

The SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL YEAR BOOK

Published by the

STUDENTS OF NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL

JUNE, 1929



Forsitan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit. [Who knows but some day this, too, will be remembered with pleasure.]—Vergil. Aeneid 1, line 203.



THE NORMAL SCHOOL

CONTENTS

Photo or Normal School Photo of Staff Foreword Dedication Year Book Staff Editorial	2 4 5 7 8 9 9
Foreword Dedication Year Book Staff Editorial	5 7 8 9 9
Dedication Year Book Staff Editorial	8 9 9
Year Book Staff	8 9 9
Editorial	9
Editorial	9
Spring Twilight	
	10
	13
	12
	13
A. A. C.	14
	15
	16
THE COURT OF THE C	17
The read to passess in in its	18
	19
11 Made Access 1111111111111111111111111111111111	20
	21
	21 22
Group 1	
	24
	25
	26
and and any or possess states and any or possess an	27
111 111 C111 C11 C11 C11 C11 C11 C11 C1	28
	29
11 1 doddated 11coodait of the agreement of the second	30
	31
Addedition IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII	32
	33
	34
	35
	36
Extracts from my Diary	37
Group V	10
	11
The Training of Teachers 4	12
The At-Home 4	12
	13
Sergeant Major Joyce 4	14
	14
	16
	17
	18
	50
Autobiography of a Book	52
	53
This is the way she came to school	55
	56
112 0 0 0 1 P 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	57
	50



NORMAL SCHOOL STAFF

Back Row—J. B. Gatenby, A.T.S.C., Mus.B.; J. E. Chambers, J. C. Norris, M.A., B.Paed.; J. A. Bannister, B.A., D.Paed.; H. E. Ricker, M.A., B.Paed; C. Ramsay. Front Row—G. Morgan, B.A., B.Paed.; D. Stephenson, A. C. Casselman, Principal; K. McCubbin.

NORMAL SCHOOL STAFF

A. C. Casselman
J. C. Norris, M.A., B.Paed Master: Mathematics, Science of Education.
H. E. Ricker, M.A., B.Paed Master: Science, Agriculture, Nature Study, Hygiene
J. A. Bannister, B.A., D.Paed Master: School Management, Composition, Grammar.
Miss Grace Morgan, B.A., B.Paed. Master: Literature, Physical Training, History.
C. RamsayInstructor: Art.
J. E. Chambers
J. B. Gatenby, A.T.S.C., Mus.BInstructor: Music.
Miss D. Stephenson
Miss K. McCubbinSecretary and Librarian.



ANOTHER year is fast passing into history. The new class which gathered in September in eager anticipation of the training which should fit them for their chosen profession will soon be returning to their homes, and carrying with them into the remotest corners of the province their memories and their impressions of the North Bay Normal School. To them the year has been a "great adventure." It has brought, or should have brought, a new outlook upon life and its responsibilities, a new conception of service, new ambitions and aspirations, and a better understanding of the seriousness and importance of the work of the teacher.

Some there may be to whom the year has seemed quiet and uneventful. And yet a year that has witnessed the training for their life work of nearly one hundred and fifty young men and women can scarcely be called uneventful. Who shall tell how far-reaching may be the results of this year's work? Among those who are seen to go forth from our halls are some whom we confidently expect to rise to eminence in the educational world. Neither ability nor ambition is lacking, and before them lie all the opportunities that are needed to enable them to win honour and distinction. Many more will do teaching of a superior character, and all, we trust, will enter upon their duties with a determination to do them faithfully and conscientiously, to bring to their pupils something of the broader vision and the higher ideals which they themselves have caught, and to make the community in which their lot is cast a better and a happier community because of their labours, their presence and their inspiration.

As keen as ever this year, and in the coming years, will be the competition for positions. The weeding out of undesirables will go on apace. The weaklings are sure to be detected more quickly than ever in the past, but true merit and honest effort and conscientious application will win their reward. The testing time at the Normal School will soon be past, but the practical testing time lies ahead. Day by day, in school and out, you will be tested, tried at the court of public opinion. Whether the verdict will be in your favour or otherwise will depend solely upon yourselves and upon the service which you render.

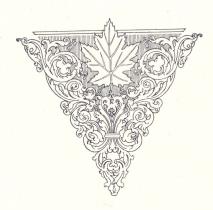
It is commonly said that the children of our land are its greatest asset. But few who repeat the words stop to consider that they constitute only a potential asset. The gold that lies hidden in the rock of Porcupine and Timmins and Kirkland Lake is an asset, but it must be discovered and mined and milled before it is of real value and service

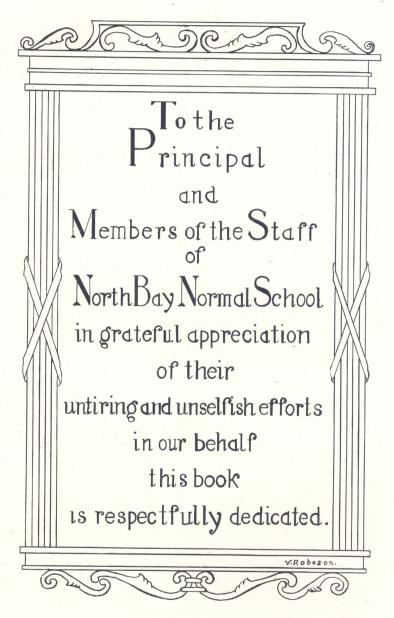
to the world. The spreading forests are an asset, but they must be felled and sawn into lumber and transported to the market before they are of real worth. The fertile acres of our great Northland are an asset, but they must be cleared and cultivated before they bring to maturity the rich harvest of golden grain. In like manner the children of our land must be trained by skilled hands and developed if the nation is ever to reap the benefit of the possibilities which they represent.

This difficult task of training, the most important which the nation has in its power to bestow, is entrusted to the teacher. And upon the teacher will rest the responsibility for the proper training of those who, at no very distant date, will manage our great enterprises, make our laws, fill our pulpits, preside over our courts, and guide the destinies of our nation. To these will come honours and position, and oft times wealth. But the teacher, for the most part must be content to remain in the background, to look from afar upon the success of former pupils, rewarded mainly by the feeling of satisfaction and pride which comes from being able to point to those who have reached the "topmost round of the ladder" as "my boys" and "my girls." Occasionally there comes the reward of the tribute of a grateful pupil who declares, "What I am I owe to my teacher, who showed me the possibilities that lay before me."

Such then, is the life of service upon which you are about to enter; such are the responsibilities which you are assuming; and such the splendid opportunity that is offered you of laying broad and deep the foundations for the future greatness of our land. With you will go to your several schools the best wishes of the Staff, who will ever be ready to sympathize with you in your difficulties, to aid you in your perplexities, and to rejoice with you in your success.

It is not necessary in this brief foreword to review the varied activities of the year. This has already been ably done by members of the class, and to their accounts we refer you. May this Year Book, then, as you peruse its pages in the years to come, bring to you many pleasant memories of the days spent and the friendships formed at North Bay Normal School.







YEAR BOOK STAFF

Back Row—M. McDonald, M. Downey, L. Anderson, M. Potter.
Middle Row—E. Putt, F. Mason, M. Stephen, B. Ketcheson, I. Jamieson.
Front Row—F. Crawford, J. A. Bannister, B.A., D.Paed.; H. E. Ricker, M.A., B.Paed.;
M. Fink.

YEAR BOOK STAFF

Miss Mildred Potter	Editor-in-Chief.
Miss Margaret Downey	Associate Editor.
Miss Irene Jamieson	Associate Editor.
Miss Miriam McDonald	President, Literary Society, Spring Term.
B. Ketcheson	President, Literary Society, Fall Term.
F. Mason	Business Manager.
Miss Lily Anderson	Representative, Group I.
Miss Florence Crawford	Representative, Group II.
Miss Marie Fink	Representative, Group III.
Miss Ethel Putt	Representative, Group IV.
Miss Margaret Stephen	Representative, Group V.
H. E. Ricker, M.A., B.Paed	Advisory Manager.
J. A. Bannister, B.A., D.Paed	Supervising Editor.

EDITORIAL

M. POTTER, Editor-in-Chief

"Who loves not Knowledge? Who shall rail Against her beauty? May she mix With men and prosper. Who shall fix Her pillars? Let her work prevail."

—Tennyson.

ROM all parts of Ontario, came the 1928-29 class to enter into training at North Bay Normal School. The very fact that we have come in contact with others from widely separated communities and from vastly different environments has broadened our horizons and made us more tolerant of the opinion of others.

Great is our privilege in having the opportunity of receiving a training which enables us to fix more firmly the pillars of Knowledge, so that her work may prevail.

And, will it not be worth, many times over, the faithful and careful preparation we are making,

"To see the learning heart grow wise, The vision deepen day by day, Till in the child's unsullied thought The purest truths begin to shine And a great miracle is wrought!"

In the pages which follow an effort has been made to preserve a record of some of the occurrences of the year which marks our transition from pupils to teachers. This transition has not been accomplished without real effort, and a determination to face resolutely the responsibilities that will soon be ours. But it has brought with it ample compensation in new experiences, increasing power, wider knowledge and new and valued friendships. For all of these we are the richer and the better. We may look down the long vista of the coming years with confidence and we sincerely trust that none need look backward with regret.

May this book prove, to the members of this year's class, to be a treasure house of pleasant memories.

SPRING TWILIGHT

HILDA BOYES

Softly, through the scented twilight, Comes the splash of waterfall; Hark! the heralds of the evening And the whip-poor-will's sweet call.

Dimly trees on phantom hillsides Stand against the clear, blue sky; Trilling from the darkened millpond Comes the frogs' loud melody.

I stood, nor knew that palest gold Had vanished with the purple light, Till everything about me told The fair moon ruled the night.

A PARTING MESSAGE

Another school year is drawing to a close. Daily association with masters in the field of education, fond friendships formed during the past year, will soon become cherished memories as you take up your duties in the education of the youth of our great Dominion. May the memory of these associations and, above all, the association with your Saviour and Teacher, Jesus Christ, ever inspire you with courage fearlessly and joyfully to assume the responsibilities of your noble calling.

Norman C. Kritsch.

It has been a real privilege to know the members of the Class of 1928-29, but it is also a joy to wish you God-speed as you go out to take up the task for which you have been training. You who have been under instruction will now be the instructors; you who have looked to others for leadership and guidance will now be looked up to for leadership and guidance by others. You may not wish for this but you cannot escape it. I counsel you, therefore, to follow very closely in the footsteps of the Master Teacher, that, entering into life with Him, you may impart strength to others.

J. M. Pritchard,

Minister of St. Andrew's United Church.

It goes without saying that we who have been associated with you during the winter wish you success. Success may be defined as the attainment of a proposed object, and may be estimated by the measure of the attainment, by the object proposed, or by both. It is not enough to attain, however; the attainment must be worthy. I wish for every student success in the finest possible meaning of that much abused term.

Aubrey W. Small.

Experience is our best teacher and time, our best interpreter.

May you realize the great privilege and also the tremendous responsibility which is yours, and prove equal to your task.

Wishing you success, I am, yours sincerely,

J. R. Sanderson.

The Manse, May, 1929. We must be taught ourselves if we would teach others. We must be disciplined ourselves if we would discipline others. We must be inspired ourselves if we would inspire others. You can give to your pupils only that which you have yourself;

Therefore you must constantly seek fullness of knowledge, perfect self-control, and richness of experience;

And this fullness, perfection, and richness can be obtained only by those who keep in contact with Jesus Christ,

Who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

H. A. Sims, Rector of St. John's Church.

As I followed my group out of the class-room at the close of our study for this term, I felt a pang of real regret as it suddenly flashed upon me that I had met my last class in North Bay Normal School. This must be my valedictory message. During the four years of my pastorate in Trinity United Church, among its valued privileges has been the opportunity of meeting the Normal School students and sharing with them some of the great truths of life. I have also keenly enjoyed my associations with the Staff of this educational institution. I have learned to esteem them very highly, not only for their ability, but for their worth of character. The fellowship I have enjoyed with both the Staff and student body will always have a fragrant and refreshing memory.

My message to the student body in this Year Book is very brief. It is this—"Cherish your dreams." You may be told that realities are the only things worth while and that the dreamer is piping his stuff to an empty house, that man has ceased to steer by a star. But there are signs of revolt against this discarding of idealism. Man is finding it a dull world where no dreaming survives. Life is more than meat and the body than raiment. When dreams die and visions fade the people perish.

Ah, great it is to believe the dream As we stand in youth by the starry stream; But a greater thing is to fight life through And say at the end, "The dream is true!"

Wishing every student true success.

J. C. Cochrane, Pastor of Trinity United Church.



EXECUTIVE OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY (FALL TERM)

Back Row—A. Beauclair; M. Ray, Secretary, Section B.; C. Gray; G. Fulcher, Secretary, Section A.

Middle Row—Z. Robinson; I. Jamieson; C. LaJeunesse; A. Durack; M. Marren, Vice-President, Section B.

Front Row—B. Ketcheson, President; F. Mason; P. Spence, Treasurer; K. Eoll, Vice-President, Section A.; G. Waldie.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

BEN KETCHESON MIRIAM MCDONALD

HE Normal School would not be Normal School, and life would be prosaic, indeed, were it not for the Literary Society which is at the same time an institution for education and amusement, and the basis of the social life of the School.

The Executives endeavoured during the year to make our programmes instructive and entertaining, but the future only will tell whether vital benefits have been derived. If the ideas which we have presented in our programmes serve as seeds of inspiration which will grow and flourish in the future, then our work has not been in vain.

Both Executives worked faithfully to make each programme a success and their work was made much easier by the whole-hearted cooperation and assistance of the students. Efforts were made to bring as many students as possible into active participation in the entertainments.

We secure returns from anything only in proportion to what we put into it and those to receive the most benefit were those who assisted in

into it and those to receive the most benefit were those who assisted in the presentation of the programmes.

We wish to extend our most sincere thanks to the members of the

We wish to extend our most sincere thanks to the members of the staff whose keen interest in the well-being of the Society made its success possible. Without them we should have been helpless. But we trust that they will feel repaid, in part at least, by the benefits received by all because of their efforts.

MARCH

Hail, boisterous March, I hear you call; I see you toss
The trees so tall; You bring the bees, The birds and flowers, And when the trees
Are green-leaved bowers, You fill my heart
With mirth and glee,
For sunny days
That soon will be.



EXECUTIVE OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY (SPRING TERM)

Back Row—I. MacPhail; E. Putt, Vice-President, Section B.; M. Bodger; M. Stephen,
Secretary, Section B.; V. Fradette, Vice-President, Section A.

Middle Row—A. Kayle; V. Wagner; F. Crawford, Secretary, Section A.; L. McCarty;
M. Perpete; M. McDonald, President.

Front Row—G. Devlin; C. Kisel; P. Spence, Treasurer; B. Dunlop; E. Moore.

GRATITUDE

E cannot close this precious year without expressing our gratitude to Mr. Casselman and the other members of the staff of the North Bay Normal School.

Can we not do so by promising them to be faithful; to put in pactice during our teaching career, the good advice which we have received from each and every one? This would be to them a great pleasure.

We hope to do honour to their efforts and their lessons; if we do not succeed we alone shall be responsible, for they will have done their duty faithfully and courageously. We have learned to consider them not only as educated masters but as wise guardians and trustworthy friends. If, upon entering our career, we profit by the valuable lessons which they have given us, we will not forget to whom we owe that which we become.

Their task at times has not been a light one. How often they have met with disappointment after having done their utmost to explain, and to lighten our daily work. Still they kept on with untiring zeal, ever ready to give a helping hand.

Their teaching was not confined to words; we have been daily witnesses of our Masters' high standards of living, their serious view of life, their kindness, patience and sympathy. From them we have learned to look on life in its reality.

Indeed we cannot help but confess that we are all greatly indebted to the kind and unselfish devotion with which, during this short space of time, they have contributed to our future welfare.

We are fortunate in having received so much, and all that we have acquired will be of great value to us in the years to come. But let us remember that if we are faithful in doing our duty in the way it should be done, according to the training which has been given here, we shall give to those devoted ones our greatest mark of gratefulness:

"For to be grateful one must also be faithful."

THE HALLOWE'EN SOCIAL

GLADYS DEVLIN

N October for one glorious night the common-place was forgotten. Middies and skirts were as yet unheard of, while dark blue suits were simply unknown. The school itself was a little wonderland, with canopies of orange and black, eerie pumpkin faces, and flaunting streamers. Gay caballeros thronged the halls, surrounded by gay court ladies, Spanish donnas, and impudent pierrettes. A little mystery and very much gaiety were the proportions into which the night was divided.

In the early part of the evening the cosmopolitan crowd enjoyed a varied and interesting programme.

The promenade which preceded the dance kept the judges busy trying to choose the best costumes. The prizes were finally awarded to Miss Margaret Stephen, in a smart chevalier costume, and Miss Miriam McDonald in a charming Hawaiian habit.

After a very enjoyable luncheon games and dancing were provided. In the library one might see a caballero and an Elizabethan beauty indulging in a modern game of table tennis; in another corner a lively ballet dancer triumphed over her Spanish partner in checkers.

Modern dance tunes found charming old-fashioned ladies dancing with Spanish dons, handsome chevaliers leading off fragile, beautiful fairies, while gay and dashing figures danced in and out of the rainbow maze, with laughter and song.

When the hour of closing came, it brought with it a feeling of genuine regret; yet all were agreed that Normal School life, which gave occasion and opportunity for such real enjoyment, could not be the dull and dreamy grind we had fondly imagined it would be.

Student A: I can make a funnier face than you. Student B: Yes, but look at the start you have.

ILLUSION

VELMA WINGROVE

I painted a picture with fairy paint, In misty purple and blue, But fairies are shy, uncertain things; They fade away, with the dew. And the paints I used from fairyland Were transient and far from true, So my beautiful picture, as time went by, Discoloured and faded grew.

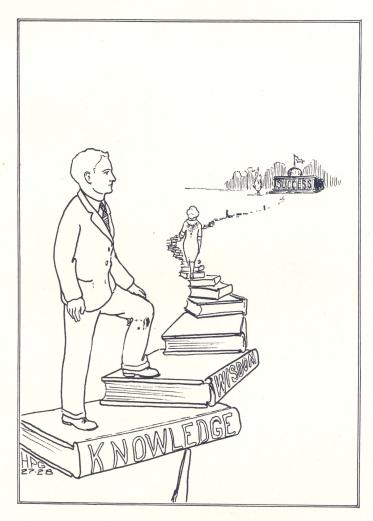
I dreamed a dream,—an exquisite dream,
It led towards pearly hills
All bathed in the splendour of sunset's glow,
And bright with sparkling rills;
So real it seemed, I deemed it true,
And little did I think
To find the hills just make-believe,
As they hung o'er the streamlet's brink.

I spun a web from bright silk, fine,
Each strand seemed firm and true,
And it caught the glow of the sun's bright beams
Like flowers drenched with dew.
I thought it strong, and gave to it
My hopes, my all, my best,
A harsh wind blew,—and my shining web?
It failed me in the test.

I heard a song divinely sweet,
It seemed to fill the air,
It whispered far, forgotten things
And the words were soft and fair;
So sweet the lay, I gave up all
To hearken and to feast;
Then one dull day I woke to find
The enchanting song had ceased.

I built me a ship, a strong, stout ship,
But not with the fabric of dreams,
For sails of shining white are not
As substantial as gray, it seems.
Her decks were clumsy, and roughly hewn,
And knotted,—not lovely to see,—
But she's weathered the storms where others failed,
And she's been a good ship to me.

YEAR BOOK



THE ROAD TO SUCCESS



CONTINUATION SCHOOL CALLENDAR

Used as a Practice School for the Students of Group 1

A MUSIC LESSON?

LILY I. ANDERSON

N a comparatively peaceful Friday afternoon in early December, a certain student of the North Bay Normal School was pained and horrified to receive an assignment slip which bore the fated word—music. She looked again, it was still there—"Music, Morning Hymn, page twenty-seven." The inevitable had come.

At seven-thirty that evening, armed with a tuning fork and a pointer, she ascended to her room on the second floor, and the battle began. Weird and unearthly sounds, strangely resembling moans, struggled through the key-hole. The other inmates of the house wore an air of submissive resignation, and thanked high heaven that music lessons were assigned sparingly. The unfortunate who roomed with the aspiring young music teacher stuffed cotton batting in her ears, and was soothed to slumber by the erratic beating of a ruler on the table edge. The table will bear the marks of that beating till the end of its history.

Tuesday afternoon arrived and the "happy trio" wended their way toward Worthington Street school. Immediately after recess a calm voice said "Miss X, we'll have the music lesson now." Everything went beautifully for the first five minutes. Then in a confident voice the would-be teacher said to the class, "The tuning fork is going to say doh." She struck it vigorously upon the desk. It remained mute. She tried again and with the same results. The third time she struck the fork with growing desperation and it sounded faintly. She then proceeded to beat time and soon the class were lagging hopelessly behind. The critic teacher's voice interposed, "Not quite so fast."

Suddenly it dawned upon the student that it didn't sound quite right, but, not having "an ear for music," she couldn't be sure. The other two students had promised that they would indicate by certain unobstrusive signs if the class were going wrong. Accordingly she cast an imploring glance toward the back of the room—and then she was sure. They were too overcome to indicate the progress of the class by any manual sign, but the expression on their faces told unmistakeably that something was very seriously wrong.

The student struggled on, desperately, aimlessly. The class continued to produce new and unusual sound combinations that were truly appalling. At the end of the twenty minutes, a voice which seemed faint and far away announced, "That will be all for this time." The very audible sigh of relief from the class would have been echoed by the student herself if she had not been too utterly exhausted to make the effort.

OUR YEAR AT NORMAL SCHOOL

WINNIFRED PORTER

HAT a wonderful year it has been from beginning to end! At first we did not realize that the hours and days would fly so fast, but now that opening day last September seems but as yesterday.

How easy it seemed when we first went to observe another's teaching. But even from the beginning plans did not seem so easy, especially when we began the task of separating Matter from Method, and our heads began to whirl. Then came the preparation of plans for our own lessons. The Masters' close scrutiny found errors where we could see nothing but perfection, but in due time there was improvement. How proud we felt when we had reached the stage where our plans could be approved without rewriting!

Shall we ever forget the day we taught our first lesson? But somehow we survived both the lesson and the criticism which followed, and as time went by, we actually began to look forward to our teaching days with pleasure. The first announcement of a half-day's continuous teaching came near resulting in heart failure. Now we can look back and smile at our nervousness and fear.

These worries and anxieties have served to make us appreciate the pleasures that have been ours. Let us pay another visit to Trout Lake, for that was the first place that most of us explored; and a beautiful spot it is, too. Then we must go to "Sheeny" Falls, and try to recall the landscape as we first beheld it in all its autumn splendour. There is perhaps no scene that will come back to us more frequently in the years that are to be than this. Nor must we forget to go again to the "Look Out" on Thibeault Hill and see the wonderful panorama of hill and vale, forest and cultivated fields, the shining lake and the distant islands, the winding road, and the city that has become so like home to us all.

And, last of all, we shall go to the east of the city, enter by the archway "The Gateway of the North," and try to realize once more that we are a part of this great Northland, with its undreamed-of possibilities, that ours is the privilege of playing an important part in its future development.

With so many pleasant and attractive places, so many hospitable people to greet us on every side, no one can say that our year at North Bay Normal School has not been a most enjoyable one.

A LONELY DESK

J. S. Burke

There is a desk beside my own, And when I pass it by, I always stop to look at it; I'll tell the reason why.

Among the rest it stands forlorn And dreams of yesteryear, Of the place it held in the heart of one Who is no longer here.

It seems to me that, looking on At Time as it takes its toll Of the swift-winged flight of a human life, This desk must have a soul.

THE CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT

AILEEN DURACK

A air of hospitality and charm prevaded the Normal School on Friday evening, January the eighteenth, when the Christmas entertainment, which had previously been postponed on account of the illness of many of the students, was held.

After the singing of "O Canada," Mr. Ketcheson, president of the Literary Society, extended a cordial welcome to the guests. A pleasing programme followed, the chief feature being a play, "Brothers in Arms," presented by Group I. The cast was as follows:—

Dorothy Brown M. I	Bothwell
Major J. Altrus Brown P.	Spence
Syd Whyte B.	Dunlop
Charlie Henderson F.	
Director G.	K. Eoll.

Other features were, two choruses, "A Guid New Year" and "Here's a Health unto His Majesty," by the students, a violin solo, "Idilio," by Miss Fink, a dance by Miss Devlin, and a much appreciated vocal solo "Yesterday and To-day," by Miss Charron.

Refreshments were served at the close of the programme. Music was then provided in the Assembly Room for those who wished to dance. In the Library and Halls, various games were carried on. For a brief period the cares and worries of preparing and teaching lessons, the problems of Management and the difficulties of Science of Education were forgotten, and all entered heartily into the gaiety of the hour.



GROUP I. (A)

Back Row—A. Brown, B. Hill, L. Anderson, H. Kelly, H. Marshall, M. Brownell. Middle Row—I. Carr, M. Corner, M. Bothwell, C. Gray, V. Haughton, C. Garvey. Front Row—G. Fulcher, J. Kydd, J. Death, E. Dickson, M. Byrnes, D. LaSalle.

GROUP ONE

B. KETCHESON

THE year book would be hopelessly incomplete and doomed to dismal failure from the start, if Group One were not represented. The fame of the Normal School would be low, indeed, if some malign fate had made it impossible for Group One to be heard.

We have a peculiar faculty of making ourselves heard, however. All the masters will bear witness to that fact. It goes without saying then, that in all the activities of the North Bay Normal School you will find us taking the lead.

We are an artistic group, for one thing. We all like art. It is the ruling passion of our lives. To us, the hours spent in the creation of our artistic masterpieces are hours of unadulterated bliss. And after school hours, when other groups are gaily disporting themselves elsewhere, we delight to gather in the Art Room once again, there to pass away the golden hours engrossed in the history of our beloved subject.

330

This year has meant much to every one of us, as well as to the school. The masters, whom we at first greeted with fear and trembling, we now regard as our firmest friends. Their many kindnesses and helpful advice will not be forgotten and, in the years to come we shall look back upon our contact with them as one of the happiest in our lives.

We are a famous athletic group, too. Our fame has spread even outside the walls of the Normal School. In fact, three of our number were much sought after by the city officials during the spring term. Prominent men from the C.N.R. and civil service were decidedly anxious to have them as week-end guests because of their noted prowess as "track" men. Yes, inside and outside of our Normal School home we are equally prominent.

And now we scatter to the far ends of our province, there to do our bit toward educating and instructing the youth of Canada. May the loyalty, cheerfulness, and optimism that has marked our sojourn here go with each of our classmates to his new home.



GROUP I. (B)

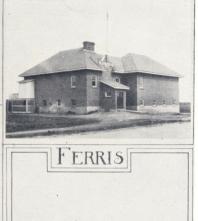
Back Row—F. Kinlin, H. Willoughby, K. Foll, P. Spence, H. McFarlane, F. Mason. Middle Row—M. Rodgers, L. McCarty, R. Dunlop, B. Ketcheson, N. Possett, D. McCluskie.

Front Row—V. McConnell, P. White, D. McFarlane, D. Reeves, I. Nelson, C. Mac-Keracher, M. Potter.



Model School













THE STOREHOUSE OF KNOWLEDGE

If you wish a store of knowledge, Music, Art, whate'er it be, Just step into the North Bay Normal; This is what they're teaching me.

How to curve and shape the fingers, To produce high "doh" and "me," How to write an ancient minor, Swing the arm to beat for three.

How to specialize in weaving, Paper folding, binding books, Taking jack-planes all to pieces, Judging rip-saws by their looks.

How to turn the four brass vessels, Counting slowly, one, two, three; Then determine the percentage Butterfat that there may be.

How to look in through an egg shell; "Firsts" from "seconds" how to tell; How to pack for preservation
Those you judge are suited well.

How to tell the woof from warp threads, Interwoven though they be, How to overcast a raw edge, Hemstitch and embroidery.

How to bandage broken members, Tie a knot the proper way, How to treat a painful bee-sting, That no penalty you pay.

There are countless other lessons, Valuable beyond a doubt, Equally of great importance, Difficult to do without.



GROUP II.

Back Row—E. Ainslie, B. Delaney, L. Cooper, J. Cargoe, M. Bodger, H. Boyes,
F. Crawford, I. Barrer.

Middle Row—L. Dambrowitz, M. Baker, B. Draper, A. Beauclair, G. Bonany, E. Donald,
L. Brazel, E. Bull, M. Downey.

Front Row—G. Donaldson, S. Burke, S. Charron, G. Devlin, G. Burke, E. Bake,
K. Cassidy, E. Colborne.

THE TRIALS AND TROUBLES OF GROUP TWO

F. CRAWFORD, G. BURKE, E. BAKE

In Mr. Casselman's room,
We learn to read expressively,
And always make a list
Of countries and their capitals,
While waiting for "Dismissed."

In Miss Morgan's room,

Here we take our exercise,

Both strength and poise to gain;

And here we study poetry

With all our might and main.

- In Mr. Norris' room,
 Science of Education or
 Arithmetic's our theme,
 Our moments are so precious
 There's never time to dream.
- In Dr. Bannister's room,
 We revel in our Grammar and
 We study with a will;
 With Law and Regulations
 Our craniums we fill.
- In Mr. Ricker's room,
 We study birds and quadrupeds;
 Our problems are extreme,—
 For here we learn to candle eggs,
 And germinate the bean.

THE FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL

E. AINSLIE

"Yez kin go right up to the top," were the words which greeted my companions and me on the eventful morning of September eighteenth, as we ascended the steps of the front entrance. So we immediately set out to find the "top." Up one flight of stairs we ventured, wide-eyed and trembling; then stopped in bewilderment. "Is this the top?" "No, it can't be." Others seemed to be going further, so we meekly took our places in the small stream of frightened humanity. At last we reached the "top," and what awaited us there?

Many, filled with as much wonderment as we, had already gathered in the spacious Assembly Room. Minutes dragged by like hours, and with each minute came more and more to add to our numbers. Then, a solemn hush fell as, one by one, the members of the staff ascended the platform.

Admission cards! Yes, I had mine, and luckily, too, there was my name on it, for really I had forgotten it. And, hark! I was being called out. Fate then served me well, for certainly my admission card was right side up.

Registration over, I began to descend, exploring as I went. Finally I reached what I learned later was the basement. By some unknown guidance I found myself once more in the open air, and breathed a deep sigh of relief.

IN MEMORIAM

MARY BODGER AGNES BEAUCLAIR

"But O for the touch of a vanished hand And the sound of a voice that is still."

Tennyson.

"Birdie is gone." Such was the awed and hushed whisper that passed from lip to lip, on that dull afternoon of late November. Only a few days before, her pleasant smile, her sunny disposition and the charm of her personality were winning for her an ever-widening circle of friends, A brief period of suffering, borne with gentle patience, then with suddenness that made it difficult for us to realize our loss, she passed to the Great Beyond!

From Paisley came Luella, with expectations of becoming a teacher, expectations as great as those of any of us who are left, but it was not to be. She passed away on Nov. 27th, at Queen Victoria Hospital. The same evening a service was held in the Normal School Library and, filing past, we looked for the last time upon the still form of our beloved classmate.

In the short time she was with us she endeared herself to all, and through the years to come, thoughts of Normal School will bring back memories of "Birdie."

NIPISSING

J. E. MACDONALD

Here, long ago the red man trod,
The savage of the years gone by;
He understood the woodland ways,
The roaming beasts, the birds that fly.

He heard the lapping of the waves, The sighing wind among the trees, He fathomed all of Nature's sounds That came mysterious on the breeze.

Here daintily a red deer, shy, Came tripping for a cooling drink, And high above a noisy jay Went screeching o'er the quiet brink.

Alas! 'tis changed, completely changed; The pale-face, ravager of all, Has seized upon the red man's land And holds it in his evil thrall.

The lake alone he cannot change,
The sunset's glory cannot mar;
These still remain, as years roll on,
As steadily as the evening star.

O Nipissing, a lake of lakes, Oh! glory of the northern land, For God alone can change your grace; His image, you forever stand.

A TABULATED ACCOUNT OF THE ELECTION CAMPAIGN

Note: We have left ample space between the topics.

1. The Brown and The Gold.

Although we could hardly realize it, half the year was over and the time had come to elect a new executive for the Literary Society.

"Are you voting Brown or Gold?" was the burning question.

"Brown" and "Gold" were the names of the two opposing parties.

"What does a candidate have to do?" one student was heard to ask, "I'm a 'Gold' candidate, but what does that mean"

2. The Platforms.

(a) Gold.

The leaders lost no time in broadcasting their party ideals. The Golds invested in a quart of gold paint and cardboard costing at least twenty-nine cents, with which to make posters. This was their way of acquainting the public with their platform. One most conspicuous poster read thus "Vote Gold—indirect taxation—dancing every Friday afternoon."

(b) The Brown.

As for the Browns, the Salada Tea Co. was kind enough to supply them with a "stack" of blotters. These were dual purpose blotters, for they advertised not only the famous Salada Tea, but the Brown platform also. The energetic Browns had written on each: "Vote Brown! Vote right!"

3. The Speeches.

So much for the written word. The spoken word was delivered one afternoon as the Gold candidates sat facing those of the Brown party on the auditorium platform. Mr. McKenzie, the Gold's leading candidate, gave the opening address. His words were short and to the point, as was in fact, his whole speech.

4. The Results.

Then came the election proper. A fever of excitement prevailed during the whole day. What a jam there was about the bulletin board when the final results were posted. Neither party had won a sweeping victory but both had sufficient representation to ensure efficient management. Much to the joy of the Browns, Miss MacDonald was the successful candidate for president.



GROUP III.

Back Row--O. Lamke, I. Coulthart, E. Knight, N. Kelly, C. LaJeunesse, I. MacPhail, B. Lemmon, A. MacDermid.

Middle Row—Y. Hunter, E. Humphries, A. Durack, A. Hogg, E. Gibson, L. Jamieson, A. Kayle, C. Johnston, M. Fink, S. Kettles.

Front Row—J. Leslie, S. Kakkarainen, M. Farrell, P. Hurtubise, A. MacDonald, M. MacKay, M. LaBrash, V. Fradette.

GROUP THREE

Annie Hogg

ELVA HUMPHRIES

Third in number, but first always in ability! No, we're not boasting; we're merely stating facts. Let us give just a few instances to show how far we have eclipsed our less fortunate companions.

In Physical Training, another group claimed the honours, but Mr. Casselman didn't agree. Whom did he put first? Group III, of course! Our supremacy in Georgraphy is unquestioned. And Mr. Norris can tell you of our record in Arithmetic.

Our musical talent is well known. No numbers at our Literary Society programmes are more popular than the violin solos given by Miss Fink. Miss Hurtubise has enhanced our reputation with her piano selections. We have other talent as well. One of the outstanding addresses of the year was given by Miss Lamke, and the prize for the best Irish story was carried off on St. Patrick's Day by one of our members.

There is no need to continue the enumeration indefinitely, as we could easily do. Suffice it to say that Miss Morgan commends our Group for their manners; Dr. Bannister gets many a rare surprise when we display our knowledge of Grammar; Mr. Ricker gives us honourable mention for our perfect attendance. Indeed, Group III has established a record which is at once the despair of this year's Groups, and a challenge to those who are to follow.

Let's ne'er forget the things we learn From each kind master in his turn, But treasure them, with greatest care, Abundant fruit will each one bear.

EDUCATION

ANNIE MACDERMID

DUCATION can only develop and unfold; it cannot create anything new. It gives the child nothing which could not have developed from within himself. Therefore, education may be defined as the harmonious development of the child's faculties.

Education begins in the nursery and continues until death. It means something more than a store of information, something more than mere intelligence. The child needs education, not only as a means of livelihood but also as a means of life. "Education is growth. It enables the child to live more abundantly." May we keep this ideal ever in mind, and "follow, follow, follow the Gleam."

Every child has two educations—one which he receives from others and one, more important, which he gives himself. The chief aim of education is to make good citizens of boys and girls. I am sure there is no one who will dispute this statement and all educationalists should strive to attain to it. The teacher who sees only the business side of education has the very lowest idea of the aims and ends of her profession. Her work of educating young Canadians, Canada's future citizens who have their country's fate in their hands, is drudgery to her, whereas it should be the most worthy and delightful of tasks.

Education is emancipation; it frees the soul from its sensuous environment. One writer has said that poetry plus people equals education plus enjoyment. All education should be pleasurable and if it is, it will carry us into higher realms of thought, away from the commonplace things of life. All that any teacher can do is to help the child lay the foundation upon which to build through life. Self-education must erect the structure, which should be growth toward high ideals and good citizenship if the teacher's aims have been high ones. Great and serious is the task of Canadian teachers. May they face it courageously and with their country's good at heart.



DUCHESNAY FALLS

"The rocks and the waters, the air and the ground Were one in a vibrating anthem of sound; Yet each had a voice that, in sunlight and shower, Unceasingly told Nature's measureless power."



GROUP IV.

Back Row—M. Neville, M. Perpete, E. Putt, E. McCammon, M. McAteer, W. Porter, C. Pierce, W. Nixon, E. O'Halloran, E. Pope.
Middle Row—M. Menzies, I. McKee, E. Robinson, M. Mitchell, M. Ray, M. McDonald, S. Miller, E. Moore, E. Reid, C. Miller.
Front Row—N. Richardson, G. Robinson, M. Nelson, M. Prentice, M. Marren, H. Ring, I. Slessor, M. McIntyre.

GROUP FOUR

MINNIE RAY

When we consider the various activities of the groups of the Normal School for the present session, Group Four need not be ashamed of the position it holds.

Early in the year the compiling of the second issue of the Normal Light showed how eagerly the members of this group entered into the spirit of service and loyalty to the school functions, each member contributing toward the material for the magazine.

The early work of the fall collections was handled in a timely and capable way. The Health Charts of the winter term were completed and handed in first by group four, which was also the first of the groups to vote 100% in favour of our Year Book.

In all the functions of the school, this group has taken an active part, often excelling the others. At the Hallowe'en Party Miriam McDonald carried off the prize for the most original costume, while Winnie Nixon won the honours of the peanut hunt.

While this group has showed itself quite prominent in Sports, yet it has taken no mean place in the teaching. Four of its members were listed in the "60% and over" class in the Christmas Report. The class performance in the daily Physical Training lessons was worthy of commendation.

In both executives of the Literary Society, Group Four has been well represented, and its members have acquitted themselves with credit. Besides acting on the executive, twenty of the twenty-eight members of the group have contributed toward the weekly programmes of the Society.

Group Four has distinguished itself in many ways throughout the year. The two best applications in the school were written by members of this group. The highest average in the Grammar test, and the fact that a larger number of this group than of any other have bank accounts, are some of the distinguishing marks of Group Four.

Overheard at the luncheon counter, Hallowe'en. "Will you have cake or sandwiches?" Student (devouringly), "Yes."

APRIL

Once more in misted April
The world is growing green;
Along the foaming river side
The plumy willows lean.

The golden-wings and bluebirds Call to the feathered choirs; The air is blued and clouded With smoke of brushwood fires.

And in my sheltered garden, Where little breezes run, The nodding, yellow daffodils Are blooming in the sun.

SCHOOL VISITORS

C. J. KISEL

THE first to visit at the Normal School this year was Dr. Dandeno, Inspector of Elementary Agricultural Education. Though his visit was brief and somewhat informal, he discussed a number of important topics with the students and explained recent changes in the regulations regarding the granting of certificates in agriculture.

In November, Wilson MacDonald, a noted Canadian poet, delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture on Canadian writers. He traced the development of Canadian Literature from the earliest days, and by his personal acquaintance with many of the writers and his intimate knowledge of their work, he was able to transform many from mere names to living personalities. In conclusion, Mr. MacDonald was induced to read some of his own poems. To read a great poem is a worth-while experience; to hear such a poem read by an able and sympathetic reader is a rare treat; but to listen to the poet's interpretation of his own writing is something that none of us will soon forget. Those who were fortunate enough to secure copies of Mr. MacDonald's book with his own distinctive autograph will treasure them as mementoes of one of our most enjoyable evenings.

We were fortunate also in having the privilege of hearing Professor Cornish of the Ontario College of Education deliver an unusually interesting lecture on Egypt. Professor Cornish traced the history of this remarkable country and showed numerous pictures of its ruins, its pyramids, and its tombs. But most interesting of all was the unique collection of pictures dealing with the discovery and exploration of the wonderful tomb of King Tut-ankh-amen, a tomb which, fortunately had suffered less at the hands of robbers than any of those previously discovered, and which therefore gave a better idea of the splendour and magnificence of the kings of ancient Egypt, and of the customs of those far distant days.

Supplementing the regular course in hygiene, Dr. Phair, Director of Medical Inspection for Ontario, gave a series of lectures on communicable diseases. These were full of very timely information, and will prove of great value when we have charge of our own schools.

Then in February came a day when the students were requested to preserve strict silence and a proper decorum about the halls. The reason? The Northern Inspectors were in conference in the library. For some, to refrain from talking and to pass with becoming dignity from room to room was not an easy task. But all were amply repaid when a little later they were invited to join the Inspectors in listening to an address by Inspector Strasheim. Mr. Strasheim is a native of South Africa, and an inspector of the schools of Johannesburg. Last year he exchanged places with Dr. A. E. Marty, Inspector of Public Schools of Toronto, the first woman to hold such a position in Canada, and whose sudden death in South Africa in May has cut short a very distinguished educational career.

To all of us the pictures which Inspector Strasheim showed gave a new conception of this important part of the Empire, with its unclouded skies, its brilliant sunshine, its scenic beauty, and its happy and progressive people.

After the address the students had the opportunity of meeting the Inspectors from their respective districts, and as a consequence will look forward to their visits of inspection as occasions not of dread and terror, but of real helpfulness and inspiration.

Dr. O'Connor, Director of the Junior Red Cross, explained the aims of this organization, and the work it is accomplishing in the schools in the practical presentation of the laws of hygiene. She showed us that the teacher's responsibility is not confined to the school room, but that his influence should extend to the community, particularly in matters pertaining to health conditions. In the rural sections especially much remains to be done, and it is the teacher's privilege to have an important part in accomplishing this.

In the latter part of March, Dr. S. B. Sinclair, Inspector of Auxiliary Classes, visited the school and reminded us of another of our responsibilities. He outlined the work which the province of Ontario is doing for handicapped children, and gave much valuable advice as to the steps a teacher should take to give the backward child every possible chance for development.

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY

C. MacKeracher

Monday, Sept. 17, 1928.

Y trunk is packed. To-night I am going away, out into the wide, wide world. I know I shall feel very small and insignificant in it. I am going to the big city of North Bay to attend the Normal School. In one short year I expect to be changed from a foolish school girl into a wise and thoughtful teacher.

Last Christmas, Little Diary, you came to me, but until to-day my life has been too uneventful to record. But now, on the threshold of a "great adventure," I turn to you. What I shall record is for the future to reveal, but, Little Diary, may you and I have a happy year together! Tuesday, Sept. 18.

Last night my dear parents saw me aboard a train which was to carry me to North Bay. I thought it travelled at an inordinate rate of speed, but probably that was because I was travelling away from home, farther and farther away. When I alighted at the station I was surrounded by a number of landladies eager to gain possession of any "unattached" Normalites, but as I had already arranged for a boarding place I was able to elude their grasp.

This morning I arose early and made ready for the great event. With strange feelings I approached a large building which had been pointed out to me as the Normal School. I passed between the stately pillars that flank the entrance, timidly opened the door and sidled in, with a sinking heart and much misgiving. My first greeting was from an important-looking official, who I thought could be no less than the Minister himself, but whom I found later to be the janitor. Under his direction I slowly mounted interminable steps until I found myself in a large auditorium, a timid stranger amid more than a hundred others equally timid and equally strange. What happened after that I cannot recall, but now at the close of the day, my thoughts turn from the money to be spent on text-books and manuals to the best method of lengthening skirts and the mysterious combination of my keyless locker.

Monday, Oct. 1.

I am beginning to find my bearings, after two weeks at Normal School. To-morrow I shall visit one of the public schools to observe what an experienced teacher does with a roomful of boisterous boys and girls. Perhaps some day I too shall know what to do.

Oct. 12.

A lesson assignment is the proper thing to think about now. Mine is a Geography lesson on Tasmania. I'm sure I shall feel like a Tasmanian when I have finished teaching it. The fateful day is Tuesday. How I wish it were over!

Tuesday, Oct. 16.

It's over,—the lesson, I mean. I didn't feel like a teacher, not in the least. I felt more like a deer at the mercy of a pack of hounds. Perhaps by the end of the term the deer will be able to hold the hounds at bay.

Saturday, Nov. 10.

Here we are upon our way home for the Thanksgiving holiday. What a cruel train to be three hours late! It travels so slowly. But I must be dignified and show the citizens of my home town that I am slowly but surely becoming a teacher.

December 10.

The special Art class claims so much of my time that I cannot record my experiences as I should. What a year is ahead of Group One! Perhaps someday I shall be a famous artist. That day is as yet in the very far distant future,—almost at infinity, in fact.

January 1, 1929.

A new year dawns upon us. These are my resolutions:

1. I shall do all my work faithfully in its proper time and place.

2. I shall refrain, as far as I can, from playing solitaire.

3. I shall close my eyes when I walk past the Arcadian Tea Room in order to resist the temptation to enter.

February 26.

Examinations! I would my knowledge would organize itself, but it shows no sign of doing so. Last night I read my Science of Education until I came to a part which said that what we learn when we are tired is not retained by the mind. I was tired. So I pondered this deeply and went to bed.

March 2.

The February examinations are now a thing of the past. I mechanically make an X at the bottom of every page, whether it be during an examination or in my diary. I have formed the habit.

March 21.

The Physical Training examination is over. What a solemn occasion!

April 27.

To-day we had our pictures taken. They will be placed in the Year Book. Group One felt very serious. We were frightened lest our likenesses should not be likenesses. This was another solemn occasion.

June 14.

I sit down wearily to make my final entry. My trunk is packed once more,—filled to the bursting point. To-morrow my Normal School career will be a memory of the past. How strange it all seems. I don't feel grown-up and I don't feel dignified, but I don't feel like the girl I was when I made my first entry in this diary. Soon I shall take up my task of guiding the youth of a rural settlement into the path that it should follow.

What has this year meant to me? I have learned many things. I have found many new and valued friends. I have a better idea than I once had of what it means to be a teacher. A teacher's life is not an easy one, but

"If little labour, little are our gains."

Forty years from now, when I am superannuated, I shall open this book, and recall again the forgotten joys and sorrows of this year. Meanwhile I shall close this diary even as the year at Normal School is closing.

Jim: Get down on your knees.

Charlie: I can't. It's all I can do to get it on my upper lip.

Mr. Norris: How far are you from the correct answer?

Miss Draper: Only two seats, sir.



GROUP V.

Back Row—E. Young, G. Waldie, L. Martin, J. MacDonald, C. MacKenzie, C. Kisel, T. Sanders, M. Stephen.

Middle Row—M. Smith, A. Runciman, H. VanHorn, V. Wingrove, L. Rotherberg, J. Thorpe, M. Thompson, V. Wagner, Z. Robinson.

Front Row—M. Thomas, B. Schickler, I. Rowley, E. Stout, L. Serrand, G. Wright,
J. Trenouth, M. Roche.
Inset—M. Stringer.

GROUP FIVE

J. E. MACDONALD

Last in name, and maybe more,—
But that was in the days of yore;
Up the ladder we have come;
We trust we're thought no longer dumb.
Enviable marks have come our way,
And with us now they're bound to stay.

Physical training being done, Highest honours we have won. Doubtless you remember still How well we did the old quadrille. In plays, in songs, in all the rest, We always did our very best. Now that the grass is growing green Soft-ball players may be seen, And if you'll come on Tuesday night Group V will fill you with delight, For with a coach such as is theirs Quite vanished are all signs of cares.

Hard work, long hours have been our task; Now in the sunshine we can bask Of Masters' smiles and Critics' praise; And so we end our student days, Convinced, as we review the past, Though last at first, we're first at last.

Father: I'm going to get you a new pair of trousers. Take your choice of those in this window.

George: Get me that pair, Dad, with the sign, "Can't be beaten."

A VALE OF BEAUTY AT SUNSET

VERA WAGNER

The Artist-Hand slowly paints the clear canopy of the heavens in the west with a brush dripping with the richest of colour, as I sit in dreamy reverie on the verdant top of the hill overlooking the valley. Perfect peacefulness prevades the whole of this gorgeous scene. Pale, shimmering green, and literally bathed in the last beautiful rays of the sun, the miles of verdure lie outspread from the edges of the slow-glimmering water to the foot of the far, dark-wooded, purple hills. Winding through the quiet green levels comes a tranquil little stream, and where its sleepy current joins the great river, which flows mistily, like a ribbon of lawn, through the centre of the vale, a narrow tongue of bare sand juts out into the glowing water. Directly across the placid surface a lone evergreen, tall, stately, and with not a breath of the sweet-scented evening breezes stirring its spreading boughs, stands silently and reverently awaiting the benediction of night.

Just one added charm completes the picture. At the extreme tip of the sand spit a tall, greyish-blue bird stands sentry-like, as immobile as if he had been transported thither from the panel of some silken Japanese screen. And now the Painter dilutes his once vivid colours, painting in more subdued shades, and as the cooler breezes, forerunners of the night, awaken me from my repose, I arise, loath to leave without a last token to carry away and cherish. Faintly, through the air drifts the lingering call of the nightingale, sending forth her happy note. Then night quietly spreads her cloak over all.

THE TRAINING OF TEACHERS

MARIE PERPETE

E are perhaps all agreed that the business of the teacher is to educate the children entrusted to his care. But opinion differs widely as to what constitutes education, and what special qualifications or training may be necessary for those who are to undertake this important task.

Education is the development of the mind. In the widest sense of the word a man is educated, for either good or bad, by every experience in his life, from his birth until his death. In the more limited or usual sense of the word, education is the effort made to train men in a particular way. This is undertaken by the grown-up community, or perhaps I should say by professional educators whose aim is to mould the character of the young.

It is a great error to think that every educated man or woman is capable of teaching successfully without special training. Teaching is one of the most difficult arts, and to be successful requires both natural aptitude and acquired skill. A teacher must understand child nature in order to have perfect discipline which is the forming of habits of order, self-control, obedience, civility, love of truth and respect for what is good. Not only must teachers possess knowledge, but it is now necessary that they know how to impart it, and do so in such a way that the child will reap the greatest possible benefit from it.

At one time, before you and I can remember, it was not considered necessary that there should be Normal Schools, where the apprenticed school teacher could receive special instruction in the most approved methods of teaching, and practice in their application. Then, the child of the poorer classes was taken from school, either from necessity or cupidity, as soon as the provisions of the law allowed it. Among those who could afford it, the practice was to leave the youth at school until the age of fourteen or sixteen and then have him abruptly break off school to take up the occupations of an adult.

These conditions have now been remedied by our various school acts and regulations, and our splendid system of education. Much is due, too, to our splendid normal schools which have done so much to improve the professional qualifications of the teachers throughout the province.

THE AT-HOME

HAZEL VAN HORN

F the many happy and memorable events of our Normal School year, none is imprinted more clearly on the minds of the students than that of April 26th, when they entertained their friends at the Annual At Home.

The work of preparation, which had begun several weeks before, resulted in an arrangement so perfectly managed that everything moved smoothly and happily from the moment the guests entered the doors until the last farewells were said. The lower halls, the library and auditorium were tastefully adorned with streamers of pink and white.

Quite early in the evening a large crowd of friends had assembled and at the opening of the programme they were welcomed with a few well chosen words from the president of the Literary Society, Miss Miriam McDonald.

The remarkably well presented play in two acts entitled "A Case of Suspension" was the main feature of the programme. The parts were taken by Misses Lillian McCarty, Marie Perpete, Jean Trenouth, Jessie Death, Gertrude Donaldson and Messrs. Kenneth Eoll, James Mac Donald, Thos. Sanders, Frank Mason, and Bert Dunlop.

A piano solo by Miss Margaret Downey, a violin solo by Miss Marie Fink, and a vocal solo by Miss Sonia Charron, a recitation by Miss May Marren, and a dance by Miss Dorothy La Salle and Miss Gladys Devlin, completed a most enjoyable programme.

After lunch games and dancing followed, a special orchestra having been secured for the occasion.

The hour of closing came too soon but the At Home will always be recalled as one of the most enjoyable events of a memorable year.



A CASE OF SUSPENSION



SERGEANT MAJOR JOYCE

THE SPECIAL COURSE IN PHYSICAL TRAINING

MARY SMITH

AMONG the numerous subjects on our Normal School curriculum we find "Physical Training." It is a most enjoyable subject for those who are able to take part in it. At the beginning of the term there were some of us who looked upon it as a task, but, as time wore on, we lost all our distaste and began to look upon it in a new light. It became a most delightful subject but we felt that, like most things we enjoy, it came too seldom.

After the Christmas holidays we were told that an officer sent by the Department of Militia was to be our instructor. How awe-striken we all felt, and, as the days went by the same questions lingered in our thoughts, "What will he be like?" "What will he expect of us?" and everywhere there was the same bewildered outcry "Oh! I can't, I know I can't do it!"

At last, however, we met our new instructor, Sergeant Major Joyce. Our first impression was that of a man, tall, erect and with a countenance that indicated a stern disciplinarian and one accustomed to command. But, as we became better acquainted with him, we discovered in him a kindliness and consideration which led us to regard him not as one to be feared but as one to whom we could take our difficulties.

Our Physical Training periods went all too quickly and we looked eagerly forward to every one of them. Then one day we heard the startling news, "Teaching Examination will take place March 21st." Once more our hearts beat wildly as we prepared for our examination.

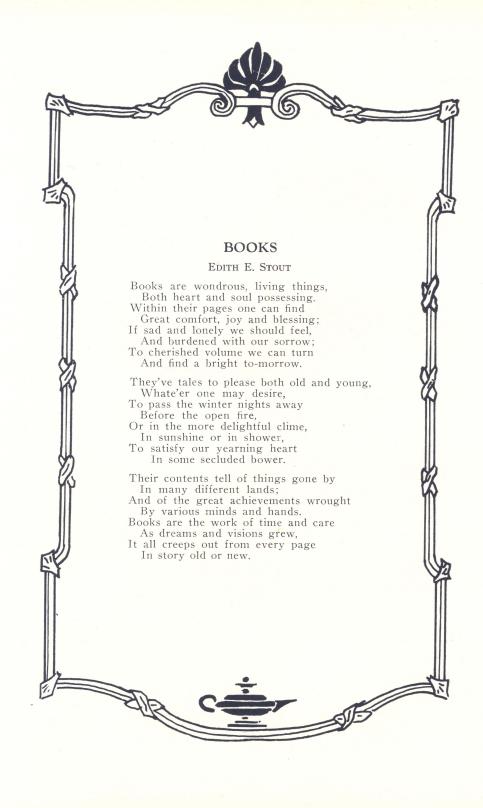
The morning of March 21st dawned bright and clear, and poor Group five was first to teach. As we bravely stood in our lines, our knees shaking and our voices quivering, each hoped that the "Knees Bend" exercise would not be assigned to him. But all suspense comes to an end sometime and, at last the lessons were over and no knee bending exercises were assigned. When our exercises were over if our good friend, the Sergeant Major, smiled and said "Well done," our lost courage returned and sinking spirits were somewhat revived.

Now that our Physical Training is over how many of us can truthfully say "I'm glad"? Not many, for thruoghout the term Physical Training has been a real pleasure, and when we leave the Normal School and go out to teach the little ones we shall carry with us fond and pleasant memories of the Physical Training classes of 1928 and 29.

Dr. Spence: I don't like your heart action. You are having some trouble with Angina Pectoris.

Ken: You're right, Doctor, only that isn't her name.

Mr. Casselman: What makes the tower of Pisa lean? Stout Student of Group Two: I don't know, or I'd try some myself.



PROGRAMME, EMPIRE DAY, MAY 23, 1929

FORENOON

Scripture Reading—Prayer. Hymn—"Oh God Our Help in Ages Past"
AFTERNOON
Chorus—"O Canada"

GOD SAVE THE KING



JOHN

Caretaker of the Normal School ever since it was established, and who, at the time of publication of this year book, is seriously ill at his home. The students all wish him a speedy recovery.

JOHN

HELEN McFarlane

Do you suppose we'll dream of John When from the Normal School we've gone? We do not hesitate to say We'll think of him from day to day. At once we're given to understand It's John who guards this school and land; The Government without his aid Were timid, helpless and afraid. For, regularly, sharp at five John comes round, and starts to drive Those Normalites who linger still, Eager their craniums to fill. "Come now," he'll say, "get outa here Before I lose my temper. Clear, Or I'll tell 'Cassie,' and he'll say That yez'll lose some of your pay, It's always yez that linger here, That has to come another year." Our social functions he will shun, One could not bring him with a gun. Next day he's sure to wander in When we are sweeping, and begin, "Now Gurruls, as the sayin' is, I don't know what to make of yez. I've run this Normal School, I say, For twenty years, and till this day, Of all the classes that have been This here's the worst I've ever seen." And then he scorns our decorations By making moans and lamentations. We'll often wonder when away Who'll then cut off our dollar-a-day, When we are lingering in the halls And pay no heed to urgent calls Of John, dear John, who's bound to gain Love and esteem from all the sane.

A BETTER UNDERSTANDING

LILY I. ANDERSON

PRING had come! A song sparrow swaying on the topmost twig of the slender cherry tree felt it and all the joy of living welled up in his tiny throat, and overflowed in bubbling melody. Farmer Carthwell knew it, too, when he stepped into his back door yard and felt the penetrating warmth and glow of the April sunshine. He lifted his eyes towards the bare, brown hills which were already quivering into new life and a strange urge stirred within his soul. He turned, and entered the kitchen just as the family were seating themselves at the breakfast table.

"Well," he announced, "it's time we gathered all those sap buckets from the lower wood lot and stored them in the cellar. Then I want to start the ploughing as soon as possible. John, I think you had better quit school and help Jim and me on the farm. Why, what's the matter?" he exclaimed, turning to his thirteen-year old son. "You look disappointed. Any other year you would be pestering me to let you quit."

John hesitatingly raised his eyes from the contemplation of his porridge plate, and opened his lips to reply. But before he could frame an answer his little freckled-faced, blue-eyed sister grinned impishly across the table and announced with great calm, "John likes the new teacher!" This was unthinkable,—to be accused of liking school because of the teacher, who was, moreover, a mere girl. It was more than his manly pride could endure.

"You keep quiet, Marjorie!" he exclaimed with wrathful impetuosity. Mother cast a reproachful glance in his direction and he subsided in crimson silence.

"Run out and bring the cows up from the pasture, and then fill the wood-box," interrupted Mrs. Carthwell's serene voice. "Marjorie, you attend to the chickens before you go to school."

"Whatever has happened to the boy?" asked Mr. Carthwell as Marjorie went skipping from the room. "He's mooning and dreaming over something all the time. I'm not decrying education but what good is this music and nature study they are studying in school. The hikes and plays they are getting up outside of school are a mere waste of time. I didn't have any of that nonsense when I went to school, and I don't think the youngsters need it now-a-days. I want the boy to be able to think and act quickly, to be alert, to make money,—in short, to get along in the world."

Mrs. Carthwell looked at her husband's rugged face and recalled the time when the light of a great dream and a high resolve had shone in his eyes. Now he had settled down into a self-satisfied moneymaking middle age,—the gleam had vanished. "He's just growing, Richard," she answered slowly, "let him go to school till June."

Meanwhile John was tramping across the greening fields, and as he walked, he thought. The sweet scent of the rain-washed earth filled his nostrils; and at the fringing edge of the maple woods a cluster of fragile bloodroots reared their airy beauty above silver-green sheaths,—queer he had never noticed these things before. But he seemed different himself. Last year he was just waiting until he was old enough to leave the school house prison. He wanted to earn money; he wanted an automobile in order to go to town every night. This had been his ambition. Now he desired something else,—he couldn't define it exactly, but there had awakened within him a vague longing for a higher life of service. What had wrought this change?

He recalled distinctly his former hatred of school,—the monotonous round of uninteresting lessons, and the cheerless aspect of the whole room where their chief diversion lay in firing "ink bullets" when the teacher's back was turned. School, now, was interesting. Miss Burton didn't scream when a fellow brought in a live pollywog to show her at recess, and tell him to study the flora and fauna of Australia instead. He revelled in those splendid literature lessons, when new visions rose up before him as she read, "Play up! play up! and play the game!" He felt that he would like to go on,—to explore more and more the wonderful vista which had opened up before him. If he could only prove to his father that what he desired was worth while! He was still pondering over the problem when he brought the cows up to the pasture gate.

He ran to the house, seized his books off the table and set out on his two mile walk to school. As he walked along the muddy country road which wound close to the river he noticed how the stream was still swollen by the spring floods. Suddenly his attention was arrested by a piercing, terror-stricken cry. He rounded a bend in the road and saw three small children who pointed down the river, and sobbed, "We dared her to walk across that fallen tree trunk, and she tumbled in!"

John gave one look and saw a small red tam rise to the surface of the water. Without a moment's hesitation he threw off his coat and boots and dived in. He disappeared and a moment later reappeared near the floating tam. With three powerful strokes he reached the child and pulled her towards him. "Marjorie," he gasped, "don't struggle so, or we'll never get out!" He swam with great difficulty and he could feel the treacherous tug of the current pulling at his legs. His strength was slowly ebbing when a voice called out, "John, catch this," and a rope was flung into the water. With a mighty effort he grasped the rope and felt himself being pulled toward the shore.

"Bravely done," exclaimed Miss Burton, as he staggered up the bank with his burden,—"and now, our first aid."

Between them they carried the unconscious Marjorie to a neighbour's house, and for an hour they worked over her almost lifeless form.

Then they felt the pulse beat gradually grow stronger. Slowly the blue eyes opened and a feeble voice asked, "Did Helen fall in, too?"

At this juncture Mr. and Mrs. Carthwell arrived. Miss Burton dwelt glowingly upon John's rescue and finished enthusiastically, "You are to be congratulated on having such a courageous, reliant son." John's face flushed uncomfortably. "I could never have done it if Miss Burton hadn't thrown me that rope," he stammered.

"Miss Burton," began Mr. Carthwell, with an odd little catch in his voice, "I owe you an apology. I thought that the things my boy was learning at school were useless, but I see my mistake. If he can keep his head and act as he has done to-day, he is really learning to live. That is real education and I want him to have it."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A NORMAL SCHOOL TEXT BOOK

G. D.

AM an old, forsaken, dust-laden book, worn with use, rather than with age. In silent retrospection my fading memory takes me back over my life which, I believe, is drawing to a close. Few books have lived such an interesting and useful life as I, and therefore it is with mingled feelings of pleasure and pride that I relate my story.

My first recollection is of a trip made in the darkness of a tightly packed box on an express train that rumbled and jolted along, with frequent starts and stops. I can recall hearing someone say we were approaching North Bay, and that this clumsy box would be put off there. For a moment I wondered what the future held in store for me, but, being very tired from my long ride, I fell asleep. Hours later I awoke to find myself safe and sound on a shelf in Fosdick's Book Store, among a great many other books just like myself. My neighbours were very friendly, and in a short time I had made a great many very interesting book acquaintances.

One day a rather smartly-dressed, intelligent-looking girl entered the store. She had a somewhat bewildered look, and I heard a clerk whisper, "A Normalite, eh!" She asked timidly for a Science of Education, and without any warning I was taken from my shelf, wrapped up by the clerk, and then carried away by my new owner. It was then that I realized that my fate lay entirely in her hands, and I could only hope that my treatment would be such as would be becoming to a book of my dignity and importance.

For a few days I lay idle on a table in my owner's room amidst a sky-high pile of other books. Then one evening my owner picked me from among the others, wrote her name and a number after it on the fly leaf, and with a very puzzled expression on her pretty face, tried to study the contents of my first chapter. After that every morning I was brought to the Normal School, carried around with a pile of others through wide halls and up winding stairways, and finally made use of in a large class room on the second floor.

Each night I was brought home again, and with a wry face my owner would seat herself in front of the table, and bury herself for hours in my interesting contents. Evidently I proved too difficult at times for her to comprehend, for she would frequently throw me down on the table with a bang which sent a shooting pain through every fibre of my being.

At last February came, and with it examinations. Then I was used more than ever, for, as my owner expressed it, "Science of Education is awfully hard." All the day before the examination my pages were constantly turning. My owner busied herself with me even into the "wee, sma' hours" of the morning, and I too worked long and patiently in the hope of gaining a long-needed rest. My hopes were fulfilled, for just as soon as the examination was over I was laid aside, apparently forgotten.

Four months later I was packed in a trunk, brought to my owner's home, unpacked again, and left to my fate upon this shelf. And while she enjoys her vacation, dust settles thick upon my covers.

Constant wear and rough usage (at times) have begun to tell on me; I am worn and aged, and feel that life is drawing to a close. I do not dread going, for I feel that I have done my duty, and there are plenty of others left to carry on my work. So I shall take my place with those who have gone before, and bid you a regretful adieu.

VALEDICTORY

G. K. EOLL, Valedictorian

Madam President, Members of the Staff, Friends and Fellow Students:

First I wish to express to the student body my sincere appreciation of the honour they have conferred upon me in choosing me for the position of valedictorian for the class of 1929.

This evening, the last occasion on which we shall all congregate in this assembly hall, we find ourselves standing at the portal of the future. Only a curtain, a golden curtain from which seems to glow a rosy light that would entice us onward, separates us from what lies beyond. What this is none of us knows. Messages from beyond tell us that the way is difficult, that we must have courage, and patience, and perseverance. But what true man or woman does not welcome a struggle! Our grandparents, our fathers and mothers, in this Canada of ours, in this Northland, struggled and won. We, their offspring, likewise, shall show that we come of the same blood, that we possess the heroic virtues so necessary to a virile race, that we also can struggle and win.

Before we can go onward, we must thrust aside this curtain that hangs before us. But, as we stretch forth our hands to do so, something makes us hesitate; we do not wish so soon to leave these walls and their associations. The spirit of the past year whispers in our ears, "Linger

yet a while, dear friend; do not go yet. Memory is sweet." With a consciousness of sadness and regret, we withdraw our hands, and turn our gaze back over the past session.

We remember ourselves as we, a crowd of bewildered students, fresh from Collegiate Institute and High School, entered this hall on the first day, that day which now seems such a short time ago. We remember all the doubts under which we laboured, and all the trials we passed through during the first months. At times we felt discouraged but that voice, that to-night cries to our hearts, "Onward," made us persevere.

We remember with pleasure the social activities in which we participated, the wholesome enjoyment we derived from the meetings of the Literary Society, and the spirit of comradeship and good-will engendered by our sports. The faces of all the friends that we have made during the past year come before each of us. Many of those faces we may never see again. But we are comforted because they too must pass through the portal into the beyond. Perhaps their paths may lie alongside ours, and we shall not be separated. Let us pray that this may be so.

We also remember the critic teachers who so patiently endured our weaknesses, and who so willingly guided us along the difficult path of experience; and those to whom we came for religious instruction, who have tried so faithfully to teach us to live the perfect life.

Then, our Masters! How can our debt to them ever be paid? They have made us what we are to-day,—young men and women ready to take our places on the world's great stage. We number them among our very best friends; there are none to whom we would sooner turn in time of need. As long as the memory of this school shall last in our hearts, so long will the memory of our Masters remain also.

But time does not stand still while we thus meditate. It rolls on with invincible force, and we must needs go on also.

Class of '29, your Normal School year is over. Thrust aside the curtain, go on to the future that awaits you. Be strong, have courage, stand fast for what is right, remember your professional honour, do your duty, and ever take as your motto, "Onward, ever onward!"



This is the way she came to school,

Came to school,

Came to school,

This is the way she came to school,

When autumn rains descended.





This is the way she went from school,

Went from school,

Went from school,

This is the way she went from school,

When June exams, were ended.

MODEL SCHOOL STAFF

Mr. J. B. Stewart	.Principal,	King (George S	chool.
Miss B. Cumming	Assistant	Queen.	Victoria	School.
Mr. J. L. Runnalls		Queen		"
-		44	- 44	- 66
Miss J. M. Little				
Miss C. M. Emiry		66	- 66	
Miss D. Bannister		- 66		"
Miss N. Deneau				
Miss L. St. Louis			44	""
Mrs. E. Slingerland		"	- "	"
Miss W. Vincent	. "	1 66	6.6	
Mr. C. Cummings		Dr. Co	arruthers	School.
Miss A. E. Hansford		44	66	"
Mrs. E. L. Elmitt		44		
Miss G. L. Ison		44	66	
		44	44	
Miss E. Frayn		44		
Miss C. Smyth		***	C	CII
Mrs. A. Chalmers	Assistant,		George	School.
Miss E. Haugh		66	**	
Miss G. J. Morgan	. ""		44	
Miss D. Alston	.Kindergar	ten Di	rectress.	

AFFILIATED CONTINUATION SCHOOL

RURAL AFFILIATED SCHOOLS

Mr. R. Bowman	Principal,	S.	S.	No.	1	(b)	Ferris.
Miss M. DeLong		S.	S.	No.	1	(b)	Ferris.
Miss E. Smith	S. S. No.	5,	W	iddif	iel	d.	

STUDENTS OF NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL 1928-1929

First Class

Anderson, Lily I	Haliburton
Bothwell, Marguerite L	108 Cassels St. North Bay
Brown, Audrey D	42 Madeline St. Port Arthur
Brown, Audrey D	17 Seventh Ave W North Bay
Brownell, Muriel E	102 Elizabeth St. Barrie
Byrnes, Marjorie A.	D 77 Cudhum
Carr, Isobel M	BOX //, Suddury.
Corner, Marguerite E	539 Prince Arthur Bvd., Fort William.
Death, Jessie K	Copper Clitt.
Dickson, Ethel V	Kirkland Lake.
Fulcher, Gertrude M	.29 Seventh Ave. W., North Bay.
Garvey, Catherine M	. Downeyville.
Grav Carol E	. Parry Sound.
Haughton, Verna M	.305 First St, Midland.
Hill Bertha E	. Copper Cliff.
Kelly, Mary H	.Creighton Mines.
Kydd Jean R. C	. Epsom.
LaSalle Dorothy E. A	.195 Copeland St., North Bay.
Marshall, Henrietta A	.R.R. No. 1, Sault Ste. Marie.
MacKeracher, Christine B	. Haileybury.
McCarty, Lillian M	. Dundas.
McCluskie, Agnes D	. Listowel.
McConnell, Veronica	Dublin.
McFarlane, Doris	Lanark.
McFarlane, Helen	Lanark
Nelson, Ingri	281 Bay St Port Arthur.
Possett, Nellie B	2073 Divon St. Niagara Falls.
Potter, Mildred	Smith's Falls
Potter, Mildred	22 The Crescent, Sault Ste. Marie.
Reeves, Dorothy E	Langels
Rodger, Margaret E	Lana St. North Ray
White, Polina	25 Jane St., North Bay.
Willoughby, Helen M	
Dunlop, Robert K. B	Mindemoya.
Eoll, George K	339 North Marks St., Fort William.
Ketcheson, Karl B	La Vallee.
Kinlin, John F	Stoco.
Mason, Francis E	Sand Lake.
Spence, Philip H	Fort Francis

Second Class

Chartier, Letitia (Sr. M. Henrietta). Box 838, Fort Francis. Martin, Rose (Sr. M. St. Aselle).. Box 838, Fort Francis. Ainslie Eunice V. Elizabeth Bay. Bake, Edna L. Minden Baker, Helen M.Barrie Island. Barrer, Ivy M. Eau Claire. Beauclair, Agnes I. M.18 McComber Ave., Port Arthur. Bull, Enid O. Holland Centre. Burke, Greta F. Box 15, Haliburton. Burke, Sadie J.Spanish. Cargoe, Jeannette M.Flesherton. Cassidy, Kathleen M.Sulphide. Crawford, Florence M. Kenora. Dambrowitz, Lillian A.Matheson. Delaney, Beatrice C.Picton. Devlin, Gladys H.North Bay. Donaldson, GertrudeLanark. Draper, Miriam B.Copper Cliff. Durack, Aileen P.Cobden. Fradette, Mary V. Bracebridge. Hakkarainen, Saima E.Rheault, via Sudbury. Humphries, Elva E. Bruce Mines. Johnston, Clara E. Emsdale. Kettles, Stella W. Bruce Mines. LaJeunesse, Clementine M. Espanola. Lamke, Orma A. Emsdale. Lemmon, Marion B.Creemore. Leslie, Jean E.Lanark. MacDermid, AnnieProvidence Bay. MacDonald, Adeline, M.MacLennan, MacKay, Marjorie K. Bracebridge.

MacPhail, InaCo	pper Cliff.
McAteer, Mary HRa	inv River
McCammon, EvaKe	nora
McCallillon, Eva	I amala Ct Cudhurry
McDonald, Miriam J	Laren St, Sudbury.
McIntyre, Marion H196	Second Ave. E., North Bay.
McKee, LilyCh	apleau.
Marren, May C	Copeland St. North Bay.
Marier Margaret D	panola
Menzies, Margaret R Es	panoia.
Miller, Cecelia E Ma	agnetawan.
Miller, Selena E Ma	agnetawan.
Slessor, Ivy A46	Albert Ave., Mimico.
Mitchell, Martha EBli	ind River
Moore, Eva IAt	nens.
Nelson, Myrtle HSp	rucedale.
Neville, Margaret M Do	ouglas.
Nixon, Winifred ACh	anleau
O'Halloran, Eleanor COt	tor Lake Station
O Hallorall, Eleanor C	tel Lake Station.
Perpete, Marie TCh	iapleau.
Pierce, Celestine W	assey Station.
Pope, Ellen JLo	ong Bay.
Porter, Winnifred A Be	eton
Prentice, Muriel L	inden.
Putt, Ethel MLi	ttle Current.
Ray, MinnieTh	nessalon.
Reid, Elva LEr	no.
Richardson, Annie H Es	spanola.
Ring, Hazel M	ollingwood.
Robinson, BethW	
D. Lineau Cross	abigoon.
Robinson, GraceDr	oo William Fort William
Robinson, Zilpha M110	02 Victoria Ave., Fort William.
Roche, Mary BSt	urgeon Falls.
Rothenberg, Louise M. B11	14 Ridgeway St., Fort William.
Rowley, IsabelPa	aisley.
Runciman, Alva D42	Third Ave. North Bay.
Schickler, Beatrice	argourt
Schickler, Beatrice	1 Ambress St Dort Arthur
Serrand, Lena C31	4 Ambrose St., 1 oft Arthur.
Smith, MamieKo	eewatin.
Stephen, Margaret JCa	apreol.
Stout, Edith EKe	enora.
Stringer, Mary ER.	R. No. 1. Sheguiandah.
Thomas, Marion SR.	R No 1 Port Elgin.
Thompson, Mary L	P. No. 3 Ripley
Thompson, Mary L	.R. No. 5, Ripicy.
Thorpe, Jean	enora.
Trenouth, Jean SPo	owassan.
VanHorn, Hazel BSp	oring Bay.
Wagner, Vera I	embroke.
Wingrove, Velma P'Co	
Wright, Glen	arry Sound
Virgiti, Gien	TIV South Porcuping
Young, EvelynB	OX 516, South 1 or cupine.
Kisel, Charles J53	2 McLeod St., Fort William.
MacDonald, James EL.	ittle Rapids.
MacKenzie, GordonK	enora.
Martin, Leslie AK	enora.
Sanders, Thomas ASo	chreiber.
Waldie, George E	ananoque
wardle, George 12	ananoque.

AUTOGRAPHS

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