

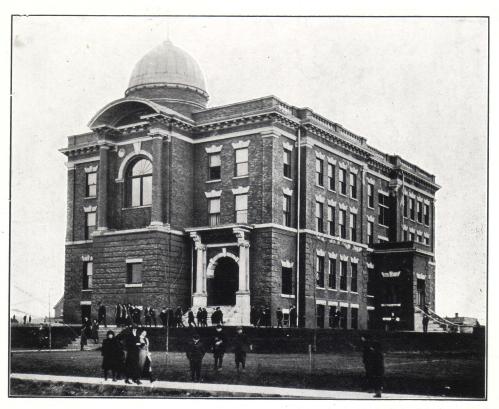
The NINETEENTH ANNUAL YEAR BOOK

Published by the

STUDENTS OF NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL JUNE, 1931

D

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

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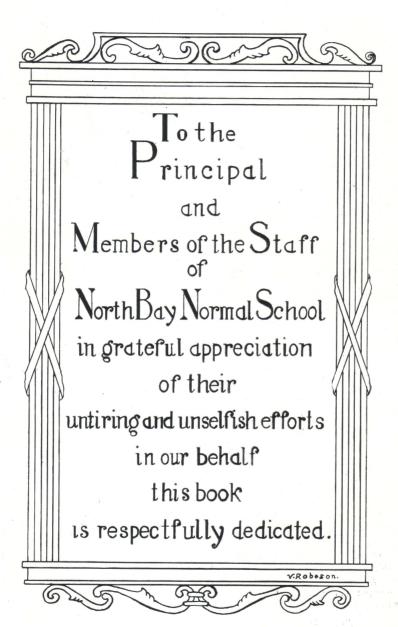


NORMAL SCHOOL STAFF.

Back row—W. J. Neale, B.A.; J. E. Chambers, C. Ramsay, H. L. Bamford. Front row—H. E. Ricker, M.A., B.Paed.; E. Preston, J. C. Norris, M.A., B.Paed., Principal; K. McCubbin, G. Morgan, B.A., B.Paed.

NORMAL SCHOOL STAFF

J. C. Norris, M.A., B.Paed	Principal: Mathematics, Science of Education, Spelling.
H. E. RICKER, M.A., B.Paed	Master: Science, Agriculture, Nature Study, Hygiene, Geography.
MISS GRACE MORGAN, B.A., B.Paed	Master: Literature and Reading, History, Physical Training, Advanced English.
W. J. Neale, B.A.	Master: Grammar, Composition, School Management, Primary Read- ing.
C. Ramsay	Instructor: Art.
J. E. Chambers	Instructor: Manual Training, Writing.
H. L. BAMFORD	Instructor: Music.
MISS E. PRESTON	Instructor: Domestic Science.
MISS K. McCubbin	Secretary and Librarian.





FOREWORD

E VERY well ordered life, like every well written essay or book, has both unity and continuity; no part is unimportant and each section is a preparation for what follows.

The present seems to be a divisional point in your lives. So far you have been under tutelage. You have had teachers and guides, but now you go out to give leadership and guidance to others.

Teaching is a worthwhile and noble work. Its responsibilities are greater than ever before. The state expects the teacher to make a real contribution to the building of the nation. The home has handed over to the teacher much of the responsibility for the training of the child which it formerly glady assumed and even jealously guarded as its own sacred duty.

You are to look upon each child—whether Canadian by birth or by adoption—as potentially a good Canadian citizen. It will be your privilege to share in the realization. Have faith in children, for there is something good in even the most unpromising.

"There is in every human heart Some not-entirely barren part, Where Truth and Love may grow."

Enter then upon your work with high ideals and noble purpose, with a sane and wholesome optimism, and with a contagious enthusiasm. Be not over-sensitive to criticism, for even the unjust and censorious may be but the refiner's fire, removing the dross and bringing out the pure gold of the soul. Your honest self-sacrificing efforts may seem to go unrewarded and be little appreciated, but time will reveal their merits and they will be justly appraised by those who know and care.

As you now become graduates of this school, remember you are amongst the trusted custodians of its good name; show by your good work and exemplary conduct that it is ever safe in your care.

You go forth with the best wishes of the whole staff for your ever increasing success and your abiding happiness.

J. C. NORRIS.



EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE YEAR BOOK.

Back row—K. Wright, Business Manager; R. Steele, K. Low, Business Manager.
Middle row—H. Harris, V. Rapsy, Associate Editor; Miss G. Morgan, B.A.,
Supervising Editor; A. Koslo, T. Sandberg, Editor-in-Chief.
Front row—L. Peterman, R. Murray, H. E. Ricker, M.A., Advisory Manager,
H. Miller, G. Burnett.

EDITORIAL

TILLIE SANDBERG

W HEN you catch your first glimpse of the North Bay Normal School, you are struck by its appearance of massive solidity, seemingly as enduring as time itself. Apparently this first impression is not without foundation, for though its halls have echoed with the tread of countless students each successive year for twenty-one years, though their whole lives and characters have been indelibly stamped and moulded during their term here, they have permanently affected the school itself only very slightly. Compared with its ageless solidity, we students seem ephemeral and transient.

But though our term here is short in duration, it is not wholly a trail in the sand to be obliterated by each successive tide; for in this Year Book is a record of our life here. Accept, then, this volume as your annal, your term history, and treasure it as such, not only for yourselves, but for the student generations to follow. Regard it not lightly, for it is as one page in your own Book of Life.

"The gates swing open, and we stand Upon the threshold of a newer life, One bright with promise and with joys to come, Dear Normal School days—we cannot bid them stay, And with regretful hearts we sigh, Farewell!"



A. C. CASSELMAN
Principal of North Bay Normal School, 1909-1930

WHEN the Ontario Government decided, nearly a quarter of a century ago, to abolish most of County Model Schools, and to increase the number of provincial Normal Schools, it was decided to establish one of the new schools in Northern Ontario.

North Bay was chosen as the site and Mr. A. C. Casselman as principal. It seemed a bold venture to place a large training school some hundreds of miles from any city and in a region where its real work was but poorly understood and little appreciated. Time has abundantly justified the faith of its founders.

The success of the school has depended, in no small measure, upon the ability, faithfulness and the far-sightedness of the man who guided its destinies until it passed its twenty-first birthday.

The present stately structure, with its beautiful lawns and handsome rows of sturdy maple trees, stands as a constant reminder of his excellent taste and untiring personal efforts.

But the ravages of time must cause the bricks to crumble and the trees to grow old and die, but the enduring monument to Mr. Casselman is not of such temporal things. It lies in the abiding interest in education, with all its power of uplifting and ennobling life. This interest, first kindled in the hearts and minds of the young teachers who came under his influence, will grow deeper and broader as it is passed on to the children of all sections of this great North land. Countless generations will enjoy privileges which otherwise might never have been theirs.

Mr. Casselman deserves the enjoyment of a well-earned rest, and it is the wish of all graduates and friends of the school that many happy years may still be his, and that in the quiet of his own home, surrounded by his unrivalled collection of books and documents, he may find time to contribute, with his pen, from his storehouse of knowledge works of interest and inspiration.

This is our sincere wish and hope.

J. C. N.

"Let us now praise famous men"—
Men of little showing—
For their work continueth,
And their work continueth,
Greater than their knowing!

This we learned from famous men, Knowing not its uses, When they showed, in daily work, Man must finish off his work— Right or wrong, his daily work— And without excuses.

Wherefore praise we famous men From whose bays we borrow— They that put aside to-day— All the joys of their to-day— And with toil of their to-day Brought for us to-morrow!

Kipling.

OUR SCHOOL

LILIAN SIMPKIN.

O'North Bay Normal School is one of seven in the province of Ontario. We do not know a great deal about the other six, but we are sure they could not surpass the merit of our own dear old Normal.

We came here in September not really knowing what type of course we were to take. The whole year was full of the most pleasant surprises, which kept our interest alive.

Naturally each student would have his or her favourite subject, but for myself I liked the Manual Training. It was most interesting. Articles fairly seemed to grow under our eyes as we followed the able instruction.

Our Physical Training—well, I did not imagine it could be so interesting. Of course when we neared the visit of Lieutenant-Colonel MacCrimmon we felt somewhat tremulous. When we had each met the acid test, and the colonel pronounced "No failures," a sigh of relief seemed to burst from our beings. Our long suspense was followed by the usual reaction of applause.

The Literary Society programmes and others, which were presented to us throughout the year, afforded a great deal of the most valuable instruction and inspiration, not to mention pleasure. Linked with this phase of our work is that of the church. In this connection we meet some of the most inspiring people.

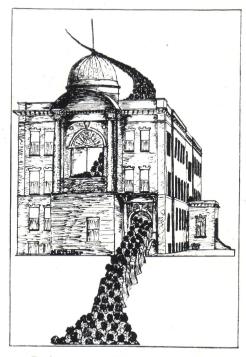
All our training here seems to have one aim in view—that of moulding our characters into those of good citizens. The subjects are such, and are taught in such a manner as to create in us a desire for more extensive study. There is one thing which we do not feel at the end of our year here; that is learned. When here we realize just how little we do know. Yet that seems to be one of our greatest incentives. It seems to spur us onward. The little talks which the teachers invariably put in their lessons do so much to instill in us the correct attitudes

On the whole, our Normal training is one which I think few of us, having it, would wish to be without. It improves our entire outlook. Each one came here with one personality; we shall leave another. Were I never to teach a day, I would feel that my year's training was invaluable; I would not have missed it for a very great deal.

This is the red-letter year of our lives. We shall never forget the friendships made here. There is no one graduating this June who will not have a multitude of golden memories with which to furnish his living room of life forever.

REMEMBER

Remember every kindness done
To you whate'er its measure,
Remember praise by others won
And pass it on with pleasure.
Remember every warning made
And store it up as treasure.
Remember those who lent you aid
And pay it back full measure.



Designed by H. Miller and J. Stesco.

EVER UPWARD

And moving up from high to higher, Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope The pillar of a people's hope, The centre of a world's desire.

Tennyson.

BY THE OTTAWA—A FANTASY

WILFRED FRANCEY.

And the great river flows on and on in the twilight Seemingly endless, resistless, blue and cold and deep, On past the lofty mountains which have lain there in peace through the ages,

Their summits wrapped in a haze of the still and opaque blue. Here came the early explorers, the dauntless henchmen of Bourbons, Seeking to spread their faith, and the bounds of a limitless empire. I see them live again in the chilly mists of the morning—Voyageurs, soldiers, and priests, and the child like sons of the forest, Moving eternally west, to the strains of invisible music, S'owly to disappear, and fade on the distant hilltops, Changing the vision once more to the murmuring calm of the river.

MESSAGE TO NORMAL STUDENTS

ROM our Normal halls you go forth, young teachers, freshly furbished for your life's endeavors. Your efforts will be of national valueand more. You will face problems and personalities most difficult. Two citations may be offered at this time.

The teacher of the boy Thomas A. Edison remarked to the Inspector that he was "addled" and not worth keeping at school. But his life demonstrated something far, far different.

For your inspiration is the other citation, from Dr. Alfred Noves' lofty book, "The Last Voyage":

> "I know a wizardry Can take the buried acorn And whisper forests out of it, To tower against the sun."

May you have the noble satisfaction of leading acorns of humanity toward towering men and women in the world's sun. REV. P. C. REED, First Baptist Church.

Very soon, sooner than you realize, you will be entering, for the first time, your own school! Whatever experiences may come to you in the future, there will be none like this one. In your mind will be the thought of great responsibility and the thought of a great privilege.

May I suggest these lines to hang upon your wall, to help you to

remember the great task to which you are called.

I am writing a mighty poem That shall ring to the end of time, But not in pitiful numbers That limp to a halting rhyme; I write in the hearts of children My thoughts of love and cheer. And they will carol my music More sweetly from year to year.

I am planting a glorious garden-I never shall plant it more, For the seeds that fall as they ripen Its beauty will aye restore; In the soil of the hearts of young folk I labor from day to day, And men will joy in my garden When I have passed away.

May God bless and guide you in your life's work.

REV. J. D. PARKS.

When the religion of Jesus is once understood, men of good-will and high ambition know that no other promises them such real joy and satisfaction. To follow Jesus in His love for the good, the beautiful and the true; to respond to His spirit who seeks through us to increase the reign of the good, the beautiful and the true, promises a life of romance and adventure; and a life which is eternal, for goodness, beauty and truth are eternal, and those to whom these eternal things become their life never die.

REV. H. A. SIMS, Rector of St. John's Church.

My young friends:

You are to-day stepping out into the sunlight of your being. You are taking the deep breaths and feeling the exhilaration which comes with the morning of life to those that bestir themselves. Furthermore, you are in a country where the outlook is sublime and inspiring to noblest effort. Everywhere you look, there looms up the possibility of

splendid achievement.

We congratulate you on your graduation, and sincerely wish that all your high purposes and happy expectations may be realized. But remember, success comes not accidentally. Every cause has, and must have, its legitimate effect; and diligence, intelligence, attention to details, snap, fidelity and a life that is loyal to God constitute the cause which has for its legitimate effect a successful earthly existence and a final home in heaven.

"To-day is mine; I hold it fast, Hold it and use it as I may, Unmindful of the shadow cast By that dim thing called yesterday."

REV. J. M. McCurlie.

To live is to explore. The world has known, specifically, of men and women whose feats of adventure have necessitated wide advertisement. It is indebted, however, as much to those whose quiet, wholesome influence has been largely unobserved.

Most of you will be undertaking responsibilities seemingly prosaic and, to some extent, unnoticed. Let this thought hearten you-that all germination is silent and unseen. You will be instituting forces that will later determine the character of communities and, perchance, of the

world as a whole.

Yours is a worthy calling. Its worthiness, as far as you are concerned, will depend upon the character you bring to it. Bear in mind that to teach involves your life; you cannot separate your personality from it:

"Truth alone is not sufficient; truth is the arrow, but man is the

bow that sends it home."

Your pupils will receive from your lives as well as from the truths you teach. Be Christ-like!

May lasting success attend you all!

REV. F. J. BAINE, Trinity United Church.

As citizens of Canada we are justly proud of the educational facilities offered in our great country. Nothing is left undone to provide the best in educational opportunities for everyone, for the masses in our metropolitan centres as well as for the few in the scattered settlements of the frontier.

To you who are about to enter this great field of activity we now give fond thought. May Divine Providence crown your efforts with success, encourage you amid the difficulties which you will be called upon to face, reward you with the realization that you are privileged to assist in the noble work of making good citizens, good Canadians, whom Canada may be proud to own her sons and daughters.

REV. NORMAN C. KRITSCH, Lutheran Church.



FALL TERM LITERARY EXECUTIVE.

Back row—C. MacLeay, R. Steele, A. Koslo, K. Low, F. Gibbs.
Middle row—R. Doherty, C. Hill, M. McKinney, M. Row, E. Shannon.
Front row—M. Levinson, E. Alexander, K. Wright, H. Miller, M. White,
D. Dorland.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

GRACE MCKENZIE

H OW often have we used the expression, "as time went on!" What is time? Time is that which brings us something we desire, we know not what, something which heals our wounds, that which flies so swiftly from us. No it hangs heavy as a cloud—upon re-opening our eyes it has vanished. And so time goes on, on, and ever on, never to return. Should we not, therefore, grasp for each fleeting moment, which slipping fast away, soon will vanish? Yesterday, To-day, To-morrow—of these three, To-day alone is ours. To the students at the Normal School To-day signifies a year of experiences we shall never forget.

Among the pictures which will forever hang on memory's wall there will be those of delightful hours spent in the Assembly Hall each Monday afternoon, at our Literary Society. Those who listened to the programmes always claimed to have enjoyed them very much, but it was those who put their best effort, their talents, their time and their labour into this happy organization who reaped the real benefits.

The aims behind our literary activities have not been empty ones whose purpose was mere entertainment. They were meant to educate, to experience, and to leave with each and every unit of our society something which may be an educational aid in those activities which we meet to-morrow.

Have we succeeded? We have known no other word in the work of our Literary Society than *Succeed*. We cannot do our work well unless we put our hearts into it. It must be done for our pleasure, done heartily and with a will. Neither has our work been done by halves or shifts.

When everyone leads no one leads. But when a project has well-chosen leaders success follows. We have had no need to be ashamed of our leaders, who have shown themselves worthy of our expectations. In the fall term Mr. R. Steele, then in the spring term Miss B. Harris, have occupied the throne with efficiency and dignity. Under our Vice-Presidents more than usually delightful programmes were presented. Debates, plays, music, literary programmes, programmes for special occasions, ever varied, always interesting, made our meetings something to look forward to each week.

With the willing and joyful co-operation with which all our projects were undertaken no society could fail. Our executives deserve unstinted credit. And no less, each member of our society has done his or her work with a smile Because of this, we have had so splendid a society both in educational and social activities.



SPRING TERM LITERARY EXECUTIVE.

Back row—D. Eoll, E. Corner, R. Gibson, S. Lowcock, H. Harris. Middle row—J. MacLean, J. Mann, A. Penson, M. Foy, J. Hood, C. Archibald. Front row—G. Watts, M. Levinson, C. McKenzie, G. Burnett, G. Rainville.



GROUP I.A.

Back row—S. Fountain, A. Dube, D. Eoll, B. Frayn, I. Haldenby, P. Barlow. Front row—C. Duxfield, E. Gustavson, R. Dougherty, L. Halme, B. Hagerty.

WHO'S WHO

- P. Barlow-"Laugh and the world laughs with you."
- A. Dubé—"A dog rose blushin' by the brook ain't modester nor sweeter."
- R. Doherty—"As welcome as sunshine in every place, Is the beaming approach of her good-natured face.
 - C. Dunfield-A good sport from the north.
 - D. Eoll-Behold the decorator par excellence.
 - S. Fountain—"Her brow was lined with studious care."
 - B. Frayn-"A little touch of colour brightens up the school room."
 - E. Gustavson-"This world esteems thee wise."
 - B. Hagerty, alias "Tiny Tim",—"Small budgets hold rich goods."
- I. Haldenby—Many years of deserved happiness are, we trust, before you.
- L. Halme—"Thou whose exterior semblance doth belie thy soul's immensity."

- R. Higgins-That one small head could carry all she knew!
- D. Hines—There's an old adage saying, "Appearances can lie."
- A. Johnson—"To answer in class might prove me an ass, So I'll remain silent and let everything pass."
 - J. MacLean—"Music hath charms," so has this smiling musician.
 - C. McLeay—"A lovely teacher, but a lovelier wife."
 - H. McArthur—"She is wise, though she is quiet."
 - E. Martin-"Quietly but steadily she plods her way."
 - R. Murray-Really, Rae, you're very quaint!
 - E. Pelletier-Lor', what a school-ma'am!
 - G. Rainville-Fair, frank, laughing Genevieve.
- V. Rapsey—Tall, domineering, candid Valerie, with her dogs and books.
 - M. Reid-"Dark-haired, dark-eyed, sedate, yet bold."



GROUP I. (6).

Back row—M. Reid, C. MacLeay, J. MacLean.
Middle row—E. Martin, V. Rapsey, G. Rainsville, R. Murray.
Front row—D. Hines, R. Higgins, H. McArthur, A. Johnston, E. Pelletier.



GROUP 2 A.

Back row—E. Thibaudeau, M. Telfer, K. Wilson, D. Skinner. Middle row—T. Sandberg, M. Rowe, D. Taylor, H. Sullivan. Front row—E. Vellis, H. Reed, K. Tait, L. Saunders, L. Watts.

WHO'S WHO

- F. Rowe-"Away with all care and perplexity fling."
- T. Sandberg—"There was a soft and pensive grace A cast of thought upon her face."
 - G. Saunders—"Close as wax, but not so pliable."
 - D. Skinner—"She is the quietest maid."
 - H. Sullivan-More of fire than of earth in her composition.
 - K. Tait-"A rose bud set with wilful little thorns.
 - D. Taylor-"So buxom, blithe and debonair."
 - B. Telfer—She is a sensible girl, save in loving men.
 - E Thibeaudeau-And oh, she did learn so much history!
 - E. Vellis-"Of gentle hand and heart."
 - G. Watts—"Shy little Gladys, glimmer."
 - K. Wilson—"A modest and a maidenly mien."

- A. Allison—"He was a sweet boy.
- E Corner-"I know it is a sin for me to sit and grin."
- J. Deacon-"Such a modest youth."
- H. Griffith—"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men"—even from Manitoulin.
 - J. Lowcock-An excellent young man and a modest.
 - K. Low-"Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look."
- H. Miller—"Stage artist and stage carpenter, stage manager so fine, As a singing hero of romance this tall young man doth shine."
 - R. Steele-"A bard of passion and of mirth."
 - J. Stesco-A man may be a poet and not write rhymes.
 - E. Winter-"He that hath a head, needeth no hat."
 - H. Reid, D-46a will not be forgotten.



GROUP II. B.

Eack row—R. Steele, E. Corner, K. Low, E. Winters, H. Griffith. Front Row—A. Allison, J. Stesco; H. Miller, J. Deacon, J. Lowcock,



GROUP III. A.

Back row—T. Comerford, V. Campsall, C. Archibald, K. Campbell, I. Buglehole, K. Crockford.

Middle row—E. Alexander, F. Clark, V. Clargo, V. Chapman, A. Beley, E. Ballard Front row—K. Crofts, A. Chicoine, V. Arthurs, R. Borsani, C. Burnett.

HIGH LIGHTS OF GROUP THREE HISTORY

MARIE J. FOY

THE time has come," said the immortal Alice, "to talk of cabbages and kings." But this so-wise person knew nothing of a topic that well might overshadow these, namely, the manifold and various activities of Group Three of the North Bay Normal School.

Would you ask, O skeptical one, what this group has done to win the enviable distinction it possesses in the stately halls of learning? Listen, while for the time being we lay aside our cloak of modesty and recount our achievements which are apparent to one and all, from our

revered Head to our good-natured janitors.

You must know that the greatest honour that can befall a student is to have his or her name enrolled in the teaching list above the magic "60's." Scan this list and note how many of Group Three attained to that high standing. Miss Gibbs was highly commended for her teaching in Physical Training. The exceedingly capable Vice-Presidents of the Literary Society, Miss Dorland and Miss Archibald, are also members of this illustrious body. How the enjoyment derived from our "At Home" entertainment would have been detracted from if the interesting interpretation of "Sally," by the former, in the operetta had been omitted! Miss Archibald deserves praise and thanks for the charming dances staged on various occasions. We feel sure that the entire Normal School body, and not only Group Three, will be glad to accord these gifted and willing artists their due meed of praise.

Is Group Three beloved of the Masters? We shall leave Plain Facts to speak for themselves, for sometimes even figures prevaricate. Miss Morgan calls us her "Baby Group" doubtless from the same motive that makes America's adoring millions use that diminutive appellation for their baseball hero. Mr. Neale knows that the only times we do not win in grammar competitions are when we feel that, in our utter unselfishness, we should give the other groups a chance. Our good nature is of such a character that we turn out on chilly mornings at six fifteen o'clock to assist in the making of primary charts.

Our arithmetic is beyond reproach, except when we multiply dollars

by hats.

Are we artists? Mr. Ramsay believes our masterpieces would be even better than they are if we cultivated more assiduously the golden attribute of silence.

And do we play ball? Mr. Neale is an expert player, and his technique is being imitated with telling effect by our captains, Miss Campbell,

Miss Crockford and Miss Archibald.

Art is long (especially that of Group Three), and time is fleeting. The half has not been told—perhaps it never will be. But here's to the co-operation and mutual good-fellowship that led us on to greater and nobler accomplishments.



GROUP III. B.

Back row—D. Goudreau, V. Donald, F. Gibbs, M. Foy, M. Drury, G. Hadley.
Middle row—C. Clancey, E. Gordon, I. Finch, A. Fink, M. Fraser.
Front row—I. Dougherty, D. Dorland, A. Ferris, N. Fremlin, K. Crofts, A. Dingwall.



GROUP IV. (A).

Back row—J. Hood, B. Harris, G. Lapointe, M. Jennings, B. Jeffrey, A. Koslo, A. Hall.

Middle row—C. Hopper, H. Irwin, E. Herod, V. Hibbert, L. Hay, C. Hill, B. Kiley Front row—M. Linklater, P. Johnston, S. Lundy, M. Levinson, M. Locking, T. Halonen.

GROUP IV.

JOHAN E. MANN

HOW do you do, everybody? We are the famous group of contradictions. Mr. Casselman told us we were the quietest and most orderly group in the school. We must have changed since October, for now Mr. Bamford says we are quite the noisiest.

We have a keen sense of humour, too; Miss Morgan tells us we are always laughing. Well, perhaps we are; but is it not better to laugh

always than to frown always? We think so.

We wonder if the rest of the school knows how famous we really are. We have artists, poets musicians and songsters. Some of the best ara: Miss Levinson, Miss McKinney, Miss McNamara and Miss Locking. Of course we all sing, but we are very modest about it. We also have our share of people interested in gymnastics. Remember the Pyramids? Not so ancient as those of Egypt, but very modern. We have unusually talented reciters, Jean Hood and Grace McKenzie. We must not forget to mention our small but very efficient treasurer, Miss Levinson. She does not let us forget her when funds are low.

Now don't you think we have a fair share of talent?

But there is one mystery Group IV has been unable to solve. It is this: How can cows tell time? We are still seeking the answer; but perhaps Mr. Neale can tell us.



GROUP IV. (6).

Back row—M. McKinney, M. McNamara, E. McLean, M. MacMillan, G. Mc-Morran, Q. Matheson. Middle row—M. McPhail; C. McFadyen, M. McEwen, M. MacMillan, J. Mann, H. Menzies, E. MacMillan. Front row-E. Message, H. Millar, D. McIntyre, M. Malone, A. Martinsen, M. MacNab, G. McKenzie.

DREAM BOATS

LENA PETERMAN.

Dream boats sailing Silver streams, To the land of Fairy dreams. Mother-of-Pearl Like gleaming shells— Can't you hear Their tinkling bells? Sails of satin, Flower-made. Cobweb cables-Sea of jade. Sailing—sailing Fairy streams

To the land of All our dreams!



GROUP V. (A)

Back row—C. Regan, E. Searle, M. Pace, D. Radbourne, A. Penson, E. Shannon, L. Simpkin.

Middle row—H. Muddiman, L. Peterman, I. Neil, C. Robinson, E. Moss, V. Purdon, H. Sheffield.

Front row—H. Montgomery, G. Moreau, R. Nisbett, I. Pretty, V. Sagle, L.

GROUP 5 HISTORY

EDITH F. SHANNON

At first 'twas said Group Five was "dumb,"
It had been so for years.
The mortification that was felt
Drove "Fivers" quite to tears.

Miss Morgan thought us very dense, She said if she removed a few A bunch of oysters would be left; And Mr. Norris thought so, too.

Mr. Ricker didn't quite agree: Our pride he would restore. Odd times we excelled the other groups, Although it taxed us sore.

We disappointed Mr. Neale, He plainly told the fact, The intelligence of the previous class Group Five completely lacked. And then, one day, he changed his mind, It showed in speech and manner; He boasted of our high I.Q.'s,
We led the school in grammar.

Our reputation we've won back, It's surely worth while keeping; We mean to hold what we have won, You'll find no member sleeping.

No more the staff can truly say,
"Oh, that was dead Group Five."
They've found we're out to win our way,
That everyone's alive!

Seriously speaking, I think all the members of Group Five will agree that we have had a pleasant term together. Various associations will linger in our memories as we begin the new phase of "school-teaching." I hope all Group Fivers will look back on this year with a smile, for—

What tonic is there in a frown? You may go up, and I go down, Or I go up and you—who knows The way that either of us goes? Keep cheery! here's a laugh, for when We part we may not meet again.



GROUP V. B.

Back row—W. Wagg, W. Francey, N. Grace, K. Wright, R. Gibson, R. Sedgwick, Middle row—J. Stewart, P. Tesky, J. Getz, D. Rickerby, L. Thoms, M. Watson, M. Taylor.

Front row-M. Mullin, E. Wright, M. Watson, B. Willis, O. Bilz.



McPHAIL ST.

Model School













MODEL SCHOOL STAFF

Mr I B Stowart	Daimainal	0	T7: -4:	0.77
Mr. J. B. Stewart	Principal,	Queen	victoria	School.
Mr. D. C. Grassick	Principal,	King (teorge S	chool.
Miss M. Collins	Principal,	Dr. Car	rruthers'	School.
Mr. W. Anderson	Assistant,	Queen	Victoria	School.
Miss E. Cumming	"	66	"	66
Miss C. E. Lett	66	66	"	44
Miss A. Hansford	66	66	"	44
Miss D. Bannister		- 66	"	4.6
Miss N. Deneau		66	66	4.6
Miss L. St. Louis	- 66	**	"	44
Miss H. Webster	- 44	- 66	66	64
Miss M. Sheppard	"	"	44	66
Mr. C. Weston	Assistant.	Dr. Car	ruthers'	School
Miss B Foy	"	"	"	"
Mrs. E. L Elmitt	66	66	"	
Miss G. L. Ison	"	"	"	
Miss I. Martin	"	66	"	44
Miss E. Frayn	"	"	"	6.6
Miss C. Smyth	"	"	"	66
Mrs. A. Chalmers	Assistant.	King G	eorge Sc	hool
Miss E. Haugh	"	"	"	"
Miss H. Sheppard	44	66	66	44
Miss G. Morgan		44	"	"
Miss H. Forder	Kindergar	ten Dir	ectress.	

AFFILIATED CONTINUATION SCHOOL

AFFILIATED RURAL SCHOOLS

Mr. J D. Lindsey	. Principal,	S.S. 1	No. 1B, Ferris.
Miss M. J. DeLong			
Miss E. Smith			



THE CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT

GLADYS SAUNDERS AND GLADYS L. WATTS

N the eve of the Christmas vacation, December 18th, 1930, the Assembly Hall, brightly illuminated and appropriately decorated, was the scene of a gala festivity. Here the Normal masters, students and ex students gathered, on the occasion of the Christmas entertainment. Careful arrangements had been made, and the function itself fully justified the effort. Many of the students were planning to spend the approaching holidays at their homes, so the joy of excited anticipation contributed to the jollity of the evening. The spirit of Christmas which pervaded the air was quite in keeping with an excellent performance of that immortal play of Dickens, "A Christmas Carol." The leading character, Scrooge, was most admirably portrayed by Mr. E. Winter, who was skilfully supported by an exceptionally well-chosen caste. The audience, fully appreciating the efforts of the actors, breathlessly participated in Scrooge's experiences with the spirits of Christmas, past, present and future, and sincerely rejoiced with him in his happy rebirth at the end of the play. On the whole the play was a huge success, and truthfully may be termed the most enjoyable item on the programme. On behalf of the members of the caste, Miss E. Pelletier presented a sheaf of lovely roses to Miss Morgan, under whose capable and patient guidance the play had been presented with such great success.

Following the play, dainty little maids, garbed in the conventional red and green of holly and mistletoe, charmed the audience with a graceful presentation of an Old English dance. The colourful costumes and the joyful Yuletide music played by Miss A. Fink lent that desired Christmas effect, and called forth well-merited applause from the audience.

At the conclusion of the dance the hall was darkened, and Mr. Ricker flashed several beautiful Christmas pictures on the screen, while at the same time, under the capable leadership of Mr. R. Steele, the audience participated in the singing of the old favourite Christmas carols. The emotional illustrations of the old familiar story, and the simple yet beautiful words and music of the carols were a fitting conclusion to a most enjoyable Christmas programme.

After the programme, and continuing to a late hour, everyone enjoyed dancing to the music of violin and piano. The hall echoed with merry laughter and the shuffle of many feet as the dancers took full advantage of the music.

When the party drew to a close, as all good things must do, the students felt that it was a fitting conclusion to the social activities of their first term, and that it would linger as a pleasant memory in the years to come.

The boys had just entered the music room after a double period of cooking.

Mr. Bamford—"Did you have any tea with your cake?" Student—"We had te but we couldn't get doh (dough)"

Miss Pace (P.T. Class)—"Stand at ease! Like a tiger—sit!"



THE "AT HOME"

RAE MURRAY

W E were "At home" to our friends on the evening of March the twenty-seventh. What a delightful occasion it was!

Th Assembly Hall was charmingly decorated in pastel ribbons and pussy willows. We compliment the decorating committee on the exquisite effect of their work.

Following a few words of welcome by the President, the guests were treated to an interesting and excellently performed programme. The Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Bamford, opened the programme with two songs, "Ships" and "Country Gardens." There were several individual numbers, including a very sweet solo by little Sheilah Bamford. The big event of the evening, however, was an operetta, "Sally in Our Alley." The stage was most appropriately fitted out to represent "Our Alley." The dainty gowns of the girls; the songs, conducted by Mr. Bamford; and the dances, conducted by Miss Archibald, were all very charming. We shall not soon forget that delightful "Maypole Dance."

At the conclusion of the programme we scattered—some to dance, and others to enjoy the games, which were conducted in the library and basement. A delicious lunch was served, and then prizes were awarded for winners in the contests. The ingenuity of those who planned these prizes was remarkable. To think of wrapping half a dozen jelly beans in a cornflake bar is beyond the most of us.

The evening passed, like most pleasant things, all too quickly. Our "At Home" had so soon become only a pleasant memory! But we will always think of it as one of those "happy days" at Normal School.

NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL EMPIRE DAY PROGRAMME, MAY 22, 1931

	Presiding Officer—Miss Barlow.
1.	Scripture Reading—PrayerMr. J. C. Norris, M.A.
2 .	Hymn—O God Our Help in Ages Past Student Body
3.	Recitation—Breathes There a Man
4.	Essay-India Under East India CompanyMr. Sedgwick
5.	Violin Solo—A Song of India Miss Levinson
6.	Essay—India Under the Crown
7.	Essay—How Empire Day Has Justified ItselfMiss Simpkin
8.	Piano Solo—Silver Band March
9.	Essay—With Carleton in Canada
10.	Chorus—O CanadaStudent Body
11.	Essay—How Canada Grew
12.	Essay—Development of Britain's Colonial PolicyMiss Hopper
13.	Chorus—There is a Land
14.	Essay—With Rhodes in AfricaMr. Lowcock
15.	Recitation—The Union Jack
16.	Chorus-We'll Fight for the Grand Old FlagStudent Body
17.	Essay—Australia and New Zealand
18.	Essay—Minor Parts of Empire Miss MacNab
	OI
19.	Chorus—God Bless the Prince of WalesStudent Body
19.	
	AFTERNOON.
1.	AFTERNOON. Chorus—Ye Mariners of England
1. 2.	AFTERNOON. Chorus—Ye Mariners of England
1. 2. 3.	AFTERNOON. Chorus—Ye Mariners of England
1. 2. 3. 4.	AFTERNOON. Chorus—Ye Mariners of England
1. 2. 3. 4. 5.	AFTERNOON. Chorus—Ye Mariners of England
1. 2. 3. 4. 5.	AFTERNOON. Chorus—Ye Mariners of England
1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6.	AFTERNOON. Chorus—Ye Mariners of England
1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6.	AFTERNOON. Chorus—Ye Mariners of England
1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6.	AFTERNOON. Chorus—Ye Mariners of England
1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6.	AFTERNOON. Chorus—Ye Mariners of England
1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6.	AFTERNOON. Chorus—Ye Mariners of England
1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6.	AFTERNOON. Chorus—Ye Mariners of England
1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7.	AFTERNOON. Chorus—Ye Mariners of England
1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7.	AFTERNOON. Chorus—Ye Mariners of England
1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7.	AFTERNOON. Chorus—Ye Mariners of England
1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7.	AFTERNOON. Chorus—Ye Mariners of England

A CANADIAN'S THOUGHTS ON CANADA

GOD SAVE THE KING.

EDITH R. ALEXANDER.

I have tried to see Canada as Browning saw England in his "Home Thoughts from the Sea."

As I stand on Queenston's hillside looking far across the way, Fancy sees the shades of evening falling over Chateauguay. Or where northward, dimly stretching, lie the shores of Georgian Bay. From the town of Stadacona comes a tale, the ancient lay, Incense from the burning glory of the deeds wrought yesterday. May my love for mine own country, God, I pray Thee, never stray. At the altar of our father, I would now my tribute pay, As I see the dusk of evening usher out the parting day.



NATIONALITY DRILL



EMPIRE TABLEAU

VISITORS

VALERIE RAPSEY.

The year in Normal School is perhaps our period of greatest growth. Many students are experiencing the transition from adolescence to womanhood and manhood and finding it highly entertaining. Yet our physical and "just human" aspect is not alone in its expansion. The broadening and uplighting of our intellects, so especially noticeable during this year, has a more far-reaching effect on our lives than any other influence we have heretofore received. For much of our aid to culture we are indebted to the speakers who have brought to us their views, opinions and information from their many contacts with the world.

It is a regrettable fact that many of us are woefully ignorant or even indifferent to Canadian achievements in the fine arts. We are all indebted to Mr. Arthur Lismer, A.R.O.A., for the valuable insight into Canadian Art and Artists he imparted to us. The lecture covered a wide field and, though necessarily brief, was so graphic, so well illustrated and so imbued with the enthusiasm of the prominent artist, that it conveyed no small benefit to the many interested listeners.

The health lectures given by Drs. Phair and Conboy, of the Educational Department, were not only rich in practical value but most entertaining as well. No teacher, in fact no person now-a-days can satisfactorily fulfil a position without an adequate and efficient knowledge of Communicable Disease and of the Structure and Care of the Teeth.

To Dr. Amos, Superintendent of Auxiliary Classes, we owe our gratitude for giving us our first contact with the study of Intelligence Testing, and for supplying so much needed information regarding the auxiliary class in the school.

Dr. Solandt brought us a report of his trips abroad, during which he has surveyed the educational systems of several countries, most notably Denmark. The reading on such a novel and, to use, relevant subject, contributed an afternoon's enjoyment.

At various intervals throughout the year the school was addressed in the Assembly by committees or persons connected with educational federations. Among these were the following:

Mr. W. M. Morris, representative of the O.E.A., early in the season, briefly discussed the benefits of a well-equipped school library. He also supplied us with several sources of information for future use.

Miss Thompson, Mr. Runalls and Mr. Wallace dwelt upon the Ontario Federation of Teachers, and gave us introductory membership cards.

Mrs. McLaughlin represented the Home and School Club, and in a short discourse stated the aims and accomplishments of that society.

Dr. O'Connor initiated us into the preliminary rites of the Junior Red Cross Club. It was a pleasure to listen to that capable lady's comprehensive report.

A series of temperance lectures was delivered by Dr. Thomas. During the course of these lectures, covering four mornings, we were subjected to several true false tests. At the conclusion of the series several pamphlets dealing with the subject were distributed to us.

Mrs. Whitney presented to us the aims of the Upper Canada Tract Society in a brief morning talk. As was customary a contribution was collected.

Mr. Dunlop, of the University of Toronto, spoke about the important matter of extending and improving our academic acquirements. His pleasant, interesting talk was thoroughly enjoyed by the whole Assembly.

Such contacts as these are estimable in that they are equipping us with sound and practical business information for our careers. To the ones who enable us to reap the benefits of such contacts we extend our sincerest thanks.

CANADA

R. R. S.

- O Canada, I love the hills,
 Those hills so fresh and green,
 That crown thy verdant countryside
 With battlements serene.
- O Canada, I love the streams,
 Those streams so full and free,
 That, dashing through thy woodland greens,
 Race on to meet the sea.
- O Canada, I love the pines,
 Those pines that sweep the sky,
 And waft their perfumes on the winds,
 Whose whispers never die.
- O Canada, I love the plains,
 Those plains 'tween mountains high,
 Which bind thy oceans, one and twain,
 And bonds of love there tie.
- O Canada, I love the birds,
 Those birds that sing of thee,
 Whose warblings, more than poets' words,
 Praise thee from sea to sea.
- O Canada, I love my land,
 Land of the brave and free,
 Where men lend all a willing hand,
 And worthy are of thee.

Land of the hills, the streams, the pines, O land of bird and song; Land where a nation's glory shines, My country, free and strong!

Open Sesame!

May we have the magazines you're not using?
Have you any old magazines or catalogues you don't need?
May we take this calendar—and this one, too?
Do you mind if I cut out this poem? (Snip, snip).
These are Manitoba Maples, aren't they? A generous handful was soon ours.

GLEE CLUB

RAE MURRAY

PORTUNE favoured us! We discovered in our midst an unusual number of talented musicians. The Glee Club was organized late in the fall, with Mr. Bamford, Honorary President; Miss E. Pelletier, President, and Mr. H. Miller, Secretary-Treasurer. There was a total membership of about forty students.

Innumerable difficulties presented themselves as to the time and place of meeting. But, despite this fact, we succeeded in learning several partsongs, which were presented at literary meetings. The two songs we sang at the "At Home,"—"Ships" and "Country Gardens,"—were well received. Just here, too, we must mention our "Harmony Four." The boys contributed a great deal to the musical life of the school.

We appreciate to the fullest extent Mr. Bamford's untiring efforts in helping in all our musical activities. Without him Glee Club would have been impossible. We thank him very much.

And don't forget, Normalites-

Little bits of music, Little bits of song, Make the world of people Happy all day long!



CALLANDER SCHOOL

ATHLETICS

H. G. MILLER.

A MODERN school is not complete without its athletic supplies nor is an up-to-date teacher fully equipped without athletic prowess. The school, with its aim of harmonious development, has made provisions for this phase of our progress during the year at Normal.

Mr. Neale's enthusiastic and sportsman-like efforts in the interest of an atheletic society made our organization possible. To him we owe our sincere thanks. The executive consisted of Mr. Miller, President; Miss Hibbert, Vice-President; Mr. Grace, Secretary-Treasurer and a represen-

tative from each group.

The extensive academic program necessarily curtailed the time for athletic participation, but the society's members took full advantage of leisure they had. The brief fall period was used to the best advantage and everyone put a parting touch of vim to the last few games of tennis and softball. No organized program was followed during the winter. The boys formed a hockey team and in four exciting games on the city rink fought, but all in vain, to uphold their honour. The physical training periods conducted by Miss Morgan and Sergeant Sullings throughout the winter, were always thoroughly enjoyable.

The first promise of spring drew an eager band of boys back to the diamond. Teams were organized and soon in play. The first class boys, under their captain, H. Miller, challenged the second class boys, under K. Wright to several games. The latter, under their capable captain, are able to maintain a high standard, thus keeping the games frought

with interest and rivalry.

The girls organized five teams under Miss Searle, Miss Archibald, Miss Campbell, Miss Crockford and Miss Hibbert. Games were played every suitable afternoon after four. The girls did not lack vim or enthu-

siasm nor, at any time, a troup of eager spectators.

Here perhaps mention should be made of the special training in the fine art of dancing, which a goodly number received, under the able direction of Miss Archibald. This gifted young dancer is to be complimented and thanked, especially by the boys, for cheerful and ever-willing co-operation. The pyramid and tumbling acts too must be remembered. We all enjoyed them.

Now, to dwell on the application step. Mr. Neale says: "The teachers' participation in the playground games have more to do with his success than any other single factor." So, ye Normal girls and boys, be ye teachers good or bad, remember this, "Get out and play!"

ODE TO ITSTIX

K. Low and W. Francey.

Ha! Aggravating thing primeval, Unfeeling and adhering evil!
Oh! Itstix! Art thou man or beast?
Oh! Death! Where is thy sting?
Thou bringest out my meanest side
As cross my tongue thou wilt not glide,
Soon in the dump shalt thou abide,
Abominable thing!

THE SOLOMON ISLANDER

HAZEL MCARTHUR

"But in Brown's crew there was a Solomon Islander, kidnapped in his youth and devoted to Brown, who was the best man of the whole gang."—Joseph Conrad.

TABUNG was a little native boy who lived on the island of Solomon. He was now eight years of age, and, until one month previous to this time, he had lived an uneventful life in the village of huts. During the last month there had been two great events in his life,—first, the outbreak in the village of a terrifying fever, which had already carried away his father and mother and most of his playmates, and second, the arrival of the first white woman he had ever seen. This was a beautiful young girl who, in a moment of religious enthusiasm, had run away with a missionary and come to this part of the world to save these people. Hearing of this fever-stricken village, she had travelled many miles to help fight the dreader disease.

For a month now she had laboured amongst them. Tabung had watched her as she cared for the sick and dying, and he thought she was one of the angels about whom she told them as she worked. Tabung worshipped the white lady, whom he followed from hut to hut, ready to do her bidding, whatever she commanded. Then, one day, she became ill. Everyone deserted her, as they had deserted the other fever-stricken patients. Tabung alone remained at her side. Hour after hour he watched beside her while she tossed about mumbling words he could not understand. Night came on, and still he huddled, shivering, beside her. Then he heard strange voices outside speaking in a foreign tongue. A white man entered the hut, bent over the woman, picked her up in his arms, and carried her into the night. For one moment Tabung remained where he was, then he sprang up, rushed outside, and stumbled down the dark paths to follow his only friend.

Finally the procession reached the river, where a small boat was drawn up on shore. Tabung hesitated. Behind him lay the forest, his home and familiar surroundings; before him mysterious people and an unknown world, but a world which held his friend. He could not desert her now. Straight on he went until he reached the edge of the boat, which was just pushing away from shore. He clambered over the side and crouched beside the white woman. A rough hand seized him and a harsh voice muttered, "Shall I throw him overboard, Brown?" But Tabung clung to his white friend, and continued safely on his way.

Soon they reached a large ship and the open sea. The little brown boy followed closely as they carried the white woman on board. Together with Gentleman Brown he watched her as she lay in the bunk and stared at the ceiling with shining eyes. Then she died. Tabung was conscious of but one thing. It was of Captain Brown, who had flung himself down beside the body and had given way to an outburst of violent grief. Tabung felt a wave of loneliness sweep over him, but he realized dimly that here was one also who would miss her. In this moment he transferred his affections from the dead woman to the weeping man. Him he would follow about the world and serve with his life.

Years later, a man telling a story had cause to comment:

"But in Brown's crew there was a Solomon Islander, kidnapped in his youth and devoted to Brown, who was the best man of the whole gang."

FAIRIES ARE REAL

INEZ PRETTY.

One sweet June night the kind old moon Went peering through the trees; Delight he brought a little spot Where dwelt a tiny breeze.

The breeze went racing round and round
The queerest kind of ring—
For soon, perchance, the fairies would dance
And he, the musician, would sing.

At first he sighed, then whistled thrice The purest, softest notes. In a nearby glade, there stood displayed The elves in dark green coats.

The fairies followed, one by one They skipped within the ring. At a sudden note from a deep-pitched throat They all began to sing:

"Beneath the greenwood trees we'll flit, Great wonders we'll achieve; With purple mist prove we exist To folks who won't believe."



ONCE UPON A TIME

THE NIPISSING VALLEY

H. J. Getz

I T was a hot, sultry day in September when I stood for the first time on the look-out tower at the top of Thibeault Hill. Never shall I forget the beauty of the panorama that unfolded before me.

Stretching from east to west as far as human eye could see, and yet only dimly perceptible in the distance, lay the blue hills.

My gaze drifted from these purple hills to the mountains on my left. I saw mile upon mile of swaying tree-tops, blue in the distance and gradually turning to green in those trees nearest us. Can you imagine for a moment the sensation which swept over me as I stood there in silent admiration? Hundreds of years ago, when white men had not yet tasted the enchantment which this fair land affords, the king of the forest—the Indian—roamed supreme in these woods. In these woods the gallant Champlain saw the flames of the Indian campfires reaching up to clutch at the sky. In these woods he heard the only true music of the night—the fierce war-whoop of the Iroquois.

At my extreme left, directly beneath the side of the mountain, I saw the clear blue waters of Trout Lake sparkle in the sunlight. Yes, Trout Lake also boasts of a history. Over its calm waters Champlain made his memorable canoe trip to link the Ottawa and the East with Nipissing and the West.

Now I shifted my gaze to the right, and found myself looking over the smiling, glistening waters of famous Lake Nipissing. For miles it stretches to the south and west to its mouth in the F*rench River.

Once more my eyes searched the valley, and this time they rested on the centre of my picture, North Bay, the true gateway to the North. I saw its church spires glistening in the sun; but, dominating all, I saw the great, massive building which is our pride—the North Bay Normal School.

Here is the climax of my story. My feet rested upon the famed Ferguson Highway; my thoughts had flown back hundreds of years, and I lived again in the days of Champlain and the Iroquois.

APRIL RAIN

TILLIE SANDBERG

Drip! drip! drip! beats the dismal rain Wearily drenching the muddy lane. Gloomy and drab the future seems With ancient sorrows and shattered dreams.

Yesterday's showers were cool and sweet Cleansing and soothing the tired street, Laying the dust and refreshing the earth To a spotless greenness, a true re-birth.

Why should this morning seem dull and gray With the self-same weather of yesterday? While drip, drip, sounds the sullen refrain Of the ceaseless, hopeless, wearisome rain.



DUCHESNAY FALLS

THE STAR

LENA PETERMAN.

Far in the westward sky, There lingers a tint of rose Cast there by the sunset, At the waning day's dim close.

> The dim, gray twilight— That soft, silent hour Heralding the dusk— Droops like a drowsy flow'r.

The rose flush has paled. Shadows gray the world, And a star of new-born radiance Its loveliness unveiled.

> As little sky lanterns kindle Along the heaven's dome, In a solitary realm Lovely Venus shines alone.

THE NORMALITE

(An astronomical study of this constellation)

In October, 1909, some eminent educationalists began their observations of an interesting constellation called the Normalite. This essay gives the results of their observations for the past twenty two years. They studied the Normalite from the North Bay Normal School, so named as a memorial to this constellation. Its common name is the Normalite, while its scientific name is Lux Normalis, meaning the Light of the Normal.

An ancient Greek legend explains its origin and name thus:-

In the far-off land of Greece there once lived a beautiful princess, named Normal. She fell in love with a handsome peasant lad, Bainorth. Being a princess, she was forced to give up the lover of her choice. As a result, she resolved to go to a distant school. Here she studied her Science of Education and School Management, finally becoming a First Class teacher. All her days she taught school. However, Venus, the Goddess of Love, had pity on her. She gave Normal success in life. When this beautiful princess died she became a constellation of stars. Ancient Greek called her the Normalite. It is from this legend the name was obtained.

This constellation remains in the northern skies from the middle of September to the middle of June.

In this year, 1930-1931, it was first observed on September 16, and last seen on June 19. It is to be found between the School-Taught-Days constellation and the School-Teaching-Days constellation.

Now that we know where the Normalite is found, let us look for it. There it is in the heavens, made up of numerous stars, both large and small, bright and dim. There are several very bright ones. The others are graded according to their degree of brightness, as the pupils in a schoolroom. Each year there are periodic changes in brightness. When it first appears it is very bright, as though it were hopeful of great things to be done. As time passes on to February this brightness fades. However, after February its cheerful light returns. Finally, in June, it becomes dim again, and then disappears from our sky.

As its name implies, the Normalite is the form of the Greek school teacher with her books, as mentioned in the legend. The head and shoulder stars are called First Class stars, possibly on account of their brightness. The remainder are Second Class stars. They can all be divided into five groups, due to their arrangement. After several attempts to count the number of stars in this constellation, Normalite, each time with a different answer, it has been estimated that they range in number from 150 to 350. In this year 1930-31, 165 stars were counted, 47 of which were First Class.

My readers doubtless realize the reference of the Normalite to teachers. This constellation represents that phase in teachers' lives when they are in training. It is even said that persons born under these stars will be inclined toward the teaching profession where they will attain prominence. Who know?

"Men may come, and men may go But Itstix on forever."

A MID-WINTER NIGHT'S SCREAM

RAE MURRAY

THE eve of the Elementary Science examinations! What a relief it is to get my science-racked cranium on a pillow and close my eyes with supreme indifference to all the scientists who ever lived!

But what's this I see? Not a game of baseball! It is. A change at last. Sulphate Ions 6, Stomates 8—I see by the scoreboard. Electrons crowd the stands. I find a place among them and become an eager spectator, despite the fact that I feel miserably out of my element among so many strangers. Everywhere is heard the buzz of conversation. It seems to concern a discussion of specific heat, centipides, thermal capacity, and a few pros and cons about the electrolysis of a certain beverage being peddled about the grounds to the cry of "Accidulated hydrochloric acid, 17.58 calories the bottle!" I wasn't thirsty.

They're beginning the fifth inning. A lusty Stomate is up to bat, with a bar magnet in his hands. The pitcher hurls the galvanometer over the home plate. "20° Centigrade," shouts the Umpire. Again the galvanometer hurtles toward the Stomate batter. A strike, but it is a foul—he probably used the south pole of his magnet. There, he knocks another, but the Ion fielder deftly catches it in his calorimeter. The match continues!

The game over, I find myself jostled to an electro-plated sidewalk, covered with mercury to prevent polarization. How odd! Here comes a newsboy. I exchange some of my valuables for a copy of the "Daily Voltameter." To-morrow's weather forecast reads: "Heat of vaporization expected to fall, fresh to moderate, negative, static charges expected from the south-east. . . A train wreck! Tibia Tarsus Express derailed near Stamen Junction. One Fahrenheit degree killed, Boyle's Lara suffers internal injuries and many prostrated from shock. . . Election returns from Refraction City. Leaf Fungus defeats Root Hair in the closest mayoralty race Refraction City has had in twenty spectrums."

I put the paper into my pocket and continue down the amalgamated walk. Here is a man selling molecules from a cart at twenty watts the dozen. An overhead sign bears this inscription, "Heat of Fusion While You Wait." At Sapraphytes Livery, on the corner of Gymnosperm and Flora streets, I see the sign, "Free Node and Loop Service."

Beho'd, ahead of me a soda fountain! Or was it a sodium fountain? "I shall have a drink," say I. One mouthful, and I can already feel my potential difference rising. The reaction of the sodium is very rapid. I feel chilled to the bone The lady across the counter is screaming at me. I can't understand her. She is saying something about Science—Elementary Science.

I'm dreadfully cold. She continues.

The warm covers are yanked from about me.

"Let's get up and study Physics," whispers my bed-mate in my ear.

Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye, Four and twenty students hunted low and high. Where do you suppose they found them? Think, and then you'll know, Four and twenty students in a picture show.



SERGEANT-MAJOR SULLINGS

Under the most capable supervision of Mr. Sullings, and due to his untiring efforts on our behalf, our physical training classes have progressed most favourably. To him we owe a debt of sincere gratitude for his patient and cheerful guidance of our physical culture activities.

Student—What are you teaching this week? Other Student—"The Vision of Mirzah."

Student—Oh, I don't know anything about that. I thought there were only two kinds of division—short and long.

Mr. Ricker-Mr. Bilz, what does a grasshopper eat?

Mr. Bilz-Grain.

Mr. Ricker-Mr. Ricbaky?

Mr. Bilz-Grass.

Mr. Ricker-What would he eat if he hadn't any grass, Mr. Getz?

Mr. Getz-Grain.

Seen on a criticism sheet: Subject, Art-The Red-Winged Blackboard.

RAIN AND SUNSHINE

R. R. S.

It rained to-day. Dull, grey, cheerless sheets Of rain swept away 'Cross flattened fields and empty streets, And beat upon the windows, And bent the giant trees That framed the darkened meadows, And hushed the birds, and stilled the bees, And tore the blue-bells, bloom from stem. All things seemed drowned in rain. And then The sun broke out! The clouds of grey Soon melted in its golden glow, And sparkling noon, all fresh and gay, A young and lovelier world did show. The rose and blue-bell, gay with bloom, Where life had seemed from blossoms wrung, A new and nectared sweetness breathed, A fragrance on the valley flung. The trees, new-washed, a tenderer green, The marshes with their serried reeds, The waterfall's more irised sheen Rain's benediction need.



THE MINUET

UKRAINIANS IN CANADA

ALICE KOSLO.

T HERE are in Canada to-day a people known as the Ukrainians. The word has but a vague significance to the average person, and many are desirous of knowing who are these Ukrainians with whom they deal and live in this land. Whence do they come, why, and how many of them are in Canada to-day?

Ukrainians, who, before the Great War, were commonly known in Canada as Ruthenians, belong to the Slavonic race. It is no mean race. It may surprise you to learn that they number 44,000,000. Their native land is where the Dneiper and Dneister flow and the Black Sea bathes the shores. After long struggles with Tartars and Turks, Russians and Poles, who were constantly preying on their fair land, they finally lost their freedom and were ruled by Russia and Austria until the Great War. At the present time the Ukraine is divided among her four masters, namely Communist Russia, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and Rumania.

For centuries Ukrainian people were suffering in their own country under a foreign yoke, but as soon as they heard of the free land far beyond the sea in the new world, then in tears, like the English Pilgrim Fathers, by thousands they left their native land for Argentine, Brazil, the United States and Canada.

Ukrainian immigration to Canada started over thirty years ago, so that to-day there are over 400,000 Ukrainians here. Thus the Ukrainian people constitute the third largest racial group in the Dominion of Canada. As they are chiefly of the peasant class, almost all of them settled on the land, for the most part in the Western provinces, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

When the Ukrainians came to Canada they received many blessings. One of the greatest of all was Freedom, which sounds so differently from the word Serfdom, which every Ukrainian who came to this country knew and hated. Also they received freedom of worship and greater access to higher education for themselves and their children.

Ukrainians do not conceal the fact that there are some of them that do things in a crude and primitive way and sometimes these are not pleasant either to the Ukrainians or English. This of course is chiefly the result of ignorance which only time and education can eliminate.

Apt Assignments: Beatrice B. Jeffrey—Horses. Charles N. Grace—Red-headed Woodpecker.

Mr. Ramsay—And what is this, Mr. Getz? John Henry (Indignantly)—The name is at the bottom, sir!

The Misses Goudreau, Gordon and Glancy were rather taken aback recently. One of our fair critic staff, during a lesson on the fish, advised the class to look at the back of the room, to see the three main types.

TO EVENING

LENA PETERMAN

The sun is kindling his camp-fire
Far in the West,
Tired little birds are winging
Nestward to rest.
The graceful trees are swaying
In the soft breeze,
That is drowsily rustling
The cool, dark leaves.

The stream has ceased her laughing
For another day,
Her crooning melody, dipping
Liquidly, dies away.
In the east the sky is dimming—
Evening is nigh.
Dusky shadows are ever flitting
Noiselessly by.

The radiant light is slowly sinking
To the world below.

The evening star is faintly twinkling
In the sun's last glow.

Twilight has gone. Shadows deepening
Become the night—

The new moon is sailing higher
In silver starlight.

DREAM DAYS

R. R. S.

Oh days of dreams!

When sunshine gleams,

And nature shows her beaming face

To smile upon the human race,

In trees and flowers,

In sunny bowers,

Oh dream days, full of grace!

Oh days of dreams!

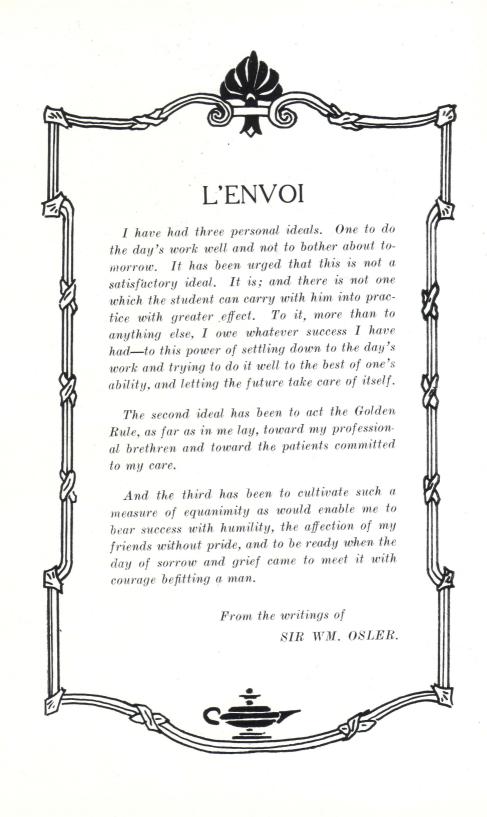
When Heaven seems

To bend her head down to the earth,
And gives it new, enfreshened birth,
In babbling brooks,
In sunny nooks,
Oh dream days, full of mirth!

Oh days of dreams!

When all earth teems

With subtle fragrance of the rose,
And firefly in twilight glows
Round woodland hills
And mountain rills,
Oh days of sweet repose!



THE LAND OF LULLABY-TOWN

TILLIE SANDBERG.

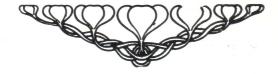
East of the sun and west of the moon And north of the northern lights, There lies a beautiful land, they say, Beyond the path of the milky way, And past the gates of the night.

This beautiful land is of silver sand, On the edge of a moon-washed sea, That is sailed by wee boats made of poppy leaves, While over it all, sweet music weaves A magical melody.

Along you float in a poppy boat Sailing the River of Dreams, Till you stand on the hillocks of Eider Downs And walk the streets of Lullaby-Town, Where everyone sleeps, it seems.

So the very next night that the moonbeams alight To dance on your crib, up and down, When they're seeming to beckon, to call and allure, As you drift off in dreams, you will travel, I'm sure, To the land of Lullaby-Town.

"There was no ordination,
No laying on of hands,
No sober rites, no half-dimmed lights,
No pomp, no blaring bands;
We were merely given work to do
And did it—none too well, 'tis true."



MUSIC HATH CHARMS

Merry it is in the Normal School
When Groups One and Two are singing;
But when the rest try, Mr. Bamford will cry,
"Oh, hush, for my head is ringing."

They do their best to sing a strain More pleasing to the ear; But all such efforts are in vain, Their discords are sincere.

Then up speaks Mr. Bamford bold, With tuning fork in hand, "Now get your 'doh,'" the groups are told, "And those who can't will stand!"

So, patiently in every class,
They sing a "tafeta,"
And when they strike a note at last
We give a loud "hurrah."

The Seconds say, "You Firsts are slow, We sing just like a bird."
We doubt it not, but if that's so, It's one we've never heard.

Perhaps they mean the ones at night Which "chirp" in yonder stream; If that's the case, they may be right; If not, it's just a dream.

They'll "execute" a fine refrain Beginning with "crescendo"; But let it fall to sigh in pain And die on "ritardando."

M. J. REID.

Mr. Ramsay—Miss Levinson, do you remember your assignment for a week back?

Minnie (from reverie)—A weak back? Mr. Ramsay—Er—I mean a week ago.

The Normalite's Bug-Bear-Music for dinner, supper, and homework. C.F.C.H.

Miss Shannon (Hygiene Class)—Is it right that the two hours before midnight are best?"
Mr. Ricker—"Yes. What for?"

Miss McIntyre (during interesting lesson on "Care of the Hair") "What colour is your hair when you're bald?"

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

JOAN STEWART

THE brightly decorated auditorium of the Normal School was indeed a suitable setting for the delightful entertainment which took place on Friday evening, October thirty-one, nineteen hundred and thirty. At eight o'clock, many guests and students, arrayed in various comic and dress costumes, assembled. We were honoured by the presence of our ex-principal, Mr. Casselman, whom all hold in high esteem.

The programme opened with the singing of "O Canada." followed by
Chairman's remarks
A gypsy folk dance
A piano solo Miss Gladys Watts
A vocal solo
A reading
A male quartetteN. Grace, K. Wright, H. Miller, R. Steele

At the end of the programme, the assemblage was divided into four groups and directed to different places of amusement. Jolly Hallowe'en games were enjoyed till ten o'clock, when refreshments were served. The dainty lunch was prepared and served by the students, under the supervision of Miss Preston. The latter part of the evening was spent in dancing, until dread of Hallowe'en spooks hastened our dispersal

I AM A GYPSY IN MY DREAMS

VIVIAN PURDON.

The fragrant wildwood lures me To her cool green shade— I am a gypsy in my dreams That with the nightfall fade.

I hear the ceaseless flow of streams That fill me with a strange delight— I am a gypsy in my dreams That vanish with the night.

This humdrum old world wearies me, Prosaic is its trend;—
I am a gypsy in my dreams—
Elusive rainbow's end.

I wonder if Mr. Mullins still remembers the assignment he received which read as follows:

Subject—Composition.

Topic—Picture Study.
Note—(Use your own picture.)

W E wish to express our thanks to those firms who have given such kindly consideration to our plea for help. In return we think it is only fair for the subscribers to this journal to read these advertisements carefully, and to remember them when purchasing school supplies.

The Editor and Staff of the Year Book.

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OUR NORMAL SCHOOL LIBRARY

W. WAGG.

What a wonderfully unique library we have!

As I enter, I am impressed by the long lines of books arranged in order. On the walls is a valuable collection of paintings, by well known Canadian artists, and here and there is a shield testifying to the prowess of former student bodies. An interesting collection of mounted specimens of land and water birds and animals is arranged on shelves along the wall. In the centre of the library three long tables bear a well chosen collection of magazines and newspapers.

The occupations of the individual students in the room indicate their literary tastes. Some few aspirants to Socratic wisdom delve earnestly into such subjects to psychology. The large majority of the students, however, are more apt to be seen referring to books and magazines in hurried preparation for lessons or examinations. Then there are the students who merely pass the ttime in the library reading stories of fiction or wandering from table to table doing nothing.

Could we but realize what a rich store of knowledge we have at hand would we not avail ourselves of every idle moment to fill our minds with that which is beautiful and useful from this inexhaustible treasure-trove of books?

IN OUR LIBRARY

E. WINTER.

But in our library—or in any library—we live in a world suited to our own desires, where dimensions are of our own creation and time and space are illimitable. In this world we do what we like. We perform Poelike wizardries or listen to Keats' melodious Nightingale. Without the least effort, and with no dependence upon the mainsprings of our inspiration, all th charms of nirvana fall upon our enchanted gaze as before the wand of Prospero. Our mental images may be fortified by our more material pictures and there is added yet another instrument in the orchestra of our spiritual felicity.

All in all, most of us are thoroughly capable of appreciating what a library is and what it stands for—a life divorced from the prosaic, the platitudinous, the acarpous. To live wholly poetically is to be an artist, to live wholly materially is the scurvy habit of the rabble. Tho' we may not live solely for the expansion of the aesthetic soul rather than the fugacious contents of the purse, we, at least, abase ourselves before those who have made it possible for us to do so.

VALEDICTORY

ROBERT R. STEELE.

T is almost incredible that it was we who, a few short months ago, stepped into these halls for the first time, with some uncertainty, perhaps with a feeling of utter loneliness, awed by that overwhelming atmosphere of cold dignity which seemed to permeate every room and corridor of the school. Our term at Normal has flown by in a surprisingly, even regrettably short space of time. But, during these few months, we have received a great wealth of experience in life, in training for our profession, and in fellowship.

Our masters have contributed largely toward making our Normal School year the happiest and most worth-while in our experience. are proud of the fact that we were privileged to know Mr. Casselman, and to work under his leadership, if only for a short month; we feel that our distinction of being his last class in this school is one to be envied. True it is that our masters have left with us a fund of knowledge and training which gives us confidence to go out into the fields of the future, which lie out-stretched before us. But they have given us many things which will remain fixed with us, long after the years have erased from our minds the multitude of details which have accompanied this year. They have handed down to us a vast store of the fruits of their experiences, and have thus enriched our training to an immeasurable For the patience and kindly interest with which our masters and instructors have met our many mistakes and short-comings, and for the untiring efforts which they have put forth on our behalf, we owe them a great debt of gratitude.

The theoretical and academic parts of our teacher-training we received in this building; to the model schools and the critic teachers we owe our practical experience and training. It is these men and women who are responsible for a great portion of the learning and confidence with which we shall enter our own schools in September. It is they who have pains-takingly criticised, suggested, and carefully guided us into those paths which their experience has shown best. To these, then, I wish to express the sincere thanks and appreciation of each and every student.

Most precious to us in years to come will be the memory of those with whom we meet as a class to-night, for the last time. There are faces which we have learned to love, characters and personalities which will retain their vividness and beauty despite the advance of oncoming time. A spirit of wholesome fellowship has manifested itself in every department of our school life. In our lecture groups, in our Literary Society, in our social activities, and on the playground, we have found that indefinite but beautiful something which has cast a radiant loveliness over the whole term. We have formed friendships here which will always be dear to us. There are friends whose memories are interwoven with the many happy memories which we carry from this school.

It is indeed with regret that we close behind us the portal of this term. But the sun of the future is shining upon our faces. There is a challenge there; it is for us to meet it boldly! With courage, let us accept that challenge, going forth to whatever experiences our profession may bring, and to the broader experiences of life, carrying in our hearts the high hope and courage with which this year in North Bay Normal School has inspired us.

Students of North Bay Normal School 1930 - 1931

FIRST CLASS

- 1. Fitzpatrick, Mary (Sr. Alphonsa), Mount St. Joseph, Peterboro, Ont.
- 2. Barlow, Phyllis J., 170 King St. West, North Bay, Ont.
- 3. Dube, Anna M., Blind River, Ont.
- 4. Doherty, Roberta P., 34 Summit Ave., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
- 5. Duxfield, Catherine H., 69 First Ave., Schumacher, Ont.
- 6. Eoll, Doris I, 339 N. Marks St., Fort William, Ont.
- 7. Fountain, Sylvia, 16 Ferris Ave., Sault Ste. Marie.
- 8. Frayn, Bernice A., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., R.R. No. 2.
- 9. Gustavson, Esther M., 120 S. Norah St., Fort William, Ont.
- 10. Hagerty, Bessie A., 31 Crown St., Port Arthur, Ont.
- 11. Haldenby, Iola L., R.R. No. 1, Echo Bay, Ont.
- 12. Halme, Lemmitty T., Box 8, Nipigon, Ont.
- 13. Higgins, Ruth E., 505 N. Brodie St., Fort William.
- 14. Hines, Doris I., Etwell, Muskoka, Ont.
- 15. Johnston, Annie M., Mindemoya, Ont.
- 16. MacLean, Jessie D., Capreol, Ont.
- 17. MacLeay, Christina, 113 S. Harold St., Fort William.
- 18. McArthur, Hazel M., 281 College St., Port Arthur.
- 19. Martin, Esther M., Bruce Mines, Ont.
- 20. Murray, Rachel E., Powassan, Ont.
- 21. Pelletier, Evelyn, 223 S. Archibald St., Fort William.
- 22. Rainville, Genevieve M. A., 72 Jane St., North Bay, Ont.
- 23. Rapsey, Valerie L., South Porcupine, Ont.
- 24. Reid, Marion J. W., Cochran,e Ont.
- 25. Rowe, Margaret F, 304 Main St. W., North Bay, Ont.
- 26. Sandberg, Tillie, Murillo, Ont.
- 27. Saunders, Glayds E., 64 Ontario St., Port Arthur.
- 28. Skinner, Dorothea E., R.R. 1, Bracebridge.
- 29. Sullivan, Helen P., Sturgeon Falls, Ont.
- 30. Tait, Kathleen E., McKellar, Ont.
- 31. Taylor, Dorothy M., Box 1446, Timmins, Ont.
- 32. Telfer, Mary E., 38 Summit Ave., Port Arthur, Ont.
- 33. Thibaudeau, Ellen, 221 N. Syndicate Ave., Fort William, Ont.
- 34. Vellis, Ethel, Box 835, Cobalt, Ont.
- 35. Watts, Gladys L., 396, Ambrose St., Port Arthur, Ont.
- 36. Wilson, Kathleen F., Huntsville, Ont.
- 37. Allison, Albert E., Box 294, Kenora, Ont.
- 38. Corner, Edward E., 539 Prince Arthur Blvd., Fort William.
- 39. Deacon, Thomas J., Espanola, Ont.
- 40. Griffith, Harold A., Gore Bay, Ont.

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- 41. Lowcock, John S., 386 Ambrose St., Port Arthur.
- 42. Low, Kenneth H., 315 1st St., Ft. Frances, Ont.
- 43. Miller, Geo. H., Box 758, Ft. Frances, Ont.
- 44. Steele, Robert R., 228 Third St., Fort Frances, Ont.
- 45. Stesco, John, Cobalt, Ont., Box 876.
- 46. Winter, Ernest H., Huntsville, Ont.
- 46A. Reed, Hilda E., 818 Wellington E., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

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- 47. Joyce Marguerite (Sr. St. Romuald), Mt. St. Joseph, Peterboro, Ont.
- 48. Meade, Teresa (Sr. St. Jerome), Mt. St. Joseph, Peterboro, Ont.
- 49. Barnabe, Mary J. J. (Sr. M. St. Barnabe), Fort Frances, Ont.
- 50. Martin, Ella (Sr. M. St. Laura), Fort Frances, Ont.
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- 56. Beley, Sarah A., Rosseau, Ont.
- 57. Borsani, Rose M., 326 Ambrose St, Port Arthur.
- 58. Buglehole, Ivy, Box 87, Haileybury, Ont.
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- 60. Campbell, Keitha M., Massey, Ont.
- 61. Campsall, Vivian C., New Liskeard, Ont.
- 62. Chapman, Violet M., Batchawand, Ont.
- 63. Chicoine, Alice M., 1371/2 Simpson St., Fort William.
- 64. Clargo, Vina, R.R. No. 1, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
- 65. Clark, Flora R., Battersea, Ont., R.R. No. 1.
- 66. Collins, Muriel M., Echo Bay, Ont.
- 67. Comerford, Teresa C., Wingle, Ont.
- 68. Crockford, Thelma M., Thessalon, Ont.
- 69. Crofts, Kathleen V., Lochlin, Ont.
- 70. Dingwall, Alice G., Berwick, Ont.
- 71. Donald, Viola E., Falkenburg, R.R. No. 1, Muskoka, Ont.
- 72. Dorland, Deane H., 49 Glasgow St., Guelph, Ont.
- 73. Dougherty, Elizabeth I., Gore Bay, Ont.
- 74. Drury, Margaret E., 753 Wellington St., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
- 75. Ferris, Angeline, 92 Second St., Port Arthur, Ont.
- 76. Finch, Iva P., Manitowaning, Ont.
- 77. Fink, Antoinette, Mattawa, Ont.
- 78. Foy, Marie J. A., Tramore, Ont.
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- 80. Fremlin, Nora L., Bar River, Ont.
- 81. Gibbs, Florence A, Gore Bay, Ont.
- 82. Glancey, Clara M., Bruce Mines, Ont.
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- 86. Hall, Alice M., 9 O'Connor St., Sudbury, Ont.
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- 90. Herod, Eva G., Box 745, New Liskeard, Ont.
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- 114. McKenzie, Anna G., Fort Frances, Ont.
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- 117. McMorran, Gladys M., Paisley, Ont.
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- 119. Malone, Mary M., Kirkland Lake, Ont.
- 120. Mann, Johan E., Kearney, Ont.
- 121. Martinsen, Agnes M., Keewatin, Ont.
- 122. Matheson, Queenie M., Chapleau, Ont.
- 123. Menzies, Hilda I., Espanola, Ont.
- 124. Message, Ethel D., Schreiber, Ont.
- 125. Miller, Hazel M., Wilberforce, Ont.
- 126. Montgomery, Helen M., Box 98, Copper Cliff, Ont.
- 127. Moreau, Gloria, 341 Northland Rd., Sault Ste. Marie.
- 128. Moss, Edna M., 25 Fir Lane, Sudbury, Ont.
- 129. Muddiman, Helen L., Beaumaris, Ont.
- 130. Neil, Francis I., Feversham, Ont.
- 131. Nisbett, Naomi R., South River, Ont.
- 132. Pace, Myra V., R.R. No. 1, Bruce Mines, Ont.
- 133. Penson, Arline, R.R. No. 6, New Liskeard, Ont.
- 134. Peterman, Lena M., Box 158, Kenora, Ont.
- 135. Pretty, Inez A., Emo, Ont.
- 136. Purdon, Vivian A., Powassan, Ont.
- 137. Radbourne, Dorothy K., Emo, Ont., Box 43.
- 139. Regan, Catherine M., 32 Bloor St., Sudbury, Ont.
- 140. Robertson, Lydia J., Keewatin, Ont.
- 141. Robinson, Charlotte D., Emo, Ont.

142. Sagle, Mary V., Little Current, Ont.

143. Searle, Erma V., Keewatin, Ont.

144. Shannon, Edith F., Callander, Ont.

145. Sheffield, Helen L., Nicholson, Ont.

146. Simpkin, Lillian D., Englehart, Ont. 147. Stewart, Joan C., Schreiber, Ont.

148. Taylor, Marjorie E., Kenora, Ont. 149. Teskey, Pansy A., Box 56, Orillia, Ont. 150. Watson, Margaret E., Sandfield, Ont.

151. White, Margaret, Bruce Mines, Ont.

152. Willis, Bertha W., Little Current, Ont. 153. Wright, Elsie E., Glen Orchard, Muskoka, Ont.

154. Bilz, Oscar H., Sprucedale, Ont.

155. Francey, Wilfred E., Huntsville, Ont.

156. Getz, John H., Killaloe, Ont.

157. Gibson, Ralph T., Chapleau, Ont. 158. Grace, Charles N., 45 Grosvenor Ave., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

159. Mullin, Matthias G., Cormac, Ont.

160. Sedgwick, Rowland P., Gelert, Ont.

161. Thoms, Lorne M., 8 Princess St., North Bay, Ont.

162. Wagg, Wilfred W., Mindemoya, Ont.

163. Wright, Kenneth T., Parry Sound, Ont. 164. Rickaby, Dougald R., Blind River, Ont.



AUTOGRAPHS

I do beseech thee, Chiefly that I may set thee in my prayers, What is thy name?

AUTOGRAPHS