the Dwarfs," so successfully that it was planned to repeat it for the Model School. The illness of Miss McGrath, the leading lady, prevented this however.

In the spring term, the work of the society was ably carried on with Mr. Clark as president, Mr. Clare as vice-president, and Miss Renwick as secretary.

Of all the meetings held this term, undoubtedly the most interesting was that presented by the members of Classes II and V. This meeting, a "Trip Around the World," took us to hear the darkies sing in Alabama, to see the winsome peasant girls of Holland dance, and to watch the Chinese students in the process of acquiring knowledge.

An innovation during the second term was the introduction of a school paper, to be read at the meetings.

Owing to the regrettable illness of Mr. McIntosh, the inter-class debates were cancelled, but Class V put on a debate, "Resolved that Canada Would Benefit if the British Empire Were an Economic Unit," in which Messrs. Kirkby, Wilson, Clark and Fitzpatrick distinguished themselves. A few weeks later we heard another debate in which Misses Gray and Chilton ably defended "Cultural Education in the High Schools" against the onslaughts of Messrs. Kirkby and Clark.

In concluding this report, let us give credit where credit is due. Without the executive, the students could have done nothing; without student co-operation, the executive would have been helpless. Both would have been handicapped without the invaluable advice of our Faculty advisers: Miss Coney, Miss Bollert, Mr. Anstey, Mr. Hall, and Mr. McIntosh.

Violet dusts the mirror of L. V. Z.'s vanity case before using it.
L. V. Z. (furiously): "Are you casting any reflections?"
Vi.: "No, trying to get one."

Mr. Martin: "Where do the jelly fish get their jelly?"
Student: "From the ocean currents, I think."

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY

AT THE suggestion of several students this branch of the Literary Society was formed. Miss Chilton was asked by the Executive to take charge of the organization. A general meeting was held, at which the members were divided into four groups, each of which was to elect a leader, and produce a short play during the Spring term.

The first play to be produced was by Group 3, under the direction of Miss Dixon, whose play, "The Game of Adverbs," was much enjoyed by the student body. Messrs. Lyons, Hardy, and Burritt, with the remainder of the cast, gave a creditable performance, especially so as any such extra-curriculum activity necessitates a great sacrifice on the part of those concerned.

Miss Rea's group, Group 2, presented a delightfully entertaining hour with "Ici On Parle Francais." Mr. and Mrs. Spriggins, played by Miss Carpenter and Mr. Lyons, interpreted their parts well, while the Major (Mr. Chappell) and his wife (Miss Wilson) proved adequate foil for the lovers. (Miss Pearson and Mr. Coop).

Group 4, under Miss Yarrow, presented "The Necktie Hero" at a Literary meeting, starring Miss McPhee, Miss Varsefeld, and Mr. Sawyer.

Group 1 were obliged to cancel their play owing to unavoidable circumstances.

In all, the work involved in the organization has been adequately offset by the pleasure which it has afforded to both players and audiences.

In England, in the 14th century, there was no universal language of any description. French, Latin and Saxon, combined with numerous dialects, divided the country into many sections, the boundaries defined by the differences in tongue. A language that could be understood by all was made necessary for edicts and proclamations and gradually a dialect grew up out of this babel, and to distinguish it from others it was called "The King's English." Chaucer, being much about the court, learned this style and used it for his writings.—And this conglomeration was the foundation of our English language.

—*Reader's Digest.*

Mr. J. Chappell came home one night and burst right in on a tea, and overheard the remark, "Oh, yes, Jack is a model husband."

Not being sure of his vocabulary, he consulted the dictionary and found: "Model—A small imitation of the real thing."

CLASS III PARTY

ON November 1st, Class III held the first class party of the year. A very enjoyable evening was afforded many Normal students and their friends. The evening was spent in dancing, the music being supplied by Barney Potts' "Sun Dodgers." The general convener was Miss Gray, who, assisted by Miss F. Morrison and Miss D. Graham, skilfully made all the arrangements for the evening's fun.

The gymnasium was artistically decorated with gold and blue streamers issuing from a Chinese lantern suspended from the centre of the ceiling.

At 10:30 the dancers adjourned to the Cafeteria where appetizing refreshments were served.

Dancing was resumed until 12 o'clock.

The Patronesses were Mrs. Weston, Miss Bollert, and Miss Maynard.

CLASS V PARTY

CLASS V held their dance in the Normal Gym on Friday, November 29th, 1929.

Despite the fog and rain there was a fair crowd and the dance was enjoyed by all, including the patrons and patronesses, Miss Bollert, Miss Maynard, Mr. McIntosh, Mr. Anstey, Mr. Hall, Mr. Ewing and Mr. Martin.

The decorations were planned and arranged by Johnnie Allan; Tony Kokoros was responsible for the music, and Jim Coop for the tickets.

CLASS PARTY—CLASSES II AND IV

NOT even Mr. Weston would be expected to fill artistically that vast bare expanse that is our gym—but Classes II and IV succeeded in hiding its ugly *construction lines* with pretty *decorative lines*, under the able leadership of Mai Davis and Billy McPhee. They prepared a pleasing setting for such revelry—a low hung ceiling draped with serpentine; a pennant here and there, a cozy corner with lounging chairs, bridge tables and lamp.

But the *dominant interest* was the color of the smart sport costumes—red blazers, pleated skirts, berets, sweaters and white flannels—as the dance took the form of a "Co-ed."

One feels confident that Miss Bollert would have no criticism to make on the *suppression of impulses*. The *stimulus*, the peppy musicians, and program attended to by Mamie McMurray and Muriel Dixon, got pleasing *responses*—a happy laugh, a whirl, a hop, a kick, a dazzling smile, a merry flow of conversation.

The orchestra members took a well-earned rest while the dancers swam through the rain to the cafeteria—where novel refreshments had been provided by May Fairfoull and Sarah McWhinney.

In order that you may have some definite evidences of the success of our "Co-ed," here they are, from "Normal" professors.

1. "I'm having a wonderful time—my program's not half long enough."
2. "A very successful dance—by far the best yet."
3. "The best time I've had in twenty years."

CLASS VI AND VII

THE dance held by Classes VI and VII in the Normal Gym. on March the 14th, was an original idea in the shape of a "Dutch Treat Co-ed."

March the 14th, was an original idea in the shape of a "Dutch Treat Coed."

The Dutch idea was carried out by the Dutch blue and yellow decorations and by the novel Dutch costumes of the hostesses. Miss Hurum and Miss Shuttleworth.

The conveners were: Refreshments, Miss Dorothy Calvert; Programme, Miss Pat Grossman; Decorations, Mary Waine.

The patrons and patronesses were: Mr. and Mrs. Ewing, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Miss Bollert and Miss Maynard.

After VON LUFFLY EEFNING the jolly crowd broke up at about 12 o'clock.

THE SEMI-ANNUAL BALL

From 9:00 p.m.—1:00 a.m.

ON November 15th, the first Normal School semi-annual ball was held at the Alma Academy. As Len Chamberlain's snappy orchestra played modern drags, fox trots, etc., the students dropped the "classroom air and dignity"; and between dances played that little game of hide and seek. Many exclamations of rage were heard as the music started and partners were still missing.

At 11:30 the crowd made a rush for the banquet room, where refreshments were served on daintily decorated tables. The appetizing "refuelling" did not, however, detain the dance enthusiasts unduly. They returned to the auditorium and clamored for more music.

The Athletic Executive were fortunate in having for patrons and patronesses: Miss Maynard, Miss Bollert, Mr. and Mrs. Anstey, Mr. and Mrs. Ewing, and Mr. and Mrs. Martin. To them the Athletic Executive would like to offer its thanks.

THE SPRING "SEMI-ANNUAL"

THE verdict seems to be that the spring semi-annual was even better than the fall dance. The Alma was less crowded, and therefore the dancing was more pleasant. Len and his boys were in their best form, and the music certainly was irresistible. For our special benefit they had newly decorated the platform in a conglomerate camp style, consisting of everything from unpeeled potatoes, supposedly frying in a pan, to rifles and chickenhawks.

Mr. and Mrs. Weston, Mr. and Mrs. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Anstey, Miss Bollert and Mr. Robinson acted as our patrons and patronesses. Mr. Weston and Mr. Hall seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely, and at any time could be seen dancing with one (or more) of the prospective teachers.

The programme had been well planned, as had the refreshments—which seemed to add to the evening's enjoyment.

"Individuality Rules the Waves" given at

MAISON HENRI

Phone Seymour 3631

550 Granville Street

The Largest and Oldest Permanent Wave Shop.

Our prices are moderate, viz.: $7.50, $10, $12.50 and $15.00.

Our Permanents are Perfect—Try one and you will agree with us.

We also have a staff of 30 skilled operators (no apprentices or students) for:

Finger Waving	Tinting
Marcel Waving	Hennas
Shadow Waving	Shampooing
Facials (all systems)	Rinses and
Manicuring	Paper Curl

Lady and Men Attendants in our Haircutting Department

NORMAL HIKES

IT IS well known that the students of the Vancouver Normal School have a great love for all the works of nature. They have been known to go into raptures amounting almost to hysterics over a butterfly or a worm. They have laughed themselves sick at bird plays and have shaken the heavens with deep lamentations over the death of a pet nature project.

Then, what could be more natural than that these same students should make frequent excursions into Mother Nature's vast, untamed domain, where dwell the Mother's children?

To Capilano in the early fall, to Lynn Valley, and up the Grouse Mountain trail went parties of hikers in search of specimens of the mountain flowers—all hikes attended with the keenest pleasure and

UNION STEAMSHIPS

OFFER A SERIES OF DELIGHTFUL SUMMER CRUISES

ALL PICNIC
FACILITIES
AT
BOWEN ISLAND
AND
SECHELT

S.S. "LADY ALEXANDER" AT SNUG COVE
BOWEN ISLAND, THE POPULAR PICNIC RESORT.

ENJOY YOUR
VACATION
ON
THE
UNION LINE

Full Information, Steamer and Hotel Reservations at

City Office, 793 Granville St., Sey. 9331 Union Dock: Trinity 1321

a sense of time well spent. Later, when inclement weather prevented a hike farther afield, the students enjoyed an afternoon walk around Stanley Park, admired the sunset from Prospect Point, and were entertained at the historic side of Pauline Johnston's burial place by a touching rendition of one of the finest works of the native poetess.

In the spring term, Grouse Mountain, Hollyburn Ridge, and Capilano commanded the attention of the hikers. Of the trips to Hollyburn and Grouse, both of which were thoroughly enjoyable, the most noteworthy point was the keen delight all evinced in ski-ing. Children of Nature themselves for the moment, the students apparently attempted to merge themselves with Nature's bountiful blanket, or at least to submerge themselves in it. At any rate, judging from their appearance afterwards, they succeeded admirably in both.

A FAREWELL

We, the student body of the Normal School, who have participated and revelled in these hikes wish, as we leave the scene that for the last ten months has been both our joy and our grief, to thank Mr. Martin whose thoughtful patronage has made our excursions possible. To Mr. Weston also, we extend our thanks and to all other members of the staff who have accompanied us.

To those who have missed the hikes, we who have enjoyed them accord our sincerest sympathy—for there is engendered in the great outdoors a "get-together" spirit, a freedom, a sacred "cameraderie"—not seen nor heard, but felt.

And so with this in our minds—"Farewell."

D. M. FITZPATRICK.

ADVANCE NOTICES

The social event of the season will take place on June 2nd, when the girls, with the help of Miss Maynard and Miss Coney, will hold their garden party on the school lawn.

The girls (with the exception of a few who will not have the temerity to appear) will wear their masterpieces—the dresses over which they have struggled for long, weary hours (?)

Miss Coney is arranging a programme to last from 1.15 to 3.00 p.m. The different classes are to sing for us. And do we hear strange rumors of Oscar flitting around in "Pyramus and Thisbe"? I assure you, we *are* looking forward to this.

From 3:00 until 4:00, refreshments will be served, which have been arranged by the girls with Miss McWhinney as convener. Tea will be poured by Miss Bollert, Miss Jones, Mrs. Anstey, Mrs. Weston, Mrs. McLean, and Mrs. Martin.

THE PICNIC

The Annual Picnic is to be held at Bowen Island on June 6th—the boat to leave at 9 a.m., and return at 6 p.m.

The day will be devoted to swimming, boating, and tennis. Having heard of past enjoyable Normal picnics, we are looking forward to this one, . . . and hoping that it will not rain!

MR. HOWLETT

Has anyone ever seen Mr. Howlett minus his well-known smile? He has been at Normal much longer than any of us, but he is still able to see the pleasant side of life. He has seen many classes come and go. Perhaps he has learned, with Tennyson's Brook, to laugh at the frailty of human nature. At any rate he carries on, he laughs and—more than that—he lends a hand.

MR. COCROFT

Let us suppose that Mr. Cocroft growled at us when we went in search of the ladder; that he sternly bade us leave suddenly when we invaded his sanctum sanctorum in search of stage scenery; that he abruptly requested us to let him alone when we asked for the keys on Saturday morning; that he failed to see the importance of the latest project: let us, in short, suppose that Mr. Cocroft is not Mr. Cocroft.

MR. LEWIS

Making things grow that should grow, and discouraging those things that shouldn't—but persist in doing so—is a task that calls for skill and still greater persistance. A visit to the greenhouse shows how it is done, and if we want a few special tips, we have only to ask Mr. Lewis.

His activities extend beyond our walls and some of the results of his handiwork may be seen in the Courthouse plots.

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

THIS year, for the first time since the Great War, a Junior Red Cross Society was organized. This came as a result of a gift of finely embroidered handkerchiefs, sent to the school by the Bulgarian Red Cross Society. In order to reciprocate this gift, an organization meeting was held for the formation of the Junior Red Cross. At this meeting, on January 22nd, an interesting talk was given by Miss A. B. Jamieson, who is associated with the Canadian Red Cross. Miss Bollert very willingly acted as organizer of the society. The following is the executive:

Superintendent, Miss Bollert; Asst. Superintendents, Miss Maynard, Miss Jones; President, Mamie Gray; Vice-President, Grace Carpenter; Secretary, Marion Tulloch; Treasurer, Doreen Pollitt; Convener of Programme Committee, Mai Davis.

On March 13th the Junior Red Cross held an open meeting which was conducted as an example of a Junior Red Cross meeting which could be held in a rural school. The main part of the program was a health play, "The Defeat of King Disease."

The last activity to date of the Society is a "School Portfolio" to be sent to Bulgaria. This portfolio is to give some conception of the work done in our school. The portfolio is to include:

1. An Art Book of Brush Drawings and Posters.
2. A Primary Handwork Book.
3. A Clothing Book.
4. A Nature Specimen Book.
5. A Geography Project.
6. A Snapshot Book including snaps of the city, the school, and the hikes.

This was completed and sent on April 16, 1930.

IN OUR NORMAL GARDENS

In the spring the youthful fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of tulips,
Then the blood flows hot and dancey;
Lovely romance reigns.

NO, WE did not plant tulips but we did plant radishes and corn—many long straight rows of them.

Observers were much amused for several days about the middle of April by a strange spectacle in the grounds of the Normal—a spectacle such as had never before been seen in the history of the present classes.

Rakes, hoes, students, and Mr. Martin milled about in the garden—seeds were thrown about—general tumult was the order of the day.

And now when the young plants have forced their way through the soil—wonder of wonders—the rows are straight.

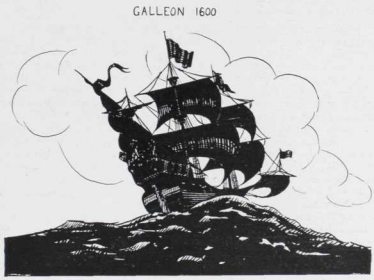
ART

APPRECIATION OF ART

AS A layman in matters artistic I have often been puzzled, and in this regard I think that my experience is a very general one, by the discrepancy which exists between my own enjoyment of a work of Art and the judgment of more competent critics. When I am greatly moved by a piece of music or a poem which the critics denounce as being sentimental, I am often inclined to think these men suffer from jaded taste; they are weary and respond to nothing but the novel and strange. Yet on the other hand, when I go to a concert and see people obviously enjoying the most banal of drawing room ballads and applauding vigorously, I have no hesitation in condemning the music as cheap sentimental rubbish. Under such circumstances I should strongly resent being told that my tastes were jaded and would reply that, having learnt to appreciate finer work, I was repelled and digusted by the sickening commonplace sentimentality of the poorer. The person whose tastes are less cultivated than mine is just as puzzled by my judgment as I am by the judgment of the man who has advanced beyond me. We both say, the work moves me deeply, what more can I ask?

Closely related to this problem is that other puzzle of the layman —why will artists break away from a familiar well-tried tradition and develop forms which we cannot understand? If the function of Art is to express, why does the artist hide his meaning from us in strange, new ways when he has, ready to hand, a convention which we appreciate fully? And again, if Art is designed to produce an emotional response, why are we so critical of, shall we say, the drawing room ballad which produces very effectively an emotional response in the majority of mankind? We feel that there is a difference in kind, a real qualitative difference between the obviously sentimental in Art and that which is disciplined and fine. We feel that the first is enervating, that it clogs the palate, softens the moral fibre and is merely self-indulgence, while we value the second because it refines, stimulates, and intensifies our highest qualities, yet we very often find that work which we value as being fine is decried by others as being sentimental and sugary, which seems to indicate that the difference between the Art which refines and the Art which clogs may be a subjective difference. I think that psychology can help us with these problems.

Most psychologists are agreed that to feel an emotion without allowing that emotion to find an outlet in action is an extremely bad thing. An emotion is always coupled with a readjustment of bodily organs to facilitate action, and indicates the mobilization of the forces of the individual to prepare him for intense activity. Anger affects the adrenalin secretions and causes the muscles to receive increased supplies of glycogen, while parental affection, compassion and hate, all are paralleled by functional excitement and release stores of energy in the main and other parts of the body. It seems, then, that to play upon the emotions is a most pernicious form of self-indulgence which will result in the energy associated with them being wasted and diverted from its proper channels where it should originate and sustain vigorous effort when needed. To stimulate emotions without using them will fatigue and weaken them leaving the individual jaded and softened in fibre. Now the insincere practitioner of any Art does just this. He discovers the conventions and forms which can most easily arouse emotional response and builds his work, whether it be a poem, a novel, or a piece of music upon them, so that his public can hardly fail to respond. A person may approach the work in question in an entirely passive, lazy way and will get the emotional Turkish Bath without any effort on his part. The sentimental poet is the poet who uses words and phrases which have, from long continued use such a strong emo-



HISTORY
VISUAL AID POSTERS
BY STUDENTS

We regret being unable to reproduce some of the coloured ones.

Prairie Schooner by
Jean Knight, Class VI.

Galleon. 1600, by
J. Horbury, Class V.

Elizabethan Pikeman by
Mildred Nay, Class VII.

ELIZABETHAN PIKEMAN

Max MacGilvray, Ph.C.
General Manager

Marine

BEAUTY SHOPPES

Marcelling, Beauty Work
Artistic Permanent Waving

Licensed Operators
Men Barbers

Shop No. 1—601 Dunsmuir St. Phone Sey. 6793
Shop No. 2—1211 Bidwell St. Phone Doug. 4975

SWAN BROS.

LIMITED

EXPERT CLEANERS AND DYERS

Main Office and Works
TWELFTH AVENUE AND KINGSWAY
PHONE FAIRMONT 6200

Receiving Offices:

537 Richards Street
Phone Sey. 6201

62½ West Hastings
Phone Sey. 6200

112 Esplanade W., North Vancouver
Phone North 146

ROGER BABSON SAYS—

"It is much easier for the average man to make money than to keep it."

The young man or woman who learns the value of spending wisely by an intelligent use of their personal credit is far more likely to save money than the person who pays cash outright.

You will find our dignified, convenient credit will help you to be well-dressed within the limits of your personal budget.

B.C. Outfitting Company, Ltd.
STYLE WITH CREDIT
342 HASTINGS WEST NEAR HOMER

PARENTS

should guard the interests of their children by appointing a Trust Company as Trustee and Executor under their will. All interviews confidential.

PRUDENTIAL TRUST COMPANY LTD.
Executors—Administrators—Trustees
GEORGE S. GAMBLE, *Manager*
456 SEYMOUR STREET VANCOUVER, B.C.

tional content associated with them that they can hardly fail to produce response. The sentimental musician does something very similar, using old familiar chords, phrases and cadences to produce a facile response. By using the well established and familiar he is able to leave us in lazy passivity and still play upon our emotions. One's only protection against such stuff is to have learnt sufficient of the Art, not necessarily in any formal sense, but by thoughtfully experiencing the best available, to be able to recognize its commonplace insincerity. Keeping this principle in mind, it is easy to understand why artists are compelled, periodically, to break away from the old familiar forms and the old conventions, since if they retain them they find it increasingly difficult to avoid unconscious imitation of what has gone before and still more difficult to produce a work which cannot be enjoyed passively, a condition which all sincere artists shun with horror.

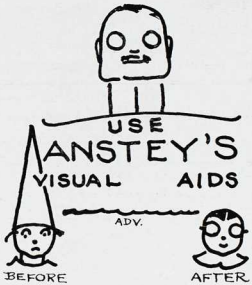
Now true artistic appreciation is an intensely active thing demanding individual attention and the sharpening of all our powers of perception and understanding to the highest degree. It involves in some measure our sharing in the creative activity of the artist, our appreciation of the fineness of his insight and the disciplined strength of his craftmanship and thus our gaining a reflection of his joys of achievement. Appreciation is really sympathetic recreation. Our emotion is then compounded of this sympathetic joy of achievement and the joyous and chastening recognition of human effort on its highest level, sincere, disciplined, sure and strong. Before the greatest of Art we are filled with a proud humility, that we too are men, for we have caught a glimpse of man in his most godlike state, creating beauty out of chaos.

That is why real Art demands that we go out to meet it, that we prepare and train ourselves to understand it, for only in so far as we can glimpse the human effort behind it do we really appreciate. This perhaps seems to be an extreme statement to those of us who react with what is apparently a spontaneous thrill to great Art, but consider how entirely unmoved the naif and uncultivated person is before much of what we consider is simple, direct, and strong beauty. Show such a person an example of Greek sculpture and he would probably say, "Quite nice, but not so lifelike as the wax figures in Madam Tussaud's." He would be unable to recognize the simple, strong, and disciplined human effort, or the intense love of the human body, and the responsiveness to plastic form and line which must have gone into its creation.

Consider the terms with which we criticise artistic productions: insincere, pretentious, cheap, weakened in technique, unbalanced and the like. Terms which indicate that we recognize some weakness in the artist or some failure to control his medium, to force his material into a strong well-knit unity.

The cultivation of taste is simply a matter of training oneself to recognize and evaluate in Art the human effort behind it, and this implies an intellectual discipline. When we approach Art in this way our emotional response is ennobling and strengthening, for not only is it harnessed to vigorous effort, but by its very intensity it impels us to embrace to ourselves, to make our own, those Roman qualities which we recognize in the artist. Moreover, the further our study of the Arts continues, the more fully shall we share in the creative activity of the Artist and consequently, the richer will be our experience.

GORDON CLARK,
CLASS V.



DESTRUCTIVE

Watch the board while I go through it again.

"What's a Grecian Urn?"
"About $25 a week if he owns the restaurant."

CASCADE LAUNDRY
& DRY CLEANERS
LIMITED

SEYMOUR 4672

Fully Equipped Dry Cleaning Department

SUCCESS TO THE STUDENTS
of 1929-30

All the Portraits and Group Photos in this Annual were made by the King Studio, 311 Hastings West, Vancouver.

Phone Seymour 1046

Duplicate orders can be had from all negatives.

HARCUS DRUG STORES
Prescription Specialists
FREE DELIVERY

Cor. 16th and Heather
FAIR. 5048

29th and Dunbar
BAY. 5289

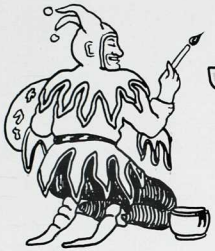
The Coal for this School is being supplied by

The Economy Coal and Supply Co.

Office and Yard:
1629 MAIN STREET
PHONE: SEYMOUR 1863 — FAIRMONT 2144

Dealers in
Nanaimo-Wellington and the Famous Blue Flame Sootless Coal
All Kinds of Wood

Heat the ECONOMY-cal way



JOKES

We do not guarantee
the vintage of
anything here
presented.
Ed.

CONCERNING HUMOR

Dictionary Definition:

HUMOUR—The moisture or fluids of animal bodies: a mental quality which delights in ludicrous or mirthful ideas. Humour is very hard to define. I have consulted most of the dictionaries and read two very serious books on the significance and political use of humour, but in all of them the idea has been lost in a clumsy group of words.

Though it is hard to define humour, it is fairly easy to locate. I have seen a great many comedians and comedies, but of all these only a handful were humorous. I laughed at and forgot the funny ones, while I am still chuckling at the few humorists.

All school annuals have their humor sections, sometimes filled with extracts from the Province "Ragbag." In our case, however, we are endeavoring to be different: most of the incidents printed here happened during school hours, or were told around the school. So in reading them please remember that to appreciate any joke we must keep in mind the circumstances under which it occurred. In conclusion, read them aloud, you will then more nearly create the original conditions.

O. BURRITT.

Of the several outside speakers we were privileged to hear in the auditorium, the one who left the greatest impression probably, was Dean Quainton.

From his first address:

"I complimented these two young ladies who left college on becoming engaged by saying, 'You have exchanged the love of study for the study of love'."

When the League of Nations was first discussed in a current history lesson:

Pupil: "If we have a League of Nations won't there be any more war?"

Teacher: "No."

Pupil: "Then there won't be any more history!"

In his second address Dean Quainton spoke on the "Use and Misuse of English." Some of his illustrations follow:

"While walking down the street in Victoria I noticed a sign 'Paris Styles, Latest Creations.' Now I always thought a creation was something made of nothing and after seeing them worn——?

"And the way we do hang them on our carcasses.

"I saw a sign 'Second Hand Car Snaps.' Just what I should expect it to do."

Bob-Inn Beauty Parlor

Special Steam Oil Wave, $5.00

Your choice of Croquignole, Spiral or Combination with Ringlet Ends.

17 years practical experience in every class of beauty culture, both in Canada and the United States.

"We Please Particular People"

SEY. 6908 301-315 OLD ORPHEUM BUILDING
751 Granville Street (Opposite Castle Hotel)

INSIST ON THE BEST

KEYSTONE BRAND
SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Manufactured by

SMITH, DAVIDSON & WRIGHT Ltd.
VANCOUVER AND VICTORIA, B.C.

EXTRACTS FROM NEWSPAPERS, ETC.

A California paper: "Self made man arrived in California 25 years ago with one shirt to his back—Now has millions." What some people will collect!

On a tombstone in Scotland: "Erected to the memory of Sandy Mac—— who was drowned in the waters of the Leith by a few affectionate friends."

New version of "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star."

"Scintillate, scintillate, globule vivific,
Oft have I pondered thy nature specific.
Poised unsupported in ether capacious
Strongly resembling a gem carbonaceous."

From a Methodist preacher's prayer: "O God, if there be a spark of grace left in our hearts, water that spark!"

GRAMMATICALLY SPEAKING

Mr. Robinson: "Take the present. I have posted ten letters this month. The present goes back to the time the first letter was posted. The letters are still here."

Several Members of Class V (In unison, feeling their pockets): "Unfortunately, yes."

Burritt: "Yes, Lord Nelson explored in the Arctic. Can you name anyone now exploring the Antarctic (Richard Byrd)?

Grade III Pupil: "The Katzenjammer Kids."

Reg. Burrows had practically finished a lesson on the phonogram "th". "Now class, give me some words with the 'th' sound."

1st Boy: "These."
2nd Boy: "The."
Little Girl: "Thoop."

Rudy Wiley: "Can you explain how the camel can go for days without water?"

McBride Pupil: "It lives on the water in its hump."
Wiley: "What does the driver do for water?"
Same Pupil: "Oh he sticks a knife into the hump."

Mr. Martin: "What is steam?"
Voice from back: "Water crazy with the heat!"

Mr. Robinson (in grammar class): "Oscar, please tell me what it is when I say, 'I love, you love, he loves.' "

Oscar: "Please sir, that's one of them triangles where somebody gets shot."

Teacher (trying to explain the word "cannibal"): "Billy, if you ate your father and mother what would you be?"

Billy: "An orphan, mum."

Joy Hazelwood (at end of health lesson): "Now if you fell down and cut your finger what would you do?"

Small Boy: "Please teacher, cry."

First Member of Class V (In Junior High School Cafeteria): Some of these kids would sooner fight than eat."

Second Member: "They seem to be quite fond of eating."

Mr. Martin: "We should teach our pupils to count rhythmically; for example, 75c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00, $2.25, $2.50."

Burritt (awakening from profound contemplation): "Sold!"

Scandal: When Class V visited the Junior High a glance at the school paper revealed the fact that the school police had arrested a Normal student. And Class IV comes before Class V.

Kokoros: "Do you like Kipling?"

Irvine (With his mind on golf): "I don't know. How does one kipple?"

Once there was a pupil who belived that an octopus was a cat which had lost one of its nine lives. This pupil also thought that the Black Prince was the son of Old King Cole.

Teacher: "What did you say?"

Pupil: "Nothing."

Teacher: "Of course, but how did you express it this time?"

"Well, Granny, how did you like your first talking picture?"

"It was very good, but I did like those old unspeakable ones much better."

THE QUESTION

He: Please give me your answer now.

She: I can't make up my mind.

He: I must know now.

She: Oh, please give me time to think it over.

Next Day:

He: Can you give me your answer now?

She: Yes.

He: Is it "yes" or "no"?

She: No; I don't want to go to the Junior High next week.

THEY KEEP EXTRAS

A teacher of the Lower Fraser had received back her pupils' personal history forms. The occupation of Micky's father rather surprised her but, understanding heredity somewhat, she now could guess why Micky was so dumb. His form ran:

Nationality of Mother	English
Nationality of Father	English
Occupation of Father	U.B.C. Extra Ass.

Teacher, exasperated at pupil's ever-ready foolish answers: "Mary, I don't believe you could tell me how far up is."

Student, after a few moments serious thought: "How far up do you mean?"

Muriel Dixon: "I was outspoken in my sentiments."

Mary Little: "By whom?"

The golfing member of Class IV reports a practical use for one phase of music. When she gets bunkered all she says is "One, two, three, fore. Doh, doh—oh—oh—do de, doh, DOH!"

Special sale Saturday—Turnips, apples, flour, chestnuts. The early bird gets the worm.

Anna Hall: "Aren't you worried about that 50c you owe me for the decoration?"

Grace Jamieson: "No, what's the use of us both worrying about it?"

ON TIME ALL THE TIME
This is Union Service
Head Office:
1098 DAVIE—DOUG. 3032

Commercial Store
1308 COMM. DRIVE
HIGH. 1406

Union
DYERS & CLEANERS LTD.

Dunbar Store
4465 DUNBAR
BAY. 584

Better Work for Less Money
LET US MAKE YOUR OLD CLOTHES NEW

MORAN DRUG STORES
Dispensing Chemists
SCHOOL STATIONERY. TOILET GOODS. KODAKS AND SUPPLIES
Corner Main Street and 7th Avenue — Phone Fairmont 3799
Corner Broadway and Cambie Street — Phone Fairmont 1099
VANCOUVER, B.C.

Class II. (Continued)

TEN MONTHS IN THE WILDERNESS

BEHOLD it was the year 1929. And the children of Class II began their pilgrimage to the Promised Land of Graduate Teachers.

And Arthur Anstey was their leader and behold he was a great leader, full of wisdom and understanding, so that the children of Class II were not led astray.

And their path led them many days through the plains of classes and lectures. Then did they come to the hill called Teaching-Week. And behold it was a high hill, such that their knees did shake and their words did stick in their throats.

And it came to pass that other tribes joined the pilgrimage, and there was music and feasting. Then was K. Beamish captain, then did many shew themselves in physical prowess. There were the races, both sack and relay, and games and many stunts. But fortune was not with the children of Class II, and they did not win the banner. Howbeit the shouting was loud and the joy great.

Then forth went the pilgrimage again and, passing through the desert and over the hills, came at least to the high mountains of Christmas Exams. And behold, there was no pass, but each man had to climb for himself.

Then the children of Class II passed through an exceeding dry desert, Teaching-Week-at-Junior-High. Then were they in heaviness, for behold the way was exceeding hard, and the critic teachers compassed them round about.

Many times and oft did the tribe rest by the fountain of Friday Lits. Oft did the choir sing sweet music and oft did the flute and harp dispense sweet sounds.

In the month of February came the tribes together again and there was feasting and dancing. And behold our team was captained by one Kay Cather, and behold, we just escaped the banner called "Ketchup." One graceful maid called Enid saved us from this.

Again the children of Class II pressed on and again they stopped to rest on a day called Class II's Lit. Then did May Fairfoull lead them in fancy to the uttermost parts of the earth. From the east, from the west, from the north, and from the south came divers singers and actors. And behold our representative Evah toiled long and it was good.

Now was there a dance and the elders came and it was a good dance. And everyone said it was good.

Now stretches the desert before us, but lo, in the distance are the green fields and low hills of the Promised Land. Then shall the children of Class II rejoice because soon will they be busy, doing the task they like.

In that land comes monthly a strange parchment inscribed with mystic words. "Pay to.....or order the sum of $90.00." Then will there be great rejoicing.

. . . . . .

On looking back over the long road we have come, we, the members of Class II can truthfully say how happy and how full the year has been. We have grown wiser and gained more understanding. We are rich in friends and are filled with high hopes for the tasks of next year. During the years to come we shall remember affectionately the instructors whose patience and inspiration have helped us.

Class II. (Continued)

THE AGE OF MIRACLES

1. Muriel Dixon kept quiet for 5 minutes.
2. Kay Cather sang a solo for Miss Coney.
3. Marj. Brown discovered the plural of 7 to be 14.
4. Mai Davis tip-toed down the hall.
5. Mary Bryant and Violet Bruin came every single day.
6. Rosalind agreed with her instructors.
7. Velma Campbell walked leisurely—down—the—hall.
8. The whole class trouped in on time for Mr. Hall's classes.
9. Mr. Robinson thought we were very quiet.

CLASS II PIONEERS

(To the Tune of "British Grenadiers.")

We learn of Simon Fraser,
And hear of John Cabot;
Of Christopher Columbus,
And others that you know.
But of all the world's brave pioneers
Who dare the unknown land,
Of history tests and rural schools,
'Tis Class II lead the band.

Whene're we are commanded
To lead the way to war,
Our leaders march with visual aids.—
We gladly answer "fore!"
And though the teachers find us
More trouble than the rest:
We know they'd rather have us
Than any of the best.

S. CHESTER.

NEW "HOWLERS"

1. School boards were not introduced until 1870. Previous to this small slates had to be used.
2. Magna Charta was good and kind and everybody liked her. She was very strong.
3. George Washington was the founder of steam. His first steam engine was called the locomotive.
4. The opposite of evergreen is nevergreen.
5. Joan of Arc was called Joan of Arc because after taking Orleans she married Noah.
6. A skeleton is a man with his inside out and his outside off.
7. Quinine is a barb of a tree; canine is the bark of a dog.
8. Parallel lines never meet unless you bend one or both of them.
9. The opposite of flat-chested is hump-backed.
10. A witch is a woman who has to earn her own living, and has no husband or anything.

Class V. (Continued)

ALPHABETIC FINALE OF CLASS V

A is for Allan.
He's left us alas.
Now he's making life dreary
For youth in his Class.

B is for Burrows.
Our Falstaffian Friar.
With a tongue oiled like his,
He's bound to go higher

C stands for Clark.
Famed in the Forum.
When he starts to argue,
I fear we abhor him.

D is for Dickson.
The Why, Which, and How!
Why don't the dumbells ring?
Why ain't Then, Now?

F for Fitzpatrick,
Musician's despair.
In the art of Folk-dancing,
Poor Fitz is a bear.

I is for Irvine,
Who looks like he dropped
Off a page in old Euclid,
Right-angled he flopped.

K for Kokoros.
Through dark days, his song
Was the sunshine that cheered us
And helped us along.

M is for MacIntyre.
Be-spatted and Scotch.
He's a wow wi' the Lassies
You bet . . . He's top notch.

S is for Sawyer.
Life's best things he'll miss:
When sweet lips were near him
He missed . . . Faked a kiss.

W for Whatmough.
His golf is superb.
His tongue so unctuous,
His flattery absurd.

WILFRED MacDONALD.

Bookseller: "Yes, this book will halve your work in psychology."
Student (from Class V): "Quick, quick, give me two."

One of Gillander's examples: "I stood on the bridge at midnight and the clock struck nine."

Class III. (Continued)

HALL OF FAME

NAME	PET EXPRESSION	PASTIME
MAMIE GRAY	Gee! that was funny.	Italian long division.
GLADYS HOUGHTON-BROWN	Oh Boy!	Blues crooner.
KEEN AND KENT KO	Hit it harder.	Volley ball.
LAURA LANSDOWNE	I yove you yots and yots.	Playing cootie.
MARY LITTLE	You big cod-fish!	Sis-boom-bawing!
KATHLEEN MAUDE	Oh—is that right?	Lit programs (?)
NELLIE MELLISH	Don't forget the bird play.	Drawing.
FLORENCE MORRISON	Isn't that coy?	Making fish faces.
RUTH MacDONALD	Say, Margaret——?	Sunday School teacher.
BERNICE HOUGH	My big brother——.	Driving to Seattle.
MARION KIRK	I've got a cousin who——	Drawing (?)
MARGARET MOSSEY	You pronounce it *Mossssy*.	Making 100's.

FIRST CLASS SERVICE
ARTISTIC HAIRCUTTING
RAZORS HONED

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S
HAIRCUTTING A SPECIALTY
HAIR DYEING

DE LUXE BARBER SHOP

TOM PATTERSON, *Proprietor*

312 Homer Street, at Cordova Vancouver, B.C.

B. C. School of Pharmacy and Science

Tuition for Junior and Senior Matriculation, including practical work in Physics, Chemistry, and Biology.

P. J. BAIN, Principal

615 Pender Street West Phone Seymour 1740

Class IV. (Continued)

LUCILLE WILSON.

Venus herself endowed thee with her charms.
Her gentle voice, her sweet maiden's grace;
But what we like best in you, Lucille,
Is your smile that lights up so your face.

ISABEL YARROW.

In Isabel we have a friend and pal.
She's always doing things to help us all;
In drawing posters, writing plays and yells,
In these things artistic Isabel excels.
She's always ready for a hearty laugh
But in her work she won't do things by half.
Throughout her life her crowd of friends will swell,
For she's a brick—three cheers for Isabel.

ELVIRA ZARELLI.

Elvira, with a name like yours
We deemed you had missed your calling,
A poet we would have you be
Or if not that at least an artist.
Until in your determined way you showed us
That teachers also could possess a rhythmic name.

TO. MR. MARTIN

Of all the classes that we know
In good old P. N. S.,
Class IV is first without a doubt,
Ahead of all the rest;
And though we are a lively crowd,
Our boast would not be true
If we had not Mr. Martin,
Who's a true scout through and through.
And, when in later hours we dwell
On happy Normal days,
We'll think of you at every turn
In countless, unthought ways;
For whene'er we see a Courtis card,
Or view a rake or hoe,
Our minds will turn with smiling thought
To the days we used to know.
We've hiked, we've weeded, we've studied our text,
And viewed strange things under glass;
And sometimes 'tis whispered—it's surely not true—
We've been quite a noisy class!
But if we are lively we're loyal as well
And Class IV—one and all—hold for you,
Mr. Martin, the best the future affords
And a clasp of the hand warm and true.

J. McNAUGHTON.

L'ENVOI

NOW that it is time to lace up our shoes and put a sign in the window "For Rent", we grieve to break up our happy family and bid "The Old Woman" good-bye. For, like the "Three Little Pigs," we go out to make our way in the world.

One may go out and meet a man with a load of straw and say, "Mr. Man, Mr. Man, will you give me some straw to build a school?" The man will give her the straw and she will build a school. Then will come the wicked Inspector to say, "I'll fuss and I'll fume, and I'll blow your hoose doon!" And he will. The little teacher must then wander away without a school.

This will indeed be but the rare case with Class IV; for, as we have been assured many times, "people with such ability as those in Class IV" are going to hold their little red school-houses as surely as did the third little pig hold his house of brick. The problem of inspectors and inspectors' reports we are going to overcome as easily as this same little pig overcame his wolf.

When we get in those schools far from teaching weeks, reference books, choir practice, and such annoying trifles, we shall be able to recall visual aids, intelligence tests, dog essentials, coffee booklets, and most certainly motivation and problem-project method. These ideas may become exhausted. Then we shall be able to burrow into our trunks and bring to light an assortment of such thought-inspiring objects as handwork books, seatwork books, newspapers, boxes and tin cans.

We are an optimistic crowd and no doubt shall find our young pupils just as clever at staging a bird play as those birds sitting so demurely on the fence beside our shoe-home. We shall all at sometime try a skit with our promising proteges and we shall then think of track-meets and Class IV's success as skit-producers,—whether it be Bluebeard a la Miss Yarrow or the dramatization of a number as popular as the Toymaker's Dream.

All these successes and more are our expectations for the future. Thanks to the kindly advice as well as the instruction which we have received, we feel certain of fulfilling them. Especially to Mr. Martin we would tender our appreciation for the way he has nursed us along from our blissful ignorance to a full consciousness of method and dignity. We regret indeed those pangs we have given him with badly kept registers, extreme volubility, and ill-timed frivolity. We leave for him and Mr. MacLean but one wish, that they may have a more model and erudite class for 1931, but also that they will not forget those who will long remember them,—the class of 1929-30.

Unlike the old woman
Who lived in a shoe,
Mr. Martin has shown us
He knows what to do.
Poor little Wiggy,
Boo-Hoo-Hoo!

Say it wth a Dance at the Alma

ALMA ACADEMY

BROADWAY AND ALMA ROAD

Insure the success of your Private Dances in the selection of your Hall.

The Alma is scientifically constructed so that there is an abundance of fresh air, safeguarding the health of its patrons.

The management aims to maintain the highest standard in all departments in connection with the Alma Academy.

A. S. McNEIL, *Man. Director*

CARTER'S BEAUTY SHOPPE

817 Granville St. Phone 4688

(Over Bank of Commerce)

Full Line of Cosmetics
Powder-Blending
Service

A Shade for Every Complexion

Everything in Beauty-Culture including
Permanent Waving

Class VI. (Continued)

of creative imagination they build speeding engines—the sirens being supplied by their own discordant shrieks of mirth. These famous actresses are heartily applauded by Edna, Gladys, and Myrtle, who have been analyzing problem-projects for the last sixteen lectures.

Now we have a chance to glance at a few of those quieter members who always seem to be busy. Eleanor is making a beautiful cover of clinging roses for that scrap-book of hers. Mae is cleverly cutting out decorative effects for Miss Bollert. Bessie and Kay Haugh are animatedly discussing the best grayed primaries for Mr. Weston and adding the finishing touches to drawings of which Bessie has a host of masterpieces. Pearle and Nellie are feverishly scribbling for Mr. MacLean, filling in all spare seconds with quotations from the much-loved Klapper. Betty Gilders and Olga Fore are twining crepe paper streamers and demonstrating physical jerks as a recreation. Ilma enters the room: "Gee, girls, it's awful stuffy in here let's open a few windows—what d'you say?" In a second Isabel and a few others raise a dismal howl, "Oh, shut those windows; it's like an ice-box in here!"

Meanwhile the doh-doh's have increased in strength, the ranks being swelled by other tremulous members. The taa-tai's and Tallis' Canon are just at the height of perfection when the office door quietly opens and Mr. Hall appears upon the threshold. "Class, do you believe that all this practising is absolutely necessary?—Remember the quotation, 'Her voice was sweet and low.'" He disappears—a hush falls—but not for long! After a few minutes stunt practices begin. To the tuneful song of "One Friday Morn" the noble sailors Jean Knight, Nan Cottrell, Jean Catto, Dot, and a few others led by Director Pat demonstrate rollicking rolls, picturesque hornpipes, and skips honouring the bewitching mermaid Myrtle. Then the whole room engages in a strenuous outward lunge to "Europe, Asia, Italy, Spain!" Gently Miss Maynard's quiet tones interrupt, "Really, girls, we can't hear ourselves think down in my room." Soon follows a rousing song of "Three Blind Mice," each row of lusty lungs improvising different time and tune.

Ah, but teaching week!—that's where Class VI shines! A number of us pile into Iva's poor "Eliza Jane" and merrily start away. A little hill rises before us. Lizzie coughs and splutters, makes a gallant but fruitless effort, then stops. "Oh, girls, I'm sure we're out of gas!" "Oh, Iva, we're not!" A wailing chorus rises, but sure enough upon examination the needed fluid is found wanting. Then, as a new version of transportation methods, Eliza is paraded along Main Street by that valiant crew to a friendly gas station. Away we spin, amidst a medley of all the latest songs, back to dear old P. N. S.—the finest school of all.

Autographs

Autographs

Autographs

Autographs

Autographs

A. H. TIMMS, PRINTER VANCOUVER, B. C.

Autographs

SP
LB1537
B7
P76
1929/30