

**NORTH BAY  
NORMAL SCHOOL  
YEAR BOOK**

**1919-20**



THE  
EIGHTH ANNUAL  
YEAR BOOK

PUBLISHED BY THE  
STUDENTS OF NORTH BAY  
NORMAL SCHOOL



JUNE, 1920

Ringo, Tingo, Allego, Cycus!  
We're from the Normal,  
How do you like us?  
Ringo, Tingo, Allego, Bah!  
North Bay Normal, Rah, rah, rah!

*Forsan et hacc olim meminisse iuvabit.*

(Who knows but some day this too will be remembered  
with pleasure) *Vergil*, Aeneid 1, line 203.





THE NORMAL SCHOOL



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#### NORMAL SCHOOL STAFF

Standing—C. Ramsay, J. E. Chambers, H. E. Ricker, M.A., H. G. Lockett, M.A.,  
H. Wildgust, L.L.C.M.

Seated—Miss Mayme Kay, A. C. Casselman, Principal; Miss Ellen K. Ballard, Secretary;  
J. C. Norris, M.A., B.Paed.

#### NORMAL SCHOOL STAFF

- |                                 |   |
|---------------------------------|---|
| A. C. Casselman.....            | <i>Principal: History, Geography,<br/>Reading, Spelling.</i>                              |
| J. C. Norris, M.A., B.Paed..... | <i>Master: Mathematics, School Man-<br/>agement, Science of Education.</i>                |
| H. E. Ricker, M.A.....          | <i>Master: Science, Agriculture, Hy-<br/>giene, Nature Study, Physical Cul-<br/>ture.</i> |
| H. G. Lockett, M.A.....         | <i>Master: English.</i>   |
| C. Ramsay .....                 | <i>Instructor: Art.</i>   |
| J. E. Chambers .....            | <i>Instructor: Manual Training, Writ-<br/>ing.</i>  |
| H. Wildgust, L.L.C.M. ....      | <i>Instructor: Music.</i>   |
| Miss Mayme Kay .....            | <i>Instructor: Household Science.</i>   |
| Miss E. K. Ballard.....         | <i>Secretary and Librarian.</i>   |



## Foreword

A. C. CASSELMAN, *Principal.*

THE session of 1919-1920 of the North Bay Normal School is now of the past. Each one of you is about to change from a pupil to an instructor, from being directed to being a director yourself. Henceforth you will require a fertile resourcefulness, a plenteous initiative, and an abundance of energy. The training and development of two score or more human beings at their most impressionable age are almost wholly in your care. Yea, more than that, the welfare, comfort and prosperity of a whole community may depend upon you. I know of no office or position filled by man requiring so much responsibility. A general who commands an army, or a leader who directs the destiny of a nation does not perform a more important function.

The chief function of a Normal School is to help you at this transition stage. Perhaps this year was the first time you were away from your home for any lengthy period. The coming together of several individuals of like hopes, like aspirations, and like ideals is always a potent factor in developing each individual. Apart from the instruction as laid down in the classroom, all other activities of the school tended to develop individuality and initiative. These activities, I expect, are all recorded in this memento of your year. I may be pardoned if I mention a few of these as they now occur to me.

The Literary Society, conducted wholly by yourselves, gave everyone practice in appearing before an audience in some capacity. The acting of two short comedies discovered histrionic ability of a high order in the class.

The visit of His Excellency, The Duke of Devonshire, was a red-letter day in the history of the school.

The several lectures given by visitors to the school, or by noted personages visiting the town, should help to broaden the outlook of each member of the class.

The various sports of the term—tennis, skating, hockey, basketball, volley ball, and baseball for both sexes, brought forth spirited contests. Defeat was accepted graciously and victory modestly.

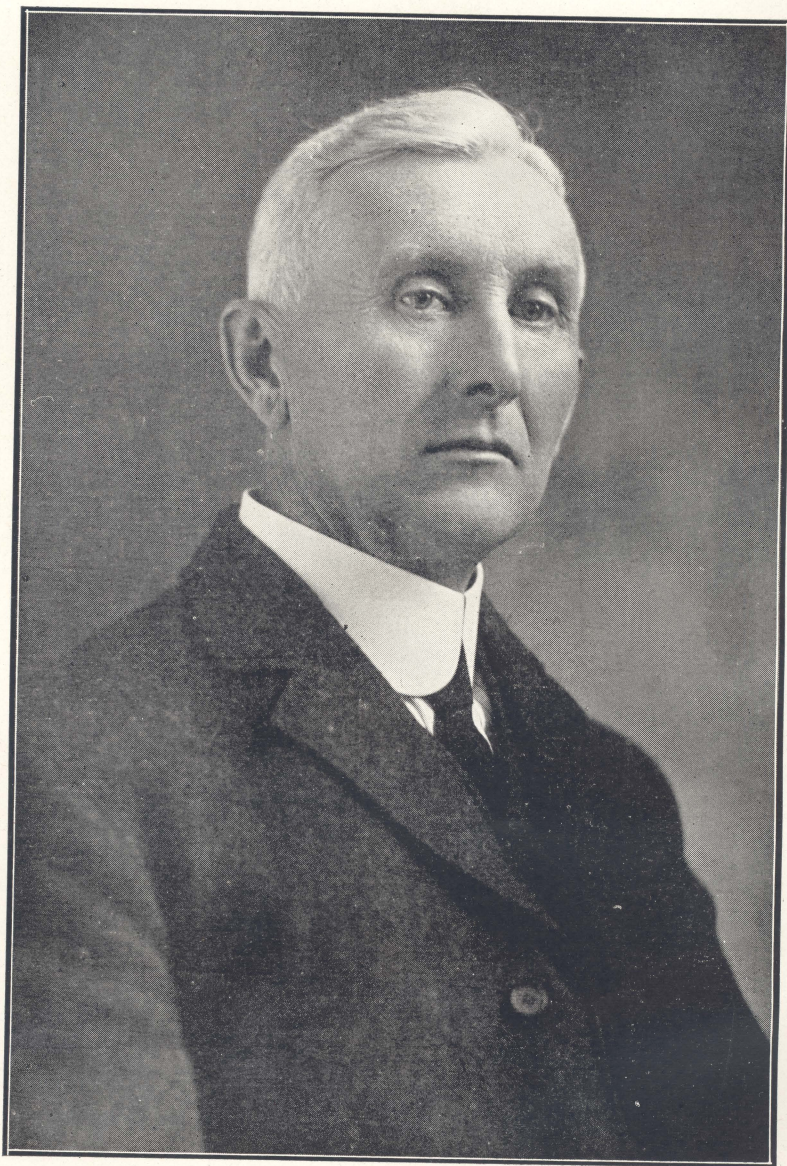
The practice-teaching in the Model School afforded a means of self-judgment and judgment of others that should be highly valuable in after life.

The five sessions immediately preceding the present one, were more or less affected by the awful struggle of the Great War. Each year it was our duty to record that some former student had made the supreme sacrifice. This session we had in attendance eight men who took an active part in that terrible convulsion. We have not been unmindful of those former students who have made the supreme sacrifice. Over one hundred dollars was added to the fund for erecting some suitable memorial to our heroic dead. The task of reconstruction, nearly as great as that of carrying on the war, was ever before us and I believe that the students of this session will consider that their duties and responsibilities, in the years of re-adjustment, are as great as former classes considered theirs in the years of war.

The general health of the class was excellent, considering the fact that there was a return of the influenza epidemic of a year ago, and an epidemic of measles this spring. Sickness always interferes more or less with a strenuous year's work and may prevent graduation in some cases. Two students, through illness, were unfortunately prevented from writing on the final examination.

The year's work, on the whole, can be considered as successful, and now since the teaching profession is just beginning to receive improved pecuniary recognition by the Government of the Province and the people generally, it is to be hoped that every member of the class of 1919-1920 will do everything in his power to see that the confidence of the people of the Province is not misplaced.





HON. R. H. GRANT  
MINISTER OF EDUCATION



## ONTARIO'S NEW MINISTER OF EDUCATION

ALICE M. BROWN.

AMONG the newly-elected members of the Provincial Legislature sworn in on the 14th of November, 1919, as members of Premier Drury's Cabinet, Mr. Grant, holder of the Portfolio of Education, stands pre-eminent.

We are told that with this rising generation rests the future. To enable them to meet the tasks of the coming years the early part of their life must be devoted to careful preparation. The only institutions which will equip them adequately are the schools. Therefore it is essential that educational matters should be in charge of one who will appreciate the greatness and far-reaching results of his work. For this position our new Minister of Education seems specially adapted as he is a man of ripe experience. He is a member of the Alumni of both the Guelph Agricultural College and the University of Toronto. He has held every elective office in the gift of his own township and county. Four of his children have entered the teaching profession and thus, in a most intimate and personal way, he knows teachers, their aims, their difficulties, and their accomplishments. He had been in close contact with rural schools for many years and understands the problems connected with them.

In person, the Honourable R. H. Grant is dignified and scholarly, while from him emanates an air of seasoned judgment and clear-cut purpose.

Those interested may rest assured that in his capable hands educational matters will be ably and efficiently administered by one whose first thoughts will be for the welfare of the rising generation of Ontario's student body.

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### THE MINISTER'S MESSAGE

TORONTO, May 31st, 1920.

DEAR STUDENTS,—

It is customary, I believe, when a new Minister of Education assumes control to send a message to the students in training and the students who have completed their studies and are about to enter upon their life work.

It affords me much pleasure to extend to you my sincere congratulations on the success of your efforts to qualify as teachers in this Province.

It is conceded by all who have devoted any attention to the subject that "to teach well one must be possessed of adequate knowledge; in a word, must be well informed," and to make this possible is the aim and object of the Department under my control.

Your studies and training have, therefore, equipped you for the dignity and responsibility of directing the children who will be under your charge through the formative period of their lives. You will have the opportunity of moulding character and inculcating habits of industry. By your own example and precept you will impress upon the minds of your scholars the principles of humanity, justice, truth, loyalty and patriotism which are the chief foundation stones in building good citizenship, which is so essential to proper government. In short, on your ability, efficiency, faithfulness and judgment will rest, in large measure, the future welfare of our country.

Yours sincerely,

R. H. GRANT,

Minister of Education.



## ONTARIO'S NEW DIRECTOR OF PROFESSIONAL TRAINING

ALICE J. SPARLING.

WHO is in a position to know better the difficulties and trials in connection with an enterprise than one who has experienced and overcome them? Is it not to him we look for advice and encouragement when we, ourselves, are but starting on the course? So it is in education. Any progress in this direction would be seriously hindered had we not leaders—competent men and women who have been through every phase in the learning and teaching process and whose experience when passed on to the succeeding generation, is invaluable. Dr. Morgan, recently appointed as Director of Professional Training of Ontario, has already shown himself to be one of these men specially qualified to carry on successfully the important work to which he has been appointed—that of supervising and bringing to the highest possible efficiency, the training of the teachers of our Province.

Dr. Morgan has carefully studied and has had adequate experience in all phases of the science of teaching. Previous to his recent appointment he spent eleven years as Principal of Hamilton Normal School; one year as lecturer on methods in English and History at Ottawa Normal School; ten years as lecturer in the Ontario Normal College and two years lecturing in Ontario College of Domestic Science and Art. Such has been his experience in the training of teachers. Two years as Principal of Hagersville Public School and sixteen and a half years as Master in the Hamilton Collegiate Institute has furnished Dr. Morgan with first hand knowledge of the practical problems to be met in the teaching profession.

As a student he excelled, graduating from Toronto University with honours in Classics, English, History, Logic and Psychology; he is also a specialist in Classics and holds certificates as a First Class Public School teacher, High School Principal and Public School Inspector, as well as the degree of D.Paed. from the University of Toronto.

Dr. Morgan's first visits to the N. B. Normal in the fall of 1919 and May, 1920, will long be remembered by all its students. One at once recognizes in him a man of wide experience and power of personality pre-eminently suited to the position of leadership which he now holds. His visits were ones of pleasure and benefit to teachers and students alike. His many and pressing duties did not allow of his staying long with us. Nevertheless, by his talks and constant attitude of helpfulness, we students had impressed upon us many principles and ideals which will be of invaluable assistance when we have taken our places among those who are expending their energies in helping to mould the character of our citizens of the future.

Our heartiest desire is that Dr. Morgan may carry on for many more years the work which he has so successfully begun—successful in the truest sense of the word, for no one can measure the value of the services of such men to a young, ambitious country like this Canada of ours.

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### DR. MORGAN'S MESSAGE TO NORTH BAY NORMAL

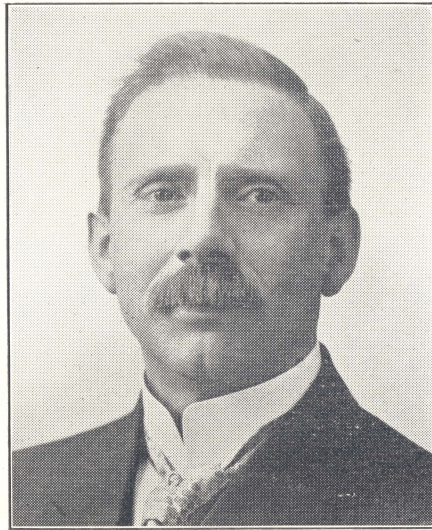
TO THE CLASS OF 1919-1920:—

Through the kind invitation of the executive of your YEAR BOOK, I am privileged to offer you a few words of encouragement and advice as you are about to leave your Normal School to engage in the important service of



educating the youth of our fair province. I know that through the efforts of your good Principal and his efficient staff you are leaving the halls of your Alma Mater not only trained in the principles and approved methods of instruction, but also endowed with lofty ideals in regard to the duties and opportunities of the high office upon which you are about to enter. Permit me to urge you to hold and foster both that self-reliance in the art of teaching and that divine enthusiasm for service that have been born of this training.

To sustain in the future a feeling of power and self-reliance in the work of your chosen profession you must realize not only that your training as teachers is not yet completed, but also that there are within your reach adequate means for continued advancement. Do not allow your study of



DR. S. A. MORGAN

educational problems to cease with your attendance at the Normal School. Be ever ready to take advantage of the opportunities that will be provided you as teachers, to profit through further training and through a participation in the riper experience of your elders in the profession. Seek also to broaden and deepen your own experience by being an active though modest power for good in the community life of your neighbourhood.

Your advancement in the art of teaching you will find no small factor in sustaining undiminished that joyous enthusiasm you now possess for the work of your chosen profession. But add to this an ever-deepening love for children and an ever-deepening sense of your own opportunities and responsibilities in regard to their physical and spiritual welfare. As you have learned to admire the beauty of the flowers of the field and the sweetness of the carols of the birds, so remember that in spite of their apparent imperfections you may develop in these little ones a beauty and a sweetness that shall even transcend the former.

I bespeak for you all many years of faithful and successful service and an abundant harvest of educated men and women, who, through your efforts shall have entered into a life of high purpose and noble action.





GERARD BRIMBLE, *Editor-in-Chief.*

SO MUCH has been written and spoken about teaching being such a noble profession that a great many almost deride the fact; yet looking at it squarely, we see there is more truth than fiction in these, shall I say, oft repeated platitudes. We know that the teacher's influence over the child in his care is immeasurable. He has the child at the period when his mind is most plastic and sensitive to impressions, when he believes all that he is told and often imitates, consciously or unconsciously, the habits of his teacher. It is at this time that the child's mind is growing, and, like the body, it must be properly developed to be of greatest service both to the child himself and to the country.

Now, how can we know the proper method of setting about this great task? The child has only one chance and if he is not properly taught, he must go through life terribly handicapped, with much lessened chances of making good.

It is here that the Normal School comes in. The aim of such an institution is to turn out the best teachers possible, that is to say, those who will aid the child to become an efficient citizen. In each art or trade one must learn the best way of handling the tools that he is using; and not only this, but he must learn the 'why' and the 'wherefore' of his work. Similarly, in teaching it is absolutely necessary to know the 'ins and outs' thoroughly.

Each district has its own peculiar conditions and Northern Ontario is no exception. Thus to be able to meet and overcome these difficulties, the teacher must not only know them, but must also learn the best method of eliminating the undesirable tendencies and of developing the best.

This is where our Normal at North Bay stands pre-eminent. The students of the other schools are drawn from a limited area while we come from all parts of the province. Thus, whether we remain in the North or not, we of the North Bay Normal understand the difficulties confronting us. Each brings with him his own ideas, vague and chaotic as they often are. As the term proceeds, however, through the intermingling of ideas in class discussion, the sage advice from our masters, and the practical work in the Model School, we work out the best means of overcoming the various difficulties. Thus, at the end of the session, we scatter again to the four corners of the province, prepared for our work so that we will be able to send back to our Alma Mater the old message: *Veni, Vidi, Vici.*





Y E A R B O O K S T A F F

Back Row—A. Hetherington, Pres. Literary Soc.; S. Pace, Editor, The Searchlight; J. Caldbick, Group 1 Representative; D. Tilson, Group 4 Representative; J. McLeod, Group 3 Representative; H. G. Lockett, M.A., Supervising Editor.

Middle Row—A. Sparling, Associate Editor; G. Brimble, Editor-in-Chief; A. Brown, Associate Editor.

Front Row—J. Hetherington, Boys' Sporting Editor; T. Kron, Group 2 Representative; A. Marleau, Girls' Sporting Editor; W. Orchard, Business Manager.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

**W**ILL you kindly acknowledge receipt of this YEAR BOOK within one week, by dropping a card to Mr. Ricker at the Normal School. This will enable us to trace books which go astray in the mail, but we cannot locate a missing book if we do not know of its loss promptly.—EDITOR.



## THE PRINCE OF WALES' TOUR OF CANADA

VICTOR E. PYKE.

**D**URING the fall of 1919 it was announced that Canada was to be honoured by a visit from the Prince of Wales. A more fitting time could not have been chosen, for at this juncture Canada and the Empire throughout was just stepping from the ring, victorious, but blood-bespattered, weary and sad—sad because of the priceless number who had given their all in safeguarding the Empire's honour. Canada had done well and undoubtedly it was a token of respect and approval that the Prince should desire to visit and become familiar with a people whose representatives had so worthily upheld the traditions of their homeland.

During his tour, crowded as it was with official and social functions, he always delighted in the little informal gatherings where he could lay aside for a moment the sceptre and be, as he was in France, a man among men.



THE "PRINCE OF SMILES."

His wonderful capacity for remembering faces and circumstances enabled him to renew many of his wartime acquaintances and his winning smile and charming personality won for him a host of new friends wherever he went.

The writer was present during his visit to Toronto and had the pleasure of coming within the radius of that splendid smile and those frank blue eyes which won the Prince a place in every heart. Never was the city more gorgeously decorated than on the occasion when she extended her welcome, and that of Ontario, to this Prince of Democrats; and what can be said of Toronto applies to every part of our fair Dominion whither his visit took him.



The Ontario Parliament Buildings were the scene of much bustling for weeks before, and on the day of his arrival they seemed to breathe the welcome and allegiance that was so manifest among the crowd that everywhere thronged the streets throughout his proposed route. In front of the main entrance was erected an elaborate balcony and over the arch was the following in huge letters:

"Ontario extends a cordial welcome to H.R.H., The Prince of Wales."  
Yonge Street was dazzling with its display of bunting and other decoration of a patriotic nature. Eaton's had a magnificent flag sixty-two feet in width and over one hundred feet long, and over the main entrance, in life-size models, was a scene typifying the unity of the colonies in defence of the Empire. So throughout the route this lavishness was displayed. The smaller and even the smallest concerns failed not to have some suggestion of welcome.

Although the Prince was not expected until eleven o'clock, for hours before, the streets were lined with those whose desire to get close as possible to him led them to go early and secure a position of vantage, positions which were hotly contested by the later comers. About a quarter to eleven the excitement and suspense seemed near the breaking point. It was useless to try to control movements. The crowd took care of that and in a city less orderly the situation might have proved serious. But not so here. Everyone was animated by a spirit of cheerfulness and patriotism, so that a little extra vim while manoeuvring brought no resentment.

Eleven o'clock arrived and the huge crowd seemed all to hold their breath, perhaps in preparation for the wild cheering which rent the air on the appearance of the Prince, smiling and bowing to them as he passed on his way to the Parliament Buildings. Here he was tendered an address of welcome to which he briefly replied, stating among other things, that he was glad to be in Toronto "At last!" He had heard so much about it from his friends in France.

In the afternoon the Prince opened the Canadian National Exhibition and here also he delivered a brief but splendid address, after which he presented medals to some of the 'returned' men who had as yet not received them.

Thus the afternoon passed. Everywhere one heard—"What a splendid fellow he is!" "Hasn't he a wonderful smile!" There was no doubt that he had endeared himself forever to the hearts of the people of Ontario. And it was so at every point of his tour through Canada. Everywhere was manifest the same spirit of loving loyalty by people of all ranks.

That the Prince was favourably impressed could never be doubted. He never failed in any of his addresses to refer to the great love and loyalty so abundantly displayed by the people of Canada. But let the Prince speak for himself. The following is an extract from his address at Massey Hall, November 4, 1919:

"My first visit to the Great Dominion has made me understand more fully than ever what a great privilege that confers upon me, and I value these welcomes all the more highly because they have come from the Canadian nation as a whole, from all ranks of the community, whatever their race, whatever their party, whatever their education. I ask myself what does that mean? It means, I think that the throne stands for a heritage of common aims and ideals shared equally by all sections, all parties, and all nations within the British Commonwealth."

Three cheers for the Prince of Wales!



## THE VALUE OF SCHOOL ATHLETICS

IT IS an oft-repeated assertion that our schools exist for the purpose of preparing pupils for citizenship, hence, each individual subject on the Course of Study is tested by that standard; in what way does Arithmetic or Geography or Science enable this boy or girl to live a fuller, happier life, and be a more efficient citizen of his country?

Too often it has been overlooked that Nature's way of preparing young folk for their adult life is by planting within them an instinct for play and the result is that only in recent years do we find athletics, that is, school play, receiving a place on our Courses of Study.

In what ways, then, can school athletics, supervised by the teacher, prepare boys and girls for the places they are to occupy in maturer years? Their value as Physical Training will come to the mind of all of us. The ancient dictum, "A sound mind in a sound body," expresses a condition recognized by all of us as being desirable, and, further, all agree that a sound body is impossible unless it be developed by suitable physical activity. Now, school athletics is undoubtedly the best form of exercise for boys and girls of that age. Better than calisthenics, gymnastics, and Strathcona exercises? Yes,—for at their best these are artificial, become monotonous, and fail to arouse that interest which is so necessary a factor in true education. Of course they are valuable and have their place in the school day. In no other way can a teacher so effectively correct the stooping back and rounded shoulders which result from long-continued desk work. In no other way can he so quickly arouse the mind which has become fagged by concentrated study, or give the needed physical activity on a stormy day. But after all, it needs no argument to prove the superior value of the hearty school yard game, from which the pupils return with lungs filled with pure air, muscles quivering and every sense alert, ready to attack the most difficult subject on the curriculum.

Supervised athletics has not its only value as a form of physical training, perhaps not even its chief value. The teacher has no finer opportunity for education in those moral attributes,—honesty, fair play, respect for the rights of others, co-operation, than is offered on the play ground. Precept in the schoolroom, supported as it may be by examples from biography or literature will be outweighed manifold by practice on the playground. The boy must learn honesty and fair play by practising honesty and fair play in his boyhood life. Think of the possibilities in a game of ball. The player must respect the rights of the other players by waiting his turn at bat; he must co-operate with his fellows by playing in his place on the field, and in playing that position for which he is best suited. He has abundant opportunity for developing his fair play and honesty as he handles the ball, puts out the base runners or acts as umpire. It is, however, *the teacher's* opportunity. A boy may usually be trusted to play, and get the physical training without supervision, but it does not follow that he will play fairly and get the moral training from the game.

Is it possible to teach the man honesty in business by teaching the boy honesty in sport? An illustration or two will answer the question. The manager of one of the largest departmental stores on this continent, it is said, absolutely refuses to employ young men from a certain section of his city, giving as his reason that that district has a reputation for unfairness in sport, and so he doubts the honesty of its young men in business dealings. On the other hand the well-known emphasis laid upon games in the large English Public Schools, and the equally well-known spirit of fairness and "good sportsmanship" shown by their graduates in after life are significant.

Another value of games which appeals to the business man particularly



is that they train in making quick decisions. In our school work we continually tell the pupil to think the matter over, examine the problem carefully before beginning to solve it, in a word, to defer judgment. On the playground, however, he must decide at once, and, to be successful, decide correctly. With the ball coming his way there is no time to deliberate. He must judge at once what is the correct play, and act upon his judgment. So in many of the affairs of life, especially in business dealings, he must come to conclusions with little opportunity for deliberation.

Finally, school athletics afford the very best means of developing a spirit of loyalty and patriotism. We all know that the school spirit is best developed in those schools in which athletics are organized and carried on for their own sake, where the object is not to win at any cost but to play the game fairly, to win without undue elation or to lose without being downhearted. The graduates of such a school feel a just pride in and loyalty to her which feelings are easily extended to their country and nation so long as they too are worthy of loyalty and patriotism.

Teachers—do you wish to do more for your pupils than simply to train their bodies and minds? Then enter into the play side of their lives as well, being assured that you have here a means of education second in no respect to any other means you may employ.—H. E. R.

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## OUR GIRLS IN ACTION

THIS has certainly been a "banner" year for athletics at North Bay Normal.

As soon as they had become acclimatised the girls organized their Athletic Executive with Zelma Gerry as President, Bertha Fontaine, Vice-President, and Anna Marleau chief scribe and guardian of the cash.

In November a missive from the Collegiate mysteriously found its way to our bulletin board, challenging the fair representatives of our honour to display their prowess at basketball. Although our gymnasium is worse than useless for basketball and we had time to have only one practice at the Collegiate before the game, we accepted. The game showed that there was excellent material among the Normal School girls, for although beaten seven to five, we were certainly not disgraced.

A league was then organized, which consisted of the Abnormals, representing Groups One and Two; the "Wee" X-L's, defending the honour of Groups Three and Four, and the Matrics and Commercials from the Collegiate. Through the courtesy of Principal Brown and Mr. Whitehead of the Collegiate, we were granted the use of the Collegiate gymnasium for practice on Saturdays.

There was time for only two games before the Christmas vacation, but these gave presage of many hard-fought battles to follow; the Matrics defeated the Commercials by one point in overtime while the "Wee" X-L's triumphed over their fellow-Normalites by the close score of 7-5.

In the opening game of the new year the Abnormals were matched against the Commercials. For three years the teachers-to-be had been unable to get the upper hand of their rivals and when they emerged from the fray victorious by one point enthusiasm naturally ran high. Next week the "Wee" X-L's doubled the score on the Matrics and Normal School stock was at high-water mark.





"WEE" X-L BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row—A. Richardson, wing centre; E. Whan (Capt.), jumping centre; S. Pace, sub. centre;  
E. Mick, sub. guard.

Front Row—H. McMaster, guard; R. McKeever, forward; M. Parr, forward; M. McDonald,  
forward; A. Marleau, guard.

But why weary the reader with the harrowing details of those deadly combats? Suffice it that at the close of every contest, eight in all, the brown and gold waved triumphant. The Collegiate teams fought hard and every game was closely contested but—we were just too good. The "Wee" X-L's again defeated the Abnormals, this time by 14 to 9, and carried off the shield donated by Mr. Lockett for annual competition.

The winners played splendid basketball throughout and piled up a total of 77 points while at the same time they restricted their opponents to 48. Erie Whan, captain and jumping centre, was a tower of strength. Long will her passes be remembered in North Bay's sporting circles. Alma Richardson as wing ably supported her and the forwards were well "fed." Mona Parr, Reta McKeever and Marjorie McDonald served as forwards and an average of 13 points a game showed that they were on the job all the time. As guards Anna Marleau and Helen McMaster have few equals and worked together as if they had played on the same team for years.

In addition to the Town League games, a series was arranged between picked teams from the Normal and the Collegiate to compete for the Inter-scholastic Shield for the championship of Northern Ontario. Quite early in the season, in fact before the shield was actually promised, the Collegiate surprised us by downing our picked team by the overwhelming score of 15



to 6. The second game was played on the completion of the Town League schedule shortly before Easter. The Normal team was made up of the "Wee' X-I's, strengthened by Zelma Gerry, the captain and crack shot of the Abnormals. On account of their record in the Town seague the Normalites were the favourites but at half time, with the score 5-0 in favour of the High School, it looked as if the brown and gold was due for another surprise. However, we have the reputation of making a strong finish and this game proved no exception. One basket! Two baskets! and the Normal School supporters were in a frenzy. Once more the Collegiate forwards located the baskets and their rooters had a chance to show their vocal powers. It was their last! Playing with an impetuosity that would not be denied, the girls in brown added three more field goals to their total before the whistle blew for three-quarter time, and in the final period ran the score up to 16-9. Thus ended one of the fastest games ever played by girls in the Collegiate gym. During the last half the game put up by our forwards was little short of marvellous. Zelma Gerry made six field goals and was very ably backed by Mona Parr.

It was agreed that the third game should decide the championship in order to leave the winners time to defend the shield against Sudbury High School. We put in our last practice and waited in confidence. Already the girls were planning how they would entertain the Sudbury maidens. There is, however, an old maxim which reads, "Don't count your chickens before



ABNORMAL BASKETBALL TEAM

Standing—K. Jordan, sub. guard; O. Johnson, guard; J. Brett, wing centre;  
M. Busch, sub. forward.

Kneeling—M. Brett, sub. centre; K. Fallon, jumping centre.

Seated—I. Hogan, forward; Z. Gerry (Capt.), forward; T. Kron, guard.





NORMAL SCHOOL GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Standing—O. Johnson, sub. guard; M. Parr, forward; A. Marleau, guard; A. Richardson, wing centre; H. McMaster, guard; Z. Gerry, forward; I. Hogan, sub forward.

Seated—E. Whan (Capt.), jumping centre; M. McDonald, sub. centre.

they are hatched," and to our sorrow we proved its truth. Like a bolt from the blue, the very day before the game, came the news that two of our players, Zelma Gerry and Helen McMaster, were in quarantine.

Oressa Johnson filled the gap in the defence while Marjorie McDonald and Irene Hogan each played one half as forward. The substitutes performed valiantly but they were not accustomed to playing with the rest of the team and the combination was noticeably defective. At half-time the score stood 6-3 in favour of the Collegiate. Our rooters were still unconcerned for we had always been courteous enough to allow our opponents a good start. When, in the third period, the High School girls added another point while we failed to score, a feeling of uneasiness began to spread throughout our ranks. The last period began at a fast clip. A nice field-goal by Mona Parr aroused our rooters, and when she repeated shortly afterwards, the Rooters' Gang almost lifted the roof off the gymnasium. Extra time was necessary. The ball travelled rapidly from one end of the floor to the other and then landed in the Collegiate basket. We had lost! and, as Mr. Casselman expressed it, the whole school donned sackcloth and ashes. The Collegiate easily defeated Sudbury by 17-4 and retained the shield.

During the spring term, one period a week was devoted to games and in this way every girl became familiar with games that might prove useful in her own school.



The tennis courts were very popular although no tournament was arranged. The Athletic Societies purchased four rackets and the students certainly made good use of them. They enabled many to learn the game who would otherwise have been debarred.

A Volley Ball schedule was drawn up by the Girls' Athletic Executive and in this game Group Two proved much more proficient than the other groups. Four, One and Three went down to defeat in turn without winning a single game. Kathleen Fallon captained the team while the other players were: Bertha Fontaine, Zelma Gerry, Carmel Godin, Bertha Gomall, Gladys Hickling, Irene Hogan, Oressa Johnson, and Thyra Kron.

Even more popular than the Volley Ball was the baseball. This game, played with a 12-inch playground ball, is splendidly adapted to any school. Lest Group Two should be thought the only athletic group, the girls of Three won this championship without losing a game. Mona Parr was captain and pitcher. The others who played in one or more games were: Anna Marleau, Evelyn Mick, Marjorie McDonald, Reta McKeever, Jean McLeod, Helen McMaster, Bessie McVicar, Elda Parslow, Dorothy Perry, Dorothea Preston and Alma Richardson.

The final game of the season saw the Abnormals (Groups One and Two) lined up against the "Wee" X-L's (Groups Three and Four). The former were anxious to atone for their defeats at basketball and, assisted by



NORMAL SCHOOL GIRLS' BASEBALL TEAM.

Back Row—Z. Gerry, pitcher; A. Marleau, left shortstop; A. Richardson, third base;  
H. McMaster, second base; H. Fletcher, right field.  
Front Row—M. Parr, right shortstop; M. Connolly, left field; A. Costello (Capt.) catcher;  
I. Hogan, first base; I. Tompkins, centre field.



the vigorous coaching of Mr. Norris, won handily by the score of 28-17. The line-up of the two teams, as preserved for posterity, was as follows:

ABNORMALS—O. Johnson, 3rd base; M. Connolly, 1. shortstop; A. Costello, catcher; L. Crough, r. shortstop; B. Gomall, 2nd base; G. Collings, c. field; I. Hogan, 1st base; H. Fletcher, r. field; G. Contway, 1. field; Z. Gerry, pitcher.

"WEE" X-L's—A. Marleau, 1. shortstop; A. Richardson, 3rd base; I. Tackney, 1. field; I. Tompkins, c. field; M. McDonald, catcher; E. Whan, r. shortstop; H. McMaster, 1st base; M. Parr, pitcher; R. McKeever, 2nd base; E. Parslow, r. field.

A school team was then formed and Aileen Costello was elected captain. A challenge was sent to our fair rivals in the west end to meet us on the diamond. At first they accepted but later found it impossible to get a team together. Our sporting spirit was aroused now, however, and we felt that we must do something to uphold the honour of the school. Accordingly, we wended our way in solemn procession to Noel's and there had our photo taken—a fitting wind-up of a glorious season.

The practical training we have had this year in games of all sorts should prove of great value when we go into our own schools. Every graduate of the North Bay Normal should prove well fitted to handle this phase of school work which is being stressed more each year.

## KEEP THE GRAND TRUNK FLYING

DOROTHY E. PERRY.

WE were summoned from the country,  
We were called out from the towns  
And the Normal found us ready  
Gathered here without a frown.  
Let no tears add to our hardships  
As with plans we pass along,  
And although our hearts are breaking  
We must sing this cheery song:

### CHORUS

Keep the Grand Trunk flying  
While our hearts are sighing  
Though we girls are far away  
We dream of home;  
There's a silver lining  
Through the dark clouds shining  
That will be when next June comes  
And back we roam.

From the North there came a pleading,  
"Help the teachers in distress,"  
So we came to dear old Normal,  
Honour bade us do no less;  
No Graduate of North Bay  
To Southern strife shall bend,  
For we'll stand by the good old government,  
And to the North our service lend.



## THE VISIT OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE

MARGARET M. THORBURN.

ON Friday, February the thirteenth, the Duke of Devonshire, Governor-General of Canada, paid an official visit to North Bay. While in town he visited all the schools, including the Normal School.

After prayers on that memorable morning Mr. Casselman formed a working party of the boys. Under his able supervision they brought up plants and decorated the state in the Assembly Hall very prettily. Here, at the end of the second period all the students assembled to await the arrival of the guests.

His Excellency, accompanied by members of his staff, His Worship the Mayor, and other prominent citizens of the town, drove up to the entrance about a quarter to eleven. He was met by Principal Casselman and escorted to the library. Here, he and his party removed their wraps. At this point the members of the staff of the Normal School were introduced to the Governor-General.



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE  
Governor-General of Canada.

The Ducal party now went up to the Assembly Hall. As they entered the students rose and stood at attention. When the party took their places on the platform all joined in singing "God Save the King." This was the opening number of a nicely arranged programme.

Principal Casselman welcomed His Excellency in the following splendid address:

YOUR EXCELLENCY :—

On behalf of the Staff and Students of the North Bay Normal School, I most humbly tender Your Excellency our thanks for so graciously consenting to visit us to-day. This day will be forever memorable in the annals of the School.

We regret that so many of our students are absent on this momentous occasion, on account of the prevailing epidemic.



We proffer Your Excellency a triple welcome to this Normal School. We welcome you as the Representative in the Dominion of Canada, of our Gracious Sovereign, His Majesty King George. We welcome Your Excellency as the Representative of the Noble Family of Cavendish, whose services to Education, to the Nation, and to the Empire, have been so conspicuous for centuries. To this devoted service we owe, in no small degree, those principles of Freedom and Justice so singularly characteristic of the British Empire. We welcome Your Excellency as a splendid type of the noble English gentleman.

The work of our staff is to impart to young men and young women such as you see before you, the most efficient methods of instructing the children that attend the elementary schools of our province. Our aim is to send out teachers who will, in their instruction, preserve the proper balance between the mental, the moral and the physical development of the child.

We also aim to widen and to develop that innate love for British institutions so generally characteristic of the Canadian people. In proof of this we are proud to say that all men who graduated from this institution or were in attendance and were physically fit, enlisted in the service of the Empire. Nine were wounded; eight made the supreme sacrifice. We intend to raise a suitable memorial to keep ever in grateful remembrance their distinguished service.

We are proud to number among our students this session, eight young men who saw active service against the enemy of civilization.

He closed by introducing the student-body to His Excellency. While the students were still standing, Miss Quinlan and Mr. A. Hetherington, on behalf of the school, presented the Duke with a bouquet of beautiful roses.

His Excellency replied to this address in an inspiring speech. He began by expressing his pleasure at being able to visit our school and meet the young men and young women who were here training for the noble profession of teaching.

"We hear so much," he said, "of reconstruction to-day and yet the teachers who are to mould the lives of the young are going to determine to a large extent how well this reconstruction is to be carried out. The possibilities of our Dominion are great," he continued, "and you young men and women who have chosen the laborious occupation of the classroom as your future work, are going to be, to a great degree, the determining factors in causing the possibilities of our great Dominion to be realized."

The Duke now referred to the share which Canada had taken in the Great War. He lauded our splendid boys who fought so bravely, yes, and died even more bravely, side by side with the highly trained soldiers of France and England.

In closing, His Excellency wondered if we would be interested in the proposition which had been considered favourably by the pupils of the public



schools which he had already visited. He feared that we, because we took our work more seriously, would not appreciate a holiday as much as the pupils whom we occasionally taught. On being assured by Mr. Casselman that a holiday was our greatest delight, His Grace requested that we be dismissed for the day.

He concluded with the wish that this visit would remain with us as a happy memory, even as it did with him. We students now expressed our appreciation of His Excellency's thoughtfulness by giving "Three cheers and a tiger for the Duke of Devonshire."

His Grace now requested that the students sing for him. This request was complied with and "Heroes and Gentlemen" was sung in a manner which delighted the listeners. His Excellency expressed a desire to meet the returned men of the school. He at once left the platform and the veterans were introduced to him. He then left the room, and we were left to enjoy our holiday. Friday, February the thirteenth, will long be remembered by the Normal class of 1919-1920.

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## A SOLILOQUY

PEARL M. CHARLTON.

EVER since I was a kid (years ago it seems) in the days when I liked to swipe jam from the kitchen cupboard and receive the razor strop as a token of esteem, I have had thrilling experiences. When I was fourteen years old I passed my High School Entrance, to the intense surprise and gratification of my friends. They had never expected such a thing from me and I truly believe that my surprise equalled, if not surpassed, theirs. Once I was madly in love for a whole week, only to find that the beautiful creature on whom I had fixed my affections was forty, had already had two husbands and used powder! I thought I should never recover from the shock but was advised "to cheer up—the worst was yet to come." That prophecy proved true. I struggled through High School on French verbs and Latin prefixes. I memorized five hundred lines of Vergil and on the strength of that, entered North Bay Normal School.

For four weeks all went well; then, one dismal October morning a gloom fell over the school. There was a look of awe and solemnity on the faces of the students—of anxiety on the faces of the teachers. Voices were hushed and it was as though some horrible spell hung over us,—for—we were to teach on Wednesday! Oh, the awful suspense of those intervening days! Lesson plans haunted us. In the dead of night they rose before us with mocking laughter. They leered at us from dark corners of the stairway. They followed us everywhere, ghostly fingers marking off days—hours—minutes—seconds. The time arrived. I heard dimly a sweetly melodious voice saying, "Composition lesson, please." The back window was open and my mind went floating across the room, through the open window and away to the southward. As in a dream, I arose and walked to the front. My head swam. My heart sank away, way down to the very toes of my Sunday shoes which I had donned for the occasion. My knees trembled, there was a peculiar buzzing in my ears. An indistinct vision of the taunting faces of the pupils, the expectancy of the critic teacher, the sympathetic grins of the other students rose before me. For fully a quarter of a second I stood thus. Then my mind came sailing gaily in through the front window, took its customary place, and I proceeded to tell that pathetic tale of "The Lion and the Mouse," all the while sympathizing with the poor little mouse. I had a feeling of kinship for him, as it were. Twenty minutes passed like the wind, and oh, blessed relief!—my first lesson was over!





#### FALL EXECUTIVE OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY

Back Row—V. Langley, Group 3 Representative; J. King, Group 2; B. Gomall, Group 2;  
J. Caldbick, Group 1; A. Brown, Group 1.

Middle Row—Z. Gerry, Group 2; V. Bocking, Secretary; V. Pyke, President;  
A. Hetherington, Vice-President; A. Marleau, Group 3.

Front Row—E. Buckley, Group 4; B. Young, Treasurer; A. Walker, Group 4.

#### REVIEW OF THE FALL TERM

V. BOCKING, *Secretary*.

LATE in September, elections were held for the offices of the Literary Society and in a short time the work was well under way. From the first, Mr. Pyke, the President, and his executive had to face the unique situation which has always confronted and will, no doubt, always confront the fall executive of the school. We students were practically all entire strangers to each other and the accomplishments of the talented individuals were unknown. Of course each one professed reluctance at volunteering and as a consequence the executive had some difficulty in getting numbers for the programmes of the meetings. However, inter-group rivalry soon began to manifest itself and a happy thought struck the executive. Why not have a musical selection from each group in turn as each boasted that they were the best singers? This provided splendid entertainment and did much to foster esprit-de-corps in each of the four groups.

Besides the meetings the school took part in two hikes, which proved an important factor in our becoming acquainted. On the first hike we explored Duchesne Creek and were filled with admiration of the rugged scenery at the falls. On the next hike, Thanksgiving Day, we directed our attention to Trout Lake.



During the term we were favoured with addresses by Brother Simon of De La Salle College, Aurora, and Rev. F. L. Brown, Superintendent of Methodist Missions in Northern Ontario. The former dealt with the importance of educational work, while the latter gave an interesting description of the North. Mr. Casselman's illustrated lecture on Egypt also was one of the educational treats of the fall term.

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### ARMISTICE DAY

*Bid them be patient and some day anon  
They shall feel earth enrap in silence deep,  
Shall greet in wonderment that quiet dawn,  
And in content may turn them to their sleep.*

LIEUT.-COL. JOHN MCCRAE.

TUESDAY, November 11, the first anniversary of the signing of the armistice, was observed in a fitting manner at the Normal School. King George had requested that, throughout the Empire, there be absolute silence for two minutes. In compliance with this request, we gathered in the Assembly Hall and stood with bowed heads. It was a solemn moment. One could not help thinking of the seven lads who, but a few years before, had entered upon their courses so full of anticipation, but now they were lying in Flanders' Fields. The presence of eight returned boys added to the solemnity of the occasion. But for the signing of the armistice and the subsequent coming of peace, they would not have been here; nay, more, they too by this time might have yielded up their lives for the Empire. The two minutes passed and after the singing of the National Anthem, Gerard Brimble came to the platform and gave an interesting account of "Armistice Day in Belgium." W. F. Orchard followed him and described how that day was spent in Halifax. After this the school sang "Onward, Christian Soldiers," one of the favourite hymns of the lads at the front. H. C. Hancock then pictured for us "England on Armistice Day," and Archie Hetherington concluded the programme with the story of his experience in Germany with the Army of Occupation. It was a morning that will not soon be forgotten either by the student-body or by the members of the staff.

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### ARMISTICE DAY IN BELGIUM

GERARD BRIMBLE.

THIS is a short account of how we celebrated the Armistice. Frankly, I may say it is with misgivings that I tell any experiences of that day. So many others have given glowing accounts about the romances of the soldiers that these plain commonplace facts will fade into insignificance.

So far as we were concerned, the bully beef tasted the same as always; "Huntley and Palmer" was as hard as ever; the jam ration was no larger and our packs were just as heavy.



But there was an undercurrent of excitement. We really munched our hard-tack the way some gentlemen did the pumpkin pies not long ago and shrugged our shoulders as we marched along. All I can say is that a great many who had such a romantically delightful time had been able to satisfy a long-felt need. For days they had been piling up and accumulating and now their Mecca was in sight. They had reached a land of plenty, where the cup that cheers was thrust out on every hand. Thus their drooping spirits burst forth in song and rejoicing.

The rest of us, whose sole stimulant was "Cafe noir, sans sucre, sans de lait," were able to gaze calmly upon the scene and in the midst of all the rejoicing, to indulge in a pleasant reverie as to the proximity of *that* day for which we had long waited, yet so many times had despaired of seeing; that day when we would hear the welcome cry of "Land ho," or should see on the port bow the rugged outlines of the citadel of Halifax.

However, to return from our day dreaming to our activities on the eleventh of November last. From the eighth of August the Canadians had been in the thick of the fighting and as time passed, it seemed more evident that the end was approaching. Many rumours were floating round so that we did not know what to believe. Of course we had the official notice to look out for German officers with white flags approaching our lines; then, that they had passed through on the French front but nothing was definite. It was tacitly understood that Mons should be in our hands before the end came.

The battalions in the line did not wish to be relieved, at least the officers did not, so though we were in supports following closely and ready to move up and carry on, they pushed ahead, capturing the city shortly after four o'clock on the morning of the eleventh.

When we received word that firing would cease at eleven o'clock, we just looked at one another, not knowing what to do or say. Everyone took the news quite calmly and as a matter of course. We just started packing our kits to be ready for moving.

After breakfast everyone was busy because there was to be a big parade in Mons square. Most of the brigade which captured the town assembled there with massed bands.

When the great clock pointed to eleven, they presented arms while the bands played "The King." Then everyone seemed to go mad. The people surrounded the troops, shaking hands and saluting them in true French style—a kiss on each cheek.

Owing to the congestion of traffic on the roads we did not go into the city until the afternoon when Sir Arthur Currie, corps commander, with a bodyguard of cavalry, formally entered. We went through a great deal of ceremony but were finally allowed to break ranks and go to our billets.

Mons looked very gay and crowded to us, after being used to seeing nobody but soldiers and a few civilians. All the houses were decorated with the Allies' flags and even a few Canadian ones were in evidence. Almost every soldier you would meet was escorted by a girl on each arm. The kilties were the especial favourites. So much had been heard about the "Ladies from Hell" that admiring crowds would gather round the luckless warriors, pointing to their bare knees and laughing, so that they felt as conspicuous as when they wore kilts for the first time.

Everybody was trying to get all the news of the world for the previous four years. Conversation was mostly carried on in the sign language with remarkable results. The people all wanted you to enter and have a cup of coffee or perhaps something stronger and it was hardly any use refusing.



The civilians could hardly believe that the war was really ended. They formed into processions, dancing and shouting through the streets. The churches were filled with refugees from Valenciennes and surrounding districts, while the roads to the east of the city were crowded with people returning to their homes. They carried all their worldly possessions in a little bundle or piled on a wheelbarrow. Joy was predominant and all tried to help out those less fortunate than themselves.

We were supposed to be in billets by 9.30 but no one obeyed that command. However, most of us were glad to turn in by midnight and although we were tired, sleep was out of question for a long time. Everyone had to pass his opinion on our next move and how soon we would get away. We finally wrapped ourselves in our blankets and curled up on the floor and were soon fast asleep and dreaming of the time when we would be back home in Canada and in "civies" again.

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## ARMISTICE DAY IN HALIFAX

WILLIAM F. ORCHARD.

ON Sunday, November 10, it was well known by all the people of Halifax that the Armistice would be signed very soon. From the pulpits the ministers confidently proclaimed the certainty of the end of the war.

My chum Jack and myself were that night aboard a C. D. (Canadian Drifter) anchored in Dartmouth Cove across the stream from the main city of Halifax. We knew what news was expected and therefore were not surprised when about five o'clock on the morning of November 11th we were aroused by the noise of Halifax suddenly awakened.

We wished to see the celebration and, as the ferry-boat was not running at such an early hour, we jumped into the boat tied alongside and rowed across the stream to see what was going on.

You will notice that the stream which we crossed was the scene of the collision of the two boats, the cause of the fearful explosion which gave to the people of Halifax a very real idea of war.

We crossed the stream in a few minutes, left the boat in one place and the oars in another and joined the merry throng in the streets. By this time there was a racket and roar through all the city, bells ringing everywhere, while every factor and locomotive in the city and every steam-boat in the harbour had whistles blowing under full steam. The crowd on the streets was increasing steadily and everyone seemed at a loss to decide the best way of celebrating.

The newspapers vied with one another in getting the news first before the eyes of the people, the *Herald* coming out first with the glaring and triumphant head-line "HUNS QUIT."

In the midst of all this noise and racket there was an under-current of feeling which found expression in thousands making their way to the churches. There was the real Thanksgiving. No one would ever be blamed for shouting for joy at such a time, but the people from whose lives went out the deepest thanksgiving were not those who wildly shouted in the streets. I speak of the homes and the mothers of Canada, from whose hearts went up the real thanksgiving, glad that the terrible time of anxiety and waiting was at last practically over.



Therefore, in the wild celebrations which prevailed throughout our Dominion on that day, let us not lose sight of the silent thousands whose gratitude found expression in quiet but heartfelt thanksgiving. We who had some little part in the war thought first of all of "Mother" and those at home and we felt glad because they would be glad, knowing that whatever war may mean to those who take an active part, it means infinitely more to those who remain patiently and quietly at home.

And so the uproar in the streets of Halifax continued; the whistles in the factories and on the boats in the harbour kept up their racket, some until ten or eleven o'clock, others until noon and then gradually died off, possibly for lack of steam.

Sometime in the forenoon Jack bethought himself of some breakfast. He took the boat, fortunately finding it where we had left it, and returned to the C. D., while I went aboard H. M. C. S. Niobe. This cruiser is no longer in active service but lies at the dock in use as a training ship for men and boys entering the naval service. She, however, made a name for herself in the first year of the war by capturing the largest number of German merchant ships and chasing them to British or neutral ports. Now her fighting days are over; she is obsolete and of no use, and the decks which once knew the splash of salt foam coming over the weather bow, are now used for training men for service on faster and more modern types of naval service boats.

When I boarded this boat on the morning of the 11th, everything went as usual even to the scrubbing of the decks and the polishing of the ever present and bothersome brass. One general idea often found expression in words, "Guess we'll soon get our ticket now." "Perhaps but do not talk too soon. Fritz has played his tricks before, likely this is another." Sailors are a happy medium between optimists and pessimists, perhaps inclined to be fatalists. We took no chances. War news has been contradicted before; this may be a ruse to throw the whole naval fighting machine and the merchant seamen off guard and give the U-boats a chance. So "wait and see; carry on as usual," was the unspoken order of the day.

Meanwhile in the streets the crowds were increasing; every street seemed packed with people. I met Jack again at the "Y" during the evening and we strolled around for awhile, then boarded a bus, part of a great organized procession, and rode for some time.

Thus the day was spent, the celebration lasting into the night and on to the early hours of the morning. Then it gradually subsided the crowds melted away, the noise ceased, and in the morning all appeared as usual except the flags and other decorations still in sight.

Thus did the people of Halifax celebrate the close of a war which to them had meant much. From August, 1914, until November, 1918, Halifax, as one of the most easterly Atlantic ports of the Dominion, held a peculiarly important position with regard to Canada and her part in the war. In her great harbour there had lain at anchor, scores and hundreds of the great troopships, awaiting orders for departure. Many of these had steamed out to sea in the darkness and silence of the night, with no one, except those on board, aware of any movements. For those which left during the day, many a rousing farewell cheer went up from the crowds thronging the docks, and perhaps by way of a ruse, this same boat would return in the evening only to steal silently out again during the night, the purpose of this being to foil the possible attempts of any would-be spies.

Thus, although the ships departed silently, the people of Halifax were, in any case, the last to see the Canadians before leaving for the other side, and ere long Halifax was the first to welcome them back.



Then the fearful explosion in December, 1917, gave to these people a very real taste of war. The devastation wrought by the explosion of the munition boat, with the great loss of life and destruction of property, compared in its horror with the battlefields of France.

And so, after such experiences, and the anxiety of the four years of war, the people of Halifax on November 11th, held their celebration for Armistice Day, and on November 12th settled down to work and to a peace which we hope shall last for all time.

And thus we leave her; a great Canadian city spoken of by some as "a little bit of England set down on Canadian soil," a saying which is about true as you who have spent any great time in Halifax will know. Thus this great eastern port of ours is Canadian and thus she is British; so are we all.

Perhaps in the course of time we shall have occasion to see that part of our Dominion again, but we hope that it will be a more pleasurable occupation than war with all its Armistice Day celebrations which shall call us so far from old Ontario and home.

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## ARMISTICE DAY IN ENGLAND

HAROLD C. HANCOCK.

ONE year ago Saturday the camp of Witley in common with the entire civilized world breathlessly awaited the greatest news since the beginning of the Christian era. A year ago Sunday the first despatches telling of the revolution in Germany came over the wires and later in the afternoon news was received that the Kaiser had abdicated. From then on events moved with astounding rapidity. All day Sunday all that could be heard around the camp was the question, "Is the war over?" or else in a far-off corner some casualties debating whether Heinie would sign the Armistice terms or not.

Monday morning the bugles blew the calls as usual but they were not, however, as readily answered as usual for the soldiers anxiously awaited the results. Shortly after nine the troops were dismissed from O. C.'s parade. Dirty buttons and dirty brass failed to bring to the offender his reward of four or five days "C. B." Around ten o'clock when the troops were assembled on training parade the colonel was seen walking from the Battalion Orderly Room and from his unusual smile everyone knew that the Germans had signed the Armistice, indicating that victory had been won. Three cheers went up and everyone made a mad rush from the parade ground so that the colonel was saved the trouble of breaking the glad news.

Within thirty minutes after its heralding, all bells and whistles in the district broke forth. Every available noise-making device was pressed into service and despite the short time for preparation and the uncertain conditions of the weather, the camp witnessed the largest and most unique parade in its history. Men who were casualties from battalions in France and who belonged to the different reserves of Witley were united in the march. About eleven o'clock aeroplanes were seen circling over the camp.

For myself I was working in the post office and through the "kindness" of the Brigade Post Office we had about fifty or sixty bags of parcels dumped in on us. They stayed where they were put for that morning.



That afternoon the trumpeters blew "no parades to-day" and the excitement kept up. I may say that the mess room was practically deserted for the first time since I went to England. In the afternoon many were seen carrying pails around with them. In case you do not know what they were filled with, I will tell you. It was beer and those whose tastes lay in that direction partook freely thereof and were exceeding merry. Then the usual games of the camp commenced, including Black Jack, Pontoon and the old reliable Crown and Anchor. This continued until about five when everyone was ready for supper and that, thanks to the loyalty of the cooks who remained so nobly on duty, was the best meal I ever received in England.

After supper saw the overthrow and demolishing of "Tin Town." "Tin Town" consisted of a few stores in camp, that charged the Canadians about two prices for everything they purchased.

After the raid on "Tin Town," about fifty, including myself, went to Godalming Station and waited for the London train. When it came in, the crew were given to understand that we were going to London on this train gratis and if they refused our demands, volunteers would be called for, to run the train. However, they gladly consented and we arrived in London about ten-thirty.

All trains converging on London were well crowded. When I arrived there, the streets were a living mass of humanity surging here and there like billows on an ocean. At other times when I had visited London the people were living in deadly peril of air raids. This time all the people were living in the streets. The city of darkness was almost as bright as day, lit up by the bon-fires which were on every square.

"Judge, O ye gods, the utter destruction thereof," when guns and everything moveable were placed on the fires.

About midnight I worked my way to Buckingham Palace around which thousands of people had assembled. The cheering for King George was beyond comprehension. The King, Queen, and Princess Mary appeared on the balcony. Silence immediately ensued and the King in a few brief sentences thanked the people for their loyal support during the period of war. The din and uproar kept up all night. I will not vouch for the truth of the following statement but one old Englishman said he knew a couple of men who were little tots at the time of the victories of Nelson and Drake and who said that the celebration was nothing in comparison with November 11th, 1919.

I will not attempt to describe that city of millions on Armistice night but leave it to your own imagination. London on that night could not be described. The day was one that will be long remembered throughout the British Empire.

The next day we returned to the routine of Witley Camp, awaiting the glad news that we should sail for Canada.

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## ON THE RHINE WITH THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION

ARCHIE HETHERINGTON.

WHEN the end finally came on that eventful day, November 11th, our battery was in position in the little town of Thulin a few kilos from Mons on the left of the Mons-Valenciennes road.



It was almost impossible to realize that it was over, that the vigil had ended, and that "Fritz" had really signed the Armistice. The men were almost afraid they would wake up and find it was all a dream; but finally it dawned on them that it was indeed true. Even the Belgian civilians felt safe and began digging up their buried treasure of copper and brass pots, kettles, etc. Had they not buried them, "Fritz" would have got them and we would have got them later on in no uncertain manner.

Our one great question was, "When are we going home?" Already we saw ourselves gliding over the ice, and not alone, while the band played the old favourite waltz. We were going to skate that winter. There was no great desire to push on to Germany, it was "Home—home to Canada," that was uppermost in everyone's mind. A Y.M.C.A. was established in the theatre and there the boys would gather for a sing-song in the evening. One evening the usual crowd was gathered but did not seem in a singing mood. Finally the "Y" captain called out "Why won't you sing? What do you want to sing anyhow? And a voice from the crowd answered back to both questions, "We want to go home," and sing it they did with all the pathos and feeling that only men under those conditions could put into it.

A few days later it was posted on orders that part of the Canadian Corps would go to the Rhine with the Army of Occupation, and that our brigade would go. As only one brigade of heavy artillery was to go with the corps naturally we felt pleased that "the Good Old Second Brigade" should have the honour.

The battery was made up to strength in men and the column increased by additional lorries. Clothing and equipment were replaced. Gun stores were loaded and also the ammunition; for it was to be no idle trip. Peace was not signed and the shells might be needed.

The various batteries of the Brigade 2nd, 6th, 8th, Howitzer and 1st and 2nd Heavy Batteries met at Jemappes on the outskirts of Mons, and after staying there several days proceeded toward the border. Of course it rained. It always rained. The old saying was "Either we moved when it rained, or it rained when we moved," and both were right.

The first important stop was at Namur. Namur was one of the fortified cities of Belgium which held up the German advance for several days in the historic autumn of 1914. The citadel which was designed by General Lee-man, the brave defender of Liège, is built at the junction of the Meuse and Sambre rivers. The grim old fortress rises on a high rocky promontory. The top is reached by ascending the road which winds round the hill. From the top a magnificent view is to be had of the rivers, canal locks and the constantly changing scene of river craft moving up and down.

On leaving Namur the battery proceeded along the bank of the Meuse river for several miles. The river here flows through a rather picturesque valley bounded by wooded hills and rugged rocky ridges.

The next stop was at Marchin near Huy, and from there the battery swung away from the river, passing south of Liège and on over the northern end of the Ardennes mountains.

The Belgium with which most people are familiar is thickly populated; but in the rugged foothills of the Ardennes it is not less sparsely settled than parts of New Brunswick or Northern Ontario. Habitations are relatively far apart and the wild boar still roams the forest.

After a long day of climbing hills and descending into valleys a stop was made at the little village of Grand Halleaux. The men were billeted in a seminary which had been used by Fritz as an hospital. As the billets were

good, it was decided to rest for a day, and as the day happened to be Sunday, church service was held in the theatre which a short time before had resounded with "Deutschland, Deutschland Uber Alles" and "Die Wacht am Rhein."

On the morning of the ninth of December the border was crossed, and we were at last in Germany. The first night was spent at the little farming village of Schoppen and here we had our first meeting with the German civilian.

It had been a raw, cold, rainy day. Still it rained and the prospect of spending a night by a warm, comfortable fire was very pleasing. Seven of us were quartered with one family and we were given the living-room for our quarters. It was a typical farm house living-room with its long seat along two walls and the large family table in the corner. The walls, of course, were decorated with pictures of the Emperor, German Generals and some other soldiers who were probably at that time in the German army.

Upon our arrival the kindly "Haus Frau" put on a huge fire of which we immediately took advantage to dry ourselves; but imagine our surprise when she brought in a great jug of steaming hot milk, a loaf of rye bread, which she sliced with a wicked-looking knife, and real butter, with the injunction that we must eat for we were cold and hungry. Several of us had not tasted either milk or butter for several months so that naturally we needed no second bidding. The cup which I used had their old cry of "Deutschland Uber Alles" inscribed thereon; but that did not spoil the taste of the milk. When I drew the attention of the others to the inscription, they accused me of taking the largest mug, but I must say in self defence that it was nearest me.

That evening we drew our supper and returned to the house to eat it; and there we received a second surprise. No sooner had we sat down than our friend brought in a great dish of mashed potatoes, supported by a jug of hot milk. Dame Fortune surely smiled on us. There was now enough to feed seven hungry Germans who live to eat, let alone Canadians who eat to live.

We were further blessed by receiving Canadian mail and an additional instalment of Christmas parcels. Of course we remembered the family. Chocolate? Yes! it was real chocolate which they had not been able to get for almost four long years. No, she would not eat it then. She would keep it a little longer; the children would have a real Christmas that year. The Christmas cake was passed round and favourably commented upon; but a smile of sublime satisfaction spread on the old man's face as he indulged in a pipe of good Canadian tobacco.

At last it was bedtime. We were quite satisfied to lie on the floor. Was it not a good, even, soft, wood floor? But no, our hostess would not have it so. We must have straw and needless to say, we were rather pleased to have it. So bidding our friends "Gut Nacht" we lay down to enjoy a peaceful sleep.

We were up early in the morning so as to be on our way at daybreak; but the people of the house were up before us and Frau had fried a great bowl of potatoes for our breakfast.

On leaving she insisted that we take a can containing two pounds of butter with us. As butter was worth about six dollars a pound it was a gift of no mean order; but better than that we had won the good-will and respect of the first German family with which we came in contact.



The next stop was made at the little village of Mürringen and this time there was in our billet a former German soldier who spoke English and French, as he had spent some years in both London and Paris.

His opinion of the war was formed from the old German idea that the British Empire was not united. As he said, "Why should Canada have anything to do with it? We (Germany) had no quarrel with you," but we were forced to smile when he said reproachfully, "If sometime in the future Canada should be attacked by the United States, she could not expect Germany to help her." As one of the men remarked, "If we were dependent on Germany, we would cease to exist."

Starting before daybreak and travelling all day, we covered sixty kilos and arrived at the town of Blieheim about six o'clock that evening. The men were billeted in a school which caused one wag to remark, "I've heard a lot about what the Khaki College was going to do for us; but I did not expect to land in school quite so soon." However, he remained only one night and in the morning departed.

On the afternoon of the twelfth our goal was reached. We were in Cologne. The doubtful had come to pass; we had really reached the Rhine. The first task was to get the guns in position on the river bank where they commanded the bridge-heads and covered the approaches from the farther side. Then, crews were posted and it was time to seek billets and supper.

Although orders had been given that there was to be no fraternizing with the enemy, it was almost impossible to inhabit the same house and not associate with them. Then, too, we wished to know their side of the story.

Gradually the civilians became more free and began to ask questions. "Was it true that all who wore caps to one side of their heads spoke German?" for so some joker had told them and, being accustomed to listen to the voice of authority, they believed. "Were we really Canadians when we did not have black faces and large mouths?" Finally one of the family wished to know the meaning of "God Save the King." The posters placed throughout the city by the British giving orders regarding billets, passports, etc., were printed in German, and in English at the bottom was "God Save the King." This the family had interpreted as poor German for "Gott save die Kinder," and at once came to the conclusion that the English must be bringing up large quantities of soap and were going to wash all the children in the city, doubtless in eau de cologne.

On the morning of the thirteenth the march over the Rhine took place. Of course it rained; but this did not prevent the civilians from turning out to see the parade. The Kilties were a source of interest to them; but the glittering bayonet which each carried on the end of his rifle kept the inquisitive ones at a respectful distance. In fact, one sensed a feeling of uncertainty, almost of fear in the crowd. Who knew what they might do, those determined looking men, who would not cover their knees and swung along to the thrilling skirl of a strange instrument?

Finally, however, the crossing was over, and the line established across the river. The heavies did not move immediately and this gave a slight opportunity for sight-seeing, of taking, in fact, Cook's Tour unencumbered with guides.

The city of Cologne is a very ancient one and still bears evidence of its Roman occupation in its name, Cologne, which comes from the old name of Colonia Agrippina. To the tourist it is chiefly known for its cathedral, a most beautiful Gothic edifice started in 1248 but not completed until 1880.

Then too there were the curio shops, art galleries, museums, theatres and cafes, and what must not be forgotten, the promenade along the Rhine,



where at night one watched the twinkling of the lights across the river and smoked and mused and saw again the broad St. Lawrence, Hanlan's Point or English Bay.

Our stay in Cologne lasted only a few days, after which the Brigade moved east of Bonn with headquarters in the little town of Mahlem, and here we settled down to await the call for our return to Canada.

Directly across the Rhine were the Drachenfelds, one of the peaks of the Siebenberge which is a range of rugged volcanic cones. From the Drachenfelds was quarried the stone for the Cologne cathedral.

Mahlem was a typical little Rhineland town. A large number of the inhabitants were farmers, who had their little farms a short distance away but drew all their produce to their homes in town. The arrangement of buildings is common to France and Belgium as well, a yard in the centre and the house, stables and barn arranged around it.

The men were busily engaged threshing the rye, which was done with a flail on the old threshing floor. The sheaves were spread out on the floor and the grain beaten out of the hulls. The straw was then gathered and rebound into sheaves in the same manner as our pioneer grandfathers did forty or fifty years ago. The wood in the flail that the old man was using was eighty years old. The other grain is threshed by machine if one is available but the rye is always done by hand.

All the farmers did not have horses. The majority of them used an ox to haul their produce and till their lands, and carriages of the type used in Canada were almost unknown. Of course, they did not need them as there were excellent tram service in that district.

The Canadians also undertook to teach the young men some manners. In the street car men never offered their seats to women. Even old ladies had to stand while young men remained seated. This, however, was not according to the Canadian custom. In vain the young fellows protested that it was not the custom. A firm grip on the collar is a very convincing argument and up they had to get.

The children seemed to spend most of their time at school. They would go trooping along with their satchels slung up on their shoulders much like a soldier's pack, and everybody carried the same sort of satchel, in the same way. In school they sang their songs as though they were the happiest people in the world. One was astonished; for Germany leads the world in the number of child suicides, due to the unceasing pressure of discipline; but then one remembers this was Rhineland, the most fertile lands of Germany where the people worked less hard for a livelihood and hence were more light hearted.

This Christmas and New Year's were spent in a more enjoyable way than the preceding one. Liquid refreshments added to the feast and all unanimously agreed that the morale of the troops was excellent. One of the events of the season was the taking of a photo of the battery on the bank of the Rhine with the Drachenfelds in the background.

Toward the end of January the rumour that we were going home became more persistent. As we learned later, the newspapers at home supported the rumour by reporting that all the Canadians had left Germany and were on their way home; but it was not until the fourth of February that the 2nd Brigade officially left Germany, for there were a few members who remained a few days longer.

The civilians, of course, turned out to see us go and seemed to be indeed sorry, for the Canadian soldier had proved himself to be as considerate in peace as he had been relentless in war.





## GROUP ONE

Back Row—B. Durrell, H. Black, J. Brett, M. Brett, O. Christian, J. Caldbick, A. Brown, O. Coles, P. Charlton, U. Roszel, M. Busch, J. Brown.  
 Middle Row—M. Cutsv, E. Acheson, G. Danford, A. Adams, A. Downey, A. Costello, J. Dunn, H. Biggings, G. Contway, M. Campsall.  
 Front Row—L. Bell, M. Connolly, V. Caesar, W. Dyer, L. Crough, G. Collings.





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## GROUP ONE

JANE C. BRETT.

**H**OLDING première place in the 1919-1920 class of the North Bay Normal School is Group One. At the beginning of the term, when Mr. Casselman took all the A's, B's, C's and D's to one side and designated them Group One, envious were those whose names began with M, T or Y.

During the year our group has played its part in athletics as well as in the Literary Society programmes and other entertainments. Several of us played on the Abnormal Basketball team, which lost only two games throughout the year. From Group One came four of the Abnormals, who defeated the "Wee" X-L's in that thrilling baseball game. A glance at the score sheet would show you that the Group One girls scored most of the runs. When a captain was required for the School baseball team, where was she found? In Group One, of course, in the person of Aileen Costello.

Consider how flat the plays would have been without "The Sleeping Beauty" and Sheila, the little Irish maid. Needless to say, Group One contributed them to the general welfare.

During the year Emily Acheson's recitations were always a pleasing feature of any programme, while at our Final At Home both the prophecy and the Farewell poem were written by Group One students.

We pass on our best wishes for a successful and pleasant year to next year's Group One. May they follow in our footsteps.

## GROUP TWO

IRENE B. HOGAN.

**F**ROM the very beginning of the term, Group Two seemed to take the lead and kept up its good reputation throughout the term. Thirty-one girls made up our ranks—girls of varied types and characteristics, but in one respect all alike—they were the best of sports and most eager to take a hand in anything which was for the interest of the good old N. B. N.

We had, in our group, all that was required to give a most entertaining programme. There were several excellent pianists, vocalists, and elocutionists while others had enough wit to add variety to the entertainment.

Who will forget the "Minstrel Show" which Group Two quietly prepared as a surprise for the rest of the school? This showed the dramatic talent which we possessed so that it was not a surprise when three of the cast of "Returning the Calculus" came from Group Two.

Possibly our greatest achievements were in the field of athletics. We furnished five of the six players of the Abnormal Basketball Team, and one regular and two substitutes for the School team. The School Volley Ball championship came to us and we "almost won" the baseball.

So here's a toast to our famous "Two,"  
To the dear old group we'll e'er be true,  
To N. B. N. we wish the best  
Of Fame, and Honour and Success.

The staff and students were pleased to hear of Mr. Ricker's appointment as Principal of the Summer Agriculture School at Montith. Eight of this year's class are taking the work at Montith while a number of others are in attendance at summer classes in Toronto or Guelph.





#### GROUP TWO

Fourth Row—V. Langley, T. Kron, C. Houlihan, G. Hickling, O. Johnson, M. Kelly, R. Gowan.

Third Row—H. Fletcher, A. Henson, C. Godin, B. Gomall, J. King, M. Farrelly, B. Fenn, K. Fallon, E. Fell.

Second Row—E. Friel, I. Hogan, M. Irving, B. Fontaine, M. Harris, M. Fitzgerald, C. Kellock, E. Johnson, M. Ferguson.

First Row—F. Kearney, Z. Gerry, M. Glynn, G. Earle, M. Kennedy, K. Jordan.



## OUR DEBATING RECORD

JOSEPHINE C. KING.

EVERY year there is so much competition between the Normal and the Collegiate for first place as each institution claims to be superior to the other. This year between the two schools debates were arranged, into which the students entered heartily.

The first debate was held at the Collegiate, in February. The subject was: Resolved, that the Pulpit had done more for the public than the Press. The affirmative was upheld by Mr. V. Bocking and Miss O. Johnson, of the Normal while the negative was supported by Miss R. Taylor and Mr. A. Tilley of the Collegiate. The speeches were well rendered, and much amusement was caused by Mr. Bocking's humorous remarks. The judges decided in favour of the Collegiate.

Near the end of March a second debate was held at the Normal School. The subject this time was of a widely different nature. It was: Resolved, that the Canadian Government should own and control all railways. The supporters of the affirmative were Mr. I. Coleman and Miss M. Bailey, while the negative side was ably defended by Mr. A. Walker and Miss D. Perry. When the decision of the judges was given the Normal had cause to rejoice as the negative side had won by a considerable number of points.

Time would not permit of a third debate as the term was drawing near its close. However, we of the Normal feel certain that had there been a third debate we would not have been ashamed when the judges had given their decision.

Every teacher should be familiar with the principles of debating. Debating is a very useful form of Oral Composition, even although in the Public Schools the debates can be only of an elementary character. The pupil feels much more interest in taking part in a debate than in making a speech or in reproducing a story that has been told him by the teacher. This interest on the part of the pupil should be utilized and more debating carried on in the senior classes than is done in the average school.

Many communities are now organizing Debating and Literary Societies and the teacher should naturally be a leader in these activities. In order to prepare teachers for such work, at the North Bay Normal a few lectures are given on "The Principles of Debating."

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## RECIPE FOR MAKING A GOOD TEACHER

TO infinite patience, and a little wisdom, carefully strained through profitable experience, add a brimming measure of the milk of human kindness, and season well with the salt of common sense. Boil gently over a friendly fire of fine enthusiasm, stirring constantly with just discipline. When it has boiled long enough to be thoroughly blended, transfuse it by wise teaching to the eager mind of a restless boy, and set away to cool. To-morrow he will greet you—an educated man.—*Selected.*

## DID HE GET THE POSITION ?

North Bay, March 25th, 1920.

MR. JOHN SMITH, *Secretary*,  
S. S. No. 1, Somewhere.

DEAR SIR,—

Re your advertisement in the *Toronto Mail and Empire* of the 23rd instant, I beg to state that I feel fully qualified to take on the job. I possess a beautiful Second-Class certificate of the 1920 variety, the only one of its kind in captivity. Unfortunately my experience in the pedagogical art is rather limited but that is really not a very serious drawback after all, because what I lack along that line is amply made up for by intimate knowledge of the world. Enclosed you will find copies of testimonials from the Chief of Police, Port Arthur, by whom I am well known.

The salary, of course, is only a minor matter. I would be satisfied with a small consideration, say \$1,500, to begin with.

Trusting that you will give this application your most favourable consideration, I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

VIVIAN BOCKING.

P.S.—Personally, if it doesn't matter to you, I should like to teach the Primary Class.—V. B.

## HALLOWE'EN

ANNIE A. HENSON.

BLACK cats, witches and jack-o'-lanterns peeked out at one from the most unexpected corners of the dimly lighted Assembly Hall. If the decoration committee had aimed at getting us in the right emotional attitude for a Hallowe'en party, they certainly had succeeded.

The programme commenced with the chorus by the whole school, "In the Gloaming." Recitations and musical numbers followed, which were all much enjoyed, as was Mr. Ricker's interesting talk on the "Origin of Hallowe'en." The boys' "Jazz Band," under the capable leadership of Prof. Bocking, was very unique and received great applause.

Group games, which had been carefully planned by Mr. Ricker, formed the next item on the programme. We can still, in our mind's eye, see that game of human croquet with hoops and balls rolling in hopeless confusion on the floor.

At ten o'clock lunch was served, consisting of sandwiches, coffee and pumpkin pie. And such pumpkin pie!!

The rest of the evening was spent in dancing and in Hallowe'en games. The witches, however, were kept too busy to indulge in either. It seems that even to prospective school-teachers the future holds a fascination.

At twelve-thirty we sang the National Anthem and gave three cheers for Mr. Casselman and the rest of the staff. Then tired but happy we wended our way homeward. Another jolly Hallowe'en had passed.



## THE WITCH'S FLIGHT

*(As told by the Witch)*

DOROTHY A. PERRY.

TEN years ago. Little did I dream that night, October thirty-first, 1919, that I would have the opportunity of seeing all those boys again. How well I remember that scene as I witnessed it, from the window sill of the Assembly Hall of that great old building, the North Bay Normal School! What a happy bunch they looked as they stood, grouped around their leader, Mr. Bocking! Their singing cheered me for the rest of my travels.

Ten years have gone by and in my travels to-night I have seen them, one and all, in their various walks of life.

Coming down from the North to-night, the first city I visited was Port Arthur. Hovering over the City Hall, I heard strains of music, and as I heard the notes penetrating the darkness, I decided to make a call. I peeped in. The hall was crowded, but shrouded in darkness, save for a few flickering footlights on the stage. No sound or stir came from the audience, and with a feeling of awe I rested on the sill. I looked toward the platform, and there in the flickering light I saw five figures. Yes, surely, I had seen that Professor beating time, before. Noticing near by one of my fellow-sufferers, who haunts Port Arthur quite frequently, I asked her who the Professor was.

"Oh, don't you know?" she said. "He's the famous Vivian Bocking. He graduated from the London College of Music three years ago and since then has been leading musical instructor in Port Arthur. He is a man of remarkable ability and it is rumoured abroad that he may, at some time, become Professor Wildgust's successor. But do you not recognize the singers? The leading tenor there to the right, is the accomplished Gerard Brimble. He and Mr. Bocking are inseparable; so when Prof. Bocking entered the musical world, Mr. Brimble left his little country school and became the Professor's right hand man. The other three, as you see them there in order, are Francis M. Carrol, George C. Huston, and Thomas E. Sample. They certainly have made a name for themselves. They are about to present their masterpiece to-night."

As I sat there, pondering on what I had heard they struck up a familiar air. Where had I heard that before? The music which fell from their lips held me spell-bound. Thrill after thrill ran through my body. It left me weak and shaky.

*"In the gloaming, oh my darling,  
When the lights are dim and low—"*

What wonderful depth of feeling and expression those men displayed! I could listen no longer. It fairly made me home-sick, for even witches, you know, get home-sick.

The next stop I made was down near Guelph. A gleam of light shot out into the darkness and I decided to find the source. What a comfortable, homelike-looking place that was! A fire blazed on the open hearth, and in a comfortable, cushiony arm chair near the hearth, reclined a man. An open book entitled "Care and Feed of Poultry," lay on his knee, but he was gazing into the fire. I looked again at the man. Surely, I had seen him before. Yes it was—the self-same Archibald Hetherington I had seen ten years before. His hair was a little scantier on the top, but for all that he looked very much the same. The door opened and a lady entered. As I saw the look on his face as he turned toward the door, I knew that that fair creature ruled that heart and home.

Enough! The night was advancing and I still had several places to visit.



The next place I paused for a rest, was at Massey Hall, Toronto. I again took up my position on the window sill, and seeing a knowing-looking witch perched on the same window, I asked her what the programme for the evening was going to be.

"Don't you know?" she said. "Several great lectures are to be delivered to-night on behalf of the 'Teachers' League.' This is an organization of teachers, who are interested in the Higher Standard of Education. It has only recently been organized, and they are holding this meeting to-night to impress upon the minds of the people the necessity of the Higher Standard of Education. The president is a fine, able man and just the man for the job, as he is heart and soul in the movement. The secretary also follows along the same line of thought, but is greatly interested in athletics." I looked closely at the president. Yes it was he. There was no mistake. It was Wm. F. Orchard. He, also had been in that merry group at North Bay Normal School ten years ago.

I then looked at the secretary. Had I not seen him, too, using a great deal of energy on the mouth organ? Yes, it was Richard E. Buckley. How queer, I thought! I was meeting to-night, all the characters I had seen in that Musical Play.

The meeting was opened with the first verse of "God Save the King." Who was that at the piano? I did not have to look long. It was Harold M. Taylor. By the way he managed that key-board he had evidently made a name for himself.

The first speaker of the evening was John McAuliffe. What a great factor he was in the organization! With that soft voice and pleasing manner he delivered a wonderful oration.

The next speaker was John Hetherington. He, too, knew how to move the crowd.

His main argument was "Better Hygienic Conditions in the Schools," and as he has recently graduated from the School of Medicine, he is anxious for the "Teachers' League" to consider the necessity of a Medical Inspector.

The third and last speaker was a young, boyish-looking chap, and when President Orchard introduced him I could not help but smile. Basil O. Young had also sung that night. His problem was very clear. Money was needed to carry on the good work. Surely no audience could refuse such an ardent appeal. The great office of Treasurer had been thrust upon him. Knowing his lack of ability to perform in that office he would promise to use the people's money to the best advantage. Had he not had training in that line at Normal School ten years previous?

I began to meditate. I had come across them all that had so vividly impressed me that evening—save one. Oh yes, I remember. It was a chap by the name of Walker. Catching sight of a fashion plate, moving here and there through the crowd of daintily dressed women, I asked my companion who he was.

"What one? Oh that's James Andrew Walker, K.C. His name should have been James Andrew Dancer as dancing is by no means the least of his various accomplishments. But he is one of Toronto's famous lawyers, and the Judge predicts a great future for him. He displays wonderful brain power when debating for his clients."

He was the last. I had seen them all. I wonder if any of them remember that Hallowe'en so long ago as I remember it?

But so the world goes on. The old order changeth, giving place to new. Little did those boys realize that night, as they sang so lustily, what the future had in store for them.

But dawn is breaking. I am tired but happy from my long trip and will now slip into oblivion until next Hallowe'en.



## BUILDING THE NORTH

J. C. N.

DR. J. B. MacDOUGALL, who had been English Master in the North Bay Normal School for eight years, was, at the close of the 1918-19 session appointed Supervising Inspector for the districts.

The Department of Education was fortunate indeed in securing a man so eminently qualified for this important work. Dr. MacDougall is not only an eminent scholar and author but he knows New Ontario as no one else does. He was formerly Public School Inspector with an inspectorate extending from North Bay on the south to the North Pole on the north, and from



DR. J. B. MacDOUGALL  
Assistant Chief Inspector.

Mattawa on the east to Chapleau on the west. The story of this pioneer work in sparsely settled regions, in unstable lumbering districts, and in lonely mining camps is well told in the Doctor's well-known book, "Building the North."

This intimate knowledge of the North, coupled with a contagious enthusiasm, splendid platform ability, a genial personality, and sincere longing to improve the opportunities for the boys and girls of the vast hinterland, renders the Dr. specially fitted for the task to which he has been called.

Mainly through the good work of this Normal School, in co-operation with the Inspectors, the percentage of properly qualified teachers is higher in the North than in many of the counties of older Ontario.

While Dr. MacDougall is no longer on the staff of this School, the graduates who serve in this part of the province still have the prospect of working under his guidance in doing their part in the great work of "Building the North."



## ONTARIO'S FIRST FARMER PREMIER

T. E. SAMPLE.

THE general election of October twentieth was a complete surprise. Although the Farmers expected a good representation, they did not expect to form the Government. They had neither a leader nor a working majority. This necessitated the choosing of a leader and the forming of a coalition with another party.

The Farmer and the Labour parties formed a coalition and it became known as the Farmer-Labour party. On October thirtieth the coalition held a caucus for the purpose of selecting a leader. Although many names were



HON. E. C. DRURY  
Premier of Ontario.

mentioned, they decided on E. C. Drury, a man who had not even offered himself for a seat. After many difficulties he formed a cabinet which was sworn in on November fourteenth.

Mr. Drury was born at Crown Hill, Simcoe County, forty-one years ago. His father was Ontario's first Minister of Agriculture.

Mr. Drury was educated at Crown Hill Public School and the Barrie Collegiate Institute. He graduated from the O. A. C., Guelph, in 1900, with the degree of B.S.A. Since then he has been actively engaged in farming the old homestead. He has held many responsible positions in the Farmers' Movement and was one of the organizers of the U.F.O. He was a strong advocate of reciprocity. In 1917 he ran for the House of Commons as an Independent Liberal but was defeated.

He is a forceful and clear speaker and a formidable adversary in a debate. With some of the qualities of a visionary Mr. Drury combines a strength of will that is an imperative essential to success in any man who assumes the leadership of a government in a free country.



## THE PREMIER'S VISIT TO NORTH BAY

LILLIE M. BELL.

ABOUT half-past seven on the evening of December the eighth, a large crowd began to assemble in the Assembly Hall of the Normal School. From the remarks overheard, one was able to learn that these people were expecting a visit from the new Premier, Hon. E. C. Drury, and two of his Cabinet Ministers, Mr. Bowman and Mr. Mills.

By a quarter after eight the Assembly Hall was crowded and all eyes were fixed on the door at the rear of the room. Soon it opened and Mr. Drury, Mr. Bowman, and Mr. Mills entered, accompanied by many prominent men of the town, Mr. Casselman being among the number. These gentlemen took their places on the platform and the Mayor gave an address of welcome to the Premier and his Ministers. Then Mr. Drury replied.

He told what his party aimed to do and stated that there were some radical changes coming. He had just come from paying a visit to Northern Ontario and he spoke of the great resources and the wonderful outlook of the great Northland. He said that the Northland could only be saved by Northerners and he urged the people to do their duty for this great part of the country.

Then the Premier spoke of the Education of our country. He made the statement that the future greatness of our land depended mainly on the education of its people and he said that he was going to do all in his power to make the educational conditions better. He had asked several people who had received only a public school education how many books they had read since they left school and only a very small percentage of them had read even one book. Thus he showed that even though our educational system is very good, still there is a need for much better conditions.

Mr. Drury spoke very forcibly and the applause that was given showed how deeply he had impressed his audience. Then Mr. Bowman and Mr. Mills spoke.

After the meeting many of the people crowded to the front to shake hands with the Premier and his Ministers.

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## NORMAL SCHOOL RULES IN THE SEVENTIES

HOW would the Normal School students of to-day observe the rules of forty years ago?

"Students are permitted to board only in houses which are specially licensed for that purpose by the Council of Public Instruction.

All students are required to be in their respective boarding-houses by 9.30 p.m.

Students are not permitted to indulge in games, or in practical jests, which are calculated to annoy any classmates or to excite ill-feeling.

Students are not permitted to attend evening lectures, or to go to places of amusement in the evening, or to absent themselves from their respective boarding-houses for the night, without the express permission of the Head Master being first obtained.

Male and female students are not permitted to communicate with each other either verbally or in writing, or in any other way, during the session; nor are female students permitted to form any new male acquaintances during their attendance at the Institution."



## THE WORLD'S A STAGE

FLORENCE M. SHARPE.

JANUARY the thirtieth at last! An atmosphere of excitement and suspense pervaded the Normal School. Eager, palpitating students darted hither and thither doing the hundred and one little things that as usual had been left to the eleventh hour. Why all this excitement? Do you not know that on this memorable night of nights the Normal School presented to the public two fascinating, original and highly dramatic plays, "Returning the Calculus," and "The Case of Suspension"?

And so that the worthy players may ever be remembered in the annals of history the "Dramatis Personae" is given below.

### "RETURNING THE CALCULUS."

#### DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

##### Four College Girls—

*Helen*—Miss Emily Acheson.

*Susan*—Miss Mabel Farrelly.

*Laura*—Miss Josephine King.

*Elsie*—Miss Annie Henson.

*Sheila, the Maid*—Miss Aileen Costello.

##### College Boys—

*Robert*—Mr. Harold Taylor.

*Ned*—Mr. Andrew Walker.

*Prof. Olden, Lecturer on Archæology*—Mr. Archie Hetherington.

*Mr. Shocks, the Sheriff*—Mr. W. F. Orchard.

*Understudy, Miss Alice J. Sparling.*

### "A CASE OF SUSPENSION."

#### DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

##### Students at Ladies' College—

*Dorothy*—Miss Evelyn Mick.

*Alice*—Miss Teresa Quinlan.

*Mildred*—Miss Marjorie Rosevear.

##### Students at College near by—

*Harold*—Mr. Basil Young.

*Tom*—Mr. Vivian Bocking.

*Jack*—Mr. Earl Buckley.

*Miss Ophelia Judkins, Dean of Ladies' College*—Miss Dorothea Preston.

*Prof. Emilius Edgerton, Professor in College*—Mr. Victor Pyke.

*Kathleen, the Maid*—Miss Dorothy Perry.

*Jonas, the Hired Man*—Mr. John McAuliffe.

*Understudy*—Miss Marjorie Taylor.

*Serenaders*—Prof. Wildgust, Messrs. Brimble, Taylor, Hetherington, Orchard.

*Soloists*—Misses D. Wilson and I. Hogan.

*Pianists*—Prof. Wildgust, Misses J. Brett, M. Brett, and D. Tilson.

*Stage Director*—Mr. Gerard Brimble.



Many mirth-provoking incidents will ever linger in our memory. Some dark and toilsome day when chaos reigns supreme within our school-room and black despair hovers o'er our furrowed brow, thoughts of happy days will come and a smile will curve our lips.

We will close our eyes and see in imagination once more, all the characters as they appeared in that ever-to-be-remembered play, "Returning the Calculus."

There will come a vision of a freckled, red-haired youth, who gazes in ecstasy upon the "Sleeping Beauty," Helen, and claims her as the girl of his dreams. The merry chatter of the girls as they prepare for the visit of the estimable Prof. Olden will bring a smile of reminiscence, and we laugh outright when we catch a glimpse of Neddy of the red, red hair, as he peers round the doorway, his fist clinched, his face convulsed with a spasm of mortified pride. We almost hear, once more, the grinding of his teeth as he vows revenge on them. His swift procedure in wreaking vengeance and his comical expression of surprise upon meeting his double flash before us. The familiar words of Sheila ring in our ears, "Which wan av ye is yersilf? There was another wan av him, I tell ye. He was double."



#### CAST OF RETURNING OF THE CALCULUS

Back Row—A. Henson, A. Sparling, M. Brett, G. Brimble, D. Tilson, J. Brett.

Middle Row—W. Orchard, A. Costello, A. Hetherington, J. King, M. Farrelly.

Front Row—A. Walker, E. Acheson, H. Taylor.





## CAST OF A CASE OF SUSPENSION

Standing—D. Perry, G. Brimble, E. Mick, E. Buckley, T. Quinnan, B. Young, M. Rosevear.  
Seated—J. McAuliffe, D. Preston, V. Boeking, V. Pyke, M. Taylor, D. Wilson, I. Hogan.

We are reminded of the success attending Ned's revenge when we recall the amusing spectacle presented by Prof. Olden, declaiming all the principles of Archaeology. Again we hear the dreary monotone, distinct at first, but gradually sinking down to an unintelligible murmur. We see the mechanical movement of his head as he combats with the unseen forces of somnolence until finally he and his fair companions are wrapped in the arms of Morpheus.

We recall the great consternation of Ned as he appears on the scene and views the havoc he has wrought. Again we laugh outright at the picture he presents—eyes bulging with fright and that shock of red, red hair fairly standing on end. We follow each movement as he violently shakes each sleeper, all in vain. Robert's entrance with the antidote is greeted with relief and we remember with great amusement the combined efforts of Sheila, the Sheriff, and the two red-haired youths in arousing the sleepers. In the end we view with great satisfaction the returning of the Calculus—it looked suspiciously like a box of candy—and the granting of Robert's heart's desire for a "Perfect Day."

The curtain falls and we momentarily arouse from our reverie but our thoughts are not easily turned away from a pleasant theme and they gradually drift into another scene, "The Case of Suspension." We see in imagination the capable form of Kathleen, the Irish maid, attired in Dorothy's hat, who upon hearing footsteps, suddenly disappears in considerable agitation under a sofa, which barely offers sufficient covering for her ample form. There, too, stands Jonas in his own peculiar pose, a formidable hayfork grasped in one hand while his disengaged arm steals round the enchanting Kathleen's waist. We hear his imploring voice beseeching her to cease her sobs and "be a good gal."



There comes a moment of suspense accompanied by a chorus of groans and gasps from the three gals as they frantically tug at the sturdy rope. The basket is drawn up inch by inch until at last the beaming countenance of Tom appears at the window. And now we understand the reason for such great efforts for he certainly weighs at least—yes, the huge amount of ninety pounds.

As our reverie continues we next see in imagination the dignified form of Prof. Edgerton perilously suspended in mid-air at the whim of three bewitching damsels. We hear his voice now rising in terrible wrath, now uttering dreadful threats, wild protestations, and finally reaching a distinctly wheedling tone.

Nor must we overlook the stately and dignified mien of Miss Judkins as she appears on the scene. She views with stern disapproval the once dignified Professor, at present presenting a most undignified spectacle, his coat tails wildly fluttering as he trips the "light fantastic" with his youthful tormentors. Nor after these unusual events are we wholly unprepared to find Miss Judkins who has come to condemn, remain to enjoy the fun and the circle is only complete when Jonas and Kathleen consent to join the happy throng.

Mingled with the gayety of the festivities are the sweet strains of music from the serenaders, and as they rise and fall in the summer night air, we see the curtain drop and, with a deafening applause ringing in our ears, we awake from our happy reverie with a start.

Thus we have endeavoured by means of a few hasty sketches to give you a slight conception of the real pleasure, and enjoyment we derived from those plays. Great credit must be given to the staff, and various students who spent no little time and energy in preparing them, but still greater credit must, of necessity, be given to those, who enacted their roles with such unusual skill, and whose worthy efforts were crowned with the greatest success.

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## BEHIND THE SCENES

(KATHLEEN)

CONFUSION reigned supreme in the ladies' dressing room. The night of the thirtieth had come at last, and the humble efforts of the N. B. N. Dramatic Club to please the public were to be put to the test.

"Girls have I enough paint on?"

"Where's the powder?"

"Oh come here, Micky, with that rouge."

If my pen could only reveal to you, fair reader, the wonderful transformation that paint, powder and rouge can make of nature's most noble art, my fortune could be made. Grim, haggard and worn, they entered the Beauty Room. Young, fresh and beautiful they emerged, in all their glory, ready for the stage.

The first play was nearly over. The audience showed their appreciation in the usual manner. Meanwhile, the participants in the "Great Play,"—"A Case of Suspension," were rehearsing their respective parts—even to our great friend Tom, who was rehearsing the most important scene, the consumption of the eats, for which act he was seriously reprimanded by the Food Controller.



At last! The curtains were drawn and the real work began. Oh, Jonas—the man of my dreams—would that your heart had been less kind on that memorable night, and thus saved me from the blissful agony of those fleeting moments! Alice, Dorothy and Mildred—how genuine was their surprise and fear. Indeed so well was it done, that even the most severe of critics, Professor Edgerton, nodded his head in evident approval.

Off the stage once more!

"Did I do it all right?"

"Was I scared enough?"

"Did you hear Mr. Norris laugh?" and countless remarks of like nature. Another trip to the Beauty Room to add a little more powder—a little more rouge, or to pat a stray lock back into its accustomed place. Meanwhile, we could hear the old Professor thundering out on the stage, his "duties and investigations" and by the outward appearance of our worthy supervisor, the play was progressing favourably.

Back once more! This time hauling in clothesbaskets, from which issued, like butterflies emerging from their cocoons, the three heroes of the play. Harold and Mildred lost no time and, audience or no audience, engaged themselves as they were wont to do.

But alas! What means that frown on that noble brow? Why, oh why, that ejaculation, "What in the dickens is Miss Rosevear doing now?" The frown grew deeper. Silence reigned from behind the scenes. The blow fell—The terrible tragedy of being thus discovered by Miss Judkins was being ruined—Pause—Blank looks on the faces of those from behind—Ah, blessed relief? The Professor had tided them over the crisis, and all went well.

Once more the whole cast was on the stage, doing justice to the repast, which had been so nobly guarded by our able Food Controller.

Over at last! Girls and boys fell off the stage in their excitement to find out if "it went all right." Our worthy Professors, Norris and Casselman soon found their way behind the scene to offer their comments on the night's performance. One more trip to the Beauty Room and a few minutes later they reappeared ready for home. All was over. As they wended their weary way homeward the soft, melodious voice of John was wafted out through the still, frosty moonlight night, "Lights Out."

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## EMPIRE DAY

H. M. TAYLOR.

THE true aim of all education may be briefly summarized in the one word—citizenship. One very important requirement of the efficient citizen is that he be patriotic. The teachers in our elementary schools possess innumerable opportunities of inculcating in the minds of the boys and girls of to-day, this sentiment of patriotism. Empire Day is an occasion on which the pupils should receive special instruction regarding the greatness of the British Empire and the rights, privileges and duties of the Canadian citizen. From an educational standpoint the celebration of this day should be considered one of the most important functions of the school year.



Empire Day is always marked by appropriate exercises in the Normal School. This year was no exception and the entire day was devoted to the celebration. About a week previous to Friday, May 21st, preparations for the programme began. Principal Casselman selected suitable readings and recitations of a patriotic nature, some from the programme provided by the Department of Education, and some from various other sources. In choosing students to take part in the exercises of the day, he selected those who had not had an opportunity of appearing on the platform at any previous time during the term. In this way, some extraordinary talent which had not been discovered before, was brought to the front. These students were thoroughly drilled in the reading or reciting of their respective selections and by the time Empire Day had arrived they were fully prepared to do their best.

Under the genial and able supervision of Professor Wildgust, the musical part of the programme was prepared. It stills remains a point of controversy as to which Group contains the most talented singers, but on this occasion the several Groups united to produce a body of singers of which we may feel justly proud.

On the morning of Empire Day, immediately after the opening exercises, Principal Casselman delivered a stirring address to the students in which he set forth the importance of Empire Day's being duly observed in the public schools. Although he deprecated the fact that our present Government had some serious faults, he stated that it was, nevertheless, our duty to endeavour to correct these faults and not merely to offer idle criticism. He impressed upon us very forcibly the fact that we, as future teachers, would play an important part in moulding the character of the nation, by instilling into the lives of our pupils a spirit of loyalty to their Government and country.

That part of the programme which was supplied by the students was most excellently rendered. Everyone seemed to enter fully into the spirit of the occasion and as a result, the readings and recitations which were of the finest type, were delivered in a very creditable manner. In the singing of a number of patriotic songs which added spice and variety to the entertainment, the student body did credit to the training which they had received. I think every pulse beat a trifle faster as Professor Wildgust stepped to the front of the platform, toward the end of the afternoon session, and waved the flag, as the students sang "We'll Never Let the Old Flag Fall," in a way which surely indicated that they meant what they sang.

The day will be a memorable one for all who participated and its influence will no doubt be felt in the future, in the various communities in which the graduates of the North Bay Normal may be placed.

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## THE NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL EMPIRE DAY PROGRAMME

May 21, 1920.

### MORNING SESSION.

1. Scripture Reading—Psalm 46.
2. The Lord's Prayer.
3. The Doxology.
4. Introductory Address ..... Principal Casselman
5. Chorus—"O Canada" ..... The Students



6. "Our Canadian Dominion"—*Miss Vining*.....Miss E. I. Fell
7. "Advantages of Canada"—*Dr. McCaul*.....Miss K. Fallon
8. Speech of Sir John A. Macdonald.....Mr. C. Huston
9. Chorus—"We Are Part of Britain".....The Students
10. "The Flag of Old England"—*Hon. Joseph Howe*.....Miss H. Fletcher
11. "Canada"—*Miss Carnochan* ..... Miss I. Tompkins
12. "The River St. Lawrence"—*I. G. Ascher*.....Miss M. Busch
13. Chorus—"The Sea is England's Glory".....The Students
14. "Our Loyalist Fathers"—*Dr. Hannay*.....Miss G. Earle
15. "The Greatness of Our Heritage"—*Sir John Schultz*..Miss M. Fitzgerald
16. "Canada, My Land, My Love"—*S. M. Baylis*.....Miss H. Biggings
17. Chorus—"The Maple Leaf".....The Students
18. "The Blooming of the Rose"—*Phillips-Wooley*.....Miss L. Bell
19. "The Benefits of British Institutions"—*Laurier*.....Miss W. Dyer
20. "Men of the Northern Zone"—*R. K. Kernighan*.....Miss M. Murphy
21. Chorus—"Men of the North".....The Students
22. "Canadians Are We"—*C. G. D. Roberts*.....Miss L. Thompson
23. "The U. E. Loyalists"—*Phillips-Wooley*.....Miss R. Gowan

AFTERNOON SESSION.

24. Chorus—"Land of Hope and Glory".....The Students
25. Speech—Hon. George Brown.....Mr. Chas. Bell
26. "The Claims of Our Country"—*Dr. Dewart*.....Miss K. McArthur
27. "A Song of the Homeland"—*F. O. Call*.....Miss T. McElligott
28. Address by the Prince of Wales.....Miss J. McLeod
29. Chorus—"Men of Harlech".....The Students
30. "A Reckoning"—*Theodore Roberts*.....Miss I. Roe
31. "Canada"—*A. J. Lockhart*.....Miss H. Mackay
32. "England"—*William Wilfrid Campbell*.....Miss V. Caesar
33. Chorus—"Rule Britannia".....The Students
34. "Is Canada Loyal"—*Phillips-Wooley*.....Miss M. Thorburn
35. "Canadian Pioneers"—*A. H. Taylor*.....Miss M. Sullivan
36. "The Future of Canada"—*Lord Dufferin*.....Mr. R. Kennedy
37. Recessional . . . . . The Students

"God Save the King."

## QUITE RIGHT

Miss Busch had been teaching a lesson to a First Class on "The Importance of Ventilation." In her lesson she dwelt on the necessity of opening the windows at night and asked as a final test: "What is the last thing you should do at night before going to bed?" A small boy piped out, "Say our prayers."





#### WINTER EXECUTIVE OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY

Back Row—F. Kearney, Group 2 Representative; R. McKeever, Group 3; H. Taylor, Group 4; T. Quinlan, Treasurer; M. Farrelly, Group 2.

Middle Row—A. Costello, Group 1; E. Whan, Secretary; A. Hetherington, President; H. McMaster, Vice-President; E. Acheson, Group 1.

Front Row—E. Mick, Group 3; M. Taylor, Group 4.

#### REVIEW OF THE WINTER TERM

ERIE A. WHAN, *Secretary*.

**N**OMINATIONS for the offices of the Literary Society for the Winter Term were held the first Friday after New Year's. Each nominee presented such strong arguments in his own favour that it was hard to tell who really were the best fitted for the various offices. However, the election showed that, as usual, good judgment had been used by the N. B. N. students and a strong executive, under the leadership of Archie Hetherington, was installed.

This term a new system was adopted by which each group in turn was to have entire charge of the programme, and this proved very satisfactory. Another novel feature was the introduction of lantern slides drawn by the "Royal Academy"—a group of the best artists in the school. These slides depicted some of the more celebrated of the students in various characteristic poses, and afforded great amusement.

During the winter Bishop Lucas, whose diocese borders on the Arctic, gave an instructive and inspiring account of the work in that most northerly of posts. He closed with a strong appeal that we, as future teachers, should make our lives count in the service of God.



We had also the pleasure of a visit from Dr. Peter Sandiford of Toronto University. The attendance of many Normalites at Dr. Sandford's evening lecture before the Canadian Club, was conclusive proof that we enjoyed his remarks on Art and Literature, although our favourite authors were hit rather hard.

Tyrone Power, the well-known actor, found time to drop into the Normal and briefly addressed the students on "The Drama." Needless to say his remarks as well as the dramatic sketch with which he concluded were enjoyed.

Space forbids an account of the plays, the debates and our famous Irish programme. All these will be treated in other columns. Our year together has been a very helpful and interesting one even though we Normalites do "pass like ships in the night."

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## THE YEAR'S RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION COURSE

MAMIE E. BRETT AND HELEN E. MCMASTER.

PROMINENT among the subjects on the Normal School time-table was Religious Instruction and one period a week was devoted to it. The student-body was divided into two classes, one composed of those embracing the Roman Catholic faith and the other of the students belonging to any Protestant body.

The four Protestant ministers dealt with the subject, "The Revelation of God," each one being assigned a special phase of the topic to cover. Rev. C. Elmer Kenny, of the Methodist Church, who was the first lecturer, thoroughly discussed "The Revelation of God in Creation." He dwelt on the conception of God held by the different nations of the world, and the existence of an all-powerful Creator, revealed by nature. Rev. R. S. Johnston, B.A., of the Presbyterian Church spoke on "The Revelation of God in Prophecy." He dealt with a number of the prophets and showed how their writings revealed God to us. The third section, "The Revelation of God in Christ" was taken by Rev. C. W. Balfour of the Anglican Church, and proved very instructive. The last series of lectures which was conducted by Rev. H. E. Allen of the Baptist Church, dealt with "The Revelation of God in the Church." Mr. Allen has given the subject much study and has written a pamphlet dealing with it. The first three lecturers set examinations on their work and many of the students made high marks.

The Religious Instruction for the Roman Catholic students was in charge of Father Monahan, whose kind, jovial manner won the affection of all. He was assisted by Father Williams. Brother Simon, a Christian Brother and a teacher in De La Salle College, also gave one lecture to the class and brought out many points which we should remember while in the teaching profession. Then again, a French priest who had been a chaplain in the French army, lectured one day. He told many interesting incidents which occurred in hospitals or in the field.

The lectures were thoroughly enjoyed by all, and the staff and students wish to extend thanks to the men who, without remuneration of any kind, spent so much time and labour on our behalf. We can assure them that their efforts have not been wasted.



### DR. MacDOUGALL'S SUCCESSOR

WHEN Normal School re-opened after the Thanksgiving holiday, we were pleased to have with us our new English Master, H. G. Lockett, M.A., who came from the Collegiate Institute at Ingersoll, to fill the vacancy caused by the appointment of Dr. MacDougall to another position. Mr. Lockett is a graduate of Queen's University, having taken the honour courses in English and History, and in Classics, and at his graduation winning the University medal for highest standing in English. He holds specialist certificates in Classics and in English and History.

His teaching experience has covered practically all classes of schools in Ontario. He has taught in ungraded and graded Public Schools, in a Continuation Class, in High Schools and Collegiate Institutes and has lectured on Classics at Queen's University. This variety of experience is an especially valuable qualification for his work in the Normal School. Mr. Lockett has taught at Copper Cliff and near New Liskeard. This part of his experience peculiarly fits him for the training of teachers for positions in Northern Ontario.

In the Normal School he has charge of the Literature, Grammar and Composition, the Physical Culture of the boys, and has taken active part in the preparation of debates and of the programmes and entertainments given by the Literary Society. His University training and wide experience especially qualify him for this work.

In addition to the academic work already mentioned, Mr. Lockett has had particular charge of the games and sports of the school. His enthusiasm for this important phase of teacher training makes him a valued member of the Staff. His interest has been shown in a practical way by donating a shield to be competed for annually by the members of the Girls' Basketball League of the town of North Bay, and another shield open for competition to all the secondary schools of Northern Ontario.

His first year's work at the North Bay Normal School shows that the Department of Education made no mistake when Mr. Lockett was appointed a member of the Staff.

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### THE TALE OF THE RINK

J. E. DUNN.

WATER, water all around!  
The snow begins to sink;  
The water, water all around  
Goes all around the rink.

The fire hose upon the ground  
Leads from the basement sink,  
And water flows with gurgling sound  
Unto the Normal rink.

The day flies fast, 'tis night at last,  
And it grows wond'rous cold;  
And shouts arise unto the skies,  
"Hurrah, the ice will hold!"



So with their skates upon their arms  
Forth to the school they go;  
And with their skates upon their feet  
They flounder thro' the snow.

Then round and round with joyful sound  
The happy skaters roam  
Till five o'clock once more comes round,  
And Johnny shouts "Go home!"

## BOYS' ATHLETICS

JOHN HETHERINGTON.

IT so came to pass that in the year of our Lord 1919, seventeen husky young sons of Ontario packed up their small kit and wended their way via the Grand Trunk to the halls of learning known as the North Bay Normal School.

As is the custom when a few young men come together, they must needs form an athletic society.

Accordingly in the fulness of time they did assemble in the room known as Mr. Lockett's and chose Mr. R. E. Buckley as their captain and entrusted



### BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Standing—J. McAuliffe, guard; R. Kennedy, sub. guard; H. G. Lockett, M.A., Manager;  
G. Brimble, centre; B. Young, sub. forward.

Seated—F. Carroll, guard; E. Buckley (Capt.), forward; H. Taylor, forward.





BOYS' HOCKEY TEAM

Standing—E. Buckley, L. wing; W. Orchard (Manager), R. defence; H. Taylor, L. defence;  
B. Young, substitute; F. Carroll, centre.

Seated—V. Bocking (Capt.), R. wing; H. G. Lockett, M.A., coach; J. McAuliffe, goal.

their "Kale" to Hetherington, one named Archie. For some time the aforesaid "Kale" was a minus quantity; so there was method in their madness after all.

In the fall of the year, in the period of the "Mad Moon" they waged a long but unsuccessful war with the enemy located in the Fortress on Klock Avenue, the same being armed with a couple of field guns of the vintage of 1873. Loud and lustily did we cheer them on but 'twas of no avail. We retired from the fray and the dispensers of medicine waxed fat.

Charles A. Bell received a beautiful "shiner" on the left optic and for many weeks he did wear a sad and mournful expression on his handsome countenance.

After a two weeks' leave at the Yule-tide we all returned eager for the battle again, but this time it was to be fought on skates.

Accordingly the snow on the garden was rolled down and several million—nay trillion—gallons of water were poured forth but though the mercury hovered about twenty-three below, nothing froze except the clothes of the toiling troops. We persevered and finally the rink became a surety.

Gaily did we practise, but sad to relate, 'twas of little use. The Collegiate challenged us to a bout in the Arena, but oh what a fall was there, my countrymen! The goal keeper, Hetherington, the one commonly known as Jack, did stop the puck on that portion of his "dome" immediately above the right optic. The aforesaid dome being very hard, no serious damage was



done except a cut about three-fourths of an inch in length in the right eyebrow. The M.D. swore at him in Latin and then sewed it up, finally hermetically sealing it.

To return to the game, it was a real fast one, so fast that we had difficulty in keeping up. What was the score? Ask no questions.

A husky son of the Emerald Isle, one McAuliffe, John, donned the pads for the rest of the winter and he brought luck with him, for wonderful to relate, we won two games, one with the aggregation of puck chasers known as the Four Squares and the other with the Collegiate. Three cheers for our side, not too loud to be vulgar. Now then, one! two! three! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! tiger! hurrah!

When the genial rays of Old Sol finally overcame the masses of ice and snow which did pile up and accumulate during the period of the glacial age, the thoughts of the young men turned to baseball.

When the soil became reasonably dry, the town park on the corner of Ferguson Street and First Avenue was cleared, a diamond was marked out, and the practice became a matter of daily occurrence.

There were several hard fought battles in which our boys put up the real goods. 'Tis true that more than once they received what is known in the parlance as a "bum decision" but nevertheless they fought to the end.



BOYS' BASEBALL TEAM

Back Row—V. Bocking, spare; W. Orchard (manager), pitcher; R. Kennedy, C. field; F. Carroll, R. Field.

Front Row—H. Taylor, third base; J. McAuliffe, L. field; C. Huston (Capt.), second base; T. Sample, catcher; G. Brimble, first base; E. Buckley, shortstop.



Their determination was rewarded by a couple of victories, one with the Collegiate, who this time were not invincible and another with the Methodists.

The big series was brought to an abrupt end when "The Greatest Show on Earth" monopolized the diamond and we had to limit ourselves to tennis.

However, we surmounted many obstacles and left equipment to the value of many shekels to our followers, who, if they are as good sports as we are, will be worthy of our best wishes which we do hereby tender to them.



JOHN.

### OUR OLD FRIEND

OUR year is ended and our little volume almost filled with sketches of our "Celebrities," but somehow we feel that the book would be incomplete without a few words about our old friend John.

John made his presence apparent throughout the institution. His guiding hand and influence were very very much felt by all, particularly about 5.15 at night when he entered the Manual Training Room or the Assembly Hall



to close up. He would come into the room and allow the workers, or loafers, to bask in the radiance of his benign smile while he dangled his keys to and fro. Then, after these formalities, he would stride forward and say in a voice trembling with emotion, "Get out of here; I want to go home,"—and like the Ancient Mariner, "the old man had his will." But this was his duty and well did he perform it.

Sometimes we were apt to compare him to Charon, the bargeman who was always in haste to disembark his passengers at the farther bank and see them no more. In this instance, however, the comparison was unfair, for no matter how cloudy the evening, the morning was always bright and John greeted everyone with his pleasant "Good-morning."

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## THE SIVINTEENTH O' MARCH

ROXIE SCRATCH.

WHO attended the secret meetings? The Irish. What was their purpose? To prepare a St. Patrick's programme.

The evening of the seventeenth we all assembled at the school to learn the result of all these happenings behind closed doors, and we were not disappointed. Such a jolly bunch were they, all wearing the two emblems of their native country—green and an Irish smile.

The programme deserves particular mention. Irish jokes were told in the true Irish way by Messrs. Norris, Walker, Hetherington, Carroll, and others; sweet melodies were sung by the Misses Hogan, Wilson, Lowe, Brett and Brown; readings were given by Misses Costello, Kearney, and Sparling. The wonderful climax was an illustrated lecture entitled "Here and There in Ireland" by the noted Irish lecturer, Dr. McAuliffe. After hearing this great orator describe the cleverly painted pictures of the noted persons and places of his beloved Ireland, I am sure, if we ever visit the green Isle, we will recognize Cork, Kilkenny, Londonderry, Armagh, Blarney Stone, Monaghan, Tyrone, Boyne, the Minister of Agriculture, Horticulture and Physical Culture, the Irish Bard and St. Patrick himself.

This lecture over, the waiters began their work and served a dainty lunch after which games and dancing were indulged in until the small hours of the morning when all left for home quite enthusiastic over the pleasant evening they had enjoyed.

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## FROM THE FATES

PEARL M. CHARLTON.

BECAUSE it is my lot to be the most ancient creature dwelling upon this planet called Earth, to me has been granted power to foretell the future. My home is among the violet mists and spicy pines of the mystic mountains of Shadowland. Threading their way through gloomy caverns resounding with the echoes of countless ages, come youths and maidens, longing, yet timorous. Thus they have come since time immemorial. Kingdoms have come and gone; I have heard unceasing murmurings of unrest from all nations; yet always, the desire to see the future has remained imperishable.



Winding their way upward to my lonely abode came a band of young folk. Their merry laughter was wafted to me and I sighed. Would they be so carefree when they returned? But if they wished I would roll back the stone from the door of their coming life. One is always kind in granting the desires of youth. As they advanced, I noted that their merriment was hushed. They formed into five distinct groups. "Ah," thought I, "my task will not be so great. My friend Owl has sagely remarked, 'Birds of a feather flock together'."

They halted at the entrance. The boldest spoke, "We have ventured into this mountain fastness to learn our fate." "In future years the truth will be revealed to you in all fulness. It is for me to give only such glimpses as are necessary for your guidance." I waved my wand above them. They grew calm, restful and obedient to my will. My fire sank low and flickered out. The odour of burning incense filled the air. My voice spoke out of the fragrant cloud. "Advance in order. I will tell such things as I may choose, concerning your future."

Pushing forward came a group of strong, athletic figures, fearless, confident. They formed a circle about me. "In the games in which you have revelled, you have learned many things. This knowledge will aid you in time to come. A youth once desired to achieve success in life. He came to ask my aid. I bade him travel into the land of strong men. He marvelled, but went. He returned. He had wrestled with Hercules. He had learned to conquer defeat. He could rely upon his own power of overcoming difficulties. He was fair to his fellowmen. His perfect vitality had made him desirous of real work. So will it be with you. Leaders in play, you will become leaders of men in the great tasks of life." They bent their proud heads in acknowledgment and, turning, glided gracefully away.

On my expectant ears fell strains of music of surpassing sweetness, as another band separated itself from the throng. Moving onward, tripping along with rhythmical steps, they approached me. The wonderful melodious harmony fell upon my restless soul like a healing balm. Some bore instruments of strange workmanship, some sang sweetly as the lark at rosy dawn. "Fair children of sunshine, yours will be a gracious work. In times when a great weight of care is crushing the world's heart, you will charm it away. Your fame may not spread abroad throughout the world, but there will be many who, hearing you, will forget that life is cruel and cold. You will reach hearts of stone and will bring to them a new life, a new tenderness." The melody grew wondrous sweet, then died away in the distance.

But what is yonder gay pageant? Why the laughter, the weeping? Methinks tis a different type this time. "Advance, that I may hear and see you. Ah, it is clear now. Long ago, when my happy days were spent amid the beauty and sunshine of Greece, I saw wondrous creatures. They were upon a stage bedecked with garlands. They recited to vast throngs of people, tales of chivalry, of power and of war. Their pathos melted us to tears; their stories of patriotic zeal made us desirous of giving wealth, life, everything, for the glorious name of our country; their gentle words stirred our most noble sentiments. Then as they dramatized scenes of splendour, of poverty, of love, of frolicking youth, we were swept along to another world. That is your work. Depart."

Now advancing with stately tread, came others, serene of countenance, bright-eyes, beautiful. I knew full well who they were. These were the brilliant minds. To them, no task was difficult. They feared nothing. "To you I will allot a task. You must guide your weaker brethren. You are successful; do not let your success mislead you. You will have great opportunities; I feel confident you will not neglect them. Attack great things; do



not underrate your powers. Some will guide a nation's destiny—some will cure human ills—some will help the weary soul. Each in your own way, your influence will be felt. Therefore make that influence worthy of you." The light of noble purpose shone like a halo about them, as they departed, intent on great achievement.

The last. This group contained greater numbers than any other. The light of understanding was burning in my heart. There is always this—a band of steady plodders, excelling in nothing, yet ever working, striving with a great unselfish purpose. To the brilliant they seem dull; to the active, slow; but I will encourage them. "You may not be leaders by might, by striking personality, but you may be leaders by love. Because you yourselves have perhaps suffered, you will have sympathy for others. Because you have encountered difficulties, you will be willing to lend a helping hand to those in need. Your pleasures are genuine; they bring pain to no one. The Fates send no misfortune to such as you. Farewell, my children, your humble task will be greatest of all." They knelt in grateful thanks, then passed out into the world.

They are gone. Will they ever return, and, if so, how? Will they be scarred by contact with life? A gleam of sunshine struggled through the gloomy vapour. It was a ray of hope, a promise from the Fates—"Fear not, all is well."

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## GROUP THREE

DOROTHEA PRESTON.

IN ancient times the number "three" was considered very lucky. Even in modern times there sometimes seems to be something distinctive about it. Some people believe that everything happens in groups of three; but in our class in Normal School we say everything happens in Group Three. You see we are fortunate enough to belong to this wonderful group.

In basketball the "Wee" X-L team won the Town League Shield. Since all but one of the players on the winning team belonged to Group Three, we feel justly proud of them. A Normal School team was then formed, and four of the chosen players were again from our group.

Our superiority in sports was again demonstrated in the struggle for the baseball championship. In three very exciting games we defeated Groups Four, Two, One successively.

Of course, in our individual members, we believe that we have the best possible all-round "Bunch." In the centre of our group picture you see Dorothy Perry, our Normal School Literary genius. She has spoken from the Assembly Hall platform several times, giving both serious and humorous addresses. Her essays have been among the best of the year's work.

We simply could not leave out Teresa McElligott, although we may be a little late in introducing her. Since being late is a very special characteristic of hers, perhaps it is not out of place to leave her till now. Look along the top row of the picture for a little girl with a merry round face and you find Teresa. She has always been late for classes, and we imagine she always will be. We can vision her next year, calling school at 9.15 a.m. and arriving at 9.20—then looking with surprise at the assembled pupils and exclaiming "Has the bell rung yet?"





## GROUP THREE

Back Row—C. Ringsleben, R. McKeever, T. Quinlan, A. Richardson, S. Pace, M. McDonald, E. Parslow, E. Lush, R. Perdue, T. McElligott.  
 Middle Row—E. Quirt, K. McArthur, M. Parr, D. Preston, J. McLeod, D. Perry, B. McVicar, E. Mick, F. Nott, M. Nicholls.  
 Front Row—A. Marleau, L. Overend, I. McDonald, H. MacKay, I. Roe, H. McMaster, E. Lowe, M. Murphy.



## GROUP FOUR

MARJORIE B. TAYLOR.

"WHENCE come those sweet sounds?" asked the casual visitor, as we met in the hall of the North Bay Normal. We were near the door of Mr. Wildgust's classroom so that it was easy to locate the noise, and the sound of deep bass voices mingling with sweet sopranos identified the group.

"Why, that is the famous Group Four," I replied, "the only one of its kind in captivity. Did you not hear it rumoured that the Minister of Education was going to engage the whole group at exorbitant salaries to remain here as a model for future music classes?"

"This is most interesting!" he exclaimed, "Can you give me any information about the members of this interesting group?"

"To begin with," I began, "there is our quartette. I think I can truthfully say that there is nothing like it in all the other groups. It consists of Miss Doris Wilson, who is confidently expected to succeed Galli-Curci in public favour; Erie Whan, whose wonderful voice is largely responsible for the popularity of Belle Ewart; Bill Orchard whose voice rivals those of the sailors in Pinafore, and Harold Taylor, who comes from Bracebridge, although you would never think so. These are not our only celebrities either. Mr. Wildgust will tell you of the boys from our group who are in his choir. There is our ambitious Mr. Pyke; nothing less than royalty will suit him; Mr. Bocking, who is unselfishly trying to promote goodwill between the Twin Cities; Mr. Buckley, and Mr. Brimble, who always insists on Par value."

My friend motioned me to silence as within a voice rose solus.

"Oh, that," I explained, "is Mr. Walker of Barrie. He has been busy all winter learning the 'Marseillaise' and nothing delights him as much as an audience. Probably Mr. McAuliffe will sing some of his sweet little Irish ballads. Come in and hear them at close range."

"Not now," quickly, "Tell me about the rest."

"There is not much to tell," I said, "The rest are all good singers but they are somewhat overshadowed by the celebrities I have mentioned."

"Do you belong to Group Four?" he asked kindly.

"Yes," I answered proudly, "in my voice are combined all the qualities of the rest—the volume—the range—everything. Wait! I will sing for you."

I drew a deep breath and turned to face my audience, but—he was gone.

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## A DETECTIVE STORY

The reader will doubtless be surprised at the thought of a detective story making its way into the staid columns of the Year Book. However this one is of such general interest that the Editor asks permission to insert it. All the class will be glad to know that through the clever detective work of two of the "Wee" X-L's who reside in North Bay, the missing tennis rackets, tennis balls and baseball glove have been recovered. They are now safely stored away—no, not in the old locker.





GROUP FOUR

Back Row—H. Taylor, A. Walker, B. Young, W. Orchard, C. Huston, E. Whan, G. Brimble, C. Bell, A. Hetherington, J. Hetherington, T. Sample.  
 Middle Row—J. McAuliffe, A. Sparling, M. Taylor, D. Wilson, M. Rosevear, M. Thorburn, L. Thompson, R. Scratch, H. Hancock, R. Kennedy.  
 Front Row—E. Buckley, M. Sullivan, D. Tilson, V. Bocking, M. Wyvill, I. Tompkins, F. Carroll, F. Sharpe, I. Tackney, V. Pyke.



## THROUGH THE LAND OF HIAWATHA

[This is an extract from a Class letter written by Dr. J. B. MacDougall, Assistant Chief Inspector. It describes his recent trip through the Great Lakes to the Twin Cities.]

MORNING broke as we rounded Mackinaw Pt. and the town of Grand Detour, Michigan, stood silhouetted in the sunshine against the dark background of the forest. Up Neebish and Hay Channels we made our way, our passage guided by shoal-marker and light-house on either side. "Why do they use b(u)ys for guides," said a humour-loving co-voyageur. "Because girls would be flirting with the swells," was the evident and very human reply. At noon, we locked through the "Soo" Canals on the Canadian side, the walls flanked by Sunday-free watchers, in gay attire. For what more attracts than the silent ship impelled by some seeming subterranean power, and its human freight of strange forms and faces from other lands, and going we know not whither. We wave adieu and up the widening channel we go past beautiful Point of Pines and out again into the spacious waters of Superior where land is once more soon lost to view.

The cosy lounges spell cushioned comfort to the connoisseurs of ease and for a time we invite more intimate acquaintance with our fellow voyagers and gladly have our claims allowed, for no place is more cosmopolitan than these palatial craft of the Northern waters. The victrola lends its charms from the distant end of the airy saloon and the piano touched by deft fingers fills the interspaces with music and the encircling group with song. In parties and in pairs we stroll the hurricane deck and drink in the invigorating breezes of Superior.

Then I retire to an alcove on the outer deck and book in hand I drink deep of another fountain of strength, the limpid stream that flowed from Longfellow's pen, for we are now in Hiawatha's land. Oh you, my fellow teachers count it sacrilege to teach till you have drunk deep of such an Hyperian spring. And here I *did* to the mystic accompaniment of Nature's own staging where the very scene was set,

*"On the shores of Gitchee-Gumee  
Of the Shining Big Sea Water  
Stood Nokomis pointing Westward  
Pointing with her finger Westward  
O'er the water pointing Westward  
To the purple clouds of sunset."*

Yes, here are the Pictured Rocks, there, the Sand Dunes of the Nagow-Wudjo; here, the Pipe stone quarry and there, the abode of Nauaboosh.

And now the bugle sounded and we retired to replenish the inner man. On this occasion I was reminded how nobly nature seconded our effort—what of the last. Well I recall how my travelling companion gave a list as long as your arm to the breathless waiter and ended up with a half a cracker and three spoonfuls of soup. Later I found him in his "bunk" protesting innocence of "mal de mer," but with all the vigour he could muster declining to come out and "have his picture tuk."

Here a new experience met us. We felt the staggering blows within as of some mighty battering ram and all rushed out to see. It looked as if we had struck the Steffanson trail for the Arctic. Far as human eye could reach stretched an ice-field in hills and hummocks, and the giant vessel shivered from stern to stern as bergs 15 to 18 feet in thickness protested our passage.



Twenty miles and more we ground our ponderous way through ere we finally shook the clinging barrier from our timbers and steered for the open sea. A million million stars now peeped forth, a courtly train to keep us company and in their midst the Queen of Heaven, our Lady of The Moon. O glorious pageantry of the skies—a golden pendant hung in a setting of unnumbered sparkling diamonds and the whole panoply repeated in the pellucid surface of the blue waters below. I was awakened by the deep subterranean boom of the fog-horn in the dead of night that minutely sent forth its warning note far over the face of the silent waters. It was followed at once by the slowing of the pulse beat of the ponderous engines that told of waking eyes and hand on guard while we slept. I slipped to the port-hole; night dark as Erebus and a fog like a death pall hung over all that the shimmering lights of the vessel failed utterly to penetrate. A shuddering tremor gripped my frame as the chill of night intensified by Titanic memories crept over me. And now the distant answer comes like the wail of some lost leviathan under the stroke of some unknown fore-pending doom from which there is no escape. Often ere this have I slept in the arms of chance but now sleep forsakes me as the creeping ghosts of the deep call to each other, now near, now far, over the pathless waters where light and compass both have failed. And thus throughout a wakeful night the slow-churning engines kept us on our uncharted way and on till early noon when the Sun God finally dispelled the mists, and there on our right the prostrate form of The Sleeping Giant loomed up in ghostly outline and on our left The Peeping Squaw in her centuries' old vigil came out with amorous eye to look hopeless upon the distant sleeping form of her unresponsive lover. And now slowly she retires disconsolate. Here gathers a beautiful Indian legend but we must pass on, time fails to tell.

And now the shining roofs of the twin cities of the west hove into view with elevators like battlemented watch-towers to guard the fortunes of these fast growing centres, and giant Mount McKay standing sentinel over all in the distance.

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## THE NORMAL SCHOOL

JESSIE E. DUNN.

Oh! The Normal School is the school for me,  
For from its windows you can see  
Across the campus lawn so green,  
And all the city streets are seen  
With all their sand.

And Group One is the group for me;  
In that group only girls you see.  
We number only twenty-nine,  
But as a class we top the line—  
The teachers say.

Of boys this year we've seventeen;  
At playing pranks they're *never* seen;  
They walk sedately down the street,  
And bow to all the friends they meet,  
As good as gold.



Athletic clubs we've organized,  
 And when we play, as you've surmised,  
*We'll* be the ones to win the prize—  
*Perhaps* the first—or otherwise—  
 You'll soon find out.

We Normalites all come to school  
 At ten to nine, as a general rule;  
 We stay until the clock strikes four;  
 E'en then we don't rush for the door,  
 As all do know.

To the third floor up we all do run,  
 And there we have all kinds of fun,  
 But when we see the clock has "fived,"  
 We know the end has then arrived,  
 And we go home.

Soon the Normal School is cold and dark;  
 No boys propose a merry lark,  
 The moonlight streams thro' the big glass door,  
 The mice come creeping round the floor,  
 And all is still.

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## THE DAY WE GO TO TEACH

LUCY OVEREND.

The day before "that awful day"  
 I pass around as in a dream;  
 And all night long I lie awake,  
 And to my phantom pupils scream:

"Four and three make nine,  
 And 'oo' is sounded 'oh',  
 And south is north, and north is south,  
 You surely all do know."

And still I lie awake and hope,  
 Hope that morn will never come,  
 Hope that sickness comes upon me  
 'Fore the rising of the sun.

But the sun comes bright and clear,  
 And the morn draws on to noon;  
 I tuck my pencil 'neath my arm,  
 And bravely march to meet my doom.



That night when all is still and quiet,  
And the day of torture o'er,  
In the wind there gently flutters  
Black, soft crepe upon my door.

The people moving slowly by  
Nod their heads and pass from sight;  
And as they journey down the street  
Sadly sigh, "Poor Normalite."

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### THE FIRST WEEK

*(Published for the benefit of the homesick)*

The days seem dim and dreary,  
The nights are dark and long,  
It almost makes one teary,  
To try to sing a song.

Your home town looks so rosy,  
And, oh, so far away;  
While yet you know it's prosy,  
Or so you thought, one day.

Come, pull yourself together,  
And show your dazzling smile,  
You know it's only the weather,  
And thoughts cover many a mile.

(The chorus had better be sung while Mr. Wildgust plays, "Smile, Smile, Smile," lest the tears flow too copiously.)

*Anonymous.*

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### IN THE GLOAMING

JESSIE E. DUNN.

In the gloaming when I'm roaming,  
After teaching hours are o'er,  
And the pupils homeward plodding,  
Now are doing many a chore,  
Where the wind 'mong pine trees sobbing,  
With a gentle unknown woe,  
There amid the shadows darkening,  
Slow I come and slowly go.



In the gloaming there I'm roaming,  
Thinking bitterly of school,  
Of the months I've spent in teaching  
Spelling and the Golden Rule,—  
Still it is I find before me,  
As if written on the wall,  
Find the four steps in the problem,  
Drill the class and drill them all.

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## OUR FAREWELL

J. E. DUNN.

Now the year is ended,  
Soon we shall go home;  
The time has come for parting,  
And afar we'll roam.

But just before we leave it,  
Our Alma Mater dear,  
We'll give a cheer for the Normal,  
May it prosper many a year.

May students in the coming years,  
Find out as we have done,  
That when the year is ended,  
'Tis a memory-treasured one.

We won't forget the building  
At First and Fraser streets,  
We won't forget the garden,  
Or the lawns, so green and neat.

We won't forget our teachers,  
And when we're wont to stray,  
We'll remember what they taught us,  
And try to use their way.

We won't forget their teachings,  
And though we're far away,  
A-teaching in the wilderness,  
Our thoughts are sure to stray

Back to the dear old Normal,  
And back to old North Bay.



## THE CLOSING

TERESA QUINLAN.

IT was with mingled feelings that we met in the good old Normal on the evening of Thursday, June the seventeenth. Our scholastic year was ended, and in spite of the fun planned for the evening, our heart saddened as we realized that never again would we re-group ourselves under the same happy auspices.

Our programme was of the best. The President, Mr. A. Hetherington, in his address spoke of the happy times we had spent together; how we had learned to know the masters as sympathetic men, who were eager to help us in the many new problems we had to solve. He voiced our appreciation of the "At-home" spirit of the school, which had been so apparent when we were practising for the plays. It was then, he said, that we became fully acquainted with the masters, who now held the highest place in our esteem. In conclusion, the President thanked the teachers and students who had taken part in the various programmes during the term.

The Valedictory by Mr. J. A. Walker was a fitting close to a year upon which we shall all look back with pleasure.

It is unnecessary to state how delighted we were when our worthy Principal, Mr. Casselman, took the platform. In a few well-chosen words he spoke of the school year, with its problems and pleasures. He assured us that on such a night he would forget any unpleasant things that might have happened during the term, and with his usual thoughtfulness, requested us to banish from our minds the storm of examinations through which we had just passed and to enter into the joyous spirit of the evening.

Among the visitors present was Dr. MacDougall, who in descriptive language told us of the North Land, its beauty, its children, and its dire need of teachers. He warned us against two very common mistakes which frequently came under his notice. The first was serving our classes "canned goods," as the Doctor picturesquely labelled mere text-book knowledge. The second evil to which Dr. MacDougall referred was the "cold storage" business, that is, storing in the child's mind information of which he had absolutely no use at the time. Dr. MacDougall put in a plea for the newer subjects—Agriculture, Nature Study, and urged us to make the school life of the young child more interesting by bringing him into close contact with Nature so that he could appreciate her mystic beauties. It was our first meeting with Dr. MacDougall, who was formerly such a well-known figure in these halls, and his remarks received close attention.

Refreshments were served and then the music, which proved irresistible, commenced and soon we were dancing the glowing hours away. The singing of "Auld Lang Syne" brought the evening to a close. Next day saw most of the Normalites on board train for various parts of the province. When shall we meet again?



PROGRAMME, FINAL AT HOME

June 17th, 1920.

Opening—"God Save the King."	Miss C. Godin
Recitation—"Nellie's Prayer" .....	Miss E. Lowe
Solo—"Home, Sweet Home" .....	Miss P. Charlton
Prophecy .....	Miss M. Campsall
Farewell Poem—(written by Miss J. Dunn).....	Mr. V. E. Pyke
Solo—"Cornish Floral Dance".....	Mr. J. A. Walker
Valedictory .....	Principal Casselman
Address .....	Miss I. Hogan
Solo .....	Dr. J. B. MacDougall
Address .....	

VALEDICTORY

J. A. WALKER.

MR. President, teachers, and fellow-students. I have been given the privilege of saying the words of farewell on behalf of the graduating class of this year.

On this, our last evening together, we are conscious of two feelings—the first, the one perhaps uppermost in our minds, is the feeling of regret that the happy and eventful days spent in this School are now only a pleasant memory; the second is a feeling of expectancy; we are looking forward and wondering what the future has in store for us as teachers, Canadians, Builders of the Empire.

There is an old saying that runs something like this: "You send your boy to the teacher to be educated, but it is the pupils who educate him." This is, in a very large measure, true. Since this is the case, we students of the North Bay Normal School, have been particularly fortunate. Our education must be a very broad one, indeed, for have we not in our midst, students from every part of the province; from Kenora on the west to Renfrew on the east; from Haileybury on the north to Kingsville on the south.

We have been very fortunate in having with us, this session, eight returned men. Throughout the year, they have taken a prominent part in all the activities of the school. In all work which had to be done, they willingly did their share; and in sports and social functions nobly played their part. They carry with them (as, with us, they leave this school) the good fellowship and best wishes of the rest of the student body.

Our activities this session have been many and varied. The girls succeeded in carrying off the basketball honours in North Bay. As a souvenir of their brilliant line of victories, they were presented with a shield which was very kindly donated by Mr. Lockett.

The boys won a few games during the course of the year's sport, but in the majority of cases we were forced to quote the lines:

*"Better to have tried and failed,  
Than never to have tried at all."*

However, in every defeat they showed themselves true sportsmen.



If we had time, we would like to dwell, at length, upon the other events of the year; the Thanksgiving concert, the meetings of the Literary Society, the Hallowe'en party, Mr. Casselman's illustrated lecture, the two plays, the Duke's visit, and the Irish concert. All of these occasions were full of interesting and, very often, amusing incidents. Their great value, though, lay in the fact that through them, we learned to know and appreciate the fine points in the characters of our friends and fellow-students. Then, too, we met the members of the Staff in a very informal way; we laughed with them and learned to like them.

We now turn to the members of the Staff, that splendid body of teachers who, by their presence make this building a school. Most of us, before we attended this school, used the terms "personality," "individuality" and other like expressions. Never, though, did we fully appreciate the meaning of these words till we had come in contact with the members of the Staff of this school. Though we were to receive nothing more, we would be well repaid for the year spent here, if we develop, in but a small way, personalities resembling those of our teachers. For their kindly courtesy; for the work which they have done for us; for the open-minded manner in which they conducted class discussions; we have feelings of the deepest appreciation and we offer them our sincerest thanks.

To Mr. Casselman, who, as our Principal, discussed with us our more personal affairs, our further thanks are due. We shall never forget his sound advice which he offered in such a kind, fatherly manner.

The Model School teachers, too, are well worthy of special mention. In all our intercourse with them, we have found them a patient, hard-working body—teachers having at heart the best interests of every student with whom they came in contact.

Our experiences this year have indeed been most pleasant,

*"Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'*

*Gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades*

*Forever and forever when I move."*

We must keep moving forward. What then of the future? We know that the future of the school is assured. Our own future depends largely upon ourselves. Let us then strive to put into practice those ideals so ably presented by our teachers by giving expression to them in the execution of our duties from day to day.





### Model School Staff

J. B. Stewart .....	Headmaster.				
D. McVicar .....	Assistant: Queen Victoria School.				
Miss E. M. Haugh.....	"	"	"	"	"
Miss A. Phillips.....	"	"	"	"	"
Miss V. White.....	"	"	"	"	"
Miss B. McLaughlin .....	"	"	"	"	"
Miss M. Thomson .....	"	"	"	"	"
Miss A. M. Brett.....	"	"	"	"	"
Miss G. Levy .....	"	"	"	"	"
Miss N. Deneau .....	"	"	"	"	"
Miss W. Sangster .....	"	"	"	"	"
Miss R. Kay .....	"	"	"	"	"
Miss R. Mayhew .....	"	"	"	"	"
Miss A. Armitage .....	"	"	"	"	"
Miss M. Collins .....	"	King Edward School.	"	"	"
Miss M. G. Kelsall .....	"	"	"	"	"

### Rural Affiliated Schools

Miss E. Luckens.....	S. S. No. 5, Widdifield.
Miss V. Fennell .....	S. S. No. 1 (b), Ferris.

### STUDENTS OF NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL,

1919-1920

1. Acheson, Emily E. ....Proton Station.
2. Adams, Agnes M.....Eau Claire, R. R. No. 1.
3. Bell, Charles A. ....Oro Station.
4. Bell, Lillian M. ....Oro Station.
5. Biggings, Hilda E. ....Sault Ste. Marie, 66 Wemyss St.
6. Black, Hilda F. ....Forester's Falls, R. R. No. 1.
7. Bocking, Vivian ..... Port Arthur, 78 Duke St. |- 8. Brett, Jane C. ....Gore Bay.
- 9. Brett, Mamie E. ....Gore Bay.
- 10. Brimble, Gerard ..... Kenora. |- 11. Brown, Alice M. ....Gravenhurst.
- 12. Brown, M. Jean ..... Orillia. |- 13. Buckley, R. Earl ..... Southampton. |- 14. Busch, Mary A. ....Trout Creek.
- 15. Caesar, Verna J. ....Saut Ste. Marie, 286 Korah Road.
- 16. Caldbick, Jane C.....Haileybury, Box 220.
- 17. Campsall, M. A. Myrtle.....Porcupine.
- 18. Carroll, Francis M. ....Young's Point.
- 19. Charlton, Pearl M. ....Owen Sound, 68 First St. W.
- 20. Christian, Olive ..... Orangeville, R. R. No. 3. |- 21. Coles, Olivia E. M.....Fort William, 523 S. North St.
- 22. Collings, Gladys E. ....Chapleau.
- 23. Connolly, Muriel M. ....North Bay, Box 659.
- 24. Contway, Gertrude ..... Pembroke. |- 25. Costello, Aileen L. ....Eganville, Box 154.
- 26. Crough, Lillian A. ....Ennismore.
- 27. Cutsy, Madeleine F. ....Fort William, 112 Ogden St.

28. Danford, Gladys I. .... Bellview.
29. Downey, Anna M. .... Sheenboro, Que., R. R. No. 1.
30. Dunn, Jessie E. .... New Liskeard, care Mrs. Jas. Richardson, R. R. No. 1.
31. Durrell, Betty M. .... Callender.
32. Dyer, Wilma H. .... Goderich.
33. Earle, E. Gladys .... Mount Albert.
34. Fallon, M. Kathleen .... North Bay, Box 842.
35. Farrelly, Mabel E. .... Lindsay, R. R. No. 3.
36. Fell, Elsie I. .... Gore Bay, Box 53.
37. Fenn, Bessie E. .... Bracebridge.
38. Ferguson, Marjorie K. .... Port Arthur, 188 Secord St.
39. FitzGerald, Mary A. .... Pembroke, Box 318.
40. Fletcher, Hilda J. .... Oro Station.
41. Fontaine, A. Bertha .... Fort William, 115 N. John St.
42. Friel, Ella J. .... Phelpston, Box 16.
43. Gallagher, Mary (Sister M. Ursula) .... Peterboro, Mount St. Joseph.
44. Gerry, Zelma M. .... Fort William, 1300 Ford St.
45. Glynn, Myrtle .... Delhi, R. R. No. 2.
46. Godin, C. Carmel .... Eganville, Box 88.
47. Gomall, Bertha A. .... Powassan, Box 96.
48. Gowan, Ruby B. .... Allenford.
49. Hancock, Harold C. .... Lindsay, 96 Russell St. W.
50. Harris, Martha A. .... Burk's Falls, Box 17.
51. Henson, Annie A. .... Sterling.
52. Hetherington, Archie .... Southampton.
53. Hetherington, John .... Southampton.
54. Hickling, Gladys A. .... Shanty Bay.
55. Hogan, Irene B. .... Port Arthur, 331 Van Norman St.
56. Houlihan, Catherine .... Downeyville.
57. Huston, G. Clifton .... Ripley, R. R. No. 4.
58. Irving, Mary M. .... Markdale, R. R. No. 5.
59. Johnson, Ebba .... Kenora, Box 278.
60. Johnson, Oressa J. .... North Bay, Box 950.
61. Jordan, Kathleen .... Kenora.
62. Kearney, Frances M. .... Eganville.
63. Kellock, Christina .... Huntsville.
64. Kelly, Mary C. .... Eganville.
65. Kennedy, Margaret E. E. .... Elmvale.
66. Kennedy, Robert A. .... Burk's Falls.
67. King, Josephine C. .... Little Rapids.
68. Kron, Thyra E. .... Kenora.
69. Langley, Vera I. .... Hanover.
70. Lowe, Ethyl A. .... Massey Station.
71. Lush, Ethel C. .... Burk's Falls.
72. Marleau, Anna .... North Bay, Box 421.
73. Mick, J. V. Evelyn .... Micksburg.
74. Murphy, Marie .... Lindsay, R. R. No. 1.
75. MacKay, Harriet G. .... Bruce Mines, R. R. No. 1.
76. McArthur, Katherine F. .... Fort William, 113 S. Archibald St.
77. McAuliffe, John .... Omemee.
78. McDonald, Isabel .... Douglas.
79. McDonald, Marjorie R. .... Spring Bay, Manitoulin.
80. McElligott, Teresa .... Eganville, Box 55.
81. McIntyre, Jessie .... Douglas.
82. McKever, M. Reta L. .... Cundles P. O.
83. McLeod, Jean M. .... Kenora, 324 Third St. S.
84. McMaster, Helen E. .... Fort William, Box 219.



85. McVicar, Bessie I. .... Inwood.
86. Nicholls, Mary C. .... Dundalk, R. R. No. 3.
87. Nott, Fern ..... Sault Ste. Marie, 17 Abbott St.
88. Orchard, William F. .... Minesing.
89. Overend, Lucy ..... Orillia, Box 1187.
90. Pace, Stella I. .... Bruce Mines, R. R. No. 1.
91. Parr, Mona M. .... North Bay.
92. Parslow, Elda A. .... Hopeville, R. R. No. 1.
93. Perdue, Ruby V. .... Downeyville, R. R. No. 1.
94. Perry, Dorothy A. .... Simcoe, 185 West St.
95. Preston, Dorothea P. .... Sault Ste. Marie, 14 Forest Ave.
96. Pyke, Victor E. .... Allenford.
97. Quinlan, Teresa ..... North Bay, Box 324.
98. Quirt, Ethel M. .... Midford, Parry Sound District.
99. Richardson, Alma L. .... Barrie, R. R. No. 1.
100. Ringsleben, Clara ..... Haley's Station.
101. Roe, Ila I. .... Huntsville, ("Haverland").
102. Rosevear, Marjorie A. .... Port Arthur, 43 Prospect Ave.
103. Roszel, Ursula ..... Little Current.
104. Sample, Thomas E. .... Blenheim.
105. Scratch, Roxie ..... Kingsville, Box 496.
106. Sharpe, Florence M. .... Burk's Falls.
107. Sloan, Mary A. (Sister Ermilinda). Peterboro, Mount St. Joseph.
108. Smith, Mrs. Myrtle M. ....
109. Sparling, Alice J. .... Woito.
110. Sullivan, Mary T. .... Sheenboro, Que.
111. Tackney, Inez ..... Low Bush (via Cochrane).
112. Taylor, Harold M. .... Bracebridge.
113. Taylor, Marjory ..... Huntsville.
114. Thompson, Lillian M. .... Thessalon.
115. Thorburn, Margaret M. .... Gore Bay.
116. Tilson, Dorothy E. .... Burk's Falls.
117. Tompkins, Isabel R. .... Emo.
118. Walker, J. Andrew ..... Barrie, Box 594.
119. Whan, Erie A. .... Belle Ewart.
120. Wilson, Doris B. .... Sault Ste. Marie, 124 Upton Road.
121. Windle, Mae (Sister Edwina) .... Peterboro, Mount St. Joseph.
122. Wyvill, Mary J. .... Proton Station.
123. Young, Basil O. .... Nobel.



