

The

TWENTIETH ANNUAL YEAR BOOK

Published by the

STUDENTS OF NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL JUNE, 1932

«»

Forsitan et haec 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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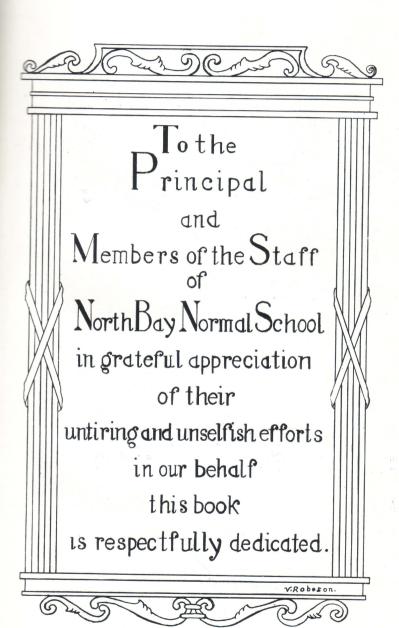


NORMAL SCHOOL STAFF

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

	Principal: Geometry, Arithmetic, Science of Education.
H. E. RICKER, M.A., B.PAED	Master: Science, Agriculture, Nature Study, Hygiene.
	Master: Literature and Reading, History, Spelling, Advanced English.
	Master: School Management, Grammar, Pri- mary Reading, Physical Training, History
F. S. RIVERS, B.A., B.PAED	Master: Geography, Composition, Algebra.
C. Ramsay	Instructor: Art.
J. E. Chambers	Instructor: Manual Training, Writing.
H. L. Bamford	Instructor: Music.
Miss E. Preston	Instructor: Household Science.
MISS K. McCubbin	Secretary and Librarian.





HE class of 1932 is about to leave the familiar haunts of the past year and we cannot let them go without a final word of warning and advice.

Your lot was cast here during one of the most severe depressions which the world has ever seen. You have heard much of this, and have experienced a little of it, but, so far, you have not been seriously affected. You, no doubt, have had a little less money to spend and a little better chance to know and appreciate the self-sacrifice of your parents in making it possible for you to spend the year at the Normal School.

Quite a number of you would not have been at our school if times had been better. Thus you may yet realize that it is not an unmixed evil. You have learned to live a little more simply and appraise things at a truer value to see that what is of true value in the mental field comes, not by chance, but as a result of honest, true and conscientious work.

We know that this young Canada of ours furnishes splendid opportunities for those who are willing to work and who see clearly the value and need of thorough preparation. In no other line of work is this more true than in the work for which you have been preparing. You go forth with the firm desire to do the best for your schools. This can be done only by continuing to be students, ever preparing for advancement in your profession. Thus your personal interests and the welfare of the school are closely linked together.

Go forward then, with courage and confidence. You have done well—may you do better! May the future hold many good things for you! You have had the help of the entire staff, who will continue to view your work with interest and genuine sympathy.

-J. C. NORRIS.





EDITORIAL STAFF

Back Row—M. Armstrong, H. Dalzell, Business Manager; R. Surtees, J. Cowley, Business Manager; I. Robertson.

Front Row—J. Holling, H. E. Ricker, M.A., Advisory Manager; Miss G. Morgan, B.A., Advisory Editor; C. MacDonald, Editor; P. Smith.

Editorial

Clark MacDonald (Editor).

E came into The North Bay Normal School in the fall of 1931, as people entering a strange new world. In most cases, our only companion was our room-mate, and the others were just members of the vast crowd, assembled from all points of Ontario.

As days went on our friendship with those next to us became firmly cemented, and, as the water of capillarity rises through the fine clay particles of soil, so has our friendship slowly seeped throughout the student body. Each day brought some new friend, and, in our work and play together, we have learned to love each other.

Time has slipped by, and now friends must part. This year has been a happy one for all of us, and, lest its joys slip from the memory in years to come, may we turn to the pages of this book for many hours of pleasant reminiscence.

Let us then accept this volume as our annal of 1931-32, to be cherished in the future as the history of our Normal School career.



THE EXECUTIVE OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY (Fall Term)

Back Row-J. Holling, T. Boyle, M. King, I. Stewart, J. Miller, H. Watts. Middle Row-R. Dunn, Secretary; C. McNeill, A. Snider, Treasurer; C. Cook, G. Boice.

Front Row-P. Smith, H. Dalzell, Vice-President; K. Johnson, President; L. Hunt, Vice-President; H. Warner, Secretary.

The Literary Society K. Johnson, M. Miller—Presidents.

HE Normal School year draws to a close and we look forward to the last day with feelings of both sorrow and pleasure. During the year at Normal School, real friendships have sprung up, and true fellowship among the students has prevailed. Playing a most important part in fostering this spirit is the Literary Society.

For the first few weeks of Normal School life, we were practically strangers in a new world. With the inauguration of the Literary Society, the feelings of the immigrant disappeared, and we passed through a welcome door to join in a common pleasure.

It has been the ideal of both executives to present programmes that would give us inspirations, leave pleasant memories, and raise our standard of literary taste. In this we believe success has been achieved. Their policy has been to have as many students as possible take part in the meetings, and, it would be safe to say by the time the year closes, there will not be a student who has not

appeared on the stage in some rôle.

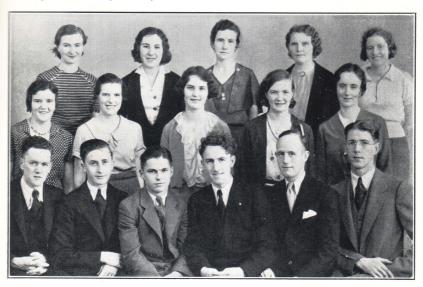
The Literary Society is not formed for the sake of mere pleasure, but it is an integral part of the training of a teacher. Most of us will teach in rural sections, and will be expected to conduct business meetings, prepare and present concerts, and to take part in many other social obligations, as well as teach school. The Literary Society is a means whereby we may prepare ourselves for these extra duties, for they are our duties. Thus, we feel that our Society has been a most important part of our training as future teachers.

Holding an enviable position among the varied numbers of the programmes

of the past year were the two plays, by Groups I and II. These plays were of the highest calibre, and served to show just how much can be accomplished by amateur actors. The Glee Club has provided many beautiful numbers, and on one occasion, gave the entire programme. The Community Singing was another great source of pleasure. The addresses on Current Events kept us in close

contact with important affairs of the world at large.

To the members of the Normal School teaching staff we extend our deepest gratitude for all the assistance they have given the Society. They have been behind us in all our enterprises, and in every way have been true friends. Through the fine co-operation between the Faculty and the student body, the success of the Society was made possible. May we prove ourselves worthy of this success, and pass on to others the knowledge and inspirations we have received through the Literary Society.



EXECUTIVE OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY (Spring Term)

Back Row-M. Armstrong, E. M. White, I. Lang, K. Smith, E. Doonan. Middle Row-T. Carroll, A. Williams, M. Miller, President; M. Fraser, Secretary; M. Tulloch.

Front Row—A. Snider, E. Malyon, Vice-President; J. Williamson, E. Haldorsen, W. Griffis, Vice-President; J. Lothian, Secretary.

I Love New Things

Jessie Holling.

HAVE always loved new things. New books fascinate me. I experience little thrills of delight when the crack of the dried glue assures me that I am the first to know the secrets of its pages. I love to go through new houses which still smell of drying plaster and freshly-painted woodwork.

I love the courage and strength of a brave new tree as it sways, undaunted, before the blast. Such courage and strength are the rare gifts from Nature to

all things new, and the rightful heritage of Youth itself.

A new moon is a thing of loveliness. How it must long to commune with the new things of this world when they whisper together, singing a new song which will make even old things new in their hearts.

Messages from our Religious Instructors

HEN one comes to the end of one course and is about to embark on a new course, there is one important question which must be answered. What is your goal? What are you after in life? What is your ruling ambition? That question will be answered by each one not in abstract terms, not on examination papers in writing, but in the concrete choices and actions which make up life. Some there be who when they see what money can buy and do and command, make the gaining of wealth their chief purpose and have to live to learn that there are great areas of life untouched by money and nothing so starves the soul as the prodigality of gold. Others catch a snatch of Long-fellow's song of greatness—

"The heights by great men reached and kept were not attained by sudden flight, But they, while their companions slept, were toiling upward in the night."

—and they give themselves to climb the heights of greatness by steady, persistent effort, only to find those heights clothed in the cold snows of loneliness and misunderstanding. Others catch a glimpse of the phantom of pleasure and pursue it only to learn with Burns that

"Pleasures are like poppies spread, You clasp the flower, the bloom is dead; Or like the snow-flake on the river, One moment white, then gone forever."

Suppose as you start out on your new course you turn to the Great Teacher of life and ask what constitutes true greatness. "He that would be great, let him serve, and he that would be chiefest, let him be servant of all." Man at his best is a servant. He rises as he stoops to serve. He reaches greatness through willingness to serve. God blesses all who seek that goal.

REV. G. S. EASTON, St. Andrew's United Church.

IFE is a varied experience. We pass from stage to stage; yet every stage contributes lasting quality to the whole. We do well to remember that learning leads to teaching and teaching to learning. All good things recur.

One other counsel. In all your teaching, know that to sit at the feet of the Master Teacher Jesus is to choose the best part.

F. J. BAINE.

Trinity United Church.

UR Ontario Education Act calls for this period of Normal Training as the minimum qualification for teaching the youth in our Schools. By the necessities of classroom problems and your own volition you may move toward a maximum.

It will be in order to remind you that exalted character is also a highly desirable characteristic for teachers of youth. It is necessary that "each intellectual ship shall be equipped with a moral rudder". Someone reported that after the close of the Loeb-Leopold trial the prosecuting attorney said, "The trouble with those boys was that they had education without God". Jesus Christ is still a great Pilot for teacher and scholar.

May you and they find this guidance and may choice success attend you.

REV. P. C. REED,
First Baptist Church.

HAT the many fine young men and women who have been students at the Normal School this year may go from here with happy memories, and with hearts and minds inspired to be the brave and wise leaders we believe them capable of becoming, is our sincere hope. May they all remember that one thing required of a leader is, that he be at his best when others are at their worst; and that when things are going wrong, it is his duty to be wise enough and strong enough to make them go right again: to measure up to this responsibility a leader must know where real wisdom and unfailing strength are to be found. So many of this year's students have shown that they realize that wisdom and strength come through following Jesus Christ, that their friends have great confidence in them.

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

HE reason why so many students make a failure of life is because they do not start right. The word educate is from the Latin word which means to draw out. Therefore to be truly educated is to be fully or truly drawn out

or developed.

Therefore happiness and usefulness are the flower and fruit of purity and goodness. Knowledge is power; character is greater power. It is your duty to the world, to yourselves, to God, to be powerful in every form of virtue and holy activity. "Keep your hearts with all diligence, for out of them are the issues of life." You have been called to a kingdom of influence and obligation for such a time as this, a time of need, of boundless privilege, of opportunity for the highest and most enduring stewards.

J. M. McCURLIE, North Bay Presbyterian Church.

THAT a faithful Lord may bountifully provide you with strength for the tasks of life, courage for its trials, guidance for its problems, and joy in its results, is the sincere and heartfelt wish of NORMAN C. KRITSCH,

Pastor of the Lutheran Church.

The Cross - Roads

Richard H. Dunn.

Our life begins in earnest now, Our boyhood days are done, And we should start to justify This life, which we've begun.

We'll miss a lot of former friends Who know us now so well; We'll miss the talking in the halls, We'll miss the tardy bell.

We'll realize the best we learned Was not in books of rule; We'll realize just what it is To love and leave a school.

And even when the years to be
Have hidden this one from view
Fond memory will take us back
To the days we spent with you.



GROUP I. (A)

Back Row—A. Campbell, A. Hedman, V. Aubert, M. Fraser, J. DesLoges, G. Buchanan.

Middle Row—E. Clement, L. Coulter, M. Davis, H. Brown, J. Gray, D. Armstrong, V. Gauthier.

Front Row—M. Armstrong, A. Herrem, I. Curry, G. Goheen, D. Cushway, E. Dougherty.

Group 1

Mary Armstrong.

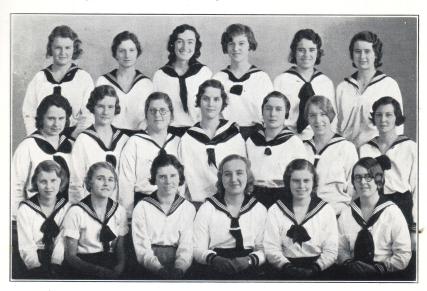
LIFT my pen to write the name of Group I, who merit all their fame. We're proud of our group, and why shouldn't we be, we are forty-four strong as you plainly can see!

At the din of the gong, Group I strolls in, they lift bright faces and lessons begin. Here I must tell you how our fame grows with Masters amazed at all that we know. Of Arithmetic skill you could never complain, Mr. Norris admits that we work might and main. From Arithmetic to Mr. Rivers next we turn, where answers to questions of all sorts we learn; the causes of moon, of sun and of rain which information cannot be in vain. Miss Morgan soothes nerves with her knowledge tree and fairies the same as the Irish see. Now up the stairs and with interest feel the fishing stories of Mr. Neale. After all these hard lessons Mr. Ricker takes pains to take us all out in the sun and the rain; "What for?" "Why to garden!" you hear him explain.

Enough of our work, now turn to our play, there are three, four or five who are leading the way. The Lang girls and Jean out sing all the rest, while our orators both Margarets can rank with the best. For the others I'm at a loss what to say, but each does her best in her own sweet way. Now speaking of sports that good Group I have about clamped their teeth on the basketball fun.

Enough, enough, my pen has run low but I must whisper this to you ere I go. If you want any specimens, just drop in and we'll fix you up with either short, fat, tall or thin. From little Dot Cushway to Elva so tall, we specialize in sizes that ought to suit all.

We're the healthiest group and the thoughtfullest too, as we take cake to the Masters to help us get through. Above you have read of this marvellous group with our fun and our dumbness mixed like vegetable soup. Now as you have come to the close of our rhyme, we hope, that in days to come, you may have time to gaze on our faces and laugh at this line.



GROUP I. (B)

Back Row-M. McCormick, F. Lang, E. Kennett, H. Hurst, M. King, M. Martin. Middle Row-E. M. McCormack, L. Lang, J. Miller, M. Miller, R. Kruger, J. Morrison, K. Hunter.

Front Row—H. Langila, R. Morrison, M. O'Grady, H. McKinnon, M. Lowcock, M. Logan.



Miss Aubert: "I see your boy friend has a new suit." Miss Boyle: "No, he hasn't." Miss Aubert: "Well, something's different." Miss Boyle: "It's a new boy friend."



Noel's Studio was gracefully decorated with pictures of Normalites.

We Normalites were as proud as punch.

Then, in a conspicuous position, we read the placard: "WE PHOTOGRAPH ANYTHING."

Now, we are wondering.



GROUP I. (C)

Back Row—E. Paul, M. Taylor, D. Thrasher, J. Semple, M. Tulloch, S. Stevens. Middle Row—I. Robertson, E. Pearson, M. White, O. O'Neill, M. Stewart, B. Shapton, I. Stewart.

Front Row-D. Paul, N. Rainey, A. Wynn, D. Schonhorn, V. Walden, O. Vincent.

Solitude

Grace A. Goheen.

In the midst of the cares of this world, dear,
In the midst of the hustle and din,
Shall we not to some lone spot retire, dear,
That the battle of life we may win.

It is not to the swift that the race is, Nor yet to the strong ones, you know; But 'tis he who is always courageous Who is never bow'd down by a foe.

Let us go to a nook in the woodland,
Or perchance to some stream in the dell,
Or alongside a gay, splashing fountain;
On the goodness of God let us dwell.



Remember—If you are in the right you can afford to keep your temper; if you are in the wrong, you cannot afford to lose it.

T the opening of the school year, the large attendance necessitated the appointment of another Master to the Normal School staff, and Mr. Rivers was the happy choice of the Department of Education. As it was impossible for him to assume his duties before November, Mrs. Skuce was appointed for the month of October. Mr. Rivers came here from Owen Sound, where he had taught in the Collegiate Institute and in the public schools as Principal of Victoria Public School. His fame preceded him, for rumour told of his ability and of the high esteem in which he was held in Owen Sound. This rumour proved true. Mr. Rivers has more than justified the wisdom of the Department of Education in their selection. In class-room, in sports and in all phases of student activity, Mr. Rivers has made his presence felt and has won golden opinions from all, both staff and students.

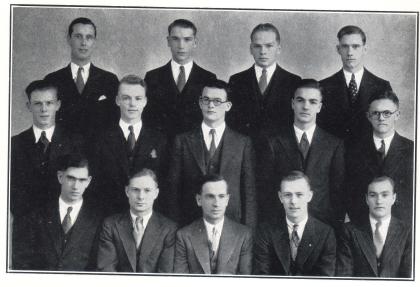


Mr. F. S. Rivers, B.A., B.Paed.

Mr. Rivers is a graduate of Victoria College, University of Toronto. In his final year he gained the much-coveted Prince of Wales Medal for General Proficiency. In addition to his degree in Arts, he holds a degree in pedagogy and was honoured by being granted a scholarship for a year's study in Edinburgh University. North Bay Normal School is fortunate in having Mr. Rivers on its staff.



SPRING LANDSCAPE
(Photographed from blackboard drawing by Mr. Ramsay)



GROUP II. (A)

Back Row—C. Cook, D. Locking, A. Knight, R. Ison.

Middle Row—R. Broadbent, T. Lothian, C. MacDonald, H. Antoniak, J. Burns

Front Row—B. Horne, R. Dunn, A. Harkins, H. Dalzell, L. Collum.

Dumb-Bells A History of Group 2

James L. Williamson.

HIS being a history, we must connect a date to it; because, of course, you never heard of any history without at least one date. Let us take 1931–32. Here are two of the most memorable dates in history, not because Mahatma was put in jail, nor of Japan's invasion of China (without war), but because it was in this school year that the greatest number of dumb students ever seen together, were collected in one Normal School group.

We are misunderstood. We aren't actually dumb, just silent. In fact we have distinguished ourselves by a most profound silence. We are indeed Socratic in our speech, perchance in our teaching and thinking also.

The false accusation that we were shirking in Literary Society was brought against us. When the grand reckoning came, we were able to prove that we had had more people on the stage than any other group; and twice as many as one, which shall be spared here.

In physical training, spelling, and teaching, we displayed our advantage by heading the list. Still we are branded, nay, we claim, and glory in it—"We are dumb group II, the dumbest in history."



GROUP II. (B)

Back Row—W. Trotter, A. McKay, A. Petch, M. Schachter, C. Charron. Middle Row—E. Morgan, R. Poppleton, R. Whiteley, G. Thayer. Front Row—J. Williamson, J. Morton, W. Sheridan, R. McKee.



VALENTINE DANCE BY GIRLS OF GROUP II. (And Leap Year too!)



GROUP III. (A)

Back Row—Corinne Bourret, Leila Bresee, Marjorie Bradshaw, Tomasina Boyle,
Dorothy Axcell, Eva Campbell.
Middle Row—Anna Angus, Ella Annesley, Winnifred Campbell, Thelma Carroll,
Jean Anderson, Frances Charbonneau.

Front Row-Beth Broughton, Edith Burtch, Minerva Bannerman, Sperata Chaput, Bessie Beatie.

Group 3

D. Axcell, E. Beatty.

E, the first group of the Fresh Seconds, represent the letters A to K, inclusive—fifty feminine beings who personify Ambition, Brilliancy, Courtesy, Diligence, Energy, Friendliness, Graciousness, Happiness, Impressiveness, Joyousness and Kindness—what an array of Charm!

We, another of our virtues, often aid lost ones in regaining their bearings —they have only to listen to know where we are.

We can plant onions, even though the rows are crooked. We regret to say, however, that we cannot work that needle on the projection lantern. Try it yourself and see how you make out!

We illustrate to Mr. Norris, in Arithmetic classes, that "everything comes to him that waits". We, after arriving, give answers quite out of the ordinary. I mean the time when one of our star students was asked to write a number of five digits. She wrote twelve thousand, three hundred, forty-five. When told to read it, she said, "One, two three, four, five".

We often surprise Mr. Rivers by our naiveté in Composition periods. I'm referring to his saying, "What is the topic of your composition?", and receiving the answer "Shopping—from the point of view of a lady who has no money", to which he replied, "But don't all women shop that way?"

We are very agreeable in Literature periods. Strange to say, this often hinders instead of helping Miss Morgan in developing the points of her lecture. I'm recalling the lecture on "Recency in Memorization".

"You can remember what you had for breakfast today?" she asked.

"Yes," we replied, as a body.

"You can remember what you had for dinner yesterday?"

"Yes," we replied, again.

"But can you remember what you had for supper last Sunday?"

Without a moment's hesitation, we again replied, "Yes".

We, with righteous pride, might remind you that our teams in basket-ball, soft-ball, volley-ball and tennis can more than hold their own against any in our "dear old Normal School".

We, although aching to tell you more, must leave you here, but, first, let us extend the very best wishes of success to all our fellow teachers-in-training.



Mr. Ricker (to Group IV): "Would you like to work in the garden this period?"

Group IV (in one voice): "Yes, sir."

Mr. Ricker: "I think you have made a wise decision; the boys are having their singing test today."



GROUP III. (B)

Back Row-Lillian Cryderman, Mildred Dean, Eva Earl, Stella Foley, Ethel Edgecumbe, Maisie Cluff.

Middle Row—Elsie MacMillian, Maida Elliot, Laura DeLong, Ruby Cook, Gladys Foley, Ann Davis.

Front Row-Zita Bowers, Millie Dickout, Thelma Eno, Everest Doonan, Lois Fisher, Audrey Flavelle.



GROUP III. (C)

Back Row—M. Harkness, A. Gibbs, D. Frisby, C. Gordon, M. Hinchliffe. Middle Row—D. Imerson, L. Harvey, L. Joy, H. Humphries, C. Kerwin, N. Jones. Front Row—H. Koivula, G. Gough, J. Holling, M. Harvey, C. Hopcroft.

Passing

Ethel Edgecumbe.

The ember glow of the year is dead, And the white-ash of the snow is spread O'er the ghost of the days which are fled.

Hoarse moans the wind through the leafless trees Where sighed the breath of the summer breeze, And the mists hang heavy upon the lees.

Tis evensong, and the ebb and flow Of summer voices is faint and low; As the echo we hear with the sunset glow.



Phyllis K. Smith.

Sailing along on a snowflake, Hugging the point of a star, Dodging and twisting and turning, Pushed hither and thithe: 30 far.

Sliding and slipping on moonbeams, Laughing and shouting with glee. Oh! you who are snuggled in pillows, Come, take a journey with me.

Mattawa

Sperata Chaput.

ATTAWA means "The Meeting of the Waters", and the name is quite appropriate, because the town that bears it is situated at the junction of the Mattawa and Ottawa rivers. There is magic in the word for the one who has spent his early years of life in the shadow of the Laurentians that partly surround the little town. To appreciate the beauty of it, one must be absent for some time; otherwise, hearts crave for busier places and eyes forever turn toward new horizons, where they miss all that Nature placed there to soothe the world-weary and to gladden the eye of the artist.

People flock to art salons to view, and perhaps rejoice over, some masterpiece worked by the hand of man. I can smile at that for here, in Mattawa, at every sunset, the western sky offers a spectacle unrivalled by artist hand. The colours of the rainbow appear, and mingle as the sun's fiery chariot goes dropping down behind the pines. The church upon the hill, whose twin spires perpetually point toward heaven, seems clearly etched against the sky and is bathed in a roseate glow. The fading sun casts its reflection across the river, changing it into a path of molten gold.

As in a vision, one lovely scene is followed by another. When day has drawn its curtains and the stars appear, one by one, the moon rises and peeps over the mountain, shedding a silvery light over the town, making it like a place in fairyland. Somehow, the moonlight, accompanied by the lullaby of the rapids, soothes the heart that is lonely and makes a person feel there is no place like Mattawa.

With its beauty, Mattawa is the romance of history. It is the belief that Champlain once navigated the Mattawa river on his way down the Ottawa. Perhaps the place that marks the meeting of the waters was once the camping ground of that famous explorer. Perhaps his camp-fire gleamed there through the darkness like a beacon heralding the advent of civilization. At night, standing on the bridge that spans the Mattawa river, I have only to close my eyes to see a camp-fire, a sombre-faced man beside it studying a chart; and Indians with plumed head-dress pressing closer to get a glimpse of the intrepid explorer. All dream that, but is life not made up of dreams?

When Autumn comes, Nature is very lavish, and paints the mountains with the brightest colours on her palette. Green, yellow and red make them one blaze of colour, and tempt people to visit here and walk beneath their stately trees. The town has been said to be "The Gate to the Sportsman's Paradise". No doubt the one who said that knew it as we do. When our trees have been decorated, then it is the time when the sportsmen betake themselves to the hunting grounds, and Mattawa seems to be a general meeting place.

I cannot put here all the things that make the town dear to the hearts of the people who know it. Sometimes, when I hear the whip-poor-will calling upon the mountain side, I wonder if it is not inviting those who are far away to come and see what has been given to them. All the beauties of this world, from the tiniest of flowers to the most gorgeous of sunsets, are gifts of God to us and yet we go hurrying through this life, some seeking fame, other fortune, not pausing to notice, and so to appreciate, these gifts of gifts.



There never was a day that did not bring its opportunities for doing good that never could have been done before and never can be again.

Group 4 Epochs in Our History

Clare McDonnell.

OR nigh a year the exuberant laughter of Group Four has echoed down the vast corridors of the "Great Hall of Learning". Our members see no cloud without a silver lining. As the Normal year ends, and we gaze through the prism of life, rays of hope, of faith and of fellowship outshine all others.

We are a group of cheerful, amiable, generous and punctual girls. Nor is our scholastic merit less note-worthy as the mid-year reports of our teaching record revealed. Both the musical and literary talent of our group contributed much to the Literary programmes, while our issue of "The Normalite" has been accorded high standing. In physical training also, we received favourable comments from Colonel MacCrimmon.

We do not smoulder but flare, and burst into tongues of flame through our numerous red-heads, not of the woodpecker species—though Mr. Ricker is very interested in them. Our willing, pleasant discussions have won the approval and appreciation of all our masters. In our minds lie the "Matter" and in our personalities the "Method". We have learned to sew, cook, saw and smile; yes, smile, even when our Art is displayed.

We have put forth our best efforts, paid our board and left the shows unseen. Group Four will not fail.



GROUP IV. (A)

Back Row—E. MacDonald, H. Madigan, E. Locker, A. Madill, E. McQuarrie, H. McMonagle.

Middle Row—L. May, A. Montgomery, M. Little, O. Mitchell, A. Matthews, C. McDonnell.

Front Row—M. Marcotte, J. Macfarlane, I. Lahti, M. Merrylees, J. Lyons.



GROUP IV. (B)

Back Row—F. Radke, D. Porter, D. Ross, G. Peel L. Nicholson, G. Ross. Middle row—M. Moore, G. Owens, V. Pollock J. Robertson, E. Pickering, D. Purdy. Front Row—J. Munroe, E. Reid, V. Morin, J. Orr, E. Nelson.



GROUP IV. (C)

Back Row—H. Sigurdson, D. Stewardson, E. Trotter, V. Stubbings, C. Tees, I. White. Middle Row—J. Scott, H. Warner, H. Watts, H. Taggart, K. Smith, K. Wallace. Front Row—C. Steele, E. M. White, R. Smith, M. Tuck, P. Smith.

Muskoka

Allen Knight.

AY the word softly, say it slowly! What word could a poet use which would be more significant and expressive of peace than the word "Muskoka"? In the pioneer days of our Dominion, a society lady in London, on hearing the word "Muskoka", was heard to exclaim, "What a beautiful name! How peaceful it sounds!" The name was given by the Indians, meaning "Land of Clear Skies and Many Waters". I think that we might safely assume that the reason for the poetic effect of the word lies in the fact that it is of Indian origin. The names of many places in our Dominion are a tribute to a vanishing race. We hope that when our body dies, our soul will still live. Likewise, let us hope that this race, even though it should become extinct, will be remembered through the names of places in our country.

Like many other parts of Canada, Muskoka has a history which is no less interesting than that of better known places—though different. There is one kind of history which tells of the glamour of Indian warfare and civil strife. There is another kind which tells of the adventurous life of the coureur de bois, with his flashing paddle and plunging craft. But there is also the story of the settler with axe and plough—a story of poverty and privation, of hardships and miseries. Not only does this type of history give more pleasure to the reader, but it is of far greater importance.

Until seventy years ago, Muskoka was almost a forest, broken only by a few barren rocks and by its innumerable lakes and rivers, and known only to Indians and a few traders. Then it was advertised as the "Free Grant Land". Settlers of all classes swarmed into the District like bees into a hive. Among these settlers we find many Old Country people, whose knowledge of farming was extremely limited. Many settled on land that should never have been opened up for settlement. The results are evident as you drive along Muskoka roads today. Here you see a small clearing and a dilapidated old shack. Inspect the ruins more closely and you may find a lonely grave. Involuntarily one bares his head, for here the anguish of poverty was augmented by the death of a loved one.

Following closely upon the heels of the settler came the lumberman, bent on filling his pockets regardless of the harm he was inflicting upon those who would be trying to eke out a living from the soil fifty years later. So great was the cut of timber that the forests became exhausted. Nature's beauty was sacrificed by man's lust for wealth.

I hope that I have not given the impression that Muskoka is a land of pine stumps and tangled brush. Nature has decorated her with a new coat which is more beautiful than her previous one. As we scan the horizon of the District today, we are attracted, not by the lofty pine, but by the majestic maple.

The Muskoka Lakes, seven in number, are navigated by several large steamers during the summer months. Starting from Gravenhurst at seven o'clock in the morning, the largest of these steamers, the Sagamo, makes a one hundred-mile cruise of four of the largest lakes. The route of this cruise passes through the Garden of Muskoka scenery. Everywhere you see countless islands and miles of shoreland, thickly wooded with maple and pine.

The weak and the strong, the weary and the bright, all come to Muskoka for

happiness and health. The cool fresh air, the calm lakes and rushing river, the pure soft water and clear blue skies all contribute towards making Muskoka the tourist centre which it is today. One day in seven was set aside for rest, so it was that one part of the earth was set aside for the same purpose. Well might the poet sing:

"Land of the forest and lake, Land of the rushing river, "Our prayers shall rise for thy dear sake, Forever and forever."



It Sticks

Elva M. Kennett.

Of all the great inventions
That ever came about,
There is one thing at the Normal
Which we could not do without.
It's the friend of every Normalite,
And I assure you t'would take ages
Just to tell you half its virtues;
Why, I'd need a hundred pages.

It helped us make our Reading Charts,
It mounts most all our pictures,
It mends our books when they are torn,
And heaps of other fixtures.
It even mends the rungs in chairs
And holds them like a miser,
In fact it does the job so well
Our landlady's none the wiser.

And now to tell you how it's used,
And also reveal its name,
Is the simplest part of all my tale,
For it always is the same.
Just cut a piece the length you want
And give a few good licks:
The taste might be improved upon,
But you always know, "It Sticks".



Lothian: "I would like to see a pair of boots to fit my feet." Clerk: "So would I."

"Every little bit helps," said Wallingford, as he threw Lothian overboard during a storm.

"For men may come and men may go, But It Sticks on forever."



GROUP V. (A)

Back Row—W. Cushway, N. Dustak, R. Conley, P. Blatt, O. Connell, K. Barlow. Middle Row—H. Daoust, G. Boice, J. Cawley, M. Bellehumeur, R. Bean. Front Row—F. Withers, K. Wilkinson, E. Zrobok, A. Williams, E. Wilson, E. Wylie.

Group 5

George Boice.

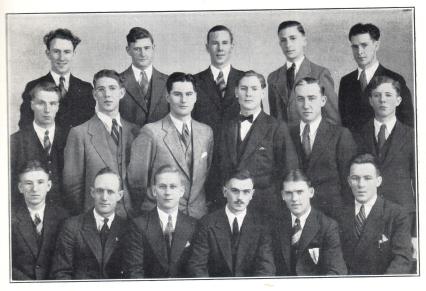
ANY changes of great importance have taken place at the North Bay Normal School within the past few years. There have been changes in the principalship, in the staff, in the janitors, in the school grant, in the second year course, and of course, in boarding houses.

As great as these changes may seem, it remained for the greatest change in years to take place in the 1931-32 Term, well within the student body itself. In fact this change took place right in Group Five.

When we came here, last September, it was not long before we were told, warned, yes, even threatened, that we were just the same as Group Five of other years. We were noisy, untidy, lazy, late half the time, could never remember historical dates, could not see why the Mackenzie River does not flow up-hill, did not understand the associate facts, and would never understand Grammar.

It was not long, however, before Group Five of this Term began to come into its own. The President and the Secretary of the Boys' Athletic Society were chosen from our midst. We have also had one President, and three Vice-Presidents of the Literary Society. At Christmas, when the teaching marks were shown, we ranked second among the groups, but only slightly below the leaders. Our test marks as a group, while they may not be the best in the school, are such that we are proud of them.

We feel justified in saying that we are setting a standard for Group Five of other years, and as well for all other groups.



GROUP V. (B)

Back Row—E. Haldorsen, E. Message, C. Looby, E. Malyon, L. Hunt. Middle Row—J. Millar, J. Lothian, K. Johnson, H. Lacking, P. Halgren, I. Harrington. Front Row—R. Mantle, J. Griffis, I. Notter, R. Goheen, C. McNeill, E. Mitchell.



I dreamed one night I saw the gods high up upon the mountains Playing at discs and shaking the earth With their laughter. And to them came A messenger, who cried aloud, and said "Behold a mortal has discovered a law Which shows quite plainly how the world began And the chief end of Human Life. What shall be done?" A moment The gods looked at each other and then Burst into loud roars of laughter, Unrestrained roars of cynical laughter. "Let him alone," they cried, "Did we not Create the earth because we wished to laugh?" And turned again unto their game Hurling the discus far across the rocks And shouting in their glee. _WILFRED EUGENE FRANCEY.

F

Wallingford (in a barber shop, awaiting his turn): "Say, when can I have a shave?"

Barber (feeling his face): "In about two years."



GROUP V. (C)

Back Row—C. Rowe, J. Williams, G. Tappenden, E. Peltur, A. Reid. Middle Row—L. Sobiski, R. Surtees, E. Petch, A. Snider, R. Proctor, L. Thoms. Front Row—J. Prentice, A. Young, H. Wilkins, W. Statton, V. Wallingford.



A mournful cry from a bird of night Skimming over the dark blue wave, Pausing a moment in its flight Then passing onward toward the grave—

Such is our Life, an eternal "why",
Filled with sorrow and grief and pain;
We pause a moment, voice our cry
And then continue our flight again.

I know not if there be a Guide
To steer me o'er the uncharted sea—
Yet wert thou flying by my side
I care not what the end may be.

-W. E. Francey.



Promise Yourself—To be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear, too happy to permit the presence of trouble.

To wear a cheerful countenance at all times and to give every living creature you meet a smile.

Boys' Sports

Alan Snider.

OOKING back over the year we see that it has been a very active one. All games played were more keenly contested than usual. These games

were enjoyed as they gave the thrill of competition to all.

Early in October, Mr. Neale called a meeting to elect officers and to decide what sports should be played. The officers elected were: President, A. Snider; Vice-President, H. Dalzell; Treasurer, L. Hunt. We were ably assisted in all ventures by Mr. Neale and Mr. Rivers.

During the Fall Term the first game played was softball. Ten teams played. This showed well the interest taken. A schedule was drawn up which provided a weekly game for each team. A few challenges were accepted to play town teams, in which cases we were usually successful.

We found volleyball a game which required our best efforts to play. Quite a number played this game, both here on the grass court, and in St. John's Parish House. We would like to see this game become a favorite in our rural schools. Tennis was played both in the Spring and Fall Terms. It proved to be a

very popular sport. We were fortunate in having two grass courts for our use. An important feature of this year's activities was basketball. This game, which previously had a large following here, had not been played for some time. The Normal School entered two teams in the City Basketball League. Both teams played remarkably well and showed fine sportsmanship in the face of difficulties. One, the Normal "A" team, became a serious threat for the City Championship honours, and so provided a thrilling play-off series. For their fine work against a much heavier team, a cup was presented by Mr. T. Shepherd; it was the Richardson Runners-up Trophy.

A banquet was given shortly after the last game. Here the basketball squad showed their appreciation for the excellent work done by Mr. Neale and Mr.

Rivers by making a presentation to each.

During the winter, the First and Second Class students played a few games



NORMAL "A" BASKETBALL TEAM

of hockey. The honours were evenly divided in the games played. The Rotarians, approached by Mr. Neale, kindly gave us their rink.

Sergeant-Major Joyce was with us again this year. During his stay in North Bay, we were drilled thoroughly in methods of teaching Physical Training.



NORMAL "B" BASKETBALL TEAM



EXECUTIVE OF ATHLETIC SOCIETY



CHAMPION TEAM-GIRL'S VOLLEY BALL-GROUP I.



CHAMPION TEAM-GIRLS' SOFT-BALL-GROUP I.



Mr. Broadbent: "I wonder how long I could live without brains." Mr. Neale: "Never mind; time will tell."

Girls' Sport

Dorothea Purdy.

HAT a wonderful advance women have made in the realm of sport! Only in recent years have women engaged in competitive sport, and in that time many skilled and renowned champions have distinguished themselves.

In 1928, at Amsterdam, women for the first time were represented at the Olympic games, and what honours our girls won for Canada!

Myrtle Cook McGowan, of Montreal, still holds the world's record for the one hundred metres. Ethel Catherwood, of Saskatoon, holds the world's high jump record, and too, the Canadian girls' relay team holds the world record.

We Canadians are proud of our athletes, but, are the "oncomers" going

to fall behind?

At the Olympic games of 1932, Canada hopes to be well represented. What

effort are you making-?

Many Canadian girls are excelling in soft-ball, basketball, and hockey. Each Collegiate, High School and other Institutions have their organized teams. Inter-school leagues are formed, which play for the championship.

The Normal School at North Bay is taking an active interest in volley-ball, basket-ball, and soft-ball. The winter use of the Technical School gymnasium, every Saturday morning, was much appreciated, and we wish to thank those interested who obtained this privilege for us.

The Normal School was well represented each Saturday morning. A number of volley and basket-ball teams were chosen, but basket-ball was the prime favorite. The efficient players were organized into two teams. The other teams consisted of those who were less familiar with the games.

This spring new activities were started, including soft-ball and tennis. Teams were chosen from Groups I, II, III, IV, I and V combined, and a schedule drawn up, for competitive sport.

Whatever line of sport we enter, we must always remember that the highest aim of recreation is to learn to play the game for the game's sake.



The Story of Gym Bloomer

HE story of Gym Bloomer is exceedingly long, and to some people, especially those partially dependent on him, is quite a romance. Even those casually acquainted with Gym Bloomer admit he now leads a most interesting

Like most men, in their days, Gym Bloomer has tried to find favour with the ladies. Although he has been in existence for many years, until about eight or ten years ago there was always a spot reserved in milady's bad graces for poor Bloomer. But now, after having stood up against the monstrous waves in the great sea of fashion-not only dresses and hats change with fashion-Gym Bloomer is, at last, popular with the young ladies of today. Popular, but this popularity lasts only on gymnasium floors or in outdoor sports.

Due to the Eighteen Day Diet fad, Gym Bloomer's appearance has changed from long, broad and sloppy to narrow and neat. In short, formerly, Gym Bloomer was made from twenty to twenty-five yards of navy blue serge and fifteen or eighteen yards of one-half inch elastic. Now, three and one-half yards of this same blue serge along with one and one-quarter yards to one and one-half yards of one-half inch elastic, held together by two or three dozen safety pins, makes Gym Bloomer the delight of any young lady athletically

Do you think you will recognize Gym Bloomer when you see him next?



Sergeant-Major Joyce

Our Physical Training course this year, threw a new light upon what has appeared to be a tedious task in previous years. No longer in our minds do we harbour the idea that physical training is a dull task to be performed each day. Physical training under the capable guidance of Sergeant-Major Joyce was made a period to be looked forward to and enjoyed.

And yet, honour bright, we heard-

1. "The arms are brought to the feet astride position."
2. "Put the fingers well back on the elbows."
3. "Raise both legs and don't lower them till I tell you."
4. "Pick up your left leg and throw it sideways."
5. "Trunk forward bend with feet stretching sideways."
6. "A good game for the class-room is nutsen may."



Be displeased at what thou art, if thou desire to attain to what thou art not, for where thou has pleased thyself, there thou abidest.—Francis Quailes.

Nanna - Bijou

Hugh Dalzell.

(The Legend of the Sleeping Giant-Port Arthur, Ont.)

"The Sleeping Giant rests in purple pall, With folded arms upon the dusky height; Around his feet the breakers rise and fall, While o'er his breast the sea-gulls wing their flight." This stately warrior, now so calm and pale, Once mighty was—but therein lies a tale.

By the shores of Lake Superior,
By the twinkling Deep-Blue Water,
In their wigwams on an island,
On the mystic Isle of Royale,
Lived a happy tribe of Indians,
Lived the Ojibways of Shinwauk.
Gitche Manitou, the mighty,
The creator of the nations,
Looked upon them with compassion.
He had given them streams to fish in,
He had given them bear and bison,
He had given them the wild fowl,
Filled the forests and the rivers.
On high and lofty Mount Mackay,

On this mountain near Isle Royale, Was a bird's nest, wide and spacious, Was the nest of Thunder Bird. From this nest, whenever angered, Thunder Bird sent with instruction Thunders forth to loose destruction. From the clouded vale of Nowhere, O'er the shining Deep-Blue Water, In his snowy boat of bird skin Came the giant, Nanna-Bijou, Came the giant, Good-and-Evil, Came at will this mighty power. Should you ask me whence he issued? Where his secret vale of life was? I should answer, I should tell you: "Ask of Manitou, the mighty, Manitou alone can tell you.

On one day at early dawning, In the pleasant Summer morning, To the tribe on Isle Royale, To the Ojibways of Shinwauk, Came this giant, Nanna-Bijou, In his snowy boat of bird skin; At the prow the Bird of Thunder, Thunder Bird with voice of thunder! Bijou came to tell a secret, Tell a secret to the Redskin, To the Ojibways on oath. Bijou told of Silver Islet, Of this solid dome of silver; Told them of the secret tunnel From the Island to Thunder Cape, Of this passage 'neath the water; Told them of the Islet's key, Double-headed key of Thunder,

In the nest of Thunder Bird;
Warned them this a secret must be
Lest the white man find the silver.
Thus the happy state of Shinwauk,
Shinwauk with his silver weapons,
Shinwauk with his silver jewels;
All the tribe were much contented,
All the tribe the secret guarded.
Then among them came a Sioux,

Then among them came a Sioux, Came Atatharho, the wicked, Came he there to learn the secret Why the Ojibway had silver. Hidden in a rotten tree trunk, Thus he learned the jealous secret, Heard it from the lips of Bijou As the giant talked with Shinwauk; Heard the giant tell the Chief How his tribe would meet destruction If the pale face learned the secret.

Like an arrow to the Sault Sped Atatharho, the wicked, Sped he on to tell his people! On the trail he met two white men, Told the secret, told the story, Could not guard it for his people!

Pale face, hearing of this treasure, Hearing of this silver mountain, Pushed at once for Thunder Cape, Took their boat and each his paddle!! Now the wicked Sioux was frightened, Frightened of the giant's anger, In trembling fear he stood and waited,

Waited for the great disaster, For the fury of Thunder Bird.

As the hunters neared the island Dark and stormy it all became!
The Thunder Bird began to scream, Scream as if to help the darkness!
Lightning darted from his eyeballs, Churned the waters until foaming, Till the boat was lost to view!
For four long days the storm raged on, Raged on with the giant's anger, For four long days not a Red Man's face Dared peer outside his quiet tent!
Then ventured forth shaken Shinwauk, Shinwauk with his trembling warriors, Now a little, frightened people;
On the lordly river of dreams, The river, Kaministiqua,
In his boat among the rushes,

On the lottly five of dealis, The river, Kaministiqua, In his boat among the rushes, Found they there the wicked Sioux, Atatharho, the wicked, dying, All his body scorched with fire, All his hair as white as snow. On majestic Thunder Cape There occurred a great upheaval, There occurred a huge disturbance; On his back with face uplifted, Lifted to the fleecy sky, Like a hero on his tomb

Lay the giant, Nanna-Bijou, Lay he there with folded arms. The screaming Thunder Bird was gone; The magic key was gone forever, The pale face having taken it To ope the gate of Lake Superior, Into shining Deep-Blue Water. But the stately Nanna-Bijou Lies and guards the dome of silver, Guards the tunnel to the Islet, As he slumbers among the foam. When the giant e'er is angry, Over the cape the thunder pours; It rolls with loud and terrible noise, Till the Ojibway kneels trembling, Till the Red Man hides his face.

The Sleeping Giant greets the sun each morn, As o'er each dewy height it slyly peeps, A messenger proclaiming day is born, To rouse to life once more the world which sleeps—Alas! 'tis vain! the Giant does not heed, For he has found a vale which knows no need.

Sunrise on Clear Water

Elva M. Kennett.

A faint flush gently tinged the eastern sky, Grew brighter, rosier; and through the trees Whisp'ring and sighing softly came the breeze Stirring the leaves to rustle in reply. From far o'erhead a lark poured forth his soul, So high he was, his song so sweet and clear Seemed to re-echo through the morning air Like fairy music from another sphere. The lake gleamed golden as the sun awoke, Its shimmering wavelets dipped and rose and fell, And as they reached the shore each little swell Into a thousand sparkling rainbows broke. High in an oak a squirrel began to scold And chatter as across a grassy brake A doe and fawn tripped out upon the shore To watch the sunrise on Clear Water Lake.



WINTER LANDSCAPE

(Photographed from blackboard drawing by Mr Ramsay)

Visitors to North Bay Normal School

James L. Williamson.

HE visitors to the Normal School have done a great deal towards broadening our intellectual horizons this year. We have indeed been fortunate in the variety of persons who have spoken. We shall carry the thoughts they have given us for many years, and find much in them that will be of future value.

Premier Henry spoke on the increasing number of educational institutions that are being established, not only in Ontario, but throughout Canada. He

concluded by wishing us every success in our career.

Miss Agnes McPhail visited North Bay under the auspices of the Women's Canadian Club. We were fortunate in having her visit the school to address the student body.

Mr. MacGregor, Trade Commissioner of Australia, while in North Bay spoke to us in the interests of Empire Trade. He spoke of his home country,

following which he answered questions put to him by the students.

During the annual visit of Dr. Phair and Dr. Convoy we learned a great deal which will be of benefit not only to ourselves, but also to our prospective pupils. Dr. Phair spoke on communicable diseases; while Dr. Convoy described the structure and care of the teeth.

Another educational visit was that of Dr. Thomas, who gave us four half-hour lectures on the temperance problem and some of its cures. The lectures

came to a close with an objective test.

With much fear and trembling we awaited the heralded coming of Colonel McCrimmon. But, great was our relief when we discovered what a pleasant

person an examining official can be.

Most of us were amazed at our own ignorance of Canadian art when a fine collection of the works of the Group of Seven was shown in the library. Many people took advantage of the opportunity to hear Mr. Owen Staples lecture on these pictures.

Mrs. A. E. Cole visited us in the interests of the Home and School Club. She showed us how, we, as teachers might gain the co-operation of the parents

in the school section.

Dr. Loretta O'Connor asked us to give our future pupils the opportunity

of organizing a group of Junior Red Cross in the class.

Miss Pepper visited us and extended an invitation to write to her for material on Milk and its Food Value, with healthier people as the end in view. Dr. Amoss delivered a lecture to the student body on Direct Learners and told us how we should proceed if we should find one of these in our schools.

Representatives of the Teachers' Federation, Miss Hansford, Mr. Runnals, and Mr. Wallace, gave us the opportunity of becoming associate members in their respective federations. It was on this day that we first felt that each of us was one of a corporate professional body.

Another speaker, in the person of Miss Kellet, addressed us on behalf of

the sailors on the Great Lakes.

Mr. Dunlop, in a very pleasing way, impressed upon our minds the fact that we should continue to advance in educational pathways, and that we, as teachers, should always have an ambition before us.

Dean Matheson of Queen's University is expected to visit our school in the

near future

From these speeches we have gained a wealth of knowledge, and much needed ideas. We have also discovered that the teacher has friends to call upon in times of need or trouble.



NORMAL SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Back Row—H. Antoniak, P. Blatt, A. Petch, E. Haldorsen, E. Morgan, H. E. Ricker. Front Row—C. Bourret, H. McMonagle, H. L. Bamford, M. Stuart, R. Whiteley, L. Sobiski.

Music in the North Bay Normal School

Florence Lang. T the opening of the Fall term, nothing was known concerning the ability of the new Normalites. Before very long, one important discovery was made. There was to be no lack of musical ability here. In fact, exceptional musical talent was found among the Normal students of 1931-32. During the course of the year this proved to be a source of much pleasure and happiness for everyone.

On every Literary Society programme appeared several excellent musical numbers. Each programme revealed new talent-either at the piano, or at some

other instrument, or else in vocal selections.

A valuable asset to the Normal school was its Orchestra. It was organized early in the Fall, under the direction of Mr. Bamford, and had ten members. On Tuesday evenings just after four o'clock, the Orchestra could be heard practising in the Auditorium. The results justified the time spent on practice. The Orchestra gave selections at many of the Literary Society meetings, and also played at the "At Home". The success of the Orchestra was due, in no small measure, to Mr. Bamford, the conductor, and to Mr. Ricker, who took a particular interest

in it, and who, himself, played in it.

The Glee Club was not organized until quite late in the year. However, under the able direction of Mr. Bamford it progressed by leaps and bounds. There was a membership of between thirty and forty. From the time that the Glee Club was organized, two items on each Literary Society programme came from members of the Club. A practice was held each Wednesday evening at five o'clock, and was a source of enjoyment and great value to all who attended. After several practices the Glee Club provided the entire programme at the Literary meeting on May 2nd. The programme consisted of several lovely folk songs, selected by Mr. Bamford, and also several other numbers.

Another very successful musical activity of the year was the Operetta "The Village of Church Bells", which was given at the "At Home".

Complete harmony and co-operation are most necessary, if music is to be a success, and this harmony and co-operation prevailed throughout the past year. By means of the various organizations, much was done towards cultivating the proper school spirit. In all their attempts, the students came "smilin' through", and met with remarkable success. We will always think of the musical activities of this year, as, pleasant, successful and creditable.

Music in the School

A. T. Petch. S far back into the pages of history as historians can penetrate, music has played an important role in the life of man. To appreciate any art, one must be able to interpret the emotions and feelings of the artist. To develop this ability and understanding of music, the foundations must be laid early. The place to start is in the school.

There is no reason why Canada should not rank with Europe and the Motherland in musical fields. Canada has the blood of many nations in her veins. Germany, Austria and Italy have blended their musical talents into the young of Canada. So let us teach the young along musical lines with the hope

that some of them will equal any artist Europe can produce.

Music furnishes a profitable and enjoyable diversion from the more strenuous subjects on the school curriculum. When a class becomes restless and hard to manage, a short period of five or ten minutes used for singing is time well spent. The class will go back to work with a renewed vigour.

A class or room who can sing is a valuable asset to a school. On Empire Day or at Christmas music has its place on the programme.

Music can be used to instil an "esprit de corps" in the pupils. Several of

the cities and towns of Northern Ontario have Musical Festivals. At these Festivals, various schools compete for musical honours. Proud indeed is the school which wins the shield. Dr. Ernest MacMillan has said, "The purpose of School Musical Festivals is not to win a prize or trophy, but to pace each

other on the road to excellence.

Music in the school will help to maintain good management. The following article is taken from the School Management Manual. A certain school section was noted for its disorderly pupils. A new teacher went into the school expecting trouble, but to the surprise of the trustees she ruled supreme. When the pupils became restless five or ten minutes were spent on music. However, when a new teacher came to the school it went back to its former state of confusion. Music was the secret of the teacher's success.

One of the aims in education is to develop a love for one's country. Pupils who sing such songs as "Land of Hope and Glory" and "Rule, Britannia", cannot help but feel a pride for their country. The tunes make a person stand

erect and send a thrill of pride down the spine.

Teaching music in the school reveals any talent which might otherwise pass by unnoticed. When a teacher finds a pupil with talent for music the news should be passed on to the child's parents. The parents will see you are interested in the child and this might spur the parents on to give the child a chance.

In teaching music to beginners, selections should be chosen in which the children are interested. Tunes which require time beyond the pupils' period of concentration, should be avoided. Neglect to observe these rules will result

in a dislike for music.

The older classes should learn folk songs of various nationalities. Folk songs are the feelings and emotions of a nation. Folk songs vary in characteristics, the same as nationalities do. "The Volga Boatman" is sad and plaintive in its strain. It is a cry of a people under centuries of oppression by the Czar. Scotch music has an atmosphere of daring and patriotism in its lilting airs. These songs have stood the test of time, and will be sung long after the glamor and rag-time tunes of today are mute. I believe that folk songs develop an understanding of and sympathy for other nations, in the minds of the pupils.

The greatness of a musical nation depends on the number of good music lovers within the country. I therefore plead that we future teachers take pains in selecting good music in our schools; music that will develop an appreciation of the beautiful. We sincerely hope that this love may be so implanted in the minds of our pupils that they will develop an unquenchable thirst for Handel's and Bach's music. If this is inculcated, a love for jazz, which so soon becomes faded and forgotten, will vanish.

The Power of Music

M. Cluff.

USIC, the Universal Power, Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's Aid! Alternately we feel our glowing minds disturbed, delighted, raised, refined. Then, as the maiden's hurried fingers kiss the lyre, the low, mellow sounds beguile

our hearts; round us falls a solemn, strange, and mingled air.

Fear speaks in weird, bewildered tones, while Anger rushes in, striking, with hurried hands in one rude clash, the strings. With woeful measures Despair surrounds himself with low, sullen sounds, sad at times, breaking forth in spurts of wild rage. Hope bursts forth calling on Echo with her song. Quietly, hand in hand, they travel through the vales, the woods, over the rocks, and with the end of sweetest theme a soft pensive voice is heard. But Revenge impatiently rises forth, blows upon the strain in denouncing tones the dread blast and beats the drum with furious heat while Pity, Jealousy, plead vainly at his side. Then Love, with her quiet, soothing breath, quells all and brings a change—the universal mirth and joy.

That music has power is shown in the fact that it follows us through life from the cradle to the grave. The young infant is lulled to sleep by mother and soon it sings in unison with the voice it loves so well. The child enters Public School and Sabbath School and there he takes renewed delight in the new vocal

exercises.

Finally, the maid gives expression in song: the youth in serenade. Then they turn to the more serious phase of life. From the church on the hill we hear the peals of the organ, the strains of the choir, and the song that bursts forth from the massed congregation. Our souls are wafted upwards until our imagination permits us for a while, to glimpse upon the universe above. The young couple are carried on through life, singing the old songs which are the envelopes of the scenes of the youth they live once more in the past, enjoying to the fullest extent the happiness thus afforded them. Until suddenly they reach the death couch and here we sing a hymn in faith, only that the broken strains may be taken up afresh in the next world.

Watch the soldier, as a bugle is sounded! See how it reaches his inmost soul! Ask him what it is that stirs him so and he will tell you that that call speaks alternately of security and danger, of the quiet camp life and the terrible strife. How sad it must be to hear the last dirge played over the grave of a comrade. The brief signal says, "Lights out", but how much more forcibly that bugle call must strike the hearts of the soldiers than those words can.

Music follows man into the darkest pits of his existence. How good it is to know that those confined within the walls of the insane asylum take great delight in music. A fact, but little known and little appreciated by the medical profession, is that music can and has restored the shattered mind to reason again.

Music is the echo of man's feelings. He nourishes his soul on the comfort received through the medium of music, now courting Love, now ravingly calling on Hate. With eyes upraised, as one inspired, he pours through the mellow horn his pensive soul. Then, like the brook dashing softly from the rocks with bubbling runnels joining the sound, man soothes himself with murmurs of peace, happiness, as, lightly he skims over the keys, until in the blithe, frolicking music, he sees the picture painted thus—

"The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-ey'd queen, Satyrs, and sylvan boys were seen, Peeping from forth their alleys green."

Music can arouse bodies of men to superhuman action. Scarcely is a meeting held but what music forms a part. It lends additional charm to the proceedings, arouses pure sentiments, strengthens enthusiasm, and unites those who meet in assembly. Its strength to excite man to action, or spur on a slumbering soul to greater things was fully understood in Grecian times when—

"Ere heaving billows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute and sounding lyre
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire."



Mr. Ramsay, to student who has entered the art class with a black eye: "My word, you look as though your half-day were over."



Statton: "I wonder if anything could be done with my voice." Mr. Bamford: "It might come in handy in case of fire."

A Midsummer Festival in Sweden

Ailie Hedman.

MONG many of the festivals in Sweden which have come down from heathen times, one that would be perhaps of most interest to young

people is the Midsummer Festival.

The Midsummer Festival is held in June, on the shortest night of the year, when the great Apollo is at the very peak of its splendour, overwhelming the darkening shadows, descending beneath the distant horizon only for a few hours, whence it emerges again into a glorious dawn—a veritable panorama of

pale crimson and gold.

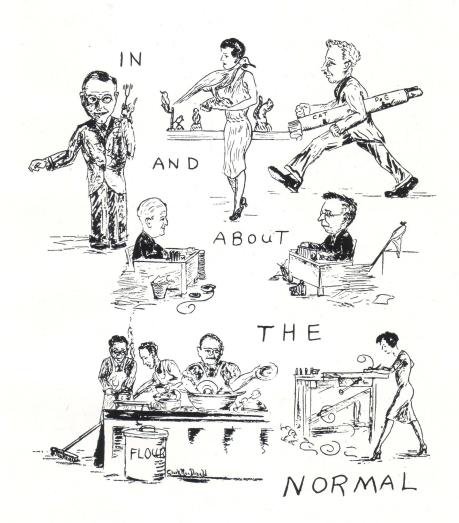
On this festive day the maiden of the home rises very early. Over the dew-kissed meadows she trips her way, eager to procure her share of the lilies of the valley and boughs from the silver birch tree. These tokens of nature help to bedeck the famous May-pole—a typical symbol of Midsummer Day. This tall and slender pole draped with verdure intermingled with lily of the valley, may bring perhaps to the mind a picture of the English May-pole. But the Swedish word "Maj" does not particularly refer to the month of May but rather means "green-leaf". Amidst shouting, singing and music is the pole erected into its proper position. When this important event has been completed, the people, young and old, join hands and joyfully dance around it to the captivating strains of the violin and accordian—a merry dance which usually lasts throughout the night. What a charming picture they make!

In connection also with this festival are many superstitions and customs. In the northern part of Sweden may be seen fires blazing on the hill-tops, bringing to the mind a reminiscence of the Sun-god, Baldur, in whose honour these fires were held in ancient times. Now, however, thoughts of Baldur are replaced by the 'coffee preparation event'. Just as the sun is about to sink behind the hills, the coffee is placed on the fire and, hardly has it had time to boil, before

the sun has risen again after a short interval of hiding.

One other important event is the gathering of bouquets of various flowers called a Midsummer "qvost". Whoever goes for this qvost, usually a young maiden, must go unaccompanied, and if she should encounter anyone on her way she must answer only by signs until she has returned home. With religious care she places her "qvost" under her pillow, for well she now knows she will see in her dreams that night her future lover. A Midsummer "qvost"—a beautiful maiden—a theme equal to that of St. Agnes' Eve.







COMMITTEE FOR EMPIRE DAY PROGRAMME

Empire Day Programme

	Presiding Officer—MISS	JEAN LYONS				
1.	Scripture Reading and Prayer	Mr. J. C. Norris, M.A.				
2.	Hymn—Children's Song					
3.	Essay-Britain in Europe	Mr. A. Harkins				
4.	Chorus—Ye Mariners of England	Students of the School				
5.	Recitation	Miss Stella Foley				
6.	Essay—Britain in Asia	Miss Laura Harvey				
7.	Chorus—The Empire is Our Country	Students of the School				
8.	Piano Solo—Zapateado	Mr. A. Young				
9.	Essay—Britain in Africa	Miss Doreen Ross				
10.	Chorus—My Own Canadian Home	Students of the School				
11.	Recitation—Flag of Britain	Miss Vina Gauthier				
12.	Essay-Britain in Australia	Mr. A. Reid				
13.	Piano Solo-Londonderry Air	Miss M. Lowcock				
14.	Chorus—Men of the North					
15.	Essay—Britain in America					
16.	Recitation—Empire Day	Miss Helen McKinnon				
17.	Chorus—The Maple Leaf	Students of the School				
18.	Address-Sir Wilfrid Laurier	Mr. C. Charron				
19.	Quebec Conference	Eleven Gentleman Students				
20.	Chorus—O Canada	Students of the School				
AFTERNOON						
1.	Solo-Land of Hope and Glory	Miss Jean Miller				
2.	Recitation—Canada First	Miss Edith Burtch				
3.	Nationality Pageant	Representatives Attending Normal				
4.	Essay—The Ottawa Conference					
5.	Chorus—The Red, White and Blue					
6.	Flag Drill	Eight Lady Students				

GOD SAVE THE KING



PAGEANT OF NATIONALITIES



NATIONAL COSTUMES

Ukrainia, E. Zrobok; Sweden, A. Hedman; Norway, A. Herrem; Finland, H. Koivula, H. Langila, I. Lahti.

The Canadian Citizen

Mildred Taylor.

RMS and the man, I sing", were the words used by Virgil, to introduce his great story of valour and heroism in the far Mediterranean. "Canada and the pioneer, I sing", are the words which ring with pride, from the lips of the true, Canadian citizen. The shades of her departed heroes will rise from the dust, and incite her citizens to greater deeds of fame, until the star of Canada rises to its full, meridian splendour. Let every Canadian be proud to throw back his head and say, "I am a Canadian Citizen".

Since a country is judged, on the whole, by the citizens who have guided its destinies, the Canadian citizen may proudly step forward and tell the world of the daring of the early pioneers, the courage of the Roman Catholic missionaries, the Frenchman's loyalty to creed, race and language, and the love of liberty of the United Empire Loyalists. These, and many other influences, have gone to mould Canadian institutions and Canadian character.

One of the greatest problems that our ancestors has solved, is that of immigration. Canada has successfully met many of these difficulties, as is evidenced by her unity and growing power. Racial neutrality as a Canadian ideal, that has been a beacon, to many home-seeking foreigners. History shows us that Canada's richest heritage is in her citizenship. Her parent stock from France and the British Isles, has been supplanted by multitudes from the rest of Europe and other countries. Over forty-five nationalities are represented in our population. This second great American "Melting Pot of the Nations" is building into Canada's national life, the highest and best traditions of the leading nations and races of the world.

Each section of Canada, moreover, contains a distinct type of people. It must strike us, that such a country is very difficult to govern; and the question may arise in our minds—Is it worth while, trying to govern it from one centre? Our national experience answers—Yes, it is. The central government at Ottawa is established for the purpose of looking after things in which the whole of Canada is concerned. For, after all, the spirit of Canada inspires the citizens on the Pacific Coast, as well as their brothers on the Atlantic seaboard. Therefore, both are vitally interested, in whatever affects the welfare and advancement of Canada, as a whole. The Canadian citizen may say with pride that his country is:

"A land of settled government A land of just renown."

The sacrifices made by the citizens of Canada, to attain this government, when their country was still in its infancy, were tremendous. Since then, men like Durham and the Fathers of Confederation, have succeeded in building up, step by step, the laws and the administration, which have given to the Canadian citizens, the right of freedom of speech. Like Wordsworth, they felt that,

"We must be free or die who speak the tongue That Shakespeare spake."

There is another liberty that has been won for them, by centuries of toil and perseverance—the liberty to worship God in the way each citizen thinks is right. Gradually, out of the darkness and chaos of persecution, dawned the shining ideal that man's freedom of soul is as precious as his freedom of body.

In return for these and many other liberties, made possible for us through years of sacrifice and experiment on the part of the Mother Country, it is only fitting that we should shoulder our share of our great Empire. During the great European war, Canadian troops bore a noble part, as a separate corps in the armies of the allies. In the treaty of peace which followed, Canadian Ministers signed for the King, as the representatives of a distinct unit in the British Empire. As a result of that treaty, Canadian citizens now have their own responsibilities in the League of Nations. Our constitution is, in form, an act of the Imperial Parliament, but the power to make changes, as they are required, lies in the hands of the Canadian citizen. For him the Imperial Parliament would never refuse to amend, even the British North America Act. In the Empire, Canada has moved steadily forward from the position of a dependency to that of an equal partner in the commonwealth of the British peoples.

Canada expects every citizen to do his duty, which is not only to strengthen her prestige in the Empire, but also to do his part in making her a greater nation. The good Canadian will love his country, and it follows that he will be loyal to her. He will obey her laws, and will seek to preserve order; because lawlessness and revolution are enemies of society. Yet the good Canadian will always seek to have laws changed of which he does not approve, but he will do this by lawful and constitutional mans. He must be positive, that the administration

of the affairs of Canada is the best possible.

Then, too, the Canadian citizen must have certain characteristics. He must never be narrow-minded. In a country so vast and broken as his, a country which has been settled by so many waves of immigration, from so many different lands, he can be loyal only if he is willing to recognize, and respect, their differences. As long as he proves able to co-operate with his fellow-citizens even though they speak a different language and think other thoughts than his, it will be possible for him to understand them. It will be possible for him to move forward with them, shoulder to shoulder, in a common effort to make this Dominion what its founders dreamed it might be.

The Canadian of this generation will be wise, if he remembers that the finest thing his country can produce is her manhood, and that, although other

lands may offer the prospect of vaster wealth—and wealth more easily acquired—there is no country on earth better adapted for the nurture of vigorous and self-reliant men and women.

Of all the great states of the new world, Canada alone has steadily refused to break ties that bind her to the Mother Land. The good Canadian of the present and the future, will continue to recognize the value of his heritage, to which he owes, not merely his institutions, but what is infinitely more important, the spirit that will, above all, make those institutions work. And thus, his loyalty to Canada and the Empire should be accomplished by loyalty to humanity. Canadians have said with pride that they were the first people to show the world that a country could become a nation without bloodshed. Today, an imaginary line of more than three thousand miles stretching from ocean to ocean separates Canada from her neighbour Republic. On that line there are no sentries or gun-boats. Through the League of Nations and otherwise, the Canadian citizen should strive to develop good-will and co-operation among the peoples of the world.

Canada's emblem is the Maple Leaf, but her flag is that of the British Empire, the Union Jack. It has been, through all the years, a flag of freedom and justice, and it is little wonder we fly our colours with proud hearts.

"You may say it's an old bit of bunting, You may say it's an old coloured rag, Yet thousands have died for its honour And shed their best blood, for the flag."

As we look back over the history of Canada, it is hard to realize that the land on which the white man first set foot, little over four hundred years ago, is now a nation of happy, prosperous people. In 1492, when America was discovered by Columbus, Canada was a vast solitude of uncultivated plains, broken forests, and lonely mountains. Here and there, on some easily guarded spot, stood a small collection of Indian lodges.

Today, in 1932, from ocean to ocean, Canada has more than ten millions of people. She comprises nine thriving provinces, and two large territories. The untilled plains and vast forests are gradually giving place to well-cultivated farms and smiling, healthful homes. The lakes and rivers are thronged with the ships of a busy and growing commerce. Large districts, which once seemed only wilderness of rock and scrub, are now yielding vast treasures of gold, silver, iron, coal, copper, nickel and other riches of the mine. But, Canada owes her swift progress and her greatness to the noble men and women who lived in the past, and to many who are living today.

The child of today is the citizen of tomorrow, and he must prepare himself for the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. We, who are now at Normal School will soon be teachers and the children of our country will be in our keeping. May we be as brave and noble as those citizens who made Canada what she is, honouring her and our flag, and leaving to those who will come after us, an example of true loyalty. May we do our part in guiding Canada onward and upward through the years to come.



Mr. Norris (pointing to shavings under desk): "What are those little things under your desk?"

Locking (blushing): "My feet, Sir."

Mr. Bamford, in our music class: "Be careful to hold that rest, it is the nicest part of the song."

My Garden

Sperata Chaput.

REE, at last! My studies over, I heaved a sigh of relief as I directed my footsteps toward my garden, which I called my "Garden of Memories". The name, indeed, was quite appropriate, for each flower bed, each nook, revived vivid pictures of "what had been" and recalled kind advice spoken by one who knew the lessons that God meant each flower to express.

There, by the little gate, on either side of it, June roses bloomed in profusion. Some blossoms had thrust themselves between the palings of the fence, as if eager to learn the secrets of the great mysterious world. I did not always love the rose, for, as a child, I thought that for every rose there was a thorn. But now, I can still see my mother's white hands hovering over them and hear her low, tender voice saying, "Not a thorn for every rose—say, rather, there is a rose for every thorn. In life you shall find that each sorrow is followed by some healing joy." Since then I had dubbed the rose as "Queen of Flowers". and now they bloomed in all colours along the little white enclosure. At the back of the house they gave place to the golden glows, which hid the fence from view. I loved to sit there on a windy day and hear the wind swishing through them. How easy it was then to picture sail-boats, like white-winged birds upon a sapphire sea. Not long could I dream thus for, the moment I awoke some new beauty presented itself to me and I was again in fairy land. In the corner of the fence, where the golden glows paid homage to the sweet-scented roses, a tall, stately oak spread its mighty branches. Placed there seemingly by hazard, it added ruggedness to the gracefulness and beauty of the other inmates of this beloved place. How much enjoyment it gave me as a child! A swing was suspended from its largest limb and there I swung high in the air and snatched glimpses of wide, rolling, daisy-dotted meadows and the silvery river hurrying

This resting place was hidden from the road by a green trellis upon which was interwoven the bell-like blossoms of the Morning Glory. It always fascinated me to see them close and droop at sunset; then to open wide at sunrise. As a child, I pretended that fairies hid in them during the night and emerged in the sunlight. Later, however, I used to say they were "Morning Glories of Hope on the Trellis of Faith". When mother asked me what I meant, I told her that there could be no hope without faith. One needed faith to hold one up as the trellis was upholding the vine. She smiled—I always wondered

why-but now I know it was a smile of understanding.

At the base of the trellis was a bed of candytufts and nasturtiums. The sweet scent of the candytufts attracted the busy bees while the speckled orange

nasturtiums furnished a note of colour.

At the side, where it could be seen from the house, stood the "Honeysuckle Arbor", a rustic seat surrounded on all sides and overhead by the odorous Honeysuckles. They trailed over a framework of willow branches. It was there in after years that I learned my lessons at the knees of my mother.



Conductor (to Normal Student en route to Feronia): "I think you had better put your luggage in the baggage car."

J. H. (naively): "Oh, that's not my luggage, it's my lunch!"



Mr. Rivers (on Dec. 21): "Attention, class, and let's hurry, please. This is the shortest day of the year.

Mr. Bamford: "And today we want to take up time."

Our Hallowe'en Party

Velva Stubbings, Ella Mae White.

ALLOWE'EN—a night of pleasant madness, of merry pranks, of mysterious peerings into the future! A night when even the sober and sedate feel the urge to dance with hobgoblins and commune with the supernatural spirits! Now, because it is a well-known fact that "A little nonsense, now and then, is relished by the wisest men", this spirit reigned in the Normal School on the Eve of All Saints' Day. Teachers, students and friends gathered together to pay tribute to the merry Jack O'Lantern.

At the appointed hour, we hastened, fleet of foot, to join the happy throng in the Assembly Hall. In our excitement we failed to notice the weird intensity of the atmosphere, until we reached the top of the stairs. Here, to our amazement, our fellow merrymakers were nowhere to be seen. As we stepped inside the door, our hearts sank. We were greeted by such formal looking gentlemen! We had come expecting an informal, happy time and to be greeted by these

The room was filled with such a panorama of colour as would take one's breath away. There were clowns, tramps, pirates and Indians enjoying themselves in such notable company as that of Uncle Sam, Edith Cavell and other great men and ladies. Suddenly the lights were dimmed. Then followed a most delightful half-hour, during which we were treated to a varied programme of singing, a most amusing recitation, and the funniest Humpty-Dumpty drill!

The programme being over, our orchestra struck a chord and proceeded to play a march. We all rose to our feet, impelled by the magic of the hour, to have all the fun possible. Quickly a unique procession of bats, pumpkins, owls, butterflies and all the beautiful creatures of the ball, was formed. We marched gaily around the room, preening our feathers, as it were, and revelling in the transformation in our appearance.

Then our president had us race up and down those great stairs in couples, changing partners each time the whistle was blown. We soon began to feel the pangs of hunger and, in despair, dived for apples in tubs, which were near

the stairs.

The good fairies were very careful in their planning of the entertainment, to see that games and contests were provided for those who did not join in the sprightly dancing. At this time those who wished to learn what the future held in store for them paid a visit to Madame Normal.

After a most enjoyable lunch the revelry continued. Before we had realized it, however, the spell was lifted and we found it necessary to return, once again, to reality and wend our way homeward; thus adding another link to

our 1931-32 chain of memories.

I Remember

Doris I. Porter. (With Apologies to Thomas Hood)

I remember, I remember The day when we first taught, When nervousness and stage-fright Banished all connected thought.

But months have passed since our first trial, Matter and method we now see, And when our hoped-for schools we get, We'll tip-top teachers be.

I'll remember, I'll remember, And many a sigh suppress. When pleasant memories take me back To the dear N. B. N. S.

Christmas Festivities

Mary Wylie.

HRISTMAS brought with it an inevitable round of gaiety, of which we Normal School students were not loathe to take advantage. Accordingly,

we set the date for our celebration to be December 21.

During the early part of the evening we were entertained in the auditorium. The programme consisted of a number of Christmas selections featuring "The Toy Symphony", a novel orchestra composed of miniature musical instruments. A unique feature was the musical drama acted to the words of an old French folk song, "Jeanette Isabella".

The programme completed, those of us who wished to dance went down

to the Library. Games and contests were arranged for the others.

Later in the evening, supper, which had been prepared by the boys, was served in the auditorium. Strangely enough, everybody reappeared in the hall seemingly none the worse for their experince.

After supper, dancing and games were continued until the arrival of none other than Santa Claus! This worthy gentleman had come all the way from the North Pole to distribute the prizes to the lucky winners in the contests.

Dancing was then resumed until the evening came to a close.



Proctor: "Do you think I can catch the 9.45 train to Feronia?" Mr. Norris: "Well, I think so. It only has ten minutes start."



Mr. Ricker: "How does the plant take in carbon dioxide, Miss Kennett?" Miss Kennett: "Through the spiracles."



STAR DRILL

Christmas Entertainment for the Stay - at - Homes

R. M. Surtees.

RIDAY, January 8, was a very pleasant day for those of us who remained in the city over the holidays. At a meeting held a few days previously

we decided to have a paper-chase on that day.

We assembled at the school at two o'clock on that brisk, bright afternoon, and then waited for a few minutes until Mr. Rivers and Mr. Malyon, the hares, had time to make a good start, then away we went. The chase led up over Priest's Hill, across to O'Brien Street, past Terrace Lawn Cemetery, up along the crest of Thibeault Hill, and down near the reservoir to Trout Lake. We ran about a hundred yards along the lake, then into the bush again to Depencier's Lake and back to town by Fisher Street. Back to the school we went, a tired and hungry group.

At the school a very pleasant surprise lay in store for us. The masters and their wives, under the supervision of Miss Preston, had prepared a very fine

lunch of beans and weiners-is it necessary to say more?

After lunch we adjourned to the auditorium, where we talked over the events of the day. We decided that the honour of the chase went to David Locking, who caught the hares on Trout Lake. We discussed the bits of pathos and humour of the trip; there were girls, lost, strayed and hungry, and there were boys frayed and hungry. We heard of a very disappointed group of boys who had laboured over the top of the hill after the paper, thinking they were miles ahead of the rest. Down the hill they came, expecting to see the hares; they heard a rustle, but not the hares! They found five or six girls who had followed the base of the hill and had found the paper trail, just ahead of the boys.

Mr. McNeill voiced the appreciation of the students to the hosts and hostesses for the pleasant day. The later part of the evening was spent in dancing, while

Mr. Surtees acted as master of ceremonies.



(Photographed from blackboard drawing by Mr. Ramsay)

The At Home

Thelma I Carroll

HE anxiously awaited and always eventful social evening took place on March 11, when the Normal students gathered in the school for the annual

Canopied with streamers in brown and gold, the Assembly Hall proved a perfect setting for a most fitting programme prepared for the early part of the evening. The programme, which took the form of an operetta, was presented entirely by the students under the most careful and able guidance of Miss Morgan and Mr. Bamford.

At eight o'clock Miss M. Miller, president of the Literary Society, addressed

the audience and bade them all a hearty welcome.

As the curtain was drawn back, a happy group of sailor laddies and lassies dancing on the village green was revealed. Jack Tarr, a sad and lonesome sailor, was at this time searching the world over for his sweetheart, Mary Jane. She, seeking adventure, had run away to sea disguised as a sailor. Just as mysteriously she had returned home again. Jack had fallen in love with her. and having searched long but vainly for her, had almost given up hopes of ever finding Mary Jane.

The next scene was a little kitchen in a pleasant home. Mary Jane sat at her spinning wheel pining away, while her mother and the children sang sweetly,

trying to make Mary Jane forget her sorrow. It was all in vain.

The last scene was in the village. The church bells were ringing now, and Gossip Joan at last was able to do some good by informing Jack that Mary Jane lived in this very village and would be presently going past to church. Jack awaited Mary Jane's approach. The two lovers were re-united at last and the church bells rang out more joyously.

THE CAST	
Jack Tarr	Mr. B. Petch
Lady Clare	Miss V. Stubbings
Johnny Jinks	Mr. C. MacDonald
Mary Jane	Miss H. Warner
Mary Jane's Mother	Miss I Miller
Gossip Joan	Miss D Frishy

THE CHORUS

(1)—Village Maidens—Misses I. Lang, F. Lang, O'Neill, Munro,

Hunter, White, Miller.
(2)—Sailor Lads—Messrs. Johnson, Williamson, Connell, Cushway, Malyon, Snider.

(3) - Children - Misses Chaput, Herrem, Cushway, Curry, Doherty, Steele, Orr.

The Normal School Orchestra played its part in the programme by render-

ing lively selections during the intervals between scenes.

Following the programme the guests and students adjourned to the library where they participated in dancing to the captivating strains of Mrs. Dewan's Orchestra. The library, which was artistically decorated in brown and yellow, was a fitting scene for the colorful array of dresses displayed by the young

At 10.30 dainty refreshments were served.

After lunch those who did not wish to dance whiled the time away competing in games under Mr. Neale's supervision. Contests were held in disk-

ing, crokinole and bean-bag throwing.

At one o'clock the home waltz was played, much to the regret of everyone. However, they all left, feeling that they had spent one of the most enjoyable evenings of their lives—one which would always bring back pleasant memories of their Normal School Year.



Cast of the Operetta "THE VILLAGE WITH CHURCH BELLS"



SCENE FROM THE OPERETTA



DUCHESNAY FALLS

The Barrel of Apples

Jean Munro.

ONE are the days when it was the custom of many households to invest in a barrel of apples once a year. About the first of October the fancies of the younger members of the family turned to the thoughts of Hallowe'en, which immediately suggested apples. Father was then consulted as to the possibilities of his buying this necessity. His answer—it was always the same—was, "I'll see—if you're good." But father saw, whether the children were good or not. These apples were not known as Baldwins or MacIntosh Reds, but as "just in betweens".

Hallowe'en came and went with apples playing their parts by floating in

tubs, hanging on strings, and being baked into luscious turnovers.

On the long winter nights, after the dishes had been done, the family gathered around the stove in the sitting room—the word 'living room' was unknown. Father rested his bootless feet before the door of the stove. Mother sat at the table mending flannel underwear or darning woollen stockings. When everyone was settled, the boys tramped down the stairs to the cellar for apples. It was not long before they came triumphantly back with a dozen or more of the luscious fruit. If the lamp had flickered or the stairs had creaked the apples were apt to be wormy or bruised. But, if nothing had made the boys' hearts leap, the apples were solid, red-cheeked and very large.

This incident was a regular performance in the lives of many, who not only believed but faithfully carried out the old saying, "An apple a day keeps

the doctor away".

But now, where, oh, where, is the apple barrel? Its place has been taken by the electric washer and the winter evenings find the modern family at the movies or playing bridge at a neighbour's.



Model Schools









NORTHINGTON ST.

NORTH
BAY



Model School Staff

Mr. J. B. Stewart	Principal,	Queen	Victoria	School.
Mr. D. C. Grassick	Principal,	King G	eorge Sch	rool.
Miss M. Collins	.Principal,	Dr. Ca	rruthers !	School.
Mr. W. Anderson	.Assistant,	Queen	Victoria	School
Miss H. Webster		44		
Miss C. E. Lett				
Miss A. E. Hansford				44
Miss C. MacLean				
MISS N. DENEAU				
Miss L. St. Louis				
Miss G. Sims				*
MISS M. SHEPPARD				
Mr. C. Weston	.Assistant,	Dr. Ca	rruthers S	School
Miss B. Foy				4.6
Miss L. Ison				
Mrs. E. L. Elmitt				
MISS I. MARTIN				
MISS E. FRAYN				
MISS C. SMYTH				
Mrs. Chalmers	Assistant,	King G	eorge Sch	rool
MISS A. BELL				
MISS H. SHEPPARD				
MISS G. J. MORGAN				
Miss H. Forder		ten Dire	ctress	
	0			

Affiliated Continuation School

MR. R. W. WARNICA......Principal, Callander Continuation School.

Affiliated Rural Schools

Mr. J. D. Lindsey	Principal, S.S. No. 1b Ferris.
Miss J. DeLong	Assistant, S.S. No. 1b Ferris.
MISS H. E. B. HARRIS	S.S. No. 2, Widdifield.



Manitoulin Island

Kathleen Smith.

Lord of the Isles, King of the northern zone, The Redman's spirit yielded you his throne. In all the brineless waters year by year, Refreshed by melting snows, you have no peer.

Proudly you reign, majestic and unsoiled. Not yet have haunts of men your beauty spoiled. From every side your servient breezes call Thy children's spirit to their ancestral hall.

The Northern Lights lean upward in the skies And, seeing your rugged splendor, fain would rise In dazzling swiftness, to dispute the right Of moon, and stars, to govern you by night.

The lambent lakes that deck your fair domain, Are jewels fit to form the costliest chain, That e'er adorned the bosom of a queen—They sparkle in the sun like silken sheen.

In their cool depths, close to the rocky shoals, The gamest fish that ever stirred the souls Of Walton's sons, a lusty challenge fling To battle royal with any rod we bring.

Pride of the Huron, none will dispute your sway O'er all who love a northern holiday. Freely you give the strength your air imparts, And only ask a place within your hearts.

The Lure of the Sea

Iean Morrison.

"We sat within the farmhouse old, Whose windows, looking o'er the bay, Gave to the sea breeze, damp and cold, An easy entrance, night and day.

"The windows, rattling in their frames The ocean, roaring up the beach, The gusty blast, the bickering flames, All mingled vaguely in their speech."

HE sea attracts in many different ways—by hearing, by reading and by inheritance. By hearing we mean that some sailor, presumably an old, white-haired, weatherbeaten sailor, happy when relating snatches from his years on the sea, pours out his heart to some youthful listener who drinks in his every word and imagines himself as the hero in each incident.

Every child welcomes the time when he is old enough to read for himself stories of the sea: how the sea was shaken by the angry god, and the little boat left at its mercy, being tossed from one mountain top to another; her decks and masts drenched with the salt spray, and the poor sailors praying earnestly for a lull in the storm that they might reach a port and replenish their water supply.

Inheritance! Fortunate is the lad who inherits a love for the sea. From earliest childhood until he leaves his work to younger hands, will he keep on enjoying the never-ending thrills which the seas give.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods There is a rapture on the lonely shore, There is society where none intrudes. By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

I Norge—In Norway

Astrid Herrem

ET us take the magic carpet of our imagination and fly from here towards the north-east. Below, we see the trees and fields, the lakes and rivers and winding roads of our own dear Canada. We pursue our flight across the sea, and, beyond the British Isles, the heart of our Empire, we perceive, low against the horizon, a mountainous land rising out of the ocean. This is the land we are seeking—Norway—the home of the old Vikings.

As we draw nearer we see that the mountains are quite high and that the tops are crowned with everlasting snow. Along the coast-line are deep indentations into the land which are called fjords. These are the places where the

mountains come down to meet the sea.

Then move into our line of vision little lakes; swift rivers which sometimes tumble in thundering cascades into the sea; winding roads, which are much like the ones in our own country; and little villages with their church spires pointing to the sky.

We shall not stop to look at the cities. If you should go to Norway, you would see for yourself that her cities are such as only Norway could have, and that the modern western civilization has made great inroads into this old

land, too.

I shall take you rather to a rural district several miles north of Trondhjem which is as far north as Nome, Alaska. This is where my mother and father came from. When they came to Canada they found the winters much colder and the summers much hotter than in their own land. My mother loved the long, sunshiny days, but she missed the lovely flowers, the bluebells, the lilies-of-the-valley, and forget-me-nots, which grow in wild profusion upon the mountain-sides.

We see a little farm. As we approach the large house we notice that the boards on the outside are fastened so that they run up and down instead of crossways. Let us peep into the kitchen. The sun, which has not yet sunk down behind the mountain, is shining through a many-paned window over a table set for a simple supper. We see that Mother and Father are going to have herrings, potatoes and flat-brod, while the children are going to have flat-brod broken in milk. The whole family will have coffee. Then, we see the mother, sitting near the large, open hearth, watching the flat-brod so that it will not burn. At the same time she rocks a wooden cradle and sings a simple song:

"The evening sun is smiling down over the earth, And nature rests in holy peace."

Now, we find that our carpet has carried us back farther into the mountains. We look across the mountains and over the sea. The sun has just set, and, against the carmine-coloured sky, etched in deep black, is a fishing vessel returning home after a hard day's labour on the sea. Around us the birds are twittering the last notes of their evening hymn. The sound of a distant, tinkling waterfall is carried to us by a mountain breeze perfumed with the sweet scent of flowers mingled with the aroma of the pines. This is the region to which Grieg betook himself to be alone with nature. Perhaps, if we listen, we may hear what the trees and the mountains told to Grieg.

And, "Presto!" the spell is broken, the carpet has vanished, and we see

once more the rocks and trees of the dear land of our adoption.



Horne: "Please, Miss Preston, how do you stop the running stitch?"



CALLANDER SCHOOL

Departing

Phyllis K. Smith.

Did you know— Trees are budding, Birds are singing, Flowers are blooming?

Did you know— Boys are whistling, Brooks are running, Fish are biting?

Did you know— We should be smiling, And gaily singing, For Spring is here?

Why, you ask, Are we not smiling, Or gaily singing, As Spring is here?

Don't you know— We are regretting Our near departing From Normal School?

Haliburton

Gertrude Peel.

HO has not yet heard of Haliburton? What fond recollections the name of Haliburton brings to those who have lived there, to those who have camped by the shimmering waters of the lakes and rivers, or to the passers-by who have regarded it as one of the beauty-spots amidst the highland regions of Southern Ontario!

To look over Haliburton County from an elevation is to view at a glance scenic wonder which is characteristic of this part of Ontario. The whole county is a network of beautiful lakes and rivers, as there are over five hundred and fifty named lakes within the county. Kushag-Wig-a-Mog, a lake that was named by the Indians many years ago, may best be described as a wonderland of mystery which the name implies. From the depths of tranquil forests spring the purest crystal waters, which gurgle onward in a winding course in the form of creeks and rivers to these numerous lakes.

Log cabins nestle in the pine-groves by the shores of many of these lakes, and furnish summer homes for those who seek the fresh invigorating air and camp-

ing life during the summer months.

Fair and flourishing Haliburton is the largest town in the county. On October 3rd, 1930, Lord Willingdon, who was then Governor-General of Canada, was

welcomed with due celebration to this town.

Minden, the picturesque county town, nestles on the banks of Gull River, and in the background towers a huge hill. Because of this it has oft been re-

marked that Minden greatly resembles historical Quebec.

One of Canada's distinguished Generals, Sir Sam Hughes, who did splendid work during the Great War, chose a spot in the Highlands of Haliburton known as Eagle Lake, for his summer home. After his strenuous days of service he found rest and comfort among the hills and by the lakes where Nature seemed to say with all sincerity: "Soldier rest! thy warfare o'er."



The Colours You Wear

Isobel Stewart.

OUILD you, yourself, have chosen to read "The Legends of the Round Table", and "The Idylls of the King" when so many novels and exciting stories looked at you from your library shelves? No. But since they appear in your course of English and your teacher has told you to read them, you have taken them down. How surprised you are to find they are not so dull and prosy as you thought them to be. Sitting there in your big, comfortable chair, when the soft, mellowed light of the westering sun slants across the floor, you forget it was a lesson assigned. Familiar sounds, sights and places fade away and you are back in the old days of chivalry. Mailed knights and

attending squires ride across the flowered field.

You pass through Merlin's gate into the city of Camelot and follow where, carved in stone and rich in mystic emblems, it climbs the slopes to Arthur's hall, high-vaulted peak and point and pinnacle touched all with fire. There where the light breaks through the twelve great windows are blazoned the twelve flerce battles of the Round Table. In the hall, hung with arms, shields and floating banners wrought in gold and gems, you see King Arthur stand. You see his knights strike their hands in his, and swear to the old, old vows of truth and honour and purity that ring forever in the hearts of men. Still wrapped in dreams you gaze on the "Siege Perilous" where only Galahad might sit. "God make thee good as thou art beautifull" the king had cried when he dubbed him knight. You watch as he stands, white armoured, while the maiden, beyond our

dreams of beauty fair and pure, binds on him a sword-belt made from her own long tresses and woven through it in silver and crimson, her own device, and sends him out to seek the Holy Grail, which only he of a pure heart and clean hands may hope to see.

Is that the clock? You come back with a start. High school, lessons, tests, parties and pretty clothes, laughter and fun with the boys; they are the real

things, not these old world tales of knightly vows and noble deeds.

Still a feeling of regret comes over you. Things seem so dull and commonplace. You wish you could bind your colours on and go forth to battle for

the right.

"I do bind my colours on!" you exclaim, half indignant, doubting all the while. "When? How?" But aren't your school companions wearing your colours? Of course, they are not riding prancing steeds and their armour may be only their everyday suits, or football and baseball clothes. But at home, on the street, in the schoolroom, away from you or with you, you bind on brother, cousin, comrade, friend, the colours of your heart. Blue for truth and loyalty, crimson for deeds of love and courage, shot through with pearls for purity and threaded all with gold for the vision that calls to service in God's

great world.

Bind on the colours that in your highest, holiest moments you have seen shine on the heights and longed to follow, and you will help those who want to wear them, all unconscious, to keep themselves clean in heart and speech and deed, to train their bodies for endurance, their eyes to see, their souls to conquer. And then? Then, when frolics and youth and school days are done, all the splendour of ancient chivalry and glory falling on Table Round and blazoned colours bright, will fade before the radiance in your heart, when, mists and clouds swept away, you know that you pointed somebody to the vision and armed him to fight and in the battle of Life which he so gallantly won, you, too, shared, and fought, and won.

Let me lift
My eyes
Above the mist,
The fog,
Let them scan
The barren peaks
Stripped of nether shades
Where their lonely
nakedness
Reaches up
and up
and up
In crystal whiteness
into
Immortality.



The Value of Science

Margaret Stuart.

EORGE RANSOM TWISS, Bachelor of Science, says: "The nineteenth century has been called the century of Science: and rightly so, because during that period, scientific knowledge and the inventions and arts were perfected more rapidly and distributed many times more widely than they had been in all prior ages.

"It was in the nineteenth century also, that the scientific method of study began to be applied to all the fields of knowledge, to exert a dominating influence over the lives of men in every nation, and to bring about great and influential

changes in social and economic conditions, as well as in thought.

The value of the study of Science has long been realized, and educationalists have taken advantage of this knowledge to give every pupil the opportunity of studying many branches of this great subject. In the Report of the Board of Trustees of the International Education Association of 1929, at Toronto, printed in the Canadian School Journal, five requests were made for more science subjects to be taught in the schools of Canada. This points its own moral.

No one questions the views expressed by such great nature students and literary men as Tennyson and Wordsworth; these quotations, which show us that these poets believed that the study of Science develops that sense of the

Infinite which is the breath of man's spiritual life, cannot be denied:

"Flower in the crannied wall, I pluck you forth from the cranny, Hold you, here, root and all, in my hand; Little flower, if I could but understand What you are, root and all, and all in all, I should know what God and Man is."

"I should know what God and Man is!" And what more is there to know? Nothing. By studying a small flower, to us quite commonplace, as we do in Botany, we can unravel a few of the tangled threads binding our whole universe. And Wordsworth says:

"Up, up, my friends, and quit your books,

One impulse from a vernal wood, Will teach you more of man, Of moral evil, and of good, Than all the sages can!"

Of Man-of moral evil-of good-. Surely this comprises what is of most

value to human beings.

No subject is of value to the individual unless it has the power to uplift. Science teaches a greater appreciation of the greatness and glory of God through intimate study of His Creation. Take for example, cell life. It reveals,

clearly and unmistakably, the glory and wonder of God's Creation.

No one can possibly find life worth living unless he sees beauty in living things. Have you ever been up early in the morning when the dew is on the ground? If you have, tell me if you have ever seen anything more beautiful than these water diamonds. Only in Science can we develop this appreciation of beauty in its purest form. In Science we study the rainbow and light, and it is only natural that the more we know of a thing that is inherently beautiful, the more we love and appreciate it.

"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall set you free." This is carved in stone above the arch of Victoria University, a University devoted to the humane studies. Mr. Westaway says: "We may ungrudgingly admit that as an instrument of education, science cannot replace what are traditionally called the humane studies—these are such as art, music, literature—but knowledge of scientific truth and an appreciation of scientific method are the very foundation of modern humanism, and without them, the world would positively degenerate. Science has practically freed the civilized world from the thralldom of base superstition: and it has banished irrational fear."

Science destroys fear by removing superstition, a thing of inestimable value to man. Man will have a more healthful mental life, and stronger nerves, if he is shown an ordered universe, moving in obedience to law, a world that is not haphazard. In this respect alone—and physicians tell us it is a tremendously

important one—science is of great value to the individual.

In Science, when we are given a cause, we search for a result. The imagination there comes into full play. When a new planet is discovered, do the astronomers know it is there? Certain conditions are found which these students cannot explain. Something is causing them. Imagination at once begins to

work. But it cannot carry on without the aid of the cool, unbiased, scientific attitude. In every experiment we perform in school, the imagination is cultivated. One of the greatest men in Britain's literary world has said that the

imagination is the greatest instrument of moral good.

In life, nothing can take the place of good health. One of the things that is most valuable for keeping fit, is proper food. In our schools and colleges we have Domestic Science. This teaches the chemistry of the food, the proper food, and their correct combinations, and trains in cleanly and healthful habits. It may be objected that Domestic Science is not a science but a craft. But Biology, Zoology, Botany, Chemistry, Food Chemistry, Biochemistry, Hygiene and Sanitation, along with the regular Household Science course, are required for the degree of Bachelor of Household Science. Would you call Domestic Science a science?

This branch of Science helps in two ways. It teaches a girl how to cook (and you all know that the surest way to a man's heart, is through his stomach), and it also teaches her food values—a most necessary piece of knowledge if we

Canadians are to be a healthy, vigorous people.

Hygiene, a branch of Science, teaches the proper care of the body. And if an individual forms the right habits in his teen-age, he will carry them through

his whole life.

Another aid to keeping good health is one rarely considered. Some scientific subjects tend to keep us out of doors. This in itself is of great value, for we see how necessary light, sunshine, and fresh air are, not only for human health, but for the health of every thing. Also we are taught to recognize such poisonous things as berries of the yarrow, ivy berries, and "currants" of the common laurel.

Nothing is of value to the individual throughout his life unless it makes him happier, makes him find life worth living, and altogether helps him get as much joy out of life as possible. In these matters the value of the study of

science cannot be estimated.



The Romance of Farm Life

Kenneth A. Johnson.

OW many scores of times has the ill-informed city dweller repeated in tones of deepest sorrow, over the fate of his country cousin, these words: "How he can ever exist out there on the farm, thirteen miles from nowhere, is more than I know!" Of course, depending on such an important subject as proper sentiment of the country, was too much like work, so, naturally, he "did not know". The amusing part is that, although the city dweller cannot understand how anyone can remain alive out in the country, where one has a clear view of God's own blue sky, his country cousin is the happier of the two.

Farm life is not such a humdrum existence as is so often supposed. If there isn't a kick in getting up at half-past four on a gorgeous June morning and milking ten Holstein cows before breakfast, there is something wrong with the individual. By the way, the kick may come from one of the cows, for that matter. Seriously speaking, there is certainly a feeling of satisfaction at having accomplished something by six o'clock in the morning, which would come to

no city person at that time.

The proper care of the stock on the farm is a science in itself, and one that requires some thought. Very few people who do not live on the farm can realize just how much judgment and thought is required to properly feed cattle, pigs, horses, sheep and poultry, in order to secure the best results on the remunerative side. Good, honest thought keeps any task from being very irksome, and that principle applies on the farm, the same as elsewhere.

What better outing could one desire, than to spend a month on the farm

during haying season? Here is found the essence of enjoyment in farming. The perfume of the clover and alsike, the drone of the mower, a soft breeze fanning the cheek—all these are avenues leading up to the point where the hardest work is a pleasure.

However, life on the farm is not all work. Most farms are now equipped with radios and automobiles, by which the residents are kept intimately in touch with events of the world and from which much enjoyment is secured in the evenings after the work is done. In the winter, skiing, skating and tobogganing are not entirely forgotten arts, and as for bridge—well, you should see those bridge-scores.

Is life on the farm a drab monotony? Those who say so should live on a farm for a while and find out their mistake in making such statements. There, they would find a friendly social spirit that is almost entirely lacking in many of the "400" clubs of the city. The reason for this is that in the country, each person forms an integral part of the community, while in the "400" clubs, too, many are merely social climbers, who are really the ciphers of the "400".

Thus, one might say that the farm is the place where one can live a real life, a life of healthy work and play, where social parasites are unknown, and Nature holds sway over all.



School Cars

R. M. Surtees.

ORTHERN ONTARIO is a mighty tract of land, and a wealthy tract, but as yet this wealth is firmly locked in the arms of Nature. Men push their way into the backwoods in search of this wealth—be it mineral, fur, or just a thirty-five dollar cheque every two weeks from the railroad. And then there are those who just go back for no particular reason at all, and take their families with them. A few of the men and women can read and write. Perhaps they went to school in Italy, or was it Roumania?—but very few of the children have ever seen a printed page.

It was chiefly for these children that something had to be done. Were they not Canadian citizens? Were they not just as deserving of an education as the young son of a man who happened to own a grocery store on the corner in a town? It was for these children and some of the grown-ups that Dr. Mac-Dougall had to evolve a new scheme of education. Since most of the people settled near the railroads, the solution was to put a school on wheels.

Dr. MacDougall went to the heads of the railroads. They were interested but skeptical. They realized that something had to be done for these people. The older people were settled permanently, but what of their children, when they grew up? The officials thought this over, perhaps they thought it over twice—and then two coaches were remodelled and equipped as schools.

In eight months their worth had been proved. Children who had never heard English spoken could now write an intelligent letter. Their eyes had been opened to the full realization of the world about them. The railway officials saw this, and so did the Department of Education—the result—three more cars.

And now, after five years of pioneering, many children who would not otherwise have been able to read or speak a word of English have passed the Entrance Examinations. Not only have the younger pupils benefited, but also their fathers and grandmothers. The man who had been doomed to a life in the backwoods because he could not read, write, or interpret a train order, or compute a grade, or fuel consumption, was lifted into a new world of promise. Not only did they benefit in this way but their lives opened in other ways.

The realms of literature opened before their eyes. Each car carries an adult library for such people, and, for the number of people served, has perhaps the

greatest circulation of any library in town or city.

How does the school operate? you will ask. You will, of course, realize that an entirely new system had to be evolved for this very casual type of teaching. The car covers a beat of some hundred and fifty miles each month. To do this only a short period can be spent in each place. If there are less than six pupils the car stays three days; if there are more than six the car stays one week. When the car is in the siding, the time is spent chiefly in discussing the work previously assigned, and assigning new work. This work is conducted by a series of questions mimeographed on paper, very similar to the Opportunity Plans. Any time that is left is spent in explaining the more difficult points of each subject as outlined for the following week. So much for the younger pupils. In the evening come the older people to tell the teacher all their troubles and to have him solve their difficulties. In the evening he is more than a teacher; he is a travelling Solomon.

I mentioned previously that the railway officials and Department of Education realized the value of the cars. Perhaps even better do the people realize their worth. Two Indian boys realized it so well that they camped in a tent all one winter to attend the school. On another occasion the section foreman at a stop, found that there were only five pupils in the neighbourhood. He had to have six in order to keep the car there a week. He thought for a few minutes and then went a few miles down the tracks on a hand car and returned with two young Indian boys.

The older people work just as hard as the young children, but many of them defeat themselves by their own self-consciousness. They look and feel so helpless with a little Royal Crown Primer in their hands. They work hard, but when success comes, perhaps they realize better than their children what a simple education means to them.

In order to teach these children and their parents, a man must be very well equipped both with knowledge and with initiative. Mr. McNally, one of the teachers, can speak English and French, and knows a few words in Indian, Polish, and perhaps Ukrainian. He finds these languages a great help, because with them he has some foundation on which to teach the English. Before Mr. McNally had learned any Indian, he had considerable difficulty with one young Indian boy, whom he told to "Say cat". The boy replied, "Say cat". Mr. McNally tried to make it clearer by saying, "No, just say cat". To which the boy replied in full, "No, just say cat". Finally, Mr. McNally sent to the boy's father and found out the Indian word for cat. Then everything went along nicely.

On another occasion Mr. Sloman showed his initiative when he found a colony of Italians on the verge of despair through lonesomeness and nostalgia for their native fields. He appealed to the Kodak Company for a film of their native haunts. This company showed great human understanding and had some pictures taken of familiar places. In due course the film was shown to the colony. Amid shouts of glee they recognized the places. As a result the entire outlook of the colony changed.

Besides the honour of such work well down, there is another honour which falls on these schools. They are the only schools with 100% attendance in the province. A pupil would be very sick before he would absent himself from the classes. There are occasions in winter when some of the little tots cannot

tramp for miles through the snow to the school, but all do their best.

This is one of the greatest forward steps in education in recent years. For this step, credit falls chiefly upon Dr. MacDougall, who was enthusiastically supported by the Department of Education, and also upon the five teachers who are so ably carrying on the pioneering work. The teachers are Messrs. Sloman, McNally, Fleming, Wright and Clement, three of whom are graduates of this Normal School.

Friendship

F. C. MacDonald.

On the long and winding Highway, we call Life, Each day, itself, presents some roadside scene: Some plays revealed are acts of pain and strife, While others give us calm, and peace, serene:

Still others give us joy, and frolics bright, Or days of doubt and care which make us blue; But all these scenes appear as dull as night, Beside this one I beg to show to you:

Friendship, my Friend, my scene so filled with pleasure-Nay, filled with love, and passion so divine-Meeting with folk, calling each one 'brother', On the long and winding Highway of Life and Time.

And, on this road, well on towards the end My footsteps falter, and slower on I go; Turning to look back, fond looks I spend To see the scenes of my favourite Friendship show;

And, what I see brings back each happy day,-My childhood friends, my youthful playmates, too, Are gleaming memories to light my way When o'er my youthful days I cast my view.

And now, more thick they gleam; our High School days But there—a massive splash of brilliant light— "Your friends of Normal times", my Memory says; I nod my head, and smile, and say, "You're right".

Rousing myself from out this pensive mood, Living again in Nineteen Thirty-two, I slowly ask myself, "Are these thoughts good?" I answer "Yes", and ask "Friend, what think you?"

"I Wonder"--(A Talk with a Wrist - Watch)

Astrid Herrem.

T last you are going to have a new ribbon, dear old wrist watch. I wonder when you will get your next one. I wonder if I shall be teaching then. What do you suppose my school will be like? Oh, I get so excited when I think about it. I wonder what you will think of it, wrist watch?

You will be there on my arm the first day I teach school. No matter how wonderful, or how exciting that day is, and no matter how quickly hearts will beat, you will just tick away the time at your usual rate. Perhaps I shall set the clock in our new school by the time you say it is. Won't it be fun, little wrist watch? And will you be thinking anything?

I wonder if we shall see any more dreams come true. Some have, you know. One, was getting you; and another was coming to Normal School.

Will our school be a "dream come true" school?

Wrist-watch, you bring me to my senses with your ticking. When I have to get a new watch it is going to have a tick that is just as loud as yours. You say, "Hurry, Hurry, Hurry", quite distinctly, and then I remember that "Time

flies".

There now, you look almost like new with your new ribbon. I wonder

how long it will last.

Valedictory

Hugh Dalzell.

"For tho' my lips may breathe adieu I cannot think the thing farewell."

E, the 1931-32 students of the North Bay Normal School, after having travelled the long, laborious highway of instruction and guidance, now find ourselves at a cross-road. The curtain falls down on one more act of our greatest of plays, Life. One more year "drops in the shadowy gulf of bygone things." We have been put through the mill of experience and knowledge as teachers-in-training. Today we are ready to launch proudly forth as teachers on that almost inexhaustible Sea of Life, where we hope to do our part in educating the future leaders of our country. God grant that we are worthy of this trust.

Days of parting are always sad, but days of reminiscences are always happy. "When to the sessions of sweet silent thought I summon up remembrance of things past", I wonder if I shall ever again enjoy a happier year than I have this year. The staunch friendships, the spirit of co-operation everywhere in evidence, the merry gatherings and the host of other seemingly little things, which, nevertheless, are so precious to us—all these are hard to leave behind, perhaps never to be enjoyed again. However, we must bid farewell to this wonderful Normal year, being content to store up a treasure of precious memories in our hearts.

There will be, of course, one corner of our hearts reserved. In this particular corner we shall hide away fond remembrances for those most worthy of people, our masters, to whom we owe more than mere words can express. We hope that the many hours of patient toil, which they have sacrificed for us, will beget a like proportion of useful endeavour in our work—the only adequate

recompense we can give them.

Today, as we find ourselves at this cross-road, what is our attitude towards Life? Are we going to take the correct turn or are we going to put our step upon treacherous ground? We are being sent forth from this school on a mission. We shall help to mould the characters of our future citizens. Canada is depending upon us; parents are putting their trust in us; children are compelled to follow us, and above all our masters are confident that we shall bring nothing but credit to the respected name of the North Bay Normal School. May the way be clear; may the path be straight; may we all be worthy; may we "play up, play up, and play the game!" As we enter our chosen profession may these lines represent our ideal of life—

"To do my little bit of toil,
To play life's game with head erect;
To stoop to nothing that would soil
My honour or my self-respect;
To win what gold and fame I can,
But first of all to be a man."

A Student's Prayer

Samuel Johnson

Almighty God, the giver of wisdom, without whose help resolutions are vain, without whose blessing study is ineffectual, enable me to attain to such knowledge as may qualify me to direct the doubtful and instruct the ignorant, to present wrongs and terminate contentions, and grant that I may use the knowledge which I shall attain for Thy glory and my own salvation. Enlighten my understanding with the knowledge of right, and govern my will by thy laws, that no deceit may mislead me, nor temptation corrupt me, that I may always try to do good and hinder evil.

List of Students-First Class

Barrett, Nellie (Sr. St. Hubert), Mount St. Joseph, Peterboro. Gattie, Monica (Sr. Mary George), Mount St. Joseph, Peterboro.

Armstrong, Dorothy E., Schumacher, Box 475.

Armstrong, Mary O., 321 S. May St., Fort William, Ont.

5.

Aubert, Veronica, Elk Lake, Ont. Brown, Helen W., Box 846, Timmins. 6.

Buchanan, Gerneth E., 157 First Ave. W., North Bay, Ont. 7.

Campbell, Alice E., Emo, Ont. 8.

Clement, Esther D., Thessalon, Ont. Coulter, Lorna I., Thessalon, Ont. 9. 10.

11. Curry, Iris I., Bar River, Ont.

Cushway, Dorothy M., 102 Jean St., Port Arthur. Davis, Marie M. M., 225 N. Marks St., Fort William. 12. 13.

DesLoges, Jean, Cochrane, Ont. 14.

Dougherty, Hazel E., Gore Bay, Ont. 15. Fraser, Margaret P., Nipigon, Ont. Gauthier, Vina M., Sesekinika Lake, Ont. 16. 17.

18. Goheen, Grace A., Housey's Rapids (Muskoka).

19. Gray, Jean McC., Blind River, Ont.

Hedman, Ailie A., 11 McComber St., Port Arthur, Ont. 20.

Herrem, Astrid M., Box 62, Fort Frances, Ont. 21.

22. Hirst, Hilda M., Kenora, Ont.

Hunter, Catharine S. M., 174 N. Cumberland St., Port Arthur. 23.

Kennett, Elva M., Devlin, R. 1, Ont. 24.

25. King, Mary F., 38 Royston Court, Port Arthur, Ont.

26. Kruger, Rita M. F., Chapleau, Ont. Lang, Florence M., Haileybury, Ont. 27. Lang, Lillian I., Haileybury, Ont. 28.

Langila, Helen E., 25 Kenogami Ave. N., Port Arthur, Ont. 29.

Logan, Mary E. C., Sutton Bay, New Liskeard. 30.

- Lowcock, Margaret H., 386 Ambrose St., Port Arthur, Ont. 31. McCormack, Eva M., 315 Tupper St., Port Arthur. 32.
- McCormick, Margaret M., Brule Lake, Algonquin Park. 33. McKinnon, Helen L., 407 N. Vickers St., Fort William. 34.

Martin, Marjorie, Box 809, Cobalt. 35.

Miller, Jean C., 289 Wolseley St., Port Arthur. 36.

Miller, Margaret I., Ingersoll, Ont. 37.

Morrison, Jean K., Box 966, Cobalt, Ont. 38.

- Morrison, Ruth M., Box 213, Bracebridge, Ont. 2 39. O'Grady, Mary A., 169 Klock Ave., North Bay, Ont. 40.
 - O'Neill, Orlena G., 74 Jean St., Port Arthur. 41. Paul, Doris M., 348 Morris St., Sudbury. 42.
- Paul, Elsie M., 514 Wiley St., Fort William. _ 43. Pearson, Eleanor C., 121 Peter St., Port Arthur. 44.

Reany, Nona M., Dryden, Ont. 45.

Robertson, Ida B., 73 N. Hill St., Port Arthur, Ont. 46.

Semple, Jean E., Earlton, Ont. 47.

Shapton, Bertha L., 763 S. Franklin St., Fort William. 48. Shonhorn, Diana F., 312 Ogden St., Fort William, Ont. 49.

Stevens, Sybrontie E., Box 107, Cobalt, Ont. 50.

- Stewart, Isobel M., 735 S. Franklin St., Fort William. 51. Stuart, F. Margaret, 512 First St. East, Fort Frances, Ont. 52.
- Taylor, Mildred M., 214 Second St. W., Fort Frances, Ont. 53. Thrasher, Dorothy V., 346 Leslie Ave., Port Arthur, Ont. 54.
- Tulloch, Margaret A., 472 Albert St. E., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. Vincent, Mary O., 620 Wellington St. E., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. 55. 56.

57., Walden, Vera M., Mactier, Ont.

White, Margaret G., Bracebridge, Ont.

- Wvnn. Alma E., 1311 Victoria Ave., Fort Willian, Ont. 60.
- 61.
- Antoniak, Henry F., 446 N. Syndicate Ave., Fort William, Ont. Broadbent, Robert H., 349 Jarvis St., Oshawa, Ont. Burns, John J., 430 N. Brodie St., Fort William, Ont. Charron, Christian, Box 2184, 35 Kirby Ave., Timmins, Ont. 62. 63.
- 64.
- 65. Collum, Leslie A., Box 754, Fort Frances, Ont. Cook, V. Carlisle, Smiths Falls, Ont., Box 242. 66
- Dalzell, Arthur H., 107 Prospect Ave., Port Arthur, Ont. 67 Dunn, Richard H., 10 Second St., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
- 69a. Harkins, Alex., Keewatin, Ont.
 - 70. Horne, Bernard T., Box 276, Parry Sound, Ont. 71. Ison, Robert G., 176 Princess St., North Bay, Ont. 72. Knight, Allen T., Brackenrig, Ont. 73. Locking, David A., Emo, Ont.

 - Lothian, Thomas MacK., 101 Government Rd. E., Kirkland Lake. McKay, Angus G., 410 McIntyre St. W., North Bay, Ont. MacDonald, Clark F. B., 6 Keith St., Port Arthur. 76.
 - 77.
 - McKee, Alexander R., 240 Harold St. N., Fort William. Morgan, Elmer J., 373 Waverley St., Port Arthur. Morton, Robert J., 366 Brodie St. N., Fort William. Petch, Albert T., Box 76, Kenora. 78.
 - 79.
 - 80.
 - 81. Poppleton, Russell, Box 111, Haileybury, Ont.
 - 82. Schachter, Max, 300 Robertson St., Fort William, Ont.
 - 83. Sheridan, Walter H., Timmins, Ont. Thayer, George H., Haliburton, Ont. 84.
 - 85. Trotter, William H., Charlton, Ont. 86. Whiteley, Ronald, Box 90, Dryden, Ont.
 - 87. Williamson, James L., Box 56, Haileybury, Ont.

Second Class

- 88. Newton, Mary M. (Sr. Drucilla), Mount St. Joseph, Peterboro.
- Anderson, Jean E., Englehart, Ont. Angus, Anna M., R. R. 1, Devlin, Ont. 89. 90.
- 92. Axcell, Dorothy, Kirkland Lake, Ont.
- 93 Bannerman, Minerva, South Porcupine, Box 518.
- 94. Beatty, Mary E., Nipissing, Ont.
- 95. Bourret, Corinne J., 90 Regina St., North Bay, Ont. 96. Boyle, Thomasina A., 258 Ferguson St., North Bay.
- Bradshaw, Marjorie, 179 Albert St. E., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. 97. 98.
- Bresee, Leila M., Westport, Ont. Broughton, Beth, Uno Park, Ont. 99.
- 100. Burtch, Edith, Battersea, Ont. 101.
- Campbell, Eva M., Emo, Ont. Campbell, Winnifred I., Massey, Ont. 102.
- Carroll, Thelma I., 1308 Arthur St., Fort William, Ont. 103.
- 104. Chaput, Sperato, Mattawa, Ont. 105. Charbonneau, Frances, Haileybury, Ont.
- 106.
- Cluff, Maisie V., Haliburton, Ont. Cook, Ruby F., Parry Sound, Ont. Cryderman, Lillian P., Huntsville, Ont. 107.
- Davis, Ann M., Keewatin, Ont. Dean, Mildred, Dryden, Ont.

- DeLong, Laura G., Slate River, Ont. Dickout, Millie C., Brown's Brae, Muskoka, Ont. Doonan, Everest M., Cobalt, Ont.
- Earl, Eva E., Kakabeka Falls, Ont.
- Edecumbe, Ethel M., Frood Mine, Sudbury, Ont.
- 116. Elliott, Maida I., Cache Bay, Ont.
- 117. Eno, Thelma M., 139 Leo Ave., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Fisher, Lois M., Espanola, Ont.

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Flavelle, Audrey R., Kearney, Ont. Foley, Gladys I., 236 Brown Street, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. Foley, Stella M., North Bay, Ont. 120.

122. MacMillan, Elsie, Glen Sandfield, Ont. 123. Frisby, Doris L., New Liskeard, Ont. Gibbs, Ada V., Minden, Ont.

124.

125. Gordon, Catharine E., Providence Bay, Ont.

Gough, Grace L., Dyment, Ont.

127. Harkness, Marion H., South River, Ont.
128. Harvey, Laura D., 1119 Ford St., Fort William, Ont.
129. Harvey, Marguerite, McKellar, Ont.

Hinchliffe, Mary E., Box 508, Cobalt, Ont. Holling, Jessie J., 236 Jane St., North Bay. Hopcroft, Cora, Sprucedale, Ont. 130.

133.

Humphries, Helen M., Bruce Mines, Ont. 134. Imerson, Dorothy A., Box 662, New Liskeard, Ont.

135. Jones, Nellie, Chapleau, Ont.

- Jones, Nellie, Chapleau, Ont.
 Joy, Lucy M., 134 S. Brodie St., Fort William.
 Koivula, Helvi V., 19 Bloor St., Sudbury, Ont.
 Kirwan, Cornelia M., 22 Beech St., Sudbury, Ont.
 Lahti, Isobel P., 320 Mabel Ave., Sudbury.
 Little, Margaret B., Avenue Hotel, Fort William, Ont.
 Locker, Eunice V., Box 236, Kenora.
 Lyons, Jean M., 395 McIntyre St. West, North Bay, Ont.
 MacDonald Elizabeth I. Callander Ont

- × 143. MacDonald, Elizabeth J., Callander, Ont. Macfarlane, Jessie I., Parry Sound, Ont. McDonnell, Clare R., Charlton, Ont. McMonagle, Hester H., New Liskeard, Ont. 144. 145.
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McQuarrie, Effie I., Gore Bay, Ont. Madigan, Helena M., Blind River, Ont. 147. 148. 149.

Madill, Audrey I., Gooderham, Ont. Marcotte, Mary A., 169 Fifth Ave. W., North Bay. Matthews, Annie H., Loring, Ont. 150.

151. 152. May, Lela, Little Current, Ont.

- Merrylees, Marjorie J., Gore Bay, Ont. Montgomery, Averil M., Warren, Ont. 153. 155
- 156. Moore, Mary E., Burk's Falls, Ont. 157. Morin, Valeda M., Mattawa, Ont.

Munro, Olive J., Cobalt, Ont. Nelson, Elsie G., Sprucedale, Ont. 158..

159. 160. Nicholson, Lillian M., Iron Bridge, Ont.

161. Orr, Jennie E., Haliburton, Ont.

- 162. Owens, Genevieve M., Powassan, Ont. 163. Peel, Gertrude J., Highland Grove, Ont. 164. Pickering, Eileen H., Richards Landing, Ont.
- 165. Pollock, Victoria J., Cookstown, Ont.

Porter, Doris I., Keewatin, Ont. 166.

167. Purdy, Dorothea D., New Liskeard, Ont.

168. Radke, Fay I., Stratton, Ont. 169.

- Reid, Mary E., New Liskeard, Ont. 170. Robertson, Elizabeth J., Baysville, Ont.
- 174. Ross, Doreen M., Fort William. Ont. 172. Ross, Gladys I., Cache Bay, Ont. 173.
- Scott, Josephine D., Schreiber, Ont. 174. Sigurdson, Ragnhildur, Keewatin, Ont.
- 175. Smith, M. Kathleen, Mindemoya, Manitoulin Is., Ont. 176. Smith, Phvllis K.. 308 Elizabeth St., Sudbury. Smith, Ruby V., Emo, Ont.

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178. Steele, Synthia H. A., La Vallee, Ont.

- 179. Stewardson, Dorothy E., 223 S. Marks St., Fort William, Ont. Stubbings, Velva D., 8 Commercial Blk., Fort William, Ont. Taggart, Hellen E., Westport, Ont. 181. Tees, Cora M., Bruce Mines, Ont. 182. Trotter, Ellen N., Little Current, Manitoulin Is., Ont. 183. Tuck, Margaret, Elk Lake, Ont. 184. 185. Wallace, Kathleen M., Manitowaning, Ont. Warner, Helene M., Fort Frances, Ont. 186. Watts, Helen C., Gogama, Ont. White, Ella M., Bruce Mines, Ont. 187. 188. White, Iva E. L., Whitehall, Ont. 189. Wilkinson, Kathleen F., Dryden, Ont. Williams, Amy E. L., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. 190. 191. Wilson, Evelyn D., New Liskeard, Ont. Withers, Florence B., Espanola, Ont. 192. 193. Wylie, Emily M., Cartier, Ont. Zrobok, Eva, Kenora, Ont. Barlow, Kenneth I. W., North Bay, Ont. 194. 195. 196. 197. Bean, Richard F., Iroquois Falls, Ont. Bellehumeur, Marcel F., Bala, Muskoka, Ont. 198. 199. Blatt, Philip M., Kenora, Ont. Boice, George E., Kearney, Ont. Cawley, James T., Kenora, Ont. Conley, Roy, Westmeath, Ont. 200. 201. 202 203. Connell, David O., Bruce Mines, Ont. Cushway, Wilfrid H., 102 Jean St., Port Arthur, Ont. 204. 205. Daoust, Hermen, Sturgeon Falls, Ont. 206. Dustak, Nicholas, Fort Frances, Ont. Goheen, Ralph E., Housey's Rapids, Muskoka, Ont. 207. Griffis, William J., Fort William, Ont. 208. Haldorsen, Edwin R. H., Kenora, Ont. 209. 210. Halgren, Peter, Hearst, Ont. Harrington, Isaiah, Killaloe, Ont. 212. Hunt, Leonard H. H., Box 428, Kenora, Ont. 213. Johnson, Kenneth A., Carling, Ont. 214. Locking, Harold A., Emo, Ont. 215. Lothian, John N., Box 13, Monteith, Ont. 216. McNeill, Clifford S., Line, 217. Maylon, Ernest G., North Bay, Ont. Huntsville, Ont. Mantle, Reuben G., Huntsville, Ont. 219. Message, Edward L., Schreiber, Ont. Millar, James, Burk's Falls, Ont. Mitchell, Earl H., Highland Grove, Ont. 220. 221. Notter, Ivan, Bruce Mines, Ont. Peltier, Edward R., North Bay, Ont. Petch, Ernest G., Kenora, Ont. Prentice, Joseph McC., Minden, Ont. 222. 223. 224. 225. Proctor, Reginald, New Liskeard, Ont. 226. 227. Reid, S. Arthur, Massey Station, Ont. 228. Rowe, Clifford S., Bruce Mines, Ont. Snider, Alan J., 409 Prince Arthur Blvd., Fort William, Ont. 229. 230. Sobiski, Lawrence J., Kenora, Ont. Statton, Wendell W., Pefferlaw, Ont. 231. Surtees, Robert M., North Bay, Ont. 232. 233. Tappenden, George E., Englehart, Ont. Thoms, Lorne M., 81 Princess St., North Bay, Ont. 234.
- 235. Wallingford, Vivian M., Timmins, Ont. 236. Wilkins, Herrick H., Sioux Lookout, Ont. 237. Williams, James, Fort Frances, Ont. 238. Young, Alan W., Magnetawan, Ont. 215a. Looby, Clayton P., Dublin, Ont.