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Project

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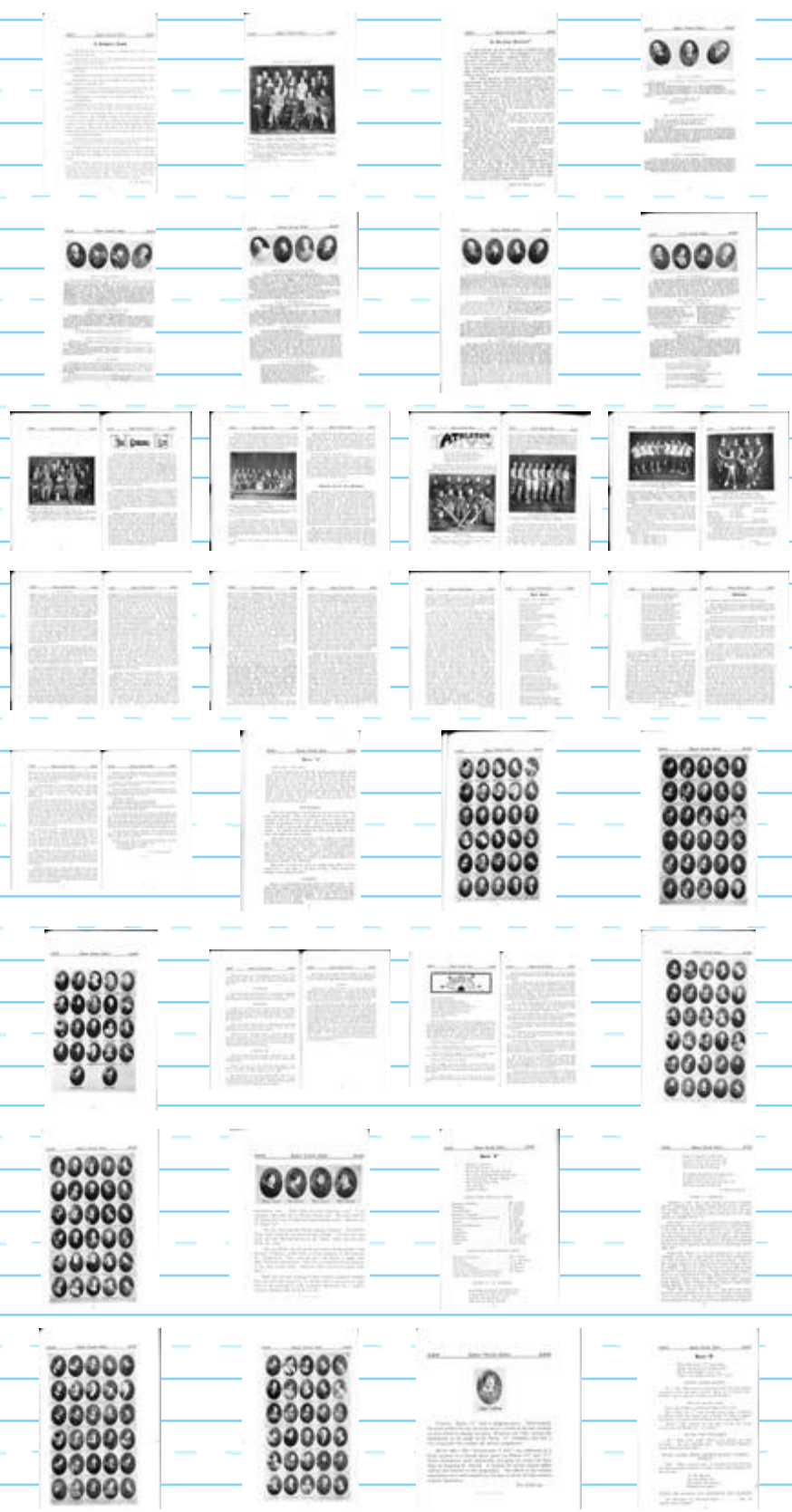
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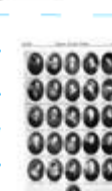
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- [Saskatchewan School Inspection of the One Room Schoolhouse](#)
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Date March 14, 2013

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Regina  
1926

# The Aurora

*Published by the Students  
of the*  
**Regina Normal School**



1926

*Vol. IV*



## Foreword

### NORMAL SCHOOL STUDENTS:

Let me assure you it gives me the greatest pleasure to extend greetings and to convey to you my best wishes for your success in the duties you will shortly be called upon to perform. It would be almost impossible to exaggerate the responsibility which rests upon you as teachers, and in recognizing this, we have endeavored to furnish every reasonable means, to fit you for the successful performance of your task.

Within the compass of this message, I shall not attempt to define the meaning of education nor to enumerate the many qualities of the successful teacher. This has already been well done by your instructors. One virtue, however, to me stands out pre-eminently, that of service to humanity—the merging of one's own life in the lives of others. This is the very cornerstone of the profession you are entering and nowhere are there greater opportunities for service than in this young and virile province, rich in its material resources, but richer still in its human resources of rosy cheeked, clear-eyed boys and girls, many of whom bring to the school a heritage of culture from other lands; and to the teacher is given the privilege of developing and recasting these human resources into a citizenship peculiarly our own.

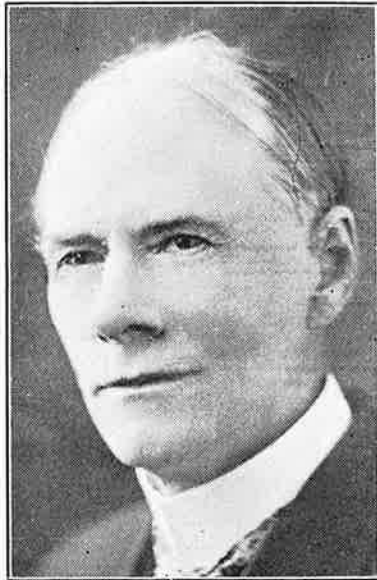
In closing may I point out the value of optimism in your work and outlook. The material rewards attendant upon your chosen profession may not be attractive and there may be moments and even times of discouragement. Let joy and gladness permeate your heart. Your work is among young minds, and for success you must ever drink from the fountain of eternal youth. May the vision of a A Schoolmaster of The Great City be yours:

“I look a thousand years ahead and I see not men, ships, inventions, buildings, poems, but children, shouting happy children, and I keep my hand in yours and smiling, dream of endless days.”

Yours sincerely,

SAM J. LATTA,  
*Minister of Education.*

Regina, March 29, 1926.



HON. S. J. LATTA



## A Message from the Premier

It is a privilege to be qualified and permitted to take part in the training of the children of our province. They are to take charge of our commercial enterprises, our farms, our institutions of government, learning and religion, the learned professions, and what is of greater importance, the task of home building. The complicated organization of society today, together with the ease with which the opinions of individuals or organizations can be spread abroad, emphasize more and more the necessity for clear and logical thinking.

The spreading of the magazine and the daily newspaper, the development of the telephone, the radio and the moving picture during the past fifty years has revolutionized the work of the teacher. The ability to separate the truth from the untruth, the logical from the illogical, the right from the wrong, was never more necessary than at present. The ability to carry around a mass of mere facts stored in the pigeon holes of memory was perhaps never of less value than at present. Facts and fiction, the real and the unreal, the right and the wrong, are so promiscuously presented and so camouflaged under present day methods of presentation that the successful citizen of the rising generation must be trained to think, to reason and to decide logically, clearly and correctly. This training can best be based upon a knowledge of the real fundamentals of community living and human relationships.

Mathematical computations are important, geographical and historical knowledge is necessary, agricultural and other industrial and professional training is of advantage to provide the human machine with the means whereby it may exist. To take part in the building of character, to equip the child for a "complete living," to be an effective part of the educational organization of a province or state, the teacher must do more than impart knowledge which provides a means for existence. The real teacher will seek to be and to impart to his pupils the living embodiment of the ideal citizenship of the next generation. He will be a leader, not an encyclopedia of the past only, nor will he ever be a distributor of the hysteria of the present.



HON. J. G. GARDINER

J. G. GARDINER.



DR. F. M. QUANCE

## At the Top of the Hill

(AN APPRECIATION)

We have it on the word of many a mountain tourist that when a certain ascent has been made and the traveller is somewhat weary from the effort of attaining higher ground, he has both pleasure and repose from sitting on a ledge of rock and surveying the path by which he has ascended. From his commanding position he gets a view of the vast plains to left and right and of many pictures unperceived in the toilsome climb.

It has been wisely said that "Gratitude waits on remembrance." Figuring prominently in the setting stands Dr. F. M. Quance, our esteemed principal. Dr. Quance has ever been an impetus urging us to greater and more earnest effort; a sympathetic adviser helping in the difficulties along the way. Our humble meed of praise may not be far-reaching but winged to gratitude we watch it soaring. We proffer our esteem and an appreciation which we cannot find words to express but which a sympathetic intuition will divine.

We beg to offer Dr. Quance the assurance that his wise admonitions so kindly given shall:

"Our armour and defence forever be,  
 A staff upon our way:  
 A pledge of victory  
 While mounting upward to the better way."



### A Teacher's Creed

I BELIEVE that I am become a teacher that I may serve rather than be served.

I BELIEVE in play and in the voices that I hear when in close touch with God's Out-of-doors.

I BELIEVE in the dignity and worth of work and the wrong of wasted time.

I BELIEVE in a healthy body, an alert mind and a poise of soul.

I BELIEVE in the value of struggle in life, that nothing worth while comes in any other way.

I BELIEVE in the worth and sanctity of my own life, the value of uprightness of purpose and straight-forwardness of living.

I BELIEVE in humanity, its essential brotherhood and its positive possibilities.

I BELIEVE in the child; that I should respect him as he is in his immaturity with reference to what he may become in his maturity.

I BELIEVE in education; that we owe much to those devoted men and women who through infinite toil are raising education to the level of a science and are making the way more clear and certain for the teacher of the child; I believe that posterity will bless such no matter what their nationality for the *Education* that is most worth striving for, that alone can bring world peace, knows no international boundaries.

I BELIEVE in education as a field of study and investigation worthy of the keenest intellect and the highest ambition.

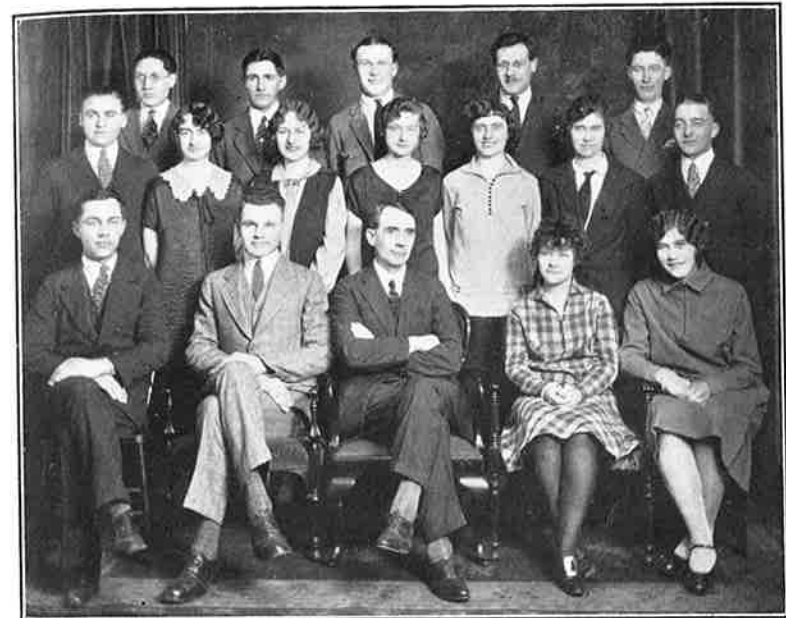
I BELIEVE in the education of the child; that with knowledge and sympathy and wisdom I may help to guide his growth so that he will become an intelligent and helpful citizen of the state and world.

I BELIEVE in myself as a teacher of the child; and, recognizing the fact that long after the rules and figures learned at school are forgotten, the heart relations which spring from a cultivated personality will remain with the child; I believe that I can make some contribution to the totality of life by remaining a teacher.

—F. M. QUANCE.



"AURORA" EDITORIAL STAFF



Back Row: C. Tallant, Athletics; V. Kidd, Satire; R. Gould, Photography; L. Godden, Room "E"; W. Wylie, Room "B."

Middle Row: A. Stephenson, Advertising Manager; H. Battell, Room "F"; C. Taylor, Literary and Orchestra; M. Douglas, Room "C"; S. Boyd, Room "G"; A. Buck, Room "H"; H. Johnson, Treasurer.

Front Row: D. Toms, Business Manager; R. Frith, Editor; Mr. J. A. McLeod, Consulting Editor; M. Bennee, Assistant Editor; O. Peacey, Assistant Advertising Manager.

(Absent: I. Brundage, Room "A"; F. Moore, Room "I.")



## Is Idealism Practical?

In this sophistic age the small tin gods of realism have, apparently, silenced the pipes of Pan. The propagators of certain schools of thought have, obligingly, relegated idealism to its restricted province—that of adolescence. It is, they tell us, during the formative years, an inspiration conducive to growth; but those of us who have emerged from the chrysalis of preparation and have come to grips with life, forego this froth of sentimentalism for the sterner stuff of actuality.

The "Vision Splendid" tarnishes under the probings of doubt, and scientific knowledge has effectually quenched "The Gleam" of Merlin's day. The principle of Service does not harmonize with the creeds of self-evolution and dreams are but the gauzy imaginings of fancy, losing their sweetness at the touch of things—as they—are.

Today, there are no bleeding feet, for science has evolved a most expeditious pathway up the mountain-slopes of Duty, and only intellectual fools hew out their own salvation. The modern Galahad is, indeed, a lonely soul, for materialism does not admit of heroics in the scheme of things.

The cynic, jingling his bells of disbelief in the face of mystery and failure, is a hardy fellow. Happy indeed are they who find, within their means, the price of his equipment, and within their strength, the power of emulation.

And the teacher? Can he, too, embrace the philosophy of popular belief, finding therein that driving dynamic wherewith to approach his task?—Those rows of swinging, sun-dusted feet, of grubby, restless hands, of wide expectant eyes. Can he confront them without vision, without the dream of faith, without the courageous idealisms of what might, and some day, shall be?

Possibly, the dealer in sticks and stones, spices of Araby and fine linens, may find dreams mediaeval, and, upon certain journeys into the marts of commerce, somewhat cumbersome. It is even conceivable that the designer of Klassy-Kut-Kollege-Klothes, or the vendor of Lydia's Pink Pill Compound, might, pleasantly, dispense with the inspirations of mental vision, but he who dares assume the profession of Him who said, "I have come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly," can he, also, live without faith, and lead, himself being blind?

*Maud M. Bennee, Room G.*



MR. J. A. McLEOD.

He is the man who sometimes "speaks in opposites" and thereby doth gain great emphasis.

He is the man with the cheering smile and the ever-helping hand.

He is the man with the sympathetic heart, the understanding soul.

Hrs is the personality that emanates beautiful ideals, and instills in every learner a deep and significant veneration for that profession of which he is indeed a leader.

Truly, "Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world  
This is a man!"

MR. W. E. STEVENSON, B.A., B.PAED.

"The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,  
They are all fire and every one doth shine;  
But there's but one in all doth hold his place  
So, in the world."

Mr. Stevenson's jolly good humour and sincere earnestness will long linger in our memories. His classes have been an inspiration to us and in spite of the many hours we spent in tabulating the museum we have long since realized the value of our work in Nature Study. Mr. Stevenson has a happy knack of making his classes interesting, as well as beneficial, and we appreciate the interest he ever maintains for the welfare of the students.

MR. G. D. RALSTON, B.A.

A wise man from the East, is Mr. Ralston. His deliberate tact and persistence have pushed him far along the road to the eminent position which he now holds as instructor in the last of the three R's in the Regina Normal School. In the years to come we shall remember Mr. Ralston for his up-to-date methods of teaching Mathematics, which he serves to us spiced with a droll sense of humour.

"He it is who knows how to speak a word in season to him that is weary."



MR. N. MACMURCHY, B.A.

First day at Normal School! How many new faces? How many hopes? How we wonder who are on the staff? And then the class room. The door opens and we are greeted with a smiling face and a pleasant remark and a wish for our success. Few ask who it is, for Mr. MacMurchy, who possesses these attributes, is well known. Then, forthwith, he proceeds to his work of partly insuring our success. Soon we have unfolded before us the fine points of School Management, a la Seeley—and made as clear to us as teacher could make it; and indeed we know School Management from the Department's power to the demand for a "flag pole," as specified above in section so and so, subsection Y.Z., to our duty to see that the window sills are dusted. His smiling face shall not be forgotten by the Normal Students of 1926.

MISS K. A. MACDONALD, M.A.

"Literature is the avenue to glory."

Through her extensive knowledge, splendid presentation and evident love of the works of the great masters of English literature, Miss MacDonald has indeed led us along the paths of glory. Our experience with Miss MacDonald is "an arch where thro' gleams that untravell'd world of Literature." Greater still has been the influence felt by contact with such an attractive personality. To her we say:

"To those who know thee not, no words can paint,  
To those who know thee, words are faint."

MISS E. VAUGHAN GRAYSON, B.Sc.

"Kindness is a perfume that you cannot give to others without getting a few drops on yourself."

Along such a path lie our thoughts of Miss Grayson, instructress in Fine Arts at the Regina Normal School. Miss Grayson is highly qualified to bring forth the finest artistic tendencies in each student. Justly proud of her are the students from Moose Jaw.

MR. J. W. SMITH.

Normalites, who spend their recesses by promenading the hall, will at some time or other hear the word "invariably" floating on the air. Hearing this word repeatedly arouses our interest and sends us hunting for its source. Success meets our efforts and we become introduced to another member of our Staff—Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith, in his lectures, has surely provided us with great sources of useful material from which we may reap some real knowledge and, in looking back on our Normal days, we feel sure that Mr. Smith will hold a high place in our estimation.



SERGEANT-MAJOR SANDERSON.

"He doth bestride the world like a huge colossus."

Before training under the electric but enthusiastic guidance of Sergeant-Major Sanderson, we were but laggards. Now we have become, in the first instance, staunch supporters of athletics for its own sake and have received enough encouragement to attempt to train the youth of Saskatchewan in the arts once practised by our pseudo-progenitors who walked on all fours and suspended by the caudal appendage—but thereby hangs a tale.

We cannot adequately express our appreciation of a very excellent demonstration of club swinging given by the Sergeant-Major for our entertainment. It was keenly enjoyed and an inspiration to all of us. At all times we have found Sergeant Sanderson an energetic, inspiring and most efficient instructor.

MISS M. LINDEBURGH, R.N.

"What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own health."

Miss Lindeburgh, as school nurse and health teacher, embodies in herself those principles of healthy living which she presents. She has supplied us with instruction of such a practical nature that her influence will be seen in the healthier lives of children and in the improved conditions of the schools and homes in this Province. Miss Lindeburgh's willing hands have been continually pressed into service for her students. The memory of her sunny smile and pleasing personality will long remain.

MISS H. WEIR, M.Sc.

"O wad some poo'er the Giftie gie us,  
Tae see oorself's as Miss Weir sees us!"

We are not *always* tidy we admit, but still, why is it that in a certain period each week ourselves and our room room take on a most perverse air of disorder? The books and exercises on the front desk pile themselves up at all angles, the notices on the bulletin board take on a rakish slant of about 45°, the music charts develop a tendency to slip from their appointed place and assume all manner of general dog-eared disarrangedness, and even our own appearance takes on a decidedly flustered look. Why, again I ask, does all this take place just before Miss Weir opens the door, looks around, and says, "Who are the room housekeepers for this week?" We appreciate Miss Weir's timely admonitions and assure her that we will endeavour to put her suggestions into practice in our own schools.

MR. W. M. VEAZEY, B.A.

O wise Inspector, who from your inspectorate  
Did come to this same Normal School with faith  
Firm, and learned in the methods, means and ways  
Of lesson plans, and teaching verb and phrase,  
Always ready with a word of praise for all,  
Though at Arithmetic and History we are wont to stall,  
And while we do appear sore stupid, yet, in class,  
With your kind tact and patience we are sure to pass.



MR. A. J. McCULLOCH, M.A.

And behold, while Normal was yet in session, there came unto us from afar, yea, even from his inspectorate, one who did show unto us all manner of things concerning teaching. Yea, he did even test us out in Nature Study and was much astonished at our ignorance thereof. Yet did he even forgive us and we promised to err no more. And lo, he did bring unto us music to amuse us and he also gave unto many of our number lessons to teach, whereby we learned much concerning our own ignorance and that of others. But, apart from this did he give unto us no tasks and thereby did make unto himself a monument in our memories so that we did rejoice and call him exceeding blessed among instructors.

MISS LELA B. DOWSWELL.

The students of the Regina Normal School appreciate greatly the interest and enthusiasm Miss Dowswell shows in all their activities. Each day many students go to her with their troubles, which seem to isolate themselves to a period around 9.02 a.m. and 1.32 p.m. We all know how she dislikes to put our names down as lates. If she were less genial and obliging there would be less men going to the office in the morning. Any men late *always* report.

MISS MURIEL A. BUTTERY, B.A.

Petite, quaint, and with an Irish speculation in her eye. Peter Pan must have piped at her birthday feast and the pixies of laughter have followed her ever since. Her whimsical, fey personality reminds one of English greens, and wee imp-folk who used to dance thereon in the fairy hours of childhood. She has, moreover, a fine toleration of common things—it would be well for one to be possessed of a straight back-bone and a white conscience when dealing with her. She is not gracious towards sham, nor appreciative of camouflage.

MR. J. O'BRIEN, B.A., LL.B.

Once upon a time in the old R.N.S. there dwelt a Prince of Kindness who was noble, generous and true. He was tall of stature, brave and strong. In the year of 1926, he, in command of a band of faint hearted crusaders, set out into the land of City Schools, to overcome the dread ogre whose name was Practice Teaching. The Prince and his army came upon the giant Practice Teaching in his lair, gnashing his teeth and tearing the flesh from the bones of his former victims and casting their bones into the yawning pit, Failure. His strong, scaly tail swept the ground in every direction, gathering in more unfortunates to be devoured at his leisure. When the faint hearted crusaders caught sight of this beast, their hearts sank within them, and their knees shook, but Prince O'Brien, the Knight of Success, cheered them on to victory. It was now their turn. Prince O'Brien stepped forward and, with his trusty sword, Method, plunged it deep into the monster's heart. With one long drawn howl of agony, which echoed and re-echoed among the surrounding hills, the monster sank among the few casualties of the battle. Year after year, Prince O'Brien, brave and encouraging, led new inexperienced soldiers into the land of success till the time came when all had been overcome and he and his followers lived peacefully ever afterwards.



MR. C. A. SCARROW, B.A.

We, who have been fortunate in having Mr. Scarrow as our history teacher no longer regard this subject in an unfavorable light. We rather look upon it as a friend with whom we enjoy getting acquainted. Through the medium of Mr. Scarrow's personality it has become for us a vivid actuality rather than a dead jumble of facts. The history charts, with which we will decorate our school walls, represent many hours of work, but we realize their exceptional value as a teacher's aid, and we hope that we will be able to make our history classes as interesting for our pupils as Mr. Scarrow has made his for us.

MISS ISOBEL REID, B.A.

"Ode to Miss Reid."

Miss Reid an Instructress neat and trim	Gesticulations by the score,
Enters the classroom with a vim,	These help to "drive it home" the more.
With knowledge cerebellum whirls.	Rousseau, Bacon, Froebel too,
There's surely depth beneath those curls.	And Pestalozzi good and true,
"That elusive something!" Oh, dawgone it!	All added to the situation.
"Who can put his finger on it?"	But Herbart must receive his due,
<i>Around, around, and swing down, dot</i>	<i>He put his finger on the cue</i>
Are most essential too, I wot.	To Modern education.

NOTE—The phrases in italic are those used frequently by the above.

MRS. LEILA M. CARPER, MUS. BAC.

"Music, when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the Memory."

The chords of memory will ever be faintly stirred by the thought of the inspiration, interpretive power and love of the best in Music that came to us and put a song within us. During our days in the Normal School, we felt deeply indebted to Mrs. Carper, not only for her invaluable instruction but also the opportunity afforded of appreciating the power of Music, as expressed in song and instrument. We have come to distinguish the diapason of a cannonade, the galloping crescendo and the fine distinction of dulcet bars and phrases. Our hours with Mrs. Carper were ever a variety of musical cadence.

MR. R. D. COUTTS, B.A.

He laid his hand upon the ocean's mane.  
And played familiar with its hoary locks.  
A second Atlas—come to earth again—  
Altruistic.

We've learned the symphony that makes the day  
And Nature is to us an open book.  
He opened it for us—our part to play—  
Eulogistic.

Full echoing ever in the days to be  
By thought deeper than words—a grateful memory.



LITERARY EXECUTIVE



Third Row: J. Leboldus, Room "E"; W. Blakely, Room "F."  
Second Row: G. Spohn, Room "B"; D. Argue, Room "G"; A. Stephenson, Room "H"; H. Battell, Secretary Treasurer; E. Webster, Room "A"; M. Paulson, Programme Convener; E. Murphy, Room "D."  
Front Row: F. McKague, Room "C"; P. Linden, President; Miss K. MacDonald, Honorary President; R. Gould, Vice President; H. Corbett, Room "I."



All that cannot be represented, in the life of a Normalite, by a text-book, a lesson plan, or athletic equipment, comes under the administration of the General Literary Society. The teacher in a rural community is often called out of his schoolroom, to take his place as leader in the district where he teaches. Frequently, as great respect is paid to his knowledge of Bourinot's Laws of Parliamentary Procedure as to his ability to apply the rules of pedagogy; and his success in the social life of the community is regarded only next in importance to his success in the management of his school. The object of the Normal School Literary Society is to look to the training of the student teacher along such lines as these, which are not covered by the curriculum proper.

The Literary Society requires organization, and since a new body of officers is elected each term, ample practice is afforded in the matter of nominations, electioneering, voting, and, finally, in the conducting of public meetings. Incidentally, too, every student who feels at all oratorically inclined is encouraged to "come to the front" and express himself. The art of public speaking cannot be overestimated when considering the qualifications of the successful rural teacher.

Besides being responsible for this phase of education, the Literary Society has under its administration the general social life of the student body. Whatever musical, dramatic, or literary talent there may be among the students, this organization seeks to find it out and to develop it for the general good. The fortnightly meetings of the Literary Society have taken the combined form of business meeting and programme, the latter being representative of the student talent. Each meeting of the Literary Society passes through the fire of a Critic's Report, given by a member of the Normal School staff. In that way, the highest possible standards in the way of conducting meetings, and of conducting programmes, are kept before the Literary Society as a whole.





Two social functions have been given under the auspices of the Literary Society, for which invitations were extended to members of the staff, and to all students of the Normal School. The first of these affairs took the form of a Hallowe'en Masquerade Party; the second, of a St. Valentine's Party, both functions doing ample credit to the various committees in charge of the arrangements.



ORCHESTRA

Standing: V. Newlove, A. Stephenson, C. Horning, H. Hodges, H. Corbett, C. Tallant, H. McKinnon, E. White, P. Linden.

Seated: D. Naimark, H. Johnson, D. Lockerbie, M. Craig, Mrs. L. M. Carper, E. Lyster, F. Lucas, E. Quinn, B. Hulse, M. Softley, W. Hazard.

Absent: L. Stephens, H. Kirkpatrick.

It is difficult to imagine what the Literary Society would be without the Normal School orchestra. A picture of this very necessary organization appears on the page. Mr. D. Naimark is their popular and able president. They have taken us through the intricacies of everything from the National Anthem to opera choruses, besides having nobly performed, on one occasion, at a downtown gathering.

The officers of the Literary Society for the fall term were as follows:



Honorary President—Mr. Ralston; President—Mr. H. Couch; Vice President—Mr. H. Bearden; Secretary Treasurer—Miss L. Bullied; Journal Editor—Mr. R. Gould; Convener of Programme Committee—Miss D. Peachey, Room Representatives—Mr. R. Quigley, Room A; Mr. L. Stevens, Room B; Miss M. Douglas, Room C; Mr. G. Rooney, Room D; Miss H. McKenzie, Room E; Miss K. Dalziel, Room F.

For the second term, the officers were:

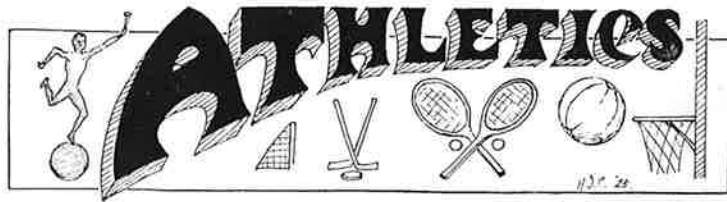
Honorary President—Miss McDonald; President—Mr. P. Linden; Vice President—Mr. R. Gould; Secretary Treasurer—Miss H. Battell; Journal Editor—Miss C. Taylor; Convener of Programme Committee—Miss M. Paulson; Room Representatives—Mr. E. Webster, Room A; Miss G. Spohn, Room B; Mr. F. McKagne, Room C; Miss E. Murphy, Room D; Mr. J. Leboldus, Room E; Mr. W. Blakely, Room F; Miss D. Argue, Room G; Mr. A. Stephenson, Room H; Mr. H. Corbett, Room I.

### Sharman and the New Professor

Sharman was alone. It was an old, old experience to Sharman—being alone. She remembered a pretty, white-aproned, blue-capped person who took her to the park every afternoon, and laughed a great deal with a gentleman there. Sharman had not cared, particularly, for the gentleman. It was then that she began to learn the lesson of self-repression. Little girls who asked questions were silly; little girls who cried were much sillier, but little girls who were quiet and unobtrusive and managed to keep out of the way, were tolerable, and often received a lollipop on the way home. So, at the age of five Sharman began "to keep out of the way." In the process she became a rather exasperating child, with spindly legs habitually adorned with vari-colored bruises, and a tight little mouth given to the utterance of singularly unchildlike sayings.

Then there were the boarding-schools. Excellent institutions, boarding-schools. Highly scientific and marvellously systematized. There Sharman learned to detest oatmeal porridge, Bible verses and arithmetic, to swear with astounding eloquence, to fight like the fiend himself, and to accept rebuff and kindness alike with a stolid indifference. She was "the problem" of every school. The "incor-

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We've got the go, the grit, the get,  
 We've got the gang that's got the pep,  
 The go, the grit, the gang, the get,  
 Regina Normal, yep! yep! yep!

That is an extract from the Normal spirit during the past term. The girls showed their athletic prowess chiefly in basketball and hockey. Basketball proved to be the favorite sport, and both



HOCKEY TEAM

Standing: C. McKay, A. Ayotte, D. Lockerbie, N. Pettigrew, F. Davis, G. Roy.  
 Seated: E. Park, M. Craig, Dr. F. M. Quance, H. Gardner, W. Wylie.  
 (Absent: F. Dodge, H. Anderson, C. Markle.)



senior and junior teams were chosen to represent the Normal. The Seniors played in the Regina Women's Basketball League, and also home and home games against the Moose Jaw Normal. In the latter, the R.N.S. proved victorious, keeping the South Saskatchewan Normal Championship in Regina. On the occasions of these games, each team was entertained suitably, the spirit of good will predominating throughout.



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Left to right: S. Clark, R. Gould, L. Daverne, R. Molberg, A. Stephenson, H. Gardner (Manager), C. Tallant (Captain), G. Schramm.

Hockey was a new phase of sport this year. The girls played one game with the Regina College, tying the College team 0-0. The Normal team was as follows: H. Broadfoot, H. Battell, M. Douglas, E. Warner, E. Livingstone, T. Hay, D. Remy, V. McAfee.

The boys took great interest in rugby, basketball, and hockey. The rugby season saw a Normal team, coached by an old friend of the Normal, Mr. N. Latour, line up against the Regina Collegiate and Regina College teams. Although inexperienced, the boys



GIRLS' JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

L. McNee, A. Rigney, E. Blakely, L. Miller, H. Clapp, I. Hardy, M. Hender, K. Cameron.

played some close games. The team was as follows: R. Quigley (Captain), R. Gould (Manager), E. Webster, H. Couch, H. Gardner, S. Clark, L. Patterson, S. Schramm, C. Tallant, J. Molter, F. Foder, C. McKay, D. Johnson, V. Hortness, A. Ayotte, M. Craig, and N. McCann.

Places on the basketball team were hotly contested, and a good average team was turned out to represent the Normal. The team won 4 out of the 13 games played with local teams. Like the girls, the boys kept the S.S.N. championship in Regina, by defeating the Moose Jaw Normal team in both games. H. Small and E. Pickard are not in the picture. Mr. Quigley ably represented the Normal in refereeing neutral games.

The hockey team upheld the honor of the Normal in great style this season, winning every game played. The team carried a flashy forward line and an airtight defence. The games played and scores are as follows:

- R.N.S. vs. Regina College 2-1, won.
- R.N.S. vs. Regina College 4-1, won.
- R.N.S. vs. Regina College 5-1, won.
- R.N.S. vs. Regina College 5-2, won.



GIRLS' SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Standing: H. Wellwood, E. Gusa, E. Livingston, E. Erickson.  
Seated: O. Peacey (Captain); H. Broadfoot, H. Battell (absent).

The Field Day was held in September, 1925. Many students of both sexes competed. The results were:

	Boys' First	Girls' First
High Jump.....	Mr. Craig.....	Miss Peachey.
Broad Jump.....	Mr. McCann.....	
100 Yard Sprint.....	Mr. Webster.....	
75 Yard Sprint.....		Miss Butcher.
Needle and Thread Race—	Mr. McCann and Miss Peachey.	
Room Relay Race, boys—	Room A.	

Inter-School Relay: 1st Central Collegiate, 2nd Regina Normal.

The tennis courts were always filled with enthusiasts last fall. Mr. Leavesley and Miss B. Howard were leading in the mixed doubles tournament, when it was cut short by an early fall of snow. No other tournaments were started.

C. Tallant,  
Sports Editor.



(Continued from page 19)

rigible, bad child." The fact that her motives were often praise-worthy, mitigated not one iota her offence in the eyes of the teachers. When one is responsible for the well-being of one hundred and forty-two children, one has neither the time nor the energy to be greatly concerned in the psychological processes of one small brain. Thus Sharman established a reputation for mistakes. Only they were not called mistakes. Teachers called them sheer, unadulterated devilishness. And from each experience Sharman emerged harder, more unapproachable, more impudent, altogether impossible.

In her college freshman year Milly Thane was strangely drawn to the lonely girl with her sharp, caustic speeches and sullen eyes. In spite of all Sharman's concentrated nastiness, she mothered her, and now, in their senior year Milly's undemonstrative love had nearly broken through the girl's acrid reserve, only to be repelled by one of those sudden, childish furies which were as unreasonable as they were violent; but Milly, wise in her love, understood, and understanding, watched over the girl with all the tenderness of the mother she had never known

It was only to be expected that Sharman would prove "a problem" at college. She did. She was now designated "difficult"; how difficult, only certain of her long-suffering professors knew. It was generally conceded among The-Powers-That-Be that she was suffering from a repression-complex. She was. But none of the Powers being grandmothers, they failed to discover the cause of the "complex" and Sharman continued "a problem"

When one has established a reputation, it is only human nature to maintain it; and Sharman was very human. Her insolent evasion of every class-room law drew multitudinous dark suspicions about her head. But nothing more. For one cannot be expelled on mere suspicions, however dark. So matters stood at the commencement of the spring term when the new professor arrived. Sherman commenced the battle by coming late to class—waving the red flag before the bull, so to speak. Her entrance to that first philosophy lecture was a thing of genius, even Milly acknowledged it. A small gust of wind slammed the door behind her with a satisfying bang. Half way across the room her gold-plated pen clattered to the floor and rolled noisily down the aisle. Stopping to regain it, her books thumped bumpily against a desk, scattering a sheaf of loose-leaf paper about the room. Sharman clumped around, gathering up the papers, then



straightened to enjoy the exasperated countenance of the new professor; that is, she expected his countenance would be exasperated. The archangel himself would be exasperated, she reflected wickedly, had he been so unfortunate as to be lecturing in that particular classroom on that particular morning. But the new professor's countenance was serene. He had not, it appeared, even been aware of her entrance. He was not aware of her now. Sharman glanced around stupidly. Neither was anyone else. She took her seat mechanically and opened her note book. "The philosophical significance of Kant's Transcendental Dialectic," the new professor was saying, "warrants its committance to memory. You will kindly prepare it for the Wednesday lecture." Sharman waited, pen poised above paper, for groans of protest to greet this intelligence. None came. She commenced to feel uncertain and slightly foolish. It was an irritating sensation and Sharman objected to irritations. She sulkily chewed her pencil and informed herself that the new professor was an ass. Quite, quite an ass! And what was more, a deaf ass! Any one but a deaf ass would have heard the noise she had so artistically created. She used the word "artistically" because she felt it to be correct. Sharman, not being a humble person, appreciated her own efforts; but apparently the new professor did not. She tore a page from her scribbler and sent a note to Milly, with a cryptic assertion that she, Sharman Kennedy, was going to make the new professor kiss the bee's knees, or bust trying. The reply was not encouraging. "Then you'd better bust, old thing. It's the saner course. Having at present, no spare cash myself, I shall apply to the Glee Club for funeral expenses. Your devoted but penurious friend, Amelia."

Sharman crumpled the note and snorted audibly. It was not a ladylike snort. Seemingly the new professor had no objections to unladylike snorts. At least he made no comment. A pleasing thought touched Sharman. He was afraid of her. She smiled and felt better. A fat fly was investigating the thumbed cover of her Browning and she watched him with lazy good-will, reflecting that he was probably the juiciest fly she had ever observed. She liked juicy flies. There were so diametrically opposed in every particular to lean professors. Her attention was caught by Milly's nose. It was making frantic contortions in her direction; and then a voice—"You will please come to my office, Miss Kennedy, at the close of this period." Sharman yawned wearily lifting a languid



hand to her mouth. "Delighted, I'm sure," she managed blandly. But not as blandly as she would have liked. The voice continued, "You were late this morning and inattentive during class. I shall be interested in your explanation." Sharman yawned again, a little more wearily, then for the first time glanced directly at him. She gasped and sat up. His eyes were penetrating. She lowered her own hastily, feeling sick from the clash. If he would only say something! But the silence thickened. Apparently the new professor was, upon occasion, attached to silence. Sharman gritted her teeth upon the panicky fear that assailed her. She was not a coward. The man in the professor's gown, quietly watching her, observed this and appreciated it. He experienced a swift compassion for the insolent small person before him. But the small person, of course, was not aware of it. "Oh, yes," said Sharman brightly, "I shall appear at your office with my explanation." Except for the slight quiver at the corner of her mouth, one would imagine that appearing at offices with explanations was quite the routine of the day. The new professor, however, had observed the quiver. "Yes, I shall come," Sharman repeated—then with a supreme effort—"because I like straight black hair and straight black brows."

The class gasped; Milly swallowed her gum. A flooding red slowly rose to the straight brows for which Sharman had confessed a preference. She felt a fierce satisfaction upon observing it, but did not continue the battle. The new professor merely said, evenly, "My office at five," and left the room. The class breathed again. "Ugly brute," mumbled Sharman, "ugly brute," but she mumbled it under her breath. And Sharman was not given to mumbling things under her breath. Milly looked at the girl, struggling with her strange humiliation, smiled tenderly and then, "The new professor made you eat dirt once," she said quietly, "are you hungering for another experience? You're acting as common as the gum you chew, and everybody's laughing at you. Good night!" Milly wheeled sharply and left the room. Sharman sat motionless, silken knees drawn up to her chin, yellow eyes blank, gazing at the turret-window across the square. The study period closed. Recess came and went. Moving shadows filled the room and lights began to twinkle in the dormitories. And still Sharman sat, yellow eyes upon the turret-window. Quietly two thick tears slipped down her cheeks. The turret-window belonged to the new professor.

Sharman was captain of the Knox Basketball team. Thursday afternoon she ordered a practise game for 5 p.m. in the gym, im-



mediately following the philosophy lecture with the new professor—and went to class, scowling over the problem of combination passes. The period was long and Sharman fidgeted irritably, slouching about in her seat with nervous jerks. Suddenly she sat upright in startled attention. "I am very sorry to detain you," the new professor was looking directly at her, "but it is unavoidable. We have a heavy course before us, and a lamentably brief term in which to cover it. Owing to the Track Meet there will be no lecture next week. Therefore I find it expedient to continue our discussion for another period. You will kindly give me your undivided attention." The class gave "their undivided attention," but not to the new professor. They gazed at Sharman in silent helplessness. Sharman appeared equally oblivious to both class and professor. She nonchalantly closed her book, screwed the cap on her pen, flipped her eraser into her middy-pocket, and walked out of the room. The new professor continued to lecture, tonelessly. Dead silence prevailed. Milly, writing in hysterical jabbs, dropped a splotch of ink on her paper, observed a pad two seats away, wondered if she could reach it, decided she could not, and went on jabbing. The new professor, having dealt, in a rather pungent manner, with "The Transcendental Dialectic," dismissed the class. They filed out—very quietly.

Sharman, alone in the gym, suddenly sat down, feeling just a little shaken. Half an hour later the gym door opened and shut—with finality. The new professor walked to the side of the room, selected two folding chairs, opened them, and placed them directly opposite each other. Then, "Miss Kennedy, take this chair please." The voice was emotionless, yet a chill stirred Sharman's spine. "I will not," said Sharman. Very loud and desperately. A silence followed, then the same emotionless—"Will you take this chair, Miss Kennedy, or must I assist you?" Again that awful silence. Sharman struggled with a sharp aching impulse to go to him—abjectly, on her knees—and beg his pardon. His pardon! Ah, how sweet, how unutterably sweet it would be! His pardon! after this awful quarreling. The new professor looked for a long moment, at the small obstinate back the length of the room from him. Then he went swiftly forward. Sharman felt the sudden pain of compelling fingers about her arm. She wondered, dully, how long she could endure it. Had he no mercy at all? With a quick gust of fury she defied him, head up, eyes blazing. "Drop my arm," she demanded hotly. His grip merely tightened. "Will you take that chair or,"—"or" she



parroted mechanically—"or must I force you?" Sharman rose. Anything to get away from him! His nearness was making her faint. She walked, very steadily, to the chair, sat down, gripped its cane sides hard, and waited. The new professor drew his chair so close that he could see the beating vein in her temple.

"Are you not tired of fighting?" he asked quietly, "the odds are all against you. It's an unequal battle—and unequal battles hurt one so. You see, I know. I, too have tried—that way. It seems the only way, when no one cares, doesn't it? Fighting—fighting with your back to the wall and your lonely face to the crowd that jostles past unheeding. To hold your head high and play the fool with the best of them, to lose with a laugh and pay the price with a sneer, to smother your soul in sham and mock the things that count—yes, it is better than lying down for the feet of life to trample you into the mud. Oh child, child, do you think I don't understand? I, who have walked your road and fought the thing that is breaking you, with never one mother touch this many a year?" Sharman found herself sobbing, blessed healing sobs that left her sweet and clean. The bitterness was melting away in her tears. The new professor leaned forward and took her hot hand in his own, unclenching the taut fingers. "We need—each other Sharman," he said huskily. "Give—give me your hanky," Sharman choked. She buried her face in its linen coolness and whispered shakily, "I've been a fool—an awful, awful fool. But no one has ever helped me to be anything else. Except Milly, and she came—too late. It's hard—being different from other girls, and not knowing why. It makes you so alone. When there's not a soul to bother whether you're good or bad, you're usually bad. It's easier. If only some one had loved me a little, just enough to understand—it might have been different. But nobody cares about a girl who doesn't belong to them. Why should they? It hurts terribly—not belonging—anywhere. And because it hurts you grow hard and bitter, and strike at the people who have the things you are starving for; and they strike back; usually harder. It's a rotten game. Ah, if you could only know how loneliness gets you, twists you, tortures you—you might forgive"—Sharman was pleading, pleading, pleading frantically for this man's understanding. It seemed, suddenly, the only thing that mattered. If he failed her, now, like all the others,—She waited, helplessly, the linen handkerchief a wet, tight knot in her twisting fingers. "Sharman, why have you told me all this?"

(Continued on page 30)



## Prize Poems

### "I HEARD THE MARSH DRINKING"

I heard the thirsty marsh drinking  
When the tide was low,  
It drank in the winds,  
Water-drenched,  
Yet never its thirst was quenched.  
The thirsty marsh still was drinking  
And the tide was low.

I heard the flood-tide come creeping  
When the sun was down.  
I listened;—heard  
Mercy's source  
Giving the water its course,  
And back the flood-tide come creeping  
When the sun was down.

*Kathleen N. Elliott, Room C.*

### OUR TASK

Now in this age of hurried life  
In seeking what we fail to find,  
We hasten onward aimlessly,  
Nor heed the voices of the mind.  
These try to tell us what we lack  
And where we'd find it if we'd slack  
Our ceaseless circling rush.

'Tis happiness we ever seek  
And try so many ways to find—  
We'll never find it till we know  
True happiness dwelling in the mind.  
Kind thoughts that lead to kinder deeds  
Are what each pleasure seeker needs  
To make his joy complete.

Day after day, year after year,  
New minds into the world are brought—  
Minds pure and free from all the taint  
With which our minds today are fraught.



We're going out these minds to train,  
We must be sure we can maintain  
That sweet, free pureness still.

Our task, then, is to mould these minds  
That may perhaps a nation mould;  
Our task it is to train the hands  
That either pens or ploughs may hold;  
Our task it is to guide the hearts  
To choose from what the mind imparts  
That which real pleasure brings.

'Tis ours to teach them peace and love  
And how to live a sweet, calm life,  
Or else to lead them—as the rest—  
To pass their days in aimless strife.  
If happiness through us they find  
In noble thoughts from each pure mind,  
Our task has been well done.

*R. H. Handford, Room E.*

*(Continued from page 28)*

The new professor was leaning forward. She could feel his eyes upon her, searching, probing. "I don't know," she whispered, suddenly afraid. "Then shall I tell you?" He waited.

Sharman struggled to speak, but her throat was thick with tears. "Because you love me," said the new professor, "and because you belong to me, now and forever. I understand. I shall always understand. Ah, my dear! My dear!" His voice broke. At the sudden tenderness of that shaken sentence Sharman crumpled up against him. It was her first experience with tenderness, and she went a little mad with the sheer ecstasy of it. The new professor smiled down upon the head against his knee. It was a pity that Sharman did not see that smile—it was so ineffably gentle. "Sharman, will you kiss me?" he demanded, "or?"—"or?" mimicked Sharman, the old pixie impudence flashing out from her tear-burned face. "Or must I force you?" he finished gravely. Sharman placed an explorative finger upon the lean brown hand beside her. She had been longing to do it for some time. "I think"—tentatively, "I think—perhaps—it would be nice—if you forced me."

So the new professor did. And it was—nice.

*Maud M. Bennee, Room G.*



## Baledictory

Mr. Chairman, Members of the Staff, and Fellow Students,—

Were I older than most of you here, or had I wisdom beyond my years, I might speak to you tonight from the height of my years and wisdom. Having neither, to do so would be to display the egotism of youth.

Proud are we that it has been our privilege to hear the final call to arms from one who has been through the combat. It is our wish, in a very humble way, to answer that call.

It seems to me, that as we travel along the path of life, we come to certain milestones where we are inclined to stop, turn and look back along the road over which we have come; then turn and look along the road over which we have yet to travel. We are now at such a milestone. Tonight we look back. Tomorrow we look ahead.

This, students, is the last time that we shall all be together as we are tonight. To do anything for the last time; whether the action be grave or gay, important or frivolous, far reaching or for the moment only, invests the action with a certain degree of dignity and something of pathos. This gathering tonight is an occasion of varied emotions. It is inevitable that there should be some element of sadness.

Can you recall how attentively you first listened to the story of the last tournament and the last supper of the Knights of the Round Table? You remember that King Arthur had gathered around him the bravest and noblest men of the Kingdom. They knew that some day the bravest and purest knight of all would come to Arthur's court. He would sit on the mystic throne, the Siege Perilous, on the right hand of the king. At last the long prophesied day arrived. Sir Galahad drew the wondrous sword from the stone as it floated down the river. He came and sat confidently in the Siege Perilous below which glowed his name in letters of fire. Then the great banquet hall grew dark and there appeared before their entranced gaze The Holy Grail—mystic—wonderful. Though covered with a veil it shed a wondrous glow on all around and bathed their faces in a light that glorified them and made them beautiful. When the vision had passed, the knights sprang up, drew their swords,



kissed the hilt, and swore that they would search, without rest, for a year and a day, until they should find the Holy Grail or death. The following day, they held the last tournament. The next they left on their dangerous quest.

The King and Queen stood on the highest balcony of the castle and watched the long line wind slowly down the road. With straining eyes they strove to get a last glimpse of each beloved Knight. Tears dimmed their eyes. They looked again. The line was gone.

Few there were of that great host who would ever see the Holy Grail and few would return in a year and a day to the comforts of the court; but all went forth full of hope and confidence. What mattered it to them that they must travel lonely and dangerous paths. What mattered it that they should suffer bodily discomforts and weariness. What matter that the old hermit in his little cave in the mountain should say to one of the best knights, "The Holy Grail, Sir Launcelot, is not for men like you." They had seen a vision of perfection, of the ideal, and they would never rest until they had reached their goal.

And so in our life's work. Here, we have caught a vision of the ideal. That ideal, perforce, is perfection in our work. The aim is high—yes—but why not? We have the indomitable spirit of youth, energy, enthusiasm and confidence in our own ability. There are many paths to the top of the hill. There are many ways to a nearer vision of the ideal. We are mounting to the summit. We have chosen well. Our choice is brief, and yet endless.

Fellow-students, we go forth to new fields of endeavour. The little white school-house is our amphitheatre. It will never quite lose its appeal. It is pleasant to reflect that the generations as they come will pass through its discipline, that they fall into the same mud holes, and roam the same wide prairies. It is the university of the people.

During our days here we have been taught the lesson that our public and private welfare depends not only on virtue but on widely diffused intelligences and that an education that really educates must be vigorously and generally sustained unless our land is to sink into a sort of mediocre independence in the things which are essential to intellectual life.



Herschel in his glazed observatory may catalogue the stars but in our private observatory we catalogue obscure and nebulous stars of the human mind.

I must now, perforce, take up the most difficult part of my duty. The part of saying: "Farewell."

The day whose dawning we so eagerly anticipated has come. But lest it should leave us with the elusive and proverbial swiftness of its fellows we feel inclined to cry out:

( "Oh, stay! Oh, stay!

Joy's fingers seldom weave a chain like this

That oh! 'tis pain to break it now so soon."

Yet this is but laying an ineffectual hand on the great wheel of time. Today will pass as others have passed.

To you, members of the staff, we extend an outstretched hand and feel it pressed in the clasp of those to whom our joys and sorrows were as their own. We cannot adequately express quite all we feel—our keen appreciation of your generous assistance at all times—and the ready word of encouragement which never failed us. You have given us the road melody, our marching music, along the way.

Our days have been happy together. Our reminiscences in the days to come shall be happy memories of staunch friendships, sincere regard and very good will.

Members of the staff, dear friends, fellow-students, farewell.

A word that must be—and hath been

A sound that makes us linger,

Yet—Farewell—

*P. J. Linden, Room H.*





### Room "A"

Tick! tock! Tick! tock!

All year I hang here on the wall, watching these foolish beings below me, just as I did last year and the year before that and as many years back as I can remember. Well, well, we all have our life work to do, and I suppose I must do mine with the rest. I would find it a lot easier if they didn't stare so hard. Why people think I am here to be stared at any more than anything else on the walls is more than I can understand. But here they come! I must compose myself. I'll put on a hard look and show them I can stare as much as they can.

#### SEPTEMBER.

Well, I'm beginning to think they're not so bad, in fact they seem quite decent. There are eighty-six of them this year. In common with the teachers I have been glad to notice a goodly number of gentlemen in the class. They compose almost half the room, I believe, and to give them their due, I must say they have brains. Dr. Quance has expressed my firm opinion when he says that they really keep him working.

Last week they had an election to select officers for what they are pleased to term a Literary Society. I was pleased to see that they confirmed my choice in the selection of a president, a gentleman by the name of Webster. Also the vice president pleased me, a lady named Helen Broadfoot. I suppose we educationists would call their other choice that of a scribe, a position ably filled by a young man, namely: Mr. MacLean.

They have reached the point of calling each other by first names now. I am glad to see them friendly. They seemed so strange to one another at first.

#### OCTOBER.

Room A is continuing its good work, I am glad to say. The other day I caught a young lady looking at me but I believe it was merely a glance of admiration because as soon as I looked at her she lowered her eyes and looked abashed. Oh, well! I'm not so bad locking if I do say it myself. There is an arithmetical precision to my dress that is very pleasing.







They had a party on the nineteenth and from what I hear everyone had a good time. I thought they all looked very nice, especially the ladies. The music was wonderful, I could hardly keep still.

NOVEMBER.

I haven't so much to say this month. I fear this room is getting frivolous. They had another party on the twentieth. After all, they work hard in school and probably deserve a good time.

DECEMBER.

Certain of our members have become prominent in athletics during the past term. I dread to think what the school would lose without their assistance in basketball and hockey. You see, I associate myself with them now. I think they are quite worthy of my co-operation.

There is a certain sadness and yet a certain gladness prevailing throughout the room at this season. Everyone seems glad to go home and yet sorry to part from their friends.

Exams are over! The dread tension is relieved! Little attention has been paid to me lately. The students have stalked the halls and between glances at text books I hear the query, "Well, how'd you get along in the last exam?" Tomorrow they go and I settle down for a long rest till their return.

JANUARY, 1926.

My friends will return this morning. How glad I am! After my long sleep I feel wonderfully refreshed and ready to greet them all with a smile.

Oh, me! Oh, my! I've had a hard time this month. I was ill for two weeks. Nothing serious, however! Rheumatism, you know! I've had it so badly I couldn't move my hands.

My friends were out practise teaching while I was ill. An enjoyable experience, if one may judge by their comments. I hope they enjoy it as well when they get in "that little school away out on the prairie," that Dr. Quance so often mentions.

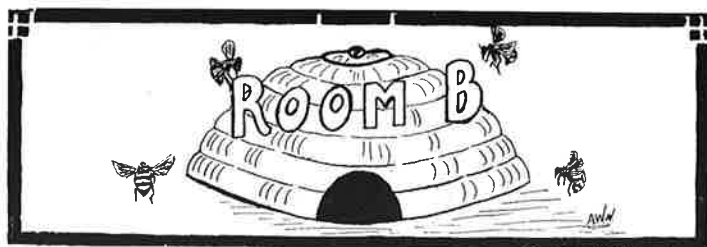


They chose new Literary Society officers: Dr. Quance for Honorary President, Mr. Couch to act as president with Miss Peachy as vice president and Miss Edna Cameron to record their actions.

MARCH.

Another party! This time with C, the room across the hall. Although I have never been there my brother who hangs in that room tells me a great deal about it. I must say they carried off the party well. Of course it could not surpass former parties, but as it is the last room party they will have I am glad it was a success.

At last the students have begun to recognize my value and have brought me into their psychology discussions. At the beginning of this month there was quite a controversy about whether one of my features was placed as IIII, or IV. For a while I was the cynosure of all eyes. I acquitted myself nobly and although there was a slight nervousness betrayed by a certain unsteadiness in my tick, I think no one noticed it. Soon I shall sink to my long four months' sleep. For the first time in years I hate to think of the approach of summer. I do not want this class to pass out and separate. Still we must make way before that wonderful machine called Progress. With them it is a call to "fresh fields and pastures new," but I \* \* \* I am left to tick away the moments in a room now empty and no longer giving echo to the jolly voices of all of the members of Room A.



Ki-yi eddi-i Ri-yi-yep  
 We're the class with lots of pep,  
 We're Room B of the Normal School,  
 We're bright, we're smart, we obey the rule;  
 There's honor and standard in our eye,  
 Second to none, there's a reason why;  
 B's, B's, two and sixty-six,  
 B's, B's of '26.

One cold evening in the winter of 1940, two energetic prospectors sat alone in their little shack in the north of Saskatchewan. The wind whistled low murmurs about the shack while the two prospectors, Schmitz and Reagen (as they were so often called), "watched in" on their Tellovision set. Each watched intently as Radio Pictures were flashed before them. Neither spoke a word for a long while. Then came a picture, at which Reagen jumped from his position.

"Schmitz, what building is that?"

"Why?" queried Schmitz, "what's the matter with you? That is just one of Regina's many fine structures."

"Yes, but—don't you recognize it? If my eyes do not deceive me, I think I am looking at the Normal School in Regina."

Then they both looked more closely.

"Sure enough," answered Schmitz "That's old R.N.S.—but doesn't it look different?—look at the lawns. Do you remember how Miss Weir had to keep warning the students not to walk on the lawns?"

"Yes," replied Reagen, "and by the look of the picture her warnings have made a great improvement. Haven't the trees grown, too?"



With this Schmitz closed off the Tellovision and the two began to review their experiences at the school which they had attended in 1925–26.

"Really, it does seem just a few years ago that we attended Normal, and yet it was in the spring of 1926 that we left to begin our task as teachers. And that was certainly a splendid winter. The Californian weather along with our good times helped to pass the time away so quickly. After all, we were not so very overburdened with work, though we did grumble when Miss MacDonald would add another assignment to our list."

"Let me think—whom did we have for President during the first term—wasn't it Hazel Wellwood?—yes, and she made an ideal leader for the room. Miss Peacey was Vice President. Both Hazel and Olive were on the Girls' Basketball Team."

"And how well Miss Peacey could sing?" broke in Schmitz. "She gave us many well rendered songs and made a good conductor when called to lead the class during Community Songs."

"Miss Spohn was Secretary and Mr. Stephens, Room Representative," continued Reagen, "Miss Reid acted as Honorary President for both terms."

"Our greatest worries came just before Christmas, when the week of exams. followed that dreadful week of Practice Teaching. However we survived it all."

"Yes—and after Christmas our Roll Call was increased to 68, with six of the short term students joining our number. Miss Lyster was one of the six. She soon was given the position of Room Pianist, when we organized for the Spring Term. Who all were on the executive for the term, do you remember?"

"Oh,—let me see—oh, yes; Wray Wylie was President; Miss Sprecken, Vice President; Miss Robertson, Secretary and Miss Spohn, Room Representative. The Programme Committee gave us some good Programmes at our Lit. and Miss Wood wrote some good jokes in our Room Paper 'The Busy Bee'."

"That was quite a function we had with Room "I" on February 26th, though we did have a great party with Room "C" during the first term. Do you remember how the auditorium was decorated? Those Purple and Gold streamers surely looked pretty with the big balloons hanging down. Everybody remarked how nice the



MARGARET YOUNG	MARGUERITE ORROCK	MABEL REID	ELVA ROBERTSON	AGNES SMART
HAZEL WELLWOOD	PHOEBE SHAWLEY	MARY PARSONS	VIOLA NERENHAGEN	CLARA TROENDLE
MARY MCKESSOCK	ETHEL LYSTER	MARTHA OLSON	MARGARET MROSKE	GLADYS STEWARD
HERTA SPRECKEN	SARAH TAYLOR	LILLIAN MILLER	OSLER WHITMORE	VIOLA PENNE
IRENE SCHIFFERENS	MARY SCHARROW	CHARLES MOLLER	BLANCHE POLLOCK	DOROTHY MOBERG
PEARL WARKHOLME	LANCELOT STEPHENS	MURIEL LEACH	GORDON STRETTEEN	KATHLEEN REED



HAZEL PATTERSON	ELMER PARK	ESTHER SHAVER	FRANCIS RAND	ELIZA THOMPSON
MINNIE WOOD	EMMA SHANNON	LEO REAGAN	IDA WILSON	WRAY WYLIE
MIMVERVA THORNE	ROSE THORNE	MARGARET PETERSON	CLARA SILVERTHORN	JEAN YOUNG
HELEN SCHULL	LEONARD MILLER	VIDA PASK	ALBERT SCHMITZ	OLIVE PEACEY
DOROTHY TYHURST	SISTER ST. JOHN	SISTER ST. MARCEL	MATHILDA POOLE	CLARICE STRUM
VIOLET THORNE	GRETCHEN SOPHM	RUTH STACEY	MARGUERITE THONGER	LILA THORNE



decorations were. After that we went observing; boy! I can remember the walk out to Benson School, yet. The other half of the Room had to go to Haultain School almost as far. However, it all helped us."

"Do you remember the Hockey Games, Schmitz? The R.N.S. Team were certainly too good for the College. Let me see—our room had two Representatives on the Team. Park was one and Wylie the other."

"Oh, yes, Wylie was the goalie and wasn't he the leader of the Kitchen Orchestra, which drew so much applause at the General Lit. Programme? They certainly gave the School a laugh with their Rhythmic Movements. But how we worried over the exams. at the close of the course. However, they were not so hard, were they?"

With this, the two, looking at their watches, suddenly realized that the time had slipped by so quickly that it was now an early hour in the morning; so both prepared themselves for a night's slumber, thinking still of the B's of '26.



### Room "C"

Whisk-ee, wee-wee—  
 We're from Room C  
 We've got the go, the grit, the get,  
 We've got the gang that's got the pep,  
 The pep, the go, the grit, the get,  
 We're going to get there  
 Yes, you bet!  
 Room C, Wow!

#### EXECUTIVE FOR FALL TERM.

Honorary President.....	Mr. Coutts
President.....	H. Johnson
Vice President.....	E. Erickson
Secretary Treasurer.....	J. Cookson
Convener of Programme Committee.....	E. Allen
Pianist.....	E. Burman
Room Representative.....	M. Douglas
Poetess.....	M. Lang
Prophetess.....	E. Allen
Historian.....	J. R. Lawrence
Yell-Leader.....	M. Douglas
Editor.....	Earla Green

#### EXECUTIVE FOR SPRING TERM

Honorary President.....	Mr. Coutts
President.....	J. R. Lawrence
Vice President.....	F. Butcher
Secretary Treasurer.....	E. Hanson
Convener of Programme Committee.....	H. Breeze

Other officers were elected for year.

#### ROOM "C" AT NORMAL

Something attempted, something done  
 A great deal of work and a little fun  
 A little rain and plenty of sun  
 This was our life at Normal.



Plenty of History, a little drill  
 A song or two to help up the hill  
 Plenty of study, the hours to fill  
 This was our life at Normal.

Something attempted, something done,  
 A battle lost and a victory won  
 A guide to the course our life must run  
 This was our gain at Normal.

*K. Elliott, Room C.*

ROOM "C" HISTORY

September 3, 1925.—The youth, beauty and brains of Saskatchewan foregathered at Regina Normal School at nine o'clock in the morning. From the seething mob that poured into the Auditorium, there emerged the quiet, orderly, restrained and one might almost say, dignified Room "C."

That Room "C" has been no small factor in making history at Normal is borne out by the statements made by various members of the staff. Mr. Scarrow almost admitted on one occasion when we were without a teacher that we were very good. Miss Grayson accused us of being the artistic room; and Dr. Quance, upon receiving a number of intelligent answers, added to our laurels by remarking that he must have taught the previous lesson in Psychology exceedingly well.

Sports Day.—Room "C" was well represented in the entries. Although we have only eight students of the male persuasion in our room of sixty-one, we received our share of honors. This was due in large measure to the splendid way in which the girls went in for athletics. During the rest of the year in every field of sport Room "C" was always represented. Tennis, Basketball and Hockey saw not only representatives but star players from Room "C" in every line-up. Such names as Millie Erickson, Marj. Douglas, Freda Butcher, Frank McKague, Howard Johnson, Frank Lenius, George Blunden, were synonymous for sport.

October 26th.—Rooms "B" and "C" held their first party. Everyone entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion and made the event a real success. The last vestige of strangeness disappeared and we all came away with that spirit of class loyalty firmly cemented.





January.—Room "C" held a sleighing party. Unfortunately the snow melted the day previous and as a result at the last moment we were forced to change our plans. However, we "slid" around the Auditorium to the jingle of the Room "A" orchestra, and had a very enjoyable time despite the altered programme.

March 19th.—The "Seventeenth of Erin" was celebrated in a lively manner at a formal dance given by Rooms "A" and "C." Green decorations, green shamrocks, and green ice cream did their share in honoring St. Patrick. A number of novelty dances added variety and interest to the programme. The efforts of the various committees were well rewarded by the way in which all those present enjoyed themselves.

*The Historian.*





### Room "D"

When shall Room "D" meet again,  
 Eighty odd girls and seventeen men?  
 Mist and moonlight, one by one,  
 Hush! The shades of Room "D" come.

ENTER, ISABEL SHARPE

I.S.—"Ah! What were my triumphs in New York and London compared to the time when I played 'Aloha Oe' for Morris MacDonald! Let me play my 'Overture to the Shades'."

(Plays low and eerie music)

Enter, Dan Williams and Stewart Shaw, arm in arm.

Dan—"Well, the 'U' must fill the vacant chair of history! O, Stewart! those were happy days in Room 'D' when we agreed that history is a pack of lies concocted by the powers that be!"

Stewart—"And students far and near perused the screed we put upon the blackboard. Ay, indeed."

ENTER, JOHN WOROBEZTZ

J.W.—"What—Ho! Hullo! Where is my gasoline, my salts of lemon? Out, out, miserable spot! Shall all great Neptune's ocean wash thee off my chart?"

ENTER, MABEL SMITH, ESTHER MURPHY, RUSSELL STINSON

E.M.—"This is a spooky scene. It reminds me of Mr. Scarrow, and those dramatic moments of Indian torture when Radisson told his own story.

"O, Mr. Scarrow,  
 You can sling a line  
 That makes the marrow  
 Wriggle in the spine."

ENTER, MR. McLEOD, MR. STEVENSON, MR. SCARROW

Mr. Stevenson—"O, Heavenly Muse . . . eum. Is this the time of syzygy?"







Mr. Scarrow (aside)—“I must add that to my repertoire of big words. Almost as good as ‘apperception.’ A real Normal School word.”

Mr. McLeod (thoughtfully)—“Did you ever attend a meeting of the shades? Did you? No, you never did.”

Enter all the rest of Room “D,” singing this song:

“In looking over days gone by  
I think that you will find  
Spirit depends somewhat upon  
The leaders of the line.”

R. Stinson—“We’ll call the meeting to order by the singing of the community song: ‘Hail! Hail! The gang’s all here.’  
All sing.

R. Stinson—“You all know the object of this special meeting of the shades. It is not in any sense a shady affair. As I welcome you, it is an inspiration to think of what Room ‘D’ has done for the world. When I think of the number of answers no one has ever repeated, of the number of times Henry Rayner kept his hands OUT of his pockets, of all the occasions when Ed. Zahorsky stopped speaking on time, and of all John Worobetz’s pupils cleaning their teeth before they get up at night—————words and breath fail me.

“I feel that we did not foregather in Room ‘D’ in vain. I commend to you our orchestra, and its invaluable contribution to our activities. But first in our thoughts is Mr. McLeod, our chief. His exam. in composition we shall never forget. The memory of that unforgettable night of the Room ‘D’ party is undying, and should I say the same of Dr. Quance’s kind remarks thereon?

“Comrades, the night—like the student’s money at Normal—is far spent. A motion through the ether will be in order.”  
Carried.

#### THE SHADES VANISH



## Room “E”

The Chief Magistrate stood at the front of the Auditorium and his hearers listened with sinking hearts to his dread words.

“—— and those convicted of receiving monies for the instruction of the young people of Saskatchewan during the past few years without having obtained a Second Class Certificate and whose names begin with the letters A, H, I, J, K, L and O, are hereby consigned to 18 weeks hard labour in the darkest and most dismal dungeon.”

Sadly, the prisoners entered the cell known as “E.” Various prisoners were entrusted with the representation of their fellows among whom were: Blake Harper, President; Edith Gervin, Vice President; and Eileen Henry, Secretary.

The prisoners were told that previous denizens of this dungeon were noted for their highly developed intellects—they were mostly Maes. The 1926 inmates have shown, by displaying even more outstanding cerebral capacity, that those with Scottish ancestry do not hold monopoly in this respect.

While the genial effulgence of radiant Phoebus never penetrated to this dark and dismal dungeon, visitors of whom Mr. Smith, Mr. McLeod and Miss MacDonald were chief, cheered the lives of the prisoners, making them forget their woes in the enjoyment of their studies.

Having behaved themselves well the prisoners were released on parole for one week, having to report only once each day. Soon however they reverted to their nefarious practice of teaching the young during this period, and were caught in this by sundry Inspectors, and ordered back for the remainder of their sentence.

About this time the prisoners were allowed a party in conjunction with the inmates of the neighbouring dungeon, room “F.” This was a great success, even in the opinion of those of authority who dwelt above them.

Various happenings made their sojourn in dungeon E far from monotonous. To recall a few,—H.H. suggested a Weiner Roast as the correct termination of a Gopher Hunt. G.H. considered Canned Heat as a suitable basis of diet, and a rote song was taught on this



KATHLEEN O'CONNOR	BLAKE HARPER	MARJORY GOHN	FRANK LUKAS	RICHARD HANNFORD
MRS LAMBERT	LUCILE JONES	WILLIAM KINDRUNK	HELEN HARRETT	LILLIE LAMBERT
WILLIAM HAZARD	ABBIE HANLEY	JOHN GORDON	IRENE HARDY	ALICE ILETT
LEILA GAMBLE	WINNIFRED GIBSON	ANNIE KING	JOHN LE BOLDUS	MARY HOLKKY
ALMA GOODMAN	EILEEN HENRY	RHODA JARRETT	LILLIAN OMAN	WINNIFRED KNAPP
EDITH CARVEN	EDITH LEWIS	CORA HAM	ELIZABETH JORGENSON	PHYLLIS LEWTHWAITE



ERNESTINE MANGEL	EDITH LEWIS	MRS THORA HANSSON	BERYL HULSE	GLADYS LAMB
SADIE HOGGARTH	IRENE JONES	F. J. JOHNSON	ELIZABETH HARKNESS	FRANCES KITTEL
ROSE KLOTZWAY	SILVIA GRIMM	GERTRUDE HILL	GLADYS OPPENHEIMER	ANNIE KLOTZWAY
RUBY JOHNSTON	STANLEY LAWTON	WILLIAM A MACK	CHARLES C. CENTER	ANNIE GILLESPIE
WILLIAM OWENS	LILY HETHERINGTON	MRS LAURA HEWLEY	ESTHER HILLSTROM	LESLIE J. GODDEN



subject. S.L. taught a rote song in two keys at once. A.G. developed a cure for insomnia in lectures. H.H. admired the "Spunk" of the Americans in refusing to let the British put anything over them. A great controversy took place, "Where was that Calf?" Gladys Oppenheimer demonstrated that ladies, as well as men, could conduct singing with one hand in a pocket.

Thus despite their dismal location, all those who were in "E" during Spring Term 1926 will look back to happy days among cheerful friends, and inspiring instructors.

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### The Anvil

Stand like a beaten anvil  
 When thy dream is laid upon thee, golden from the fire.  
 Flinch not, though heavily through that furnace gleam,  
 The black forge-hammers fall on thy desire.  
 Demoniac giants about thee seem to loom—  
 'Tis but the world-smiths heaving to and fro.

Stand like a beaten anvil.

Take thy doom their ponderous weapons deal thee blow on blow—  
 Needful to truth as dewfall to the flower,  
 Is this wild wroth and this implacable scorn  
 Nor with each pang new beauty and new power  
 Burning blood-red shall on thy heart be born

Stand like a beaten anvil.

Let earth's wrong from thy strong steel  
 Ring back their triumph song.

*F. Moore.*



### Room "F"

WHAT THE HAIRPIN HAS TO SAY ABOUT ROOM "F."

"We are the dead! Short days ago we lived," but since the boyish bob swept over Room F we live in sordid idleness. Were it not for some careful souls I fear our existence would be sadly drawn to a close.

Just how I happen to be in a pocket of a most worthy gentleman is a long story, but here I am.

In the beginning it was something like this. I am just a common hairpin, not even one of those pretty amber bone ones. However, happening to fall from out the auburn tresses of one of the careful souls, I lay in a corner of Room F; and what a lot I could tell.

After the joys of the festive season were over what a motley collection of pedagogues there were in Room F. Tall ones, short ones, lean ones, scrawny ones, old ones, young ones, married ones, single ones; grave old plodders, gay young friskers, blonde ones, dark ones, musicians and otherwise; teachers by tens and dozens.

It did not take long for sixty stray fragments of humanity to become friends and soon I heard rumors of class organization. I do think you used good judgment in your choice of president and secretary.

Oh! yes, your room party was a success. I overheard Miss Weir mention the fact, very delicate and pretty color scheme, plenty of good music and everybody dancing. A splendid time, in spite of the stormy night.

Day by day! Week by week! The months rolled on. What busy folks you were with scrap books and history charts, essays and museums, until that day arrived when none but the wise could smile.

Exams over and oh! those sorrowful farewells. I too was a little bit sad. I thought of how lonely I would be, when, suddenly the sun shone on me; I glistened. Some one saw me and pressed me to him, muttering something about a keepsake.

I did not like to mention it before but it was Mr. Dewar who preserved me. So through all these long years I have come until now I occupy a place of honor in his office.



Mr. Dewar is principal of the Normal now. Mr. Scarrow's position is ably filled by Miss Faust. Miss Dallin is Art instructor, Miss Davison is the nurse. The music instructor is none other than Miss Cameron, while Mr. Belland instructs in physical drill. From these old friends I often hear of the old members of Room F.

Just recently I overheard Dr. Dewar mentioning that Miss Farrell and Miss Bedford have abandoned their teaching and are now singing in Grand Opera. No doubt the training in your "Glee Club" gave them aspirations to continue with their music. It was while in New York obtaining his degree of Doctor of Pedagogy that he had the pleasure of listening to them. He also had pleasure in listening to the famous "Busse and Fawke" Hawaiian orchestra. Miss Busse and Mr. Fawke having organized with a troupe of Hawaiian musicians, are becoming famous throughout the States.

Mr. Carron and Miss Creed are contributing articles to McLean's Magazine of which Mr. Carswell is the editor.

Miss Bohrsen has become a second Madame Caro with her palmistry.

Miss Clarke and Miss Battell having had large fortunes left them are now ladies of leisure.

The Davis families are of course very happy and at home to their friends at all times.

Mr. Davern, LL.D., has gone back to Toronto taking a fair young lady with him.

No doubt you have all heard of Tom. He is manager of the T. R. Bobier Co., Brokers, Chicago. Of course you all expected big things of Tom.

I understand Mr. and Mrs. Chilton are very happy. He is Minister of Education now. Still he craves "Fresh Air."

Miss Blakely is Primary Supervisor in Regina; Miss Burge is Lady Dean of Regina College; Miss Cruden is World's Secretary of the "Y.W.C.A." and Miss Beck has become the new Judge of the Juvenile Court.

The last I heard of Miss Clapp she was honeymooning in Florida.





Dr. and Mrs. Blakely have recently returned from a trip abroad where Bill has been completing his post graduate work in dentistry.

Miss Erickson is leaving for Paris with her tennis racquet; rumors are that Suzanne never yet has met with such a rival.

Miss Ek having just returned from the jungles of Africa will address the Normal students on her experiences as a missionary.

Well! well! Here is Mrs. (?), nee Miss Buchan, just dropped in for a chat with Dr. Dewar. I'm going to listen for I'm sure Marjorie will be able to tell us about the rest of the members of Room F.



### Room "G"

"Hippi, Skippi, Tamaracka Zoo!  
 S'katchewan, Manitoba, Allison, too!  
 Zwolicum, Zwolicum, Highway Ho!  
 Room G! Room G! Watch us go!"

What a commotion! Everyone is talking, shaking hands and exchanging greetings at the same time, for it is the 1936 Reunion of Room G '26. Gradually the excitement subsides, and two of the classmates withdraw for a chat.

The chemistry professor who was on the Programme Committee speaks first. "I see the old crowd is here?"

"No," answered a tall man who is contributing a violin selection to the programme of the evening. "Gladyne is not here. She was unable to get down from Alaska where primary children and coffee are still her forte. I always laugh when I think of Gladyne and Maud and Measles."

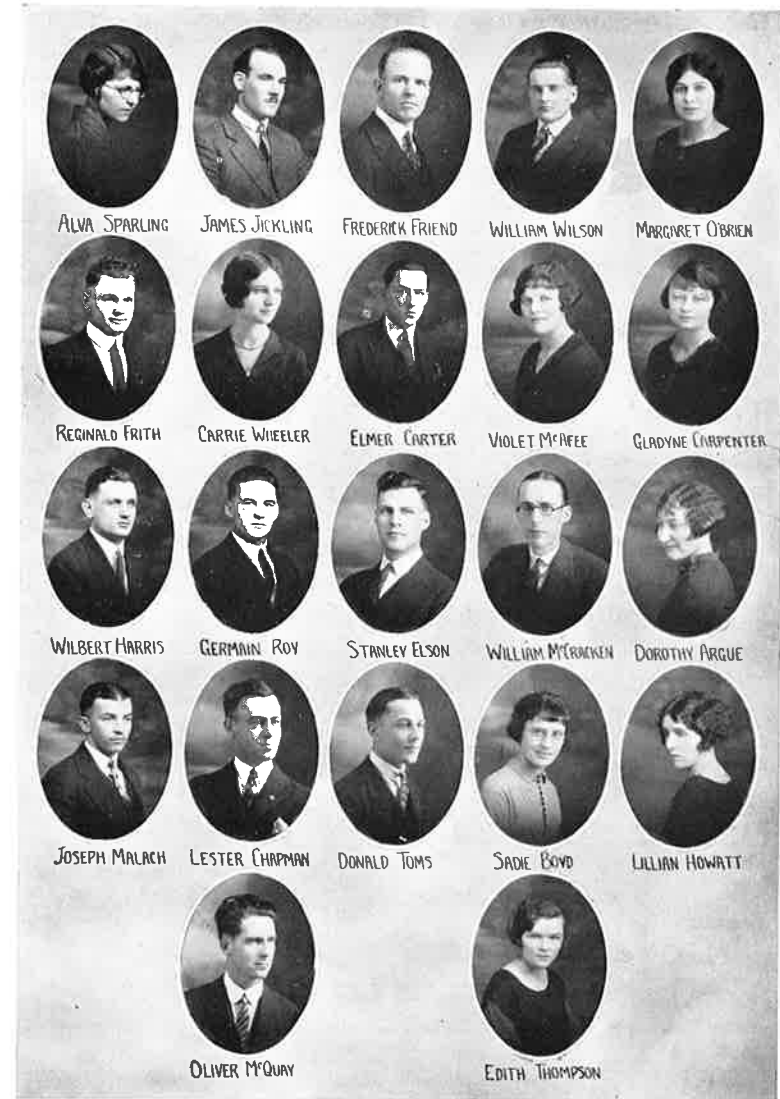
"Have you been to any Theatre parties or long reception lines such as we had in '26? Do you remember the 'Lits' we had and the 'Gee Whiz' and how tidy we used to keep our room?"

"I see the 'Manly Duke' is laying down the law to Margareta. She is one more exception to prevailing idea that higher education kills all possibility of romance. Do you remember when Margareta used to go to sleep in class?"

"Who is the fellow in the dress suit? Molberg? I wonder if he still piles his desk high with books? There's McQuay stepping it lively! Has he been able to convince the 'pessimist' that 'education increases happiness'?"

"Frith still has his broad smile and he and Don are prouder and happier than ever. After ten years, they have coaxed forth moustaches that are truly 'things of beauty and joys forever.' I always knew the 'Aurora' would get Frith into the business world."

"Yes, Dorothy and Vi still are together; they have risen high in the musical world. I heard them give a recital in Toronto. Do you remember Dot's love of decoration committees and stations?"







"There's Dr. McCracken with his professional air plus forty pounds, talking to Edith who is still Edith but not still 'Thompson.' Where has Cecelia Taylor been? I didn't know that she had just returned from Japan clothed with the dignity necessary to head the most exclusive ladies' college in Tokio."

"Who is Carter teasing? Oh! Has Roy found out that there is 'are' in the French language? Margaret O'Brien hasn't changed one bit, has she? But Val has changed with her hair no longer bobbed. She told me in that expressive way of hers, that she is private secretary to the Premier."

"Chappie can still be recognized by his laugh and is now 'more or less' devoted to law, but he and Jickling, our blushing groom, and Malack have lost their moustaches!"

"I saw Maud Bennee in England last fall. Do you still remember how well she can cry? Her poetical leanings now find vent in the pages of the Literary Digest."

"Our smiling Household Science experts, Carrie, Alva and Sadie, are accompanied by the proofs that 'the way to a man's heart is through \_\_\_\_\_'."

"Chapman and I came up from Winnipeg together. Our sole advocate of the Maritimes is now Minister of Education in Manitoba, proving his theories about the superiority of the 'Blue Nose'."

"Marguerite Buck is as quiet as ever; she is going to give us some fine musical treats tonight. Have you been talking to Lillian? She can tell you all about collecting money and making out budgets as well as the happiness of \_\_\_\_\_."

Just then, the call for lunch was heard and the last words of the professor were lost in the conversational commotion that followed.



## Room "H"

We are Room H, told by some of our teachers that we are the brightest class in the Normal School, and by more conservative or dubious members of the staff that we are "supposed" to be the best class. Of course we hold First Class certificates, and have had experience in the teaching field so naturally much intelligent work is expected of us. We hope that in future years we will not disappoint our teachers.

One of the most pleasing features of the first day when we were gathering in the auditorium, was to note many familiar faces, both among the students and the teaching staff. We were glad to welcome as our class teacher Mr. Ralston, an Inspector already known to many of us as a sympathetic helper in school-teaching difficulties.

We have sixty-one members representing many parts of the Dominion and comprising brainy people who will no doubt be heard of in future history. Room H can wax eloquent over a variety of subjects, including Psychology, History of Education, The Care and Training of Children, The Free Arm Movement in Writing, The Teaching of English, Responsible Government, Dental Hygiene, The Making of a Timetable, Rote Songs, The Minor Scales, and Running on the Spot.

One of our first duties was to form a class Literary Society, with the usual aims of such a society under the able leadership of the following officers:

Hon. President—Mr. Ralston.

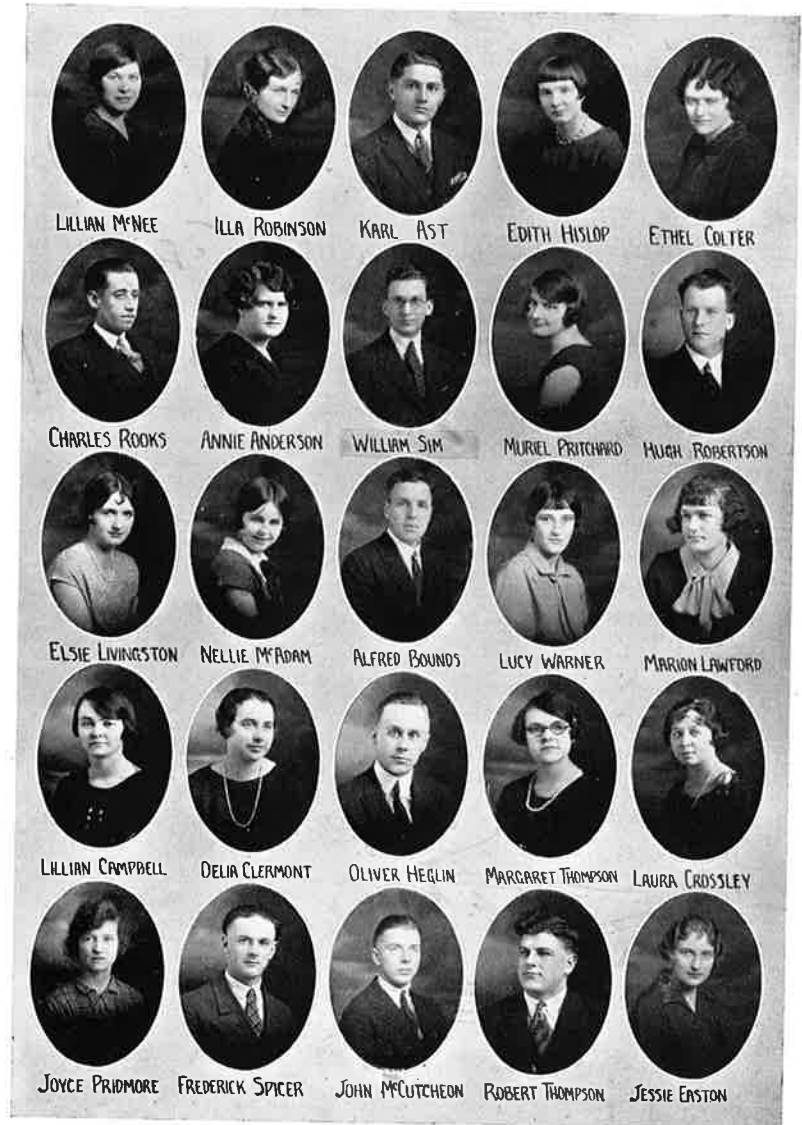
President—Mr. Peter Linden.

Vice President—Miss Gwen Warner.

Secretary Treasurer—Miss Evangeline Elliott.

Journal Editor—Mr. Alan McRae.

Mr. Linden was also chosen as President of the General Literary Society. Our Friday afternoon gatherings have given us a chance to learn the individual ability of our members. Some appear efficient in public speaking, while others show marked musical talent. The musical talent of Room H deserves special mention which appears later. We have members whom we expect to see star as photographers, court jesters, fashion models, and home makers. But our chief ambition at present is to be efficient teachers for a period of at least nineteen years.





We can look back upon our week of practice teaching as a time of joy, not unmingled with sorrow. By the end of the week we decided that our critic teachers, Mr. Little, Mr. O'Brien, Miss MacDonald and Mr. McMurchy were efficient helpers, and we received many valuable hints from them which we intend to practice wherever our lot is cast.

"All work and no play" is just as applicable to Room H as to the other classes. Accordingly we have indulged in various sports to while away our leisure hours. Although Room H can not boast of a room team in any sport, they are represented on both the boys' and girls' basketball teams, and also the boys' and girls' hockey teams. We have also enjoyed our full share of dancing, sleighing parties and skating. A very successful party was held by Rooms H and G on the twenty-fifth of February, the pleasant time being passed in dancing to the music of Room H orchestra. The general party held by the whole school on February the twelfth was also a pleasant one which we will not soon forget.

The end of the term will soon be here, and we will scatter, some to teach school, some perhaps to other occupations, some to home. When we think of the many friends we have met during the course, and of the jolly times we have had together, we do not look forward to bidding our teachers and fellow students Good-Bye and Good Luck. In the teaching field we expect to meet many companions, first found at Normal School, and glad will be the meetings when we can shake hands and gossip of Normal School Days.

And so to our teachers and companions of other rooms we can only say "Farewell with the best of luck," while we hope that we ourselves will ever live up to the motto of "Play The Game."

A. Buck.

#### ROOM "H" ORCHESTRA.

Hello, good-evening folks! This is Room H orchestra broadcasting from R.N.S., Regina. Our orchestra consists of the following members:

- |                           |                        |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| Mr. Rooks, pianist.       | Mr. Spicer, drums.     |
| Mr. Lockerbie, violinist. | Mr. Stevenson, cornet. |
| Mr. White, saxophone.     | Mr. Horning, cornet.   |
| Mr. Linden, saxophone.    |                        |



ROOM "H" ORCHESTRA

Left to Right—C. Horning, A. Stephenson, P. Linden, F. Spicer, C. Rooks, D. Lockerbie, E. White.

Our concert tonight will consist of a short review of our activities during the Normal School term. We organized early in the term, and have since spent many hours at practice. Normal students are fond of tripping the light fantastic toe, and we have had the pleasure of playing at the dances. We say it modestly, that folks say, that we have produced some of the best dance music ever given at the Normal School. We have also performed at all the Room H literary meetings, and at the general literary meetings. We had the honor of giving a selection at the Capitol Theatre, when Lord Allenby addressed Regina citizens. We expect to broadcast soon from CKCK, Regina, Sask. We have appreciated at all times the kind assistance of our music instructor, Mrs. Carper,

If you have enjoyed this programme, radio fans of R.N.S., jot it down in your memory that you have listened with pleasure to Room H Orchestra.

We are signing off now and wish you all "Good Night."



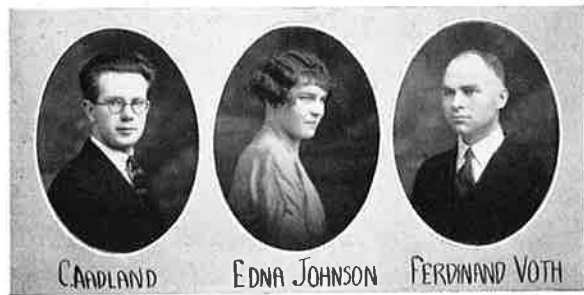
### Room "I"

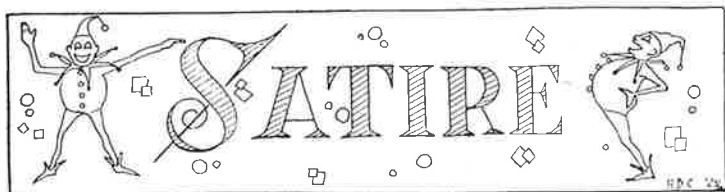
Of all the odd scenes this world has been called upon to witness, that scene on January 18, 1926, proved the most peculiar. To those, who later became Room "I" it seemed notorious; but to the matter-of-fact fall-term Normalite, it came as an expected guerdon. Room "I" commenced as genuine, verdant Freshettes, never before having gained admittance to our honorable halls.

Room "I" has proved, all things duly considered, fairly amenable to the educational stimuli pervading this Normalistic atmosphere. At least we have observed upon many faces the dawn of that mysterious brooding look which denotes concentration. Moreover, being possessed of the happy intelligence that enabled them to chant in all humility—"We know not, and we know that we know not"—they have communed with the all-worthy ones in a highly enlightening and amicable way.

This, of course, being entirely as it should be, makes of "I" an exceedingly original room; and originality today is deemed both virtuous and popular. One cannot grow wise in a day, nor great from contact with greatness. All attainment is perfected through the slow evolution of effort and development struggles within long before achievement materializes without. This is the law of growth to which even the Normal School must acquiesce.

Thus Room "I" do not expect to emerge from four months of intensive normalism, teachers full-fledged, but students still—students whose hearts are set "upon the goal of their high calling."





Sergt. Sanderson—"Number!"

Pool Enthusiast (absent mindedly)—"Number nine in the side pocket."

Hopeful—"Five hundred wouldn't tempt me to part with this poetry."

Hopeless—"Yes, and I'm one of them."

Miss MacDonald—"How do you find the homework Mr. Williamson?"

Bob—"It's still undiscovered."

Mr. McLeod—"Did anyone in this class ever find anything and stick to it?"

Mr. Wiley (raising hand).

Mr. McLeod—"Well, what was it Mr. Wiley?"

Mr. Wiley—"Fresh paint."

Dr. Quance—"I'm offering a prize for the laziest person in the class."

Jack—"Aw' right, roll me over and put it in my back pocket."

Mr. Scarrow—"When were you born?"

Charlie—"April second."

Mr. Scarrow—"Late again."

"What's eating you Doug?"

"I can't find a book innocent enough for Dora to read."



Wanted—Several pounds of horse hair to be used by Mr. McCracken, Mr. Harris, Mr. Naimark, and all other under normalites who are feigning a moustache.

Jack—"A little bird told me you were going to kiss me good-night."

Annie—"It must have been a little cuckoo."

Dr. Quance—"Students, pull down your caps, here comes a woodpecker."

Stranger—"Not feeling well this morning?"

Normalite—"No, I'm ill."

Stranger—"Do you go to Normal?"

Normalite—"Yes."

Stranger—"I hope you don't go to 'H'."

Normalite—"Well, I have been there since the Normal began."

Third Class—"What about singing in Mrs. Carper's room?"

First Class—"It's a scream."

"Is John a good chemistry student?"

"Good! I should say he is. He has the acids eating right out of his hands."

An educated man is one who can keep his seventh grade son from thinking him a dumbbell.

The rain falls on the just and unjust fellers

But chiefly on the just

Because the unjust has the just's umbrellers.

President (referring to dissatisfaction over pictures)—

"Remember, you cannot expect a transformation for fifty cents."

Gallery Light—"Gosh! he's found it out at last."



## The Editor's Dream

(An epic in 100 lines)

The Editor sat in his straight-backed chair  
 With a wearied look and a martyred air.  
 As he looked 'round the editorial lair,  
 He sighed to himself in mild despair.  
 But an Editor has no time to spare,  
 So, running one hand through his thinning hair,  
 He turned to his desk and the work that was there.  
 As he looked at the letters, piled so high,  
 He uttered once more a heart-felt sigh:  
 "Oh, why do folks write these poems about spring,  
 Rhyme 'love' with 'dove', and have 'little birds sing'?"  
 He reached for the sheets that lay nearest to him,  
 And flung them away with a gesture grim,  
 As if to say, "Well, it serves you right  
 For sending such bosh to 'The Cactusville Blight'."  
 He twiddled his thumbs on the desk for a while,  
 His weary existence, in part, to beguile.  
 Then just as his head was beginning to nod,—  
 (An act, in an Editor, somewhat odd)—  
 Quick as a wink, from the bottle of ink,  
 Jumped a curious imp, before you could blink,  
 Who hovered over the desk in motion,  
 Filling the Editor's heart with commotion.  
 "Who *are* you, strange sprite?" he managed to mutter,  
 In a voice suspiciously like a stutter.  
 "I'm Printer's Ink, the patron saint  
 Of all newsprint. Don't go and faint!"  
 He was, forsooth, a wild enough sight  
 To have filled a hero's heart with fright.  
 Instead of skin, he was made of paper,  
 Which rustled and rattled as he did caper  
 Over the desk where our Editor sat.

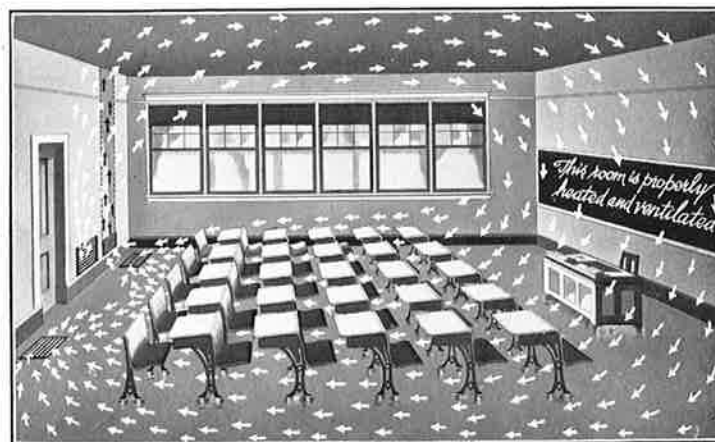


On his impish head was a very tall hat,  
 Made of an ink bottle, turned upside down,  
 Which weighed down his paper brow in a frown.  
 Two typewriter keys composed his eyes,  
 And gave him a look both quaint and wise.  
 About him, the imp wore, in toga fashion,  
 A page of that worthy publication,  
 "The National Geographic Review,"  
 The merits of which were not a few.  
 So dry it was, as the imp well knew,  
 It protected him well from showers or dew.  
 The wings of the sprite, a mist-like vapour,  
 Were made of the finest blotting paper,  
 And fluttered about, as he hovered on high,  
 Above the desk continually.  
 Then all of a sudden, the Editor rose  
 From the very chair where he'd taken that doze,  
 Out through the window gently they passed  
 Into the beautiful sunshine at last.  
 Great pillars stretched before his eyes,  
 Of marble, towering to the skies,  
 While stately oak trees lined the road  
 Whereon the twain so gently trod.  
 "We enter here, O have no fear,"  
 Said Printer's Ink, "The way is clear!"  
 Up marble steps they mounted fast,  
 And into a lofty hallway passed.  
 O wondrous were the scenes portrayed  
 Upon the walls which they surveyed.  
 Marvellous were the scintillations  
 Of gems in mural decorations.  
 Then saw they names as they passed by.  
 "O Imp, tell me the reason why  
 There should be names upon each wall?"  
 "Read, you will comprehend it all.



This is the Hall of Fame, O man,  
 All this decipher, if you can."  
 Great were the names engraved along  
 The panels, famed in many a song  
 And story. Caesar's name was there;  
 And that of Cleopatra fair;  
 Great Alexander's name appeared;  
 Napoleon, he whom nations feared;  
 And all who through the world's long ages,  
 Had writ their names on history's pages.  
 The twain had reached the hallway's end,  
 When, suddenly, there came a bend  
 Into an alcove, rich with gold,  
 And diamonds, rubies, sapphires cold:  
 All decked this lovely niche remote,  
 To make it seem a place of note.  
 A royal curtain of purple hue,  
 Concealed the graven name from view.  
 "This is the greatest name of all,  
 The one before whom others fall."  
 Thus spoke the Imp, with noble mien  
 Before the mighty name unseen.  
 "Patient he was, forbearing, kind,  
 Tactful and gracious, of keenest mind.  
 He was the noblest of his race,  
 A man whose worth I cannot trace  
 In so short compass, time or space."  
 "Oh, let me pull the curtain, sprite,  
 That I this noble name may sight."  
 It was vouchsafed. With eager heart  
 He pulled the royal drape apart.  
 Upon the wall, the heir of fame,  
 He saw, dread secret,—his own name!

Marguerite Buck, Room G.



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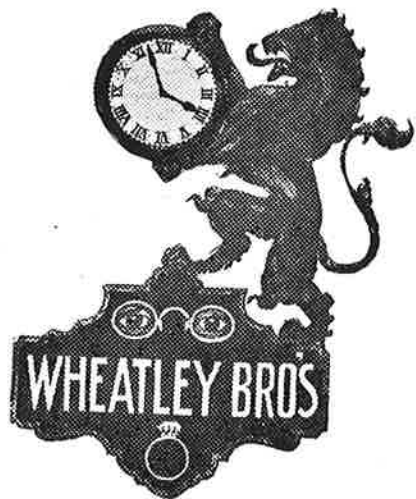
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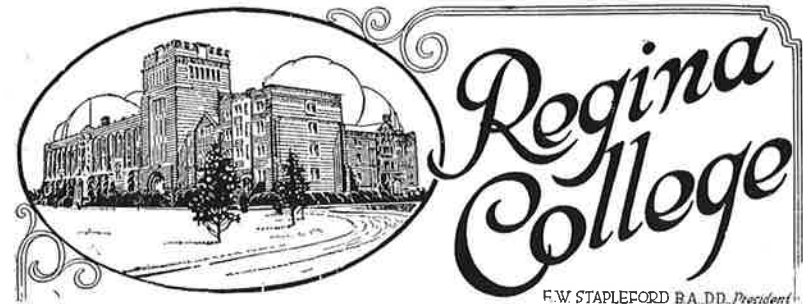
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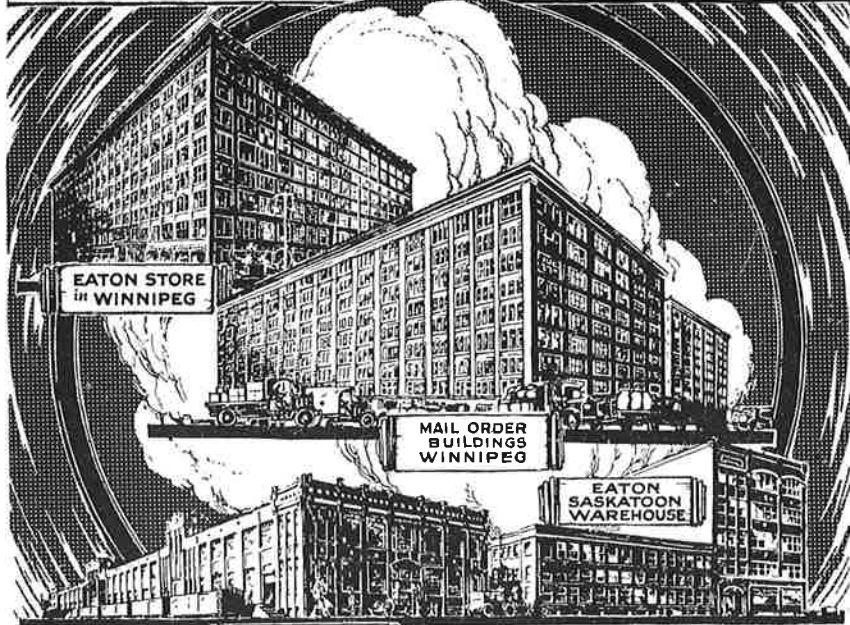
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Special legislation has been passed providing for the education of soldiers' dependent children. The Act is administered by a Commission consisting of the Deputy Minister of Education; W. F. Kerr, Provincial Red Cross Commissioner, appointed by the Minister of Education, and Major W. A. MacPherson, appointed by the Provincial Command of the Great War Veterans' Association.

The object is to assist soldiers' dependent children to obtain high school education.

Children must be dependents of soldiers resident in Saskatchewan at the time of enlistment for the Great War on whose behalf a pension is being paid. Children must also have reached Grade VIII standing to be eligible for assistance.

The amount of grant is fixed by section 13 of the Act:

"The amount of assistance shall in no case exceed the sum of two hundred and forty dollars in any scholastic year dating from September first in any year to June thirtieth in the year following." If the Board of Pension Commissioners, however, is providing for the education of a child, under The Pension Act, the child "shall not be eligible while receiving such pension to a greater amount than the difference between the amount payable under the said Act and the amount payable as above."

This assistance may continue for three years from the date on which the applicant is accepted by the Commission but not beyond the time when the applicant shall have obtained the standing required for entrance to the University of Saskatchewan or for a second-class teacher's diploma.

*For full information regarding the special provision made for education of soldiers' dependent children, write to the*

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REGINA

Hon. S. J. Latta  
Minister

A. H. Ball, M.A., LL.B.  
Deputy Minister

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DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

Examinations, 1926

The annual Departmental examinations for First and Second Class diplomas will be held at certain centres throughout the province from Monday, June 21, until Wednesday, June 30, inclusive. The Grade VIII examination will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, June 22 to 25 inclusive.

All applications for these examinations must be received at the Department not later than May 1st. Forms to be used in making application, together with copies of the official time table and lists of the examination centres, will be mailed from the Department upon request.

Summer School for Teachers

The ninth session of the Summer School for Teachers will open at the University, Saskatoon, on July 3rd, and will close on July 30th.

Courses will be given (a) in Education, and (b) in Primary Methods. The course in Education will include lectures and class discussions on School Organisation and Administration, more particularly in regard to graded schools; Psychology; Science of Education, History of Education, with emphasis upon modern movements in education; also methods in teaching subjects included in the high school course of study, with special stress upon English, History and Science.

The course in Education will be open to those teachers who hold at least Second Class certificates with Grade XII diplomas of academic standing.

The course in Primary Methods will be open to the holders of teachers' certificates of any class who have had at least six months' experience in teaching.

Normal School Sessions

The regular sessions of the Normal School will open at Regina and Saskatoon on Wednesday, September 1st. Full information respecting these sessions, together with forms to be used in making application, will be sent from the Department upon request.

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