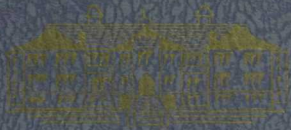
30-31

# ANNUAL



PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL

VANCOUVER, B.C.

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# THE ANNUAL

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1930-1931

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*The Teachers' Professional Organization*

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*To*

*The Principal and Members of the Staff*

*of*

*The Provincial Normal School*

*Vancouver, B. C.*

# THE PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

Students of 1930-31:

ANOTHER session is nearing its close and you as members of another graduating class will soon be leaving Normal School. What are you taking with you from your course at Normal School? We hope that your experience has been both pleasant and profitable. We hope that your outlook on the teaching profession has broadened and that school has a deeper meaning for you than heretofore.

During your school year you have made a somewhat intensive study of the various subjects on the Course of Study. You have had sufficient experience in your practice teaching to realize the absolute necessity of thorough preparation of the subject matter. We should like to impress upon you the fact that, no matter how long you remain in teaching, preparation will always be an absolute necessity.

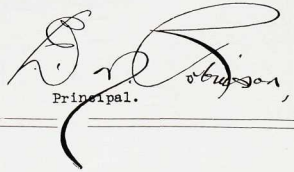
You have acquired some knowledge of method—some knowledge of the principles of teaching. Do not look upon these principles as something learned, mere memorized material. Such an outlook will indicate not development but decay of your power. Doubtless during your weeks of practice teaching you have been dependent to a very great extent upon the method as outlined in your prepared plan. Experience should bring you a greater degree of freedom. Method should no longer be your master but should remain your guide; it must point out the general direction in which you are to travel but you must learn to adjust your teaching to the many different circumstances that will arise. You must learn to make at times wide detours from the straight highway.

Knowledge of subject matter together with intelligent use of proper teaching methods will bring a certain measure of success. There is, however, another element which must supplement this knowledge. This is the personal element—the personality of the teacher. By the personality of an individual we do not mean what the individual thinks himself to be, nor what other people think him to be, but what he really **is.** And this real self is the sum total of all the influences that have consciously or unconsciously entered into his life, all the fine influences of race heredity and family ancestors, all the potent factors of early environment in home and neighborhood, all the thoughts of his past, all the emotions of his heart, all the decisions of his will, all the lessons he has learned, all the deeds he has done. All these added together are his personality.

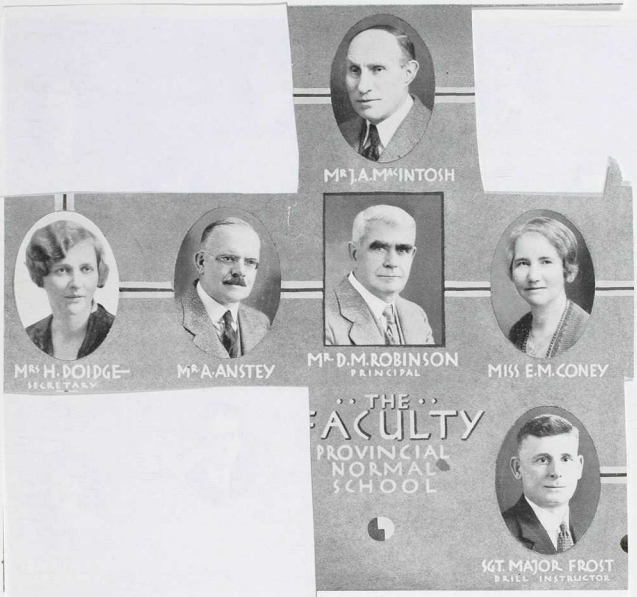
In the development of a strong personality the most important factor is individual effort. To a very great extent your own will and effort will prove the true cause of success, and the lack of will and effort will prove the real cause of failure. Face your task with a resolute will and do your utmost to overcome your difficulties. You will never succeed if you are constantly looking for an easy place, if you are always seeking the maximum salary with the minimum of work, if you form the habit of shirking daily preparation and are content to follow the line of least resistance. The right kind of personality is formed by facing duty, by adhering steadily to a given line of action, by holding the attention upon an idea until it is strong enough to become a motive, by tempering the will along the line of greatest resistance and by cheerfully doing the disagreeable things that come in the line of duty. You must have faith in, and respect for, yourself. You must learn to be direct and frank; you must know how to look your fellow-man in the face, how to be courteous to all, and above all how to be affectionate and patient with children.

Master your subject matter; make the principles of method a personal possession; but above all strive to cultivate that enthusiastic and sympathetic personality which alone can make your teaching rich and fruitful.

We wish you every success.



Principal.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PRINCIPAL
MISS E. M. CONEY
"THE"
FACULTY
PROVINCIAL
NORMAL
SCHOOL
SGT. MAJOR FROST
DRILL INSTRUCTOR

# EDITORIAL

*ager anticipations, we are n*
*vith interest to the future. F*
*) we now pause and review ou*

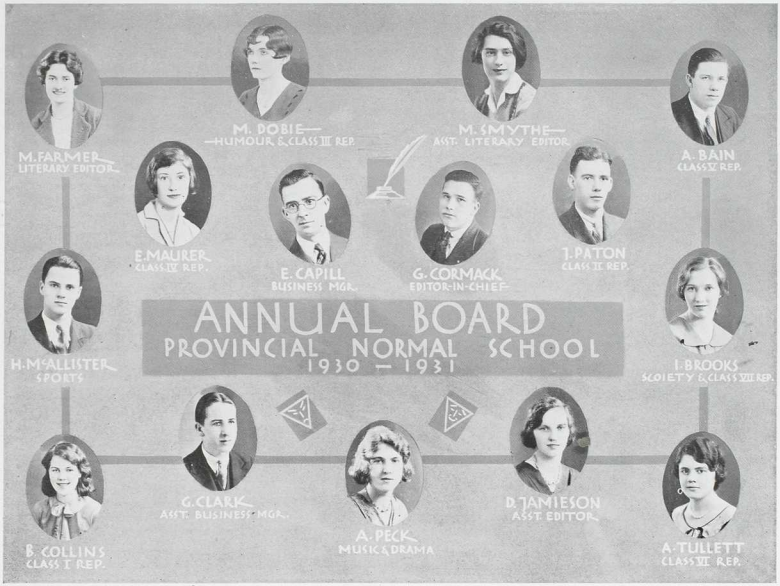
*ners-in-training, we have gained much that will enable us to tackle with assurance the prob-*
*chosen profession. Our acquaintance with the little six-year-old and the adolescent youth has*
*oved, that we shall be as life-long friends when first we meet. The mysteries of pedagogy*
*ave have been, at least, partially solved. But most valuable of all, we have received, from*
*and the example of our instructors, the very essence of good teaching and good leadership.*

*t and social activities many lasting friendships have been formed and renewed. In class-*
*ut of doors we have met as one large family and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. Such friend-*
*ced worthwhile and in later years will brighten our memories of the Normal School.*

*we are here together as fellow students. Tomorrow many of us will be scattered throughout*
*rovince fulfilling the manifold duties of educating the future citizens and masters of the*
*" is a stupendous task and calls for the wholehearted efforts of everyone. And it is on our-*
*t, as an individual, that your success in your profes*

*When Duty whispers low, "Thou*
*The youth replies, "I can."*

*ual Board, in presenting this year's Annual, exten*
*s of the Faculty and to the students who have co-op*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# THE FACULTY

Bidding farewells is said to be one of the hardest tasks which we have to face. It is indeed so in the case of the student body of 1930-'31. We have made many friends amongst the students and—more than that—we sincerely hope, indeed believe,that we have all found friends in the Normal School Staff. For their kindly advice and criticism, their help in their respective departments and their evident enthusiasm in all our work, we extend our heartiest thanks. We feel sure that they will receive visits from the students when they are in town, so we will say "Au revoir"—not "Good-Bye."

## MR. ROBINSON

Those of us who thought we knew the essentials of English grammar soon realized our lack of knowledge when we came under the guidance of our popular principal. Never hard to find, always ready to give assistance in planning lessons, to give a kindly word of reproof when necessary or a helpful bit of encouragement to the disappointed —is it little wonder that the class of 1930-'31 hold Mr. Robinson in deep respect. We sincerely hope that he will have many pleasant memories of this year's class.

"A good handwriting can neither be bought nor sold, but is acquired by the coin of intelligent toil."

H. B. MACLEAN.

## MR. MACLEAN

As our Penmanship Instructor Mr. MacLean endeavored to improve the standard of our handwriting, and in many cases he was successful. His efforts were not confined to one branch however. He took a very active interest in the school athletics, especially the track meets. The success of these meets and the good time we all had at them, are proof of Mr. MacLean's ability in this direction. So in bidding farewell to our handwriting expert, we wish to thank him for his sympathetic assistance in both our work and play.

Life can be more of an adventure in these days than ever before. No matter how cut and dried the near future may appear to you, it has many a surprise tucked away. Give all of yourself to whatever you do and life will sweep you along in its thrilling course. Laugh at it and shout—"Blow wind, swell billow, swim bark,—the storm is up and all is on the hazard."

MRS. MACLENNAN.

## MRS. MACLENNAN

If any of the instructors at the P.N.S. tried to pass on to us the "joie de vivre," it was certainly Miss Jones. Whether in gym, playing games, or mastering dances; in class, discussing health rules, or at the various social functions, Miss Jones always had that sparkling vivacity which endeared her to all of us the first time we met her. We hope that Miss Jones will carry with her pleasant memories of this class of 1930-'31, and that she may have much happiness and success in her new profession.

"Child, have you never heard it said
That you are heir to all the ages?"

—Hilaire Belloc.

"And why did you go so soon?"

Good luck, and may your work and the future bring you happiness.

M. E. MAYNARD.

## MISS MAYNARD

During teaching weeks many students are seen wending their way down the fire-escape to the "Home Ec." room. There they were always sure of friendly help or kindly criticism. Many were the "visual aids" loaned by Miss Maynard to distracted students, who were always confident that they would get "something" there. But the visits were not confined to teaching weeks. The boys with their textile charts and the girls with their spring dresses—found their periods all to short. We hope many more students will have the pleasure of meeting Miss Maynard and working with her, and we also hope that she will sometimes think of the class of 1930-'31.

(Continued on Page Forty-three)

## TO THE STUDENTS

AS YOU leave the school in which you have been trained, and go out into the world to take up the active work of your chosen profession, I wish you God Speed.

Your hopes are high; your ambitions great. All, however, will not be smooth and easy for you, and sometimes the work will be hard. Results of your labors will oftentimes not be apparent.

Faithfully, honestly and cheerfully do your duty in spite of all discouragements. This duty of yours may be considered in a threefold light:

1. Your duty to your country requires that you should use your best endeavors to train the young people who may be in your care to become worthy citizens of British Columbia.

2. Your duty towards your pupils requires that you give to each one, as far as it is possible for you to do so, the special guidance, encouragement and assistance that he, as an individual, needs.

3. Your duty towards yourself requires that you give the very best that is in you for the good of your country and of the generations that are to develop its resources, enjoy its blessings, and guide its destinies.

May each one of you, in the years to come, be able to look back with the greatest satisfaction that can come to any human being upon the time you spend in the active work of your profession—satisfaction consequent upon the reflection that you faithfully did your duty in the important work that had been assigned to you.

J. Hinchliffe

Minister of Education.

# CLASS I.

EDRENA ARMSTRONG:

Vice-president of the Lit. during the fall term, "Maud" in the Christmas play, member of numerous committees—these are just a few of the things Edrena has done. However, she also enjoys the sonny (?) side of life (as found in a nearby classroom.)

KATHLEEN ARMSTRONG:

She is sweet as she is fair,
To know her is to love her.
No matter what happens Kay always "grins and bears it"—(even when it's music tests).

PHYLLIS M. ARROWSMITH:

"From England's delightful domain
She has come here our children to train,
In the wisdom and lore
Of the sages of yore,
And the virtue that thrives on the plain."

MARGARET AVERY:

Whenever there is to be a group leader for project work, there comes a questioning look, then, "Miss Avery, will you take charge? You won't have to do anything."

LEONA BOSS:

There's no friend like Leona. She has adopted almost all the girls and made them feel wanted. And can she teach?——

CHARLOTTE BOWEN:

"I looked beyond the world for truth and beauty,
Sought, found, and did my duty."
Charlotte is not always serious and is noted for her lovely smile and friendly manner.

VIOLET BRUIN:

"Be it ever so humble there's no place like home."
Favorite expression: "Say, what do we have tomorrow?"

HELEN BRUNTON:

One of the reasons we find it hard to think of the time when we won't be together at Normal. Possesses one of those deep, dark secrets, but we won't tell it.

DOROTHY BURNETT:

Before Christmas Dot arrived in her "Virginia Creeper" but since then in all the glory of a new Nash. Her chief interests are art and helping Class I.

MARY BRYANT:

"If she will, she will, and you may depend on it,
And if she won't, she won't, and there's an end of it."

BERTHA (BERT) COLLINS:

The pride of Class I. She is quiet, but Bert doesn't miss much. Chief occupations at Normal—writing personals, sandwiches, trackmeets and keeping an eye on Edrena.

MILDRED COPLEY:

Quality without quantity. Although the smallest member of the class, Mildred has artistic ability which we all envy.

JEAN CURROR:

Not one of the reasons Class I is renowned for its ability to be heard throughout the school. However, Jean is everybody's friend—and work—she fairly eats it up!

FLORENCE M. DINNEY:

"I never trouble trouble until trouble troubles me."
We have noticed some last-minute struggles with assignments, but Mac has a knack of getting them "there" on time.

PHYLLIS DODGE:

Phyllis has a mad passion for earthworms (vide the Easter project). Holds interesting discussion on various subjects at the sink during drawing periods.

PHYLLIS DORFFLER:

Quiet, quick, and merry. Phil, as she is better known, has an ever ready smile and a kindly word for everyone. She says little but always does her best.

NORAH ELLIS:

Norah, dancing brown eyes, basketball, and music, all go together.
Pet hobby—Getting game-book up-to-date.
Pet hobby of Class I—Borrowing it.

MADGE FARMER:

Madge makes the long journey from West Vancouver every morning. Chief interests are art and eats. She spends most of her noon hour returning to the cafeteria for a little nourishment.

DOROTHY FEE:

Does anyone ever remember hearing Dorothy make a loud noise? (But didn't she make a splendid mouse in our stunt?
Favorite occupation—Arguing with Mr. Ewing.

D. GOUGH
M. FARMER
S. GRIFFITHS
E. ILLINGWORTH
K. FETTERLY
C. McDONALD
C. BOWEN
M. COPLEY
B. FRENCH
A. HEYS
J. CURROR
A. GIRAUD
P. ARROWSMITH
K. ARMSTRONG
H. GROVES
F. DORFFLER
E. GANSNER
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V. BRUIN
E. GARDINER
C. WESTLUND
PROVINCIAL · NORMAL · SCHOOL
VANCOUVER, B. C.
1930 CLASS 1 1931

# CLASS I.-Continued

KAY FETTERLY:

The little lady with a fondness for fudge, accidents and ——. A liberal reward will be given anyone who gets Kay in a temper.

BEATRICE FRENCH:

Bright and cheery,
Always working, never weary,
Homework always up to date,
Ever early, never late (for lunch).

IRENE GAMBLE:

"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair."

While not engaged in "ensnaring," Irene delves into the field of learning with energy.

ELSIE GANSNER:

Class expoent of dramatics and debating. Blonde but far from dumb! Favorite expression—"You've just got to!" Elsie is in her element when organizing anything.

ELVA GARDINER:

Elva is always cheerful and smiling. Holds the record for being late at school in the afternoon.
Pet expression: "Where's Elsie?"

ALICE GIRAUD:

Hockey and basketball are Alice's chief interests outside of school work. She keeps up the reputation of the class beautifully. Small—but oh my!

DOROTHY GOUGH:

Dorothy is quiet and reserved but she certainly comes to our rescue when Miss Maynard asks troublesome questions about "metabolism," "balance," etc.

STELLA GRIFFITHS:

"You people who think I'm so terribly shy
Will receive quite a shock in the sweet bye and bye."
(Good luck, Stella!)

HAZEL GROVES:

Laughing, lovable Hazel! Fond of pulling people's legs! Oh! Oh! Athletic rep. for Spring term—energetic as they make 'em.

MARY HADDOCK:

Not as fishy as the name sounds. Mary is one of those happy-go-lucky people who are always laughing; she cheers all the Normal by her soprano giggle.

LOLA HARRIS:

Lola is the class authority on how to find pitch and key, especially the key of G. Plays the violin. Chief ambition—to get to school by 7 a.m.

ISLA HEIBEIN:

Isla is the fortunate possessor of a contented nature. She is calm, cool, and collected under all circumstances. Works like a nigger and never kicks. Will help everyone.

AUDREY HEYS:

Another pianist. Audrey assists the class in the difficulties of "Hark! Hark! the Lark." She also shone when refreshments for the track-meet were the difficulty of the day.

ESTELLE ILLINGWORTH:

Estelle takes a long time to come out of her shell, but when she does—things hum. Takes a very personal interest in journalism.

ANNETTE JACKSON:

"Blessed are the pure in heart for they can get away with anything."
Jackie is at all times concocting some scheme or helping poor souls in need.

RUBY JOHNSTON:

Has a strong leaning towards art, humor and basketball. Displays a morbid craving for pie at all hours.

MELONIE JOY:

One of our best basketballers. Believes in the "split ego," as she seems to be in fourteen places at once in the game. Shows signs of a LONG life.

CATHERINE MACDONALD:

"We never can reach the inward man,
Nor woman from without."

Cathie returned after Christmas to complete an unfinished year and brought with her a smile for everyone.

CECYL WESTLUND:

"To those who know her not,
No words can paint;
And those who know her know
All words are faint!"

A real pal—kind, sincere—and is she independent!

# CLASS I.-Continued

At this time of the year it is difficult to write anything for the yearbook that has not been said perhaps many times during the school year. The principles underlying the vocation of teaching have been stated to you in the class rooms and in the books which have been your tools, and the good wishes of all who have been associated with you as instructors have been extended. I can only reiterate very sincere hopes for your success in the adventure upon which you are embarking, and remind you that while a wise choice of subject matter and method are indispensible to success, the most important element in education is always the teacher. Remember that the goal is always ahead of you. Examinations and "getting a school" are not goals. They are merely sign-posts that mark progress. Do not think of yourself as having achieved. Keep the student attitude toward your work, and be glad to have a part in the finest enterprise in the world.

L. G. BOLLERT.

## MISS BOLLERT

As the time draws near for us to bid farewell to the P. N. S., the majority of us find certain features of the year most prominent in our minds. In the memories of Class I those of Miss Bollert will ever be foremost. Her helpful interest in all our problems, including those far removed from the sphere of "the little six-year-old," has been to all something we shall never forget, and the value of which we are unable to express. As her first class we hope that, despite all our faults, her faith in us has been justified. Here's hoping the students of 1931-'32 have the benefit of her guidance as class-teacher!

Mr. Ewing: "Now, Miss Phillips, put into your own words, 'A wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse.'"

Miss Phillips: "A spasmodic movement of the optic is as adequate as a slight indication of the cranium to an equine quadruped devoid of its visual capacity.

## THE RAINBOW

A rainbow in a dripping sky
Appeared one day, where you and I
Had often seen clouds drifting by.

Of finer web than spiders spin,
Of gossamer silk, so sheer and thin,
A fairy thing that had no kin.

The colours, clear and yet so pale,
Like flowers, dancing in a dale,
Blended together by a gale.

Ah, look, at last it disappears,
But like our dreams and like our tears
It will come back in after years.

RUBY JOHNSTON, Class I.

## UPON STUDYING PSYCHOLOGY

You pity the man who is sick,
  You pity the one who is blind,
You take up collections for needy;
  But what of the man "sans" his mind?

I pity the woe-begone moron,
  We have something in common, you see,
For this world is so full of bright mortals,
  He seems like a brother to me.

For the more I study about him,
  Just how, and why he is here,
I wonder, I shiver, I shudder,
  Yes, I am a moron, I fear.

DOROTHY FEE, Class I.

Mr. Robinson: Today we are going to study mood. Ex. The farmer led the cow into the stable. "What mood?"

Kenneth: The cow.

# CLASS II.

VERNON HOLYOKE:

A veritable fount of information,
He willingly presents for your confirmation
Anything dealing with any nation,
Be you high or low or of any station.
Taught in New Brunswick.

BERT LIBBY:

In Class II he's one of the "Greats";
His homework he cheerfully lends,
The blame for the skits which appear at the Lits
On his innocent shoulders descends.

ALLAN MANFORD:

Chilliwack sent us our Badminton President in the person of Manford. Although a whirlwind at his game he is very modest and calm at other times.

CLIFFORD MEAD:

Tall and debonaire. With nary a ruffle in his hair. He hails from South Van.

JACK MERRELL:

207¾ lbs. of "wim, wigor, and witality." An "all round" athlete.

LAURIE MORRISON:

He's very fast,
He sure can run,
You're always sure he'll beat—
The gun.

GEOFFREY MORTIMER:

"Jeff's" past is buried in the shady depths of South Westminster. His pet ambition is to have a school in the "cow country."

W. MORTIMER-LAMB:

A vocal celebrity from Class II. His dulcet strains soothed the troubled Brutus in Class II's Track Meet Skit.

HOWARD McALLISTER:

President of the Literary Society and Sports Editor. We have seen, with feelings of envy, the assurance that he carries in front of a critical audience.

BOB McCORMICK:

Class II's budding actor and orator. He's quite a favorite with the whole school, as well as being a notorious female impersonator. Favorite expression: "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking—"

GEORGE MacFARLANE:

"Bud" hails from the bright lights of Hammond. His pleasant manner is best appreciated in the lower grades.

KEN McKEE:

Full of wisdom and width. Favorite expression, "Sorry, Miss Coney, but I have a cold." Holds discussions every day from 12 to 1 and 2:30 to 4 in the basement—everybody welcome!

GLENN McKENZIE:

Wise in the ways of man
Yet simple in his actions,
(Understand him if you can)
Simplicity is his attraction.

DONALD McRAE:

Don McRae is never away,
He once pitched hay, and is always gay
When ploughing his way in the rugby fray.

GORDON McRAE:

Agassiz has produced many wonderful things; cows, horses, hens, and last, but not least—McRaes. McRae has given up the pleasant occupation of milking cows and chickens to further the cause of elementary education.

PETER NASH:

Peter has not been with us long enough to have lost the soft Oxford accent which so well fitted him to play the English "bloke" in the Christmas play.

CYRIL NIXON:

One of the great men from South Van High. "Nick" was Athletic President for the first term. Famed for his "back-field" running in rugby.

BERT O'TOOLE:

Bert is renowned as a hard worker. His ever generous counsel will be sorely missed.

JOHN PATON:

Our honorable stage manager. A quiet, modest, unassuming member of Class II. Also one of our favorite story tellers. Good sport and hard worker.

G. McKENZIE
C. NIXON
J. MEADE
J. MERRELL
J. PATON
M. LAMB
B. McFARLANE
V. HOLYOKE
G. WILSON
B. LIBBY
J. WRIGHT
D. McRAE
R. TYNER
G. McRAE
Mr. A. ANSTEY
R. McCORMICK
J. MORTIMER
E. WILSON
H. McALLISTER
A. SWEET
L. MORRISON
E. PRASLOSKI
B. O'TOOLE
P. NASH
K. McKEE
R. ROSSEAU
R. SHANNON
A. MANFORD
I. SCOTT
G. SANDERS
PROVINCIAL · NORMAL · SCHOOL
VANCOUVER, B. C.
1930 CLASS II 1931

# CLASS II.-Continued

ED PRASLOSKI:

Ed comes to us from the shady nooks of Aldergrove. His popularity is often attributed to modesty. The awful truth is that he always has his notes up to date and his homework done.

RALPH ROSSEAU:

Since we have "un Rosseau" in the front row, we have written to the French Academy to change the proverb: "Il chante comme un Rosseau."

GISLI SANDERS:

Quiet, modest, always ready to help out. Plays Rugby and also games like Midnight!

IVOR SCOTT:

Captain of the Rugby team, sprinter, sports rep. and one of Class II's leading spirits. Favorite occupation—fighting with Nixon.

BOB SHANNON:

Critic teachers have said of him, "My, isn't he a cute little fellow!" (They haven't seen his "rugby scowl!")

ART SWEET:

By name and nature. Comes from Nova Scotia but has settled in the wilds of New Westminster. A member of the swimming club.

RALPH TYNER:

Ralph hails from Burnaby and is much admired by the fair members of our neighboring class. He stars in Rugby and he also captained Class I to victory in the Spring Track-Meet.

GEORGE WILSON:

Although George hails from Newton, is red-headed, and is a good scholar, he is a fine fellow. Always has his homework ready to hand on.

ERIC WILSON:

Eric Wilson is the tallest boy in Class II. His pleasant manner and ready laugh have become a necessary part of the class. He plays Rugby and fills his place well as you might expect.

JOHN WRIGHT:

Notable member of the basketball team and of Class II. To write about Wright is difficult so this ends the write up.



After a ten months' acquaintance you are shortly to leave us, some of you to enter upon what may be your life-work; we wish you the happiness of true success.

To different students the term "professional training" carries different significations. To some benighted individuals it merely signifies achievement, furnishing a guarantee that they are now qualified to perform successfully a most difficult task: these individuals are to be pitied.

But there are others whose brief period of "training" has served to impress them with the idea of how **little** we know, how much there is to **learn.** To these the training period at "Normal" is but the portal to that greater and very necessary lifelong training which we experience as we carry on our professional work.

Your readiness to appreciate the need of this greater life-training, and to profit from it, is evidence that you have truly benefitted from the year's work you are now completing.

ARTHUR ANSTEY.

## MR. ANSTEY

But for the paternal care of our "Father Confessor," Mr. Anstey, we, the notorious, the misunderstood and unappreciated Class II, might have fared badly this past year at Normal. He has labored untiringly to make us teachers worthy of the name, both by precept and example—no problem being too trivial to receive his kind and sympathetic attention.

For his encouragement and advice and his unfailing patience we tender Mr. Anstey our sincerest thanks, and wish him many happy years as the champion of "Visual Instruction" at P. N. S.

# CLASS II.-Continued

SUGGESTED PROTECTION FOR THE NORMAL SHEIK.

## A LULLABY

Go to sleep my baby,
Close your little eyes,
Sandman now is coming
To get you by surprise.

Go to sleep, my baby,
Birds have gone to bed,
And on a soft down pillow
You'll rest your little head.

Go to sleep, my baby,
The moon is hanging low,
The stars are winking shyly,
To sleep, my baby, go.

RUBY EFFORD.

## DREAM CASTLE

I caught a bit of thistledown
And softly breathed on it a prayer.
(Perhaps it was Queen Mab's best gown.)
Then blew it up—up in the air,
To settle down, on dainty toes
Upon a fleecy summer cloud,
And lo! my castle walls arose.

I caught a sunbeam, twirled and shaped
It to a shining golden ball,
And tossed it up; it hung, it whirled
My sun, my moon, my twinkling stars.
The rainbow flung its golden arc
Across the castle's dew-drop moats,
Inside the keep, deep, hidden, dark,
I secreted my dreams, my hopes.

'Twas filled with offerings new and old—
A fairy's cobweb tapestry,
A gnome's bright glittering lamp of gold,
An elf brought music from the sea;
A witch mixed magic for my pleasure;
A robin dropped an eggshell blue;
But best of all this wealth I treasure
A little shining heap of love—
The love of earthly friends and true.

No lowering battlements o'ersee
My airy, dreaming elfin towers.
An autumn leaf, a honey bee,
A petal from wild fragrant flowers
May storm the castle walls and enter.
Pass softly, stranger, stoop thy head,
My castle walls are built for dreams,
For pixie pranks and sunny beams.

I. FERGUSON .

---

Mr. Robinson: Analyze the sentence, "Are you asleep?"
Nash (dozing): "No, sir."

# CLASS III.

JESSIE ACORN:

Jessie expects to sail on the steamer "Parlez Vous" for Paris next week to attend the famous "Parisienne Academy of Singing," in which she hopes to master her time and tune tests.

HELEN ARMSTRONG:

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

INA ARMSTRONG:

"She is wise, if I can judge her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath proved herself."

MARJORIE BEDDARD:

Our history genius,
With the least bit of effort
She invariably beats us.

GLADYS BLUNDON:

Gladys is one of the quieter members of Class III. However, her crits are high and she figures prominently at our social functions.

AUDREY BOSSY:

She is one of the hardest workers of Class III, and a promising teacher. We shall always have a good word to say for Audrey.

DORIS BRAY:

A little blonde with a quiet charm all her own. Her record at Normal is outstanding.

MARGARET BREHAUT:

She is another of the worthy members of Class III. Her only anxiety seems to be singing periods. Why so worried, Margaret? We have but one life to live.

ISABELLE BRIGGS:

I am afraid we overwork Isabelle. Her time is well taken up this term as she is class representative for the Literary Society.

BARBARA BROWNE:

A credit to Class III.
Carefree, quiet, and modest.
What more could she ask of the world?

JEAN BURNS:

I'm sure we all remember Jean with her golden voice. Jean means much to Class III.

MILDRED BUSH:

She is a fine example of the teaching material in Class III. Her sunny disposition has made her a very popular young lady.

FLORET CANTRILL:

"Just a modest little country daisy,
Blooming in the valley."

LILLIAN CHAPMAN:

Friend Lillian is one of those on whom we can always depend. She is a willing worker for Class III in entertainment, basketball, and grass hockey.

OLIVE CHILTON:

If she has a cheery greeting for all, if she is just bubbling over with interest and enthusiasm, if she is a wonder at ad collecting, we know it is Olive.

BERNICE CLINE:

Justly proud are we,
When here the name we see—
"Bernice Cline."

Her ability won for her the position of Secretary-Treasurer on the Spring Literary Executive.

MARJORIE CORMACK:

She is a merry young miss, full of vitality, fond of sport, and fond of music. Marjorie followed the "birds" to Victoria as a supporter of the Vancouver Normal.

MARY CROWDER:

She's the gayest of the gay,
A charming, dark-haired lass,
For her joyous, gleeful way
Often brightens up the class.

MAY CURRY:

Study, study, all the day,
May will surely make her way;
Her bronze medallion she has won,
And she is liked by everyone.

P. DODS
J. ACORN
M. DOBIE
O. CHILTON
I. FERGUSON
L. CHAPMAN
M. DEACON
O. DICKSON
M. CORMACK
M. FRASER
M. CURRY
G. GRANT
D. DODD
M. BEDDARD
I. GRIEG
G. DAY
E. DIFFNER
L. BRIGGS
M. CROWDER
B. BROWNE
F. CANTRILL
W. GOOSTREY
Mr. W. P. WESTON
H. ARMSTRONG
G. BLUNDON
L. DORAN
B. CLINE
M. BUSH
D. GRAHAM
D. BRAY
M. DOERR
I. W. ARMSTRONG
R. EFFORD
N. ELGIE
M. BREHAUT
V. FORD
J. BURNS
V. GERMAN
PROVINCIAL · NORMAL · SCHOOL
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D. GARDHAM
A. BOSSY

# CLASS III.—Continued

GLADYS DAY:

Gladys' motto is "laugh and the world laughs with you," and she lives up to it. "Gladys" and "Pep" seem to be synonymous when we consider the ad record of Class III.

MARGARET DEACON:

Margaret is a "real sport and a true friend." She is one of our star basketball players.

OLIVIA DICKSON:

She is a lifesize proof that the Okanagan produces more good things than apples. She is a splendid teacher, and a willing worker.

EVELYN DIFFNER:

Her object is sublime,
She must achieve in time
To pass in June in history,
With a mark of ninety nine.

MARION DOBIE:

Marion is so busy collecting personals that we don't hear much from her this term, but we will just tell you that "to know her is to love her."

DOROTHY DODD:

When questions whizz around the class,
They always fly to Dorothy Dodd,
And Dorothy, with a knowing nod,
Often lets the questions pass.

PHYLLIS DODS:

"My tongue within my lips I rein;
*For who talks much must talk in vain.*"

This is a good example of Phyllis' outlook on life. She is one of the most sensible members of Class III.

MARGARET DOERR:

She was Class III's captain for the Spring Track Meet. She supports the class in grass hockey and is a "whiz" on the school basketball team.

LOIS DORAN:

We do not see much of Lois for her time is spent with her pal in Class VI, but we know she is a wonder with a basketball.

RUBY EFFORD:

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

Ruby was class representative on the Fall Literary Executive.

NORMA ELGIE:

Norma's vocal solo at the Lit. gave evidence of her most striking ability. She and Jean are the singers of Class III.

MARGARET FRASER:

"Aye and she has a mind of her own."

Margaret is a quiet, hard-working student who gets results.

ISABEL FERGUSON:

Her manner so shy, her air so meek,
And seldom a word do we hear her speak.

VIOLET FORD:

Our Violet isn't flighty,
Nor is her language mighty,
But here we'll say she is indeed
A great help to a friend in need.

DOROTHY GARDHAM:

That dainty little member of Class III who is always ready with a helping hand and a cheery smile. She is one of our very promising teachers.

VERA GERMAN:

"For she is one of the quiet kind, not frivolous, nor gay."

WINETTA GOOSTREY:

Blue eyes, curly hair,
Wavy locks and oh, so fair,
Winetta is willing to help always,
We hope she succeeds in future days.

GLADYS GRANT:

Gladys with her specs
Has a scholarly look,
And always is seen
With her nose in a book.

INNES GRIEG:

Art comes to her
As it comes to none of us.

Innes goes around in her quiet way—but when you know her—well! you'll not want to forfeit your friendship with her.

DOROTHY GRAHAM:

Although Dorothy did not enter our class till Christmas, she is already one of its popular members. We state, as a reason for this, that she is full of pep, goodwill, and a love for work.

# CLASS III.-Continued

### THE SENTINEL

W. P. WESTON.

### MR. WESTON

Many of the students who had firmly believed that drawing was beyond their reach, developed a fair amount of skill under the able guidance of Mr. Weston, while those who were particularly talented in this branch, made rapid progress. But like the true teacher, Mr. Weston had other interests, badminton and hiking being his specialties. The frequent requests, "How is Mr. Weston?" and "When is Mr. Weston coming back?" heard throughout his illness,—are sufficient proof of the regard in which the student body hold their drawing instructor.

### RAIN

Did you ever hear the rain
Strumming on your window pane?
"Pitter-patter, Pitter-patter."

Here's the story of the rain
As it says upon the pane.
"Just-a-shower, Just-a-shower."

"First a snowdrop I will bring,
Then the daffodil of spring.
Pitter-patter, Pitter-patter.

Violets will follow soon,
And a cherry tree in bloom.
Just-a-shower, Just-a-shower.

Tulips dancing in the breeze,
And a robin in the trees,
Pitter-patter, Pitter-patter."

So we listen to the rain,
As it says against the pane
"Just-a-shower, Just-a-shower."

And we love to hear the rain
Spring is here! I'm glad you came!
"Pitter-patter, Pitter-patter."

RUBY EFFORD, Class III.

---

Teacher: Tommy, give me a sentence using the word "female."
Tommy: Here comes the Santa Fe Mail train.

---

Mr. Robinson (after having asked Miss McInnes several questions): "Now, Miss McInnes, give us an example of a noun clause using some local color."
Miss McInnes: "The girl's plea was that he leave her alone."

# CLASS IV.

EDNA GRIMWOOD:

"Ed" or "Grimmie" from U.B.C. came,
Our Sports Vice-President of fame,
In swimming and hockey she doth excel,
She also teaches very well.

JEAN HENNINGSON:

Tall and slim, bright and cheery.
Full of wit. Ready to help at all times.

PEGGY HERRING:

This quiet and retiring lass,
Whose ready smile beams o'er our class,
Has bright brown eyes, a friendly way,
And just enough pep to make her gay.

AUDREY HICKS:

"A face wreathing easily in smiles."
Our tall athletic "rep" and captain of our hockey team.
Here's best wishes to Mrs. Simpson.

MURIEL HILL:

"To those who know her not, all words are faint,
And those who know her, know no words can paint."
A *hockey player of renown*,
Our "Moode" comes from North Van. town.

MABEL HILLYER:

A valuable hockey player, life-saver, and decorator. An asset in all Class IV's affairs.

LYLE HURRY:

A jolly member of Class IV. She helps bring victories to P. N. S. in hockey, badminton and swimming.

MURIEL INGLE:

Cheery and gay. A valuable forward on "B" basketball team. Ready to co-operate in any projects.

MURIEL JACQUES:

Muriel is quiet and rather shy,
But "Still waters run deep."
Her place in our regard is high,
And it's a place she'll surely keep.

DORA JAMIESON:

Dora is a prominent member of Class IV. She takes an active part in both sport and class activities. She is our athletic "rep" and stars in basketball and hockey. Ambition—To teach Junior High work.

CONNIE JONES:

Dark brown hair, a cheery smile,
Ready to help all the while,
Connie is a real good sport,
We wish her luck of every sort.

GWYNNE JONES:

An industrious, conscientious worker; yet one who is well liked because of her readiness to help in P. N. S. activities.

JEAN KILGOUR:

"Jean is a maiden both sweet and shy,
Who earnestly her duty doth ply."
Her sunny, cheerful nature has won her many friends.

GERTRUDE KILLIP:

Gertie, a member of our Class IV,
Is one fine lass we all adore,
From her head to her feet,
She's trim and she's neat,
As an all-round girl she is hard to beat.

ELIZABETH KITTS:

A jolly girl is Betty,
A friend to all she'll be,
She helps us out in all our work—
Without her, where would we be?

MARY LAITY:

"A lovely smile has Mary,
Which welcomes all who come."
Mary is a kind and cheerful friend to all, and an excellent teacher.

MARY LAMBERTON:

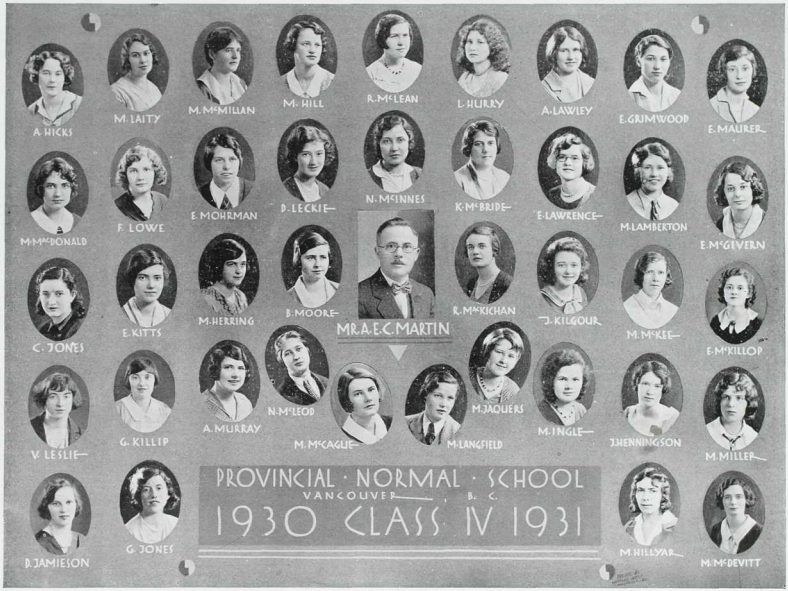
Here is a girl with a merry smile,
With winning ways that oft beguile,
She is "peppy," too, and really quite clever,
And always the same whatever the weather.

MARGARET LANGFIELD:

Vigor, vim,
Bound to win,
Full of pep,
That's Margaret.

AMY LAWLEY:

Amy hails from Lulu Island,
She figures prominently in track meets, and is Class IV's budding cartoonist. Here's luck to you, Amy.


A. HICKS
M. LAITY
M. McMILLAN
M. HILL
R. McLEAN
L. HURRY
A. LAWLEY
E. GRIMWOOD
E. MAURER
M. McDONALD
F. LOWE
E. MOHRMAN
D. LECKIE
N. McINNES
K. McBRIDE
E. LAWRENCE
M. LAMBERTON
E. McGIVERN
C. JONES
E. KITTS
M. HERRING
B. MOORE
MR. A. E. C. MARTIN
R. McKICHAN
J. KILGOUR
M. McKEE
E. McKILLOP
V. LESLIE
G. KILLIP
A. MURRAY
N. McLEOD
M. McCAGUE
M. LANGFIELD
M. JAQUERS
M. INGLE
J. HENNINGSON
M. MILLER
D. JAMIESON
G. JONES
M. HILLYAR
M. McDEVITT
PROVINCIAL · NORMAL · SCHOOL
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# CLASS. IV.-Continued

ELSIE LAWRENCE:

Rather quiet, but still one
Who always has her work well done;
Not only that—she helps a lot
To get our "B team" to the top.

DOLA LECKIE:

Dola, our daring miss of the Raft,
In school hours sits at the front of the class;
As our Literary "rep" she has plenty of pep,
We all dearly love our red-haired lass.

VERA LESLIE:

Light brown hair and bright blue eyes,
Sunny smile like summer skies,
In all her work she's sure to score,
Our happy Vera of Class IV.

FANNY LOWE:

"A friend in need is a friend indeed."
Fanny, tall, a worthwhile friend,
A helping hand will ever lend,
To cheer us on she always tries,
Her friendship we all deeply prize.

ELEANOR MAURER:

Now there's Eleanor, bonny wee lass,
An excellent worker in our class,
She's willing and bright and spends half the night,
Learning her Doh-me-soh-dohs.

MURIEL MILLER:

Muriel is a North Van girl,
If a sample, we want more;
Her sunny smile and cheery words
Are favorites of Class IV.

ELFREDA MOHRMAN:

Freda, a member of our class,
Is a small but well-known lass,
Blue her eyes and dark her hair,
And her good nature past compare.

AILEEN MURRAY:

An ambitious member of Class IV. Aileen is a good worker and plays on A Basketball team.

BESSIE MOORE:

"Few hearts like hers with virtue warmed,
Few heads with knowledge so informed."

KATHLEEN McBRIDE:

Kathleen is a charming maiden,
Who always has a happy smile,
She always lends a helping hand,
And truly is a friend worth while.

MARY McCAGUE:

Mary McCague of Class IV,
She's quiet and kind,
In her work ne'er behind,
In her praise could we say any more?

MARGARET McDEVITT:

Margie McDevitt, small and slim,
Is group three's leader in the gym,
On the very first day she was heard to say,
"How long do we have for lunch?"

MARIE MACDONALD:

Marie is a dark-eyed maiden,
With curly locks of raven hue,
She charms us with her kindly manner,
And to all friends she will be true.

ESTHER McGIVERN:

Esther is a clever actress,
As "Gladys Geraldine" did show;
And at basketball and track-meet practice,
Her worth we all did know.

NEVA McINNES:

This coy little maid of our Class IV,
As a primary teacher has hopes in store,
She is sweet and neat, has plenty of pep,
You may find it hard to keep up with her step.

VERONICA McINTOSH:

Although Bonnie was away a great deal, we all grew to love her.
She was known as a good sport by all.

RUTH MACKICHAN:

Ruth has a sunny disposition,
Her laughing eyes win admiration,
At badminton she is hard to beat,
And in other sports she does compete.

MARION McKIE:

Tall and stately, golden-haired,
Marion willingly does her share,
Marion is quiet and hopes some day to instruct pupils in Grades
II and III.

# CLASS IV.-Continued

ELAINE McKILLOP:

Elaine is Class IV's beauty,
She is well liked by all and we know she will make a success of teaching.

RUTH McLEAN:

Quiet, always pleasant, Ruth gets first rate marks in teaching and she is particularly fond of English.

NANCY McLEOD:

Nancy, hero of the Raft,
On hikes doth greatly cheer the class.
She was our yell leader and captain at the track-meet. Hobby—playing the mouth organ and packing skis.

MARY McMILLAN:

By her timely discovery of "The Raft,"
Mary saved our illustrious class.
Reserved and studious she may seem,
But she's a girl we all esteem.

---

A most gratifying feature of the present session is the large amount of painstaking work handed in.

Whatever the motive, if it has become a habit to take pride in craftsmanship your success is in a large measure assured.

Parents will place in your hands, to make or mar, their most precious possessions, and only by giving the very best that is in you can you hope to live up to their highest expectations.

From now on your chief concern must be the child's welfare: his rights, not yours: his comfort and happiness, not yours. Give, never mind the getting. Only so can you hope for a measure of that satisfaction which is the highest reward of the good workman. A. E. C. MARTIN.

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## MR. MARTIN

Swimming, hiking, badminton, track-meets, Thorndyke, horsetails—ad infinitum! These are a few of Mr. Martin's many interests in and about Class IV. Always ready to help in lesson assignments, to cheer Class IV in track-meets, basketball and hockey, and still keep an eye on our well-being—is it any wonder we are proud of our class teacher? We wish, in saying good-bye, to tender to Mr. Martin our deepest appreciation for his never-failing enthusiasm and helpful co-operation in all our class affairs.

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# CLASS V.

HARLEY ABBOTT:

Besides being an indispensable member of the basketball squad, Harley is also a good rugby and badminton player. Class V's 9 o'clock member.

CLYDE AITKEN:

"Though modest, on his unembarrassed brow
Nature has written 'Gentleman.'"

ARCHIE BAIN:

Beneath his quiet, good-humored smile there lies much knowledge and a vein of humor which, when uncovered, brings forth a great deal of merriment.

GEORGE BISHOP:

One of the notorious "six from five,"
In primary work he's quite alive,
His friendly smile is Ladner bred,
We wouldn't have anybody in his stead.

FRANK BUSH:

An earnest student with nature deep,
Quiet in manner but never asleep,
A worker, a scholar, a gentleman true,
Yes, Frank, may all the best come to you!

HUGH CAMPBELL:

Features: *clean-cut, especially after shaving.* An industrious student from the sunny Okanagan, who is determined to get the maximum out of Normal School.

EDWARD CAPILL:

Business manager of this record-breaking Annual, Man of the world. One of Class V's most distinguished members.

CLARENCE CARROLL:

Impetuous in speech and action. Left-handed. We have applied psychology to the case, but cannot say whether the two are connected.

GILMORE CLARK:

There was a young teacher called Clark,
Who always brought back a good mark,
When he got a hundred
He sat down and wondered,
If the teacher had done that for a lark!

GEORGE CORMACK:

Lost—one moustache. Class V's imperturbable member. "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking"—were we surprised when the editor made a perfect speech?

EDGAR COUCH:

Witty and very good natured. Edgar is a fine basketball and volleyball player.

DONALD CURRIE:

The size of the seed doesn't count. It's what's in it. If Don's pupils are as proud of him as he is of his native land across the inlet, all will flow smoothly in his school.

BILL EVERSFIELD:

Although he comes from Chilliwack, Bill is a very likeable fellow. He is one of Class V's busiest members (between 8:45 and 9 a.m.)

ROLLEY FERGUSON:

Makes us step in drill. Debator with a persuasive manner. An all round jolly good chap from Haney.

FREDDIE FIELD:

Freddie is another basketball star from Class V. Basketball captain and popular song leader before Christmas.

GORDIE FREEMAN:

Gordie is a globe-trotter in two ways. He hails from Coquitlam, Prince Rupert, Cranbrook, and Kerrisdale; and covers plenty of territory for the basketball team. Good-natured and well liked.

ART GARRISON:

Aspires to be a page boy. Art, our popular president of Athletics, is a general favorite with all. One of the mainstays of the rugby team.

DONALD GIBBARD:

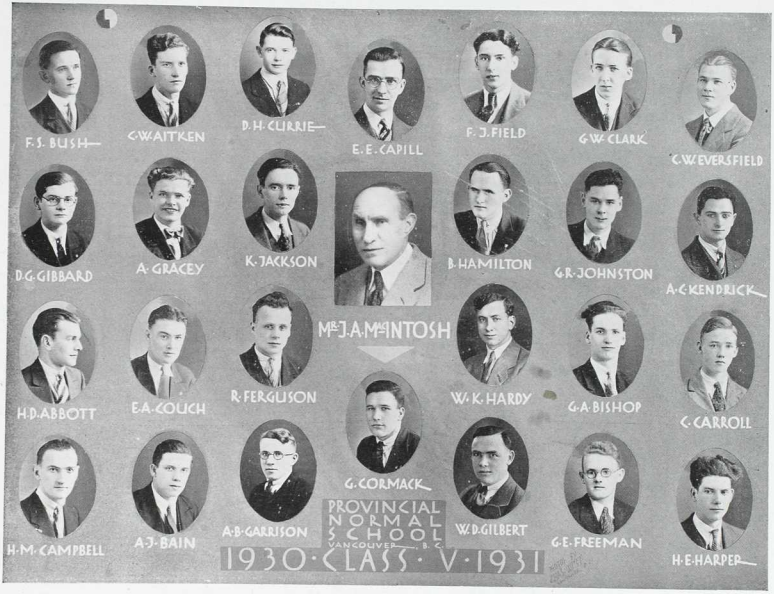
This gentleman savagely wields a threatening baton over a perspiring orchestra; but we must say that the results are remarkably good.

DELMAR GILBERT:

A quiet but likeable fellow who was apparently absent when Grammar was taught in Public School. Knows his wild flowers in three languages.

ANDREW GRACEY:

"Even though vanquished, he could argue still."


F. S. BUSH
C. W. AITKEN
D. H. CURRIE
E. E. CAPILL
F. J. FIELD
G. W. CLARK
C. W. EVERSFIELD
D. G. GIBBARD
A. GRACEY
K. JACKSON
B. HAMILTON
G. R. JOHNSTON
A. C. KENDRICK
Mr. J. A. McINTOSH
H. D. ABBOTT
E. A. COUCH
R. FERGUSON
W. K. HARDY
G. A. BISHOP
C. CARROLL
G. CORMACK
H. M. CAMPBELL
A. J. BAIN
A. B. GARRISON
W. D. GILBERT
G. E. FREEMAN
H. E. HARPER
PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL
VANCOUVER B. C.
1930 · CLASS · V · 1931

# CLASS V - Continued

BRUCE HAMILTON:

Coach and player on the boys' basketball team. Also plays rugby. Says the only way to find success quickly without working for it is to look it up in the dictionary.

BILL HARDY:

Always cheerful and ready to help. Bill is certainly one of the best friends a fellow could have. He is also the tenor of that budding group of singers of Class V known as the "Six of Five."

HAROLD HARPER:

A silent, unobtrusive fellow who does his daily exercise in the orchestra. Pet hobby is answering questions in grammar period.

KEITH JACKSON:

"Calm, serene and always pleasant."
Keith finds it very hard to "rise to the pitch" for Miss Coney. He is also a valuable member of the orchestra.

GEORGE JOHNSTON:

With ready tongue,
And ready smiles,
He teaches Class V
Their swimming styles,

One of the jolliest members of the class.

ALBERT KENDRICK:

Humorous. Plays the piano—and do the keys respond? Our own Arctic Explorer and community song leader.

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Literature at its best is a cultural subject. Matthew Arnold has told us that the aim of culture is "to make reason and the will of God prevail." Among scholars, this definition still stands. In developing and guiding imagination, in the growth of feeling, in the ministry of beauty in phrase, or picture, or rhythm, the good teacher can help literature do its true work.

You will come in contact very frequently with those who say that the true aim of education is to enable boys and girls to make a living, rather than to teach them how to live. I think you will find that if you put the emphasis on the latter aim, the former will be all the more likely to be attained. At any rate, I hope that you will feel some responsibility in this way. Such leading is needed today more than ever.

This does not necessarily mean that you are a saintly person. It may just mean that you are an earnest person with some vision of what life really means, and that you are trying to make the children in your charge more worthy men and women than those whose place they will soon be called on to fill.

J. A. MacINTOSH.

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## MR. MacINTOSH

Wherever we are, or whatever we do, a retrospect of our year at Normal will be dominated by pleasant memories of Mr. MacIntosh.

As a leader, it will be long ere we are fortunate enough to have one so sympathetic and one with such understanding of our position. Offering a word of encouragement here, stimulating or restraining there, always ready to praise determined effort, by his paternal influence he has guided and supported us along the hazardous road of Teacher Training. If we were criticized for our faults, it was not unjustly; if we were praised for our efforts, it was not undeservingly; and if, at any time, we may have felt a trifle discouraged he was always ready to give us fresh hope.

As a teacher, he was a model that we could not fail to appreciate. Although he never held himself up as an example, his teaching technique was so obvious that we could not fail to observe and benefit by it. It will be with a feeling of gratitude that we look back on our good fortune in having had as a teacher one who exhibited such a happy combination of kindness and firmness as Mr. MacIntosh.

# CLASS V-Continued

## MAN

Amid a galaxy of stars,
God placed a molten sphere;
Not different from its sister orbs,
Not from its course to veer.

This naked globe, devoid of life,
Did for an era spin,
Till fiery heat by Time was cooled,
And Earth was formed within.

To clothe the nudeness of the world,
A speck of life began,
Into a host of Things to grow,
And one of these was Man.

Equality the basis was,
In all the forms of life,
A smile was on the Maker's face,
For Earth immune from strife.

The smile of God changed to a frown,
As Man outstripped the rest,
For Intellect usurped control,
Creative Power was best.

W. G. CLARK, Class V.

DIFFICULTY OF A NORMAL STUDENT GETTING DOWN TO THE LEVEL OF HIS CLASS IN GRADE

# CLASS VI.

EDITH MARTIN:

Edith has a sunny smile for everyone.
Her kind and sympathetic spirit of helpfulness has been invaluable in all our class affairs.

AILEEN NESBITT:

This stately maiden hides great ability behind her pleasant smile and quiet manner.

GWENDOLINE NORTHCOTT:

Gwen is a tiny girl with dark brown ringlets and a smart appearance. She is very optimistic, and takes a keen interest in all her undertakings.

CANA OKAMURA:

A dainty miss with raven locks;
An artist through and through.
We thank her for her clever help,
And for her friendship true.

ANNA OLUND:

Anna is noted for her distinctive carriage. She has ability, and always helps our class reputation by her intellectual answers in Citizenship periods.

NORMA PARNHAM:

I have ease, and I have health,
And I have spirits light as air;
And more than wissiom, more than wealth—
A merry heart that laughs at care.

RUTH PEACEY:

She is the "sweet little girl" of Class VI, although she will never admit the fact. Ruth spices all our class activities with her own pep and gaiety.

ANNA PECK:

Anna is one of the most capable and conscientious persons in Class VI. She is noted for her artistic ability, her bright smile, and winning personality.

RHETA PEERS:

Lots of pep, lots of fun,
Never leaves her work undone,
She is stately, she is tall,
And is liked by one and all.

GUDRUN PERRY:

Dark curly hair and big brown eyes—one of Class VI's sunbeams. Gudrun stars in swimming, arithmetic, and teaching marks. Pet expression— "Gee! I'm hungry!"

ISABEL PETRIE:

Belle is prominent in athletics. She is "breezy" and full of fun, and was our first athletic "rep."

MAY POLLARD:

Laughing eyes, complexion fair,
Charming manner, carefree air.
It's May, of course. May is noted for getting her work in on time.

ELSIE POWELL:

A winning smile, bright, laughing hazel eyes, together with a charming personality, manner, and—need we say more?

ELIZABETH PRESCOTT:

"Her sober virtue and her modesty plead on her behalf some cause to you unknown."
Beth's kindly nature has won her many friends.

LUCY PREST:

A delicate skin of lovely hue,
Golden hair and eyes of blue;
Knights of old for her would die
For just one smile, and so would I.

VERA PYE:

Vera is quiet, methodical, and conscientious. She is our star swimmer, and Life Saving Instructor.

BEATRICE RICHARDS:

A maiden fair and kind is she,
Forever quiet, yet a busy "Bee."
Pet expression: "Well,—I think."

AHEEN ROBINSON:

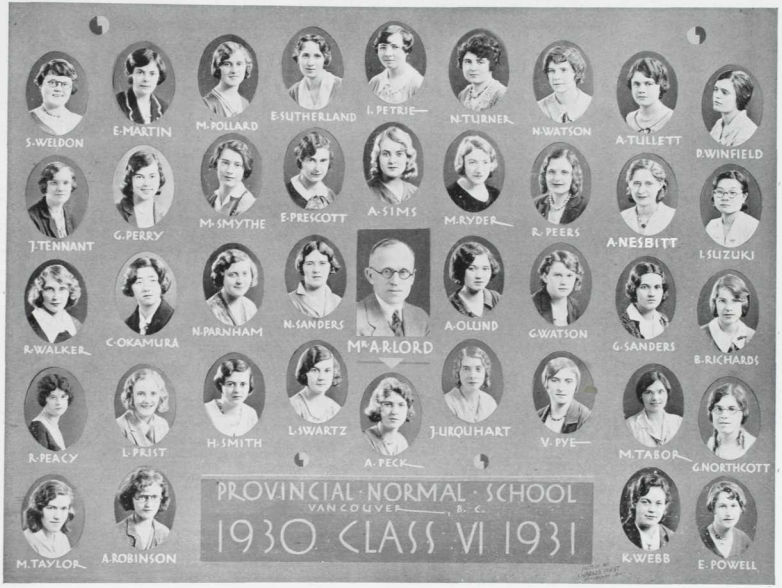
There's not much to her, but you know she's there. Star centre half of the P. N. S. hockey. She represented Normal on the ladies' "rep" team.
Pet expression: "Say, woman——"

MARY RYDER:

A professional at basketball and folk dancing, Mary is our athletic "rep." After graduating, she intends to earn big money refereeing basketball games.

GRETA SANDERS:

Greta is our "Beggar Maid." She is also a budding psychologist, and we are proud of her. She is perhaps a budding hockey player too—eh Greta?


S. WELDON
E. MARTIN
M. POLLARD
E. SUTHERLAND
I. PETRIE
N. TURNER
N. WATSON
A. TULLETT
D. WINFIELD
J. TENNANT
G. PERRY
M. SMYTHE
E. PRESCOTT
A. SIMS
M. RYDER
R. PEERS
A. NESBITT
I. SUZUKI
R. WALKER
C. OKAMURA
N. PARNHAM
N. SANDERS
Mr. A. R. LORD
A. OLUND
G. WATSON
G. SANDERS
B. RICHARDS
R. PEACY
L. PRIST
H. SMITH
L. SWARTZ
A. PECK
J. URQUHART
V. PYE
M. TABOR
G. NORTHCOTT
M. TAYLOR
A. ROBINSON
K. WEBB
E. POWELL
PROVINCIAL · NORMAL · SCHOOL
VANCOUVER, B. C.
1930 CLASS VI 1931

# CLASS VI.-Continued

NANCY SANDERS:

"A little breath of England."

"Cease your worry, don't get glum,
Life's no jury, always hum."

This is Nancy's motto. Those who know her sunny smile will agree.

ADICE SIMS:

Adice may be "sophisticated," but she is very attractive and clever. We don't see how she gets her work done, but she certainly seems to enjoy life.

HILDA SMITH:

Hilda is rather shy at times, but capable and industrious. She shines at badminton and writing.

MARGARET SMYTHE:

Marg. is one of our most popular girls. She is full of pep, and has "personality plus." She has a fling for drama and journalism, and is a born teacher.

FIONA SUTHERLAND:

Fiona is demure and quiet, but steady and reliable. If not at Normal, look her up at U. B. C. dances.

ITOKO SUZUKI:

A dainty little Japanese Miss. Her quiet, friendly manner has won the admiration of her class mates.

LELA SWARTZ:

"She's just a quiet kind that does kind deeds
Which are hidden from the vain world's eyes."

MARY TABOR:

Mary's cheerful disposition and unfailing good nature have made her very popular. We wish her the best of success in her future work.

MARY TAYLOR:

"Take me as I am." Mary is a tease, and full of fun; but she is serious and practical when teaching. We are sure that she will make an excellent rural school principal.

JEAN TENNANT:

Jean is well known for her musical ability. She spent a year at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and is an efficient violin teacher. We know that she will make a successful school teacher also.

ALICE TULLETT:

She is one of those people who do everything well. She was our first literary rep. All in all, she is the inspiration of Class VI.

NORA TURNER:

"Curls and dimples,
Mischievous eyes,
Laughter infectious,
Inspirer of sighs."

Nora has a record for teaching marks.

JEAN URQUHART:

A quiet humor, and a sweet personality. A pianist of marked ability, and a promising teacher.

RUBY WALKER:

Ruby is very amiable, and has a keen sense of humor. She has a weakness for climbing Grouse Mountain, and for spooky (?) things.

GRACE WATSON:

Grace never takes life seriously. She is light-hearted and carefree, and we all love her for it. She livens up the hockey, badminton and basketball teams with her inexhaustible vim and vigour.

NORMA WATSON:

Earnest and industrious, that's Norma. "Podge's sidekick." She has won a high place in the opinion of her class mates.

KATHLEEN WEBB:

"Podge" is from the wild and wooly interior, where men are men, and Podge is glad of it—!! She's a splendid and willing worker, always ready to help.

SYLVIA WELDON:

Sylvia is good-natured and generous, so we can excuse whatever failings she may have, e.g., a weakness for long words and chocolate bars.

DORIS WINFIELD:

Doris is always very quiet. She is invariably found studiously engaged in the back of the room.

# CLASS VI.-Continued

The year, which is now drawing to a close, has been a pleasant one, and for this you have been, in a large part, responsible. You have been enthusiastic in your work, generous in your co-operation and considerate in your disappointments.

My best wish is that in the years that are to come you may be as fortunate in your classes as I have been in mine.

A. R. LORD.

## MR. LORD

As our year at Normal draws to a close, we of the student body realize how deeply we are indebted to all the members of the staff; but to Mr. Lord, the students of Class VI feel especially grateful. As a teacher of geography, he has not only created in us a greater love and appreciation of our own province, but he has also broadened our outlook, and increased our knowledge and understanding of international relations. His interesting stories, and even his repeated reference to statistics have given his subject new meaning and reality. As a friend, we shall always remember Mr. Lord for his unfailing kindness and sympathy; and, as a guide and teacher, for his inspiration, and the ideals which he has set before us.

## SPRINGTIME

A sudden burst of glory,
A sudden ray of hope,
"Ah, sure, it must be springtime
I hear the woodland folk."

Squirrels and chipmunks merry,
Come out to greet the sun.
They too, are glad 'tis springtime—
A time for work and fun.

## IT MIGHT BE SO

Sometimes it almost seems to me
That trees can feel and hear and see,
And then I wonder what I'd say
If one should speak to me some day;
I really don't know what I'd do,
Do you?

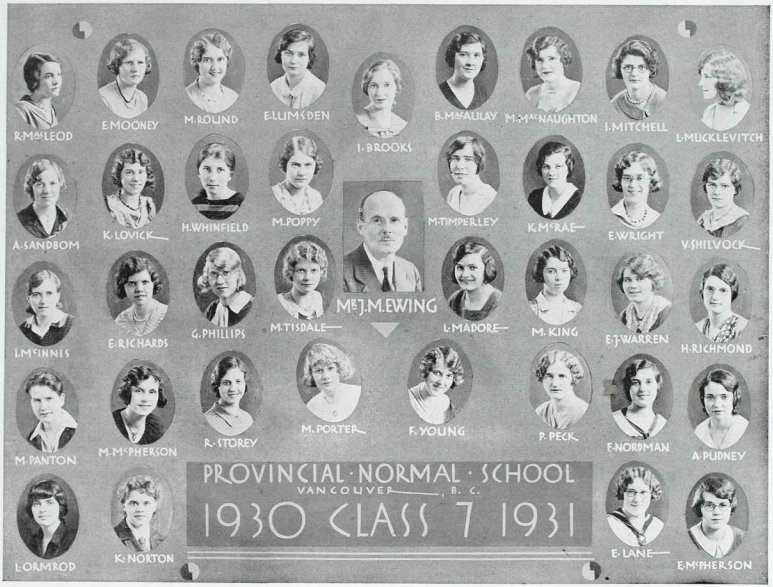
Suppose a tree politely bowed
Quite low to me and spoke aloud,
"How is your health, I pray you tell."
I think I'd say, "I'm very well."
But how amazing it would be,

To me!
But though it would be most unique
I'm glad that trees don't really speak;
I'm sure that everyone would grieve
To hear the treatment they receive.
They may, though, think and feel and hear
How queer!

RUTH PEACEY, Class VI.

# CLASS VII.

| NAME | AMBITION | PET EXPRESSION | HOBBY | AS OTHERS SEE US |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| IRENE BROOKS | To have no responsibility | You old Abie! | Visiting Scott's Cafe | She can be jolly and serious, too. |
| MARGARET KING | House of Parliament | Yes | Try and find out | Nor will we ever thy modesty forget. |
| EILEEN LANE | Silver Medallion | I think so | Swimming | How well do I know what I mean to do. |
| KATHLEEN LOVICK | To please Miss Coney | Oh—do you know what happened?. | Paper-folding | There's never a smile so sweet. |
| KATHLEEN LUMSDEN | To grow up | Say——— | Helping others | Shy as a violet and quiet is she,<br>But she is as wise as she can be. |
| LILIAN MADORE | Tidy notes | Gee, I wish I were home | Cheering us up | Is she **fond** of talking to Mr. Ewing? |
| ISABEL MITCHELL | To speak louder | I don't know | Borrowing notes | Silence is golden. |
| EVELYN MOONEY | To keep in tune | Where's Mabel? | Dodging—I wonder who? | Why should life all labor be? |
| LOJA MUKLEVICH | To get a school | H——ey! | Catching up with notes | If it's waves you want,—see Loja. |
| BERNADETTE MacCAULAY | To play basketball | Oh, say, have you got——? | Making capital "M" | A merry heart that laughs at care. |
| GLADYS McINNES | Athlete | Gee kiddie | Potato-racing | Let me tell you my latest laugh. |
| ROBERTA (BOBBIE) McLEOD | Marry a banker | I are not! | Katie, basketball and fun | I'll be merry, I'll be free. |
| MABEL McNAUGHTON | A **real** sheik | Where the "heck" is Evelyn? | Mending runs | Talking of sons—which son?—Nel—son. |
| ELLEN McPHERSON | To put everyone at his ease | I'm going to be late | Being gracious | True merit is like a river—the deeper it is the less noise it makes. |
| MURIEL McPHERSON | A perfect teacher | Do you know——? | Decorating | A kindly nature lies behind her smiling face. |
| KATHERINE (KATIE) McRAE | To keep her hair up | I are so | Bobbie!—and basketball | A merry heart that laughs at care. |
| ELEANOR NORDMAN | To get all her work done | Oh my goodness! | Writing essays | A quiet energetic wonder. |
| KAY NORTON | Pass her First Aid Exams "sans beaucoup d'effort" | Oh, girls! | Falling off street cars | Lady, you have a merry heart. |
| LILIAN ORMROD | To be an aviatrix | "Awright" | Talking | Short and dark and full of life. |


R. MacLEOD
E. MOONEY
M. ROUND
E. LUMSDEN
I. BROOKS
B. MacAULAY
M. MacNAUGHTON
I. MITCHELL
L. MUCKLEVITCH
A. SANDBOM
K. LOVICK
H. WHINFIELD
M. POPPY
M. TIMPERLEY
K. McRAE
E. WRIGHT
V. SHILVOCK
I. McINNIS
E. RICHARDS
G. PHILLIPS
M. TISDALE
L. MADORE
M. KING
E. J. WARREN
H. RICHMOND
M. PANTON
M. McPHERSON
R. STOREY
M. PORTER
F. YOUNG
P. PECK
F. NORDMAN
A. PUDNEY
L. ORMROD
K. NORTON
E. LANE
E. McPHERSON
Mr. J. M. EWING
PROVINCIAL · NORMAL · SCHOOL
VANCOUVER, B. C.
1930 CLASS 7 1931

# CLASS VII.-Continued

| NAME | AMBITION | PET EXPRESSION | HOBBY | AS OTHERS SEE US |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| MARY PANTON | Her hair to curl | Oh, Winnie, "c'mere" | Asking questions | She follows knowledge like a sinking star. |
| PAULINE PECK | To be noisy | Aw, be good | Being on time | She is just that quiet kind whose nature never varies. |
| GRACE PHILLIPS | An orator | Now, everybody | Catching 8 o'clock tram | She know her Indians; comes from Telkwa. |
| MAY POPPY | To learn her chords | Oh, gee! | Keeping mum | May is like the violet, pretty, quiet and shy. |
| MABEL PORTER | To teach twenty years | Listen here! | Discussing, not arguing | If she will, she will, and you may depend on it,<br>If she won't, she won't, and that's the end of it. |
| AMY PUDNEY | To work out an Eskimo project | Aw, go on, you don't know anything about it | Looking for Lil | When fun and duty clash, let duty go to smash. |
| EDITH RICHARDS | To keep on improving | I feel sick | Lending history notes | One who never shirks,<br>Who waits and watches and works. |
| HELEN RICHMOND | To teach five years | Listen, girls | Chasing ads and painting | When bigger and better marks are made, Helen will make them. |
| MILDRED ROUND | St. John's Sling | Listen, honey | Committees | She sings for the lits—<br>Is one of the hits. |
| ALICE SANDBOM | To teach in Surrey | Yes, sure | Hurrying Gladys | A trim and proper little maid.<br>Sunshine on her face displayed. |
| VERNA SHILVOCK | Advertising | Cheerio | Cheer leading | The class agrees<br>She's full of breeze. |
| RUTH STOREY | To enjoy teaching week in the country | "Toot, toot!" | Visiting Scott's Cafe with Irene | A smile for all, a welcome glad,<br>A jovial coaxing way she had. |
| MARY TIMPERLEY | To catch up with her work | Oh, dear | Painting | She is one of the quiet, unassuming kind. |
| MERLE TISDALE | Games up to date | Have you got your —— done? | Making hits | Oh, tell me, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you? |
| ELVA JEAN WARREN | To retire | Oh, alright | Falling in with plans | There's a little bit of bad in every good little girl. |
| HELEN WHINFIELD | To finish her cotton project | Did you know? | Directing skits | A scholar, and a ripe and good one. |
| EILEEN WRIGHT | A woman of purpose, but what is it? | Oh—I think so | Telling Christmas stories | Her charm is in just being herself. |
| FLORENCE YOUNG | Paper bunnies | You see! | Collecting badges | So young, so fresh, so innocent,<br>And on her cheek the blushing rose. |

# CLASS VII.-Continued

Doubtless there is no one in the world who receives more advice than the teacher, and doubtless there is no one who examines it more hopefully. It is with some diffidence therefore that ordinary mortals,—among who even Normal School Instructors are faithfully numbered,—approach this subject of advice through the vortices of modern theory and the kaleidoscopic enthusiasms of current practice.

I am driven back perforce upon the bed-rock of educational truth; upon a principle so primary and basic as to be in some danger of being forgotten; upon the very foundation itself, without which the whole educational superstructure would crumble and subside.

Let there be no doubt about this: when psychology has spoken its last word, and the ultimate method has been devised; when administrative efficiency has made its final advance, and curricula have achieved their millenial perfection; when these and other marvellous things have come to pass,—they will not be enough.

Because education is greater than its philosophy, broader than its technique. It is essentially a human relationship, and depends for its virtue,—as every human relationship has depended since the beginning,—upon character.

JOHN M. EWING.

### MR. EWING

Year by year, step by step, we have been climbing the heights of learning until we are now prepared for the parting of the ways. From now on, it will be "up to" the individual to sink or swim. Before finally stepping out into the world to test our own abilities, it has been the extreme good fortune of Class VII to have as a guide and adviser, as well as class teacher,—Mr. Ewing.

As teacher of Psychology, chief comfort during teaching weeks, as confidant and as friend, Mr. Ewing has most ably filled his position. Our hope is that during the term we have not been too sore a trial. We would like him to know that we appreciate deeply all he has done for us and realize that it is not his fault if we are not better prepared to face the difficulties we have yet to surmount.

# THE FACULTY-Continued from Page Fourteen

A good loser is a man who feels as you do when you have won.

W. FROST.

### SGT. FROST

"Touch four walls go!"

Probably this time next year many of us will wish that we could hear that familiar command again and go dashing around the old gym once more. To Sgt. Frost we owe many happy periods, learning physical "jerks," teaching table (?), and mastering the sword dance. It is with the deepest regrets that we say good-bye to our P. E. Instructor.

### MRS. DOIDGE

Students seeking plan-paper, pen nibs, lost articles,—from locker keys to hiking breeches, phone numbers, or teachers, all repair to Mrs. Doidge.

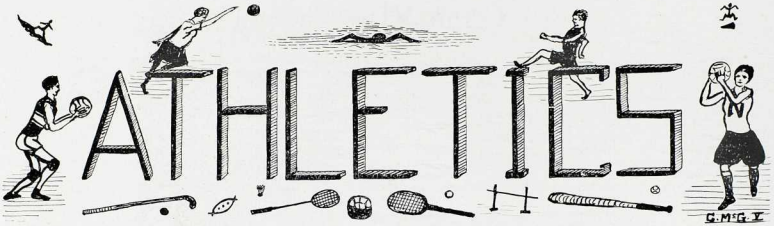
Her ability to remember our names, her readiness to assist in any difficulties—from finding phone numbers to locating schools—her cheery smile—these will hold a place in our memory for a long time.

### MR. COCROFT

One of the complaints which we never heard around Normal was that concerning the temperatures in P. N. S. In fact we never thought about them for Mr. Cocroft always saw to it that they were right. Mr. Cocroft is also an excellent lock breaker—ask the girls. We hope he will rule long as king of the P. N. S. engine-room.

### MR. HOWLETT

Quiet, unobtrusive, yet a willing smile for all and a readiness to lend a helping hand—that's the janitor. May he have pleasant memories of Class '30-'31.




# *The Sports Parade*

The 1930-31 session signalized a tremendous surge of interest in all branches of sport. Probably the most significant event was the revival of rugby. The team surprised even its most avid supporters by its early successes, and rugby remained the centre of interest until the last game was played.

Other sports were by no means neglected, and hockey and basketball, always prominent activities, engaged the attention of a large number of enthusiastic players. The hockey team was especially successful, as, under the able direction of Mr. Anstey, they finished third in the Women's Mainland Hockey League competition. The basketball boys, handicapped by graduations at Christmas, were less fortunate, but can look back with pride on a season of very creditable performances.

Aside from these major sports, what are commonly known as the minor ventures were very well received. Of these, badminton was possibly the most popular, but as summer approaches it is being rapidly supplanted by baseball and tennis. There were, of course, all-year-round activities in which a great number participated. Swimming, hiking, life-saving—all had their adherents, and all contributed to the success of the athletic season at Normal.

One factor that aided materially in heartening the rugby team was the presence of Mr. Robinson, Mr. Anstey and Mr. Frost in all weather at the games. In the same way, the interest in swimming, hiking, and the track meets shown by Mr. Martin and Mr. MacLean undoubtedly assisted in their efficient control.

Viewed in perspective, the past season will assuredly be ajudged one of the outstanding "Sport Years" in the history of Normal—may there be more like it!

ATHLECTIC EXECUTIVE
FALL TERM 1930
SPRING TERM 1931
J. MERRELL
CLASS 2 REP.
E. McPHERSON
CLASS 7 REP.
K. NORTON
CLASS 7 REP.
M. RYDER
CLASS 6 REP.
L. CHAPMAN
CLASS 3 REP.
D. JAMIESON
CLASS 4 REP.
K. McRAE
SECRETARY
C. NIXON
PRESIDENT
Mrs MacLENNAN
ADVISER
A. GARRISON
PRESIDENT
E. GRIMWOOD
VICE-PRES.
Mr J. M. EWING
ADVISER
Mr W. P. WESTON
ADVISER
B. MacLEOD
VICE-PRES.
Mr A. E. C. MARTIN
ADVISER
F. FIELD
SECRETARY
B. PETRIE
CLASS 6 REP.
A. HICKS
CLASS 4 REP.
H. GROVES
CLASS 1 REP.
I. SCOTT
CLASS 2 REP.
R. FERGUSON
CLASS 5 REP.

# Girls' Hockey Team

PHYLLIS ARROWSMITH:

Although Phyllis did not play very often, we certainly realized her worth when she did. A good sport—always ready to turn out for practice.

HAZEL GROVES:

Hazel shared honors with Phyllis in goal and occasionally played fullback. She has to her credit many saves for Normal.

LYLE HURRY:

As left fullback, Lyle proved a valuable member of the team, backing up her halves in such a commendable manner that she demolished one of our new sticks.

BELLE PETRIE:

Belle certainly stops them and also helps out her half-backs and forwards. The most versatile member of the team—playing three positions.

AUDREY HICKS:

Our left half, who left us at Easter to be a better half. Per expression: "What do you think you're playing? Tiddleywinks?"

AILEEN ROBINSON:

Aileen's our star centre-half. She played on the ladies' "rep" team. Combining speed and her ingenious "push" stroke, Aileen proved the mainstay of our defence.



(Continued on Page Fifty-six)

# Boys' Rugby Team

SANDERS:

No one would realize from seeing Sanders tackle that it is his first rugby season. He is a speedy three.

GEORGE JOHNSON:

George is our wonder receiving half. His ability to be in every scrum nearly cost him his fatal beauty, under the opponents' maddened feet.

HOWARD McALLISTER:

Our scoring fullback. When Howie hits the other side the opposition folds up like a tent. His specialty is long-distance kicking and sliding in running shoes.

HARLEY ABBOTT:

Our dashing right wing, with the knack of hitting straight at the corner flag from any position. Someone has calculated that he receives 97¾% of all the feminine cheers.

RALPH ROSSEAU:

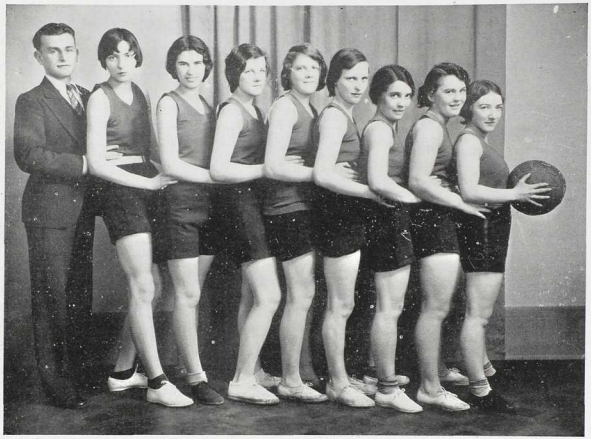
"The Human Scoop" he might well be called. Ralph has a genius for finding the ball in the loose and he always knows what to do with it when he has found it.

FREEMAN:

A newcomer to the game who developed a demon tackle during the season.

(Continued on Page Fifty-six)

# Girls' Basketball Team



DORA JAMIESON:

Who helps edit this paper,
As a sure-to-score forward cuts many a caper.

GRACE WATSON:

Surely you all know the lass,
Is a fine shot when she gets a good pass.

NORAH ELLIS:

Is always away with the ball,
Ere the shrill of the whistle resounds thro' the hall.

KATIE McRAE:

Runs like a streak down the floor,
And before you know it, a basket she'll score.

"BOBBIE" McLEOD:

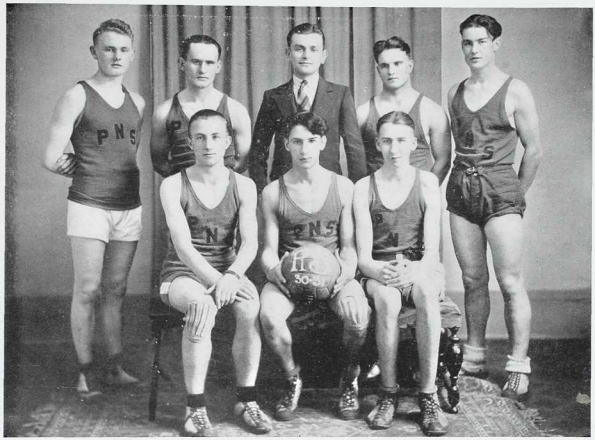
"Bobbie" McLeod's her name—but "Speedy's" her style,
She'll outrun anyone mile after mile.

LOIS DORAN:

Our golden-haired sturdy young guard,
Gets all the rebounds and, boy, they are hard.



(Continued on Page Fifty-six)




# Boys' Basketball Team

FREDDY FIELD:

Captain. Our valuable centre. Played a good game throughout the season.

JACK WRIGHT:

Vice-captain. Left-forward. An excellent shot and a high scorer for P. N. S.

GORDY FREEMAN:

Right-forward. Gordy worked in well to form an aggressive forward line.

LAURIE MORRISON:

Guard. Watch his speed! A hard worker and an effective player.

HARLEY ABBOT:

Guard. Harley played a splendid game all season. Coached the girls' basketball team.

EDGAR COUCH:

Forward. Edgar joined our team at Christmas and proved an asset in our later games.

GILMOUR CLARKE:

Forward. Our free throw artist. A good shot.

BRUCE HAMILTON:

Coach. Played well at both guard and forward.

## HOCKEY CLUB

At the beginning of the hockey season the young ladies turned out in surprising numbers. After several practices, a general meeting was held at which the following officers were elected:

Coach—Mr. Anstey.
Captain—Audrey Hicks.
Vice-Captain—Grace Watson.
Secretary—Belle Petrie.

This committee selected a team which entered the Lower Mainland Women's Grass Hockey League. Normal had a very strong team, losing only the day after the night before, —three games to be exact after the three dances.

They finished third in the league, being eliminated in a knockout series. The hockey team also proved successful at Victoria, defeating Victoria Normal 12-0.

Hockey competition was not confined to the major team, for in February a house league was established. Class IV, having the advantage of seven team members, came out on top, while Class VI finished second. Through this league many girls learned the rudiments of hockey and, we hope, they will put them into practice in their own schools.

Much of the success of hockey has been due to the untiring efforts and encouragement of our coach, Mr. Anstey, who was present at all the games, ready to referee and help. His advice and coaching were appreciated by all and we are confident that it was owing to his efforts that Normal had the best hockey team in the history of the school.

## THE REVIVAL OF RUGBY

It came through an idea—a hope in the minds of a few High School rugby stalwarts that their favorite game would not become merely a memory of hard-fought battles and sweat-sweet victories. As a result of their co-operation and enthusiasm, plans were made for entry into Third Division competition with Ivor Scott as captain of the team.

The first game, against Ex-Techs at Renfrew Park, was a nightmare of uneasiness and indecision. The line-up, consisting of a large number of comparative newcomers to the game, and some who were handling a rugby ball for the first time, put up a magnificent, though unorganized, fight against the more experienced Tech team. The game resulted in a loss—3 to 0—but not in defeat. Indeed, the near success of the game put wonderful vigor and confidence into the team, and cast the inferiority complex to the four winds.

At once rugby jumped from the status of a doubtful venture to that of a major sport, worthy of an equal place with basketball and hockey. In later games the golden Normal crest came to mean to its opponents a hard-tackling game with many a bump and not a few thrills involved.

The success of the team lay largely in its sound team play and marvellous fighting qualities. The forwards excelled in quick-smothering tactics, and the threes in close tackling. The Normal squad was known throughout the league as the hardest-tackling group of them all. Determination and stiff, clean play won, where spectacular individual efforts might have failed.

At the close of the first half of the season, when the team was beginning to function together, Normal finished a scant 2 points behind the leaders. Throughout the last half Normal played with even greater success. After faltering in the first game against Tech, the team combined brilliantly to win their remaining games in decisive fashion. Unfortunately, because of unfavorable ground conditions, the regular schedule could not be maintained, and match play was not continued.

Thus, through sheer rugged determination, the Normal rugby team not only took its place beside older, more experienced teams, but, in its first year of play as a unit, came within an ace of leading them all.

## GIRLS' BASKETBALL

There's a deafening din in the gym tonight
A point to make and a game to win,
A limping guard who's a sorry sight,
A minute to go and "Dor's" all in;
And it's not for the sake of a Normal Crest,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But the captain's voice above the rest,
"Come on, gang, play the game!"

Although, much to our disgust and surprise, we have not brought any new laurels, in the way of silverware or brass, to the Normal School, we have all thoroughly enjoyed our games and are sorry to see the season pass.

We would like to move a vote of thanks to the one—or two—faithful supporters who attended our games—"virtue is its own reward."

## BOYS' BASKETBALL

Basketball has always been a major sport at Normal and it again held its position. A team was entered in the recently organized Teachers' League. Under the management of Adam Reid and Fred Hardy in the first half and Fred Field and Jack Wright in the second half, the team showed a splendid spirit of co-operation.

Although we did not "carry off a cup," we all enjoyed the games and felt that we profited through our team relations.

## THE INVADERS' DIARY

**Friday, Feb. 6th.**

Hurrah! "We," 29 excited students with Miss Jones, Mr. Martin, and Mr. Weston as supporters and advisors, left the C. P. R. dock with the sage advice of the school to "be sure to lick them" still ringing in our ears. We were honoured by a convoy of seagulls who posed obligingly on the rail for amateur photographers.

At 6:15 everyone on board rushed about for friends and baggage. (N.B.—We quickly found that this was out of tone with the spirit of Victoria, and thenceforth refused to be rushed.) On landing we were met and escorted to the hotel by our Victoria friends.

At the Victoria Normal School a delightful supper was served in the endless main corridor by capped and aproned "boy-waitresses." The Principal of the Victoria school gave a welcoming address to which Mr. Martin made suitable reply. Following the banquet we were conducted to the auditorium to witness the basketball games.

The girls' game was a thrilling battle from start to finish. The Vancouver team, with its effective combination, matched shot for shot with the Victoria girls until in the third quarter, Miss McLeod was banished on personals. The final score was in favour of Victoria.

In the boys' game, the shooting of Jack Wright for Vancouver was quite as spectacular as that of "Crick" for the Victoria girls. Field and Morrison played a marvellous defensive game for Vancouver, almost completely destroying the effectiveness under the basket of McLean, the big Victoria centre man. The whistle blew with the score 41-24 in favour of Vancouver.

And so to bed.

**Saturday, Feb. 7th.**

The start with which you waken in a strange room! Out we jumped, ran to the window, and admired the artistic arrangement of old bed springs and twisted wire on the ground below. Breakfast in Victoria, though hard to find, was inordinately good.

The girls faced the bewildering task of playing hockey in the High School Grounds at ten o'clock and being at the Normal School three miles distant for badminton at eleven o'clock. Captained by Audrey Hicks the hockey team proceeded to demonstrate their right to a position in the Women's League. Vancouver bombarded the Victoria goal with a barrage of shots. Grace Watson's checking and dribbling, and Dora Jamieson's shooting were almost inspired. The final count was 12-0 in favour of Vancouver.

The badminton matches were a different story. After the first few games it was evident that Vancouver would have difficulty in winning. The feature matches between Manford and the Victoria captain were an exhibition of the highest brand of badminton—Manford's beautifully timed back and cross-court shots were especially brilliant. Belle Petrie and Grace Watson paired well to win their ladies' doubles match with a fine display of steady and vigorous

shots. In the closing games the Vancouver team seemed to hit its stride and managed to break Victoria's winning streak. The final score was 11-7 in favour of Victoria.

The Valentine dance on Saturday evening will long remain as one of the highlights of the trip. The gym was tastefully decorated for the occasion with hearts and streamers. An orchestra from Victoria provided the music. The Victoria students proved hospitable hosts, and an enjoyable evening was spent by all. The dance was followed by refreshments served in the assembly rooms upstairs. Knowing the habits of Victoria street cars, the party broke up at 11:30 and we proceeded back to our hotel, filled with memories of a pleasant week-end.

## INDOOR TRACK MEET—MARCH 5, 1931

A chorus of excited yells from the northwest end of the lunchroom told the rest of the school that the unexpected had happened. Class VII had scored a magnificent victory in the second indoor track meet of the 1930-1931 season. From last to first place is a long jump, but Class VII won as completely as they had formerly failed.

The moment after President Garrison's announcement of their victory was a great one for the Class VII girls. Amid cheers and frantic hand-clapping their leader mounted the bench-dais and promptly informed the company that the despised holders of "Ketchup" had "Kaughtup."

Their margin of victory on the gym floor was slight; and, indeed, until the last moment Class IV had looked hopefully for an eleventh-hour victory; but Class VII more than secured their position by placing in the "stunt" event, table decoration and class yells. More power to them!

Beside Mr. Weston's paintings of Hollyburn and the Olympics, "Ketchup" will grace the moulding of Room III.

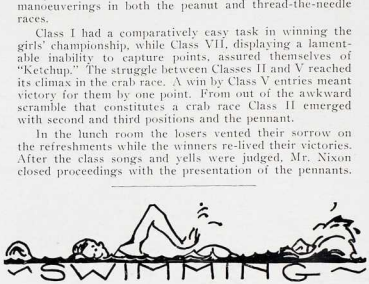
With the assistance of a great deal of "luck," as members of Class V were careful to inform them, Class II was able to defeat its friendly foes by an even greater margin than in the previous track meet. Class V certainly requires a great deal of convincing!

## THE FALL TRACK MEET

Amid laughs, cheers, and the frantic shouts of the announcer trying to secure a hearing, Classes I and II swept to the championship of the girls' and boys' divisions respectively. The evening provided a number of tense moments and infinitely more merry ones. In spite of their anxious desire for points, and an almost irrepressible desire to kiss or kick, as the case demanded, their chosen representatives, all spectators had a hearty laugh at the fumblings and manoeuverings in both the peanut and thread-the-needle races.

Class I had a comparatively easy task in winning the girls' championship, while Class VII, displaying a lamentable inability to capture points, assured themselves of "Ketchup." The struggle between Classes II and V reached its climax in the crab race. A win by Class V entries meant victory for them by one point. From out of the awkward scramble that constitutes a crab race Class II emerged with second and third positions and the pennant.

In the lunch room the losers vented their sorrow on the refreshments while the winners re-lived their victories. After the class songs and yells were judged, Mr. Nixon closed proceedings with the presentation of the pennants.




## SWIMMING MEET

Headed by Kay Fetterly, the V. A. S. C. star, Class I swam to victory in the Swimming Meet held at Chalmers Church. In the majority of events the natators from Classes III, IV, VI and VII were out-plunged and out-stroked by the Class I entries. The relay race, however, developed into a real battle. It was not until the last of four hard-fought laps that Class I emerged victorious in a thrilling finish.

In the boys' section, the result was almost a complete victory for the Class II entrants. They finished in the lead in all contests save one—the free-style event. In this race Johnston of Class V, displaying brilliant speed, easily outdistanced his competitors.

The winning relay teams were composed of the following:

Class I—Misses Fetterly, Haddock, Gansner and Mrs. Jackson.

Class II—Messrs. Wright and Tyner.

## LIFE SAVING

This year, as a result of Mr. Martin's efforts and enthusiasm, more students have received their bronze medallion at Normal than in any previous year. We only hope that in a few years' time every student leaving Normal will have had a course in life-saving.

The following students have received Instructor's Certificate or Bronze Medallion:

CLASS I—

INSTRUCTORS—Elsie Gansner, Elva Gardiner, Hazel Groves.

BRONZE MEDALLION—Margaret Avery, Bertha Collins, May Dinney, Kay Fetterly, Beatrice French, Alice Giraud, Mary Haddock, Annette Jackson.

CLASS III—

INSTRUCTORS—Olivia Dickson.

BRONZE MEDALLION—Ina Armstrong, Audrey Bossy, Mildred Bush, Bernice Cline, May Currie.

CLASS IV—

INSTRUCTORS—Edna Grimwood.

BRONZE MEDALLION—Margaret Herring, Mabel Hillyer, Lyle Hurry, Mary Lamberton, Fanny Lowe, Aileen Murray, Muriel Miller, Eleanor Maurer.

CLASS VI—

INSTRUCTORS—Vera Pye.

BRONZE MEDALLION—Gwendolyn Northcott, Gudrun Perry, Greta Sanders, Edith Martin, Elfreda Mohrman, Aileen Nesbitt, Norma Parnham, Elsie Powell.

CLASS VII—

INSTRUCTORS—Eileen Lane.

BRONZE MEDALLION—Irene Brooks, Margaret King, Lillian Ormrod, Helen Richmond, Verna Shilvock.

CLASS II—

INSTRUCTORS—Messrs. Wright and O'Toole.

BRONZE MEDALLION—Messrs. Sweet, Shannon, Tyner, Nash, McKenzie, Libby, Mortimer.

CLASS V—

INSTRUCTORS—Mr. Johnston.

BRONZE MEDALLION—Messrs. Bain, Bishop, Campbell, Currie, Ferguson, Field, Kendrick.

The following have classes practising for the Bronze Award—

INSTRUCTOR—May Curry. CLASS—Doris Bray, Margaret Fraser, Bernadette MacAulay, Kathleen McBride, Violet Bruin, Barbara Browne.

## SHUTTLE FEATHERS

The Badminton Club got away to an excellent start when it elected Allan Manford as its president. Although for many, the past season was the first at badminton, by Christmas a large number had attained a high degree of proficiency.

The club essayed to defeat the Normal Grades' shuttle team only to lose in every contest. The matches were so even, however, that the club was well satisfied with the progress. Early in February a team consisting of Misses Langfield, Petrie, Watson and Hurry and Messrs. Manford, Wilson, Abbott and McAllister was selected to meet representatives of Victoria Normal School in a series of singles, doubles and mixed doubles events. The highly exciting games that followed established the superiority of the Victoria players, but demonstrated clearly that our players were capable exponents of the game.

After the Victoria trip, the club tournament was held. Mr. Manford decisively won the men's singles, while Miss Petrie won in the ladies' event. Mr. Frost and Miss Langfield were successful in the mixed doubles, and Mr. Frost and Mr. McAllister took the men's doubles title.

All things considered, the Badminton Club can look on the past season as one of accomplishment and enjoyment, and may rest confident that it has given the game decided impetus in the minds of Normal students.

## SOFTBALL

The students were very enthusiastic over softball this year. In fact, so enthusiastic were some of the girls that they organized an inter-class league which proved very enjoyable.

Many girls who had not played before turned out and

learned the rudiments of the game, while several boys received very valuable experience as umpires.

It was really a knockout (?) series. We held five games during the first week in May, Class VI winning the series with a total of eighty-nine runs for three games.

## THE NORMAL HIKES

There are many of this year's Normal Class who cannot have realized what they were missing by not joining the jolly hikes organized by Mr. Martin and Mr. Weston during the past school year, or else we would have had much larger parties. But those who have had the pleasure of going on even one of the hikes, must agree that our merry "get-acquainted" picnic at Capilano was only a mere introduction to the enjoyable times to follow.

Our first excursion was to Point Atkinson and the lighthouse. Next we visited Lynn Valley and hiked across the watershed to Seymour Valley and back along the water pipe-line road catching many glimpses of the deep and picturesque Seymour Canyon. How fortunate the people of Vancouver are to have such spots as these to visit—such wonderful scenery!

But if these first hikes were enjoyable, certainly no word can describe the fun we had on our hikes up Hollyburn and Grouse Mountain. "What fun is there," you ask, "in just climbing?" True, after climbing for about an hour, we ourselves did wonder why we had ever come, but after we reached the cabins and had sampled that Hollyburn Ridge coffee—we had no regrets! And we had our fun on the way up too—mistaking snow-fleas for spilt coffee; sampling Mr. Weston's energy-giving raisins; feeling his pointed hiking stick or hearing Mr. Martin's encouraging "Only three hours more" if steps began to lag.

Then we passed the afternoon with tobogganing and skiing, during which we sat on the snow quite as often as on wood; or by further hikes through the woods, along silent trails where the only sound was the whispering of the wind or the nodding of the snow-mantled trees in answer. So quiet it seemed irreverent to speak.

Time for going home came all too soon but with a last longing look we started off with possibly a mouth-organ cheering the homeward journey with "Dem Golden Slippers." We do not feel tired yet. We can even run a mile for a street-car at the end if need be. But it is disappointing to see it start off when we are only a block away. "But it is all in a day."

We hope we did not tire Mr. Weston too much on our third Hollyburn hike. Certain it is, he was greatly missed the last time we went up Hollyburn and also on our last hike to Fisherman's Cove.

We have all thoroughly enjoyed all these jaunts and wish to pass a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Martin and Mr. Weston for organizing and joining in them. So much have we enjoyed them that we strongly urge every one of the Normal Class of 1931-'32 to join in at least one of them instead of spending the Saturday afternoon at a show. They are guaranteed to give you plenty of exercise—and—an—appetite!

## THE OUTDOOR TRACK MEET

A mob of students yelling for their class members, a group of harrassed officials, seven worried class captains—all signify one thing—the outdoor track meet is in progress.

Strathcona Park becomes a veritable battle field. Classes fling yells at each other and exciting finishes produce, in some of the girls, a state bordering on hysterics. Scott and Nixon provide thrills, and we hear remarks such as these: "Isn't he fast?" "Will he make that jump?" "You know I saw him at the High School sports. My he's good!"

As this is a pre-vue we are allowed some liberties. We'll predict then that Class V are going to put up a good fight against Class II on May 29th. We also can safely foretell (from school rumours) that every girl's class is out to win. Although we cannot pick the winners or "Ketchup," we can say that all will have a good time watching the sports, taking part in them and—consuming ice cream, when we'll all have something to do. And more than that, we have a suspicion that 1930-'31 athletes of P.N.S. will set a high standard in sports for next year's class.

Nature Teacher: "Is there any connection between the animal and vegetable kingdoms?"

Student: "Yes, hash."

Teacher: Ikey, give me a sentence using the words deduct, defense, defeat and detail.

Ikey: De duck jumped over de fence, de feet before de tail.

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We must pay our respects to the closing Normal year and express the gratitude and appreciation the shop feels for the patronage of the past. The school is coming to a close and many may find tennis and golf invigorating summer pastimes.

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## GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM

(Continued from Page Forty-six)

MABEL HILLYER:

At right half, Mabel played a cool and steady game. Established a reputation in Victoria by her war-cry of "Let's go—Vancouver!"

EDNA GRIMWOOD:

Played fullback and left wing. She did very well in this difficult position. Pet aversion—turning on the ball.

LILLIAN CHAPMAN:

At inside left, Lil scored a number of our goals. Lil liked the breakfast at Victoria so well, that she almost missed the boat back.

DORA JAMIESON:

Our speedy centre. When Dora goes tearing down the field, beware! She makes all our breaks—breaks for goal and breaks bones—and above all scores most of our goals.

MURIEL HILL:

"Moosie" plays a good game at inside right. "Moosie" is the quiet member of our team, who doesn't bother fighting with referees.

GRACE WATSON:

"Watch that girl!" The cry of our trembling opponents as Grace dashes down the field. Speedy—a good stick-handler, and splendid at getting in centres and tricky goals.

MAMIE CAMPBELL:

Played centre-forward until Christmas.

RUTH MACKICHAN and BONNIE MACINTOSH: Were valuable spares and Bonnie often helped us with our refreshments.

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## GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

(Continued from Page Forty-eight)

MARGIE DOERR:

Our tall centre, who gets the jumps,
Is the sporty receiver of many a bump.

MARY RIDER:

Who's only a tiny wee mite,
Scores a few baskets most every night.

HARLEY ABBOTT:

Our coach of King George fame,
Teaches us all the tricks of the game.



## BOYS' RUGBY TEAM

(Continued from Page Forty-seven)

DON McRAE:

Don has a ripping, tearing, style that bodes ill for opposing tacklers,—another man new to the game.

BRUCE HAMILTON:

A safe kicker with excellent direction who is a heady player and a good tackler as well.

GEORGE CORMACK:

Past master of the art of following through. He breaks beautifully, and packs terrific force in his tackles.

ERIC WILSON:

His kicking is a pleasure to watch, but it is in picking the ball from the loose that he really excels. Heads the team in intercepting.

IVOR SCOTT:

As smooth-tackling a three as ever broke through for a touchdown. Ivor has a beautiful swerve, and his dummy passes certainly make dummies of the opposition. A likeable captain.

CYRIL NIXON:

"Wing" three is right! Nick flies through the slightest opening in the defense, and loves to exhaust his tacklers by sweeping runs. He has a well-directed kick.

RALPH TYNER:

Tyner possesses a deceitful weave that would do credit to a Hula dancer. He seems to slip past tacklers, but can kick past them as well.

JACK MERRELL:

Supports the scrum and 210 lbs. Jack packs a terrific wallop in his kicks and can run with a large part of the opposing team draped around him.

BOB SHANNON:

He hooks "by hook or crook." Bob is always found where the going is toughest with his battle cry of "Heel, you fellows!"

ART GARRISON:

Shares honours with Shannon. He is a plunging, thrusting demon with the ball, and always seems in danger of cracking his head on a lunge.

HIKE

FIRST AID

READY · · · · *PULL* ·

THE BRIDGE IN THE CLOUDS

THE SIX OF FIVE

MEMBERS OF CLASS 6

CHIEF COOK

LET'S GO IV

CONTRAST—BY CLASS VI

On the pages of the following section of the Annual are to be found accounts of our literary activities. Many interesting programmes have been presented this year by the students, who are indebted to the members of the staff for much help and encouragement.

The poems, descriptions, and stories which are to be found in the Annual, have been written by the students themselves. Mr. MacIntosh has been very kind in helping with the choice of selections. Without such encouragement, many students would doubtless have failed to realize the powers which lie dormant within themselves. Through the study of good literature we gain appreciation, and through the true recording of our inmost thoughts and observations we may rise to greater heights than we have ever dreamed of.

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## LITERARY SOCIETY

The Literary Society of the Vancouver Normal School is just completing another very successful year. With few exceptions, every fortnight, for the past nine months the students have gathered in the Auditorium to enjoy the talent of their fellow students.

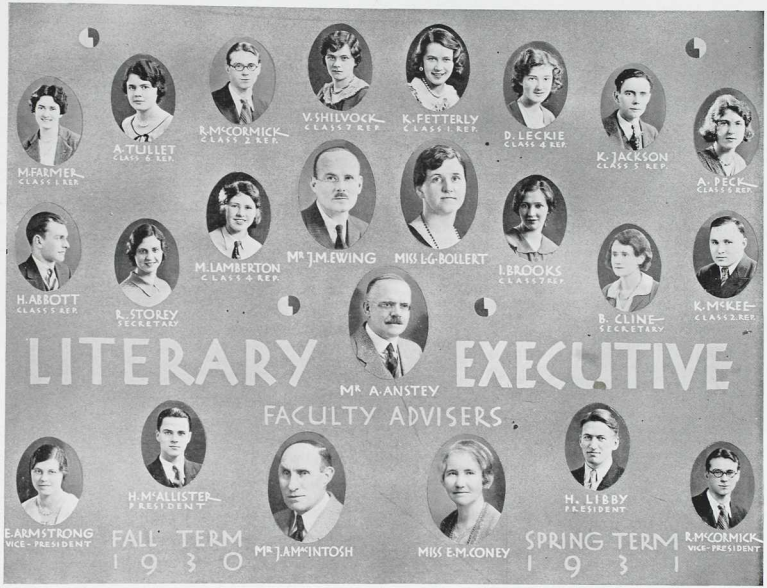
The programmes for the Fall Term were organized under the leadership of the following officers: Mr. H. McAllister, President; Miss E. Armstrong, Vice-President; Miss R. Storey, Secretary. These programmes were miscellaneous in nature, including several piano solos, songs, numerous recitations, and two humorous sketches entitled "Over the Teacups" and "Cupid in the Kitchen."

The work of the Spring Term was ably carried on by the new Executive including the following officers: Mr. H. Libby, President; Mr. R. McCormick, Vice-President; Miss B. Cline, Secretary. The programmes of the Spring Term were under the auspices of individual classes and were topical in type. An exceptionally fine Indian Programme was presented by Class I and a Canadian Authors Programme by Class IV.

The other programmes were dramatic in form, including a Comparison of Past and Present, an Operetta, a Mock Trial and a sketch "The Trysting Place."

A spirited debate was held on April 7th. The subject: "Resolved that the present method of buying on the installment plan is beneficial." The debators: Mr. Ferguson and Miss Moore on the affirmative, Miss McLeod and Mr. McCormick on the negative, presented their points in a very convincing manner.

At this time the Literary Society wishes to extend its thanks to the members of the Faculty and particularly to the Faculty Advisers—Miss Coney and Mr. Anstey, for


M. FARMER
CLASS 1 REP.
A. TULLET
CLASS 6 REP.
R. McCORMICK
CLASS 2 REP.
V. SHILVOCK
CLASS 7 REP.
K. FETTERLY
CLASS 1 REP.
D. LECKIE
CLASS 4 REP.
K. JACKSON
CLASS 3 REP.
A. PECK
CLASS 6 REP.
H. ABBOTT
CLASS 5 REP.
R. STOREY
SECRETARY
M. LAMBERTON
CLASS 4 REP.
Mr. J. M. EWING
MISS L. G. BOLLERT
I. BROOKS
CLASS 7 REP.
B. CLINE
SECRETARY
K. McKEE
CLASS 2 REP.
LITERARY EXECUTIVE
Mr. A. ANSTEY
FACULTY ADVISERS
E. ARMSTRONG
VICE-PRESIDENT
H. McALLISTER
PRESIDENT
FALL TERM
1930
Mr. J. AM. McINTOSH
MISS E. M. CONEY
H. LIBBY
PRESIDENT
SPRING TERM
1931
R. McCORMICK
VICE-PRESIDENT

their hearty co-operation towards making the year a successful one. Without their support in hours of need the Executive would have been at a sad loss.

And last but not least may we thank the members of the orchestra for their "standing by" for all musical parts of the programmes.

## THE ANNUAL VERBAL BATTLE

A live, vital, present-day problem, four earnest debaters and an expectant, interested audience—all provided an excellent setting for the great oral battle of the term. After the singing of O Canada, the chairman, Mr. Bert Libby, introduced the subject—"The present-day system of buying on the installment plan is beneficial."

Miss Bessie Moore and Mr. Ferguson supported the affirmative while Miss Nancy MacLeod and Mr. McCormick upheld the negative.

Mr. Ferguson presented the first arguments in favor of the system in the light of its economic value. He stressed especially the advantages of this system in regard to mass production, citing figures to substantiate his statements. His manner was pleasingly quiet and straightforward.

Miss MacLeod spoke next for the negative. She brought out the social disadvantages—mental, moral and ethical. Her quiet reassuring tone carried conviction.

Next in the fray came Miss Bessie Moore whose introduction at once secured the attention of her audience. She maintained that the system had stood the test of time and hence was here to stay. Moreover it led to social well-being and happiness.

Mr. McCormick ,the last speaker, literally took the audience by storm. If he ever thinks of giving up school teaching, we advise him to go into politics. On many occasions, he provoked laughter from the audience by his witty remarks. He refuted the statements of his opponents. His answer to "figures" was "One man's guess is as good as another's." In his attempt to show that the system is harmful to business interests, Mr. McCormick had the sympathy of the audience throughout and produced a fitting climax by his recitation of "A Dollar Down and a Dollar a Week."

Despite Mr. McCormick's brilliant speech, Mr. Ferguson was able to give a clever rebuttal—first attacking "A Dollar Down and a Dollar a Week." He then disproved some of his opponents' arguments. Once more his quiet, persuasive manner proved very effective.

At the conclusion the judges, Mr. Ewing, Mrs. Jackson and Miss McPherson, retired for a few moments. During the interval, the audience was given a chance to participate in the program, singing such favorites as "Three Blind Mice." They were, however, cut short in the middle of "One Man Went to Mow," by the return of the judges.

Their decision was in favor of the affirmative, the negative, however, being only four points behind.

The debaters received an ovation from the audience, all of whom had thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated the efforts of their four fellow-students.

## OUTSIDE SPEAKERS

### MR. HUMPHREYS

Prior to his departure for a lecture tour across Canada, Mr. Humphreys addressed the school in February. He described the Kootenay district of B. C. as an ideal spot for a vacation. His magic lantern slides with their beautiful lighting effects were well received.

### MR. MUNRO

Mr. Munro, Chief Migratory Birds Officer for Western Canada, presented an illustrated lecture on the birds common to B. C. His talk and slides were of great educational value and interest.

### MISS McLELLAND

Miss McLelland on a tour from Toronto for the Canadian National Institute for the Blind spoke on the care of the eyes. Her two lectures, illustrated by "before and after" pictures, appealed to the Normal students.

### REV. A. E. THOMAS

Three very interesting and entertaining addresses were given by the Rev. A. E. Thomas in the Spring term. He presented the facts for and against the use of intoxicants in a manner which at once caught and held the attention of his audience.

### MR. F. W. LAING

On May 18th Mr. F. W. Laing of the Department of Agriculture addressed the student body on his trip through the Peace River District. His beautiful illustrations and the wealth of detail derived from personal experience greatly appealed to the imagination and adventuresome spirit of the students.

# JOHN FINDS A PLOT

As John Dodds, Vancouver Normal School student, awoke late on Saturday morning his first thoughts were dreamily pleasant ones of the previous evening. Then he looked at his watch.

"Good grief!" he muttered. "Eleven o'clock! And I was going to get up early and do a lot of work on that story. Wish I'd started it earlier in the week . . . Mmmm. . . . Gee, that was a good dance last night!"

With a sigh he turned over to snatch a few more winks. But his pleasant frame of mind was spoiled. One of worry had replaced it. That story, a short story for his language instructor, had to be handed in on Monday. True, he had several alternatives: A poem, a play, or for something easier a piece of descriptive material. The last was not to be considered, however. With that inward desire to write a really great story, which inhabits so many of our souls but which few of us will admit, he had determined to evolve a wonderful plot and create from it a masterpiece of literary art.

Better get up. He'd intended to sell an ad. for the Normal Annual today too. . . . That was sure some dance last night. And what a wonderful little girl he'd taken home! He'd gone stag and planned on remaining that way, but somehow, during the fifth dance, black hair and blue eyes had upset the idea and made another one seem the only thing worth considering.

"Well, get up and get to work," he ordered himself, reverting to the world of reality again.

With a bound he was out of bed. Dressing hurriedly, he was soon downstairs eating a belated breakfast. Toast, eggs, and two cups of good coffee made him feel well fortified for the labors of his great undertaking, so he whistled cheerfully as he returned to his room and the table which served as a desk.

Now to get at that story. He felt like writing a book.

But what to write about? Funny! Yesterday he'd been full of ideas, one of them especially good. Real live characters and a gripping, dynamic plot.

"What was it about?" Queer that he could not remember it now. He gripped his pencil and sprawled over the table trying to recall the threads of the plot.

No use. Perhaps if he'd relax it would come back to him.

He closed his eyes and let his mind wander, toying absently with his pencil. Presently it began to form words on the paper before him. He glanced at his handiwork.

"Her hair was black, her dreamy eyes——" he read, and straightened up suddenly.

"Well, she did have dreamy eyes," he muttered to himself defensively.

"Poetry!"

Still, that might be a good idea. Why not write a poem? He felt poetic this morning.

"Let's see,—— 'Her hair was black, her dreamy——' "

"Gosh! That won't do at all." He couldn't give himself away like that. Suppose someone should get hold of it and show it to the rest of the fellows. "Boy, that WOULD be bad."

What then? How about the Lions? From his window he could see their snow-capped peaks glimmering in the near noonday sun. They were beautiful all right. So was everything else this morning—everything but this room and writing!

Must get to work though.

"The Lions," he wrote and looked again at the glistening harbor-guardians for further inspiration.

"The Lions, The Lions. Their white peaks gleam."

How white could gleam in the bright sunlight! Nothing like it. No other color like white. Still, black could gleam too. Oh yes. Black hair for instance, and in the moonlight——Mgh!

With a muffled grunt he broke off and jumped up. This would never do. His poem must be written and rewritten before Monday. Perhaps he'd better stick to a story. But what to write about? That was the puzzle. Why couldn't he remember the plot he'd thought up yesterday? Finally he gave up in disgust.

Seizing his hat he started for a walk hoping the fresh air and motion would stimulate his memory. He must recall that plot. It was too good to lose.

Barely had he reached the lower hall however, than the front door was thrown suddenly open and his widowed landlady's fourteen-year-old son burst in with a shout.

"Whoopee! Hey maw, I gotta job! Start Monday at ten a week."

Darn the kid anyway! Making so much racket when he wanted to compose his mind to think as he walked. But he grinned back at the boy. Couldn't help it, the lad was so happy.

Suddenly he stopped short and began to think of the boy and his mother. Pretty important for them too. A widow keeping boarders since her husband's death the previous summer. Her fourteen-year-old son, trying to supplement their meagre income, had been tramping the streets daily for two months seeking work. Jobs very scarce. But the boy had been successful at last and now see the joy in his youthful face.

A plot! He, John Dodds, had been trying to dream a wonderful dynamic plot while here was real, live, gripping, human drama being portrayed daily under his very nose.

With a peculiar smile he turned, walked thoughtfully to his room, and began to write——A simple description of the Lions.

F. HOLYOKE, Class II.

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## SUNSET ON MOUNT BAKER

A sunset sky and a mist creeping up o'er the hill—
A golden glow on the snowy peak above—
A twilight hush, for the air was calm and still
Like the coo of a dove.

But the sun went down and the last few rays
Threw a farewell gleam as the slow mist crept
Till it reached the top of the shining peak
And the mountain slept.

MARY M. F. BRYANT, Class I.

---

Mr. Weston: The Greeks were wonderful sculptors. With one stroke they could change a smiling face into an unhappy one.

Merrell: Gosh! What geniuses the Normal staff must be. They only need a look.



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# A LETTER

Suite 2, Nelson Street,
Vancouver, British Columbia,
March 1st, 1931.

Dear Marie:—

It does seem such a novel experience to be corresponding with someone I have never seen. However, I do feel as if I know you after reading your delightful and informing letter. Your description of "Sunny France" was so vivid!

Sometimes it seems as if formal education were seriously lacking in some respects. In a few pages you gave me a complete picture of France such as I had never had before in my entire school education. If only more relationships such as friendly correspondence existed among the different peoples, our capacity for human understanding would surely grow.

Thank you very much for the kind invitation to pass several months with you in France. I am so anxious to see that city to which, it was once said, all roads lead—Paris. I know I should find your country even more interesting than portrayed in your letter.

Don't you think that there has long existed a natural bond of sympathy between Canada and France? Perhaps this is because of the daring French explorers who were the founders of our beautiful country which was then an unknown wilderness where the red man lived. From the picturesque voyageurs, coureurs-de-bois, and fur-traders of early days, has descended one of the finest and most dominant races of Canada today, the French-Canadians.

I would particularly like to try to picture for you my own wonderful province, British Columbia is called Canada's "Sunset Province" upon whose shores break the waves of the mighty Pacific.

Our province was among the last to be discovered and explored. Mountains are great barriers and for many years British Columbia was almost cut off from the rest of Canada by the magnificent Rocky Mountains. The Indians knew of passes in these mountains and used them as gateways to British Columbia. Later, when the traders came, the bales of furs, each worth a fortune, were carried along these passes. The Yellowhead Pass has been called "the throat of the Rockies." Its rival is Kicking Horse Pass. Aren't the names strange? The original French name for the Yellowhead Pass was Tete Jaune. These passes serve the same purpose as the passes of the Alps in Europe, which have been great highways of traffic for thousands of years.

British Columbia's landscape is rugged, majestic and beautiful. Sublime, snow-capped peaks are outlined against glorious western sunsets. Innumerable lakes and streams break the green expanse of forest. Turbulent mountain streams leap and roar through deep gorges in the mountains. Many tourists flock to see the splendours of the Rocky Mountains, including giant Mount Robson and the whiteness of Mount Edith Cavell.

Countries are like people; they often become well known because of one thing which they possess, although other possessions are really more important. Over sixty years ago most of the world heard that gold had been found in British Columbia and ever since that time many people have thought that our only industry is mining. It is true that in our many mountain ranges there is "buried treasure" of vast wealth. Perhaps you will be greatly surprised to hear that the "Big Chief" of our minerals is coal.

The coast of British Columbia much resembles that of Norway. There is a maze of coastal waters. Behind a barrier of innumerable islands, long, narrow bays worm their way into the Coast Mountains. Often they divide into two or three branches like the narrow toes of a bird's foot.

A dense forest, in different shades of sombre green, mantles the sloping borders right from the water's edge. The trees along the Pacific Coast are giants! Their trunks stand so erect and so close together that sometimes they resemble a field of wheat. Some extend over two hundred feet into the air, erect as a mast. Some are so broad that an arch could be cut through the base wide enough to admit an automobile and so old that they were already large when Jacques Cartier sailed up the St. Lawrence. One of the most striking scenes for a visitor to the Pacific Coast to see in the earlier days was the sight of many Indians gliding through the sea in a dug-out canoe, fifty or sixty feet long and over eight feet wide. These boats were carved from the trunks of our giant trees.

Perhaps you would be interested in knowing the method by which the large logs are handled. To cut trees four and

five feet in diameter and to move them down steep slopes, over rocky crests and across deep valleys to the sea is no easy task. Most of the rivers are seething torrents which flow through deep, dark gorges and are not useful for floating logs. A "rough-and-ready" railway is laid from the sea to the forest. These logs which often weighed ten or fifteen tons, used to be dragged through the forest by ten or twenty oxen. Now a donkey-engine and cables, thick as the wrist, load the logs on the railway cars. Doesn't it seem strange to think that lumber from British Columbia is sometimes made into French homes?

Have you ever noticed British Columbian labels on some of the delicious canned salmon you have eaten? Our Pacific salmon has gained a wide reputation and it came as a great surprise to me to learn that we send more canned salmon to your country than to any other. I think I shall tell you something of the life story of a salmon, it is so interesting.

The tiny salmon are hatched in the clear, placid waters of our mountain lakes. After several months they leave the lakes and follow the mountain streams and rivers to the sea. For four years they live in salt water. Then, invariably, each salmon returns to the place where it was hatched. While trying to reach their destination, they undergo terrible hardships. A salmon has been known to jump falls over seven feet high. They reach the lakes, battered and worn. Here they lay their eggs and then die.

Long, long, ago our province was buried in ice. Under the immensely thick snow-cap, most of the snow was pressed into ice, clear and blue as an opal. Then the ice in the bottom of the sheet began to flatten out and flow away in every direction. The ice sheet became thinner, the edges gradually retreated backward toward the centres and most of it disappeared. Some of it still remains in the hollows of our mountain-tops in the form of glaciers. Some of these are thousands of years old.

Because of the sheet of ice, the whole surface of British Columbia is dotted with lakes of all sizes and shapes. In the mountains, they occupy long valleys with frowning rocky slopes on three sides and with a low dam of boulder clay bounding the fourth, over the lips of which the water is drained away. Numberless little gems, showing waters of purest emerald green, indigo blue and many shades of red, mirror the surrounding snow-capped peaks and attract thousands of tourists to our western mountains.

When you think of Canada do the words "fur-trade and Indians" enter your mind? There are still many people who think that fur trade and the red man still hold sway in Canada. But such is not the case.

Agriculture and lumbering have long since replaced fur trading except in the Northern parts. The Indian's freedom, his lands and his place in the country have been taken by the "white man." The small number remaining live on reservation, and retain but few of their old traditions and customs.

The race is dying fast. Nothing much remains of the noble red savage of early days except his sad and beautiful legends. Canada is, indeed, civilized.

I can only hope that you will enjoy the description of my country as I did that of yours. My family would be very much pleased to have you return with me to spend several months in Canada as our guest. We could find many interesting things to do such as camping, fishing, swimming and mountain-climbing.

I do hope that you will consent to come. I feel sure our "Sunset Province" will delight and thrill you!

Sincerely yours,

BESSIE MOORE,
Class IV.

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## IMPRESSIONS

Grammar—A waste of chalk.

Music—Now if you were only Class VI!

History—Work! for a test is coming.

Geography—Tell us another story!

Drawing—A wizard with chalk.

Arithmetic—There are fractions all around us!

Nature—Bagging insects; Easter Projects.

Home Ec.—Is this soda or salt?

Primary—Classes II and V in their element.

Writing—Have you lost your individuality?

Psychology—Effectors, Connectors, Receptors, I.Q.'s and bumps of knowledge (phrenology).

History of Education—They who listen shall learn.

Literature—Rest for the weary!

# DESCRIPTION OF A TRIP FROM CALGARY TO VANCOUVER

I cannot attempt to describe adequately all the interesting features of my journey, in fact I can do little more than catalogue its most remarkable points of scenery and give partial glimpses of the glorious wonders of our Canada.

Calgary is charmingly situated near the junction of the Bow and Elbow rivers; it is here that the west-bound tourist usually gains his first glimpses of the snow-crowned Rockies, gleaming through the sunshine in a clear, transparent atmosphere, and dominating intervening tiers of foothills, which gradually rise to meet them. I shall always remember the thrill of pleasure which this vision gave me, as there are very few sights which rouse in me that exultation and delight which I invariably feel in the presence of majestic mountains domed with snow.

Journeying from Calgary up the border of the rapidly descending Bow, we soon arrived at the opening through which the train makes its exit from the Rockies— a narrow cleft in their grim bastions called concisely, though unmusically, "The Gap."

Fifteen or twenty miles eastward from this natural gateway begins a portion of the Dominion destined as a pleasure ground. This is known as Rocky Mountain Park, within whose limits many mountains, eight and ten thousand feet in height, lift in magnificent competition for supremacy, their ice-capped summits in the sparkling air. The nucleus of this enchanting section of Canada is Banff, famous both as a health and pleasure resort of great attractiveness.

The railway ride from Banff to the Pacific is one of which detailed description is almost impossible. The beauties disclosed are almost beyond word painting; imagine a tempestuous ocean, whose surges, at the moment of their wildest tossing, have been transformed into mountains. A petrified ocean whose monstrous billows now stand motionless, yet seem forever at the point of breaking out again into their furious agitation—such is the impression I obtained from the mountains. Their summits vary in altitude, the lowest are dark with countless evergreens and the higher ones are flecked with frozen foam.

Our train twisted and turned through this maze of sunny heights and shadowy depths, now toiling with difficulty up a steep ascent, and now whirling impetuously down some long incline, surging to left and right like a small boat struggling in the trough of a stupendous sea.

We journeyed over four distinct ranges—the easternmost one bearing the well known title of the "Rockies"; next are the Selkirks, whose slopes are covered with primeval forest and whose white summits sparkle with eternal frost. Scarcely less grand are the next series—the Gold Range—which are in turn followed by the Cascades which border the Pacific in a succession of gigantic precipices.

The journey seaward from the Selkirks lost nothing in grandeur, our route following several ocean-seeking rivers, each more impressive than the last until the climax was attained in the magnificent scenery of the Fraser. This waterway surpasses the Columbia in importance as well as in the sinuosity and fury of its course. Flowing successively toward almost every point of the compass, the Fraser cuts its path with fearful violence through the Cascades by means of the stupendous Fraser Canyon having of necessity the railroad as its inseparable companion.

Memorable indeed are the sensations I had on my arrival at Vancouver, the terminus of the C. P. R. and one of the world's best natural harbors. Standing upon the western margin of the North American continent, looking upon the mighty ocean and across the Straits of Georgia to the snow-capped Cascades, distinctly visible in the distance I caught my breath at the glorious wonder of Mt. Baker which lifts its dazzling cone in solitary splendor to a height of eleven thousand feet.

As I take a mental retrospect of all the splendid scenery of rivers, lakes and mountains which in bewildering succession I witnessed in my journey, I cannot but have a feeling of awe at the wonderful powers of the Creator and the unsurpassed beauties of Nature.

K. N., Class VII.

---

Father: "Can I help you with your homework tonight, son?"

Son: "Thanks, Dad, but teacher thinks it would be better if I got it wrong by myself."

# A HOMECOMING

It was late afternoon in winter. A horse and rider came slowly along the road to Elgin. In an hour or two it would be dark, yet the pair seemed in no great haste to reach the village before nightfall. The rider was not more than fifty. But though still only in the prime of life he was dying. It was written on his pallid face, in his sunken eyes and hollow cheeks. He was handsome even in his paleness, and his eyes, warm and blue as the summer skies, contrasted strangely with the rest of his face. He was bareheaded, his black hair making his face even paler. He bore himself majestically, proudly. His apparel, of buff velvet and orange satin, was well made, and though now dusty and travel-stained, showed that he was fastidious and particular in his dress. His large cloak hung loosely, but not carelessly, from his shoulders. His hat with its huge plume lay in front of him on his saddle. His thin hands in their buff gauntlets held the reins loosely.

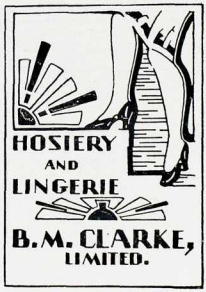
Already the sun was beginning to set. The village of Elgin was bathed in its rose-gold loveliness. The thatched roofs of the nearer cottages became golden, the windows flame. Even the roadway itself was bathed in gold. In the distance the church spire was a dark outline against the burnished sky. The trees were rose-tinted, and the small river running past the village was rose and gold. Not far away a tinted flock of sheep passed bleating into the village gate. The stately elms swayed gently in the evening breeze.

As the lonely traveller entered the village a faint glow from the setting sun still remained. He passed silently down the main road. On the left was the old smithy where he had played as a child. Further on the village pump, a delight of his boyhood days, and the green where he had watched the morris dancing and the village plays. The houses were all familiar, there was not a new one anywhere. They were all the same wooden buildings with their thatched roofs and their flower beds. The children gazed after him curiously, just as he had peered at travelling strangers years back.

And now he had passed the village for the last time. The sunset glow became fainter. A little further he turned into a gateway, mouldy and rusty with decay. He was nearing his old home, and he quickened the horse's gait. The park, once cared for, was now overgrown and wild. A deer gazed timidly from among the trees. The driveway became narrower and full of weeds. At last the old manor house loomed into sight. Its shape was indistinct in the dying sun; but the traveller recognized it, and spurred his horse slightly. His face became almost joyful. He was now at the door.

He sprang quickly to the ground, pushed open the decaying door. It creaked loudly. The interior was dim. Grey shapes appeared in many places. These were the pieces of furniture, now dusty, with cobwebs strung from one to another. Everything was indistinct, but the traveller gazed at it lovingly, remembering his happy childhood. He grew weak, dizzy. He could no longer hold himself proudly erect. A faintness came upon him; the objects he gazed upon seemed to float away from him. He sank to the floor. He lay quite still. He was dead. The last golden lights in the west faded out, and purple shadows fell on the little village.

R. MACKICHAN, Class IV.



## FANCIES

I'd like to be a fairy
With tiny filmy wings,
A little pixie fairy,
And do such jolly things.

I'd tease the dainy flowers,
By sipping of their dew,
While they would toss their heads on high,
And I would toss mine, too.

I'd follow busy bees around
And ask to taste their honey;
I know they would be very cross—
It surely would be funny!

On rainy days, I'd go out, too,
And be a good-deed fairy,
With toadstools held high o'er my head,
Of colds I'd not be wary.

I'd dig up worms for baby birds,
So big birds could keep dry,
And run errands for the lady bugs,
To be of use I'd try.

And in the snowy winter,
I'd work like everything,
To keep seed-babies covered
So they would flower in spring.

Of course I'd have a lot of fun
With naughty little elves,
We'd play at throwing snowflakes,
And battle 'mongst ourselves.

And then I think perhaps the thing
That I would love the best,
Would be the little children
Just started on life's quest.

I'd tickle babies 'neath their chins
And watch them laugh with glee,
For they can see the fairies
And they would play with me.

I'd peep at them at bed-time,
And take them unawares,
I'd visit with the sandman,
And list to children's prayers.

I'd do my best to answer them,
I love the children so,
I'd listen to their secrets,
And little tales of woe.

And then I'd give them happy dreams
And fly away again,
To sleep beneath a toadstool—
Just in case of rain!

EDITH MARTIN, Class VI.

---

## THE SUNNY OKANAGAN

If you'll listen for a moment
I have something sweet to say,
Of a valley, oh, so lovely,
That's not very far away.

In the springtime, oh, the splendor
Of the fruit trees all in bloom;
Cherry, apple, peach and pear trees
Fill the valley with perfume.

'Tis a beauty spot in summer
With its lakes and woods and flowers,
And its pretty picnic places
In the shady nooks and bowers.

Autumn brings with it such gladness;
Harvest fields of yellow grain,
Fruit so ripe, and red, and mellow,
Apple picking comes again.

Then at length comes joyous Winter,
With our Valley clothed in white,
Sleighing, skating, skiing, sliding,
It is such a wondrous sight.

Oh, the Sunny Okanagan
Is the place where dreams come true,
'Tis the home of rosy apples,
And of scenic beauty, too.

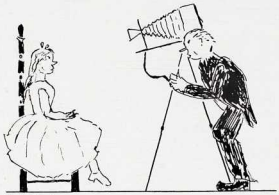
IRENE GAMBLE, Class I.

---

Mrs. Smith: "How did you find the meat, boys?"
Geo. Cormack: "We happened to look under the potatoes."

# In Lighter Mood.

ON HOLLYBURN RIDGE.



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# MUSIC AND DRAMA

"Music," wrote Carlyle, "is well said to be the speech of angels." This alone is a good reason for studying and developing a deep appreciation of music. No teacher can hope to have a true cultural and broad education without this appreciation. Everyone can listen to music and draw a little pleasure from it but this pleasure is enhanced if we become intelligent listeners. Our Normal work has helped us along these lines.

Music admitted into our lives will make them richer and better. "Those elements are needed which can inspire, which can lift the mind from the sordid things and make clear the possibility of a larger life."

This inspiration, this pleasure can truly be perfectly given by good music.

"It wakes the soul and lifts it high,
And wings it with sublime desires,
And fits to bespeak the Deity."

---

There is a very simple quotation that I would like you all to know. It is as follows: "Fine diction makes fine singing." Can we not all try to appreciate that saying, to act on it, and to work for it?

ETHEL M. CONEY.

---

## MISS CONEY

You, Miss Coney, undertook a "real" task when you set out to teach music but now you have triumphed. We have learned our doh-ray-me's, our taa-aatai's and such intervals as lah-fah-ray; but more of us might have passed our sight tests had we taken your advice, and done that "ten minutes" every night.

Even though we have not learned as much theory as you would wish, you have given us an appreciative outlook on music. We have learned to listen to classical music and to sing and enjoy good standard songs. Now, sounds have a new meaning, a diviner grace. Moreover, you have given us the desire to learn more about music.

May we in future days follow your example and instil in the minds of our pupils the wish to work hard and to achieve

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## THE ORCHESTRA

"Of course the orchestra will play!" I wonder if those of the Literary Society who so often made this remark, ever thought of the hours of practice which our orchestra put in, in order to give us their best at the various Lits.

The orchestra was organized by Miss Coney at the commencement of the Fall term. A capable leader was secured in the person of Mr. Gibbard (V), while Miss Jean Urquhart proved a most efficient pianist. These, supported by the Misses H. Armstrong, N. Ellis, I. Briggs and Messrs. Harold Harper, Gilmour Clark and Keith Jackson provided very enjoyable selections throughout the year.

To them we extend our heartiest thanks for the work they have done and the excellent results they have achieved.

# The Orchestra

## *Community Singing*

At 12:30 o'clock on every Thursday noon, with the exception of teaching week, the students gather in the Auditorium for half an hour of Community Singing. Mr. F. Field of Class V led the singing during the fall term and did very well indeed. Mr. Kendrick, also of Class V, capably carried on the good work during the spring term. The Normal students wish to congratulate them on their admirable leadership.

This half hour of music has a value all its own. The varied nature of the songs—plaintive Russian melodies, quaint French chansons and the stirring folk-songs of England, Ireland and Scotland, gives the truest pictures of mankind at work and at play. The spirit of good comradeship, which is characteristic of all Normal activities, is strengthened by the happy associations with our fellow-students as we sing—

"Let every good fellow now lift up his voice.
Viva la compagnie!
In love and good fellowship let us rejoice.
Viva la compagnie!"

This music also acts as a tonic, driving away all boredom. Watch the students as they file out of the Auditorium. The step is light, the head held high, as each goes to his room, humming a gay tune, which, he will tell you, he simply can't get out of his head.

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## THE CHRISTMAS PLAY

During the month of October, the Literary Executive for the Fall term was faced with the problem of deciding on the play to be presented for the Christmas entertainment. After much discussion and extensive research, it was decided to offer "The Mummy and the Mumps."

Great excitement prevailed during the process of "trying-out." The cast was finally chosen as follows:

Maude Mullen.....Edrena Armstrong
Anna Hampton.....Elsie Gansner
Dulcie Dumble..... Hazel Stephenson
Phoebe Beebe.....Ruby Efford
Agatha Laidlaw.....Annette Jackson
Sheriff Perkins.....Howard McAllister
William Laidlaw.....Keith Jackson
James (Racker) Slammon.....Arthur Garrison
Francis Briscoe.....Bob McCormick
Sir Hector Fish.....Peter Nash

It was a most successful play. The manner in which it was received was more than gratifying. That the interest of the audience was held during the more dramatic moments was evidenced by their tense attitudes, and by their spontaneous laughter. A still further testimony of public appreciation was the crowded house at the second performance.

It would be well-nigh impossible to pick out any member of the cast for special mention; each role was of different calibre from the others, and interpreted in a most convincing manner. The excellent characterizations were well sustained throughout the play, a tribute to the native ability as well as to the training of the players.

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# ART

This year, in the Department of Art, a great deal of interesting work has been accomplished. Under the careful guidance of Mr. Weston the basic principles of Drawing and Design have been studied. The first, or Fall term was devoted chiefly to Drawing, and the Spring term to Color and Design. At the first of the year, brush and pencil studies were made of nature-objects, such as birds, animals and plant-form. Later in the term, posters, based on a variety of subjects, were attempted, with excellent results. At Christmas time the students were occupied with the problem of designing original Christmas Cards. Since the New Year the students have been initiated into the wonders of colour scheme and have been shown how to use them. Many very pleasing original designs have been composed and coloured, reflecting great credit on the students as well as their teacher.

No doubt this year, as usual, there were many students who looked forward to their first drawing class with no slight apprehension. To these students, Mr. Weston has proved himself a friend as well as an able instructor. His kindly criticisms have not hurt, and his unlimited fund of knowledge has ever been at their disposal. Through his encouragement, many have come to a better understanding of their subject. Of these, a good number now look forward to teaching a subject, of which, but a short year ago, they knew nothing.

"There never has been given a completely satisfying and lasting definition of art; neither of beauty. Both are qualities of the mind and have changed according to the varying conceptions throughout the ages."

"Be as progressive as you like, as advanced as you like; but always be sure that it is one step forward, and that it is not one beyond your knowledge or strength. Glory in the beauty of your country, for all the big forces of nature are around you."

---

## NATURE AND DESIGN

"Nature is the only and ever-open book of design. She has more decorative forms than we can ever dispose of; and we who would design must be ardent students of her." The Foundation Stone of Design is knowledge of form and drawing. Shun the copyist who turns to an inferior magazine copy instead of looking to the actual thing for inspiration. A student must observe the creations of God, and then, in his own way, record his impressions. This is the only way to create original design.

The Artist must extract his motif and weave a pattern that tells his tale. He must store in his memory the forms of Nature. He must be always on the lookout for form and colour.

---

Pet: "When do the leaves begin to turn?"
Hon: "The night before exams."

# CLASS 3
## AD COMPETITION WINNERS

VERY STUDIOUS

DADDY WESTON

CLASS 3 GRINS

JESSE
OUR B.A.

A SNAPPY CROWD

SITTING ON
TOP OF THE WORLD

GYMN
ENTHUSIASTS

WE DON'T ALL
TOE IN

WHAT A TRIO

A SMOCK BRIGADE

TWO FINE TEACHERS

## THE FALL SEMI-ANNUAL

The most distinctive event of the fall term is the semi-annual dance which this year, had an added distinction in that it was the only dance of the opening session. Taking place on November 21st, it was a most successful beginning of what has been a very enjoyable social season.

The Nomal gym underwent a complete transformation in order to do duty for the occasion. Streamers of many hues formed a roof above the dancers, and the balloons, while at first adding greatly to the beauty of the scene, were a source of great amusement toward the end of the dance.

Haywood's Orchestra provided all that could be desired in the way of music from 9 to 1, and supper, which was catered for by Scott's was served at 11:30. Thus an enjoyable evening was spent by a large crowd of students and friends, and the first dance was both a social and financial success.

The Athletic Executive were fortunate in having for patrons and patronesses Miss Bollert, Miss Jones, Mr. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Anstey and Mr. and Mrs. MacLean.

## THE SPRING SEMI-ANNUAL

For our Spring Semi-Annual, held on March 21st, we had a truly Easter setting. Dignified bunnies in gay jackets surveyed the scene with wondering eyes, while Easter eggs, butterflies, and pastel-shaded streamers completed the picture.

Although our spring semi-annual could not boast of as large a crowd as the fall dance, a general air of joy and enthusiasm prevailed among those present. A large measure of the success of this dance is due to the orchestra, which made our feet fairly tingle to dance.

Supper was served about 11:15 and about half an hour later the dancers again repaired to the gym. From then on, they wound their way through a gay confusion of serpentine and balloons, bringing the social season to an end with a bang.

Miss Bollert, Miss Maynard, Mr. and Mrs. Anstey, Mr. and Mrs. Weston, Mr. and Mrs. Martin acted as our patrons and patronesses.

## CLASSES I AND II PARTY

It was only right and proper that two such classes as I and II should lead off the merry parade of class parties. The responsibility of making the first party a success financially and socially, of course accompanied the honor of leadership. However, the general desire for a dance had proven to be such excellent advertisement that these aforementioned difficulties were reduced to a minimum.

Naturally the dance was a great delight to everyone who attended, and no doubt a boost to the affairs of like nature which were to follow.

Patrons and patronesses for the evening were: Mr. and Mrs Anstey, Mr. and Mrs. Weston, Miss Bollert, Miss Maynard and Miss Jones.

## CLASSES III, VI AND VII PARTY

On February 27, 1931, Classes III, VI and VII held their class party in the Normal gym. It was a flannel dance. Whether "flannel" was the symbol for success we don't know, but a success it was, financially and socially. The fact that it was the most popularly attended party of the year bears this out.

The gymnasium was interestingly disguised with multi-hued serpentine, but more colorful still were the sport outfits. Sweater and skirt, ensemble and crepe de chine tennis dresses were in high favor. Attractive and collegiate indeed, was the result.

Students and their friends made merry to the strains of Jack Emerson's music. Dancing was in full swing from 9 to 12 and then came a general exodus towards the cafeteria. Catering had been done by the classes and judging by results they made "a pretty good job of it."

Many and varied were the expressions used in summary but the general impression seemed to be—"the best yet."

## CLASSES IV AND V PARTY

Friday—March 13th—black cats, down-turned horseshoes, and other omens that cause the superstitious to tremble, all formed an appropriate setting for the last class party of the year—The Hoodoo Dance—sponsored by Classes IV and V.

The members of Class IV successfully transformed the gym for the occasion. To enter one had to pass under a ladder (several were seen to hesitate) and then through door number 13. The walls were bedecked with awesome black cats and numerous 13's. Open umbrellas, suspended from the rafters, cast their weird shadows on the dancers below. (Whether the girls were superstitious or not, the fact remains that this was the only party of the season at which the boys were in the majority.) Green crepe paper, in honor of St. Patrick, supplemented the decorations and relieved the timid hearts.

Needless to say this unique dance was a success. To the strains of the Kampus Kings dancing was from 9 to 11 and 11:30 to 12. In the interval, supper was served in the cafeteria, and as usual disappeared with surprising rapidity, leaving in its place complete "complacency."

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

## THE LAWN PARTY

"What? Make dresses and wear them to a garden party?" Many girls asked this question and expressed their views as to the advisability of such a proceeding. But to our surprise many of the Spring "gowns" turned out a credit to their fashioners and an incredulous attitude changed to one of expectation. Even the men who usually scorn such feminine social functions admitted a certain amount of interest. A lovely day, the beauty of School and grounds enhanced by the multi-coloured dresses of the ladies and the sports clothes of the men and the prettily arranged tables. Then the songs of the classes were well received, so well that we forgot the weeks of practice which had been spent towards perfecting them. As we moved around about the students we could not help remark that the expectations of the girls had been filled and the doubting attitude of the boys eradicated.

## A PRE-VUE OF THE PICNIC

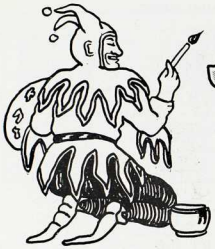
Picture the Union Steamship Company's wharf. It is a lovely day, a cool breeze is blowing, the sun is shining in all its June splendour. Suddenly the peaceful scene is disturbed by a crowd of happy, noisy young people. Yes, it is! it must be June 5th, the date of the Normal School picnic. There is Bob McCormick with his brilliant color scheme and Miss Lamberton looking a veritable "sporting miss." And yes! there is Art Garrison clutching his luncheon contribution and trying his best to look officious. Finally all are aboard, staff and students. The whistle blows shrilly. A few are startled and think it is first bell but the others soon reassure them that exams are over. Today is to be a day of fun!

In a very short time, we dock at Bowen Island. Then Mr. Merrell and Mr. McAllister exhibit their strength by packing baskets, etc., to the picnic grounds.

The next hour is one of busy occupation for the girls under the able guidance of Miss Maynard. Soon, however, lunch is ready and students throng from all parts of the island to partake of many choice offerings. In a few moments some magical influence deplenishes the groaning tables and all are off again.

Tennis, boating, swimming, hiking, softball—many attractions await us. Our only regret is that we cannot include them all. All too soon the afternoon passes and

(Continued on Page Seventy-nine)



# JOKES

If you don't laugh at the jokes
of the age, laugh at the
age of the jokes.

Mr. Couch: "Hey there!"
Waiter: "Yes, sir, how will you have it?"

---

Waiter: "Where's that paper plate I gave you with your pie?"
Mr. Garrison: "Gee, I thought that was the lower crust."

---

Miss Coney: "Miss J., can you supply Miss L. with the 'doh'?"
Miss J. (dreamily): "Sorry, I haven't a cent to my name."

---

One Student: "Where are you going?"
Another: "To see a doctor about my insomnia."
The one: "I didn't know you were sick."
The other: "Yeah, I woke up in a lecture today."

---

Mr. Bishop: "What is peculiar about the hind legs of a frog?"
Pupil: "Please teacher, they're bow-legged."

Mr. Field (marking his register): "Everybody is here but Mr. Ferguson and he's present."

"Is the world round?" a school ma'am asked a little boy.
"No'am."
"It isn't? Is it flat then?"
"No'm."
"If the world isn't round and it isn't flat, what is it?"
"Pop says its crooked."

---

Science teacher: "What can you tell me about nitrates?"
Sleepy Student: "Well—er—they're a lot cheaper than day rates."

---

Art Garrison (in the cafeteria): Is that a fly in my cocoa?
Miss Jamieson (serving): Oh no! Mr. Garrison, that's vitamin B.

---

Teacher: What three words are most popular with the Normal students?
Student: I don't know.
Teacher: Correct.

## A SPEED TEST

Some mechanics rolled out a compact mass of polished metal, called a "racing car." This blunt-nosed, streamlined mass was the very embodiment of speed and power as it rested on the track. As Jack, the driver, settled in his seat, a mechanic gave the crank a few turns and with an ear-splitting explosion the engine fired. Soon the twelve cylinders were making more noise than a machine-gun. Jack sat calmly setting the different "gadgets" on the instrument panel as the engine warmed up, and, after adjusting his goggles, beckoned me to hop in. This was to be a speed test—for the car and me. Even though I had had considerable experience in driving fast stock cars, it took my breath away to think of riding in that "Juggernaut." However, I climbed in, but had hardly lowered myself into the seat when the whole machine seemed to leap into the air. I was jammed back into the seat, glued there, in fact, by the headlong rush of that hot, noisy mass of iron, oil and rubber. There was a slight cessation of the pressure while a clash of meshing gears told me that we were now in high gear, and again I was pressed against the back of the seat. I felt as if the dash-board were resting on my chest. I had only one of my senses left—the rest of them had been left at the starting point. I could smell the engine. The burnt oil seemed to suffocate me and I grew dizzy. As my head cleared I looked about. We seemed to stop in mid-air and the scenery went streaking past in the opposite direction. The cement road looked like a white post before us, against which we were leaning. Objects in the distance were clear, but those close to the road were just a blur. I became conscious of the sharp jolts that even the slightest unevenness of the surface of the road caused, and my mouth was full of a gassy-tasting dust. We came to a stop. Jack helped me out, but it was a long time before I was able to hear, speak, or think. On regaining my faculties I started to "bawl out" my recent chauffeur, but he was so engrossed in the performance of the car that my remarks didn't interest him.

ERIC WILSON.

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## SOCIETY

(Continued from Page Seventy-seven)

once again the tables exert their magnetic influence. Nothing must be left so we are not surprised to see different groups having endurance milk-drinking contests. Everything is finally cleared up and we wend our way back to the boat. Once again the whistle blows. The sun is sinking, the night air is deliciously cool, the strains of a "uke" from a drifting canoe waft their plaintive notes to us as we line the rail of the boat. With hands on each others shoulders we sing with heart and voice, "The End of a Perfect Day."


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