

**The Revelstoke High School
ANNUAL**

VOLUME 1. NUMBER 1.

JUNE

1933

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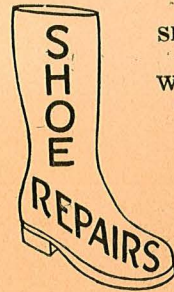
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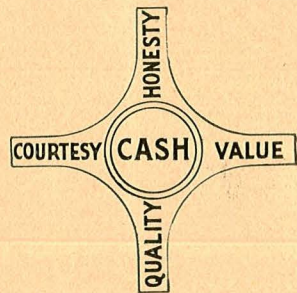
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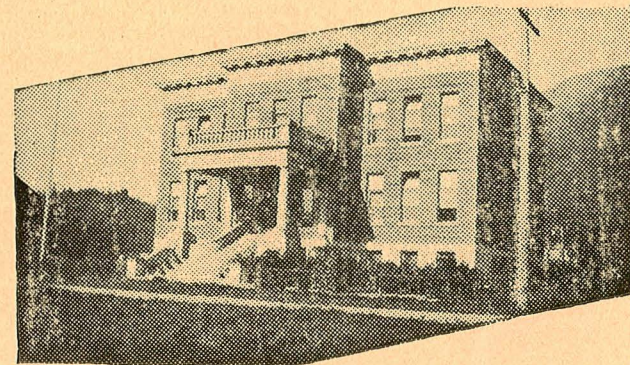
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**Revelstoke High School
Annual**



June, 1933

FOREWORD

THIS little book is the outward and visible sign of an idea which formed in the minds of several members of the Senior Classes. Whether they were moved simply by the desire to create something or whether they wished to leave some more or less permanent memorial, I know not. However that may be—they have accomplished no small thing.

This book is theirs; theirs more than any other single thing in the school—they have produced it practically unaided. It is, perhaps, of all the work of the school, the one in which those two incompatibles, Effort and Interest, are most happily wedded; therefore, a thing of value.

If the wise of this world, in their superior wisdom, point to faults in the material or in the workmanship, the staff of this Annual and all contributors may, I think, answer with Touchstone, and not without pride—“An ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own.”

—A. M. HURST

The Revelstoke High School Annual

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Social Editor H. Parker

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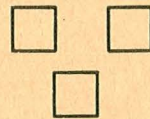
Editorial

This issue of the Revelstoke High School Annual marks a turning point in its manner of production in that it comes from the printers in orthodox dress. It is launched in a spirit of enthusiasm wholly attributable to its many well-wishing advertisers who so keenly responded to the efforts of the Business Staff. Such action is worthy of note here, displaying as it does their interest and appreciation in the activities of the High School students.

For the illustrated portion, this publication should be retained as a souvenir to recall youthful memories. The picture on Page 25 may convey to the parents some idea of the work being done by the pupils under the whole-hearted supervision of Mr. Abbott, who, as the originator of the Outdoor Club, has maintained in the boys a keen interest. The story dealing with this phase of outdoor activities is the collaborated work of several students. This Club plays the part of a Manual Training Course because, aside from its interesting social lights, the work is instructive in the practical tuition of architecture, botany, forestry and outdoor life in general. The cover design, portraying our seat of learning, which, in later years will no doubt be regarded differently from today, is the work of Miss K. Keough, a First Year student, who gains the prize award.

We wish to thank the many who have been responsible for the successful presentation of this Annual. May it continue to prosper and show progress as a further mark of that desired type of school spirit. The co-operation of an interested teaching staff has also played a part in making this production possible

SENIOR MATRIC



CLAIRE BALDERSTON—
 "It was the Rainbow gave thee birth,
 And left thee all her lovely hues."
 Claire also loves a quiet place.



JEAN BALDERSTON—
 This little girl must love school, con-
 sidering that she's always running
 in that direction.



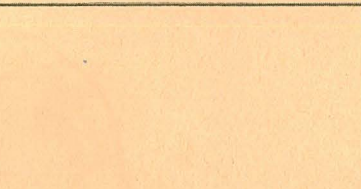
THERESA CARMICHAEL—
 Always on time, never behind time;
 Having a good time 'til exam time.



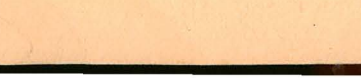
CHARLES CHUCK DAVENPORT—
 If all students resembled him proba-
 bly most teachers would live a long-
 er life.



BEATRICE FERGUSON—
 Bea's a Fourth Year stude
 Of widely known repute;
 But when she smiles like that
 Don't you think sne's cute?



EDITH McCOY—
 What could we write about her?
 Did you ever shoot a "dear?"



MARY McKINNON—
 "Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle
 home."
 Chief Expression: "I feel cranky this
 morning."

DOROTHY MEAD—
 "Is slow but sure and quite demure."
 What! Dorothy to be a teacher?

WOODROW MIDDLETON—
 "Methought I heard a voice cry,
 'Sleep no more.'
 He leaves the rest to this picture and you

GEORGE PICKLES NICOLSON—
 "Full many a flower was born to blush
 unseen."
 But here's one who blushes all the time



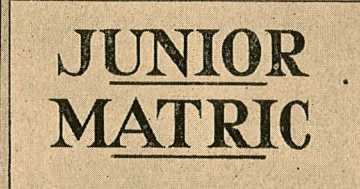
SAM KWONG—(Our Mayor)—
 "What is this life if full of care?
 We have no time to stand and stare."
 But Sam only stares at certain things.



RONALD RUTHERFORD—
 Familiarly: Jock; affectionately:
 Ronnie; ambition: To abolish the
 French course.
 "Ah, why should life all labour be?"



AIDA SOUTHWELL—
 "Where she is now I cannot say;
 The world has many a place of light,"
 Reference to her divided interest in the
 two matrics.



BETTY STEVENSON—
 A mountain flower who comes to
 school to broaden her mind and not
 because it's particularly uplifting.

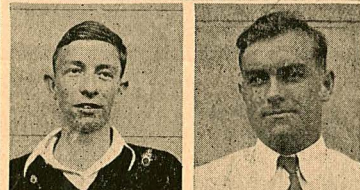
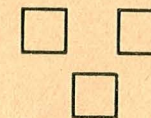


MARGARET THOMPSON—
 "O guard Miss Thompson, Powers
 that be
 From Crudeness and Vulgarity."



ESSEL WESTMAN—
 "I laid me down upon the shore
 And dreamed a little space."
 However, Essel had a Chemistry book.

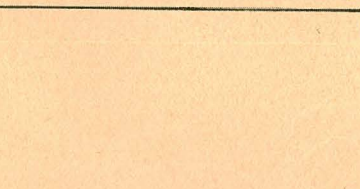
JUNIOR MATRIC



DAVID BELL—
 His double-jointed feats keep the
 class in giggles. What a man, Dingy!



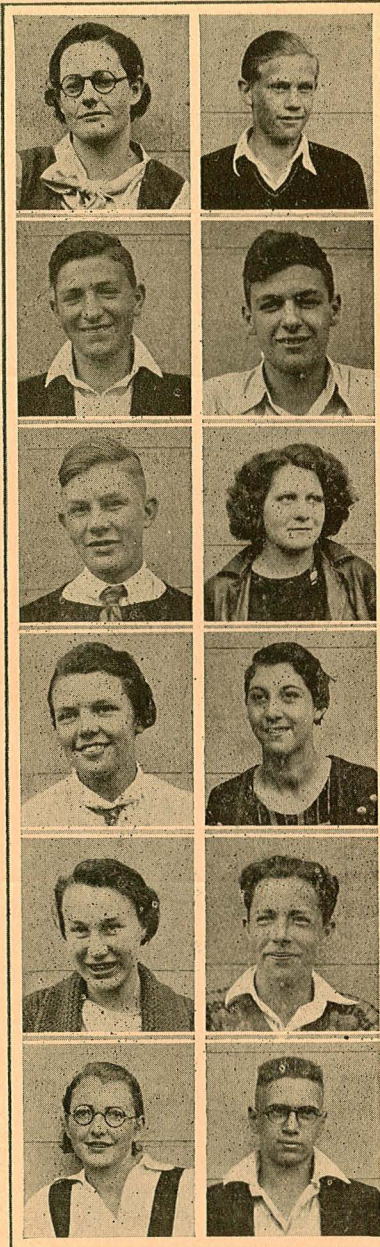
JIM CARMICHAEL—
 Pet expression: "Voila! My girlish
 figure!" Gentleman Jim is a high
 diver and his fish stories are pretty
 tall, too!



WALTER COCOROCH—
 "Coke" sits back and looks wise. Some
 day we'll see him the President of the
 League of Nations.



ARTHUR DABELL—
 Art's bete noire (bug-bear to you) is
 French. In years to come, we see
 him as a world financier.



BERNICE DONALDSON—
Though a Bunny—she's no rabbit.
Pet song: "You're telling me!"

LEONARD FREER—
When not running in circles, Freer is
going off at tangents.

JACK ENGLISH—
Anglais coolly tolerates English, has
a valuable sense of humor and a
comfortable dislike for work.

LORNE HUME—
Lorne is President of the Outdoor Club.
"One more river, and that's the river
of Jordan;
There's one more river to cross."

JOHN GODFREYSON—
Though John is no botanist, he sure
knows his Myrtle.
(I can give what women call love.)

MYRTLE LOWDEN—
"Oh, they fish with all nets
In the school of coquettes."
(I can give what men call love.)

JEAN JOHNSTON—
Johnston, if you please. We can hear
Jean's merry laugh throughout the
school.

ROSE LAURIENTI—
As a father confessor to Nookie, Rose
has the cares of the world upon her
shoulders.

BEE MacPHERSON—
"Subtle wiles are in her smiles,
To set the world a-wooing."

DONALD McCRAE—
Sunshine fairly radiates from Don's
auburn (not red) hair, and he just
loves to be called "Miss McCrae."

MARY McCULLOCH—
Mary and her little lamb—have plenty
of sox appeal. If not a rough dia-
mond, at least brilliant, and hates
being called "Miss Parker."

MARR MIDDLETON—
Marr's specialties are dancing and
Physics. He revises both. He loves
arguing.



OMER MIDDLETON—
Omer loves an argument, but a figure
—even in Geometry, has far more
attraction for him.

LEONARD ORR—
Now, Lenny is an editor
Of credit and renown,
Puts out the Mag in record time,
And lets his Latin down.

CHARLIE PARKER—
Rank first; plays basketball, takes an
active part in track and field sports.
Yea!

HELEN PARKER—
The eternal question mark. Helen's
good at sport; likes dancing, and
hates being called "Miss McCulloch."

SARA ROSS—
Sadie comes from Three Valley,
where she spends her week-ends.

BERYL SIMPSON—
Generally speaking—Beryl is gener-
ally speaking.
"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low.
An excellent thing in woman."

ISLAY STURDY—
Centre and attraction of the basket-
ball team. Ambition: "Mrs. Gary
Cooper." Aversion: Worms.

MARGUERITE SWAN—
"Strange she is, and secret;
Blue her eyes;
Her cheeks white as white sea-shells"

ROY VESTRUP—
Roy's motto: "None but a Westing-
house." He's one of those happy phil-
osophers who congregate about
Hume's desk.

TOM WALMSLEY—
"God shield us! A lion among ladies
is a most dreadful thing."

—o—
VISITORS

PEGGY JONES "I bear a charmed life"
JOHN SHAW John makes a capable business manager
BERNICE McKINNON Comes down for Algebra
HENRY DITOMASSI Rico comes here for Grammar
AIDA SOUTHWELL Is exposed to Algebra

Commercial Class Report

Just a bit of friendly advice to all aspirants to the Commercial Class and no homework. I will admit that when we began this course it was with the idea that this year would be a glorious rest after two, three, or four years' hard work in the Arts Course. That idea, certainly, was not given us by any high authority, but by the various rumours we had heard here and there. What a disillusionment! To work like Trojans all day in school with perhaps an hour afterward and most certainly two hours at home.

Being an extraordinary class, we have already finished our Book-keeping, and know everything there is to know on the subject. I have every reason to believe that none of us has studied the English language for very long; spelling shows that we are entirely unfamiliar with most English words; our shorthand is sure evidence that we have descended from the time of the Egyptians, as we cannot make much English from our mass of hieroglyphics.

Typing is the despair of both teacher and pupils. Miss Lehrman implores, commands, and pleads with us to type accurately, no matter how slow we have to go to do so, but all in vain. Our lack of response nearly breaks her heart.

We have our hopes, nevertheless, of making efficient stenographers. Our excellent letters of appreciation will get jobs in less time than it takes to write them. Of course, we know all about taking and shipping orders, and can relieve our employers entirely in that part of the business. We never dreamt that there could be so much rigmarole in sending a simple little order.

In conclusion, I may add that we are all looking forward to the June examinations and to becoming full-fledged graduates of the Revelstoke High School Business Course.

THE JUMPER

The jumper cleft
The air as he left
The trestle high on the hill,
With a speed so fast
In his ear a blast,
And a quiver of speeding thrill;

He leaps from the jump
With nary a bump
And sails high into the air—
And bending o'er
For distance more,
While people gape and stare.

He dips his skis
And sets his knees,
Awaiting the landing whack.
Thud! He has lit,
And his trousers flit
As he speeds to the end of the track.

—JAMES BURN

Impressions We've Gained Concerning The Commercial Class

Name	Ambition 10 years ago.	Present ambition	Occupation 10 years hence
E. Baifaro	Marble champion	Efficient stenog.	Commercial artist.
J. Burn	Rival of Jesse James	C. P. R. stenog.	Despatcher.
H. Ditomassi	Napoleon	Prad's contemporary	The Swat King.
M. Ferguson	To be able to sit on her hair	Private secretary.	Physician's wife.
M. Johnson	To own a mama doll	To reside at Hope.	Still Hope-ing.
P. Jones	To remain a man-hater	Millionaire's sweetheart.	A shanty in old shanty town.
L. Kwong	School teacher	Nurse.	Missionary.
M. McDonald	Policeman	Telegraph operator.	Brew taster.
R. McIntosh	Circus equestrian	Professor of agriculture.	Just that.
B. McKinnon	To play on the swings	To break 200 in bowling.	Reformer (W.C.T.U.)
G. MacPherson	Gang leader	To complete the magazine.	Interior decorator.
L. Marshall	To live in a big city	Storekeeper.	Chain-store manager's wife.
M. Maunder	To teach Sunday School	To quit Sunday School.	Still teaching Sunday School.
C. Morrison	To be May Queen	An actress (and How.)	Doubling for Claudette Colbert.
D. Little	To be Tom Mix	Radio howler.	Little songster.
H. Rabbitt	To be five feet, two.	To pass this year.	Lady florist.
L. Ross	To play steal sticks.	Mrs. Ski-jumper.	Canoe-ist.
R. Walter	Hop-scotch champion.	Good house-keeper.	Secretary of the Int. Fisheries Board, Taft.
E. Wickens	Cookie swiper	A glimpse of Garbo.	Half partner in a garage.



Alas, and lack a day, "Tempus fugit," and holidays so eagerly looked forward to are but a dim memory of the past. Now all you little people must set to work and be very, very good, or———. The theme song of Second Year will henceforth be, "Linger a little longer in the schoolroom with me," vocal rendering by your favourite teacher. (There are some doubts as to cares being dreamed away, or are there?)

The better half of our class has been sadly depleted by the departure of Miss Swan and Miss Farthing, and that marvellous Swan-Robertson combination has gone out of business, although the remaining partner still carries on with heart-ening results.

Bill Bourne has taken over Norman Thompson's desk at the front of the room (at Mr. Hurst's invitation) with obvious reluctance, while Norman has retired to the back with undisguised relief.

After a long interview and a great deal of questioning, Albert Eedy has broken down and confessed that his two ideal women are in Second Year. Thrills! Girls!

Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" has us enthralled (we so much admire his style and tone) and he has us clutching our seats in excitement. We fear that a lasting impression has been made on our impressionable young minds.

And Health hasn't improved our health, either; we're afraid to venture out these dark nights for fear some prowling protozoa will make an end of us.

Peggy Ross has been extremely embarrassed by a certain young man (who sits behind her) looking, as Miss Reid says, so fondly at her!

GUESS WHO?

Two girls from Second Year,
Two boys from 'First' appear,
(One is from below.)
Four little love birds
Sitting in a row.

Bourne is a master of French. He can conjugate the verb "aimer" perfectly and his favorite expression is "Il vaut mieux avoir beaucoup de jolies filles."

Irene Finucane has a new idol; it is Kate Smith, and her favorite song is, "I don't want to get thin."

Ever since Bennison left school Miss Walter has been very grumpy and easily crossed.

There should be a patent on the new Moase-Beresford telegraph system across the Second Year room.

"All of me" Donaldson is paying quite a good deal of attention to Winnie Farthing, even exerting himself by carrying her books to the post office. We feel sorry for him.

The decision for the window fight, Batten vs. Finucane, has not been announced yet, but the betting on both parties has been very heavy.

Mr. Abbott (after completing figure on board): "Thompson, put your statements on the board."

Thompson (after scratching his head numerous times): "I ain't got it done that way."

"Dapper" Jim Ditomassi has been very downcast since 3.2 came into effect. He was training for a lieutenantcy in Capone's army and has received notice that they don't need him now.

Poor Eedy is having a terrible time with his voice. First, it is base; then alto; it is too bad he can't decide on the tone to leave it in.

SONNET

'Tis March, snow has begun to disappear
Quite slowly from the streets of Revelstoke;
It fills the hearts of citizens with cheer,
To see it melt and run away and soak
The farmers' fields and swell the river grey;
Then fear that floods their meadows will destroy
And wash away their hard work and their hay.
But when the flood recedes they shout for joy,
And wax quite wroth because there is no rain
To keep their pastures green with clover sweet,
And anxious eyes are cast upon the vane
For signs of moisture which they'll gladly greet,
And everyone is happy or is glad—
It all depends on if the weather's good or bad.

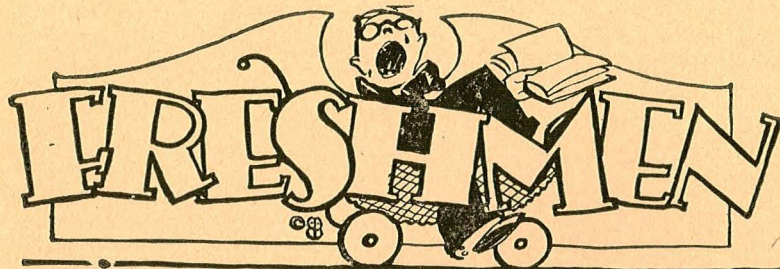
—K. Middleton.

On The Unfairness of Life

Full of unfairness is this life we live;
Each difficulty overcome but finds
Another on horizons near to give
Addit'nal agony to weary minds.
Others to us seem to have everything,
Beauty, and brains, and personality;
While bonds hold down our spirits that would wing
On to a care-free unreality.

Why is it that some are light-hearted, gay,
And wander through this life at their sweet will,
While, others, cursed with moody, sullen way,
Battle Despondency up Life's hard hill?
Yet though life seem unfair, and fraught with pain,
We struggle on, and make our loss our gain.

—Juliette F. Vachon.



GRADE NINE "A"

First Year appears to have toned down a great deal this term. The "play-boys" have been nicely spread out. Westaway now contents himself with talking to Miss Davies and voicing across the room at Trueman. Miss Daniels and Miss Burrige, with Beech as a keen critic, have been oiling up their tonsils. The Misses Cook, Green and Davidson are in possession of the secluded left-hand corner of the room and are seldom heard from. McQuarrie and Shaw have been vainly striving to reassure Miss Vachon as to the delicate state of her health by alternately opening and closing the window. We see little more of Beech than his head, but coupled with his vocal chords it is undoubtedly one of the outstanding objects of the room. Reynolds has been coughing less and dozing more this term and Miss Porta's courageous attempts to silence the younger Pulley have completely failed. Dixon, our brilliant student of French-Mythology, occasionally "comes to," turns over a page and again "drifts." The "Old-Timers," Pulley, Trueman and Westaway, spend listless hours recalling "Memories."

Trueman, while crooning away a five minute period on top of the furniture, "kissed the ground." With the exception of serious injuries to his landing gear and a broken voice, he appeared to be as well as could be expected. But Alas! on closer examination by Pulley it was discovered that several million molecules, of the densest substance, were missing from Trueman's head.

Science has proven the most fascinating of our many varied and interesting studies. The Science boys have faithfully attended their daily cloak-room sessions. Mr. Brown dropped in during one of these important meetings and was unanimously elected President. He graciously declined the responsible position, requesting only that we come to class, as the bell had rung some five or ten minutes before.

Mr. Smith thought he had discovered the Mad Genius, but on close inspection it proved to be Hammond searching for some homework, which, we believe, he hadn't done.

Woodland's attempt to dispel the present financial gloom by the substitution of clay pipe stem to take the place of chalk in the board compass failed to go over big. Though Mr. Abbott took up the matter with Woodland in an after-school interview, we believe he rejected the plan as the pipe stem fails to write.

Miss D. Lindsay is our fashion expert and has informed us as to the design of her latest models, which she considers will be the craze around the year nineteen-fifty.

Miss W. Williamson has an aspiration to become an actress and may be seen passing away the five minute periods over a Hollywood magazine, with the able assistance of several more of the younger set.

Walter ((Weismuller) Beech has been appointed class cartoonist. Pulley is diligently searching for the solution to an unsolvable mathematical problem. Nevertheless, all in all, we are looking forward to peace and serenity in the near future.

GRADE NINE "B"

The chalk dust has settled, brushes are used on the board, and splintered rulers are now only applied to boring Geometry problems. After a hectic beginning, the pit has at last quieted down to work, or to wait. Even Ruth Freer has become terribly anxious to reach Fourth Year, "But I'm not long-winded enough," she says. Perhaps she doesn't know that sweet pickles are good for such long distances. Kay Cato also shows interest in climbing.

Charlie Croll is slightly mixed up in his Botany. He was asked the name of a flower which might be applied to her who sat out the evening's dances. Instead of the feminine of walnut, his answer was "a pansy." Well, that was alright for a stag!

One of the greatest things that happened in this class was that the French period ceased to amuse us with its alien tongue.



MY EASTER HOLIDAYS

My Easter Holidays I would spend
 Along a lonely brook,
 And watch the little brooklets wend
 'Mong many a shady nook.

I'd get my fishing rod and line,
 And cast into the water
 And watch that whirling, foaming brine,
 Whereon my fly did totter.

The wind would whistle through the trees,
 Like on a ghostly night,
 And swaying poplars in the breeze,
 Make shadows soft and white.

The booming of the waterfalls
 Would make one stop and wonder
 If it was water that did fall,
 Or the sound of distant thunder.

—Arthur Switzer.

SPORTING HIGHLIGHTS

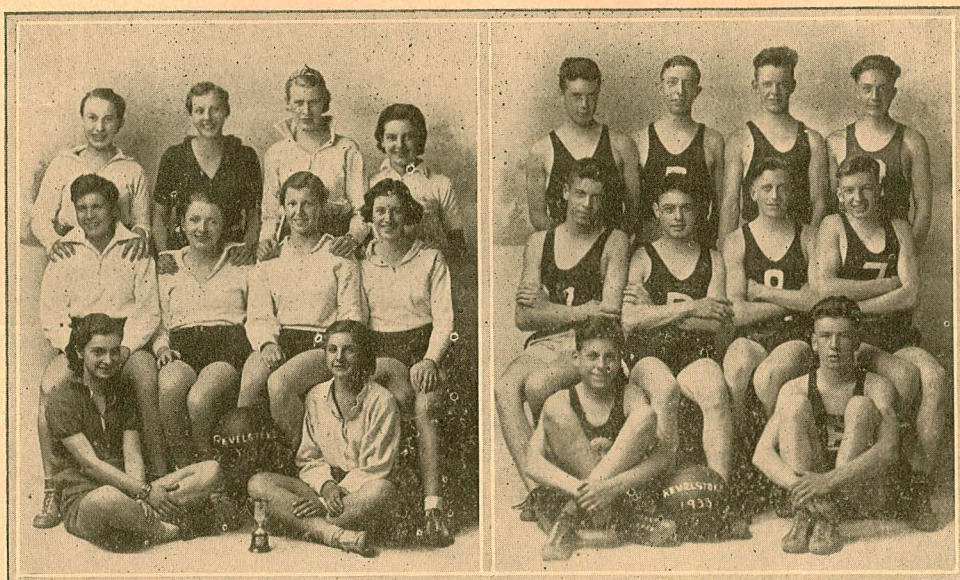
High School Basketball

Undoubtedly the 1932-33 basketball season has been the biggest and best ever in the history of the R. H. S. More than thirty players turned out for practices in both boys' and girls' classes, and from these, two selections of nine players were made to represent the High School in the Intermediate "B" division of B. C. basketball.

R. Rutherford and D. Bell were all that remained of last season's Intermediate "A" team, but plenty of new replacements arose to the occasion. Doris Cook was the mainspring of the girls' team, and "Ronnie" and Tom Walmsley were the high scorers for the boys. The only serious drawback to either of the teams was a decided lack of height, but under the competent coaching of Mrs. Burch and "Shorts" Henderson, two fairly strong teams were turned out.

The girls played a sudden death game with Kelowna at Revelstoke, which resulted in a win by a small margin for Kelowna. In the Main Line Basketball Tournament, held in Salmon Arm, the Kamloops, Vernon and Salmon Arm teams each vanquished the Revelstoke boys and girls in turn, but it was far from being a real shut-out, and both teams went through to win their first game of the season from Armstrong High School.

Considering the experience gained this season, it is to be hoped that both the boys and girls will thus profit by their past mistakes and go through to accomplish greater victories against the same valley and main line teams next year.



Back row—H. MacPherson, M. Burgess,
E. Wickens, I. Sturdy.
Centre row—D. Cook, M. McCulloch,
H. Parker, P. Jones.
Front Row—D. Davies, M. Arnold.

Back row—G. Nicolson, D. Bell, G.
Donaldson, H. Trueman.
Centre row—J. Shaw, T. Walmsley,
A. Dabell, R. Rutherford
Front row—N. Thompson, J. Hammond.

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Track and Field Sports—1932-33

On May 18th, 1932, and May 10th, 1933, two very successful inter-school sports days were held in Revelstoke under the auspices of the Rotary Club. Numerous athletes came forth to compete in various events, and a creditable showing was made by members of the High School.

Murray Little was supreme in 1932 sports, obtaining wins in the senior 100 yards, the senior broad jump, and the pole vault. Jack Dixon claimed the junior championship with two firsts in the junior 100 yards, junior 220 yards, and a second in the senior broad jump. "Al" Webster was victorious in the running high jump, and G. Nicolson won the half-mile and the mile races.

In the recent 1933 meet, the honors were more widely distributed. J. Dixon and G. Nicolson tied for the Senior Championship, the former securing wins in the 100 yards and the broad jump, and the latter duplicating his 1932 achievements in the distances. J. Westaway, J. Bews and A. Johnson were each acclaimed victors in the 220 yards, the high jump and the pole vault, respectively. G. Donaldson earned the right to the Junior title, seconded by C. Parker. First Year Science won both relay races, with the Junior Matrics only a few yards in the rear.

H. Parker, D. Cook and I. Sturdy proved to be the most outstanding in the girls' sports (the first to be held here for many years.) In the first meet, H. Parker won the 75 yards and the broad jump, D. Cook attaining victories in the high jump and baseball throws. With the omission of the baseball throw this year, H. Parker tied with I. Sturdy for the girls' title, each winning the 75 yards and broad jump respectively. D. Cook again achieved success in the high jump. In the 1932 meet, Grade 10 girls took the relay race, and in the more recent one, Junior Matrics, last year's victors, won that coveted event.

The boys participated in three other meets during the summer months, the first being at Kamloops on July 1st, 1932, where "Al" Webster lifted the high jump title. M. Little, J. Dixon and G. Nicolson attended the Daily Province Junior Olympics, held in Vancouver, August 29-31, M. Little alone reaching the finals in the running broad jump and the pole vault. The season was closed with the Labor Day sports held in Revelstoke. Of the eight cups competed for only one was secured by local talent, Murray Little obtaining a win in the broad jump. It can be hoped that, with the start our local athletes have already made, a much more successful track and field team will be turned out in this, the 1933, season.

ALL THAT'S PAST

Very old are the desks,
And the boards that creak
Under our footsteps now,
When winds are bleak.
So old with their varnish are,
Oh, no man knows
Through what wild centuries
They've stood in rows.

—IRENE EEDY

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JULIA JONES

Dear Julia:

All joking aside; what, oh what is a "side-hill gauger," a "wampus cat," and a "daylight bat?"

Zoologist.

Dear Friend:

I regret that the late date at which this question came to my hands will not permit me to give more than a passing picture of two of the animals you have mentioned. I have chosen the two least known, the side-hill gauger and the daylight bat.

The gauger inhabits only rugged mountainous country. When travelling a gloomy trail through the woods at night you will sometimes hear the rattle of a falling stone, high on the hillside, loosened by one of these strange creatures in his nocturnal digging for gophers. Gaugers all possess two long legs and two short ones; that is, either both right legs are long or both lefts are long. This enables them to travel with truly remarkable speed along a steep hillside. On each mountain may be found two distinct herds, the long left-leggers and the long right-leggers, for a mixed band could not possibly keep together, being forced to walk in opposite directions. When the supply of gophers runs out it is necessary that they cross the valley to the next mountain to gain a livelihood. This procedure is very interesting to watch, if it happens on a moonlight night. The bands meet each other near the base of the hill and pairing off, they lean against one another on the short-leg side and start off across the valley, using only their longer legs. Having reached their destination, they say good-bye and start off in opposite directions. Any odd members who cannot find partners are left to die. Thus the bands are always of fairly equal strength.

Few people save myself have seen a daylight bat. These strangest of all creatures are easily visible at night because of their peculiar phosphorescent glow, but unfortunately they have never been known to leave their inaccessible hiding places during the night. They fly only in daylight, at which time, being transparent, they are quite invisible save for the faint rings about their huge, wild jelly-like eyes. These circles appear to a careful observer to be rising and floating about in the air. Such bats are not of the vampire variety—that is, they do not suck blood. None the less, they have a peculiar and sinister power over man, seeming to sap all his energy and vitality when in his proximity. If at any time you have felt weak and listless and have seen these strange circles rising before your eyes the probable cause is—a bat.

Very sincerely yours,

JULIA JONES

Dear Julia:

Why has Bell so suddenly taken an interest in school teachers?
"May-be-Wrong."

Dear May-be-Wrong:

I assure you, you are right. There is a marked change in Bell dating from his return from Penticton. Bell, like many others, has been blind, blind to the fact that teachers are not only human beings, but sometimes rather nice ones. At last his eyes have been opened; he has been lead into the light—a case of the blond leading the blind.

Very sincerely yours,

JULIA JONES

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Dear Julia:

Who is Parker's latest?

"Curious"

Dear Curious:

It is rather difficult to keep track of Parker, but I think I have received my information from reliable sources. I am not at liberty to disclose her name, but let me assure you she is a good cook.

Yours sincerely,

JULIA JONES

Dear Julia:

What is so fascinating about Myrtle Lowden's neck that attracts John Godfreyson? Why did she not slap him when Mr. Hurst gave her permission? I hope to see this stop.

"Anonymous"

Dear Anonymous:

I have made a careful examination of Myrtle's neck and find it an excellent example of a clean, respectable and well-behaved neck. John, on being questioned, informed me that it is really her face intrigues him, but the only way he can get a glimpse of it is to tickle her neck and hope that she will turn round.

As for slapping him—well, did you ever have your neck tickled? It's rather nice, isn't it?

Sincerely,

JULIA JONES

Dear Julia Jones:

Will you please tell me why a certain Senior Matric boy who is very shy has been paying so much attention to a little girl in the pit who isn't quite so shy?

Curious

My Curious Friend:

I am very pleased to be able to enlighten you in this matter. First, let me say that though a boy may appear shy in company you cannot tell how he will behave when alone with a woman of the pit. Then, these freer girls are easier to get along with than the more reserved ones. Don't misunderstand me when I say the boy in question may not be as shy as you think; I can assure you he is far from being ruthless.

Sincerely,

JULIA JONES

Darling Julia:

Do you think that Walter Victor Cocoroch is an ideal Romeo?

Worried

Dearest Worried:

It was my pleasure not long ago to sit before the great Mustapha Bath, when he discussed a similar question. I would not presume to venture an opinion in the face of this, so I will merely remind you of his remark: "Surely no one could be better fitted for climbing to a lady's balcony and stealing forbidden sweets than a Cocoroch."

Assuredly,

JULIA

Dear Jonesy:

Please tip me off which girl Jock Rutherford likes better—the one in Fourth Year or the one from First? Then I'll be able to rush the other, as I like both and don't want to antagonize the poor boy.

Wimsie

Dear Wimsie:

I certainly appreciate the difficulty of your situation. Now, the fact of the

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matter is, Ronnie doesn't know himself. As for antagonizing your friend, Jock, you can't allow such a trivial consideration to stand in your way at such a time. By all means, concentrate your attention on the First Year girl, even if your rival does turn green with envy—green is becoming in the spring. You see, the one in Fourth Year is ambitious. She has a secret affinity, and even Ronnie does not know it. You must act quickly. I wish you luck.

Yours truly,
JULIA JONES

Dear Julia:

Would you please, on behalf of Marr Middleton, write to Victoria, and suggest that they send up a man from the Department of Education, so that he may talk over with Marr, or that Marr may suggest to him a complete set of revised text books that would suit his way of thinking. I am sure Marr would appreciate it, if they made seven notes in the octave. Perhaps it could be arranged to have Theorem 8, Book 4, taken out of the Geometry Book, as he says he has proved it to be incorrect a thousand and one times.

His loving Brother

Dear Loving Brother:

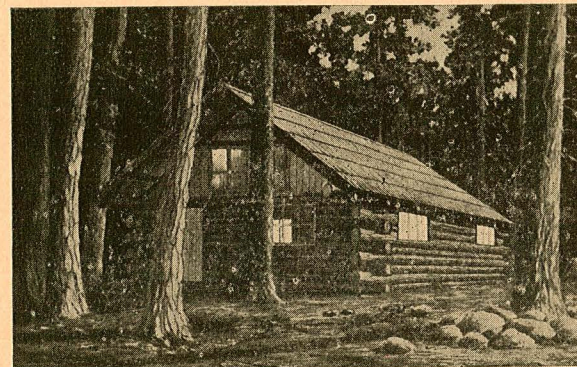
I have written the Department with regard to your brother Marr's predicament. They tell me that the present financial situation does not warrant their sending up a representative, but they are willing to co-operate as fully as they are able. They have searched the book shelves in an endeavor to find a group of books that would suit Marr's peculiar type of mind, but all to no avail. They suggest that he print his own texts and teach them to himself, then, if they are not beyond the grasp of the ordinary student, the Department will consider introducing them into the schools.

Yours sincerely,
JULIA JONES

R. H. S. STARS IN HOLLYWOOD

PICTURE	(The Keyhole Reporters)
"The Big Cage"	Fourth Year Stars
"The Kid From Spain"	"Coke" Cocoroch
"Babes in The Wood"	Walter Beech, Dorothy Lindsay
"Me and My Gal"	Jack Dixon, Alice Moase
"The Mummy"	Theodore Egbert Vachon
"Red Dust"	R. H. S. in June
"Trouble in Paradise"	Junior Matric; June Thirteenth
"The Most Dangerous Game"	Filmed in the Lab.
"Blondie of the Follies"	Jean Hansen
"The Night Club Lady"	Dorothy Davies
"Hard to Handle"	Pat Pulley
"No Man of Her Own"	Eileen Wickens
"Call Her Savage"	Doris Cook
"Fast Life"	Dixon
"Afraid To Talk"	Beryl Simpson
"He Learned About Women"	Marr Middleton
"Hello, Everybody!"	Aida Southwell
"Hell Below"	The Pit
"The Devil Is Driving"	Omer Middleton
"Today We Live"	Ronny Rutherford
"Men Must Fight"	Marr Middleton and J. C.

The Revelstoke High School Out Door



In the fall of 1929, the boys of the High School proposed to form an Outdoor Club, headed by Mr. Abbott. The purpose of the club was to furnish an outlet for the energies of those enjoying the open air, particularly those not actively associated with any group game and to foster an interest in the many wholesome outdoor activities possible in a district as fortunately situated as our own. The first meeting was held on October 25, 1929, in the High School. Bert Woodland was elected president and Jim Armstrong secretary of the club. Trips were planned and hikes were to be taken, a record of each to be entered in a book set aside for that purpose under the charge of Arnold Simpson.

Before other activities should be entered upon, it was decided to build a headquarters for the club. Groups of boys were sent out to find a suitable location and at a meeting later in October the plans for the well-known Jordan cabin were drawn up.

Eventually the Dominion government agreed to lease the island on which the cabin is situated, to the School Board, and on the first Saturday of November construction work was begun. So energetically was the project commenced, that by the time snow prevented further work the walls had been completed and the rafters were in place.

The following spring the trail was repaired and the work continued, a bridge being built to take the place of the log which had been used for crossing the river up to this time. From time to time new methods of amusement were devised to keep the members interested; a gun club was organized, a horse-shoe pitch made, and when work on the cabin was suspended for the winter, the members were allowed to curl on Saturday mornings at the local rink.

Each spring a fishing trip to Sicamous has been organized to raise money with which to buy material for the cabin. The yearly expedition has been thoroughly enjoyed by those able to go along and over one hundred dollars has already been raised in this manner and invested in the cabin. These trips were financed by the boys themselves and fish sold by other members of the club.

The building of the cabin progressed more slowly than had been anticipated owing to the size of the roof and the difficulty of getting shakes to cover it. Some of the cedar was cut from old fallen logs at a distance of two miles from the cabin and had to be floated down the river as soon as there was a channel clear of ice.

This necessitated much hard work and occasioned several duckings in the icy water, but in the spring of 1933, the cabin was finished.

The building measures thirty by twenty-four feet, has a massive stone fireplace, an excellent roof, a good floor and is well lighted by sliding windows, the frames of which were made by hand at the cabin itself. At present it contains tables, benches, a cupboard and a Victrola, and it will be more fully furnished when money is available.

The very successful class party held there by the Junior Matriculation students paved the way for further social activities. Since then it has been utilized for a number of very pleasurable events.

The most recent undertaking was the construction of a substantial wing-dam about fifty yards above the cabin to prevent the wearing away of the bank in the vicinity of the building. This erosion has been taking place for some time and as particularly high water is expected this summer it was thought expedient that it be done this spring.

The Outdoor Club owes much to Mr. Abbott, who has devoted a great deal of time and labor toward making it a success and to him the club is deeply grateful.

CHEMICAL COMPOSITION OF MAN

A man when boiled down and extracted (as any other chemical compound in a laboratory) will yield:

Fat—enough for seven bars of soap.

Iron—one nail.

Sugar—to fill a sugarbowl.

Lime—whitewash a chicken coop.

Magnesium—one dose of magnesia.

Phosphorous—1,000 matches.

Sulphur—rid a dog of fleas.

This whole collection is worth \$1.98. Is that all you are worth?

Consult Mr. Brown; visiting hours, 1.30, 4.30, or Phone 298 to arrange for an inquest.

MY EASTER HOLIDAYS

In Easter Time I'd like to go
Right out into the ocean,
And wait around for the winds to blow
My boat into a motion.

My boat would carry me far away,
And I would keep on sailing;
I'd sail away for many a day
From exams and thoughts of failing.

For seven days I've travelled around
To islands and wonderful places;
For seven days, without a sound,
I've watched parrots and monkeys make faces.

I've three days more to reach my home,
And it will cause a commotion
To see my boat, with flying foam,
Sail in from out the ocean.

—Robert McIntyre.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

THE HIGH SCHOOL PARTY

On Friday, the twenty-eighth of April, St. Peter's Parish Hall was the scene of the second High School Party this year. It was well attended by the students of the High School, their friends, and the teaching staff. Mrs. Abbott, Mrs. Hurst and Mrs. Brown were also present.

The first hours of the evening were devoted to the presentation of plays put on by the classes. These were cleverly and sometimes brilliantly done, the actors and actresses presenting finished performances. Great credit goes to the teachers in organizing and helping the classes in their work.

Fourth Year's presentation of the Primer Class, with Mr. Hurst as its able instructor, was extremely humorous and clever, and drew well-merited applause.

The scene of First Year Senior's play was a radio station, with Joe Hammond announcing. A pleasing version of "Just a Little Street Where Old Friends Meet," was given by Jack Bews at the piano, and Geoffrey Lancaster playing the cornet. "Walter Winchell" was acted by Pat Pulley, who cleverly impersonated that breezy reporter. May Daniels gave a piano solo, "Japanese Dancing Girl." "The Baron" and "Charlie" were capably handled by Jay Westaway and Cecil Shaw.

"Homework, As Done By A Senior Student," was the title of the play offered by the First Year of the Pit. The part of the Senior student was taken by Bob McIntyre, who kept the audience in a roar, by his clever portrayal, which was perfect. Enid Cook played the part of the Irish girl; Doran Middleton, the Spanish; Edith Johnson, the Swedish, and Ruth Freer, the Indian. The songs were sung by Frances Rabbitt, Doris Defoe and Lorna Fleetham, with Helen Lenosky at the piano.

Second Year's contribution was a play entitled "Strained Interlude," with Alice Moase, Jean Hansen, Ted Vachon, "Anchor" Donaldson and Norman Thompson in the cast. Miss McCrae and Miss Hansen showed good acting ability, and were well supported by the other players.

"The Highwayman," a skit, read by Eileen Wickens and Peggy Jones, was presented by Commercial class. The comedy was well handled, and kept the audience applauding. Clara Morrison, as the "highwayman," was excellent to her last breath, (Woof, Woof!), and Marjorie Maunder acted the part of "Bess" to perfection. The other players, Dorothy Little, as the innkeeper, Louise Ross and Lily Marshall as the "Redcoats," were extremely amusing.

Third Year's presentation was mirth-provoking, and Lorne Hume as the magician caused quite a number of blushes, by his knowledge of certain people's personal affairs. The audience could scarcely contain itself at the brutal treatment of Mr. Parker, who, however, suffered no bad after-effects, if we may judge by his dancing. Mr. Hume's fair daughters, Islay Sturdy and Helen MacPherson, looked bewitching in their Eastern costumes. We see in Omer Middleton a rising actor.

From ten o'clock to one o'clock the students tripped the "light fantastic" to the strains of music, popular some six months ago, played by the "Serenaders." Erstwhile actors and actresses waltzed sedately, or toddled joyously around the hall. Paul Jones', ladies' and gentlemen's tags, moonlight waltzes, and ladies' choice, filled the evening, which sped all too quickly. A delightful supper was served at eleven-thirty, with sandwiches, cake and coffee. At one o'clock, "God Save the King" brought the entirely successful High School Party to a close.

—JULIETTE VACHON

GRADE 12 CLASS PARTY

We, of Grade 12, simply must tell you what a perfectly marvellous time you missed. We had a CLASS PARTY up the Jordan, the end of Marth. We all dashed home from school, flung books, coats and everything else all over the house, hunted mackinaws, socks, and things, and dashed back to school to wait for the others.

When all had been assembled, the army marched off. After I grazed six odd kness, and ruined my very best green socks, we finally arrived at the cabin, just simply starving. We had a wonderful supper and had heaps left for later on. Then we grabbed paper and hunted around for a contest on the walls. It was really funny, but of course, I didn't get nearly all of it. After this, everybody rallied round for the Junior Olympics. We had the Javelin Throw—approximately 200 yards was the best mark; the Shot Putt—best throw made by Jean Johnston, and a Pail Shy, the same as a cocoanut shy, only different; two relay races and a sack race. It was just too bad that you poor unfortunates, not in our class, couldn't have seen Lorne Hume in the sack race. In two huge strides he had covered the half mile and was right to the tape before the echo of the gun could be heard. We tried dancing to a gramophone but the music was in the minority, so we gave it up and warbled instead. Ghost stories being in order, Mr. Smith told us one about corpses and six-foot snowshoes and had just got to the gruesome part when in walked Mr. Abbott and verified it all—and really, what could we do but believe them?

So we went out, all worried, to look for the corpse—aided by little ghost maps found all over and a trail of BLOOD! We found a corpse; then a skull, and then two hands that wiggled! Hurrying on, we found the spot which an "X" marked. Just as the spade struck the ancient treasure chest, a shot was fired! Thud! Down in our midst fell a body. But it was only Mr. Abbott with his shotgun up a tree. And the "corpse" proved a good dancing partner for the Apache dance (?) The treasure, all silver and gold-wrapped chocolates—aren't you jealous?—was soon disposed of. We toasted marshmallows, had hot coffee, and then tramped home again—a little line of bobbing lights along the trail.

—HELEN PARKER

A Short Story
THE UNEXPECTED

Jackson silently cursed his luck as he forced his way through the thickets in the wake of his unsuspecting companion. His plans for getting rid of Thorne had gone awry all because of the unexpected way a wounded grizzly had acted. Weeks of patient waiting and planning had been wasted. Already the spring was here and if he didn't act quickly now, the opportunity of obtaining the young trapper's rich store of furs would be forever gone. Thorne was certain to start out for the fur markets as soon as the river was clear of ice. Jackson did not want to shoot him, for then there would be the possibility of evidence being left behind, and from experience Jackson knew that unpleasant evidence has a way of cropping up unexpectedly.

No thoughts of gratitude to the young trapper who had befriended him the winter before when he was starving and in want, passed through his head. He had been made welcome in the little cabin by the lonely Thorne, and had shared in the latter's scanty supplies. It had been a good season for trapping and as the weeks passed, Jackson had noticed the rich store of furs accumulating in the cabin. Greed and envy grew in him. If he could only get rid of the rightful owner then he could lay claim to a small fortune as partner.

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With these thoughts in mind he had suggested a grizzly hunt on the rocky slopes of the mountain above the cabin. Thorne had consented and Jackson lost no time in putting his plan into action. Secretly, when the trapper was out on his lines, Jackson had taken some of the bullets from the former's gun and after taking out the lead, had removed most of the powder. Then he had carefully inserted the lead again before loading the gun with the useless shells. If Jackson knew his bears at all, then Thorne's gun would be as effective as a pea-shooter against a grizzly.

Today, after many weary miles of climbing the two men had at last sighted a huge grizzly. Jackson was to take the first shot, as he only had an old single-shot rifle belonging to the trapper. If his shot was not effective then the latter was to finish off the bear. Purposely, Jackson wounded the animal in the shoulder. Thorne, he knew, would wait for the charge before firing and the infuriated bear would surely annihilate him. But this particular grizzly did that which members of its kind seldom do. It had turned tail and crashed off into the thickets when Jackson fired. Hiding his chagrin, the latter had followed Thorne in cautious pursuit of the wounded animal, but after an hour of trailing, there was no sign of the bear.

Suddenly, the trapper hailed his companion from ahead, "Hi, Jackson!" he called. "Hurry up! Come and take a look at the view from here."

Jackson burst through the last thickets and saw Thorne, who had discarded his rifle, standing on the edge of a bluff overlooking the valley beneath. Hundreds of feet below could be seen their tiny cabin with a creek like a silver ribbon winding across the valley floor. Jackson was thinking rapidly. Here was his chance to get rid of the trapper. One push and the latter would be dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

"Well, what do you think——" but Thorne's words turned to a shout as he felt himself thrust over the edge, propelled by a powerful push from behind. His wildly clawing hands found a little gorse bush to which he clung desperately. Raising his head, he looked up and saw Jackson's face peering over the edge not four feet from him. The face disappeared, but a second later appeared again and a large stone hit the bush over his head, and being deflected, hurtled to the rocks below. Jackson cursed from above. He dropped another stone at Thorne's head, but it was deflected again.

"Damn that bush, anyways," he gritted through clenched teeth. Well, he would get Thorne's gun and club him over the head with it; then he would surely lose his hold. Jackson turned around to get the trapper's gun, for he had laid his own down before approaching Thorne. It was then he saw the snarling grizzly approaching him! The bear had apparently been lurking in the thickets, waiting for his attackers and now came charging at Jackson. The latter snatched up the trapper's gun and quickly taking aim fired a shot at the oncoming beast. He fired a second shot but the bullets, lacking their usual powerful charge, had no effect. Before he could fire a third shot the bear was upon him. Man and beast went crashing over the brink of the cliff and past Thorne to the rocks below. The trapper looked down and shuddered and then turned his attention to reaching the ledge above him. Two minutes later he lay gasping on the top of the bluff.

"Funny," he thought; "Jackson was a good shot, too. Wonder why he didn't stop that bear with two shots."

—SAM KWONG

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Letters to the Editor

(Editor's Note)—The following letters are answers to requests sent out by the Editor to ex-students of this High School:

The Editor,
High School Annual,
Revelstoke, B. C.

Calgary, Alberta, April 30, 1933

Dear Sir:

Flying is a great business, but one would have to really like it to make a pilot, that is, a good one.

Physical fitness is the first requisite and must be maintained, as all pilots must have a medical examination twice a year. But apart from that, upon the pilot's judgment depends the fate of the passengers he carries.

I was flying between Calgary and Edmonton on a passenger run last fall. One day I ran into a bad storm, snow flurries and fog. I had seven passengers, and about that time, wished I had taken up farming. It was just a storm to those in the plane, but a very dangerous moment to me. As I could not see the ground, I could not land, and the only chance I had was to try to get above the storm. Fortunately I was able to do so, and we arrived at Calgary on time. One has always to be on the alert for the unexpected.

But a pilot must be honest with himself, regarding his ability as a flyer, because lives and equipment depend on his good judgment and skill.

At the moment, aviation is not progressing as fast as it should, but it has a wonderful future for a young man. There is no doubt that it is the coming method of transportation.

I hope this letter has been of interest to any air-minded students, and may I wish you all success and the best of luck.

Cheerio!

MALCOLM McFADYEN

The Editor,
High School Annual,
Revelstoke, B. C.

Lethbridge, Alta., April 27, 1933

Dear Sir:

On leaving the High School, my activities have been quite varied, but all more or less leading up to my present line of work. Two years after leaving the High School I entered Springfield College, at Springfield, Massachusetts, and after four years of plugging, managed to gather a couple of letters after my name and graduated in the summer of 1930.

The same year, I accepted a position with the Montreal Y. M. C. A., as an Associate, and one that I enjoyed a great deal for some eighteen months. In the early part of 1932, I was invited to come West and take over the work as Boys' Secretary and Physical Director of the re-organized Lethbridge Y. M. C. A. I certainly enjoy the work here, and find it more and more interesting each day. These few facts are about the high lights of my activities.

May I, at this time, congratulate you and your staff on the work you are undertaking, and I wish you every success in the publication of your volume.

Sincerely,

JIM SAMSON,
Physical Director

Vancouver, B. C., May 1st, 1933

The Editor, Revelstoke High School Annual,
Revelstoke, B. C.

Dear Mr. Editor:

1933 will probably go down in history as the year that saw the end of the depression and the publication of the first Annual of the Revelstoke High School. In achieving the latter, the classes of '33 have brought to realization one of the cherished dreams of editorial staffs of many years. Way back in 1926 we made a serious effort to bring out a printed account of the year's activities, realizing, as you have done, that a printed Annual is essential to a self-respecting High School. You have succeeded where we failed. And, since "sharing" is the order of the day we shall have to admit that our satisfaction in your achievement is just slightly tinged with envy. But our congratulations are only the more sincere.

You ask me to tell you of my activities. They are simply those of every other University student. They will be the activities of those of you who continue your studies wherever and whenever you do.

One's undergraduate activities are largely determined by the courses one is taking. As a sophomore, in my first year at the University, I had a place on the "Ubysey," the campus paper, and enjoyed the work immensely. At the end of that year I somehow managed to win half a scholarship by reversion, and as a result I attempted an honours course in French. Outside activities were necessarily curtailed and my interests simmered down to French and literary clubs. You have at the present time, I believe, a club similar in spirit to the University Letters Club. Its purpose is to foster "the study of literature as a joy." Meetings are held twice monthly and papers are read by each of ten senior members. Discussion—and refreshments—follow.

Of the French clubs, I found "L'alliance Francaise" most interesting. It is an international organization; many of its members are French people resident in Vancouver, and the atmosphere is distinctly Old World. "L'Anglais est defendu," of course, and one's first night is apt to be rather bewildering, when one attempts to reply to a barrage of French with a vocabulary suddenly reduced to a mere "oui" and "non."

As a member of Education '33, a class considered the "peppiest" on the campus, activities have been numerous, novel and varied. For me, highlights—not in order of importance—have been: practice teaching; "teating" between 4 and 5 o'clock lectures; basketball; learning to turn cartwheels in an education gym class; Oxford Group meetings; jig-saw puzzles; a class tennis tournament and the publication of a class paper.

Wishing you all the best of luck—in June—and always,

Sincerely,

DOROTHEA LUNDELL

RADIO RAMBLINGS

One evening an "all-request" programme came over station "R-H-S." (If you didn't hear it, blame it on the bad reception.) Connoisseurs on high-hat music are apt to give the Bronx jeer, so we won't reveal the artists responsible for the programme. In spite of their honest efforts, the music sounded like a cross between the mystic strains of the pibroch and a back-alley cat fight. No wonder the following day many an innocent radio adorned the scrap heap.

Song

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------|
| 1—"Just An Echo in the Valley" | "Worry Wart" Lancaster |
| 2—"I'm Getting Superstitious" | Irene Eady |
| 3—"You're Telling Me" | "Bunny" Donaldson |
| 4—"Mammy's Little Kinky-headed Boy" | Tom Walmsley and Jay Westaway |
| 5—"Here Lies Love" | Monk Batten |

- 6—"Going, Going, Gone" "Bunty" Reynolds
 7—"I'm Playing With Fire" John Godfreyson and "Nookie" Lowden
 8—"I'm Always Dreaming of You" Ronny Rutherford, K. Cato
 9—"Would You Like to Take a Walk" Howard Trueman
 10—"Wishing and Waiting for Love" Jean Hansen
 11—"Why Can't This Night Go On Forever?" R. H. S. Dance
 12—"My River Home" Rowena McIntosh
 13—"They Just Couldn't Say Good-by" Margaret Beresford, Stan Spurgeon
 14—"Fit As A Fiddle" Aida Southwell
 15—"I'm Sure of Everything But You" "Coke" (Romeo) Cocoroch and Juliette Vachon
 16—"Isn't It Romantic?" Woodrow Middleton and Kay Keough
 17—"There's Gold In Them Thar Hills" Lorne Hume
 18—"Puleeze" Islay Sturdy
 19—"Rendezvous" Cook's Corner
 20—"Will You Miss Me When I'm Gone (Away)?" Winnie Farthing, Art Dabell
 21—"Just a Little Closer" Jack Bews and Beryl Simpson
 22—"Is My Face Red!" "Pickles" Nicolson
 23—"Strike Me Pink" Tom Walmsley
 24—"Try a Little Tenderness" Beryl Simpson, "Dubs" Pulley
 25—"Just a Little Street Where Old Friends Meet" Mackenzie Avenue
 26—"Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" Helen Parker
 27—"And Then My Heart Stood Still" "Dingy" Bell (at Pentiction)
 28—"Just a Little Home for the Old Folks" Arlington Court
 29—"Mimi" Mary McCulloch
 30—"You're An Old Smoothie" Charles Parker

Province Theatre

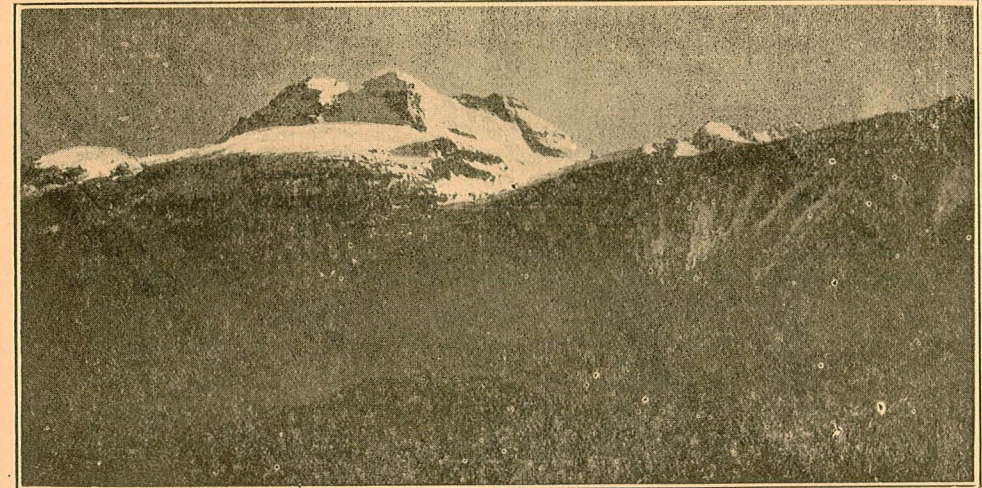
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Conquering Begbie



The chill of winter still remains abroad,
 Snow-laden mists conceal Mount Begbie's hood,
 Encumbered so; her wondrous tints obscured,
 The mountain monarch frowns in angry mood.

A towering sentinel of age untold,
 'Twould seem has moods, as either you or I,
 With one exception; mightily extolled,
 Silently retaining majesty. (1)
 (From "Mountain Moods.")

Old-timers and new-comers alike, daily admire the beauty and rugged splendour of our city's triple-crested peak. It was natural, in as much as the scene is a daily one viewed from my home, that I should have ambitions to conquer the mountain.

Early on a summer morning in 1931, with three companions, I set out to climb Mount Begbie. We left town by car at 10.30 a.m., and arrived at the Begbie Falls bridge thirty minutes later, whence we set out on foot, crossing the low foothill and reaching the true base of the mountain. Here we rested and ate lunch before beginning the real climb.

Hour after hour, hand over hand (with forty-pound packs and without once quenching our thirst) we climbed up the middle of a ridge. Attaining the top of the ridge we were faced by a high cliff, over which we must climb in order to reach the glacier. Here, finding an icy cold glacier-stream, we had our first drink of water in five hot hours. Then, refreshed, we made the last dash, up the steep cliff and to within one hundred yards of the glacier. The sun was fast disappearing behind the western ridge as we made camp for the night at the foot of the snow-field.

Arising at 5 a.m. the next morning, we were ready to start for the top an hour later. About the base of the glacier was a huge moraine, over which we had to climb before reaching the glacier. This moraine was approximately thirty feet high. We walked over the face of the eastern glacier and up between the southern and middle peaks. Only once did we take the precaution of roping ourselves. The top was reached at 8 a.m., where we found a stone cairn some five feet high. In an old rusted tobacco can were notes left by the several other parties which had climbed the mountain, and to these notes we added some of our own.

The summit is a ridge about twelve feet wide and approximately twenty feet long. On one side it slopes steeply down into the wide Columbia River Valley; on the other, it drops almost perpendicularly into a narrow ravine, and from this ravine rises the thunder of many streams tumbling over their high waterfalls.

We returned, after spending an hour at the top, to our camp by a different route. During our return we came upon ten lakes which drained from one to the other down the mountainside. At 2 p.m. we started the descent, and arrived home at 7 o'clock, much fatigued, but aglow with satisfaction at having finally achieved our objective.

The triple crest, and dented breast
Lie deep with everlasting snow,
The castled buttes of Begbie glimmer
Deep crimson in the sunset glow. (2)
(From "The Prophet.")

—LEN. ORR



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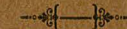
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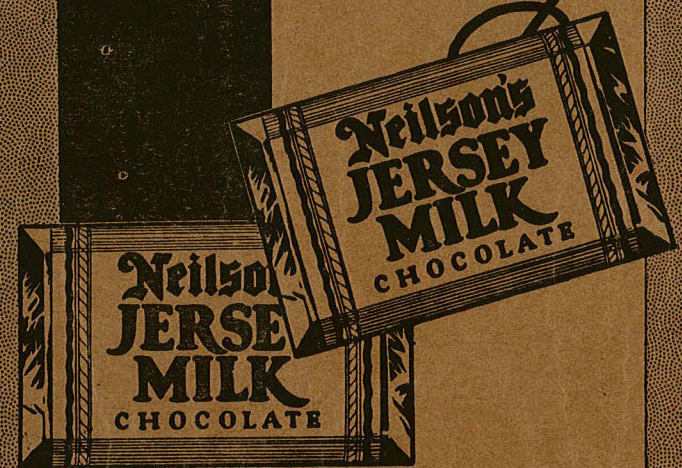
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(This High School Annual was printed by the Revelstoke Review)

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