

Chapter V

REFLECTIONS OF MR. BAILEY, SCHOOL PRINCIPAL

Many are the memories which flit through my mind as I think back over the eventful eight final years of dear old Miner's three quarters of a century of service to our community.

Many are tender soul touching memories which make themselves a part of your very being, and make you feel that you are part of the Miner family.

Of course there are always a few of the less pleasant variety of memories, but these we try to forget - or at least think of them as the salt and pepper of life. They make us appreciate the good memories all the more.

Of course I must admit that the greatest thrill of all was to hear that I was privileged to come to Miner as principal! - Miner's friendly cooperative spirit is known throughout the city. I am very sincere and very humble when I say I have been the happiest at Miner of all my other duties, because of the fine calibre of co-operative leadership which has been ever present in our Parent Teacher officers and patrons.

Our school has become stronger educationally and financially by the year. Our pupils in Miner, are fortunate to have at their disposal any equipment needed for a better learning situation. This too is due to the close cooperation between home and school. Our excellent faculty, composed of honest sincere God-fearing teachers is also sad to see the end of such a powerful influence in the community, but they will attempt to carry on the ideals for which Miner stood, as they teach, in their new posts.

Since the officials see fit to disband and raze the school, our youngsters will, of necessity, have to find a new school home. It is our sincere wish that they will be as loyal to their new school as they were to Miner.

One must bow to change and bow we did, when the new Brentwood School took the Hanna Homestead Crippled Children's school out of their old surroundings and provided them with a nice new school home. They no longer felt the need of sharing a day with Miner boys and girls to get the "regular-school-feeling". So-Hanna Homestead Day was sadly given up.

One thing, which all of us were glad to see pass out of the school program, was the paper drive. Our last one was "a drive to end all drives". We bundled a little over twenty six tons of paper but the bottom had dropped out of the paper market. The "rag drives" netted many aromatic rags and very little cash so they too were abandoned.