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An Invitation

We extend our hearty congratulations to the 1932 Graduates of the Vancouver Normal School, and cordially invite each one to become a member of the

British Columbia Teachers' Federation

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

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

Further information may be obtained from HARRY CHARLESWORTH, General Secretary

ALDINE HOUSE, 1300 ROBSON STREET, VANCOUVER, B. C.

The Students dedicate
this Annual to OUR FRIENDS AND MASTERS
THE PRINCIPAL AND MEMBERS *of the* STAFF
of THE PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL,
Vancouver, B. C.

The Principal's Message

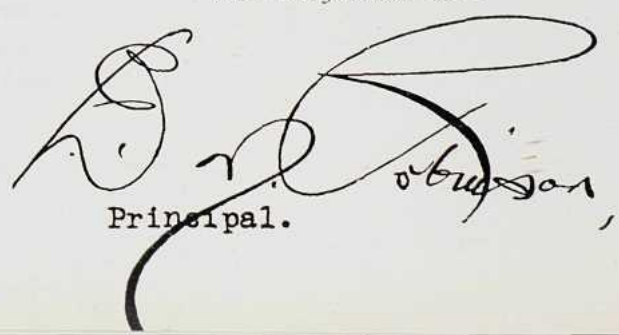
In a very short time your school days will be past. We trust that your experience at Normal School has been both pleasant and profitable. We should like to think that during the last school year you have gained much from your intensive study of the various subjects; that you have acquired some insight into the methods of presenting the various subjects in the classroom. But over and above this, we should like to think that your outlook on the teaching profession has been broadened; that you have come to realize that there is a vast difference between teaching school and "keeping" school; that there has developed within you an interest in and a liking for teaching, together with a keen sense of your responsibility.

To members of the staff the most gratifying feature of the past session has been the fine spirit shown by the great majority of the students. The spirit of co-operation has been strongly in evidence. What you have done has been well done and the spirit in which it has been done has been an inspiration to your instructors. Carry this spirit into the teaching and management of your schools and you will find your pupils responding in like spirit. Keep ever before you the thought that the only source of true happiness lies in putting your best into your work. Attempting to buy happiness by the pound is as absurd as trying to buy poetry by the yard. Strive to do your work to the best of your ability; keep all departments of your work up to date, even doing the little extras not necessarily demanded of you; always come before your pupils thoroughly prepared. Thus will your interest steadily increase and become more and more permanent; thus you will find the time all too short; you will lose yourself in your work and success and happiness will be yours.

I should like to impress upon you the importance of giving your best attention to details. Remember that the long race is made up of many steps, that life is the sum total of a mass of details.

If you would have a high ideal for life as a whole you must have a high ideal for each of its parts. If you would attain your high ambition for ultimate success you must set a high standard for each of the tasks by which it is reached. There is no better way to increase your capacity in any line of endeavor than to set yourself a definite standard of achievement in every task and then bend every energy towards reaching that standard. One should always do his best, but that best will be a great deal better if it is a definitely determined ideal both as to quantity and quality of attainment. Competition is the means of releasing unsuspected abilities. Know just what your best competitor can do and then do a little better. Know just what your own best is and then strive to excel it. The only way continuously to increase your capacity is by always doing a little better than your best. Standards are ideals put into measurable form —they are the steps by which we climb to higher achievement. Only by these may we rise to the greatest heights of will, character, and success.

We wish you the best.



To the Students *of the* Vancouver Normal School:

This is rather a momentous occasion in your lives. It is both an end and a beginning—the end of a time of careful preparation for a period of service you hope to enter upon, and the beginning of a wider life of opportunity and usefulness to your fellow men.

As you go forth, I would speak a few words of commendation and encouragement.

First, I wish to commend you upon your choice of your life's work. The teaching profession opens up a wide vista of opportunities to serve and inspire the young people who must in their turn take their stand in the world, for good or otherwise. In the teaching profession, perhaps more than in any other profession, you can help, directly and indirectly, to mould characters and set an example that will help to make finer citizens of our young people. Let me specially emphasize the fact that force of example does more good than preaching—though preaching is necessary also.

There will doubtless be many times when you will feel that you are not accomplishing much, but do not be discouraged. Do your very best under all circumstances, and the satisfaction that comes from consciousness of work well and faithfully done will eventually be yours.

May each one of you find happiness and success in the life's work you have chosen.

J. Hinchliffe

Minister of Education.

May 18th, 1932.

Faculty

TO MR. ROBINSON

It is difficult to express our gratitude to Mr. Robinson for all that he has done for us this year.

The combination of sympathy and a never-failing sense of humor with which he has shared our trials and difficulties; the optimism and enthusiasm which radiate from him; and the spirit of youth which he has retained, have laid the foundation for the success we hope will one day be ours.

"Before you chide a simple child,
Or cause a single tear,
Before you're tempted or beguiled
At innocence to sneer.
Think how much sunshine would be gone
But for the childlike mind,
And thank your stars for every one
To whom you can be kind."

H. B. MACLEAN.

TO MR. MACLEAN

When Mr. MacLean assured us that we should not lose the individuality in our writing by following his method, we picked up our pens and wrote with zeal. As to the way he piloted us through the dark mazes of School Law, the results speak for themselves. We leave the Normal School with warm memories of Mr. MacLean's patience, humour and tolerance.

KNOW THY WORK AND DO IT

Work is an everlasting thing, a thing that has passed on from generation to generation. It lives on forever, for

"Labour with what zeal we will
Something still remains undone;
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun."

Labour is life—a struggle for existence and by work, and work alone can conquer. "There is always hope for a man who works—in idleness alone is there perpetual despair."

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait."

May success and happiness be yours!

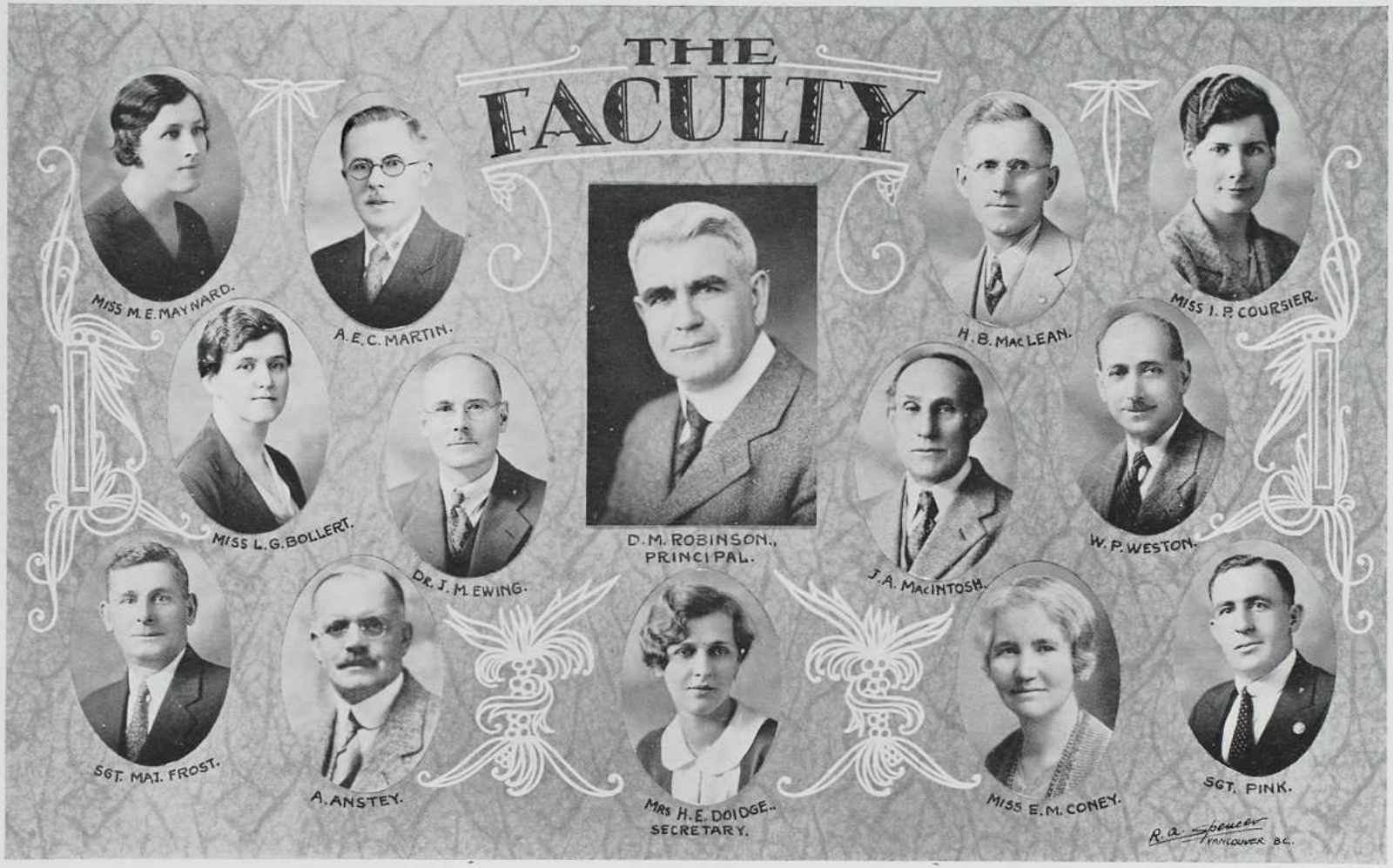
I. P. COURSIER.

TO MISS COURSIER

Before we learned how to gather peascos and pronounce names of diseases several inches in length, we little knew what a wealth of information Miss Coursier had in store for us.

We still trip over anatomical terms and each others' feet, and altogether do little credit to a teacher so patient and good-humoured as Miss Coursier; but we appreciate very deeply the friendly and helpful spirit she has always shown us in time of need.

(*Continued on Page Sixty-Eight*)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Mrs H. E. DOIDGE., SECRETARY.
MISS E. M. CONEY.
SGT. PINK.
R. A. Spencer VANCOUVER B.C.

Editorial

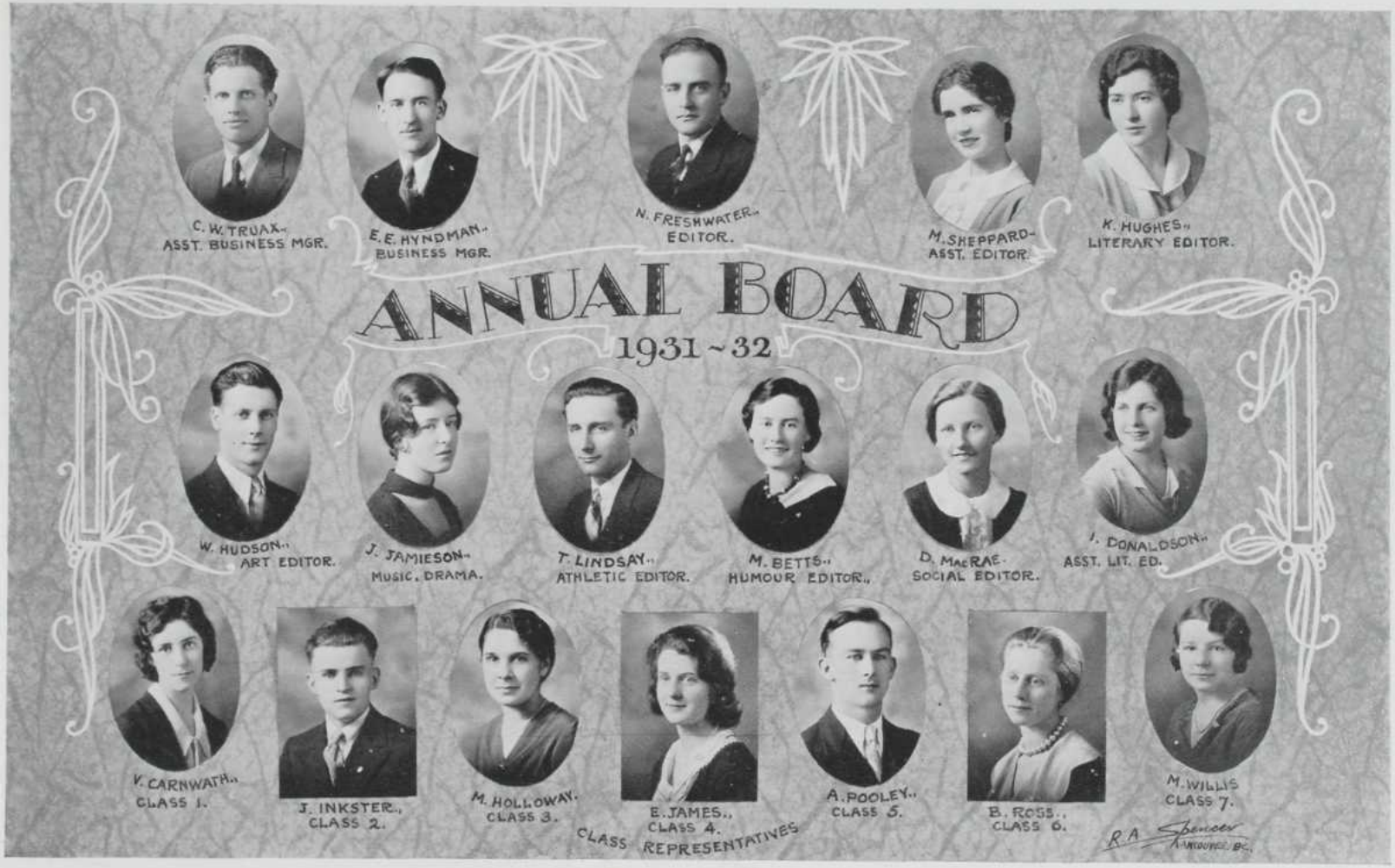
THE close of this year will prove the turning point in our lives. The past becomes a memory and the future a distant horizon shining brightly. Many of us will stand and gaze at that horizon and as many more will stride on, reaching first one, then another—ad infinitum. That these horizons continue indefinitely for the real teacher has been clearly shown to us in the examples set by the members of the staff.

The gleam of distant horizons, the desires, the ideals, are not all that we have received at Normal. Something vastly greater—that keen spirit of camaraderie and friendship. Never has there been a more congenial gathering of young people.

The tremors of that first lesson—the fear of the first criticism—how quickly they developed into sheer anticipation of the opportunities of "guiding the minds of the young" even if only for a week or so—

"We shape ourselves, the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade."

The Annual Board wishes to thank the members of the Faculty and students whose close co-operation have made this publication presentable.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B. ROSS.
CLASS 6.
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CLASS 7.
CLASS REPRESENTATIVES
R. A. Spencer
VANCOUVER, B.C.

Class One

RUTH AIKENHEAD

This splendid student is one of Class I's many outstanding members. Her cheery smile and willingness to help are an indication of how she teaches.

RUBY AIKENHEAD

Ruby's keen sense of humor is a bit of sunshine in Class I (Mr. Frost has had experience with her hysterics). She never has her work if you want to borrow it—she has already lent it. Chief worry: Pulling tube-worms off rocks.

DOROTHY BARR

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they can get away with anything. Pet aversion: Red hair. Chief asset: Red hair. Favourite expression: "Isn't that ducky."

MARGARET BETTS

M akes everyone happy
A lthough not a saint;
R evels in singing,
G ymnastics and paint;
A lways a-walking
R eal nature to see,
E arnest in everything,
T eacher?—that's she.

EDITH BICKFORD

Edith Phyllis we have found
Was last year a graduate crown'd.
Then to Normal she did come,
Bringing with her pep and fun.

PHYLLIS BLAIN

A jolly member of Class I
Who'll teach her pupils badminton.
She's so bright and full of fun
We're glad to say she's in Class I.

LOUISE BLIGH

"Is Evy waiting for me?" asks a petite girl 'n' times a day. Louise Bligh, a native of Seattle, is the questioner. You have all seen her, the popular shining light of Mr. Robinson's grammar classes.

ROSEMARY BOURNE

Pet aversion: Work. Chief asset: That soulful expression. Motto: "The early worm gets caught."

EVELYN BOYES

Evelyn is her christian name,
North Van. is her station;
No one else in school can claim
Her pep and animation.

JENNIE BRITTON

"Good temper is the choicest gift."
Jennie has her troubles in singing, but she delights us all with her ability as an elocutionist. Has faithfully gathered in our penmanship offerings each week.

LILLIAS BROWN

One more proof (they're getting rare)—"Woman's glory is her hair." In spite of constant worrying over this and that, Lillias is invariably good-natured and willing to help with drawing posters, decorating or anything else in the artistic line.

PHYLLIS BROWN

Phyllis is from Cloverdale. She may be found almost any noon hour practising her folk-dancing at the back of the room. Is frequently heard inquiring confidentially: "Do you think we'll have a test for Mr.————?"

GRACE BUZZA

Always reading, with a cheery smile and helping hand. What would Class I do without Grace? Chief worry: How can I get this in on time?

JEAN CAMERON

"She was just that quiet kind whose natures never vary."
Jean comes from Vanderhoof, and her quiet, pleasant manner has won her many friends in Class I.

VELMA CARNWATH

Arithmetic is her bug-bear. As a result of combining philosophy lectures with her work at Normal, she received her B.A. in May. "How stale, flat and unprofitable" would Class I be without her!

EVELYN CATTO

From behind a music book appears Evelyn, still struggling with her taa-tai's. A plaintive voice asks: "Will you please hear me this again?" Evelyn is from Aldergrove and is one of the youngest members of our class.

THELMA COCKETT

Thelma comes from Murrayville and is just like a load of T.N.T. placed in Class I —is also a joy to the heart of Miss Coney.

PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL
CLASS 1.
1931 - 32
VANCOUVER, B.C.
M. COOMBES.
J. BRITTON.
B. DODS.
L. CUPIT.
P. BLAIN.
L. BROWN.
R. BOURNE.
E. CATTO.
E. DAVIDSON.
G. BUZZA.
D. DIBLEY.
D. HOLT.
E. DAVIS.
M. BETTS.
P. BROWN.
I. DONALDSON.
V. CARNWATH.
MISS M. E. MAYNARD.
D. DICKSON.
E. BICKFORD.
T. COCKETT.
V. DODDSON.
R. AIKENHEAD.
E. COLES.
R. M. AIKENHEAD.
B. DONALDSON.
D. BATES.
E. BOYES.
L. BLIGH.
J. CAMERON.
D. BARR.
Photos: R. A. Spencer VANCOUVER, B.C.

RUTH COLES

Feeling blue? See Ruth about it—she's always willing to help. Ruth comes from Burnaby, yet, despite this fact, she has successfully proven herself. Her chief worry is how to pass her singing tests.

MARJORIE COOMBES

One is invariably worsted in an argument with Marjorie. Nevertheless, her knowledge of history is amazing, and her soft English accent and earnest manner have won for her many friends.

LILLIAN CUPIT

"Fair and fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues—"

That's Lillian. An all-round sport—golf, tennis and shows, being her specialties.

ESTHER DAVIDSON

"Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman."

Another youthful member—comes from New Westminster. Is never at a loss for the answer to any question that is asked in class, and led us all in School Law.

ELSIE DAVIS

Elsie is a native of Chilliwack. She is our prize peanut balancer, but this is not her only recommendation as a teacher. She takes her work seriously, and her merry smile and cheerful manner makes her the best of comrades.

DORIS DIBLEY

If things go wrong and work seems vain,
Do you hear Doris Dibley complain?
No, she just smiles and tries again.

DORIS DICKSON

A trim little miss is Doris,
A good teacher she will be.
The basket she never misses,
An A-1 sports rep have we.

BEULAH DODS

Beulah's temperament can not be judged by her auburn hair. She is always cheerful and good-natured, but has an aversion to being unduly hurried.

BERNICE DONALDSON

Berna will be a very good teacher, judging by the nonchalant manner in which she gathers good marks—and how she shines in tafatefe's!

ISOBEL DONALDSON

Pretty smiling Isobel,
That "intelligent person" we know so well,
An elocutionist of no mean skill,
She'll go a long way, we know she will.

VERA DOODSON

Quiet presence, pleasant face, true friend—one of the 999 people of Smithers.

DOROTHY HOLT

"Daisy" at home;
Shy little violet in school;
But a snap-dragon when aroused.

DOROTHY BATES

We hail thee from Alberta
Our sweet young prairie lass,
We're glad you've been among us,
To cheer us in our class.

As Emerson has said:

"Who shall teach me how to eat my meat, to take my repose, and deal with men without any shame following, will restore the life of man to splendor and make his own name dear to all history."

May the future bring happiness.

MARGARET E. MAYNARD.

MISS MAYNARD

Although Miss Maynard has been on the staff of the Vancouver Normal School for some time, this is the first year that she has had a class of her own, and we are proud to be that class. Taking her offer of a willing shoulder on which to sob all our troubles we have often availed ourselves of the privilege. Her lectures to Class I, followed by "hat-passing," are always softened by an irresistable smile and an infectious laugh.

Any success we have attained is largely due to her untiring efforts, and Class I wishes to take this opportunity of expressing our sincere appreciation of her sympathy and encouragement throughout the year. We hope that the students of 1932-33 will also appreciate the benefit of her guidance as class-teacher.

Miss Coney (in Home Ec. room): "Where do you keep the tea, Miss Maynard?"

Miss Maynard: "It's in the coffee can."

Autographs

Class Two

DANIEL K. ANDERSON

A quiet, unassuming lad,
Immune to fashion, freak and fad.

Behold one of the more reticent members of the class, one not given to effervescence. Dan is the owner of a very broad smile.

STEWART ASHLEY

This staunch supporter of co-education is seldom seen without being heard. 'Tis said he has a weakness for (or from) Wales.

WILFRED AULD

Nothing but the best is good enough for Wilf. Our worthy exponent of H. E. is popular with all members of Class II and also with some of Class III.

STANLEY BAILEY

Ferries come from North Vancouver—so does Stan. Perhaps that's why he excels in music. We fear he may become a music supervisor some day.

ERROL BARBAREE

Errol is a man of high ideas. They are at least 6 ft. 4 ins. from the ground. Errol, however, is a real good sport, enthusiastic and popular, well upholding the honor of the Royal City.

STANLEY BOSHIER

A happy combination of brains, brawn and cheerful disposition. Mix together, serve daily, and you have Stan.

Pet hatred: Grammar.

AMOS BACHMAN

Amos is a youth of ambition and has scaled the dizzy heights of Tonic Sol-Fa. "If so, why not?" is his favorite expression.

KENNETH BROCK

Ken. is a quiet fellow who moves about the back of the room always ready to help the unfortunates. He must often experience the "glow" caused by doing a kindness.

TERRY BULLMAN

Pep, go, animation—that's Terry. A hot tap-dancer and blues singer.

Favorite expression: "What's the time?"

ARNOLD CAMPBELL

Arnold—he of Central Park—is a level-headed fellow with a flare for "stinks"—er—chemistry. Class authority on Indians. Fond of scouting. Rumor has it that he is a camp cook.

WALT CHALMERS

Walt. is Class II's budding capitalist—he has spare cash and a car. Is well to the front in all his work, especially singing.

NORMAN CHARTER

Norm. is our traveller, raised in China, educated in Alberta, interior B. C. and Vancouver. Music, debating and Indian lore are Norm's hobbies, but he still has time to be our best swing down up man.

TED CLARK

A dashing youth, with Hollywood aspirations. Ted believed in starting at the bottom—the auditorium camera. Always "Agin the Government."

DOUG DEWAR

If Lizzie is willing, Doug will always be there on time. Unobstrusive, conscientious, a regular "stout fella."

ELMER DICKSON

Dresses immaculately, a wizard in arithmetic speed tests, the envy of the entire class in health exams, a "reg'lar feller"—and there you have Elmer.

IVAN FINDLAY

Unruffled disposition—calm mien—rapid stride. Yes, it's Ivan—Laurel to the girls. Anyhow, Ivan can use the old spring-board.

RAY FLEMING

"A patch of light in the vast gloom." A flare of curly hair, a couple of basket-balls, footballs and shuttlecocks, a slap on the back—and you know Ray has passed by.

JAMES FLYNN

Looks very serious but really isn't. That Jove-like frown masks a happy-go-lucky person. Jim is our representative of the Emerald Isle.

JAMES FRASER

"Short of limb, and red of hair,
A ready smile, a May Queen fair."

NORMAN FRESHWATER

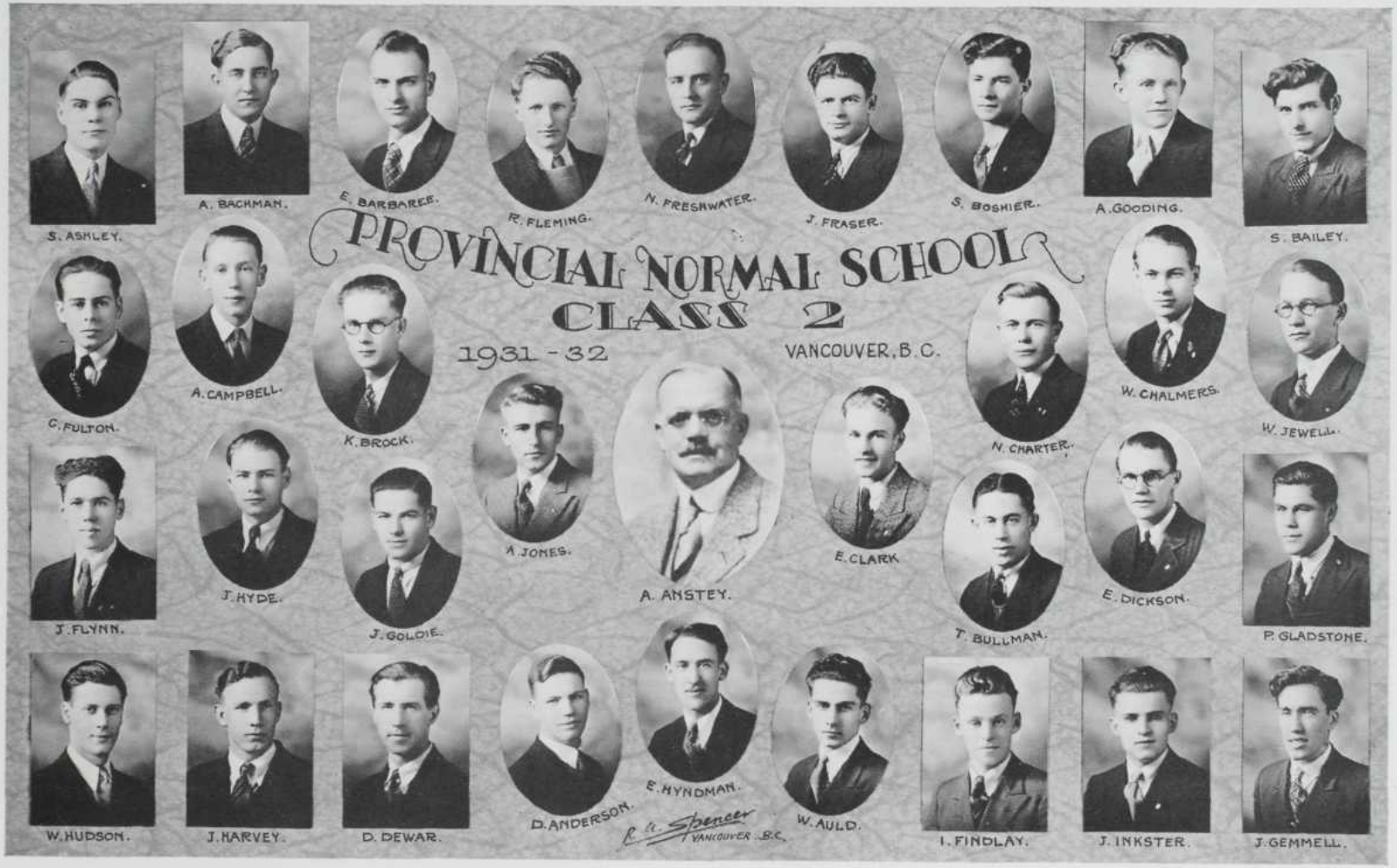
Norm. revels in fiddles, especially at Lit. meetings! This graduate geologist has remarkable ability for imparting knowledge and———but too bad, our picture is shattered—he drives a Ford.

LUNKIE FULTON

There is a young man called Lunkie
Who's not only "dory" but "hunky,"
We're assured by his wit
And his ready "that's it"
He'll never be anyone's flunky.

JAMES GEMMEL

This bundle of pep makes a success of everything he enters—even Grammar. Jim, our class Morris dancer, hails from Burnaby.


PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL
CLASS 2
1931 - 32
VANCOUVER, B.C.
S. ASHLEY.
A. BACHMAN.
E. BARBAREE.
R. FLEMING.
N. FRESHWATER.
J. FRASER.
S. BOSHIER.
A. GOODING.
S. BAILEY.
C. FULTON.
A. CAMPBELL.
K. BROCK.
A. JONES.
A. ANSTEY.
E. CLARK.
N. CHARTER.
W. CHALMERS.
W. JEWELL.
J. FLYNN.
J. HYDE.
J. GOLDIE.
T. BULLMAN.
E. DICKSON.
P. GLADSTONE.
W. HUDSON.
J. HARVEY.
D. DEWAR.
D. ANDERSON.
E. HYNDMAN.
W. AULD.
I. FINDLAY.
J. INKSTER.
J. GEMMELL.
Spencer
VANCOUVER, B.C.

PERCIVAL GLADSTONE

Gladstone, our son of the North—Queen Charlotte Islands, in fact. Co-jester with Freshwater in health periods. Will advance a new book on flat feet.

JAMES GOLDIE

Never a worry, easy going and always on the go—that's Jim. Another supporter of co-education. Hails from North Vancouver.

ALFRED GOODING

Burnaby Alf.—from the land of teachers. Near-red hair and a Cheshire grin. Happy? Mischievous? Ask Class II.

JAMES HARVEY

Yes, Jim believes in fresh air and sunbaths. Note the haircut. Besides being healthy, Jim is ambitious to be a music master or a P.E. instructor.

BILL HUDSON

Although Bill fiddles away much of his time, he always gets his work done. He is noted for attending school on crutches and his favorite indoor sport, which is collecting snaps.

JOE HYDE

A combination of a remarkable love for the Okanagan Valley and the *Province* newspaper. Evan at that, Joe does grammar and history with surprising accuracy.

ERNIE HYNDMAN

Is the business authority of Class II, whose ideas on education don't always agree with those of the instructors. To tell the truth, we don't see much of Ernie these days. Oh, telephone, printers, calculations—or maybe Class VI.

JIM INKSTER

Jim comes over "the water" every day. Has little use for coat buttons and strikes an imposing attitude when arguing.

"I am no orator as Charter is,
But, as you all do know, a plain blunt man."

WILFRED M. JEWELL

One of the more stable members of Class II. During the past year, Wilf. has shown himself to be a good fellow, a conscientious student, hard worker and good citizen.

ARNOLD JONES

A modest gentleman—exceedingly wise, fair spoken and persuading. He burns the midnight oil at Richmond so that perfection may earmark all his projects—such is the popular belief. Admits that he *is* a bit "bugs" on ships.

You have chosen to identify yourselves with the work of education, and reams have been written as to what that term implies. Of one thing rest assured: the business of teaching opens before you a life-time of interest. On its scientific as well as on its artistic side you will find abundant opportunity for accurate observation, reflective thought and increasingly intelligent practice. The true artist in whatever field he is engaged does not get into a rut; he is always discovering fresh values and new ways of expressing them; he does not twice perform the same task in precisely the same manner. Teaching is a profession that combines science, art and true religion; of all occupations it is one that can never become dull round of unvarying monotony.

—A. ANSTEY.

MR. ANSTEY

To Mr. Anstey we owe much of our success in the past year. His wide experience and firm guiding hand have had a steadying influence upon our rather uncut and untamed natures. We sat in admiration of his ability to impart geography and history well be-sprinkled with good common sense; but more than that, we have felt and appreciated his sympathy and interest in each one of us. In the years ahead, we shall look back to these few brief months spent here and gratefully acknowledge his influence. But now we must part. All Class II joins in wishing Mr. Anstey many more years of such successful endeavours. We shall always return here with the expected pleasure of paying him a visit.

Miss McLean (in citizenship periods): "I didn't bring my questions to class."

Mr. Anstey: "Well, just give us the material you have in your head."

Miss McLean: ———————

Riddle: What is the difference between Mahatma Ghandi and Bill Hudson?

Ans.: Mahatma Ghandi has his day of silence.

Autographs

Class Three

LOIS CLUGSTON

Gentlmen prefer blondes.
But there are exceptions to every rule!

KATHLEEN EVANS

"Here is a spirit, deep and crystal clear."
Kathleen is kind, sympathetic and helpful.

CATHERINE FAIRFOULL

Just a little lump of sweetness, in our class,
Little Cathie Fairfoull, that's the lass.

MARGARET FALCH

Always smiling, full of pep,
Always saying, "I'll get there yet!"

LUCY FIGG

One who never shirks,
Who waits and watches and works.

EDITH FORREST

There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face.

DORIS FOTHERINGHAM

Can she write? I'll say she can.
How does she teach? Oh! with a bang.

GLADYS GERHART

Bobbed is her hair, bright is her smile,
Her friendship, too, is all worth while.

VERNA GILLESPIE

Busy and bright all the while
The light of Class III is Verna's smile.

MARY GOOSTREY

As a comrade, she's a joy.

URIELE GOVIER

She's Class III's budding actress; has her work up to date; and we find that much good lies in a small compass.

ANNE GRAY

There are a great many things that can be said about Anne, but the most outstanding are her cheerfulness and humour.

MARGRETTA HANNA

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

LORNA HARDY

Her modest answer and graceful air
Shows her wise and good as she is fair.

EVELYN HARFORD

If I could not find Evelyn anywhere
I'd say she's drawing a fish or something rare.

MABELLE HARPER

She's helpful, she's efficient,
She follows the Golden Rule.
And in the Auditorium
She's parked on the piano stool.

LELA HARRIS

"A still tongue maketh a wise head."
For she *is* wise, especially in grammar.

IRENE HAWES

We figure figures are her meat,
But nevertheless she's very sweet.

JEAN HAWLEY

"Our Jean," with her crown of gold and winning ways,
Impels us all to sing her praise.

ROSETTE HAWTHORNE

Jolly, happy and always gay,
Never too busy to go out of her way
For a friend who may want her
To work or to play.

BETTY HAYR

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

EILEEN HENRY

Noted for her inherent giggle, her inherent sense of humour, her inherent steadiness and her inherent dimples.

ALMA HEYWOOD

Alma's ways are winning
In sunshine or in rain;
But oh! the envy of the class
Is Alma's fertile brain.

PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL
CLASS 3
1931-32
VANCOUVER, B.C.
S. HILL
K. EVANS.
L. CLUGSTON.
E. HAYR.
I. HAWES.
J. HAWLEY.
L. HARRIS.
U. GOVIER.
R. HAWTHORN.
M. HARPER.
E. HENRY.
M. HOPWOOD.
W. P. WESTON.
A. HEYWOOD.
L. HOLLIS.
M. GOOSTREY.
E. HODNETT.
M. FALCH
M. HOLT.
C. FAIRFOULL
A. GRAY.
M. HOLLOWAY.
E. FORREST.
D. FOTHERINGHAM.
T. HIDAKA.
G. GERHART.
E. HARFORD.
V. GILLESPIE.
L. HARDY.
M. HANNA.
L. FIGG.
PHOTOS:
R. A. Spencer
VANCOUVER, B.C.

TERUKO HIDAKA
Terry's happy, full of vim,
And you should see her dive and swim.

SYBIL HILL
In her quietness lies her charm.

ENID HODNETT
With golden hair and sprightly air,
She comes and goes when no one knows.
She's bright and nice and never like ice,
To one who knows her well.

LAURA HOLLIS
She's simply loads of fun
And so is liked by everyone.

MURIEL HOLLOWAY
Muriel has pep, poise and personality,
Smiling eyes and originality.

MARJORIE HOLT
There are so many nice things to say about Marjorie that it is difficult to begin, but all agree that she is sincere, charming and liked by everyone.

MABEL HOPWOOD
A violet by a mossy stone, half hidden from the eye. (A sweet, likeable flower).

Miss Coursier: "Now, why do you think I didn't take up the singing games with you?"
Verna Gillespie: "Well—I suppose because you would have had to teach the singing."

Children are, most of them, endowed with creative instincts, which fail them as they grow older. If these instincts were cultivated, men and women would be better edcated.

W. P. WESTON.

WR. WESTON

Class III comes in contact with the word "draw" in every sense of the term. Firstly, we feel it—because Mr. Weston draws us to him. He encourages us with his cheery smile, and we realize how deeply indebted we are to him for his sympathy.

Secondly, we ourselves express the word "draw"; those of us who firmly believe that drawing was beyond our grasp have already developed a fair amount of skill under the able guidance of Mr. Weston.

Lastly, we realize that one of the most interesting years of our lives is "drawing" to a close. We as a class have done nothing spectacular except head the lists at both ends in many a little test. We are not only artists but have attained some repute as musicians; we are certain most of the student body will assure you of this.

It is rather hard to summarize the kaleidoscopic events of such a year, but we feel that as three is a lucky number, our class will go far along the path of fame and we hope Mr. Weston will be as proud of his '31-'32 class as we are of him.

Mr. Robinson: " 'We cannot kindle when we will the fire that in the heart resides.' Explain the meaning of that sentence."
Miss R. McRae: "Well, even if you want to like a person, you cannot make yourself like him."
Mr. Robinson: "Must it be 'him'?"

CITIZENSHIP EXAM

To show how original our class is—"Premier of Great Britain: John Bull."

Autographs

Class Four

MADELINE HORNSEY
The Normal Hill is easy for an experienced hiker like Madge.

KATHLEEN HUGHES
That serious countenance hides a very subtle and surprising sense of humour.

MARION JACOBS
One reason why Class IV has such a good name.

EILEEN JAMES
The crowning glory of Class IV—and has she a sweet way with children!

JEAN JAMIESON
Music—art—drama—everything—that's Jean!

PATRICIA JEFFERY
Always appears to be listening—but I wonder! Those eyes!

MARJORIE JEFFS
Her frankness is sometimes appalling, but attractive nevertheless.

NORMA JONES
Class IV's shining light in the athletic field.

MARY KIDD
Amazing how one small person can have so many brilliant suggestions for everything.

DOROTHY KIER
Her long and lazy grace is one of Class IV's most decorative features.

JEAN KIRK
Small and studious with very decided opinions.

MARY LANE
If there's any work to be done she's always ready and willing.

CLARICE LAWLEY
An irrepressible little streak of lightning.

MABLE LAWSON
People shouldn't have idols—but in Dr. Ewing's periods why the close attention?

HELEN LEGGE
Gives us a better opinion of New Westminster.

CAY LYSTER
Always peppy, always bright,
Always got her work done right.

HILMA MILLER
How can she smile when we all shiver?

JOSEPHINE MONTEITH
She is very quiet but a willing worker. All she asks in return is a sincere "thank you."

DOLLY MOODIE
Blue eyes full of twinkle,
Laughter full of glee,
Mind that's full of sense and wit,
As nice as she can be.

DOROTHY MORGAN
Witty and nonchalant—
What a combination!

ROSE MORRIS
As bright as a dollar
As sweet as her name.

ELIZABETH MOSSEY
Never called Liz or Bess—always Elizabeth! But, in spite of this formality, one of the most popular girls in the class.

BETTY MOULTON
A streak of blue
A shriek or two
Hey, where's that 50c that's due!

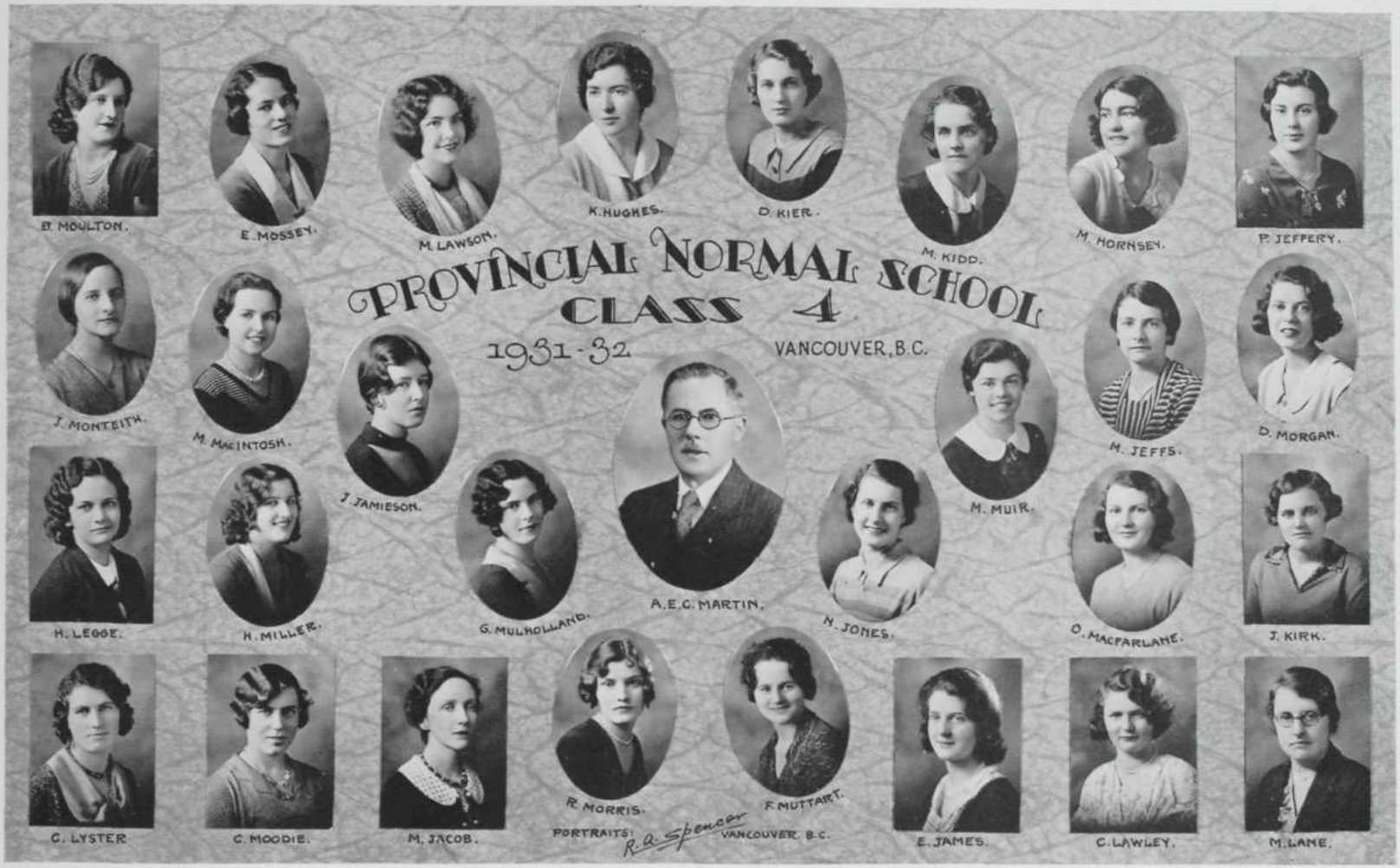
MARGARET MUIR
A secret—she's our athletic rep.

JEAN MULLHOLLAND
A first-rate sport in every sense of the word.

FAIRIE MUTTART
She is a merry little person who dwelt in marble halls.

OLIVE MACFARLANE
Olive is the nicest girl,
That ever you could meet,
She's always bright and ready to help,
A true friend, kind and sweet.

MOLLY MacINTOSH
Smiles, patience and directorship made a success of the "Bohemian Girl."


PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL
CLASS 4
1931-32
VANCOUVER, B.C.
B. MOULTON.
E. MOSSEY.
M. LAWSON.
K. HUGHES.
D. KIER.
M. KIDD.
M. HORNSEY.
P. JEFFERY.
J. MONTEITH.
M. MACINTOSH.
J. JAMIESON.
M. JEFFS.
D. MORGAN.
M. MUIR.
H. LEGGE.
H. MILLER.
G. MULHOLLAND.
A.E.C. MARTIN.
N. JONES.
O. MACFARLANE.
J. KIRK.
C. LYSTER
C. MOODIE.
M. JACOB.
R. MORRIS.
F. MUTTART.
E. JAMES.
C. LAWLEY.
M. LANE.
PORTRAITS:
R. A. Spencer
VANCOUVER, B.C.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: "Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee.

"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

—H. W. Longfellow.

Keep in touch with the child's first teacher, Nature, that you may continue her good work.

—A. E. C. Martin.

MR. MARTIN

Class IV in particular and general—well, why should we hide our light under a bushel? We are not boastful nor yet vain, but admit willingly and truthfully that a great deal of the credit is due to our class teacher, Mr. Martin. He has helped us, with well-chosen words of advice, form one family of united spirit and friendliness; he has guided us with a patient hand through the dark labyrinths of arithmetic and up the greener and sunnier slopes of nature; and, apart from school work, he has indeed proved a friend to all the students in the outdoor hikes he has arranged.

We, of Class IV, make this small effort to express our gratitude and esteem for Mr. Martin and hope he will remember us in years to come, if it is only for the noise of our everflowing chatter.

Miss Coney: "As ye sew, so shall ye rip."

ANIMATION

This verse I write, I hope it wins
  Your instant approbation:
The worst of all a student's sins
  Is lack of animation.

'Tis vain to add and multiply
  With rapid calculation,
The marks I get are low, if I
  Lack bubbling animation.

My accent and my voice may be
  Of charming modulation,
But what I need—Oh dearie me!
  Is gurgling animation.

With all my heart I strive to woo
  That subtle emanation,
Which teacher marks in column two
  And knows as animation.

I tremble at my awful fate
  (My own annihilation)
If I should fail to reach a state
  Of bursting animation.

Let nothing that I say appal
  Nor meet your condemnation;
My case may be what doctors call
  "Suspended animation."

Megan Thomas, Class VII.

Autographs

Class Five

DOUGLAS

New Westminster's hope and joy at Normal—
"A wow at basketball; a wow in school—
He may be quiet but he's no fool!"

KELLY

"We are the mischief-makers—
We are the schemers of schemes."

Kelly's answers have brightened many a dull moment for us. His motto: "Better late than never!"

LADNER

A retiring young man, but well worth getting to know. Has a taste for amateur sculptury on the side (especially paper cutting!)

"ART" LANYON

Our all-round athlete. If there's any kind of a game on, you'll find Art in the middle of it. The class "wisecrack" artist. Art's favorite pastime is pouring tea in the cafeteria.

"JACK" LEACH

Always the gentleman—can be relied upon to carry off any situation with consummate ease and plausibility. Stout fella, Jack! Carry on!

TOM LINDSAY

Always modest and unassuming. We notice that although he "never knows anything about anything," he usually "sweeps the board" in quizzes! Weaknesses: Debating and Rugby.

MENZIES

Pet ambition: To be a second Ted. Lewis. A whizz at primary—anything for a quiet life.

DICK MICHENER

Aspires to be a railroad engineer or something (although a teacher now). Favorite subject: Music. Identified by pet expression: "I'll bite!"

"WALLY" MILLER

Wally's ambition is to have enough money to be a man of leisure. He is now trying to devise a method of combining leisure with procuring money.

LIONEL MILNES

Tall, dark and handsome, but apparently a "woman-hater." His favorite occupation seems to be scheming how he can beat Mr. Frost at badminton. He "delivers the goods" in scholastic pursuits also!

DAVE MITCHELL

He's always making a scene! Dave is our stage manager, chief electrician and speedy, silent scene-shifter. Has a passion for handing in work at least a month ahead of time.

GLEN McCULLOCH

Talks little, but when he does he's worth hearing! "Mac" is famous as "the man without an enemy." He once said "I like work—it's fascinating. I can sit and look at it for hours."

"HEC" McDONALD

The brains behind our basketball. "Mac" dotes on exams and lady basketball players. Mac's ambition is to reorganize the school curriculum, having basketball as the nucleus.

IAN MacKENZIE

"That big, curly-headed Scot." A good teacher and a better pal. Mac's one weakness is music (time-tests!)

"KENNY" MacKINNON

Kenny is a real artist—he draws, sings and plays the piano. Outstanding in preserving the social reputation of Class V.

"CHUCK" OVANS

"He thinks too much—
Such men are dangerous."

Pastime: "Pulling down" high marks on tests and "digging up" great quantities of material during teaching-week.

ALEX. PATTERSON

When there is work to do, Alex is serious; when there is play, he sings! He is indispensable in putting on "Literarys." Alex works hard and conscientiously and is popular withal.

GEORGE POOLEY

One of Class V's most successful young men. Teaching records mean nothing to him! Track meets, physical ed. and debating are a few of his specialties. ("Name a demonstrative pronoun, George!")

JIM RATLEDGE

Calm, unobtrusive in manner, yet likes and indulges in his share of "monkey-business." A really good scout is "Jimmy"—one who does not know the meaning of "high-hat."

PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL
CLASS 5
1931-32
VANCOUVER, B.C.
W. MILLER.
L. MILNES.
C. OVANS.
R. MICHENER.
K. MacKINNON.
D. MITCHELL.
A. LANYON.
G. McCULLOCH.
H. McDONALD.
G. THOMSON.
F. AKIYAMA.
W. TOMKINSON.
J. REID.
S. SCIOTTI.
H. WOODWARD.
K. MIYAZAKI.
I. MacKENZIE.
J. A. MacINTOSH.
T. LINDSAY.
C. RUDDELL.
K. SPENCE.
R. KELLY.
N. STANLEY.
D. J. LEACH.
J. RATLEDGE.
V. RICHARDSON.
P. DOUGLAS.
A. POOLEY.
W. LADNER.
C. TRUAX.
L. SHORTT.
A. PATTERSON.
W. MENZIES.
A. SHATFORD.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. A. Spencer VANCOUVER, B.C.

CLASS V—*Continued*

JIM REID

Hails frae the Orkneys. If ye don't know Jamie, ye've missed something. A generous-hearted young man, always ready to lend a hand with anything. Strong point: Grammar.

VAUGHAN RICHARDSON

A young man who is ready to help with anything where volunteers are needed. A great help in our "Lits." and an all-round good sport. Good luck, Vaughan!

CLIFF. RUDDELL

Beneath that marcel lies a student of many experiences; he has clearly demonstrated his ability to apply them this year.
Miss Coney: "Mr. Ruddell, I would like you to direct the May-day pageant."

"SAM" SCIOTTI

"Sam" or "Scotty," although in one front row, can do many things besides singing. If you wish to know anything around Normal, just ask Sam. Characteristics: A dazzling smile.

ASHLEY SHATFORD

"The time has come," the walrus said,
"To talk of many things . . . "
Come let us "razzle" the old forensic question. Wherever there's an argument you'll find Shatford.

"LES" SHORTT

Aspires to out-folly Ziegfeld. Les works incognito on our local stage as a prop. man. Miss Coney's last resort in musical questions: "Well, Mr. Shortt!"

KAY SPENCE

I like to work—I really do,
But I like a little nonsense too!
He hopes to become Reser's contemporary on the banjo. Favorite sport is anything from dramatics to badminton—or what have you?

"NORRIE" STANLEY

A man of unruffled, imperturbable demeanor. We have never seen him in a hurry—but we notice that he gets there just the same. (Is known more outside the classroom than in!)

GORDON THOMSON

"A strong, silent man." Professes to be a "woman-hater," although we have a hunch that such is not the case. Bashful and diffident in class, he nevertheless is all there when it comes to quizzes!

"BILL" TOMKINSON

An outstanding member of Class V. Bill lent valuable support to the Rugby team. He is also "at home" treading the paths of scholasticism. Hobby: Research work in English Grammar.

"DOC" TRUAX

One of the "men" of the School. Well liked and respected by everyone. "Doc" is good in everything—from sight-tests (!) to physical ed. Strong point: Debates!

HAROLD WOODWARD

"A quiet tongue showeth a wise head."
Harold is quiet and unassuming in manner, but on closer acquaintance one finds a nimble wit. (Would like to be a second Harry Lauder.)

FUJIMOTO AKIYAMA

A teacher from across the Pacific. Akiyama has made a specialty of writing—he can show some of us a thing or two in that line! We hope that his memories of the term with Class V will be of the pleasantest.

KOICHIRO MIYAZAKI

Aspires to reform the educational system of Japan—and judging from his progress at Normal, stands a good chance of doing it. We have enjoyed having Miyazaki with us. His discourses on Japan were very illuminating.

It has been said that no man can understand the present or look with intelligence into the future without first looking far back into the past. Moreover, we must view the past not merely as a matter for historical record, but rather as a school of judgment. Our writers have been looking acutely at everything in the material world about us, but they have not been looking with understanding at life itself. We must draw back toward the centre of life and carry with us the permanent and the universal, and thus reconcile change with tradition. Until we do this, we shall be blind leaders of the blind. Perhaps we are on the threshold of an age of clearer thinking, which will bring a brighter, better, happier world. —J. A. MacIntosh.

Memories of our year in training at Normal will ever be dominated by appreciative recollections of our instructor in English. Ready and anxious to help with anything for the good of the class, offering encouragement and advice when most needed, his kindly words, although at times tempered with a sterner firmness, had an effect on all of us for which we are deeply grateful. As a teacher, he was an example for us to follow; as a friend, he was invaluable. We can do no more than say how thankful we are that, before we set out on our work, we came under the personal supervision of Mr. MacIntosh.

Autographs

Class Six

JEAN McINTRYNE
A versatile member, a good sport, a good teacher and good friend.

CATHERINE McKENZIE
An able director of our literary, she is not one to boast about her many accomplishments.

EUNYCE MacKENZIE
"Cool, unperturbed by stress or hurry,
Inclidned to work but not to worrry.'

MARIAN McLEAN
Polly's cheerful little "giggle" is a welcome and pleasant thing to hear.

DOROTHY McRAE
Has been told she has a classical face; she is a proof that brains and beauty sometimes go together.

RUTH McRAE
One of the Clan McRae; as a social studies' star, she twinkles brightly in and out of school.

FLORENCE NYE
"Molly" is quiet, industrious and efficient. She is one of those people who hide their light under a bushel, but she has been found out.

NANCY OSBALDESTON
A member of the Sketch Club but *not* a temperamental artist.

ELLEN PARHAM
Ellen is our pride and joy—her latest feat has been putting Class VI on top again in school law.

MARGORIE PEEL
Tall, fair, an excellent teacher and the sort of student that makes teachers' lives a joy.

EUNICE PHILLIPS
"Fighting Phillips"—she'd argue black was white if it were dark. She sits right in the firing line and enjoys it.

MARGARET POOLEY
Short, matter-of-fact, a good teacher and a pleasant companion.

BESSIE RANKIN
"She o'ertops the world in more ways than one."

LILLIAN RANTA
Small, retiring, yet active and a good teacher.

DOROTHY REDMAN
She's one of our active sportswomen, being captain of the Basketball B Team and class captain for the spring track.

BARBARA REID
If height were a virtue
An angel she'd be.

THELMA REID
Dark-haired and blue-eyed; enthusiastic and efficient. Thelma is an active and a prominent member of the class.

MARION RIGBY
Marion is our star singer—she warbles a strong contralto, both in rhyme and prose.

MAY ROBERTSON
The smallest member of the class, she is well suited to the role of "imp" in our literary.

BERNICE ROSS
Quiet—at times. A southpaw—yes. A good sport—couldn't find a better.

AUDREY RUTHERFORD
If the early hour at which she arrives at school is an indication of her love for study, she is one of the best students.

FLORENCE RYDER
Social studies are her pet aversion.

HELEN SANDERSON
She comes from Burnaby, but even that won't excuse her. Nevertheless and howsoever, she is a good teacher, who should live to have "her day."

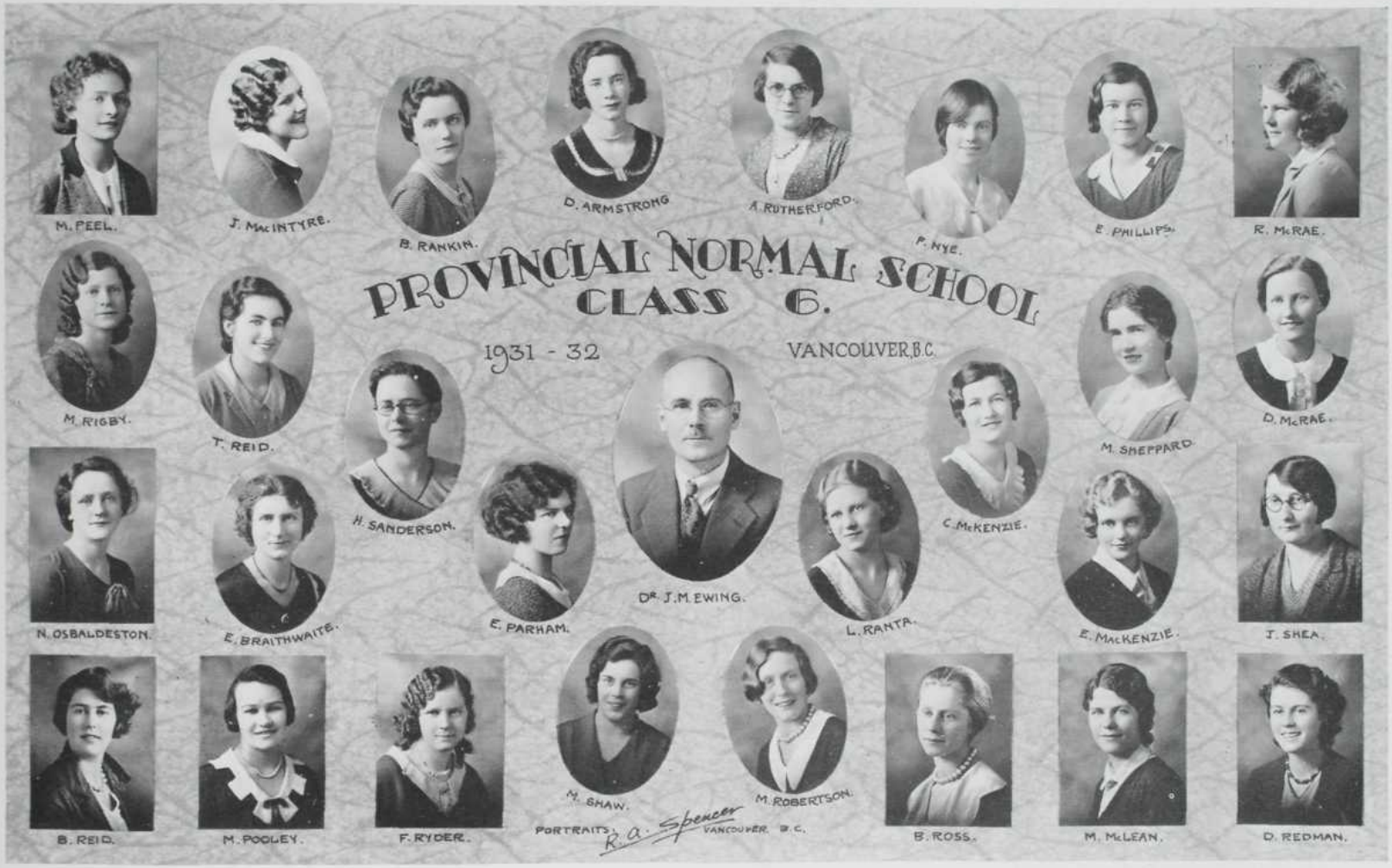
MURIEL SHAW
Extraordinary the number of days she can manage to be present in the week!

JESSIE SHEA
A good primary teacher and extremely fond of athletics.

MARGARET SHEPPARD
"Sheppie" is a keen debater, both in and out of class.

DOROTHY ARMSTRONG
Our mystery woman—why does she take so many holidays?

MRS. BRAITHWAITE
The quietest and most reserved member of the noisiest class.


PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL
CLASS 6.
1931 - 32
VANCOUVER, B.C.
M. PEEL.
J. MacINTYRE.
B. RANKIN.
D. ARMSTRONG
A. RUTHERFORD.
P. NYE.
E. PHILLIPS.
R. McRAE.
M. RIGBY.
T. REID.
H. SANDERSON.
Dr. J. M. EWING.
C. McKENZIE.
M. SHEPPARD.
D. McRAE.
N. OSBALDESTON.
E. BRAITHWAITE.
E. PARHAM.
L. RANTA.
E. MacKENZIE.
J. SHEA.
B. REID.
M. POOLEY.
F. RYDER.
M. SHAW.
M. ROBERTSON.
B. ROSS.
M. McLEAN.
D. REDMAN.
PORTRAITS: R. A. Spencer VANCOUVER, B.C.

Your formal preparation is over—professional life opens out before you. It is no longer a time for exhortation, however cogent. Let me rather wish you success and happiness in the broad field of education.

May you emulate Herbart in the technical perfection of your teaching; but may you also know those moments of sensitive genius in which the spirit of Father Pestalozzi lives anew.

—JOHN M. EWING.

DR. EWING

We render a vote of thanks to Dr. Ewing for the helpful advice and criticism he has given during the past year. Even the most nervous of us do not mind Dr. Ewing comes into the practice taching rooms; his smile gives encouragement and is an inspiration for better teaching. The help he has given to students with trying lessons cannot be over-estimated. During our periods with him, we gained much valuable knowledge about children, teaching methods and qualities for teaching. Not only to his own class, but to the whole student body, Dr. Ewing will stand out as an important figure in their career at Normal School.

Marg: "Oh, Mr. Anstey, will it be alright if I do this boat for a prairie schooner?"

THE ROMANCE OF WATACHEE CANYON

By following the road which winds close to the mountains, you soon come to the canyon. Along the canyon bed winds an ancient trail, almost overgrown with syringa and salal. It was along this trail that the eventful and romantic life of the early days moved.

This way, years ago, came the trapper, lured by tales of the plentiful supply of beaver, marten and other fur-bearing animals. This way came the savage Indians to raid their enemies and to war on the pale-face settler. Prehistoric races, Indians, pioneers, prospectors, explorers and adventurers of every sort, from every land—all came this way—along this old road through the Canyon of Watachee.

And because of water and gold, this wild and rugged place became a camping ground and a battlefield—the scene of victory and defeat, noble heroism, sacrifice and dreadful fear. Set among the noisy rivers, the vast and lovely skies and rugged and silent mountains, the canyon has become, as it is today, a place of dreams that never came true; of blighted hopes and labor that was in vain.

I tried to realize that I was treading the path where once men with fond hopes and boundless faith had gone; where others, whose thought had not been of gold, but of a home, had toiled with the rest.

I tried to realize what hopes had led the early prospectors to build the little bridges over the mountain streams, to blast narrow trails out of the solid rock of the mountain side: I tried to visualize the pack trains of mules that had gone this way to gold fields where men had been lured to spend the best years of their life.

In this canyon, from top to bottom, are thousands of holes, where men have dug for the yellow wealth. Climb the cliffs and crags, go along the ridges and explore the hidden ravines and gorges. Everywhere are holes made by people in their search for treasure. Every hole—each shovel of dirt —each stroke of the pick—was a realization of defeat and a dream that did not come true.

The canyon is haunted by the ghosts of those disappointed ones. And yet others dared to come with the same hopes, dreams and ambitions. They came to struggle in the same way. They were but living spirits of those who had toiled and gone on. As the shadow of a bird passes, so have they come and gone; and as the trail left by the bird fades into nothing, so have their dreams, hopes and labors vanished, as have those that have gone before.

DOROTHIE REDMAN, Class 6.

Autographs

Class Seven

TOINIE SKYTTE

Blonde, blue-eyed, with a happy disposition that brightens the whole class.

MARGARET SMITH

Margy's cute,
And oh! she's witty.
We wouldn't be without our Smitty.

MARGARET SPRINGATE

Sweet personality,
Full of vitality,
That's Margy Springate.

LILLIAN STEEVES

"Lil," our literary rep., is known through the whole school by her bright manner and cheery smile.

ELSIE STEINBRUNNER

Elsie is the musical member of Class VII. She plays the fiddle, sings and drills her classmates for track meet songs.

FLORENCE STEWART

Stewey is an athlete slim and tall,
And you can bet she's liked by all.

CAROL SWENSON

Quality without quantity, Carol goes in for contrasts, judging from her constant companions.

EILEEN TAMBLING

Eileen reveals her kind personality by her sweet smile. She is a sincere friend and ever ready to assist her class when called upon.

IRIS TAYLOR

Of all the bright girls in our class,
There's one who's bound for fame;
A smart, vivacious, winsome lass,
Miss Taylor is her name.

MEGAN THOMAS

Megan is a badminton enthusiast, enjoys hikes and in true Varsity style drives a Ford. She surprises us with her ability to sing at intervals.

OLWEN THOMAS

Excels at badminton, lunches on practically nothing, sketches periodically and is a delightful companion.

MARY THOMPSON

Quiet, reserved and unassuming to the casual eye, she nevertheless possesses a ready smile and a piquant sense of humour.

REBECCA TRAVIS

Becky comes from Chilliwack. Her cheery manner makes her a pleasant person to meet on a dull day.

DOROTHY TRYON

Light-hearted, carefree, but a hard worker, "Dodo's" pleasant manner and winning smile gain for her many friends.

ANNA URQUHART

Anna's the girl with raven hair
For whom we all have learned to care.

ANNA VANDERVEEN

Anna has two weaknesses,
One is hockey, the other——?

BARBARA WALLACE

Her very frowns are fairer far,
Than smiles of other maidens are.

DOREEN WALSH

Appearance: Short, with dark brown "shorn" locks.
Capacities: Piano playing and sketching.
Weaknesses: Muscular movement and "Psychology"?

OLIVE WALTON

Quiet, helpful, unassuming, Olive is a conscientious worker who is liked by all.

FANNY WAPLINGTON

The all-round sport of our class. She leads in hockey, teaching and in lending others a hand.

VERA WEAVER

Vera lives by the rule that speech is silver, but silence is golden, except in the choir, then—

MARGARET WEINGARTH

Margaret is quiet, helpful, a bright English scholar and one of Class VII's best boosters.

BARBARA WHITE

Barbara possesses a quiet, impressive manner, with a beaming smile that reveals her genial personality.

PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL
CLASS Z.
1931-32
VANCOUVER, B.C.
E. SPENCER.
V. WEAVER.
M. WEINGARTH.
E. TAMBLING.
A. THOMAS.
M. WILLIS
M. SMITH.
D. WALSH
D. TRYON.
B. WALLACE.
E. HOOD.
F. WAPLINGTON.
MISS L.G. BOLLERT.
T. SKYTTE.
O. THOMAS.
E. WINTHER.
F. STEWART.
B. WHITE.
C. SWENSON.
R. TRAVIS.
L. STEEVES.
M. NICHOLSON.
M. SPRINGATE.
A. VANDERVEEN.
N. THOMSON.
I. TAYLOR.
PORTRAITS: R.A. Spencer VANCOUVER, B.C.
E. STEINBRUNNER.
O. WALTON.
A. URQUHART.

MARGARET WILLIS

She's not very big, but she's cute and she's wise.
She knows a whole lot for her age and size.

EDNA WINTHER

Edna, though small, has plenty of pep and poise
And is not backward in making a noise.

EDNA HOOD

Edna is famous for her heated arguments with Mr. Anstey. She is also a famous member of a famous choir (?)

MERLE NICHOLSON

Merle supplies the quantity for her little friend Carol. Shining in athletics and teaching, she is an all-round sport.

EDITH SPENCER

She's just what she is, what better report,
A friend, a student, a girl, a good sport.

STUDENTS OF CLASS VII:

My best wishes to the students of Class VII who have made the associations of the year very pleasant and who are "going out into the world" and my hope that the experiences of the year have helped toward a fuller understanding of the concluding lines of Edna St. Vincent Millay in "The Renascence":

"The world stands out on either side,
No wider than the heart is wide;
Above the world is stretched the sky,—
No higher than the soul is high.
The heart can push the sea and land
Farther away on either hand;
The soul can split the sky in two,
And let the face of God shine through.
But East and West will pinch the heart
That can not keep them pushed apart;
And he whose soul is flat—the sky
Will cave in on him by and by."

—GRACE BOLLERT.

MISS BOLLERT

Long after the girls of Class VII have left Normal they will remember, not, perhaps, much matter and method, but the good advice and the encouragement with which Miss Bollert has helped us all through the year. In work or play, she was always with us, whether our problems concerned the "little six-year-olds" or our unworthy selves. Her faith in us inspired us in all our work, and any success that we have this year or in the future will be greatly due to her.

ODE TO KETCHUP

Ketchup, oh Ketchup, we welcome thee home,
Away from Class Seven no longer to roam;
With thy blue and thy gold and thy streamers so gay
We mourned for thee daily when thou wast away.
Give others their cups and their ribbons of blue—
We love but thee, Ketchup—to thee we are true!
Three cheers for Class Seven! and long may she rule
The gym and the campus, and lead the whole school!!

OUTSIDE SPEAKERS

MR. HUMPHRIES

Mr. Humphries again pleased the students of this year with his delightful selection of highly colored lantern slides of the southern interior of B. C. From the reception given Mr. Humphries' beautiful slides we fear they might start an influx of Normal "Grads" to the interior.

(*Continued on page fifty-eight*)

Autographs

The Athletic Society of the class '31-'32 got off to a good start early in the fall term. As was soon evident, we were very fortunate in securing a strong executive under the very capable leadership of Marj Peel, president; Ernie Hyndman, vice-president, and Jim Fraser, secretary. The spring executive, headed by Norma Jones, president; Tom Lindsay, vice-president, and Elmer Dickson, secretary, satisfactorily maintained the standard set by their predecessors.

The Fall Semi-Annual Dance, sponsored by the Athletic and Literary Societies, was a decided success, and the proceeds were used to establish an Injured Players' Fund. In spite of the heavier expenses incurred, the Spring Semi-Annual likewise helped to swell our dwindling resources.

Basketball, grass-hockey and rugby teams were entered in city leagues and, while they did not bring home any cups, it cannot be said that athletics were a total failure. In many respects, for an organization that has to begin anew each year, we did comparatively well.

Over and above our league games, inter-class sports were organized by the executive, the most notable of which were inter-class softball, basketball and track meets.

This year, on the suggestion of Miss Coursier, it was decided to award a crest or letter to students putting in two hours a week at athletics. The purpose of this was to try to foster in everyone an interest in athletics. Some sixty students qualified for the award.

The executives of both terms wish to acknowledge their appreciation of the never-failing help and guidance accorded them by Miss Coursier, Mr. Weston and Mr. Martin during the course of the year.

GIRLS' GRASS HOCKEY

With the following executive: Captain, Fanny Waplington; vice-captain, Isobel Donaldson; secretary, Muriel Holloway, the grass hockey team began this year with high hopes of winning cups, ribbons, etc.—but alas! "The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley. . . ." Towards Christmas, when our team began to co-operate and we began to win occasionally, our Saturday schedules were broken up by snow, ice and general inclement weather. The few games in spring, though hailed with delight, were not played off, as the parks were being used for baseball. Consequently, we did not finish our schedule of games. We stood about middle of the league when the season closed. One of Dr. Ewing's graphs of our wins would result in a steady upward curve sailing off to infinity.

One of the most interesting games of the year was the one against Class II, who, with skilful substitution (*which is not allowed in grass hockey*) of one extra player, and having the wind in their favour, scored one goal. (Mr. Anstey was exhausted from blowing the whistle.)

But, taking everything into consideration, we have had a very successful year, and our players all hope to swell the ranks of the Ex-Normal team next year. Our united thanks go out to Mr. Anstey for the fine support he gave us all through the year.

1st TERM
2nd TERM
ATHLETIC
1931. - 1932.
EXECUTIVE
H. B. MacLEAN.
MISS I. P. COURSIER.
W. P. WESTON.
A. E. C. MARTIN.
ADVISORS.
M. PEEL.
PRESIDENT.
E. HYNDMAN.
VICE PRES.
J. FRASER.
SECRETARY.
L. CUPIT.
CLASS 1.
J. GEMMELL.
CLASS 2.
T. HIDAKA.
CLASS 3.
T. LINDSAY.
CLASS 5.
M. McLEAN.
CLASS 6.
P. WAPLINGTON.
CLASS 7.
B. MOULTON.
CLASS 4.
M. MUIR.
CLASS 4.
M. NICHOLSON.
CLASS 7.
M. HOLLOWAY.
CLASS 3.
E. DICKSON.
SECRETARY.
T. LINDSAY.
VICE PRES.
N. JONES.
PRESIDENT.
W. AULD.
CLASS 2.
D. DICKSON.
CLASS 1.
M. PEEL.
CLASS 6.
T. RATLEDGE.
CLASS 5.
CLASS REPRESENTATIVES.
CLASS REPRESENTATIVES.
Photos
R. A. Spencer
VANCOUVER, B.C.

Girls' Grass Hockey Team

Boys' Rugby Team

Girls'
Basketball
"A" Team

Girls'
Basketball
"B" Team

Boys' Basketball Team

ENGLISH RUGBY

Captain - Ashley Shatford

This year's rugby team started in regular sky rocket style—off with a bang, a blaze of glory for nearly half the season and then—a fade-out. Early in the year, rugby enthusiasts organized a third division team. Only half the members had ever played before, but the remaining half were willing to learn or die trying. Under the guiding hand of Ashley Shatford, captain, the team was gradually whipped into shape and succeeded in tying the first game 3-3. Thus encouraged, there followed a succession of victories until at length Normal tied for first place with the most points garnered and the least scored against. Then disaster! In a game with Ex-Tech, with but four minutes to go, Hudson, tricky three-quarter, received a broken foot and Shatford at half suffered a broken leg. In the next game, Leach, at full-back, and Bullman, flying wing, were put out with injuries. From then on, minor accidents followed in quick succession, until it became difficult to field a team at all and the team faced repeated defeats. However, the boys took their losses with a grin, and it speaks well for them that, in spite of injuries, repeated misunderstandings as to whether there was to be a game or not, they never defaulted a game.

The members of the scrum proved themselves hard workers, Dewar, Inkster, Gladstone and Ovans being outstanding; while Ratledge, Bullman, Hudson and Lindsay worked well in the back division. Stan Boshier, diminutive half-back, got in some fine work, while Leach was always safe at full-back.

Mention of the rugby team would not be complete without a word of its supporters. The members of the team here wish to express their appreciation to those of the staff who lent their support by appearing at the games. Especial thanks are due to Mr. Frost and Mr. Pink, who, in spite of the very miserable weather, attended every game.

What was considered by some as *the* game of the season was played in the gravel pit across the way. Class II opposed Class V and were lucky to win 6-0. Shatford handled the whistle, when it wasn't in his mouth, and a good time was had by all. After the game both teams formed a circle and each player picked pebbles out of the one in front of him.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Under the leadership of Miss Coursier, basketball got away to an auspicious start last fall. So many enthusiasts turned out that two teams were formed to compete in the Senior B Division of the G. V. A. A. League.

The effect of the slow start in the league made by the teams was soon nullified by rapid improvement, the A team reaching the league playoffs. After an exciting series, Normal just missed bringing home a cup by a single point, in a hectic overtime battle.

Unfortunately, the team was unable to hold the annual spring invasion to Victoria; but did invade Ladner last fall. The result of this excursion was a pleasant trip but a lost game.

The A team was ably captained by Norma Jones, who consistently played a speedy game at guard. The toss-off was always taken by Dorothy Kier, who played well with the quick-thinking forwards, Polly McLean and the diminutive Doris Dickson. Jean Mulholland occupied the other guard position. Eunyce Phillips and Jean MacIntyre did not play as often as the others but, when present, their good work as guards was quite evident.

Much of our later improvement was due to the interest taken in the team by Mr. Hector MacDonald and the support of a few Normalites who knew there was a girls' team.

B TEAM

The captain of the B team, Dorothy Redman, was well supported in guarding by Toinie Skytte. Lillian Cupit and Lillian Ranta played well in the forward position, and the team was fortunate in having Florence Stewart and Barbara Reid to fill the position of centre.

Although the B team had little success, their games showed keen sportsmanship and hard work and were a source of pleasure to all the players.

ON THAT NATURE PROJECT

Edna: "I read that the crab's tastes were very catholic, so I fed him fish."
Marg: "I found some horses' tails yesterday."

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Captain - - - Jim Gemmell
President - Hector McDonald

The boys' basketball team did not succeed in bringing home any cups this year. It takes several good players to win a championship, but it takes a good deal more than mere playing ability for a team with green recruits to repeatedly take the floor and battle valiantly against more experienced and better coached teams. This is just what the Normal basketball team did and, though often defeated, it was frequently only by a very scant margin. Only one trip was taken this year. At Ladner the team suffered defeat in an overtime battle and at least left a good impression on the Ladnerites.

Of the players, Kay Spence, the big, hard-working, reliable guard, was the mainstay of the team.

Terry Bullman, the other half of the defense, left no weak spots on his half of the floor.

Jim Goldie, spare guard, could always take his place without weakening the team.

Jim Gemmell, smart centre, was probably our best natural ball player.

Wilfred Auld would gladden the heart of any coach. Wilf was the pivot man of most of the combination plays.

Pat Douglas. Fast and clever describes him.

Ray Fleming. A spasmodic player who ran around the best guards in the league.

Cliff Ruddell was fairly new to the game, but with his spirit, we won't be surprised if one day we see him playing in Senior A company.

Art Lanyon. This versative athlete strengthened the team noticeably, although he did not show the same dash and form he does on the soccer field.

Hector McDonald. A valuable player himself, Mac was unfortunately kept out of the game this year with a bad leg. However, he lent what assistance he could by coaching the boys and trying to teach them the finer points of the game.

TRACK MEETS

The old gym had renewed its youth. Brightly colored streamers flaunted gaily from its walls; happy faces lined its gallery. Gaiety and festivity pervaded the atmosphere, while songs, yells, cheers and jeers rent the air in a mad discord of sound. A momentary hush, there was then a sudden outburst of mad cheering and staccato yelling—pandemonium reigned supreme. The track meet! Do we remember? Shall we ever forget? Obstacle races, peanut races, wheelbarrow races—all the competitions that go to make a track meet.

This year's track meets were, as usual, unqualified successes. At the fall meet the championship pennant for the girls went to Class I, while the Ketchup went to abide with Class VII. Class V annexed the coveted pennant for the boys by virtue of one point. In the spring meet, however, Class II reversed the tables by a substantial margin, while among the girls' classes the honors went to Class IV, while Classes I and VII divided points for the Ketchup.

And when we think of track meets we always associate our happy memories with Mr. MacLean, who outlined the programs, advised the captains and was responsible for the successful conduction of the meets.

INJURED PLAYERS' FUND

An innovation this year in the work of the Athletic Society was the inauguration of an Injured Players' Fund. Several costly mishaps, notably among the members of the rugby team, occurred during the term, and it was felt that something should be done towards defraying these expenses. The Girls' Grass Hockey Club characteristically rallied round and sponsored a benefit tea. Shortly afterwards, the Basketball Club held a benefit basketball game. The receipts from these two events, together with the proceeds from the Fall Semi-Annual Dance, combined to make a substantial amount. As a result, the society was able to pay off several costly bills without having recourse to the general fund.

BADMINTON

A large number of students played this splendid indoor sport this year—and all enjoyed themselves. The executive: President, Miss P. Blain; Vice-President, Mr. A. Jones; Secretary, Mr. G. Freeman.

Tournaments were held in the gym and nearly all the members competed. The final tournament was held at the end of April and a social hour was enjoyed. The winning teams were: Mixed doubles: Miss O. Thomas and Mr. J. Gemmell; men's doubles, Mr. A. Lanyon and Mr. R. Fleming; ladies' doubles, Miss P. Blain and Miss O. Thomas.

Throughout the year, several tournaments were enjoyed by the Normal team with other clubs. The Normal Grads defeated us in fine style, and we did not have a chance to show them at the end of the season how much better we were. A club playing at the King Edward were guests of the Normal, and this time the tables were turned, for they went down to defeat.

Two tournaments were held with the White Rock club, one here and one at White Rock. When they visited us they defeated us, but revenge was sweet, very soon afterwards, for we journeyed to White Rock one evening and proved conclusively that the Normal team was O. K.

Altogether the year was most successful and profitable. The executive wishes to thank Mr. Weston for his assistance and advice throughout the whole year and the members of the club for their co-operation and club spirit.

HIKING

This year has been an exceedingly disappointing one to hiking enthusiasts; however, nothing daunted, several young Alpine climbers rallied to the call of Mr. Martin, and various hikes were planned. Unfortunately, the proviso always had to be made, "If it looks like rain or is damp underfoot, we won't go." It seems a pity that they had not learned to forecast the weather earlier in the term. It might have netted the hikers a few more hours in bed and saved them several trips down to the ferry.

The first hike was to Capilano. Previous to this we had been assigned our wild flower collection project. (Do we all remember it? No show of hands, please!) As a result this hike was better attended than most, some opportunists thinking to combine business and pleasure.

Other hikes, though lacking this utilitarian motive, were enjoyed whenever the weather permitted.

SWIMMING AND LIFE SAVING

Last September, a general swimming meeting was held, at which Bill Hudson was elected president, Betty Hayr vice-president and Margaret Sheppard secretary-treasurer. It was decided to rent Chalmers pool every Wednesday from 3 to 5.

Under the able instruction of Mr. Martin and Miss Coursier, a life saving group was formed. This group, which took its exam. for the bronze medallion on December 12th, consisted of Marjorie Peel, Betty Moulton, Clarence Truax, James Inkster, James Goldie and Carl Holmes.

After Christmas, other classes were formed by Betty Moulton, Mary Lane and James Inkster. The following students received their bronze medallion, while the instructors received an Honorary Instructor's Certificate:

Group 1—Mary Lane, Instructor; Marjorie Holt, Doris Dibley, Barbara Reid.

Group 2—Betty Moulton, Instructor; Merle Nicholson, Lillian Steeves, Beccy Travis, Percy Gladstone.

Group 3—James Inkster, Instructor; Ted Clark, Norman Freshwater, Walter Chalmers, Stan Boshier, Norman Charter, Joe Hyde.

This year the Normal School was able to put through four students—the most, we might add, which have ever been put through in one year—for the silver medallion (award of merit). These students—Betty Moulton, James Inkster, Clarence Truax and James Goldie—wish to extend their hearty thanks to Miss Coursier and to "Johnnie" Cameron, instructor at Chalmers pool, who spent much valuable time in helping them.

Mr. Robinson: "How far should we go with the complex sentence in Grade VII?"

Menzies: "Verbs of action!"

Dedication

Ivan Hill

IN MEMORIAM

Some say that when the world was made,
And God took light from out the shade,
He made it so, that when we die,
In other's hearts our memories lie.
And what the heart within it feels,
Lest others know, the face conceals.
Kind thoughts of you now rest in mine,
Of things you did in Friendship's time,
And though your touch be far away
In spirit you are here today.

J. E. FLYNN, Class II.

The ANZAC Fur Store

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TRINITY 5401

AS the school year draws to a close, we present this Annual, which has been compiled with considerable care and effort. We hope you will accept it in the spirit it is intended, namely, as a link by which to keep fresh the memory of your last year of school life.

Considerable literary ability may be seen in many of the selections in this Annual—ability that perhaps has lain dormant until now. With further practice and opportunity, this ability may lead far. For the present, however, it will be the "spark" that will give something invaluable to the pupils you will teach.

To those of us who have not this gift of expression, our years of careful training and study cannot help but have left their mark. If we keep faith with our teachers and with ourselves, we will strive unceasingly to aid our pupils in a better understanding and appreciation of good literature—perhaps the greatest thing in their school life.

LITERARY EDITOR.

LITERARY SOCIETY

There is no doubt whatever that we have exceptional dramatic talent in our midst this year. Certainly we have not noticed much depression amongst the master minds which arranged our literary programmes.

Our first programmes were drawn up with fear and apprehension by the various classes, each one contributing one item to it. Thus, by means of recitations, short plays and solos we soon discovered much of the talent that was to furnish us with our programmes during the rest of the year.

The combined efforts of Classes II and V at the end of November produced our first all-male production. The first item, a short play, depicted the anguish of two young men trying for hours and hours to classify some rare weed—or was it a dandelion? As we had just completed our wild flower collection, we enjoyed it immensely.

This was followed by a dramatization of "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." A platinum blonde as "the woman who was known as Lou" filled our feminine hearts with envy. The two classes then joined forces in a camp fire scene, which brought back poignant memories of our vanished summer.

Class VII was responsible for our final programme of 1931. This consisted of two colorful plays, namely, "The Christmas Stocking" and "On the Air on Xmas Eve." These interesting plays were very much in keeping with the Christmas spirit we were feeling so keenly at the time.

What a brilliant start was made at our first meeting of the year! We had everything from "Young Lochinvar" on his noble broomstick (yes, we said broomstick) to "leetle boy Dominique." There were, of course, many other interesting items, including "Newlyweds on a Fishing Trip." The male

J. JAMIESON.,
SECRETARY.
A. VANDERVEEN.,
VICE-PRES.
J. LEACH.,
PRESIDENT.
A. JONES.,
PRESIDENT.
K. SPENCE.,
VICE-PRES.
G. MULHOLLAND.
SECRETARY.
LITERARY EXECUTIVE
FALL 1931
SPRING 1932
L. BROWN.,
CLASS 1.
N. FRESHWATER.,
CLASS 2.
B. HAYR.,
CLASS 3.
A. HEYWOOD.,
CLASS 3.
W. HUDSON.,
CLASS 2.
M. BETTS.,
CLASS 1.
M. JACOB.,
CLASS 4.
K. SPENCE.,
CLASS 5.
B. RANKIN.,
CLASS 6.
M. SPRINGATE.,
CLASS 7.
L. STEEVES.,
CLASS 7.
C. McKENZIE.,
CLASS 6.
C. RUDDELL.,
CLASS 5.
M. MacINTOSH.,
CLASS 4.
R.A. Spencer
VANCOUVER, B.C.

Normalites exhibited their skill on physical ed. by performing their exercises backwards.

Our next Literary was a great success; not only because Class I was behind it, but because it was an all-Canadian programme from "O Canada" until the conclusion. We had the pleasure of hearing selections from such well-known authors as Pauline Johnson and Dr. W. Drummond.

The boys had charge of the next meeting and it certainly was splendid. They presented a short one-act play entitled "A Night at the Mermaid Inn." This was written by a former Normal student and thus added more interest to the afternoon. There were ten trim gentlemen of the Elizabethan period, gaily decked in appropriate costume. Needless to say, they all displayed "neatly-turned ankles" in fashionable ice hockey hose. We may congratulate the boys.

To proceed, we now come to another one-act comedy entitled "Gas, Air and Earl," put on by Class III. This, a strictly modern play, carried us through forty minutes of wise-cracks and suspense never before equalled, we feel sure. Its director, Miss Falch, and its able cast certainly deserve a pat on the back.

We were treated to an unusual literary meeting when Class IV presented selections from "The Bohemian Girl." The leading lady, Miss Fairie Muttart, carried out her part very capably and charmed us all with her sweet voice. She was supported by a fine cast, under the direction of Miss Molly MacIntosh, who carried out both pantomime and singing in excellent manner. Class IV was assisted by the boys, who were, of course, up to their usual high standard. The costuming was splendid—in fact we must congratulate the members of Mr. Martin's class on their whole presentation.

THE DEBATE

The Literary Society arranged to have a debate after Easter, the debaters to be chosen from successful class speakers. Early in the spring session, four members of each class were elected to debate on some subject of their own choice. These debates were held in the classroom and four debators selected to compete in the auditorium. Instead of our usual program of literary selections, on the afternoon of April 15th we were entertained (or rather thrilled) with a discussion which, stated formally, was "Resolved, if our University consisted of but one faculty, Applied Science would be of more value than Arts and Science."

Miss Sheppard of Class VI and Mr. T. Lindsay of Class V were speakers for the affirmative and their opponents were Miss M. Betts, Class I, and Mr. C. Truax, Class V.

When the discussion was finished, Mr. Bailey led the students in community singing, while the judges made their decision, which was later announced. Mr. Jones, the chairman, stated "That the decision was for the affirmative by a vote of two to one."

OUTSIDE SPEAKERS

(*Continued from page forty-two*)

MR. MUNRO

Mr. Munro, Chief Migratory Bird Officer for Western Canada, entertained the student body with a pleasing selection of slides of our feathered friends. The facts that Mr. Munro mentioned about the birds will make future Nature lessons much more interesting.

MISS McLELLAND

Miss McLelland visited us under the auspices of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind. Her illustrated lecture impressed upon the students the value of proper care of the eyes.

MISS BROWN

The student body had the privilege of two visits from Miss Brown. On Miss Brown's first visit we were told about the Junior Red Cross organization, its aims and benefits. So enthusiastic were the students that on Miss Brown's second visit we entertained her with a model Junior Red Cross meeting.

MR. ABEL

Mr. Abel spoke to the students on Fire Prevention. The figures representing fire loss for the year were astounding. There is no doubt that Mr. Abel's talk made a lasting impression.

DAY DREAMS

The song of gay youth was
In my blood, and I felt
Stirred to sweet dreams by grass
And flowers and blue skies.
No babbling brook could sing,
And I not think of God.
Through hours of toil, I dream
Of rare days prone upon
The green, where, dozing in
A summer sun, I heard
The dull droning of bees
Among the roses:
Or rehearsed a soft lay
With bright love-birds sighing
From some cool lofty bough;
And then, I ope my eyes—
The dull rain patters down,
My work accumulates
And I must lay aside
My rosy dreams until
The summer comes again.

MURIEL HOLLOWAY.

CLOUDS

Up, up, up through the cold gray fog. The searching fingers of the mist crept through our clothing and seemed to seize, with clammy grip, on the very marrow of our bones.

Suddenly, as though we had wakened from a deep sleep, the vague, wraith-like shadows were gone and we burst into a new world. A cold, white sun in a pale blue sky bathed us in colorless light. Great billowing dunes of silver rose in passive majesty.

Slowly, as we drew above them, they took on irridescent hues. They seemed to be inlaid with mother-of-pearl. It appeared as though one could recline on their fluffy surface with the most delicious ease. It was hard to believe that this was the same chilling fog through which we had come; that far below a cold, driving rain was drenching a miserable earth.

As we looked towards the north, we realized that the cold, fresh wind which bit our faces was moving this sea in a remarkable manner. The mountain peaks rose, aloof and solid, seemingly unaware of the tearing wind. Against their rocky sides the serried ranks of the misty billows were rolling and breaking. The rise and fall was so regular and on such a huge scale that the very mountains seemed to roll from the impact and we doubted our own stability.

Turning once more to the south, we saw, from our new height, a rolling vastness of white and rose and blue that stretched as far as the eye could see, until at last it faded into misty obscurity and became one with the pale cold sky.

For a long time we admired and marvelled at this playground of the gods, but being mortals we had at last to return. Down we went, closer and closer, and the heaving, writhing masses rose around us as though eager to grasp us again. Suddenly the white floor rose to meet us. In an instant we were engulfed, and the world was once more wet and gray.

IVAN HILL, Class II.

THE WONDER OF THE STARS

I paused to watch the stars above
  And marvelled at what I saw,
For the stars have a magic wonder
  That fills man's heart with awe.
I felt alone in the universe,
  The earth seemed fading away,
Alone with only the friendly stars,
  Those suns of the Milky Way.

We try to answer the questions
  That shepherds asked of old,
While the Pharoahs dreamed of the pyramids
  And the faith of Job was told.
With eyes that are powered a thousand times
  We try in vain to trace
The wondrous vistas far beyond
  Across the void of space.

We ask what is behind it?
  Who made things as they are?
What caused the rings of Saturn?
  And what the nova star?
The mind that was the master
  Is the master mind of all,
And the stars proclaim the glory
  Of the power that knows no fall.

VAUGHAN RICHARDSON.

LIFE'S LOTTERY

Love of the woods,
Autumn colors,
Rain;
Love of the sea,
Deep green waters,
Peace;
Love of the hills,
Plentiful forests,
Growth.

Heat of the jungle,
Man among beasts,
Fear!
Fever of the tropics,
Sun's terrific heat,
Pain!
Ice of the north,
Sharp blasts of wind,
Death!

The world is full
Of many offers,
Choose!
'Tis yours to solve
A wondrous puzzle
Try!
Fear, hope, and love,
Each is included,
Life!

MARGARET BETTS.

HE LOVED OLD SHIPS

Vancouver Harbor will always be to me the most interesting and romantic part of the city. Perhaps this is so because I am still able to experience something of the thrill which comes to the proverbial small boy when he is close to ships and trains. At any rate, I have spent many golden hours along the docks, for here even the most familiar sights seem always to be possessed of new color and charm. It was not unusual, therefore, that one Sunday afternoon last July should find me leaning against the causeway rail in the neighborhood of Pier B-C.

This particular part of the waterfront has always been one of my favorite haunts, and today the fine weather made it even more delightful. Stately white clouds were riding in from the Gulf on the same west wind that ruffles the blue ground-swells of the harbor. The summer sun was warm upon my back as I looked across the water to where the white *Empress of Japan* lay at her berth, all groomed and ready for another trip to the far-off shores of the Orient. One could not help but mark the contrast between her and the old hulk which lay alongside the wharf below me. Once this old vessel had been a proud sailing ship, capable of travelling as far and as free as any "Empress"; now her snowy sails were gone, her tall masts had been cut down, until at present she was being used as a barge in which coal was towed from Vancouver Island.

"There's a difference between her and the *Empress,* isn't there?"

I turned to see who had voiced my thoughts, and recognized a white-haired old man of at least eighty years of age whose face I had often seen in my visits to the waterfront. He had the look of a man whose life had been spent out-of-doors, for his face was still bronzed from years of exposure to sun and wind and his eyes still puckered from gazing over long distances.

"Yes, there is," I assured him. "Rather hard to believe that she was once a tall clipper, isn't it?"

"Aye, it is," he agreed readily, "and yet I know she was because I served on her when I was a young fellow."

Immediately I was interested, for here, evidently, was a real old shellback who might, upon persuasion, spin a good yarn about his experiences with ships and sailormen. Accordingly, I suggested that we go down to the edge

of the wharf where we might sit and talk. He agreed, so together we descended a nearby flight of stairs and found ourselves on the dock beside the old ship.

At first he did not sit, but instead walked up and down the wharf until he paused near the bow, from which point he gazed lovingly at the hull lines of the old vessel. She was, indeed, a wonderful sight. True, her plates were buckled where the bowsprit had been torn out, but even twisted plates and rust were unable to conceal the beauty of the lines which rose from the water to the deck in delicately-slender curves. There was something splendid in that graceful bow which for so many years had withstood the shock of rollers never checked by land. With his eyes following the deckline, he made his way down the length of the ship until he came to the moulded sweep of the stern, and here he paused once more. From the enraptured look on the old man's face I knew that for him the unsightly coal derricks, the grime and rust had ceased to exist, and that he saw her once more in all her glory of tall spars and sails, complete with paint and brass work from flying jib to flag astern, from truck to waterline.

"*Melanope*," said the old man slowly, as he read the faded letters on her name plate. "Aye, ye were a lovely ship, *Melanope*. And it won't be so long now before they lay your bones over on the mud-flats by Moodyville with other old-time ships like yourself."

With that he sighed and sat down on the edge of the dock to watch a white-winged yacht that was dipping its way to the Coal Harbor anchorage. After a time, he brought from his pocket a short black pipe and some tobacco with which to fill it. When it was drawing nicely, he leaned back against the piling and I knew that at last he was ready to talk.

During the conversation which followed, I learned that his name was Tom Redmayne and that his early boyhood had been spent on the banks of the Mersey near Liverpool "when windjammers were in their prime." At an early age he had run away from the orphanage in which he had been raised and since that time had sailed to the far corners of the seven seas. He told me of the wool clipper races from Australia, of the many ships that he had known and of life on board a sailing vessel. He told me of his passages in the *Melanope* and of the terrific storms they had weathered off the Horn, during one memorable run from Melbourne. With him I furled the threshing sails and felt the sickly swaying of the mast as the old *Melanope* battled her way in blinding sleet through mountainous Cape Horn seas. With him I heard the old salt's tale, the squeaking fiddle on the foc'sle head and the gentle soughing of the wind in the sails as the ship sailed steadily in the north-east trades.

So absorbed was I in his story that hours passed unheeded. At last when he stopped to relight his pipe I found, with regret, that it was late afternoon and long past my time for going home. Accordingly I rose to leave, saying that I hoped to meet him again sometime.

"Good-bye," he said as he held out his hand. "Ye'll always be able to find me down here among the ships. By the way," he called after me, "there's a Finnish four-masted barque, the *Hougomont*, on her way here. Watch for her name in the shipping news and come down to see her. I'll be here no matter when ye come."

I thanked him and made my way up the flight of stairs which led to the street above, leaving him to listen to the mewing of the gulls and the sucking, clucking sound of the oily harbor swells as they slowly rose and fell against the rusty plates of the old *Melanope*.

About a week ago I saw a short notice in the newspaper which read as follows: "Yesterday the body of Thomas Redmayne was found in a small houseboat on the waterfront. Death was due to natural causes. Friends of the deceased say that he has no living relatives so funeral arrangements are being made by the city."

My old friend's sailing days are over and his name has been checked off the log. No grand monument will mark his grave, but I hope that his headstone will be large enough to carry four words, for it is only necessary to

"Say that he loved old ships; write nothing more
Upon the stone above his resting place;
And they who read will know he loved the roar
Of breakers white as starlight, shadow lace
Of purple twilights on a quiet sea,
First ridge of daybreaks in a waiting sky,

The wings of gulls that beat eternally
And haunt old harbors with their silver cry.
Speak softly now, his heart has earned its rest,
This heart that knew each alien star by name,
Knew passion of the waves against his breast
When clouds swept down the sea and lightning's flame
Tore skies asunder with swift finger tips;
Write nothing more; say that he loved old ships."

ARNOLD JONES.

Melanope is the name of the C. P. R. coal hulk No. 1, which is moored on the west side of Pier B-C not far from where the "Empresses" are docked.

Tom Redmayne is a fictitious character. A. W. J.

THE YEW

Dark and sombre in the churchyard
Stands alone the ancient yew,
Watching o'er the quiet acre
Like a sentry still and true.

Many an age this yew-true stately
Watched the village change and spread,
Watched the people living round it,
Saw the varying lives they led.

Since the day when it was planted
Centuries have rolled away—
Still it stands a link unconscious
With a far-off, bygone day.

JAMES GOLDIE.

APRIL RAPTURE

I have yielded to the lure of April's days.
I was caught by her gay laughter;
I arose and followed after
All enchanted by the glory of her ways.

I have hearkened to her call insistent, sweet.
I obeyed the summons, knowing
Her of old. And she, bestowing
Royal gifts, in magic paths has led my feet.

April's wooing, winning songs are all her own.
Only she knows secrets thrilling.
See those violets gaily spilling
Down that bank!—with her I love to be alone.

I will not forget the beauty April taught:
Sprite-like wind and radiant shower,
Misted hill, dim wood, wild flower.
O the spell of greening grasses starred by blue forget-me-not!

ANNE GRAY, Class III.

PIERRE LE LANDI, GENTLEMAN ADVENTURER

The afternoon sun was slowly sinking behind a low rolling hill in the west; a late fall of snow was still on the ground and the sharp, invigorating tang of winter in New France was still in the air. It was late in the month of March, in the year 1757, and the snowstorm of the preceding day seemed to herald the coming of spring. The ice had already broken up and was drifting down the river towards the far-off thunder of the falls.

As the last rays of the setting sun cast their brilliance on the battlements of the Fort of Niagara, the sentries on duty noticed the lone figure of a man coming up the winding trail beside the river. As the traveller came closer, the watchers noticed that his steps were halting and his pale face suggested hunger and extreme fatigue. He was quickly admitted to the fort, for he was evidently French, and was given food and much needed rest.

The next morning the commander listened to the tall trader's tale. His story was simple, but it suggested far-reaching possibilities. He had been an independent fur trader for some years and had lately left Louisburg with the intention of joining relatives who had left Quebec and gone to Ohio. He had set out to seek them and on the way had been captured by a British scouting party. They had held him prisoner for three days, then he had managed to escape. While a captive, he had overheard as well as his imperfect English would allow some fragments of conversation that had led him to think the British were planning a new attack from the south and west.

After innumerable questions, the commander decided that the information the trader had gathered was invaluable and that he should be taken with all haste to Quebec. It came about, then, that two days later a small party, consisting of the stranger, Peter le Landi and twenty men with an officer in charge, left the French fort fully outfitted for the long trip east.

One morning during the early part of April of the year 1757, as Pierre Rigaud, Marquis de Vaudreuil, Governor and Directeur General of New France, stood looking out of the huge south windows of the Chateau de St. Louis, he saw a group of soldiers approaching. A few minutes later it was announced that a party from the distant fort of Niagara had come bearing a despatch of the utmost importance to His Excellency.

After reading the message from the commander of Niagara, the governor ordered that the trader be immediately brought before him. The Marquis de Vaudreuil was intensely interested, so the story was told a second time to Montcalm, Commander-in-Chief of the forces of New France.

Montcalm listened to the second recitation of the interesting story and then questioned Pierre.

"You say you have lived in Louisburg," Montcalm said to the stranger, "then tell me, how is my friend, the Count de Lasseur?"

"Surely your highness knows that the Count de Lasseur died some time back from a malady of the chest, at least so it is said."

Montcalm was somewhat taken back by the wit of the answer, for his friend had died following a thrust through the chest from a rapier during a duel. He tested the trader again and was once more given a correct answer. Surely, he thought, anyone knowing these minute details had certainly dwelt in Louisburg. His remotest suspicions were allayed when the stranger, tracing his journey on a map, and indicating where he was captured, pointed to a spot near which there were no French troops within at least two hundred miles.

The Governor insisted that Pierre le Landi should be his guest at the Chateau de St. Louis, and so a few minutes after the interview we find the visitor in his room eagerly scanning the city. He satisfied himself that he was absolutely alone, gave his hair a severe tug and a wig came away in his hands. From a little pocket in the interior he drew a small map and busied himself with a comparison of the details of the plan and the view of the city that lay before him. He shook his head, Quebec had changed greatly since Bellin, an English spy, had drawn the map and collected the information accompanying it.

The stranger was very popular. He was witty, a good musician, an excellent singer and an equally good dancer, so most of his evenings were spent at parties, balls or social gatherings. Strange to say, the Governor's guest would never take a carriage, he always went on foot. Of course this little eccentricity was overlooked—why shouldn't the Marquis' visitor do as he wished? Little did the people realize that as he walked between two gun parapets he was pacing the distance and making a mental note of his findings.

Military discipline in Quebec was equally as lax as in Louisburg and so secrets that should have been jealously guarded were openly discussed by

army officials and officers passing the winter in the security and gaiety of New France's capital. Montcalm's successes had sent caution to the winds.

The annual May Day ball held by the Governor was in full swing, the guests had assembled at nine o'clock and already two or three dances had been enjoyed. As dance succeeded dance, the question was asked again and again—where was Pierre le Landi, the stranger from the west?

A servant was dispatched to his room and in a few minutes he returned with the horrible news that Pierre had slumped over his desk in a faint or in death. A guest overheard the news, which spread quickly, and before long the huge ballroom was filled with groups excitedly discussing the alarming news. At once the Governor and one or two of his men hurried to his guest's room.

The door stood ajar and the body of Pierre le Landi was seen slumped over his writing table. His Highness called to him. There was no answer. He approached him and laid his hand upon his shoulder. What had resembled a stricken man rolled over and fell to the floor a shapeless heap of pillows.

Major Patrick MacKellar of the British Intelligence Department had been very busy during his brief stay at Quebec. In his wanderings from the Chateau to the various receptions and balls he had located every battery and powder magazine in the city. All this valuable information had then gone down on a new map that was secreted in his wig. Even the simple habits of the townsfolk were noted, and so it came about that on the eve of the Governor's ball, Pierre had gone to the market place and hidden himself in a load of hay. The route it would follow out of the city was, of course, known to him by previous observations.

For many miles the cart bumped over rough roads, out through the city gates and across the plain, eventually coming to a stop at the home of the farmer in a small settlement. Great was MacKellar's relief when the horses were stabled and the farmer retired. Leaving his uncomfortable hiding place, he made his way quickly and silently to the head of a wooded cove. This spot he had reasoned was the only possible route by which an invading army could reach the heights above the city and he wanted to make sure of the trail before leaving Quebec. He scrambled down, crossed the road and entered the cold, black waters of the St. Lawrence. Almost exhausted, he reached the south shore and made his way towards the junction of two small streams many miles away, where he was to meet an Iroquois scouting party.

After two nights of travel, the party was found and they started the long trip south to Boston. Months later, we would have found Major MacKellar presenting his map and valuable data to William Pitt, England's great minister.

The story has often been told how Wolfe captured the great French stronghold of Quebec, but it should be remembered that the scaling of the heights at Wolfe's Cove was effected by the directions from MacKellar. The shelling of the fort would have been useless if every gun position and powder magazine location had not been definitely located and marked on MacKellar's map, and even when Wolfe died he held a copy of that precious map in his hand; the careful compilation of an observant soldier and a cultured gentleman.

The historical facts in the above story were taken from an article on Major MacKellar's work published in the November issue of the *Canadian Magazine*.

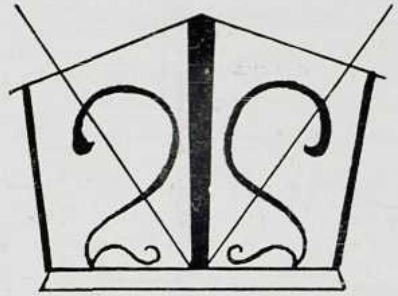
ING-SWAY O-TAY

(Sing to Ingle-Jay ell-Bay)

Ing-sway, o-tay,
Ing-sway, o-fray,
Riding all the ay-way,
From our town
To P.N.S.
In a ocking-ray, aying-sway am-tray.

Ing-sway, o-tay,
Ing-sway, o-fray,
Ing-sway all the ay-way,
I hope they have no eet-stray ars-cay,
Where I am going to each-tay.

WILLIAM HUDSON.



MUSIC DRAMA

Nine violins, a trumpet, a clarinet, two saxophones and a piano—fourteen pieces in all—compose one of the largest orchestras the Normal School has yet known. The position of "concert-master" is held by Mr. Hudson, while Miss Steinbrunner has been keeping the seconds on the "straight and narrow" with excellent results. In spite of the fact that Mr. Brock (trumpet) and Mr. Menzies (clarinet) lose track of a note somewhere in the rafters now and again, they are two of the most reliable and hard-working members. Everyone has been loyal and conscientious, and we believe we have established a record by ending the year with the same number with which we began!

Some of the most outstanding selections the orchestra has played through the year are: "Minuet from Don Juan," *Mozart;* "Hungarian Melody," *Keler Bela;* "War March of the Priests of Athalia," *Mendelssohn;* "Poet and Peasant Overture," *Rossini,* and "Selections from the Bohemian Girl," *Balfe.*

COMMUNITY SINGING

Mr. Stan. Bailey, aided by Miss Harper at the piano, has been the enthusiastic leader of a more or less musical crowd at numerous noon-hour songfests in the auditorium this year. His success has really been astonishing, although the warblers *will not* wait for the full six beats in "Drink to Me Only." The rounds have been very popular—also the gentlemen's favorite request number, "Pretty Little Minka."

CHORAL WORK

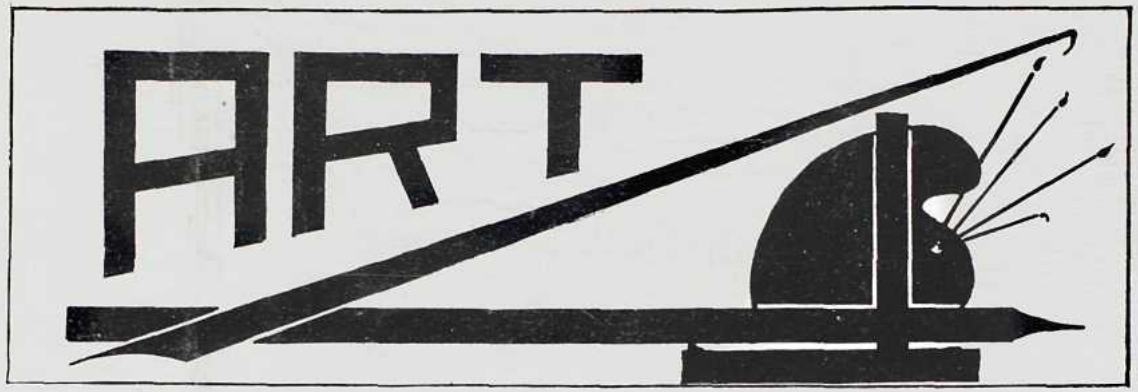
The girls' choir has been doing consistently fine work all year. At the end of the fall term, these choristers distinguished themselves at the last concert of the term by their beautiful interpretations of a group of Christmas carols. In addition to the choir, each class contributed a carol. Some of the loveliest of these Christmas songs were "David of the White Rock," "The Twelve Days of Xmas," "The Holly and the Ivy," and "O Little Town of Bethlehem."

Before the fall term ended, the boys' choir was in full swing, their specialty being such sea chanties as "Shenandoah," "Rio Grande," "The Mermaid" and "Billy Boy." Although this organization has broken up, one may still hear the odd male voice raised in song at one of the girls' lits!

When the Stratford-on-Avon Players visited Vancouver in February, Miss Coney organized a very pleasant theatre-party for the matinee performance of " Winter's Tale." In addition to attending to all the arrangements, Miss Coney also found time to give a complete and interesting synopsis of the plot before the performance, which the members of the party appreciated very much.

✕ ✕ ✕

Lindsay (during demonstration): "Alright now, watch the board while I run through it!"



This spring, several students who do some art work outside of school hours felt they would like to form a club and work together under the direction of Mr. Weston. A meeting was held and a president, Mr. Clark, and an advisory committee of three, Miss Holloway, Miss Jamieson and Mr. Hudson, were elected.

The club met every convenient Monday night, sometimes at the school and sometimes at the homes of members, spending the time figure sketching, poster painting and pen drawing. On three memorable occasions the club visited the home of Mr. Weston and those members who went enjoyed themselves more on each succeeding visit. We were fortunate enough to see some of his paintings and drawings that had been hung in the Normal Gallery, so can you wonder that we enjoyed ourselves.

When Mr. Lismer, the director of the National Gallery, arrived to speak at the Vancouver Art Gallery, tickets were procured for all.

There is no doubt that the club did accomplish its aim, but at present the spirit of the club seems to have died except in the hearts of a few. They are the members who will carry their work on and keep their work relationship with Mr. Weston in after-school life out of sheer enjoyment in art and Mr. Weston's friendship.

FACULTY—*(Continued)*

TO SGT. MAJOR FROST

"Stand Up"—the envy of the boys and the joy of the girls. Our noble exponent of a life of physical culture has left a lasting impression upon the class of '31-'32. Long may it continue. "Sit Down."

Have faith in yourself, in the success of your work, and in humanity. By so doing much happiness will come to you and your efforts will be crowned with success. ETHEL M. CONEY.

TO MISS CONEY

The class of 1931-32 owes much to Miss Coney that will never be repaid. Throughout the entire year music periods have been made enjoyable and worthwhile by her encouraging, helpful spirit. Because she loves music she causes others to love it. It is this spirit that has made a success of everything she attempts, whether enlightening a "front row" pupil or conducting a May Day pageant. It is our hope that her work will be as successful in the future as it has been in the past.

Society

Teachers must be qualified to enter the social life of the community in which they may be placed in order to do full justice to their positions. This year's class can safely qualify in this respect, judging from the enthusiasm with which they have enjoyed our semi-annual dances and our numerous class parties.

It is during these lighter moments that we really come to know our fellow-classmates. Here we may act naturally without the fear that the critic teacher may not approve of our "style," "ease," "sense of humour" or "animation." Here the worries of lesson plans are forgotten and for a few happy hours the cloak of our dignified profession drops from our shoulders and even we are mortals.

The first of these happy events was the fall Semi-Annual, which was held on November 20th in the Gymnasium. But what a transformed "gym"! Its austere appearance took on a warm and frivolous demeanor. The great barren wastes were made colorful and cozy with futuristic designs and motifs in tasteful colour schemes, while the ceiling was foreshortened by cleverly entwined streamers. The floor gleamed with a "burnished surface" due to the polishing and finishing of our gallant men, and its glistening highlights tempted even the most demure to try a step.

The evening's pleasure was much enhanced by the gracious, sympathetic and jolly personalities of our patrons and patronesses, who were kind enough to grace the occasion with their presence. At this party we were fortunate in having Mr. and Mrs. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Weston, Miss Coursier, Mr. and Mrs. MacLean and Mr. Robinson.

The second occasion on which we all came together was the spring Semi-Annual. Memories of our first "Ball" were so pleasant that this party needed no further advertising to assure an overcrowded hall. Being better acquainted and feeling the need for newer environment, we held this party a little further from home, at the Peter Pan Ballroom. Such a move meant a slight demand on the treasurer's money-bag, so we decided to incur no further financial embarrassment by the addition of decorations and trusted to the interior decorating and artistic plan of the hall to lend the proper air of jollity to our dance and we were not disappointed. Everyone enjoyed himself and disproved the idea that a first-class teacher may not be a delightful dancing partner.

Maybe it was the charming group of patrons who gave the party its animation and high spirits. They were Mr. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Anstey, Mr. and Mrs. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Weston, Miss Coursier.

Besides these larger social events, several classes held parties. Class III was the first to celebrate their good fortune in being grouped together and held a most delightful class party in the Gymnasium on February 5th. An enthusiastic committee composed of Miss Lois Clugston, Miss Laura Hollis, Miss Jean Hawley and Miss Gladys Gerhart made all the plans for the occasion, and Mr. Weston, their class teacher, and Mrs. Weston were very gracious patrons.

Next came Class IV's Barn Dance, a most original and much enjoyed party. The committee in charge of the decorating certainly made use of all the properties the school possessed to give a truly rustic effect. Bales of straw were tossed in just the right position to lend an admirable seat between "reels," while the glow from lanterns hung from rafters and creaking stalls threw a mysterious and wierd light over dainty maids in gingham gowns and handsome swains in overalls, who frolicked together to the strains of "Turkey in the Straw" and "Pop Goes the Weasel," played by the orchestra penned off in the background. At the sound of the dinner-bell, many hungry waltzers sought the nosebags and troughs overflowing with a variety of dainty morsels. Mr. and Mrs. Martin were invited as guests to properly chaperon the party.

Class I "took the occasion by the hand" and planned a Leap Year party. Everyone declared this party a grand success, but we have never really decided in just what sense of the word they mean success. A Leap Year party is rather risky, when one stops to consider that out of an enrollment of two hundred students only seventy of these are men. However, it is always amusing to be able to leave the men supporting the wall as wall-flowers or with a sophisticated air, leaving the over-popular youths by the way as you hunt up your dancing partners. However, no such pettiness found room in the jolly programme arranged by the members of Class I. The class teacher, Miss Maynard, added much to the pleasure of the evening by her presence.

Last but not least of these long-to-be-remembered affairs was the delightful sport dance arranged by Classes II and V. These classes, composed entirely of men, are to be congratulated on the perfection of their arrangements, which proved that girls are not the only ones capable of original and clever innovations in the art of entertaining. And they certainly are not superstitious, as they chose the one night in the year avoided by most people, Friday the thirteenth of May. The decorations were most effective. The entrance had a ladder overhead from which gay streamers flowed and encouraged the timid to dare to walk under the ladder. Here and there throughout the hall four-leaved clovers strove to break the charm and horseshoes added luck to the party.

Unsuperstitious patrons for this delightful affair were Mr. and Mrs. MacIntosh and Mr. and Mrs. Anstey.

Much credit of this year's social activities is due to the Athletic Association and members of class executives, and our grateful thanks are due to the co-operation of our teachers. In the years to come we shall recall with a glow of pleasure the happy friendships made and the many pleasant associations gained during our Normal career.

MOUNT BAKER

Among the ramparts cold and gray
  Which guard the Fraser's placid stream,
A great white peak is seen to rise,
  Above the vale with snow agleam.

Outlined against the deep blue sky,
  Tinted by ruddy sunset glow,
It rears its ice-capped dome on high,
  And gazes on the world below.

It seems the monarch of the hills,
  And rules with frozen majesty;
The crimson snow its mantle is,
  The sapphire sky its panoply.

I watch it slowly fade from view,
  As shadows lengthen one by one,
And soon it is enrobed in mist—
  I know another day is done.

ALEX PATTERSON, Class V.

JOKES

BRAIN

The top floor apartment of the Human Block, known as the Cranium, is kept by the Sarah Sisters—Sarah Brum and Sarah Bellum. All three are nervous but are confined to their cells. The Brain is done in gray and white, and furnished with hot and cold water, (if desired), with regular connections to the outside world by way of the Spinal Circuit. It is usually occupied by the Intellect Bros.—Thoughts and Ideas—as an Intelligent Office, but is sometimes sub-let to Jag, Hang-Over & Co.

LAUGH

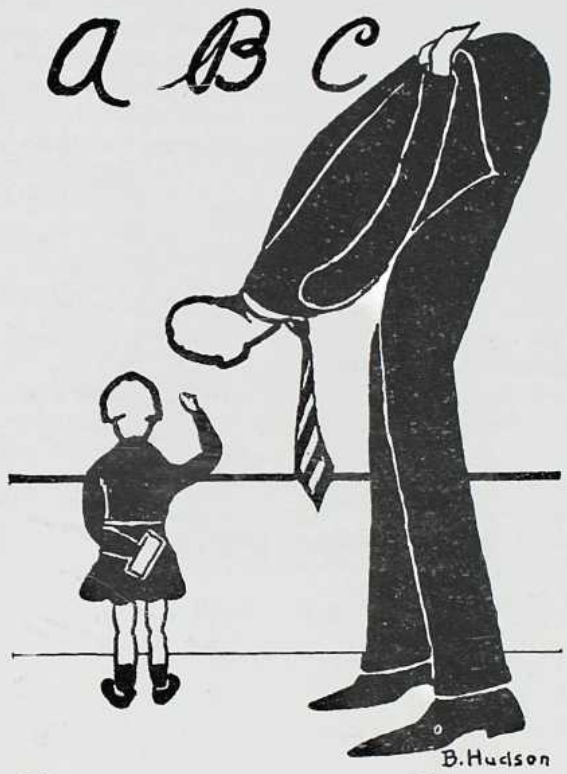
A peculiar contortion of the human countenance, voluntary or involuntary, superinduced by a concatenation of external circumstances seen or heard, of a ridiculous, ludicrous, jocose, mirthful, funny, facetious or fanciful nature, and accompanied by a cackle, chuckle, chortle, cachinnation, giggle, gurgle, guffaw or roar.

BRAIN

A temporary erythema and calorific effulgence of the physiognomy, aeteologized by the perceptiveness of the sensoirium, in a predicament of inequilibrity, from a sense of shame, anger or other cause, eventuating in a paresis of the vasemotorial muscular filaments of the facial capillaries, whereby being divested of their elasticity, they become suffused with a radiance emanating from an intimidated praecordia. (Note: Consult any unabridged dictionary.)

KINDERGARTEN

From German "kinder," meaning children, and Latin "garritus," a babbling. Hence a place for babbling children.



"As seen in a Primary Room - by Class II."

THE PICNIC

Friday, May 27, provided everything to be desired for the School Picnic—gorgeous sunshine, good eats, 200 enthusiastic and shouting picnickers, the most genial gathering of Normal instructors and a perfectly splendid big boat. It's no wonder that our picnic was a huge success!

The activities of the day included baseball, hiking, swimming, laughing and eating. Class I won the knockout baseball series, while Class I suffered defeat at the hands of Class V. Sunburn, large fat mosquitoes, a few mouthfuls of dust and sundry other delicacies, were amply distributed among the revellers, in fact, none of the niceties of high-class picnics were left out of the day's programme. Our instructors added to the informality of the occasion by loosening ties and shedding waistcoats.

The ride home, while saddened by the thought that the end of a Perfect Day was drawing nigh, was heartily enjoyed by one and all. Community singers provided entertainment for those on the top deck, while those on the lower deck carried on thrilling maneuvers in the form of dancing to the ocean roll. We entered Vancouver Harbour just as the sun began to sink in a blaze of glory bhind ragged skyline of the big city.

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