A. Anstey.

1928-29

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ANNUAL

1928 - 1929

AN INVITATION

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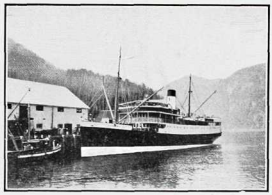

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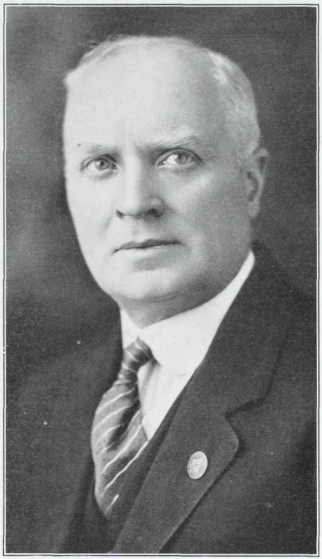


You are about to take your places as members of a grand and highly-honored profession. In the days to come, the most precious asset of the province, its children, will be placed in your charge. I feel sure that you all realize the great responsibility that will devolve upon you in the performance of your duties — duties which may often appear irksome to you.

I know of nothing that can give you greater courage or higher inspiration than a clear conception of the objective you are trying to attain. That objective, as you well know, is to teach your pupils to become the best of citizens. This means that your objective is not merely to teach your pupils how they may enable themselves to make a livelihood, necessary as this undoubtedly is, but also to teach them how to make the most of life.

With this objective constantly before you, your work will always be full of interest, your spirits will never flag, and the high ideals with which you take up your great work will be more nearly realized.

I tender to you my sincere good wishes for success in the life you have chosen.

J. HINCHLIFFE,

Minister of Education.

The Principal's Message

STUDENTS OF 1928-29

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

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

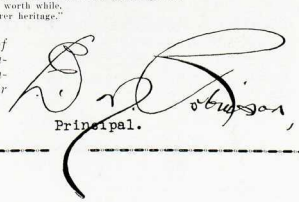
We wish you every success in your chosen profession. Keep ever before you the thought that success in teaching consists in obtaining results, remote as well as immediate. Immediate results—those which can be estimated by examination or achievement tests—are too often overemphasized. Remote results of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

Strive to make your management and teaching such as will develop in your pupils the best that is in their nature. Strive to establish in them habits of unselfishness, obedience, and methodical work and thus lay the foundation for those ideals which shall guide them throughout life—ideals of self-denial, respect for law and order, duty and service.

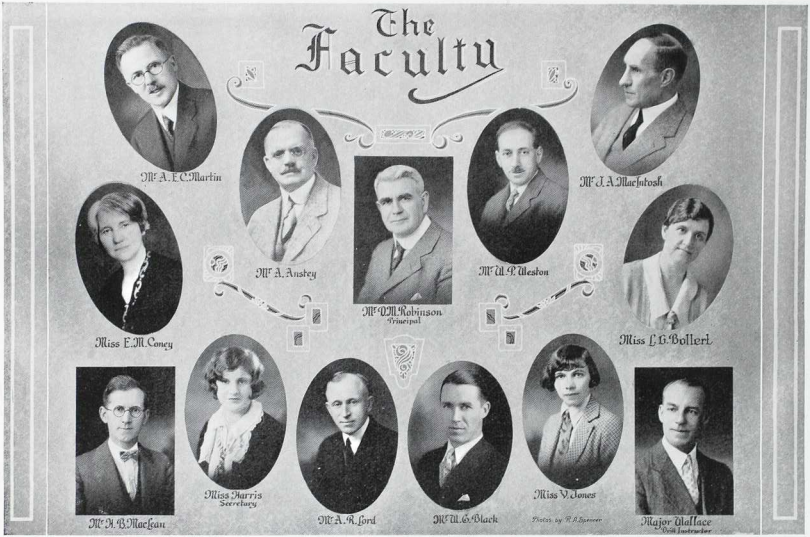
Make the thought of the following lines your own:

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

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



Principal.


The Faculty
Mr. A. E. C. Martin
Mr. A. Anstey
Mr. D. M. Robinson
Principal
Mr. W. P. Weston
Mr. J. A. Macintosh
Miss E. M. Coney
Miss L. B. Bollert
Mr. H. B. MacLean
Miss Harris
Secretary
Mr. A. R. Ford
Mr. W. G. Black
Miss M. Jones
Photos by R. A. Spencer
Major Wallace
Drill Instructor

EDITORIAL

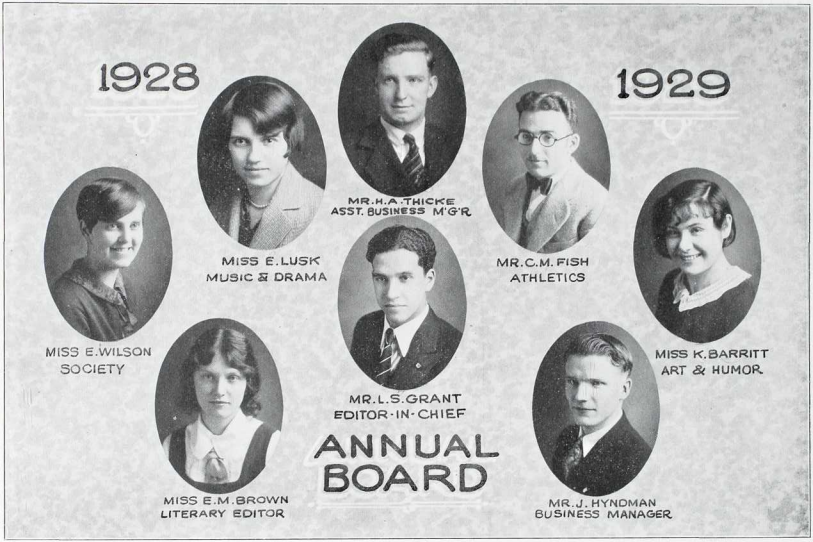
THE session has passed. It is not without a little sadness at heart that we realize the truth of that statement. We, graduates of the Provincial Normal School, have gained all it is possible for us to gain during our short time in our training school. We have gained far more than "matter and method"; we have made life-long friendships; we have received training in character, both by the example of our instructors and by our own participation in various activities, while, last and probably best, we have made associations with a most inspiring and helpful body of men and women—our faculty. To most of us this latter association will have a deep influence on our whole lives in our classrooms and out of them, as the years go on.

We came together last September, one hundred and seventy-five of us, almost all total strangers. Yet, through that intangible and mysterious influence of the classroom, we are today, less than one year later, a group of friends linked in what is probably the greatest friendship possible for us—a student body. As stated above, we have formed life-long friendships in which, in later years, we shall find consolation and assistance, and when the time comes for us to bear the major share of the burdens of educational problems, we shall find in our friends of the Normal Class of 1929 ready assistants.

Yes! the session is past. We bid adieu to the Normal School, to our faculty and to those connected with the school, and we bid a hearty welcome to the class of 1929-30 who will replace us next September.

* * * * * *

The Annual Board of 1928-29 takes great pleasure in presenting the "Provincial Normal School Annual" for the 1928-29 session. In so doing, we wish to extend our sincerest appreciation to advertisers, faculty members, students and others who have co-operated in making this book one worthy of this year's graduates.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CLASS II.

STUDENTS OF CLASS II.

You will soon be teaching in the schools; may you realize the real meaning of your work and the opportunities you are given! Remember that what you ARE is more than what you DO, that it is our ideals and aspirations that color the life and influence those with whom we come in contact. Character is more than knowledge, though the latter will not suffer if the former comes first.

A. ANSTEY.

TO MR. ANSTEY:

"The Father Confessor of Class II."

When June comes and it is time for us to leave good old P. N. S., every girl in Class II. will take with her the memory of Mr. Anstey's helpfulness and kindness during the year 1928-29.

Mr. Anstey's duties were numerous, but never too numerous to help or advise any girl in Class II. His absolute faith in the high intelligence of Class II. has served to spur us all to a greater effort, for it would not have been just "right" to disappoint Mr. Anstey.

HELEN ACHESON:

Lively, merry, good-natured Helen,
A jolly good fellow is she,
A teacher of merit, and there's no denying
She's fond of her afternoon tea.

HELVI AHO:

Peppy, lively, and true-blue,
Helvi's a sport thro' and thro'.

Her favorite expression, "Oh Kay"; ambition in life—to get 100 per cent in arithmetic.

BERNICE ARMSTRONG:

Bernice is our ever-ready, she is always the first one to volunteer for any work to be done. If she ever stops school teaching we advise her to take up the profession of general manager, in which she has already displayed great skill.

GWEN ARMSTRONG:

There are two voices—one is of the sea and one is Gwen's. She shines especially in socialized recitation when her voice is heard above the tumult asking, "Could I throw some light on this subject?"

HAZEL BACHMANN:

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

This seems to be Hazel's motto, for she always has a ready supply of jokes for every occasion.

MILDRED BALKWILL:

Class II. boasts of several good athletes and Milly is one of these. Tall, fair, with a boyish bob, she makes an excellent swimming rep.

PHYLLIS BARBER:

In the class-room Phyllis is quiet and if our acquaintance ended there we should never quite know her; she is keenly interested in primary work and music. For further information apply to Gen.

KATHLEEN BARRITT:

Her charm is in her being just herself. Independent, frank, and kind, with an abundant good-nature—that's Kay.

SHIRLEY BATE:

One of our most youthful-looking members, who takes a prominent part in hockey and track:

Wilful, gay, inclined to be
Bubbling with laughter and there you have
Shirley.

ETHEL BEAMISH:

"What is this life, if full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare."

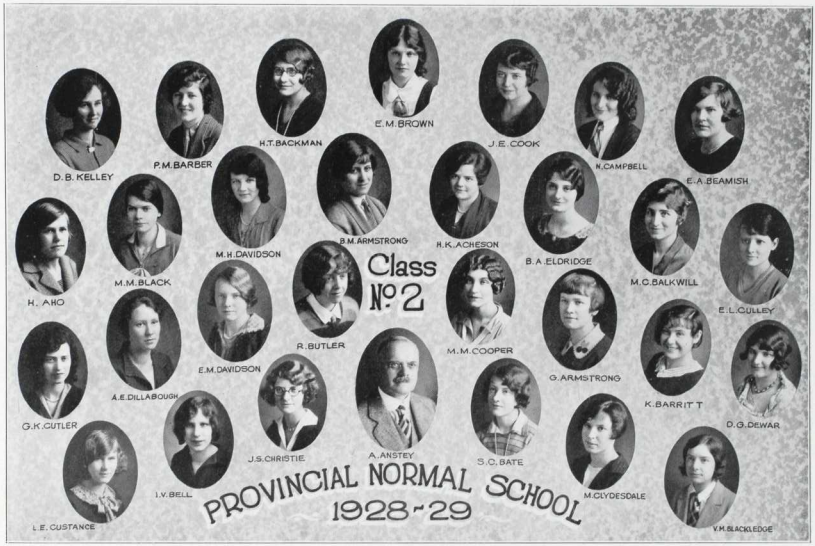
Ethel is a keen observer of nature, as we have noticed in our bird club meetings.

INA BELL:

Class II. is proud of Ina as a debater and a literary rep. She made known to us that Rome fell on account of buying on the installment plan. We are grateful for this astounding information.

MILDRED BLACK:

"Look on my tresses, ye bobbed-haired flappers, and despair!" Thus says black-haired Mildred, one of our outstanding teachers. Never forget her as the bold, bad pirate.


Class
No 2
D. B. KELLEY
P. M. BARBER
H. T. BACKMAN
E. M. BROWN
J. E. COOK
N. CAMPBELL
E. A. BEAMISH
H. AHO
M. M. BLACK
M. H. DAVIDSON
B. M. ARMSTRONG
H. K. ACHESON
B. A. ELDRIDGE
M. C. BALKWILL
E. L. CULLEY
R. BUTLER
E. M. DAVIDSON
M. M. COOPER
G. ARMSTRONG
K. BARRITT
D. G. DEWAR
G. K. CUTLER
A. E. DILLABOUGH
J. S. CHRISTIE
A. ANSTEY
S. C. BATE
I. V. BELL
M. CLYDESDALE
V. M. BLACKLEDGE
L. E. CUSTANCE
PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL
1928-29

CLASS II.-Continued

VERA BLACKLEDGE:

V—for vim,
E—for enthusiasm,
R—for readiness,
A—for ability.

EVELYN BROWN:

The literary genius of our class—everyone knows how well she has represented Class II. as Literary Editor of the Annual. Without Evelyn Class II. could never have attained such recognition in 1928-29.

RUTH BUTLER:

"I'll bite; what is it?" Ruth is naturally curious and uses this saying frequently. Perhaps that is why this good-natured girl gets along so well.

NORA CAMPBELL:

Favorite meal, lunch; favorite expression, "Oh! oh! That's the end!"; favorite relaxation, long walks; favorite playmates, Shirley and Kay.

JEAN CHRISTIE:

Jean with her specs has a scholarly look,
But she doesn't as a rule keep her nose in a book.

MARION CLYDESDALE—

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half-hidden from the eye."

An apt quotation for Marion, but we all know that she is not "hidden from the eye," at least in teaching.

MARGUERITE COOPER:

Christmas gift to Class II.—from Saskatchewan. We thank them for such a fine teacher, ready friend, and co-operating class-mate.

JEAN COOK:

"And still they gazed and still their wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all she knew."

ERMA CULLEY:

E—for Erma.
C—for charm.

When we saw Erma in Class II.'s play, we almost wished Nature had made her a boy instead of a girl—but then she would have been in Class V. instead of Class II.

LILLIAN CUSTANCE:

Courteous and sweet is Lillian, and free from that vice "pride." She is president of our Audubon Society and is well equipped for the position.

GENEVIEVE CUTLER:

"Sweet Genevieve" would be a good expression to apply to Gen. Everyone will be sorry to leave in June but we all think Gen. will be missed the most.

EDNA DAVIDSON:

"The only way to have a friend is to be one." Edna evidently believes in this quotation, as Peggy finds in her a friend as well as a namesake.

MARGARET DAVIDSON:

On the stage a rising star to be—
Or if Fate wills it, the gym may win her—
For fleet of foot is she.

Peggy is our athletic rep.; a hard worker and brimming over with fun.

DOROTHY DEWAR:

She is jolly and we like her lots—merry and light-hearted, and that's Dolly.

ALICE DILLABOUGH:

Quiet and peaceful, even if she has red hair. Alice never says much but still Class II. knows she is there. She is everybody's friend and everyone is her friend.

DOROTHY KELLY:

A typical Irish girl—shy and sweet;
No more willing a worker you could wish to meet.

BEVERLEY ELDRIDGE:

This young lady is a fine speaker and has done her share in debates, talks, and reports of the class.

"Why did you break your engagement with that school teacher?"

"I didn't show up one night and she asked me to bring a written excuse signed by my mother."

CLASS III.

TO CLASS III.

People without imagination are dead mentally.

Without observation there can be no imagination.

Drawing properly taught should be an exercise in observation.

As future teachers do you intend to develop or kill the imagination of your pupils?

W. P. WESTON.

TO MR. WESTON:

Mr. Weston rules supreme over his little domain in the upper left-hand corner of the Normal School. At all hours of the day students, industrious and otherwise, invade this territory seeking aid from this beloved instructor. Mr. Weston gives kindly attention to everyone's needs, favoring all alike with his famous smile. He is always most welcome on the hikes, partly for his sense of humor which brightens many a weary mile, and partly for his never-failing supply of raisins. Class III. consider themselves extremely lucky to have had as their class-teacher one who has been so untiring in his efforts for their welfare. May our pupils esteem us as highly as we esteem Mr. Weston.

MARGARET ESTEY:

Unique in character, Margaret's frankness and sympathetic personality have gained her many friends. Her favorite beverage is cold cocoa; her favorite hobby, primary teaching.

ALICE FORWARD:

Alice is a pianist of great ability and one of our class beauties. Aids to her success are natural ability, cheerful disposition, and curly hair.

ROSEMARY FULLER:

This artistic name belongs to a gifted person—see Rosemary's art work. A vivid imagination and a sense of humor make her an interesting character.

EILEEN GIBSON:

Quiet but determined, Eileen has endeared herself to Class III. by her willingness to help others and by her trustworthiness.

MENOTAH GILBERT:

Though Menotah is quiet and studious in class she converses freely with favored friends at noon. Her pet pastime is collecting autographs.

ELDA GIRARDI:

A delightfully varied and interesting character introduces Elda. She, alone, deserves the honor for arriving at Normal regularly and on time.

BERTHA GREEN:

Bertha is our star skipper. An attractive personality and a mischievous smile make her a general favorite.

GEORGIE HAGGERTY:

Though always ready for sports or any social activity, Georgie shows a forceful energy in her work that commands our respect.

ISABEL HAWES:

Isa' is an A1 student. Though prudent, she is loads of fun. She shines at drama and in teaching.

RUTH HERBERT:

Small and curly-headed, Ruth answers well to the description of "Little Orphan Annie." She is an all-around athlete, a social leader and an enterprising teacher.

KATHLEEN HOW:

Always smiling and ready to help others is Kay. She is interested in dramatics and belongs to the Normal Society.

MARY HOWIE:

Mary hails from Chilliwack. Probably this accounts for her lovely voice. She intends to carry out Miss Coney's desire to have music taught in the school-room.

MYRL HUTCHINSON:

Meet Myrl. She's very pretty but rather shy. However, she has proven herself a jolly comrade and a trusty friend.

CLASS III.-Continued

BESSIE JAMES:

True to her friends, Bessie is a conscientious worker and will fare well.

DORIS JAMES

Doris, a swimmer of merit, has gained our respect by her keen judgment and capability.

MYFANWY JONES:

Myfanwy has an abundant supply of knowledge, an ability to debate, and a capacity for writing poems which we envy.

DOROTHY KEENLEYSIDE:

"Divinely fair" and also "divinely tall," Dorothy is a splendid teacher, though her favorite adjective is "ducky."

ELVA KING:

An accomplished conversationalist, Elva has gained many friends by her frankness, her optimism and her unselfishness.

MURIEL KING:

"Atlanta" of Class III. has obstacle-racing down to a science. Never still, Muriel is most happy during gym periods.

CATHERINE KNUDSEN:

Kay, rather shy and inclined to dream, has a charming disposition which makes her popular in Class III.

JEAN LAING:

Jean, a swift runner and one of the school's most valuable grass-hockey players, is always cheerful and willing to work for others.

HELEN LEGGATT:

With a keen knowledge of all subjects, especially birds and bugs, Helen is able to hold her own in any argument.

LILY LIND:

Lily, our class blonde, is the acme of daintiness. Her kind and considerate nature makes her the best of friends.

ELEANOR LUSK:

Her voice is sweet and clear; her poems we love to hear. Don't think of parting, alas, with Eleanor, our blithest lass.

ISABELLE MARR:

Quiet and stately is Isabelle, with an ability to recite that always brings loud applause.

ELAINE MARSHALL-WRIGHT:

A lover of dramatics, full of pep, and always ready to undertake any piece of work at a moment's notice, is Elaine.

MARIBEL MARTIN:

Always considerate of others, Maribel is Class III.'s life-saver, in more than one sense. Interested in sports, Maribel has proved her ability in this field to the school.

ELLEN MITCHELL:

Class III.'s pet infant, with a will of her own and a literary tendency. She's a model of propriety, but with undreamed-of possibilities along opposite lines.

NORAH MITCHELL:

Tall, dark and graceful, Norah is a fitting leader for Class III.'s yells; and, as vice-president of the Literary, she is charming.

ELIZABETH MOODIE:

She loves to giggle. When she is good she is very, very good, but when she is naughty—well, appearances are deceitful.

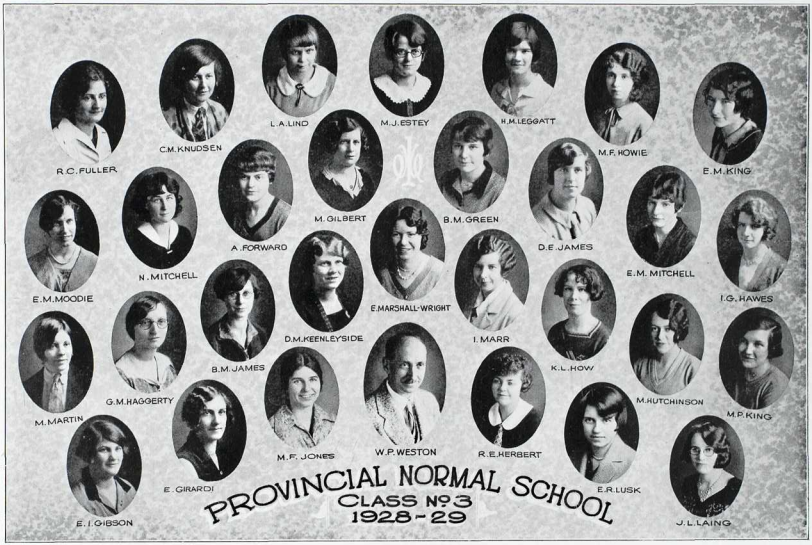
The girl, about to travel alone, was warned not to talk to strange men. At the station the conductor said:

"Where are you going?"

"To Prince Rupert."

So he put her on a Prince Rupert train. As the train pulled out she looked back with a triumphant smile and said:

"Ha, ha, I fooled him that time, I'm going to Vancouver."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A. FORWARD
M. GILBERT
B.M. GREEN
D.E. JAMES
E.M. MITCHELL
I.G. HAWES
E. MARSHALL-WRIGHT
D.M. KEENLEYSIDE
I. MARR
B.M. JAMES
K.L. HOW
G.M. HAGGERTY
M. MARTIN
M. HUTCHINSON
M.P. KING
M.F. JONES
W.P. WESTON
R.E. HERBERT
E. GIRARDI
E.R. LUSK
E.I. GIBSON
J.L. LAING
PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL
CLASS No 3
1928-29

CLASS IV.

TO CLASS IV:

At parting, just a word of regret that our very happy association as students and teacher is at an end, and a very sincere wish that the very best anticipations of your chosen work will be fully realized. May you have just as happy a time with your pupils as has been ours.

Our scholastic New Year will soon be here, and now is our time to make afresh, good resolutions. Let me suggest that you determine to be responsible, progressive men and women, whose motto is, "I serve."

A. E. C. MARTIN.

TO MR. MARTIN:

Chief interest—swimming, hiking, badminton and track-meets, not forgetting Courtis, cutworms and canes. He manages to keep a weather eye on Class IV.—its mental and moral state, (an athletic feat in itself), and still finds time to help with everything from hard assignment to scene shifting. If you add to this fact that he can always see a joke you can understand why Class IV. is both proud and fond of its' class teacher.

DOROTHY MONTSERRAT:

Clippety-clop! One of Class IV.'s intelligentzia. Shows a decided propensity for taking a rest before tests—and being the disturbing element in the class. Swimming and hiking rated A. "Pardon my exuberance."

HELENE MOORE:

Not so quiet as she appears. She balances a register or a bicycle with equal skill. Hobby: Buddy Rodgers.

KATHLEEN MOXHAN:

The darling of the writing class, the doughty leader of many a group assignment, and one of our mainstays at track-meets.

MILDRED MUIR:

Mildred believes in going in for one thing and doing it well—hence she is a star at Badminton. She's a sunny soul. Pet expression: We didn't have to do that, did we?

MARGARET MURDOCH:

Answers only to Peggy or Nancy—goes in for dramatics, literary efforts and athletics, including swimming, badminton, wielding Excalibur and changing her name. A good sport, and that's not all.

LOUISE MacALISTER:

"Ethel Barrymore."—A good sport and a real friend in time of need. Louise is noted for finishing anything she starts—even unto hitting high A.

MARY MacCALLUM:

"Peter" or "the Bishop." An authority on matters theological and natatorical. Holy! holy! holey!—what causes that?—Has a decided penchant for athletics, psychology and infinitives. A loyal friend. Stout fella!

MAE McCONNACHIE:

Not very big but a *mighty* power on the Badminton boards. She has a sunny disposition that is known all through Normal. An ardent hiker—why?

MARJORIE MacCORMICK:

Says *little* but accomplishes much; she has lately been promoted to the alto-singing class in music and bids fair to blossom out as a singer.

ELEANOR MacKEE:

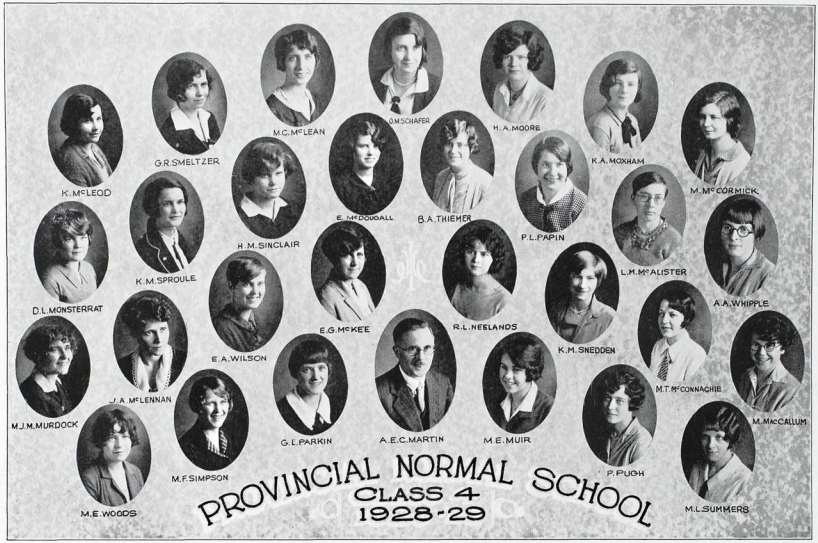
The "lovely Ag" has a charming disposition that makes her popular everywhere—but she has committed two crimes, viz: she is known to have made away with a crit of 96 and a bottle of olives. Ambition: To hit a home run.

MARY MacLEAN:

"Aunt Sophronia" lost her dignity when she took to dancing the Highland fling. She is a good scout and a real friend.

JEAN MacLENNAN:

John Barrymore, Messalak and what not—President of Athletics and the Society for More and Better Music Books. A real pal and a regular good sport. Not forgetting "Jenny." Expletive: "Goodness Gracious."


K. McLEOD
G.R.SMELTZER
M.C.McLEAN
D.M.SCHAFER
H.A.MOORE
K.A.MOXHAM
M. McCORMICK
K.M.SPROULE
H.M.SINCLAIR
E. McDOUGALL
B.A.THIEMER
P.L.PAPIN
L.M.McALISTER
A.A.WHIPPLE
D.L.MONSTERRAT
E.G.McKEE
R.L.NEELANDS
K.M.SNEDDEN
E.A.WILSON
J.A. McLENNAN
M.T.McCONNACHIE
M.MacCALLUM
M.J.M.MURDOCK
G.L.PARKIN
A.E.C.MARTIN
M.E.MUIR
P.PUGH
M.F.SIMPSON
M.L.SUMMERS
M.E.WOODS
PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL
CLASS 4
1928-29

CLASS IV.-Continued

KATHERINE MacLEOD:

"Yon Katherine hath a lean and hungry look." "Lucy's" marks are good—but her remarks are better—she's a merry soul, a Bird Club President to be proud of, and a nigger mammy de luxe.

MARGARET MacLEOD:

The shining star of the swimming club—not to mention Badminton. Marg is a happy-go-lucky soul who is popular everywhere. Favorite haunt: The office.

ROSELLA NEELANDS:

Everybody likes Zella. She is a wonder for accomplishing things on committees and patronizing home industries—viz: dances and basketball games.

PATRICIA PAPIN:

Pat comes to us from New Westminster. Rather shy, but well worth knowing. A real pal to her friends. Hobby: Worrying over music assignments.

GERT PARKIN:

Alias "Dick"—"Ben Hur" in the Chariot Race or "Lancelot" in a tea cosy. Secretary of Athletics. Stars in the gym but falls by the wayside when it comes to tafe tefe. A regular brick.

PHYLLIS PUGH:

Quiet and unassuming, but with such a twinkle in her eyes! Our literary "rep" stage manager and table-decorator de luxe. Hobby: Snow white hands and cycling.

MARY PULLINGER:

Left us at Christmas. She was a wonder on refreshment and decoration committees. You could depend on Mary for help when it was most needed.

OLIVE SCHAFER:

Besides being a good singer, she has also a deplorable habit of obtaining high crit. marks. Otherwise Olive is a regular fellow, and a wizard in a sock race.

MAYSIE SIMPSON:

Her great worry: "Gentlemen marry brunettes." She has a reputation for scholarships and volleyball and is rather artistic. You never see Maysie when she isn't laughing.

HILDA SINCLAIR:

She is considered to be one of Class IV.'s quieter sisters, but those who remember her from Varsity do not agree. Her athletic activities include tennis, and wrestling—with the Subjunctive Case.

GLADYS SMELTZER:

"I may be small, but . . . ." Wields a mean pen a la MacLean method and a dangerous racquet in Badminton. Rose to fame as "only a soldier's sweetheart." Pep and fun—that's Glad's motto.

KATHLEEN SNEDDEN:

"Fast" is the word. Has ably upheld Class IV.'s reputation in track-meets and grammar classes. It is rumored that her favorite poet is Lowth.

KATHLEEN SPROULE:

Class IV.'s basketball star and athletic "rep"—Good luck, Kaye. You've been a good student, a good mixer and a jolly good sport. "Kreen."

MURIEL SUMMERS:

Gentlemen prefer them. Muriel has plenty of life and none of it goes to waste. A good school spirit shown by turning out for everything. "Say, Kiddie."

BERNICE THIEMER:

Bernice hails from Chilliwack. She is a merry soul who is the school's greatest optimist. She is one of the four mystic reasons why the last candy sale was such a success.

ANNIE WHIPPLE:

Class IV's Lily Maid—interested in all things musical, including the choir, community singing and the Bird club. Hobby: Hurdling suitcases in writing periods.

ERNESTENA WILSON:

"Girlie." Did her bit as Secretary of Athletics. Always ready to help, with a real talent for paper-folding. Lots of pep and vigor. Ready for anything—yes.

MONA WOODS:

Keeps smiling despite difficulties with high G. Small but mighty—judging from athletic achievements. Her artistic temperament blossoms in the Sketch club. Weakness: Socialized recitation.

BEULAH MacDOUGAL:

She came to us at Christmas and we have never been the same since. She has shown a remarkable passion for physical jerks and getting work done on time.

CLASS V.

TO CLASS V.:

Great literature is that which lays hold on life: it interprets man to himself; it leads him in the way of truth. "The Ancient Mariner" is great literature. You wonder why, at first, but as you read and ponder you say, "Why, here is a marvelous tale of how the law of love was burned into a man's soul!" "Robinson Crusoe," "Pilgrim's Progress," "The Bible" are great books.

Let us get better acquainted with the great literature in our language, even if we must begin to do it in some cases as a discipline. Through such discipline we shall attain freedom. By knowing the works of the great authors we shall grow to know ourselves. Let us do this first and then the "creative impulse" about which we hear so much in these days, will be in the way of having a chance to create something worth while.

J. A. MacINTOSH.

TO MR. J. A. MacINTOSH:

"He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart."

A great part of what Class V. is, or has become, is due to our class teacher, Mr. MacIntosh. A word of help or encouragement to the disheartened, or one of kindly criticism to the over-confident, has, throughout the year at some time or other, been of assistance to many of us. All thanks are due to Mr. MacIntosh for his efforts.

JOHN RODGER ALLAN:

If "Questioning is the source of knowledge," Solomon will have to look to his laurels. Johnnie is one of our most popular members, and our leading dramatist, being president of the Drama Club.

NEIL W. BERGMAN:

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

Neil hails from Edmonton. He's our very popular (in all classes) athletic rep., and a leading basketeer. "Hot Dawg! Say, jist a minute!" announces Neil's presence.

CECIL M. BLOIS:

"Of stature tall, and slender frame,
But firmly knit."

"Cec" is a hard worker in school and, incidentally, has time to spend on the playground. He uses his height to advantage in basketball, and his smashing volleys in badminton have petrified his opponents.

ARTHUR F. BURCH:

"There is great ability in knowing how to conceal one's ability."

Art. is one of our best students, and, though sickness hindered him, he has "motivated" by "linking up with previous knowledge." Common expression: "Say, come back with my ruler!"

DUNCAN CAMERON:

"A wise man says not all he thinks—"

Dune, comes from the land of health-giving waters—Agassiz. He long ago gave up trying to talk when Class V.'s potential politicians start, so when he does venture an opinion, it is received with deserved respect. His dark secret: Something about a wheelbarrow. Ask him!

FARLEY B. DICKINSON:

"I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

"Bon jour mes amis!" These words invariably preface Farley's arrival in the classroom. He even took a few days off to teach French, but, in spite of that, he manages to find time for tennis, badminton, swimming, softball, and whatnot, as well as attending to his duties as president of Class V.

S. PERRY DICKINSON:

"The unspoken word never causes trouble."

The second of the Dickinson duo is a fine example of brotherly love (?) He even took the mumps from Farley. Perry is a quiet and keen observer—sometimes—but in the Gym.—whee!

CLASS V.-Continued

WILLIAM FAGERVIK:

"Give me a standing place and I will move the world."

Bill finds no reason to hurry, but he gets there just the same. He is a hard worker and always has his assignments done. Favorite interjection: "Oh, my gosh."

HOLGER FERNLUND:

"Wise men say nothing in dangerous times."

"Fernie" is a hard worker, and gets results. He likes tap-dancing, but, "Oi! oi!" those folk-dances! He puts considerable pep into Class V.'s daily noon-hour discussions, but most of us don't believe his protestations of misogyny.

CHARLES MORRISON FISH:

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

Charley is always the center of a merry group. His Varsity years stand him in good stead in class work, and he excels in basketball and debating. Even Napoleon was a small man! Unpleasant recollection: A pile of letters—not sorted.

RUSS FRENCH:

If silence were golden, Russ would be a millionaire. He comes from B. C.'s hinterland, which may explain why he excels in athletics—swimming and basketball, especially. He works steadily in teaching and in class work, too.

LOUIS S. GRANT:

"And some are born great."

Lou is one of those fellows one cannot describe—you've got to know him. Editor of the Annual this term, highest teaching average in the class, as well as an enviable reputation in class work—that's Lou.

ALFRED NOEL HUMPHREYS:

"To do easily what is difficult for others is a mark of talent."

Al. was the very efficient manager of the boys' basketball team. His address from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. is Class V., P. N. S., so you see he takes his work seriously.

JOHN HYNDMAN:

"He that fears not the future may enjoy the present."

It is almost a tradition that a Hyndman goes to Normal—Johnny is the third from his family. He loves basketball and starred many times during the season. He works hard at whatever he tackles—be it school work, basketball, or rustling "ads" for the Annual.

GERALD C. JAMIESON:

Gerald ("Jerry" to most of us) goes along in his quiet way, but he comes well up in the ranks, nevertheless. Basketball is his chief athletic interest—lessons first, of course—but he keeps us awake in class sometimes by his fund of mischievous tricks.

J. REGINALD MANLEY:

"I never trouble trouble until trouble troubles me."

"Si"—(how on earth did he get the nickname, anyway?)—is somewhat slow, but sure—very sure. He puts no end of effort into his class work, and he is quite the "big noise" of the orchestra. His dry humor often comes out in some "wise crack."

OTIS J. MUNDAY:

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit!"

Otie is one of the most popular members of Class V., especially in class —? (We won't tell). He worked hard in basketball, and attacks his work with the same energy. He is also an ardent devotee of Terpsichore.

JOHN McGECHAEN:

"My ventures are not in one bottom trusted;
Nor to one place."

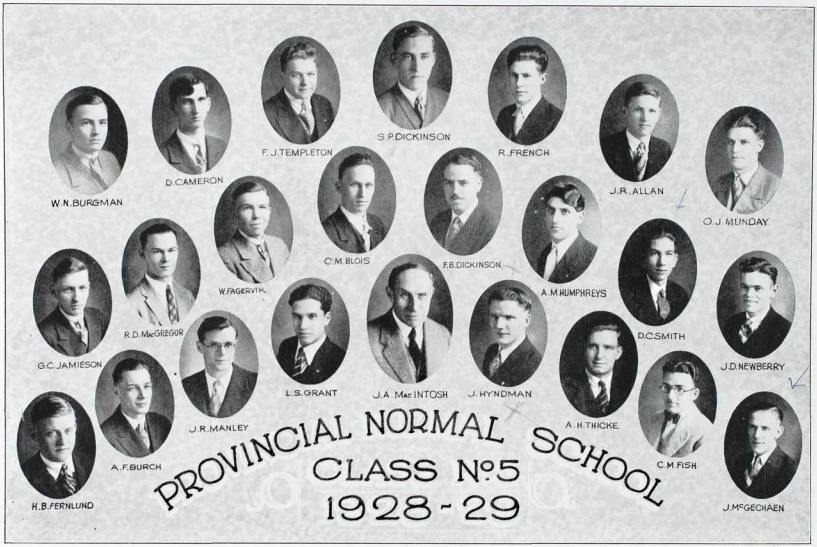
Johnny's field of endeavor is P. N. S. activities—both curricular and extra-curricular. He was President of the Lit. both terms, singing leader, a "whiz" in basketball, and at the same time gets splendid marks in teaching and class work.

RONALD D. MacGREGOR:

"I like work. It fascinates me. I can sit and look at it for hours."

This is not quite true of "Mac," for he works hard both in school and out. He is a product of the Fraser Valley and is keen on sports. Worst pest known to Mac.—Genus Tan-tal.

Continued on Page Thirty-two


W.N.BURGMAN
D.CAMERON
F.J.TEMPLETON
S.P.DICKINSON
R.FRENCH
J.R.ALLAN
O.J.MUNDAY
C.M.BLOIS
F.B.DICKINSON
W.FAGERVIK
A.M.HUMPHREYS
D.C.SMITH
J.D.NEWBERRY
R.D.MacGREGOR
G.C.JAMIESON
L.S.GRANT
J.A.MacINTOSH
J.HYNDMAN
A.H.THICKE
C.M.FISH
J.R.MANLEY
A.F.BURCH
H.B.FERNLUND
J.McGECHAEN
PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL
CLASS No.5
1928-29

CLASS VI.

TO CLASS VI.:

During the past year you have heard much concerning teaching methods and educational principles. Pupil activities, socialized recitation, visual aids, mental and achievement tests, objective measurements, and psychological principles are now more than names to you, for you know their real value as instruments in education.

But it may be opportune to stress that these things are aids and not ends. The real aim is simple and plain. Arthur Guiterman has summed it up in these words:

"Mark Hopkins sat on one end of a log
And a farm boy sat on the other.
Mark Hopkins came as a pedagogue
And taught as an elder brother.
I don't care what Mark Hopkins taught—
If his Latin was small and his Greek was naught—
For the farmer's boy he thought, thought he,
All through lecture time and quiz.
'The kind of a man I mean to be
Is the kind of a man Mark Hopkins is.'

No printed page nor spoken plea
May teach young hearts what men should be—
Not all the books on all the shelves,
But what the teachers are themselves.
For education is: Making men;
So is it now, so was it when
Mark Hopkins sat on one end of a log
And a farm boy sat on the other."

Sincerely yours,

A. R. LORD.

TO MR. LORD:

Looking back on this year at Normal, with its vital impressions and varied contacts, no influence has been more powerful in shaping our attitudes than that of Mr. Lord. Creating a profound interest where dull monotony once held sway, he has led us to view the scheme of Nature from the shining mountain tops instead of remaining below in a mist of incomprehensibility.

Mr. Lord has always been a sympathetic advisor. He has made our difficulties easy and transformed failure into success by encouragement and reassurance. In appreciation of what he has done for us as a class and as individuals, we would ever try to make "the establishing of ideals" our foremost purpose in years to come.

Thus, in bidding Mr. Lord farewell, Class VI. of 1928-1929 hopes that the bonds of association may not be broken but, rather, strengthened.

MISS ANDRUSS:

Curly haired and bright of eye,
Quick of wit,—at teaching spry.

Katie, capable and popular, was the energetic leader of Class VI. during the fall term.

MISS ASTIN:

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

Dorothy is the dependable kind that we all like. Hobby—*Getting work in on time.*

MISS BAIRD:

"*Art and music hand in hand.*"

This charming girl is unusually gifted artistically. When poster painting is a group assignment, Alice can make the finished product look just right.

MISS BEAN:

Dainty Dorothy, maid of the winsome smile—and one of Class VI.s best teachers.

"She can be as wise as they,
And wiser when she wishes."

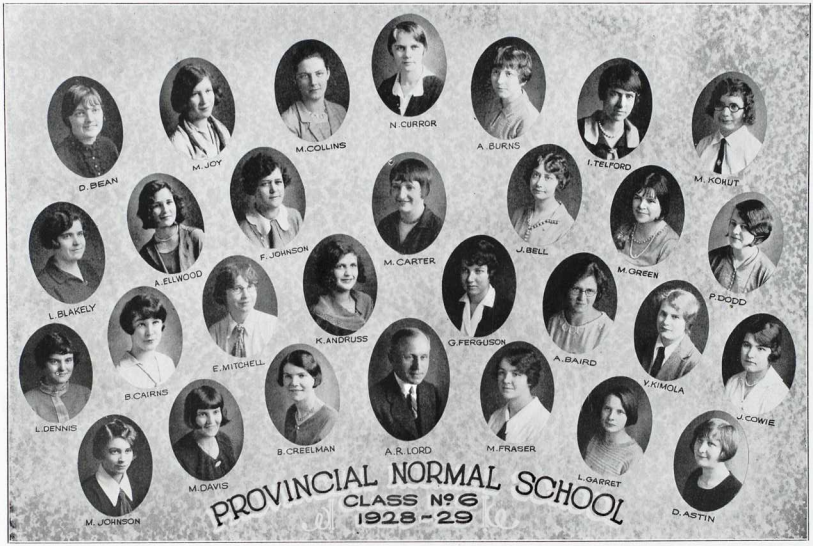
MISS BELL:

For serious or gay,
She's always the same,
A true friend to all
And playing the game.

Janet, our Lit. Rep., is a born teacher. Favorite expression—"That's just fine, dear."

MISS BLAKELY:

Faithful and friendly, Leata is a conscientious worker, but never too busy to help others. We wish her the best of luck in years to come.


D. BEAN
M. JOY
M. COLLINS
N. CURROR
A. BURNS
I. TELFORD
M. KOKUT
L. BLAKELY
A. ELLWOOD
F. JOHNSON
M. CARTER
J. BELL
M. GREEN
P. DODD
K. ANDRUSS
G. FERGUSON
A. BAIRD
Y. KIMOLA
J. COWIE
E. MITCHELL
B. CAIRNS
L. DENNIS
B. CREELMAN
A. R. LORD
M. FRASER
L. GARRET
M. DAVIS
M. JOHNSON
D. ASTIN
PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL
CLASS Nº 6
1928 - 29

CLASS VI.-Continued

MISS BURNS:

Like a breeze from the sea,
Always fresh and full of glee.

And yet a deeper vein withal as her energetic teaching testifies. Hobby—Collecting excellent crits.

MISS CAIRNS:

Vivacious, bright and gay,
Her smile brings laughter with it;
She likes to talk and play,
And isn't still a minute.

Bessie, one of our best athletes, is also a member of the orchestra.

MISS CARTER:

"Mary, Mary, but not contrary."

As an efficient convener of refreshment committees Mary has done her part in making successful our social ventures. Boon companions—Katie and a chocolate bar. Favorite expression—"What'll you bring?"

MISS COLLINS:

A fund of knowledge
Hid beneath a calm exterior
She doth possess.

Margaret, quiet and reserved, comes to the rescue of Class VI when Mr. Robinson asks: "How many have studied Latin?"

MISS COWIE:

Jane from Ladner is steadfast and practical in all things. Jane's laugh is different from most people's. It refuses to be deferred. Favorite Pastime—Doing time tests.

MISS CREELMAN:

Beth is our athletic representative and one of the best sports we have. At 2:30 we hear her call: "Come on, girls."

"In psychology she flies quite low,
But how she soars on the doh-me-soh!"

MISS DODD:

Phyllis from Princeton, likes Vancouver Normal but never forgets her home town. She is particularly happy when holidays come. Favorite expression—"It took little me to do it."

MISS DAVIES:

The lithesomness of Margaret's step is an indication of her energetic character. Lively and humorous, she is one of our most likeable members. Hobby—Gathering illustrative material.

MISS CURROR:

Nan is a quiet girl—one might even say she's shy. She is one of the most industrious worker's Class VI possesses.

"When at night we all are dreaming,
She is o'er her books, still leaning."

MISS DENNIS:

"Eyes of blue so soft and deep
Mysteries within them sleep."

Lily is a rare gem of Class VI. Her favorite saying is: "Come on home, Nan."

MISS ELWOOD:

Her voice was soft and delicately clear,
Her hair like the sunbeam, agleam with cheer.

Adelia, from Chilliwack, is a born artist. Favorite pastime—Decorating seat work books.

MISS FERGUSON:

"With manner dainty
And a step that's full of grace,
In quick or measured pace,
She trips the light fantastic.

Always dependable in work or play, Gwen, with quiet reserve, has been one of our star performers.

MISS FRASER:

Margaret is a quiet practical person and well liked in class. Her pet aversion is singing!

"A sober face, but pleasant way,
And always calm, happen what may."

MISS GARRETT:

"Nature has endowed her with a quiet smile
and bashful air."

But this petite member of Class VI. possesses a rare personality and her success is assured. Good luck Lavina!

MISS GOODELL:

While a member of the class May displayed a 100 per cent. interest in class activities. She took an active part in school affairs and was a conscientious student.

Continued on Page Thirty-two

CLASS VII.

TO CLASS VII:

What do those people mean who speak of Culture as an educational objective? Do they think of it as being a costly veneer, a veneer of manners, habits, and ideas which marks its wearer off from the common herd? Do they think of it as did the Pharisees of their religion? Do they think of it as an acquisition which can only be secured by attendance at some exclusive institution? If that be Culture, then you and I will not seek for it, either for ourselves or for our pupils. But if Culture signifies a large number of wholesome interests and habits, interests and habits which must be developed in a child all through his early years and which will give to that child rich dividends of happy experience in his adolescent and adult years, then you and I will strive for it in all our teaching.

WM. G. BLACK.

TO MR. BLACK:

As we realize that the close of our Normal term is fast approaching, we recall many happy and profitable hours spent discussing "vital and engaging problems" in Psychology, History of Education and Measurements. But Mr. Black's interests are not confined solely to classroom activities. He is, in fact, a potent factor in all our school activities, taking a leading part in the sport and intellectual life of the school.

It is no wonder that Class VII. has "accomplished things," aided as we are by our "native ability" and backed by the sincere support of Mr. Black.

Thus it is, with deep regret, we say farewell to one who has been our constant friend and guide, namely, our Teacher of Psychology—the guardian of our I. Q's.

WINNIE MOFFATT:

With her hair so golden and her eyes so blue,
We all count her as a friend most true.

Pet aversion: tafatefe ta tai, etc.

MAUD MOORE:

"She doth little deeds of kindness which others forget or leave undone." Besides, Maud is a good sport; being fond of basketball, swimming, badminton—and dancing.

ELLEN MURRAY:

"A maiden fair and slim was she,
Always quiet and yet a busy bee."

Favorite saying: "Did you see my—?"

MARGARET McDIARMID:

So pleasing and loving in spirit and mind,
So happy and willing, her heart she entwined,
In all our class work, in the Annual and Art:
She has the school spirit, and has made a good start.

EDITH MARTIN:

What she undertakes to do, she does; and that is more than can be said of a great many of us. Pet hobby: Helping group A with their projects.

LILLIAN McKENZIE:

"Tall and dark, steadfast and true."

This is a true picture of Lillian when we add something about her acting ability.

JEAN McLEOD:

Speaking of Melba, they say she is dead.
The world may have lost her; we have Jeannie instead.

Jean's energy, unselfishness and fine school spirit have been reflected in all our activities.

PEARL McNAIR:

"Her charm is in her being just herself."

It will be long 'ere we forget Pearl's blithe little laugh and happy humor.

THELMA PAYNTER:

"A girl she is to all her classmates dear."

Yes, we all love Thelma, with her shy manner, gentle heart and sunny smile.

CLASS VII.-Continued

FLORENCE MACPHAIL:

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

Florrie is the president of our Bird club.

LAETITIA PETTER:

"Peter's" sympathy, gaiety, and ready wit will long remain in our memories. She is an energetic member of the hiking and badminton clubs.

JULIA PRASILASKI:

With her eyes so brown and bright,
She is bound to be all right.

Julia is our "budding poetess."

MILDRED RICKABY:

Ambitious and full of mirth.
Yea, a teacher of sterling worth.

DOROTHY ROBINSON:

"She, in sooth,
Possessed an air and grace by no means common."

When we think of Dorothy we will be reminded of the embodiment of the spirit of Class VII.: reliability, cheerfulness, enthusiasm, sportsmanship and scholastic achievement.

FLORENCE SAWYER:

Very quiet, ah yes, 'tis so,
But what she's thinking you never know.

VERA SAWYER:

With her looks and pleasant smile
She should never lack a friend.

ROSIE SMART:

"Fair she was and young and beloved by all."
—(Dickens).

Rosie has done good work as our Literary "rep." Her motto: Always reliable.

ABIGAIL SMITH:

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

That's our athletic representative; a good worker and a good sport.

ESTHER STOCK:

We shall miss her quiet, gentle way. One may rest assured that Esther's work is up to date.

IVADELL STOKES:

Faithful in her work, forseeing in her office and utterly dependable in all things.

KATIE TEMPLE:

"She's aye sae neat, sae trim, sae sweet."

Will she make a good teacher—Just wait and see!

JEAN TEEPLE:

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best o' men."

Jean is an all-around good sport and adds the cayenne pepper to the spice of Class VII.

MAMIE THOMPSON:

A beaming nature lies behind her smiling face.
(She always sees the time-sheet is marked in every place!)

ELVIRA VANDRISHE:

A sweet girl whose face shows all the innocence within.

PATRICIA VOGEL:

Time cannot wither, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.

A peppy rooter at the basket-ball games.

BEATRICE WEBB:

Lively, witty, happy and free,
It is no wonder we love our 'Bea.'

A "sports enthusiast."

ANNA WILL:

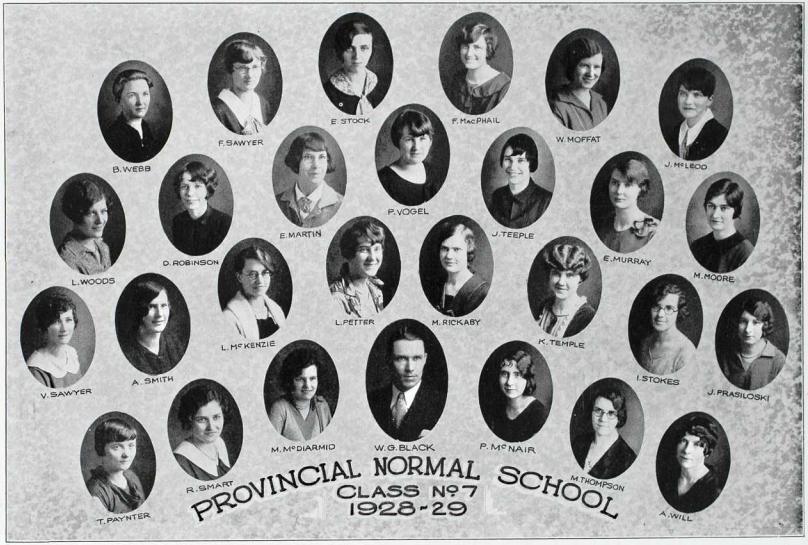
You people who think I'm so terribly shy
Will receive quite a shock in the sweet bye and bye.

Anna's charming manner and willingness to help have won a deep place in all our hearts.

LUCY WOODS:

Seasons impaired not the ray
Of her buoyant cheerfulness gay.

Lucy is always ready to give a helping hand.


B. WEBB
F. SAWYER
E. STOCK
F. MacPHAIL
W. MOFFAT
J. McLEOD
L. WOODS
D. ROBINSON
E. MARTIN
P. VOGEL
J. TEEPLE
E. MURRAY
M. MOORE
V. SAWYER
A. SMITH
L. McKENZIE
L. PETTER
M. RICKABY
K. TEMPLE
I. STOKES
J. PRASILOSKI
T. PAYNTER
R. SMART
M. McDIARMID
W. G. BLACK
P. McNAIR
M. THOMPSON
A. WILL
PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL
CLASS No 7
1928-29

CLASS V.

Continued from Page Twenty-four

JOHN NEWBERRY:

"I do count the hours I spend in study."

Johnny was our fall song leader. He is strong on "visual aids," "length of eye-span," and other abstruse things beyond the comprehension of the rest of us. If we may hazard a guess, Johnny's life work will probably be teaching beginners to cut paper.

DENIS CHARLES SMITH:

"What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?"

Denny, or Smitty as we call him, is "head and shoulders" above the rest of us—but when he comes down to our level (at lunch time) he is the personification of wit. He shakes a mean heel at the class parties, too. Ask any of the girls.

FRANK JOHN TEMPLETON:

"Constance is the foundation of all virtue."

Temp. is the life of Class V. His athletic abilities and qualities of leadership make him Athletic president and captain of the basketball team. He has a great sense of humor—and, oh! yes, he studies hard. Characteristic saying: "I have a little announcement to make."

HERBERT ALVIN THICKE:

"We're coming to a running stream,
A fountain of endeavor."

Besides being assistant business manager of the Annual, stage manager, and Class V.'s project director—"Herbie," or "Al," was at all times AHEAD of his assignments. He is a disciple of Carlyle and believes strongly in the "dignity of labor," working on boats in the summer months.

OUR CITY

Beyond the sea of houses
  Rolls a sea of sapphire blue;
At the rim of this sea the mountains stand,
  Silent sentinels true.

True in their message of grandeur,
  To those who lift their eyes
From the cares of the world that sometimes
    blur
  Visions of Paradise.

Strong in the promise that goodness
  Endures while ages roll,
They are temples of God where faithful
    hearts
  Worship Him as they toil.

JANET BELL, Class VI.

CLASS VI.

Continued from Page Twenty-eight

MISS GREEN:

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low."

Marjorie, with a gentleness of manner and a quiet kindness, has won the respect of all her classmates. Her drawings are a treat to look at.

MISS KOHUT:

Minnie is one of the gayest and most good natured girls in the class. She excels in reciting at Literary meetings and is a willing worker for all class activities.

MISS FREDA JOHNSON:

Freda is Revelstoke's gift to Class VI. She has a friendly manner and ready smile and her claim to good mention is her neat blackboard work. She plays the piano for our folk dances.

MISS MARTHA JOHNSON:

"Her smile, her looks, her winning ways" have won for Martha the highest esteem of the class. Ambition—To be a teacher. Hobby—High marks.

MISS JOY:

Melonie, the tallest girl in the class, with fair hair and grey eyes, who can play basket ball, swim and do the "Varsity drag."

MISS KIMOLA:

Her eyes are blue, her locks are fair,
Her disposition sweet and rare.

Viena is a capable teacher and a promising psychologist. Forte—Public speaking.

MISS MITCHELL:

Industry, patience and perseverance might well be synonmous for the name of Ellen. While we all hope we shall make good teachers, we know Ellen will.

MISS TELFORD:

Inga, the smallest girl in our class, bids fair to be the most active. She swims, explores and bikes. Rumor has it that she is the first one to venture when ski-ing is part of the fun.

He: "A man's an idiot to be absolutely sure about anything."
She: "Are you sure?"
He: "Certainly."

Music and Drama

EDITORIAL

Music is beginning to mean more and more in the lives of the people of to-day. Thus teachers are beginning to look upon it as a necessary part of the school curriculum.

Children, as a rule, are lovers of music, for they love rhythm and melody, and we, as teachers, should be able to guide them to an appreciation of good music.

Music and drama usually go hand in hand, and it has been so this year. However, during the present session we have organized a separate club for dramatic work. We felt this club to be important, because, for one thing, it has given us training in that which we ourselves must train children. For dramatization, we have learned, is one of the best aids in fixing knowledge in an appealing manner.

We sincerely hope that, if this club be continued in succeeding years, others will derive from it just as much help and enjoyment as we of the class of 1929 have done.

MUSIC

It was Charles Kingsley who wrote the following: "The old Greeks, the wisest of all the heathen, made a point of teaching their children music, because, they said, it taught them not to be self-willed and fanciful, but to see the beauty of order, the usefulness of rule, the divineness of law." Let us follow the practice of the old Greeks.

ETHEL M. CONEY.

MISS CONEY

We may truly say that our success in music during the coming years will be due largely to the untiring efforts of Miss Coney. Not only has she patiently striven to make of us teachers of music, but she has also spent much time and energy as leader of the Normal Choir.

Besides doing the necessary 'plugging,' she has found time to help us with many choice selections, endeavoring to develop an appreciation of good music.

May the coming years find in Miss Coney the same helper and friend that she has been to this year's students.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

This year, owing to the interest felt by many of the students, a dramatic club was formed. The first meeting was held on October 30th, when the following officers were elected:

President, J. Allen; vice-president, Miss M. Jones; secretary, Miss I. Bell.

The members were divided into five groups, the above-named officers acting as

directors together with Miss E. Marshall-Wright and Miss K. Andruss.

On November 16th Miss Marshall-Wright's group presented "William Tell." Special credit is due Miss Marshall-Wright for the excellent work she has done with her group. They have held several social evenings at homes of the students or faculty at which plays have been presented. A real enthusiasm has arisen amongst the members of this group for dramatic work. On May 11th they gave a program consisting of a reading, a song, and a play entitled "The Gentleman in Slippers."

Mr. Allen's group gave a delightful presentation of "Maggie and Tom" on December 21st. Miss Andruss' group assisted with two songs.

On January 18th two groups, Miss Jones' and Miss Bell's, presented two more of the stories from the school readers, the former giving "Oliver Cromwell at Home," and the latter "Tom Sawyer."

On May 9th a very interesting and helpful talk on dramatic work was given by Miss Henderson of Lord Roberts' School. She was assisted by piano selections by Miss Setter.

This closed the work for the year. We hope that the start we have made will induce others to continue the club, and succeed in making it of primary importance in the activities of the school.

THE GREIG CONCERT

One of the features of our literary year was the Greig Concert given under the able leadership of Miss Coney. Miss Margaret McDiarmid read a paper on the life and works of Edward Greig, concluding with the story of one of his famous operettas, "Peer Gynt." This story was illustrated with Orthophonic records portraying different scenes in the travels of Peer Gynt. Some of these selections were: "In the Hall of the Mountain King," "Morning," "Anitra's Dance," and "Selvig's Song."

To conclude this delightful program, the choir favored us with two of Greig's "Songs for Children," namely, "Island Shore," and "The Farmyard Song." The unusual character of this musicale made a strong appeal to the audience, and we have only Miss Coney to thank for this interesting and beneficial afternoon. We sincerely hope that any efforts which she may put forth in the future will be as thoroughly appreciated as have these.

THE CHRISTMAS CONCERT

The most important item at the conclusion of the Fall Term was the Christmas Musicale, presented by the school choir under the leadership of Miss Coney. This proved to be a most successful presentation and was open to any outsiders who wished to attend.

The program opened with a few introductory words of welcome by Mr. McGechaen, followed by the singing of "O Canada."

Part I., intended to create a reverential Christmas spirit, consisted of the following items:

1. Orthophonic record, "Westminster Bells."

2. A cameo, "Mary and Joseph," portrayed by Miss Marr and Mr. Grant.

3. "Holy Night," rendered by the school orchestra.

4. A short cameo, "The Wonder Star."

Part II. took the form of a bright, captivating "Play for Children," in which Miss Barritt and Miss Smart took the leading parts. The play was supplemented by some beautiful carols sung by the choir.

The evening closed with the National Anthem.

The proceeds realized by this performance helped to brighten the lives of many inmates of the Marpole Incurable Home.

"TREASURE ISLAND"

The group of students who saw "Treasure Island" at the Vancouver Theatre was small but very appreciative. Bransby Williams and his company excelled themselves, and the performance proved to be a worthy portrayal of Stevenson's immortal book. Bill Bones sang his weird chant in a most blood-curdling manner. Squire Trelawney revealed himself as a real gentleman-adventurer. Long John Silver, "that seafaring man with one leg," was, of course, the

dominating personality in the play. There were some scenes especially vivid. When the ghostly voice of Captain Flint was heard among the trees the entire audience shuddered. When Jim was dodging Israel Hands on the deck of the Hispaniola, many gasps were audible. The play was one long to be remembered.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"

In the Fall term many of the Normal students were privileged to see "The Merchant of Venice," staged by the Stratford-Upon-Avon players at the Empress Theatre. Those of us who, though familiar with the written play had never seen it acted, realized to the full that a play does not exist unless it is acted, any more than a piece of music lives until it is played.

The players were all well suited to their parts, but Shylock was the triumph of the whole drama. Some of us can see him now, —the avaricious, suspicious old Jew,—in the half darkness only lit by the fitful glimmer of his lantern, knocking with his stick on the door of his empty house. The audience was so still that we could hear, even in the gallery, his bated breath between each loud stroke of his staff, and as the orchestra drowned his passionate wail with stirring music, we had forgotten the villain and saw only the broken, lonely old man.

Launcelot Gobbo must have been exceedingly hoarse afterward, judging by his raucous voice, and if he really wept all the tears he seemed to be catching in his red handkerchief on parting with the bewitching Jessica, he certainly will never have another tear to weep.

Ruth: "What is the formula for water?"
Marabel: "H I J K L M N O."
Ruth: "How's that?"
Marabel: "Mr. Martin said it was H to O."

Instructor (teaching young lady to drive): "This is the gear shift; down there is the brake; there's the accelerator and over here is the clutch."

She: "Let's take one thing at a time; teach me how to drive first."

THE FIRST ADVENTURE
(A Child Speaks)

Today I climbed a high green hill,
  That seemed to touch the sky's blue hem,
The passing clouds were white and soft,
  Almost I could reach to them.

I stood upon a flat grey stone,
  So far above the world of men,
Our home was just a wee brown dot
  Upon a patchwork quilt, and then

The piper wind came swinging by,
  Oh, such a glad, mad, merry tune!
My heart leaped up to folow him,
  I hated to go back so soon!

F. KATHLEEN WADE, P.N.S.,1926-27.

IN SPRING

When life is run and unto Death
  My strange reluctant body goes,
My sleeping soul shall wake and turn
  When the mad spring wind blows.

By wood-ways drenched in moonlight wine,
  Where slim trees whisper to the night,
Mysteriously and nod and sway,
  My eager ghost will walk and talk with
    beckoning stars.

When wholesome apple blossoms spill
  A fragrance on the waiting air,
Who would not ask a lease on Life
  To roam at will?

F. KATHLEEN WADE, P.N.S., 1926-27.

Ambition's minions called
  And bade him claim
That which he might.
Power, wealth and fame
  Life's highway offered.
    A humbler path,
    Screened from the vulgar view
    He yet discerned.
    And Duty trod before.
He followed that stern guide until,
  Life's journey nearly o'er,
A mansion rose before him.
  At the spacious door
Stood Peace, with hand outstretched,
    saying,
  "Welcome, my companion evermore."

JANET BELL, Class VI.

EDITORIAL

It is with feelings of the greatest pleasure and sense of having accomplished something that we look back on the work of our Normal School year as it has proceeded. This is true in many ways and particularly pleasant are those thoughts of the hours spent in the gymnasium, on the playing fields of Strathcona Park, and Canadian Memorial Tank.

That the student body as a whole derived such pleasure from the year's athletic program is due to the work of the highly efficient athletic executives and to the encouragement, help, and time so generously given by members of the faculty. Without the faculty the work of the executive could not have proceeded so smoothly, and while a proper appreciation of their aid is beyond the power of our pens, it is hoped that the members of the faculty who assisted the athletic association will take this paragraph for what it was intended—a token of appreciation and a hope that they have enjoyed themselves as well as we.

In spite of all the trials and tribulations of a most strenuous scholastic year the student body as a whole entered into the athletic life with a vim and zest which transformed novices of the fall season into stars of the spring term. Grass hockey, basketball, volley-ball, badminton, swimming and tennis all bear testimony to these transformations.

We are proud of our teams this year, proud of the faculty and executive, and proud of the student body as a whole for their splendid efforts and co-operation in the field of athletics.

BADMINTON

The badminton club was organized in October with Miss James and Miss M. MacLeod as leader and assistant leader. Although many could not play, about 25 students and teachers turned out, and by Christmas there were some fairly good players. After the New Year Mr. Blois and Miss Smeltzer were made leader and assistant leader. A doubles tournament was started with about 35 players. Unfortunately the mumps epidemic seized many of the players as victims and prevented the finishing of the tournament. However, if the number of shuttlecocks used is a fair measure of the enjoyment received, the season was a successful one.

THE SWIMMING CLUB

"Well, I did six lengths breaststroke."
"If I could only learn that kick I could do the towing."

These remarks and the sight of forty splashing natators in the tank at Canadian Memorial Church served as a fitting introduction to the Normal School Swimming Club.

Here, every Wednesday afternoon, the aquatic marvels and some who aspired to the degree of marvel gathered to disturb the water for an hour with feats of skill and some awe-inspiring and wonderful dives. Under the direction of Mr. Martin and Miss Jones, many beginners learned the rudiments of swimming, while those more advanced were prepared for the tests of the Royal Life-Saving Society.

One member of the club, Miss Margaret McLeod, already the possessor of the society's coveted badge, obtained her teacher's certificate by training the first class and putting them through the test. This class, all of whom were successful in securing the award, was composed of Misses McCallum, Murdock, Martin, Webb, and Montserrat and Mr. McGechaen.

Later in the winter Mr. McGechaen won the teacher's award when he was successful with a class composed of Messrs. French, Manley, Humphreys, and Farley

Fall
1928
Spring
1929
MISS R. HERBERT
CLASS 3
MISS M. MARTIN
CLASS 3
MISS E. WILSON
SECRETARY
MISS G. PARKIN
SECRETARY
MISS K. SPROULE
CLASS 4
MISS P. McCALLUM
CLASS 4
MISS P. DAVIDSON
CLASS 2
MR. C. M. FISH
VICE PRESIDENT
MISS H. AHO
VICE PRESIDENT
MR. O. MUNDAY
CLASS 5
MR. N. W. BERGMAN
CLASS 5
MISS B. CAIRNS
CLASS 6
MISS B. CREELMAN
CLASS 6
MISS J. A. McLENNON
PRESIDENT
MR. F. J. TEMPLETON
PRESIDENT
ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE
MISS B. WEBB CLASS 7
MISS A. SMITH CLASS 7

Dickenson. To have secured ten badges and two teachers' certificates with forty members with only one swim a week, is a great credit to the club.

Executive duties for the swimmers were in the capable hands of Miss Montserrat and her assistant, Miss Wilson, with Miss Teeple as secretary. The club had planned a swimming meet but the now famous epidemic of mumps was as hard on the swimmers as it was on the rest of the school and the meet had to be cancelled.

VOLLEYBALL

Vigor and keenness marked the opening of the volleyball season. The quality of the game constantly improved until many erstwhile novices became stars, largely through loyal attendance at the three turnouts a week.

The house league was well supported, there being seven teams amongst the girls' classes. These were of very even calibre and the games usually close and exciting. In the "A" league, classes III., VI. and VII. tied for first place, the latter taking the glory in defeating VI. by two points. The "B" girls showed what a keen spirit and interest in a game can do towards perfection, class IV. excelling in this division. French's team proved the superior of the two boys' entries.

On the whole, the volleyball season provided recreation and pleasure for many and was very successful.

TRACK

Flying feet, panting boys, shrieking girls, excited faculty, followed by the sight of groaning tables stocked with delicacies —that, in a nutshell, is a birdseye view of one of the Normal School indoor track meets.

This year two indoor meets, on November 23 and February 16, formed a fitting bill-of-fare for the chilly winter weather, while by the time this article appears in print the outdoor meet will also be a memory.

The fall meet brought out strenuous competition of a thrilling variety. Close finishes were the rule, rather than the exception, even in such races as the thread-and-needle race where the members of Class V. strove with might and main to assist their lady partners. Class IV. was successful in capturing the first-place honors after a hard fight, while Class II enjoyed the rather doubtful distinction of housing the "Ketchup" pennant. The boys' honors were won by Bergman's team in a last-minute fight with Allan's group.

The spring meet was as exciting as the earlier one but honors were shifted completely. Class VII. relieved Class IV. of first-place honors, while Class VI. became the proud (?) possessor of the famed "Ketchup" banner. This time the squad captained by John Hyndman captured boys' honors from Bergman's group, the final result being in doubt until the last event.

After each meet the athletes retired to the Cafeteria where the wonderfully decorated tables of the various classes were quickly relieved of the delicacies thereon. Prizes for the best decorated table were won by Class IV. at both meets. Prizes for helping hide the lunch would undoubtedly have gone to Class V. both times.

The outdoor meet, one of the last big athletic and social events of the year, will take place at Strathcona Park on May 23. The meet will be followed by lunch on the school lawn and a flannel dance at night in the gymnasium. The last athletic and social event will be the Bowen Island picnic, to which all are looking anxiously forward.

SOCCER

Soccer flourished also during a few noon hours in the autumn, but the snow which descended in drifts this winter instead of by the usual flake method, was an effective preventive for further barked shins and bumped heads. A game was arranged with King Edward High but had to be called off when the basketball team, the backbone of the soccer team, had reached the play-offs.

SOFTBALL

While softball did not flourish at the school as an organized sport, it did provide a great deal of enjoyment during noon-hour, and after school in the warm spring days. "Babe Ruths" and "Walter Johnsons" vied with each other in serving up long hits and mean pitches and the members of Class V. were not alone.

As I sit penning these few lines I can see at Strathcona Park one of the Class II. girls driving out a hard one which has the tallest member of Class V. waving his hands; while a member of Class IV. is vigorously asserting her views to the umpire about her future procedure in being blocked off a base. Better pretend not to hear, Mr. Umpire, the young lady will have the last word.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row: Left to Right—Maribel Martin, Guard; Millie Balkwill, Forward; Jean MacLeod, Manager; Frank Templeton, Assistant Coach; Kay Sproule, Centre; Helvi Aho, Forward; Beth Creelman, Forward. Front Row: Left to Right—Gertrude Parkin, Forward; Bernice Armstrong, Captain and Guard; Ruth Herbert, Guard.

During the winter months basketball is undoubtedly the major sport at Normal. Under the capable direction of Miss Jean MacLeod and her able assistant, Miss Bernice Armstrong, many girls found out just why the game is so popular. A successful intermural league was formed from the fifty enthusiastic girls who turned out, the schedule ending with the title still undecided between Classes II and IV.

Much credit is due to the rep. team who so ably represented the school in various gym floors of the city. As in previous years, the girls were working under difficulties—each member of the team coming from a different district and each having her own style of play. This handicap was especially noticeable at the beginning of the season. The team was entered in the Greater Vancouver Amateur Athletic Association Senior "B" League, captained by Miss Bernice Armstrong; the team reached the final play-offs and lost the cup game by a narrow margin.

Although much credit is due to the untiring efforts of the players, the hard work of the coach, Ed Gourlay of Lord Tennyson School, played no small part in the victories our girls hung up. The manager, Miss Jean McLeod, and the assistant coach, Frank Templeton of Class V, also were important cogs in the machinery of the team.

The hearty support of the student body and faculty at every game greatly aided the morale of the team and was certainly appreciated by the girls.

A two-game series of home and away games with Cloverdale was enjoyed by all, as were the dances which followed.

Certainly the basketball season was a success for all the girls who turned out for the round-ball game.

BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row: Left to Right—Mr. J. A. MacIntosh, Instructor; "Otie" Munday, Guard; John Hyndman, Centre; Cecil Blois, Centre; John McGechaen, Forward; Alfred Humphreys, Manager. Front Row: Left to Right—Jerry Jamieson, Forward; Charlie Fish, Forward; Frank Templeton, Captain and Guard; Neil Bergman, Forward; Russell French, Forward.

Long will the winter of 1928-29 live in the memories of the members of Class V., and particularly will it be treasured among the "souvenirs" of the group of athletes pictured above. To their lot fell the task of upholding the honor of the School, so ably done in former years, on the various basketball courts scattered throughout the city.

It was a winter of basketball surprises, both pleasant and unpleasant, of thrilling victories and equally stirring defeats, but through it all showed the stubborn courage, and the do-or-die fighting spirit of a team which, though beaten, refused to remain so. But better than this the team acquired a popularity and a record for clean sportsmanship which fell to few teams of the league.

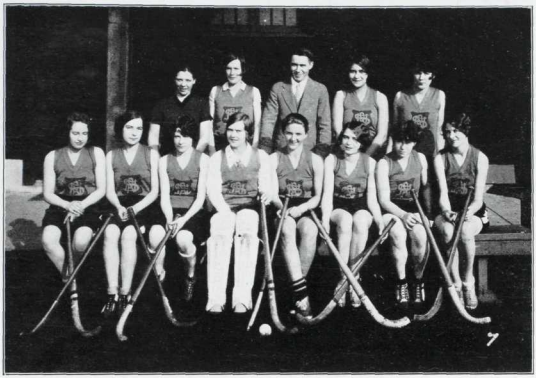
Inexperience and lack of a coach told against the players who were further handicapped in that the team was forced to play in the Senior 'B' classification of the Greater Vancouver Athletic Association League when all but two of the boys were young enough for the intermediate division.

Led into the turmoil of the winter campaign by Captain Templeton, the quintette started with a brace of victories. A series of defeats followed, all by a narrow margin, sufficient to discourage any team. The "jinx" was finally shaken and in the dying stages of the season the team rallied to win its way through two preliminary rounds of the league championship into the final.

Before a packed house, of student body

(Continued on Page Fifty-one)

GRASS HOCKEY TEAM



Front: Left to Right—Jean Laing, Vera Blackledge, Anna Will, Mildred Rickaby, Bea Webb, Martha Johnson, Mona Woods, Shirley Bate. Back: Left to Right—Maribel Martin, Abbie Smith, Mr. Black, Hazel Bachman, Bessie Cairns.

The first athletic surprise of the school year was that given us by the bevy of young ladies who composed the grass hockey team. Under the coaching of Mr. Black, whose knowledge of psychology was of great help in handling the temperamental stars, the team commenced as an unknown quantity and finished by dragging out even the most sleepy-headed members of Class V. to Connaught Park at unearthly hours on Saturday morning.

The team, composed at the beginning of the year of strange players from all parts of the province, was welded into the strongest Normal School aggregation of recent years, and in a league made up of high school teams of the city, the blue and gold colors were triumphant in half their games. An enviable record, when the abundance of material and amount of practice of the high school students is taken into consideration.

Indications of the strength of our team were abundant in the first game, when goals by Misses Wilson and Woods were sufficient to register a smashing 2-0 victory over Kitsilano. The Normal half-back line, Misses Smith, Webb and Bate, turned back every thrust of the Kitsies and laid down a barrage of dangerous passes to the enemy goal.

Britannia Annex then fell under the onslaught of the blue and gold and a brilliant

(Continued on Page Fifty-one)

"Thought—is it not the daughter of Pain? Born as out of the black whirlwind; —true effort, in fact, as of a captive struggling to free himself:—that is Thought." —Carlyle.

"A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit," said Milton. The life-blood—in what way can the author's labor be his life blood? A good book to us is something interesting, something that we read with pleasure or curiosity. The writer, we consider, had a happy inspiration and we wish that we were so gifted. But how, we say, can this book be his life-blood, his precious life-blood.

Yesterday a pure white lily lifted its head from the dark dank soil in my garden. It was so fair and so delicately beautiful that in the enjoyment of its loveliness I had almost forgotten its long period of growth —hidden, secreted, wrapped round with gloom and darkness. Fancy was tempted to weave for it a more noble birth—but think of its long period of dormancy under the cold black soil—first the rain then the gentle moist winds, the sun's invigorating rays, and in the soft springtime the striving and straining toward the light; the bulb, the green shoot, the stalk, and then the delicate white cup.

Everything beautiful is born of pain, and yet how much we accept for granted. We are inclined to say of a good book, "What a happy inspiration!" but inspiration is only the fruit of a long period of germination. Thoughts are not born in a single day. They are nurtured; they are watered; they are cared for like tender plants before they bloom. The ideas that a writer expresses in words—that we read at a single glance—are the offspring of his own soul; for they cannot be good or beautiful unless they have become an actual part of his flesh and blood. He must be wounded before he can produce anything great, and when we realize this we can understand the full meaning of Milton's definition of a good book.

Let us read good literature with more sincerity and earnestness, for the ideas expressed therein have striven with a noble soul; let us ponder more deeply the words that have meant his life-blood, for we shall find them indeed "precious."

LITERARY EDITOR.

TO KEATS

Oh Keats! forgive me if my heart is dead;
My strings thrum sadly in the tragic winds,
And in the silent lulls my soul is dumb.
Now while the darkening evening spans the sky,
And lucent streams and sylvan tapestry
Thrill in its rosy folding calm—oh! now
While the soft sunbeams kiss the creeping shade,
And streak the pulsing sea with gold and green,
While liquid notes rain through the showery glen
Like silver ripples lapping on the shore—
Stretch forth thy hand, from the dim vast unknown,
That circles round us like a distant dream;
Catch up my strings with subtlest artistry;
Sweep every silent chord, and stir a song!

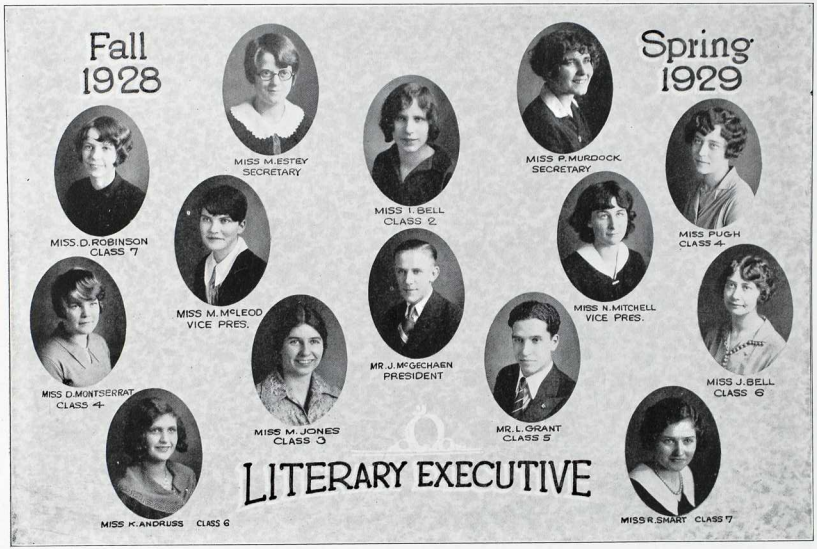
—E. M. B., Class II.

LITERARY ACTIVITIES

Fall Term

In September the following students were elected to the offices of the Literary Society: President, Johnny McGechaen; vice-president, Jean McLeod; secretary, Margaret Estey.

These, with the assistance of the following class representatives—Class II., Miss Bell; Class III., Miss Jones; Class IV., Miss Montserrat; Class V., Mr. Grant—consti-


Fall
1928
Spring
1929
MISS M. ESTEY
SECRETARY
MISS P. MURDOCK
SECRETARY
MISS I. BELL
CLASS 2
MISS D. ROBINSON
CLASS 7
MISS PUGH
CLASS 4
MISS M. McLEOD
VICE PRES.
MISS N. MITCHELL
VICE PRES.
MR. J. McGECHAEN
PRESIDENT
MISS D. MONTSERRAT
CLASS 4
MISS J. BELL
CLASS 6
MISS M. JONES
CLASS 3
MR. L. GRANT
CLASS 5
LITERARY EXECUTIVE
MISS K. ANDRUSS CLASS 6
MISS R. SMART CLASS 7

tuted a very efficient executive. During the fall term a series of interesting and instructive meetings, chiefly of a miscellaneous nature, was presented by the Society. For the first general meeting, which consisted of readings and musical numbers, each class contributed at least two items. The future meetings were then assigned to the various classes.

October 19—Classes II. and III. offered for entertainment the following joint programme: Group song, Class II.; recitation, Isabelle Marr; song "John Come Kiss Me Now," Lochinvar, Class III., piano solos, Miss Cutler and Miss Forward; a play, "An Interrupted Proposal."

November 2—Class V.: The success of this performance was due in part to the variety of its appeal, ranging from the serious to the more modern jass numbers.

November 23—Classes VI. and VII.: Vocal solo, Miss Rickaby; tableau, "Rendez-Vous," Gwen Ferguson and Nan Curror; orchestral selection; a play entitled "The Playgoers."

Classes VI. and VII. should be complimented on the excellence of this delightful performance.

November 30—Class IV.: The concluding meeting of the term was in the hands of Class IV.; the programme consisted of a group song and a comedy, "The Dress Rehearsal."

This programme was undoubtedly a literary success—"La Grande Finale," as it were, to the term entertainments.

Spring Term

The programmes after Christmas were very different from those of the first term. Each meeting, with the exception of the first, which was a general programme, was devoted to one topic. These topics included art, music, Canadian poets, and "stunts." Another afternoon the meeting was taken over by the Dramatic Society, while still another meeting consisted of an excellent debate.

The Literary Society planned to raise large sums of money by putting on a concert for which admission was to be charged. But one of the most important of the performers had the misfortune to develop dread symptoms, so the only money realized was the proceeds of the candy sale—ten dollars.

During both terms the Literary Society has been under the able leadership of John McGechaen. To him great credit is due for the success of the Society this year, and the able and efficient manner in which the business has been carried on.

DEAN QUAINTON'S LECTURE

"Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

Using the above quotation as his "text" the Very Reverend Dean Quainton of Victoria favored us with one of the most brilliant and inspiring lectures it has been our privilege as Normal students to hear. His address was given in the Auditorium early in the spring term, enabling many students to hear him for the first time.

An ardent supporter of the League of Nations, Dean Quainton is untiring in his efforts to promote the influence and extend the membership of that world organization. His statements, interspersed with ready wit, made his lecture as enlivening as it was convincing.

He first presented to us arguments against the League and strongly opposed the belief that war was a necessary evil. He pointed out that such practices as slavery, duelling and polygamy had been abolished as civilization progressed. The speaker expressed the belief that the time would come when war would be considered a crime. The Dean declared:

"There never were any 'good old days'; they were bad old days'."

The lecturer then dealt with the enormous cost of war, quoting striking figures. But, he added, there was no possible means of estimating the cost of human suffering and the cost of human life. He told of the awful destruction another war would bring if it came. Sceptics, he said, had challenged the existing good of the League of Nations, terming it only "half a League." We should remember, however, that it was "half a League—onward."

Dean Quainton, with many masterful witticisms, pointed out the folly of supposed racial superiority. He stated that the people of one nation were not better than those of another but simply different. He drew attention to Disraeli, who was a Jew; Goethe and Beethoven, who were Germans. He then told us of the nations that have joined the League and of disputes which it has actually settled. Premier Baldwin has stated that the League of Nations has prevented both major and minor wars. Surely this fact alone justifies its existence and merits our support!

In concluding his lecture Dean Quainton pointed out that there are many ways

for man to satisfy his pugnacious instinct in this life. Sin, ignorance and selfishness need fighting. By becoming members of the League of Nations we in Canada can help to do this, and the speaker expressed the earnest hope that in time everyone would join. Every intelligent citizen should feel that he has a part to play in this great undertaking for universal peace. We all count, and prospective teachers have an added share of responsibility in this matter. It is useless for us to ignore it by thinking our influence insignificant.

J. A. BELL, Class VI.

THE UNKNOWN LAKE

How often on a train journey does one pass beautiful lakes or small towns, fascinating for the moment, and then forgotten as soon as some new vista appears.

I can well remember a lake which I saw only last summer. Its name is unknown to me, and probably will remain so, but I am sure the picture is one that I will not forget readily.

The day was one of the warmest of the year, and the train seemed to crawl along between high walls of sun-baked rocks. Suddenly we emerged into a green valley whose sides were lined, tier upon tier, with blue-green trees. A coolness seemed to envelop everyone at the sight. On rounding a curve in the track, we saw lying below us a cool, deep lake, shining like an emerald in the late afternoon sunshine. Its greenness fascinated me, for it reflected the colors of the surrounding trees which grew almost to the water's edge. Not a ripple disturbed its surface, not a person was near to mar the quiet serenity of the scene. Even the hosts of Nature seemed hushed. Peace and beauty reigned supreme.

Another turn of the train and the unknown lake was left behind, gone from our sight as suddenly as it had come. I looked around at my fellow travellers. They seemed to have lost some of that jaded look and to have been freshened and aroused by their brief glimpse of those unknown waters.

JEAN CHRISTIE, Class II.

A SHORT STORY

In the first place, this is not a real story. It has neither plot nor plan — it boasts neither beginning nor ending. But because an unfinished story has always held for me a strange fascination, I shall tell this one just as it happened, and hope that I can pass on some of its charm to you.

It was a few years ago, and I was returning to school after a long, happy holiday. Rain splashed on the windows of the train, running down the panes in little rivers; miles and miles of bare prairie streaked past like lightning, and I, a most disconsolate soul, gazed on the landscape with dreary eyes.

But as darkness came on, I turned from the window and, for the first time, noticed my fellow-passengers with some interest. Across from me were two people who caught my attention at once, and seeing that they took no notice of me, I watched them, frankly interested.

They were a boy and girl — evidently foreigners. The girl was of about my own age, tall and sweet-faced, with a tired look in her eyes, as though she had travelled far. Her brother might have been two or three years younger; he, too, was tall, and his hands were those of an artist, with long tapering fingers. Their conversation was carried on in a tongue which was strange to me, but I gathered from their tones and gestures that they were worried about something, and there was an undercurrent of excitement in their voices. They held my attention all evening, and when my berth was made up, and I had snuggled down underneath the covers, I could not drive thoughts of them from my mind, and the girl's old-young face kept appearing in my dreams.

Next morning the sun fairly sparkled on the stubble of the wheat fields, and the very train seemed to puff and pant as if it were enjoying the work. And a change had come over my neighbors, too. There was now no sign of weariness in their faces. Instead, their excitement had increased, and they looked upon every newcomer to the coach with interest and expectancy. Whenever they spoke, their sentences were short and broken, and before long they lapsed into silence.

About ten o'clock the train pulled into a divisional point, and a small, faded woman, rather shabbily dressed, entered our coach, and sat down not far from me. Seeing that she was gazing intently at my neighbors, I, too, glanced across, and saw that they were arguing in whispers, occasionally jerking their elbows in the newcomer's direction. Before long, the woman pulled a picture from her bag, looked at it earnestly, stole a glance at the boy and girl, and then shook her head. She repeated this several times, and then it seemed to me that a new expression flashed into her face. She rose, and slowly came down the aisle, until she was directly in front of the boy and girl. She seemed nervous, uncertain, and paused long before she uttered a single question in

a low tremulous voice. The two looked up, and the girl gave a glad cry. In a moment the woman had both in her arms and was talking very quickly in a strange language. The picture had dropped, unheeded, from her hand, falling at my feet. Looking down, I saw that it was the photograph of a little girl of five, with a two-year-old boy on her knee. When I glanced across the aisle again, the woman was seated between the boy and girl, stroking the girl's beautiful hair and asking eager questions of both. Then somehow I felt as if I were intruding, and I turned to the window. When next I looked around they were gone.

I had never seen them before—I have never seen them since. They passed out of my ken that sunny September morning. But they left me a story for which I had to supply the beginning and ending, so that it is ever changing, ever new. And therein lies its charm.

M. J. McK. MURDOCH, Class IV.

THE UNNAMED PARK

It nestles peacefully on the flank of a towering mass of stone that stretches a mile and a half into the sky. Below lies the dwarfed world of man, with its patchwork of fields, gardens and orchards. Above, the mountain rises steeply to a forbidding, rocky crag fringed with ice and snow. In this little park itself, however, all is changed. The gentle breeze lazily plays with the delicate pine tops, swaying them to and fro, so that the warm sunlight filters into the silent depths and weaves weird, moving patterns on the soft carpet of sweet-smelling pine needles. There is no sound. The world with its noise and bustle seems far away from this paradise. Long slender trunks stretch eagerly towards the life-giving sunlight in seemingly countless numbers. Underfoot is a narrow meandering pathway made by the dainty feet of gentle, wide-eyed deer. Perhaps in a patch of sunlight a bee lazily hums, or a tiny brown squirrel timorously hops from one pine cone to another without disturbing the all-engulfing silence that causes us to walk slowly and quietly with a strange feeling of restraint over all. A little way ahead, a tiny brook of ice cold water tinkles almost silently over a mossy stone, trying, in its own way to preserve the quietude that nature has given to this little domain. Yet, as we become accustomed to the silence we can hear the subdued roar of a wterfall high up on the mountain, or the puny whistle of a slow-moving train far below.

RONALD D. MacGREGOR, Class V.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

It was a calm, still evening; not a leaf stirred, not a sound could be heard, as we stood on the summit of the hill overlooking the old haunted house. The tall, white, decayed trees shed their melancholy shadows over everything. Through the long valley the sun shot its last slanting rays which shone on the broken glass windows of the house, making black gaping holes in the background. The open door, hanging on one hinge, made the mysterious, dark, unknown interior resemble a fathomless pit. On the upper part of the west wall a large window with an old faded green shade, and ragged edges of glass, had the appearance of a half-closed eye. The shingles of the roof were weather-beaten and patched with ghastly green, sponge-like moss. Bats were fluttering around the worm-eaten posts of the veranda, and a long, thick black snake lay coiled up on the half-sunken doorstep. From the still, silent woods nearby came the lonely hollow call of an owl, "Too-oo, whoo-oo." A missing clap-board had a resemblance to a hideous grin. The studding being rotted and placed at irregular intervals resembled the decayed teeth. At the first glimpse of this desolate scene, a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded our spirits. As we gazed, there came an iciness, an uncanny sickening of the heart which did not depart until we were finally tucked away in the solitude and soft sweetness of our own beds.

JEAN MacLEOD, Class VII.

THE FORTUNE TELLER

My thoughts were not of my fortune
As I slipped from out the tent
But of the fortune-teller there,
As low o'er palms she bent.

Here eyes were dark and wistful,
Her hair was tinged with grey,
Her hands were lined and withered,
For youth had gone away.

She seemed like a caged captive
Who longs for the woods and streams;
She can never go back to her comrades,
So she only lives while she dreams.

She may have been queen of the gypsies
When vibrant youth held sway,
Tramping the dusty roadways
Barefooted, blithe and gay.

But now she is fortune-telling,
The last of all her band,
And all that fate has left to her
Is the gift to read the hand!

ELEANOR LUSK, Class III.

MEMORIES OF THE LIBRARY

The days are slipping by, and June, with all its hopes and fears, will soon be here. September will find us scattered far and wide over our fair province.

Some will go out to become "kings and queens of Bella Bellas and Quathiaski Coves," others to be "another new teacher on the staff" of some city school. Scattered we shall be, but it is certain each one of us will carry away a store of memories of the old Normal School—memories that are woven about members of the faculty, fellow-worshippers at the shrine of education, lectures and recreation periods. The library will perhaps claim the major share. The library—what recollections the word conjures in the mind of the dreamer! Like the shifting scenes of a kaleidoscope it is a veritable panorama of student life and activity.

To some will come recollections of when they waited for hours seeking an opportunity to invade one of its small private sanctums. When their turn did come, they were greeted by a busy, ever-smiling person, with remarks similar to these: "So you have a primary grade this time?" "My, isn't that nice!" The muttered reply probably was, "Ye-es, I suppose so."

To others will come a picture of the "Den of Psychology," or information bureau for athletic and literary activities. The "Den" was presided over by a serious-faced young man, firm guardian of "I. Q.'s."

A great number will think of the library proper, with its book-lined walls; shelves filled with rows upon rows of volumes; ponderous, bound, musty old books, worn with age and use, that gave forth an air of great learning. For this reason the library was a favorite studying place for those students who believed in the new theory of respiration: "Air is to bathe in, not to breathe in." It was their belief that it would be impossible to study in such an atmosphere without a great deal of educational wisdom being absorbed into their systems.

Still others will remember the opportunities the library offered for organizing and practising socialized study periods. How, at times, a group deeply interested in some profound discussion, was suddenly aware of a low voice commenting, "My isn't it wonderful how these little gatherings get together?" Any hint of sarcasm was covered by a genial smile or the twinkle of brown eyes from under bushy black eyebrows.

Recollections of spring days, when involved in a deep study, might recall to some the fact that they were almost lulled to sleep by the drowsy tinkle of distance-mellowed tafetefe, taa-tais. Yes, it was somebody in Class V. or the music room practising time tests.

Occasionally the library had its lighter moments, but withal it was filled chiefly with the busy hum of data-gathering students.

Many other incidents connected with the library might be mentioned, but it would not be just to rob you of the sacred privilege of recalling pleasant memories. If, however, these few sentences have served as a key to unlock the door of your memory, they will have indeed accomplished their purpose.

F. J. TEMPLETON, Class V.

PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL

"Provincial Normal School," what does it mean? For the students, those words have many meanings—an aim accomplished, a life-work begun, a happy term, a large number of friends. Work,—yes, some of it hard work, but always interesting. There is always something for everyone to excel and to be interested in.

What an opportunity it has opened before us, what a responsibility it has given us, yet withal how well it has prepared us to meet this opportunity and responsibility.

All through the year we have had before us teachers who were an example of the ideals they stood for, yet who understood and appreciated our difficulties.

The subjects we shall teach next year have this year been explained and made simple. Our abilities as teachers have been drawn out and our faults corrected.

But Normal has not been all work, far from it. A large part of Normal life is found in the clubs; the Sketch Club, interesting and profitable afternoons spent with Mr. Weston, drawing a bit of local scenery; the drama club, future stars amusing or thrilling their audience; the swimming club, the aim of each member to gain a life-saving medal; the choir under Miss Coney's guidance producing a splendid Christmas Concert; and last, but not least, the Hiking Club, led by Mr. Martin, Mr. Weston and Mr. Black up Hollyburn and Grouse, or on a short afternoon walk.

In sports there is another important side of Normal life, for not only do we take part in them in order to be able to teach them, but also for the joy of battle which is always to be found in a well-fought game, be it basket-ball, volley-ball, badminton, tennis or grass-hockey.

And then the dances. What a setting

the old gym makes for a dance, gay decorations, happy laughter,. pleasant smiles and the varsity-drag always present at the dances. And other social evenings and parties will be remembered by many as having made the year particularly pleasant.

These are a few of the things Provincial Normal School means to the lucky students of 1928-29, and next year when we are teaching in Bella Coola or Kitsumgalum Bay, when other faces have taken our places in the Normal life, it is around these things the memories of our last year of student-life will linger. And the ideals of service and duty which we have found at Normal will be the lamp which will light us on our way as we go about our work.

ELAINE MARSHALL-WRIGHT

DAYS

I.

Glorying the snowy peaks,
Glinting on the plain,
Lilting through my joyful heart,
Breaks the day amain;

Sending from the wavelets blue
Arrows golden bright,
Dazzling on a pleasure boat
From his noonday height;

Crimsoning the azure west
Above the mountain line,
Tinting clouds with rosy glow
Till stars quiescent shine.

II.

Misting round the castled peaks,
Sweeping fields of grain,
Bringing silver pattering threads,
Comes the day again;

Lashing from the sullen sea
Jets of foamy white,
Thund'ring fire with crashing roar
Wields his sovereign might.

Massing clouds that surge and roll
Against the heaven's shrine,
Fleeing from night's darkening wings
Speeds the day's decline.

DOLLY DEWAR, Class II.

"What is space?" the teacher asked.
The clever student said, "can't think of it just now. I have it in my head."

A LITTLE PREVIOUS

A hundred years ago today
A wilderness was here;
A man with powder in his gun
Went forth to hunt a deer.

But now the times have changed somewhat,
Along a different plan,
A dear with powder on her nose
Goes forth to hunt a man.

The wind was laughing across the sky,
The sea-gulls were laughing too;
And so from my breezy perch on high,
I laughed across to you.

For the sun was launching his golden rays
To dance o'er the ocean blue;
On the foamy crests of the silvery waves
It glittered like diamonds true.

From the top of the cliff where we loved to sit,
We could see the white sails spread;
And over the waves, where shadows flit,
We heard what the sea-birds said:

"There's a God above the deep blue sky
Who loves us deep and true."
And so from my breezy perch on high
I laughed across to you.

MYFANWY JONES.

He: "Are you dining anywhere Sunday?"

She (expectantly): "No, I don't think so."

He: "My! How hungry you will be on Monday!"

Niel: "How long could I live without brains?"

Mr. Black: "Time will tell!"

Helen A.: "What other color would you suggest putting on this design?"

Mr. Weston: "Try a little Paris Green."

ART

"BEAUTY IS TRUTH"

If art be beauty of expression then truth must be the framework of art; truth that is sincerity as opposed to hypocrisy, knowledge as opposed to ignorance.

I once saw a painting of a lone tree in the moonlight. Straight and tall and beautiful it stood, overlooking a calm and mighty sea. Stillness and peace were there, but a vast loneliness pervaded the scene—a loneliness that even the tree seemed to feel as it stood black against the sky, its branches lifted as if in supplication. Surely the artist on painting this picture had been struck with the beauty of the scene, and in order to express that beauty he had infused into the picture that which he felt to be the keynote, loneliness. And to express truly that which one feels—what is that but sincerity?

An artist must know that which he wishes to express. Who can paint a brook not having seen its tumbling rushing water, nor the faded leaves that are carried away on its sparkling surface, nor the drenched flowers that grow by its side? Who could compose music not having heard the lull of the winds, the song of the birds, the laugh of the brook and the patter of rain? Who could write poetry not knowing the silvery beams of the moon, the curly greenness of young leaves, and the dew on flowers? To be able to express beauty then, one must have knowledge; one must see, hear, and know Nature.

So in all things we cannot have beauty without truth, for—

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty."—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

ART EDITOR.

THE SKETCH CLUB

The Sketch Club has been the source of some very enjoyable afternoons. It has met weekly since the early part of November when the members chose Kathleen Barritt as president, and representatives for each of the six classes. The club has done painting, poster work and sketching and has visited the British Columbia Art Exhibition as well as the Exhibition of European Crafts. The most interesting meeting of the year was that held at the home of Mr. Weston when both he and Mrs. Weston proved themselves to be excellent as host and hostess. Throughout the whole of the season Mr. Weston has been an ever-present and helpful advisor on all the work done there, and much of the enthusiasm shown has been due to his efforts.

FLEETING IMPRESSIONS

LITERATURE—A bed of roses.
DRAWING—A holiday.
GRAMMAR—A bleak, endless, desert waste.
COMPOSITION—A man trying to start a Ford.
NATURE STUDY—Potato bugs.
HISTORY—A dry story.
GEOGRAPHY—Coming holidays, what have you?
MUSIC—A dream of Paradise???
ARITHMETIC—A gathering storm.
MEASUREMENTS—A Chinese puzzle.
CITIZENSHIP—An institution "Delightfully vague."
HISTORY OF EDUCATION—Pestalozzi and Co.
PHYSICAL EDUCATION—Lots of snap! Stiff knees! "Done like this."

J. HYNDMAN.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

OUR FORUMS

Several very interesting forums were held in the Cafeteria and a number of subjects were torn apart and reassembled under the analytic-synthetic method.

Members of the faculty and student body attended. Great assemblies they were, where radicals and men devoid of civic pride, rubbed shoulders with worthy citizens and shy young things, preening their wings for their first oratorical flight.

Under method of procedure the chairman would briefly outline the subject to be discussed. The two opposing leaders would then present their well-marshalled arguments. Following this, quiet pointed discussion would take place, until a slip on the part of some over-anxious person would act as a spark to combustible material. Then it was that fiery young orators would blaze at one another, hurling forth arguments that shattered the prevalent air of judicial calm, soaring to great heights, only to be suddenly brought to earth by the time-keeper's bell.

In all cases the students were very decided in their voting. Maybe we didn't settle any intricate international problems, but we gained in experience and had a lot of fun.

GUEST SPEAKERS

Both the fall and spring terms were brightened by several splendid lectures delivered by visitors to the School. Though the hearty applause accorded these speakers expressed our appreciation, we wish to again extend our thanks in this more permanent manner to the speakers listed below:

To Mrs. Jamieson, judge of the Burnaby Juvenile Court for her fine address on "World Peace."

To Mrs. Mahon, president of the B. C. Federation of Parent-Teachers' Associations, for her timely talk on "The Work of the P.-T. A."

To Messrs. Alexander, Campbell and Monroe, officials of the Dominion Government, for their respective lectures on "Trees," "Canadian National Parks" and "Migratory Birds."

To Mr. Sheffield, Inspector of Schools in Nelson district, for his very instructive talk on "Doukhobor Life in B. C."

To Mr. Harold Etter for his interesting discussion of "Present-day Conditions in China."

THE GREAT VERBAL BATTLE OF THE SESSION

With eager expectancy the student body assembled in the auditorium on March 28th to witness the great oral battle of the year. After the singing of "O! Canada," Mr. J. McGechaen, who occupied the chair, introduced the topic—"Buying on the Instalment Plan Is Not in the Best Interests of the Canadian Family." L. Grant and C. Fish, who gained their spurs in the men's section, upheld the negative, while Misses Marshall-Wright and Ina Bell set out to prove the folly of such a system of buying.

Miss Marshall-Wright launched the first attack for the affirmative by stating that the instalment system of buying led to a difference between capital and labor and often occasioned strikes, and that, in the long run, the expenditure of the family budget became greatly augmented. She treated the national and individual aspect of the situation. Her manner was quiet and pleasing.

Next into the fray came Mr. Fish, who began a thorough refutation of his opponent's points and then delved into the history of the instalment system. Later he cited figures to show his listeners the saneness of this system and its direct advantage. His method of delivery was witty and interesting, inviting his audience to laughter on several occasions. Problem-project methods or socialized procedures should be

easy for this young man with his ability to create interest.

Miss Ina Bell followed him and, although bravely attempting to do so, failed to destroy the arguments of the previous speaker. Her treatment of the mental and moral influence of this system on the individual was the best contribution put forth by her side. Her manner was convincing and her speech was clear and straightforward.

Mr. Grant, the last speaker for the negative, made an eloquent speech delivered in a forceful and persuasive manner. He dealt mainly with the indirect advantage of the Instalment System of buying to industry. Mass production, especially in its relation to the automotive industry, was stressed. He also, like his colleague, produced a list of figures on which to base his statements. The rebuttal, taken by Miss Marshall-Wright, was lively, but she failed to disprove the statements of the negative. At the conclusion, the judges, Messrs. F. Dickinson and Fernlund, and Misses Murdoch and Marr, led by Mr. Anstey, retired for a few moments, during which interval the orchestra soothed our expectant hearts with one or two pleasing selections. The judges returned with a unanimous decision for the negative. The negative had won by their cleverness at extemporaneous speech and the common-sense of their material.

All the debaters received ovations, and the student body departed, happy in the thought that they had witnessed this great forensic duel, free of charge.

Boys' Basketball Team

(Continued from Page Forty)

and faculty, and a large number of former students, the squad lost the final to the strong First United Excelsiors, now provincial champions, in a game attempt to inflict the first defeat on this team of super-stars at the hoop sport.

The team emerged on the long end of the score in games with Cloverdale, Stewart-McEwan Lumber Co., Chalmers (two games), Hoot Owls and Templeton Junior High.

The players of the team entered the sport with three purposes in view, to enjoy a clean, wholesome form of recreation, to play basketball for the sake of the game and to gain experience which could be used in their future teaching career. In this we believe they succeeded, in such a manner that they can be called a credit to the school.

Grass Hockey Team

(Continued from Page Forty-one)

1-0 victory was the result. Miss Laing's lone goal stood out like a watermelon in a tomato patch.

The decision went against the Normal squad in the third game against Britannia High School, this strong team being able to score only one goal against the strong defence put up by the Normal girls.

Miss Webb's goal looked big enough to win the fourth game for Normal against Varsity but the latter escaped defeat by tieing the score in the closing moments.

The champion South Vancouver team inflicated the second defeat of the season on our team when they won the last scheduled game, 2-0.

The Normal team was of very uniform strength, the forwards fast and good shots, the back line and goal strong, with the work of the half-back line probably the most outstanding. The honors for hard work should fall, however, to the leather-lunged delegation from Class V., led by Mr. Anstey and Mr. Weston, without whom it is doubtful if the season could have been a roaring success.

FAREWELLS

Clean bodies and healthy minds go hand in hand. Build ideal bodies and as a matter of course you will have ideal minds.

J. D. WALLACE,
Physical Training Instructor.

TO MR. WALLACE

Nothing but praise do we hear and do we give when anyone mentions "P. E.' The reason for this, of course, is the splendid way in which Mr. Wallace has "put it over" with us. His work in training along these lines has never seemed an effort. At the same time we know that no effort would be too great for him if it was for our benefit. "Good-bye," Mr. Wallace, and may your good work continue for a long, long time.

TO MR. FROST

"Tis more blessed to give than to receive."

Our Christmas gift to Victoria was Mr. Frost and he was the most reluctantly given of any of our gifts—our loss and Victoria's gain. Mr. Frost, during his short term with us, endeared himself to all, with his "locker room quality." As coach of the boys' basketball team, he was a great assistance.

"Joie de vivre," the French call it—a laugh, a shout, "a leaping from rock up to rock." Browning had it there and here:

> "How good in man's life, the mere living
> how fit to employ
> All the heart and the soul and the senses
> for ever in joy!"

There's the joy that, overflowing, lights up all those lives touching our own. The child's life is instinct with it. May you help them keep it and so keep it for yourselves.

VIVIAN JONES.

TO MISS JONES

For all ills, Miss Jones has a panacea—namely, dancing. She is interesting in the class room, but she is in her natural element in the gym, for she is above all vivacious and her vivacity finds its freest expression in dancing. Indeed we may say that she has that atmosphere of buoyant life, of pure "joie de vivre,' which she herself has mentioned as being essential to a pleasing personality. We shall all miss our games and dances but we shall miss Miss Jones more.

"He who helps a child helps humanity with an immediateness which no other help given to human creatures in any other stage of human life can possibly give again." May I express the sincere wish that the members of this graduating class may know the satisfaction which results from a realization of this undoubted truth, and that in this service they may share the happy experience of those whom Kipling described as working "for the joy of the working."

L. GRACE BOLLERT.

TO MISS BOLLERT

Miss Bollert came to the Normal School staff in September and we, her first graduating class, wish to express our very warmest appreciation of her work. By her cheerful personality, her untiring helpfulness, and her understanding sympathy she has

endeared herself to all of us; and her enthusiasm for her work has been the inspiration of many a student teacher. We wish Miss Bollert every success and happiness in the work she loves; and hope that she will not soon forget the classes of 1928-29.

"The one who fears he will do more than his salary calls for will never have much salary to call for."

H. B. MacLEAN.

TO MR. MacLEAN:

Our highly esteemed Penmanship Instructor has been an inspiration to us during our Normal School training. He has taken a very active part in assisting our athletics this year—the track meets, especially, giving evidence of his hard work in this field. And now we say farewell to our handwriting expert, resolved to get as many certificates as possible both for ourselves and for our classes.

In saying "Farewell" to you as Normal Students, it is my sincere hope that you will always have a very special place in your train of pleasant memories for your year spent at Normal, and all that it has meant to you. My associations with the student-body have been, to me and I hope to you as well, most happy indeed.

May you all be successful and content in your work as teachers.

ISABELLE HARRIS,
Secretary.

TO MISS HARRIS

Panic-stricken Normal Students, madly chasing plan-paper, folder clips, lost pens, phone numbers and vanished teachers, always repair to Miss Harris.

From the very day that we first saw her pleasant smile we felt that we had at least one friend at Normal, and we have never been disappointed in that thought. At first perhaps some of us were surprised to hear her calling us by name when we were hardly aware that she even recognized us. That is Miss Harris's own secret, for no one else has such an inscrutable faculty for remembering names. We can only envy her this gift and count it among her many charms.

TO THE JANITOR

Here is our instructor in "Normal School History and Citizenship." At least, he has kept us along the traditional lines of P.N.S. His cheery smile is a great tonic when one is feeling "low" and his advice concerning those last periods when we are all in our home rooms has been infallible.

TO MR. COCROFT

Complaints concerning the temperatures in P.N.S. are just not heard and this paragraph concerns their director. Mr. Cocroft is king of the engine-room and, as far as we are concerned, is a worthy ruler. May many more classes have the pleasure of his acquaintance.

TO THE GARDENER

Here we have the monarch of the hot-house, and a mighty monarch he is. We have found him to be a ready assistant in the study of Nature's wonders, and also in—sh—helping us with our gardens.

Society

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

Social life is fundamental in every organization but more particularly in the school. From the Kindergarten to the University we find the instinct of grouping together for mutual enjoyment. It is the knowledge of recreation to come that helps us to do our work better and with more vim. Social life is an education in itself. We learn to work together, to co-operate in organizing social events, and in so doing we develop initiative, desire for success, and leadership, necessary factors in a teacher's education and character. No group could possibly be completely happy without a certain amount of social activity, nor without it would life be worth living.

SEMI-ANNUALS

"How pale shines the fair moon tonight, how soft serene, the illumin'd sphere glides over yonder hill-top." And why not? Is this not the night of nights, the night when the squaws set out to capture the braves and "to whoop it up" to the strains of "High Upon the Hill-Top.?" Here, there, and everywhere, the dancers glide quietly (?) over the floor. (And was it slippery?) Every waltz was a moonlight, and every fox-trot a nightmare, for were not the braves out in full force to practise their new war dance? (Three guesses, what is it?)

In the midst of the merrymaking a deep voice is suddenly raised above the clamor summoning all to gather around the festive board.

After supper the potlatch continued until the wee sma' hours, one o'clock, when the tribes broke apart and each brave escorted his squaw, by various means, to her tepee and then returned to his own.

Winter days and nights have passed and now it is a glorious evening in spring. Again the braves and their fair maids have congregated at the scene of another potlatch. The sky is thick with stars and the constellations, around which have been woven many legends, are everywhere in evidence. So great is the uproar that the Big Bear and Little Bear have become slightly muddled and have changed places. But the dancers care not and gaze with rapture and silent desire upon the stars and flowers that are so abundant. In fact, the desire is so great that many braves use mesmefism and gather the stars to them in great numbers, thus causing the sky to fall in several places. But regardless of all the potlatch continues. The war dance reaches its height in a medley when the leader of the band, with his saxaphone, leads the dancers through a series of twisters to end in a general scramble for a change of mates. Slowly but steadily after this the noise quietens down and by one-thirty a silence, filled with regrets that all is over, settles on the camping ground. No more this year will there be merry gatherings.

CLASS PARTIES

Somehow or other events of varied importance have followed one another so fast this year that it was found impossible to let each class hold a party of its own. However, as Class IV. was chosen to lead the way, they were alone in putting on the first one. The Normal gym was suitably decorated with maple leaves and streamers of the autumn colors, and the brightly colored gowns and smiling faces carried out the autumn effects to its full extent. By 12 o'clock everyone was tired but happy and it was the general opinion that no better time could have been had elsewhere.

Classes III. and VI were next with a charming winter carnival held in the gym, which was filled with falling snow. Although toboggans and ski-jumps were not at hand, various members of the assembled company remedied this slight defect by practising the Varsity Drag (it was ski-jump enough for many).

The last party but not the least was

(Continued on Page Fifty-six)

CLASS VI.--WINNERS OF AD. COMPETITION

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SOME OF US

HIGHLIGHTS OF OUR HISTORY

To tell all that we accomplished in one short year would be impossible, but as a class we shall always remember: Practising the "Playgoers," so successfully carried through at a Literary meeting; also praise for dainty Rendezvous.

At track meets others may have shone,
But Class Six plus Class Three
Had fun galore and funds left o'er
From their class dance. So you see

It's natural quite that our name should appear
At the top of this page, for we
Know all about thermometers—
That's part of Geography.

JOKES

P.N.S. Teacher: "I do not approve of this protracted osculation."

Curious: "Whassat?"

Mr. Martin (holding up a piece of carbon): "What would you say if you were given this for breakfast?"

Margaret Davis: "Pass by the toast!"

AND ARE WE NOT MR. LORD'S CLASS?

FAMOUS SAYINGS OF FAMOUS (?) PEOPLE

1. If we do—I'm absolutely sunk!
2. Something scandalous!
3. What grade did you get?
4. Now, don't get personal.

SOME MORE OF US

MEMBERS OF THE STAFF AND CLASS VI.:

I wish to thank you for the lovely flowers and books which you sent me during my convalescence. Hoping the knocks will we few and the road a happy one.

Sincerely,

MAE GOODALL.

Mae Goodall

JOKES

The inspector was testing the knowledge of the junior class in arithmetic. Slapping a half dollar on the desk, he said sharply: "What's this?"

Instantly a voice from the back row said:

"Tails, sir?"

Say, I saw Mr. McGechaen on the corner of Main and Hastings with a piece of bread in his hand.

What was he doing?

Waiting for the traffic jam.

The teacher was giving the class a lecture on gravity.

"Now, children," she said, "it is the law of gravity that keeps us on the earth."

"But, please, teacher," inquired one small child, "how did we stick before they passed the law?"

Mona, (studying Nature): "A man has written a book on bean culture."

Girlie: "How vulgar! Why didn't he call it Mental Development?"

Johnny A. (at one of his theatre parties): "I say, Russ, will ye tickle me when the funny part comes on?"

Russ: "What's the idea?"

Johnny: "I'll no hae it said a Scotsman has nae sense of humor."

SOCIETY

(Continued from Page Fifty-four)

that given by Classes II and VII. The Irish were in their element for shure; it was a St. Patrick's dance. It must be said that Ireland was well represented that night in the gym and no merrier crowd has ever been found, even on the ould sod. But all good things must come to an end sometime and so we realized to our sorrow, when midnight came.

We must here add a word for Class V, who, although they gave no party themselves, were of the greatest help to the classes who did, and the other members of the Normal School join in giving three hearty cheers to the members of Class V.

Nor must we forget Mr. Weston, who gave us all the help we wanted in making the decorations for these dances.

Dolly D.: "The thermometer has fallen.'

Mr. Martin: "How much?"

Dolly D.: "Oh, about five feet."

To teaching I still do adhere;
My "calling" I surely revere.
With skill that's "innate"
Truths I "inculcate,"
And solely for this I am paid at the rate
Of one whole thousand a year.

My "professional" pride's no veneer:
It's basic, profound and sincere.
Our "aims" I uphold
In ways manifold
And the "youthful mind" 'tis my pleasure to "mould"
For only one thousand a year.

I learn how ye saps
Have sluggish "synapse,"
And must "lower the threshold," or never, perhaps,
Earn more than one thousand a year.

The "profession," you know, has no peer—
It surpasses the doctor's, I hear.
I teach for the thrill
And try to "instil"
All that is good and naught that is ill
For my "Salary," one thousand a year.

The inspectors I try to endear
As they start platitudes to besmear;
They talk of "I Q's"
And professional news
Then send a report so the School Board sure rues
It pays me one thousand a year!

Long flourish our learned vocation,
"The builder, the hope, of the nation!"
It's ours by our choice,
So let's join with one voice
And pray for the time, when we will rejoice
With MORE than one thousand a year!

EX-STUDENT.

Jean T. (who has been given a column of figures to add): "I've added those figures 10 times."

Mr. Martin: "Fine!"

Jean: "And here are the 10 answers."

(On the Westminster car) Conductor: "Your fare, miss."

Gwen: "Really, do you think so?"

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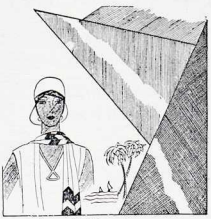

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